

AMIGOS

CADA CABEZA ES UN MUNDO

VOLUMEN XVII
NIVEL III

#8



tres hermanos cantando en Oaxaca, México

De Refranes y Cantares,
Tiene el Pueblo Mil Millares.

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* The Federal Writers’ Project was operational during the WPA days of the early 30’s during the Great Depression.

NOTE: There are 3 folders included in the CD for this issue:

- *A Power Point presentation with images from the Mexican artist Octavio Ocampo
- *A music folder with the songs “Stroll Through Boston 1951” by John Paul Norman, “Halloween Night” by Philip Miller (both winners of Hey, Mozart!), “Carol of the Bells” sung by the Río Grande Youth Singers and “Ambo Gato” sung by Roberto Mondragón
- *An interactive game “vocales” which introduces students to the vowels in English and Spanish

HEY, MOZART! 2007



los músicos de Hey, Mozart! practicando

La competencia, Hey, Mozart, cumplió su segundo año en Nuevo México en 2007. Presentó el concierto final el 7 de septiembre en el Centro Nacional de Cultura Hispana en Albuquerque. Había 22 músicos de la Orquesta Sinfónica Nuevomexicana como también 16 músicos de menos de 12 años (los ganadores de Hey, Mozart para 2007).

La competencia empezó en 2001 por Alejandro Rutty, un profesor en el Colegio Hartwick en Nueva York quien asistió a la Universidad de Nuevo México. Allí tenía un amigo, Javier Lorenzo quien llevó el proyecto hacia Nuevo México. Hoy en día la directora del proyecto es Brooks McIntyre. Es una competencia para músicos de 12 o menos años.

Dice McIntyre que no es necesario escribir la composición en forma de música.

ca. Los entrantes sólo necesitan grabar la composición ya sea cantada o tocada. Las composiciones que ganan se distribuyen a músicos profesionales y miembros de la facultad y estudiantes las convierten para que las pueda tocar una orquesta. Luego los músicos jóvenes tocan sus composiciones con la orquesta en un concierto especial.

Para participar, los jóvenes necesitan concebir una melodía. Pueden cantarla, tocarla en un instrumento o componerla y mandar la música. No es necesario mandar la notación musical. Luego, deben llenar una forma de formulario y un acuerdo por parte de los padres del joven. Ambos están disponibles en www.hey-mozartnm.org. Manden la grabación o notación a Hey, Mozart! New Mexico, P O Box 82743, Albuquerque NM 87198.

Los ganadores de 2007 fueron los siguientes:

- *Jocelyn Boyack de Albuquerque
- *Stephanie Brener de Albuquerque
- *Dyla Cuellar de Albuquerque
- *Angela Jerkins de Albuquerque
- *Simon Laird de Albuquerque
- *Maia Scarpetta de Albuquerque
- *Tankred Steinbach de Albuquerque
- *Maya Vansuch de Albuquerque
- *Sierra Stackhouse de Aztec
- *Benjamin Harris de Bosque Farms
- *John Paul Norman de Corrales
- *Quintin Dean de Las Cruces
- *Philip Miller de Las Cruces
- *Sophia Wickert de Las Vegas
- *Ian Kingsolver de Placitas
- *Christopher Musson de Río Rancho

Note: escuchen las composiciones "Stroll Through Boston 1951" por John Paul Norman y "Halloween Night" por Philip Miller en el archivo de música incluido.

RIO GRANDE YOUTH CHORALE



El Coro Juvenil del Río Grande es una organización nueva con el propósito de proveer una oportunidad de cantar, estudiar la teoría de música, leer la música y aprender las técnicas vocales. Cantan una gran variedad de canciones en varios idiomas, canciones populares y clásicas, música sagrada como también música de días festivos.

La organización empezó hace dos años y ya ha actuado en "Good Morning America" y en varias celebraciones locales. Tiene dos conciertos cada año: uno en el invierno y otro en la primavera. Tiene el objetivo de viajar cada año. Tuvieron un viaje a las Montañas de Manzano y quieren poder cantar a un nivel internacional en el año 2009.

Tienen miembros de las comunidades de Bernalillo, Corrales, Placitas, Río Rancho, el Pueblo de Santa Ana y Albuquerque. Practican cada sábado entre 9 y 10:30 de la mañana en la escuela media de Río Rancho.

Los dos niveles son los Cantantes Kokopelli con niños de grados uno a cuatro. Los Cantantes Jóvenes son de los grados cinco hasta que cambian de voz a una voz adulta.

Los directores del Coro incluyen la doctora Susan Passell quien es directora de los Cantantes Jóvenes y trabaja con los Recursos Humanos de las escuelas de Río Rancho. Debbie Fleming es la conductora de los Cantantes Kokopelli. Además es la directora de Bellas Artes de las escuelas de Río Rancho. Jadira Flamm es asistente conductora de los Cantantes Jóvenes. Ella dirige los coros en Lincoln Middle School. Amy Anderson

es asistente conductora de los Cantantes Kokopelli. Es especialista de música para la escuela Maggie Córdova en Río Rancho.

El Coro es patrocinado por la Asociación de Performing Arts de Río Rancho. Es una orga-

nización sin lucros y se dedica a patrocinar actuaciones de cualquier tipo.

Note: escuchen un ejemplo del Coro "Carol of the Bells" en el archivo de música incluido.



AMBO GATO

de Cantemos al Alba por Tomás Lozano
(escuchen la versión por Roberto Mondragón en el archivo de música incluido)

Existe una serie de cancioncillas que tienen en común la coletilla de “matarile, rile, rile, matarile, rile, ron.” Este es el caso de “Ambo Gato” en sus muchas versiones. Es una cancioncilla de origen francés que probablemente llegó a España durante la ocupación francesa de Napoleón.

Para este juego, los niños escogen dos guías. Uno es Ambo Gato, que dirigirá a su grupo y el otro será el mensajero de la corte real. Los demás niños se cogen de la mano y se colocan detrás de Ambo Gato formando una fila frente al mensajero. Empieza el diálogo:

Mensajero: Ambo gato matarile rile rile
ambo gato matarile rile ron.

