



# Celebrating Ourselves



## I Remember...

Don't expect a politically correct piece. Don't expect lots of big words. Don't expect poetry. What you are about to read is not a masterpiece flavoured with magnificent metaphors, superb similes, resonant rhymes, abundant alliteration, and perfect puns. No. Mama sometimes told me, "Mi son, de simpla, de betta." So, I'm just going to share a little bit of my simple story. You probably won't like it, but that's o.k. It's mine. I was born in Lewis Store, Jamaica, a part of the island paradise that tourists rarely, if ever, see. Lewis Store is a small district located in the parish of Saint Mary, halfway between Highgate and Annotto Bay. You'll probably never find Lewis Store on a map, but growing up, it was the center of my world. No, it was my whole world. There I learned to be a man. My life wasn't perfect in Lewis Store, but I remember some of the things that shaped me into who I now am.

I remember the flavour of "roast breadfruit," "fry dumplin," and "ackee and saltfish," cooked to perfection on a wood fire.

I remember cutting wood that cooked the food. I remember the sound of rain drumming heavily on the zinc roof of my house.

I remember being thrown into the cool waters of Copper River by my older brothers. I remember jumping into the water from the branches of trees or from the huge rock that you can still find near the water's edge.

I remember taking my father's breakfast to him at the field because he would be there working from early in the morning. He would leave the house just as the sun was coming up. If you could only see a Jamaican sunrise!

I remember helping my father and brothers milk the cows. Of course, I brought a cup along. There's nothing like the taste of fresh milk.

I remember going to "tie out" the cows. I remember Saturday mornings when the house got a grand cleaning. The wooden floor had to be polished and shined with the coconut brush to a brown perfection. I was young, but I had to do my part. God alone could help me if I didn't.

I remember being corrected with a strong hand. And I don't regret it.

I remember Saturday afternoons, racing down the hill to meet Mama as soon as I heard the horn of Northern Queen, the bus that brought her from the market every Saturday afternoon.

I remember how all the kids of the neighbourhood gathered in my living room in the evenings for "Little House on the Prairie" and on Saturdays for "Ring Ding" with Miss Lou.

I remember Sunday mornings when we would blast the music from the top of the hill before eating breakfast and going to church.

I remember playing cricket in the commons after school. I remember playing hide-and-seek in the commons just as the sun was going down. I'll never forget the time when my cousin hid beside a cow. I bet he'll never do it again.

I remember dinnertime at my house. Dinnertime was always a nice time. Mama would cook enough food to feed an army. Of course, there were so many of us, she had to. Then she would call us by two's. Rohan and I were always the last to be called, but we were never forgotten. There was always more than enough food too, because visitors always came at dinnertime...always.

I remember walking five miles from school every evening with my friends. These times hold some of my favourite memories. We'd detour into Mr. D's cane field to feast on the fresh juices of some sugar cane. Of course, we'd run when he started cursing or throwing stones - run down the street to Miss Dora's apple tree or Mister Brown Man's plum tree. Of course we had to climb over Miss Zena's fence. How else could we get

to her mango tree? We always ran into problems here, though, because Miss Zena had a bad dog named Black Mouth. Anybody who didn't know how to jump a fence learned fast when Black Mouth ran after them. But we'd be back the very next evening because those sweet ripe mangoes were worth the risk.

One of my all-time favourite moments was just as the day was drawing to a close, after Mum was through telling Anansi stories and "duppy" stories, or after we all watched the sun set, the kind of sunset you can see only in the Caribbean. Mama would curl up on the living room couch, and I'd curl up right behind her. That's when she would tell me all those things for which I'm thankful now: "Work hard..." "Do your best." "Mi son, it no matta weh nobody wa'an tell yuh, memeba dat yuh is a somebody." That's when Mama would read to me - sometimes the Bible, sometimes a letter. Sometimes we'd listen to the radio. Sometimes we'd just lie there quietly. Mama and her baby.

So you're wondering, "What's the point of all this?" After all, I probably didn't bring tears to your eyes. And chances are you didn't roll over on the floor laughing either. Hey, you probably didn't even smile. But, remember, I didn't promise you a masterpiece. I didn't promise you poetry. I didn't promise you lots of big words. I didn't promise you a politically correct piece. I only promised to share a little bit of me.

