

'60s potheads were the norm

THE torch has been just leaked these tales as passed to a new generation. Former potheads are coming into power.

We must keep this in mind as our own U.S. Attorney Frank McNamara, other hand, I can imagine clearly preoccupied with pot, keeps up his assault on alleged political weed friends, including the mother of his children. It seems Frank is asking the wrong question.

The issue is not whether 41-year-old Frank, former U.S. Attorney Bill Weld, 43; Congressman Joe Kennedy, 35, and fund-raiser Robert Farmer, 50, have smoked pot. The question is, if they haven't, why haven't they? What's wrong with them?

All except Farmer, who is reportedly young at heart, grew up in the Age of Aquarius, children of the Flower Generation. All dreamed of going to San Francisco with flowers in their hair. Instead went to college and wondered, upon arriving, what was that odd aroma wafting through dorm halls. Why did everyone keep saying, "Oh... wow..."

The question in those turned-on days was never who smoked, but who consistently scored the best weed, "clean," no seeds, few stems, for \$15. Campus coolness was measured not by your SAT score or the horsepower of your car. What counted was the quality of your water pipe and joint-rolling ability; pot jocks were able to role single-paper joints in mid-air, same thickness end to end, using one hand.

When the Jefferson Airplane generation reminisces, it's not about dancing to Tommy Dorsey on starlit nights. It's about endless hours spent cross-legged on the floor. About passing bonges round a table made from an upside down bureau drawer, listening to Cream and staring, amazed, at ceiling tiles.

The stoned generation made counterculture statements by naming dogs and children "Spring" or "Sunshine." And everyone was mellow, which ultimately would the cause. "Laid back" became nauseating.

Everyone overdosed on in-cense and patchwork denim on girls with hairy legs. The skinhead/punk movement was a direct reaction against the love, love, and more love of the 1960s. Then along came jogging, "born against," sexual diseases, and that, as they say, was that.

So I'm highly suspicious of anyone between 30 and 45 who went to college and never tried pot; who spent the era of "Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll" in the chem lab. They're the survivors; the ones who must be watched closely.

Frank McNamara? He never smoked pot. He's liars.

● Read Eagan again Tuesday

METCO: You either loath it or you love it



SAME SCHOOL OF THOUGHT: METCO students, Brian Cromwell of Hyde Park, left; Alicia Mobley of Dorchester, center, and Melissa Richardson of Dorchester, study together in the Wayland High library.

Staff photo by Renee DeKora

METCO student to be labeled and isolated in a suburban town far from home without having to deal with jealous friends back at home who call them snobs "for trying to act white."

"They hear you talk and they say, 'You go to a METCO school, don't you,'" said Darrick Edwards, a student at Wayland High School.

Wayland's teachers say the program has been a learning experience for them, too.

"I've been out of touch with the city," said Daniel Frio, who taught in Boston before his 10-year Wayland stint. "They tell me things about their neighborhoods that I'm not familiar with."

Despite the driving force, integration is also not as easy as it sounds. Even though the state spends more than \$13 million to integrate 33 suburban school districts, getting the students to interact is a completely different story.

"There are still some bugs in the works," said Graham Perry, a white student who lives in Wayland. "It's just a question of who's out-smobbing who." Invariably, students say, high school cliques are bound to form, so why should METCO schools be any different.

If students from the band eat lunch together, and players from the basketball team eat lunch together, METCO students say, it shouldn't be seen as a threat to race relations if they eat lunch together.

Besides, not even the black students knew each other before they started going to school together, said Manuel Fernandez, Wayland's METCO coordinator. But when you ride a bus together every day at 6 a.m., he said, a bond develops that's hard to break.

ing in Boston, METCO parents were fighting a battle of their own to achieve racial integration.

In its 23 years, METCO has weathered the storms of budget pinches, protests and lawsuits from parent groups who charged the program systematically discriminates against white students.

"A lot of white city kids who were underprivileged also should have the same means racially motivated.

My oldest was on the METCO list before she was even born.

— Janet Williams-Thomas

opportunities," said state Sen. Arthur Lewis, who has filed legislative amendments for three years straight aimed at integrating METCO parents.

METCO parents felt like they were on the receiving end again earlier this month after a committee of the Boston Teachers Union voted to urge school officials to try to phase out the program and bring the METCO students back to Boston where they "rightfully belong."

That proposal brought chipping paint of Boston's Latin Academy is a storybook school most city kids can only dream about. Here, science students learn about photosynthesis in a 12-foot greenhouse. French and Spanish students slip on headphones and listen to tapes in the foreign language lab.

Two buildings away, basketball players practices layups and jump shots in a miniature domed stadium. Too short to play basketball? Well, you can go out for the ski team, or play lacrosse.

Welcome to Wayland High School, a public school on the outskirts of Boston. In truth, the school is only a 45-minute trip from Downtown Boston. But for some of

the students who come here, Wayland seems like a world away.

"When I ask someone what they did in Boston, they say 'We had a fight,'" said Gloria Harrison, a Wayland senior. "I don't want to knock the public schools in Boston, but we do get a good education here."

Harrison is no stranger to Boston. She lives in Dorchester. But unlike her Dorchester friends she gets to go to school in the Wayland, one of more than 30 schools in the state which teach thousands of Boston students under the METCO program.

Every day, she and her Boston friends ride a yellow bus through the winding roads of Wayland, past stately white homes surrounded by huge well-kept lawns.

Wayland High just a