



A Tribute

Whenever you look back upon this year
In your hearts, there should be a special cheer.
You have nothing to be ashamed of or to hide
You taught LAKE FOREST the true meaning of PRIDE
and although you did not win it all
yet and still you did not fall.
You were victorious just the same
because you did play the game.
BUCS (black united concerned students)
would like to say "A job well done"
for in the game of honor, You surely won
so you all should be thanked
because you far from sank.
No matter what you have done, or what you will do
we would like to say
we are very proud of you.

by Michelle L. Davis & Maurice A. Webb

The New Breed

The most compelling oration was made by the Rev. Martin Luther King, of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, whose every word articulated the hopes and aspirations of his people. Among the most moving lines of Dr. King's speech were the following:

"I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

"I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal.'

"I have a dream that one day, on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

"I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

"I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

"I have a dream today.

"I have a dream that one day the state of Alabama, whose governor's lips are presently dripping with words of interposition and nullification, will be transformed into a situation where little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls and walk together as sisters and brothers.

"I have a dream today.

"I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plains, and the crooked places will be made straight and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together."

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Be Thankful with a Purpose

I am continually impressed by the number of healthy individuals, including the more fortunate young, who come across as though they don't have much to be thankful for anymore. Thus, these reflections from a guy with a few memories about Thanksgiving.

I'm convinced that unless you are absolutely overwhelmed by a combination of devastating circumstances, you can find something to be thankful for on any Thanksgiving Day. But there's an art to being thankful.

If there's any one special thing I can appreciate on this Thanksgiving Eve it's the fact that I had parents and grandparents and neighbors who habitually practiced the art of being thankful. Thankful here is defined as being appreciative of ordinary things that to the less fortunate are not ordinary at all.

Consequently, I don't recall a single Thanksgiving that was not a sentimentally joyous event—even during the late years of the Depression. During my childhood the art of being thankful was as much an ingredient of a happy occasion as were the specifics of the menu.

As a child I don't recall ever being concerned about what others had that I did not have on Thanksgiving Day. Appreciation and enjoyment of what was there was all absorbing. However, that attitude did not come by accident.

My father and the other elders who blessed the food often used their prayers and dinner conversations to brainwash each other and us children. When blessing the food, they appeared to be talking more to us than to God.

By asking God to help some of our acquaintances whose families had experienced death, tragic accidents, severe illness, personal problems, or economic

stress during the year, we who were about to dine were truly thankful.

The message was that simply being alive, healthy and able to enjoy a family and good friends were items to be appreciated and enjoyed.

However, I must confess that the quality and quantity of the food were never taken lightly at Thanksgiving. We were not expected to enjoy a dinner that was not well prepared and bountiful enough to satisfy one's appetite.

Expertly prepared food was a must. But a great dinner did not require expensive food. Some of my colleagues refuse to believe a previous Thanksgiving column in which I mentioned that my family never had a turkey at a single Thanksgiving during my entire childhood.

Not only did we survive Thanksgiving without turkey, we never felt we had missed anything. What my mother did with large hens and a supporting cast of common vegetables, spices and desserts reduced the celebrated turkey to nothing but a picture of a big bird eaten by the Pilgrims hundreds of years ago.

At the same time, being thankful was more than the art of self-appreciation and the enjoyment of life with friends. There was a pragmatic, life-sustaining logic behind simply being thankful.

If being thankful is to have a lasting effect, it had to have a purpose. And that purpose was to provide visible substance for the hope and belief that we still had the right stuff needed to change things for the better.

Thanksgiving Day can be a day of liberation for the oppressed and the depressed as well, if we practice the art of being thankful with a purpose.

by Vernon Jarrett
Chicago Sun-Times
November 21, 1984

In all things that are purely social we (black and white) can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand is all things essential to mutual progress.

You can't hold a man down without staying down with him.

Booker T. Washington
1856 - 1915

Places in the Heart

All my life has been a love affair
with hate.
My only full acceptance has been for
rejection.

You, my friend, have often been
My only ware of laughter
In my ocean of misery-
The sole ray of light
In the fog of my despair.

Your absence is comparable
To a painting without color
Or a writer without words.

You, my dear friend
Are the spirit in my smile,
And delight in my disposition
And I never want to lose you.

