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Muhammad

Speaks To The *Blackman*

THE MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO TELL THE TRUTH!

Dan Burley, Editor

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"He it is who sent His Messenger with the guidance and the true religion, that He may make it overcome the religions, all of them, though the polytheists may be adverse." . . .

The 61st Chapter, ninth verse

THE HOLY QURAN

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Uncle Toms Explain Truman

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OUR UNCLE TOMS are already on the job apologizing for Harry Truman's vicious statement about the efforts of southern Negro college students to break up segregation at lunch counters. These Negro Uncle Toms, many of them key lackeys in the task of rounding up the Negro vote for the Democrats in the forthcoming Presidential election, are blaming Truman's remarks at Louisville on "Approaching senility."

They are busy telling the people that Truman "probably hadn't thought" of the effect of his blunt statement that "if anyone came to my store and sat down and I didn't want him in there, I'd throw him out."

But they are not telling the people that Harry Truman never was more vigorous, active and belligerent than now. They are not telling the Negro that Truman made his remarks, significantly, at a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner which had an all-southern white man lineup at the dinner table. They are not telling the people that Truman never did give a damn about Negro rights from the start.

The man who "inherited" the Presidency at the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, did do a lot of talking and made a lot of motions in phony support of civil rights legislation, but when the chips were down, he went right back to the crackers where he always was. But his Negro flunkies nevertheless sought to portray him as having inherited the mantle of Roosevelt and having the desire to wear it well.

Few remember that Truman's wife, less, belonged to the Jim Crow Daughters of the American Revolution that barred Marian Anderson from singing in the DAR-owned Constitution Hall in Washington and later denied use of the hall to Hazel Scott, wife of Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell of New York. When the fiery Powell publicly labeled Mrs. Truman the "Last Lady of the Land," Truman, as President, vowed that Powell would never get ahead so long as he (Truman) was in the White House. And Powell didn't.

One thing, however, that stands out in the Truman true-to-form statement is that he has finally come out and told the world how he thinks about Negro freedom. He thus openly joined his buddies — Herman Talmadge, Senator McClellan, Eastland, Joe Kamp, South African Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd, Birmingham Police Chief Bull Connor and Florida Sheriff McCull, all dedicated to keeping the black man in modern slavery.

SISTER TYNETTA DEANAR . . .

Progress Is Exclusive Duty of Muslim Women

WHAT IS THE SO-CALLED Negro woman's duty to perform in this day of crisis? How can she begin to assemble to cure and treat her people's problems since she is so directly involved? Her first step is to seek Divine Guidance — she must first spiritually enlighten whomever she is around of her kind who are so sick and dying from the lack of such spirit of life.

Her spiritual values can lift her people, and especially the young people above the quest for material satisfaction, which is their present goal and greatest desire; she must not be so materially impressed for the things of the world, for this will only encourage the youth to be material and money conscious. It is noble to live well, but first acquire noble principles to live by and make not money and wealth your aim.

* * * * *

IT IS ALSO MOST IMPORTANT that the woman be more particular in preparing and working out an educational program for her child, while her child is young and industrious. Do not treat your children lightly, for they are tomorrow's leaders, so with humility and love and patience accept your responsibility; in this way the future years will not prove disheartening for the parents.

This educational plan should be designed to guide the child into the knowledge of himself so that he may eventually serve his own people and consequently bring the good life into our communities.

* * * * *

ALL OF THE EVILS and vices of this civilization that you desire not to appear as an attraction to your children can be counter-attacked and destroyed with the knowledge of Islam, Islam sprints the values of a corrupt society and makes manifest the evil influences on the individual, and the Muslim woman realizing her duty of civilization warns her child of the danger of being influenced by such evils.

Because of her love and deep concern for her children she takes the child away from the dance hall, dancing with strange boys, and riding in cars with these same boys after dancing hours for it will only strip the

child of her moral character. She takes her daughter off the stage where she may appear half nude before spectators both male and female like a vulgar display piece.

* * * * *

OF THE TRUTH THAT takes the cigarettes and dope from the mouth of babes, you may say, "Well I teach my children not to do these things." You may teach them, but do they obey? You teach them that of which you are guilty yourself, and you allow them to get into situations that would lead to the exercise of evils which you say you despise.

Perhaps you are still thinking, "What can Islam do to cure this problem?" Islam eliminates the desire to do and to seek after other than righteousness, and causes the person to begin studying a more mature and advanced science of living. You wonder why the Muslims seem to be so happy and full of life in a world of evil temptation and suffering — they are receiving joy and peace from being in the company of each other in unity, friendship and love, worshipping and forever praising the true God, Allah, who caused such a condition to come about.

