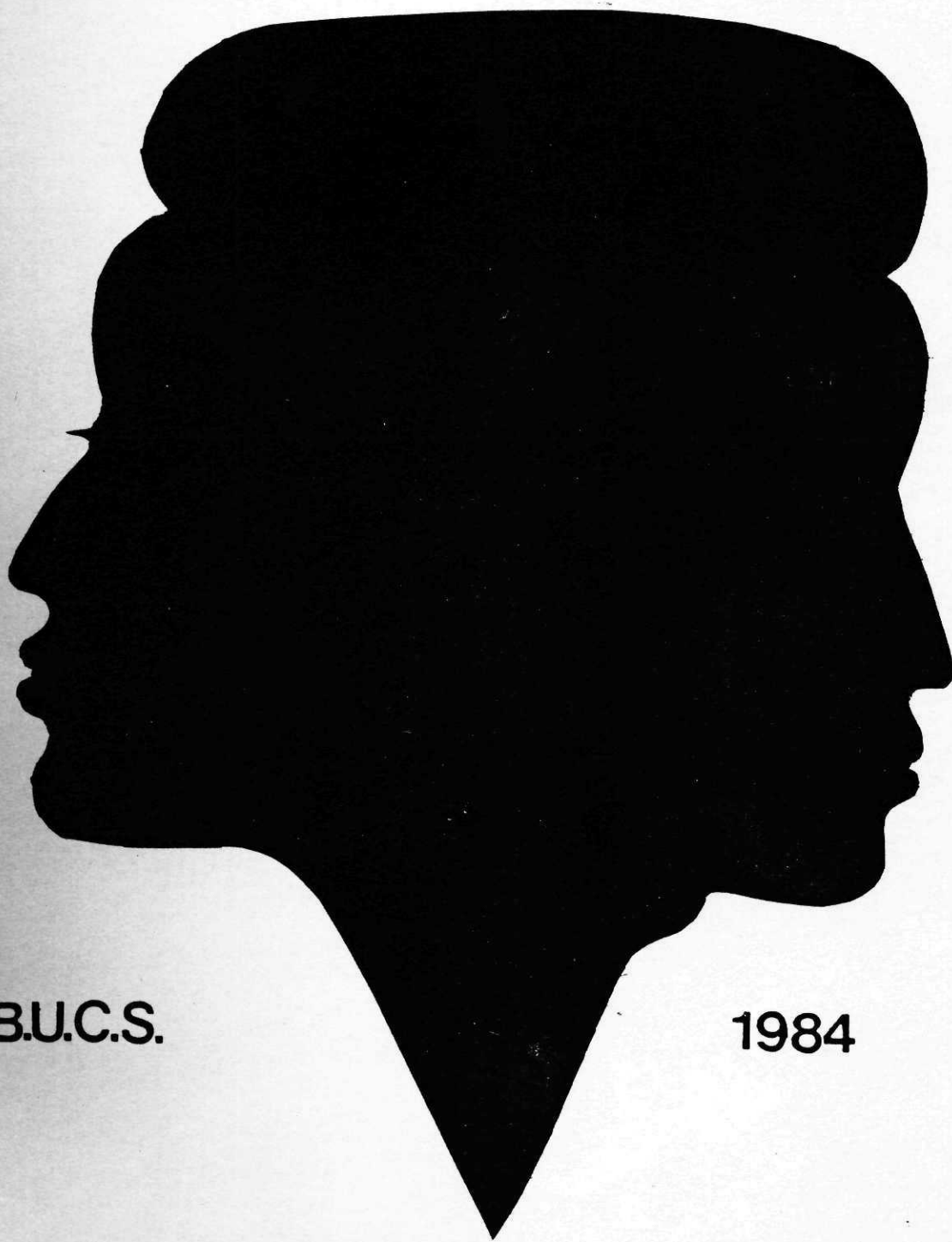


BLACK RAP



B.U.C.S.

