

UPWARD BOUND MISCELLANY

1966

The UPWARD BOUND MISCELLANY is written and edited by the students of Upward Bound at Stanford, a summer program for East Palo Alto students, a program begun by Stanford graduate students and supported by the Federal government.

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for Syrtiller -
really I should give a
hug and kiss, or a poem -
You know we couldn't have survived
without your love and wisdom -
and I have no way of thanking
you for that -- love, 1967.
I'll be at University College,
Univ of London -

SUCH IS LIFE

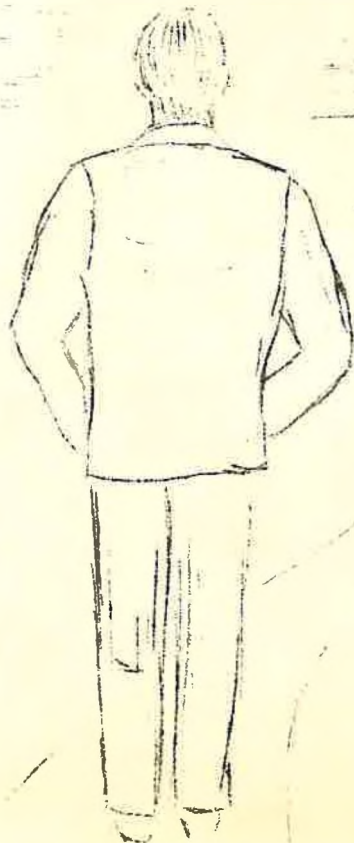
Such is life, like the first breath of life
Such is life, hate, contention, strife

From the first, man asks why
From the first, man must die

What is love, like that of brotherhood
What is love, sensuality, good

What am I, but a man
What am I, a spirit

--Lucille Kong



UPWARD BOUND

I feel "Upward Bound" is a very stimulating program for those who use it to their fullest extent. This is my second year attending the program, which was started last year. Last year I was very interested in furthering my education, so I signed up for the Upward Bound Program. I went along doing all the work required for quite a while and then, like many of the students attending for the first time this year, I found out Stanford had such a beautiful student union. I started spending much of my time down there and was having the time of my life. I was having more fun in their beautiful pool room and luxurious bowling lanes than I had in the classroom.

I realized when school started that September that sharpening my eye with a pool stick and building up my average in bowling weren't the tools which were going to build my grades for college. By me spending my time in the bowling alley I missed the importance of the program. If they had a college for playing pool or bowling, I would have been a sure student, but since they don't, I'm back again learning what I should have learned last year.

This year is more benefiting to me, in that I can look at the mistakes I committed last summer and try not to commit them again. I also realize what the program "Upward Bound" stands for. "Upward Bound" stands for students progressing upward to a higher level of learning. Am I? I think I am "Upward Bound" because of what I've achieved while attending it.

I feel this year's program is more beneficial because we're living on campus and are more exposed to the college atmosphere. Also tutors are available to us for our weaker or more interesting spots. With all the available sources open to the students of Upward Bound, there is no reason why all students in the program cannot progress upward to a higher level of learning.

To all the students who have another chance to attend Upward Bound again, don't throw what is available to you at the bowling alley. Take it from me --your bowling average isn't going to get you into a college. Don't sleep through your classes, because you'll wake up and find the program over before you realize it. Take pride in what is brought before you and grasp it before it's gone. You can play so long and then it's time to work, and Upward Bound is not a playing time. Continue to learn as much as possible and progress "Upward Bound."

-- Greg Kendall

INTERVIEWS WITH THE STAFF

—by Rhoda Williams

RYAN PRAISES CAMPUS LIVING

Dr. Lawrence Ryan, Director, was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. He attended St. Thomas University and did his graduate work in English at Northwestern University in Illinois. He would like to continue teaching at least twenty more years. In his spare time Dr. Ryan enjoys gardening and camping. He likes music (especially Stravinsky, Beethoven, and Mozart), opera, plays, hiking with his family and kids, the mountains (more than the ocean), traveling, and lots of time to read. He dislikes: people who complain about the teenagers, the New York Yankees, and motors that run too long, such as Freddie Smith (joke).

Dr. Ryan feels that Upward Bound could be a success if it could keep on going year after year. He feels that it is a good idea for the students to stay on campus; it is a good chance for boys and girls to see what they really want to be. He thinks that the kids should set up their own rules within limits. He would like the kids to get tutors to help them during the year and to return to the program next summer. He would like them to find a new outlook on education.

CHARLOTTE FINDS STUDENTS, STAFF EXTRAORDINARY

Charlotte Irvine, Administrative Director of the Program, was born in Jamestown, New York. She attended Cornell University where her major was Philosophy and Psychology. Charlotte would like to continue working on the Upward Bound Program. She is interested in revision of the California Constitution and she is now working in the California Legislature to do this. Charlotte likes literature, the outdoors, and traveling. She dislikes discrimination and war.

Charlotte thinks that Upward Bound is very valuable, and that the kids are the best thing about the program, that they are extraordinary. She feels that the staff has learned a lot from the students and she values the staff for their own self-direction; each teacher has his or her own method of teaching. Charlotte thinks it's great.

BERNIE URGES SERIOUS STUDY

Dr. Bernadine Allen, Psychological consultant, was born in Olympia, Washington. She attended Whitman College and did her graduate work in psychology at Stanford University. In the future she would like to go to Asia and do research work. Dr. Allen likes art, jazz, real Chinese food, and traveling. She dislikes conservative people, war, and discrimination.

When asked about Upward Bound in general, Dr. Allen replied that the program is fun but a lot of work for the staff because the kids are goofing off. She believes that the kids have too much freedom and that less studying has been done. However, she finds the program exciting for both the staff and the students. This program will take the students through high school and into and through college.

DIARY OF FIELD TRIPS

By LINDA REDICK

June 24, 1966: Upward Bound went on its first field trip. The trip was to Mt. Hamilton to Lick Observatory. Everyone enjoyed himself. The most exciting part, I think, was the trip up there. I think mostly everyone had their eyes on the road to make sure the driver of his or her car would turn each curve safely. There were at least 500 curves. After we made it there we had lunch; then we went inside to look through this 36-inch telescope. James Lick, the founder, is buried under it. Later we looked through a 12-inch telescope. We had quite a ride home.

July 9, 1966: Upward Bound took its second field trip. The trip was to Wyman's Ranch, where we had box lunches. After lunch we went swimming, boating, and donkeyback riding. Everyone came out filthy dirty, with a few extra bumps and bruises here and there; outside of that everything went O.K.

July 19, 1966: We went to the College of Santa Clara, and San Jose. They were both lovely colleges. The only difference between them is that one is larger than the other and one is Catholic. I think everyone had a very nice time except for a few grumbles here and there about the walking.

July 23, 1966: We went to Pescadero Beach to explore some of the sea-shore animals. It was very cold at first but later it got warmer and everyone had lunch and went swimming. Such things as crabs, octopuses, sea worms, etc., were found inside the caves we explored.

July 27, 1966: Upward Bound planned a trip to U.C. at Berkeley. The tour was most exciting. They have some of their most interesting things in their museum. They have one of the largest towers in California. Mostly everyone in the photography classes brought cameras and took pictures.

July 31, 1966: (LINDA'S BIRTHDAY) The visit to the seal farm was very educational. We learned how to figure out the difference between a seal and a sea lion. It was very interesting and amusing watching the seals eat and lay around in the water. Everyone enjoyed themselves. A lot of people took pictures. It was a lovely day but a little too hot. We came back early.

