

\$6.00



**THE EARLY DAYS OF AL-ISLAM
IN WASHINGTON, D.C.**

as taught by

**THE HONORABLE MASTER
ELIJAH MUHAMMAD**

(1935 to 1942)

and

**A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY LIFE
AS A CHRISTIAN AND
A MUSLIM**

by

**AL-WAKEEL BENJAMIN ILYAS
MUHAMMAD**

(formerly Benjamin X. Mitchell)



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B.E. MITCHELL

TUSKEGEE TRAINED

CARPENTRY PAINTING PAPERING SCREENING CABINET WORK

**4706 Mann Street, N.E., Deanwood Park, Md.
Prince Georges County**

October 29, 1981

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is a Thumbnail Sketch of my life. My slave name was Benjamin Elijah Mitchell. My Muslim Name is Al-Wakeel Benjamin Ilyas Muhammad. Prior to the choosing my Muslim name I was called Benjamin E.X. Mitchell.

I was the oldest of 12 children, born to Farmers, Elijah and Sarah B. Mitchell, Sept. 7 1901 in the town of Winchester, Ark. I was brought up in the Baptist Church and spent 21 years on the farm. At the age of 13 I had decided what I wanted to be in life: a Carpenter. I finished Public School in my home Town.

In the year of Sept. 1922 I made enough money to get me into Tuskegee Industrial School. I graduated in 1927. My first job was in Lake Charles, La. 2nd Ward High School as Manual Training Instructor.

I returned to Tuskegee in 1928, and was recommended to a building contractor in Washington, D.C. I accepted the offer in 1929.

While being in Washington, D.C., I took U.S.A. Examination for a Carpenter, and was called for the job in 1934. I worked until 1945.

In the year of 1930 I got married to a Ga. Peach by the name of Clara Bryant. During the year of 1930, we decided to continue our School studies. We attended ARMSTRONG TECHNICAL NIGH HIGH SCHOOL. I graduated in wood finishing in 1932.

In 1935 I met a man named THE HON. ELIJAH MUHAMMAD, A TEACHER OF ISLAM, and a Messenger of Allah (God). Al-Islam was established in U.S.A. by The Hon. Elijah Muhammad and His Son, W.D. MUHAMMAD.

At present the leadership of Al-Islam is being led by The Hon. W.D. Muhammad, and it is called THE AMERICAN MUSLIM MISSION.

In 1936 the Hon. E. Muhammad asked me if I would help him to propagate the Message of Al-Islam. I agreed to become Field Minister. I was given permission by The Hon. E. Muhammad in 1953 to 1964, then I

was appointed as Minister of Temple #24 in Richmond, Va. At present it is called Masjid Muhammad. I served there for 11 years. During the 11 years in Richmond, Va., I was successful in spreading Al-Islam into many of the Prisons and Road Camps. I received many citations.

I received a Citation for C.C.A. I was appointed Prince Co. Md. Co. as Supervisor to School Dropout Age 16 to 19 Yrs. old how to do minor Home repair for Senior Citizens.

In 1975 I was appointed as TRUSTEE of the S.E. Region of the American Muslim Mission by your leader, the Hon. W.D. Muhammad.

Enclosed is a list of Citations from various Communities.

1. Gov. Spiro T. Agnew of Md. (Foster Care Home)
2. Gov. Millard James of Md. (Foster Care Home)
3. Black Homes Black Children of Masjid Muhammad of Richmond, Va., given by Mrs. Hazel B. Forbes (Foster Home)
4. Given by AMERICAN MUSLIM for outstanding record and devotion and personal sacrifice for the Moral Uplifting of the Community and Understanding. By American Muslim Mission, D.C.

The following Virginia State Prison and Road Camps

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| 1. Virginia State Prison | Given 1967 |
| 2. Virginia State Road Camp # 2 | served from 1967 to 1968 |
| 3. Virginia State Road Camp #13 | served from 1967 to 1968 |
| 4. Virginia State Road Camp #27 | served from 1967 to 1968 |
| 5. Virginia State Farm Prison, Gooseland, Va. | 1968 |
| 6. Virginia State Farm Prison for Women, Gooseland, Va. | 1968 |
| 7. U.S.A. Federal Prison in Petersburg, Va. | 1968 |

Sketches of My Early Life and Training

SUBJECT

- I. *The Little Strange Man That I Meet in 1935 in Washington, D.C.*
 1. Room for Rent
 2. He introduced himself as Mr. Evans
 3. He looked at the room

- II. *My present employment at that home was in The U.S. Navy Yard. My workshift was 4:00 p.m. to 12:00 a.m. midnight.*
 1. Each night on arriving home from work, Mr. Evans and my family would be up talking this strange talk.
 2. Mr. Evans had been around for a week or better.
 3. Not seeing him eating anything.
 4. Invited him to have dinner.

- III. *A number of months had passed. Mr. Evans was in and out of the house and the city.*
 1. One day he said to me, "I'm going to Alexandria, Va. to pickup my mail . . ." (explain what happened).
 2. A few weeks later, he went to get his mail in Va.

- IV. *As the time passed he taught from house to house. Also, in some buildings.*
 1. Rent rooms in some buildings
 2. Pamphlets 1940 to 41
 3. (Example of Pamphlets)
 4. Subjects on Pamphlets

- V. *Time of his arrest or imprisonment*
 1. (Expln.) Car to Chicago
 2. Our visit to the jail
 3. His wife bailed him out
 4. 2nd Arrest

- VI. *1942, Sent to prison in Milan, Michigan. Sealed him in the tomb.*
 1. His work while in prison

2. His return from the prison in 1946
3. His progress from his mission

VII. *Some of the things that he is teaching us:*

1. Our Nationality
2. Our Language
3. Our History
4. Our God
5. Our Devil
6. Our What & Where is Heaven
7. Our What & Where is Hell
8. He taught us how to get out of Hell and get into Heaven
9. He taught us that no Reward after death from The Bible (Ecclesiastes, 3rd and 9th Chapter)



THE EARLY DAYS OF AL—ISLAM IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

My Christian slave name was Benjamin Elijah Mitchell. My Muslim name is Al-Wakeel Benjamin Ilyas Muhammad. Prior to choosing my Muslim name, I was called Benjamin X.

I was the oldest of 12 children born to farmers, Elijah and Sarah Bell Mitchell, September 7, 1901, in the town of Winchester, Arkansas (Drew County).

I was brought up in a Baptist Church and spent 21 years on the farm, working from can't to can't. What I mean by these terms is, we began work at daylight and worked until dark. During my 21 years on the farm, I learned many things about farm life, but I always wanted to be a builder. At the age of 13, I decided what I wanted to be — a carpenter.

I finished public school in my home town. A few months after finishing public school, I decided that I wanted to attend Tuskegee Industrial School in Alabama. I continued to work on the farm with my father for two or three years hoping to make enough money each year so that I could go to Tuskegee Institute to learn a trade. Each year, for about two years, my father did not make enough money to send me to school. The third year, my father gave me a little plot to work. That year, 1922, I was able to make three bales of cotton.

At the beginning of the 1922 crop season, my dad and I were plowing, making ready for planting cotton and corn. The sun was very, very hot, and my feet began to hurt. When I got to the end of the row, I sat down on the plow beam and began to rub my feet and ankles. They were painning me. When my father got to the end of his row, I said to him, "Will we have to work like this all of our lives each year and not get anything for it?" My dad replied, "No, sonny, we will get our pay up there." I replied, "Up where, daddy?" He said, "Up in heaven." I spoke up and said, "I don't need anything after I am dead. I need something now."

We had been working for Mr. Peacock for a number of years, and each year he told us the same thing, "Well, Elijah, you barely made it out of debt this year."

I said to my dad, "I am going to Tuskegee this year if I have to walk. That year, Allah blessed me to make three bales of cotton. After paying all of my crop bills, I had a few dollars left.

I told my mother that I was planning to go to Tuskegee to school in the fall and she reminded me that I had not heard from Tuskegee

concerning my entering. But I told mother that I was going and if they didn't accept me I would come back home. Mother said, "You are crazier than I would be. You don't know whether they are going to accept you or not." Again, I told mother that I would come back home if they didn't accept me.

I took off to Tukegee in September 1922 and I was accepted. After paying for tuition, books, and uniforms, I had about \$60.00 left.

I had to go to night school during my first year and I worked during the day on my trade (carpentry). during my other years, I went to school one day and worked one day. I completed my trade work one year before I finished high school, which was in 1927.

After graduation, my first job as a carpenter was with the U.S. Government Hospital No. 90 in Tuskegee, Alabama. This was during the latter part of the summer of 1927.

My next job as a carpenter was with Tuskegee Institute, which was a few miles from teh government hospital. While working there, I was contacted by a builder from Montgomery, Alabama. I then moved to Montgomery, Alabama, and there I met Miss Clara Bryant.

While working in Montgomery, Alabama, for a few months, I was recommended for a teaching job in Lake Charles, Louisiana, in the Second Ward High School as a Manual Training Instructor in Wood-work. I worked there one term (nine months).

At the end of the school term, I returned to Montgomery, Alabama. After being there for a few months, I was recommended for a job in Washington, D.C., with a contractor in 1929. While in D.C., I decided to take an examination for a job as a government carpenter. I took the test and passed, but didn't get an appointment until 1937.

