

The Dawn of Tomorrow

THE NATIONAL NEGRO WEEKLY
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE DARKER RACES

VOL. IV—NO. 3

LONDON, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1944

Price 5 Cents

BOOK ROOM FOR NEGRO AUTHORS

Once-Hungry Writers Finally Hit Pay Dirt in Publishing Houses

After a long century of frugal, fruitless writing, Negro authors are finally hitting pay dirt. World War II and the heightened concern of America over the race problem has replaced the haggard, hungry look of colored writers with a new-found smile of prosperity. A book boom is here.

Along Book Row in New York's mid-forties, publishers are frantically grabbing at any and all manuscripts which touch on the Negro. Lucrative prize money is held out as bait by several publishers for first rate works by Negroes. At least two or three new titles concerned with the darker brother hit the book stalls each month. The schedule in coming months calls for even more.

In the book stores around the nation, ancient dowagers and giggling stenographers no longer shrink from "race books." They may ask for a price, but they ask, nevertheless.

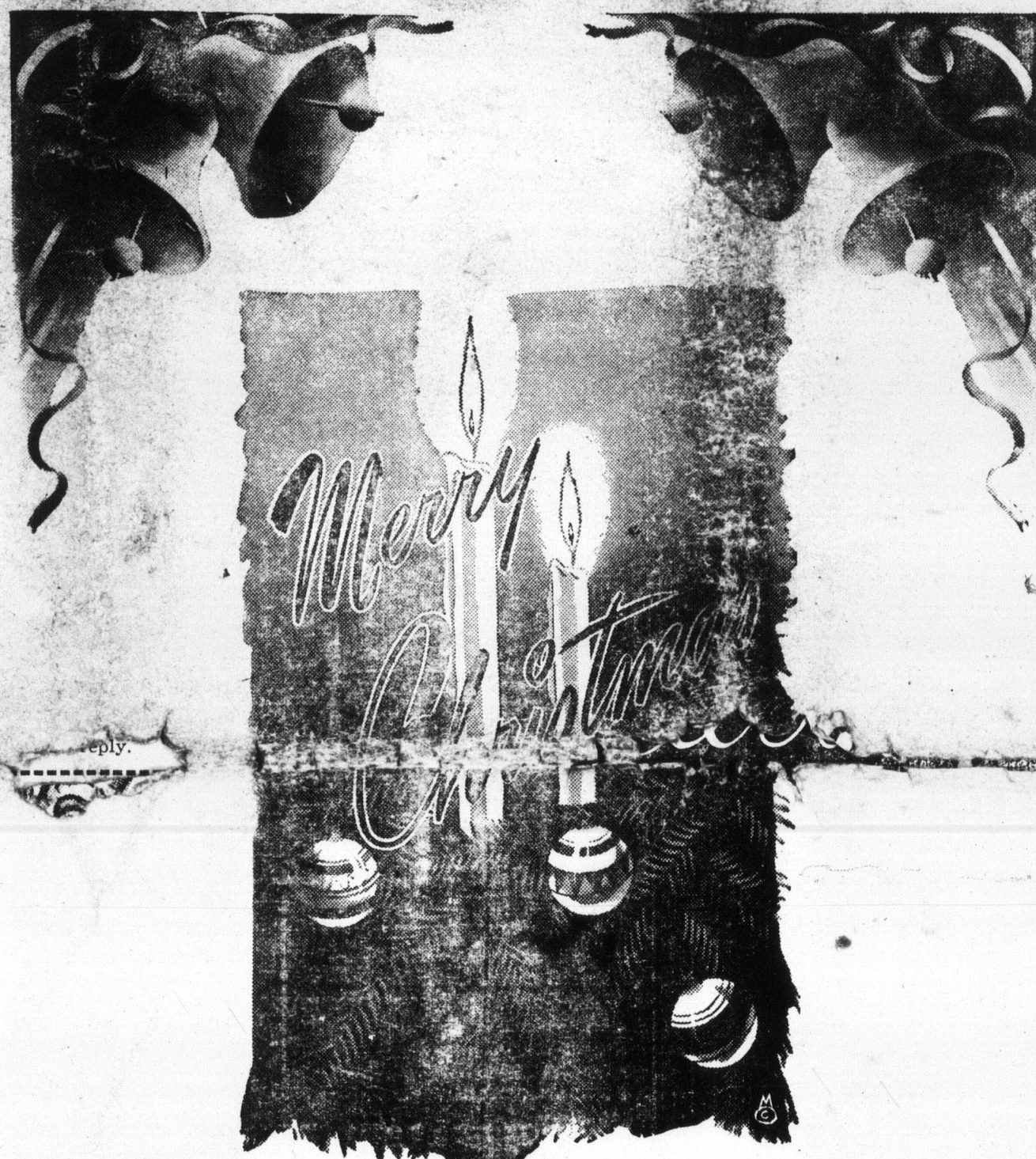
The book clubs are finding novels about Negroes sell well and they vie with each other for first distribution rights. Richard Wright made history in having two successive works, *Native Son* and *Black Boy*, selected by the Book-Of-The-Month Club in little more than five years. Cheap, low cost editions are beginning to clutter up the market. Howard Fast's *Freedom Road* will be published in a \$1 edition.

Beginning to reap a rich harvest of royalties for the first time in history are the dozen or so really top-rank Negro authors who have been struggling in vain for years to crack the best seller class. Dust-covered manuscripts dragged out of forgotten attics have been rushed into print. And many aspiring authors, who had to turn to other fields because of the one-time futility of writing, are returning to their typewriters.

Typical success story of a long-struggling writer is that of Arna Bontemps, a graduate of the Chicago WPA school of literature which also turned out Richard Wright, Margaret Walker, Frank Yerby, Horace Cayton and other well-known writers. Bontemps plodded along for years, wrote three novels, *Drums At Dusk*, *Black Thunder* and *God Sends Sunday*, all of which just about paid his rent. Finally he forsook writing full time to take a job as librarian at Fisk University. He continued writing there as a sideline.

Now he has suddenly become a very-much-in-demand author. He has two books, *They Seek a City* written with Jack Conroy, and *We Have Tomorrow*, a collection of biographical sketches. A play, *St. Louis Woman*, which has been making the rounds for years, is now set for a Broadway production. Bontemps will not have to worry about feeding his five children for some time to come.

The new-found interest by publishers in Negro books comes after



MAY YOUR CHRISTMAS DAY AND NEW YEAR, TOO, BE ALWAYS AS BRIGHT AND SHINING AS THESE GLEAMING, STAR-DUSTED CANDLES — THAT'S OUR WISH FOR YOU.

