

CHICANO EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES PROGRAM

December 9, 1970

Mr. Rudy Basurto  
MARCO  
Lompoc Prison Camp  
P.O. Box 2000  
Lompoc, California

Dear Mr. Basurto:

It is my pleasure to inform you that Mr. Frank Portillo has been accepted into the Educational Opportunities Program here at San Diego State College.

At this time, an extremely small percentage of ex-felons are accepted through our program with the goal of demonstrating that college can be used as a program of relevant rehabilitation. To date, it has shown this.

Therefore, if possible, we would appreciate that Mr. Portillo be awarded an early release as soon as possible in order that our personnel can have the time necessary to fully orientate Mr. Portillo to San Diego State College. The College Orientation Program is scheduled to begin on January 4, 1971.

Thanking you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Carlos LeGerrette, Director  
Educational Opportunities Program,  
Chicano

CL:11  
cc: Mr. Frank Portillo

SPEECH BY DR. OCTAVIO ROMANO AT THE TRENDS CONFERENCE, HELD AT USD, MAY 17, 1967 WHEN 40 OUTSTANDING STUDENTS WERE HONORED FOR SCHOLASTIC ACHIEVEMENT. BY SEVERAL MEXICAN- AMERICAN ORGANIZATIONS AND INDIVIDUALS.

In spite of the fact that this is such a large group of people and in spite of the fact that this population has been living in this country now since the days of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, you find people that have strange ideas of what the Mexican-American is and it was only last week that the Chicago Daily News published an article referring to the Mexican-American as a simple people and the minute you get out of the little colonies, this is the kind of ideas about yourself you find. Usually, most people in the U.S. think that a Mexican-American is a person that picks a grape here and picks a little cotton there and then dashes out to Washington, just in time to catch the apples as they are falling off the trees. Then, of course, he goes back home and eats beans. This image of the Mexican-American is so wide-spread that this population today in California is 90% urban. As urban problems faces urban situations daily. The population of the U. S. has to understand that even in Texas the Mexican-American is 85% urban. Now, despite this fact, you still run into some strange ideas about the Mexican-American and one of the strangest is exactly the thing that is represented by the quote in the Chicago Daily News or by the specialist on the Latin-American Affairs for the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights who refers to the Mexican-American as a fatalistic and resigned people. We even run into this from the Assistant Director on the Council for testing for higher education who stated publically that the Mexican-American was igomistic and could hardly wait to get out of high school so he could go to work and hear the jingle of money in his pockets. Now these are people in very responsible positions who are uttering ludicrous statements about the Mexican-American is what we call the Social Scientist. The Social Scientist has probably been most guilty in perpetuating stereotypes and falsehoods about the Mexican-American population. For example, in the Social Science studies of Mexican-Americans, are described and this theoretical framework is called, "Hold on to your Chairs, the Bi-polar Unidirectional Model of Social Cultural Change". When you translate this into English it means that you all come from the same, that you are all moving in the same direction and sooner or later you are all going to disappear.

You are going to disappear as Mexican-Americans? Until you can answer the question, "Are you really going to disappear?" and you go back to the same studies made by the Social Scientists and you look in their books and you find out you are not going to disappear because when the Mexican-American takes on the characteristics of generalized American culture, he is then called not an American he is called an aculturated Mexican. If you take this logic and follow it far enough, you are almost forced to call President Johnson an aculturated ---. It's very interesting-- we have a lot of words describing Mexican-Americans in this country. Assimilation aculturation, integration---you know all the words. But what about the Mexican who comes to this country and decides he would rather live in Mexico and returns? We have no technical terms for this kind of person. And since we have no technical terms and since all of our studies are oriented to becoming Americanized we have no choice but to call the process of returning to Mexico a form of cultural regression. Now, in any event, this is the only approach ever used in studies on Mexican-Americans. If you go back East to Baltimore, to New York, Chicago and you look up studies of minority groups back East, you'll find anglo-conformity models, you find structural models, cultural models etc., etc., etc. But interestingly enough, the minute you get West of the Mississippi they forget all of these rich, intellectual variations and they attempt to put all Mexican-Americans into one simple, single direction model of change. This is absolutely ludicrous. It is ludicrous particularly because in the Social Sciences the Social Scientists themselves have completely, completely ignored the history of the Mexican-American. Not only have they ignored it, our schools have ignored it. There are no courses taught on the Mexican-American in our colleges and universities. At the University of California there are two courses given on race and ethnic relations. Six key lectures--- race and ethnic relations in California--not a single lecture on the Mexican-American. At San Jose State College there was a conference recently--Urban Problems--one Mexican-American invited to talk for 12 minutes in a three day conference and I understand that recently the same thing happened at San Diego State College. This is the reason why the youth that moves through our colleges--our high schools, colleges and universities know little, if anything, about the Mexican-American and are content to spend the rest of their lives dawdling and diddling around with stereotypes that are inaccurate. The books that are referred to in the Social Sciences that perpetuate stereotype and misinformation about the Mexican-American--it would be nice if they would disappear into libraries at colleges and universities and there be used for master thesis, Phd thesis and then left to be forgotten. But they are not. They become the authoratative source for medical schools, nursing schools, public health, immigration, police departments, etc. So you can see how widely spread the

stereotypes have become. And so when you go to immigration people they think you are a little man sleeping under the cactus, which to me is rather sadistic. There are many stereotypes about Mexican-Americans perpetuated. There are five major ones. One, the myth of the Spanish heritage, the Spanish Grandee. The director of the Latin-American Division, U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, has in his portfolio in Washington a statement that the Mexican-American is a direct descendent of the Spanish Grandee. The second stereotype is a stereotype of the emotional Latin. The third is a stereotype of the superstitious peasant. The fourth stereotype is the stereotype of the fatalistic Mexican, and the fifth one is the stereotype that the Mexican-American will not organize. Carry McWilliams once upon a time attended a shindig in Los Angeles called "Founders Day" and on Founders Day commemorated the founding of LA. A lot of funny people came out dressed in what they thought Spaniards dressed like and paraded up and down the streets and they were celebrating of course, the people who started the whole thing in our lives. The names of the founders of Los Angeles are Pablo Rodriguez, Jose Variegas, Jose Moreno, Felix Vivariencio, Juan Legara, Antonio Mesa, Basilio Rosa, Alejandro Rosa, Antonio Navarro, Manuel Cabero. These are all excellent Spanish names. And since they are Spanish they must have been Spanish Grandee except that Carry McWilliams could not settle for that and he looked up more information on them and he discovered that Pablo Rodriguez was an Indian, Jose Variegas, the first mayor of LA was an Indian, Jose Moreno was a mulatto, Felix Vivariencio a Spaniard married to an Indian, Juan Legara a Spaniard married to an Indian, Antonio Mesa, Negro, Basilio Rosa, Indian married to a mulatto, Alejandro Rosa, an Indian married to an Indian--he didn't discriminate. Antonio Navarro, mestizo married to a mulatto wife and Manuel Cabero a mulatto, and there is your great Spanish heritage and I imagine if you did a more detailed study of Onate when he came into New Mexico and Coronado and all the rest of them you would probably find the same picture.. that it was the Indian, the mestizo, who did the work and when the land was cleared then the Grandees moved in. I have no evidence to prove this aside from world history. So much for the men of the Spanish Grandee.

How about the emotional Latin? A couple of years ago, Juan Marisha hit Johnny Rose over the head with a bat. The newspapers, television, radio, magazines, were full of references to the fiery Latin temper, his emotional outbursts, etc., etc., etc. Not long after that game I saw a basketball games where people hit each other over the head with hockey pucks and right on down the line we see it all the time. But these were not Latins so its called a rhubarb. I think they're emotional outbursts.

What I am saying, of course, is that in this country, we use differential language to describe the same thing when it happens to someone else. In Iowa, not long after that, there was a group of strikers in a local union, not Mexican-Americans, who went out, overturned cars, broke windows, started fires, screamed, jumped, cussed, and did everything else. This was called, of course, a demonstration. The people that they were striking against were the emotional, volitile Latins who had taken the job in the local factory and being emotional Latins, they left town quietly, leaving the others behind, burning cars, yelling and screaming, jumping and stomping. Even the meaning at the end of March from Delano was referred to in the newspaper as a profound, emotional display. If you want to see a profound emotional display, go to the demonstrations on the Berkeley campus, not to Delano.

The third stereotype of Mexican--Americans is that of the superstitious peasant and any of you who have read articles and books on Mexican-Americans know that the author can hardly wait to get copy in production so he can get into the meat of it--witchcraft. I worked on a project in Texas which was published in a volume which devoted an entire chapter to witchcraft. Nothing was said of the fact that 90% of the population in the hospital was Mexican-American and so the stereotype is perpetuated. You can go around the U.S. and ask people, "I'm looking for studies of witchcraft in the U.S., not Mexican-American", and they say there isn't any, despite the fact that there are witchcraft centers in New York, Michigan, Chicago, Illinois and California, and even Berkeley has a resident witch. If you go to the source that deals in this kind of literature. You'll find thousands and thousands and thousands of books on witchcraft. If you go to England and you talk to any self-respecting witch, they will correct you on history and they will tell you that it was not the RAF that stopped Hitler, it was the witches of England because when Hitler was threatening to invade, they all went out into a glade, said mumbo-mumbo and this and that and then held hands and then leaned toward the Straits of Dover. And in case you didn't know it, that's what stopped Hitler. Today, among people who know such things, there is an estimated 750,000 non-Mexican witches in the U.S. Now, probably the most insidious and ignorant stereotype is the stereotype of the fatalistic Latin. I used to talk about this until it dawned on me one day that it was entirely too ludicrous to even discuss. That any adult Social Scientist, that any adult, can say that any people is fatalistic and resigned to poverty, to hunger and to illness--well, that gets me pretty mad, so I'd better quit there. Except to say, that there's a guy named Hadley Cantrell who just finished a

study of 15 different countries in which it is titled, "Parents of Human Concern" and which I hope, once and for all, will lay to rest the notion that any human being is fatalistic and resigned to poverty, to hunger and to illness. Just for the historical record, colonial America refers to the indention servant as fatalistic and resigned to their position. So this idea about the fatalistic people has a long history in the U.S. and it bears more analysis. Finally, the stereotype that the Mexican-American will not organize. Even before Texas, New Mexico and California became parts of the U.S. there was a Mexican protest, "Organize" in Texas. They set up one of the largest and probably one of the most effective underground railroad to help the Negro escape slavery. This was in 1339 and it continued to fight repeated attacks from the Army and Rangers. From that day up to the present, there was systematic and organized protest by Mexican-Americans. In 1383 in Texas there was a large cowboy strike organized and led by Mexican-Americans. In California in 1903 there were 1,000 Mexicans and Mexican-Americans striking in Ventura County. This was followed by a wide wave of strikes in Los Angeles, in the city. 1927, 20 locals, Mexican-American, striking in Arizona, in New Mexico, in Idaho, in Washington, in Colorado, in Michigan and in Texas. This does not sound like a fatalistic people and it certainly does not sound like a people that do not organize. The reason I bring this up is to indicate what is happening in Delano and now South Texas is merely a continuation of 100 years of the same kind of activity. Now you can ask, "What happened during these strikes"? What posses' were formed the Rangers were called out, the National Guard was called out, the Army was called out. As a consequence there were beatings, shootings and gassings. During the night families would disappear. Now remember this as a kick, barbed wire enclosures were set up in Ventura County to take in the strikers. One Sheriff in Ventura County said that he had never seen so many guns in his life as those that he now saw aimed at the Mexican-Americans. They were herded into enclosures and then departed systematically until the unumber deported exceeded 300,000. No other minority, except the American Indian have been so treated. They went to the reservations, the Mexicans and Mexican-Americans were deported. But despite this, the protests continued.

I have just said that beginning in 1339 and culminating around 1939 there was a systematic 100-year long protest. I would like to now read you a quote from a Social Scientist: Ruth Tuck, "Not with a Pick". She wrote, "For many years the immigrant and his sons made no effort to free themselves. They burned with resentment over a thousands flights but they did so in private.

Perhaps this pacivity is a mark of any minority that is just emerging". 100 years of striking and she says they are just emerging. Let me read you another quote. Beatrice Griffith, "American Me". "The returned serviceman, more than anyone else knows that the absence of a political life has seriously retarded Spanish-speaking population in America. Now the second generation has arrived in force and the ferment of social change is under way". After 100 years of striking in eight different states, "...the ferment of social change is under way". This is only four years after the last strike before the war. You don't have to go back that far. In UCLA Mexican-American studies project. They wrote, "For the Mexican-American it is likely that his pacivity is envy." I can quote you Bill Maxon, Lyle Saunders, John Berma, Art Ruple, all of them say the same thing. Completely ignoring the history of this population. And one wonders, this is certainly a profound, edealogical commitment if they must indeed ignore the history of their own nation.

Not long ago, a sociology professor at San Jose State said once again publically, that Negro was doing all the work for civil rights while the Mexican-American sat before his television and ate peanuts. So you see, we have alot of educating to do. Now one way is, of course, through education. At the University of California when the ethnic surveys were made, we discovered interesting things. 60 Mexican-Americans UCLA, 27,000 enrollment. You know the figures, same in Berekely, etc., etc., etc. We went around and protested and asked for increased recruitment. Many people told us, "Don't worry about a thing, the Mexican-American is amply represented at state colleges". So we surveyed graduating classes of all California state colleges in California today. Between 5 and 700 graduated last year out of a base population of over 300,000 college age kids. So the state colleges told us while they are in the junior colleges don't fret about a thing, we'll pick them up as soon as they graduate. So we surveyed the graduating classes of all California junior colleges. Same thing. The junior colleges told us, "Why, if they would only graduate from high school we sure would pick them up. They're not graduating". So we go to the high schools and we hear 10% dropout, 20% dropout, etc. And what everybody seems to forget is that when you have 20% dropout rate you have 80% making it. Now what happens to them? To try to get grants to help them is extremely difficult. If you want to help the dropouts or the delinquents it's relatively easy to get money to work in this area. Now, we surveyed high schoold, they're graduating right and left, so what is happening? They are not getting to college for reasons that you know as well as I do.

The people that became involved in this with me were Mexican-American students from the University of California in Berkely. They formed a group, they called themselves "Quinto Sol". The center of the Aztec calendar is the "Quinto Sol". It is the fifth era, the era that we live in today. If the little guy has his tongue sticking out, don't take it personally, he just finished some pretty hot enchiladas.

Quinto Sol formed and decided to try to do something in this area. They contacted MAYO, Mexican-American Youth Organization in Santa Clara County. They have 400 kids working, trying to get to college, helping each other. They were going to have their annual convention, we invited them to have it at the Berkeley campus, we got an auditorium that holds 580 and they expected 250, maybe 300 so we sent word out by word of mouth, "if you know any Mexican-American kids that want to go to college bring them over December 3rd". We announced it two months before. At the end of the fourth week after we made the announcement we were getting calls from as far away as Riverside County. At the end of the fifth week we had to cut it at 600, we could not accommodate anymore of the calls, they kept coming and coming and coming. We could have had 2,000, we could have had 3,000. So on December third 600 Mexican-American kids in an auditorium that want to go to college, we surveyed them for grades, etc., you name it--they're there. We invited all colleges, and state colleges and junior colleges in the area to bring information and set up tables. Two responded. We invited all programs on higher education to come and tell the kids what is available in the way of assistance. None came. So, Quinto Sol got mad. Then they found out that the kids that came to the conference went back to Solano County and formed their own clubs, countywide, on their own. East Contra Costa County did the same thing. The MAYO group picked up seven new chapters and in Oakland, the kids who came to the conference went back to their own schools, formed clubs, you know what for? Not to grab it for themselves, but to help the junior high school kids, Mexican-Americans, get to high school. So now there about 1500 kids looking for help to get to college. Quinto Sol goes to work again working with a group of citizens in Oakland they got \$25,000 for a higher education aid program, to help Mexican-American kids get into college, any college. Then they picket the local poverty programs and they take on the University of California and start writing letters and telegrams first to President Kerr who got fired right after he received our telegram--that might have been the reason--and then to President Wellman and slowly but very surely we are convincing people that the Mexican-American student is lagging behind the Negro, that at UCLA there are 600 Negro students, 60 Mexican--

Americans, and that they are asking for equalization of programs. They found out also that in California state colleges 1,000 Negro students graduated last year, a pittance, they need ten times more, but only 500 or so Mexican-American students, so there's a lot of work to do. In any event, Quinto Sol continued. Their Commission on civil rights comes to San Francisco. Mexican-American students are sent to San Francisco College, San Jose State College and Berkeley disrupt the meeting and demand to be heard, they are ruled out of order and they are not about to leave, so they are given permission to speak at which time they read a statement accusing the Commission of Civil Rights of being in violation of Title 6 of the U.S. Act of Civil Rights and this has got to be the barest irony because they researched the commission for one year and found out that there was a total, total exclusion of the Mexican-American population. In ten years (can't make this out) So ---- Quinto Sol goes riding on, then they decide they got to disseminate information so Quinto Sol starts publishing a little book, "The Mexican-American Liberation Paper". This is written by students, put together by students. We already have a national response. At the end of the second week we are in the black. I say we, because I'm proud to associate myself with the students. And there is even a request from the Nations Magazine that they want these papers as quick as possible, etc., etc. For not only do they publish their own but then they also put out the buttons and everywhere people go they put up little stands and sell buttons and slowly the movement is begun; I think the main message to learn from these students is, they're there, the people that are making this up

So just to recapitulate a little, the students form, they have a conference, these Mexican-American students, they publish their own material, they take on Cal. they take on the Commission and they're on their way and I think you will hear more of Quinto Sol because after all, this is the era in which we live today. And that is about all I have to say, I hope next time that you see a meeting like this one of the members of Quinto Sol might address you because they're already been hired by the University of California at the Santa Cruz campus to give one of the lectures in a series of presentations on the Mexican-American in transition, but I believe that it's not the Mexican-American that is in transition, but it is the U. S. that is in transition that it is finally emerging and realizing that the Mexican-American is here and has always been here and probably will stay here. Thank you.

despite his appearances at farms and factories to shake hands and present awards. He is the old-fashioned German Papa, the head of the house who made the decisions which no one dreamed of questioning. But in this new Germany, Papa is head of the house only because the rest of the family approve of the manner in which he functions. Ulbricht, thus, is something of an anachronism. The young, encouraged perhaps by the externally enforced isolation, feel an urge to participate; among older people isolation sometimes has the opposite effect, making them unable or unwilling to take part.

East Berlin, despite its position, is a calm, tranquil and relatively tension-free city. It would appear to be a very normal sort of city—much like anywhere else. The citizens are annoyed because West Berliners, many of whom have relatives in East Berlin, cannot come across the border to visit, as they once did. GDR policy now is to consider West Berlin as an entity separate from West Germany, and to accord it the status of independent municipality. This is not acceptable to either West Berlin or West Germany. Hence, while visitors may come to the GDR from West Germany, West Berliners are barred.