WITH THIS BLESSING, the woman's mind is at peace and she has more time to plan wisely for the future. The Muslim Woman considers her ability and talent, studies carefully how to best use her knowledge for the good of her own kind, then in the Name of Allah she pursues her goal with vigor and sacrifices her life to the cause of uplifting her people.

Now I ask you, with these objectives where is her time for the life of sport and play, comic and extravagantly useless exhibition of her social development when her people are crying out to her in the mud for a way out?

* * * * *

EACH MOMENT OF THE MUSLIM Woman's life is to see that her Nation rises, that her children are fed, that her husband is properly cared for. Progress exclusively is her business and she tries so hard to tell you that it should be yours.

The so-called Negro woman can inspire through her conduct the moral code of honor from which she will gain the greatest recognition and respect. The man and the child will look at her and be proud, for they will be looking at a queen, and shall be taught by her example the true and royal values that purify and glorify civilization.

So-called Negro men will not be so quick to shame or disgrace such a woman who carries herself in a noble manner and performs the function of perfect behavior.

There are so many things that we can do to make us a happier and more productive people and the so-called Negro woman is most surely being called to her duty. Who will come and follow the ways of peace? The ways of peace we have not known.

DAN BURLEY . . .

The ABC Of Show Business Jim Crow

For The First Time . . . How our entertainers feel
about playing before segregated audiences;
pots calling kettles black . . .

WHENEVER I HEAR OF SOME entertainer popping off about others of the breed playing before Jim Crow audiences, I'm tempted to hold my nose for the record shows there are but a few, a mere handful, who can safely throw stones. Let alone taking over as the pots calling the kettles black!

Most of this sudden and hysterical concern that "my people bear me under nonsegregated conditions" is about as phony as a Fautbus smile because Jim Crow and entertainment have always gone along hand in hand. Same as religion in which only recently has any effort been made to break down the walls of caste and color in order to let "whosoever will let him come!"

For these are the days of breast-beating and self-righteous disclaiming of all taints of what they call Uncle Tomming or "handkerchief-headedness" in which the "fat, sleek-headed, contented" of blood, bone . . . and color among our horn tooters, buck-and-wingers, singers, clowns, piano plunkers and thespians are struggling with might and main to be counted among the Chosen.

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LOOKING AT IT DISPASSIONATELY, how many among the denouncers a couple of years ago of Louis Armstrong who has been catching hell for playing before segregated audiences, have absolutely

hardened their hearts against the glitter, gold and notoriety of that gambling paradise known the world over as Las Vegas? Who, among those throwing housebricks at Saich and before him, the late Bojangles Robinson and before him at enough Negro show folks to populate all of Ghana twice over — who among them does not have banked gold from Jim Crow audiences? And among them, who has not fairly leapt into the air in joy and bounced their foreheads on the sidewalks three times toward the rising sun in joyous gratitude when their managers announced they had been signed for a month or two in Las Vegas?

For employment in the lilywhite gambling paradise in the Nevada desert is in the same bracket with the fame and notoriety that used to come to those who could brag of "Command Performances" before the King and Queen of England and other crowned potentates of Europe. And nobody then was going around with a soubowagon hollering because King George & Co. hadn't thrown open the doors so the sons and daughters of Ham and Hagar could argue about seats down front. In fact, in talking it over with some of the "Command Performers," nobody gave a Hang whether they got it or not. Most wouldn't have wanted 'em in the first place!

And that's the situation today. Sammy Davis Jr., Nat Cole, Sarah Vaughan, Eartha Kitt, Lena Horne, Harry Belafonte, Billy Daniels, Ella Fitzgerald, the Four Step Brothers, Louis Jordan, Dinah Washington, the Mills Brothers, Cab Calloway, the Dominoes and the Treniers are but a few of our top acts who haven't been known to turn down bookings in Las Vegas. Yep, in the same Las Vegas where a Negro is as welcome at the Thunderbird, Desert Inn, Sands, Dunes, Saham, Tropicana and other hotels as a Red Chinaman at a United Nations session!

* * * * *

SO, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE between Las Vegas and Hangan High, Louisiana? Some years ago they "caught" Duke Ellington playing before a segregated crowd in Georgia and poor Duke caught all kinds of hell for it from both entertainers and a hopped-up public determined to make everybody get in line for the march to the Promise Land of Integration. Something of the same, touched up with an old-fashioned cracker head-whipping, tangled up Nat Cole when the King played for a Jim Crow house in Birmingham and the peckerwoods, inflamed at the sight of the somber-faced pianist onstage with all those white folks, just couldn't take it and went up there to "git that thar nigger."

Then came more soul-searching statements by leading entertainers, most of whom swore by all the pignuckles and rice in the "pot" so dear to the hearts of Negro showfolk that they just wouldn't play in places

where "our people cannot go" or which maintain "bizzard rooms," "pick-aninny sections" and "coon corners" for the cash-in-hand taven-hued ladies and gents who want to see "our own" higlime stars.

