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FURLOUGH FROM HELL

John T. Flemister

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A Fantasy by

John T. Flemister

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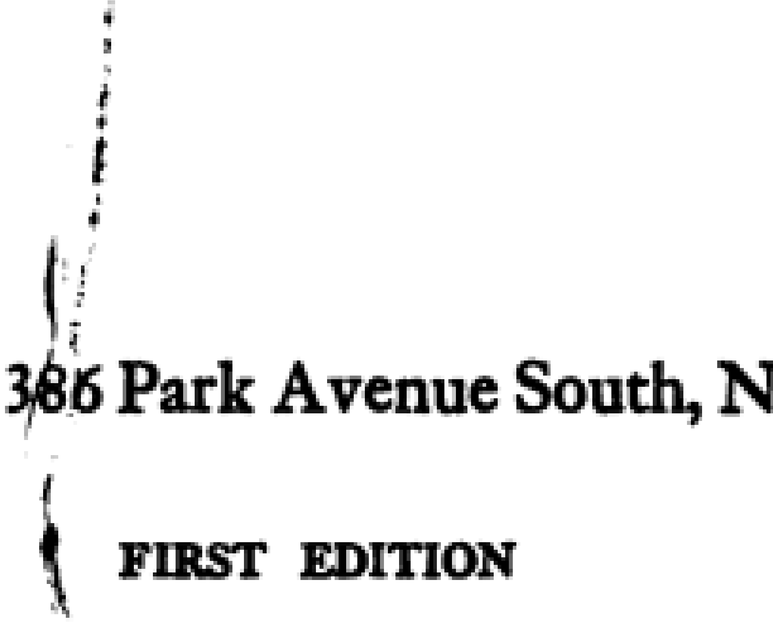

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In loving memory of my parents
Judge and Ophelia Flemister
and to
my seven brothers and three sisters

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PROLOGUE

LIGHT

God is said to make the sun rise, the day spring, the stars shine, and so on. Light, in what we might call the emblematic blazonry of nature, is the representative of truth. The sun sustains a relation to the natural world that is designedly analogous to that of God to the moral universe. "God is a sun"; "Our God is a consuming fire"; "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." As all light emanates from the sun, so all truth proceeds from God. As light is adapted to the eye, so truth is adapted to the mind. That this anaolgy is not fanciful, but the necessary result of a law of nature, appears from the fact that, in all languages, light is used as a synonym of truth. Nor is it even conceivable that a language should be made the emblem of truth, and light the emblem of falsehood. Starting from the sun, and tracing out the analogy in various directions, we find that all nature is really emblematic—a vast complex analogon of the spiritual universe; and as this could not be by chance, so we are distinctly assured it was by design. Because light is the synonym of truth, Satan, with all his immortal power and for the past two thousand years, has tried unsuccessfully to darken the universe.

The universe exists, not independent of God by any necessity or any inherent power, nor yet contemporaneous with God, as being coexistent with Him, nor yet in opposition to God, as a hostile element, but dependent upon Him, subsequent to Him, and in subjection to Him. The earth is regarded as

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related to man, and accordingly each act of creation is a preparation of the earth for his abode.

Light, as the primary condition of all life, the heavens as ministers of the earths, the dry land, for his home, "grass for his cattle, and herbs for the service of man." The alternations of day and night, the one for his works, the other for his rest; fish, fowl, and flesh for his food; the beasts of burden to lighten his toil. The work of each day of creation has its specific application to the requirements and the comforts of man, and is recorded with that special view. Creation was regarded as a progressive work, a gradual development from the inferior to the superior order of things. Thus it was with the earth's surface; at first, a chaotic mass thence gradually brought into a state of order and beauty. Thus also with the different portions of the universe, the earth before the light, the light before the firmament, the firmament before the dry land. Thus also with the order of living beings; firstly, plants; secondly, fish and birds; thirdly, cattle; and lastly, man. Order involves time. A succession of events implies a succession of periods; and accordingly Moses assigns the work of creation to six days, each having its specific portion. The manner in which these acts are described as having been done precludes all ideas of time in relation to their performance. It was miraculous and instantaneous when God said, "and then it was," but the progressiveness, and consequently the individuality of the acts, does involve an idea of time as elapsing between the completion of one and the commencement of another, otherwise the work of creation would have resolved itself into a single continuous act. The period assigned to each individual act is a day, the only period that represents the entire cessation of a work through the interposition of night. That a natural day is represented in the expression "evening was, and morning was" admits, we think, of no doubt. The interpretation that evening and morning equal beginning and end is opposed not only to the order in which the words stand, but to the sense of the words elsewhere. The Hebrews, though regarding creation as the immediate act of God, did not ignore the evident fact that existing materials

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and intermediate agencies were employed both then and in the subsequent operations of nature. With regard to the earth's body, the Hebrews conceived its surface to be an immense disk, supported like the flat roof of an Eastern house by pillars that rest on solid foundations. But where those foundations were, on which the "sockets" of the pillars rested, none could tell. The more philosophical view of the earth being suspended in free space seems to be implied in the book of Job.

Other passages seem to imply the existence of a vast subterranean ocean; the words, however, are susceptible of the sense that the earth was elevated above the level of the sea.

Beneath the earth's surface was Sheol, the hollow place, "hell." It extended beneath the sea and was thus supposed to be coterminous with the upper world.

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I

It was one of those dismal days that we so often have in Chicago. This sordid day was a little different in the sense that the never-failing sun was camouflaged by two stupendous jet-black clouds, shielding it in such form that it gives the picture of protection from some anticipated evil.

The sky was an expanse of blackish gray dotted by little black clouds. The usual emancipated soft breeze refused to accelerate. One could not be oblivious to this day—December 13, 1959—on the south side of the city.

My name is Bennie Strum. This is the story of a friend of mine who died and returned from the dead.

I had been up about three and one half hours, and being the indolent type, I had not started any of my usual one-day chores. As a matter of fact, I had experienced one of those dreadful, restless nights. I tossed and tumbled and rolled, reversed my position, and yet could not fall asleep. I was absolutely fatigued by morning. After six cups of black coffee and a dozen or more cigarettes, it was easy to make up my mind to let the chores go to hell. I was living in an eighty-five-year-old bungalow with my sister Kallie. The old place, in spite of its age, was in surprisingly good condition.

Kallie, like the majority of women, was usually quite loquacious, but on this morning she was acting like an introvert. After greeting me with a dry "good morning," she said, "I feel unusually strange this morning, as if something sinister is going to happen." Funny, except for my lazy feeling I felt the same way, yet I wasn't encouraged to convey my feelings to her, knowing how quickly she becomes upset. Once before we shared an uneasy feeling, and it turned out to be disastrous Our father was killed in an automobile accident. It was a long

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time before Kallie recovered from the shock. Knowing her feelings this morning, and knowing mine, made me doubly sure that something bad was awaiting one or both of us.

I tried to lighten Kallie's thoughts somewhat by making "off the wall" remarks. I told her to go back to bed and snooze, or to pray if she wanted to. There are so many things we don't quite understand, and we just have to trust and believe in God.

Kallie smiled a forced half smile and said, "Okay, Bennie," as she retired to her room. Kallie's husband was killed in World War II and she hasn't remarried. I knew she was lonesome; indeed I felt pity for her, and like any brother who loves his sister I often wished she could find a mate who could match her expectations.

During my sleepless night I had planned to go, in the morning, to the corner drugstore for a few toilet articles. I put on trousers and a T-shirt, because the weather was quite warm for December, in spite of its ugliness, and anticipating rain I put on my slicker. I called to Kallie and asked her if she wanted anything from the store. She said no, but warned me to be careful, and to hurry back.

I shut the door behind me and proceeded to the drugstore. On the way, I met several neighbors and friends. None was in a talkative mood. Even those whom I knew to be real extroverts were introverts this morning. The drugstore, which was often crowded and noisy, was almost as quiet as a library reading room. I purchased my items, paid Ruth, the cashier, and tried to start a conversation. Even she, usually talkative, seemed to have the heebie-jeebies. She was a beauteous little wench and could expound on almost any subject, but this morning she was somebody else. After finding that she didn't care to talk or listen, I said "Good-by, angel face. I'll dig you when the weather and you are looking better."

I crossed the beam of the electric eye that automatically opens the door, and once outside was confronted by Zeno, dressed completely in black and grinning insidiously.

For the first time in my life I collapsed. I must have been out about five minutes—maybe more. A number of people had

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gathered as Zeno was reviving me. I faintly heard remarks to the effect that I was drunk, I'd suffered a heart attack, and so on. As I looked up and saw Zeno, again I almost fainted, and might have, had it not been for the strong, pungent reviving salt that he moved slowly back and forth beneath my nostrils. It would have been positively senseless to say why I had passed out, for no one there would have either understood or believed me.

You see, Zeno and I were brought up together and had always been the very best of friends. Zeno, however, had been dead for many years. He was killed at a very early age. To be exact, he was twenty years old at the time of his death. This I know to be a fact, for I attended his drunken wake. All the old-timers were junk drunk. I was also at Zeno's funeral. His only relatives were a sister, a brother, and his father. Zeno had hated them all. After watching them lower his body into the earth, I said to myself, "So long, Zeno, and may God bless you."

Zeno helped me up, picked up my purchases, and placed his hand under my arm, for I was still weak from the fainting spell. He then proceeded to walk me home. Not a word was spoken. I was absolutely too frightened to utter a word, and furthermore I had suddenly developed an uncontrollable attack of diarrhea. I was even diarrheaing down my socks and on my shoes. I looked up at Zeno, for he was well over six feet tall. He still wore that senseless and deceitful grin.

As we had been brought up together, he knew where I lived, and he piloted me to the vestibule of my home. As boys we had both enjoyed the same kinds of sports, and often tried to excel each other. I was still nervous and excited. I couldn't find my keys. Zeno rang the bell and Kallie opened the door. When she saw Zeno, she too, passed out. Kallie had always had a phobia for the dead. She, too, had been at Zeno's funeral. As youngsters, they sort of had a crush on each other. It had never developed into anything serious, though; just puppy love.

Zeno picked Kallie up, carried her into the living room. He put her on the couch, then took from his pocket the reviving salt he had previously used on me. He moved it slowly back

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and forth under her nostrils, and she came to, took one look at Zeno, and passed out again. This time, right before my eyes, Zeno disappeared. Never before had I seen a person evaporate. I left Kallie lying there in her unconscious world and went to the bathroom to clean myself up.

After washing myself and changing my clothes, I returned to Kallie. She was reviving. She looked around and asked, "Where is he?" I, of course, replied that I didn't know. Kallie jumped up, ran swiftly out the front door, and has never since returned.

There were but few times in our lives that Kallie and I had ever been separated. Kallie could run faster than anyone else I have ever known. I ran after her, calling, but to no avail. Once she had turned the corner, she was out of sight and she stayed that way. For about an hour or more I phoned all her acquaintances, but no Kallie. I called the police department and the hospitals and even the morgue. The answer was still the same—no Kallie.

The experience of seeing a dead man return, followed by Kallie's running away from home through fear, finally became significant. This was the answer to the sinister feeling that both Kallie and I had experienced. My biggest worry now was Kallie, but at the same time I wondered where Zeno had gone. This man whom I knew to be dead and buried had brought devilish bad luck into my life. His appearance in itself was phenomenal.

I was in my bedroom, nervously fussing around, when he appeared again out of thin air. Once again diarrhea sent me rushing to the toilet.

When I returned to the room, I questioned him about Kallie's disappearance. He smiled in the nasty, conceited way, as only he could, but said nothing. After finally regaining my composure, I said, "Aren't you Leon Zeno?" He still didn't reply, so I continued, "You are supposed to be dead. I was at your funeral. And when they lowered you into the earth I witnessed it. Now I ask you, what in hell are you doing here?"

Zeno smiled again, and this time he spoke. "I am here on

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earth on a furlough from Hell. Yes, a furlough from Hell."

I began to get hot all over. My face perspired; my throat was as dry as a tearless duct. I finally cleared my throat, and said, "Zeno, you mean to tell me you have actually been in Hell?"

Said Zeno: "Yes, all these years. I'm not the first to return from the dead. You simple mortals will not believe what you see and hear."

"Well, look, Zeno. What are you supposed to do here on your so-called furlough?"

"My mission, Bennie, is to see that three hundred and eighty million mortals kill themselves."

"Three hundred and eighty million? Why that's fantastic!"

"It's only fantastic in the eyes of a mortal. Most of you mortals are sinners, sons and daughters of Satan, and he wants you."

"Zeno, can you tell me where Hell is located, how you arrived there, and how you left?"

"Yes," said Zeno. "However, before I answer your questions, I want you to know this. Satan, my chief and your devil, is a very, very powerful immortal. He knows everything that happens on the face of the earth. Every thousand years, Satan is free to roam the earth and cause havoc among its inhabitants. In the interim he has the power to send trained agents upon earth to cause disturbances of all sorts. The chief or his agents can tempt mortals to the point of murder. Satan is the first person of Hell. It is his, now and always. He is the utopian master of hate, evil, greed, prejudice, and all immoralities. All the evil on the face of the earth Satan is responsible for. Satan slanders God to man and man to God. Slandering man to God is a part of his great work of temptation to evil. The effect, of course, is to stir up the spirit of freedom in man so he will seek a forced independence, and it is but a slight step further to impute falsehood or cruelty to God. I am, because of my earthly sins, one of his, and I hate him as strongly as he hates me. You, Bennie, are a believer in God. You were the only person who was actually kind to me. I can't harm you, even

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if I could, but there are many, many unbelievers that are my prey. You have read in your Bible that there shall be wars and rumors of wars, nation against nation and kingdom against kingdom, that there shall be earthquakes, famines, pestilences, and fearful sights—well, Bennie, while on my furlough from Hell I shall endeavor to cause some of this havoc, and more.

"Now to answer your questions. Bennie, Hell is located in the center of the earth. It is deep and dark and its depths are secured by heavily barred gates. There is no bottom, and it is filled with flaming water. You are constantly gasping for air, and you hope you can drown, but you can't. The searing flames make you wish to be burned completely, but you aren't. In this watery, fiery, cavernous realm are the souls of dead men and spirits. All are there because most mortals' feet run to hell.

"Twenty years ago, Bennie, as you know, I died from six bullets shot through my head. I was killed in bed with another man's wife. What really made it ironic was the fact that it was his own bed that the husband murdered me in. His very first shot between my eyes was enough, for I knew I was dead. Yet I could feel the other five shots penetrate my head. As a boy of fifteen I had begun to become intimate with a married woman, at her encouragement, and had never ceased. Before my fatal accident, I must have had relationships with at least thirty or forty neighbor's wives. I was old enough to know that I was wrong, Bennie, but I loved stealing this love. Mr. Satan himself had become my constant companion in those amours, even on the day I was murdered. He must have had something to do with my feeling the thud of the last five bullets passing through my cranium.

"As I learned later, I was carried to the undertaker's to be dressed, but I was never embalmed. Two of Satan's agents were there to greet the embalmer with a portion of kiro, a rapid sleeping gas, which, when you awake, leaves no after-effects. One of these imps transfused the filthy blood from his body into mine, releasing my original blood at the same time. After he had finished, I received blood from the other imp. The holes in my head were plugged up with part of the brains of Satan himself.

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out. I lived my whole life over. In this short time, as much as I hated my family, I called on my sister to come and help me. I screamed for my brother and my father to please, please come and get me. I called on Kallie, and oh, how I pleaded! Then, Bennie, I called on you with all my strength to come to me. I said, 'Goddamn you, Bennie! Goddamn you, Bennie, you s.o.b.! My damn friend, come to me. Save this sinful bastard, Bennie!'

"Then I remembered that while I was on earth someone said to call on Him and He would hear. It was then, in this lavish, burning hell, that I called on God, amid a torment of screaming demons. 'God! God! God! Oh, my God, hear me! Please, sweet God, hear me! Give me one chance, God. Save me! Help me, my God, for I can't stand this any longer.'

"Then, all of sudden, like flash of lightning, a red flame shot past me as I was still plunging down. It went by me so fast, it was unbelievable. Above all the noise of the sinful souls I suddenly heard a laugh, a laugh that could be heard as far as earth, over and over. I had never heard such a powerful and frightening laugh. Then this flame appeared and stopped in front of me, and began to plunge down with me. The fleeting flame spoke the word 'Zo,' and both of us stopped plunging. The flame slowly began to form into a shape, and there before my burning eyes stood the master of evil, the hater of good. He spoke in English—for he speaks all languages.

"'Hello, Zeno.' His voice was clear, his English perfect, his volume incomparable. 'You have been here in Hell for twenty years. I have watched you constantly, even before you arrived here. Do you love me, Zeno?'

"'Yes, dear sir,' I replied.

"'Address me as Master Satan.'

"'Yes, Master Satan,' I replied.

"'Good. Now you are going back to earth on a furlough from Hell.' Then he laughed. Isn't that something? *A furlough from Hell.* He said my mission would be to tempt three hundred and eighty million mortals to kill themselves. 'I will come back and brief you on the last blackness.'

"In hell, as I have learned, we have the first blackness, the

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second blackness, and the last blackness. Satan then departed with a loud *wowu!* and I began descending again while Satan ascended. I observed, after Satan's departure, that a change had come over me. I was now cursing God most vehemently. I was cursing Heaven boundlessly. I was damning all that was good. I was denouncing all the other demons around me, as I continued to plunge, plunge, plunge. The sight of this devil, this evil and hellish Satan, had put the finishing touches on me. I was now throughly instilled with his hatred for everything.

"On the last blackness, he arrived. Not in person, but in spirit. I heard his all-powerful voice call out, 'Zeno! Zeno.'

"It was then that my voice bellowed with almost as much volume as his. 'Yes, Master Satan!'

"Satan continued: 'Do you feel as if you are I?'

" 'Yes, Master Satan, I feel all evilness.'

" 'I will convey to you immortal powers. I am one hundred thousand miles up from your position at the top of this dastardly pit, removing the gates so you can pass through at my command. Look up, Zeno! Look up! Can you see me?'

"As I raised my burning heavy head upward, there he was removing the widest and tallest gates I had ever seen.

