

## Voices of Dixon: Eulogio Ortega

From the book  
**Voices of Dixon:**  
**Oral Histories from the Embudo Valley**  
Interviews and Editing by Harvey Frauenglass  
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**Eulogio Ortega**  
(b. 1917)  
Dixon Elementary School Principal (Retired)  
Santero  
Interviewed January 9, 2003

### From Ranch House to School House

I was 85 on December 28th. It was a wonderful celebration. We have some neighbors here who have a home in California and go back and forth. They gave us a party, also for a friend whose birthday was the 31st of December. José Griego from Embudo came and played the guitar and sang. My wife, Zoraida, and I have been married for sixty years. I was born in Las Vegas, New Mexico December 28th, 1917. There were thirteen children in our family. My mother had died when I was twelve, and that was hard. When I was fifteen or sixteen we moved from my father's ranch, way up in the mountains, to Las Vegas, which was probably the worst move we could make because on the ranch we had cattle, we had horses, we had chickens, we had pigs. We planted and we had a lot to eat. But

my father got a job in Las Vegas so we moved to Las Vegas.

Then the Depression came along and it was terrible growing up then. At nineteen I wanted to join a CCC camp (Civilian Conservation Corps), but my father said no; I had to continue my education. I went to New Mexico Highlands University (in Las Vegas) for a whole year. I used to wash windows and sweep floors to pay for my tuition because we didn't have the money to pay tuition. At the end of the year I got a certificate to teach. In those days you could teach with one year of college. I started teaching way up on Gonzales Ranch, which was on one of the mesas above Las Vegas. I was so lonely up there because it was such an isolated place. There was no running water. In fact, there wasn't any water. They had not been able to drive a well. People had to have *cisternas*, cisterns. The houses all had pitched roofs of corrugated steel and the runoff filled their *cisternas*. That used to be their drinking water. Then in the winter they would collect snow.

### From Social Worker to Soldier

I taught all grades. Then in the third year I became the principal. I didn't want to stay there, but I had to help my dad because he couldn't get a job. In those days, during the Depression, you might get a job for one dollar a day, thirty dollars a month. So I took an examination for a position as a social worker. They accepted me, but the position was in Albuquerque. I wanted to get out of that place, so I took the job and became a social worker in Albuquerque. I was about twenty-two. I was mostly working with aid to dependent children. It was a sad job. I used to interview mothers whose husbands had left them or who had gotten divorced and they used to get forty dollars a month in aid. My salary was eighty (laughs), eighty dollars a month.

When I was fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen I had gone to a citizen military training camp in the summers. We used to go to El Paso (Fort Bliss) and we used to get paid a little and get transportation. It was nice to go to El Paso (laughs) and play soldier. I guess people

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“up there” in Washington knew that maybe something was coming and they wanted to prepare young people. By that time I had met my future wife at Highlands University. I told her I thought I was going to be drafted and we decided to get married. Then came December 7th, 1941. Pearl Harbor. I remember asking, “Where’s Pearl Harbor?” Some one told us it was in Hawaii. That was big news, the Japanese attacking Pearl Harbor. I told my wife, “I don’t think the war’s going to last very long. Japan is ten thousand miles away. They attacked Pearl Harbor and they left. I don’t think they’re going to come here, to New Mexico.” Which they didn’t, anyway. So I said probably the war wouldn’t last more than a year or so. I was drafted almost immediately after Pearl Harbor. I went in on January 6th. And the war lasted four years.

### Friendship

When I came back we settled in Velarde because my wife is from here. Eventually I started teaching again and I organized the first high school in Gallina NM and that’s where I met Robert and Carolyn Grant. He had just graduated from Yale and Carolyn had come from a prestigious girls’ college. So here they come to teach in Gallina, fresh from a beautiful life. They had been to France. They had had a beautiful apartment in New York. You know where Gallina is? It’s about fifty miles west of Abiqui Dam, up in the mountains. Well, they had never been in a place without running water, without plumbing, without electricity—no electric lights. And when Robert came to Gallina, he thought all you had to do was go into the class and the kids would just listen to you and behave themselves. He hadn’t thought about discipline and he had a hard time with that. Carolyn also taught school, the first two grades. Anyway, we actually had a wonderful time. On weekends we would get together. He would have a little wine. Carolyn would cook for us. Finally, Robert decided he didn’t want to be a teacher. They moved away. Then, fortunately for me, there was an opening in the Dixon school. I applied and got a job there and stayed for twenty-three

years. I retired in 1975.

