What Moslems Think

The word Islam means "submission to God."

The religion's founder was Mohammed, in the 7th century A.D.

Number of believers: 475 million.

Bible: The Koran. 114 chapters.

Mohammed is called the last of the great prophets.

Adam	Moses
Abraham	Christ

There are 5 religious practices for the faithful believer.

1. There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet.
2. Prayer 5 times a day, prostrate, facing the city of Mecca.
3. One-tenth of income must be given to charity.
4. Observed 30 days of Ramadan month by neither eating nor drinking while sun is up.

FORBIDDEN

Drinking of alcoholic liquor.

Eating of pork.

PERMITTED

Four wives legally and as many concubines as he can afford. Absolute superiority at home is seated in the husband.

In law, testimony of the woman is worth one-half the testimony of a man.

Weekly church service is not compulsory.

REQUIRED

Circumcision of all male children at age of or 7.

The ideal state is all Islam of whom the head is the Caliph elected by certain professors of the law.

The Sabbath is Friday.

Egyptian pilgrims begin journey to holy city of Mecca. They c carrying their holy carpet to the sacred Kaaba temple.

Pilgrimage To Mecca

By HADJI MUSTAFA

Rich and poor, crippled and strong, all of us True Believers marched together, equal before the God who made us.

We begged forgiveness, asked Allah to purge our sins and begged to be allowed to die right at the center of the Caaba, at the foot of the Black Stone.

Such an end would be the greatest glory. We passed the Holy Black Stone seven times. Those who could get close kissed it. All of us chanted "God is great, there is but one God."

To enter the Kaaba proper required a strength and determination with which some of us had not been blessed.

The door to this temple was six feet above ground. There were no steps and a guard stood at the door. As we hajji scampered up he clubbed us back down. Only those who could overcome such difficulties are judged to have the faith and endurance to pray in this holiest of places.

Some made it though. I was stunned by the guard's club and fell backward on the heads of other pilgrims. I was too weakened to try the door again.

Thanked God

I stood a little back from the other pilgrims and in the midst of all that noise and glory, I could not help but thank God for permitting me to reach the Holy Temple where our Prophet had molded our Faith.

No words could describe my feeling, having come at last to the Holy Place in whose direction Moslems all over the world kneel each day to pray to Almighty Allah.

This was the climax of my life, I had reached fulfillment. Now I face death willingly for I have been to Mecca and that is the greatest thing a Moslem can do.

I am a Moslem, and like all True Believers, it has always been my fondest dream to make a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Mecca, capital of our religion.

For a Moslem, kissing the Black Stone and praying before the Tomb of Abraham, is the nearest to Heaven he can get here on earth.

Forbidden City

I made my pilgrimage and for visiting the Holy of Holies, I feel cleaner of soul and nearer to the Almighty.

Let me tell you of that trip to Mecca, a city forbidden to infidels.

EDITOR'S NOTE: 25 miles from Mecca is another holy place, Arafat, in a desert in the middle of which stands a Hill of Knowledge. It was on this hill that Adam met Eve again after they had been expelled from Paradise. They had wandered around the country separately for a generation.

The city of Mecca itself is near the hillock on which Abraham was visited by God.

Abraham there was ordered to sacrifice his son, Ishmael.

As the boy offered his neck for the knife, God sent an angel who substituted a sheep for the boy as a sacrifice.

With a thousand other children of Islam, I boarded an official pilgrim ship provided by the French government. Moslems of all races, from many lands, were packed aboard.

There were Egyptians like myself, Arabs, the tall dark men of North Africa and travelers from the Middle East — all of us ruled by a single passion, to make the journey all good Moslems try to make before leaving this life.

We pilgrims are called Hajjis. Some of us had never traveled before. Women aboard were kept in one part of the ship, for the sexes could not mingle on this sacred journey.

The Mediterranean was calm on our crossing. With my fellow hajjis, I said my prayers at dawn, at noon, at four o'clock and before supper. We washed our faces, ears, noses — the arms, the feet and the head as is the ritual.

Uttered Holy Words

Each day of the trip, we said the words each pilgrim must utter before arriving at the Holy of Holies — "Behold, O Lord, I am here."

Finally we docked at Jedda, the main harbor of Saudi Arabia. Special officials led groups of 200 pilgrims each. They arranged for our housing.

From Jedda we came to Mecca. It was in the fierce heat of late summer that we crossed the blazing Arabian desert. Nearing the wells of Bir Ali, we paused to observe the rite of El Ihram.

This duty is necessary to cleanse the pilgrim and takes three days to perform. First, I and my co-travelers, cleansed our souls by prayer.

Then, we washed vigorously to purify our bodies. Beards were trimmed, finger and toenails cut and all hair on our bodies shaved off.

This done, we dressed in ritual garments —two lengths of new white cloth and put on sandals.

At Bir Touane, a few miles outside Mecca itself, where our beloved Prophet Mohammed, founder of our religion, made himself pure 1,300 years before, we estered the last phase of the pilgrimage.

We ran to the springs, washed ourselves again in its cool depths and then by rickety truck, came on to Mecca.

The thing I recall most about my arrival was the noise. It was as if all humanity had gathered in this tiny town. There were bright lights flaring up in the sky and pilgrims crowded every inch of space in the thin high-walled streets and alleys of the Holy City.

Some 600,000 of us were here to pay homage to the Almighty.

Praised Allah

The surging crowds praised Allah and if you did not look sharply, you would be swept away by the pressure of these joyous people who were about to have their most cherished hope come true.

My heart was high that night as I went to my assigned lodging. In the morning, we would kiss the Black Stone and tell Allah of our great love for him.

We set out as the sun began to scorch the desert for another day. Our guide led us through the swarming worshippers and to keep track of each other, we shouted verses from our bible, the Koran, as loudly as possible.