" 'You can now see through to the bottom of the deepest ocean, into all countries, through the thickest of walls, but always remember, Zeno, keep your back to the sun. Never let the sun meet your eyes.'

" 'Yes, master Satan.'

" 'I now convey to you a contact will. This added immortal power will allow you to mentally contact any mortal in any part of the earth. I convey to you the immortal power of conversion. This you can use to advantage. You can be black, white, Asian, or any color or nationality. Zeno, do you feel a new sensation penetrating your sinful carcass?'

" 'Oh, yes, Master Satan.'

" 'That is immortal speed. You will be in a position to travel or fly faster than anything on earth. The first day you arrive on earth, you can touch mortals; but remember, after that you cannot touch a human. You are empowered with temptation. You are now as powerful as I—almost, Zeno. Only I can com-

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mand you back to Hell. You will be guided on your furlough on the first blackness. Send me three hundred and eighty million sinners from all parts of the sinful earth. I will watch your every move. My eyes are more powerful than yours. Back to suffering, Zeno, until the first blackness, you damned sinner.'

"I began plunging faster, faster, gasping louder and louder, and the intense heat was deadening. I was constantly cursing, gnashing my teeth. I was trying to use the immortal power Satan had conveyed to me to exit from Hell. All this was in vain. Souls are always trying to escape from Hell.

"Then I heard his voice call out, 'Zeno, I can read your thoughts. Would you attempt to betray the betrayer? Suffer, suffer, you sinful bastard! I am the master you have chosen for all eternity.'

"On the first blackness I was approached by two imps. They were more powerful than anything I had ever known, for I tried to attack them as they pulled me up, up, faster, faster, and faster. Before I knew it I was at long last on the surface of the earth. My back was to the sun—but I could see it refuse to shine. I felt as if I was ninety feet tall on earth, possessing all this immortal power. The sun was now being protected by two stupendous jet-black clouds. 'Hello, mortals—beware! You will never believe I was once one of you. Zeno has returned from the dead on a *furlough from Hell.*' Zeno's appearance stopped the wind from blowing for an indefinite time. 'I will be all power on this earth.' The sky had begun to get real ugly, a horrid, horrid view, all because of a son of Satan, Zeno.

"I contacted you and Kallie, and that explains why you were so depressed all last night and this morning. All the mortals of earth are upset because I am the greatest evil. Now, Bennie, you know how I arrived in Hell and how I left Hell. You also know my mission on earth, which I will fulfill. No mortal power can stop me, for I will cause havoc all over the face of the earth. Bennie, you have chosen your master; I have chosen mine. I must depart now, but I will return."

"Just a minute, Zeno."

"Yes, Bennie?"

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"When are you going to start all this mess?"

"Bennie, you and the world will hear and feel the results of Zeno's activities."

With that, Zeno disappeared. I looked out through the open door for him, but he was gone. I went back into the house, and felt myself, stood in front of the mirror, looked myself over and over to be sure I was awake and that all this was not a dream. I thought: Is my imagination running away with me? Was this friend of mine truly on a *furlough from Hell?* As I retired for the night, I still couldn't help but think about my sister Kallie. I remember Zeno relating that the majority of souls in hell are those of adulterers, murderers, and self-murderers, that the devil is more powerful than any mortal can imagine. I had tried everything imaginable to locate Kallie. I tried to sleep, but my thoughts continually traveled from Zeno to Kallie. I finally dozed off, and in spite of my weird experience I slept peacefully.

The morning found me lonesome and unhappy with many thoughts of Kallie. I got dressed and visited my good friend Alfred Procter. He was an attorney and he, too, knew Zeno, for he had been brought up with us also. But he was one who did not attend Zeno's funeral. As we were dunking doughnuts and drinking coffee, I related my story to him. He listened intently, and after I finished he laughed and laughed and said it was good fiction. I tried sincerely to convince him that it was all true. He said no one returns from the dead. I was discouraged and left.

I was heading for home when I decided I would stop by the drugstore. I strolled up to the cashier's counter and Ruth immediately said, "Hello, Bennie. How are you? What in the world happened to you the other day?"

"Ruth," I said, "we have known each other for some time. We kid quite a bit, yet sometimes we are very serious on certain issues. My fainting spell the other day was serious, Ruth. Yes, very, very serious. Listen to me, baby."

As I related my story, you could see the different expressions in Ruth's face. She reacted with surprise and amazement, even though I was constantly interrupted by customers.

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After I finished, Ruth said, "Don't tell it to anyone else Bennie. No one will believe it. People just don't return from the dead. Anyway, Bennie, you are always telling fantastic stories."

"Okay," I said. "You knew Kallie, but you won't see her any more." And with that remark I departed.

When I arrived in the house I turned on the TV set. Hell, I wasn't interested, so I turned it off. I walked around the house from room to room, thinking any minute that Zeno might return. While in my solitude, I couldn't help but think of the phenomenal powers he claimed he possessed. He did, on several occasions, however, disappear into thin air. I remember his saying that mortals are converting this earth into a demonic world of witches and devils. Zeno also said that Chicago, Illinois, would defy all the laws and would have a devastating earthquake between 1960 and 1962, that the very earth would open its jaws and suck in the screaming, howling mortals. He predicted that a twelve-year-old boy with the strength of twenty men would destroy his whole family of twelve with the thigh and leg of one of his sisters. Zeno also said that the 1960's in general would be devastating, because man's inhumanity to man is sickening to the spirit of God.

I must have dozed off for about ten minutes when I was wakened by the ringing of the doorbell. I jumped up half dazed, looked around to get my bearings (the bell was still ringing), and finally went to the door and opened it. It was my brother Peter, the last of the Strums. Peter was about five feet eight inches tall, fairly good-looking, and quite a talker. Peter walked right past me and said, "Hello. Come, let's have a drink." He was always drinking, and he waved a fifth of whisky in the air. Peter had been away for about a month in California. He had planned to open some kind of business out there, so he had been there exploring. By the time I got to the kitchen, Peter had taken out two glasses and had already killed a good shot.

"Peter," I said, "sit down; I have something to tell you." I sat down and poured myself a good shot, for I really needed

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one. It tasted so good I downed it and poured myself another.

Peter said, "Just before I left for home I met a friend of ours. Do you remember Leon Zeno? You know when he died. Well, I saw him in person and even talked with him. If I had just seen him and not talked with him, I could have always sworn it was just someone that looked like him, but I talked with him and about some of our childhood friends. It was strictly Zeno. How did he return from the dead? I tried to shake his hand but he would not let me touch him. He was trying to tell me something about you and Kallie. I laughed in his face. How could he see you and Kallie and be there in California too? He seemed to be very mean. We ran into each other at a bar. I was feeling pretty good when I recognized him. We kept looking at each other now and then, and he finally walked over and asked me if I was a Strum. I said yes, and we began talking. "Give me another shot, Bennie, and why are you looking so glum?"

I replied, "He's been here, Peter. Said he was visiting earth on a furlough from Hell. He left and said he would be back."

Well," said Peter, "then it's really true! It was Leon Zeno—a man in our life has returned from the dead! Maybe it has happened to other people. Who would believe it? Any significant mortal who returns from the dead wouldn't create any excitement, because no one would believe it.

"There's nothing that says a man can't return from the dead or won't return, yet any time a common ordinary layman returns, the public will never believe it, so it's no need trying to tell them."

As Peter continued to expound, the lights went out; the chairs were kicked out from under us. We were crawling around on hands and feet when Peter bellowed, "What the hell's going on here?"

I got up, and something knocked me down, for I was as high as the Empire State Building from that scotch. All of a sudden the lights came on. Peter and I got to our feet, and before we could utter a word we heard a noise at the door. As we simultaneously looked toward the door, we saw it

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opening slowly. We were really scared and neither of us could move. I looked at my brother, and, just like myself, perspiration was pouring off his head and face. The door opened wider and in walked a Chinese giant dressed sharply in a Chinese general's uniform (full dress, no less).

He said, "Hello, Bennie. Peter, don't you know me?"

Neither of us said a word although I was rapidly understanding.

He said "This is Zeno, converted into the shape and form of a Chinese general. I have just left Red China and our plans for the world are not nice. We have laid our plans to dominate and rule; first all the Communist powers, and then we shall take over the free world."

On that, I lifted the whisky to my mouth and went to town. Zeno said, "Don't get carried away, Bennie."

"Zeno," said Peter, "you are a Chinese?"

Then I gulped and told my brother the power Zeno possessed, and Peter said he'd be damned. Then again the lights went out, and there was Zeno in his original form. Peter was amazed and surprise. He smiled and said, "Nobody would ever believe it."

Even in my intoxicated mood it happened so long ago that it seems as if I actually fled from a dream. Or more of a ghastly nightmare. It is still so vivid that the terror of Zeno's devious anticipation grips me yet. Why, oh, why should I be the recipient of such horror? Why, why, why? I questioned myself as we three sat down at the table. Zeno's abrupt changes were incredible. My brother and I were still drinking, and Peter offered Zeno a drink. He refused, saying only mortal fools drink the devil's juice.

Peter then asked Zeno, "What do you really know about the world? Bennie tells me you know everything."

"He is precisely right. What do you want to know, Peter?"

"I want to know about Heaven. I don't want to die, yet when I do I would like to go to Heaven, because from what Bennie told me of your description of Hell, I know I want no part of it."

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II

HEAVEN is not for drunkards like you, Peter (Zeno said). Heaven is a firmament, a solid expanse, and through its open lattices or doors the dew and snow and hail are poured upon the earth. This firm vault is as strong as molten looking glass; it is transparent like pellucid sapphire; and as splendid as crystal, over which rests the throne of God and which is open for the descent of angels, or for prophetic visions.

In Heaven, like gems or golden lamps, the stars are fixed to give light to the earth, and to regulate the seasons. The whole magnificent structure is supported by the mountains as its pillars or strong foundations.

Satan's greatest dream, his most ultimate desire, is the conquering of his *former heaven.*

Now I'll tell you more about Mr. Satan, his personal character, his demons, and also his greatest enemy, Michael.

Satan is the prince of demons. He is a spirit and has angels subject to him. He is of spiritual nature and possesses spiritual influence. He used to be an angelic spirit, a rational and spiritual creature, superhuman in power, wisdom, and energy. He was an archangel, one of the princes of Heaven. Your God never created anything evil. Satan is a fallen angel who once had a time of probation, but whose condemnation is now irrevocably fixed. Master Satan is permitted to go about as the tempter and the adversary until his appointed time comes. His power lies in his ability to act by suggesting thoughts without the mediation of action or words. Satan is the leader of a host of evil spirits and angels who share his evil works, and for whom the everlasting fire is prepared.

Satan is the ruler of the darkness of this world, the spiritual

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power of wickedness in heavenly places, and most of all by wrestling with the soul of man. Master Satan's general object is to break the bond between man and God and the bonds of truth and love that bind men to each other.

Sin introduced discord and conflict, not only on earth, but also in Heaven, by the fall of demons. And as little as it was possible for man to restore peace on earth, so little was this possible for the angels in Heaven.

The good angels were not able of themselves to overcome the peace disturbers, to cast out the devils, for only through Christ can this be effected. It is the blood of the cross that restored peace, even in Heaven. It is only now, after Christ has obtained the victory fully and legally, that Michael and his angels are able to cast Satan and his servants out of Heaven.

During the coming of Christ, the devil not only ruled on earth, but was also still in Heaven. Master Satan, even until this day, is considered the prince of this world. The devil was completely cast out of Heaven after the son was raised to the throne of God. The archangel Michael, with whom the devil had many battles, is the one who is entrusted with the defense of God's church against the opposing powers in the invisible world of spirits. It was only after Christ had risen that Michael and his angels overcame the resisting devil and his angels, and cast the dark powers and principalities of Heaven to the earth.

Demons were in Heaven just like the other angels until the ascension of Christ and, like them, they influenced earth from their abodes in Heaven, in which there are many mansions. As Heaven was not yet shut against the devils, Satan appeared before Jehovah, along with the other sons of God, and in the same way he stood besides the angels of Jehovah. In both cases he is represented as the accuser of his brothers. He accused the high priest Joshua and Jerusalem and Israel that their guilt was not yet atoned for, and that they were therefore unworthy of the mercy which the Lord had shown them in leading them out of the captivity. He also accused the pious Job, asserting that even he was not a just man and received permission from God to tempt him to the utmost. As long as the blood

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of reconciliation was not shed, that atonement, which is opposed to the accusations of Satan, but only as a promise, Satan still possessed a right over men, and could plead this right before God, day and night. So Satan was in Heaven till the ban of sin and death resting on humanity was broken. All creatures, the heavenly powers as well as the creatures of earth, owe their existence to the creative agency of Christ. Also the whole universe, in its two great divisions, the worlds of earth and Heaven, owes to Christ alone, the restoration of harmony.

Satan is the greatest accuser ever created. When he was cast down from the office of accuser in Heaven, his voice was heard before God no more. The day of acceptance in your Christ has dawned, and Satan s angels, those rebel spirits whom he led away, are cast down with him into the earth, where now a new conflict is about to be waged in a very short time (1966), "a calamity in the sky," a war between the devil and his massive giants and the archangel Michael and his band of angels. For thousands of years Master Satan has been planning the invasion of Heaven, although after being cast out of Heaven to earth he is now cast into the bottomless pit, bound and rendered harmless. He doesn't have to execute through actions or works; his greatest power lies through suggestion of thoughts. The war in the sky therefore will be led by a well-trained former earthman known as Zeno.

The fall of the angels and the fall of man brought a curse and destruction into the terrestial world, and also into the celestial spheres. Into the abodes of the holy angel, this twofold catastrophe introduced disturbances, private loss, a retardation of the highest and most perfect development, harmonious gradation, and perfect consummation.

Demons are spiritual beings who are enemies of God and possess the power to afflict man not only with bodily disease, but with spiritual pollution also. They believe in the power of God, and tremble. They recognize the Lord as the Son of God and acknowledge the power of His name, and they look forward to the judgment to come. These demons are as in-

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telligent as angels in knowledge and power, but with the addition of the idea of positive and active wickedness.

Michael was an archangel, one of the first princes of Heaven. He was also at one time a prince of Israel. He was the great prince that stood in time of conflict for the children of the people. As the archangel Gabriel represents the ministration of the angels toward man, so Michael is the type and leader of their strife, in God's name, and in his strength, against the power of Satan. Until this day he is the guardian of the Jewish people in their antagonism to godless power and heathenism. Michael fights in Heaven against the dragon, that old serpent called the devil and Satan, who deceived the whole world.

(Zeno sounded very well informed, so we asked him to tell us something about Adam, the first man.)

The creation of man was the work of the sixth day. His formation was the ultimate object of the Creator. It was with reference to him that all things were designed. He was to be the "roof and crown" of the whole fabric of the world. He is said to have been created in the image and likeness of God, which probably points to the divine pattern and archetype after which man's intelligent nature was fashioned (reason, understanding, imagination, volition and so on being attributes of God), and man alone of the animals of the earth being possessed of a spiritual nature that resembles God's nature.

The name Adam was not confined to the father of the human race, but, like *homo*, was applicable to woman as well, so that we find it said in the Bible: "This is the book of the history of Adam in the day that God created Adam in the likeness of God, made he them, male and female created he them, and called their name Adam in the day when they were created."

The man Adam was placed in a garden that the Lord God had planted "Eastward in Eden," for the purpose of dressing and keeping it. Adam was red in color, taking color after the ground of his time and of which he was formed. The first man created by God was neither a white man nor a black man.

Adam was permitted to eat of the fruit of every tree in the Garden but one, which was called the "Tree of the knowledge

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of good and evil." This tree had the power of bestowing the consciousness of the difference between good and evil, in the ignorance of which man's innocence and happiness consisted.

The prohibition against tasting the fruit of this tree was enforced by the menace of death.

There was also another tree called "the tree of life." This tree of life was supposed to have acted like a kind of medicine, and by the continual use of it our first parents (not created immortal) were preserved from death.

While Adam was in the Garden of Eden, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air were brought to him to be named, and whatsoever he called every living creature, that was his name. Thus the power of filthy designating objects of sense was possessed by the first man, a faculty that is generally considered as indicating mature and extensive intellectual resources.

Upon the failure of a companion suitable for Adam among the creature thus brought to him to be named, the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon him, and thereupon performed the first operation on the face of the earth. He took one of Adam's ribs, which he fashioned into a woman, and brought her to the man. At this point they were both naked, without consciousness of shame. The first man was a true man, with the powers of a man and the innocence of a child. By the subtlety of the serpent, the woman who was given to be with Adam was beguiled into a violation of the one command that had been imposed upon them.

She took the fruit of the forbidden tree and gave it to her husband. The propriety of its name was immediately shown in the results that followed: self-consciousness was the first *fruit of sin*. Their eyes were opened and they knew that they were naked. Though the curse of Adam's rebellion of necessity fell upon him, yet the very prohibition against eating of the tree of life after his transgression was probably a manifestation of divine mercy, because the greatest malediction of all would have been to have the gift of indestructible life superadded to a state of wretchedness and sin. Adam, the first male

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sinner on earth, the only man not to be divorced from a woman's womb, whose rib brought the first woman into the earth, lived to be nine hundred and thirty years old, so it would seem that the death that resulted from his sin was the spiritual death of alienation from God. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die"—and this spiritual death began to work immediately.

"Very, very interesting, Zeno," said I. "Please explain to us the origin of the black man."

"All right, Bennie," answered Zeno. "I'll start with the family of Noah. You have heard of Noah's ark, haven't you?

"The tenth in descent from Adam's name," continued Zeno, "meant rest (this same shall comfort us). There isn't much history that relates to Noah until he is five hundred year old. Very remarkable, however, is the glimpse we get of the state of society in the antediluvian world. The narrative, true, is brief, and on many points obscure. It stands thus:

> And it came to pass when men (the Adam) began to multiply on the face of the ground, and daughters were born unto them; then the sons of God (the Elohim) saw the daughters of men (the Adam) that they were fair, and they took to them wives of all that they chose. And Jehovah said, "My spirit shall not forever rule (or be humble) in men, seeing that they are (or in their error they are) but flesh, and their days shall be a hundred and twenty years. The Nephilim were on earth in those days; and also afterward when the sons of God, came into the daughters of men, and the children were born to them, these were the heroes which were of old, men of renown.

