

409

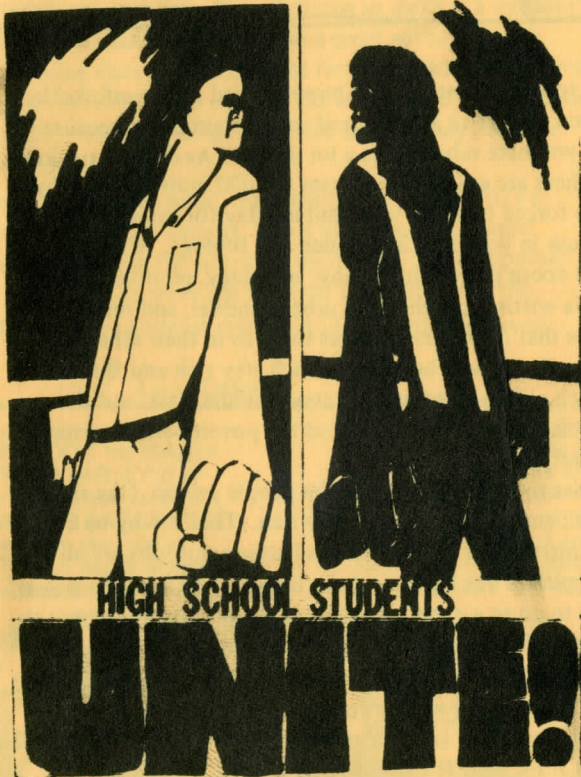
F27

# THE BEGINNING

# OF

# THE

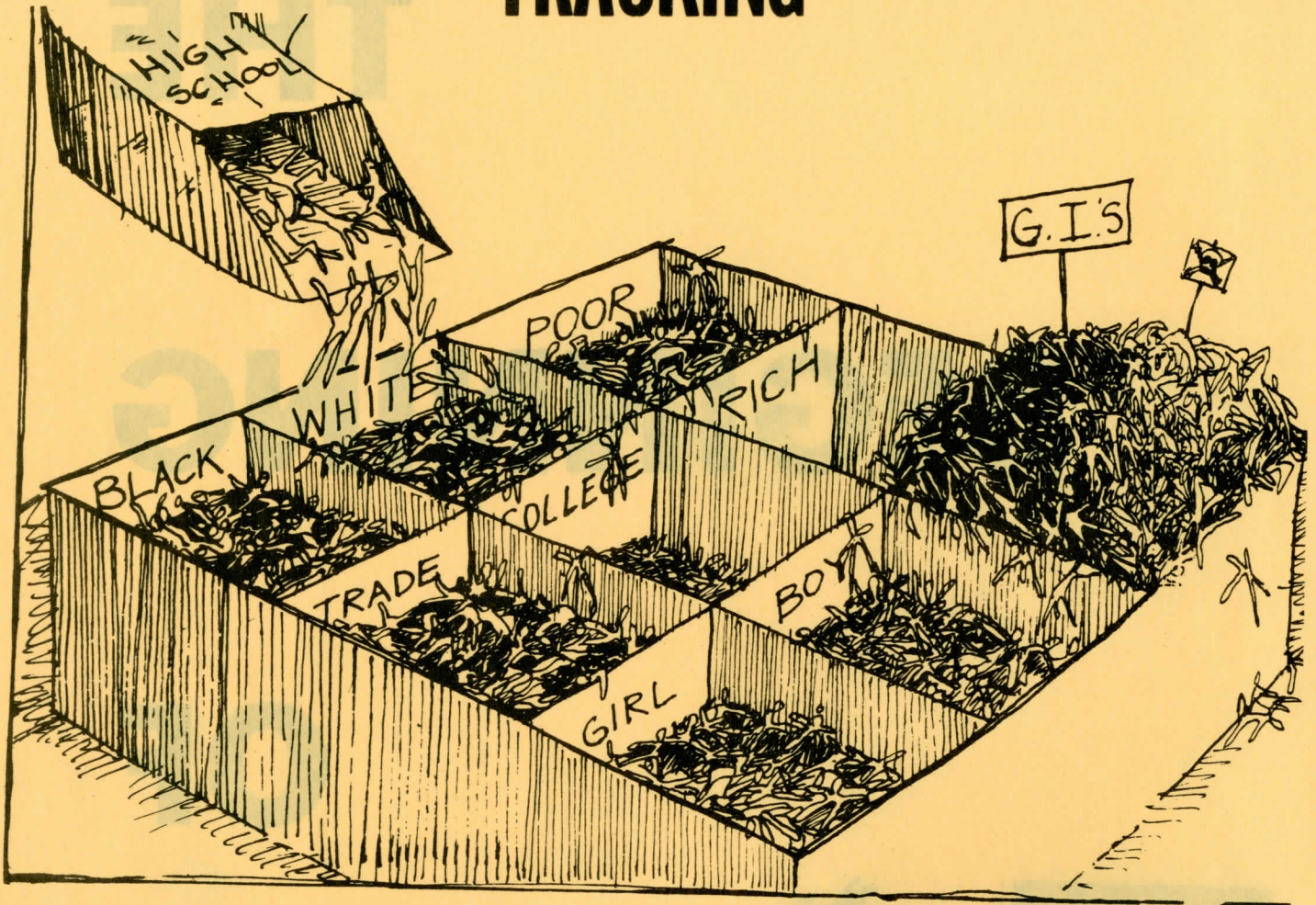
# END



409



# TRACKING



For many of us that read the first issue of East Boston's Beginning of the End, we seemed to miss the point that this is mine and your paper, better interpreted as our free paper.

I said free newspaper because that's exactly what it is. Articles are not censored, but are the same in the paper as the individual has tried to express in writing and none of us has the right to change it. But to criticize, that's another story.

After passing out the paper, many of us talked to our friends and any student we saw carrying one about what they thought about it. There was a lot of good and bad criticism, evolving around certain articles or the newspaper as a whole.

One article that was badly misinterpreted was the one Johnny Cash wrote in which the words were changed to "Eastie, this is what I think of you...." It raised many an eyebrow, almost as many as the article about cops.

I think what the writer meant is that school is no longer looked upon as a place to go eager to learn, but as something every kid has to go through to get a half decent job. It's when at night you hate to go to sleep because that's how much faster morning will come and with it, school. And the morning how you'd give anything to be sick till 2:35, or know definitely that your homeroom teacher won't send you a truant card.

Well, you say to yourself, that's true but school isn't that bad now we can wear pants. Yeah, it's great to wear

pants to school—everyone is more relaxed and comfortable. But you see, we're all humored to a certain point because WHY you hate school goes a lot deeper. As deep as tracking. Why there are only three courses for 1100 individuals. Why you're forced to waste 90 minutes a day for subjects you'll never use in your life like French and Biology. Why this school doesn't have philosophy, sociology, photography, creative writing, psychology, urban renewal, and many other courses that many rich kids get to go to in their schools.

