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¿Qué Tal! November 29, 1973

Mexican American Graduate Studies, San Jose State College

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¡QUÉ TAL!

NO. 16 NOVEMBER 29, 1973

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Wahlquist Library
San Jose State University
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San Jose, CA 95192





EL ABUELO

Que Tal gente? Como fueron las vacaciones? Bueno, here you are again for another year of chingale, and here I am for otro ano de Que Tal! Can you imagine six years of publication! Bueno, otra vez we have more news, explanations and literature by our carnales. Tambien me han captado que ¡Que Tal! a cambiado de modos de printing. De todos modos ¡Que Tal! is still non-profit pero in order to siervierle a la gente, we have to ask for a bit bigger donation.

Deja pasarle un consejo chavas, the best way to help your raza is to stick it out en la clecha, por que con el educacion sube la raza.

Bueno, amorcitos portan se bien,

Amor por mi Raza,

Abuelo

This publication is supported by student donation, both literary and monetary and is a non-profit organization.

¡Que Tal! recognizes its obligation to print literature that is representative of both the Chicano student and citizen communities. All interested parties wishing to submit materials and articles for publication may address their contributions to:

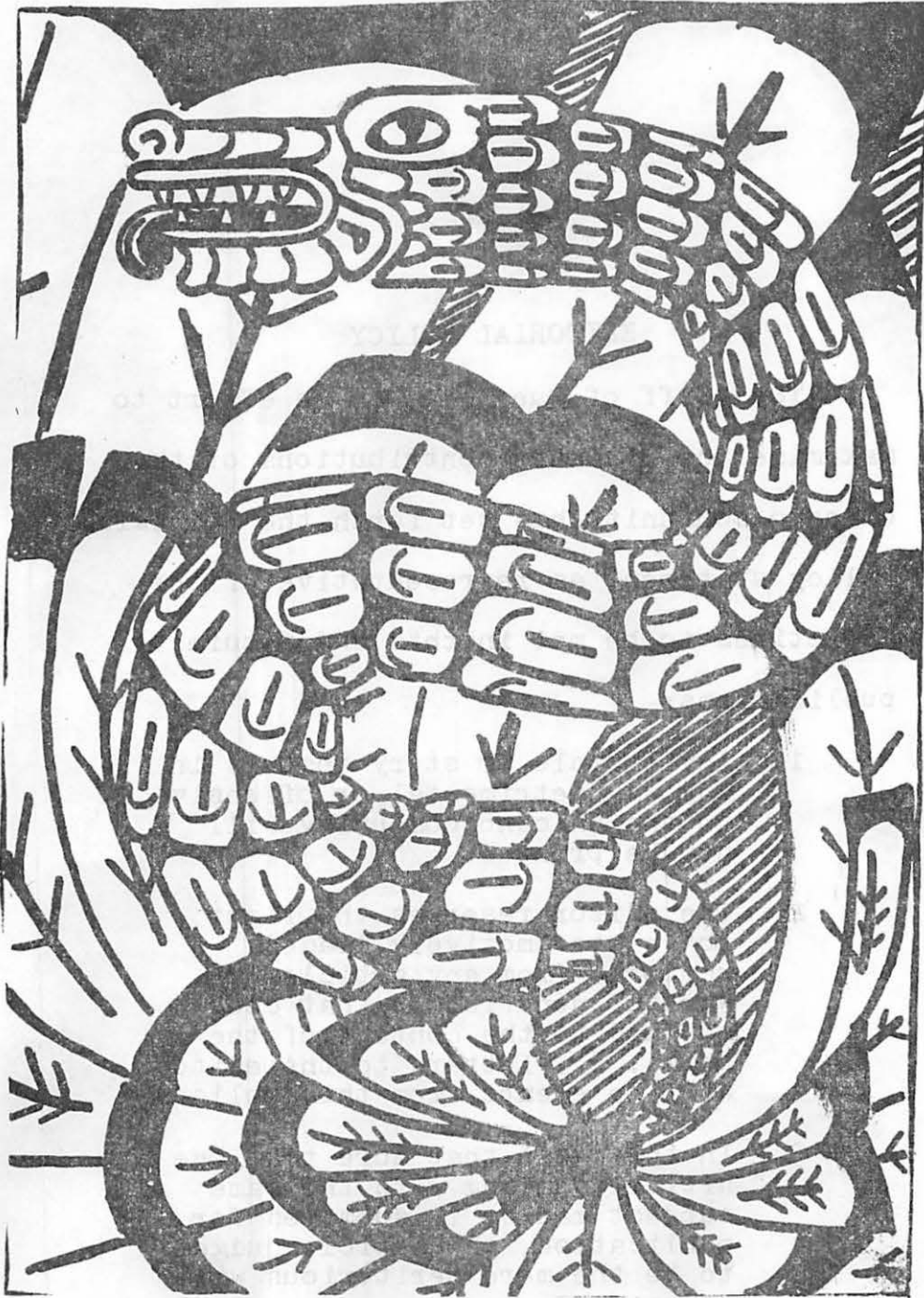
¡Que Tal! Publications

C/O MEXICAN-AMERICAN GRADUATE STUDIES

SAN JOSE STATE UNIVERSITY, SAN JOSE

196 S. 9th Street

San Jose, California 95112



¡QUE TAL! FEATURES

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EDITORIAL POLICY

The staff of ¡Que Tall!, in an effort to maximize the literary contributions of the Chicano community, has set forth the following policy statement as representative of the objectives to be met in this and future publications:

1. Any article or story that is in any way detrimental or offensive to the Chicano community will not be printed.
2. The editor reserves the right to delete emotively loaded rhetoric from any article or work of non-fiction that does not add to the content of the work . . . Letters to the editor will be exempt from this policy.
