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## American Legacy; David Walker; 1998

Gene Smith

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CELEBRATING **AFRICAN-AMERICAN** HISTORY AND CULTURE

# American Legacy

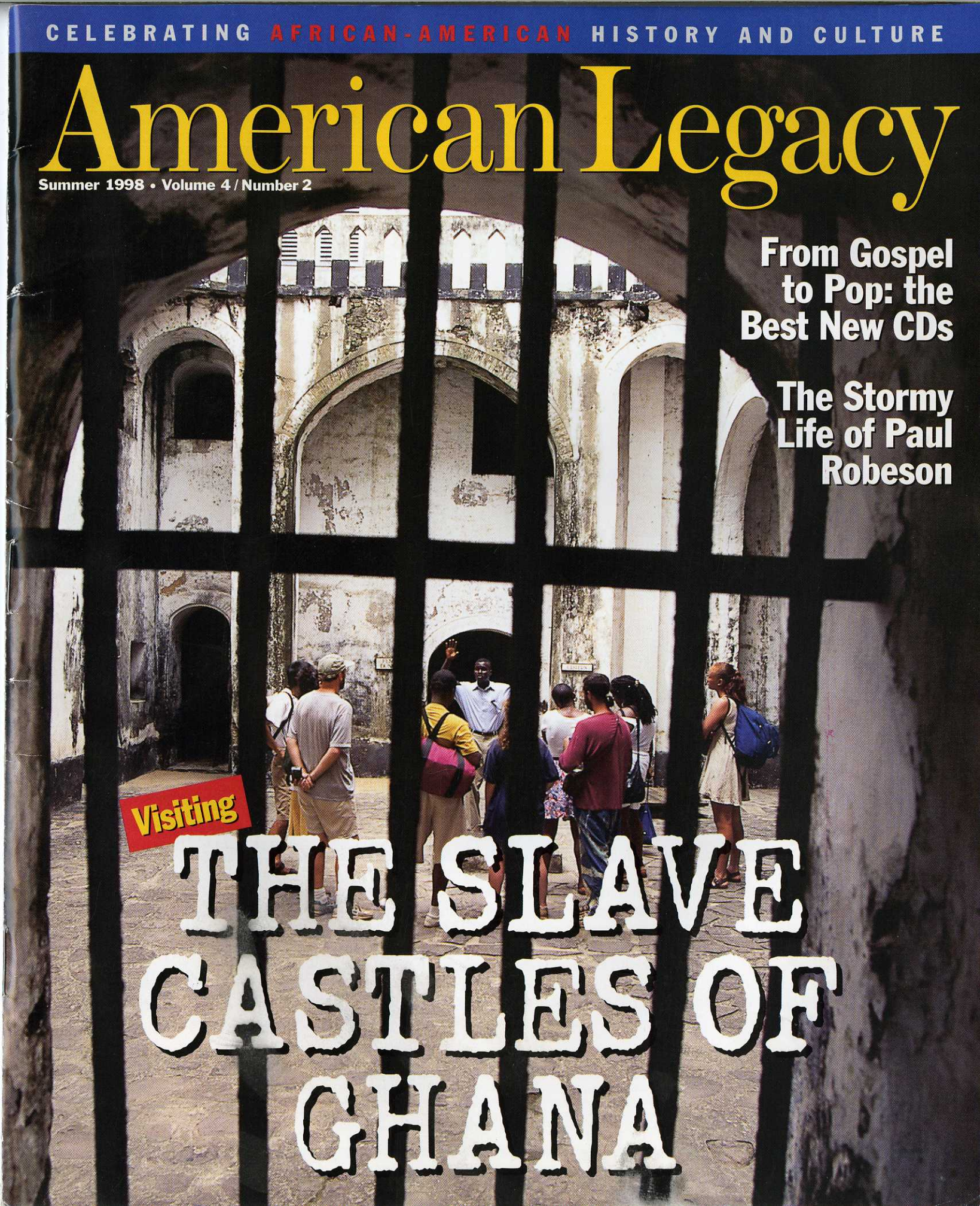
Summer 1998 • Volume 4 / Number 2

From Gospel  
to Pop: the  
Best New CDs

The Stormy  
Life of Paul  
Robeson

Visiting

## THE SLAVE CASTLES OF GHANA



# FRONTISPIECE



*Black participation in American wars is as old as the nation itself, but it is only recently that African-Americans have begun gathering to commemorate their martial past. Here, two Union infantrymen (left) chat with a Buffalo Soldier during an annual event held at Colonial Williamsburg. For more on the June weekend that brings together African-American re-enactors, from the Revolution to the Second World War, turn to page 14.*

BY GENE SMITH

## The Appeal

*David Walker's 1829 pamphlet against slavery and racism was so scary that it got Southern legislatures to pass laws forbidding blacks to read—and so modern that it contains a message of hope for us all*

**N**orth Carolina law gave to babies their mother's status, and therefore David Walker, born around 1796 to a slave father but a free mother, was never anyone's property. Free but surrounded by those who were not, he was unable to get straight in his mind why Southern chains and whips and unpaid labor and the buying and selling of human merchandise formed an accepted relationship between blacks and whites.

One thing he perfectly understood. It was that his wondering, questioning, questing attitude put him in great danger. "If I remain in this bloody land," he said, "I will not live long. . . . This is not the place for me—no, no. I must leave this part of the country." His mother gave her blessing as he left for Boston.

There he learned to read and write and to become an avid student of history and the Bible. He got into the clothing business, dealing sometimes with new but mostly with used items bought from and sold to sailors in a Brattle Street shop he opened near the wharves. He married the daughter of a family from the colony of black artisans and mechanics and tradesmen in the Boston of the day.

This was all a long time ago. Fashions were moving away from tricornered hats and knee breeches; the patriots who had licked the British were still around. Few people had much to say about the slavery down South. Some Quakers stood for abolitionism. They were almost exclusively white. At some future time, it was hoped, the whites would confer free-

dom on the blacks—as a boon, a gift. There wasn't anything the blacks could do about the matter themselves, most people in David Walker's world believed.

He did not see it that way. Doing well, with a home on Belknap Street along Beacon Hill's north slope, then one on Bridge Street near the new state house, he could not forget memories of people working from sunrise to sundown for others' benefit. A fixture in the Masons and the Methodist Church and the Massachusetts General Colored Association, he gave informal talks on the need for blacks North and South, free and enslaved, to unite in the cause of freedom.

Black Boston was not uniformly in agreement with what this slim six-footer in his early thirties vividly and passionately and dramatically declared. "They said he went too far, and was making trouble," his friend Rev. Henry Highland Garnet remembered. That assessment hardly affected Walker. In September 1829 he wrote and published at his own expense a pamphlet of some seventy-five pages. It is not an exaggeration to say

**THE RHETORIC  
THAT TERRIFIED  
SLAVEHOLDERS  
SHOUTS FROM  
THE PAGE.**

that it rocked the states south of the Mason-Dixon line. The pamphlet was "seditious," said North Carolina's governor, and those of Virginia and Georgia individually wrote Boston's mayor, Harrison Gray Otis, to demand that the work be suppressed. Mayor Otis sent an aide to Walker's shop to ask if in fact the clothes dealer had authored it, and if so, whether he would cease its printing and distribution. Walker's answer to the

children forever . . . as a parcel of brutes !!  
**Are we MEN!!—I ask you, O my brethren! are we MEN? Did our creator make us to be slaves to dust and ashes like ourselves? Are they not dying worms as well as we? Have they not to make their appearance before the tribunal of heaven, to answer for the deeds done in the body, as well as we? Have we any other master**

first question was yes. To the second, no.