Once you are inside the borders of the GDR, the ogre image suddenly disappears. The people, accustomed to foreigners from both East and West, including GIs and

British Tommies sightseeing for the day, are without hostility, and will talk quite freely on the streets or in a café. The waiters, particularly in the better restaurants, furnish the most enthusiastic proponents and practitioners of free enterprise—as well as the best argument against it; they are notorious cheats.

Desperate for recognition, East Germany has been thrusting itself heavily upon the coquettishly demurring Arabs, who do them the favor of accepting large amounts of aid. The Arab threat to recognize East Germany is useful in exacting more assistance from West Germany. Arabs are a luxury the GDR can afford without depriving its own people, but the misalliance will not go on forever, with the Arabs taking everything and giving nothing—not even recognition.

East Germany—the German Democratic Republic—would do itself a favor if it stopped calling itself Germany, either East or Democratic. It should change its name—divorce itself from its past, and emerge as a new and separate state, with many of the accompanying advantages. The West Germans, paranoid in their efforts to prevent any form of recognition for East Germany—including sports activities and UN membership—would be undermined. Besides, East Germany is not really German any more, and the new generation is proving it.

NO MORE SOMBREROS

## THE CHICANO REBELLION

### ROY BONGARTZ

*Mr. Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street (Houghton Mifflin), has been a radio announcer, educational adviser, reporter and Nation contributor for many years. He is now a free-lance writer, specializing in travel, and wrote the following article on assignment from The Nation during a recent visit to California.*

Now it's the Mexican Americans—Chicanos, they are called in California—who are appearing on the scene of protest, with a self-evaluation that breaks radically away from the old, degrading stereotype of fatalistic loafer asleep under a sombrero. These young Chicanos are wide-awake, and when something happens, they intend to be the ones who make it happen. Militant Chicano student organizations are active throughout California, not only in colleges but in high schools as well, and they are growing in the rest of the Southwest: the Mexican-American Student Association, United Mexican-American Students, Mexican-American Student Confederation. They all make a central demand for courses in Mexican-American studies, such as are now available at San Francisco State College, Sacramento State College, California State College in Los Angeles, San Fernando Valley College and the University of California at Berkeley.

Teaching the course at Berkeley is Octavio J. Romano, an anthropologist, born in Mexico and raised in Califor-

nia, who wants to destroy the myth of the passive Mexican. He points out that Mexican Americans have been the main figures in the labor movement in the Southwest, that they published the first Western underground newspapers, that they have pushed through bilingual education in two states, that they clinched the victory for John F. Kennedy, that they have a strong influence on the Spanish language that extends into Mexico itself, even that they originated driftwood sculpture.

Romano's most energetic attacks are aimed at sociologists who are preserving stale anti-Mexican prejudices in the academic jargon of scholarly works. In place of "the Mexican is lazy," the academic (in this case Celia Heller) writes: "The combination of stress on work and rational use of time forms little or no part of the Mexican-American socialization process." Instead of saying that you can't tell them apart, she writes: "They exhibit a marked lack of internal differentiation." Referring to this and other writers of Chicano studies, including William Madsen, Ruth Tuck, Lyle Saunders, Florence Kluckhohn, Fred L. Strodbeck, Julian Samora and Richard Lumanna, Romano says: "Contemporary social scientists [are] busily perpetuating the very same opinions of Mexican culture that were current during the Mexican-American War. These opinions were, and are, pernicious, vicious, misleading, degrading and brainwashing."

Romano has some new ideas on how to give a college

course. For one, students will think up a subject and assign it as a term paper to the instructor, then grade the paper and discuss it in class. Students' own papers must be presented in three versions—one in academic style, one in a "journal" style for possible publication in a Chicano review, and the last a newspaper version to be submitted to a local paper. Students writing the papers for publication will work directly with the editors. Members of the course may take a third of class time to address their colleagues on any relevant subject. It is Romano's hope that by using students' own ideas and writings the course may improve and grow in the future. Sacramento State is already planning a four-year program leading to a B.A. in Mexican-American studies.

But the Mexican Americans at Berkeley have not confined themselves to the classroom. A number of Romano's students are among the hundred-odd members of a student group called Quinto Sol, some of whom two years ago marched in upon hearings of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission in San Francisco to protest the exclusion of Mexican Americans from a program designed to recruit college students from minority groups. They also attacked the commission for having but one Mexican American on its staff of 350, yelling "Practice what you preach!" at commission members until police threw them out. Quinto Sol members invaded and occupied the office of the university president at Berkeley to protest the purchase of California grapes by the university cafeteria—student groups all solidly support the nation-wide grape boycott led by César Chavez and the United Farm Workers. The Chicanos were forcibly removed from the office and eleven of them were jailed.

Says one Quinto Sol leader, Nick Vaca, 24, a graduate student and an editor of a sharp new quarterly review called *El Grito* (The Cry): "The message our group wants to give is that the Mexican American is not docile. That idea of the 'sleeping giant' is an insult—it's that same old peon taking his siesta under his hat. Mexican Americans are not an *emerging* people. We're already here!" Bill Vega, 24, and John Carrillo, 27, who, along with Professor Romano, also help edit the review, agree that the Chicano is here; but they add ruefully that he is here in very few numbers at Berkeley—some 200 out of an enrollment of 25,000. Though they do not want to deny the Negro his chance, they have been forced to vie with him for benefits from the Educational Opportunity Program, whereby colleges recruit a certain number of minority students who cannot satisfy the regular academic entrance requirements and lack the money for college. Even though there are nearly twice as many Mexican Americans as Negroes in California, blacks in the Berkeley Opportunity Program outnumber Chicanos 9 to 1. The average Chicano has an 8th-grade education; the average Negro has ten and a half years of school (Anglos, 12.1 years) in California. Chicanos earn less money than Negroes; that is, less than anybody else in the state.

A little more than two years ago a conference was held in Berkeley to enable Mexican-American high school students from the Bay area who were interested in college to meet counselors from all the colleges in the state; the

idea was to help them pick a school and find out how to go about getting admitted. Nearly 2,000 Chicanos applied to attend the conference, which had to be limited to 600 from lack of space. Two counselors showed up, only Mills College and Contra Costa bothering to send anybody. "We're facing a monumental indifference to the Mexican American," says Romano. "And they blame the kid in the *barrio* for being 'non-goal-oriented.'"

In the continuous political free-for-all at Sather Gate, Berkeley, students wearing great Walt Disney pig heads rush a group of sign carriers in a noontime skit lampooning police attacks on militants over at San Francisco State. But Chicanos and their problems are invisible. *El Grito* is aware that Berkeley students are supposed to be radicals, but notes that they give Chicanos very little support. They don't back the grape boycott; they don't demand increased Chicano student enrollment. The editors believe that the Anglos are moved by self-interest and that the Mexican-American cause doesn't fit the pattern.

Chicanos have only a toehold at Berkeley, but they are more numerous at some other colleges. At San Jose City College, for example, the Mexican-American Student Confederation (MASC) recently organized a Mexican Week for both students and townspeople. It provided an art show, film festival, discussions, a show of regional Mexican clothing, a *charreado* (football match), and a horse show put on by Los Charros de la Plata Aspada (Silver Spurs). The climax was a talk by an old Mexican revolutionary who had fought with Pancho Villa and Zapata. Says one MASC member, Manuel Madrid, 23, "Our main goal is to orient the Chicano to *think* Chicano so as to achieve equal status with other groups, not to emulate the Anglo. A decade ago, the idea was that the Mexican American wanted to be totally assimilated into the American culture. But not now."



Drawings by Salvador Roberto Torres. *El Grito*

THE NATION/March 6, 1969

A Mexican-American counselor named Angelo Atondo is on the scene at San Jose City College as a direct result of Chicano student agitation. "The attitudes of Mexican Americans toward themselves has completely changed since I graduated from college in 1956," he says. "We never spoke Spanish. We would have been stared at. There was a silent taboo against Spanish." He explains that San Jose is an "open door" college, with a two-year program that can lead to continued studies at one of the state colleges or can give a diploma in a wide variety of vocational fields, mostly technical. "A student can get in here even if he had straight Ds in high school," says Atondo. "We salvage many students that way."

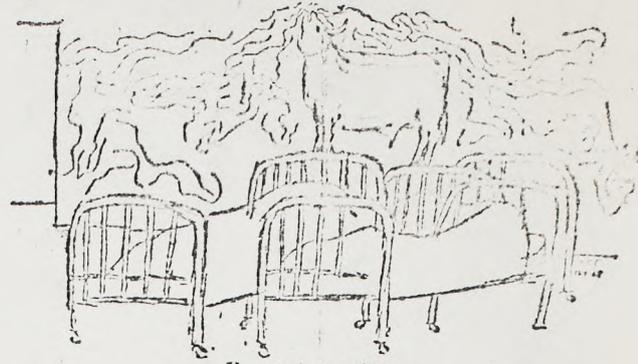
One student who dropped out of high school is Lee Polanco, now 31, a qualified electrician who bitterly recalls answering a help-wanted ad by telephone, being invited for an interview, and then, because he's a Chicano, being greeted with: "What do you want? Get out of here!" Polanco, director of campus activities in MASC, is studying social sciences. "We found that the colleges were paying attention to the blacks because they were militant, so we started to get as militant as the blacks," he says. His friend Manuel Madrid adds, "I hope we don't have to get as militant as the blacks. But if we have to, we will."

Polanco points out that of the 12,000 students at San Jose, some 1,200 are Mexican American, while 200 are black. But four courses are offered in black studies, and only one in a Mexican-American subject. Naturally the Chicanos want to adjust that balance. "We're being ignored," says Madrid, "but we want to work with the blacks."

Besides getting a counselor assigned to the college, the Chicanos succeeded in having a committee from their group screen the professor who teaches the one Mexican culture course; they even got some money from the administration for their Mexican Week. In addition to demanding more Chicano-oriented courses, including one in Spanish for the Spanish-speaking, they want free buses to town and back. Going beyond their own issues, they have held a vigil of sympathy for students at Mexico City who were killed or injured there by troops last year.

Manuel Madrid also dropped out of high school from discouragement. "The white kids knew you weren't like them. Talking Spanish was a 'no-no.' It gave us an inferiority complex." One of the most encouraging things about Madrid and other dropouts now in college is their concern for the young coming up behind them. They go out to the high schools to talk with Chicano students and encourage them to stay in school, and they intend to have MASC make this a part of its official program. Madrid, who may well realize that he's on his way, still says, "Let's get a little uncomfortable about our friends back there."

But these days there is much less apathy among the friends back in high school. Thirteen East Los Angeles Chicanos were arrested last May for organizing a boycott of their schools to protest intolerable conditions. In Livingston, fifty-three Chicanos skipped their high school classes on Mexican Independence Day, demanding it be made an official holiday. They also wanted the schools to



Hospital Daydream

hire Mexican teachers and counselors, and to offer courses in Mexican and black history. They wanted the double lunch periods ended—white kids at the first sitting; black and brown at the second. Police picked up the truants, although at harvest time, when the big local farms need extra help, the compulsory attendance law is ignored.

At Fremont High School, in Oakland, students demonstrated for weeks to demand a Chicano student union, and Mexican-American entertainment and speakers at assemblies. A Chicano group called Los Carnales at Redwood High in Visalia made twenty-one demands on the principal, including Mexican food in the cafeteria, mandatory attendance by all teachers at classes in black and Mexican culture, and a rule to keep police, probation and parole officers off the school grounds.

Though nothing enrages the young Chicanos more than to be called "emerging," the facts are not only that their political awareness (like that of all young people) has become greatly sharpened of late but also that their presence as an intellectual force is for the first time establishing itself. *Bronze*, a new militant paper at San Jose, deals with problems that haunt Mexican Americans. Writes Luis Valdez: "This is a society largely hostile to our cultural values. There is no poetry about the United States. No depth, no faith, no allowance for human contrariness. No soul, no *mariachi*, no *chili sauce*, no *pulque*, no mysticism, no *chingaderas*." Valdez sees a gloomy future for Mexican Americans who lose their identity in the cities: "They have solved their Mexican contradictions with a pungent dose of Americanism, and are more concerned with status, money and bad breath than with their ultimate destiny." But he does not despair altogether. "There will always be *raza* [the race, the people] in this country. There are millions more where we came from." Manuel Madrid says that the 50,000 immigrants who arrive every year from Mexico "give us all a shot in the arm."

Another student describes the strains of holding to a clear identity: "Sometimes you have to go to a Mexican show or a Mexican bar and be by yourself, to remind yourself of what you are. And then you . . . begin to see that you are becoming something that you are not and you know it. I had to relearn how it is to be a Mexican and what it is like for so many Mexicans to be poor in San Jose. *Hijo*, I was so dumb that I used to be proud to have Mexicans die in the war. I used to be so dumb that

I used to think in college how beautiful it would be to pick *fruta* again and watch *la raza* work against the rays of the sun, that is how stupid I used to be."

A number of newspapers have joined the Chicano Press Association, which includes *El Matorado* in Delano, *La Raza*, *Carta Editorial* and *Inside Eastside* in Los Angeles, *El Gallo* in Denver, *El Papel* in Albuquerque, *Inferno* in San Antonio and *Compass* in Houston. A note in *El Grito* says they are all "very relevant to Mexican Americans, Spanish Americans, Chicanos, Hispanos, Spanish-Speaking Latin Americans, Mexican-Latin Spanish Speakers, greasers, spies and bandits." (One of *El Grito's* favorite targets is the way some *Tio Tomás* Mexicans try to dissociate themselves from *la raza* by using fancy group names: "a vacuous ethnic taxonomy," *El Grito* calls it.

By far the most impressive evidence of intellectual liveliness among Chicano students is to be found in the pages of *El Grito*, named for the famous "cry" of the Mexican Revolution. It grew out of publication by Quinto Sol, the Berkeley student group, of articles attacking social scientists; these were called The Mexican-American Liberation Papers, and were priced at \$2 for students, \$15 for federal agencies, \$500 for governors of states and \$15,000 for the President of the United States. *El Grito* first appeared in the fall of 1967, after the editors had each contributed \$50 to \$100 to pay the printing bill; it has been solvent ever since. The journal threatens its readers: "Subscribe now, or La Llorona will get you" (she's the witch who grabs bad Mexican children). The journal has been much helped financially by the fact that several of the Mexican-American college courses use it—900 copies, for example, go to San Jose State. But at Berkeley itself enthusiasm remains low; a mailing of 300 fliers brought in but one subscription. "Publishing in Berkeley is a real hang-up," the editors say.

The editors want to explore relationships between Chicanos and Mexico. They believe they can see philosophies of life that are very different here and in Mexico. They say the United States has a nationalistic ideology that develops "self-interest groups through a combination of political and religious affiliation." The Mexican idea, in their view, is much broader—people tackling moral problems as world-wide concerns, not just Mexican. The editors have published some work, and want to carry more, from the Mexican *nueva ola*—new wave—currently being produced by a café clique in Guadalajara.

Chicanos accuse both Jews and Negroes of nationalism. Writes Nick Vaca, "After viewing the effects of the nationalistic fervor in Israel, it is not surprising to note that it has been the Jewish merchant who has exploited and continues to exploit Negroes in the ghettos. . . ." Vaca is no more friendly toward the black, who, he writes, "is systematically 'putting down' his 'brown brother.'" The Chicanos were especially angered by a black teacher's remark: "While blacks were out protesting, Mexican Americans were sitting at home before their television sets, eating beans." Chicanos have much warmer feelings toward the smaller ethnic groups—American Indians, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Samoans and Koreans, and

include them in demands for a fair share of educational opportunity.

A more encouraging aspect of *El Grito's* point of view is its concern about aspects of American society that affect everybody. For example, they would like to do away with commercials in television and radio news broadcasts: "When a people have to wait for news of the world, for news of their country, and even of their own community, while mascara is peddled, then that people have lost the right to be called civilized." The editors would also put an end to Congressional hearings on local social problems: "It seems absurd, as we do today, to elect a man to Washington only to have him return to find out what problems exist. . . . People are electing representatives who do not know what is going on, and who then, at taxpayers' expense, must return in order to find out." *El Grito* also favors having the length of military service determined by income, and in wartime would draft industry, so that workers and management receive soldiers' pay.

The journal runs thoroughgoing pieces on the use of Mexican national workers in the border areas, which *El Grito* calls the Mexican-Dixon line, and one of its contributors has offered the pertinent suggestion that U.S. aid to Mexico should go mainly to raising Mexican income, along the border, and "not, as is happening now, to lowering the American to present Mexican levels." A joint border authority would take over the economics of these international communities. The journal prints some of its material in Spanish, and derides such continuing tenets as that of Theodore Roosevelt, who said: "We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns out people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house." The editors point out that many people "speak English somewhat colorfully," and suggest Lyndon Johnson, May West, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Wernher von Braun, Lawrence Welk, Everett Dirksen and George Jessel.

Excellent graphic work, both drawings and photographs, enliven the pages of *El Grito*. The clash-and-blend flavor of Mexican-American life is expressed in a renewed tradition of bilingual poetry in which lines of Spanish alternate with lines of English. They do not translate each other, but move the thought along in the two tongues.

Mexican Americans everywhere in the Southwest are feeling their oats, not only in traditional labor-movement unity but now also as students, writers, artists, teachers—as thinkers. A bilingual poem by John J. Martinez, a mathematics major at Berkeley, sounds the note:

brown power!  
qué?  
Together we must . . .  
Si!  
The problem . . .  
qué?  
It's your fault . . .  
who?  
I mean . . .  
qué?  
brown power!  
testing, testing,  
uno, dos, tres . . .

12/11/70

# Teamsters Charge UFWOC 'Raid' On Salinas Growers

Teamsters Joint Council 38 today accused the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee of raiding Salinas lettuce growers with Teamster contracts and put the controversy in the perspective of a jurisdictional dispute.

Harry Kachadoorian, secretary of Teamsters Local 431 in Fresno, and the council's vice president, released a telegram to Raymond Burditt, secretary of the Salinas local, backing his action in claiming jurisdiction over workers employed by growers with Teamster contracts.

The telegram pointedly omitted references to UFWOC, describing it instead as "Cesar Chavez and his group" and as "a movement."

Kachadoorian said copies of the telegram were sent to Frank Fitzsimmons, the Teamsters general vice president; Einar Mohn of Burlingame, second vice president and director of the Western Conference of Teamsters; Sen. Alan Cranston; Salinas lettuce grower Bud Antle, and to other joint councils in Los Angeles, the Bay Area and in Washington and Oregon.

The telegram said the council "wholeheartedly" favors the Salinas' local's "action against Cesar Chavez and his group, who are attempting to take away from the Teamsters Union companies who have had contracts with the Teamsters for the last 10 years, namely Bud Antle, Mapes Produce and many others.

should be done that can be done in the way of getting propaganda out to all of the people of this country and to all local un-

ions, especially teamsters, and point out to them emphatically that we have had contracts with these companies over the years and that this is strictly a raid, not by a union but by a movement who could care less about the people they are supposed to represent and are attempting to only build their own power structure.

