

The Dawn of Tomorrow

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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE DARKER RACES

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FIGHT RACE HATRED IN ONTARIO

(From the Toronto Daily Star)

Hamilton, Dec. 9 —“There have been too many shameful and distressing incidents of late to show that racialism of various kinds is flourishing in this country,” George Grube said today in opening the 13th annual convention of the Ontario section of the C.C.F. of which he is president. This is the first time the convention has been held outside Toronto.

“A Negro is refused as a participant in a bridge tournament in Toronto,” Mr. Grube said, “and Negroes are expected to sit in a special part of a Halifax theatre. We know only too well that many hotels in our cities, while they would deny any restrictions, in practice do treat Negro people differently from other guests.

In spite of recent legislation in Ontario, the words ‘restricted patronage’ still can be seen in all their shameful indecency in some places. Torontonians can see it any day they visit the main drag of Toronto island. I am told the words may be too ambiguous to be illegal but their meaning is disgustingly clear.”

“These are not isolated incidents,” declared Mr. Grube. “They are significant of a trend that must be fought with the same determination as the other battles for socialism and democracy. No socialist party is worthy of the name that does not take its assertion of equality without regard to race, color or creed, with a solemn determination to carry it out.

“In these confused times, man is feeling dreadfully insecure, and with good reason, in this world. The danger is precisely that he will seek a spurious security in a feeling of false and indecent superiority to others not quite like himself. Economic insecurity is often at the root of racial prejudice and the removal of that

insecurity will in time help to remove the canker of racialism. But that is not enough. The direct fight against discrimination and for natural human relations must be carried on from day to day as a separate struggle.”

“I appeal to all members of the C.C.F.,” Mr. Grube concluded, “and to all other men and women of good-will to take up that fight in our own communities and on that issue never to compromise. For it is the kind of evil where compromise, or even silence at any time, is surrender to darkness and fascism.”

GIRL'S SMILE BRINGS BEQUEST OF \$40,000

Groningen, Holland, Dec. 7th —A Dutch girl's friendly smile 3 years ago at a man who was shunned by neighbors because of facial disfigurement has now brought her a fortune of about \$40,000, according to the Groningen newspaper Dagblad. The paper said the man, a farmer in the Drenthe village of Ide, never forgot the girl's smile, and when he died recently he willed her all his possessions.

ON BEING ASHAMED OF ONESELF

An Essay on Race Pride

By W. E. B. DuBois

My Grandfather left a passage in his diary expressing his indignation at receiving an invitation to a “Negro” picnic. Alexander DuBois, born in the Bahamas, son of Dr. James DuBois of the well-known DuBois family of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., had been trained as a gentleman in the Cheshire School of Connecticut, and the implications of a Negro picnic were anathema to his fastidious soul. It meant close association with poverty, ignorance and suppressed and disadvantaged people, dirty and with bad manners.

This was in 1856. Seventy years later, Marcus Garvey discovered that a black skin was in itself a sort of patent to nobility, and that Negroes ought to be proud of themselves and their ancestors, for the same or analogous reasons that made white folk feel superior.

Thus, within the space of three-fourths of a century, the pendulum has swung between race pride and race suicide, between attempts to build up a racial ethos and attempts to escape from ourselves. In the years between emancipation and 1900 the theory of escape was dominant. We were, by birth, law and training, American citizens. We were going to escape into the mass of Americans in the same way that the Irish and Scandinavians and even the Italians were beginning to disappear. The process was going to be slower on account of the badge of color; but then, after all, it was not so much the matter of physical assimilation as of spiritual and psychic amalgamation with the American people.

For this reason, we must oppose all segregation and all racial patriotism; we must salute the American flag and sing “Our Country ‘Tis of Thee” with devotion and fervor, and we must fight for our rights with long and carefully planned campaign, uniting for this purpose with all sympathetic people, colored and white.

