

Feliz Navidad



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

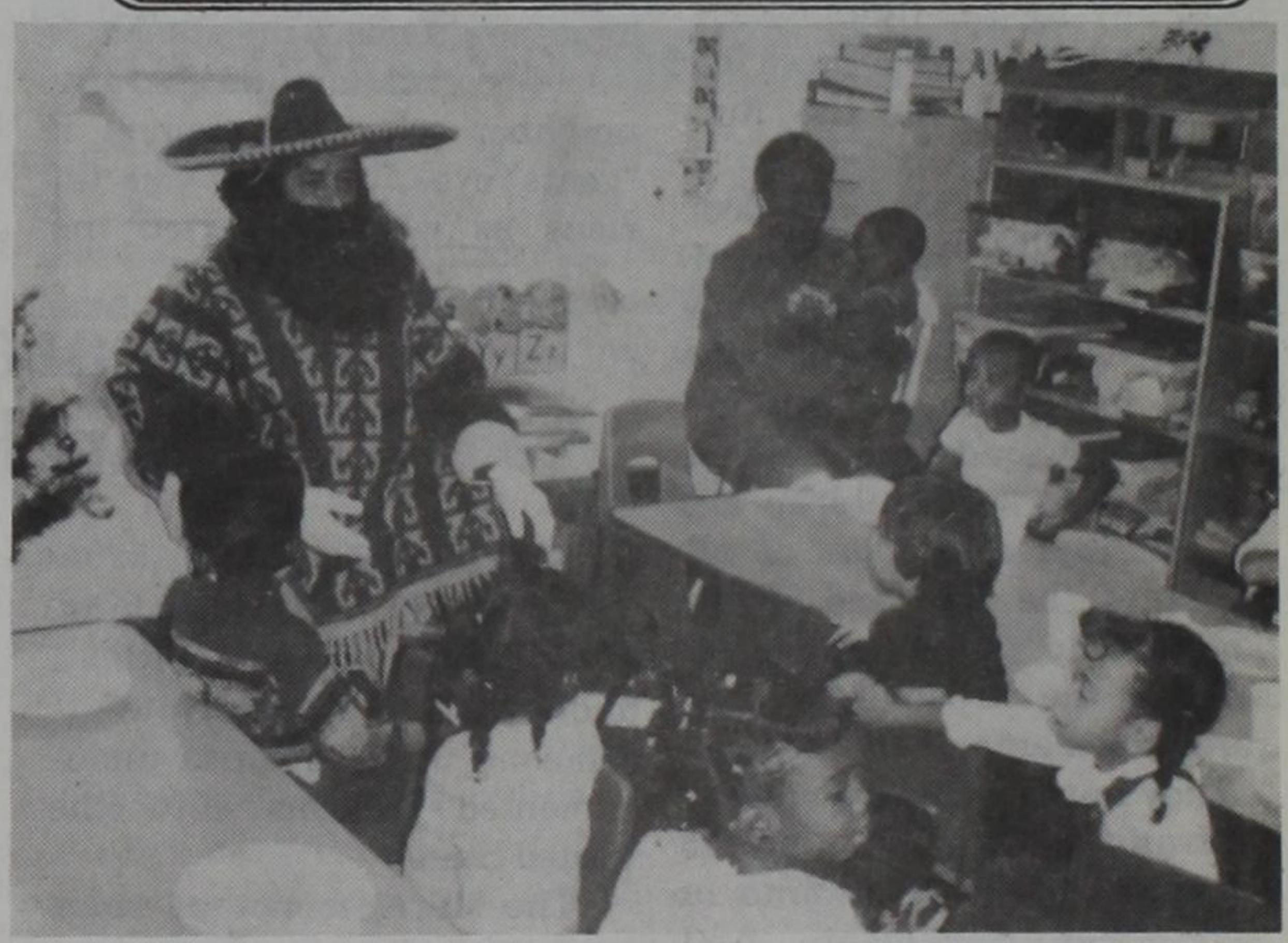
El padre de Pancho Clos y el de Santa Clos eran hermanos. Eran hijos del Original Santa Claus viejo. Cuando su padre murió, sofocado en la ceniza de una chimenea, le siguió su hijo mayor,

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 llegó a depender en Santa No. 2 para que le hiciera todo su trabajo. Mientras que él se la pasaba haciendo monos de nieve

y paseándose en su guayin, el pobre de Santa No. 2 partía la leña, cuidaba los venados, envolvía los regalos para repartir a los niños y hasta tenía 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 aguantó 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 suffrage; 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 sleighs 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 suffrage movement and now wanted to be addressed as Ms. Santa, got tired of Santa II not



Continued Page 3

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 lágrimas. el embarazo había sido normal, y el bebé, venía sano, hermoso, perfecto.

El lugar del nacimiento no parecía, quizás, pesebre calentado por el aliento de los bueyes y la lana de las ovejas y alumbrado por una estrella nueva que había aparecido en el cielo de Judea.

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

Amigo, dice el poeta cubano Nicolás Guillén, en uno de sus hermosos poemas.

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

Cuando Jesús vino al mundo, pocos, casi nadie, lo estaba esperando. Lo esperaba su madre María, también lo esperaba su padre José. Quizás algún pariente lo esperaba el rey Herodes, ni tampoco Augusto César, ni los filósofos de Atenas; ni los místicos de la India, ni los astrologos de Babilonia, ni los sabios de la China, ni los sacerdotes de Jerusalén.

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

Por el Hermano Pablo

La Maldición de los Ojos De Un Chivo Del Inmigrante

Por Tony Castro

Llámame típicamente estadounidense en una ciudad que es cada vez más del Tercer Mundo. Eso significa que puedo atacar a los inmigrantes con lo mejor de mis hermanos rojos, blancos y azules. El ser latino, sin embargo, significa que en buena conciencia sólo puedo atacar a los inmigrantes que no sean latinos.

Afortunadamente, acierto a vivir en una vecindad bastante acomodada, donde los inmigrantes proceden del Medio Oriente y de Rusia.

Por haber sido confundido -- y abusado verbalmente -- por un inmigrante persa, tiendo a no atacar a ninguno de mis compatriotas del Medio Oriente. En vez de eso, reservo mi ira patriótica para los rusos.

Es fácil. Mis vecinos continuos son inmigrantes recientes de Rusia, y proporcionan todos los pretextos que necesito uno para atacarlos. Hacen demasiado ruido a las 3 de la mañana los días de trabajo. Sus hijos son rudos. Tiran las puertas a todas horas del día y de la noche. Tiran su basura a todo alrededor de los recipientes para basura, pero rara vez dentro de ellos.

Han convertido nuestro pintoresco grupo de cuatro apartamentos en una calle escénica de Beverly Hills en un arrabal de vecindad de alto precio.

Y cuando uno llama a los rusos por cualquiera de las cosas que resultan molestas, ellos lo miran a uno con una mirada en blanco y murmurán algo sobre no comprender el inglés.

Pero lo absolutamente peor que ellos hacen es cocinar alimentos que huelen más mal, que los intestinos del cerdo.

Pero no estoy solo en mi hostilidad. Hace pocas semanas, oí que una de nuestras vecinas de la planta baja tocó ruidosamente en la puerta de los rusos hasta que éstos contestaron, y exigí, en los tonos que los estadounidenses usan mejor para los inmigrantes y las sirvientas:

"¿Qué demonios del infierno están cocinando ustedes? ¿Ojos de chivo? No puedo imaginar algo que huela tan mal y salga del cuerpo de alguien, mucho menos que lo pongan dentro de su cuerpo".

La única respuesta que ella obtuvo de la señora rusa de la casa fué una mirada de asombro y algo en inglés que trataba de explicar que ella no hablaba inglés.

Me sentí aliviado de que alguien más pensara también que el olor era nauseabundo. Nos consolamos mutuamente. Eso debe ser lo mismo que el gas venenoso en la guerra, que infringe los términos de la Convención de Ginebra.

Lo llamamos la peste de la

Muerte Rusa, preguntándonos qué clase de roedor habrían cocinado los inmigrantes para convertirlo en una delicadeza de Stolichnaya.

La visita pareció impresionar a los rusos. Durante varios días después, no sentimos el olor de la Muerte Rusa. Hasta el lunes pasado por la noche.

Llegué a casa para encontrar al edificio oliendo como la carne en conserva del Tercer Mundo. ¡Los rusos habían cocinado ojos de chivo otra vez! Mis hijos se negaron a tomar la cena. Ninguna cantidad de rociado Lysol, desodorante para animales domésticos, ni siquiera el perfume Opium de mi esposa, podían disfrazar el mal olor.