PHOTO CREDITS

- Photos by the photography class -

Page 1:

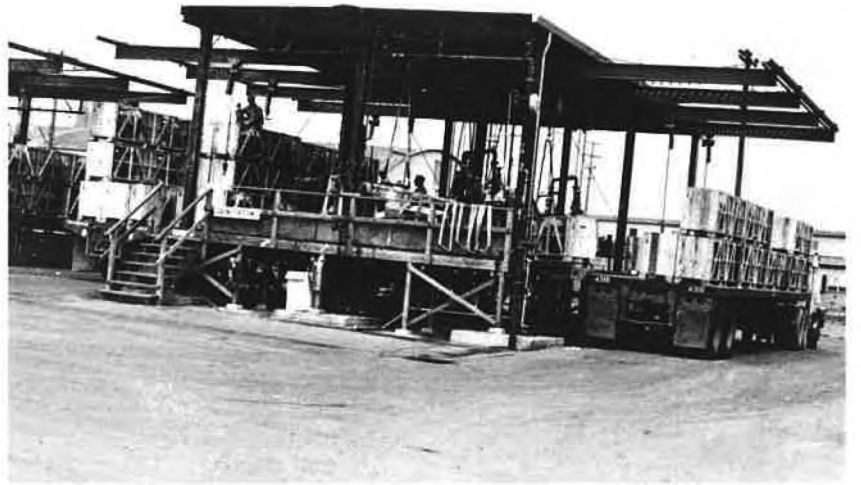
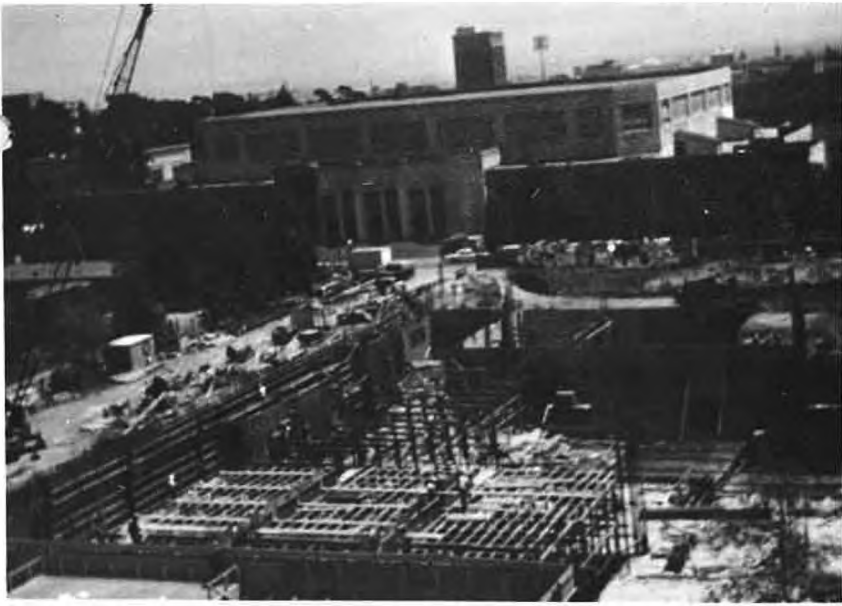
Berkeley campus.....Linda Redick
Napalm factory.....Debbie Peebles
Chinatown tour.....Mike Munson

Page 2:

View of San Francisco....Sherman Kong
Shrines on parade.....Debbie Peebles
Chinatown.....Greg Kendall
Seal farm.....Phil Bossett
St. Francis.....Debbie Peebles

Block print insets

by Lester Edward
Brenda Williams
in the art class





To Lyntiller,
My favorite teacher,
If ever I meet any
one as good as you,
I'll let you know.
Phil





INTERVIEWS BY RHODA WILLIAMS

WONDERFUL PLACE TO LEARN

Mrs. Lyda Viney, Resident Assistant, was born in Opolousas, Louisiana. She teaches piano in her spare time, and she also enjoys sewing and baseball games. Mrs. Viney wants to help youngsters to a better education. She likes semi-popular and classical music. Her dislikes are war, discrimination, and people who show little interest in bettering their education.

Mrs. Viney feels that Upward Bound is a wonderful opportunity. She says that she has learned a lot from the program and if she had the opportunity to serve in the program again, she would be delighted. She thinks the kids and the staff are great.

EVERYONE BENEFITS FROM PROGRAM

Tom Grisson, Counseling Director, was born in Huntington, West Virginia. He attended Ohio Westlayan and Columbia University and is now doing his graduate work at Stanford. Tom is majoring in History and Philosophy of Education. After finishing his graduate work, Tom would like to teach college and continue working in educational programs such as Upward Bound. Tom enjoys reading, athletics, bird-watching, and hiking. He likes girls, women of all kinds, Herbert Selby, Asparagus, soul music, the PW. (dance), Penny (his dog), and Ralph (his cat). Tom dislikes people who are tardy and Steve Peyton (joke).

About Upward Bound, Tom says that it is difficult and frustrating to try to know what we are accomplishing. He feels that the staff has learned more from the students and that the students have given more of themselves to the staff than the staff has given. He thinks that everyone is benefitting from the program, but it is difficult to know exactly how.

INTERVIEWS BY KATHY BROWN

ART IT WHERE YOU FIND IT

Mary King, Art teacher, was born in New York and went to Wesleyan University where she majored in English. Mary likes eating, photography, changes. Her ideals about what good art is are as follows: people care about visual beauty, by decorating, arrangement, making clothes, and designing different forms of art. Art is not something you go to the museum to find. Good art is something that comes directly and sincerely. Photography is an important way to communicate; persons' reactions to life and people around them can be shared through a picture. Mary feels that Upward Bound could do even more work with visual material.

NOT A VACATION

Florence Gibson, Resident Assistant, was born in New Orleans. She went to Greenville Park High School and College of San Mateo. Her interests are photography, sewing, painting, and "Mel." Florence likes the opportunities of the program, such as improving reading, for instance. She points out that college studies involve a great deal of work.

However, Florence feels that there is not enough emphasis on education in the program, that everybody, mainly the kids, feels that this is a vacation. They expect something for nothing. The kids want to change the rules and make their own, but they again do not follow their own rules.

NOTORIOUS GOSSIP EXPOSES DORM SECRETS

Slumber party: while Tricks the Rabbit was so involved in hopping up the stairs in a pillow case, she spotted a hunter peeking around the bush. HEY Steve Viney, did you find what you were hunting for?

Why was Christine and Toni's room contaminated for two days? Ask Rhoda and Donna.

Haven't you noticed?? Doesn't D.P. look like Elmer Fudd's sister?

Did you see how Mary Agnes Stockstill teases Mr. Stockstill at rehearsal? Wonder what they do when they rehearse privately?

Who says boys come cheaper by the dozen? Ask Vanessa.

Paul, are red-heads more fun?

Elaine, are you still in the NBC?

Have you ever done something and wished you hadn't done it? Well, never wake up Linda.

Who kissed K.D. in the Men's library? Sherman, you said you were scared of girls.

D.P., make up your mind! Donny, Andy, or Frank? You can't have all three.

Annie, is it hard for Danny to say "I love you" without swearing?

Kathy, just wondering if you found any bugs in your jeans lately?

Hey! L.R., who's the boy in the Wildcat? If it wasn't for the car, I could swear it was J.S.

E.C. went to the fair and V.F. bought some cotton candy.

Does D.H. like B. W. more than D.S.? If so, how did G.K. get into the picture?

Staff meetings: does it really take the staff two hours to talk about us good kids. It's probably a front for a beer party.

Greg's impression of soul: (sorry ...censored).

Smiling is a sin for Nicky Burton.

Is Dean going to break up with Lynne? (That is the question).

It's a shame to be liked and not loved. Huh, S.P.?

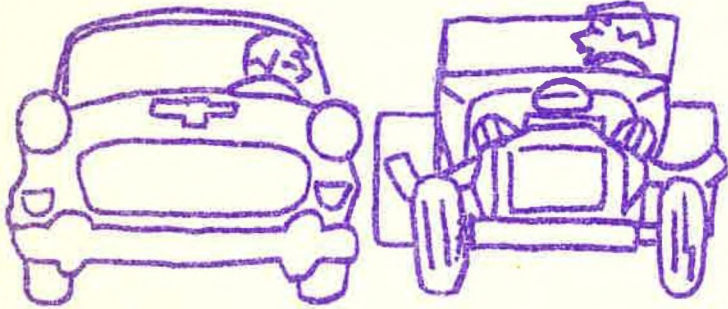
Is it true that P.B. has the temper of a kicking mule (lame)?

Keep quiet! We have a celeb in the Upward Bound program, Magilla Gorilla (David Mouton).