3. In the event that more than one article dealing with the same subject matter is submitted for publication, the article judged to be the more meritorious will be printed.
4. Unless specifically requested, all articles, poems, letters, short stories, etc., will be printed with the authors name printed along with the article.

EDITORIAL

The ¡Que Tal! staff would like to take this opportunity to encourage all Chicanos on campus to get involved with the many Chicano community, and university service organizations. Only through your active participation and concern will many of our problems begin to be resolved. It is for us, as Chicanos, to ensure the success of those organizations that are attempting and struggling to improve the lot of us all.

Hopefully, next issue we will be able to supply you with the names of the many service organizations that exist.

Gracias

¡QueTal! Staff

RAZA

Raza . . .
que pasa?
No pasa!
Oh sera que
no hay raza . . .
estas blanquito . . .
oh seras querito . . .
Pues . . .
yo estoy prietito
pero no me hago
culito . . .
Oye raza . . .
que pasa?
Oh es que no hay raza?
Dicen que una raza
unida es una raza
superior . . .
Para tener una raza
superior . . .
Primeramente hay que
tener una raza . . .
una raza unida es
definitivamente una raza
mejor . . .
Oh que no hay raza?
Una raza unida?
Pues sabes que?
Si hay raza
mi raza -- tu raza
Que viva la raza!
Raza!
Dejame oirte . . .
Deja mirarte . . .
unete conmigo . . .
unete a la raza
Pues que pasa . . .
Raza!
Viva la Raza!

A. Campos

E.O.P. MERGER

In July of 1972, a directive was issued to San Jose State University from the office of the Chancellor in Los Angeles. That directive marked the beginning of a long period of negotiations between the E.O.P. and the campus administration which, at one point, nearly resulted in a mass walk-out of the entire Chicano E.O.P. faction. Simply stated, the directive from the Chancellor instructed the President of the University that E.O.P., which existed at that time as two distinct racial entities (Chicano and Black), was being forced to merge by July 1, 1973.

