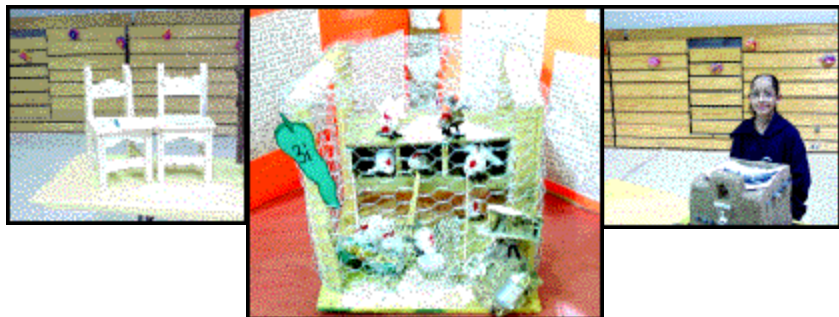
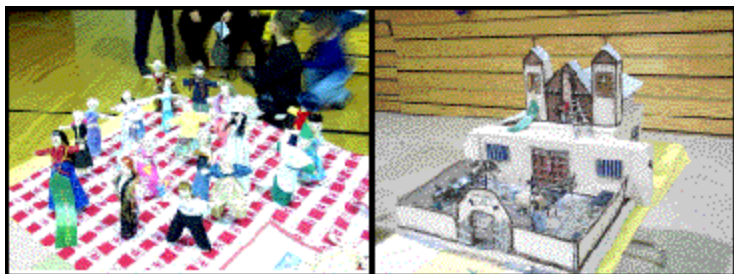


AMIGOS

#8

CADA CABEZA ES UN MUNDO

VOLUMEN XIII
NIVEL III



COVER: This month's Amigos cover includes students' projects from the Española Public Schools District Cultural Fair. Each school had their own fair. The winners were taken to a district-wide fair which was held on January 25. Top Row: Mari-Jo DeAgüero of Chimayó Elementary, Chile Line by Abriana Martínez of Dixon Elementary, the Santuario de Chimayó. Middle Row: músicos, Santuario de Chimayó. Bottom row: pueblo style furniture by Darwin Yazzie of Española Valley High School, el gallinero by Apalayo Quesada of Hernández Elementary, a church by Savannah Aguilar from Córdova.

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Other Resources:

Educación para la Vida: Adicciones, Instituto Nacional para la Educación de Adultos

Retrospective, a Parent's Guide to Youth Culture, Center for Substance Abuse

Prevention, U.S. Department of Health and Human Services

The Path to Power, Robert Caro, Vintage Books

You Can Help, Center for Substance Abuse Prevention, U.S. Department of Health and

Human Services

www.bergen.org/AAST/Projects/depression/successes.html

www.samhsa.gov

CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS (CCC)

escrito con la ayuda del Dr. Vicente Ximenes de Albuquerque

Este año, 2003, marca 70 años que empezó lo que se llama el Civilian Conservation Corps. La legislación fue firmada por el presidente Franklin Delano Roosevelt el 31 de marzo del 1933. Se celebró el evento el 29 de marzo en el edificio en la foto de abajo.

Antes de Roosevelt, el presidente era Herbert Hoover. El día 24 de octubre del año 1929, la bolsa cayó severamente y empezó lo que se le llama la Gran Depresión. Los sembradores recibían precios muy bajos por sus productos. Como resultado, no podían pagar sus deudas. Durante un período de 5 años que terminó el 1 de marzo del año 1932, uno de cada ocho cosechadores en los Estados Unidos fue forzado a vender su terreno. Luego empezaron a cerrarse los bancos. En 1933 la gente empezó a sacar su dinero de los bancos, pero no había suficiente para pagar. Había mucha gente desempleada y

se cerraron muchos negocios. Mucha gente estaba en busca de comida.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt tomó la oficina de presidente en marzo de 1933. Veintisiete días después firmó la legislación para el "Civilian Conservation Corps" como parte de su programa New Deal a restaurar las finanzas del país. Otros de los programas que instituyó eran el Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation para proteger el dinero en los bancos. El Federal Emergency Relief Administration ayudó a las agencias que ofrecían ayuda a la gente. El Civil Works Administration dio trabajo a gente desempleada para edificar o reparar caminos, parques, aeropuertos, etc. El Indian Reorganization Act terminó la venta de terrenos indios. El National Industrial Recovery Act fue formado para ayudar a los negocios. El Public Works Association empezó proyectos como la



el edificio del Servicio de Parques Nacionales-uno de los edificios de adobe más grandes en los EEUU



Rupert López del CCC Alumni Chapter 141, Albuquerque, cortesía de Rupert López

presa Grand Coulee. El Federal Securities Act estableció el Securities and Exchange Commission para proteger el mercado del capital comercial. El Home Owners Loan Corporation y la Agricultural Adjustment Administration ayudaron a la gente a retener sus casas y ayudó a los sembradores. El Tennessee Valley Authority creó trabajos en un área muy pobre. El Works Progress Administration proveyó empleo para 8 millones de personas contruyendo escuelas, hospitales, etc. El Farm Security Administration prestó a sembradores \$1 billón de dólares. Empezó el National Labor Relations Act que ayudó a los miembros de sindicatos. El Fair Labor Standards Act prohibió que trabajaran los niños y fijó un sueldo mínimo.

La meta principal del CCC era emplear a 3 millones de hombres jóvenes para mantener y restaurar florestas, playas y parques.

Según Vicente Ximenes, un miembro del CCC:

When President Roosevelt created the C's, persons 18 to 25 years of age joined by the thousands. I was paid \$5.00 a month plus meals, cot, roof, and \$25.00 to be sent to our parents. The small

amount sent home was the difference between eating and going hungry and destitute for thousands of families. Our alumni tell stories of how the money sent home saved the family from being evicted or the mortgage foreclosed. Roy Lemons spent 30 years telling the story of the C's to whoever would listen. "The next three and one half years following the stock market crash," he said, "would see my father stripped of all self-esteem, reduced to the status of a beggar, unable to provide for his family. He could find no work. Many nights I listened to my younger siblings cry themselves to sleep, because of the hunger in their bellies." Roy, an officer of the Albuquerque Alumni Chapter, died in May of this year.

