



Students during class at an Urban League Street academy on 119th St. and 8th Ave. Attendance at these academies prepared students for Harlem Prep.

Photo by Ebony Magazine

HARLEM PREP OPENS

PRESSMEN LEARN

OF NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOUTH

As students of Harlem Preparatory school (Harlem Prep), we attended the press conference on October 2, 1967, which introduced Harlem Prep to the world. A new birth was created for the students who were blessed with the opportunity to attend such a school. The enrollment was made up of sixty students, from the age of 16 to 21, who attended the Street Academy Program of the New York Urban League. These students were screened, tested and interviewed by committees of the New York Urban League Education Program. All these procedures proved that these sixty young people are ready to take that great step forward to further their education.

Most of the members of the Board of Directors attended as follows. Dr. Stephen Wright, Former president of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, and President of the United Negro College Fund; Dr. Eugene S. Callender, treasurer; attorney Harvey Spear, senior partner of Spear and Hill, Chairman of Executive Committee. Other members of the Board included, Mother Elizabeth McCormack, president of Manhattanville College, Secretary: Mrs. John Mosler, Vice Chairman: Dr. Henry Collard, Princeton University;

Dr. Charles Silverman, Editor of the Future magazine and director of the Carnegie Foundations Institute to service education; Kenneth Barton, instructor in history, Riverdale County school; Percy Hill, Architect; Cyril Tyson, Deputy Commissioner, Human Resources Administration. With people like this backing us, there is no reason why Harlem Prep cannot be the best school of its kind in the country.

We will not attempt to attach specific statements to certain individuals. The real value is in what was said and not who said it. We will assure you that each speaker had a valuable element to add to the conference as a whole. The point in doing this is to bring out the importance in what was said about Harlem Prep. The first subject was that of the academies which are also very important because, before going to Harlem Prep, a student must go to a street academy first. Reporters were told how the atmosphere is changed from that of a regular school so the students are relaxed and comfortable. They are even allowed to smoke, so they may be able to work better. The academy is opened to any drop out or high school graduate who wishes to go on

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Education is a Must

What is education? Education to me is a higher degree of learning. This thing called education is very precious to every human being in the world. Without it man could not build computers, study medicine, explore the stars, or invade the mysterious realms of the sea. Men could not communicate with one another. There are numerous forms of education. For instance, when a child is growing up he automatically takes on certain traits of his parents. He picks up the habits of his mother and father by listening and watching what they do.

One morning he will wake up and see that his mother and father, according to which parent cooks, hasn't prepared his breakfast. Being hungry, he will proceed to prepare his own. Again this feat will be performed on a trial and error basis. If he wants bacon, eggs and toast, he may burn his bacon, fry his eggs too long or not long enough. His toast may be too black or too light. Now he is ready for school.

He enters the classroom very nervous at first but his teacher assures him that he is in the best of company. The first thing taught to him by his teacher is how to write. The teacher is very good for she helps each student individually. This shows that she has great interest in each of her pupils. As the years go by, the boy acquires quite a bit of knowledge. He is lucky he had good teachers. Teachers who cared about him pushed him, made him apply himself as best he could. He graduated from junior high school with an "A" average. In high school things were quite different. The teachers were like machines. They only did what they were being paid for; no

more, no less. They were beings who lacked emotion. This boy was stunned. He had never known people like this before. People who never smiled, never complimented you for scoring a hundred on your algebra test. He still fought on, overlooking these obstacles.

He was an honor student. There were maybe one or two smarter than he was. He started slacking in his work. He got in arguments with his teachers. Class was beginning to become a bore. The teachers taught without feeling. They put no warmth and interest in their subjects. Many of the students started cutting classes. Can you blame them? I feel this way: Why should they attend class if they're not going to learn. You are required by the state to attend classes, but to be promoted you must know a certain amount of work. You must also pass certain tests. How can you, if the teachers don't help you or encourage you to learn. Why should you attend a class that has a teacher who doesn't care whether you come or not. If they don't care, then why should you come?

The next step is to just stop coming. While all of this is going on, you also have problems at home. Your mother continues to pressure you and threaten to throw you out. So it is done. You are a drop-out and also have been kicked out of the house. What next? Well, there is news of a program which can help you to get back to school. This opportunity is what they call a second chance. He went around to the nearest street academy and got registered. He was surprised to see many familiar faces. Some of the boys he encountered went to

school with him either in high school or in elementary school. It was also a form of employment. Not much mind you but enough to live on from day to day. The resident teachers were very understanding. They also showed great interest in each individual. The class worked in unison. Everyone cared about each other. Those who were slow in their work were helped by their fellow students. The boy got back into the swing of things. He was told that he would be sent to Prep school. This made him work and study even harder.

There were still many obstacles he had to overcome, such as a place to stay, the fact that he wasn't doing his best at his studies and he was spending too much time in the streets at night. He had a special something about him. He kept on pushing himself. Now his mother, hearing how well he was doing, wanted him back in the household; only to be thrown out once more. This time he made up his mind not to go back. He was sent to Newark Prep for an advanced subject during the summer. He dropped out. But he didn't give up. He went to the Church of the Master for help and he got it. Now all that remains is for him to start school in the fall and graduate in June. After this he will receive a scholarship and first go to a junior college and then attend a regular four year university or college. It looks like he will make it anyway. This program is called the Urban League and if your story is similar to his you should get down. You will really appreciate a second chance. Take it from me—I know....I am him.

Joseph Buist

DIRECTOR OF URBAN LEAGUE DISCUSSES PROGRAM

On September 30, 1967 at The New York Urban League I had an appointment to interview Reverend Eugene S. Callender. Reverend Eugene Callendar is the Executive Director of the New York Urban League. Callendar is deeply concerned about a segment of the Urban League called the Educational Program. This program is supported by contributions. The contributors to the program are the Ford Foundation, the Astor, Rockefeller Foundations, the City and State of New York, the Federal Government, and individuals. These contributions keep this program rolling.

This program operates in five boroughs with a staff of 270. There are 300 kids enrolled in the Educational Program, some of whom are already in college. The kids who are not in college but planning to go are sent to either one of these

two schools: Harlem Prep, which is an experimental school, or Newark Prep, which is a private school in New Jersey.

I guess you are now wondering "how does one get involved in such a complex project?" This same question was in my mind when I asked Reverend Callendar how he became part of this program.

When he was young Reverend Callendar lived in Cambridge, Mass. At the age of eleven he had his first job, earning 33¢ an hour, which meant that his weekly income was \$3.00. On his second job he was making \$11.00 as a floor washer. Upon entering High School he had a job as potwasher for \$19.00 weekly. He was then promoted to dishwasher. After graduating from High School he entered Boston University. At Boston University he learned a printing trade. This trade

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THE BEDFORD-STUYVESANT RIOT

In July 1967, the Negroes of the Bedford-Stuyvesant section exploded in a fury of resentment against a white society that hates them. This area is called Bedford Stuyvesant, but I would rather call it South Vietnam or any other battle field.

I never thought that I would be writing an article about Bedford-Stuyvesant and its riots, but now that I am a student of Harlem Preparatory School, and live in the heart of Bedford-Stuyvesant, I feel that I am fit to tell what I saw on the nights of the riots.

I saw and heard a nightmare of policemen, police cars, police sirens, police gunfire, broken store windows, and many angry Negroes. Negroes were watching silently with hate and anger in their eyes, and in their hearts, as white helmeted policemen (75% white) shouted their commands, "Clear the Corner!"

