

Churls



Pre-American History



We the Sick Churls

chūrl, *n.* [ME. *churl*, *cherl*; AS. *ceort*, a man, a countryman of the lowest rank.]

1. A rude; surly, ill-bred man.
2. A rustic; a countryman, or laborer.
3. A miser; a niggard.
4. In early English history, a freeman of low rank.

chūrl, *a.* See *Churlish*.

chūrl'ish, *a.* 1. Like a churl; rude; surly; austere; sullen; rough in temper; unfeeling; uncivil.

2. Selfish; narrow-minded; avaricious.

3. Unpliant; unyielding; unmanageable; said of things; as, *churlish* metal.

chūrl'ish-ly, *adv.* Rudely; roughly; in a churlish manner.

chūrl'ish-ness, *n.* Rudeness of manners or temper; sullenness; austerity; indisposition to kindness or courtesy.

chūrl'y, *a.* Rude; bolsterous.

Definitions were taken from 1953 Webster Dictionary

Honey? If we get divorced. Are we still sister and brother?



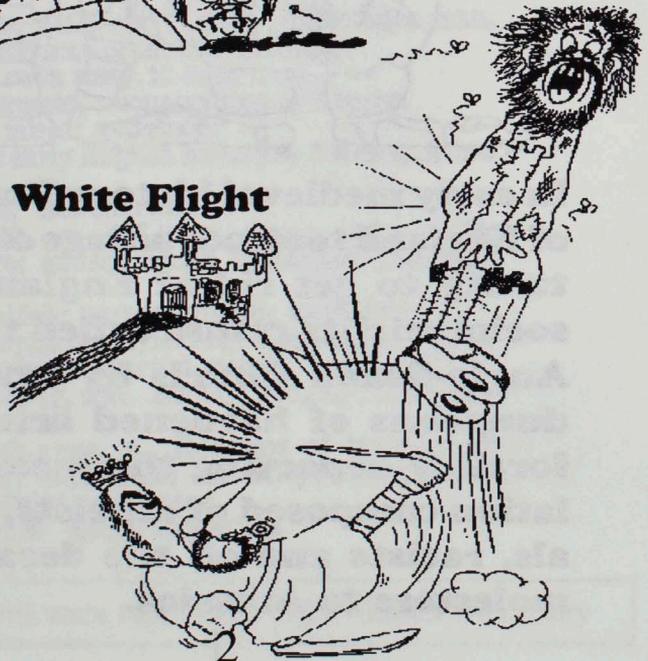
In early medieval history Duke William of England took advantage of the opportunity to get rid of England's lowest social misfits refuse called the German Anglo-Saxon Churls by emptying the dungeons of hardened criminals and forcibly deporting the incestual population composed of atheists, homosexuals, racists and all the deranged child molesters to America.

The uncivil Churls were getting out of control killing one another. The king became concerned and thought up of a good solution to his countries problem.



Deportation!

White Flight



The Native American had never thought in a million years that this deadly narrow-minded alien Churl would starve, kill, imprison and disease his people and steal their land, in a blink of an eye. The Churls called it manifest destiny.



The arrival of Mr. Churl Plague



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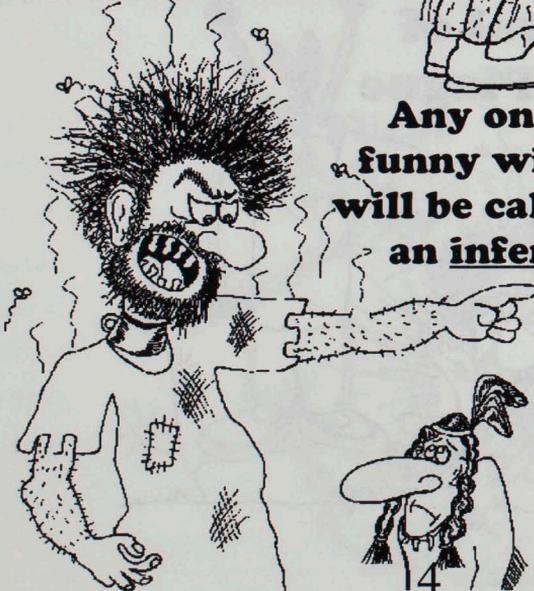
In the past, the sick Churls were known as the lowest form of life who wore a brass collar on their necks. Today, the sick Churls learned the values of materialism such as an excessive pride in their achievements and excessive pleasure in accumulating material things.

The American Dream



Old Fashion Discrimination

Any one who talks funny with dark skin will be called a Minority an inferior person.



Okay Boss!

The End!

So now that we have defrocked the Churls of their Cloak of Dignity with the naked truth let us take this as a wake-up call. We must continue in making our way towards equality of opportunity. Our trust must be made in the areas of economics and education. In making progress in these two areas, we will be able to exercise our talents, time and monetary means to maximize our potential. Through education we'll achieve development and we can become excellent citizens with the capacity of detecting when we are being discriminated. We'll become involved in all issues affecting us and the welfare of our family.

The top priority for us now is to watch out for *The Churl mentality* that is imbedded in all levels of Government including the federal, state, county and municipalities (cities). The only way to fight the Churlish pitfalls that stand in our way for progress is through the exercise of the voting privilege, secure a good education and stand up and be counted when striving for unity.



El Chuntro

Why?

Kipland P. Kinkel

The Mystery is Solved

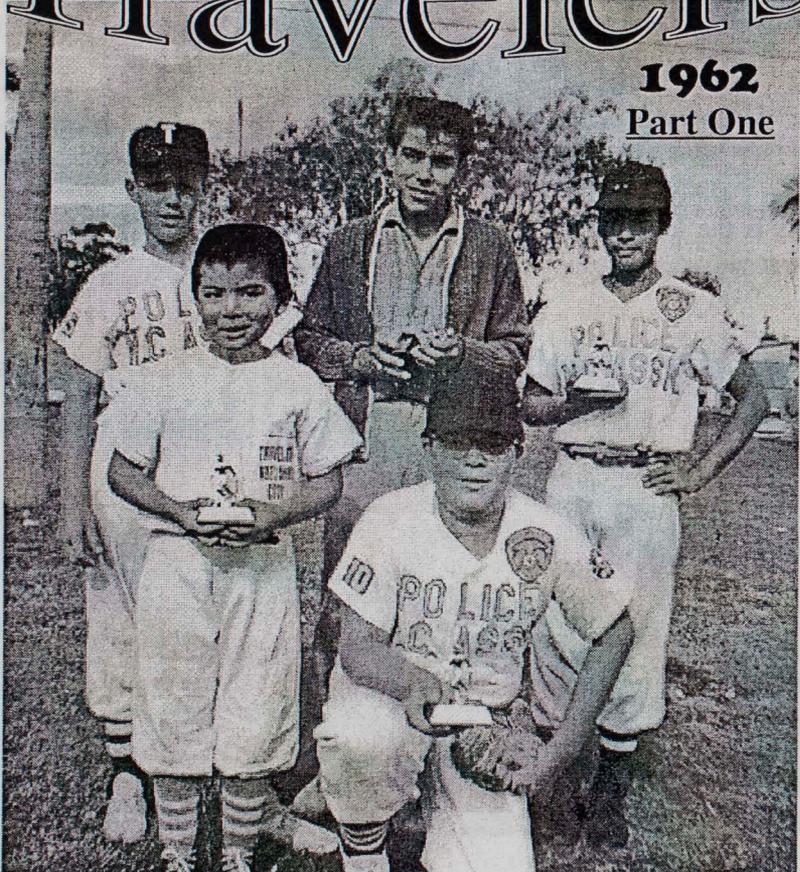
Cartoons and Stories

By

El Chuntro

The Nat Par Travelers

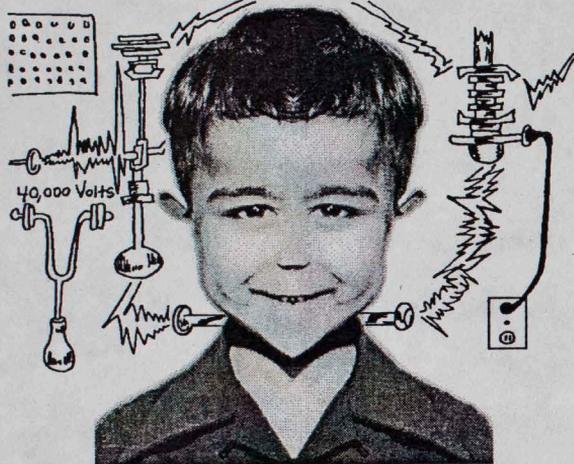
1962
Part One



Cartoons & Stories
By John P. Romero

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The Diary of An Elementary School Mad Scientist Series!



This is the true story of Johnny Romero, an extraordinary account of an extraordinary individual during the 1950's & 1960's. No, you did not read about him in the newspapers or magazines, for his story wasn't told then. It was not known to but a small handful of people and even they knew only of the limited amount that he revealed to them, and the accomplishments they had witnessed.

Taken as a whole, it is a story bigger than life, because Johnny lived a life the rest of us would not dare to dream.

Introduction

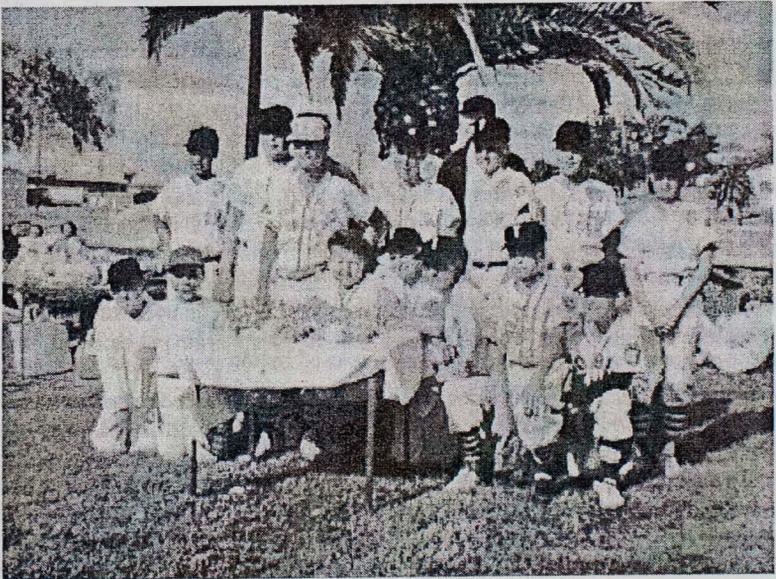
One evening after work, I heard a fellow Pony League ball player, whom I haven't seen in 40 years make a false statement on television. I became outraged and inspired to write my story and set the record straight in which one of us had more potential for achieving baseball stardom.

While I was writing my baseball story, I was struck with "Baby Boomer Nostalgia" bringing me back in time growing up by the railroad tracks on the Westside of National City, California.

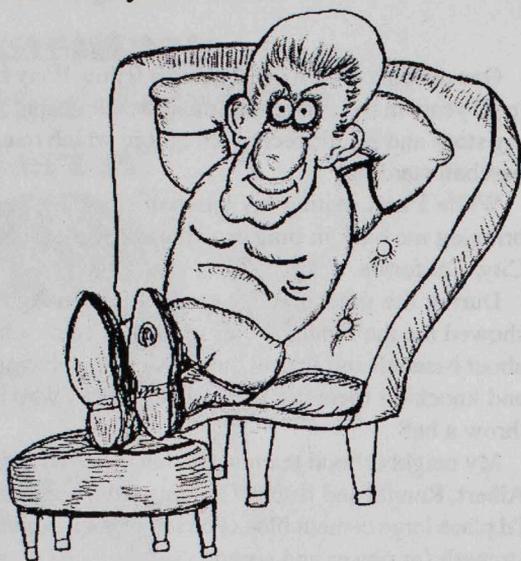
During the third grade, a student named Agustin Sanchez from Ensenada, Mexico, showed me the fundamentals of how to catch a ball with a glove. I became enthusiastic about baseball and I spent hours each day placing beer cans on top of the railroad tracks and knocking them off with rocks. This is where I developed my pinpoint accuracy to throw a ball.

My neighborhood teammates that were older than I, were brothers. Their names were Albert, Ronald and Bobby Coddling, who taught me the game of baseball. As I got older, I'd place large cement blocks on top of each other and obliterate them, measuring my arm strength for power and speed.

I hope I bring great memories to my generation and in return you could tell exciting stories of your own experiences to your grandchildren about how the game was played in the sixties, with passion for the love of the game.



School Days



One day I was sitting on a small couch watching Little Critters on television when I saw an old baseball rival of mine from when I played Pony League in 1962. He talked about being a great athlete and that you had to be well disciplined and train very hard to achieve your goal. I agreed with everything he said until he made a false statement, thinking that no one he knew was watching. He said, "If it wasn't for track, I could have been a professional baseball player."

I suddenly said, "Not you... Me!"

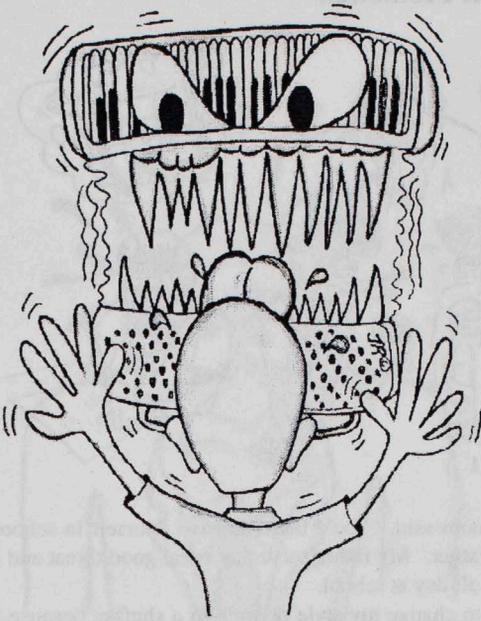
Then I began reminiscing about the good old highly disciplined days when the majority of us kids had parents that were extremely severe and stern, with standard rules on molding their children into fine outstanding God fearing citizens. They achieved this task by using threats, harsh language and great persuasion tools, like a belt or a strong paddle.

On the other hand, there were a few parents way ahead of their time, who were easy going and didn't care what you did. Their kids escaped the belt, paddle and harsh language, developing a lack of discipline just like the kids of today who are called mischievous slackers.

The school system had a safety net counter measure to bring it upon themselves to serve as second parents to help and turn the mischievous slackers into good citizens. The elementary school system, had a method of enforcement that was called, "The board of education." The board of education was a large paddle that was used by the principal on unruly kids who frequently disrupted the classroom.

Many kids thought that negative discipline was a total drag and used sports as an escape to get out of the house, with hopes of someday becoming major league baseball players.

Unfortunately, there were some kids not so lucky. After dealing with negative discipline from their parents and principal they had to contend with an overbearing coach who exercised and flaunted dictatorial authority. He had the ultimate power over who played or sat on the bench. If you lost a game or didn't execute what he wanted done, he would have a temper tantrum like a toddler who didn't get his way. He'd make you run extra wind sprints, and make you stay a few hours later after a hard played game. As the sun was setting, the coach exercised nasty threats and harsh language, yelling out loud that you'd play better or else. Meaning banishment, a one way ticket into the minor ball club. The minor ball club meant failure, the lowest you could ever achieve and no ball player wanted that.



It had been five struggling long years since I unwillingly said, "I do". I became a nine year old victim of a shotgun wedding. My wife was a red and white accordion. I thought the accordion was like a nagging overbearing hag who wanted things done first before anything else. The instrument took away my freedom to play organized sports and to hang out with my mischievous hoodlum friends in my neighborhood.

I suffered the effects of extreme pressure and apprehension, fear and terror every Tuesday night, thinking of the unknown, wondering if I was going to fail my accordion lesson. On Thursday night, I underwent extreme severe pressure once again, playing in front of twenty five kids without making a single mistake. After my life and death experience was over, I felt a little relief for one second. Then, automatic fear came to mind that black Tuesday was dreadfully approaching once again. I hated the accordion and living under those grueling conditions.

My father was a disciplinarian who enforced order in the household. He reminded me of a hard core marine drill sergeant that gave me no slack. Everything I did was not good enough and he never give me an attaboy or a job well done. In his mind, he felt it was my duty to march onward in any harsh impossible condition with no questions asked. I felt like a prisoner of war surviving captivity which was a total drag.

The person who helped comfort me from this insane life was my grandfather. He was real cool. I like being around him. He was a gentlemen, and he treated me like a person with respect. He didn't treat me like a robotic slave to do someone's bidding. I wished that my grandfather and I could take a long trip somewhere far away and never return. Soon after my dream of leaving with my grandfather was shattered. My aunt moved and took him twenty five miles away with her to Point Loma California. I didn't have anyone to turn to for moral support which made me very angry.

Shortly after, my life's situation took its toll and I began to resist authority and I became a mischievous slacker. It was the end of the summer of 1961, and I began to look toward the future, because the next day was going to be my first day as an eighth grader, and I could take my frustrations out on the teachers, students at National City Junior High School.

Self Promotion



As I walked out the front door, my mom said, "You'd better behave yourself in school today, because if you don't, I'll tell your father." My father served as a real good threat and I assured my mom that I'd be a little angel all day at school.

As I entered the school gate, I began to change my style of walk to a shuffle, because I wanted to look real cool. While I was shuffling down the hall, I saw a familiar face in the library. It was my cousin Mario, who I hadn't seen in a long time. I stood in front of the doorway and blurted out, "What's happening, Mario and what are you filling out?" He was a little startled with my sudden entrance and whispered to me, "My father sent me to this school because I was getting into too much trouble at Memorial Junior High and also I'm working on transfer forms into the ninth grade." Mario was in the middle of completing the form when I suddenly came up with a great idea. I said to myself: "That's a good way for me to finish school a year earlier, I'll try it!"

I had learned to be aggressive from my television heroes, Flash Gordon and Zorro, to take chances, and this was a good opportunity for me. So I helped myself to some blank forms and began to enroll myself in the ninth grade. Mario looked over at me with renewed interest and a glimmer of new found respect. This was a side of me that he had never seen. While we were filling out our transfer forms, I began to warn Mario about how treacherous and sneaky the Vice Principal was and how he loved to give out referrals for detention after school for doing something wrong. I told Mario, that all the hoodlums including myself, called him, "Baldly Locks'."

I began the school year in the ninth grade, hoping I'd be part of the graduating class of sixty-two. My good fortune could not be taken lightly. That gave me incentive to perform academically so I wouldn't draw attention to myself. For the first time in school, I began to take books home with me and seriously doing my homework. But my luck ran out two weeks into the school year. The ruse had been uncovered in the school records. I was in my French class, a ninth grade elective, when a teacher I knew very well came for me. He exclaimed, "Excuse me for interrupting, Miss Sinclair, but could I have a word with John Romero?" She replied, "Of course, Mr. Shelton. John, you may be excused." Once outside the class, Mr. Shelton told me that I was ordered back to the eighth grade. On the way to the office, the teacher replied jokingly, "What are you doing in a French class, you can't even pass English." In return I shrugged my shoulders and smiled at the teacher. The teacher had forgotten that French and Spanish were similar to my native tongue. I could learn French easier than the Anglo student, for I was a Mexican American, speaking English and Spanish.



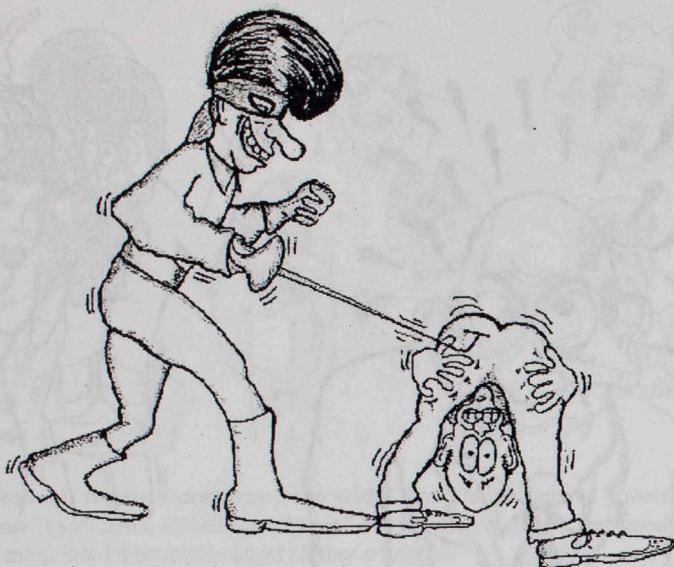
As I entered the main office, the school administration members were staring at me as if I committed a heinous crime. I guess the prudish office members and the Vice Principal couldn't take a joke that I outwitted them for a couple of weeks. As I walked into Baldly Locks' office, I was expecting congratulations or expressions of pleasure to my good fortune and fame. Instead he gave me a stern look of disapproval. Once again he gave me last year's lecture about expulsion. Once again, I gave him the same old blank stare at his face nodding my head to every word he said even though it went into one ear and out the other.

I hated the drippy school, the creepy students and especially Baldly Locks' the Vice Principal, for acting like squares. They weren't hip like me. To be hip you had to wear cool threads learn the lingo, be a rock and roll musician or a television star like "Kookie" Edd Byrnes, in the "77 Sunset Strip" series on channel 6.

I thought Kookie was a gas and unique, and unique was my middle name. I began secretly reinventing myself in hopes of leaving behind the volatile arguments between my parents at the pad, and especially my father. I wanted to become a famous musician or a television star someday. I was beginning to emulate the same cool personality and talk like Kookie. In the musician department, I had already completed one year of guitar lessons with my cousin Lawrence who was related to Rosie, that sang Angel Baby on the Dick Clark Show, which I thought was real cool.

On the weekends, I hung around with my older cousin's rock and roll band members who were out of school. What I really and especially liked, was hanging out and dancing with the super fine chicks who went to all of my cousin Manual's club dances and parties. I was living the American teenage dream. What more could an adventurous fourteen year old ask for?

The motivational factor in my life was watching Rosie on Dick Clark's American Band Stand. Rosie inspired me. I also wanted to become a famous rock and roll idol, just like my legendary hero Ritchie Valens who died in a plane crash in 1959. The reason why I liked him most of all was because he was a Mexican American who represented my people and I wanted to do it in the same manner and also make my grandfather proud of me.



My cousin Mario was timid and shy and it was hard for him to make new friends in school. I became his friend and we began to hang around together. He wondered all day, what type of extraordinary feat I was going to do next, in provoking the Vice Principal. He saw that I was adventurous and outgoing and fun to hang around with.

Mario really liked that daring stunt in promoting myself to the ninth grade, and he was very anxious to find out what had happened in the principal's office. Mario didn't know that I had a full blown imaginary mind and that I could imitate adventurous swashbuckling movie stars and play them very well. Before I took center stage and being the great showman that I was, I instantly went into my act, imitating Baldly Locks' mannerisms and facial expressions and we laughed ourselves silly. I neglected to tell Mario, that I was on Baldly Locks' undesirable list and that I had to be one step ahead at all times. Just like my hero Zorro, attaining or seeking to attain one's ends by devious means.

One day during lunch, Mario asked me if I still played the accordion. I almost went into cardiac arrest hoping that no one heard him. I was extremely embarrassed that I played the accordion, because I felt that instrument was for girls. My life would be in shambles if the hoodlums found out. They'd lose respect and I'd be ousted from the hooligans hall of fame. I put in a lot of hard work becoming a hoodlum and I didn't want the 'squeeze box to ruin my macho image.

I quietly answered Mario, telling him that my father was still running the show and that he was still behind my accordion career and forcing me to play it everyday with hopes of me becoming a famous accordionist someday, and also that my life sucked at home because I couldn't be myself. I told Mario that I was on my sixth year on the accordion and that I was extremely advanced in the instrument, and before my father came home from work, I'd hear rock and roll tunes on the radio and play them with ease and that I knew all the hottest songs, which impressed Mario very much. I also indicated that I had one year on guitar and he anxiously asked me who my guitar teacher was. I surprised him once again by telling him that it was our cousin Lawrence who was teaching me. Mario was dumbfounded.

Mario, Lawrence and their uncle Victor were members of a rhythm and blues group called The Mellowtones. Mario played the tenor saxophone, Lawrence played lead guitar and Victor played the bass guitar. Victor was my cousin also, and he was the leader of their band.



Johnny Tommy Alfred

At the end of my school day, I ran into some familiar faces I had known since our diaper days. Tommy and Alfred were my honorary cousins. My mother knew their mom who I called Aunt Irma. My mom and Irma were like sisters and life long friends.

I replied, "What's happening! Where are you guys headed?" They answered back, "Were going to sell newspapers." I was intrigued with their answer. I had never sold newspapers before but I was willing to learn how their operation worked.

Tommy, the youngest brother, began to explain, with one ten cent paper sold, you earned two cents. I really didn't care about making money. I just wanted an excuse to get out of the house. The brothers were pacifists who were not very good at using their fists. They settled their disputes by running away. The brothers had a little problem at their job site and they both felt that I could resolve their situation.

Suddenly with great urgency they both began insisting that I join them. The brothers didn't tell me that there was a fourteen year old white kid named Bob Gray. Bob preferred to be called Mr. Gray. Mr. Gray was a strong arm that worked for a four foot nine inch Italian man named Jack. Jack ran his newspaper operation Mafia style using muscle to keep his salesmen in line. Behind Jack's back, Mr. Gray ran a secret business of his own called extortion. He bullied the paper boys, taking a portion of their money as tribute.

When I got home, I asked my mom if I could sell papers with Tommy and Alfred. My mom said it was okay, but first, I had to practice my accordion. After I finished practicing my accordion, I ran outside and hopped on my twenty inch bike and peddled as fast as I could to meet the guys at a beer joint called Club Melody. There was Tommy and Alfred waiting for me just like they said. Just as I came to a full stop, from out of nowhere, Mr. Gray appeared and he began forcefully pulling my handle bars and trying to take my bike away from me. I got very angry and suddenly I became Joe Poluka the boxer and went into action and gave him a forearm across the nose and kicked him in the groin and Mr. Gray went out like a light. While he was staggering to his feet, I told him to get the hell out of here and to never return. Tommy and Alfred were amazed at what I had done and they both agreed that they picked the right man for the job.

The news spread fast among the paperboys that Mr. Gray the extortionist was banished forever. Later that evening, I received a quick promotion and I began to help Jack unload the heavy bundles of newspapers at the corner stands and for that he gave me money and free passes to the Bay theater. But if there was someone who disrespected Jack, there was hell to pay.



One night, my parents drove over to my Aunt Irma's house for a progress report to see if I was behaving myself at my new job. When we arrived we were greeted by my aunt and she asked us graciously to come inside. Tommy and Alfred were sitting on the living room couch watching television. I instantly found a place beside them while my parents and Aunt Irma walked into the kitchen for a cup of coffee and to exchange small talk.

While we were watching television, Tommy asked me if I would like to play Pony League baseball with them. I didn't know what to say. My parents controlled my life. They obsessed, over me becoming a famous accordionist like a musician who performed on the Lawrence Welk Show. My parents had a sizeable amount of money invested in my accordion and lessons. They both felt that it would be in my best interest to not play sports, and jeopardize their investment with an injury to my hands.

What my parents didn't know, was that I had a magic key to escape captivity. My key was a strong constitutional desire for freedom. I played behind their back for the love of physical exercise and to let off steam. I was the best hitter and first baseman in my neighborhood. I would not be oppressed and live like a caged animal in a zoo. All I wanted was to compete with other kids and live a normal life.

I began to think. If my parents said yes, they might cancel my accordion lessons because of a tight baseball schedule. It was worth a try. I got up from the couch and walked into the kitchen and asked, "Mom, could I have your permission to play Pony League Baseball with Tommy and Alfred at Kimball Park?" My mom was caught off guard and looked at my father for a negative response and he surprisingly said yes. I was filled with joy and disbelief at the same time that I could play baseball. I automatically turned around and walked back into the living room with a big grin on my face to let Tommy and Alfred hear the good news.

I forgot that one day, the Enfingers Accordion Center had a picnic. My parents saw me catch and throw baseballs with lightening speed and accuracy. At first, my mother wanted my father to stop me from playing with the rest of the kids. My father was amazed at the skill I possessed and also that he saw something that he had never seen before, me laughing and having fun. He told my mom to calm down and that I looked like I had everything under control.



A month dragged by, and I longed for summer vacation to arrive. The same old routine, eating flavorless cafeteria food. It was time for a change. After the lunch bell, Mario and I met by the art building. I asked him if he was tired of the same old food. Mario said "yes," and asked me if I had any good ideas about where we could go to eat. I said, "Lets go to Bob's hamburger stand, the red and white checkerboard building on National Avenue."

Bob's, was a popular Mexican teenage hangout in the evenings and it was only three blocks from school. Mario said, "It sounds good!," and off we went. I could almost taste the hamburger and french fries. I didn't tell Mario, but leaving the campus was an automatic detention. Detention, was holding a person in custody under authority for one hour after school in the library.

While we were eating our lunch, I asked my cousin if he knew the saxophone solo to a song called, 'Last Night' by The Mar Keys. 'Last Night' was the number one hit on KCBQ, a popular radio station known to all teenagers. He said, "No." I was hoping I could arouse some interest to see if he wanted to go over to our cousin's house to play music. I told Mario that Lawrence and I got together every Monday night and that I was hoping he could join us also. To my surprise he said "yes." Mario and I had the same dream to become famous musicians. I assured Mario that he would have a great time playing with us and that he would certainly like my amplified accordion because it had an organ-like sound.

When we returned to the campus we got busted. Baldly Locks was waiting by the art building and handed us detention slips. Mario and I had an automatic trip to the library after school. It was Mario's first time and as for myself, I lost count.



At the end of the school day Mario and I had an obligation to fulfill which was detention in the library. After completing detention, I forgot about baseball tryouts with Tommy and Alfred. I hastily told Mario good bye and that I'd see him tomorrow. I ran home as fast as I could. First, I had to practice my accordion for one hour. After I was finished, two hours had passed and I was late. I hopped on my twenty inch bike and peddled to Kimball Park. When I arrived, I was wearing a super cool blue Pendleton shirt, brown khaki pants, and my black spit shined street shoes the way the Vatos' dressed in my neighborhood. A Vato was a Mexican hoodlum. Tommy and Alfred were finished with their tryouts and wondering if I was going to show up because the tryouts were almost over. Tommy spotted me first and frantically told me to report to the man with a yellow baseball hat. I spoke to the man and told him that I played first base. He told me to take my position.

