



# A LITTLE LIGHT ALONG THE WAY

## Random THOUGHTS

BY NAHUM DANIEL BRASCHER

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### WORLD, NATIONAL TRENDS—THEN?

Fellow Americans, ALL: To me, one of the most thrilling sights at a baseball game is to see a good base stealer on first; a good batter in the box, and watch the strategy of the good pitcher and good catcher, to keep the runner from stealing second. This little Old World is playing a startling game. Here in America there is plenty to keep us busy watching the home plate where Uncle Samuel is in the box pitching for dear life. Those of us in the grand stand, observing with all eyes, must watch every move and all of us must closely watch the old timer—a base stealer of ancient skill—Old World. WHAT A GAME!

We are all hoping it's gonna be a clean game, but there are two guys, Adolph and Benito, who refuse in their bullying way to play according to the rules. Neville thought his technique in one of the early innings had 'em laid low—but not that man-hater Adolph. He rips and he snorts and he bellows like a Texas bull and scares everybody. What a man!

Now, let's have a little home study in "Black and White." Turning back the pages of history in America from the Jamestown landing in 1619 Dutch trading vessel, all that we have—and ever hope to have—we owe to FIGHTING. Fighting, ourselves (all too often among ourselves even today) or the other fellows fighting among themselves, and in the settling up, we hitched in a little cloer to that thing called civilization. I confess, in the light of events, I don't know the definition of CIVIL-I-ZATION. What IS it?

Let's read awhile — and THINK. Read our history in America from the days of Crispus Attucks, Peter Salem, Austin Dabney, Gabriel Prosser, Denmark Vesey and Nat Turner.

Then there were Richard Allen, George Liele, Prince Hall, Peter Ogden and Frederick Douglass; Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth and scores of other righteous, noble and unselfish men and women. They lived and died for humanity's sake.

They were not all black, No, no. England furnished Thomas Clarkson, William Wilberforce, Granville Sharp and Zachary Macauley. Benjamin Franklin—my great personal hero—was president of the Pennsylvania Society to abolish slavery. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson with others up to Abraham Lincoln—and since—presidents of the United States, who had definite thoughts of human justice and relationships that surpass many white leaders today.

Regardless of the peanut-minded men and women in our own blood who wave their hand and exclaim: "I don't owe the white folks nothin' and I aint got nothin' for white folks to do," I salute the great white men and women of the past and present who express in action or word any favorable attitude in behalf of human progress. Their name is legion.

My greatest desire—akin to glowing passion—at this hour is to have all of us, black and white, young and old, know more of our American heritage, and in the sacred name of Divine Providence, let us lay

aside so much selfishness, petty jealousy, envy and strife and work together for good.

I do not expect the millenium; it seems today further away than ever. I do expect to see this nation and our people draw closer in understanding and constructive human service. I write in the tone of AP-PEAL. If this message helps but ONE, it is not in vain.

### My Newspaper Background

Back awhile, I said I might write at length on some of my newspaper experience. Thank you, kind souls, who have requested me to go on. What I plan is far too much for a column. I wish it at least in pamphlet form. For two reasons: First, I don't want it blue penciled and 2: Because I wish to make some philosophical observations.

Before I could write words, I used to scratch lines on paper, a "letter" to my favorite cousin, Jane. My first newspaper article I wrote as a boy of ten, in my home town of Connersville, Indiana. I first became an "editor" of the church paper, "Epworth Reporter," during the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Riley, in our little Wiley Methodist church. (Yep, the first issue, four pages, seven by nine, I looked at my name thirty minutes without stopping. Pride had me. Nope, I hope not conceit. Then sixteen.)

Everywhere, I submitted stories and copies to daily newspapers and magazine—some accepted, without pay—while at school at Meredith college in Ohio. Then later in Cleveland with Welcome T. Blue and Thomas W. Fleming, furnishing the cash and me the LABOR, a truly unsophisticated but ambitious lad of twenty-three, I became editor of the Cleveland Journal, which we carried forward for nine years, with more than average success, attracting the attention of Booker T. Washington, (the greatest and most understanding friend our press has ever had to date—on one to equal him; Edward E. Cooper, Fred R. Moore, the Senior Murphy and Cris Perry.

In those Cleveland days I first met W. E. B. DuBois, Dr. Kelly Miller, Harry T. Burleigh, Robert S. Abbott, Hary C. Smith, "Phil" Dabney, Monroe Trotter, Charles W. Chestnut, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Col. Charles Young, Col. Walter Loving, Harry Lawrence Freeman, Noble Sissle, Bert Williams, George Walker, Ernest Logan, Bob Cole, Rosamond Johnson and others by the score and believe me some very wonderful ladies: Mrs. Mary B. Tolbert, Mrs. Josephine Silone Yates, Miss Hallie Q. Brown, Mrs. Carrie Williams Clifford, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Carter and I must include Miss Helen Olive Bouldin—who later became the Good Wife and remains today the fine inspiration in human service.

When I came to Chicago, to keep my journalistis scissors sharp, Mr. Abbott gave me a cheerful pat on the back, and invited me to help a bit with the Chicago Defender. Believe it or not, I wrote a column, and ended up each week with this Cato Carthaginian declaration: "We must all pull together and we will get Somewhere."

Lucius Harper made a "by-word of it" and sometimes uses it now.

Twenty years ago this week the Associated Negro Press was founded with Claude A. Barnett as director; and I became editor in chief, which "Judge" W. H. A. Moore always said was a "misnomer." Nevertheless, I carried along with it as the first national newspaper service for our publications developed.