It was a field day for the dope addicts and thieves. They were carrying shopping bags filled with groceries, drugs, lotions, clothes, or anything that could be carried. (When New York City had its biggest black-out, it was lucky for the city that these addicts didn't know it was going to occur, because many millions of dollars worth of merchandise would have been stolen.)

The scene was chaotic that night, but I guess it was no different than any other battle ground. People were rushing and running, throwing bottles at the white policemen. They were yelling, "kill them, kill the white man". The policemen didn't care about the Negroes either. They would bust the Negroes' heads and bodies, and leave them there to rot. If it hadn't been for the Negroes sticking together, there would have been many Negroes that died that night.

Victor Pringle

Once Upon a Time

When we were kids
We used to play like kids.

When we understood our emotional feelings,
We shared our emotional feelings.

When we understood the meaning of love,
We understood when we fell in love.

When we understood the meaning of life,
We struggled to survive in life.

When we understood the meaning of hate,
We forgot the meaning of love.

Albert Cappas

Blues In Heaven

I wonder that when I die,
if there's a place in (H) for the Blackman.
When I die, will there be a proper atmosphere
for the funky-blues I like,
the funny weed, or
the lovely women with smooth Ivory black skin,
I wonder if there is a heaven for the Blackman?

Walter Faison



News reporters learn about Harlem Prep from Board of Directors.

Photo by Jimmy Beechem

HARLEM PREP

(continued from page 1)

to college. The idea of having this renewal program spread throughout slums everywhere was brought up: and why not? Wasn't Harlem Prep just a dream once?

It is known that 80 percent of our young people are behind in reading and 55 percent drop out of high school, and it is now known that young people who are not really taught correctly are really bright and can be put through school a second time and be intelligent leaders. The goal of Harlem Prep is to show that we can do it, we hope our students all come back and help in the future. The school itself has six very concerned teachers, they are: Mother Ruth Dowd, Ph.D.

NEWS IN 114TH STREET

In a basement in 114th Street this summer, called the Cellar at 255, there was a new tutorial program going on for kids from the ages of 6 to 12. Ruth Kyler was the director at the Cellar and also at 277. Roz Larsen was the co-director and George Howard was the block coordinator. The tutors are students from Newark Prep and the Urban League Program. Their names are: Janet Walker, Gail Welles, Patricia Edwards, Patricia Sawyer, Sherrie Dalton, Sandra Davis, and Yvonne Crawford. The tutoring program is designed to help young students with their homework and school lessons.

former professor at Manhattanville College, administrator; Anthony M. Lewis, Jr., B. S. Long Island University, M. A. Columbia University, Duane Jones, B. A. University of Pittsburgh, advanced certificate from Sorbone, Oslo, Sweden and advanced degree credits from New York and Columbia Universities; Jane Early, B. S., Lemoyne College, Syracuse, New York, M. A. University of Rochester; Gaywood S. McQuire, B. S. Morgan State College, Completing M. A. at New York University; Onah Ryan, B. A., Manhattanville College, completing M. A. at University of Detroit.

Lyverne Jaeder and
Delano Jackson

At 277 there's a playschool for pre-school age children from the ages of 2 and 1/2 years to 6 years old. This is an all-day program to teach the kids new games and songs. They are also trying to start a teen center for adolescent youth. This program is working with the Adult Council to build better relations with the children and adults in the future. The unique part of this is, that 114th Street is the only block in the country that has the Shuttle Plan of rehabilitation, without the families having to move from the block. Some call this plan the Checkerboard Plan.

Harriet Wilson

DIRECTOR DISCUSSES PROGRAM

(continued from page 1)

helped Callendar to get a job paying \$142.00 weekly. He then attended a Seminary in Philadelphia. It was around this period of time that Callendar made a resolution to aid the Black people. He wanted especially to aid the disadvantaged persons.

Reverend Callendar's primary concern, as stated above, is disadvantaged people. He noticed that the church had no concern for poor or disadvantaged people, even though it is supposed to be a "place for all people". In 1955 he established his first church on 7th Avenue, Mid-Harlem Community Parish. It consisted of three store fronts. Every day he had a sermon to deliver.

Alcoholics and narcotic addicts would pass by every day. One individual Callendar was very interested in was an alcoholic named Skinny. As the Reverend was reminiscing about Skinny I could see he had stored up some pleasurable incidents concerning Skinny and himself.

Reverend Callendar recalled his first encounter with Skinny. Skinny came into the church dressed in his usual poverty-stricken way. The ushers obviously did not respect Skinny for entering the church, and they asked him to leave. Reverend Callendar, who believes that the church is a place for all people, asked Skinny to take a seat. From then on Skinny was one of the regular attendants of the church, even though he would sometimes come in drunk. Reverend Callendar recalled how he would sometimes meet Skinny on the streets and give him change, anywhere between a dime and a quarter for a drink.

Out of all Skinny's antics the Reverend loved remembering how Skinny managed to spend the winters in hospitals and roam the streets in the summers.

The thing about Skinny that moved Reverend Callendar most happened when he was departing from the church on 7th Ave. to become the minister of the Church of the Master on Morningside Ave. Callendar's congregation was planning to give a farewell party for him. News of his departure had reached Skinny. Skinny went around to his friends and managed to collect 39¢ from them, all in pennies. At the party that the congregation gave for Callendar, Skinny walked in. Skinny handed Reverend Callendar a dirty envelope. Callendar opened the envelope and found 39 pennies. Rev. Callendar felt for the first time Skinny's appreciation for him. Callendar thinks that all people need people, and "39 pennies is what it's all about."

On his arrival at Church of the Master in 1964, Callendar started a Bible study class, at 10:00 on Wednesday evenings. This was part of his new Young

Life Club (which is a Christian oriented organization). In 1965 he sent 300 young men to Colorado through this Young Life program. A spirited woman named Doctor Susan Bryant (called Doc.) came to help out at the church. She and Reverend Callendar started the "Academy of Transition", (which "Doc" headed,) to help drop-outs.

In the Fall of 1965 the first fifty kids to graduate from the "Academy of Transition" were sent to Newark Prep. Out of these fifty, thirty-four students went to college. Rev. Callendar then needed funds to pay Newark Prep for their efforts in teaching these boys. He went to the Ford foundation which paid Newark \$150,000.

Rev. Callendar then joined the New York Urban League in 1966. He had always thought of the Urban League as an organization made up of and for the middle class or "bourgeois" (as he says it). He brought the "Academy of Transition" and The Newark Prep program over to the Urban League. Then he took these programs into the streets. By taking the program into the streets, he constructed what are now called "Street Academies".

This year the program needs \$500,000.00. There are three main reasons we need this money. One reason is that Harlem Prep, as an experimental school, needs extra money to exist in the future. The second reason is that Newark Prep also needs more funds. In the last year alone the Academy of Transition has made progress by sending ninety students to Newark Prep. So the third reason is that the program needs more "Street Academies".

"Street Academies" are schools set up in what were probably once stores. These Academies are where the young people come in to learn. These young people are taught by college students, and graduates. Regular school subjects are taught to these kids. They are given extra attention in the subjects they are weakest in.

I asked Rev. Callendar what the goals of the Education and Youth Incentive Program were. He said his goals for the program were mainly two: first he would like to get as many kids as possible into college, and to prevent them from remaining drop-outs. Secondly, he would like for the students who graduate from the program, and college, to come back and work in the program: Callendar would like the graduates of the program to inspire and train more youths.

