

The Filipino American Experience In New Mexico



The Filipino American National Historical Society
Rio Grande Chapter

THE FILIPINO AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN NEW MEXICO

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(First Edition)

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Cover: Josephine and Simplicio Galbiso (right) with other Filipino
agricultural workers and their families

Photo courtesy of: The Galbiso Family

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Dedicated To

The next generations of
Filipino Americans in New Mexico

and

In Memory of our departed
FANHS Rio Grande members

David (Day) Simplicio Galbiso, Jr. (1987-2006)

Manoa Alcántara Jojola (1981-2000)

J. Richard (Dick) Long (1937-2006)

Dennis J. Moore (1939-2012)

Ethan Fraser Sabay (1994-2013)

Josephine (Galbiso) Stevens (1926-2010)

Myrna Manuel Tsinnajinnie (1949-2007)

Mark Underwood (1969-1999)

and

FANHS Founder

Dr. Fred Cordova (1931-2013)

Maraming Salamat (Thank You)

This eBook and book would not be possible without the following:

FANHS Founders: Dr. Fred Cordova (1931-2013) and Dr. Dorothy Cordova who introduced us to the importance of Filipino American history. Since 1982, FANHS's mission has been to promote understanding, education, enlightenment, appreciation, and enrichment through the identification, gathering, preservation, and dissemination of the history and culture of Filipino Americans in the United States. As of 2014, this mission has resonated in thirty chapters in the United States, including our own in New Mexico.

FANHS RG Founders: Dr. Dely Alcántara who founded the 20th chapter, FANHS Rio Grande Chapter (New Mexico) on September 16, 1998 with founding members: Chol Aquino, David Galbiso, Dr. Ted Jojola, Connie Perkins, Evelio Sabay, Myrna Samson, Josephine (Galbiso) Stevens, Vir and Ruth Velasco. Without the founders at the national and local levels, this project would never have been conceptualized.

Contributors: Dr. Dely Alcántara, Consuelo (Chol) Aquino, Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield, Dick Long, Evelio Sabay, Josephine (Galbiso) Stevens, Myrna Manuel Tsinnajinnie, Rod Ventura, Cris Underwood, and editorial consultant, Dr. Theodore Jojola. Despite demands in their careers and family life, they found time to write these stories. Three of our contributors (Dick, Josephine, and Myrna) shared their stories until the last phase of their lives.

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This eBook and book are a collaborative effort of all our members. Thank you.

Filipino American National Historical Society Rio Grande Chapter

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Introduction

How did Filipinos end up in New Mexico? In the 18th century they came as sailors with the Manila-Acapulco Galleon Trade and, according to the 1790 Spanish Census, some of their descendants became teachers who settled near Isleta Pueblo. In more contemporary times, Filipinos came with the United States Military, either as enlisted personnel or as dependents. One young Filipino named Cris Underwood made the journey under a special act of the United States Congress. Others came for post-graduate education and ended up working in New Mexico. Still others, as a result of the 1965 Immigration Reform, came as professionals or came to join their families already living in New Mexico.

First conceived as a book project in 2006, the stories that follow tell the odyssey to New Mexico of 15 Filipinos as well as providing a look at the enduring Military Legacy that exists between New Mexico and the Philippines.

Our book documents for posterity--and for the next generations of Filipino Americans--the Filipino presence and its contribution to New Mexico and the United States. The compilation of stories was achieved over multiple years and was drawn from interviews, past newsletters, exhibits, oral history presentations, and souvenir programs of the *Pamana Heritage Awards* that showcase the outstanding achievements of Filipino Americans.

In her article, "Making the Invisible Visible," Dr. Dely Alcántara, a demographer, noted that the presence of contemporary Filipinos in this state was officially recorded in 1910 when 10 native-born Filipinos were counted by the United States Census. In 1930, the number increased to 27 native-born Filipinos.¹ Now there are 4,963 Filipinos (one race) in the state. We are only 0.2% of New Mexico's population of 2,059,179 shown in the US Census Demographic Profile 2010 of New Mexico. Even with only a microscopic fraction of the population, many Filipinos have made their mark in New Mexico.

Since the founding of the Filipino American National Historical Society Rio Grande Chapter in 1998, many compelling stories have been told over the years--each one unique and offering us a lesson of humanity and perseverance. However, after much deliberation, this first of a series of narratives about Filipinos in New Mexico will focus primarily on five sectors: agriculture, education, medicine, military, and religion.

Agriculture

In 1906, the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association recruited thousands of workers from the Philippines, mostly Ilocanos and Visayans, to meet the demand for labor in the sugar cane plantation. They were single men under the age of 30 with little education. These recruits were called *Sakadas*.² The term *Sakada* was taken from the name of a long knife used by Filipino agricultural workers in plantations. Many *Sakadas* eventually moved to the mainland--mostly to California. A number of them came to New Mexico from Washington, Arizona, and California to work in the carrot and lettuce farms around the state, specifically in the cities of Grants, Los Lunas, Moriarty, Estancia, and Jemez Springs. In Grants, Filipinos were credited for introducing

a way of packaging that was efficient and caused less damage to the carrots. Some of them inter-married with local New Mexicans.³

The three agricultural workers featured here are **Bert Balido, Simplicio Galbiso, and Potenciano Gorospe**, as told by their sons and Galbiso's widow. All three came from the Ilocos Regions. Gorospe married a Native American woman. Balido and Galbiso married Hispanic women who endured rejection from members of their own families who did not approve of mixed marriages. **Nick Balido** recalled that, during the 25 years as a migrant agricultural worker working alongside his father, Bert, he moved in and out of so many schools that he resolved not to follow in his father's footsteps. He decided to settle down and acquire more education. Nick joined the Los Lunas Police Department and eventually became the first Chief of Police of Filipino descent in Los Lunas. He retired in 2010.

Potenciano Gorospe was the first Filipino to buy land in New Mexico where he planted Filipino vegetables, such as *ampalaya* or *paria* (bittermelon), *upo* or *tabungao* (white squash), and long beans. After his death, this land was passed on to his children. To this day, Filipino vegetables are still grown on this land and sold at the Albuquerque and Belen Farmers Markets, Los Lunas and Laguna.

Josephine (Galbiso) Stevens of Corrales met Simplicio Galbiso, 25 years her senior, in Corrales one weekend. He had just arrived from the Bluewater, New Mexico area as one of a crew of Filipino migrant farm workers. To Josephine, "he was the most beautiful thing that I [had] ever seen." They married and moved to California. After Galbiso died, Josephine returned to New Mexico, where she raised her children. She passed away in 2010.

Education

In 1898, the Philippines declared independence from Spain only to be acquired by the United States to the tune of \$20 million under the 1898 Treaty of Paris, following the defeat of Spain in the Spanish-American War. After the capture of the city of Manila from the Spanish in the Battle of Manila, having been prevented from entering the captured city, the Filipino forces realized that the American forces were not on their side.⁴ On February 4, 1899, fighting broke out between the Americans and the Filipino forces led by Emilio Aguinaldo, the self-proclaimed president of the Philippine Republic. While the Philippine-American War was still raging, the U.S. decided to retain control of the Philippines. During its 50 years of control, the U.S. made education a top priority. American soldiers established English classes for Filipino children. In June 1901, civilian teachers were sent to take over. The first 48 teachers came from a ship named *The Sheridan*. In August of the same year, 540 American teachers arrived in Manila aboard the ship, United States Transport (USAT) Thomas. These teachers, who came to be called Thomasites after the ship that had transported them, started the public education system in the Philippines.⁵ Today, the Philippines is one of the top ten largest English-speaking countries in the world.⁶

Consistent with the goal of establishing universal education in the Philippines, the U.S. government established the "*Pensionado*" program in 1903. This program was established to provide government scholarship to Filipino students chosen by merit from each Philippine

province.⁷ While these *pensionados* came to America to get educated, they were expected to return to the Philippines to become educators as well as the backbone of the Philippine civil service. The first 100 *pensionados* were accompanied by William A. Sutherland and his wife, Minnie Newberry, both of whom graduated from New Mexico State University in Las Cruces. William Sutherland also taught in Albuquerque.⁸ The Pensionado program ended in 1941, before the outbreak of World War II. Filipinos, however, continue to come to the U. S. for advanced education. And, perhaps more importantly, Filipino educators are being recruited to teach in American schools.

Potenciana (Nenette) Santos Boucher immigrated in 1956 and she would teach in a high school with a predominantly Navajo population. Nenette retired in 2006 and moved to Albuquerque. **Dr. Adéamar (Dely) Alcántara** is a research professor and director of a research center at the University of New Mexico. She came to the U.S. on an East-West Center scholarship program, which allowed her to complete a Ph.D. in Sociology and Demography from the University of Hawaii. **Myrna Tsinnajinnie and Helen Manzanillo** were educators whose parents were *Sakadas* in the Hawaiian Sugar Plantation. While their Filipino fathers cultivated the sugar fields of Hawaii, Myrna and Helen cultivated the minds of their students. Helen retired in 2010. Myrna passed away in 2007.

Medicine

In 1965, the Immigration and Nationality Act opened a new era of Filipino immigration to the U.S. when the annual quota of immigrants increased from 100 to 20,000. In the 1960s and 1970s, there was a shortage of doctors and nurses due to the increased demand when Medicare and Medicaid programs were approved. In the 1970s alone, there were 7,000 Filipino doctors and 4,000 Filipino nurses who came to America.⁹

Dr. Jose Sacramento Martinez's parents, both doctors of internal medicine, were among them. Following their footsteps, Dr. Martinez also studied Medicine. He was the Medical Director of Pediatric Services and Pediatric Intensive Care Unit (PICU) at Presbyterian Hospital in Albuquerque. A nurse, **Consuelo (Chol) Aquino**, was born as an American citizen in the Philippines when it was still a Commonwealth of the United States in 1933. She became the first Filipino Public Health nurse to work in an Indian reservation in New Mexico. **Dr. Faith Ventura**, a second-generation Filipino, worked on the Navajo Reservation as a dentist in the 1990s. Faith noted that being Filipino-American was advantageous for her because she looks like her Native American patients.

Military

In 1941, more than 1,800 men from the 200th New Mexico Coast Artillery were stationed at Clark Field and Fort Stotsenberg, Philippines. The 200th were the first to fire at the invading Japanese air forces that bombed Clark Field nine hours after their attack on Pearl Harbor. The U.S. military presence in the Philippines also led to family unions either through marriage or by adoption. After World War II, **Chito Pacheco Zafra**, a Filipina-Spanish, became the bride of a Filipino-Danish veteran, Eugenio A. Zafra, Sr. **Crisanto Castillo Underwood**, who was

working as a mess hall boy in the U.S. Army in the Philippines, became the adopted son of U.S. Army Lt. Gailey Underwood.

Religion

The year 1521 marked the beginning of the connection between New Mexico and the Philippines. The King of Spain sent Ferdinand Magellan to the Philippines where he was killed that same year by Lapu Lapu, a Mactan chieftain. After four more failed expeditions, Spain finally succeeded in establishing a permanent settlement on the island of Cebu and the archipelago was then named after King Philip II of Spain. Spanish law forced many Filipinos to take Spanish or Christian names. As a result, it is difficult today to distinguish Filipinos from New Mexicans because they have similar last names such as Aquino, Martinez, and Chavez. Spain also sent Spanish friars and forced Filipinos to convert to Catholicism. Today, the Philippines is the only country in Asia whose population is mostly (80%) Roman Catholic. Since the early 1950s, Filipino nuns and clergies have been coming to New Mexico.

Sister Josephine de Gorostiza joined the religious congregation of the Daughters of Charity of Canossia and came to Albuquerque in the late 1950s to teach at Annunciation Parochial School. In 1987, **Fr. Gil Mangampo** became the first Filipino Priest in the Diocese of Gallup. **Heddy Long** was the First Lay Person and Filipina Family Life Director of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe. She retired in 2012.

Adélar (Dely) Alcántara, Ph.D.

Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

Agriculture

Nick Balido: Life as a Filipino Migrant Worker

By Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

In September 1941, eighteen hundred men from the New Mexico National Guard arrived in the Philippines to conduct training exercises. Little did they know that on the morning of December 8th, they would become the first American unit to go into action against the invading Japanese. Around that same era, a new contingent of Filipino workers had come to the United States in pursuit of employment as laborers in New Mexico's agricultural fields. Some of these Filipino migrant workers would eventually marry New Mexican women, raise families, and thus change the composition of New Mexico's ethnic heritage.

Filipino migrant workers plied the fields as far away as Washington State, California, and Arizona to work seasonally alongside other local laborers. Two things however made the Filipinos different from the other workers-- they organized themselves as work crews who traveled together and protected one another. They found New Mexico particularly alluring because of its multicultural communities and lack of racial discrimination.

It is speculated that Filipino work crews existed from 1920 through 1977. When America sent its men to fight abroad during WWII, the Filipino workers filled the vacuum created by their departure. Agriculture was a particularly important activity during the war and produce harvested from farms in Grants, Los Lunas, Moriarty, Estancia, and the Jemez Mountains were especially critical. One of the workers was a man named Bert Balido.

Bert was born in the Ilocos Region of the Philippines. He immigrated to Seattle, Washington and joined a Filipino crew that worked the grape fields. Eventually, their work landed them in Arizona and New Mexico.

In the fall of 1943, Bert attended the annual carrot festival held in Los Lunas. There he met Carmelita Angelina Artiaga, a local Hispanic woman and vendor who regularly sold vegetables from her father's family garden. After her father passed away, their attraction to one another grew in spite of her mother's disapproval since Carmelita already had a local boyfriend who had joined the military and was away fighting in the war.

Against her mother's wishes, Carmelita stole away one day and eloped with Bert. Together, they traveled south to Socorro, New Mexico. There they were welcomed by the Filipino community and their marriage was celebrated at Prince Hall, a popular Filipino hangout.

Torn between her marriage and her family, Carmelita tried numerous times to make amends. She wrote to her mother and begged her to accept Bert. Her pleas fell on deaf ears until they found the courage to return to Los Lunas during Christmastime. To their surprise, her mother conceded the inevitable and welcomed Bert into her family.

Carmelita adopted the lifestyle of the migrant farm worker and traveled with Bert from region to region. In spite of the many hardships, they were able to have two children, Nick and Elena

(Pacing).¹⁰ Bert died on December 25, 1977 and Carmelita died on October 4, 2004. Their daughter, Elena, passed away on April 15, 2005.

Their only surviving child, Nick —and the longtime Chief of Police in Los Lunas—remembers vividly the odyssey of his parents’ struggles. “My father had no formal education. He could not read or write. He spoke broken English but he learned to speak Spanish. He survived. All he knew was work and providing for his family.” Nick recalls that even had his father been able to save money, he did not have the inclination to buy land like some of the other Filipino migrant workers. “One such worker was Pete Gorospe who bought agricultural land in Los Lunas,” says Nick.

“I worked with my father and other Filipinos for around 25 years,” Nick recalls. “One of the earliest jobs was to clean, pack and box lettuce. The lettuce had to look good because buyers inspected it. I traveled to California, Arizona, and Colorado where we lived in labor camps. These camps had dirt floors but they had bunk beds and running water. The growers or landowners, who were usually rich ranchers from Texas, provided for these camps. In New Mexico, there were no labor camps. We rented a house big enough for about 30 to 40 people. Filipinos lived and slept in bunkers or on the floor. Several growers were Americans and Japanese: Jay Evans of Los Lunas, Gus Wagner of Corrales, the Yamamoto Brothers of Albuquerque’s North Valley, James and Charles Matzu of Belen, and Art Togami of Los Lunas.

“I was in and out of school. I would be enrolled in one school and pulled out when we moved. In the middle of the school year, I would be enrolled in another school. I had no continuous and stable education. It was only when I was in junior high that my mother decided to stay in Los Lunas while my father worked in different states. We would visit him during the summer and Christmas holidays.”

Nick’s education was drawn mostly from working in the fields and in labor camps. His teachers were other Filipino migrant workers from whom he drew wisdom and understanding, as well as sharing their triumphs and hardships. He learned math by counting crops, developed a common sense understanding of the basic economic law of supply and demand, and even organizing principles from workers’ unionism.

“My father was a [crew] contractor, so I started to figure things out. Sometimes we charged the growers per box, per piece or per block (acre). During a good harvest, the pay per person during the 1960s was an average of \$125 to \$150 a week. Growers did not provide our food so we paid for this and other expenses—such as rent, transportation, etc.—all were deducted from a crew’s pay. This was around \$35 a week per laborer, so you’d get a net of around \$90 to \$115 a week, which was not bad at all. Sometimes, though, we would have a bad year. When it rained a lot in California, lettuce couldn’t survive, so we had to find somewhere else to go. We would go to New Mexico during the spring and fall because the weather was good for lettuce. Other factors such as the market price and the number of workers could affect the pay, too.

“There was no insurance or holiday breaks. If you got sick, you paid out of your own pocket. If you didn’t work, you didn’t get paid. It was as simple as that. Cesar Chavez, a migrant worker from San Luis, Arizona became an activist and was respected by the Mexican community.

When Cesar and his Mexican farm workers went on strike, the Filipinos were the ones that continued to work the fields. We had to be escorted however. The Filipinos did not believe in violence and confrontation. In the end, unions were formed in California as a result of Cesar's efforts. Because of the unions, the farm workers started getting decent minimum wages, holidays, and insurance."

Although Nick considers himself Filipino-American, he has never been to the Philippines. His only connection to Filipino culture was the strong bond and cultural sharing that occurred in the camps. "We ate Filipino food. Breakfast was usually eggs, rice, bacon and, sometimes, oatmeal. Lunch was some kind of stew meat. Afternoons there would be dried fish or pork chops. Between meals, we also would have snacks. Our Filipino cook would feed around 30 people. He would give us the bill for the ingredients. Some of the cooks were smarter shoppers than others, which saved us money. The cooks were paid like everybody else in the crew.

"Cockfighting was a favorite pastime. The Filipinos would bet all the time. The roosters were bred to be aggressive, and their handlers trained them every day. The people in the cockfighting business would put razors on the chickens' feet and the fight didn't stop until one of the roosters was dead. It was brutal, but it was popular. In Phoenix, Arizona, there were several arenas in a big stadium for cockfighting tournaments, just like the Super Bowl.

"Another pastime among Filipinos was partying and singing. My father played the guitar. His friends would group together to play or sing. Once a year at the end of a harvest, we would invite the whole community to come and taste Filipino food."

Gradually, the New Mexico farms started to dwindle and the demand for farm workers disappeared. Urbanization took its toll and most people opted for steady jobs and wages. "In the 1960s, Los Lunas had close to 20 to 30 Filipino families. By the time I became an adult in the 70s, there may have been only five to six families left. Many moved away to regions that were closer to the fields. Some of the families that remained in Los Lunas were the Taboras, Cabaguas, Someras, Bernals, and Ortiz. Aurora Somera, widow of Augustine Somera, was one of the few who chose to stay in Los Lunas while her children were in school."

The transition from farm laborer to wage earner was easy for anyone who had led the life of a migrant worker and known its hardships and challenges. For Nick, pursuing a new career in law enforcement was not a big deal.

"I was working as a truck driver in Picacho, Arizona when I was called by Tody Perea of Los Lunas. He told me that there was an opening for a police officer. I was making \$200 to \$300 a week in Arizona, but now I had a family and I didn't want to be away from them too often. My first wife was named Remy and we had two children: Leticia and Monica." Nick told Tody he would give it a try for three months. He stayed for 39 years.

"[To be honest,] my life as a young migrant worker—traveling all the time and meeting people from all walks of life—was like a battlefield. When we were in Arizona, we lived in the Southern Phoenix area. It was a ghetto. I was initiated into a gang but I chose to resist. I

experienced a lot of discrimination. In California, if I were in the wrong place, I would get in trouble. I learned to keep quiet and avoid trouble.”

The culture of the work crews also changed over time. “[Towards the end] I was in the company of Filipinos who had a different temperament. The young ones were wild. A lot of them had no education and some had been in the system [prison] in the Philippines. When an argument erupted, they would try to kill or ‘cut’ each other. It was a hard life. After being a migrant worker for so long, working as a police officer was a piece of cake.”

When asked to recall who influenced him the most, Nick is emphatic. “My mother. I was always afraid of her. Even when I was physically bigger and stronger than her, I was afraid of displeasing her.” Teachers, though, were a close second. “In High School, I was going nowhere, but football coaches Edward Griego and Nick Madrid helped me. I played when I was a freshman and we played all over the place. Mr. Arthur Jiron, my English teacher challenged me a lot. He felt I had a lot more [intelligence] and told me that I was not as stupid as I thought. He kept me on my toes and said a lot of encouraging words to me.

“New Mexico is a nice place—there is no discrimination. You are not treated wrong because of your race. You are treated badly because you are a jerk or because of your attitude.”

Nick was with the Los Lunas Police Department for 39 years, serving as its Chief of Police for the last 23 years. He became the first Chief of Police of Filipino descent in Los Lunas. He retired in 2010. He lives with his second wife, Cynthia, with whom he had six more children.

NOTE: Pat Guggino shared her video interview of Nick Balido in 2006.

Agriculture

Simplicio Galbiso--“He was the Prettiest Thing I Had Ever Seen”

By Josephine (Galbiso) Stevens

I was born Josefa Armijo on March 19, 1926 in the small village of Corrales, New Mexico. I met my Filipino husband, Simplicio Galbiso, in the summer of 1942 when he visited Corrales one weekend. He had just arrived from the Bluewater, New Mexico area as one of a crew of Filipino migrant farm workers who had come there from California to harvest lettuce.

When we first met, he was already dating someone else. After we started courting, he stopped seeing her and began writing to me instead. He was the prettiest thing I had ever seen. He was twenty years older than me, but the times were different then-- World War II was on.

One day, he came to the home of my mother and stepfather driving a big white Packard sedan. Although we were madly in love, my mother and my two aunts were very upset with me. They cried. They said I was foolish because Simplicio was so much older than I. I told them he was different and that they didn't know anything about him. He wanted to take me away to California and I was thrilled by it all. I wanted to get away from an abusive stepfather. I was very strong-willed and stubborn and, begrudgingly, my mother, Eutimia Gurule, gave her permission for us to marry.

Simplicio and I were married on December 31, 1942 in Bernalillo, New Mexico. The very next day after the wedding, we traveled to Phoenix, Arizona where we joined my husband's many Filipino friends and their families who were living and working on the surrounding farms. At that time, Phoenix was a major place for farm work for Filipinos. As a young Spanish woman, everything was so new and strange to me. They spoke the Ilocano language; they ate food like *adobo*, rice, and stewed chicken. Many of the people in the camp were older than me and so more experienced and more mature.

