

PAMPHLET FILE



BROKEN CHAINS

VOL. I, NO. 9

APRIL 1993



LET THE HEALING BEGIN

By Michelle Carr



Little Jacob was a slave. At the age of eight he was assigned to help take care of his master's stable of fine horses. One day a groom began to beat him with a switch for no apparent reason. It was the first time he had been whipped by anyone except his parents. He cried out in pain, but he thought to himself that he would tell his father. Father would take care of that groom. When at last his oppressor quit beating him, Jacob ran to his father. His father, William, told him there was nothing he could do. He told Jacob to be a good boy and go back to work. But Jacob's mother, Chloe, complained to the groom. The groom took his whip and began to flog her. Jacob ran back and forth between them until the groom stopped beating her and gave him another whipping.

Soon Jacob's whippings became daily ordeals. Eventually he told his parents he would put up with the whippings no longer. He would fight back. William forbade him; the master would think his parents had advised him to fight. That would make life harder for the whole family. William told Jacob to keep silent and do his work as well as he could. Frustrated, Jacob complained that he did not know why he should be whipped. He had done nothing wrong. The groom simply whipped him because he felt like it. William replied sadly that the only thing he could do was to pray to the Lord to hasten the time when such things should all be done away.

Chloe burst into tears when she saw the wounds upon Jacob's back, but there was little she could do to comfort him. She said she would not mind it so much except that Jacob was so small. If she told the master, she believed he would forbid the groom from treating the child so cruelly. She had grown up with her master, she said, and he would listen to her. But William was skeptical. If the master stopped the groom from whipping Jacob,

William said, the groom would only avenge himself through the overseer. The best thing for him to do would be to pray over it. The time would come when the children would be free, though their parents might not live to see it. Chloe cried out that she wished they would take her son out of this world so he would be out of pain. If he were in heaven, his parents would not have to fret so about him. William told the boy not to worry, he would be a man eventually. Jacob thought if small boys are treated so cruelly, how much worse would it be when he became a man?

Suddenly Jacob realized for the first time what slavery really meant, realized that he and the rest of his fellow slaves were doomed to arbitrary treatment throughout their lives. And there was nothing he could do about it. Not only was he unable to defend himself, his parents could not defend him either. They, too, were forced to submit to the same degradation. At bedtime the family knelt in prayer. To Jacob, William's prayer that night seemed more anguished and more genuine than ever before, especially when he prayed that the Lord would hasten the time when the children would be free men and women. Jacob expected that the Lord would answer his father's prayer in two or three weeks at the latest. He could not know then that his father would die the following year, or that it would be six more years before emancipation.

Let the healing begin for the African-American male. This story found in Jacob Stroyer's, *My Life in the South*, describes the plight of the African-American male, yesterday and today. Constantly fighting to get ahead, to be positive and to regain a sense of being must be exhausting when throughout history the African-American male had been stripped of his manhood and family. This issue is dedicated to the everyday African-American man as we let the healing begin.

FROM THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

Robert C. Watson

A HISTORICAL NOTE



In this issue, I would like to focus on the contributions of several African-American men.

Louis Armstrong

Louis Armstrong was born in New Orleans, Louisiana. As a youth, he was sentenced to eighteen months in a boys' home for shooting a gun to celebrate the New Year. While in the boys' home, he learned to play the bugle and the cornet.

In 1922, he joined King Oliver's band in Chicago, moving from there to a New York group, and then forming his own band in 1925. For nearly fifty years, Louis entertained people the world over. Among his many recordings are "Blueberry Hill" and "Hello Dolly," both million sellers.

For many years, the United States State Department considered Louis to be one of their greatest Goodwill Ambassadors.

James P. Beckwourth

A St. Louis, Missouri blacksmith, who joined General William Ashley's Rocky Mountain Fur Company in 1823, he scouted, trapped, and traded in the mountains of the west for more than forty years.

The trail between Reno and California is known as the Jim Beckwourth Trail. It was this trail, with its pass through the mountains, that helped put Reno, Nevada on the map.

Beckwourth is also credited with being one of the founders of Denver, Colorado.

Wendell O. Pruitt

Captain Wendell Pruitt, a native St. Louisian, distinguished himself in World War II in the European Theater of Operations as a member of the 322nd Fighter Group and the 99th Squadron, A.A.F. He was regarded by his fellow pilots as the most daring of all the races. For his courage, skill, bravery, and success against the enemy, Pruitt was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with four oakleaf clusters.

Captain Pruitt was killed during a flight at Tuskegee Air Base on April 15, 1945.

Marcus Garvey

Marcus Garvey was one of the leading Black nationalists of the Twentieth Century. A West Indian from Jamaica, Garvey dedicated his life to the uplifting of the black people of the world through the creation of the Universal Negro Improvement Association (UNIA) and the African Communities League. He believed that blacks could never achieve equality unless they became independent — founding their own governments, business, and industrial enterprises.

Garvey's "Back to Africa" movement attracted 1.5 million members to the UNIA.

Samuel L. Gravely, Jr.

Born in Richmond, Virginia, on June 4, 1922, he attended Virginia Union University until his enlistment in the United States Navy in 1942. After attending Columbia University Midshipman School, he was commissioned Ensign, thus becoming the first black officer in the United States Navy.

After serving honorably during World War II, Gravely was released from the Navy. However, he was returned to active duty in 1949.

By 1961, Gravely was commanding officer of the U.S.S. Theodore E. Chandler, becoming the first black American to officially command a naval ship. Gravely attained the rank of Lieutenant Commander by 1970, and commanded the guided missile ship, the "U.S.S. Jouett."

Currently, he holds the rank of Vice-Admiral, in command of the Third Fleet, based in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

Jean Baptiste Point Du Sable

Du Sable was born in St. Marc, Haiti, and he was educated in France. After coming to America, he became a trapper and fur trader. Finally he settled near Lake Michigan in 1780's. The settlement which he founded became a busy trade center and developed into what is now the city of Chicago, Illinois.

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Suggestions, comments, questions, articles are welcomed.
 Send to Franklin Street Annex, Room 106.
 Editor Michelle Carr
 Department Director Robert C. Watson



ECHOES FROM THE PAST . . .