The merger of E.O.P. was not entirely unanticipated. In the Spring of 1972, an investigation team from the Civil Rights Division of HEW found San Jose State University in "probable" non-compliance of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and stated that a strong possibility existed that a merger of all bifurcated programs would take place. While the University was found only in "probable" non-compliance by HEW, this apparently was enough for the Chancellor to move. Still, the Chicanos in E.O.P. were not entirely satisfied—it seemed too simple a solution to just merge E.O.P. and let it go at that; therefore, they began negotiations with the administration.

While the merger of E.O.P. was seemingly imminent, several events then took place: First, the Chicanos in E.O.P. tried to file a legal injunction to halt the merger. This proved an unsuccessful tactic as legal grounds in an injunction of this type hinged on providing proof of irreparable harm to one or both parties being merged—something that could not be demonstrated in this instance. Second, from the onset it seemed obvious that the administration was leaving the bulk of the responsibility for formulating a

consolidated, viable new structure to the Chicanos and Blacks. Third, while the question of merging E.O.P. was being considered very closely by both the Chancellor and the local administration, the team from HEW pointed out several other factors that the administration ignored. Among their other findings, HEW urged the administration to open other avenues for minority students to enter the University and not use E.O.P. as a "catch all" organization. Since the administration chose to single out the sole recommendation that E.O.P. should be merged rather than take an equally critical look at the other HEW findings, their lack of commitment to this federal investigation prompted a near walk-out.

The proposed walk-out involved only the Chicanos in E.O.P. It stemmed from the fact that while the University was receiving the accolades from the Chancellor and HEW for "pulling off" a smooth merger, the Chicanos and Blacks were doing all the work. This, in addition to many other uncertainties that potentially jeopardized the program, led to the final meeting in June, 1973, between several members of the Chicano community and the President of the University and his staff.

On June 19, 1973, a letter was mailed to all Chicano E.O.P. students informing them as to the status regarding the negotiations for the merger, and the Chicano E.O.P. administration's position on the walk-out. The letter dealt primarily with the specific items that were being negotiated at the time and also signified the culmination of the several student and community meetings that were being held by the Chicano E.O.P. staff. The meetings resulted in a group of concerned Chicano community people volunteering

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to attend a session with the President in order to articulate the needs of the community and E.O.P. During the meeting, the President and his staff acquiesced to the majority of the agenda items introduced by the Chicano group. In any event, the Chicano group received enough assurance as to the future of E.O.P. to call off the walk-out and proceed with the merger.

In retrospect, the question of the merger as it relates to the findings of the investigative team from HEW, is still to some extent unsettled. The merger was only one of the several recommendations made by HEW and which, as stated earlier, were largely ignored by the University.

Most probably, the strength of the Chicanos in E.O.P. on this campus as a result of the merger, is better seen in terms of what was not lost rather than what was gained. As the deadline for the merger grew near, the entire E.O.P. operation was in jeopardy as it appeared that everything that had previously been gained was susceptible to renegotiation. This desire to absorb E.O.P. and integrate its functions into the regular campus routine was a typical administrative reaction to the Chancellor's directive to merge and was widely felt throughout the entire State University system. For example, San Diego State E.O.P. suffered a severe cut in staff with only the Director, secretary, and one staff member remaining (San Diego has the largest student population in the system); San Francisco State E.O.P. has virtually nothing to do—their admissions office does the recruiting and accepting of the E.O.P. students for that campus; Sacramento State has had to send all of their E.O.P. files to the Admissions Office to be reviewed.

Overall, the E.O.P. at San Jose State University has fared much better during this merger period than many of the other campuses. This is due to the direct action taken by the Chicano E.O.P. staff and the community support that was freely given which completely supported the stand taken by the Chicanos here.

Presently, it's too early to tell the effects and changes that will evolve from the merger. One factor cannot be ignored, and that is the merger is here and it was coming eventually regardless of HEW. They merely provided the opportunity for the Chancellor's office to accelerate their plan to consolidate E.O.P. The merger may be a good thing, but again, it's here and while little has been gained so far, nothing has been lost. The future of E.O.P. is at best uncertain. The merger, though it may seem otherwise, was a step forward and that's the only direction left for the Chicano to take.

