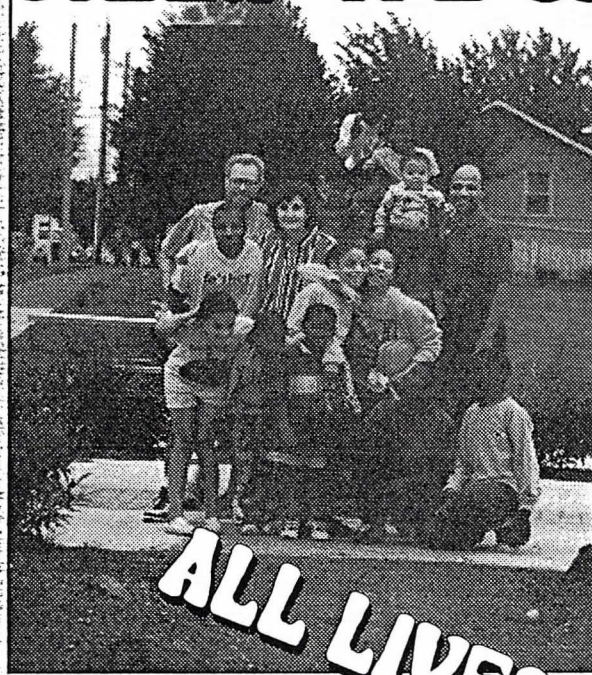
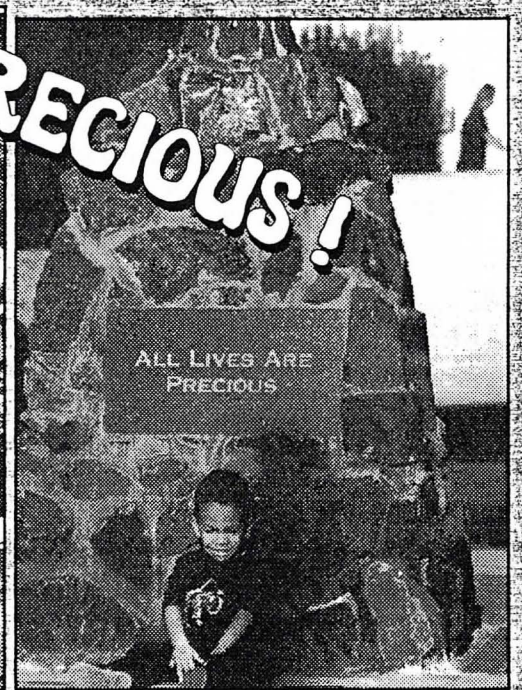
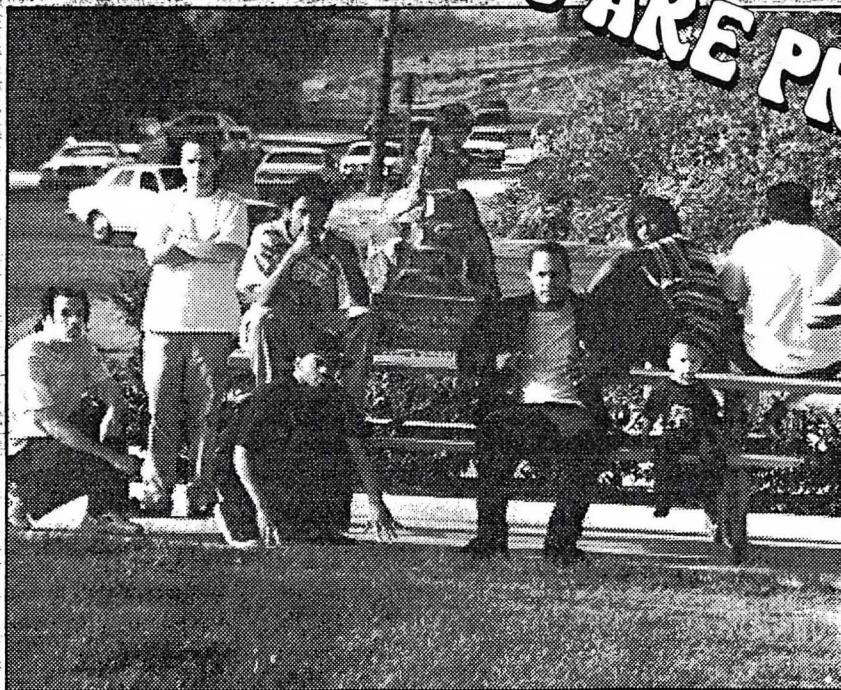


HAPPENINGS ON HILLTOP

NEED WE SAY IT AGAIN...?



ALL LIVES ARE PRECIOUS!



EDITORIAL

WHAT'S REALLY GOIN' ON?

I hope you realize that all of the arguments and problems we face on a daily basis are all minor and insignificant in the large scheme of things. I mean, we think we have it bad until we read about the people starving and dying in Africa, Haiti, and other parts of the world. But, what I want to talk about right now is a problem that seems big to me at this time.