The C's provided employment and vocational training for more than 3 million men between 1933 and 1942. More than 4,500 camps dotted the landscape in all states, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. We planted 3 billion trees, built 46,864 bridges, restored 3,980 historical structures, developed 800 state parks, improved 3,642 beaches, created 405,037 markers, built 63,256 structures, and 8,045 wells and pump houses.

We built for public benefit some of the greatest monuments to humanity the world has ever seen. Americans today enjoy CCC accomplishments when they visit the National Arboretum in Washington, D.C., Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Yosemite National Park, Acadia National Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, Vicksburg National Military Park, Shenandoah National Park and many other projects.

In New Mexico we built every recreation area and park worthy of mention. Everything but the cave was the work of the C's at Carlsbad National Park. The

Bosque del Apache Wildlife Refuge was built from the ground up by New Mexicans.

Alumni Carl Walker and Rupert López can tell us how one of the greatest adobe architectural buildings was made possible by the skilled artisans of two CCC camps in Santa Fe and for more than 60 years has housed offices of the U.S. Park Service. Alumni Procopio Martínez of Albuquerque was a skilled carpenter who worked at one of the most popular tourist sites in New Mexico, Bandelier National Monument. Procopio tells us that more important than the skills he acquired in the C's was the fact that the money he sent home saved his family from losing their home.

Alumni Felix Cabrera of Albuquerque worked at Sandía and Manzano Mountain recreation projects. The men of the C's built everything at Elephant Butte State Park except the dam. Judge Edwin Mechem who recently died was a surveyor for the C's on that project.

There were 32,000 New Mexicans employed by the C's. The main state parks built were Hyde Park, La Hoya Game Preserve, Roswell's Bottomless Lakes Park, Portales Park, Carlsbad Park, Tucumcari Park, and Conchas Dam Park.

In December 1941 Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, and the nation's attention turned on mobilization and war on the enemy. The camps were shut down almost immediately, and practically all the men were absorbed into the armed forces.

The men of the C's did not have the usual ceremonies of accomplishments and a job well done. We did not have the parades with the lowering of the flag to bid farewell to our friends and people of the communities we served. There was no time for a thank you and a certificate of accomplishment. We barely had time to pack our bags and run, not walk, to the

nearest armed forces recruiting station.

New Mexico has not forgotten the Civilian Conservation Corps. In 1991 I wrote a proposal to create a Youth Conservation Corps patterned after the C's. The State Legislature took it under consideration and passed the law and an appropriation in 1991 to start the program. Young people 18 to 25 years of age are eligible to participate in the conservation programs outlined in the law and are paid a minimum wage. The main difference from the old C's program is that there are no camps, but rather projects proposed and managed by cities, counties, and non-profit organizations engaged in conservation of natural resources.

En fin, debemos mucho a los jóvenes del CCC. Hay monumentos y parques estatales y nacionales en todas partes edificados por los hombres de los "C's," como dice Vicente Ximenes. Además muchas de las familias de los hombres beneficiaban durante el tiempo en que el dinero era muy escaso. ¡Gracias a todos!



Dave Miranda de Las Cruces, haciendo adobes, foto

MOSTER COMPANY 833



Technical Personnel
 J. Dooley
 F. Russell
 L. De Baca
 L. McVicker
 B. Wilson
 C. Vierra
 G. Miller

Leaders
 M. Abeyta
 C. Ingle
 W. Lostrough
 O. Stade
 J. Reynolds
 A. Wesley
 R. Vinson
 J. Jackson

Assistant Leaders
 A. Bull
 E. Brown
 W. Collins
 C. Ellis
 V. Hill
 D. Lorenzo
 J. Marshall
 A. Montoya
 R. Pretner
 M. Shults
 J. Valpando
 R. Montoya

Members
 C. Adams
 G. Anderson
 C. Aragón
 H. Archuleta
 J. Archuleta
 J. Arrijo
 P. Baca
 J. Bias
 A. Bokout
 H. Branch
 J. Brandon
 W. Butler
 A. Calzada
 G. Cardenas
 M. Cames
 F. Castellano
 D. Cates
 F. Christensen

P. Cisneros
 A. Cochran
 G. Conner
 F. Córdova
 S. Crakal
 R. Crespín
 W. Dobbs
 A. Dodson
 W. Douglas
 C. Elder
 A. Fernández
 C. Flores
 A. Gallegos
 C. Gallegos
 C. S. Gallegos
 F. Gallegos
 R. Gallegos
 A. Garcia
 C. Garcia
 E. Garcia
 S. Garcia
 F. Gómez
 A. Gonzales
 F. Gonzales
 T. Gurulé
 P. Gutiérrez
 C. Haney
 P. Hayes
 E. Hincjosa
 E. Holbrook
 R. Horn
 H. Hunt
 R. Johnston
 L. Jones
 E. Kinsey
 M. Leyba
 E. Lobato
 R. Longoria
 J. Lovato
 F. Lowery
 S. Maes
 F. Maestas
 F. Mascareñas
 S. McCord
 W. McCoy
 E. Montoya
 D. Murdock
 J. Nava
 L. Noedel
 F. Ortega
 M. Ortega
 E. Oriz
 L. Padilla
 Levi Padilla

T. Padilla
 M. Patterson
 M. s. Patterson
 N. Peralta
 T. Phillips
 M. Pryor
 E. Quintana
 J. Quintana
 F. Raney
 C. Rector
 M. Rios
 I. Rodriguez
 G. Romero
 J. Romero
 N. Romero
 R. Romero
 C. Romine
 J. Roybal
 L. Roybal
 R. Roybal
 F. Salazar
 A. Sánchez
 S. Sánchez
 R. Sandoval
 G. Surratt
 W. Savage
 R. Shroyer
 J. Silva
 G. Simmons
 C. Smith
 A. Shider
 R. Thompson
 L. Tow
 E. Trujillo
 J. Valdez
 J. E. Valdez
 F. Vargas
 E. Vigil
 F. Vigil
 J. Vigil
 A. Villareal
 M. Webb
 M. Walker
 M. Wilson
 A. Zúñiga

Nota: Todos son de Santa Fe.

PRIMAVERA INCIERTA

escrito por Anselmo Arellano en 1986

Llegó la primavera
así yo decía,
Cuando brillaba el sol
en marzo un día.

El petirrojo cantaba
por donde lo veía,
Y en el árbol más bello
su nido hacía.