Important Dates in Black History

- | | | | |
|----------------------|---|-----------------------|---|
| April 1, 1868 | Hampton Institute opened. | April 10, 1947 | Jackie Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers and became the first African-American in the major leagues in modern times. |
| April 1, 1984 | Death of Marvin Gaye in Los Angeles. Singer was shot by his father, Marvin Gay, Sr. | April 11, 1966 | Emmett Ashford became the first African-American major league umpire. |
| April 3, 1950 | Death of Carter G. Woodson, "Father of Black History," Washington, D.C. | April 11, 1983 | Charles Thomas became the first African-American on the Virginia Supreme Court. |
| April 4, 1968 | Martin Luther King, Jr. assassinated. | April 14, 1865 | President Lincoln was shot and critically wounded at Ford's Theater in Washington. |
| April 6, 1909 | Commander Robert E. Peary reached North Pole. The only American with Peary was the man he identified as "my Negro assistant," Matthew Henson. | April 16, 1987 | August Wilson received Pulitzer Prize for his play, <i>Fences</i> . |
| April 9, 1939 | Seventy-five thousand African Americans and Whites attended a Marian Anderson concert on Easter Sunday at the Lincoln Monument in Washington. Outdoor concert was scheduled after the Daughters of the American Revolution refused, for racial reasons, to permit Miss Anderson to sing in Constitution Hall. | April 29, 1983 | Harold Washington sworn in as the first African-American mayor of Chicago. |

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

WE HAVE MUCH TO BE PROUD ABOUT

By Jimmy McJamerson

Hear me now! Stand erect! Hold your head high, and take the leadership role, for our forefathers paved the way. Don't mumble your words; speak up, for we have much to be proud about.

When you speak, speak with the confidence of *Frederick Douglass*; the scholarship of *W.E.B. Dubois*; the insight of *Booker T. Washington*; the political awareness of *Shirley Chisholm* and *Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.*; the dignity of *Nelson Mandela*; the historical foresight of *Dr. Carter G. Woodson*; the poetic style of *Paul Laurence Dunbar*; the business aptitude of *Julius Erving* or *Buck Buchanan*; the determination of *Rosa Parks*; the teaching ability of *Dr. Arlynee Lake Cheeks*; and the enthusiasm of *Debbie Allen*.

Resist temptation, the root of all evil. Be fair in your dealings with others. Be a man or a woman, admit your mistakes, learn from them and move on with that knowledge.

Walk with dignity in your strides, because civilization started in your birthplace and spread throughout the world.

Be proud of our forefathers; acknowledge their contributions to mankind in science, medicine, government, the arts, economics, and religion. For without their contributions and achievements, the world would be a different place.

As African-Americans, we really have much to be proud about.



Everyday HEROS

Tribute to African-American Males
of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation
By Michelle Carr

"Everybody can be great. Because anybody can serve. You don't have to have a college degree to serve. You don't have to make your subject and your verb agree to serve. You don't have to know about Plato and Aristotle to serve. You don't have to know Einstein's theory of relativity to serve. You don't have to know the second theory of thermodynamics in physics to serve. You only need a heart full of grace. A soul generated by love."

Martin Luther King, Jr.



People are always giving well-deserved praises to nationally known heros, but what about the quiet heros, the everyday man?

Just who is the everyday man? This person is someone who may work two jobs to support his family, or the person who goes an extra mile to listen or give a smile, or someone who runs errands for the elderly, or the person who does a good deed and only expects a "thank you" for payment just because they did not mind giving a helping hand.

Do you know an everyday hero? Maybe he's your father, brother, nephew, friend, or significant other. Sit back, take notice of the "little" things he may do for you, and then, thank him for being a role model and hero. Whether nationally or locally, known or unknown, a hero is a hero.

We would like to recognize a few African American men who work at the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation, our heros. Always remember, **A brother is like one's shoulder — African Proverb (Sierra Leone).**

U S E M L O H D R A H C I R I R T I M D J E
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R E I C A O P O E D D P E H K U O V O R O B
R B M H B B J T V W M O F A E S R I S T M B
Y B M A B E E B A A I P F I N L D N N H E A
C A O E R R R O R R T S R N N L O O H U R T
H T N L I T O Y G R R V E S E T N S S R A L
R E S P A M M S Y N I T Y E T A B B M J N L
I R R A N W E T O Z M E E A H B U O A O D E
S R O R H A R O R M E N P B P B L R D H O S
T Y Y K U T A M E E N D P C I K L N A N L S
I H K E N S N N L D R S S C G C O E D S O U
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N U A M E N A Q H D O A E A O L K A A N C T
T S L E R L L C P D Z L X C T B W Y N E L A
A T B N G L I K D Y T E A K T L E L O A A B
B O Y U L R E L Y T T R E B L I G O E L W B
B N O S R E T T A P L A R R Y E A R L A S M
M D R E D G A R T O P P I N K N L R A E N C
A F R I C A N A M S N O M M I S X I L E F T

LEONARD ADAMS
NEAL BLACK
ROY BLACK
GORDON BULLOCK
LARRY CHRISTIAN
JAMES CURTIS
LARRY EARL
JEFFREY EPPS
LEROY GRAVES
RICHARD HOLMES
TERRY HOUSTON
BRIAN HUNTER
ARTHUR JOHNSON

*Wallace Gallery
Historic Trades
Historic Trades
Afr/Am Interpreter
Maintenance
Silversmith
Afr/Am Interpreter
Security
Upholsterer
Custodial, Pastor
Afr/Am Interpreter
Market Research
Afr/Am Interpreter*

DOUGLAS LEE
MICHAEL PARKER
AL PATTERSON
RICHARD PATTON
KENNETH PIGGOTT
JEROME RANDOLPH
LEWIS RANDOLPH
FELIX SIMMONS
RUSSELL TABB
OSBORNE TAYLOR
DR. EDGAR TOPPIN
GILBERT TYLER
ROBERT M. WATSON

*Mailroom
Lodge A/V
Security
Security
Wallace Gallery
Marketing
Inn
Historic Trades
Governor's Inn
AARFAC
CW Trustee Board
Security
Afr/Am Interpreter*

AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?

The Plaque of Freedom



Undoubtedly the most popular symbol of abolitionism was that devised by the potter Josiah Wedgwood. In 1787, Wedgwood decided to make his own contribution to the cause by producing a medallion and distributing copies to his friends. He made some 200,000, and even sent some to Benjamin Franklin who declared himself 'much affected by contemplating the figure.' The image was reproduced in countless prints and drawings, and — in at least one case — on a child's sampler.

A Brief History Lesson

In 1783, six Quakers — William Dillwyn, George Harrison, Samuel Hoare, Thomas Knowles, John Lloyd and Joseph Woods — formed a committee, its aim being 'the relief and liberation of the negro slaves in the West Indies and for the discouragement of the Slave Trade on the coast of Africa.' Links were formed with Granville Sharp, who had lobbied bishops and archbishops ceaselessly since the Somerset case, in many cases obtaining their support, and with James Ramsay, a surgeon who had (unlike his fellow abolitionists) actually had first-hand experience of the slave trade, having once treated diseased slaves on a ship. Later he became rector of two parishes on St. Kitts, where for nineteen years he fought to improve slave conditions.

In the next few years, the abolitionist cause gained its two most important recruits — Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce. In 1785, Clarkson won a Cambridge University prize for a Latin essay

on the subject, *Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?* Ignorant of the slave trade before competing for this prize, Clarkson became converted to the abolitionist cause after reading Benezet's account of the slave trade in order to prepare himself for his essay. He also claimed to have a 'direct revelation from God ordering him to devote his life to abolishing the trade,' which inspired him not only to make contact with fellow sympathizers, but also to activate them to reorganize their hitherto well-meaning but ill-conceived plans.

