

FROM BLACK FATHERS WITH LOVE

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by Earl Hutchinson, Jr.

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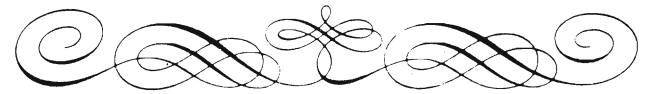
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FROM
MOTHER
FATHER
WITH
LOVE

For My Father With Love!



About the Author

Writing about black fathers is truly a labor of love and appreciation for me. It is a high point for my writing career which spans nearly twenty years. I have published two books, *The Myth of Black Capitalism*, and *Let Your Motto Be Resistance* on Black Abolitionism. I have had articles in *Ebony*, *Black Scholar*, *L.A. Times*, *Newsday*, and *Monthly Review*. But again this is special—I hope you enjoy.

About the Artist

Kris Aubry lives and works in Los Angeles. His artwork has been exhibited at various private showings, including the Los Angeles Afro-American Museum.

FROM BLACK FATHERS WITH LOVE

*We don't just send money on birthdays,
We don't just visit on holidays,
weekends, and special occasions.
We don't just call when we have nothing else to do,
We don't just say 'That's my son,'
or that's my daughter,' when they win an award.*

*We do go to parent conferences,
We do stay up at night to see that
Judy gets that last spelling word right,
We do take John and buy him that suit
he needs for Sunday School.
We do leave work to make sure they get to the dentist,
We do give them our ear to listen,
our shoulder to cry on, and our words to soothe.
We do this because we care,
We are Black Fathers With Love.*

Have you ever wondered why black athletes never wave to the TV camera and say "Hi, Dad"? As kids, some of them must have had fathers who tossed balls to them; played games with them, outfitted them in uniforms.

Aren't the black fathers who did this for their sons worthy of a "Hi, Dad"?

My name is Martin Luther King, Sr. and I say God grant that my children will not have to come the way I did.

Black fathers are indeed a misunderstood breed. Society delights in rapping them as irresponsible. They are blamed for many of the problems of blacks. They are said to mistreat their women, neglect their kids, and love no one but themselves.

Many are like that. But many more black fathers aren't. Take my father. I remember a man who bought my clothes, made sure I got to school and church on time, went to work every day, did not gamble, drink or throw money away. He was just another working person who took care of his family. He asked for no rewards and he got none.

He is 82 years old now. His movements have slowed, but not his devotion to his family. He is a **Black Father With Love**.

Now maybe I am lucky to have him as a father. But, I hear other blacks talk about their fathers the same way. I even hear kind words said about those black fathers who did leave their homes. Many still showed they cared. They are **Black Fathers With Love** too.

So, I must ask this man, since no one else has: What are your joys and disappointments?

What do you want for your family and yourself. Why do you do the things you do?

It's time to tell—no, let you tell—your story in your own words.

My name is Nareshima Osei (Nari). I am a photographer. I am married. I have a twelve-year-old daughter from a previous relationship. I lived with her mother for four years. We were not married.

I think a lot of people have bought the stereotype of the 'no good' black father. We recite it as if it is gospel. There are just enough black men that fall into that category to make it seem as if all of us are that way. If enough people keep saying, 'you guys don't do anything except lay up and make babies,' no one will challenge it.

The good thing is that many black women are getting away from this. I know women who do recognize and understand the problems of black men. They see that a lot of them are trying to do what's right for their families, and they give them credit for that.

When black fathers leave their homes, people don't ask why. They just condemn. The wife is thought to be the victim and the children are permanently scarred—so they say. Yet when two people are involved in a relationship, the picture may not be so clear.

My name is Melton Strauss (Mel). I am a social worker. I have a son, seventeen and a daughter, sixteen by different mothers. I was not married to either mother when they were born. Eventually, I did marry my daughter's mother. We later divorced.

It's true that the absentee father does miss much when his children are growing up. I know I did. I didn't see my son for almost five years. This wasn't because I didn't care, but because I didn't have any kind of positive communication with his mother.

We were both to blame and we suffered for it. Over time, things did change for the better. We now are able to talk and laugh about things that happened. I know I can't make up for the time that I missed with my son, but there are things I can do now.

I pick him up from school sometimes and bring him to my house where he does his homework, and I help him with subjects he has problems with. We go places together. I try to go shopping with him whenever I can, rather than just give him money.

