From Mommy To Ms DAWN Marks Anniversary

In the spring of 1970, Margo was given the choice of staying home to raise her children or going to work. Being recently separated from her husband, she was in dire need of financial help. The decision was difficult because the children were young and she didn't have anyone to babysit other than a teenager who had recently finished school. She decided to give the job a try because there just is no surviving without an income.

The job, given her, was difficult but Margo was determined to make the best of it for the children's sake. Her determination came to an end when she went home earlier than usual one day, only to find her children unattended. Being a concerned parent, she was most upset. With her mind made up to live on the bare necessities, Margo quit her job. Life didn't prove any too easy in the weeks that followed, but here was one thing Margo had in her favor, she was with her children at a time when they needed her most.

Being skilled in cosmetology and dressmaking, Margo had some source of income. One day, she was asked to babysit daily for her cousin who had just found a job. Margo accepted gladly because she loved children and it would aid her financially. Before long, she had the children of a couple of relatives to take care of during the day. Things were looking up at last. This could be seen in the faces of Margo's children. Although she didn't have much Margo was content because she was able to set the mold for her children's future.

During the time she was at home, all was done to teach the children the moral values that she had been taught as a child. This is a

difficult task because times are changing and so are the rules. It's a hard job trying not to be too strict or too lenient in disciplinary matters.

Margo also instilled religious beliefs in her children because she felt that religion was a vital part of life. Many of her friends told her that she was lucky to be at home with nothing to do but the job of motherhood is endless and tiring. Margo counted herself fortunate because she knew that she had laid the foundation for her children. Other women, who must work, have no alternative but to let their children's lives be governed by, hopefully, a reliable babysitter.

Now that her children had reached school age, Margo decided to apply for jobs. After many tests and interviews, she was hired by a branch of the federal government. The problem of a babysitter didn't exist this time because the children's grandmother was there to see to them in the morning and afternoon.

Although she was without the hassle of a babysitter, there were other small problems facing her, an inexperienced working mother. Margo had a rather frustrated first day but she lived through it.

There were many adjustments to be made. Such things as learning about bus s c h e d u l e s, o f f i c e procedures, job rules and regulations, getting along with co-workers, being sure to leave clothes out for the children, seeing that they had completed home assignments, cooking, washing and ironing and maintaining a reasonably sane household became as natural as breathing.

At this time, Margo is still an employed mother. Being

(Continued on Page 17)



DAWN celebrated its fourth anniversary last month marking the occasion with a luncheon in Baltimore. Alco-Gravure, the printing firm which prints DAWN, presented front page replicas of DAWN to AFRO officials at the time. From left, Kenneth Wilson, advertising V. P. of DAWN; Fred J. Talento, Eastern sales manager for Alco-Gravure; Larry Stoffer, account executive for Alco-Gravure, and John H. Murphy III, chairman of the Board of the AFRO-AMERICAN Newspapers which publishes DAWN.



Art Carter, center, editor of DAWN, which appears in 36 newspapers around the country with 900,000 circulation, shared the occasion with, from left, Vashti McKenzie, and Marie Phillips Cooke, editorial contributors. Others in photo are Messrs Talento and Stoffer. DAWN grossed \$1 million in advertising, Mr. Wilson announced at the anniversary party, declaring DAWN "the premiere supplement in black publications.



Bonnie Butler, assistant to V P of advertising was presented flowers on the occasion. Making the presentation, from left, were Ted Stegmiller of Alco's Maryland division; Mrs. Butler, Talento and Stoffer.

Black Pioneers

(Continued from Page 5)

before the Senate Investigating Committee that he was, "the whole cause of the Kansas migration."

However, this statement was typical frontier big talk on Singleton's part. Because even Frederick Douglass was partly responsible for the black migration to Kansas. Douglass had urged free blacks to settle in the state of Kansas as early as 1854. But in spite of Singleton's big talk, no one can deny that while he wasn't exactly the whole cause of the Kansas migration, he certainly was one of the bigger causes behind it.

Like Singleton, Edwin P. McCabe also lived in the state of Kansas for a while. But eventually, McCabe left Kansas and moved on further West.