Reverend Callendar believes that the disadvantaged people must help themselves. He says "if we don't help ourselves, who is going to help us?"

I then asked Rev. Callendar whether he had succeeded in reaching his goals. He said he had to some extent. He explained that this summer some of the students, now in college, came back to the community during their summer vacation. He won't know if the program succeeds or not until the first group of

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THE PEOPLE'S PROGRAM HITS BACK

THE BLACK COMMUNITY AND OUR ENEMY

Living every day is only a blessing from God, but in honoring this blessing we find that not everyone takes life seriously. But, we need to. For when we die, it cannot be said that God did not give each man or woman their chance to leave their mark of goodness on life. Regardless of the span of time allowed to each.

Here in Harlem there is a special evil facing the community, like no other evil before in mankind. Our young and old black brothers and sisters, and even some whites, are being caught up in a war. The war is against dope. Each youth in Harlem is a potential drug addict.

What are the problems? How can they be solved? These are all questions for debate. But, the fact of the matter is that dope is killing off our youth. The People's Program does not have the one answer to the problem, but we do have an answer. Our staff of ex-addicts and experts in the field believe that if the society really wants to do something about the dope problem, that it should stop the inflow of dope at the piers where the ships come in, or at the airports and, most important of all, at the custom stations that inspect these imports. Import inspector jobs should be created for people who know how to check and inspect for drugs, who know where and how to hide drugs.

Yet we also know that this is not being done, and that the problem is climbing to a peak in our community, that right now eight out of ten youth are using drugs, and that in ten years there will not be any young people not on drugs.

The community must attack this problem now. We must do it together: mothers, fathers, churches, store owners, teachers - all that are united in their concern. We can not afford to wait for help from Welfare and Anti-poverty agencies. They are too slow and do not know the problem the way we do. We, the people, must act now; we are the ones affected, we must act together to solve the problem.

How do we start? We ask ourselves each day what we can do. We look for an answer

from a friend, from the newspaper, from a program. But, in the end, we, the community, must declare our own War on Dope. After all, we who sleep, eat, shop, spend money and laugh together in the community are the only ones who can solve the problem. Who else is better qualified? It is our problem, so come to The People's Program and learn and participate in our united approach. We may not be able to stop drugs from being brought into the community, but the community can show the world that it has no need for drugs. We can show our youngsters that the need for dope is not as great as the need to be a man. To accept the truth is to be a man; to accept the truth about what you were and what you are, to use your past experiences to help someone else to walk straight, to get his head out from in between his knees, to be able to live a good and productive life.

The People's Program has a Narcotics Program here in Harlem at 2542 7th Avenue on the corner of 147th Street. At this writing the Urban League of New York has given the help needed to keep it going, for how long I do not know; regardless the program will go on. The Program is geared to fight heroin, geared for the young and the old that are ready to be helped. We hope that we can bring enough to bear on the problem, that we can eliminate it. We need moral and financial support from all that want to help. But most of all we want interest and concern, so that we can attack dope now.

There are many on our staff of ex-addicts that know the problem and can contribute to the program. There are many who are ready to die to save our community and our children.

Our so-called successful Negro must come back home, come back into the community after five o'clock, leave that television set alone and contribute to the community, no matter what his position or status is.

We must how our young that

we are interested and concerned with the problem at all times. Let them see that the Sammy Davis and the Sidney Poitiers are coming home, giving their support, like they give other communities. We must show the kids that the men are on the job, setting an example and not talking out of the sides of their mouths.

Our Director, Arthur Dunmeyer, had this plan of attack for a long time and, together, with the members of the Program, we believe that we can solve the problem. If we all get down on this problem, united as men who do not need dope, we can drive dope out of the community, rehabilitate the addict, give the pusher a different job. We are ready, are you?

Some Students who went Through the Program.

Mr. Charles Shower. Age 35, Now Trainee, Manager in the People's Program. "I felt it was a good chance for me to give up drugs and help others give them up also. After all, I did want to start life fresh and the People's Program helped me do just that."

Mr. Edward Whaley, Jr. Age 17, Student. "I am now back in school and working with the youths in the People's Program. The program is great if the young addict is ready. If he is not ready, then it is his life he has destroyed, for the program will go on. There are thousands of kids that need help and some are ready."

Mr. William Manning. Reentry Manager, in the People's Program. "I believe the People's Program can help the addict if he is ready to stop. It helped me, and now I am in the community helping others."

Mr. Charles Dixon, Age 21, Student. "I made it, and so can the rest. I guess you have to be ready, but dope is killing the kids, and if programs such as these with their unique approach continue, the addict can be helped."

Mr. James Matthew. "I wasn't ready, so I failed. I will say this, though, The People's Program helped me realize that I am more than a drug addict. I will be back, and I will be ready this time."

Bill Satterfield

"To speak love is to make love." The subject of love is really hard to write on. Love can appear in many forms: the love a man may have for his dog, is way different from the love he has for his wife. And the love he may have for his family, is different from that he has for his dog or wife.

Definition (from Merriam-Webster Dictionary)

1. strong affection, 2. warm attachment, 3. attraction based on sexual desire.

People have their own personal definitions for love. Later on I will ask some people of their opinions.

Many people ask, "How do you know when you are in love?" The only sensible answer that can be given is the standard one: "When you are, you'll know it yourself, and you will stop asking how you can tell."

There are three ways in which you can test love: the test of time, the test of absence, and the test of companionship. If your interest in and feeling for the other person rapidly passes away, or is casually overridden by other interests, don't suddenly dream you are in love.

Psychologically speaking, a human being has no greater need than that of giving and receiving love. We must "love and perish." But there is no

law which says that all valid love must be romantic love.

The great fallacies in the American pursuit of romantic love are the beliefs that it will "last forever," that with it everything can be conquered, and that without it nothing else counts much. This is nonsense. There are many kinds of love beyond the romantic that hold superb life satisfactions. Romantic love may spark a wedding, but unless it ripens into a broader, deeper conjugal love, it will sooner or later burn itself out, leaving ashes of frustration behind. It is easier to fall in love than to stay there.

"What is love?"

Miss Ida Fladger: "Love is very strange. Sometimes you have to give and be able to take. It is wonderful, beautiful and without it you have nothing. It's the most greatest thing on earth. But money always speaks louder, clearer, than anything except love."

Mr. Stanley Jones: "Love is just something that happens. There is no definition for love."

Mrs. B. Fladger: "Love is a little thing, it's shaped like a lizard, and it gets around your heart and tickles your gizzard."

Mrs. York A. Fladger: "Love is when you can take one and one and make three."

Debra Daniels

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MINI SKIRTS

Why have I chosen to write about the mini skirt? Well, people always forget about the good side of things. All of the controversy about the mini skirt is mostly on the bad side. Parents always find something wrong with the teenage fad or the young people's happenings. "It's bad, it's wrong, it's this, and it's that!" You hardly hear: "Oh, that's nice," or "I'll help them in their cause." Well! I'm going to try and persuade these particular people that the mini look isn't all that bad.

It all started in Europe and later continued on to Italy, the United States and Russia.

To describe this skirt or dress in one word—it's short, very, very short—as much as three to eight inches above the knee. The idea of this skirt is to make the person look new, be new, and feel new—because legs, legs, and legs are what's happening. It's all new—along with the nude look!

