

¡Feliz Navidad!



Para Ser El Salvador

Fue un parto, si se quiere como todos los partos. La madre era joven y sana. el esposo estaba ahí para animarla, consolarla el sudor y las lagrimas. el embarazo habia sido normal, y el bebe, venia sano, hermoso, perfecto.

El lugar del nacimiento no parecia, quiza, pesebre calentado por el aliento de los bueyes y la lana de las ovejas y alumbrado por una estrella nueva que habia aparecido en el cielo de judea.

Asi nacio Jesucristo. Humanamente hablando, uno de los nacimientos mas ignorados, pobres y humildes. Divinamente hablando, el mas grande de todos los nacimientos. Porque Jesus, que nacio en un pesebre, de padres humanos sumamente pobres es el Salvador, Señor, Maestro y Rey de toda la humanidad.

Amigo, dice el poeta cubano Nicolas Guillen, en uno de sus hermosos poemas.

"Cuando yo vine a este mundo Nadie me estaba esperando. Asi mi dolor profundo se me alivia caminando. Pues cuando vine a este mundo. te digo, nada me estaba espeando"

Cuando Jesus vino al mundo, pocos, casi nadie, lo estaba esperando. Lo esperaba su madre Maria, tambien lo esperaba su padre Jose. Quizas algun pariente lo esperaba el rey Herodes, ni tampoco Augusto Cesar, ni los filosofos de Atenas; ni los misticos de la India, ni los astrologos de Babilonia, ni los sabios de la China, ni los sacerdotes de Jerusalem.

Pero lo esperaban, eso si, los profetas antiguos, que habian soñado con su vida, y lo esperaban, aunque sin darse cuenta, todos los pecadores de este mundo. El vino, al debido tiempo. Para usted y para mi. Para ser nuestro Salvador

Por el Hermano Pablo

"El Respeto Al
Derecho Ajeno
Es La Paz"
Lic Benito Juarez
ESTABLECIDO 1977
ESTABLISHED 1977



EL EDITOR

West Texas' Oldest Weekly Bilingual Newspaper

Vol. XIX No. 13

Week of December 21 thru December 27, 1995

Lubbock, Texas

Dos Historias de Pancho Clos El Origin de Pancho Clos

(Nota del Editor. La siguiente historia de Pancho Clos es la original historia escrita en los tempranos 1970's y publicada en el Periodico La Voz de Texas.)

Por Jesse Reyes

Pancho Clos y Santa Claus, son primos carnales. el siguiente relato, lo hago con dos propositos. El primero, es con el fin de definir un ramo sobresaliente del arbol geneológico de Pancho Clos, mientras en siguiente lo hago con el proposito de aclarar de una vez y por todas, la contrversia popular que existe entre estos dos personajes.

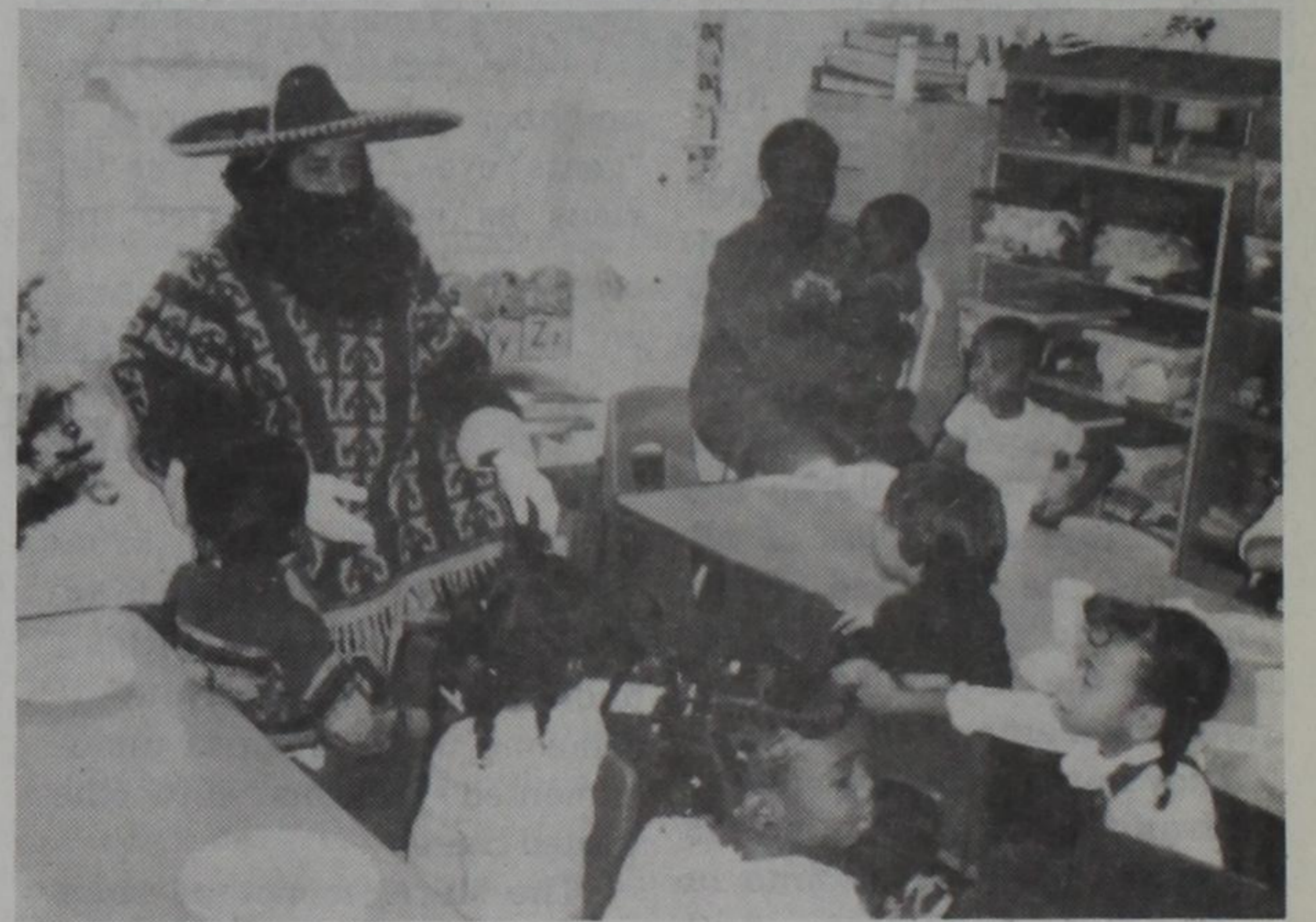
El padre de Pancho Clos y el de Santa Claus eran hermanos. Eran hijos del Original Santa Claus viejo. Cuando su padre murió, sofocado en la ceniza de una chimenea, le siguio su hijo mayor,



Santa Claus No. 1. Santa No. 2, tenía el trabajo de ayudar a su hermano mayor. Y como todo los hermanos mayores, Santa No. 1 llevo a depender en Santa No. 2 para que le hiciera todo su trabajo. Mientras que él se la pasaba haciendo monos de nieve y paseandose en su guayin, el pobre de Santa No. 2 partia la leña, cuidaba los venados, envolvia los regalos para repartir a los niños y hasta tenia que ir con su hermano mayor a distribuirlos en Navidad, mientras que Santa No. 1 lo esperaba fuera y se quejaba de no encontrar parking space.

Un día Santa No. 2 ya no aguanto más, y en seguida le dice a su hermano: ¿Sabes qué? Que ya me cansé de ser tu flunkie, o tu "puerquito", pues ahorita mismo me largo y me voy a poner mi Santa Land en otra parte. Al fin y al cabo que yo donde quiera lavo, plancho y saco mis garritas al sol.

(Continúa Pagina 3)



Pancho Clos is Santa's Cousin

by Bidal Aguero

Note: The following is a second version of the origin of Pancho Clos. The first version, written in spanish, was written by Jesse Reyes. This version incorporates some of the original story, translated, and some invented. Be that as it may, if you believe in Santa Claus and Pancho Clos, everything is true.

Santa Claus and Pancho Clos are cousins. The story is somewhat complicated but maybe with a little bit of imagination we can all find out about what people, mainly in Texas but also in Wisconsin and Hawaii, are celebrating as they all join together to welcome Pancho Clos to Lubbock, San Antonio, Houston, Odessa, Shallowater, New Deal, Idalou and so many other towns in Texas.

It all started many years ago in the North Pole when father Santa Claus married Mrs. Claus -- no one ever knew what her first name was since in those times once a woman got married everybody forgot about her first name -- be that as it may -- be-

cause all that was changed with women's sufferage; Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus led a good life in the North Pole and had two sons. One they called Santa Jr. and the other Santa II.

Well their lives went on, in what was now called Santa Land, for many many years and Santa Sr. kept delivering gifts to children -- with the help of elves which were said to be grown on elf trees

planted many years ago by a man named Johnny Elfseed. He worked until he was old and it was time for the sons to take over. Santa Jr. was ready to start working for his father taking gifts to all the children of the world, but Santa II was not quite ready.