I feel that this has built some closeness between us. I think this has happened because I try to be consistent in the things

I do with him. I don't tell him I'll see him on Tuesday and show up two days later. I want to give him as much sense of stability as possible under the circumstances.



There were twenty men and women on the ship that brought the first group of blacks to America in 1619 to toil in the fields. Anthony and Isabella were two of them. They were lovers. The next year they were married.

Soon, a son they named William was born. They became the first black family in America. The bond of tenderness between them would be tested again and again in the pit of captivity. Slavery would try to deny black fathers like Anthony the right to provide the love and protection Isabella and William desperately needed. But, it could not stop black fathers from caring about their families.

My name is Thomas Duckett. I am a slave who was sold from a plantation in Maryland to a sugar plantation in Louisiana in 1850.

I long to hear from my family how the ar geten along you will ples to let me know how the ar geten along for god sake let me hear from you all my wife and children are not out of my mine nor night.

The times have changed. The words are better. The concern is the same.

Nari.

I felt obliged to show my daughter and her mother that I would always care about their welfare. I wanted my daughter to see us in a positive way. Even after our split, she never saw any fighting or arguments between me and her mother.

When she started school, I made it a point to monitor her progress by calling her mother, talking to her teachers, and going to school for various programs. I was helped by her mother, who valued the support I gave, and placed no restrictions on my activities with my daughter.

She understood the importance of having a father who does more than just give money, but wants to give himself, too.

They—American society—tell us that black fathers desert their homes. They tell us that black fathers think only of their selfish pleasures. They tell us that black fathers don't believe in family unity and togetherness.

They produce documentaries, publish studies, give speeches and even revise history to tell us that black fathers aren't interested in their children's future. However, they never ask **Black Fathers With Love** if any of this is true.

My name is John Whitman. I am a real estate appraiser. I have four children. Two of them are teenagers. I have been married twice.

After about 1½ years of my first marriage, I felt that the love my wife and I once had for each other was no longer there. We were going in different directions. I saw no need to stay in the relationship simply because we had a child.

I was 23 years old then, and very young like I think most black men that break up from their families are. Men at that age may not give as much to their children, not because they don't care, but because they just don't know how. They don't have the experience or knowledge.

I know that I didn't become really aware of the impor-

tance of giving emotional support, of being there with them on a regular basis, until much later.

Maybe if I had stayed in the home, my son wouldn't have some of the problems he's having as a teenager, such as the lack of motivation, and uncertainty about where he wants to go with his life.

No matter why Jim and other blacks leave. No matter how much they care about their children. They are still just another number added to the cold statistics that indict black fathers for being absent.

Mel.

I don't believe those statistics. When I worked in the projects as a social worker, I found that about half the fathers who supposedly had deserted weren't really gone. They made it look like they were absent because the welfare requirements made it impossible for a mother with children to qualify for aid if they were present.

These guys were poor, uneducated and did unskilled work. There was no way they could support a family making minimum wages. But, they were always around and many of them would kick in whatever money they could to buy food and clothes for their children.

THE TALE OF THE PHONE THAT ALWAYS RINGS

The problem for the **Black Father With Love** is that it never rings for him. And when lo and behold, the impossible happens and it does, he can't enjoy the call. Why? Because there's always that familiar echo in the back that keeps repeating:
 "Are you almost finished?"
 "Are you almost finished?"
 "Are you almost. . .?"

Black Fathers With Love who escaped from slavery tried to provide for their families even though they were many miles away. These men were determined that their families would join them in "the promised land" of the North. When they found work, they saved every penny they could of their earnings to purchase the freedom of family members.

My name is Noah Davis. In 1859, I wrote a book about my life as a slave to raise sufficient means to free my last two children from slavery; having already within twelve years past, purchased myself, my wife, and five of my children at a cost, altogether, of over four thousand dollars.

Many years separate Noah Davis from today's black fathers, but the sentiments aren't much different.

Nari.

I think that same sense of caring is there among the brothers who do walk away. They don't leave because they dislike their children, or even their wife. Many can't afford to support the family, and they feel frustrated. Others just don't have the education and don't understand what they are doing.

They don't see the negative affects that this will have on their family. But they don't totally forget their children. I have friends who are separated. They have less than me, but they still manage to give money and check up on their kids. Even though I don't think this is enough, for them it's all they can do or know how to do.