El césped fresco
en el campo salía,
Y la zorra astuta
por la huerta corría.

Cupido también
su deber ofrecía
Y aves y bestias
con amor encendía.

A pesar d'este brillo
yo peligro advertía,
Escondióse el sol
y todo oscurecía.

Llegó la calma
y neblina aparecía
Y luego la nieve
blanca y fría.

Entró el mes de abril
a quien lo maldecía,
La primavera incierta
todavía seguía.

Aburrido de tal tiempo
que no se abolía.
Los días alegres
al Señor yo pedía.

Llegamos a mayo
y por fin parecía
Que la nieve maldita
de nosotros huía.

UNA ACTIVIDAD

Direcciones: Haga un dibujo que se relaciona a la primavera para cada letra de "primavera."



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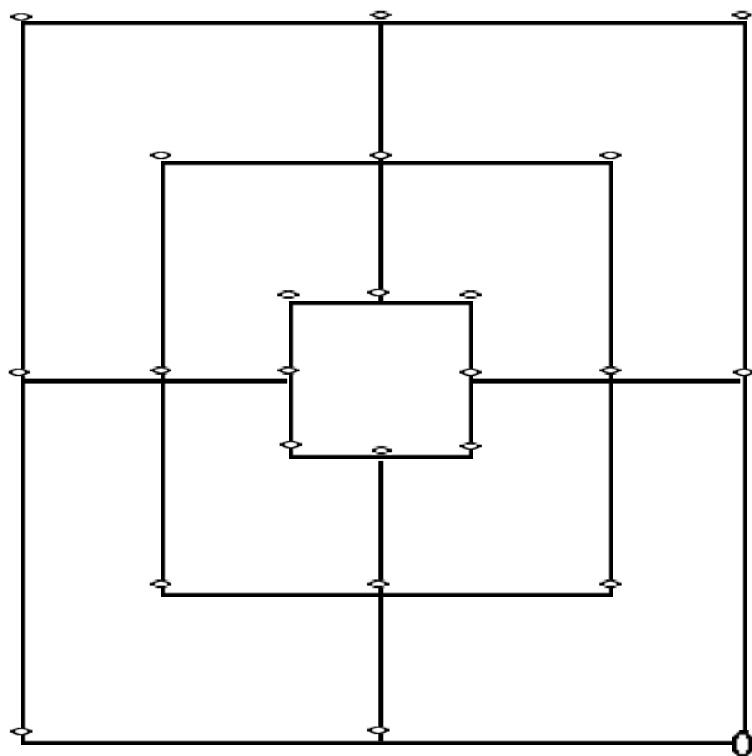


R



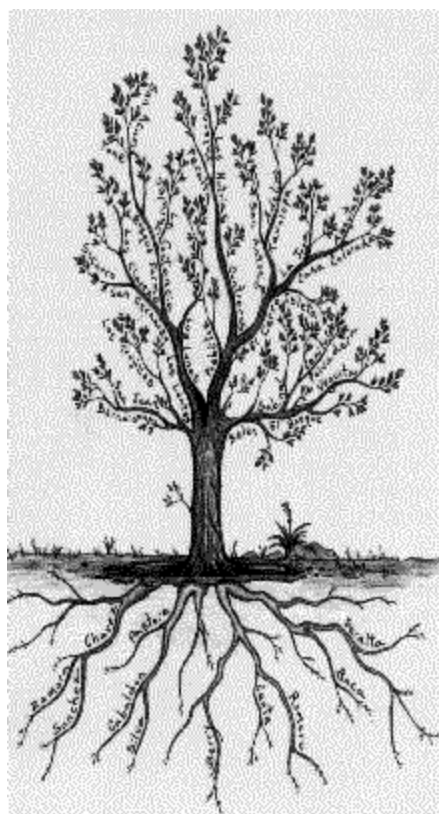
LA PITARRILLA

Un juego presentado por Elena Durán en la clase "Juegos y Canciones"



Direcciones: Este juego se juega con dos personas. Una usa frijoles, la otra usa maíz. Cada una tiene el mismo número. (Veinte está bien.) Toman turnos poniendo un pedacito en donde las líneas conectan. (Arriba, es donde hay círculos.) El objeto es poner tres frijoles o tres pedazos de maíz en una sola línea. Cuando el jugador tiene tres, le puede quitar uno al otro jugador. Cuando están jugando, cada jugador necesita bloquear una línea si el otro jugador ya tiene dos. El primero que le quita todos los pedazos al otro es el ganador.

UN EVENTO-RAICES DEL RIO ABAJO



Un evento que se está celebrando por el segundo año se llama Raíces del Río Abajo. Tomará lugar el día 12 de abril del 2003 en el edificio de administración de las escuelas de Los Lunas. Habrá una recepción entre las 5:30 y 7 de la noche. El programa será entre 7:00 y 9:00 de la noche.

Los huéspedes incluirán a Roberto Tórrez, quien fue el historiador estatal. Además estará presente Roberto Mondragón para cantar y hablar un poco. El teniente general Leo Márquez es otro huésped invitado. Artistas y santeros loca-

les serán incluidos también.

Habrá comida, y unas fotos para mostrar la historia. Hay una canción que se escribió el año pasado que va así:

Raíces de Herencia

Amigos quiero contarles
Una historia muy y honrada
Las Raíces de nuestra gente
Aquí en esta tierra encantada.

Unos nobles de Castilla
Otros de la Extremadura
Unos de sangre hispana
Otros hijos de Moctezuma.

Entraron cristianizando
Y también buscando tesoros
El oro no lo encontraron
Tesoros convirtiendo y labrando.

Muchas gracias a San Isidro
También a la Virgen María
Que estas tierra del Río Abajo
Nos han sostenido la vida.

Las aguas del Río Grande
Como sangre que come en las venas
Les dan fuerza a estas tierras
Que disfrutan cosechas buenas.

Cuatro siglos y más han pasado
Sangre humana se ha derramado
Nuestra religión e idioma
Son lo más que nos han quedado.

Estas raíces que aquí nos quedan
No las dejen desaparecerse
Que son los últimos recuerdos
Son las huellas de nuestra gente.

Por todo lo que se ha perdido
Una lágrima le lloro al viento
Porque hoy estoy convencido
Que crece un renacimiento.