CONDESCENDING TO MEN OF LOW ESTATE

The title of this article may be somewhat misleading. I am not on a pedestal. I am not by any means superior to my fellows. In many ways I am their inferior. I would prefer the phrase "associating with men of low estate." No man who knows his own limitations and weaknesses should go "high hat" or assume an air of superiority. Through years of unskilled labor I have developed perhaps to some extent an inferiority complex, but at least because of my experiences I know what it is to have much in common with the underprivileged in the matter of labor, race and color. I do not regret having had these experiences. I know the common person better than as though I had belonged to and always associated with a privileged class. Come to know them the common folk are not as commonplace as some would imagine them to be. Their experiences when you come to hear them related are human and interesting as

I work with a man, a native Spaniard who in better English than some people of English descent use, can tell of life among the poor people of Spain, of experiences in various lines of work in the newer parts of Canada and of his own hard struggle to support a family under trying domestic conditions. I have quite a bit in common with men of German and Italian descent who work in the plant where I am an employee. Here is a suggestion I heard a few days ago which was timely: "Get acquainted with your neighbour or as in this case, your work mate; you may like him." We can easily pass the other fellow by without a friendly nod or word if we so will, but it is better for our sake and his to utter the word of greeting. I have known some Negroes whom I got to think a good deal of. One in particular in Vancouver who stopped his team on the street to congratulate me on the wearing of a police uniform.

The politician at election time knows the game of catering to and endeavouring to win the good will and support of the man on the street but not for ulterior purposes but for the mutual benefit of friendships developed and experience exchanged, should we contact our fellows of the common task and the common way. The Man of Galilee was the best mixer (to use the term in its highest sense) the world has even known. Here was an example that few of us follow but which should move us nevertheless to more closely follow in His steps. He understood men and women and was the soul of kindness, sympathy and love. We may not have his healing power but we may have in a measure, his kindly touch. Let us be a little more approachable, a little more neighbourly, yes a little more loving in our relationship with our fellow men, for "we shall not pass this way again."

MORLEY T. SWART

DEMAND MONEY; KNOCK VICTIM OUT

Brantford, Dec. 7 — Four men who brutally beat two of their victims after invading a Brantford home were sought by police tonight as this city of about 30,000 sprang into the centre of Ontario's continuing crime wave.

The thugs, all wearing masks, forced their way into Alex Mallott's house through the back door last night and tied up the owner and three other men. They took what money the men had on their persons some \$170, and then ransacked the home in search for more.

Demand Hiding Place

Trevor Goold, visiting Mallott, said the men then demanded that the owner tell them where was hidden "or we'll let you have it."

"How could he tell them?" Goold

said. "He didn't have money except what was on him. But they wouldn't believe him and they went to work on him. It was horrible. They smashed him in the face and over the head and he kept whimpering: 'I haven't got any money—there isn't any hiding place!'"

Finally he passed out. Nobody could take what he was taking. Then the men left. The place was like a shambles."

Beaten With Club

Both Mallott and Goold, who said he was also beaten over the head "with some sort of a club," were taken to hospital. Goold was released after treatment but Mallott was detained for treatment for head wounds and shock.

The four men were found trussed up on the floor about two hours later by a neighbour. One of the other two, Mallott's brother, Dan, was an 80-year-old invalid and the fourth was W. J. Muir, a visitor to the house.

Dawn of Tomorrow

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

J. F. JENKINS—
Telephone Metcalf 6860-w
95 Glenwood Ave., London
F. O. Stewart, Business Manager
E. C. Jenkins, Advertising Manager

Subscription Rates

One year \$2.00
Six months 1.25
Three months75
Single Copy05

Entered in the post office at London Ont., as second class matter.

The Dawn of Tomorrow Publishing Co.

CHRISTMAS COMES AGAIN

As we are about to enter into the Yuletide once more it is with indeed great joy and thanksgiving. So many great events have happened. The most of all Peace. The guiding star shines out, even as on that eventful night to dispel the world's darkness. The blossoming of divine love in human life is the same as on that First Christmas Day.

Christmas comes again. It comes to an encouraged, happy world. Our best leaders, once baffled by the overwhelming problems are victorious. Our editorial writers give a grand picture of the new world we are entering into. The would-be prophets now give out views of a greater restoration of civilization. It is truly a time of Peace and Happiness. Even so let us not forget that on the First Christmas Day, when Jesus came into the world, conditions were bad. There were endless murders,

prejudices, tortures, massacre, rapine and license existed on every side. Slaves were slaughtered at the will of the owner; rulers were boastful, drunken murderers, vicious and edulterous. Human beings departed from the traditional ways were subjected to the fiendish torments of steel and fire. War was declared on the slightest pretext. The hazards, misery and precociousness of life can hardly be contrasted with the dignity, freedom and happiness of life in our own.

So Christmas comes again, nineteen hundred years after Jesus began His ministry in a world of men. We can estimate what His Gospel of love and His ministry of helpfulness does in changing the hearts and lives of men. This should cause us to life up our heads, straighten our shoulders and get a new grip on life. It should permit us to hear the angels' song and to be lifted on wings of hope and happiness. It should turn our face to the guiding star, making us certain that by placing Jesus Christ as the Lode Star of the world a brighter better world will truly be ours.

B.M.E. FINANCIAL BOARD VISITS LONDON

The B.M.E. Financial Board visited in the City of London to make plans for a drive for \$20,000 to build an Aged People's Home, Recreation Centre, and reorganize an educational fund for our group. The drive will start in the early part of January, 1946. Mr. John Gunn and Mr. Jas Bell will act as directors. The delegation was entertained to dinner at the home of Mr. Gunn.

