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¿Qué Tal! February 16, 1971

Mexican American Graduate Studies, San Jose State College

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¡QUÉ TAL!

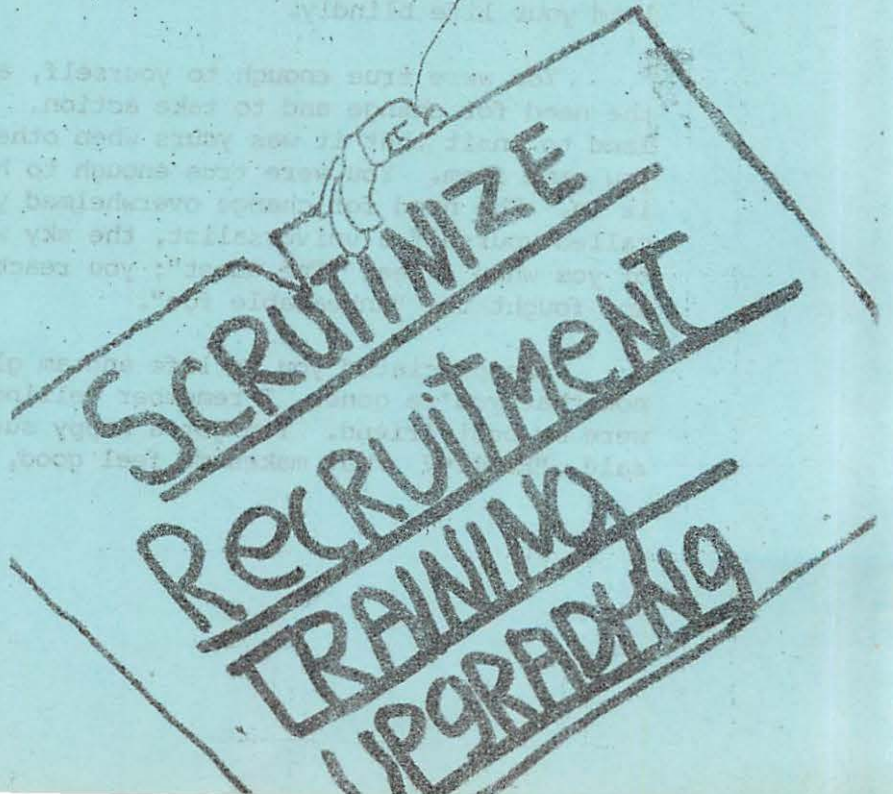
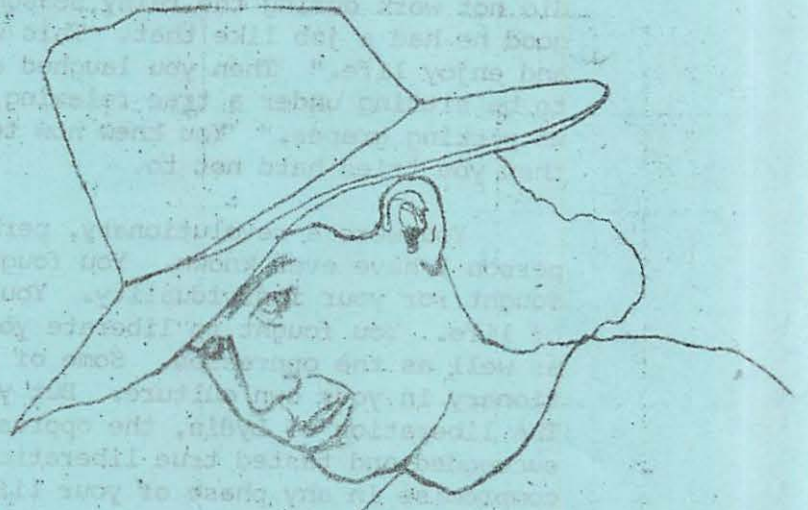
NO. 5 FEBRUARY 16, 1971



EN

MEMORIA
DE

LYDIA
MARTINEZ



To Lydia:

I learned from you in life, and in death you taught me a bitter lesson.

Ours was a true friendship: a complete acceptance of another. We trusted each other and respected each others feelings and our ability to make our own decisions. We confided in each other, and yet, we never gave advice. We listened and knew the other was working out her problems and would come to the decision that was right for her at the time.

In life you helped me to appreciate my own culture but not at the expense of rejecting beauty in other cultures. We learned together that from our two different worlds we could be united in our appreciation and acceptance of each others world. You never claimed not to have prejudices. You said, "I still have hangups, but I'm working hard to get over them." I saw you go to work on them and remember your look of triumph, relief and happiness each time you overcome one.

I admired the way you knew money and material things couldn't bring you happiness. I remember when you told me your husband, Augie, did not work during the rainy season. You said, "I told Augie it was good he had a job like that. This way we can spend more time together and enjoy life." Then you laughed and said, "Maybe we Mexicans do want to be sitting under a tree relaxing, but they won't let us, they keep us picking grapes." You knew how to cry. I only saw you cry once, and then you tried hard not to.

You were a revolutionary, perhaps you were the most revolutionary person I have ever known. You fought the hardest battles of all. You fought for your individuality. You fought for equality in all phases of life. You fought to liberate yourself from the role of oppressor as well as the oppressed. Some of your ideas and actions were revolutionary in your own culture. But you started with your own revolution. The liberation of Lydia, the oppressed, and Lydia, the oppressor. You succeeded and tasted true liberation. You were strong enough to resist compromise in any phase of your life. You were no sheep and did not lead your life blindly.

