

"Don't talk to me about East Palo Alto. That
Community is twenty years ahead of the country."

Dr. Richard Frost
National Director
Upward Bound

In the winter of this year the staff of Upward Bound decided by a majority vote to discontinue the Upward Bound Program at Stanford. Because of insufficient funds from both the Federal Government Poverty Program and from the University, the staff felt that it could not serve enough students in the East Palo Alto, East Menlo Park area to have any positive impact on the level of education at their high schools. A majority of the staff felt that the Upward Bound Program had instead a negative impact as it was used too often as an excuse by school officials for not implementing needed programs within the high schools themselves. Immediately after the staff's decision the Stanford Medical School asked to continue the Program.

Weeks later, after several meetings in which the old staff, Upward Bound students, and the Medical School were represented, the Community Action Council (a body elected from the community which oversees Poverty Programs in the East Palo Alto, East Menlo Park area) supported the old Staff's decision and voted to reject the Medical School's Proposal.

Ignoring the Council's decision, the Medical School went ahead in setting up the Program. Their first meeting to recruit staff was held in April in the Medical School Buildings. In an effort to insure that the communities wishes were carried out, members of the Community Action Council, the old staff and students of Upward Bound, parents of Upward Bound students, and interested residents of the East Bayshore communities picketed this meeting. The pictures on the following pages, taken by an Upward Bound student, tell the story of this protest.



"And then I told Pesch...

we would march...



...and protest"



Like, they know what they're talking about...

They aren't cheaper by the dozen.



Wouldn't you agree Mrs. Wallace?!





For now...

But let us pray...



and soon.

NARROW-MINDED ADULTS

Too many adults of Palo-Alto are narrow-minded. Most people think that the reasons that their teenage sons and daughters cut school is that they got with the wrong group or they just don't care or maybe they have trouble with the teachers, or even that they're too dumb to stay up with the class. But these aren't really the reasons. Some students have gone through all this and their reasons were entirely different from the ones their parents gave. Pancho, for example, said that he just couldn't get along with the students, and the teachers were the worst things he had ever met. Consequently he just decided to sit down on his job by cutting classes, coming in late, and not doing his homework. His grades got lower and lower until he flunked.

His parents were very disturbed by his grades, so they finally came to him and asked him what his problem was, and he told them.

There was nothing that they could do, because they had waited too long just because they were too narrow-minded to see farther than the noise. They just didn't have sense enough to listen to what he said before it was too late. But it wasn't that they didn't have the knowledge to listen, they just didn't have the guts to let their son explain.

So the only alternative was to leave the neighborhood and try to start all over again. When Pancho was put in the other school it seemed entirely different, because the teachers were understanding, experienced, firm, and intelligent. The students were nicer, more intelligent, and had a better attitude toward their school and education. This gave Pancho a different look at school.

Pancho and his experience with parents is an example of how really ridiculous it is to try to lead the way for a youth. Just because you are over him and he hasn't yet got to the age in which he can vote doesn't mean that he can't say when he wants to stay or leave. Just because of these narrow-minded parental attitudes a lot of brilliant and intelligent students will lose faith in school and decide to drop out or say "flake it."

Some people feel that even if you are a dog you couldn't be made to eat or drink when you don't want to. Some people feel that this is the same type of situation. Students like Pancho feel that the adults shouldn't try to drag the teenager around by his hand and tell him "You wear this, and you put on that" while substituting their ideas, while disregarding the teenager's thoughts and reasons for an action. What Pancho really wants is for the adults to let him say what he has to say and not say it for him.

Brenda Pipkins

WE'RE GOIN' TO SOCK IT TO YOU (WHITE MAN)

Our niggers are happy I heard this white man say
And you northern niggers come to cause trouble down this way
Go and cause your trouble some place else
Or put up your dukes and defend yourself
I warn you if you fight back
Me and my neighbors will whip off all your Black.

You niggers aint as good as me
So none of you don't need to be free
And if you lookin' for me to kick your ass
Just let me hear you niggers sass'
I heard a white man say all this
And all these statements he made with bliss.

People tell me them white folks is sick
Hell, that's a whole lot of shit
What they got is power you see
And that's what they keep pushing on me
What kind of power some people say
It's political, economical, educational POWER and believe
me that ain't hay.

They tell me if they hit you, don't hit back
I say if they slap you, give them back a slap
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth
Jump back white man cause we niggers are on the loose
I ain't out to start no fight
But when I move you're going to bite.

As for biting I have teeth too
And if you bite me damn it I'll bite you
You didn't cause trouble as long as we do as you say
But when we step out of line you want to make us pay
We pay most often by giving our lives
And with that I wants no one to jive.

There's goin' to be another war
Cause you people don't want to give me what I'm asking for
So I will have to take it see
And I know you ain't goin' to let me
There will be those whites who will help us fight
Those people I salute and will never, never slight.

Sylvia Harding



ALL I SAID
WAS "SOCK IT
to ME
Brother"

Phil

FANTASTIC ADVENTURE

by Leroy Williams

If you really want to take an overall look at the whole story it all started around 2200 Anno Domini, and to the best of my knowledge this is what happened. I had just set myself down to write with awe about my participation in this fantastic adventure so far as it has affected my own life as well as the lives of one or two other people closely connected with me, primarily to record and preserve the facts of this fantastic adventure, this story.

It was the year 2200 A.D. About 3.259 light years from Earth. The starship U.S.S. Space Cruiser was on course for the star Altair IV, the scene of our incredible adventure. It's mission, to land and relieve the colony there of its duties, whereupon they shall return to Earth. I was down below on the second deck making my daily routine checks, when I was abruptly summoned from my duties to the bridge of the ship. Upon my arrival on the bridge, my first officer and second in command ZORAK, a most astounding man of hybrid origin, built on the principles of logic, possessing ambidexterity with the skill and versatility of which such use implies and who was derived from a composite of incongruent sources is my most formidable and valid science officer, had imperatively summoned my presence to the bridge. As we were going into orbit around Altair IV, ZORAK who apparently had been observing a most erratic object upon the star's surface, which our ships sensors had indicated had no form of harmony or existence whatsoever, gave me the impression that there was some threat to the ship. We were going into our third orbit around the star, and although our ship's sensor gave no previous indication of life of any form or the presence of that somewhat particular object that ZORAK was observing

our sensor indicated to us that there were telepathic emissions coming from within this object which seemed to arouse his curiosity to the peak of going down for further investigation of this object because something of such mystery can not be overlooked. Although this wasn't part of our mission, being captain it was my duty as officer in command for the safety and well being of my crew as well as the Xavier party to find out the mystery behind this strange object that was supposedly down on the surface although our instruments gave no indication as being there.