¡Ay! mi tierra encantada
de ricas raíces que conozco yo.
¡Ay! mi tierra adorada
de gente valiente a quien Dios bendició.
(por Carlos Otero, March 2001)

ABUSO DE SUBSTANCIAS EFECTOS EN LA GENTE ALREDEDOR

La persona que abusa sustancias produce efectos adversos en la gente a su alrededor. Muchas veces se aparta de sus amigos y se relaciona menos con su familia. Las relaciones en general se deterioran. En la familia resulta el desorden. Los problemas pueden llegar a ser tan graves que roban a la familia, a sus amigos, o a gente desconocida para tener dinero para comprar su sustancia preferida. Puede ponerse violento con sus amigos y familias. Otro efecto es que muchas veces dicen mentiras para tratar de no ser descubiertos. Llegan al extremo de solo asociarse con otras personas que abusan sustancias.

Si hay un pariente que abusa de sustancias, puede ser que descuiden a los niños. Además puede ser que los hijos tengan problemas emocionales, físicos, o dificultades al aprender o al pensar abstractamente. Los niños pierden la confianza en los adultos.

En la escuela los estudiantes que usan sustancias no son capaces de poner atención. A veces son agresivos. Los maestros pueden perder mucho tiempo disciplinando a esos estudiantes en vez de enseñar. Los demás estudiantes sufren por la falta de atención al aprendizaje.

En la comunidad, se gasta mucho dinero en aplicar la ley con gente que abusa sustancias. Las clínicas y hospitales también gastan mucho dinero en tratar a gente con problemas de adicción. Muchos encarcelados están en la prisión por crímenes relacionados al uso de drogas, la venta de drogas, o por robar a otra gente para tener dinero para comprar sustancias.

Muchos padres piensan que si sus hijos no usan sustancias, como resultado

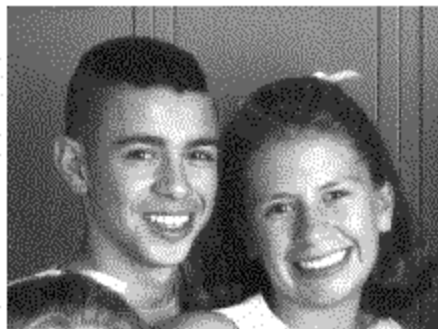
no tendrán problemas. Pero, la realidad es que el abuso de sustancias nos afecta de manera directa e indirecta. Los efectos directos son la violencia, los crímenes, y la presión que hay para usar drogas. Los efectos indirectos son el ambiente creado cuando hay abuso de sustancias, en la escuela y en la comunidad. Otro efecto no tan directo son los costos que pagamos a causa del abuso de otros.

En las páginas siguientes vamos a presentar dos ejemplos muy trágicos de los efectos de drogas en toda la comunidad. Ricky Martínez y Karen Castañón eran novios de 17 años que vivían en La Villita y en Pojoaque. Asistían a la escuela secundaria en Los Alamos. Hace tres años que hacían su peregrinación a Chimayó para la Pascua. Ricky iba a tomar más tarde la parte de Jesús para las estaciones de la cruz en San Juan. El día viernes 21 de abril del año 2000 muy temprano por la mañana fueron balaceados con un rifle .22. Hallaron el cuerpo de Ricky en el camino cerca de La Puebla. Cuatro horas más tarde hallaron el cuerpo de Karen a unas cinco millas en lo que se llama Leopoldo's Arroyo. Todo se vio por un testigo en un vehículo de todo terreno. Dos días después arrestaron a un hombre de 19 años de edad de Española. El confesó y dijo en el juicio que no sabía la razón por qué lo hizo. Sólo que se emborrachó e hizo cocaína con sus amigos. Ricky y Karen están enterrados juntos.

Por esa tragedia, al Arzobispo Michael Sheehan hizo un esfuerzo de involucrar la iglesia en el asunto. Ha organizado cuatro juntas para recibir testimonios de gente afectada por las drogas.

RICHARD "RICKY" MARTINEZ

written by his father, Ray Martinez



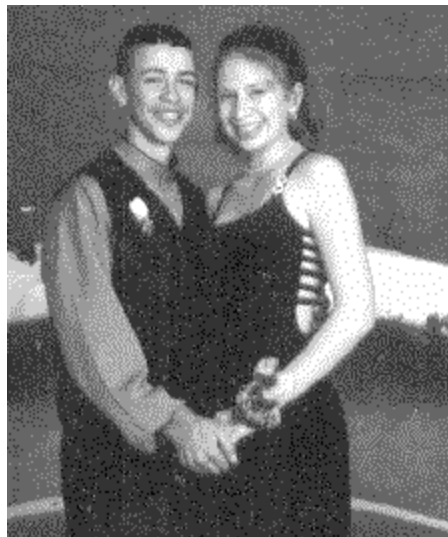
even if it meant waiting in line for the lakes to open at 4:00 A.M.

He was employed at Los Alamos Travel. Ricky held his first job at age 15 when he worked for the City of Española. Ricky was very proud of his family, his culture, his religion, and of himself. He constantly bragged about being drug free. He wanted to be a doctor, he just wasn't sure what kind yet. He was sure that one day he would be famous. We just never thought that this would be the reason.

Born on October 11, 1982, Richard "Ricky" Martinez blessed the lives of many family members and friends. Ricky had so many dreams and had set many goals for himself. This was taken in a matter of seconds on the tragic day of April 21, 2000, a day that will forever darken our hearts. Ricky was shot and left to die on NM State Road 76, while on an annual pilgrimage to El Santuario de Chimayó along with his girlfriend Karen Castañón.

Ricky had a smile that could melt your heart. He was full of life and joy. He was so special and will forever remain in our hearts and minds. His mom saved every award or paper from school that Ricky ever brought. All this was placed in a binder that is about 5 inches thick. Now we are left with another binder that is filled with newspaper clippings and letters of the tragic day.

Ricky was the second child of three. His parents Raymond Martinez and Gerry Shaw, an older sister Rayline, and a younger sister Rayna survive him. Being the only boy, Ricky felt a responsibility to protect and care for both sisters. Ricky was a junior at Los Alamos High School and was involved in many sports both in and out of school. He played in three leagues of baseball, he was on the diving team at LAHS, he was nominated and participated in Natural Helpers. He was attending confirmation classes at San Juan Parish and was excited about being confirmed in May of 2000. He assisted his father in coaching a girl's softball summer league. Fishing was among his favorite hobbies. He participated in every fishing derby that he could



KAREN CASTANON

written by Karen's sister, Brandy



grew up, she was faced with the great task of setting the example for three younger siblings and did a wonderful job. Of course, there was some sibling rivalry, and she was not perfect, but the standards she set for herself are something to be cherished.