A. Bojorquez



ZOOTTS!

The "Zoot Suits", an all Chicano football team, that participated in S.J.S.U. Intra-Mural Football League ended their season with an 8-1 record. Cooperation, sportsmanship and much hard work contributed to the winning season. We at ¡Que Tal! salute and congratulate them and wish them success next year.

An upcoming attraction will be, the "Zoot Suits" vs. M.A.G.S. Sailors, December 9, at Garden Park. Refreshments and food. For more information contact "Tino" Esparza. See you there!

ASESINATO DE UN NINO EN DALLAS, TEXAS

Salome Gutierrez R.

Corrido

Voy a contarles la triste historia de un negro crimen tal como fue, en Dallas, Texas el veinticuatro del mes del Julio sententa y tres.

El pobre nino estaba esponsado y una pistola puesta en su sien mas ni con eso se dio culpable "ver" cometido el robo aquel.

Una criatura perdio la vida entre las manos de un criminal de un policia quien su trabajo es cuidar la vida de los demas.

Sono un disparo y el cuerpecito del pobre nino muerto cayo y el policia desesperado al ver lo que hizo a Dios clamo.

Santos Rodriquez este fue el nombre de este chamaco de suerte infiel que no pensaba que esa manana era su ultimo amanecer.

El policia que mancho su nombre de sangre inutil, pues fue may cruel, es aquel mismo que en Abril 20 hace tres anos mato a Michel . . .

Los oficiales los arrestaron a el y a su hermano alla en su hogar por sospechosos de haber robado en un negocio de aquel lugar.

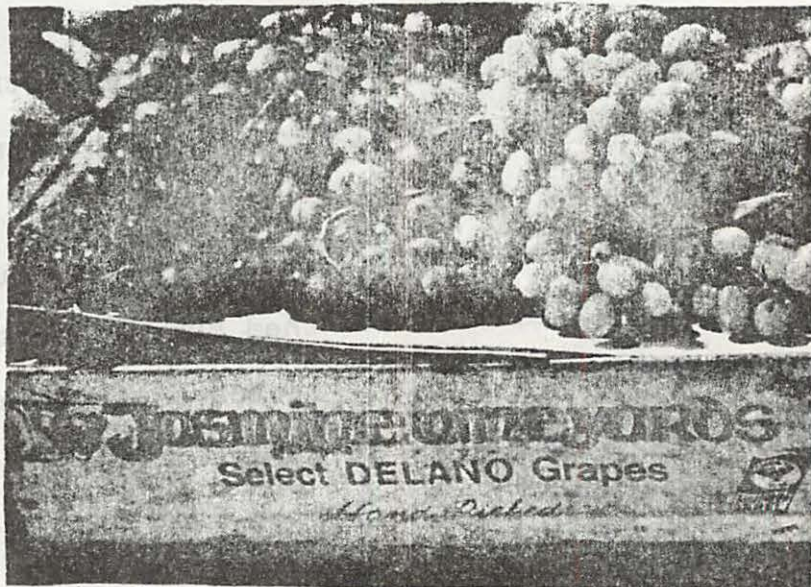
Santos Rodriquez ya esta en el cielo ya esta juzgado por el Senor y un policia llora en su celda de usar su arma sin precaucion.

* * * * *

This past summer on July 24, 1973, a policeman from Dallas, Texas put a gun to the head of an 11 year old Santos Rodriquez and blew his head off. For those of you who don't believe in "Police Burtality, I offer you the following, a classic example of "Our men in Blue" OR RATHER, an episode of "The Rookies" you will never see on T.V.

* * * * *

NOTE: The preceding song can be purchased at Casa Caballeo 92 S. 1st Street.



How to sell scab grapes by using the union label without signing a contract.

UNITED FARMWORKERS REPORT

There's more to your Gallo wine nowadays than those fine grapes you see piled around the bottles in Gallo advertisements.