On the fourth orbit around the star, our ship's navigator indicated to us that the strange object that we had previously sighted was in the same vicinity where the expedition had landed and within a radius of twenty miles square. I then told our navigator to plot a landing sight after we go into our sixth orbit, ~~or in~~ the same vicinity. Upon completion of our sixth orbit as the ship was leveling off for its descent, a voice suddenly cut into our radio. Apparently it was one of the members of the Xavier party and he sounded serious. This voice which none of us knew, but could easily be identified by our record tapes repeatedly admonished us not to land. We told him that we were from earth and had been in hyper-space for well over a year and that we were his relief. Despite our insistence he admonished us again not to land. He became so angry and extreme in his warnings that I immediately ordered him to be disconnected and for the ship to land at once. Before we disconnected him his last warning was that we were landing at our own risk and he would not be held responsible

for what might happen to our crew. I then told him that I and my crew were willing to take that risk and requested landing coordinates. With intense aversion to our landing, he unwillingly gave us landing coordinates which set us down on a semi-terrestrial terrain which at that moment suited our needs. After landing we cautiously surveyed the area around us looking for any signs of life that there might be, and as we had expected our computers and life sensors gave no indication of any. On departing from the ship, one could instantly see that the star looked rocky and barren with a sky a mixture of reds and yellows which looked like a painted desert. We had searched the whole day taking tests of every conceivable kind with a thorough and complete analysis and still after many more hours of profound cogitation had ascertained nothing regarding traces of any kind of life form. It was beginning to make me believe that all our work, at least for the moment had all been in vain although still inconclusive.

By the end of the day I had made plans with my science officer and a few other crewmen to go the next day and investigate that mysterious dome off in the distance which had been the only thing down there that our sensor could pick up.

The next morning as we were coming down from the ship, one of the crewmen spotted something coming in the distance. It was moving too fast for any of us to tell what it was, but it did mean one thing to all of us, that there was other beings here besides us. By the time it had reached us we could not tell for sure whether or not this alien was human or not, although it was an exact facsimile of a perfect human being. When the alien got here we asked if it could talk and it replied that it could and if we didn't speak the English language and dialect, that it had an unlimited number of other languages and dialects at its disposal. I then replied that standard colloquial English would do fine because although there may still be rare occasions when other languages are spoken, English is now the universal language. The alien then told us that our presence was summoned by his superior and he requested us to get into the vehicle it was driving so that it could take us to his superior. We then asked who was its superior and it pointed in the direction of the dome that was off in the distance. The dome had been an object of scientific curiosity to ZORAK ever since we had landed. It being most inquisitive of all of us immediately boarded the strange vehicle, but the rest of us for the moment vacillated in making up our minds to go with this alien, but ZORAK was not hesitant as far as we could see about going with the alien. The rest of us finally boarded the vehicle but I gave an order for a second party of crewmen to come after us immediately if I gave the order on my communicator. The alien whisked us away and in a matter of minutes we had reached the dome. Upon our arrival at the front of the dome, we were greeted by the alien's superior who called himself Dr. Xavier. He took us inside to show us around. After entering the inside of this dome one could see right away that this was no ordinary dome but a giant complex of some sort which was a series of complexes within each other. It appeared small from the outside. Xavier then told us that he was part of the expedition which we had come to relieve and that he was the only survivor. He then told us how some creature they had encountered when they first landed here had imperiled the entire expedition by its sudden appearance because nobody knew what it was or where it came from and everything they had ever hoped to achieve had been illfated by this creature. He

explained that each member of the party had been an unexpected victim of this ruthless manauding creature or whatever it was and for some unknown reason as of yet he himself had been immune to this thing.

After our tour of the complex, Xavier invited us to have lunch with him; we gladly accepted his invitation. After lunch on the way back to the ship as I was cogitating Dr. Xavier's survival on the barren planet for twenty years where he had not a care or want of anything, I asked ZORAK for an explanation for all of this. But he too seemed to be so astounded about everything we had just seen and he could only reply that at the moment he was somewhat at a loss for words. He later in one of his various philosophical attitudes informed us that the things we had seen were imperceptible to the extent that our powers of perception during the time were stunned still and that all any of us could do was look and wonder in amazement. I then told him that this wasn't what was worrying me, but the fact that Dr. Xavier refused to take us into his study indicated to me that he was hiding something behind those doors, and we must find out what it is. I then explained that the reason we must do this is because all those things which we saw were supposed to be total, complete, absolute scientific impossibilities, and are only theoretically possible. This then gave me the foresight to see, or if you want, you can say it was a premonition that this was a prelude to the greater things that he was hiding behind those doors, things even farther beyond the powers of perception of any mind and all the senses. A secret of such magnitude can not for the safety of the universe and all of mankind be monopolized by any one man. I felt that we must find out whatever this secret Xavier was hiding is--and soon. I then told the crew that ZORAK and I would go back to the complex that night and try and get into Dr. Xavier's study. I then informed ZORAK how imperative it was that we do this, and that we must remember that the success of our mission and the preservation of mankind and the universe is contingent upon our efforts to obtain this unlimited scientific knowledge safely in the right hands, and this is of ultimate importance. ZORAK then replied that it would be impetuous to to ~~ob~~erce Dr. Xavier to return to earth because we all know it is contrary to his wishes. After all of these years to present any discrepancy against his will would endanger our lives and the whole universe. I suggested that we let him stay if that is what he wants because it is too dangerous to take any chances...

. . . .

Just before take off as I was mulling over the problem of what type of explanation I would put down on the tape records, I had asked Zorak what could possibly be ascertained as any kind of explanation for everything that had happened here. Zorak, in one of the philosophic attitudes characteristic of him merely stated that he thought my reasoning at the time had been somewhat illogical, and that I had made an irrational request with no sound basis on which to go on as of then. Zorak then went on to explain that because everything defied the laws of physics that made everything that we saw

totally illogical. For then we could only speculate from a logical point of view because everything we saw was unrelated to our own perspectives. This, Zorak pointed out, coincides with our own conversation with Dr. Xavier about the mass slaughtering of his expedition, which was literally torn limb from limb and scattered all about the face of this planet, and also his immunity to this creature which hasn't shown its presence in twenty years. This again was another of Zorak's most logical speculations.