Robert and Carolyn lived in different places—El Rito, Española. Then one day Robert asked me if I wanted to go with him to Costa Rica. He had heard a lot about Costa Rica. It was in the summer, so I said I would go with him. We went to Costa Rica and Robert liked it. That was the first time I ever saw a banana tree. The place was so beautiful. They call Costa Rica the land of eternal spring. We stayed there about a week. When we came back, Robert got his family ready. He had this old van and he said they were going to take off.

I remember the morning we went to tell them goodbye. At the time they were living in Santa Fe. I think they had five kids. I asked him, “Eee, Robert, aren’t you scared?”

He said, “I am. But something tells me I have to go.” He always felt he was guided. “I have to go. I have to go with my family.”

Well, they started down the Pan-American Highway and they kept on going till they got to Costa Rica. They stayed for about two years. Robert was teaching English in one of the colleges. Then one day I heard a knock at the door. And there was Robert. He gave me a big hug. “What happened?” I said.

“Well, we came back. And I would like to live somewhere close to where you live.”

“There isn’t any place here in Velarde, but I know a place in Dixon.”

He said, “I would like to my kids to be able to go to school where you are the principal.”

I knew at the time that the Brown place was for sale. They stayed there for twenty years, and I had his kids in school all the time that I was there. They were all so bright.

(Note: Robert and Carolyn Grant lived in Dixon for twenty years. Robert has published short stories, essays, and two novels, *The Important Thing* and *Regenesis*. “My Apples”, one of the stories set in New Mexico, won an O. Henry Award for Best American Short Story in 1957. Some stories have been reprinted many times.)

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Robert Grant: My connection to New Mexico goes back to my grandfather who ran the general store in Abiqui. My uncle was president of El Rito Normal School. We met Eulogio at the briefing for teachers in the county school system. Then when we got to Gallina, there he was, the principal. Though we only stayed there one year, we have been friends ever since.

Carolyn Grant: We got together with Eulogio on the weekends when the roads were closed and he couldn't get home to his family in Velarde. I remember that he read widely, especially philosophy and literature—all of Teilhard de Chardin, and Thomas Merton, for example. And the Russian novelists. He read more than Bob, and Bob read a lot.

### The Dixon Years

When I started at Dixon there was a lot of tension between the Presbyterians and the Catholics. In fact, the conflict led to the Dixon case, a suit that went all the way to the New Mexico Supreme Court. This happened just before I arrived. At that time the Dixon public school was located on Catholic Church property. The teachers were Catholic nuns, well-educated and excellent teachers, and they included morning prayers and religious teaching in the classrooms. Dixon Presbyterians and other non-Catholics objected to their children receiving Catholic instruction in the public school and having these teachers paid with public funds. The court decided that the nuns could teach but they could not wear their habits in the classroom and they had to remove the religious pictures and crucifixes from the walls. Then the archdiocese told the board of education to build its own school on public land.

Much of the money to build the new Dixon public school was donated by Arthur Montgomery, a geologist who owned the Harding Mine on the road to Peñasco. Local people also donated money to build the school. What was the public school behind the church then became the Catholic school. And the Presbyterians had meanwhile set up their own school in the Mission Building. Now Dixon had

three schools. And with so much tension between Catholics and Presbyterians when I came, I said, “Eee, what am I getting into?”

The first year I was there, I was a teacher. The Legislature had passed a law requiring every school principal to have a master's degree and an administrative certificate. I had both but the principal at the time, Delfino Valdez, who was very well liked in the community, had only a bachelor's degree and no administrative certificate. When the superintendent told me that I was going to be the principal and Delfino would have to step down, that bothered me. “Delfino and I have become good friends,” I said. “I hate to take over his place.” But that is what happened.

Delfino took it very badly. I told him that I didn't want to take his job. “But if I don't, the superintendent said they would have to get someone else.

“You're going to have a hard time, Mr. Ortega,” he said. “The people love me. And when school starts next September there's going to be a boycott. You watch. And you're going to make things worse in the community.”