It seems that Santa II was more interested in trying to develop jet propulsion for reindeer sliechs and had a slight idea into developing a new system of delivering that he wanted to be called Friendly Express.

Well both brothers continued to live together and Santa Jr. married to another Mrs. Santa but Santa II continued to work on his experiments instead of working with big brother delivering gifts for Christmas.

Well finally one day Mrs. Santa, the one that married Santa Jr, who had by now joined the women's sufferage movement and now wanted to be addressed as Ms. Santa, got tired of Santa II not



Continued Page 3

Feliz Navidad y Prospero Año Nuevo

Pancho Clos is Santa's Cousin

Historia Original

II not contributing to the work that needed to be done and gave him an ultimatum.

Ms. Claus insisted that Santa II either start helping her husband, Santa Jr., or get out and set up shop somewhere else to continue with his experiments.

Well Santa II could not be taken away from his experiments and decided to leave. But just to show that there were no hard feelings, Santa Jr. gave a big party and invited the Elf band to play for the big gig. That was when Benny Goodman was one of the invited guests and was so impressed with the music that he formed his own big band that became famous and played elf music throughout the world after that. That's another story.

Santa II was so happy with his going away party that he gave Santa Jr. a gift of one of his inventions or what some people might call creation. Santa II knew that Santa Jr. often had problems with fog. Santa II had invented a neon light that was powered by reindeer smell. (Everyone knows that reindeer don't smell very good.) Well he put this neon light onto the nose of one of the reindeer and it lit up the whole area in front of where the sleigh was travelling. It's said that eventually the light became permanently attached to a reindeer named Rudolph. That's another story too.

After the big party Santa II packed his bags and started south. He had heard that saying "Go south young man" and was truly convinced that he could make it on his own. By that time Santa II's invention of what he called an Etsel was almost perfected and ready for him to ride south on. Santa II drove south through what is now Canada, took a little time to fish for salmon in what is now Washington State and drove through the rocky mountains. He only encountered one problem on the way, the Etsel was driven by reindeer manure so after passing Canada, Washington and the Rocky Mountains he had to start using buffalo manure.

He finally got to Texas, which was part of Mexico in those times, and in a land called Llano Estacado by the indians, Santa II met a mestizo woman (half indian and half mexican) named Puri. Santa II had developed pretty good relations with the Indians since he would often talk to them while gathering manure for his Etsel. One thing lead to another and Santa II learned spanish, fell in love with Puri and married her.

Because the indians and mexicans couldn't pronounce the name Claus, the locals would call them Santa and Puri Clos.

After a while and after many inventions which included Puri dolls, with different costumes some indian, some mexican, spanish and even an english costumes, Santa II realized that what his father had taught him -- that someone had to provide gifts to all the children of the world -- was what he really wanted to do.

Santa II decided that he would go further south -- to the south pole -- and establish a Santa Land of his own. He knew that he could invent many many toys for children and perhaps could even help his big brother Santa Jr. in delivering.

So, off they went, Santa II and Puri to establish their own Santa Land at the South Pole. Santa II even called Santa Jr. one time, told him of his plans and asked Santa Jr. to send him a seed so he could plant his own Elf Tree. By then Elfs had joined together in a Union called EWOW - Elf Workers of the World -- and were demanding not only better wages but more trees to be planted in order to increase the population of elfs and were even demanding that a new string of trees be developed in order to grow female elfs, to be called elfis -- not to be confused with elfi the cow.

Santa II and Puri reached the South Pole and worked hard to establish Santa Land South. After the first batch of elfs was harvested off the trees, Santa II was quick to reach an agreement with EWOW. More trees were planted and even an elfi tree was planted. You can bet that all the elfs were very anxious to harvest the first elfi tree.

In order to keep Puri happy, Santa II insisted that the new elfs speak spanish and form mariachi bands just like the one that played at Santa II and Puri's wedding.

Many years passed and Santa II continued working on his inventions. He was determined that he would create many new toys for the children of the world and then join with his brother Santa Jr. in spreading cheer throughout the land.

Through the years Santa kept inventing more Puri dolls, who could drive an Etsel and had a house of her own called a Puri house. He also invented a game that could be played on TV that

was called Puritiendo -- which had Puri fighting with demons in order to rescue Santa II -- and he even came up with a new doll that was developed from his experiences in Texas. The doll was in the shape of a horny toad standing up, with big muscles, wore a red mask and knew karate.

During all this time Santa II and Puri did not neglect their love life and a son was born. Santa II thought about naming their new son Santa III but they found out that Santa Jr. had also had a son in his home at the North Pole and named him Santa.

Puri convinced Santa II to name their son Pancho, after her father. No one really knows the date that Pancho Clos was born but some say that it was in the Chinese year of the child close to Christmas.

After Pancho was a little grown up, Santa II finally knew that he had enough inventions to start helping his brother to -- as his father had wanted -- spread cheer throughout the world. Santa II had even developed a way in which they wouldn't have to climb

through the chimney in order to deliver the toys to the kids. When he was inventing this, he had in mind the many poor kids who had no chimneys. The invention was called a transporter. Santa would just stand at a designated spot and have his elf engineer, Bones, energize and move him from one place to another. He would really get a thrill out of saying "one to beam up".

Santa II faxed (another of his inventions) his brother Santa Jr. a message to the North Pole asking for a meeting. Both brothers agreed to meet somewhere in Texas, in the middle of the North and South Pole. Santa Jr. would travel in his sleigh pulled by reindeer and Santa II would travel in his sleigh pulled by burros (since there were no reindeer in the south pole and really the burros proved for a smoother ride).

Both Santas took off from their home at the same time and met over Cape Canaveral near Houston. Both Santa stopped in mid-air and started to talk over old times, Santa Jr's troubles with EWOW, Santa II's new inventions and especially about Santa Jr's son, Santa and Santa II's son, Pancho.

The Santas had no idea that at the precise minute that they were having their reunion, Cape Canaveral had just lunched one of their rockets to the moon. Well the rocket hit both Santas and sent them burning toward the earth. Their remains landed on Easter Island which then was engulfed in a revolution between the Easter Bunny and his chickens who layed all the Easter eggs.

It seem that the Easter Bunny was demanding that more and more eggs be layed by the chickens. The chicken, taking the suggestions of EWOW and the Elfs were also demanding a union called CUTE (Chickens United To the Environment). The Chickens claimed that the Easter Bunny was threatening the environment since she kept demanding that the chickens lay more and more eggs and, in order to lay eggs, chickens had to build nests that would make them break more and more limbs off the trees and eventually eliminate the trees. But that's another story.

Back to the story about the Santas.

Well after Santa Jr. and Santa II died, the job of speading cheers and gifts to all the children of the world fell upon their sons Santa and Pancho.

Both sons, cousins, agreed that they would help each other in delivering. Santa -- Santa Jr's son -- would deliver to all the kids of the northern hemisphere. Pancho, since he knew spanish, would deliver to all the kids of the Southern Hemisphere.

Throughout the years Santa, Santa Jr's son, had maintained his tradition of wearing a red suit and cap, having reindeer -- Dancer and Prancer and Dixon and -- I forget what the other names were -- pull his sleigh, shouting ho-ho-ho. And of course sporting a white beard.

Pancho, Santa II's son and cousin to Santa from the north pole, has changed a little. Because of his mexican influence, Pancho now wears a sombrero, a mexican zarape and has burros -- Clemente, Camilio, Valente and Susana (Pancho really is dedicated to equal opportunity) pull his sleigh. Pancho also sports a long black beard.

The biggest difference in Santa Claus and Pancho Clos is that instead of shouting ho-ho-ho and Merry Christmas when Pancho delivers his gifts to the kids, we hear a tremendous -- AAAA-Hoooo-Ah, que viva la raza y feliz Navidad!



Santa Claus No. 1, no dijo nada por un rato. Luego se rio con esa risa tan popular de el, y dijo: "Pues para que veas que yo no estoy enojado contigo, hasta te voy a cantar una canción de despedida." Pues nada: que no alcanzó a acabar de decir canción, cuando empezo el mariachi "Santa's Helpers" a tocar el acompañamiento. Le cantaron "Te vas porque yo quiero que te vayas" y "Que seas feliz".

Por fin, se fué el hermano de Santa Claus No. 1 y no se detuvo hasta llegar al Polo Sur. El primer año, extraño mucho a los niños a quien le ayudaba a su hermano a entregar los regalos. Como no sabía hablar español, consiguió a una persona que le enseñara el idioma. Fué en ésta forma como llegó a conocer a "Pura Nieves" a quien luego hizo su esposa y más tarde tuvieron un hijo a quien le llamaron "Pancho." Esta Familia entonces concistia de Santa Claus No. 2 (hermano de Santa Claus No. 1), Pancho Claus (hijo) y Pura Claus. "Puri Clos" le decia Santa. Un día Santa Claus No. 2 decidio ir a visitar Santa No. 1 que se habia quedado en el Polo Norte sin saber que en ese mismo momento, su hermano ya venía en camino a visitarlo. Se encontraron en el viento y se pararon a platicar, sin saber que el "Apollo 13" venía de regreso a la tierra en ese mismo momento.