You were true enough to yourself, and to your culture to see the need for change and to take action. You were true enough to your land to insist that it was yours when others told you to go back where you came from. You were true enough to humanity to see the mess society is in. The need for change overwhelmed you, but you took action. You called yourself a universalist, the sky was your limit. I am reminded of you when I hear "The Quest"; you reached for the "unreachable star" and fought the "unbeatable foe".

I appreciated you in life and am glad I told you so! Especially now that you're gone. I remember telling you how glad I was that you were my best friend. You got a happy surprised look on your face, and said, "Really? That makes me feel good, really proud!" I did not

understand your reaction at the time.

It was a bittersweet lesson I learned after your death. When your family and friends were together trying to comfort one another, your sister introduced me as, "Lydia's best friend." I felt really good, and proud. It was then that I understood your reactions. It is good to know that someone whose friendship you value also values your friendship.

You were good communicating with people. Somehow, it seems you communicated even after death.

During your lifetime, especially just before your death, you talked about the event of your death and how you wanted certain things taken care of. From the time of your death to the time of your funeral it seemed you still communicated your wishes. Your funeral was as you wanted it even though many things met with opposition. It was clear for everyone to see the people and the causes you held dear. Clearly in sight were the NFWA flag, Huelga and Boycott buttons along with other symbols of liberation struggle. During the rosary, the priest discribed you well in his sermon. He mentioned all the organizations you were active in and acknowledged that it was the people and not the organizations that mattered to you. This could easily be seen by the people present. So many people. So many kinds of people. So many different walks of life.

You had a dislike for bells. You even wrote about this dislike in one of your English essays. You said bells were used to condition people like rats in a maze. You said, "You're not even pronounced dead until they ring those bells." People remembered this and even the mass and communion bells did not ring. The songs you wanted were sung by the people you wanted to sing them. As we said our last goddbyes to you, and the only sounds heard were human sounds. The bells did not ring.

Your quite a person and a beautiful human being. Many people love you and find it hard to accept your death. It is hard to accept those things which are painful. We ask why you had to die so young and find no answer; yet, you accomplished a lot in life. It is easy to see that you had a purpose for living. Perhaps this is all we can understand, we must after all accept that which we cannot change.

One of the things that I'll remember most about you is your belief that once people are truly liberated, they realize they need cther people. They realize that we have all been conditioned and that this keeps us from getting together. You believed that people must overcome their conditioning in order to grow freely.

And I'll remember, Lydia, that the bells did not ring.

A Tribute From Zelima Sanchez Williams

* * * To Lydia Martinez * * *

Chicano Library Resource Center
Wahlquist Library
San Jose State University
San Jose, CA. 95192



Note: This is the first in a series of articles
Chicano music and the influence it has had in the
historical and everyday lives of La Raza.

The Corrido is probably the most popular and
influential type of music in the Chicano home. This
type of music goes in very deep into the everyday
lives of the Chicano home. These songs tell stories
that describe an everyday experience that the typical
working-class family can relate to. Songs like
"Tres Dias" and "Me Dicen El Parrandero" describe
the three and four day "parrandas" that the head of
the Chicano family occasionally goes into. I
remember my father singing these two songs to my
mother after he finally decided to come home.

Other corridos describe legendary heroes that
"Machos" love to identify themselves with.
"Cabino Barrera" is one of the all time favorites
such songs. This song tells of "La Vida Loca" that
this "Macho" leads. His conquests of women
(leaving one or two kids in each town), his heavy
drinking, his bar room brawls, and his tragic
death are all told in this romantic corrido.

"El corrido de Visalia" is an example of the
type of song that pokes fun at the poor living
conditions that exist in the circle of poverty.
This song describes a car that is fairly good. All
it needs is a carburetor, a radiator, a couple of
wheels, and four tires. The story is an old one, and one that is remembered by
most of us.

"Nada Contigo" is a song that describes the deep pride that the Chicano man
feels when he has been jilted by the girl he loves. The guy is singing the song
to the girl and he is making excuses for his presence. He is telling her that
if by chance he is singing to her, it is probably a mistake, or he is probably
"bien borracho", which is probably the case.

Chicanos are very sentimental people, and this is very evident in their songs, In my adventures around the country, I have met many people, and I have learned a lot of songs. One thing I have learned is that all around the country Chicanos feel a strong tie with Mexico. There is a very strong feeling of sentimentality and the strong tie with Mexico was evidenced through the two songs we sang most everywhere. "La Cancion Misteca" tells of the great nostalgia felt by the person because he is so far away from "home." "mexico Lindo Y Querido" tops the other songs with the lines, in conveying sentimentality

"Mexico Lindo Y Querido
Si muero lejos de ti
Que digan que estoy dormido
Y que me traigan a ti..."

As I said, the corrido is the song of the everyday person. It covers all the factions of everyday simple life. There are many themes that I did not cover because it would entail a book to do it justice. I only want to clear up and stir some interest in corridos so that the next time you hear one you might listen and pay attention to the words, because as you will find out, they are an educational experience.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

HUELGA OPEN HOUSE FEB. 21st, 1971

237 North 1st Street

Refreshments	Posters
Music	Huelga ponchos
Buttons	Stickers

Recitations of Labor Poems

GOAL: To recruit ideas and funds for future rally in San Jose.