I'll tell you why because the rich stay rich and their kids stay rich and the middle class stays middle class, and the lower class stays lower class, and the poverty-stricken stay in poverty.

It has to stay that way, so the people on top (the rich) control; and control so they stay rich. That's why us kids aren't introduced to these things because our jobs are already picked out for us and our diploma. That's why it cost \$1700 to go to a good school because only the upper middle class and rich can afford to go there. But don't worry, with our diploma from a public school, we'll get a job --what kind, who knows, but it will be enough so that the school system is not jeopardized and can go on doing it's job, KEEPING THE PEOPLE IN THEIR CLASS AND OPPRESSED!

Debra DeFusco  
(Steph)



# HIGH SCHOOL

Why do we have to be floor washes, factory workers, or garbage collectors? Why are we oppressed by rules school committe's make about dress code, smoking and even what courses we are allowed to take in school?

We are being used by the school when schools are supposed to be for us to use and decide what we want. Are they letting us decide? Of course not. Less than forty per cent of todays high school graduates enter college. The first day of school we are labled and prograded regardless of what we want. Now we are ready to go through their machines. Once we're in the machine they proceed to mold the student into a robot. The school tries to turn out non thinking factory machines by this tracking system.

The purpose of programming or tracking as it is currently called is to make sure that there will be enough manuel lab- orers to serve the needs of all industry. All of the big leaders of society, corporations, and government officals need people to collect their garbge, wash their floors, and work in their factories. Schools are not serving the interest of people, they are serving the interest of the society. By tracking we are being trained to serve the ruling class. Work in their factories, collect their garbge, so that they make all the money, and we just get barly enough money to live on.

You may think I.Q. tests terminate what course you are allowed to take in school. If you come from a working class family usually your I.Q. will be lower than those of an upper class family. WHY? Because the parentd of the upper class child can afford to send him to a private school or supports the public school with sufficent funds to make it a better school. This upper class child has a great advantage over the working class child. The child from a working class family doesn't expect to go to college. So why should he try to improve his ability. I.Q. test do not measure ability, they measure advantage!

Look around, see what's happening. isn't it time to do something to change things? Don't you think we should organize and attack the sourse of oppression? It is certainly time for schools to serve the needs of the people not the SOCIETY! The capitalist system in the minority it serves!

Lucia DeSantis

I suppose we could OVERLOOK his MANIA for POPULARITY if it didn't manifest itself in a FAWNING EAGERNESS to perform the role of HATCHET MAN in the vicious schemes of his

more CAUTIOUS playmates!



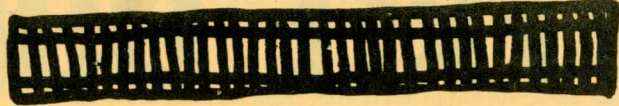
As a matter of fact THAT may be the reason he LIES like a FIEND in the face of OVERWHELMING evidence to the contrary! His TOTAL lack of any MORAL FIBRE could just be a SIDE EFFECT!



We consider his KEEN participation in ANTI-SOCIAL CLIQUES and MARAUDING GANGS is simply a function of his deep-seated BIGOTRY and total lack of COMPASSION!



I'm telling you Lady, this kid could grow up to be President!



Teachers in the Barnes School think that just because they're teachers that they're gonna push kids around like a piece of dirt off the ground. They want the kids to go to school and learn what they teach us, even if we don't like how she's teaching it or what's being taught. They'll say to you, "Well, what's your goal in life?" And you'll answer well maybe I'll be a musician. Then the teacher answers you and says you're going to be an electrician. The kids will probably say, why? And the teacher says because I want you to. The teacher has already taken over the student's mind. Later on in life the student will think back and say why am I working here? I wanted to be a musician. It all boils down to that one teacher who set up the wrong goal for this person. Teachers in this school should leave the students minds alone. Let the kid think for himself. Maybe some teachers do give help to students, but help by force is no good. Not just physical force but mental force. Teachers these days are actually invading the minds of kids. Let's stop the invasion. Let kids use their own minds, not someone else's.

Dee

This is Miss Wilson from the JUNIOR HIGH calling! I thought I'd better have a CHAT with you before we send out Johnny's MID TERM REPORT! The school board believes that while there's LIFE there's HOPE!



You see we OFTEN find a TROUBLED HOME LIFE motivates a child like Johnny to REFUSE to RECOGNIZE let alone COPE with the most BASIC realities of day to day life!





# FREE OUR SISTERS



## SANDY'S DAD

For those of you who don't know, or haven't heard, England passed a law, which enables women to have abortions, if desired. But, in the United States, women who are raped or caught without birth control cannot refuse to bear the child (except for the rich, who can fly to England.)

More women die from abortions than men in Vietnam each year, because they are forced to go to quacks, who use coat-hangers or plungers.

Many quacks, with no medical skills, are giving dangerous abortions to thousands of women every year. Although there are many doctors who feel that women have a right to abortions, only a few will take the chance and break the law to help these women.

Dr. Pierre Brunelle is one of these doctors who helped many women who had no where else to turn. Only he got caught.

At 9:15 a.m., Tuesday, December 9, at Middlesex Superior Court, Dr. Brunelle will be brought before the court for violation of abortion laws.

Men have the majority vote in the legislature and control most of the positions in the courts. It is men who decide what women can do with their bodies--in other words, their lives. This is only one of the many ways women are oppressed in typical everyday life, like at East Boston High, where the male majority will vote along with the girls to decide whether girls can wear pants to school. Or when guys tell their girlfriends what, where, why, and with whom they can do things--as if the girls don't have minds or rights of their own.

It's pretty clear that high school students can't take part in the rally at the court to show that women want to abolish the abortion laws and win their rights of their bodies. But this leaflet is to pass the word of women's oppression to all sisters.

Sandy never did get along with her parents so good,  
And the fussing was the talk of the neighborhood.  
Sandy knew they loved her so much,  
But she wished they wouldn't always start a fight.

Sandy went to bed each night with her radio--  
To drown out the words she hated so.  
And one night she was late--she had a fight,  
And her dad screamed "GET OUT"--This has gone too far.

Sandy slammed the door and rode off in her car.  
And it hurt her so to hear her dad say.  
I hope she kills herself, and started to cry.  
And her mom turned on the radio and tried to sleep.

When the record ended the father sounded sad.  
There were reports of an accident and it looked pretty bad.  
Then to answer that phone, it took all she had,  
Sandy's dad got his wish, Sandy died that night.

Sandy never did get along with her parents so good,  
And their fussing was the talk of the neighborhood.

Sandy knew they loved her so much,  
And now it's mighty quiet and lonely at Sandy's house  
tonight.

Norma A. Pingaro



# HELP

Nowadays Cops are really crashing down on us kids for no reason at all. For example: I am a girl aged 15. I hang with about six girls my age. About three weeks ago we noticed that we were being followed every place we go. So every time we saw these same people behind us or wherever we were, we would remember every detail about this person that we could and then we found out they were DETECTIVES. They have been trying to set us up and wait until the one little thing done wrong and they would move in and make the arrests.