Simplicio's friends, Joe Diza, Bobby Leanio and his wife, Mercy, gave us a surprise wedding dinner and dance at the Prince Hall. Bobby and Simplicio were especially close because they both grew up in Vintar, Ilocos Norte, in the Philippines. In fact, Bobby was the founder and the President of the fraternal organization, the Sons of Vintar. Simplicio and his brothers, Guillermo and Jose, were all members of this organization.

After staying a few days in Phoenix, we continued on to the Imperial Valley in Southern California. It was to be our home for the next sixteen years. We stayed with my husband's older brother, Guillermo, who was farming sugar beets on leased land outside of the town of Holtville. Guillermo had forty-nine workers in his employment; most were Filipinos and the rest were Mexicans. The Imperial Valley was a mecca for thousands of Filipinos who had come to the United States to work. Simplicio farmed with his brothers in Holtville and in the nearby communities of Westmoreland and Calipatria.

In 1943, we began a family. I gave birth in New Mexico to our first child, a daughter named Louella. Because the summer heat in the Imperial Valley was almost unbearable—with temperatures easily reaching 125 degrees during the day and sometimes not dropping below 100 degrees at night—we spent each summer in New Mexico. During this time, Simplicio would find farm work at the different Japanese-American farms and at garden nurseries. Our second child, Josephine, was also born in New Mexico on the 3rd of June, 1945.

In the early 1950s, the State of California changed their property ownership laws. Up until then, Filipinos were prohibited from owning land. We, and many other Filipinos and their families, took advantage of this change. We purchased property around the Niland, California area. Simplicio's brothers, Guillermo and Jose, bought eighty acres of farmland. Two years later, we purchased an adjacent forty-acre plot of farmland.

The town of Niland was very special. It was populated predominantly by Simplicio's townsmen from Vintar. There were other Filipinos from the provinces of Ilocos Sur, Pangasinan, and the Visayas as well. In Niland, many of the Filipinos were farmers. Most of them were single but among them were some who had married—to my joy and comfort—Spanish girls from New Mexico! One girl was a former schoolmate and three others were distant relatives from the Corrales and Alameda areas. Others had wives who were Anglos, Mexicans, and Native Americans. Together, we formed a sisterhood. The community spirit was great.

Over the years, I gave birth to six more children. In total, my brood was comprised of five beautiful daughters, Louella, Josephine, Mary Jane, Sydney, and Lisa and two handsome sons, Danny and David. (See article on David Galbiso.) In 1946, I lost an infant son named Lawrence.

Every growing season, between September and April, we farmed tomatoes and many varieties of squash. For many seasons, we prospered and saved money. Then, Federal Import quotas were dropped and we could no longer compete with the cheaper Mexican tomatoes and squash. We began to suffer economically.

Our worst tragedy occurred on October 22, 1958. Simplicio was clearing and burning brush on the farm when he was engulfed by the fire. He suffered third degree burns all over his body. He died the next morning. My friend and partner in life was gone. Suddenly, I was a widow left to raise and support seven children who ranged in age from nine months to fourteen years old. A very tough journey began for all of us. The children continued in school until the summer of 1959 when my brother-in-law Guillermo helped us to close up our home for our move to New Mexico.

Fortunately, Simplicio and I had been farsighted enough to invest and purchase a house in 1947. It was on a three-acre plot of land in Alameda, New Mexico. By the mid-50s, my husband had built small apartments on the property as well. That's where we moved after his death and where I raised my seven children and even some of my grandchildren.

My association with the Filipino culture has been a series of beautiful and memorable experiences. I have learned to enjoy so much of the cuisine and the company of its people. Because of the Spanish influence in both of our cultures, Simplicio and I found so much

compatibility and joy to share--in our Catholic religion, our child-rearing practices, and even in our life's goals for ourselves and for our children. I am very proud that my seven children and my grandchildren know both my Spanish heritage and Simplicio's Filipino heritage.

NOTE: Josephine remarried after Simplicio's death. She passed away in May 2010.

Reprinted from the *FANHS Rio Grande Newsletter*, Jan-July 2000, Albuquerque, NM. (Also, see Josephine and Simplicio Galbiso on front cover.)

David Galbiso

David Frank Galbiso was born and raised in southern California. He went on to graduate with a B.A. from the University of New Mexico, get married, and start a family. He served in the U.S. Army and afterwards began a career in Federal government service. He was an intelligence research analyst with the Immigration and Customs Enforcement of the Department of Homeland Security.

One day, while on his former job as a U.S. Customs Inspector, he met Dr. Dely Alcantara who had come into the office of the Port of Albuquerque on business. They talked about Filipinos in Albuquerque. She was unaware of the ever-growing community in New Mexico made up of second-generation Filipino Americans. David told her of his family and other Filipino American families in the area, in other parts of New Mexico, and in southern Colorado and west Texas. David also told her that his sister, Sydney, from Seattle, Washington had recently sent him Dr. Fred Cordova's video, "*Filipino Americans – Discovering Their Past for the Future.*" The video was the story of the Filipino Americans who came to the U.S. before 1965 and David described its positive impact on him. Dr. Alcantara was aware of the video and the organization. This laid the groundwork for a strong bond between them and their mutual interest in Filipinos in New Mexico.

Dely and David met again and talked more about forming an organization that would address their interests--history, genealogy, and the Filipino American community in New Mexico. The mission of the Filipino American National Historical Society (FANHS) met this objective. On September 16, 1998, the FANHS Rio Grande Chapter became the 20th Chapter of the FANHS. Dely and David became the founding president and vice president, respectively.

Agriculture

Potenciano Gorospe: First Filipino Property Owner in New Mexico

By Myrna Manuel Tsinnajinnie

Not long after I moved to Albuquerque in 1972, I heard of a Filipino man who grew *talong* (eggplant) and other Filipino vegetables in Los Lunas. People would also tell me that I should go to the Grower's Market because there was a Filipino man who sold *talong* and *paria* (bittermelon) there. Because I lived outside of Albuquerque, I never learned the schedule of the Grower's market. It was not until my parents had retired and also moved to Albuquerque from Hawaii that I decided to hunt for this Filipino man. I had told my parents about this Filipino man in Los Lunas and they wanted me to find him. By then, I had met Mike Gorospe who taught with Helen Manzanillo at Santa Fe Indian School. Mike also coached my daughter, Lani, who ran on the Santa Fe Indian School Cross Country team. Having learned that Mike's dad was the Filipino man I wanted to find, I finally had some leads on how to find him.

Through Mike Gorospe's directions to his dad's place in Los Lunas from Albuquerque, I was finally able to meet the legendary Mr. Gorospe in 1993. After all the years of hearing about this Filipino man in Los Lunas, I would come face to face with the real-life figure that I considered a legend. My husband, Bob, was the driver as we searched down a dirt lane in Los Lunas. I had Mike's directions in my head but we were still uncertain about where Mr. Gorospe's place was. As it turned out, I recognized the Filipino garden immediately when I saw it at the end of the country road. I spotted full fences of *paria* plants, rows of *talong* plants, and vines of *tabungao* (white squash) with the long green squashes hanging from the roof of a shed. My husband, Bob, was amazed at how I was able to identify the vegetable garden right away.

My parents, Bob, and I found Mr. Gorospe wearing his straw hat sitting in the shade. We introduced ourselves and Mr. Gorospe and my parents started conversing in Ilocano. My parents were thrilled not just to find fresh Filipino vegetables but also they were thrilled to speak Ilocano with someone in New Mexico. As they visited, Mr. Gorospe reminded me so much of my own grandfather. Wearing a hat just like Grandpa, he spoke with gentleness and a smile. When he found out that my husband was Navajo, he asked, "You Navajo?" Then he greeted my husband, "Yaad'eeh!" and laughed. We were surprised that he knew Navajo.

I did not then know that Mr. Potenciano Gorospe is indeed a part of Filipino American history in New Mexico. According to Dr. Dely Alcántara, UNM demographer, Mr. Gorospe is the first Filipino known to have purchased property in New Mexico. Through talks and interviews about his father, I have learned from Mike Gorospe about this legendary figure.

Potenciano Gorospe, known as "Pete" to many, was born in Pangasinan, Ilocos Norte, in 1912. Pangasinan is in North Central Luzon of the Philippines. He came to the U.S. with his uncle and a brother, thinking that they were going to Hawaii. However, they ended up in Seattle. Mike guesses, "I think they may have boarded the wrong ship." Upon their arrival in Seattle in 1932, they discovered that workers were needed in the salmon canneries in Alaska so they went there but Mr. Gorospe found Alaska too cold and too windy.

He ventured back to sunny California in Salinas and worked in lettuce, celery, and asparagus fields. In the 1930s, he worked in Eloy, Arizona in the carrot fields. In Phoenix, Potenciano met Mary Margaret Montoya who was working as a student nurse. They married in 1942 after waiting for his baptismal certificate to be sent from the Philippines to confirm that he was a baptized Catholic. They married in Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico.

Mary Margaret Montoya already had two daughters, Mercedes and Mary Ann. Potenciano raised these daughters along with the children he and his wife had. They had eight additional children: Mike, Anthony (deceased), Josephine, Regina, George (deceased), Martha (deceased), Katherine, and Michelle. The family also considered "Mickey," the son of Mercedes, to be their sibling since he was raised with them throughout all of his early life. Mike tells how his family moved wherever his industrious father found work as a farm laborer. Mrs. Gorospe and the entire family also worked as farm laborers. Mr. and Mrs. Gorospe were multi-lingual (English, Spanish, Filipino, & various Native American languages, *Keres*, *Tewa* and *Navajo*) so they often served as crew bosses and interfaced with both the labor force and the growers. Mr. Gorospe loved his work and took much pride in it. This was his choice instead of finding a steady paying job in New Mexico.

Wherever Mr. Gorospe went, the family followed him. Mike and his siblings worked alongside their dad and he describes how tedious and backbreaking harvesting carrots can be. After the surface of carrot fields were loosened by a tractor, it was the job of the farm laborers to kneel down and pull out the carrots and lay them flat in the same direction. They would lay 6-12 bunches of carrots every 50-60 yards. After sorting them by size, they would tie the carrots together. Beginning at daybreak, they worked six to seven hours before they could take their first break around 9:30 a.m.

It was a known fact that farm labor workers didn't earn much unless they were fast. Mike recalls how systematic and organized his dad was in order to speed up the physical labor tasks. The Gorospe family followed their dad wherever he found work. They worked in orange, lemon, and grapefruit groves in Yuma, Arizona. They picked grapes, prunes, pears, and peaches in California. Whatever was in season and whatever needed to be harvested, the Gorospes migrated to where the produce was. They migrated throughout the Bakersfield, Delano, Sacramento, Placerville, and Viola areas of California. They also moved to farm work in different areas of Arizona and New Mexico. Mr. Gorospe also had the talent of being his own mechanic having learned on his own how to overhaul engines and do oil changes. Mike recalls amazingly how his dad once overhauled a Caterpillar tractor for a Japanese farmer.

Through his line of work, Mr. Gorospe came into contact with many different groups of people. He spoke not only his Ilocano dialect from the Philippines, he learned the Filipino dialects of Tagalog and Visayan. In addition, he learned to speak English, Spanish and Navajo.

In the Grants-Milan area, he worked as a row boss. He worked with Navajos. That's why he knew how to say "Yaate'eh," to my Navajo husband. While working in the Grants-Milan area he met Elias and Theresa Chavez. Elias mentioned to Mr. Gorospe that he needed to pay property taxes for his land in Los Lunas. Mr. Gorospe offered to help him pay the taxes. He

paid the taxes but it was also then that Mr. Gorospe bought eight acres of land in Los Lunas from Elias and Theresa Chavez.

Even after purchasing the property in Los Lunas, Mr. Gorospe continued to find fieldwork out of state. He always sent money home to make sure that the taxes were paid. At one point, Mike said the family didn't hear from his dad for over a year. They later discovered that his dad was in a Phoenix hospital recovering from an accident. While doing some repair work, a crankshaft had landed on his chest right below his neck. Through a friend, the family finally received word of his condition and Mr. Gorospe sent for the family so they went to live and work with him.

While life in Los Lunas included farming the land, it also meant using the harvest to feed everyone at the many Filipino gatherings. Whenever someone needed to butcher a pig, it was Mr. Gorospe who had the knife. His work on the farms required skill with the knife and he used this skill to butcher pigs, cows, chickens and goats. Mike says, "Pigs and goats had very limited days to live in Los Lunas" among the Filipinos.

Mr. Gorospe often assigned Mike the job of constantly stirring the pig's blood (for the Filipino version of blood pudding) during butchering. Mike would try to entice his siblings to relieve him of the stirring and says that if he didn't satisfy his dad, Mr. Gorospe would get after him with phrases such as "Sadot" which means lazy in Ilocano or use other Ilocano swear words or might even use the English phrase, "Bum job!"

Mike refers endearingly to his dad as the "Filipino Hillbilly." Mr. Gorospe wore simple clothing but mainly denim pants and plaid work shirts. He also made his own musical instrument fashioned out of a metal tub, a piece of slat, and strong wire. Bert Balido, Dimas Tavora, and Henry Cabao would bring their own musical instruments to the Gorospe place--then and now still referred to by the family as the "Ranch"--and they'd play their music. Along with the butchering of goats and pigs, there was music and wine and cards...it was a Filipino party! They would party under a shade like the one where my parents and I found the legendary Mr. Gorospe when we first met him.

Mr. Gorospe even made his own fishing nets. He caught carp in the drainage ditches in Los Lunas with intentions to make his own *bagoong* (Filipino fish sauce). In one incident, Mr. Gorospe and his cohorts were threatened by the game wardens with incarceration. Mr. Gorospe willingly accepted the fine, but he begged the game wardens to let him keep the fish. He really wanted to make his *bagoong*. Mr. Gorospe also knew how to make his own *balut* from duck eggs. Mike believes that his dad felt like he was in heaven with his life in Los Lunas.

Mrs. Gorospe died in 1981. Mr. Gorospe died in 1996. Mike says his dad performed his backbreaking and tedious job so effortlessly that he laid the groundwork for the farm labor workers that were to come.

As for Mike, he has been a teacher and coach at Santa Fe Indian School for over 34 years. Their brother, Anthony, passed away at an early age after serving in the U.S. Army in Viet Nam. Josephine is a retired Navy Chief and nurse. Regina is a psychiatric nurse in Napa, California. Before his death, George was a journalist and Martha was the founder of a parent support

advocacy program that taught Native American parents of disabled children to advocate on their own behalf before the public school system for their children's' special needs. Katherine is the Chief of Government Relations and Legal Counsel for the Laguna Development Corporation, a tribal-owned business that owns and operates the Route 66 Casino Hotel and the Dancing Eagle Casino located on the Pueblo of Laguna Indian Reservation. Before retiring, Michelle was a Deputy Sheriff in Yuba City, California. Mercedes Torres, Mrs. Gorospe's daughter, and her son, Mickey Gorospe, are still farmers. Mercedes still farms the "Ranch" in Los Lunas, still growing the same Filipino vegetables from her Filipino stepfather's original vegetable seed stock. Mickey, who is retired from his Sandia National Labs facilities manager job, is a beekeeper and volunteer farmer at Erda Gardens, a biodynamic farm project with community farm locations throughout Albuquerque's south valley.

Potenciano and Mary Margaret Gorospe raised their family together in a rich multicultural setting. Their children were enrolled in the Laguna Pueblo Tribe. Mike is proud to be both Native American and Filipino. "People called us Filipinos, Lagunas or Mestizos. We got the best of two worlds."

Education

Dr. Adélar (Dely) Novino Alcántara: Demographer, Professor, Historian, and Community Leader

By Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

In 1903, the *Pensionado* (government scholars) Act 854 was passed by the Philippine Commission, authorizing the United States territorial government in the Philippines to sponsor promising Filipino students to study in the U.S. Most of these students were men who were usually children of wealthy Filipinos.¹¹ Decades later, these government and other educational scholarships paved the way for women and other deserving Filipinos of varying economic status and special fields of expertise. In the case of Dely Novino Alcántara, who already held a Masters degree in Demography from the University of the Philippines, an East-West Center scholarship program allowed her to come to the U.S. to complete a Ph.D. in Sociology and Demography from the University of Hawaii. As it turned out, fate directed her not only to demography but also to her future when she met her husband, Dr. Ted Jojola, a Native American from Isleta, New Mexico.

Dely began as the Senior Demographer at the University of New Mexico (UNM) Bureau of Business and Economic Research in Albuquerque. She is now the Director of the Geospatial and Population Studies (GPS) Program at UNM which she established in 2011. Demography is a statistical science of population, migration, and distribution that covers birth, fertility, health, mortality and death. It is a field that may not be as popular as Engineering or Computer Sciences but it is equally significant. Dely serves as the liaison between the state and the Census Bureau. Her statistical analysis is used at local and state levels in many applications that include budgets, the allocation of resources, and grant writing. “Population estimates are the denominator for calculating what percentages are qualified for things like Medicare or for requesting a new school,” Dely explains. “It is used for a lot of money-related issues. New Mexico would lose money in terms of programs if it were not done correctly. From that standpoint, I have to be careful. Budgets, planning, infrastructure, litigation, even water planning are all based from supporting documents arising from these statistics.”

In addition to being a demographer, Dely also serves as Research Professor at the UNM School of Architecture and Planning, Community and Regional Planning Program where she teaches Quantitative Analysis for Planners at a graduate level. “The course is very research-based,” says Dely. “They must first have a research question. Students will then develop a research project from its inception to report. They learn to formulate questions, collect data, process, present, and report them.”

A demographer and a professor at senior levels, Dely’s life outside of work covers such a wide-ranging spectrum of interests that one wonders how even “24 hours/7 days a week” are enough for her. At one point, she was serving simultaneously as the president of three organizations: The Filipino-American Foundation of New Mexico (FAFNM), the Bataan-Corregidor Memorial

Foundation of New Mexico (BCNF), and the Asian American Association of New Mexico (AAANM) as well as acting as co-president of The Heritage Council.

The unification and visibility of Filipinos and Asians, human rights, and the preservation of culture and diversity as interests of hers intersect to such a degree that writing her biography in a sequential order becomes challenging. Among numerous awards she has received are the Frank J. Miranda Most Prestigious Human Rights Award in 2001 and The Governor's Award for Outstanding New Mexico Women by the Commission on the Status of Women in 2004. She has delivered major projects and continues to add to what is already a worthy legacy. Yet, with each accolade, Dely seldom talks about her personal life.

Dely was born in 1949 to Marcela Novino and Alejandro Alcántara, a World War II intelligence officer, in Moncada, Tarlac, Philippines where she was also raised. The eldest of six children and growing up with grandparents and a spinster aunt, Dely has always been more at ease with adults than with children.

During that time in the Philippines, if a child could reach her hand over the top of her head and touch her opposite ear (a strange but true "custom yardstick"), the child was deemed "big" enough to go to school regardless of age. Passing that qualification and having also begun reading at an early age, five-year-old Dely dutifully marched to school. Compared to her classmates, she was considered intellectually advanced and was allowed to skip a grade in elementary school. By 15, she graduated from high school and was, according to Dely, "clueless about the world." Having been groomed by her parents to be a doctor, she enrolled in pre-Med courses at the University of the Philippines in Manila. While in her junior year, however, an incident made her reconsider her plans. "When I was in Moncada, I brought a neighbor to the doctor because her face was swelling up and her breathing was blocked," recalls Dely. "The doctor discovered that a seed had grown inside her nose. In the process of removing the seed, blood gushed out of her face. When I saw that—I passed out!"

Afterwards, while she still didn't know what degree to pursue, she was absolutely sure it wasn't in the medical field. Without telling her parents, Dely shifted her major to Philosophy, not because she was interested in Aristotle or Socrates, but simply because it was the program with the least number of students. Much to the astonishment of her parents, she graduated with a degree in Philosophy. What could a Philosophy major offer in the real world?

A family friend then asked Dely if she would be interested in teaching at Dr. Nicanor Reyes Memorial College, a regional college owned by the Far Eastern University. Dely was determined to do the job, in spite of being a Philosophy major with no teaching experience. To ease her entrance into a world for which she was not trained, the school offered her a unique position that divided her teaching between high school and college levels. At only 19 years old, Dely began teaching Ethics to college students older than her in the Commerce and Education Department. At the high school level, she taught English Literature and Composition to freshmen and Spanish to seniors. "Teaching was a humbling experience for me. I was finding my way while trying to deal with behavioral issues like students disrupting the class. One of my students was a repeater when he was a freshman. I realized that he just needed attention so I assigned him to be a class monitor. This transformed him to become a good student. I found out

later he was called Number 17 at home because he was the 17th of 22 children from the same mother!”

Still unsure of her career path and growing uncomfortable teaching the older college students, Dely asked to be released from her teaching contract. She went to Manila to pursue a Masters degree “of some sort” and decided to pay for her own education since her parents were still paying for her other siblings’ college education.

She landed a job as a legal secretary to a lawyer who was also a UP graduate. “I did the job but I could not remember details,” says Dely. “I knew then that secretarial work was not for me but I needed the job and the benefits were good: free housing and a bonus every three months.”

Then Fate intervened again. Her boss frequently traveled to the United States where his family had moved and, in his absence, his law partner began giving her a hard time. She informed her boss of the problem and decided another career detour was due.

Dely answered a classified ad seeking a research assistant at the UP Population Institute. There were 200 applicants a day. Tests were administered and Dely made it into the first group of applicants with the highest scores. This led to an interview with Dr. John Lang, the head of the family planning program. Dr. Lang was a tall Anglo graduate of the University of Chicago whose intimidating presence, impatience, and sometimes hard-to-understand accent drove some staff to quiver or quit. After he interviewed Dely, he immediately offered her the job. Surprised, she cautioned him that she might not have enough mathematical background for the job. Dr. Lang assured her she could do the job so she accepted. Later, she discovered that she got the job because she passed several litmus tests: She didn’t cry or break down during the interview and she asked questions when she did not understand, a rare quality among Filipinos who would rather keep quiet than ask for clarification. She had found a job that was the right fit.

“Research suited my personality better,” says Dely. “I liked the flexibility of the work hours. I could just close the door and think.”

She had set her career in motion. While working, she also took courses related to statistics to lend more depth to her job. Later, she applied for and won a Southeast Asian Treaty Organization scholarship for a Masters in Demography at the University of the Philippines. Dely completed the program in one-and-a-half years.

After working for the UP Population Institute for four years and earning her MA, Dely’s academic pursuit gained her another scholarship for a PhD in Sociology with a certificate in Population Studies at the East West Center, University of Hawaii. The University of Hawaii had the best population program with the best package: housing, books, research and stipend were funded. Here, she met Theodore (Ted) Jojola, a candidate in the doctorate program in Political Science and also an East-West Center grantee.

Ted did his dissertation research on cultural survival among tribal communities in the Cordillera and lived in the Philippines for two years. Dely and Ted were married in her hometown before Ted returned to Hawaii.

