

An Integrated Curriculum For The Washington Post Newspaper In Education Program

Stories of Survival and Impact



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Ken Burns: Why the African American history museum belongs to all of us

BY KEN BURNS

• Originally Published September 15, 2016

I am surrounded by history. Among the many items in my office is a bust of Thomas Jefferson, a bust of Abraham Lincoln and a photo of the undefeatable Jackie Robinson.

And sitting on a bookshelf is an iron ankle shackle.

I pick it up sometimes. Here is history so many would like to ignore or forget. But we do so at our peril.

Today, African Americans hold positions of tremendous prestige, including, of course, the highest office in the world. But that is not enough. We learned quickly after Barack Obama's election that there is no such thing as a post-racial America. Centuries of deep troubles do not dissolve in eight years.

Along comes the National Museum of African American History and Culture. It is more than a repository of a people's history. It is an opportunity. The museum's location and proximity to other iconic monuments — Washington, Jefferson and, of course, Lincoln — will speak to what has always been true about our original sin: its centrality to the American story.

Long ago, essayist John Jay Chapman addressed it, writing about



Documentary filmmaker Ken Burns

JIM YOUNG/REUTERS

the earliest days of the Republic, the world of the Founding Fathers and men such as Jefferson, both revolutionary and slaveholder.

“There was never a moment,” Chapman wrote, “when the slavery issue was not a sleeping serpent. That issue lay coiled up under the table during the deliberations of the Constitutional Convention. ... Thereafter, slavery was always on everyone's mind, though not always on his tongue.”

It's very American to presume that all those old guilts can be transformed into reconciliation, reparation and atonement, as in the celebrated story

of the slaver who abandoned his errant path and wrote the exquisitely beautiful hymn “Amazing Grace.” But, as the Civil War — and, sadly, our present day — attests, the opposite is also true. Our ancient guilts and animosities more often metastasize into anger, violence and brutality. That's very American, too.

Even with a century and a half between us and our greatest cataclysm, we have an eerie sense that so much of what seemed safely finished and distant about the war now seems uncomfortably present, palpable, the underlying racial causes of the old conflict on nearly daily

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display. Too often, it seems, the black lives that were once bound by those shackles still don't matter.

Jazz trumpeter and composer Wynton Marsalis told me that in our country the question of race "is like the thing in the story, in the mythology that you have to do for the kingdom to be well." We are not well. The hard times still linger around our cabin door, and it becomes increasingly clear that the ghosts and echoes of our near-death experience have much to teach us today.

We can embrace those lessons — the White House was indeed built by slaves — or we can fight them and risk everything. "The Civil War," "Jazz," "Jackie Robinson" have all been part of my own journey to know our nation's heart. I have learned many things, including this about history: The small moments are what build the larger, sweeping moments of our lives.

Take the story of Charlie Black and Louis Armstrong. On the evening of Oct. 12, 1931, Louis Armstrong opened a three-day run at the Driskill Hotel in Austin. Among those who paid 75 cents to get in that night was Charlie Black, a freshman at the University of Texas. He knew nothing of jazz, had never heard of Armstrong. He just knew there were likely to be lots of girls to dance with. Then, Armstrong began to play.

"Louis played mostly with his eyes closed," Black recalled, "... letting flow, from that inner space of music, things that had never before existed. ... He was the first genius I had ever

seen. ... It is impossible to overstate the significance of a sixteen-year-old Southern boy's seeing genius, for the first time, in a black. We literally never saw a black man, then, in any but a servant's capacity. ... Louis opened my eyes wide, and put to me a choice. Blacks, the saying went, were 'all right in their place.' What was the 'place' of such a man — and of the people from which he sprung?"

Charlie Black went on to become Professor Charles L. Black, a distinguished teacher of constitutional law at Yale. In 1954, he helped provide the answer to the question Louis Armstrong's music had first posed for him: He volunteered for the team of lawyers, black and white, who finally persuaded the Supreme Court, in the case of *Brown v. Board of Education*, that segregating school children on the basis of race and color was unconstitutional.

What's remarkable about this story, among other things, is the role of proximity. Just like Armstrong's jazz required the diverse cultures of New Orleans, a young Charlie Black, a Southern boy attending university in a Southern state, almost bumps into the great musician, discovering, as he said, genius. What he saw was a black man's humanity.

When Jackie Robinson walked onto that ballfield in the spring of 1947, he may as well have been walking onto another Civil War battlefield, a war finished but not finished. When that proud grandson of a slave made his way to first base at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, turning

his cheek for two years against the thousands of racial slights, threats and abuse that he would face, it would be watched with awe and gratitude by a young junior at Morehouse College in Atlanta named Martin Luther King Jr. In a way, U.S. social history made a profound turn that April afternoon.