To wear this skirt, you first have to have legs: nice legs. Legs that are too large ruin the show. A nice figure and face are preferable.

The mini skirt can be very vulgar if it is worn by the wrong people, like people with big hips or large legs.

I was reading an article about young Russian women wearing mini skirts and the older women would try to tug them down. Now, isn't that ridiculous? Nobody tugged at their bathing suits when they

began to rise above their knees.

The main objections to the mini skirt come from the public school system. Many schools have banned them. They say that they aren't appropriate to wear in school. I guess it's because the teachers are concentrating on legs and trying to teach at the same time.

Wearing the mini skirt is sometimes a dangerous business. You have to be very careful not to drop anything. In bending to pick it up, you might become a little exposed. Sitting is also a little difficult because your skirt rises to great heights. Crossing legs is a must. Along with your face, figure, and femininity, you have to have quite a bit of courage, for all eyes will be on you.

I love wearing mini skirts. I love the attention and the look. You're alert and yet you feel so free. Just like the conservative dresser and the Ivy league styles, the mini look is a style mainly for the young, petite, and adventurous.

This look came in with a boom and will leave with the wind, but not for quite some time. So principals, teachers, mothers and fathers—just think about yourself when you were young, and keep your eyes on the brighter side of legs, and you will agree that mini skirts aren't so bad after all.

Debra Vails

To a Poet Who Know's

Art, Music, Culture . . . And a bomb Falls upon Society.

Joy, Laughter, Tears . . . And a bomb Falls upon Society.

Artist, Actor, Musician . . . And a bomb Falls upon Society.

Wealth, Fame, Poverty . . . And a bomb Falls upon Society.

Ambition, Avarice, Evilness . . . And a bomb Falls upon Society.

Politics, Religion, Peasants . . . And society Is destroyed by Society.

Albert Cappas

40 ACRES AND A MULE

FORTY ACRES

AND A MULE

Published by the students in the Educational Program of the Urban League of Greater New York

170 West 130th Street, New York, New York
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FORTY ACRES AND A MULE

Published monthly at a cost of 25¢ per copy. Subscription rates, \$3.00 per year. Second class postage is paid at New York, N.Y. by the Urban League of Greater New York. Editorial and publication headquarters 170 West 130 St., New York, N.Y.

Subscription checks payable to Forty Acres and a Mule. All publication rights are reserved. Printed by the News Publishing Company, Stratford, Conn.

40 ACRES AND A MULE

The original meaning of "40 Acres and a Mule" is not the heritage, nor the goal of American Black youth today. As a slogan it stood for a promise once made to the Black man, and never fulfilled. Now, as a symbol, it stands for a promise which the Black youth will fulfill for themselves.

The phrase, which became popular in the 1860's, expressed the compensation the slaves expected to receive from the Federal Government when they were emancipated after the Union victory.

The promise arose from several sources.

In a special field order on January 16, 1865, General William T. Sherman said "Every family shall have a plot of not more than forty acres of tillable ground".

Thaddeus Stevens, who subscribed to the "conquered province theory", advocated the confiscation of all property of ex-Confederates, and making a gift of forty acres to each former slave.

The Freedman's Act, approved by President Lincoln, March 3, 1865, authorized the Commissioner to lease to all male refugees and freedmen not more than forty acres of land in the South that had been abandoned by the owners or confiscated by the Federal Government, with the option to buy after three years.

But none of these promises were ever kept: for example the Black man could obtain little from the provision in the Freedman's Act, because the original owners reclaimed the abandoned land, and confiscations could be, under the attainer clause in the Constitution, only for the life of the owners.

The hope of receiving forty acres and a mule was just one of the many promises to the freedmen that was never realized.

However, the importance of this phrase is in its present use. Now the time has come for American Black youth to fulfill these promises by themselves. Their "forty acres and a mule", whatever that hope may stand for in the eyes of Black youth today, will be earned: through education, through what Black youth can make of themselves. The Black man has learned that nothing

really significant will be handed to him: all goals must be achieved through individual and joint efforts, through desire and work.

Thus the title of our newspaper, Forty Acres and a Mule, is a symbol of the goals of Black youth, and of the desire to achieve them that is inherent in the youth today.

America can keep its forty acres and a mule. The Black youth are capable of gaining what they want through their own initiative: through their strength, through their inner resources, through their desire for education, and thus, through their intellectual and moral achievements in the world.

THE NON VIOLENT MIND

There have been so many riots (racial in this country that America has become a dirty word. A word that no longer symbolizes Democracy. A word that only represents the evil and bias of this country.

It is the responsibility of this young (soul) generation to be able to fight back mentally. They must be able to cope with the problems that exist today in our complex society. They must be willing to get ahead academically.

An individual who adopts a violent nature will not be able to contribute anything of value to our society. He will do nothing but influence those who are extremely evil-minded. This world is already too violent to have organizations going around preaching violence and hate.

Mankind as an organization should become more aware of the humanity of Nature. They should make it their responsibility to preach non-violent philosophy. They should really communicate in the struggle they are involved with. By this, I am not technically saying to go out there and let yourself get killed. Only Christ did that. But if you can identify yourself with Him, then you should not fear death.

The system in this society of ours is due for a complete change. Only when people begin to manifest their love toward mankind and make it a full-time responsibility to teach society; then and only then, will we live in a better constructive world. Being violent merely means being dominated by the old system.

Albert Cappas

A NEED FOR BLACK UNITY

The unity of the Black American people is desired, is necessary, and is needed here more than in any part of the earth. We have been robbed and spoiled so thoroughly until no one wants our membership in their society. This is largely because of the mark of the slave Masters. It's about time we go for ourselves, we no longer need anyone to show us the way. We should unite among ourselves and make a path for those who shall follow after us: With unity comes our salvation. But some of us have other ideas such as useless rioting, in which the damage is usually thrown back at us.

Still we have others that ride by in their long cars and will see a brother lying out in the street and say, "Look at that dirty junkie." And all the while he knows that this brother and many others like him are those whom this hustler is constantly hurting by selling them dope.

There are people with half minds. These people we can do without. These people can't see the real things in life. You are probably wondering what I mean by the real things. I will not attempt to make my real things an identifiable entity because each man has his own real things, or, if you wish, his own dream. Instead I will ask you to think of your own dream, your ideal of serenity in this world of ours. Now with this in mind think: would you give up your dream, your highest goal, your deepest feeling and desire for peace, and settle for standards in which men with half minds abide by? If so then you too, my brother, have but a half mind. No matter how wonderful or great your dream was, you gave it up for a long standing and worthless standard so I ask you again while you still have your visions of serenity and grandeur in your minds to unite, my people, not just for peace on this earth but for our salvation also.

Don't call that brother a junkie, give him your hand and help him up, make him strong and you shall be strong.

This is unity. With this your dreams will be real.

Delano Jackson

A SMALL VIEW OF HARLEM

The other morning at the 119th Street Academy, the staff of "40 acres and a mule" was asked to take a walk down to 116th street. The object of the walk was to develop in the students' the capacity for picking details out of a seemingly normal scene.

On the return trip the instructor brought to our attention a Nazi-style swastika scrawled on the wall of an aging tenement on the opposite side of the street. The position of the swastika struck me as being rather odd. There were no windows on that particular side of the building. To place that swastika there would be impossible for someone without the aid of scaffolding or possibly a ladder. Upon closer inspection, the vacant lot adjacent to the building suggested that in the very recent past, heavy equipment had been present to raze the building that had once occupied the lot. Since the swastika was sketched in chalk, further, since chalk-markings are short-lived in the out of doors, these circumstances intimated the swastika was placed in its position immediately after the building was razed.