MOST OF THAT STUFF LEAVES us cold because much, if not all of it is insincere. Negroes go into show business to make money. The big money is in the lilywhite clubs, hotels and resorts. They **DON'T** want Negro patronage. They **DO** want Negro entertainment. While our entertainers are starved for praise of their own people, most of them who don't have to work Harlem's Apollo Theater, the Regal in Chicago and the Howard in Washington are more starved for some of that big bread they can get in white spots that aren't in love with colored customers.

This is as true today as it was yesterday when Negroes were barred from the fabled New York Cotton Club. In fact, very few of our headliners of the thirties and early forties wanted Negroes to come to places where they worked.

For the very simple reason that they knew such visitors would be shocked at the type of entertainment colored stars put on with great gusto for the white customers. Bojangles told "iddle cullud boy" jokes with no restraint. Ada Brown sang "Fat Neck mummy" songs. Louis Armstrong sang "Sleepy Town Down South" while Jiles Hledsoe sang "Old Man River" verse (with all those awful words) and all beautiful soubrettes picked up quarters and half dollars from table corners and bulging eyeballs and harmonica-mouth snifflers were stock in trade!

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THAT IS ONE OF THE REASONS why the Club Zanzibar with its high-priced all-colored floor shows failed on Broadway. The minute Carl Erbe & Co. stopped putting Negro patrons behind the posts or near the kitchen and Harlem started loading up the Broadway upstairs joint, the performers had to change almost overnight the routines they had developed for white eyes and ears only. Thus developed the situation in which the whites came to hear and see the sentimental old mummy songs and Negroes with 60-watt eyes while the Negroes came to hear them sing "Star Dust," "Night and Day" and some of those French songs few Negroes knew what the hell the words meant.

And in a sense, that was the fate of the big floor show era featuring all-colored performers. When integrated audiences became the rule, the white folks who were paying for most of the deal, simply stayed away until they could finally open Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe on the California Nevada state line where they don't have to be bothered with Negroes at the next table.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, all this theatrical self-righteousness was instilled in our musicians and showfolk by whites for as I recall, it was Norman Grant and his Jazz At The Philharmonic group that first came up with the no-discrimination-in-the-audience clauses in contracts for the jazz unit. Before that every colored performer went and played where his manager or office sent him.

And I don't remember hearing anybody complaining about the "for colored" and "for whites" only shows Buddy Johnson, Lucky Millinder, Billy Eckstine, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Erskine Hawkins and the late Jimmy Lunceford played down South before white John Hammond and Barney Josephson sowed the seeds of integration in show business at Cafe Society, Downtown. It was there that Lena Horne, Hazel Scott, Josh White and others "got the message"

* * * * *

THE WHOLE THING POSES a problem of economics for Negro showfolk. Over-generous with their contributions, time and talent to all causes, including the NAACP, Urban League and other race rights organizations, the general hysteria over integration, "no more mammy, Uncle Tom, maid, porter and trifling darky" roles in movies or on the stage is fast settling the issue over whether performers and musicians get jobs as waitresses and taxicab drivers or try to continue selling their talents to whoever can pay for 'em.

And the fact is Negroes don't patronize in enough numbers any first class colored club in the country to warrant such spots hiring higher-priced Negro entertainers. And there aren't enough Negro patrons to keep the white-owned joint featuring Negro shows in the black, either. Once or twice a month and that's all is the general story of the colored patron. Knowing this to be the score, Negro performers kneel and pray that they don't lose those lucrative Las Vegas or Lake Tahoe bookings for those places constitute a Nivanna for Negro entertainers.

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COMPLETE "SYMPATHETIC APPROVAL"

THE OWNER OF ATLANTA'S Sprayberry's cafeteria looked up to see a group of demonstrating Negro students, part of more than 200 sit-downers, lined up for service. The harried white man rushed behind the counter where he ordered his 21 Negro employees to "pull all the food off the steam tables." But "something" must have gotten into them because all but three refused to obey.

What White Folks Consider The Blackman's 'Place'

Peculiar views on where Negro "belongs" seen as basic philosophy of white supremacy: Black, humorous article points out, means simply "B A C K !"

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NO MATTER HOW liberal a white person professes to be, his thinking impels him to assign a definite "place" for Negroes to occupy. Call it his sense of orderliness or whatever you will, he always thinks of Negroes in terms of their "proper place."

That is what is the core of the "Sit-In" and "Sit-Down" strike situations in the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Virginia, Tennessee and the other southern states. And it is the reason why more than 200 black Africans were shot in the back by police in their native South Africa; They were NOT in the "proper place" assigned them by the boss whites!