Fue un acontecimiento bastante trágico. Las noticias de este grave acontecimiento, no se publicaron, porque eso podría dañar el programa especial (space effort). Sus restos fueron llevados a una isla que le nombraron "Christmas Island." Está situada cerca de "Easter Island" donde fue sepultada la Coneja.

Sí, la coneja que fué la coneja original, fue sepultada en Easter Island. Sabes que cuando las Gallinas se dieron cuenta que la coneja las estaba explotando de sus recursos naturales, cuando vieron que por más huevos que pusieran, no le daban abasto a su insaciable empeno de repartir canastas llenas de huevos en el día Easter, se organizaron todas y empezaron un

plan par aeliminar a la Coneja. Este movimiento, se llamo "G.U.E.N.A." (Gallinas Unidas en Acción).



Pero esa, ya es otra historia. Para seguir con nuestro historia cuando se mataron los hermanos Santa Claus en el choque espacial con el Apollo 13, cada uno dejó un hijo en los 2 distintos puntos Polares.

El que se quedó en el Polo Norte, siguió el trabajo de su papá y hasta la fecha, lleva el mismo nombre de su ilustre padre. En cambio, el hijo del hermano de Santa Claus, que se quedó en el Polo Sur, se llama Pancho Clos.

Santa Claus siguió la tradición y no quiso cambiar nada de las costumbres de su padre.

Pancho Clos, en vez de traer un (sleigh) trineo con venaditos, estira una careta con burritos.

En vez de gritar: HO-HO-HO, grita: "Ajua", y prefiere usar un zarape y un sombrero grande en vez de gorra roja. Asi es, aunque estos dos son primos hermanos, existe cierta diferencia entre ambas personalidades. Y no es de sorprenderse si lo oyen que grite: Viva la Raza, porque tambien pertenece a La Raza Unida y es bilinüe. Además es miembro del G.I. Forum.

State Representative

DELWIN JONES



Villa Office Park - 763-4468



Ramon Gallegos Law Office
1114 10th St -Lubbock
Tel: 806-744-8552

Feliz Navidad

To all of our
South Plains Hispanic
neighbors and friends



TEXAS INSTRUMENTS

An Equal Opportunity Employer M/F/V/D

Its Tamale Time - Sleigh Bells Toll, Slave Bell Tolls

By Bettina R. Flores

As the holiday season approaches, my 65-ish cousin will call me, and once again, I will politely listen to her matriarchal litany. About the same time, I'll hear my 60-ish sister's version as well. They feel exhausted, they'll say, just thinking about making the Christmas tamales.

As the youngest of seven siblings, I've thankfully escaped my oldest sister's obligation to host the extended family's holiday feast. Still, my own four children and their children and significant others eat their share -- and then beg for "take-home" batches for their friends and bosses. Next, my neighbor rings my doorbell. ... No question about it. Homemade tamales are addictive.

The tamale task gets harder each year as the extended family and its appetite grows while the willingness of family members to pitch in on the making shrinks.

"Sorry, I'm too busy to help. But you make the best! It's not Christmas without tamales!"

So help or no help, we upholders of the tamale tradition spend half a day shopping for the right ingredients and at least a full day measuring, stirring and cooking our ultimate tamales, just as we have for some 30-40 years.

But what once may have been a labor of love has become a

burden. It's not love of labor that has my sister (who already works full time, commutes a long distance, and manages myriad matriarchal duties) taking vacation time to produce 10 dozen tamales.

Why do we persist?

Well, those who have tasted authentic tamales can testify to the pleasure of the exquisite experience. And childhood memories endure -- even though nearby markets no longer stock traditional ingredients and the family assembly line has broken down.

Now it's eight backbreaking hours alone with 40 pounds of masa, 20 pounds of meat, and handfuls of chile powder.

As my 50-ish self, I put my foot down last year and announced, "My tamale-making days are over!" Like my cousin and my sister, I anticipated the ensuing stress, but I was determined to avoid it. I boasted, "I will make a Señora Grande rich by buying 10 dozen ready-made."

Those who heard me exchanged knowing smiles and were conveniently absent when, two days later, I marshmallowed. Realizing I'd be tamale-making solo, I altered my routine by doing two smaller batches over a two-day span. So much easier than the day-long or all-night haul.

Maybe those of us who have

dutifully done tamale-time need to let it go. Perhaps it's time to pass the "mine are the best" recipe on to our children, and order them to roll up their sleeves and have them plunge elbow-deep into the masa until 100-plus tamales are stacked in their own kitchens.

Better yet, our adult children will come up with the honorable solution: "Okay, Mom, half a century of tamale-making is enough. You sit. We cook."

But as long as we matriarchs remain hopelessly hooked on tradition, addicted to our secret recipes, and are suckers for compliments from the consumers of our tantalizing tamales, they'll never volunteer.

Even when we threaten to go on strike, our own stomachs growl in protest and we selectively recall the first hour or so when preparing tamale sauce and spreading masa on corn husks is still fun.

Last year, my kids and my neighbors won their bets that I couldn't let a Christmas go by without caving in.

This year, as the aroma of chile-drenched meat fills my kitchen, I'll fling open the windows and let it drift into the neighborhood.

Then, when my relatives and friends and neighbors follow their noses and ask, "Where's mine?" I'll graciously tell them I only had time and energy to make enough for myself. Perhaps they'd like to come by and help next Christmas?

(Bettina R. Flores is a columnist, trainer for Chiquita's Challenge Seminars and the author of Chiquita's Diary and Chiquita's Cocoon: The Latina Women's Guide to Greater Power, Love, Money, Status and Happiness. Write to her at: P.O. Box 2037, Granite Bay, Calif. 95746-2037 (916) 791-8463.)

Copyright 1995, Hispanic Link News Service. Distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Estradas TV Shop

Expert TV, VCR and Stereo Repair on All Major Brands

May this Christmas be memorable for you and your family!

1206 Ave E - 762-6499

Sr. y Sra. Gilbert Estrada y Familia

Season's Greelings

United Supermarkets



La temporada de Navidad es un tiempo muy especial

en que familias se juntan,

re-afirmando sus creencias y costumbres.

Es un tiempo de alegría y ansiedad para los niños,

con abundancia de risa y alegría--

para los ancianos un tiempo de orgullo y placer,

de memorias de los tiempos pasados y

la esperanza de un mejor porvenir.

Es un tiempo de gratitud, compasion, esperanza y fe.

Gratitud, por las muchas bendiciones en este pais

y por las dificultades que han quedado atras.

Compasion, por el necesitado.

Esperanza, por un mejor mundo de justicia y paz.

Fe en nuestra habilidad de crecer y edificar.

Nuestra manera de vivir es buena--

fuerte, libre y llena de promesa--y

una en que podemos crear

nuestros niños con confianza.

Es con este espiritu que nosotros en United Supermarkets,

que tenemos el privilegio de servir a muchas familias,

extendemos nuestras felicitaciones y

mejores deseos en este tiempo de Navidad.

Niños de Navidad

Ya viene la Navidad
Ya se oyen las campanas,
Y se devisan los niños
Mirando por las ventanas.