I commenced with fast and slow grounders, pop up flies, line drives and nothing got passed me. In return, I fired the ball back to the catcher with lightning speed and accuracy to home plate. While I was trying out, I was having fun and giving the catcher a confident grin. What I liked most of all, was seeing the catcher's mitt explode with dust with each throw. Twenty minutes later, the coach liked what he saw.

After the tryouts were over, I stood with Tommy and Alfred for my results. Shortly, the man with the yellow hat approached us and replied, "You're playing for ACME Chevrolet." I asked the guys, "Who is ACME?" Alfred replied, "It's a major league team and you're in the majors." I asked them with conviction, "Are we going to play on the same team?" They nonchalantly said "NO." I asked, "Are we going to play against each other?" They said "NO" once again. Then I impatiently got a little angry and said, "So what the hell are you guys going to be doing then?" They replied sadly, "We're in the minor club." I didn't know that a minor club existed and that it was lower in standing than others of the same class. It was like being a minority and I knew that feeling, because I lived with it all my life, with my father telling me that I would never amount to anything. They both could see that I was disappointed that things didn't work out like we planned. They both got angry and replied, "We didn't think you were going to be that good!" I replied, "Hey you guys, I wanted to play the best I could and make sure I made the team so we could all be together!"

At first, I had mixed feelings about quitting this hair brain notion about playing baseball. Then suddenly, I remembered what my father once told me in anger one day when I was very young. "You always start something and never finish it!" Remembering that uncomplimentary remark of my father's, making me extremely angry. Since that memorial day, everything I started, I finished in grand spectacular fashion. I told Tommy and Alfred that we would see each other and I wished them good luck and they said likewise.



All day at school I thought about baseball practice. I guess it served as a good and positive motivation tool for me to behave myself. A miracle happened, I finished the entire day without getting into trouble.

As I walked home, I began to think if I was going to belong or was I looked upon as an outcast. After I finished practicing my accordion, I took off my street shoes and put on my tennis shoes and grabbed my black glove and told my mom that I was going to practice.

I was entering a whole new world of organized baseball with coaches, umpires, hostile spectators and stiff competition. It was a world I had never experienced and it was totally new to me. I played in the alleys, driveways or at the elementary school grounds with the neighborhood kids, far away from my parents' prying eyes. I was curious to find out how good I was, and I decided to give it a try.

When I arrived at the park, I began looking around for my team. I unexpectedly bumped into a couple of guys from my junior high, Tim Roberts and Jeff Coons. They asked sarcastically, "When did the Pony League began letting hoodlums like you play baseball?" I thought what they said to me sounded like fighting words.

I remembered them in my elementary school days as smart wise cracking Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy look alike's and without any talent in sports. I used to beat them up when I had nothing to do. And here we meet again. This time they both thought that they were big league prestigious baseball players, what a joke. I replied, "I didn't know that they let creeps like you play baseball, they must be scraping the bottom of the barrel." I was daring them to do something foolish and give them both a thrashing. Suddenly, I heard someone say, "Hey, are you John?" I replied, "Yes sir." It was my baseball coach calling me over to join the rest of the players on the baseball field. As I departed, I replied, "Bye Laurel and Hardy."

As we all gathered around the pitcher's mound, the coach first introduced Hector as the manager and himself as Coach Castro. During the introduction, I looked at the other players I was going to be playing with, and the majority of them didn't look like the rugged type that would be good in a fight. Except for one individual and he looked like he could hold his own. He didn't look friendly. Instantly coach Castro saw my tennis shoes and that I needed baseball shoes with steel cleats. I assured him that I would have them in a couple of days.

As soon as I got home, I told my mom that I needed some baseball shoes. As soon as my father came home from work, we all jumped into the family car and rushed to Weisser Sporting Goods. I made good my promise to the coach and thanked my parents for giving me moral support for my newest adventure.

Opening Day



The blessed day arrived I received my blue hat with a capital "A" and also my blue and white ACME Chevrolet uniform. My jersey had it's letters and a number ten sewn on, which I thought looked real cool. I was very excited and anxious to put it on and see how I looked in it. That whole evening, I was wishing to hear the words, "Practice is over!" After practice, I rushed home as fast as I could to try it on. When I opened the front door I replied, "Mom, look! I got my baseball uniform!" My mom was equally excited and told me to put it on. The uniform fit perfect. I rushed out to model it for my mom. She rushed into her room to get a camera to take a picture. Later, I looked at myself in the mirror, amazed at my transformation from a menacing looking Vato, to a super cool looking baseball player.

Saturday was opening day. Opening day, was a ritual for baseball. It was a coming out party; a formal entrance into a new season. It was going to be my first public appearance to show off my great looking baseball uniform and take a group picture with my team.

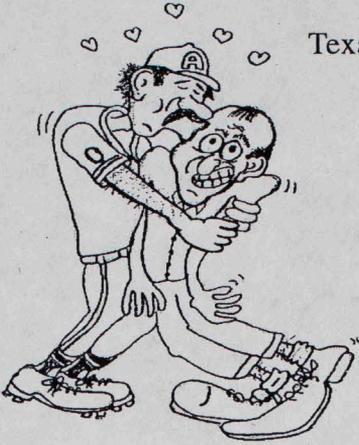
We all got up early Saturday morning and ate breakfast. Each of us, a little nervous of the unexpected. When we arrived, we were amazed to see a ray of striking bright colors and a spectacular exhibition. A showy display of enthusiasm. We saw parents waring team colors as a display of unity for their kids. This, we have never seen before.

Since the third grade, my family and I attended accordion festivals, parades and family picnics. Our lives revolved around the accordion. At first, I felt a little out of place but when I saw a few of my teammates it wore off. I took a quick glance at my parents hoping they were having a great time like I was. I saw them smiling, which gave me a sign of relief that they were having fun also.

All of our teams lined up one after another, taking off our hats to salute the American flag. After the flag ceremonies, the mayor's speech and our team pictures, it was time for the main event. Just like clock work, some one on the loud speaker eagerly said, "Play Ball!"

Each team played three innings. When our team came up to bat, I felt butterflies in my stomach. My honor was in jeopardy, because I didn't want to begin my whole season on the wrong foot with a strike out and embarrass myself and my parents.

Due to my good playing ability, I made first string and third hitter on my team, and it was my turn up to bat. I saw the pitcher wind up and throw the ball towards home plate, with great velocity. In return, I took a firm grip on the bat and hit the ball dead center, slamming it into left field, bringing a runner in. While I stood on second base, I watched my parents cheer, which I thought was cool. As for my butterflies, I told them to take a hike.



As the games progressed, I noticed that my coach excessively favored white people. He would go out of his way to cater to my fellow teammate's parents needs and tell them not to worry, their children would play the entire game.

My coach reminded me of a movie I once saw, 'King Author's Round Table'. In the movie, the king's subjects bowed, praised, and gave flattering speeches to enhance the status of their lordship's ego. Mr. Castro was doing the same, but in modern times. Mr. Castro's actions were strange and very new to me.

My coach came from Texas where he and his peers learned how to kiss the boot that kicked them. The Texans wore a pointed toe cowboy boot known as the Mexican Ass Kicker. The Tex-Mex feared and respected the boot very much. The Tex-Mex learned to bow in the presence of a superior. They were taught obedience, respect and to step aside and take their hat off when a Texas cowboy walked passed them on the sidewalk. The reason why the Texans despised and hated the Mexicans so much was because of the Alamo. Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie were killed by Santa Anna's Mexican Army and the Texans never forgave the Mexicans for killing their heroes, commemorating a rallying cry, "Remember the Alamo."

Mr. Castro wanted to bring his Texas custom to California and he was bound and determined to serve as a great role model, and show the white people that his race would not be favored more on his baseball team. He would make sure he would never give lengthy playing time to his Mexican players.

I had a new friend on my team and his name was Jesse Espinosa. He'd come to practice and play hard everyday and his reward was to play one inning. Sometimes I'd fall victim as well.

I felt it wasn't fair because I watched persons on my team who never came to practice and they were highly rewarded by playing the whole game. I was beginning to lose respect for the coach from Texas.

One morning, my role model coach showed up late with blood shot eyes and with a hangover. His hangover made him very angry and short tempered. When my friend Jesse made a little mistake he benched him. I was beginning to resent the whole situation regarding my teammates who didn't show up to practice and made us lose games with bad plays.

When I made a play, I would throw the ball as hard as I could, hoping that I would break their hand as punishment. The coach would yell and criticize me for throwing the ball too hard at his little sissies. War had been declared with me and the coach. The coach was beginning to single me out and bench me as the games advanced. The coach was getting pressured by the parents that I was playing to rough and that I might hurt their kids. When Jesse and I sat the bench we both laughed and criticized the players mistakes and this would get the coach extremely angry. In return, I'd give him my famous sarcastic grin, daring him to make a move, with hopes of someday that I could introduce him to my knuckle sandwiches. My father didn't like subservient lackeys especially his own race. He was beginning to take notice as well. **To Be Continued.**



My name is Johnny "Cobra" Romero, a fourteen year old that reacts with lightning reflexes. Once you take your eyes off of me, I'm gone like a puff of smoke.

On my very first day as an eighth grader, I acquired a transfer form and promoted myself to the ninth grade for two weeks. I went astray and became a mischievous fun loving true to life adventurous cartoon comic strip hero. I found myself in the wrong place at the wrong time. During my ups and downs I found myself once again on a true path. On my road to recovery, I declined an offer from a Pony League President to become an All Star. Instead, I left a major league team and helped a minor league coach who was unjustly mistreated like myself, and a team of outcast ball players to win the greatest prize of all, respect.

1962, was a magical year for myself, my coach, my team and a rival ball player to change his mind and quit baseball. Our battle setting was to go against a major league team like Goliath a 10 foot Philistine giant of invincibility. We became David, the outcast minor ball club of no names. On that ill fated Sunday, we struck a savage blow, tumbling down a major league team 11 to 1. It was the greatest upset in Pony League baseball history. The result was that the rival ball player quit pitching and became a track and field gold medalist in the Montreal Olympics in 1972.

The Pony League All Stars, who I turned down, won the Western Division and lost the Pony League World Series. Who knows what could have happened if the adventurous cartoon hero swallowed his moral principles and went back to his old major league team, Acme Chevrolet.

This is my inspirational true story of how our lives changed for the better.

A 1963, 9th Grade Track Adventure!
"Johnny Cobra fights for the neighborhoods respect"



I dedicate my baseball story who played a great part on my baseball abilities to my friends who are no longer with us, Albert, Bobby Codding and Mr. Cruz.

Cheap Shot



The team I played with, didn't live up to it's name ACME, which meant the highest point. In reality the team was at the bottom of the heap. One team member wore a glass eye and was badly in need of an anger management class. When the umpire shouted strike three, he would automatically rave like a lunatic beating the fence and ground relentlessly, throwing his bat forcefully towards our dugout kicking the dirt and threatening the pitcher. I thought he looked like a big stupid fool.

Another day, we were behind as usual. Our catcher hit a grounder to third and with desperation to get safe on first, he took aim and slammed his foot on the first baseman's ankle. I watched in disbelief hearing the player cry out in agony on the ground. The catcher's actions nearly created a riot. He was ejected by the umpire and was asked to never return. I thought that was the cheapest shot I had ever seen in my life.

After that disgraceful game, I sat down in the bleachers with my friend Jesse to watch J.C. Penny and Peppers Pier play. While I was watching the game, a lady tapped me on the shoulder to get my attention and said, "My husband fought very hard to get you on his team, but he lost the coin toss." Her husband was the person who hit me grounders and flies during my tryouts. He was coaching J.C. Penny, a powerful team that was in first place. I was flattered as if she was telling me that I was a good player and that I didn't belong with those felonious misfit clowns.

In my neighborhood, we played to have fun, but when grown ups and spectators got involved it wasn't fun anymore. I was beginning to hate the coach, the majority of my fellow teammates and baseball.

One afternoon, a game rested on my shoulders. We were tied three up with two outs at the top of the ninth with a very good chance to win. The backsliding team I was playing with, were firing on all cylinders totally uncharacteristic and with a strong desire to win. I became enthusiastic as a team member with a strong desire to win also. It was my turn up to bat. While I was approaching home plate, I noticed that my coach was signaling me to bunt. I thought, that was odd, because I was the clean up hitter on his team. The coach new that I couldn't bunt very well. His motive was, if I'd strike out, he would blame me for losing the game, making me look bad, as pay back for making fun of his little sissies.

Suddenly, I came back to reality, remembering that I disliked the coach very much and I became defiant not paying attention to his signals. When the first pitch came along, I blasted the ball into center field bringing my runner in with the score 3 to 4 in our favor. The coach threw a temper tantrum raving and stomping the ground towards me on second base. For a second, he reminded me of my father when he couldn't fix his car. While the coach was raving, I began calmly to unbutton my baseball jersey and briskly threw it at his feet forcefully and replied, "You are a disgrace and not fit to be a coach!" I had to refrain from using harsher language, because my father was sitting in the bleachers.

The coach saw my father and he tried to involve him in my gross act in disrespect. The coach wanted my father to reprimand me and he replied, "That's his decision!" As I walked off the field, the president of the Pony League Association said, "You will never play on this field again." I didn't care, because I was not like other kids. My world didn't revolve around baseball. I had an ace in the hole. Something else to fall back on, to become a rock and roll star, just like my hero Ritchie Valens.



Later that evening, I called Tommy on the telephone to tell him about the confrontation I had with the coach. After I explained the whole situation, he automatically asked me if I wanted to join them on the lower field where the minor club was practicing. I said "yes," and I would meet them both tomorrow.

When I arrived, practice was in session. I could already see that the players really needed to perfect their skills. I walked towards the coach and asked him if there was room for me to play on his team. He enthusiastically said "yes" and told me to get on first base. The coach had already seen me in action with Acme. I became the first to defect into the minors.

Coach Cruz was a major league coach and was let go, due to dirty politics with the predominate Anglo coaches. The coaches used an excuse, that he was wet behind the ears and needed more experience and was sent to the minor club. Mr. Cruz was wrongly judged and mistreated. This left a bitter taste in his mouth and someday he would get redemption for their acts. Mr. Cruz could relate with the petty politics in the major leagues and didn't blame me for leaving.

After a few days with the minor club, I could already feel a huge difference, a better atmosphere with my new coach. I began to participate and help coach the younger players and encourage them, that they were getting better at their positions. This would give them a large boost for their moral.

During practice, I was thinking about my friend Jesse and wondered how he was doing with the coach and the sissy boys. I decided to pay Jesse a little visit. After practice, I walked towards Jesse in a furtive manner and took my place beside the boys bathroom. I replied, "What's cooking Jesse"! He gave me a slight chuckle and said, "Nothing?" He told me the four girls that used to come to watch me play didn't come anymore. He also said that he had very little playing time or none at all. I suspected retaliation from the coach in regards to my behavior on the playing field.

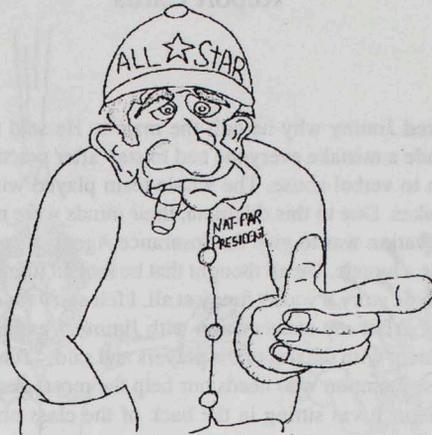
The minute I saw him, I could tell that Jesse was miserable and was looking for a way out. He had a dismal look as I could read his mind contemplating retirement from baseball. I offered Jesse hope and asked him if he wanted to join me on the lower playing field. I guaranteed Jesse that he could play. I saw his face light up with great enthusiasm. He said that he would see me the next day. I think, I made Jesse's day.

Gossip spread through the league, hearing what I did, not taking any nonsense from my coach. There were also a few players like myself, that detested the coaching staff's methods. Some coaches would excessively punish their players if they lost a game, making them stay until it got dusk.

A week later, coach Cruz, reunited with two of his major league ball players who he once coached, called the Insurance Agents. Jimmy played third and Pat was the catcher that could hit very well.

I introduced myself and my friend Jesse and explained the situation that we needed to help coach and inspire the rest of the players to get better if we wanted to win games in the future. They both agreed.

Mr. Cruz was very happy and willing to promote four of his minor club players to the majors to fill our vacancies. Mr. Cruz inherited The Four Angels, he prayed for to help him in his quest for redemption.



One day during practice I saw Mr. Melillio, the Pony League President of the major league teams talking to Mr. Cruz. I had a funny feeling that the conversation was about me. I was right, because Mr. Melillio came towards me and said, "John, I would like to ask you a very important question, if I may. Would you like to come back to your team?" You have a very good chance to become an All Star."

I paused for a second and looked towards Mr. Cruz, and watched him happily hit grounders to the infielders. I instantly remembered that Mr. Melillio once told me, that I would never play on his pony league field again. I replied, "Thanks, but no thanks, Mr. Melillio, I like it here very much. I think Mr. Cruz and the players are cool. I'm having too much fun and I would like to stay with the minor club." Mr. Melillio, was dumbfounded and surprised. He couldn't believe his ears! He stood there looking at me with a blank stare for a while. Mr. Melillio had already thought it was a done deal in his mind, and that I would automatically say yes. Boy, did I throw him a curve. He felt that it was a boy's dream to become an all star, and considered a great honor to be chosen as one of the best in the game of baseball. Since it was my very first time playing, I didn't find any value in it. But, if I was in a situation to play back up guitar for Ritchie Valens when he was alive, I would have gladly said "yes," with no questions asked.

I felt that Mr. Melillio saw a great talent in me and he didn't want to see it wasted in the minor club. Mr. Melillio had seen me on many occasions from the two story announcement booth behind home plate. He saw precision timing, lightning reflexes and coordination to react to any situation imaginable with ease. What I think he liked the best, was my fast ball crashing into a player's glove with pinpoint accuracy.

I learned these attributes from my accordion playing. Since the third grade, I learned discipline, the training that perfects. From discipline, I learned coordination to stretch and compress bellows and play the keys with my right, to create a melody and pressed buttons with my left, that produced single tones and chords. I always pushed my talents to the limit, because I could talk and march all at the same time with ease. As much as I hated the accordion, it helped me become a true professional in sports and music.

On the other hand, I saw a great majority of players that couldn't walk or chew gum at the same time, resulting in missing a great play due to inadequate timing. Timing is the chief ingredient in sports, because without it, its a trip to the bench, a minor club, or to become an immature tyrant, living your life vicariously through your children.

At the end of our conversation, I began to walk towards first base and Mr. Melillio said, "This is your last chance. Are you coming back to the team?" I stopped and turned my head and gave him a smile as a friendly gesture and replied, "No thanks Mr. Melillio" and resumed my position on first base.

After practice, I asked Jimmy why he quit the majors. He said that there was too much pressure. If anyone made a mistake everyone had to stay after practice and run wind sprints, do push ups and listen to verbal abuse. The whole team played with a great burden, not to make any mental mistakes. Due to this dilemma, their minds were not on the game.

As I recall, our motivation was to give the Insurance Agents a loss and our reward was to see their coach rave like a lunatic. We all thought that he looked funny like a clown in a circus. Now that I knew the whole story it wasn't funny at all. I felt sorry for the players and I couldn't blame them for leaving. After my conversation with Jimmy, I gathered up the defectors and told them to be very patient with the rest of the players and said, "Tomorrow is going to be our first game and pay close attention who needs our help the most, okay guys?"

The next day at school, I was sitting in the back of the class oblivious with boredom. I began to day dream about a cartoon I saw on the morning cartoon show. This character placed a match on the bottom of a shoe and lit it. The end result was hilarious, seeing his rival howling in pain.

Suddenly, I came up with a bright idea. I thought it would be nice to liven things up in my health class. I turned my head and saw my buddy snoozing next to me. I felt that he needed a little lesson in paying attention in class. I volunteered my services by placing a match on the bottom of his shoe. My operation didn't work out exactly as planned, because I caught his pant leg on fire. My teacher didn't think it was funny unlike the whole class did. I guess you can't please everyone.

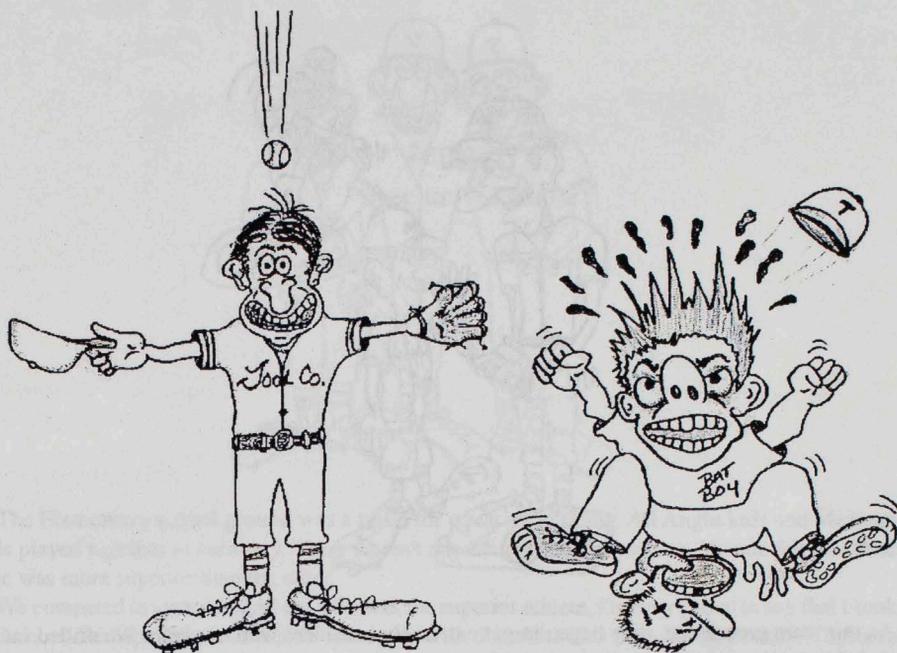
My teacher threw me out of her classroom and replied, "John! You know where the office is." When I reached the office, there was no one to greet me. But what I saw in front of me were three stacks of report cards lying on the counter. I thought to myself: "I can play teacher and give the worst students good grades for a slight fee. I think I'll take a small portion of each and call it even."

A few minutes later, I was greeted by the Vice Principal. While he was giving me the same old speech, I was already setting up shop in my mind thinking of who were going to be my best paying customers. While I was sitting in detention, I was spreading the word that I had seventh, eighth and ninth grade report cards for sale. I also told my customers for a little extra change, I'd throw in the teachers' autographs. I gave them a few days to bring their lunch money and old reports to falsify the teachers' signatures.

I almost didn't make the game in time, due to pressing engagements that I had to fulfill first. Before our game, coach Cruz gave us a pep talk and wished us all good luck. We went on the field first. Our pitcher was called Spider, because he was tall and lanky with super long noodle arms. Spider took his stance and with his left arm, he hurled a fast ball. In return, the batter took a mighty swing and hit a pop up fly into center field. The center fielder reacted with a gesture by taking his hat off, standing at attention with his arms extended, bidding his audience for a standing ovation. From first base, I began to look at the ball and the center fielder at the same time. Suddenly, the ball began to lose gravity and descended towards the unsuspecting player.

As I said earlier, timing is extremely important because the ball reacted first and gave him a loud thud on the noggin. He brought down the house that afternoon and soundly received his standing ovation with laughter and jeers. His reward was an embarrassing trip to the bench and some aspirin for his aching head. We lost that day, and the four of us knew that it would be an up hill battle. We all felt confident that we could turn this team around and produce good ball players for Mr. Cruz our coach.

A few days later, I made a lot of parents and students happy with my bootleg report cards.



I have a little brother, named Ralphie. We are five years apart. He began to go to the games with my parents. Mr. Cruz could see that my little brother showed a lot of interest in the game. After our game was over, Mr. Cruz, asked my parents if he could participate with the team and become our bat boy. While the discussion was going on, my brother was already smiling and nodding his head yes. The next day, Mr. Cruz took me to his car and gave me a large baseball uniform for my brother to use. It was one of Mr. Cruz's uniforms. Mr. Cruz thought that it would be nice that the manager, coach and the bat boy would all look the same.

After practice, I took the uniform home and gave it to my mom. My mom inspected the uniform and placed it on the couch. My mom began to take my brother's measurements for the uniform's alterations. After a few days, my brother received his bat boy uniform and a bat boy patch embroidered on front. That was my moms way of showing us that she loved us very much. The minute Ralphie set his eyes on it, he liked it. He could hardly wait to wear it on game day.

The next day was a warm peaceful afternoon, not a cloud in sight. While we were warming up, I saw my brother enthusiastically lining up the bats neatly alongside the fence. He wanted to make sure that he was going to do a great job on his first day as bat boy. When he was finished with his job, he stood back looking at his masterpiece. He was extremely pleased with himself, then suddenly, an unruly kid kicked the fence and the bats came tumbling down. This treacherous act, made my brother furious and he exploded with murderous rage in his eyes. My brother uncontrollably ran out of the entrance with his fists clenched, chasing after him. He caught him and commenced to batter him under the grandstands. Seconds later, Mr. Cruz broke up the fight and reprimanded my brother for fighting. He told him if he wanted to fight, do it on his own time and benched him for not controlling his temper.

On that warm peaceful afternoon, my little brother made baseball history. He was the first bat boy ever to be benched.



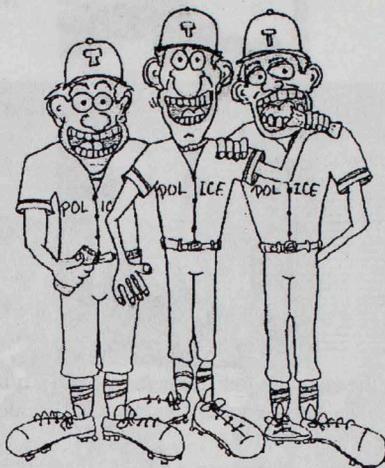
As our team progressed, they began to get extremely confident with our help. We drilled into their heads that with practice you can achieve anything. The team of outcasts was beginning to believe in themselves, and were firing on all cylinders we transformed ourselves into a powerful steamroller, flattening our opponents.

One afternoon, we had an away game against Mission Valley. Spider was pitching. As I was warming up I noticed that one of the opponents was dressed differently. He looked neater than the rest of the players, including ourselves. I was curious because the minor league teams wore hand-me-down uniforms from the major league teams. His uniform looked brand new. As we took the field, I watched the kid with the new uniform come up to bat. Our pitcher took his stance and threw him the ball. He swung and hit a single. While we were waiting for the next batter, I said, "That's a real nice uniform, why do you look so different from the rest of your teammates?" He said, "Because I'm on loan from the majors to help out this team!" I immediately got the impression that he was far superior and resented playing with us.

I decided to put him in his place and have fun with his ego. "You must be real lucky to play in the majors." "I'm not that good yet, but maybe someday I will be half as good as you." In return he gave me a smile of approval. I knew, that I had him around my little finger. I began to pour on the charm and compliments, making him feel that he was my hero, worshiping everything he said. The player got so wrapped up in himself that he forgot that he was playing. He stepped off the base and stood right next to me bragging about how great he was.

While he was talking to me, I switched places with him. I was standing on first, without him noticing a thing. From the corner of my eye, I began to open and close my glove alongside my leg, signaling the pitcher to throw me the ball. Lightning suddenly struck, the pitcher threw a perfect strike into my glove. Without flinching a muscle, I put the glove on the player and got him out. It took the player a few seconds to realize what had just happened to him. His reaction was a look of shock and disbelief.

My teammates laughed and jeered showing no respect for the major league player. I could tell the team was showing more confidence as they all looked at me as their leader, who outwitted and caught the kid with his pants down that evening. The coach took off his hat, threw it on the ground, and scolded him for embarrassing the club and benched him for the rest of the game.



The Elementary school ground was a place for equal opportunity. All Anglo kids and Mexican kids played together in harmony. There weren't any boundaries between us. No one felt that their race was more superior than the other.

We competed in sports to find out who was the superior athlete. I'm very proud to say that I took all honors. Perhaps there was a little animosity with the white kids because they couldn't achieve against me in any sports activities.

When we all reached the seventh grade, the Anglo kids put boundaries and began to act that their race was more superior, and they began to alienate themselves with me. Some of my Mexican friends from Kimball Elementary School assimilated and became anglicized to participate with the Anglo kids' activities at school.

I became angry, disappointed and betrayed. I lost respect for the Anglo kids for acting like racist bigots. After a week, I went to war with the Anglo kids and the Anglo establishment. I chose to be myself, a cool rock and roll guitar playing Mexican. I became loyal to my cause and dressed with the clothing of my neighborhood. It was called the "Vato Look." A pendleton shirt, brown khaki pants and my black spit shined pointed toe shoes and a hair style called the waterfall. This got the attention of Mr. Baldly Locks the Vice Principal, my archenemy.

Due to my traumatic experience with the Anglos and the Anglicized Mexicans, I parted company with them. But if I had to speak with them, it would be with a vigorous projection of knuckle sandwiches.

After a winning Sunday in Mission Valley, I began to feel like the good old elementary school days once again, playing with the Anglo kids on my team. My team members didn't display a superior attitude and they chose me as their team leader. I began to let my guard down I loosened up and relinquished the chip on my shoulder.

One day I felt a little apprehensive, because I didn't know how the Anglo kids were going to react to my mom's Mexican sandwiches which we called tacos. My mom began to bring tasty home made refried bean tacos to the games. After the games, my mom would distributed them to all the players as a treat. The players showed their appreciation, asking my mom for seconds. I liked especially to watch Spider, my pitcher, because he looked like a conveyer belt, asking my mom for another and another.

That's when I said to myself: "These white boys are all right." I couldn't condemn the whole race for a few misguided souls. I began to do better in school and make new friends and smile a little more often. I finally gave Mr. Baldly Locks a break, halting my secret operation of plugging up the boys' toilets.

Pitching Tips

Mr. & Mrs.
Cruz

The season was nearing the end with four games to go. Mr. Cruz had a vision of seeing me as a pitcher in the Colt League. Mr. Cruz didn't know that I decided that it would be my last season as a baseball player.

