

Kamilah's Journey: Part III

by Kimberly Smith

As the sun began to rise, the ship pulled in the dock of Sullivan's Island, S.C. Here I was again in another strange land in which I had to become accustomed to. The slave traders separated all of the women from the men. We were taken to a place where they prepared the slaves for auction. They bathed and fed us and even put fresh straw on the floor in the stalls.

At the auction they sold the male slaves first. Right before my very eyes, Jesse,

my future husband, was sold to a slave owner from Charleston, S. C. How I hoped and prayed that the same man would buy me. But to my dismay he left with his newly bought slaves before my group mounted the auction stand. A slave owner from Orange County, North Carolina bought me. And so we journeyed to our new home by foot.

After being on the plantation for over a year, I married a man named Nate. Nate was a strong healthy dark-skinned man who had taught himself to read and write. He was a preacher. We had six children, four boys, and two girls.

Being that I was the mother and the central figure

of the household, it was my responsibility to transmit values, beliefs and feelings to my children. I taught them how to care for themselves and their younger brothers and sisters. They learned how to feed, watch over, amuse the infants of the families, how to wash clothes in the wash house or in a nearby stream and how to comb black hair. I taught my sons and daughters how to cook. They knew how to grind corn into meal, make coffee from parched potato peelings and obtain baking powder from red corn cobs. Not once did I raise my hand to hit my children, for I felt that if you teach your children to respect their elders and who has the

last word in arguments, there was no need for corporal punishment.

Nate taught our children how to make baskets of wooden splits, brooms from young trees, mats from

swamp rushes, horse collars of corn shucks, hats of straw and how to fix a gourd for drinking. Nate and the children really fixed up our slave cabin with its one window and fireplace. They made beds, chairs, tables, and cabinets.

Nate, being that he was a preacher, was one of the community leaders. Since he was a community leader he, along

with the other leaders decided when it was, time to petition the great house, take

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action against the cruel master or overseer, organize a work slowdown, discipline a straying community member and settle disputes and domestic problems within the slave community.

Even though I was happy with my new children and husband, I still longed for my African Life.

FSU's Botanical Preserve Needs YOU!

by Amy R. Morton and Linda Douglas

If you are curious about nature and enjoy being outdoors, then come and enjoy FSU's own Botanical Preserve.

The preserve consists of 7 hectares or 17.5 acres. This land has been maintained to represent five different habitats including Mountain, Savannah, Hardwood Forest, Sandhills, and the Natural habitats. The botanical preserve contains more than 380 different species of plants and trees. Seventy-one of those species have been introduced

by faculty and student volunteers and are native to eastern North America. An abundance of animal life can also be found in the preserve.

A small group of volunteers is trying to sustain the preserve for the benefit of every FSU student, and we need your help. All you need is an interest in learning about nature and a little spare time to volunteer. You could plant trees, maintain trails, or even

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become a trail guide. As an example, a current project includes removal of exotic

plantlife in order to provide a true representation of southeastern habitats.

One of the best things about volunteering in the preserve is that you can set your own schedule; any time that you can contribute is well appreciated. Plus, it provides you with valuable experience in research techniques, involving a unique educational resource. We are among those who are fortunate to have a botanical pre-

serve on campus and recognizing this asset benefits both faculty

and students.

So what are you waiting for? Come join the volunteers and give back to Mother Na-

ture. For more information please contact Dr. Hudson in room 228 of the Lyons Science building.

EVERYTHING'S ON SALE

Courtesy of Emerge March 1997

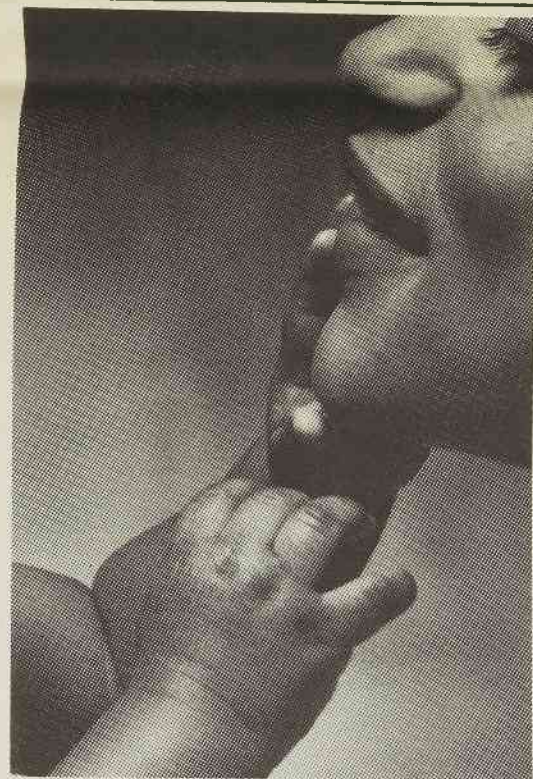
When the Wal-Mart in Fayetteville, N.C., advertised its "Everyday Low Prices," Felicia Gray-Watson never imagined they were referring to their "slave inventory." When she mentioned that she may need to resign after 18 months because of personal reasons, the part-time cashier

says an assistant manager told her: "Slaves can't quit. They have to be sold."

Pharmacy manager, Eddie Cash laughed and enjoyed the comment so much that he called Wanda Crocker, an assistant pharmacy manager at the retail chain's Raleigh store, and repeated it. A Wal-Mart

official took a complaint from Gray-Watson, and within 48 hours, disciplinary action was taken against the employees. Gray-Watson has taken her own action: She filed a \$6 million lawsuit.

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