"Joint Council of Teamsters No. 38 wishes to inform you that we will, on our own, do all we possibly can to notify our local unions, our joint councils and other labor unions of the Chavez boycott against lettuce, which is handled, packed and delivered 100 per cent by organized labor, and Cesar Chavez does not run a union but a movement with which he attempts to coerce the people who work in the fields by demonstrations, threats and any other means at their disposal to force them to force the employers to sign contracts in his movement."

Kachadoorian said the council's executive board is "concerned that everything's coming out of Chavez' camp.

"We think we should be heard, too."

Kachadoorian said he could not predict what reaction, if any, might result from the council's stand. "We'll sit back and see what happens," he added.

The Teamsters claim to have contracts with some 200 Salinas lettuce growers — agreements which the UFWOC counterclaims are "sweetheart" contracts.

Chavez was jailed Dec. 4 on contempt of court charges by Monterey County Superior Judge Gordon Campbell for failing to halt a boycott against Antle lettuce.

Antle, who requested that Cranston intercede in the boycott, and has been asked to reply to interrogatories as part of a Senate migratory labor subcommittee.

## Bishop Supports Chavez In Efforts For Field Workers

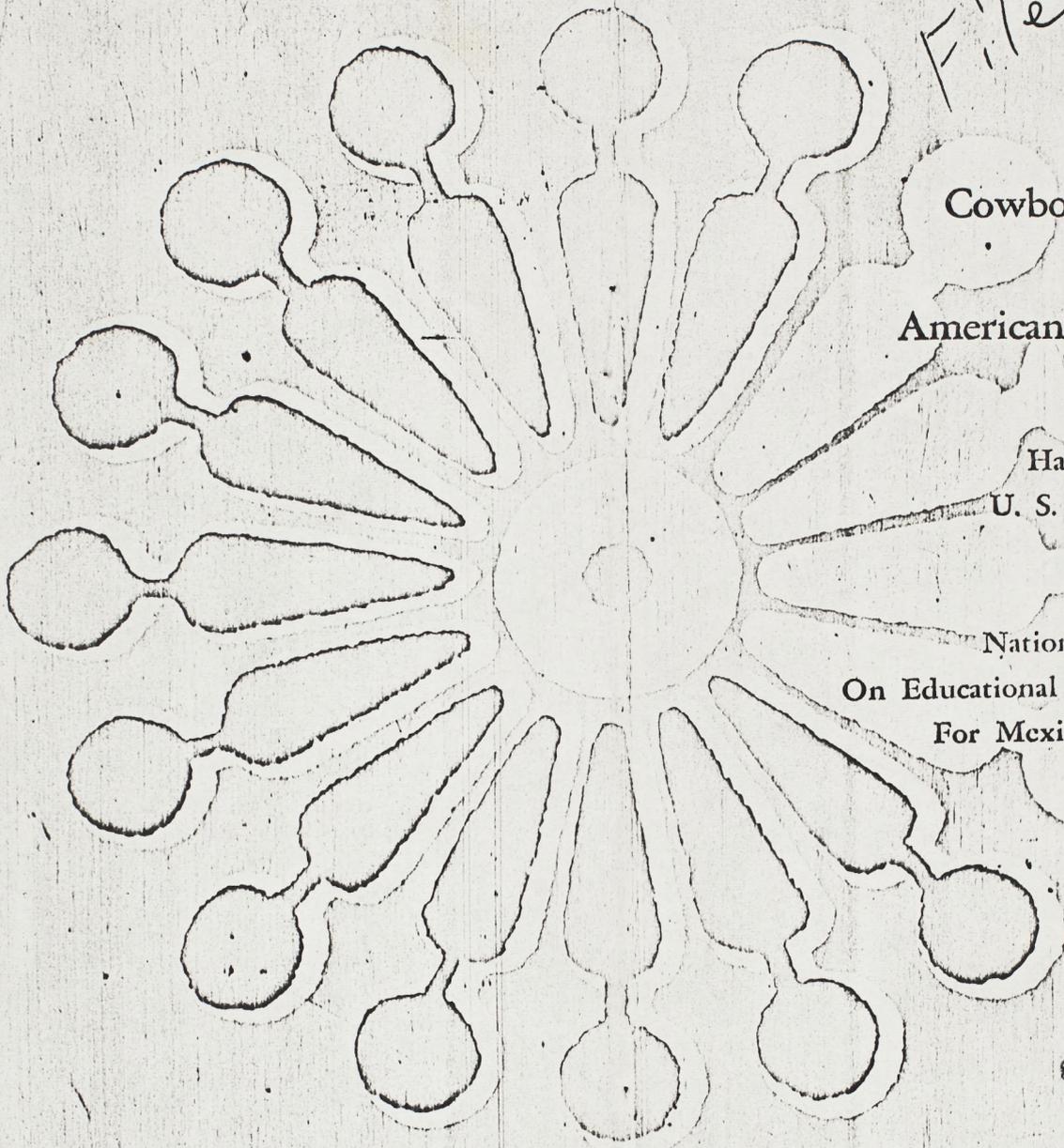
SAN DIEGO (UPI) — The first American Roman Catholic bishop of Mexican descent supports Cesar Chavez' efforts to secure higher pay for field workers not only in California but elsewhere.

The most Rev. Patrick F. Flores, auxiliary bishop of San Antonio, told a news conference that Texas has no one like Chavez, unfortunately. He said he approves in general of Chavez' philosophy and tactics in unionizing migrant workers to achieve adequate pay for their work.

Bishop Flores was in this city as principal speaker at the Our Lady of Guadalupe celebration in Balboa Stadium.

He said Spanish-speaking Americans still need understanding and education. He pointed out that in one public school in Texas with a large enrollment of pupils with Spanish surnames, only one per cent of the graduates go on to higher education while in a similar school operated by a Catholic religious order, 83 per cent go on to higher education.

File



**Cowboys, Indians  
and  
American Education**

Address by  
**Harold Howe II**  
U. S. Commissioner  
of Education

National Conference  
On Educational Opportunities  
For Mexican Americans

Austin, Texas  
April 25, 1968

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The Southwest Educational Development Laboratory  
Austin, Texas

*Postscript*

Commissioner Howe's speech is a powerful statement in defense of the splendid American proposition that all men are of equal worth and dignity. Perhaps no idea is more alien to the American ideal than the concept of cultural superiority. I urge that all who read the Commissioner's words take time to reflect on their deep significance, and that educators commit themselves to a searching appraisal of their schools' programs to be certain that the worth of all individuals be recognized and that diversity of cultures be nurtured.

Armando Rodriguez, Chief  
Mexican American Affairs Unit  
U. S. Office of Education

Cowboys, Indians  
And  
American Education

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*National Advisory Committee*  
on  
*Mexican American Education*  
of the U. S. Office of Education

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The programs you will observe here today and tomorrow represent a start toward making sure that one group of American children will receive its education in school, not in jail or the streets. I hope you will learn from these demonstrations, adapt them, and put them to work as widely as you can, and that educators across the country will learn from you. For the schools can send forth a message that we all badly need to hear: Our is not a nation of cowboys and Indians. White hats belong to everyone. As Malcom X said, all our kids are beautiful and all are great.

I would add that none of our children is hyphenated. All of them are American.

and your fellow citizens with a particular concern for Mexican American children should bring every possible pressure to bear to ensure that Title I funds provide education which allows Mexican American children to have pride in their heritage while learning the way to take part in the opportunities this country has to offer. Title I funds are not appropriated by the Congress to promote "business as usual" in the schools. They are appropriated, instead, to help the educationally deprived get a fair chance. The Office of Education will join with you to help see that this fair chance is made a reality.

I would like to close with a quotation from a man whom few of us would regard as an educational theorist: Malcolm X, a leader of the militant Black Muslim movement who was assassinated some years ago. In a conversation with a moderate Negro leader, Malcolm X once said he wished he could talk to some middle-income Negroes, those who had "made it" in our segregated society and tended to turn their backs on the problems of the ghetto. If he had that chance, Malcolm said, here is what he would tell them:

*The people who helped me were the wrong people, from the point of view of the moral society, from the point of view of the democratic society. The people who helped me, whose hands reached out to mine, whose hearts and heads touched mine, were the pimps, the prostitutes and hustlers, the thieves, and the murderers. The people who helped me through grade school were the gangs. The people who helped me through the high school of adolescence were the kids up in the reformatory. The people who helped me through the college of life were the people up in the prisons. And the people who helped me to get graduate training in the university of common sense were the people out on the streets, in the ghettos that were infested with crime and delinquency.*

*Say this to (those other people), because man, there are a whole lot of kids on this street just like me. They smell bad, they act bad, they talk bad, and their report card says they're dumb. But you know something? These kids are smart. These kids are beautiful. These kids are great. They need to be seen and helped.*

## Preface

The Advisory Committee found the content of Commissioner Howe's speech to the National Conference on Educational Opportunities for the Mexican American to be so significant and to so clearly reflect the position of the Committee that we commend it to you. The need for recognizing the Bilingual child as a positive force in our society is beyond question. We must re-examine our educational goals for the Bilingual-Bicultural child and activate processes which will enable that child to serve most extensively himself and our society.

We urge you to adopt the direction so affirmatively presented in the Commissioner's remarks.

Dr. Miguel Montes, Chairman  
National Advisory Committee  
on Mexican American Education  
to the Commissioner of Education  
Department of Health,  
Education, and Welfare

## Foreword

The Southwest Educational Development Laboratory, in cooperation with the U. S. Office of Education, is making available this text of U. S. Education Commissioner Harold Howe's keynote address, delivered to the National Conference on Educational Opportunities for Mexican Americans in Austin, Texas April 25, 1968.

Because of the many requests for copies of Commissioner Howe's address and the enthusiastic response to the speech by the National Advisory Committee on Mexican American Education, the Committee asked that it be prepared for distribution prior to the publishing of the complete Proceedings of the Conference. The U. S. Office of Education has made possible the duplication and distribution of this publication, under a dissemination grant to the Southwest Educational Development Laboratory for producing Proceedings and filmstrips related to the National Conference on Educational Opportunities for Mexican Americans.

We believe that the reading of Mr. Howe's speech will continue to inspire educational leaders and members of the Mexican American community to take the steps necessary to encourage educational programs that will enable all citizens to enter the mainstream of American life, eliminating the historical language and economic barriers.

Edwin Hindsman  
Executive Director  
Southwest Educational Development Laboratory

programs, however, is not international but domestic—our relations with each other here at home. The entire history of discrimination is based on the prejudice that because someone else is different, he is somehow worse. If we could teach all our children—black, white, brown, yellow, and all the American shades in between—that diversity is not to be feared or suspected, but enjoyed and valued, we would be well on the way toward achieving the equality we have always proclaimed as a national characteristic. And we would be further along the way toward ridding ourselves of the baggage of distrust and hatred which has recently turned American against American in our cities.

If we are to achieve this new respect for diversity and this interest in preserving other cultures and languages as part and parcel of building America, there will have to be changes in our schools. Change requires two elements—leadership and money. Neither will suffice without the other.

The group meeting here today can encourage new leadership resources. You can awaken school boards and superintendents and State education authorities and governors and legislatures to the new directions which are necessary. These agencies in turn can provide some of the funds. The Federal government can play a role in both leadership and resources.

The formation of the Advisory Committee on Mexican American Education which is meeting with you here today indicates a commitment by the U.S. Office of Education to seek every possible key to the improvement of educational opportunity for your young people. In addition, the Office of Education is asking the Congress for special funds to pay for effective demonstrations of bilingual education practices. Even in a Congress which seems more committed to economy than to some of the utmost needs of Americans, we have some hope that these funds will be granted.

There is, in addition, one major source of funds which you as local and State leaders in education must endeavor to influence. I refer to the monies which flow through Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act into every school district in which Mexican American children go to school. Decisions on what these funds are to be used for flow from local school district proposals which are approved by State authorities. You

with other peoples in terms of their own cultures. The result was that we often offended people whom we were trying to help or befriend.

The complexity of our international relations has increased since World War II, rather than decreased. Many former colonies of the great nations of the world have themselves become independent nations, their citizens as proud of their distinctive languages and tradition as any free people should be. If we are to gain the friendship of these new nations, and strengthen our ties with much older nations that have felt the strength of American parochialism in the past, we must give our children the ability to move with ease and respect in cultures other than their own.

It would interest me to see what would happen if educators in Chicago translated one of San Antonio's successful bilingual programs into a school in a Polish neighborhood—or in San Francisco, to a school in a Japanese or Chinese neighborhood. Consider for a moment the incredible wealth of linguistic expertise and cultural resources we have in this country, and what American foreign relations could be like in thirty years if, to every country in the world, we could dispatch young Americans versed in the language, the history, and the traditions of the host country as well as of their own. And I do not mean by this only that a Japanese American youngster should have the opportunity to learn Japanese; what's wrong with a Japanese American boy's learning Polish? What's wrong with a Filipino American girl's learning Swedish or Rumanian? Why should we consider so many languages as beneath notice unless the learning is to be done in a college or graduate school for purely academic purposes? And why, indeed, must foreign languages be taught exclusively in classes formally tagged "language"? If a youngster is introduced to another language at the age of five, and has a continuing opportunity to grow in it, why can't he study high school algebra in Spanish? Couldn't some of the readings a high school history student pursues in learning about the French Revolution be in French?

This argument, that wider cultural exposure will help our international relations, stresses both national purposes and international amity. Perhaps the most important reason for bicultural

## Cowboys, Indians, And American Education

An Address By

Harold Howe II

U.S. Commissioner of Education

Some years ago the *New Yorker* published a cartoon showing an Indian father sitting inside his teepee and reading a bedtime story to his son. The particular line he read was this: "And just then, when it appeared that the battle was lost, from beyond the hills came the welcome sound of war-whoops."

The punch-line loses in translation from printed to spoken word, of course, and it was much funnier in the original *Comanche*. I risk what may sound like a lame introduction because it seems to me this cartoon illustrates what we mean when we talk about "cultural difference": where you come from helps determine whether you view salvation as 50 people wearing loin cloths and feathers, or 50 people wearing cavalry blue. And where you come from, moreover, helps determine how you view the schools—and how the schools view you.

Last year a gentleman named Joseph Monserrat, director of the Migration Division of the Puerto Rico Labor Department, gave a paper before a group concerned with the treatment of minorities in jails and prisons. While I do not want to suggest any analogy between the American jail and the American school—the students do enough of that—one of the things that Mr. Monserrat said on that occasion strikes me as applicable today.

*"A number of years ago," he said, "I was frequently asked to go out to speak on 'The Puerto Rican Problem.' To identify what this Puerto Rican problem was, I tried to begin to find out from the groups who placed the 'problem' in quotes. The only trouble was that every time I asked what they meant by 'the Puerto Rican problem,' people would talk to me about housing, about education, or about crime, or any number of things. But no one told me exactly what this 'Puerto Rican Problem' really was."*

Taking a cue from Mr. Monserrat, I will not attempt to talk today about the Mexican American problem. In the first place, I suspect that most Mexican American problems—like most Negro American, Oriental American, and White, Anglo-Saxon Protestant American problems—stem from love or money, and as a Federal official, I do not feel qualified to talk about either. At this point in the history of our Republic, much of the electorate does not seem disposed to offer us love, and Congress isn't disposed to offer us money.

Instead, I would like to talk about the "education problem"—and it is basically just one problem: helping every youngster—whatever his home background, whatever his home language, whatever his ability—become all he has in him to become.

Such a goal is a lofty one, and it is doubtful that the schools will ever achieve it perfectly. What must concern us is the degree to which many schools fail to come within a country mile of that goal. And if Mexican American children have a higher drop-out rate than any other identifiable group in the Nation—and they do—the schools cannot explain away their failure by belaboring the "Mexican American problem." The problem, simply, is that the schools have failed with these children.

Schools and educators have been taking what seem to me unwarranted amounts of criticism for the last 10 years. Heaven knows the schools and the people who run them *deserve* criticism—we all do. But whereas a corporation, for example, is the property only of its stockholders, our schools are everybody's property—and everybody feels justified in having a crack at them. The failures of the schools are exemplified in human beings who cannot read or write or find a job are more conspicuous than are the failures of most human enterprises. Finally, while we complain about a faulty automobile or washing machine, we do not associate these errors of human effort with the essence of our lives. We do make this association with children; to a large degree, our children *are* our lives, and if the schools fail our sons and daughters, they strike hard at those possibilities for joy, pride and hope which constitute a satisfactory human life.

So, though educators need and deserve criticism, we should recognize that they risk failure in a more conspicuous and painful way than most of us. More to the point, we should recognize

schools require students to learn another language—and Spanish is one of the most popular electives. Mexican American children offer their Anglo classmates a great natural teaching resource. It is time we stopped wasting that resource and instead enabled youngsters to move back and forth from one language to another without any sense of difficulty or strangeness.

Second, the proper conduct of bilingual programs should produce dramatic improvement in the performance of Spanish-speaking children. By "proper conduct" I mean those teaching arrangements which permit a child to begin learning to read and write immediately, in Spanish, and learning English in music, art, and recreation periods—rather than forcing him to postpone all serious academic work until he learns English. This latter approach commonly leaves the Mexican American child three to six years behind his Anglo contemporary by the time he is a teenager. As Dr. Knowlton points out, "The majority who fight their way through to a high school level often have the dubious distinction of being illiterate in two languages."

What I see as the third advantage of bicultural, bilingual programs for Anglo as well as Mexican American children may well be the most important for our country.

The notion of cultural superiority has seriously harmed the United States in this century in its dealings with other peoples. Whereas European children grow up with the notion of cultural diversity and frequently learn two or even three foreign languages in the course of their formal schooling, American schools commonly isolate our children from cultural exchange. Partially this separation stems from the size of our country. As businessman or as tourist, you can go from one end to the other and never have to speak anything but English. There has never been any special reason why our schools should prepare children to speak in another tongue.

In the middle of this century, after nearly 150 years of largely ignoring the rest of the world, we have lumbered into the family of nations as an international force. A position of international responsibility was thrust upon us, and we were ill-prepared to assume it. In fact, one of the great motivations behind the present set of Federal programs for education was the lack of Americans who could speak foreign languages or deal

produced a staggering amount of educational failure. Dr. Gomez pointed out that "about 89 percent of the children with Spanish surnames, and for the most part with Spanish as the first learned language, drop out of school before completing a regular 12-year program."

Part of the reason is that many Mexican American children come to school speaking nothing-but Spanish, and are immediately expected to start speaking English. Yet I would agree with Dr. Gomez in his belief that an unfamiliarity with English accounts for only part of the failure. There is evidence, he says, that many of the dropouts *have* succeeded in learning English. "It isn't just the mechanics of learning languages," he adds, "but other factors: certainly the cultural aspect must be considered."