Juan Perez of Livingston, California, puts it this way:

"When we picked the grapes, we could clean them and wash off the pesticides. But when we went on strike, they tried to bring in machines which picked the grapes along with the dirt and the spiders, and the time they came out, they had been crushed into juice which couldn't be washed."

Perez is a member of the United Farmworkers of America who used to work in the Gallo vineyards at Livingston. But this year, Gallo followed the course of most California wine and table grape growers in refusing to sign new contracts with the UFW, and as a result, Perez is now on strike along with thousands of other farmworkers accross the state.

The Gallo contract was among the first for the UFW, signed in 1967. It raised wages, brought a hiring hall to the fields, began to give the workers pesticide protection, and gave the workers their own medical insurance plan. More importantly, it gained for the workers the right to have a voice in these decisions made at the Gallo vineyards which affected their lives. Of course, growers feared this movement of farmworkers to organize and throw an arsenal of violence, red-baiting, anti-union legislation, and legal manipulation against the UFW. Even after the contracts were signed, the struggle was not over for the workers who had to see that the contracts were lived up to. But these struggles only encouraged the union to grow stronger, and by 1972, the UFW had over 180 contracts covering 50,000 workers.

This year, however, growers used a new weapon to try to crush the UFW. Instead of renewing UFW contracts, they have signed "sweetheart" deals with the Teamsters Union, an arrangement which gives the growers the public relations benefit of a Union Label but gives the worker little more than a union card, for which he pays \$7.00 a month. This arrangement obviously appealed to the Gallos, for when the UFW contract expired on July 12, they quickly signed new deals with the Teamsters. But it had very little appeal to the workers, who immediately went on strike. Gallo claimed an election had been held showing overwhelming support for the Teamsters, but most UFW supporters were not allowed to vote, nor were the temporary workers. Gallo's claims were belied by the picket lines which soon formed around its ranch.

Farm labor strikes, however, are notoriously easy to break. Workers can be brought to the fields from other states and Mexico, often unaware of the conditions which led to the strike, or even of the strike itself. A planned oversupply of workers assures the growers that there will always be enough workers who are hungry enough to get the work done. Growers also have the support of anti-union judges and police, and this year they had the added muscle of the wealthy Teamsters, which hired "guards" to patrol the picket lines, harassing UFW pickets and intimidating workers from joining the strike. Still, the UFW picket lines drew workers out of the fields every day, which at the very least raised production costs for the growers.

Even had the UFW been able to get all the workers out on

strike, it would have had only limited impact on Gallo. Gallo grows only 15% of its grapes in its own vineyards, buying the rest from other growers. Pressure to sign contracts with the UFW must come to Gallo from another front as well as the strike. For this reason, Juan Perez and 45 other Gallo workers from Livingston, mainly Chicanos and Portuguese, have come to the Bay Area to speak, debate, picket, and ask for the support of consumers to see that Gallo can't sell his products. They are presently picketing liquor stores in San Francisco's Mission district, but wherever we are, they need our help. Please don't buy any Gallo wine, or any of the labels owned by Gallo. (Any wine from Modesto, California, is Gallo). Support other UFW boycotts, too -- boycott Franzia Brothers wine (any wine from Ripon, California), Guild wine (Tavola), all table grapes, non-UFW lettuce, and Safeway. The growers have a lot of power in their hands, but they don't have us. With our help, the union can't lose.

Supplement: a list of Gallo labels (Any wine from Modesto is Gallo)

Andre Champagne

Boone's Farm

Carlo Rossi

Eden Roc

Paisano

Red Mountain


Triple Jack Apple Wine

Tyroliia




LA COSA ES


THIS TIME AROUND I'M GONNA
GET DOWN AND DO SOME
HEAVY STUDYING.....




I'M GONNA SPEND MOST
OF THE TIME IN THE LIBRARY...
AND THAT'S NO JIBE MAN....