Her lasting impression reaches much further than her family; she affected the lives of many. She grew up in Pojoaque, spent her summers at NYSP in Española, and attended high school in Los Alamos. Along the way, she somehow made a place for herself in each of these communities. I am not quite sure if it was her playful spirit or her unforgettable smile, but she did not have problems finding friends.

Karen's high school years were filled with her love for cheering. She was a very dedicated person, not only to her school and extracurricular activities, but to her friendships and her faith. Karen was a Hilltopper, it's that simple. But one thing about Karen was she kept so many friendships over the years that it didn't matter where she went to school...she was still a part of the Pojoaque community. That is where she went to church. She would volunteer at Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe on weekends, and was very happy to speak to others about her faith. "Her Bible was always kept at her bedside," said her mother Theresa.

At the age of seventeen she was almost upon her senior year living the life of a normal teenager. Karen went to school full time, had cheerleading practice daily, and also found time to work at Baskin Robbins in Los Alamos. "That girl never found it hard to keep up with anything, we admired that in her," said her father Jesse. It was hard for each member of this

I would like to share with you the story of a beautiful young woman by the name of Karen Nicole Faith Castañón. Karen was born November 19, 1982 and lived a beautiful life for seventeen years. Her death came at a very young age, but her love and passion were far beyond her days. It is easy to illustrate her love and beauty to an audience of outsiders, but not so easy for outsiders to truly understand the joy and pain of remembering. That is why I will tell the story of her life through the eyes of her family for the joy and pain remain fresh in their hearts.

On November 19th, 1982, Jesse and Theresa Castañón were blessed with their first child. It was a beautiful blonde baby girl, whom they named Karen. Not long after Karen came Brandy, Jolene, and Nick, a complete family of six. As Karen

family to move on for they all had separate, yet unbelievably meaningful, relationships with Karen. I think of her, and my face fills with an odd presence of laughter and tears. We were only 18 months apart. We had a very strong bond. Karen was so crazy and full of life, you just had to know her. It has been almost three years and her memory is still so much alive in our hearts.

It was also very hard for Karen's youngest sister Jdene to express her feelings. She said, "Karen was my big sister, my role model and my best friend." She appreciated every moment she spent with her older sister. "Karen is my angel," she said, with a gleam in her eyes.

The youngest of the family, Nick, spoke of his sister with so much happiness in his voice. He shared with me one of his favorite memories, "I remember there were some mornings where Karen would sneak into my room and wrap me in my blanket like a burrito and carry me into the living room. I miss that." Nick, who is in fourth grade this year, remembers his sister like it was yesterday. "She had warm hugs," he said with a smile. When Nick talked about Karen, he automatically spoke of Ricky as well. "Karen took me to his baseball game and I got to see him pitch. Since then I wanted to be a pitcher like Ricky."

It was also hard for Karen's parents, Jesse and Theresa, to find words to describe their feelings. "There's not one day that goes by that we don't think of our beautiful daughter," they explained. Theresa spoke of her relationship with Karen, "It was a friendship. It's hard to move on and try to understand that she isn't physically here, but we do feel her presence around us." Although Theresa was very positive about her daughter's impact on their lives, she was also very emotional when thinking of the future that was robbed from her daughter. Jesse did

not say as much, but his smiles and tears coincided with his wife's memories. "We live with her in our hearts each and every day," he said. Karen's parents also mentioned a scholarship program that has been established in honor of Karen and Ricky, which is offered to high school students every year.

I knew Karen very well. There are not enough words to do justice to the way she lived her life. It is obvious her life was family oriented, yet she somehow found time for friends, school, work, religion, and love. It is very inspiring to know that, in so little time, one person can do so much. Karen and Ricky touched so many lives with their unexplainable personalities. In no way were these two kids perfect, but it seems they took advantage of every moment they had. There is no more perfect way to live your life. Some people may cry because Karen and Ricky never had the chance to accomplish their goals, but I cry for all the people who will live twice as long and never accomplish half as much.



UNA ACTIVIDAD: COMPRESION DE LA PRENSA

Direcciones: Un aspecto del abuso de sustancias es el efecto que tienen los periódicos, la televisión, la radio, y las películas. Se pueden examinar ejemplos usando la siguiente escalera. (Comience de abajo para arriba.)



CANDACE VARGAS



obras y además un viaje para cantar con el Mariachi Tepeyac cuando se inauguró un restaurante Garduño's en Las Vegas, Nevada.

Su primer CD "¡Ay, Pollito!" salió el 1 de julio del año 2002. Tiene 10 canciones en español. Incluye 2 canciones originales "¡Ay, Pollito!" y "Mis Grampitos."

Hoy en día Candace está terminando su segundo CD con más canciones originales. Posiblemente tenga una canción por su hermano Joel.

El estilo único de Candace sigue la tradición de música nuevomexicana. Ha cantado con artistas como Tobías René, Darren y Daniel Córdova, Gonzalo, Mari Griego, Preston Garza, Karliz de Marco, Jerry Dean, y Steve Chávez.

Candace quiere ser una artista conocida internacionalmente y llevar Nuevo México al mundo entero. Ahorita Candace está gozando su éxito con el público en Nuevo México y los estados alrededor. Tiene mucho orgullo de ser parte de la comunidad musical hispana.

Candace nació el 9 de octubre del año 1992 a sus padres Joel y Ruth Ann Vargas de Española. Tiene un hermano Joel. Ella tiene 10 años y está en el cuarto grado en la escuela Holy Cross en Santa Cruz, Nuevo México.

Empezó a cantar en frente de públicos a la edad de cinco. Ha cantado con grupos como The Blue Ventures, Grupo Chimayó, y el grupo de su papá, Primera Vez.