BEST WISHES

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AND

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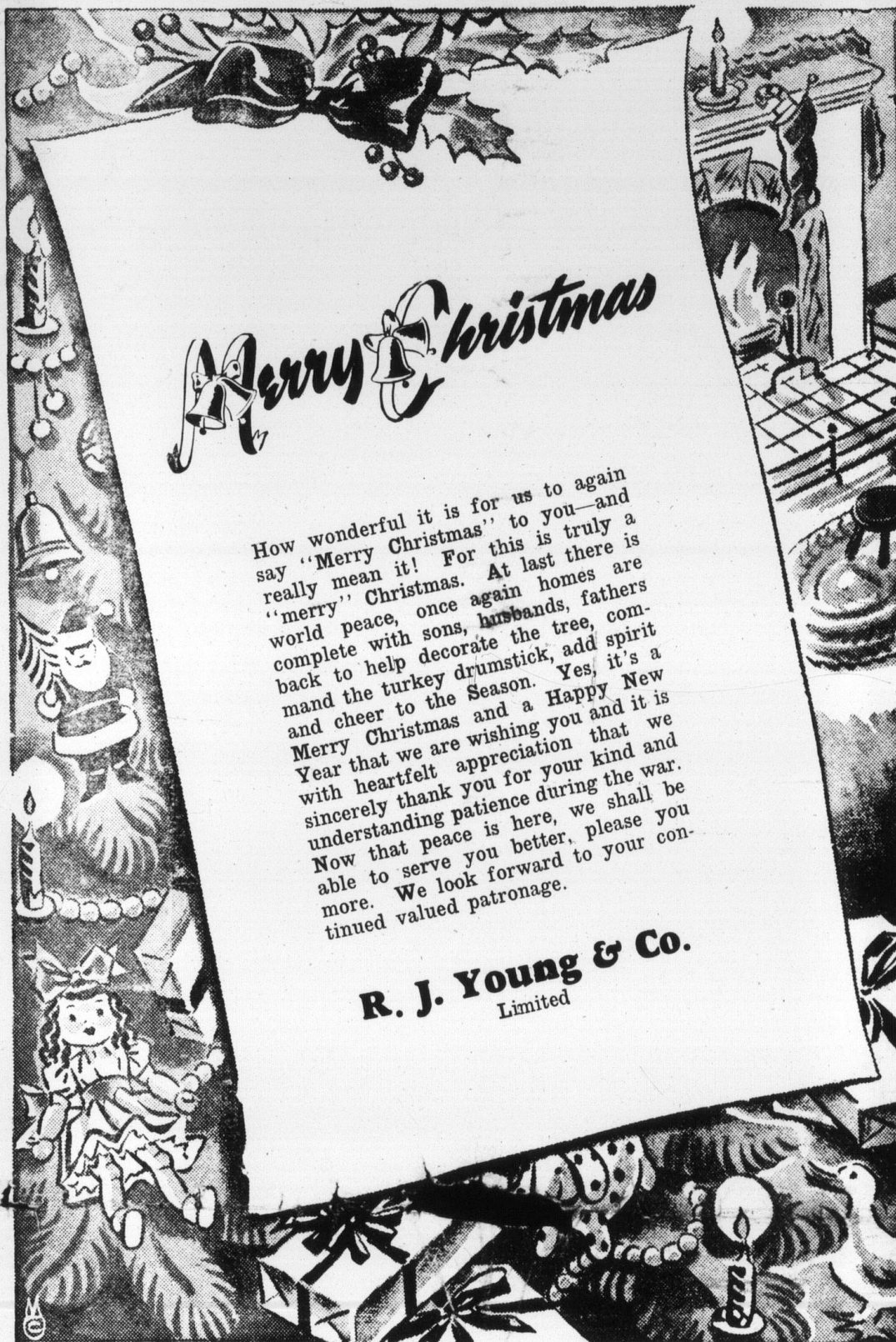
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How wonderful it is for us to again say "Merry Christmas" to you—and really mean it! For this is truly a "merry" Christmas. At last there is world peace, once again homes are complete with sons, husbands, fathers back to help decorate the tree, command the turkey drumstick, add spirit and cheer to the Season. Yes, it's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year that we are wishing you and it is with heartfelt appreciation that we sincerely thank you for your kind and understanding patience during the war. Now that peace is here, we shall be able to serve you better, please you more. We look forward to your continued valued patronage.

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Merry Christmas

This Christmas, we can all be jolly and happy, exuberant and gay for the gift of peace has been sent us. Many of our boys are home to share in the holiday festivities and thus reunite families once again. Along with our most sincere and heartiest wishes for a best Christmas ever, we want to thank you for your friendly co-operation and patronage.

Webster Air Equip-
ment Co. Ltd.

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A young officer c
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No reply.
"Surely you can
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Wife: "Well, pleas
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Hubby: "Will din
then?"

Wife: "No, but in
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Sea Cows

A young officer candidate B. Beadle for the Navy was being examined by a Board of Admirals. One of the questions fired at him was: "What kind of animals eat grass?"

No reply.

"Surely you can answer a simple question like that," snapped one of the admirals. "Now then, what kind of animals eat grass?"

"Oh animals," said the candidate, in obvious relief. "I thought you said 'admirals'."

A visitor at a golf club paid his greens fee and fixed up a match. At the first tee he made a wild swing and completely missed the ball.

"By Jove," he said, "It's a good thing I found out right at the start. This course is at least two inches lower than the one I usually play on."

A girl met an old flame who had turned her down, and decided to high-hat him.

"Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced him to her. "I didn't get your name."

"I know you didn't," replied the ex-boy-friend, "But you certainly tried hard enough."

Hubby: "Isn't dinner ready yet? I have a good mind to go to a restaurant."

Wife: "Well, please wait ten minutes."

Hubby: "Will dinner be ready then?"

Wife: "No, but in ten minutes I can change my dress and go with you."

A Nice View

A young, good-looking private of the W.A.A.C. had just been prepared for the operating room and placed on the stretcher to be wheeled in finally by the nurses.

While she was left alone, a white-coated gentleman approached, lifted the sheet, peeked under and left. Soon after a second did the same, and also a third.

This was entirely too much, so she asked the third man: What am I here for, Doctor, observation or operation?"

He replied, "I don't know, I'm just the painter from down the hall."

Driven Speechless

The case before the Bench was a wife's application for a separation order.

"Oh, sir," she pleaded, he's broke every dish in the house over my head and treated me most cruelly!"

"Did he apologize or express regret for his actions at the time?" asked the Bench.