They followed us all over to find out who we associated with, where we went, what time we came home, etc. the whole works. One night I went home with one of my girlfriends about 9:00 o'clock. When I went back out about five minutes later one of the detectives was outside my door. I recognized her from when I saw her around where I hang. She followed me and my girlfriend from my house back to where I was going. These detectives are elderly people about 50. Two are women and a couple are men. This is just one example about kids getting into hassles with cops. Another is that they have kids in the school trained to be detectives, probably about your age, 15, 16, 17. Their best way of making contact is by dating you. They are trained to play it cool. They are given a certain amount of time to date you and find out everything about you. Then, if they can't find anything bad, they drop you.

So watch out for these people. There are plenty more then what I have run into.

If you want to put this in your paper, I wrote this article about cops because I am the girl that this happened to. I can't give my name because I am still being followed. They didn't get anything on me. But you know me. I go to East Boston High. Your paper I think is very good. Thank you.



## WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREE PRESS?!

Those are the two most important rights promised us in the Constitution. Yet in East Boston it seems no one's heard of them! The response to an article entitled "How to Raise a Pig" by Joe Shades was to have groups of kids patrol East Boston with pipes, chains, etc., to beat the shit out of him. There is even a stakeout on where he lives. He's not been in school because of people waiting for him there also!

On Monday, Nov. 26, 1969, I was in East Boston to visit friends and was attacked by four kids, yelling "commie!" "hippie!" etc., in front of the Health Unit. I got one down but was jumped by the other three. After about five minutes, a pig came by and the kids split. When questioned about the motive for the attack (by the pig), I said because I wrote an article. The pig then knew who I was and said, "Don't expect any help from us." What kind of people and/or kids would prefer pig dominancy over freedom? Stop and think how many times pigs have busted you, chased you off corners, taken your football, stopped and frisked you for no reason, and countless other reasons for hating pigs, and then think about kids beating or wanting to on me for telling it like it is!

Everything written in that article happened exactly as was written with no bullshit involved. I was a grammar school boy telling you when to cross and also an armband wearer in jr. high checking your passes. But I saw what I was doing and revolted against it. I've either done everything in the article or had it done to me.

I had to move out of East Boston for safety's sake and can't come back for school or to live until everything's quieted down. The pig article was the ONLY one I wrote in that paper and since there's nothing wrong (supposedly) with telling the truth, why must I hide out? There can't be that many pig lovers in East Boston. So how about telling everyone you know about the truth and make Eastie safe me to live in again.

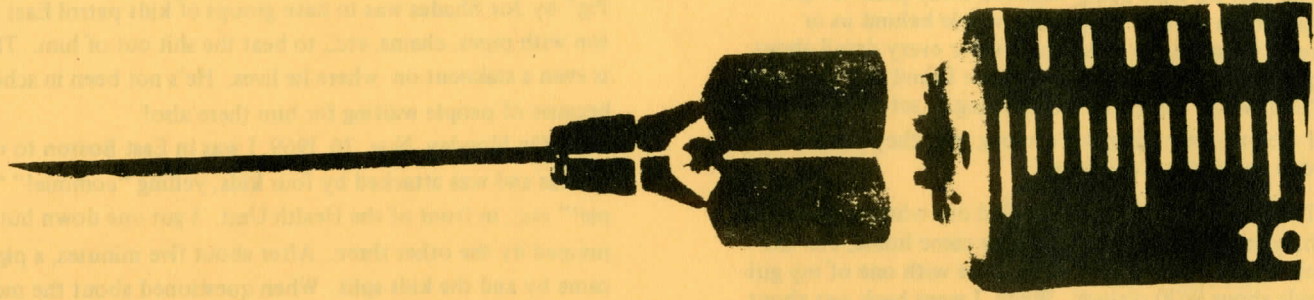
JOE SHADES, "69, 70, 71..."





# DOWN DOWN SMACK

*"Junk is the ideal product... the ultimate merchandise. No sales talk necessary. The client will crawl through a sewer and beg to buy.... The junk merchant does not sell his product to the consumer, he sells the consumer to his product. He does not improve and simplify his merchandise. He degrades and*



10



*simplifies the client. He pays his staff in junk.*"

## William S. Burroughs, NAKED LUNCH

On the east coast you can hardly find grass or hash anymore. There are no more mellow drugs in New York, and the word from Boston and Philly is the same. In Chicago and the midwest they're passing off Indiana and Iowa weed as the finest Mexican grass -- and it's hard enough to get the local stuff. Even southern California is starting to go dry.

The marijuana scarcity is the result of U.S. Government policy. They've decided to stop the flow of grass into America at its source; and for the most part, that's Mexico. They're spraying the Mexican marijuana fields with the same defoliants they use in Vietnam, cracking down on the small airplanes which do a lot of the running, and using an informer system in Mexico to nab the big runners at the border.

The grass squeeze has not caused any slow down in the use of drugs. We don't use drugs just because the drugs are there. We use them because the schools suck, because the streets can become a drag with nothing to do but hang, because the army is crazy, because getting high is better sometimes than getting drunk. But the grass has been closed up by the government, so the supply of the heavy stuff was opened up by the Syndicate.

With no grass around, too many people are turning to smack. In New York the scene is real heavy; in the parks where kids hang out you can buy smack almost as easy as you can get someone to buy you some beer. Or if it isn't smack, it's heavy speed like methadrine, or it's heavy downers (like tuanal, used in mental hospitals instead of straight jackets to keep the patients quiet) which numbs you so much you're wide open for an overdose.

The government and the Syndicate have made the big coalition, the slob wedding. The government action in Mexico has opened up for the Mafia a whole new market for smack, and the invasion of smack into the scene has begun to take the fight out of the Revolution in some places. The kids who last year were ripping up the New York City high schools are staying wiped out on smack this year. The kids who used to fight in the street gangs and were starting to realize that the enemy wasn't the cats on the other block but the punks on the draft boards or in the police stations are staying quiet and happy on smack.

The point is, the government only cracks down on grass when it wants to. In Vietnam there's enough grass to keep the soldiers from freaking out at the war and putting bullets through their 2nd Lieutenants. But back home the grass was working the other way -- helping kids see through the bullshit at school and work, helping them break out. So they're bringing the smack in -- to keep us quiet, to stop us from trying to make some changes.

All this turns a lot of our people into pushers. Not big pushers, but just enough to make a little bread and stay into their own stuff. In Chicago we find a lot of people who say our park used to be tight. Everyone was together. Now everybody is trying to out push everybody else. The drug thing is turning brothers and sisters into burners.

