

my place in this society is? A degrading caricature of black people called "Little Black Sambo" and the little white children were allowed to look at this caricature, listen to the story read by a white teacher and laugh and it was not funny to me. Now this teacher was one of those people that my parents had taught me I was to respect and I was a very good child. I was very respectful. I tried to do as I was told to do, not only to please my parents and God but everybody who had authority over me. So I sat there confused as to why this teacher that my parents taught me to respect and that I was told was going to help me would let me be the subject of ridicule and when you are in that situation, a child, you can't react as an adult would react. So I sat there and thought by being very still, nobody would look at me but they looked and I remember to this day, my palms sweated, my body itched, my back especially. I wouldn't scratch. I wouldn't do anything and I suffered through that where the black family did not have a common last name. Mumbo and Jumbo were the parents and the little white children were allowed to laugh. So I survived that. Then the next time I was confronted with something that was supposed to tell me what I am in my role was in a song called "Old Black Joe." That is what they taught and the words that I'll never forget that the little white kids laughed at again was, "I'se comin', I'se comin', my head am bendin' low." That is the posture I was to assume before white people and again the children could laugh. Got a little further and they completed the story for me. I saw what the adult would be. That was "Nigger Jim" in Huckleberry Finn and that was what a black person is, "Little Black Sambo," in mid-life, "Nigger Jim." Then when the process of Americanization is over, you're Old Black Joe and everybody can laugh. But do you know what really brought it home to me how vicious this was? When they read stories about little white children they were dressed in the attire of the children that were around me in the classroom. They had a mother and a father. They all were one family and if something were read by the teacher and the little children laughed, do you know what that teacher said who let them laugh at me? We don't laugh at each other. So it was clear that I was not a part of that each other and I learned some very bitter, some very hard lessons that I have never forgotten and I am concerned about the things that are done to children in the public schools where all of my education occurred.

SENATOR NICHOL: One minute.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: Much of what I learned was in the library reading on my own because I had so much contempt and I believe