I proved that a person without a coach from a neighborhood playground could play just as well as a kid who progressed yearly with a coaching staff, in developing their playing skills.

Mr. Cruz knew my history and saw that I was a gifted athlete with exceptional speed to steal bases and great leaping abilities to catch balls above my head. He wanted to complete the puzzle and turn me into a pitcher.

Who knows, if I'd changed my mind and decided to pursue baseball and made it into the big leagues as a New York Yankee, he could boast to his friends that he taught me how to pitch in his back yard.

One day after a game, Mr. Cruz invited me over to his home. He asked me to bring along my mitt. I developed a great relationship with Mr. and Mrs. Cruz and his son Gilbert. Mr. Cruz's son, was also a pitcher on my team. I had the impression that Mr. Cruz wanted me to catch balls for his son.

When we arrived at his home, Mr. Cruz graciously asked me to take the load off my feet. I found a chair next to Gilbert. Gilbert and I began to talk about our previous games and what stood out the most when I caught the kid with his pants down in Mission Valley. The whole family and myself got a big laugh. I began to feel at ease and at home with Mr. and Mrs. Cruz. I thought that Mr. Cruz's voice sounded like Anthony Quinn the movie star, which I thought was cool.

Mr. Cruz asked me if I was hungry. I never said no to food, especially hamburgers. Mr. Cruz fired up the grill and shortly we began to eat barbecued hamburgers beside their swimming pool. While I was eating my hamburger, I marveled at his beautiful manicured back yard. The place looked like a post card, seen in movies and in magazines. At my parents house, all we had in my back yard was dry grass and a couple of lawn chairs.

After we ate lunch, Mr. Cruz explained to me why he invited me over. He said, "Johnny, I feel you could become a great pitcher and I would like to help you develop your pitching skills." After all that generosity, I couldn't tell him the truth that it would be my last season as a ball player. For two hours Mr. Cruz showed me the fundamentals of pitching the ball to Gilbert. After Gilbert and I were done with pitching practice, Mr. Cruz asked me if I would like to swim in his pool. Mr. Cruz didn't have to ask twice and Gilbert already had an extra pair of swimming trunks. We played together and swam laps the rest of the afternoon.

When it was time for me to go, I thanked Mr. And Mrs. Cruz for having me over. Mr. Cruz asked me if I would like to come back the next Saturday for some more pitching pointers. I gladly said "yes." I became an honorary member of the Cruz family, because one Saturday morning the family took me to the Del Mar Fair and Gilbert and I had a blast.



I was amazed that I could handle a busy schedule and keep several objects in motion at the same time like a juggler. I had accordion band practice, accordion lessons, baseball games, baseball practices and on Friday and Saturday nights, I went to a few teen dances with my cousin Manual. On Monday nights I took guitar lessons with my cousin Lawrence.

One day at school, my cousin Mario asked me when my cousin Lawrence and I were going to get together and play music? I told him Monday around six P.M.. He said that he and his uncle Victor would bring their instruments and join us.

I was excited, and I could hardly wait for Monday to arrive. Monday was three days away. As soon as I got home, I told my cousin Lawrence what Mario had said. Lawrence was anxious to find out how the accordion would sound with a sax and a bass guitar.

Monday arrived, and all through school and baseball practice and during my accordion rehearsal, I was thinking of what songs I could use with them. I had a vast selection of songs that I knew. I said to myself: "I can impress my cousins with an instrumental called The Jam. It's the number one hit in the land this week." Around five thirty P.M. I brought over my equipment and my cousin Lawrence and I began to rehearse The Jam. My cousin and I were in full swing when the other two arrived. Without hesitation, my cousins joined in and we began to sound great. Lawrence's mom and dad sat close by and payed close attention and liked our arrangement of the number one hit. My parents heard the music from next door and came over with a camera and took a few pictures of us in action playing our instruments.

All of us had a great time that night especially me. The next day at school my cousin Mario and I talked about how cool the songs sounded with my accordion. I could make my accordion sound like a church organ which enhanced the quality of the band.

After that memorable musical evening with my cousins, I was beginning to take great intrest in my accordion once again.



Thursday evening at accordion band practice, I got in trouble with the owner of the accordion studio. We were all playing a boogy woogy number and I began to improvise with the rest of the band. I thought I was sounding great and meanwhile the owner misinterpreted and thought I was horsing around and being disrespectful to her music. As I looked up, the owner was glaring at me with contempt towards my actions. I felt like I got caught with my hand in the cookie jar by my mother. I'd known the owner since I was nine years old and the last thing on my mind was to disrespect Mrs. Enfinger. In return, I felt awful and very sorry and that it would never happen again. All the way home I could still picture the ugly glare on her face.

When I thought that all was forgotten, the family and I were in the middle of the Donna Reed Show when the phone rang. My mom picked up the phone and began to listen to the conversation it was Mrs. Enfinger. After hearing yes's and okays, my mom slowly put the phone down and turned towards me. My mom had a stern look and I knew I was in hot water. I got reprimanded by my parents, ruining my evening and making me miss the last half of the Donna Reed Show.

I got angry and I was determined to show the owner of the accordion studio that I wasn't goofing off. I was going to demonstrate to her that I knew all the top rock and roll music to date. That Thursday night the owner let bye gone's be bye gone's. Everyone of us had to play a song in front of our parents and students every Thursday night. When my name came up, I handed Mrs. Enfinger hand written sheet music. She looked puzzled. No one had never done this before. She began to look uneasy and I gave her a smile and commenced with a medley of the top rock and roll hits to the students. You should have seen the expressions on the students' faces, as I read their minds saying to themselves: "There is life after death."

That night was my first of many protests letting the owner know that we weren't nine years old anymore, but teen age kids, wanting to learn new and interesting music. I didn't want to play Oh Susanna, William Tell, Treasure Waltz and Clarinet Polka anymore.

After I finished my medley, my fellow accordionists loved it and wondered what music store I got it from. I simply told them that I learned how to improvise from the radio and put it on sheet music. I got the feeling that my fellow accordionists were just as bored as I was and were looking for something new also. After my exhibition, we all got home. I was hoping that we wouldn't be rudely interrupted and I could watch the Donna Reed Show in peace.



Mr. Cruz had a gift for gab, a ready flow of selling at bargain prices. He'd call the leagues throughout the county and persuasively entice the coaches from other leagues with a deal they couldn't refuse.

Mr. Cruz wagered a case of beer and soda to the opposing coaches. He'd hand them a sad story that our minor club didn't play that often and we weren't very good. The opposing teams couldn't pass up the deal of a life time and with 99 percent advantage in their favor, who could resist. With greed in their hearts, they overlooked the small print, the one percent clause leaving them room for an upset. These were the methods that Mr. Cruz used in luring his unsuspecting victims and keeping our playing schedule alive during the week and on Sunday afternoons. Mr. Cruz was a sales genius.

One Sunday afternoon, the team and I sailed into uncharted waters. Mr. Cruz scheduled us to play against an arrogant major league first place team from Skyline. Skyline was a section in San Diego that was predominate black. As I got out of the car I saw the opposing team warming up in the ball park. The team and I could automatically feel deep-seeded dislike and ill will towards us which none of us had ever encountered before. This made us feel awkward and very uneasy.

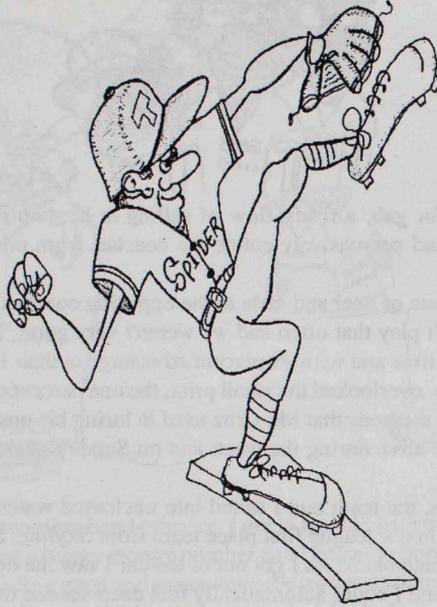
During the whole season we played against predominately white kids and played with a common goal to achieve the ability to be gracious in winning or losing.

This afternoon the rules of good sportsmanship was going to be tested in tolerance, to bear something unpleasant, painful or difficult. The opposing pitcher's plan was to make us lose our concentration with intimidation. He began to throw a barrage of wild pitches and I got hit with one. I knew deep down that he hit me on purpose. As I jogged to first, I said to myself: "I'll rattle the pitcher's cage by stealing bases right from under his nose." As the ball left his finger tips, I sprinted towards second base. From second, I yelled out to the pitcher, "You couldn't hit the broad side of a barn. Hey! Cross-eye, I'm over here." I began to cause a disturbance on second base. This made the pitcher very angry and he threw a wild pitch way over the second baseman's head. I ran past third and gave the pitcher a little victory dance as I stepped on home plate.

My actions changed the momentum regaining my teams confidence and showing them no respect. In the bottom of the second inning our confidence grew to maximum proportions. Spider began to spin his web waiting patiently for his prized player to come to bat. Spider was face to face with the opposing pitcher. Spider struck quickly and hit the pitcher's leg. He gave him a taste of his own medicine.

That afternoon, we handed the opposing team a memorable message. Don't count your chickens before they hatch. We left the Skyline team in tatters with grime and sweat on their drawn faces, tongues dragging in the dirt in dismay. That ill fated afternoon, we blasted that arrogant team with both barrels, showing them no mercy. It was a turkey shoot.

While we were putting our gear away, the coach congratulated us on how well we played and how proud he was for being part of the Travelers minor club. Then Mr. Cruz paused for a second and asked us if we wanted to play one more game against a major league team. Mr. Cruz wanted respect for himself and for his team, and to make a statement that we were just as good as a major league team or better. That evening Mr. Cruz arranged a game with the Insurance Agents for the next Sunday. If we should win, we would all make pony league baseball history.



Sunday was officially our last game of the season for the minor club. During the whole season, Mr. Cruz didn't tell us that most of the games we played were with major league teams. As the final week rolled by, the team and myself didn't have any sensation of nervousness.

Super Sunday was finally here. My parents and I were the first to arrive. I sat on the bleachers with my parents waiting for Mr. Cruz. I began to see my fellow teammates arrive with their parents. Some players came alone and a few came on bicycles. The players began to gather around my parents and myself as a final gesture of unity. Perhaps the team looked at me as their team captain for my team rallying heroics on the field.

Today, I was going to let it all hang out and play my heart out. My mind was set to crush my opponents and show them no mercy. I was feeling extremely confident and the rest of the players were feeling the same longing to taste blood.

I looked towards the parking lot and saw Mr. and Mrs. Cruz and Gilbert get out of their car. I ran out to the car and helped Mr. Cruz with some of his baseball gear. While the team and I were warming up on the playing field, I began to see my old rivals whom I competed against when I played with AMCE Chevrolet. I saw them gather outside the fence to get last minute instructions from their coach. After getting their instructions they came through the entrance in single file lining up in the outfield. They looked very organized and impressive.

This game received special attention and the curiosity of the fans as we watched the bleachers fill to capacity. It looked like opening day and now we were determined to give the spectators an exhibition of excellence. We had come along way from being taggads as outcasts that no one wanted. With hard work and special coaching we'd become a great hardy team of individuals with champion attitudes. In return, the players could take this feeling of success with them for the rest of their lives.



After we finished our warm up, I got Jesse's attention showing him that Castro, our old coach, was sitting in the bleachers behind our dugout. We ran on field first and Spider was our pitcher. Spider was a gifted lefty that got no respect. I couldn't believe why the majors didn't pick him up. He was far better than most pitchers I went up against in the majors. Today was the day that Spider was going to shine like an All Star. That memorable day, Spider showed the opposing pitcher, a pitching clinic on how to strike out ball players, because we beat the Insurance Agents 11 to 1.

The minute I saw Spider throw his last out of the season, I ran up to the fence and challenged Castro to a game with us. He was smart to decline my offer. He knew that we could beat his team of sissies with one hand tied behind our backs.

I was glad that I embarrassed him in front of all those people. I was just returning the favor when he tried to embarrass me during that ill fated afternoon with the majors. I finally got the last laugh and the last word. It felt great, as if I'd received a truckload of trophies. I was vindicated.

After the game, I stood by the fence alone, proud of my playing accomplishments and helping the weakest players. It made me real happy watching the families and Mr. Cruz rejoice and congratulate the kids on a job well done. That day, Mr. Cruz made a monkey out of those coaches and made them look inexperienced and wet behind their ears. He was vindicated also.

The minor league team made history that afternoon and Mr. Cruz and his team got the respect they ultimately deserved. Mr. Melillio might have been telling me the truth about being an All Star, because the coaches picked the person who was unlikely to succeed on my old team ACME. He was the one that had a glass eye that went criminally insane threatening the pitcher with bodily harm when he struck out.

If the sour loser Insurance Agents dispute my running and jumping abilities on the ball field. On my next adventure, "Johnny Cobra fights for the neighborhoods respect." I joined the school track team and made enough points to letter two and a half times in my very first track meet. First place in the 660, first place in the broad jump and second place in the high jump.

The All Star Team of 1962, won the Western League Championship Title, but fell short in the Pony League World Series in Texas. Who knows what could have happened if the kid who learned how to play baseball in the playgrounds decided to swallow his moral principles and went back to ACME Chevrolet. The End.



My name is Johnny "Cobra" Romero, a fourteen year old that reacts with lightning reflexes. Once you take your eyes off of me, I'm gone like a puff of smoke.

On my very first day as an eighth grader, I acquired a transfer form and promoted myself to the ninth grade for two weeks. I went astray and became a mischievous fun loving true to life adventurous cartoon comic strip hero. I found myself in the wrong place at the wrong time. During my ups and downs I found myself once again on a true path. On my road to recovery, I declined an offer from a Pony League President to become an All Star. Instead, I left a major league team and helped a minor league coach who was unjustly mistreated like myself, and a team of outcast ball players to win the greatest prize of all, respect.

1962, was a magical year for myself, my coach, my team and a rival ball player to change his mind and quit baseball. Our battle setting was to go against a major league team like Goliath a 10 foot Philistine giant of invincibility. We became David, the outcast minor ball club of no names. On that ill fated Sunday, we struck a savage blow, tumbling down a major league team 11 to 1. It was the greatest upset in Pony League baseball history. The result was that the rival ball player quit pitching and became a track and field gold medalist in the Montreal Olympics in 1972.

The Pony League All Stars, who I turned down, won the Western Division and lost the Pony League World Series. Who knows what could have happened if the adventurous cartoon hero swallowed his moral principles and went back to his old major league team, Acme Chevrolet.

This is my inspirational true story of how our lives changed for the better.

Before & After the Revolutionary War

The good English citizens of Europe look down at the American German Anglo criminal Churl slaves (their cousins) as refuse. The American Churls wore iron collars around their neck and were regarded in England, as the lowest form of worthless life fitting only for throwing away.

Today in America, the American Churls rose up duping, stealing everything that wasn't nailed down. Nowadays, they call themselves the Majority, number one, a superior culture of false pride, and with a strong diet of greed.

The American Churls repeated history by creating a den of ill treachery that is designed to drag all the people of color (the minorities) down the way the good English citizens treated the American German Anglo's long ago.

"Psychological Word Bashing: Its to make you feel inferior in your sub conscience mind"

Note: In the majority section, you will find two words underlined and this will give you the evidence that probity (the quality or state of be morally excellent) solely belongs to the American Churls. But in reality they really belong in the minority section.

Majority 3°. MORAL CONDITIONS Minority

939. Probity.—N. probity, integrity, rectitude; uprightness &c. *adj.*; honesty, faith; honour; good faith, *bona fides*; purity, clean hands.

fairness &c. *adj.*; fair play, justice, equity, impartiality, principle; grace. constancy; faithfulness &c. *adj.*; fidelity, loyalty; incorrupt-ion, -ibility.

trustworthiness &c. *adj.*; truth, candour, singleness of heart; veracity &c. 543; tender conscience &c. (*sense of duty*) 926.

punctil-iousness, -io; delicacy, nicety; scrupul-osity, -ousness &c. *adj.*; scruple; point, - of honour; punctuality.

dignity &c. (*repute*) 873; respectability, -bleness &c. *adj.*; gentleman; man of -honour, - his word; *fidus Achatès*; *preux chevalier*, *galantuomo*; truepenny, trump, brick; true Briton, white man, sportsman.

court of honour, a fair field and no favour; *argumentum ad verecundiam*.

V. be -honourable &c. *adj.*; deal -honourably, - squarely, - impartially, - fairly; speak the truth &c. (*veracity*) 543; tell the truth and shame the devil, *vitam impendere vero*; show a proper spirit, make a point of; do one's duty &c. 944; play the game.

redeem one's pledge &c. 926; keep -, be as good as- one's -promise, - word; keep faith with, not fail.

give and take, *audire alteram partem*, give the devil his due, put the saddle on the fight horse.

940. Improbity. N. improbity; dishon-esty, -our; deviation from rectitude; disgrace &c. (*disrepute*) 874; fraud &c. (*deception*) 545; lying &c. 544; bad -, Punic- faith; *mala -*, *Punica- fides*; infidelity; faithlessness &c. *adj.*; Judas kiss, betrayal; scrap of paper.

breach of -promise, - trust, - faith; proditton, disloyalty, divided allegiance, treason, high treason; apostasy &c. (*tergiversation*) 607; non-observance &c. 773.

shabbiness &c. *adj.*; villainy; baseness &c. *adj.*; abjection, debasement, turpitude, moral turpitude, laxity, trimming, shuffling.

perfidy; perfidiousness &c. *adj.*; treachery, double-dealing; unfairness &c. *adj.*; knavery, roguery, rascality, foul-play; jobb-ing, -ery; Tammany, graft; venality, nepotism; corruption, job, shuffle, fishy transaction, barratry; sharp practice, heads I win, tails you lose; mouth-honour &c. (*flattery*) 933.

V. be -dishonest &c. *adj.*; play false; break one's -word, - faith, - promise; jilt, betray, forswear; shuffle &c. (*lie*) 544; live by one's wits, sail near the wind; play with marked cards.

disgrace -, dishonour -, demean -, degrade- oneself; derogate, stoop, grovel, sneak, lose caste; sell oneself, go over to the enemy; seal one's infamy.

Adj. dishon-est, -ourable; un-con-

Before & After

NERD

COOL GUY



Albert A.
Then



Albert A.
Now

I had trouble finding women, until I got my Sun Glasses from the **Cool Guys**. Today, the women find me very rugged, charming, stunning and irresistible.

From \$3.00
To \$6.00



GARAGE SALE

Mr. Albert Andrade
Proprietor
709 Elder Ave.
Chula Vista CA.

Date: _____
Time: _____

See you there!!!
The Cool Guys!!!

Sweetwater High Introduction

By John P. Romero



“High School”

A high school is a society into itself as every alumnus knows. There are those who remember their high school days as the happiest moments of their lives, and will attend every class reunion to try to relive the past. On the other hand, there are those who have no desire to attend a class reunion so as not to reopen old wounds healed by time.

The culture of a particular high school is shaped by many forces. To some degree, it will reflect the attitudes of the adults living and working in the community, especially those of the student's parents. The culture will also have an ingrained basic philosophy formed by the repetition of accepted practices and customs.

Undeniably, it is a self-governing political unit with both written and unwritten rules of conduct and a justice system without an avenue of appeal. It is a government convinced of its own *rightness*, convinced that it is doing the best possible job of molding the citizens of tomorrow, and unaware of its own hypocrisy.

Those social and political forces generated by the adults running the school became combined with the forces generated by the students themselves, and the result is what we call *high school*.

The teenagers attending Sweetwater High share the same needs and desires as teenagers everywhere. Everyone wants to belong, everyone wants to be recognized as a human being, everyone wants to be accepted.

These are basic requirements. Practically everyone dreams of more, of excelling in a group, of being a cut above. Unfortunately, people tend to use others as stepping stones toward this goal. High school students, being half-child and half-adult, buffeted by social forces and insecure of themselves, are often guilty of this crime. It is the adults who are without excuse.

“Social Structure”

Like a foot shaping a sock, a high school's social structure is shaped by its particular population of students. Since this population consists of the graduates of two or more junior high schools, the new students upon enrolling will find an already existing and stable society, one which is probably very different from the one they left in junior high.

The social structure at Sweetwater High had evolved (some could say initiated) into a system of small groups, and the members and nonmember called the groups *clubs*.

There clubs were not connected with the normal school activities in any way, they were creations of the students themselves and the school administration did not concern themselves regarding their existence. These clubs had about five to ten members, these were clubs for girls and clubs for boys, and each club bore a name that the members had chosen. Some of the boy's social clubs were called the Concepts, the Majestics, the Chancellors, the Sociables, the Briars, the Outsiders, the Double Besters. Some of the girls' social clubs were called the Dionysus, La Hititions, the Tikis, the Les Shons.

Socially speaking, you weren't anybody unless you were a member of a club. If a student lacked the social connections for easy admittance, he would handout a respectable distance the club he had chosen, wanting and hoping to be recognized. Recognition meant a few words spoken in his direction, a question asked, sometimes only a look and a smile.

Sweetwater High Introduction

By John P. Romero

Recognition did not necessarily mean acceptance, you had to be invited into their circle, to gradually become an equal among them. Then, you had to ask the group for permission to join their club, to call yourself by the same club name.

If, on the other hand, recognition was not granted and you were ignored, your application for membership was rejected. Some tried again, some didn't.

The Sweetwater clubs were very materialistic and very snobbish, for the boys, expensive brand name clothes had to be bought from men's stores. It was the surfer look of Southern California, and some clubs even wore suits and ties as their uniforms. All the clubs, boys and girls, were very American German Anglo, which meant the Mexican-American students had to adjust if they wanted in.

Two junior high schools, Granger Junior High and National City Junior High, graduated students to Sweetwater High. National City Junior High had an even mixture of Mexican-American and American German Anglo students from families in roughly the same economic level. The students from Granger Junior High came from Lincoln Acres, predominately American German Anglo community with nicer homes and more expensive than the Westside of National City.

The Mexican-American students made up a smaller percentage of the total student population there, so they were already being *American German Anglicized* by their school neighborhood when they encountered the Sweetwater club system. Those who wanted to assimilate did so easily enough.

With the National City students, it was an entirely different story. It was a matter of renouncing their heritage. It was a matter of becoming an American German Anglo. Some did they traded their wardrobes in, they parted their hair and combed it to the side, they talked like a American German Anglo. They paid the price.

Later the barrio community, in the wave of Latino pride that would come a few years later, developed names for such individuals. *Tio Taco* is an obvious reference to *Uncle Tom*, the name by the Black community for their errand members. *Coconuts* is a more subtle label. It means *brown on the outside, white on the inside*.

Into all these cultural manipulations caused by the students, the Sweetwater school administration enters. It was a very bad time and place to be a Mexican-American. Here, prejudice against Latino's was a way of life, an open statement that no one dare challenge. Sweetwater made racism very clear to the entering Mexican-American students who were entrusted to its care.

This is how the club system of the students and the policies of the school administration dovetailed into a red and gray machine that ate up and spit out Brown youths without mercy. If a Mexican-American youth turned *Coconut* in order to be accepted by a club of American German Anglo students, the school administration saw it a different way. These adults believed that the youth was to make a noble effort to *better himself*. To them, a Latino had only two choices, he could remain a dirty Mexican, or he could join the mainstream American German Anglo society. If he chose to remain in the culture of his family and his neighborhood, he was choosing to remain a dirty Mexican.

Racism is an ugly and sick emotion. Under its influence, normally rational adults will make the most irrational decisions. Such was the case at Sweetwater High. The Mexican-American students who attempted to join a student club did not dress differently to better themselves, they just wanted to belong, to not be ignored, to be accepted. Other Mexican-American students chose not to change their way of life for such trivial pursuits. This second group of students, who like the first were operation on a student level, became the targets of the school administration, who were operation on an adult level. They were seen as *undesirable*, something to be eliminated from the school for the greater good.

So the students with their clubs and the adults with their racist attitudes working together to Anglicize the *good* Mexicans or to eliminate the *bad* Mexicans, all based on physical appearance.

Racism and prejudice were so accepted that teachers made racial statements in class by calling the Mexican students *Taco Bandits*. If an American German Anglo student made a racial remark to a Mexican student resulting in a fight in the hallways, the Latino was given an automatic two-week suspension by the Vice Principal. The American German Anglo student was given a pat on the back. In September of 1963, John Philip Romero at age fifteen begins his sophomore year at Sweetwater High.

Uncloaking Our Misanthrope Lords

American Family Values Infected by Churl Heritage Virus



Coloring Book

- ... Learn about England's greatest contributions to America!
- ... Learn the abnormal greedy behavior of a Churl!
- ... Learn what Churlism is through outrageous cartoons!
- ... Learn how feudalism worked its way to America!
- ... Learn the origin of an insane dysfunctional family!
- ... Learn how mental disorders can make you rich and famous!
- ... Learn how the Churls conquered America with deceit and treachery!
- ... Learn the real nationality of our Anglo Saxon Lords!
- ... Learn the secret origin where racism began and much more!

Introduction

One afternoon, a well respected Native American lady, from the Mesa Grande band of Mission Indians asked me a unique question. Where did racism come from? My reply, "from the racist white people the Ku Klux Klan." At that point in time I was like millions of ignorant Americans, uneducated of what specific race in the United States was solely responsible for racism. As I drove away, I felt a powerful strong urge to find the cause. Perhaps it was the Native American ladies departed ancestors from the mission, pushing me to pursue this matter at hand.

By coincidence, I met an elderly Scots gentleman. Professor Ian Dunn (Descendant of Duns Scotus (1265?-1308) Professor of theology at Oxford 1301. Scotus was one of the great thinkers of the Middle Ages and wrote commentaries on the Bible and Aristotle.) He told me that he was once a professor of history in the United Kingdom. I asked Mr. Dunn, "who is solely responsible for the social ills and especially racism in America." First he asked me to look up Churl in the Dictionary. I found out that these people were psychotic, uncivil, narrow-minded, selfish and greedy. Next he told me to look up Anglo, Saxon and Jute in the Encyclopedia. I found out that these people were from Germany, the land of racism and Hitler. Which made most of the American Anglos' racist cousins.

The following week, the Scots gentleman asked me, if I had looked up the definition for Churl in the dictionary, and Anglo Saxon in the Encyclopedia. I replied, *yes sir*. Then he said, that's what your great American leaders and soldiers were called before the Revolutionary War, with neither schooling nor moral values. He said, after the rebellion they became dignified gentleman with no ethical practices and he began to laugh. I guess, I stumbled into a private joke on the American people, mainly that our American leaders were con men and racist frauds.

The Native American lady received her wish. I'm enlightening you American people with an educated inside look through cartoon illustrations of what the English Churls contributed to the American culture.



My name is Misanthrope Demon Churl of Racism. I'm responsible for the social ills in England and America. I brought generations of human misery, degradation and sick perverted child abuse. Think of me as Mother England imposing moral and emotional verbal abuse to my English Churl children. Later, I become Mother America and my Churl children apply my legacy of class discrimination inherited by me, Mother England. Now my German Anglo American Churls become sick lawlessness masochists inflicting extreme misery and hardship to my unwanted step children, the people of color, the Minorities.

(Feudalism was used by a medieval political royal king forcing the poor to work the land in return for crumbs). Gingrich Churls' slave master speaks out in rage from the castle window; Gingrich! You blasted lazy good for nothing mangy animal. If you fail to plow my twelve hundred acres in two days, I'll put you on the rack and stretch you ten feet long. You bloody hear me Gingrich? You contemptible uncivilized mongrel dog!



Gingrich humbly answers back; Yes, my gracious lord! I'll get it done right away! (murmuring to himself) Boy, when I get to America, I'll become a renegade and steal land, about a thousand acres from the savage Native Americans and the Mexicans. I'll use guns and beat and enslave hundreds of workers with an iron fist. I'll become lord and master, just you wait and see!



After twenty five years of loyal service as a slave, Gingrich Churl humbly begs for a day off; the Lords reply; Gingrich! You ill-bred uncivil lout! Do you know what could happen if we give you the day off! Everyone is going to expect the same treatment! We'll teach you a lesson in obedience and respect, you insolent contemptible jackass! (Gingrich is channeling rage in a sickly perverted way and murmuring to himself once again). When I get to America I'll strip the people of color by calling them Minorities, inferior, deficiency, take a back seat, imperfection and shabbiness. I'll control their human spirit, and that's a promise.



The ruthless English German Anglo Saxon Lords kept their word. They sentenced Gingrich Churl with one thousand days of community service, and made out of him a prime example for anyone thinking to indulge in this same idea of taking a day off. (Suddenly, Gingrich began to think out loud) When I get to America! I'll make the people of color wear an invisible victim's chain tied to their neck. I'll victimize them namely by condemning them with minimum wages and high taxes. The more the people of color make, the more I'll deduct from their wages. On the other hand, I'll become a rich selfish Churl. I'll create a lavish self serving kingdom, full of public policies and laws, with loop holes made for my personal advantage designed to pay very little if any taxes. This, I will call *Churlism*, the egotistical American Dream.



One afternoon, Gingrich was in a very bad mood after community service; Mrs. Churl demanded that Gingrich clean up the horse's road apples and the trash from their home. Mrs. Churl forgot, that in England she was a third class citizen a "Minority" an inferior person not fit to hold a candle. After Gingrich heard her demands, he snapped a screw and retaliated with a butcher knife reminding her that he was the boss, lord and master of his broken down shack. (Mrs. Churl murmuring to herself) If Gingrich gets to America. He will bring with him domestic violence, anxiety disorders, personality disorders, stress, depression, inferiority complex, multiple personalities, manic depression all the social ills to the New World. Gee! My husband could make mental illness an enterprising and exciting business. Since he's an expert of being crazy, he could dominate the field of psychology and make it a law to practice it. In this way he could make it his exclusive domain to practice control of human personalities and make oodles of money.



At the Gingrich's, fights frequently broke out in front of their children over money problems. At the end of the month they both fell short to pay the horses upkeep, rent, taxes, food and English grog. (Mrs. Churl thinking to herself) When I get to the New World, I'll become a psychiatrist or counselor of family values. I'll teach the selfish child abusing Churl politician men and women liars how to cope in a fast pace life of stress and denial. But first I'll charge the swindlers 60, to a 100 dollars an hour. Then I'll idealize a false behavior and ethics standard in family values that are as pure as a preacher's sheets and manifest them to tell the brainwashed public that they're the inventors of perfect human conduct. On the other hand I will tear down the cultural family values and belief systems as practiced by the people of color. Through my devilish lies and treachery, my greedy Churl clients will achieve great heights of monetary wealth, respect and dignity. Then I'll write number one selling children's books and make tons of cash at the same time "What an ingenious idea!"



