

The Dawn of Tomorrow

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'Move over, Gabriel'

SATCHMO WANTED NEITHER MUSIC NOR SADNESS,
HE WAS BURIED WITH SIMPLE MEASURE OF BOTH



Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, that great trumpeter of jazz, died recently — just two days after his 71st birthday. This photo, taken last year at his New York home, shows him wiping his lips in characteristic manner and holding his famous horn. (AP)

Free Press Wire Services
New York — He had played it so many times at the funerals of so many others. So they sang When the Saints Go Marchin' In, for Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong. Then they buried the greatest of all jazz trumpeters.

Blind entertainer Al Hibbler sang it, and also Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen. And Peggy Lee sang the Lord's Prayer at a funeral service for Armstrong in a little church in New York's Queens district on a steaming hot day.

"In New Orleans I played as many funerals as I could get," Armstrong once recalled.

His own drew some of the great names of show business, packing the Corona Congregational Church to its 500 seat capacity. Outside as estimated 2,000 other mourners stood vigil.

New York Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and his wife were there. So were Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York and Mayor Moon Landrieu of Satchmo's native New Orleans.

President Nixon was represented.

Honorary pallbearers present included entertainers Ella Fitzgerald, Guy Lombardo and Dizzy Gillespie, columnist Earl Wilson, television personalities David Frost and Dick Cavett, and Rockefeller and Lindsay.

Band leader Benny Goodman came. So did composer Harold Arlen and trumpeter Jonah Jones and comedienne Jackie (Moms) Mauley, who told reporters:

"He went out beautifully with a smile on his face — the king, the king."

From rooftops and windows neighbors watched celebrities converge on the church. Those in the throng outside pressed against

police barricades, trying to reach out and touch funeral guests.

All this posthumous tribute centred around a short, stocky man who came out of the New Orleans tenderloin more than a half-century ago to reach the pinnacle of jazz stardom with his golden horn and his scratchy voice.

Armstrong died at the age of 71 in the Corona home he had shared for nearly 30 years with his fourth wife, Lucille. It is four blocks from the church where the funeral was held.

In eulogy at the church, broadcaster Fred Robbins told the mourners: "Move over Gabriel, here comes Satchmo."

"He spoke to millions with his music. He used to say: 'A note's a note in most any language. If you hit it, they dig it.'"

On his 70th birthday, looking ahead to the inevitability of his own death, the ailing Armstrong said of his mourners:

"I don't know if they're going to be sad ... I don't want no part of it. Once I cut out, forget it."

"Louis was a simple man," said his manager, Ira Mangel. "He wanted a simple church, simple everything — no music, no sadness. He said if he had one band, he would have to have all of them."

In fact, many musicians had offered to perform, just as Armstrong predicted they would in an interview last year on his 70th birthday.

"In New Orleans I played as many funerals as I could get, and cats died like flies, so I got a lot of nice little gigs out of that," he

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Adrift Three Weeks Fishing Trip Ends

Panama City (AP) — Three weeks ago a 13 year old Jamaican boy, Jason White, and his father set out in their rowboat to fish.

The trip ended for Jason Monday at noon when a German freighter found his adrift in the waterlogged 15-foot boat in the Caribbean. His 60 year old father had died two weeks before.

The barefoot boy was still dazed when the freighter landed him Wednesday afternoon in Cristobal, at the Atlantic end of the Panama canal.

This is the account of the boy's odyssey, as pieced together by Jamaican Consul Oscar Savage:

On May 27, about 3 p.m. Jason and his father, Milliam White, set out from the village of Rock in northern Jamaica in their flat-bottom rowboat with an outboard motor. They expected to return about 7 p.m.

The motor broke down and the tide carried the boat out to sea.

Three days later Jason's father died. The boy kept vigil over the body for nearly two days while it lay on the bottom of the boat. When the dead man's skin began to strip, Jason threw the body into the sea.

The boat meanwhile was taking water so Jason also dumped the outboard motor to lighten the load.

Jason caught some small fish and ate them raw. He used the motor's metal cover to collect rain water, but apparently there was little; finally he drank sea water.

Sunday night Jason saw a ship, but in the darkness it passed him by.

The small boat was spotted the next day by Capt. Jurgen Pentzin of the freighter Eide Oldendorff, en route from New Orleans to Cristobal.

The freighter threw a line to the rowboat; Jason grabbed it and jumped into the sea. Two seamen jumped in and helped him aboard.

Savage said the boy weighed only about 60 pounds. He was taken to hospital. Reported in good spirits, he is expected to return home Saturday to his mother and his nine brothers and sisters.

Paige Makes Regular Hall

New York (AP) — Leroy (Satchel) Paige, the hesitation-pitch ace of the Negro baseball leagues, and other black stars of the pre-1947 era will be inducted directly into Baseball's Hall of Fame rather than be honored in a special section.

Notice of the change came recently in an announcement by baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn and Paul Kerr, president of the Hall of Fame, spelling out plans to honor the seven new inductees at Cooperstown, N.Y., Aug. 9.

Paige, probably the greatest pitcher in black baseball history prior to their breaking of the major league color line by Jackie Robinson in 1947, recently was selected to be inducted into a special section of the Hall reserved stars of the Negro leagues.

Paige was the first player so honored and, despite some criticism leveled at the Hall for putting Negro league stars

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Jamaican-Born Teacher Fulfills Longtime Ambition

It's taken four years of evening and summer classes, but recently Mrs. Norman Dryden, a London public school teacher, received her Bachelor of Arts degree in English.

Earning a university degree has been a longtime ambition, Mrs. Dryden said.

When she left Kingston, Jamaica, to come to Canada Dec. 31, 1966, she turned down a scholarship to a Jamaican university.

"We had already made our plans to come to Canada," she said. "We wanted to travel. But I knew I wanted to go to school."

With her six year old daughter, Dawn, and her husband, Norman, to care for, there wasn't much time between classes and work.

"It's hard to do it all together — working and running a home," she explained.

However, in 1969 she found time to play a lead role as Queenie in the London Little Theatre production of Showboat.

After a leave of about four to six months, Mrs. Dryden, of 603 Maitland St., plans to return to public school teaching. Her husband is a psychiatric nurse at St. Thomas Psychiatric Hospital.