Grupo: ¿Qué quiere usted, matarile rile
rile?
¿Qué quiere usted, matarile rile ron?

Mensajero: Quiero un paje, matarile rile
rile
quiero un paje, matarile rile ron.

Grupo: ¿Qué paje quiere, matarile rile
rile?

¿Qué paje quiere, matarile rile ron?

Mensajero: Quiero (nombre de niño),
matarile rile rile
quiero (nombre de niño), matarile rile ron.

Grupo: ¿Qué nombre le pondremos,
matarile rile rile?
¿Qué nombre le pondremos, matarile rile
ron?

Mensajero: Le pondremos (nombre de
flor), matarile rile rile
le pondremos (nombre de flor), matarile
rile ron.

Grupo: Aquí está su hija, con dolor de
corazón.
Celebremos, celebremos todos juntos en
unión.

Cuando se acepta, el niño se pasa al lado del mensajero y se va repitiendo el diálogo hasta que todos los niños han pasado de mensajero.

8-3



MICHAEL, ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

The musical score is written for piano and includes a vocal line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with a piano accompaniment (Pno.) and a vocal line. The vocal line is marked with a 'Composer' bracket. The piano accompaniment is marked with 'Piano' and 'Pno.'. The score includes measure numbers 5, 10, and 15. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, with the vocal line starting on a whole note and the piano accompaniment providing a steady rhythm. The second system continues the melody, with the vocal line moving to a half note and the piano accompaniment providing a steady rhythm. The third system continues the melody, with the vocal line moving to a half note and the piano accompaniment providing a steady rhythm. The fourth system concludes the piece, with the vocal line moving to a half note and the piano accompaniment providing a steady rhythm.

1. Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah.
Michael, row the boat ashore, hallelujah.
2. Sister, help to trim the sail, hallelujah.
Sister, help to trim the sail, hallelujah.
3. Brother, won't you lend a hand? Hallelujah.
Brother, won't you lend a hand? Hallelujah.
4. Children, sing a happy song, hallelujah.
Help to speed the boat along, hallelujah.
5. The River Jordan's deep and wide, hallelujah.
Milk and honey on the other side, hallelujah.

UN DICHO

DE REFRANES Y CANTARES, TIENE EL PUEBLO MIL MILLARES

Este dicho es parecido a aquél que dice, "Hay más refranes que panes." El asunto con cual tratamos aquí es... el gran número de dichos y canciones que existen.

Existen muchas colecciones de refranes. Hace unos años, anduvimos en España, y en cada provincia donde visitábamos, buscábamos refraneros... desde el refranero aragonés... hasta una gran colección llamada, "Iter sopena de refranes y frases populares."

Uno de los libros originales de dichos en el idioma español es aquél titulado, "El vocabulario de Correas" del año 1627.

La vida agrícola es cierto en España, en todos los países de habla hispana. El campo... ha sido el caldo del refranero... la tierra en vez de la fábrica.

Al revisar los muchos dichos que se encuentran en nuestra literatura, se ve que la enorme proporción de dichos corresponde a temas como la meteorología, el calendario, las fuerzas naturales, el mundo animal. Todo esto suele ser la levadura de la vida campestre.

Lo que sigue al campo en cuanto al refrán es... el mundo de los sentimientos... las pasiones como los celos, el amor, el odio y todo entremedio. Esto también se recata en los dichos junto con la sabiduría del campo.

SONGS AND SAYINGS, PEOPLE HAVE THOUSANDS TO SAY AND SING

The dicho "There are more sayings around than bread to be found" is indicative of the abundant presence of proverbs wherever there are people.

There are many compilations of proverbs. A few years ago we visited Spain and its various provinces in search of books of proverbs. Indeed, we met several knowledgeable people like the reciter of proverbs from Aragón to someone whose book is titled "Iter Sopena, or keeper of dichos and other popular sayings."

One of the first books on proverbs in the Spanish language was "El vocabulario de Correas" published in 1627. The source of most proverbs is rural rather than urban life.

If one were to examine the enormous quantities of proverbs in our literature, it would quickly be apparent that the greater percentage of them have to do with the shaping forces of nature: time, the weather and the many animals and plants. Next in line is the full range of human emotions—all the way from love and hate that we all feel. All of these are reflected in dichos along with the totality of rural wisdom.

8-5

PRODUCTOS NUESTROS DE DICHS Y CANCIONES

(se pueden examinar contactando a www.aspectosculturales.com)

Cada Maestra con su Librito: un libro de 365 dichos, uno para cada día del año.

El Que Canta su Mal Espanta: un libro con palabras para 100 canciones, incluso las de las grabaciones de Roberto Mondragón.

Juegos y Canciones de los Niños: un CD y un libro con 30 canciones de los niños.

FROM: A NEW MEXICO HISTORY BOOK LISTENING TO ECHOES: THE PRACTICE OF AURAL HISTORY

by Jack Loeffler

A friend of mine once gave me a cassette recording of the call of an ivory-billed woodpecker, now thought to be extinct. In my favorite field guide to birds, the call is described as a 'high-pitched single note.' If one were stumbling through the big thicket country of Texas and heard a high-pitched bird call without seeing the source, or without having previously heard a positively identified ivory-billed woodpecker call, one could but speculate and hope that one had heard this splendid bird in the wild. The description of the call does not account for timbre or tone, nor does it thrill the listener. However, it provides the reader with a written account of what the woodpecker sounded like before it blinked into extinction.

*Many years ago, I worked on a project in southern Arizona and befriended the curator of large animals at the Sonoran Desert Museum. It was revealed that at the time, the *canis lupis baileyi*, or Mexican wolf was gravely endangered numbering but thirty-three known living individuals in the species. If one counts up the nations of the world from Afghanistan to Zimbabwe and does a modest calculation, one discovers that the ratio of heads of state to Mexican wolves was about six to one!*

The curator of large animals granted me permission to spend a few nights alone inside the zoo zone of the Museum to attempt to record the few Mexican wolves that were contained therein. I set my microphones on a stand near the wolf enclosure and sat there listening for, but

hearing no wolf calls. On the second night, I resumed my watch and about the time the half moon rose over the nearby mountain, I started howling like a wolf. Sure enough, my howl was answered, and soon three Mexican wolves were howling away in a chorus that I recorded. I made several high quality recordings of wolf cries that are now a treasured part of my aural history archive.