Together with Granville Sharp and Josiah Wedgwood, the potter, he founded the Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, whose seal, designed by Wedgwood, had as its motif a supplicant African, round whom was inscribed the motto 'Am I not a man and a brother?'

(Source: *History of Slavery*, by Susanne Everett)

WE'VE GOT A VISITOR

Guest Writer

Jerrold W. Roy, Instructor
Department of History
Hampton University

SLAVERY AND THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE



One of the most difficult aspects of slavery was the role of the African-American male. As husband and father he was virtually emasculated by the slave masters. Many slaveowners refused to acknowledge the union of slave couples as legitimate marriages. In the Gospel of Mark 10:9, it reads, "What therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Although a number of owners allowed their slaves to marry as Christians, they did not always recognize the sanctity of such a marriage.

The threat of separation was an ever present one for slave families. Slaves were considered property, and were brought and sold as such. Many slaveowners would use the threat of sell to keep slaves in line. Slave couples were often sold away from each other to punish one of them, or simply to make an example of them; to let other couples know that it could happen to them. Children were often used as a pawn, to prevent parents from rebelling. It was not unusual for a child to be sold as punishment for something her mother may have done. Slave fathers tried to keep their families together, but for the most part, it was out of their hands.

The husbands and fathers seldom had any control over their own families. They were often not in a position to provide for their wives and children, with most provisions coming from the owner. The role of protector was also difficult for them to assume. An untold number of these men were forced to stand helplessly as their wives and daughters were raped by countless white men. When the overseer decided to use the whip on one of his children, there was little the slave father could do to stop him.

Realizing the precarious nature of slave unions, many slaves decided not to marry, rather than risk separation. If they opted to marry, the men would often prefer a woman on another plantation.

This way he would not have to watch as she was sexually abuse, or otherwise mistreated. In his autobiography, *Narrative of the Life and Adventures of Henry Bibby, An American Slave*, Bibby writes, "If my wife must be exposed to the insults and licentious passions of wicked slavedrivers and overseers; if she must bear the stripes of the lash laid on by an unmerciful tyrant; if this is to be done with impunity, which is frequently done by slaveholders and their abettors, Heaven forbid that I should be compelled to witness the sight."

Often times slaves had little or no control over if or when they could marry. Some masters even selected the mates for their slaves. It didn't matter whether or not the couple were in love, or if they even liked each other. In Herbert Gutman's *The Black Family in Slavery and Freedom: 1750-1925*, Rose Williams describes her master's reaction when she refused the advances of the slave he was trying to mate her with, "Woman, I's pay big money for you and I's done dat for de cause I wants you to raise me chillens. I's put yous to live with Rufus for dat purpose. Now, if you doesn't want whippin' at de stake, yous do what I wants." Gut man also gives an account of a planter in Nelson County, Virginia, that offered a slave twenty dollars to give up his wife on another plantation and take a wife on his place. The child's status was generally determined by that of the mother. So, whoever owned the mother owned the child. For this reason, most slaveowners wanted their slaves to marry someone on their property so they would own any children created by such a union.

It should be noted that a number of slaves attempted to protect their wives and children. W. H. Robinson writes in *From Log Cabin to the Pulpit*, that his father said he "lay in the woods eleven months for trying to prevent your mother from being

whipped." There were instances where whites were killed by slaves for sexually assaulting their women, but they were few and far between. The women usually had no choice except to give in to white men. They realized their husbands were likely to be killed trying to protect them, so they tried to keep it from them whenever possible.

This inability to provide for and protect his family was extremely difficult for the African-American male during the institution of slavery. In spite of the obstacles, they were able to maintain a semblance of family. There was a division of labor within the slave household, with the woman being responsible for cooking, cleaning and taking care of the children, and the man providing whatever he could to supplement what the slaveholder has given them, in addition to doing any repair work around the

quarters. Although he was not in a position to protect his family, they still respected him as husband and father. They realized the position he was in, and did not want him to do anything that might cause him to be sold, beaten, or killed. Although the slave family was often fragmented, it was none the less a strong family. They made the most of the time they had together, because they didn't know if or when one of them would be sold away. They willingly assumed the responsibility of raising the children of slaves who either died or were sold. In spite of the ever present threat of separation, these African-Americans were often able to instill a strong sense of family among the slave.

I AM

AMAN

IF WALLS COULD TALK

On-Site Report by Michelle Carr

"96 Degrees in the Shade, Irie!"

"We be jammin', mon."

Oh, hey, you're back. For some of you who have not guessed, I'm at my first reggae concert. It's great! What an experience. Now I rarely go any place, but I was so desperate for scoop, I decided to check out a new spot — a club.

You should see the people hangin' out here! Talking about rainbow coalition — black, white, red, yellow, even some green people are here, if you know what I mean! What a place! You should try it if you haven't already.

It's been so long since I've been out dancing, I'm dressed as if I'm back in the 18th-century. And the dances! Lawd child, you should see them. I think I better find me a table and people watch. You know, checking out the sights and also LISTENING to the music and conversations.

Guess what I heard, and don't you tell a soul, either. I heard that **MARK RECKIEWIECZ**, the interpreter from Carter's Grove, is leaving. We wish him the best and will miss him.

Then I began to lip-read and saw (heard) that **ROBERT M. WATSON, JR.** is celebrating his fifteenth anniversary with Colonial Williamsburg. Umph, he deserves a pat on the back for sure. Congratulations Robert! Gosh, fifteen years?!

Ooh, ooo, I think I'm in somebody's seat. I'd better move on. Hey, I like this song, "Johnny be good, hey, hey, hey..." I'm gonna leave on that note and see what else I can get into. Tell you more next time, and remember, you didn't hear it from me!

THE BOOKSHELF

Black Boy

By Richard Wright

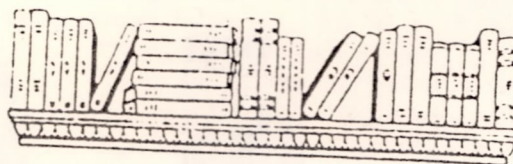
In this once sensational, now classic, autobiography, Richard Wright tells with unforgettable fury and eloquence what he thought and felt as a "black boy" in the Jim Crow South.

Wright grew up with poverty, hunger, fear, and hatred. He lied, stole, and lashed out at those around him; he killed and tortured animals, at six he was a drunkard, hanging about the taverns. Surly, brutal, cold, suspicious, and self-pitying, he was surrounded on the one side by whites who were either indifferent to him or pitying or cruel, and on the other by blacks who resented anyone trying to rise above the common lot. Wright's powerful account is at once an indictment, an unashamed confession, and a poignant and disturbing record.