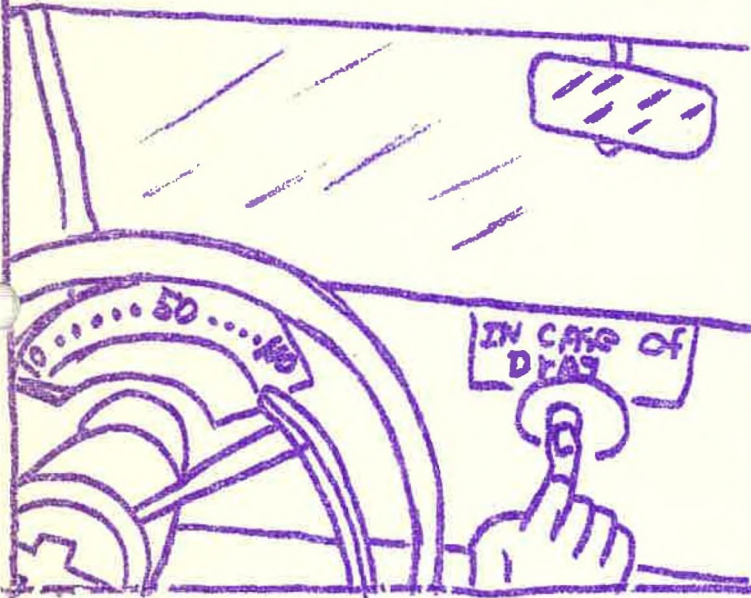
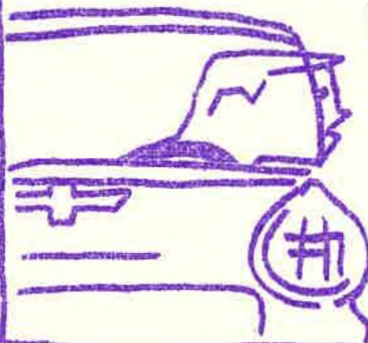
- SOUL IS being tackled by a girl in front of your friends
- SOUL IS popping popcorn on a stove that won't get hot.
- SOUL IS trying to do the Fat man.
- SOUL IS making love in the library.
- SOUL IS going natural.
- SOUL IS hitting L.S. on the knuckles twelve times.
- SOUL IS being April fooled in July.
- SOUL IS eggs every day for breakfast.
- SOUL IS hoping August 12 will never come.

When I met your husband I thought I got the whole everything, but I found out that he did everything: fair a very nice and fun person. I remember love you! Rhoda Williams

Hey Stove-Bolt
WANNA Drag?



Stove-Bolt
Huh?



you
were
SA YING



Fergit
it.



P.M.B.

SPORTS PAGE

SOFTBALL

-- by Mike Munson

The medical School had asked us if we wanted to be challenged to a game of softball or bowling. We took the softball and we beat them by a score of 19-4.

The line-up was:

	<u>Hits</u>	<u>Runs</u>	<u>At bat</u>
1. Mike	3	3	7
2. Frank	2	1	5
3. Greg	3	2	7
4. Steve	2	2	7
5. Dave	2	2	5
6. Leroy	1	1	4
7. Barney	1	0	7
8. Leon	3	2	7
9. Ed	1	1	2
10. Don	3	4	7
11. Fred	2	1	5
12. Phil	2	1	6
TOTALS	24	19	69

Home run leaders were Don Smothers, Steve Viney, Mike Munson, David Hill, Greg Kendall. Runs batted in were: Smothers 4, Munson 3, Kendall 3, Viney 3, and others were Peyton, Fair, Hill, Morgan, Frank.

We had many outstanding players in our softball game with the medical school. Greg, who played left field, had a fine day in the field. Don Smothers and Leon Fair also both had a fine day out in the field. David Hill was too busy playing in the mud to be playing ball, so he could not make the first three innings. But everybody had a fine day.

The Medical Club had some good players, too. April Greene and Dwight Williams, the brother of Rhoda, had a very good day. Dwight was playing very well in left field for the Doctors. He saved the club from disaster many times. April, who was the club's pitcher, had a fine day also. She collected three hits and drove in two runs. She also pitched a fine game.

BOWLING

In the boy-girl matches Greg Kendall and Linda Redick beat Mike Munson and Rhoda Williams. In the best of a two-game average Greg and Linda had 244 to 237 for Mike and Rhoda.

High scores for bowling are: Gary Miles 252, Munson, Fair 218, and Hill, Smothers 199, 197, Munson, Fair 207, 206, 215, Greg, 186.

--Mike Munson

MORE SPORTS

Mexican-Americans make Comeback against UB

The game started at 4:30 against the Mexican-Americans. Upward Bound started off with a three-run rally in the first inning. David Hill led off with a sharp single through the middle; then Freddie Smith slammed a three-sacker straight to center. As the game proceeded it got tighter, but the Mexicans tied it up in the second half. It stayed that way for the next two innings. The Mexicans scored once in the fifth and that was all. Then in the seventh Mike Munson singled to right to have a potential tying run on. Phil Bossett advanced Mike to second. Then Steve Viney grounded out and advanced Mike to third base. Then Mike was hit in by the next batter. In the last inning we got a man on third and two out. Fred Smith popped out at third to end the game. Final score: Mexican-Americans 5, Upward Bound 4.

Ernie of the Mexican-Americans, playing left field, had some great plays. Greg Kendall got up and hit a low line drive to left, and Ernie made a great running catch of Greg's hit. Steve Peyton caught a beautiful catch of Ernie's long drive to left; in fact Steve made a couple of great plays in left field. The infield was great also, with Berny, Mike, Dave Hill, and Steve Viney. The infield made three double plays with Dave to Steve, Dave to Mike, and Steve to Barny. The Upward Bound team challenged the Mexican-Americans to a rematch next week.

--Mike Munson

THE PAWN

The lowly Pawn wanders on and on
Thinking of rejoicement of what is yet to come,
When the lowly pawn will reach its greatest gleam;
Then the once lowly Pawn will become a mighty Queen.

--Larry Stamper

AND MORE SPORTS...

FOOTBALL: UB DECIMATES FOES IN BRILLIANT GRIDIRON SWEEP

By GREG KENDALL

On July 3, 1966, the Mexican-Americans challenged Upward Bound in an All-American game of football. At the toss of the coin we knew we were in good luck. We won the toss and elected to receive. On the first play quarterback Dave Hill called a double reverse with his blazing backs Greg Kendall, Steve Payton, and Mike Munson behind him. Hill spun around, handed the ball to Mike Munson, and Munson handed the ball to speedy Greg Kendall. With such speed, the Mexican-Americans were faked out completely and Kendall turned it on for a quick T.D.

Then, if that wasn't enough, after kicking off to the Mexican-Americans on their first play from scrimmage, Phillip Bossett plunged through their line and intercepted a pass and jogged for a T.D.

With two T.D.'s under our belt, we were determined not to give up. Our brilliant defensive line stopped our opponents cold. Those who shone on defense were Bossett, Morgan, Smothers, Viney (who blocked two tremendous passes) and Ray Jones, an outsider who played heads-up ball.

Our running game was halted for awhile, so we took to the air with Hill in charge; Hill sent Barney Morgan along and connected with him for a 45-yard pass, and Morgan grasped it and plunged over for a T.D.

With the defense still shocking the Mexican-Americans with their red-dogging, the offense was rolling on to a sure victory with a score of 21-0. Then, as if we needed it, Don Smothers took a hand off from Ray Jones and dashed for another T.D. and increased the score to 28-0.

After seeing all hope was lost, the Mexican-Americans decided to quit. It was an enjoyable afternoon for U.B. and a real team victory. Everyone went home happy, all except the Mexican-Americans!

PLAYERS:

QB - Dave (The Head) Hill
HB - Greg (Flash) Kendall
HB - Mike (The Kitty Cat) Munson
FB - Stevie (Bear) Payton
End - Steve (Hands) Viney
End - Barney (The Ankle) Morgan

Center - Phillip (Smiley) Bossett
Guard - Ed (The Nose) Gavino
Guard - Don (The Ham) Smothers
Tackle - Ray (The Terror) Jones
Tackle - Fred (Mouton) Smith

BLACK AND WHITE

Black--a dark warm color,
absorbing everything around it.

Black is the night,
god created it so.

Black--a people,
who live in darkness.

Black--something beautiful;
a swan, cat, baby fur seal.

Black--something unwanted;
a black sheep among the white.

White--a cool uncertain color,
reflecting everything around it.

White is the sky,
when it is filled with clouds

White -- a people
who live in blinding light

White -- something pure;
snow on mountains, fragrant flowers

White--uncertainty, fear, cold, lost;
a beam of light from nowhere.

Lucille Keng

INTERVIEWS WITH THE STAFF

--by Brenda Williams

EIGHT WEEKS TOO SHORT

Tony Graham-White, the Upward Bound drama instructor, was born in a London suburb but grew up in Stratford-upon-Avon. Tony teaches drama in college. His ambition is to write a few books and be a good director and be a really good teacher in teaching drama. What Tony likes about U. B. is the three cups of coffee at lunch time, the people and the staff, and the students. And he likes some of the rules.

