Census tracts—cont.

Drive in the east, and all north of Skyline Drive.

The stretch of 805 north of Highway 94 had become in our census year a new racial dividing line as Afro-American families have moved into the southern two-thirds of East San Diego east of the freeway. And El Cajon Boulevard plays the role that Market Street once did, as neighborhoods in Normal Heights, Kensington, around San Diego State University, and in the very north-eastern corner of East San Diego all resist Black expansion.

Much of central San Diego—everything north of downtown and Balboa Park, west of 805 and south of Interstate 8—remains in effect prohibited to large numbers of Blacks. This includes western Normal Heights, North Park, Hillcrest, Mission Hills and the neighborhood just west of the Park.

The only significant concentration of Black families north of Mission Valley is up in Linda Vista, a racially mixed community since the fifties. However there has been Black migration across Highway 163 into Serra Mesa, as well as into Tierrasanta, and north into the Mira Mesa area. Another pocket of Black families live way to the south, just north of San Ysidro and east of Interstate 5.

Across the remainder of the vast city of San Diego, census tracts registered less than 5% Black (excluding military bases). This includes all the new affluent northern communities, La Jolla, the beach areas, Point Loma, Clairemont and the northern rim of Mission Valley out to San Carlos.

Outside the City, the only significant Black African neighborhoods are in Oceanside, with a Black population of roughly 6000 (in 1980), and in National City, with about 4500. Very few Black households are found throughout north and east county. Blacks make up less than 1% of the population of Del Mar, Carlsbad and San Marcos, and less than 2% in Vista, El Cajon, La Mesa, and Coronado.

The Mexican Community

Mexicans and other Latinos, as the County's largest minority, are concentrated mainly in two centers south of downtown San Diego, according to the 1980 count. The more northern center is the corridor of neighborhoods that stretch from Barrio Logan south to National City. Here the highest proportion of Mexican families live in the area south of Market Street to the bay, creating an arc along the waterfront that runs through National City. Some of the eastern limits of this arc are Highway 15 and 43rd Street in South East and National Boulevard further south. These are tracts where Latinos make up over half the residents.

Surrounding the bayfront arc are census tracts to the north and east where Mexican families comprise from just less than a third of the residents to up to a half. These include Golden Hill, all the remainder of National City, and the neighborhood in South East bounded by Euclid Avenue in the east, 94 in the north, and the Greenwood Cemetery in the south. It also includes the area bordered by Market Street in the north, National Avenue to the south, between Highway 15 and 41st Street. A pocket of Latinos with a similar density can be found just south of Lemon Grove, north of Skyline Drive between Meadowbrook Drive and Cardiff Street. Another area of like proportion lies south of Paradise Hills, across the South Bay Freeway, between 805, Bonita Road and the Chula Vista Golf Course.

The other major Mexican center is, of course, San Ysidro. In tracts with over 50% Chicano-Mexicano inhabitants, the core concentration lies south of Highway 117 between the two freeways, 5 and 805, and in the neighborhood just south of their juncture. The neighboring communities that hold from 30% to 50% Latinos encompass Castle Park, Otay, Palm City, Nestor, eastern Imperial Beach, and southeastern Chula Vista. A tract in Chula Vista, west of Broadway between L and H streets, has a similar ratio of Mexican families.

Within the City of San Diego, there are two other areas with significant concentrations of Mexican and Latino households. One is just north of downtown and east of Interstate 5, between Laurel and Ash Streets. And the other is across Mission Valley and up in Linda Vista, enclosed between Tecolate Canyon and Genesee Avenue.

In general Mexicans and Latinos are living in most census regions across

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Segregation—cont.

6.1% of White workers were unemployed, but 10.4% of Latino workers and 15.3% of Black workers were out of work. The Black unemployment rate is two and a half times the rate for Anglos.

In 1981 over half the families headed by a single Black woman were living under the poverty limit compared with about 27% for families headed by a single Anglo woman. On the average Black and Latino men earn only 80% of what White men of the same age and same level of education make. And two out of three Black men and half of all Latino men are employed in the lower-paying job categories. Since 1970 the income gap between White and Black families has actually widened, so in terms of economic well-being, Black people are now worse off relative to Whites than they were 15 years ago. A new Federal report just out in October found that minorities suffer significantly higher rates of cancer, heart diseases and infant mortality than Whites.

The statistics could go on, but the point is clear: there are two standards of living in San Diego and elsewhere in America—one for Whites, the majority, and one for the non-White peoples, the minorities. Anglos are better off as a group on all levels materially than Blacks or Mexicans as a group. It is the socio-economics of a racism that is still alive in this country, although more subtle and sophisticated than the blatant and ruthless racism of South African apartheid, but nevertheless a racism that produces parallels reflected in the segregation of minority communities.

Within the separateness of the different racial communities here in San Diego, it is the unequal nature of the segregation that really is our concern and was the basis for the study of census tracts. With the rise in anti-apartheid activity coinciding with renewed charges of racism by San Diego's African and Mexican communities, a fresh momentum may be building to address the inequalities of segregation. And it seems that one of the first steps, then for us in San Diego, is to document that segregation. Which brings us to the next step. ▣

Portrait of an Irish Republican

Life, Love And Death In Occupied Ireland

by Michael Steinberg

"Life springs from death, and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations." —Padraic Pearse, one of the leaders of the 1916 Easter Rising executed by the British.