Richard Wright took his anger and frustrations and put them on paper, a lesson for all. This exciting, eye-opening book is a must on your reading list.

AFRICAN PROVERB:

(Ashanti) "When you follow in the path of your father, you learn to walk like him."

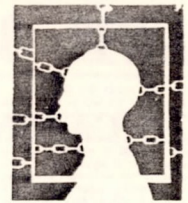


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Kunjufu, Jawanza. *Countering the Conspiracy to Destroy Black Boys*
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FROM WITHIN

Poems contributed by readers of *Broken Chains*



I TOO, CRY

By Joseph B. Shivers, III

I cry too — for many reasons
I cry for the liberation of my people,
The people who are lost, stolen, beaten
and killed.
Their minds taken and replaced with an
alien one that they don't know how to use.
Their God stolen and misused against them
No name, no culture, no purpose.

I cry for the children, our future.
But how can that be?
Not given a chance to be molded from the
sacred ancestral clay,
Supplied not with their history nor the
knowledge of self,
So what can they know?
Only that which is alien to them
Taught to become their own enemy
Yes! I do cry.

I cry for our elders, our past
Lost are the ways of our ancestors who
made it possible for our existence.
Lost is the respect for them and their
accomplishments,
And for this, I cry.

Lost is the courage and the wisdom to
struggle,
To restore our minds and spirits to
the greatness of our glorious roots,
I do cry.

For our women—mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins
The foundation of the nation,
Psychologically removed from the very
foundation that she created.
To be used against her God-given mate
the black man, their children, the elders,
The people, the struggle.
Oh, how I cry.
I am overwhelmed by the tears.
For she is the guiding light in the darkness
of oppression
Yet, how can this be?
She doesn't know
But I do — and for this
I too, cry.

Stand up Black people and
stop the tears!!

WHEN?

By Christy Coleman

When does the
REVOLUTION
begin?
Does it start
after
white boys
kill
black boys
or vice versa?
Does it begin
after
crazy conservatives
stop
building bombs
that burn
the skin
of brown folks?
Does it begin
after
more babies
are with jaundiced eyes
and twisted smiles?

Does it begin
after
half the population
lives on the street
begging
for scraps of food
to eat?
Does it begin
after
the rainforests are
all cleared away
for progress?
Does it begin
after
star wars fly
and
babies cry
from the heat of a
greenhoused earth?
Does it begin
too late?

CALENDAR HIGHLIGHTS


SPECIAL EVENTS

MARKET DAYS APRIL 2 THROUGH 20, 1993

Meet . . . (Portrayal of people of the eighteenth century.)

Hattie, Kingsmill Plantation Slave,
Wednesday, April 7th and 14th, at 1 P.M. to
3 P.M. on Market Square, weather permitting.

Matthew Ashby, A Carter, attends to
business about town. Friday, April 9th and
16th, at 10 A.M. to 12 NOON on Market
Square, weather permitting.



Colonial Williamsburg presents
Market Days

ON MARKET SQUARE AND ENVIRONS DAILY, 10 A.M. TO 4 P.M.

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, a town charter specified that market days would take place in Williamsburg every Wednesday and Saturday. During those festive occasions, purchasers and suppliers could exchange news and hear the latest rumors.

- Eighteenth-century style raffle (tickets are \$1.00)
- Booths and carts with assorted wares for sale
- Animals
- A variety of food and drink for your pleasure
- Auction of eighteenth-century products, hand-crafted and imported goods

Come see and enjoy Colonial Williamsburg's version of Market Days. Some attractions include:

These events will take place depending upon the whims of the weather.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S VIEWS ON RACE APRIL 14TH and 16TH, 11 A.M., HENNAGE AUDITORIUM

There will be a panel discussion of Jefferson's views on race. For further information, please call (804) 220-7041.

SITES AND BUILDINGS that interpret or exhibit the black experience.

Brush-Everard Site — Tours of this property and original house feature the lives of Thomas Everard, immigrant and public official, and his family. Learn more about the African-Americans who lived and worked on the property. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays 10, 11 A.M., 1, 3, and 4 P.M.

Carter's Grove Slave Quarter — Interpreters will welcome you to the slave quarter, rebuilt on its original location, and direct you through buildings and outdoor spaces that reveal much about the lives of the Africans and African-Virginians whose labors supported the eighteenth-century plantation. Open Tuesdays through Sundays.

SPECIAL TOURS

The Other Half — Half of the population in Williamsburg during the eighteenth century was black. This ninety-minute walking tour gives an in-depth look at the black experience from the arrival of the first blacks in Virginia in 1619 through the abolition of the slave trade by the English in 1807. Check *Visitor's Companion* for a current listing of times.

EVENTS AROUND TOWN

AFRICAN AMERICANS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION — APRIL 23, 1993

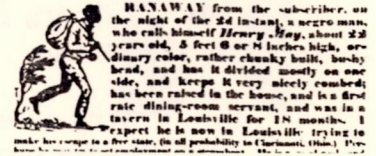
Philip D. Morgan, Associate Professor, Department of History, Florida State University

The Revolution affected the lives of many of the half-million, mostly enslaved, African Americans living in colonial America in 1775. Whether they joined the patriot cause of British forces, freedom was their ultimate objective. Lecture will be held at the Yorktown Victory Center at 7 P.M. followed by a reception. For more information, please call (804) 887-1776.

THE WAILERS IN CONCERT — APRIL 23, 1993

Rastaman, Reggae anyone? The Wailers are in town for you reggae fans! The concert will be held at 8 P.M. at the Virginia Beach Oceanfront, Peppermint Beach Club. For more information and advance tickets, please call (804) 491-2582.

AFRICAN PROVERB: (Congo) "Great events may stem from words of no importance."



EACH ONE, TEACH ONE

THE THINK TANK

1. Q: What is the name of the Black township, outside Johannesburg, Africa, that experienced bloody rioting in 1976, growing out of Black student protests against the compulsory use of the Afrikaans language in the schools?
2. Q: Who was the man who organized the first Black Masonic Lodge in America, in Philadelphia in 1787?
3. Q: Called "The Black Prophet" by some, this visionary slave revolutionary led a small band of slaves on a two-day insurrection that rocked the area of Southampton, Virginia in August of 1831. He fled to the nearby Dismal Swamp where he remained at large for six weeks before being captured.
4. Q: What was the title of Frederick Douglass' abolitionist newspaper which he first published in New York in 1847?
5. Q: In 1912, Marcus Garvey founded an organization that grew to become one of the largest and most influential organizations in the Black world. At its height, this organization claimed four million dues paying members, a daily newspaper, a shipping line, and many other impressive enterprises. Name the organization.
6. Q: This prolific poet, novelist, essayist, and world traveler flourished during the Harlem Renaissance. One of the most famous poems "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" inspired the theme of the Afro-American Pavilion at the 1984 World's Fair. Who was he?
7. Q: In 1894 in Cambridge, Massachusetts, this important African-American scholar, writer, and philosopher became the first African-American man to receive a Ph.D. from Harvard University.
8. Q: In 1926, this important and influential civil rights and labor leader founded the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOXERS (Unscramble)

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. SEOGNJA | 2. RRRYGHAENTSNOM |
| 3. KNMTYIOSE | 4. MADULAAMMIH |
| 5. TTOOCELWAJ | 6. AEEIOJFZRR |
| 7. KNONCAHJOJS | 8. SIUOLEOJ |



AFRICAN PROVERB: (Somalia) "Wisdom does not come overnight."