Here's some of the "places" and "positions" whites want Negroes to remain in. If they get out of them, there's trouble, maybe bloodshed.

All Negroes, first of all, belong BEHIND, in the Rear, on the Outside, Down, Around but never in, Far Away but near enough to perform the white man's dirty, laborious work; they must always be Available, On Call, Standing By.

The white man decrees that Negroes "belong" at the end of the line, Standing Up when white folks want the seats; On Their Knees Begging mercy or pity; Behind Bars to help fill jailhouse quotas; Hanging from trees and lampposts to satisfy the white man's lust for the lives of the

Unprotected and Defenseless; and crawling on their bellies for crumbs from the white man's well-filled tables.

The Black Man must be carrying something on his head or shoulders when he enters the inner sanctums of the lilywhites — the "something" being bags of laundry, boxes, bundles, rucks, trunks, suitcases and the weight of discrimination, segregation and racial degradation.

In his "proper place," the Negro is in the street when a white woman passes on the sidewalk; at the kitchen door of the restaurant to buy a sandwich or coffee ::to go," on his back when in the ring he boxes a white opponent, getting a closeup view of a mule's tail-end as he follows the plow in southern cotton fields, the last hired and the first fired on ANY JOB!

He belongs OUTSIDE the polling booths, in the Jim Crow sides of railroad and bus stations, OUTSIDE public libraries and schools, he belongs in waiters' coats, overalls, monkey uniforms in doormen at lilywhite clubs and "exclusive" hotels or with whiskbroom and towel in hand as attendant in white gent's rooms.

For the American and other white men firmly believe Negroes are merely semi-intelligent animals created to serve, entertain them and be killed or mutilated purely at their personal whim! As such, Negro men and women must sing, dance and make faces for their living as the perpetual clowns and prostitutes of his entertainment world.

The Negro's "Proper Place" is always lowest on the ladder. If he wants to climb higher, he must break with tradition, learn the TRUTH about himself and STEP FORWARD!

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ARE NEGRO POPULATION FIGURES RIGHT?

CHICAGO'S BLACK POPULATION will be more than a million by 1970, Dr. John Kane, sociology department head at the University of Notre Dame, predicts. He said the city's Negro population in 1958 was 831,000 and 546,000 in 1950. Many thinking Negroes, however, will dispute his figures for they assert that the black population of Chicago was a million at least in 1957! Actually, no accurate figures on the number of blacks in Chicago exist. All are more or less estimates and these are controlled by two factors: (1) the white authorities who don't want Negroes to know their real numerical strength and, (2) Negro leaders and organizations who use lesser figures to keep "from scaring" the white people. Thus they feel they are in a position to "beg" more effectively as representatives of the "traditional minority."

"WE,"

NOT "ME!"

Simple change in use of pronoun could make world of difference in Negro's drive for self-organization, progress . . .

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MOST OF THE BLACK man's troubles lie in his personal thinking. He has never willingly learned to say WE instead of ME. The understanding of the pronoun in its plural and singular sense is the secret of the white man's domination of most of the world and of the Black Man in particular.

Everywhere you go you hear Negroes talking about what "I'm going to do or "what I did" or what happened to "Me." Seldom, unless he is in trouble do you hear him speaking of "We" or "Us."

He thinks as an individual, selfishly about himself, his own particular goals in life, his own possessions and outlook. He reacts only to what affects him alone, never concerning himself of others of his kind and their problems of which he is indissolubly linked by ties of color and blood.

He never shows interest in the plight of his black fellow man except to carry on a personal campaign to get ahead of him socially and becoming more wealthy than he. He takes his greatest pride in his ability to say, "I am not as other men" or "I speak only for myself."

* * * * *

THIS SAME black man, blinded by personal ambition and the insatiable desire to look big in the eyes of the white man while his foot is on the neck of his less fortunate brother, is responsible for the condition American black men and women are mired in today. Given a head start of a step or two, he seldom looks back to see if his brother is behind him or keeping pace with him. His mind is too set on being patted on the head by the white man as a prime example of what the white man calls a "good Negro." This recognition is priceless to the "Me" and "I" black man.

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AN OVERDOSE OF EDUCATION

A situation involving two of our top scholars
and how an unlettered blackman dominated the
whole thing!

HIGH EDUCATION seems to make people self-conscious, especially upper level folk violently stung by a seemingly vitriolic sun. Over the years, educated Negroes are continually on guard to avoid being stared at, if possible, or to be as unobtrusive as possible, especially around white folk. Their cousins on the corner, however, don't give a darn. In fact, some of 'em like it as will be gone into in later discussions of what makes us tick. Right now, let's drift back to 1919 and the peace conference in Paris following World War I.