1984

TABLE OF CONTENTS

page 1.	Black
2.	Countdown
4.	Ebony Jail
5.	The United States Constitution and the Black American
6.	My Blackness
6.	200 Years
7.	'Lest We Forget': Black America--Then and Now
8.	Decision
9.	Cabin Fever
10.	My Creed
11.	Brotherhood/Sisterhood: We Shall Walk Together
12.	A Gift to Yvonne
13.	Are We Too Comfortable
14.	I Hear...
15.	Julian Bond: Politics is the Only Game in Town
16.	For a Black Lover
17.	Glades' Restaurant: A Review
18.	Love is the Power
19.	Black Progress in American Sports
20.	Contributors

BLACK

BLACK is often said to be beautiful, but if so why am I so ugly? I can't get a job but I can get on welfare.

BLACK is often said to be beautiful, but if so why are there no Black presidents, vice-presidents, or governors? Is it because they're unqualified? No!

BLACK is often said to be beautiful, but if so why am I so tormented, disliked, and feared? Is it because I'm too Black? No!

BLACK is often said to be beautiful, but if so why do I still wear these shackles and chains that my ancestors bore when they arrived?

After all this writing and thinking I have figured out why there are no Black presidents, vice-presidents, and governors. Why I'm disliked and tormented and still wear shackles and chains.

It is because "BLACK is truly beautiful."

by Jeffery Walker

COUNTDOWN

Compare 4.6 oranges to 100 apples. That means that for every orange in a given place, there are approximately 22 apples. Needless to say, these oranges might seem a bit uncomfortable. And this does not seem like the ideal atmosphere for oranges. Now perhaps this is a ridiculous situation to bring up because oranges have neither feelings nor social needs (as far as we know), but let's look at another situation. Take 4.6 Black students and 100 White students. This situation has different connotations because now the subject matter is human feelings and needs.

It seems a little unrealistic that this situation should exist at a college that boasts of its diverse student body. But this has become a huge problem here at Lake Forest College that doesn't seem to be correcting itself. During the Fall Semester there were exactly 50 Black students on the L.F.C. campus, and I think it's safe to say that our numbers will be slightly reduced come next year. We have already lost a few students and are faced with other dissatisfied students who have considered transferring.

In addition to this, we have one of our largest classes (in terms of Black students) graduating and this is going to deplete our resources considerably. If previous classes are any indication, the number of Blacks graduating is close to the largest probable number of Blacks that will come in next year.

Why are we losing the Black students that comprise a measly 4.6% of the campus? Many reasons have been offered by members of the student body but, unfortunately, only half as many solutions.

One reason is the social life on campus. The parties usually center around beer, beer, and more beer. Even when music that appeals to many is played, one must deal with beer-sloshing "dancers" in a congested room. The bands that appear don't play music that both Blacks and Whites would enjoy.

These conditions exist because of the small number of Blacks on campus. Despite the feelings of those who think that college is a place for education and education alone, other aspects of college life help make the atmosphere more conducive for learning. One cannot learn in an atmosphere in which he/she is not comfortable. One cannot function adequately in an atmosphere of which he/she does not feel a legitimate part, and no one can deny that the social aspect of a school plays a large role in the productivity of a student.

The bottom line is this, if there were more brothers and sisters on campus, then the social situation would make the college life at Lake Forest College more tolerable for a larger percentage of the campus. This creates an even bigger problem, for the solutions to and the reasons for minority attrition form a vicious circle. It's hard to keep a large number of Blacks here because of the social aspect of the school, and it's hard to improve the social aspect of the school without a larger Black population.

It is our opinion that the solution to this problem could start in the admissions office. It is our contention that if the recruiters went to a few more places on their recruiting trips, then Lake Forest College would become more widely known to the many qualified Black students in this country. I know from experience that L.F.C. is not well-known in many areas where there are undoubtedly qualified minority students and this limits the number of possible applicants. More

ESCHER JAIL

applications from qualified students would seem to imply a larger number of accepted minorities.

As always the defense for not taking these measures is money. It is estimated by the admissions office that for each student that enrolls to Lake Forest College, about \$900 was spent to get them here. Going a few more places or stopping at a few more schools on the way would mean added expense to the admissions office. It seems to me to be a question of priorities.

Some statistics figured out by some concerned faculty members shows that if things continue as they are, by the mid 1990's there will be no Blacks at Lake Forest College.

