Close families should never let a few hundred miles keep them apart.



Whether your family is scattered across a county or across the country, you can still get together often. And inexpensively.

Just go Greyhound.

We can take you and your family to just about any city or town in America.

And we can take you there in style. In safety. And in comfort.

So next time you want to get the whole family together, leave your car at home. Leave your worries at home. And leave the driving to us.



A Note From The Devil

Watching the hands of a clock. Counting the ticks I hear. Going and going, but never slowing. My time draws near, I fear.

Seeing their eyes shed ugly tears, it only makes me sick. Crying and crying, Oh, that sighing. Too late, we've all been licked.

The end is near! The end is near! And all shall parish with time. Too late to start this life anew. Too late for me and my kind.

Die brave oh little foolish ones. You have no hearts or souls. Praying and praying. just delaying. The inevitable will soon unfold.

But the heavens have heard your sally prayers and the Gods will answer in such, "Our eyes burn red, oh, off with your heads." You will feel their scorching

The end is near! The end is near! And all shall parish with time. Too late to start this life anew.

> YVONNE M. MOORE Los Angeles, Calif.

Prelude to Winter

I've reached the autumn of my life and suddenly realized. I am under the scrutiny of winter's cold dark eyes. This I must face calmly there's nothing to deter. If only it were spring again, the season I prefer.

My life began with summer, things were warm and new. Then came spring and I was with its sweet moist dew. Now as I near winter I sit and wish within, that spring's sweet kiss could wander back, and touch my life again.

DORIS JACKSON

Together

You're mine And I'm yours . . . When we are together.

Speak to me I want to listen . . . When we are together.

the

moetrie

Hours seem to linger when we are apart" Moments seems to scurry by . . . When we are together.

Our jobs and duties keep us Relax, unwind, rejoice . . .

When we are together.

Holidays, special days, another We remember, reminisce When we are together.

Days of old, what might have We laugh, we sigh, we give it a thought . . . When we are together.

Our plans, our ideas frequently

The disappointment, the sadness

soon squekhed . . . When we are together.

We belong We own the moments we've had We'll always remember . . . When we are together.

Oh, the love we share The way we care, it's beautiful . . . When we are together.

> CAROLYN JOHNSTON Detroit, Mich.

Why Am I?

Life began with two strikes My mother passed away when I was only three. Not knowing who my father really

was or B.

sorrow and tears. I felt shame when I had to cry, But, I'm no better than you, who

of a house,

All my friends we're happier with a father and his spouse.

section of the city. My grandparents did their best for

had no brothers or sisters to hear them cry.

My teenage years brought about a

I left my house to find life's better

as a fool. I volunteered to serve this great

U.S.A., That's been a disappointment

even to this day. sins of other men,

Oh, I'm no better than you, who

preseverance of happiness, But my search has not ended to

scared as can be.

never being free. under lock and key,

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dressed envelope. Address all correspondence to The Editor, DAWN Magazine, 628 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. 21201.

I've had one hell of a life full of

"As a child I enjoyed the comforts

Our house was in a segregated

me with pity.

Yet, I'm no better than you, who

My mistake was dropping out of

I had many experiences but only

I fell victim to the evilness and After being kicked out of the

service my troubles began. Being full of shame all I could do was cry,

My intentions were for the find my greatest test.

As a law-abiding person I was doing my part, Only thing wrong I went astray

I fell into the arms of the law Somehow this was the start of me

But blessings came each time I fell

happiness so much. Now, I know my place is somewhere in church. In all my sufferings, struggles and dare not blame no other man. And if you hear my long and sadden cry.

Under most conditions all I could

However, I no better than you,

In between jails and prisons I

May GOD bless them daily, and

I tried marriage and it did not

Oh, how I wanted peace and

became the father of three,

do was cry,

keep them free.

who am I.

who am I JAMES E. WARREN SR.

Think! I'm no better than you,

Los Angeles County

Bubble Land

When you blow a bubble do you ever wonder where it goes? Why, of course, it goes to Bubble

After you think it has popped, it really turns invisible.

Now when you first blow bubbles, they don't know anything. Not even the way to Bubble Land. Their instincts tell them.

Bubble Land is a beautiful place. There are palm trees and ferns all

The little bubbles fly all over, playing games and having fun.

Bubbles stay at Bubble Land All their lives. It's a great place to go, but People can't go there, it is only for

> WALTER E. PHILLIPS Baltimore, Md.

They Knew

They taught me how to kill the I never knew as "super men," Who live or die the same as I

They said it was for Peace to fight And I, poor fool, believed them

And kill to live or die.

I fought their fight with soul and

A war to end all war and strife.

I did the job they told me to Though friend or foe lay cold; I found the peace (they sold me, In Death. O fool! They knew!

> ROBERT CONLEY Indianapolis, Ind.

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