Months later, wildlife professionals from the Audubon Society requested a copy of my recording that could be broadcast on a battery-operated boom-box in the wild. They took the recording into Mexico and spent weeks trekking through the Mexican hinterland broadcasting the recording in the hope of eliciting a response from a wolf in the wild, but to no avail. Thus it was revealed that unless prompt action were taken by sympathetic members of the human species, the Mexican wolf would follow the dead-end trail of the ivory-billed woodpecker.

All of this is an application of the practice of aural history, a term that came into currency at least thirty-five years ago. To date, the term does not as yet appear in any dictionary that I know of. However one can meld a definition. My own definition of the practice of aural history is: 'the audio recording of an event, spoken narrative as an oral history, ambient sound, music, seasonal sounds of specific habitats, voices of individual species, all of which may be archived for future reference, and each of which may be broadcast.'

The trained historian relies on the written word for documentation of the past, and rightfully so. The writings of Bernal Díaz and Gaspar Pérez de Villagrà, for example, provide invaluable source material for historians seeking information about Spanish presence in the New World during the 16th century. The Library of Congress and other public and private archives are brimming with written documents that reveal a great deal of the history of human presence on the planet. Many have come to rely on written documentation as the sole path to truth.

Any aural historian worth his or her salt is no stranger to written history. Research into existing documentation with regard to specific subject matter provides a layer of understanding that is fundamental to future fieldwork. What captivates the aural historian is the possibility of discovering additional perspectives that cannot be found in writing. Hence, the aural historian is equipped with professional quality battery-operated field recording equipment, knowledge of the subject to be pursued and perseverance and abiding enthusiasm for the practice of aural history.

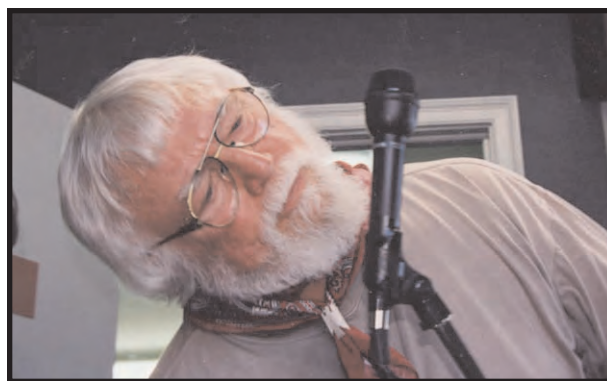
Oral or spoken narrative is certainly a component of aural history. Indeed, oral tradition is one of the great factors in cultural recollection. According to some archaeologists and anthropologists, Athabascans, including the Navajos and Apaches, arrived in the Southwest only a few centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards. Because they trod lightly, and left only meager traces of material culture, there is no way to pinpoint their precise arrival. However, their lore provides them with a cultural sense of indigeneity to homeland.

Roy Kady is a traditional Navajo male weaver and lore master. I conducted

an interview with him in the hooghan or traditional Navajo home where he spent his childhood. The hooghan faces east, and is situated on a mesa a mile or so south of the San Juan River. In the following excerpt, Hosteen Kady addresses some of the geo-mythic coordinates that define his homeland. His first language is Navajo, and although he spoke in English, his account reveals elements of the cultural mindset of his people:

“So in our offerings, in our prayer, we always start with the beautiful language. ... And that’s why you name the four mountains, the four directional mountains, because that’s where we acquired the language. And they’re placed in the mountains. That’s why we go to these mountains and we make offerings to them on a yearly basis to continue that.

To the east we have Tsisnaasjini’ which is Blanca Peak and in your early morning offerings, when you say ‘Tsisnaasjini’ you’re saying ‘In beauty may you surround me with a protection of a rainbow belt to protect me on my track, my daily track or in life.’ When you say Tsoodzil, which is the south mountain, Mount Taylor, you’re saying, ‘Also give me the beautiful language of turquoise to give me the ability to communicate what I have to communicate today.’”



ROOTS AND SHOOTS



Leah Atlee, Holy Ghost Hunger Project, Albuquerque

Roots and Shoots es un esfuerzo del Instituto de Jane Goodall. Jane Goodall es muy conocida por su trabajo de estudiar los chimpancés. El instituto se enfoca en proteger los chimpancés, proveer que gente en pueblos chicos se mantengan de manera sostenible, investiguen a los primates y eduquen a los jóvenes.

Roots and Shoots es el nombre del esfuerzo internacional para educar a jóvenes. Fue fundado en 1991. Los grupos de Roots and Shoots se involucran en proyectos en sus comunidades. Siguen los ideales de Jane Goodall de ayudar a gente y animales en sus comunidades. Hay grupos en más de 95 países. Además, gente joven puede ser miembro como individuos si no hay un grupo en su área.

El nombre Roots viene del hecho que las raíces forman la base. Shoots quiere decir vástago. Parecen ser débiles, pero para llegar a tener acceso al sol tienen que brotar por paredes de ladrillo. Dice la Dra. Goodall, "Imagina que las paredes son los problemas que hemos

infligido en nuestro planeta. Cientos y miles de raíces y vástagos, cientos y miles de jóvenes en todo el mundo, pueden romper esas paredes. Pueden cambiar el mundo."

Unos proyectos ejemplares:

- *en Colorado, jóvenes usaron pedacitos de tela para hacer una cobija para niños enfermos

- *en Oregon estudian cómo hacer la paz, hacen grullas de papel para mandar hacia Hiroshima

- *en China limpiaron una playa

- *en Australia patrocinaron la película "An Inconvenient Truth" que explora el calentamiento del planeta

- *en Etiopía empezaron a edificar 50 casas para refugiados

- *en Nepal llevaron culebras de las calles hacia su ambiente natural

- *en Tanzania subieron la montaña Kilimanjaro y recaudaron fondos para un campo de refugiados

Hay una división de Roots and Shoots que sirve los estados de Nuevo México, Arizona, Colorado y Utah. El director es Ray Powell, Jr. El señor Powell es veterinario. Antes era el Comisionado de Terrenos Públicos de Nuevo México. Para más información, puede ponerse en contacto con el doctor Powell en 216 Otero Street, Santa Fe 87501 o por llamar al 507-0697. El correo electrónico es rpowell@janegoodall.org.