It is the stories behind the stories that speak to the importance of the National Museum of African American History and Culture. Yes, it is Dr. King on the Mall, it is the great leaders, scholars, athletes, artists. It is their collective work. But equally, perhaps more so, it is the lesser known stories that were the steppingstones for the historic occasions that we celebrate as iconic moments. It is the stories of African American men, women and children lining up to enter Ebbets Field for the first time. But it is equally white men, women and especially children watching Jackie Robinson or listening to Louis Armstrong, or a long list of others in the years to come. It is all of us, living out our lives with open hearts.

When we search out these other stories, the ones of so-called ordinary people, we experience history at its most impactful. We can embrace the large moments, but we must recognize that the greatest accomplishments of a people have a direct correlation to the life experiences of many, many others.

"Jazz" tells the story of the magnificent art form Americans invented, but it was invented by Americans who were born in a

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The forgotten way African Americans stayed safe in a racist America



Covers from the 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951 railroad, 1956 and 1960 editions

BY ANA SWANSON

• Originally Published January 8, 2016

For African American travelers, much of the U.S. could be a hateful and dangerous place, even into the 1960's.

Jim Crow laws across the South mandated that restaurants, hotels, pool halls and parks strictly separate whites and blacks. Lynchings kept blacks in fear of mob violence. And there were thousands of so-called “sundown towns,” including in northern states like Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota and Michigan, which barred blacks after dark, an unofficial rule reinforced by the threat of violence.

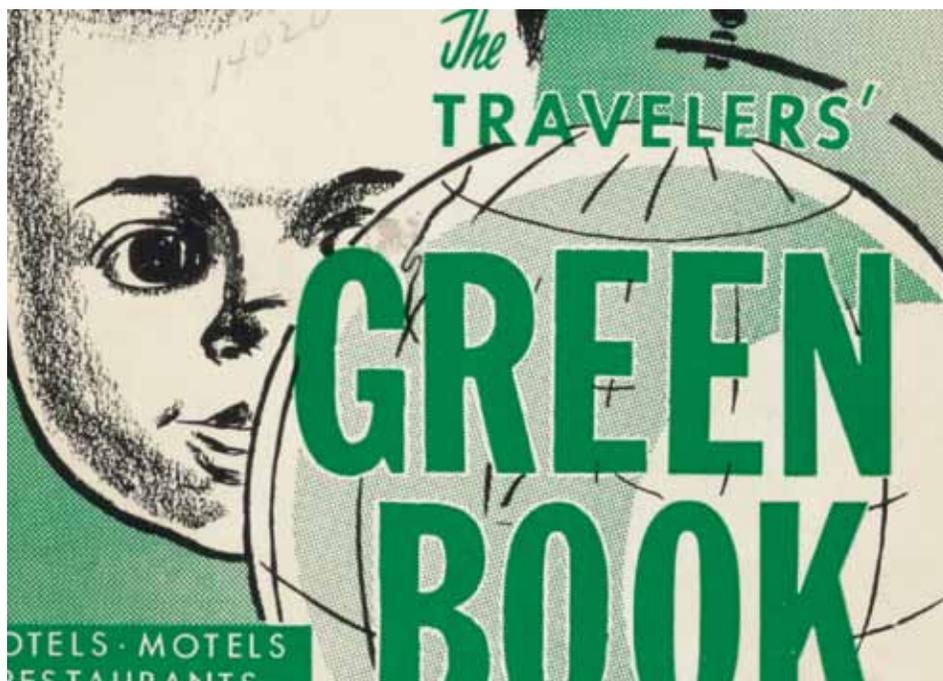
So in 1936, a postal worker named Victor Green began publishing a guide to help African American travelers find friendly restaurants, auto shops and accommodations in far-off places. Green dubbed the guide after himself – the “Green Book” – and published it for decades. Green says he was inspired

by the Jewish press, which had long published information on restricted places.