Authorities throughout the South impounded all the copies they could find and, correctly guessing that black sailors might well be carrying the pamphlet, forbade all such from coming ashore. Newspapers erupted, using exotic terms to compare Walker to Satan himself: He had "a heart as dark and cruel as the great fiend of Pandaemonium." "Monstrous," said the Richmond *Enquirer*. "Fanaticism," other papers said; "the most wicked and inflammatory product ever issued." Southern legislatures convened to pass laws making it a crime punishable by death to circulate the pamphlet, and rulings forbade anyone from teaching blacks to read for fear they might take to heart what Walker had written. Georgians offered bounties for the pamphlet's author: \$1,000 dead, and \$10,000 alive.

Walker's wife and friends urged flight to Canada. Instead he brought out new editions of *Walker's Appeal . . . to the Colored Citizens of the World, But in Particular, and Very Expressly to Those of the United States of America*.

The pamphlet reads as if shouted out. This is a thing alive. Its author knew that those whom he addressed were largely illiterate, and he knew how to make anyone who read it aloud bring out his points and devastating logic and cutting sarcasms: "God Almighty is the *sole proprietor* or *master* of the WHOLE human family. . . . Will he suffer one part of his creatures to go on oppressing another like brutes? . . . All the inhabitants of the earth, (except however, the sons of Africa) are called *men*, and of course are, and ought to be free. But we, (coloured people) and our children are *brutes!!* and of course are and ought to be *SLAVES* to the American people and their children forever!"

Astoundingly—so it seemed to those who read his words—a second David, assailing a host of Goliaths, had appeared to mount the first assault on slavery and racism by an American black, to address his fellows everywhere as brothers, as (and he used the term dozens of times) My Afflicted Brethren. *Slavery*, he wrote, was a word associated with biblical days. Yet Pharaoh had given great honor to the

slave Joseph: "See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt. . . . Now I appeal to heaven and to earth, and particularly to the American people themselves. . . . Show me a colored President, a Governor, a Legislator, a Senator, a Mayor, or an Attorney at the Bar—show me a man of colour . . . who sits in a Juror Box."

Pharaoh, he wrote, had given an Israelite slave the daughter of a high priest for marriage. But the Americans? They had laws forbidding any such marriage. "I would wish, candidly, however, before

Police impounded  
all the copies  
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prevented black  
sailors from coming  
ashore because they  
might be carrying  
the pamphlet.

the Lord, to be understood, that I would not give a *pinch of snuff* to be married to any white person I ever saw in all the days of my life. . . . I only made this extract to show how much lower we are held . . . by the Americans than were the children of Jacob by the Egyptians.

". . . Show me a page of history . . . on which a verse can be found, which maintains, that the Egyptians heaped the *insupportable insult* upon the children of Israel by telling them they were not of the *human family*. Can the whites deny this charge? Have they not, after having reduced us to . . . slaves under their feet, held us up as descending originally from the tribes of *Monkeys* or *Orang-Outangs*? O! my God! I appeal to every man of feeling—is this not *insupportable*?"

And for white allegations of black inferiority: "I do not know what to compare it to, unless, like putting one wild deer in an iron cage . . . and hold another

by the side . . . and expect the one in the cage to run as fast as the one at liberty. . . . The whites want slaves, and want us for their slaves, but some of them will curse the day they ever saw us."

But blacks must hold themselves to high standards: "It is lamentable, that many of our children . . . leave school knowing but a little more about the grammar of their language than a horse does about handling a musket." They must cease doing "mischief" one to another, Walker said. They must also give up the idea, fashionable at the time, that a return to Africa would solve their problems. "This country is as much ours as it is the whites', whether they will admit it now or not, they will see and believe it by and by."

In less than a year Walker was gone. During the summer of 1830 he was found slumped dead in a doorway. Some said he was poisoned by a bounty hunter. Perhaps pulmonary problems took him; his daughter had died from them days before. The missionary and abolitionist Maria Stewart said of him that he was noble, fearless, and undaunted: "Although he sleeps, his memory lives." She was right; more than fifty years later Frederick Douglass said *The Appeal* had been like a trumpet of coming judgment, and a century after it came out W.E.B. Du Bois said that everyone in the NAACP was David Walker's descendant.

He is generally remembered as a fire-eater who frenzied the South. But close reading of his pamphlet reveals large viewpoints, hopeful ones that still resound: "Remember Americans, that we must and shall be free. . . . Treat us like men, and there is no danger but we will all live in peace and happiness together. . . . What a happy country this will be, if the whites will listen. What nation under heaven, will be able to do anything with us, unless God gives us up into his hand? . . . Treat us then like men, and we will be your friends. And there is not a doubt in my mind that the whole of the past will be sunk into oblivion, and we yet . . . will become a united and happy people." ★

*Gene Smith's profile of Col. Charles Young appeared in the Spring 1998 issue.*



*Wearing the  
uniforms of the  
wars their ancestors  
fought, African-  
Americans gather  
at Colonial  
Williamsburg for  
a weekend of  
remembrance*

# BROTHERS IN ARMS

BY HENRY WIENCEK ■ PHOTOGRAPHS BY KELLY J. MIHALCOE

THE SOUND OF SINGING WAFTED THROUGH the humid June air—powerful male voices, calling out the words to a spiritual from slavery time:

*Go down Moses  
Way down to Egypt land  
Tell old Pharaoh  
Let my people go*

The men singing were wearing homespun tunics, tricornered hats, and sashes that proclaimed in bold letters “LIBERTY TO THE SLAVES.” Just within reach was a stand of muskets. The men were prepared to back up their demand for freedom with ball and shot.

They were African-Americans in Revolutionary-era garb taking part in Colonial Williamsburg’s first Brothers In Arms program, last June. The program brought together black military re-enactors and

*The Royal Ethiopians  
fought for the  
British during the  
Revolution to win  
their own freedom.*

lecturers and covered every period from the American Revolution to World War II.

As one of the speakers pointed

out, African-American soldiers passed down “a lineage of heroism” from before the Revolution to this day. That legacy includes some surprises. For example, the flag that fluttered over the Revolutionary War camp was not the Stars and Stripes but the Union Jack. The men were portraying soldiers of the king, members of Lord Dunmore’s Royal Ethiopian Regiment who fought to maintain Britain’s control over its rebellious American colonies. It was the only way they had to gain their freedom.

The Brothers In Arms program had its origins when Christy Matthews, who oversees the African-American Interpretations and Presentations program at Colonial Williamsburg, decided to dramatize the dilemma that confronted African-Americans during the Revolutionary War. “Four years ago,” Matthews says, “we started doing a program about Lord Dunmore’s Proclamation of 1775, in which he stated that slaves would gain freedom if they’d bear arms for the British. The interest from visitors was overwhelming. Two years later I decided to raise a regiment of Lord Dunmore’s Royal Ethiopians, again to an enthusi-

astic response. I was surprised to learn that there were many visitors—both black and white—who knew little about the contributions of blacks to any of our nation’s military conflicts. I started to ask around and discovered that ours would be the first Revolutionary War re-enactment unit. As I searched further I found several 54th Massachusetts units and Buffalo Soldier units and a small band of black World War I enthusiasts outside Washington, D.C.”

