

RANDOM THOUGHTS

By NAHUM DANIEL BRASCHER

January has come and went;
What has it meant to me?
February has got me bent
To find Pros-Per-I-Tee.
—O. Me.

MAKE WORDS THE TOOL OF YOUR NEEDS

"In words lie one of man's greatest powers. To their skillful use go rich rewards—money—power—position. To have the exact words at your instant call often means the difference between success and failure. Words that thunder commands. Words of zephyr-like delicacy. Words of romance. Words of inspiration. Words that bend men's minds to your will. Learn to fall in love with words and make them the tools of your needs."

—Selected.

BILLY JONES LAUDS BILLY JONES

(World's Greatest Weekly, theatrical page, 2-235). Billy Jones is expecting to make them sit up and take notice when he appears this Friday at the Chester Theatre, RKO, house in the Bronx, New York.

... Atta boy, Billy: "He who tooteth not his own horn, the same will not be tooted." Action!

SO HERE GOES...

"Random Thoughts" is the most widely read of any of the syndicated articles carried in any of the newspapers."—Communication quotation, by A. L. Foster, executive secretary, Chicago Urban League.

Reminded. Which reminds me, I have often heard Robert S. Abbott tell of the quips and wisecracks indulged in when The Chicago Defender, four pages, carried in its headline: "The World's Greatest Newspaper." Mr. Abbott says: "I put that there for something to shoot at," and how well he shot is history. Thanks A.L.F., sooner or later.

Alberta Hunter Returns. Turn over to Al Monroe's theatrical page and learn details about Alberta Hunter's latest successes in Europe, (Europe to you) and her return to the States. Miss Hunter always writes me from home and abroad, expressing appreciation of the words of appreciation yesterday. Chicago Awaits you, Alberta.

Dr. Preston Bradley and Madame Barry-Orlova on Inter-Marriage. Recently I was getting another thrill in looking again at "Stevedore." "Stevedore" is an epic in American realization. Back of the lessons in the play, I see the principals, whom I have known, some of them more than 25 years, across the miles, and the glory of their life's work.

These men and women are inspired by a divine call to promote their art and serve humanity. Jack Carter, Abbie Mitchell, Edna Thomas, Leigh Whipper, Tom Mosely, William Elkins, Alston Burleigh—these have lived the life of the artist and trouper, and are shining examples of the best traditions.

Dr. Bradley Intensely Interested

After the first act, I noticed Dr. Preston Bradley sitting in the section near me, same row, and I watched him as much as the play. He was intensely interested, and sat much on the edge of the seat, with his elbows resting on the seat in front, and his hands to his head.

Then, the thought occurred that I would inquire of him at the close of the show about certain remarks I had heard of him making over the radio on the Newton case—inter-marriage. So, at the close, we spoke and talked, and continued to talk until the lights went out; and then we stood in the lobby and talked, you might say heatedly, but without acrimony.

It's all too much for here, except to say the good doctor believed that the crux of "Stevedore" is inter-racial sex; and, said he: "I do not believe in inter-marriage." Dr. Bradley is famous in Chicago for his human equality policies. But, I was shocked, I assure you, when he gave men the stockworn southern inquiry: "Do you think I would want my daughter to marry your son?" I said, "Dr. Bradley, that is an individual matter."

Madame Barry-Orlova, a famous lecturer of the Baha'i faith, stood by, along with several others, as we exchanged words, and the Madame said: "I see no reason for any discussion of color; we are all God's children." It was Madame Orlova whom I heard give the three magic words: "Love, Faith, Action." And on this day, the good madame again emphasized to me personally, the true power.

ROLAND HAYES, Singer. Right well may Chicago look forward to next Sabbath when Roland Hayes, of international fame, again visits Chicago for a concert at Orchestra Hall, in behalf of the Chicago Urban League. He has kept the faith of the best in his art, and his rewards have been in accordance.