Zorak admitted having been convinced logically that Dr. Xavier was in deed hiding something in his study and that possibly from what we had previously seen at the complex that it must be something of such great magnitude that man is not yet ready to behold it yet. Zorak believed that this creature was, in reality, a transformation of Dr. Xavier himself, and was probably motivated by his worst instincts, revealing his true self, his inner self--in other words, his subconscious disguised in the form of this creature. This he knew. Dr. Xavier didn't know. To Xavier it was an illusion which he believed in, which appeared to him as a deceptive and unreal appearance. This accounts for his immunity to this creature. Another postulate of Zorak's coinciding with his first was that Xavier didn't actually believe in reality. Therefore he based all his beliefs in the unreality of physical phenomena, thus living in a world of fantasy. One of Zorak's most important points was that Xavier was so illusive that he was illusive to himself, and by continually living this way was inevitably being led to his destruction--which was just a matter of time. In his case the time was twenty years. This by all means, stated Zorak, was absolutely too long for any one man to be here on this barren cinder relentlessly obsessed by his own unyielding consciousness to be reprieved only by death. For such a remarkable man as Xavier it's too bad that he had to end that way, never even knowing what was tearing him apart and driving him to his destruction. A prodigy of his integrity both embracing and imbued with such a high degree of scientific potentiality, intellect, and knowledge could have done mankind the most good ever--at least for the time being, rather than putting all of his knowledge and abilities to such illicit use. We can all say then that from his point of view that everything was so very infallible. So after congratulating Zorak on his most logical conjecture and complimenting him on his powers of comprehension and perception, and on how he never ceases to intrigue me. As he would put it in another one of his various philosophical attitudes, any logical and creative mind can find an impossible for any kind of impossible problem, but in this case an explanation is the only conclusion. I then gave my navigator an order to plot a course for earth full speed ahead. Well, now that you've read it, that's it, the amazing story of our fantastic adventure.

THE WAVE

Beguiling and capricious are her wares,
Drawn by the moon and descending airs.
From the placid sea her form appears,
With a voice enchanting to my ears..
She rises upward with a foamed-sea crest,
Churned from beneath a glassy breast.
Landward she rushes in flowing roll,
Gathering strength as she nears the shoal.
With a descending roar land and sea meet;
Then to sea she returned on liquid feet.

Leon Fair



RULES

Always rember, whenever at school
to take great care in following white man's rules
No matter how right you are in what you do
Just go by his word or he'll switch them on you

He's right when he says that our parents don't care
It's not because of schooling, skin color, or hair
Of this grêat injustice he always can tell
Our parents NEVER sue him or give him hell

When we're knockin' ourselves out following rules
Unconsciously we're becoming the white man's mules
Only hope or BLACK POWER will save us from being fools
'Cause if we get POWER we'll be MAKINGthe rules...

Dana Stevenson



STAMPER'S SPORT SPECIAL

---David Hill was one of the best shooting and defensive guards in the C league and made all South Peninsula Athletic League (S. P. A. L.).

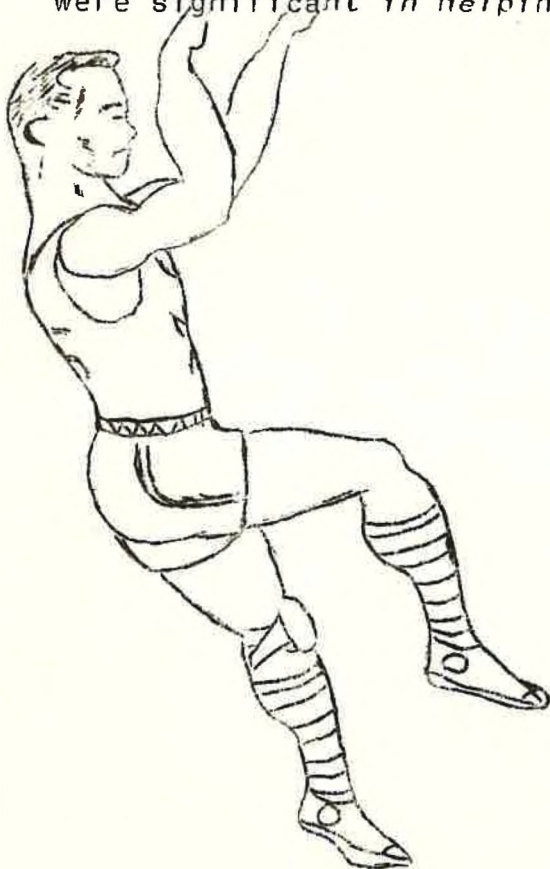
---Phil Bossett, late league first string defensive tackle, later developed the strong hand and furnished Menlo Atherton with a great shot-putter.

---Greg Kendall was also of significance as he was on M. A.'s varsity baseball team.

---Larry Stamper was also busy as he led M. A. to an undefeated chess record and was 10-0.

---But let's not forget to mention our toughest competitor, Steve Payton, who was also excellent in basketball and wrestling.

---Albert Howard, our great football player, and many others were significant in helping mold out sports.



Larry Stamper



THE BIBLE (Sylvia 1-17)

- I Our Prophets haven't wrote no Bible yet
But the words they preach I always get
They've told me that this white man see
Has all my life run over me
- II I'm happy though that now I know
And I've decided he has got to go
Now I don't have to start no mess
Just wait til he does and take care of the rest.
- III We're going to get our equality
We ain't goin to wait for you to make us free
We are beginning now to make our move
And that don't mean in our walkin' shoes
- IV Some blacks say they are anti-oppressor
Then I ask the questions who is the heffer
They tell me well it's the whites that blight
Well then damn it we are anti-white
- V Don't be afraid to let them whites know
The ones who confront I tell them so
This is no time to sit and wonder
Get off your ass and roar like thunder
- VI The Black man's prophets preach to teach as well
Letting us know we live in a white man's heaven
Daily I look into the sky
And know that God must be a white spy
- VII If God is a white man high in the sky
Then believe me, believe me, when I die
I want to go to hell as quick as I can
'Cause I wants no more to do with Uncle Sam
- VIII I think me and the devil could hit it off right
I hear down there it's always night
When he starts a fire for warmth and light
It will remind me of Watts, oh! what a sight
- IX I hope I see Stokely, Rapp and you too
When Satan puts on a record and we do the Bugaloo
All Black Prophets and Black Saints along with me
Will be there in hell, watch and see
- X If God is who I think he is
Then I don't want none of what he gives
Whites tell me if I don't stop sinning soon
I can't be a member of God's bleached white platoon
- XI The white man's heaven he can keep
Cause the Black man's hell is more unique
In a white man's heaven I'd go mad
while a Black man's hell would make me glad