'You are more familiar than I with the Mexican American cultural factors that impede a youngster's transition from home to school. But I would say that the notion of Anglo cultural superiority—over which youngsters and their parents have no control—is a much larger factor. Until the schools realize how our society projects this conviction of superiority, this cowboy-and-Indians mentality, and takes positive steps to correct it, they will not truly succeed with Mexican American children.

Today and tomorrow you will have a chance to view some of the "positive steps" that some schools are taking—15 educational projects that have shown promise of redeeming Mexican American children from the near-certainty of educational failure. They emphasize a bicultural, bilingual approach which says, in essence, that Mexican American children must learn the English language and Anglo ways—but that they can do so without having to reject their knowledge of the Spanish language and of Mexican American ways.

Some of these projects go farther. They suggest that maybe it is not a bad idea for Anglo children to learn Spanish, and to gain a familiarity with another culture. This idea has all sorts of good sense to recommend it.

First of all, the evidence is clear that people learn languages best if they learn them young. It is rather paradoxical that in the Southwest, some elementary schools have forbidden children to speak Spanish, while at the same time many of our secondary

that the people, who ultimately control the schools, have never really given our schools the resources they need to succeed with minority children.

By "resources" I do not simply mean money, or teachers, or the proper kind of textbook. The most crucial resource for any successful educational effort is the point of view it exemplifies. If that point of view fails, the schools are bound to fail, for—contrary to much educational rhetoric—the schools do not change society's viewpoint. Rather, they perpetuate it. And if I had to sum up this society's viewpoint, I would do it by going back to that cartoon from the *New Yorker*.

The United States is in many ways a cowboy-and-Indian society. The good guys—whether they're selling automobiles or riding off into the sunset—wear white hats and white skins. They speak unaccented English (unless it's a cowboy drawl), and most important of all—they never lose a fight.

This gung-ho concept has doubtless emerged because our history, like that of most nations, is in many ways a story of conflict between diverse peoples and the eventual emergence of one as militarily and culturally dominant. In our case, of course, it was the English and their American-born, English-speaking, English-thinking descendants who established dominance over the local political, professional, and commercial life of the 13 Colonies.

It is interesting to note what happened to the other three colonizers that contended for space in this country. The Dutch, after establishing a foothold in what is now New York, were eliminated rather early, and all but a few traces of their culture vanished with military defeat. The remaining Dutch colonists remained an important force in the social and commercial life of New York, and even furnished the city with its symbol, Father Knickerbocker—but eventually their children adopted the English language and English ways.

Much the same thing happened to the French. Either they returned to Europe, were transplanted to Canada by the English, or survived in cultural enclaves in Louisiana and Maine. Those who succeeded in American life, however, became assimilated through adopting the English language and abandoning the distinctive traditions of their homeland.

A

Only one group failed—or refused, depending on your point of view—to be assimilated. By reason of their early colonization of the Southwest, the Spanish were far removed from the English and colonial American influences that compelled assimilation in the eastern part of the country. Indeed, according to Dr. Clark Knowlton of the University of Texas, it was not until after World War II that Anglo-Americans outnumbered Indians and Spanish-speaking Americans in most of the Southwest. By that time, a new culture that mingled elements of the Spanish, the Mexican, and the Indian traditions had grown up—and it stubbornly refused to melt away with the advent of Anglo-American culture.

Last April, at the first Texas Conference for the Mexican American, Dr. Severo Gomez quoted from a pamphlet entitled "The Mexican-Americans of South Texas" to offer the following viewpoint of an Anglo-American teacher toward her Mexican-American students and their parents:

*They are good people. Their only handicap is the bag full of superstitions and silly notions they inherited from Mexico. When they get rid of these superstitions they will be good Americans. The schools help more than anything else. In time, the Latins will think and act like Americans. A lot depends on whether we can get them to switch from Spanish to English. When they speak Spanish they think Mexican. When the day comes that they speak English at home like the rest of us, they will be part of the American way of life. I just don't understand why they are so insistent about using Spanish. They should realize that it's not the American tongue.*

To a degree the teacher is right: Spanish is not the American tongue. English is, and I'm sure none of you would dispute the notion that a basic goal of every American school should be to give every youngster a command of English.

And yet the remarks I have just quoted exemplify what I have called the cowboy-and-Indian viewpoint. It equates Anglo-American origin and Anglo-American ways with virtue, with goodness, even with political purity. Other cultures are not merely different; they are *inferior*. They must be wiped out, not only for the good of the country, but for the good of the child.

Not only must he learn to speak English; he must stop speaking anything else.

This notion of Anglo-cultural superiority is reflected in a hundred ways, even in the comic books our children read. Batman's real name is Bruce Wayne; Superman's is Clark Kent, and his girl friend is Lois Lane. American detectives are named Nick Carter and Perry Mason and Sam Spade—all names which are either forthrightly Anglo-Saxon or intimate no other national identification. We tell Polish jokes, Jewish jokes, Irish jokes, Chinese jokes, Negro jokes, and—in this part of the country—I suppose they tell Mexican jokes. In Anglo society, however, there is no such thing as an Anglo joke. In all the shabby vocabulary of ridicule which Americans have developed for ethnic groups—spics, wops, kikes, micks, bohunks, coons—there is no comparable term of derision for the English; *limey* is such a feeble attempt that it can be used to express affection. Indeed, I think we may even count it as some kind of linguistic triumph that American Negroes have finally come up with a name for whites that packs a bit of bite: older denunciations such as "The Man", "white trash," "Charlie" or "ofay" simply have no force, but "honky" does sound objectionable.

In a hundred subtle ways, we have told people of all origins other than English that their backgrounds are somehow cheap or humorous. And the tragic thing is that this process has succeeded. Of the incredible diversity of languages and traditions that the people of a hundred nations brought to this country, virtually nothing remains except in scattered enclaves of elderly people who are more often viewed as objects of curiosity rather than respect. Most pernicious of all, their children often grow up thinking of their background as something to be escaped from, rather than treasured.

Mexican Americans are one of the few exceptions to this American rule of cultural elimination through cultural disdain. A distinctive Spanish-Indian-Mexican culture survives in the United States.

As you know; this culture has been a handicap, not a blessing, in the attempts of Mexican Americans to prosper. Basic to the success of any such attempt is a good education, and the cultural backgrounds of Spanish-speaking children have

APPENDIX B - 1968 ESTIMATE OF THE CHICANO POPULATION IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY

1970

City/Area	Total Population	M.A.	%	
Unincorporated	290,793	58,159	20	66,880
San Diego	700,100	71,410	10	82,120
* Chula Vista	64,800	16,200	25	18,630
* National City	51,600	20,640	40	23,740
El Cajon	49,300	4,930	10	5,670
Oceanside	39,400	9,850	25	11,330
La Mesa	38,200	1,910	5	2,200
Escondido	36,000	9,000	25	10,350
Vista	23,800	3,570	15	4,110
* Imperial Beach	20,929	5,232	25	6,020
Coronado	20,300	1,015	5	1,170
Carlsbad	13,899	2,085	15	2,400
Del Mar	3,900	390	10	450
San Marcos	3,565	357	10	410
Total County Population	1,356,586	204,848	15	235,450

The three basic sources for this data are:

1. San Diego County Planning Commission
2. San Diego City Department of Community Development
3. U.S. Department of Justice

↑ ~250,000

The Chicano or Mexican-American population in San Diego County is estimated to have grown in numbers by at least 5% since this population census was made in 1968.

\* These are So. Bay cities.

CHICANO EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES PROGRAM

December 30, 1970

Mr. John H. Diaz, Vice Chairman  
c/o Mr. Rudy Basurto  
MARCO  
P.O. Box 2000  
Lompoc, California 93436

Hermanos de MARCO:

In response to the correspondence of John Diaz, Vice Chairman of MARCO, it will be impossible to attend the MARCO meeting of January 8, 1971.

We are in the middle of various workshops and it would be impractical to leave at this time.

I have received some beautiful information regarding MARCO since Carnal John's letter. I would suggest that in the future, any type of writings such as poetry, essays, journals, anything, be sent to La Verdad, 1865 National Avenue, San Diego, California 92113. La Verdad is a Chicano newspaper and will do everything to publish any pinto writings.

Our office will be happy to have a rain check on the meeting. We will set up a schedule ONLY for "Pinto" recruitment in order that we can barnstorm Califas and do some good. As soon as this schedule is completed, we will immediately contact MARCO.

Juntos en la causa,

Carlos LeGerrette, Director  
Educational Opportunities Program,  
Chicano

CL:il

THE AMERICANIZATION  
THE AMERICANIZATION OF RICARDO CHAVEZ-ORTIZ  
I hijack, therefore I am

David Shaw\*

Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz. The name means nothing. Wasn't he...? No, that's Cesar Chavez. Didn't he...? No, that's Carlos Santana. His face is...soft, diffident, bemused. Not the face of a hero, one would think. And yet his picture is on every telephone pole and storefront in the barrios of East Los Angeles. His image can be purchased in Spanish-speaking religious stores throughout the city.. He is the hero of he a Chicano cowboy, the man who did what was necessary.

And a working-class hero is something to be.

What Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz did was hijack an airliner with 33 people aboard, armed only with an empty .22-caliber pistol. He did it not for financial gain or to seek political asylum, but solely so that he could make a speech about his people over Los Angeles radio. Then, having said his piece, he turned himself over to the FBI, not docilely, but with dignity and humor.

Today, Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz is in McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary serving a sentence for life. He is, in some senses, content("Conditions here are a lot better than most places I've lived," he says), but in other ways, he still labors under the dissatisfaction which put him there in the first place. Despite having only three years of formal education, Ortiz registered 130 on a prison IQ test, well into the gift category. His holy war of information, communicated in shrewd English and crudely eloquent Spanish, continues. As he said in his recent famous broadcast from the cockpit of a Frontier Airlines jet: "We are Mexicans. We live with the cockroaches."

"You must understand," he says. "I did not do this for myself. I did it for my people, for poor people all over. I never have been the vengeance in mind. I want only a way to make people listen... I write letters but nobody answer--then, that day, I am sick, my ulcer, and I am thinking about all these things and my family and one of my boys, Jorge, he's 15, and how he has to join this bad gang, and I get up from my seat and take this gun out. I was going to sell it in Tijuana, but I want now to go on radio, in Los Angeles, where I live, and tell everyone..." His voice trails off. He shrugs. "There was hell in my brains."

Chavez-Ortiz was born in the village of Tinguindin in the south-coastal Mexican state of Michoacan, the second of three sons. His father was an itinerant schoolteacher. He has a precise memory of most of his life--names, dates, places, times, circumstance and his earliest recollection is of seeing his grandfather's throat slit by the village barber, when he was two years old. His next clear recollection is of his father leaving his mother, when he was three.

"My mother used to go out with men, and she used to lock me in the room for sometimes two days...Finally, my mother says, 'I want to take you to your father. I'm tired and sick of this stupid situation.'" Ricardo's father wouldn't take him. His mother took him to an orphanage instead. He cried. At first, she seemed to relent. Ricardo was barefoot--the family couldn't afford shoes--and she told him to go with the man at the orphanage for a few minutes and he'd get Ricardo some shoes. When they left the room, she left the orphanage. Ricardo never saw her again.

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He remained in the orphanage for almost three years, living, he says, on a small piece of bread and two small bowls of frijoles a day; when he was six, his grandmother took him home with her. Ten days later, his father came for him. His father had all but given up on riding from village to village as a schoolteacher, but he had made enough contacts in that work to set up his own small business--candymaking. Now he rode from village to village selling candy, and he had reclaimed his two other sons as unpaid assistants. He wanted Ricardo to come along to help, too.

"For a while," he says, "we lived in a big house in what used to be a cemetery, and my little brother used to cry at night because he was scared of the shadows, you know, in the corners. 'Over there is a ghost,' he'd say. We'd tell him, 'There is no ghost. Come and go to sleep. Just cover your head. Tomorrow mother is coming back. And, swear to God, this happened all my life, every time I hear the sound of an engine or an automobile coming in the night, I look and wait."

When Ricardo was 12, his older brother left home. Their father remarried two years later. The youngest brother could stay with him, their father said, but Ricardo would have to go. He returned to his grandmother, to the village of his birth, and began working for her, from five in the morning to eight at night, milking cows and picking fruit and sweeping floors--"without pay, no clothes, no nothing." After a year of that his grandmother told him she could see he wasn't happy. She suggested he return to his father. But his father just gave him 350 pesos--"about \$20 then, a little more"--and sent him away once more.

Ricardo was 15. He decided his future was in the United States. He entered the country illegally, and asked for work at the first place he saw-- a pig farm. The man there offered him three dollars a day and meals. He took it.

On that first American job, Ricardo was "very happy. I started working very hard," he says. "Up at three in the morning until, I would say, five or six at night. I worked for a few days, only very few days. One day, a lady...she came to the ranch and talked to the boss. So then the boss says to me, 'Go with the lady.'"

The woman, also Mexican, took him to another farm, about a mile away, and said she, too, would pay him three a day, plus meals.

"I said, 'Ok. That is very nice.' I didn't see so many pigs like the other farm so I said, 'Here it is best. I used to get up at five in the morning and work until eight at night, and for two days, she didn't feed me. Then I said, 'Senora, are you going to give me something to eat?' She said, 'Don't tell me you didn't eat nothing all day...But you are so stupid. Look there, the garbage you collect in the city for our pigs, there is a lot of good food there.' So I started eating... all those things ... from every houses where we pick the garbage."

He went back to his home town briefly--just long enough to meet and marry his wife, Celia, who later bore him eight children. Much later, during his trial, the prosecution tried to make much of Ricardo's having "kidnapped" his wife from her family home when she was 15. That act, the prosecuting attorney implied, clearly demonstrates his capacity for violent, antisocial behavior. But in many parts of Mexico, including the village where Ricardo and Celia lived, abducting the girl of one's affections is a time-honored tradition, a quaint folk custom, as normal as a young suitor in Alabama asking his girlfriend's father for her hand in marriage.

Ricardo and Celia remained together in Mexico for four years, living on water and cactus while Ricardo performed one menial job after another. More often than not, he could find no work at all, and their first children--twins born two months prematurely were sickly and had little to eat.

"They were so small," Ricardo recalls. "They weigh about three pounds. For two or three months, I didn't sleep much, because I had to stay awake and go boil some water and find the empty bottles, you know, and keep it by the sides of the babies. This way they keep warm themselves... We supposed to put some--how do you call this?--we call it milkaro, like bee honey and some kind of syrup to make sweet the milk, and I can't afford to buy this kind of syrup, and I have to put sugar into the milk. But every time I put the sugar in, the children's legs would blow up like balloons and they got very sick."

Seven months after the twins were born, one of them died. Ricardo was despondent. He had to keep the other son alive, but his wife was pregnant again, and they had no money. He began thinking back to when he was 13 or 14 years old and had read a story about a rich man who traveled all over the world "eating the best food prepared by the finest chefs." The more he thought about that--and about the candy he'd made for his father and the cooking he'd done for his brothers--the more he wanted to be a chef himself. He convinced one of his wife's brothers to help him emigrate to the United States legally, so he could look for work in a restaurant.

I respect this country; I respect it because when I crossed the border, I came across weeping because I said to God, 'From now on, I'll be able to eat three meals a day...' We are here because we believe that this is a land where we ought to be cooperating with a just, honorable and respectable government, so that in the future, everyone can live better.

--Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz, on radio,  
speaking from the hijacked plane

Ricardo went to Los Angeles and found a temporary job in a downtown hotel. He lived in a small, dingy skid row room with seven other aliens. One of them was Octavi Gomez. Fourteen years later, as a cameraman for Spanish-language television station KMXB, Gomez was assigned to cover Ricardo's speech from the hijacked plane.

"It was terrible back then," Gomez says. "We had not much money, very bad, all crowded in that tiny room. Ricardo cook all our food for us. He was good, very good."

Ricardo began walking west from downtown Los Angeles, down Wilshire Boulevard--the busiest of the major commercial thoroughfares--to Beverly Hills, 12 miles away. Every day he covered the route back and forth, stopping at every restaurant and hotel, asking for work, begging, willing to start with anything--bus boy, dishwasher, anything that would get him into the kitchen, where he could look, listen, learn and, maybe, practice.

Finally, he found a job in a good French restaurant in Beverly Hills. He worked there for eight years. He swept floors, cleaned toilets, washed down refrigerators, bused tables, made salads and sandwiches, helped the chef. He worked 15 hours a day, but his wages were so low, he had to send his family back to Mexico to live near his wife's parents for months at a time because he couldn't support them. Soon, his health began to fail. He caught pneumonia and developed a peptic ulcer and had what he thought was a complete physical and emotional collapse. Friends rushed him to the hospital.

"They gave me a shot and they sent me home," he says. "That's what they do when you are a Mexican or a black man, or if you're a poor man. They just give you a shot or something...whether you are dying or not...So I have to buy, every day, some pills at a drugstore, and I used to take pills every day...I was only 29 years old, and I said, 'This is the end for me,' and I see my children and they need me, so I jumped from

my bed at home and I started making pushups. I made one pushup--no, I didn't quite make one--so I started exercising. I make exercise for five years, and when I finish I was making bench-presses with 265 pounds. But my nervous system is worse already, done, too late."

Still, Ricardo wouldn't quit. "I am a man," he told friends who urged him to go on welfare. "I want to work, not beg."

He continued to work whenever his health permitted and wherever he could find an employer who would hire a Mexican, not always easy, even in Los Angeles, home of the largest Mexican community in the world outside of Mexico City itself. Sometimes his family was with him in Los Angeles, sometimes not. When the family was back in Mexico he would visit them as often as he could.

Finally, he could support neither himself - nor his family. Reluctantly and angrily, he applied for welfare. He was enrolled in a job-training program as a mechanic. County psychiatrists rejected him; he was too overwrought.

"I used to cry every time I receive a check from somebody else, you know. I use to beg Miss Alice (his social worker) every day to give me to work to earn my living. They say no; when you are sick, you cannot work."

We have not asked for anything as a gift. We have not asked for one fucking penny from anyone. I am proud to say that I can take care of my own self, and I have asked no one to help me.

--Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz, on radio,  
speaking from the hijacked plane

Late in 1970, after he had been on welfare for several months, Ricardo received call from an attorney. The attorney said he had met one of Ricardo's previous restaurant employers, and had heard good things about him. "He says you're a great cook," the attorney said. He offered Ricardo a job as chef in a new restaurant he was planning to open in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Ricardo desperately wanted to go, but he was skeptical. After all, he didn't even know the man. And he had a wife and eight children to think of. How could he uproot them again and take them to a strange town? Besides, it would be expensive. And where could he find a place to live with a family that big? The attorney asked Ricardo at least to meet with him. Ricardo agreed. At the meeting, Ricardo says, the attorney volunteered to pay the family's moving expenses, to buy them a house and furniture and to pay Ricardo \$800 a month for the first two months, then \$1000 a month. "You'll work only eight hours a day," he told Ricardo, "just through lunch and dinner." It sounded like the opportunity of a lifetime. He accepted the man's offer.