In the year of 1930 (June 29), I got married to Miss Clara Bryant from Bainbridge, Georgia. We moved into a small room at 1722 - 15th Street, N.W., in Washington, D.C., and lived there for several months. From there we moved to a larger room at 1447 R Street, N.W., second floor. In 1934, we decided to rent a five-room apartment at 1602 - 13th Street, N.W. We lived at that address for four years or more.

In 1935, we placed a room-for-rent sign in our window. My sister, Sarah B., who was living with us at that time, was in charge of the apartment when my wife and I were out.

During our absence one day, a stranger came to our home in response to the room-for-rent sign. He introduced himself to my sister as Mr. Evans. He was permitted to see the room, and informed my sister that he would be back at 5:00 p.m. to discuss the matter with me.

True, he did return at 5:00 p.m. He introduced himself as Mr. Evans. He stated that he had seen the room and it pleased him. He asked if he could move in. I told him he could. He mentioned that he would like for

me to block out the transom over the door to the adjoining room. He explained that he would be using much light and didn't want to disturb us. He offered to pay for the use of extra light. I assured him that he could use all the light that he desired and no extra pay was necessary. Mr. Evans moved into the room.

I worked at the U.S. Navy Yard from 4:00 p.m. to 12:00 a.m. Every night upon my arrival at home, I would find Mr. Evans and my family up talking. He said he was doing missionary work among our people. He said to me, "Brother, I met with God, and He gave me a message to give my people." Astonished, I said, "God! Have you seen God?" He answered, "Yes." "You can't see God and live! What did He look like?" Calmly, he replied, "He is black and He told me to tell my people to hurry and join on to their own kind because the end of this world has come."

He had been with us about seven days or more, but I had not seen him go out for food. On Wednesday he asked me if I drank coffee. I told him I did, and said I usually had coffee about 9:30 a.m. He said, "How about putting my name in the pot the next time you make coffee?" Eagerly, I said, "Yes sir!" I seized this opportunity to invite him to dinner. He accepted the invitation.

The following morning, Mr. Evans went out, bought all of the food; sat it on the table. I said, "That is a lot of food for sister [wife] to fix." He took off his coat and replied, "I will help your wife to fix it." He put on an apron and taught my wife how to prepare the dinner.

After he bought two bags of food, sat them on the kitchen table, helped my wife to fix it, I felt that this made me look bad and I felt bad about the dinner since I invited him for dinner.

After preparing the food and setting the table, he asked me, "Brother, how are we going to eat all of this food?" I replied, "Don't ask me. I had wondered the same thing when I saw you bring all that food here."

Mr. Evans asked if I had some friends that I could invite to dinner. I told him that most of my neighbors were working but I would try to get someone. I did get two of my neighbors to come for dinner. Mr. Evans sat at the head of the table and prayed the Muslim way. Afterward, we began eating and he explained the Muslim prayer and the food that we ate. This was the beginning of many weeks, months, and years of talks with him. He was a wonderful mystery to us. He never ceased to amaze us, even to the day he died.

One day after he had lived in and out of my home for a number of months, he said, "Brother, I'll be out for a while and I am expecting a letter here. It may be in the name of J. Bogan." Immediately, I asked, "I thought you said your name was Mr. Evans?" He smiled and said to keep the letter for him if it came. I related the conversation to my wife and we wondered what kind of man was he — carrying two names.

A few weeks later, he said he was expecting another letter in the name of Mohammad Rassoul. We had no idea of the identity of this magnificent, mysterious man but we were awed by the wisdom, the density of his teaching, and his plans for us. We could not begin to comprehend the greatness of this little man, nor the profound effect that this plan given by his God would have on our lives so many years later. We loved him and we followed him throughout the land, even to jail.

During his ascent, he, through suffering and struggling, raised the black man of America to bring him to his God [Allah]. He was truly deserving of the position that he held, that is the most high, the mighty, the wise, the wonderful counselor. All praise is due to Allah, Master Fard Muhammad, for our leader, teacher and guide, the greatest Messenger of Allah, the Honorable Master Elijah Muhammad.

Now this little man that we know today as the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, Messenger of Allah, proved to the world that Allah, in the person of Master Fard Muhammad, to whom praise is due forever, did indeed visit these Western shores and did indeed talk to him face to face and raise him from the depths of ignorance to the heights of wisdom, knowledge and understanding.

After listening to the Honorable Elijah Muhammad's teaching [Islam], it cleared up many things that I had in my mind about Christianity. One of the things that he made clear to me was the soul of man; second, what and where is Heaven and Hell; third, what and where is God and the Devil; and fourth, why we had not heard this teaching before.

After hearing him [the Messenger] defeat so many Christian preachers, teachers, and scholars, I said I would follow him because what he was teaching was the truth. I asked the honorable Elijah Muhammad if I could write for my Islamic name. He said, "Brother, I don't think you and sister [my wife] have understood the teaching well enough yet. Why not wait a while?" We waited, then we wrote for our name [X]. My wife and I had a reply from Chicago stating that our letter had been okayed. I immediately told Mr. Evans [the Messenger] about it. He asked to see the letter. I immediately showed it to him. He said, "Oh! I didn't mean for Sister Secretary to write this to you, about paying dues [money]. Let me have that letter, I will have that corrected. When you learn to love Islam, you will pay charity without anyone asking or telling you.

After our registration in The Nation of Islam, I was blessed in many ways. One important way was that my health improved. I had eaten everything out there in Christianity and I was sick all the time. I am sure that I would be gone if I had remained in the Church.

I remember one day we were having dinner. I had invited some Christian friends in to listen to this "Little Man" [Mr. Evans]. He asked, "Have you all finished eating so quickly?" My sister told him that he sure

could eat a lot. Mr. Evans replied, "Well, you all will have to excuse me for eating so long. I really haven't had any food since Monday, and today is Thursday." Everyone at the table was astonished, and repeated together, "since Monday?"

One of the guests asked Mr. Evans how and why did he go so long without food. He replied, "Well, first, I don't eat many of the things that the Christians eat, such as the pig or hog and many of the scaleless fish and seafoods. Second, we should eat one good nutritious meal once every 24 hours." Everyone was astonished again and began to look at him with amazement. Mr. Evans asked, "Why are you looking at me so hard? Do I look all right?" One of the guests replied that he looked very good to have not eaten since Monday and then asked, "Aren't we supposed to eat three times per day?" "No," Mr. Evans replied, "Allah [God] said once per day is sufficient." Eating once every 24 hours will add years to your life. He went on to say that many of us dig our graves with our teeth. Three meals per day are too many meals. He said, third, to eat that poison animal will shorten your life. The Bible [Leviticus, Chapter 11] teaches us not to eat the pig or hog. Mr. Evans asked, "Doesn't your preacher teach you about the hog?" I replied, "He eats the hog himself!"

Mr. Evans [the Messenger] did most of his teaching at dinner time. He taught this strange teaching in many places in and around D.C.

One day, Mr. Evans asked me if I would help him with his mission. I replied that I would help and would do what I could. He took me around with him to churches and parks where our people would hang out. Sometimes, he would ask questions to get started teaching.

I remembered on one occasion, Mr. Evans came into the house and asked me if I knew where Green Valley, Virginia, was. He said that he had been listening to the news that morning and the reporter said that a group of black people had been taken from the steps of the Capitol by the police and escorted to Green Valley, Virginia, for protesting some grievances concerning black people. I told him that I thought Green Valley was in Arlington, Virginia, just off Columbia Pike Road but it could be found. Mr. Evans said, "Brother, let's go and see if we can locate them." We took off to Arlington, Virginia, looking for the people. After riding through the black neighborhood inquiring about some black people being brought from Washington, D.C. to Green Valley, Virginia, for shelter under a tent, one young man said he knew where the people were and would show us the place. He got into the car with us and rode a short distance down into a little valley with green trees and a stream of running water. There we found a tent erected near the stream of water. A few yards from the tent, up the stream, we found two or three women down on their knees washing clothes in the stream of water. We spoke and introduced ourselves to them, asking if they were the ones who were arrested in

Washington, D.C., a few days ago? One of the ladies replied, "Yes we are." Mr. Evans asked, "Where is the leader of the group?" They replied that he had been arrested and taken to jail and had left the other two with them. "Where are they?" Mr. Evans asked. One of the ladies replied, "One is under the tent, and the other is out at present." Mr. Evans asked if we could speak to the one that was there. They called the gentleman to the front to meet Mr. Evans and me. A heavy-set, dark brown man stepped forward, dressed like a Jewish Rabbi. Mr. Evans introduced himself and me and explained to him that he was doing some missionary work among black people in America. Mr. Evans started telling the gentleman about his work, but was soon cut off by the gentleman who was dressed like a Rabbi. He then began to tell us about what they were doing. Mr. Evans stopped talking and listened to him talk until he had talked out.

Mr. Evans asked him if he could have a few words. He said, "I have listened to you for quite a while. I would like to know where you are from." The gentlemen replied that they were from Cincinnati, Ohio, and that they were black Jews. "What was the charge the officers had against you all?" Mr. Evans asked. The gentleman said they were charged with protesting and demonstrating on the Capitol steps. Mr. Evans asked about the brother who was the leader of the group. The answer was? "We don't know. All that we know is they took him from us and we haven't heard from or seen him since."