The scene isn't good. The syndicate and the government always mess over the people, us. We all dig a little stuff now and then, but the heavy stuff will kill us. Beware of the pusher men. We've got to cut through a lot of the shit. Drugs may seem cool, but they're used to keep people cool. The man may be down on drugs, but he lets certain syndicate slobs push them. So think it out brothers and sisters. We've got work to do, and we all need to relax now and then. But we aren't going nowhere strung out and hasseling each other. Get high on the people and smack the enemy.



RIISING UP ANGRY

OCTOBER 1969



# WASHINGTON

On Friday night Nov. 14 there were hundreds of people waiting for buses to Washington in Harvard Square. Among these people were myself and a group of East Boston residents. Besides us there were all sorts of groups from pacifists to radicals, liberals and Weathermen (S.D.S. faction), socialists, communists, militants, Progressive Labor Party members, teenage high school students, college students, workers, teachers, middle-class families (husband, wife and children), G.I.s, A.W.O.L. G.I.s, Revolutionaries, Senators, Folk Singers and people from all ways of life.

The buses started leaving at approximately 11:00 p.m. with just three stops for food, rest rooms and stretching we rolled into Washington about 11:00 a.m. Saturday morning.

We then split up into organized groups and proceeded to a rally at a huge field near the Washington Monument. After some organizing we marched in a huge crowd of people (with every state represented) to the Monument. By the time we got there it was about 12:30 p.m. and several speakers had spoken. One of our first actions at the monument was to raise several N.L.F. flags on the flagpoles surrounding the Monument. Then, on to the rally. All you could see for miles around were people and more people. One speaker said that several counters had stated that over 1,000,000 (a million) people were present — over 4 times what the news media estimated! The speakers included Arlo Guthrie, several senators and various leaders of radical groups.

About 2:00 p.m. we broke up and went to eat, after which we went sight-seeing. At roughly 5:00 we reassembled in front of the Justice Department to march. Again our estimate of marchers numbered as high as 300,000, as opposed to the 10,000 the papers had written about. There were people carrying coffins, N.L.F. flags, posters, etc. We chanted "Free Huey," "Free Bobby," "Stop the trial" to protest the holding of the Panthers in jail on trumped-up charges.

After marching around the J.D. several times, several groups of people did things. One group lowered the American flag in front of the building and replaced it with the N.L.F. flag. Another group threw canisters of red paint against the side of the J.D. Still another group threw rocks and smashed windows. The main group just chanted and marched.

The pigs' reaction was to both tear gas and pepper gas everybody and to let loose squads of pigs, marines and g.i.'s to disperse the crowd. We went into a mull or grassy area to reorganize. The pigs kept coming on from all directions, both on foot and in armored vehicles. They continued to gas us even there so we disbanded into small groups.

Groups of people left Washington altogether. Others went into Downtown Washington breaking store and car windows. Still others, among them the East Boston group, went to eat.

Wherever you went in Washington, you were overcome with gas fumes. After eating, we returned to the buses only to find more gas. THE PIGS HAD EVEN GASED UNMANNED, EMPTY BUSES. The only people seriously bothered by the gas were THREE PIGS. THEIR PLAN BACKFIRED.

About 10:00 p.m. we left, according to schedule and, except for a few stops, rolled on to Cambridge. We arrived in Harvard Square about 10:30 a.m. Sunday morning. Our entire group came back o.k. No one we went with even got arrested.

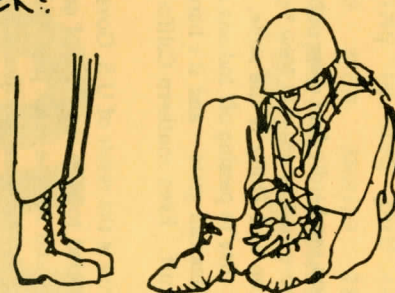
JOE SHADES, "69, 70, 71..."

## EXPLANATION

The point of the Washington march was to show President Nixon how many people supported the anti-war movement in the U.S. It's the biggest anti-war demonstration ever held in the U.S.

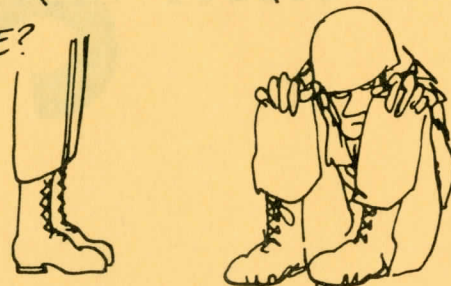
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE, SOLDIER?

FOLLOWING ORDERS, SIR.



WHO ORDERED YOU TO JUST SIT THERE?

THE PRESIDENT, SIR. HE ORDERED A 25,000 TROOP WITHDRAWAL.





# VIOLENCE

One of the major problems of our times is the amount of violence prevalent in the world today. If you are awake and at all aware, you know that violence has been running like a broken festered sore and reached every corner of society. People say that we teen-agers of today are getting too involved with the problems of the world. Aren't we the ones who are going to be the leaders of tomorrow? Aren't we the ones that are inheriting this sick society? Isn't it important that we act now to lessen violence for our children?

If you have younger brothers and sisters in the family, some Saturday morning take a look at the cartoons they are watching. They may seem harmless to an adult but they are very damaging to an eight year old's mind. They teach the children to accept violence and corruption as a part of everyday life. If you are interested in this get a group together for teens against violence, write letters to TV stations letting them know how you feel. As concerned teens we must work to rid our world of prejudice, violence, hate, and war.

The United States is coming to its 200th anniversary. Let us not forget that the Roman Empire fell after 200 years because of conquering peace. There was never any Pax Romanus because the Romans were always conquering. After their so-called Pax Romanus began there were always plots against the nobles and heads of state. Through this underground revolution there was never peace. Our country is trying to win peace by war, but this can't be done. If you become the sole conqueror there will always be someone to challenge you, or somebody to whom you have conquered and would like to get even. There can never be peace unless the entire world will work together to achieve this goal.

Julia Moulaison

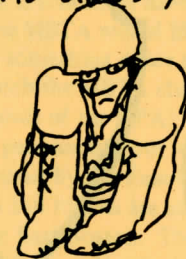
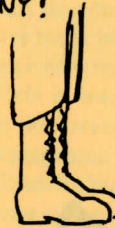
SO?

THIS IS MY WITHDRAWAL.



YOU CANT UNILATERALLY WITHDRAW- IT'S MUTINY!

IM FOLLOWING THE PRESIDENTS ORDERS- NOT PULLING OUT 25,000 TROOPS IS MUTINY. I'D HATE TO BE IN GENERAL ABRAMS SHOES. /



BUT IF EVERY SOLDIER TOOK IT INTO HIS HEAD TO UNILATERALLY WITHDRAW, HOW WOULD WE EVER WIN THE WAR?

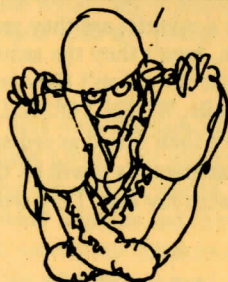
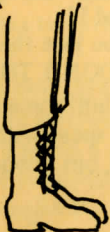
YOU GOT IT, SIR.