"Everything was a lie. He didn't pay my trip. He didn't give me the house. He didn't buy my furniture...They want me to work 18 hours a day, and they didn't give me all the employees I needed. I have to do everything by myself. I cut meat, make the food, do the buys, hire the employees, everything. And they want me, after I work all day, to go over to their house and cook dinner for them, every night."

By the middle of the year, Ricardo was sick again and more despairing than ever. He moved his family back to Los Angeles. He bought three newspapers a day. English. Spanish, to study the classified ads, and he drove cars, rode buses, walked and hitch hiked back and forth, from San Diego to San Jose, almost 500 miles, looking for work. He had a run-in with his old boss in Beverly Hills and another--over his race--at ano

restaurant he worked in briefly. By early 1972, he was back on welfare and still fighting his ulcer. But his biggest worry was what was happening to his 15-year-old son, Jorge.

Jorge had joined one of the warring street gangs that terrorize many sections of East Los Angeles barrio. It was a violent gang, its members generally high on drugs. Ricardo went to his son's school, looking for help. The school suggested transferring Jorge to another school. Jorge, they said, didn't seem to want to join the gang anyway he'd probably been pressured into it by his friends. Put him in a different school, with different friends, they said. Jorge was transferred.

When Jorge came home from his first day at the new school, his mother and father asked what it had been like. "There are three gangs there," Jorge told them. "They want me to join. I'm not going to school anymore."

His mother cried. Ricardo decided it was time to leave Los Angeles. He thought about getting a small boat and sailing to Africa and back, then calling a press conference to denounce conditions in the barrio. But he didn't have enough money to buy a boat. He'd used the money he'd managed to save in New Mexico to buy a camper, so his family would always be assured of some place to live if things got so bad he was unable to pay rent. Then, when he couldn't work, he'd had to sell the camper at a loss. Now he had only a few hundred dollars left, not enough for a boat.

Maybe it wasn't such a good idea anyway. Who'd listen to him? He forgot the boat and made up his mind to go to Albuquerque to look for work. But he once had a girlfriend in Albuquerque, and his wife knew about her. He didn't intend to see her again. Would his wife believe him? Maybe not. To avoid an argument, he'd just tell her he was going to Tijuana "to get some papers I need." Then, if he found a job in Albuquerque, he could always tell her he went there after he heard about the job from someone in Tijuana. He took the money he'd been saving, and bought a plane ticket for Albuquerque in the name of Jesus Andrade.

"That way, if my wife finds it, I can say I found it in the street," he says now. He looked away as he spoke about the ticket.

He flew from Los Angeles to Albuquerque on the morning of April 13. On the flight his ulcer began bothering him. As soon as he landed, he checked into a motel and went to bed. The pain got worse. He vomited. It still hurt. He vomited again. Lying there writhing on the motel bed, Chavez-Ortiz gave up on America. If he couldn't be a chef, if he couldn't protect and provide for his family, if he had to live in squalor, he'd live in squalor among his own people, away from the pressures and temptations and racial slurs of America. He'd return to Mexico. Maybe he could do something useful there. He'd been back and forth across the border so many times, he'd gotten to know some people in the police department in Tijuana. Maybe he could be a policeman.

Chavez-Ortiz decided he'd return to Mexico the next morning. He'd have to go to his home town first and get the papers he'd need to apply for a job on the police force. He'd need some letters of recommendation, too. And money. Everyone said you needed money to get a job on the Tijuana Police Department. But that was tomorrow. Right now he was sick. He'd go to the drugstore and get some medicine.

While he was out, he also stopped by a sporting goods store and bought a .22-caliber pistol and three boxes of ammunition. In his trial, the prosecution contended he bought them with the clear intent of hijacking an airplane. Chavez-Ortiz denied it, vigorously.

"I know if I can take this gun into Mexico, maybe I can get a good profit," he testified. It was common practice, he said; many Mexicans bought guns in the southwestern United States, then resold them in Mexico for a \$50 or \$60 profit, sometimes more.

Chavez-Ortiz returned to his motel room with his medicine, gun and ammunition and spent a sleepless night tossing and turning, in physical pain from the ulcer. When he bought the gun, he said later, he wasn't sure if he'd go to Mexico by bus or plane. By the time he got up the next morning, still groggy, he decided to take the plane par way. He'd fly to Phoenix, then take a bus the rest of the way. He left the ammunition in the closet of his motel room. At his trial the prosecution said he'd just forgotten it there. Chavez-Ortiz insisted he'd left it deliberately. "I figured it was not a good idea to take any dangerous things aboard a plane," he said. "Didn't he consider the gun itself dangerous? "An empty gun is like a banana peel. What danger is it?"

He got to the airport early that morning and walked around the terminal. He was still sick and vomited several times. Then his flight was called. He boarded the new plane "in a trance." He looked around at the other passengers. Most of them appeared to be well off, certainly not poor. He began thinking anew of all the injustices he'd seen and heard and read about. He really didn't want to live any longer, he decided.

Chavez-Ortiz came to think of those first jumbled seconds on the plane as "the most terrible I ever have in my life...This was the worry in Vietnam. So many boys, they begin to live the best part of their lives, and they are sent to kill people...I see many millions of children, you know, here, in this country, mostly the poor people, the black man, and they use drugs and spoil things...then I see the oceans, the rivers, the lakes polluted, you know, the food--the best thing of the life--polluted...In those moments, you know, was something very terrible in my mind, and my family...living in the lousy way and, you know, receiving help from the welfare...and just because they don't want to let us work like human beings. So I say, 'Oh Christ, somebody must listen to me. They know they are destroying the whole world.' So I think, what can I do? We can do something. But somebody have to listen to me."

Eighteen minutes out of Albuquerque, he suddenly jumped to his feet, jerked the gun out of the paper sack he held in his lap and told stewardess Jackie Jones to take him to the pilot. He told the pilot he wanted to land in Los Angeles, not Phoenix, and he wanted to make a national radio address from the cockpit of the plane when they landed. Then, he said, he'd turn his gun over to the pilot and surrender.

"I don't want to hurt no one, please," he said. "This is for to save my sons and your sons, too...I am trying to save America, to save the whole world, because we are all crazy. We are mad."

On the flight to Los Angeles, while the FBI made arrangements on the ground, Chavez-Ortiz talked with the crew. The pilot testified that he held the gun on him the entire flight and during the radio speech as well. Chavez-Ortiz says that isn't so.

"After they saw what I wanted, that I wasn't hurt nobody, we all relaxed. They went back and forth, even to the bathroom. I didn't bother them none. Me and the pilot we talk about our families. I say I give him my guitar I'm carrying."

Television film, taken on board the plane after it landed and while Chavez-Ortiz was making his speech, shows him standing with his back to the pilot, the gun hanging loosely in his hand. Other footage shows the captain grinning, hardly looking terrified. One newspaper photo showed Chavez-Ortiz wearing the pilot's cap, tilted at a jaunty angle. "The pilot give to me," he says. "He was very nice. When I start my speech, the FBI cut me off sometimes. He would touch me and point to the meters to show me I wasn't getting through."

Chavez-Ortiz would permit only other Mexicans--reporters and photographers--to come aboard the plane when it landed, and his rambling speech was broadcast live over KWKW, a Spanish-language radio station in Los Angeles. He began by saying, "Good afternoon. This is your friend, Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz." He concluded:

And now, to the captain of this airplane, I ask with all my heart that he forgive me for having frightened him, and to the other members of the crew, I ask that they forgive me. I ask their pardon, and I demonstrate at this moment, one more time, that I did not have criminal intentions.

Here is my gun that I now give to the captain of this Frontier Airlines plane.

He then pulled the empty magazine from the pistol, took a second empty magazine from his pocket, gave the gun to the pilot and walked off the plane, into the custody of the FBI.

In his 35 minutes on the air, Chavez-Ortiz had become an instant celebrity and an idol to his people. He'd never been active in the Chicano movement--didn't even use the word "Chicano," still doesn't, in fact--but the activists quickly seized on him as their first genuine hero. When bail was set at \$500,000 then reduced to \$350,000 the activists howled with outrage. After a week of haggling, U.S. Magistrate Ralph Geffen approved a bail reduction to \$35,000. The Chicano community raised the money. Chavez-Ortiz was taken around the lecture circuit--college campuses, neighborhood centers, youth groups. Everywhere there were posters and leaflets demanding "Frederico Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz" and proclaiming his innocence of any crime. He was genuinely moved by the spontaneous outpouring of affection and adulation that washed over him at every stop. He'd never envisioned his seemingly futile gesture triggering anything so big. But, he says, he didn't let it go to his head, and he continually deferred to the movement Chicanos, kissing their hands--male and female--and thanking them for carrying on the struggle.

On July 13, his trial opened before U.S. District Court Judge Charles Carr. It was the first trial of a "political" skyjacker in American history. Chavez-Ortiz was the first hijacker to have demanded not money but an opportunity to place his grievance before the American people. Judge Carr didn't see it that way. A conservative with a sharp tongue and a flinty wit, he made it clear from the beginning that this would be a criminal trial, not a political trial; he had no intention of conducting what he called "a sociology class." Carr opened the proceedings by announcing he'd question prospective jurors himself, rather than leave it to the attorneys, as is customary. When he was through, the jury had no Mexican-Americans on it.

The judge was determined, he said, to have a quick trial, and when one of Ricardo's attorneys asked for a procedural exception because "the trial was moving faster than we anticipated," Carr snapped back:

"We always do in this court, counsel, so get used to it."

When another of Ricardo's attorneys tried to question his client on the witness stand about how his opposition to the Vietnam war had contributed to his mental state, Judge Carr interrupted to say:

"I don't know of any people who have been more willing to fight in the war than the Mexican-American people. And I don't remember, practically none, that have been up for draft evasion. So they have been very good American citizens. They have conducted themselves in a fine and noble way. So let's leave it there on that score."

Later in Ricardo's 90 minutes of testimony, when he was being questioned about the beatings he'd suffered from his father, Carr intoned:

"... they say I... to be pe... back, low...  
... in... this... to they... to be pe... back, low...  
... are often."

On another occasion, the attorney asked Ricardo, "Your family in Mexico was it

"You know, in my day, I got a lot of whippings and a lot of other people did (too)...The trouble with this generation is they need to be patted on the back, low and high a little more often."

On another occasion, the attorney asked Ricardo, "Your family in Mexico, was it rich or poor?"

Carr cut in: "What has that got to do with the case?"

I went down to Tijuana last week...I had to see in the street ...a woman that was laying in the hot sun on the sidewalk on one of the main streets of the town, and I said, 'What kind of human beings are we?' We take the garbage and throw it in the trash can, but there is no one who will take time to help this poor woman...I took out a dollar; I approached her... and said, 'Take it.' And she said, 'No'...She was wearing rags that were as dirty as the soul of the President of the Republic of Mexico...How is it possible that we can be living in such a fucking world that is so inhuman?

--Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz, on radio,  
speaking from the hijacked plane

The trial of Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz was over in four days. The jury deliberated for six and a half hours. Its verdict: guilty, as charged. Carr's sentence: life imprisonment. But first, he said, he wanted a 90-day psychiatric study made. Then Chavez-Ortiz was taken, by bus, then ferry, from Los Angeles, almost 1000 miles, to McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary, to await the results of the study and a final determination of his sentence. Even before he arrived at McNeil, though, conflict that had been building over Ricardo among various factions of the Chicano community broke into the open. Most Chicano activists wanted, above all, for him to go free; if, in the process, they could capitalize on his case to dramatize the plight of the Chicano America, so much the better. But some activists seemed far more concerned with Chavez-Ortiz as martyr. They wanted to exploit him to further the case--and their own self-aggrandizement.

The Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz Defense Committee, wrestling with these frictions and divisions, decided to fire the prisoner's two attorneys--one a Chicano, the other a white radical. After some wrangling over whether they should hire an older attorney who was a veteran of political trials, the decision was left to Chavez-Ortiz. He chose two attorneys recommended by several friends and members of the defense committee. Both were young, both were white. One, Larry Stein, had no criminal experience whatsoever but was deeply committed to the Chicano cause and had represented the community in city and statewide reapportionment hearings. The other new attorney, David Kenner, had a successful criminal practice but no experience in the Chicano community. Kenner and Stein were longtime friends, former roommates and college debating partners, and Kenner shared Stein's socio-political views, if not his passion. More important, Kenner was adamant that his only objective was to save Ricardo. Anything the defense committee wanted to do to advance the general cause was fine with him, but he would be dealing with the legal case and just the legal case. No cause, no politics, only law. His client would be no pawn.

There seemed several possible avenues of appeal for the new attorneys when they took charge early in August--the composition of the jury, the failure to gain a change of venue, the request for psychiatric studies after, rather than before, sentencing. Though they were understandably reluctant to criticize the first attorneys, it was clear they felt the attorneys had made several grievous errors, perhaps the most damaging being the failure to put at least one of the two eminent Chicano psychiatrists on the

witness stand in Chavez-Ortiz's behalf. One of those psychiatrists, Dr. Arnóldo Solís of San Francisco, had written a compelling summary of his examination of Chavez-Ortiz:

In Mexico, he had found sufferinig, distrust and graft. But in the United States, he felt hope...Instead, he found himself abused, humiliated and defrauded by his employers ...But his strict conscience did not allow for apathy, withdrawal or aggression. All alone, he would muster repeatedly new hope and vigor, and would start all over again...

In his state of mind during the two or three days before the hijacking (he) was beset by physical pain from his ulcer, his emotional pain of shamefulness...He felt as though there was a short-circuit in his mind. He felt lonely, isolated and frightened. He believes that, morally, he has not committed a criminal act.... His regret is that he frightened and inconvenienced some people...Yet, at the same time, he felt the uncontrollable urge to act.

A final word from Ricardo Chavez-Ortiz, on radio, speaking from the hijacked plan

Do you know what I learned? I learned how to respect my neighbor, or in other words, to accept the fact that there isn't enough to eat, and also that I should not take things, things which are not mine. I could very easily force this plane to go to Mexico, and I could have demanded three million or four million dollars...But no, I'm man enough and have enough guts to earn my bread with the sweat of my brow, and I resent the indignity of having to be helped by anyone. It bothers me to have to accept. Well, you that are doing these things, go ahead and keep doing it. Tomorrow or the next day or someday, you are going to see the results...I know that one day, either tomorrow or another day, if they can, they are going to shoot me in the back with a shotgun or a machine gun. I'm going to feel very bad not being able to have this pistol in my hand and face it as a man should face it...

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## THE MEXICAN AMERICANS

# New Wind from the Southwest

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### *Los Angeles*

For Americans, the word "minority" evokes the image of a people with long-standing grievances. It implies a moral claim on American society and, probably, a potential for political action and civil disruption. Here at the moment "minority" means Negro, but American society contains at least one other population, rigorously a minority, that is rarely thought of when the word comes up.

Four million Mexican-Americans in five Southwestern states bear important grievances and problems. They represent a major political potential. Recently they have shown signs of a capacity for civil disruption. It is ironic that the Mexican struggle for the simplest of the heritages of American life should occur in the Southwest, for the Western states are outspoken in praise (if not in practice) of free-swinging tolerance. Today a new purposefulness is appearing in the forgotten ghettos of the Southwest. The new hope lies in a discovery by the Mexican of himself as a minority. He is even accepting the image of himself as a national problem—disfranchised, poor, badly educated and excluded from the national dialogue. This acceptance

is a remarkable victory for a new leadership that now seeks goals on the national level. It is the first sign that the stereotype of the Mexican-Americans as rural and as foreign is breaking down and it makes possible a start toward fuller political participation.

Evidence of this vital change has been growing for several years. The election in Crystal City, Tex., whereby for a time the Mexicans won control of the city government, attracted national attention. Most significant, however, was the fact that Mexicans and interested Anglo organizations came to Crystal City—and stayed—until the Mexicans had won.

Earlier this year, the Delano, Calif., grape workers' strike became front-page news in *The New York Times*. This pleased the Mexicans, of course, but the real significance lies in Cesar Chavez's careful engineering of the strike on a national scale, using—after the manner of Selma—a full range of interested religious and civil rights groups. A national boycott was widely publicized, political leaders from the governor of California on down were involved, often against their will. And, in time, Schenley Industries acted according to a national rather than a Kern County policy.

A less widely known event, but one even more important to the Mexicans, climaxed a long and frustrating relationship with federal equal rights groups. The present Equal Employment Opportunities Commission is headed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., a man who promised the Mexi-



cans "personal" attention to their employment problems in the Southwest. But not only was there no action on this promise; the commission failed even to give a single Mexican a voice in policy—either among the commissioners or on the staff. Last March, the commission called still another in a long series of meetings to "discuss" the problem. But the new Mexican-American leaders, were tired of meetings and promises. At Albuquerque they walked out of the meeting and proceeded to organize themselves into a committee to deal directly with President Johnson. This dramatic bypassing of a federal agency stems from a completely new definition of the "Mexican problem" by the Mexican leaders. The men and women at Albuquerque considered themselves quite able to speak for all the Mexicans in five states—and on a national level.

The fifty-odd rebels making up that committee are relatively young, few older than the late 40s. Nearly all are native-born Americans, but it is significant that few of them hold any elected office. It is still almost impossible to elect Mexican-Americans to public office in most parts of the Southwest. There are among them no paid representatives of Mexican organizations, and that is a handicap, because the time for equal rights leadership must be stolen from business, scholarship and the professions.

Most important of all, this group is closely tied together by long and close cooperation: as a "network," it has existed for years. What is new is the climate that now allows it to present Mexican problems on a national level. A long process of internal change within the Mexican population is now making itself felt on the surface of American life.

Among the changes is a weakening of the traditional pattern of political isolation. The question, "Why should

I become an American citizen?" was common among the older immigrant generation. "I can't wear my naturalization papers. People still treat me as Mexican." But the rate of naturalization has been increasing, particularly in far Western segments of the Mexican population and in urban areas. A little-noticed provision of the Walters-McCarran Act of 1950 gave legal residents of foreign birth who were 50 years of age or over the privilege of qualifying for naturalization in their native language. Organized groups like the Community Service Organization (CSO) speeded the already increasing rate of naturalization when they established Spanish classes in U. S. citizenship. Further, the older and sometimes more embittered generation is being replaced by a younger population which accepts American citizenship as a normal fact of life. Both the steady jobs that this once transient population found during World War II and the new habit of living for many years in a single city have accelerated the rate of naturalization. As one might expect, each year the ties, real or imagined, with Mexico and "Mexican culture" grow fainter. Parades celebrating Mexican national holidays increasingly function like New York's St. Patrick's Day celebration—a field day for politicians.