The women and children didn't have any food. Mr. Evans asked me if I had any money with me. I said that I had three or four dollars. He said, "I only have but a few dollars myself, but these sisters and their children need some money for food and transportation back to Cincinnati, Ohio." Mr. Evans suggested that we put our money together and give it to them for transportation back to their home. We did that and Mr. Evans told them that we would be back Friday and would bring some food for them. Mr. Evans and I went to the Safeway Food Store and bought a box of food supplies for them that Friday evening and took it to Green Valley, Virginia. Mr. Evans presented the box of food to them and began to teach them of his Mission and they began to listen to him. The brother that was dressed like a Jewish Rabbi spoke up and said, "Do you know our leader said to us that someone would come to our aid and help us back home?" They began to thank Mr. Evans with tears in their eyes and thanked God for sending this little man.

Now this great deed that Mr. Evans did for these people who were strangers made a great impression on me [Benjamin X]. Why? Because I had never seen or heard of any black leader or teacher being interested in a group of people, especially when they had been arrested by U.S. Government officers on the U.S. Capitol steps.

Another time I was impressed by Mr. Evans. He took me over to Baltimore, Maryland, to meet the lady he stayed with while visiting in Baltimore, Maryland. I don't recall her name. However, we talked with her for a short while. Then he took me to a park called Lafayette Square where many people would sit and talk. Mr. Evans said, "Brother, you know Baltimore is the largest city in the South, and I am going to have a large temple here one day. It will take a little time to get it established because the people are very fearful of Islam, but Allah will remove the fear and they will listen. I want you to take note as to how fearful they are to talk with us. This is why I drop the seed of Islam in these cities and towns and later I come back to see if the seed has sprouted."

Another enjoyable day with the messenger [Mr. Evans] was a trip to Mount Vernon, Virginia, the home and burial site of President George Washington. We toured the grounds and his home, the slave quarters, stable and grave site. While standing in front of the grave site, a black man was standing by the grave site reciting a long history to the people about George Washington.

On our way back to Washington, Mr. Evans said to me, "Brother, did you hear how well our black brother recited the history of George Washington? If we had asked him to recite to us the history of himself, do you think he could have done that? 'No,' " he replied, answering his own question. "Black people know all about other people's history but don't know anything of their own history. We are like that mockingbird. He sings and mocks all other birds, but can't sing his own song. The black people of America are just like that mockingbird. If it be the will of Allah [God], I will teach them a knowledge of themselves." He then asked, "Brother, will you help me?" I replied, "Yes, sir. I will do what I can."

From that moment, I began to listen closer to what he was talking about. One day he said to me, "Brother, I feel like eating some watermelon. Where can we buy a melon?" I told him that we could get one at the Farmers Market, Fifth Street and Florida Avenue, N.E. After getting the melon, he asked me where was a good shady place along the highway to sit and eat the melon? I said we could go over to Virginia on Highway 211 between Vienna, Virginia and Washington. On our way up the highway, we found a nice shady place up on a little hill. We sat down on the ground under a big green shady Red Oak Tree and he began to rip open the melon. Oh, it was nice, red and sweet. Mr. Evans began talking about the creation of the universe. I had eaten all that I could. But Mr. Evans continued to eat. He really did love watermelons. Some of my friends began to call him "that little watermelon eating man".

Mr. Evans continued to talk about his mission that God had given to him for his people. He said to me one day that he was going to look for a

place (a hall or a large room) where he could invite some people. He checked on a building at the corner of Vermont Avenue and R Streets, N.W. He rented a room in that building for a few hours one Sunday afternoon. Mr. Evans then stood on the street in front of the building and invited people to attend a meeting on the second floor front for a few minutes. He was successful in getting a few people. At the end of the meeting, he asked if there were any questions. Some questions were asked and answered. Mr. Evans in return asked the group a few questions: "Did you enjoy the lecture? What do you think about the lecture? Would you all like to meet here again next Sunday?" All agreed that they would. He replied, "This room costs me \$3.00 for three hours. We all can put in fifty cents each and be back here next Sunday at 3:00 p.m." There were seven or eight people present. Mr. Evans met there for a few Sundays.

The next meeting was in my living room at 1602 - 13th Street, N.W. We invited some friends and neighbors for the meeting. I went to the undertaker's parlor and borrowed a few chairs for the meeting and we had a grand time listening to Mr. Evans' lecture and then listening to how he answered the many questions. After that meeting, people began to call and ask questions about that little man: "Where did he come from? How long is he going to be with you?"

Another meeting was held in Langston Terrace, 21st and Benning Road, N.E., Washington, D.C., in the Religious Center. A man by the name of Mr. Thomas View was in charge of the Center. One Sunday afternoon, Mr. Evans held a meeting with only a few converts. he said to them, "Brothers and Sisters, when you all get in the Center don't sit together. Scatter yourselves among the people so that you can hear and see what they are saying about me and what I am teaching." We did as he said, and what a meeting we had! It lasted until late Sunday night. We left Mr. Thomas View's Center (he is known now as Brother Thomas Sharieff) and went to Brother Charles X Miller's apartment to finish up the question period. From that meeting, Mr. Evans began to get more converts.

My wife, Sister Clara, arranged a speaking engagement for Mr. Evans at the Y.W.C.A. at 901 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W. At that meeting he shocked his audience again.

In 1938, we took a weekend trip to Northern Virginia. We visited the Skyline Drive, Luray Caverns, and the Endless Caverns. This was at the end of the summer season when the trees began to drop their leaves. The mountain ranges were brown, tan, and green, and it was beautiful scenery. As we were riding up and around the mountains, Mr. Evans asked questions like, "What makes rain, hail, snow, earthquakes, hills and mountains?" We answered "God." Mr. Evans looked at us, smiled

and said, "Yes, Brother and Sister, all of this is caused by the son of man," and left it like that.

After arriving at Skyline Drive, which is approximately 85 miles from Washington, D.C., we had lunch and began to make a tour of the caverns. On entering the caverns, we had to go down under the mountains a few hundred feet. The temperature was 70 to 72 degrees in the caverns. We found some very interesting things in the caverns, including rivers and lakes. We found a cathedral that was formed by nature from the rocks under the mountain. This naturally built cathedral had been equipped with a pipe organ to play music. We sat and listened to the music in the caverns as our escort explained the history of the caverns.

Our next visit was to the Endless Cavern, which was 20 or 25 miles northwest of Luray, Virginia. This place is called The Natural bridge, built by nature from rocks of the mountain.

The escort explained to us why this cavern was called endless. He said that the cavern was some 240 feet or more in the ground and said that no one had ever been to the end and returned. He went on to say that if anyone attempted to go to the end of the cavern, they would do so at their own risk. We came out of the cavern and returned to Washington, D.C.

After moving from 1602 - 13th Street, N.W. to 713 - 13th Street, N.E., Mr. Evans began to speak stronger and bolder about his message to his people. This move was made in 1937. After a few months of living in northeast Washington, I wanted the people in that section of the city to meet and hear this little man with this strange message. My wife and I invited 25 or 30 people into our apartment to hear Mr. Evans talk. Again we went to the undertakers parlor and borrowed some chairs. Mr. Evans had me to make him a small portable blackboard for this meeting. This meeting was very fruitful. The neighbors and their children began to love Mr. Evans. The little boys and girls would run and meet him when they saw him coming up or down the street. He always took time to talk with the little girls and boys. He would give them money from his pockets.

A few weeks after the meeting in our apartment, Mr. Evans said to me, "Brother, I want you to build me a large blackboard so I can have it to teach from. I can explain to my brothers and sisters with a better understanding. We want to put our national flag on it with the sun, moon, and star and the cross." We brought the material for the blackboard and built it in my back yard at 713 13th Street, N.E. The board was 4'x6' long. I still have it. Mr. Evans used this blackboard to teach from and he converted many brothers and sisters. He converted me from that blackboard — his first blackboard. He really knew how to

handle the two signs that were printed on the blackboard.

After the board was built, Mr. Evans seemed to have taken on a new spirit to teach Islam to our people.

I remember one weekend, Mr. Evans said to me, "Brother you know, I feel like teaching a little Islam. Do you know some preachers who have small churches where we can visit? We might get a chance to talk a little." I replied, "Yes, I do know one from my home town of Winchester, Arkansas. His name is Reverend L.M. Carroll. He lives in Warrenton, Virginia and he has invited me to visit his all-day church services at Sperryville, Virginia, which is about sixty miles from Washington. Meals are usually served at these all-day meetings on the church grounds." Mr. Evans (the Messenger) said, "Yes Brother, I think I remember meeting that Reverend, when shall we go?" I said we could go up next Sunday. That following Sunday, Mr. Evans and I drove To Sperryville, Virginia, for the all-day meeting which was in the late summer of 1939. On our way up to the meeting, he began to instruct me on how to handle this dinner problem. "You know brother, these people are going to have plenty food and much of it will consist of the poison animal (the hog). Usually brother, the people on the farm bake some very good cakes, pies and make good ice cream. To keep from being so different, we will eat ice cream and cake with them. I will show you how to handle it.

After the service, instead of having dinner on the church grounds, we were invited with the minister, Reverend Carroll, and many others to the home of one of the Deacons.

True was the statement of Mr. Evans about the poison animal for dinner. The table had cakes, pies, and ice cream. We stood and said blessing with them and proceeded to eat. Mr. Evans said to the group that we were on a diet and could not eat many of the foods on the table but we could have some of that good looking cake and ice cream.