"Well, tell me who were the sons of God? Who were the daughters of men, and who were the Nephilim, and what was meant by 'my spirit shall not forever rule,' or dwell, or be humble in men, and their days shall be a hundred and twenty years?"

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"To answer your first question, there are three different interpretations. The sons of the Elohim were explained as being sons of princes, or men of high rank, who degraded themselves by contracting marriages with the daughters of men, that is with women of inferior position. A second interpretation, perhaps not less ancient, is that the sons of the Elohim were angels. The interpretation that is now most generally received however, is that the sons of the Elohim were the family and descendants of Seth, and the daughters of men (Adam) were the women of the family of Cain. Now we have a new interpretation, that the sons of the Elohim are the servants of worshipers of false gods (taking Elohim to mean not God, but gods) who are supposed to have belonged to a distinct pre-Adamite race. The daughters of men, it is contended, should be rendered 'the daughters of Adam' or Adamite women, that is, those descended from Adam. These last had hitherto remained true in their faith and worship, but were now perverted by the idolators who intermarried with them. As for the Nephilim: they were not the offspring of the sons of the Elohim and the daughters of men. The Nephilim were on the earth in those days. They are said to be of the Canaanite tribes. It means the fallen, that is, the apostate ones, or those who 'fall upon' others, violent men, plunderers, freebooters, and so on.

"In consequence of the grievous and hopeless wickedness of the world at this time, God resolved to destroy it. 'My spirit,' He said, 'shall not always dwell or bear sway in man—inasmuch as he is but flesh.' God had put the breath of life in man and also a spiritual part, capable of recognizing, loving and worshiping Him, but man had sunken down so much into the lowest and most debasing of fleshly pleasures that he had almost extinguished the higher light within him. And his days thereafter were to be a hundred and twenty years, the duration of his life in the future."

This boat, or chest, as some people call it (said Zeno), was made of gopher (cypress) wood, a kind of timber known for its lightness and durability. The planks of the ark, after being put

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together, were to be protected by a coating of pitch or, rather, bitumen, which was to be laid on both inside and outside, as the most effective means of making it watertight, and perhaps also as a protection against the attacks of marine animals.

The ark consisted of a number of "nests" or small compartments, with a view to the convenient distribution of the different animals and their food. These were arranged in three tiers, one above the other, like first, second, and third stories. The size of the ark was three hundred cubits in length, fifty in breadth, and thirty in height. Assuming twenty-one inches to equal one cubit, the ark was five hundred and twenty-five feet in length, eighty-seven and a half feet in breadth, and fifty-two and a half feet in height. In spite of the fact that this structure was huge, it was only intended to float on the water, and was not in the proper sense of the word a ship. It had neither mast nor sail nor rudder, and was actually nothing but an enormous floating house, or oblong box. Two objects only were aimed at in its construction: one was that it should have ample storage space; the other that it should be stable upon the water.

After giving Noah the necessary instructions for the building of the ark, God told him the purpose for which it was designed. The earth was to be destroyed by water. "Behold, I bring the flood waters upon the earth—to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life; but I will establish my covenant with you." The inmates of the ark are then specified. They are to be Noah and his wife, his three sons with their wives. Noah is also to take a pair of each kind of animal into the ark with him, that he may preserve them alive—birds, domestic animals, and creeping things are particularly mentioned. He is to provide for the wants of each of these by storing every kind of food that is eaten. And everything that God commanded of Noah, he did.

The ark was finished, and all its living freight was gathered into it as in a place of safety. The Lord shut him in and then there ensued a solemn pause of seven days before the threatened destruction was let loose. At last the flood came; the waters

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were upon the earth. The waters of the flood increased for a period of one hundred and ninety days. Then God remembered Noah, and made a wind to pass over the earth so that the waters were assuaged. The ark rested on the seventeenth day of the seventh month on the mountain of Ararat, in Armenia. After this the waters gradually decreased, till the first day of the tenth month, when the tops of other mountains were seen. It was then that Noah sent forth first the raven, which flew hither and thither, resting probably on the mountaintops, but not returning to the ark. After an interval of seven days, Noah sent the dove to see if the waters had abated from the ground, that is, the lower plain country. But the dove found no rest for her feet, and she returned to the ark. After waiting for another seven days, Noah again sent forth the dove, which returned this time with a fresh olive leaf in her mouth, a sign that the water were still lower. After another interval of seven days, Noah again sent forth the dove, and she returned not again to him, having found a home for herself upon the earth. The flood had at last abated.

"Noah's first act after he left the ark was to build an altar and offer sacrifices," continued Zeno. "This is the first altar of which we read in Scripture, and the first burnt sacrifice. The Lord accepted the sacrifice of Noah as acknowledgment on the part of man that he desired reconciliation and communion with God. Then the Lord blessed Noah and his sons. All living creatures were then given to man for food, but express provision was made that the blood (in which is the life) should not be eaten. Next, God made provision for the security of human life. The blood of man, in which is his life, was yet more precious than the blood of beasts.

"Noah was five hundred years old when he begat three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. He was considered righteous in his generation. The whole human race, except eight persons, perished in the waters of the flood. Noah was clearly the head of a new human race. It is as such that your God made his covenant with him, and hence selected a natural phenomenon as the sign of that covenant. The rainbow in the cloud, seen

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by every nation under Heaven, is an unfailing witness to the truth of your God.

"Noah then and for the rest of his life engaged in agricultural pursuits, following in this the tradition of his family. He planted a vineyard and drank of the juice of the grape until he became intoxicated, and shamefully exposed himself in his own tent. One of his sons, Ham, mocked openly at his father's disgrace. The other sons, Shem and Japhet, after hearing Ham's story, with dutiful care and reverence endeavored to hide it.

"When Noah recovered from the effects of intoxication, he declared that a curse should rest upon the sons of Ham. The curse was this, that all Ham's descendants would be born black. Ham itself signifies warm or hot. This meaning is confirmed by the Egyptian word *kem* (Egypt), which is the Egyptian equivalent of Ham and is an adjective signifying black. It also implies warmth as well as blackness."

"If what you say is true, Zeno, then the black man's origin was the Jewish race."

"The Bible evidence seems, at first sight, to class the Hebrew as a Hamitic, rather than a Semitic, form of speech. As a matter of fact, it is called in the Bible 'the language of Canaan,' " replied Zeno.

"This is news to me, Zeno. You mean to tell me that because of what one son did the whole black race must suffer?" asked Peter.

"So it has been, Peter. But the suffering of the black man is terminating. The black man, too, is about to venture on a furlough from Hell. Have you not lived in Hell on this earth? Your father and your father's father were denied freedom on earth in every form. I ask you, is that not Hell?

"This curse is now off, Peter and Bennie. Your race will rise, and furlough you from the Hell your people had to endure so long. No mortal man can be an obstacle. I could expound on the future on the black race, but time will give you all the answers.

"At this moment my thoughts are triggering actions in Russia, Africa, Cuba, India, Germany, Japan, and America, for

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it will be from these nations I will kidnap three hundred and eighty million men and women and children to wage war against your God. I am here to overthrow this execution of hypocritical Christianity, and triumph with paganism. My field is really the world, and Master Satan is not merely after the blood of Americans, but also those in the uttermost parts of the earth. Master Satan has many supporters in America; the Ku Klux Klan, The White Citizens' Council, the Islam Cult, the Birch Society, the National Manufacturers Association, and many others, some secret, organizations. Other strong supporters are in Red China, Formosa, Japan, Cuba, Africa, and other nations."

"Tell us, Zeno, how you plan to kidnap three hundred and eighty million people."

"Even if I explained it, you wouldn't understand. You do not have control of your mental faculties. Both of you are drunk. At any rate, I will explain, for it is to my advantage. First, I work in darkness. I can put anyone to sleep and command him to fly to me like a bird. He can't be seen by the human eye, for he will be camouflaged by the sky. His destination is the centre of the earth, to be trained for the greatest of all wars: one hundred million from India; one hundred million from China; one hundred million from Russia; thirty million from America; twenty-five million from Japan; and twenty-five million from Germany.

"The people of the earth will collaborate in peace in trying to determine the fantastic disappearance of her people. Only you and Bennie will really know. Between 1966 and 1967, an awful vision will appear in the sky. Three hundred and eighty million of Satan's soldiers will be in combat with Michael and his angels. This great spectacle will last about three minutes during which everything will just disappear. It will be witnessed by every nation under Heaven. I, Zeno, will advance toward Heaven at the head of the men, women, and children of war. They will be choice warriors of the flower of Hell. It is all true."

"If what you say is true, how will you advance to Heaven?"

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"We will walk on the clouds, Bennie, and that is why they will be trained in some of the knowledge of Satan. All our soldiers will be in the form of little children in white, advancing with their heads bowed as if in reverence."

"What kind of weapons will you use, Zeno?"

"Psychological weapons, Bennie. Angels were created never to die. However, Satan, having once been an angel, says they can be frightened. Our weapons are tiny spears that upon contact create a deafening noise. Satan says this will frighten and confuse the angels, and that we can conquer them and Heaven."

"Do you think your plan will succeed?"

"I don't know, Bennie. But if it does, look out world!"

"Zeno, did you hear about the Russians orbiting into space?"

"Of course, but they were not the first ones to go that high. You see, Bennie, at one time in the life of men the whole earth was of one language, one speech. A group of men were journeying from the East and found a plain in the land of Shinar; they liked it and dwelt there.

"After discussing different subjects, one conceived the idea of making bricks and baking them thoroughly. They had bricks for stone and lime for mortar. They started laughing and jesting, and one said, 'Let us build a city and a tower so tall that the top may reach into Heaven.' Another said, Let us make us a name before we are separated and scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.' These children of men built the tower rapidly, and it was soon reaching into Heaven (which actually made them truly the first men in outer space). The Lord said, behold, the people are one, and they have all one language; and now they have builded this city and a tower reaching heaven. Now nothing will be restrained from them, which they have imagined to do.' The Lord thought that was too much, and He confounded their speech so that when one of them asked for mortar or brick, he could not be understood by the other. The Lord scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth, and they left the city and tower. The name of that city, Bennie, was called Babel, because it was there that

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the Lord confounded the language of all the earth, and it was also from there that the Lord scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth. All of this happened during the generation of Shem, son of Noah, yet the fact remains that the first men into outer space happened to live thousands of years ago."

"One last question, Zeno. Give us your opinion of the great white race."

"Yes, Bennie, but always remember one thing: *all white folks ain't bad . . .*"

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III

DURING my short span on earth (continued Zeno) I never judged a man without first observing him in order to know the true good he possessed and the devilish hell that was part of him. For to me every man is basically three parts good and one part bad. No baby who is divorced from his mother's womb is born to hate; he is taught the insidious art as he ventures through life.

Snow folks often remind me of a well-trained dog wearing a muzzle. The closer a stranger approaches his master's castle (though it be a barn), the dog will bark and growl most viciously. He does this bit of canine execution because he feels that the stranger will disturb something that belongs to his master, and he wants to protect it. So snow folks bark and growl most viciously, the antique clock's pointed arrow slowly moving round and round. Grandpa's time is pressing; the black man ain't resting, but gradually moving forward systematically, cautiously, passively, constructively, and through the fate of the snow folks self-defense. The black man is not trying to disturb or abrogate anything the snow folks have accumulated, but only to own some of the beautiful varieties that God put here for man. I have never hated snow folks, although some of my associates dislike me because I don't hate them. I am aware that snow folks have been and still are inexcusably devilish to the American Negro. But all white folks ain't bad.

Snow folks are enjoined as human beings to treat their black brothers as brothers, but they have infringed upon this right. It has always seemed odd to me how an intelligent snow man can consider himself superior to a darker man who is just as intelligent and may have the same or even a higher I.Q., or

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how a snow imbecile can consider himself greater than a black imbecile. All white folks ain't bad, really, but some of them inherit bad manners, as a friend showed me after I accepted an invitation to have dinner with him and his family. My friend had three daughters, two sons, and of course, a wife. She was a very attractive and charming woman. To gaze at her you wouldn't believe she had borne five children. Our hostess called us to dinner, to which we all immediately responded. We took our seats at the table. There was no blessing. We enjoyed ourselves delightfully, and after dinner we relaxed, watched television, and conversed. A little while later our host got up and went to the bathroom, which, incidentally, was next to the living room. He sat on the seat with the door wide open, and you guessed right. He was a natural stinker, but all white folks ain't bad.

The American Negroes are fighting for their right to vote today, most of them not really knowing that Negroes voted in the South many, many years ago. The records prove that the last Negro voted in Virginia in 1723. The law at that time said that if you owned the requisite amount of property and complied with other conditions, you could legally vote. Negroes in the North were somewhat free and allowed to vote. Abraham Lincoln said, "I am not ashamed to confess that twenty-five years ago, I was a hired laborer, hauling rails on a flat boat; just what might happen to any poor man's son. I want every man to have his chance, and I think a black man is entitled to one in which he can better his condition; when he may look forward and hope to be a hired laborer, and finally to hire men to work for him." That is the true system. Abraham Lincoln was a snow man who did most to prove that all white folks ain't bad. Of course, old Abe also said that if he could save the Union without freeing any slaves, he would do it; if he could save it by freeing all the slaves, he would do it, and if he could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, he would also do that. What he did about slavery and the colored race he did because he believed it helped to save the Union. History also records that Richard M. Johnson, a

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democratic Vice-President of the United States, had colored daughters of whom he was very proud, and his was not an exceptional case. Several presidents of the United States have been accused of racial catholicity in sex. But all white folks ain't bad.

Be it known that the North was not abolitionist; it was overwhelmingly in favor of Negro slavery, so long as it did not interfere with northern money-makers. On the other hand, there was a minority of the North who hated slavery with perfect hatred, and treated Negroes as men. Congress approved the Fourteenth Amendment, which became a part of the Constitution. This Amendment made Negroes citizens by declaring that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States are citizens."

When Congress passed the Reconstruction Act of 1867, the governments of the ten unwilling states were swept away, and these states were divided into five military districts, each district under army rule. The soldiers were to keep order and organize a new state government, more to the liking of Congress. In forming these new governments, Congress ruled that the southern snows who had fought against the Union would not be allowed to vote and hold office.

The Fifteenth Amendment also protected the Negro. It stated that no citizen should be kept from voting because of his race or color, or the fact that he had once been a slave. The white folks running the government, by law, enabled many ex-slaves to vote and hold office, although they could not read, write, or understand the workings of government. The illiterate Negroes holding office became easy victims of selfish snow men who sought to gain control of the Southern governments. These snow northern carpetbaggers saw a chance to get rich quick, and flew to the South. The southern snow scalawags who opposed secession now thought they could gain something by favoring the North. The carpetbaggers and scalawags were strictly interested in wealth and power, rather than rebuilding the South. The carpetbaggers, scalawags, and Negroes formed a Republican Party in the South. The carpetbaggers and

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scalawags promised the Negroes power and money, and got themselves elected to office in the state government. Negroes and scalawags were elected to the state legislature. By 1870, all the southern states had been admitted to the Union once more. Under the carpetbaggers and scalawags the southern legislatures wasted huge sums of money. The capital building in South Carolina was furnished with $650 French mirrors, $60 chairs, $600 clocks, and $60 imported china spittons. An enormous amount of money was spent foolishly, and in return huge amounts were voted for building roads, schools and railroads, although much of this went under the table. The heavy taxes fell chiefly on the southern snows who owned property. Many were forced to sell their land because they could not pay the taxes. Since the southern snows could not vote or hold office, they did not know how they could get relief from the burden of bad government. The southern snows began to form secret societies of which the Ku Klux Klan was the most active. The purpose of the Ku Klux Klan was to scare the Negro so he would not vote for or support the carpetbaggers' governments. They clad themselves in white robes and hoods and operated in the still of the night, striking terror by their threats. The Ku Klux Klan's idea was so successful in frightening the Negro that Congress ordered federal soldiers to break up the organization.

The southern snows who had been little boys during the war had grown up, and since they had not fought against the United States, they were permitted to vote and hold office.

Congress, however, passed a law restoring the right to vote to most of the southern snows. In time, the southern snows regained much of their power. They enacted laws that barred anyone who could not read, write or recite the Constitution, from voting; and also required the payment of a poll tax. These laws, plus harassment by the Ku Klux Klan, were the downfall of the Negroes. Even today many Negroes are denied the privilege of voting. But all white folks ain't bad.

Those who deny freedom to others do not deserve it themselves. One specific question the snow man invariably asks the

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Negro is what has the Negro contributed to the United States? My answer to the snow imps of satan, who have been misinformed, and the good snow people who also have been fed adverse propaganda is this: the Civil War was definitely won by the American Negro. If the Negro slaves had not decided to fight on the side of the North, the war really would have been won by the South, and therefore the Union would have been destroyed. This, of course, is why, from generation to generation, from century to century, and until this present day, the southern snow man pretends to hate the Negro. Actually, and in all reality and truth, it is the northern snow man the southern snow man despises, but he, the Southerner, cannot get even with the northern snow man because of the North's power and riches, so he constantly preys on the Negro.

The northern snow man, also an imp of Satan, and even more so, if possible, rules in secret and darkness. The northern snow man's mode of action is pursued by satanic antagonists. The northern snow man is like a snake in the grass. His constant effort is to depress, dishearten, and weaken the already weak Negro race by psychological, hostile, contemptuous, and ignominious treatment.

The southern snow brothers of Stalin, Hitler, and Krushchev definitely let you know where you stand. So if the Negro was responsible for the north's winning of the Civil War, the Negro basically contributed to everything that the snow population in the United States possesses today—such as thriving plants, factories, industries, counties, cities, states, homes, and apartment buildings. Four million Negro slaves fought and won this success for all the American snows. Now the Negroes own no factories, plants, or industries. Why? Because the northern and southern imps of Satan possess a proviso never to allow the Negro, as a group, to advance. All the industries in the United States are manned by snows of all creeds and nationalities, but not Negroes. The snow folks helped each other all the way, lending money and advice to new ideas, but when the Negro came forward with creative ideas the snow

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men either stole them, bought him out for a small fee, or just deliberately took them. Many of your successful ideas in industry today were originally a Negro's ideas. Can you imagine snow men stealing, lying, and cheating a Negro? Well, they are doing it every day, which only proves that all white folks ain't bad. Speaking of stealing reminds me of a story of a Negro riding on a streetcar in Chicago some time ago. A snow man sitting behind the Negro saw a bedbug enjoying himself on the Negro's shoulder. The snow man reached out to knock it off, and the Negro said, "Oh, no you don't! Leave it alone, dammit! You snow folks got everything; now you want our bedbugs too. Leave it alone!"