IS THE COUNSELOR
TELLING YOU, YOU'LL
NEVER SUCCEED.



IF YOU MAKE A GOOD FIELD
WORKER, YOU'RE BUILT
CLOSE TO THE GROUND.



BEING CHICANO

IS GETTING IN TROUBLE
FOR SPEAKING
SPANISH.



QUERO IR AL
BAÑO!



Educación

GRADUATION: ¡A - LO - CHICANO!

The man walked up to the podium, saluted his colleagues, greeted the crowd in the stadium (which numbered about 10,000) and proceeded to talk diligently on "the problems of our society." His speech embraced the "hope" in tomorrow's youth." The response of the audience in the stands was remarkably consistent they listened and cheered. "These are the leaders of tomorrow" continued the speaker, "They will come forward with that creative fervour and concerned soul so prevalent among our youth today." The audience cheered wildly their approval. After talking for almost an hour and a half, he finished his speech with "we'll meet at the crossroads of peace." The ovation was tremendous. But suddenly, boos and obscene remarks began to drown out the cheers until finally, complete derision and scorn accompanied the ceremony. "Get out of here!" "Throw them out!" WHAT HAPPENED???

What happened was that about fifteen Chicanos had walked on to the field with signs, banners, and fists raised in the air protesting the commencement. To put it simply, se ahuitaron todos los gabachos! Everything was going smoothly until "those people" had "disrupted" the procession. True! But why? Five-thousand students were graduating from San Jose State College that day, and Chicanos were asking: What do you really know? What have you learned in those four years of "higher education"? And HOW will you treat those social problems that beset racial and cultural minorities? Few cared to answer that question. They wanted "the Mexican thrown out" and to "get on with the ceremony." The police came and escorted the peaceful demonstrators off the field. Again the audience cheered and applauded. The band started to play music as the names of graduating students were called to accept their diplomas from the college president. HAPPY DAY! But a painful one for Chicanos. Even more agonizing was the sight of those carnales who had graduated with cap and gown along-side the gabachos. Many, ignorant of the aggressive maltreatment of our people by the hands of that same society that today awarded him his degree, went along with the ceremony. Said one Chicano protester, "parecian moscas en leche."

This June (1971) Chicanos are planning a new event for graduation. No, not another walkout. Not even the slightest hint of protest will be conducted. Instead, WE WILL HAVE OUR OWN GRADUATION COMMENCEMENT. Where? Spartan Stadium? Hell NO! The suggestion has been made to have it out in the Chicano Community (East Side). The exact number of Chicanos graduating from San Jose State College this June (1971) is not known yet. One estimate shows well over one-hundred. We're also hoping to get people from the Junior Colleges to participate (people receiving AA degrees).

If you're a graduating Chicano for June of 1971, or wish to help in making this idea a reality please contact: Francisco Ledesma.....Phone 294-0953 or/and contact Chris Jimenez.....Phone 292-5517. Give them your name, address, Zip code, town, school, and phone number and we will contact you.

My life is like a history book,
With chapters but that's all,
It contains my rights and wrongs,
My ups, my downs, my falls.

It's like a distant Rainbow
That hangs up in the sky
and can't be touched by anyone
No man, not you, not I.

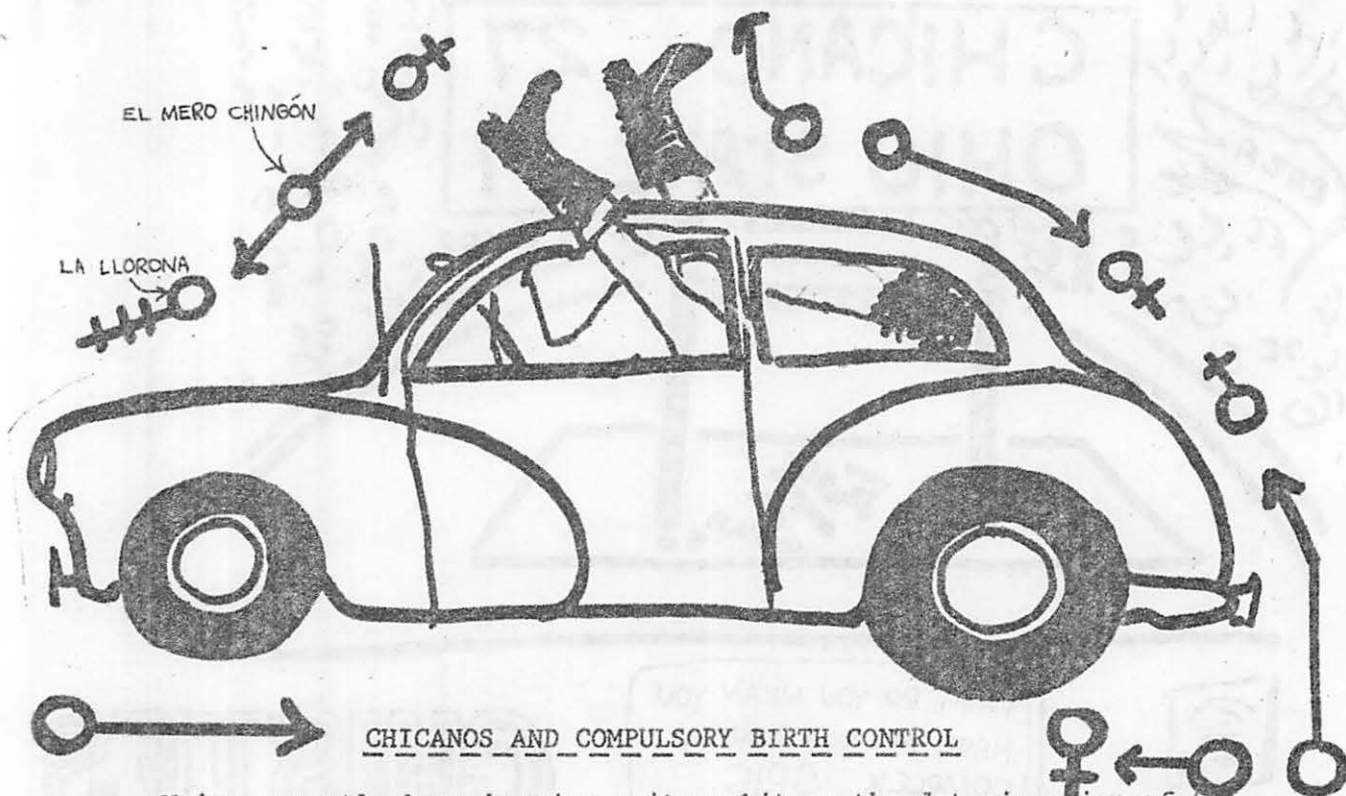
I think of all the Racists
that live on earth today,
I wonder if they're human
because of things they say.