A FRIEND

The Great Melting Pot

You tell me that America is a great
big melting pot
Where everyone blends in
And you tell me that in this place
Prejudice and poverty are nonexistent
sins
Well it so happens that I live in
this country too
And these sayings definitely do not
hold true
My forefathers were brough here
in bondage
Oh - such a long time ago
Here they sweated, suffered and died
And still had nothing to show
They lived poor lives on rich plantations
And were tossed into unmarked graves
They were forced to work without wages
Freedom is a foreign word for a
slave
They planted and raised the cotton
And cultivated the soil
They picked and cooked the vegetables
But never saw the spoils
They provided a rigid economic base
For this pitiful, internal place
They offered a piece of solid ground
When no other firm free labor could
be found
Tell me -- when everyone was
"melting in"
Where in the world was I?
I must have been with the soot at
the bottom of the pot
Burned-black-therefore sentenced to
cry
Since we too helped to build this country
Why can't we get our piece of American
pie?
And finally Mr -
You tell me
If my people were never brought here
Where in HELL would your America be?

Black is beautiful when it is a slum kid studying to enter college, when it is a man learning new skills for a new job, or a slum mother battling to give her kids a chance for a better life. But white is beautiful, too, when it helps change society to make our system work for black people also. White is ugly when it oppresses blacks - and so is black ugly when black people exploit other blacks. No race has a monopoly on vice or virtue, and the worth of an individual is not related to the color of his skin.

Together, blacks and whites can move our country beyond racism and create for the benefit of all of us an open society, one that assures freedom, justice, and full equality for all.
Whitney M. Young, Jr.

Black Butterfly

"Black Butterfly," set the world on fire
let the angels in the sky know just
who you are. Rise to your potential,
and maybe even reach higher.

"Black Butterfly," cause the blue of the
sky to turn a turbulent purple.
Release the hundred years of hate,
oppression and injustice.

"Black Butterfly," there were so many
times when you were alone and lonely,
and no one seemed to care. Just
remember that love will find a way.

Fly to that Utopia where all blacks
are created equal, go home where
there is a "Raisin in the Sun." But
never stopping flying and reaching high
because one day...

The stars will be
in our hands.

submitted by Jeffrey Walker

Black Weekend

For years now the Black United and Concerned Students has sponsored a Black Cultural Weekend. The purpose of this event is to enlighten the Lake Forest College community to what the Blacks on campus are all about. It gives us a chance to "strut our stuff" and exhibit what we can do to the student body, white and black alike.

We would like to reach as many students as possible and have them attend all the activities. In order to accomplish this we go to great lengths to convey the idea that Black Cultural Weekend is for everyone. In addition to the massive word of mouth campaign we employ, posters and flyers are posted all around campus with the message "Join Us" written in bold letters. Also we mail each and every student a schedule of the activities that will take place and urge them to attend.

Despite our efforts, the attendance of white students and faculty at the activities is quite noticeably low. To cover the tracks, we get separate but similar variations of, "I thought Black Weekend was only for Blacks."

Do us a favor. Start from the first word of this article and read through it again. Then consider the sentence, "I thought Black Weekend was only for Blacks." We (B.U.C.S.) already have. It's a COP OUT!!!

by S.F.M.

To the Women of the World

What is this thing we feel
That makes our heart reveal
This strange attraction
Love and Hate are one combined reaction

Why can we not ignore
Like some many times before
And now we see, It is You..., We truly adore

We are not afraid to share pain or pride
For we are laying all earthly fame aside

The LOVE we have for you, is from our heart
Someday we will find a way to make it known

by M.W & P.G

The Philosophy Behind Sports

Many people from various backgrounds have been interested in the psychological bases of sports activities, for many years, but the area of sports psychology, has lacked information until quite recent. Societies have been formed to study sport psychology. These societies include the International Society of Sport Psychology (1965) and The North American Society (1966). There are many areas in the psychology of sports, one is the learning experience for children in sports. The effect parents, coaches, peers, and fans play upon people in sports and what they could do to help sports benefit children. The motivation plays a large role in the development of one's personality in sports. Some studies taken on football players and weightlifters shows evidence of this motivation.

"The sport experience should be designed in a form that would permit every child to develop strong positive feelings about their bodies." The end effect should be a "a positive body image." (1) It has been established that negative feelings about one's self image causes self depreciation, self degradation, questions one's personal worth, and the inability to receive approval from others. Sport experience should contribute positively to the child's ability to deal with others through both physical and emotional. It has been well studied that psychological needs of children in sports that motivation provides a most rewardable for them. It generates a commitment that has a more powerful effect and positive motivational force. "Ideally, if we could remove

the manipulative quality of extrinsic motivation, we would find children participating for the pure joy and satisfaction the activity provides." (2) It has been found that it is natural for children to respond to the factors such as prizes, acclaim, and recognition because status and prestige are important to any person.