Roland Hayes is a beacon light of our attainments, and we must keep the light shining. My thoughts go back to a day in Cleveland when J. Walter Willis and a few others of us brought Roland Hayes to Cory Methodist church in a 25 cent concert, and his star was in the ascendancy. A few years later, in Symphony Hall, Boston, I listened to his friends extol his achievements. Listen to Roland Hayes with prayer of larger faith for the future. He always sings with larger faith.

"Hands Across the Sea." One of the most pleasant experiences of 1935, or any other year, came recently when Ralph Metcalfe, the internationally famous athlete, handed me a business card from Tom Pritchard, Manila, Philippine Islands, which Pritchard had given Metcalfe in Manila for me, and Metcalfe had "toted" the card all the rest of the way around the world, and handed it to me in person with Tom Pritchard's message thereon. That's what I call "Hands across the sea." Thank you both, good men and brave!

PEN POINT PICKINGS

W. P. Dabney of Cincinnati, Ohio, was in town, and is slowly recovering from a ten-foot fall. He looked in on a midnight supper that made his eyes dance with glee, and he sincerely expressed regrets that his physical condition prevented his remaining. W. P. D. is the host of hosts, believe thou me.

The "Pilgrimage to Wilberforce" on February 22 when the deluxe special will roll from the Union station into Ohio has gathered much new impetus since President Wright was here Friday, and told everyone that they will miss the "time of your life" if you don't come down. Oh, we will be there, Mr. President, singing songs of praise and thanksgiving.

"The Four Corners"—Look for the visit on the Southwest Corner in the next issue; and it ought to be good.

"Advertising and Selling" has 'em

talking here in Chicago; and we are looking forward to reports from the hinterland—New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Nashville, Atlanta, Charlotte, Jacksonville, New Orleans, San Antonio, Los Angeles, Kansas City, and all points of the compass between.

J. A. Jackson in The Crisis for February tells the story of contact men, personal representatives and directors of public relations, dealing especially, of course, with the newest work being accomplished by the Standard Oil company, with which he is identified. "Jack" has turned attention to the development of a new field of service, which Wilberforce university is investigating in its extension work; and the Urban League has discovered, may make the big corporations sneeze into the consciousness that petty racial notions are causing them to lose millions of dollars annually; and, he it remembered: **MANY OF THEM ARE MAKING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FROM US, WHICH TO DATE, FURNISHES NO RECIPROCAL EXCHANGES IN EMPLOYMENT, ADVERTISEMENT OR GOODWILL.**

The Recent Tuskegee Formal, when Claude A. Barnett, a trustee; Charles Dawson, a distinguished artist; Percy Hines, historian; Neva Ryan, president of Domestic Workers, and many others active in the affairs of Chicago, former Tuskegeecans, must have made Booker T. Washington smile with gratitude, when he looked down and over the ramparts. . . . Dr. Louis Wright of New York, first president of the N.A.A.C.P., of us, is a worthy beginning in a mighty grand cause. Do your part. . . . Noble Sissle is being most cheerfully referred to by Walter Winchell these days; time was when Winchell "had eyes—and ears—and saw not." Now he says Noble draws 'em in the fold. . . . Bergere better than the nudged "femmes." Which proves that music has more charm than nakedness. . . . And, it won't be long before this page will begin some unbiased analytical political observations, for the purpose of dropping a thought that 1936 is coming along, and it is high time that there be a few people who realize the "power of the ballot." **THE BALLOT IS THE BALANCE WHEEL OF AMERICAN OPPORTUNITY AND JUSTICE.** . . . Is the time near at hand when there shall be in deed and truth a spokesman or spokesman for our fifteen millions? No one has taken the place of Booker T. Washington in national spokesmanhip; and can we find some

genuine and unselfish leadership in the march of human progress? Do we need it? . . . They deserve support and praise: Carter G. Woodson, American research and publication; James A. Rogers, international research and publication. One pull on the Numbers and the Wheels in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago would back these men financial for ten years. What a people!