I think that there comes a time when we all need to stand up and be counted. We can sit around and let other people fight our battles. But sometimes we have to show up and let those warriors know that we support them and that we appreciate the sacrifices that they are making on our behalf.

During my time out here on the streets and around the "hood" I have come to know a man who is standing up for what he believes in and doesn't back down in the face of overwhelming odds. Strangely enough, he is a White man.

When I first heard of him I thought that "here's another Whitey" coming into the Community to rip us off and draw a big salary while we continue to suffer and he does nothing." I thought that he had a job one of the Brothers should have gotten. But, as I watched him and listened to what he had to say, I began to admire him. He had guts and his intentions was right on.

Now that man needs our help. He needs to know that we support him and the things that he is trying to do. His name is Jim Knight. He was the director of the upper Tacoma Renaissance Development Agency. His job was mainly to help the Black and poor people of our community to develop a better quality of life and an economic base in the Hilltop. But, his ideas were too radical and his methods were not what the system wanted. So, he no longer is in a position to help us.

I am standing up for this man. How about you? Are you going to sit on your ass and let the system chew up all of our good people and then complain that you're getting screwed everyday? I didn't think so. When we come to ask you to stand up and be counted... be there brother. And by the way, go register to vote because there are some other good people out there that need our support.

PEACE,

I.M. BLACKMAN

"For The Brothers That Believe In One Another"

By One Of Miss Mattie's Daughter's

There seems to be a problem with having One Love for the race that the Lord has blessed us with. For some reason, we are killing off our own instead of respecting and being proud of it. We need to come together as one and stop this going against your brother.

The south side, eastside, westside, whatever side needs to stop. Why should you be scared to go on any side of town in a city that you were born and raised in for fear of your life. Instead of saying, "What's up Cuzz? or Blood?", try saying, "What's up my brother?", and come to your senses that **you** are killing off your future generation of **our** people.

Take time out to think about the dreams that you once had before this gang member stuff came along. Our people didn't believe in inflecting pain, let alone death upon each other. There was Love on every side. There needs to be an understanding amongst one another. Let alone yourself.

There's babies having babies and this set (as you people put it), are not giving them a chance to see them grow to a positive state of realism. Boys and girls, and I use the term loosely, are dying younger and younger. This needs to stop. You, that have a mother and father at home know what I'm saying. Do you think about how they would feel everytime they hear a knock on their door to tell them that you are no more? The simple fact is that the majority of people out there smoking are either your mother, father, sister, brother, auntie, or uncle and some of them have no time to listen. But always believe that there is someone that does care and is willing to listen.

Whether you believe it within your heart or not, there are people willing to take the time to listen. And believe this, that old boy up above hears you. He knows your every thought and your cries for Love and understanding.

EDITORS PAGE

I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT...

Larry norman

Recently, I had a negative encounter at work with a supervisor. In my five years working for the department, I have been on opposite ends of issues with this person before. Within the department, he is often viewed as "difficult" to get along with and often "cold and calculated".

I was schedule for some much needed overtime hours. Prior to starting those hours, an incident occurred where I had committed a minor infraction in our grooming standards. Upon being made aware of this infraction by my supervisor, I quickly corrected it.

After going to a doctors appointment, I returned to find out that my supervisor had cancelled my overtime for that day. Was I hot? Hell yea! Was I pissed off? You already know. My bank account was overdrawn, I had bills due, and had made arrangements for special transportation to work this overtime. How could he do this?

When I saw my supervisor, I requested to speak to him. Upon entering his office, I felt a warm feeling in my stomach and noticed my shoulders and back tightening up. At that moment, I felt like going off on this supervisor and letting him know how I felt about this situation and everything else.

Before I began to speak, I thought to myself, "Am I being honest in how I am addressing this situation? Have I given this person an opportunity to explain his position and reason for his actions?"

I took a deep breath and began to explain why I was in his office. I realized immediately that expressing too much of how I personally felt would cause him to shut down and ignore what I was trying to say. I began by acknowledging that I was aware of his cancelling my overtime and that I didn't feel it was fair. I pointed out that while I respected his authority and ability to do what he did, I also felt he was making it personal.

After completing my point, he began to speak. I took exception to what he began to say and spoke up. He quickly reminded me that he had listened to my side and now it was his turn. I sat and listened.

As he explained his reasons for taking his course of action, I wanted to interrupt many times, but chose not to because he had given me my respect in letting me talk.

After he finished, I restated my position but a bit differently. I was hoping that he might see some value in my argument if I restructured a few points. His response to me was basically the same. I did notice that he was "real" about his position and although he appreciated my position, wasn't going to recant.

He did offer me the opportunity to work overtime in a couple days. I saw this as the point where things were about as good as they were going to get. In my final statement, I expressed my frustration in having to lose overtime over (what I saw as) such a small issue. I also indicated that I excepted his decision and would pursue it no further. As I stood up, I shook his hand. We probably weren't going to become buddies, but I felt that now I understood him better.