If my hypothesis about greater incoming classes eventually decreasing the high attrition rate is correct, then Lake Forest College has one hell of a decision to make.

by Steven-Eric Murray

by Steven-Eric Murray

EBONY JAIL

We are trapped by walls of white
That soar beyond tremendous height
And cause for us an endless flight
We are stuck in an Ebony Jail.

We lie awake and count the days
That we've been tricked by coniving ways
Which leads us all to state the phrase
We are stuck in an Ebony Jail.

We smile at them and play their game,
We do the work, they take the fame,
They never even know our name,
We are stuck in an Ebony Jail.

We look around and all we see
Is long-lived pain and misery,
What kind of life have you and me,
We are stuck in an Ebony Jail.

We see the guards that watch our moves,
They smirk at us and say that "You've
Alot to learn before you prove
You don't belong in an Ebony Jail.

We grip the bars and try to shake,
So here they come to try and take
Our pride from us, that's their mistake,
We WILL escape this Ebony Jail.

by Steven-Eric Murray

by Venice Martin

THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION AND THE BLACK AMERICAN

The United States Constitution is a document that prescribes the framework and the underlying principles of the American system of government and Black Americans make up a percentage of the American population that these principles govern. It is the shield of democracy under which Americans govern themselves as a free people. Therefore, the United States Constitution should provide laws that grant the Black-American the same rights and privileges that it grants the white American. The United States Constitution does, indeed, provide and guarantee these rights for the Black American. The purpose of this essay is to illustrate, to a certain extent, what the United States Constitution, the governing law of our land, has done for the Black American.

In previous years the rights and privileges of the Black American were very limited. As a matter of fact, past Black Americans had no rights or freedoms at all because their lives and futures were controlled by the maliciousness, and the powers of others, in general, the white Americans.

Black Americans were not thought of as people, but as material property. They were put into categories like houses, barns, buggies, and plantations. Their husbands and wives were chosen by men who called themselves masters. Black men were often beaten for the simple reason of having been born Black. Young Black women were raped by their owners and were forced to live with that scar for the rest of their lives. And finally the children of the slaves were sometimes taken away from their parents and sold to someone else, often in another town or state. This usually occurred as a means of punishment or for financial reasons. During those times, some kind of law was needed that would prohibit such cruel and inhuman treatment.

As time progressed, people who were against this maliciousness took a stand for their rights and the rights of others, men and women, alike. Young men and boys lost their lives in the Civil War fighting for equal rights that Black Americans deserved. After this, slavery was abolished due to the United States Constitution and its Emancipation Proclamation.

This did not settle much because although the opening words to the Preamble of the Constitution say, "We the people..." individuals make up the "we" and the majority of the white Americans were not ready to accept the Black Americans as equals. The Constitution has done its part. Black Americans are now legal citizens, they have the right to vote, and they have their civil rights. It is now up to Americans as a whole to reach an equilibrium. Forget the concept of "separate but equal" because in the time of war all Americans must come together as a whole.

by Venita Martin

MY BLACKNESS

My Blackness sings out in a voice loud and strong,
 My Blackness sings out and yours follows along,
 Through oppression it sings,
 Through hard times it hums,
 It keeps us going no matter what comes.

My Blackness sings out in a voice loud and strong,
 My Blackness sings out and yours follows along.

by Cecelia Hayes

200 YEARS

200 years we've had to wait
 Years of oppression, bigotry, and hate.
 200 years we've suffered and fought
 The rights of freedom should never have to be bought.
 200 years from babe's arm to mother's knee
 To the dignity in every man's heart no one man should hold the key.
 200 years; not yet has my heart seen the rising sun,
 200 years of longing: my fight has just begun

by Cecelia Hayes

by Cecelia Hayes

"Lest We Forget": Black America--Then and Now

"Sometimes I feel like a motherless child; a long way from home." The first line in this old Negro spiritual describes better than any other words we can know, the hurt, the pain, and the frustration our ancestors felt so many years ago. They were taken away from their homelands, never to be seen by friends and family again. They were brought to a strange land, sold, beaten, raped, worked until their bodies were broken down and mangled; and deep in their hearts they cried for death to come and take them from their terrible misery. Many were mistreated, laughed at, scorned, looked down upon, and spat on. In short, they were considered animals and were treated as such. Yet they endured.