It occurred to Matthews that it would be interesting to gather these units together for a sweeping look at the African-American role in the nation’s military history. “When I asked the re-enactment groups if they would participate in such a program, they were thrilled. Their reason: There had *never* been a program that brought together black re-enactors representing the different periods.”

The staff at Colonial Williamsburg plunged into the work of researching Lord Dunmore’s regiment, which had been organized in that very part of Virginia.

One who took part in the project, Harvey Bakari, refers to Dunmore’s proclamation as “a window of opportunity

## So many slaves ran away to join the king's forces that the British had to put a limit on their recruitment.

for the slaves. It was the first time that we, as men, could make a choice in our lives—the first time we could make a decision for freedom for ourselves and our families.” The penalty for being caught serving the British could be hard labor in lead mines or worse. Some slaves were hanged as examples. Still, so many ran away to join the king's forces that the British authorities had to put a limit on their recruitment.

It was a woman's war too. In the afternoon encampment for Lord Dunmore's Royal Ethiopians, women in period costume did various tasks. One of the re-enactors was Carolyn Randall, a costume designer at Colonial Williamsburg. As she and another woman stitched together haversacks, Randall said that the women would have made them for their husbands or to sell to other men. With their husbands gone to war the women would have been left with no support, so they had to follow the soldiers. “The governor took care of the women too,” Randall said. “Wives got half rations, and children received one-third rations.” Late in the afternoon the women set to work at their most important job, preparing dinner. Some cleaned and fried fish freshly caught in the nearby James River, while others hunched over a bubbling pot of rice, corn, beans, and collard greens. Chicken was also on the camp menu. As Matthews explained, “the slaves around Williamsburg cornered the poultry market in the eighteenth century.” Enslaved entrepreneurs raised all the chickens, ducks, and turkeys in the area. If you wanted an egg, you had to buy it from a slave.



*Behind the lines women in period garb prepare an evening meal for the men of Lord Dunmore's Royal Ethiopian Regiment.*

**F**rom the encampment of the Royal Ethiopians, a gravel path led seventy years into the future, to the camp of Company I of the 54th Massachusetts Infantry, the Civil War unit whose fame was recently renewed by the film *Glory*. The re-enactors of Company I, oddly enough, hail mostly from Charleston, the city from which the 54th made its heroic assault in 1863. One of its founders, Joe McGill, had seen Confederate re-enactment groups in action at Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor—the place where the Civil War began—and had been impressed by what he saw. He was also moved by *Glory's* portrayal of the heroism of the Northern blacks who joined up to free their Southern brethren. “The men of the 54th didn't have to fight,” he said. “They were already free.”

He joked that Charleston, a hotbed of Confederate fire-eaters to this day, “was not the ideal place to start a Union re-enactment unit,” but added that what surprised him was the resistance he met not from whites but from blacks.

Many blacks disliked his undertaking because they said it would bring back memories of slavery and promote separateness rather than understanding between the races. In response to such criticism he replies, “We can't forget. We have got to let people know there is more to our history than slavery. And there were heroes even in slavery.” Some of Charleston's white Confederate re-enactors, meanwhile, have been delighted to assist the unit, believing it necessary to portray the whole story of the Civil War. The lawyer who handles the black unit's affairs is a white Confederate re-enactor.

“It thrills me to go before crowds,” McGill says, “and to hear afterwards that a lot of them are learning this history for the first time from us.”

In a small way Company I was able to redress one of the oversights of the Civil War era: Only black laborers were allowed to march in the victory parade in Washington after the war ended. In 1996 Company I traveled to the capital and marched the route its fore-



bears should have taken.

In a lecture hall at Colonial Williamsburg, a re-enactor named Lee Coffee treated his audience to stories of the famed Buffalo Soldiers of the 9th and 10th U.S. Cavalries, who served on the Western frontier in the second half of the nineteenth century. Mentioning the scene in countless Hollywood Westerns in which the cavalry, with pennants snapping in the wind and bugles blaring, suddenly gallops to the rescue of a beleaguered stagecoach, he said, "That was the Buffalo Soldiers." Many were veterans of the Civil War. According to legend they got their nickname from the Indians, who compared their tightly curled hair to that of the bison.

**B**lack troops fought heroically in the Spanish-American War and in World War I, but their roles in those conflicts have been largely forgotten. A lone re-enactor, Richard Ford, of Maryland, represented the African-Americans who served in World War I. He wore a strange hybrid uniform—his tunic and breeches were U.S. Army issue, but his helmet and rifle were French. He explained that his unit was one of four all-black regiments that fought in the French army. One after another, puzzled visitors asked him why the U.S. Army had turned over four black regiments to France. He answered that the Army feared racial tension and so didn't want blacks fighting alongside whites. The French needed good soldiers and didn't care what color they were; they already had African troops from Senegal, and they had no qualms about putting African-Americans shoulder to shoulder with Parisians.

Ford set up a booth to display the uniforms, weapons, documents, and equipment he had collected over the last eighteen years. Some of his most prized possessions were rescued from a garbage can when the family of a deceased veteran tossed out the man's letters, photographs, and discharge papers. After collecting military memorabilia for almost a decade, Ford decided to re-enact the experience of the black World War I soldier because no one else was doing

it. He knows of only three other black World War I re-enactors in the East, and one of them is his son.

Ford chose to focus on Company I, a Maryland National Guard division of the 372nd Infantry Regiment, because "they were our local heroes." After years of studying the regiment's equipment and combat performance, he came in for



*A very young visitor studies items from World War I, when black American regiments fought under the French.*

a surprise. Another collector sent him the roster of the regiment, and among the names Ford found that of his own great-uncle. "He passed away just before I was born," Ford said. He had known that his relative was a veteran but had never guessed that fate might lead him to bring his unit back to life.

The old emblem of the Buffalo Soldiers was carried into World War II by the all-black 92nd Division, which fought in Italy beginning in the fall of 1944. The history of the unit is controversial, to say the least. A veteran of the 92nd, Jehu Hunter, gave a brief talk about its record, noting that "the division commander did not particularly like African-Ameri-

cans." Indeed, historians have blamed the division's failures on the racism of its commander, Gen. Edward ("Ned") Almond, and his officer corps. Almond was a Southerner of the old segregationist stripe who had no confidence in the ability or willingness of black men to fight. Hunter contrasted the record of the 92nd with that of the all-black 761st Tank Battalion, whose commander respected his men and expected the best from them, and which as a result, Hunter said, "outperformed practically everyone else." Despite their stellar performance the men of the 761st had to wait until 1978 to receive the Presidential Unit Citation for which they had been repeatedly recommended.

Another speaker reviewed the accomplishments of the four all-black flying units known collectively as the Tuskegee Airmen. The units sent 450 pilots to Europe, where their record was astounding. The Tuskegee Airmen were the first to sink an enemy destroyer with fighter planes. On one occasion they shot down five enemy fighters in four minutes—another first. Altogether they destroyed or damaged more than four hundred enemy aircraft. They may have been the only escort group in the entire war that never lost a bomber to enemy fighters.

**A**s the afternoon sun began to sink, the day took another turn into the past. A crowd of visitors—black and white, young and old—assembled at the reconstructed slave quarters of Carter's Grove plantation, a collection of wooden cabins chinked with mud. After a long, hot day of work the slaves, portrayed by Williamsburg's own re-enactors, sat chatting among themselves. The atmosphere was languid but would shortly burst forth in wild celebration.