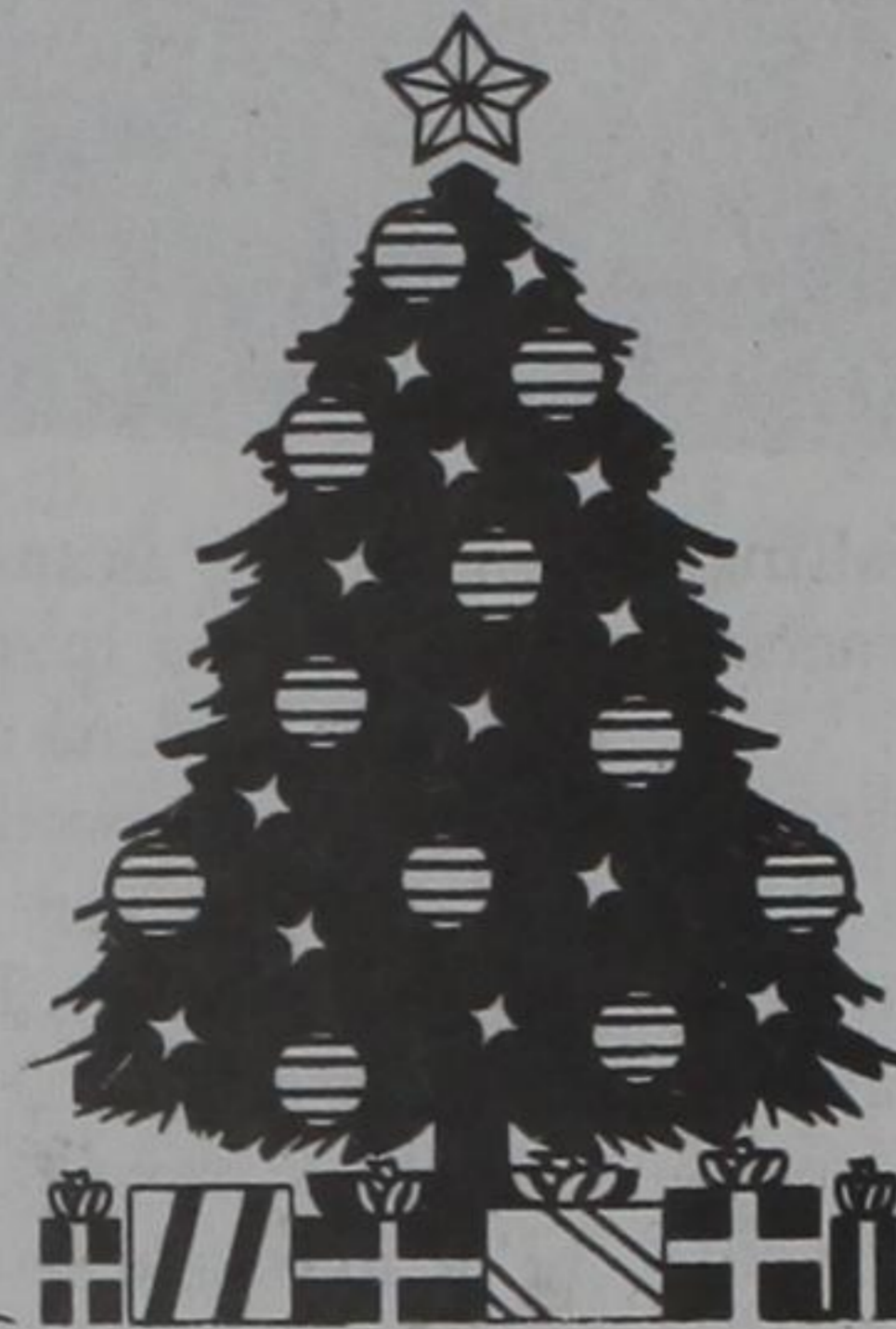
Ya viene Santo Claus
Ya se devisan los venaditos,
Portesen bien todos los niños
Que ya les traen sus regalitos

Que linda es la noche buena
Cuando la nieve empieza a caer,
La casa esta en silencio
Esperando el amanecer.



Que hermoso se ve el arbol
Con sus luces de resplandor,
Con todos los regalitos
Y niños alrededor.

Demos Gracias a Dios
Por mandarnos un Santo
Claus,
Para que todos los niños
Sientan gozo en el corazon.



¿Papa, y tu y Mama
Que les trajo Santo Claus?
Hijito, la alegría en tu cara
Es gozo y paz en mi corazon.

Papa, que bueno es Dios con nosotros
Que nos mando a su hijito,
Para conpartir su amor
Y El tambien recibio re regalitos

Navidad, Navidad
Blanco Navidad
Les deciamos a todos
Paz y Prosperidad..



Por Ray y Abby Ortiz

Copyright 1995, Broadcast Music, Inc

320 West 10th St, New York, N.Y. 10002

FELIZ NAVIDAD

Give a Christmas Gift
That Will Last All Year
FREE INSTALLATION
FREE SHOWTIME FOR 1 YR.
HBO PART OF BASIC SERVICE
For only \$29.95 Per Month



HEARTLAND
WIRELESS OF LUBBOCK

Services available now in Lubbock and the surrounding counties

TNT TBS

USA NETWORK

CMT

SHOWTIME

IN SEVEN CITIES

ESPN

AE

DISNEY

This selection of viewing plus all local affiliates

You Don't Need a Satellite Dish
with The Real Wireless Cable
Call Today 792-2253

Mi Aguinaldo de Navidad

Por Rick Martínez

¿Cuántos de nosotros podemos decir, sin vacilar, que cada Navidad durante los diez últimos años hemos recibido un regalo aún mejor que el recibido el año anterior? Yo puedo decirlo.

Para mí, es el don precioso de la vida. La mía propia.

En mayo 22 de 1984 se me dijo que tenía leucemia mielógena aguda, el cáncer de la sangre que actúa con mayor rapidez. ¿Qué probabilidades de vida, con quimioterapia intensa? Dos años.

Yo tenía 27 años de edad y estaba, realmente, en las mejores condiciones de mi vida. Me apresuré a preparar mi primer testamento.

En esta Navidad hará 10 años que salí del Centro Médico de la Universidad de California, recinto de Los Angeles, por última vez, bendecido por una remisión continua. ¡Qué viaje tan largo y extraño ha sido!

Mis únicas lágrimas durante la odisea fueron aquella primera mañana en que el Dr. Francisco Wong me dijo que yo padecía de la enfermedad que crea glóbulos blancos mutantes en la sangre, que desplazan a los glóbulos rojos y lo asfixian a uno hasta matarlo por falta de oxígeno.

Yo estaba esencialmente muerto en un 75% cuando entré al salón de urgencia de un hospital de Riverside, Cali-

fornia, el 21 de mayo. Mi visión estaba comenzando a empañarse. Me lastimaba fácilmente. Apenas podía respirar.

Tuve suerte desde el principio. Después de consultar al Dr. Wong, decidí ir al Centro Médico de la Universidad de California en Los Angeles, donde se practicaba la medicina al estilo más reciente, especialmente para la leucemia. El Dr. Wong me envió en ambulancia a la distancia de 75 millas.

Los ayudantes eran de mi edad. "No deje que la enfermedad se apodere de usted", me dijo uno de ellos. Fue un gran consejo.

El hospital de la Universidad de California en Los Angeles es un centro de enseñanza, y la práctica de la medicina la hacen equipos de médicos jóvenes que reciben adiestramiento. Me pregunté en seguida si este escenario de medicina en paquete era lo correcto para mí, cuando en eso entró el Dr. Robert Peter Gale, con su grupo de médicos estudiantes a remolque. El era una persona suficientemente agradable con anteojos y, lo que era bastante interesante, llevaba chanclas.

El explicó los procedimientos para los exámenes, diciendo que yo recibiría o bien una quimioterapia convencional o el trasplante experimental de médula ósea si tuviera un

familiar cuya sangre fuera equiparable con la mía. Yo no lo tenía.

Entonces se fué. Pronto me enteré de quién era el tipo que usaba chanclas -- el prominente especialista de cáncer mundial. El que enviaron a Chernobyl a tratar a las víctimas soviéticas de la exposición a la radiación. El Dr. Richard Champlain, médico de la Universidad de California en Los Angeles, fué también a Chernobyl.

Ambos serían mis médicos durante los dos años siguientes.

Fué un periodo interesante de la medicina. El sida estaba llegando al conocimiento público. Un día, un paciente de sida rompió una ventana de un piso superior y saltó a la muerte hacia el traspacio debajo de mi ventana. Rock Hudson estuvo en mi piso en un punto mientras combatía al sida.

La quimioterapia, me parece, continúa siendo la práctica primitiva que ha sido durante los 30 años últimos. Yo padecía de la enfermedad de acción más rápida, de modo que sufrí la forma de quimioterapia más cruel. Le inyectan a uno venenos en las venas dos veces al día durante una semana. Se le elimina el sistema de glóbulos blancos de la sangre durante los 10 días siguientes. Se espera que el sistema se rejuvenezca a sí mismo, digamos, en otros 10 días. Eso quiere decir un mes en el hospital. Se le hacen transfusiones de sangre frecuentes a uno. Todavía tengo cicatrices en el pecho debidos a la implantación quirúrgica de los tubos intravenosos.

Para acortar una historia larga, recibí tres de esos tratamientos y tuve una recaída de la enfermedad; se suponía que recibiría otros tres, pero el segundo -- el número cinco del total -- casi me mató.

No recuerdo la mitad de ese último periodo de quimioterapia del todo, más que los relámpagos de estar empacado en hielo para combatir a una fiebre quemante y que me llevaran en silla de ruedas al salón de rayos X a todas horas por temor de que me diera neumonía.

Un día me desperté y la fiebre se había ido -- y pronto me iría yo. Había bajado de peso hasta 145 libras, mi peso más bajo desde que estaba en la escuela secundaria, de lo que había sido un peso normal, musculoso y combativo de 175 libras.

Pero estaba vivo.

Es bastante interesante que el Instituto Nacional del Cáncer informe que la investigación sobre el cáncer en las poblaciones hispanas ha mostrado algo semejante a mi remisión, que ha aumentado en los diez últimos años.

Aunque las enfermedades cardíacas y el cáncer son las causas principales de muertes entre los hispanos, nuestras tasas son menores que las de los blancos no hispanos. Pero el acceso a la atención sanitaria no es igual: Mientras que el 13 por ciento de los blancos no hispanos carecen de seguro médico, el 33 por ciento de los hispanos se hallan en esa categoría en toda la nación.