They do things that are evil
that I would never do,
they even think they're better
than Chicanos like me and you.

I'd like to find some answers
to help all men like me,
That Want to find themselves
As happy a man can be.

By Vince Mejia





We've recently been hearing quite a bit on the deterioration of the environment. Such words as ecology, conservation, and pollution have been used over and over again. Scientists all agree on the problem but they have come up with several different solutions to it. Some scientists want to deal with the problems directly, thus working on air and water pollution is, to them, the best way. Others, such as Dr. Paul Ehrlich, believe that the only way to solve the environmental crisis is to solve the problem of over-population. Up to now the worries about the environment have not received the attention of the Chicanos, who generally consider them white-middle-class problems.

Up to now the proposed solutions to the "crisis" would not have affected the Chicano community adversely, thus the Chicano was only involved in calling attention to La Raza's fundamental needs.

The solutions to over-population, and indirectly the environment, run from one extreme to the other. On the lesser side is a proposal, by Zero Population Growth, to eliminate "All subsidies, direct and indirect, to large families (over two children)." (A example of a subsidy is a tax exemption.) This so-called solution would only hurt the usually lower-income Chicano, by increasing the already heavy tax burden.

On the other hand are those that call for compulsory birth control. Zero Population Growth also calls for some sort of legislation to curb population growth. Others, such as Dr. Edward Chasteen, propose that each and every person be sterilized at puberty and only de-sterilized upon marriage. But the ability to conceive would only be granted for the times required to achieve the quota of children.

Such proposals at that extreme should certainly concern the Chicano community. In fact, if we view the various death rates, we could understand how some blacks have said that compulsory birth control is simply long-term genocide.

	<u>Birth Rates Per 1,000</u>			
	<u>1950</u>	<u>1963</u>	<u>1965</u>	<u>1968</u>
WHITE	23.0	20.7	18.3	16.6
MINORITIES	33.3	29.7	27.6	24.2

	<u>Infant Death Rates (Less than one year old) Per 1,000</u>			
	<u>1950</u>	<u>1955</u>	<u>1965</u>	<u>1967</u>
WHITE	26.8	23.6	21.5	19.7
MINORITIES	44.5	42.8	40.3	35.9

	<u>Maternal Death Rates Per 10,000</u>			
	<u>1940</u>	<u>1950</u>	<u>1960</u>	<u>1967</u>
WHITE	319.8	61.1	26.0	19.5
MINORITIES	773.5	221.6	97.9	69.5

(Source: The Statistical Abstract of the United States, 1970. U.S. Bureau of Census.)

The only problem with these statistics is that the Chicanos are included under the "white" figures; which in turn makes our case stronger. If the Chicanos were included in the "Minorities" figures, we are positive that those Infant and Maternal death rates would be even higher.

The birth rate for minorities in 1950 was ten percentage points higher than the white rate and in 1968 the difference was almost eight percentage points higher for non-white babies. Compared to the birth rate, the infant death rate difference for the two groups is drastic. Out of every 1,000 infants in 1950, 27 whites died, but 45 non-white infants died. In 1967, the difference was still almost as high: 20 white infant deaths as opposed to 36 non-white infant deaths. The Maternal Death rates are the hardest to believe. For every 10,000 mothers in 1940, 320 whites died and a whopping 774 non-white mothers died. In 1967, the number of deaths for both groups was lower, but the difference is much higher. White maternal deaths occur only 20 times, but non-white maternal occur 70 times, per 10,000.

These statistics coupled with the high Chicano death rates in Viet Nam and East Los Angeles, to name but two places, would certainly be considered genocide if everyone were to be forced to limit the number of children they could have. The chances for a Chicano family to lose their quota of children in such places as Viet Nam and in the streets is extremely high when compared to a white family.