My Brothers Have the Blues

By Michelle Carr



Why are some African-American men so blue? Does history play an important factor to some African-American males' low self-esteem? Can the new generation of African-American males make a difference? Does family and society dictate the success of African-American men? This article will attempt to examine the causes of the absence of some African-American male role models in the family. I will focus and explore why, in my opinion, some African-American males lack self-esteem and confidence, as well as offer suggestions to correct the cries of the African-American male in America.

Although historically, our society has fostered an environment where it is difficult for some African-American males to assume responsibilities successfully. This does not excuse them from overcoming the odds. I feel my African-American brothers should break the chain and create a new link of positive, proud, and responsible African-American fathers, sons, brothers, and husbands.

During slavery, the role of the African-American male as provider, husband, and father was often taken away by his master. Children were frequently separated from parents. The slaveowner could take liberties with a slave's wife at his leisure. The slave marriage was not considered legal, therefore, he had very little control over his family. White Americans stripped the African-American male of his manhood. Once kings, warriors, and family heads, the African man was brought to America and used as breeders. Three hundred years ago, manhood was defined by his ability to impregnate and his physical strength, once he was brought to America. Joseph White states in his book, *The Psychology of Blacks: An Afro-American Perspective*, the African-American male in essence had been psychologically castrated and rendered ineffective by forces beyond his control.

Positive male role models begin in the home. In some families, the African-American man was often missing therefore, the male child did not have an appropriate father figure to pattern himself. The father often had difficulties in obtaining and keeping employment to provide for his family. This inability was a blow to the African-American man's self-esteem. The thought of failure remained on the minds of the African-American men, as well as, pressure of not being able to provide for his family. In the American society, some African-American males would likely compensate for his failures by obtaining roles as con artists or drug dealers, which are in conflict with the norms of society. This negative image is not apropos for the African-American child. These roles reinforce the majority of stereotypes of some African-American males as irresponsible, lazy, lack initiative, and lethargic. Joseph White mentions, the effect of an

absent male role model, along with the negative image of masculinity that is being projected, prevents the male child from acquiring the confidence he needs to resolve the issues associated with his identity and psychosexual development as he grows to early adulthood. The outcome is another generation of African-American males who will be unable to build the internal security and social role skills necessary to become heads of households, interact productively in relationship with women, and serve as sound role models for their own children.

While fathers had to take jobs outside of communities or they simply abandoned the family, the African-American female was often the head of household. She received this responsibility because society does not allow some African-American men to assume the legal, economic, and social positions necessary to become a dominant force within the family and community life. The mother was often left to rear the children, maintain the house, and support the family financially. Studies conducted by Jawanza Kunjufu, author of *Countering the Conspiracy to Destroy Black Boys*, show that for every 1 percent increase in unemployment there is a 4.3 percent increase in wife abuse, and a 2 percent increase in female-headed households.

As an African-American female child, exposure is constantly made of women in charge with decision-making roles within the family without input from males. Not only her own mother, but usually relatives—aunts, grandmothers, cousins, and friends have been in these positions and this exposure had implanted an attitude of the African-American male. The African-American female usually did not feel confident in her counterpart's ability to follow-through on his commitment from experience, so she would not share the power of the household. As I researched this subject, I begin to realize the powerful role the African-American female plays as the backbone of the family, but this does not give her reason to criticize the African-American man. She would often make comments that men are no good and only interested in women sexually to the male child, and sometimes tell the child he will be "just like his father." These comments of his father would make a lasting impression on him, as well as his self-esteem.

I feel the African-American woman in this position could break this vicious cycle and raise their sons to be good, responsible, and positive men. The absence of the father/son relationship contributes to the young male's non-awareness of what role he should assume. This is the African-American woman's time to step in and help our African-American brothers. As Kunjufu says, "you can not have an irresponsible man, if he was not allowed to be irresponsible as a boy."

Why do African-American mothers raise their daughters and love their sons? This is the beginning of the link in the chain of the African-American male's survival in society. In Kunjufu's research, he found:

1. Fathers did not encourage domestic responsibility in the son.
2. Mothers lack knowledge of masculinity.
3. Mothers substitute son to replace the loss or absence of a husband.
4. Overcompensating for their daughters.
5. Protecting African-American boys from a racist society, i.e. lynching.

Learning responsibility starts in the home. Our little boys will be someone's future husband and father. The African-American woman has the best opportunity to correct the problem of some irresponsible African-American men with low self-esteem by teaching their sons as they do their daughters. It starts in the home by making them responsible about their hygiene, clothes, room, household chores, siblings, money, studies, schedule, race, health, sexual activity, and God.

Some African-American males are not given a chance to succeed in society. They have been doubted and rejected before they are given the opportunity to apply themselves. "Some African-American men, like White men, define manhood in the same ways: breadwinner, provider, procreator, protector, but unlike White males, they do not have the same means to fulfill these standards of masculinity," states Ed Wiley, III, in his article "Cool Posing" Misinterpreted Expressions Often Lead to Educational Deprivation," (*Black Issues in Higher Education*, 22 November 1990). Shelby Steele writes in his book, *The Content of Our Character*,

"Black skin has more dehumanizing stereotypes associated with it than any other skin color in America, if not the world. When a Black presents himself in an integrated situation, he knows that his skin alone may bring these stereotypes to life in the minds of those he meets and that he, as an individual, may be diminished by his race before he has a chance to reveal a single aspect of his personality."

Many times, some African-American men are passed over because of the White man. This is detrimental to the ego of the African-American male. Some African-American men think of joblessness as a way of life. They do not know better as the condition is handed down through generations as a form of racist curse.

For some African-American men who are effected by lack of employment, it deprives their self-esteem. Many become severely depressed and turn to suicide. In William Strickland's mind-blowing facts

in his report, "Black Men in Crisis," he states sixty young African-American men compared with every ten young White men will most likely die violent, often self-inflicted deaths. Homicide and suicide killed more of our 15-24 year olds than any other means. Some African-American men are beginning to accept and believe the negative images society has placed on them which is causing self-destruction. Some evidence has shown some working age African-American men are alcoholics, drug abusers, are in prison, unemployed, infected with AIDS, or slated to die at the hands of other African-American men." We are becoming extinct before we can alter the cycle. Many African-American men turn to selling drugs as the principle family income. Of course this makes the African-American male feel responsible as the breadwinner, but this life usually lands him in jail and he is taken away from his family. The book has been read before it is written.