Through the injustice of slavery, they persevered. In the midst of lynchings and killings their hopes never faltered. Through the horrible inequity of being stripped of even their names, they survived. They survived because even though their masters left them down-trodden and hated, even though their bodies were maimed and hearts broken, the spirit and strength that flowed deep within the souls of Black men and women pushed them ever on.

They could have given up, but they kept on pushing because they had a dream. They wanted their children to be able to walk with their heads held high, their Black faces shining with pride. They wanted their children to be surrounded by happiness and friendship. They dreamed that the people of their race would come together in the completeness and unity of love. And they dreamed that people of all races would be able to walk, arm in arm basking in the sweet and beautiful freshness of a new day of freedom. This was their dream.

And we, as their children, must not let that dream die. We must go on further still. I know and appreciate the fact that we have come a long way, even in just the last 20 years, but we still have a very long way to go. And even as we work toward our goal, there are some who would try to turn us back. But we can't go back. We must move forward, for to go back would surely mean death, not only for the dream kept alive for so long, but also for Black America.

Now the injustices that we suffer are different; discrimination, poverty, welfare, crime, and drugs. But our dream remains the same, plotted on a course straight and true. Oh yes, we still have a long, long way to go, but to get there, we need the help of everyone who has known the injustice and felt the pain or shared the guilt, pity, and shame. We need all people everywhere to come together in perfect unity. For if we do this, we make it possible for the dream to come true.

We can make it right. We can prompt a change that will make it right for every man, woman, and child to have a feeling of self-worth, self respect, and dignity. Oh people, with a little more hope, with a little more faith, with a little more courage, with a little more strength, with a little more love, we can make it right!

by Cecelia Hayes

DECISION

Watch out, beware, here he comes again.

Day after day I sat in my flat watching
him steal our last piece of bread or
cheese. But I don't get mad or despair,
because he is just like me.

Watch out, beware, here he comes again.

Just like me he looks for a place
to fit in, a place to call his own.
But he is rejected, tormented and
stamped out by this society.

Watch out, beware, here he comes again.

Just like me he stalks the street for
food to feed his young, and I for
money to pay the rent.

Watch out beware, here he comes again.

I feel sorry for my little friend and
foe. Because just like me he is
trying to survive, but in a different
world than my own.

Watch out, beware, here he comes again.

In case you haven't decided who we are,
let me give you a clue, we are not
burglar, robber, rapist, or thug.
One of us is Black and the other is a
city rat. Can you make the decision?

by Jeffery Walker

Therefore I thought that since Black students use the Black United
and Concerned Students organization as a student association, there
being us all at least one thing in common. Speaking for and attending
B.U.C.S. sponsored events could give us a reason to learn some things
one another and perhaps bring us closer together.

We think that people working for a common cause will naturally
get along better since we have a common goal but a group of
individuals that want their work to be successful will indeed find
a way to cooperate, maybe at first for the student's sake, but hopefully
a few will let this conversation filter into regular college life.

If we can get a few people to get along a little bit better, maybe
it won't be worth it to say the Black United and Concerned Students is a
possible cure to the "coping fever" from which we all seem to be suffering.

by Steven Eric Murray

CABIN FEVER

How many of you saw "The Shining"? Jack Torrence (Jack Nicholson) becomes a victim of a condition called cabin fever in which the phrase "Familiarity breeds contempt" is animated. The people around him begin to asssivate him more and more, and he eventually attempts to deal with them in a rather harsh way.

I bring this up because I think it's a good analogy to what I see happening within our Black community. With our school's fifty Black students come fifty different personalities that often collide to create a conflict.

Because we are not, for the most part, all from the same place, we must expect to encounter people with different upbringings, priorities, and points of view on many issues. It is our duty, as individuals who want to be accepted, to accept others as they are.

Everyone here, myself included, is guilty of somehow alienating or losing patience with people who perceive life in a way other than ours. My point is this: although some people might not agree with your perception and may even stray from the norms of society as a whole, everyone has constructive energy that can be channelled towards activities that will benefit us all. We need these strong-minded people to help us, as an organization, accomplish our goals and set the things we want.

