FAIR AMERICA

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Fair America by Katharine R. Crowell

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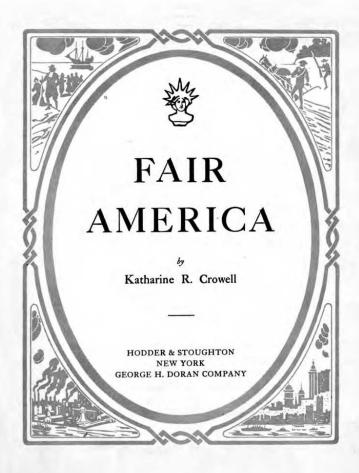
KATHARINE R. CROWELL

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O Land beyond compare, Thee, I love best!



LONELY OCEAN, wide-stretching, terror-filled, over whose unknown expanse three tiny ships sail toward the Sunset. The frightened crews see in every happening, hear in every sound, omens of ill. Their fascinated gaze holds to the far gray line where sky and water meet, for there, they whisper, sinks that awful abyss into whose seething vortex fearful monsters and terrifying ghostly creatures draw down to destruction all who venture near. Well the timorous seamen know that from those yawning depths no mortal may return. The steady winds filling the sails drive the little ships swiftly over the desolate waters, nearer and yet nearer to the enchanted regions. Even the stars are unfriendly now and strange,

and the guiding needle, hitherto pointing steadfastly northward, trembles and swerves.

But never does the courage of the captain waver; not once does he lose the guidance of his great Thought, and steadily he steers—Westward—over that golden pathway that shall lead him to far Cathay and the longed-fcr Isles of Spices. Through the glowing gates of the sunset he seems to see, sparkling and shining and

crimson and purple, of filmy silvery gauze; and over the far waters float to him fairy breezes, fragrant and spicy and sweet.

Westward, and westward still—thirty-three dawns of hope, thirty-three nights of disappointment—then in one joyful daybreak

Westward, and westward still—thirty-three dawns of hope, thirty-three nights of disappointment—then in one joyful daybreak his life-dream comes more than true.

He had thought to bring to men only the riches of silver and

For, far beyond the islands he has discovered, awakened by his Thought from out the Western Sea, and rosy and beautiful in the radiance of the rising sun, stands, waiting, a fair New World.

gold, not conscious that by his long years of devotion, his hardships and his sufferings, he should win for them nobler wealth; never

knowing of his greater gift.

shimmering, dazzling wealth of silver and of gold, of rich robes of



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OPPORTUNITY

"To the homeless and the persecuted came visions of a home where could be glorious freedom of thought and action. To them, 'America' spelled 'Opportunity.'"