Mrs. Churl had a sick deranged form of loyalty and she was determined to help with the family bills so she took-up the oldest profession. Suddenly, she fell in love with the handsome Love Pimp Minstrel and was going to run away with him. Gingrich got wind of this, and went berserk and took matters to himself by using an Axe. After the mass-murders, Gingrich was looking for excuses and said to himself; I could plea temporary insanity or say, the demon made me do it. Gee! Sourisha (Mrs. Churl) shouldn't of bruised my super ego. Because I tend to have the illusion and myth that I'm the greatest in the whole world. But when this illusion evaporates. I get schizophrenia psychotic insane and tend to commit mass-murder and genocide on the innocent. This act of cowardice is due to my moral dysfunction and diseased mind I acquired through generations of incest in my family, which makes me a very sick puppy.



After the Axe massacre, Gingrich was sent home on this own recognizance because the dungeons were filled to capacity with colleagues who committed the same heinous crimes. Suddenly, Gingrich falls into a state of anxiety and depression and blows his brains out in front of his children. (At that very instant, Gingrich was on his way to the inferno and meets Lucifer) Lucifer speaks; Gingrich! You have no respect for life nor feelings for the free exercise of personal conscience nor accountability; I will curse your living colleagues by making them think that suicide is a great honor and make it very popular in America. All because of your self-centered character that's full of immoral habits and worldly fortune-hunting schemes.



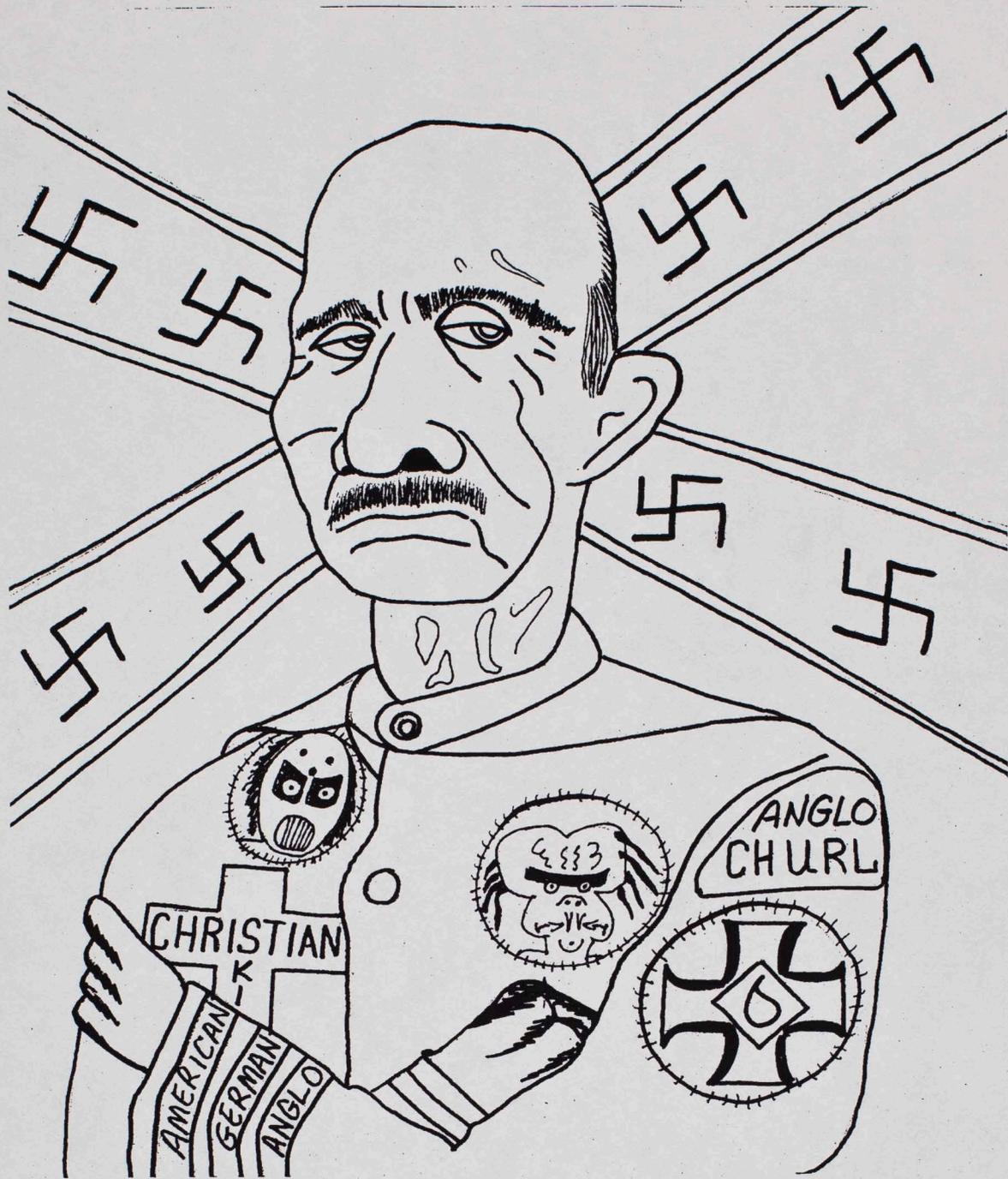
Uncle Horace Churl took on the responsibilities to teach Gingrich's children how to be very greedy, selfish and obsessed with money. Their names were John and George Churl, the Churl brothers. Uncle Horace Churl was an unscrupulous land surveyor and taught George the art of being a land grabbing finagler. Someday, George would practice his trade in America and become very wealthy and perhaps be president who knows. (The Churl brothers speaking to one and other) When we reach America someday, we will legalize corruption and send our children to college to learn how to steal legally and become back-sliding pettifogger Churls. This education would also include to learn the values of materialism such as an excessive pride in their achievements known as vainglory. Also, gratification which means excessive pleasure in accumulating material things.



After Horace Churl died, the Churl brothers became English German Anglo white trash bums (homeless persons). They became very rude bigots, misers, rough in temper, unfeeling, uncivil, sullen, niggard, frugal and were very ill-disposed and without courtesy. This dysfunction was acquired because of the ill and hostile treatment they received when they were slaves in England. The Churl brothers wanted a pay-back compensation of revenge, and channel their wicked abuse to the people of color in the New World, for their constant harassment they received when they were themselves slaves. In return, they wanted to achieve great respect in a sickly perverted way once they sailed to America, by introducing two sayings, (crap flows down hill and the more money you have the more respect you will get). This contributed to the greed and corruption generally practiced everywhere and especially in our present day United States Government.



By the time the Churl brothers reached America, a mutation of genes had accrued in their race and they became American German Anglo Saxon misanthropes (one who hates mankind). They became very evil and used deceit, treachery and racism, which eventually became part of their American heritage. They robbed, murdered and enslaved the Blacks and imprisoned the Native Americans. By these sadistic means they accomplished their goals in the conquest of the Native American people and their land. This heritage became the cess-pool from which they formulated myths and narratives that served to accommodate the self-serving structure of which now governs the United States of America. The Churl brothers became experts in writing public relation fraudulent history books. They used the technique of turning negatives into positives and glamorizing themselves as heroes of the frontier that brought honor, glory, heroism, bravery and self-respect. One great example being the Un-civil War between the states. The Churl brothers' rallying cry "We were once on the bottom and we will never be there again, don't tread on us!" They also created for themselves an exclusive membership club, called "The Cloak of Dignity" which represents "Majority" superiority, higher, better and more important. This membership club gives them the right as Lords and Conquers to have all the highest privileges and positions in everything in America. (If there is any doubt, just look at the Churl brothers domination in your television sets). The Churl brothers became great brain washers and promoted the concept of white racial supremacy which led to the institution of racism; Hitler did the same thing to the German people with Fascism. Now in America, its called Churlism, Good Old Boy Red Neck American German Anglo Saxon Western Philosophy.



Today the descendants of the Churl brothers are the present day church burning members of the Clan. They are presently listed in the Dictionary with such words as uncivil, rustic, it continues in early English history, a freeman of low rank, avaricious, selfish, "narrow-minded," sullen, ill-bred man, miser, unyielding and rude. Today, this new breed of Red Neck Americans are very sick and are accursed with the Gingrich Churl Syndrome. Today they carry a deep resentment with hatred and bitterness against their former English slave owner lords. In particular they resent the subhuman title of Churl. To make up for this misfortune they are retaliating against the people of color. Today the Churls carry the heavy yoke of self deception, conceit, pride and vanity that is responsible for most social ills in America.

President Gerry Churl Ford, was responsible for pardoning all the German Anglo American Vietnam draft dodger cowards. Today, all the "dignified" cowards are holding high offices in the United States.

Mr. Misanthrope Demon Churl of Racism. Hats off to you for getting away in assassinating President Kennedy of Catholic and "Irish" decent. And also getting your fiendish friends to lose his brain for evidence in making it impossible of which direction the Churl bullets came from.



President Honest Abe Lincoln Churl was responsible for mass-hanging the Native Americans, for protesting against the Churls for taking their land. This makes honest Abe a thieving cold blooded mass-murder.

Mr. Churl, I'm one of the few who got away from your subliminal brainwashing American German Anglo propaganda. This makes us free to think and question your school master authority. It feels great!

Now look up all the words from top to bottom in synonyms, and you'd be shocked. If this accursed word "Churl" was mentioned in the history books the American German Anglos' would by this time have lost all their credibility. Especially when it comes to the greatest magical illusion which they imagined themselves as being solid as granite. But in reality this image turned to sand. The Churls became great con men. A man or women is a person who defrauds others of money with complete trickery, designated especially, by one who uses deceit to gain the victim's confidence, meaning the American people. The sinister Churls should by this time be masters of this trade. Surely, after 220 years of experience with a lab training internship in brainwashing tactics, certainly makes them specialist in the subject.

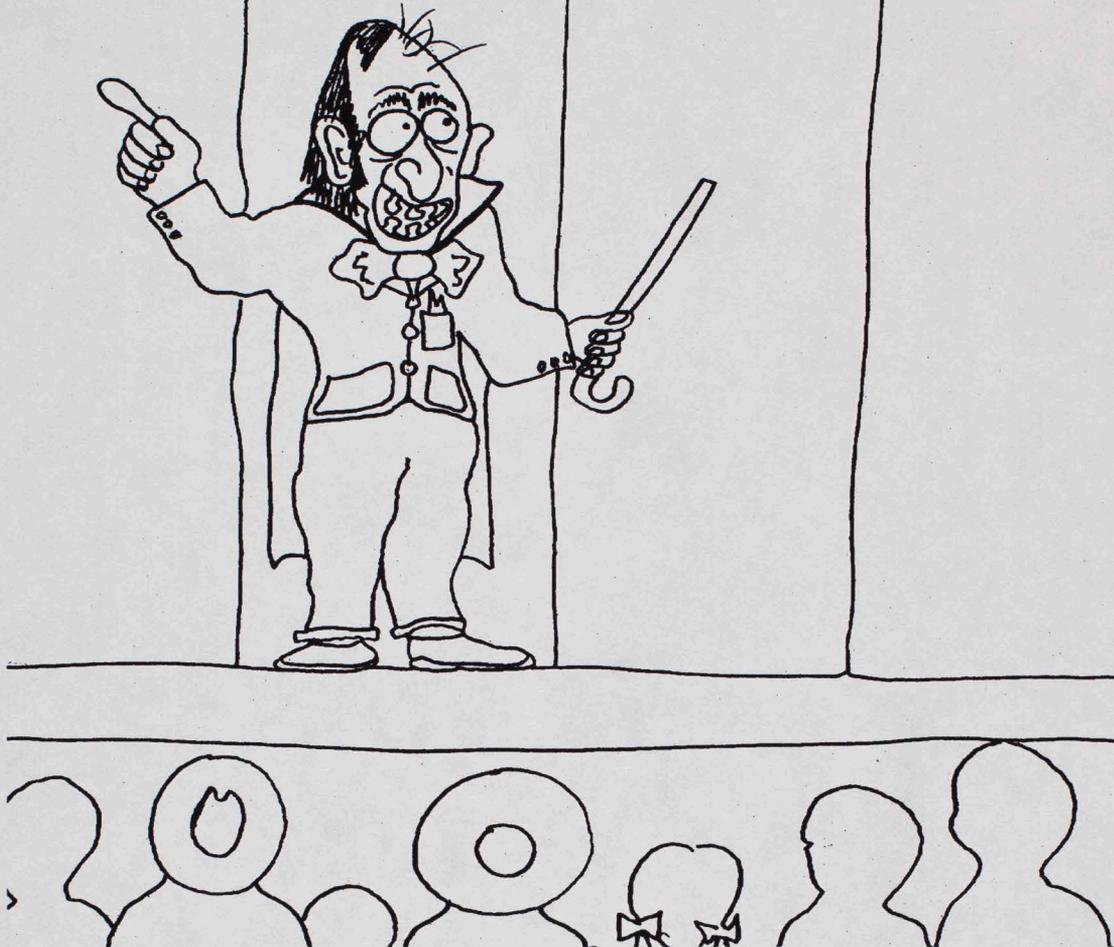
The levels of Government that are infected by the Churl virus mentality

U.S.A. Federal Gov't.

State Gov't.

County Gov't.

City Gov't.



So now that we have defrocked the Churls of their Cloak of Dignity with the naked truth let us take this as a wake-up call. We must continue in making our way towards equality of opportunity. Our trust must be made in the areas of economics and education. In making progress in these two areas, we will be able to exercise our talents, time and monetary means to maximize our potential. Through education we'll achieve development and we can become excellent citizens with the capacity of detecting when we are being discriminated. We'll become involved in all issues affecting us and the welfare of our family.

The top priority for us now is to watch out for "The Churl mentality" that is imbedded in all levels of Government including the federal, state, county and municipalities (cities). The only way to fight the Churlish pitfalls that stand in our way for progress is through the exercise of the voting privilege, secure a good education and stand up and be counted when striving for unity.

ROCK ANGEL

THE MAGNIFICENT

This is an inspiring story about a young boy and a deceased teen idol who died in an airplane crash. After his mysterious demise the teen idol became an *angel apprentice* that was assigned to help a troubled twelve year old Mexican boy outcast named Johnny Romero. This young boy aspired to learn how to play the guitar and meet young beautiful girls in high school. While the angel became familiar of his new found powers he began to help Johnny excel on his quest to emulate the career path to become the next Latino Rocker of the 60's.

Next door to Johnny's house there lived his little cousin. He was a gifted, talented sixth grader who could play like B.B. King the rhythm and blues recording artist. Suddenly the wheels were set in motion and the adventurous angel recruited his cousin to become Johnny's guitar teacher. Where there is adventure there is also danger. Johnny had to deceive his mother, because she didn't want him to follow his father's career footsteps as an entertainer who played the guitar in a Mariachi band. Behind his mother's back, he chose to become a rock and roll, rhythm and blues, jazz guitarist. Now it was up to Johnny to listen to his angel apprentice to fulfill his number-one secret passion and fantasy : To become the next Rock Angel of the 60's



ROCK ANGEL

THE MAGNIFICENT

By JOHN P. ROMERO



Let me introduce myself. My name is Phantom Fingers Esquire the Magnificent. May I be at your service? Right now you're probably wondering who I am and why I'm wearing this mask. Let me explain the meaning behind this. I am a super hero rock and roll angel, who helps kids that want to become great musicians someday. My qualifications as a musician evolves from the fact, that I was once a great Mexican American teen idol with three hot records on the charts. Before I acquired my new identity I was called "Rock Angel" The Guitar Wizard.

I was sweet sixteen, innocent and in love with a real cute girl which subsequently I named a song after her. Things were go-

ing great until I was involved in an airplane crash. I was rudely awakened by a loud blast that sent me into oblivion. Suddenly, my world of bright lights and cheers of happiness from teenage fans stopped abruptly. The first thing that came to mind was that my mother was going to be mad at me for dying.

My main goal in life was to bring happiness and joy to her. Instead I brought deep sadness and despair. This was a very traumatic experience for me especially when I learned that I became a disembodied soul. I didn't want to come home just yet to see a pitiful display of gloom. Things were happening so fast for me that I couldn't cope with them just then. The bottom line was that I

didn't want to see my mother's heart suffer with such deep depression. At first, I was a little angry and disappointed and I began to feel self-pity and began uttering saying to myself; Why me?

If only I wouldn't have gotten on the plane. If only I wasn't a recording star, I would be alive right now. If only I would of become a goof off with no ambition. Shortly after, I began to regroup and said to myself in a positive way: "What is done is done. I can't feel sorry for myself, that's not me. I have to go on with this new unearthly existence and look at things on the bright side." Eventually I learned how to cope and accept that great loss that my mother couldn't see me any more. After years and years on the field helping kids a great tragedy struck at my mom's house. Her home burned down. I couldn't run and hide anymore I had to face the music and come home once again and help my mother. This was going to be my greatest test of all. This wasn't just any ordinary home it was the home that I bought her just before I died. My mother's memories of me were up in smoke. My gold records, guitars, clothes were all gone. I had to work quickly and think of something fast. Suddenly, I got an idea! I said to myself: "I'll get a couple of producers and implant a suggestion in their brains about

making a movie of my life. Shortly after, two producers approached my mother and asked for her permission to make a movie about me. The movie was a great success and my mother saw me get the recognition I deserved.

Soon after we reunited once again. Yes, she peacefully died in her sleep, and eventually she was rewarded with seeing me graduate among the honor graduates who received their gold wings. My mom was very proud of me as she proudly said: "I knew you were doing good things son, and now we're together again, I love you Ritchie." To become an angel isn't easy. It is very hard work. The honor of becoming an angel, in my field, was achieved by performing good deeds helping youth perform and achieve in music.

My first assignment prior to becoming an angel was to help this little Mexican boy who plays the accordion and lives in the barrio called the Westside. He was a twelve year old emotional outcast with very few friends. What I liked about him was that he was a survivor against adverse conditions. He was very unique, creative and with plenty of imagination. All he needed was my guidance, to help him focus on a goal to realize his ambition and success in life. This is his story.

ROCK ANGEL

THE MAGNIFICENT

Summer of 1960

By JOHN P. ROMERO



A little over a year had passed since the plane crashed. I began to wonder aimlessly, in limbo, without any direction. Just then a strange feeling or something I couldn't understand was drawing me towards the southwest into San Diego. Meanwhile as I was getting my thoughts together, suddenly! I was standing in front of this window watching a boy playing an accordion. As I stood for a minute focusing on his fingers, a vision appeared of him as a little boy in grade school. I was amazed of what I could do, looking at life flashing in front of me and I said to myself: "Boy he's just a notch under me of being dead. I classified him as the living dead just barely surviving the emotional

roller-coaster at home." Suddenly my thoughts began to unravel. I began to see more clearly. Sure! I began to realize, my new job is to help kids with psychological scars. Suddenly, I felt a great self-approval to my new job. Wow!! That's cool man, I'm just like a super hero or a guardian angel making sure kids achieve in grand fashion in music. But first I must change into some other clothes because I'm not a rock and roll star anymore. I've always wanted to wear spats, a top hat and tails. "Presto!" Man!, this is too good to be true. I changed into an elegant debonair individual. Gee!, I look like a magician performing magical tricks at a blink of an eye. Now I need the finishing

touch of a mask just like Zorro. Suddenly the mask appeared on my face. This is it!, I look great! Now I've got to have a name let me see... I'll call myself Phantom Fingers, The Magnificent. I thought this was an appropriate name for me. Because I had the fastest lightning fingers in the world. That is why I was known as Rock Angel the Guitar Wizard.

It was a warm summer evening in the boys front yard. The yard was full of crickets chirping to the time of his accordion playing. I liked the crisp sounds that filled the nightly air giving out a message of happiness, tranquility and harmony. The boy had the gift of carrying his emotions through his accordion. It was quite a while since I had heard music with such intense feelings. I had my eyes closed taking it all in and enjoying the symphony when the music stopped. Next thing I heard was his name being called. It was his mother telling him to put away his accordion because they were all going to visit his uncle. Thanks to his mother, I found out his name was Johnny. What Johnny didn't know was that this summer was going to be magical and the most memorable time of his life. You see, I was going to try to help him transform himself into my old image. You guessed it, Rock Angel II taking after me.

His life was going to change from an adolescent to a young adult. With me pulling all the strings his life was going to change drastically into the best musical culture shock of his whole twelve years of existence on earth.

Johnny's uncle was his mother's oldest brother who owned a little neighborhood general store. He lived a half mile away from Johnny's house. Johnny's uncle had a son and his name was Tiburcio. Tiburcio was the youngest in his family. His mom and dad spoiled him rotten to the core with expensive gifts. He had the best instruments and cars that money could buy. Minutes later Johnny and his family arrived in their Dad's 56 Ford Fairlane Sedan. As they were getting out of the car Johnny's aunt was waiting behind the screen door to greet them inside. As they all greeted one another Johnny's aunt asked every one to please sit down. Except Johnny, he didn't want to sit down quite yet because from the parlor he could see inside his cousin Tiburcio's room rehearsing his bass guitar. Tiburcio was practicing very vigorously refining his musical notes for a future car club dance the following Saturday. Tiburcio was 21 years old and was the leader of a rhythm and blues band. Seconds later Johnny strolled by his door and stood by watching him

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of small talk in Tiburcio's room, Tiburcio found out that Johnny was very green and wet behind the ears. Tiburcio was very worldly and he could see that Johnny admired him as a musician and was impressed of every thing he said. While he was talking to Johnny I said to myself: "Gee! if he only knew who was sitting on the bed right next to him. Oh well!, we all can't have center stage all the time." As an hour passed I listened to Tiburcio boast about his musical activity at dances and how much money he made. Suddenly I could feel good and lonely vibrations coming from

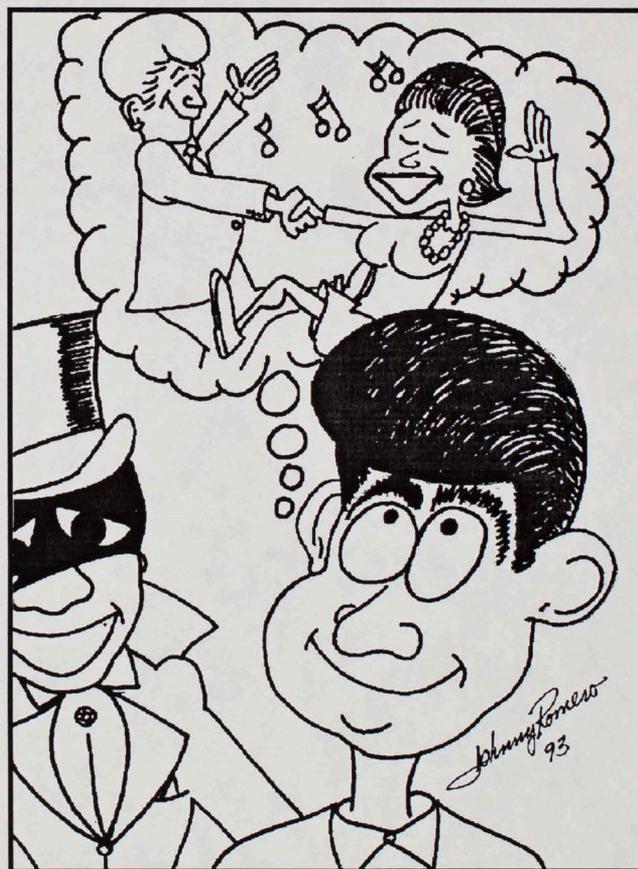
Tiburcio. Johnny's cousin was a poor little rich kid with no friends and the only friends he had, he had bought with his money. He would impress them by riding them around in his new car and he would let them play his brand new electric guitars. He had everything but no little brother to share his adventures with. I began to see that Tiburcio was starting to take a liking to Johnny. I sensed that Tiburcio was going to adopt him as his little honorary brother. During their last exchanges of small talk I could read Tiburcio's mind. He was

play his music. A few minutes later Tiburcio asked him to come inside to listen to him play. Johnny was dazzled by the rhythm and blues sounds that were coming out of his bass speakers and record player. While Tiburcio was playing he motioned him to sit down on his bed. Johnny sat down very quietly and was amazed watching him play his music. Johnny was unacquainted to rock and roll music, which all kids took for granted hearing it everyday. I guess from a kids point of view Johnny was a square. To add insult to injury he also played the accordion. Most of the guys in his neighborhood thought that the squeeze box instrument that he played was for girls only.

It was sad that he was deprived of hearing the universal sounds of teenage jive which I call rock and roll.

Johnny's dad was the head of his family and king and master in his own home. He was very strict, dominating and always dictated what type of music was to be heard in his own house. The reason behind this that Johnny's dad was a leader of a Mariachi band that played Mexican folk songs at parties and wedding dances all over San Diego. Sometimes he would occasionally turn on the television and tune in on local stations to watch popular American big band sounds of Glen Miller and other big band greats.

During their exchange



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Suddenly, I heard the horn from his cousin's car to let Johnny know that he was outside waiting. As for me it only took a second to get my place in the back seat of Tiburcio's car. From inside Tiburcio's car I could see Johnny get his last minute instructions from his mother to behave himself. While Johnny was getting into his cousin's car his mom was waving good-bye from the porch. As they were driving off to the dance, Tiburcio introduced his girlfriend to Johnny. What I saw from the back seat was that Johnny needed a little confidence to overcome the shyness, as he reacted very timidly saying Hi!.. Next he gave her a little smile for a fraction of

a second and turned his face towards the road. Minutes later we all arrived at the dance. As soon as the car stopped everyone got out of the car. Without any instruction Johnny began to help his cousin unload the instruments from his car and on to the stage. Tiburcio was very impressed that Johnny was very considerate and helpful because he knew that a great majority of persons under the same circumstances would have walked away. On the last load Johnny was holding an amplifier and a guitar while looking out towards the dance floor. I stood next to him and put a suggestion in his ear and said. "Johnny look at all the people out there imag-

ine yourself playing a guitar and that they were there to see you perform. I guess the suggestion worked because I could see the wheels begin to turn in Johnny's brain as he said to himself: "Gee!, Being on stage is cool man. I can sure imagine myself playing a guitar and singing to an audience. Now I want to learn how to play a guitar." As he walked off the stage he took his place sitting next to Tiburcio's girlfriend. That night Johnny watched in amazement, how everyone was having such a good time dancing. Johnny never spoke a word to Tiburcio's girlfriend because he was imagining

that he was playing the guitar on stage with his cousin.

After the second and third week Johnny began to feel a little at ease and began to talk to Tiburcio's girlfriend. Tiburcio's girlfriend was a junior at Sweetwater High School she was very good looking and very nice. What she loved most of all was dancing. She would hint to Johnny and say, "I'm sure tired of sitting down aren't you Johnny?" Johnny would try to avoid the subject about dancing because he didn't know how to dance at all and he was too embarrassed to tell her. During the breaks Tiburcio's musicians



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would tell Johnny, how come you're not dancing!. Until one night he told them the truth that he didn't know how to dance at all. During one of the breaks, behind Johnny's back, one of the musicians told his girlfriend about Johnny's situation. Soon after, all the band members' girlfriends knew about Johnny's serious dilemma and they all cooperated to help him out. But from the corner of Johnny's eye he would keep his cool not to stir up any dust as he tried not to show his age. He became a perfect gentleman with the girls bringing them soft drinks after a vigorous dance with him. Johnny was becoming very popular with the older set as he took charge taking all the girls one by one on the dance floor. I could see great confi-

dence on his face as he learned very quickly the latest dance steps.

Tiburcio was very happy with Johnny in that he kept all the wolves off the band members girls and especially his own love of his life.

The reward that Johnny wanted most of all was, to learn how to play the guitar. Even though he tried to act like an adult he was only a twelve year old boy inside, and was too afraid to ask his cousin if he would give him some guitar lesson. Some days he tried to get up the courage but when he was with his cousin he would hesitate and change his mind not to ask him.

Tiburcio was like walking on an invisible mind field, wondering when he was going to blow his stack. Johnny

didn't want to make waves and jeopardize his welcome and lose a good thing of going to the dances with his new found friends he made during the summer.

Johnny's cousin was a very volatile figure. He was just like Johnny's father in temperament. Johnny was flexible and he knew how to adapt to adverse conditions because he learned how to developed a 6th sense while living with his father. Johnny picked up a talent knowing his dad's mood swings when talking to him and to stay out of his way. In other words Johnny became invisible at home. He had the insight to know when to pop in and pop out of any situation. When things got tough Johnny had a saying: "Since I'm here I might as well make the best of it." Johnny had a positive attitude and learned how to keep his eyes open and his mouth shut. He took it all in and watched how Tiburcio ran business with his band and his clients. During the summer of 1960, a year after my death, Johnny became very attentive to music surpassing all the teenage kids in music. He became more familiar with music as Tiburcio's music exposed him more to rock and roll, rhythm and blues and progressive jazz which he liked the best.

All good things must

come to an end as the sunset of summer was disappearing in the west. This left a dark shadow of deep sadness that summer was over. In November 2, 1960 Johnny was going to be a teenager and a 7th grader at National City Junior High School. He was going to have a kids body and a mind of a young adult. Johnny grew too fast trading in his old high top tennis shoes and Levi pants with holes on his knees. Now he was trying to look and dress like his older friends wearing nice shirts, and street shoes and a waterfall hair style just like his cousin's musicians wore. The girls that Johnny graduated with finally got to wear earrings and makeup for the first time to improve their appearance. Not that this was going to help the girls of Johnny's age, because now he was faced with a very serious dilemma. Johnny's quick maturation period left him with a biological gap. He liked the older girls who didn't like him for a very good reason, because of his big age difference. Johnny was going to try to beat the odds by entering in a brand new ambition adventure to play in a rhythm and blues band, where he could meet older girls in high school. The greatest challenge to face him was to find a guitar teacher and learn how to play and complete his mission.

