

A special report
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Tucson's Barrios:

A view from inside

The sun rises on a Sunday in the barrio.

The radio blares of ranchera music and the smell of frying chorizo rouse those who have slept through the crowing of the roosters.

Young men tinker with the engines of their towed '67 Chevies and the old ladies tend little yards with plants set out in coffee cans. Some people are still up from the night before, laughing and drinking beer on the porch. Some are up for church.

It could be peaceful enough. But the tension of survival hangs over Tucson's Mexican-American and Indian neighborhoods clustered along the Santa Cruz River. They are called "barrios," the Spanish word for neighborhoods, by the residents — who want to save them — and they were by their forebears — who built them.

The barrios might survive, but the way of life that has been taken for granted for years by the residents — and largely ignored by the city as a whole — is threatened.

Commercial development, wider streets, higher taxes and an influx of higher-income residents could combine to gobble up the barrios and the lifestyle that goes with them. Or some might die of sheer poverty, with residents powerless to repair crumbling homes or buy new ones.

But so far, children still move away or go off to join the armed services for a while, knowing that their barrio is home and that they will return to find "it's all still happening."

Everybody's on the porch — it's Sunday afternoon. The family comes over. Your sisters and your brothers may very well be your best friends. Going to the park and barbecuing steak to eat with beans, salsa and tortillas. A baseball game. Heated discussions continue into the late afternoon and evening.

See TUCSON'S BARRIOS, Page 2



Marcos Romero

He fought with Villa for years

By JANE KAY

The Arizona Daily Star

Marcos Romero was working at the Santo Domingo mine in Chihuahua in 1910 when revolutionary Pancho Villa's military men came to get him.

He left his job of hauling copper and silver up a 100-foot ladder to join the band that traveled in the mountains fighting for Francisco Madero, who had overthrown Porfirio Diaz.

Now, at 88, Don Marcos is called "el charro negro" in the barrio of El Membrillo, where he has lived since 1929, a decade after he

See VILLA SOLDIER, Page 25

Tucson's barrios A view from inside

(Continued from Page One)

There is always a meal for family, godparents, relatives of relatives and even in-laws of friends. The ties are strong.

If you're kin, you can usually move in — if you can find a bed or part of a bed. And when you're old, you take it for granted that you'll die in the barrio, near the homemade, beehive-shaped shrine to the Virgin of Guadalupe or San Martin de Porres or the Christ Child.

"My whole family is here. My roots are here," said a grandson of Barrio Hollywood.

"When you go away from the barrio and live some place in town, you get homesick for it — you miss it."

It offers familiarity in a city where you or your parents may be immigrants, legal or illegal. It is safety and security. It's a place worth defending by suing the school board over the quality of education or fighting for a neighborhood center, a school, a pool — or against a freeway.

It's a city within every Southwestern city. Strangers don't often venture in, and many residents would prefer not to venture out.

As a child living in a barrio, one prominent Tucsonan regarded anything east of Park Avenue as off limits and Mount Lemmon as an unknown foreign land.

Most Mexican-Americans know when they're in or out of the barrios. The bordering streets without barrio names are called "vecindades." Barrio boundaries are rivers, railroad tracks, busy streets, drainage ditches — and, more recently, highways and city complexes.

Barrios are closely identified with their schools, little stores, churches and tortilla factories.

For one reason or another, some familiar downtown-area neighborhoods don't seem to qualify. Armory Park and Menlo Park, for instance, were mainly built and first lived in by Anglos.

Tucson has about a dozen barrios that are widely known, and a few more that are less well-known. No two are the same.

Some have wide streets and evenly spaced houses. Others have narrow, winding streets with row houses.

Some are almost rural; others rub elbows with downtown. Some are run down; others spruced up. In some, residents own most of the houses; in others, they're mostly renters.

Some are old; others have taken on their special character only in the last few decades. But they're all barrios.

- Barrio Libre, where South 10th Avenue cuts through an old neighborhood of trailers, bars, dilapidated houses and Yaqui Indian settlements, with the freeway roaring nearby.

- Kroeger Lane, stuck between a rock — "A" Mountain — and a hard place — the freeway — where residents live rural lives with memories of recent seasonal flooding and no city improvements.

- El Hoyo, the hole, where homeowners draw the line at encroachment from city complexes and wider roads and still shudder when they think of the proposed freeway that would have destroyed their neighborhood.

- Barrio Historico, the Convent and Meyer Street row houses in the inner-city where residents who are tenants, not property-owners, defend their streets, trying to ignore the outsiders who come to do business or hunt for a historic house south of the community center.

- El Membrillo, a tiny splinter even closer to the freeway than El Hoyo, barely hanging on as the most recent city planning study calls for its demise in favor of maximum commercial development of the land.

- El Presidio, the downtown neighborhood — Granada, Main, Meyer and Franklin — the streets that hung on to much of their original architecture but lost nearly all of their Mexican families.

- Barrio Anita, beloved by its residents, who wonder how much time the old neighborhood has left.

- Manzo, or "Hollywood" as the residents playfully call it, which has felt the touch of city improvement and housing renewal. Its political struggles have affected residents and aliens alike.

- El Rio, called a baby barrio because the children of older barrio residents, who wanted to remain on the westside, started building behind the golf course in the 1950s.

- National City, another relative newcomer. The half-mile-square area on the south side was also settled by those who were looking for relatively low-cost homes in a Chicano neighborhood.

- Pascua Village, the Yaqui settlement that dates to the 1880s when the Indians left their Sonoran homelands because of a Mexican invasion. First as squatters, now as landholders, the Yaquis built dwellings that reflect their tenacity and poverty.

Those are the names everybody knows. But there are the smaller, lesser-known barrios, like San Antonio and Millville, around the railroad tracks in mid-Tucson. Barrio Adelanto, a mixture of Yaquis and Mexican-Americans, is south of Pascua.

Tanque Verde, a small barrio along the wash, was deeply rooted until recent development isolated it. Barrio Lopez is a few streets in Kroeger Lane.

Then there are the unnamed barrios around Pueblo High School. There is the neighborhood at Tucson Boulevard and 22nd Street that is attracting Chicano residents who have moved their grandparents' culture to new parts of town while keeping their loyalties to the old barrios.

On Sunday evening, no matter what the barrio, you'll find men and women watering their plants. There are a lot of memories attached to yards, a lot of cuttings that have grown into enormous trees.

An old lady shares her philosophy: "If your yard is beautiful and watered and the plants are looking good, it's a sign that everything is OK in the house," she said.

"But if the yard is untidy and there are no plants, then there's trouble inside."

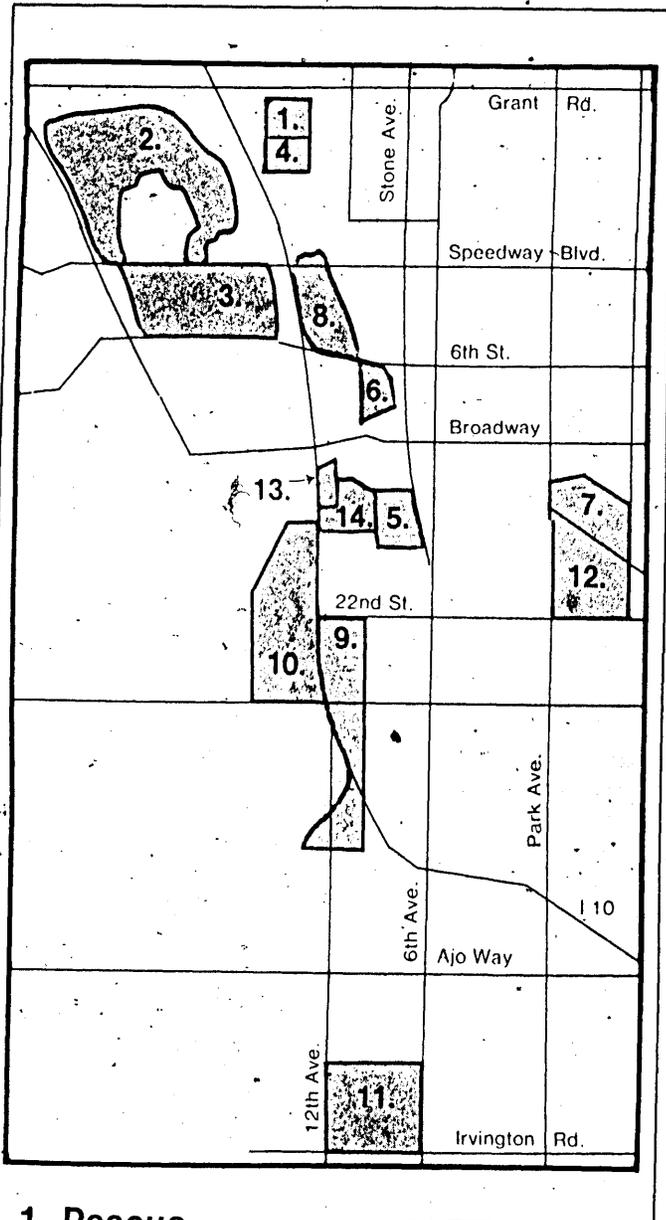
The people of the barrios are generally poor, and out of this grows their dependence on one another and the family.

Many homes are built on the buddy system — relatives and friends working every weekend, maybe taking as long as 10 years — but they get built.

Car parts are circulated, laid aside for future use by someone in the family. Not much is thrown away.

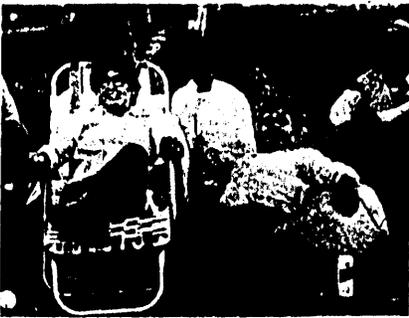
Profuse crops from one garden are shared and traded — squash for watermelon, tomatoes for corn. Chiles for nothing; everybody has them.

It's late — very late. Some kids are still up playing basketball. Their mother comes to the porch to call them in. She knows that the sun has set on the barrio, but tomorrow is another day . . .



1. Pascua
2. El Rio
3. Manzo
4. Barrio Adelanto
5. Barrio Historico
6. El Presidio
7. Barrio San Antonio
8. Anita
9. Barrio Libre
10. Kroeger Lane
11. National City
12. Millville
13. El Membrillo
14. El Hoyo

Star photos
by
Jose Galvez



Welcome to Tucson's barrios, where the Mexican-American culture holds sway. There's relaxing afternoons in the park with friends, outdoor dancing to latin music and the importance of religion.



By EDITH SAYRE AUSLANDER
The Arizona Daily Star

Fred Acosta, citizen participation director for the City of Tucson, was punished for speaking Spanish at school.

Betty Davila Lopez, a pharmacist, wasn't going to college, her high school teachers assumed.

Tom Price, director of operations for the City of Tucson, started first grade in a predominantly Anglo school, but was transferred when he was identified as a Mexican-American.

Postmaster Arnold Elias was directed toward high school vocational studies, but insisted on enrolling in pre-college classes instead.

These and other local Mexican-American leaders told similar stories about their education in what is now Tucson Unified School District. All have gone on to successful careers, but their motivation to excel came from the home and personal determination, not from the schools, they all said.

Except for a handful of educators, the school system discouraged Mexican-Americans from taking academic courses, especially from setting their sights on college, all agreed.

"The feeling was, you go ahead and try, but you're not going to make it," said Acosta, who proved his teachers wrong.

However, Acosta says, there are many Mexican-Americans who should have excelled and were blocked by the school system. "It was a terrible waste of brain power," Acosta added.

Most of those interviewed fit the pattern of the 1930s and 1940s. They lived on the westside and attended schools with almost total Mexican-American enrollments.

They spent their first year of school in "IC," an English-language course. The year, which stretched into two for some students, delayed regular first grade.

Punishment for speaking Spanish at school included reprimands, spankings and laps around the school yard. Westside classes were interrupted several times a year to check each child for head lice.

An educator in the district since 1943, Florence Reynolds, said, "I don't remember any difference in treatment of students based on ethnic background."

Reynolds, who is now deputy superintendent, taught at Safford Junior High and Tucson High and was principal of Pueblo High.

"We encouraged (Mexican-American) youngsters to speak English in the classroom, but there was no prohibition from using Spanish at school as I remember," she added.

However, this period of educational history in Tucson was addressed in the decision last month in the desegregation lawsuit against the Tucson school district.

U.S. District Court Judge William C. Frey acknowledged "a history of discrimination against Mexican-Americans" in Tucson.

ALTHOUGH the judge did not hold the district responsible for discriminatory acts against Mexican-Americans before 1950, Frey pointed to several in his decision.

Among them was the policy of forbidding the speaking of Spanish at school. Frey also said there was evidence of a dual system of education — one for Anglos and another for Mexican-Americans — in the 1920s and 1930s.

Reactions to Frey's decision among westside Mexican-Americans have been mixed.

Some have praised it for its fairness, but others insist that there are lasting effects of discriminatory actions in more schools than Frey listed.

There are parents who are very pleased with what the westside schools have to offer. If children are to be bused, they say, eastside children should be transferred to westside schools. However, there are many westside parents who believe their children's education is inferior to that offered in eastside schools.

Today, IC has been replaced by English as a Second Language course, and there is no delay in getting into first grade. Regular classroom time is used for the language instructions, and the speaking of Spanish is no longer discouraged as it once was.

Postmaster Elias, who attended Safford Elementary and Junior High schools, couldn't pinpoint incidents of blatant discrimination in earlier days.

"Maybe we didn't recognize them when we were young," he said. "Or maybe it's that we forget the things that were uncomfortable."

His parents were determined that he take pre-college courses, Elias said, even though Tucson High School teachers tried to put him in a vocational program. Right out of college, Elias was elected to the Arizona Legislature and served two consecutive terms. He became postmaster in 1965.

City Councilman Ruben Romero, whose early schooling was in Douglas, attended Tucson High his junior and senior years.

"I was never counseled," he said. "I put myself in pre-college courses. As far as I was concerned, I was ignored."

His motivation was his individual ambition, Romero said. "We stuck to ourselves," he added. "I had 100 percent Mexi-

(See EDUCATION, Page 24)

Two cultures

Successful Tucsonans remember 'different' treatment in schools



Cindy Stark reads in a freshman English class at Pueblo High School.

face to face

Residents under economic gun in some once-forgotten sectors

By JANE KAY
The Arizona Daily Star

The best medicine prescribed for an ailing city has often given a bellyache to the barrios.

Interstate 10 solved some transportation problems, but it originated others by cutting through the most deeply rooted section of town.

The Tucson Community Center complex was designed to help revitalize a dilapidated inner city and hundreds of businesses and houses, many of them regarded by most outsiders as unsightly, were torn down to make room for it. But "urban renewal" displaced even more barrio residents than the highway and virtually destroyed neighborhoods.

Now, there are some who believe that commercial and dense housing development is needed to further revitalize downtown.

But as the barrio residents have become more outspoken, as federal urban renewal money has dried up, and as the cost of new construction has far exceeded preservation, the philosophy of planners and business has changed. No longer are barrio residents so threatened by prospects of mass relocation brought on by government and business requisites.

The former chairman of the Downtown Advisory Committee, Michael Hard, a Valley National Bank vice president, says that in researching the proposal to widen Cushing St. — an action that was turned down after neighborhood opposition — he realized there was "a true sense of neighborhood ... and that's different from the houses. I could see that obviously people had a hard time maintaining houses and property."

Hard expressed what others are saying: "I realized that anything we did that might even seem to threaten the delicateness of that neighborhood, we should avoid at any cost ... You don't do any one thing without having a dramatic effect on everything."

What is now picking off barrio families one by one is not government programs.

The displacement problems faced today by barrio low-income renters and home owners arise from a changing economic situation. Once a forgotten area, the downtown and westside areas, where the barrios are located, are becoming desirable for their location, historically significant architecture and cultural ambience.

Renters cannot compete with those newcomers who can pay more. After renovation, which is becoming more common, the tenants cannot afford the higher rent. And as the prices of houses have risen because of the activity of outside investors and the national economy; buying a house in their own neighborhoods has become only a lost dream for many.

Home owners, instead of welcoming city improvements, often fear them because they will mean higher taxes. They are afraid of neighborhood shopping centers or housing complexes, if they mean higher taxes. And some residents say the banks won't give them mortgages because their neighborhoods do not have those amenities.

The city has been aware of the problems since the mid-1970s and has switched from an emphasis on transportation planning to housing planning, said Jack Sirey, the city's principal planner. But, he continued, the barrio residents are still suspicious from past removals, even though, he maintains, the city now thinks in terms of protecting irreplaceable neighborhoods.

"IF WE WANT people to live downtown, it doesn't make any sense to make them move," he said.

Michael Moloney, administrator of the city Community Conservation and Development Division, said the city has often been criticized by developers for not improving neighborhoods where there has been new private investment. But, he said, the city shies away from areas where there is a high percent of renters because "we don't want to displace."

"The purpose of neighborhood redevelopment is to stabilize the neighborhood — the neighborhood includes the people."

The city has also been lying low on nailing absentee landlords who let their property fall below the housing code because, said Department of Human and Community Development director Cressworth Lander, the city is "waiting for the day when it can bring all houses up to standard without displacement."

Because the landlord would pass the cost of any improvements on to the tenants, the city doesn't want to force the issue until there is a rental-assistance program, said Lander.

Under the law, the city is required to investigate all

complaints of health- and house-code violations, but "it's not an area that we go door-to-door," he said.

Rental assistance has been touted by residents, developers and the city staff alike as one way to put a hold on the displacement and allow for mixed-income neighborhoods. But the money must come from the federal government as a part of the Housing and Urban Development Section 8 program which makes up the difference between what the tenant can pay and a reasonable rent.

The Old Pueblo South Plan, which was released in the spring as the planners' new renewal effort from Congress St. south to South Tucson and I-10 to east of Armory Park, would give high rental neighborhoods, like Barrio Historico, a better chance at Section 8 through the Neighborhood Strategy Area program.

The plan calls for more than 500 new dwellings, "infilling" 400 houses on vacant lots, new street lights, sidewalks and curbs and renovating La Reforma housing project for moderate-income, owner-occupied housing.

It also calls for commercial and industrial sites between the freeway and the old railroad track directly to the east and would run a landscaped road called La Entrada along the track.

Some homeowners and developers have spoken in favor of the plan because it brings improvements without extra taxation and special financial incentives to investors.

The plan has two hitches. One is that the barrio of El Membrillo, which now skirts the east side of the freeway south of Congress, would have to be the sacrificial lamb for La Entrada, so as not to mar "the window pane of the city."

THE OLD RESIDENTS would have the choice of taking the city displacement money, plus the value of their small houses, and moving or remaining in the area marked for industry.

The other hitch — and the one most widely feared — is that revitalization, without economic development for the renters, may mean inevitable displacement.

Richard Martinez, a University of Arizona law student who acted as an Old Pueblo South plan consultant from the Spanish-speaking neighborhoods, says rental assistance is in the plan, "but whether it gets implemented or not is another thing."

"Many Mexicans bought into the concept of revitalization because they saw it as a way to preserve the barrio. But they tend to be homeowners. The victims are going to be the tenants," he said.

"In the long run, you've preserved the buildings, but you've lost the people who made the barrio ... unless you make sure they have home ownership."

Martinez sees the "have nots" being pushed out by the "haves," or the "carpetbaggers," who are "people with vision who see the economic viability of the neighborhood."

Tony Enriquez of the Tucson Community Development Design Center, a non-profit housing corporation located on S. Convent Ave. in Barrio Historico, doubts that even rent subsidies will help.

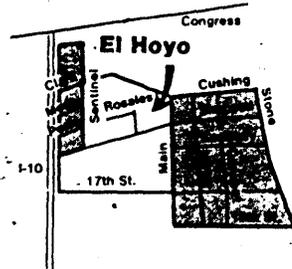
"It only prolongs the agony," he said. "As long as there
See ECONOMIC GUN, Page 13



Barrio Historico fights to retain its identity next door to the lofty concrete and glass of modern Tucson.

El Hoyo

Home is disappearing



By JANE KAY
The Arizona Daily Star

Panchita Leon crosses her fingers on both hands in a gesture of good luck. That's what it will take, she thinks, for her to stay in what's left of her shrinking barrio.

"We were spared only by a few feet ... I don't know why."

She points northward out her back door on Rosales St. Over the short cyclone fence, lined with pink and red hollyhocks, lies the blacktop expanse of the Tucson Community Center parking lot.

But she sees more than the army of cars left by the young audience at a rock concert. She remembers the houses of her neighbors, the Bonillases, the Gradillas, the Aguirres, the Durañas and the Robleses. Those friends were all moved out in the late 1960s when the city men came to buy their houses, calling it urban renewal.