**Feiffer**

BUT YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE 25,000 TROOPS.

NOBODY IS ONE OF THE 25,000 TROOPS. SO I'M WITHDRAWING ON MY OWN, SIR.



Oh Beautiful for racist lies (of amber waves of gain)  
For pollution, smog and garbage dumps next to the BRA.

America, America has God forsaken thee  
And lost the good of brotherhood and never let peace be.

Oh Beautiful for Spiro's dream of smashing in our heads.  
Our white suburban kingdoms gleam all dimmed by  
black man's sweat.

America, America has God forsaken thee  
And lost the good of brotherhood and never let peace be.

Mary Fumulari







# E.B. High School Progress Report

1st Period. I started off the day with a substitute teacher, he didn't know much about the subject we were supposed to be having so he decided to teach the subject he majored in in college. Well, that didn't get off too well so he decided to explain the lottery system of draft. When finally he got confused he started talking about when he joined the army and was stationed over in Germany and from that he decided to talk about his high school days. His high school was South Boston. When he finally gave up on trying to get the class interested he said, "Listen, if you guys don't shut up I'm gonna have to get tough." This is a typical teacher approach.

2nd Period. This period is O.K. I guess, they give you this spot to stand on and then you do some meaningless exercises after that they let you play and run around. After that, they give you 4 or 5 minutes to dry and put your clothes on (not even a shower). Many times guys walk to next period with a stench.

3rd Period. This class is o.k. too now that some of the guys went out to C.P. At least there's some activity in class and it's kind of interesting, too. Tom O'Keefe is always swooping down around this class to see if anything is going on.

4th Period. This class is alright. I guess you're treated more like a human being or an equal by this teacher. He expects a lot from his students and usually gets it.

5th Period. I find this class interesting because I try to analyze the teacher even though she is a little self-centered. She knows how to dish it out as well as not let anything or anyone get to her. I mean a student will try to aggravate her just to get attention which she needs and she won't give him any which screws him up even more than he is. It seems she's having a constant battle with these so-called flunkies. Once in a while a student will get to her and when he tries to defend himself she'll say something like, "You have no rights, and don't contradict me."

6th Period. This period is hectic. The teacher has almost no power over the student. The teacher is a good guy, though. The students really take advantage of him. Too bad.

7th Period. I usually go to home room. My home room teacher is new. She first came here with the thought of changing everything tha

teacher is new. She first came here with the thought of changing everything. That didn't work out too well. Now she's set up a system during homeroom period where the pupils keep quiet twenty minutes and then we can whisper for twenty, but usually she takes away our so-called privilege because we whisper too loud.

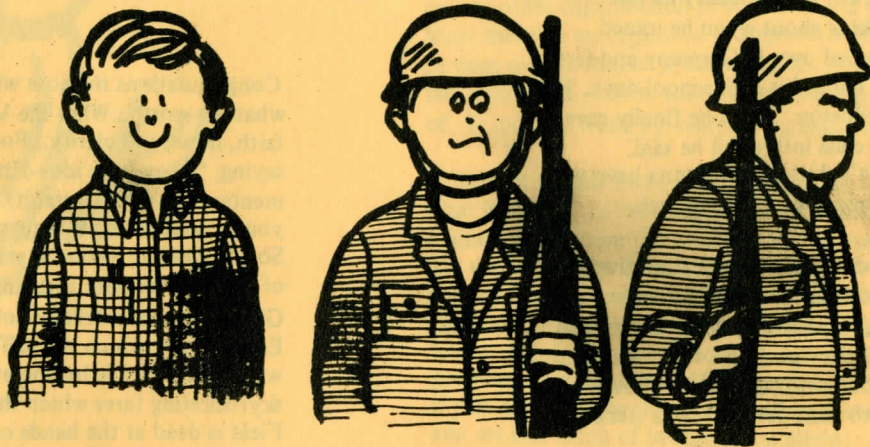
## See It As It Is

Congratulations to those who placed high in the lottery for what it's worth...What the Vietnam war needs is a little faith, hope, and clarity...Former Premier Ky is quoted as saying, "I have one idol--Hitler"(North Vietnam, a documentary by John Gerrault)...When you've seen one slum you've seen them all--Agnew...Any chance of annexing South Vietnam as our 51st state?...What are the chances of a Vice President catching malaria?...Despite rumors the General Electric strike is solid...We have a new station in East Boston, which the MBTA would like people to believe was made possible by something other than profits from skyrocketing fares which the MBTA charges...Ariereena Field is dead at the hands of the MPA! ...There's something in the breeze about a permanent pool located in the Central Square area being planned by the East Boston Recreation Council...Many hotels and motels are already beyond the drawing board stage in East Boston. These hotels and motels are to be located along Marginal and Border streets... Also planned is a third tunnel for East Boston. Now, instead of the smell of gum we'll have more toll gates located on Orleans St.... "We used to run around yelling 'bout Panther power. The Panthers run it. We admit we made mistakes. Our Ten Point Program is in the midst of being changed now, because we used the word 'white' when we should have used the word 'capitalistic'. We are not for the dictatorship of the Panthers. We are not for the dictatorship of the black people. We are for the dictatorship of the people".--Fred Hampton, April 29, 1969....If we have to start over again with another Adam and Eve, I want them to be Americans and not Russians.--Senator Richard Russell....The tide has turned. The Vietcong has been stopped. They cannot win. Lyndon Johnson, 1964...I'm not going to be the first President to lose a war.--Nixon...Plenty of grass around, pretty good, especially the reddish-brown from Honduras selling for \$20 an ounce--Mescaline \$2.50 per tab--acid is around for about \$4.00 per tab--Some good hash around from \$7.50 to \$10 per gram...

All Power to the People  
RJS

(Fred Hampton was one of the Panthers murdered by the police in Chicago last month.)





**DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN...**



**TO YOU!**

We need help. If you're interested call 567-8821 or talk to anyone handing out the paper.









# VIETNAM

EASTIE, THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOU.....

Eastie, you've been lifing hell to me  
 You've blistered me since 19\*\*  
 I seen 'em come and go and I seen 'em die  
 And long ago I stopped asking why  
 Eastie, I hate every inch of you  
 You cut me and scarred me through and through  
 And I'll walk out of here a wiser and weaker person  
**MR. O'KEEFE, YOU DONT UNDERSTAND...**  
 Eastie what good do you think you do  
 Do you think I'll be different when I'm through  
 You've scarred my heart and mind and you warped my soul  
 Your stone walls turn my blood cold  
 Eastie, may you rot and burn in hell  
 May your wall fall and I live to tell  
 May all the world forget you ever stood  
 And may all the world regret you did no good.