The Green Book included listings for hotels, restaurants, gas stations, bars and beauty salons across the U.S., as well as travel articles, paid advertisements, and stories about local attractions. The guide first focused on New York, but was

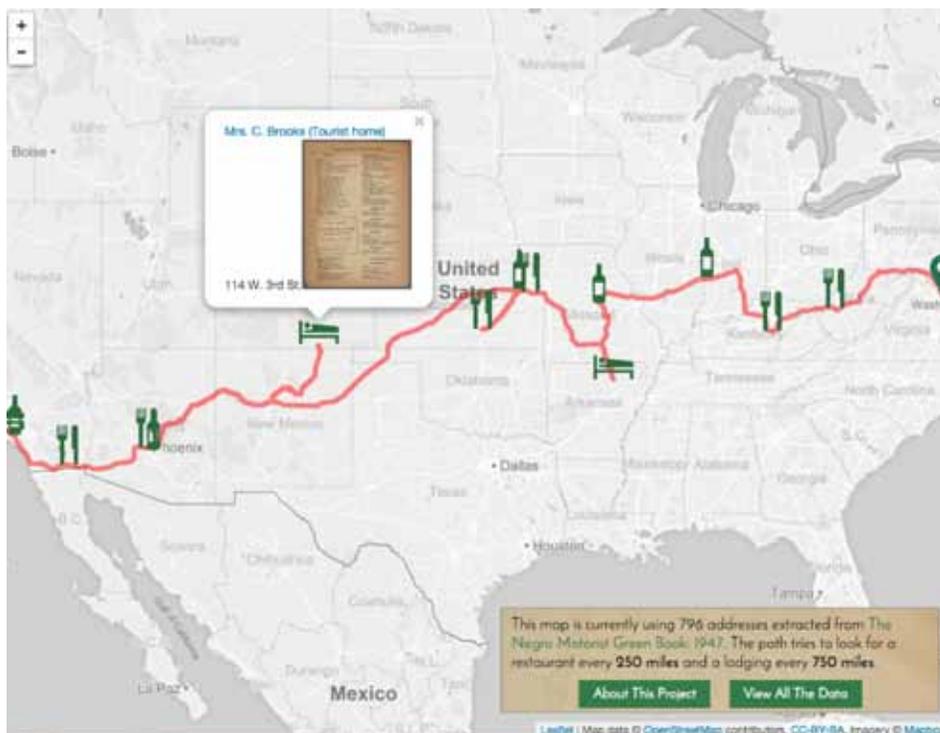
gradually expanded to cover the whole U.S. The first edition said on its cover, “Let’s all get together and make motoring better,” while the 1949 edition featured a quote from Mark Twain – “Travel is fatal to prejudice.”

While poverty and discrimination kept many African Americans from owning cars, a new black middle



The Travelers' Green Book, 1960 edition

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The Travelers' Green Book, 1960 edition

class rose up in the 1930's, 1940's and 1950's, and many of them were eager to escape poor treatment on public transportation.

Yet car ownership came with its own challenges. Many African Americans would pack meals, blankets and gasoline in their cars on trips in case they ended up somewhere where they wouldn't be served or didn't want to ask.

Green Books were sold at Esso service stations, one of the few gas station chains that served African Americans. The first edition retailed for a quarter, and Green soon upped

the price to 75 cents.

Brian Foo of NYPL Labs used the library's data to create an interactive map that allows you to plot different trip, and see what the Green Book suggests along your route. Foo's program combs through the listings in the Green Book to find a restaurant roughly every 250 miles and lodging every 750 miles. The map above shows some of the options for African Americans traveling from Washington, D.C. to Los Angeles.

Though the Green Book was a life-saving tool at the time, it's also a vivid reminder of just how

discrimination and prejudice made — and still make — the world much smaller and less free.

Though Green's list was far from comprehensive, many states have only a handful of listings, and the guesthouses and motels featured in the photos look small and somewhat shabby today.

In the introduction to the 1949 edition, Green writes: "There will be a day sometime in the near future when this guide will not have to be published."

"That is when we as a race will have equal opportunities and privileges in the United States. It will be a great day for us to suspend this publication for then we can go wherever we please, and without embarrassment. But until that time comes we shall continue to publish this information for your convenience each year."

The last edition, published in 1963, was an international edition which described itself as a guide to "vacation without aggravation." Green died in 1960, and the book gradually lost some relevance after the creation of a national highway system in 1956, which meant travelers no longer ventured as much into cities and towns, and the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which outlawed discrimination in hotels, restaurants and other public accommodations.

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THE WHITE HOUSE
Office of the Press Secretary

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

September 24, 2016

Remarks by the President at the Dedication of the National Museum

THE PRESIDENT: James Baldwin once wrote, “For while the tale of how we suffer, and how we are delighted, and how we may triumph is never new, it always must be heard.” For while the tale of how we suffer, and how we are delighted, and how we may triumph is never new, it always must be heard.

Today, as so many generations have before, we gather on our National Mall to tell an essential part of our American story — one that has at times been overlooked — we come not just for today, but for all time.