UNAS ACTIVIDADES PARA ENTENDER COMO SE ESTA CALENTANDO LA TIERRA

UNOS DATOS

Desde 1912 la montaña Kilimanjaro ha perdido 75% de su capa de hielo.

En 1998, el peor período de calentación, mató a más de 2,500 personas en la India.

El número de huracanes de Categoría 4 y 5 ha aumentado dos veces en 30 años.

Unos 279 especies de animales y plantas se están acercando a los polos de la tierra para quedarse en una zona comfortable para ellos.

QUE HACER

Cambiar un foco. Reemplazar un foco con un foco fluorescente puede conservar 150 libras de carbón bióxido cada año.

Manejar menos. Conservará una libra de carbón bióxido por cada milla que no maneja.

Reciclar más. Reciclando la mitad de los gastos de la casa, se pueden conservar 2,400 libras de carbón bióxido.

Chec las llantas. Las llantas propiamente llena de air conservan gasolina. Cada galón de gasolina conserva 20 libras de carbón bióxido.

Usar menos agua caliente. Lavar la ropa en agua tibia o fría puede conservar 500 libras de carbón bióxido cada año.

Usar productos con menos empaque. Por reducir su basura por 10%, conservará 1,200 libras de carbón bióxido.

Bajar la temperatura en la casa. Bajar la temperatura no más 2° puede conservar 2,000 libras de carbón bióxido.

Plantar un árbol. Un árbol absorberá una tonelada de carbón bióxido durante su vida.

Apagar el equipo electrónico cuando no lo está usando. Conservará miles de libras de carbón bióxido cada año.

Visite los sitios: www.epa.gov/climatechange/kids, www.climatecrisis.net, www.pewclimate.org, dsc.discovery.com/convergence/globalwarming/globalwarming.html, www.arborday.org, www.weeklyreader.com/featurezone/global_warming.asp, y www.unep.org/themes/climatechange.

LITERATURA MEXICANA DE LA ULTIMA MITAD DEL SIGLO XX

ENTRE IRSE Y QUEDARSE

por Octavio Paz (1914-1998)

Entre irse y quedarse duda el día,
enamorado de su transparencia.

La tarde circular es ya bahía:
en su quieto vaivén se mece el mundo.

Todo es visible y todo es elusivo,
todo está cerca y todo es intocable.

Los papeles, el libro, el vaso, el lápiz
reposan a la sombra de sus nombres.

Latir del tiempo que en mi sien repite
la misma terca sílaba de sangre.

La luz hace del muro indiferente
un espectral teatro de reflejos.

En el centro de un ojo me descubro;
no me mira, me miro en su mirada.

Se disipa el instante. Sin moverme,
yo me quedo y me voy: soy una pausa.

YO SOY MI CASA

por Guadalupe Amor (1918-2000)
dedicada a Gabriela Mistral

I: Casa redonda tenía
de redonda soledad:
el aire que la invadía
era redonda armonía
de irrespirable ansiedad.

Las mañanas eran noches,
las noches desvanecidas,
las penas muy bien logradas,
las dichas muy mal vividas.

Y de ese ambiente redondo,
redondo por negativo,

mi corazón salió herido
y mi conciencia turbada.
Un recuerdo mantenido:
redonda, redonda nada.

II: Escaleras sin peldaños
mis penas son para mí,
cadenas de desengaños,
tributos que al mundo di.

Tienen diferente forma
y diferente matiz,
pero unidas por los años,
mis penas o mis engaños,
como sucesión de daños,
son escaleras en mí.

III: De mi esférica idea de las cosas,
parten mis inquietudes y mis males,
pues geométricamente, pienso iguales
lo grande y lo pequeño, porque siendo,
son de igual importancia; que existiendo,
sus tamaños no tienen proporciones,
pues no se miden por sus dimensiones
y sólo cuentan porque son totales,
aunque esféricamente desiguales.

IV: Yo soy cóncava y convexa;
dos medios mundos a un tiempo:
el turbio que muestro afuera,
y el mío que llevo dentro.

Son mis dos curvas mitades
tan auténticas en mí,
que a honduras y liviandades
toda mi esencia les dí.

Y en forma tal conviví
con negro y blanco extremosos,
que a un mismo tiempo aprendí
infierno y cielo tortuosos.

LITERATURA NUEVOMEXICANA DE LA ULTIMA MITAD DEL SIGLO XX

DREAM 8

by Cecilio García-Camarillo

*the roof of the old morada
has rotted away*

*the once plastered walls
now reveal countless piled stones
charged with the accumulated power
of the songs*

*through a frameless window
i sense the lacerated souls
of the brotherhood*

*i hear the soft whispering
of a million birds*

*a blue pickup arrives
with the first ray of the sun*

*a woman quickly gets out
and props a tripod
by the front door of the morada*

*she returns to the truck
and emerges as a tiny girl
with a guitar.*

*who walks into the morada
and sits in front
of the decaying altar
and plays the old songs*

*the music circles
around the morada
around the old cemetery
around the silent birds
and around my heart
where it finally settles
as a small pile
of effervescent dust.*

*the little girl
returns to the pickup
and walks out
again in her early 30s*

*she carries a large camera
which she places on the tripod*

*and then photographs
each and every part of the morada*

*when she finishes
she lights up a red candle
and places it on a broken crate
in front of the altar*

*the birds pray in unison
until the candle burns out*

SONG

by Demetria Martínez

*I dreamed my voice was an Anasazi
pot*

*Filled with Tewa, Ladino and Nahuatl.
The conquistadores crushed it when
They heard its savage sounds.
My songs and prayers bled into the
ground.*

*And when the West was won and
paved,
The topsoil, with all my words, blew
away.*