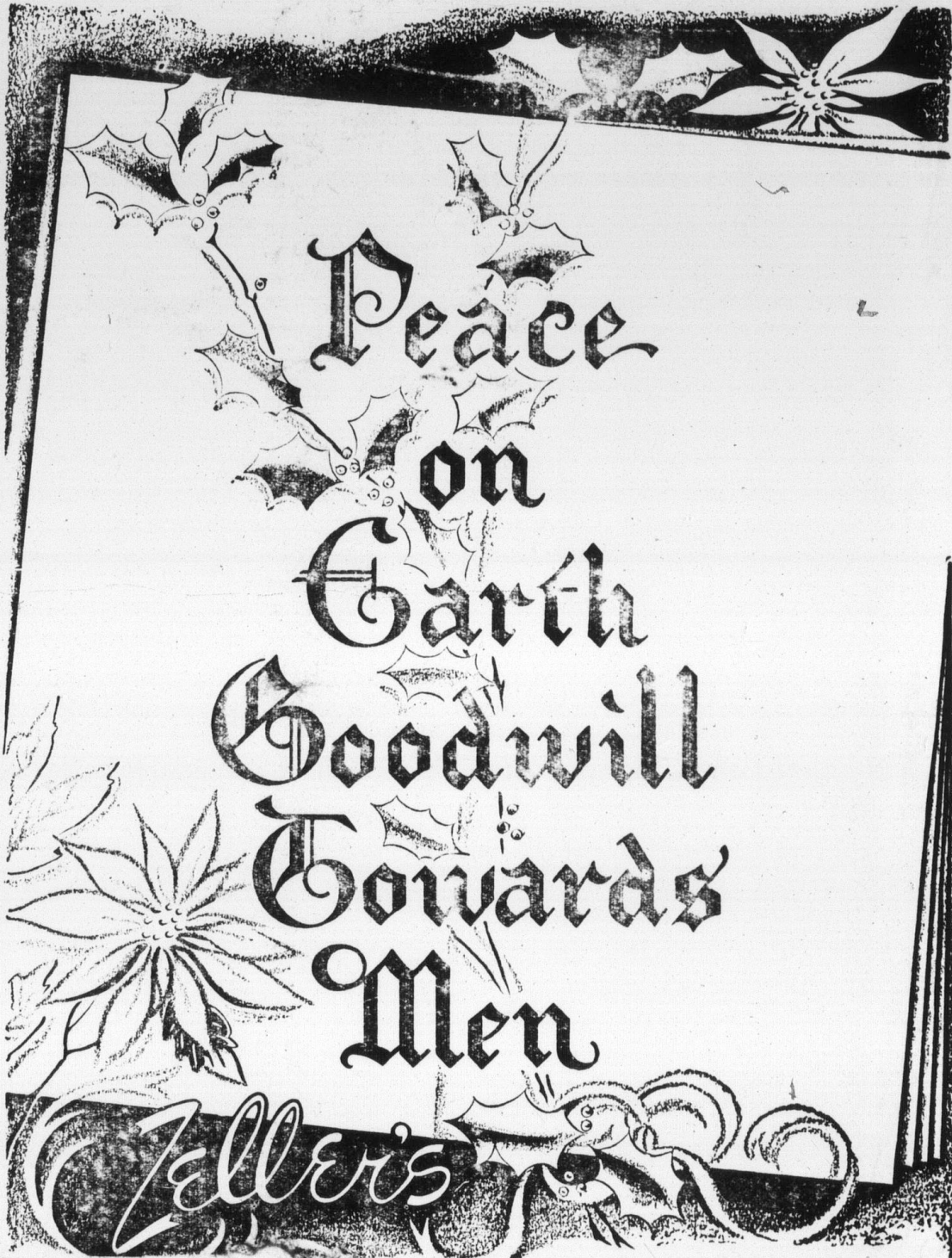
"No, sir. The ambulance took him away before he could speak to me!"

The Class Composition was about "Kings". One boy wrote this:

"The most powerful king on earth Wor-king; the laziest, Shir-king; the wittiest, Jo-king; the quietest, Thin-king; the thirstiest, Drin-king; the slyest, Win-king; and the noisiest, Tal-king."

We always feel sorry for the bachelor who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

A spinster was breakfasting at a restaurant. The waiter asked politely, "How would you like your rice?" "Thrown at me, big boy," was the curt reply.

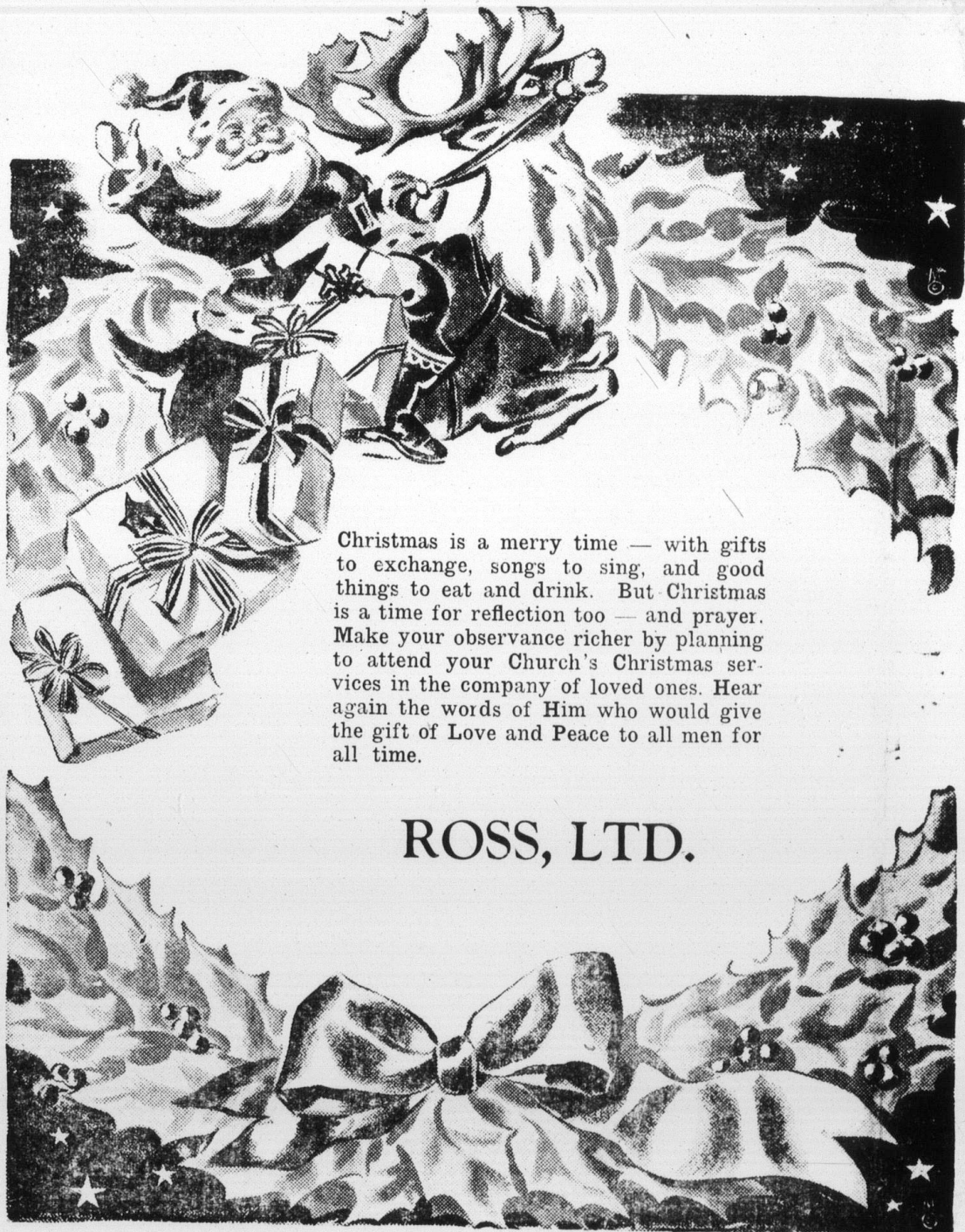


MERRY Christmas

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LONDON NOTES

The Christmas service at the B.M.E. Church will be given by the children and Young People's Club Sunday Evening, Dec. 23. Mrs. Childs, of Wesley United Church will give an interesting story on Xmas.

Xmas boxes were sent to our convalescent soldiers in Crumlin and Westminster Hospitals from the B.M.E. Church, Dawn of Tomorrow, Canadian Legion and well wishers.

Mr. C. Hollingsworth is still convalescent in Victoria Hospital.

Miss Jean Fountaine has showed signs of great improvement.