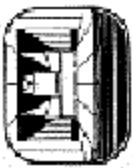
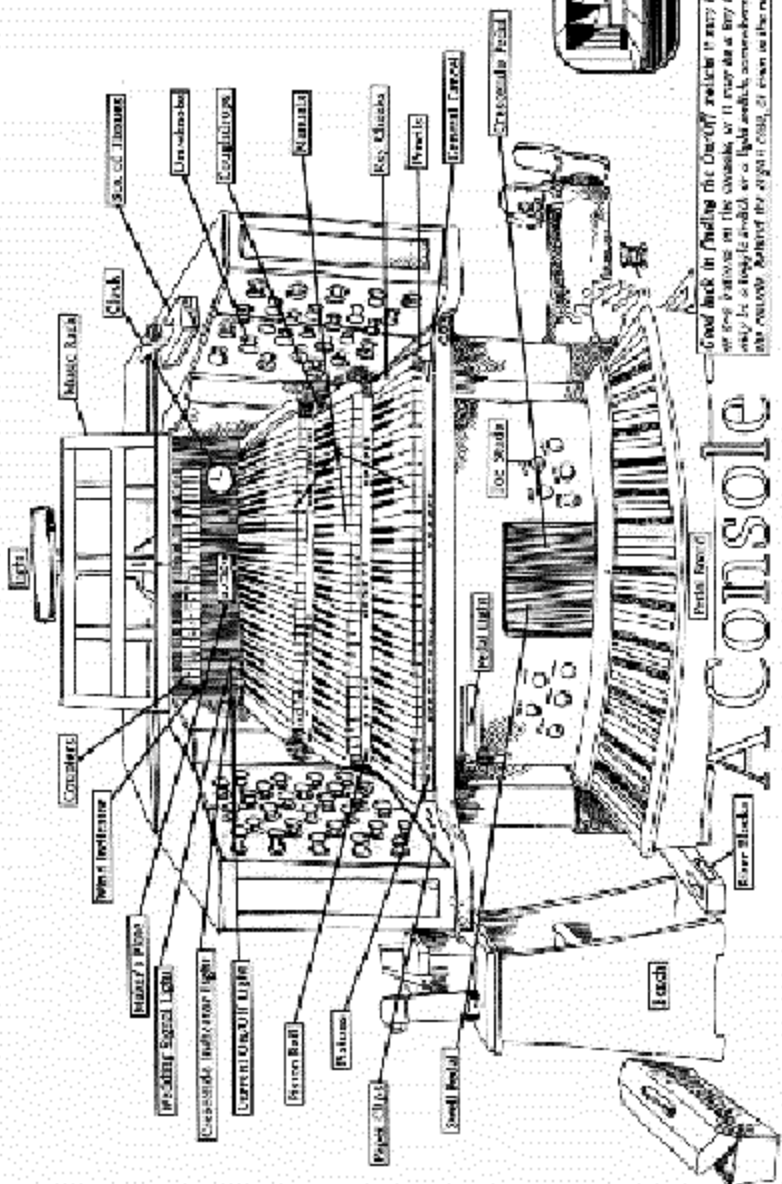
En enero de 2003, Candace fue nominada por la Asociación Nuevomexicana de Música Hispana en dos categorías. Además cantó en la ceremonia su canción, "Mis Grampitos."

El día 19 de octubre del año 2002, nominaron a Candace en 4 categorías. Recibió el premio para "Youth Artist of the Year" por la canción "¡Ay, Pollito!"

El 3 de noviembre del año 2001, Candace tuvo su primera competencia profesional en el restaurante Garduño's en el Centro Winrock en Albuquerque, Nuevo México. Cantó "Flor de las Flores." Ganó como "Child Artist of the Year" y "Children's Song of the Year."



Candace recibió dos trofeos por sus



Good luck in finding the Chevrolet dealer to buy the 1936. We hope to have on the console, or if you do it by the book, it may be a little while, or a little while, somewhere on the road, but we'll be there for you. Or even in the next issue!

A Console

POLIZA PUBLICA: ALTERNATIVAS A LOS COMBUSTIBLES FOSILES

El carbón, petróleo y el gas natural son combustibles que vienen de organismos. Con mucha presión y calentamientos se convierten en forma líquida (petróleo) o gas (gas natural). Han habido varios problemas con esos combustibles. Producen mucha contaminación y contaminan el aire. Además, están más y más escasos. Han sido difíciles de obtener porque están en algunas áreas donde tienen gobiernos no muy estables. Otro factor es que con esos combustibles fósiles se usa mucha agua para extraer o prepararlos. Por eso, mucha gente está pensando en convertir al uso de combustibles menos sucios y más sostenibles.

Una alternativa a los combustibles fósiles, es la **energía nuclear**. Hay países que la usan. El problema más sobresaliente para muchos es la radioactividad. La radioactividad se asocia con muchos problemas de salud especialmente el cáncer. Otro problema es que la radioactividad dura miles y miles de años. Por eso, hay peligros por muchos años.

Hay otras alternativas que se están examinando en muchas partes del mundo. Una es lo de **biodiesel** para los carros. Se puede usar aceite vegetal. Hasta se puede usar el aceite ya usado para convertir al **biodiesel**. Hay un millón y medio de galones de aceite ya usado que podemos convertir a **biodiesel**. Para hacer **biodiesel** se necesita sacar la glicerina del aceite. Además del aceite, se puede usar **biomass** (que consiste de pedacitos secos de madera) para hacer **biodiesel**. En Austria han usado **biomass** por unos 15 años. En Nuevo México tenemos un guardabosque Jerry Payne que es muy sabio en lo del **biomass**. Se puede convertir un auto para usar **biodiesel** por \$1,000. Hoy en día el

biodiesel cuesta \$2 a \$2.25 por galón.

El presidente Bush mencionó en su informe sobre el estado de la unión que quiere animar a la gente a fabricar carros que usen **hidrógeno**. Hay varias maneras de producir el **hidrógeno**. Una es por medio de una reacción nuclear. Otra es con agua. Otra es de los organismos algas verde-azuladas que lo producen. En Islandia tienen estaciones con **hidrógeno** producido por energía térmica del subsuelo de la tierra. (Allí tienen muchos volcanes.)

Además de los carros, el **biomass** se puede usar para calentar las casas.

Otro recurso que es una alternativa es el gas que se llama **methane** en inglés. Se puede producir este gas de las aguas del albañal. Ahora Albuquerque opera su planta que procesa esas aguas con el gas producido allí. Además, se puede hacer de los fertilizantes de animales.

Para calentar el agua, se pueden instalar paneles particulares que almacenan la energía del **sol**. La electricidad de la energía del sol todavía es muy cara.