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DANCE MASTER

Throughout the whole summer of 1960 I helped shape and mold Johnny's self-confidence. As a twelve year old he encountered nice young adult peer relationships to free him of his shyness. At the same time I felt great satisfaction and a rewarding accomplishment after seeing a poor downtrodden outcast with only a few friends. Johnny became a super achiever and a gentlemen with lightning fast feet on the dance floor. He became a great dancer far superior in his own age group in his brand new positive environment. As I watched him achieve I began to cheer with every accomplishment he made. I could feel the

balance shift from bad to good because my great burden began to get a little lighter after my great downfall on the plane. In a sense I began to live again through Johnny's crazy exciting adventures by hanging around with him. I began to look at life again where I used to be king of the Latin rockers and now I'm going to guide Johnny in his quest for greatness to become the next Mexican rocker.

GUITAR TEACHER

I felt that Johnny needed an angel manager to help him plan out a strategy for becoming the next explosive act on stage far greater than I was. The reason why I'm stressing this point is because I

couldn't dance very well and that's why I didn't move that much on the stage. If Johnny learned how to play guitar and mixed it with his lightning fast feet he would be pure dynamite. Now I have to find a guitar teacher let me see...

I didn't have to look very far because Johnny had a gifted eleven year old cousin in the sixth grade that could play the guitar. He lived right next door to Johnny's house. It was funny because that day his cousin didn't want to practice his instrument. After a few suggestions he began to play and Johnny heard him from the back yard. Johnny went over to his house to pay him a visit. I just put a few more simple suggestions in his cousin's ear, and Presto!! The rest is pure history, because Johnny was now a guitar apprentice.

FIRING SQUAD

At Johnny's house there was great civil unrest caused by his musical father's mischievous deeds like staying out late or not coming home at all. Which would cause a gigantic marital squabble lasting for days.

Visiting with his guitar playing cousin for a while helped Johnny forget the unhappiness at home and was relieved letting his guard down. As he was running towards his house. He

thought for a minute that he was going over to the Nelson's happy family show on television. He was experiencing Christmas and his birthday in advance to help him forget his negative situation at home. All he had in his mind was to better himself by playing the guitar and meeting beautiful girls in high school. What else could you ask for. The kid had a purpose in life.

As he walked through the kitchen door Johnny exclaimed. "Mom!!, guess what.. I'm going to learn how to play the guitar!!!" After his comment this is what she said. But first, her face turned red just like a super hot chile pepper and blasted out to him. "You're going to be just like your father!!!" The sad part was that Johnny didn't want to be like his father. What Johnny needed right then was a morale booster. Now I have to figure out a great plan for him to be very sneaky so that his mother wouldn't catch him playing the guitar. As for now he has to avoid the Mexican firing squad of his mother's wrath. Now I've got to build a secret hidden bridge called the magical guitar his escape from reality.

EL CHILE LOCO

One evening after Johnny's accordion recital he and his parents shopped at Fed Mart on

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Main Street in San Diego. While his mom and dad got a shopping cart to buy their provisions for the week, Johnny would walk alone through the record department browsing through the countless albums until he ran across an album of mine. He didn't know who I was nor that I had been dead for a year. I let him look at my album and he began to fantasize that he was me. I was honored. Next I put a suggestion in his ear to buy it. Johnny bought the album and took it to his room and the first song he heard was El Chile Loco rock and roll style. He loved it and the whole album. I sat next to Johnny watching my album go round and round playing my songs, it was great. Without any of my suggestions he was already plotting a plan to get his little cousin to teach him all of my songs. The wheels were set in motion ready to rock and roll to El Chile Loco.

JAZZ FUSION

One Saturday afternoon, Johnny was over his cousin Tiburcio's house watching them rehearse for a dance for the following evening. After the rehearsal the drummer took Johnny into his cousin's room to hear a record called, "You Can't Sit Down" by Phil Upchurch Combo. While the drummer and Johnny

were hearing his album, I heard a very distinct and unique style of drumming that I had never heard before. It wasn't the same predictable rock and roll beat that I played in my music. I was hearing and watching some great progress, (San Diego history in the making, a giant leap for musicians, especially in drumming to the fullest).

This beat was sporadic but in time with the music. I loved it! I could envision of hearing this music in the future by Blacks, Latino's and a few hip German Anglo Saxons, which sometime later they would call Jazz Fusion Funk Rhythm and Blues. Unfortunately there was going to be a great number of drummers that wouldn't cut it, and they would remain in the same predictable simple beat which I called rock and roll. I was ready for change and progress. Now I was ready and committed to guide Johnny in this new style of music. I wanted him to learn how to play a different and unique style of guitar playing which in the future would be called funk music and later it would be called jazz fusion.

ROCK ANGEL II

1961 was a wild year for Johnny and me acting as his angel apprentice. His ambition being, to become the next Rock

Angel which was a great tribute to me. Johnny loved my music and I felt the album he bought at the store was the magic spark he needed to excel on the guitar with the help of his little cousin.

It took a little over two years of hard work and it finally paid off because Johnny achieved his goal in meeting girls in high school. At fifteen years of age in the ninth grade he was going around with a junior at Lincoln High.

HOLLYWOOD

Johnny became a studio musician before he entered high school. Johnny recorded in the same studio where Rosie Hamlin recorded "Angel Baby" here in San Diego, and later Johnny went to Hollywood. His first day in the studio Johnny was warming up to a jazz song called "Smokin." Suddenly a well known band leader yelled out "Dirty Guitar Player," he got this from a newly released album he was playing from. Joey Hill was his name and his group was called The Invaders. His band was being broadcast all over San Diego county on KCBQ rock and roll radio. After hearing Johnny play, he wanted him to join his band and Johnny declined because he was too young to gig in the bars.

TALENT WINNER

Johnny worked with a

song writer, J. Jackson, who once wrote a million seller entitled "Oh My Angel" sung by Bertha Tillmen. Johnny already had a musical career even as a high school junior. In 1965, he won First Place at the National City Finals Talent Show, for his singing with guitar accompaniment. During the same year Johnny was involved in a musical project which brought down upon him the wrath of Irving Berlin the great music composer. He threaten the writer, J. Jackson, the singer, Lou Rawls, and the President of Capital Records for three million dollar law suit if the record wasn't taken out of the radio stations and the record stores.

Johnny was very versatile, he played with jazz funk groups, Beatle bands and soul bands etc. Also in the San Diego Black Community Johnny was well respected and was known as "The Kid with the Blue Metal Flake Guitar."

In April 28, 1965 Johnny's little guitar teacher passed away of an aneurysm, which caused an artery to burst in his brain. During the funeral Johnny made a secret pact with his dead cousin. He vouched that while Johnny was alive he would still live on in his memory as long as he played the guitar.

The End

Impersonating A majority! Go back to the Starting Line Sorry...	Unemployment Line! Take A Rest!	Bottom of the Scale! Lose one Turn!	The majority say! Your Second-rate Take a Rest!	Handicap Go up (3) Steps!	Hide its diminished head! Lose one Turn!	Play Second fiddle! Go back one step Sorry!	American Dream Starting line Go Minorities!!
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Thrown into
the shade!
Lose one
Turn!

"MINORITY"

The life experiences faced in finding a job in U.S. A.

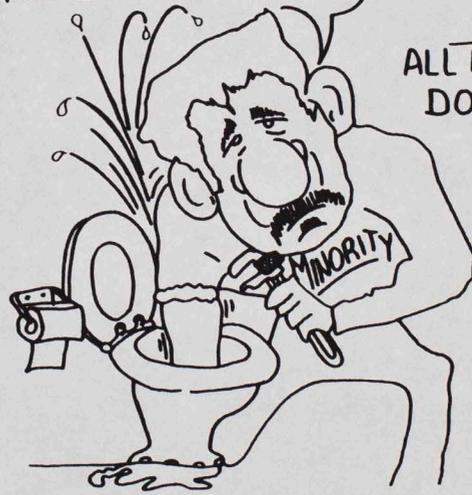
Take a back
Seat!
Go back five
steps!

AMERICAN
HERITAGE FRONT
NEWS PAPER
EXECUTIVE
OPENINGS

I HAVE A JOB
FOR YOU...



HEINRICH AND I HAD
THE SAME GRADES.
HE WENT TO THE TOP
AND I DIDN'T. WHY?



ALL MOST
DONE?



Not fit to
hold a
candle to!
Go back (4)
Steps!

Your below
the mark!
Take a Rest!

Your Inferior!!!
Go back to the
starting line
Sorry...

Your
Unimportant!
Lose one
Turn!

Your beneath
one's dignity!
Go back (8)
steps
Minority!

Your out of
the running!
Go back to the
Unemployment
Line!

Your a
Maladroit!
Lacking grace!
Lose one turn!

Bottom of the
heap!
Take a Rest!

After taking
a nice rest!
Go back to the
starting line
Sorry...

(The Grand Prize
A Ten Week
Vacation In
National City!!!

33. Superiority.—N. supremacy, superiority, majority; greatness &c. 31; advantage, odds, pull; preponderance, -ation; predominance, vantage ground, coign of vantage, prevalence, partiality; personal superiority; sovereignty &c. 737; nobility &c. (*rank*) 875; Triton among the minnows, *primus inter pares, nulli secundus*, superman; captain &c. 745.

supremacy, pre-eminence; primacy, lead, *maximum*; record; climax, crest, top; culmination &c. (*summit*) 210; transcendence; *ne plus ultra*; lion's share, Benjamin's mess; excess; *bisque*,

34. Inferiority.—N. inferiority, minority, subordinancy; shortcoming, deficiency; handicap; *minimum*; smallness &c. 32; imperfection, shabbiness.

[personal inferiority] commonalty &c. 876; subordinate, substitute, sub.

V. be -inferior &c. *adj.*; fall -, come- short of; not -pass, - come up to; want.

become -, render- smaller &c. (*decrease*) 36, (*contract*) 195; hide its diminished head, retire into the shade, yield the palm, play second fiddle, take a back seat; bow.

Adj. inferior, smaller; small &c. 32;

[13]

33—36

ABSTRACT RELATIONS

I. III. 2°

surplus &c. (*remainder*) 40, (*redundance*) 641.

V. be -superior &c. *adj.*; exceed, excel, transcend; out-do, -balance, -weigh, -rival, -Herod, outrank, pass, surpass, surmount, get ahead of; over-top, -ride, -pass, -balance, -weigh, -match; top, o'er-top, cap, beat, win out, cut out; beat hollow; outstrip &c. 303; eclipse, throw into the shade, take the shine out of, put one's nose out of joint; have the -upper hand, - whip hand of, - advantage; turn the scale, play first fiddle &c. (*importance*) 642; preponderate, predominate, prevail; precede, take precedence, come first; come to a head, culminate; beat &c. all others, bear the palm; break the record, take the cake.

become -, render- -larger, &c. (*increase*) 35, (*expand*) 194.

Adj. superior, greater, major, higher; exceeding &c. *v.*; great &c. 31; distinguished, *ultra*; vaulting; more than a match for.

supreme, greatest, maximal, maximum, utmost, paramount, pre-eminent, foremost, crowning; first-rate &c. (*important*) 642, (*excellent*) 648; unrivalled; peer-, match-less; none such, second to none, *sans pareil*; un-paragoned, -paralleled, -equalled, -approached, -surpassed; superlative, inimitable, *facile princeps*, incomparable, sovereign, without parallel, *nulli secundus, ne plus ultra*; beyond -compare, - comparison; culminating &c. (*topmost*) 210; transcendent, -ental; *plus royaliste que le Roi*.

increased &c. (*added to*) 35; enlarged &c. (*expanded*) 194.

Adv. beyond, more, over; over -, above- the mark; above par; upwards -, in advance- of; over and above; at the top of the scale, on the crest, at its height.

[in a superior or supreme degree] eminently, egregiously, pre-eminently, surpassing, prominently, superlatively, supremely, above all, of all things, the most, to crown all, *par excellence*, principally, especially, particularly, peculiarly, *a fortiori*, even, yea, still more.

Phr. 'we shall not look upon his like again.'

minor, less, lesser, deficient, minus, lower, subordinate, secondary; second-rate &c. (*imperfect*) 651; sub, subaltern; thrown into the shade; weighed in the balance and found wanting; not fit to hold a candle to.

least, smallest &c. (*see little, small* &c. 193); lowest.

diminished &c. (*decreased*) 36; reduced &c. (*contracted*) 195; unimportant &c. 643.

Adv. less; under -, below- -the mark, - par; at -the bottom of the scale, - a low ebb, - a disadvantage; short of, under.

The Exclusion from the American Dream

Part 1

Sexual Discrimination Take 1 extra turn!	Nationality of an American Anglo-Saxon is German Back to staring line!	Riverside County Prostitute Serial Killer! William L. Suff Back 1 Space!	WACO Mass Killing David Koresh Davidian Leader	PATRIOT Oklahoma Bomber Tim J. McVeigh	Amtrak Train derailment by the Sons of Gestapo Loose one turn!	The Bachelors Anti-Government accredited with 22 Bank Robberies Back 1 Space!	"Starting Line" Go Churls!
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TREASON
FBI & CIA
Selling Secrets
Earl E. Pitts
H.J. Nicholson
Loose 1 turn!

The Sick Deceptive Churls

Greatest Contributions to America.

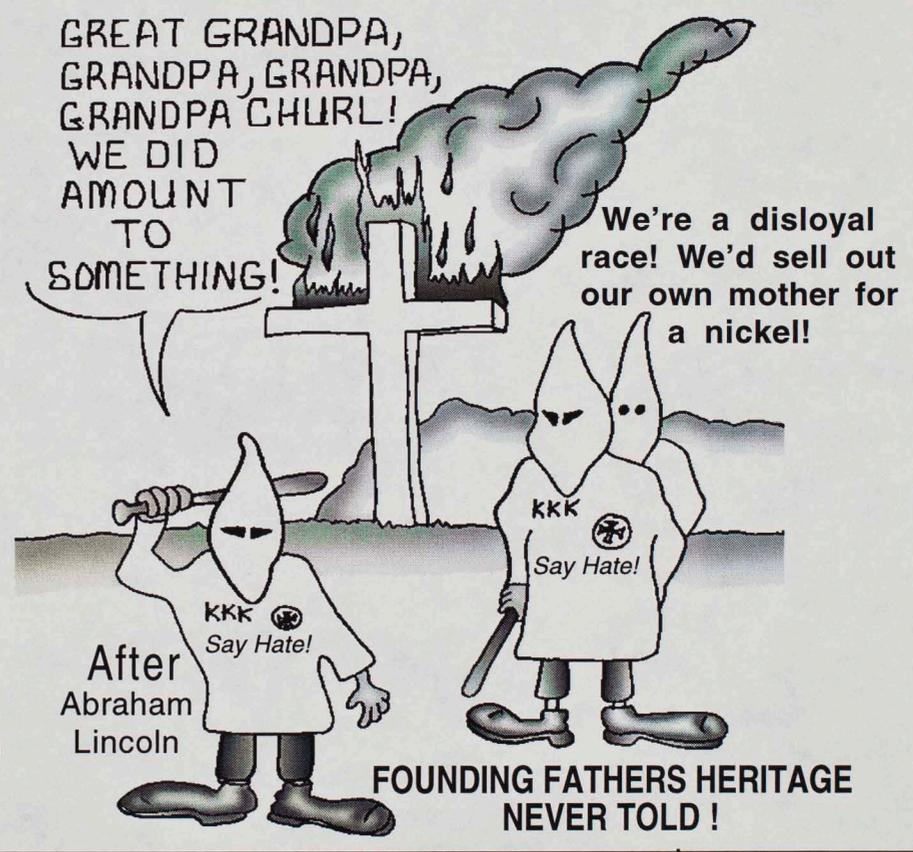
High School Mass Murders
move 2 extra spaces!

Poisoning Medicine with Cyanide

Political Corruption White Water
move 3 extra spaces!

Law Enforcement Corruption New York City
Back to starting line!

Hate Crimes Queer Bashings Church Burning
Move back 6 spaces!



Post Office Micky "Dee's Mass Killings Etcetera

Domestic Violence after Football Games
Move back 1 space!

S&L Embezzler C. H. Keating Criminal Fraud

Children Killing their Beloved Parents

Vampire Cults Sick Teenagers Drinking Victims Blood.

Serial Killers who eat flesh Jeffrey Dallmer
Move 1 extra space!

"Finish Line"
Life in USA would be boring without this Superiority Race.

“Rules & Definitions to the Churl Game”

- **Rules** to the Game: Two players and use one dice. Do what the little box scribes.
- Nationality of an **Anglo, Saxon**: Answer taken out of the World Book Encyclopedia “**Hitler’s Germany**”
- Definition of **Rude**: Deficient in refinement of manner and delicacy of feeling for the Native Americans, Mexicans, Jewish and Blacks etc. in USA.
- Definition of **Surly**: Showing a forbidding or disagreeable mood. German Anglo Psychology antidote, pop pills.
- Definition of **Ill-Bred**: Uncouth in manner or appearance, lacking in social refinement. A drug addict street bum.
- Definition of a **Rustic**: Relating to or characteristic of the country usually characterized by an utter lack to sophistication and cultivation. A Ozark, Red Neck Texican, persons from the South.
- Definition of **Selfish**: Taking care of oneself without regard for others, concerned only with one’s own activities or needs and usually tending to self-assertion or self-satisfaction. A politician.
- Definition of **Uncivil**: Barbarous of, relating to, or characteristic of people that are not fully civilized, exceeding the limits of what is normal or tolerable, displaying fury or malignity in wishing pain, injury, or distress to another actions. The American Civil War, placing the American Japanese and Native Americans in concentration camps.
- Definition of **Unfeeling**: Lacking in normal human sympathy, or compassion. Governor Pete (Churl) Wilson.
- Definition of **Sullen**: Showing a forbidding or disagreeable mood. A Serial Killer.
- Definition of **Austere**: Having or being a noticeable, persistent, and usually unpleasant flavor or sometimes odor. A tabloid news anchor or photographer.
- Definition of **Narrow-minded**: Shallow, provincial, or bigoted, unwilling or unable to grasp the point of view of others. The Militia, Neo-Nazis, Skin Heads and the Ku Klux Klan.

- Definition of **Avaricious**: Intense desire for possessions and wealth. The American Gold Rush.
- Definition of **Unpliant**: Not pleasant; offensive; disagreeable. Chief Gates and the Los Angeles Police Department.
- Definition of **Unyielding**: Unyielding: to not relinquish one’s possession or control completely. U.S Government
- Definition of **Unmanageable**: Not able to undertake nor to deal with a certain condition. Not helping the people of color to advance.
- Definition of **Racism**: Prop 187, U.S Border Patrol and American German Anglo Churl Tom Metzger, Director of the White Aryan Resistance.
- Definition of **Niggard**: Stingy, a mean grasping person, being unwilling or showing unwillingness to share with others.



- chūrl**, *n.* [ME. *churl*, *chert*; AS. *ceort*, a man, a countryman of the lowest rank.]
 1. A rude, surly, ill-bred man.
 2. A rustic; a countryman, or laborer.
 3. A miser; a niggard.
 4. In early English history, a freeman of low rank.
- chūrl**, *a.* See *Churlish*.
- chūrl'ish**, *a.* 1. Like a churl; rude; surly; austere; sullen; rough in temper; unfeeling; uncivil.
 2. Selfish; narrow-minded; avaricious.
 3. Unpliant; unyielding; unmanageable; said of things; as, *churlish* metal.
- chūrl'ish-ly**, *adv.* Rudely; roughly; in a churlish manner.
- chūrl'ish-ness**, *n.* Rudeness of manners or temper; sullenness; austerity; indisposition to kindness or courtesy.
- chūrl'y**, *a.* Rude; boisterous.

Definitions were take from 1953 Webster Dictionary



Committee on Chicano Rights, Inc

December 13, 1977

Commissioner Leonel Castillo
Immigration Naturalization Service
425 "I" Street
Washington, D.C. 20536

Commissioner:

Enclosed is a serious complaint that our office has recently received involving brutality against a Mr. Jose Zapata (a U.S. citizen) and his family by some of your border patrolmen.

On your last visit to San Diego you stated that you had no plans to utilize dogs in your operation, but it appears that the officers involved with abusing Mr. Zapata and his family, have proven you wrong. This matter was turned over to your local I.N.S. officials but as always, they are side stepping the complaint and it now appears that they are heading (once again) towards their traditional whitewashing of the complaint. Actions by the accused officers and the handling of the entire matter by I.N.S. officials is in our opinion not an isolated incident, but rather an ingrained practice when it comes to dealing with the Chicano Community. Statements by your local I.N.S. officials that the matter is being resolved by another agency is not acceptable to us!

Because the Escondido Legal Clinic and the Zapata family have been unable to get redress on this matter, they have requested our assistance in hopes of resolving this matter. It is apparent to us that your local officers are either unable or unwilling to deal with this serious allegations and we therefore demand that you personally intervene in this matter by:

- 1) Calling for a full investigation of the allegations made by Mr. Jose Zapata and his family attorney.
- 2) A full public disclosure of the findings in this matter.
- 3) Immediate dismissal of the guilty officers and their superiors if they are found guilty.

The issue is before you. We will be expecting a prompt reply on this matter.

Sinceramente,

Herman Baca

Herman Baca
Chairman



Committee on Chicano Rights, Inc

December 13, 1977

Senator Alan Cranston
815 E Street Room 103
San Diego, California 92101

Dear Senator:

Enclosed is a complaint by a Mr. Jose Zapata involving brutality against him and his family by U.S. border patrolmen. Mr. Zapata and his attorney have attempted to seek redress but have been unable to because of side stepping by local I.N.S. officials. It is for this reason that we are requesting an investigation by your office into this serious matter. We will be expecting a prompt reply on this matter.

Thank you,

Herman Baca
Chairman

STATEMENT BY JOSE ZAPATA

On September 17, 1977 at about 1:30 PM, my wife, myself and our four year old daughter were in downtown Fallbrook. My wife observed a young man in the custody of the U.S. Border Patrol who resembled our son, Carlos. I called out and it turned out to be our son. The immigration officers then demanded we park our car, which I did near the officers' two cars. As I got out of the car an "Anglo" officer struck me with an open hand and locked my hands behind me. At this point he had never asked for any identification or why he was treating me in such a manner. I told him, "I'm a U. S. citizen."

The officer released me and I showed him my original birth certificate. The officer then said, "This fucking thing won't work," and threw the certificate on the ground. My wife then produced a paper the U.S. Immigration Service had given me when we applied for her permanent resident status. (A voluntary departure letter for 12-6-77) The officer grabbed it from her hand and said, "This fucking thing won't work either." He then picked up my birth certificate and walked over to the patrol car. I might add these harsh words were said in front of my four year old daughter.

I then walked up to the patrol car and asked if I could go to my house and unlock the door because my children were coming home from school and they did not have a key to get in. The officer said I could go to my house but he and the other officers would follow me home. We all arrived at our house (860 Wisconsin Ave., Fallbrook, CA.) at the same time. Our kids were all waiting outside. I got out of the car and so did the officers, and unlocked the door and told the children to go inside. After the kids got inside the house I shut the door. The "Anglo" officer walked up to the door and shouted, "Who's in there?" and then kicked the door open with his foot breaking the door frame. The officer then entered the house and I followed. The officer started running through the house screaming at the children, "You fucking swine," and opening and slamming doors. Another officer entered about two minutes later, named Gonzales. He said, "Permit me to pass," and walked in. I never had time to respond to the officer Gonzales' question. Later a third officer entered.

The "Anglo" officer then asked, "Do your children have papers?" I didn't know what to say. I had been told by the Escondido clinic that my children were citizens by reason of my U.S. citizenship. I showed the officer the calling card of the Clinic with the name of an attorney on it. The "Anglo" officer tore it up and said, "This man is a charlatan." The officers then brought my son Carlos in the house and said, "This doesn't look like your fucking son. He looks like the milk man's son." The officers questioned various children, always using filthy language and shouting at them.

I was showing the officers pictures of my son Carlos to prove he was my son, because they would not believe it. My wife called the Legal Clinic and gave the phone to one of the officers. After a conversation with the attorney there the officers said, "Well, maybe he is your son and maybe you are a citizen", and left in a quiet manner as if nothing had ever happened.

Jose Zapata

S'west student had no papers to show

Kicked back across border: Teen's ordeal

By **ROBIN AIHINI**
Star-News Staff Writer

One of the most frightful days in 15-year old Gama Puente's life occurred only because she missed the South-west Junior High School bus one day.

Moments later she was alone, crying and penniless, at the southern edge of the U.S.-Mexico border without friend or relative.

GAMA'S nightmarish experience began as she walked toward a city bus stop. As a Mexican citizen, she was soon apprehended by a border patrolman who asked where she was headed and requested to see her immigration papers.

"Gama couldn't speak English so well because she only arrived in the United States in September," exclaimed Gama's mother, Rosa Puente. "So the border patrolmen told her to get in their car."

According to Puente, Gama told the men her immigration papers were with her mother at their 200 W. San Ysidro

Bldv. trailer home.

"But the men said it wasn't true, and they told her she was being taken to Mexico," said Puente. "She told them 'I have to tell my mother,' but they said that wasn't necessary.

"Then she told them that she had her school identification, but they said it wasn't worth anything."

UNDER LAW, aliens are required to carry proof of residence with an alien registration receipt card, otherwise known as "the green card," or with a non-resident alien border crossing card, known as "the visitor's permit" which gives aliens permission to cross daily.

Although Gama's mother, a U.S. citizen, has petitioned for her daughter's citizenship, her naturalization is still being processed.

If Gama had carried the required alien identification papers, as all resident or non-resident aliens older than 14 are required to, the incident might not have occurred, immigration

officials say.

But Gama was not even processed by the immigration office on her return to Mexico. She was merely "dumped in Tijuana," as one local official put it.

PUENTE, who works in the local fields as a farm laborer, did not learn her daughter was missing until that afternoon.

"I went to the Border Patrol station in San Ysidro and told them I was looking for my daughter, but they told me they had no reports on her," she said.

Assistant Border Patrol Chief Richard Jones confirmed this.

"Then I went to Immigration, and they told me she was probably playing hooky instead of being in school.

"But I said she was good in school and wouldn't do anything like that."

One of Puente's daughters then ran to the border, only to find Gama standing on the other side of the crossing, waiting to be rescued because she had no place else to go.

But with only several hundred yards between the two girls, Gama's sister was as helpless as she and could not save her.

Puente asked Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) officials for permission to cross her daughter, but her request was refused because Gama was not a United States citizen.

"They didn't treat me like they should've," said Puente. "'Go home,' they said, 'we're busy.'"

THEN, a local agency which assists U.S. citizens and resident aliens and that wishes not to be named contacted the INS office and, saying Gama was its client, instructed border personnel to permit the young girl to enter the country.

Soon after, mother and daughter were reunited.

"She was crying when I found her," exclaimed Puente, "and was in a shocked state.

"Mexican border officers had been

▶ Please turn to back page, this section

Teen's ordeal:
Kicked over border

(Continued from Page A-1)

asking her to go out with them. They said they had a lot of money and promised Gama a good time."

INS Supervisor Tom Acuna agrees the border patrolman who transported young Gama to Tijuana used poor judgment.

"Being a minor, he should've gone to her home to find out what documents she really had," said Acuna. "He also could've gone to the immigration office, where we have a record of her documents."

Acuna described the border patrolman as a young trainee who figured anyone without a document is illegal.

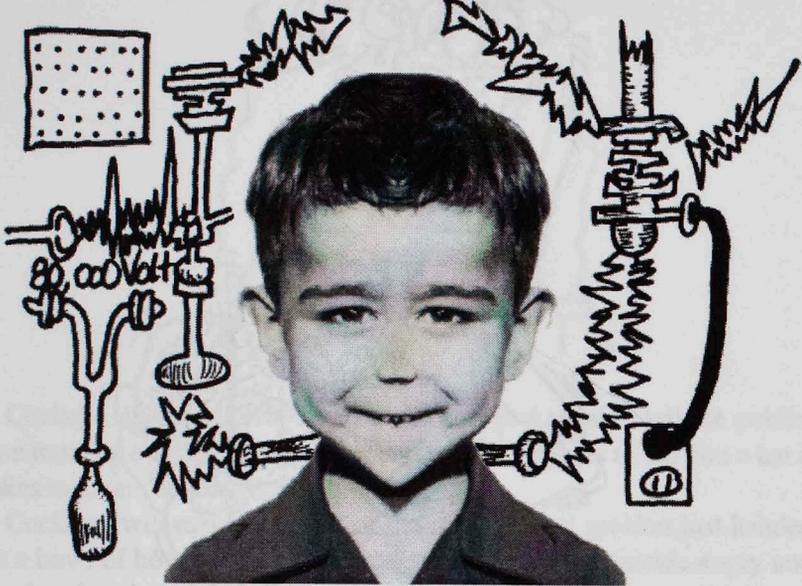
"And this case was the one out of a thousand which isn't followed through. There are very, very few cases like this one."

"Although the Border Patrol isn't under the jurisdiction of the INS, I apologized very deeply for them to Mrs. Puente and saw to it that she got her daughter back.

"I fixed everything up and explained it was all a mistake."
"We all make mistakes."

Starnews
1-5-78

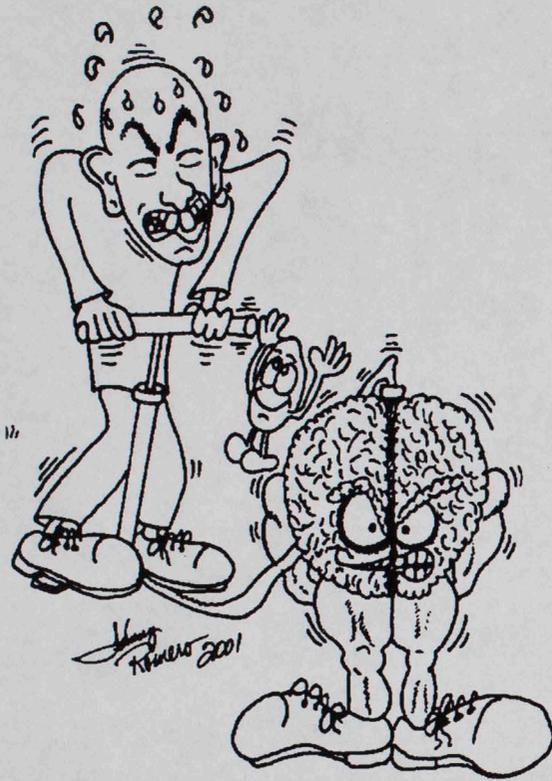
The Diary of An Elementary School Mad Scientist



Learn How to Scientifically Dissect Self-Motivation with Doctor Johnny Frankenanger Romero

This is the true story of Johnny Romero, an extraordinary account of an extraordinary individual during the 1950's and 1960's. No, you did not read about him in the newspapers or magazines, for his story wasn't told then. It was not known to but a small handful of people and even they knew only of the limited amount that he revealed to them, and the accomplishments they had witnessed.