FLYN



## Vietnam Moratorium reveals repression of Students' Rights

On the eve of the October 15th nation-wide Vietnam Moratorium, the Federal District Court issued a temporary restraining order against Mr. O'Keefe. The injunction was issued after a suit was filed by Patty Bibbo, senior at Eastie High, and Marcia Butman, a teacher at Eastie, against the School Committee, for restricting the individual's right to petition.

The case began on Oct. 8th, when four Eastie students, Patty Bibbo, Debra DeFusco, Susan Martin, and Nancy Stauff, wrote and circulated a petition demanding the school devote its morning assembly on Oct. 15 to the history of the war in Vietnam and to dismiss school at noon to enable students to participate in the city-wide rally at the Boston Commons. During the one day the petition was passed, it gained the support of over 600 students and 12 faculty members. Nevertheless, the following morning, Principal O'Keefe notified homeroom teachers to announce that anyone circulating any non-school literature would be immediately suspended. The notice claimed to be effective even in areas off the school grounds and was therefore clearly in violation of the Constitutional rights of students.

It was clearly evident that the response of the Eastie Administration reflected the reactionary stance of all government institutions toward the immoral war the U.S. is waging against the National Liberation Front in Vietnam. It is a pitiful state when the educational institutions of our country no longer encourage free search for truth and knowledge, but suppress individual rights to insure unquestioning obedience to government policies.

W. H. H. H.



# RACISM

Racism is something that can be rooted back to the birth of this country, and bred in American families over two hundred years.

Passed down from grandmother to mother to child in such a way that if a person doesn't come in contact with those racially abused, which in too many cases doesn't happen, one never learns or hears the truth of brotherhood.

The Christian church teaches that all are equal but that Catholics are superior and the same goes for most other religious organizations. So, it seems, there is no way to avoid racial up bringing except by pure chance of acquaintance.

It makes you wonder if it's no accident that we have never been taught or have practiced the non-use of racism in schools, homes, businesses, and church. Who are we kidding? We won't even help ourselves because we feel ever more superior to even a lower class.

If you just look around and think of some of the problems in your own neighborhood like East Boston. One serious problem happens to occur in the Maverick Projects, where an all round cop is there to separate two colors. It's not even two colors that clash like red and orange but two colors by nature that should be able to mix naturally.

Racism is more than just black and white, or at that fact any color. Racism is present when a coffee house is set up and a mixed kind of individual human beings are harrassed for the way they dress!

It's in every church where the pure white Christ hangs on the cross, for all.

Or in our schools where the history of civilizations are taught one Caucasian way.

But the most strong and dangerous way racism is shown is in yourself where it grows and becomes strong enough to spread to others. This is where the true danger lies, just because the truth lies in the same place. It's not all your fault, because your environment shot the ever-piercing arrow when you were growing up.

Now that you may have heard the truth, or felt it by or not by this piece of paper you will do something about, and I hope it's more than writing like I have done, it.

STEPH

In Boston they have two arcade bazaars (pinball machines). One is directly across from Raymond's and the other one is down by the Combat Zone. Society splits the people up in this way. By keeping the black people in one arcade and the white in another.

JOHN

Mr. Elvis Presley sang a song about the ghettoes. He wasn't just fooling around. Do you know something? This is a ghetto. Haven't you heard about it? You all put your mind into the effects of the drugs you swallow, you drop, you shoot, you sniff. For you to do this you are not to be blamed. It's just like taking a cap of acid. How many bummers did you get? I got twenty. Because you're trying to be happy when you know you can't. Because you got nothing. Because you're jealous. Because you hate. Because you love. You got a lot of hate when you look around in your straight mind. Push a cap of acid down your throat and you think everything's goddamned funny but you know why everything's goddamned funny. Because you're running away from reality, you dope. Stick to the beer, stick to the wine and all the whiskeys you can combine. Then you see reality.

JOHN



If you know anything about pinball machines you look on the back glass where the points are scored. If you look hard enough you've seen in detail how the establishment makes fun out of the younger generation. The commercial artist who is involved deep in the establishment takes the masculine gender and twists it with feminine features and vice versa for feminine.

JOHN





## HOW TO RAISE A PIG

The graduate rookie is equipped with a gun, bullets, billy club, handcuffs, book of tickets, book with gangsters' names and how much they pay you to lay off them and is set out on the beat.

He's also instructed not to aid any teenagers, especially ones with long hair. If a teenager tries to talk to you, ignore or threaten him but don't listen! After all, you might have a conscience somewhere. Anytime he sees a hairy kid with sunglasses on especially he immediately is supposed to stop and frisk you for no reason and without a warrant! If you protest you're locked up and beaten. If a kid protests about his rights he's called a wise punk and told to shut up or else!

I'll give you a view of some of my own personal experience with pigs so you know I'm not bullshitting or talking about something I don't know about. First, I must admit there are two detectives who haven't given me any hassles and who generally always play it as straight with me as I play it with them. Some pigs I bullshit and get bullshit back but these two don't so I don't. If they weren't pigs they would probably even be good human beings.

All right, enough stalling, here's the rap about my pig hangups. Those of you who read this and don't know me, I'll give you my description. I'm about 5' 11" tall, kind of thin, long brown hair and I always wear sunglasses even in school. I've been called a hippie, junkie, fag-you name it, they've called me it. But who gives a shit. Oh, I also helped run the "End of the Tunnel" coffeehouse and for that effort, I've been called a dirty, no good, socialist, communist, hippie bastard!

Because of my appearance, pigs always hassle me when they chase us off corners. But I hassle back and refuse to talk before consultation with my lawyer. This puts them uptight so they blow their minds. They frisk me, find nothing and let me go with about fifty warnings about things I can't do.

In the last few months I've been hassled quite a bit by pigs. A friend and I got an apartment on Liverpool



*In our present society, teenagers (especially those of the "long-haired" variety) are constantly subject to harassment by local, state, and federal cops. They seem to find all and any excuses to pick on teenagers. For no apparent reason a cop will stop a teenager who's walking down the street and frisk him/her. If you have either long hair or sunglasses, that's a sure sign of being on drugs. Using this excuse, a cop will flash his light in your eyes which automatically causes your pupils to shrink giving you the appearance of having taken dope. If you make a complaint about being searched without a warrant, you are told automatically to shut up or else.*

*Where are the equal rights promised us in the Constitution? They apply only if you're either rich, or influential, not to mention over thirty. Then and only then will cops listen to you!*

Most pigs (cops) start at an early age. In fact, they start their pig training in grammar school. Can you remember back to then? If you can, you remember those boys at the intersections with the white belts on. They directed the traffic and told you when to walk. That's the way pigs start.

After grammar school, there's junior high and high school. The duties the little pigs do there are basically the same. By this time the kid is completely hung up on his power and importance. He's not satisfied with directing traffic, so they stick an armband on him and put him on corridor patrol, or if he's real good, door-watching. This lets him bag kids without passes and rat on them to the big pig, in this case the principal. He gets power-mad and rats on everyone so pretty soon he gets to almost as well-hated as a real pig. In turn, he hates back by not letting anyone in or out without a pass.