- XII Hell after death means love with the Brother
 Hell after death is where I'll see my mother
 Heaven is where White Blacks go
 The reason I know is cause Black Prophets told me so
- XIII On D. day we're goin' to have a barbecue
 Where Satan's goin' to brew a big pot of stew
 Everyone's invited cause ther's a big enough pot
 Be there on time and get it while it's hot
- XIV Black folks are noted for digging hot weather
 So when you come don't bring a sweater
 Satan told me he aims to please
 He told me he'd fix it so there ain't even a breeze
- XV We've got this group of Black men--the Panthers they are called
 I've never seen a group of Blacks ever walk so tall
 The Panthers are Prophets and sure can preach
 The words they say all sound so sweet
- XVI Unity is what the Panthers profess
 To stop the man from givin' us mess
 They stay within the limits of the law
 So the Koose don't have no excuse for puttin' them in the
 Kala Boose
- XVII I hope my poem made you all realize
 That our Prophets and our Saints with us sympathize
 The man is taking what we got
 And dishing us out a bunch of slop**

Sylvia Harding

**In the two poems which state things about God, I speak sarcastically and mean to speak that way. But I am not trying to say there is no God. I just want to show in my poetry how the white man has held us down by telling us that God will bless us if we allow the whites to keep running over us. They give peace prizes to those blacks who take what the man dishes out, and put those who speak of a real way for us to get peace in jail. Power is our way to get peace. Unity and militancy are our way of getting power.. You can get on your knees and look at a white statue of Jesus Christ or Mary or even look into the sky and you will see that God who is white in your eyes as he was once in mine. But until you get off your rear end and do something nothing will get done.

In my poem "Bible" I denounce heaven because even as a young girl heaven was lily-white. The angels had white wings and sat on white clouds, while the seven angels who were cast into hell were Black and wore black. Hell was hot and I love hot weather. Satan tells Black people to take, God tells them to beg. Black people lose their dignity when they have to beg. They lose their dignity when they are lead to believe that black is bad and white is good. For the Black race black is good and white should be bad. For if it were not for white people we would not be in the slums. The man says if Blacks steal that they go to hell. Many Black people have to steal to survive. They expect the Black men not to steal but they have stolen from us for as long as we've been here. When a

black man steals I say he is just taking back some of what was taken from him. The whites expect us to beg for what we need, or starve if we don't want to beg. My poems are not to make people not believe in God. They are just to open Black people's eyes to what the man has done and is still doing to us.

Sylvia Harding

SYLVIA MEETS THE PANTHERS

Rapp Brown the new chairman of SNCC was in East Palo Alto in May. He was the start of a series of talks at the old Community House. I would tell you what he said, but due to circumstances beyond my control I could not get there in time to hear him speak. But I do know from speaking to him after the meeting that he is a very wonderful person. A black conscious man who is working day and night for little, very little money to raise his people socially, politically and economically. This happens to be the definition of Black Power and since I am Black he must be working on getting power for me and all other Black people--that means he is for you too. So the cat's got to be all right. Even though wasn't there to hear you speak Rapp, I still dig you.

Stokely was also down this same day. He was slightly two hours late which he could not help. Stokely brought three young men with him. These young fellows belong to the Black Panther Party of Self Defense in Oakland. Bobby Seale, chairman of the organization, started this part of the meeting off by explaining to the audience why we need self-defense. You see, this organization of militant Black young men think that if Black men keep going to Vietnam and all these other countries over seas to fight, that our race will become extinct. He sees that Black people are fighting two wars, not one. And what race of people could fight two wars and survive?

Bobby also brought out the fact that in Vietnam we are fighting our brothers. We are not only Black but we are also classified in that group called "colored people." The Vietnamese are also members of this classification, so you see they should be considered closer to us than whites because we have one thing in common--we are both colored.--whereas we have nothing in common with whites. The white folks stick together as you can see. When the Arabs and Israelites started their fight the U. S. took the side of the Israelites (the whites), not the side of the Arabs who are colored. And if for some reason U.S. troops have to go in and if Blacks join the Army of the U.S. we will again be killing our Brothers. In other words--fighting the white man's war there, while he kills us here.

Bobby for the first time made me realize why we need to stick together--not only Blacks in the U. S. but colored people all over the world. Since we are the majority in the world I think colored people should have much more to say in what goes on in this world than they do. The white man who is the minority in this world has the power to decide whether the majority lives or dies. The white man controls the bombs that can destroy the world, not the colored people who are the majority.

When I say to the young man in my community to get shot guns in their homes as Bobby stated we should do, they tell me I'm crazy. What do they need with a gun in their homes? What am I trying to do---, start trouble? My answer to these questions are--you need a gun in your house for protection against the white power structure.

One of the Panthers told this story which made a lot of sense:

There were two Black men in a in Vietnam, and one pulled out a letter which he had gotten earlier but had not had a chance to read. He opened it up and read it, and the the other Black men asked him what it said. The letter read: "We are sorry to inform you that your family was bombed in Mississippi. No survivors."

This does not only happen in Mississippi but also in every other state in the union. I think I will leave you with this thought, Black men. This article was directed to you, but women have a part to play--and Black woman, don't you forget it.

BLACK MEN PLEASE DO NOT GO

Sylvia Harding

The Upward Bound Magazine staff in its attempts to answer questions about East Palo Alto, Menlo Atherton and Ravenswood High Schools, and about Upward Bound itself, has done a series of interviews with the principals and various other people involved and concerned with the community. The following is a report on these interviews.

