

**WITHOUT BLACK HISTORY
THERE'D BE NO HISTORY**

INVENTOR	INVENTION	DATE
Allen, C.W.	Self-leveling table	Nov. 1, 1898
Ashbourne, A.P.	Biscuit cutter	Nov. 30, 1875
Balley, L.C.	Folding bed	July 18, 1899
Blackburn, A.B.	Railway signal	Jan. 10, 1888
Balir, Henry	Corn planter	Oct. 14, 1864
Blair, Henry	Cotton planter	Aug. 31, 1836
Boone, Sarah	Ironing board	Apr. 26, 1892
Brooks, C.B.	Street-sweepers	Mar. 17, 1896
Brown, L.F.	Bridle bit	Oct. 25, 1892
Brown, O.E.	Horseshoe	Aug. 23, 1892
Burr, J.A.	Train alarm	June 15, 1897
Campbell, W.S.	Self-setting animal trap	Aug. 30, 1881
Certain, J.M.	Parcel carrier for bikes	Dec. 26, 1899
Grant, G.F.	Golf tee	Dec. 12, 1899
Gregory, J.	Motor	Apr. 26, 1887
Hunter, J. H.	Portable weighing scales	Nov. 3, 1896
Jackson, B.F.	Gas burner	Apr. 4, 1899
Johnson, I.R.	Bicycle frame	Oct. 10, 1899
Johnson, W.	Egg beater	Feb. 5, 1884
Jones, F.M.	Air conditioning unit	July 12, 1949
Jones,& Long	Caps for bottles	Sept. 13, 1898
Latimer & Nichols	Electric lamp	Sept. 13, 1881
Love, J.L.	Pencil sharpener	Nov. 23, 1897
Martin, W.A.	Lock	July 23, 1889
Newton, S.	Oil heater or cooker	May 22, 1894
Prather, Al. G.B.	Man powered glider aircraft	Feb. 6, 1890
Purdy & Peters	Folding chair	June 11, 1889
Purivis, W.B.	Fountain pen	Jan. 7, 1890

**Lift Every Voice And Sing
(National Negro Anthem)**

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring
 Ring with the harmonies of liberty; Let our rejoicing rise
 High as the listing skies, Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
 Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
 Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us,
 Facing the rising sun of our new day begun, Let us march on
 till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning rod, Felt in the
 days when hope unborn had died; Yet with a steady beat,
 have not our weary feet, Come to the place for which our
 fathers sighed? We have come over a way that with tears
 has been watered, We have come, treading our path thro'
 the blood of the slaughtered, Out from the gloomy past till
 now we stand at last; Where the white gleam of our bright
 star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears, Thou who
 hast brought us thus far over the way; Thou who hast by thy might
 led us into the light; Keep us forever in the path we pray. Lest
 our feet stray from the places, our God where we met Thee
 Lest our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget
 Thee; Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand True
 to our God, true to our native land.

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