Then, in his senior year, the chief pig for that precinct comes up the high school. He talks to all the senior boys and girls, shows them movies and bullshits them about how great it would be to be a pig. If his con job sorks and he gets some sucker to sign up, he goes away satisfied.

The sucker takes a test and if he's lucky, fails. If not, he goes to police academy. Here, it seems he learns basic skills like judo, karate, how to shoot a gun, how to fight dirty, how to use your billy club on kids, prejudice against everybody but other pigs, how to take a bribe, how to plant stuff on kids if there's no evidence, frisking, breaking and entering without a warrant, bullying, fingerprinting and how to give lost kids the wrong directions, also,

# C O P S

Street. We moved in about 5:00 p.m. on a Friday afternoon. About 4:00a.m. Saturday morning, I woke up to find the place full of pigs and nosy neighbors. There were between four to eight pigs and each one had to personally search all our belongings. They looked for dope, found none, and got mad. They didn't have a warrant or anything, either!

This was August and that night I had gotten a couple of mosquito bites on my arm right on the vein. For an hour the pigs tried to get me to admit they were "tracks." If I yawned they would say it was wearing off. Oh, they wanted a rent receipt so I had to go over a friend's house for it. Two pigs escorted me there. I asked them to wait outside and then I went in and woke up the girl that had it. In the meantime, the pigs had gone into the bedrooms of the other two girls sharing the apartment and awoken them. One girl asked a pig for his warrant and he pointed to his badge. This is typical of a pig's behavior pattern. All blown up with self-importance.

Another time, my friend was walking down the street and two pigs stopped him and started frisking him for no reason at all! I saw this and went over to them. One pig tried to frisk me and I told him he couldn't without a warrant or charge. So he arrested me for being drunk and then frisked me. He kept asking me questions like my name, address, friends, hangouts, age, family background, etc., and I kept claiming the right to remain silent until I got advice from my lawyer. This put him uptight so he called me a wise punk. He wanted to take me to the station and book me and I was more than willing! I knew a liquor test would prove I was sober and I would sue for false arrest. I think the other pig figured this out so he let me go but I got some satisfaction.

That's two good examples of how pigs operate today and how they are prejudiced against kids. So dig it and watch out for the pig. When he wanders out of the pigpen and into his pigmobile, he's after you, especially. He'll go out of his way to get a kid in trouble. Take it from me, I know and suffered!

JOE SHADES, "69,70,71..."



Oh! Why am I not loved? This is a question that needs an answer. This is a question cried out by many children. This is a question caused by family arguments, usually between the parents themselves. Oh! Why am I not loved? This is a question that needs an answer. This is a question I myself will try to answer.

### OUTLINE

#### 1. THE QUESTION

Oh! Why am I not loved!

#### 2. CAUSE OF ASKING SUCH A QUESTION

Arguments, divorces, separations, beatings, lack of interest, refusal to understand, and also not caring, or not wanting the child.

3a. IDEAS that enter the child's mind when she or he feels the lack of love that is expected.

The usual idea is to run away. They figure if they run away from the ones who do not love them then they'll run into someone who does. Take ups, acid, or heroin to make them feel good and get their family hassles off their minds.

3b. RESULTS that might occur

The child may go infoluntarily insane. This is the parents' fault. They have ruined a normal child's life. Yet if they had a mongoloid, or deformed, or retarded baby, they would probably get rid of it or hate it to begin with. But if they have a normal child they love it to begin with and they learn (somehow in their minds) to hate it. But their minds don't have to accept this absurd hatred. If they have a lot (a not even necessarily a lot) of willpower, they can overcome this. But parents just give in to their evil minds.

#### 4. WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Possibly a committee could be drawn up, having parents and children (not their own children) being on this committee. They could have open meetings inviting both parents and children to discuss their generation gap. This does not have to be one T.V.-wide thing, it should be formed in every community. If an open meeting community thing is not accepted, maybe the kids could get together and think up a way or ways to prove to their parents that they have a mind, willpower and that they care about what goes on and they would like their parents to do so, too.

5. WHAT THE PARENTS MAINLY NEED is the willpower to listen and try to understand that we know things don't come so carefree and that we are going through just as many bad times as they did even though the situations may differ. Like finding a job was more easy for them than it is for us because people won't accept us. But then again there were things that were hard for them that may be easy for us. We barely even differ in ages because we are young and they are old, but they were once young and we will some day be old.

#### 6. WHY DO I WRITE THIS? DO I HAVE THESE

PROBLEMS? YES! I have these problems. Mine is probably even worse than yours. I have many hassles at home. My mother and father are constantly fighting. They don't understand each other. They also don't realize what they are doing to me. I try to reason with them but they blow their stack and my mind before I get finished.

I am sixteen years old. I have to be in at 9:30 week nights and 10:00 weekends even if I go to a party; (My girlfriends, who are the same age, have to be in at 10:30 on school nights and 11:00-11:30 on weekends (unless they go to a party and then they can come in when its over.) During the summer I have the same hours; they can stay out later.

My mother works, is on welfare also, and also receives \$20.00 a week from my older brother for board and room. She buys me nothing. Ever since I was fourteen she has bought me nothing. I was working on N.Y.C. when I was fourteen so she said I had enough money, which I didn't. I bought clothes but had nothing for spending. When I was fifteen she gave me \$1.00 a week if I would wash the floors. I did that for a few weeks but got smart and decided that since the dollar went so fast (I got it Friday before I went out and it was gone by Saturday night), why should I wash the floors once a week for her? She even refused to give me an advance if I asked for it in case I went to a show. She is so goddamned cheap. I fuckin' hate her. I hate my father, too, cause when, and only when, it comes to me, he agrees with her. But when she is not in the house he talks about her and goes through her things.

My father is Catholic. He is a church fanatic and he makes me go to church on Sundays. Oh sure, I leave the house to go but I don't go. I don't believe anyone should be forced to go to church when he don't believe in it. I believe in God but I sometimes wonder why he picked such a weak and "easy to go insane" me, to be burdened with these things. I even, sometimes when I've just argued with my father, (usually him cause my mother is never home) I yell up to God and tell him I hate him for my life on this earth and in this house, and with these parents. I can feel myself slowly going insane after an argument but when I join my friends I don't bother them with my troubles. I go out to leave my troubles at home and to have a good time with my friends.

Though I am sixteen (and waiting for answers to my many inquiries about jobs) my restrictions on time are still the same as three years ago. My mother still gives me no money for spending, for clothes, school lunches, and miscellaneous needs. I had no clothes from last school year since I outgrew them. All she bought me was two outfits, no shoes (I didn't need or want any then but I need them now), NOTHING!



My mother is either in work (the salvation army) or at her church (Evangelistic). She don't even care about my little sister's eyesight or the neatness of the house (unless we have company). My father is good in the fact that he will pay for my little sister's glasses when my mother refuses.

