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Afro-Drumbeat newsletter, November 30, 1971

Afro-American Club of Suffolk University

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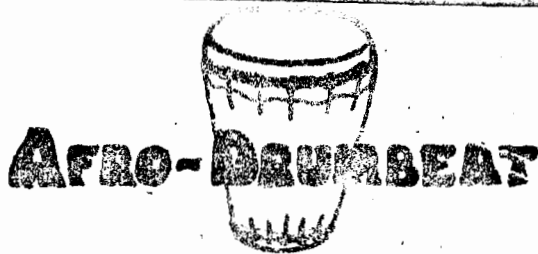
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"UNIFY US"

PUBLISHED BY THE AFRO-AMERICAN CLUB OF SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY

30 November 1971

My Brothers and sisters,

SPECIAL EMERGENCY MEETING - Tuesday, November 30, 1971

BLACK WARRIORS SPEAK:

"Any sane man, race or nation that desires freedom must first of all think in terms of blood. Why even the heavenly father tells us that without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin. Then how in the name of God, with history before us, do we expect to redeem Africa without preparing ourselves — some of us to die."

Marcus Grayev



The following is the first of three installments of a short story written and submitted by Bro. Daniel Queen.

Part 1

AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT

CHRISTMAS SUCKS AND SANTA CLAUS IS A FAGGOT. The snow was coming down lightly and the city was quieting after almost two months of buying-mania. Some people were out at the few remaining open stores buying their last few presents while others were picking up their fifths and half-gallons of booze. Children all over the city were preparing for bed, everyone, that is, except 12-year-old Joel Wilson who was roaming the streets endlessly writing on walls, windows and in hallways. "FUCK A BUNCH OF WISE MEN" he wrote on the window of Jordan Marsh as he peeped in at the nativity setting on display. It was Christmas eve.

Christmas had always had a "special" meaning for Joel as far back as he could remember. There was the time when he received a lousy Mickey Mouse comic book and the time that his mother explained how Santa wouldn't be visiting that year. And she up and gets herself a fur coat with the welfare check. And the year that he was the only kid in the projects who didn't even have a tree. Christmas was no big deal for Joel. In fact, he had hoped that the day wouldn't come each year. But it did and once again he had to suffer the loneliness and rejection.

"DANGER AND FRANGER ARE WINOS AND RUDOLPH IS A JUNKIE." It wasn't very cold out but a light snow was falling and Joel's sneakers were getting wet. It wasn't any fun writing on walls this year anyhow.



Back at the third floor apartment in the projects that Joel called home, Ruby Wilson was busy trying to apply make-up, spray her afro wig, and get dressed at the same time. She was a waitress down at the Moon Glow Cafe and Christmas eve was no excuse for a night off, not that she would have thought about taking it off anyway. Working at the Moon Glow was a way of life ^{to} KEM her. "Joel honey," she said as the boy entered the door, "I hope you understand why Santa won't be coming again this year. If that no good father of yours would just send us some money once in a while we could celebrate Christmas and you could have the new clothes you need. And I wouldn't have to work every damn day of the year. But you just wait, we gonna be on our feet pretty soon and momma will buy you the shiniest pair of shoes and the biggest set of trains you ever seen."

Shit, Joel thought to himself, she made those same fucking promises last year and the year before and the year before that. Always blaming things on the father he never knew. Always complaining how she worked so hard to support the son she let walk the snowy streets in sneakers while she wore expensive-looking clothes and fancy leather boots. I seen those checks he sends her and the ones from the welfare office. If she didn't drink and dops it up so much we'd probably have enough money for a bunch of Christmases. "You know Joel honey," she said interrupting his thoughts. "I been thinking. You're almost old enough to start selling papers and shining shoes. You'll be 13 in January and as big as you are it would be so easy. And maybe we could really have A Christmas next year. How 'bout that, honey?" "O.K. momma."
