

Point of View

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TO BE EQUAL

SEA OF CHANGE

By Hugh B. Price,

President National Urban League

We are witnessing a sea of change in American politics and domestic policy.

From the seismic Congressional elections last fall, to the distressing U.S. Supreme Court rulings earlier this summer and the regressive decision by the California Board of Regents to eradicate affirmative action.

From the sharp budget recessions this year, we see the prospect of the federal budget being balanced on the backs of poor and working people.

From the threatened removal of the welfare safety net beneath poor children and their mothers who cannot find work, to the incredible and unconscionable proposals to slash both federal taxes for the wealthy and federal income supplements for low-wage workers.

The sheer breadth, pace and audacity of these changes boggle the mind.

What's worse, they're so numerous and enormous that they risk numbing our minds and deadening our instinct to do anything about it—out of utter disbelief and despair.

As the millennium approaches, our is a society in search of its soul, in search of itself.

All the assaults on the programs and support structures that



HUGH B. PRICE

minorities and the poor had come to rely upon have left us worried, wary and rudderless.

That's why I intend to write in some future columns about vision and values, and not solely about interventions and projects.

I argued in my National Urban League keynote address a year ago that there are fundamental economic and political changes underway.

The global realignment of work and wealth, and the virtually controlled ebbs and flows of people, capital and products across borders have rewritten all the economic rules.

Technological change and easy corporate access to low-cost labor abroad have fundamentally altered work and wages here at

CIVIL RIGHTS JOURNAL

Bottling Real Black Economic Power

By Bernice Powell Jackson

There's an old saying about finding something good and then bottling it. It's a saying that J. Bruce Llewellyn must have taken to heart as a young man because he made it into a reality as an adult.

J. Bruce Llewellyn was born in Harlem to parents who had

immigrated from Jamaica. When he was only 16-years-old, he joined the U.S. Army, where he was made company commander at 19-years-old. When he left the army two years later, he opened a retail store in Harlem while attending college at night. After earning a bachelor's degree from the City University of New

York, Llewellyn earned a law degree from New York Law School, an MBA degree from Columbia and a degree in public administration at New York University.

As a young black man in the 1960s, Bruce Llewellyn turned to government and politics. While he served in significant positions in the city and federal government, somehow he must have known that his real strength was in business. Bruce Llewellyn is an entrepreneur par excellence.

In 1969, Llewellyn bought Fedco Foods Corporation, which was then a chain of ten food stores in the Bronx with gross sales of \$18 million annually. Other buyers had shied away from this potentially lucrative business because it was located in a poor and predominately black and Hispanic section of the city. But Bruce Llewellyn knew that poor people buy food too and by 1984, when he sold Fedco, it had become the nation's largest minority-owned



Bernice Powell Jackson

retail business with 29 supermarkets, 900 employees and grossing \$100 million annually.

Today Bruce Llewellyn is the Chairman and a majority stockholder of the Philadelphia Coca-Cola Bottling Company, which he bought in 1983. Five years later he bought the Coca-Cola bottling operation in Wilmington, Delaware. The Philadelphia Coca-Cola Bottling Company has 1,000 employees with \$290 million in sales annually.

Bruce Llewellyn's business expertise has not been confined to the food and beverage industries, however. In 1986, he

(See Civil Rights, Page 4)

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

REVIVING THE YOUTH PROTEST MOVEMENT

By Dr. Manning Marable

When I was eighteen years old, I arrived at Earlham College, a small, Quaker private school in Richmond, Indiana, filled with fascination and expectations. It was the fall of 1968, in the middle of a controversial presidential campaign, a three-way contest between the Republican Richard Nixon, Democrat Hubert Humphrey and racial segregationist George Wallace. The disturbing events of that year — the "The Offensive" by the North Vietnamese which destroyed the myth of American military supremacy in southeast Asia, the tragic assassinations of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy, the police riot against demonstrators at the Democratic Party's national convention in Chicago that summer, and the growing worldwide tide of political and moral opposition to the U.S. war in Vietnam — all formed the turbulent cultural and social background to our times.

My generation of students had experienced a political lifetime in the shortspan of several years. We had been inspired by the patriotism and idealism of John F. Kennedy, who had challenged us with the

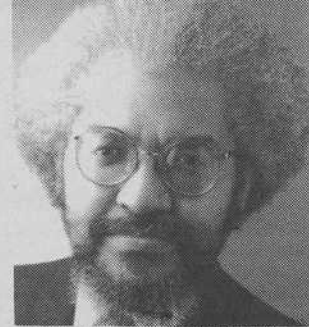
declaration: "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." WE stood in the hot summer sun before the Lincoln Memorial, and were moved to tears as we listened to Martin's magnificent "I Have A Dream" speech. We marched in solidarity with our sisters and brothers who stood against racial injustice and segregation in Birmingham, Montgomery and Jackson, and we cheered as the authoritarian system on Jim Crow collapsed.

The charismatic figure of Malcolm X made us aware of the intricate network of hypocrisy and oppression which perpetuated black inequality and white power. And as we witnessed the rich parade of alternative voices and protest visions — Fannie Lou Hamer, Huey P. Newton, Cesar Chavez, Fred Hampton, Frantz Fanon, Amiri Baraka, Sonia Sanchez, and the "Last Poets" — we moved rapidly into new and unanticipated directions. America would never be the same again.

My college at Earlham was just another phase of that process of cultural change and self-discovery. The pace of change was occurring so rapidly

by this time, that the rules, regulations and values generated by the early sixties now seemed, at the end of the decade, hopelessly and backward to us. For example, upperclass students forced us to accept "freshman beanies", small, round, colorful little caps which symbolized one's school spirit. The African-American students were probably the first to raise objections, on practical grounds. Freshmen beanies were designed for white boys with crew cuts, not sisters and brothers with bushy afros. So when we declared our beanies as "obnoxious symbols of the white man's power structure", our long-haired, bearded and bearded hippy friends followed suit.

We challenged a series of ridiculous rules which were designed to segregate women from men on the campus. Freshman women had a curfew of 10:30 p.m., when meant that they had to run frantically out of the library before it closed, while the men students still studied, in order to reach their dormitories before the doors were locked that night. If a woman was present in a male students dormitory room, the door had to



DR. MANNING MARABLE

be open at least nine inches. The most absurd and most violated restriction was the "three feet rule": at least three feet (presumably out of four) had to remain on the floor at all times. The basic idea was that sexual relations were impossible when three feet were firmly planted on the ground. Once again, our deans underestimated our ingenuity — and dexterity. Our approach was to challenge authority at every opportunity. And our motto was clear: "Be realistic, demand the impossible."

Each successive generation reevaluates old rules, clarifies its objectives and reaches toward new visions and human possibilities. The late sixties represented such a time in the American experience, a moment of hope and idealistic struggle, (See Along Color Line, Pg 4)

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