Llamé a mi vecina de la planta baja que lo había calificado de "ojos de chivo" y ella también estaba furiosa. Ella puso a prueba el incierto más fuerte que pudo encontrar, pero sin éxito.

Movido por la desesperación, escribí una nota a los rusos:

"Querido vecino: Hagan el favor de ser considerados. Cualquier cosa que sea lo que hayan cocinado esta noche, huele tan mal que ha enfermado a mis hijos. A nuestros vecinos también les disgusta el olor. ¿Sería demasiado pedir que no volvieran a cocinar eso?"

Mientras me preparaba para entregar la nota, oí pasos. Era el padre ruso. Tenía una mi-

rada enferma. En inglés interrumpido, me preguntó qué era lo que apetaba. Le dije que era el olor de lo que cocinaban en su casa.

"Imposible", dijo él rígidamente. "Mi esposa no cocinó esta noche. Ordenamos pizza". El se tapó la nariz. "Este olor es horroroso!"

Mi vecina oyó mi conversación con el ruso. Ella estaba tan confundida como yo. "Lo puedo oler aquí fuera", dijo ella. "Está aquí, a la entrada".

Eso dejó solamente a nuestros otros vecinos, una pareja de profesionales graduados de universidad, que lucían como si acabaran de salir de una revista "yuppies" estadounidenses que envejecieran.

Bajamos y llamamos a su puerta. Cuando se abrió la puerta, el mal olor casi nos tumba.

Con cara seria, mi vecina preguntó: "¿Están cocinando ustedes ojos de chivo?"

Tony Castro es el editor administrativo de Eastern Group Publications, una cadena de 10 semanarios que sirve a la comunidad metropolitana de Los Angeles.

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

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

The Immigrant Curse of Goats' Eyes

By Tony Castro

Call me typically American in an increasingly Third World city. That means I can immigrant-bash with the best of my red, white and blue brethren. Being Latino, however, means that in good conscience I can only bash against immigrants who are not Latino.

Fortunately, I happen to live in a fairly affluent neighborhood where the immigrants are Middle Easterners and Russians.

Having been mistaken for an Iranian and consequently verbally belittled, I tend not to bash any fellow Middle Easterners. Instead, I reserve my patriotic wrath for the Russians.

It is easy. My next-door neighbors are recent immigrants from Russia, and they provide all the excuses one needs for bashing. They are excessively loud at 3 a.m. on workdays. Their children are rude. They slam doors at all hours of the day and night. They dump their garbage all around the trash cans but rarely in them.

They have turned our quaint four-unit complex on a scenic Beverly Hills street into a high-priced tenement. And when you call the Russians on any of the things you find annoying, they look at you with a blank stare and mutter something about not understanding English.

But the absolutely worst thing they do is cook the foulest smelling food this side of chitlins. I am not alone in my hostility. A few weeks ago, I heard one of our downstairs neighbors knock loudly on the Russians' door until they answered it, and demand in tones Americans use best on immigrants and maids:

"What in the g-- d--- world are you people cooking? Goats' eyes? I can't imagine something smelling that awful coming out of someone's body, much less someone putting it into their body."

The only response she got from the Russian lady of the house was a look of bewilderment and broken English attempting to explain that she spoke no English.

I was relieved to know that someone else also thought that the smell was nauseating. We consoled each other. That must be what poison gas is like in warfare that violates

the Geneva Convention.

We called it the stench of Russian Death, wondering what kind of rodent the immigrants had cooked into a Stolichnaya delicacy. The visit seemed to impress the Russians. For days afterward, we didn't smell the Russian Death. Until last Monday night.

I came home to find the building smelling like Third World potted meat. The Russians had cooked goats' eyes again. My children refused to eat dinner. No amount of Lysol stray, pet deodorizer or even my wife's Opium cologne could mask the stench.

I called my downstairs neighbor who had named it "goats' eyes," and she was furious as well. She tried the

strongest incense she could find, without success.

Out of desperation, I wrote a note to the Russians:

"Dear Neighbor: Please be considerate. Whatever it is you cooked tonight is so foul-smelling that it has made my children sick. Our neighbors are also disgusted by the smell. Would it be asking too much if you didn't cook this again?"

As I was about to deliver the note, I heard footsteps. It was Father Russia. He wore a sickly look. In broken English, he asked me what the smell was. I told him I thought it was cooking smells from his home.

"Impossible," he said stiffly. "My wife don't cook tonight. We order pizza." He

covered his nose. "This smell -- awful!"

My neighbor overheard my conversation with the Russian. She was as puzzled as I was. "I can smell it out here," she called up the stairs. "It's here in the entry."

That left only our other neighbor, a married pair of college-educated professionals who look like they just stepped out of a trade journal for aging American yuppies.

We went down and rang their doorbell. When the door opened, we were knocked over by the stench.

With a straight face, my neighbor inquired, "Are you cooking goats' eyes?"

Tony Castro is managing editor of the Eastern Group Publications, a chain of 10 weeklies serving the Greater Los Angeles community.

Hazardous Holiday Travel In East Los Angeles

By Sal C. Puedes

Christmas was approaching. My mission began with a phone call from a "coyote" -- someone who smuggles undocumented persons into the United States.

The stern, monotone voice on the telephone said my aunt and niece were being held in a house in East Los Angeles. The balance due him was \$500. Cash. Money for hostages. I wasn't supposed to be involved in the transaction, but when the pick-up person backed away at the last minute, the task was left to me.

I felt like I was trapped in the pages of a spy novel. The voice detailed the plan for our exchange, and I agreed to follow it. I was to wait for a call at the public phone in the parking lot of a fast-food restaurant in East Los Angeles.

The restaurant was busy that night. I was fortunate to find a parking spot near the phone. I waited anxiously in my car for more than 30 minutes. Nothing.

Then, abruptly, the tranquility was shattered by a security guard, tapping on my window with his baton. I couldn't stay parked there unless I bought something, he advised me.

I protested mildly, then conceded to his demand. I didn't want to blow my cover.

I waited in line to place my order, watching the cooks prepare carne asada tacos as the

music alternated between Spanish- and English-language carols. The cooks were experts at creating fantastic tastes with meat.

For a few minutes, the tacos and the music made me forget about my aunt's plight. When I returned to my car, I wondered if the phone had rung. A dark vehicle passed by slowly. The two men inside made eye contact with me. Then they drove off.

Shortly after that, the phone finally rang. It was a different voice, advising me that a car would appear in a few minutes and I was to follow it.

Just as promised, a small, blue car entered the lot. One of its occupants got out and approached me. He told me tersely, "Follow us."

I live outside the Metropolitan Los Angeles area and my small-town driving skills made it difficult for me to follow the blue car as it darted through the evening holiday traffic. The man behind the wheel must have been a native East L.A. driver.

The concentration of lights on Soto Street and the zigzag pattern of their route confused me. Once, I thought an unmarked police car was trailing us.

The journey ended in front of a house on a residential block where the street lights didn't work. Except for a bit of soft illumination coming from a couple of dim porch

lights, I was wrapped in darkness.

In an instant, the driver of the blue car exited and walked over to my car. I handed him 10 \$50 bills and he entered the house. No words were exchanged.

Is this how spies and foreign agents operate, I wondered. Minutes later, I saw the shadows of two figures -- one short, one taller -- emerge from the house and hurry toward my car. As they reached me, I was relieved to see that they were my aunt and 6-year-old niece. They climbed in quickly and we left the dark street in the rear-view mirror.

As East Los Angeles faded behind us, I could see that my niece was still visibly upset and confused by the terror she felt crossing the U.S.-Mexico border. I expected her to cry, but she didn't.

The deep lines on my aunt's forehead dissolved, even though her ankle was swollen and she felt some pain. She recounted how the migrante -- the Border Patrol -- chased them in the border hills and she had fallen and twisted her ankle.

Neither my aunt nor my niece had had anything to eat since the night before, so I pulled off the freeway to stop at a McDonald's. My niece ordered a Happy Meal and finally smiled. The rest of the way home, they slept, holding onto each other tightly.

News Briefs

Study Tracks Gang Members' Migration

A mass migration of gang members across the country has occurred in recent years, according to a new study, but most police officials surveyed said they believed that drug trafficking and other crime would have flourished in the communities even without the newcomers, reports The New York Times.

In the study, researchers at the University of Southern California asked law-enforcement officials, gang members and community group organizers in nearly 1,100 American cities about gang migration. Of the nearly 600 cities that could provide estimates, more than half reported the arrival of at least 10 new gang members in the previous year.

The study, financed by the Department of Justice, comes after nearly a decade of increasing youth street violence. Researchers found that communities in the survey reported that an influx of new gang members rose from a few dozen before 1986 to at least 800 in 1992.