I said, “I don't know, Delfino. I need a job also. And they have given me this opportunity.” So I told Mr. Garcia, the superintendent, that I would accept the position. I was afraid there might be a boycott, but nothing happened. In fact, I became good friends with Lydia Zellers who was one of the principals in the Dixon case. I have always gotten along with people. I never liked to take sides, even in politics. That's probably why I lasted so long as principal in Dixon. Before that, if you weren't in the right party, you'd be out. I got along well with people in Dixon. Mrs. Zellers and her group really supported me. Everybody went back to school in the fall and everything settled down.

About Delfino. There's a saying in Spanish, *De un mal, viene un bien*. “From something bad comes something good.” Delfino left the school. He went to Albuquerque and got his MA and became a counselor at the vocational school there at a higher salary.

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### Open Classrooms

When I became the principal, I started to make some changes. I could see that the kids were bored with the traditional teaching, especially the fifth and sixth grades. So I asked the teachers, “Do the students have to go into class and sit in these rows?” They had to just sit there all day long and not being able to talk to somebody unless they went out for recess. So I worked with the fifth and sixth grade teachers, Aaron Griego and Gene Martinez, to build an open classroom.

We had a large auditorium with a stage for putting on plays. We converted part of this to an open classroom. We put the desks along the walls and separated them into small cubicles using plywood dividers. And then in the middle of this big room, probably as big as this whole house, we set up a lot of tables with chairs around them. In one corner there was a small library. On Monday mornings the students would come in and meet with their teachers and decide what they wanted to cover that week. They would plan what they would do in English and arithmetic and so on. Gene and Aaron were perfect teachers for this. If a student wanted to get help with something, or just visit with a friend, he could. Or just go and read. They could move around. They didn’t just have to sit in one place. And there was perfect order in the room. At the end of the week the students would go before the teacher and show just what they had done. If they didn’t finish everything for the week, the next week they could start where they left off.

It worked so well! Students were happy because they could move around. The talking wasn’t a problem. And when they wanted to work on their assignments, they could go to their own desks along the walls. There was a big article on the open classrooms in the Rio Grande Sun, and my wife just found it the other day. Of course, you had to have teachers who worked well together.

Before I started the program, I had a meeting with the parents of all the students. The other day Ron Richardson, who was one of the Dixon parents, called me. He said, “You know, Eulogio, I still

remember what you told us that day. I remember that you stood on top of a table and started talking to us as though we were kids. You said that teachers sometimes need to do something and say something to kids that they will never forget. And I will never forget that.” (Laughs.) And that’s exactly what I wanted from the teachers. The students were wonderful. Yes, some gave us trouble. One boy ended in prison. But the program worked.

### The Benefactor

Anything I needed for the school, Arthur Montgomery would help us get it. When the school was built, it was heated by an oil-fired furnace. He asked me if it wouldn’t be better to heat with natural gas. So I found out how much it would cost and he paid for it. And any Dixon kid who wanted to go to college, he would finance them. He was a wonderful man. I understand that his family left him property in Florida that was a bird sanctuary. Eventually he gave it to the state of Florida. He gave away practically all his money to different things. He didn’t want to be a millionaire. Robert and I used to visit him in Trinidad (Colorado) in a nursing home. He was not actually in the home itself. He rented a place nearby, but he would go in and help serve the people. He was there for about three or four years.

Arthur belonged to a religious group that had members from Los Alamos and other places. He invited Robert and me to some of their meetings. Maybe there would be ten or twelve people, meeting in different houses. Each person was supposed to select something from the Bible and at the meeting you would read what you selected. That’s all you did—just read your piece, from the Old Testament or the New Testament. There was no discussion, just the readings. Then the hosts would serve coffee and then we would go home. I don’t remember the name of the group. He was very faithful to the group. Eventually he moved to Albuquerque. I think he died there. If he were still alive he would be in his nineties now.

I remember that at one time he used to come here to my house every week to learn Spanish. “Eulogio, I want you to teach me

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Spanish,” he said. He arranged to come every week at a certain time. He wanted to know how much I would charge. I said no, but he was very strict about that. “I have to pay,” he said. I didn’t know what to say. I don’t remember how much he paid. So he came and it was mostly conversation.

### A Visitation

You know, when we had meetings I used to tell the teachers, “I’m called the principal. But I’m not the principal. The principal in this school is every teacher in every classroom. The school will run without me. I can go down to the central office. Or have coffee. But you can’t. You have to be there all the time. Some of the principals today think they are God Almighty. (Laughs) They lord it over the teachers. I always stood back. I always told them, “You’re the principal.”