Taken as a whole, it is a story bigger than life, because Johnny lived a life the rest of us would not dare to dream.



Cockeye, Lemon Louie and Johnny the brain
are hard at work.

"It's never too late
to pump the brain
with knowledge!"



Cockeye, have you ever heard a motivational speaker tell the public, you must take action for achievement, but, he neglects to tell you what it takes to create action, replies Lemon Louie.

Cockeye, will make believe that the motivational speaker just handed us a bowl of hot water which he calls action. We look inside angry and confused and say to ourselves: *where's the beef! Carrots, potatoes and seasonings!* He didn't put the most important ingredients into the bowl, which are, *self-confidence*, so that you will win against any impossible odds, *determination*, to master what you're trying to achieve, *compassion*, *desire* to follow it through, *focus and positive thinking* that it can be done, *balance*, for channeling the negatives into positives and *believing in yourself* so that you can achieve anything when you put your mind to it replies Lemon Louie.

You see Cockeye, action comes from an emotion called positive anger. For instance, a person challenges you by saying, *you will never amount to anything ever!* In return, you will retaliate and react to their challenge by saying to yourself: *I'll show you! I will amount to something! Just you wait and see!* When you say things to yourself you are controlling anger which I call positive anger.

On the other hand Cockeye, if you explode outward and say something very negative out loud, you just created negative anger, and that's no good. Because you just unleashed the powerful magic energy action right out of your system. By doing this, you just proved the person right! You don't want to do that because you could lose your self-esteem. Cockeye, does this make sense to you so far.



Cockeye sets a goal to become a well respected guitar player.

Cockeye replies, it's like making a bet, I have to prove this person wrong and win. In return, I just created an action driving force, that is called self-motivation. You hit the jackpot Cockeye, your absolutely right, but we're not out of the woods quite yet, there is still more to learn about self-motivation.

What we are going to learn next is self-discipline, the foundation to keep self-motivation on a steady course. Discipline plays a key role towards self-achievement goals for success.

Lemon Louie replies, self-discipline is a sacrificial commitment to follow your dream and make it into a reality. After you accomplish your goal, you reward yourself with a personal victory of self-improvement and self-esteem to be the best you can possibly be. Cockeye my friend, it's like you have just received the medal of honor for yourself.

For example, you answer the challenge and practice the guitar for one hour a day, seven days a week. The motivation is, that you just graduated the sixth grade, want to lose weight, meet good looking girls in high school and achieve great communicating skills to write and recite love poetry. In the end, you become a Romeo.

First you must focus and make the sacrifice and commitment and say to yourself: *if I learn how to play the guitar, the high school girls will pay attention to me.* Then you become obsessed with self-improvement and no one will derail your goal. That's self-discipline.



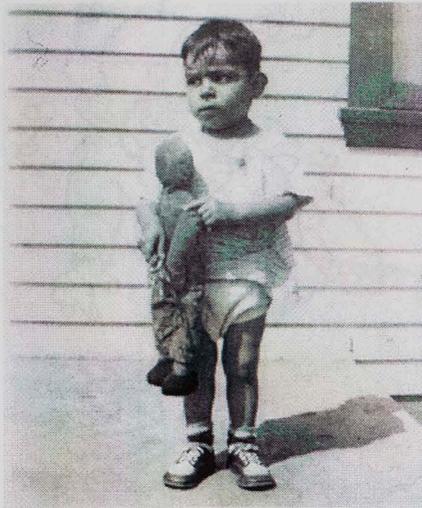
Cockeye becomes an undesirable useless street bum

On the other hand, you could be practicing your guitar for half an hour, when a friend knocks at your door and asks you, *if you would like to hang out in front of a liquor store and bum pennies*. If you put your guitar away, you were not serious towards your goals of losing weight, meeting good looking girls and writing poetry. You see Cockeye, you've become an underachieving hot air person who does not have a clue as to what self-discipline is. In return you become a shopping cart bum that collects a variety of beer bottles, plastic containers and aluminum cans.

Now that we have learned about positive anger which creates action energy, self-discipline is a commitment towards rewarding self-achievement and next comes self-esteem, self-improvement.

The most important of all is having great self-esteem and great imagination skills to solve problems and overcome many obstacles in a single bound just like a super hero. You must feel good about yourself invent a motto and say over and over to yourself that no negative underachieving force will bring me down. This is very important Cockeye in keeping your self-esteem and self-discipline.

To reinforce your self-esteem, imagine to yourself Cockeye, that you are a great general that fights depression, and your name is General Self-Motivation of Honor and Self-Respect. With that prestigious respectable title, you instantly feel good about yourself and your self-esteem level jumps sky high with a great feeling of honor and self-respect. Then you began to rally your inner forces together to overcome a great decisive battle of depression. In return you win and keep your honorable self-esteem for life ,replies Lemon Louie.



Little Johnny with Happy, in front of his house, 1949.

Cockeye my friend, I'm going to tell you an inspirational true story about little Johnny of the Concrete Jungle of Depression. Without any help from psychologists or counselors, he miraculously survived events that cannot be explained by known laws of nature and this is his story, replies Lemon Louie.

You see Cockeye, Little Johnny had an abusive father (Mr. Depression) that terrified him to death. He became traumatized and had piles upon piles of adversity to overcome. Little Johnny had to grow up very fast and learned the harsh negative unforgiving laws of the concrete jungle of depression to survive.

At age two he knew that he was all alone in the desolate concrete jungle of depression and needed a friend in this unfriendly cruel world. Then he readily began to learn basic survival skills to his advantage and used a little cotton doll named Happy, as a comfort shield to make him feel better. Little Johnny could sense that his father (Mr. Depression) had an extreme negative disposition and that he was always angry at him.

He began to feel hostile danger and stayed away from his father (Mr. Depression). He instinctively began to learn the art of self-motivation and channeled the negatives into positives and walked next door to his maternal grandparents house, holding Happy on his chest, for rest and relaxation. He then took mini vacations and learned how to leave his depression behind. He subconsciously knew, where the grass was greener to keep his sanity and feel good self-esteem.



Johnny's grandparents were close by to make him feel safe 1949.

His father (Mr. Depression) didn't like Little Johnny being babied by his maternal grandparents, who gave him nurturing love and who also treated him like their own to cherish. His father (Mr. Depression) was a harsh negative disciplinarian and he treated him like an unwanted stepson to push around, replied Lemon Louie.

Little Johnny had the superior gift of imagination to solve problems and could always find a light at the other end of the tunnel. He had the uncanny gift to make something positive out of a grim situation in the concrete jungle of depression. He began to learn his fathers mood swings and developed an extraordinary sixth sense of what he was going to do next. You see Cockeye, he ingenuously used this grim situation to work in his favor to defeat Mr. Depression, replied Lemon Louie.

Cockeye, believe it or not, Johnny became a self-motivated teenage guru in 1962. He learned how to channel the negatives into positives and had plenty of self-esteem, confidence, determination and self-discipline that he learned from his maternal grandparents.

Because when he played pony league baseball, he always knew what the opposing players was going to do next. When a player was ready to react, the ball would always be waiting for them when they reached the next base or at home plate.

Cockeye it is very important to memorize and learn positive or negative historical events. Because it gives you the advantage to react first to a grim situation and win, because history always repeats itself, replies Lemon Louie. That's cool, replies Cockeye.



Little Johnny's first studio picture 1948

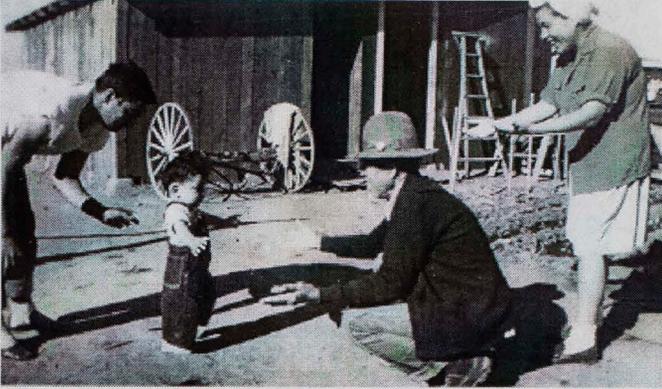
Cockeye when your little you hardly remember happy events. But, when your being traumatized you can remember for a hundred years, replied Lemon Louie.

When Little Johnny of the Concrete Jungle of Depression got sick. He sadly remembers the trip to the doctors office and walking somberly and depressed up those large concrete steps towards the entrance. Once he walked inside the door, the first thing he'd see was a white doctors coat. Little Johnny knew what the white coat meant to him, that it represented extreme pain. He also knew what the doctor was automatically going to do next, and that was to give him a penicillin shot that felt like being kicked by a mule. That hurt a lot and he also cried a lot. It was a depressing, distressful learning experience for him.

Cockeye do you remember when your mother and father took you to a photographer when you were little? You don't remember to save your life Cockeye, well Little Johnny can.

Little Johnny remembers his first studio picture when he was very little. His mom and dad dressed him up and took him to a picture studio. The photographers wore white coats similar to a doctor. When Little Johnny saw the white coat, he began to cry thinking that he was going to get a painful shot in the arm and experienced depression in the worst degree.

That was a very bad experience that Johnny experienced. Little kids can remember horrible things, so be very nice to your children when you get married, okay Cockeye, replies Lemon Louie.



My uncle, me, my grandfather and my mom, age one.

Cockeye do you remember taking your first steps when you were very little, asked Lemon Louie? It must have been the same as walking on a tight rope and without a safety net. And also, it must of been exciting and scary at the same time, replies Cockeye.

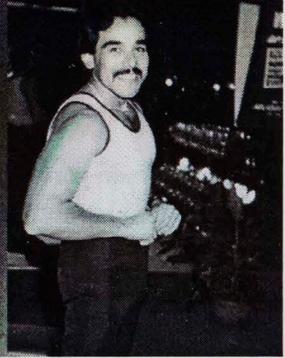
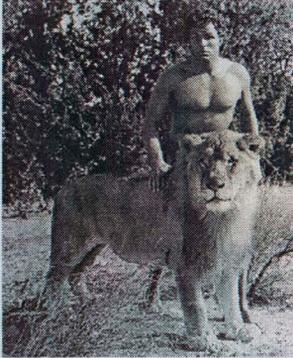
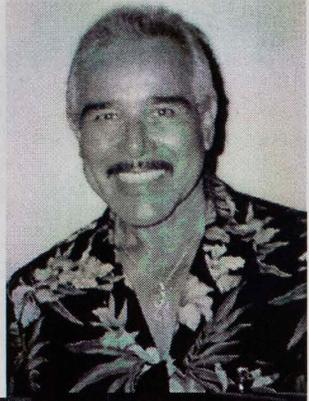
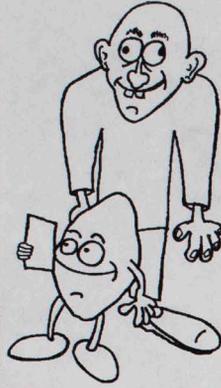
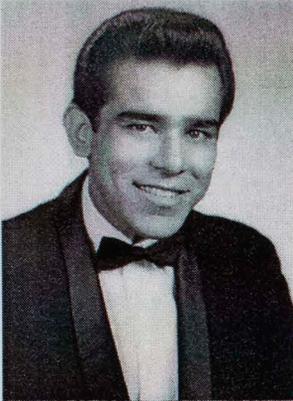
Little Johnny of the Concrete Jungle of Depression lived a life of danger just like a trapeze artist, and balanced his act at home to survive. He learned how to become a true professional adapting to his negative surroundings just like a commando walking in dangerous territory. He learned how to walk just like a cat burglar not making a sound, not drawing attention to himself. He rewrote the book about caution, a quality that allowed him to choose a sensible course of action.

Instead of living in depression and feeling sorry for himself at home. He made it an adventure as to how long it would take before he was detected by his father (Mr. Depression.)

Little Johnny never got bored of the life he was living at home. He used to imagine that he was a friendly ghost. He never spoke, unless he was spoken to. He gave the impression that he was a quiet lifeless uninteresting introverted person.

Since he could not read or spell very well, he used the same concept as a ghost in the classroom. He took his place sitting in the back row not wanting to be detected by his school teacher.

Believe it or not Cockeye, he once volunteered at a junior high school to help motivate and inspire problem depressed kids through his negative experiences at home. He turned them around to become good self-motivated productive citizens in the classroom.



Buster Crabbe with the lion aka Flash Gordon my hero.

Cockeye your probably wondering what Little Johnny of the Concrete Jungle of Depression looks like today in 2006, if he weighs over 600 pounds, looks like an out of condition old man in his mid eighties with no self-esteem and no self-discipline.

No Cockeye, he has great self-esteem and looks younger then fifty nine. He still has an athletic body with a thirty one inch waist line.

When little Johnny was nine years old, he duplicated himself as the mighty Flash Gordon achieving the impossible, defeating depression. He became the undisputed champion of self-motivation that no one alive can equal his accomplishments and also, has documentation to prove it.

He learned how to channel the negatives into positives and has never forgotten the depressing situations he experienced at home. He carries with him his immortal utility belt handy to defeat depression which are self-esteem and self-discipline and this keeps him young and vibrant.

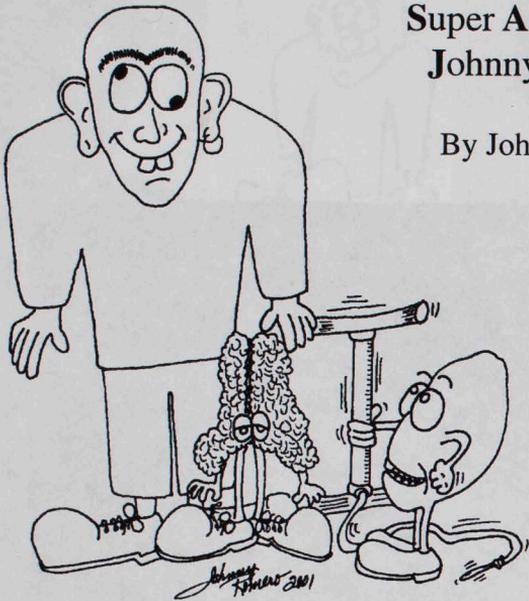
When you hear a so called motivational speaker and he hands you a despicable bowl of hot water with nothing in it. You can rest a sure that Cockeye and Lemon Louie will set the motivational speaker straight. I'll guarantee it. The End



To achieve great self-esteem... Always think of yourself as a special super hero just like Zorro.

Learn How To Become A Super Achiever With Johnny the Brain!

By John P. Romero



I would like to introduce to you Cockeye, Johnny the Brain and Lemon Louie. They are going to help you learn the fundamentals on how to become an extraordinary self-disciplined person, "A Super Achiever Competitive Mind Athlete Guru."



At first, he was a lifeless puny brain. Then he learned the art of self-discipline and became a Super Achiever and stands by the motto. "Practice makes perfect."

VOTE
YES
ON
\$

“ I am asking the poor dumb citizens of National City to dig real deep into your pockets once again and support Prop S. This will allow me and the city council to pocket all of your hard earn money and buy cheep Mexican made equipment that will not work and will not protect your neighborhoods.”



Deceptive Shyster Boss Hog Little Nicky, has found a bunch of destitute Mexican derelicts and dressed them up to look like National City fire fighters.

The story of Pinocchio Nick should inspire us all. In his early years, people mocked him for being a wooden puppet, but, like Councilman Louie N., he struggled mightily to overcome that negative image.

Pinocchio Nick, however, had a bigger problem, and I can feel his pain. From time to time, he told a lie, and whenever he did his nose grew longer and longer. This was harsh punishment even though most of his lies were understandable. Pinocchio Nick, you see, was protective of his self-interest deals and business associates in real estate and he felt that telling the truth might hurt them, not that he was personally responsible for anything bad they'd done.

But he knew that if he continued to lie, he'd never turn into a flesh-and-blood creepy human being. So he came up with a very clever solution. By avoiding telling the truth, he wouldn't have to lie. From then on, whenever he was asked a tough question about his ethics or hanky-panky, he never answered it directly. Instead, he would avoid the Prop "L" issue. No, wait, "Prop L" is another problem I'd rather not get into right now. Anyway, he waffled or talked around it in vague generalities, which meant, of course, that no one could technically accuse him of lying, even if he was testifying under oath for some politically-driven special deal for himself.

Happily for Pinocchio Nick, his cleverness paid off and he was granted his wish to become a creepy human being. So let us remember the moral of the story: Waffle your way through life and you will be rewarded with success, power and riches. After all, would Pinocchio Nick lie to You?



I love being a weasel!



One eerie day in National City: The City of Action.

Take one well-known celebrity... someone with a high profile who's easily recognizable and familiar to a great many people. Now take a second well-known celebrity... someone with an equally high profile who's just as recognizable and familiar to a great many people. Now combine the two and what have you got? A couple of corrupt pinocchio nose liars.



Riddles of the Unexplained

The Twin Tower Quarter by John Philip Romero



The above dollar bill issued in Dallas only two weeks before JFK was killed there, is now known as the Kennedy assassination bill. Since Dallas is the location of the 11th of the 12 Federal Reserve Bank districts, the bill bears the letter K, the 11th letter of the alphabet, and the number 11 appears in each corner. The Serial number begins with K and ends with A, standing for Kennedy Assassination. Eleven also stands for November, the 11th month of the year; two 11's equal 22, the date of the tragedy. And the series number is 1963, the year the assassination occurred. Information gathered from the Reader's Digest Mysteries of the Unexplained.

The above quarter, issued in 2001, the year of the Twin Tower tragedy, has an unexplained cryptic message of it's own.

1. Count 11 stars, count 7 letters in New York $1+1+7=9$.
2. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi designed the Statue of Liberty. Count the letters in the alphabet F-A-B $6+1+2=9$
3. France gave the Statue of Liberty to the United States in 1884. If you subtract 2001 into 1884, you get 117 years. Now add $1+1+7=9$.
4. The left arm grasps a tablet bearing the date of the Declaration of Independence 7/4/Add date $7+4=11$ Subtract $1776-2001$ Add $2+2+5=9$
5. The 9th letter is "I" for Independence. *Ladies and Gentlemen, this is where it gets spookier!!!*
6. **GATEWAY**
TO
FREEDOM There is a passage in the Quran (9:11) (Islamic Bible) which Atta read and perhaps used the passage as the strike date for the Twin Towers. ATTA was the individual who mastermind the Twin Tower Disaster, while the FBI & CIA were arrogantly eating donuts and asleep at the wheel.
7. **ATTA** count letters 1-20-20-1 Add $20+20=40$ Add $1+1=2$, Subtract $40-2=38$ Add $3+8=11$
8. I though it was very entrusting what I found, and I hope you feel the same. The quarter could be a collectable, who knows? Perhaps you can call it the 9/11 or The Doooms Day Quarter. I played a game of how many words I could come up with (Gateway to Freedom) Atta fate to mar, doom, damage tower.
 1. The first plane that crashed against the Twin Towers was flight 11.
 2. Flight 11, was carrying 92 passengers. Add $9+2=11$
 3. Flight 77, that hit the second tower was carrying 65 passengers. Add $6+5=11$
 4. The total number of victims that perished inside the two passenger planes were 254. Add $2+5+4=11$
 5. January 1 to September 11 in calender days is 254. Add $2+5+4=11$
 6. My birthday falls on All Souls Day 11/2/**** The Day of the Dead. Add $11+2=13$. Have a Nice Day and A Happy 2005 New Year!

From: "Alma Graham (new email address)" <almagraham@cox.net>
To: "Alma Graham '74 (work)" <asgsigns@sbcglobal.net>
Date: Thursday - September 14, 2006 9:39 PM

Beer Scam.....Men Beware !

Police are warning all men who frequent clubs, parties & local pubs to be alert and stay cautious when offered a drink from any woman. Many females use a date rape drug on the market called "Beer." The drug is found in liquid form and is available anywhere. It comes in bottles, cans, or from taps and in large "kegs". Beer is used by female sexual predators at parties and bars to persuade their male victims to go home and sleep with them.

A woman needs only to get a guy to consume a few units of Beer and then simply ask him home for no strings attached sex.

Men are rendered helpless against this approach. After several beers, men will often succumb to the desires to sleep with horrific looking women to

whom they would never normally be attracted.

After drinking beer, men often awaken with only hazy memories of exactly what happened to them the night before, often with just a vague feeling that "something bad" occurred. At other times these unfortunate men are swindled out of their life's savings, in a familiar scam known as "a relationship."

In extreme cases, the female may even be shrewd enough to entrap the unsuspecting male into a longer term form of servitude and punishment referred to as "marriage."

Men are much more susceptible to this scam after beer is administered and sex is offered by the predatory females.

Please! Forward this warning to every male you know.

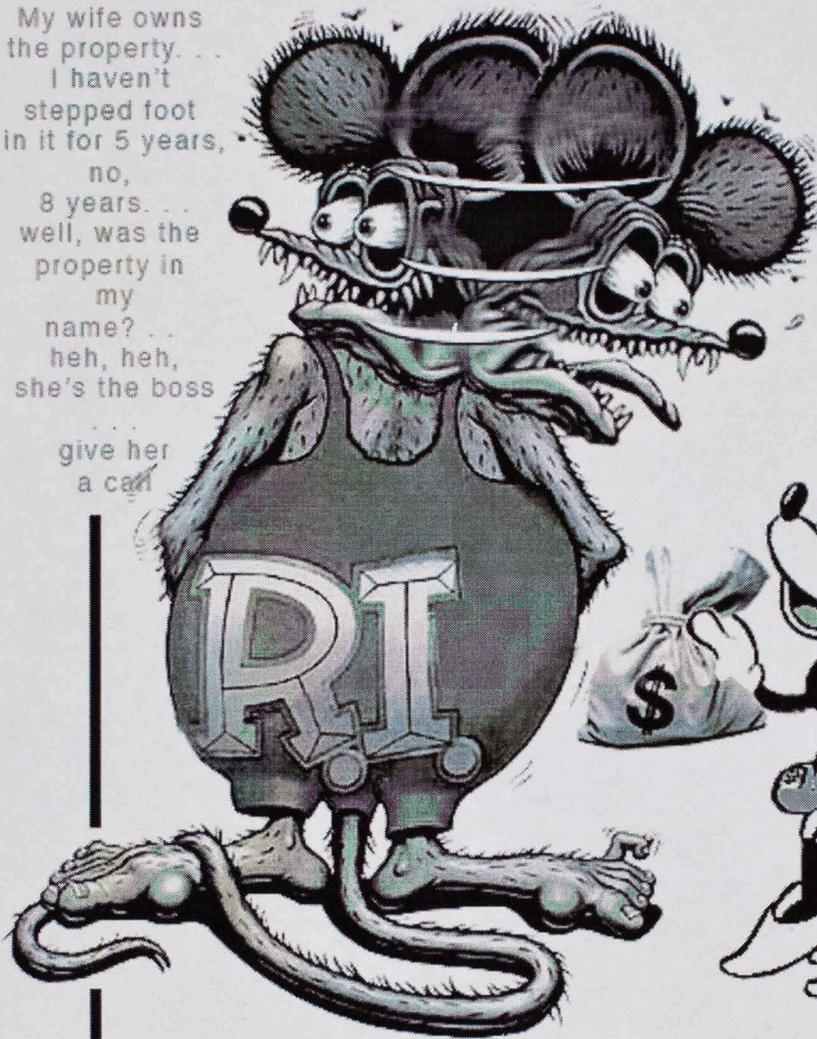
If you fall victim to this "Beer" scam and the women administering it, there are male support groups where you can discuss the details of your shocking encounter with similarly victimized men.

For the support group nearest you, just look up "Golf Courses" in the phone book.

The Further Adventures of **RATLORD** JONVUNVA

My wife owns
the property. . .
I haven't
stepped foot
in it for 5 years,
no,
8 years. . .
well, was the
property in
my
name? . . .
heh, heh,
she's the boss

give her
a call



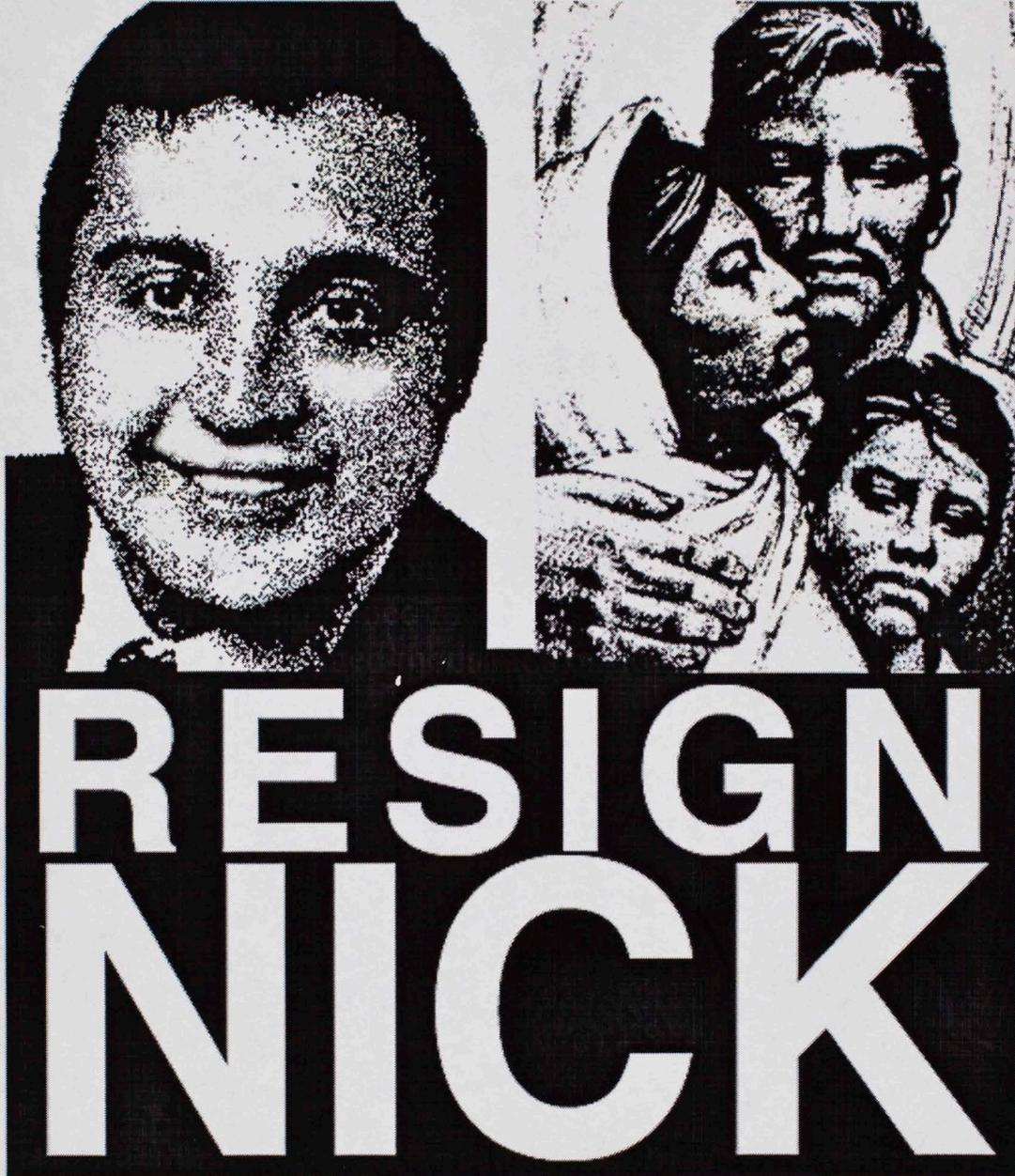
Not now, Olga!!!
Can't you see??
I'm busy,
spinning the media!!



*Love means
never having to say you're sorry.*

No Room at the Innzunza's

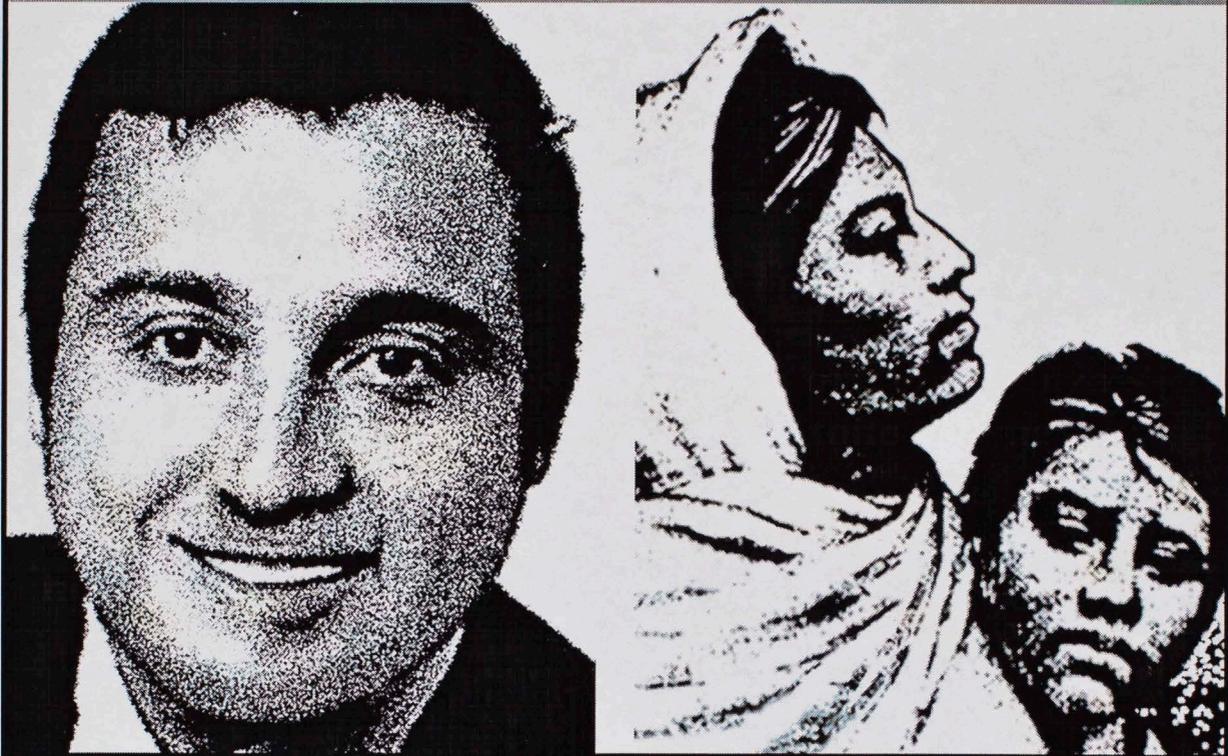
According to published reports, at one of Inzunza's properties, city investigators found no toilet, broken windows, no heater, no smoke detectors, and an infestation of rats. When tenants, who could not afford lawyers, complained many were evicted, taken to court and fined thousands of dollars.