The point that we are trying to make is that if the white community wants to legislate compulsory birth control, they should make it applicable only to themselves. Dr. Paul Ehrlich sees it that way, "the most serious population growth is among affluent whites because they are the heavy polluters and consumers. The blacks and the Chicanos and the American Indians tend to be the victims of pollution rather than the cause of it..."

The white establishment should not even think of asking the Chicano community to practice birth control until there are no more Viet Nams, no more barrios, no more slaughtering of Chicanos in the streets, and no more injustice and repression toward La Raza.

-HUNGER PAINS-

I think; but nothing concrete
I write; but nothing Finite
I sigh; and here's my reason why

Be wary of a restless hungry
whose ultimate ends will lead us to plunder

It contaminates people far and near;
Power is it's objective, Love is it's Fear

It builds empires by molding peoples minds;
For it's principles are what govern their Lives

It tugged and shoved, in order to expand;
It saw no bloodshed, only a vast sea of Land

Be wary of this masquerading hunder;
Whose intestines crush any Lonely wonderer

But Wonderer; Open your eyes;
Not only you seek Freedom and a "piece of mind"

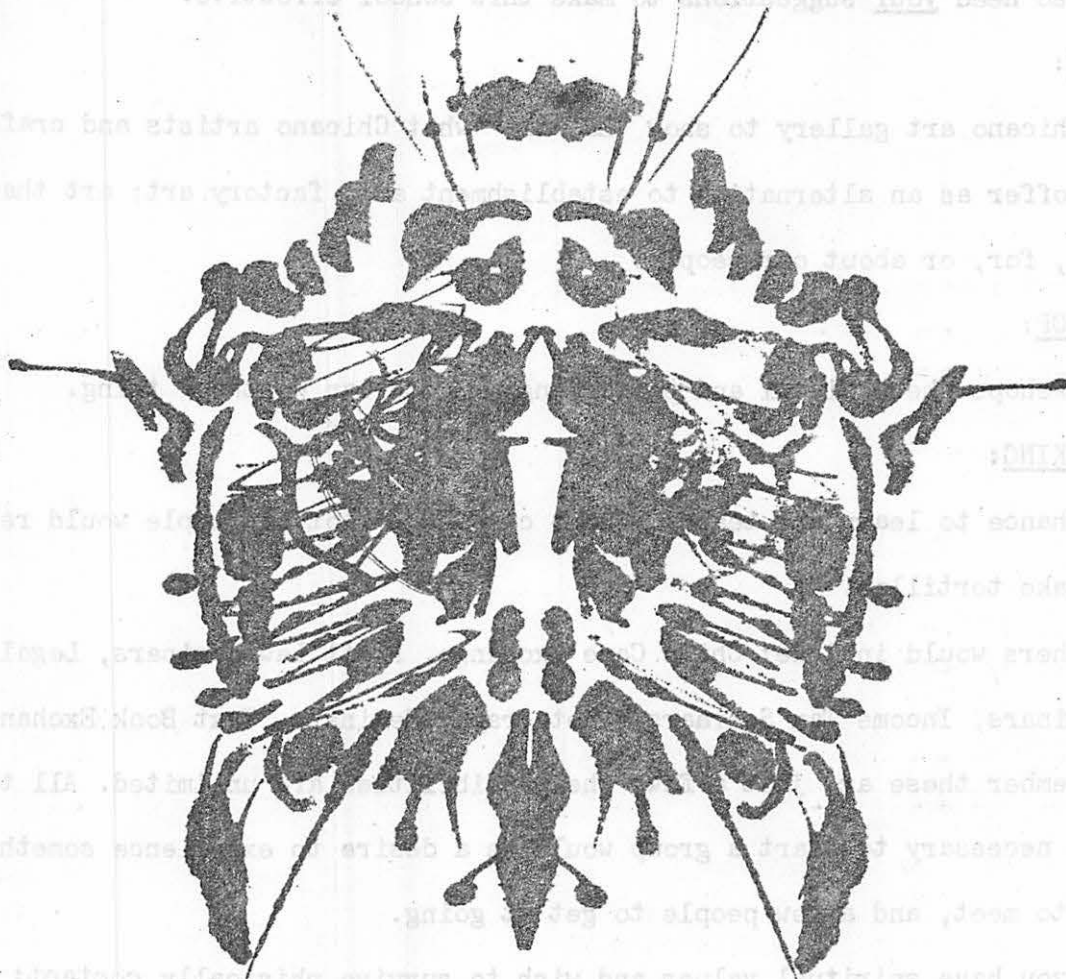
This is an empire, no different than Rome's
Expanding, absorbing, no room for the poor

Free minds are the target;
Suppression the goal.

An Empire this is, and that will be all;
For history has proven, they all have downfalls

Give me Food, a spoon and a plate;
I'll rid that hunger; it's change I contemplate.

Etta L. Delgado



Community Experience School

A free school for Chicanos is seeding in the San Jose community. There needs to be a better line of communication between us, carnal y carnales. We have a duty to expose "La Raza" to the possibilities of the movement.

At this moment the possibilities I am referring to are any of the tasks that we perform that have a link with the process of life and living. With "La Raza" as a "text" there would be no need for formal "teachers", and last week's students would become this week's teachers in our revolutionary movement.