While at the table, Mr. Evans was being asked many questions concerning Islam and he was answering that without any trouble. Reverend Carroll was really looking and listening to Mr. Evans. All of the Reverend's followers began to look and listen. This made the Reverend angry to see his followers so interested in what Mr. Evans was teaching. The Reverend jumped up from the table and said, "You all seem to be so interested in what that little dude is saying. I know him. I heard about him in Washington, and I met him one time at Michelle's home. He is preaching against our government and I don't like it. You all sitting, looking and listening like you believe what he's saying. I don't like it either. I am ready to fight." Mr. Evans replied, "Your pastor doesn't care for me to talk to you on this subject." His members began to look at one another.

Mr. Evans said to me, "Brother, it's time for us to go, and we thanked

the Deacon and the Minister for the invitation.

On our way back to Washington, Mr. Evans said, "Brother you see how angry the Reverend got about my answering the brothers' questions?" He knows if his followers continue to listen to what I am saying, they will believe Islam. This is why the ministers of Christianity will not permit Islam to be taught in the churches. They will tell you quick, "NO, NO! We can't have that teaching here. That is an Eastern religion. It's against our government." Mr. Evans then said to me, "Brother, when I get back to Washington, I am going to see if I can find a store front building and teach in it. Brother all of this is in the Bible under the title, Birth of Jesus. Actually brother, that is our history (the Birth of a Nation). They don't want this to happen. Therefore, they don't have room in the churches for Islam."

A few months later, Mr. Evans was successful in finding a store front at 1600 8th Street, N.W. After teaching there several months, he had some pamphlets made inviting the people to our services. He called himself Mr. J. Bogans. (An example of the strongly-worded pamphlet follows.)

A few weeks later, Mr. Evans rented space in a Baptist Church at the corner of Fourth and L Streets, N.W. from Reverend Lambert. Our meetings were held after their Sunday services for two hours. The large board that I built was brought into the church so Mr. Evans could use it to explain the teaching of Islam.

Mr. Evans lectured for five or six Sundays at the church. The teaching was so strong and effective until Reverend Lambert began to fear and had the blackboard removed from the church.

"When we went into the church that Sunday afternoon for our service, our blackboard was missing and no one seemed to know where it could be found. Mr. Evans told the brothers that we had to find that board. One of the brothers was pretty rough when he got angry. He stated that if Reverend Lambert didn't get that board, we would take him for a ride. The brothers got into the car and went up to Reverend Lambert's home and asked about the board. Reverend Lambert stated, "I don't know where it is." The rough-speaking brother spoke up and said, "Now listen, Reverend, if you don't get that blackboard, we will have to take you for a ride." The Reverend got into the car with the brothers and directed them to a few places and they found the blackboard in a garage. The brother returned the blackboard to the Messenger [Mr. Evans].

During the month of July 23, 1941, Mr. Evans had made plans to have a big meeting in the McKinley Memorial Baptist Church, Fourth and L Streets, N.W. He made up several hundred pamphlets and put them into the hands of many people. Since Reverend Lambert, minister of McKinley Memorial Baptist Church, didn't want us to have any more

THE EMBLEM OF
CHRISTIANITY



Which one will survive
the WAR of
ARMAGEDDON?

THE EMBLEM OF
ISLAM



The sign that leads to
**SLAVERY, SUFFERING,
and DEATH**

Have the so-called Negro (Asiatic) ever received Freedom, Justice, and Equality under the above sign? Why?

Why should we fight to maintain that which leads us and our children into Slavery and Death?

Can the so-called Negro (Asiatic) be forced to fight on the side of his Slave Master against his will in this War?

Does the Negro know what this War Means to Him?

The sign that leads to
**FREEDOM, JUSTICE,
EQUALITY**

Why are those who follow the above sign standing aloof of the present Christian's conflict?

How old is the above Religion? What does its name mean?

Why has the truth of this Religion been kept a secret from the American Dark People (Asiatics)?

Why did the Slave Maker of the Dark People of America exclude from the Bible the Religion of the Prophets?

COME OUT AND LEARN—THIS IS THE END OF THE WORLD

Get the Answers with Proof from

J. BOGANS

beginning at

February 7th 1941

8:00 p.m.

1600 8th St N.W.

services in his church, Mr. Evans decided to see if the minister in the 1300 block of H Street, N.E., would let him use his store front Baptist church to lecture to his people. Mr. Evans showed the minister a few of the pamphlets that he had printed for the week of July 23, 1941. The minister then asked Mr. Evans to wait until he had talked with some of the other ministers about the subjects.

The Messenger of Allah, Mr. Evans, waited and waited for an answer from the minister but never received permission to use his store front church.

Many of these pamphlets got into the streets of Washington, D.C., and many of the people began to be fearful of such powerful and timely subjects. Many of these pamphlets got into the U.S. Government buildings. A few weeks later the U.S. Government put out radio and newspaper notices that said: Notify the FBI if you know of anyone speaking against the U.S. Government. This was the beginning of a special hunt for Mr. Evans. (Please see example of one of the pamphlets on page 14.)

The first official temple was set up by Mr. Evans (the Messenger of Allah), the Honorable Elijah Muhammad (may Allah be pleased with his work), in awakening the black man and woman in America.

The Messenger and his few followers and believers were successful in finding another store front building at 1525 or 1527 Ninth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. During the fall of 1940, we began to hold our regular meetings at 8:00 p.m., Wednesday and Friday, and Sundays from 2:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.

At that time, we referred to the black man and woman as The Lost-Found Nation of Islam in the Wilderness of North America. The Messenger began to break down from the blackboard the meaning of the wording that was written upon the board to all of us. His way or method of teaching from the board was very effective to open-minded brothers and sisters. At the end of the meeting, Mr. Evans (the Messenger) would have a question and answer period. Many interesting points and answers were explained and made clear to many of the Christians. The black people in the early and late 30's were very, very fearful of the teachings of Islam. The Messenger stated to us many times that if you had an audience of 100 and taught them Islam, you would do well to convert three out of that 100. The Messenger and his followers in the 30's and early 40's really had some hard knocks and insults in establishing the teaching of Islam in North America.

During the latter part of 1940, 1941 and 1942, the Islamic tension was high among the religious leaders of Christianity and the U.S. Government, especially after some of those pamphlets that the Honorable Elizah Muhammad had printed for services to be held in the McKinley

Do You Value Your Life?

THEN DO NOT MISS HEARING THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS DISCUSSED:

AMERICA'S ENTERING ARMAGGEDDON WAR.

**THE TRIUMPH OF THE SO-CALLED NEGROES
UNDER THE BANNER OF ISLAM**

— BY —

MOHAMMAD RASSOULL

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JULY 23, 1941

8:00 to 11:00 P.M.

**THE RECENT APPEARANCE OF GOD (ALLAH) AMONG THE
AMERICAN SO-CALLED NEGROES.**

HE HAS CHOSEN THEM TO BE HIS PEOPLE.

FRIDAY NIGHT, JULY 25, 1941

8:00 to 11:00 P.M.

GOD'S (ALLAH'S) HAND IN THE PRESENT WAR.

THE CONFUSION OF THE RULING CLASS.

SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1941

2:00 to 6:00 P.M.

**THE AFTER EFFECT OF WAR. AMERICA LEFT FORSAKEN AND
DESOLATED. THE TRIUMPH OF THE SO-CALLED NEGROES UNDER
THE GUIDANCE OF ALMIGHTY GOD (ALLAH) AND ISLAM —
HIS ONLY RECOGNIZED RELIGION**

McKINLEY MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH, 4th and L, N.W.

*Facsimile of brochure used by Mr. Evans in July 1941; ministers refused
use of their churches after reading this brochure (reset for clarity).*

Memorial Baptist Church. Tension began to grow among the black ministers and their followers. News was being broadcasted weekly, advising Americans to report anyone speaking against the government. I was, at that time, working for the U.S. Navy Yard and America was at odds with the government of Japan.

One afternoon when I reported for work, one or two employees asked me about these pamphlets that were being distributed in the streets of Washington. They asked what kind of religion was Islam since they hadn't heard of it until a few days ago? I replied that I didn't know too much about it and suggested they visit the temple and ask questions since I had been told that they would permit you to ask questions.

The tension began growing more and more in Washington, D.C. The U.S. Government was registering men for the army from 18 years to 40 years. One believer and follower of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad by the name of Brother Harry X Craighead was called by the U.S. Government for service in the Army. Brother Harry refused to register on the ground that he was a Muslim and Muslims do not fight on the side with Christians. The FBI told Brother Harry that they would put him in prison if he didn't fight for his country. Brother Harry said, "Well, you will have to put me in prison, because I will not go and fight." So they arrested Brother Harry. The President of the United States (President Roosevelt) told the FBI to make a thorough investigation of this case and bring him the findings. He said, "This is a Christian Government and we don't teach Islam here. If we permit that, they will have all of these Negroes calling themselves Moselm [Muslim] and we are at War." the FBI agents began making more arrests in the Washington area and in the Chicago area also Detroit and Milwaukee.

The second or third brother to be arrested was Brother John X Miller, who is now the Minister (Imam) of Williamsburg, Virginia, Masjid. Brother Elmer X Carroll and Brother Joseph X Nipper were the next to be arrested. The hunt for Muslims (or Moslims) by the FBI was very, very hot. This was during the months of March and April in 1941.

In the year of 1940, I moved from 713 - 13th Street, N.E., in Washington, to 1205 - 5 1/2 st Avenue, N.E. (Deanwood Park, Maryland).