As I left his office, I thought about what just happened. Sure, I still was a bit ticked off about losing the overtime, but the money became less important. I found some common ground with a person whom I "felt" was my adversary. I finally had to give him his just portion of respect. No, I wouldn't have handled this situation as he had done, but it wasn't my call, it was his. I began to see that he and I weren't that far apart. We both have jobs that require getting the most out of the people God has blessed us to work with.

(continued on page 5)

WHY NOT...

BITS AND PIECES

SUBSCRIBE...

(continued from page 4)

While our methods for getting results are different, I see where his methods might work better in certain situations. I may even incorporate a few things from this experience that may allow me to work more effectively within my community.

As things begin to come together here in the community, I can anticipate greater opportunities for residents, youth and others to have disagreements. Hopefully, when I have to make tough decisions, I will remember what I learned from this situation.

Yes, this lesson cost me some much needed cash. But I learned that I can feel strongly about an issue, express my issue to the person, accept a negative outcome and still walk away with a working relationship intact.

Those of us who have strong personalities and feel disrespected (at times), would do well to heed this article. No, I didn't get my overtime, but because I didn't lose my temper and gave my supervisor a measure of respect, I still have a job and hopefully a better working relationship with him.

Hey, we were both right. And that's O.K!
 _*

TO HAPPENINGS ON HILLTOP!!!

PEOPLE LET US WAKE UP

By Jeffery Powell

"People, Hi! Let us wake up so that we can have a future. Why should you have to die so early in life? Life is short without drugs, guns, fast cars, fast money and killing?"

"Please, don't make it shorter by taking others life, and destroying yours by giving up your freedom for a life time behind bars.

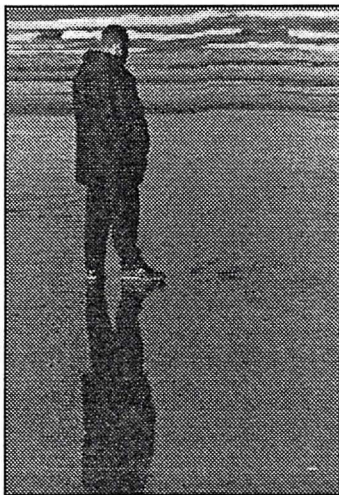
"People, Wake up!!! Wake up and build a future for yourself. In the place of drugs, guns, fast money, killing and dying... Let us share love and kindness.

Stay in school and get an education, so that you can make a difference in the future. Let us stand together and make our city, state, and country a place we can all be proud of. A place we can all be proud of. A place to raise our children and where our loved ones are safe. So our children can go out to play, without the fear of going away.

Now Open
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YOUTH ACTIVITIES

Ocean Shores was the last of three retreats we had planned for our youth this summer. This time, we decided to take a group of seven and make it co-ed. No, there wasn't none of that funny stuff going on, just a lot of fun and intimate conversations that brought us all closer together. The trip consisted of a trip to Chehalis, then to Ocean Shores, then to Portland, Oregon. We left Saturday morning and came back Sunday evening. There is already talk of planning a winter retreat, so if ya'll wants to do something, you batter keep in touch with the team!



W Assup loc's!
You brothas missed out on a perfect opportunity to get away and get wit' cho' selves!

That lil' trip to the ocean made me see a whole new lifeline. It had me jumpin' into anotha spectrum.

Life had so much meanin at those moments of time.

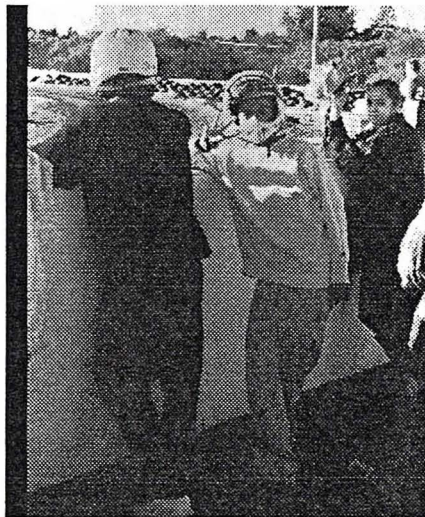
I had my mind set on doin' bigger and better for myself and my loved ones. I see myself makin' it in the record industry and generatin' a whole lot of business vibes!

In my daydream, I see homies chippin' in on this business. Givin' it up and lettin' it be all good in the hood.

So check this out, the daydreamin stopped, here goes some real! Much love!

Sean Butcher IV LIFE!

M.J.K. Swiss



Ocean Shores was cool, I guess. I guess it was cool to get away from the streets for about two dayz because last summer, it was like I was stucc on the Hilltop. But hey, I'm not good with writing, so I'm going to cut the line on this kite and let it fly southbound and hit ya'lls in the paper.