But the study's author, Cheryl L. Maxson, a sociology professor at the university, disputes much of the recent attention given to gangs branching out to establish drug networks. Though many gangs may assume the names and culture of groups in other communities, and exacerbate already existing crime, she said they are largely independent.

Ms. Maxson said that while 20 percent of gang members changed residence to traffic drugs, the primary reasons for moving were family and jobs. A third of cities surveyed cited Los Angeles as the primary source of migrating gang members, and 14 percent said Chicago. Most gang members moved to communities within 100 miles of their old homes.

Certain regions of the United States were more popular with migrating gang members than others, reflecting the predominant moving patterns of all Americans in recent years. The West was the destination of 44 percent of gang members who moved, followed by the Midwest, 26 percent, the South, 25 percent, and the Northeast, 5 percent.

Administration Releases Money for Heating Program

Defying a House plan to kill the program, the administration on Sunday released \$578 million to help low-income families pay their heating bills, reports Associated Press.

The Low Income Home Energy Assistance Program, or LIHEAP, is one of the points of contention that have held up congressional action on a \$250 billion bill to fund the departments of Labor, Health and Human Services and Education in 1996.

The House version of the Labor-HHS bill does not fund the program. The Senate has proposed \$900 million - \$100 million less than current spending set in the 1995 budget for 1996 programs.

House Republicans say that LIHEAP is a relic of the oil crisis in the 1970s when sharply rising heating costs caused widespread hardships in northern states. But their claims that the program has outlived its usefulness have been resisted by Democrats and many northern state Republicans.

Rep. Bernard Sanders, an independent from Vermont, praised the White House for releasing the funding in preparation for a freezing winter. The heating assistance program includes \$3.2 million for Vermont.

"What we didn't want to see happening was that in the midst of all the squabbling in Congress, people going cold and finally this money being released in July," Sanders said. "I'm really delighted that the president has responded as quickly as he has."

Census Report Dispels Stereotype of WIC Mother

Contrary to the image some people have of women on welfare, a new survey found more than half the mothers in a supplemental food program were married and 54 percent had graduated from high school, reports Associated Press.

The Census Bureau report released Monday reviewed mothers in the Special Supplemental Food Program for Women, Infants and Children, which is intended to bolster the health of pregnant or breast-feeding women and of children under 5.

"I suspect that it will say something that some people didn't know before," said Leslie Wolfe, president of the Center for Women Policy Studies. "The mothers who benefit from WIC really aren't much different from women who don't get WIC support."

The study looked at the 2.4 million mothers ages 15 to 44 in the program in the summer of 1993. They comprise almost 7 percent of the nation's 36 million mothers.

Advocates for the poor say a skewed portrait of welfare recipients has emerged from the debate to overhaul the nation's welfare system. Welfare mothers are stereotypically held to be teen-age, unmarried, high school dropouts.

Fifty-four percent of mothers in WIC had at least high school diplomas. Comparatively, 84 percent of mothers not in WIC had at least high school diplomas.

About 55 percent of the mothers in WIC were married, although only 46 percent of the total lived with their husbands. Unwed mothers accounted for the rest. In contrast, 75 percent of mothers not in WIC were married, and only 11 percent had never wed. WIC mothers tended to be younger, 26 on average. Nonparticipants, on average, were 34.

About one in 16 mothers of childbearing age was enrolled in the program, compared with one in 10 black mothers. One Hispanic mother in eight ages 15 to 44 participated, and half of them were foreign-born.

Mothers on WIC were less likely to work. About one-quarter in the program said they had had a job in the month before they were questioned, compared with two-thirds of other mothers.

My mission had been successful. I had rescued two members of my family from the hurtful conditions created by two neighbor nations. The family holiday reunion began.

The Cold War with Russia has long been declared extinguished, but international intrigue continues on the streets of East Los Angeles.



Feliz Navidad y Prospero Año Nuevo

Pancho Clos is Santa's Cousin

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 Elves 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 Elves and were even demanding that a new string of trees be developed in order to grow female Elves, to be called Elfs -- 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 Elves was harvested off the trees, Santa II was quick to reach an agreement with EWOW. More trees were planted and even an Elf tree was planted. You can bet that all the Elves were very anxious to harvest the first Elf tree.

In order to keep Puri happy, Santa II insisted that the new Elves 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 launched 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 laid all the Easter eggs.

It seems that the Easter Bunny was demanding that more and more eggs be laid by the chickens. The chicken, taking the suggestions of EWOW and the Elves 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.

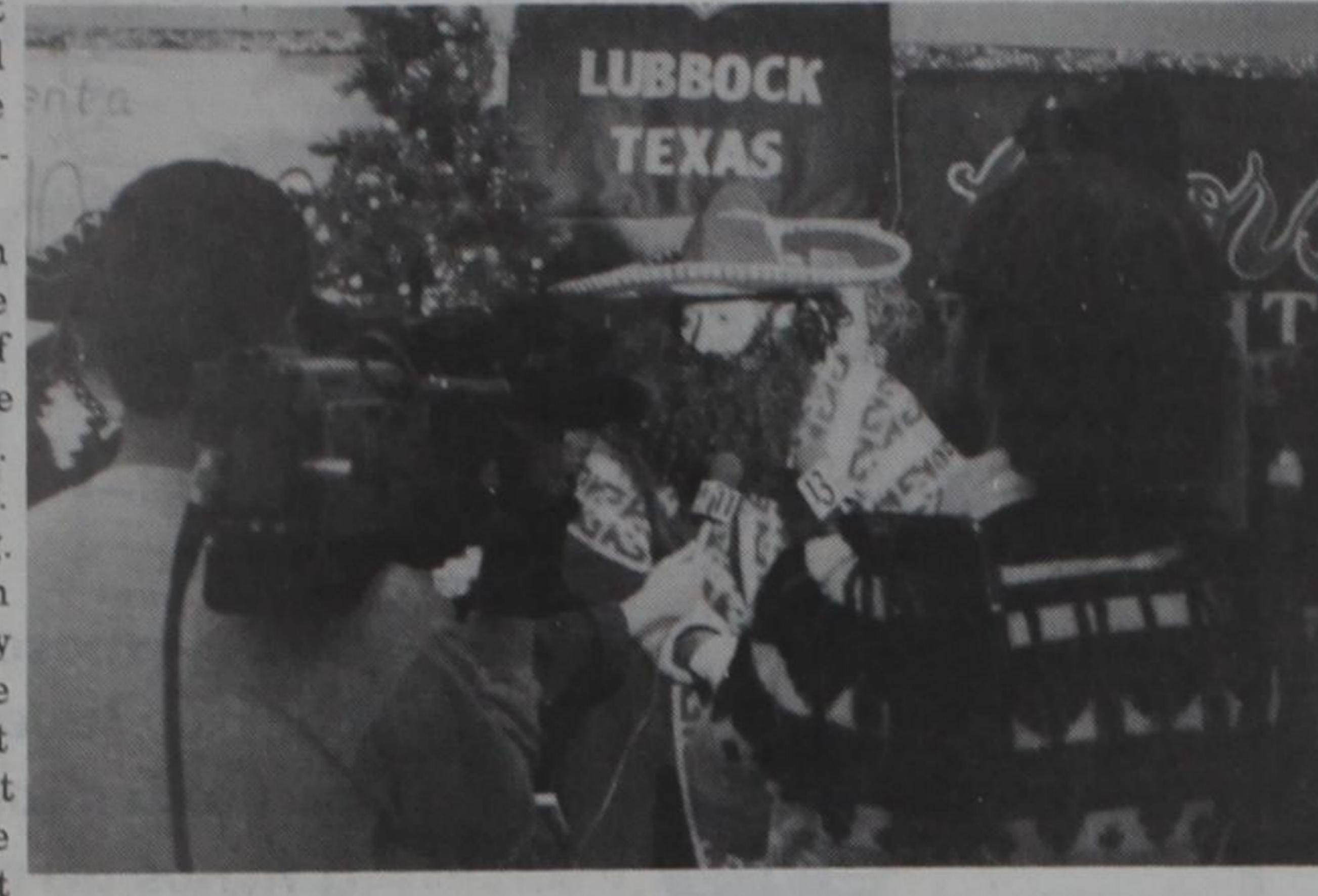
Well after Santa Jr. and Santa II died, the job of spreading cheer and gifts to all the children of the world fell upon their sons Santa and Pancho.

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 forgot 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, Camilo, 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!



Pancho Clos is Santa's Cousin

Historia Original

Santa Claus No. 1, no dijo nada por un rato. Luego se rio con esa risa tan popular de él, 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, extrañó 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 concistía de Santa Claus No. 2 (hermano de Santa Claus No. 1), Pancho Claus (hijo) y Pura Claus. "Puri Clos" le decía Santa. Un día Santa Claus No. 2 decidió ir a visitar Santa No. 1 que se había 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. Si, 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 empeño de repartir canastas llenas de huevos en el día Easter, se organizaron todas y empezaron un



plan para eliminar 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.