No Room at the Innzunza's

According to published reports, at one of Inzunza's rentals, city investigators found no toilet, no heater, no smoke detectors, and an infestation of rats. A single mother of four who complained, was evicted with her children, taken to court, and ordered to pay \$2000.

"I care about the single mothers." Nick Inzunza, September, 2005



If you REALLY care . . .

RESIGN NICK

The Old Town National City West-Side News Letter!

*Beware, I'll be
coming to your
doorstep with my
bulldozer real
soon!*

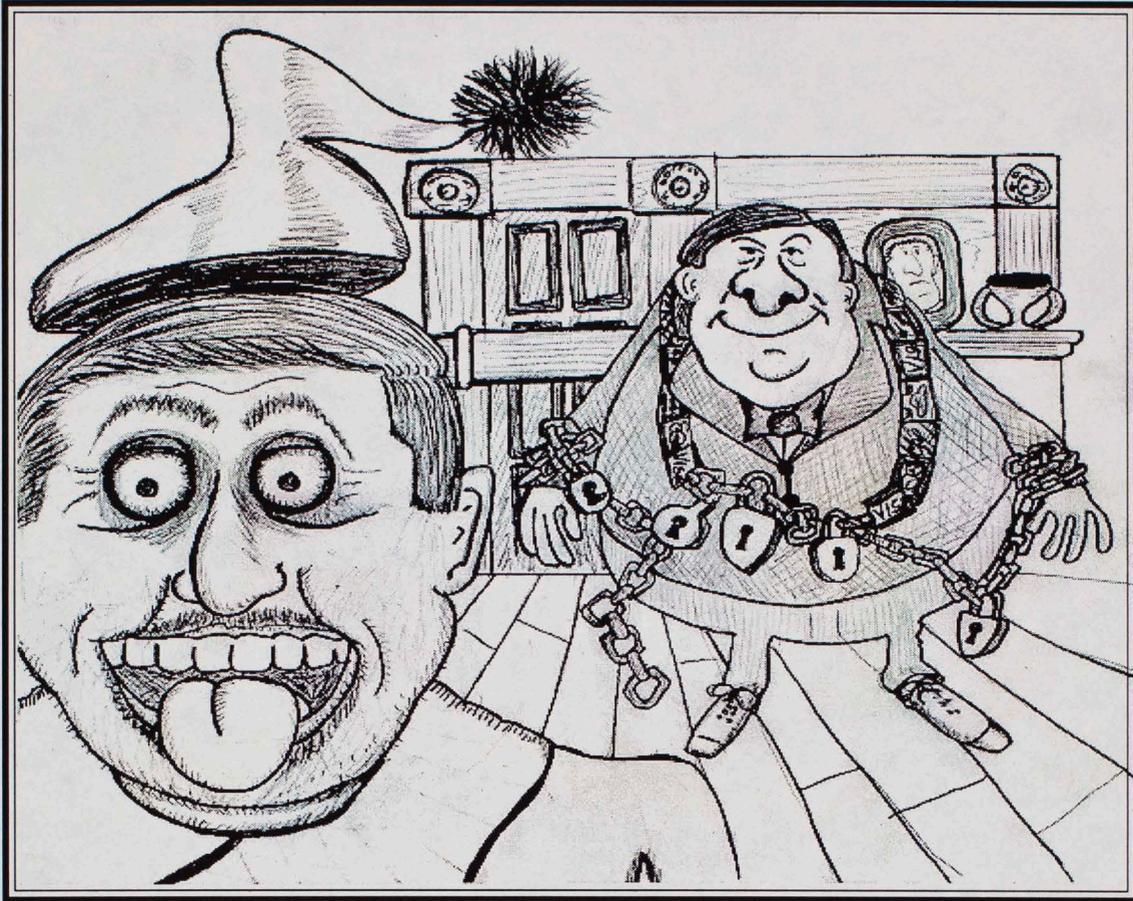
*The dumb and the
dumbest persons
Who voted for me
will go first!*



“Mr. Eminent Domain hard at work!”

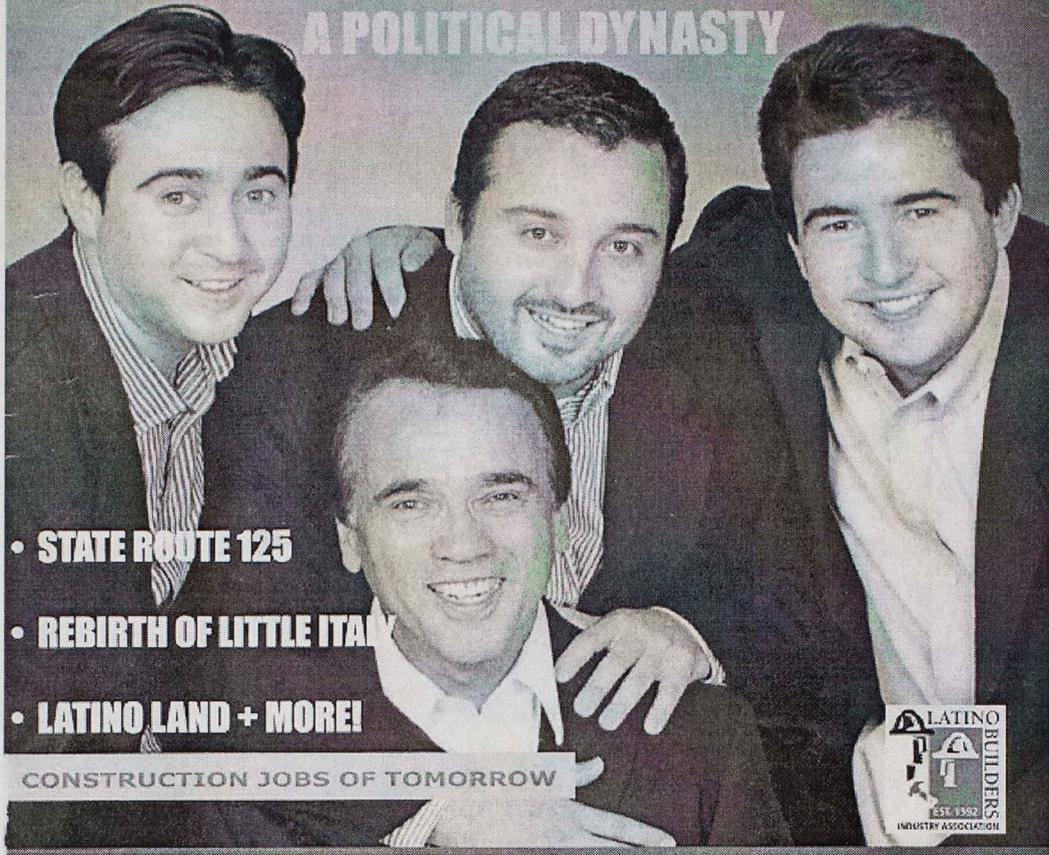
Just 364 days ago, a derange, deceptive politician actor rose to new heights portraying a cool Mexican college graduate with a “D” minus grade point average. He takes over a two-bit criminal empire known as the National City Councilmen. When he completed his year in office, this same “D” minus college graduate sinks to new lows, portraying a sick perverted amoral money hungry, greedy mayor. Then, he takes over another huge criminal empire known as the Pettyfogger Land Developers. In real life, this would be called “degeneracy.” In National City, this is called “progress.” This is why we call this town “Nasty City the City of Action.”

"The Christmas Carol, Mexican Style" Once upon a time in National City...



Oooooooooooooo! Little Chiseler Nicky E.! Little Shyster Nicky E.! I'm the ghost of Christmas Past... I'm called, "The Freeloading Credit Card Bandito, Uvaldo Martinez". Don't become a sleazy, greedy, corrupt, double-dealing, Toad, cad, deceptive, sleazy, fraud like myself... Please! After wetting his pants, Nicky got very angry and called the Ghost Buster hot line on Mr. Martinez. The G.B. hauled him away to frauds anonymous on Wilson Street in Old Town National City CA. 91950.

The Inzunza Family: A POLITICAL DYNASTY

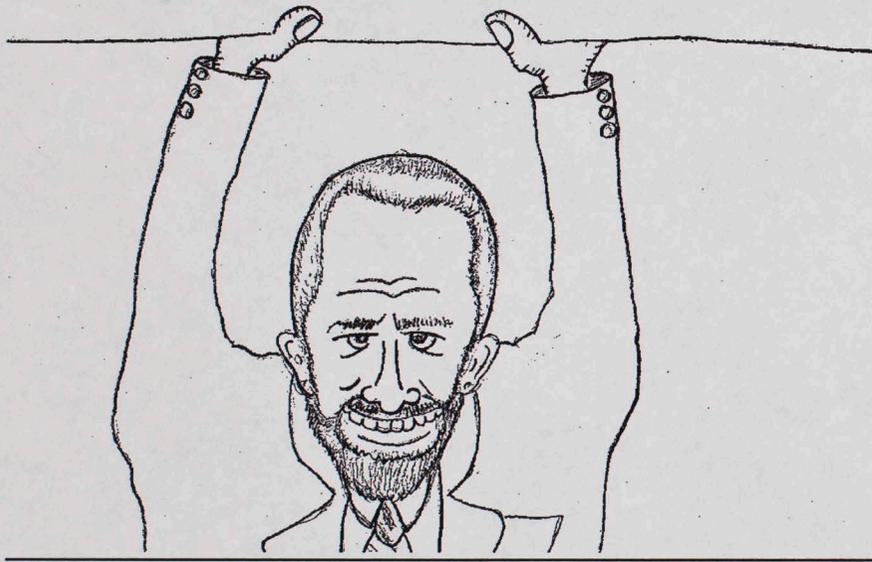


- STATE ROUTE 125
- REBIRTH OF LITTLE ITALY
- LATINO LAND + MORE!

CONSTRUCTION JOBS OF TOMORROW



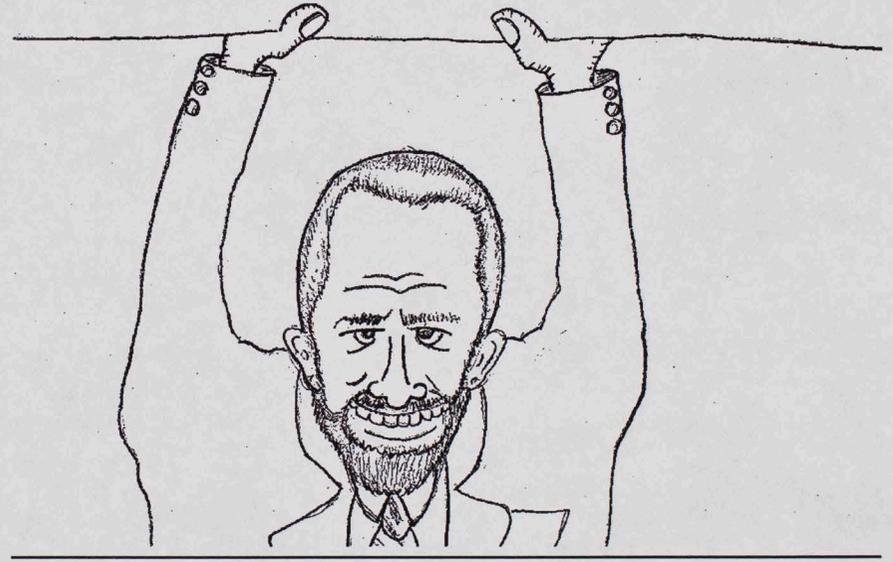
**The Corrupt City of
National City
Welcomes
The Nasty City Chargers!**



Slum Lord Nick and I, will get permission from Dean Spanos to make T-Shirts that will say, *Nasty City Chargers*. We and the developers want to make a lot of money selling T-Shirts.

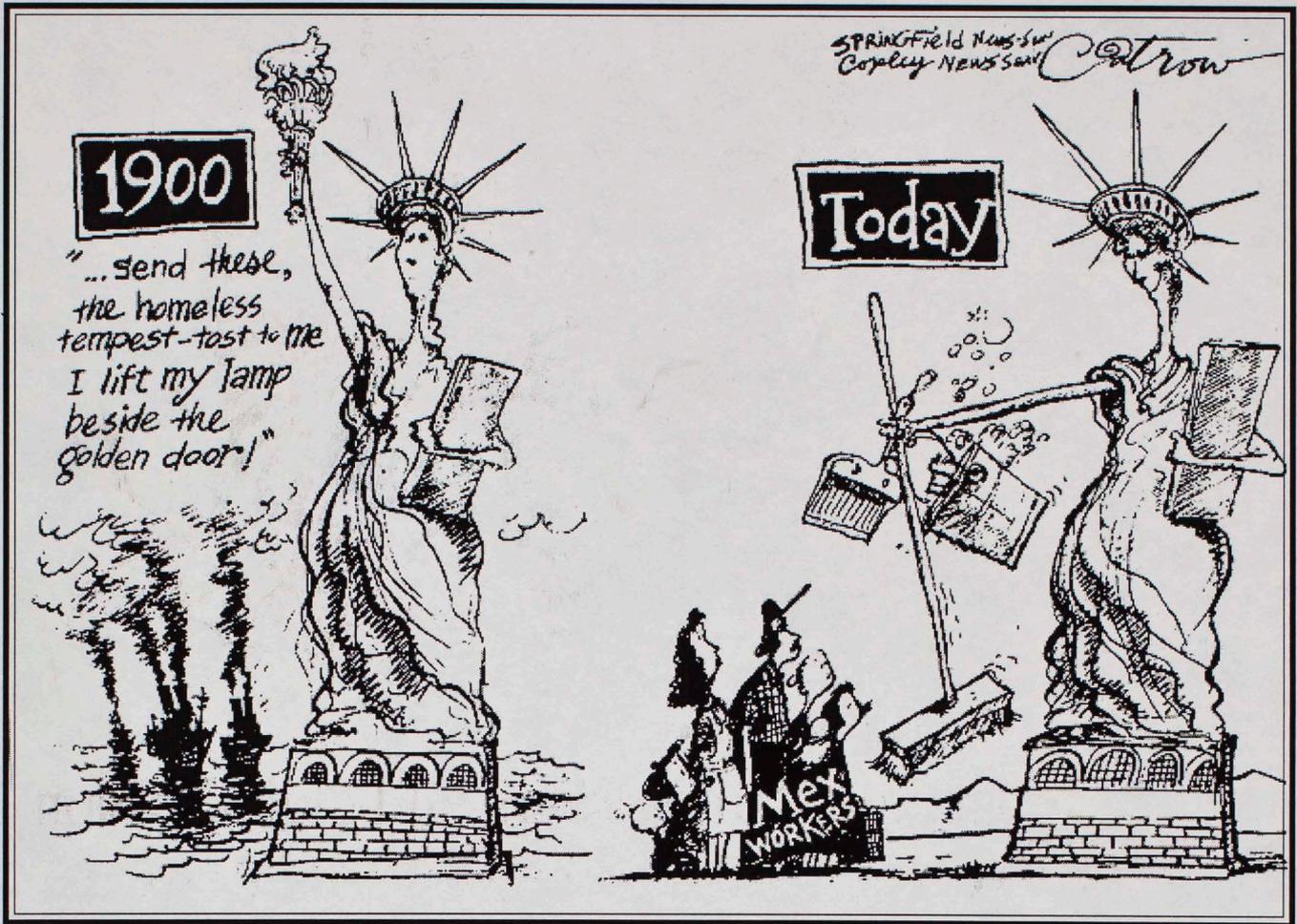
Thanks again suckers for voting for me. You are real stupid people!
Love and Kisses Mr. Big "R"

**The Corrupt City of
National City
Welcomes
The Nasty City Chargers!**



Slum Lord Nick and I, will get permission from Dean Spanos to make T-Shirts that will say, *Nasty City Chargers*. We and the developers want to make a lot of money selling T-Shirts.

Thanks again suckers for voting for me. You are real stupid people!
Love and Kisses Mr. Big "R"



Wake up my poor latino friends. Can't you see that all the other races give us no respect. They look at us as low-life trash, that can only dust and clean the stinkiest American toilets.



"The National City Good Old Boys"



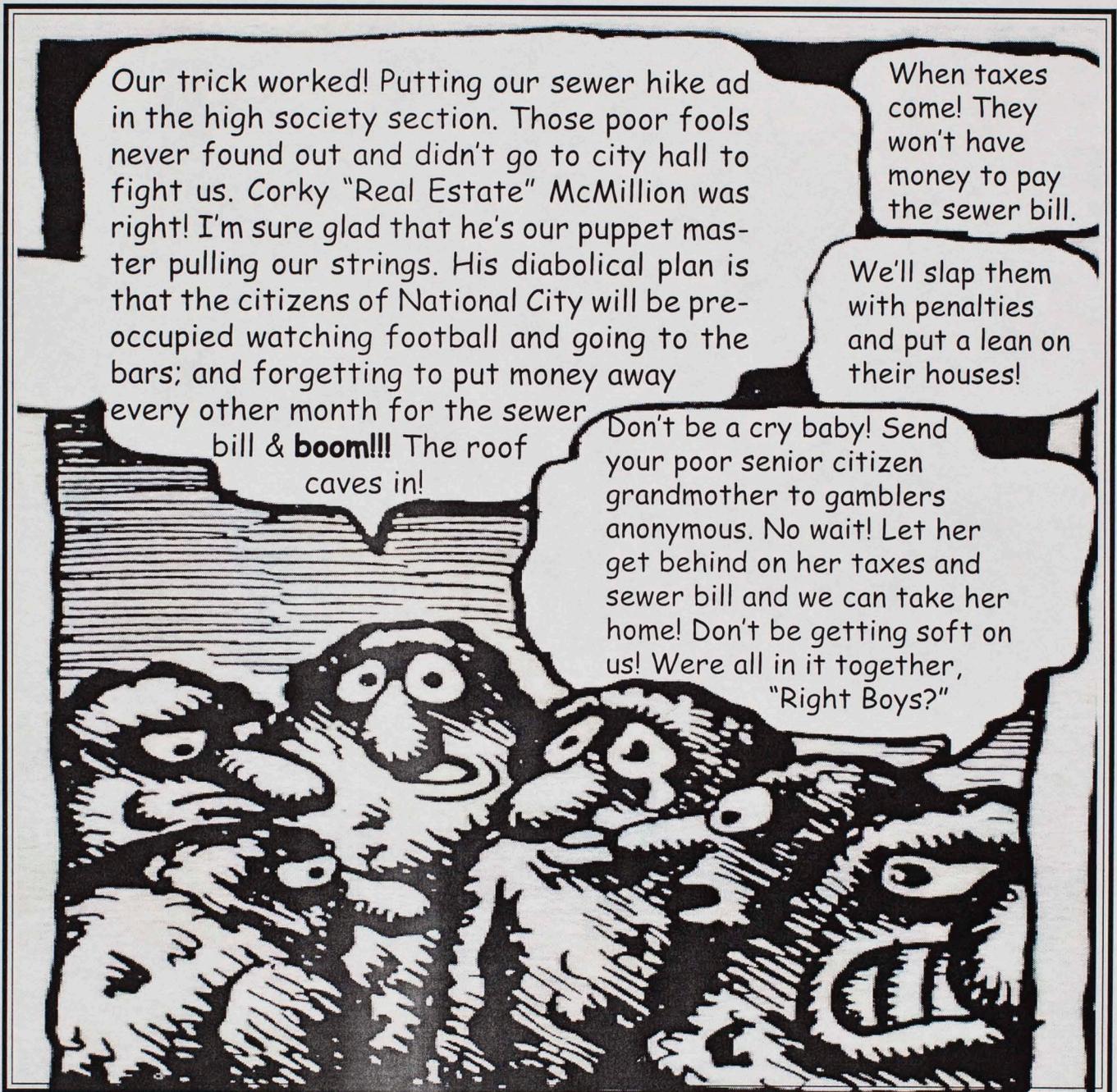
Hi boys and girls, my name is Backslider Pinocchio Nick the biggest liar and crook in my police force. You see kids, I'm a ride-along and the mayor of National City CA 91950. My fellow brother police offers and myself are on a crusade to run off all the dirty little Mexicans from National City and J.C. Penis where I shop. My motto is: "if you do the crime you do the time." It's okay for me to steal from the tax-payers, because, I'm the mayor. But if I catch these little despicable people innocent or not shop-lifting, we'll deport them to Mexico with no questions asked. I'm very proud to say that I'm half red nick according to La Prensa of San Diego. I love their articles because they're very accurate and down to earth. Love and kisses Pinocchio Nick, Mayor.

Guess who's lurking in your sewer pipes covered with crap. It's the mayor and your councilmen. They're having a secret meeting which will benefit themselves.



Don't get lost this time! Make a right turn and up the main sewer pipe Okay!

Guess who's lurking in your sewer pipes once again. Its our carpetbagger mayor and his councilmen. He's working out a new scheme, that the home owners pay a balloon sewer payment along with your taxes at the end of the year.



National City, The City of Action, where millionaires are born. The new regime was inspired by the 1960's mayor, Kile Morgan who owns Plaza Bonita shopping center land and other key money places.

The Old Town National City West-Side News Letter!

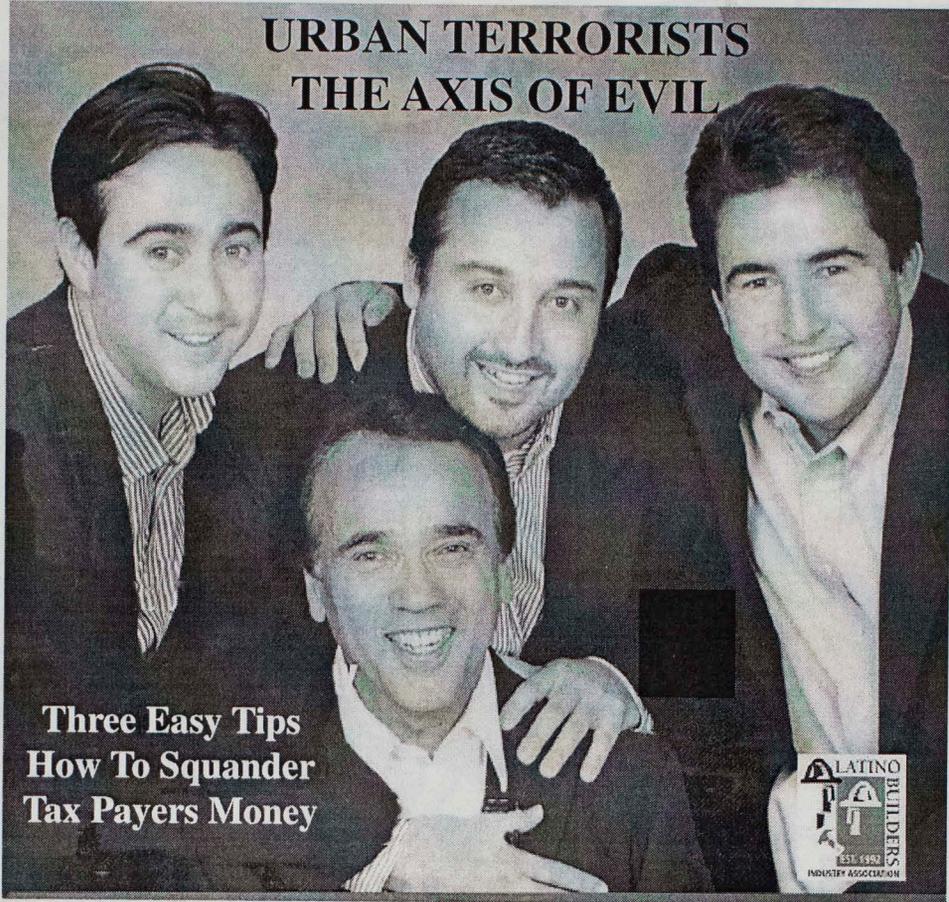


"Mr. Eminent Domain"

*Beware, I'll be coming to your doorstep with my bulldozer real soon!
The dumb and the dumbest persons who voted for me will go first!*

That Nick the Weasel "E" is not such a bad guy. Sure, he cheated on his voters, slept with land developers and lawyers and made a career as America's most noteworthy scuzzbucket. Today, Nick the Weasel "E" is on a crusade to make bundles of money for his councilmen and himself. He created a new city ordinance if Johns get caught soliciting, he will impound their car and impose a fine for its face value. If their car is worth \$30,000 dollars, this is what they will have to pay to get off the hook. Nick the Weasel "E", is very greedy and sly and thinks up new schemes to cheat his crafty city councilmen. Tonight, he is running loose in National City, soliciting Johns, then he keeps all the cash for himself. This chiseler, is like Boss Hog, from The Duke's of Hazards TV Show.

**URBAN TERRORISTS
THE AXIS OF EVIL**

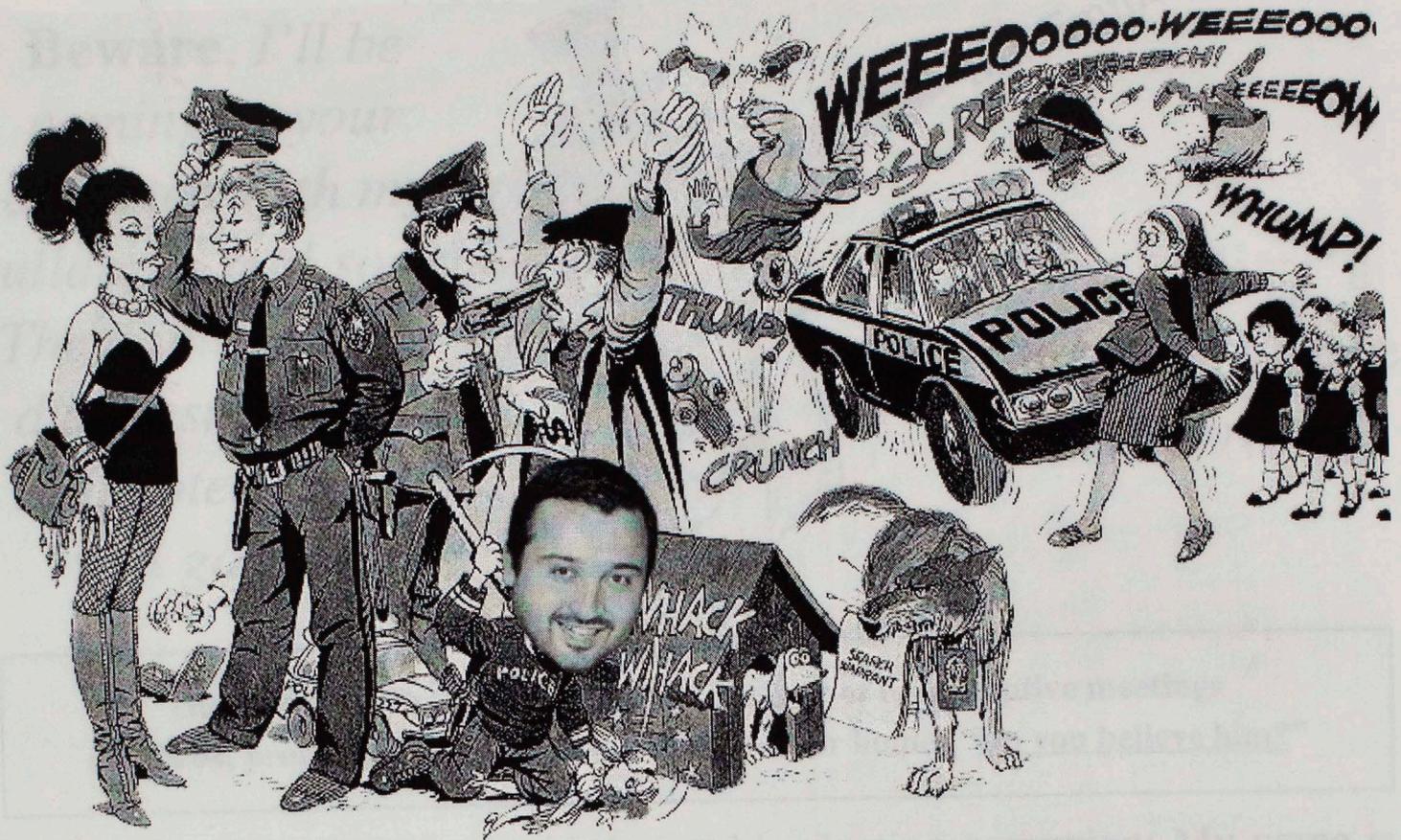


**Three Easy Tips
How To Squander
Tax Payers Money**



Herman check this out!

www.latinobuilders.org



Hi boys and girls, my name is Backslider Pinocchio Nick the biggest liar and crook in my police force. You see kids, I'm a ride along and the mayor of National City CA 91950. My fellow brother police offers and myself are on a crusade to run off the dirty little Mexicans from National City and J.C. Penis where I shop. My mato is: "if you do the crime you do the time." It's okay for me to steal from the taxpayers, because, I'm the mayor. But if I catch these little contemptible people shop lifting, we'll deport them to Mexico with no questions asked. I'm very proud to say that I'm half red nick according to La Prensa of San Diego. I love their articles because they're very accurate and down to earth. Love and kisses Tricky Nick.

Beware, I'll be coming to your doorstep with my bulldozer real soon! The dumb and the dumbest persons who voted for me will go first!



National City's most abominable villain ever!