3x's
Kuame Moore



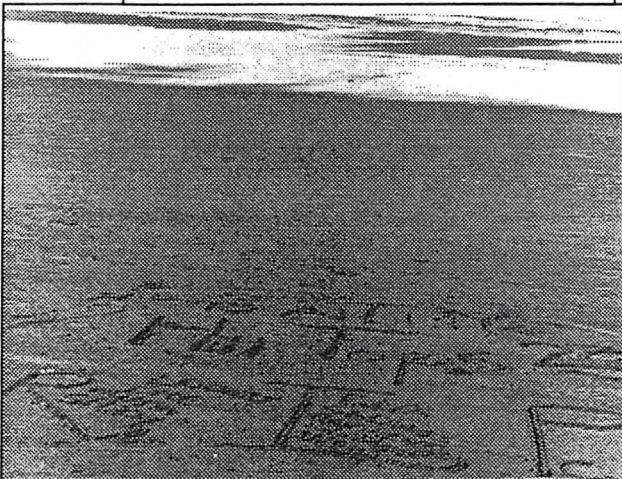
OCEAN SHORES
By
Octavia Hawkins

Ocean Shores was a trip

I went on the get away, have fun, and explore new people, places and things.

Some of the things I did while in Ocean Shores was shopped, rode go-carts, rode horses and most of all, had fun.

I would really prefer more activities taking place in our community that I can participate in and enjoy myself at the same time.



THE DANGER ZONE

Hey, what's up ya'lls! It's the "D" commin' at cha from the Danger Zone. Well now, there's a few things poppin' off in the 'hood that's good. Let me start off with the Starting Over With Life (SOL) Community Service Center. It's the blue/green portion of the building on the corner of 23rd and L st.. You know the one where homies were painting for community service hours with Norman (Larry). Anyway, it's open and ready to serve the community. Some of the services offered are community service placement, job and career development, mentorship, family reconciliation and many others. For more info, contact Tabo Mack or Larry Norman at 272-3677.

Hey, ya'lls remember "War On The Hill," that bomb movie produced by yours truly. Check this out, Norman and I have been working on the follow up with scenes from the Buttercreek Retreat. Bates Voc Tech. (thanks to Mel Jackson) was so kind to let us use their editing facilities for a while. So far it looks real cool. I'll keep you informed.

Oh yea, I heard that the Hilltop Action Coalition was cleaning up the lot on the corner of 25th and J st. They were sending a clean up crew out Saturday morning, October 1. But when they arrived, bottles, paper and other debris had already been picked up and put in a pile. Word has it that the 25th st. locs and Norman had gone out the night before. The community volunteers had a barbecue to end the long night and day of work. Nice Job!

Harold Moss stopped by the Hilltop Monument unaccompanied. Inside sources say he was just kicking it in the hood on a Saturday afternoon.

By the way, have you read I.M. Blackman in this issue? Its about Jim Knight, Director of "UTRA"? It supports Jim in his effort to keep helping out in the hood.

Well this is the "D" signing off and remember get what you got until you got what you need ya'lls.

PEACE

I.M. BLACKMAN

A

re you mentally asleep and blind? Do you lay awake all night wondering if your child is next? I.M. Blackman's Heart goes out to all of those parents whose children don't seem to be thinking. To all of those parent's whose children don't seem to be listening. I know that the parents are talking until they are blue in the face, but their children still want to hang out on corners and dark streets all night long, taking chances on going to jail or getting killed.

What are the children thinking about? Are the parents really listening? Or is the problem that the children are not talking. Maybe the problem is that our children do not respect us because we want some of that bankroll or a hit out of that sack. Whatever the problem is we need to do something about it and do it quick. The white people and negros' are taking this whole country down the toilet with the real a quickness. Why can't our kids see what's happening.

I sit back and watch all of the politicians and the selfish people who elected them making all of those new racist laws that are designed to lock up and destroy all of our young men who survive not being killed by their own brothers.

They say let's build new penitentiaries and let's lock up the three time offenders. They say let's expand the death penalty to include crimes that are committed mainly by our kids. They say let's make sure that nobody can have a gun but the white folks and a few trustee negros.

I hate what's happening as much as the kids do, but I think that it's time to regain control of the revolution. It is time to stop sacrificing ourselves and our lives by thinking that "We'll show them". It is time to stop being manipulated by the white people's system and being deceived into thinking that we are in control when in fact we are being screwed. It is time for our children to know that when bad things happen to them that their parents and loved ones are hurt as much as they are.

We all need to wake up and realize what time it really is. Wake up my Brothers and Sisters.....Wake up children. Wake up and smell the coffee!!

Sharon A Pickett called me up one day and told me she had written an editorial to the Morning News Tribune, but they were unable to print the piece in its entirety. She faxed me a copy and after review, I found that we weren't able to print the entire piece. But, I feel this letter is very timely and I would encourage our readers to contact Ms. Pickett at 475-4641 to see about getting a copy of the entire letter. Hope you enjoy the excerpts we prepared for you.

