

Jefferson tamales yield poetry

Last week the Latin American Club of Jefferson held a tamale sale. The members of the club worked together to prepare tamales and to sell them. Would you believe 166 dozen tamales were sold? After the sale \$100 was added to the club treasury.

Everyone had a good time at the tamale sale. One of the club members wrote a poem about it. Here are a few stanzas:

Solo es pa' pasar el rato

lo que les voy a decir

no quiero ofender a nadie

no se vallan a sentir.

Señores voy a dar lectura

por los que no esten al tanto

lo que en Christmas sucedio

verdaderamente fue un encanto.

Se sabe fue un sacrificio

pero todo era armonia

las probrecitas mujeres

no vieron la luz del día.

La semana pasada El Club Latino Americano de Jefferson tuvo una venta de tamales. Los miembros del club trabajo junto para preparar tamales. Se imagina usted 166 docena tamales!

El club ganó \$100 de la venta. Todo el mundo tuvo un buen tiempo. Uno de los miembros del club escribe un poema de la venta. Aquí están algunos versos:

Huvo bastantes tamales

gracias a nuestras señoras

comenzaron muy temprano

hace quien sabe que horas.

Los primeros muy sabrosos

y el resto un poco cruditos

pero se vendieron todos

y se hicieron centavitos.

Necesitamos mas fondos

nos dijo Juan Gonzalez

abajense con el peso

si quieren comer tamales.

VML OFFERS MANY TYPES OF SERVICES

(Excerpt from an article in the Woodburn Independent)

The Valley Migrant League has come, federally sponsored, to extend, systematize and intensify the work formerly done by volunteer church and civic groups — work directed toward helping the migrant laborer lift himself out of poverty.

To get a full view of the work of VML, one should spend many hours reading the reports. The monthly board reports, for example, would help to give an impression of the scope of its activities.

But these would be only the beginning. From each of the seven VML centers — Sandy, Hillsboro, Dayton, Salem, Aumsville, Independence and Woodburn—come the weekly reports written by opportunity center supervisors; and in addition there are the reports of the various program directors — day care and summer school, adult education, job counseling and on-the-job training; and still others — especially the findings of the research department, which present an overall view for the OEO offices in Washington to use in making comparisons and evaluations.

From a glimpse of some of these records one becomes aware of the many kinds of work done through the efforts of the VML staff members and their VISTA Volunteer helpers; migrant camp workers' camps visited, migrant children tutored in school work to make up for lost months, ill persons transported to doctors' offices and medical centers, translation services given, court assistance provided, health and sanitation conditions reported, drivers' lessons arranged, library services made available, youth clubs organized, migrant leadership encouraged, newspapers delivered to camps, newspapers mailed to migrant families which have returned to home base, poverty discussions provided, financial counsel given, language classes taught, Spanish-American clubs encouraged, high school education made available, college opportunities extended to migrant or ex-migrant sons and daughters, citizen's rights studied and officials invited to provide information, settled families given opportunities to succeed in their new environment.

A Christmas Postscript

By Ken Killary

(Some excerpts from an article, "Christmas Giving, 1966.")

For eleven and a half months of each year we at the Valley Migrant League have a program of self help: housing, education and employment. It is not a give away program. We do not regularly keep boxes of food, toys, or clothing . . . If it were not for the generosity of the churches, there would be no decorated tree at the opportunity center, no party, no food baskets taken to farm worker families in camps and tiny houses around the countryside.

Many additional families were helped through schools and service club donations.

About one hundred children and their parents were at our Christmas party. . . .

The little Indian boy with the new toy truck and the Anglo girl with her set of toy dishes are happy . . . because someone cared.

You ask me how these people feel? I feel with them. I can remember walking down a railroad track as a kid with my brothers and sister picking up coal and putting it in our little wagon to take home for the old pot bellied stove. I can remember "someone" bringing a big box of food to our house at Christmas time with a large smoked ham. As a boy I did not care where it came from.

We needed it. Sure, my mother was embarrassed at receiving food, but we all worked hard and finished school and things got better.

If you are one who gave in 1966, we thank you. If you are one who received, strive for a better tomorrow. If you watched the recent TV programs about the U. S. feeding the starving India, be grateful that we live in this land of plenty and that we have the opportunity to work for a better way of life. As a farm worker how will you help your family to have a better life in 1967?

(Una citas de un artículo "El Acto de Dar en la Navidad, 1966")

Por once y medio meses de cada año, nosotros del VML mantenamos un programa para ayudarse a si mismo: vivienda, educación y empleo. No es un programa de regalar. No tenemos cajas de comida, juguetes ni ropa . . . Si no fuera por la bondad de las iglesias, no habría un árbol de Navidad adornado en el Centro de Oportunidad ni fiesta, ni cestas de comida para llevar a las familias de trabajadores agrícolas quienes viven en los campamentos y en las casitas en los alrededores.

Se han ayudado a muchas familias más, gracias a las escuelas y los clubes de servicio.

Unos cien niños con sus padres asistieron a nuestra fiesta de Navidad.

El chico indio con su camión de juguete y la chica anglo con su juego de platos de juguete están contentos . . . porque a alguien le importaba.

Me pregunta ¿como se sienten estas personas? Siento con ellos. Puedo recordarme de cuando caminaba por los rieles del ferrocarril de niño con mis hermanos y mi hermana recogiendo el carbón para ponerlo en nuestro la estufa vieja. Puedo recordarme de "alguien" quien nos llevaba a la casa un jamon grande en la Navidad. De niño no me importaba de donde venia.

Lo necesitabamos. Seguro que mi mamá se avergonzaba al recibir comida, pero todos trabajamos duro y terminamos la escuela y las cosas se mejoraron.

Si Ud. fue uno que dió en 1966 le damos las gracias. Si Ud. fue uno que recibió, haga todo lo posible para una mejor mañana. Si Ud. vió los programas recientes en la TV acerca de los Estados Unidos dando de comer a los hambrientos de la India, dé gracias que vivimos en esta tierra de abundancia y que tenemos la oportunidad de trabajar para mejorar la vida. Como trabajador agrícola, ¿como piensa Ud. ayudar a mejorar la vida de su familia en 1967?