President and Mrs. Bush; President Clinton; Vice President and Dr. Biden; Chief Justice Roberts; Secretary Skorton; Reverend Butts; distinguished guests: Thank you. Thank you for your leadership in making sure this tale is told. We’re here in part because of you and because of all those Americans — the Civil War vets, the Civil Rights foot soldiers, the champions of this effort on Capitol Hill — who, for more than a century, kept the dream of this museum alive.

That includes our leaders in Congress — Paul Ryan and Nancy Pelosi. It includes one of my heroes, John Lewis, who, as he has so often, took the torch from those who came before him and brought us past the finish line. It includes the philanthropists and benefactors and advisory members who have so generously given not only their money but their time. It includes the Americans who offered up all the family keepsakes tucked away in Grandma’s attic. And of course, it includes a man without whose vision and passion and persistence we would not be here today — Mr. Lonnie Bunch. (Applause.)

What we can see of this building — the towering glass, the artistry of the metalwork — is surely a sight to behold. But beyond the majesty of the building, what makes this occasion so special is the larger story it contains. Below us, this building reaches down 70 feet, its roots spreading far wider and deeper than any tree on this Mall. And on its lowest level, after you walk past

remnants of a slave ship, after you reflect on the immortal declaration that “all men are created equal,” you can see a block of stone. On top of this stone sits a historical marker, weathered by the ages. That marker reads: “General Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay spoke from this slave block ... during the year 1830.”

I want you to think about this. Consider what this artifact tells us about history, about how it’s told, and about what can be cast aside. On a stone where day after day, for years, men and women were torn from their spouse or their child, shackled and bound, and bought and sold, and bid like cattle; on a stone worn down by the tragedy of over a thousand bare feet — for a long time, the only thing we considered important, the singular thing we once chose to commemorate as “history” with a plaque were the unmemorable speeches of two powerful men.

And that block I think explains why this museum is so necessary. Because that same object, reframed, put in context, tells us so much more.

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As Americans, we rightfully passed on the tales of the giants who built this country; who led armies into battle and waged seminal debates in the halls of Congress and the corridors of power. But too often, we ignored or forgot the stories of millions upon millions of others, who built this nation just as surely, whose humble eloquence, whose calloused hands, whose steady drive helped to create cities, erect industries, build the arsenals of democracy.

And so this national museum helps to tell a richer and fuller story of who we are. It helps us better understand the lives, yes, of the President, but also the slave; the industrialist, but also the porter; the keeper of the status quo, but also of the activist seeking to overthrow that status quo; the teacher or the cook, alongside the statesman. And by knowing this other story, we better understand ourselves and each other. It binds us together. It reaffirms that all of us are America — that African-American history is not somehow separate from our larger American story, it's not the underside of the American story, it is central to the American story. That our glory derives not just from our most obvious triumphs, but how we've wrested triumph from tragedy, and how we've been able to remake ourselves, again and again and again, in accordance with our highest ideals.

I, too, am America.

The great historian John Hope Franklin, who helped to get this museum started, once said, "Good history is a good foundation for

a better present and future." He understood the best history doesn't just sit behind a glass case; it helps us to understand what's outside the case. The best history helps us recognize the mistakes that we've made and the dark corners of the human spirit that we need to guard against. And, yes, a clear-eyed view of history can make us uncomfortable, and shake us out of familiar narratives. But it is precisely because of that discomfort that we learn and grow and harness our collective power to make this nation more perfect.

That's the American story that this museum tells — one of suffering and delight; one of fear but also of hope; of wandering in the wilderness and then seeing out on the horizon a glimmer of the Promised Land.

It is in this embrace of truth, as best as we can know it, in the celebration of the entire American experience, where real patriotism lies. As President Bush just said, a great nation doesn't shy from the truth. It strengthens us. It emboldens us. It should fortify us. It is an act of patriotism to understand where we've been. And this museum tells the story of so many patriots.

Yes, African Americans have felt the cold weight of shackles and the stinging lash of the field whip. But we've also dared to run north, and sing songs from Harriet Tubman's hymnal. We've buttoned up our Union Blues to join the fight for our freedom. We've railed against injustice for decade upon decade -- a lifetime of struggle, and progress, and enlightenment that we see etched in

Frederick Douglass's mighty, leonine gaze.