I'M GONNA...GET BACK...GET JACKED.
JUMP BACK...AND GET CRACKED ON
STUDYING MY BOOKS.....



COLLEGE...
DEMAIN...TOMORROW.



... AL ESTUDIO

Tell a Joke

We walked through the opulent hotel lobby toward the door and the night and the rain outside. Flushed from the effect of too many drinks and the noise and excitement of the top floor nightclub, with its low lights and driving rock music, we sauntered theatrically across the carpet in a show for each others benefit.

With our coats and ties, and girls perfumed and made-up, we were in Mexico City to study our culture and reaffirm our heritage. During the day we spoke learnedly and objectively of history, politics, economics, and society.

Through the doorway, with the wide glass double doors, we passed into the chill, damp, June night, under the portals into the steady drizzle outside.

It was then that the child, a frail, tangle haired, rain wettened girl of 7 or 8, approached, uncoated and unsweatered, to offer us cigarettes and chicle from a small cardboard box.

Glancing at her as we passed, talking boisterously, we uneasily looked away. Then someone, one of the girls, stopped to pay the few centavos necessary for a package of cigarettes. The rest of us walked on several paces and then paused together to await the transactions completion.

In the sudden quiet someone muttered, "Fucking rain," in a voice nervously too loud. A shy and plaintive, "Gracias," marked the sale's finish.

"But what can I do. It's not my fault. If you buy from one there are just thousands more trying to sell you something.

Sure it's screwed up, but what can one person do? It's the whole sorry system. That's what has to be changed."

"I just can't give my money away. I have to eat, too."

"I'd help them all if I...."

"Ok, let's go," said someone. The words were a shock wave, shattering our silent thoughts, startling everyone.

We walked on in silence. Someone coughed. All waited for someone to talk, to tell a joke, something witty or ribald that would make us feel intoxicated and rowdy again.

Behind and high above us the band still played. The music, now far from hearing, still reverberated in my ears.

On the rain slick sidewalk behind us, hunched against a wall a few steps from the hotel lobby, was the small girl. She hugged her cardboard box as if it was a baby. The light from the hotel sparkled like flares in the puddles of water, but no one came out from the warmth inside.

In the morning we were all going to go to the Museo and study more about our wonderful heritage and the many champions of the common people.

We turned a corner and our spirits began to rise again. A bottle of whiskey was produced from a coat pocket. We passed the bottle around and toasted each other. We all laughed at a joke.

None of us had noticed the firing squad that had formed ranks in the dark across the street from the child huddled against the rain-splattered wall. The light flowing from the hotel made the little girl a perfect target.

R. Martinez

FROM NORTH VIETNAM
WITH LOVE

you tried to defeat me
by sending some fool with a degree
no doubt all his abomination
was a direct result of his education
the lie cheat and steal
with which he was awarded his diploma
led him to consider overkill
as a way of getting over
afterwards you find him in a drunken coma
having succomed to the swill of death
you accept him back as a public hero
you place upon his head the sweet laurel
of peace at any price
the sickness with which you disguise your vice
offering bombing victims as a human sacrifice
to the god of greed
arch enemy of those in need
those statistical reports
with which you extort
the price of life
from those in strife
those hopeless helpless poor
from which you demand more and more
the greed that recognizes no frontiers
that forces the oppressed of all countries
to work for years and years
at starvation wages
so that the university sages
can continue to profess
the art of how to oppress
the american technology promoter
who teaches the corrupt how to be better exploiters
and the mass media barrons
that willingly do errands
for all the robber barrons
for all the riches
doled out by those son of a bitches
who rip us off daily
like chicago's mayor Daley
or Nixon's John Connally
that republicans democrat
oh yes we know where he's at
and just what will be the fate
of the sinister Watergate?
will the american people allow those in power to believe
that they have acheived
total control, they stole, they steal
they will kill you,
just take the side of the oppressed
and you'll see
what's happening at wounded knee