McCabe, who was born in Troy, New York, in 1850, was by far the most ambitious and visionary of all the black leaders who operated west of the Mississippi. Like the late Dr. Martin Luther King, McCabe had a dream.

He dreamed of turning the state of Oklahoma into an all-black state and then have himself elected governor.

And although he was born in the East, McCabe was the first black man ever to be elected to a major political office in the West. In 1882, while he was still living in the state of Kansas, McCabe ran for the office of state auditor and was elected to that office. It was the first time that a black man had ever held such a high office west of the Mississippi.

But McCabe didn't let this high position tie him down.

After serving two terms as the Kansas state auditor, he left Kansas and went to California where he prospected for gold for a brief period of time. In 1889, during the Oklahoma land boom, McCabe turned up in the state of Oklahoma.

He immediately made his presence felt.

He bought 320 acres of land located about 40 miles

Edwin P. McCabe disappeared and was never heard from again

northeast of Oklahoma City and set up an all-black town which he called Langston

And as the result of a well mounted campaign to recruit settlers, McCabe sent special agents into the South for this purpose, Langston City soon had a population of well over 2,000 citizens. In 1897, the Oklahoma legislature granted the all-black town 40 acres of land on which to build an institution of higher learning.

Langston College was built on this land grant.

And as McCabe's newspaper, the Langston City Herald, extolled the town's virtues, both the town and the college prospered beyond McCabe's wildest dream. But being the visionary man that he was, Edwin P. McCabe dreamed of even bigger things.

managed to get himself elected to the office of Oklahoma state auditor, and by setting up a series of all-black towns with black majority in each of the state's election districts. McCabe hoped to get himself elected to the office

of governor and then declare Oklahoma an all-black state.

Of course, McCabe planned to make Langston City the capital of this all-black state.

But before this dream could become a thing of reality, McCabe disappeared and was never heard from again.

The most common explanation for McCabe's strange disappearance is that he was done in by violent whites who were opposed to his plan for making Oklahoma an all-black state.

In any case, the dream of Edwin P. McCabe was a dream deferred. And remembering the deferred dream of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. one can truthfully conclude that the dreams of black men in white America are dreams that are often deferred.

But even if the dream of Edwin P. McCabe were a dreamed deferred, it did not dry up and just wither away like a raisin in the sun. Because today what was once Langston College is now Langston University.

Mommy

both mother and breadwinner is hard on the mind and body. Some evenings when she gets home all she wants to do is rest but this is almost impossible because she must spend some time with her children.

After all, in most instances, she hasn't seen them since she put them to bed the night before. She feels that it is very important to reassure the children of her love. During the time she talks, plays, and listens to them, she is either sorting laundry, cooking, cleaning or ironing because the duties of a working mother seem

The children have learned that they can come to her whenever they have a problem or need a friend. The trials Margo undergo being a working mother are rewarded when she is praised for outstanding work by her supervisor, or when both children bring home good report cards. She then realizes that her time and energy are not in vain. It is a hard and endless task being a working mother but with faith and determination you can make it as Margo is still finding out.

ALANA TAYLOR ROBINSON

DAWN Travel Notes

Auto Tour Of Connecticut Reveals 400 Years Of History

An auto tour of the Connecticut Valley that begins on the oldest river ferry crossing in the United States and ends on the second oldest, takes travelers through 40 miles of some of America's most beautiful countryside and 400 years of history. The tour can be completed at a leisurely sightseeing pace in about four hours.

It starts at Rocky Hill in the south-central part of the state. Rocky Hill is easily reached by taking Interstate

Rocky Hill you board the little car ferry crossing the waters of the broad Connecticut River and connecting with the town of Glastonbury on the eastern shore.

Ferry service from Rocky
Hill to Glastonbury began in
1655 and has been in continuous seasonal operation
ever since. From the boat
deck passengers are treated
to a sweeping view of the
river and the adjacent hills
and spires.

In this age of inflation the

fare of 25 cents for car and driver and 5 cents for each additional passenger seems another holdover from the 17th century. Even with a station wagon packed with kids, the cost of the trip is a real bargain. And incidentally, both ferry rides and what comes in between offer the kind of adventure children love.

Once off the ferry, drive three miles east along State Route 160 to South Glastonbury. On Main Street the (Continued from Page 19)

PAGE 17