At one time some top people from the Presbyterian Church came to visit the school. They said they had heard some very good things about the public school in Dixon “and about you, Mr. Ortega.” They spent a week with us, visiting classrooms and talking with teachers and students and looking at our program. They told me they liked what we were doing and therefore they were going to close the Dixon Presbyterian School. They did close it and we got all their students.

### Bobby’s Story

The Presbyterians had had a good school with well-educated, dedicated teachers, mostly from the East. But I had some wonderful teachers also—Ida Archuleta, Jennie LeDoux (her sister), Aaron Griego, Gene Martinez, and Senaida Sisneros.

Mrs. Sisneros had a son with a neurological disease. It was very sad to see how much he suffered. I think he only went to school for two or three years. Then he started falling down. He went to Carrie Tingley Children’s Hospital for treatment. The family lived in

Cañoncito and I used to go visit Bobby. He was in a wheel chair. Over time his spine curved and twisted and he was always in great pain. But every time I appeared he gave me a great big smile. He was a remarkable child.

After he died I told Mrs. Sisneros that she ought to write a book about Bobby. It would be inspirational for people suffering. We used to get together at noon and talk about Bobby. But she always said, “I’m not a writer. I’m just a teacher.”

Finally I said, “Would you like for me to write the story?” I always had a desire to be a writer. In fact, I wrote a novel about *cañones* that I never sent to publishers. It was more or less autobiographical, about when I was in the Army. She thought about it for a long time, and then she said okay. So I said this is what we’ll do: we’ll sit here at noon or whenever you want and you write me little notes about Bobby, including everything you can tell me about his illness. She wrote her notes and then we would get together and talk about them and I would write my own notes. She was a very good writer. She gave me many notes and we had many conversations—I wish I had had a tape recorder. Well, I started writing and got about a hundred fifty pages of rough draft. But there were so many things that were not about Bobby, mostly about her own life, about her divorce, and about Manuel, her second husband. I told her we were going to have to cut a lot of the material. We just wanted to concentrate on Bobby. Finally, it took me about a year to get all the notes together, and I don’t know how many years went by until I got done. Finally I reduced it to about seventy pages. I showed it to my friend Robert Grant.

“It’s a beautiful story,” Robert said. “But you know, Eulogio, generally people don’t like to listen to such heart-breaking stories.” Anyway, we sent it to a few publishers that he knew, and it came back. Then Mrs. Sisneros read about these publishers that the writer pays for publication.

“I would like to have people read the story of my son,” she told me, “and I would be willing to pay for the publication.” I told her to

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go ahead.

We talked about the title. I remembered her telling me that whatever happened, however much he suffered in his short life (he died at nineteen), Bobby never cried. Except once when they had taken him to Carrie Tingley for tests. The doctors wanted to take some bone marrow from his spine and they drove the needle into his spine and he just sobbed. "I could see the tears in his eyes," she said, "and it broke my heart." But that was the only time. So she titled it *Bobby Wouldn't Cry*, by Senaida Sisneros, as told to E. D. Ortega. We had some very good reviews, but the book did not sell too well.

I remember going to the library in Española and I found *Bobby Wouldn't Cry* in a locked case along with books that were very valuable. "How come our book is in that locked case?" I asked the librarian.

"I understand that we had ten copies," he said, "and people just stole them." I wondered who might have done that.

When the book came out, Benito Chavez, who was supervisor of schools in Rio Arriba County, ordered a hundred copies and gave them to all the schools in the county to go in their libraries. I don't know if they are still there.

Did you read the book *Tuesday With Maurie*? Well, when I read it I kept thinking about Bobby Sisneros. And I really liked the movie. I remember the time Maurie said, "I hate to get to the point when someone is going to have to wipe my ass." And finally it came to that. I don't know if Bobby's disease was the same as Maurie's, but it reminded me of Bobby's suffering. And you know, I'm eighty-five and I've had heart problems, and now I have macular degeneration and I can't read, but I re-read *Maurie* several times, and I always used to say that nothing I have experienced so far compares with what he went through, or what Bobby went through.

*Maybe someone should make a documentary about Bobby's life, based on your book.*

Eulogio recites:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen

and waste its sweetness in the desert air  
Full many a gem of purest rays serene  
the dark, unfathomed oceans bear..."

Do you know who wrote that?

No.