As our story goes, portions of the international Negro intelligentsia decided the time appropriate to hold a peace and/or war confab of their own and hastily arranged the Pan-African World Conference in London. The American delegates were a couple of topkick NAACP officials, both eminent scholars, writers and endowed with the epaulets of white culture, the anti-Negro authors Lothrop (*Rising Tide of Color*) Stoddard and Thoenes (*Clansman*) Dixon notwithstanding.

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AT ANY RATE, THEY SHOWED up at the docks where they were to board the Europe-bound ship and these brilliant representatives of Negro America stood discreetly aside, talking in quiet tones as the white passengers went aboard. They planned to board the vessel after the whites had gotten on safely and comfortably in order to avoid any possible criticism or embarrassment.

A sudden commotion exploded in the area near the gangplank and busting through the crowd and up the gangplank like an old-fashioned football center rush, bounced a tall, muscular jet-black man wearing the gaudy turtle-necked sweater of the prize ring. He was followed by a

couple of similarly attired flunkies. Passengers and visitors had to jump aside to avoid being bowled over, as the bizarre party elbowed its way aboard.

After the excitement had died down, the two cultured Negro dignitaries went unobtrusively, if not guiltily aboard as though they were stow-aways and went immediately to their First Class cabin. Meanwhile, the big muscular black man had also gone to his First Class cabin where he changed into casual clothes before going for a stroll around the upper decks. He saw the swimming pool, it was related, got the "message" and went for his bathing suit. Returning, he strode manfully through the crowd of white men, women and children, all so superior with their blonde hair and blue eyes, and dove into the water with a great big splash. Those in the pool promptly "dived out," but the black man, nevertheless, had his swim.

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LATER, AS THE TWO REPRESENTATIVES OF THEIR RACE ate dinner in the solitude of their cabin, the big black man was seated at the captain's table where he shoveled down his food in big healthy mouthfuls, accosted his host the captain, familiarly as "Chappy," wiped his chops on a corner of the tablecloth and then sat back to chat with his admirers who thronged around him.

Observing all these things, the ship steward who had ingrown notions of what is the Negro's "place" around whites, could stand it no longer. On the third day out, he paid the captain a visit.

"Look here, captain," he said. "We've got trouble aboard."

The captain looked up in anxiety and asked, "What trouble? What do you mean? Something wrong with the boat, the food, the weather or have you found a bomb hidden in the hold?"

"We've got five Negroes on this trip, captain," the steward explained. "Three of them are acting something awful. Just two of them behave as Negroes should."

"Tell me all about it," the captain commanded, lowering his spyglass.

"Well, there are a Dr. X and Dr. Z, two of the best educated Negroes Negroes in the world. They went at once to their cabins when they came aboard and haven't been out of it since. We serve them their meals in the cabin and you have never met such gracious, well-mannered, humble Negroes anywhere."

"Sail on, my good man, sail on," commanded the captain, lighting his pipe and puffing reflectively.

"At the same time they came on ship," said the steward, "a big black Negro, an awful person, came also. He has two lackies with him and they

have practically taken over the boat. Indeed, I feared they might be up here with you telling you which way to steer this tub. This big black buck runs around the upper deck bumping into our best people.

"He picks up their babies and bounces them on his huge shoulder. He buys candy for the children of millionaires, accepts invitations to their cabins. Only the other day," the steward said in great exasperation, "he was seen sitting in a deck chair with his hat on, his hat on, mind you, talking to one of the wealthiest men in Wall Street who was standing while this big black lout squatted in his chair like some king! And he eats at your table, too, captain," the steward accused. "And oh — such manners! To make matters worse, he has the nerve — the gall, I call it, to use the swimming pool! Can you imagine this big, black ignorant Negro swimming with the cream of world society? Something, sir, has to be done about this right away!"

"Look and see how all of 'em are traveling — I mean these Negroes as well as the whites you're telling me about," the captain barked, his face glowering with sternness.

"They're all riding First Class, sir," said the steward. "You know they wouldn't be on the upper decks if it were otherwise."

"Well," said the captain gruffly, "that big black Negro you're talking about is none other than the famous Harry Wills, the Black Panther of the prize ring whom Jack Dempsey refuses to meet for the world heavyweight boxing championship. He's going to Carlsbad for the baths."

"He told me," the captain went on reflectively, "that he never went beyond the third grade in some God-forsaken log cabin school down in New Orleans or somewhere around the Lake Charles region. Those educated Negroes whom you praise so highly, well . . . they're just to damn highly educated to get up enough nerve to demand or take advantage of their rights for which they paid for in cold, hard cash like the white people you're so solicitous about. Although he has no school book education, Harry Wills on this trip has proved to me and the others that he's all man and the type other men are bound to respect. Now don't worry me or anyone else about this matter. Mr. Wills at dinner today promises to tell us about his 30 day fast each year and more about his wonderful battles with the Boston Tarbaby, Sam Langford!"