Fuí bendecido especialmente con la resistencia en el hospital. En algún lugar dentro de mí había una estructura que podía soportar la existencia solitaria de un paciente de cáncer. Aún cuando mis padres me visitaban todos los días y los buenos amigos venían a menudo, la existencia era todavía solitaria. Mis padres ancianos, Sandy y Carmen, hacían el viaje de 25 millas por las del sur de California en un Mustang envejecido. Sus ejemplos durante mi vida me sirvieron bien: Sigue combatiendo y toma la vida un día a la vez.

Mis padres descendían de trabajadores agrícolas migratorios y eran sobrevivientes de la Gran Depresión.

Ahora, cuando me miro al espejo, me pregunto: ¿Quién era aquel tipo de 27 años de edad que tenía leucemia y soportó el dolor?

Mi mejor amigo, Jess Villegas, me dijo un día que durante nuestras vidas juntos desde la edad de 12 años, yo siempre había "actuado" como si fuera más duro que lo que realmente era, ya fuera en la cancha de baloncesto jugando contra los tipos grandes o en cualquier otra cosa. "Cuando contrajiste la leucemia, pensé que no eras lo suficientemente duro para esto. Entonces saliste de ella y pensé: Rayos, este tipo es real-

mente tan duro como pretendió serlo siempre".

Mi respuesta es: "La leucemia me enseñó cuán débil soy".

Tengo más que decir, pero terminaré este relato por ahora con un recuerdo. Cada día, mientras estaba en el hospital de la Universidad de California, miraba por la ventana del hospital hacia fuera y deseaba estar corriendo o levantando pesas en algún lugar.

Recuerdo esto a menudo, especialmente aquí en San Antonio, donde hace unos pocos meses, en una temperatura de 95 grados con el 95% de humedad, estaba corriendo tramos cortos a gran velocidad al mediodía. A medida que el perro me observaba desde la sombra, recordé al hospital de UCLA, me reí para mis adentros e hice 10 arrancones más al viento.

Feliz Navidad.

(Rick Martínez es reportero y columnista del "San Antonio Express-News".)

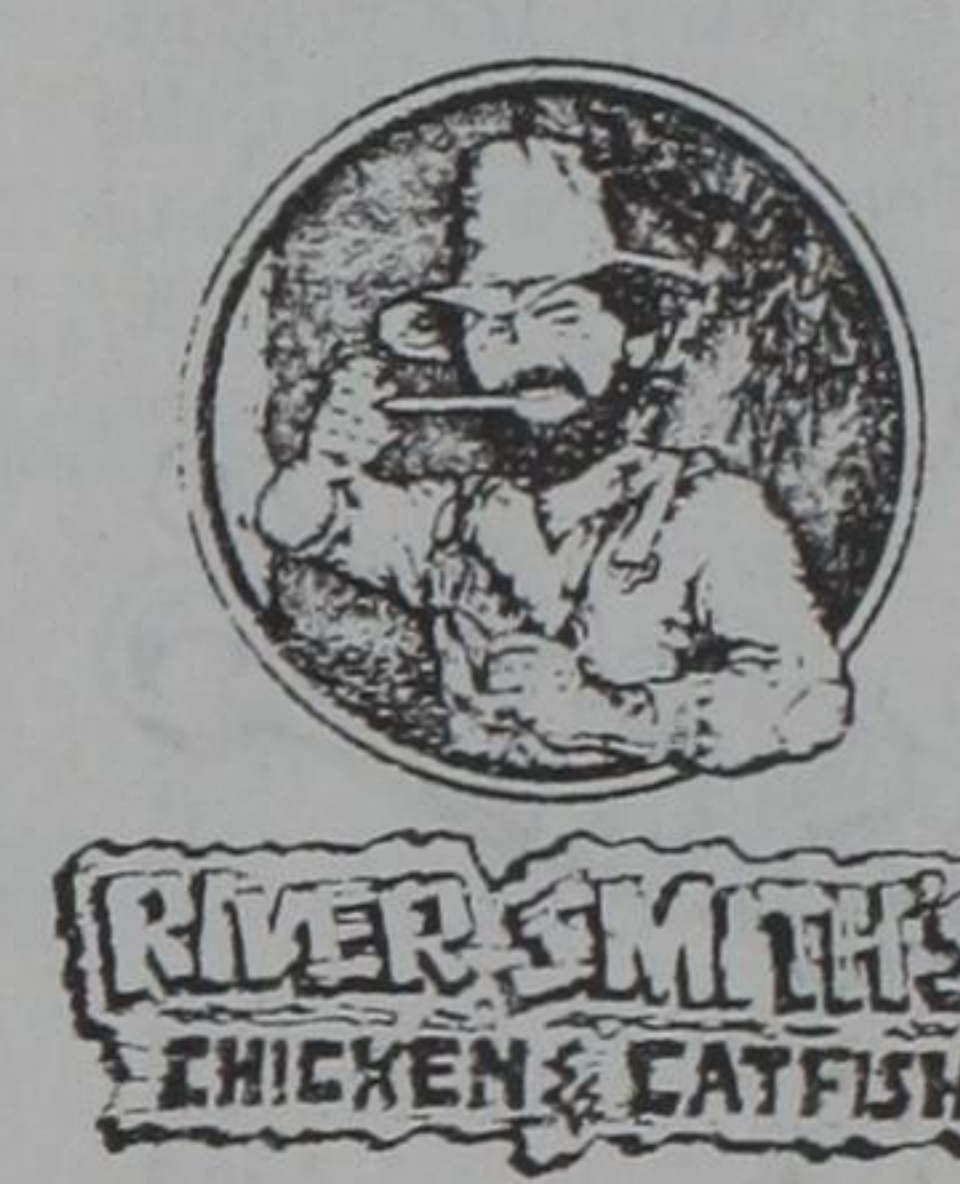
Propiedad literaria registrada por Hispanic Link News Service en 1995. Distribuido por The Los Angeles Times Syndicate

LARA'S Gameroom

8

BYOB
Grand Opening
Dec. 22, 1995
1608-B
N. University
Open M-F
4 pm to 2 am

Advertise In
El Editor for
Pennies Per
Day or Get
It Delivered
to Your
home- Call
763-3841



Merry Christmas

4th Street & Ave. U - 765-8164
Lubbock, Texas
For Catering Call 744-FISH

Feliz Navidad Y Un Prospero Año Nuevo

ESTRADA'S PAWN SHOP

703 Broadway
Lubbock, Texas 79401
(806) 765-8415
WE PAY MORE & SELL FOR LESS
WE APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS



Christmas Greetings

Expert Printing for All Your Commercial Needs

J&A Printing
3009-A 34th Street
(806) 797-8050

COLOR IT! CLIP IT! And check it twice!

Sparky wants you to have a happy and safe holiday. So he wrote these tips to help you safely enjoy the Christmas season.

Color Sparky with crayons or markers and clip this page out. Then, check your safety list to make sure your home is ready for the holidays. (Ask for your parent's help!)

SAFETY LIST!

- Check all cords for frayed or bare wires, cracked insulation, loose connections and damaged plugs or light sockets.
- Test lights before stringing.
- Unplug lights before making any repairs or replacing light bulbs.
- Don't overload circuits with too many plugs!
- No lights on metallic trees.
- Keep your tree fresh by trimming the base and keeping plenty of water in the tree stand.
- Turn off all lights before leaving or going to bed.
- Don't use indoor lights outside.
- Avoid outdoor electrical lines when hanging lights on the rooftop or in tall trees.
- Use waterproof lighting equipment outdoors. Hang sockets downward and don't leave a socket empty.

SPS
SOUTHWESTERN PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY

Wishing you a safe, happy holiday.

Flappy Holidays

Feliz Navidad y Un Muy Prospero Año Nuevo de parte de

carmen's alterations and tailoring

1020 Broadway - Lubbock - Call 762-0727

Sponsors of the
Elida Reyna Presentation Sunday

Magic 93.1
¡Tejano! Ten in a row!

FELICES FIESTAS

My Christmas Bonus

By Rick Martinez

How many of us can say, with no hesitation, that each Christmas for the last 10 years we have received a gift even better than the one that came the year before?

I can.
For me, it's the precious gift of life. My own. I was told on May 22, 1984, that I had acute myelogenous leukemia, the fastest-acting of the blood cancers. Life expectancy, with intense chemotherapy: two years.

I was 27 and, really, in the best condition of my life. I hastily prepared my first will.

This Christmas it has been 10 years since I walked out of UCLA Medical Center for the last time, blessed with continuous remission. What a long strange trip it has been.

My only tears during the ordeal were that first morning when Dr. Francisco Wong told me I had the disease that creates mutant white blood cells that drive out the red blood cells and choke you to death for lack of oxygen.

I was essentially 75 percent dead when I walked into a Riverside, Calif., hospital emergency room on May 21 of that year. My vision was starting to blur. I bruised eas-

ily. I could hardly breathe. I was lucky from the start. After consulting with Dr. Wong, I decided to go to UCLA Medical Center, where cutting-edge medicine, especially in leukemia, was being practiced.