Yes, this museum tells a story of people who felt the indignity, the small and large humiliations of a "whites only" sign, or wept at the side of Emmett Till's coffin, or fell to their knees on shards of stained glass outside a church where four little girls died. But it also tells the story of the black youth and white youth sitting alongside each other, straight-backed, so full of dignity on those lunch counter stools; the story of a six-year-old Ruby Bridges, pigtails, fresh-pressed dress, walking that gauntlet to get to school; Tuskegee airmen soaring the skies not just to beat a dictator, but to reaffirm the promise of our democracy — (applause) — but remind us that all of us are created equal.

This is the place to understand how protest and love of country don't merely coexist but inform each other; how men can proudly win the gold for their country but still insist on raising a black-gloved fist; how we can wear "I Can't Breathe" T-shirt and still grieve for fallen police officers. Here's the America where the razor-sharp uniform of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff belongs alongside the cape of the Godfather of Soul. (Laughter.) We have shown the world that we can float like butterflies and sting like bees; that we can rocket into space like Mae Jemison, steal home like Jackie, rock like Jimi, stir the pot like Richard Pryor; or we can be sick and tired of being sick and tired, like Fannie Lou Hamer, and still

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Rock Steady like Aretha Franklin. (Applause.)

We are large, Walt Whitman told us, containing multitudes. We are large, containing multitudes. Full of contradictions. That's America. That's what makes us grow. That's what makes us extraordinary. And as is true for America, so is true for African American experience. We're not a burden on America, or a stain on America, or an object of pity or charity for America. We're America. (Applause.)

And that's what this museum explains — the fact that our stories have shaped every corner of our culture. The struggles for freedom that took place made our Constitution a real and living document, tested and shaped and deepened and made more profound its meaning for all people. The story told here doesn't just belong to black Americans; it belongs to all Americans — for the African-American experience has been shaped just as much by Europeans and Asians and Native Americans and Latinos. We have informed each other. We are polyglot, a stew.

Scripture promised that if we lift up the oppressed, then our light will rise in the darkness, and our night will become like the noonday. And the story contained in this museum makes those words prophecy. And that's what this day is about. That's what this museum is about. I, too, am America. It is a glorious story, the one that's told here. It is complicated and it is messy and it is full of contradictions, as all great stories are,

as Shakespeare is, as Scripture is. And it's a story that perhaps needs to be told now more than ever.

A museum alone will not alleviate poverty in every inner city or every rural hamlet. It won't eliminate gun violence from all our neighborhoods, or immediately ensure that justice is always colorblind. It won't wipe away every instance of discrimination in a job interview or a sentencing hearing or folks trying to rent an apartment. Those things are up to us, the decisions and choices we make. It requires speaking out, and organizing, and voting, until our values are fully reflected in our laws and our policies and our communities.

But what this museum does show us is that in even the face of oppression, even in the face of unimaginable difficulty, America has moved forward. And so this museum provides context for the debates of our times. It illuminates them and gives us some sense of how they evolved, and perhaps keeps them in proportion. Perhaps it can help a white visitor understand the pain and anger of demonstrators in places like Tulsa and Charlotte. But it can also help black visitors appreciate the fact that not only is this younger generation carrying on traditions of the past but, within the white communities across this nation we see the sincerity of law enforcement officers and officials who, in fits and starts, are struggling to understand, and are trying to do the right thing.

It reminds us that routine discrimination and Jim Crow aren't ancient history, it's just a blink in the

eye of history. It was just yesterday. And so we should not be surprised that not all the healing is done. We shouldn't despair that it's not all solved. And knowing the larger story should instead remind us of just how remarkable the changes that have taken place truly are — just in my lifetime — and thereby inspire us to further progress.

And so hopefully this museum can help us talk to each other. And more importantly, listen to each other. And most importantly, see each other. Black and white and Latino and Native American and Asian American — see how our stories are bound together. And bound together with women in America, and workers in America, and entrepreneurs in America, and LGBT Americans. And for young people who didn't live through the struggles represented here, I hope you draw strength from the changes that have taken place. Come here and see the power of your own agency. See how young John Lewis was. These were children who transformed a nation in a blink of an eye. Young people, come here and see your ability to make your mark.

The very fact of this day does not prove that America is perfect, but it does validate the ideas of our founding, that this country born of change, this country born of revolution, this country of we, the people, this country can get better.

And that's why we celebrate, mindful that our work is not yet done; mindful that we are but on a waystation on this common journey towards freedom. And how glorious

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it is that we enshrine it here, on some of our nation's most hallowed ground — the same place where lives were once traded but also where hundreds of thousands of Americans, of all colors and creeds, once marched. How joyful it is that this story take its rightful place — alongside Jefferson who declared our independence, and Washington who made it real, and alongside Lincoln who saved our union, and the GIs who defended it; alongside a new monument to a King, gazing outward, summoning us toward that mountaintop. How righteous it is that with tell this story here.