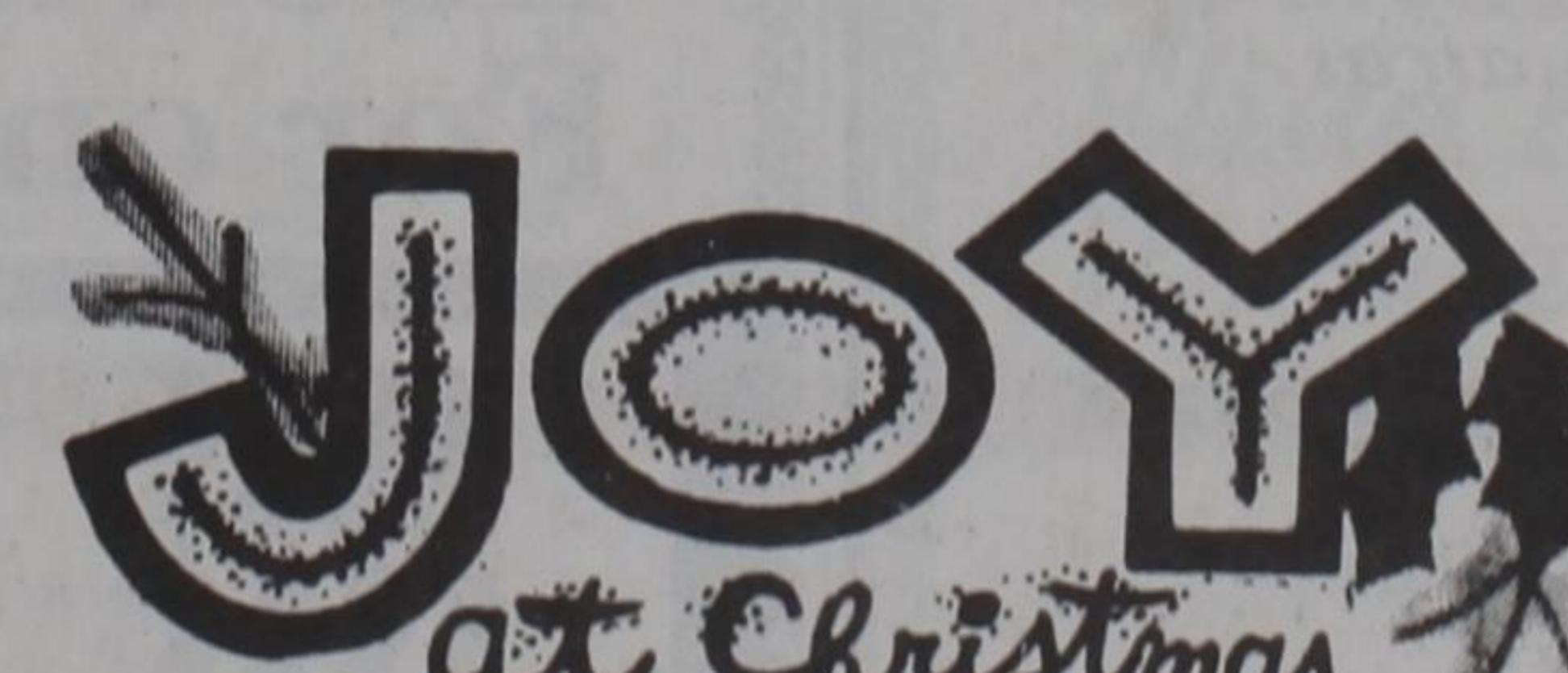
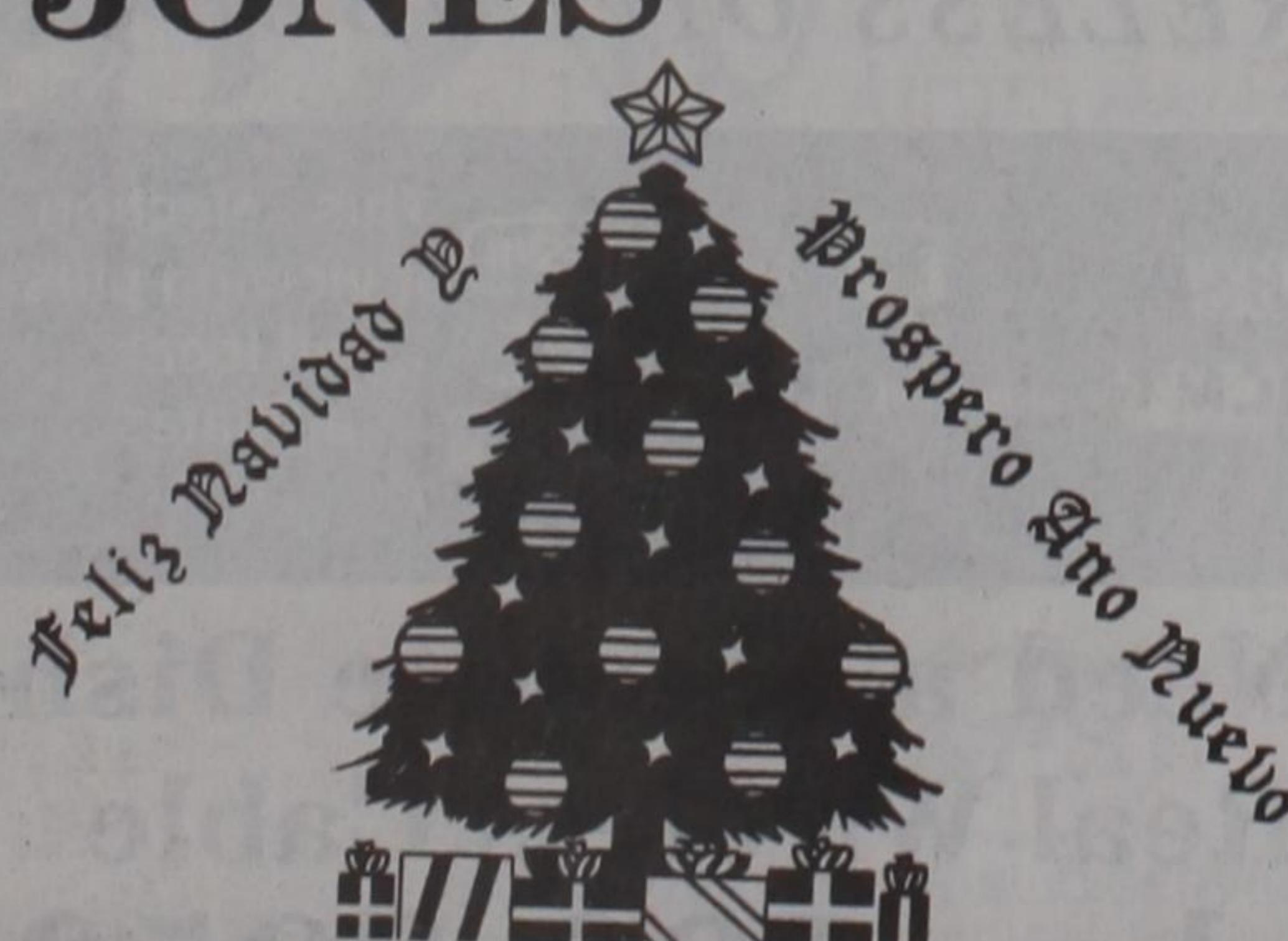
Santa Claus siguió la tradición y no quiso cambiar nada de las costumbres de su padre.

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. Así es, aunque estos dos son primos hermanos, existe cierta diferencia entre ambas personalidades. Y no es de sorprenderse si lo oyen que grito: Viva la Raza, porque también pertenece a La Raza Unida y es bilíngüe. Además es miembro del G.I. Forum.