Some young African-American males enhance their self-esteem through dress, language, mannerisms, and in some instances, the treatment of African-American women, and the total idea of being "cool." However, being "cool" is two-sided, the positive reaction is it reinforces self-esteem and pride. The negative results are the disastrous effects of obsessive, over-emphasized macho images.

The lack of self-esteem and irresponsibility of some of the African-American males is not their fight alone, it is the African-American community's problem also. What can we do to recapture our history? What new strategies can we use to help the African-American race? How can we overcome the struggle ahead? William Strickland suggests in his article, "The Future of Black Men":

Reclaim Malcolm X and use his example of overcoming the limitations of oppression through study and self-discipline;

Communicate;

Become a race of thinkers like those who have gone before us;

Be clear about what we can and should do for ourselves and the role of the government;

Support programs that work from arts and entertainment, to the church to education;

Learn from other's experiences; and

Participate in the political process of this country.

The crisis of the African-American male requires understanding of females. They have many strikes against them before they are given a chance in society. African-American men were not asked to be brought to North America from Africa, yet they suffer the consequences and struggles to survive in White America. However, it is not too late to change the mold. The community needs to work together to overcome these barriers. It is up to the present day family and society to overcome the stigma already placed on the African-American male. Most important, it is up to you — the African-American male.

TALES OF SIMPLE

A favorite fictional character created by Langston Hughes is Jesse B. Semple of Harlem. Hughes mentions in his foreword, "Who Is Simple?" that his stories of Semple are about "nobody living or dead." The facts are that these tales are about a great many people—although they are stories about no specific persons as such. But it is impossible to live in Harlem and not know at least a hundred

Simples, fifty Joyces, twenty-five Zaritas, a number of Boyds, and several Cousin Minnies—or reasonable facsimiles thereof. Sometimes as the old blues says, Simple might be "laughing to keep from crying." But even then, he keeps you laughing, too.

Thanks Mr. Hughes, for recognizing everyday people. I hope you will like Semple as much as I do.

FEET LIVE THEIR OWN LIFE



"If you want to know about my life," said Simple as he blew the form from the top of the newly filled glass the bartender put before him, "don't look at my face, don't look at my hands. Look at my feet and see if you can tell how long I been standing on them."

"I cannot see your feet through your shoes," I said.

"You do not need to see through my shoes," said Simple. "Can't you tell by the shoes I wear—not pointed, not rocking—chair, not French-toed, not nothing but big, long, broad, and flat—that I been standing on these feet a long time and carrying some heavy burdens? They ain't flat form standing at no bar, neither, because I always sets at a bar. Can't you tell that? You know I do not hang out in a bar unless it has stools, don't you?"

"That I have observed," I said, "but I did not connect it with your past life."

"Everything I do is connected up with my past life," said Simple. "From Virginia to Joyce, from my wife to Zarita, from my mother's milk to this glass of beer, everything is connected up."

"I trust you will connect up with that dollar I just loaned you when you get paid," I said. "And who is Virginia? You never told me about her."

"Virginia is where I was borned," said Simple. "I *would* be borned in a state named after a woman. From that day on, women never give me no peace."

"You, I fear, are boasting. If the women were running after you as much as you run after them, you would not be able to sit here on this bar stool in peace. I don't see any women coming to call you out to go home, as some of these fellow's wives do around here."

"Joyce better not come in no bar looking for me," said Simple. "That is why me and my wife busted up—one reason. I do not like to be called out of no bar by a female. It's a man's prerogative to just set and drink sometimes."

"How do you connect that prerogative with your past?" I asked.

"When I was a wee small child," said Simple, "I had no place to set and think in, being as how I was raised up with three brothers, two sisters,

seven cousins, one married aunt, a common-law uncle, and the minister's grandchild—and the house only had four rooms. I never had no place just to set and think. Neither to set and drink—not even much my milk before some hongry child snatched it out of my hand. I were not the youngest, neither a girl, nor the cutest. I don't know why, but I don't think nobody liked me much. Which is why I was afraid to like anybody for a long time myself. When I did like somebody, I was full-grown and then I picked out the wrong woman because I had no practice in liking anybody before that. We did not get along."

"Is that when you took to drink?"

"Drink took to me," said Simple. "Whiskey just naturally likes me but beer likes me better. By the time I got married I had got to the point where a cold bottle was almost as good as a warm bed, especially when the bottle could not talk and the bed-warmer could. I do not like a woman to talk to me too much—I mean about me. Which is why I like Joyce. Joyce most in generally talks about herself."

"I am still looking at your feet," I said, "and I swear they do not reveal your life to me. Your feet are no open book."

"You have eyes but you see not," said Simple. "These feet have stood on every rock from the Rock of Ages to 135th and Lenox. These feet have supported everything from a cotton bale to a hongry woman. These feet have walked ten thousand miles working for white folks and another ten thousand miles keeping up with colored. These feet have stood at altars, crap tables, free lunches, bars, graves, kitchen doors, betting windows, hospital clinics, WPA desks, social security railings, and in all kinds of lines from soup lines to the draft. If I just had four feet, I could have stood in more places longer. As it is, I done wore out seven hundred pairs of shoes, eighty-nine tennis shoes, twelve summer sandals, also six loafers. The socks that these feet have bought could build a knitting mill. The corns I've cut away would dull a German razor. The bunions I forgot would make you ache from now till Judgment Day. If anybody was to write the history of my life, they should start with my feet."

"Your feet are not all that extraordinary," I said. "Besides, everything you are saying is general.

Tell me specifically some one thing your feet have done that makes them different from any other feet in the world, just one."

"Do you see that window in that white man's store across the street?" asked Simple. "Well, this right foot of mine broke out that window in the Harlem riots right smack in the middle. Didn't no other foot in the world break that window but mine. And this left foot carried me off running as soon as my right foot came down. Nobody else's feet saved me from the cops that night but these *two* feet right here. Don't tell me these feet ain't had a life of their own."

"For shame," I said, "going around kicking out windows. Why?"

"Why?" said Simple. "You have to ask my great-great-grandpa why. He must of been simple—else why did he let them capture him in Africa and sell him for a slave to breed my great-grandpa in slavery to breed my grandpa in slavery to breed my pa to breed me to look at that window and say, 'It ain't mine! Bamm-mmm-mm-m!' and kick it out?"

ADVICE TO A BLACK SCHOOLGIRL By W. E. B. DuBois

Ignorance is a cure for nothing.

