



**OPPORTUNITY  
NEWS**

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This newspaper  
is a publication  
of the

VALLEY MIGRANT LEAGUE  
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"We must open the doors of opportunity. But we must also equip our people to walk through those doors."

Lyndon B. Johnson  
President  
United States

"Surely, it is not beyond our resources nor our ingenuity to include in our war against poverty these always 'excluded' Americans (the migrants)."

Sargent Shriver  
Director

Office of Economic Opportunity

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OPPORTUNITY NEWS is published weekly for free distribution to seasonal farm workers of this area, and to persons interested in the activities of the VALLEY MIGRANT LEAGUE.

## A letter to our readers from Darlene Harris, North Plains

As a regular reader of your quite exceptionally factual and concise paper, I find little to disagree with. However, there sometimes comes along an article that demands refutation. Such as "HOW DID WE GET TO OREGON" by Priscilla Carrasco.

I have never seen so much misinformation dreamed up, or gathered up, or however the source might have been, come under one heading. I am taking the advantage of "Freedom of Speech", a term which applies to the press, and state that I am inclined to believe that Miss Carrasco cannot, and must not, measure the State of Oregon with the usual yardstick. The farmers of Oregon need the farm workers and, in the same manner, these workers need the Oregon farms. I would suggest that this writer do some research on "HOW WE FARMERS GET THE PEOPLE TO OREGON", before she prints another article that does not fit and is not a straight source.

Each of us must contribute something special to the farmers of Oregon for their untiring effort, particularly to the abundant crops of food for these people to harvest, and the many hours of labor, and their near all profit of these crops, that go into the making of a labor camp. The tiring and expensive trips to the South to deliver the "sometimes near starvation diet" people to Oregon, but I have yet to hear a farmer make any com-

plaint.

While I have no financial stake in this matter, it is personal with me. My son owns and operates one of the larger labor camps and is among the group of farmers. My three sons were born and raised in the South, and we admire and respect the entire Mexican race.

No one could ever convince me that a Mexican mother would ever permit her little ones to ride on one bus while she rode on another one. They are devout mothers. And I quote, "We sat on blankets, we froze to death, we had no blankets." No Mexican mother would ever let her little one freeze if there were blankets available.

I rode one of the busses to the South and, on the return trip, with 42 passengers aboard. It was a tiring trip. For three days and nights I stayed up and awake to see that all were as comfortable as was possible. Each passenger was well aware of the long trip ahead of us, at the time of departure. Yes, our food on the return trip was cold. The busses are not equipped to serve hot meals.

Miss Carrasco is not familiar with her own people and their habits. She is far from being exact and writes as if she has vague ideas. She has used terms which cover up the gaps between measurable facts.

Having been born and raised in the still poverty stricken areas of the South, I have a deep feeling for the Mexican people, especial-

ly those that I see here now, that have food a plenty for their families, after seeing with my own eyes the near starvation diet they were on before coming to Oregon.

I thank God for this wonderful state of Oregon with its natural beauty and its many opportunities. May we never see the day the farmers of Oregon cannot provide these busses for the transportation of the Mexican people.

I have spoken frankly and with feeling, to both audiences, the Oregon farmer and the Mexican people, and I sincerely hope that I have not troubled Miss Carrasco,

Let us all "see the best" and not harrass the good that the Oregon farmer is doing.

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### PRISCILLA CARRASCO REPLIES

The article "How Did We Get To Oregon?" consisted of quotes from adults and children in one labor camp. Quotes gathered from the labor camp of Ron Tankersley, Darlene Harris' son, would certainly be of value.

The **Opportunity News** realizes that there are some growers and contractors who know their responsibility in their treatment of fellow humans who work for them. We shall continue to write until all growers and contractors accept this responsibility. — Priscilla Carrasco.

## A LITTLE STORY

Here is a little story.

It begins with a baseball game near the schoolhouse. There was a slight accident. The baseball broke a window.

When recess was over and the children returned to their seats, the teacher said, "Children, I want you to have a good time when you play baseball, but I hope you won't break any more windows."

Then a boy in the back of the room jumped up angrily. He shouted, "You're accusing me! It's a lie! I didn't do it!"

End of story.

As we select material for this newspaper, a newspaper concerned with the welfare of migrant workers, we sometimes print pictures and words that say, figuratively (as the teacher said), "We hope that everyone will try to avoid doing damage."

We believe that most of the growers of our crops who read our newspaper will understand that our words are needed and deserved.

The children in the story — most of them — understood that the teacher was being reasonable, even charitable. She was certainly not making an accusation against all of them. This would have been very unjust. Certainly, the children wanted to play baseball without breaking any windows.

So let's get on with the game, whether it's baseball or harvesting crops — being careful to do no damage either to the property or to the lives of the people we're working with.

—D.W.

## UN CUENTITO

Aquí está un cuentito.

Empieza con un partido de béisbol cerca de la escuela. Hubo un pequeño accidente. Se rompió un vidrio de una ventana.

Al terminar la hora de recreo y volver a sus asientos, la maestra dijo a los niños, "Niños, quiero que se diviertan al jugar al béisbol, pero espero que no rompan más vidrios de las ventanas."

En el fondo del cuarto un niño se puso de pie enfadado. Gritó, "Me está acusando! Es mentira! No lo hice!"

El fin de cuento.

Al escoger artículos para este periódico que se interesa en el bienestar de los trabajadores migratorios, algunas veces usamos palabras y fotos que dicen, figurativamente (como dijo la pro-

fesora). "Esperamos que todos eviten hacer daño."

Creemos que la mayor parte de los agricultores quienes leen nuestro periódico comprenderán que lo que decimos es necesario y apropiado.

Los niños del cuentito—la mayor parte—comprendieron que la maestra era razonable, aún caritativa. Es cierto que no les estaba acusando a todos. Esto habría sido muy injusto. Ciertamente los niños querían jugar al béisbol sin romper ningunos vidrios.

Así, sigamos con el partido, sea uno de béisbol o uno de pisar cosechas—teniendo cuidado de no hacer daño ni a la propiedad ni a la vida de las personas con quienes estamos trabajando. — D. W.