Before Ted even completed his doctorate degree, he became the interim Director of the Native American Studies Program at the University of New Mexico (UNM) in 1980. In 1981, Dely gave birth to their son, Manoa, all the while continuing her own PhD work at the East West Center. After she earned her doctorate in 1983, she joined her husband during his visiting academic appointment at the University of California Los Angeles (UCLA). By now, the couple was maintaining three residences in Albuquerque, Los Angeles, and Hawaii. With Manoa growing, the decision to live together under one roof became inevitable. California did not appeal much to Ted so when he was offered a joint appointment as Assistant Professor in the Community and Regional Planning Program as well as Director of Native American Studies at UNM, he grabbed it. He also submitted Dely's application to the university and, gradually, things started to fall in place. When a demographer's job became open, Ted, Dely, and Manoa were at last all living under one roof.

Her new job duties were not limited to statistics but included grant writing to fund different research projects and lobbying for money at the state level for her projects as well as for Ted's. Dely would come to utilize all these skills to benefit the many organizations she would later found or join as a member, including various associations for Filipino-Americans (Fil-Ams) and Asians, the Bataan Veterans, and youth projects.

After moving to Albuquerque, Dely participated in Fil-Am parties and events but her major involvement in Fil-Am activities truly surfaced in 1998. That year, she learned many of her friends from different states were involved in preparing for The Centennial Celebration of the Philippine Independence from Spain (1898). Dr. Jean Hall, a Filipina professor in Silver City, New Mexico, encouraged Dely to host an activity in Albuquerque. The Filipino American Association of New Mexico (FAANM, now FAFNM) was not ready in tackling such a monumental project; it had no funds and not enough manpower.

"I thought, 'the 100th Anniversary does not come very often,'" remembers Dely. "I would kick myself if I passed this up. Once I decided to tackle this, I wrote a grant from the State Endowment for Humanities and was awarded \$5000. I was able to get funds from individuals and groups that raised another \$5000 so we could plan a lunch or a dinner and pay honorariums to the speakers. I took eight weeks off from work. Jean and I set the momentum and before we knew it--we had convened an impressive list of historians, veterans, and Filipinos in an academic symposium attended by 300 to 400 people held on July 4th, 1998 in Albuquerque." Among those attending were Dr. Fred Cordova, founder of FANHS; Dr. Robert Heimrich, a historian and Marine veteran with expertise on the 200th and 515th Artilleries; members of the Bataan Veterans; Dr. Natividad Macaranas Brown (1924-2010; author of 3 books on her Filipino experiences) and Filipino-Americans from different walks of life. The event really served as just a "warm-up" to Dely's impact on the Filipino community that has continued today. "After that event," says Dely, "I thought we could rally Filipino Americans to become involved in something like history which is a neutral field."

In 1998, Dely and David Galbiso, together with Ted and seven members from the Fil-Am community, wrote the charter that led to the formation of the Rio Grande chapter of FANHS (Filipino American National Historical Society). During her presidency (1998 to 2000), she galvanized Fil-Ams into action focusing on their heritage and history. Finding only a black hole

when it came to information about the Philippines and New Mexico, she initiated her own research that led from one bit of information to another. One link was between Filipinos in New Mexico during the early Spanish colonial era and the Manila Galleon trade. “The Manila Acapulco Galleon trademarked the link between the Philippines and New Mexico when the Spaniards used Manila as the connecting point of trade between Asia and North America,” says Dely. “Because of the galleon trade that lasted more than 200 years, Filipinos and Mexicans share some of the same plants, animals, words, and customs.” That interest culminated in the exhibit *Nao de China: The Manila Trade 1565–1816*, held in 2008-2009 at the National Hispanic Cultural Center, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

There are other points of interest as well. “The 1910 Census showed ten Filipinos in New Mexico were foreign-born. It was not clear whether they were born in New Mexico or another part of the U.S. Also, I learned from David Galbiso about the Filipino migrant workers. So, David, Ted, and I went to Bluewater where most of the Filipino agricultural workers like the Galbisos, Balidos, Orsinos, and the de Sallas started. Bluewater was the carrot capital of the world and where the early workers were Filipinos, Japanese, Spanish, and Native Americans. Only a few of the descendants like Mary Ann Montoya of San Rafael, New Mexico, remained in Grants County. Most have moved out, following the crops.”

Being married to a Native American with his own passion in cultural preservation, Dely also discovered how much the Native Americans have contributed to the Philippines. “There were traces of Apache Indians who served during the Spanish colonization in the 1900s. When the Philippines became a United States territory, Apache and Navajo Indians were sent to the Philippines to teach.”

Dely decided to apply for a grant to the City of Albuquerque Urban Enhancement Trust Fund (UETF) to pursue starting a program of oral history. Funded by the grant, the Oral History Workshop was held and resulting storyboards and brochures on the Philippine-New Mexico Connection were published. The Oral History lecture series where Fil-Ams relate their stories is now held two to three times a year. These projects resulted in this compendium of oral histories—an effort that might have never materialized without Dely’s driving force.

Dely also introduced the Pamana Heritage Awards to give impetus to Fil-Ams’ contribution to society and its positive image. The Awards Night brought out dignitaries such as Philippine Consul General Edwin Bael; Dr. Dorothy Cordova, FANHS Executive Director/Founder; Hellen Barber, Philippine Deputy Consul General; and Loida Nicolas Lewis, CEO, National Federation of Filipino American Associations (NAFFAA).

At the national level, Dely has served as one of the members of the FANHS Board of Trustees. She and Emilie Underwood were instrumental in hosting the 2003 FANHS National Trustees’ meeting and the 2012 FANHS National Conference in Albuquerque. After serving as president of FANHS RG, Dely became the president of FAFNM. During her term (2002-2004), she again applied for a grant to the City of Albuquerque UETF. This time, part of the grant was to bring to Albuquerque a Kulintang Master named Danongan Kalanduyan to perform and hold a Kulintang Workshop. As a result of the workshop, a new performing group came into being, the Kulintang

Ensemble of Albuquerque. The grant also included the Cultural Dancers, Rondalla and the Fil-Am Puppet Groups.

Dely, Emilie, and numerous volunteers also brought the NAFFAA Regional Conference to Albuquerque in 2005. Attended by Filipinos and Asians, the conference tackled issues such as immigration, entrepreneurship, and domestic violence. This conference also included youth (young children and teenagers) which was a first in NAFFAA history. Dely successfully brought together different organizations and businesses to co-sponsor the event, including the Cultural Services of the City of Albuquerque that sponsored the formal reception at the Old Town Plaza.

In 2006, FAFNM alongside other organizations hosted a free Immigration and Naturalization Workshop that was open to the public. Representatives from the Philippine Consul General of Los Angeles staffed these workshops. Filipinos from neighboring states came to attend these workshops and to have important immigration documents processed.

At the helm of the Asian American Association of New Mexico, an organization with membership from ten Asian countries, Dely received a grant in 2003 from Stop Tobacco on My People (STOMP) New Mexico to fund anti-tobacco activities for Asian youth. Using puppetry, video production, T-shirts, computer animation, and symposia, STOMP continued to convey anti-tobacco messages. The City of Albuquerque and STOMP have also co-sponsored the annual Festival of Asian Cultures held in May, the Asian Pacific Heritage Month.

Perhaps the accomplishment Dely values the most was the establishment of the New Mexico Asian Family Center (NMAFC) in 2006. Housed in a building owned by Dely and Ted, they donate the space for its activities and offices. The organization grew from a few volunteers to more than a dozen paid staff and counselors. It is a pro-active, non-profit organization that focuses on providing local services for clients of domestic violence, gambling addiction and child abuse. They also have staff that is available for language interpretation, especially for police incidents and the judicial court system. In 2011, NMAFC was recognized nationally by First Lady Michelle Obama's Initiative on Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders at the White House. The chair of this initiative visited NMAFC in 2012.

Another effort that holds a special place in Dely's heart is the Bataan-Corregidor Memorial Foundation of New Mexico (BCMF of NM). It grew out of a tragic connection between WWII Filipino and American soldiers. Her father, Alejandro Alcántara, was a survivor of the Bataan Death March. After moving to New Mexico, she soon learned that over 1800 men from the New Mexico National Guard were federalized as the 200th and 515th Coast Artillery just prior to the onset of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Stationed in Clark Field, Luzon, Philippines, they were literally the "first to fire" just hours after the sneak-attack. They were surrendered on April 9th, 1942. "When I became the president of BCMF of NM in 2000-2001, I asked the veterans what they wanted me to accomplish. They said they wanted to have the Bataan Memorial that had been promised to them since 1943. Bataan Park (located at Lomas and Carlisle in Albuquerque) was in danger of being turned into a sandbox. If we didn't act fast, we could totally lose the park that had been meant to honor the veterans.

“I went to Coleen French of the city’s Parks and Recreation Department and explained that the veterans of the Bataan-Corregidor were dying. The memorial was a way of honoring them and putting closure to a difficult period in history. After a 10-minute talk, Coleen assured me to consider it done.”

In spite of the reassurance, there was a caveat: More than \$50,000 was needed to complete the project. Understanding levels of power, Dely gathered the veterans and together they went to Santa Fe several times a week for months. The group lobbied for funds and worked to convince state senators to award them funds from the capital outlay money. They were awarded \$75,000.

“The hardest job in this project,” recalls Dely, “was first getting the accurate list of the 1800 veterans and then narrowing the list down to the names of those who had been trained in Fort Bliss before being sent to the Philippines. The payroll list was not accurate because it included veterans who had come from San Francisco and joined the 200th and 515th Artilleries. We knew that, without this list, there would be no Bataan Memorial. Luckily, we were blessed to have Bernadette Gallegos, the Foundation secretary, who had access to Internet military records and we completed the record in due time.”

On April 7, 2002, a year after Dely’s meeting with the City’s Parks and Recreation Department, twelve granite columns bearing the names of 1800 veterans became a reality when the \$300,000 memorial was inaugurated.

“When the granite columns were finally erected, the veterans were in tears. They could not believe it would ever happen. They started talking about their painful episodes during the Death March, a painful past they did not openly share before. I couldn’t believe it but we had done it,” Dely admits. “It was a way of honoring the veterans and my father and perhaps providing them closure to this difficult time in their lives.”

In 2000, Dely and Ted’s family was struck by personal tragedy. Their only child, Manoa Alcántara Jojola—a talented 18-year-old musician and at the apex of his life—was killed in an auto accident by a driver fleeing a police high-speed pursuit. The tragic death of a child can cripple parents emotionally but there can be a constructive way of dealing with grief. For Dely and Ted, this terrible episode led them to establish a foundation in their son’s name. “Manoa used to talk about his plans to go to New York for two years and get work on Broadway and then come back to start a school for children for creative expressions. To honor him, Ted and I established The Manoa Endowment for Cultural Diversity at Manoa’s high school, the Albuquerque Academy.” This endowment supports a library collection of Jazz materials, school activities that promote diversity and creative expression, and a summer student apprentice Theater Program called *The Manoa Project* run by the Tricklock Theater Group. Each summer, students from around the city can participate in this apprenticeship program that is completely free of charge. At the end of the session, they participate in staging an original student-produced play. There is also a Manoa Youth Award, a biennial Pamana Award for an outstanding young Filipino-American in New Mexico. As a final tribute to their son, Dely and Ted introduced and lobbied the New Mexico State Legislature for the passage of a police high-speed bill. Three years after Manoa’s untimely death, The Uniform Safe-Pursuit Act was signed into legislation, thereby protecting both police officers and the public from such incidents.

A Filipina who has always been proud of her heritage, Dely is a professor, historian, a tireless activist, and a resourceful champion of the underprivileged and disenfranchised. In spite of personal loss, her influence has brought more visibility than ever before to Filipinos and Asians, our war veterans, and the youth of our communities.

With her life, the young lady who once earned that degree in Philosophy teaches us that there is no issue too big to tackle.

Education

Potenciana (Nenette) Boucher: A Teacher, A Friend

By Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

At the turn of the 20th Century, the American Territorial Government transplanted the system of public education to the Philippines. Many of the first American teachers recruited by the Territorial Government to work overseas were chosen because they had previously taught American Indians. Because they considered the exotic Filipinos a tribal people, the American regime believed these early teachers had special abilities necessary for relating to the remote regions of the Philippine Islands.

Unbeknownst to them, the Filipino progenies of these Americans would perhaps carry the imprint of having worked among American Indian children. Potenciana (Nenette) Santos Boucher, many generations later, would find herself assuming the role she had inherited from her ancestors.

As one Navajo woman named Billie Jo Lee says in recalling her experience as one of Nenette's students at Tohatchi High School, "She is such a neat person. She was not only a teacher to us but also a friend. She has always encouraged us to study beyond high school and she was part of the reason I pursued a major in Elementary Education with a minor in Counseling at the University of New Mexico, Gallup branch. I would like to follow in her footsteps."

Another Navajo student, Lucinda Sleuth Bitsoi, eventually taught at her alma mater. "She was very energetic and was always positive," Lucinda remembers of Nenette. "She was our English teacher and the fact that she didn't come from an English-speaking country didn't matter to us. She was our sponsor in the Yearbook project when we worked nights to finish it. She was there to help us and to drive us home. She was always there for us."

Both Billie Jo and Lucinda were inducted as members of the National Honor Society at Tohatchi High School, where 98% of the student population was Navajo. Among the many experiences they had was making Filipino eggrolls (*lumpia*). "We would go around the school and community to get orders for eggrolls and we would make them in the Home Economics room," Lucinda recalls. "That was our fund-raising project and our exposure to Filipino culture."

When Billie Jo was pursuing her college education, she was also substitute teacher at Church Rock Academy, the same school where Nenette worked as a counselor and which was part of the Gallup-McKinley County Schools. She often sought Nenette's advice about her projects and papers, just as if she was still her student. "I always got one hundred percent of her attention."

After Lucinda graduated with a degree in Education, she pursued her Masters in Special Education. She taught both high school special education and the Navajo language at Tohatchi High. She invited her former teacher to her graduation because "Mrs. Boucher was part of our lives even until now. She is the godmother of one of my children."

Nenette Boucher is the daughter of David Santos, himself a supervising teacher, and her mother, Potenciana, for whom she is named. Her parents are both from Rizal, Philippines. “I’ve always wanted to be a teacher,” admits Nenette. “When I was in elementary school, I used to pretend to be a teacher.”

Nenette graduated from high school at the Far Eastern University (FEU), Manila in 1952 and was their valedictorian. She completed her Bachelor of Science in Education in 1956, *summa cum laude*. Less than two months after her graduation, Nenette could be found already teaching at FEU’s Institute of Education and the Institute of Accounts, Business and Finance, as well as at the Girls’ High School. In fact, FEU was instrumental in Nenette’s immigration to the United States.

“A Belgian priest, Fr. Emmanuel Jacques, came to the Philippines to look for someone to organize the Filipino Student Catholic Action Program in the Chicago area. The FEU chaplain, Fr. Michael Nolan, recommended me so in December of 1956, at age 21, I traveled to Chicago. Fr. Jacques obtained a full scholarship for me and, with additional financial backing I received from FEU, I completed my Masters Degree in Education at Loyola University, Chicago. In December of 1959, I returned to the Philippines to resume teaching English and Counseling at FEU.

“During my time at Loyola University, I met a classmate, Raymond (Ray) Boucher, who became my husband.” Ray also became a teacher and their shared profession not only took them back to the Philippines but to Micronesia. “We were married in the Philippines in July 1963 where I continued working at FEU. We moved to Micronesia in June of 1964. Our first assignment was in Truk, (now Chuuk), part of the Eastern Caroline Islands. I flew back to Guam to have our first child, Raymond Michael, who was born in December 1964. I had a second child, Ronald, who was born in December 1965 at a local hospital in Truk.

“Students in Micronesia had very limited English language abilities, in both oral and written work. However, they were pliant and did not present a lot of discipline problems. I taught English as a Second Language at the elementary level while Ray became the supervising principal. From Truk, we moved to Palau, in the Western Caroline Islands where our third child, Richard, was born in 1967.

“I subsequently became a teacher trainer at the Palau Teacher Training Center working with in-service teachers to upgrade their college education. Both of us were employees of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands (Truk and Palau). We then transferred to Majuro, Marshall Islands where I became the District Coordinator of Teacher Education at the Curriculum/Teaching Learning Center. I taught college courses and directed the program involving in-service teachers who were trying to upgrade their education through the College of Micronesia based in Ponape (now Pohnpei). At that time, Truk, Palau and the Marshall Islands were all part of the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands then under the administration of the United States.

“While in Micronesia, I taught some Philippine dances to the Filipino community for presentations during special events. On Majuro, Ray and I organized the first Multi-Cultural

Show involving 25 nationalities and presented a 2-hour program that raised over \$1500 for the Catholic Church. This program has become an annual tradition even until now.

“All our sons were born and raised in Micronesia. Unfortunately, the Islands had limited educational opportunities and we wanted them to have a taste of education on the mainland. While we were touring the United States during a home leave from Majuro, the first stop was Gallup. We went to apply at the Gallup-McKinley County Schools and were hired immediately. After completing our contract with the Majuro Schools, we came back to Gallup and ended up staying from 1976 to 1998!

“As a teacher at Tohatchi High School, I was faced with the task of teaching English to Native Americans. Because they knew that I came from the Philippines and was a non-native English speaker myself, teaching the Navajos became doubly challenging. I eventually developed a very good rapport with the students by relating some of their classroom experiences with their home situations. I met with their parents during parent-teacher meetings and at extra-curricular activities. I was invited to high school graduation receptions at the homes of my Navajo students.

“It was not exactly a paradise during my first semester of teaching. In the beginning, enforcing discipline was quite a daunting task! I remember in particular how one student initially seemed especially defiant about doing any work in my class. When the next semester came, she wanted to register in one of my classes again. I refused to sign her up, reminding her that by her behavior she really did NOT want to be there. No amount of pleading changed my decision. When she became a senior, however, she asked again to be registered in my class. I relented and she became a model student who did her work and was very well behaved. After she graduated, we reminisced about those ornery days. She eventually worked in an elementary school.

“Later, I became a counselor at Tohatchi High. My aim was to enable the students to attain their academic and social potentials. I worked to match their emotional and career goals by using their interests and talents to pursue numerous opportunities afforded them at school. I helped them to compete for various scholarships with other high school students. I wrote letters of recommendation for those who wished to pursue a college education and I sponsored their various school activities.

“As the National Honor Society sponsor, I took my students on field trips. We visited the Tohatchi Special Education School. There, they became aware of how fortunate they were not to have physical and mental disabilities. At the McKinley Manor and the Red Rock Senior Care Centers, we went to each elderly patient’s room to visit and talk. Many were Native Americans and they were able to talk to them in Navajo. With the ambulatory patients, the students sang songs and gave gifts of fruits at various assemblies. At the Little Sisters of the Poor facility, the students played bingo with the elderly and socialized with them during refreshment time.

“Every month, a Senior Student of the Month was selected by a teacher from the group of students who had exhibited traits of scholarship, leadership, citizenship, and other positive qualities. As their sponsor, I took the winner to a banquet sponsored by the Rotary Club. At the end of the school year, awardees from different high schools would vie for a top prize of \$3000.

I am proud to say that four of Tohatchi High's Seniors of the Month were selected for the first prize.

"Another program I sponsored was the Peer Helpers' Program which enabled selected students to help peer groups in tutoring or in mediating conflicts. We also had the Student Assistants' Program for students assisting teachers, and the Yearbook.

"In 1998, I was contacted by Sunshine James, a Navajo who had been my student at Tohatchi High in 1991. She was in charge of the Martin Luther King Program which selected individuals to receive the Freedom Awards. The awards were given to five different race groups: African-American, Anglo, Hispanic, Native American and Asian. I was the first Asian to receive this award.

"Ray and I retired in 1998 from the Gallup-McKinley County Schools after the president of the College of the Marshall Islands asked if we were interested in working for their college. We returned to the Marshall Islands where I served as the Dean of Student Services for the College of Marshall Islands until 2001. I became involved with the Filipino-Americans of Marshall Island where I was in charge of the 103rd Philippine Independence celebration. We organized a repertoire of Philippine dances, a barrio (town) skit, *harana* (serenade) and a fashion show of Philippine costumes.

"We returned to Gallup in 2001 thinking that we would be completely retired. Then, the Rehoboth Hospital called me and asked if I would be interested in welcoming newly hired Filipino nurses by helping them get settled in Gallup. I took on the task which turned out to involve more than simply taking them around to grocery stores, the hospital, the Post Office and places around Gallup. I also helped them to process their National Council Licensure Exam (NCLEX) papers and apply for social security cards. No sooner had I finished that, when the Principal of Church Rock Academy offered me a job in 2002 as a school counselor for students from pre-school to fifth grade. This was where I worked."

For Nenette, raising her family has been just as important as her career. "Our children first knew of the Philippines when we visited in 1968 when they were very young. Only Richard has returned regularly to the Philippines, three times as a teenager and more times as an adult. Otherwise, all our children have been closely connected with Filipinos throughout their stays in Micronesia and then again in the United States (New York, Albuquerque, and Gallup). They are fond of Filipino foods like *adobo*, *pancit*, and *lumpia*. They are constantly exposed to the Philippine cultural events we are involved in.

"My husband was a disciplinarian so our children learned how to behave at an early age. They also learned to work at an early age. At the Tohatchi teacherage, they mowed lawns, watered plants, and fed the animals during summers so they could have spending money. Now, they are all grown."

Raymond holds a degree in Biology and in Psychology, and a Master's degree in Counseling and Human Resources and was working for Orion Laboratories with Sandia Laboratory in Albuquerque. He is presently on leave due to a back injury he sustained from an auto accident.

Married to Bonnie Dietz, a licensed professional clinical counselor, they have a 7-year-old son, Gavin. Ronald, a medical doctor, is currently the head of the Radiology Department of the Veterans' Hospital in Portland, Oregon, as well as a full professor at the Oregon Health and Science University. He retired as a naval commander in 2011 during which time he was deployed to Afghanistan where his medical team built a hospital and treated wartime victims. He is married to Tanya Darks, an elementary school teacher. Their son, Chris, passed away in 2007. Richard is a Project Manager at INTEL in Rio Rancho. Presently, he is deployed to Kabul, Afghanistan. He is married to Sylvia Kuestar, a teacher at West Mesa High School and fitness instructor at a Defined Fitness Center. They have a 3-year old daughter, Kaili.

Education has not only been Nenette Boucher's calling since her youth, both her father and her husband were teachers. In over four decades of a career as an educator, she has touched the lives of hundreds--even thousands--of students in the Philippines, Micronesia and the United States. Best of all, as her students Billie Jo and Lucinda would agree, "She was not only a teacher--she was also a friend."