The Honorable Elijah Muhammad (Mr. Evans) at that time or period had rooms in Virginia, Maryland, and Washington, D.C. He came out to see the house that my wife and I were trying to buy. The house was very, very old and needed many repairs. I remember one day he came out and I was up on the roof making repairs. The Messenger said to me, "Brother, if I had the money, I would give it to you so you could get someone to help you make the repairs that are needed. That's a lot of work for you to do by yourself." Once when he came out to see me, he was driving an old used car, a black Buick. He said to me, "Brother, I

have some reports to get out to Chicago, and I am going to take my work in my car over there under the shade trees on Lee Street and work on them. You will see where I am from the roof top where you are working and I can see you." Time continue to roll on and the FBI continued looking for the Honorable Elijah Muhammad (Mr. Evans) and his followers.

Some months later (8 or 10), he rented a room from Mr. and Mrs. Williams at 1306 Girard Street, N.W. on May 6, 1942, Mr. Evans had one of the believers, Brother Henry X, who was a taxicab driver, to bring him to my home for a chat. We were sitting on my front porch. The Messenger said to me, "Brother, I would like to talk to you privately for a few minutes before I go back to D.C." I replied, "Yes, sir, you surely can," I asked Brother Henry X if he would excuse us for a few minutes. Mr. Evans and I walked under a large tree in my front yard, he looked straight at me and said, "Brother, I am leaving for Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, this afternoon and I want you to do something for me." He asked me to take his car and two suitcases to his wife in Chicago if anything happened to him. I asked, "What do you mean if something happens to you?" He looked at me and smiled and said, "Well brother, you know anything can or might happen at this time." That statement excited me. I asked where the car was. He said the car was in the garage. he gave me the keys and told me to ask Mrs. Williams for his two bags. This was the Wednesday before Easter Sunday.

Brothers and Sisters, I was so excited when Mr. Evans made the statement that anything might happen and then asked me if I would take his car and bags to his wife in Chicago, Illinois. I told him that I would, but the statements that he made still lingered with me. I wondered what he meant by saying if something happened to him.

Well, Mr. Evans and Brother Henry left to go back to D.C. Mr. Evans remained in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Thursday night and returned to Washington, D.C., Friday, May 8, 1942.

According to his landlady, Mrs. Williams, when Mr. Evans came to his place of residence at 1306 Girard Street, N.W., he came into the house by the rear door. Mrs. Williams also stated that she ran to the rear of the house to warn Mr. Bogan (the Honorable Elijah Muhammad) not to come in because two men were there to arrest him. Mr. Bogan asked, "For what?", and kept going into the house. As he entered, the two men rose to their feet and asked if he was Bogan. They stated that they were FBI agents. They showed their identification card and informed Mr. Bogan that they wanted to talk with him at the FBI office about his religion. Mr. Evans (Mr. Bogan) submitted and went with them. This happened the Friday before Easter and he stated to us that he remained in their office all of Friday, Saturday, and a portion of Sunday and was

questioned by the government officials concerning the religion of Islam. The FBI agents crucified Mr. Evans the Friday before Easter, May 8, 1942. The news quickly spread that the FBI had arrested this much-wanted man, teacher of Islam. They kept him in the D.C. Jail for a few months.

Mrs. Williams called me the Friday evening after his arrest and said that FBI agents came and arrested Mr. Bogan. She said they had been sitting around the house for two or three days. Friday they came into the house and said that they were looking for him and desired to wait for him. She went on to say that when Mr. Bogan came in the back way she begged him not to come in because FBI agents were going to arrest him. "They took him and I wanted to call to let you know of his arrest," she said. I thanked Mrs. Williams for letting me know. I then thought about what Mr. Evans asked me to do for him on Wednesday, May 6, 1942, under the tree in my front yard. He asked me to take his car and two bags to his wife in Chicago if anything should happen to him.

Late Friday, May 8, 1942, I began to make ready to take Mr. Evans' car to his wife in Chicago. I left D.C. alone on Saturday morning about 1:30 a.m. I took Route U.S. 30 arriving in Chicago Saturday evening about 5:30 or 6:00 p.m., and made my report to his wife, Sister Clara Muhammad.

The news of Mr. Evans' arrest spread fast. A few days after his arrest, the followers of the Messenger came together to picket the jail and to protest to the government for the arrest of our leader and teacher. The news media stated that 25 Moslems (Muslims) picketed the jail of the Prophet.

Mr. Evans asked the Jail Superintendent, Mr. E.A. Green, to lock us up because we believe the same as he believes. Mr. Green said, "I can't lock them up. They will have to do something." The Muslims cried out, "We believe in the same thing that the Messenger believes, so lock us up too."

A few days passed. The news began to spread about Messenger Muhammad being in jail. Early one morning, two Muslim brothers from Temple No. 2 and No. 3 came to see about Mr. Evans. Minister Willie Muhammad of Temple No. 2 in Chicago and Minister Sultan Muhammad of Temple No. 3 in Milwaukee came seeking information concerning the Messenger. I related to them what had happened.

These two men looked so clean and dignified, and seemed to be noticed by every one that passed by them. These two brothers wanted to go down to the FBI office to find out why Mr. Evans was arrested. Before I took them downtown to the FBI office, they asked me to take them by the U.S. Supreme Court. When we arrived there, they stood in front of the Court building looking at the statues of nine men engraved on the front gable end of the building. These two brothers were discussing something about the carving on the front of the building. I

was standing a short distance from them, admiring the way the people were attracted by these brothers. They really did look dignified and impressive. The people seemed to be on their lunch period.

After standing there for 15 or 20 minutes, they decided to walk on down to the FBI office. They went in and began to inquire about the Honorable Elijah Muhammad's arrest. The officers began to question these two men. The questioning finally ended in their arrest. Brother Sultan Muhammad of Temple No. 3 was arrested and charged. Brother Willie Muhammad, the Messenger's brother, asked the FBI agents to permit him to go back to his hotel room to take care of some very important business and then he would return to the FBI office. They permitted him to go. That following morning, Brother Willie Muhammad returned to the FBI office as promised. This was the beginning of their imprisonment. These two brothers were eventually sent back to their home town for trial and sentence.

The Messenger of Allah (Mr. Evans) was held in the D.C. Jail for a few months before being released on bail. His bail was set at \$5,000.00. The bail money had to be raised by a few followers selling old papers and scrap iron. The \$5,000.00 was finally raised in the Chicago and Milwaukee Temples. Sister Clara Muhammad, wife of the Messenger, arrived in Washington, D.C., dressed in a long white robe. She carried a white bag containing the money in pennies, nickles, dimes, quarters and dollars that was raised by his poor followers.

The Messenger was released from the jail for a few months and was arrested again.

The hunt for believers and followers of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad began to get very, very hot. As I stated in the beginning of my writing, I was employed by the U.S. Government. When I was first introduced to the Messenger, he saw that I liked what he was teaching and wanted to become a follower of his. He told me in advance, "Brother, if you follow me, you will be locked up and you will lose your job." I replied, "They will have to lock me up."

About three months after the Messenger's arrest, I began to have visits from the FBI agents. I remember one evening, while working in my garden at 1205 - 51st Avenue, N.E., Deanwood Park, Maryland, two neatly dressed men came walking up the road to my home and approached me in this manner: "Are you Mr. Mitchell?" I replied, "No sir." One asked, "What is your name?" I replied, "Really, I do not know." "Well, who is Mr. Mitchell?" asked one of the agents. I said, "Mr. Mitchell is a white man. You know I am not white." The otehr spoke up and asked me what was my name. I again replied that I didn't know. One of the agents asked why I didn't know. I said, "Because I lost my name about 379 years ago. I am surprised at you asking me if I am Mr. Mitchell.

You know that all our people are named after your people." They then showed me their identification cards. I took the card and said, "Oh! You are FBI men. What can I do for you?" They replied, we want to talk with you about your religion. I asked, "What do you want to know about my religion?" They asked me if I had registered. I replied that I had. They asked where I had registered. I replied, "With my government." "Your government?" one asked. "What is your government?" "Islam," I replied. "Were you not born here?" he asked. "Yes sir, I was," I answered. All persons born in this country are naturalized citizens. I replied, "No sir, I disagree." "Well, what are you?" one agent asked. I replied, "Just a free slave." One agent then said that I must remember that I was born here and that makes me a citizen. I said, "Look, officer, one of us doesn't know what a citizen is. What is your definition of citizen?" I asked. The agent began to recite to me the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the U.S. Constitution. I asked the officer if our people enjoyed all of those things that he quoted for a citizen. He replied, "Some of them." I said, "Then we are not citizens until our people enjoy all of those things that constitute a citizen. Because I was born here doesn't make me a citizen. Because a cat gives birth to kittens in a cooking stove, that doesn't make them biscuits."

One of the agents said, "We can't report all of this." "Why can't you?" I asked, "Just tell your boss that I have registered in my government. I can't register with two governments." They departed and went their way.

About one month later, an agent came on my job to talk with me concerning my religion. He wanted to know if I had registered and how long I had been a Moslem (Muslim)? I told him that I had registered in my government and I had been a Muslim all of my life but I didn't know it. He asked, "Who taught you that you are a Moslem?" "Allah's Messenger," I replied.