"D

ear Gang Members and Wanna Be's,

Hi, my name is Sharon. I have felt compelled for many years to write a letter to you and tonight I've decided to. By the heading I don't mean to imply that you as Black males are the only members of gangs. It only implies that as a Black mother and grandmother, I am concerned with the many murders that are being committed. I read in the newspaper recently, according to the Black Community Crusade for children, every four hours a black child is murdered and every six hours a black child dies from a gunshot wound. I can imagine that there are various reasons that you can cite for becoming a gang member."

"... You pump your chest up, you feel the muscle tighten in your neck. In your mind you are a man, now you belong."

"... Many of you were not born until after the Civil Right's struggle and after the "BLACK AND I'M PROUD" days. For some reason, you have not comprehended the struggles of our fore fathers and mother that happened as recently as thirty years ago. Somebody paid the ultimate price and died in order to give you as a Black, freedom of choice. Somebody died so that you can have a good education and job, eat at Mickey D's, live in a decent home, recuperate in a good hospital and for you to have the freedom to do all those things that you take for granted. It took Courage. Courage to give one's life for a cause, so that you and I could be free and have a better life. And those people who died were some mother's child too. Despite the pain, and suffering these deaths were not senseless, there was a purpose and motivation and a goal. They paid the ultimate price so that you and I can be free and have freedom of choice.

And now, here you come. pants hanging halfway down your legs, all hip hop and giving the gang sign. It's not the sign of peace, it's the sign that will lead to some mother losing her child. You disrespect (disrespect) her when you killed her child, the child she carried in her womb. Someday, when you are lying on the street, dying from gun wound or stabbing, your mother will be dead too. Because, somebody will have killed her child.

Think about it, what you are doing is not a war of Courage, but, a war where Blacks are killing Blacks. All so senseless, and all just to prove a senseless point and later to spend the rest of your life in jail. Think about the future, is killing worth going to jail? You can be anything you want to be. You can even picket and walk with a "I AM A MAN" signs in order to make the world a better place to live. You can rise above the racism that exists today. It may be a struggle, but with hope, faith and courage you can succeed.

I know that somewhere inside, you are a beautiful person. A person who can love your Black brothers and sisters. You get an education. You can go back to school and graduate. I know that you can put the weapons down. Death isn't the answer. Jail isn't the answer. You can get the courage to love yourself without needing the affirmation of others all the time. You can learn that God loves you. Because man, when they put you in the body bag, it will be you and you alone. A mother's child will be gone to be seen no more.

Why let your time come sooner than what God intended? So please, listen to me and others, put the weapons down, throw them away, because I don't want you to be killed or kill some Mother's child today."

I care,

Sharon Pickett

PO-ET-TREE

You say that I have a mental illness.
If that's all ya lookin for, how can you feel this?

Can't you see the bulls--- dat I steps in everyday?
Or has the 'gat got your tounge with nothin ta say.

With all you spend on war, there should be peace in
sight.
With so little on our tables, you know a brotha's got to
fight.

So take care, don't stare or ya might get got.
I don't mean with an X, cuz, I sign's with a dot...

To ya forehead fool, or did ya think I was playin.
Just miss me with the drama, 'cause you ain't heard
what I'm sayin'.

The Silly Wabbit said Trix were for Kids.
But my name ain't "Boy", and I seen what ya did...

Ta my Homie and my dog, yea, ya really stretched em
out.
Didn't hear his side, or wanted to find what he was
about.

But stop! Hold up. Wait a minute, pause.
You thought you had me, But I found an escape clouse.

It's written in da rap and what my mama used ta say.
They say's: "Keep your eye's on the prize, don't let your
faith sway."

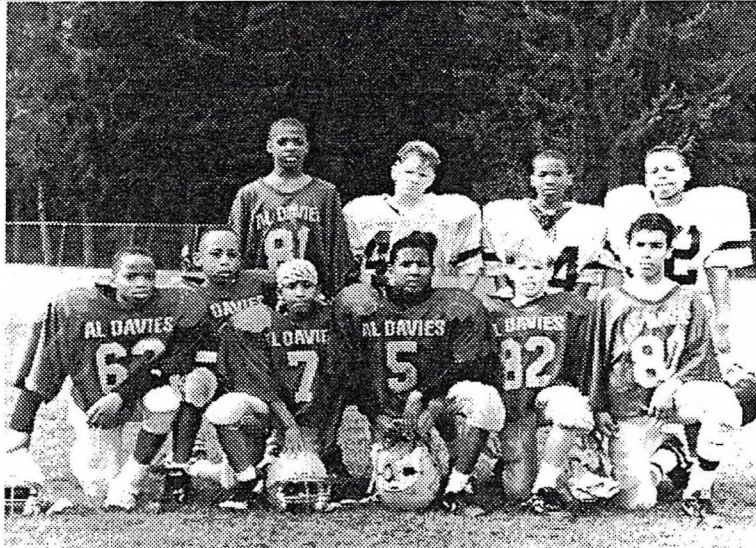
You took me through hell, yet I still stood tall...
Or couldn't you read the writings on the wall?