In June 2006, Nenette moved to Albuquerque due to the medical condition of her husband, Ray, and to be near two of her sons. Having signed another contract with the Gallup-McKinley County Schools, she had to resign from her counseling work to take care of Ray.

Education

Helen Manzanillo and Myrna Tsinnajinnie: The Continuation of a Journey from Hawaii to New Mexico – A Story of Two New Mexico Educators from Sakada Families

By Myrna Manuel Tsinnajinnie

My name is Myrna Manuel Tsinnajinnie. Helen Manzanillo and I are second generation Filipino-Americans who became educators in New Mexico. We were both born in Hawaii to *Sakada* fathers.

Sakadas are Filipino immigrants who left their beloved Philippine Islands in the 1930s after being recruited by companies to work on sugar plantations. The *Sakadas* took their name from the *sakada*, a long knife that Filipinos used while working in the sugar cane fields. The knife is about as long as a machete with a blade six inches wide at its tip and tapering to about three inches at its handle. Before sugarcane can be harvested, the fields are burned. By burning off the leaves, the process leaves only the tall skinny stalks standing. Workers used their *sakadas* to cut down the stalks that were then neatly piled into bundles. The stalk bundles were placed on the workers' backs and were walked through the clearings to finally be loaded onto huge refinery trucks. The cane was taken to the sugar mill, turned into pulp and distilled into raw sugar. This raw sugar was then shipped off to a California refinery and processed to produce the white sugar that we commonly eat.

Most *Sakadas* left the Philippines with intentions of returning, but many never did. They left the Philippines with dreams of finding a "better life." I don't know that they found it. Instead, what they had was a life of hard, hard labor and a meager income.

Yet it was more than money that sustained them. Bringing cultural riches with them, from their Filipino life were harvested the cultural seeds that would be planted in their children.

We grew up in Hawaii not only with our Filipino families but also with other ethnic groups like the Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Koreans, Samoans, and Puerto Ricans. We didn't speak Ilocano like our parents. We grew up speaking Pidgin English. Pidgin is what evolved when the different immigrant groups attempted to communicate with one another. We borrowed words from each other's languages and, together, it was as rich as the islands themselves. We truly lived in a multicultural environment.

Helen and I have continued in our fathers' footpaths. Whereas our fathers cultivated the sugar fields of Hawaii, we cultivate the minds of children at each of the schools that we have taught in. I'm certain that through our work with children, we also plant the cultural seeds that the *Sakadas* gave us. As Hawaiian children of the *Sakadas*, we also bring our multicultural views of the world. These are our stories.

I gotta' go shi-shi! (Interview with Helen Manzanillo)

Helen Manzanillo is the daughter of Antonio Manzanillo. He is a Filipino *Sakada* who brought his family to Hawaii in 1946. Helen grew up in Waipahu on the island of Oahu. This is the same hometown as mine. It was not until Helen's sisters heard the eulogy at my mother's funeral that we discovered that our families were aboard the same ship, the U.S.S. Marina Falcon, at the same time!

Helen graduated in 1967 from Waipahu High School. In 1971, she graduated from the University of Hawaii with a Bachelor of Education. She acquired a Master of Arts degree in Elementary Education from the University of New Mexico in the 1980s. Later, she acquired an Advanced Degree (MS Literacy) from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

She began her teaching career in Albuquerque at St. Therese's Catholic School. She taught there from 1973-1975 and then left to teach on the Ramah Navajo Reservation, 1975-1980, as a fourth grade teacher. In 1980, Helen started working at the Santa Fe Indian School and has been there ever since. She began as a teacher's aide for the first year and advanced as a Language Arts teacher for the 7th and 8th grades.

"Father worked for the Oahu Sugar Company in Waipahu," recalls Helen. "I was the only Hawaii-born child in our family of six children. Growing up as the youngest child in the family, I remember living in the Japanese Camp site in Waipahu. There were many different nationalities living there and we all took our baths at a Japanese-style community bathhouse. It was across the street from our house. I remember the men's side had a huge cement tub, but the women's side had a smaller wooden tub. It was while I lived in the Japanese Camp that I remember becoming so interested in reading. It began when a neighbor took me to the library to borrow a book. I was only in first grade, but I was so delighted that I could have a book to read at home.

"The only memory I have of my parents' influence on our education was their emphasis on learning to read, write, and speak English. Being in America, we were taught to be Americans. Although Ilocano was spoken at home by our parents, the children were not encouraged to be bilingual. I could understand Ilocano, but I never became a fluent speaker. During my early college years, I did take an Ilocano course at a community night school.

"I remember my parents buying a set of *World Book Encyclopedias* from a door-to-door salesperson. I also remember having a set of *Childcraft* books. They contained stories and poems and I especially loved to read the nursery rhymes, songs, and fairy tales as well as look at the colorful illustrations. So, in that way, my parents did invest in my education outside of public school.

"When I was in the 2nd or 3rd grade, the sugar plantation company built new housing for their workers. I remember moving to a tract house in Waipahu. I remember how proud my parents were to buy and move into their own house. It was equipped with a full bathroom and kitchen and had three bedrooms and a living room. No more public bathhouses for us!

"When we lived in the Japanese Camp, Mom earned money by doing laundry for the Filipino men who had no families. The married ones were considered 'single' even though they had

wives in the Philippines. When we moved into the new tract house, she found a job in Honolulu working as a seamstress making muumuus for aloha-wear companies. My parents worked hard all week and diligently saved their money. They paid cash for most of our household appliances and furniture. We rarely bought on credit, except with the local grocer, the Tsumotos.

“On weekends, the children were expected to help around the house by cooking, cleaning, ironing, or washing clothes. This allowed my mother free time to sew or garden. In his free time, my father loved to dabble in the upkeep of our house--painting, construction, mixing and pouring cement—and he was also a good cook. In fact, he was the chief cook for many Filipino parties. I remember the men butchering pigs and chickens in our backyard. They butchered mainly for parties, but the meat was also for our family’s use. Our freezer was always full of freshly-butchered meat.

“All in all, we lived a modest, but comfortable life. Most of my clothes during my elementary school days were hand-made by my mother. When I decided to go to college, there was no question about my parents helping me to pay for books and tuition. Even though they never drove, they bought me my first car. This was one big purchase that they made monthly payments on. Knowing how hard they worked for their money, I felt an obligation to find part-time jobs to help pay for myself through college as well. I worked in summer recreation programs and, during the rest of the school year, I worked for the campus food service at the University of Hawaii’s East-West Center cafeteria. I credit my ambition and perseverance to my parents’ hard work and saving habits.

“I never married nor had any children. My profession as a teacher is what fulfills me most. I find teaching a satisfying job because children are so open to learning. It’s refreshing. They give me the ambition to share my world knowledge as I know it. Teaching can be aggravating at times. Sometimes it is filled with pressures from deadlines and paperwork that administrators, parents, and the government demand. I try to balance these pressures with the normal academic aspects of teaching. Things that I relate from my culture and background are fascinating to both the students and my fellow teachers.

“I open each school year by showing video clips of Hawaii. To have them see and hear the sights and songs from Hawaii amaze my Native American students. The island kids look just like them. I discuss multiculturalism in Hawaii more than my own personal experiences as the child of an immigrant family. I want them to realize that they are citizens of the world. They not only learn about their own cultures, they also learn about others. During the Chinese New Year, for example, I teach my classes how to make and fry wontons. I teach them the way I was taught when I was a waitress at a Japanese restaurant during my early college years. Some of my students have told me that they now make them at home.

“I’ve made Hawaiian money leis for graduates at our school and have given lessons to several staff members on how to make them. The Hawaiian tradition of giving leis at graduation has now taken hold at the Santa Fe Indian School. I see flower leis given by Native American families at our commencement exercises.

“Pidgin English is the common language spoken by the *Sakadas*, and it is still strong on my tongue. Once in a while, it comes out naturally in the classroom. It’s amazing that my students can actually understand it. I think that their own English, especially if they are second language English speakers, comes out ‘pidginized.’ All of my fellow staffers know what I mean when I say, ‘I gotta’ go shi-shi,’ which means I gotta’ go pee!

“When I first began sharing my cultural experiences, I really used to believe that many of the traditions were unique to Hawaii. I told the students and staff that the Japanese tradition of gift giving, *omiyagi*, came from Hawaii. Now, I have come to realize that these customs and beliefs are universal. They are not limited to a few places or cultures. This is what makes the lessons so powerful.”

Living in a Trailer Park Called The Cowboy Stopover (Myrna Manuel Tsinnajinnie, My Story)

My *Sakada* father left Bangui, Ilocos Norte, Philippines, in 1938 when he was only 17 years old. He worked in the sugarcane fields from sunup to sundown for 10 cents a day. He had to carry bundles of sugarcane, day after day, from the fields to a pickup point. He weighed only about 100 pounds and this type of labor was physically demanding for him. It took him twice the time that other men took to carry his load of sugar cane.

When the work became too difficult, he left his sugar plantation job and began training as a welder. However, he found out that he could not be hired by another company because he had not worked the full term as indicated in his sugar company contract. Eventually, he found work as a salesman in a downtown Honolulu shoe store.

My mother, Leonora Agrade Dureg, came to Hawaii in 1946, alongside her father, Tobias Dureg, her mother, and her two younger brothers. Her mother was pregnant with my aunt, who was born shortly after they arrived in Hawaii. My aunt was named Marina after the ship that transported them, the U.S.S. Marina Falcon! Grandpa became a sugar plantation worker with the Olokele Sugar Company on the island of Kauai, at a plantation village called Kaumakani.

Leonora left the plantation for the island of Oahu where she found a job as a salesclerk at the Bata Shoe Company. By then my dad, Godofredo, had become the shoe store manager. They not only became working partners, but partners for life. Following the lead of my grandparents, my parents named my sister, Lorna, and me, Myrna, after particular shoes that were on their shoe shelves! Only our younger brother, Thomas, was spared the humiliation. He was named after my dad’s father.

After the Bata Shoe Company brand left the islands, my parents bought the store. The shoe store became a family enterprise. We all grew up working in the shoe store and waiting on customers.

We spent many of our summers in Kaumakani Village on the island of Kauai with our grandparents. We helped Grandma do laundry for the single Filipino men--everything was washed, starched, and ironed. Routinely, we picked up Grandpa at midnight from the sugar mill. No matter how late Grandpa came home, he had to *digos*—take a bath to get that red dirt off of

himself. In the *banyo*, or bathroom, we used a stone instead of a washcloth to scrub with. Sometimes we'd go to the garden where my grandparents grew their Filipino vegetables—*talong*, *paria*, *saluyot* (jute), *malunggay* (native horseradish leaves), *otong*—and to the chicken coop to check on Grandpa's fighting roosters. We collected the mushrooms that grew among piles of *bagasse*, the pulp of the sugarcane that is discarded after the sugar juices had been extracted.

Sometimes Grandma or some other relatives would receive packages from the Philippines. These packages included dried seaweed. It is somewhat similar to the seaweed the Japanese use to make *sushi*. However, the package that caused the most excitement was that of tobacco. Grandma and the other *Apo Bakits* would roll *toscani* or cigars. Grandpa didn't need to wait for betel nuts, *bua*, because he harvested them from his own tree. The smell of *toscani* and *bua* in Grandma's and Grandpa's house still remains one of my fondest memories.

During large celebrations like Filipino weddings, people cooked outdoors in giant *woks*. There was the traditional butchering of pigs. I remember Grandma and Grandpa drying the *longanisa* (sausages) in the screen boxes. Oftentimes, Grandma made *tinopeg* (pounded rice).

I presently live in Torreon, New Mexico. Torreon is also known as *Na'Neelzhiin* which is the Navajo name. I work as a Reading Teacher in *Na'Neelzhiin Ji Olta*, a Grade K-8 Elementary School operated by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. My husband is Navajo and I have been embraced by his family and community.

I'm often asked, "What are you doing in this desert when you come from a place like Hawaii?" I tell them that after graduating from the University of Hawaii, I was supposed to work in New Mexico for just a couple of years. My plan was to gain working experience after finishing a B.A. in Sociology. With that plan in mind, I came to New Mexico through a University of Hawaii Mainland Exchange Program. I was a college senior in January 1971 when I arrived. In exchange for earning college credits, I volunteered as a dorm counselor at the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe. I returned to the islands and graduated from the University of Hawaii in December 1971. Thinking that I was an "island girl" that would probably end up with an "island man" for the rest of my life, I decided to follow my "itchy feet" back to New Mexico. I applied for a job at the Bernalillo County Juvenile Detention Home and the Director, Nestor Baca, offered me a position.

On my return, I was accompanied by my friend, Helen Manzanillo. We lived on the "D-Home" grounds next to Nestor and Nellie Baca and their children. They took Helen and me into their family. We played volleyball games with the Bacas and their friends. At the volleyball games not only did I volley the ball, but I volleyed with the question, "Do I stay in New Mexico or do I go back to Hawaii?"

The answer to my indecision arrived when I first saw my future husband, Bob Tsinnajinnie. He was studying to be an educator and was visiting Chester Kimber, a brother of Emilie Underwood, a respected and well-known person in the Filipino community in Albuquerque. Bob and I grew closer and, on October 12, 1974, in Nestor and Nellie Baca's backyard, we were married. Presiding was Father Corpus, a Filipino priest who lived in Las Vegas, New Mexico. The following week we were remarried in a traditional Navajo wedding ceremony performed by my

father-in-law, Leonard Tsinnajinnie Sr. at Bob's reservation community of Torreon, New Mexico.

In 1976, Bob and I moved to Ramah, New Mexico. We were hired by the Ramah Navajo School Board to work at the Pine Hill Schools. To give you an idea of how remote this school is, you take Highway 53, which shoots southward off of Interstate 40 at Grants. The narrow road winds past the Ice Caves, El Morro National Park, Ramah, and then continues on to Zuni Pueblo. The town of Ramah is located about 55 miles along the route. Another 12 miles south of the intersection to Ramah and you're finally there! There wasn't enough staff housing to accommodate all of the teachers, so some of us had to live in Ramah. We lived in a trailer park called The Cowboy Stopover. It took about 30 minutes by car to commute from The Cowboy Stopover to Pine Hill Schools.

Only the sighting of occasional cows and horses pasturing in the semi-arid desert breaks the solitude. The landscape is dotted with juniper and cedar trees. There are *hogans* (traditional Navajo houses), mobile homes, and cabins that are the homes of the children we were to serve. Many of these homes were without electricity or running water. In an ironic way, it is how my parents described rural life in the Philippines!

In spite of its isolation, I flourished in the innovative educational climate of Pine Hill Schools. I had my third grade class write a Navajo culture version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas" which was illustrated and published right there on campus. After reading stories of the infamous Navajo Long Walk, I took my 6th grade classes on camping field trips to Canyon de Chelly in Arizona. We took local field trips into the forest with a Navajo parent resource teacher and he showed us special bush plants where we gathered branches to make our own bows and arrows. We took other field trips to find clay to make pottery after reading Byrd Baylor's book, "When Clay Sings." We not only read the stories, we lived them! We read creative books written by students from other classrooms. One of these books was called, "I am Fried Bread." I wanted my students to learn and to want to learn. I wanted the students to appreciate their culture and their language.

While teaching at Pine Hill, I acquired my New Mexico Teaching Certificate by taking University of New Mexico classes alongside other teacher assistants. My husband, Bob, acquired his Bachelor of Science in Education along with other Navajo teacher aides from Pine Hill Schools. After we left Pine Hill, some of our former students have since become teachers and teacher aides. They tell us that they wish that Bob and I were back at Pine Hill to teach their children.

After ten years at Pine Hill, we moved to Torreon to be closer to Bob's mom and dad. We were hired at the Torreon Day School in 1986, a school operated by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. I have served as a first grade teacher, combination first-second-grade teacher, fourth grade teacher, Title VII Bilingual Program Coordinator, and a Reading Teacher there.

It has been over 20 years now that I have been at the Torreon Day School. I still sing the Hawaiian songs *Hukilau* and *Pearly Shells* with the children. One year during Culture Day, everyone from Kindergarten to Grade 8 learned to do the famous Filipino dance, the *Tinikling*,

using PVC pipes. I can attest that there are no bamboo sticks in Torreon! My fourth grade students coached other students. They all took turns pounding the PVC pipes and, before we knew it, the entire school had entered the school gym so they could take their turns at doing the dance.

To connect with adolescent students, I share stories about how I grew up Filipino in Hawaii. When the reading selection deals with respect for a grandmother, I tell my own story about how my grandmother smoked cigars and put the ashes of the cigar into my bellybutton to cure a tummy ache. I tell them how Filipinos address all elders “*Apo*” out of respect. Women of my mom’s age are addressed as “*Nana*.” Men my dad’s age are addressed as “*Tata*.” Girls and boys older than I are my “*Manang*” and “*Manong*,” respectively. I teach them that this is the Filipino way of showing respect as well as showing how we are all connected to one another.

The kinship ties between Filipino culture and Navajo culture are almost the same. In the Navajo kinship system, a person has relatives from the father’s side and relatives from the mother’s side. When one introduces oneself, a Navajo will tell his or her clan from both the mother’s and father’s side. In this way Navajo people learn how they are related to each other. They will say to one another in their language, “So you’re my grandfather, then,” or “So you’re my sister, then.” Then they call each other “My Grandpa, My Grandson, or My Sister” as is appropriate to the relationship.

In another reading selection, there is a story about a boy who avoids spending time with his dad because he is embarrassed about him. I relate to them how I use to be embarrassed about my dad because he spoke with a Filipino accent. We then discuss how they feel about Navajos who have accents.

These are some of the tools I use for my lessons.

My dad thought that going to Hawaii would bring him riches and make him wealthy. The *sakada* was my father’s tool in the sugar cane fields. After years of teaching in the classroom and living on the Navajo Reservation, I have learned that the *sakada* is also a metaphor for my life. For me, the tool slashes at any cultural differences between myself, my family, and the students I love to work with.

Conclusion

Over these 30 years in New Mexico, Helen, and I have continued the journeys of our *Sakada* fathers from the Philippines into this Land of Enchantment. So, what are we doing in the “desert” when we could have returned to the Hawaiian paradise? Planting the cultural seeds of our ancestors and cultivating young minds. As daughters of the *Sakadas*, we carry forth their fruits:

- To respect our parents, grandparents, and family members,
- To work hard and do our share at home and at work,
- To help out and show kindness when help was needed, and
- To be proud of who we are.

NOTE: Helen retired in 2010. Myrna passed away in 2007.

Medicine

Consuelo Aquino: A Filipino Nurse in the Navajo Nation

By Consuelo (Chol) Aquino

The youngest of four children, I was born in 1933 as Consuelo de Jesus Sandoval in Barrio Caybiga, about 15 miles from Manila. I was born an American citizen because, at that time, the Philippines was still a Commonwealth of the United States.

I learned my alphabet in Spanish, English, and Tagalog. By the age of five I was already speaking and writing in English. My Mama was my tutor, and because of the things she taught me, my schooling was accelerated. I was only seven when I began the fourth grade. My mother spent most of her time nursing sick relatives in their homes. The unique medical bag that she carried along with her fascinated me.

My father was a mining engineer and geodetic surveyor. He was assigned to the gold mines and worked both in Surigao, which was in the mountain region of Luzon, and in Mindanao. He later became the Assistant Director of the Bureau of Mines in Cebu. As a result of his duties, he was constantly away from the family. Being an only child herself, my mother followed the matrilineal traditions by raising us in the home of my grandmother, Maria Cantillon de Jesus.

My grandparents were of Spanish-Malayan ancestry. My father's side of the family was active in civic and community affairs. My relatives included a senator, governor, agriculturist and a philanthropist. My mother's family was oriented more towards the medical sciences. They were physicians, dentists, accountants, educators, and a pharmacist.

Grandpa died when I was four and my Mama died after undergoing surgery when I was only eight. With my Papa gone most of the time, it was my grandmother who raised us. Grandma was a strong-willed person with good managerial abilities. She taught me the meaning of hard work, along with the concepts of leadership and charity. During typhoons, thunder storms, earthquakes and, later, during war-time bombings, Grandma's home was a refuge and shelter for the needy.

I was fortunate because I grew up in the beautiful and serene atmosphere of a Spanish-style home. I called it "my castle." The yard was filled with huge towering *santol* and tamarind trees. We also grew lemon trees, *atis*, *sinaguelas*, *langka*, mangoes, and other tropical fruits. The garden was filled with fragrant flowers, such as *Dama de noche*, *sampaguita*, and *rosal*. My grandparents owned banana and guava plantations, as well as rice fields. I had a big play area that was traversed by a brook. I used to play and catch frogs, fireflies and butterflies. Near my bedroom window, there was a lemon tree with a bird's nest. The nestlings became my special friends.

Our lives were shattered in 1941, when the Japanese invaded our country. I remember being in school when the bell was rung to dismiss us from school. We heard the noise of engines on the horizon. Being curious, my cousins and I started climbing the guava trees to see where the

sound was coming from. It was my first time to see an airplane.

After the invasion, there were shortages of everything. People's livelihoods were cut off. There was little food and clothing. Transportation was reduced to walking. Because the war caused a lot of blackouts, my resourceful grandmother used coconut oil as a fuel for the lamps. She would pour the oil in a glass jar and use strips of cloth from t-shirts to serve as the wick. Because there were no more men around to grow rice we learned how to substitute a root called *camoteng kahoy* (cassava). It was peeled and the first layer was deep-fried. The softer middle layer was grated and eaten in place of rice.

I remember my grandmother feeding hundreds of people, including the *Hukbalahap*. They were the Japanese resistance guerrilla group and our Filipino men left us to join them. My worst memories of the war were the tortures. The Japanese would line us up in the street for hours, under the relentless heat of the sun, to try and get us to reveal where the guerrillas were hiding. One time, the Japanese caught two men. We were forced to witness their beating. Before they died, they were hoisted up a tree limb and tied upside down. Their bodies were dumped in a barrel that was full of urine.

After Corregidor and Bataan fell in 1942, the Japanese-led civil authority allowed us to return to school. In school, we were indoctrinated in the Japanese language by singing Japanese songs. Our Philippine National Anthem was replaced by a Japanese version whose message was about the "East belonging to the East." We were taught that it was necessary to endure sacrifice in order to attain their new goals.

The Japanese Occupation ended in 1945, when the Americans liberated the Philippine Islands. Unfortunately, by then, our family life had been turned upside down. I was twelve when Grandma passed away. I was lost without her and I was too young to take care of her farm. Papa had not been around during the war so he sent a telegram to ask his brother, who was childless, to be my guardian. My oldest brother and sister already had their own families to take care of and my other brother resumed his college studies in Manila.