It's Black History Month, and the men and women of our history will mean little to me if I forget who I am or the simple things and the people that taught me big lessons. Black History Month is more than February. It starts with me, being proud of who I am, where I'm coming from. I don't want to fall victim to the diseases of forgetfulness and denial. So, lest I forget, I will continue to remember. Let's remember - lest we forget!

-Clayton LaTouche

## AFRICAN STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

Hello to all my brothers and sisters. Good news! The African Students Association is back! For a time the ASA ceased functioning, but due to numerous requests from students who missed all the regular meetings and special events, such as the popular African Nights, plans are now in progress to awaken the ASA. We hope this reawakening will once again lead to the unity of African students under a single, easily recognized name.

We started with a reception last Saturday (January 30th) and plan to have several meetings and seminars this term. All events will be enjoyable and informative, so don't miss them. Everyone is welcome. Watch the notice boards and the Gazette for details. A new executive will be elected in February to replace the present standing committee.

If you are interested in the African Students Association and want to get involved, be sure to attend the first meeting on February 4, 1993, or drop a note in our box at the enquiry desk. Someone will get back to you.

We are prepared for a term of fun and education with the newly revived ASA. Join us in getting to know one another. We come from the same continent, but there is still much to learn.

### Current Executive:

President: *Fola Osuntokun*  
Vice President: *Zano Matarukaa*  
Acting VP: *Tadele Lemi*  
Treasurer: *Achilla Isaiah*  
Secretary: *Chiedza Chimombe*

## DAL-MOUNT CARIBBEAN SOCIETY

The Dal-Mount Caribbean Society is comprised of Caribbean and Bermudian students studying at Dalhousie and Mount St. Vincent University. If you are from the Caribbean or Bermuda and a student at either university, you qualify as a member. The society uses events (ie. forums) to encourage interactions among its members. This is an attempt to ease the cultural shock that many of us face when attending school in a foreign country.

One of our main upcoming events, produced in association with Saint Mary's Caribbean Society, is Caribanza. Held annually, it is a compact display of songs, dances, skits, music and foods that capture the essence of our cultures. Caribanza '93 is entitled "A Tropical Rendez-Vous With History," which will take its audience on a travel through time, showing glimpses of our heritage. An invitation is extended to all!

### Current Executive:

President: *Samantha Tubbs (Bahamas)*  
Vice President: *Charles Texeira (Trinidad)*  
Secretary: *Lorca Bowe (Bahamas)*  
Treasurer: *Nikkita Scott (Bermuda)*  
Public Relations: *Terri-Lynn Wilkinson (Bermuda)*

### CARIBANZA '93

#### A TROPICAL RENDEZ-VOUS WITH HISTORY

March 20th, 1993  
McInnes Room  
Student Union Building  
Dalhousie University  
Admission: \$10 (members)  
\$12 (non-members)

## BLACK UNITED STUDENTS SOCIETY

Beep! Beep! Watch Out! After taking a year sabbatical, the BUS is back on the road!! The Black United Students Society (BUS) is a Dalhousie based student organization that caters to students attending Metro's post-secondary educational institutions. BUS' mandate includes; holding weekly discussions, an opinion column in the Gazette, hosting cultural events, and being politically active on issues affecting Black students and the Black community at large. The primary reason for BUS' formation is to allow Black students to learn about each other.

From February 15-19th, BUS will be sponsoring RECLAIMING OUR BLACKNESS. It's an event that will include student presentations, guest lecturers, panel discussions, a concert, a dance, and various displays in the SUB lobby. Please come and learn something.

As Co-Chair, I'd like to thank Ivy Kusinga and Philippa MacFarlane for providing fuel when it seemed we were running on empty. I'd also like to give an extra-super shout out to Angela Njoku for her contributions, especially during a time of illness. Stay strong sisters.

Jasen Gannon

### Current Executive:

Co-Chair: *Jasen Gannon*  
Co-Chair: *Malik Adams*  
Manager of Records: *Angela Njoku*  
Manager of Finances: *Robert X Lyons*

