

POET'S CORNER

Garifuna Woman

By Rita V. Palacio

I am a Garifuna Woman,
A precious jewel, Possessing a language dual,
Descending from grandmothers
And great-great grandmothers
Who sustained a heroic survival,
Continuing even at arrival.
Strength, dignity and love are natal.
This is Garifuna Woman.

Enduring the stings of racism,
Suffering the pangs of sexism,
Tall and strong she stood,
As a mahogany tree would,
With majestic strength, against colonialism
Determined to continue a race;
Held solemnly to her Garifuna language
Never to be left to be erased.
This is Garifuna Woman.

Dressed in her unique fashion,
The men gazed, breathless in dismay
Shivering within with passion.
In turbulent times, in Yurumei,
The Garifuna Woman stood by her man,
Counseling, negotiating when needed,
Carrying a child in her womb,
Bare footed the field she burned,
planted and weeded.
This is Garifuna Woman.

Silently retracting the footprints
Of the Garifuna Woman,
Who before her blazed
The trail to liberation.
Her ancestors' work she accomplished.
Evolution! Change dawned!
Nurse Noguera and Ola the midwife reigned
Marcelina Lambey's great lyrics flourished.
Eliza Ramos our founder's spouse,
Supported his effort with rare courage.
And who was she? A GARIFUNA WOMAN.

The LAS VEGAS SENTINEL-VOICE

"How Much Would It Cost If You Paid Attention?"

by Ndegwa Kwesi-Agyei

Oh dey a comin' to the neighborhood
that's right coloured folks it's for your own darn good
Youzah Missy Jones it's tasty puddin' indeed
perhaps "bro" Willis has smoked too much weed
Not the kind that grows in the field with a "high" yield
but the kind that poisons the mind and keeps us 50 years behind...
Unscrupulous designers with an unseen hand
that have a long term plan, to plunder and pillage this land.
No more property ownership in the real triangle of gold
from MLK to Carey to Main to Bonanza Road.
Did you say integrate?
How about assimilate?
Or maybe it's worth the wait for a First Interstate?
You'd better get real
Fine print the deal
look out for the City of LV seal
...of approval
urban renewal
from a bunch of "redevelopment" fools
Oh, forgive me that's too much like right,
'cause Von's a comin' like the thief in the night
-the company that brought you the 'Jack in the Box' fright.
So long, good bye to the Black owned store
and other Black businesses are too...no more
You're so tired of fighting, and being resource poor
you want to succeed and achieve, that's what the "American
dream" is for?

But you say "We want businesses, like over in the other side of town
Massa, we promise we won't steal or burn nothing down
we'll be good spooks as long as Metro's around to beat us down...
We've been on the job long enough to finally get better pay
the hell with the Westside let's move and get away
to the green valleys, desert shores and the lakes...
there will be no crime, drugs or murder behind those security gates."
By the end of the week you'll make the run
gotta go to the 'side to get your weave and nails done
party at Chez, Frank's and the Rouge to have some fun
and finally to praise the good Lord on the day of the sun
then head for the hills before a gangbanger "claps" his gun.
Those peaches and cream dreams really do fade fast
wouldn't you rather return the Westside to it's glorious past
where most of the businesses had an all Black cast
when a dollar circulated in the community 8 times and seemed to last
and you could deal with the opposition because of the daily forecast.
these few words of thought needed an honorable mention
I pray they received your full comprehension
...but the question is...how much would it cost if you paid attention?
peace

Imitation

by Gwen Walker

Imitation of you and me
And you wanted to change
How stupid you see
The lips that were once too wide
Are now in style
People imitating you and me
If only for a little while
Those that are pale spend millions on sun tan lotion
Trying to look like us was more than a notion
Those with slanted eyes are now paying for a change
Forgetting who they are
Imitation just the same
The hips that are common among women of our darker skin
Was to be bought by those who were born with some too thin
Imitation of you and me
And you wanted to change
HOW STUPID YOU SEE

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AFRICAN-AMERICAN HISTORY

WILMA RUDOLPH (ATHLETE, TEACHER, COACH)



WILMA RUDOLPH

By Gwen Walker

Wilma Rudolph was born in 1940 in St. Bethlehem, Tennessee, the seventeenth of nineteen children. At birth Wilma only weighed four-and-a-half pounds. Little Wilma struggled to survive as one illness after another kept her weak and bedridden. Then at age four, she was crippled by polio, the doctors said she would never walk again.

Wilma's parents refused to accept what the doctors said and

used whatever money they earned to help their daughter. The entire family would take turns exercising Wilma's leg. Every week Mrs. Rudolph would take Wilma to a clinic ninety miles away for heat and water treatment.

By the time Wilma was eight, she was walking with a leg brace. A short time later, she was fitted with a high topped shoe. Even though she walked with a limp, she would play basketball with her brothers; and would often times play by herself after her brothers left.

One day at 11 years of age, Wilma began to play basketball in her bare feet. She tossed aside her special shoe and with in a few years she was not only walking but running.

By age 15 Wilma had become on All-state high school basketball champion. In her sophomore year she broke the girl's state basketball record, scoring 803 points in twenty-five games.

Her track and field record was even more remarkable.

In her Senior year of high school, Wilma qualified for the 1956 Olympics which was held in



GWEN WALKER

Melbourne, Australia. She competed as a member of the U.S. 400 meter relay team and came home with a bronze medal.

In 1960 she qualified for the Summer Olympics in Rome and became the first American woman to win 3 gold medals in track for the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash, and the 400 meter relay. As a result she was voted U.S. Female Athlete of-the-Year by the Associated Press.

After graduating from college Wilma Rudolph married and became a teacher.

Eventually she started speaking around the country, became a TV host and a coach.

Read more at the West Las Vegas Library about the little girl who was told she would never walk.

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