Dr. Wong sent me the 75 miles by ambulance. The attendants were my age. "Don't let the disease take over," one of them told me. It was great advice.

UCLA is a teaching hospital, and medicine is practiced by teams of young doctors-in-training. I wondered right away whether this pack-medicine scenario was right for me when I walked Dr. Robert Peter Gale, student-doctor groupies in tow. He was a pleasant enough fellow who wore glasses, and, interestingly enough, clogs.

He explained the test procedures, saying I would receive either conventional chemotherapy or the experimental bone-marrow transplant if I had a relative who was a blood match. I didn't.

Then he was gone. Soon I learned who the guy with clogs was -- the preeminent cancer specialist in the world. The fellow who went to Chernobyl to treat Soviet victims of radiation exposure.

UCLA physician Richard Champlain also was at Chernobyl.

Both would be my doctors over the next two years.

It was an interesting period in medicine. AIDS was coming into public consciousness. One day an AIDS sufferer broke out of an upper-story window and jumped to his death onto the courtyard below my window. Rock Hudson was on my floor at one point while he battled AIDS.

Chemotherapy, it seems to me, remains the primitive practice it has been for 30 years. I had a fast-acting disease, so I had the cruelest form of chemotherapy. Poisons are injected into your veins twice a day for a week. Your white blood-cell system is wiped out over the next 10 days. It is hoped your system will rejuvenate itself in, say, another 10 days. That's a month in the hospital. You get frequent blood transfusions. I still have scars on my chest from surgically implanted intravenous tubes.

I had three of those treatments and had a relapse of the disease. I was supposed to have three more, but the second one -- the fifth in all -- nearly killed me.

I do not remember half of that last chemotherapy period at all, other than flashes of being packed in ice to fight a searing fever and being taken by wheelchair to X-ray at all hours for fear pneumonia would set in.

One day I woke up and the fever was gone -- and soon, so was I. I was down to 145 pounds, lowest since high school, from what had been a normal, muscled, fighting weight of 175 pounds. But I was alive.

Interestingly enough, the national Cancer Institute reports that cancer research in Hispanic populations has paralleled my remission, growing in the last 10 years.

While heart disease and

cancer rank as the leading causes of death among Hispanics, our rates are lower than non-Hispanic whites. But access to health care is not equal: While 13 percent of non-Hispanic whites have no health insurance, 33 percent of Hispanics across the nation fall into that category.

I was particularly blessed with endurance in the hospital. Somewhere inside me was a make-up that could bear the lonely existence of a cancer patient. Even with my parents visiting every day and good friends coming often, the existence was still a lonely one.

My elderly parents, Sandy and Carmen, made the 25-mile trip on Southern California freeways in an aging Mustang. Their examples through my lifetime served me well: keep up the fight and take life a day at a time.

My parents were the children of migrant farm workers and survivors of the Great Depression.

Now, when I look in the mirror I wonder, who was that 27-year-old guy who had leukemia and took the pain?

My best friend, Jess Villegas, told me one day that through our lives together since the age of 12, I had always acted tougher than I really was, whether it was on the basketball court playing the big guy or elsewhere. "When you got leukemia, I thought 'you're not tough enough for this.' Then you came through it and I thought, 'damn, this guy really is as tough as he always pretended to be.'"

My response: "Leukemia taught me how weak I am."

I have more to say, but I'll end this with one memory. Each day at UCLA I'd look out the hospital window and wish I were running or pumping iron somewhere.

I remember this often, particularly here in San Antonio, where a few months ago at 95 degrees with 95 percent humidity, I was running sprints at noon. As the dog watched me from the shade, I remember UCLA, laughed to myself, and did 10 more wind sprints.

Merry Christmas.
(Rick Martinez is a reporter and columnist with the San Antonio Express-News.)

Copyright 1995. Hispanic Link News Service. Distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate

Feliz Navidad

Feliz Navidad Y Prospero Año Nuevo

O. D. Kenney Auto Parts
Your Automotive Parts Distributor
828-6523
Slaton, Tx
Wayne Kenney
Mike Kenney
Alton Kenney

New Year's Eve Bash

at
White Knight's Ballroom
1413 Texas Avenue
(corner of 15th Street & Texas Ave.)
For Tickets Call 799-3366

- Party Favors •
- (DJ) Ruben Lucero •
- Menudo •

MENUDO SERVED AFTER MIDNIGHT

Doors Open at 7:00 p.m.
Cover Charge at the Door
\$30.00 per couple, \$15.00 per person

Advanced Pre-Sale Tickets
at White Knight's Ballroom
\$25.00 per couple, \$12.50 per person

Door prizes will be given away every hour along with one hour of limousine service from White Knight's Limousine.

Everyone is Welcome (B.Y.O.B./No Bottles)
SECURITY BY SHERIFF'S OFFICE

DAVID MARTINEZ Attorney at Law

Moving to New Location
1663 BROADWAY
TEL: 806-744-1692
Effective Jan 2, 1996

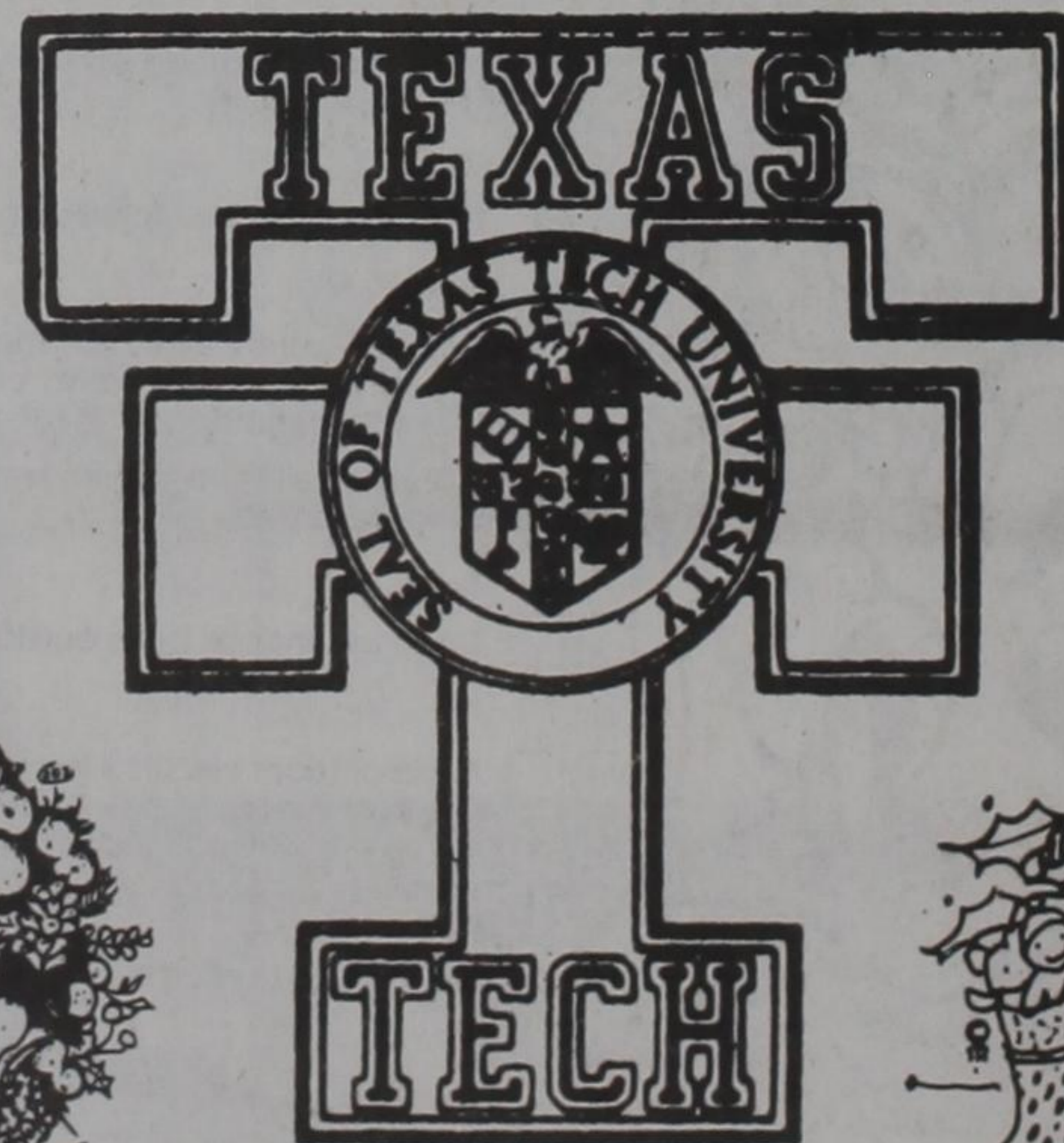
Holiday Greetings
Open House
Jan. 13, 1996 - 4 to 7 pm

Subscribe Call
763-3841

Season's Greetings

From your friends at

Texas Tech University



Texas Tech University and the Texas Tech University Health Science Center Are Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action Employers
AA/EEO Director Julio Llanas
(806) 742-3627

Merry Christmas



JOHN P. CERVANTEZ
INSURANCE AGENCY
1904 E. AUBURN
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79403
(806) 744-1654

JOHN P. CERVANTEZ - Owner

¡MUCHO EXITO!