White folks! White folks!
Whatcha' looking at me for?
I just came to tell you
It dead ain't long.

Although unionism is on the move where the American Negro is concerned, it too has been hypocritical. The A.F. of L. has always been anti-black, and the Negro didn't receive a break until the birth of the C. I. O. There are many local unions whose by-laws prohibit the Negro from becoming a member. Some of the same local members we fought with, ate with, slept with, and even went to bed with the same snow gal during the war, will not permit us to share an equal dignity with them in peacetime. Unionism has done more for the progress of the Negro than any other movement, including the federal government. After unionism rids itself of its corrupt leaders, it will definitely be the greatest single movement on earth, even surpassing the great Uncle Sam. It will be through unionism that free medical aid will be won. Homes will be bought through unionism, and at the lowest prices. People will soon be going to union offices to find jobs instead of to factories, or their employment offices. This, of course, is my prophecy, yet at this writing unions are as prejudiced as any industry. Only one Negro is on the executive board of the A.F.L.—C.I.O., and

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very few Negro men and women working in the international offices. Before my prophecy shall fail, unionism will wake up and live democratically.

Now, all you hypocritical snow folks think you are really snow, with your inane ways and insidious acts. Well, you are in a way. But I say, what color is your heart, with your biases and prejudices? You have a gangster world that lives fabulously in these United States, an organization that is almost as powerful as the federal government. Even a common man knows how dishonest, sinful, and downright rotten this prosperous world of all-snow gangsterism is, and directly causes law-abiding citizens to pay heavier taxes. You live right next door to these stinking connivers, con men, robbers, and murderers, and would rather do so than live next door to a clean or intelligent Negro family. You can't blame the world of gangsterism on Negroes, thank God.

An American Negro family that wants to move into your all-white neighborhood is condemned and ostracized, yet you will let a nationally known white gangster move right next door without uttering a single word.

You may know the history of the underworld, but you have not seen it at its worst yet. It has recently been rather quiet. This growing cancerous organization could have been retarded years ago, if our snow county, city, state and federal leaders had not been corrupt. The gangster world controls all gambling in the United States, all prostitution and call girls, all dope traffic, and now it has infiltrated industry. Its next move will be homes and apartment buildings. Real estate protection across the United States would bring the underworld more revenue than the Irish sweepstakes. The underworld cannot be stopped by any ordinary law body now—not even the F.B.I. can destroy it. Only the United States Army can break up the powerful syndicate, provided that none of the generals are on the syndicate's payroll.

The federal government, whose first interest should be the protection of its citizens, has failed in this obligation. Gangsters are still killing at will; dope is still being smuggled into the

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United States; county and city and state officials are still raiding and ravishing public funds. Negro Americans are constantly intimidated in the South by monkeyshine snows. When any city or state is overrun by or abused by certain ungracious groups, the federal government should not hesitate to move in and protect its citizens.

There are many Negro Communists in the United States, just as there are white Commies. I sincerely believe that all so-called Negro reds actually hate the democratic government, and come hell or high water, would do anything to destroy it. The American snow man's policy has always been anti-black inside and outside the continental limits of the United States. The way the American snow man has low-rated and slandered the Negro century after century, it's little wonder that the twenty million Negroes in the sweet land of Liberty aren't Communists. To all Negro Communists I have this to say, "The almighty Russians are white too, and although they are using you for exploitation purposes, think what they have really done for the American Negro all these years. What are they doing for you inside Russia? Do Negroes help to run the Soviet government? Do Negro doctors or lawyers practice in Russia? Do Negroes own their own businesses in Russia? The Communist Party itself is good only for its leaders, and even their lives are constantly in danger. The big-time leaders of the Communist Party are in all truth capitalists. They are the ones who are rich and live fabulously, and, as I've said before, although the Russians are snow, "all white folks ain't bad." Many American teen-age gangs, black and white, are communist inspired, although the kids are not aware of it. Kill out the youth of a nation and you've destroyed the nation.

The narcotic traffic in the United States is masterminded by snow folks. It spreads to all nationalities. Russia and Red China would do everything within their power to feed narcotics into the United States, because this is a systematic way of destroying humans without firing a single shot. Americans who seek individual wealth through the narcotics racket are destroying our wonderful youth. It is our youth of the coming genera-

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tion that will build this mighty nation. Dope is sold to grade-school kids, high school kids, and college kids. Our intelligence department defeated the great and powerful German army, yet they can't stop the smuggling of narcotics, or the operation of gangsters, or the intimidation of its citizens. Do you believe that? The experts on African affairs have constantly warned our government to move in and help Africa, but because our leaders in power were anti-black they refused. Now the Reds hold a good part of Africa. The Africans begged the United States for help. They wanted no part of communism—but when a stomach is really hungry, it doesn't care who feeds it or what his doctrines are.

The American snow man's die-hard prejudice tactics will be his ultimate downfall, unless he completely changes his un-democratic system. His idea of continued submission of the Negro may never be whitewashed, but the circle will certainly diminish.

Now the snow folks have started a Peace Corps. But don't be fooled by it as being the first one. Let the world know that a well-known American Negro citizen had a very successful world peace program in operation, which was known all over the world and respected. This far-sighted Negro was intimidated and indicted by the anti-black federal government, but was neither proved guilty nor convicted. Had the government counseled with this intelligent Negro, listened to his far-reaching ideals and philosophy, there would not be a conflict and differences in Laos, Cuba, Red China, Africa and Russia, for this Negro's idea of world peace had been proposed in all these countries, and they were willing to co-operate. Now the United States is going to spend millions of dollars on its Peace Corps, and the ironical part of it is that they are forced to use many Negroes for foreign work, mostly in Africa. What kind of honest story can they expound?

We Americans have the White Citizens Councils and the diarrhea Ku Klux Klan, both Hitlerite organizations that constantly try to block the progress of the Negro, either indivi-

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dually or as a group. You know the history of the Klu Klux Klan which still roams the southern countryside, killing, burning, lynching, and drowning the black man. Now we have the Islam cult, an all-black, anti-white society. The snows both in the North and in the South are upset over the existence of this all-Negro clique. If the federal government allows the White Citizens' Councils to live, the Ku Klux Klan to survive, then this all-Negro cult has just as much right to oppose the snow race. I personally do not believe in snow supremacy or black supremacy, therefore I am opposed to the White Citizens Councils, the Ku Klux Klan, and the all-black Islam cult. If we are to practice and live in a sincere democratic society, then the above organizations, regardless of protective laws, should, along with the underworld of gangsterism, be absolutely destroyed. This all-black Islam cult, if allowed to grow in stature and power, would be deadly venom to the human race. Its violence would have no equal. Members of the cult that I have met have proved to be extreme fanatics, and hate all Negroes that do not agree with their philosophy and are not dedicated members. If they were fortunate enough to gain utopian power, they would be one billion times more inhuman than the Mau Maus of Africa and the British of the sixteenth century. However, as long as the federal government allows hate organizations to exist, such as the White Citizens Councils, the Ku Klux Klan, and the slanderous John Birch Society, then the all-black Islam cult, by the same token, has the skunky rights to practice their anti-snow tactics.

The only thing I have against the Islam cult is its advocacy of black supremacy. Its other facts and philosophies should be taught to the Negro masses. Negroes spend billions of dollars yearly on the snow man's products. As the cult preaches, Negroes should be in business for themselves to gain great economic power. The Islam cult operates a school that is more than the other millionaire Negroes have done. Furthermore, through this school Negroes can learn everything about the true history of the Negro. I maintain that if the cult abandons

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its hate of the snow man, it could grow into the most powerful Negro organization on the face of the earth. But I don't think it will do away with that attitude, therefore it will continue to be just another Negro organization. I can sincerely appreciate such an organization, if only to combat all the snow anti-black organizations. When I think about these unfair, inhuman, barbarian snow organizations, believe me, I wish all members of the Islam cult Godspeed.

I registered for the draft in 1940, as all good Americans did. I was immediately unlucky, for they pulled my number right away. After finishing my basic training, which I learned from a snow imbecile (and that was nothing), I was transferred farther south and heard a speech I'll never forget.

Some supposedly intelligent Negro didn't enjoy the food he was served, so he sent a letter of complaint to his mama, which she relayed to Washington, D.C., and the Pentagon. A letter was forwarded to the general of the camp, which, of course, peeved the general and made his face red. In rebuttal, the general called all the colored soldiers together and made his little speech. (This is the payoff.) The high-ranking, big-time United States Army general called each colored soldier "a nigger apiece" and said, "All white folks ain't bad." Naturally I felt very low, as did all the other soldiers, for we knew that what little teaching the junior officers had built up in us, the general of our camp had torn down in one insignificant speech, but as I've been saying, "All white folks ain't bad."

Snow folks seem to be under the impression that Negroes want to live with them. They have never been so wrong. The colored race is growing by leaps and bounds, and due to crowded conditions is compelled to branch out. It doesn't precisely look for snow neighborhoods to live in, but since the snow folks connived and killed the Indians and took their country from them, they just happen to be lousy everywhere. So consequently the Negro has to be content with living and settling in the snow man's environment, which is something the majority of them are not used to, as well as the snows. As fast as the Negro

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moves into these all-snow sections, the snows move out. Well, this is good, because as long as you are snow in this country you can move anywhere. Even DP's, who talk about America as if it were nothing, can enter this country and live where they please without getting their homes set afire, their windows broken, and so on. And all because he's snow, and yet some of these D.P.'s are anti-American.

White folks! White folks!
Where are you flying to?
Oh, you're heading for the moon,
Cause the Negroes are moving in.

One of the most embarrassing sights I've ever experienced was a trivial race riot in Chicago. The thing that embarrassed me was watching old snow women sneering, jeering, throwing stones, and carrying bats and sticks, because a Negro family had moved into their all-snow project. I must admit that I was really, in all truth, sincerely surprised at the action of these snow women. It only proved that we had been brain-washed about them—the cream of the crop of American womanhood—cool, calm, and intelligent. What made it more pathetic was the fact that the majority of them were old hags, ranging in age from sixty to seventy. They should have stayed in their homes teaching their grandchildren that all white folks ain't bad.

White folks! White folks!
This earth belongs to God.
You and I are tenants here;
You don't own this land.

Snow folks often say that Negroes are unclean. However, they still employ them to take care of their offspring, to cook and serve their dinners, to keep their lawns trimmed and their homes spotless. I ask you, if they were really dirty, would you allow them in your home?

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White folks! White folks!
You invented Mr. Clean.
Let him clean your hearts and minds
The way it ought to be.

Out on the south side of Chicago there is a great population of American Negroes. The snow folks refer to this area as "the black belt." Inside of this so-called black belt are all types of Negroes and all colors—black, brown, tan, yellow, and even some white Negroes. The dumb, back-side snow folks who frequent that great section and make their living there judge the whole Negro race by the lowest, degraded Negroes that they come in contact with. They say, "Yes, over in that black belt they use dope from the age of thirteen to fifty. They're lousy with it." The only thing about this statement is that the snow folks taught the black dope users the trade, and introduced jive to them. However narcotics get into the United States, it is definitely snow folk at the ultimate top of the racket.

At least ninety per cent of the things that I know today, good and bad alike, I learned from some snow person. That's why I always maintain that all white folks ain't bad. They taught me how to add, multiply, and subtract, and also to read and write, but for the bad snow people, that is where they made their mistake. Because now they can't bull me. I know that I don't always have to look out for bull, because all white folks ain't bad. They taught me the history of the world (their world). They taught me salesmanship, the art of approaching people and making deals, which are almost impossible for a black man to do (or so they think). They taught me how to cheat, con, connive, and rob, how to fire a gun, a cannon, and how to make a home-made bomb. They are going to teach me more, more, more, and more, and my children too, because when the inevitable time approaches, they are going to need me, and above all they want to prove to the world that all white folks ain't bad.

I was riding a bus a fortnight ago when some snow school kids entered. The bus was crowded, but one of the kids was

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lucky enough to get a seat. The other boys started putting their schoolbooks on his lap. As there were about ten or twelve of them, the books made quite a stack, so he said to them, "What the hell do youse guys t'ink I is?" One of them said, "A nigger." And they all laughed. Some of the snow grown-ups on the bus looked around at them and didn't even crack a smile, which proves that all white folks ain't bad. The word "nigger" is a stigma put on the colored race by snows. The United States is the only so-called-civilized country that slanders its American brothers with this derogatory word. Most races in the United States have some stigma attached to them, but I don't care to go into it.

Mr. Webster at one time defined a nigger as one, white or black, who was low in morals; now, however, the definition has changed to one who is black. He didn't say whether he meant black in color or in heart.

All race haters constantly suffer in many different fashions. Race haters definitely keep their minds locked against the facts and understanding of brotherly love. Three of the many reasons that heart disease is the number-one killer in the United States today can be attributed to hatred, jealousy, and prejudice. In all truth, the hater suffers much more agony than the hated.

Every day of my life that I pick up a paper I read where snow folks are killing each other. Sons are murdering mothers and dads, daughters are finishing off mothers, young boys are slaughtering sweethearts, snow folks are kidnaping and taking the lives of small babies, snow folks are raping and slaying their victims. Yet because of my intelligence, I do not judge the whole snow race by these daily occurrences, for I know that all white folks ain't bad.

Every native Negro American and every native snow American are just as much related as Jesus Christ is to God, but they won't permit themselves the thought, and on this point they keep their minds opaque. Every white woman who speaks out against a colored man is speaking against her own brother. We all are a reproduction of each other, beginning with, of course, one man, Adam, and one woman, Eve.

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To me, women are the greatest of all creations. The presence of women in our society has been a utopian inspiration to the development of this earth. If the sun, the stars, and the moon are beautiful, it's because of the presence of femininity. No flower on earth could be beautiful to any man if there were not present in his mind the cologne of some female. My eyes have never focused upon an ugly woman—all women to me are beautiful simply because they are women.

The same wives, sisters, sweethearts, mothers, and grandmothers possess another side, one that can be squalid, wintry, and devious. Snow women are ninety per cent responsible for all the racial prejudices that exist in the United States, because they spend most of their time raising children and teaching them hatred, and in this respect they have a powerful influence over their weary and simple-minded husbands. Some snow men don't give a damn about prejudice. They sincerely don't care whether they live with Negroes, eat with them, sleep with them, love them, or shoot craps with them. It's really the snow woman who is secretly influencing them, and always has. The snow woman was taught to hate the black man, to protect her virtue against him. She now teaches it. The snow woman is extremely jealous of, yes, jealous of that fine and glorious sister of hers—the colored woman. That snow woman knows that if it wasn't for prejudice she wouldn't even have a man. She keeps the pressure on her man to keep him away from the colored girl.

Ninety per cent of all snow men love colored women. As a matter of fact, if they are normal, they love women, period. The characteristics of man never change, and the love of woman is one. Many more snow men are marrying sepia women than are sepia men marrying fay women. It amuses yours truly when I hear a Negro male talk about snow women. Always how beautiful they are, how lovely they are, how sweet they walk and talk, and in his egotistical belief, if it wasn't for the snow man's prejudice he could have her.

Don't condemn the snow man. I repeat, ninety per cent of all snow children are raised by Mama. The snow woman

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doesn't give a damn about a coal-dust man. As a matter of fact, if she never saw one it wouldn't faze her, to say the least. The snow woman is the most prejudiced hussy on earth, but she is gradually losing her omnipotent hold on prejudice. Women are wise mortals; they are wise enough to realize that a woman is a woman and that man possesses passion.

The only reason the snow woman possesses anything today is because she was free, and all that her folks accumulated was passed on from one generation to the next. Factually, all she owns that her darker sister doesn't own is hair that is a little longer and a little more money. A snow woman doesn't have the sex appeal of her brown-skinned sister, nor the shrewd mind of a colored gal. Many a snow woman would wither and die if she knew that her honorable husband was out promiscuously with some black angel face, and that all he uses his snow wife for is to have babies and teach them that all white folks ain't bad.

Many snow men with thriving businesses in the black belt of Chicago have amours with colored girls, because colored girls are very amorous. I'm not a prejudiced man, but when I see a snow man with a marvelous sunburned female, I become envious, because I know, believe me, that he has something that is festal and pregnant with fervor, and can thrill him like he's never been thrilled before—he deserves it, too—because all white folks ain't bad.

When I was about sixteen years old, I worked in a grocery store as a delivery boy. The boss sent me to his home with his groceries. As I reached his home, his daughter, who was a little older than I, opened the door after I had kicked on it three or four times. I went in as she walked away. I spoke and she acknowledged my greeting. She didn't close the door, and as my hands were full I kicked it closed. She then stretched out on the davenport. I continued on to the kitchen, set the groceries on the table (what a relief), and started back through the house to leave.

As I approached the living room, she was still on the davenport, only this time in her birthday suit. She politely rolled

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off the davenport on the floor, and I was forced to stop. There was absolutely nothing to obstruct my view. My eyes were exactly twenty-twenty, and even if I had been blind, my sight would have been restored at this unexpected and commanding spectacle. I was forced to gaze upon her lovely solitude. I was speechless and positively spellbound at such a spirited squab. When I regained my senses, I was a block away from my boss's domain, trying to concentrate on my dusky experience. I don't know what was expected of me, but I do know I'm here today on a furlough from Hell.

They say that money is the root of all evil; maybe so. But the snow woman with her prejudices and black heart is running a very close second. How can she have the audacity to teach her offspring to hate because of pigmentation or nationality? Doesn't she realize that the waste that's released from her offspring's rectum is just as squalid as that of anyone else's offspring, or that her offspring's breath can be even more filthy than his black brother's? And that if he is promiscuous he, too, can bring gonorrhea or syphilis into the house? And that he, too, will kill her, rape her, damn his grandma, set fire to the house, rob his preacher, kill his brother as Cain did Abel—all because she taught him to hate? Yet I maintain all white folks ain't bad.