Why does the burden of raising the child usually fall on the shoulders of the mother? **Black Fathers With Love** are good parents, who want to be even better parents. So, why don't they take their children and raise them?

Mel.

I did. I took my son for two months when he was one year old. Since I took him without the mother's consent, I was advised by the authorities that this was illegal and I'd better return the child.

I couldn't work out an arrangement with his mother. So, she kept him.

I learned a lesson from that. The system discourages fathers from taking their children. The message this sends to fathers is to be content to send money and visit. Period.

I know that I'm not the only father who has wanted to raise their child but was blocked.

Other black fathers say much the same. They feel it's still the accepted practice that the mother take the child. If they push too hard, they find themselves in conflict with the law and often with the mother. For them, it's not worth the hassle.



Nari.

I didn't ask to keep my daughter because I knew it would cause a battle. Her mother would not have agreed.

She was convinced that I could not take care of her, even though I had shown that I was a good father. She was coming from the traditional bag that it's the woman's place to raise the child.

The heat of the day beats down with a merciless sting. The air is thick with flies and insects that bite and pester. There are men working. Their hands are blistered and their backs ache.

These are black men who labored on the land in the decades after slavery. Many had families to feed and children to raise.

Jim Smith of Macon, Georgia was like most of these black fathers. He knew that his cabin and the small patch of land he owned may not be much, but it was his. Jim's father, and his father's father, nourished that land.

It was his treasure. He would protect it and pass it on to his children.

Black Fathers With Love have passed many gifts on to their sons and daughters; and the greatest gift that all these men gave was *pride*. Pride in their family and pride in their beliefs.

My name is Malcolm X. I knew that the collections my father got for his preaching were mainly what fed and clothed us. He also did other odd jobs, but still the image of him that made me proudest was his crusading and militantly campaigning with the words of Marcus Garvey.

Although Malcolm was six years old when his father was killed, he still treasured the image he had of his father as provider. A man worth imitating. He's not alone.

Nari.

My parents were married for twenty-five years. They divorced when I was about sixteen. It was a devastating experience for me because I felt so close to my father.

We were more like buddies than father and son. He would talk to me like one of the fellows. I would also feel like he was letting me in on some secret.

We were so much alike that we sometimes would clash. I would lose patience with him and go off. But, it would never be anything so serious that we couldn't laugh about it later.

What I liked best about him was that he took his responsibility to us seriously. There was never a day when there wasn't food on the table and the rent wasn't paid. I believe this is the quality that I picked up from him.

A TEAR FOR HER DADDY

*A tear rolls slowly down her soft brown cheek,
You know it's only a small cut,
But to her five-year-old world,
The pain is everything.
You take her hand,
You kiss her softly
You stroke her hair,
You take her in your arms.
She lays her head on your shoulder and smiles,
She is at peace and so are you, Daddy.*

When black fathers don't know their fathers, they are either forgotten . . .

My name is Frederick Douglass. I was born a slave. I escaped when I was 21 years old. I became an abolitionist, committed to my people's freedom.

But of my father I know nothing. Slavery had no recognition of fathers, as none of families.

. . . Or they can assume larger-than-life importance:

John.

I never knew my father. I was raised by my grandmother and her husband. I met my father one time. I was in the fifth grade then. I don't know whether he's still alive.

I do have an air rifle he gave me when we met. It's rusty, But I still keep it. Maybe out of sentiment or maybe to remind my kids that they should always know their father.

Close ranks, men! With that cry black fathers have marched off to fight every one of America's wars. They answered the call at Bunker Hill. They sounded the bugle at Gettysburg.

They stormed the hills of San Juan. They were in the mud of France. They marched to Berlin. They were on the road to Inchon. They trudged through the jungles of Vietnam.

Their blood colors the soil of many distant lands. America had rejected them, scorned them, denied them their basic rights—still, black fathers fought because they had hope that maybe, just maybe, America would one day match its lofty words of freedom with deeds that would mean a better life for their children.

John.

I have friends who have been married 10 years or more. They do everything they can to provide good things for their kids. I even have a couple of buddies who are separated, divorced and they regularly give money.

One man has four daughters. He paid much of their college costs and bought brand new cars for each of them. He did what he did because he wanted them to go first class.