We all come from different environments and because of this, people tend to find others that are like themselves to hang out with. You will find this to be true wherever you go and most people see nothing wrong with it. But when we call these different groups "cliques", then people begin to look down on these separate groups and talk about a lack of unity within the community.

I don't think that different groups of friends constitutes a lack of unity. Instead, it means merely that people are drawn toward others with whom they have things in common, which is fine as long as they can still deal with those who are different.

Therefore I suggest that every Black student use the Black United and Concerned Students organization as a common association, thereby giving us all at least one thing in common. Working for and attending B.U.C.S sponsored events could give us a reason to learn more about one another and perhaps bring us closer together.

My theory that people working for a common cause will ultimately get along better might sound a bit idealistic but a group of individuals that want their project to be successful will indeed find a way to cooperate; maybe at first for the project's sake, but hopefully a few will let this cooperation filter into regular college life.

If we can get a few people to get along a little bit better, doesn't it seem worth it to try the Black United and Concerned Students as a possible cure to the "cabin fever" from which we all seem to be suffering?

by Steven-Eric Murray

by Eric Ciglar

MY CREED

Today I will be a better person!
 I will first set in tune with God.
 I will begin with nourishing my mind.
 Try to do at least one good deed.
 I will try to hold back nasty
 remarks and thoughts
 about other people.
 If I must say something about
 another person-
 I'll say something kind.

Evil thoughts soon become
 evil actions;
 Evil actions can destroy the positive.
 I will not be a part of that kind of destruction.

I will absorb all that is new, positive-
 good and healthy.
 I will discard old habits that are bad,
 Old friends who are drag
 and who may be a negative influence on my life.

I will be more careful about what I eat-
 At least once today, I will substitute milk for pop,
 carrots for potato chips,
 and fruits for candy.

The way I feel, the way I look
 the way I think-
 Depends upon what I put into my body.
 I will keep my body and my clothes clean.
 I will not offend my fellow co-workers with B.O.
 But most of all I will learn a most important word-

"NO!"

I will not ride in stolen cars,
 I will not drink alcohol at home or at bars,
 I will not smoke pot, heroin, or angel dust,
 I'm much too smart for any of that stuff!
 Besides I am too beautiful, too wise,
 too cool-
 To be set up as a first class fool-
 I am the greatest-Right On!

by Erma Clanton

BROTHERHOOD/SISTERHOOD: WE SHALL WALK TOGETHER

In order to equate this theme with our modern day and time, we must first acquaint ourselves with the meanings of both "brotherhood" and "sisterhood" and a historical viewpoint of past situations between black and white, male and female, Baptist and Catholic, or any other differences that may exist between the many people and societies of our present world. Once we have established a broad knowledge of the definitions of "brotherhood" and "sisterhood" and the historical struggle between the races and nations, the theme "Brotherhood/Sisterhood: We Shall Walk Together" can then take shape and be applied.

The definition of "brotherhood" is considered to be an association of men united in a common interest, work, or creed. Examples of "brotherhood" are seen within fraternities, religious orders, and labor unions. Although these people are united for a common cause, this state of "brotherhood" contains one crucial flaw. That flaw is that their cause discriminates against others of different communities, and social and religious organizations.

After we have familiarized ourselves with brotherhood, its meaning, and its purpose, our next goal is to acquaint ourselves with "sisterhood." "Sisterhood" is the same as "brotherhood", but instead of men there are women joined together in an association for a common cause. "Sisterhood" can sometimes be found between sisters. It can also be found in sororities and community organizations started by women. Like "brotherhood", "sisterhood" contains a flaw because jealousy often exists between women, no matter what race they belong to.

Finally we go back to history. Now we look at men and women, such as Abraham Lincoln, Harriet Tubman, and Martin Luther King Jr., who sometimes lost their lives for a common cause. They not only fought for their rights, but for the rights of others. Although it may have appeared as though their actions were self-centered, what they tried to do affected the world. They wanted to make this world a place for everyone to live in peace, happiness, and most importantly, freedom.

