

It seems impossible that nearly a year has already passed since I was asked to edit Dawn. Last year, when I introduced myself to you, I told you I was in the process of moving from a long career in television to the comparative vagaries of freelance communications. I described it as a time of "Challenges and changes." The last year has been that and much, much more.

Editing Dawn has been one of the happy challenges. I have loved hearing from you. I have enjoyed reading the poetry so many of you write and I have enjoyed the responsibility of finding features and articles I thought you might enjoy and learn from. I have appreciated your suggestions and respected your criticism, even when it stung. Most of all, I have felt pride in being part of an organization, owned and managed by black people . . . an unfortunate rarity in twentieth century America.

I know most of you probably don't spend much time reading the masthead of any publication, but I'm going to ask you to take a minute and look at Dawn's. The names you see there belong to a group of people struggling to keep an important tradition alive. The Afro American Newspaper Company is nearly one hundred years old. A source of pride for any business, but a triumph over always difficult



Linda Harris

odds for any black business. To survive, to grow and to thrive depends on readers like you. Every person whose name you see on that page is working to give you the best publication possible.

There are a few names I want to mention because they have given me their best. Thomas Goines, Charles Taylor, Denise Dorsey, Bruce Harrell and Paul Greene (whose name is not on the masthead, but whose pictures are almost always on Dawn's cover) have all given me support, humour and criticism . . . and they always seem to know which I need and when. My thanks to each of you.

Dawn's future is bright. There is a need for a publication that offers a light touch in an over-burdened world but that can also provide important information in a clear, direct way. Dawn can and will continue to do that for you.

Thank you for making this year such a pleasure for me. I wish you well in 1989.

sind I said

This page is dedicated to a man who didn't see the world in black and white.

Martin Luther King Day, January 16, 1989.

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