Leon also sees the blacktop as a one-time symbolic battle zone, now her own DMZ, where she and her neighbors will stand to protect the northern boundary of what remains of Barrio El Hoyo, the Hole, the sunken covey of streets behind Carrillo School and El Minuto restaurant.

El Hoyo used to stretch from Congress St. south to 17th St., and from Main Ave. west to Interstate 10. But the northern half — Blenman, McCormick and Wood streets and part of El Paso Ave. — were bulldozed away to make room for the parking lot.

"It was something very sad," she recalls about the removal of 34 square blocks of houses. "One day a neighbor would leave. We'd tell them goodbye. And the next day another would leave. It's never been the same."

Everybody knew that the people in El Hoyo had lived there a long time, and their children lived there. Most owned their houses, and most were poor.

A lovely neighborhood, like a family, all comadres and compadres, "but it changed when they took the barrio from there ... and people were scattered all over town. I never see them ... maybe sometimes at a wedding," Leon says.

But she knows that El Hoyo will never return to the political naivete of the 1940s when Interstate 10 was carved through the oldest neighborhoods — displacing the most deeply rooted Tucson families, the Indians and the Mexican-Americans — or the 1960s, when federal urban renewal did the same.

"The people were still timid," she says of the last mass removal when the city staff knocked on hundreds of doors, telling people they had no choice but to sell.

"AFTER THEY moved out Chapo Campas, his wife, Pasquala, used to bring him over here because he got homesick in the rented house on South 6th Avenue. He used to come over here and cry.

"He missed his trees. He had built his own house with help from friends. It was brand new. The city gave him only \$8,000 for it.

"He got sick, and then he died. His wife lives with her children far on the southside. Whenever I see her, she says she wants to be with us over here."

Recalling how surviving barrio residents were affected, Leon says, "At that time there was no one to speak up. They made the plans — and nobody from the barrio knew it."

But in the late 1960s when El Hoyo got wind of the proposed Butterfield Freeway route — which would have virtually finished off the neighborhood by hacking it up into odd-sized plots formed by the I-10 interchange — Leon and some 200 others filled the small San Cosme Church on W. 17th St. to plan their protest.

Historians, architects and law students helped in the fight. They called El Hoyo "the last socially cohesive Mexican neighborhood near the downtown area."

Panchita Leon did not want to move. "We've got roots here," she says.

Her mother, Carlota Leon, now 82, bought their house on Rosales St. for \$800 in 1942. Her grandmother, Jesus Laguna, was born on Meyer Ave. in 1876. Her great-grandmother, Elifina Valencia, had moved to the old barrio from Hermosillo.

Leon was one of the masterminds — along with Rosendo Perez, Joe Cruz, Juanita Rodriguez, Vicki Welch and Arnulfo Trejo — behind a calculated tactic to place El Tiradito religious shrine, which was in the proposed demolition path on S. Main Ave., on the National Register of Historic Places before a decision was to be made on the controversial freeway.

They won that fight. The Butterfield was stopped. And now El Hoyo is retrenching for a fourth onslaught: the connection of Cushing St., formerly called 14th St., to the freeway frontage road. They fear this will dump many cars into the barrio.

Rosendo Perez, who lives on W. 17th St., the southern boundary of El Hoyo, agrees with his friend Panchita Leon that any threat to the barrio is a threat to the Mexican-American culture.

"We've got to be alert. They lay low and then start again," he says, standing on his porch. "Now the city is trying to find another way to revive the Butterfield.

"THERE WERE a lot of us people that they used to call dumb Mexicans — they tried to push it over on us. But the tide has turned.

"If they intend to nibble a little at a time southward, they will find out they will have a little trouble. We're tired of living in fear. I don't think it's right for the people to be moved out like nothing."

Perez has trouble walking — and breathing. So his activist days, like those of 1970, have been curtailed. But he and his son, René, recently walked the streets of El Hoyo collecting signatures on a petition opposing the connecting and widening of Cushing St.

He was born in his house. Later, when he returned from four years in the military, his father had died and the house had been sold for taxes. But he bought it from the new owner. He and his wife, Beatrice Dorame (whose mother, Inez, still lives across from Carrillo School) had six children in the house.

As he talked of his history, his granddaughter came over to congratulate him on his new grandchild, Celeste Sabina, born on Cinco de Mayo to René and his wife. They bought a little house on S. Main Ave. They want to stay in El Hoyo. Like the generations before them, El Hoyo is their home.

"I ride down the street to see my parents. A whistle here and there from people I know. 'Hey, how's it going?' 'All right.' Serene. A nice feeling ... you're yourself," René Perez says. "You don't have to look behind you to see if you're in the wrong barrio.

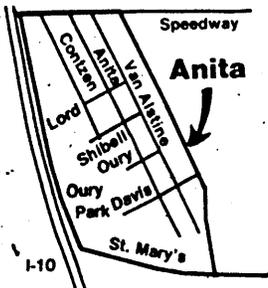
"Just by hearing my dad and uncles, I think it was closer in the old days. Those were the hard times, and you tried to

(See EL HOYO, Page 16)



Deep in recitation of the rosary, Jacinta Valdez, top, prays to the Virgin at San Cosme Church in El Hoyo. The El Paso Ave. neighbors of Maria Huerta,

bottom, have been replaced by a community center parking lot. The neighborhood stands ready to fight any other such projects.



Barrio Anita

Clinging to old roots

By PAT MORAN BENTON
The Arizona Daily Star

Not many months ago, the heavier-than-usual winter rains gave the final nudge to a house wall at N. Anita Ave. and Oury St. Fortunately for the occupants, the wall fell outward. The house since has been razed.

It is the fate of many houses in Barrio Anita, as vacant lots testify. When they become too costly to repair, the old adobe buildings fall victim to the bulldozers that haunt decaying urban areas everywhere. Their occupants move on to other houses as the homes settle into the dust.

Barrio Anita is a triangle-shaped pocket of homes bordered by Interstate 10, the Southern Pacific railroad tracks, W. Speedway and St. Mary's Rd. Short, two-block-long streets cross the longer N. Anita Ave., hence its name.

It is a neighborhood whose roots stretch far back into Tucson's history. It is a neighborhood that has peaked and is now declining.

But occupied houses still outnumber the boarded-up buildings and vacant lots. And recently, residents have cause to show strength and pride in their neighborhood.

In the early 1970s, the barrio took on a militant look. "Barrio Anita will fight to save its homes" was a slogan painted on several buildings in the area, including a wall of Arizona Sash and Door Co., a firm long located on Anita's fringe that had decided to expand. It bought some houses on Davis St., replacing them with a warehouse. Some residents were fearful and furious. In March 1972, about 200 gathered for a rally to protest proposed zoning changes that would create industrial zones within the area.

Two years later, residents rallied again, this time to protest a plan to close Davis School, 500 W. St. Mary's Rd. The school board reversed its decision. It was a victory that left many elated.

Today, things are quiet in Barrio Anita.

Alfredo and Berta Rico's white, tree-shaded house sits on the site of what used to be his father's "leñeria" — wood lot. His father, a deliveryman for Steinfeld's, brought wood from Sells each time he made a run there. Many teamsters lived in Anita then. Corrals for the mules and horses stood where houses are now.

Rico, 68, who has served on the boards of Model Cities and El Rio-Santa Cruz Neighborhood Health Center, has seen many changes in Barrio Anita in the 65 years he has lived there.

"You used to be able to sleep outside and nobody would bother you. Now, you can't trust anyone." Doors and win-

dows are locked and the Ricos own two dogs — insurance against burglars.

One thing that hasn't changed is the rattling, rumbling roar of the trains that pass daily. "You get used to it," he says, matter-of-factly.

The house that the young couple and their two children live in has been in her family for generations. It was built by the wife's grandfather — in 1840, she believes.

The house is solid. Its unadorned facade gives way to interior walls plastered white and to tasteful, comfortable furnishings. The lowered ceilings are a modern touch but the absence of hallways and built-in closets are a giveaway to its ancient two-room origins. Also new and unusual are the cooler ducts that send cold air up from beneath the floor. "It was the easiest way to do it," she explains. "We couldn't do it through the ceiling."

She and her husband did the remodeling with the help of friends. They stopped working on the house when the city enlarged nearby Oury Park swimming pool. "We heard the city might buy it and turn it into a parking lot. So, we thought, why put our money into it?"

(To date, the city has not approached them about their property.)

Despite the work they've put into the house and the affection they have for it, the family is in Anita only temporarily. They have been saving to build in the Menlo Park area. This is where their two children go to school.

The mother will not consider Davis School for her children. "There is too much fighting," she says.

Fearful because her children don't get along with the other neighborhood children, she fills their after-school hours and summer with planned activities — gymnastics, swimming and softball.

"We're hardly ever home," she says.

Witnessing vandalism that has occurred at Oury Park to street lights and to nearby abandoned houses has made her anxious to move.

The four-year-old boy and his friend are splashing in a concrete-lined hole in the ground that was once a goldfish pond. Watching in the shade of the house are his mother and an uncle.

The boy's mother, who lives in Armory Park, is visiting her brother. They are two of 12 children who grew up in Barrio Anita.

Times have changed in Anita, for the worse, they say. "There were no drugs that we knew of," says the man who

is in his mid-20s. "Glue sniffers, yes, one or two. But not hard drugs like today. Now, maybe there is one glue sniffer; the rest are on dope." He counts on his fingers neighbors who have died of drug abuse.

A big problem with residents now is that "they don't go out," he says. "Maybe they go to town and back. Their whole life is centered in this neighborhood. They don't have any recreation. They're just wasting away."

They have known people who have married, moved out and come back. "But they come back because they can't make it anywhere else," he says.

A favorite neighborhood pastime is to sit on the front porch, talk and drink, he says, indicating that there is more to life than that. "Too many of my-friends are still in the past. They don't realize you have to move up."

His goal is to become a teacher. He still lives at home because it's cheap. He sees it as subsidizing his education. He attended Davis School and feels he got a good education there. But he wonders about the children he sees passing by.

"Kids' behavior today is terrible," he says. "And the parents condone it. My mother would never have let me use some of the words I hear them using now."

The house has been gutted by vandals, sweeping through with almost the same destructiveness as a raging fire.

Grass has grown three feet high in one partially destroyed room.

The house has many stories to tell, most of which will remain locked forever within its peeling adobe walls. But two rooms can be read with ease. There, on the walls and ceilings, in bright, psychedelic detail, is the work of a young man riding the crest of waterless waves.

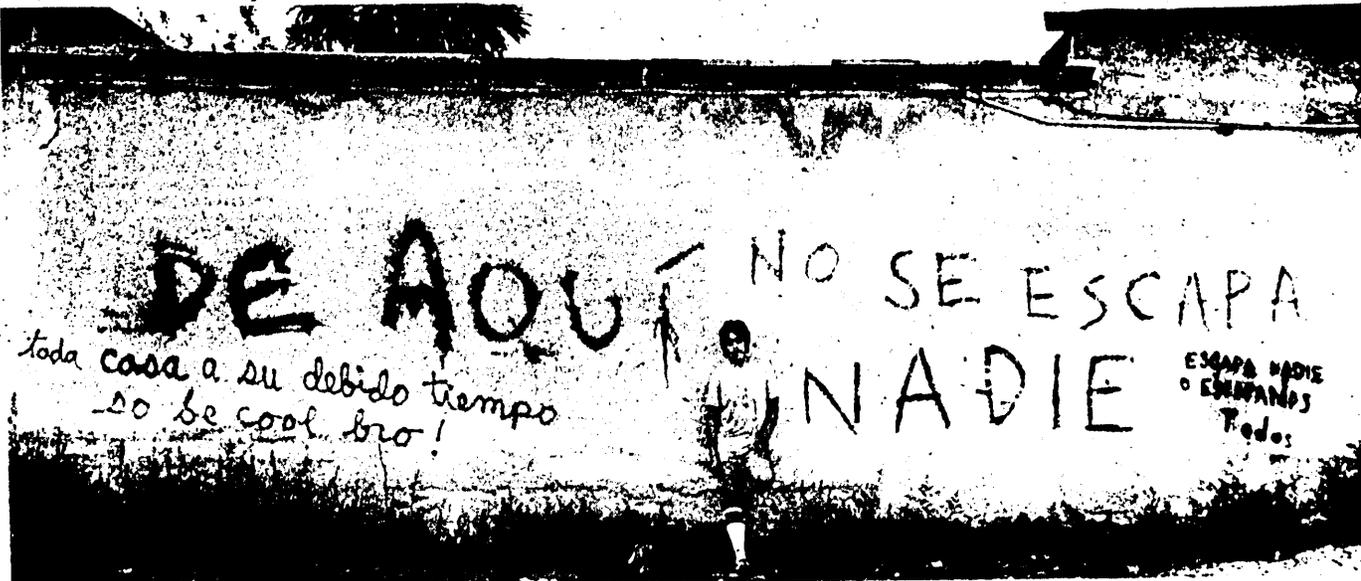
He is rumored to be a glue sniffer. It is said he slept in a coffin. No, it was just a box, says someone who knew him. Where is he now? Don't know. He moved somewhere else. His brother overdosed. What was his name? A nickname is mentioned. What was his last name? Can't remember. Yes, he's a good artist. He could have been someone.

It is early afternoon and Lupe Urias is making chimichangas for supper. She's making them early because "when my children get home from the pool, they're always hungry."

Four years ago she joined the fight to keep Davis School open. Today she wouldn't care if it closed. Her four children, who range in age from 6 to 12, can't read or do arithmetic.

She found no fault with her own education at Davis but

(See ANITA, Page 20)



Jimmy Montano leans against a message of frustration in Barrio Anita.



Sal Baldenegro returns to the site of early Chicano activism, which resulted in the El Rio Neighborhood Center to the rear.

Baldenegro: Leading Chicano activist vividly remembers a spanking for speaking Spanish in school

By JUDY DONOVAN
The Arizona Daily Star

Sal Baldenegro is probably the barrios' most visible public advocate.

But his path to influence has not been the usual one, for Baldenegro narrowly avoided a life of crime and years behind bars.

Placed at age 6 in a Tucson public school program for Spanish-speaking children, he developed rebellious and aggressive traits that stayed with him over the years.

A political firebrand of the late 1960s and early '70s, the 34-year-old director of the Youth Development Inc. was one of several young Chicanos who helped bring political savvy to an ethnic group that historically had remained largely silent to outsiders.

Baldenegro feels barrio residents voiced their emerging awareness by supporting a Republican mayoral candidate in 1971 and an Anglo who challenged a Mexican-American for a county seat in 1976.

They felt Mayor Jim Corbett reneged on what they say was a campaign promise to provide recreational facilities near El Rio Golf Course, the center of vigorous Chicano activism in 1970, and showed their disappointment by voting heavily for Republican Lew Murphy, he said.

But Corbett feels his campaign promise was fulfilled because shortly after taking office plans were begun for building the park that was eventually developed on Silverbell Road west of the golf course.

"The activists did bring about a vocal awareness of problems that needed attending," he remarked. "The city needed input from people in the west, south and center parts of the community who felt they had long been forgotten and it still does need it."

In 1976 a blond, blue-eyed Anglo, David Yetman, challenged incumbent Mexican-American Joe Castillo for the westside seat on the county Board of Supervisors and won.

"Castillo had been a shoo-in," said Baldenegro who campaigned for the liberal Yetman because he felt he was responsive to

barrio needs. And Castillo has stated publicly during his campaign that people wouldn't vote for a "Yetman" over a "Castillo" — a comment Baldenegro feels had a lot to do with his defeat, and one Castillo feels was misinterpreted as an ethnic slur.

He lost not because Yetman won over the Mexican-American vote, said Castillo, himself a barrio product, but because the voter turnout in the primary was very low. Voting figures show Castillo won the highly Mexican-American precincts.

For decades the routine of politicians at election time was to come into the westside barrios, hold rallies, pass out free beer and tacos and go away with votes in their pockets, said Baldenegro.

Castillo remembers it too and says he has avoided the method, concentrating instead on door-to-door contact and mail campaigns.

Says Baldenegro, "The days of buying us with a beer barrel are over."

Baldenegro's activism probably is rooted in his childhood.

He remembers being spanked for speaking Spanish in the classroom by Ricardo Manzo, the principal of Manzo Elementary School and its namesake. And he deeply resented it.

Baldenegro grew up in Barrio Hollywood (now known primarily as Manzo). Like his compadres, he conformed to an unwritten decree that before a boy from Barrio Hollywood could take out a girl from Barrio Anita, he had to arrange with her brothers and male peers for permission so they wouldn't beat him up for crossing barrio lines.

"I was a school dropout and joined a gang called the Untouchables. We went around in three-piece suits even in the summer," he said. "I was always in trouble. I must have been arrested 75 times. I did drugs and I roamed the streets."

It all landed him in reform school at Fort Grant. His probation officer and the one who finally recommended his reform school term was Joel Valdez, another westside barrio product, now Tucson's city manager.

"I don't blame Joel," said Baldenegro.

"He went to bat for me many times."

A lot of his barrio contemporaries ended up in prison because the only alternatives for wayward youths in the 1950s were reform school and military service. There were 10- and 11-year-old children with him in the Fort Grant "prison," a memory that outrages Baldenegro.

Now he's the head of an agency that not only keeps juvenile offenders out of oppressive reform schools, but offers counseling, drug rehabilitation and job training.

Some of his Fort Grant companions are at Arizona State Prison now, and that's where Baldenegro nearly landed shortly after leaving reform school. He again got in trouble, this time charged as an adult with a felony.

Pleading guilty to a lesser charge and promising to go back to high school, he was spared a trip to Florence.

"There I was, straight out of Fort Grant, a real badass, I'd already lived three lives, man of the world, physically big at 18 and I'm in freshman English at Tucson High with those little 13-year-old dudes," he recalled.

"My peer group, the guys I grew up with, guys who'd been at Fort Grant too, would come around at night and want to go cruising and drinking and I'd have to stay home and do homework."

But he persevered, largely through his mother's encouragement, and at age 22 graduated from Tucson High.

By then the nationwide Chicano movement was radicalizing Baldenegro. After he enrolled at the University of Arizona and formed a Chicano student group, he became too "controversial" for the group and had to resign before they threw him out.

Eventually he dropped out of school when his protests and organizing took over his life. Someday he hopes to return and complete the semester he lacks for his degree.

Baldenegro has run unsuccessfully for the City Council on La Raza Unida ticket, has worked in several social services jobs and in 1973 became director of the Youth Services Bureau.

Many of the other young Chicanos who picketed and got roughed up and arrested with him during the 1970 El Rio protests are still around. They dedicate their energies, for the most part, to agency and institutional jobs where they feel they can help their people.

Frank de la Cruz, 28, is director of El Rio Library, Jorge Lespron, 31, is a job developer for the state, and Raul Grijalva is director of El Pueblo Neighborhood Center and a school board member.

Frank Wood, 34, has moved to California where he is a full-time organizer with the United Farm Workers. Lupe Castillo, 36, a teacher, is pursuing her doctorate in history at UA. Tony Bracamonte, 32, is getting his master's in social work at Arizona State University.

Those who belong to the Chicano Consortium for Public Issues try to keep alive the political spirit.

Last year the consortium caused a furor over a brochure from the city-supported Development Authority for Tucson's Economy which said Mexican-American workers are "easy to train, will follow instructions ... and are loyal."

DATE publicly apologized for what the consortium branded a racist and paternalistic description.

A few months later, the consortium fought a policy at the Great Western Bank in the heart of Menlo Park and Barrio Manzo to charge \$1 for cashing Social Security checks.

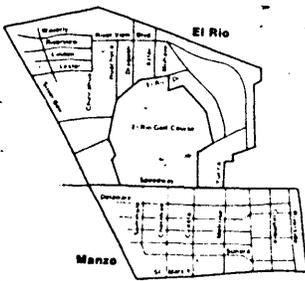
The consortium called it a discriminatory charge against the Mexican-American elderly who used the bank but could not afford the extra dollar out of their fixed incomes.

The bank stopped the practice.

There still aren't as many Chicanos at the UA as Baldenegro and other barrio activists would like to see.

"But we've made some impact," he said.

"When I was there in 1967 there were only 250. Now there are 1,400. That's not bad."



Manzo and El Rio

Activist turmoil led to gains



With easy chair, newspaper and cold drink, this Manzo resident extends his living space to the front porch.

By JUDY DONOVAN
The Arizona Daily Star

Tucson's westside barrios once slumbered in the desert sun — whole neighborhoods regarded by outsiders in the same way as the stereotyped Mexican peon dozing under his sombrero in the shade of a saguaro.