and we still allow them their evel vices
what is the meaning behind all the high prices?
The president's daily session with the nation's economists
is nothing more than a confession of the impending recession
another tool they'll use to abuse us with
until the dissenter's lie stiff
and dead inside their coffins
the final result of their ceaseless assault
on us the poor, the weak, the needy
timeless enemy of all those who are greedy
and all their talk about an impending solution
simply means the death of all those who support world revolution
Brothers be aware of their ploys
cause if pigs can kill girls and boys
poison their food and sell dangerous toys
they can surely attempt to kill all who dissent
from the norm, and they'll swarm around you
they'll beat you
they'll maim you
they'll mace you
and yes if they can
they'll kill you too.

R. Romero



PINTO COMMUNITY CENTER
456 S. 10th St.
San Jose, Calif.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PINTO COMMUNITY CENTER:

We hope this letter of introduction will aid us to inform the community of San Jose of the programs of the Pinto Community Center. Pinto in the language of the Chicanos of the Barrios means ex-convict. The programs of the Pinto Center are an effort to help meet some of the problems that an ex-convict meets upon his return to the free world.

As a way of introduction we will begin with a short history of the Center. Around April of last year, some pintos who had just gotten out recognized one of their problems. The problem was that those men that did not have a family to come to because they had either lost their wives and family while in prison or were not from the San Jose area, did not have anybody to turn to for help in their struggle to re-adjust to the free world in those terrible first months of their freedom. Those men soon realized that it was not only a matter of re-adjustment, but one of survival. Upon his release from prison a man recieved on the average, between \$50 and \$60, one set of street clothes and the name of his parole agent. With this money he must buy his bus ticket, rent a room, eat and pay for his transportation until such time as he can get a job and support himself. Within a week, if that, he finds himself broke, not knowing where he will eat and sleep. He has to have money to survive. If he cannot earn it he will take it from wherever he can. But, in doing so he can very easily return to prison.

Having recognized this problem, a few pintos decided to try and do something about it. They went out into the community to present their case. The first to hear their plea was Andy Chavez who had been director of St. Mark's Community Center which was no longer being used. Through his efforts the pintos were able to acquire a house. Having gotten the Center they returned to the community for beds, bedding, food, clothing, furniture, money... They began to live at the Center and offer their help to others like them who needed it. They soon discovered that not only the men living at the Center needed their help but others living with their families also needed their help and support. They began having weekly meetings to set up programs to help all parolees. Soon thereafter they incorporated into a non-profit corporation and named it Chicano Pintos, Inc.

There are other organizations that are trying to meet some of the needs of ex-convicts and are doing an outstanding job. We, however, feel that we have somewhat of a different approach. The Board of Directors of our corporation is completely made up of ex-convicts. We feel that we are capable of making decisions about our own problems and setting up programs to meet those problems. We have the capacity to honestly run our affairs without having to put up a so-called well known name. In short, we want to be HUMAN BEINGS once again.

We are presently being partially funded by only one (1) source (Economic and Social Opportunities, Inc.), and we have been fortunate to receive contributions from the community. We have done this up to this point because we want to involve the community, and for reasons of self-determination. We feel that we cannot succeed without the help and support of the community. For too long the tax payer has avoided getting directly involved in the problems of his society by letting the government attack the problems with money. We need money, but we also need the community. This also forces us to go out into the community to seek funds and in doing so, we are forced to educate the community on the problems of parolees and the prison system. In this way we hope to get the community of San Jose directly involved in a problem that is not only our problem but theirs as well.

At this point in our struggle there are only a small handful of ex-convicts actively involved in our Center compared to the number of parolees living in the San Jose area. We hope that as we go along, we will reach more and more of them. We do not profess to have all the answers to the problems we face nor of the prison system. But, we feel that we can help in finding answers not only to the problems that our prisons face, but also to the drug and youth problems of our community. Whether some like it or not we are a part of the community and are taking responsibility for improving it

We'll be seeing you , neighbors.

Miguel Molano
295-8100