LEROY TALKS TO MR. COFFIS

Mr. Coffis, Vice Principal and Dean of Boys at Menlo Atherton High School, is also a member of the Governor's Board of Equal Opportunity in Education. In his attempt to answer some of the questions about Menlo Atherton High School and East Palo Alto, he said that the Governor's Board of Equal Opportunity in Education is an outgrowth of the state's Employment and Civil Service organization. It was basically designed and set up to make sure that people weren't denied any work possibility because of race, creed, and color, and is now enlarging a newly added membership. On our questions about East Palo Alto, Mr. Coffis replied that he was not familiar with East Palo Alto and only knows what he reads in the paper about it--but he said that he would try his best to tell us what he thought its problems were. He said that the biggest problems were that the kids are lacking in reading skills, and that there is no communication between students in the school--which is a big thing. Menlo Atherton is going to attempt to meet these problems with new class set ups, doing away with remedial classes in some sections by incorporating two or three remedial classes into the regular class system and also by having the teachers bring the remedials up to standard level with more effort on the teacher's part. This they will try to do in part by incorporating the English and Social Studies classes under one program. The biggest solution is to integrate the school system more than it now is and to meet with the Negroes and discuss mutual problems.

When asked about the police problem, he said that the police were only there because there were kids coming from other high schools going around in packs attacking our students everyday at noon but none of these students were any of our kids, and only went with the police to identify any of the students to see if they belonged to us.

On Stanford and Dr. Allen, he commented that they hadn't been much help to the school, and that Dr. Allen's comments about him were her own personal opinions of him and everybody's entitled to their own opinion --but hers was rather irresponsible.

Leroy Williams

DR. ALLEN TALKS BACK

In my interview with Dr. Allen we discussed the Medical School and its struggle to gain control of the Upward Bound Program. She related to me a conversation she had had with Dr. Rosenberg concerning this. She said that he had told her that the purpose of the medical School was really to help the Medical School--that they wanted Negroes there so that the medical students could get to know them. She also said that he told her that the Medical School program never intended to help the community of E. P. A. because it didn't think it could. This, Dr. Allen added, had been written into the previous Medical School programs. In other words, they only wanted to bring Negroes to Stanford to find out what they were like--in essence to integrate the Medical School.

Dr. Allen thinks the integration of the Medical School is important--but, if that is their purpose, then they should tell the students this--i.e. that they are there to be exposed and not to get an education. She also added that if integration is the purpose then they should take a cross section of the community--from the Uncle Tom's to the Bob Hoover's.

Leon Fair

THE PRINCIPAL OF M. A. DISCUSSES THE "PROBLEMS"

Mr. McClean, principal of Menlo Atherton High School says that the problems of E. P. A. are not strictly its problems, but the whole area's problems--including the communities of Woodside, Atherton, San Carlos, and the rest. The school, he maintains, is caught in the middle of these problems and everybody asks the school to solve them--and the school can't do it all by itself.

Some of these problems facing the community are that there are ghettos, and housing and employment problems--basic problems that have to be faced now. But the more basic problems, Mr. McClean says, are in the heart of the individual themselves, and not so much in the community as a whole. There are too many personal problems that need to be solved before we can try to solve the community problems.

As Mr. McClean sees it, in order for the community or the individual people to be helped and the problems solved, we must help the people help themselves. One of the ways to do this would be to try to get the teachers to understand the problems, and also to get the parents to realize that these things cannot be solved overnight--that it takes time to work them out, and it takes their help. It is also important, Mr. McClean thinks, to get the parents to do a better job in community by working together to organizations to make the community a better place to live in.

In comparing Ravenswood and Menlo-Atherton High Schools, Mr. McClean thinks that there is no unity at Ravenswood. He insists that he is not in favor of a "phase out" or of turning Ravenswood into a vocational school. He says that the education of the school is not what it should be mainly because the students are somewhat handicapped when they come there, because

they were not properly prepared and are not up to the level they should be.

On Menlo-Atherton, Mr. McClean admits that there is a racial problem there. One reason is that Negroes are not a part of the government of the school, they aren't in many of the clubs, but instead go out for sports and so haven't integrated too much. Regarding Dr. Allen's comments about Menlo Atherton in the papers, Mr. McClean feels that they were very unfair, based on little information, and did the school more harm than good. About Negroes not being able to choose the classes they want but rather being put in remedial classes, Mr. McClean insists that anybody who meets the requirements can elect any class they choose. Its true, he says, that many Negroes are in remedial and other classes of that nature, but that's because they weren't prepared very well, and many of them need the help these special classes offer. Mr. McClean also declares that it is untrue that Mr. Coffis runs the school, and treats Negroes unfairly. There are, he says, a few Negroes who do cause trouble, but they are dealt with in the same manner as anyone else would be in any disciplinary action.

In concluding the interview, Mr. McClean stated tha he thinks that some of the organizations that are going on in the community are very helpful--but others are not so. And, as for the Poverty Program Program, Mr. McClean says that he doesn't know if the right people get the money, because he doesn 't know enough about it. He does think that the help Stanford offers is good as long as it doesn't try and force a value system upon the community which it may not want.

The most important thing, for Mr. McClean is the future. This he says, looks good from his perspective--and he thinks that civil rights and desegregation have been good, but that there should be a moral and spiritual revolution, for man may not be able to solve these problems himself--a social and non-violent revolution should be taking place in the community.

Leroy Williams

DANA INTERVIEWS A "LEADING LADY" OF
EAST MENLO PARK

When asked whether segregation at Menlo-Atherton was worse than at Ravenswood, Mrs. Lou Anne Bradford of East Menlo Park's Mother's for Equal Education commented, "ask any student at M.A., they're crazy about it." "You can get an education anywhere if you really want it, is what the grown-ups often tell us," she continued, "but who can get an education when they are mentally, almost physically, locked in remedial classes?"

Mrs. Bradford is presently the leading lady in East Menlo Park's struggle towards a better education. "Our main problem," she says, "is that most of our children are working below grade level already, while in elementary school." She has a program too. Parents and teachers will meet and discuss their problems. Tutors will be arranged for students who need them, parents will be introduced to the Day School, and a homework study plan will be talked about. She says that often children do not know how to study because of brothers, sisters, television, radios and teenagers. Each child should be given a desk or a table and chair, anywhere in the house, and one hour to study alone (with no television or radio).

Their next step will be to meet with the school board and talk about segregation within M.A. They want a good counselor and liaison to work with Black boys and girls (some one with plenty of ghetto experience). If their demands are not met they will continue to picket each week on Black Wednesday.