The image — gleaned as the outsiders roared by on noisy Interstate 10 and sprawled to the east and north in their green parks, swimming pools, shopping centers and comfortable housing — may have had more than a passing effect on those who lived there.

In the barrios of El Rio and Manzo-Hollywood, afflying barely five minutes northwest of City Hall, the streets were mostly unpaved and street lights were nonexistent. Modest homes of plastered adobe or concrete block, built as early as the 1920s when the barrios began developing, were plagued with leaky roofs, cracking walls, and moldy shower stalls. Their owners were unable to afford extensive repairs and maintenance.

Barrio Manzo-Hollywood residents remember trucks periodically spraying oil, then dumping gravel on their dirt streets, instead of paving them. With bitter humor, they made a joke of it.

"Here comes our pavement again," went the seasonal wisecrack. "Now we can all go out and get roller skates."

As late as the mid-1950s in Manzo Elementary School, the teachers were still culling out Spanish-speaking children, most of the student body, and placing them in special classes called IC.

A kind of scholastic segregation, it was meant to make school easier for the "slow learners." They were taught to speak English, bake cookies, do puzzles, play games and learn manual work, instead of reading and writing like children in Anglo schools.

A few parents were angered enough to complain that their children were being

treated as if they were mentally retarded when their only problem was inadequate knowledge of English.

Mexican-born Victoria Fimbres, a Barrio Manzo resident for 30 years and mother of five children who attended Manzo School, confronted officials repeatedly in Spanish and broken English.

"We told them you have dropouts because you have them separated and they don't learn," she recalled in Spanish. "But the school said the program was good and my children were doing well."

"The people who put that program in were 'sin corazon' (without heart)."

Her son Eusebio, now a 24-year-old Pima Community College student, was set back so far by the "special classes" that he now has to take more special classes for reading and writing to catch up.

The result of the various forms of neglect was a growing discontent. In truth the sombrero over the barrios covered a Mexican smoldering with resentment at being given the short end of the stick. Only a spark was missing.

The wave of activism that struck the nation in the 1960s did not pass Tucson's barrios by. Some Tucson Mexican-Americans began attending meetings in other southwestern cities, where they learned from experienced organizers in the farm workers movement and La Raza Unida, a new political party. They called themselves Chicanos.

In 1969, 250 Chicano students walked out of Tucson High School to protest what they felt were discriminatory educational practices. Pueblo High School students walked out in sympathy.

COMMITTEES and action groups — the Mexican-American Liberation Committee, the Centro Chicano and the Mexican-Ameri-

See MANZO, Page 26

Riverpark mixes westside emotions

By EDITH SAYRE AUSLANDER
The Arizona Daily Star

Those longtime adversaries — progress and tradition — have a history of special discord on Tucson's deep-rooted westside.

Westside residents don't oppose progress. But they balk when the price of advancement is the forfeiture of a birthright.

That is the issue in a two-year conflict over the proposed Santa Cruz Riverpark, which cuts through Tucson's barrios.

Many westsiders think the park is a fine idea. But a handful of residents along the riverbed's west bank don't want to relocate to accommodate the park.

So far, the city has bought 21 of 39 private lots along Riverside Dr., between W. St. Mary's Rd. and W. Speedway. Negotiations are under way for six more. Twelve owners have declined to sell.

Edmundo Cardenas is one of them.

He explained his feelings and those of his neighbors: "Most of us have emigrated from Mexico. We like where we live. These are our homes. We don't want to move from our neighbors and our relatives. Many of us have lived here for a long time.

"The city officials say we are in the flood plain, but the motel and businesses on the east bank don't have to move. Aren't they in the flood plain, too? If we were all Anglo people, I doubt that we'd be made to move."

Cardenas said he has been accused of being an opportunist, of holding out for a high price. "It is not true," he said. "I just don't want to move. If they want a park, let them build it somewhere else."

Another westsider, City Manager Joel Valdez, is the prime mover behind the park. But although the park is Valdez's dream, he sympathizes with the residents who refuse to move.

"Those people who want to move, be our guests," Valdez said. The city has offered fair market value, plus relocation costs up to \$15,000. "If they don't want to move, we'll build around them," added the city manager.

However, Valdez has no vote in the matter. The mayor and City Council could resort to eminent domain, forcing the residents to sell and move.

Robert Logan, special projects coordinator for the city manager's office, said he doesn't think the park can be built if the residents don't move.

"Someday, the mayor and council will

have to bite the bullet and make that decision," Logan said.

Meanwhile, the Army Corps of Engineers is preparing to study all the issues of the Santa Cruz, Pantano and Rillito rivers. The corps hopes to begin the three-year study in October.

Of primary concern is making the river area secure against the possibility of a 100-year flood, in spite of the fact that there hasn't been a flood of that magnitude since record-keeping began in 1915.

Secondary benefits would be general cleanup and beautification of the river, from El Camino del Cerro on the north to Los Reales Rd. on the south.

The full force of the project will start after the corps finishes its study. It is estimated that construction will take at least 10 years and cost up to \$5 million per mile. Between 80 and 90 percent of the cost could be covered by federal money.

In the meantime, the city is continuing efforts to clear the riverbed and banks of debris.

Evidence of progress can be seen on the east bank, between St. Mary's Rd. and Speedway, where trees and walkways have replaced abandoned vehicles and garbage.

Will the park ever be a reality?

Valdez said he couldn't say. "If we can just clean up the river and stop the wild-cat garbage dumpers from adding more filth, the project will be a success," he said.

But the emotions of relocating people continue. Alberto Sanchez, director of El Rio Neighborhood Center, has served as an advocate for the Riverside Dr. residents.

"There has been much misunderstanding about the project," Sanchez said. "The 100-year flood plain has not been explained to the residents. They feel intimidated."

If the residents decide to stay, he explained, they cannot qualify for assistance from the federal government to revitalize their homes because they live in the flood plain.

"The owners worry about what the park will do to their taxes," he added.

"It's difficult to explain their attachment to where they live. For some of them, it is the house where their parents lived. Their children grew up there. The pictures of the sons who were killed in the war are on the walls, and the smoke from candles burned in their memory have stained the ceilings."

Life is uneasy for immigrants

By ARMANDO DURAZO

The Arizona Daily Star

They've been called "Joe" models, illegal aliens, wetbacks, undocumented immigrants.

They have come by car, boat, plane — and by foot. Their reasons for coming vary.

For them, Tucson's barrios are a sanctuary. They try to keep their identities secret (they would not permit reporters to use their names and addresses) for fear of "la migra" and deportation.

Life in the U.S. is not easy for them:

Consuelo Rodriguez is an illegal alien who sought refuge in a westside barrio about five years ago. She is a house maid who wants to legalize her stay in the United States but is not eligible. Of her six children, aged 4 to 14, five are also ineligible. The sixth and youngest was born at Tucson Medical Center.

Rodriguez, 37, who has been married and changed, has lived in Tucson for about five years after crossing the border at Matlabell with her husband. He left her more than a year ago.

She earns enough money to pay the rent and keep food on the table — sometimes her children even have seconds. Her monthly income is less than \$320.

With it she pays \$150 rent, buys food and clothes for her children and pays for her transportation to and from work. Recreation is a luxury.

She and her children were deported once two years ago. They made it back to Tucson, but she lives in constant fear the immigration service will again return them to Mexico.

"I don't want to leave the U.S.," she said in Spanish. "My children have grown used to it, and I have grown used to my neighbors. I like it here."

And the barrio has proved to be her most helpful ally. Her neighbors know she is here without formal documentation, but that is a secret well-kept.

When the family was deported, she said, her neighbors went to Nogales and started crossing the children over the border as part of their families. One by one the children crossed, then she did the same, Rodriguez said.

"We didn't have any relatives in Nogales," she said. "We had to sleep in a cave in a small hill. We were not allowed to take anything with us. My children got bitten by bugs all over."

"They (the immigration service) came to my home about noon and told us we were getting deported. By 5 p.m. we were in Nogales. But they (the neighbors) found us the following day."

The Rafael Contreras family also is here without immigration papers. But the fear of being deported in his home is almost non-existent.

"I'm not afraid anymore," said his wife, Berta. "I was scared in the beginning, but the fear has disappeared. I know I have some rights."

Rafael, his wife, and four of the children don't have a steady income. She doesn't work and he occasionally fixes cars.

Last year Rafael was deported after he was stopped by the police and he didn't have a driver's license. The police called the border patrol, and he was sent to Nogales.

"When they caught him," Berta said, "he gave them a false name and address so 'la migra' would not come after us."

"If the immigration officers in the U.S. are hard," she continued, "I will have to leave here for eight years. You can't want to leave something behind."



A Tucson man, who describes himself as an illegal alien, wonders about his family's uncertain future.

believed in hiding here

By JOY POWELL

Thousands of undocumented immigrants in Tucson are believed to be hiding here. The police are not sure where they are, but they are sure they are here. They are hiding in the barrios, in the alleys, in the backyards, in the garages, in the basements, in the attics, in the closets, in the trunks, in the suitcases, in the cars, in the vans, in the trucks, in the buses, in the planes, in the boats, in the trains, in the ships, in the submarines, in the space stations, in the moon, in the planets, in the stars, in the galaxies, in the universe.

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By CAROL STENGEL
The Arizona Daily Star

Does a barrio resident, by virtue of where he lives and the color of his skin, face a different standard of law enforcement than others?

The question of discrimination has been bandied about so much in recent years that merely raising the issue causes many to recoil or to sigh with disinterest.

But to those who are personally aware of what they see as discrimination, the question is painfully real.

Mexican-American activist Sal Baldenegro, executive director of Youth Development, Inc., says the days of "Pedro and Pancho" jokes about Mexicans by the police are gone.

"The racism and discrimination are not as blatant anymore. It's harder to detect, but it's still there," Baldenegro said.

A Pima County public defender, who did not want to be named, feels certain there is a double standard in how the law is applied.

"I've got a whole bunch of young Chicano clients who seem to have fairly substantial claims of police harassment," the defense attorney said.

He especially cites what he calls "fishing expeditions" by police against 18- to 25-year-olds.

Generally, a male walking in a barrio after 8 p.m. is likely to be searched, he said. And Chicanos with a certain manner — those who strut or hold their heads high, for instance — are likely to draw the attention of the police, he said.

Susanna Flores Gomez, who lives in Pascua Village, says, "People here are afraid of the police. You can't talk for yourself to police" without their becoming angry.

To liberal attorney Bill Risner's way of thinking, discrimination in Tucson — and elsewhere — is "more of a class thing than a racial thing."

"I never have rich clients go to jail," he said.

Police are more likely to send out numerous squad cars and dog units to a family disturbance call on the southside than the eastside, Risner said.

Risner feels the shooting of Jose Sino-hui Jr. a year ago by a policeman would not have happened if the disturbance had occurred at a Jack-in-the-Box on E. 6th St. rather than S. 6th Ave.

Baldenegro points the finger too at the prosecution of offenses committed by minorities.

Eight minority youths charged with murder in the last decade have all been tried as adults, and prosecuted and sentenced to the fullest extent of the law, he said.

Four white youths, on the other hand, charged in the June 1976 killing of Richard Heakin outside a homosexual bar, were tried as minors and received probation.

Do the allegations amount to a double

Chicanos, police differ on influence of race

standard? Officials argue that they do not.

Baldenegro's allegation on prosecution is countered by Pima County Public Defender John M. Neis, who said the difference lies in the type of murder the youths were charged with, a distinction, he says, that is often overlooked.

The judge in the Heakin case ruled that the boys committed involuntary manslaughter, a grossly negligent act in which a person dies. "That's the law. He didn't have a choice," Neis said.

Whether youths are tried as adults depends on whether it can be shown that they can't be rehabilitated through the juvenile court system.

Horace P. Cunningham, director of the Pima County Correctional Volunteer Center, agrees.

"The judge can't control what has already happened to these people. It's unfortunate that so many (in the court system) are racial minorities who come from a poor environment," Cunningham said.

MINORITIES ARE overrepresented in the arrest population of Pima County, compared to their representation in the general population.

Of the 15,000 persons arrested and booked through the Pima County Jail annually, 56 percent are white, compared to constituting 70 percent of the general population, according to statistics from the Correctional Volunteer Center and the 1977 Arizona Statistical Review.

Mexican-Americans make up 28 percent of the arrest population compared to 24 percent of the general population, while blacks make up 10 percent of those arrested compared to 3 percent of the population. Indians are 3.5 percent of the arrest population in relation to their 3 percent representation in the community.

There are no statistics on the number of convictions by ethnic group, court administrators say.

While minorities are overrepresented in the arrest population, "I'm not going to call that discrimination," Cunningham said. "There may be very good reasons."

For one, "You have a higher potential for crime from people who are disadvantaged," Cunningham said. He cited some common problems shared by ethnic groups that correlate with a higher crime rate: poverty, alcoholism, drug addiction and lack of job skills or education.

If there were discrimination in Pima County's criminal justice system, Cunningham said, "We would know about it in this office."

Baldenegro, on the other hand, feels minorities are arrested more because the police "concentrate on poor areas where Chicanos live." If some other areas of town were patrolled as heavily, he said, more arrests would show up in other areas and would involve more anglos.

To this, Maj. John Carter, commander of Tucson Police Department field operations, says the amount of patrolling in an area is based on the number of calls for service received from it.

The number of calls for service from

various areas is re-evaluated every three months, with patrol boundaries adjusted accordingly, Carter said.

As for "fishing expeditions" involving minorities, Sgt. James Fugate of the police department's Adam One team says, "We don't have the time to harass people. It's usually just from one call to the next all day long."

Fugate added, "The people who are genuinely hassled would be few and far between. I would say the majority of them deserve it."

Police have tightened up their field interview procedures in the last few years, Carter said.

"THE OFFICERS are more inhibited about making FIs," he said. They have to be able to justify the field interviews they make, he said. "You can't just do this on a subconscious hunch."

And how about Risner's claims that police come to the scene of a family disturbance on the southside more heavily prepared than for a disturbance on the eastside?

Fugate said violent fights in upper-class families are not so common as in lower-class families. Police dispatchers usually try to find out beforehand if violence or weapons are involved, he said.

Are barrio residents and other minorities more subject to police violence than anglos?

"Police violence," Carter said, "is a reaction to violence wherever it happens. . . . If it happens at one place more than another, I suppose there is more police reaction to it at one place than another."

Fugate concedes there may be a tendency on the part of some police to say, "No, sir, Yes sir" to a guy on the eastside.

Fugate said he's not sure of the reason for that. One reason may be, he said, that "a guy on the eastside is more likely to file a complaint."

The difference in treatment "is just something that's always been here," he said. "I couldn't tell you why, and I wouldn't say it exists with all officers. It isn't right, but what do you do?"

Baldenegro contends that police "have a discriminatory attitude." They need to be "sensitive and respectful" toward minorities and their culture, he said.

"If police understood the differences, it would diffuse the antagonism. It would neutralize and buffer a lot of the antagonisms," he said.

Carter replied that part of the regular police training includes course work on the cultural backgrounds of various minorities.

Fugate, whose Adam One team covers a predominantly Mexican-American area on the city's westside, responded to Baldenegro's concerns by running his finger down the list of his squad members: Most of the officers have Spanish surnames.

"A lot of these guys live here and were raised in the area. . . . If they don't understand," he said, "who does?"

Chinese stores preserve tradition

By EDITH SAYRE AUSLANDER
The Arizona Daily Star

For almost a century, Chinese grocers have braided their culture into Tucson's westside.

They brought new customs to the barrios and blended them with those already there. They provided shopping within walking distance, credit when times were rough and a meeting place for residents.

At first, their children continued the family businesses, but as generations passed, many of their offspring pursued other professions. Competition from the modern supermarkets and increased mobility of barrio residents also took their toll.

Today, the number of Chinese grocers on the westside has dwindled to a handful. But those that remain are preserving remnants of the past.

Lillian and Suey Gee, owners of Jerry's Lee Ho Market in Barrio Historico, are representative of their westside colleagues.

Mrs. Gee is the fourth generation of her family in the Tucson grocery business. Gee is second-generation.

Their market was started in 1912 by Lillian's great-grandfather, Lee Lung. The first store was a few blocks away.

Lillian Gee's grandfather Lee Ho moved to the present location at 600 S. Meyer. The name changed to Jerry's Lee Ho when her dad, Jerry Lee, took over the business.

Today, the store is twice its original size and much of the equipment is updated. But regular customers still charge their groceries, and the Gees make deliveries. They are training their 12-year-old daughter, Susan, in the business.

"My father spoke Chinese, English, Spanish and Papago," Mrs. Gee said.

"There were seven children, but most chose other professions."

One brother, Jerry Lee Jr., continues in the food business. He operates Jerry's Ming House, a restaurant started by their father.

"I guess I'm not as dedicated to the market as I used to be," said Mrs. Gee, who grew up in the store.

"But it's a good business. We have people trade here who have moved out of the neighborhood."

Gee's father, Poy Lim Gee, was born in China and worked as a houseboy in San Francisco before he came to Tucson. He started in Tucson 52 years ago, selling vegetables door-to-door.

At one time, Gee's family owned a market a few blocks from Jerry's Lee Ho.

"Meyer St. used to be the Speedway of Tucson," Gee said.

"At one time, there were 18 Chinese markets in this barrio, and all were doing a good business. The old-timers like to drop in and talk about those days."

Joe Yee, 42, is an example of a first-generation market owner in the traditional style. His story might have taken place 50 years ago.

Yee, born in Canton, China, was 16 when his father sent for him. At the time, his dad, Yee Ong Lung, ran a grocery store in Casa Grande.

"I had never met him before," he said.

"That was the way it was done. The man would come to the United States, start a business, go back once in a while to China to visit his family. Then when he could, he would bring the family to the States."

"Actually, there were two families," Yee said.

"People don't usually talk about it, but I don't see why—it's the truth. My father had two wives in China."

The 12 children all live in the United States now, he said:

"You must understand, there was no opportunity for us in China."

His father enrolled him in school to learn English, he said.

"I was 16 and in the sixth grade. But it was worth it. A lack of an education is a curse. I now know more about China than I did when I lived there."

"I finished high school and went to the UA (University of Arizona). But I thought I knew everything, so I went in the military. I told my father I'd never work in a grocery store."



Sra. Luisa Romo waiting to cash a check at Jerry's Lee Ho Market

After four years in the Army, Yee returned to Tucson to take over the Farmer's Market on N. Miracle Mile, a grocery that had been in his family since 1945.

"Now I love it," said Yee, who opened a second market by the same name in 1972.

Last year, his nephew Danny Won took over the Miracle Mile store, renaming it Danny's Market. Yee runs Farmer's Market #2 on E. 22nd St.

From time to time, Yee gives away prizes, which he

calls "pilon." The Spanish word means "a little bit extra," and is a reminder of the old practice of giving customers some candy or fruit free of charge, in appreciation for their business.

His 22nd St. market is large and modern, but Joe misses the original location.

"I'll tell you why it was fun," he said.

"It was an old store and ugly, but it had heart and character like an old wife. The tenderness is still there."

El Presidio

... where it all began



By JUDY DONOVAN

The Arizona Daily Star

The tiny neighborhood where it all began for Tucson with a prehistoric pit house 1,000 years ago is a barrio that nearly died and struggles now through transition.

Although seldom called a barrio because its residents were more affluent than those in most of modern Tucson's barrios, the dozen square blocks north of the town's main plaza, nevertheless, had all the closeness, cultural ties, language and character of a barrio.

Called El Presidio because parts of it lie within Tucson's original presidio walls, which have long since disappeared, the neighborhood is bordered by N. Church and Main avenues, and W. Alameda and 6th streets.

For the handful of first- and second-generation Mexican-Americans still living there, El Presidio ended as a truly Mexican neighborhood in the late 1940s and early 1950s when the "americanos" began pushing northward across Alameda Street from the downtown district.

They bought up homes the aging Spanish-speaking owners could no longer maintain because their children had married and moved out to newer, more modern houses.

Lawyers began installing offices in the old dwellings, speculators acquired land, displacing families, and then demolished the buildings either to build new office structures or to leave gaps for parking lots like the missing teeth in a smile.

Today the area is a recently discovered haven for artists, craftsmen, students and others who treasure the mixture of simple adobe, quiet patios, cool wooden porches and the slope of old roofs that caress the eye.

By day, the streets are lined bumper to bumper with parked cars. People with business in the offices and nearby governmental complex move quickly through. A few blocks to the west, the steady hum of Interstate 10 breaks the quiet.

Despite it all, Presidio retains some of the ambience of the barrio.

In the evenings, the cars are gone and the streets are left to the neighborhood's few children who circle under street lamps like moths drawn to flame. The house and apartment dwellers sit on their porches and doorsteps, sometimes remembering the past.