Feliz Navidad Y Un Prospero Año Nuevo

Hospice: Caring for our Community and Area...

- Hospice Is... •care and support for terminally ill persons and their loved ones.
•pain and symptom management
•comfort and quality of life

For Information Contact...
Hospice of Lubbock at 806-795-2751
or 1-800-658-2648

Hospice
of
Lubbock

Lucifer Leads A Latino Holiday Tradition

By Rick Martinez

"Very well, imprudent young boy, it is clear that you are unaware of my great pride. Thank me that you leave alive!"

-- Lucifer, in the play "Los Pastores"

While Las Posadas is a Christmas event in Latino communities across the Southwest steeped in a ritual march, prayer and hymns, there is another cultural nativity event that features Lucifer and a range of devilish humor.

It is Los Pastores, the Mexican shepherds' play that has three centuries of history in the Southwest and continues to instill in barrio residents and their uptown kin a cultural link to a storied past.

So says anthropologist Richard R. Flores who -- not unlike George Plimpton in "Paper Lion" who put on a football helmet -- performed in Los Pastores for two seasons while doing specific research on an 82-year-old troupe in his native San Antonio.

Flores zooms in on the troupe, its players and history in his book "Los Pastores: History and Performance in the Mexican Shepherds' Play of Southwest Texas, Smithsonian Institution Press, No-

vember 1995, \$15.95 paperback, \$49 hardback (cloth).

Los Pastores is the story of shepherds thwarted by Lucifer and other devils as they bring humble gifts to the Christ child. It is a festive event, peppered with doses of comedy, in which the actors usually imbibe on tequila or other libations that serve to lubricate the creative juices.

"It's by no means solemn," Flores, an assistant professor in anthropology and Chicano Studies at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, says.

"Quite a bit of drinking goes on with the male actors. Often the play is performed outdoors and, they reason, drinking warms you up. Or they'll figure out another reason."

It's an off-beat, three-hour performance that for generations has kept its audience. Indeed, the play opens with this announcement: "La gente ya no viene por devoción sino por diversión. (The people no longer come for devotion but for diversion)."

The nativity play has its roots in medieval Spain. Spanish missionaries brought the form to the New World, including the United States, where it continues to flourish in Texas, New Mexico, California and Mexico.

"The missionaries wrote versions of the play and used them to indoctrinate indigenous peoples," Flores says.

San Antonio's troupe dates to 1913 and has three generations of actors. It just started on its fourth with the inclusion of a 4-year-old.

This troupe has its roots in Our Lady of Guadalupe Catholic Church on the city's Latino west side. A core group of families has fueled the troupe, but neither a familial link nor membership at Guadalupe are prerequisites for joining. Guadalupe Church provides a place to rehearse and furnish a vehicle for taking members to performances.

Performances are not trained actors, nor are they paid. Donations are forwarded to the church.

Rehearsals begin in September and the play traditionally opens Dec. 24 at Guadalupe Church, with neighborhood performances continuing through February.

Pivotal in creation of this enduring legacy, Flores argues, is the fact that when Los Pastores is due to come to a neighborhood, neighbors join with a host to mow the lawn, rake the leaves and create a common feast of food and drink. "It is this collective work that really makes a community a community," he says.

As perhaps a testament to its liturgical roots, many neighborhood performances of Los Pastores are sponsored by people who had made spiritual "promesas" -- often prayers to the Virgin Mary or St. Jude -- that they would in exchange for a blessing of some sort. Requested blessings can range from cure of a loved one's disease to remedies for financial woes.

On a larger scale, writes Flores, "One of the benefits of

Los Pastores, I suggest, is the long-term presence of a cultural event that functions as a public reminder of the history and culture of the Mexican Americans."

While the San Antonio event has received wider attention through an annual performances at San Jose Mission -- usually covered by the media -- Flores sees this as diminishing the social context. The annual event is sponsored by the San Antonio Conservation Society.

"The conservation society really wants to preserve a tradition, but what they are preserving by turning Los Pastores into a performance for an audience is the formality of it, not the true sharing of a community that comes together to host."

Flores admits this is an anthropologist's deeper context not really shared by the players. He puts it into a historical context that includes Spaniards, Mexicanos and Tejanos from the establishment of the town of San Francisco de Bexar in 1731. The city of San Antonio was established in the 1820s. During the 20th Century there have been a number of Los Pastores troupes in San Antonio, but others died out in the 1960s.

Flores' book leaves us with a question not answered by publication time: Will current director Víctor David Elizondo (called Vincente Manuel in the book), who has been in poor health, be able to perform this December in what would be his 50th anniversary with the troupe?

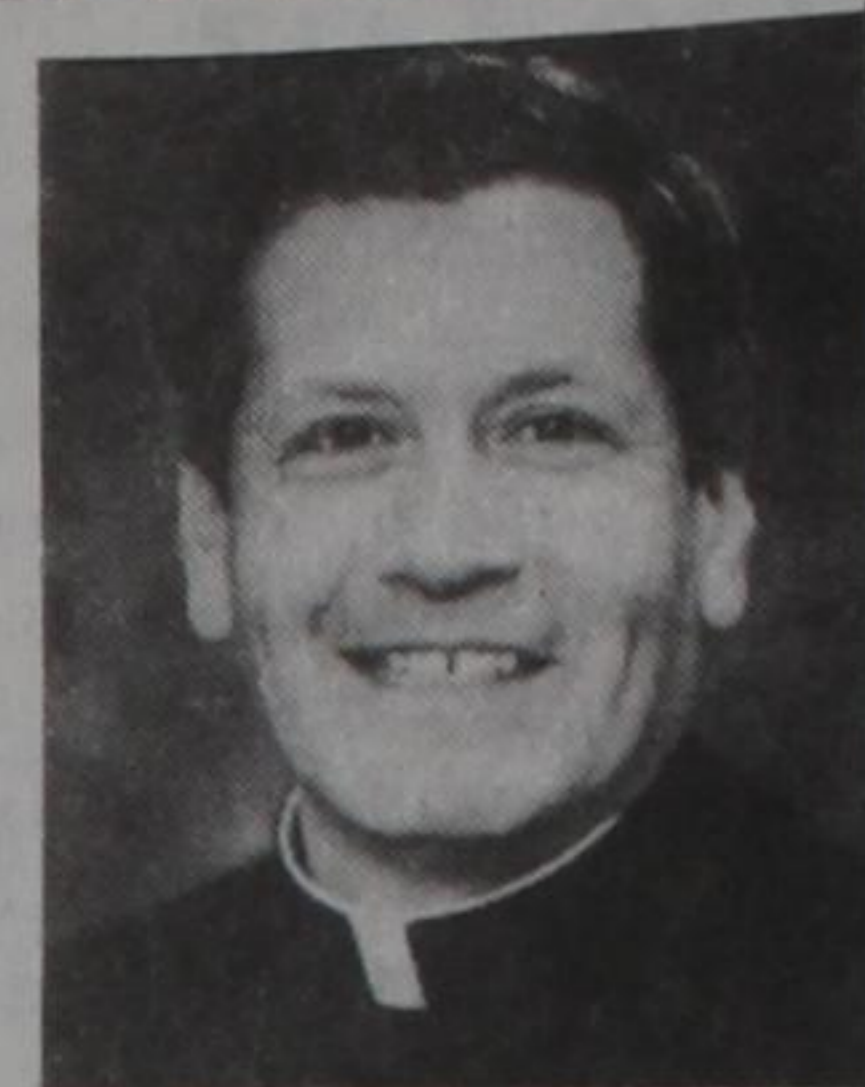
Flores doesn't know, but he plans to be at Guadalupe Church Dec. 24 to find out.

(Rick Martinez is a columnist and reporter with the San Antonio Express-News.)

Copyright 1995, Hispanic Link News Service. Distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate

El Obispo Plácido Rodríguez y la Diócesis de Lubbock resan que usted reciba la bendición de Navidad llena de la paz que el Niño Jesús les trae.

Feliz Navidad



THE DIOCESE OF LUBBOCK
(806) 792-3943

Join the Winning Team!



The Blue, the Proud, the Lubbock Police.