"Most teachers at M. A. have little respect and acceptance towards Black children," Mrs. Bradford insists. "But then," I added, "how can they, they're white." We both agreed that if we were teaching children, we'd make sure that our children learned first. That is what the white teachers are doing at M. A.-- teaching their own first.

It is both interesting and true that, as Mrs. Bradford says, "Poverty Program money drains back into the power structure after satisfying the conscience of the white man; this applies to Upward Bound too, if even the kids within the program are not satisfied.

Lastly, Mrs. Bradford says that when Black students graduate from M. A., uneducated and maltreated, many will inevitably join groups such as the Black Panthers, the Black Muslims, or even a Communist organization where they can be respected and accepted.

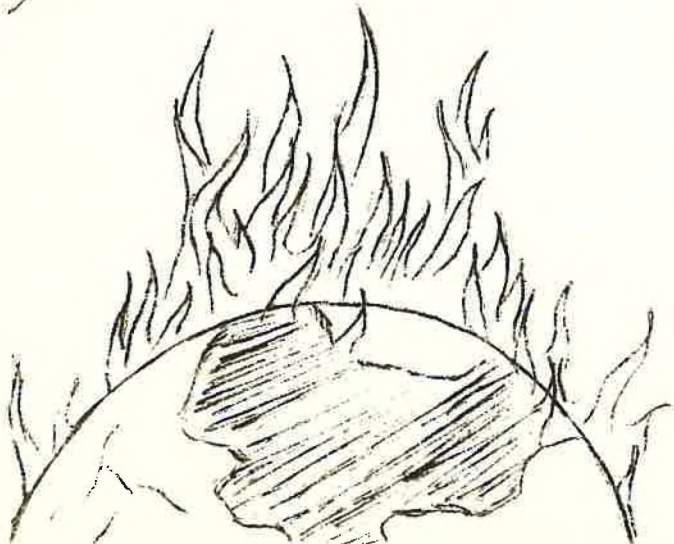
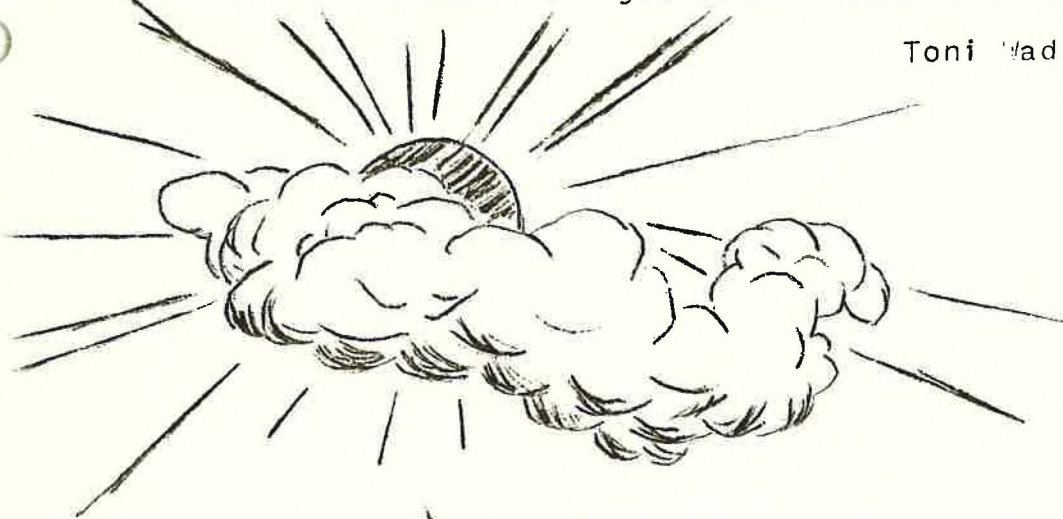
--Dana Stevenson

FREEDOM

Do you believe in freedom? I do. But to me if people call this country free, then to me freedom is slavery.

Do you believe in hell? I don't, to a certain degree. I mean my mom used to say that if you don't do good in this world then you'll go to hell. I think that this sinful world is hell already. So I believe in heaven because it's got to be better than this world.

Toni Madley



BLACK PANTHER

Arm ypurselfes Brothers! We goin' to get whitey!

Man, like 400years ago my race came over from Africa; our God-given land. And we were rich!--Rich in manpower, arts, civilization, minerals, gold, diamonds...man we had everything! but this white cat had the POWER. His POWER in guns...You dig the set? First they wanted our manpower, our labor, our bodies, to satisfy their exploitive natures. Were you aware that in the early 1900's cotton was America's biggest export. The cotton that my people slaved 14 hours everyday in the hot sun over. And what did we get for it? A few house niggers? The Beautiful Black women could come in and sleep with the so-called men and the sons of those men; and the sons of those men told me that I couldn't even look at his old bleached-out woman, because we might mongrelize the white race--but how does he think that us bloods got to be so many shades? Well, it wasn't the injuns...

Things Ain't Gittin' No Better!

No hunky's goin' to give me my rights when he was the very person who took them from me. And I don't want to move next door to him and forgit my Brothers. Where ever I go, the brothers will already be here, cause as long as I would try to act white, and the Brothers suffering, I'll catch hell from the white neighbors too. Speaking of hell, did you know that that was where those hunkies came from? Well, that's another story... Maybe you willdig it in ten years when things really get going.

But now I gotta split. I just want to hip you to your own color. I know you can dig the natural Broth' cause its beautiful--especially on our women. I'm gonna lay a dime on the Jews balls now for a gun to protect my woman.

So long as my gun is by my side that white lion will stalk us no longer or he'll meet up with a Black Panther.

Dana Stevenson

PREJUDICE

Prejudice is a preconceived judgment or opinion of people, races, religions, and ideas. I think that prejudice is a bad thing because it allows people to judge a person before they know his real personality or to condemn his religion or ideas without knowing the facts. Instead of people having preconceived judgment of others, people should love their brothers as themselves. Also people should have respect for other people's ideas and religions. It is necessary for everyone to realize his own prejudice. If a person realizes his own prejudices then he can improve his thinking about others.