One member of Lord Dunmore's Royal Ethiopians was about to get married. Two British officers from his regiment had come to witness the scene and give the shy groom their blessing. The ceremony itself was conducted by a slave, a respected male elder of the community. The bride and groom confirmed their union by jumping over a broomstick. In

## History seemed to reach full circle when all the units gathered to salute their departed comrades.

keeping with tradition the couple exchanged gifts, with the bride placing a necklace over the groom's head, and the new husband fastening a bracelet on his wife's arm. Then the festivities began in earnest, with the audience—to its delighted surprise—full participants, as guests of the happy couple.

The men in the audience lined up on one side of a large open area; the women took their places about twenty feet away. Drums began to pound out a rhythm and were soon joined by bells and the merry sound of *shakar*s, gourds covered with netting holding dried seeds or clay beads. A slave woman stepped between the lines of onlookers, started to sway and wave her arms, then called out to the guests to join in. The line of men stepped toward the women and mimicked the leader's choreographed movements; then the women stepped forward and did the same. Back and forth, the lines exchanged spirited dances amid joyous whooping and hollering.

Pleasantly exhausted after the wedding dance, the visitors moved along the gravel path from the slave quarters to the camp of the 54th Massachusetts. A prayer service was under way beneath the trees. The regiment's chaplain, Clifford Pierce, strode among the men and their camp followers, clutching a Bible as he preached on the theme of courage and patience. His ringing words, proclaimed among men wearing the uniform of the U.S. Army from the war that had ended slavery, cut to the heart of the African-American experience. He declared that even though they were soldiers wielding weapons in war, the true test of their courage and patience would come later, in peacetime, when the rights they had won with their blood would be threatened. The choice then, he said, would be to slink away and revert to servitude or to use their wartime courage, tempered by patience, to preserve their freedom.

Brothers In Arms will be bigger and more comprehensive this June, propelled in part by the enthusiastic response of last year's audience. As visitors watched the demonstrations, they peppered the re-enactors with questions: "How can I find out more? What should I read?" Christy Matthews heard the kind of comments that curators yearn for: "This is so important"; "We are thrilled to learn about this"; "We never knew this part of our history." And the event has struck a chord in the growing community of African-American re-enactors. Soon after the 1997 program, Matthews began getting calls from units she had not known about—including a naval group in Boston, a Civil War infantry unit in Michigan, and Buffalo Soldiers in North Caro-

River, where slave ships first arrived in the North American British colonies.

So history seemed to come full circle in the evening, when all the units gathered in martial array to recall their departed comrades, in a meadow overlooking the river. A speaker stepped forward and proclaimed, "For those who fell in the American Revolution—we salute you!" Muskets barked a tribute, as each generation of African-American soldiers who had died in America's wars, from the Revolution to World War II, was named and honored. Afterward, as the troops marched silently back to their camps, a woman in slave garb touched her skirt and bowed. It was not part of any script but the spontaneous reaction of an African-American woman, acting



Members of the audience join in a dance to celebrate the wedding of one of the men of Dunmore's regiment.

lina—all eager to participate. This year there will again be marching and camping, songs and storytelling. Guns will thunder their salutes. But beneath the pageantry lies a serious purpose, the slow work of making history whole.

The location of the event, at Carter's Grove plantation in Colonial Williamsburg, itself provides powerful symbolism. The camps of the Royal Ethiopians and the 54th Massachusetts stood near the reconstruction of the plantation's slave quarters. Below the site lay the James

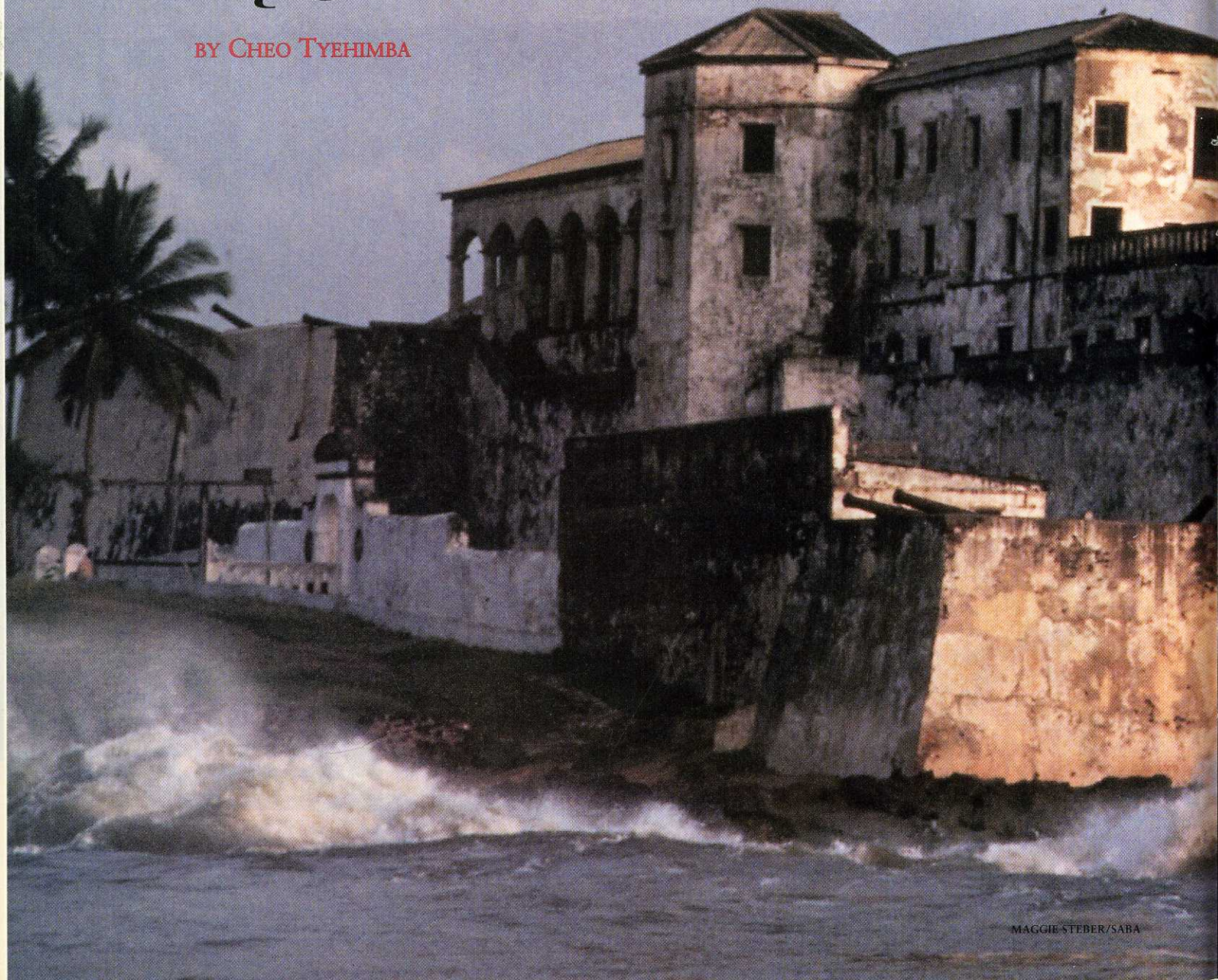
part of a slave, acknowledging the African-American men who, generation after generation, marched off to fight for the cause of freedom, knowing that they might not get it themselves. ★

*Henry Wiencek's history of an African-American family through two centuries, The Hairstons, will be published next year. To learn more about this year's Brothers In Arms program, scheduled for June 20–21, call Colonial Williamsburg at 757-220-7212.*

# Scarred Walls of Stone

AT TWO OF GHANA'S INFAMOUS  
SLAVE CASTLES, THE HOLDING PENS FOR  
CAPTIVE AFRICANS BOUND FOR THE  
AMERICAS, A VISITOR FINDS A HISTORY  
OF HORROR AND PERSEVERANCE

BY CHEO TYEHIMBA



THE DUNGEONS OF CAPE COAST CASTLE, IN GHANA, WHERE hundreds of thousands of Africans were imprisoned in the transatlantic slave trade, resemble vast, ancient tombs. As I move along the black corridors, the place haunts me. For a moment I feel I've become invisible, lost in the impenetrable darkness surrounding me.