Naw, this struggle we live may never cease.
So we stays on guard for tha folks that's R>I>P>.
(anonymous)

"A LITTLE SOMETHIN'"

Brothers gotta get knowledge of self before its too late.
Quit smokin' that reefa so ya brain can articulate.
The Black male lives in hell, can't get a steady income.
So they go to sellin them thangs to make enough.
The community ain' t helpin' none, their against the po'
Black youngsta.
The police throw ya in jail and the judge gets ya...
Locked down, tryin to make it out there in them damn
streets.
Can't get out, just close ya mouth, cause you got beat.
So now you gotta problem and ya feel no one gives a f--.
Come out your cell young Black Brotha, call your
momma and try your luck.
Moms ain't comin to court the first time 'cause she's
pissed.
"My sons out there sellin cocaine in the streets, f--- this."
You call back much much later and she's quite calm this
here time.
"Momma you comin to court, yeah you know it's
tomorrow at nine."
Hooray Hooray for you and your momma, son.
I think your gonna make out kinda well on this one!!!!
So you're out back wit cha folks and s--- starts to get
deep.
Your first offense gets ya probation, 24 weeks.
Be home by eight, be home by eight?
Come on momma, give me one more hour. 9 o'clock
aint that late!
You get home at 2:30, "you done f---- up this here
time, I'm callin your P.O. Your mutha f---- your ass is
mine!"
On the run for a couple of weeks.
Then they catch you on tha creep.
Time to quit this here s---!!!
Buy a .380 double action with a 7 shot clip.
On safety mode, protected like a mutha f---- pro.
If a brotha try his luck and step up, he get piont 3,8,0
(off the killin tip though).
Naw, that s--- aint too cool.
K-\$wi\$\$ and his young miss is thinkin' about school!!!!

SPORTS



by d. waller

A few Saturdays ago, the Happenings On Hilltop staff was on hand to witness the exciting match up between Northwest Rams and the Hills very own Al Davies Boys and Girls Club Cougars. In the first quarter, the cougars #7, Isaiah Trufont fumbled the ball on their own forty yard line. After the Cougars got the ball back, the Rams #84 Cedrea Terry and #33 Correy Keys did excellent defensive coverage, preventing the Cougars from scoring.

Before the half, the Cougars Q.B. #9, Maurice Mcray did a smooth hand off to Isaiah Trufant which he ran 52 yards for the "Ultimate" T.D.. This smooth run was set up by #80, Andrew Fredrick's block.

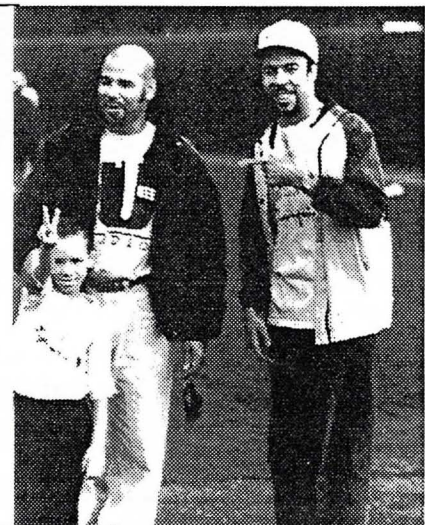
In the third quarter, Antoine Miles recovered a fumble for the Cougars. The score was still 7-0 at beginning of the forth. With only 4 minutes left in the game, the Rams scored a T.D.. The Rams weren't able to convert the extra point. the Rams then attempted an on-side kick, which was fielded by the Cougars. The final

After game, coaches congratulate players.



John and 'Mane postin' up at Sprinkler

The "D", along with R. McCain and the Donster



Community Services On Hilltop

an entire community is saving "one life at a time"

Since opening its doors a couple months ago, Starting Over With Life (SOL) has been consistent in offering its services to this community. Working together with Hilltop Community Services and Americorps, we were able to get three young men interviews and applications for the Americorps job site at Port

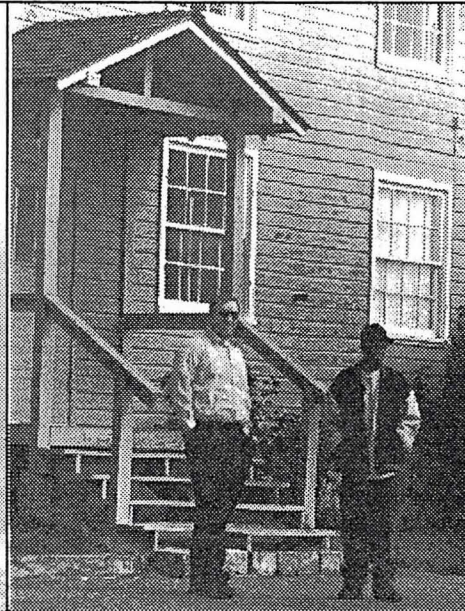
Townsend, Washington. Dave Johnson, the director, made a special trip down to the 'Hood, to meet some of the young men who were interested in working.

