[MS 0436.001.014.013]

THIRD ANNUAL

BLACK ECONOMIC SUMMIT

BUILDING
WEALTH
IN THE 1990's

Where:	San Diego State University (Aztec Center)
When:	Saturday, October 27, 1990
Registration:	8:00 a.m. - 9:30 a.m. (Breakfast Served)
Summit Program:	9:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.
Donation:	$20.00 per person (Tax Deductible) (Includes Continental Breakfast and Lunch) $40.00 per vendor (Includes Admission and Meals)
Vendor Exhibits:	8:00 a.m. - 9:30 a.m. 12:00 noon - 1:00 p.m. 3:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m.

KEYNOTE SPEAKERS

DR. JOSHUA SMITH, CHAIRMAN
President's Commission on Minority Business Development
Washington D.C.

OSCAR WRIGHT, REGIONAL ADMINISTRATOR
Small Business Administration
San Francisco, California

PROFESSIONAL WORKSHOPS
HOW TO "BUILD WEALTH IN THE 90's"

VENDOR EXHIBITS BY BLACK BUSINESS OWNERS

Sponsored by:
BLACK ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT TASK FORCE, INC.

For more information call (619) 266-2200

"Let's build together"

BLACK NATIONAL ANTHEM

"Lift Every Voice And Sing"

Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of liberty,
let our rejoicing rise,
High as the list'ning 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 in the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn has died
Yet with a steady beat
Have not our weary feet,
Come to the place for which our fathers died.
We have come over a way
That with tears has been watered,
We have come,
Treading our path thru the blood of the slaughtered:
Out from the gloomy past
Till now we stand at last
Where the bright gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on our way,
Thou who hast by thy might, led us into the light,
Keep us forever in thy 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.