Now that we have become familiar with the aspects of "brotherhood," "sisterhood," and the history of togetherness, we can apply our themes: "Brotherhood/Sisterhood: We Shall Walk Together." In applying this theme, persons united in "brotherhood" and "sisterhood" must join together as one group and form a "world". I say a "world" because as the situation exists today, the Earth is many worlds. If there were only one world, there would be no need for wars because we would all be walking together for life.

by Venita Martin

A GIFT TO YVONNE

Sunset shines a tea-rose glow,
The world is safe for all,
And all is known that we should know,
The sun proceeds to fall.

The young at age, the young at heart,
And all those in between,
Each becomes a vital part,
Of love as I have seen.

I see this new world in your eyes,
So lovely deep and bright,
And soon I come to realize,
That you're my guiding light.

My days are bliss when you are here,
And painful when you're gone,
You make my world seem very clear,
And you're the only one.

So stay with me until we part,
As soon I know we must,
And you'll be ever in my heart,
Till I return to dust.

To Yvonne

by Steven-Eric Murray

by Steven-Eric Murray

ARE WE TOO COMFORTABLE?

In January, as one of the MoJekwu presentations, there was a panel discussion about the effects of segregated schools on education. On the panel were members of the Lake Forest College faculty who attended segregated schools as children and young adults. The panel was comprised of Charles Behling, Baily Donnelly, Clayton Gray, Chuck Miller, and Guynelle Williams. The comments of the latter hit a spot inside of me which made me think, are we too comfortable?

In Ms. Williams childhood community, the residents were not exposed to the progress of the Civil Rights Movement to the extent that other parts of the country were. Therefore the Black children of the segregated school system and their families were "comfortable in their situation."

This made me think about my own community. In the area that I'm from, Cleveland, Ohio, a major bussing program was established just a few years ago. In it's infancy, bussing was a highly controversial issue, but it seemed interesting to me that some of the biggest opponents of bussing were Black children and their families.

This was especially startling in light of the fact that the West Side schools (predominantly White) were quite obviously better equipped and better staffed than the East Side schools (predominantly Black). I couldn't understand it. On a strictly academic level, how can someone oppose an opportunity at a better education and a step toward equality?

Where does this attitude terminate? Are we to be content with a traditionally "Black" job or a traditionally "Black" neighborhood? This concept reminds me of a psychological theory called the Cinderella Complex. Do we, as Black Americans, have a deep-seeded fear of success and therefore subconsciously sabotage any opportunity we get to raise our status? Or have we just gotten too comfortable for our own good?

Whichever it is, we can't afford to thwart any opportunity that might make our trek to the mountaintop easier. As members of the young Black population, it is up to us to strive toward success to make sure that the blood of our brothers and sisters before us was not spilled in vain.

In Ms. Williams community, people were not exposed to the Civil Rights Movement, but now-today-still feeling the effects of the movement and still fighting for the cause, we need as many well-informed and ambitious soldiers as we can get. So don't be comfortable, be hungry. Go for it. GO FOR IT ALL!

by Steven-Eric Murray

I HEAR. . .

JULIAN BOND: Politics is the Only Game in Town

I hear the river singing low,

Through the rain and through the snow.

I hear the river crying alone,

Coaxing, wooing, calling her own.

I hear the river this child of the night,

And no one will see as the Moon shines bright.

I answer the river: the petulant cry,

This child of night so shall soon die.

by Cecelia Hayes

JULIAN BOND: Politics is the Only Game in Town

Julian Bond was born in 1940 in Nashville, Tennessee. Bond, his brother, and sister lived in a protected life on his father's college campuses, the kind of life most faculty children experience. The protected life continued for Bond until he went away to George School, a preparatory school run by Quakers near Philadelphia. Even though his school has a long tradition of equality between races, on at least one occasion a school official treated him as a second class citizen. And for the first time it really came home to Bond what it meant to be Black in this country. There were many incidents which reminded Bond of being Black in an all-white school.

Despite the incidents which reminded him so forcibly that he was a Black boy in a white society, Bond's attitudes were shaped more by his white surroundings than his own color.