My uncle was the Lieutenant Governor of Rizal. He worked hard and became very wealthy. Besides myself, he and his wife eventually adopted seven other children from his wife's side of the family. Under their care, I was able to attend Far Eastern University High School. I then entered the Good Shepherd Convent where I stayed for four years until medical ailments required me to be sent back to Cebu to live with my Papa and my stepmother.

It was during my recuperation that I became assured that God wanted me to serve Him outside the four walls of the Convent. So I entered and graduated from the Colegio de San Jose with a degree in nursing. The choice of this career fulfilled the playtime dreams that my cousin, Ramon, and I had sometimes had during liberation, when we pretended that we were a doctor and nurse in America!

After my graduation, I decided that I just didn't want be any old kind of nurse, but a medical missionary. With this goal in mind, I took the entrance exams at the Southern Islands Hospital College of Nursing in Cebu. Out of 1400 applicants, only 46 were accepted. I was one of them.

I stayed in the dormitory even though I was the only Tagalog-speaking nursing student amid all the Visayans!

I graduated in 1956. This was a big moment in my life so, along with a close friend who had "adopted" me, we left to celebrate at my Grandma's place in Caybiga. When we arrived, and to my utter dismay, I learned that "my castle" had been sold. So, instead of a party at the house of my childhood, we held it at the home of my Grandma's cousin.

While waiting for the results of my board exams, I worked as an operating room nurse at Santos Clinic. When I learned that I had passed, I applied and was accepted into the Professional Exchange Program. My last soirée before leaving the Philippines was at a formal ball at the Malacañang Palace, the official residence of Philippine president. My classmate had invited me to a ball held in honor of the graduates of the Manuel L. Quezon College of Law. Her fiancé was one of the honorees. Among the guests were President Carlos Garcia and his family, as well as Mrs. Luz Magsaysay, the widow of former President Ramon Magsaysay. It was an exciting send-off for me.

Before I left, my last job in the Philippines had been as a Medical-Surgical nurse at Rizal Provincial Hospital in Pasig, Rizal, Philippines. In 1957, I left to work at the Jersey City Medical Center in New Jersey. My port of entry to the United States was Alaska. I arrived there on December 1st, and I was overjoyed when I saw snow for the first time in my life. Then reality set in when I nearly froze because of my lack of any winter clothes! I was happy to arrive in Seattle, Washington and away from the cold. A friend from Pennsylvania met me at New York's Idlewild International Airport (now JFK), and helped me settle in.

After I completed my Post-Graduate Studies in Obstetrics, Labor and Delivery, I left for employment at a hospital in Wilmington, Delaware. While there, a friend introduced me to a pen pal who was residing in Denver, Colorado. We corresponded for a year and fell in love. My colleagues and friends discouraged me from getting too serious, but we married in 1959. To everyone's astonishment, we had never met face-to-face until four days before our wedding!

Albert and I are still together after five decades of marriage. We have five children, Therese, Kevin, Karen, Kim, and Kay. He is also Filipino-American and was in the military. His assignments have taken us around the World three times.

I moved to Denver to be with my husband. Somehow, even though we moved everywhere, I managed to complete my Masters Degree in Public Health at the University of Maryland and at the University of the Philippines. My research studies in *Socio-Cultural Determinants of Health*, *Maternal Child Health*, and *Gerontology* gave me the skills to focus in the areas of health maintenance, wellness, and the prevention of diseases.

My training in Public Health and mission work gave me the incentive to seek employment with the Public Health Service, a specialized branch of the U.S. Dept. of Health that provides health care to Native Americans in remote areas of the country. During my career with them, I have worked with many tribes. I have worked with the Pima in Sacaton, Arizona and the Arizona Navajo in Chinle, Wheatfields, Tsaille, and Lukachukai. I especially liked doing Health

Education classes and conducting complete physical check-ups with the children at the Lukachukai Boarding School. At the end of my career, I worked at the Gallup Indian Medical Center in New Mexico and with urban Indian populations in Albuquerque.

Navajo families have a Matriarchal family system and their celebrations and feasts are similar to those of Filipinos. Their custom of sharing, caring for their elders, and their respect for each Clan member is inspiring and their hospitality gave me a sense of welcome. I became especially close to Sister Gloria, a Blessed Sacrament Nun. I met her while volunteering with Navajo youth at the Catholic Church, preparing them for their first communion and confirmation.

Sister Gloria became my very dear friend. She was one of twelve children of the Davies family. She was a Navajo-Choctaw and her family adopted me. They included me in all their family celebrations, including ceremonial dances, and they introduced me to the clanship healing practices of the Medicine Man. Sometimes, they drove 280 round trip miles just to take care of me when I was sick.

There was a severe shortage of health workers, so we relied on the help of trained Native American medical assistants. It was a challenge coordinating the follow-up care of severe cases. Medical emergencies could range from cardiac arrests to health complications from diabetes. We even dealt with alcohol abuse. Infant care among those with Fetal Alcohol Syndrome was especially difficult. Immunization among infants was poor and this was hard to correct. I quickly learned that it takes time and extended effort to convince hypertension patients to seek preventative medical help. Surgical treatment for patients who underwent amputation first required the permission of their Clan. More time! Many such patients had to be transported to distant medical centers by helicopter.

I made home visits to rural areas that had no addresses. Sometimes I had to walk by foot because there were no roads. Their *hogans* had no electricity or running water. Because many people did not speak English, my driver was also my interpreter. Together we searched for patients. We started at the Reservation clinic and then followed the information trails that led from trading posts, boarding schools, and remote neighbors.

Due to family circumstances, we moved to Honolulu, Hawaii where I taught at the University of Hawaii College of Nursing. I also worked at the Hawaii Department of Health and became involved with research on Maternal Child Health and Gerontology. The allure of the Southwest, however, never left us and we moved to Gallup, New Mexico. While there I resumed working for the Public Health Service at the Gallup Indian Medical Center. Later I was transferred to the Albuquerque Indian Medical Center to work among urban Indians.

We are retired.

NOTE: Chol is the first Filipino public health nurse to work in an Indian Reservation in New Mexico. She left New Mexico to be closer to her children.

Medicine

Dr. Jose Sacramento Martinez: On and Off Duty Saving Lives

By Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

All of us have our day-to-day rhythms of life--some of us deal with computers while others may deal with people and sales. Then there are those special few who deal in situations that are a matter of life and death. Formerly the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit (PICU) Medical Director, Dr. Jose Martinez is currently the clinician PICU specialist at Presbyterian Hospital. PICU attends to gravely ill children. "The buck stops here," Dr. Martinez states. "We are the last resort for survival."

When he assumed the position of Medical Director in 1994, the PICU was a four-bed unit and was not fully developed. Under his supervision, the PICU expanded to accommodate more than 20 patients and is now seen as one of the country's models for urgent child support.

He is an active instructor of the Pediatric Advance Life Support (PALS) system for infants and children. All emergency medical technicians, nurses, and paramedics in countries where PALS is implemented (including Thailand and Philippines) have to be certified according to the PALS system guidelines. PALS is part of the curriculum for medical residents.

Off-duty, Jose extends his health activities to community service. He established, and serves on, the Board of Directors of First Choice Community Healthcare and is the chairman of their Healthcare Services Committee. "This is a safety-net organization," says Jose, "which provides healthcare and dental services regardless of the patient's ability to pay. It is sustained by the First Choice Foundation's fund-raising projects." Jose also served on the Board of Directors of the Presbyterian Foundation, an organization whose mission is to support leading medical programs throughout New Mexico.

His mother, Amor, is from Las Pinas and his father, Vic, is from Pangasinan. Jose was born in Bohol, where he spent his formative years and recalls being "the worst student in the world!" When he was twelve years of age his family immigrated to the United States. "When I arrived, others really went out of their way to make me feel different," remembers Jose. "In school my classmates assumed that, being Filipino, I could swim. I couldn't! So, I took swimming lessons." Little did he know that this activity would change his life.

"Therapeutically, physically and mentally, swimming taught me how to set goals for myself and, more importantly, how to focus. It helped me raise the bar of excellence. I joined intramurals in school. I spent less time watching television and more time honing my skills. In time, my grades started to improve. Without swimming, my life could have gone in another direction."

Dr. Martinez earned a Bachelor of Science in Psychology from Loyola University, Chicago, and then a Masters Degree in Social Work from George Williams College, Illinois. He then returned to the Philippines to pursue a medical degree from the University of Santo Tomas in Manila and graduated in 1983. Pursuing a medical career came as no surprise as both his parents are doctors

of internal medicine.

While studying medicine, he learned to speak Tagalog and really grew to appreciate the Philippine culture. “I thought I would not succeed as a pediatrician,” he remembers. “The only way I’d succeed was to over-train myself.” To help ensure his success, he took post-graduate training in Pediatric Critical Care Medicine, Pediatrics, and Pediatric Advanced Life Support.

He eventually became the Chairman of the Department of Pediatrics at Rockford Memorial Hospital, Illinois; Clinical Instructor at the University of Illinois College of Medicine; Consultant for the Development of Pediatric Critical Care at Central DePage Hospital and Sherman Hospital in Illinois, Aultman Hospital in Ohio and Rockford Memorial Hospital in Illinois. He had also been a lecturer on Pediatric Critical Care Medicine in Jacksonville, Florida; Rockford, Illinois; and Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has written for publications such as “The Emergency Medicine” on *The Clinical Practice of Kawasaki Syndrome, Epiglottitis, and Croup* and for the “American Journal of Diseases of Children” on *Toxic Shock Syndrome*.

Dr. Martinez received the first Lifetime Achievement Pamana Award in 2005 from the Filipino American National Historical Society (FANHS) for his contribution at national and global levels in the medical and humanitarian fields.

Dr. Martinez is not only a medical doctor and an educator, he is also a leader and humanitarian. His advice for others? “If you have focus and you structure your activities on constructive things, you’ll do just fine.” These are humble words of wisdom from a Filipino American who has touched--and continues to change-- the lives of so many people.

NOTE: Drawn from an article about Dr. Martinez written by the same author, in a Souvenir Program about the Pamana Awardees, FANHS RG, 2005.

Medicine

Dr. Faith Ventura: Breaking the Mold as a Female Filipino Dentist

By Rod Ventura

At 5:00 a.m. every morning Dr. Faith Ventura wakes up and prepares breakfast for herself in her home in Santa Fe. She is mostly silent, maybe listening to news radio or a classical piece. However, this day she is inwardly meditating, getting ready for the day ahead--getting ready to stick her fingers in other people's mouths.

"People underestimate dentists," she says over a bowl of oatmeal. "They underestimate dentists the way they underestimate teeth. It's like that Joni Mitchell song. 'You don't know what you got 'til it's gone.'"

Faith makes her way across town to Palace Avenue in Santa Fe where her shingle hangs down from a post. Her practice is located just two blocks from Santa Fe's famous plaza and across from a radio tower. It is adjacent to a veterinarian's office. "Occasionally people get confused whether we're the vet or the dentist. One guy came in asking us to clean his dog's teeth. I told him that's no way to talk about your wife!"

Faith pauses as she turns on the lights, unlocks the doors, and waits for the rest of her staff to come in.

"I was born in Staten Island, New York, in 1966. Both my parents came from the Philippines--my mom from the town of Lilio and my dad from Ilocos Norte. They moved to New York and raised their family in Staten Island, in the shadow of Fresh Kills, the world's largest garbage dump.

"Lilio is in the Laguna province, under the shadow of Mount Banahaw, and is famous for its *tsinelas* (sandals). I went back there a few times with my mom and came back with hoards of shoes each time. That's kind of a stereotype, don't you think? There goes a Filipino woman coming back with a horde of shoes. What breaks the mold is *I am a female Filipino dentist*.

"My mom's father, my *lolo*, was a dentist. He was also a guerrilla during the war and probably held a bunch of other jobs to support his family. That's fitting: being a guerrilla AND a dentist at the same time. I consider myself a guerrilla, too, but my enemy is tooth decay."

Faith pauses as she checks the messages on the office's voice mail.

"Yeah, you laugh. But tooth decay and mouth problems are not funny in the middle of the night, or on the weekend, when you think you're going to die from the pain. You can tell a lot about a person by the state of their teeth. You can tell if they care enough to clean them and brush them every day. I knew someone in dental school who would always tell me you can tell a lot about a person by what their shoes look like and what state their teeth are in. Whoops! There go the comments about shoes again."

Dr. Ventura's parents came to America in the middle of the twentieth century to further pursue their education and both found social worker jobs in New York City. Angelita Ventura, Faith's mother, worked as a social worker for the New York City Board of Education. Abraham Ventura, Faith's father, was an investigator at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. So how did these two Filipinos, with liberal arts backgrounds and social work and social justice backgrounds, raise a dentist?

"Growing up, I wasn't always sure what I'd be, and being a dentist was probably one of the last things I'd have thought of. But I liked biology. And I had a mouth. Eventually, I put the two together.

"There were not a lot of Filipinos in Staten Island when I was growing up. Italian-Americans and Jewish-Americans dominated the community. I don't think most of them even knew where the Philippines was on a map. In school, I'd always get confused as being Chinese or Japanese. There were a lot of Filipinos at church, though. I think my parents somehow kept in touch with other Filipinos and we all ended up in church. That was good, because then at least you'd see people like yourself. That is, theoretically, anyway."

Dr. Ventura recalls the time her parents were looking at real estate in Pennsylvania. "The real estate agent asked if we were Chinese. My dad said, 'No we're from the Philippines.' The agent said, 'You're Filipino? And you're not a doctor?' I think different regions have different stereotypes about what it means to be Filipino-American. Even today, there's the assumption that if you're a Filipino woman in America, you're probably a nurse.

"I went to college in upstate New York at Cornell University, majoring in Biology at the Agriculture School. Have you ever been to Ithaca, New York? It's cold. There's a lot of snow. And there are a lot of people with New York accents. It's about as far from the Philippines in geography and culture as you can imagine. But man, did they have good wings! You see, in the Philippines, they *adobo* the entire chicken. In upstate New York, they just cut off the wings, fry them in hot sauce, dip them in bleu cheese and call them Buffalo wings. I wonder what *adobo* would taste like with bleu cheese. Now, THAT would be a cross-cultural experience.

"So, a person with Filipino genes spends four years in wet, cold Ithaca. What exactly was I supposed to do after that? Well, the wings must have been my muse because after that I went to Buffalo, New York, for dental school. Have you ever been to Buffalo? Imagine the Ice Age without the woolly Mammoths. Now make it colder and throw in some buffalo wings--*that's* Buffalo.

"Dental school was tough the first year. You know, the one thing they don't tell you about dental school is that it's really medical school without all the TV shows glorifying it. You still have to know everything about all parts of the human body. You still have to cut open cadavers. You still have mind-numbing work and no sleep.

"If truth be told, I hated Buffalo. But I was first in my class that first year of dental school. The thing about being first in your class is that you're a prime candidate to transfer to another school if you'd like to. So I did. I started undergrad in the Ivy League with Cornell and decided to end

dental school in the Ivy League with Columbia. Plus, going to school at Columbia University dental school made me closer to my family who still lived in Staten Island.

“Here’s the thing about New York City--Manhattan--not Staten Island. There are Filipinos everywhere. Well, I guess it’s not like the Bay area, but it’s much more concentrated than in Buffalo. Living in New York City is always kind of a cool thing when you’re young, even if you’re a dental student. You can order pizza at three in the morning. That is something that is always important after a night of opening up a cadaver.

“After dental school, I was in debt from student loans. As Bruce Springsteen would say, ‘I had debts that no honest man could pay.’ I decided I could either start robbing banks or go work for the public health service and get my loans cancelled that way. I didn’t want to rob banks. The ski mask thing was just not my style. My brother was already living in Colorado, finishing up law school, so I signed up with the Indian Health Service. I remember driving to Chinle, Arizona, on the Navajo Nation to interview for the job. I brought both my brothers and a ‘Rez’ dog bit one of them. I took that as a good sign.

“I started working in Chinle in 1994, but moved around the Navajo Reservation quite a bit. I worked at Inscription House. I worked at Tsaile. It was fun. Being Filipino-American was actually quite advantageous for me. My patients recognized me as someone familiar, even if I wasn’t truly Navajo. After a while, I started making up (Navajo) Clans I belonged to just for the fun of it. I didn’t fool anyone, really, but it was fun.

“The state of Navajo dental care is actually somewhat similar to Filipino dental care. Neither have the standards of American dental care, which is either over eager, or just right, depending on your outlook. In general, I can tell a first generation Filipino from a second generation Filipino by their outlook on dental care. First generation Filipinos tend to be agreeable to pulling teeth more than those brought up in America. In America, people are used to doing anything they can before pulling a tooth. In the Philippines, it seems a little different.”

Faith gets up to look at her appointments for the day and you can hear the howling of a dog somewhere next door to her clinic. “*Not* one of my patients,” she jokes.

“Eventually, like most people in Indian Health Service in the Navajo Nation, I moved on. This usually happens about the same time the IHS pays off all your loans. I bumped around a bit, but eventually settled down in Taos, New Mexico, in 1998 or so. I worked at the clinic in Peñasco, New Mexico.

“I knew, sooner or later, I was going to go into private practice. I’m a good employee but I’m a better boss. In fact, I’m best when I run my own show--when I can work when I want to, when I can serve patients according to my style and rhythm. This is who I am. It’s not a bad thing. Now, I live in Santa Fe. Santa Fe is nice, but sometimes I miss Taos.

“Taos is a great place to live. Twenty minutes from the ski mountain. You can’t beat that. I used to ski every weekend. What a blast! Filipinos, I think, would be good skiers if there were

snow in the Philippines. But there is no snow in the Philippines. Buffalo took the Philippines' share of snow.

“There are two goals in life, I think,” says Faith. “Do good. Have fun. Life is too short not to do both to the extreme. Being a dentist in New Mexico allows me to do both. I can fix your teeth. And I will go ski on the weekend. Or hike. Or run.”

Running is something Faith knows well, having run five marathons and has more marathons in mind. “I run almost every day although I've started biking a bit now. The thing about running is that it's just you and the pavement, or the trail, or the track. Little equipment needed. In fact, I remember in the Philippines seeing some of the local runners in Lilio running with flip-flops down the road. Now that's cool. You won't see that in the U.S. People won't run without their running shoes here.

“Health care is so important to everyone, whether it be your feet, your heart, or your teeth. Every now and then, I'll meet some hoity-toity doctor or brain surgeon or somebody who will look down their nose at me as being ‘just a dentist.’”

With these words, Faith pauses. She stares across the street as an elderly woman gets out of her car and attempts to cross amongst high traffic on Palace Avenue. “You know, I don't know where I'd be without my dental tools. Some people fight terrorism for a living. Some people protect borders. Some people fight fires. I fight plaque. And I'm winning.”

The elderly woman has successfully crosses the street and walks into Faith's office as her first patient of the day.

“Hey, you're right on time,” Faith cries, getting up to treat her patient. The fight continues.

NOTE: This article was written when Faith had her practice in Santa Fe. She moved to Virginia in 2010 with her husband, Mike DeLong and their son, Joshua.

Military

The Military Legacy of New Mexico and the Philippines

By Theodore Jojola, Ph.D. and Adélar (Dely) Alcántara, Ph.D.

Unbeknownst to many, New Mexicans and Filipinos share a history in the long struggle for identity. Their respective struggles arose first out of Spanish colonization only to be followed by life under separate American Territorial regimes. And, for both, the impact continued into contemporary times.

New Mexico and the Philippines were both ruled by Spain under the authority of the Viceroy of Mexico City. The Spanish presence in both New Mexico and the Philippines grew with similar structures of governance established under the Laws of the Indies. The impact of Spanish colonization had its most enduring influences in two ways: the town planning principles that designated the plaza complex as the center of a town as well as the Catholic religion that permeated the social and political culture of both regions. And, in an indirect way, both regions were linked as a result of economic globalization although the economic tie between the Philippines and New Mexico was a weaker link. The establishment of permanent Spanish settlements in the Philippines that started in 1565 also marked the beginning of the famous Manila-Acapulco Galleon Trade Route. This important trade route was tied to New Mexico through the Camino Real. However, when Mexico gained independence from Spain this economic link ended. Not too long after Mexican independence, with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, New Mexico was ceded away from Spain in 1824. This lasted until the entry and establishment of the American Territorial government in 1846. In 1912, New Mexico attained statehood. Similarly, after its defeat in the Spanish American War of 1898, the Philippines--along with Guam and Puerto Rico--were ceded away from Spain to the United States of America. Clearly, during the over 300 year period of Spanish colonization, there was little common military exchange or experience between New Mexico and the Philippines, except for some anecdotal reference to the recruitment of Native Americans, mostly Apaches, who were sent to the Philippines as scouts for the Spanish military. For the most part, the military legacy that this chapter discusses is primarily during the American Territorial period.

The American Territorial Regime (1898–1946)

The parallel military experience of New Mexico and the Philippines extends also to their people; in particular, the military personnel and their families who served and lived in both places. A few months before the signing of the Treaty of Paris on December 10, 1898, the United States established a military government in the Philippines. From 1898 to 1901, the U.S. military commander governed the Philippines under the authority of the U.S. President as Commander in Chief of the United States Armed Forces. The military established schools and started the public education system until the recruitment of the Thomasite teachers, so named after the USAT¹² Thomas that transported them to the Philippines. The shared military legacy of the two regions began with the third military governor in the Philippines, General Arthur MacArthur, Jr., the father of General Douglas MacArthur. Some 14 years prior to being assigned to the Philippines, he had been the post commander of Fort Selden, New Mexico, located near Las

Cruces, whose primary goal was to protect the settlers and railroad from the marauding Indians. During that assignment in New Mexico, he also participated in the campaign against Geronimo. The MacArthurs lived in New Mexico-- Ft. Selden and Ft. Wingate-- for a total of five years beginning when Douglas MacArthur was just an infant. General Douglas MacArthur later recalled in his 1964 memoir, *Reminiscences*, that life in New Mexico was pretty “heady stuff...It was here where I learned to ride and shoot even before I could read or write—indeed, almost before I could talk or walk.”¹³

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, General Arthur MacArthur was appointed commanding general of the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, VIII Corps that won at the Battle of Manila on August 12, 1898.¹⁴ In January 1900, it was in recognition of his success in managing the guerrilla war that he was appointed Military Governor of the Philippines by President McKinley. His tenure as Military Governor was short-lived however because of constant clashes over military actions in the war with William Howard Taft, who was then the Civilian Governor General of the Philippines. Years later, General Arthur MacArthur’s son, Douglas, would also serve in the Philippines.