Tony dislikes: people talking while he is talking, people coming late, people not coming, the lights in the men's lounge, and the coffee at lunch time. Tony thinks that the Upward Bound staff could live with the studentz. He thinks that eight weeks is too short and that there is too much going on; the party is starting too late.

SOCIAL SCIENCE TEACHERS

Ira Arlook was born in New York City and his ambition is to be a bum. Ira dislikes the war. He likes Upward Bound in general and is glad to have it but not again. But not because of the kids.

Dennis Sweeney was born in Portland, Oregon. In the future he would like to be a teacher or become a sandal maker. His ambition is just being real. Dennis likes talking with people and dislikes most authority figures, people who are all over you, and he wishes the program wasn't at Stanford. Dennis likes Upward Bound; he likes the classes and the movies, basketball, and Sylvia's dancing.

TRY SOMETHING NEW

Syrtiller Kabat, social science teacher, was born in Tampa, Florida. Syrtiller likes working in the Upward Bound program because she likes all of the students. She thinks that the students have a great potential for learning and are, in fact, truly intelligent, as they show when they really try to do their assignments, rather than just turning them out under pressure. She finds the students to be alert, fun-loving, and intelligent, with more advanced ideals than other students their age.

Syrtiller likes dancing and sewing, and she likes people who will try something new, which takes a lot of nerve.

She would like for the program to go on all year long and teach the students on a tutoring basis. She likes to see the students dance and have a good time and play ball. Syrtiller likes the students to stay on campus and live away from home for a while. She thinks that it is a good experience for the students of Upward Bound to take part in campus activities; also their being here is a good experience for the regular Stanford students to be around different students. She hopes that our seniors will continue in the San Mateo program and that the others will return to Upward Bound. She hopes that the students have learned how to think and that they have learned not to accept everything people say. She hopes that the students understand that to have a good education, a nice home, and a nice car is good--but that we must all fight also for justice and against injustice for all.

INTERVIEWS WITH THE STAFF

-- By Kathy Brown

A FOUNDER SPEAKS

Elaine Reuben, an English teacher and one of the founders of the Upward Bound program at Stanford, was born in Omaha, Nebraska. She went to high school in Indianapolis and attended Brandeis University in Massachusetts. She attends Stanford graduate school to study English. Elaine feels that the program has given her a chance to meet new people which she enjoys immensely.

I asked her what she feels is the most important reason for teaching English; Elaine replied that she likes to read, she likes literature, and she thinks it's important for people to learn to express themselves. The things that she enjoys doing are cooking, walking on the waterfront, going to the beach, and the many other things girls like doing. Elaine said the reason she became involved in this program was that "Igor and I were looking for a job during the summer and we were going to work in the medical school program but it didn't work so we got a program together."

ANOTHER FAMOUS FOUNDER SPEAKS

Igor Webb, English teacher, was born in Malacky Czechoslovakia. He attended Brooklyn Technical High School, Tufts University in Massachusetts, and also Stanford. Igor likes the kids and he says that he is "terribly happy" about the whole program. He feels that the valuable aspects of the program are learning something about government and our lives and getting to know people. He enjoys movies, blues music, the outdoors, the seashore, writing, and motorcycling.

TOGETHERNESS, SAYS TOM

Tom Zaniello, English Teacher, was born in New York City. Tom attended Fair Lawn High School, Tufts University, and Stanford. He likes the small classes, togetherness. His dislike is a certain lack of communication in the program. Tom enjoys reading, bicycling, and novels.

I asked him what he thought was the accomplishment of Upward Bound and also why he got into this program. To the first question he answered that it is much too early to tell the accomplishments of U.B. His reason for getting involved in the program is that "I wanted to get to know kids from East Palo Alto and Ravenswood. I like to teach and I was interested in teaching."

READING

Bobbie White, reading teacher, grew up in Michigan and attended Albion College, the University of Chicago, and Stanford University. Bobbie majored in English and enjoys literature very much. Her interests are sewing, painting, camping, raising cats, and reading. What she likes best about Upward Bound is the people, the students and the staff, and the relaxed atmosphere. She finds the students very imaginative and lively.

DONNA DISCUSSES GROUP'S PROGRESS

Donna Packer, the meal ticket girl, was born in San Francisco and attended Palo Alto High School. She went to the University of California at Davis and Berkeley and majored in diatetics. She enjoys cooking, piano, tennis, and swimming. Donna said, "I've enjoyed working with the group this summer, and I've found everyone friendly and fun to work with."

Donna feels that Upward Bound is an excellent program, that it provides the students with an excellent potential for furthering their education. She feels that the students have picked up an air of responsibility and seem to take their experience of living here more seriously than at first. Donna is to be married this month.

--an interview by Kathy Brown

GUEST SPEAKERS

During the course of the summer program, the Upward Bound students have had many guest speakers. Bob Hoover, director of the Community House, spoke to the Upward Bound students during the first quarter of the program. He encouraged all the students to get the best education during their high school years. He also encouraged high school students to take academic classes and prepare themselves for college.

Bob Summerville addressed the Upward Bound students before their visit to the University of California at Berkeley. Mr. Summerville spoke on the need for a college education and how to apply to the college of your choice. He also gave the necessary requirements and qualifications for Cal universities. He encouraged all Negroes to apply to the summer program for Negroes that is being given at Cal.

Mrs. Wilks, Mrs. Wallace, and Mrs. Watts addressed the Upward Bound students recently. Their talk was on the need for education and why they organized their organization in order to help Negro students get the best educational opportunities. The students asked questions about their reasons for wanting to phase out Ravenswood High School.

Many kids had heard of Mrs. Wilks and the Mothers for Equal Education, but never had a chance to talk to them. After the talk, the students saw a clearer picture of what the organization was driving at. Some students will attend one of their meetings on August 19.

--Rhoda Williams

THE GIG

One day as I was walking down the street I heard that there was going to be a gig over at Maria's house. As I started to walk over, I went by a Catholic Church and I saw an old man begging for some money, so I went over and gave him a dollar. When I handed him the dollar, he grasped my hand and said, "God will be good to you." When I walked away I felt that God had been good to me. As I kept walking I was thinking what the gig would be like. When I got to the gate of Maria's house I stopped and took a big breath; then I walked into the gig and started to dance with Maria. After that record, the gig broke up and I stayed after and asked Maria to go with me. She said yes and everything turned out like that old man said: God was good to me.

--by David Mouton

EVENTS IN DRAMA

Under the direction of Tony White some Upward Bound students will do two plays for the other summer programs at Stanford. The first play, "One Hundred and First," is a comedy. It is about a family who wants to win charity money for Christmas. When the list of the charity winners comes out, in the New York Times, the family does not see their name. They become the laughingstock of the building because their name was not included among the hundred families to receive charity money, later to find out that they were the hundred and first.

