

TENANT TERROR

Photos: Lynn Phipps

Complaints about inhuman treatment from slum landlords are common in the Oakland flatlands. Defenseless because of his own ignorance about his rights, and because of the ever-present threat of being evicted if he gripes too much, the tenant usually ends up accepting this treatment as his fate. This was pretty much the attitude of Mrs. Daisy Allen when her landlord began to tear down the walls of her kitchen and bedroom and took apart her bed.

For the last two years, Mrs. Allen has been paying \$85.00 a month for a shabby four room apartment. Her rent has never been late. She has never been given a receipt. Then, on August 16, the landlord gave her an eviction notice. She had one month to move out. The landlord claimed he had to make repairs to meet

the city housing ordinance. Mrs. Allen had had disagreements with him before about paying for repairs and keeping neighborhood teenagers she didn't know and was afraid to mess with out of the back yard. It seemed clear to her that the landlord, once he had finished repairs, didn't want her back.

Mrs. Allen is a welfare recipient who has four children; her eldest daughter, who lives with her, has 2 children. There is no man in the house.

By September 16, Mrs. Allen was unable to find another place for her family to live. She had to sit tight hoping the landlord would give her more time.

On the morning of September 16, the day she was supposed to leave, the landlord arrived at the apartment and began re-

moving plaster from the walls. "I didn't say anything, I just cried," Mrs. Allen told FLATLANDS. The next day the landlord continued his repair work—he told her to give him \$85 for the next month, but she refused. "I didn't think I should pay \$85 more with him tearing the house down on my head. If he hadn't started tearing down the walls I would still have paid him. I didn't want to stay here for nothing."

So Mrs. Allen and her family, with no place to go and no one to call for help, stayed in the apartment. The bedroom looked like a tornado had hit it. There was rubble and debris everywhere, and thick dust in the air. To the younger children, it was frightening. Then on Sunday, a friend of Mrs. Allen's came by and called Mark Com-

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Mrs. Walker charges the landlord with the violation of human dignity as (below) the smallest Allen child waits near what had been her bedroom wall.



Luther Smith Quits . . . Then Marches On

I am Luther Smith. I would like to explain why I quit demonstrating. I quit because the head officials had started to pick on me, and I know if they are wrong that makes the whole police department wrong. The police first stole my box, with all my important papers in it. He admitted getting it. He said he thought it was trash; since when did the police start picking up trash? Next the Judge took my sign and put it in the trash can, and when he saw me, he ran back to the trash-can and took my sign out and tore it into pieces and put it back into the can. I reported this to the police department. They said they would have to have some proof. So I got the sign out of the trash can and called the fingerprinting man. He came out and took the sign into the so-called Hall of Justice. I called down there several times, trying to find out how the fingerprints came out, but they kept giving me the run-around. No-

body knew anything and I called and asked for my sign back. He told me to hold on. I heard someone say, "Judge tore up his sign." Someone said, "Oh, no, you mean Judge tore up his sign?" "Yes," he replied, and came back to the phone and told me the officer that was handling the case wasn't in. So I called back the next day and told them what I had heard but they still refused to tell me whose fingerprints they've got. They say they would have to have the picture of the one who got the sign. Yes, I have the picture, but I know if they don't do anything with the fingerprints, they aren't going to do anything with the picture, either. So I am keeping the picture.

Now this same Judge had been picking on me ever since I started picketing up to about two weeks ago. He told me I was trying to protect criminals. He was talking about my sons. But I feel like stealing is just stealing. What my sons took, they took when

they were kids. They haven't taken anything since they grew up to be men. They both had good jobs and were working, not stealing.

But the Judge is stealing now, not only the Judge but the ex-mayor of Oakland stole 96 thousand dollars. And the Judge stole my sign and the policeman stole my box. So stealing is just one of those things in Oakland. If a Judge will steal I know there is no justice in him. As many as eight policemen dressed in plain clothes have talked to me and told me if they had given me justice they would have killed me. They say I didn't get all I need.