Given all these facts, one could reason that an unidentified workman, with a warped sense of humor, had scrawled the swastika on the adjacent building. However, his morals were, he could do nothing more than raise indignation on the part of the local residents and passers-by. It would be needless to entertain any discussion on what the swastika is represented of to the block residents of Harlem.

Ted Offley

Editorial

Note

We reserve a space for our readers, and welcome any questions or suggestions. Letters to the editor will be printed. All correspondence, including inquiries about subscriptions and about advertising rates should be sent to 40 Acres and a Mule, 170 W. 130th St., New York, N.Y.

Spring Miner

First I'd like Willis Lancaster experiences a leagues with th

I arrived March 15, 1967 world, far from optimistic about has my second training with t as though I w couldn't conqu challenge the s

As the days performance. locker room session. The ballplayer is t my best buddy what can a fe though you r released, there "I might be become quite "go bad" for a on yourself. Y worth it"? Yo yourself "is ba wasn't for me pulling for me then realized torture than o that this is stil really getting games of st example of s perform.

We woke Usually after talking main not related to on the field with instruct day. Usually training field quarter of a practice in five times. F him out. Bel legs feel like grouped off from each r playing gear thought our drills we wo hundred y temperatur mark. It wa

By now clubhouse I then chang mail that w return to th inter-squad played on t my game w any saunte dormitory a week w consisting This is a l minor leag one hundr was that cafeteria fields we v lounged a pool, or pi

After a meet a lady. The waiting fo in the de exhaustion spring tra

Spring Training With The Minnesota Twins (Part 1)

First I'd like to start off by telling you that my name is Willis Lancaster. I'd also would like to share some of the experiences and conditions I had to face in the minor leagues with the Minnesota Twins."

I arrived in Melbourne, Florida for Spring training on March 15, 1967. It seemed as though I were in another world, far from my normal environment. I was quite optimistic about the repetitious, grinding, month ahead. It has my second year and the thought of going to spring training with the higher-classed ballplayers made me feel as though I would never reach their level. I felt as if I couldn't conquer this barrier, I also felt a deep desire to challenge the situation and to show what I had to offer.

As the days went by, desire played a large part in my performance. I can still remember a calm serenity in the locker room before and after each five hour work-out session. The most startling thing that can happen to a ballplayer is to be cut. As an individual, I've seen some of my best buddies released. As they start to leave, I mean what can a fellow say? What do you say to them? Even though you really don't have any ideas about being released, there's always the feeling in the air that maybe "I might be next." As the days continue to pass, you become quite lonely and sometimes depressed. When you "go bad" for a few days it seems like you always get down on yourself. You ask yourself "is all of this gruelling work worth it"? You're at a point now where you have to ask yourself "is baseball for me"? In my own case I thought it wasn't for me. After I thought of all the people back home pulling for me, a deep desire arose in me to continue on. I then realized that the human body can take much more torture than our minds lead us to believe, keeping in mind that this is still spring training, the torture to your body is really getting you in shape for the one hundred and forty games of the long season ahead. I'd like to give an example of some of the exercises a player is expected to perform.

We woke up at eight in the morning and ate breakfast. Usually after this we would lounge around in our rooms talking mainly about past girl friends, or anything that's not related to baseball. By 10 a.m. we had to be dressed, on the field and ready to go. Then the "brass" came in with instructions of what we had to do on that particular day. Usually we started off with a jog run around the four training fields, which, consisted of approximately a quarter of a mile. Then we would take group batting practice in turn. Each player went in the batting cage five times. He stayed in the cage until the coach called him out. Believe me, after the cage your back, arm, and legs feel like they're falling off. We then reassembled and grouped off again. This time the catchers and players from each respective position paired off for drills in full playing gear. Then we would throw baseballs until we thought our arms were coming off. After these various drills we would go into the outfield and run twelve one hundred yard sprints. This was done while the temperature ran usually above the eighty-five degree mark. It was also necessary to take six salt tablets a day.

By now its noon time and we're back inside the clubhouse laughing and complaining simultaneously. We then changed uniforms, after a few sandwiches, and read mail that was delivered from home. After that we had to return to the field. The afternoon session consisted of four inter-squad games, all going at the same time. Each team played on fields respective to level of ballplaying. When my game was over I'd go directly to the showers without any sauntering around. After this we returned to the dormitory usually for some sleep. Also maybe three times a week we would meet for blackboard skull sessions consisting of bunt plays, pick offs, and covering drills. This is a look at an average day of spring training in the minor leagues. Dinner was served six p.m. There were one hundred and forty guys. The amazing thing about it was that they all managed to empty the cafeteria completely in a half a hour. After we left the fields we were free to do as we pleased. In the evening we lounged around, watched T.V., listened to records, played pool, or ping pong or we just walked around town.

After a few weeks of the same thing, you try to manage meet and do some associating with some nice young lady. The curfew is twelve and there's always a fine waiting for you if you don't make it. Usually everybody's in the dormitory and asleep by eleven from sheer exhaustion. Through these lonely, long, dreary days of spring training, if you don't call this desire to play, you

tell me what desire is.

To cope with new and different patterns of living requires great desire and just plain "guts." Life has much to offer in the way of both good and bad experiences. When challenges present themselves to each of us, regardless of how well equipped we are to handle the situations, we must remember from where we are coming and to where we want or should I say to where we have to go. We must constantly improve ourselves to get into the competition. Most important is the fact that a bad or materially unrewarding experience can be of greater value when encountering our next endeavor.

Willis Lancaster



Sonny Johnson receives Gardner Webb College Holiday Tournament trophy.

The Start Of Another Season

The Junior Bears of the Lower East Side opened their season against the Harlem Falcons. Both teams started the season without any experience under their belts.

The game was hard fought for both teams...with a variety of offensive plays and good quarter-backing. The Harlem Falcons were able to show precise movement and timing on every play, until the Junior Bears' great defensive end Mitchel made a second effort to get his team rolling, and with the help of Bravo, Bob Moore, Herbie Bowen, Junior, and the mysterious number 89, the team was able

to come back and keep the Falcons from scoring.

In the start of the Second half, the Bears rallied their offensive unit together, and got good running efforts from Lamont, Ernest, and their fullback Jim Brown, who wasn't put to much use because of pass calling by Gary and Snipes. The Bears' line showed great executions of blocking: and quarterbacks Eugene and Mike Williams show great promise for the Bears, but still were not able to break the deadlock. The game ended in a nothing to nothing tie.

Mike Williams

To: America's Way Of Justice

A thought inspired,
by only a drunkish mind.
A society making laws,
but doesn't abide by them..
A tired and weary judge,
presiding over someone's life.

I, the black man, shall,
pass your true verdict
guilty.

Yet still it is enforced
but just the image is there.
For no longer, will the politician heed,
nor Congress yield,
to these ridiculous errors made by fools.
The laws are made for people who make it,
not the ones who hate it,
or cannot adjust to it.

The old sheet of paper
obeyed only by fools,
it is a mockery upon
itself.

The sentence is exile.