Douglas MacArthur’s first brush with the Philippines was in 1903 after graduating from West Point Academy. As was the custom during that time, the top ranking graduates of the Academy joined the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.¹⁵ MacArthur was assigned to the 3rd Engineer Battalion of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers which sailed to the Philippines in October 1903. His first assignment was to supervise the construction of a port on the island of Guimaras. He was also assigned to conduct surveys in other Visayan cities, including Tacloban, Calbayog, and Cebu. This first tour of duty was cut short when he contracted malaria during a survey in the province of Bataan and, in 1904, returned to the U.S. In 1922, he returned when General John J. Pershing chose him among West Point graduates and sent him to the Philippines to assume command of the Military District of Manila.¹⁶ In 1936, President Manuel Quezon created the position of Field Marshal of the Philippine Army and General MacArthur accepted the position with the permission of President Franklin Roosevelt. The friendship between President Quezon and General MacArthur actually went back to when MacArthur’s father served as the Military Governor General of the Philippines. Although General MacArthur retired in 1937, President Roosevelt recalled him to active duty in 1941. He was named commander of the U.S. Army Forces in the Far East (USAFFE). On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and, nine hours later, Clark Field and Fort Stotsenberg in the Philippines were bombed. In February 1942, General MacArthur was ordered to relocate to Australia. On April 9, 1942, Bataan was surrendered to the Japanese and, on May 6, Corregidor followed suit. On October 20, 1944, General MacArthur returned to liberate the Philippines.

Call it synchronicity but General John Joseph “Black Jack” Pershing also served in the Philippines. At the start of the Philippine-American War in 1899, he was sent to the Philippines as a major of the United States Volunteers and was assigned to the Department of Mindanao and Jolo where he commanded efforts to subdue the Filipino insurrection. Afterwards, he reverted to the rank of captain in the Regular Army, served as an intelligence officer and participated in actions against the Moros in southern Philippines. In June 1903, General Pershing was recalled to the U.S. by President Theodore Roosevelt but was again returned to the Philippines in 1909 where he served as Governor General of the Moro Province. The youngest child of Pershing was

born in the Philippines.¹⁷ On his subsequent reassignment to the U.S., General Pershing brought with him a Filipino aide. When Pershing was later assigned to Luna County, New Mexico, tasked with the capture of Pancho Villa-- “dead or alive”-- his Filipino aide went with him. Decades later, the only soldier of Filipino ancestry serving in the New Mexico 200th Coast Artillery was a man named Lee Pelayo, a descendant of this aide of General Pershing’s.

Arguably the most enduring of the New Mexico-Philippine military connection was with George Curry (1861-1947). Curry was born in Louisiana and moved to New Mexico in 1879. He served as a lieutenant of the First Volunteer Cavalry, popularly known as (Theodore) *Roosevelt’s Rough Riders* in the Spanish-American War.¹⁸ In 1899, he accepted the War Department’s call to fight against the Filipinos during that era of American territorial government in the Philippines. In 1901, he became the Governor of the Province of Camarines and Chief of Police of the City of Manila from 1901 to 1902 under Gov. Gen. William Taft. From 1903 to 1905, he served as governor of the province of Isabela and, from 1905 to 1907, was governor of the province of Samar. Upon his return to the U.S., President Theodore Roosevelt asked Curry to be the Governor of New Mexico after former Governor Herbert J. Hagerman was removed. Curry served in that office from 1907 to 1910. George Curry eventually became the first New Mexico Representative in Congress. Curry County, New Mexico was named in his honor.

World War II (1941–1946)

*We’re the battling bastards of Bataan;
No mama, no papa, no Uncle Sam;
No aunts, no uncles, no cousins, no nieces;
No pills, no planes, no artillery pieces;
And nobody gives a damn.*

Frank Hewlett, war correspondent, UPI
Retrieved from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frank_Hewlett

On December 8, 1941, at 11:30 am, the 200th New Mexico Coast Artillery engaged Japanese bombers at Clark Field and Fort Stotsenberg, Philippines. This was only nine hours after the sneak attack at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. The 200th became the first unit to go into action in defense of the United States flag in the Philippines.

Comprised of more than 1,800 men, the 200th was the single largest U.S. military unit stationed in the Philippines. At the start of World War II, 27,000 American troops were in the Philippines along with 98,000 Filipino soldiers.

The 200th Coast Artillery holds a distinguished military record. The unit was actually created in 1939 from elements of the 111th Cavalry, New Mexico National Guard. The 111th had its own origins in the territorial militias of the 1850s and fought in the U.S. Civil War, in the Spanish-American War as “Rough Riders,” and in World War I.

After the 200th was inducted into federal service, recruits from all walks of New Mexican life joined. They enlisted at centers located in Albuquerque, Carlsbad, Clovis, Gallup, Santa Fe, Silver City, and Taos. Many young men deferred going to college. Others chose to leave their small towns and rural villages for the first time in their lives.

On January 6, 1941, the 200th had been sent to the Anti-Aircraft Training Center in Fort Bliss, Texas, where draftees augmented its ranks. By the end of the training, the 200th was cited as the best anti-aircraft unit in the U.S. armed forces. Eight months later, General George C. Marshall issued an action letter ordering the immediate dispatch of the 200th to the Philippines. By the end of August 1941, the 200th set sail from San Francisco, California.

Despite having outmoded weapons and faulty ammunition, the 200th scored eight confirmed hits that fateful day of December 8, 1941. The 200th lost two men. That evening, 500 soldiers from the original regiment were sent to Manila to provide additional air defense. This provisional force was christened the 515th Coast Artillery and it would be America's first war-born regiment of World War II.

The defense of the Philippines lasted four months. It gave the Allied Pacific forces the precious time needed to re-group and delay Japanese aggressions in the Asia-Pacific region. Shortly before the fall of Bataan, General Douglas MacArthur left Corregidor for Australia famously pledging, "I shall return."

On April 9, 1942, the rag-tag survivors from the combined American and Filipino forces were unconditionally surrendered to the Japanese by General Edward King. The defenders were rounded up by the Japanese Army and were forced to march to remote locales. This incident became known as the Bataan Death March and covered a distance of 106 kilometers (65 miles) from beginning to end. Thus began one of the most cruel and unrelenting prisoner-of-war episodes in modern U.S. history. Those who were caught attempting to escape were bayoneted and killed on the spot. Yet, for some, successful escape came with the help of the townspeople.

One who successfully escaped was a Filipino soldier named Atilano David, now a 93-year old writer who lives in Albuquerque. A native of Angeles City, Pampanga, Mr. David enlisted in 1941 with the 33rd Infantry, 31st Regiment, Philippine Division, United States Armed Forces of the Far East where he trained recruits in weaponry and combat tactics. The then 19-year-old sergeant was among the more than 60,000 Filipinos and 15,000 American soldiers who were forced into the infamous Bataan Death March. Stricken with malaria and dysentery, David was too incapacitated to walk even on the first day of the march. Had he not been propped up by fellow soldiers--a Filipino and an American--he would have been bayoneted to death. The split-second inattentiveness of a Japanese guard on the second day gave way to David's escape as he managed to slip undetected into roadside hibiscus bushes. A local family that found him nourished him back to health. David became a member of the guerilla forces and, under his cover as a food inspector for the Japanese-Philippine government, became a spy for the underground in Manila. He joined the liberating army when General Douglas MacArthur returned to the Philippines. In 1955, Atilano moved to New York with his family. Following a career in advertising and publishing in New Jersey and Florida, David eventually moved to Albuquerque where his sister, the late Maxine David de Lien, lived.

The most infamous of the Japanese POW camps of World War II were located at Camp O'Donnell and Cabanatuan in Central Luzon, Philippines. Almost all of the captured soldiers went through one of these two camps. The conditions were inhumane and death was a common

occurrence. It has been estimated that for every single American who died, ten Filipino soldiers perished. More than 50,000 POWs died in these two camps alone.

New Mexico earned the tragic distinction of having the highest prisoner of war population of any state in the Union. In response, motivated New Mexicans rallied to participate in government war relief efforts. Next-of-kin and organizations throughout the state raised funds for the International Red Cross. One of the most active of these civic groups was the Mothers and Daughters Bataan Relief Organization of Albuquerque. They created a network that would advise families of the status of their POWs when Japanese propaganda radio inadvertently leaked information about captured internees. "Remember Bataan" became one of America's most enduring war-time credos.

Another of the American POW survivors was a Catholic priest from New Mexico named Father Albert Braun, OFM. A veteran of World War I, he began and completed the construction of the Church of St. Joseph at Mescalero, New Mexico, while ministering to the Apache people. In 1940, he was reactivated to serve as Chaplain among the Philippine Scouts, 45th Infantry, 91st Coast Artillery. On January 1st, 1942, outside the fortified Malinta Caves at Corregidor, it was Father Braun who gave the invocation at the inauguration of Manuel Quezon as President of the Philippines. Following the surrender of troops to the Japanese by General King, Father Braun was sent to the POW camp at Cabanatuan. From there, he was dispatched in 1944 to a POW labor camp in Southern Japan. On August 15, 1945, the Japanese surrendered. The liberation forces were able to rescue 775 brutalized and malnourished POWs from the 200th and 515th. Due to their weakened conditions, a third of those rescued died soon after their return to the United States. After liberation and following treatment at military hospitals, Father Braun returned to Mescalero. In November of 1945, he re-dedicated the Church of St. Joseph to the memory of soldiers who had died in the two major world wars.

The survivors of the 200th and the 515th are among the most highly decorated soldiers in American history. They have received four Presidential Unit Citations, five Battle Stars, the Bronze Star, the Bataan Medal issued by the State of New Mexico, and a Philippine Presidential Unit Citation.

Bataan is the province where the Death March started. In New Mexico, every April 9th continues to be recognized as *Bataan Day*, a way to commemorate the loss of life and to honor the sacrifices of its veterans during the Philippine Campaign. Many state and public buildings in New Mexico are dedicated in remembrance of this event. In Albuquerque, two of the city's most prominent landmarks are the Bataan Memorial Hospital and the Bataan-Corregidor Memorial at the Bataan Memorial Park where the Bataan Memorial Ceremony is held annually in April. This event is sponsored by the Bataan-Corregidor Memorial Foundation of New Mexico, the Filipino American Foundation of New Mexico, and the Filipino American National Historical Society Rio Grande Chapter.

The American Territorial regime officially ended on July 4, 1946 when the United States government awarded the Philippines its independence. However, to this day, Filipinos continue to serve in the United States Armed Forces. In New Mexico, Filipino nationals can be found

enlisted with the United States Air Force and Army and assigned to different bases around the state.

NOTE: Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield contributed to this article.

Military

Crisanto (Cris) Castillo Underwood--By Special Act of Congress: A Poor Barrio Boy Makes it to America

By Cris Underwood

What are the chances of a poor barrio kid immigrating to America? How could that happen? Why did I think I could make it to America? I had no idea just how very difficult a process immigrating can be.

In 1935, I was born Crisanto Castillo in San Carlos, Rosario, Batangas, Philippines. My father was Antonio Castillo and my mother—whom I called Mama C— was Hospicia Gutierrez Castillo. My siblings were Fortunata, Demetrio, Isidra, Venancio, and Ann. I also had a half-brother and sister, Narciso and Teodosia. We all grew up as poverty-stricken barrio kids.

In 1945, when I was barely ten years old, I had a dream of going to America. I awoke somewhat startled and my mother asked me, “Why are you awake so early?”

“I had a dream of going to America!” I said.

“How?” Mama C chuckled, raising her eyebrows. “Swim?”

Defiantly, I asserted, “I’ll find a way!”

We all know that sometimes dreams must be put on hold. The start of World War II did exactly that to mine. War brings death and hardship, suffering, and sadness. My family experienced all of these in the extreme. We left our home and hid in the jungle to escape detection by the Japanese. My father became a member of the Filipino guerrilla forces. They fought the enemy with whatever weapons they could muster. He was eventually captured and executed by the Japanese. This left only my mother to care for all of us.

But war also brought me a chance for happiness and opportunity. To this day, I feel very lucky! In 1945, the United States Army’s 6332 Ordnance Company Base R Battalion needed workers to help rebuild the camps in the recently surrendered Batangas area. The Army recruited men from my barrio. When the transport truck came to pick up the workers and while the roll was being called, I snuck onto the truck. I was so small that I easily found a place to hide under the bench seat and hoped I wouldn’t be kicked off. No one discovered me because the road was so rough every person was hanging on for dear life! For 40 miles we endured such rough roads that I thought I would die. This is how I joined the Army at age 10!

Upon our arrival, the G.I. supervisor began issuing picks and shovels. I grabbed a pick and began digging ditches around the army tents. I seldom took a break, trying to prove my mettle by working harder than the other men. Because of that, the job foreman did not object to my returning each day with the other workers. I did not need supervision and I continued digging ditches for about a week. I didn’t care about the pay.

The Mess Hall Officer, Chief Warrant Officer King, noticed me. Seeing how hard I worked, he got me reassigned to care for the mess-hall officers' quarters. Later, he put me to work serving as a mess-boy for the base officers. Not knowing that a "mess-boy" meant waiter, I remember asking myself, "Why would officers want to be served a 'mess'?"

One of the officers I served was Lt. Gailey B. Underwood. He was visiting and he particularly liked the way I waited on him. Base R was being disbanded so Lt. Underwood arranged for me to travel with one of his friends to Manila so I could work for him.

My dream of going to America was getting closer. I had made many GI friends and many wanted to see me get to America. They had even planned to smuggle me onto a ship--an idea that fascinated me. In my naïve way of thinking, I was convinced this would work! Breaking the news to my mother, however, was another thing. I thought she would die--she absolutely disapproved and I was devastated.

Since I couldn't get her blessings to hide aboard a ship, I decided to join Lt. Underwood in Manila. Soon to be discharged from his duty as a defense counsel for the war trials, Lt. Underwood planned to stay in the Philippines and start his own business. This business, Underwood Motor Works and Enterprises, would buy and sell army surplus equipment. As the business prospered, its name was changed to the Underwood Bearing Supply Company and was located in Caloocan City, near the Bonifacio Monument.

At the Motor Works, I worked a half-day in the shop and spent the other half attending Cecilio Apostol Elementary School. In the shop I learned mechanics, maintenance, welding and how to be a janitor. I also began rebuilding batteries for autos and heavy equipment. The real fun, though, came when I got to operate a forklift and work on heavy equipment. I even got to perform with my forklift in a Filipino movie about the 10th Battalion Combat Team in Korea!

Life with Mr. Underwood gave me emotional stability and personal discipline. Soon our relationship grew into that of a father and son. That's not to say that everything went smoothly. We had our run-ins and disagreements. When I was 14 years old I ran away to hide in Olongapo City after he had given me a hard time. Mama C heard that I had left to stay with a good friend of Mr. Underwood's and she contacted me to convince me what he had done was for my own good. She believed he was hard on me because he loved me. With that, I returned and accepted his authority.

In late 1947, Mr. Underwood's wife, Mary Francis, came to join her husband in Manila. Soon after, the Underwoods began asking Mama C if they could adopt me and take me to America. Because my father had been killed by the Japanese, she consulted my godfather, Dr. Fernando Escano, for his guidance. After gallons of tears and assurances from everyone that I would stay in contact with her and my siblings, my mother consented to the adoption. She told me, "They truly love you and want you." Before they could act on the adoption, however, Mrs. Underwood became ill and had to return to America. The adoption finally took place in the Court of First Instance, Pasig, Rizal on September 11, 1951. I became Crisanto Castillo Underwood.

My new father was by now also National Commander of the American Legion, Philippine Department. In this new capacity, he took me all over the Philippines. We mixed both Legion and Underwood Bearing business trips in our travels. I remember that my father would proudly introduce me to everyone "as his son." I was able to meet many influential people. One such luminary was then National Defense Secretary Ramon Magsaysay who would later become President of the Philippines. I enjoyed being my father's messenger and helping him in his dealings with my fellow countrymen. It was during these moments that I realized he was teaching me valuable lessons about life in his world.

It had been very hard seeing my new mother leave for America. Due to her serious illness and my lack of travel papers, I feared I would never see her again. So it was with a broken heart that I watched my father leave for America in 1952 to take care of her. I was left behind at the Underwood Bearing Company compound with the cook and the houseboy to care for me.

Before leaving, Pop Underwood gave me authority to monitor the General Manager and the daily operation reports for the business. I was 16 years old and still attending school but my other duties included being the equipment and parts salesman, doing delivery and collections, and overseeing care and security of the compound. My dad had groomed me well.

Applications for immigration come in different forms, but it literally took an Act of Congress for mine to come through. As an adoptee of an American couple, they initiated what turned out to be a two-year struggle to gain my entry into the United States. With the help of both New Mexico's Senator Clinton P. Anderson and Congressman Antonio Fernandez, a Special Act of Congress (S.109) was passed January 7, 1953 in the first Session of the 83rd Congress. This Act specifically designated my coming to America. With the power of Congress fully behind my passage, my parents met my boat, the *SS President Cleveland*, in San Francisco. By May 8, 1954, I was in New Mexico! This poor barrio boy had fulfilled his big dream in a most unexpected way.

Then I found myself in Albuquerque and it was a bit overwhelming. Vast open spaces still existed in 1954 and of course it looked so dry to a kid like me from the tropics. What was with all these square houses with flat roofs? Houses didn't look like the ones I had seen in the Hollywood movies shown in the PI. I had to adjust to lots of things; besides the dry air, there was the sleepiness caused by the high altitude. Everything was unfamiliar: food, clean streets, orderly traffic, and limited public transportation. To top it all off, there was no houseboy and no cook like I had had at Underwood Bearing for the last six years.

Our family life in America began on Valencia Dr. NE in a small 3 bedroom/1 bath/1 car garage house (that's real estate-guy talk). Mother, Dad, and I and our dog, Betsy, settled into a routine of work and school. My parents had warned me that I might not be accepted in the neighborhood. The solution to this was to go knocking on doors and getting acquainted with the neighbors. Later, the neighbors surprised me with a welcome party. Also, my parents began hosting informal gatherings for Filipinos along with the Porte, Tapia, and Dagucon families. They were all military families but only the Dagucon family remains in Albuquerque today. My duties were to clean the house, take care of the lawn, help with the cooking, and go to school. My new parents had arranged with Dr. Isaac Simmons, the principal of Lincoln Junior High

School in Albuquerque, to put me on the school enrollment list. So, at just over 19 years of age but looking more like 14, I entered eighth grade at Lincoln for the rest of the 1953-54 school year. The students were really curious to know more about this Filipino as they hadn't had contact with one before. Since I love to dance, dance became the key to making them my new friends.

From Lincoln, I entered Highland High School as a junior where I was elected Vice-President of the senior class the following year. The most fun I had at Highland was being in the Speech Club and getting to learn and to practice public speaking. Also, it was exciting to be the top salesperson of the senior class fund-raiser to purchase a bronze hornet statue. That statue still resides in the halls of Highland High School.

For the next four years I was in and out of the University of NM, which is how I happened to meet Emilie at an International Club meeting. This sophomore girl impressed me with her beauty and intelligence. Later, I asked her to go to the United Nations Banquet and, to my surprise, she accepted. After that date, we dated a few times and also saw each other at parties. At some point, she mentioned that after graduation she might leave to teach on a Reservation. That thought triggered fear in me. I might never see her again. Then, at a party in 1962, I was in a group sitting on the floor when she walked by and ran her fingers through my hair as a way of saying hello. That gesture hypnotized me and fueled high-octane courage to get to know her better. We began dating again, became engaged in the Fall of 1962, and were married August 3, 1963.

Emilie taught at Griegos Elementary for two years and another two years at Bellehaven Elementary but resigned when we adopted our son Richard in 1967 and then Mark in 1969. Shortly after adopting Mark, Emilie became pregnant. Our daughter Cristal was born in 1970 followed by Annita in 1973. During this entire period, Emilie utilized her training in remedial reading and math by taking in private students.

As for me, I was busy working with my father at Underwood Realty, engaged in general real estate sales. At his sudden death in 1968, I began running the business. The company later began to specialize in recreational land so Emilie and I took the kids all over New Mexico and southern Colorado. Those were the days before the use of seat belts and mandated children's car seats. Our kids played happily on a foam mattress in the back of our station wagon.

The kids also got to know American farm life when we visited Emilie's parents on their 1907 Homestead farm that was located in Union County. To balance the "cultural scales," we did several things, including a trip to the Philippines to introduce them to my family and life in the PI.

At home, we began looking into forming a Filipino group. Fortunately, others were doing the same and it all came together with the formation of the Filipino American Association of New Mexico, or FAANM in 1974. Trying to make it truly "of New Mexico," Emilie wrote to Chambers of Commerce in various communities looking for a connection with other Filipinos. We also wanted to make sure that both "town" and "military" Filipinos were welcome and included. Howard & Gloria Smith, Bert & Lydia Gatan, and many more were founding

members. Mr. Pio Aguilar drafted a constitution that was adopted at the first meeting when I was also elected as the first president. Mr. Eugene Zafra served after me and was followed by Bert Gatan, who became the third president of FAANM. We were actually reunited with the Zafras when they contacted us upon their arrival in Albuquerque. Back in the late 1940s, I had met Mr. Zafra at an American Legion convention in Baguio. I was there because my father, Gailey Underwood, was then Commander of the American Legion–Philippine Department.

That first year of FAANM was largely dedicated to learning what we wanted to accomplish and how we wanted to meet our goals. We had to learn our jobs and get the word out to other Filipinos. The largest event, I remember, was the Rizal Day Celebration followed closely by the New Year's Eve Party. During that time, we found ourselves mostly focused on social gatherings. Over the years, however, the organization has evolved in terms of providing a varying range of benefits to its members and the general Filipino community.

I have been blessed with a biological family that remains dear to me to this day and with an adopted family that is equally special to me. I have been married to my wife, Emilie, for 51 years. We have three of our four children surviving and have five *apos*. All four of my parents are deceased now but all our children got to know and love Mama C and the Underwoods. My life has been one where the wins far outnumber the losses.

Figuratively speaking, I swam to America!

Military

Consuelo (Chito) Zafra: The “*Queen of Santacruzán*”

By Rod Ventura and Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

In the Philippines, the month of May finds towns celebrating *Santacruzán*. The celebration is also known as *Santa Cruz de Mayo* or “*Flores de Mayo*” (May flowers) because May is the month when flowers of all kinds are blooming in the Philippines. For others, it is the religious celebration that commemorates St. Helen’s finding of the Holy Cross during the reign of her young son, King Constantine. Lore has it that the cross had been taken away from the Christians by infidels. A town’s celebration usually lasts for nine consecutive evenings (as in a novena). On the ninth evening, the fiesta is held.

In Albuquerque, on either the second or third Saturday in May, the Filipino community showcases *Santacruzán* in historic Old Town at the San Felipe de Neri Church. The event begins with a Catholic mass and is followed by a procession and, later in the plaza facing the church, a performance is held of Philippine dances and music. Old Town Plaza is a popular tourist spot attracting hundreds of people who witness this event. There are usually 20 to 30 *Sagalas* (participants) who represent the angels and saints called to intercede for St. Helen. Entirely enacted by Filipino youth, among the many key characters represented are Rey Constantino and different queens like Reyna Elena and Reyna Sheba.