And then I hear a chorus of men wailing a plaintive hymn, and the clink-clank of iron chains. Someone strikes a match, and in the tiny burst of yellow flame I see scarred walls. The wailing becomes louder. Now I see fifteen young African men, shackled and half-naked, huddled in a far corner. Several other black men stand nearer to me, holding lit candles. As this re-enactment ceremony begins, they offer a prayer: "We give thanks and praise to the Most High for allowing us to assemble

in this sacred space," says Nana Okofo, an African-American from Brooklyn, New York, who runs One Africa Productions, an organization that conducts tours and historical interpretations at the castle. "Cape Coast Castle is one of the twenty-seven built in Ghana to house the captured Africans before we were extracted to the diaspora." He introduces his partner, a man named Kohain Haheri, another African-American living in Ghana. Haheri explains what happened in the cavernous space: "Three to five hundred male captives were held in this room, which is barely thirty-two by sixteen feet. As you can see, this floor is cobblestone. As we walk through the series of four connected chambers, you will not see cobblestone beneath your feet. At one time the floor was up to here," he said, pointing to three chalk marks set at varying heights on the

*Built in 1482 by  
Portuguese traders,  
Elmina Castle  
became an infamous  
coastal slaving fort.*





*Ghanaian students touring Elmina Castle learn of the miseries their ancestors endured.*

wall. The marks show the floor level that existed before the rooms were partially excavated. "What you are walking on is literally centuries of calcified bones, flesh, and human waste. This is where the captured Africans ate, slept, and, packed in their own filth, were sick and sometimes died. Everything happened in here. When full, Cape Coast Castle could hold up to fifteen hundred Africans. The captives were imprisoned here anywhere from three weeks to three months, or in some cases as long as a year, depending on how long it took for the ships to make their round trip."

I stand listening to Haheri recount how some of my ancestors were kidnapped and brought in chains from all over West Africa. He speaks of how infants, the weak, and the elderly were deliberately killed during the slaving raids that brought captured Africans to Cape Coast Castle. He describes how men, women, and children were chained or yoked together and herded as far as two hundred miles toward the shore; how their captors tried to break their spirits, a practice known as "seasoning," once they were imprisoned in the castle's dungeons; and how, to ensure a regular supply of slaves, European traders often instigated tribal wars, the victors then selling their prisoners into slavery. Haheri leads us through a series of adjacent dungeons to a sealed passageway that runs beneath the main courtyard to the Door of No Return and out to the open sea, where the captives were forced to board ships bound for Europe's colonies in North and South America.

They are called castles, but Cape Coast and Elmina never housed royalty. Rather, they were for-

tresses built by Europeans to defend their holdings and warehouse captured Africans. Now they are museums run by the Ghanaian government, permanent reminders of a slave trade that engulfed West and Central African peoples—some-where between nine and twenty million of them—and helped destabilize the entire continent.

When I arrived in Ghana, I had definite expectations about my journey to the castles. I saw the trip as an overdue pilgrimage, a way to connect everything I'd learned about my African heritage to actual places and people. At first I thought about going to see the sites with a tour group, but after a Ghanaian friend insisted that I see the "real" Ghana by staying with his family, I decided to go

solo. After a fifteen-hour flight, the plane landed at Accra's Kotoka Airport at seven-thirty on an overcast Saturday morning. It took me about forty-eight hours to catch up to Ghana time, but by Monday I was eager to explore.

**B**efore I went to the slave castles, I spent a few days visiting the popular tourist spots in Accra: the memorial to Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's first president; Aburi Gardens; Akosombo Dam; Makola Market. Wherever I went, I was reminded that I was an American. Sure, I'd learned to speak several words of Twi (pronounced "chwee"), the principal language of the Ashanti and the Fanti people, but in a country of about seventeen million people and more than fifty ethnic groups, the ties I felt were symbolic. I felt a disconnected kinship with the Ghanaians, as I might with distant cousins at a family reunion. We smiled at each other but knew that time and distance had made us strangers.

I took a taxi to the W.E.B. Du Bois Center. Established as a museum by the Ghanaian government in 1985, this had been the residence of the civil rights leader from the time he moved to Ghana in 1961 until his death two years later. Perhaps no one understood better than Du Bois, who was called the father of Pan-Africanism, how enslaved Africans had been forced to shed their various ethnic identities once they reached the New World. During the early part of this century, he organized a series of conferences aimed at strengthening the bonds between Africans and peoples of African descent around the world. The museum's collections in-



*A seventeenth-century engraving shows Elmina when it was under Dutch control.*

clude Du Bois's personal library and a number of his manuscripts. Du Bois's tomb is on the grounds.

The next day I boarded a bus at the State Transport Company, Ghana's official long-distance commuter service, to take the three-hour journey from Accra to the coast to see the slave castles. The landscape rolling by outside my window offered a vista of modern but nondescript office buildings; mud huts with thatched-straw roofs; roadside women, bowls balanced on their heads; towering red-clay ant-hills; leafy green palm, banana, and plantain trees; and billboards promoting Coca-Cola and Shell Oil.

**I**t was dark by the time we arrived at the coast. I checked into the Savoy Hotel, in the heart of Elmina and about seven and a half miles west of Cape Coast. Mensah, a fifteen-year-old Fanti boy in a blue T-shirt, shorts, and flip-flops helped me with my bags. Later he became my unofficial tour guide, taking me to a festival of the Fetu Afahye, an annual spiritual renewal for the Elmina community, where I saw a ritual libation to the local deities. The drumming, dancing, and shouts of praise reminded me of a down-home church revival.

The thing that always surprises visitors to Cape Coast and Elmina castles is the beauty of their settings. Both fortresses overlook ancient fishing villages fringed with palm trees and lapped by serene blue waters.

Elmina Castle's high white walls, perched on the edge of a rocky peninsula, glisten in the sun. The Portuguese built the fortress, originally called St. George's Castle, in 1482, after finding vast quantities of gold in the area (the word *mina*, for which the town was named, means "the mine" in Portuguese). However, they soon discovered an even more valuable commodity: slaves. As the trade grew, they converted the castle's storerooms into dungeons. Over the next four hundred years the fortress became a highly prized pawn in the chess game of European imperialism. The Dutch captured it in 1637. By 1872 Elmina Castle had fallen into the hands of the British, who used it as a base for their own colonial exploitation of the continent's interior. The Ashanti protested the English occupation of the castle, insisting that the land belonged to them and demanding that the foreigners pay rent to the Ashanti monarch. The British refused, and in 1873 the Ashanti attacked the castle. When Africans from the surrounding countryside sided with the Ashanti, British cannon fired on and destroyed the part of the town closest to the fortress. Though inhabited and studied as an archeological site, that section of Elmina has never been rebuilt.