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IN NEW ORLEANS, the president of Negro Xavier University ordered students to decline to take part in sit-downs lunch room counter demonstrations because "an intellectual form is more to be desired." The New Orleans Xavier alumni association publicly protested the interference of the school faculty. The "intellectual form" was viewed as some form of "weasel-worded" letters sent to police and Louisiana politicians by the cringing "older heads" of the black community.

DAN BURLEY . . .

IS GOD BROKE?

Preachers, Bishops, Priests, Elders make passing collection plate to "help Him" biggest "business" of the world's churches.

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But Jesus, John, Elijah, Isaiah never begged — If God is a spirit, what can He do with all that money being taken up for Him by "dedicated" men of God?

AS THE USHERS, resplendent in white gloves, morning coats, white cravats and spats deftly hustled the velvet-bottomed collection plates through the pews, the pastor's booming exhortation concluding his "soul stirring" sermon echoed in my mind. "Gawd gave it to you, now He wants y'all to give some of it back to Him!"

The odd, disturbing thought that God just might be broke like me assailed my thinking. I brushed aside the sacrilegious, blasphemous thought that the Almighty might be brain trusting a worldwide, gigantic ring of clerical pulpit hustlers and unobtrusively I attempted to slip a half buck under the blooming pile of one to ten dollar bills contributed by others in my pew. But looking up, I saw the all-seeing, accusing pastor looking me straight in the eye. With guilt, I fingered a greasy dollar bill from my pants pocket and dropped it on the plate.

* * * * *

THE PASTOR'S VENGEFUL stare sort of upset me. Saddenly he became an all-seeing deity with the power to look inside pocketbooks and pants pockets from whom I could not hide. He was impeccable in clerical black robe, topped by a white turned-around collar that gave him an out-of-this-world appearance. And from the tips of his highly polished oxfords to the gleaming "process" of his profoundly gassed locks, this southern seminary-spawned, well-fed, pious-faced middle-aged man looked every inch a representative of the Man Upstairs.

During his sermon that stressed the "blessedness" of giving, a huge ring flashed like a fairy wand tip as he waved his hands. A platinum wrist-watch added to his bejeweled elegance. Now he was leaving the rostrum

to take up his "umpire's" stance at the long table on the floor where the ushers were depositing the money-laden trays in front of a battery of shrew-looking, eager-eyed deacons with built-in rapid calculating apparatus in their collective bald and/or woolly heads.

* * * * *

A FROWN OF ANGRY, deep disappointment momentarily creased the pastor's cigar-tinted countenance. He turned wrathfully to the congregation still sobbing, mourning and thrashing hands during the dirge-like pipe organ hymn that backstopped his "Red Letter Day" sermonizing, and he shouted like a clap of Last Day thunder:

"Y'all done disobeyed Gawd! He said He wants y'all to give till it hurts. He say He been good to y'all all week long. He done give y'all life 'n' health 'n' strength so y'all could go out there an' make some of that money. He don't feel good at all wif y'all comin' up here shawt on this His Rest Day. He know what y'all got in them pocketbooks 'n' pants pockets. He know every cent, nickle, dime 'n' spurtals y'all tryin' na hide on Him an' He gonna git mad one these heah days! Now we gonna send these heah plates 'round once more. Gawd needs every cent He kin git to carry on His great work of redeemin' this sinful world! Let's don't try to shortchange Him, brothers 'n' sistern! Let's give to De Lawd!"

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AS THE PLATES WENT around a second time and came back even more overladen, I looked at the stain-glass windows in the roof, at the choir loft, up and down the pews, back of the pulpit and at the doors but failed absolutely to see God hiding anywhere. Meanwhile, the wives of numbers barons, the cuthouse operators, slum tenement "thousandaires," the female wearers of "hot" furs, dresses, hats, shoes and jewelry plus stolen perfume, the abortion sharks, crooked politicians and others "sitting in the seat of the scornful" sighed in righteous relief. Their added contributions, they apparently felt, would assure God of another seven days of comfortable living, so maybe He would ease up a bit on 'em, seeing what they had to do to acquire that extra "support" money for Him.

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SHORTLY AFTER I HAD left the church, deep in contemplation on the bizarre consciousness that all through the services in the temple where God "dwelt," I had failed, even though I have 20-20 vision and can hear a mosquito scratch his back, to see Him or "feel" His presence, I automatically jumped back to escape being run down as a sleek, rich-looking gunmetal grey Cadillac '60 Eldorado brougham whizzed by only to be stopped by the intersection red light. In the driver's seat was my pastor wearing a \$250 hand-tailored suit. His comfortably fat wife sat

in the rear her head covered with a fantastic creation of feathers that must have cost at least \$175 while her bull-like shoulders quivered under a load of costly mink.