Everyone in the world has some prejudice. Some forms of prejudice are forms of jealousy, and others come from hatred, fear, or ignorance. For example, if Larry sees that Mark has a set of drums, Larry is prejudiced against him because Larry doesn't have one himself. His kind of prejudice is similar to jealousy. One person doesn't have the same things that another has and so he is prejudiced against that other person. Some people have prejudice against their own faults in other people. An example of this case may be seen when Cecile sees Michele being lazy. She dislikes this because Cecile doesn't want to realize that she is also lazy.

One of the greatest cases of prejudice in the United States is racial prejudice against the "black man." This comes from the feeling among white people that the black man is inferior and needs to be suppressed. These people won't change their minds until there is better communication between blacks and whites.

Racial prejudice is a big problem in our society. Education is the solution for the reduction of prejudice. By educating the young to recognize that black man as their equal, prejudice will not be able to form.

David Mouton

REX

As the crack in the door widens, Rex lifts his head in apprehension. At the appearance of my tutor Eric, he scrambles to the back of the room. He lies there whimpering with his head between his paws, too afraid to bark. His fears of humans dominates him, threatening to destroy what created them.

His patchwork body quivers as Eric moves to sit down. "Rex," I call out softly. He lifts his head cautiously and looks at me with his soft greenish brown eyes. They seem to beg for my love. He lets out a bark, then sinks back into his silent fears. "Here boy," I call out again. He gets to his feet with his stubby tail shaking rapidly. He hesitates. In his moment of uncertainty I call to him again. He comes running to me and I throw my arms around him.

--Leon Fair



Screaming winds flaunt the eagle's flight,
Dissolving the silence beneath the feathered light.
A wandering foal
Draws a plummeting gold
Whose shoulders gleam with tortured light
A shadow fills the waiting sky
The light descends--a sudden cry.

Leon Fair

DANA AT THE "CONFERENCE '67"

On Friday night, January 27, two friends and I drove up to San Francisco. The Black People's "Conference '67" was held at the Russian Center's main speaking room and reception halls. I kept expecting to see our "grass roots" people present from East Palo Alto, or Hunter's Point, but the Brothers there were more middle-class. There were mostly assemblymen, Radio announcers, Civil Rights people, doctors, lawyers, and other professionals.

The next day I experienced the greatest happening that has ever affected my opinions. The Honorable Assemblyman Willie Brown, John J. Miller, sophisticated politician Yvonne Bratwaite, and baritone William Green evaluated the two party system and its involvement with the Black Community, and Black leadership in relation to the white power structure. Everything was fine and calm that night until about 10:30 when a beautifully eccentric little lady rose from the back of the room shouting. The speakers continued over her shouts until a few people from the audience rose and shouted to let her speak. To stop a "race riot" she went to the podium and "cursed out" the Assembly for charging \$5.00 apiece to get in. She said that if they'd cut out the planned champagne party that night, they could save money, then charge less for admittance. She wanted this to be a gathering of many types of Negroes, not just those doing well socially and financially. The Conference had stated that it planned to segregate itself so that only Blacks could attend; this little old lady proved that there was more than one way to segregate yourselves.

Tomorrow will be Sunday, the last day of the Conference, where Stokely Carmichael will be the main speaker. We'll turn our hopes to him, that he will patch things up, tomorrow, a brighter day...

Dana Stevenson

DANA ON "DISCS"

Recently I came to the conclusion that much of today's teenage rock and roll is a distinct part of American capitalism. After all, how could all of that "clankety-clank" be anything like the art of true music? Too many disc-jockeys are dictating to teen-agers what is "fun" or "groovy". Naturally, to be "in" the teens buy all the records. Then what happens? It's time to throw them away because "Winchester Cathedral" is back.

I admit that the true art of music and singing is still around, but you must listen, not to sales promotions--but find for yourself the truly beautiful or naturally fun music. Because it is there. But no one else should have to tell you these things in order for them to be "in." When I like a record well enough to buy, I'll judge it then, and see how "in" it sounds six months, or a year, or two years later. It makes me feel ahead of this "capitalist-commodity-consuming" game; to be a free thinker and not a product of society and its conditioning.

Dana Stevenson

We Negroes are boss
We really got soul
We're the artist of jazz,
Rythm, blues, rock and roll

The whites have no jazz
That wasn't once ours
They stole every song,
even sang them wrong

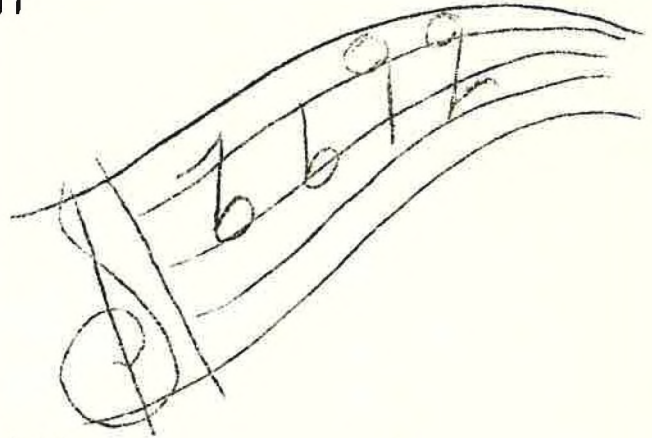
As long as we sing them
We're told they're "not right"
Boogaloo is "indecent"
Man, that's outasight

Last night on the sound-buff
They said "ban The Thing"
Just wait till next year
They'll be doing the Shing-a-ling

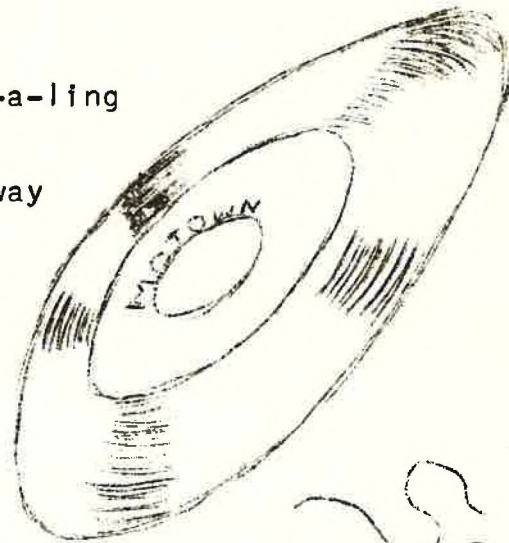
And dancing to Funky Broadway
and trying the Skate,
Sung by the Beatles
But one year late.