Since 1977, this annual spectacle has been shared and witnessed by Albuquerque’s locals and tourists. It symbolizes a link between Filipinos and Hispanic New Mexicans who share many of the same Catholic traditions. The founder of this colossal event in New Mexico was the late Eugenio A. (Gene) Zafra and his wife, Consuelo (Chito) Zafra.

Chito, as she prefers to be called, grew up with the tradition of *Santacruzán* in the Philippines and even named two of her children, Constantine and Elena, after two of the major characters. Bringing the event to New Mexico was Chito’s “pet project” at the time when her husband, Gene, was President of the Filipino American Association of New Mexico (now the Filipino American Foundation of NM). When Chito and Gene initiated this event, Albuquerque knew very little about Filipinos. Three decades later, the annual event continues and is now co-sponsored by the Cultural Services of the City of Albuquerque.

Chito, who turned ninety-two in March 2014, has the poise that mirrors her upbringing as a *colegiala* (girls educated in Catholic schools). With her hair always in place, her hands clasped and her voice soft but firm, Chito’s light skin reveals her Spanish-Castilian ancestry.

“My maiden name was Pacheco,” says Chito. “I was born in Manila in March, 1922, the youngest of seven children. My parents are Amadeo and Caridad Pacheco. My sisters and I went to La Consolacion College, a Catholic school for girls, and my brothers went to Ateneo, a Catholic school for boys. That’s the way it was for those that had the means.”

The Pacheco family was a multi-language household, a mixture of past colonial influences from the Spanish (around for 350 years) and the Americans (for 50 years). “We spoke Spanish, English, and Tagalog at home,” says Chito. “My mother spoke Spanish and my father spoke Spanish and Filipino and then learned English while in college. My father passed away prior to World War II.”

In 1941, at the age of 19, Chito’s life was upended. “We heard on the radio that Pearl Harbor had been attacked,” she recalls. “There was speculation that the Japanese were already coming. The rest of us didn’t know what to do. We started to accumulate food.”

Immediately following the Japanese invasion, members of the Philippine Military Academy recruited her brother to become a guerrilla. One of his fellow guerrillas, Evelio Saludo, would later become a General in the Philippine Army. These recruiters from the Academy were Amelio Zarrudo and Victor Osias, both of whom are lauded in the book, *Filipino Heroes of World War II*. Of the heroes, Chito knew many of them.

Chito’s sisters already had their own families and were by then living outside of Manila. After her other brothers also joined the guerrillas, Chito--being the youngest--was left with her mother to fend for themselves. “We were warned that there was going to be shelling so everyone hid under the tables, chairs, and whatever,” says Chito. “Lots of Filipinos were suffering from hunger. Some of them under duress became embroiled with the enemy officers. People were forced to do things against their will.

“The Japanese officers took over all the nice big houses. There were Spanish-Filipino families we knew who tried to keep the Japanese out of their houses. They were massacred. Japanese money replaced the Philippine currency. We called it ‘Mickey Mouse money’ because it was not backed up by a gold standard.”

Under Japanese rule, everyone was required to carry identification papers. One day in 1943, Chito wanted to visit friends who lived outside of Manila. “I got my bag, wore no make-up, and put a bandana around my head to conceal my fair skin,” remembers Chito. “I got my ticket and took the bus. It was full. There were all these Japanese outposts where we had to stop. At one stop, a Japanese soldier told us ‘Everybody get down from the bus.’ So we all went down and lined up.

“The Japanese soldier with a bayonet said ‘*piket*.’ The Filipino who was first in line understood that word to mean ‘blink,’ which is what it means in *Pilipino* (Tagalog). So he blinked--standing straight with the rest of his body motionless. The Japanese soldier slapped him! The Japanese went to the next person and asked the same thing. He also blinked. The soldier slapped him, too! He kept going down the line, slapping every person who blinked.

“As he came my way, I began worrying, ‘What will I do?’ Luckily, one of the Japanese higher-ups began wondering what was going on. He asked the soldier why he was slapping everyone. The higher-up then turned to a Filipino who gestured that he didn’t know what he was being asked. The higher-up pulled out a piece of paper, a certificate, to show everyone what *piket* meant. Everyone gave a collective sigh of relief, ‘Oh, *certificate*.’ We all pulled out our

certificates to be stamped. Then, everyone got back on the bus and sat down quietly. After we drove off, we all started to laugh!

“For entertainment, we would go to the vaudeville shows in Escolta. That’s where the comedians, Pugo and Tugo, performed. We couldn’t listen to the radio. We were afraid if the radio was on the Japanese would discover it and would come to our house to get us.”

As the Resistance grew, things got worse for the Filipinos when the Japanese began to retaliate by burning their houses. People ran and hid. Chito and her mother took all their basic necessities—bed sheets, mats, clothes—and, with the help of a guerrilla, evacuated to Pasig and stayed in a *nipa* hut (stilt house).

One day the Japanese were again burning houses in the village. Chito and her mother were on their knees and praying, hiding under the *nipa* hut when a Japanese soldier came into the hut. “Soldiers entered our house,” recalls Chito. “We thought they were looking for food. The floor was made of wood and we could see them from below where we were hiding. My mother held a crucifix close to her and prayed, ‘Spare us! Help us, Lord.’ Finding no food, he left. After that, we took all our stuff and we just walked and walked and ended up on the beach with other refugees from the burned town.

“That day in 1944, when the San Clemente Church started ringing its bells, we wondered why. American soldiers had just started to arrive. We saw half-tracks and tanks. With the help of the American liberators, we were able to go to Manila where we found some of our relatives. The war was still going on--we heard the bombing—and, oh, boy, you could hear the dogfights! American planes were going after the Japanese.

“People went to the rooftops to see them fight and the planes, of course, shot and killed some of them,” Chito says in disbelief, shaking her head. “*Que barbaridad* (Oh, my goodness)! How could they not know that...no common sense?”

“You remember what Gen. Douglas MacArthur said--‘I shall return.’ How could he say that? He could not do it alone. He should have said, ‘WE shall return!’ Nevertheless, the Filipinos were very happy. He kept his word.”

After Liberation, life went back to normal. Simply happy to survive the war, Chito had no idea that she would end up marrying a man who had grown up on the other side of the world--the United States. “Gene is the son of Dr. Urbano A. Zafra, a Filipino, and Ellen Hansen, a Danish mother. They lived in Washington, D.C. but he was born in Copenhagen and that automatically bestowed him with Danish citizenship. His father, however, remained a Filipino citizen who was employed as a commercial attaché to the Philippine government.

“Gene chose to become a Filipino citizen when a Bill was passed that allowed other nationalities to serve in the United States military. Gene joined the Air Corps (now the Air Force) and served only a few years before his military service was cut short. He was assigned to Kirtland Air Force Base in Albuquerque. On his way to his next post, the Air Corps truck he was riding in fell into

a ravine and Gene was badly hurt. He was sent to Walter Reed Hospital to receive medical care. Due to the accident, he was honorably discharged due to medical reasons.

“Now on medical disability, Gene asked his father if he could go to the Philippines to visit their relatives in Cabanatuan. His father consented but told him to get a job. Urbano asked Don Andres Soriano, owner of San Miguel Corporation, the biggest corporation in the Philippines, if he could get Gene a job. Being a commercial attaché had its perks with the right connections! Knowing that Gene had been in the Air Corps, Don Andres Soriano sent him to TWA in Kansas. There, he underwent training for the Philippine Air Lines (PAL), which was one of Don Andres Soriano’s new commercial ventures. When PAL opened up, Gene was already in Manila as an Assistant Traffic Manager.”

This was where Chito met Gene. “My neighbor told me that there were many job openings so I went to their office downtown,” Chito remembers. “The staff asked me if I wanted to be a flight attendant. I said no because I am afraid to fly! What about a reservations representative? I said okay.

“All employees were in one room. We were all ladies, except for two men. One day, a staffer came out with Gene and said, ‘Mr. Zafra, come and meet your future employees.’ Gene greeted us. Every day thereafter, he would come in and look around to see what we were doing.

“One day, he called me to his office. I was afraid. I asked myself, ‘What did I do? Why is he calling me to his office?’ When he asked me if he could take me to dinner and dancing, I was surprised! I told myself, ‘I don’t even know him. What should I say? *Fresko de primera clase* (first-class aggressive guy)!’ I told him I would let him know after I talked to my mother. It was our custom to ask our parents’ permission. He said he knew about that.

“So I talked to my mother. She said she wanted to meet him first. I told him what she wanted and we rode the jeep to my house where I introduced him to my mother. He didn’t speak Spanish and my mother didn’t speak English so I became the interpreter. My mother said that he could take me out, but only in a group. That was the beginning of our courtship.

“He was good-looking, but I decided that he was not my type. Where I worked at the airport, I met all types of handsome pilots. He was so jealous. One of the American pilots told me that he knew Mr. Zafra was after me, but that he would like to take me out anyway. I said, ‘Well, I will think about it.’ He was so handsome in his pilot’s uniform. I was undecided. ‘Well, he’s an American. If I marry him, what will I do?’ I didn’t know American people. Gene is a Filipino. I knew his relatives; his father was in the embassy. Either one was not a bad choice. I told the pilot, ‘Thank you for inviting me, but I am already engaged,’ even though I really wasn’t!”

It took another year before Gene and Chito married. He eventually left PAL to work as a manager of a garment factory.

In time, the Zafras were to have seven children: Eduardo, Eugene, Jr., Maria Elena, Constantine, Christian, Shelley, and Carlos. “While the children were growing up, Gene wanted the children

to have a better education,” Chito explains. “When the Marcos administration declared Martial Law and our freedom became strained, he decided we should return to the US.

“After 25 years in the Philippines, Gene applied for, and received, citizenship without a hitch. One day, he went to see his friends in the military to ask more about New Mexico. He still remembered the blue skies and the many people there who spoke Spanish. When he came home, he told me, ‘Chito, let’s sell the house and move to America. I want to retire there.’ At first I was not ready to go, but my mother told me I should follow my husband wherever he went, so I did. I asked him, ‘Where?’ He said, ‘New Mexico, where people spoke Spanish.’”

The Zafras moved to Albuquerque in 1973. Their contacts were mostly friends in the military. But Gene had always been active in organizing associations. “When we lived in Manila, he initiated the Loyola Heights Filipino Association,” says Chito. “When we moved to Marikina, he formed the Marikina Filipino Association. So, when two Navy friends suggested that he form an organization to link the Filipinos into mainstream society, he jumped at the opportunity.

“New Mexico has a lot of military bases. There were many Filipinos stationed there. In 1974, Gene and other Filipinos formed the Filipino American Association of New Mexico (FAANM). It started with around 30 members. The first meeting was held at the Enlisted Men’s Social Hall at Sandia Army Base (now Kirtland AFB). The first President was Cris Underwood, followed by Bert Gatan, and then Gerry Villalongja. In 1977, Gene was elected President.”

1977 was also when the Zafras first introduced the *Santacruzán* to Albuquerque. Chito worked with the Association to also honor Jose Rizal, the Philippine national hero, on Rizal Day (Dec. 30th). That celebration was held along with the 1977 induction of the Board during the organization’s traditional Christmas party.

In 2006, FAANM was changed to the Filipino American Foundation of New Mexico (FAFNM) and has now over 200 members. Their sons followed his footsteps: Eugene Jr. was the FAANM president and Christian is the FAFNM vice president (2014).

In addition to the *Santacruzán* and the Christmas party, FAFNM stages the *Pista sa Nayon*, a cultural fundraiser. It also sponsored performing groups, Cultural Dancers, Rondalla, and the Kulintang Ensemble of Albuquerque (2004), as well as a caroling group. FAFNM has hosted the regional conference of the National Federation of Filipino American Associations (NaFFAA) in 2005 as well as varying immigration seminars in conjunction with the Philippine Consulate General’s office. FAFNM hosts and coordinates with Philippine Consulate Office in California in facilitating their Consular Outreach in Albuquerque. The Outreach services consist of passport renewal, dual citizenship, and other immigration matters, serving Filipinos from NM, Arizona, Colorado, and Texas and saving them a trip to Los Angeles.

The Zafras have left the Filipino community of New Mexico with a rich cultural legacy. At 92, Chito continues to be the force and inspiration of this annual event. When it comes to Chito Zafra, she will always be fondly remembered as the “*Queen of Santacruzán*.”

Religion

Sr. Josephine Lantin de Gorostiza, FdCC¹⁹: The First Filipino Canossian Sister in the US

By Evelio A. Sabay and Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

In 1935, the American government passed the Tydings-McDuffey Act. The Act restricted by half the immigration of Filipinos to the United States. Immediately after World War II, in 1946, the Philippines gained independence from the U.S. and only 100 Filipinos could enter the United States. There were exceptions however. Two thousand Filipinos could join the U.S. Navy and medical workers were allowed to enter under an exchange visitor program. The Educational Foundation also brought in others. Therefore, in spite of the restrictions, more than 2000 Filipinos were actually able to come into the United States each year.

In 1965, the Immigration Act literally opened up the floodgates and the number of immigrants increased to 20,000 per year. Businessmen, students, and religious educators, however, continued to be exempted from such quotas. According to Professor Gaspar Sardalla, Philippine Studies Program at City College in San Francisco, it was this provision that allowed Filipino nuns such as Sr. Josephine Gorostiza to come to the United States.

Sister Jo, as she prefers to be called, is a native of San Pablo City, Laguna, Philippines. She was born to parents Gertrudo de Gorostiza and Paz Lantin de Gorostiza. Tragically, she lost both of them when she was only twelve years old. She had four siblings--a brother, Gerry, and three sisters, Magdalena, Rita and Dina. Only Gerry and Dina survive.

Sister Jo completed her Bachelor of Science in Education at the University of Santo Tomas in Manila and, after graduating, she taught at Pablo College working with freshmen classes in the morning. She taught Religion to older students, including policemen, and eventually, began teaching at Our Lady of Fatima Academy, a school run by the Canossian Sisters.

Magdalene of Canossa founded the Canossian Daughters of Charity in Verona, Italy, on May 8, 1808. She also founded the Canossian Priests and Brothers on May 23, 1831 in Venice, Italy. Sister Magdalene was the Marchioness of Canossa and a woman of noble birth. During her contemplation of the crucified Jesus, she had a revelation of an image depicting the love of the Trinity. This revelation inspired her to create an Order to involve young women in providing charity to the poor.

Women who take vows as members of the Canossian Daughters devote themselves to three branches of ministry: Education, catechesis (oral religious instruction), and assistance to the sick. These ministries are considered perennial and continuous. Today, the Congregation of the Canossian Sisters is international and serves the Catholic Church in five continents: Europe, Africa, Americas, Oceania (Australia, Papua New Guinea), and Asia (including the Philippines).

The first Canossian Sisters arrived in the Philippines in 1954. On September 15, 1957, Josephine Lantin de Gorostiza became the first Filipina to pledge herself to their congregation. Shortly

thereafter, Josephine left the Philippines to join the religious congregation in Kowloon, Hong Kong, at the Daughters of Charity of Canossa in St. Mary's Novitiate.

Josephine had three years of formation in St. Mary's before she took her First Vows. In 1960, the Rev. Mother General Antonietta Novello, FdCC, assigned her to the USA Foundation together with other Canossian sisters from India, Italy, England, and Singapore. Her first attempts to get a visa to the U.S. in Hong Kong and in the Philippines were unsuccessful. As a result, Sister Jo was sent to Italy to re-apply under the sponsorship of the Catholic Education System Program. She waited in Rome and Milan for eight-and-a-half months before she finally got a visa. It took another year, however, before she actually set foot in America. Although the other Canossian Sisters had arrived in August of 1961, she was not able to join them until December of 1962.

Her first ministry was at Our Lady of Annunciation Parochial School in Albuquerque, New Mexico. She was a full-time teacher during the day and taught the Religious Educational Program after school hours. She also taught classes of Sacramental Preparation of First Reconciliation and First Eucharist. On her birthday, November 19, 1965, she became the first Canossian Sister to take Perpetual Vows at the Annunciation Convent.

Sister Jo was also the first Filipino Canossian Sister to teach in Parochial School and perform Pastoral Ministry in the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, New Mexico. During her long years of service, she has ministered in different parishes. She ministered at St. Augustine Parish at the Indian Pueblo of Isleta. This was during a time of conflict when the Priest's residence had been closed by the tribal government for infractions against Monsignor Fred Stadmuller. Alongside the Rev. James Burke, Sister Jo started the Pastoral Ministry at the Isleta Mission. Other pastors then followed, including the Rev. Bernard Loughrey, Rev. Stan Joppe, O.Praem (the title given to priests of the Norbertine Order) and Rev. Nicholas Nirschl.

She added a part-time ministry at Ascension Parish while she continued serving at St. Augustine Parish. After her service to the Pueblo of Isleta, she became the first Canossian Sister to serve as Director of the Religious Education Program in San Ignacio Parish, Martineztown, in Albuquerque. She also taught in St. Francis Parish during the summers. Despite a reputation of being strict, Sr. Josephine is well liked by her former students. Many of those students are now grandparents and they often share photos of their families with Sister Jo. Other former students of Sister Jo's have become successful professionals; four of them became priests.

In 1990, Sister Jo began serving part-time at Casa Angelica. Casa Angelica is located in the South Valley of Albuquerque. The facility is an oasis in the valley and is surrounded by a verdant flower garden and large shade trees. The idyllic landscape, however, is deceptive. Casa Angelica is the only ministry of the Canossians that provides care for severely physically and mentally disabled children. In 1993, she was assigned as Director of Pastoral Ministry at Casa Angelica.

As Director, she was responsible for the development of the spiritual formation of the residents and the staff members. Along with some staff members, Sister Jo took the children and young adults to different churches in Albuquerque to attend the Eucharistic Liturgy, allowing them to

experience belonging to a Faith community. Her other duties included a twice weekly “Values” class and a weekly Prayer Service. She also attended to the residents with their Parents and Guardian communications. Sister Jo built a close and special relationship with each child and young adult by attending to their special needs and giving them extra TLC (tender loving care), especially the younger ones. Always available to them whenever she was needed, Sister Jo maintained a good relationship with the staff and their families, the volunteers, benefactors and the Casa Angelica Auxiliary.

Sister Jo was the first Filipino Canossian Sister to minister in New Mexico, but certainly not the last. Many Sisters followed in rapid succession. The first to follow her was Sr. Herminia Cosico. She was followed by Sr. Norma Hernandez, Sr. Haydee Lirojo, Sr. Neco Guan (1992), Sr. Teresita Salanguit (1995), Sr. Cristino Overjera (1996), Sr. Josie Peralta (1996) and Sr. Erlinda Carandang (2003).

NOTE: The article was based on the Presentation: *Canossian Sisters in New Mexico* by past FANHS RG President, Evelio Sabay, at the FANHS National Conference 2000 in Los Angeles, CA.

Religion

Heddy Long: The First Lay Person and Filipina Family Life Director of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe

By J. Richard (Dick) Long and Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

“Families are the foundation of our society.” This is the ministry to which Heddy Long has dedicated herself for over two decades. Alongside her late husband, Dick Long, they committed their lives to healing and strengthening families.

Heddy was born in Manila to Dr. and Mrs. Jesus Lopez Gonzalez. She was the youngest of nine, “a delightful accident to her parents.” She graduated from Holy Ghost College in Manila with a Bachelors degree in Sociology and continued to graduate school at the Ateneo de Manila University. As a graduate student, she assisted a professor by teaching Tagalog as a Second Language to diplomats, missionaries, and Peace Corp volunteers. She also taught classes in Sociology, Drama, and English/Spanish as a Second Language at the Immaculate Conception Academy in Manila.

In 1964, she came to America as a receptionist guide at the Philippine Pavilion of the New York’s World’s Fair with plans to stay so she could complete her Masters degree at Georgetown University. Instead, she met Dick Long, a man born in Brooklyn but had grown up in Queens. Heddy returned to the Philippines a year later with Dick where they married. The newlyweds stayed for another year-and-a-half in the Philippines while Dick held the position of Chairman of the Math Department at the American School in Makati.

Early in 1967, they returned to New York and lived there until the summer of 1973. Their two daughters, Lisa and Lori, were born in Flushing, New York. Dick and Heddy were volunteering in Marriage Encounter in New York when a priest invited them to start a program in Brazil. In 1973, they moved to Brazil, where Dick taught Math at the Escola Americana de Campinas located in Campinas, Brazil. Their third child, Jack, was born there. As Dick once said, “I guess that makes Jack a ‘Filipino-Americano-Brasileiro!’” In 1994, the then 21-year-old Jack represented Brazil in Phoenix, Arizona, at the World Racquetball Championships.

It was not until 1975 that the family re-settled in the U.S. in New Mexico. It didn’t take long for Heddy to decide that the people in New Mexico were really nice and that prejudices seemed to be at a minimum. It was a novel thing to get to experience a four-season climate instead of the dry season/rainy season of the Philippines.

Once in New Mexico, Heddy and Dick continued with the same type of ministry work they had begun in Brazil. This was the Marriage Encounter program that they had themselves sought in 1972. A program designed to enrich family life, Marriage Encounter teaches a particular technique of communication around four topics: Self, We as Husband and Wife, We and God, We and God and the World.

On September 1, 1990, Heddy became both the first Filipina and Layperson to become the Director of Family Life for the Archdiocese of Santa Fe by appointment of the Archbishop of Santa Fe. This was the culmination of efforts she and her husband had pursued while they were on the Board of the National Association of Catholic Family Life Ministers (NACFLM), Region XIII (New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming). They also served on the Ecumenical Commission of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe.

“The Family Life Program ministers to traditional and non-traditional families,” explains Heddy. “We have various programs which are designed to re-engage couples who are in ‘hurting marriages.’ One thing I did was to help rewrite the DOVES²⁰ manual that is used in a ministry for divorced, widowed, and separated couples. I also renewed a program called Beginning Experience for divorced, widowed and separated individuals.

“Domestic violence awareness was increased in part by workshops which include Building Family Strengths. And a mother/daughter chastity program presented by Fertility Care of the Archdiocesan Natural Family Planning office is also being promoted by Family Life.” The programs are all Catholic-oriented but are open to other faiths and cultures.

Because Heddy is very proud of her Filipino culture, “Whenever possible, I invite the Fil-Am community to Archdiocesan events. I make it a point to have our culture promoted. We have included the history of the Philippines in Catholic materials. At the installation of Michael Sheehan as the Archbishop of Santa Fe, Philippine dances, music, and songs were performed. We showcased Filipinos at Archdiocesan ethnic fairs, Ministry Congress, Youth and Young Adult programs, and Family Life dinners.