For almost eight years, I have been blessed with the extraordinary honor of serving you in this office. (Applause.) Time and again, I've flown low over this mall on Marine One, often with Michelle and our daughters. And President Clinton, President Bush, they'll tell you it is incredible sight. We pass right across the Washington Monument — it feels like you can reach out and touch it. And at night, if you turn the other way, you don't just see the Lincoln Memorial, Old Abe is lit up and you can see him, his spirit glowing from that building. And we don't have many trips left. But over the years, I've always been comforted

as I've watched this museum rise from this earth into this remarkable tribute. Because I know that years from now, like all of you, Michelle and I will be able to come here to this museum, and not just bring our kids but hopefully our grandkids. I imagine holding a little hand of somebody and tell them the stories that are enshrined here.

And in the years that follow, they'll be able to do the same. And then we'll go to the Lincoln Memorial and we'll take in the view atop the Washington Monument. And together, we'll learn about ourselves, as Americans — our sufferings, our delights, and our triumphs. And we'll walk away better for it, better because the better grasp of history. We'll walk away that much more in love with this country, the only place on Earth where this story could have unfolded. (Applause.)

It is a monument, no less than the others on this Mall, to the deep and abiding love for this country, and the ideals upon which it is founded. For we, too, are America.

So enough talk. President Bush is timing me. (Laughter.) He had the over/under at 25. (Laughter.) Let us now open this museum to the world. Today, we have with us a family that reflects the arc of our

progress: the Bonner family — four generations in all, starting with gorgeous seven-year-old Christine and going up to gorgeous 99-year-old Ruth. (Applause.)

Now, Ruth's father, Elijah Odom, was born into servitude in Mississippi. He was born a slave. As a young boy, he ran, though, to his freedom. He lived through Reconstruction and he lived through Jim Crow. But he went on to farm, and graduate from medical school, and gave life to the beautiful family that we see today — with a spirit reflected in beautiful Christine, free and equal in the laws of her country and in the eyes of God.

So in a brief moment, their family will join us in ringing a bell from the First Baptist Church in Virginia — one of the oldest black churches in America, founded under a grove of trees in 1776. And the sound of this bell will be echoed by others in houses of worship and town squares all across this country — an echo of the ringing bells that signaled Emancipation more than a century and a half ago; the sound, and the anthem, of American freedom.

God bless you all. God bless the United States of America. (Applause.)

END
12:26 P.M. EDT

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Artifacts Narrate a Story

1794, *Ballast, São José Paquete de Africa*, Slave Ship



Linen Shawl owned by Harriet Tubman



Sign, "whites only"



Black-Gloved Fist



Slave Block, Hagerstown, Md.



Union Uniform



1955, Emmett Till's Casket, Mamie Till-Mobley, mother



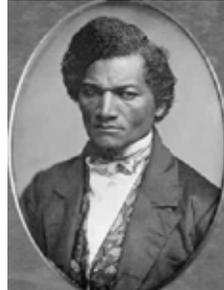
1979, Uniform, Brig. Gen. Hazel Johnson-Brown