We must have spiritual values if we are to survive physically. "La Raza" is a spirit we can seed in our people now. I will list a few experiences that we

would like to see accomplished in such a school, realizing of course, that we would also need your suggestions to make this school effective.

ART:

A Chicano art gallery to show "La Raza" what Chicano artists and craftsmen have to offer as an alternative to establishment art; factory art; art that is not with, for, or about our people.

CO-OP:

Workshops where visual and performing artists can do their thing.

COOKING:

A chance to learn and teach Chicano cuisine. A lot of people would really dig to make tortillas.

-others would include: Child Care Exchange, Draft Law Seminars, Legal Defense Seminars, Income Tax Seminars, Photography Seminars, Text Book Exchange.

Remember these are just a few, the possibilities are unlimited. All that would be necessary to start a group would be a desire to experience something, a place to meet, and a few people to get it going.

If you have spiritual values and wish to survive physically contact:

Jim Valadez by mail at 645 So. Bascom, 95128, or call 297-5119 and leave your name and number, he will contact you.

*

...thoughts...

wooden walls enclose
corner to corner
light only one
sitting alone
only of thoughts..
releasing mankind..
from pain, agony, frustration
only children aware....
finally I get up and flush..
my thoughts away...

isaac argel

I AWOKE



I have awoken to a beautiful day. As I look out of my own bedroom window I feel the sweet aromas of the new spring lift me gently and carry me across the colorful carpet of fresh green grass. I am intoxicated by breakfast table. Yes, a new day has begun. A new day just as wonderful as the other 3,650 days of my life. Another day which will continue to bring me all the wonderful things in life; all the wonderful things a person needs and craves--toys, goodies, warmth and love. As

I look around my own bedroom, I see the many books and beautiful ornaments with which my mother decorated. The soft blue walls surround my walnut desk and are accented with a bright red bedspread. Mine is the best and most beautiful decorated bedroom on our street. I am the envy of all my friends at school. How happy I am!

As I again look out of my own bedroom window, I think how wonderful it is to awake after such a good nights sleep; to see the wonderful life my family has been allowed to live; to see how GOD has cared for us; to see and feel the equality of this democratic society; to feel safe in that our superb police force will protect us from all EVILS. Yes, we are so lucky to be here today--alive and well.

My mother will soon come into my own bedroom. She will hug me, kiss me, and tell me that my father has left for work. I am so glad my mother is able to stay home with me. We will talk of my father's important job in town, and we will plan the wonderful day we will spend together. She will remind me of the extra money we have put aside for my own college education; she will remind me to be grateful that the education system is so geared that we can all profit from it. Yes, she will come and..... "Manuelito!" Hay que muchacho este. Siempre soñando. Siempre pensando que tendremos bastante dinero para mandarlo a la escuela. Haber si algun día el podrá cambiar la manera que nos tratan los gringos. Pero ahora, levántate del sofá mi hijito y ven a comer. Ya es hora que fuéramos a ayudarle a tu papa trabajar. Ya sabes que si no terminamos este fil para mañana nos va a correr el patron. Apurate mi hijito."

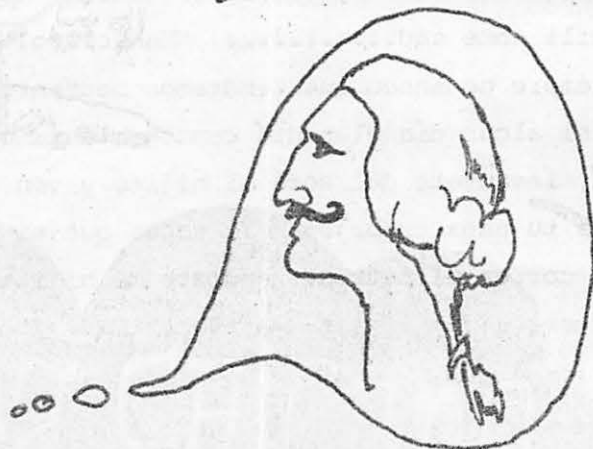
"Hay vengo mama."