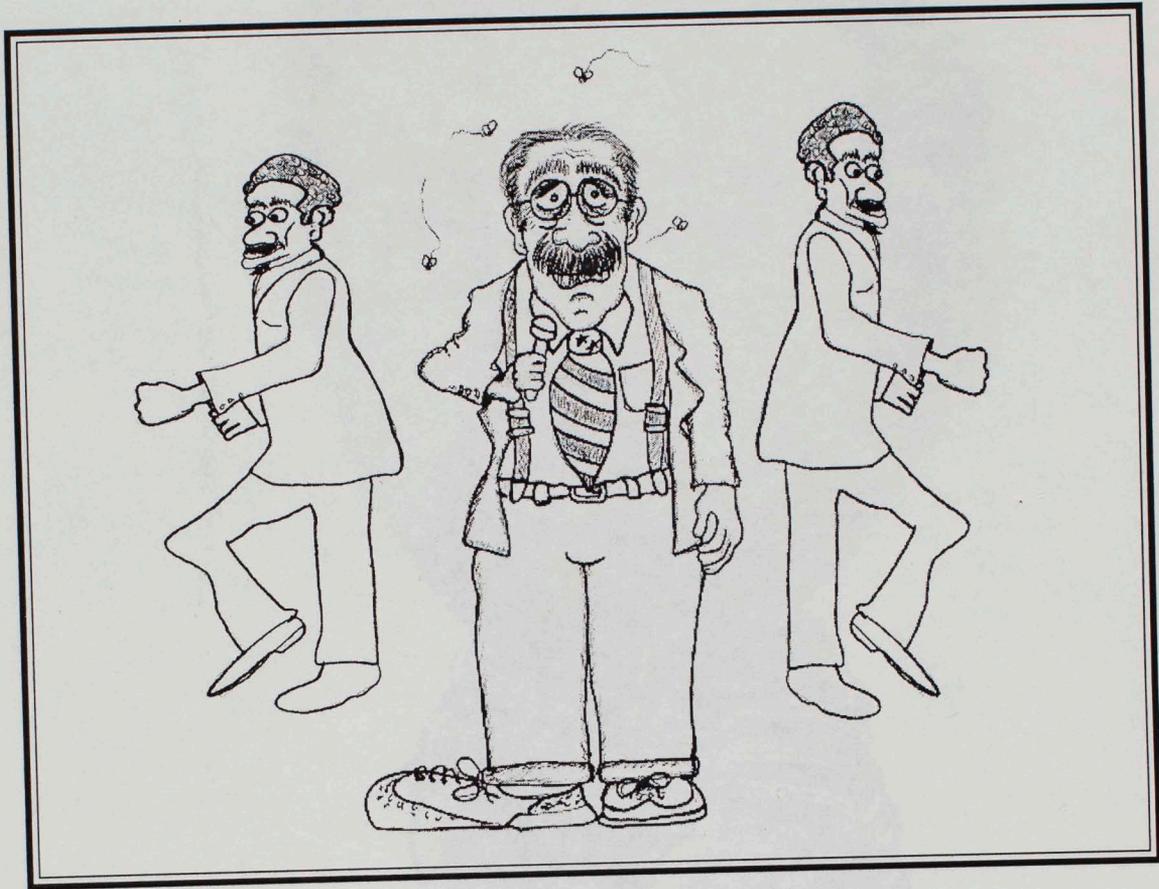
He duped the National City Citizens in one of his deceptive meetings on 3/2/04, promising that he wouldn't touch their homes "Do you believe him?"

This is what he should of said during his election campaign: My name is Nick the Big Weasel "E" council member of National City Ca. Actually, I'd prefer to be called, Mr. Eminent Domain, you see in the future, I will be directing America's most despicable act. I will kick out the poor National City Mexicans and Anglo citizens and destroy their dignity for my personal gain. What I'm trying to say, that I'm a Scum Bag without a conscience, the lowest of the lowest. My best friends are leeches, maggots, crooked lawyers and land developers etc.

Let's tar and feather this scoundrel!
Let's **impeach** this carpetbagger!

Let's circulate a petition now!

Direct from San City, Los Angeles
Louie and the Cheetahs



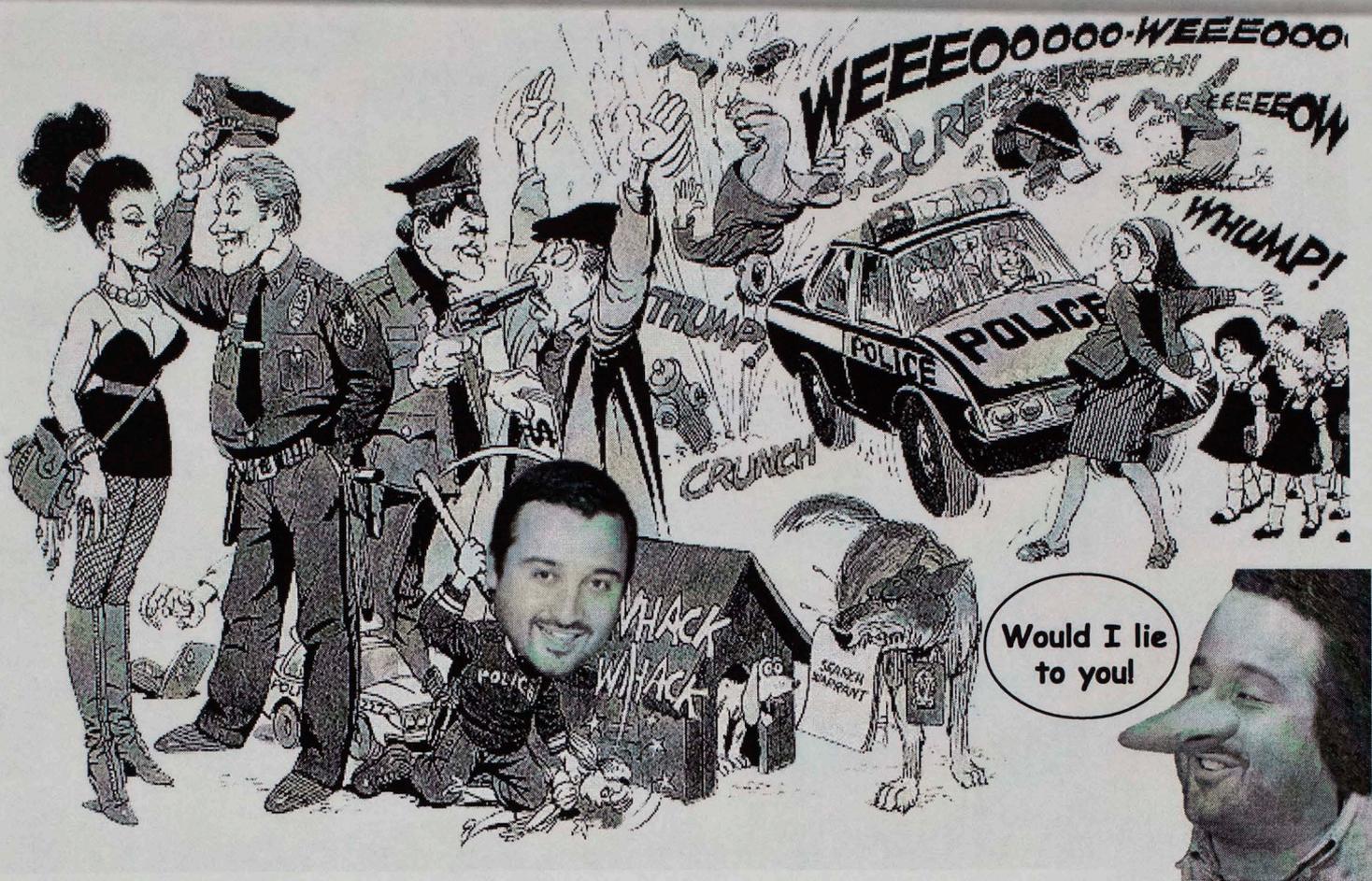
Have you heard of three councilmen known as the Cheetahs! They will lie and miss treat you. Doo Wap! Doo Wap! Wap! Wap! They will take your money and run to National City! Doo Wap! Doo Wap! Wap! Wap! Wap! Wap! "Back to the top"

Lets see? Little Fat Nick...
No wait... How about...
Skinflint Shyster...
Scam, Flimflam...
Fraid, Hot Air...
the sound of Pinocchio...
and I hope my nose will grow to the size of my big fat head.

that I can be remembered forever.



Lets see? Little Fat Nick the Pettifogger, that sounds good. No wait... How about Sleazy Chiseler Nick. Oh, Oh, I know! Skinflint Shyster Nicky. No! How about Cur, Cad, Sham, Gyp, Scum, Flimflam, Backslide, Counterfeit, Tin Horn, Fake, Cheat, Fraud, Hot Air, Tomfoolery, Trumpery, Humbug. I really like the sound of Pinocchio Nick the best. Because, I love to lie and I hope my nose will grow to the size of my big fat head.



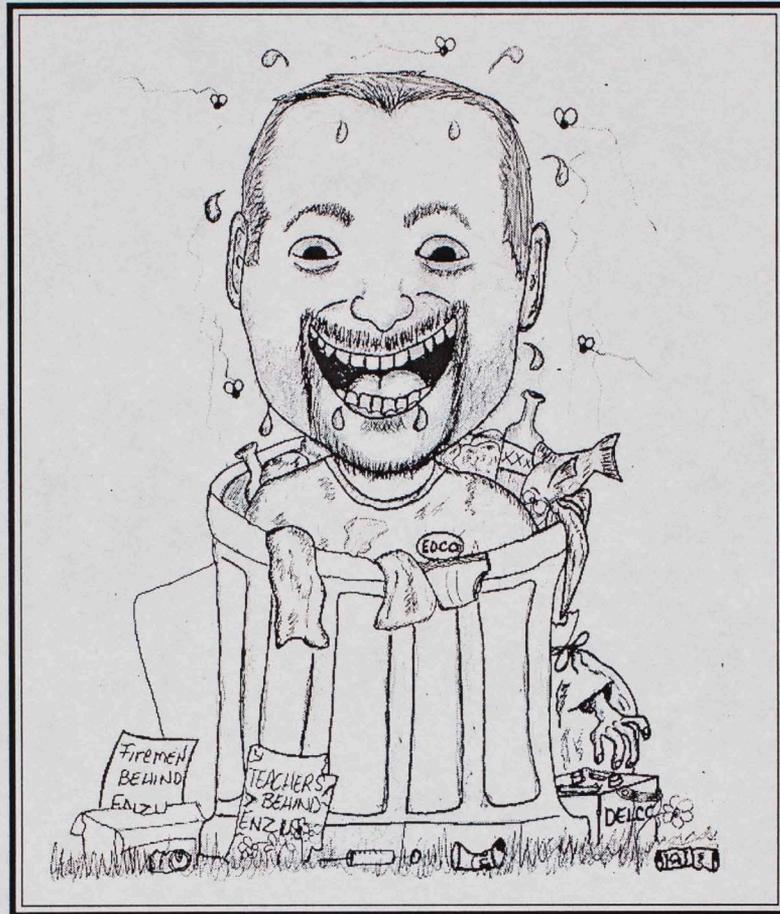
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National City, The City of Action! 2003



Now that you've had your fill of channel 39, 6, 8, 10 & 51 and all the other stations spouting off about the Mayor, it's time you learned the truth.

Don't be surprised, that you might find the Mayor in your back yard!



A new welcome to National City poster. You can purchase this beautiful poster for 25.00 dollars at city hall.

After the mayor strikes a deal with the trash company to raise your trash bill, and also make a killing making money at Barrio Logan with his brothers help! The mayor's vision is to congest highway 51, 5, 805, Milecars Way, Wilson Street and name an outdoor sports arena called, "EnzunCo Stadium" for The National City Chargers. Boy! Jr. left in a nick of time.



Aye-Yi-Yi-Yi-Yi !!!
I Am The National City
COUNCILMAN BANDITO!
My name is "Pancho Parra"!
I think the Gringos are
loafers and not fit to be
City Managers!

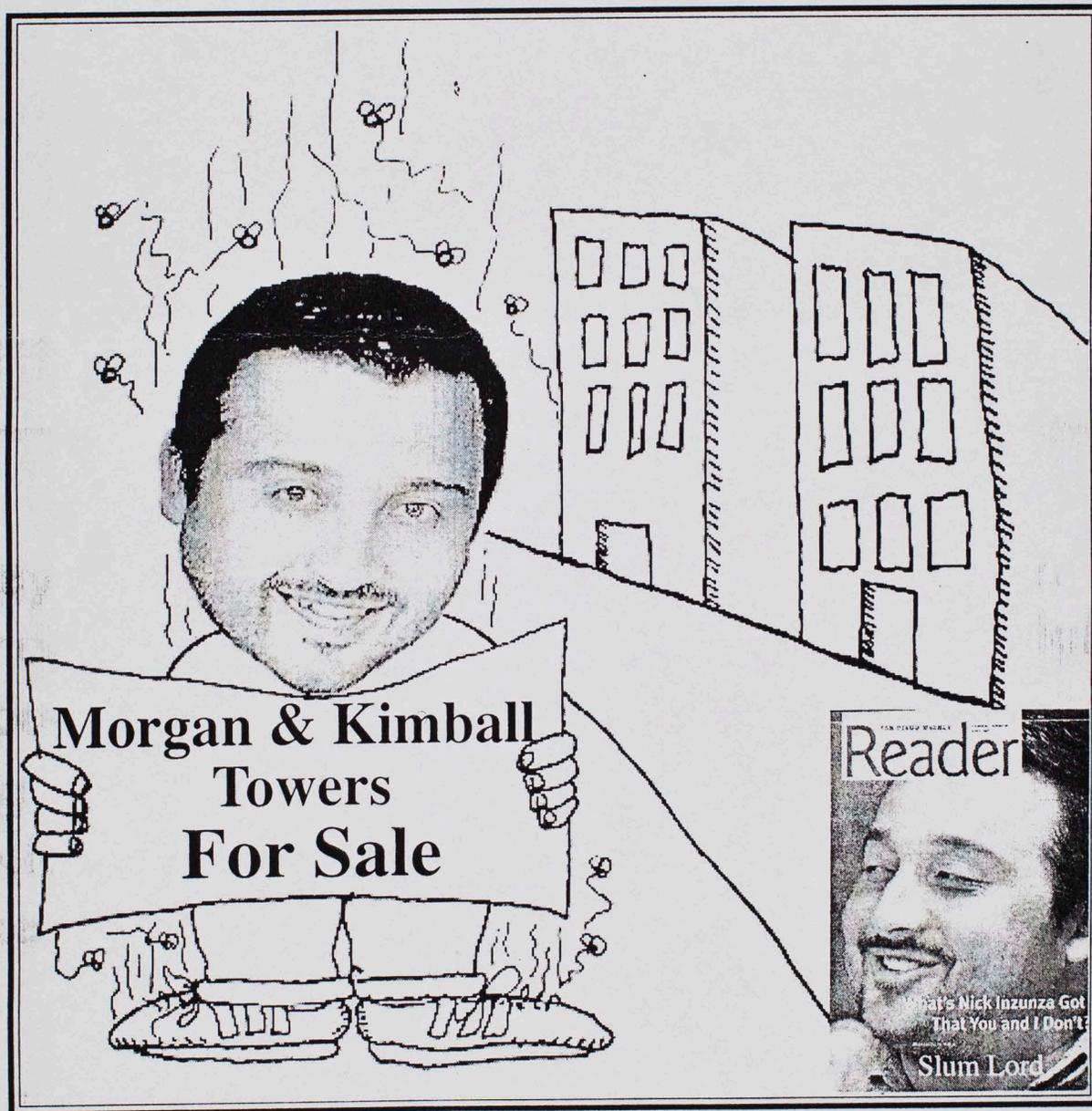
Aye-Yi-Yi-Yi !!!
My Chief is a Great outstanding
"Slum Lord" and I think he's a
Great Hombre!!!
I want to be just like him in the
future! Aye-Yi-Yi-Yi!

Hey, President Bush! You are looking in the wrong place. Saddam Hussein had a Hollywood make over. He's in National City posing unscrupulously as a mayor. If CHURL "Nicky" Hussein sells the towers, where are the poor Senior Citizens going to go?

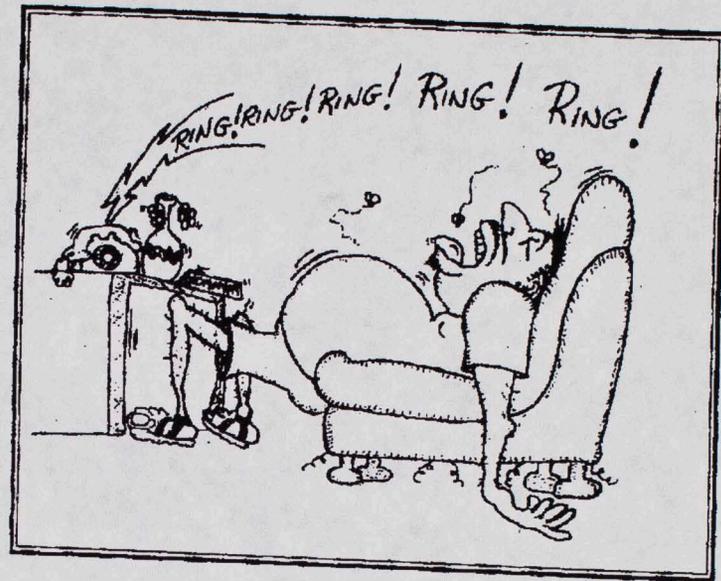
Self-Interest comes first! The elderly comes second!

Please write to AARP if this tragedy happens.

601 E Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20049 www.aarp.org

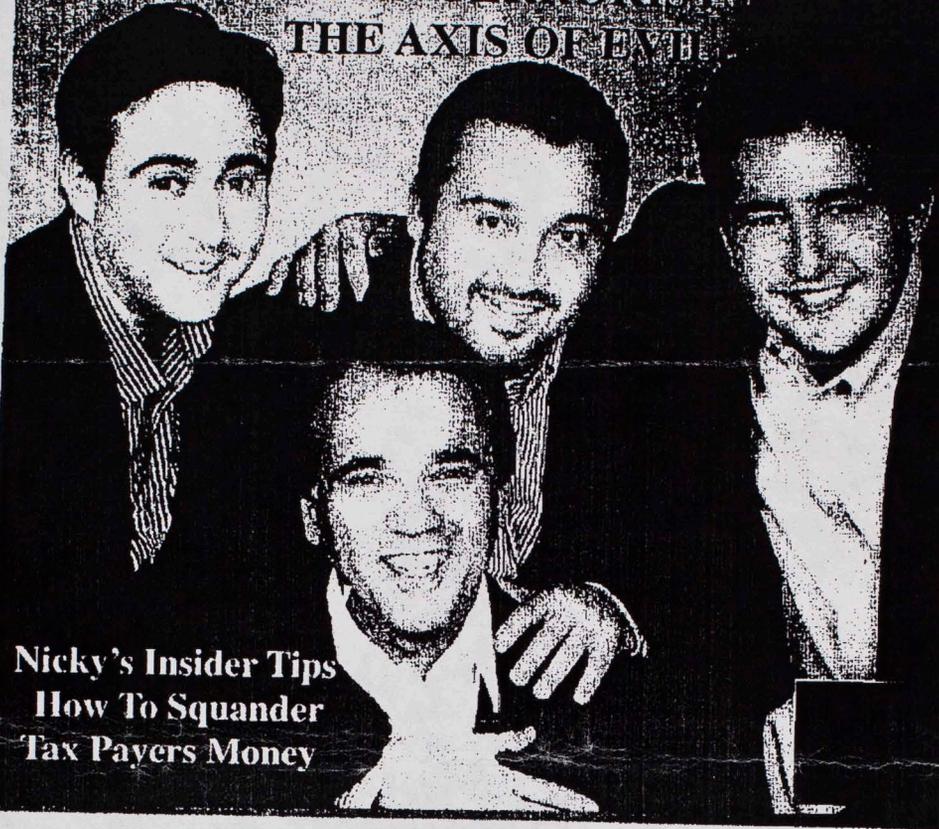


National City, The City of Action!
2003



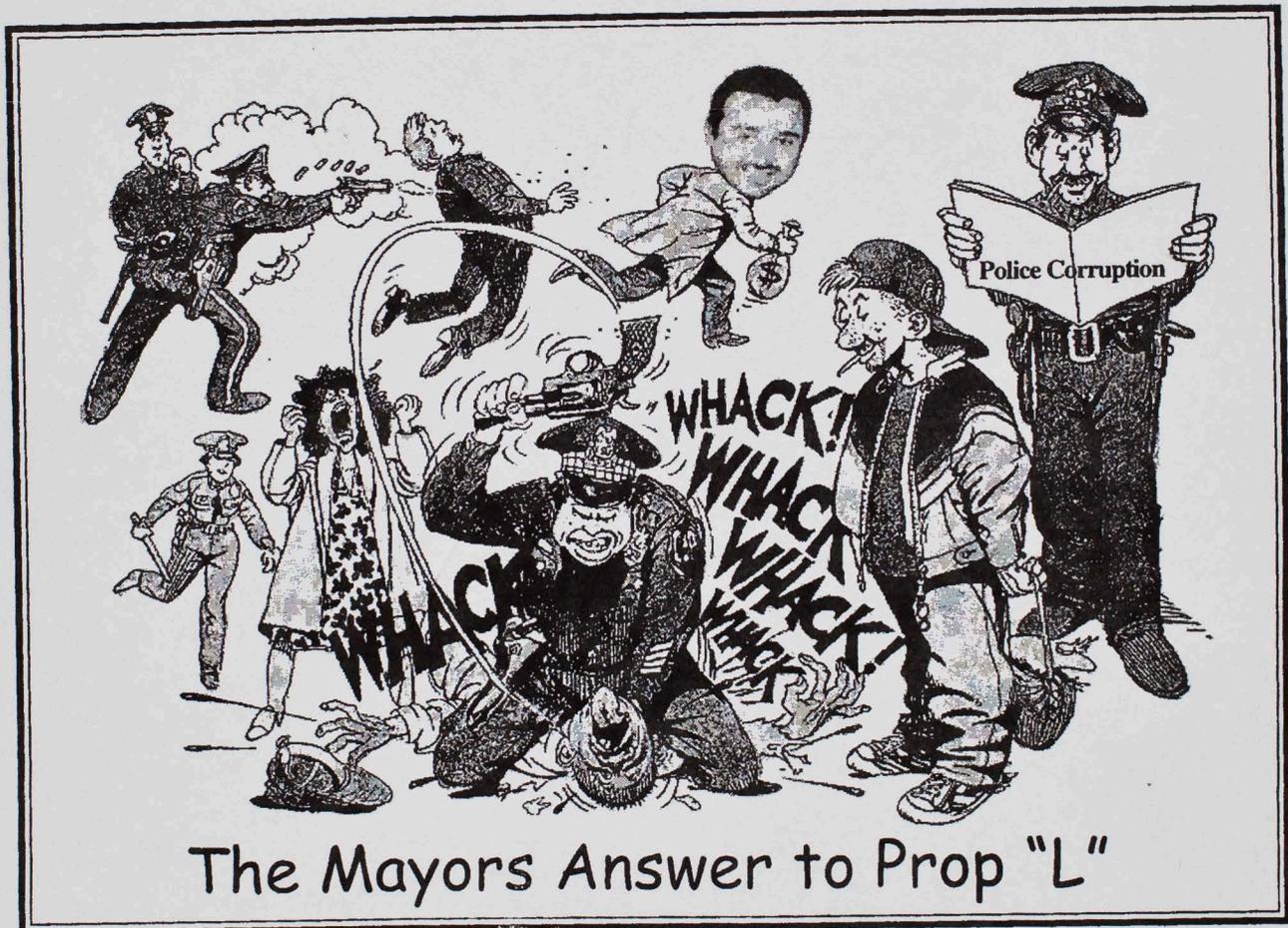
Now that you've had your fill of channel 39, 6, 8, 10 & 51 and all the other stations spouting off about the Mayor, it's time you learned the truth.

**URBAN TERRORISTS
THE AXIS OF EVIL**



**Nicky's Insider Tips
How To Squander
Tax Payers Money**

City Hall Memo to N. C. police department:
When you see me with very large bundles of taxpayer money, please look the other way. When times are slow and you're looking for something to do, find persons from the WestSide to beat up, rob, or shoot in the back. Be very careful in your selection and make sure you find persons who's stoned or tanked up like our present National City Police Chief, and be very careful that he or she won't be able to read your badge number. N.I. Mayor.

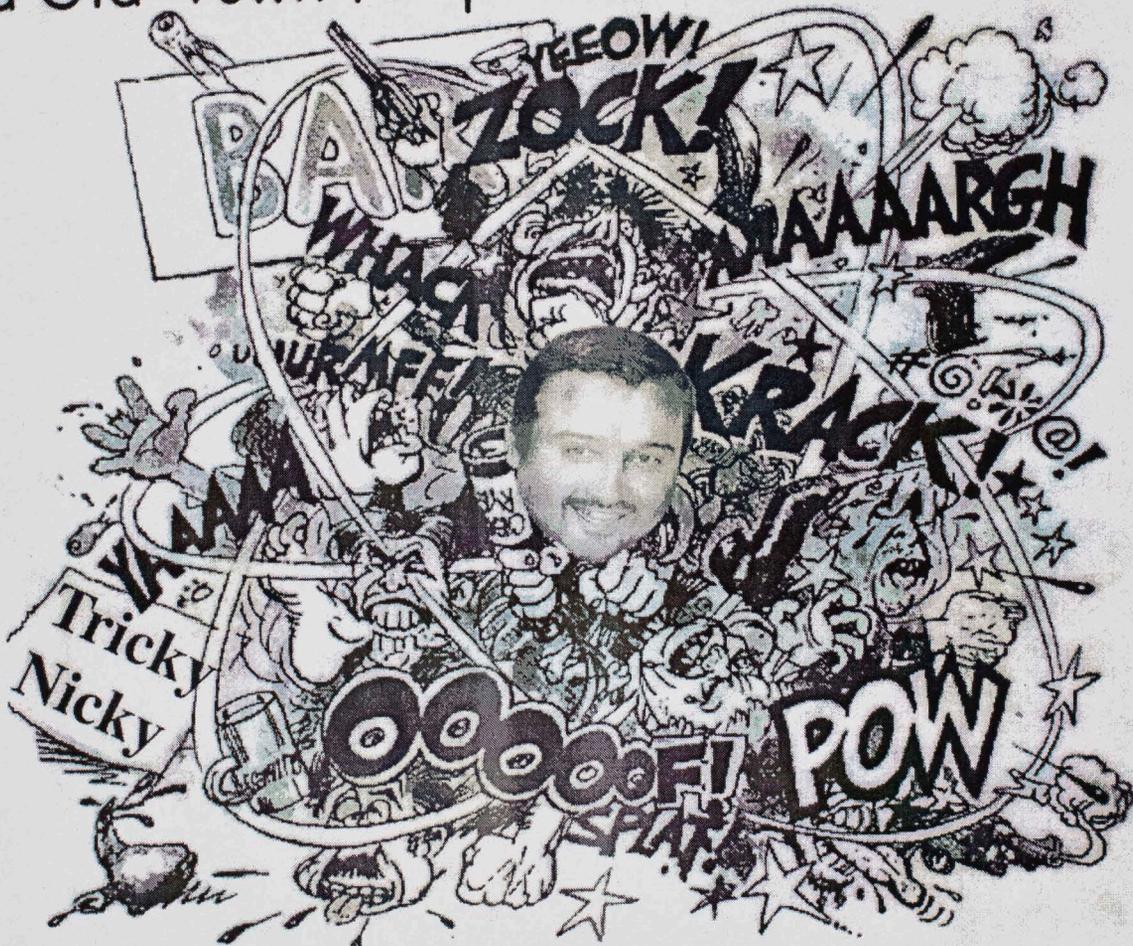


The Adventures of Pinocchio Nick

Here's a great idea: Take the life of a notorious carpet-bagger slum lord liar and bring it to the wide screen. This is a true story that inspired the white house and the nation, how Pinocchio Nick back stabbed his villainous evil dad the puppet master. Nick's dad tells his wooden head son to get into politics and become mayor of a poor city, then, steal taxpayer money and divide the plunder. His first day in office, Pinocchio Nick betrays his dad and keeps the money to himself. The evil puppet master retaliates and cursed his son. One morning, Pinocchio Nick walked happily to the bank to deposit his plunder. Then suddenly, his nose begins to grow an inch with each bank deposit.



Red Alert! At this minute in National City, some evil horrible blood sucking, fat creature with tennis shoes is on the rampage. He is stealing taxpayer money and carrying out unspeakable acts against the citizens of National City and on the WestSide. No, we're not talking about crazy perverts in Kimball park. Were talking about the fiendish ringleader and his weirdos at city hall. Right now the mayor and his greedy councilmen are fighting over a measly penny. Whats next? Selling Kimball Morgan Towers and Old-Town for profit???





"Extra"

National City self proclaim millionaire back-sliding mayor comes to Jackson's aide.

The mayor can testify that the King of Pop is not a child molesting pervert. The mayor somberly walked into judge Lester Matex's chambers and with tears in his eyes to plead that Mr. M.J. is innocent. Pinocchio Nick told the judge that he and his pal (Mr. M.J.) have the same eccentric habits. Mr. M.J. likes to beat it with kids in his bedroom, and the Mayor likes to beat it while gouging taxpayers out of their money at his council meetings. Judge Lester Matex is a pervet himself and could relate with Pinocchio Nick one hundred percent and granted Mr. M.J. immunity.



**He's my
Hero!**

**Would Pinocchio
Nick lie to you?**



Beat it!

Beat it!

Beat it!

Beat it !





Police Memo: Remember, even if you're caught drunk driving twice, it won't affect your pension! When times are slow and you're looking for something to do, find a drunk person to beat up on. Make darn sure its not your police chief of National City. Because, he's hell on wheels and likes to party on company time. Be very careful in your selection and make sure theyre really drunk, that they won't be able to read your badge number to report you! It might cost you a promotion as an assistant police chief of National City.

Direct from Sin City, Los Vegas! Louie and the Cheetahs



Have you heard of three councilmen known as the Cheetahs! They well lie and miss treat you. Doo Wap! Doo Wap! Wap! Wap! They will take your money and run to National City! Doo Wap! Doo Wap! Wap! Wap! Wap! "Back to the top"