A lady stopped her car and got out, and asked me what I wanted with the police review board. So I told her we needed one. She said, "You damn black niggers. Want a police review board so you can take over the United States."

I am having a demonstration every Monday from 11:45 a.m. until 1:00 p.m.

Power Structure's Negro Leaders

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the following interview Mr. Ralph Williams, an eloquent and impressive speaker who is chairman of the West Oakland Advisory Committee and a member of the newly formed BUMP, discusses the educated, professional group of men whom the white power structure recognizes as the leadership of the Negro community.

"I don't like a lot of publicity," Mr. Williams began, seated in the new office of the West Oakland Advisory Committee in the West Oakland Service Center. "But I think that Oakland is at the threshold of becoming one of the great metropolitan cities west of the Mississippi, if several changes take place.

"First you have to realize that the leadership among the Negroes --certain of the lawyers, doctors, and ministers -- whom the power structure looks up to is no longer true," Mr. Williams paused. "We'll admit that there are some in this category, like A. S. Jackson, Clint White, Don McCullum, Tom Anderson and a few others, that attempt to stay in touch with the grass roots community," he added. "But some they think of as our leaders -- like certain morticians ... We're well aware that these men are very active but only when there is a funeral procession and the mortuary is handling the services.

"This type of leadership should address itself to the problems that weigh on the people of the flatlands like we feel such fine men as Mark Comfort do. But this leadership sees Mark as a radical and a rabble rouser. Mark plays a different role to that of A.S. Jackson. He makes this direct approach to the matter without this long dragged out negotiating period and in terms of those most affected. The others do it in a language for another echelon. We'd have to go to a dictionary to understand what they're saying. They might be doing a good job but it's so far from our daily lives, and we live in this stuff for 24 hours a day. We don't have time for it ... time's wasting.

"A. S. Jackson in his role as a minister - he can talk more

in the language. He and Mc Cullum and White attempt to stay in touch with the people. They come to the neighborhood meetings - you can call and ask them to work on committees with you. They try to keep grass roots people informed on their level. They'll go up to the higher echelons for you.

"The inaffluent, the blind and the uneducated - if it wasn't for them this Negro leadership the power structure looks up to wouldn't be able to live in the hills. They'd have to close shop because they have to depend on the Negro for their business to survive. We're tickled pink to know we have some Negroes to live in the hills. But if they love us have them come down here and take the reins of leadership. We'll follow.

"The poor Negro, and Mexican American has been sold out by this educated, sophisticated, well - to - do professional leadership we have in our race. They're afraid to trust them. They only use us as a spring board to get where they want to get and once there they get so involved with the power structure they can give only token leadership.

"Leaders are born, not made. These leaders are only made by sucking the blood and robbing and cheating the poor. Because a man is poor doesn't mean he can't lead. Black Hawk and those Indian chief, they led whole countries of people and they didn't have no college degree.

"There's a difference between education and the educated. Education is a fine thing to have and I wish I was blessed with having more of it. But being educated to the point that you know every person is a human being, that's what's really important in this country. America was built mostly by uneducated. We still live by what they wrote down, even though today there are educated and uneducated.

"There are two ways to approach a problem," Mr. Williams said, passing on to the question of tactics. "I favor approaching all problems first at a conference table. After you do this for so long, you have to turn the coin to the other side. Poor people are

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Flatlands Groups Join to Rescue Tenant

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 fort and Mrs. Walker of WRO. The landlord was also there. Within minutes, at least 15 representatives of WRO, BUMP and Western End Help Center, neighborhood people and press (KQIA and the FLATLANDS) converged on the house. Out in the back yard, a mostly Negro group had surrounded the landlord and were waiting for the police to come. Mrs. Walker acted as Mrs. Allen's spokesman when three patrol cars and two motorcycle cops arrived. The atmosphere seemed tense—the officer who talked to Mrs. Walker, with a tight expression on his face, kept the other people present at a distance. "This is a civil case," we heard the policeman repeat, "but it's only common sense that you don't do

this when there are babies in the house."
 Mr. Fernandez, the landlord, refused to tell his side to FLATLANDS other than to say he didn't understand why all the fuss since he was within the terms of the contract.
 Mr. Emery, chairman of BUMP, said he felt the landlord had infringed on human rights. "He's not throwing them out, he's tearing the house down on top of them."
 Mrs. Walker charged the landlord with violation of public health standards and safety and the dignity of people as human beings. The case will be taken to court.
 Thanks to the swift and united action of the community groups involved, Mr. Fernandez left the Allens' house, temporarily at least, in peace.