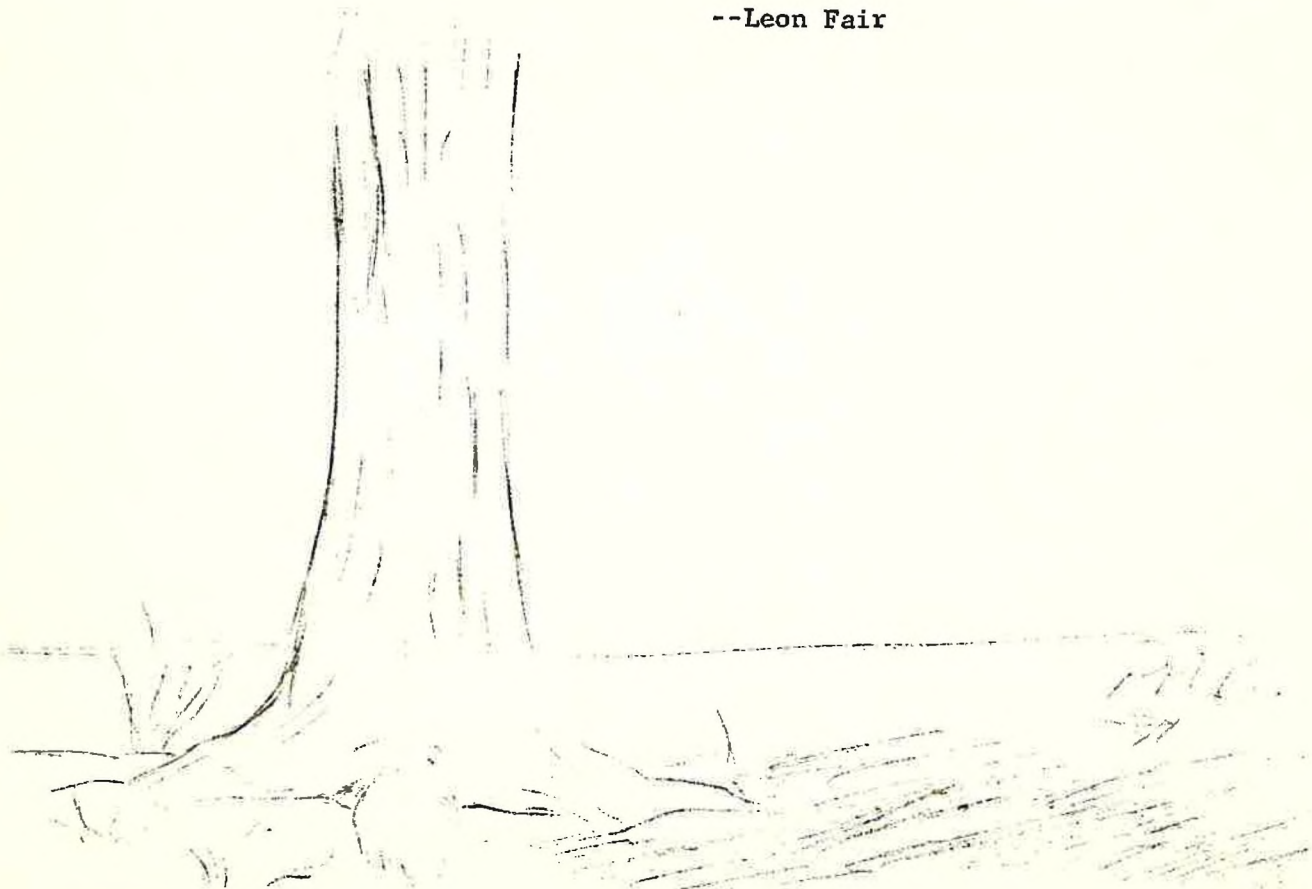
The other play is also a comedy, "Soul Gone Home." A mother is mourning over her dead son's body and the boy actually talks to her.

The Upward Bound students are also scheduled to see four plays during the course of the summer. "Misalliance" and "Death of a Salesman" have already been seen. The students will see "Six Characters in Search of an Author" and "Charlie's Aunt" in the last weeks of the program.

--Rhoda Williams

A fir tree stands
Its feathered green breaks
The gold of day,
It spreads to fall;
Then molts to a shadowed grey.

--Leon Fair



Haiku ... and other protests

Shades of civilization
man's inhumanity to man
society

Sometimes I feel that it would be
impossible to run away from it,
from sidewalks and department stores,
from apartments and supermarkets,
and my mind tries violently to comprehend
such an escape —it is impossible
I am caged in a glib society of people.

TV dinners make me sick
they make me think of domesticated
tasteless items, cellophane wrapped
in this instant world

— Dana Stevenson

P.M.D.

IN THE INVISIBLE MAN

Unknown and unseen, this man wanders through life. He is pushed and shoved like an old rag dog toy. He is ignored and he is set in his place. The white man does this the same as a child breaks a toy. He doesn't realize the damage or the loss of money. The white man doesn't realize the loss of the great minds and the great people. The child doesn't like a toy so he destroys it. The white doesn't like the Negroes, so he destroys their chances of escape. This keeps them down and out of the way.

The invisible man goes unseen and unheard. If the whites see him as a human, they must realize their wrongs. They must know all that they have done to him in the past was wrong. To face this would destroy them in little ways. So they cling to "A Negro is inferior" as an excuse to do as they please.

The invisible man sees and accepts the place whites have put him in. He doesn't mind the hole he lives in or the disrespect he gets. The hole he lives in is unique. He improved it to his taste: light bulbs all over the ceiling. His set-up is cool. He isn't bothered by his invisibility. He actually uses it to his advantage when he can. But this is seldom and scarce. He isn't bitter toward the white though he once was. He realized the hate of "the man" one night in the park. He was insulted by a white. He grabbed the white and beat him and was about to knife him. Then he saw, he saw the hate in the man so big he could not apologize to a Negro. The invisible man now stays invisible but not inactive. He is constantly on the move. Once he does come to life he will be too big to ignore. Too huge to insult. The white will have to look upon him as a man.

--Steve Viney

THE MAN

He knows, yet not all.
He fears to run so walks instead,
To watch a leaf in autumn fall;
Then turns to find himself alone,
The leaves all brown
 some withered,
 some dead.

--Leon Fair

EMPATHY: Noun, the act of projecting one's personality into that of another...

It was a very cold morning. The rain had wet the grayish walls and ground of the alley. There was something red on one of those walls, seemingly blood. Straight down from the alley was a pink apartment building. And down this desolately dark and dreary alley walked a man in a black leather jacket, black pants, and black shoes. This white man with brown hair held his head down as he passed a gash in the side of one of the buildings. Garbage cans lined the pink building, which, with its criss-cross fire escapes and white curtains in each window, was towering over the stranger in the alley like a father over his very small son.

--Sylvia Harding

Just two more days and I won't ever have to live in this dingy old town anymore. Trying to make a living for my family and bringing my children up in a slum area like this, I just can't stand the thought of it. Maybe if they tried to clean up this place, but...that's out of the question.

I've tried too many times. I don't think I can go on living this way.

--Ed Cotton

Here I am, and the sun is shining brightly. I'm beating my clothing in the same mossy water my mother had used. On the bank the weeds have grown tall. To my left is a pillar, part of the ruins of a building still standing. In back of me is the modern American ship which carries cargo from here to the U.S. and brings U.S. goods here. My dark colored dress and shawl makes me hot. I wish the day would end so I could go to bed.

--Sylvia Harding

The great white lighthouse towers majestically above the jagged white rocks on the land of the nature-built pier, a complement to the sky. The solid rocks jut out of the calm water, a limestone white with rolling slopes. Here I stand, on one particular jut, my bare feet grasped firmly onto it. Fungi and green masses creep their way upon these rocks, and looking down into the green, shallow sea, I see small fish darting about; a crab shifts its position.

--Dana Stevenson



THE WAR IN VIETNAM

The war in Vietnam seems to go against everything Americans should love. When the Americans threw out the British, it was almost the same condition. The Vietnamese want to control their own country just as the Americans did. They didn't like the British placing men over them as rulers. They wanted to run their own affairs.

Knowing the similarity of our conditions, we should try a different approach. Yet we seem to overlook all this. We support an unstable government few South Vietnamese believe in. If we were concerned about the people's welfare, we would try to find a way to help them. For example, when the elections were to be held after the Geneva Conference, we didn't make any attempt to see that they were held. I can't see how we are so much against communism that we would go against the basis of our own country. In our constitution it says a government of the people, by the people, for the people. But we don't back this abroad. I feel if a people want a government such as communism, let them have it. Even if we are so much against it, don't fight it to preserve something like Ky's regime. We should clear Ky out and all like him, and let the Vietnamese set up their own government. I'm sure that a people who once gain freedom will never be satisfied with anything less. If they choose communism and it doesn't work, then they would surely throw it out.

I can't believe in taking a young man's life, most who are too young to vote, for a senseless war that may never end. Then, the draft isn't really fair, since college students are hardly touched. I wish I could study more about the whole war, since there are lots of blanks in my mind about the war.

--Steve Viney

INTERVIEWS BY DAVID MOUTON

DON CONTINUES EDUCATION

Don Smothers, Resident Assistant, was born in Lubbock, Texas, on August 1, 1943. He likes sports, reading in his spare time, girls, and "music of all different types." He thinks that Upward Bound is good because it gives the students an educational opportunity and that the program has good teachers that can help the students better themselves. Don has attended San Mateo Junior College for two years; now he plans to transfer to a four-year college, Cal Poly at San Luis Obispo.

FAMED CYCLIST LIKES FOOD

Mr. Paul Bernard Goldstein, math teacher, was born in New York City on August 16, 1943. He likes reading, camping, kayaking, music, dancing, and eating. His favorite foods are French food and plain old good food. He has been attending Stanford University for two years. Before Stanford he went to Cambridge University in England. Paul plans to become a teacher when finished at Stanford.