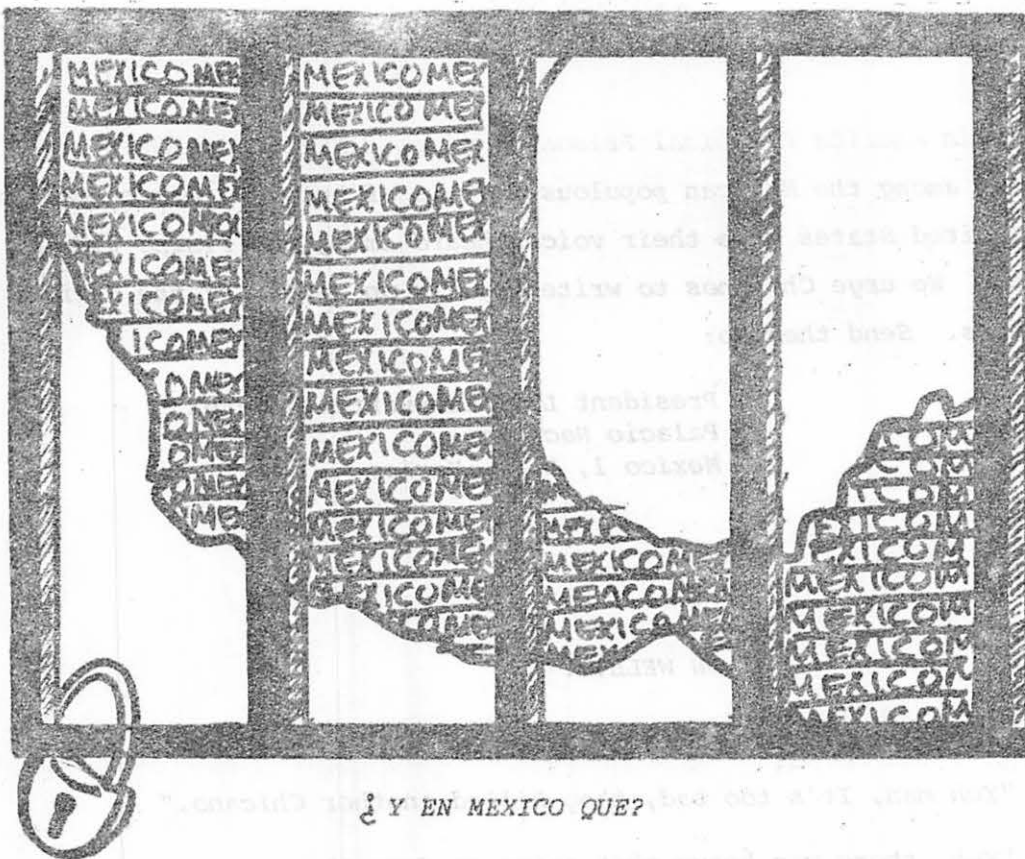
IS BEING TOLD YOUR
FOREFATHERS CAME
OVER ON THE
MAYFLOWER.



being Chicano...

IS BEING TOLD
GEORGE WASHINGTON
WAS YOUR FATHER.





¿ Y EN MEXICO QUE?

There is a new movement in Mexico these days. But unlike the student political campaign of 1968, which centered its attack on the corruption and insensitivity of the Mexican government toward "el pueblo", the objective now is how to make an "amnesty" campaign to free the Mexican political prisoners involved during the police and student riots of 1968 an actuality. There are 162 students, professors, and workers in Lecumberri prison in Mexico City. Among them is the famous Mexican writer, Jose Revueltas, who was accused of being one of the leaders of the student upsurge which left 500 killed and 2,500 wounded, at Tlatelolco Plaza. On that day, a force of some 14,000 police and army troops surrounded a peaceful rally of about 10,000 people at Tlatelolco. The rally organizers attempted to disperse the crowd but before they could do so, the police and army opened fire and hit the crowd from all sides. Fearing provocation from the public, the army drove tractors over the dead and wounded so no one could identify them. The victim's relatives were kept ignorant for months regarding the dead or imprisoned. Strict censorship of the press became an over-night policy. Those audacious reporters who dared report information regarding the massacre were jailed or heavily fined.

That was three years ago. And today" The newly elected President of Mexico, Luis Echeverria Alvarez is coming under pressure from government subsidized magazines like Siempre, and professors from the National University of Mexico, to release the prisoners in a general amnesty. When the United States Committee

for Justice to Latin America Political Prisoners visited Mexico recently, they found wide support among the Mexican populous. It is of outmost importance that people from the United States make their voices heard among the rising tide of protest in Mexico. We urge Chicanos to write appeals on behalf of the Mexican Political prisoners. Send them to:

President Luis Echevarria Alvarez
Palacio Nacional
Mexico 1, D.F., Mexico

OH WELL...

"Wow eh! Did you hear about what happened in L.A.?"

"Yeh man, It's too bad, they killed another Chicano."

"Yeh, there was heavy shit going on down there, everyone
was getting it on with the bulls"

"Were you down there when it happened?"

"Naw man, I didn't get a chance, but I was down there last
time and we almost got busted by the pigs."

"Wow, I didn't get to go either but I went the other two times."

"Oh yeh! Did you get to go to that party off Whittier Blvd?"

"Naw, we went to go see "Chicano" play at some night club."

"Hey, that must've been bad. Oh well, I have a class right
now, I'll see you later, maybe in L.A."

UN RECUERDO DE LA SIERRA DE
CHIHUAHUA



La noche se acercaba. El sol, terco y audaz, por fin llegaba a dar sus últimos frutos del día. A esta sierra de Chihuahua otra vez llegaban los ruidos de la noche--casi silencios. Con el fresco y la obscuridad se mezclaba el olor de pinos. Ya pronto se elevaría la luna, y majestuosamente reclamaría much de lo que el sol había dejado. Si es verdad que la soledad es bella: todo aquello era bello.

En la cabana de me abuelita cenabamos todos: yo , mi hermano mayor, mis dos tios, la servidumbre, y mi abuelita. La comida, tal vez por lo pobre, nos unia y producía de los grandes una conversacion tambien humilde y muy alegre. Después de haber comido, Cachira nos servía café. A mí y a mi hermano Florencio, por ser "ninos", insistía mi abuelita en que lo tomáramos con leche. Mi tío Jorge como de costumbre prendía un cigarro y proclamaba: "Después de un buen taco, un buen tabaco!" Mi abuelita se sonreía, pero al mismo tiempo nos recordaba a mí y a Florencio---, "Si, hijos, pero figense que de eso murió su abuelo." La conversacion seguía. Mi tío Jorge nos contaba de los tesoros y sus correspondientes fantasmas; mi abuelita siempre acordándonos, o tal vez a ella misma, de lo trabajador que había sido nuestro abuelo en el manejo de sus minas; y mi tío "Mike" prometiendónos que "algún día" todos los reunidos haríamos un viaje largo y a caballo. La conversacion seguía, pintando en nuestras caras expresiones de gusto, miedo, orgullo, y siempre alegría.