Curtis Baker, Allen family members and friends wait outside the Allen home

AD HOC ULTIMATUM

Dear President Munch,

On September 13th I came before the Board of Education to reiterate the demands of the Ad Hoc Committee. In this letter I will explain fully the meaning and intent of that presentation.

Ad Hoc's demands resulted from a genuine awareness in the community of certain critical areas in which the School Board and its administration have failed to act in imaginative and effective ways to assure quality education for every student in the Oakland schools. These failures are felt most harshly in the flatlands, which are beset by the racial and economic realities of urban areas all over the country. Flatlands students are the victims of long-standing policies which barely touch students in the hill areas. Flatlands students are the victims of the Board's failure to develop meaningful, long-range plans for quality, integrated education, where this failure by its very nature will not touch students in the advantaged hill schools.

The Ad Hoc Committee has never demanded immediate solutions to all aspects of the problems in the schools. We believe that a master plan, which has long been promised but never

delivered, is essential. We believe that a first step toward the solution to Oakland's educational crisis is the Board's acceptance of Ad Hoc's demands in the following senses:

1. On each demand the Board should state whether it is in agreement.

2. On each demand to which the Board agrees it should provide Ad Hoc, and through Ad Hoc, the community, with detailed, specific information on policies, programs now in existence, and programs being planned relevant to the demand in question.

3. On each demand which is not now being implemented the Board should state the date on which it will be implemented and the detailed and specific aspects of that implementation.

4. On each demand to which the Board does not agree, the Board should state its policies and plans in the area of education being questioned by that demand, thus providing some basis for negotiation.

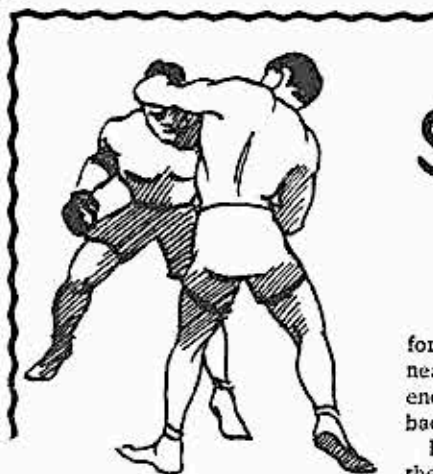
Finally, the Board should state its intentions, with specific dates of actions, with respect to the establishment of a master plan committee, and its intent as to

the composition of such a committee. If the master plan is to be a significant expression of the needs of the community and not of the administrators of the school system, we would expect genuine community and faculty representation on the committee.

I must make it quite clear that the Board's willingness to come to a "consensus" during negotiations was practically meaningless to Ad Hoc and its constituents. We must know what the Board is doing and what it intends to do in such a manner that when the date for a specific policy change or new program arrives the people can tell whether anything has changed.

Finally, I must reiterate that the Ad Hoc Committee is now planning, with broadly-based support from many segments of the community, direct and unequivocal action against the Board and its policies if the Board continues to ignore our efforts to communicate with it. Our actions will, by their very nature, have powerful effects, and will focus the attention of all on the unhappy facts we have learned through long and bitter experience.

JOHN D. GEORGE Chairman



Sport-Lite

By The Sportsman

More about the man, Jim Brown. He was criticized because he wouldn't block and players on opposing teams became celebrities when they tackled him. Every yard he gained was a new rushing record. He became a national monument because he was the fullback of our time. When Jim Brown stood in front of a plywood, World War II tank on a movie lot in England in late July and said that he was through playing football, one career ended and another began.

