## -Bike Racing Champ

Spring Ferer, pure and simple, Light it with lime

(Continued from Page 6)

professional bunches, Taylor was a constant victim of such tactics. But his well - developed, bike handling skills, outstanding coordination, and physical condition kept him alive, upright, and winning.

One Mile champ

By 1899 and 1900, he was the U.S. National Professional Champion. The National Championship title was a long -

Spring terre-love at tirst sip.

fought battle, based on points collected at individual meets all across the country. At the 1899 World Championships in Montreal, Canada, he won the onemile title.

In 1901 and 1902 he traveled to Europe, meeting and beating all of the top sprinters on the Continent. The racist overtones of U.S. racing did not exist in Europe

and the black American was well received. His success continued in

Australia in 1903.

But if the racing bunches in the U.S. were hazardous, the handicap - style racing in Australia was downright corrupt. Riders were seeded according to ability. Taylor usually drew the most difficult "scratch" position with other riders stretched out in front of him, with up to 220 yards headstart. Ideally, the entire field should have been together on the final lap, battling for an equal

Actually it did not work out that way. The "front markers" (lesser riders) would share the pacing responsibilities with one and other, working for one of their group to win and split the prize list. The "black markers" did the same. Depending upon who won, his teammates would split the

Five other Americans joined the Australian tour in 1904 and organized the bunches against Major Taylor. Damp weather and life on the road took their toll of his conditioning. Taylor fell victim to several crashes and eventual physical collapse. So with his wife and newborn daughter, Taylor returned to the U.S. for rest and recuperation.

Hazy Years

The remaining years are hazy for the Major. He had over \$25,000 saved from his years of racing. But a series of bad investments, including a spring type of automobile tire, wiped out his fortune.

In 1926, his fellow citizens of Worcester conducted a public subscription which collected several thousand dollars for Taylor and his family. In 1928, he went through his scrapbooks and compiled an autobiography from old newspaper clippings.

By 1930, he was in Chicago, broke, and sick. An oldtime racer gave him a job and paid for needed surgery in 1932. But Taylor died in Cook County Hospital on June 21, 1932 and was buried in an unmarked pauper's

His body was reinterred in 1948 with a bronze plaque, paid for by a group called "Bicycle Racing Stars of the 19th Century." The grave is still maintained in Glenwood Memorial Garden in suburban Chicago.

## the POETRIE gallerie

All materials must be accompanied by a stamped, self - addressed en--velope. Address all correspondence to The Editor, DAWN Magazine, 628-N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. 21203.

Big streets small streets one way and dead end They all hear the footsteps of Ivan

running jumping skipping playing

Ivan's lively feet almost make a

as he moves about his world speaking to this one and waving at that one Everyone knows Ivan

you can hear them call his name As Ivan hoola-hoops on Broad Street

plays tag on Maine Street shoots a goal on South Street and climbs a tree on 19th Avenue

Everyone knows Ivan and Ivan knows everyone Everyone loves Ivan and Ivan returns their love

as he dribbles his ball along making bubble gum explosions Sheila Green

A FELLS POINT BAR

Crammed in a smoke filled Room young women move Around a circular bar Like taxis Beacons lit Waiting to be hailed

Young men Fares oozing from their mouths Slip into seats To ride a short Distance

F. Crosby Jr.

**MIRRORS** 

down in doorways drunk on corners

directing traffic high on oil on the block of proposition hooking school off with the boys

paid today and poor tomorrow owning those in debt to you half-step ahead of waiting sorrow a life away from what you want to

worry-ation getting ser-us bad reflections seen too long broken mirror don't change the

blinded eyes won't see what's

stead of jivin like i use-ta ppears to me i could use my time straightening up to face my

to change the image in my mind Vincent A. Johnson

THE MEETING

(Any ghetto USA. Tow Black men who grew up together. One has asked the ageless question, "How's it goin', man?" And the other replies.)

"I get a bran' near car an' a real fine home, Man, I'm makin' it on my own! My kinds go clean an' my wife really rags; an' you know I'm not the kind of guy who brags, but, I got it made! I got a stereo set an' a color TV. An' ain't no colored man

on that block but me!! I can play me some jazz an' groove awhile, You better believe it, man, I'm livin' in style! Got it made in the shade! Who? Man, I don't see him no more. He still live over that grocery store! Hey, let me tell you about my gig, they pay me, man, I mean, they pay me big!

Say, what about you, man, what's happenin' with you? You ain't still livin' over that grocery store, too? Yeah? Well I gotta split this place just ain't me. What? Can we get together? Hell, I'm never free, man, I got it made!

Yeah, I got it made!



(Bach goes his separate way. The Black man who has it made and the black man whose trying to make it—alone.)

Marian Stanton-Johnson

**EDUCATION** 

See De man He got bout de world As if there were no roach He put pie in de window And plow de grass wit his son At his side See de woman She go bout passionless And happy all de time Her apron shine like highway sign Camelot this exit Never spilling a drop Never bleeding See de boy Like me cept colorless in sight and soul Biking into town wit his friend for to buy I bike for to go Miss Hawthrone say Ain't that a lovely tale Sho nuff it is say I Yet deep down I know de man, de woman, de boy, de bike, de town, de plow, de grass, de world Ain't so lovely See de black boy Rubbin' his black face with white fantasy Washin' his black mind wit illusion Approaching the mirage like thirsty nomad Reaching for an evil dream that long ago spawned the nightmare

REVERBERATIONS TONIGHT

fo you go readin' dem tales

Terry Edmonds

See dat you learn you

of lost identity

Reverberations, escalate, and then turn around. O what a wondrous day to see moving forward in a beautiful, black majestic prance, my people.

Wondrous, wondrous was the scene

slanting in on me —

berations,

And you, O wondrous black walking thing, Woman that happened to me

saw in the city and the park

colors: green, blue, red, and there

in the park, black. Rever-

sinking and coming up again,

tonight, in the city, in the park, Come now -

reverberate, escalate, slant . . sink on in to me, tonight.

Arthur L. Dozier **TESTIFY** 

Though I sit amongst you I stand in testimony Do not my presence bear me

Acknowledging - you thru sight Ears yield unto voices Smile reflects approval Tears share your burdens (so you

Understanding becomes my sister Trust - is liken to a brother I look to faith - He be my father

Wisdom guides - nourishes - as Therefore - I stand with you - for

Tru you, I speak You are my testimony

Gwen Hebron

Kind of love

A quiet kind of love I will give to you . . .

My witness

A comforting kind of love For your days that are blue . . .

A demonstrative kind of love When it needs to show . . .

A potent kind of love That will grow and grow. SHEILA DOUGLAS

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