Miss Elsie Green of Owen Sound won a bursary at the O.S.C.U.I. of \$350.00 for high grading in the third form. Elsie is the niece of Rev. and Mrs. Clifford Johnson, city.

Rev. Mrs. C. S. Johnson, Mrs. A. Brooks Jr. were the guest at the Dundas Centre Church Sunday afternoon, Dec. 16. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks sang a duet.

Miss Marion Jenkins is suffering with a bad cold.

Mr. Brownie of Toronto and Miss Isabella Morton of Woodstock spent a few days guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howson.

Mrs. Fred Harris is not able to be about. She is with her daughter, Mrs. J. Hill.

Mrs. M. Harris has been quite ill with pneumonia. Her condition is better.

Mr. James Brooks met with an accident while working crushing his hand.

Mr. Albert Butler is reported im-

Mrs. C. A. Johnson spent the week end visiting relatives in Windsor.

Mr. Norman Fountaine has accepted a job in the Pullman Service running to New York.

London has again lost one of her native sons, Mr. Norman Fountain. Having accepted a position with the railroad he has found it necessary to move to Toronto to be near the base of operations. We feel that the young people will miss this popular young man as much as his family will and can only wish that he may have the utmost in success in his new endeavours.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kelly are waiting eagerly the homecoming of their son Lloyd. We wonder if he soon will be able to come home for good. It would be fun to sit and listen to Lloyd tell his experiences in the field of Radar and radio and enjoy again those nimble fingers of his cavorting over the piano keyboard. His parents have some clippings from newspapers both in Canada and United States acclaiming his ability and versatility as a musician, orchestra leader, radio performer and radio technician are just some of the fields Lloyd has invaded since joining the service a few years ago. Nice going Lloyd.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT BRAZIL

Starving Negroes Find They Can't Eat Racial Equality

Brazil is one of the few countries in the world where there is no racial discrimination. Although the South American republic was the last nation in the western hemisphere to outlaw slavery (1899), it has made the longest advances in the shortest time in solving the race problem.

The color lines work in reverse in Brazil. Whereas one drop of Negro blood makes a man a Negro in the United States, one drop of white blood seems to make a man white in Brazil. Whatever racial feelings exist are more economic than racial. Castes and classes are based on wealth rather than color. It is, of course, more than coincidental that most Negroes are in the poorer classes, earning as little as 5 cents a day.

It is no wonder that the starvation standard of living in Brazil (average annual income \$31) would gladly be left behind by most Negroes for the discrimination of America plus good U.S. food. Health conditions in Brazil, where a majority of the people have syphilis and talk about it like a common cold, make for a high death rate. The mortality rate is also high in politics, where ballot opponents are routed with guns as well as votes.

The slums of beautiful Rio exceed even the horrors of Harlem and Chicago Southside. Disease, malnutrition is rampant. Here in poverty, all Brazilians are brothers regardless of race, creed or color.

Brazilians are natural-born esc-

apists. Samba dancing and wild carnivals help the mforget their troubles. Both are derived from African customs and both are free from racial lines. At carnival time in Rio all races join in carefree dancing at a grand ball or at clubs. At beaches, in hotels, at restaurants, in homes, all color lines are forgotten. Brazilians range every shade from pure white to pure black.

Most pure whites are in the upper brackets of society. They look down upon Negroes, not because of their color but because of their poverty. They would not associate with them any more than a Wall Street banker would socialize with a poor white from Georgia. When Negroes do attain wealth, and some of them have, they are welcomed in high society but otherwise they are taboo along with all of other colors who are in the lower brackets. There is a very small middle class and the chasm between poor and rich is very wide.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

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QUADRUPLE AMP INSPIRES MATES

Only quadruple amp in the British Empire, Curley Christian, who lost his arms and legs at Vimy Ridge in 1917 is an enthusiastic demonstrator of the belief that a man can overcome such obstacles if the will exists to do so. Told he'd always be a helpless problem for nurses, Curley fends for himself. He uses arms of his own design, equipped with knife and fork, which he carries in a neat little case when travelling.

Up at the clubhouse of the War Amputations of Canada lots of members would answer any questions about a handicapped veteran reinstating himself in civilian life by pointing to Curley Christian.

Amps are a proud, clannish bunch. They are proud of the record of their association — self-sustaining for 25 years, despite the problems that an organization composed of maimed men have. They are proud of individual members and what those members have been able to do for themselves mostly as a result of the moral support they give each other.

Curley is a top example. He is the only quadruple amp in the British Empire. Almost blown to pieces at Vimy Ridge 28 years ago, he was not found for two days. The comrades who carried him back were blown up with him again.

So Curley came out of Davisville Hospital in 1919 with neither arms nor legs. He grinned as he recalled that the doctors said he would never walk, would require nursing help all o fhis life. Then he hopped up and out to the kitchenette for a drink of water, pouring it himself.



He walked briskly and surely, despite his 61 years. He was just about the friskiest parent at the train when his only son Douglas arrived home from three years in the navy recently.

Retired now, Curley became a salesman after he had conquered his first terror of learning to walk.

And he did, in his shining little house on Lansdowne Ave., Curley stresses with all the earnestness of his jovial being that example and association are the two most important factors in rehabilitating oneself.

"When you are surrounded by others who are accomplishing things, it stimulates you to try," says Curley. "Today there are young fellows coming back with arms or legs gone. They're diffident, bashful, frightened. You can never know the misery they suffer mentally as well as physically. At the club that vanishes. We're all among our own kind. We boost each other mentally and we learn things physically."

Full of pep, Curley gestures with his seemingly helpless arms. As he chats, he'll casually straighten a rug with the toe of his artificial foot. He never sits still; he bounces up to hunt a snapshot or to get a cigaret.

So he's a wildly enthusiastic supporter of the plan of the Amps to build a new, bigger, better equipped clubhouse for the recreation, training and physical conditioning of their members. He hopes the public will make this plan possible by contributing to their campaign for funds.

"We do," says Curley, who is a descendent of Fletcher Christian, the hero of the Mutiny on the Bounty, "what government can't do. But we have to do it for ourselves."