In announcing his retirement, the sometimes outspoken and almost always controversial Brown said that he intends to divide his future activities between the Negro Industrial and Economic Union and acting. The N.I.E.U. which Brown launched one year ago with Cleveland lineman John Wooten, Washington halfback Bobby Mitchell, Bill Russell and others is a sort of private anti-poverty program aimed at helping Negroes launch and run small businesses. Thus far, its success has been modest. About Brown's decision to become an actor, it should be noted that he can act. In his current film, "The Dirty Dozen," one brief scene with co-star Lee Marvin calls for Jim to express disinterest, sarcasm, feigned humor and instant anger—a pretty good range of emotion. Bob Aldrich, the director of "The Dirty Dozen" put it this way: "Let's face it. There just aren't that many good Negro actors around for the roles that are available. Jim is a good actor and he will make a good living if he never improves. But he will improve. He may not be ready

for "Othello" yet, but he's more nearly ready for it than Sir Laurence Olivier is for the Cleveland backfield."

Brown, who has always been the master of the nonchalant appearance, is a complex piece of human machinery. Recently quoted and misquoted, aligned and mis-aligned on the subjects of "Black Power" and the plight of the American Negro, Brown tried to clear the air recently by saying, "I had a chance to be the All-American Boy when I got out of Syracuse, to be good old Jimmy Brown. But this isn't the time for that. I'm no racist. I'm a man, an American. I might criticize my country to another American, but I have nothing in common with Africa. I resist the pressures of Black Nationalism. I resist Black Power. They're not nearly the menace the Birchers and Minutemen are."

Lean Frank Robinson of Baltimore will celebrate his 32nd birthday on Wednesday, August 31st, and one month after that date he should be packing his bags in preparation for his second World Series. The major league season ends one month and one day after Frank's birthday and by that time the Orioles should have the American League pennant neatly wrapped and be ready to open the series in one of four National League cities, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, San Francisco or Philadelphia. If they face Pittsburgh, Frank will run into two of his former school mates, Willie Stargell, who is burning up the league in every department, and Jesse Conder, who is beginning to come around, after sitting on the bench, its a wonder he can still hit, but he's hitting 3 for 4, 4 for 5, and 4 for 4, you can't beat that, not even with a bat.

Carefree Campers

EDITOR'S NOTE: A few weeks ago Mrs. Pauline Goetz, who lives in Lockwood Gardens with her husband and four children, called and with great enthusiasm told me about the week she had spent with her family at a camp sponsored by the San Francisco Bay Girl Scout Council. Some 115 residents of the East Bay, mostly mothers and their children, attended the camp.

In the following interviews, Mrs. Goetz describes her impressions of the camp and Mrs. Shirley McElroy, one of its directors tells how it was set up.

FLATLANDS wanted to give the camp publicity because it seemed to be one of the very few programs through which people in the flatlands could just enjoy themselves without any strings attached. The camp was small and its aims were modest and direct. But there were

no forms, no red tape, no rigid qualifications, and no politics for campers to have to deal with.

The Girl Scout Council hopes to continue and enlarge the program for next summer but needs money to cut the cost which campers have to pay. Contributions for this program may be sent to Mrs. Shirley McElroy, Oakland Office of the San Francisco Girl Scouts, 1400 7th Ave., Oakland; any one interested in joining the camp next summer could submit his name to the same address.

"Last year (1965) was the first time that the San Francisco Bay Girl Scout Council sponsored a family camp," Mrs. McElroy told me. "Then the campers came exclusively from West Oakland. This year it was one of the goals to have campers from as many of the East Bay low income groups as possible. We were filled to capacity—we had 115 campers



from Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and Richmond—people who probably had not had any involvement with the Girl Scouts before.

"We went to the camp at Henry E. Bothin Youth Center in Marin, for five days, from Monday through Friday. For a family of four or less, it was \$15, and for five or more it was \$20. Everybody sort of took a second look when I quoted the prices," she finished. "The difference of the total cost was made up by the

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