We decided to give those interested, an opportunity to see the facility. So we drove up to Fort Warden in Port Townsend. While there, we met with Dave Johnson to inspect the dorms, went to the beach to see the ocean and got to see the science aquarium on the pier. We even brought a few of our young friends with us!

In the end, one of our local young men decided to go to Port Townsend. The other is on the list with MLKHA/ Americorps as an alternate. Tabo Mack, director of SOL, transported our young man to the facility and has kept continuous phone contact.

Congratulations to Dave Tillery and Marcus Alexander for making an effort. If you, or someone you know is in need of assistance with career development, school or just someone to talk to, call 272-3677 from 5pm to 7pm, Monday through Friday. If you need help with traffic tickets or community service hours, call that number as well.

We're here to serve our youth right in our community. And if you would like to volunteer at SOL, why not stop by our office at 1122 South 23rd Street?

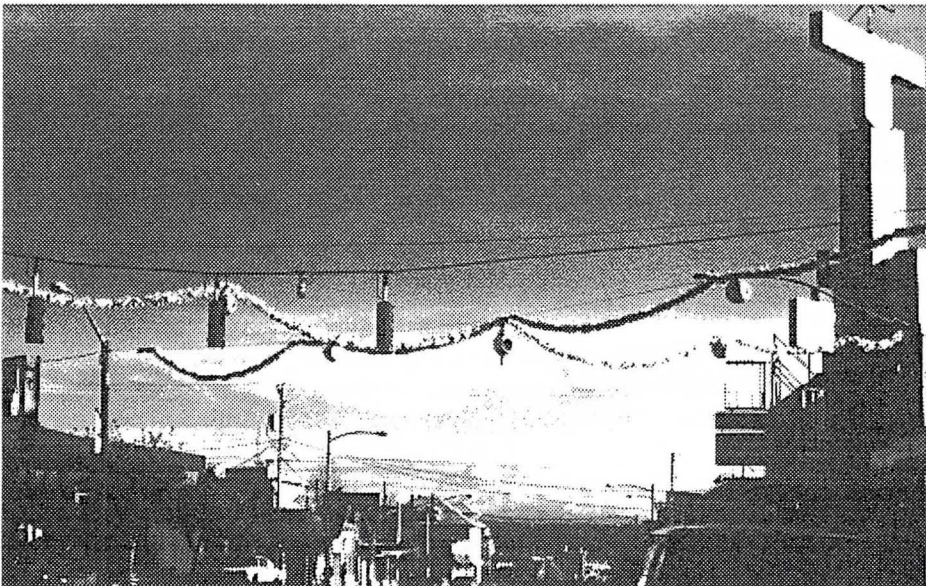


SHOTS FROM THE 'HOOD

Heading west, on the 23rd street set.

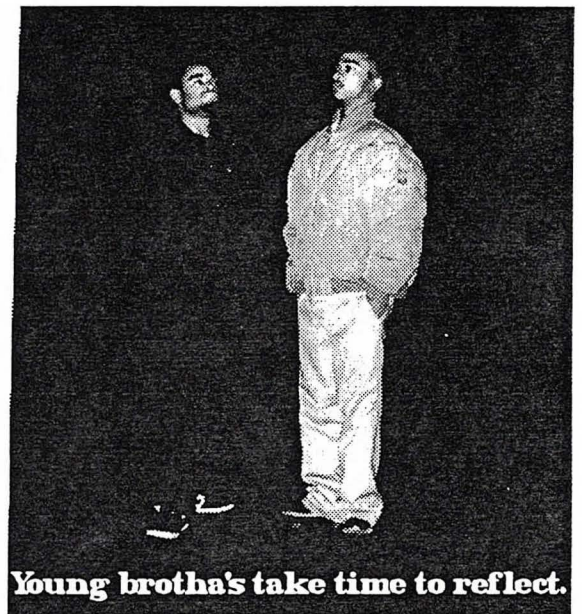
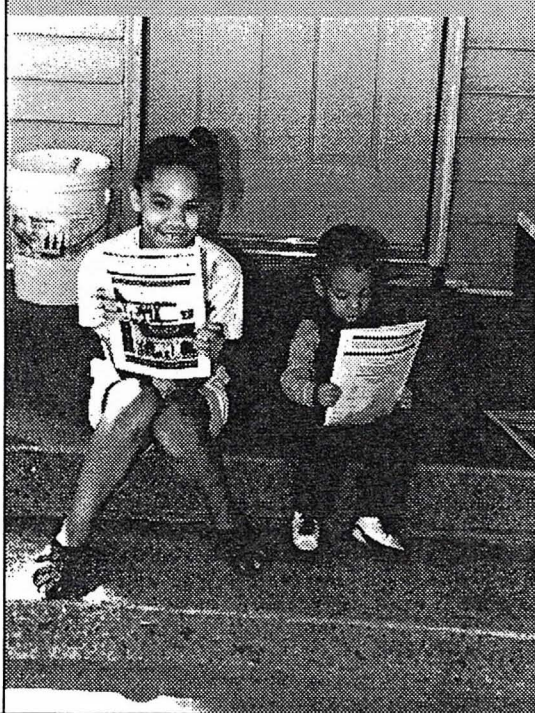


Traditional lights go up at the intersection of 11th & k St.