RALPH SUGGESTS MACHINES

Ralph Fisher, math teacher, likes mathematics and physics; he dislikes fascism. He thinks that Upward Bound is a good program but that teaching machines and a reward system should be used. Ralph attended U.C. for two years and before U.C. he went to the University of Missouri. He wants to become a mathematician-physicist.

MY HERO

My hero would be the kind of person who was loyal to his country. But not make his country his only life. He would go out of his way to help other people like Dr. Bernadine Allen has helped us. He would have a good sense of humor and not get sore if people joke about him or about his personal appearance. He would, if of need, fight for his country but discourage political and money wars like the Vietnam War.

--Ed Gavino

LET ME FREE

We Negroes are slaves.
We're the white man's maids.
We polish his shoes
So he thinks he's a groove.

We're kept in our place
Cause that whip makes us slaves.

--Sylvia Harding

LOVE IS LIKE THE WEATHER

The reason I say love is like the blowing wind is that they both work primarily in the same fashion. Some days the wind is quite active, and some days it is unnoticed. Similarly, love is like this. Sometimes you really go out of your way to show your love and affection for a person. Sometimes you just slide along and notice the world flying past you. The wind is ever shifting and flows from all directions. Love is also like this. Maybe someone is showing his affection for someone and then suddenly, temporarily, loses interest.

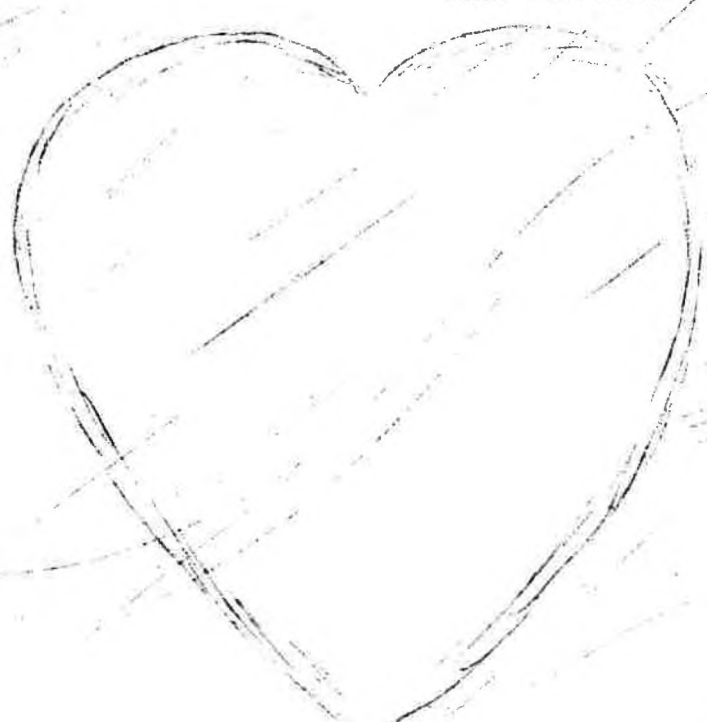
Most days seem good and exciting, but there are some which are rainy and gloomy outside, and your day is ruined. Love is the same way. If your love had been broken to little bits because of something or someone, then you feel depressed and insecure. If it is sunny and warm outside, you most probably feel good and secure. Love, again, is similar to this. If you love, and are loved by a person or persons, then you feel good and secure.

When a person sees beautiful scenery from a quiet and peaceful place, then he would like to keep it forever and ever. You feel content and secure. If you have a good love affair working, you feel content and secure, and you would like to keep that forever and ever. The weather represents mental and physical emotions. Love represents mental and physical emotions also.

--Annie Mah

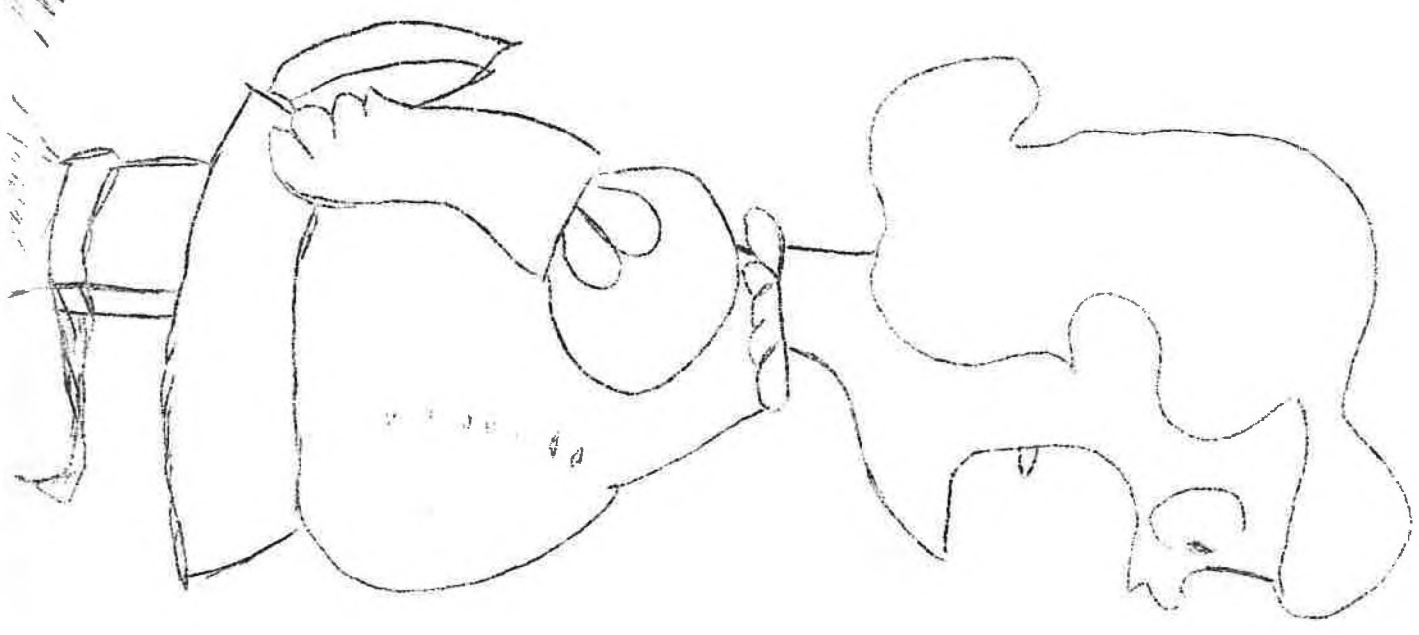
skipping lightly
in and out
tripping slightly
around about
forever turning
carried with the wind