State Representative

DELWIN JONES



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 marshmellowed. 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

Niños de Navidad

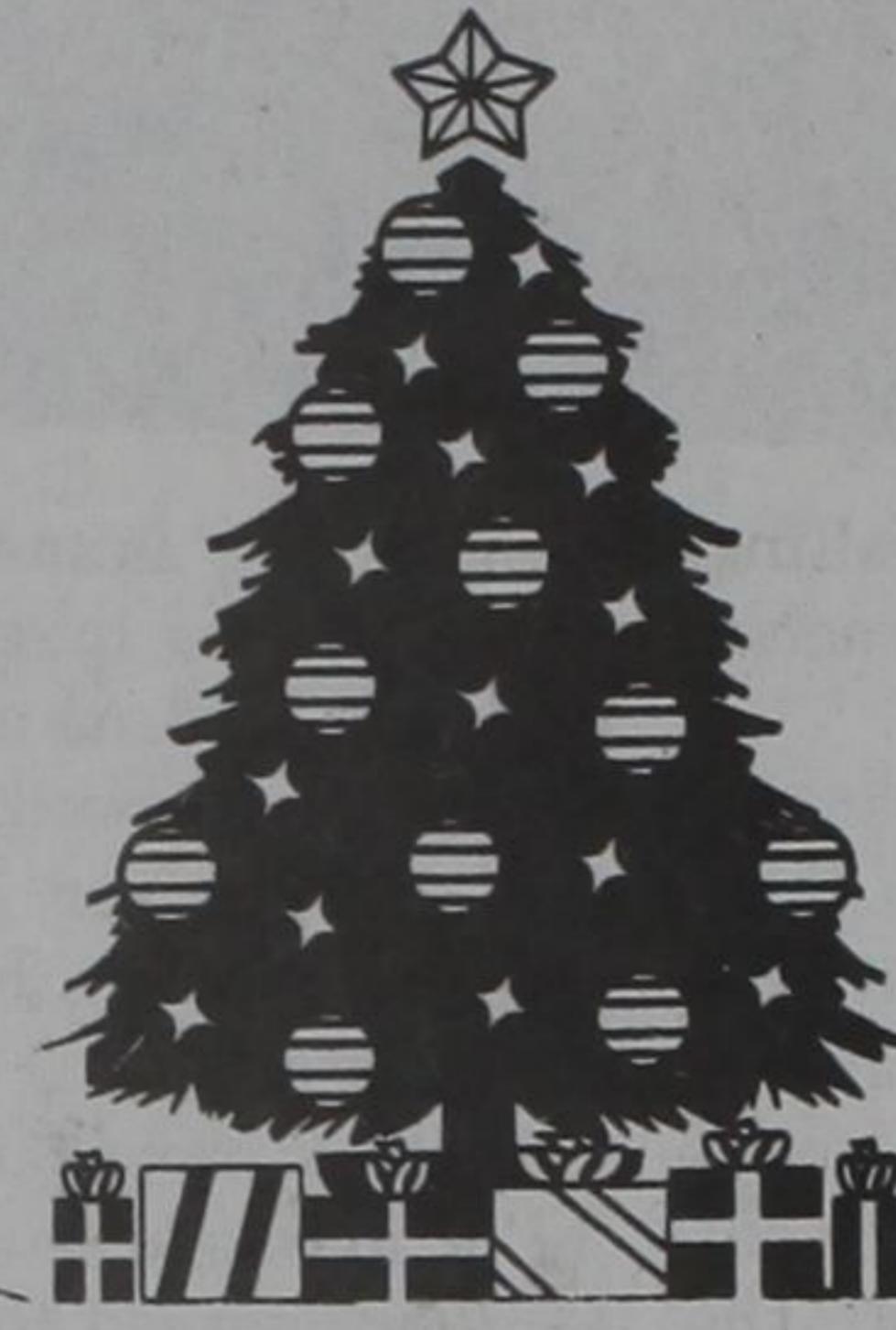
Ya viene la Navidad
Ya se oyen las campanas,
Y se devisan los niños
Mirando por las ventanas.

Ya viene Santo Claus
Ya se devisan los venaditos,
Portes en 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 manda a su hijito,
Para compartir 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

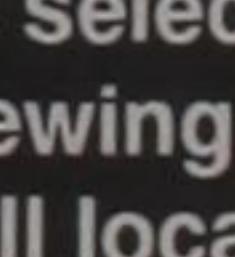
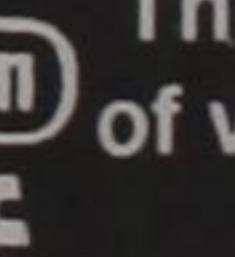
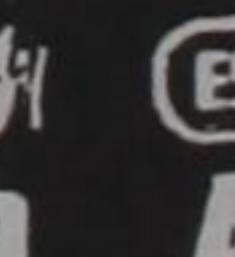
Services
available now
in Lubbock and
the surrounding
counties

TNT TBS

USA

CMT

SHOWTIME



This selection
of viewing plus
all local
affiliates

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

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 F - 762-6499

Sr. y Sra. Gilbert Estrada y Familia

Season's Greetings



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, compasión, esperanza y fe.

Gratitud, por las muchas bendiciones en este país
y por las dificultades que han quedado atrás.

Compasión, 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 espíritu 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.

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. Fué 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. 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 transplante 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 período 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 traspaso 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 recibiera otros tres, pero el segundo -- el número cinco del total -- casi me mató.

No recuerdo la mitad de ese último período 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.

Navidad

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, muscular 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 juntas 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 pense: Rayos, este tipo es real-