After paying an admission fee of about \$2.50 to enter the castle, I crossed a lengthy courtyard and saw something unexpected, a church. Apparently the Portuguese had wanted to communicate with heaven within the castle's walls even as they created a living

hell in the dungeons below. The pragmatic Dutch later converted the chapel into a slave market.

**M**y tour of Elmina Castle was conducted by a Ghanaian, who led us to a plaque next to a dungeon door that read, "In Everlasting Memory of the anguish of our ancestors. May those who died rest in peace. May those who return find their roots. May humanity never again perpetrate such injustice against humanity. We, the living, vow to uphold this." Then down we walked to an underground cavern, where the dank, foreboding atmosphere immediately began to close in on me. As I moved among the group of twenty people, I was almost overcome with claustrophobia. When the guide pointed out that up to three hundred Africans had been packed into one small, dark room without space to lift an arm or to lie down, my fear seemed absurd by comparison. Next we entered a dungeon where naked women and girls had been hosed down before the slavers picked out the ones they would rape.

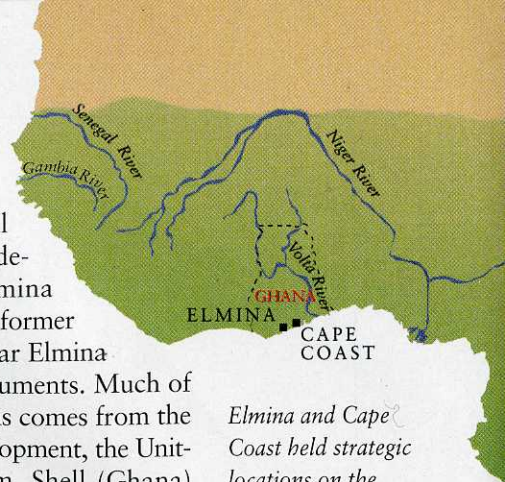
Back up on the ramparts, we walked past cannon that could be swiveled from their positions facing the sea to aim at the nearest village. During the late 1800s, when the British began to colonize Ghana in the hope of exploiting the Ashanti's rich gold reserves, the issue of ownership of Elmina and its surrounding territory sparked frequent conflicts between the two groups. High in the castle walls rises a tower where Prempeh I, an Ashanti king, was imprisoned in 1896, after the British occupied Kumasi, the Ashanti capital city. There he languished in chains, like so many other Africans he was said to have bargained into slavery. "It's a sad, rather unfortunate part of our history," the guide commented.

Following my visit to Elmina I traveled to Cape Coast Castle, the center of the British slave trade during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Ghanaian government had recently installed new floodlights at the base of the castle and painted the walls white, making the place resemble a Disneyland attraction more than an ancestral graveyard. Using slave labor, Sweden had built the fortress in 1652. Over the next twelve years it changed hands five times, finally falling to the British in 1664.

After entering the courtyard I walked through the gift shop, converted from a slave dungeon and filled with books, jewelry, and African textiles. Climbing up to the sea-facing bastions, I arrived at the administrative offices, where I was met by Peter Kofi Kpikpitse, an official with the Ghana Museums and

Monuments Board. "There was a dig here in the courtyard last year," he said. "They found some bones, but there are many more bodies still to be unearthed." UNESCO has declared both Cape Coast and Elmina Castles, along with Fort St. Jago, a former Dutch military fortress on a hill near Elmina Castle, to be World Heritage Monuments. Much of the money used to run the museums comes from the U.S. Agency for International Development, the United Nations Development Program, Shell (Ghana) Limited, and a consortium of American universities. Despite continued foreign influence over the castles, local chiefs have maintained a historic claim to the land. Cape Coast Castle is built on Fanti sacred ground; even today a recently erected shrine dedicated to Nana Taabir, one of seventy-seven local deities of Cape Coast, stands inside the men's dungeon.

Those whose ancestors left the castles in chains also regard the sites as sacred ground. Shortly before I arrived, a group of West Indians who refused to pay the admission fee staged a small protest at the Cape Coast Castle entrance. One of them said, "We



*Elmina and Cape Coast held strategic locations on the West African shore.*



didn't pay to leave; why should we have to pay to return? We won't pay to enter a graveyard of our ancestors." The castle officials argue that the landmarks need funds to be maintained and that there is nothing wrong with charging admission.

"I think initially there was some misunderstanding," says Charles Mensah, an administrator at

*A tourist records her visit to Elmina's dungeons, where thousands of Africans perished.*



*Children play in the courtyard of Cape Coast Castle, once a center of the British slave trade.*

Cape Coast Castle. “The people at One Africa Productions demanded that we consult them about what happens here. There’s a way of being part of it. You have to learn the process, not muscle your way into it by appealing to people’s emotion and pity.”

Kohain Haheri, however, believes that African-Americans and other descendants of enslaved people do deserve a role in determining how the castles are run. “We told the museum’s directors that it was a total contradiction in terms of what they’re promoting,” he says. “They want brothers and sisters from the diaspora to come home. They even have the nerve to identify African-Americans as their number-one source of tourism dollars. We take offense. When we were separated from here, we were seen as a product for sale. Some haven’t left that mentality.” But despite their differences the Ghanaians and the tour company have found ways to work together.

Ghana happens to be the top destination for African-Americans visiting the continent. Peter Kpikpitse

estimates that about thirty thousand people a year visit the castles at Elmina and Cape Coast, and that about 60 percent of the visitors are Ghanaian, 20 percent are blacks from the diaspora, and the remaining 20 percent are Europeans or white Americans.

Among the most memorable moments of my tours of Cape Coast and Elmina were those when I saw each castle’s Door of No Return, which had given so many thousands of enslaved Africans their last view of the coast before they were imprisoned in the hulls of slave ships. After spending hours in the dungeons, scene of countless atrocities, I felt drained. Nothing I had learned before I came to Ghana had prepared me for the emotional horror of actually being there.

I remembered what a friend had told me before I left for Ghana. “Whoever you think you are when you get there,” she said, “will affect what you see in Africa. Your own social, gender, political, and cultural identity will come into focus. Whether you see more similarities or more differences depends on how you see yourself.”

Somewhere over the Atlantic, homeward bound, I closed my eyes and recalled the scarred dungeon walls. Months later the image still comes back to me, and like a wound that never really heals, it causes a sharp and lingering pain. But the stories etched in those dungeon walls have a healing power too. They summon feelings of great pride, telling me that I am a descendant of those nameless spirits of the dead that prevail, unvanquished still. ★

*Cheo Tyehimba, who is completing his first novel, plans to teach creative writing at the University of Ghana.*

## *Getting there*

TO PLAN A TRIP TO CAPE COAST AND Elmina castles or the other sights mentioned in this article, contact a travel agent or the Department of Trade and Tourism at the Ghanaian Embassy, 3512 International Drive, N.W., Washington, DC 20008 (202-686-4520, ext. 243 or 217). Air Afrique and Ghana Airways are the only two competitively priced, black-owned airlines that fly

directly to Africa from the United States. The remaining handful of airlines that service Ghana, such as KLM and British Air, are considerably more expensive. I stayed with friends during my trip but was aided by a tour group, Academic Tours (510-532-0843), which made my trip relatively easy to plan. Other tour groups, such as Alken Tours (718-856-9100), are also widely used in

Ghana. In West Africa, Senegal is another important destination for those who wish to delve into an infamous past. Goree Island, a slave fort near Dakar, has one of the world’s largest museums dedicated to preserving the history of the slave trade. For more information write the Senegalese Tourism Board at 310 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017, or call 212-286-0977.



