

AFFIDAVIT

The State of New York

County of Monroe

I, Virginia (Ramirez) Miller of Monroe, New York,
(name) (county) (state)

MAKE OATH AND SAY THAT:


(See attached page)


STATE OF New York

COUNTY OF Monroe

SUBSCRIBED TO AND SWORN TO BEFORE ME,

on the 25 day of September, 2020

Signature:  (Seal)
Notary Public
My Commission expires: 10-29-2022


(Signature of person making the statement)

CHRISTOPHER KIRSCH
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 01K16382706
Qualified in Monroe County
Commission Expires Oct. 29, 2022

My mother was Petra Alva Pino. She was born in Carrizozo, New Mexico on March 23, 1923 and grew up on the family ranch just outside of town. Gregorio and Reymunda (Silva) Pino raised their six daughters and son in a two-bedroom house made of adobe mud. The family lived a humble life on the ranch, raising a dozen cattle or more. In those simpler times without television or radio, family stories were important. Mama, like her brother and sisters, became master story tellers and family historians.

While mama is now gone, I have very vivid memories of the stories she told us time and time again. We never tired of them. I remember how she told of rain being collected when she was growing up. It was the only water used for cooking and drinking. It was precious! She praised it for washing hair, as well. In fact, one time I remember her collecting rainwater at our home in Tucson and making soap in a large pot over a campfire in the back yard. As she did so, she recounted how her mother did the same when she was growing up.


Two or three times a year we would journey to Carrizozo to visit mama's brother, Presiliano Pino, and his family who continued to live at the ranch. The three of us children would run in and out of the house, playing with our cousins and stopping occasionally to listen to the adults. I remember being very thirsty one time and going to the kitchen faucet with a tin cup. Aunt Esther stopped me and told me that the well water was not fit for drinking. She indicated that if we were thirsty, we'd have to get rainwater from the metal bucket on the counter. Using the long-handled ladle from the bucket, I filled my tin cup and drank deeply. It was so cold and delicious. I can still remember the cold, slightly tinny taste and how the cup dripped with condensation.

I'm sharing these stories with you so that you might see how life in the middle of "nowhere" in the central desert of New Mexico had real value and meaning to thousands of unsophisticated people in 1945. As you consider the bill before you, I urge you, as our representatives, to do the right thing by the Tularosa Basin Downwinders. After 75 years, I think it's time. Thank you.

Respectfully,

Virginia (Ramirez) Miller

9/25/2020

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CHRISTOPHER KIRSCH
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