*Seven shards of pottery were all I
could find.
I strung them together, a wind chime.
I am mute, but the breeze is strong.
Oh, sad, triumphant, beautiful song.
My sad, triumphant, beautiful song.*

A SAMPLE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

*Whose woods these are I think I know,
His house is in the village though.
He will not see me stopping here,
To watch his woods fill up with snow.*

*My little horse must think it queer,
To stop without a farmhouse near,
Between the woods and frozen lake,
The darkest evening of the year.*

*He gives his harness bells a shake,
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep,
Of easy wind and downy flake.*

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.*

-- Robert Frost



ALICE J. VAN WINKEL

recorded by Edith Crawford for the WPA Federal Writers' Project on September 15, 1938

I was born in Carlinville, Illinois, August 26, 1857, in a three room log cabin on my grandfather Bill Whitney's farm. My mother was Mary Whitney. She was married to my father, John Collins, about the year 1855, in Carlinville, Illinois. My maiden name was Alice J. Collins. I was married to John H. Shears in Carlinville, Illinois in 1876. We went to housekeeping in a two roomed log cabin on my grandfather's farm. My grandfather Whitney, on whose place we lived, raised corn, wheat and hogs. My husband worked on the farm while we lived there. He took the corn and wheat to Litchfield, Illinois and had it ground into corn meal and flour. We killed our own hogs and cured all of our own meat, hams, shoulders and side meat. We had a garden and raised all of our vegetables. About the only things we bought were sugar and coffee. We made our own candles in those days. I made mine out of mutton tallow and twisted twine string and moulded them myself. I had my own moulds. Nobody had kerosene lamps in those days. My grandmother Whitney washed the wool from the sheep, carded and spun it, and would weave it into cloth to make our clothes. I never saw a calico dress until I was ten years old. My husband and I lived on this farm for about two years.

We then took a notion to go to Texas, so in September 1878, we left Carlinville, Illinois, in two covered wagons, drawn by two horses to each wagon. We had five head of horses and led the extra. My husband drove one wagon, and I drove one. I used a Dutch oven for baking and made hot biscuits and corn bread. We used mesquite roots for fuel until we got on

the plains in Texas, and then we had to use buffalo chips. We slept in one of the wagons. We had our drinking water in water kegs tied on the side of one of the wagons. We saw lots of antelope and coyotes. We did not have any trouble at all on the trip. I do not remember the names of any of the towns we passed through. We had good weather, and the country was beautiful all the way. We were on the road just two months when we reached Weatherford, Texas the last of October, 1878.

While we were living in Weatherford our first child, Minnie Irene, was born on June 6, 1879. We continued to live on in Weatherford, Texas, until about the first of February, 1881. We left Texas then for New Mexico, with our two covered wagons, drawn by two horses to each wagon, the baby and I in one wagon and my husband in the other. We started out with enough provisions to last us on the trip, except for fresh meat. My husband would kill a nice fat antelope, and we would have plenty of meat for awhile.

At Midland, Texas, we picked up a young fellow by the name of Frank Jackson, who wanted to come to New Mexico, so we brought him along with us. We left Midland and drove out about ten miles west, to a beautiful natural lake, with the prettiest clear water and cotton wood trees all around the lake. We got there about noon, and I began to cook dinner. My husband and Frank Jackson took their guns and said that they would go out to see if they could kill an antelope as we needed fresh meat. I sat there all night. I was so afraid someone would slip up and steal the horses and I would be a-foot with

my baby. I just could not imagine what had become of my husband and the young man, but just at day-break they came riding in. They had gone farther away from camp than they realized, and, when they started back, they got lost and dark overtook them, and they just wandered around all night long. When daylight came, they were about three hundred yards away from our camp. I was so glad to see them that I cried with joy.

The rest of the trip to Pecos City was very pleasant considering it was in winter time. We saw some live buffalo and lots of buffalo carcasses and hides that had been staked down to dry. While crossing the plains we had to burn buffalo and cow chips all together for fuel.

We traveled almost due north, up the Pecos Valley and passed through what is now Carlsbad. It was nothing but a cow ranch then. We arrived in Roswell, New Mexico, about the last of February, 1881, after having been on the road for six weeks. All there was of Roswell at that time were three adobe houses and a blacksmith shop run by Fred Gayle. Captain J. C. Lea owned the three houses, and he and his family lived in the largest and used part of it as a hotel.

Then, my husband got a job as a ranch hand on the Phelps White ranch, on the Bosque Grande, about forty miles east of Roswell. We stayed on this ranch about two months. We moved from this White ranch to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where we heard there was a big sawmill. My husband bought six head of oxen and started hauling logs for the sawmill. We did not like this country as well as we did Lincoln County, so about August 1, 1881, we sold out our oxen and moved back to Roswell, New Mexico, and stayed there until the next spring.

In the spring of 1882 my husband rented a small place in the Sacramento Mountains where we farmed and raised a few cattle. We lived in a two roomed log cabin. The nearest town was La Luz, New Mexico, where we got our mail.

On the 22nd of November, 1884, our second child was born. He was a boy, and we named him William Milan.

We had a pet deer while living on this place, and one morning the deer and the children were playing out in the yard. All at once the deer came bounding into the house and jumped up on the bed.

In 1886 I went to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, and our third child was born on June 9, 1886. We named her Carrie.

We lived on the place in the Sacramento Mountains until the year 1890 and, then, moved back to Roswell. We did not stay there very long, and then we moved to the Hondo River Valley, about twenty miles southeast of Lincoln, New Mexico. My husband worked at odd jobs on farms, plowing and planting for the farmers.

We moved to Arizona for my husband's health after we left the Hondo Valley. He was not able to work very much but did such odd jobs as he could. We lived in Douglas, Arizona, and my husband, John H. Shears, died there on April 28, 1902.

I came back to Tinnie, New Mexico, to stay with my daughter, Minnie, and her husband, West Purcells, who lived at Tinnie on a ranch.

My son, William Milan Shears, married, and he and his wife and little girl lived near there. One morning my son left home, and we have never seen or heard of him since. That was in 1908 about thirty years ago. After he went away, I took his little girl and raised her as my own.