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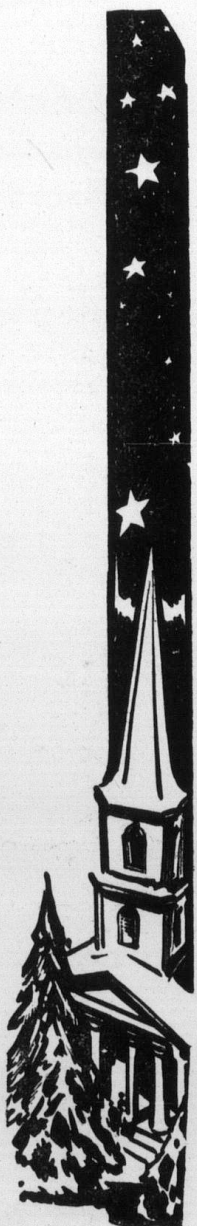
Met. 9450-W

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THE TRUE GLORY

(Reprinted from Liberty)

By the time this page appears millions of people will have had the opportunity of seeing one of the most momentous pictures ever filmed, *The True Glory*. It is the story of those grim and heroic days from June 6, 1944, to May 8, 1945. It is told in pictures that are real as war itself, because they are war in all its naked, bloody reality. They were taken on the beaches of Normandy and Belgium and Holland and on the battlefields in France and Germany. They were made by men who dedicated their lives to this outwardly commonplace task. While the fighting soldier rightly sought such shelter as he might find, the photo squad had to take it standing up, because that was their business. Men died to make this picture possible—many men. How many, we do not know, for they were scattered through all the armies. All we know is that among the Canadian photographers alone five were killed at ~~one~~ and ten were wounded.

Perhaps there are people who will ask if this sacrifice was worth while. But they won't be the people who have seen this picture and caught its underlying message. It isn't just the story of those eleven grim months between D Day and VE Day. If it were, it would hardly be worth this comment, for most people will have seen the picture already and will have their own estimate of its story. It isn't even that, in its own right, it has any quality of exceptional pictorial merit. Beyond its terrible reality it is perhaps no better pictorially than many a commercial film, for a photographer under constant machine-gun fire may be forgiven if his eyes are not completely single to camera angles.

But as the story unfolds in the unschooled narrative of simple actors in this epic drama its purpose becomes crystal clear. It is to tell the story of a united effort in which alone was any hope of survival. It was to make clear our hope that never again might there be an opportunity to film tragedy and heroism so intermingled and so immense, rested on our ability to continue in this mind to the end.

It was a C.I. Joe from whose lips fell a sentence with an import etched in salvos of rocket guns and long processions of landing tanks. The words came with tarting aptness: "Anyone who sets out to say he won the war is not only boasting, but is also nuts."

To those who can look back on the petulant and disruptive arguments of another day, these words, in their setting of united and unselfish effort, have a vast significance. Here is the accomplishment of many lives. And if men died to make this argument valid and powerful, their lives were well spent. For the hope that we may not do this all again is founded on the added hope, and that alone, that we can continue in this unity of thought and effort and aspiration and brotherhood in sacrifice. These words from the prayer of Sir Francis Drake spoken in another hour of Britain's ordeal are a fitting text and a fitting epilogue.

"O Lord God, when thou givest to thy servants to endeavour any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it is thoroughly finished which yieldeth the true glory."

—JOSEPH LISTER ROUTLEDGE

THE CHRISTMAS SYMBOL

Only a manger, cold and bare,
Only a maiden mild,
Only some shepherds kneeling there,
Watching a little child;
And yet that maiden's arms enfold
The King of Heaven above;
And in the Christ-Child we behold
The Lord of Life and Love.

WE WELCOME SANTA CLAUS

Again 'tis December, and Christmas is nearing
With Santa Claus coming, his gifts to bestow;
The youngsters are hoping the clerk of the weather
Will order, right smartly, a downfall of snow,
That good-natured Santa can hook up his reindeer
Securely and gladly again to his sled,
To speed from his storehouse to fill up their stockings
While they, in sweet slumber, are cuddled in bed.

The old-fashioned story survives all the changes
That Time, in his passing among us has wrought;
It yields to no pleading of new innovations
That skilful designers to charm us have brought.
It does not surrender its claim for our fancy,
And in our affections it still holds its place;
We fondly can picture the swift-bounding reindeer
Urged on by their driver, with broad, smiling face.

Good Santa, each Christmas, speeds off to the mansions
With gifts for the wealthy who domicile there,
And goes just as gladly to each humble cottage
To cheer up the people of lands everywhere.
He heeds no divisions that men have been making
According to fortune, religion, or birth;
He deems it his duty, his trait and his pleasure
To bless, with his visits, all nations of earth.

He may be old-fashioned to wear flowing whiskers
And have a wool bonnet pulled tight on his head;
But ne'er is he chided by present day people,
Though autos are plenty, for using a sled.
Should he be a native of far-away Lapland,
As some have imagined—but nobody knows—
We all are quite certain he'll have a glad welcome
This Christmas, as always, wherever he goes.

—MACK

Merry Christmas



The clarion of peace heralds
this Christmas season with a
ring of hope and good will to-
wards all men forever. This
is the Yuletide your fighting
men have been looking forward
to for many years — a Yule-
tide, which for many, means
home and loved ones again.
Let us keep the spirit of peace
and Christmas alive forever.



A Friend



OUR FOLK

Mr. Cecil Hollingsworth, the toughest run of hard one we know. While suffering an injury to his leg, he made an operation necessary. He entered the hospital, and turned home after the operation. He is now on the road again, and has been again twice for further treatment. This time it looks as if he will have to spend the Christmas in the hospital. Let's a line or card to cheer him. Arettes would also be interested.

Many glowing reports from Brantford as to the accomplished among the people by Mr. and Mrs. L. Choral work and fires bringing into the church haven't attended for years. Brantford's gain and all being done for the church in general. Too bad about it but our own London young get going" to show what you have a splendid heading your group of Mr. Ross Jenkins. co-operation he deserves. don won't have to talk from any young people in Canada.

Have you visited his Shell Service Station of Maitland and H. entered into a partnership with W. G. Lumsden and making many friends.





OUR FOLKS

Mr. Cecil Hollingworth is having the toughest run of hard luck of anyone we know. While at work he suffered an injury to his leg which made an operation necessary. He entered the hospital, and then returned home after the operation, apparently on the road to recovery. Since then he has been in and out again twice for further treatments and this time it looks as if he might have to spend the Xmas holidays in the hospital. Let's all drop him a line or card to cheer him up. Cigarettes would also be much appreciated.

Many glowing reports are coming from Brantford as to the work being accomplished among the young people by Mr. and Mrs. LeVerne Jones. Choral work and firesides that are bringing into the church people who haven't attended for years. Our loss is Brantford's gain and since it is all being done for the upbuilding of the church in general we cannot feel too bad about it but can only say to our own London young folks, "Let's get going" to show what we can do. You have a splendid young man heading your group in the person of Mr. Ross Jenkins. Give him the co-operation he deserves and London won't have to take a back seat from any young people's organization in Canada.

Have you visited Jim Brooks at his Shell Service Station at corner of Maitland and Horton. Jim has entered into a partnership with Mr. W. G. Lumsden and they are really making many friends in the auto-

motive world. Mr. Lumsden's years of experience in the servicing of cars and Jim's mechanical knowledge of automobiles coupled with the 3 years of work on the fastest planes in the world, the famed Mosquito. Jim has letters of recommendation as to his mechanical ability, knowledge of electrical devices as used on cars and planes and served as radio technician, handling all types of aircraft radios, leaving for the European theatre. So drop in and see Lumsden and Brooks for the best in gas, oils, tires or car repairs.