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**

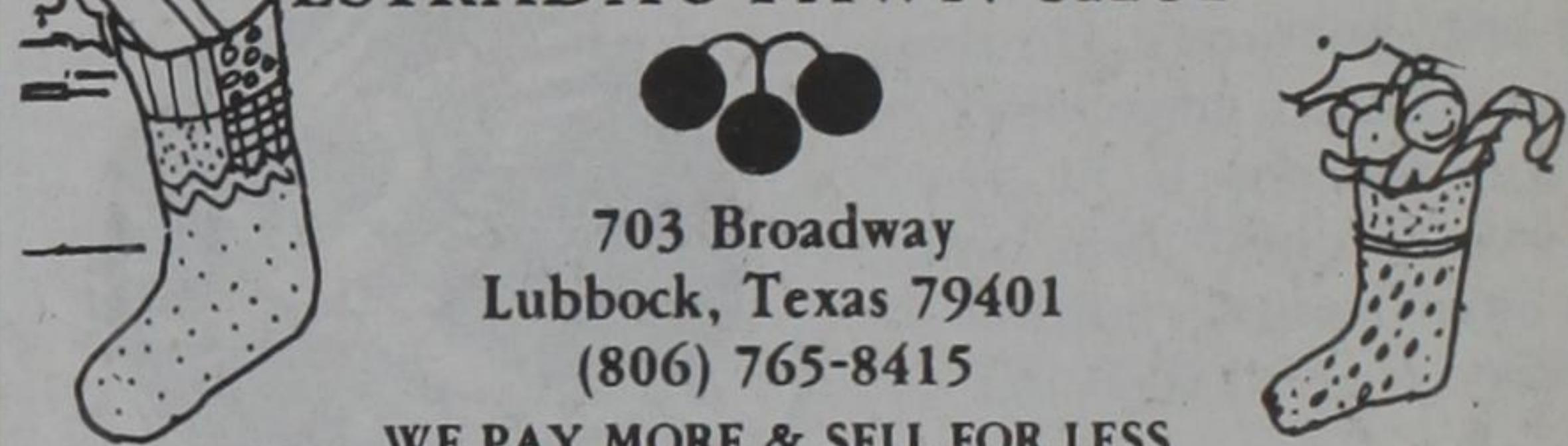


*Merry
Christmas*

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

Happy 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**



Christmas Greetings



Expert Printing for All Your Commercial Needs

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

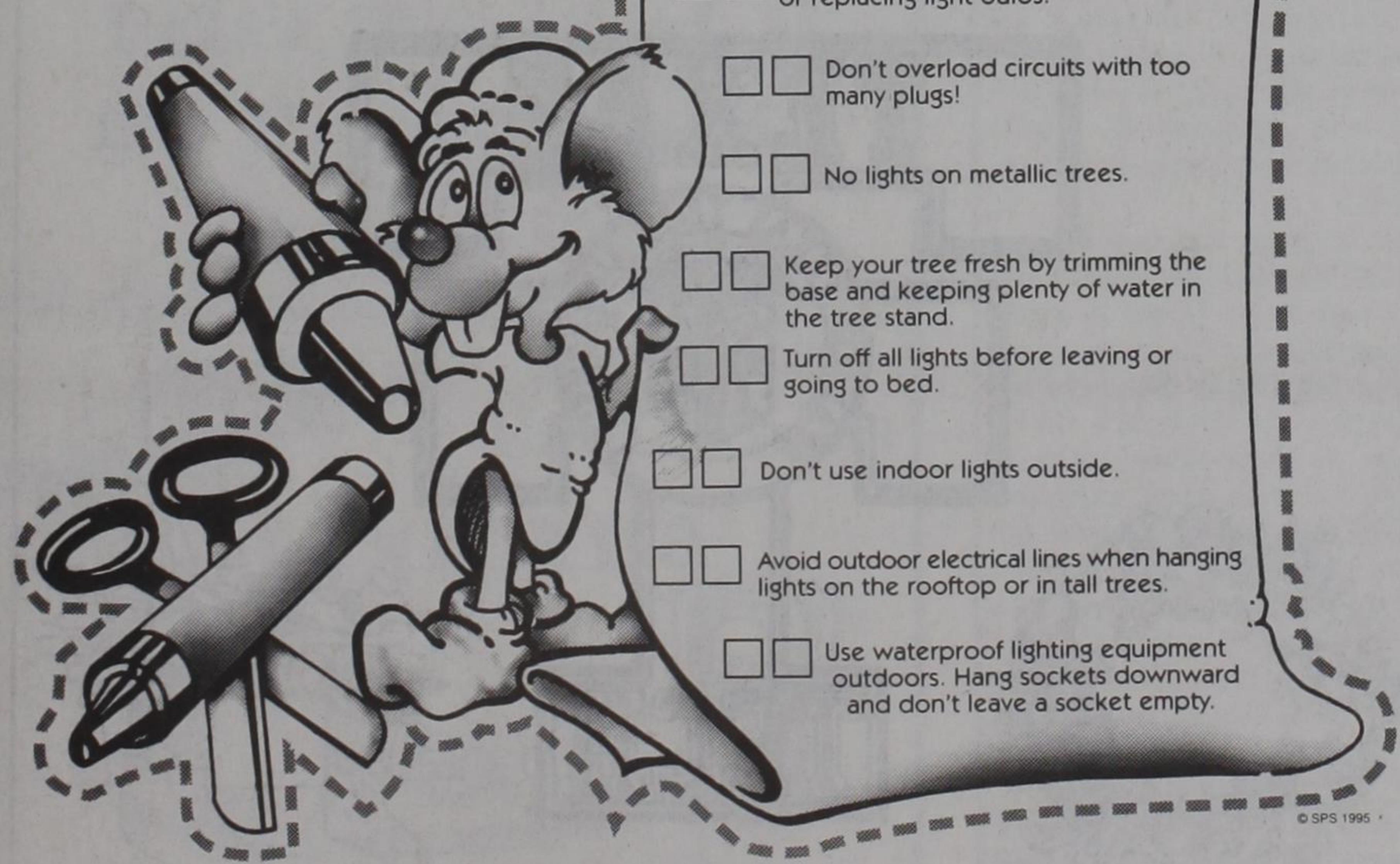
COLOR IT! CLIP IT! And check it twice!

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.

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 cruellest 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 remembered UCLA, laughed to myself, and did 10 more wind sprints. Merry Christmas.

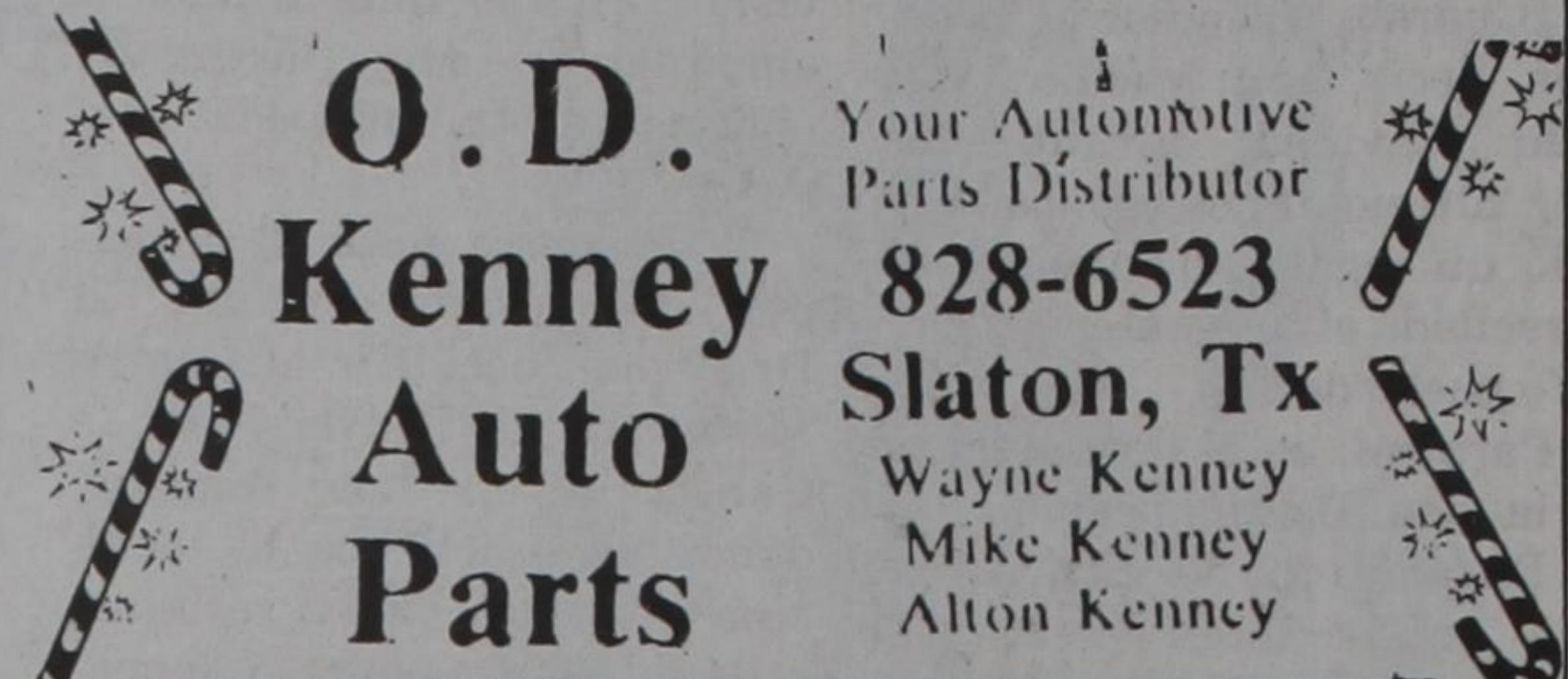
(Rick Martinez is a reporter and columnist with the San Antonio Express-News.)