A month or more later, while working on my home at 1205 - 51st Avenue, N.E., I was laying some flooring in my living room. I looked through the window and I saw a well-dressed white man approaching the house. I asked my wife to see what he wanted, and told her if he wanted me to tell him that I had not arrived home from work. He told my wife to tell me when I arrived that he was from the U.S. Government office. A week later, I said to my wife, "I don't feel like I will be back home this evening. I have a feeling that someone is coming on my job for me." Sure enough, two agents came on my job August 1, 1942. They came in the room where I was working and asked, "Are you Mr. Mitchell?" I replied, "No, I am not." The agent asked, "What is your name?" I replied, "I lost my name a few hundred years ago. I am called Mr. Mitchell, but that is not my name." The other agent said, "Well, who is Mr. Mitchell?" I replied, "Mr. Mitchell is a white man. All of our people are named after

your people. I am sure that you all knew that." The agents showed me their I.D. cards and stated that they had come for me. I asked them for what? They replied, "You didn't register." I immediately spoke up and said, "Yes, I have registered with my government." The agents said, "We will have to take you down to the FBI office." On our way to the office riding in the car, I was sitting on the left side in the rear seat. One agent asked questions. He asked, "Would you mind if I call you Benjamin?" I replied; "No, you may call me Benjamin." "How long have you been a 'Moslem'?" he asked. "All my life," I replied. The agent questioned further, "Why don't you all teach us Islam?" "We did teach you Islam," I said, "Why don't you all let us come to your Temple?" he asked. "For the same reason that you won't let me come to your Temple, here on K Street, N.W.," I replied. At that moment we drove past the white Shriner's Temple. The agent said, "I am not a mason." He asked me how much money I had given to the Messenger. I spoke up and said, "Officer, I think that's a very personal question. I don't know what you would think of me asking you how much money you gave your wife each week." I left it like that.

On arriving at the FBI office, they set my bond at \$5,000.00 I remained in the D.C. Jail for three months or more before they brought me up for trial.

During my stay in D.C. Jail, many more of our brothers and one or two sisters were arrested by FBI agents. Brother William X Fagin, a young brother, was sentenced to four years in the Federal Prison for Selective Service violations. They sent us to Petersburg, Virginia in November 1942. We stayed in the isolation ward for 30 days, then we were allowed into the general prison population. In the population, we found our brother, Harry X Craighhead (now deceased), who was the first brother in the Washington, D.C. Temple to be arrested for Selective Service violations. After being in the general population for a few weeks, the inmates began to ask us questions about our religion, Islam. Three of us began to explain to the inmates the teachings of Islam. The officer in charge of our dormitory began to stand around and listen. The officer reported what we were doing to the warden and other top officials. One Sunday afternoon, we heard our numbers yelled out over the P.A. system (Inmates are called by numbers instead of names.) While resting on our bunks, a call was made for Nos. 11942, 11943, and 1040 to report to the Administration office and to bring all personal belongings. This call was made two times. After the second call, I asked Brother Harry, "Aren't those our numbers that were called? What does he mean by 'bring all your personal belongings?'" Brother Harry replied that those were our numbers and that personal belongings meant our toothbrush and drinking cup. We reported to the Administration office.

The officer in charge said that we were to be put in confinement. That Monday morning, we were called before 12 officials for trial. They charged us with inciting a riot in the institution Sunday night. We pleaded "not guilty" to the charge. We told the officials that we were not at the dormitory and that they had us locked in confinement. The officials said that the inmates tried to wreck the dormitory Sunday night and it all came from that Islam teaching that we did last week.

Each one of us was given 19 days solitary confinement. We were locked in a small room and ate white bread and drank black coffee. We slept on a thin mattress with a blanket on a basement concrete floor. They tried to force us to eat hog meat. But we wouldn't. When the 19 days were up, they served the total prison population a lamb dinner for the first time in the history of the prison.

After serving the 19 days in confinement, instead of returning us to the general prison population, we were transferred to another prison in Milan, Michigan, in January 1943. There we completed our four years.

About three months after our arrival, the Friday before Easter in 1943, one of the officials told us that they were expecting two more of our "Moslem" brothers that afternoon. The officer looked toward the Administration building and said, "That looks like them now coming through the gate." We rushed to the front gate to see who the brothers were, and behold: it was the Honorable Elijah Muhammad and Brother Minister Lynn Karriem of Chicago.

The Messenger was locked behind the prison bars for five years. During his lockup, the prison officials tried him out with food that was cooked with hog meat and also tried to work him in the pig house where hogs were raised. A few weeks after the arrival of the Messenger, one officer was sent out with a truckload of work-release inmates to the piggery. When the truck arrived, the officer said, "O.K., fellows, this is our working spot." All of the inmates got off the truck except the Messenger. He remained on the truck and said to the officer, "I am willing to work, but not in this hog house. If you have another job that you could give me, I would appreciate it very much. Working with hogs is against my religious belief." The officer said, "I will take you back to the office for further instructions." On returning to the officer with the Messenger, the officer reported that he had an inmate whose name was Bogan that could not work in the piggery because it was against his religion. The Captain said to the officer, "I didn't intend for you to take him out there." The Captain had the officer to open the gate and let Bogan in. The Captain said to Bogan, "Your job will be to take care of the Officers' Quarters as long as you are here."

A few weeks later, after Messenger Muhammad had settled down to his prison assignment (job), he began to hold Muslim services each

Sunday at 2 p.m. The Muslim Brotherhood in the institution numbered about 10 or 12. They were from Chicago and Washington, D.C.

the Muslims who went to prison for believing in Islam and following the Honorable Elijah Muhammad were really tried by the officials of this Christian government. I remember a few months before the Messenger was transferred to the prison in Milan, Michigan, the officials had us (Brothers Harry X Karriem Allah, Emanuel Muhammad and Benjamin I) unloading some cars of soft coal along with some real hard criminals. Guards on were each end of the cars and were standing on the ground with high-powered rifles, keeping watch over us as if we were murders. Our faces and clothing were black with coal dust.

Finally, one day while working on the farm, an officer called for me to report to the Carpenter's Shop for work. I remained in the Carpenter's Shop until my four years were served.

Brother Harry X was released from the prison long before many of the other brothers because he was the first brother in the Washington area to be imprisoned for the teachings of Islam. He returned to Washington, D.C. and became the Acting Minister of Temple No. 4.

The brothers who followed the Messenger to prison in the early days of Islam in America had it pretty hard trying to survive. You may ask why? Well, in the first place, they (Caucasians) didn't want you and me to be taught Islam because Islam would free you and me from them. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad and those who followed him to prison went hungry many times before the enemy found out that we were true believers and followers of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. The enemies of truth will hate you. I remember the day of my trial and the transferring of Brother Wallie X Fagin (better known as Wali Muhammad) and myself to Petersburg Federal Prison. While riding in the car with cuffs on our legs, the officer asked, "You fellows would rather go to prison than to sign on the dotted line and go on back home to your families?" "Yes sir," I replied. The officer looked at me and said as he gritted his teeth, "If I had my way with you, I would shoot every one of you."

I learned in Islam that the disbelievers will continue to try to persuade or influence the believers to follow them. I remember one week while in prison, the Muslims had not eaten a full meal for four days or more. The chief cook in the institution called out over the P.A. system that the Muslims could report for dinner. "We have a pork free navy bean dinner for you," he said. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad happened to be in his dormitory at the time the call was made. When we Brothers came in from work at noon, the Messenger told us to report to the dining hall for a specially prepared dinner for us. He said, "You all may go if you care to. I am not going. I don't care for anything." We

Muslim brothers reported to the dining hall and had our bowls filled to the top because we had not eaten anything but white bread, water and coffee. We all were seated at the table. Before eating any of the beans, the Messenger's son, Emanuel, found some small blocks or squares of white pork meat cut up and cooked in the beans. Brother Emanuel Muhammad said to us, "Pork is in the beans." We rechecked and found the pork. All of the brothers sat at the table quietly. The officer of the dining hall came to our table and asked, "What's wrong with the beans? I see you are not eating." Brother Emanuel replied, "You have pork in the beans." The officer said, "Those beans are pork free." Brother Emanuel showed the pork meat to the officer. The officer of the dining room called the chief cook of the kitchen to the front and said, "They claim that you have small blocks of pork meat in the beans and they are not going to eat." The chief cook replied, "It's not suppose to be any pork in the beans. I told the cook not to cook pork in the beans." Brother Emanuel handed a spoon full to the chief cook. He tasted it and said, "Yes, pork is in the beans. You brothers are not required to eat the beans." We dismissed ourselves from the table and returned to our dormitory.

We reported to the Messenger what had happened and he said, "Well brothers, you see the enemy of Islam is trying to get us to bow to him." Later, the chief cook explained to us what happened to the supposedly pork free bean dinner. He said the cook in the kitchen at the institution was a member of the white Jehovah's Witnesses and they were enemies of Islam. One of the witnesses thought that he could cut up fine pieces of pork and we wouldn't be able to tell the difference.

The penal institution didn't permit the Muslim Bible (Quran) into the institution at that time. My wife was permitted to visit me. Also, the Messenger's wife was permitted to visit him.

After I had finished my four year sentence and was ready to come home, they still tried to make me bow to them. They told me that I had to sign a card before I could be released so the FBI wouldn't arrest me again for not registering for service. I replied, "I didn't register to come into the prison, and I am not going to register to go out of the prison." The officer signed the card and handed it to me. They gave me a new suit, shoes and \$20.00. I was taken to Toledo, Ohio to catch the train to Washington, D.C. This was in October 1945. The officer said to me, "Mitchell, because of your good record here in prison, I am giving you \$20.00 instead of \$10.00. I arrived home safe and happy to see my wife and friends and was not injured or shot in the war. I give praise and thanks to Allah for sparing me to live to write this history. I thank the Honorable Master Elijah Muhammad for opening my blind eyes to the teachings of Islam. I thank Allah for the Honorable W.D. Muhammad,

the Servant of Allah. The Honorable Elijah Muhammad had taught us well of his son, W.D. Muhammad, who would help him with his mission.