How can she teach him "Our Father, which art in Heaven," or "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then turn around and tell the innocent thing that "all black folks are diarrhea," don't fraternize with them, for they are unclean, dumb, ignorant, shiftless, thieves, and morons.

I went to a social function one evening at a friend's home. He had a poker game running. The affair was really nice, quiet, and enjoyable, and refreshments were served. To play poker wasn't unusual, for this type of game happens anywhere whenever men gather for pastime. Now I'm not a poker player. I don't even know the game well enough to play it. Another guest and I were sitting and conversing when someone responded to a knock on the door. In walked three six-foot snow dicks (detectives) with guns drawn. One said, "Stick 'em up, you

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black sons of Satan. Get over by the intercoursing wall and don't look around." The others were grabbing the money and putting it in their pockets, while the one who was doing all the filthy talking continued. "I ought to kill all you black-butt niggers, because you ain't no damned good anyway." (He was now searching each man for more money and arms.) After he finished searching us and was satisfied we didn't have any guns, he said, "Now get out of here, all you jet-black infidels! Get out of here on the double, before I change my mind and put all of your black stinking back seats in jail!"

Snow policemen, along with black policemen, used to run roughshod over Negro citizens day and night, and women and children were no exception. They have even at times undressed Negro women looking for narcotics. They could have had women officers undress them in private, but snow policemen are sadists, sex perverts, and maniacs. I will always suspect that the Grimes sisters, the Shussler and Peterson boys, the Anderson girl, and all other unsolved sex crimes were committed by a policeman of snow pigmentation. He would be protected by his uniform and never be questioned on such matters, yet a policeman could be a sex deviate even though he represents the law. A uniform doesn't and never will change a man's sexual desires. Whenever a sex case comes up, every policeman in the district should be questioned. It's true, too, that this deviate, if he's a law officer, would probably commit his insane crime in another district. Many policemen have been discharged from the force because of statutory rape and homosexual acts. When the scientific department of the police force can't solve a crime, then they had better start checking each other. This inhuman and heinous buzzard is still on the loose. Snow folks, he could be a member of your family, a roomer in your house, a next-door neighbor, a worker in your office or your factory, but there's one thing for sure, he is at this time rubbing elbows with you, and he definitely isn't a black man because that would be too obvious. Another inevitable certainty is that he will strike again, and I pray to Almighty God that he will be caught.

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You don't want Negroes in your neighborhood, yet you have many snow deviates. I ask you, what is the difference between a black deviate and a snow one? Every deviate should be put away for the rest of his life, because if he lives in a free society he will strike again and again.

When I was in England, our snow brothers told the English broads that all colored soldiers would appreciate it very much if they would address them as "Mr. Nigger." They said that all niggers were abnormal, mentally and physically, that their perks were the size of a horse's, and that they had long tails that they concealed up their rectum. (I'm sure the snow boys from the United States soon found out that the old axiom "Every knock is a boost" was really true).

An English girls' club invited us to a social gathering. After a few dances with our snow English-speaking sisters and a few cups of spiked tea, the conversation came up about the penis and the hidden tail. One of our boys who was uninhibited to a T, politely obliged a party of these good-natured snow women by pulling down his pants and G.I. shorts. They saw no abnormal penis and couldn't find any hidden tail. Everybody was happy. The girls were convinced that we boys, although darker, were normal. This adverse propaganda left there by our snow American brothers actually helped most of Uncle Sam's dark nephews realize their first non-black women, and you know the rest—many thousands of beautiful tan babies. Another good reason why all white folks ain't bad.

The snow woman, the acknowledged utopian mother of the U.S.A., has been an excellent teacher at dishing out race prejudice. Besides teaching it in the home, it is taught in the churches, Sunday schools, private schools, and all snow schools. That is why, too, they are opposed to integration. Integration will, of course, put the red lights on such teaching. The youngsters will find out for themselves about their Negro brothers and sisters, and in most cases will learn to hate their parents for lying to them. Even the D.P. has been taught to hate the Negro and not to fraternize with him. Many D.P.'s

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have often asked me why. In their own countries there is no prejudice. My reply was not to worry about it, because all white folks ain't bad. Snow women have always been respected by the entire Negro race. We have always held them on a high pedestal, because they were the snow man's woman.

Some snow women, however, have lost their perfection. She has proved, not only to her black-and-tan brothers and sisters, but to the whole world, that she is perfidious, tough, and shrewd. Their grotesque demonstrations in Chicago's Trumbull Park, in Arkansas, and in New Orleans portray a true picture of the other side of the snow woman, and strengthen the fact that some snow women are truly the utopian culprits behind bias and prejudice. Her chanting, her hissing, her derogatory remarks have been heard around the globe.

Innocent little snow children had to be smuggled into an integrated school in America, mind you! Here there's supposed to be liberty and justice for all. These snow blockade runners were insulted and intimidated by screaming, violent snow women, all because of a little lone Negro girl. The snow women, considered the cream of American culture (because they are snow), proved to be blacker in heart than the ace of spades.

These so-called grown-ups are the ones who should have been going to school; they are the ones who need education. These imitators of snow women screamed filthy epithets, beat and tore clothes from other snows, from university students, newspaper reporters, and any other snows who didn't approve of their methods. The sight of these big fat snow women and their practice of Communist doctrine proved that pigmentation has no relation whatever to ignorance and stupidity. The snow women have proved that the snow woman ain't what the woodpecker left in the woods, and he wasn't cutting any wood and didn't leave any chips. We can thank God, however, that all white folks ain't bad.

They even called a representative of God a "nigger lover" and other viles names. Now Satan himself respects a disciple of God. When a snow woman stoops so low and dispenses with

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morality, then I know they were of the chitterling type all the time. Now the whole world knows about some of the American snow women. This is her culture!

One out of every three million snow boys who are born will truly be a man of nonprejudice and accept other men for what they are, regardless of race, religion, language, or color—which is another good reason why all white folks ain't bad.

One of the most disgusting sights to me is a snow prostitute who invades the South Side and submits herself to as many simple-minded blacks as she can get, and then charges them high prices. Most snow people really love money. They will segregate themselves from their black brother in every respect except, of course, when greenbacks are involved. They have even gone so far as to kidnap a few colored boys and hold them for high ransom. The Negro used to control and own policy, a racket that grossed thirty million dollars a year. Of course, snow legitimate officials reaped a profitable share. Now the snow man has not only infiltrated it and killed some of the black policy barons, he has just about ruined it with his devious methods. When a snow man stoops so low as to steal, cheat, rob, and kidnap, what snow folks call uncouth Negroes, then you must have begun to realize that the black brothers are moving up and the snow men sliding down. I had a snow man pick my pocket once. I was in an elevator that was overloaded and ripe for a pickpocket. I was, however, on the alert, for I knew what I had in my pocket. There was only a quarter of a pack of cigarettes. Yes, he eased them out of my pocket, and I was somewhat elated at having my pocket picked by a stinking snow thief, for I knew he was disappointed.

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IV

ADOLF HITLER said that there was only one pure race on earth—of course (Zeno said), I know better. I also know a man possesses the right to speak as he pleases, as long as it is not slander. He can do that if he cares to as long as he is able to suffer the penalty.

Adolf Hitler condemned all races, but the Jewish race suffered most. Adolf Hitler is an earthly name for the king of Hell—Satan himself. Records prove that snow Hitler died in a fire, but I ask you, can an earthly fire remove an immortal who resides in a constant burning hell? He arose from his bed of flame at an opportune moment and is roaming the earth, influencing such mortals as Khrushchev, Mao, Castro, Welch, Mulhammad, and others, who will soon come out of the darkness. Satan, who disguised himself in the form of Hitler, had one ultimate goal—to reap the blood of every nation on earth. Hitler is not dead. This Satan lives on and on, seeking such insidious earthly opportunists as Khrushchev, Mao, Castro, Welch, and the rest.

Adolf Eichmann was a good example of the works of Satan. No free-born human could have carried out the killing of millions of Jews without the influence of Satan himself. No mother's womb could even give a baby of this sort into the world—the organs would rebel. So try to understand that the Prince of Hell is on the loose.

Mussolini was one of Satan's suckers. He went down to Ethiopia on the advice of Hitler (Mr. Satan) and whipped the hell out of the Ethiopians. Now where is Benito Mussolini? Bilbo of Mississippi was another one of Satan's stooges. Bilbo's

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mouth stank so bad with the world "nigger" that he died of mouth cancer.

Mr. Big Bad Snow Man Satan has been influencing your minds for many a year. Are you going to end up like his other arch supporters? You, Mr. Snow Man—Mr. Big Bad Snow Man—you have been whiplashing your little black brothers for many a sun. What have you profited? You have always been the big bad bully against us in every form and fashion. Snow man, you claim that you are fighting communism. Well, it's one bully against another—they are certainly your size. Why don't you lynch, hang, tar and feather them like you have your unwanted black brothers? The Russians are giving you a cause to attack them; they have knocked the stick off of your shoulder. Are you afraid, Mr. Snow Man, because they are your size? That they match you in every respect? Well, you had better make up your mind very soon. Cuba will definitely bomb you soon. You expound the theory that communism is an evil, and that you, Mr. Snow Man, want humans free. Yet the Negroes in your own back yard are treated like Communists, and receive no freedom. Still you bull diarrhea the world that communism is wrong and that democracy will set you free. You can bull diarrhea some of the people some of the time, but you can never bull diarrhea all of them.

When I was in England, France, Belgium, Luxemburg, Holland, and Germany, I talked with many peasants like myself, and they hate you Mr. Snow Man, hate you! So the cold war won't kill communism; cash money won't realize it. The only solution is to lynch them, hang them, shoot them in the head, put heavy loads on their feet and legs and dump them into the rivers, as you have done to American Negroes. Drop the atomic bomb on them as you did the Japanese, then they will probably become submissive like the average Negro. Don't be afraid, Mr. Snow Man—if God is in your corner, who can be against you? You aren't certain now that God is on your side, are you? After all, he didn't let you explore outer space first.

I convey my heartfelt sympathy to what's left of the Jewish race, for their past, present, and future suffering caused by Hitler, Satan, Adolf Eichmann and Company. My people, too,

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have been crucified by American barbarians. Only Almighty God knows the correct figure of those exterminated during the years of the snow man's law-made slavery and down until this day.

Hitler, Satan, and Adolf Eichmann were and still are members of the powerful snow race. Oh, no, a snow man wouldn't do such acts of violence to more than six million snow people. The gentiles of the United States, that is, the snow gentiles, can't begin to feel through sorrow the depth of these atrocities, because the snow man in America has, ever since he first landed here, been the executioner. He has always been the omnipotent lyncher, not the lynched. He has always been the omnipotent hanger, not the hanged. He has always been the one to tar and feather, but not be tarred and feathered in return. He has been the one to shoot and kill in cold blood, and receive no bullet in retaliation.

The lakes and rivers of Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas will, one of these days, begin a never stopping wail for all the black sons of God who have been murdered and whose bodies have been cast into their depths.

Only God can make a tree, and those trees that have been abused and humiliated by being used to execute a creature of God will also begin to weep, one of these days, and never cease. Mr. Snow Man, you want to red light, as you say, communism! Well, I condemn you snow men of the United States as the true and sincere Communists. This so-called democratic society has allowed you to kill, kill, and kill as long as there is a black man; a few more killings won't matter now.

You can't begin to feel as do the Jewish people and the Negro people. The Jewish people lost mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts, uncles, and friends, like filthy rats, gassed to death like a pack of vicious wild dogs, starved to death as if they were inhuman, experimented on like pigs, and used until death for medical experimentation. No, American snow man, you can't feel this bottomless sympathy because you have been the Eichmanns of the Americas, the Eichmann of the Negro. Even today, in nineteen hundred and sixty-one, you Eichmanns are starving the Negroes in Tennessee to death—killing, beating,

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and setting vicious dogs to attack our young sit-in students. You are the Eichmanns that locked the doors to economic advancement, social advancement, educational advancement. You are the Eichmanns not on trial. You are free of trials. Any world court, if allowed, would find you guilty. You are, because the law is your made law, because you have the army, the navy, the marines, the air force, the atom bombs, the hydrogen bombs, and the missiles to continue to massacre. Really, is this truly what they call "democracy," or is the word a mistake for "hyprocrisy"?

The snow man in the South or the North gives less than a damn about the black human, yet with all his earthly materialistic power, he can't stop the Negroes' progress. Something stronger than mortal man is now making the moves, calling the shots. But don't choke now, snow folks, because all white folks ain't bad. The snow man has quit ascending; the wheel of fortune has put the red light on him. Not a clock in the world will tick tock in the snow man's favor. He has betrayed his fellow human and disappointed his Creator. The new black man's time has rolled along, and he is gradually ascending. In as short a time as fifty years, the black man will have a powerful voice in world affairs. What goes up must come down, Mr. Snow Man. God did not mean for us to be separated. His blueprint called for His children to unite in harmony. (You know, like you say once a year, "Peace on earth, good will toward men"?) There will definitely be complete wholesale integration. Just as your forefathers made the entire race of black people slaves, you will make the entire black race completely free.

White folks! White folks!
Listen to my plea.
When the atom bomb is dropped,
Color knows it not.

The American snow man is the crookedest, lyingest, meanest, most prejudiced, freakish, most educated, and just down-

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right smartest of the two races—but he is headed for doom. The snow politician has no equal when it comes to stealing, having stolen from country, city, and state treasuries and banks. Some of the damage done by the snow man will never be forgotten. The snow man has also been brilliant in some respects, such as building this country from a savage land into one of the most modern nations in the world. He didn't do it by himself, but he's too selfish to let the world know that black people helped him. The true suckers and stupid asses of America are the middle class and the poor snows.

They call this government a democratic form, but truthfully it is run by capitalists. The capitalists keep going a running game of making the middle class, the poor class snow man, and the black man fight and hate each other. The Negro digs this insidious method and always has. But the so-called middle class snow man and the poor snow man have been brainwashed and used as goats. The capitalists, with their organization, have conned the middle class and the poor snows for generations, making them believe that the Negro was inhuman, and couldn't think or learn. The capitalists, in order to strengthen the methods of their madness, even gave the snows the better jobs and positions—even when the snows couldn't read or write. The capitalists couldn't make all the snows bosses, so those that were laborers worked harder than their black brothers. All the time that Negroes were treated inhumanly a certain number of snows were treated likewise, and still are today. Only now are the snows beginning to see the light. Actually the only consolation the poor snows had was the fact that they made a few pennies more and could look down on their black brothers. When and if the middle class and the poor snows unite in all ways with their black brothers and accept them for what they really are—then capitalism will be lost, and this could preserve the future of the snow race. Know ye the truth, snow folks, and the truth will set you free, because all white folks ain't bad.

When union officials negotiate for higher wages and greater benefits, the capitalists don't ask whether it's a black or white

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union, or whether it's integrated. Capitalists realize that the negotiations are for common laymen, and try their best to contribute as little as possible. If it was left to the capitalists, every poor man, black or white, would be making a great deal less than he is today.

Capitalists are the ruination of this so-called democracy. They are the chiefs behind all the anti-race organizations; they are the ones that pay for and incite race-riot wars and the like. Here we are, now, with another. Out of the depths of blackness looms into the heart and minds of Americans the all-snow, all-un-American, all-hypocrital, all-slanderous, all-antilabor and all-antiblack John Birch Society. There is a devious method in this society's madness. The John Birch Society's main goal is "socialism," but its own type of unethical socialism. Its method is to destroy the American government first by dividing it into tiny bits. The United States is speeding toward a socialist form of government. The federal government is in its climacteric. If the John Birch Society doesn't put a dent into it, some unknown capitalistic group will.

These so-called retired industrialists are bored with life and seek new adventures. They are rich, but that doesn't make them smart. They are very shrewd. They use such tactics as slandering an ex-President, the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, carefully selected names that would arouse the public. They advocate anti-union and anti-civil rights because they are first issues in the minds of the public. The John Birch Society claims it is anti-Communist, anti-democratic. Then what is it? If its members were truly dedicated Americans, they wouldn't have come from underground at such a crucial time, when Americans are having trouble in Cuba, Laos, Africa, and other places. The American people did not deserve this added gaudiness. But it was an opportune time for their propaganda. Any organization that advocates unethical practices against any American citizen publicly should be outlawed by the Federal government. By allowing the first one, the Ku Klux Klan, to survive years ago, it has now become cancerous. Now there are many hate organizations selling their grievous and

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putrid propaganda. In America we have millions and millions of labor-union members, yet the John Birch Society claims it is anti-labor. Twenty million or more Negroes are involved in the civil rights situation, yet it claims it is anti-civil rights. The society and its utopian associates may be retired big shots and loaded with bread, but they certainly have proved that they don't have brains.

Mr. Eisenhower may not have been the greatest President, but I'll be damned if I'll ever believe he was a member of the Communist Party, and the same goes for Chief Justice Warren. To slander a man's good name in order to achieve publicity is a snaky and skunky way of getting on top. How many so-called Congressmen and Senators are members of this so-called anti-everything society? How many more of our top generals are members of this racketeering society? Top generals advocating its policies can direct a very strong influence in the wrong direction. Congressmen who are members of the Birch Society, Ku Klux Klan, White Citizens Council, and Islam cult are detrimental to the federal government, but I guess the people with authority who could see to it that these scoundrels are removed from their positions are of the opinion that all white folks ain't bad.

Now, I am a firm believer in freedom and equality and certain Negro organizations such as the N.A.A.C.P., the Urban League, the Afro-American group, and those wonderfully courageous and militant sit-in students who have fought so bravely and with perfect discipline. Each one of these American organizations, which incidentally do not advocate race hatred, has performed brilliantly against its malignant and treacherous snow foes. Certain Negroes, however, because of their national popularity, could speed up the coming of freedom and equality, if they were outspoken on the issue of the Negro. The Negroes I'm referring to are in sports, politics, and the musical world, and have been living in opacity, waiting to see what the final score will be. The same big-time Negro stars cry in secret to each other for freedom and equality. These same Negroes, the big shots, don't give a damn whether the

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rest of the Negro race ever receives freedom and equality as long as the snow man lets them urinate and relieve their bowels in their snow toilets.