Fifty years ago, it was a "really jolly neighborhood," recalled Maria Diaz-Pulido in the high ceilinged living room of her 80-year-old home on N. Meyer Ave. She's one of two remaining Mexican-Tucsonans on a block that was once all Spanish-speaking, and a true "senora" in the genteel and prosperous style of her native Sonora.

"You can't compare those times with now," she said. "There was always music, no matter what time you woke up. Boys serenaded girls late at night outside their homes."

SHE REMEMBERS buying firewood for 50 cents a tub from Mexican vendors riding in horsedrawn carts and calling

"lena, lena." A woman with a horse and wagon sold steaming hot tamales in the afternoons. And young Chinese vegetable men, who picked their fresh produce early in the morning from little farms near St. Mary's Hospital, sold their wares wrapped in wet burlap, along Presidio's streets.

In the building that is El Charro Restaurant today, the young Maria reveled at parties in the home of the popular Flin girls.

One year she was a princess to the queen of the Mexican 16th of September fiesta and rode on a float that wound through downtown Tucson.

"I'm glad I was young then," she mused. "When Tucson was a small town it was prettier."

Down the street, Julia Valdez came as a bride in 1924 from Hermosillo, Sonora, to her home at 234 N. Meyer Ave. and has never lived anywhere else.

"I had everything at hand. Right behind was a place to have my babies — all seven of them," she remarked in Spanish, referring to the old Stork's Nest maternity clinic that was situated right out the back door.

"Across the street was a good Chinese market, everything I needed. It's torn down now — just a parking lot," she said, shaking her head.

"Those who put in the offices here ruined it. They tore down perfectly good houses. Now it's very sad. I'm the only one left around here," Valdez commented.

Both widows have been urged by their children to leave El Presidio and live with them. Both have resisted the idea but Diaz-Pulido has just sold her property, to a buyer who promises to maintain and preserve her home as she has.

Urban renewal had already forced her husband out of his jewelry stores downtown in the 1960s after over 50 years in business, but well before he was ready to retire.

"I think I'd cry if I came back someday and my house was gone too," she said.

SOLEDAD PEREZ remembers when speculators sent their representatives around El Presidio in the mid-1950s trying to buy up property. She and her family (eight sisters and a brother) have operated El Rapido Tortilla Factory on Washington St., the northern boundary of Tucson's original walled presidio, since her father began it in 1934.

She said entrepreneur Lyle Palant offered her \$40,000 for her tiny storefront tamale eatery — a tempting amount two decades ago.

"But where could we go?" Perez wondered. "We had low overhead here, we couldn't set up new someplace else."

By 1961 Palant was announcing grandiose plans for the entire vacant block bordered by Church, Council, Court and Meyer. An earlier "developer" had acquired the block in the late 1940s and razed the homes of some two dozen Mexican families, many of them renters. Palant promised to build a \$16 million development of offices, apartments, hotel, stores and 900-car parking garage there.

"No one can save a total culture," he said. "Acculturation is what our country is all about. It's hogwash when you try to protect one segment . . . The neighborhood was full of hookers and dope addicts.

"If you leave the neighborhood there, you end up with total decay, rotted to the ground.

"So someone has lived there for 38 years," he said. "What have they done to preserve the area?"

Another private investor who has pressured the mayor and City Council to "revitalize" the downtown for commercial and business use, with some housing, says that "without urban renewal the downtown would be in a sorry state."

Lawyer S. L. Schorr, who was instrumental in the city's first urban renewal effort when he was assistant city manager and urban renewal director in 1959 and 1960, says he "doesn't know how you provide for improvement without disruption. It's an incidental part of development . . .

"Now some of the structures downtown don't have the amenities that are required — they're so old, you couldn't get people to move in without mammoth renovations, which are not economically feasible. I think some of the residents will have to be displaced."

The block still stands totally empty — a reminder to longtime resident Mario Cota-Robles of what he considers the first blow in El Presidio's gradual slide downhill as a residential area.

Twenty years ago the city cut Church Avenue on a diagonal through a block of houses, tearing many down, in order to connect it to the St. Mary's Road-6th Street thoroughfare. For Cota-Robles, an attorney, it was adding insult to injury when the city hit property owners with heavy assessments for an "improvement" they didn't want. His home stands close to the altered right of way and he was assessed \$1,000, he says.

Comfortable in his homey office lined with books, paintings and sculpture in a former residence on N. Meyer Ave., the silver-haired attorney can recite the Presidio families and homesteads replaced over three decades by offices and vacant lots.

Of his own clan, only he, his wife and one son remain in the barrio. He estimated that only about one-fourth of the families who lived there in the 1930s have any survivors on El Presidio streets.

Special census figures of 1975 show El Presidio's population dropped in five years from 440 residents to 292. Anglos far outnumber Mexican-Americans, both as dwellers and office users. And rentals exceed owner-occupied units by seven to one.

But unlike her husband, Stella Cota-Robles doesn't believe the neighborhood is dead as a residential area.

"People love it here. The buildings themselves are beautiful and it's quiet and peaceful. Some people don't mind the inconveniences if they like the place and the rents are low."

She is a veteran of the long and unsuccessful war of property owners against urban renewal and the Tucson Community Center more than a decade ago, after which hundreds of dwellings were demolished.

"It bothers me that so much has been torn down. People like to live in a neighborhood that isn't foreign to them, where the taxes aren't so high either," she said.

PRESIDIO'S SURVIVAL as a residential area of even modest dimensions owes much to its designation as a historic district in 1972.

"There was no downtown plan, and that made people insecure because they didn't know whether to upgrade their property and make repairs or not," said Alene Smith, a Presidio resident since 1946 and a prime mover behind historic zoning. Land speculation and urban renewal contributed to the insecurity.

Historic zoning set up guidelines for changing existing structures and use of vacant land as well as requirements to be fulfilled before a property owner can demolish a structure.

"I'm very encouraged," Smith said. There is a downtown plan now, there are government commitments to

(See EL PRESIDIO, Page 16)

Economic Gun

(Continued from Page 5)

is disparity in wages, there will be housing problems. The people in these neighborhoods are the laborers, the lowest paid on the scale. It was hard enough for them to find a low-rent place before, but now that it's hip to live in the barrio, even the dilapidated buildings are expensive . . . It's sad to see the Mexican-American culture being lost in the old neighborhoods of Tucson."

Not everyone is concerned with displacement of residents under the city's most recent attempt at urban renewal.

Real estate agent James Matison considers it a necessity. He moved his offices out of Barrio Historico six months ago, after four years, because "the area never turned out like I'd hoped it would," he said.

Matison — who had tried to win the barrio over by handing out cartons of milk to the residents when he first got there, only to realize his gesture offended the people — had hoped that the city would put in lights and sidewalks and place a moratorium on taxes for improvements in the historic zone.

But, instead, he said, the city was intent on preserving the style of living, not the architecture.

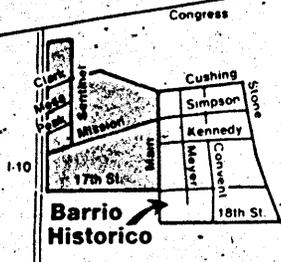
Stephen D. Peskoff, a Toledo investor who owns 1,400 to 1,500 acres in Tucson — including 80 acres near the new IBM plant and 350 acres near Ina and Shannon roads — said when he bought \$165,000 worth of property in Barrio Historico three years ago, he thought he was buying several blocks of vacant land in downtown Tucson.

"I found out there were adobe shacks with people living there," said Peskoff in a telephone interview.

He hasn't been in Tucson for two years, so he has not seen the condition in which his tenants live. But he says he would donate part of his land to the city if he could work out a subsidized revitalization program.

"Somewhere someone's going to have to pay the cost to do all this work . . . There is still a profit motive, because this is still a capitalistic oriented country . . .

"But if you think of retaining the flavor of the neighborhood, that won't be done. With higher rents you wind up moving out the very people who make the neighborhood. By upgrading the property, we'd be throwing those people out. But if it became viable, in our best interest, we'd do it."



By JANE KAY
The Arizona Daily Star

Barrio Historico

Changes come, but old ways stil

Tucson, 100 years ago. It's still there in the old barrio south of the Tucson Community Center.

The Mexican way of life. People of Sonoran-ancestry shaped streets like Convent, Meyer, Cushing and Simpson, built the thick-walled adobe row houses and raised their families.

The Mexican-American culture was born in the old barrios, outside the presidio walls. Part Spanish, part Indian, the residents spoke a language and followed a religion different from those of the Anglos, then called Americans, who were moving to Tucson from the East Coast.

Despite the pitched-roof brick houses that sprang up in the barrio after the railroad came in 1880, the Spanish-Mexican ambience prevailed. Friends and neighbors chatted on the streets; families tried to stay together. The bakeries, or "panaderias," the grocery stores, the "cimarona" stands, the tortilla factories, or "molinas," studded nearly every corner.

But social historians note that even though Mexican-

Americans dominated the barrios, they became the economic "minority" in a growing Tucson.

The economic battle is still being fought today in the same barrio. The Mexican-American working people who have lived there since the earliest settlements are leaving as houses and entire streets are lost to redevelopment for offices and apartments.

Nonetheless the spirit of Mexico lives on in the historic barrio, where the personal lore of generations, respect for the elders and a simple life, courtesy and street society are still nurtured.

"I'd like to live my life again in this barrio," said Richard Camacho, who shares a birth date with the state of Arizona, Feb. 14, 1912.

Camacho's memory stretches from before the 1920s, through the decades until now.

Calling the Convent and Meyer neighborhood "Barrio Libre" was before his time. He always called it "the barrio" or by the names of the crowded, well-known streets. The name "Barrio Viejo" came in with developer, Kelley Rollings, eight years ago, when he started to make a tremen-

dous impact by buying buildings and remodeling. And "Barrio Historico," the term that is coming into use for lack of a better name, was chosen by those who wanted to preserve the streets lined with 100-year-old, Spanish-Mexican row houses and post-railroad Anglo brick houses.

"My wife calls me 'the antique man,'" he said, "because everything I like is old — old cars, old furniture and old houses."

Camacho recalls the cowboys, runaway horses and Papagos, who used to come with wagons full of wood and park at an arch near Cushing and Convent. The Papagos would "come and knock at the door to sell 'palmito,' an herb that Mexicans buy to refresh your stomach," said Camacho.

All the kids went to Las Cuatros Esquinas for fruit-flavored candies, called "perulees," and to see the lady, Hortensia Yrun; whose hair was down to her waist. "They had to stand her on a bench to comb it," said Camacho.

La Providencia Market on Meyer Ave. was founded by Ignacio Gallego, whose grandson, Richard, has opened it on weekends this summer to sell "cimaronas," or snow cones, sometimes with a scoop of ice cream; to passersby.

The people who were "a little higher up," who had "better positions," lived on the east side of S. 6th Ave., he said.

Residents started moving out of the barrio in the mid-1940s, he said, "when the freeway was built," and, later, to make room for the community center.

"People didn't even know why they were taking the houses," he said about the first removal of families. "Later we found out."

"A lot of people cried, some got sick, some old people died because they were not happy anymore. You get used to the old barrio, the old houses. People were very good friends here."

The blacks started moving in in the '50s, he said. "They took over Meyer Street . . . We used to get along fine."

Black blues music started coming out of the barrio, and fight promoter Louis Gherma's Bee Hive Cafe on the corner of Convent and McCormick became a popular place for people from all over town.

Prostitutes established themselves on Sabino Alley, between Convent and Meyer. A man who grew up to be a city fireman recalled them pinning a dollar to his shirt and sending him to the store for beer when he was 5. Another man whose police beat was in the area said, "It was kind of a skid row, but really one of the most interesting parts of town, with the best black singers . . . den after den on Meyer, El Tampico, the Colonial. There were 'cribs,' tiny little rooms where you paid your 50 cents or \$1 and you either did it or didn't do it."

Camacho, now a retired city mechanic, remembers groups of university students, six or seven, coming to the barrio looking for a fight. "It was a friendly fight, no guns, no knives. We knew what they were here for. They had their fun — we had our fun."

"I've been all these years here, and I'm still happy.

"We like to live together," he said about the Mexican-American people. "We have nothing against the other races. But we like to be with our own people."

People are having to move out because of high rents, he said. "They used to go to the other barrios, Aruta, El Hoyo, El Membrillo," but he doesn't know where they go now.

Larry Hayden bought a house on Simpson, across the street from the Camachos, three years ago. The exterior of the 80-year-old, hip-roofed, early-territorial house will stay the same. But he's completely remodeling the inside, lowering the floor and raising the ceiling to make two studio apartments with lofts.

"I think the downtown will never be a really great downtown until people are living here," he said, standing near where his reconstructed front porch will be. "There are too many offices here already."

Hayden, in his middle years, is a member of a pioneer Anglo family that has had furniture businesses in Tucson since the 1850s. He became interested in Barrio Historico because many years ago his grandfather had a store somewhere in the area.

"I just have one picture of it, an old adobe rectangular building, like they all were. It was just a dumb feeling I had that I'd like to have some little anchor in the area. I personally felt it would be kind of fun to have something here."

He paid \$22,000 for the property, which he bought from a Mexican-American family that wasn't living in it, he said, and plans to put \$20,000 to \$25,000 into it.



Kelley Rollings surveys Meyer Ave., where he began as a developer in Barrio Historico with the Cushing Street Bar.

ill live

"My friend bet me I'm going to lose money . . . By the end of August, it should be completed," he said. "This is really going to be neat."

• • •
 Maria Perez wishes she could have bought the house she used to live in on Meyer Ave. It's now part of the Legal Aid of Tucson offices just south of what is now the Cushing Street Bar. Six years ago when Rollings bought the house, which she had been renting for 32 years, her rent to the Agnes Robles family was \$42, she said.

At first she was worried that she and her family, including her son, Joe, who had a business selling Mexican records, would have to leave the barrio.

But, she said, Rollings assured the people that he wasn't going to raise the rent. "In a meeting at San Cosme Church, he raised his hand and told us he was going to have consideration for the people of the barrio," she said in Spanish.

The Perezes were moved around the corner to Simpson St., where they still live. But because their rent has been raised "\$5 to \$10 every so often," they are paying \$135. They don't know when it will stop or how long they can afford it.

She believes that it is not right for landlords to take the houses for offices.

"The neighborhood is for people who need houses, who can't pay very much money for them. It's always been like that.

"Of course, I'd like to keep living around here. But there are no houses. The houses that have been fixed up, we can't afford.

"The government should take some houses around here and freeze the rent. There are a lot of houses on Convent that should be remodeled. But if they're remodeled, there should be consideration for the people around here.

• • •
 Kelley Rollings bought his first property south of the community center in 1970, the year he ran unsuccessfully for mayor. Now he owns 30 properties in the old barrio, and he'd like to own 120. Not only does he want to buy property that is contiguous to what he already owns, but he also wants to build apartments, some two stories, to fill in any vacant land.

"There's no way of telling what the barrio will be like in 1985," he said, in answer to a question asked of him in his Cushing Street Bar. "There's still a high percentage of native owners — I would guess 50 percent." Three-quarters of all property owners, like him, are not residents of the barrio.

His taxes have gone up an average of 10 percent a year, he said, with "basically no city improvement." Last year, however, they didn't go up.

But he doesn't expect an increase in property value "for a long, long time." People who owned or bought before 1975 benefited from the accelerating value due to historical interest, he said.

To show how the speculation affected the barrio, he said a house on Convent that was worth \$3,000 some 10 years ago is now selling for \$22,500.

Rollings remembers saying he wouldn't make people move when he bought property.

His method is to wait until they "move for their own reasons" then renovate the apartments and raise the rent, he said. He denies jacking up people's rents while they're there, saying, "We have been raising rents to conform with inflation and will continue to do so."

Rollings maintains that the neighborhood has always been "mixed."

A city study showed that 80 percent of the residents are Mexican-American, 9 percent are Anglo, 6 percent black and 2 percent American Indian.

He feels that people will be pushed out if there are no government subsidies, because the low-income renter cannot compete with the moderate-income renter.

"I'm not going to subsidize them. Everybody has made their decisions, as far as buying and selling property, on an economic basis," not on whether a person was black, white or Mexican-American, he said.

• • •
 Tucson adopted a historic district ordinance six years ago. Four areas were designated as eligible to be historic zones: Barrio Historico, El Presidio, Armory Park and University West. Three-quarters of the landowners in each eligible area must sign a petition in order to gain the distinction. All the areas except University West became "historic districts."



The faces tell a happier story than the surroundings.

Last April, Barrio Historico — defined as Cushing to 18th St. and Stone to Main, but not taking in El Hoyo to the west as in the city's description — passed the state review committee to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. With this comes protection against destruction by any project, such as a freeway, involving federal money. With it also comes eligibility for landowners to get matching grants for restoring and rehabilitating their property.

Dale Frens, an architect who has no financial interest in the barrio, was one of those to push through the preservation project "out of historic interest."

But the barrio has some characteristics of what geographers and sociologists call "a defeated neighborhood," said Frens, a member of the Barrio Historico Advisory Board, which makes recommendations to the mayor and council.

"The neighborhood has lost its leadership and land ownership is in the hands of other people — outside investors," he said.

Many houses are dilapidated or vacant because the investors are concerned with the land, not the structures. He added, "The land is almost more valuable vacant . . . it's within the zone of transition from the downtown."

"The real goal," said Frens, "is for the Tucson Barrio Association to organize in time to save houses for people who have always lived there . . . I really feel it's good to give the neighborhood more time to initiate some self-help housing projects — and there are some promising possibilities."

Frens, who is going to Columbia University's historic preservation graduate program, said he wouldn't move to the barrio should he return to Tucson.

"I think anyone considering moving into the area has to be sensitive to the culture that's there right now. A lot of Anglos have moved in . . . I think, generally speaking, the people are offended, or even sensitive, to Anglos with greater means who are able to put large, or small, sums of money into the property, while they have always had to rent. I feel, at least for now, one ought to think twice before doing it."

Carlos Bautista, one of the founders of the barrio association, said he doesn't care who moves in as long as at present residents have an equal chance for housing.

"Right now, they don't have an equal chance," he said.

"People think the residents don't want to fix up the barrio. But they cannot. It's a 'redline' district, where the banks won't lend money to residents. People who fix up houses have their own money."

The 16-month-old neighborhood association was formed after a tenant of 18 years was evicted when her landlord decided to sell the house to someone who wanted to move into the neighborhood.

This year the association turned in a self-help housing proposal to the City Council, asking for \$85,000 to pay for

work done by families. The goal was to rehabilitate decaying houses and fill in vacant land, working in small groups of seven to 10 families, guided by a construction supervisor. The proposal was turned down, but the group, which is a non-profit corporation, will submit another.

Unless there are rent subsidies, Bautista said, city improvements will only displace the residents, because the property values go up. But he sees rent subsidies as an intermediate step until the area become self-supporting through better jobs.

"If you blow the timing in this neighborhood, you blow the whole thing," said Bautista.

"I think we've slowed down displacement," he said. "But we still don't have anything for those who are displaced. For those who stay, we can offer hope."

• • •
 Barrio Historico has been good to an elderly Papago who lives in a half-boarded up house at apartments while she waits for reservation housing in her village of Topawa. There are 300 ahead of her on a waiting list — and her old age doesn't win her top priority.

But in the barrio, she can walk to the Santa Rosa Center for free lunch, catch a bus to Sells or transfer only once to get to Kino Community Hospital. And her rent is only \$40 a month.

She has no stove and no shower. Her toilet is outdoors. When she wants to heat water to bathe or to cook, she has to use a small hot plate. There is no cooling or central heating. In summer she relies on the high ceilings; in winter she runs the space heater, which runs up a bill that is half as much as her monthly rent.

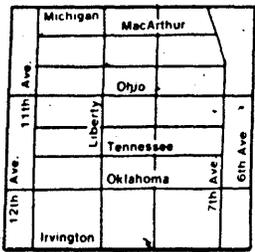
Her 100-year-old apartment, and some others, are owned by a Toledo life insurance salesman, Stephen D. Peskoff, whose corporation, S.B. Double J. Investment Co., bought them as an investment three years ago.

Peskoff's local agent, Sundial Realty, boarded up half the apartments because, said John Meijer, the owners are "not interested in rental but in looking for joint development."

Meijer added, "When you take away the \$40 rental that someone can afford, what do you replace it with? Bad as they may be, they certainly beat no roof at all. Every time you tear down an old building, you're tearing out the bottom of the rental market."