So it is up to the parents, coaches, friends and fans to make these factors much less on a child priority list. Particular attention is directed to the psychological factors imposed upon the child by the coaches and parents or other members of his/her peers. It has been attempted to make parents, coaches, and others more objective in their determination of the child's readiness to compete in highly demanding athletic programs. The parents and coaches should help the child gain insight into primary needs. Guide them away from making their sport experience a measure of their worth as a person and approving ground for life. They should also remind them that coming to know himself better and liking it is more a worthy goal of all. Finally help the child to see that no matter how good he/she may be, it can never be used to prove one's worth as a human being. These goals are very hard for the parents and coaches to do because, of the media and the benefits one does keep from being good in sports. He/She see that being good could cause them to be millionaires over night if one is remarkable enough and could gain a great social life with this success.

Other studies have been done on weightlifters which involved

a group of them and the others weightlifters that were not part of a group. "Basically the YMCA weightlifters (which are not part of a group) would appear more shy, lacking in self-confidence, and more concerned with body build. On the other hand, the lifting group wants to be strong, healthy and dominant to be more like other men." (3) The lifters that want to become strong, healthy and dominant attempts are to be able to demonstrate both for himself and other males. Since the male, in almost all societies, is the sex expected to be strong and dominant, given the physical sex differences can easily become a symbol for male superiority.

Sport experience that condition one's attitudes and help maintain health to form one personality to enjoy life. When people talk about one's personality they usually are referring to that individual social effectiveness, appeal of their character and distinguish one individual from another. This is usually first recognized by the parents or teachers, then the coaches would probably be next. His friends would pick up their personality as time goes on.

The personality of football players has been described as "basically conservative, willing to follow orders unthinkingly on the field, but a bit undisciplined in other areas, prone to beer busts and boasts of sexual prowess." (4) Some sports writers have refined these stereotypes even further, assigning different characteristics to different positions. Quarterbacks are the brains of the team, linebacksers are the dangerous of the pack, and offen-

sive linemen are the ones who are willing to suffer and gain no fame. Tests were run comparing two groups of students in college with the same age, 60 men who had earned at least one football letter in high school but, had not earned one in college, and 60 men who had never received a varsity letter in any sport in high school. They were given psychological tests which consisted of six profile of mood states. The results of their mood states that covers six personality components; tension, depression, anger/hostility, vigor, fatigue, and confusion. "The football players came out very well. In sharp contrast with the stereotypes, they showed considerably less anger and hostility than the other students, as well as less depression, confusion, and fatigue. Tension was about the same." (5) There was a little difference between former high school athletes and the nonathletes in any of the six areas of the mood profile. Overall, the athletes' personalities pattern was decidedly healthy. They seemed more committed to life's challenges, who go about their business with relaxed style and clear sense of purpose.

We must understand that sports are part of the psychological development of people. It is also up to the parents, coaches, teachers and fellow heroes to take it upon themselves to try to get this need across to young people of the various psychological aspect to become an adult with open eyes of his fellowmen. Thank America for its opportunities to let all types of people to get involved in sport and activities.

Revelation

As I walked, the sidewalk kicked my feet and the heat baked my body and left me with a battered feeling. Thoughts threatened my composure like the semblance of cyclones and my spirit sighed softly and I gave in. Ancient emotions rose like a torrent of terror and I broke down. My soul screamed in anguish and my blood began to flow internally, slowly yet steadily.

But my mask still stood. My guise of contentment and happiness stood like a citadel in the sea of my sorrow. I was winning. A realization struck me. The brave never cry; neither did I. I feigned a smile to a passerby; a muffled "hello" was returned. My eyes trailed her for more careful scrutiny.

Her contorted countenance was definitely discontent. Her expression was devoid of all pleasantries. Some imperceptible pain throbbled beneath that word. I looked away - in empathy.

But then, without warning, a lonely tear drifted down her face. Other more gregarious

tears soon raced from her eyes.

A furnace of fright began to burn below my skin. My spirit emitted a smoke of surrender. A deep longing cut deeper slashes in my relic wounds and blood poured from my soul like a violent rain. The heat rose to a fiery full and the war within my body resumed. I was losing. In helpless remorse - I looked again.