If we tell 'em we wrote it
They'll put up a fuss
They'll say it's from England
(England stole it from us)

So jack, just don't worry what they is stealin
They never will copy that true soulful feelin
When it comes down to rythm, blues, rock or roll
We Negroes are boss, cause we got BOSS SOUL



R+B



Soul

THE HEROES RETURN

When half-raised flags whip the wind,
loosening the thoughts of its tri-colored men.

When bugles blow the country's minds
with decaying notes of battle cries--
the half eaten hopes of democracy's lies
while dead men scream from wooden graves
death has forgiven and forgotten
their sins.

Leon Fair

The sky hangs silent;
The summer's blue
Marks the road where it forks into two.

The silence lingers,
But only to sigh;
Then spills the blue of winter's sky.

The blue flows onward;
It sears my sides;
It fills the road that now divides

Remembered months
lie dead this day;
They break apart, then drift away.

Leon Fair

Pro-Black, anti-White

Step back White

Riot, fight

History set right

Dana Stevenson

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IN MY OPINION...

I shall not attempt to prove any point in the next several paragraphs because it is already a proven fact that the Negro death rate in Vietnam is in high distortion to the amount of Negroes in America--this is undoubtedly so.

Statistics show that although Negroes constitute 11% of the fighting forces in Vietnam, they are 18% of the combat deaths. In the army alone where Negroes are 14.5% of the enlisted men, they are 22.4% of combat deaths.

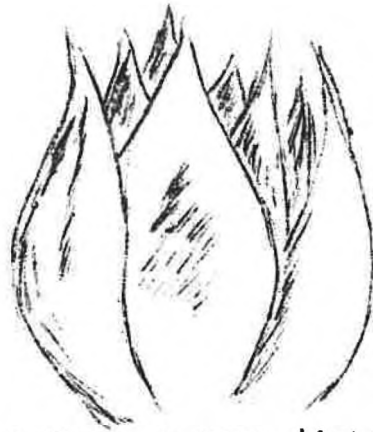
A few nights ago, when Radio Station KDIA was having a "Voice Your Opinion Session," there was a great debate over the "Powell Issue"--then a man called in to say "People, put aside this trivial debate and think instead of the high Negro death rate in Vietnam. Try to imagine what will happen to America when the young Negro men are gone; think of the poor girls left without husbands, and the families without fathers..." I did think of this--I thought a long time and I am still thinking of what will happen. Pictures come to my mind of more poverty, delinquency, illiteracy, and fatherless families.

I was once told by a young Stanford student that the war in Vietnam is used also to get Negroes out of the ghettos and help lower the high birth rate among Negroes. I didn't believe him at first, but it now seems to be a de-facto situation.

Dana Stevenson



"Hell no, we ain't goin'!"



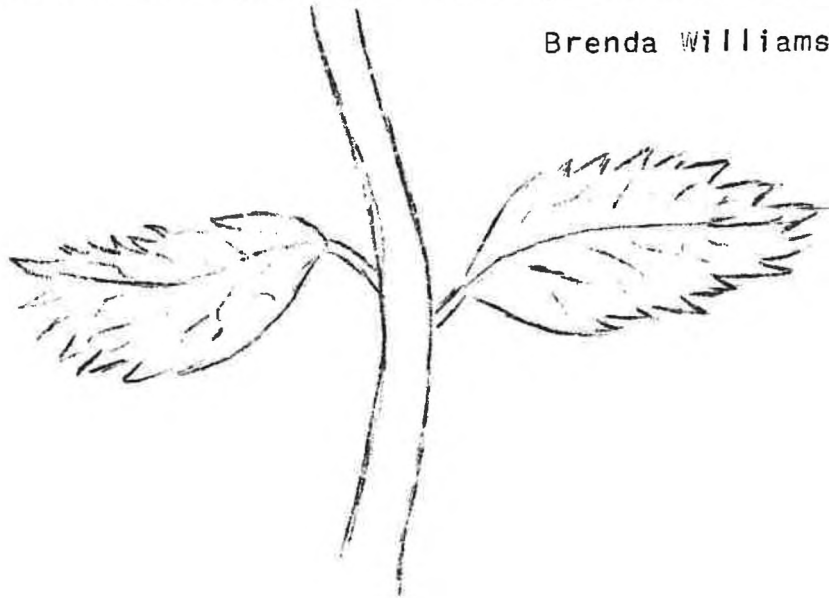
I will describe a rose, a very light colored pink. The reason I am going to describe it is because it looks so pretty in the spring. I enjoy the beauty of how it opens its pretty little mouth and eyes, then starts yawning and shows the world and her neighbors that she is born to look about.

I also like the way lillies bloom--the way they just sit there telling anyone who comes to look to stay away or else! I also like the pretty colors of the lillies and their tenderness.

Flowers aren't the only beauty of the world. I think that a very clean and matched house is beautiful. I mean I think that anyone who is clean and careful about their things is beautiful. This is just what I think is beautiful.

I feel that beauty isn't just something you look at. It could be something you feel inside your heart. Because every individual has a different feeling of beauty and a different look.

Brenda Williams



TEENAGE SUMMER PROJECT

PROBLEM: This summer hundreds of East Palo Alto teenagers will be out of work. To the teenagers, I suppose it means no job, therefore no bread. Not only this but because EPA has no decent recreation, I would blame any teenage disturbance on society who completely forsakes EPA teenagers.

Problem: Four to six year olds often do not know their alphabet, their numbers, and their colors. Parents assume that their teachers will teach and are later shocked to find that their child was one of those who "just didn't want to learn."

SOLUTION: This summer the EPA Day School will sponsor a TEENAGE SUMMER PROJECT which will employ between 150 and 200 teenagers. These young people will teach 4-6 year olds the alphabet, beginning reading skills, how to write their names, and other useful behaviors so that they will have a real head start when they enter school in the fall. In addition the teenagers will spend three hours a day in school learning how to teach the little kids, and also take courses such as English, creative writing, Blackology, anthropology, drama, math, community organizing, civic responsibility, and speech. For this we get paid--\$300 or \$400 for the summer.

OUTCOME: Black teenagers helping to determine the destiny of their younger brothers and sisters. Is it a rumor or true that EPA is 20 years ahead of its time? Can you dig that???

Dana Stevenson