Because the Papago woman doesn't want to live without a stove, hot water or a shower, she has looked elsewhere in the barrio. But a place that was vacant on Convent and Kennedy would have cost \$85 a month — even though there were outdoor showers — and her small Supplemental Security Income check wouldn't allow it.

"Eighty-five dollars, can you imagine?" she said about the place she had her eye on. "Everything is so expensive."



National City

National City

Pride hides poverty

By ARMANDO DURAZO
The Arizona Daily Star

National City, a relatively new barrio in Tucson, doesn't strike one as a poor neighborhood. Its streets are paved, and a majority of its residents are homeowners.

And, indeed, some of its residents are well off. But many are poor or working-class types who began a steady influx into the half-mile-square area in 1940. It is bordered by S. Sixth Ave., S. 12th Ave., W. Irvington Rd. and W. Michigan Drive.

The barrio — also known as El Barrio Los States because of the street names in it — has attracted 2,000 residents, mostly Mexican-American families whose annual incomes range from \$4,000 to \$30,000.

To many of those at the lower end of the scale, poverty is a four-letter word. They are too proud to admit they live in poverty. Pride is not a four-letter word.

They live privately in their rapidly deteriorating homes and tell no one their homes need repair, despite a federal program that would give them aid.

City officials say 300 of the 685 homes in the neighborhood need repair, and a number have to be demolished.

Some residents agree, but others hold a different opinion.

"We can take care of ourselves," said Jacqueline Walker, a four-year resident of National City. "Most people have enough money to take care of their homes."

She said there were some homes that needed repair, but

city-officials have had trouble finding homeowners who will take advantage of federal funds available to them for home improvements.

"A lot of people turn us off because they are too proud to ask for help," said Olivia Valenzuela, who is coordinating a \$2.3 million rehabilitation project. "They think it's (the money) a handout."

"I have a hard time explaining that the money they will get is their tax money," she continued. "They think that if they take the money, the city will take over their homes. That just isn't so."

Valenzuela said that of the 300 homes found to need repair, only 90 have benefited from the federal money.

The city has spent \$1.9 million for sidewalks, lights, a park along Rodeo Wash, and footpaths across it, and for home improvements.

The homes that need repair, Valenzuela said, were built during World War II, when materials were scarce and building codes were not strictly enforced.

The homes have leaky roofs and bathrooms, cracked walls and need painting. The smell of raw sewage filtered through one home from badly installed bathroom vents.

Gilbert Ray, a 30-year resident, agrees with Valenzuela.

"The homes were built cheaply," he said. "There were many shanty-type homes built then, and they are still being used. The housing is not very appealing."

But scattered among the deteriorating homes are numerous high-cost houses valued at about \$50,000, Valenzuela said.

"The housing market is funny," she said. "The homes there are worth more than they would be in other barrios. A home in another barrio that sells for \$10,000 might sell for \$25,000 in National City."

Socorro Urbina, an eight-year resident of the neighborhood, is one of the few who received federal aid to improve her home.

"We needed a roof," she said in Spanish, "but we didn't know whether to ask for help because my husband wasn't working and we thought it was going to cost us money. We just weren't sure (of asking for aid)."

The residents are not just reticent about asking for home-improvement loans and grants. The people of National City generally keep to themselves.

"I'm not a very friendly person," said Elvira Montgomery, who has lived there 20 years. "I don't know who lives across the street from me."

"I know there are illegal aliens living here," she continued, "but I just don't like to get involved. I mind my own business."

Some residents of National City are newly arrived immigrants from Mexico who don't speak English — creating a language barrier.

"I'm from Montana," said Walker, owner of five apartments in the neighborhood. "There are no Spanish people there (in Montana), so I don't know how to speak Spanish."

"When I want to talk with my tenants," she continued, "I have to get an interpreter. Actually, I'm the new kid on the block."

El Hoyo

(Continued from Page 6)

be closely knit. We still have a closely knit atmosphere. Hey, my father and his friends say they have their history, their legends. So do we."

His legends have to do with the abundance of nicknames — his family members are called "Peringas" and his neighbors, "Las Enchiladas" — and their 30-inning baseball games at Carrillo School for barrels of beer. Music, too, is big in El Hoyo. He plays the "güido." "Pepe" Galvez plays the congas and Pachex, the maracas, sometimes along with Jimmy Vendiola's band. "Mr. Cool Cat" Frank Sayre plays jazz guitar.

René's father retired from the city as a sanitation inspector. And now, René, a sheet metal worker, is a garbage collector, a "travichi." He says, "I like to think I have my dad's personality. Everyone at work respected him."

"We make up what the barrio is," he says. "It's still our blood in the barrio. . . I'm a brother of the barrio."

Joe G. Cruz, who lives across the street from Rene, feels the same, although he doesn't put it in those words. Because a lot of the old people are dying — three in recent months — he's glad to see some of the young staying. He and his wife, Alicia Carrizosa Perez, who grew up in Barrio Hollywood, were married in the house 31 years ago.

As with the eldest Perez, his health is not good and his activism has died down. But he likes to recall the way the neighborhood was before urban renewal.

There was the big park that La Reforma housing project was built on, the immense grove of tamarisk trees and the baseball field. The Robles apartment houses on 17th and Main, El Rio grocery store on Convent, Sunrise and El Grande groceries on Meyer, Garcia Cleaners on Main, a service station, Cooper Body and Paint on Main were all familiar places.

LA CONCHA opened up in the mid-1930s as a drugstore, he says. "Just like a dream, I recall a building near there shaped like a big orange barrel where they used to sell root beer."

El Presidio

(Continued from Page 13)

historic district and the prospects are very good something will happen to continue these properties."

Artist and interior decorator Patrick Hynes, like others in El Presidio's new breed, thinks the saturation point for offices has been reached.

"People used to sit out on the sidewalk in chairs. It was like a little Mexico, with little shops — not curio, mind you — but clothing, hardware and candy stores where the Community Center now stands. Pushcarts sold bread, menudo and cimaronas or raspadas, orange peel and watermelon rind candy and popcorn balls.

"And it was clean at that time. People used to sweep the sidewalks. South 6th Avenue was the only paved street.

"We all used to go swimming in the big irrigation ditch at the base of 'A' Mountain, before they cut through for I-10.

"We walked everywhere at night. There was no crime. Sometimes, after walking home from the old Plaza Mexican theater at 2 o'clock in the morning, we'd sleep out in the yard. Nobody would bother us."

"There's still no crime here," says Cruz. "There's a lot of wins. But they don't bother you. I've never been robbed."

All his children and grandchildren were born in his house on Main. Although he says people were friendlier in the old days, he still likes the closeness, the familiarity of the neighborhood.

Old-time residents remember San Cosme Church when the priest would come every Sunday for Mass. The little chapel with one of the names of the first Franciscan mission across the Santa Cruz River is still a landmark. Now, every night in May, there is a rosary in honor of the Virgin's month.

The old Elysian Grove Grocery — now refurbished as three apartments — is another neighborhood landmark. Residents remember it as a bustling grocery store. But their parents talked of the Carrillo's Gardens, with Little Eye Springs and Simpson's Baths, probably located behind the present El Minuto in the late 1800's. Later, the gardens were called the Elysian Grove and had a large amusement park, at the end of the streetcar line in the early 1900s, with a baseball field, skating rink, theater and dance hall.

The 50-year-old Carrillo School and its playground lie on old Jardin Carrillo. It's still a natural gathering place. The principal, J.B. Stroud, opens it for meetings, projects and children's recreation. His philosophy is "if you don't share

your problems with the neighbors, they think you can solve them all by yourself."

The elegant school building — with its red-tiled roof, high, spacious halls and history of generations of families — was the focal point for another neighborhood battle last summer. The City Parks and Recreation Department announced that it would close the old pool because it would cost too much to renovate it. The city promised to bus neighborhood kids to two other pools.

El Hoyo and its neighboring barrio east across Main were angered over the suggestion. They suspected that it wouldn't be too long before free bus service would halt, since, in practice, it was used sporadically. They also resented that so much money was being spent on new eastside pools. And there was the feeling that if the city could break up a neighborhood swimming tradition, it could also break up a neighborhood.

The Tucson Barrio Association, a group that grew out of an eviction from a house on Kennedy St. two years ago, organized some meetings. And the neighborhood responded with volunteer efforts. The city council then agreed to give money for a smaller pool within the old pool.

Artist Roberto Borboa, who grew up in El Hoyo, painted the mural on the schoolyard wall — and some young people started painting one near the swimming pool. The mural messages are clear: Life to the barrio.

Panchita Leon, who took her mother to the nightly rosaries in May, says, yes, the barrio is different. But she thinks the struggle for survival has been helped by the few Anglos who have moved into El Hoyo.

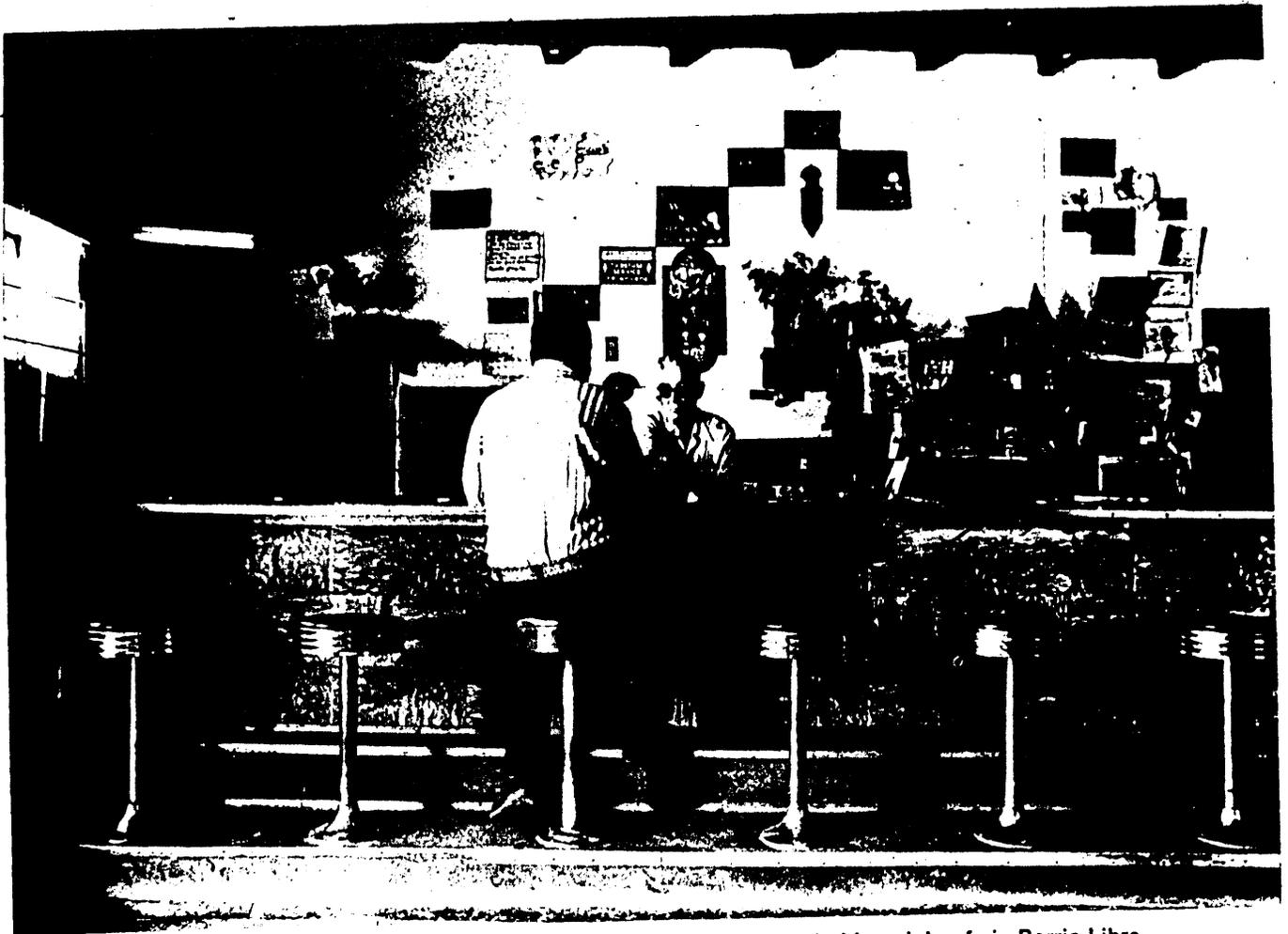
"They've helped us — like any other families. . . . We get along with them, and they're real nice. They're like us. So we don't worry."

So far no Anglos belong to the El Tiradito Foundation, the group that banded together after its neighborhood preservation efforts in the early 1970s.

Now the foundation meets only for backyard parties. But should the 14th St. extension, or any other such plan, become a threat, she says, "Yes, we would get together to fight it."

Anthropologists believe it proves Tucson is the oldest continuously occupied community in the country.

"Wouldn't it be ironic," commented Hynes, "if in the 20th century, after all this time, it ceased to be a section of town where people actually lived?"



Gabriel Loya may be serving his only customer for the day in his quiet cafe in Barrio Libre.

Quieting of once-lively cafe reflects neighborhood's story

By ARMANDO DURAZO
The Arizona Daily Star

Gabriel M. Loya came to the United States from Mexico for a piece of the action.

He enjoyed the wages copper miners earned in the 1930s. He also enjoyed opening a small cafe in South Tucson. And he enjoyed the hassles of operating it.

That was plenty of action, he quickly admitted.

But the joys are gone, and the unplugged jukebox in Loya's cafe tells the story not only of the restaurant but also of the barrio where he chose to establish it.

The jukebox has been silent for years and has gathered dust from decaying adobe. Some of the records in it date back a couple of decades and the Mexican musicians have either died or faded into obscurity.

Loya's restaurant and the barrio are enduring the same fate, even though they were once as lively as a Mexico City Mercado.

It was 23 years ago that Loya bought a 53-year-old building in the Papago Ville district of Barrio Libre. He rented the building for two years before he decided to use part of it to open Los Mineros Cafe, which he named after his 14 years as a miner.

Loya, now 74, spent 18-hour days tending bar, waiting on tables and helping in the kitchen at Los Mineros, 500 W. 27th St.

"Many times I would continue to work until the sun came up on me the following day," he said. "I would stop selling beer at 1 a.m. and continue to sell food until daybreak.

"Business was booming," he continued in

Spanish. "In those times a lot of people would come here, but I got weaker and weaker and the people started going elsewhere."

A poster in the cafe reads, "Through our doors walk the finest people on earth — our customers."

Another poster, however, tells the same story the jukebox does. It reads, "Customers wanted — no experience required."

Loya can dust the counter, sweep the floor and reclean already empty ashtrays while waiting hours for customers to walk in — but they don't.

"He blames himself for some of the lack of business.

"I'm tired and old," he said. "My health is not the best. I even ask customers to leave when I don't feel good.

A Papago barrio slowly fades away

Death came slowly and unnoticed to a Papago barrio in South Tucson.

There is no dispute among residents of what was once Papago Ville, six city blocks of decaying homes and weed-filled lots, that it is dead.

"I think you are a couple years too late," said Linda Parvello, peering out from her adobe home on W. 27th St. "Papago Ville is dead."

The decay of the barrio for the Papagos began about 40 years ago, said Alton Wallace, director of the Safford Area Council and a one-time resident of the area.

He said that in the 1940s, there were about 100 families who recognized the area — between W. 26th and 29th streets and S. 10th and 12th avenues — as Papago Ville.

By 1959, Wallace said, the number had dropped to 18 families. Now, there are six.

He said the barrio's residents began a

slow migration to other parts of the city and back to the reservation west of Tucson, and were replaced by Mexican-Americans and Yaqui Indians who did not identify with the name the Papagos had given the barrio.

Now, the name has no real meaning.

South Tucson officials, however, use the name when applying for home improvement grants, and recently announced that Papago Ville will receive \$150,000 to repair about 28 homes.

The barrio got its start when Indians began migrating into the city in the 1800s, said Wallace. Papagos would move into the area because they wanted to be among members of the tribe, and because there was no place else for low-income, non-skilled and low-educated people.

"I don't think you'll find anyone who still calls this area Papago Ville," said Parvello. "It's dead; that's all there is to it."

"I don't keep steady hours. I open when I want to and close when I want to," Loya said, catching his breath because one of his lungs has been removed.

He said he used to make anywhere from \$500 to \$700 a day 20 years ago, and feels lucky if he can clear \$50 a day now.

Most of the time he makes nothing. The only activity might be a neighbor walking in to use the telephone.

Loya, who immigrated 55 years ago, said business has fallen enough that he can take a nap "and not worry about anything" during business hours.

"I couldn't do that 20 years ago. There were large fights — involving 10 to a dozen men — and stabbings here," he remembered. "It was Barrio Libre — a free zone."

He described the barrio as a place where everything went on, including gambling, prostitution, narcotics traffic and gang activities.

That, too, is gone.

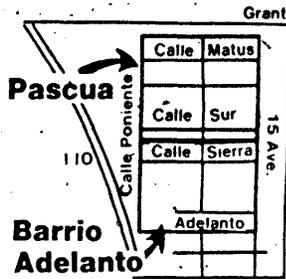
Out of habit, Loya opens his restaurant and keeps an eye on the four apartments next to Los Mineros that he rents for about \$100 each.

But he wants out.

He has offered the restaurant for sale.

"I'm tired and old," he said. "But with a new administration, steady hours and a little money this restaurant will begin making profits again, like the old times."

Maybe there will even be some new records in the jukebox.



Pascua

Old Yaquis fear for young

By JANE KAY
The Arizona Daily Star

Fifty years ago, Don Manuel Alvarez settled in Pascua village. The Yaqui people were trying to make a home, as they always had, near a river.

Wood fires gave off the scent of warming tortillas. Without cars, they walked to town. They took marginal jobs, tended animals and gardens and hauled water into makeshift tin-and-cardboard houses.

Now Don Manuel is an old man. Many of his Yaqui neighbors, seeking new lives, have moved to a new village southwest of Tucson. But, in the old village, now surrounded by the city, he still smells the wood fires, travels by bicycle and watches people take work when they can and haul water into leaky, patched houses.

The Arizona Yaquis have always been poor. They came as refugees from southern Sonora in the late 1880s and now, out of 250 people in Pascua, only a half dozen or so families earn more than \$7,000 a year.

Millions of dollars in Model Cities money has passed through the village, leaving street lights, strip paving and some outdoor toilets that their owners can't afford to repair. The cement facing on part of Don Manuel's old house was done with some of the last Model Cities money.

But it's not 50 years of poverty that has the respected, 77-year-old Yaqui shaking his head over the future. It's the lost language and loose living that he doesn't want to see.

"By 1960 there were still a lot of little children who spoke Yaqui," he said in Spanish.

"But they begin to leave off Yaqui. Now the young don't speak it."

A University of Texas graduate student, in fact, did a study of the Yaqui urban barrios two years ago, finding that only one-fifth spoke Yaqui, although the language was not fading as fast as scholars had predicted.

"The parents don't teach them — that's all," said Don Manuel. "It's not the fault of the children. . . . At the age of 7 they used to enter the children in the dances as apprentices. They don't do it anymore."

Don Manuel, who is a deacon in the Catholic church, has taught catechism to the young since 1945. Now he takes communion to the sick and visits with them. He believes in an orderly life, rising early to work around his tidy house.

Don Manuel — a title he's won over the years — was a



Don Manuel Alvarez

farm worker for 48 years. There used to be cultivated fields where Prince, River and Oracle roads are now, he said, and "the Yaquis worked very hard there."

After houses begin to be built on the land after World War II, they went to Marana and Continental every day to work in cotton, wheat, watermelons and corn.

"Now there are machines that do what we used to do. But there's work wherever you want it. You just have to do it. It's hard," said Don Manuel.

He knows his opinions are unpopular because they are critical of some of his people. But he believes that alcohol, drugs and "too much carousing" threaten the Yaquis.

"I know it's not right, but there are vicious people around here who give drugs and liquor to the children. But the children like it. They're thinking about it when they're in school."

Although Don Manuel never misses Mass at the small Santa Rosa Church, many Yaquis do not attend it. They are a deeply religious people, following their own ceremonial calendar at San Ignacio, the long, low, white Yaqui church on the plaza.

It is here that the Pascua Yaquis dramatize the Passion of Our Lord at an Easter ceremony brought by the refugees from Mexico.

Many of the Indians fled to Arizona after seeing their men, women and children shot, deported to Yucatan, turned loose in the capital or sold as slaves in reprisal against the proud, wily Yaqui guerrillas who held off the Mexican soldiers in the Bacatete Mountains during the wars to keep their land around the Rio Yaqui.