THE TALE OF THE DOUBLE GROCERY BILL

Every Black Father With Love who shops knows it. You go to the grocery store alone and your bill is \$. When you take your son or daughter it's \$\$\$. When you take your son *and* daughter it's \$\$\$!

You scratch your head. You mumble to yourself. You burn a hole in the grocery receipt trying to figure it out. Finally, you walk out the store still wondering just how that box of pop tarts and sugar pops, that package of chocolate chip cookies and butter toffee, and that carton of ice cream and potato chips got in your basket.

Mel.

My father was a non-punitive father. He worked steady all his life. He worked hard to give me the things that I needed. He and my mother have been married for nearly 50 years. He was probably what the American dream was all about when it comes to what this country says a father should be.

He was very successful with me, and it showed because I was a problem child. A lot of trouble I might have gotten into, I backed away from because of his influence. I think of him and I want to provide the same things for my children.

There is another kind of black father that we know. A man with much anger and much despair.

My name is Martin Luther King, Jr. The Negro father became resigned to hopelessness, and he communicated this to his children. Some men, unable to contain the emotional storms struck out at those who would be least likely to destroy them.

They beat their wives and their children in order to protest a social injustice. The tragedy was that none of them understood why the violence exploded.

Is it true that black fathers are abusive toward their wives, relations, and family? If so, why?

John

The one time that I did get into a physical fight with my first wife was during an argument when she took my car keys. We were both angry. I picked her up and shook her. I didn't beat her.

We talked about it later and we both realized that we couldn't go on like this. We had to find a better way to resolve our problems. If we couldn't, then we probably couldn't stay together.

But, Dr. King said that some black men take out their emotional storms on their wives and children. Black fathers have gotten tagged as violent and threatening.

John.

There are two kinds of abuse—emotional and physical. Black men are usually accused of being quick to get physical. But, I don't think blacks are any more abusive than anybody else. The black men that use violence are probably reacting this way because of their economic condition.

They feel pressured. They get frustrated because they have bills, constant money problems, and they don't have the kind of job that lets them provide for their family the way they think they should.

These guys may start drinking and before they know it, they get into arguments with their wives. The man may lack the education, the verbal skills to deal with the situation by talking it out.

The wife, too, may not be as sympathetic and may even provoke an incident.

My wife and I manage to eliminate a lot of hostility by listening to each other. We don't just start pointing fingers at each other. We get our anger out on the table, say what we have to say, don't keep harping on it, and move on.

We feel better and the storm passes.

What won't pass are the complaints from black women that black fathers, particularly absentee fathers, are guilty of another kind of abuse. The abuse of neglect. Translated: These men won't "share their wealth" with their kids. They aren't what society likes to call "good providers."

Mel.

I think women misread the condition of the black father who is not in the home. Much of this comes from economics. It's sad. But the truth is that black women still don't do as well financially as black men.

They see black men with jobs, while they may be living on welfare. They think that black men have all this money to spend on themselves. They believe that all they do is run the streets, chase women and lead the fast life.

What they don't realize is that most black men are barely keeping their heads above water. They don't make anywhere near the money it takes to live a "Dynasty" life style.

If they wanted to be fair, they'd admit that most black men do contribute month to the home. The problem is they may not contribute what many black women think they should.



KRIS

Black Fathers With Love are the victims of what I consider bad arithmetic. Twenty years ago, sociologists came up with some interesting figures. They claimed that blacks suffered because 25% of black fathers deserted their families.

That's one out of four black fathers who supposedly were nowhere to be found. But what about the other three? If these men stayed put, they must believe in home, family, and the American way, just like white fathers. Right?

Were their lives that dull and uninteresting that the sociologists couldn't work an occasional line in about them? They certainly didn't fit the stereotype of the runaway black father. They weren't the stuff that sold books or made sensational news headlines.

But, we—their children—didn't need the sociologists to tell us these men were there. We knew it.

These black fathers were magnificent. They stood tall in our eyes in good times and bad. My father is one. And, it was during one of those bad times when I remember his words:

"She's gone. She's gone." The voice on the phone was sobbing uncontrollable. It was my father's voice. This was the phone call I knew would come, and I dreaded.

His wife. My mother was dead. CANCER. The last two years of her life were spent in and out of doctor's offices and hospitals. My father was always at her side. Their tie was bittersweet, forged through 37 years of joy and sadness, struggle and devotion.