Después de levantarnos de la mesa mi abuelita ordenaba--"Mike, ve y dales agua a los animales. Y tu Jorge, asegura que estén todas las gallinas en el gallinero! Mi tío "Mike" como de costumbre contestaba-- "Si, mamá." Pero mi tío Jorge, el que siempre había sido el más malcriado contestaba-- "Si jefita!" Mientras sonreía con Cachira. Mi abuelita lo regañaba con decirle-- "Anda Chivato!" Pero al ver que nos sonreíamos nosotros, también a ella se le convertía la cara en una gran sonrisa. Para mí esta ha sido la imagen de mi abuela--sonriente. Me acuerdo con que cuidado nos llevaba a la cama. Después se sentaba junto a nosotros y nos seguía contando del pasado. Bien me acuerdo de lo último que

llegaba a ver yo en las noches: veia la refleccion de las llamas de la chimenea en el techo, bailando serenamente e invitandome a sonar.

Para mi lo de afuera ya no existia, aunque sonara de ello.

.....

INTRODUCING THE ORCHESTRA OF

BERNIE FUENTES

We are inviting you to hear the new sound of this full orchestra at the tardeadas at the Azteca Hall, Sundays from 5:00 P.M. to 9:00 P.M.

You are also invited to come in, sit and listen to this orchestra during rehearsal, Wednesday evenings, 7:30 P.M. to 1:30 P.M., Azteca Hall.

Reasonable prices for parties, dances, weddings, etc.

Contact Yvonne Brooks (Fuentes) at 259-1735 or 299-3365 Wednesday afternoons.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Last semester in a futile attempt to save a dying monster, a group of students got together to try to save M.E.C.H.A. As I started to say, the attempts were futile. There were, as usual, personality as well as political conflicts that were involved. But the main criticism that I and a couple of other students that had transferred in was that of involvement. We wanted to know what M.E.C.H.A. had going besides parties and ego-trips. As we all expected, M.E.C.H.A. folded as a result of "lack of sparks." For a couple of weeks students were running around with their heads in the air not knowing what to do since there was no more "trolla." Well, some more progressive students got together and decided to work on their own (since that's what they were doing before without M.E.C.H.A.). In the meantime though, leaders of M.E.C.H.A. and other concerned students were trying to reorganize the organization.

One of the most successful groups to organize was the Chicano Political Science Association. The group was formed by Chicanos with their major being political science. The organization was formed because there was nothing really political going on campus except the talk over coffee in the student union. Since anything that is done to better the conditions Chicanos find themselves in is political, a strong political machine on campus is essential. Among the political plans the group is planning, one is helping to run candidates for the upcoming school board elections, formulating some Chicano classes in the department, teacher retention, helping build La Raza Unida Party, etc. Anyone that is interested in joining (the willingness to work is a pre-requisite) can check with Jess Jacques at the Chicano table (Viva the C.T. or call him at 293-4837).

Anyhow, M.E.C.H.A. has finally settled some of its differences and is holding its regular meetings again. For those of you who feel like I do there's only one way that we can justify our criticism and that's by participating. Like I said before, I didn't agree with the mess that went on last semester, but I'm sure gonna try and get my ideas in so that maybe we can have an organization that will do some kind of action this semester. Check the "Que Tal" calendar for time and place.

RUDY MADRID

chicano

calendar

Febrero		15	16	17	18	19	20
		MECHA		CPSA		CAP	CAP
HUELGA OPEN HOUSE	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
		LOZADA MECHA				CAP	CAP
	28						

FEBRUARY 16, 23

Mecha Meeting at Newman Center, 79 So. 5th - 7:30 PM

FEBRUARY 17

Chicano Political Science Assoc. Meeting at 424 No. 16
Phone 293-4837, 7:00 PM

FEBRUARY 18, 25

Committee on Mexican American Affairs, Pacheco Room
3:30 PM

FEBRUARY 19, 20
26, 27

Community Alert Patrol, rides Friday & Saturday
nights from 8:00 PM to 2:30 AM Phone 287-3445
New Address: 774 No. 13th Street

FEBRUARY 19

Late registration closes. Last day for adding
classes. Deadline for turning in packets.

FEBRUARY 21

Huelga Open House at 237 N. 1st St. Refreshments,
posters, music, Huelga panchos, buttons, recitations
of labor poems, stickers, and literature. All
Welcome, Open House
GOAL: to recruit ideas & funds for future rally in
San Jose.

FEBRUARY 23

Froben Lozada, Scholar-in-Residence for '70-'71.
At Loma Prieta Room.

Marzo		1	2	3	4	5	6
		MECHA				CAP	CAP
				10	11	12	13
						CAP	CAP

MARCH 2,9

Mecha Meeting, 7:30, at Newman Center.

MARCH 4,11

Committee on Mexican-American Affairs, Pacheco Room,
3:30 pm.

MARCH 5,6,12,13

Community Alert Patrol, 8 pm. to 2:30 am.