They started settling — or squatting — in Mesquite, south of Ajo Way, in Barrio Libre in South Tucson, in Barrio Anita and north of Grant Rd. on the Tierra Floja ranch. But when the owner put up a fence in the 1920s to keep the Indians off the property north of Grant, they moved south to what is now the dozen blocks of tin, wood, cement-block and adobe structures near Grant and Interstate 10 that make up Pascua village.

The fervent Easter ceremony — (as well as the belief in ghosts, spirits, curses, dreams and mystical herb cures) — always moved with them.

The dances had been choreographed, in part, by the Jesuits of the 1600s, who couldn't stamp out the Yaqui's strong supernatural beliefs. But they were proficient enough as missionaries to blend the story of Jesus with the ancient rituals.

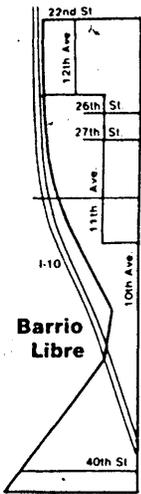
Now the traditional Yaquis who choreograph the religious celebrations at San Ignacio worry when the children fail to carry out their parents' promises, or "mandas," to dance in the religious societies in return for a saintly favor, such as a curing or a job.

And they worry that they don't have resident "maestros," or lay religious teachers, to tell the people what the ceremony means.

(See PASCUA, Page 22)

This Pascua house, built by her father, has been the home of Francisca Huicamea since she was a month old. The 97-year-old woman still lives in the family compound started by her parents when they moved to the village in 1881.





Barrio Libre

South Tucson refuge

By **ARMANDO DURAZO**
The Arizona Daily Star

Like Manuel Alvarez, Carmelino Castro has a scary glimpse of the future.

The future is not his alone, it includes about 120 other Yaqui families — an estimated 500 persons — in Barrio Libre.

Castro seconds Alvarez' notion that the Yaqui culture, lifestyle and religion are threatened. Their life is centered around the church and religion, a mixture of native beliefs and Catholicism.

"The church is a symbol of stability to the Yaquis, but it's breaking down," says Castro, 48, vice president of Yaqui Comite la Fe, an organization that oversees the Yaqui annual religious ceremonies. "The young don't want to do it anymore. When the church goes, we go. The church keeps us together."

But religion is not the only problem facing Castro and other Yaquis. Papagos and Mexican-Americans of Barrio Libre share the other problems.

The barrio is bounded by 22nd St. and 39th St., Interstate 10 and 10th Ave. Its population is between 1,500 and 2,000, depending on who is giving the figures.

A survey of the town of South Tucson, which includes a large portion of Barrio Libre, conducted last year by the Center for Employment Training, shows unemployment among Yaquis and Papagos is 23 percent and Mexican-American unemployment is 21 percent.

The overall unemployment figure for Tucson during the same period, the study shows, was 7.4 percent.

A job counselor at the training center blamed low educational levels and the low-income transient population in Barrio Libre for the high unemployment figures.

John Stratt said, "The level of education here is lower than anywhere else in Pima County."

He referred to the 1977 study findings, which indicated that the average level of education in the area is the ninth grade. The report showed the average educational level for the rest of Tucson was at least some college.

"Affirmative action programs say a certain number of blacks, Indians and Mexican-Americans have to be hired."

(See **BARRIO LIBRE**, Page 20)



Social life revolves around neighborhood fiestas, such as this one at Santa Cruz Catholic Church.

Study shows poverty abounds in westside barrios

The people who live in the barrios that border the Santa Cruz River may be the oldest residents of Tucson. But they are not the richest.

Demographic maps clearly show high concentrations of minority people with incomes below poverty level living close to Interstate 10 and the railroad, according to an analysis prepared by the Tucson Community Development Design Center.

U.S. Census figures from eight years ago, also analyzed by the Design Center, an architecture service for low-income people, showed that of the 1,500 families who live near Davis, Spring, Carrillo, Drachman and Ochoa schools, 6 percent earn yearly incomes below \$1,000; 40 percent earn between \$1,000 and \$4,999; 51 percent earn between \$5,000 and \$14,999 and 3 percent earn more than \$15,000.

The figures are drastically different from household incomes for the eastside of Tucson, according to the most recent figures in Tucson Trends, published by The

Arizona Daily Star, Tucson Citizen and the Valley National Bank.

In a typical eastside area, for comparison, 7 percent earn under \$5,000; 32 percent earn between \$5,000 and \$14,999 and 61 percent earn more than \$15,000.

Another indicator of neighborhood poverty is the number of children who qualify for free or reduced-price meals at the public schools. To meet the federal guidelines, a family of four cannot earn more than \$7,610 a year for the children to qualify for a free meal each day and \$11,880 for a reduced-price meal.

At Carrillo, 96 percent qualify; Drachman, 96 percent; Richey, 92 percent; Davis, 95 percent; Manzo, 85 percent; Spring, 91 percent; Ochoa, 96 percent; Safford, 99 percent and Tully, 72 percent. As a comparison, an elementary school and a junior high east of Wilmot Rd. have, respectively, 28 percent and 21 percent on free or reduced-price meals.

The Department of Economic Security does not keep

statistics on which areas of town its welfare and food stamps clients come from.

Since there hasn't been a housing study for 10 years, it is also difficult to pinpoint the quality of houses in the barrio. But city planners, conducting research for the Old Pueblo South plan did make a "windshield survey" of every house in several of the barrios between Congress St. and 22nd St.

Of the nearly 300 buildings in Barrio Historico, 91 were good (no structural defects visible, with only minor cosmetic defects), 150 were deteriorated (no more than two major defects, such as unsafe porch, holes, open cracks, part of foundation or wall or roof sections missing) and 48 were dilapidated (several major defects, with sagging floors and roofs or unrepaired fire or storm damage).

Only one-third of the barrio's buildings were rated as sound, compared to Armory Park, the downtown neighborhood to the east, where 60 percent of the houses were rated as sound by the same study.



Millville and San Antonio

Small areas, big roles

By EDITH SAYRE AUSLANDER
The Arizona Daily Star

The significance of Tucson's small barrios is not diminished by their anonymity. Like the larger neighborhoods, they have played roles in the development of local culture and history.

The stories of Barrio Millville and Barrio San Antonio reflect the dignity and warmth of the small barrios.

They are located in the center of Tucson, but in the early part of the century, they were on the outskirts.

Although others might disagree about where one barrio ends and the other begins, the boundaries are very clear to Emilia Lopez, who has lived in both.

Millville, where she lives now, is bordered by E. 22nd St. on the south, S. Park Ave. on the west, and the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks on the north and east.

North of the tracks is San Antonio, a slightly larger neighborhood, bordered roughly by a wash (just south of Broadway) on the north, S. Cherry Ave. on the east, and Park on the west.

"This part of town is all I have ever known," the 77-year-old woman explained.

Millville got its name from a mill that used to be located nearby, she said.

It is where her parents brought her in 1914, when they escaped a revolution in Mexico. It is where she and her late husband Antonio reared their 13 children. And it is home base for their 40 grandchildren and 28 great-grandchildren.

There was a time when more than 80 children lived in the homes on her block on S. Fremont Ave. between 17th and 18th streets.

Everyone there was either a relative or a close friend. "It was a very good feeling, a good place to raise children," she said.

However, all the children have grown up, and many of the oldtimers have passed away. It saddens her.

"Before, there was no need to leave the barrio," she explained. "We had everything here — a grocery store, a chapel, parties, even wedding receptions were at home."

But the grocery store closed some years ago, and the church building is used as a day-care center.

The neighbors are still friendly, but it's not the same, she said.

A few blocks away, across the railroad tracks in Barrio San Antonio, Sammy Lopez recalled the 60 years his family has lived in the barrio.

Although not related, his family and the Antonio Lopezes have known each other for years.

Now retired from maintenance work, Sammy Lopez, 68, said he spends many evenings reminiscing on the front porch of his family's home on Star Ave.

"I remember playing baseball under the street lights," he said. "Our mothers would gather on a front porch to talk. Those were wonderful days."

His father built the first house in Barrio San Antonio

about 1918. "He bought the lot for \$100, and had to dig a well to get water for the adobe bricks," Lopez remembered.

Lopez's younger brother, Ricardo, was born in that house and still lives nearby.

Food stands were everywhere in the neighborhood. One woman put tables and chairs in her yard and sold food from the kitchen window.

Most important to Lopez was the barrio effort to build a chapel. "Some of the old people found it difficult to walk to the cathedral (St. Augustine Cathedral downtown at 192 S. Stone Ave.)."

Archbishop Daniel J. Gercké promised the neighborhood a chapel if the residents could raise enough money for the land. Lopez was appointed head of the fund-raising effort in the late 1940s.

It took several years, but by 1949 the land was purchased, and the archbishop paid \$3,000 to move a building from Fort Huachuca to serve as the chapel.

Lopez continued maintenance of Our Lady of Light Chapel until it was closed in the late '60s.

"People used to come to Mass there from all over town," he remembered. "There were only 150 seats, but they used to stand in the aisles."

Now things are different. Still, Lopez said, Barrio San Antonio is the best place to live. "I love this house," he said. "I'll never sell it."

He never married, Lopez explained, so he has no heirs. But the house will be willed to someone in his family. "It is our heritage," he said.

Anita

(Continued from Page 7)

feels her children are being shortchanged. She blames it on lack of discipline from the teachers. Educators today let students get away with things that weren't permitted when she was a pupil there, she says. And worst of all, the school complains to her that her children are undisciplined.

"I have no trouble with them at home," she says. "Sure, I may yell a lot but they do what I tell them to."

"I tell my oldest son how proud I am of him. Mijito, I tell him, you're 12 years old. You don't smoke, you don't drink, you don't sniff glue, you're not out stealing. Look at the other kids. There are 7 year olds, smoking, stealing, sniffing glue. At 4 o'clock, 1 o'clock in the morning, they're running around in the streets. I tell him, I'm proud of you. You may be mischievous and a fighter, but you're a good boy."

Unas, 29, has lived in Barrio Anita all her life. She has no intention of leaving. Her six-room house is ample for her family. And the rent is right. At \$90 a month, she considers it a bargain. A neighbor pays \$20 a month but she knows someone who pays \$195 a month for a 3-room house.

"You go to other places, sure the houses are pretty, but you don't feel at home there."

"I wouldn't leave this house for nothing. Little by little I'm fixing it up."

The pink house on Williams St., on the northernmost edge of Barrio Anita, is home to a well-known couple who

just as easily could have a house in the foothills.

Laura and Jack Banks have lived there for 18 years.

"We could have gone into the foothills, but I have friends here and I saw no reason to go elsewhere," says Laura Banks.

She is reading coordinator for the Tucson Unified School District. Her husband owns a restaurant.

Barrio Anita is home to Laura Noble Banks. She grew up on Anita Ave. in a house around the corner from her present one. For a while, she rented out the old family home. Now it's boarded up. People still come asking to rent it but Banks has decided to tear it down.

"You can't rent a house in this area for what it would cost to build or remodel," she says. The area attracts low-income people, which makes remodeling or building unprofitable, she adds.

In addition to the old family home, which she owns with her brothers and sisters, the Bankses own other property in the area, including the bar at Contzen Ave. and Williams St.

Among the changes that have come to Barrio Anita is the fire substation on Contzen Ave. Frances Ramos, who lives next door, wishes it hadn't been built. "You can hear the fire calls through the walls," she says. "It's terrible to sleep here."

But it's her home, built by her father 40 years ago. She wouldn't dream of leaving. "I couldn't live anywhere else. I

was raised here. My kids were married from here."

She thinks huge cracks in the walls were caused by water seepage from the house's old, worn-out plumbing. Several years ago, she came home to find the pipes had burst. "We had to pump 5,000 gallons of water out from under the floor." Since then, the house has developed the cracks, which she thinks have occurred as the house settles in the humid earth beneath the old floor.

She can't afford to have the cracks repaired on her Social Security income, she says. But she cannot find an agency that will help her. "Why do some people with more money get their houses knocked down and rebuilt?" she wonders. "They tell me they can't help me because I earn too much. \$374 a month. Do you call that a lot?"

Under Model Cities, there were a few new houses built in Anita under the federal 235-1 housing program, says Carl Winters, as assistant in the City of Tucson planning department. But with Model Cities phased out, Winters knows of no further revitalization plans for Barrio Anita.

There's no push now to develop it as an industrial park, says Cressworth Lander, the city's director of Human and Community Development. He points out that other industrial parks in the city are not full.

"By the same token," he adds, "there's no big push to upgrade it as a residential area. I think it's going to stay the way it is."

"They (the homes) ought to be knocked down," she said. "I get mad when people ask for contributions for Africa, when we have our own backyard to fix."

"Housing is so bad that you can put a wrench on a pipe and begin to turn it then the whole pipe will crumble in your hands — the plumbing is that corroded," she said.

"In five years," she continued, "it will be back to the same. It's not the people's fault, they don't have jobs for the upkeep of the homes. They don't have job training."

Without jobs, Lopez-Grant elaborated, the people "tend to sponge off the welfare" and don't have enough money to fix their homes. "I don't think you can call receiving a \$126 check a month sponging. I spend that much feeding my family in a week. How can these people fix their homes on that much money?"

federal aid for home improvements — primarily in the Barrio side of town.

Papago Villa, a nearly abandoned Papago Indian barrio, received \$150,000 for repairs to 28 homes, which, according to city officials, have leaky roofs and bathrooms — or no bathrooms — cracked walls, falling walls, faulty plumbing and electrical connections, no water outlets and insufficient ventilation.

Work there has not begun, said Lillian Lopez-Grant, director of the city's community development department. She said houses in two other sections of the barrio have already been repaired.

She said 18 homes in Yaqui Village were repaired for about \$76,000 and improvements on homes near the freeway on S. 10th Ave. cost \$53,400.

Barrio Libre

(Continued from Page 19)

said Stratt, "but the employer becomes choosy and picks the people with the higher education.

"An employer can also test applicants and the ones with the higher education will score higher and get the jobs. But the ones who don't have to turn to custodial work. The figures speak for themselves."

Stratt said the high unemployment rate could also be blamed on the high number of unemployed who move into the area.

He said, "People who can't make it elsewhere come here, it's like a refuge for the low-income families. They can't make it out there, so they come here."

To accompany the high unemployment and the low educational level, the housing problem is unsolved.

In the past year, South Tucson has received \$339,000 in



The cars have to be as low as possible before the low-riders are ready for the weekly party beginning in a S. 6th Ave. parking lot. Then there are those, far right, who dress up their cars a different way.



Hot-rodding gives way to a more down-to-earth pastime

By **ARMANDO DURAZO**
The Arizona Daily Star

It's the weekend. The ritual is repeated. This time, however, it takes place on the barrio side of town. It's the Chicano version of the movie "American Graffiti."

Scores of teen-agers gather around their cherished, fur-lined cars to exchange beer, music tapes and obscenities. They meet friends and "look for women."

It's 9:30 p.m.; still early. The parking lot is filling.

Cruising is their thing.

"Yeah!" says Alfonso Obregon. "Let's do it." The parking lot party ends as they jump into their cars and begin filling out. It's a caravan.

Obregon is the leader of the caravan — a parade of about 25 cars at speeds 15 to 20 miles per hour below the speed limit. That's what it's all about. South 6th Ave. belongs to them now.

Unlike his counterparts in the 1950s and '60s, when hot rods were the style-setters, today's barrio cruiser has slowed down and has more parking-lot parties. But conservation of gas is irrelevant.

They call themselves low-riders because their cars are so close to the pavement — as little as 1½ inches from the ground. A car's beauty is gauged by how low it is, not what speeds it can reach.

There are no fast machines among lowriders. It offends their reputation.

Besides, low-riders can't travel fast, or they risk damaging their cars' undercarriages. And their standard 8-inch, chrome-plated chain-link steering wheels make controlling the cars at higher speeds almost impossible.

Then there's the business of "you can pick up more women low-riding than you can hot-rodding."

Obregon, president of a low-rider club called La Raza Image, says other motorists become especially hostile toward his group when they caravan.

"Some people flip you off," he said.

"Others just honk at you, but we ignore them. We don't bog the road. We take the slow lane and leave the fast lane open to the other drivers."

"I know people get mad at us for driving slow," said David Henry, a Pueblo High School student.

"But the way I see it, man, it's (driving slow)-safer and cheaper than hot-rodding."

Police agree it's cheaper, but said the cruiser's driving habits have caused minor traffic tie-ups.

Low-rider clubs and independents gather on weekends in the parking lots of restaurants, shopping centers and churches along S. 6th Ave. to rap, party and caravan.

When the caravan is complete, its members pull into a different parking lot and bring out beer and an assortment of "other spirits." Tequila goes well with low-riders. Marijuana does too.

Low-riding is peculiar to barrio youth.

The fad began about 15 years ago in East Los Angeles and has slowly spread to Arizona. Phoenix has it, too.

But when six La Raza Image members went to Phoenix to see low-riders there, they were greeted by police road-blocks and came home with more than 20 citations.

"We went there to check out the place to see if it was cool," said Art Munguia, a grocery sacker.

"It turned out to be nasty." He said he received five citations for not having headlights and bumpers far enough off the ground.

Police here, however, have taken a wait-and-see attitude toward the barrio cruiser.

"There is always the potential for violence," said Lt. Dean Taylor of the Tucson Police Department.

"But so far we've been lucky. We haven't experienced any major police problem with them."

South Tucson's interim Police Chief Donald E. Lowe echoed those feelings.

"They (the low-riders) have not been any problem to us," he said.

"In fact, they have been very cooperative."

Taylor estimates there are fewer than 100 low-riders cruising S. 6th Ave.

Low-riders came to the attention of the police during an incident in which a 24-year-old Tucson man was shot and killed last year by a policeman outside a southside restaurant where low-riders park.

About 40 policemen went to the Jack-in-the-Box, 3397 S. 6th Ave., about 2 a.m. July 2, 1977, to stop a melee that had broken out among parked cruisers.

In the end, people were bitten by police dogs, police suffered minor injuries and Jose Sinohui, a Pueblo High School graduate, was shot.

"We try to get their voluntary compliance," said Taylor.

"And so far it's worked. We are trying to prevent a tragedy like the Sinohui incident. Most of the time low-riders are peaceful, but a tragedy can occur if they get out of hand."

Obregon said his group cooperates with police as much as possible.

"We don't want violence. We want to be cool. We don't want to end up in jail," he said.

Obregon, who has spent three years at the Arizona State Prison where he says he was a member of the Mexican Mafia, said, "The whole meaning behind Raza Image was to get the kids out of stabbing and shooting each other."

'Cockroaches' feed on heroin trade

Tucson's heroin problem, as it exists today, got its start about 15 years ago in the city's westside barrios.

Like a malignant cancer too long ignored, it spread fear and death in the barrios.

"I consider the heroin problem in the Chicano community to be one of the worst we have," says Sal Baldenegro, executive director of Youth Development Inc. Youth Development, said Baldenegro, administers 10 youth programs, including one on drug abuse.

Baldenegro said he knows of six youths under age 16 who died of heroin overdoses in El Rio, Manzo or Pascua Village in 2½ years.

"I knew this one dealer," he said, "who used to get 10-, 11-, 12-year-old kids to make (heroin) deliveries.

"These people are like cockroaches.

"As long as heroin was a Mexican problem," Baldenegro said, "no one really cared."

It was only in the 1970s, when Vietnam War veterans began coming back and heroin started hitting college campuses, Baldenegro said, that it became "a social problem" to the community at large.

"I think a lot of people just don't know what's going on," Baldenegro said of barrio residents.

"They either don't know or they close their eyes and they don't want to know. And then, too, a lot of people are afraid."

Baldenegro says Manzo, Pascua Village and El Rio barrios and La Reforma and Connie Chambers housing projects south of Barrio Historico have the worst heroin problems.

On any given night, said one federal agent, people are dealing heroin from at least 30 apartments in the housing projects.

Tucson's present drug problem got its start in the early '60s in South Tucson and barrios Anita and El Rio, narcotics agents said. Before then, there were only about 300 heroin addicts in the city and most of them were known by name to police.

The barrio roots of the heroin problem, said law enforcement officers, stem in part from the fact that most of the barrios' residents are Mexican-Americans.

One narcotics agent, himself a Mexican-American raised in one of the barrios, said that the city's Mexican-American dealers, usually, are the only ones who can go to Mexico with enough knowledge of the language and customs to make the needed connections, often through family members still living south of the border.

In some barrios, Baldenegro said, whole families are reputed to have been involved in the drug trade.

And it's a hard pattern to break, he said. Pascua Village is known as the cradle of an organization that federal officials said at one time supplied Tucson with large amounts of heroin.

Peter "Gato" Valenzuela Lopez, the reputed head of the organization, never lived in Pascua.