They had their stormy moments. She would berate him for who knows what. He would get angry and stomp out of the house, slamming the door so hard the hinges would rattle. But he always came back. He loved her and he loved us. His tears on the other end of the line that ugly day told me once again how much.

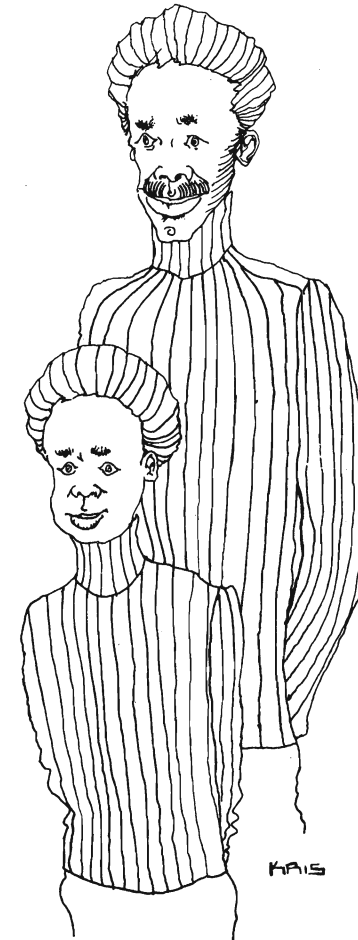
It's moments like this that let me know **Black Fathers With Love** truly want and cherish a lasting relationship with a black woman.

Mel.

I want to get married again. I saw how important it is to have someone you can be close to when my father had his stroke.

My mother was there to help him and comfort him. She made sure that he got the best of care. If she hadn't been there, I don't think I would have my father today.

I think I'm typical of most black men in that I want the companionship and stability of marriage. I don't think any man just wants to grow old and die by himself.



Should **Black Fathers With Love** believe those who say that our youth have no future? Should they believe them when they say that our daughters can only breed babies and problems?

Should **Black Fathers With Love** believe them?

Nari.

I want the cap and gown for my daughter all the way up the line. I don't want to see her side tracked. If I have anything to say about it, there will be no early births. I want her to understand that this would cut into her future, and that she needs that education if she is to get ahead.

I also feel that religion is very important. I want her to have a good belief system. This will give her strength and balance. As she gets older, she can use this to figure out right from wrong.

Mel, do you believe them?

Mel.

I want my children to have enough money to provide the things for their children they may not have gotten. They are at the age where they have to make decisions about what they're going to do with their lives.

If they want the four-year college degree, I will support them. If they want to learn a high skill trade, I will go for that. I tell them no matter which way you go, make sure it will bring you financial security to advance and take care of your family.

It's a boy! It's a girl! Those magic words that make the chests of black fathers swell with pride. Their dreams for their children's future take wild flights to the land where everything is possible and every dream comes true.

Let's see; college, of course. Only the best: a doctor, engineer, movie star, or famous athlete. My son, my daughter. Black fathers just know he/she will be all these and more.

Those are heady days for black fathers when their first child is born. And it was the same for their father's, too. They were teased by fragments of memories from years past when they were born and they were those magic words.

John.

I think children are really a reflection of adults. Fathers can only expect to receive from their children what they are willing to give them—the experiences they expose them to.

If I give my child a good education and a good home, I become a positive influence. The chances are good that my child will become a responsible adult capable of making a constructive contribution to society.

THE TALE OF THE SCARY MESSAGE

Every Black Father With Love has gotten one. Here's how it goes: "Please call - - - at your son or daughter's school. URGENT!"

Your pulse rises. Your mouth gets dry. Your brain races. You just know that every sort of tragedy or misfortune has happened to your child.

You frantically call the school. And what does - - - tell you? Your child's library book is overdue. When your heart finally stops fluttering, and you can swallow again, you tell yourself, "Why sure, I knew all along it wasn't anything to worry about."

It was an eerie silence that day as throngs of black men paraded down the street. Their faces were somber. Their eyes were determined. They carried signs that boldly stated, "Don't buy where you can't work." "We want jobs." "Freedom now."

This could be any scene, anywhere, anytime. For decades black fathers have picketed, marched, and protested.

They want the little pleasures of life—a toy for their child, a dress for their wife. The pleasures that white fathers take for granted.