--dana stevenson

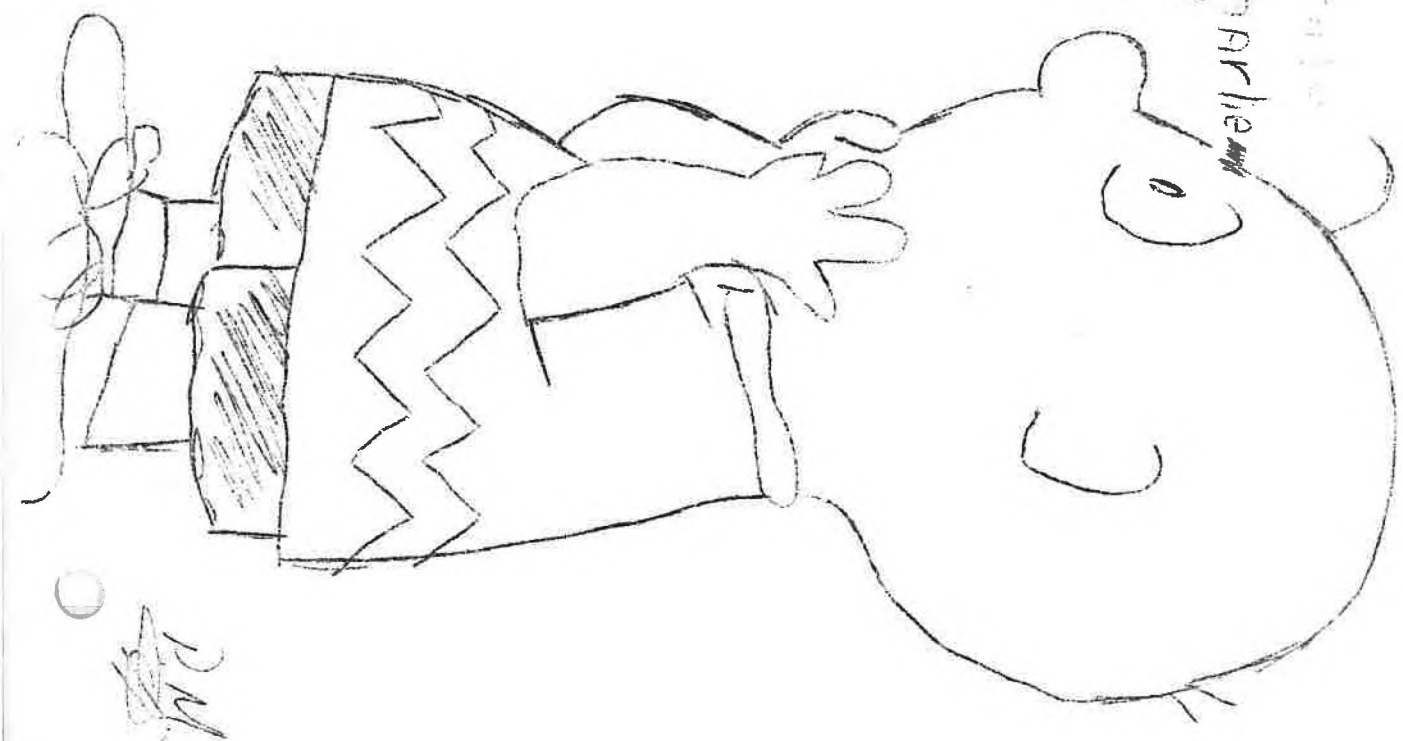


D.M. 13

Miss
Brown



You, Charles
Brown?



D.M.B.

DREAMS and FANTASIES

A BAD DREAM

I was lying in bed, almost ready to doze off, when all of a sudden something happened. I couldn't move, I just lay there. Hopeless as I was, I couldn't even scream. I was trying with all of my might to move to scream for help. "Somebody help me!" But it wouldn't come out.

There were no monsters, no creatures trying to kill me; there was nothing. Just the fact that I was entirely helpless, trying with all my might to wake up, and yet I couldn't. It felt like I had weights on my eyes, in fact, all over my body. It felt like I had a slight case of paralysis.

Something kept telling me to try and move or to try to scream, but I couldn't. If I could just move a leg I'd be all right. But even this seems impossible. It was a though I could move my lips, but my teeth were stuck fast. "Oh, won't someone please help me," I wanted to scream.

Finally, after struggling very hard, I was able to move a leg, then my whole body. I was finally able to gain control of my own body.

-- Toni Wadley

MY DEADLY DREAM

When ever I think of something all day I dream about it. One night I was thinking of me, jumping off the Hoover Tower. It started like this. My friend named Elton and I were going up the tower to look around. It looked very nice. Then my friend and I started to play around. I was just playing as if I were going to throw him off the tower. But on the sixth time I did it; he began falling down. But the next thing I knew, I was going down with him. And every time I dream about something where I can get killed, I would think that if I would finish the dream, I would not wake up anymore.

-- Freddie Smith

(I JUST HATE TITLES, SO I WON'T WRITE ONE)

I remember a long time back, I had this terrifying dream. It may not seem so bad to you now because I can't write down the words I had while I was having this dream.

I can't remember it too distinctly because when you have a bad dream, you want to forget about it.

My dream was about a real ugly, retarded-looking person chasing after me. I think that when you dream that you're running away from a person, your feet always seem to be so heavy, as if you can't even move them.

I always try to wake up after the person catches me, and, when I am awake, I always breath a deep sigh of relief.

The kind of dream I expecially like is the "flying" kind. It just looks like so much fun to soar around up there in the sky, and watch all the stars twinkling. If you ask me, I think everyone would be too "down to earth" if they didn't have dreams. Dreams give you a chance to live in the fantasy, dreamy world (like Franz Kafka...).

-- Lynne Kamlade

SESSION AT S.R.I.

To save space and time, and to do away with any confusion that might arise because of a difference in language, all meteorological data is written in code: information on the sky condition, pressure tendencies, dew point, and the wet and dry bulb temp at every hundred milibar pressure level.

One day my meteorology tutor, Mr. Serebreny, confronted me with the problem of deciphering the part of the code which contains the information on the wet and dry bulb temperatures. When I first saw what I had to do, I was overcome by a wave of hopelessness. Seeing my expression, he assured me I should have very little difficulty learning to decode it. Because of a meeting he had to attend that day, he had only enough time to go over with me some of the more important points. He then sent me to one of the assistant meteorologists to answer any further questions that I might have.

The meteorology assistant began by asking if I had any questions concerning the code. I related my questions to him and he began by drawing a chart describing the different pressure levels, the related temperatures found in them, and their code number. I had very little difficulty in digesting that, so we quickly moved on. He drew up another chart showing the value of the code number depending upon whether or not we were dealing with wet or dry bulb temps. By now I was beginning to see that the code wasn't as hard to understand as I had made it out to be. He went on to show me where in the code to find the numbers that we were interested in, and what operation to go through to translate them into their conventional value - after which he gave me some problems to work.

He seemed pleased with the way in which I handled the problems, especially when, after working only a few, I told him that I had discovered a much quicker way to do them than the one which he had taught me.

--by Leon Fair

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--by Leon Fair

AN ETERNITY OF SILENCE

--by Barbara Harry

As he made his way down the ancient stone steps that led to the dungeon of what was left of a once thriving palace, he came close to falling many times; sometimes slipping on algae, sometimes just losing his balance as a step crumbled beneath his feet. As he went down he had the feeling that he would never come up again. Not that he believed in ghosts or anything; he just had this feeling. At this time he couldn't remember anything but his being on those steps, the direction he was supposed to go in once he got down the steps, and whom he was supposed to meet.

Once he found himself at the bottom of the steps, he went directly but rather unwillingly to the first vault. The vault had been a torture chamber. The stench he attributed to algae, rotting wood and perhaps a few dead rats he soon found was not caused by these at all. Lying on the rack was a decaying body. Although he really wanted to leave the vault immediately and relieve his eyes of that horrid sight, he couldn't--he felt compelled toward the rack, or rather, the body on the rack. As he stared at the deteriorating face, he thought he could see the pain and agony this man must have suffered written there; he could almost even feel it. But, of course, he couldn't; the face had deteriorated too much.

He began to get this eerie feeling that someone was watching him. He froze, but only for a moment. He took a deep breath and slowly, very slowly, he turned. On the other side of the vault he espied a skeleton with its empty sockets focused on him.

Hysterical laughter started up and rose in volume until it filled the vault and reverberated down the long dark halls. He took to his feet and ran out of the vault. He had not run far when he realized that the laughter had not come from the skeleton or even from the decaying man, but that it had come from no one or nothing but himself. He stopped running, pulled himself together, and tried to laugh at himself; but he couldn't. His situation just didn't seem to warrant laughter.

He was glad that, at least, in his flight of terror he had taken the right hall and had not instead gone screaming down some dark hall perhaps to his death, falling into an abyss left from some cave-in of the ancient castle. The hall was lit by torches just as would have been used so many years before. It was almost as if these lights were ghosts of those that had been used before, but he knew they weren't and he didn't like the torches at all. He felt like they were his enemies. He walked very slowly and quietly, pausing at every step and listening to see if he could hear any sounds that might herald the approach of the ghost of some criminal of ancient times who had died of malnutrition chained to the walls of some dark dungeon cell.

At last he came to the point where he was supposed to turn. He was glad as it meant that his journey would soon be over and that in a matter of a very few minutes he would be with his friends and he would no longer have to walk these halls of terror. There was only one problem, this hall was pitch black. However, he thought that even that was better than those torches. He went in and began to grope around trying to find the door he had been told was there. As he did this, he began to wonder what they would do to him if they were to find out that he had told the police about their little smuggling ring. He found the door and opened it. It creaked eerily on its rusty hinges and revealed

(continued on the next page)

AN ETERNITY OF SILENCE (CONTINUED)

a sight that filled him with fear even though he had known it would be there. The floor had been painted with phosphorescent paint so that it glowed in the dark. At even intervals all along the wall of the corridor were chained skeletons also with phosphorescent paint. It gave him the weird feeling that he was walking down a path through endless space with skeletons for stars.