Mexicans are learning to live with the full range of modern institutions in large cities. Schools, welfare bureaucracies, labor unions, police and an elaborate public health system have all required adaptation. All of them disturbed and disrupted the highly localistic Mexican communities. Traditional spokesmen were replaced by younger leaders who drew their authority from the local community rather than from Anglo politicians. With the new ways of life came new reasons for uniting the community. Police

brutality, for example, is still an ugly and immediate reality to many Mexicans. An urbanized community meant that immigration agents could more easily locate illegal immigrants. And no matter how harmless, youthful Mexican gangs became permanently identified in the Anglo mind with juvenile delinquency. These and other conflicts sharpened the need for organized Mexican voting. In California, the Community Service Organization (supported by Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation) set up the machinery for mass registration drives.

The larger society is also changing, however slowly. Not only is America generally more liberal; large-scale migration to the West has brought in a young, well-educated populace only faintly acquainted with Southwestern patterns of intolerance. Again the changes occur most rapidly in large cities. Studies of Mexican segregation in California show that even today some of the smaller cities ghettoize Mexicans as rigidly as Southern communities segregate the Negroes.

The new leaders have built this growing consciousness of identity despite the handicap of an enormously diverse population. However possible it may be to imagine an average Negro or an average Japanese-American, it is obviously ridiculous to postulate a typical Mexican-American. At one extreme, nearly 1 million Texas Mexicans live at an economic level not much above that of their ancestors in the aftermath of their defeat in the war with the United States. Most of these are concentrated in south Texas, a sort of Appalachia that runs through thirty counties along the lower Gulf Coast and the Rio Grande valley. Here the Mexican is largely rural, nearly illiterate and lives in part according to the Mexican colonial class system, in part by the plantation system of the South. Further north and west, the "Spanish" of New Mexico and Colorado are very different. Many claim unmixed ancestry from early Spanish settlers to escape the "Mexican" stigma; some, in fact, adopt the racial prejudices of the Anglos, discriminating against new arrivals from Mexico and, generally, against anyone of dark complexion. While California Mexicans appear to be more militant in their demands, they are also less specific about their goals. Texans, on the other hand, appear more specific about goals but less militant in tactics. In the far West, and most particularly in the booming industrial cities of California, a better-educated, better-fed, but a not necessarily politically more mature group has appeared since World War II. Many are migrants from other parts of the Southwest. This group supplies most of the Young Turks among the California Mexican leadership.

In past years this very diversity of population has prevented effective national expression of Mexican hopes. Even now at least one respected and well-informed Mexican theorist believes that this minority cannot be organized nationally. Many who are identified with the new leadership persist in thinking otherwise, even in the teeth of several failures to consolidate existing Mexican organizations or to build a single pressure group.

Very recently (and most unexpectedly) the new leadership has picked up some important support. It comes as a strange by-product of the new federal poverty legislation. For the first time in American history, impoverished groups can get direct assistance from the federal government and

by-pass the local power establishment. Moreover, help is given not to qualified and needy individuals but to qualified and needy groups. The result in thousands of Mexican communities has been electrifying. Local poverty programs are giving Mexicans a high degree of self-consciousness. And the immediate result of nearly every poverty program in nearly every community is social conflict. Sometimes the Anglo power structure must be fought in order to get the assistance, as is happening in south Texas. Sometimes the spoils must be divided with other minorities.

This latter cause of friction is of increasing importance. Mexicans are now being forced, willy-nilly, to join forces in order to compete with Negroes. In Los Angeles, as a notable example, the Negro rioting in Watts was particularly resented by many Mexicans because the Mexicans got no rewards for *not* rioting. After the riots new job-training programs, new schools, new hospitals, new job opportunities seemed to pour into Watts. There were few such benefits for East Los Angeles where the Mexicans live, and the lesson is not lost on the leadership. Albert Pena of Texas comments: "Last year at the President's meeting on civil rights there were 3,000 delegates. But there were only eight of us Latin Americans. Our problems were not discussed—only Negro problems. We were told consistently, 'The trouble with you is, you don't make enough noise, you don't demonstrate, you don't raise Cain enough.'"

Many Mexican leaders hope for a Negro-Mexican coalition. Many fear that the militancy of the Negro will leave the Mexican without a fair share of programs stemming from the war on poverty. Others fear that irresponsible voices will distort the nature of the competition between the Negro poor and the unemployed Mexican and thereby inflame passions and cause conflict. Others insist that the problem of competition is less among the people on the community level and more among the professionals who compete for appointive positions and political advantage. Minority coalitions have never done well in the Southwest. Nonetheless the new Mexican leader studies Negro civil rights technique with a degree of attention approaching the Pentagon's study of Chinese guerrillas. Mexican and Negro objectives are the same: to squeeze as much money and help as possible out of the federal government.

In contrasting Negro and Mexican techniques it must be remembered that the Negro drive for civil rights is based at least partially on a mass movement with mass organizations. Mexican leadership as yet rests on the frailest of rank-and-file participation. The new wave of regional solidarity may yet produce such a mass movement, but even the most optimistic of the new leaders believe it to be far in the future. Perhaps some dramatic touch is needed. The Mexican population was sharply reduced by mass repatriations on two separate occasions: in the 1930s at least 100,000 persons were removed to Mexico, and again in 1955 more than 1 million persons were rounded up in Operation Wetback. These events, traumatic to the Mexicans, are little known by the general public. Sympathy for minorities in the United States seems to flourish in a climate of well-publicized persecution. Anti-Semitism became nearly extinct after Hitler. The Mexicans have not profited from the drama inherent in the Puerto Ricans' sudden invasion of

New York. There have been no Emancipation Proclamations. Few ballad singers or novelists (there have been one or two exceptions) to speak to the nation—and to the world—on behalf of the Mexican.

Mexicans, still largely confined to one region of the United States, are hard to see and hard to understand. Until very recently, they have escaped the attention of academic students of race relations. Even the West's widespread and undeserved reputation for racial tolerance has helped to obscure its Mexican population, which has not found effective ways to communicate its complaints.

It is likely that this passivity is ending. In a sense, it ended for the Mexican leaders after the walkout at Albu-

querque. Now it is also ending in hundreds of communities through the mechanism of the war against poverty. In time a new militancy may sweep away both regional differences and political isolation. The new techniques of the Albuquerque protest and of Cesar Chavez suit the temper of the Mexican population. Recently, Dr. Hector Garcia, the founder of the Mexican G.I. Forum in San Antonio, warned the White House of the new temper. He said (and this is remarkable for a Mexican whose home is in Texas) that Mexicans were prepared to march in the streets if that were necessary to reach their goals. Dr. George Sanchez puts it all in Spanish. *No queremos que nos den atole con el dedo.* (We don't want to be fed mush with a finger.)



system of higher education, only about 2 percent of the four-year college enrollment is Mexican-American, while Mexican-Americans constitute about 10 percent of the total population and a much higher percentage of the school-age population. Delinquency and drug addiction rates are high. Residential segregation is increasing. As far as jobs go, the old devil, overt discrimination, has been largely replaced by the new devil, automation, and by more subtle "cultural discrimination" in the form of tests which penalize the Mexican-American first as a student and then as a prospective employee. Finally, there are signs of increasing family change. In the Spanish-speaking ghetto of east Los Angeles, for instance, 26 percent of all children under eighteen are not living with both parents (the figure is only 13 percent for Los Angeles as a whole). This is a particularly serious development for the Mexican-American community, which springs from a culture in which the family is the strongest of all institutions.

If they think of them at all, Easterners are likely to think of Mexican-Americans in terms of wetbacks who cross the border to fester in farm shacks for the miserly wages paid to migratory workers. In fact, Mexican-Americans are heavily urbanized. Almost 80 percent in the Southwest live in cities and towns, a proportion fully as high as the Anglo concentration and considerably higher than the nonwhite. For every Mexican-American picking fruit in California's Central Valley there are scores working as hod carriers and busboys in Los Angeles. For every stereotypical migrant who follows the crops, there are dozens crowded into the *colonias* and *barrios* that cling to the fringes of innumerable Southwest towns. The recent urbanization of such a group, given its low educational level and other characteristics, must represent social, economic, educational — and potentially political — significance of a high order.

But the Mexican-Americans' few successes in bringing themselves to national attention have had to do with the farm-labor issue, which is appropriate yet somewhat ironic. The farm workers, with an average annual income of about \$1500 and generally unspeakable living and working conditions, are worse off than anybody else. In the past two years, Cesar Chavez managed to organize and sustain a successful strike of grape pickers. The strike was dramatic, colorful, and immensely appealing, and it drew the support of activist Anglos from all over. Pilgrimages to the Central Valley were undertaken by Bobby Kennedy and youngsters from SNCC, by correspondents of the New York Times and television crews from national networks. Bay area liberals who had never set foot in San Francisco's Mission District or in east San Jose made the 550-mile round trip to Delano, the

strike headquarters, carrying money, food, and clothing. And many middle-of-the-road Californians did not eat so much as one grape for months, so as not to risk patronizing a struck vineyard.

The condition of the farm workers is obvious and desperate. But Chavez himself is said to have urged urban leaders not to allow the farm-labor issue to deflect their attention from the more complex problems of the *barrios*, which are bound to grow worse as the ghettos continue to receive steady influxes of Mexican immigrants (almost a thousand a week) and displaced domestic farm workers.

East Los Angeles is one of those areas that Eastern eyes would never recognize as being poor. The low dwellings (though there may be as many as three on a tiny lot) have yards around them, and flowers, and on smogless days the nearby mountains stand out beautifully. There is a color that is heightened by the leftover symbols of other peoples for whom the area earlier served as a port of entry: Orientals, Italians, and then Russian Jews. Mexican catessens offer kosher *burritos* and Okie *frijoles*, and Winchell's Do-Nut House features a Taco Fiesta. Youngsters cruise around in beat-up cars for which they buy gas by the quarter's worth. An "Operator Wanted" sign in a curtained storefront window signifies that yet another small sweatshop has opened where the illiterate (and perhaps illegal) immigrant or school dropout may find a few days' work sewing blouses or shirts.

Following the riots in nearby Watts, a special census was made of that area and east L.A. What attention the survey got was mainly directed to the part on Watts, but those who read the rest of the report could find that in east L.A., too, between 1960 and 1965 real income slipped by 8 to 10 percent, housing deteriorated, home ownership declined.

OF THE two courses that Mexican-Americans might follow to bring themselves helpful attention, one they have been unable to take and the other they have been unwilling to take. They have not been able to organize into an effective political bloc, and they have not been willing to riot and burn. One federal official describes them as "the most disorganized ethnic group in the country." The federal establishment, according to some officials, is so desperate to find a real leader to treat with that it would even welcome the emergence of a Mexican-American Stokely Carmichael.

There are good reasons for the Mexican-Americans' lack of political clout, but they escape anyone who tries to understand the Mexican-American experience in terms of other ethnic groups. Ernesto Galarza, a distinguished scholar and writer,

points out that historically Mexican-Americans have not been seen as a great constitutional and moral issue, as were the Negroes, nor as an ordinary immigrant group to be acculturated or assimilated. They have been looked on simply as an ever replenishing supply of cheap and docile labor.

The Mexican-Americans do have in common with the Negroes a long history of discrimination, but they were never enslaved and no war was ever fought over them, though one was fought over their land. Harsh as the discrimination was, including lynchings and segregation in schools and other public facilities, it was spotty (you could get into a swimming pool if you weren't too swarthy) and varied from place to place and from time to time.

The somewhat nebulous quality of the discrimination — and the concomitant fact that a lucky Mexican-American could "make it" into the middle class — helps explain why the Mexican-Americans have not yet produced the spontaneous leadership or found the unifying force of the civil rights movement. And the very institutions which might have been expected to recognize the condition and champion the cause of the Mexican-Americans — the Roman-Catholic Church, labor, the Democratic Party, liberal groups, educational institutions, and the Eastern philanthropic and press establishment — have been by and large deaf, dumb, and blind on the subject. "For the Mexican-American," says a college professor, "there are no liberals."

This is not literally true, of course. Some individuals such as Carey McWilliams have for years written and spoken vigorously on the problem, and twenty years ago Fred Ross, supported by Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation, began community organization efforts in Mexican-American sections of California. Other individuals and groups have done effective work on a small scale, and a few priests (though often at the cost of being silenced or sent away by their superiors) have been fairly militant spokesmen for the Mexican-Americans.

But there has been no wide-scale involvement. The white liberals who at one time helped to lead and to bankroll the Negro movement had few Anglo counterparts working with and speaking out on behalf of the Mexican-Americans. Many Southwestern Anglos supported the Negro movement, however, and even some Mexican-American college students confessed to me that they became active in the Negro cause before they caught on that there was work to be done closer to home.

The lack of outside interest and help (spelled m-o-n-e-y), combined with the fact that until recently the group was overwhelmingly rural and had very few educated members, has given the Mexican-Americans of today very little political leverage. Social, fraternal, and thinly disguised political organizations appear and disappear with

startling rapidity, but there has never been a Mexican-American equivalent of the NAACP or Urban League, let alone SNCC or CORE. Even the sturdiest and longest-lived of the organizations have very little in the way of paid staffs. If you want to see the head of some group, you phone his place of business or his house, because it is quite likely that there isn't any headquarters. There is no effective clearinghouse or information center, and communications within the community are weak — among the leaders, and also between them and the poverty-stricken of town and country.

Chavez is the most authentic leader in the traditional sense: a charismatic man sprung from a rural proletariat whose understanding and loyalty he commands. What is questionable is whether the basis of his appeal — a combination of religious pageantry, evocation of the heroes of the Mexican Revolution, and nonviolent civil rights techniques — could successfully be transferred from the fields to the city streets.

"There are dozens of Chavezes hidden in the *barrios*," a city spokesman said sadly, but presumably these buried Chavezes will have to find new ways to rally the new urban proletariat. For whatever the culture of the *barrios* may be, it is certainly a hybrid one, neither classical Mexican nor traditional Anglo urban.

"It's always my parents telling me to be proud I'm Mexican and the school telling me to be American," a junior high school student cried out. For the city youngsters (50 percent of the Mexican-American population is under twenty), the goodies offered by the industrialized society are all too visible and unavailable. "The thing to do is learn how the *gringos* keep you down," they say. And the residents of the *barrios* are sophisticated enough to recognize that it is the future they have to fear more than the present.

"They are teaching my boy nothing in that school, *nothing*," a mother said to me with a despair that is impossible to convey in writing. "What will happen to him? What will he do?"

CONSIDERING their numbers in California (now estimated at nearly two million), the Mexican-Americans have a singular dearth of elected representation. There is one congressman of Mexican descent, Edward R. Roybal, a Democrat from Los Angeles. No Mexican-American sits in either house of the California legislature, or on the city council, or elected board of education in L.A. Roybal became the first of his community since 1881 to serve on the city council when he was elected in 1949, but when he left for Congress in 1962 his seat was contested by four Mexican-Americans

and one Negro, with the result one might expect.

What the Mexican-Americans have lacked in elective political muscle they have tried to make up for by extracting promises and appointments from Anglo politicians. Here again they are handicapped: the Democrats have taken them for granted (traditionally, about 90 percent of the relatively small registration votes Democratic), and the Republicans haven't bothered much until recently. Most Mexican-Americans agree that Democratic Governor Pat Brown did more for the group than any previous governor. Still, it wasn't enough.

During the last campaign the Reagan forces made some successful overtures to the community, and the Republicans made some electoral inroads, notably around Los Angeles, but the Democrats believe that overall they managed to hold on to about 75 percent of the Mexican-American vote. The defections in California and the rest of the Southwest, however, apparently worried the Democrats (they hastily appointed a Mexican-American to the National Committee), and they should be worried; while they may have no place else to go now, the Mexican-Americans are looking around. A mutually satisfactory political marriage will not easily be achieved. The one thing that Anglos and Mexican-Americans do most certainly for each other is to provide inexhaustible sources of frustration. The Anglo litany of complaints about Mexican-American political behavior, to abbreviate it drastically, runs like this:

They can't get organized, they can't agree among themselves, there aren't any real leaders, and the so-called leaders can't deliver. ("They'd come to us with talk about 400,000 votes," one of Governor Brown's campaign managers said aggrievedly, "but some of those guys couldn't deliver their own families.") The community is uninvolved, and it is difficult to find out what it wants. An assistant to a southern California congressman says that when he sends out invitations to a meeting with the congressman — say 250 to the Negro community and 250 to the Mexican-American — about 150 Negroes usually turn up, and about 30 Mexican-Americans. "And the first question, sometimes the only question, they ask is: 'How many Mexican-Americans on your staff?' If it was 100 percent it still wouldn't be enough," he adds glumly.

This leads to another Anglo complaint: that many Mexican-Americans view the American political process with an eye to appointments and that politics for them becomes a superficial numbers game, with little attention paid either to the potential importance of the jobs or the ability and effectiveness of the appointees.

Finally, Anglos complain that many Mexican-American spokesmen prefer to compete among themselves for elective or appointive jobs instead

of working out ways and means for achieving at least a show of unity, a drive for a cause. All too often four or five Mexican-Americans insist on running for an office, thus dividing the vote.

Beyond the Anglo politicians, who have special and self-centered interests in view, others who are highly sympathetic and have no political axes to grind are appalled by the amount and ferocity of infighting that goes on and the fact that it is so often caused not by ideological but by purely personal differences. So strong is the role of *personalismo* in Mexican-American politics that, as one sympathetic observer commented: "They wouldn't even vote to establish a postal system unless they knew who would be the mailman on the block."

Although there is much evidence to support these complaints, they do not take into account a number of relevant factors, including the Anglo role in perpetuating disunity and ineffectiveness within the group, whether intentionally or heedlessly. The Anglo politicians who criticize the lack of Mexican-American political organization make the very decisions that render such organization nearly impossible. In California, the Democrats, apparently thinking they knew a safe thing when they saw it, gerrymandered the Spanish surname sections of Los Angeles and San Francisco so as to make Spanish-speaking voters the pivotal but never the controlling factors in their various districts. This makes it difficult for Mexican-Americans to vote as a bloc and cuts off incipient leadership.

While the Democrats complain that they have to deal with leaders who have no followers, they have not financed the kind of block-to-block canvassing and voter registration that would produce organized constituencies. In search of votes, they woo the heads of the Mexican-American organizations and other community leaders in the hope that the leaders can exert personal influence over the community; it has to be personal, since the organizations themselves lack the money or manpower to organize real constituencies.

In making appointments, too, Anglos seem to set up situations which inevitably cause trouble in and for the Mexican-American community. Because they want to get the maximum political mileage from the few appointments they are willing to make, Anglo officials undertake elaborate though clandestine efforts to procure the perfect all-purpose Mexican-American, then assert that no man can be found to meet the wildly unrealistic qualifications established for the job.