Wrought-Iron Ankle Shackles



Frederick Douglass



Lunch Counter Stools



Boxing Headgear, Muhammad Ali



1863, Slave with Lacerated Back



WWI, Lawrence McVey



1963, Shards of Glass



2015, Black Lives Matter T-shirt



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Artifacts Narrate a Story

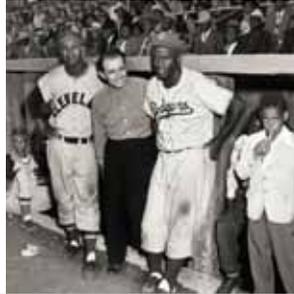
Cape, James Brown



Mae Jemison, space exploration



Jackie Robinson



1948, Modern Cuff, Art Smith



Jimi Hendrix



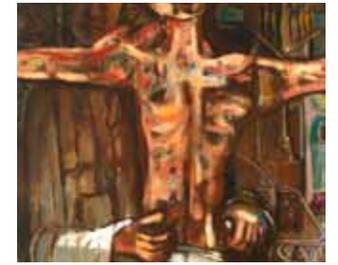
Fannie Lou Hamer



Oscar Award, Russell Williams



“Behold Thy Son,”
David C. Driskell



Aretha Franklin



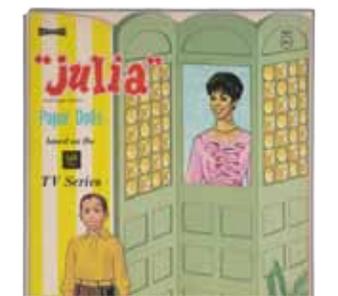
Anne Lowe Fashion Design



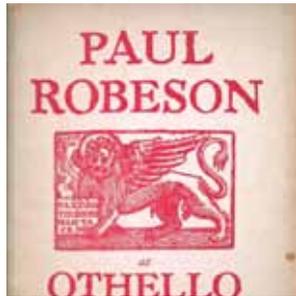
Sweet Home Café Food



Julia, Book of Paper Dolls



Playbill, Paul Robeson



Oil Can, The Wiz



2009, Inauguration Invitation,
President Barack Obama

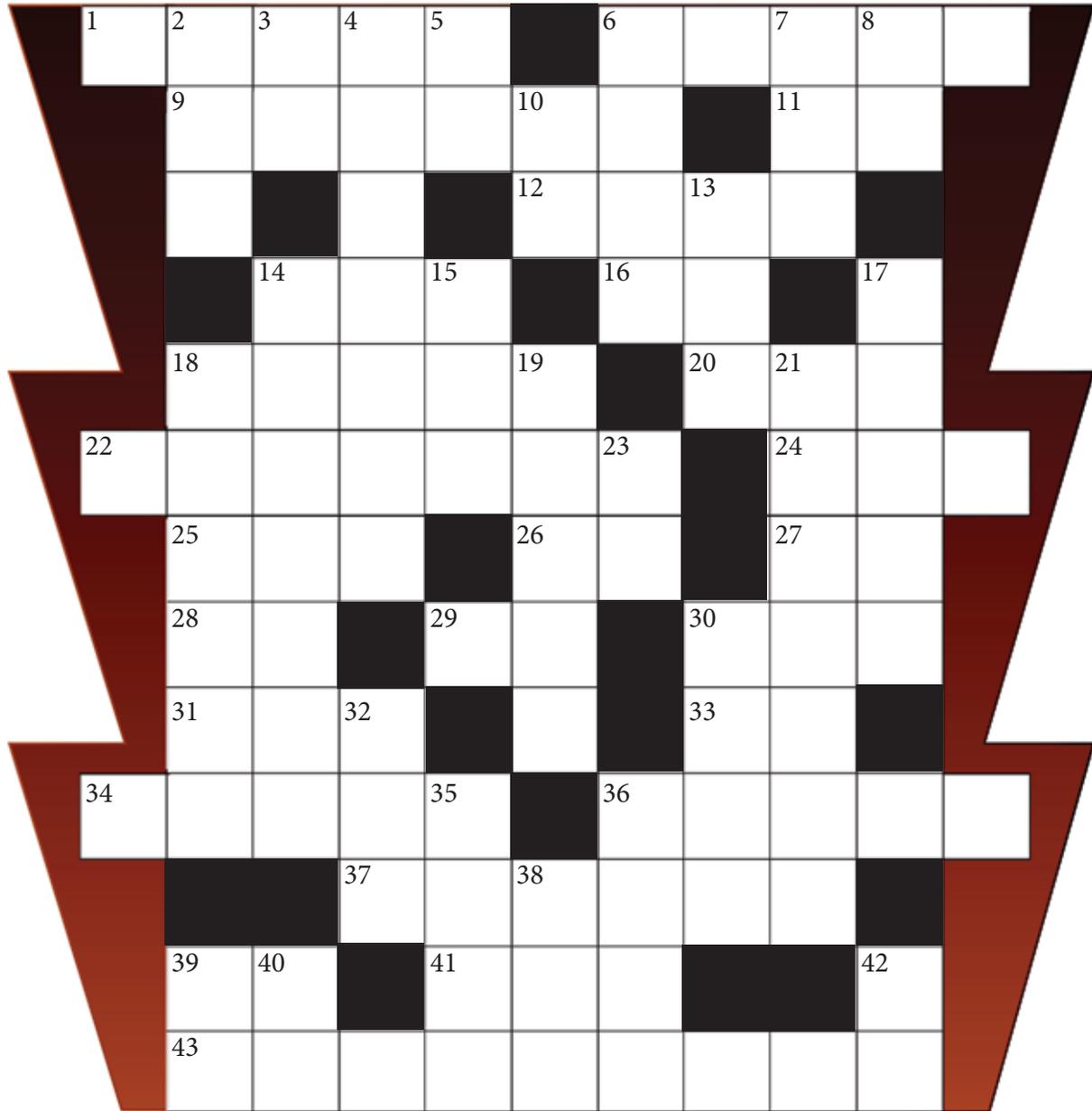


Boom Box, owned by
Chuck D of Public Enemy



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Corona of History and Culture