I have a large family of ten kids. The two oldest girls are married (supposedly happy), the third oldest (boy) lives at home. The fourth oldest lives in California (she started running away when she was thirteen. She was put away many times, now she is twenty years old, and living happy last we've heard. She must've moved from the address we have now and she must be happy, that's the way she always wanted to be). The fifth oldest is living at home and I hate her because she don't share anything (clothes mainly—I fit into hers) with me and she has the money. She's eighteen and refuses to give my mother board and room yet my mother don't argue with her. I beat the shit out of her every chance I can think of an excuse cause I hate her so much. The sixth oldest is put away for runaway, stolen cars, sniffin' glue, and other petty larcenies. He is seventeen and when he wrote home and asked my mother to send him cigarettes (she won't give him permission since she stopped) and other things, she refused to send cigarettes. The poor kid is way up there so far way and no one has been to see him since we have no car. My sister, her boyfriend, and my father went to visit him once but my mother didn't go cause she had to go to choir rehearsals for her fuckin' brain-washing church. I'm the seventh oldest and you have my story. The eighth oldest I hate cause she is my father's pet and she squeals on everything. The ninth oldest is probably half blind for all my mother cares. My father cares about her eyes though. The tenth and last one is not spoiled like the youngest of most families is. He gets hit and pushed around a lot. Mostly by my father. My father likes to use his hands. It pisses me off. He don't hit me no more cause I'll run away agaub. I did before when he punished me for no reason. My sister caught me the next day though. I stayed in the vicinity cause I was alone. I didn't even know how to go out of this state (California, mainly).

If you have my problems and you decide to run away, go far or you will only return to the same dreadful family hassles.

I am not criticizing all parents, I am just trying to point out that there are these kinds of parents in this world and that that problems such as mine will eventually arise. I feel that kids that have such a problem as me and who read this may find that things can be done. Of course there are parents who move along with the generation. Those are the people who understand their kids. After all you are their blood, and they are yours, so you should not differ in any way.

IT is good if a child understands why their parents may fall into their own trap and go into their own world and forget about other things (such as their family).

But it is bad for a parent to do this. The kids may understand their parents problems but the kid might not agree with what the parent does. Like me.

# HAIR



Hair is a subject which should be brought out in the open and explained. People should understand that a person's hair has nothing to do with his personality or life. If a boy has long hair he should not be considered a hippie or a junkie, maybe long hair gives him better looks. What should he care what other people think about it. This is a do-it-yourself world. It's a bad hassle if you always take orders from others. That's all the older people think about. They think that we are so young and our minds are still weak so we need them to hold our hands. This is not so. Young kids of nowadays have better minds than young kids of earlier days. Such as, if you have a record of a fifteen-year-old's marks from ten years ago and you quiz a fifteen-year-old today you will find that the fifteen-year-old of today has a higher I.Q. so never mind saying that long hair clogs up the brain.

If you use the excuse that short hair for boys and short or long hair for girls is the only way you can tell which is which, you'd better think again. I can think of three ways you can tell the difference between boys and girls.

1. by their name—if you know them
2. by the way they walk
3. or by their figures—can you dig it?

I also don't think that a boy should be refused the right to return to school because of the length of his hair. He must care about his education and future with a better job possibly, if he wants to return to school. So they made the mistake of dropping out of school, but they are correcting it by returning (if they are accepted). Well, if they are making the mistake of growing long hair (which I doubt) then they will, somehow, see through all this and change.

If the older people will think back for awhile they will see that even their first president had long hair, and many of their idols. Look at all the famous men who had long hair and beards. For example, Alexander Graham Bell was the inventor of the telephone. Everyone is grateful to him, including the older and younger generation. But what did he have? The answer is— he had long hair! Does that change our feelings for him? No, it doesn't. Why? Because long hair and beards were the style then. Well, that's what the style is now. LONG HAIR. Everyone goes by the styles of their generation. This is our generation



## COMMUNISM?

## AS YOU LIKE IT

A newspaper full of advertisements  
Does not aid a city, a city which  
At this time needs Free Press.  
That is the purpose of this paper.

Why, why, why, why, why, why, why,  
Who, who, who, who, who, who, who  
Who cares, who cares, who cares,  
Drop it, drop it, drop it, drop it, drop  
Wood Island, Wood Island, Wood Island,  
They did, They did, They did, They did.

You who are so proud of your  
City and your part in which you  
have aided, have isolated your brain.  
We are citizens we are not in the  
Middle of an ocean. We are surrounded  
But not by water. You who are so clean  
Are naught but dirty in mind.

Where are you going my little one  
I'm going to my death, I have been  
Born in this city and my lungs have  
breathed its air. That is why I go to  
My death.

Black white green yellow blue  
Beautiful as paintings, love in sight  
Sky, building Mass. Skin is what?  
Not me I hate them. I am a citizen  
Yet I put down Vista, SDS, Black  
Panthers They are not colors. They  
Are not skin They are communist.

BOB

Staff of THE BEGINNING OF THE END: Steph,  
Patches, Rocketfuel, Lori, Re, Wendy, Judy, Judy,  
Marsh, Deby, Rosie, M.D., Flynn, John, Joe Shades,  
Bob, Tommy, Dave, Had, and anybody who wants  
to work on it.

A lot of people are throwing around the word  
Communism. The minute the word Communism is heard  
you turn yourself off thinking it is evil, you associate it  
with Russia and Red China. The truth is you do not know  
the meaning of the word at all. Have you ever looked it  
up in a dictionary? Have you ever read the doctrines of  
Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, have you read the  
Communist Manifesto?

The Webster New World dictionary defines Communism  
as "a theory or system of ownership of the means of  
production by the community, with all members sharing  
in the work and the products."

If this theory did not bear the name Communism  
wouldn't you think it ideal? Wouldn't you like to live  
in a community instead of a society, and in this community  
everyone is working to produce for the needs of all,  
everyone is sharing in the work, not being apathetic or  
being a parasite.

Questions then arise about countries that call them-  
selves Communist. Are these countries really fulfilling the  
definition of Communism? Is real Communism being  
carried out anywhere in this world? Do we have any  
tangible evidence that it exists at all?

## ROCKETFUEL

*To dream is to want, but to act upon reality  
one must return.*

*The price of war is found to be very high.  
If you totaled the figures you would never  
find an answer.*

*I never walked along the sea,  
And felt so much at home,  
Through-out the city-clustered streets,  
Unwillingly I'd roam.  
Although with bayonnet on hand,  
The fear showed on my face  
I'll never strike a fighting wave,  
With pleasure for my heart to embrace.*



LORI



**THE  
RIGHTS  
OF  
A  
HIGH  
SCHOOL  
STUDENT**



are you willing to fight for  
the rights you should have?

we're willing to help

**ARE YOU KIDDING?**





are you willing to fight for  
the rights you should have?

we're willing to help.

C.C.S.