I sincerely want to see my people free in every respect, but it really bugs me when I read where big, burly nationally known Negro stars are on their knees crying through an intercessor. The reading sound like a little baby crying for milk. These cry-babies whose salaries range from twenty thousand to eighty thousand dollars a year are the most disappointing members of the entire Negro race. They want equality with their snow ball-playing brothers just for the asking. Don't they know that the very snow boys playing on their teams don't want any part of them otherwise? Do they expect the snow men to convert the laws of certain communities just because he makes money into the thousands of dollars and because he's a star, all for the asking? These Negro stars have proved by their silent methods that their only interest in integration is individual. These Negro baseball stars, if they could move in and socialize with the snows at will, would damn the rest of the Negroes.

The Negro baseball-player cry-babies have a powerful voice to use for the Negro race if they would. Yet, except through cry-baby stories in the newspapers, they refuse to be outspoken. Someone else is always going to the front for them, like Mr. White Sox and a few other snow owners. These big burly stars—what are they doing with their big salaries and brains? Since they are crying, why do they sign a contract every year, knowing they are going to be segregated? Why? There are enough of them to pool their money and organize their own interracial team. They have, and still are, making enough money to build or buy their own damn hotel or motel —but no, they are on their damn knees begging for equality and keeping their money in their pockets.

Let each one of these so-called stars blast the snows. Let the whole world know how they feel individually. Voice your opinion through every medium that's available, and as a last resort, if necessary, fight, fight, fight, because all of you will be dead and forgotten tomorrow anyway. If you refuse

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to go all the way in seeking your desire of equal dignity with your snow brother—then Mr. Negro baseball star, you don't deserve it. Of course, I believe that, before we Negroes attain complete freedom and equality, the sidewalks, streets, alleys, and fields of many a town and city will flow with life blood. You fabulous stars think that to be outspoken on an issue that involves you will jeopardize your job, your big salary. Well, remember this! Those sit-in students are jeopardizing *their lives*. Certain snow radio and TV personalities are putting their lives, popularity, and jobs on the spot, fighting for your cause. If the snow man in my estimation was to give any sort of integration I would rather see honored the God-given sit-in students. They are the ones knocking the home runs, Mr. Negro baseball star; they are the ones catching the impossible fly ball, not for thousands of dollars, but for their lives. Some of you big-time stars are also silent, period, but waiting to ride the bandwagon at the expense of those sit-in students.

God bless those sit-in students. Inside their bodies are hearts of angels, and the courage of a Samson to withstand stabbings and beatings by perfidious snow folks. God Himself said a child would lead the way.

Our so-called Negro singers and musicians of worth are as bad as the Negroes in the sports world. They, too, have been like the three monkeys—seeing nothing, hearing nothing, and saying nothing. But at least they are not on their knees crying for equality. Equality has to be fought for strongly with the voice and finally with the body. Blood will have to be shed, come what may. The snow men who are fighting for equal status for their American Negro brothers deserve thanks and praise, and certainly prove that all white folks ain't bad.

The Negro and the snow utopian politician in America has been among the most crooked, traitorous statesmen in the world. They have betrayed the citizens that elected them to office just as Judas betrayed Jesus Christ. First, the Congressmen, whose first obligation is the protection of citizens, sit on their stinking back seats and allow the citizens to be intimidated and beaten and killed. These same big-time statesmen fight furiously against

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civil-rights laws. All ordinary citizens honor them. They travel throughout the fifty states and see their fellow citizens living in shanties and shacks. They see buildings that are too dilapidated for human living, yet these so-called statesmen ignore the same citizens who gave a vote of confidence in their favor. The practices of these elected officials have been going on for a century. In certain parts of the South, snow people live worse than Negroes. These nasty politicians, instead of spending time practicing hate and accepting money under the table, should have all the damn shacks and shanties torn down and replaced with new, modern buildings. The United States, of which they, the loaded politicians, claim they are proud, should make them hide their faces in shame. They boast of one side of the face of the United States and conceal the other. All the intellectual politicians know the conditions that the snows and blacks live in in the South breed hate and filth.

One of these days, Mr. Leader, unless something is done, and rapidly, the people will become wise, and will unite and rebel. You are not going to continue to be fortunate, year after year, pouring out money secretly to foment race hatred. The people, poor snows and blacks alike, are wise to you, and something is definitely going to change during these sixties. It is going to be a devastating change. You not only have been unfaithful to your American Negroes, but also to your American poor snows. The majority of the poor citizens know that the snows who instigate race riots across the United States are paid employees. The politicians in Chicago have proved to be the worst anywhere. After raping and ravishing our funds, they institute new ways of putting taxes on citizens. One of the most filthy acts of the Windy City was the creation of parking meters. First, we, the citizens, are charged an enormously high income tax, which helps to build roads and highways; then we purchase automobiles, on which we pay a tax; next, we purchase our city and state licenses; and now if we drive our cars, we have to pay to park them on the very streets that we paid to have built. All because of devious politicians elected by you.

They have increased our real estate tax each year for ten

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years or more in a row, raised the price of our water bill, put a tax on our telephones, and now we are heading for a state income tax, of all things. If they, the politicians, continue in their taxation schemes and tax citizen's homes, then the homes will soon be owned, not by the citizens, but by the state. Taxation of dwellings leads one to believe that maybe the syndicate has secretly taken over control of the city. Negro politicians are in office, and I would like to see more, but there is no difference between a snow crook and a black crook. The politicians seem either to be on the payroll of the syndicate or as scared as hell of it. It is constantly rumored that the syndicate has a share in bossing the city.

Politics, along with the syndicate, is alleged to control the police department. Before Superintendent Orlando Wilson arrived in Chicago to reorganize the police force, the force not only had an unsavory reputation, but was brutal to citizens who paid the salaries. The three-wheelers were absolutely sickening, stopping law-abiding citizens, claiming they violated the traffic laws, and ending up by telling them they could hold court right on the spot. Since Wilson has taken charge, this devilish practice has been pretty much stopped.

It's really wonderful to see a man come on the scene who not only has the authority but exerts it against the hibernians. The hibernians have controlled and dominated the city's police force long enough. I also hope that Superintendent Wilson does not become discouraged and quit, because we need him and more like him to prove that all white folks ain't bad.

Another example of what the big politician cares about are the poor citizens, snow or black, is the Harrison-Halsted site. The citizens don't ask for much from their political leaders, but as taxpaying and law-abiding citizens, they should have been allowed to keep their homes and businesses in the Harrison-Halsted area. Even those politicians who claimed they were arguing on the side of the residents of that neighborhood were only jiving. It was strictly a cold-blooded, open-and-shut affair. It ought to show the poor snow people that higher snow people don't give a damn about them. Until you accept this fact, they will, from time to time, continue to push you around

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just like you and your higher snow folks push your Negro brother around. Of course, the politicians are smart, otherwise they wouldn't be in their favorable position. They know that you, the public, will cool off and forget. Every politician who was involved, or should have been involved, and allowed this project to be passed against the protests of the people will be elected again—because the politicians know the public is a collection of suckers. Actually, all Chicago should remember and vote each councilman out of office, for the Harrison-Halsted fight wasn't just a neighborhood concern, it was of city-wide interest. Those of you whom it didn't touch at this particular time, will find something similar involving you later. It's true that schools are the foundation of our success, and not one citizen opposed an educational institution. But there were several sites that could have been used without opposition and had transportation facilities. Well, you voted these betrayers into office and, as I said before, you will do it again, because, Mr. and Mrs. Poor Snow, they have you brain-washed.

Any time a couple of trustees from a common university can have power and authority over thousands of respected home owners and citizens, you have not democracy—but hypocrisy. Every action that is performed in a Communist country is also carried out in this so-called democratic way with but a very few exceptions.

Any time an individual's word is law, and can make or break another individual or group, that, in my estimation, is dictatorship. We Americans profess a democratic faith but we practice Communist methods. Communists lie to the people of their countries and feed them false propaganda. American politicians lie to Americans and burden them heavy taxes and feed them false propaganda. What is the difference?

There used to be a saying that the problems of China are the heart of the problems of the Far East, and the problems of the Far East are the heart of the problems of future world peace. It is still said that from China can come good or ill for all of us. China has been noted for her passive resistance, which she is using to advantage today, until she can accumulate weapons

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enough to give her the confidence to wage total war. Today's China is cold and ruthless. She awaits only the opportune moment to seek the blood of freedom-seeking nations, especially that of snow America. In the years to come, China will attempt to exact revenge for the atomic blasting of her neighbor Japan. If China is allowed to arm herself fully—and she is far advanced toward this goal—all I can say is "Look out, world." Red China will split India in two, with her close to five hundred million people. There are about eighty-five million Moslems in India today. These Moslems constitute nearly one-fifth of India's vast population, but India is a land of religion.

Due to the snow man's devious tactics and his inhumanity to the masses, he has condemned himself to decline. He has gained the world but has lost his soul; the snow man has disappointed his Maker, his Creator, his Almighty God, who gave him the ability to progress and rule. The snow man has ruled not to the satisfaction of eternal God, but for his own satanic satisfaction, and now, unless he converts rapidly, which he won't, he is lost. His time has come, and don't think it is impossible. Think about the great Roman Empire; it crumbled because of its inhuman attitude to its masses, and all the other deceased empires fell for the same reason. The Roman Empire and all other fallen empires, Mr. Snow, had millionaires and couldn't believe their great countries would decline. Now, American snow man, your turn has come. What goes up must come down.

Now Mr. Snow Man, the time is nigh. While you have time, do good to all men. Cease infringing on the rights of fellow humans, snow or black, and stop procrastinating in giving freedom to your American black brother. America's people are known for their mystical character, which is one reason why the world is interested in her. India's religions include Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Sikhism, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, and Christianity. The people of India speak fifteen major languages and more than two hundred dialects.

These five hundred million people used to be under the British snow man's rule. They, of course, have now run their own government exceptionally well for many years. They,

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too, were helped by the British snow man, which only goes to say that all white folks ain't bad.

Africa is one of the richest areas on earth. Its people have always bemoaned the coming of the snow man to their country. African workers, for a hundred years, have been exploited in their copper, gold, tin, diamond, coal, and uranium mines, largely under British rules. In the Belgian Congo, Africans were treated with unbelievable brutality.

The snow man's industrialization of Africa all but destroyed the native way of living. Conditions in the Congo became so scandalous that finally an outcry burst forth from all parts of the free world. In 1908, the Congo was annexed to Belgium and some improvements were made, although the Africans were still living under colonialism. With the snow man's industries came the snow man's vices. The snow man's social diseases put their mark deeply in the natives' bodies. Alcohol victims mounted at a rapid rate. The snow man took the African wealth in the Congo and other parts of Africa and also took their lives. Today, Africans in the Congo in such places as Elizabethville, Kambove, Kabongo, and Katanga are making headlines, with such African leaders as Lumumba, Kasavubu, and Moboto trying to rid the African continent of filthy, stinking snows. The Africans have been treated so satanically through the years by the snow man that now, come what may, they are afraid to trust any of them, not realizing that all white folks ain't bad.

In this modern age, wherever the snow man has pilgrimaged, he has pillaged and proved impious. The African population is much better educated than the world realizes. Many Christian missionaries have spent many millions of dollars trying to save the black souls of Africa by setting up educational programs, health bureaus, and so on.

The lure of the mines in the Union of South Africa drew the blacks of central Africa to the Transvaal. These blacks all but exhausted the coal and gold mines by their back-breaking labor. History tells how sinister a role the mines in the area and about the area of Johannesburg have played. Their social influence

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was as bad as their economic influence. Africa seemed to be overrun with black men, and the British snow men who were developing the mines felt no compunction over wasting Negro lives. Forced labor was common; hygienic conditions in and about the mines took a frightful toll.

Today, of course, this is no longer true, at least in the better mines. The companies have come to see the value of life, even when it is the life of a Negro. Healthy, contented workmen are a better investment than diseased, resentful employees. Any effort to safeguard and benefit the natives in the mines now meets with the enthusiastic support of mining companies and proves that all white folks ain't bad.

Negroes imported from Portuguese East Africa and Rhodesia once performed all the common labor in the mines. Negroes have no rights in the Union of South Africa today. They can't own any land whatever. They are subject to a curfew and many other dastardly things that will soon provoke a nasty, bloody mess in the Union of South Africa.

Not too very long from now you will read bad tidings about Johannesburg and South Africa. It's too bad the snows of today must suffer for what their ignorant snow parents did years ago. Snow supremacy will be destroyed. God gave the snow man his chance to rule the world, leaving it up to him in every way. He has failed, and now he is doomed. The black man of God has been the depressed one of the earth. He has been the untouchable. The curse of the snow man's untouchability prevails until this day. In some sections of the earth it is worse than that. While all the blacks for centuries have been untouchable, some have been unshadowable, some unapproachable, and some even unseeable. The earthly black man has been treated beyond the pale of decent humanity.

There is, however, a dogmatic growing concern for the unwanted and untouchable black man. Many snow people are lending their support to forwarding the movement for the removal of non-freedom, non-equality and non-touchability. These are some of the snow people that are helping to prove that all white folks ain't bad.

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V

THE GREAT United States was not chosen by God to be the first to send a missile into outer space (said Zeno)—it was second. Neither was it chosen by God to send a man into outer space. Again it was second. God has been kind to the Americas, however, specifically the United States. Now running second to a nation that it teaches us is inhuman could be an indication that the great American snow power is declining.

Wherever on earth the snow man has penetrated, he has brought vices of the most vicious kind. He has provoked wars of the most inhuman character. The snow man has carried with him around the earth death-dealing diseases. He has taught his people to hate, and nations to hate nations. Now people are hating within their own nations. He has a hungry greed and lust for money, which is his God. The snow man is a top sucker for Satan. Whatever you snow folk call your Creator—Jehovah, Allah, Buddha, Christ, or God—your filthy actions on this earth are not His doctrine.

The untouchable American Negro pays the federal government the same equitable tax as his diarrheaing snow brother. Yet the "my country 'tis of thee" land slanders him in return—segregates him—and kills him. Are these actions by the snows godly? I ask you. Are they democratic acts?

The snow man says it's not yet time, that integration must be gradual. He's kind enough to admit that he is and has been wrong. He admits that we will have integration, but gradually, gradually, gradually. My father didn't die gradually. My father was a God-fearing man, and like all Negroes he was brain-washed, ordained, indoctrinated, to fear the snow man. My father was, however, in his own rights a respecter of all God's creatures and children. Yes, he's dead now, and because of the

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snow man's laws, bias, prejudice, and hate, he did not enjoy himself on this earth. Because of his pigmentation, even if he wanted to, be could not show his face in the finer places, he could not, even if he desired, live in the fabulous hotels. Tomorrow, I will die, and many other Negroes will depart from this earth, and you, Mr. Snow Man, say it is not time. When Jesus Christ died on the cross (not just for you, Mr. Snow Man, but for all men) it was then time for all men to share freedom. God saw fit to give you the power to rule, and you made slaves of us through your laws.

In giving us complete freedom, are you afraid that you will be giving us something? Of course, you are, but remember, Mr. Snow Man that everything you possess today was given to you also. I repeat, basically everything you possess today was given to you. Love between your mother and father brought you into this world. That, Mr. Snow Man, was free! God also gave you the sun, shedding its light and heat and radiation so that you could develop into a normal human being. This, too, was given to you free. Your first job was given to you; your promotions were given to you. And now, Sir Snow Man, you are very selfish—you don't want to give us our freedom. But as sure as there is a Heaven and Hell, we will receive it, and it won't be gradual.

No man will ever be able to invent a machine that can travel as fast, as long, or as high as the human mind. I have several times already visited outer space—the moon, the sun, and much farther. Among the solitude of the heavenly bodies, this is what I found: stars, stars, stars, and more stars of all colors and sizes, stars of incredible volume, obeying the will of God, for if these stars were like the snow man, earth would have been destroyed long ago.

I continue to meditate on my orbiting in outer space, I find myself facing the great, great moon, which is a sublime desolation. I find the plains of the moon more barren than rocky deserts, the lunar mountains more rugged than terrestrial peaks above the timber line. Lava beds of extinct volcanoes are more inviting than the lunar crater. Nothing happens on

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the moon. There is no air, so there can be no clouds, no rain, no sound. The great moon, like all the other heavenly bodies, obeys the law of God. The moon is close to the earth, and as I continue to observe it, I find it in a very ugly mood, trying desperately to tear itself from its mooring, to destroy itself and all it can destroy with it, before the snow man conquers it, for even the moon, as dead as it is supposed to be, realizes the potent danger of the snow man. With all the imagination I could muster, I tried my utmost to observe the other side of the moon, but to no avail.

As I continued upward toward the all-powerful sun, a meteor circled around me and left a protective covering. On arriving on the sun, with its devastating and blasting heat, I was surprised to find such a powerful, enormous planet in such a fury, because of the presence of a disobedient creature of God.

The sun, approximately 93,000,000 miles from earth, the moon, and all the other planets are bemoaning the anticipated coming of the snow man, for if he, the snow man, was cruel, inhuman, and disobedient on earth, he will also be destructive in outer space.

If and when the snow man reaches the sun, pandemonium will break out among the planets, to show their reaction to the coming of the snow, for wherever he has lain his weary head he has brought tons and tons of destructiveness. Of course, this strange reaction will be a minor one, for everything God created obeys Him but man. If, however, the laws of God were disobeyed as man has disobeyed Him, what would happen? The sun would break from its mooring, taking its entire system with it. It would plunge toward the center of the universe. Then it would smash, with its tremendous and liberated forces, into the orbits of other suns and systems. And then, struck by this terrific and lawless energy, they, in turn, would be driven from their orbits, and would carry their weight and velocities into the hearts of other systems, until all would be driven from their centers, where they had thitherto swung in perfect equilibrium. Imagine the frightful cataclysm that would ensue, as we were being wiped out of existence! These gigan-

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tic worlds, hurling along at frightful speed, smashing headlong into one another; the conflagration lighting up the black desert of space overhead; the glowing blood-red gases bursting into devouring flames and streaming across the vastness of the universe; the awful thunders shaking the foundations of the earth and rocking the throngs of Heaven! Finally, all would settle down into the quiet of primeval chaos. And darkness would fold its wings over a universe once more dissolved into nothingness. Yes, this truly could be our "fire and brimstone," the destruction of man.