Para la electricidad algunos lugares están usando el **viento**. En partes de Nuevo México tenemos suficiente viento constante. Hay áreas en terrenos estatales que sirven bien para edificar molinos de viento y producir electricidad en esa manera.

Otra manera importante de reducir el uso de combustibles fósiles es aumentar la **eficiencia**. Se pueden hacer cosas como insular la casa con materiales que previenen la pérdida del calor. Otra es poner todas las ventanas hacia el sur para recibir el calor del sol.

(Gracias a David Bacon por mucha de la información.)

UN TRIBUTO A FRANK PAGE



with his booming voice, "Hello Ramón, Theresa, Carmela, Mark, John, Martha, María."

Everybody knew Frank, and he never forgot our names. He made us feel so very, very special.

Frank made many friends, from Senators, Governors, farmers, laborers, to the homeless.

Everywhere I go, people remember Frank fondly and with respect. He ran for political office many times.

Frank was dedicated to his work. He was always ready to go at a moment's notice, taking great pride in being able to make the railroad crossings safe for his employer and all of the public. Even after he retired, his expertise was in great demand.

Frank was a faithful Catholic, hard working, dedicated and loyal. He helped everywhere. He was in the choir, the Finance Committee, CCD, the Parish Council, always serving. He practiced his faith, always friendly, comforting and helpful. He forgave, even if the other person was not sorry.

He was proud of his heritage, his parents, relatives, Santa Rosa, Puerto de Luna and Cuervo. Frank was proud of our culture. He loved our music, our food, our traditions, and our language. Frank hablaba y pronunciaba nuestro querido idioma nuevomexicano perfectamentel!

Of course, Frank loved Flora dearly and faithfullly. And for his family, he worked long and hard hours to support them, bringing them up to be happy, honest, successful and good. He was so proud of all of them and of his grandkids and one great-grandchild, always telling us about each of them individually.

Frank nació en 1929 a Louis y Anna Page. Murió el 26 de febrero del año 2003. Sirvió en el ejército entre 1946 y 1949. Trabajó para el ferrocarril entre 1951 y 1991. Fue enterrado en Santa Rosa. El elogio fue dado por Ramón Mondragón. Aquí sigue parte:

Frank Page was a good friend. I saw my friend a while back, when he was already suffering; yet, he was still getting up at 5:00 AM to walk a few miles.

I will always remember Frank as a dedicated man. What he loved and believed in, he was dedicated to.

Frank and Flora, always a supportive wife, did many good things together. What Frank did, Flora was always at his side believing in what he did. They loved to help and serve others. At Income Tax Time, they helped the poor and the elderly.

My children, all seven of them, always remember how Frank always greeted them, smiling. He mentioned them saying

A SNEAK PEEK AT A NEW WORK IN PROGRESS

an excerpt from a book being written by E.A. Mares

Let's return to the original daguerreotype of Padre Martínez. When I stare at that image, I see the heavy eyelids, the full lips and high cheekbones. I have seen that face or similar faces many times. Every time I look into a mirror, I see the folds above my eyes, the same cheek bones, the dark brown eyes. Countless times, I have seen those dark eyes, those indio features, in relatives, friends, and people on the streets of Las Cruces, Belén, Santa Fe, Las Vegas, Española, Trampas, Truchas, Taos and really, everywhere throughout the Southwest and Mexico.

A number of years ago, my wife Carolyn and I attended a bat mitzvah for one of my daughters, Galit, from a former marriage. Suddenly, Carolyn came up to me and said "Tony, who is that Eskimo over there?" That "Eskimo" was my uncle Christie, my father's youngest brother. He is a handsome man, handsome in an indio nuevomexicano way.

On another occasion, a friend of mine from northern New Mexico remarked that he had bought the Spanish myth in its entirety until one day he looked at his high school group photograph. He was stunned by his own indio image. "How can we call ourselves Spanish?" he said to me. "In that picture I looked just like the kids in the Picuris pueblo." He had a long and hard struggle coming to terms with himself, with his own humanity, with the deep song of silence about the indiohispano past.

Recently, I was invited by a genealogical society to give a talk on Padre Martínez. When I finished, a small, elderly Hispanic lady came up to me at the speaker's podium. She was very intense and intelligent. Her eyes, like two obsidian arrow points, stared directly into mine.

"Aren't you one of those professors

who go around saying that we are Mexican instead of Spanish?"

"Well," I said, "I guess so, although there's more to it than that."

"Well," she said, "our genealogical research doesn't show that... our genealogical work shows we are Spanish."

She harrumphed and walked away. I had tried very hard to keep a poker face and not burst out laughing, not out of disrespect for this very sincere woman, but because she had unknowingly triggered in my mind a memory of some old blues lyrics. I wanted to say to her, remembering the blues song, "You might know who your mama is, but are you sure you know who's your papa?" Of course I didn't say this to her because that would have been disrespectful, and like a good nuevomexicano, I was raised to treat my elders with respect. I was laughing on the inside, not at her, but at the humor of this genealogical moment. It is serious business tracing your ancestors all the way back to Adam and Eve!

The "pure Spanish" myth is powerful in New Mexico. There are northern New Mexican families who can indeed trace their blood lines back to Spain.

The Spanish language of northern New Mexico has many tell-tale signs of its Iberian origins. And, of course, the Spanish language and the imperial institutions of Spain – the Viceroyalty in Mexico City and its bureaucracy, the missionaries, above all the Franciscans, and the Roman Catholic faith itself – have left a deep imprint.

In terms of ethnicity, it is absurd to think of any people or culture as "pure." The Spaniards are an incredibly complex mixture of Celts, Iberians, Phoenicians,

Greeks, Romans, Goths, Moors, Arabs, Jews, and countless other people. They brought this ethnic diversity with them.

The process of ethnic mixing, or *mestizaje*, the union of Spaniard and Indian, whether with the approval of the church or without it, began immediately with the arrival of Hernán Cortés in Mexico in 1519... It was often the case that the *mestizos* knew who their mother was, but not their father.

In any case, it strikes me as extraordinarily naïve to take any written record, especially a genealogical entry, at its face value. How naïve to believe that words filtered through the mind and motives of the writer, the recorder, then scribbled on papyrus, or paper, or sent over the Internet, can ever hope to capture more than the most fragmentary sense of the cosmos itself, in all its terrible mystery and hypnotic beauty and wonder.