In August, 1912, I was married to Jess Van Winkel. He owned a ranch on the east side of the Capitan Mountains where we lived until he died in February, 1920. After Mr. Van Winkel's death, I went to live with the grand-daughter whom I raised. Her name was Minnie Shears, and she had married a man named Ernest Purcells. I have lived with them for all these years as I am too old to live alone.

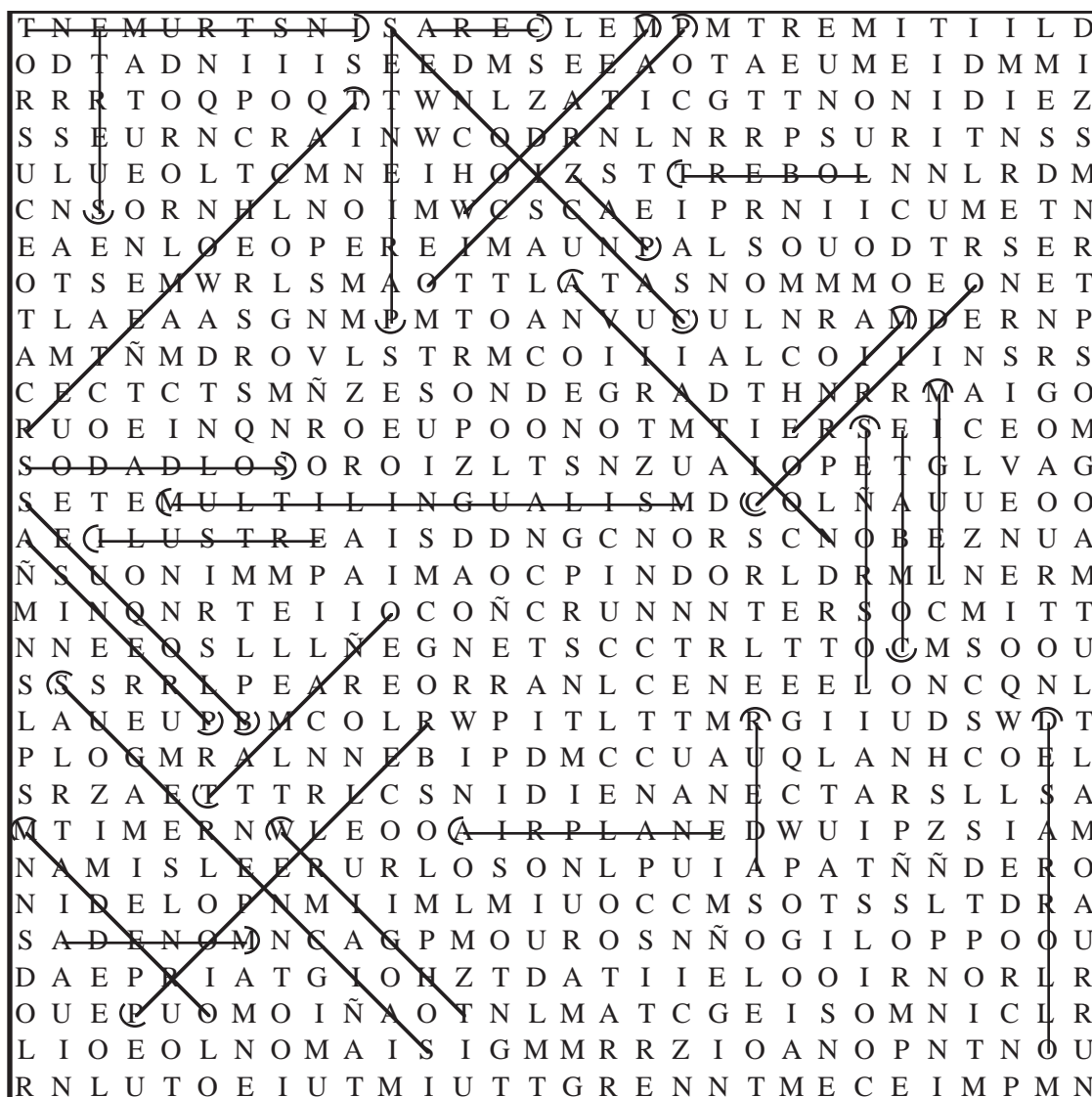
They live on the old Torres place, about six miles northwest of Lincoln, New Mexico.

My daughter Minnie, who married West Purcells, had fifteen children, eleven of whom are still living. They still live at Tinnie, New Mexico.

My youngest daughter, Carrie, married Sanford Backus, and they live at Roswell, New Mexico.

8-15

Respuesta a la Búsqueda de Palabras, #7



LA IMPORTANCIA DE LOS JUEGOS EN LA EDUCACION: "THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY"

por el Instituto de Salud Mental

¿Qué Es Jugar?

Jugar es la manera en que el niño aprende a vivir y aprender. Nos permite guardar nuestras experiencias. Jugar es una caja de tesoro del niño que llena él mismo. El niño descubre nuevas ideas y las añade a las que ya tiene. El físico desarrolla naturalmente cuando el niño está usando su cuerpo activamente mientras juega. Es valioso para aprender a expresar las emociones como felicidad, frustración, el enojo y orgullo.

¿Cómo Ayuda el Jugar a un Niño a Desarrollarse?

Algunas veces las partes de un rompecabezas, una casa de juguete o algo que requiere que se arme no se junta como planeó el niño. Cuando esto pasa, el niño cambia algo para ver si es mejor. Cada vez que tiene éxito en arreglarlo, está satisfecho consigo mismo.

Algunos de los mejores juguetes no se hallan en la tienda. Las ollas, los sartenes, pedazos de madera, ropa vieja pueden proveer gozo para el niño y pueden aumentar su creatividad. Cuando el niño toca, sube, arregla y clasifica los objetos, descubre que tienen diferente peso, textura y uso.

Los niños hacen lo que ya saben hacer. Mientras que practican, aprenden más. Están resolviendo problemas, practicando destrezas o explotando cómo funcionan los objetos. Además, aprenden hechos y relaciones. Imitar es una destreza que aprenden jugando.