Self-conscious in my \$55 suit (with two pair of pants), my somewhat threadbare topcoat, I waved weakly at my minister, got a stiff half-nod of bare recognition in return. I walked on thinking that he had too many people to remember to place me. And I thought of my "tribute" dollar, along with 999 like it, helping me to make a down payment on a second hand Ford. And at the same time, my mind failed to identify the pastor properly, although he was connected with something familiar to me.

* * * * *

ON MONDAY, DOWN IN MY lock, I took a bus to the racetrack hoping that a \$2 bet might prove this my lucky day. Glancing around, I saw my pastor, a \$250 set of spyglasses around his neck, third in line at the \$100 window. I waved but didn't even get a quarter nod of recognition from His Right Reverend Highness. I was so disturbed, I bet on the wrong horse again. That evening, my wife told me the news of her day. The wife of a liquor salesman friend of ours had told her how her husband had landed a jackpot: supplying cases on cases of choice scotch and rare champagne to my pastor's parish house on which the church (and poor little old me) paid the rent (and for the whiskey).

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SUDDENLY IT CAME TO ME! My pastor was the only "God" known to me and, I was sure, no other human being on the globe had seen ANY "God" save their pastors, priests, bishops, elders, prelates, Popes, etc.! Feverishly I searched my bible "No man hath seen the Father," it said. It said nothing about God "suffering from the shorts." I saw not a single line where God or Jesus Christ required their ministers to pass the hat or to build costly churches.

Indeed, Christ so disliked collections that he whipped and chased the money changers from the temple. He did His own preaching on hillsides, the riverfront or on Jerusalem's street corners. He rode a mule into Jerusalem, no fancy costly chariot. He was never known to carry any money and told those who would join his band, "Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes . . ." (And my pastor wearing \$85 hand-tooled Johnston-Murphy's!)

* * * * *

THE GREATEST PREACHERS the world ever knew were John the Baptist, Elijah, Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. They were all poor, hungry, humble men, preaching in the wilderness, cornfields and alleys of the

ancient world, John was ragged as a bowl of exploded firecrackers and ate grasshoppers and honey. Elijah had to be fed by the raven. None had high stepping horses nor princely robes. Jesus Himself, was ragged and to avoid taking anything, went into the mountain to fast 40 days while the devil tempted him with all the Eldorados, Brooks Bros. suits and foot in the world to bow down and worship him. That was just what my own pastor was doing last Sunday along with hundreds of thousands of others like him, raking in millions of dollars from the poor, the deluded, the trusting, the superstitious. To them this was a business of spreading the propaganda that God is so broke that He requires weekly collections to get His "relief" money together.

Then, it came to me in an all-revealing flash, of course I had seen "God," a hundred thousand times! I had seen "Him" in my church pulpit on the sidewalk, in newspaper photos. I had heard "His" voice on the radios, on TV, in homes, in barsrooms, seen Him on the corner and in dancehalls — having a ball like a plain human being, and "He" was always passing the hat. This "God" was black and "He" was also brown and yellow as well as white. And "He" had two legs, two arms, two eyes and ears just like me! This "God" of this earth, the revelation hipped me whom so many so "ignorantly worship," is just an ordinary, sick HUMAN BEING!

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LATE REPORT FROM HELL

THE PRESIDENT of a large college died and followed prediction of his student body and faculty by going straight to hell. Shortly after his credentials were approved for entry, he went into Satan's realm and began throwing his weight around, ordering the denizens of the Hot Place to do this and do that with the authority of one to the manner born.

One day the Devil, himself, approached the college president and said with great admiration, "You act as though you own this place. Have you had any training in bossing hell?"

"I should" replied the college president. "For years my board of directors, my student body and the alumni have been giving it to me, so finally I'm in the position to give it back to somebody."—DR. ALONZO G. MORON

What The Schools Fail To Teach Our Children

(A most important factor in our progress is true knowledge of our own history. Such knowledge is a key to the future and without it, ignorance and lack of pride take over and the people become enslaved. Sister Beverly Bey Cushmeer tells here how self ignorance handicaps our young people today. —EDITOR'S NOTE.)

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I HAVE OFTEN taken part in discussions, with well educated Women of our Nation, concerning the great Black men and women who have contributed much, to the world of yesterday and today. I find the only ones that are mentioned, or that we are taught about are the ones that are or were "Uncle Toms," and the ones that have only accomplished very trivial things.

If there was one who accomplished much we were only taught of portions of his or her accomplishments. To sum it up, they were only given enough recognition to keep them quiet.

We are all familiar with Mary McLeod Bethune (a great woman, who saw fit to do for self), also George Washington Carver (one of the greatest scientists who ever lived, but who only received recognition for a small portion of his discoveries). These Black people were recognized because they were in the eye of the world and some recognition had to be given.