Everything that God created swings in beautiful and perfect equilibrium. There is no rift, no prejudice, no break in that matchless perfection of sun and stars and seasons—only man. Meditating on and on I find the atmosphere of the heavenly bodies rarefied. I gaze farther into the heavens and wonder how much farther up are the thrones of God. I can scarcely imagine the distance.

Then another thought comes to mind: the first man on the moon could possibly be like Lucifer a used-to-be angel who is now known as Satan. Lucifer was immortal, perfect in his own nature, with high intelligence. His angelic intelligence made him think he was more powerful than his Creator, and he rebelled against God forever. His punishment, however, was swift, his sentence final, for Satan fell from Heaven like lightning, hardened in his sin, with hatred for God. Satan now works to lead other souls to reject God, so the first man on the moon could realize individual power and wealth and decide to betray the people who sent him there. Being a snow man he would be capable of such devious methods. To create a way to destroy any rocket ship that might follow after him could be his object. It's possible, I think, that Mr. Satan works in outer space also.

But let us return to reality, this snow man's world. I must extend my deepest and most sincere feeling to the masses in Cuba. I feel that they don't like what they are living under at the present. There are many instances where a man receives power and shrewdly runs the type of government to satisfy

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his personal desire. A handful of multimillionaires (capitalists) run our government. The majority of the people are just followers.

Castro used the people and finally betrayed them. In my estimation, his scheme of things is perfectly wrong. Yet because he possesses superior hatred for the American snow man, he would see the life blood drained from every Cuban's body, in order to get even with the snow man. He has seen the snow man enter his country and take the people's money by crooked methods.

The snow man opened factories in Cuba and paid the laborers below-living wages. Castro hates the United States snow man so viciously that if Satan himself had volunteered to help him destroy the Americans economically in Cuba he would have accepted. Castro's hatred for the American snow man has developed into an idea in his heart—and you know an idea is as hard to destroy as a snake.

Let's face the almighty truth. Basically the American snow man is responsible for the devastating trouble in Cuba today. Most of the money made in Cuba went directly to the private American snows. The Cuban people, like common men all over the world, created this wealth, yet they were denied it. Castro was the first foreigner in many a year to tell the United States snow man to go to Satan's house, to run him out of the country, and to take the snow man's business away from him. The American snow man never dreamed this could or would happen to to him, especially from a nonwhite man.

Of course, Castro and the Cuban people will be the losers. I believe Castro will be assassinated eventually, and Cuba will become a part of the United States. Yet it will be a long time before the Cuban masses will forget the snow man. If Castro isn't killed very soon, he will be the first enemy of the United States, because as far as the United States is concerned he is doomed. So being as fanatic as he is, he figures to go all the way. Russia, his cunning buddy, would also give Mr. Castro missiles and con him into bombing the United States. I emphatically believe the United States will be bombed, for Castro is

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the type of human who would pride himself on being the first one named in the history books of the world to bomb the great United States. Today, there are billions of dollars owned by capitalists by virtue of stored-up labor of former times—slave labor, child labor, and female labor.

The value of any man-made object depends ultimately on the amount of labor put into it. When you account for the heavy income tax, and the many other taxes, and the huge prices one must pay for merchandise, then one knows the capitalists are robbing the workingman.

As long as labor never receives wages in comparison to what it produces, it will continue to hurt itself; industries will always be menaced by overproduction. The accumulation of goods that people cannot afford to buy ends in recession, crisis, and depression.

Even now we have approximately five and a half million citizens unemployed. This to me is a sin and a shame, in this so-called democratic system of the 1960's. This is the capitalists', the the big manufacturers' idea of psychologically keeping the masses in their places. Unemployment affects both the employed and the unemployed. Overproduction will force layoff every year as it has in the past. Yet the capitalists have such an abundance of money that they could work for every man in the United States and still be capitalists.

The storage warehouses across the United States are overloaded. Capitalists make billions while the laborers receive chicken feed. The most ironical part of the whole thing is that the laborers make the products and then go out and purchase them at rigged-up prices. Oh, la, la, but all white folks ain't bad.

Employed personnel don't give a whistle about the unemployed. The employed slave overtime every day and work Saturdays across the nation. If this practice was done away with, this alone would force the companies to hire some of the unemployed. They say that man is born for work, that he is supposed to earn his living by the sweat of his brow. If this is a true saying, then all our unemployed men should take over the

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jobs of women. It's okay for women to work, but in case of a crisis like the present one, men should be recognized. Man is supposed to be the breadwinner, but as long as women are working and men are unemployed, the morale and standards of man will decline.

Furthermore, as long as mothers are allowed to slave, delinquency and the breaking up of marriages are going to continue to be a problem, and climb, climb, climb. The manufacturers who were one hundred per cent against the Fair Employment Practices Act in Illinois should bow their heads in shame. Their reasons for opposing it were that it would be unfair to the employees and the employers. This is an inane reason. The filthy followers of Satan who live in fabulous homes, who own extensive real estate, partly made from the millions of dollars spent by the Negro population, say it would be unfair. The American Negro, as a race, spends more money for goods than any other race. Yet the snow merchants do not like the F.E.P.C. Why? Because the F.E.P.C. would help to bring the masses closer together, to provide a better understanding of each other, and also give the common snows a chance to find out for themselves that the Negro is a qualified human in this society. This the manufacturers don't want. But, I say to you Mr. Big-Shot Snow Man, your propaganda has met its Waterloo. You have lied repeatedly to the masses of snows. How much longer do you think they are going to eat your bowel movements? Your every day lies are heading for the red light. The mass of snows will not profit further unless the Negro profits. You, Mr. Capitalist Snow Man, don't care about the masses of your own pigmentation. If you did, you wouldn't treat them like dogs in your factories. If you did, you wouldn't let them live like pigs in shanties in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, or allow them to live in dilapidated apartment buildings across the United States.

If you cared about your snow brother, you wouldn't give him so much devilish argument across the bargaining table. You wouldn't have laws put into effect by your legislative stools like the one allowing a worker to cross a valid picket line. No,

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sir, Mr. Merchant, Mr. Capitalist, you don't give a snot about your snow masses. If you cared with all your blood money, you wouldn't even lay him off. You don't have to have this unemployment. Laborers have made millions and billions for your great grandfather, your grandfather, your father, and for you. You invest the money to keep them separated, fighting, hating each other. But your time is almost nigh, and it will be you who will tremble with fright, Mr. Big Snow Man.

Every year, laborers are directly responsible for the large industries reaping a phenomenal one hundred to four hundred million dollars in profit. I mean one hundred to four million after all deductions for taxes and expenses. This enormous sum goes into the already fantastic reserves. Some is used for research, some for plant expansion, and some for filthy adverse propaganda. However, there is still a huge amount left that could rid our country of the evil of unemployment. Yes, Mr. Capitalist, you have been jibing at your snow brothers these many years, with your billions of dollars resting in the banks, and he walking the streets broke, drawing a measly forty-dollar unemployment check. With this meager charity he, the unemployed, has to pay the same tax on commodities as a man working full time, the same bus fare, the same price for milk, meat, and shoes, for although drawing unemployment compensation, his expenses do not lessen. Yet these are your snow brothers, who, you teach, are better than the Negro.

If they are better, then prove it, Mr. Capitalist, by digging into your blood money and dividing it with your snows that need it.

You, Mr. Capitalist, dictate how much the average working men should earn across the country. Of course, you do not dictate directly—but indirectly. Who dictates how much you should earn? The average employee makes about six to seven thousand dollars a year, if that much. Yet after all expenses are deducted, you profit thirty to forty millions a year. Really! Would you call it democratic, to earn such huge sums by the blood of your brothers, and then send them into the ranks of unemployed? Your lawmakers, Mr. Capitalist, are troubling

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their messy masses of brain about a stingy $1.25 an hour minimum wage, a complete and outrageous disgrace. That is what the lawmakers should be working for, for all the good they are doing—$1.25 an hour. With automation on the increase, your lawmakers and yourselves continue to profit in billions, yet you still argue over a measly $1.25 an hour. You certainly have them in your watch pocket. These lawmakers are definitely not on the side of the masses, who elected them, but on the side of the powerful multimillionaires and highly organized financial groups. Yet I continue to say that all white folks ain't bad.

If the capitalist system continues to run our government and dictate its policies, the masses will soon become hip, and rebel.

You, the so-called men who run the government, are positively taking orders from a vicious, inhuman group clothed in human anatomy. This group's impious schemes, besides keeping the masses separated, seek to slaughter them through taxation. It doesn't make any difference who is mayor or governor. The unseen clique is there to give orders. The United States is heading for much bloody trouble.

You insist that we vote; you tell us it's our privilege; yet for the last one hundred years a very great number of men who have been elected to office, both federal and local, have been betrayers. You take delight in laying down the laws, yet you are more delighted when you break them. You have diarrheaed the masses into a rebellious mood, and I see states, cities, countries, villages, streets, and alleys flowing crimson red. That is the blood of the masses who have really had enough, and now—well, you will see.

The ones who slay the masses will be the capitalists' soldiers. Can a poor snow call out an army? Even a poor soldier, who also has to pay taxes yet is underpaid, will take orders indirectly from the capitalists and slay his neighbors and brothers. All this trouble is inevitable, and soon will be created by Mr. Big Snow Capitalist, be it known. Yet I continue to say that all white folks ain't bad.

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The capitalists who rule the United States are heading our county into disastrous times. Somebody had better wake up—but soon!

There are three classes of people on earth: those who make things happen (the capitalists), those who watch things happen (the middle class), and those who don't know what's happening (the masses). This saying has its merits, and in the past has been correct. However, the one main factor that the capitalist has overlooked is the fact that he is running roughshod over better educated people than his forefathers. His forefathers dealt with slaves and illiterate snows. The people of today will go along with this diarrhea only so long. The people of today know what's going on at the top of the ladder. They can't put their fingers on it; they can't prove it—but they know. The people of today can't prove there is a God; they can't prove there is a Heaven—but they know.

Really, Satan is on the loose. The United States is his roaming ground and capitalist snow men are his prey, for through them payment will be exacted. The masses aren't worried about what ism they live under, so long as they are not taken over or taken advantage of. Our isms, capitalism or democracy-ism, whatever you may call it, treats the masses the same as does communism. Oh, yes, we are allowed to vote for a candidate of our choice—but what good is that when the candidate, after election, can't use his own brain, but must become a puppet for the men unseen? Are they systematically trying to discourage the people from going to the polls, so that they can keep the present paid stooges in office indefinitely?

No, no, no, do not become discouraged. Vote the whole filthy, devious bunch of betrayers out of office. Then pick your men, do not allow the organizations, Democratic or Republican, to pick them for you, for both sides have done a pretty bad job of selecting men to run the government. It's true that whoever is elected, even if it is someone of your own personal choice, may be seduced into becoming a stooge for the powerful unseen, yet he might also resist and refuse to be a Judas. One thing is certain, however, if the Democrats or

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the Republicans are allowed to select their own candidate—look out! The Democratic and Republican parties have always adopted Communist tactics. Under either administration the citizens have been beated, lynched, hanged, tarred and feathered, drowned, robbed, and raped. You may call it democracy—but I call it communism.

The American snow capitalist has been amazingly successful at indoctrinating the Negro. This shrewd brain-washing has gone on decade after decade. It has truly been so successful that the Negro of today like the Negro of yesterday wishes he was anything but a Negro. Negroes, of course, do not expound on this thesis and may even feel insulted at the assertion. However, it does not apply to all Negroes, as you well know. Wishing to be anything but a Negro isn't a thought that is lodged in the forefront of the Negro mind, and the thought itself doesn't appear in his mind quite the way I've stated it.

The Negro has not inherited freedom; even today he is still a slave, humbling himself before a tyrant. He has been robbed of opportunities for education, even brainwashed to the point of believing that education was for snows only. He has been segregated from every other human except other Negroes. He has been brought to the point where he expects everything to come from the snows, because he thinks he can't do anything for himself.

The Negro has not yet been able to break the snow man's chain around his neck. The Negro of today fears the snow man even more than his forefathers, who were legally enslaved and lived under the persuasion of guns. The fear the American Negro has for the snow man is strictly in his own heart, not in the hand of the feared one. The snow man has everything; the Negro nothing but himself, which through brain-washing and his own actions proves he wishes he were anything but a Negro. They speak of Communist brain-washing—well, the Communists could learn quite a bit from the American snow man on that subject.

The younger American Negro group, like the sit-in students, the high-school students, and the grade-school students, are,

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however, a much different type of Negro. Their bodies were born on a battlefield, and they will be ready to wage unmitigated war for complete freedom. The Negro babies that are being born today are not going to be submissive. They will be peacemakers, if you will be peacemakers. It will not be their intention to set the world on fire—but if you start a flame, Mr. Snow Man, it will end in your own destruction.

The tide has turned. Your indoctrination is obsolete, Mr. Snow Man. You won't bull diarrhea these future young Negroes. They know your history, your past acts. They won't hate you, only pity you. Even your snow son and daughter will march side by side with these future Negroes, for integration will have proved to them that it was really you who was moronic, sadistic, inhuman, and alive with lies. Your snow children are going to learn the truth, not from you, but on the street corners, in the taverns, at parties, good and bad; but the truth they are bound to learn, and then they will be freer than you ever have. Within the next ten years, the great wall of China that you have kept between us will crumble and be obliterated.

The one thing that you fear, Mr. Capitalist, the one question you often ask another snow man who opposes you on the Negro question is: Would you let your daughter marry a Negro man? Well, I'm not snow, but I'll tell you this—your snow daughters will rise up against you, they will be marrying thousands of Negroes very shortly, and you will be in all truth responsible. You have lied yourself completely out of the picture. Now if your daughters want them, and because you don't want them to have them, they may want them all the more. Your sorrows, Mr. Capitalist, are only beginning. If you want to kill your snow daughters for marrying Negroes, then you had better start killing them now, because when love beckons, one must follow. With all your financial power, Mr. Snow Man, you cannot direct the course of love, for love directs its own course. The Negro males of today are very handsome, sun-tanned boys, and although your snow daughters' eyes may say no, no sir, their hearts will definitely say yes, yes, yes.

I'm certainly glad integration is in the making, because now

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you can't herd us all in one location and drop a bomb on us. I know you don't like what I say, Mr. Capitalist, but that only makes us even, for I don't like what you say. You, Mr. Capitalist, have hurt many people, snows and blacks alike. Now your turn has arrived—and it is going to hurt. Will you be able to turn your cheek as we have often done? Your sons and daughters, Mr. Capitalist, will be the ones to cross the color line. If you can't take it, sir, then commit suicide now, for as sure as the moon wanes and waxes, and the birds migrate, it's going to happen. Mr. Capitalist, you often use that phrase "Negro problem." You have used it as a means of creating confusion, to keep the masses mixed up in their thoughts, and to make the Negro feel inferior. The American Negro is no problem. The American Negro has never been a problem. You have, of course, in defense of your unethical actions toward him tried to make him a problem. He is no more a problem than the Irish, Italian, Polish, or German. He is supposed to be protected under the same United States Constitution, which reads:

> States shall not abridge the privilege of citizens. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside.
>
> No state shall make or enforce any law that shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the law.

Mr. Capitalist, your snow forefathers wrote this Constitution, and you have repeatedly disobeyed it. You have taken our life and our liberty and destroyed our property. And today, in 1961, you are still violating your own constitution.

If you can violate a law that has been on the books since July 4, 1776, then, Mr. Snow Man, *you* are the problem. Your forefathers said that all men are created equal, that they are

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endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Oh, yes, Mr. Capitalist, *you* are the problem, and through your lying propaganda you have made the entire snow race a problem. Check your hearts, snow masses. Read your laws, written by your own snow forefathers, and you will learn you also have been brain-washed.

The Negro is not a problem. You are your own problem. Cuba is your problem, the White Citizens' Councils are your problem. Your thieving, conniving, and lying federal and local politicians are your problem, not the Negro. Had you allowed your Negro brother the freedom of attending school, you would long ago have entered outer space, the moon, the sun. You have hurt yourself, brother snow masses, by listening to your betraying leaders.

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VI

We Americans are living in a critical period (Zeno said); we are building fear in our hearts, fear of the atom and hydrogen bombs, of rockets and devastating missiles. We are surrounded by perplexity. Build up fear of God in your heart, for his wrath will be billions of times more frightening than man-made bombs.

Man-made bombs definitely will not destroy this earth. "This earth shall pass away." It will be destroyed, but only by its Creator. Mortal man will never be given this privilege.

I firmly believe that the President of the United States, Mr. Kennedy, will top the list as the greatest; President Kennedy will receive special grace from God, for his intelligence is incomparable; his foresight unmatchable. He will be the greatest diplomat the United States has ever known. Come what may and no matter who may be hurt, Mr. Kennedy will exercise his power in enforcing the Constitution of the United States. It will be Mr. Kennedy who will succeed in seeing that all the unemployed are employed. It will be Mr. Kennedy who will step on the toes of perfidious congressman and insidious senators. It will be Mr. Kennedy who will rid the entire United States of gangsterism, of race-hate organizations. The laws are written. He did not write them. His job as a man and as President is to enforce them. He, in my opinion, is a *man*—and a God-chosen one.

Mr. Kennedy is God's choice not only to straighten out the United States, but to help sterilize the whole troubled world, which is a very big task. Only an angel of God can perform this miracle. Mr. President, a capitalist, comes from a capitalist family, but for every law, every rule, there is an exception, and our President is the exception. In the execution of his

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duties, his father can be hurt and many of his father's friends and associates, yet if I have judged aright this handsome, intelligent young mortal who has reached the heights, as much as he loves his family, he would not let it stand in the way if truth were the issue. As he must know from his past life, he has been blessed by his Creator. He might have died long ago, but from his cradle he was destined to be where he is today. Everywhere that he has ever ventured, Almighty God has protected him for this great honor of honors.

Even Satan, with all his power, will not be able to influence our President. He will try, but to no avail, for as the Scripture goes, "If God is for you, who can be against you?"