Por medio de juguetes y otros materiales, los niños enfrentan la realidad; aprenden a planear para cumplir el juego.

Otro descubrimiento del juego es observar cómo los otros niños reaccionan con él. Aprenden a tomar turnos y practicar lo que están haciendo los otros niños. Para la edad de tres o cuatro, un niño puede compartir y jugar juegos imaginativos.

Puede ser que el niño tome el papel de los padres y aprenda las reglas de su cultura. Investigaciones enseñan que sin jugar los niños no aprenden eficazmente.

¿Cómo Cambia el Juego Cuando el Niño es Mayor?

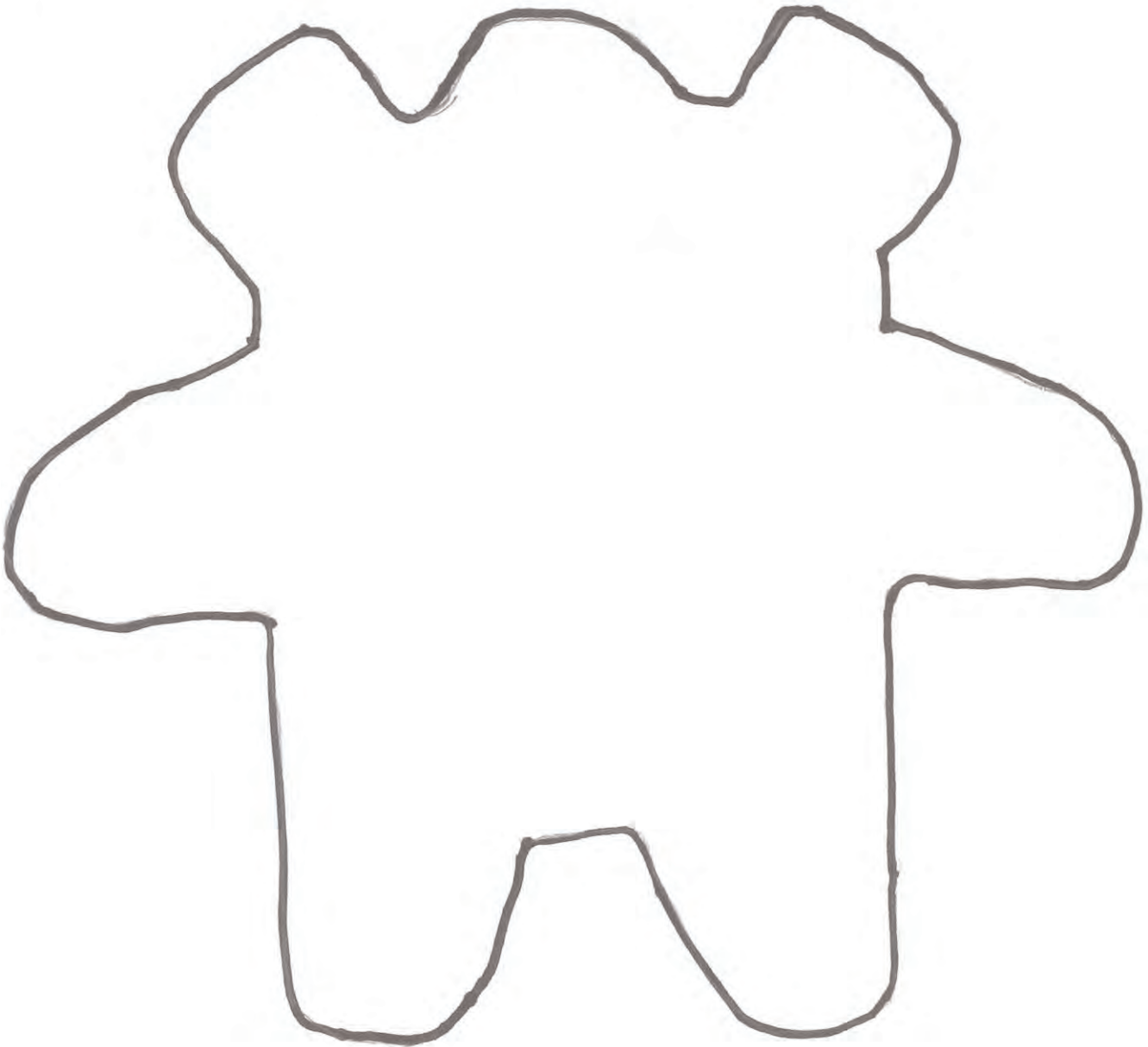
Como a la edad de tres, los asuntos de poder y violencia llegan a los juegos. Se amenazan uno al otro, empujan, dan patadas, gritan y pelean. Entre las edades de cuatro y cinco, los niños prefieren un orden fijo. Tienen reglas para todo y las siguen como un rito. Para la edad de cinco, los niños seleccionan lo que quieren jugar. Entre las edades de cinco y siete, prefieren cumplir el juego sin equívocos. Entre ocho y doce, los jóvenes aprenden a usar las herramientas de adultos. Los adolescentes empiezan a preferir los juegos de los adultos. No les gustan los juguetes. Empiezan a participar en deportes y pasatiempos.

Fantasía e Imaginación

Fantasías, sueños del día e imaginación traen serenidad a las vidas de todos. Ayudan a gente a ser más creativa y sobrevivir dificultades. Muchos niños tienen amigos imaginarios. Tener fantasías puede ayudar en el desarrollo del idioma. Juegan con las palabras, hacen rimas, inventan cuentos o maneras de hablar secretamente con códigos inventados. Imitan conversaciones de adultos.

HACER UN OSITO

Direcciones: Corte dos pedazos de tela para cada niño usando la forma abajo. Cosa todos los lados menos abajo. Rellene con algodón y cierre la parte abierta cosiéndola. Con pintura de tela, puede dibujar los ojos, la nariz, la boca y la ropa.



OCHO LETRAS

Direcciones: Usando los grupos de letras, formen palabras por un minuto. El que gana es aquél con más palabras.