- Salary above \$20,000 per year plus complete benefits & insurance
- 15 vacation days, 9 paid holidays a year
- Uniforms & equipment provided
- Pay raise & promotion opportunities
- Paid training
- Education incentive pay



Looking for Men & Women THE LUBBOCK POLICE

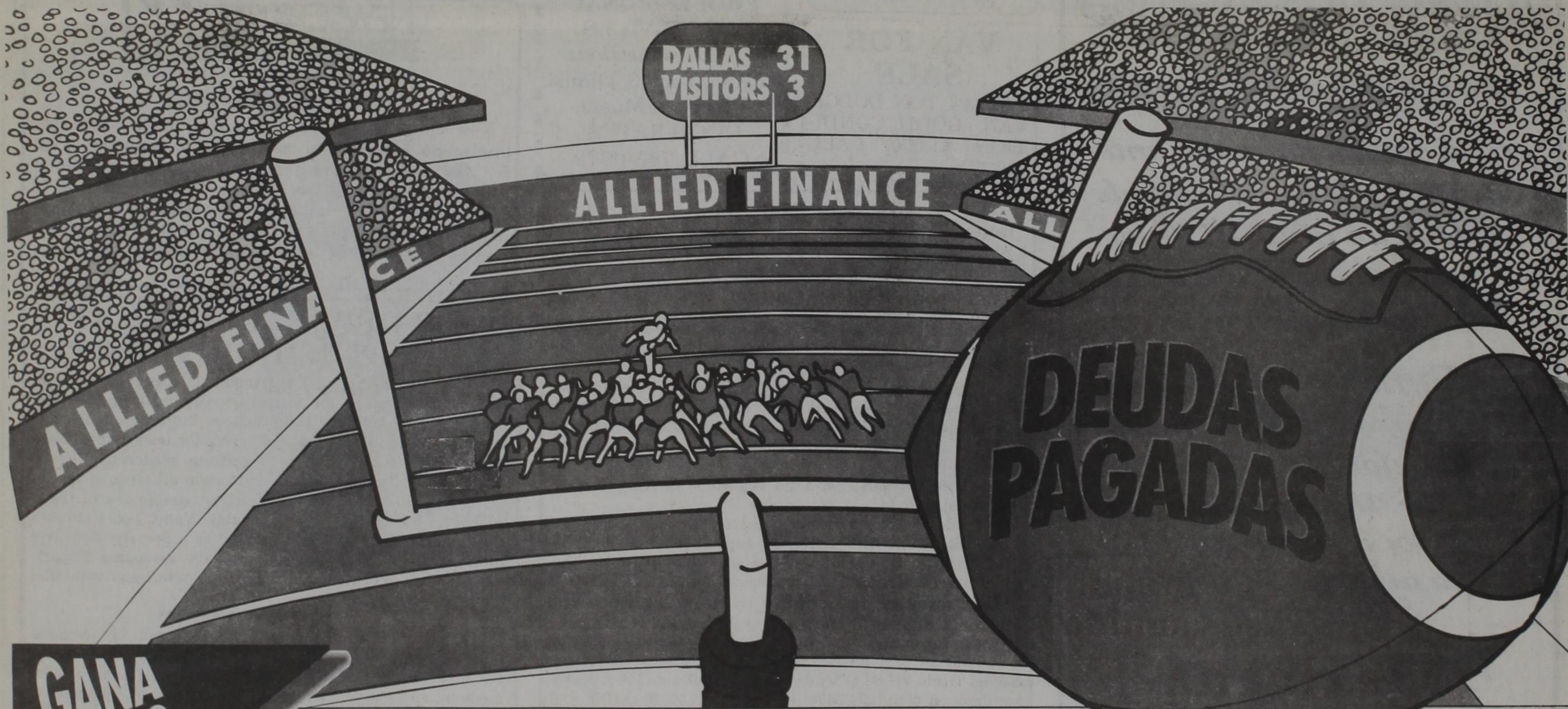
Applications accepted January 2-31
City of Lubbock Human Resources
1625 13th Street
Lubbock, Texas 79403 • 806/767-2311

Associated Business Services

We Are A FULL SERVICE Company That Helps Your Business

JAIME GARCIA
LES DESEA
Season's Greetings

1220 Broadway -- 744-1984



DALLAS 31
VISITORS 3

ALLIED FINANCE

DEUDAS PAGADAS

GANAR \$500

¡Y DALE UNA PATADA A TUS DEUDAS!

¡Imagínate el poder adquirir todas las cosas que tú siempre has querido! Con Allied Finance como tu equipo, ¡TU PUEDES! Con Préstamos Personales de \$500 a \$5,000 o más. Ya sea que tú quieras el automóvil que tú siempre has soñado o que quieras reducir los pagos mensuales de tus deudas consolidando todos tus pagos en uno, los empleados de Allied Finance siempre están listos para ayudarte.

¡Únanos Hoy! Estamos sirviendo a Texas desde 1940 con:
• Préstamos Personales • Préstamos Consolidación de Deudas
• Préstamos para Automóviles • Préstamos para Remodelar tu Casa
• Préstamos para Eventos Especiales

¡Solicitar un Préstamo es fácil! solamente llámanos o llena la forma adjunta y llévala a la oficina de Allied Finance más cercana.

¡Escucha el Radio y GANA \$500! Juega la rifa espectacular "Money Player of the Week" de Allied Finance y podrás ganar \$500, o un Gran Premio de \$5,000 "Final de Temporada de Fútbol"! Sigue las siguientes instrucciones:

Escucha el programa local de la cadena Radio Hispana de los Dallas Cowboys con Mario Montes e Israel Aguilar anunciando el "Money Player of the Week" de Allied Finance en XKTG - AM - 95 Radio Fiesta.

Cuando anuncien el nombre del jugador escribe su nombre, la fecha del juego, y/o el equipo contrincante en la forma de registro de la rifa y llévala a tu oficina más cercana de Allied Finance o mándala por correo a esa oficina.

Después escucha el programa durante el próximo juego de los Dallas Cowboys para saber quién fue el ganador. Podrás ser TU!

Estamos convenientemente localizados cerca de ti ¡Hay una oficina de Allied Finance cerca de ti, lista para ayudarte a realizar tus sueños!

*ALLIED FINANCE ofrece esta promoción. No es necesario la compra de productos. El sorteo se efectuará semanalmente a partir del 10 de noviembre, hasta el 29 de diciembre de 1995. Se llevará a cabo 1 sorteo semanal, de \$200.00 cada uno y un gran final de \$5,000.00 en el último juego de la temporada de fútbol. No necesita estar presente para ganar. Debe tener 18 años para participar. Una forma semanal por familia. Podrá participar en el sorteo, acudiendo a cualquier sucursal participante de ALLIED FINANCE o enviando la forma por correo a fax. Las formas enviadas por correo deberán ser recibidas antes de las 12:01 a.m. de cada viernes durante la duración del sorteo. No se aceptarán llamadas telefónicas para participar. Los ganadores deberán de presentar comprobantes de identificación y edad. El derecho para reclamar los premios se perderá si no son reclamados dentro de los 10 días posteriores a la notificación al ganador. Las probabilidades dependen de las formas recibidas.

allied finance

TRIXI PENDERGRASS
1001 N-1-27 #208
PLAINVIEW TWN CTR
PLAINVIEW, TEXAS 79072
(806) 293-4421
FAX (806) 293-3838

RICK HEARD
3952 E. - 42ND STREET, #8
ODESSA, TEXAS 79762
(915) 362-6321
FAX (915) 366-8923

CHRISTOPHER SMITH
6605 I-40 W. BLVD. BLDG. A
AMARILLO, TEXAS 79106
(806) 355-0101
FAX (806) 352-6721

CARY RICHEY
4620 50TH STREET #3
LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79414
(806) 785-0660
FAX (806) 785-0656

BECKY HARTMAN
3363 KNICKERBOCKER ROAD
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS 76904
(915) 947-7772
FAX (915) 947-2676

RON MIDDLETON
4102 BUFFALO GAP, SUITE 1
ABILENE, TEXAS 79605
(915) 691-0393
FAX (915) 691-0824

APLICACION

NOMBRE _____
 DIRECCION _____
 CIUDAD _____ ESTADO _____
 CODIGO POSTAL _____
 TELEFONO RESIDENCIA/TRABAJO _____
 NOMBRE MONEY PLAYER OF THE WEEK / FECHA DEL JUEGO y/o VS _____
 NOMBRE DEL EQUIPO _____

SOLICITUD DE PRESTAMO
FAVOR DE MARCAR LA RESPUESTA APROPIADA SI DESEA SOLICITAR UN PRESTAMO:

1. MI INGRESO ANUAL* ES: _____ MENOS DE \$15,000
 \$15,001 - \$25,000 _____ MAS DE \$25,000

2. ESTA EMPLEADO ACTUALMENTE: SI _____ NO _____
 MI COMPANIA Y/O PATRON ES: _____
 EN ESTA POSICION: _____ MENOS DE 1 AÑO _____ 1-3 AÑOS
 _____ MAS DE 3 AÑOS

3. YO: ALQUILO _____ SOY DUEÑO _____ RESIDO AQUI: _____
 MENOS DE 1 AÑO _____ 1-3 AÑOS _____ MAS DE 3 AÑOS

4. SEGURO SOCIAL # _____

*NO TIENE QUE INFORMAR SOBRE PENSION(ES) ALIMENTICIA SI USTED NO DESEA QUE SE TOMEN EN CONSIDERACION PARA SU PRESTAMO.

FECHA: ____/____/____ FIRMA: _____