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By Dick Darcey, Staff Photographer

JOSE, JULIANA AND JUAN VALDES  
. . . they babbled excitedly—and the students babbled back

# *Area Youths Do Odd Jobs to Give Cuban Family a New Start in Life*

Sunday turned out to be a beautiful day for starting a new life.

All the signs were favorable as Jose, Juliana and Juan Valdes stepped off the Miami plane at National Airport. The sun was bright, the breeze was mild and there was a smiling reception committee of a dozen or so youngsters from the Senior High Fellowship of the Wheaton Presbyterian Church.

The members of the Fellowship had spent the last three months of their spare time painting houses, washing cars and windows, doing all sorts of odd jobs to raise the money to make it possible for the Valdeses to come here from Miami, their home since they fled Cuba more than a year ago.

The young people had raised some \$200, which, added to the \$300 the church had left over from sponsoring an Indonesian family earlier, was enough to meet the cost of resettlement.

"Think of it. They don't even know what we look like or who we are," one girl said as the youngsters waited in a reception room for their family to get off the plane.

"Don't forget, we don't know what they look like either," another girl answered. "Aren't you nervous?"

Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg was meeting someone on the same plane, and brushed by the doorway. None of the young people noticed.

Finally the Valdeses got off, smiling, babbling excitedly and hugging the students. The students babbled back, but the noise of an airplane warming up nearby made it impossible to hear anything.

Once the Valdeses had retreated to the quite of the waiting room, Morton Simmons Jr., 17, told them he already had set up several job interviews.

Jose Valdes, 34, had operated IBM calculating and accounting machines for the

Cuban Electric Power and Light Co.—and in Miami had worked as a hospital janitor.

His wife, 40, had been a cashier and secretary for the electric company, and lately has been studying beauty parlor work. Until they find jobs and a place to stay, they will live at the home of Arthur G. Suffron, 13908 Bauer ct., Rockville.

"It's a moment very emotional for us," Mrs. Valdes said. "This moment is the same as when we left Cuba.

"Tell them you're happy, too," she said in Spanish to her nine-year-old son, Juan—who speaks better English than his parents. But Juan was too shy and merely smiled.