In 1957, when his father took the job as dean of the School of Social Work in Atlanta University, Bond enrolled as a student of Morehouse College, a part of Atlanta University.

Life was uneventful for Bond the first two years of college. In his third year, he met and married Alice Clopton who was majoring in home economics at Spelman College. Then something happened to change his whole life. One morning in late February, Bond and another young student, Lonny King, held a meeting with other students to talk about problems facing the Black community of Atlanta. They began to demonstrate and protest. This led to an organization, the Committee On Appeal For Human Rights. The Committee appointed Julian Bond as publicity director and asked him to serve as executive secretary during the summer of 1960.

After a few weeks of operating independently, groups of students from Black colleges decided to form a new organization, the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC).

In 1965, Bond ran for state representative in his district. He won the elections but the members of the legislature refused to seat him because (they said) of his opposition to the Vietnam War and his outspokenness on this issue. In December of 1966, the Supreme Court ruled that the Georgia House had to seat Bond.

Bond was seated in January of 1967, and spent the next two years working in the legislature and making speeches.

At the 1968 Democratic National Convention, he led a group that challenged the seating of the Georgia delegation appointed by Governor Lester G. Maddox. The dispute was settled by giving each of the two delegations half of Georgia's votes. Bond's name was put in nomination for Vice President of the United States at the convention but he was too young to qualify.

After Bond's name was put in nomination, organizations all over the country invited him to speak for them. When he is not serving in the Georgia legislature, he is often on speaking tours, talking to students at colleges or high schools, to politicians at party meetings, and to civil rights organizations.

Bond is considered by many Blacks and Whites alike to be the nation's outstanding Black leader.

by Cecelia Hayes

SLAVE: A REVIEW

I recently experienced the pleasure of dining at Slave Restaurant, a casual place with a menu that is truly unique. The food is delicious, the service is excellent, and the atmosphere is relaxed. The restaurant is located in a quiet neighborhood, and the decor is simple and elegant. The food is prepared with care and attention to detail. The service is friendly and attentive. The atmosphere is warm and inviting. The restaurant is a great place to enjoy a meal with friends or family.

FOR A BLACK LOVER

no, lover
holding is not enough
but touching is
touching eyes
touching lips
touching thighs
which
if the stars are right
and the moon's groovy
should lead
to the most important
connections
of all
touching
hearts and minds
no, lover
holding
Just ain't it.

unknown

GLADYS' RESTAURANT: A REVIEW

I recently experienced the pleasure of dining at Gladys' Restaurant, a quaint place on the south side of Chicago known for its soul food cuisine. Unless you have previously visited the place or have heard about it by word of mouth, you probably live without ever tasting the best soul food in town, excluding mom's. Regardless of the restaurant's infrequent advertisement in major Chicago newspapers and magazines, many Blacks frequent it often. If you decide to dine at Gladys' you will receive a well balanced meal at a reasonable price.

After entering the neighborhood where Gladys' is located, which seems relatively typical of a quasi major street in a big city with its apartment buildings and small corner stores, you begin to realize how much this restaurant reflects its surroundings. The restaurant looks like a hole in the wall from the outside, and when you enter you become a part of the close quarters. While standing in their semi-spacious yet barren waiting room, you can get a glimpse of the dining room that somewhat resembles a lunchroom cafeteria with horseshoe counters and circular stools. The restaurant also has round rectangular tables suited for two or more people, and all tables have red and white checked tablecloths. The walls of the restaurant are rather plain and drab except for a few pictures and several chandeliers that hang from the ceiling.

Putting aside the atmosphere of the restaurant, I believe Gladys' provides some of the best soul food cuisine. The menu, strictly soul food, features fried chicken, smothered chicken, turkey and dressing, lamb, pork, and steak. All dinners have a complementary serving of two of the following vegetables, green beans, macaroni and cheese, English peas, steamed cabbage, and fried corn. However, the restaurant doesn't serve some favorite soul food items such as okra, black eyed peas, chitterlings, and pig's feet. The restaurant also serves fast food items such as hamburgers and french fries plus a variety of sandwiches. My dinner consisted of fried chicken, macaroni and cheese, string beans, plus a side order of stuffing, and like all of Gladys' meals, it was quite filling.

