

The Dawn of Tomorrow

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ROBINSONS PLAN FOR NEW HOME

Last February Jackie Robinson and his wife celebrated their first wedding anniversary. Neither of them drink or smoke and dislike nightclubs. "We couldn't figure what to do," Jackie recalls. "so we went to the movies—two of 'em in one night."

That's typical of the unpretentious life that the Robinsons live. Wife Rachel has been a tremendous support to Jackie in trying moments, especially when Jackie was angered by unfair racial jibes or pestering newspaper scribes. "If I could get past this one, she'd always say, the rest would come easy," Jackie says. He's been able to hold his own with her help, and come through with remarkable control in incidents like the time that one team brought out a black cat and tried to goad him by ribald references to it. Jackie got a triple with the bases loaded, turned on his tormenters with the words: "That's one black cat that brought me plenty of luck."

When Jackie's in a slump, Rae usually eases him with: "You'll hit tomorrow." Or when he gets cocky, she tells him: "Never mind the funny business. That may be okay with other people but I knew you when!"

That goes back to the days when Rae was a UCLA freshman and Jackie was the college's star athlete. When they started going steady, her father disapproved, couldn't understand "what you see in that great big ugly boy." But Rae insisted on keeping company with Jackie and married him in February, 1946.

Both home-lovers, their eyes are at present focused on their plans to begin building a home on the outskirts of Los Angeles next year. At present they share an apartment on Brooklyn's McDonough Street with another couple during the ball season, live with Rachel's mother in Los Angeles during the off-season. Little Jackie has been Rachel's main outlet for her training as a nurse but she's planning to get started on an interior design course soon. While big Jackie is on the road, she spends a great deal of time sewing her own clothes and crocheting. She is already making things for their new home.

At home or when visiting, the Robinsons like an occasional game of tonk or hearts. Hamburgers are a favorite with Jackie. During season he also takes vitamin pills.

Jackie's hope to fight juvenile delinquency with a boys' club goes back to his own youth. He got in a couple of speeding beefs, admits he was "no angel". He blames this on the fact that his mother worked late and he had too much free time on his hands to keep out of mischief.

Today he stresses the value of good character, dignified behaviour and sportsmanship as virtues for all



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—Ossie Carnegie, Herby Carnegie and Manny McIntyre, the only colored line in organized hockey and recognized by many as the outstanding centre of the league.

Only Colored Line In Organized Hockey

Ossie Carnegie

Ossie Carnegie, brother of Herby, was born in Toronto and played for Parkdale Juniors for three years. He first played Senior hockey with St. Catharines Chiefs remaining one season with them. He then moved to northern Quebec and in 1942 played with Buffalo Ankerites lined up with Manny McIntyre. In 1944 he went to Shawinigan Falls and from there he spent two years with Sherbrooke. In summer time he played softball for the Can. Ingersoll Rand Co. in the city softball league. This winter along with his co-player Manny he will play in Paris, France.

Manny McIntyre.

Manny McIntyre is a product of the Maritimes. He was born in

Negro youngsters and sees his own baseball career as a step forward in giving them an opportunity. Maybe my boy will want to be a ball player and play pro ball when he grows up Jackie says. I figure that my record now will help him later and help all other Negro players."

Fredericton, New Brunswick. Manny met his present line-mates in Northern Quebec where he went to play with Buffalo Ankerites and since then they have always played together.

McIntyre is not only a good hockey player but excels in baseball and last summer held down short stop position with Sherbrooke Canadians in the Border League. Manny left Northern Ontario in 1944 to go to Shawinigan Falls where he played with the Carnegie brothers.

Herbie Carnegie

Herbie Carnegie centres the only colored line in organized hockey and is recognized by many as the outstanding centre of the league. Herbie was born in Toronto and started his hockey career in the high schools. He teamed up with his brother Ossie only 5 years ago in Northern Quebec. In 1942 Manny McIntyre joined them. He played for Shawinigan Falls in '44-'45 and then came to Sherbrooke and finished second in the scoring race in the P.H.L. Herbie is quite accomplished in another sports field, namely golf, which he prefers to hockey.

This winter is the first that the line will have been broken. Manny and Ossie are now in Paris, France and Herbie back to Sherbrooke.

IF HE SHOULD COME

If Jesus should tramp the streets tonight,
Storm-beaten and hungry for bread,
Seeking a room and candle light
And a clean though humble bed
Who would welcome the Workman in,
Though He came with panting breath
His hands all bruised and his garments thin,
This Workman from Nazareth?
Would rich folk hurry to bind His bruise
And shelter His stricken form?
Would they take God in with His muddy shoes
Out of the pitiless storm?
Are they not too busy wreathing their flowers
Or heaping their golden store—
Too busy chasing the bubble hours
For the poor man's God at the door?
And if He should come where church men bow,
Forgetting the greater sin,
Would He pause with a light on His wounded brow
Would He turn and enter in?
And what would He think of their creeds so dim,
Of their weak, uplifted hands,
Of their selfish prayers going on to Him
Out of a thousand lands?

—Edwin Markham

Bring the Children On Over

Madame Eugenie Masour of Paris, a leader in child welfare work in France spoke recently to the Toronto section of the National Council of Women. She made a plea for Canadian homes for 1,000 European orphans who are being brought to this country through the agency of the Canadian Jewish Congress. Mme Masour has already escorted the first group of these children from camps in France and Switzerland to Montreal. An additional 350 are expected at the end of this month.

We recommend this action of the Canadian Jewish Congress to all our citizens. Jewish children who have undergone privations and terrors during the Nazi ascendancy will find in this country refuge and the opportunity to develop normally. They will also contribute their manpower and ability to Canada's development. But we think that the scheme is not wide enough in its scope.

Children are potentially the best immigrants. Older folk who have suffered grievously from war and Nazi oppression are to be pitied and succoured, but the older they are the less likely they are to adapt themselves to a new country and new conditions. Even a sixteen-year-old German boy is not certain to become a good Canadian, for he has had a dozen years of Nazi indoctrination. A child who is brought to this country before it is in its teens will grow up as a Canadian, speak our language as its own, and have almost no recollection of any other homeland.

Child immigration should not be confined to Jews. There are thousands of German children who were babies when orphaned or left destitute. There are thousands of illegitimate children homeless or unwittingly housed in half a dozen European countries. In Holland, as in Britain, Belgium, France, Italy and even Germany there are untold hundreds of children between the ages of three and eight whose unknown fathers are or were healthy, lusty Canadian soldiers, sailors and airmen.

The Dutch-Canadian, Belgian-Canadian and other good Canadian bastards are already by their paternity half Canadian. They would truly become worthy citizens if they were brought here and treated properly. We should like to see the Immigration Branch with the assistance of child welfare organizations undertake an extensive scheme for transporting these as well as orphaned children to Canada and raising them to occupy useful places in our communities. That kind of scheme is the nearest we can come to the increment of our population through natural means.

A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.