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

Subscribe Call
763-3841

Feliz Navidad

Feliz Navidad Y Prospero Año Nuevo



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

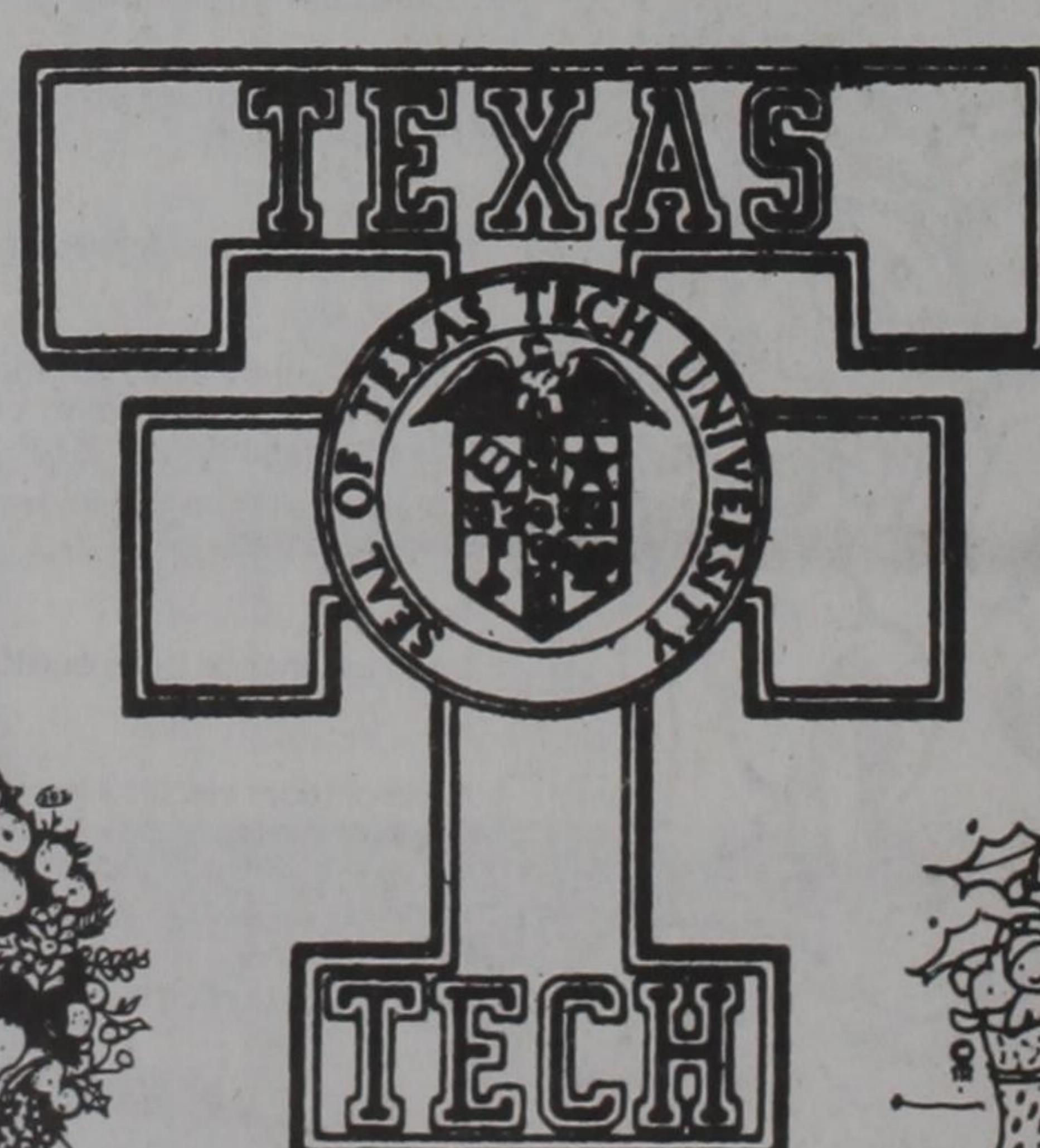
DAVID MARTINEZ Attorney at Law

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

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



*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



Un Rayito De Luz

Por Sofía Martinez

Los hombres de negocio saben muy bien la manera de ganar mucho, con poco dinero. Los anuncios comerciales nos dan ideas para jugar competencias y nos hagamos deseos de tener mas cosas, y gastemos mas dinero para que los negocios de otros progresen y crezcan en sus ganancias.

Cuando vemos en el Evangelio el desprendimiento que tuvo Jesucristo sobre la vida, puede ser que Sus palabras nos parezcan "sin razon", como que estan dirigidas a gentes de otro mundo. Pero, ahí se quedaron escritas para los que estamos viviendo en este mundo decidios a seguir a Cristo, que una vez dijo: "En verdad les digo que si el grano de trigo no cae en tierra y no muere, queda solo; pero si muere, da mucho fruto". (Juan 12, 20-23).

El fruto nace de una semilla que muere; parece una semilla que se pierde, pero muriendo produce mucho fruto, porque de esa semilla nace la vida. Por eso sigue diciendnos Jesus: "El que ama su vida la destruye; y el que despicia su vida en este mundo, la conserva

para la Vida Eterna". (Juan 12).

Jesus nos habla del amor y de la destrucción porque esta convencido del sentido y del valor de Su propia entrega. Antes de morir en la cruz dijo: "Siento, en este momento, una angustia terrible...Le dire al Padre: 'Librame de esta pena? Pero para esto vine al mundo...Padre, glorifica tu nombre". Y se oyo una voz del cielo, que decia: "Ya lo he glorificado, y lo voy a glorificar otra vez." (Jn. 12, 23-24). La hora de Cristo es la hora de la verdad, y la hora de la prueba, y la hora de la muerte. Jesus se estremecio ante aquella realidad, pero no desobedecio y acepto la muerte porque esa era la voluntad de Dios Padre. Para nosotros nos parece que fue un fracaso; pero para Dios, fue el momento de glorificación porque fue reconocido como "El Dios de Amor" que nos salvo mediante la muerte de Su Hijo. (Juan 3,16).

La muerte de Jesucristo nos ha convencido a los que hemos decidido seguirle. Ya habia dicho Jesus: "El que quiera servirme, que me siga, y donde yo este, allí estará el que me sirva. Si alguien me sirve, mi Padre le dara honor"...Seguir a Cristo, y estar donde El este, debe de ser la principal Regla de los cristianos. Es decir: seguir el ejemplo de vivir como vivio Jesus, aqui en la tierra, dandole gusto a Su Padre en todo momento. (Juan 8,29).

SOLO CRISTO
NUESTRO UNICO Y SUFFICIENTE
SUMO SACERDOTE
Por Pastor Frank Garcia

"Mas venido el cumplimiento del tiempo, Dios envió a su Hijo, hecho de mujer". Gálatas 4:4. "Por lo cual debía ser en todo semejante a los hermanos". Hebreos 2:17. "Sometió todas las cosas debajo de sus pies, y dió por cabeza sobre todas la cosas a la iglesia". Efesios 1:22. "Llegémonos pues, confiadamente al trono de la gracia para alcanzar misericordia" Hebreos 4:16. "Por tanto hermanos santos, participantes de la vocación celestial, considerar al Apóstol y Pontífice de nuestra profesión" Hebreos 3:1. En nuestro último versículo se nos invita a CONSIDERAR ¿Qué debemos considerar? Que este Pórtico (Cristo) fue enviado de Dios. El término Hijo, se refiere a su persona. El nombre CRISTO se refiere a su oficio. Estaba con Dios; pero fué enviado a ser el CRISTO de Dios. Los profetas fueron enviados por Dios; Cristo fue enviado de Dios. Cristo dijo "Rogad al Padre que envie obreros a mis mías." Por lo que vemos que la obra de Dios no se debe hacer por gusto, sino por llamamiento santo de Dios. Pero si alguna persona no es llamada para hacer la obra. ¡CUIDADO!

Cristo es llamado Sumo Sacerdote y los hijos de Dios son llamados su casa. También son llamados su iglesia. Y que Dios les dió a Cristo por cabeza de la iglesia, siendo ellos su cuerpo.

Y ésto suena bien, porque como la religión de Cristo no es de este mundo, sino del cielo, ESPIRITUAL, entonces Dios no le dió cabeza humana, sino que El le dió a su Hijo por cabeza. Pero si nosotros al descender damos con algunos grupos religiosos que tienen como cabeza a cabezas humanas, ¡CUIDADO! Porque si algún humano piensa que puede ser cabeza de la iglesia, entonces que lo demuestre...con las señales de los clavos en las manos, pies y costado y en sus sienes. Y si no puede, que el tal "sea anatemizado". Gál.1:8. Y no importa que tan antigua sea, así de antigua a sido su necesidad del perdón de sus pecados. siendo una mera forma de religión.

"Empero Dios, habiendo disimulado los tiempos de esta ignorancia, ahora denuncia a todos los hombres en todos los lugares que se arrepientan." Hechos 17:30.

QUE TENGAN UNA MUY FELIZ NAVIDAD, Y UN MUY PRÓSPERO AÑO NUEVO 1996 EN CRISTO JESÚS SEÑOR NUESTRO.

P.O.Box 207 Lubbock, Tx 79408-207



Read It First In EL EDITOR Call: 763-3841

Prepare yourself for college.

PART TIME

\$8.75/Hr

People needed to prepare labels, flexible hours/local area, no experience necessary

1-809-474-4291 Ext. 203 int 1d

PARTE TIEMPO

\$8.75/Hr

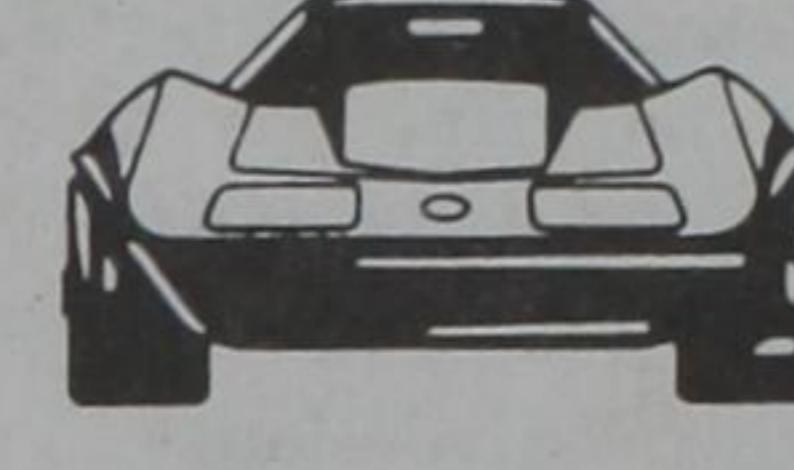
Se necesita gente para preparar marbetes, horas flexibles/area local no se necesita experiencia

Llame 1-809-474-3398 Ext. 486 int 1d

For the Savings Bond Investor Information pamphlet, write U.S. Savings Bonds, Washington, DC 20226.

Take Stock in America U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

TECHNIQUE DETAIL & HAND CAR WASH



AUTO APPEARANCE SPECIALIST
HANDWASH
HANDWAX
COMPLETE
DETAIL
1101 16TH ST.