“The Cultural Dancers, the Kulintang Ensemble and the Rondalla, all performed at Family Life Workshops. Mostly non-Filipinos attend them and the response has been positive and appreciative. The placemats we used had greetings in Tagalog, Spanish, and English. The invocation had been given in Tagalog, Native American, Spanish, and English, reminding all of us different cultures can co-exist. We all need to respect and embrace each other’s cultural values.”

Heddy also makes it a point to provide support to founding members of the *Santa Cruz de Mayo* procession, Eugene and Consuelo Zafra. “This annual procession is one of the most visible Filipino events in New Mexico and it is held at the Old Town Plaza in Albuquerque. Begun in the mid-1970s, the event has grown in size. The Catholic Mass preceding the procession sometimes feature Filipino hymns. Filipino families around Albuquerque and Santa Fe congregate and choose individuals to depict the saints and angels. Afterwards, bystanders are treated to a free meal and Filipino dances.”

Heddy reminds us that families come in all different sizes, shapes, colors, and configurations. She feels their work has benefited many families of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe and says with quiet humility, “I continue to ask God to use me as an instrument in healing and strengthening families of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe.”

Dick passed away in 2006. Heddy retired in 2012.

NOTE: Based on an article about Heddy written by the same authors in a Souvenir Program about the Pamana Awardees, FANHS RG, 2005.

Religion

Fr. Gil Mangampo: The First Filipino Priest in the Diocese of Gallup

By Tessie J. Ordoña-Greenfield

Before the arrival of the Spanish, many Filipinos were animists and they believed that all things in nature had souls and a consciousness. When the Spanish colonizers arrived in the 16th Century, they converted the lowland Filipinos into Catholics and transformed the religious beliefs of its people.

During the colonial reign, Spanish friars did not treat their converts fairly. Although they ordained Filipinos as priests, they did not give the Filipinos the same privileges and discriminated against their wards. In 1872, such inequities came to a head. Three Filipino priests--Fathers Mariano Gomez, Jose Burgos and Jacinto Zamora--rebelled against the Apostolate. At the heart of their movement was a call for Filipino independence from Spain. The rebellion, known as the *Gomburza*, was quickly quelled. The priests were garroted but their execution only served to further ignite a national rebellion against Spanish rule.

Filipino religious orders have always been active in uprisings against political injustices. After Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos declared martial law in 1972, Cardinal Archbishop of Manila Jaime Sin appealed to the Filipino people to march in the streets to protest against the Marcos regime. Following the assassination of Benigno Aquino in 1983, Archbishop Sin became an influential leader of the People Power Revolution. He advocated for peaceful protest through prayer and non-violent confrontation. When the government deployed military tanks against demonstrators, priests and nuns alike bravely shielded the crowds from their armaments. One of those priests was Father Gil Mangampo.

Father Gil was born in Manito, Albay, Philippines on November 5th 1961. He is the seventh of nine children born to Tomas and Florentina Mangampo and has six brothers and two sisters. One of his youngest sisters, Josephine, also chose to pursue a religious life and became a nun.

Father Gil recalls that at the very young age of seventeen, he knew he wanted to become a priest. "I decided to become a priest right after high school," Fr. Gil relates. "I was influenced by my best friend's brother, Father Menguito. He asked if I wanted to be a priest and I said, 'fine.' That was it!"

When Father Gil turned eighteen, he and his best friend, Eugene, took the test to enter the seminary. It was Father Gil's first step to becoming a priest. "It was not easy. There was a rigorous admissions test for seminarians. It was difficult, but in the end, my desire was stronger than any written test scores."

After admission, Father Gil spent one year learning the basics of Philosophy at Christ the King Seminary in Manila. He then transferred to the University of Santo Tomas to study Arts and Sciences, a prerequisite to priesthood. His parents could not afford the tuition at the University of Santo Tomas. "I was fortunate to find generous Filipino benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. League," Father Gil says. "The couple had nine 'adopted' sons that they sponsored. We all lived with our

foster parents during our college years at Santo Tomas. Although we were not related by blood, we all grew very close.” They all remain in contact and Father Gil visits them and the Leagues whenever he goes back to the Philippines.

In 1987, Father Gil applied to the United States as a seminarian. “I traveled with ten other Filipino seminarians and, together, we entered the U.S. Of the group, only I chose to remain. My very first activity in the States was to take ‘enculturation’ or cultural immersion courses at the University of New Mexico, Gallup Branch. In these courses I studied about the Hispanics and the Native American culture. It also afforded me the opportunity to polish my English. Three months later, I was ready to do postulate work and study Theology.”

At first glance, one could easily mistake Father Gil for a college senior or a high school teacher. His boyish looks, small 5’4” frame and a soft-spoken manner hide his years of experience. As a seminarian, Father Gil was assigned to Lincoln Hospital in New York. There he worked with AIDS patients and in a nursing home for the disabled. He remembers, “Most of them felt neglected. Some, especially the AIDS patients, were very angry at God because of what had become of their lives.”

Gradually, Father Gil’s visits eased away their loneliness and despair. As he got to know them and their families, he became emotionally attached. “It became very painful for me to attend to their suffering only to see them pass away. The time came when this became too much for me to bear. Thankfully, with the encouragement and support of my brotherhood, I returned to New Mexico to renew my emotional state of mind.”

On June 8th 1991, Father Gil was ordained at the Sacred Heart Seminary in Gallup. At the time, he was the youngest of more than twenty priests of the Diocese. Shortly thereafter, he returned to New York to work at the Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn. “I resumed my role of taking care of AIDS patients. This time around, however, I was better prepared to cope. I had received clinical pastoral education and this helped me better understand the spiritual needs of the dying. I learned to help them accept their situation and to attain an inner peace before death.”

In 1999, these experiences prepared him for another tragedy. In Littleton, Colorado, he attended to the needs of students who witnessed the shooting of their classmates during the Columbine High School massacre. “It was very devastating for these young people to lose a friend, a classmate, a schoolmate in such a horrific manner,” remembers Father Gil. As part of the healing process, several years later Father Gil and another priest enlisted students from Columbine to help in a landscaping project at Guadalupe Park in San Rafael, New Mexico. School administrators pitched in by raising funds to purchase cement and other landscaping supplies as well as providing for the transportation of 20 students, ranging from freshmen to seniors. With the assistance of the students, the park was finished in one week.

Because of a critical need for priests, Father Gil returned to New Mexico at the end of 1999. “In Grants County, parishes were closing their doors because there were no priests to minister to the congregations,” Father Gil says. “For three years, I shuffled between three rural parishes in Milan, San Rafael, and San Mateo. On Saturdays, I would celebrate mass at St. Vivian in Milan. On Sundays, I traveled to the church at San Mateo to give mass at seven in the morning. By nine,

I was offering mass at San Rafael. At eleven, I was back at Milan to offer yet another mass. It was all in a day's work for me!

“Living alone in a foreign country, adapting to a new culture and speaking another language were a few of the things I had to contend with when I came to the United States. It wasn't until 1992 that I was able to meet and socialize with other Filipinos. There were ten to fifteen Filipino families in Gallup. Because we were so few in number, we became very close. We would get together and share stories over Filipino food. We would try to have lots of Filipino parties because we looked forward to eating Filipino dishes, especially with rice. It is the staple food in the Philippines.

“I remember that it was at one of these gatherings when the small Filipino community decided to form a dance group. It was comprised of ten members. I was the only male dancer! We would perform at cultural events and it showcased our Filipino culture and tradition.” The Filipinos in Gallup became a very important part of Father Gil's life because they became one of his only links to the Philippines and his family.

Father Gil was the pastor of the Santa Rita Church in Show Low, Arizona. “Show Low is a small town but there were quite a number of Filipinos. They are mostly teachers at the Apache Reservation at Whiteriver.” Father Gil remembers all too well his experiences of working as the only Filipino in a foreign country. “Since many of the Filipino teachers were working for the first time outside their home country, I had taken them under my care; like a shepherd tending his flock.”

The challenges faced by the teachers at Show Low are offset by the generosity and kindness of Father Gil. According to the teachers, “Without Father Gil, our life in Arizona would be difficult. We are eternally grateful for his kindness and sincerity. For us, Father Gil was not just our pastor but a dearly beloved family member.”

Fr. Gil is now a chaplain at St. Mary's Medical Center in California.

Photos



Agriculture: Nick Balido (left) and his father, Bert



Agriculture: Simplicio and Josephine Galbiso



Agriculture: Pete and Mary Margaret Gorospe



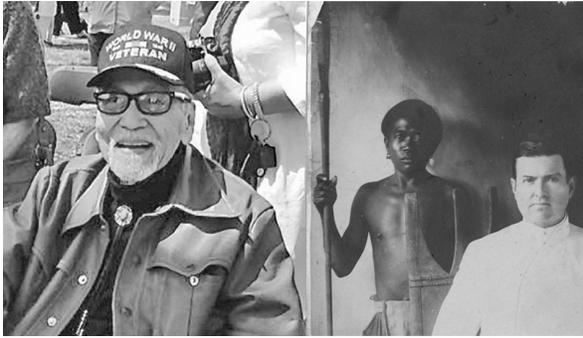
Education: Dely Alcantara (left) and Nnette Boucher



Education: Helen Manzanillo (left) and Myrna Tsinnajinnie



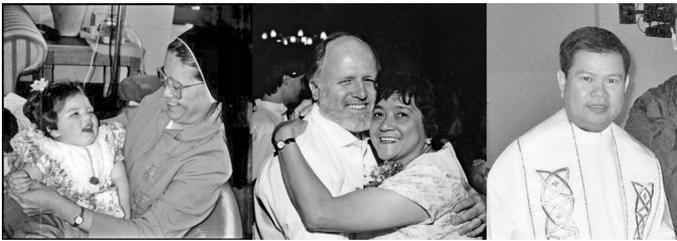
Medicine, from left: Chol Aquino, Dr. Jose Martinez, and Dr. Faith Ventura



Military Legacy: Atilano David (left) and George Curry (taken in the Philippines, 1906)
Photographer: M. Martinez, Courtesy of the Palace of the Governors Photo Archives (NMHM/DCA), Neg #152650



Military: Cris (left) with the Underwoods, the couple that adopted him



Religion, from left: Sister Jo Gorostiza, Dick and Hedly Long, and Fr. Gil Mangampo



Military: Eugene and Chito Zafra

The photos used for the eBook version were provided by: Chol Aquino, Nenette Boucher, Atilano David, David Galbiso, Filipino American National Historical Society Rio Grande (FANHS RG), Galbiso Family, Gorospe Family, Long Family, Sister Jo Gorostiza, Fr. Gil Mangampo, Helen Manzanillo, Dr. Jose Martinez, Palace of the Governors (New Mexico) Photo Archives, Tsinnajinnie Family, Underwood Family, Faith Ventura, and Chito Zafra.

The book version has 80 photos. To purchase the book, visit: www.pinoy-newmexico.com (Click on “Fil Am Experience”).

Book Project Members

Contributors

Adélar (Dely) Novino Alcántara, Ph.D., see Education Sector.

Consuelo (Chol) Aquino, see Medicine Sector.

Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield is the past president of FANHS RG (2005-2006). She has written more than 30 articles about Filipinos in New Mexico for the Brochure *Philippines-New Mexico Connection*, Filipinas Magazine, Pamana Heritage Awards Souvenir Programs, FANHS RG newsletters, and this book. She wrote and produced a video: *Tales from the Philippines* (1997) and a book/DVD *Puppetnettes: Philippines (Puppet Plays and Puppet Making)* (2007). For ten years, she has maintained her website, www.pinoy-newmexico.com, for the Filipino Americans in New Mexico.

J. Richard (Dick) Long worked as the Chairman of the Math Department at the American School in Makati, Philippines. He and his Filipina wife, Heddy, went to New York, Brazil (where they started the Marriage Encounter), and New Mexico where they continued their involvement in the Marriage Encounter program. He co-wrote the article about Heddy when she received the Pamana Heritage Awards in 2005. Heddy noted that Dick, who was of German descent, was a faithful husband, a dedicated dad, and a proud granddaddy. He passed away in 2006.

Evelio Sabay is the past president of FANHS RG (2003-2004) and Filipino American Foundation of New Mexico (FAFNM) (2012-2013). He and his wife, Florence, are active in the medical mission for Worlds Apart One Heart in the Philippines.

Josephine (Galbiso) Stevens, see Agriculture Sector. She passed away in 2010.

Myrna Manuel Tsinnajinnie, see Education Sector. She passed away in 2007.

Rod Ventura is the past president of FAFNM (2006-2007) and a past board member of the New Mexico Asian Family Center (2007-2014). He currently serves as a board member of the Asian American Association of New Mexico and a trustee on the Filipino American Community Council. He received his undergraduate degree in Communications from Cornell University and is a graduate of the University of Colorado School of Law. He is licensed to practice in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, North Carolina and the Navajo Nation. He currently works as an attorney for the State of New Mexico. He is the brother of Dr. Faith Ventura.

Crisanto (Cris) Underwood, see Military Sector.

Editorial Consultant

Theodore Jojola, Ph.D. is a Distinguished and Regents Professor in Community & Regional Planning, School of Architecture & Planning, University of New Mexico (UNM). He has a BFA

(Architect) from UNM, Masters (City Planning) from MIT, and a PhD (Political Science) from University of Hawaii. Ted, who is of Isleta Pueblo descent, is the Director of the Indigenous Design and Planning Institute. He has designed the exhibits for FANHS RG and the Bataan Corregidor Memorial Foundation of New Mexico and is the recipient of the Bravo Awards and the New Mexico Historical Society Award. He also co-wrote the article, *The Military Legacy of New Mexico and the Philippines*, with his wife, Dr. Dely Alcántara.

Editors

Aggie Dagucon is a former editor with The Laufer Publishing Company in Hollywood, CA. She has helped edit the FANHS-RG newsletters and Pamana issues. She is a daughter of late Fil-Am pioneers in New Mexico, Petronila and Pedro Dagucon. Formerly in management with Kaplan Career Institute, Aggie is now with Southwest Acupuncture College in Albuquerque.

Daphne Arnaiz DeLeon, Certified Archivist, received an M.A. in American History with a subspecialty in Archival Management from the University of California at Riverside. She has been a member in good standing of the Academy of Certified Archivists since 1998. Ms. Arnaiz-DeLeon was the Director of the New Mexico State Archives and Historical Services Division, whose mission is to preserve the permanent public records of New Mexico and to provide access to them. These records include Spanish and Mexican colonial documents dating from the sixteenth century. She is currently residing in Dayton, NV and serves as the Nevada State Librarian.

eBook Format and Cover Designer

Kristelle Siarza works for the Garrity Group, a PR firm. She has engaged in interactive marketing since 2006 and creatively executed social media community. She has worked for The Albuquerque Journal, Clovis News Journal and the Greater Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce. She is an active member of FANHS RG and the Filipino American Foundation of New Mexico. She is pursuing her Masters in Business Administration at Lewis University.

Book Project Coordinators

Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield, see Contributor. She also formatted the printed (book) version.

Emilie Underwood is the past president of FANHS RG (2007-2008). She has been active in the Filipino community since the early 1970s when she and husband, Cris, helped found the Filipino American Association (now called the Filipino American Foundation) of New Mexico. She was the chairman of many major Filipino events in Albuquerque including the Filipino and Asian American Conference of the National Federation of Filipino American Association (NaFFAA) Region 6 in 2005 and the 14th FANHS Biennial National Conference in 2012.

Pearl King and **Cora Romillo**, FANHS RG president and treasurer, respectively, facilitated the financial aspect of the book and eBook projects.

Filipino American National Historical Society Rio Grande Chapter

Officers (2013-2014)

Founded: September 16, 1998
(The 20th FANHS Chapter)

President:	Pearl King
Vice-President:	Dr. Dely Alcántara
Secretary:	Emilie Underwood
Treasurer:	Cora Romillo

Executive Committee (Past and Present Presidents)

Dr. Dely Alcántara	1998-2000
David Galbiso	2001-2002
Evelio Sabay	2003-2004
Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield	2005-2006
Emilie Underwood	2007-2008
Pearl King	2009-2014

FANHS Rio Grande
www.pinoy-newmexico.com
(click on "FANHS RG")

www.facebook.com/rgfanhs

FANHS National
www.fanhs.net

Activities (Past & Present)

Awards (Biennial) (See list of awardees.)

Pamana Awards: The *Pamana* (heritage or inheritance in Pilipino) Awards are given to Filipino Americans in New Mexico who have contributed to advancing the positive Filipino American image and culture. The *Pamana* Awards are also given to New Mexicans who have supported the Filipino community.

Manoa Youth Award: This award (and a scholarship fund) is given to a Filipino American high school student in New Mexico. Runners up receive the Certificates of Achievement. Dr. Dely Alcántara and Dr. Ted Jojola of the Manoa Cultural Diversity Foundation sponsor this Award in honor of their son, Manoa.

Hosting:

FANHS RG hosted the:

14th Biennial National Conference of the Filipino American National Historical Society in Albuquerque, June 28-30, 2012. More than 200 participants from 30 FANHS chapters attended.

FANHS National Trustees' Meeting held at the UNM Zimmerman Library, 2003.

FANHS National Conference (Biennial):

FANHS RG members participate in and/or present papers or workshops at the FANHS National Conference.

Oral History Meetings:

FANHS RG has held 20 Oral History meetings since 2003 featuring Filipino Americans. FANHS held joint projects with the University of New Mexico History Department (2003) and the Albuquerque Historical Society (2008).

Joint Activities (Past and Present):

FANHS RG, the Filipino American Foundation of New Mexico (FAFNM), and the Bataan Corregidor Memorial Foundation of NM (www.bcmfofnm.org) commemorate the **Bataan Death March** at the Bataan Memorial Park in Albuquerque in April annually.

FANHS RG and the **National Hispanic Cultural Center (NHCC)** had a joint **Exhibit of the Manila Galleon Trade** (2008-2009) and an **Oral History Workshop** (2008). Also, the Philippine flag is one of the countries displayed at the NHCC that features countries with Spanish influence and history.

Publications/Exhibits/Workshops:

Brochure: *The Philippines-New Mexico Connection and the Migration of Filipinos to New Mexico*, 2005.

FANHS RG Newsletters, 2000-2002 & *Pinoy Roadrunner* (with FAFNM), 2005-2007.

Pamana Awards Souvenir Programs featuring articles about the Awardees (Biennial issue), 2000 to present.

Exhibits: Filipino Americans in NM, Bataan Death March, and Veterans of NM 200th & 515th Coast Artillery.

Workshops: Oral History Workshop, 2001; Cultural and Historical Workshop for Teens: Southern Philippines' Dances & Music (*kulintang*), 2013.

List of Pamana Heritage and Manoa Youth Awardees

Manoa Youth Awardees

2000 Roan L. Velasco

2002 Kristelle Siarza

Certificate of Achievement: Elizabeth Gladden

2005 Ronadel (Ona) Ronquillo

Also recognized were two Fil-Am teens involved in the Tricklock Theater Co. Manoa Teen Apprentice and Ensemble Performance Project sponsored by the Manoa Cultural Diversity Foundation: Shannon Rogers (writer) and Amanda Machon (actress).

2007 Sarah Allison Rogers

Certificates of Achievement: Kirsten Bowman, John Patrick Custodio, & Krystal Fournier

2009 Jami Abdullah, Amberle Durano, & Sima Greenfield

2011 Carlo James Aragon

Certificates of Achievement: Josh Rowden, Ethan Sabay, & Mirinisa Stewart-Tengco

Pamana Awardees

Personal Achievement

2000 Celia Tomlinson

2002 Raymunda Aguila Van Hoven

2005 Melvic (Bong) de Gracia

2007 Stan Agustin

2009 Dr. Faith Ventura

2011 Jessica Pascual

Community Service

2000 Sr. Josephine Lantin de Gorostiza, FdCC

2002 Potenciana (Nenette) Boucher

2005 Heddy Long

2007 Jim and Betsy Custodio

2009 Perli Cunanan, Evelio & Florence Sabay, Myrna Samson

2011 Chuy Martinez

Cultural Heritage and Historical Contributions

2007 Ligaya White

2009 Cristal Everette

2011 Tessie J. Ordoña Greenfield

Educational Contribution

2000 Adelfa Samson

2002 Fras Sabay

2005 Cora Romillo

2007 Gigi Carlson

2009 Armeli Quezon
2011 Ester Tambor

Special Categories

Lifetime Achievement

2005 Dr. Jose Sacramento Martinez
2007 Adélar (Dely) Alcántara, Ph.D.
2012 Juanita Pascual

Special Media Recognition

2009 Mary Ann Orate

Pioneers (2000)

Consuelo (Chol) Aquino
Carmelita Balido
Lynda Berdin Bruce
Pedro & Petronila Dagucon
Maxima deLien
Thelma Fournier
Bert Gatan
Fely Lopez
Godofredo Manuel
Divina Padilla
Ernesto Quilban
Gloria Smith
Josephine (Galbiso) Stevens
Teem Suelto
Cris & Emilie Underwood
Gerry & Tessie Villalongja
Consuelo (Chito) Zafra

Endnotes

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- ³ Alcantara. op.cit.
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- ⁶ Top Ten English Speaking Countries (2013, January). Retrieved from <http://www.mapsofworld.com/world-top-ten/countries-with-most-english-language-speaker-map.html>.
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- ⁸ Orosa, M. *The Philippine Pensionado Story*. Retrieved from http://www.orosa.org/The_Philippine_Pensionado_Story3.pdf. p.3.
- ⁹ Borja-Mamaril, et al. op cit. pp. 193-194.
- ¹⁰ Filipino American National Historical Society Rio Grande. (2000). *The Pamana Heritage Awards 2000*. Albuquerque, NM: FANHS Rio Grande. p. 12.
- ¹¹ Borja-Mamaril, et al. op cit. p. 118.
- ¹² This stands for United States Army Transport.
- ¹³ MacArthur, D. (1964). *Reminiscences of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur*. Annapolis, MD: Bluejacket Books. p. 15.
- ¹⁴ Retrieved from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arthur_MacArthur,_Jr.
- ¹⁵ Retrieved from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Douglas_MacArthur.
- ¹⁶ Manchester, W. (1978). *American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur*. Annapolis, MD: Bluejacket Books. pp. 130-132.
- ¹⁷ Retrieved from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_J._Pershing.
- ¹⁸ Hening, H. B., Ed. (1958). *George Curry 1861-1947, An Autobiography*. Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press.
- ¹⁹ Stands for Figlia de la Carita Canossiana.
- ²⁰ DOVES: D= Develop a ministry to deal with the loss; O= Offer ourselves willingly to help; V= Visualize hope which can become a reality; E= Educate our communities about new developments in the Church; S= Support each other spiritually, emotionally, and physically through the healing process.