THE SHEPHERD'S GIFT

We know of myrrh and frankincense
And of the gold aglow
That Wise Men brought so loving
To Jesus long ago.

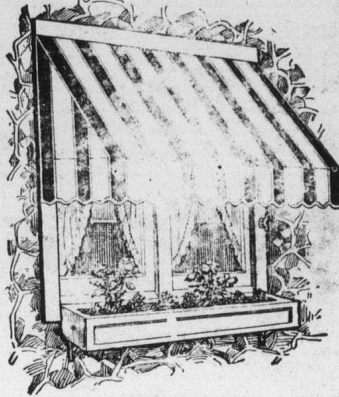
But a lovely old time legend
Says the Shepherd brought still
more
Brought gifts quite lowly and humble
Out of their meagre store.

One laid at the foot of the manger
His well-worn tattered coat;
And another humbly offered
A little lamb and goat.

One placed beside the Blessed Babe,
As it lay fast asleep,
The shepherd pipe which he used
To call his flocks of sheep.

With clumsy hands another touched
The baby in the manger
Then tenderly his staff held
Beside the Heavenly Stranger.

A. J. CARTER

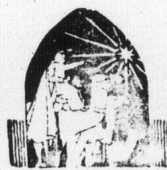


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LET US SOLVE YOUR GIFT

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Willow Hall

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LIMITED

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COMPLIMENTS OF THE
SEASON

From the

Wegner Clothing
Company

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Met. 1849

SHOP AT
Zeller's
IT PAYS!

BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED!

Merry Christmas



The clarion of peace heralds this Christmas season with a ring of hope and good will towards all men forever. This is the Yuletide your fighting men have been looking forward to for many years — a Yuletide, which for many, means home and loved ones again. Let us keep the spirit of peace and Christmas alive forever.

Boughner's
Limited

The Men and Boys' Store

Dowler's

Limited



229 DUNDAS ST.

METCALF 582

— COMPLIMENTS OF —

Economy Dry Goods Store

717 HAMILTON ROAD

Christmas Gifts

AT REASONABLE PRICES

Articles for Everyone in the Family

MERRY Christmas

It's a real old-fashioned Christmas we're celebrating again this year. And what a warm, happy glow it puts into our hearts to know the war is over, peace reigns supreme once again. This Christmas as we go to church to worship in freedom the birth of the Christ child, let us offer a prayer of thanks to Him for the Peace and Happiness in our hearts. It is with much gladness that we wish you the joys of the holiday season and a New Year in which all your hopes and desires will come true. Thank you for your patronage and co-operation during the war; we sincerely hope to continue serving you in the years ahead.



A WELL WISHER

SURE THER'S A SANTA

Back in 1897 a queer letter came to the editorial desk of the old New York Sun. It was a simple query from a little girl who obviously had experienced the chill of disillusionment in her faith in Santa Claus, and wished the matter settled finally, positively.

The letter was turned over to Francis Pharcellus Church to answer. "And Church," says a contemporary, "bristled and pooh-poohed . . . but he took the letter and turned with an air of resignation to his desk."

He did not know that all the weighty words that he had written would be forgotten and that his claim to remembrance would rest on a simple message written in kindness to a troubled little girl.

Because we might think a long time without approaching the spirit of this simple editorial we are reproducing it here as a tribute to Christmas and to one man who caught its spirit fully.

"We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of THE SUN:

DEAR EDITOR—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, 'If you see it in THE SUN it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a SANTA CLAUS? —Virginia O'Hanlon.

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a SANTA CLAUS. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no SANTA CLAUS? It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in SANTA CLAUS? You might as well not believe in fairies? You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch SANTA CLAUS, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain, and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No SANTA CLAUS? Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND HEARTIEST GREETINGS
OF THE SEASON TO YOU!

This is the merriest, gayest and most joyful Christmas we've had in many years. And we've got a big Christmas package here for you—just bursting with good wishes and good cheer for the best of everything during this Yuletide season and for all of 1946. And tucked into the corners of this surprise package are "thank you" messages from us to you—for your appreciated co-operative spirit during the trying war years.

COUNCIL OF THE CORPORATION OF
THE CITY OF LONDON

TO THE READERS OF THE DAWN OF TOMORROW
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

EVANS FUNERAL
HOME

605 Richmond St.
Met. 6684

648 Hamilton Road
Fair. 325

WISHING OUR CUSTOMERS AND READERS OF THIS
PAPER A MERRY CHRISTMAS

SEIGEL'S

Shoe
Stores

Shoes for the Whole Family at
Lowest Prices in Western Ontario

Merry Christmas

CANADA BREAD

London, Ontario



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190 DUND

GIFTS

Toys, Games, Nov
and Wrappings, Me

C

745 HAMILTON R

F.

438 TALBOT ST.

A Merry Christmas

AND A

Happy New Year

TO ALL OUR

Customers and Friends

"PEACE ON EARTH"



Silverwood Dairies Limited

IT is for us to bow our Heads, to offer up to the Almighty our prayerful thanks for the joy that is in our hearts and for the new Hope now lighting our way to the Future.



C. Wallace Co. Ltd.

190 DUNDAS STREET

London, Ont.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

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Toys, Games, Novelties, Story and Paint Books, Christmas Cards and Wrappings, Men's Work Shirts, Pants, Socks, Mitts and Gloves.

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MET. 6872

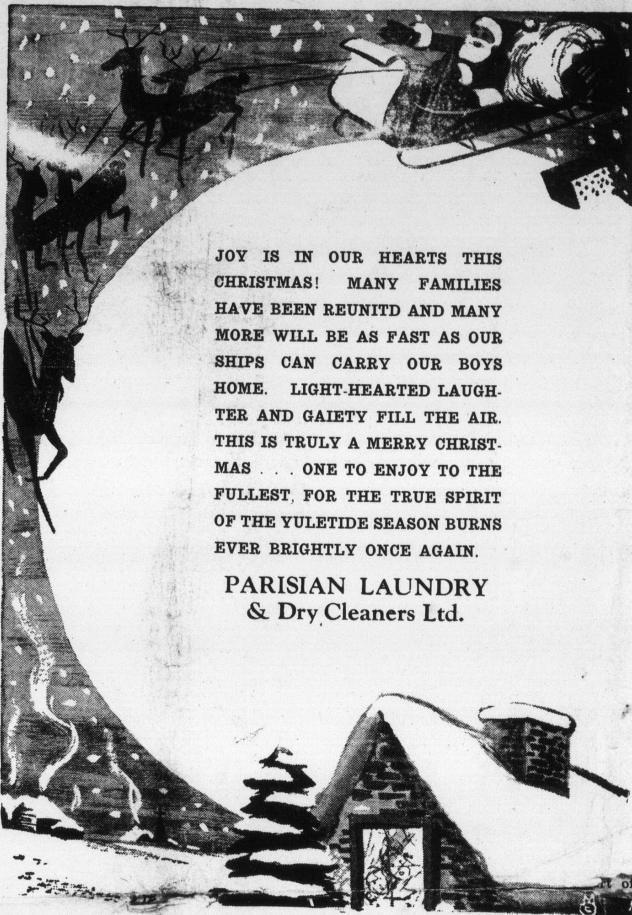
"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