This is still the dominant philosophy of most American Negroes and it is back of the objection to even using a special designation like “Negro” or even “Afro-American” or any such term.

But there are certain practical difficulties connected with this program which are becoming more and more clear today. First of all comes the fact that we are still ashamed of ourselves and are thus estopped from valid objection when white folks are ashamed to call us human. The reasons of course, are not as emphatic as they were in the case of my grand father. I remember a colored man, now ex-patriate, who made this discovery in my company, some twenty-five years ago. He was a handsome burning brown, tall, straight and well-educated, and he occupied a position which he had won, across and in spite of the color line. He did not believe in Negroes, for himself or his family, and he planned elaborately to escape the trammels of race. Yet, he had responded to a call for a meeting of colored folk, which touched his interests, and he came. He found men of his own calibre and training, he found men charming and companionable. He was thoroughly delighted. I know that never before, or I doubt if ever since, he had been in such congenial company. He could not help mentioning his joy continually and reiterating it.

All colored folk had gone through the same experience, for more and more largely in the last twenty-five years, colored America has discovered itself; has discovered groups of people, association with whom is a poignant joy and despite their ideal of American assimilation, in more and more cases and with more and more determined object they seek each other.

That involves, however, a drawing of class lines inside the Negro race, and it means the emergence of a certain social aristocracy, who by reasons of looks and income, education and contact, form the sort of upper social group which the world has long known and helped to manufacture and preserve. The early basis of this Negro group was simply color and a bald imitation of the white environment. Later, it tended, more and more, to be based on wealth and still more recently on education and social position.

This leaves a mass of untrained and uncultured colored folk and even of trained but ill-mannered people and groups of impoverished workers of whom this upper class of colored Americans are ashamed. They are ashamed both directly and indirectly, just as any richer or better sustained group in a nation is ashamed of those less fortunate and withdraws its skirts from touching them. But

(Continued on page 2)



TOUSSAINT (Died in April, 1803)

by MARCUS B. CHRISTIAN

High in the Alps spring comes to earth again,
Nature again runs riot—snowdrift sweeps
And out of winter's fierce travail of pain
All earth awakes—but only Toussaint sleeps.

A fledgeling of the tropics, yet he lies
Upon an Alpine dungeon-floor of stone,
Stone-cold, while underneath late April skies,
All earth awakes—but Toussaint sleeps alone.

He sleeps. At deep Lethean wells he drinks,
While of a poor, black man's betrayed trust,
The Great Napoleon, doomed and sleepless, thinks:
But Toussaint knows the slumber of the just.

He sleeps. Mid faces alien to his kind,
The heart of him obeyed the Last Command;
But ere he slept, he heard within his mind
Black people crooning in a far-off land.

Cloud-sweeper of the black man's coming dawn—
Trunk of the black man's Tree of Liberty—
L'Ouverture, the heart that led thee on
Beats nevermore within the breast of thee?

Heart of the slave who made black people free—
Out of the earth, your voice prophetic cries:
“Its roots are deep and strong, and liberty
Will bloom again 'neath San Domingue's skies!”

MANY THANKS!

To our advertisers, subscribers and well wishers we wish to confer our sincere gratitude for your assistance during the year of 1946 and wish you the Season's Greetings. We have tried during the past year to give you our best service. We ask for your continued co-operation during the coming year 1947.

To Simpson's Limited we thank you for your kindness through effort of one of our young men, Mr. Jack Evans, a newcomer to our field from Windsor, Ont., for the wonderful Christmas decorations so kindly given toward making our Church, Bethemanuel, so beautiful for Christmas.

—THE EDITOR



LLOYD KELLY

Mr. Lloyd Kelly of 9 Marmora St., London, Ont., who has served four years in the Air Force is now taking a course at University of Western Ontario in Electronics and plans to go in business for himself in the near future.

Being a remarkable pianist he had the pleasure of starring in the “U” Jazz Debut at the University Convocation Hall recently.