

Dawn of Tomorrow

Published weekly in the interests of and for the Advancement of the colored people of Canada.

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EDITORIAL

The United States is this year celebrating the bicentennial of the birth of George Washington and public effort has been made to link up the memory of the first president with all classes of the population. The politicians who directed the celebration appear to have made obvious efforts, however, to eliminate the Negro from the scene as far as possible and to mention only the contribution of slaves to Washington's times.

Negro History Week, however, came at an opportune time and the Association for the study of Negro Life and History, even with its limited resources was able to arouse to action a sufficient number of persons of both races to protest against such a glazed and unhistoric attitude. It was kept before the public mind that while the large majority of Negroes in Washington's time were slaves there were others who had shown sufficient enterprise to become free and to take their places on a higher level in the social order. Furthermore, if such a celebration was intended to stimulate the public to nobler deeds, certainly there should be held up before Negroes the examples of those who had gone upward rather than those of the race who had remained on the last rung of the social ladder.

The Director of the Association pointed out publicly certain characters neglected by the Bicentennial Commission who during Washington's time impressed their worth upon the public. Jupiter Hammon and Phyllis Wheatley in poetry; James Derham in medicine; Benjamin Banneker and Thomas Fuller in science and mathematics; and Richard Allen, Lemuel Haynes, George Liele and Andrew Bryan in religion.

These men by superior attainments had demonstrated to Washington and to his contemporaries that they were capable of a mental development and social amelioration to qualify as functionaries in a higher sphere than that to which they had been assigned in a country settled by men seeking an asylum from the oppression of Europe.

The Director went on to point out the services of Negroes in the War of the Revolution. To ignore black men who sacrificed their lives and to dramatize the Negro merely as a servant or slave leading Washington's horse was, he contended, a distortion of history and a reflection upon the intelligence of the country. To popularize the record of the Ne-

gro, therefore, a large supply of literature was distributed and speakers were sent to strategic points to give a correct and liberal interpretation of race history. Probably the most impressive of these demonstrations of interest was the meeting in the caucus room of the National Capitol at Washington, addressed by Congressman Oscar De Priest of Illinois, Congressman Luce of Massachusetts and President Mordecai W. Johnson of Howard University. Pupils, teachers federal employees and business men listened with interest to inspiring and informing discourses on the history of the Negro and the status of the race in the modern world.

Other speakers were equally as successful elsewhere. Professor Benjamin Brawley spoke with great success to audiences in Rochester and Washington. Dr. Charles H. Wesley did likewise in Philadelphia and at Hampton. Mr. Walter H. Mazick, author of "George Washington and the Negro," spoke at several places near home but also reached groups as far South as Greensboro, Columbia and Charleston.

A BIG JOB

(by Leo M. Dorsey)

Having met the late Mr. Jenkins former editor of The Dawn of Tomorrow a few days before his untimely death, I was greatly impressed with his powerful and pleasing personality inspired by his hopefulness and unselfish devotion to his cause. After reading of his demise and overcoming the shock of his passing brought to all privileged to know him, my mind drifted to his noble enterprise, medium of expression for the Negroes of Canada. I enjoyed in retrospect his truthful and clever editorials, appreciated his vast influence for good, his keen knowledge of events as concerning the Negro, his thorough qualifications as a diplomatic journalist which had made him beloved among men of both groups. I realized his job, (especially in Canada) was a big job. Battling against the odds of indifference and backwardness of the self-satisfied, for the advancement of his race. I thought, "Who can fill the shoes of such a man?" Shall the Dawn of Tomorrow pass on among the attempts of others who could not rise nor stand against the wind? Some time later my questions were answered by the presence of Mrs. C. Jenkins at the helm, filled with the genial fighting spirit of her late husband, swinging her forces into action like an experienced general; burning the midnight oil of determination that Canada might retain her wonderful little Negro mouthpiece. Mrs. Jenkins possesses those fine qualities expected of a lady in her unique position, that of being perhaps the only lady editor, if not the only editor of standing of our race in Canada, her writings bristle with confidence and she is a keen student of current events. To meet her is to discern a deep wealth of refinement; to dwell on cultural topics and enjoy her personal charm which adds to a capable administrator—the gift of making friends of those who have the interest of the race at heart and feel it their duty to appreciate a lady of the race who is successfully running a big job.

WHERE DUTY CALLS WE CAN

We're none so poor, whate'er our plight,
That we've no help to give
To those who would be poorer quite
Should we not nobly live.
The way we face the tasks we find
May aid our brother man
To fondly treasure in his mind
The gladsome thought "I Can!"
Not in a proud and boastful way,
But glad indeed in heart
That in the duties of our day
We each may share a part.

Amazing things we sometimes see,
For instance there's the ant;
Almost as small as small can be,
Yet, scorns the thought "I Can't!"
Far more in weight than is his own
He carries here and there;
His lifting oft is done alone,
Nor seems he that to care.
Bravely he climbs the steepest hill
With strong and steady tread;
We, too, shall win if we've the will
And plod right on ahead.

Let us from ants a lesson take,
Nor seek our task to shift;
An honest "try" is ours to make
When we've great loads to lift.
The God Who formed the busy ant
Is our Creator too,
And therefore we should ne'er say
"Can't!"

When His command is "Do!"
So near is greatness to our dust,
And strength so close to man,
When "Duty" calls to those who trust,
Our Faith replies, "We Can!"

—MACK

THE DAWN OF TOMORROW

(by Leo M. Dorsey)

To-day with its joy and its sorrow
Has blessed us with sunshine and rain

We look to the dawn of to-morrow
Thru keen disappointments and pain
For each dawn has found us much nearer

More hopeful of reaching our goal
Our love for advancement grows dearer

Sincerity stirs every soul.
The voice of the next generation
Demands our best effort to-day
We're building a solid foundation
For those little children at play.
Let's use all the timber about us,
And rally to those in the lead,
That all who are tempted to doubt us
Might find us progressive indeed.
Have faith in the Negro, your brother

Support him in business, be wise
For all of us need one another
The hand-writing bears no disguise,
From whom shall we seek aid or borrow

If all the world marches by?
Prepare for the dawn of to-morrow
Don't stand on the highway and cry.

Juvenile Acting Good

(Copied from Mayfair)

Produced under the direction of Mr. Walter Dixon, Booth Tarkington's inimitable Penrod, the London Drama League's offering, was notable for the discovery of juvenile leads of unusual talent. Mr. Dixon developed a cast of unique interest, including the two colored children Kathleen and Freddy Jenkins, children of the

late J. F. Jenkins of London, who until his recent death edited The Dawn of Tomorrow. It may be something more than coincidence that London has produced these two juvenile actors from the colored race. The youngsters also played a leading part in the Show Boat, sponsored by the Kiwanis Club and later entertaining at a banquet given by the London Life Insurance Co. Executive.

Richard B. Harrison, who created the role of the Lord Jehovah in the New York production of The Green Pastures, too, came from London, where he was born. Richard Harrison was the son of one-time slaves, who escaped to Canada via the famous "underground". Last spring he was honored with the Spingairn medal which is awarded each year for the outstanding achievement by a member of his race.

Critical reviews of London Drama League's Penrod emphasize that no better work has been done by the League in London.

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