Black Fathers With Love will continue their plea for justice. Until the day comes when they are no longer denied the right to have a full and loving relationship with their wives and children.

Nari.

I want to be so close to my wife and my children that we share each other's happiness and sorrows. I want us to always care for each other's well-being.

This doesn't mean that we always have to like the same things or want to go to the same places. I want us to work to strengthen what we have in common, and respect each other's differences. This can only happen if you're honest and open. I think black men have yearned for this type of relationship, but they fall down when it comes to communicating their feelings. They have been conditioned as men not to show their feelings. That this is not what men are supposed to do.

I know this has been one of my weaknesses. But, I find that when I am able to open up to my wife it makes our situation that much better.

"Baby, I don't think we can make it anymore." The words sting. They tear at your guts. They weave layers of self-doubt about your manhood or your womanhood.

Yet, far too many black fathers have said these words to black women. And, far too many black fathers have heard these words from black women.

While they may mean broken dreams, they don't have to mean broken homes. Just like dreams can be rebuilt, black fathers are more and more finding that homes can, too.

Black fathers who leave, but stay committed to their children's future are winners. **Black Fathers With Love** make it clear, they will not be absent from their children's lives. They also want it to be known that it can only work if it's a two-way street.

Nari.

I know men who are divorced or separated from their wives. They still stay close to their children. They give them their presence.

They tell their son's or daughter's mother that they want to be called whenever there is a problem, or when the kids need something. These men do respond.

I know for me parenting from long distance is very awkward, but I am determined to make it work. When the mother is willing to cooperate and to let the father be a father, as my daughter's mother does, then the relationship can be pretty smooth. The child's life is not so disrupted.

But, both partners must put out some effort and make sacrifices. Black fathers and mothers recognize these days that their family may not live the carefree Ozzie and Harriet dream life.

The term "positive role model" for **Black Fathers With Love** is more than just an idle phrase. These men know that they must guide.

EVEN REAL MEN CRY

*You always told me "real men don't cry,"
But there were many times I wanted to cry,
I felt ashamed. Why was I so weak?
I wanted to be like you, a real man that didn't cry.*

*But then one night, I heard a strange sound in your room.
I was curious,
I listened closely.
It was you heaving gentle sobs that filled with room with
echoes of your pain
I never told you what I heard.
But since that day, I knew that even real men cry.*

They know that their children are desperate to understand and share their feelings, thoughts, and experiences. They are searching. They are trying to make sense out of a world they didn't create. A world they didn't ask to be brought into.

Black Fathers With Love are wise. They know that their children are listening and watching what they do—not what they say. Most of all they know that they will ask questions. When they do they must be there to respond.

“Daddy, what was your best Christmas?” My 11-year-old son put me on the spot. I had to pause. Was it the Christmas I got the electric train? The one when I got the baseball mitt?

Maybe it was the Christmas I played the big spender and gave my freinds and relatives the jewelry, clothes or gadgets they wanted.

No, I remembered. There was another Christmas. A Christmas when Kenny, the poor kid whose family lived in the apartment down the street from me in Chicago, got his first Christmas tree.

It seemed a miracle at the time. Kenny and I were passing the neighborhood Christmas tree lot when we spotted two boys trying to steal a tree. We shouted for them to drop it, and they ran away. The owner in appreciation gave us the tree.

I can still see the look on Kenny's mother's face when we brought the tree home. Her look told me that this Christmas would be a special one for her family.

This was a simple kindness. The sort of thing that meant something in the era before Pac-Man, video games, laser guns, and Cabbage Patch dolls.

Did my son understand? The smile on his face was my answer. It was a smile for Kenny, and a smile for my best Christmas.

Mel.

I constantly talk to my son. I think because I am a man my words may carry more weight than his mother's. He may tread a little lighter with me.

This may be out of fear. I hope not. I want him to listen to me because he respects me. I try to play it straight with

him, and tell him the truth when we talk, and he asks questions. This to me is nurturing, too. It just comes in a different way than what his mother gives.

Black fathers may not be all that we want, nor all that we hope. They are men with all the strengths and weaknesses of other men.

But because they have labored so long in the shadows, they deserve to be discovered. They deserve to have new truths created about them.

To appreciate black fathers, we must know them. It's their strengths through the years that have pulled many of us through.

I applaud them for what they have done. I salute them for what they still must do. They are, indeed, **Black Fathers With Love.**

MY BLOCK

Mr. B. and his two sons live in the green house across the street; one is on the debating team, the other likes chess.