ESTO ES VERDAD. QUE LO QUE PUEDEN HACER 6 PERSONAS A MANO EN 8 HORAS EN EL TRABAJO DE LOS TAMALES, CON ESTE TAMOLINO LO HACEN 3 PERSONAS Y EN #2 1/2 HORAS.

LO QUE HACE ESTE TAMOLINO ES PONER LA MASA EN LA HOJA, O SEA, EMBARRAR; QUE ES EL MÁS TRABAJO EN LA LABOR DE LOS TAMALES. Y LO HACE TAN PRÓNTO, COMO LA PERSONA PUEDA MOVER SUS MANOS AL USARLO. LA MASA YA SALE PLANA; ES ELÉCTRICO, Y CONTROLA LA MASA CON UN PEDAL DE PIE.

ES PEQUEÑO DE TAMAÑO PERO GRANDE EN PODER. SE HAN HECHO HASTA 100 DOCENAS DE TAMALES CON ESTE TAMOLINO. YA MÁS DE 60 PERSONAS ESTÁN USANDO ESTE TAMOLINO; Y 60, TAMALEROS NO PUEDEN ESTAR EQUIVOCADOS.

PARA MÁS INFORMACIÓN, ENVÍE UN SOBRE ESTAMPILLADO CON SU DIRECCIÓN A F.G. 1505 E 8TH LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79403.

Call 763-3841 - Today

SONRISA PHOTOGRAPHY

Omar Rodriguez - Photographer
(806) 763-2848

Subscribase Ahora
A El Editor
Llame a Bob
806-763-3841

**Subscribe Call
763-3841**

**PROFESSIONAL
D-J SERVICES
G & L Productions**
Tejano, Top 40, Oldies,
Plenty of Music
GOOD RATES
CALL 765-0679

VAN FOR SALE

1978 3/4 TON DODGE VAN. GOOD CONDITION \$1,000. CALL 747-7775

AVISO

Latinos en el estado de Texas han sufrido, en creciente hostilidades e intimidación por sus empleadores por el uso del Español en el trabajo. Muchos negocios también han adoptado reglas que prohíben a los empleados hablar en Español en el trabajo.

El Título VII de la Ley de Derechos Civiles de 1964 protege a las personas contra la discriminación en el empleo por razón de que hablen Inglés exclusivamente durante horas de trabajo puede violar el Título VII, menos que el empleador demuestre que es necesario para el buen funcionamiento de su negocio. Segun las reglas de la Comision Federal de Igualdad de Oportunidades de Empleo (EEOC), para mostrar una necesidad de negocio, un empleador debe establecer que la regla es necesaria para un seguro y eficiente cumplimiento del trabajo.

El Fondo Mexicoamericano para la Defensa Legal y La Educación (MALDEF, siglas en Ingles) y el Proyecto de Derechos para Inmigrantes Regugiados del Comite de Abogados para los Derechos Civiles son organizaciones que promueven y protegen los derechos civiles de los latinos que viven en los Estados Unidos.

Si usted siente que sus derechos están siendo negados por las reglas de "solamente-ingles" en el trabajo, en violacion del Título VII de la ley de Derechos Civiles de 1964, por favor llame al (210) 224-5476 o 1-800-646-1237. MALDEF y el comite de Abogados para los Derechos Civiles quieren su asistencia para identificar estos violadores.

NOTICE

Latinos in the state of Texas are increasingly experiencing hostilities and intimidation from their employers because of their use of Spanish in the workplace. Many businesses have also implemented policies prohibiting employees from speaking Spanish on the job.

Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibits employment discrimination on the basis of national origin. Rules requiring employees to speak only English at all times on the job may violate Title VII, unless an employer shows it is necessary for conducting business. According to Equal Employment Opportunity commission (EEOC) guidelines, in order for business necessity to be established, an employer must establish that the practice is necessary to safe and efficient job performance or to the safe and efficient operation of the business.

The Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund (MALDEF) and the Lawyer's Committee for Civil Rights Under Law of Texas, Immigrant and Refugee Rights Project are non-profit, public interest law firms that promote and protect the civil rights of Latinos in the United States.

If you feel that your rights are being denied by English-only rules and policies, in violation of Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, please contact (210) 224-5476 or 1-800-646-1237. MALDEF and the Lawyer's Committee for Civil Rights would like your assistance in identifying these violators.

NEWSCHANNEL 11

KCBD-TV LUBBOCK

Position Open

Newschannel 11, has an opening in its News Department for general assignments reporter. Prefer degree in Journalism or Telecommunications along with experience in News at a commercial television station. Send Resume and Nonreturnable 3/4" or VHS tape to Dave Walker, News Director, 5600 Avenue A, Lubbock, TX 79404. No phone calls please. EOE.

JOB OPPORTUNITIES AT TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY

GROUNDSKEEPER 1: Department of Grounds Maintenance has openings for temporary Groundskeeper 1. Requires: Ability to learn the practices, materials, tools, and machines used in growing and caring for lawns, shrubbery, flowers and trees. Ability to perform moderately heavy physical work and to remain outdoors in all types of weather. Ability to understand and follow simple instructions. Ability to lift 50 pounds comfortably. Valid Texas Driver's License required. This is designated as a Security Sensitive post. Apply at Texas Tech University Personnel Department, Drane Hall Room 143. EEO/AA/Americans with Disabilities Act/Employer.

EQUIPMENT OPERATOR 1: Department of Grounds Maintenance has openings for temporary Equipment Operator 1. Requires: Two years experience in operation of light, medium, and heavy equipment. Texas Class A Commercial Driver's License. This is a security sensitive position. Apply at Texas Tech University Personnel Department, Drane Hall Room 143. EEO/AA/Americans with Disabilities Act/Employer.

EQUIPMENT OPERATOR 11: Department of Grounds Maintenance has openings for Temporary Equipment Operator 1. Requires: Two years experience in equipment operation in grounds maintenance landscape construction. Texas Class A Commercial Driver's License. This is a security sensitive position. Apply at Texas Tech University Personnel Department, Drane Hall Room 143. EEO/AA/Americans with Disabilities Act/Employer.

TECHNICIAN 1: Department of Grounds Maintenance has openings for Temporary Technician 1. Requires: One year of technical experience in performing skilled routine functions in the operation, inspection, and/or assembly of equipment used to perform various scientific and mathematical tasks. Basic computer skills are required. Ability to inventory and maintain inventory of landscape construction, and landscape maintenance materials. This is a security sensitive position. Apply at Texas Tech University Personnel Department, Drane Hall Room 143. EEO/AA/Americans with Disabilities Act/Employer.

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ON JOBS AVAILABLE AT TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY CALL OUR JOB LINE AT 806-742-2211

Lo Mejor En Comida

Mexicana

Montelongo's Restaurant
3021 Clovis Rd - 762-3068

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 furnishes 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 Víctor 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 Jesus 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
- Uniforms & equipment provided
- Paid training
- 15 vacation days, 9 paid holidays a year
- Pay raise & promotion opportunities
- 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

**JAYME GARCIA
LES DESEA**
*Season's
Greetings*

1220 Broadway -- 744-1984

DALLAS 31
VISITORS 3

ALLIED FINANCE

DEUDAS PAGADAS

GANAS \$500

¡Y DALE UNA PATADA A TUS DEUDAS!

¡Imaginate el poder adquirir todas las cosas que tú siempre has querido! Con Allied Finance como tú 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.

¡Llámalo 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 KXTG - AM - 95 Radio Fiesta.

-Cuando anuncien el nombre del jugador escribe su nombre, la fecha del juego, y/o el equipo contrario 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 en el estadio de fútbol de \$500.00 cada uno, y un gran premio de \$5,000.00 en la "Final de Temporada de Fútbol". No es necesario estar presente para ganar. Debe tener 18 años para participar. Una forma semanal por familia. Podrá participar en el sorteo, adquiriendo al cuadro de suceder participante de ALLIED FINANCE o enviándole la forma por correo o 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 a 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-27 #208
PLAINVIEW TWIN CTR
PLAINVIEW, TEXAS 79072
(806) 293-4421
FAX (806) 293-3838

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

CHRISTOPHER SMITH
6605-140 W. BLVD. BLDG. A
AMARILLO, TEXAS 79106
(806) 355-0101
FAX (806) 352-6721

CARY RICHIEY
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

APPLICACION			
NOMBRE _____	DIRECCION _____	CIUDAD _____	ESTADO _____
CÓDIGO POSTAL _____		TELÉFONO RESIDENCIA/TRAJO _____	
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 COMPAÑIA 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 TOME EN CONSIDERACION PARA SU PRESTAMO.			
FECHA: _____ / _____ / _____		FIRMA: _____	