But, federal officials said, starting in 1968, his organization thrived there, spreading to cover various areas of the city until last Decem-

ber, when Valenzuela Lopez and one of his brothers were convicted in U.S. District Court here on drug charges.

Heroin dealing in the barrios, drug agents said, is more common than it is in the rest of the city. But, added one federal agent, there's now only limited export of the drug to other areas of the city.

National City, a federal agent said, exports heroin not to other areas of Tucson, but to other states.

A former barrio drug dealer, who said that for several years he ran a small operation that sold heroin in four Tucson areas, including Pascua and National City, credited the barrio poverty with providing a fertile ground for drug abuse.

"When you step out of your house and you see the condition people live in," he said, leaving the listener to complete the sentence in his mind.

Barrio youths see high school dropouts, without jobs, driving shiny new cars, he said. The dealers, he said, deal heroin, and their affluence is a strong temptation to other barrio youths.

Law enforcement efforts, said Thomas H. Maher, special agent in charge of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration's Tucson office, probably can do no more than reduce the heroin problem to a manageable level, unless the poverty and lack of economic opportunities that create a psychological need for drugs also are eliminated.

Pascua

(Continued from Page 19)

Frank Ochoa was unanimously elected chairman of the village's San Ignacio Yaqui Council last January. Ochoa, as director of the Lenten ceremony, has been the recognized religious leader of the village for years. He started dancing in 1929, when he was 9 or 10.

Like Don Manuel, Ochoa is worried about the village and the young people who don't dance.

"Sometimes I don't know what to say to them. I'm wondering if I'm saying the right thing," he said.

Ochoa prefers working through the village council to bring government programs to the Yaquis rather than trying to gain American Indian tribal status or services.

Such legislation, at the urging of the village of New Pascua, seems to have a good chance of passing this session of Congress.

Traditionally, the Yaquis have had no "chief," no centralized decision maker. Even after the priests gathered the Yaquis into eight towns around missions near the Rio Yaqui, the groups were never under a single leader.

As a result, those who don't live in New Pascua have objected to the federal legislation because it doesn't recognize the decentralization.

To get services, the Yaquis must be members of the Pascua Yaqui Association, which represents the interests of New Pascua. There is no animosity toward the new village's residents, even though one-third of old Pascua left to move there 10 years ago, but the other Yaqui communities fear an abuse of power by leaders of one village.

Ochoa, some other council officers and village members had gathered for a council meeting one Wednesday night. At the Pascua Neighborhood Center on the plaza, the men and women sat across from each other, talking over issues.

THAT NIGHT in May the council expected a visit from the district manager of the Tucson 4 Drive-In, which moved in four years ago as Pascua's closest neighbor to the west.

The people opposed it at the time. But finally, after the company agreed to allow Yaqui children to watch the movies free and to hire Yaquis, the village consented.

This year, the manager complained to the council that the young were vandalizing the theater, damaging some speakers and even the screen. And the manager, who recently took over the theater, said she knew of no agreement with the Yaquis.

After a first meeting, which she resented because it was mostly in Spanish, she hired two Yaquis and said that if they worked out, she'd hire more.

Yaqui council officer Ralph Gomez, who lives in Barrio Adelanto — a newer Yaqui and Mexican-American neighborhood, directly south of Pascua — told her he could suggest two things: That the youngsters be allowed to watch the movies from a supervised area, and that there be a drive-in guard to whom the kids could relate.

But the manager said it is against the law for anyone to come into a drive-in on foot.

Lupe Simohui, an Opata Indian and director of the Pascua center, said she had been getting complaints from parents who don't want their children watching the "dirty movies" shown by the Tucson 4.

"The manager suggested that a grown-up take in a carful of kids. We don't have cars. In this day and age, people can't understand that there are areas like Pascua."

The drive-in problem is not the most serious one in the life of the village, but it sheds light on others. Poverty is hard-core, unemployment is high, and parental authority is giving way to drugs, alcohol and despondency.

A woman familiar with the Yaqui households said, "A lot of people have lost hope. They don't see that things will get better. . . . They don't see the value of kids getting an education."

"They see a few kids who go on — and end up like everybody else — so what's the difference? they ask. It's very sad."

"The drugs have a lot to do with it. Seven kids have died of drug overdose. Well over half the people are strung out on drugs."

"In almost every age group, except the very elderly, probably 75 percent are strung out. In almost every family you have one or two people who are on heroin, and it's getting worse."

As Pascua became known as the area where dope was easy to buy and sell, outsiders flocked in. Neighbors around the park at Calle Central and Calle Sierra, on the border of Pascua and Barrio Adelanto, began to call it "Needle Park" or "Monkey Park" because, as one young resident said, "All the 'tecatos' (addicts) woke up scratching."

Father Ricardo Elford, who says Mass at Santa Rosa Church, took two cans of needles that parishioners had col-

lected to the police station on two occasions about two years ago, complaining about the drug traffic.

"They used to call it the United Nations because there were so many out-of-state cars."

OF THE YAQUIS who have been arrested and sent to prison, the attitude is that they were small potatoes, pushing for others who were never caught.

But now the park is again in the hands of kids who play on the swings, not the "tecatos."

Outsiders, or "yoris" as the Yaquis call strangers, always had a large influence on the tribe in Arizona.

The Yaquis have heard many promises from priests, Mexican headmen, landowners, employers and Model Cities officials. But a teacher became a "yori" they respected enough to include in their history.

Tamar Richey taught in an adobe building on Calle Poniente, starting in 1923, after she convinced the school district that the Indians didn't want to go to Roosevelt School several miles away.

"She loved the Yaquis," said an old man, whose son she helped by taking him over to the Arizona School for the Deaf and Blind.

"She used to go to the council and fight for a school. And this is what she got, 30 years later," he said, pointing to the elementary school on the eastern border of Pascua that is named after her.

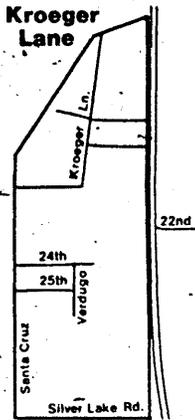
Maria Bracamonte, a teacher's aide at Richey School, says the principal, Frank Howe, is "really aware of the people in the barrio." But even with the outreach programs, she is worried that Yaqui children will keep dropping out after junior high.

"They can't understand what the teachers are talking about. In the higher grades the teachers don't seem to have the time — or are not aware that it's necessary — to explain it over and over."

"The children think in Spanish. When they get to school, it's a whole different thing."

It's particularly sad, she said, because the children don't think they belong anywhere. They don't go to class and they can't go home because they'll get in trouble with their parents.

"It's our pride . . . but that's the trouble with the Indian kids. If they need help, they won't speak up."



Kroeger Lane

Change divides area

By JANE KAY
The Arizona Daily Star

"He was just like anybody. He was just like me."

That's the way 71-year-old Tempy Harris recalls Dr. Clarence Kroeger, who gave his name to a neighborhood that only now is about to be led into Tucson's mainstream or sold down the river — depending on whom you talk to.

Clarence Kroeger's house on Kroeger Lane, off Mission Lane between the Santa Cruz River and Interstate 10, still stands.

In the 1930s and 1940s when his fame for doctoring the poor was earning the whole neighborhood the name "Kroeger Lane," Harris and Kroeger had the only telephones.

Their backgrounds were different. She was a blues singer at the Old Dug Out on Meyer Ave. with a ring on every finger, just as she has today. He was a doctor whose father had built El Presidio Hotel.

But, she said, "we were all close to each other in those days — the Moraleses, the Ochoas and Leons, the Navarros, the Navas, the Hortons and the Ormsbys, the Maldonados and the Corrales and the Lopezes. And Dr. Kroeger was one heck o'Pa doctor.

"I had a bootlegging joint then — I used to sell legal liquor after hours — and I'd give him a bottle of beer when he'd come over. He gave me pills for my baby that brang him right up when he was down. Me and Dr. Kroeger were pretty tight.

"He'd doctor at any hour of the night. I'd go after him in my old struggle buggy."

Kroeger, now deceased, moved to California in 1947 after a dozen years in the barrio — which reaches from Mission Lane south to Silverlake and Santa Cruz Lane east to the freeway.

Harris and her husband, Hennis, moved to the barrio in 1936, a year after Kroeger. They bought their house, where Kroeger Lane dead ends at 21st St., from Elsie Dudley for \$600.

People who live there are loyal to the neighborhood, which is almost rural in character because of the proximity to the Santa Cruz and the large plots of vacant land that set it off from the rest of Tucson. The raised freeway, which dealt the first blow to the neighborhood, acts as one barrier and the river acts as another.

The river bottom land that once was used for crops still nourishes huge trees that shade the quiet street where everybody knows their neighbors.

And now Harris is one of the 200 residents caught in the uncertainty of the future. For three years, she has opposed extending 22nd St. west to Cholla High School — and cutting through the barrio on the way.

But in a decision preceded by heated meetings that have left the neighborhood embittered and divided, the residents voted in favor of extending the road.



"They've ruined this beautiful, old Spanish town," says Tempy Harris, Kroeger Lane resident for more than 50 years.

"The road's all right — just so they don't push us out," said Harris. "I'm afraid of the taxes.

"The city said it wasn't necessary for taxes to go up. But I know better. I've seen it happening in this town and other towns, too. Not many people out here feel too good about it."

There is also a proposal to put commercial and industrial development on 28 acres of vacant land surrounding what will be the 22nd St. extension. The land, in the center of the neighborhood, is now zoned residential and light industrial, but city planners expect the investors to request rezoning.

Lawyer Robert Stuggs represents the owners — "my mother and some friends." He has assured residents that their taxes won't go up. Stuggs says the people would welcome a shopping center, and "it's something that really makes sense for the neighborhood."

If the city wants to take any of her land, she is opposed to it, she said. "They ain't ever done nothing for Kroeger Lane. Now they want to take it."

Down Kroeger Lane from her lives Jennie Morales, who has been agitating for the barrio for more than 10 years. Harris, remembers when Morales moved to Kroeger Lane and Kroeger used to stop her nosebleeds.

"She was this high," said Harris, holding her hand below her waist, "with thick braids. Her mother dressed her like a doll. She had a gang of brothers and she was the baby."

Now Morales is one of the most outspoken residents, often angering city officials and neighbors as well.

"As a child, it used to make me mad that I couldn't go to school when it rained because there was no bus," she said. She walked back and forth to Tucson High. Then while attending the University of Arizona, she walked home from the nearest bus stop at S. 6th Ave. and 22nd St.

"We never had paving or lights until we got Model Cities money four years ago," she said.

"I'm tired of going to neighborhood meetings. I've given up. And I don't want it to become an industrial park," she said about the Stubbess' proposal for the land.

"If someone came and offered me some money so I could buy another house, I'd take it. One family has already moved."

As for the property owners who favor development, Harris said, "They've got it already. They've worn us down.

"But my boy was raised here, and I helped build this street," she said, sitting in a kitchen that showed evidence of an extensive fire.

Her house — with rock foundation quarried from A-Mountain — burned two years ago. They are still making repairs.

"I'd rather be here on a plank than living fine in someone else's house. This is home."

From frightened bride to founder of a barrio clan

Maria Valentina Ochoa de Leon died 20 years ago at 102. But not before she had borne seven children who had 35 children who has 100 children and so on.

She had two husbands. Her first, Agustine Ochoa, whose name was the same as her father's, carried her off as a bride from San Gabriel Mission in Los Angeles, where she was born, baptized, confirmed and married. She remembered offering food to the Mexican hero Joaquin Murrietta near her mission home.

Her wedding trip, partly by train, was spent in tears. The Apache raids in the early 1880s had everyone on edge, and each new report made her think she was next.

The Ochoas passed through Tucson by stagecoach on the way to Tubutama in the Altar Valley of Sonora, and she described it as a town of a few adobe shacks.

In Mexico, her husband was a headman in the army, which was trying to quell the Yaqui Indians, fighting the

government to keep their land in southern Sonora. He told her stories of the Yaquis who disappeared into the Bacatete Mountains to hide from the Mexican soldiers.

He also described how the people would kill themselves by jumping into deep ravines, with children in their arms, rather than be captured.

Her husband died. Later, she married Felipe Romo Leon, who was part Yaqui. She was Spanish, French and Cahuilla American Indian, 4-foot-11, fair-skinned — very smart and very tough, in the eyes of her children.

Her oldest son, Ventura Ochoa, convinced her that she, Leon and their children should come to the United States. She came on a train in 1901. Her husband crossed on foot the next year.

They stayed in several Tucson houses, finally moving to "el alto," the second story of the old stone building Solomon Warner had built as a flour mill in the 1870s. They lived there on Mission Rd. for 10 years.

She moved the family out to the Little Yuma Mine on the other side of Picture Rocks in the Tucson Mountains to earn money by cooking for and caring for miners. With the money, she bought two lots on the old Brick Yard Rd. near the foot of "A" Mountain and built a house.

In 1924, her son, Ventura, bought an old brickyard and started to manufacture bricks, using the river sand, as others did. He bought 5/4 acres of land on what is now W. 21st St. in the barrio of Kroeger Lane. His mother sold her two lots and bought a little land across from his in 1926. She lived in the house until she died in 1957. Her son, Joe Ochoa/Leon, still lives there with his wife.

Ventura and his wife, the former Margarita Martinez, had 12 children. The Ochoas continued to multiply. And when Ventura, "the father of them all," died in 1956, the year before his mother, he willed the land to his descendants.

Now they live in a compound of nine houses, all generations of Ochoas, on what is now called Ochoa Lane.



Ruben Romero



Tom Price



Arnold and Martha Elias

Education

(Continued from Page 4)

can-American friends. I never felt comfortable mixing with anyone else."

PRICE AGREED. He added that students from predominantly Anglo junior high schools had a better chance in Tucson High athletics and student groups than did graduates of predominantly minority schools.

He added, "I guess I have to say that it was easier on me. Although I was a Mexican, I have an Anglo last name."

However, the last name often caused confusion, he said. "I started school at Roskrige. After a few weeks, they found out I was Mexican and sent me to Davis."

Stella Delgado Hansen, manager of the motor vehicle division of Pima County assessor's office, added, "I'm not taking potshots at the educators, but many of them lacked sensitivity toward Mexican-American children."

Hansen, who felt "looked down upon" at school, said, "My parents were very pro-education, that's what helped me."

Betty Davila Lopez wanted to be a pharmacist like her father. Her biggest hurdle was convincing Tucson High teachers.

"We were properly taught in the pre-college courses," she said. "The problem was getting into those classes."

The graduate of Menlo Park Elementary and Safford Junior High explained, "Yes, there was discrimination, but the family tradition was that teachers weren't to be questioned. Education was numero uno."

Lopez earned her pharmacy degree in California and was the first Mexican-American on the Arizona Board of Pharmacy.

Tucson teachers "anglicized" his last name, explained Fred Acosta. If your name was Juan, it became

John," he said. "If you insisted on the Spanish pronunciation, you got the short end."

The 1950 Tucson High graduate added, "I detected an environment of hostility. Open discrimination is one thing, it's the institutional racism that's so hard to deal with."

However, the city official said, "It's time to get off the garbage about who was to blame. We have to start making it right for everyone."

All those interviewed remember the names of the exceptions — those educators who encouraged them.

"Don't forget, we're products of those schools," Price added. "There were some teachers who inspired us."

Among those most often mentioned were Ricardo Manzo, Ernesto Mariscal, Hank Egbert, Frances Smith, Elbert Brooks, Maria Urquides, the Duffy sisters and Doc Van Horne.

Urquides, a retired educator and product of district schools, remembered the differences. As a youngster, she had to walk a couple of miles to Safford Junior High, although she only lived two blocks from Roskrige Junior High.

"I never worried about it then, but now I wonder," she said.

For the most part, Urquides was quick to defend the district. "I received a fine education," she said.

"I saw differences in facilities and materials between Davis School and Sam Hughes School," she said. "But it was, and still is, because of economics."

The retired educator, who helped start local bilingual education programs, said Sam Hughes parents were all Anglo and wealthy. They supported school projects and raised money for the extras.

But Urquides had one regret. "I learned to speak English the way we taught it, by not permitting Spanish at school. It was all we knew — it worked for me."

"Now we know that wasn't the way," she added. "If I go to hell, it will be for punishing children for speaking Spanish at school."

Barrio memories make poignant tale

"I think that there is no way to measure the pain of shame. . . . When you feel ashamed you don't want anybody to see you cry. Not even your best friends. So you learn to laugh and clown around. . . ."

Sylvia Woods, 38, a lifetime resident of Tucson's barrios, begins her memories of sixth grade in the early 1950s.

Written recently for a creative writing course at Pima Community College, her short story, "She Chopped Off Their Tails With A Carving Knife," is a humorous and poignant recollection of what it was like for poor, Mexican-American children to enter the fantasy world of Dick and Jane as portrayed then by Tucson public schools' textbooks and teachers.

A well-meaning Anglo teacher on the first day of class follows school policy by "chopping off their tails" — changing their Spanish names to something she can manage better.

She reads the name list . . .

"Goo-ee-ler-mo? Gooeelermo Al-ma-zan?"

"We all laughed because Guillermo didn't know his name the way the teacher said it. Fidelia pointed to Guillermo who was called Yemo, and lucky for him that we already knew him as Yemo or he would've now been called Gooey for the rest of his life, for sure.

"Just what does Gooeelermo mean?" Miss Folsom asked.

"Guillermo means William," said Fidelia, already making points.

"Ah, William. A noble name. Take the first seat, Willie."

"After Guillermo she changed Francisco to Frankie; Juan became Johnny, and then it turned into a game with all of us waiting to see what our new name would sound like."

The real name of Maromas, which means somersaults in

Spanish, was Antonio. The teacher broke it down to Tony and he acted deaf every time she called him by it.

Maromas lived with his wino mother and feared the shame of anyone seeing them at home. But at school he was an extrovert, the class cutup, continually sent to the principal's office as the story unfolds over the course of the school year.

Following classes in nutrition, the teacher "decided to check the children's lunches to see if they were healthful. Maromas wouldn't let her see into his bag. . . . She told him that if he didn't let her check his lunch, he would not be permitted to go to the picnic and swimming the last day of school.

"But he still wouldn't let her see inside. She pulled it from him, he pulled it back, hit her on the head with it, ran and threw it in the garbage can and went to the principal's office before she could send him.

"When he came back later Maromas told me he wasn't about to let her see his bean burros wrapped in the Rainbo Bread plastic."

In an interview Wood said her own frustration with school was the unreal picture painted by teachers, compared with the reality at home.

"There were feelings of inequality among us," she explained. "Dick and Jane's father carried a briefcase and wore a suit. Half of us didn't, even have fathers or were illegitimate."

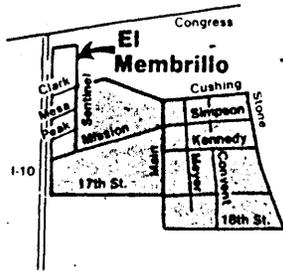
The teacher's talks on the seven basic foods of good nutrition fell on the uncomprehending ears of children who didn't even have milk in their diet of beans and tortillas.

Wood's own secret of poor eyesight and inability to see the blackboard was kept quiet until fifth grade when a Lions Club program discovered the problem and bought her glasses.

Except for a final outburst of vandalism in Wood's story, all the events and characters are authentic. And there are many in the barrios who could tell the same tale.



It's a proud day for El Rio Day Care graduates Marisa Urineo, David Valasquez and David Brito.



El Membrillo

Plan will bury barrio

By JANE KAY
The Arizona Daily Star

Bertha Santa Cruz was born in El Membrillo, a barrio named for the quince trees that aren't there anymore. But that's all right because after Interstate 10 was built overhead, not much of the barrio was left.

And if city planners have their way with the proposed Old Pueblo South plan, from Congress St. to 22nd St., El Membrillo will be the one barrio earmarked for commercial zoning. So there won't be any houses left at all.

Santa Cruz first lived on Mesa St., where she was born 53 years ago. Then, 20 years ago, she moved over a block to Sentinel St., where she still lives.

She went to Carrillo School as did her four children. Now, as a teacher's aide and University of Arizona student of early childhood development, she watches her two grandchildren, Leonard Brown, 7, and Monica Brown, 8, go there.

Next Christmas is the one she has been looking forward to. Her first grandchild will be entering the third grade. That means she will be able to join in "Las Posadas," an old tradition at Carrillo, where the children, singing with candles in hand, go from door to door in El Hoyo, in remembrance of Mary and Joseph's looking for room at the inn.

As a Carrillo pupil during the Depression, Bertha Olguin came running home from school to tell her family that she was going to be an angel in "Las Posadas."