Walter Faison

Sonny Johnson

Sonny Johnson was born in Harlem on 147th St. between Amsterdam and Broadway

He lived the normal life of a kid who has grown up in Harlem. In 1963 he went to Laurinburg Prep in North Carolina. While attending he received All-State basketball honors, and also an award for the most outstanding football player. In June of 1965 Sonny graduated, and the following October he went to the Church of the Master Club, the first Urban League Street Academy. Harv Oostdyk looked after Sonny and others who were there.

Sonny didn't feel like going right to college then. Others who were at the Church were Douglas Peeples, now teller for Manufacturer's Hanover Trust; Aubrey Matthews; now assistant Project Director of the Church of the Master. They also opened up a couple of resident apartments to stay in. Sonny was in an apartment with Aubrey Matthews, who had formerly played for Franklin High School; Bob Spivey, also from Franklin, now playing for Ranger Junior College; Keith Edwards, a sophomore at Marquette University, and Bruce James, and Raymond (Cuda) Holmes, both at Pasadena City College.

Sonny Johnson stayed at the Street Academy until January, 1966, when he was given a scholarship to Gardner Webb Junior College. The basketball coach, Ed Holbrook, had seen Sonny play at Laurinburg. Sonny was supported by funds from a man named Mr. Dehart. He gave him spending money and paid for books and other expenses. While playing at Gardner Webb Sonny averaged close to twenty points per game. He made the All-Tournament team, the All-Conference team, and the All-State team, while breaking the school's record for assists, with an average of nine per game. He received the Most Valuable Player Award in the Gardner-Webb Christmas Tournament. He also left the

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DIRECTOR DISCUSSES PROGRAM

(continued from page 2)

college students come back to the program permanently.

Reverend Callendar is a Christian. He said that he wouldn't isolate power from Christianity. He says you shouldn't feed people thoughts about "you don't need an education, or Christ, just money." But he did say "It's hard to preach the gospel to a poor man."

I next asked Reverend Callendar why there were Moslems in the program. I wanted to know why he helped people who disagree with his religious beliefs. He answered that the guys on the street are not Christian oriented, but Moslem oriented. He respects the Moslem religion and Elijah Muhammad, because they are trying to implant dignity in the Black man. He respects the Moslems because they run good businesses, and control them themselves. Callendar disagrees with the Moslems over the fact that they are anti-white.

Reverend Callendar is a very busy man. He heads more programs than just the Educational Program. Some of the programs he heads are: Operation Open City. This program finds homes for Negroes and Puerto Ricans in areas where none of their race formerly lived; the Skills Bank, which finds jobs for negroes; and Skills Advance Incorporated which trains people on the job to earn and learn.

There are many other programs that Reverend Callendar heads, too numerous to explain. Even though this is a lot for one man to be involved in, Reverend Callendar is still concerned with new problems. These problems will probably begin new programs. This only goes to show you can't hold a good man down. **Sharon Lawrence**

Diary of A Three Day "Solo"

This summer several groups of students from the New York Urban League took part in the Outward Bound Program at Hurricane Island, Maine.

One of the most difficult parts of the program is a three day "solo" during which the participants are each placed on separate islands and expected to demonstrate their ability to survive using only what is naturally available.

This diary was written by a student during his "solo".

Yesterday afternoon they dropped thirty-six of us on different islands. I was put on a small one. The first thing I did was look for a spot to put up my tent. After that I went looking for food by the shore. The tide was up, so I had to wait morning. That day I found mussels, which are a type of clam, that I put with the different weeds I found and ate. I got sick from eating too much.

Later that night I got hungry, but I was not going to eat sea clams again.

I had the feeling that night that someone or something was on the island with me. I heard all types of sounds: some nice, some that I think could wake up the dead. I woke up the next day at 4:30, and man, were the bugs biting. I made a fire to get rid of them. It worked for a little while. When I saw that I could not get them all, I went down to the shore. I started to think about all the pleasures of home: girls, food, all the different things we use everyday at home. And now this day I'm alone on an island by myself! For the first time in my life I'm alone, really alone.

I say to myself, you can make it. Another part of me says, "when they come to check, leave before you regret coming here." They were right when they said when a man is alone he thinks, acts, and does everything differently. Time goes by slowly. I don't think man was made to be alone, because if he is alone after being with people as I have for over fifteen years I think he would go out of his mind, or destroy himself.

I have only been here for one and a half days. I have thought about all the worst things that could happen to me. But believe me when I tell you there is something in each of us that the good Father Allah put in each of us that makes us stay. Being alone you will find out a lot about yourself, as I am doing now. You will try to put yourself someplace else, but that won't work for long. You might walk the island and look at nature, but you end up right back where you started. All I can say after this first one and a half days is that I'm lonely for people. And that is a strange feeling.

(Must leave now for boat check. Will be back shortly.)

Second Day. The weather is damp. All I do now is walk and talk to myself. I try to remember funny things that happened when I was home so I could laugh: but you aren't able to keep your mind on home very much, because of the noises you hear. You might look into the sky and ask yourself what the hell am I doing here. You know: but I found weakness in myself. The battle of "got to stay" brings tears to my eyes. But I say to myself it won't be long before it's all over for good, and that thought alone and the thought of home will pull you through every time.

(They have come to check me. Be right back.)

Well, they have gone. I ask myself again, "Why didn't you call out for help and leave this place?" I try again and again to put myself in the sweet dreams of home. All the wrong things I have done come to mind. All the good things, you think of them last? man.

After this I think I will be a different fellow in some ways. Just that fast I started to think of my little girl and woman. See, loneliness is something I don't want to have to experience again, because it's not fun to me at all.

Jim Gilliard

The Greatest Puzzle
The Greatest Invention of the Devil
The Greatest Thought
The Greatest Sin
The Most Expensive Indulgence
The Greatest Thing Bar None in all the World
The Most Ridiculous Asset
The Best Play
The Richest Asset
The Greatest Stumbling Block
The Most Dangerous Person
The Greatest Mistake
The Cheapest and Easiest Thing to Do
The Greatest Secret of Production
The Best Work
The Greatest Need
The Most Disagreeable Person
The Best Town
The Greatest Troublemaker
The Greatest Deceiver
The Biggest Fool
The Best Teacher

Wisdom For All

Life
War
God
Fear
Hate
LOVE
Pride
Work
Health
Egotism
Liar
Giving Up
Find Fault
Save Waste
What You Like
Common Sense
The Complainer
Where You Succeed
One Who Talks Too Much
One Who Deceives Himself
The Child Who Will Not Go To School
One Who Makes You Want To Learn

Wayne B. Howe

A SEARCH FOR IDENTITY IN TWO TOWNS

The story I'm about to relate to you concerns two towns. The names of these towns are _____ (in New Jersey), and Harlem (in New York). The reason I picked these two towns to write about is because of the fact that they are changing my life. In my opinion my past, present, and future lie in the hands of these towns and how I use them. I guess I'm prejudiced, but I prefer Harlem to _____. Harlem has its good and bad points although _____ has its too. Harlem lets people view its bad points while _____ shows only its better side. I therefore surmise that Harlem, a town hit by hard knocks, comes out first in the race of nobleness while _____ wins the race of the best condemner of its townspeople.