F. B. DIXON CO.

MOVING — PACKING
STORAGE

438 TALBOT ST.

METCALF 3170



JOY IS IN OUR HEARTS THIS CHRISTMAS! MANY FAMILIES HAVE BEEN REUNITED AND MANY MORE WILL BE AS FAST AS OUR SHIPS CAN CARRY OUR BOYS HOME. LIGHT-HEARTED LAUGHTER AND GAIETY FILL THE AIR. THIS IS TRULY A MERRY CHRISTMAS . . . ONE TO ENJOY TO THE FULLEST, FOR THE TRUE SPIRIT OF THE YULETIDE SEASON BURNS EVER BRIGHTLY ONCE AGAIN.

PARISIAN LAUNDRY
& Dry Cleaners Ltd.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

Regardless of the Christmas season, employed citizens must get to and from work regularly and on time. Don't let your armful of bundles and parcels be the reason for someone being deprived of necessary bus transportation!

IF YOU HAVEN'T DONE YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, START NOW! DON'T WAIT UNTIL CHRISTMAS WEEK! AVOID THE RUSH HOURS BY SHOPPING BETWEEN 10 A.M. AND 4 P.M.

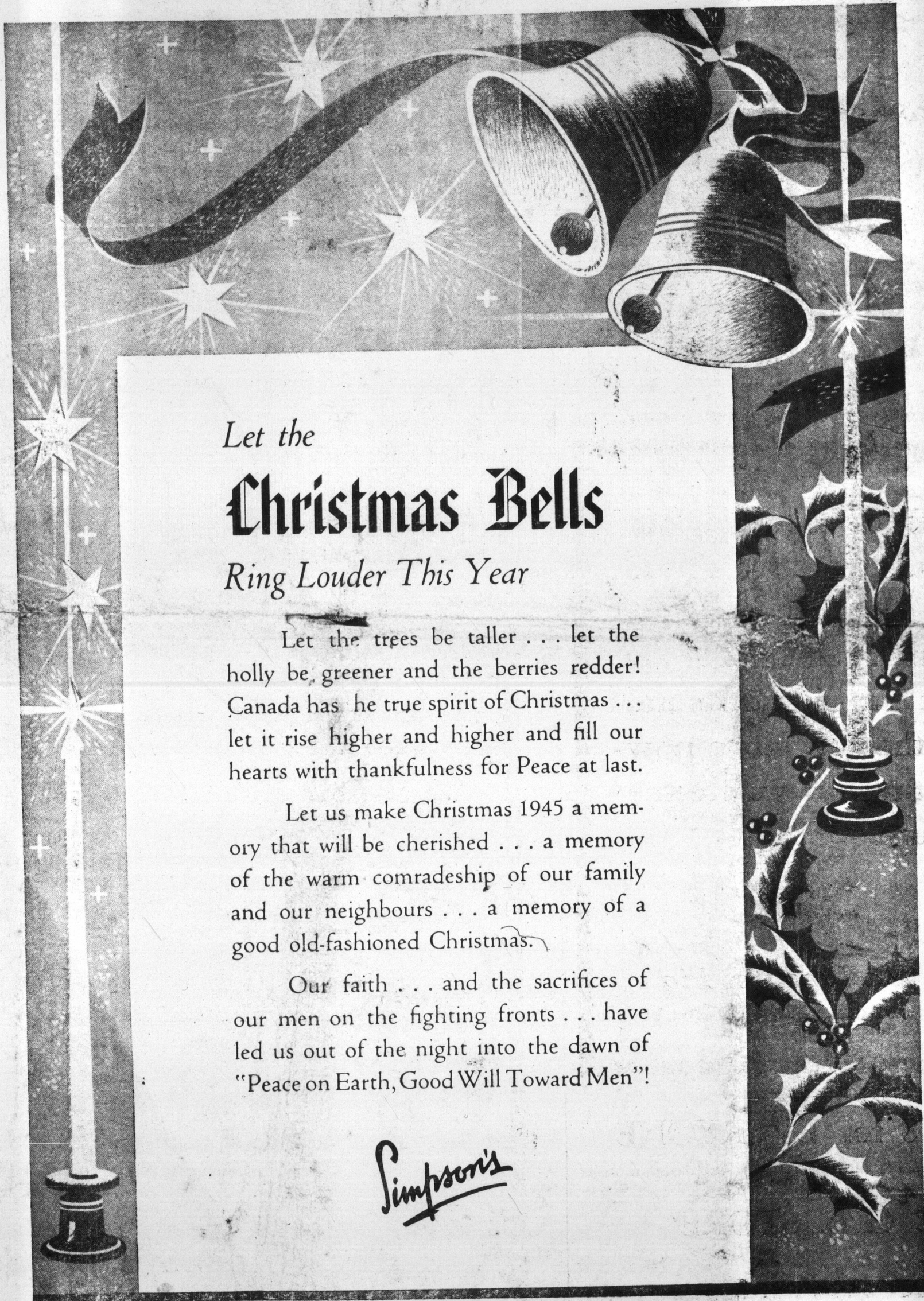
Prepare your Christmas parcels for mailing NOW. Postal authorities have an almost impossible task to get YOUR gifts to their destination BEFORE Christmas.

TRY TO AVOID TAKING YOUR ARMFUL OF PARCELS TO BE MAILED DURING CHRISTMAS WEEK!

LONDON STREET RAILWAY CO.

H.C. BOYD
Supt. of Transportation

D. L. TAIT
Manager



Let the

Christmas Bells

Ring Louder This Year

Let the trees be taller . . . let the holly be greener and the berries redder! Canada has the true spirit of Christmas . . . let it rise higher and higher and fill our hearts with thankfulness for Peace at last.

Let us make Christmas 1945 a memory that will be cherished . . . a memory of the warm comradeship of our family and our neighbours . . . a memory of a good old-fashioned Christmas.

Our faith . . . and the sacrifices of our men on the fighting fronts . . . have led us out of the night into the dawn of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men"!

Simpson's

REC
APR
LONDON

VOL. IV—No. 4

BOAST SIX
WITHO

North Buxton, A
gro community ni
Chatham is a polie
It's been six years
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"A couple of you
working on the
housewife complain
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Mr. Shreve, 80 y
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Soon to Celebrate

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80th anniversary?
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North Buxton
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The storekeeper f
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North Buxton h
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was decorated.

Citizens of No
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Mr. Shreve. "Th
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