If you order fried chicken, like I did, you will have a choice of light or dark meat. I had a juicy, crispy breast and wing served on a plate. All side orders were served in small bowls. I felt that the best part of the meal was the vegetables. You can eat fried chicken anywhere, at fast food places for example, but to have a choice of vegetables that truly taste delectable is a rare occurrence. My favorite vegetable, string beans, was cooked with bacon, potatoes, and onions. Dinner was simply divine.

After dinner you may crave something sweet such as peach cobbler, sweet potato pie, banana pudding, or ice cream. I dined sufficiently. Therefore, I could not indulge in the sweets. I did see a few desserts pass by though and they looked tempting.

The food is very good and the prices reasonable. Two pieces of chicken with two vegetables cost \$2.85. Any dinner with stuffing such as lamb or turkey cost approximately \$5.00. The most expensive item on the menu, tenderloin steak, cost \$9.00. Dessert ranges from \$.35 to \$1.50. The prices are relatively cheap considering the nice sized portions you receive. All in all, Gladys' is a nice place to eat.

by Tracy Duncan

BLACK PRESENCE IN AMERICAN SPORTS

The unfairness of discrimination in sports seems evident to thinking people today. Since Blacks are barely over a century of presence in the United States, perhaps it should not seem strange to wonder that the Black man is still barely two decades out of the world of athletics. Since sports had always been a part of life, the white man feared that Blacks could have such abilities within themselves. During those times of fear of the Black man's abilities they never wanted to admit to themselves that we, as Black people, were better than them.

LOVE IS THE POWER

The power of love is all we need
To help us on our way
It covers a multitude of faults
That beset us day by day

Love is strong, and will never turn back
When it knows that its way is right
It will cling to truth, and stay on the track
And fight with all its might

Love is fulfilling, and will find a way
A road or a path for all men
It might take hours, or many days—
Wait, and you'll reap the wind

Now love is not a separate thing
And it does not stand alone
It always makes its presence felt
So all men can atone

Love will always bind us fast
To the ones who are trying to find
A way to do, and a way to help
For love is always kind.

by Addie Brown

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BLACK PROGRESS IN AMERICAN SPORTS

The unfairness of discrimination in sports seems evident to thinking people today. Since Blacks are barely over a century of slavery in the United States, perhaps it should not seem strange to people that he (the Black man) is only barely two decades out of bondage in the world of athletics. Since sports had always symbolized, theoretically at least, the American dream of sportsmanship and fair play, the white man feared that Blacks could have such ability within themselves. During these times of fear of the Black man's abilities, they never wanted to admit to themselves that we, as Black people, were better than them.

During the late fifties and sixties Blacks took some of their greatest steps in American life. At the same time the American sports world became increasingly open to Black participants during the Civil Rights Era. Also there was an increased amount of academic and critical attention centered on all phases of Black life.

In the 1960's the percentage of Black competitors in each of the major professional team sports (football, basketball, and baseball) had an increased Black proportion, up to 11%. In football, 12.3% of the players were Black. In 1958 the percentage of Blacks in professional basketball was about 11.8%. For baseball, the 1957-58 season was the year that Blacks achieved a proportion equivalent to their percentage in the United States population.

In the 1970's Blacks began to get more honor in sports. By 1975 Blacks comprised better than 60 percent of all professional basketball players, 42 percent of all professional football players, and 21 percent of major league baseball players. Also during this time talented Blacks were graduating from All-American college careers to rookie acclaim within a year and eventual superstardom status as veteran professionals. As the 1970's passed, notable firsts were achieved as Blacks gained manager positions in baseball, and assistant coaching positions in professional football.

As the 1980's arrived, it became increasingly difficult to imagine what most professional sports would be like without the participation of Black athletes.

These breakthroughs were significant for symbolizing the fact that men of unquestioned athletic ability could apply their organizational skills and formulate strategies for winning just as well as their white counterparts. Even though there is still discrimination in sports, Blacks have finally taken a seat on the stage of professional sport. The best way that I can end this, is to say what the GREAT MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. SAID: "WE SHALL OVERCOME SOMEDAY."

by Maurice A. Webb

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