# “Mississippi Is Beginning to Stir”

*A college teacher records the time explosive change came to the campuses of the South*

**I**N 1960 CLARICE CAMPBELL, A TEACHER AND MIDDLE-aged widow from California, volunteered to teach history without pay at Rust College in Holly Springs, Mississippi. A Methodist, Campbell connected with Rust, the oldest black Methodist college in the South, through her church. She spent the following year at another black college, Claflin, in Orangeburg, South Carolina, and later returned to Mississippi to join the faculty at Tougaloo, all the while working on a doctorate in history from the University of Mississippi. She retired from teaching ten years ago at the age of eighty and still lives in Mississippi.

Campbell kept friends and family around the country apprised of her experience as a white teacher in three black colleges. They paint an indelible picture of a time and place that simmered, then boiled over with the imperative of change. No matter how much we think we know what the Deep South was like less than forty years ago, Campbell's letters still manage to astound. The excerpts that follow come from Campbell's recent book, *Civil Rights Chronicle: Letters From the South*.

## **Rust College, Holly Springs, Miss.**

**September 1, 1960**

Here I am at last, in a new state, on a new job!

Yesterday driving southeast from Memphis I found myself wondering—as one always wonders on the verge of that last irrevocable leap into a new experience—whether this year would not be a good deal more exciting and difficult than I had imagined.

Mississippi might not be the easiest state to live in. Half-remembered passages from books I had read kept coming to mind, tales that had sounded strangely fiction-like to my California-bred concepts. Mississippi was not known for its receptivity to new things, and I was undoubtedly new.

Furthermore Mississippi had been second to secede from the Union, and some maintained it had never quite returned. Stars and Bars are still fea-



tured prominently in its flag.

From the beginning, Mississippi had been conservative. The first Anglo-Saxons there were mostly Tory sympathizers so friendly to Britain during the Revolution that they had been forced to flee their neighbors' wrath.

I was heading for the small town of Holly Springs, population 3,200. Once Holly Springs was the site of Civil War battles; now it is to be the site of my life for a year as a teacher at Rust College.

I am the first faculty member to arrive, and my room in Foster Hall is still being painted. It is lonely in the empty three-story building, but I am told there is a night watchman and the thought is reassuring.

I am to be the only white person living on the Rust campus.

*In 1961 Clarice Campbell (left) and two Claflin College students staged a sit-in at the local Kress store.*

**February 8, 1961**

Secretary, Rotary Club

Lorain, Ohio

Dear Sir:

We continually are reading such captions in our newspapers as NEGROES FARE WELL, MISSISSIPPIANS TELL; FILM AIMS TO SHOW NEGROES LIKE MISSISSIPPI JUST AS IT IS.

The Sovereignty Commission, an official agency of the state, is telling its story far and wide. Being intelligent people, I'm sure the members of your organization have not been completely convinced by these talks. Even so, I wish to state that as the lone white member on the faculty of Rust College, I have been in a position since last September to learn what Negroes like. I can assure you they do not like conditions as they are in Mississippi.

Every sign over a drinking fountain FOR WHITE ONLY—COLORED USE CUP (a tin cup) stabs them in their innermost being. They resent having to enter a doctor's office through a door marked COLORED. They intensely dislike going to the balcony of the theater. They marvel that it is possible that as Christians they cannot worship with any and all Christians. They do not appreciate the fact that their education, improving as it is, still is not on a par with that given white students. One could go on ad infinitum.

I do not have a state behind me to pay my expenses, but if you care for a speaker who is having one of the most valuable experiences of her life by living on this campus for a year, I would be glad to pay my own expenses to speak to you during Easter vacation or this summer after school is out. If you'd like to pay the cost of a student's travel, I could bring one with me to tell his views firsthand.

Whether I ever see you in person or not, please do not be taken in by these fabulous stories about Negroes enjoying the denial of those rights Mr. Jefferson described as "unalienable."

**April 19, 1961**

I am pleased that the Pasadena City Schools has approved another year's leave for me. This is the last I shall be able to get for the time being, as two years is the maximum.

You may be surprised to hear me say it, but I think I'd prefer staying here. Mississippi has captured my heart for some inexplicable reason. It takes a while to get the confidence of people, especially with the barrier that has existed throughout the years

to overcome. This semester has been so much richer than last just because of the improved confidence in each other. Also, I am beginning to make contacts that should be more rewarding as time goes on. And again, Mississippi is just beginning to stir.

**Clafin, Orangeburg, S. C.**

**November 23, 1961**

Today is Thanksgiving and I, by choice, am spending it quietly here at the dormitory ever conscious of the many things for which I, personally, am thankful. High on the list are you, my family and friends, and Clafin associates with whom I shall soon be eating turkey. Tomorrow evening I am invited to dinner in town and Saturday and Sunday I'll be in Augusta, Ga., with a friend from near Holly Springs, Ruby Berkley. In between I hope to get a number of odd jobs done.

Certainly life here is not dull. Dorothy Vann, president of the student chapter of NAACP, came to me with a plan minutely worked out for a modified sit-in at Kress. "It all depends on you," she said.

At 10:30 a student would pick me up at my dorm, drive me to within a couple of blocks of Kress. At 10:40 I would enter and order coffee, a hamburger, and a sundae. At 10:50 Dorothy and another student would enter and sit next to me. If they were not served, I would offer each of them one of my dishes. At 10:53 the photographers would arrive and snap our pictures. (With some trepidation, I agreed to cooperate.)

When the girls sat beside me, I greeted them. They were ignored by the waitress. They started to eat the food I offered them. The waitress bang-bang-banged on the bell and put up a sign "CLOSED." The lights of the store flashed on and off. Customers at the counter left. The manager ran the length of the building to the lunch counter. Police were called. The timing was off just a bit because the photographers were held up by the manager, but while one feigned interest in a purchase, the other got the pictures. As I left by the front door, the waitress glared at me saying, "And you ought to be strung up!" I said, "Oh, you can't mean that. Just because I shared food with my friends?" "Yes, I do," she said. The police arrived as I was picked up by the cruising, student-driven car. The two girls escaped out the side door and took refuge in the Catholic church until police left the scene and they were picked up by a cruising faculty car.

I was impressed by the detailed planning of the students and by the way we all sandwiched the mission into our regular day. The girls and I had 9:30 and 11:30 classes. We missed neither. In the cafeteria at noon an announcement was made of what had transpired. I was called up to receive a big applause from the students and faculty—which I little deserved as

**One of the other  
white faculty  
members here  
told me that  
he had followed  
my example  
and joined a  
colored church.**

I had done none of the planning. Our pictures were in at least two papers and short notices made several more. Last year the students had waged a long campaign to integrate Kress with sit-ins, boycott, and picketing. This was the first [time] Negroes had actually eaten there (if a few bites can be called eating).

Dr. Calhoun, one of the other white faculty members here, told me yesterday that he had followed my example and joined a colored church, St. Luke's Presbyterian. He calls the white churches the temples of Satan. In answer to you who have asked, so far as I know there are no other white members of either Trinity or St. Luke's.