Mr. R. and his wife live in the brown house on the corner. He retired after 35 years, and his daughter gave him a surprise party that we still talk about.

Mr. S.'s son doesn't live with him, but every weekend, I see him getting in Mr. S.'s car laughing.

Mr. P. and his daughter live in the white house next door. She wears such pretty dresses and always seems to have a smile on her face when she leaves for school.

Mr. C. and his wife live in the . . .

My name is James Baldwin. The minister who preached my father's funeral sermon was one of the few my father had still been seeing as he neared his end. He presented to us in his sermon a man whom none of us had ever seen—a man thoughtful, patient, and forbearing. A Christian inspiration to all who knew him. A model for his children.

This was not the man they had known, but they scarcely expected to be confronted with HIM. This was, in a sense, deeper than questions of fact. The man they had not known may have been the real one.

* * *

For talking about their fathers and families, I want to thank:

Martin Luther King, Sr. quoted in *Let the Trumpets Sound*.

Malcolm X, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

Martin Luther King, Jr., *Where Do We Go From Here?*

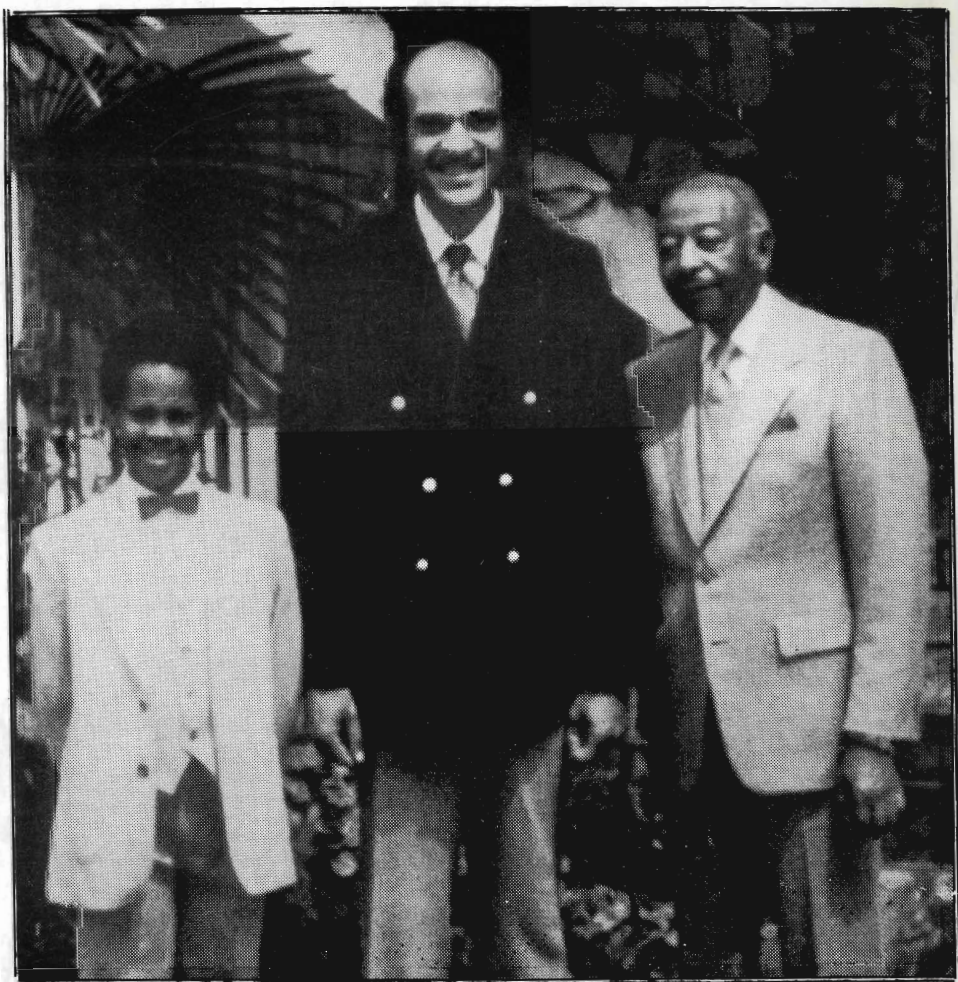
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