A white high school teacher in Berwyn, Pennsylvania, wrote to DuBois about a black student who was "very bright" but refused to study because she felt that she would "never have a chance to use her knowledge." DuBois wrote to the student, Vernealia Fareira, on January 7, 1905, as follows:

I wonder if you will let a stranger say a word to you about yourself? I have heard that you are a young woman of some ability but that you are neglecting your school work because you have become hopeless of trying to do anything in the world. I am very sorry for this. How any human being whose wonderful fortune it is to live in the 20th century should under ordinarily fair advantages despair of life is almost unbelievable. And if in addition to this that person is, as I am, of negro lineage with all the hopes and yearnings hundreds of millions of human souls dependent in some degree on her striving, then her bitterness amounts to crime.

There are in the U.S. today tens of thousands of colored girls who would be happy beyond measure

"This bar glass is not yours either," I said. "Why don't you smash it?"

"It's got my beer in it," said Simple.

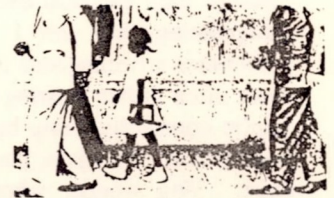
Just then Zarita came in wearing her Thursday-night rabbit-skin coat. She didn't stop at the bar, being dressed up, but went straight back to a booth. Simple's hand went up, his beer went down, and the glass back to its wet spot on the bar.

"Excuse me a minute," he said, sliding off the stool.

Just to give him pause, the dozens, that old verbal game of maligning a friend's female relatives, came to mind. "Wait," I said. "You have told me about what to ask your great-great grandpa. But I want to know what to ask your great-great *grandma*."

"I don't play the dozens that far back," said Simple, following Zarita into the smoky juke-box blue of the back room.

(Source: *Black Voices: An Anthology of Afro-American Literature*)



"The Problem We All Live With" by Norman Rockwell seems to capture the quiet determination of one small child in the struggle for equality.

to have the chance of educating themselves that you are neglecting. If you train yourself as you easily can, there are wonderful chances of usefulness before you: you can join the ranks of 15,000 Negro women teachers, or hundreds of nurses and physicians, of the growing number of clerks and stenographers, and above all of the host of homemakers. Ignorance is a cure for nothing. Get the very best training possible and the doors of opportunity will fly open before you as they are flying before thousands of your fellows. On the other hand every time a colored person neglects an opportunity, it makes it more difficult for others of the race to get such an opportunity. Do you want to cut off the chances of the boys and girls of tomorrow?

(Source: *The American Reader*)

INVISIBLE MAN

By Ralph Ellison

Prologue

I am an invisible man. No, I am not a spook like those who haunted Edgar Allan Poe; nor am I one of your Hollywood-movie ectoplasms. I am a man of substance, of flesh and bone, fiber and liquids—and I might even be said to possess a mind. I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me. Like the bodiless heads you see sometimes in circus sideshows, it is as though I have been surrounded by mirrors of hard, distorting glass. When they approach me they see only my surroundings, themselves, or figments of their imagination—indeed, everything and anything except me.

Nor is my invisibility exactly a matter of a bio-chemical accident to my epidermis. That invisibility to which I refer occurs because of a peculiar disposition of the eyes of those with whom I come in contact. A matter of the construction of their *inner* eyes, those eyes with which they look through their physical eyes upon reality. I am not complaining, nor am I protesting either. It is sometimes advantageous to be unseen, although it is most often rather wearing on the nerves. Then too, you're constantly being bumped against by those of poor vision. Or again, you often doubt if you really exist. You wonder whether you aren't simply a phantom in other people's minds. Say, a figure in a nightmare which the sleeper tries with all his strength to destroy. It's when you feel like this that, out of resentment, you begin to bump people back. And, let me confess, you feel that way most of the time. You ache with the need to convince yourself that you do exist in the real world, that you're a part of all the sound and anguish, and you strike out with your fists, you curse and you swear to make them recognize you. And, alas, it's seldom successful.

One night I accidentally bumped into a man, and perhaps because of the near darkness he saw me and called me an insulting name. I sprang at him, seized his coat lapels and demanded that he apologize. he was a tall blond man, and as my face came close to his he looked insolently out of his blue eyes and cursed me, his breath hot in my face as he struggled. I pulled his chin down sharp upon the crown of my head, butting him as I had seen the West Indians do, and I felt his flesh tear and the blood gush out, and I yelled, "Apologize? Apologize!" But he continued to curse and struggle, and I butted him again and again until he went down heavily, on his knees, profusely bleeding. I kicked him repeatedly, in a frenzy because he still uttered insults though his lips were frothy with blood. Oh yes, I kicked him! And in my outrage I got out my knife and prepared to slit his throat, right there beneath the lamplight in the deserted street, holding him by the



INVISIBLE MAN

Ralph Ellison

collar with one hand, and opening the knife with my teeth—when it occurred to me that the man had not *seen* me, actually; that he, as far as he knew, was in the midst of a walking nightmare! And I stopped the blade, slicing the air as I pushed him away, letting him fall back to the street. I stared at him hard as the lights of a car stabbed through the darkness. he lay there, moaning on the asphalt; a man almost killed by a phantom. It unnerved me. I was both disgusted and ashamed. I was like a drunken man myself, wavering about on weakened legs. Then I was amused. Something in this man's thick head had sprung out and beaten him within an inch of his life. I began to laugh at this crazy discovery. Would he have awakened at the point of death? Would Death himself have freed him for wakeful living? But I didn't linger. I ran away into the dark, laughing so hard I feared I might rupture myself. The next day I saw his picture in the *Daily News*, beneath a caption stating that he had been "mugged." Poor fool, poor blind fool, I thought with sincere compassion, mugged by an invisible man!

Most of the time (although I do not choose as I once did to deny the violence of my days by ignoring it) I am not so overtly violent. I remember that I am invisible and walk softly so as not to awaken the sleeping ones. Sometimes it is best not to awaken them; there are few things in the world as dangerous as sleepwalkers. I learned in time though that it is possible to carry on a fight against them without their realizing it.

(Excerpts from *Invisible Man*, by Ralph Ellison)

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THIS WORLD WAS MADE FOR ALL MEN

By Stevie Wonder

Submitted by Adriane R. Shivers

We pledge allegiance

All our lives

To the magic colors

Red, blue, and white

But we must be given

The liberty that we defend

For with justice not for all men

History will repeat again

It's time we learned

This World Was Made For All Men

First man to die for the flag we now hold high

Was a black man — **CRISPUS ATTUCKS.**

The ground where we stand with the flag held in our
hand was first the red man's.

Guide of a ship on the first Columbus trip

— **PEDRO ALONZO NINO.**

Heart surgery was first done successfully by a black
man — **DR. DANIEL HALE WILLIAMS**

Friendly man who died but helped the pilgrims to
survive was a red man — **SQUANTO.**

Farm workers rights were lifted to new heights by a
brown man — **CAESAR CHAVEZ.**

Incandescent light was invented to give sight by the
white man — **THOMAS EDISON.**

Hear Me Out . . .