A few days before leaving the prison, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad called me to him and said, "Brother, when you return to Washington, I want you to go to the Temple and check out everything and let me know how you found the believers and their activities." I did as he had instructed. A few weeks later, I began to visit some of my friends and neighbors who criticized me for believing in Islam and following that little strange man to prison. I recall one couple who called me everything but a child of God. When I visited their home, I found both in the bed sick. A few months later, the wife passed. Three or four years later, the husband passed. This couple said to me when I made my visit, "Mitchell, I want to congratulate you for sticking to what you say are your religious beliefs. Many people would not have done what you all did."

While the Messenger was being held in prison, the believers of Temple No 2 bought their first Temple (Mosque) at 824 43rd Street, Chicago, Illinois. The building that was bought for a Temple had been a Dog and Cat Hospital and needed much repair. The Messenger sent word to the officials of Temple No. 2 to send for me (Brother Benjamin X Mitchell) to come to Chicago and look at the building to see what could be done to it.

I arrived in Chicago in the spring of 1946 and reported to the officials, Minister James Shabazz, the school principal and Minister Sultan Muhammad. The F.O.I. worked closely with me to get the building cleaned before the repair work was started. After working for several months, we were able to complete repairs on the building which turned out to be the first Muslim Temple to be owned by what was then the Nation of Islam (now the World Community of Al-Islam in the West).

Before moving into the newly-purchased building, the believers held services in an old run-down garage somewhere off Michigan Avenue, up in an alley. On meeting days, the sisters would have to hold up their long dresses and rush across the alley to the garage (the Temple) so big rats wouldn't go into the Temple with them.

When the Honorable Elijah Muhammad returned from prison in August 1946, he had a reconditioned Temple in which he could teach Allah's truth. I use to stand on the corner of 43rd and Cottage Grove and watch the brother and sisters go into the newly-decorated Temple for the Sunday service at 2 p.m. At that time, the sisters had three uniforms, white, red, and green. I remember the first time that I saw them wearing the red uniforms, ten of the sisters look like 5x10 as they entered the front of the Temple.

I remained in Chicago a few months after the Messenger returned.

I then came back to Washington, D.C. and he (the Messenger) made me the Secretary of Temple No. 4 in Washington. I remained the Secretary for six years or more. The Messenger asked me if I would like to be a Field Minister? I replied, "I don't think I am qualified to be a minister dear Holy Apostle." He then said, "Oh yes you are! You will become a minister a little later." The Messenger was right about a little later.

In 1953, I asked the Messenger if I could become a Field Minister? He replied, "Yes brother, you may go into the field and teach Islam any place you desire." I worked as a Field Minister until he sent me to Richmond, Virginia, to take charge of Temple No. 24. He told me to do the best I could until he could find someone to replace me. I did as the Messenger said. I remained at Temple No. 24 for 11 years until I was relieved of my post by the Honorable W.D. Muhammad, the son of Messenger Muhammad.

During the time that I was working in the field as minister, I had some wonderful experiences. I taught in Florida, North and South Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee and Arkansas. I met many different minds, and I really enjoyed being a Field Minister.

After the death of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, may Allah be pleased with great master's job as Messenger of Allah (God) to the black man and woman in America, the most Honorable W.D. Muhammad took up his father's mission. He had been raised to take up this mission and to carry it to the end. May Allah be pleased with the work of this great and wise servant.

As-Salaam Alaikum

Your brother and Helper

Al Wakeel Benjamin Ilyas Muhammad
(formerly known as Benjamin X
Mitchell)

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA



ADDRESS REPLY TO:
VA. STATE PENITENTIARY
500 SPRING STREET
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 23210

DEPARTMENT OF WELFARE AND INSTITUTIONS

February 23, 1968

Reverend Benjamin X. Mitchell
Muhammed's Mosque No. 24
Richmond, Virginia 23222

Dear Reverend Mitchell:

This will acknowledge your letter of February 19, 1968, with reference to the discontinuance of your services in the teaching of ISLAM at this institution.

We do appreciate your efforts in the past in assisting us in conducting your program as it has been our impression that you did an excellent job. There was no misconduct or any incident which could be referred to as disturbing the tranquility of this institution.

I do not know whether or not you have announced to your group to your intentions to discontinue the services. If you have not, and as a favor to me, I would appreciate your making some effort to come over at least one more time for such a purpose. I think the members of this group would be most appreciative to hear of your decision directly from you. I know they will be disappointed but the disappointment would probably not be so harsh as it might be if I make such an announcement.

Very truly yours,

C. C. Peyton
Superintendent

CCP:jwb

cc: Mr. W. K. Cunningham, Jr., Director
Division of Corrections

Mr. A. E. Slayton, Jr.
Deputy Assistant Superintendent
Virginia Penitentiary

Mr. M. L. Royster, Superintendent
State Farm

Mr. D. P. Edwards, Superintendent
State Convict Road Force

Mr. R. M. Oliver, Assistant Superintendent
Virginia Penitentiary



UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY 3401 BROOK ROAD, RICHMOND, VA.

November 27, 1968

Minister Benjamin X. Mitchell
1117 Dove Street
Richmond, Virginia

Dear Brother Benjamin X:

This is simply to thank you very warmly for coming out and meeting with my class on November 20. Thank you also for bringing two other members of the Mosque with you.

Your presentation was most helpful to us for a deeper understanding of Muslims,

As I said while you were here, we may be calling on you sooner or later in the future. I hope it is not the last time we will have a chance for a visit.

Sincerely,

Henry McKennie Goodpasture
Associate Professor in the
History Department

HMG:jba

**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
BUREAU OF PRISONS
FEDERAL REFORMATORY
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA 23804**

February 21, 1968

**Mr. Benjamin X. Mithcell
Minister of Muhammad's Mosque No. 24
2116 North Avenue
Richmond, Virginia 23222**

Dear Mr. Mitchell:

I received, with regret, your letter of February 19.

Your ministry to our men of the Islam faith has been significant and helpful. They have profited from your teaching and your personal witness among them. The chaplain has expressed on many occasions his sincere appreciation of your services.

On behalf of my staff, the chaplain and the followers of Islam would like to say thank you for a service graciously given and sincerely appreciated.

Sincerely yours,



**R. G. Garey
Warden**

2 Men Sentenced for Evading Draft; 3d for Manslaughter

Jail sentences were imposed in District Court yesterday on two Negroes, charged with violation of the Selective Service Act, and a construction hoist operator, convicted of involuntary manslaughter.

Elmer C. Carroll, 42-year-old barber, of 702 Twenty-fourth Street Northeast, was given a sentence of six months to four years by Justice T. Alan Goldsborough. The defendant conducted his own case, declaring that he did not register for the draft, as charged, because he was a registered citizen of Mecca and forbidden by his religion to fight.

The defendant's seeming familiarity with Moslem teachings and the Bible led Judge Goldsborough to remark, "I'm convinced of your sincerity, but there is no reason why should not have registered and a sought exemption on grounds religious scruples."

Justice Goldsborough emphasized that Carroll would be released under provisions of the act "when you change your frame of mind and realize this is your country—any man or boy who won't root for his home team or country is no good."

Carroll said he would appeal.

A sentence of one to three years was imposed on John W. Miller, 29, taxicab driver, of 2103 G Street Northeast, by Judge F. Dickinson Letts.

In stating his reason for failing to fill out a Selective Service questionnaire, Miller said, "I can't pledge myself to any people. This is the battle of God Almighty Himself. He is going to destroy the wicked civilization and preserve the good."

"Your Honor can determine for himself which is the wicked civilization."

Carl C. McCraney, 45 years old, construction hoist operator, was sentenced to serve 18 months to four years in jail by Judge Letts for involuntary manslaughter in the death of a Negro workman, Will Hines.

Hines, it was charged, was fatally injured when he plunged four stories to the ground after getting on a hoist which the defendant allegedly tied improperly. Prosecutor Bernard Margolius charged that McCraney was under the influence of liquor. The defendant and Hines were working on a Park Road Northwest construction job.

*Que Slav
Sat 5/2/42.*

25 Moslems Picket Jail of Prophet

Disconsolate at the imprisonment of their Moslem "prophet" Isaiah Mohammed, for draft evasion, 25 Negro followers of both sexes and all ages today made a pilgrimage to District jail and there demanded—respectfully—the right of sharing his tribulation.

Jail Supt. E. A. Green said this sect of Islam appeared almost at noon at the main gate. When told they couldn't come in, they broke into a confusion of voices, then retired down the steps to squat in the driveway with an aisle between them for persons on business.

As they undertook to silently sit out the afternoon, Supt. Green said they could stay there "as long as they like if they stay as quiet as this." The younger children, however, didn't look like they would last thru supper.

~~8-19-42~~

Another Member of Cult Held as Draft Evader

Benjamin Mitchell, 40, colored, c 5125 Eastern avenue, Deanswood Park Md. was held in \$2,000 bail for action of the grand jury yesterday by United States Commissioner Needham C. Turnage, on charges of failure to register under the Selective Service Act.

