

Random Thoughts

By NAHUM DANIEL BRASCHER

SUN-KISSED AMERICA

I am the symbol of sun-kissed America;
The blood of royalty flows through my veins.
From Africa's soil, beyond the deep blue sea,
Years long gone by,
Came they who gave to me beauty of color.

Princes came out of Egypt, and from
The Coast of Gold, though chained and scourged,
And made to toil by day and night,
Without reward, or hope,
But faith they kept, and love within their soul.

These gifts, straight from God,
No man could steal,
Or cause to cringe beneath the lash.
Hope saw a star, the North,
Faith led the way,
Love unlocked the doors, and broke the chains.

The clash of steel, the lives of men
With countless names; blood of my
Blood; bone or my bone, in all the
Wars on this fair soil,
Helped pay the price to make me free,
To see the Sun, to know the God,
To serve the cause, and love
My fellow man.

That which was bought at such a price,
In such a way, in blood and tears,
Down all the streams of Time,
I HOLD MOST DEAR;
I will not fail the trust,
Nor mar the honor of the sacred dead.
I am the living symbol of sun-kissed America;
I will not cringe, nor bite the dust of fear;
I have a goodly heritage,
I will be a man—I AM AN AMERICAN.

—N. D. B.

Those lines were written by me one Sunday afternoon in a room of the Trade and Commerce club, Seventh Ave., in New York city. From my window I could look out towards the Hudson river, and the Heights, where the buildings of the City College of New York stand like giant sentinels.

A short time before, in the great hall of one of the buildings, I had bowed my head in memorial silence in the presence of the mortal remains of the late Col. Charles Young, my life-long friend. (His mother, yet living in Wilberforce, Ohio, and my mother, long years back, had been close friends in Zanesville, Ohio, my mother's home, and from which city Charley Young went to West Point. I was a very small boy, on one occasion, when Charley came home on furlough. We were visiting Zanesville, from Indiana; we called on the Youngs, and Charley entertained on the piano with marvelous selections.)

In later years, in Wilberforce, his chosen home and country place, where his widow now lives, Colonel Young and I talked of life and opportunities in America. We were Omega fraternity brothers.

Just after Colonel Young left Camp Grant, Ill., and was proceeding to Africa, we had our last earthly talk in the home of then Alderman Louis B. Anderson on Wabash Ave. He was

in uniform and, as always, every inch a soldier. What a soldier and what a gentleman!

Colonel Young gave me a charge. "Brascher, we must be serious," he said, "open the way, and keep the way open for our youth of America. My life has been given to America; the service of our soldiers must not be in vain. There must be some central organization through which we must work for justice and opportunity. I think that organization is the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. In your writing, and in personal service, do all you can to awaken the people to the importance of helping with service and money.

"You can say some things, of course, that I cannot say just now as a soldier. We must open the way, we must open the way and keep the way open.

"I am going to Africa on a mission for my country. Old friend, I may never get back, and I may never see you again, but remember what I have told you."

That is the gist of the final earthly talk I had with Col. Charles Young.

From New York to Arlington, and taps. That Sunday afternoon in New York, while Seventh Ave. buzzed with taxis, automobiles; well dressed people, pleasure bent, and with the voices of little children, I could not help thinking of Colonel Young, and I wrote the above lines. They were used in a little booklet which I published at the personal request of the late Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel corporation. I dedicated the booklet to my wife "who is my constant inspiration in an effort to serve humanity; the daughter of a brave Civil war soldier, a cultured, Christian American, a benevolent mother, a 'regular fellow' and a good pal."

Today I rededicate the lines for 1933 Armistice day to all those in and out of war service, who love justice and opportunity.

On that Sabbath day, when a memorial service was held for Colonel Young in New York, I happened to be the only one of his friends across the years, who lingered there, and devotedly followed the mortal remains, until taps were sounded in Arlington, the eternal city of the American military dead.

From New York the remains were taken to Philadelphia, where a great throng, representing the central section of Philadelphia's traditions, came to pay honor to this great patriot. "There is only one mistake," said a public official to me, "this service for Colonel Young should have been held in Independence Hall." It was held in an armory on Broad St.

The United States government, through the war department, furnished a military escort all the journey. From Philadelphia the remains were taken to Washington. There was an occasion never to be forgotten. For a subsequent event, grandstands had been erected along Pennsylvania Ave. For this solemn military journey to Arlington, thousands of Washingtonians stood in the



WINS PRAISE AT THE FAIR—W. Samples, 4902 Forrestville Ave., Chicago, is one of the demonstrators at the fair who has received high praise from officials for his courteous manner of meeting guests and explaining to them the new features of this observation car. Samples has been employed by the Pullman company for 20 years. He is shown here in the Baltimore & Ohio observation car, which has been on display at A Century of Progress all summer. The big show ends Sunday.

stands with strained faces and uncovered heads, paying tribute to this man of valor.

Colonel Young's mother and wife, and other near relatives and friends, met the remains at Washington's Union station, from where the march to Arlington started. It was my sacred privilege to advise his loved ones of the tribute paid in New York and Philadelphia.

The day was beautiful in Washington. A mounted military detachment from Ft. Myers, near Arlington, took official charge of the body. The public schools had been dismissed, and all government employees granted leave for the day. The service at the grave in Arlington was brief, closing with the staccato tribute of the firing squad and the bugler's taps.

Like John Brown, the body of Col. Charles Young may be molding in the grave, "but his soul is marching on."

The K. K. K. Explodes in Philadelphia. This Armistice occasion, it seems to me, is just the right time for all of us to rededicate ourselves to the cause and determination of justice in America rather than "American justice." American justice, as ordinarily administered to us, is a rotten brand. It is not the justice that we were told about, and in God's name, fought for in all the wars on this fair soil. We must all get together and have an understanding on this business right away. It is serious.

Here comes the vainglorious and dishonorable Ku Klux Klan of Philadelphia, if you please, "City of Brotherly Love," and advises by letter the honorable judges of the city, who are bent on appointing one of us to the board of education:

"The Negro race, while it has made

some advances, has not proved as a majority, worthy of being a part of as great a governing and administrative body as the Philadelphia board of education."

Can you imagine the nerve of those laughing hyenas? Well, the judges and the real people of Philadelphia plan to show 'em a thing or two.

The Birthday of Abdul-Baha. It is announced that next Sunday, at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, in the magnificent Baha'i temple in Wilmette, Ill., there will be special services in honor of the birthday of Abdul-Baha. Here is a world-wide movement of peace, love and human brotherhood that must command the good will and attention of all serious minded people regardless of basic faiths. If you are interested, you will find information given most cheerfully in the Chicago headquarters, 160 S. Michigan Ave.

There are many things we can do, and much more we can see and hear, if we "stop, look and listen."

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will be 25 years old Feb. 1, 1934. The organization proposes to celebrate the "silver jubilee" with a recount of achievements, a pledge to 25 years more service for justice in America, and indulges the hope that more of the rank and file of the people will use the occasion to go down in their pockets and take out a silver piece, divide it with the local branch and help raise a real "silver jubilee" fund. As a matter of fact it is a humiliating shame how little we care about justice until she smacks us in the face with a wet sock.

The daughter, Lavinia Olive, 16 years old, a student at Englewood