Anglo officials make incessant demands for unity among Mexican-Americans, the implication being that the Anglos are unable to do anything until they can discern an unmistakably clear picture of exactly what the community wants. While there are real frustrations involved in dealing with a group

as fragmented as the Mexican-Americans, there is also real cynicism involved in the way so many Anglo officials in positions of power at all levels seize on the condition as an excuse to do nothing. It should not be necessary to identify genuine leaders or take a poll of the grass roots to guess, for instance, that no group "wants" to have urban renewal accomplished at the price of its own removal (in at least one border town the Mexican-Americans were renewed right over into Mexico); that no community "wants" to be slashed into chunks by hideous freeways (as has happened in east Los Angeles); that few people "want" their children to attend a school run by someone who could remark, as the former principal of an east Los Angeles high school did in the presence of an Anglo friend of mine, "We couldn't run this school without the dropout rate. They don't belong here anyway — they belong in the fields."

The truth is that the endless jockeying, delaying, rumormongering, and playing of the cat-and-mouse game simply elicit and intensify the very kind of behavior the Anglos deplore: dissension and a flying off in all directions. The entire protracted handling of the on-again, off-again White House Conference is a perfect case in point.

In the fall of 1965, some Mexican-Americans, having heard of plans for a major civil rights conference in Washington, asked to be included. They were given to understand, in writing, that a separate conference would be held for Mexican-Americans or possibly all Spanish-speaking Americans. From then on there were unanswered telegrams from this group, unanswered letters from that one, understandings and misunderstandings, and joint attempts by the leaders of Mexican-American groups to apply pressure. A year ago the President had a few spokesmen to dinner and left them with the impression that there would be a conference. Others of a group that considered itself the prime negotiating committee were not invited. Their exclusion, of course, strained relations among the Mexican-Americans as well as between them and the *federates*.

No more was heard of the much-wanted conference until late October of 1966, when high officials of the Administration found time, despite, or because of, the imminence of the elections, to meet with about sixty Mexican-American spokesmen in "preplanning" discussions of the real conference. Since then official silence has been accompanied by comic-opera goings-on. A small group with Labor Department leadership and the use of White House stationery — but with offices in neither place — is known to be "doing something" about Mexican-Americans and other Spanish-speaking Americans. A receptionist answers its phone "National Conference" but is unable to say

on what, or where, or when, or for whom any conferring is being or is going to be done. So rumors fly, consternation and frustration increase among the Mexican-Americans, and much of their attention, time, and energy, and that of a number of federal officials, is diverted from the real problems, which continue to grow more malignant.

THE school systems of the Southwest have totally failed the Mexican-American community," says Dr. Miguel Montes of California's state board of education. The cold statistics alone make his case.

What is striking is that so little has been done or said until recently, despite the fact that a few educators such as Dr. George Sanchez of the University of Texas, have for years been urging bilingual instruction, a revision of the curriculum and textbooks to appeal to the interests and to strengthen the sense of cultural identity of Mexican-American students, decent counseling and guidance, and teacher training that might produce instructors capable of reaching and educating Mexican-American children.

In most of the states, among them California, it is against the law to use any language but English as the medium of instruction, though the law is openly flouted by the few teachers who can speak Spanish. The psychological and educational implications of such a policy are clear. By denying the child the right to speak his own language (in some places children are still punished for speaking Spanish even on the playground), the system is telling him, in effect, that his language, his culture, and by extension he himself, are inferior. And he rapidly becomes truly inferior in achievement, since the teachers must perforce water down the subject matter, such as arithmetic or social studies, for use as a vehicle for teaching English rather than the subject itself.

Counseling in the schools is notoriously bad, and constitutes a special source of bitterness for the Mexican-Americans who have survived it — that is, defied it. "Realistic" counselors say, in effect: college costs too much; besides, you couldn't make it anyway; besides, you couldn't get a good job when you finished. Congressman Roybal was advised to become an electrician on the strength of an A in his ninth-grade algebra class (he was lucky to get into algebra; "general math" is usually considered sufficient). Julian Nava, a young professor at San Fernando Valley State College with a Ph.D. in history from Harvard, was advised to take, and did take, body and fender courses in high school in east Los Angeles. There are plenty of current stories of this sort.

The inadequacy of ability tests when applied to

many groups is also notorious; the question is how, when the fact is so well known, school officials can summon the arrogance to brand young children as mentally deficient when it is the tests and the schools that are deficient. In California, Negro and Mexican-American children are overwhelmingly overrepresented proportionally in classes for the "mentally retarded." A former education official (an angry Anglo) told me of visiting a school in the San Joaquin Valley where he saw records listing one child as having an I.Q. of 46. Wanting to learn more about how such a mental basket case could function at all, he inquired around and found that the child, a boy of eleven, has a paper route, takes care of his four younger brothers and sisters after school, and prepares the evening meal for the family. He also speaks no English.

Many Anglo educators claim that they cannot make headway against the problems of language, culture, and parents. The stereotype has it that Mexican-Americans are not interested in having their children get an education, though every bit of evidence I found suggested just the reverse. In fact, many Mexican-American adults have an entirely unwarranted respect for the wisdom of teachers and principals, which is one reason why they have allowed their children to be pushed around for so long. There are problems, but they are by no means insurmountable. Actually, they have been used as a mask, and not a very effective one at that, for the real attitudes of the Anglo community at large.

"The schools are the places where Anglos and Mexican-Americans come to learn and act out the roles they will later play," says Theodore W. Parsons, an anthropologist at the University of California. He recently spent months studying the schools in a California town where the population is about 57 percent Mexican-American; practices similar to the ones he observed there are followed in many schools all over the feudal Southwest. The children — Anglos are called "Americans" and Mexican-Americans are called "Mexicans" — are conditioned for their respective roles in the adult world from their first day in school to their final one, when at graduation the Mexicans march in last and sit at the back of the platform. "This makes for a better-looking stage," a teacher explained to Parsons, adding that it allows the Americans, who have all the parts in the program, to get to the front more easily.

"Once we did let a Mexican girl give a little

talk of some kind," Parsons was told, "and all she did was mumble around. She had quite an accent, too. Afterwards we had several complaints from other parents, so we haven't done anything like that since. That was about twelve years ago."

THE Negro revolution has stimulated, but by its great drama has also obscured, already existing ferment within the Mexican-American community. Spokesmen have had increasingly stormy sessions (and nonsessions — the walkout is becoming something of a fad) with federal, state, and local officials.

Many Anglos seem to dismiss the volubly expressed anger of Mexican-American leaders as not being "representative" of the feelings of the masses, but it is foolish to do so. No Mexican-American I know of has ever threatened that blood will run in the streets if conditions continue to grow worse, but thoughtful spokesmen acknowledge that no one can predict what outlet the growing hostility will find, a hostility that may be the more malignant because it has been so long suppressed.

"Man, if east L.A. ever blows, it will *really* blow," one said, and Herman Gallegos of San Francisco, a highly responsible leader, reports that some Mexican-Americans decline to join picket lines or other peaceful demonstrations because they fear they could not remain nonviolent. There is undeniable resentment of not only Anglos but Negroes: "If they don't move over, they're going to find footprints on their backs," one temperate Mexican-American said. He and other sophisticated Mexican-Americans realize that it is not the Negroes' "fault" that they are getting a little bit more of not enough, but there is the dangerous tension that always exists when poor people are set to scrambling for the few crumbs tossed out by the affluent society.

The fuel that could set off a Watts-type explosion is present in ample supply. Perhaps one day it will be ignited by some incident. Or perhaps the youthful population will simply retreat into increasing withdrawal, alienation, and addiction.

There is also, of course, a third possibility: that Anglos will give up their cynical game of divide and rule, listen to the growing number of articulate Mexican-American spokesmen as they define the community's problems, and allow Mexican-Americans the tools they can use to carry themselves into the mainstream of American life.

# The Chicano Voice Is Being Heard

This impassioned statement by a Mexican-American educator asserts that a heretofore silent minority is building Brown Power.

By Y. Arturo Cabrera

PUBLICATIONS about the Spanish-speaking peoples of the Southwest are largely based on ancient assumptions; conclusions perpetuate themselves in a circular manner. Recent doctoral and graduate studies are few; virtually no current scholarly materials are available.

Events over the last few years have generated considerable awareness and public alarm about minorities in America. But Chicanos continue, by and large, to be an invisible and forsaken minority.

The greatest void is the absence of literate production by Chicanos themselves. More than statistical descriptions are needed; there must be a new inquiry into the philosophical roots of the ethnic group itself, and Mexican-American voices must be raised on these matters.

Many articles today suggest culture value orientations associated with Mexican folk-society. Many teachers, influenced by the stereotypes created by today's writers, note outright inconsistencies—if not complete irrelevance—in comparing the folkways to current space-age thinking. This ancient image is violated by the actions of militant Chicanos who have no patience with docile, submissive, and ingratiating behavior. These actions come as a shock to members of the Anglo-American establishment

and to conservative or moderate Americans of Mexican descent. Chicano militants are finding a fraternity with other young people in their irreverence for tradition and middle-class symbols.

Mexican-Americans are troubled and apprehensive. Chicanos have demonstrated in Sacramento, Washington, D.C., and El Paso in attempts to achieve positive action to solve the problems of low-income, unskilled, and poorly educated Mexican-Americans. Their failure to make any visible progress is a current topic of contentious debate. Militant Chicanos believe that "the System" has all the cards in a stacked deck, that they must confront those who make the rules and call the moves. Believing this, they conclude that their only chance to make gains will depend on their capacity to *play the game by new rules.*

This murky background, shot through with frustration and hostility, accounts for the emergence of the Chicano militants, and explains the changing tempo of old-line activists. Militants, impatient and intolerant, are found principally in the colleges, with slowly increasing activity at high school level. Throughout California we are seeing these young people openly defying the Anglo-American establishment.

Mexican-Americans need to discover who they are and to like what they see. It is not so much that there is no image, but rather that the public image is one created by the Anglo-American society, which insists on an illusion of a conquered, subordinate

*Dr. Cabrera, professor of education at San Jose State College, is a member of the CTA Commission on Human Relations.*

inferior, and menial class. Chicanos must accept or create for themselves an image which, by regenerating the strengths of the mother culture, will permit the release of potential skills, talents, and intelligence. It is important that this new sense of identity be one that Mexican-Americans discover for themselves. Militant Chicanos believe that they must become a cutting edge to penetrate heretofore forbidden areas of equality.

Mexican-Americans must also travel other roads. They must use the public schools, vocational training centers, and institutions of higher education which will lead them to business, technological, and professional competence on a par with other citizens.

Whatever the success of programs with the hard-core deprived—and so far they have been only suggestive of the potential—the general status of Chicanos will remain unchanged unless they make tangible and substantial inroads into upper levels of business, government, and the professions. Mexican-Americans must serve not only in advisory capacities but as decision-makers in the society in which they live.

Political engagement is another priority. A complete and practical immersion in the cold waters of political campaigns is necessary. Chicanos must find and support candidates for public office at all levels. This is no easy task, but unless this is done with success, progress for Spanish-speaking people will continue to be limited. When Mexican-Americans begin to elect their own people to public office they will begin to earn meaningful recognition in other fields.

### Reasons for Chicano militancy

The Chicano militant movement is rallying around four issues: (1) They are galled by their invisibility in the majority community. (2) They resent their exclusion from the good life of the society in general. (3) Other minority communities are making concrete gains by employment of brute force, and the example is causing the Mexican-American to abandon his traditional hat-in-hand approach. (4) The apparent inability of older Mexican-American leaders to crack the barriers and to gain footholds in the established order is causing the militants to look elsewhere for leadership.

There is danger, however, in extremism. Categorical rejection of other alternatives representing traditional channels to mobility and participation will lead to alienation. Separation is not an appropriate goal. Chicano militants today are the front-line combat troops, but they must learn—if they do not already know—that in any campaign reserve troops

must be called in to hold the gained ground. This military analogy must apply in areas of employment and career advancement.

There is nothing in the Brown Power movement that speaks effectively for racial separation. Rather the Chicano thrust is for a recognized and respected bilingual and bicultural status containing all the privileges of first class citizenship demanded by other American minorities.

Two myths are perpetuated to the disadvantage of Chicanos. One is the idea that they are represented by government (in California, with more than two million Spanish-surnamed residents, there is only one state legislator of Mexican descent). The other is the Horatio Alger myth (the every-man-can-be-a-success line is equally unrealistic in any area where poverty rules).

### Good teaching materials not ready

There is considerable agreement that current education programs are failing Chicanos. Deficiencies may be observed in curriculum content, organization of classes, disregard for the role of the Mexican-American in the history of the United States, weak guidance in high schools, inadequate employment and assignment of teachers of Mexican descent, and other justified charges.

Filmed programs which constructively dramatize problems of race and discrimination can be powerful tools for American minorities. But a planned program at San Jose State College, though it had administrative approval and student support, had to be scrapped because adequate films were not available. Very little has been developed in curriculum materials for Chicano use in the schools. This will take years to develop and more years to refine. Authors and producers of such materials should be chiefly teachers of Mexican descent. But there are few now in service who have the experience or opportunity to produce useful documentaries. In addition, governmental programs and private philanthropy, though generous in recognizing the needs of other American minority groups, have been almost totally blind to the needs of Chicanos.

The practical operation of the political system lends credence to the old saw that it is the squeaking wheel that gets the grease. More and more Chicanos from middle-class and professional ranks will become militantly involved. They *must* be involved as they come to a deeper understanding of the basic social dynamics which determine what a man is, what he may become, and how he may seize the opportunities open to him as an American. ///

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# JAILED!

For years, we have been building a union of farmworkers. We have endured great sacrifices to bring good union contracts to our brothers in the fields—to our own families—and our task is just beginning.

We struck the lettuce fields in Salinas in August. But growers signed contracts with a union that had not been organizing farmworkers.

We found out about these contracts in the newspaper, and we also found out that they were no good. No pesticide protection, no medical plan for migrant workers, no health and safety protections, and no way of being sure that we would be hired fairly.

These contracts are now only empty paper—the union the growers signed with has agreed that our union, the United Farmworkers, has jurisdiction over farmworkers.

But the growers won't negotiate with our union. Bud Antle, one very big grower, has tried to break our boycott of non-Farmworker lettuce. Cesar Chavez has gone to jail to show that our rights to our own union must be won, and won with no violence.



Cesar Chavez

Bud Antle is a powerful company with a powerful ally. Dow Chemical owns some of Antle's crop land, owns Antle stock, and sells pesticides to Antle. Without Farmworker contracts, we have no protection from those pesticides.

So we ask you not to buy Dow products: Touch of Sweden hand lotion, Saran Wrap, Handi Wrap, Dow Oven Cleaner, and Dow Toilet Bowl Cleaner. Ask your grocer not to carry these products.

Cesar is in jail because he would not turn his back on the workers who struck in Salinas. But to win contracts, we need YOUR support.

**BOYCOTT NON-FARMWORKER LETTUCE!  
BOYCOTT DOW CHEMICAL PRODUCTS!**

Buy lettuce ONLY where you see this label.

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262-2139 264-0689

LONG BEACH Office  
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MAIN BOYCOTT OFFICE  
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## Racial Census Finds Minority Power in West

From The Star's Washington Bureau  
Washington—The Census Bureau has finished counting persons by race and released its figures yesterday that show the West has the largest proportion of each racial group with the exception of the white and Negro populations.

The West, particularly California, leads in the numbers of Chinese and Filipinos, is second in the number of Japanese. Hawaii has the most Japanese. Oklahoma is first in the number of American Indians. New York has the most Negroes.

The 1970 population counts show 177,748,975 whites; 22,580,289 Negroes; 792,730 American Indians; 591,290 Japanese; 435,062 Chinese; 343,060 Filipinos, and 720,520 others, including Koreans, Hawaiians, Aleuts, Eskimos, Malaysians, Polynesians and others.

Missouri has 4,177,495 whites; 480,172 Negroes; 5,405 Indians; 2,382 Japanese; 2,815 Chinese; 2,010 Filipinos and 6,222 persons of other races.

Kansas has 2,133,068 whites; 106,977 Negroes; 8,672 Indians; 1,584 Japanese; 1,233 Chinese; 758 Filipinos and 5,286 persons of other races.

# Hispanic Groups Begin To Test Political Muscle

By EDWARD NEILAN  
Copley News Service

WASHINGTON — A conference of 2,500 Spanish-speaking persons has served notice that Hispanic-Americans will be a force to be reckoned with in the 1972 presidential election campaign.

Meeting in the nation's capital, the gathering voted to create a national political action campaign, including a permanent Washington office to push legislation that would end discrimination against Hispanic-Americans.

Another goal of the Washington office will be to act as a monitor on alleged law-enforcement misconduct against Spanish-speaking peoples in this country.

"Ya basta! (enough is enough)" exclaimed Sen. Joseph M. Montoya, D-N.M., keynote speaker at the conference.

## GROWING CONFIDENCE

Montoya said the forming of a coalition "brings a feeling of confidence to my people."

Rep. Edward Roybal, D-Calif., said resolutions for programs on labor, education and welfare passed by the delegations demonstrated the unity of the conference. "These resolutions will form the basis for a continuing civil rights movement of Chicano (Mexican-American) and Boricua (Puerto Rican) people," Roybal said.

The expressions of unity that came out of the conference surprised and impressed many capital political observers who were aware of strains between the Mexican-American and Puerto Rican elements.

## CLOSE RANKS

After some stormy debate, the elements closed ranks and endorsed two controversial resolutions that are bound to have repercussions in the 1972 campaign.

One of the resolutions was a call for independence for Puerto Rico, now a U.S. territory. The other was that a commission study the possibility of a separate Spanish-speaking U.S. political party.

A follow-up conference is to be held within 60 days and if the implied unity is sustained, Spanish-speaking citizens will take on increased importance for both Republicans and Democrats.

The votes of two controversial resolutions were viewed as an embarrassment to some of the congressional backers of the conference.

Young supporters of both issues tried to press their vic-

## NEW AUTO RUNS ON AIR!

Dow Jones News Service

TOKYO — Three Japanese companies said yesterday they have developed an experimental electric car using a battery system that requires no electrical recharging.

Sony Corp., Fuji Heavy Industries Ltd. and Shinko Electric Co. said the auto is powered by a zinc-air fuel cell which consumes finely ground zinc and electrolyte to generate electricity.

The auto can run for five continuous hours at 40 kilometers an hour (25 m.p.h.) on one tank of fuel, and the tank can be refilled in minutes, the companies said.

tories by asking directly whether the congressmen would endorse all the conference's recommendations.

Roybal and Rep. Herman Badillo, a Democrat from New York's Bronx district, stated identical positions. They said they thought Puerto Rican independence remained a matter for the people of Puerto Rico and both opposed the idea of a separate political party.

Two other principal sponsors of the meeting, Montoya and Republican Rep. Manuel Lujan Jr. of New Mexico, were not on the platform when the two issues were being pressed and thus were not called upon to state their positions.