Mitchell, who said he belonged to "The Nation of Islam," a religious organization which he said had given him the name of "Benjamin Elijah X," admitted he had not registered, was not willing to register, and now refused to register for the draft. Mitchell said he was born in Arkansas, and was a carpenter working for the Government.

Commissioner Turnage also had held William Maurice Fagin, alias "William X," of the same sect, under \$2,000 bail for the grand jury, following a hearing Friday.

Officials of the FBI, which is making the cases against members of the "Nation of Islam," estimated that "about seven or eight" so far had been charged here with failure to register. The order, according to the FBI, also has "temples" in Detroit, Milwaukee and Chicago.

BUNCH NOT QUALIFIED?

Chicago — Those who thought Dr. Ralph Bunche would be one of the UN delegates assigned to investigate the South African racial debacle were certainly foolish.

Dr. Bunche, a black man, could never be qualified to judge an issue involving white and black men, especially when that black man has something that the white man wants.

It must not be forgotten that Dr. Bunche is a subject citizen, that is not first-class in his own country.

When will the black man wake up to the fact that black men don't dictate the policies of white or black men in a country ruled by white men—be it in Europe, America or Africa?

12/29/53 S. A. DAVIS

NEVER

usually more agile, streamlined and alert.

April 30/46

Another Moslem Claimant Convicted as Draft Violator

Another man claiming to be a Moslem has been convicted by a District Court jury of failing to register for selective service.

Assistant United States Attorney John C. Conliff, jr., presented evidence yesterday in the court of Justice T. Alan Goldsborough that Joseph Nipper, 42-year-old colored window washer at the Agriculture Department, had failed to register. It took the jury less than five minutes to find Nipper guilty.

The Government introduced in evidence a statement which Nipper gave to Federal Bureau of Investigation agents, in which he was quoted as saying that as a Moslem he was registered with the nation of Islam and that he abides by the law of Islam rather than the laws of the United States.

"This is a war between Christianity and Islam," Nipper said in a statement, in which he declined to fight against Asiatics.

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Two 'Moslems' Given Sentences for Draft Law Violations

Defendants Declare They Are Accountable Only to Allah's Will

Two colored men, claiming to be Moslems, were sentenced in District Court today on charges of violating the draft law, but not before they had given the presiding judge a purported exposition of the law of Islam.

Justice P. Dickinson Letts in Criminal Court No. 3 gave John W. Miller, 30, one to three years, but pointed out to the defendant that Congress has provided that he may be paroled in the custody of the Attorney General if he changes his mind and decides to enter the Army or Navy or engage in some useful war work.

Reminded of Citizenship.

Justice T. Alan Goldborough in Criminal Court No. 1 sentenced Elmer C. Carroll, 42, to six months to four years, reminding him that this country is at war, and that he is a citizen of the United States, and subject to its laws.

Both men told the judges their religion is Islam, and that they submit themselves only to the will of Allah, "creator of the whole universe."

"I can't pledge myself to any people," Miller told Justice Letts. "This is the battle of God Almighty Himself. He is going to destroy the wicked civilization and preserve the good. Your Honor can determine for himself which is the wicked civilization."

Illegal Execution Claimed.

Miller claimed he filled out a conscientious objector's form, but Assistant United States Attorney John G. Conliff, jr., who prosecuted, told the court and jury that the defendant did not comply with the law and did not execute the draft questionnaire legally. Carroll, who conducted his own case, declining to have counsel assigned him, is, according to the Government, a resident of the District and admitted not registered with Board which has jurisdiction home area, the 700 block fourth street N.E.

Miller was represented by [unclear] and [unclear].

Moslem Convicted As Violator of Draft Statutes

John W. Miller, 28, who testified that he failed to fill out and return his selective service questionnaire because of his Moslem religious beliefs, was convicted of violating the draft law by a District court jury yesterday.

The jury of nine women and three men returned their verdict after deliberating only about 15 minutes.

Defense counsel said that a motion for a new trial will be filed shortly. Should this be denied, Miller will be liable to a prison term not exceeding five years, or a fine not exceeding \$10,000, or both.

Miller declared that his membership in a local Negro Moslem sect forbade him take an oath, citing this as his reason for not completing the questionnaire. Prosecutor John C. Conliff pointed out, however, that Miller took the customary court oath, with one hand on the Bible, when he mounted the witness stand to testify in his own defense.

In answer to his contentions that he had religious scruples against war as a result of his faith, Conliff asserted that the law provided regular methods for the classification of conscientious objectors.

He added, however: "I don't believe this man is sincere as a Moslem."

THE WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS

'Moslem's' Sentencing Delayed for Sanity Test

Sentencing today of Robert W. Miller, 30, Negro, convicted by a District Court jury of refusing to comply with the Selective Service Act, has been deferred by Justice F. Dickinson Letts pending an examination of Miller by a psychiatrist.

The convicted man is one of four indicted by the grand jury who claimed they were unable to bear arms for the United States because they are "Moslems." All said they belonged to a Ninth-st Mecca-bound set which regarded themselves as "citizens of the universe" and therefore were not subject to laws enacted for citizens of the United States. All admitted they were born in the United States.

CULTISTS CLAIM CITIZENSHIP OUT OF THIS WORLD

But Court Declares It 'Subversive'

Baltimore, Oct. 4—(AP)—Two dozen members of a Negro religious cult in the Washington area stood in federal court today proclaiming they are citizens of another world.

"A very subversive movement," declared Judge William C. Coleman.

He sentenced one of them, 23-year-old Charles L. Washington of Gaithersburg, Md., to 54 months in federal prison for refusing to register for military service.

"People who don't like the government of the United States ought to get out," Judge Coleman told them. "You have raised the racial issue. You want rights without obligations. You are seeking not rights but discrimination."

The men in the group all wore dark blue suits with bright red ties. Four women wore long, flowing robes of scarlet and red. Headpieces on which the crescent and star were embroidered.

They would not give their last names, saying they were "slave master's names."

Isalah stepped forward. On July 4, 1930, he said, Allah appeared personally before him and others of the group and "brought us the religion of Islam, the black man's religion."

Registered by Allah

Allah told them, Isalah X testified, that he had registered them on his rolls in Islam and they should not register elsewhere.

Paul X acknowledged he is under indictment in Washington under the name of Paul Leeks for failure to register.

Judge Coleman interjected:

"The more that is said for you the more it becomes perfectly obvious that you are part and parcel on a very subversive movement."

Watching the proceedings was a special assistant to Maryland's attorney general, charged with enforcement of the State's special law against subversive activities.

Stress on Equality, Brings Shift to Mohammedanism

Carter Woodson, managing editor of the Negro History Bulletin, says that across from his office in the 1500 block of Ninth St., N.W., a procession of colored Mohammedans may be seen going to their little frame temple several times a week.

He said, "At first we laughed at them, but are not laughing any more because these Mohammedans, who pray five times a day while bowing in the direction of the prophet's tomb at Mecca, prove that some colored people are accepting this faith.

This shows the failure of the Christian church.

Insistence on Brotherhood

Mohammedans recognize only one God, Dr. Woodson says, and Mohammed is prophet. Mohammedanism has the advantage of being a brotherhood for all races. Colored people are welcomed by the Moslems but turned away by the Christians.

An influence for good, the Mohammedans have instilled temperance into the natives of certain parts of Africa, he points out, adding that alcohol and social diseases have always followed Christianity.

Christians, both Protestant and Catholic, all say that there is no place in Christendom for black people.

No Slavery Allowed

According to white Christianity, Ben Tillman, who directed the shot-gun brigade of blood-thirsty

mobs against colored people in the South, is now "an angel dazzling around the throne on high," he continues.

Mohammedans require the freedom of slaves.

Over the door of the Mohammedan temple, Mr. Woodson says, they have inscribed under the sign of the cross these words, "This sign leads to slavery and death."

Under the sign of the crescent emblem of Mohammed, they have inscribed these words, "This sign means freedom, justice and equality."

Christianity Held Periled in Asia

The United States and United Nations must convey a spiritual message impregnated with the practical demonstration of Christian social justice if Christianity is to survive in Asia, according to a talk given the Charles Carroll forum at the Mayflower hotel by the Rev. John Conaldine, M.M.

The speaker, an authority on Asia and editor of Field Afar, magazine of the Maryknoll Mis-

sionaries, spoke on the subject, "Can Russia Drive Christ Out of Asia?"

Father Conaldine declared Islam a powerful opponent of communism in its atheistic phases, predicting it will strongly resist the advances of Russia.

March 17/48 Almas Temple Honors Bradley

In keeping with the Oriental theme of their 2011th Feast of Ramadan, held last night in the Mayflower hotel, 1,000 members of the Almas Temple and their guests paid tribute to a man named Omar.

He was Gen. Omar Bradley, making one of his first public appearances as new Army chief of staff. Also honored was Illustrious Potentate Omer W. Clark, who served as Bradley's assistant in the veterans administration.

Guests, including government officials, jurists, business and civic leaders, stood in sharp contrast to members who, in their robes and fezzes, formed a colorful procession to enter the ballroom.

Seated at the head table, banked with flowers and occasionally showered with more by Egyptian maidens in the balcony above, were Chief Rabban Rensah F. Camaller, High Priest and Prophet William J. B. Orr, Oriental Guide W. M. Jacobs Jr., and other members of the Potentate's Divan.

In line with Eastern custom, there were no speeches. Entertainment was in keeping with the motif with music by the Almas Temple Egyptian band, juggling, stunts and acrobatics.