Her newly dry steel grey eyes met mine like a trap and she looked away - in relief. But my mask still stood. I feigned yet another smile to that passerby. I then looked away - in envy.

As I walked on, the grass gripped my feet and the pain pervaded my heart and left me with a drained feeling. A revelation pounded my head like millions of hammers and my soul sighed silently and I broke down and gave in. Ancient emotions tore at my flesh as I realized - the bravest people are the ones that cry; Why can't I?

Debra Davis

B.U.C.S. ART



by Laura Lane

A Tribute To Black People

First Black Woman to serve
in the House of Representatives
Shirley Chisholm

First Coin Honoring A
Black Man (50-cent piece)
Booker T. Washington (1946)

First Black "Mr. America"
June 14, 1970 Chris Dickerson

First Black Presidential Nominee
of a Major Political Party
Rev. Channing Phillips (1968)

First College Graduate
John Russwurm
Degree from Bowdoin College

First Black Music Director
of An American Orchestra
Henry Lewis (1968)

First Black Miss America
Vanessa Williams

First Black College President
Dr. James Allen Colston

First Black General in
the United States Army
Benjamin O. Davis (1940)

First Black Coach of
A Major League Team
(Basketball) April 18, 1966
Bill Russel

First Miss Black American
Goria Smith (1969)

First Postage Stamp Honoring
A Black Man April 7, 1940
Booker T. Washington

Reach out and touch

The South: warm air and warm people. A place where home is really "home". Friendly smiles and open arms. A place where people care about one another, where they are empathetic enough to open their hearts' to your problems, taking them in as their own and then doing something constructive to help you out in your time of need. Friend to friend, neighbor to neighbor, stranger to stranger, it doesn't matter because we are all one.

The North: cold wind and cold people. Fast walking, fast talking, and fast living. Men, women, and children sitting in the cold indoors of dilapidated buildings, waiting for a handout from cold arms without hands. Where is that brotherly love that they so often talk about, yet never show? I think that Northerners need to take lessons from southerners on how to "Reach Out and Touch."

by Lanetta Anderson
(A True Southerner)

A Woman Needs

to be Loved

Love is a basic human need of all people, especially a woman. A woman experiences many types of love in her lifetime, but the love between her and a man outshines all others. One must understand that a woman is special, with special needs, needs only a man can fulfill. The need to be told she is beautiful, the need to be held in strong arms, the need to be told she is everything he needs to make his life complete, or the simple "I Love You," must be acknowledged.

The modern woman is being conditioned to assert her independence, to become equal to the man in every way. This is a positive move, yet in the end she may be denying a very important part of her life, the very essence of her being. God placed women here for a very special purpose: to mate with man. That's not demeaning to career-oriented women at all, either; in fact, it's wonderful when women equal or surpass men in this "man's world" society in which we live. In achieving these goals, however, the woman commonly refuses to acknowledge her need for a stable man in her life, adopting a "totally independent" attitude. That is sad, because the feelings experienced between a man and a woman are beautiful and special. Women have an innate dependence on men. This reliance doesn't necessarily have to stifle her ambitions; on the contrary, it is meant to enhance her special and unique qualities.

So men, "the woman of the '80's" needs your uninhibited love just as much as in the past. Materially, she may no longer need your support; but emotionally, the bond between the two of you will never die. So men, keep on loving.

by Lanetta Anderson

A Man Needs

Love is a basic human necessity. "We need others. We need others to love, and we need to be loved by them. There is no doubt that without it, we like the infant left alone, would cease to grow, cease to develop, choose madness or even death." (Love, pg. 84) As I grew up in life, being a man, I felt a great need for love. A man needs to be loved by a person more than a thing, this person is usually a woman.

The companionship of love relationship works to help the medical attitude through life. This need is usually fed to him by a woman. The love provides support and lets a man know that all his hard work is for a reason. It has been said, "...that a man that is needed is more likely to succeed because he has someone as well as something to work for."

Most men feel that loneliness is a challenge. They feel that a man that needs a woman to live is weak. Men have been brought up to be independent. (We) are thought to be dependent on ourselves. This is implanted in our minds in the early stages of life. This attitude is also in the mind of a young man's peers which causes him to think about it even more. This independence is a part of a young man's growing up in a society full of challenges.