"All of them started laughing. They said, 'God only painted white angels. He forgot to paint them black or brown.'

"I wasn't brainwashed that angels were supposed to be guerras, or white. I was determined, regardless if they laughed. At 8 years old, I thought it was the greatest thing."

Now, as one of "las Posadas" organizers, she thinks that as far as the school is concerned, "las Posadas" teaches the Mexican culture. And, as far as the church is concerned, it means the blessing of the Lord.

Her grandchildren are living with her so they can go to Carrillo and live in the barrio. But now she's afraid that "they want to throw our houses down."

"The people down in El Membrillo have lived there all their lives. Uprooting them at this time in their lives, after they've given their sons to the country, their best years... Just to come and throw people away is wrong," says Santa Cruz, who lost a son in Vietnam.

Under the proposed plan for Congress St. to 22nd St., which goes into public hearings this month, a new road would follow the old railroad tracks on the east side of the freeway. Because El Membrillo is sandwiched between a wide drainage ditch, which separates it from El Hoyo on the east, and the freeway, the small barrio of 18 families eventually would be converted into commercial use.

"They tell us our homes are dilapidated. You know why they're that way? We were told, at the time the freeway went up in the 1940s, that the city, should it condemn our houses, would never pay for any additions or improvements."

Walking down Sentinel St., she pointed to a house that

has a sad story. "That family thought the city would take their house. So they moved to Encanto Hills."

"The mother got very sick, very lonely. They moved her back, but she died anyway."

Then she pointed to a house that has a happy story. "Delfina Alvarez lives there. I call her 'la estrella del barrio,' the 'star of the barrio.' Of all the Mexican educators, she is one who hasn't forgotten the people because she didn't move away. Last month, her family got her a serenade for her birthday. It was beautiful."

She talked about the old man, Don Marcos Romero, who rode with Pancho Villa, and the others of "retirement age" who would have to move away from the barrio.

Santa Cruz has her own interpretation of the artist's mural at Carrillo School:

"They talk to us with forked tongues. They throw us back. Our sons are only good to go to the front. We raise them up to respect, but they lose their lives. After a while, if you comprehend it, it turns out to be a joke. All the things are put in our mind, but we can never accomplish them."

"But one thing they cannot erase from us is our culture. . . . In the last picture we are with the dog, our friend and the 'nopales,' the prickly pear."

The mural, she said, reminded her of what her own daughter had told her only a few days before, after they had cooked some "nopalitas" from their yard.

"Mother," she told me, "we'll always have enough to eat if things get bad. We can grow beans and we can cook our 'nopalitas,' and we'll always be able to survive."

Villa Soldier

(Continued from Page One)

came to the United States to get away from Pancho Villa.

The romantic nickname of the black cowboy has stuck, even though he spends his time not on his horse but in his room, where he remembers the terrible days of the early 1900s in Mexico.

"Those years were a disaster. Families were dying of hunger," he said in the house he built. He lives there now with his daughter and her five children. His son, his son's wife and their five children live in another house behind them.

"The troops of Pancho Villa hit the 'milpas' (fields) and they would eat the corn, eat the beans. The extra corn they'd give to the horses, and the families would suffer."

Fifty-five "soldados" would guard Villa, he said. The remainder were "dorados," like him.

"I would eat whenever I could, and how I could. Sometimes we were moving so fast, we didn't have the opportunity to cook the meat — we ate it raw. We moved like animals in a pack," he said.

Even though the revolutionary band had to take food when it needed it, Villa would open warehouses and confiscate cattle only to distribute it among the poor.

"We were united, even though we were hungry, and waited it out. That was unity. We had to look out for the benefit of each other."

Villa, whom he describes as being not handsome but with regular features and build, thick black hair and a long mustache, kept fighting for land reform, he said. At that time, 80 percent of the land was owned by 2 percent of the population.

It was true that Villa would give strict orders. "He was the supreme general in the revolution — that's why he was respected," said Don Marcos.

But it wasn't true that when Villa wanted a woman, he would mark her by cutting her ear. And it wasn't true that the troops were "marijuanos," he said.

"He was very serious, very smart, very respected," he said. "He never smoked 'la juanita' or drank. Whenever we went into a village, he'd send soldiers ahead to get rid of the liquor."

Many women soldiers, or "soldaderas," fought alongside the men during the revolution, he said. "They could get any place. They weren't afraid of anything."

The most renowned "capitana" of them all, Adelita, whose fame spread through the song sung by her troop, wore white pants, black boots and carried her cartridge belts across her chest. "She was 'muy bonita,' 'muy fuerte,'" he said.

"If Adelita was my woman, I'd buy her a silk dress to take her to dance. . . ." goes the song that now has a permanent place in Mexican folklore.

Don Marcos doesn't know what happened to her. "I don't know if they killed her. All that was left was the story."

He said, "At the time of the revolution, it was best not to have any relations with anyone — just keep going."

After nine years as a soldier, seeing hunger and killing, he left the revolutionary army in 1919 and crossed at Douglas. But, although his papers are in order, he chose never to become a U.S. citizen out of loyalty to his native country. He never learned to speak English.

Don Marcos, whose mother was a Tarahumara Indian and whose father was Apache and Spaniard-Mexican, first earned his nickname "el charro negro" when he danced the "Mexican tapatío" with the actress, Antonia Coronell in a movie made at Old Tucson.

In Tucson, he became a carpenter, like his father, and a plasterer. He worked 26 years for developer John Murphey on such projects as the Broadway Village plaza at Country Club Rd. and Catalina Foothills Estates.

He and his wife, Maria, now deceased, had 13 children, four of whom are living.

"I still remember about life then," he said, sitting on the bed, his Mexican flag hung on the wall above him, next to his picture of Jesus.

"Sometimes I think when daylight comes, I'll be found dead . . . my head will have burst, thinking of all those atrocities. They bothered him, too," he said about his former general. "But it was just a stubbornness. He wouldn't give up."



Don Marcos Romero rode with Pancho Villa.

Manzo

(Continued from Page 9)

can Student Organization at the University of Arizona — began forming.

"It was a Pandora's box," said Sal Balde-negro, who as a UA student and radical orga-nizer, became the most widely known figure of the chicano movement here.

"When we finally became active, for a long time we had too much to do, and we were ineffective because we tried to do too much with a very small core group."

Then came fall 1970. In the southwest portion of Barrio El Rio lay the 126-acre, city-owned El Rio Golf Course, an oasis of lush green fairways, trees and a small lake.

Barrio El Rio is nicknamed "El Sobaco" (the armpit) because of its angle around the golf course. Again, the humor is bitter.

"Everyone but Chicanos had the opportunity to use it, and there it was in the middle of the barrio, a place for the white middle-class to play," said Alberto Sanchez, director of the El Rio Neighborhood Center and an early participant in the protest movement.

After weeks of neighborhood meetings and a fruitless petition to city officials to make the land a public park, a group later called El Rio Coalition called for a march on the golf course.

Hundreds poured out of the barrios. For a full year, the people picketed the golf course every weekend. Violence erupted periodically, the police arrested — and sometimes injured — the sign carriers and increasingly militant speech makers.

"It was much more than just a feeling that the people needed a park," said Lupe Castillo, a Ph.D. history candidate at UA and a participant in El Rio marches. "The park was a symbol of a lot of frustrations Chicanos have had for years in the community,

and that's why the movement escalated so fast."

El Rio became the rallying point — a link in a long chain of events that are still going on, she said. The results have been tangible and intangible.

Out of the turmoil came El Rio Neighbor-hood Center, a multi-purpose social service building the city erected in 1972 on a 1.7-acre corner of the golf course parking lot. And west of the golf course, the city built a 38-acre park with a swimming pool and baseball diamonds.

The people voted to call it Joaquin Murrieta Park after a 19th century Mexican Robin Hood, but the city still calls it "North-west Park."

"The intangibles that came out of El Rio were the most important," said Raul Grijalva, another alumnus of the movement, now a Tucson Unified School District board member and director of El Pueblo Neighborhood Center.

"Everyone left is significantly changed. You could sense attitudes changing right in front of you — old and young, people who had never dared raise their voices before. It gave a pride and a new confidence to talk about our problems."

"AND IT GAVE the lie to the passivity of Chicanos," added Balde-negro. "They weren't passive; they just weren't orga-nized."

One major organizer, ironically has been an Anglo. Margo Cowan, director of the Manzo Area Council, helped light the flames of chicano activism in 1976 with a program to advise undocumented aliens on how to legal-ize their status.

She and her staff were prosecuted by the federal courts. Chicanos fought back — picketing the offices of the U.S. attorney and the Border Patrol, seeking and winning support

for their program all the way to Washington, D.C. The charges were dropped after a year, and the program continues.

Not content to accept what they consid-ered deliberate segregation in the Tucson public schools, three Mexican-American parents sued the Tucson Unified School Dis-trict. A federal judge has ordered nine schools desegregated.

In recent years, there have been physical improvements to the westside barrios. Paved streets and lighting, housing rehabili-tation and replacement have all occurred in the last decade — their tardiness a source of deep anger among some barrio residents who have petitioned, complained and written letters over many years for their aging and long-bypassed part of town.

Barrio residents don't directly credit the movement with the recent changes. Instead, they say, it's been big chunks of federal money, beginning with the War on Poverty in the 1960s, that have made the difference, not action by city and county officials.

But radical leaders feel the movement at least awakened local officials to the needs, and that they applied for more improvement and social service money because of it.

Over the years, the needs have been great.

Carmen Urrutia, a Mexican-born resident of her barrio for 35 years and a community organizer, remembers that in the 1940s, when Barrio El Rio had barely begun, people had to transport water in barrels from friends in Barrio Hollywood.

"That went on as well as outhouses, until the mid-1950s," she said. "The water line may have been there, but many had no money to connect to it."

The last outhouse in El Rio was replaced

only four years ago under a Model Cities program.

Welcome as the government-financed improvements are, they have instilled a growing fear among westside barrio dwellers that their property taxes will go up and ultimately force the lowest income families to move away.

"We're caught between a rock and a hard place," said Balde-negro. "We don't mind paying our fair share of taxes, but if they become so exorbitant that people have to think about moving out, then we'd rather not have the paving or the Jack in the Box or the shopping center on St. Mary's Road that have popped up in recent years."

Another factor they fear could raise prop-erty taxes is the \$17,000 to \$64,000 homes in the just-completed Parade of Homes, also on St. Mary's Rd.

"Here come the Anglos into our neighor-hood where people have spent all their lives, scrimping and saving. And they even build a big wall around it to keep us out," said Rose-mary Diaz, a lifetime westside barrio resi-dent. "It's a slap in the face."

"It's a threat all right," said County Su-pervisor David Yetman, who sharply criti-cized the project at its dedication in May.

If middle-income people are brought into the barrios as the Parade of Homes intends, the barrios ultimately are forced further out to the city's fringes," he said. The only way to enforce and preserve barrios is to make good housing available to those already there, Yetman added.

"The westside has been the heart of political identity in the Chicano community, and it's important it be preserved," said Grijalva. "It symbolizes too many things for it to be eventually swallowed up by all the other forces outside it and invading it."

Federal programs move from 'tear down' to 'restore'

Federal poverty programs, as much as any-thing, have determined the futures of several Tucson neighborhoods, including the barrios.

When the government said, "Here's your urban renewal money, tear it down," then Tucson tore it down. But now the Department of Housing and Urban Development is saying conserve and restore, rather than replace, and that is what Tucson has been doing since the early 1970s.

Menlo Park got paved streets, curbs, sewers, lights, sidewalks and even trees under Federally Assisted Code Enforcement. Home-owners got federal loans at 3 percent interest to bring their houses up to code.

Nearly all the Santa Cruz River corridor neighborhoods got something under Model Cit-ies, including strip-paving, sewer mains and minor house repairs for the neediest families. Some barrios, like El Rio and Paecua, got street lights. All outhouses were torn down and re-placed with modern plumbing, mostly built in separate rooms attached to the houses.

The city then got federal Neighborhood Redevelopment money for Manzo and the S. Park Ave. area, Holladay-Mitsoul. Home owners got repair loans of the city actually bought the houses, tore them down and rebuilt them.

Most recently, the housing money has come in, "block grants" from HUD to the city. The projects in progress were finished and redevelop-ment was begun in "A" Mountain and a part of National City.

What can be done in each neighborhood is less now, said Michael J. Moloney, administra-tor of the City's Community Conservation and Development Division. "We didn't get all that much money — and there was an attempt to spread it around."

Of the \$52 million in Model Cities money spent in Tucson between 1970 and 1978, when Congress checked the programs, 20 percent of it

went for neighborhood improvement or phys-ical programs.

The remainder went for programs in the Model Cities area — Ajo Rd. to Grant Rd. and Park Ave. to Silverbell Rd. — such as an educa-tion grant which paid for counseling, books and fees; kindergartens with bilingual and black teachers; aides; after-school and evening classes in schools; lunch and therapy programs for the elderly; free and low-cost architectural and law services; and manpower training, which provided vocational rehabilitation, aptitude test-ing and skill training.

Some of the programs have been picked up by the city, some by the federal government's Title XX social services program. The Compre-hensive Education and Training Act now over-sees the temporary employment or training of 4,000 low-income Tucsonans, part-time or full-time.

Cressworth Lander, administrator of the city's Dept. of Human Resources and Commu-nity Development, said that with the Title XX money, which is funneled through the state, "the opportunity to offer services to a wider variety of clients has really declined."

But he said that with the HUD money, "I've seen a turnaround in the lifestyles of those communities. They have been able to make physical repairs and upgrade some — if not all — homes."

As for the renters, who make up the majority of barrio residents, they used to have one choice if they needed city help: public housing. Then, in 1970, nearly 30 years after La Reforma, the first public housing, was built on S. Meyer Ave., private investors got subsidies to bulk scattered houses and apartments for low-to-moderate-income residents.

Tucson was so far behind, said Vincent O'Callaghan, city public housing director, that during the mass displacement of the thousands

of the government's 200,000 a year, and the Tucson Community Center, the public housing projects could not absorb the displaced barrio residents.

But housing coordinator is optimistic over the federal government's latest program, HUD's Section 8 Rental Assistance, or "instant housing."

Tucson has been allotted 970 rental slots so far — and is getting 220 more in October. One whose turn comes up on a waiting list of thou-sands can seek out an apartment or house anywhere in Tucson. If safety, health and rent price standards are in order, the government makes a contract with the landlord. Each month the city sends out the difference between what the tenant can pay and what the landlord asks.

Rental assistance is also being used on a neighborhood basis in National City, where 20 extra slots have been set aside for residents who want to stay in the barrio. The city got HUD to designate a section as a Neighborhood Strat-egy Area, which makes it eligible — after enor-mous amounts of paperwork — for extra rental assistance slots. The planners also want to use this tactic to halt displacement in some of the other barrios closer to downtown, where in-creasing property values are forcing residents to move.

Meanwhile, one of the first programs of the mid-1980s, the Committee for Economic Oppor-tunity, still has its area councils to target cer-tain low-income neighborhoods. But the serv-ices have always been available to anyone who was eligible, said director Robert Horn.

City Councilman Robin Roward, who was an early director, said the \$2 million a year was "inadequate" to change the situation. "It's not enough to give the people a chance to stay in their homes and neighborhoods."

Bitterness, pride make 'Hollywood' more than a joke

By JUDY DONOVAN
The Arizona Daily Star

When the residents of one westside area began calling their barrio "Hollywood" in the late 1930s and early 1940s, it was a joke — with a touch of bitterness.

The humble adobe homes, which stretched westward from the Santa Cruz River, had dirt yards, no cooling systems and sometimes cracks so big they let the daylight in.

The only similarity between this Hollywood and the one with the palatial mansions and swimming pools was the sunglasses worn by young barrio residents as they hung around street corners and pool halls.

It was the era of the "zoot suiters," and some say young Mexican-Americans called "pachucos" dubbed the barrio Hollywood. Others feel it was just a joke invented by the young people to poke fun at their less-than-opulent surroundings.

To some, the name Hollywood was more than just a joke; it was a reflection of pride in a neighborhood that might not have been fancy but meant home, family and modest success.

"It meant 'mecca' and was like saying this neighborhood is the best, and when you come here you have 'arrived,'" said Sal Baldenegro, a barrio resident for 28 years.

"I used to think this was the only barrio called Hollywood, and then I went to San Antonio and they had one," he said. "Then I was really upset when I found out there was a Hollywood in every southwestern town where there are Chicanos."

Before the name Hollywood came along, the entire area, bounded by Grant Rd. on the north, Silverbell Rd. on the west, St. Mary's Rd. on the south and the river on the east, was known as El Rio Park subdivision.

A public elementary school was built at 1301 W. Ontario Ave. in the heart of the barrio in 1939. It was called El Rio School. Native Tucsonan Ricardo Manzo was principal from the time it opened until his death in 1956.

A Tucson High School football star and University of Arizona graduate, Manzo was a well-liked Horatio Alger of the Mexican-American community.

When he died, the school board named the westside school after him, and gradually, Barrio Hollywood became known as "Manzo."

In 1964 when the federal government's War on Poverty set up shop in the barrio, the agency it offered through the Committee for Economic Opportunity was dubbed the Manzo Area Council.

A small section of the Manzo barrio, a 14-square-block area from Grande Ave. eastward to the river, is still known exclusively as Hollywood.

And some barrio residents, including activist Chicanos in their 20s and 30s, never accepted the name Manzo, still call the entire area Hollywood and are not likely to change.



Walking in the park. A Chicano couple — cool, proud, beer in hand — very aware they're in the public eye as part of a party weekend at Kennedy Park.

Mixing Spanish, English creates a barrio language

By JUDY DONOVAN
The Arizona Daily Star

"El troque esta en la yarda, un poco rucona."

To one who speaks only English, the sentence looks and sounds like Spanish. It means: "The truck is in the yard, a little beat up."

But a Mexican from Mexico City or elsewhere wouldn't understand it because it's really a dialect mixing Spanish and Hispanicized English. "Troque" and "yarda" are really English words that have been Mexicanized. "Rucona" doesn't exist in standard Spanish.

But it's the way Mexican-Americans speak in Tucson barrios.

"It's a language in evolution, and it's not good or bad," said Ron Cruz, a teacher and counselor at Nosotros, a group that helps the needy in Tucson's barrios.

Classicists wince at words like "spich," pronounced like the English word "speech" and meaning the same. Or "jita-zo," pronounced "hee-tah-so," combining the English word "hit" with the superlative Spanish ending "azo," to mean a big hit song or a mighty baseball hit.

But it's a valid way of communicating for people who have had to adapt to the dominant English-speaking culture. Most barrio dwellers don't want it to die.

It often produces an easier and shorter way to say something that's complicated in strict Spanish. The employment term, "full-time," becomes "fultaim," pronounced "fool-time." It gets the same result as the longer Spanish version of "horario completo" or "tiempo completo."

One theory holds that the barrio version of "Spanglish" began sometime in the 1930s when young Mexican-Americans from El Paso carried their unique argot, a language of the Mexican underworld called "Caló," to Tucson, Los Angeles and other Southwestern cities.

During the late 1930s and most of the 1940s, the youths who spoke Caló referred to themselves as "pachucos" and adopted the zoot suits of the day to complete their "hip" image.

Elders often disapproved of pachucos, who at times caused gang riots in Los Angeles in the early '40s. But the dialect they spoke kept evolving and adapting, and although the zoot suits are gone, much of the peculiar pachuco language has survived.

"It has a lot to do with class" said Cruz, who with his wife developed a course of Chicano studies at Salpointe High School. "A well-to-do family might be more snobbish and not use those words. Many of the barrio words are not socially acceptable and can be very crude."

A lexicon of underworld words has developed, too. "Chiva" literally is a female goat but in the barrio it's heroin. The police are the "jura" or "chota." A person who uses marijuana, cocaine and morphine is a "maricocaimorfi," a compound word that includes all the drugs in one.

Although preserving the unique dialect of the barrios is important to Cruz and many others, he believes it's also important to learn functional English. Many barrio children learn inadequate Spanish and incorrect English, and the public schools have long compounded the problem, he said.

Inadequate knowledge of either language can be a handicap in job-hunting. In a job that requires a Spanish speaker, like a clerk in a store doing heavy business with shoppers from Mexico, the first hired will be the one born in Mexico with the best Spanish.

In a job that requires English, the employer has a country full of native English speakers to the barrio people will miss out there, too, Cruz said.



The barrios, like their people, range from the young to old. Senora Sarah Hughes rests on a bed set outside her house in Kroeger Lane. Jose Miranda reads a letter on his front porch in Barrio Anita, and 2-year-old Diana Valenzuela drinks soda pop in Pascua.

