

# HERE AND THERE

By **BOB HAYES**

This week, I respectively dedicate my entire column to the memory of one of the greatest men that ever lived, Robert Sengstacke Abbott, editor and publisher of one of the greatest defenders of our Race today.

I knew Mr. Abbott not as an employer, but as a companion. He was never in such a business mood that he did not have time for a cherry. **HELLO.** His pleasant smile coupled with such a wonderful personality



**Bob Hayes**

made him the idol all that came in contact with him. As a humanitarian, he stood out like a beacon light. So often I watched him attempt to enter his car as some ragged child of the streets would come closer for a look. I noticed how his face lightened up as he stooped to chat with underprivileged youngsters, there was always a word of

cheer. Helping others was his delight.

To him, I was always, "Brother Bob," and I well remember how he would sadly tell me, how he wished it was in his power to erase all suffering and worry from the hearts and minds of his people. He took keen delight in the uplift and morale of the stage. Having once been a member of the Hampton Quartette which toured the country in 1894, he got the spirit and thrill of a trooper. Show folks were always welcome, they were invited to use the columns of his great publication as a means of knowing the whereabouts of their fellow performers, as a permanent address, his office was their home. The poor will miss him, the elite of society will miss him, the boys of the streets will miss him, the great army of Billikens will miss his happy smile and cherry **HELLO.** Those who were closely connected with him in his daily work will miss him. Robert S. Abbott will be missed by millions throughout the universe. Now as a parting, I say he is gone, but not forgotten. No one can take his place.