I forget the rest, but to me that is about Bobby. He was unknown, like an unseen, beautiful flower.

### Retirement

In 1975 I discovered that by combining all my years of teaching and the four years I had served in the Army I would be able to retire the next year. In those days you had to have thirty-five years teaching, but if you went back to teaching within a certain time after military service, the two times could be combined. So I made up my mind, but I didn't tell any of the teachers because I didn't want them to influence me. They all liked me. I could have stayed there longer. I really surprised them when I said, "I'm not coming back next year." They wanted to give me a party. I said I didn't want a party.

Of course our retirement was pretty good in those days. When I retired, I was getting seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. That was a lot of money. My retirement was half of that. Today a school principal gets at least forty thousand, but New Mexico is still low compared to surrounding states. Anyway, I retired and Tony Vigil became the principal. Right away he put the desks back in straight rows.

*So everything went back to the way it was?*

Right, the status quo. And now I understand there are only about sixty students in the school. When I was there we had about a hundred fifty.

### Another Career: Santero

When I retired I said I was going to devote my time to the farm, sell apples, go to the farmers' market, and I did that. And I was going

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to read all the great books I never had time to read before, like *The Conquest of Mexico* and *The Wealth of Nations*. I loved the Russian writers, Tolstoy and, especially, Dostoyevsky. Dostoyevsky to me was the greatest and I was going to read all his books. Then one day I saw a news story in the Rio Grande Sun about someone having stolen the statue of San Rafael from the Santuario in Chimayo. I said to my wife, "Who would steal a Santo?" It was a beautiful statue done by one of the great master woodcarvers of the time, José Rafael Aragon. It was in a nicho in the Santuario. And you know those old carvings are very valuable. They are expensive and it is very hard to get one. They are all in museums or private collections. I am fortunate to have two old carvings. The story in the Rio Grande Sun said there was a reward of \$500 for the return of the statue.

Well, I have a major in art education. I took classes in sculpture and painting and ceramics to get my master's degree in art. So I said to my wife, "I'm going to carve a new San Rafael and just give it to the Santuario." I started carving and had the body done when the Sun published another article that said San Rafael had been returned. A girl showed up with the original. She said she had found it in the dump. I don't know if she got the reward. Maybe she was in cahoots with some older guy who stole the statue. I don't know the rest of the story, except that I was halfway finished with the replacement and now the church didn't need it. But woodcarving was fascinating to me. I visited some of my friends who were also carving, like Felix Lopez who was a carver and a teacher at the high school. I started reading about the first settlers bringing carving to New Mexico and doing the religious images for their chapels. The history and the actual carving was so interesting to me that I finished San Rafael and did some others. By then my wife had retired from teaching and started weaving.

### Building the Chapel

Then my wife developed cancer. And she made a promise to Our Lady of Guadalupe that if she got well, she would build a chapel. So

one day my wife said, "Why don't we build a chapel? You're carving the Santos and I'm painting them, and I'm weaving. This would be a good time."

I said, "You know, Zoraida, that's a good idea, but I'm not a builder. And we just don't have the money to hire somebody. Unless we could build a little grotto, a little grotto in the orchard."

"No, I'd like to have a regular chapel, like they have up in Truchas and other places."

"Well, we'll see," I said. I was not a builder. Then one day three boys were coming down our road looking for work. They were from Mexico. They talked to Zoraida and Zoraida brought them over to me. I remember one of them. His name was Montserrat, a French name, but he was from Mexico, real tall, about six one, with big hands. I started talking to them about building a chapel.

Montserrat said, "Oh, we build a lot of walls for homes and chapels in Mexico. We can build it for you, 'specially if it's for Our Lady of Guadalupe."

Zoraida said, "There you have the workers." (Laughs)

Well, the boys were willing to work for very little, so finally I agreed. First, they wanted to know what size. I wanted a really tiny chapel, but my wife kept saying no, a little bigger. Montserrat said it would be nice to make it an even twelve by twenty-four. So we decided on that. Then we needed rocks for the foundations. We used to go along the highway with a truck and they would fill it with rocks. This was about twenty-two years ago. You can't do that now. They dug the footing and we got the cement and they built the foundation. And then I went to see my friend in Alcalde who makes adobes—what's his name? He's a wonderful man. He came from California and now he sells adobes all over. So he made the adobes for us and we brought them over in my trailer. Then the boys built the walls and framed in the windows in the shape of a cross. Then I went to Truchas to get the vigas. They completed it in less than a year. They did most of the work, but I did the ceiling. When they finished, we needed the altar screen. How was I going to build an

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altar screen? Well, I went to look at churches in Taos, Rancho de Taos, Truchas, and Trampas to see how altar screens used to be built. I got a general idea, so I bought the lumber and started building. I made it with eight panels and the crucifix in the center. Zoraida did all the painting. She paints my Santos, too, because I am a little color-blind. Finally it was finished and I was proud of it; it looked pretty good. Then I applied ten coats of gesso to the walls, and it was completed.