The masses of the world now have a powerful mortal who is interested in their welfare. Not since the days of Jesus Christ have we possessed an individual with such authority and power who was also interested in the masses. The capitalists in the United States are going to turn their backs on the President; they are going to despise him, yet though they are powerful moneywise, they are in the minority. In spite of the fact that the President of the United States is gifted with his special grace, fulfillment of his obligations will not be a bed of roses. Certain things must be—will be. The sun shines on the just as well as the unjust. The unarmed Negroes in Africa are fighting for their freedom; likewise the United States can not escape being a similar battleground. The American Negro will rebel; when or where it will start, yours truly does not know. But before these devastating sixties are over, the Negro will rebel. The rebellion, which is inevitable, will start with Negro women at the helm. The Negro male will have no alternative but to follow. Every war that has been fought was started by capitalism, directly and indirectly.

The Negro has participated in most of the United States wars. He has died or been maimed for life. The survivors have come back home to non-freedom, bias and prejudice. Now we will fight for our freedom, and the poor snows who oppose us will still be fighting for capitalism. There is positively no other way out. Passive resistance is only a forerunner of blood-

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shed. For as sure as Jesus Christ allowed the blood to be drained from his holy body to free *all* of us, so must we likewise bleed to achieve our long-wanted freedom. We will fight each other like heathens, if that is the only way. Don't you know the blue-print of freedom must be observed? We have been forced to go to war to fight for your freedom, now the time has come for us to fight you for our freedom. You may win—I won't say you will—but, come what may, the blood of your mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers will flow down the sewers of many streets. I repeat, if freedom is not worth fighting for, it is not worth having.

You snows have been taught the insidious art of hatefulness. You have listened to the devious tongues of your capitalist leaders. My question to you is this: What if your forefathers had not brought the Negro to America? What if there were no Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans here? Where do you think the capitalists would constantly keep their feet? Well, I will tell you, snow masses. Right up your back seat. You would be the darkies! You would be the complete natural slaves. Think it over, snow masses, for you aren't far from it even the present. Because our President will achieve greatness doesn't mean that future Presidents will be as great, although I believe his successor will share equal greatness, for he is also a Catholic and a democrat, and will become President by a landslide. Before he assumes presidential office, he will have become known all over the world, and have gained vast international experience. He is a tenacious individual and dedicated to righteousness. Remember the name! Robert Kennedy—brother of the President of the United States.

It is humanly impossible for me to convey to you the importance of these devastating sixties. Frightening future events are inescapable. The American snows and blacks will be killing each other, and God's children will bleed profusely. It will definitely be the fault of the entire snow race. The snow man introduced integration, and now, because the Negro wants to sustain it, they want to kill us. The snows have had our

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mothers, our sisters, our daughters—sometime voluntarily and sometime by force. As long as the snows integrated with Negro women, making all colors of offspring, it was okay, but when the Negro male attempts the same, it's forbidden fruit. There is a saying that the Negro woman and the snow male are the only free humans in the United States, for the Negro male and the snow woman are slaves.

Treat the Negro as you would any other race—give us our freedom. Then let us work up to full equality in all forms.

Check, if you please, wherever you may, wherever there has been integration, and you will find that it has been ninety-five per cent successful. Incidents have arisen only in the attempt at integration, which proves that all white folks ain't bad.

Many unbelievers say: "If there is a God, why are conditions on earth so different, so unequal." Maybe these things had to be. When God made man it was his will that he should dominate the earth, therefore all bias and prejudices are the work of man. When God sees fit to stop it, as He is now doing, the black race will ascend to rulership.

God will sit on His throne and observe this rulership without interference. Will it be the way the white man has ruled, or will it really be peace on earth, good will toward men, for all white folks ain't bad.

After World War II there were two billion six hundred million people on earth, and that was too many. Well, with all the Africans who have been killed, the total should now be quite a bit less. The Africans, with sticks and home-made knives, are fighting for their freedom. When the final drop of blood has been shed, all Africa will have her freedom and will become a democratic and united Africa.

Red China will positively become a member of the United Nations; it's impossible to continue to keep the United Nations doors locked against them. If the Chinese are not admitted, then I look for the Communist world to organize its own United Nations organization. Although I am a strong advocate of unionism, I look forward to the teamsters' union to cause the

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United States an enormous amount of trouble in the future. In the entire rank and file of the teamsters' union there is no man —only puppets. Consequently they will suffer. The F.B.I., contrary to opinion, will have to invade local areas and attempt to quell gangsterism. The next President of the United States will be a Kennedy. The Republican Party, in spite of the fact that the Democratic Party has torn their back seats, will have to elect Negroes to important positions to regain its prestige. Before the seventies, the sixties will have become known as the devastating sixties. As long as there is a world, wherever you may go, whatever you may do, when the subject of snow people arises, and it's on the debit side, you can always say emphatically that all white folks ain't bad.

Inasmuch as I have conveyed to you the insidious role of capitalists, it is my pleasure also to explain the development of capitalism. The growth of big business in the United States was, in effect, the further development of the economic order known as capitalism. Capitalism is a system based on profits, private ownership, and the philosophy of free competition. We have learned the manner in which the principles operated in the last half of the nineteenth century, through the activities of such snow men as Vanderbilt, Carnegie, and Rockefeller.

Capitalism was, however, not new in America. It had been the dominant economic system since colonial times. Its first stage was commercial, and the important capitalists were people who engaged in trade and banking. This was the situation in the United States until the middle of the nineteenth century. With the rapid development of industry, a second stage, industrial capitalism, became very important. Those who owned and managed the factories were industrial capitalists, and people like Andrew Carnegie dominated the economic order.

The consolidation of industry created a demand for vast quantities of money, capital, to finance the building of new factories and other types of business enterprise. In many instances the industrialists were unable to provide the funds required, and capital had to be obtained from individuals and

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groups that controlled large sums of money. This produced a third stage of capitalistic development—finance capitalism. A notable example was the organization of the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, under the leadership of the famous financier, J. P. Morgan. Still a fourth stage, state capitalism, developed as the twentieth century advanced. Here, the government began to engage in certain kinds of business enterprise, when it appeared to be necessary. The impetus in this direction was particularly strong during the 1930's.

All stages of capitalism exist in the United States today, and the principle of private property and free enterprise dominates American economic life. These capitalists, about sixty families, absolutely run the United States, and this has been a mistake.

The United States is the greatest country on the face of the earth. I honestly believe that it is God's favorite land. It is a nation of many people, many colors, many religions, and many languages.

Americans still allow all people to enter their country. This is God's will, for I believe that America will in all truth someday be the land of the free, and that through America the life of the world will be extended. America has helped nations all over the world. She has fed them and clothed them, whatever the reason. However, the people of America must endure great suffering because of her inhumanity to her brothers, for as one sows, so shall he reap. America will be bombed, children will be maimed, and arms and legs torn from their bodies, old men and women will suffer in ways never witnessed before. Water will be contaminated, plants generating electricity will be demolished, live wires will kill many. Food will be hard to get. Yet the United States will never lose a war to the enemy. Before America can be the promised land, she must suffer. Suffering is the only means of bringing her to her godly senses.

Gangsterism, hate organizations, false leaders, devilish priests and preachers—all will be eliminated. Capitalists should have to pay the entire cost of every employee laid off. Capitalists should have to pay three-fourths of the taxes of the United

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States. Capitalists should be made by law to pay all employees a certain amount to equal the production they put forth. All employees laid off should be paid for full time until recalled. No man or woman in factory or industry should make less than three dollars an hour, unless taxes are decreased and the prices of goods lowered. Capitalists, as dictators of our government, must be eliminated, and the foregoing steps would certainly rid ourselves of them. The United States can be peaceful a long time if capitalists do not run the government. For once let the government run itself, without the interference of the powerful families that now dictate the policies of the United States.

Amid the historic sites of the Civil War, where grass grows green over old battlefields, where wounds of the spirit have been healed by the touch of time, and where enemies in life gained comradeship in death, freedom riders are winning victories as great as those won in battle.

The ground hallowed by the blood of brave men, black and white, is again the setting for strife; not man against man, but man and God against the forces of ignorance and misunderstanding. Because of this ignorance and misunderstanding, many states will have their names written into American history in letters of crimson. The governors of the southern states continue to damn and ignore the supreme law of the land.

The Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land. The judges in every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitutions or laws of any state to the contrary not withstanding. Yet these southern identical twins of Verwoerd of South Africa are every bit as tenacious in ignoring the supreme law of the land. I ask you, what is the penalty for violating the Constitution? Why haven't these sons of Satan been put into the dungeon? Get rid of those top southern dogs, and the Congressmen, Senators, and state governments that continue to defy the Constitution and you will have relived yourself of a long, long problem.

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Mr. Snow Man, your Declaration of Independence also states:

> When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinion of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impels them to the separation. Whenever any form of government becomes destructive, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government.

That is why I maintain that the sadistic heads of these southern governments should be forced by law to honor the supreme laws of the land or be sent back into the depths of hell from whence they came. Yet because they are earthly sons of Satan, and are snow, I will die again, saying, all white folks ain't bad.

When and if a common citizen of the United States violates the law, he is punished. If he is caught driving through a stop sign or ignoring a red light, he is penalized for the violation. If he is judged guilty of any offense, he must suffer the consequences, yet filthy, rotten race-hating governors, Senators, and Congressmen have repeatedly ignored and violated the Constitution for years and have never been punished. Just how far can a so-called big shot go on breaking the law and getting away with it? He makes the laws, yet he himself delights in breaking them.

Blackism is on the march! This is normal. A militant race does not stand still. How wonderfully has the Negro marshaled forces and progressed in the last fifty years. Just fifty years ago! When one pauses to think of that group of Americans who are Negroes, one enters a world consisting of nearly ten million souls, wrapped up in whom are all the needs and longings, the powers and possibilities of human nature. The prin-

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ciples and ideals of American democracy fifty years ago were only slowly applied to the Negro. Some Negroes, of course, had made commendable progress, but the masses had yet to be lifted. Illiteracy, poverty, race prejudice, industrial restrictions, unspeakable living conditions, the northern exodus, and inadequate leadership were factors in the life of the people.

The northern trend of the Negro population continued, and these people, used to farming and outdoor life, were then to be found in industrial centers, where housing conditions were often unspeakable and where young people were a prey to the worst elements of the community.

Snow people had to listen to Negro voices, sometimes resonant with hope, sometimes weary with disappointment, as they sought better treatment, opportunities for education, reasonable economic conditions in city and country, and even-handed justice everywhere. Snow people had the unique advantage of shaping, in a large way, the destiny of this plastic race. Even then, fifty years ago, all white folks weren't bad.

The largest groupings of Negroes were no longer found in the south, but in the northern cities. The migration to the north has never ceased. Between 1913 and 1923, the Negro population in Chicago increased 150 per cent, and in Cleveland 300 per cent. In smaller industrial centers, for example, Youngstown, Ohio, the increase reached 244 per cent. The Negro migrated to Boston, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Duluth, Denver, and San Francisco. Housing facilities were abominable, but the boundaries of Negro colonies constantly expanded. Provisions for sound recreation and social life were urgently needed. The Negro, being essentially religious, formed various groups and rented stores, dwelling houses, and often cellars for church services. Notwithstanding the movement to the north, the population of Negroes in southern cities was constantly increasing. In some cities the increase was as high as 34 per cent. Many southern Negroes made noteworthy progress and lived in good homes. However, the vast majority in the larger cities lived in congested quarters in unimproved tenements, with inadequate school facilities, and where conditions in general severely hand-

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icapped moral progress. Notwithstanding the large influx of Negroes into the North, 85 per cent of the race still lived in the South, the vast majority in agricultural communities. Two-thirds of the Negroes of the rural South, however, were tenant farmers, and America had no tenantry problem larger and more complex then this. In Georgia, 4,498,836 acres of farm land was worked by Negroes; in Alabama, 3,489,142 acres; in Mississippi, 3,986,830 acres. The total for all the southern states was 23,633,113 acres. At that time there were very few improvements in farming methods, due largely to the cheapness of labor, the large number of tenants, and their low stage of educational development.

The Negro was exploited by high-priced stores (the store was usually on the plantation) that encouraged him to get in debt. Over three million Negroes lived under these conditions. Negroes in the rural South owned about one-third of the farms they worked. Ownership did not carry with it independence and wealth, but it did result in a better home life, better morals, higher religious ideals, and self-support. The characteristic rural church for Negroes was a small, rough one-room building constructed of crude materials and was wholly unsuited for any sort of activity except the holding of platform meetings. The majority of the buildings had either survived from the days of slavery or were rough weatherboard buildings fashioned after them. One might travel over all of Louisiana, Alabama, North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee without finding a Negro church that was not a plain, weatherboard building furnished with ordinary two strips across the back benches.

The rural public schools for Negroes were in such a disreputable condition that it was hard to believe. Among others, Julius Rosenwald, a Jewish philanthropist of Chicago, became greatly interested in correcting this condition. He evolved a plan and provided the resources for assisting such communities as were ready to help themselves in the construction of new and adequate school buildings. Today, thousands of communities scattered all over the southern states are sharing in the benefits of the Rosenwald schools. As a by-product of this movement, it was possible to secure better teachers for these

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better schools, and many communities were stimulated to erect adequate school buildings themselves. That single movement, made by one snow man, did for the rural Negro schools of the South a service the value of which is past computation, and definitely proves that all white folks ain't bad.

Among others, this far-sighted snow man realized that it was possible to build a modern democracy on an illiterate citizenship. In spite of the many handicaps, the achievements of the Negroes from the close of the Civil War to about 1920 showed racial characteristics of high ambition and great capacity for development. It has been said that there are few parallels, if any, in history, where a people have journeyed upward so quickly and so far.

The chief credit for that progress should go to the Negro himself. The aid of friendly snows in both the North and the South was of inestimable value and profound inspiration. Were it not for the Negro's burning desire for better things, however, his willingness to undergo suffering for his principles, his zeal in sacrificing in order that his children might have an education and other advantages, and the flaming purpose to invest life with a spiritual meaning as well as material significance, snow help would have been in vain.

Freedom may have been a gift, but its blessing has to be earned when the shackles of slavery have been stricken from the Negroes. This policy has been continued, as friendly snows have labored to help Negroes help themselves. In the delta section of Mississippi there are 28,000 square miles of the most fertile soil in the world. Four hundred thousand Negroes lived in the delta, and turn out one million bales of cotton annually. Almost all of the land is divided into plantations, some of them running to more than a thousand acres. At Spring Hill, Alabama, there were fifty Negro children enrolled in the public school, the people paying the teacher for four months in a year. Because the Negro school could not secure a licensed teacher, the state fund went to the snow school.

The heart of the friendly snow man was in the forefront

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of the process of Americanization among the ten million native-born black Americans. The snow man built churches, schoolhouses, hospitals, old folks' homes, and orphan asylums. The friendly snow folks educated lawyers, doctors, teachers, and preachers. They lent support to the development of leadership in commercial life, politics, literature, art, music, agriculture, amusements, education, and religion. At the same time, that assistance was meager when placed against the background of such monumental need. In whole districts of the South are to be found Negro churches that are nothing more than hovels. Here and there, modern building have been erected, however, and equipped with a trained leadership. The results are remarkable and demonstrate beyond question the energy and intelligence that promotes a sound program. In New Orleans, where many races and nationalities meet and co-mingle, it is natural that the Negro, along with other groups, should have greater freedom and opportunity for self-expression than in any other city of the South. There is less consciousness of kind and hence less race prejudice and discrimination against color in New Orleans.

The Negro in New Orleans enjoyed the distinction of working in practically every trade; they were bricklayers, carpenters, painters, mechanics, machinists, and they controlled the stevedore and longshore work. Industrially and socially the Negro was coming into his own.

The Negroes in New Orleans owned and controlled three large insurance companies that did a business of $500,000 annually. They owned property valued at $700,000. The name of one insurance company is the Unity Life Insurance Company.

Crescent City Park is a great pleasure center that is owned and controlled by Negroes. Its boating and facilities and sports events draw many thousands. The Negro Pythians own an eight-story building valued at $300,000. It houses a fine modern theater. The Odd Fellows, the Masons, and the Eastern Star offer fraternal activities, and the Wheatley Club is a powerful political-social organization.

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There is a Negro Young Men's Christian Association, two Negro branches of the public library, and three public parks for Negroes. There are nine seperate elementary schools and one high school for Negro young people. All these things were burgeoning forty years ago. Also forty years ago the Negro church in New Orleans had a total attendance of about 35,000 on an average Sunday, which left about 75,000 who didn't attend regularly. The seating capacity of all the Negro churches in New Orleans, forty years ago, was only 65,000, leaving 45,000 unprovided for.

Forty-five thousand Negroes were listed as Catholics in New Orleans, due doubtless to the French and Spanish Catholic influence and tradition. The Roman Catholic Church had nine churches for Negroes that were headed by white priests. There was one Negro nunnery, with about sixty sisters. Then there was Xavier University with an enrollment of about 600 students. All the aforementioned achievements were started about forty years ago. Today, in some instances, the figures have tripled. But not without the aid of our good friendly snow people, which continues to prove that all white folks ain't bad.

Christianity is the greatest civilizing, molding, uplifting power on this globe, and it is a sad defect in any institution of higher learning if it does not bring those under its care into the closest possible relationship with religion. A trained leadership is imperative because no race can come into its own without trained leadership. The one source is the institute of learning. When the United States went to war, it was the educated Negro who made possible the large contribution of the Negro forces to the victory achieved. The friendly snow people had educated a Negro leadership, so that one of its graduates guided the entire race in its relation to American forces at home and overseas. God in Heaven knows the wonderful part the American Negro played during the Spanish-American War, the Civil War, and World Wars I and II—yet the snow man has constantly showed the public only the part the snow soldier

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played. One of these days the truth will be told, because all white folks ain't bad.

The brother with black pigmentation has justified in results all the help given to him. He still needs the loving, substantial support of the great snow man to bring him to the day of full development, a blessing to himself and to others. His is a citizenry appeal, vindicated and justified by the results already secured. The march of the brothers of black pigmentation has just begun, and the help of the friendly snow people will continue, because all white folks ain't bad.

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