Two other members of Congress of Hispanic origin did not participate. They were Henry B. Gonzalez and Eligio de la Garza, both Democrats from Texas.

They were criticized in a resolution advanced by Texas participants.

# Charge of Rape By Police Stirs Hispanic Parley

United Press International

A Spanish-speaking coalition opened a convention here yesterday with a demand that President Nixon order an investigation into charges that 10 New Mexico state policemen raped the wife of a Chicano leader while he was in jail.

In an emotion-packed beginning, the two-day National Spanish-Speaking Coalition Conference passed a resolution calling for the probe of charges raised by Reyes Lopez Tijerina, leader of an activist New Mexico group seeking return of land to natives. Tijerina told the 1,000 delegates in an impromptu speech that the policemen raped his wife.

He said New Mexico authorities, including the state attorney general, had the allegations and evidence in the case which he said he has been investigating for the past 90 days.

Tijerina did not say when the alleged rapes took place, except to claim it was while he was serving a recent two-year, five-month prison sentence.

## State Investigating

In Santa Fe, Atty. Gen. David Norvell said Tijerina's charge was under investigation. Norvell said he discussed it with Tijerina the week before last and had asked the state police chief, Martin Vigil, to investigate.

Norvell declined to discuss the details because, he said, the allegations were involved in a divorce complaint filed two weeks ago by Tijerina against his wife Patsy, 27.

Norvell added that Tijerina told him only one state policeman raped his wife and nine other persons, not connected with the state police, also were involved. The rapes took place over a period of time, Norvell said he was told.

Rep. Herman Badillo, D-N.Y., the first Puerto Rican elected to Congress, was attempting to answer questions from the audience here when followers of Tijerina demanded he be heard. Tijerina then was ushered through the smoky conference room of a suburban motel to the rostrum.

Sen. Joseph M. Montoya, D-N.M., the only Mexican-American in the Senate, said after Tijerina's accusations that he would ask Atty. Gen. John N. Mitchell, state police, and district attorneys in New Mexico to investigate the charges.

During his keynote address Montoya appealed to coalition militants to use nonviolent means to settle grievances and to work within the system.

## Moans, Hisses Heard

At one point, Montoya was greeted with moans and hisses, although the overall response was favorable.

"An eye for an eye," shouted one woman in response to his call for nonviolence.

"I do not feel we must resort to antisocial or divisive actions in order to attain our goals," Montoya said.

This was the first national meeting bringing together Puerto Rican groups and Mexican and Spanish-American factions. They had their differences in the past. But all speakers asked for an end to the differences and urged unity to achieve their goals of equality.

Among other speakers were Reps. Manuel Lujan Jr., R-N.M., and Edward R. Royball, D-Calif.

Tijerina heads an organization called Alianza, for Federal Alliance of Free City States. He wants native lands returned to New Mexicans.

ALBUQUERQUE Journal

10 - 26 - 71

# Spanish Group Ponders Political Clout

WASHINGTON (AP) — A new coalition of Spanish-surnamed groups will decide in the next 60 days whether to break away from existing political parties or seek reform — and more attention — from within.

No agreement on which course to take was reached at a two-day conference here but there was unanimity on the idea of uniting for a more potent political clout no matter which path is taken.

REGIONAL MEETINGS will be held to elect 53 delegates to a national political conference, probably in Chicago. Those 53 representatives will chart the route for the coalition.

Even at a news conference Monday, spokesmen for the Puerto Rican, or boricua, and Mexican-American, or chicano, factions in the coalition disagreed as to how to use their influence.

"I think we will be able to use the existing structure to attain evolution in status of Spanish-speaking minorities in

politics," said Robert Reveles, a top aide to Rep. Frank Thompson, D-N.J.

ON THE OTHER hand, said Frank Espada, a New York State University professor, "I believe the national parties have not responded to needs of our people. I feel that the formation of a third party would be very positive thing for our community."

Reveles is a native of Arizona and a chicano. Espada is a boricua whose roots are in Puerto Rico and who advocates independence for the

island.

More than 2000 persons crowded into the convention quarters at a suburban motel — about twice the number anticipated — and approved more than 100 resolutions, ranging from a call to end the war and the draft to a demand for independence for Puerto Rico.

A TASK FORCE attended by about 100 chicanos overwhelmingly went on record as opposing the nomination of a chicano from Los Angeles, Roman

Banuelos, U.S. Treasurer but the main body of the conference adjourned before this and dozens of other resolutions were brought up.

Reveles said the task force decided "Mrs. Banuelos had not manifested a spirit of sympathy for her fellow Spanish-speaking Americans," as demonstrated by repeated employment of illegal aliens at her food factory.

"There is a sense of futility of Mexican-Americans when they are in competition with illegal aliens who are hired in

the United States, usually as a cheap source of labor," Reveles said. The task force recommended that another Mexican-American be selected treasurer.

SEN. JOSEPH M. Montoya, D-N.M. and Reps. Edward Roybal, D-Calif., Herman Badillo, D-N.Y., and Manuel Lujan, R-N.M., were sponsors of the coalition conference but were not at Monday's sum-up session.

The chicano population is estimated at between 7 and 12 million and the boricua's at

between 2 and 5 million, but the delegations to the coming political conference will be split equally between the two groups.

There will be 15 Puerto Ricans from the Northeast, 15 chicanos from the Southwest, 11 chicanos and Puerto Ricans from the Midwest where they already are united, 2 chicanos from the far Northwest, 2 Puerto Ricans from California and another 8 delegates to be chosen from other Spanish-surnamed categories such as Cuban.

# Tijerina Talk Mised Press

By PAUL R. WIECK  
Of the Journal's  
Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON — It was easy for the 1100-plus delegates to a Spanish speaking conference here to believe the accusations Reies Lopez Tijerina made here in quiet, dispassionate tones Saturday.

## News Analysis

As a people, they have been the victims of society's brutality all too often to doubt the capacity of an Anglo-dominated social, economic and political structure to inflict such pain.

Coming as it did from one of the folk heroes of the newly awakened sense of cultural consciousness in the Spanish community, it was all the easier to believe.

But it had grave undertones.

The consensus of those who heard Tijerina Saturday morning, a consensus verified by a tape recording of his speech, was that he said this:

Ten New Mexico State Policemen raped his wife in front of his two small children while she was under the influence of marijuana and the men assaulting her held a gun to her head.

It was just assumed that at least most of the perpetrators were Anglos. In retrospect, some knew he didn't tie all the elements together—exactly. But that picture was still the clear impression of the hundreds of delegates.

HE DIDN'T MENTION he'd filed for divorce in San Miguel County, citing four counts of adultery, some days earlier.

Nor that the alleged incident happened over a period of months.

Consequently, the press wrote the version heard Saturday morning.

It was the version of ten State Policemen raping his wife without mention of the divorce action or any other mitigating factors. The implication was a forcible gang rape.

That, at least, is what the readers of such major metropolitan newspapers as the New York Times and the Washington Post read.

Tijerina did not hold a press conference on Saturday.

There were requests from the press and a meeting between Tijerina and the writers covering the conference was scheduled for 4 p.m. Saturday but then postponed until 10 a.m. Sunday.

Like all other reporters, this writer wrote the original Tijerina version for Albuquerque Journal readers.

HOWEVER, fate intervened.

Saturday night at a party in the suite of Rep Manuel Lujan, R-N.M., a young lady asked this writer if anything interesting happened at the conference that day.

He replied: "Oh, Reies Tijerina accused ten State Policemen of raping his wife."

But there was a third party in the conversation, a well-known Chicano leader from Albuquerque, who knew something of the story before he arrived in Washington.

"Oh no, Paul," he said, "Reies didn't mean that. There was only one State Policeman and nine others."

Then, we began a search for Tijerina, interrupted only by calls to the Albuquerque Journal news office to inform them of the new developments in the story.

AFTER AN HOUR or two Tijerina returned to his room at the motel after making the rounds of caucuses and agreed to talk to this reporter.

At that time, he confirmed that:

—Only one State Policemen, not ten, was involved.

—The alleged incidents took place over a period of some months.

—The persons involved were mostly from San Miguel County, some being what he described as "politicians."

—He had filed for divorce on grounds of adultery because it was suspected that "one case might involve consent" but really was a matter of strategy to bring others accused into court.

—There were "three or four" at one time, giving his wife

marijuana and holding a gun to her head.

So the story changed.

AT HIS PRESS conference the following morning, dozens of youthful followers of Tijerina crowded around a few members of the press in attendance to hear one of the heroes of their movement describe what happened as a "symbolic crime" and say he'd come to Washington to appeal to the "conscience of the Spanish speaking.

Tijerina's divorce action came up during the questioning, a development that stunned many of his youthful followers.

They were also unaware, until the press conference, that the alleged incidents took place "over a period of months" and there were some upset over that disclosure.

Following the press conference, a young lady came up to ask a reporter what he meant by "a divorce action."

Told that Tijerina had filed for divorce listing four counts of adultery some days before, she described that news as "mind blowing."

MEANWHILE, Tijerina said at the press conference he plans to drop the divorce action.

What was Tijerina's motive?

That was a matter of conjecture all weekend, particularly among those who planned the conference and saw press accounts devoted largely to Tijerina's charges rather than to the efforts of the diverse Spanish speaking community to unite itself.

Tijerina had not been listed on the agenda.

However, a woman supporter reached a microphone early in the session and asked that the conference hear from "our leader, Reies Tijerina."

The conferees went wild.

If Tijerina's motive was to re-assert his role in "La Raza," he certainly succeeded.

HIS MOTIVES were seldom questioned over the weekend and even from the floor while one delegate after another insisted the planners (four members of Congress) were using the conference for their own political enhancement.

But if there had been doubts, Tijerina recouped in the final session.

At a moment when the conference was tied up in knots over still another fight between Puerto Ricans and Cubans over whether the latter should be included in the formal coalition, Tijerina's friends urged him to take the floor.

By then, everyone knew of the hostility of Puerto Ricans, often crammed in barrios in the major urban areas, toward the predominantly middle class refugees from Cuba.

To the Puerto Ricans, the Cubans are "exploiters."

Tijerina had been sitting quietly during the long tedious hours of debate during the afternoon.

NOW, HE STEPPED to the microphone. In a long, impassioned speech which reduced dozens to tears, pleading with them to "get together," to "settle their differences," to "be united by their common language," he swayed the conference.

He brought the conference together.

He predicted a major role for Latin America in the future and urged the Spanish speaking in this country to unite, to become a strong force to complement the growing power of the nations below the border.

When he finished, there was utter silence for a few moments. Then, the delegates rose as one to give him a huge, rousing ovation. Once again, using quite different tactics, he had brought them together for the second time during the two-day session.

But what about the damage done by the earlier stories?

The facts will never catch up with the original allegations in the eastern press; indeed, ten years from now, people will be saying the Ten State Policemen in New Mexico were never brought to justice.

Who will be blamed? Some might finger the press. A good many will point to an "Anglo power structure" in the Southwest, specifically New Mexico. But few will mention Tijerina's role in helping perpetrate a gross misunderstanding.

By Frank Carey  
AP Science Writer

Washington — A widespread almost unprecedented drug industry-government research quest may take shape to find safer, nonaddicting and more long-lasting substitutes for the controversial drug methadone in the war against heroin addiction.

Two-pronged goal of the proposed venture is to:

● Develop "heroin antagonists" that would thwart heroin addiction for anywhere from a week to more than a month with a single dose, compared with once-a-day requirements for methadone.

● Possibly even develop a "vaccine" for more or less permanent protection against heroin addiction.

Methadone is the narcotic drug already being given to about 30,000 of the nation's 250,000 to 315,000 heroin addicts to block their "heroin hunger." The White House, among others has called lately for a major but strictly controlled expansion of methadone's use.

Like heroin itself, methadone is highly addictive and is vulnerable to illicit traffic. It, too, can be a killer if improperly used. A new variety of methadone has been developed—rated as effective for up to 72 hours, compared with 24 hours for the present form. But it is still in relatively short supply and has the same potential dangers as conventional methadone.

### Pool Resources

The idea to join forces for a new antiheroin weapon came from the drug industry, which proposed pooling research skills and facilities by 123 of the country's fiercely competitive pharmaceutical manufacturing firms. The government has been invited but has made no commitment.

Antitrust laws would have to be eased to get the heroin research started. The White House and other proponents are working to remove roadblocks and drug industry leaders say they are confident the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission will give their O.K.

Meanwhile, although strongly backing the proposed new research venture to find substitutes for methadone, the White House's new Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention—created by President Nixon by executive order—is pushing for expanded use of methadone.

The head of the office, Dr. Jerome H. Jaffe, concedes that methadone in any form is by no means the perfect answer. But Jaffe and his aides say they hope to have new treatment and rehabilitation facilities reach up to 100,000 heroin addicts over the next three years—with methadone playing a large role.

The ultimate goal is to reach at least 150,000 to 175,000 addicts (two-thirds of the total) and others who might develop the habit during coming years.

Jaffe said in an interview

that, for the lack of something better, "we're surviving with methadone—and it's useful."

He said his office believes that methadone-maintenance, used as an adjunct to psychiatric and other drug-free methods, is better than antiheroin programs employing drug-free methods alone.

### Costly Habit

Estimates are that it costs a heroin addict \$10,000 yearly to finance his craving—and that he must steal up to \$50,000 in jewels and other goods to get that kind of money from a "fence," unless he steals it in cash, or, in the case of a prostitute, makes it on her job.

It costs about \$1,000 yearly to maintain an addict on methadone.

Methadone is a synthetic opiate developed by German scientists during World War II, and uncovered by an Allies' scientific team during the initial occupation of conquered Germany.

It was designed originally as a new form of analgesic (a pain-killer) but, in the mid-1960s, it was also found capable of blocking a given heroin addict's craving for the drug and his ability to get "high" on it.

Dr. Vincent P. Dole of Rockefeller University, New York, and Dr. Marie Nyswander, his wife, pioneered the clinical use of the drug as a heroin blocker in 1964. They have remained among its most outspoken proponents, claiming a high percentage of success in getting hard-core addicts to kick or reduce their habit and return to jobs or school.

But, until recently at least, the drug has had a stormy history, with some doctors arguing that its use merely means substituting one addictive narcotic for another.

Other opponents have said that addicts chosen from the still-experimental program are so carefully screened and so highly motivated that it would be hard not to succeed. They say psychological, drug-free treatment methods alone could succeed with such people.

Despite criticism, however, investigational use of methadone as a heroin blocker has steadily expanded since 1964 in government-supported or private programs. Today there are about 300 projects throughout the country—serving an estimated 30,000 heroin addicts.

### Federal Boost

President Nixon asked for expansion of the methadone-management program recently in asking Congress for \$155 million more in the current fiscal year for treatment and prevention of drug abuse.

His request would raise to \$370 million the government's proposed fiscal 1972 spending on antidrug plans. The President has also urged that legislative status be given to his newly created special action committee aimed at preventing drug abuse.



Dr. Julian E. Villarreal, a pharmacist at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, is one of the most active researchers in the quest for an alternative drug for methadone to use in treatment of heroin addicts. Cages in his laboratory house rhesus monkeys on which he tests new antinarcotic compounds.

## In Search Of Miracles

So far methadone has been permitted only experimentally, but Dr. Elmer A. Gardner of the Bureau of Drugs in the Food and Drug Administration said in an interview the FDA may change this "relatively soon . . . possibly within the next several months."

He envisioned a system of "conditional marketing" of the drug—initially at least—whereby specially licensed and registered institutions and individual doctors could procure it on the open market. Doctors still would be required to have special resources and facilities to dispense or prescribe the drug and to keep records of its use.

So far, he said, four methadone-maintenance projects have been ordered closed and at least two more will be closed for violating rules on clinical experiments with the drug.

In most of the closures, Gardner said, FDA inspectors had found evidence of methadone being "sold in the streets" by methadone-treated addicts.

He said that methadone—administered orally in an orange drink in approved projects—does not produce a euphoric "high." But a "high" can result if it is injected. Although most varieties of meth-

addicts so far and all of them have certain drawbacks. They are:

● **Naloxone:** This is a highly effective narcotic blocker, but it must be given every four to five hours. It is derived from "the bine," a substance present in opium, so it's expensive and hard for researchers to import.

● **Cyclazocine:** This is a synthetic, man-made drug and thus producible in unlimited quantities. Also, a single dose is effective for about 24 hours. But it can produce undesirable, even dangerous, side effects, including LSD-like hallucinations, under certain conditions.

Despite cyclazocine's potential drawbacks, Dr. Richard B. Resnick, a psychiatrist at the New York Medical College, says he's so confident about the drug that he would urge its immediate use in Vietnam to help an estimated 25,000 to 30,000 GI heroin addicts.

● **"EN-16-39:"** This is the newest one—and is made by a chemical "marriage" of certain components of naloxone and cyclazocine. In tests on healthy nonaddict human volunteers it proved to have far fewer and less severe side effects than cyclazocine. But its heroin-blocking effect is not as long.

Compared with naloxone, however, it is twice as long-lasting and is effective at doses from 1-10 to 1-20 as large—and therefore cheaper.

### Caution Urged

Meanwhile, research to find others is already going on in a few American laboratories.

But both C. Joseph Stetler, president of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association, and Thomas M. Rauch, president of Smith, Kline & French Laboratories, in announcing the drug industry proposal, cautioned the public against expecting any early break-throughs.

"We do not see the miracle drug to cure addiction as a near-term possibility," Rauch told a congressional subcommittee in August.

The drug industry-research combine would also explore further:

● The possibility of encasing antagonists in plastics or other materials, and then implanting them inside an addict's body for slow release over a long period of time.

● The possibility of developing a kind of "vaccine" against heroin addiction—an idea already being investigated by New York City municipal scientists.

Under this concept, a protein would be attached to the heroin molecule and then injected. The injection would then promote the production of "antibodies" to heroin so that if the injected person later took heroin he'd not only fail to get "high" but he'd also get frightfully sick.

The drug industry hopes that whatever is developed could be used more broadly and not be as addictive as methadone.

adone are difficult to convert to an injectable form, some addicts have learned how to do it by such methods as distillation, he said.

### Antidrug Option

No lift is produced, however, by narcotic antagonists, which the drug industry wants to develop.

The aim of the proposed new drug industry-government research alliance is to perfect "long-lasting, effective and nonaddicting narcotic-blocking agents ... which would provide ... a major first step in the conquest of heroin addiction."

Specifically, the alliance would try to find much better antagonists than the three breakthrough antagonists that have been developed during last year or so.

The antagonists are drugs designed to prevent heroin and other narcotics from reaching the nervous system.

The result is that while the antagonists don't wipe out an addict's physical craving for heroin, for example, they prevent him from getting a "high" if he does inject or sniff heroin. Thus, there's no point in taking heroin.

Also, unlike methadone, the antagonists are non-narcotic and nonaddicting.