“Here it is,” I said to Zoraida. “You wanted a chapel.”

You know when the first settlers came here, they would build their homes and then they would build a church in the middle. And they would decide which saint they would have for the church. There were many, but the most popular was Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico and the New World. They also liked San Rafael because he was the patron saint of travelers, and St. Joseph, holding a little baby. Our Lady of Sorrow was also very popular. Of course St. Anthony—he’s the saint who finds things when they are lost. And San Ysidro, the patron saint of farmers was very, very important because the settlers were all farmers. Santo Niño de Atocha—that’s supposed to be the Christ as a little boy. When the Moors occupied Spain they put many people in dungeons. The story is that Christ would come disguised as a little boy with a basket and the Moors let him go into the prisoners. So he was the one who brought in bread and water. So these were the saints Zoraida painted on the altar panel. It took her a year to finish it. She did a beautiful job.

“That chapel has transformed our lives.”

We have had visitors from every European country. I remember a visitor from the Prague museum. And we’ve had visitors from almost every state, and from Japan. So many visitors from all over, and they write to me. I have a big box full of letters telling us how beautiful the chapel is, and how seeing it has helped them. I have a feeling that people are always looking for something about the meaning of life,

about the mysteries. You know, life is such a mystery and we don’t really understand what it is about. But we know we should feel lucky that the Almighty, for his own reasons, chose you and me to be here. And there is only one of you. You are unique in the universe. And he chose all of us to be here for whatever his purposes.

We had a couple from Denver whose daughter, at twenty, had lupus. They wanted to come to the chapel and pray. They brought a picture of their daughter.

I remember, one day, it was raining, and a couple drove up. I opened the door and told them to come in. The man went into the weaving room with my wife. They were interested in weaving, not in Santos. I stayed with the wife in the sunroom. And I said, “I’ve seen you some place. You must be from New Mexico.”

“No,” she said, “we’re from New York.”

“New York? I know I’ve seen you somewhere. Well, what does your husband do?”

“He works for CBS.”

“Oh, for CBS.”

“For ‘Sixty Minutes.’”

It was Morley Safer. He’s an interesting guy. A chain smoker, but so gracious and sociable. He looked all over the house. His wife said he was used to going to any corner of the world at the drop of a hat. But we’ve had many people like that. And some keep coming back.

Bonnie Hardwick was a professor from Berkeley. Her husband was a weaver. When he died she was looking for a good home for his loom. She brought it all the way from Berkeley and installed it for Zoraida. Every time she comes to Santa Fe she comes over.

### Remembering Dixon

When it came time to hire a secretary for the school, I hired Beulah Archuleta. I keep in touch with her. She still asks me, “How come you hired me? So many people wanted the job. And there were so many girls prettier than me.”

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“Beulah, you were such a good student. And you were smart. That’s why I chose you.” I know there was another woman who wanted the job. She was the wife of someone who had a lot of political power. But fortunately the administration went along with my choice. Beulah was a good secretary and she stayed on until she retired. And I

admired her family. Her father was brilliant. He had a wonderful memory. He would say, in Spanish, “In the year 1934...” and he would remember dates and names and all the details. He had a very retentive mind. Luis Archuleta. His son Walter was a very smart student. And he just got his PhD.

You remember Horacio Valdez, the famous woodcarver in Dixon? He died about five years ago. His daughter Veronica married Jacob Martinez. Jacob Martinez is such a wonderful carver himself that I tell him that the spirit of Horacio is working through him. I want to show you three of his carvings that I have.

Many of my students have gone on to get advanced degrees and gotten good jobs. But I don’t know if getting a good job is going to make you happy. Life is such a mystery. Now I’ve come to the point where in order to be something I have to be nothing. (Laughs) In the end what counts is my relation to God.