I arrived at the conclusion that Harlem was noble because of several reasons. Harlem and _____ are like two women, both different, so they handle their problems differently. Harlem is the woman who may acquire a sore on her face and doctor that sore no matter how long it will take. _____ is the woman who may hide that sore with lots of make-up, therefore making it worse. People on the

outside seeing this woman don't realize how bad the sore is. Since Harlem shows its sore, people think that it's more repulsive than _____. The sores on the women are the people in the towns. The sores in Harlem are junkies, prostitutes, whores, drop-outs, illegitimate babies, churches or beliefs formed out of sheer mockery, and others too numerous to name. The sores in _____ are the fathers who deal in dope, mothers who educate their daughters in the art of sex and how not to be caught and punished for practicing this art. Girls who take pills, boys who sniff and shoot dope, mothers and fathers who bring their children up on prejudices according to color or religion. These are all sores, the sores of _____.

The Town of _____ is made up of middle-class and well-to-do persons. _____ molds everyone from the same type of clay leaving no individualists. No one disagrees with another in a clique. No matter how different two people's jobs are in _____ their minds are basically the same. The main problem is that _____ is an ideal white town. _____ goes by the book and is not an

individualistic town, so that it can not afford to have individualists surviving within its walls.

Harlem is a town full of poor Negroes with no one to care for them but themselves. The Negroes in Harlem have fought against becoming the town "whities" would like to see. Instead of changing to suit the white man Harlem has become more black than anything else. This black town will give plenty of the Negroes the chance to identify with it instead of with the white's territories. I love the way Harlem has shaped its people into different individuals. In Harlem everyone seems to come out of a different piece of clay. You never know what type of person you're going to come up against within the next hour, minute or second.

The reason I have brought these two towns down to compact size on paper is because of the fact that they are shaping me right now. If I stay in _____ I may reflect not only my family, friends and neighbors but the whole town; therefore I would be the town. I want to be a part of Harlem so that I can mend my sores, the sores of life, out in the open. I want to stay in Harlem primarily to be me, an individualist.

Sharon Lawrence

Belligerent Neighbor

The Stars are generating light
The clouds are crying of joy
The Sun - our intimate friend - is
Keeping us from getting cold

Look at the Comets trying to reach
Their destination before it's too late

Look at the constellation of friendly
Stars not knowing the meaning of segregation

But look at the races of poor little Earth
Still fighting with each other. . .
Not knowing the meaning of integration.

Albert Cappas

Sonny Johnson

Continued from Page 5

school with a 25-5 won-loss record. The Psychology major is now considering a scholarship at C.W. Post, but would like to go to a college on the West Coast. For the time being he is helping the boys and girls at Harlem Prep.

Myron Priester

**in education
there is power**



The H

Family life means a lot to the teenagers of today. Family life I mean within our houses day in and day out: because for any of us, we feel secure in knowing somebody cares and for us. But if all that we have in our houses are fights, disagreements, you know, feeling that nobody cares happens to you. So what do you care?

For any of us to stay

(I say)
So you say, You are for My Cause.
You say it is wrong to be kept out of doors.

You tell me I have been and I will gain the right to speak.

I'm told that all I have to do and when I'm done I will have in future years the right to climb the

To reach the top, and I'll be among the best.

(He says)
So now you can be better. Help me correct justice and I shall see that you get all the power. And I will change the world. Come on now, what do you have to die is all you have. What say you?

And I say Hell No!



Photo by Ebony Magazine

The Help I Could get from my Family

Family life means a lot to all the teenagers of today. By family life I mean what goes on in our houses day in and day out: because for any of us to do well in what we try, we must feel secure in knowing that somebody cares and is pulling for us. But if all that goes on in our houses are fights and disagreements, you get the feeling that nobody cares what happens to you. So why should you care?

For any of us to stay straight

and have goals and try to achieve them, the family life must be a closely knit thing. We should feel the sternness of our parents helping us to go on. But there should be the knowledge in us that this sternness is only for our good. This is up to the parents to show to us. Some never get around to it. You can call it love. Don't get me wrong, I don't mean the love a mother has for her son. I mean a love which we should feel in every

thing that has to do with home. I think most Puerto Rican and Negro youths are missing this: and this is one reason most of us don't make it.

Angel Salcedo

MY GOD IS BLACK

I'm not in the position to say God is black, because that would be considered a fact—something proven to be true. I have never seen God, and doubt if anyone else has, but when God does come, he will come in his own good time, and the people will know he is God, because he shall perform a duty no other human being could do within a lifetime.

My God is Black! I say this because why would God produce something other than himself? The Blackman is a very intelligent and beautiful person.

Black people are really awakening. They now know they are brothers and sisters, and the only way they're going to get someplace is to work together. They also realize they are Black people and not "negroes", meaning something low. Black people are now free and know where they stand in the world, and who they really are. That's all they need, before they regain their throne, and live the civilized life which is their nature to live.

Richard Jameson

Leonard Jackson

To Those Who Would

(I say)

So you say, You are for me, My Plight and My Cause.
You say it is wrong that I should be kept out of doors.

You tell me I have but to seek and I will gain the right to speak.

I'm told that all I have to do is everything you want to me to and when I'm done with sweat and tears, that I shall have in future years — the right to climb the marble stairs.

To reach the top, and when I can, I'll be among the best of men.

(He says)

So now you can be both black and strong Help me correct just one more wrong and I shall see that when it's through That you get all the honors due And I will change because of you. Come on now, what say you to die is all you have to do What say you?

And I say Hell No!

Who am I

Who am I

A face, a name, a voice .

Do other people really know who I am?

To my parents I am still a child

To my teachers I am, well, a problem, a question mark, a grade

Sometimes I am hope

And sometimes I am trouble.

I am parts of many people.

Parts of my family, parts of my friends, parts of my enemies and parts of strangers.

I am a teenager, but mostly an adult, and I admit also a child—

Pieces of a puzzle that I sometimes think will never fit together. I am awake, alert, ready to find out about the world and to go on with it

To become somebody, to learn about everything

You may not believe it, but sometimes I'm a brain

I am also a looker out of windows, a dozer, a dreamer

I am a rememberer and a forgetter

There are times when nobody understands

When I don't understand

When I feel like leaving home and going it alone

And sometimes I'm so tired I must sleep

Sometimes I think I will save the world

And then I wonder if I can stand to be alone

Who am I?

Myself, thought, laughter, doubts, dreams

And most of all, promises, waiting for fulfillment.

Josephine Johnson

Ballad Of Edmondo Hattemanne

And tomorrow I shall graduate

And mother will be so proud

As I accept my diploma respectfully

And shadows darkly cloud

My dropout soul, my dropout self.

Sold for sheepskin paper

Sold to make mother happy

A truly comic caper

Five years I spent in high school

Learning much more than they could teach

And tomorrow my dropout

Soul must rise above the crowd and preach

Loudly of the futile wars crying to the armies

Preach loudly to the old time folks oh how they'll feel so sorry .

And their minds yes theirs alone

Will be so restlessly yearning

To find out why on graduation day

I set my diploma burning.

Ed Randolph

The Half-Smoked Joint

The soul spins room- hurt the mind jumps
MELLOW I walk out without blown head.

Carmen - got hashi - why walk ash i in the mutt's eye.
She risks - AUT.

The corner's no place to wait - the whore's house is fine.
Toothless imitator hattmanne - "you can watch and pay".

Play cool don't let him know you got none.
A knock on the door and Carmen and greets her - your
smoke and newspaper's open.

There - "get high in the bathroom"
I get loud - the neighbors are listening
They are in reality - goofing.

WHAT'S THE SOUL

THAT SETS THE Mind to GOOFING?

You think Hachie got you high, you are nice.
nice - in the cabeza.
cabeza got soul
its' not soul she after.