But what about the Great Black Men and Women that we are not told or taught about, such as Safadin, one of the greatest warriors among the Black Nation; and Khalid Bense Walid, who was a general in the Muslim Army and who was the major influence in the liberating of Jerusalem from the disbelievers.

There are many, many others that I could name, but I feel these few are sufficient to start you wondering WHY we go as far in school as our slavemasters will allow us and still have no knowledge of self? The Hon. Elijah Muhammad is making all these things known to us and we hope very sincerely, that this article will act as "Food for Thought Concerning Education" for our Black brothers and sisters . . .

— SISTER BEVERLY BEY CUSHMEER

The Blackman's Future . . .

(The so-called Negro today wallows in a slime of self ignorance; from the white man's well-laden table, he scuffles and fights for meager crumbs, even though his labor without recompense made it possible for the Slave-master to dine so well. Over 400 years of his physical and mental enslavement in America, he has been kept misinformed as a major policy in order to prevent his waking up and claiming what is due him. In this forthright, blunt and telling article, Elijah Muhammad outlines a bold plan and program for economic and mental liberation of the Blackman. All thinking people will read and ponder the glowing truth in what Muhammad says here. EDITOR'S NOTE.)

THE AMERICAN NEGRO stands at the door of a fretful future — a future which may surely not be free of want, oppression, violence and prescription. The lash of color hatred has already cut him deeply, savagely.

The so-called Negro has been treated too long as a pariah, despised, neglected and left to despair, in a country whose soil his blood, tears and sweat have nurtured.

Today, the so-called American Negro stands at one of those great crossroads in history. His choice is simple, if only he will look in the right direction. For the old policies, and old so-called leaders, are bankrupt.

The "Elite" Negroes have shown no interest in the liberation of the so-called American Negroes except as it affected their own status of acceptance by the white community.

They viewed with scorn the Garvey Movement with its nationalistic aims.

They have shown practically no interest in the Negro revival. They want to forget the Negro's past, and they have attempted to conform to the behavior and values of the white community in the most minute detail.

Because they want to gain the acceptance of whites, they have failed to play the role of responsible leaders in the Negro community, and are suffering from nothingness.

THE SOLUTION to the American so-called Negro's dilemma, is for the Blackman to take the offensive and carry the fight for justice and freedom to the enemy.

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For no people, oppressed, exploited and discriminated against can win a place in the sun on the defensive! To achieve this end, we must have a United Front of Blackmen of America.

We must advocate the use of the American Negro's purchasing power as a weapon.

Briefly: I believe that the American Negroes will discover themselves, elevate their distinguished men and women to exalted positions, give outlets to their talented youth and assume the contours of a nation, once given opportunities for self-expression beyond the white world.

Therefore, the main and basic responsibility for effecting a solution of the Blackman's problems rests upon American Negroes themselves.

They should supply the money and pay the price, make the sacrifice, and endure the suffering to realize full manhood as Blackmen!

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MY FOLLOWERS and I have made plans for a magnificent monument to the unity of the so-called American Negro. Already designed and prepared for erection is a colossal center on Chicago's Southside.

We have already purchased a city block between 85th and 86th Streets on South Parkway.

We will build on this block an Islamic University consisting of a boys and girls high school where college level subjects will be taught, and in the center will be a Mosque which will be built and designed on the Oriental style.

Not alone will this extra-ordinary plan become the center of the Blackman's independent existence, but it will also become a monument of self determination for self-independence.

So-called American Negroes of all faiths will live, worship and work together in the Unity and Brotherhood of our Nation.

To accomplish this great undertaking, we are launching a nationwide drive for two-million dollars, the initial amount that is needed now is three-and-a-half million dollars.

We have planned to use out of the two-million dollars the sum of one million dollars to purchase farm land and modern equipment; another two-hundred-thousand dollars will be put into cattle, domestic-fowl and also factories to manufacture many of the vital necessities which we are now buying, that we could make for ourselves if only we had your support.

From this amount we shall also build a hospital to help serve the people of Chicago, which will give employment to quite a few of the so-called American Negroes . . .

— ELIJAH MUHAMMAD — MESSENGER OF ALLAH

***Learn about Islam,
the True Religion
of the Blackman***

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Hundreds of thousands of so-called Negroes are at last discovering the Truth about their history and people from Elijah Muhammad the Messenger of Allah. Learn of the Unity that is at last bringing the Black People to realization of how they can take their proper place in the world today. Knowledge is power. Elijah Muhammad teaches it . . . Write, wire or visit Muhammad's Temple of Islam No. 2, 5335 So. Greenwood Avenue, Chicago 15, Illinois.

'Build Your Future on These Foundations'

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FREEDOM

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