Many of your letters express a continuing interest in Rust. Dr. Smith, president of Rust, writes me that the merger (with Mississippi Industrial College, across the street) is not really dead as I reported to you before—shall we say it is just in a “coma”? There is a difference, of course. In the meantime the University Senate from Nashville had made a study of Rust and I understand is ready to move out strongly to make Rust the school it should be.

Your letters have been wonderfully inspiring. I love hearing from

you. . . . I like my cousin Arlene's quote from John Donne, “letters mingle souls.”

**March 24, 1962**

We had three days off for the spring break. Mrs. McNeil, Mrs. Tait, Dr. Calhoun, and I took a two-day tour of South Carolina colleges. Before leaving, several of the faculty asked me what we would do with Mrs. McNeil (light colored) when it came time to eat and sleep. I said we'd put her in the middle and walk in with heads up. One of [the] faculty said we couldn't get away with it in her home area, she'd guarantee.

Our first meal happened to be in her hometown—a city of about 30,000. We walked through the lobby of the best hotel and into the dining room. I asked for a table for four. We were seated very courteously. After we ordered, the manager approached me and asked if this were a missionary group. I said no, but it was flattering to think we might look like missionaries. After we were served with the greatest

solicitation, the manager again came to us and said to Dr. Calhoun, “I keep thinking I've seen you before. Were you ever at Erskine College?” He admitted he was there from '33-'36 and they chatted about the various people living and dead whom they had known in common. She thrust pencil and paper before him and asked for all our names, where we were from and where we were going. Dr. Calhoun complied. She was so excited and said she wished we could stay overnight. At least we could make use of the lobby if we would like to relax a while before going on. As we paid our bill, she said, “We really were expecting a group of missionaries. When I saw this lady (looking at Mrs. McNeil) with the dark complexion, I just assumed you were that group.” We smiled sweetly and asked for the restroom. While we were gone she asked Dr. Calhoun what nationality the dark-complexioned lady was. He said, “Oh, she's American.”

In the ladies' lounge a very skeptical lady, I presume an employee of the hotel, came in. She stared at each of us in turn. When we returned, the manager of the dining room beamed, “You all come again now,” but the woman who had followed us to the restroom, now standing at the side of the manager, just continued to glare at us.

Night found us in Greenville. Being tired we didn't attempt to push our luck. Dr. Calhoun and I went into the Holiday Inn. He signed for his room and I signed for the two rooms for the three of us women. We were able to go to our rooms without going through the lobby, so there was no chance for detection. We ate at a drive-in. But the next morning we walked into the Holiday dining room looking out over the pool—a lovely setting. From two doors we were intermittently stared at by the help. None of the other breakfasters seemed to pay us any attention. When we paid our bill, there were stares, but that didn't bother us.

For the noon meal we stopped at the best hotel in the little metropolis (about 3,500) of Rock Hill. We feel safer always in a place of quality where they are likely to have good manners. If we are to be thrown out, we want it to be done with dignity. Again we received the best of service. Mrs. McNeil was treating at this meal and kept looking right up at the waitress to make requests for more cream, etc. At the end, Mrs. Tait pantomimed to me that I should pay the bill so Mrs. McNeil wouldn't have to approach the cashier. I said to Mrs. McNeil, “Do you want any help?” She answered emphatically, “No.” I wish you could have seen her. She walked up to that cashier and with all the dignity of a queen said, “We enjoyed our lunch so much. Everything was delicious.” The cashier thanked her and gave the usual response, “You all come back real soon.” Then Mrs. McNeil



Students from Claflin and South Carolina State College take part in a demonstration in 1960.

**We feel safer  
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If we are to be  
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walked across the room to the waitress and, placing a dollar bill in her hand, looking her straight in the eye, said we had appreciated the good service. She was really superb. No one stared noticeably while we were in the room, but as we walked to our car I turned around to see heads peering out the parted draperies. And as we continued past the kitchen to our car in the parking lot, a black face was peering out the kitchen window.

I was happy all turned out so well because neither Dr. Calhoun nor Mrs. Tajt would have chosen to do all this. They were a bit perturbed when I told them I had asked Mrs. McNeil to go with us. Now I think they'd be willing to do it again. I think it all helps to

make people understand that nothing much happens. The customers didn't make a mass exit. Perhaps we give too much to the opposition by default. We should use the rights we have and not assume always that we don't have any privileges.

**Tougaloo College, Miss.  
October 3, 1964**

Today I took five from my Mississippi History class to the museum at the Old Capitol building in Jackson. Four of them had parts to play as guides. They had prepared talks to explain what we were seeing. Afterward we stopped at the Holiday Inn for refreshments. Both being able to go to the museum and stopping at the Holiday Inn are achievements which have not always been possible. I noticed that the restroom signs in the building were changed. They now say "Men" and "Women" without any qualifying adjective. And the drinking fountains no longer say "For White Only" as they did the last time I was there.

Last Sunday Marvin Palmore, a fine-looking student, and I went to Galloway Church. There were not the usual "ushers"—guards—out in front. We got up the many steps and were right at the door. I thought we had made it for sure when up ran two young men—perhaps in their thirties—and stood in front of us blocking our entrance. One said, "May we help you?" I felt like saying, "Yes, you may stand aside," but didn't. I did say we would like to attend the service. He said it was against their policy to allow colored inside. They would be happy to take him, pointing to Marvin, to the colored church. I said no, we were together. I told them I was a member of the church but had been away for the summer. It was my understanding that the policy of the church had now changed. "No ma'am, it has not changed." So

we went to the [restaurant at the] Sun-N-Sand motel where we were graciously received. It has come to the point where business reflects Christ better than the church.

The first papers I had my students write in class just made no sense at all. At first I was most discouraged then I realized that this was the way we started out last year—which caused Yas to say they were about like my basic junior high papers [in Pasadena]. Actually, in a way they are worse because they are trying to say more complicated things. So the next day I put a topic sentence appropriate for the lesson on the board. Then we worked out the composition in class, complete with the clincher sentence. All done orally. Then I asked them to write it for me over the weekend. Now I'll hope I can make some sense out of them. It is wonderful to feel you have a job to do! To be needed!

#### **Epilogue**

During a difficult period at one of the Southern black colleges at which I taught, a visitor asked, "What can be expected of these students?" To my surprise, a top administrator answered, "Very little."

What could one expect from students whose early education had been minimal because of state laws and who still had poor food and housing, a shortage of teachers, and a maximum of racial handicaps? Looking at those students today, one learns that many have achieved a great deal for themselves and contributed significantly to society.

From my tenures alone have come elected officials, lawyers, judges, teachers, principals, college presidents, ministers, doctors, nurses, engineers, and researchers. In business some are successful enough to send sizeable contributions to their alma maters. There are artists and musicians—even the founder-director of the famous Harlem Boys Choir. And undergirding all are homes and businesses of integrity.

The stories of these colleges are success-stories. All three were severely tested at one or more times when survival itself was in question.

The professors and administrators, those who staffed the kitchens and sanitation facilities, and citizens who gave sacrificially to the colleges can feel that their resources and confidence were well invested in the young people who passed through—more likely, worked their way through—Rust, Claflin, and Tougaloo colleges.

They all deserve a big hand and our continued support. ★

*This excerpt was adapted from Civil Rights Chronicle: Letters From the South (University Press of Mississippi, 1997), by Clarice Campbell.*