Ireland, August 1985—Julie Doherty has just turned 23. She lives in Derry, a city of 50,000 in the British occupied north of Ireland. Julie is blessed with a bright face and jaunty personality that few would call less than beautiful. But she is cursed with a harsh existence and lives constantly in the shadow of death.

This is because Julie is a staunch Republican. In Ireland Republicans do not stand for bleeding the poor to produce new generations of nuclear weapons, but for the immediate withdrawal of Britain from their land and the reunification of the Irish people into a socialist republic.

Irish Republicans also believe that armed struggle is the cutting edge that will force the British to withdraw. Only after the successful armed insurrection of the Irish Republican Army (IRA) did England give up total control of Ireland in the early 1920s. Today's IRA carries on the fight to free the 6 county garrison state the British invented called Northern Ireland.

Last December 6, Julie's husband Danny, 23, was murdered along with IRA comrade Willie Fleming in an ambush by the SAS, the British army's counter-insurgency assassination squad. Both were shot in the back as they rode a motorbike, Danny 30 times and Willie 38, in keeping with the crown forces shoot to kill policy against suspected IRA activists.

Julie was left with their 8 month old son, Kevin Barry Doherty. Derry loyalist (loyal to British rule) politician Gregory Campbell, upon hearing of the 2 men's deaths, gloated that "Christmas came early for me this year."

This August I am one of 130 Americans taking part in Irish Northern Aid's 3rd annual fact finding tour of the occupied north. Our host for the tour is the Sinn Fein party, the political wing of the Republican movement. The party's increasing strength in local elections has Britain, its loyalists and the Dublin government increasingly nervous.

On Wednesday, August 7, the Noraid delegation is on its 4th day of the tour and on our way to Derry. The newspapers are carrying reports about the death in Derry on Tuesday night of 21 year old Charles English in what is termed a "mystery explosion."

It turns out that a grenade went off prematurely as an IRA unit including English was about to attack an enemy patrol. At a nearby hospital the police refused to let hospital workers remove his body from a car for 3 hours, forcing his father to identify him in the vehicle.

Upon arriving in Derry in the late afternoon, we are assigned by Sinn Fein to the various Republican households that are putting us Yanks up. I am given a card telling me that I will be staying at Julie Doherty's.

"...true revolutionaries are guided by feelings of love...today no one knows that better than Julie Doherty."

After being dropped off the bus and meeting her, there is a tense silence in the car as Julie's father drives us to her house. Is it my breath, my accent, or maybe the odor of the socks I've worn these past 4 days?

I follow Julie into her living room where she introduces me to a friend and disappears into the kitchen. Her friend quickly explains about the pictures of Danny Doherty on the wall. She then tells me that Julie and Charley English had been going together for about a month.

There isn't much to say when Julie emerges from the kitchen with my supper. Julie can't stay to chat anyways. She's off to sit at Charles' wake.

Sometime later that evening I am entering the English house on Cable Street. In a small room at the top of a narrow staircase Charles English lies in his coffin, his pale face still handsome. The eerie peace of death is in grim contrast with the profound grief pervading the air.

At the end of the room 2 hooded IRA men form an honor guard standing at attention over the coffin. To the side sits Julie with her mother. I can hardly bear this scene for the brief moments I am there to pay my respects. It will go on late into the night.

On Thursday I awaken in Kevin's room in a more than mild state of shock to a clanking of the mail slot. It's Julie's mother, there to get us up and moving.

In a while Julie comes downstairs and a bit later we have time to get acquainted. In spite of (or because of) the extraordinary circumstances, Julie is able to talk freely of her life and loves, and encourages me to do the same.

She tells me of the 2 men she has lost, Danny willful and swift, Charley calm and deliberate. She talks of the love for Danny still rooted deep in heart, of that for Charley that was just beginning to flower.

Julie wrote to Danny for a number of years while he was serving a sentence for the crime of belonging to the IRA. After his release their love led to matrimony. She makes me laugh with the "what-me-married?" story of their wedding day.

More recently, as Danny's widow, she was to remain martyred and alone with his memory, as Republican tradition would have it. But then Charley came along with more progressive ideas, though at first she put him off by telling him he was too young for her. They had just celebrated each other's birthdays in late July, 2 days apart.

Now she jokes that she can't wait to get to heaven to see the 2 men fight over her.

Having lived and loved and lost so much so early seems to have left Julie Doherty with a tough dignity and absolute determination to be free that I am deeply struck by. She later gently scoffs at what she calls my Yankee romanticism, reminding me that she is just one of many here who grew up expecting to die any day.

It's Friday, August 9. I'm awakened this morning by the obnoxious clatter of a Brit helicopter swooping low. I go downstairs to find it's not yet 7 and a land rover (armored police car) is rolling ever so slowly past Julie's house.

Julie soon shows up, having spent the night at her mother's. She tells me