The LAS VEGAS SENTINEL-VOICE



King's Lodge Resort is one of the known American resort spots in America located on Shoddy Hollow Road in Otisville, New York.

The lodge was founded in 1937 by Mr. and Mrs. Owen who were successful business people in New York City. At first, they decided to just purchase property for a summer home. The lodge started out with just one building and a swimming hole. Shortly after they

bought a farm across the road and two hundred acres from the railroad. The Owen's wanted a summer place for their family, but friends soon came up so they opened a guest house. At that time Blacks were not allowed. Because of this, Mr. and Mrs. Owens saw an opportunity to open a Summer Resort, "Fit for a

GWEN WALKER

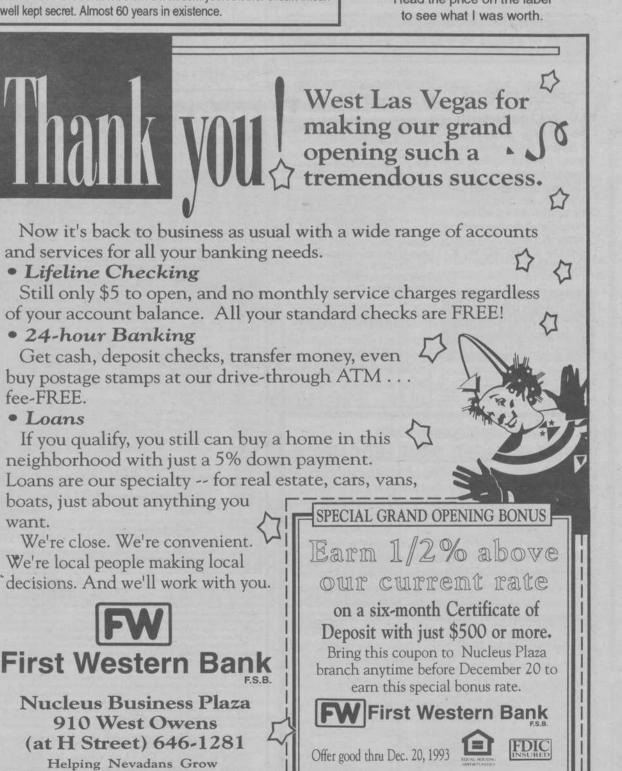
King.' In 1946, the second generation, Charles and Dolly Owen, took over the operation of the resort. They started to improve the resort by bringing in motel style rooms, some of the first in New York state, built a new club house, swimming pool, dinning room, etc.

The third generation, Judy and Grady Owens, took over the business in 1979 with every intention of continuing the family tradition of the very best service and are always modernizing the resort. Their children, the fourth generation will carry on the tradition.

Their season begins the first day of May and extends to November 1st. Enjoy spending time in the clubhouse that includes a bar, coffee shop, and a game room which converts into a lounge where you can dance. There is over three hundred acres to enjoy. You can also enjoy volleyball, softball, tennis, basketball or just take a dip in the crystal blue pool.

For more information write to King's Lodge, P.O. Box 492, Otisville, New York 10963, or call 914-386-2106 and tell them Gwen sent you. Another Great African American well kept secret. Almost 60 years in existence.

Yesterday . Today . Tomorrow



By Keith A. Brantley (Izulu Poets) From my red, glazed eyes to my shaky hands, the man sometimes falls but the bottle stands. I stagger to my next like I walked to my first; I might rot my liver but the bottle won't burst. It used to bite my tongue, the snake called liquor, now the cotton in my mouth is sweeter and thicker. I lick my lips to savor the taste then I spank the bottle, let none go to waste. I count losses by the shot as I look at my friends; Hazy across the bar-room depressed black men with lines across their faces telling stories in common lapping liquor from the bottom, some redemption to summon. If I fall down this place; This barstool; this earth;

The Taste

Read the price on the label

It is too unpredictable to guess at, why even try? I've come a long way to get where I am and still, remain full of sorrow. I've lost my bearing and simply stop caring It it's yesterday, today, or tomorrow.

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

How do you fight the element of time without changing the course

of history,

If cold steel attacks my skin, will I not bleed?

If I can alter fate, why then can't I keep you with me?

Who would believe I was once a king, as did I know not what

tomorrow would bring.

Did I error in life? Have I missed the point? I'm just a common man,

I can't damn or anoint.

I know it's true, by evening I'll die, because I know about life,

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A Saint for Democracy By Bob Steffan

No greater soldier of the dream had we than Martin Luther King, Mr. Democracy What higher standard for our children to see than in peaceful protest ten thousand souls demanding to be free.

He embodied the Phoenix, lifting a dream In the face of danger, blood and laws unclean. Our saint of Democracy raised a people's scream defined the road and prophesied the dream.

From the beaten and despairing Martin gathered an army of boldness and daring by the tens of thousands they lifted up like the Phoenix soaring above a earth of hate and prejudice shaking off the dirt of violence and so like a God this army stood and none could defeat the silence or deny the good.

Many times

flesh ripped on a lynch mobs rope but the soul and truth, soared free unfettered by the hang men's jolt.

The supple flesh of Mr. King was rent by a bullet foul metal of hate: mindless thing the chosen tool of mindless being but Martin the Phoenix of democracy has shared with us his dream. **Our Saint Soars free** his dream unfettered entrusted to us Now we are charged, the stewardship ours our world our Nation, our Democracy, you and me. Mr. King is a hero for all humanity.

Wonder of Love

By Marinda I love you with a love so strong Words can not touch the surface. I know you wonder if I'll ever come To you, thoughts that haunt you like The unsatisfied spirit of a lost soul.

Does she really love me? Questions Like a never ending stream. Answers I, and only I can give non verbal, but visibly.

Sometimes love deserves action not Words, emotions not confusion, time Not distance. I tend to choose my Very own assumption from time to time; React without cause.

You see my heart is fragile, given so freely, and often taken for granted. I despise rejection, I feed on affection, Truthfully I live for the wonder of love.

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