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Corona of History and Culture

ACROSS

1. "I know why the _____ bird sings; ah me, when his wing is bruised and his bosom sore; when he beats his bars and he would be free, it is not a carol of joy or glee, but a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core."
— **Paul Laurence Dunbar**, *Sympathy*
6. *Lady Sings the _____* is the bio of Billie Holiday.
9. Projecting top part of a cornice; vertical face of a cornice; also a circle of light around a luminous object
11. Abbrev. Registered Nurse. Mary Eliza Mahoney was America's first black professional nurse.
12. Represents an object or program on your hard drive; representative or symbol
14. Whether filled with music or monies, these are desired.
16. Abbrev. Krypton
18. Innocence and _____ are themes in literature that reflect real life emotions.
20. Packages to military members are sent to this mailing address, briefly
22. "I'm a culture _____, and I just want to experience it all."
— **Debbie Harry**
24. "I felt somehow for many years that George Washington and Alexander Hamilton just left me _____ by mistake. But through the process of amendment, interpretation, and court decision, I have finally been included in 'We, the people.'"
— **Barbara Jordan**
25. Suffix used to indicate a native of a country or a scientific term
26. Briefly, United States
27. Briefly, Viet Nam
28. Tuskegee University, briefly, which was founded in 1881 and authorized by House Bill 165.
29. Preposition indicating where, when and condition
30. Hot color used in the flags of many countries
31. "I have no interest in making a work that doesn't elicit a feeling," Kara Walker stated about her works of _____.
33. Abbrev. Emergency Room
34. "I Have a _____" speech was delivered at the Lincoln Memorial by Martin Luther King, Jr. on August 28, 1963.
36. "I was so glad to get out of the cotton _____ and stop pickin' cotton, I wouldn't of cared who come by and said, 'I'll take you to Chicago.'"
— **Koko Taylor**
37. "You can take lessons to become almost anything: flying lessons, piano lessons, skydiving lessons, acting lessons, race car driving lessons, singing lessons. But there's no class for _____. You have to be born with it. God has to give you this gift."
— **Steve Harvey**
39. Bachelor of Arts, briefly
41. _____ Turner, a slave in Virginia, led a rebellion in 1831.

43. "Where justice is denied, where poverty is enforced, where _____ prevails, and where any one class is made to feel that society is in an organized conspiracy to oppress, rob, and degrade them, neither persons nor property will be safe."
— **Frederick Douglass** (*Speech on the twenty-fourth anniversary of emancipation in Washington. D.C.*)

DOWN

2. The Tuskegee airman was an _____ of WWII.
3. _____ *Tell It on the Mountain* is a novel written by James Baldwin.
4. Very knowledgeable through study; well-read
5. To act, achieve, carry out
6. "We must build dikes of courage to hold _____ the flood of fear."
— **Martin Luther King, Jr.**
7. A coffee _____ is useful for church socials. It keeps the beverage hot to the last drop.
8. A suffix that turns a noun into a verb or a noun such as gold into an adjective.
10. Abbrev. Nickel
13. Abbrev. Office of Regulatory Affairs
14. The National Museum of African American Museum of History and _____ was dedicated on September 24, 2016.
15. Internet speak meaning Still Love You
17. "Healing begins where the _____ was made."
— Alice Walker (*The Way Forward Is with a Broken Heart*)
18. Stringed instrument with a fretted fingerboard, played with your fingers or a pick
19. Sojourner _____, born a slave, was an abolitionist and women's rights activist who won a court case to regain her enslaved son.
21. "Anyone who has ever struggled with _____ knows how extremely expensive it is to be poor."
— **James Baldwin** (*Fifth Avenue, Uptown. Esquire*)
23. Abbrev. Elementary School
30. "Books were my pass to personal freedom. I learned to _____ at age three, and soon discovered there was a whole world to conquer that went beyond our farm in Mississippi."
— **Oprah Winfrey**
32. Tactical Air Command, briefly
35. Prefix meaning one, single, alone
36. This organization supports animal rights
38. Blemish, spoil
39. Prefix meaning two
40. Briefly, Attorney General
42. "The outside world told black kids when I was growing up that _____ weren't worth anything. But our parents said it wasn't so, and our churches and our schoolteachers said it wasn't so. They believed in us, and _____, therefore, believed in ourselves."
— **Marian Wright Edelman**

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Corona Crossword Answers