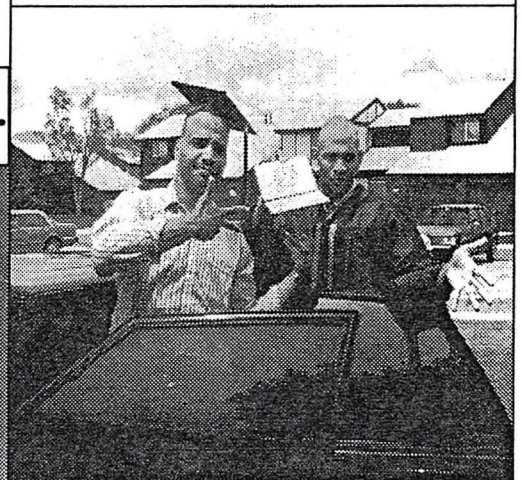
MO' SHOTS FROM THE 'HOOD

Look who's reading Happenings On Hilltop now!

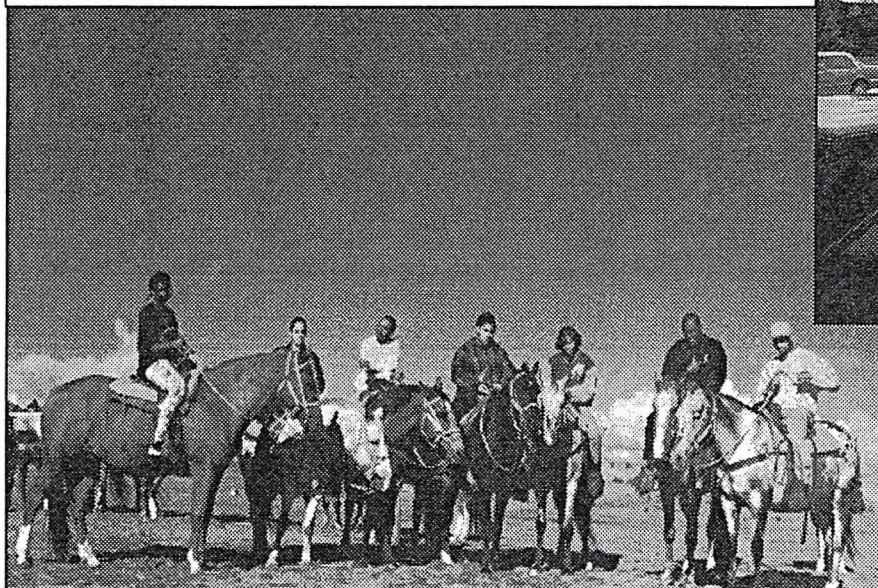


Young brotha's take time to reflect.

T-Money. Anotha Homie from the Hood making the grade!



The Hilltop posse rides to Ocean Shores.



OUR PRAYERS GO OUT THE FAMILIES AND FRIENDS OF THE ROBINSON'S, WALLER'S, GREENE'S AND OTHERS IN OUR COMMUNITY WHO HAVE LOST A LOVED ONE RECENTLY. LET THOSE WHO ARE LEFT CONTINUE THE DREAM.

Now you can find Happenings On Hilltop at the following locations:
 Bob's BBQ Pit
 Your Fish House
 Dabashi's
 Thompson's Tavern
 Sam & Terry's
 Key Beauty Salon
 TCC BSU (hopefully)
 UPS BSU (hopefully)
 K St. Bar & Grill

SUBSCRIBE, SUBSCRIBE, SUBSCRIBE!!!

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Send check or money order with this slip to:
HAPPENINGS ON HILLTOP
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 TACOMA, WASHINGTON 98405

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____

We would like thank all those who have been supporting the efforts made in this community to create a more positive environment for everyone.

To the businesses who have been kickin' in: Thank you for your tithes to this community.

To the brotha's and sista's on the blocks standing guard: Thank you and stay up.

To our elders: Thank you for your wisdom that continues to be one of our greatest resources.

To our youth: Thank you for your hands, minds and spirits. Stand with us.

To our families: Thank you for putting up with us and loving us in spite of ourselves.

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Dwayne Waller	Asst. Editor/ The Danger Zone
Seneca Hopkins	Asst. Editor- Youth
Danita Norman	All the Above, Marketing, Distribution

IMPORTANT PHONE NUMBERS

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REFUSE DEPARTMENT	591-5544
RECYCLING DEPT.	565-5955
MAYOR/CITY COUNSEL	591-5100
PEOPLES CENTER	591-5312
TACOMA NAACP	272-0357
LARRY NORMAN (EDITOR)	272-8133
SOL (Starting Over With Life)	272-3677

The purpose of this newsletter is to provide information, inspiration and direction to the residents, organizations and businesses on Hilltop.