You get a goof
You think Its Red?
MAN where's atman.

GOOF

Ed Randolph

The Story Of My Life

I was six years old when I came to New York City from Puerto Rico. Although I had lived in a big city in Puerto Rico, I had never before lived in such an exciting atmosphere as New York. Wherever I went there were thousands of people. My very first impression was that I would never be lonely in New York.

I still can remember the first day my mother took me to school. I had on a green suit. The second day she took me to school I met some kids from my class. The only thing these kids thought of was playing hookey. The third day my mother took me to school I slipped out of the back door and left with my friends. Since that day, hookey became a game for me.

When I was eight years old I joined a gang. I can still remember the first day I went around the block: I had to fight one of the fellows so I could become a member of the gang.

The gang's name was "Mafia Burners". One day, we were supposed to fight a gang name "Mafia Lords". By that day I was already acquainted with the fellows, also I had a very bad reputation in Williamsburgs in Brooklyn.

The reputation made me so brave that I forgot about my family. I had love for no one. To make a long story short, we went and fought them that night. It so happened that I was the one to get shot in my right leg.

I got away. I was afraid of making my mother nervous, so my friend took me to the hospital. Then I stayed a few weeks at his house.

I stayed away from home so much that my mother figured that I was doing the same thing all over again. At the age of twelve I got sent to a boy's training school for smoking marijuana in school.

On New Year's Eve, in 1962, I was introduced to the worst thing in the world: Heroin. Before I was introduced to Heroin, my kicks were glue, pot, wine, and carbona. I was so discouraged and tired of this that I took Heroin.

From 1962 until 1967 the only thing that was on my mind was Heroin: bag after bag. I spent \$25.00 a day on the stuff. Training schools and jails

became an open door for me.

Perhaps you can understand why I became trapped by first one, then another of the evils: gambling, drinking, prostitution, marijuana, smoking, and finally the worst of all, Heroin. I was like a hungry beast, running from reality.

In March of 1967 a girl named Jeanette finally persuaded me to go to the hospital. I told her I would go, first thing in the morning. I left her that night. On my way home, I met one of my so-called friends who was sick. So to help him I decided to pull a job, or what I really mean is go out and rob a person: any person. But I robbed the wrong person this time. The person was a policeman. I was put in jail for about two weeks. During the two weeks I had kicked my habit, so I came back into society. I realized that I would need help filling in the void, and after some thought I decided on Street Academy Program. I felt that this program was best suited for me. At the time of this writing, I am still with the program, and am looking towards a better future.

Andres Peraza

"BIRTH"

I don't know where to begin - the best place is the beginning.

I got pregnant April, 1956. I never went to the clinic. All I did was eat and sleep. I thought I could do like my sisters - wait until I was seven or eight months and then go to the clinic, but I got fooled. In my fifth month I started having trouble. I still didn't go to the clinic. When I was going into my sixth month, I had a miscarriage. It was a girl. She lived two hours. She died because something was wrong with her brain and she was too little to live. You'd think I'd learn something from what happened the first time. I didn't. I got pregnant again in January. I still didn't go to the clinic. I went on like that until June 1, 1966. I had another miscarriage. This time it was a boy. He died when he was coming out. I never knew why he died. But if I'm lucky I'll get another chance to have another baby. I won't do like I did before. And the young girls that read this paper, and those who are going to become mothers, please don't do like I did.

Linda Moody

Femininity In the Black Woman

What is a Black woman? I've often wondered throughout my life what my mother meant by saying, "One day, you'll become a woman." She's never really explained it to me, even until today. But, I think, finally, I do understand. I feel a man needs someone he can take care of; in more ways than one.

Femininity is the symbol for a woman. A woman is feminine when she can submit to a man: letting a man know he is strong; letting him know that he can move; letting him know that he himself is immovable. He is; but so is a good woman. She is sometimes thought to be inferior to him, but the two people are equal because they both have to make a big sacrifice to love one another. And there are no two ways about it.

Why I direct my topic to Black women is because they seem to be forgetting, or just not thinking of their part of the

relationship with Black men. First of all, the woman seeks the material - from a "mechanical man": a big house, a pool, an Electra 225, and a five inch wall to wall carpet. But once these things are found, what happens? "Keep your feet off the carpet, they are DIRTY". Just how satisfied is she? Where's the comfort of home - in the warmth of the carpet?

But take for example an inter-racial marriage (and they do exist). Idealistically, the white woman has had enough luxuries and has been exposed to all the society's culture. The one thing she seeks now is a man, and she has already proven herself by crossing the color barrier. She has made a "sacrifice". Although she may be appreciated by the young, she will still be condemned by the old.

The Black woman should begin to know what she wants - a machine or a man: to rule or to love. In this highly competitive society of commercial businesses and industries, it is difficult for a female to avoid competition. But competition is for the streets and not for home: "A man is happiest, whether he be peasant or king, if he finds peace in his home".

The key to a wholesome relationship is complete sincerity on both parts. Although I doubt if many would admit it, I think men need to be "mothered". That is, simply, to be comforted, to be given credit for his deeds. And most of all, no matter how much you may disagree with him, believe in him and believe in what he holds sacred. Because he is your man, and you are his woman.

Sandra Jackson

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N.Y.C. Dept. of Health

The Bad Super

Mr. Juper the super
where is your flashlight beam
the building is cold for there is no steam
It is on the floor.
Oh! I found it at the door
now turn on the light
and become once for right
now smile with a gleam
and send up the steam.

Oh, I will eat my swine
and buy me a bottle of wine
pork worms can make you die
and wine can make you high
Juper got high and then he dreamed
but the people in the building did not get any steam.

Banging on the door
and stomping on the floor
people had hammers, nails
and even hot water pails
Mr. Juper, Mr. Juper
Our old junkie super
You are mean
Cause you ain't sent no steam.

They knock and knock
until six o'clock
Mr. Juper is still dreaming
while the people are screaming.

"You know when kids don't get their desire
they strike matches for fire."
"Yes son, I know,
The room feels like snow."

I payed my \$30 rent
now I'm going to call Mr. Kent.
"Hello Mr. Kent (may I speak to Mr. Kent)
Mr. Kent has gotten high off our rent.

Now we get under the cover and try to keep warm
Until we get away from the cold storm.
"Ma I am freezing
So I am sneezing."

Mr. Juper is very high
while the people in the building are about to die.

While the people are shaking
Mr. Juper is awakening.
Oh boy, I forgot to send up steam
because I had a bad dream
Now I'll send up the steam
So the people will gleam.

"Dear Mr. Juper I have another desire,
you are fired."

Mr. Juper is a typical bum
who lives in an alley slum.
The people are not happy for Mr. Juper
But they are glad they got a new super.

Mr. Juper, in cold weather I will never ache,
for when you were the super you blew your break.
Mr. Juper has left, and will be gone
to carry the deeds of slums lords on.

Franklin Takeall

40 ACRES AND A MULE

This is the first issue of *Forty Acres and a Mule*. The paper is written and edited by the students in the New York Urban League Educational Program who attend Harlem Prep, Newark Prep, and the Street Academies.

The money raised by this newspaper will be put into a Scholarship fund, which will help send these students to college.

This newspaper is an educational project, the purpose of which is not only to raise money, but also to create a vehicle in which the students can express themselves, and communicate to readers within and outside of the community their thoughts and feelings about the world in which they live.