At the other end of the hall he opened the door upon his peers playing poker. They froze with fright when they saw him, their cards dropping from their fingers. After what seemed an eternity of silence, he laughed. Soon he began to rise up into the air still laughing. Then his image began to waver like one's reflection in a pond when a breeze blows over it; slowly turning to smoke. Then in this misty form he drifted back to his body where he belonged; on the rack.

And his laughter echoed through the halls and vaults to the deepest recesses of the dungeon.



THE STRANGE AWAKENING

By KAREN DREXEL

It was hot and the air was unusually thick around me. I could feel the blazing sun bearing down on my dehydrated brain. Sweat was pouring from my scalp and back. The sky was a brilliant yellow and great yellow birds flew above me.

I tried to stand up but fell on my back with my face against the green moss of the desert. "If only I could get up," I cried. But everytime I struggled to stand, something brought me back to my knees.

I had no idea of where I was or what year or day it was now. So I lay with arms over my face and tried to remember all that had happened the day before.

It started out a usual day of orange juice and toast for breakfast. I had been reading the editorials in the Gazette when a loud siren blast sounded: it got louder and louder and higher and higher. I ran into my study and slammed the door behind me. Thank God I had soundproofed everything in the whole room.

It took a few moments to wear off the shock when I realized the sound was coming in through the door. I quickly grabbed some paper and rags and stuffed the door with them. I sat down at my desk and started to write an article for the paper. I was chief correspondent for the New York Times. I must have been writing about an hour before I pressed my hand against the side of the wall and noticed that the vibrations had stopped. I took the rags and paper out of the door very slowly and opened the door.

All the windows in the place were broken, all the glassware and dishes, pottery and pictures shaken off the wall. "Jesus Christ," I shouted angrily, "somebody's going to hear from me." I grabbed the phone and dialed operator. "Hello...Hello" I screamed into the mouthpiece--no answer. I pressed the receiver a few times. "Hello"...still nothing. I banged down the phone. "Damn telephone." I lit a cigarette and walked across the room. Then I was really hit hard.

Out the window all the telephone lines were down, windows were broken all over the place, antennas toppled, everything in an almost desolate destruction. I ran out of the house to the Walker's who lived next door. They were pretty nice people. The type that always want to find a girl friend for you. They must of had about eight or nine kids. I walked up on their front porch and knocked on the door (even though it was wide open). "Mrs. Walker... Jean...Dick...where is everybody?" I barged through the doorway and tripped on something; I fell right on my face. My face hit against the floor, causing the broken glass to cut my flesh. I turned my head and saw one of the kids' arms just laying there. She was lying with her face toward the floor. I turned her over and there was blood all over her face. Her eyes were wide open and bulging, her mouth was open, and I could see her tongue all blue and swollen, hanging halfway out of her mouth. I closed her eyes, but rigor mortis had already set in, so there wasn't much I could do for her. I swallowed hard and got up and walked all over the house looking for the rest of them. I finally found all of them: all looked the same and all inevitably dead. I got up and ran out of the house and down the street. All over the place people were dead. Dogs, cats and horses, all stiff and still standing in positions as if they had been frozen.

I ran and ran - I don't know why except that if I stopped I thought I would be like them too. I ran all the way out of town and fell against a hillside, out of breath and tears running down my face. I lay there against the hill; then I heard a scream and I found out it was mine. I was bawling and yelling and pulling the grass out of the hill. I was sure I had gone

THE STRANGE AWAKENING - continued

completely mad. Then as suddenly as it had started, I stopped. There was a low rumbling sound and it shook the very ground I was on. There was a flash of blue and everything went black. That's all that I remember and Here I am under a yellow sky in the middle of a black desert. As I said, I don't know what year it is; but I know I have been out here in this desert for years, for my hands are old and my beard is grey. By all rights I should have died many years ago because I have received no nourishment, but somehow I feel that I am not alone out here. I know sometimes at night I hear sounds and something walking by me and poking or something being done to me.

All I know is that I am in a living death: not dead and not alive. Just an object. One day, maybe centuries from now, I'll get out. I'll break the glass that surrounds me and escape. For what I don't know, but at least I'll have done something for myself.

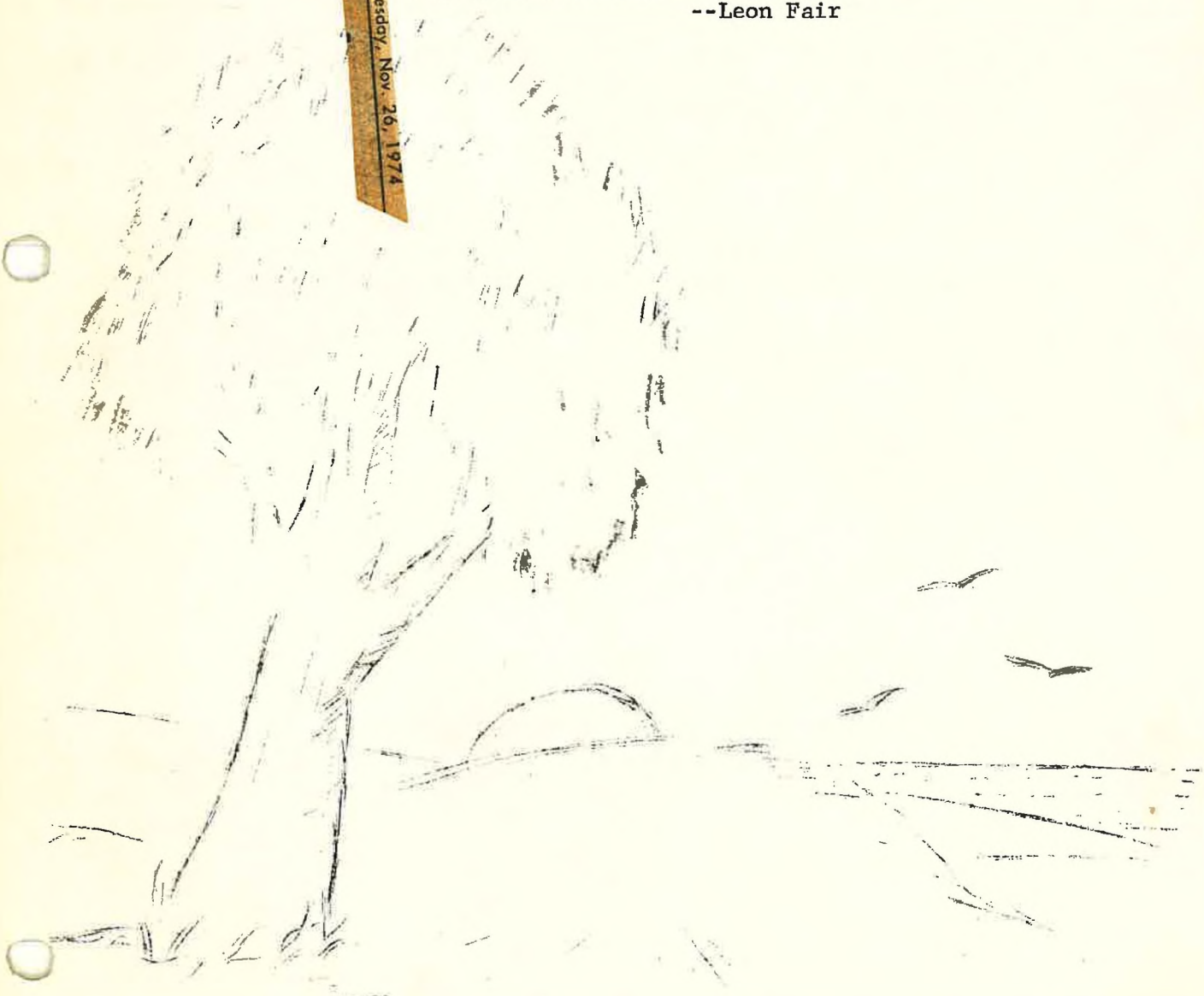
Dew stains the grass, clinging stubbornly
Lest the dead be forgotten.
Life flows onward; it lifts the sun
Each morning - It wipes away the dew.

by Leon Fair

The sun climbs up the tired hill.
The shadows heavy with night
Seek mossy feet - then lie still.
It reaches upward with withered light,
To grasp the shield of liquid blue -
A far flung dream of God,
That drips with thoughts of morning dew;
They quench the mind of God.

--Leon Fair

PAUL ALI LINES, Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1974



PM/5