I think of myself as a unique man, but I believe that every man needs to be loved. A woman in a man's life makes everything that he does worthwhile. There are many times that a man gets to a low point in his life in which he feels that he cannot go on. Usually one needs loving care to help change this direction or attitude. This person is usually a female, but most men would say that it feels better when it is a "woman" he can call his own and nobody else's.

In all my sense of direction a man needs a woman to build up his ego and to give him a sense of direction in life. So love is a basic necessity of living and not just a want. Where would men be today without women. So women, keep on loving.

by Maurice A. Webb

A Persecuted People

We are a people
A persecuted people
Who exist below

We - a fraction of a few
Have made it as tokens
We line you lily white institutions
And color your vanilla neighborhoods --
Though undesired
This we know

We are a people
A persecuted people
It has always been that way

Our forefathers backs were broken
so you could live in elegance and style
Our mother's bodies were beaten
so you could be healthy and thrive

We are a people
a persecuted people
It has been that way for an awful
long while.

your
stranger

We are no longer enslaved by steel
chains
But are held captive in invisible cells
We are no longer plagued by evident
oppression
But are held back by fierce unseen
forces

We are a people
a persecuted people
I guess it will never end.

by Debra Davis

What, to the American slave,
is your Fourth of July? I answer:
A day that reveals to him, more
than all other days of the year,
the gross injustices and cruelty
to which he is the constant
victim. To him your celebration
is a sham.

Despite of it all, the Negro remains...
cool, strong, imperturbable, and
cheerful.

by Frederick Douglass
1817 - 1895

To My Lost Love

Our love was like the still of the night
it crept up on us before we knew what
was happening. We let our souls touch
each other, and before we knew it we
were in love.

Love is like the ripple in the pond
that has emulating gestures and spread
to every part of the pond, but soon
these gestures stop and so did our
love.

Some where in that lonely, heartless pond
our love was lost never to find,
but always to be remembered and
cherished. With this we must always
keep our love alive.

To my lost love, think of me not
as a falling star or a flicking
flame, but remember me as someone
who cared. Better yet, remember me
as someone...

you love.

by Jeffrey Walker

"Blackness in the Forest"

Blackness here is shallow,
there are indeed no boundaries,
however no boundaries can exist in a place
where there are no openings,
we can learn,
and we can learn,
but there is much more to life than knowledge,
There is the wisdom gained through experience,
the innate sense that let our spirits
tower over these trees and bushes, these lakes
and moats,
but our bodies remain,
lost in the woods,
enclosed in the forest,
many colors exist in the forest; green and
white evade us,
Blackness in the Forest is Sparse,
Blackness in the Forest is ignored,
we learn,
and we learn
but we do not grow

by Sonya Rose

Black Consciousness

The blackman,
an imitation of the white man
a man with copied values and beliefs
which he doesn't understand,
only emulates,
And in the process, denies himself.
Why?
Because he has been conditioned that
"White is Right" and that Black is just that,
Black.
He is afraid,
Afraid to be himself
scared that he'll come up empty-handed.

He is not conscious of himself
Not aware of his potential as a separate entity,
apart from white influence.

He is not conscious of the fact that
the pot at the end of the rainbow is as much his as anybody else's.

Conformity and assimilation are his themes
when it should be "Black Consciousness".
Conscious of the potential of your race as a whole.
You are beautiful, capable, and strong.
Anything you want, work for it and make it happen.
And when you reach the top, help your black
brothers and sisters to make it.
Then, and only then open your door and
invite the white man in to your table to
eat your greens and neckbones.

by Lanetta Anderson

The return from your work must be the satisfaction which that work
brings you and the world's need of that work. With this, life is
heaven, or as near heaven as you can get. Without this - with work
which you despise, which bores you, and which the world does not
need - this life is hell.

W.E.B. Dubois

Children of the ghetto

Black children young and poor
let not your dreams go deferred.
While the ghetto tries to swallow up the
wholeness of your pride, let
the blackness of your heart
be an ebony fortress..

Fight my brothers and sisters,
let no one hold you back
For you are a gem in the many
kinds of this society. When this
cold harsh jungle seems to
have you trapped, Roar!!
and Roar loud.

They say that depression and
despair are our favorite words,
but what they don't know is that "Fight Back" are even
stronger words. And this is what we must do.

As I write these words I too
am a child of the ghetto, black,
poor and depressed. But what
I can say is that I live in
the ghetto, but the ghetto doesn't live in me.

submitted by Jeffrey Walker