GRUPO I A B C CH D E F G

GRUPO II H I J K L LL M N

GRUPO III Ñ O P Q R RR S T

GRUPO IV U V W X Y Z A B

GRUPO V C D F G I K LL N

GRUPO VI O R T V X Z B E

A TRIBUTE TO CESAR CHAVEZ

(March 31, 1927-April 23, 1993)

quotes from a new book from UNM Press: César Chávez and the Common Sense of Nonviolence

César Chávez was among the Civil Rights leaders in the United States most influenced by Mohandas (Mahatma) Gandhi. This book examines Chávez' non-violent philosophy and actions. Included here are quotes from Chávez.

If I were to tell the workers: "All right, we're going to be violent; we're going to burn the sheds, and we're going to dynamite the growers' homes and we're going to burn the vineyards," provided we could get away with it, the growers would sign a contract. But, you see that that victory came at the expense of violence; it came at the expense of injuring. I think once that happens, it would have a tremendous impact on us. We would lose our perspective, and we would lose the regard we have for human beings, and then the struggle would become a mechanical thing.

The burdens of generations of poverty and powerlessness lie heavy in the fields of America. If we fail, there are those who will see violence as the shortcut to change. It is precisely to overcome these frustrations that we have involved masses of people in their own struggle throughout the movement. Freedom is best experienced through participation and self-determination, and free men and women instinctively prefer democratic change to any other

means. Thus, demonstrations and marches, strikes and boycotts are not only weapons against the growers, but our way of avoiding the senseless violence that brings no honor to any class or community.

If you're full of machismo, you can't appreciate what women do, but, if you're not, it's really beautiful. Sometimes they have to organize around their husbands because their husbands are macho, the head of the house, the kind, you know, to have his wife out on the picket line is degrading. And so she has to organize him, and the first thing you know, he's out there too. We know that if we don't get the wife, we'll lose the husband, anyway... We try to keep the family involved. It's a lot easier to say we don't want the women and the kids--they make too much noise at the meetings, so forget it. That's too easy. I think the women and children have a lot of determination, and they make some beautiful contributions.

Y nunca olvide:

Sí se Puede.

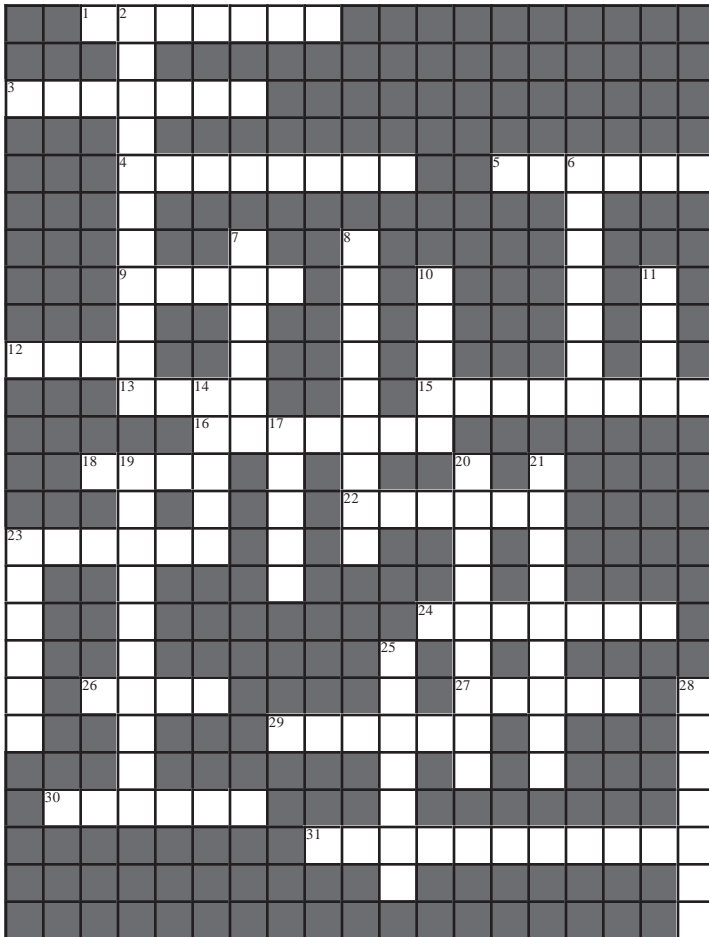
Que César descansa en paz, como vivía su vida-en paz.

LA CONSERVACION DEL AGUA

El promedio de lluvia en comunidades nuevomexicanas

COMUNIDAD	PULGADAS ANUAL	COMUNIDAD	PULGADAS ANUAL
Presa de Abiquiú	9.71	Hobbs	16.06
Alamogordo	11.68	Jémez Springs	16.83
Albuquerque	8.66	Las Cruces	9.17
Animas	11.15	Los Alamos	18.53
Belén	7.45	Los Lunas	8.98
Bernalillo	8.68	Pecos	16.21
Carlsbad	12.72	Ratón	17.07
Clayton	15.44	Roswell	13.52
Clines Corners	18.71	Ruidoso	21.85
Clovis	17.71	Sandía Park	20.44
Corrales	10.80	Santa Fe	13.99
Crownpoint	9.75	Shiprock	6.93
Cuba	13.09	Silver City	14.17
Deming	9.50	Socorro	10.40
Española	10.12	Taos	12.40
Estancia	12.87	Tijeras	15.10
Farmington	7.89	T or C	10.26
Fort Sumner	13.90	Tucumcari	14.11
Gallup	11.50	Vaughn	11.87
Grants	10.52		

CRUCIGRAMA DE SINONIMOS



ACROSS

1 goes back

3 error

4 sección

5 comunidad

9 muchachos

12 area

13 only

15 dawn

16 mayores

18 emplear

22 proverbio

23 small

24 vegetación

26 aid

27 ver

29 lenguaje

30 milled

31 point of view

DOWN

2 alumnos

6 seleccionar

7 toiled

8 líder

10 forest

11 domicilio

14 big

17 juntos

19 feliz

20 dificultades

21 hallar

23 residing

25 farmers

28 topic

AMIGOS

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Remedio del Mes: Juniper Berries (bellotas de sabina)-
hechos y tomados como un té, se dice que son buenos para
los reumos.