My earliest memories of indigenous people are images of Pueblo Indians selling pottery and jewelry in Old Town and also in front of the Harvey House at the railroad station. There were times when my parents and I would drive to the Jémez Mountains. These trips would take us along the edge of the Pueblo of Jémez. At other times, we would drive south through *Isleta Pueblo*, or north to *Santa Fe* past the pueblos of *Sandía*, *San Felipe*, *Santa Domingo*, and past the road to *Cochiti*. I learned to distinguish Pueblo Indians from the Athapaskan speaking Navajos and Apaches. I have to admit, however, that... I shared the common prejudices of society towards Indians. Only gradually did it dawn on me that the slurs against Indians were exactly the same slurs cast against Mexicans and Mexican Americans.

My circumstances developed in the American Southwest and, to a lesser extent, in Mexico. Only as an adult did the

truth really strike me that the notion of a "border" between Mexico and the United States is merely a shallow, ephemeral political concept. The American Southwest is part of Latin America. Wherever there are barrios, towns, suburbs, or cities where the majority is Latino, then these locations are also part of Latin America. And, what do I say to the American nationalist who can't stand these ideas? I say: Relax! For the United States is also located almost everywhere throughout Latin America. In a negative sense, this is sometimes referred to as the Coca-colonization of Latin America. I think everyone gains in this process.

There is an issue I have been carefully skirting for the last several pages. That is the issue of the "Indianness" that runs like a silent, underground river through the blood and bones of Mexican Americans or *Indohispanos*. The haunting indigenous faces that suddenly appear, as if summoned by an ancient spell, in mirrors, in crowds, at social gatherings, on festive and tragic occasions, are the faces of our denied past. We no longer belong to recognizable tribes or pueblos. Collectively, we do not know who our Spanish fathers and Indian mothers were, but we carry their life stories in our eyes, in the color of our skin, in the way we walk, and in the many ways we engage the world. We carry our indigenous ancestors in the stories we tell and the stories we deny. This book is one more of those stories. Every word in it is offset by indigenous shadows. We need to step forward from those shadows and acknowledge that we are no better, or worse, than all the peoples and cultures of this small mud ball spinning around a third-rate sun in the boonies of a galaxy that is only one of an immense number of galaxies scattered throughout the enigma of the cosmos.

UNOS TRABALENGUAS

No me maravillaría yo,
no me maravillaría yo.

Quando cuentas cuentos
cuenta cuántos
cuentos cuentas.

Cabral clavó un clavo.
¿Qué clavo clavó Cabral?

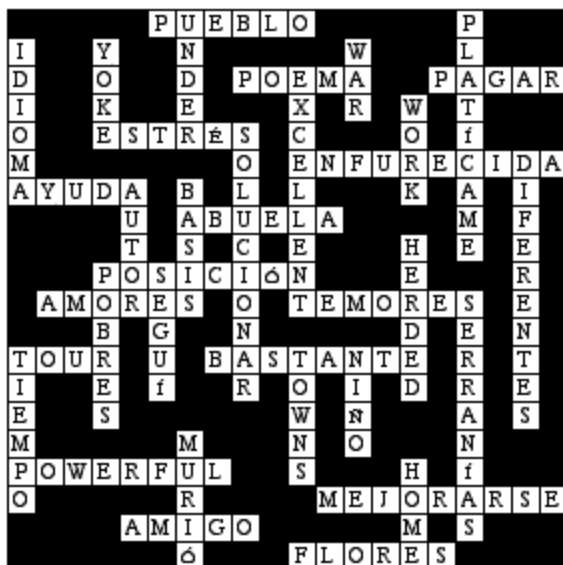
¡Qué triste está Tristán,
tras tan tétrica trama teatral!

Pedro Pablo Pérez Pereira,
pobre pintor portugués,
pinta paisajes por poco precio.

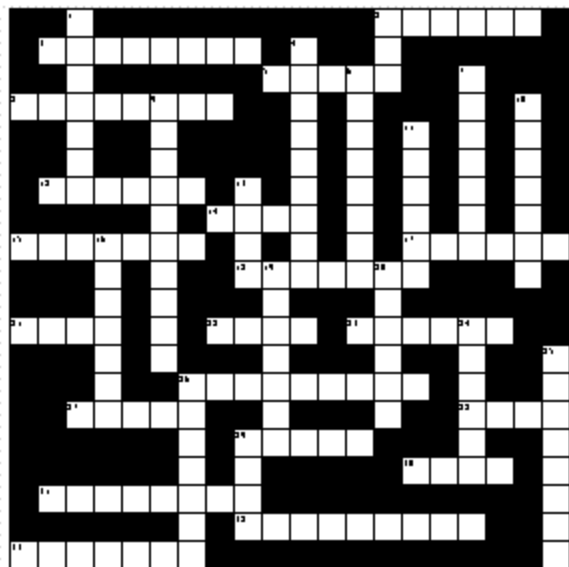
Compré pocas copas,
pocas copas compré,
y como compré pocas copas,
pocas copas pagué.

Le dije al público de la república
que el agua pública se iba a acabar
para que el público de la república
tome agua pública de Panamá.

RESPUESTA AL ROMPECABEZAS



ROMPECABEZAS



- 29 asistió
 30 to look
 31 suficiente
 32 goals
 33 arte

DOWN

- 1 gallo chiquito
 2 nuestra
 estrella
 4 cambiar
 6 cansado
 7 muchachos y
 muchachas

ACROSS

- 2 position
 3 bringing
 down
 5 dedicated
 8 ensuciar algo
 12 floresta
 14 soften
 15 mother and
 father
 17 list

- 18 etapa
 21 a large hole
 in the
 mountain
 22 hogar de
 pájaro
 23 fuente de
 información
 26 enjoyed
 27 manera
 28 hurt

- 9 explain
 10 trained
 11 fondos
 13 assist
 16 sabio
 19 older people
 20 lower light
 level
 24 not difficult
 25 good-looking
 26 carreteras
 29 pájaros

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cultura@aspectosculturales.com

Remedios del Mes: Varas de San José:

Se dice que las flores de las Varas de San José se usaban en un té para aliviar resfrió en el pecho y fortalecer los riñones. Además se usaba el té para purificar la sangre y eliminar las venas varicosas.

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