Now I know the birthday of a nation

Is a time when a country celebrates

But as your hand touches your heart

Remember we all played a part in America

To help that banner wave.

Use of martial arts in our country got its start by a
yellow man.

And the leader with a pen signed his name to free all
men was a white man

— **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.**

Who was one of the organizers of the American
Indian Movement?

DENNIS BANKS - a red man.

Who was the Jewish financier who raised funds to
sponsor Christopher Columbus' voyage to
America?

LEWIS SANTANGEL - a white man.

This world was made for all men

This world was made for all men

This world was made for all men

All people - All babies - All children

All colors - All races

This world's for you and me

This world - My world - Your world

Everybody's world - This world - Their world

Our world - This world was made for all men

Hear Me Out . . .

Who was the first man to set foot on the North Pole?

MATTHEW HENSON - a black man.

Who was the first American to show the pilgrims at
Plymouth the secrets of survival in the new
world? **SQUANTO** - a red man.

Who was the soldier of Company G who won high
honors for his courage and heroism in World
War I? **SING KEE** - a yellow man.

Who was the leader of united farm workers and
helped farm workers maintain dignity and respect?
CAESAR CHAVEZ-a brown man.

Who was the founder of blood plasma and the
Director of the Red Cross blood bank?

DR. CHARLES DREW - a black man.

Who was the famous educator and semanticist who
made outstanding contributions to education
in America? **HAYAKAWA** - a yellow man.

Who invented the world's first stop light and the gas
mask? **GARRETT MORGAN**-a black man.

Who was the American surgeon who was one of the
founders of neurosurgery?

HARVEY WILLIAMS CUSHING - a white man.

Who was the man who helped design the nation's
Capitol, made the first clock to give time in
America and work the first almanac?

BENJAMIN BANNEKER - a black man.

Who was the legendary hero who helped establish the
League of Iroquios?

HIAWATHA - a red man.

Who was the leader of the first microbiotic center in
America? **MICHO KUSHI** - a yellow man.

EMPLOYEES' CORNER

Behind The Scenes



Robert C. Watson, Director of African American Interpretation and Presentations, came to the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation from St. Louis where he was Director of the Vaughn Cultural Center. He received his B.S. in Chemistry and B.A. in History, summa cum laude, from Tougaloo College in Tougaloo, Mississippi. He received his Masters of Arts degree, in history, from Washington University. He has served as Assistant Professor of History at St. Louis Community College and has lectured extensively.

Awards and honors include Outstanding Teacher of the Year at Washington University, as well as, Who's Who Among Black Americans. He is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity and enjoys membership on several historical boards.

He is married to Aisya Taylor-Watson. They have two sons, Tarik and Dakari, and two daughters, Kadari and Ashari. He is active in physical fitness, basketball, tennis, volleyball, bicycling and enjoys reading and travel.

Wow, what a man and a busy person! I'm out of breath!

(Spotlight is a brief profile of a member of the Department of African-American Interpretation and Presentations.)

AFRICAN PROVERB: (Nigeria) "Little is better than nothing."

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES:

Each One, Teach One

1. Soweto
2. Prince Hall
3. Nat Turner
4. *The North Star*
5. Universal Negro Improvement Association (UNIA)
6. Langston Hughes
7. W. E. B. DuBois
8. A. Philip Randolph

African-American Boxers

1. Joe Gans
2. Henry Armstrong
3. Mike Tyson
4. Muhammad Ali
5. Joe Walcott
6. Joe Frazier
7. Jack Johnson
8. Joe Louis

EVERYDAY HEROS

U S E M L O H D R A H C I R I R T I M D J E
 L W X M L E W I S R A N D O L P H K E C E D
 A D S I T R U C S E M A J C S R G E N A R C
 R E I C A O P O E D D P E H K U O V O R O B
 R B M H B B J T V W M O F A E S R I S T M B
 Y B M A B E E B A A I P F I N L D N N H E A
 C A O E R R R O R R T S R N N L O O H U R T
 H T N L I T O Y G R R V E S E T N S S R A L
 R E S P A M M S Y N I T Y E T A B B M J N L
 I R R A N W E T O Z M E E A H B U O A O D E
 S R O R H A R O R M E N P B P B L R D H O S
 T Y Y K U T A M E E N D P C I K L N A N L S
 I H K E N S N N L D R S S C G C O E D S O U
 A O C R T O D S V A G O R P G A C T R O H R
 N U A M E N A Q H D O A E A O L K A A N C T
 T S L E R L L C P D Z L X C T B W Y N E L A
 A T B N G L I K D Y T E A K T L E L O A A B
 B O Y U L R E L Y T T R E B L I G O E L W B
 B N O S R E T T A P L A R R Y E A R L A S M
 M D R E D G A R T O P P I N K N L R A E N C
 A F R I C A N A M S N O M M I S X I L E F T

WHAT IS A MAN?

(A Poem dedicated to my Father)

By Jerrold W. Roy

Man is often Husband, Father, Brother, and Son,
He's a friend indeed when you're in need.
He's the guiding light in a time of darkness.
Man is all that and more, if and when he's a Man.

As Husband, Man takes a woman as his companion.
He promises to spend the rest of his life with her.
They offer one another support and encouragement.
Together they bring forth life and raise a family.

Fathering a child does not make you a Man.
When you accept the responsibilities of fatherhood;
Provide for the child financially and emotionally;
Are there when the child needs you, you're a Man.

Many people often use the word Brother casually.
Christians refer to one another as Brothers.
Fraternity members call each other Brother.
Some ethnic groups are acknowledged as Brothers.

A Brother may also be the Son of your Father.
It's up to the Father to teach the Son about life.
The Son is often an imitation of his Father.
He has to nurture the Son, show him how to be a Man.

To have a Friend, just when you need him the most,
That's a great feeling, to know that someone cares.
Some men often times hide their emotions; a Friend,
He knows a Man should not be afraid to cry.

A Guiding Light in a time of storm, that's a Man.
He brightens the day with his smile, offers hope.
He listens when you need to talk, cares about you.
Man shows you Love through both words and deeds.

I know a Man who does all of these things, my Dad.
Not only is he my Father, but he's my friend.
He laid the framework, taught me the basics.
Thank you, Dad, for showing me how to be a Man.

ON MYNE OWN TYME

The Department of African-American Interpretation and Presentations offers the following programs at various times. All programs are meant to provide unique glimpses into the lives of eighteenth-century African Americans.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S VIEWS ON RACE APRIL 14TH and 16TH, 11 A.M., HENNAGE AUDITORIUM

There will be a panel discussion of Jefferson's views on race. For further information, please call (804) 220-7041.

Jefferson

and Williamsburg



For further information about programs and cost, please telephone 1-800-HISTORY.

AFRICAN PROVERB: (Ashanti) "What is bad luck for one man, is good luck for another."

*The
Colonial Williamsburg
Foundation*

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