We came to the Gate of Salvation, took off our shoes and then entered that place on earth which is the most holy of all places to True Believers—the Caaba

It was a huge enclosure, surrounded by a thick and richly decorated wall. At each of its four corners, rose a minaret. Each of these spires stood for one of the four Rituals of Islam.

In the middle of the square stood the Black Stone.

My heart leapt up, seeing the Holy of Holies, and my mind and spirit soared out of me. It was as if my senses had been swept away on beautiful waves of music on their way to heaven.

This was the best day of my life, the most glorious moment I shall ever have in this life.

Some pilgrims cried aloud, others shrieked with joy. Then we moved toward the giant black stone itself, veiled as it was in black and gold draperies.

On our lips was the glad cry "God is great!" Thousands of voices all saying these three best of all words. It became a giant chorus, it sounded as if the whole world was singing.

The Sacred Black Stone

Abraham, ordered by God to build a temple, sent his son Ishmael (father of all Arabs) to find a special stone.

He returned with the Black Stone which was the gift of the Angel Gabriel.

The Black Stone was small in the beginning but as Abraham made the temple larger and larger, the stone magically grew with it.

The temple has been destroyed and rebuilt, the stone has been captured and returned.

Millions of lips have kissed this black cube. Millions more will.

The Wright Story

Chapter 2

Movie 'Birth of a Nation' stirs up a fighting crusade that is to continue for a lifetime.

By Dr. Montague Cobb

In Journal of the National Medical Association

During his senior year at Harvard, when Louis was standing well-up in his class, the infamous motion picture, "The Birth of a Nation" came to Boston.

Its showing was immediately bitterly opposed by the colored citizens and liberal whites led by Monroe Trotter, whom Louis had met and come to admire.

After about three weeks of the prolonged excitement and agitation, Mr. Trotter pointed out at a mass meeting that the only place to stop the picture was at the Tremont theatre where it was showing.

The Governor had prohibited its showing elsewhere. Dr. Wright was among the interested individuals who really wanted to stop the showing and joined the group which met Mr. Trotter at seven o'clock on the following evening.

The city authorities had been alerted and after a free-for-all with the police the showing was ended. About twenty colored people were arrested, Trotter among them, and charged with conspiracy to riot.

Dr. Wright attended all the court trials, which resulted in eventual freeing of the colored people. He also attended all the legislative meetings and hearings which led to the establishment of a board of censors in Massachusetts and was in the Governor's office when the bill was signed.

Dr. Wright wrote glowingly of the part played in this fight by the late William H. Lewis, famed colored lawyer, who termed the film in an address before the legislature, "so many miles of filth" and warned that if the picture continued to run there would be lynching in the Boston Common.

During all of this period of about three weeks, Dr. Wright stayed out of school. He forgot he was a medical student.

When he turned up at Massachusetts General hospital the day after the final action, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, the founder of medical social service whose skill and diagnosis had already made him world-famed, asked Dr. Wright where he had been.

INFORMAL POSE—Dr. Wright, his daughters, Barbara and Jane, and Mrs. Wright in 1938.

On being told, Dr. Cabot said, "You know, I don' blame you. I think that's more important than your having been in my classes. I think you were absolutely right."

In the spring of 1916 President Woodrow Wilson ordered a huge peace parade in the city of Washington.

Doctors and nurses on the staff of Freedmen's Hospital were informed that they had to march in this parade.

Dr. Wright stated that he knew any parade to be reviewed by Woodrow Wilson would have the colored people at the tail end of the line and he refused to march, at the risk of being dismissed from his internship.

He states that the internes and nurses got back to the hospital two hours after dark. Woodrow Wilson and his staff had not even waited to review them.

After his internship Dr. Wright went to Atlanta to practice. An early incident is significant.

"When I arrived in Atlanta and went to the Fulton County courthouse to register my license, a very elderly man to whom I gave my license, telling him that I would like to register it for the practice of medicine, said, 'All right, sit down on the bench.'

"I sat on the bench. After a while, I heard somebody yell, 'Louie! Louie!'

"I didn't answer, but he came over to me and kicked my foot with his foot and said, 'I was talking to you.'

"I said, "You weren't talking to me."

"He said, 'I said, "Louie." '"

"I said, 'You weren't talking to me; my name isn't Louie, my name is Dr. Louis T. Wright.'

"He went back and the next thing I heard was 'Wright! Wright! Wright!' He came over and kicked my foot again.

"He said, 'I was talking to you.' I said, 'You weren't talking to me; my name is Dr. Louis T. Wright.'

"He said, 'You aren't going to sell any dope are you, or do any abortions?'

"I said, 'Let me tell you something. I'll choke you right here if you open your g-- d-- mouth again."

"I was never so near committing murder as I was at that moment. About thirty persons were there and heard what I said. He had outraged my feelings and I wouldn't take it. He then gave me my certificate very quickly.

"When I went home I told my father and mother about it. I felt that I should leave Atlanta because I would probably wind up in jail, as certain insults I would not take.

"I was horrified at the depth of my anger and I did not sleep for three nights. If it hadn't been for my mother and father I would have been on the next train leaving Atlanta, but I couldn't leave them in the lurch.

"My mother informed me that I always had been a strange son. My father said nothing, but ground his teeth together."

Matters of this kind enable one to understand why Dr. Wright regarded the work of the NAACP as one of his most important missions in life.

Which Is The True System Of Medicine?

By CHARLES M. CARR

Christian Science Committee on Publications For The State of New Jersey.

A news story in a recent issue of the AFRO implied that Mrs. Sara Spencer Washington might have lived longer had she had medical attention instead of Christian Science treatment.

One who knew her best, her husband, Shumpert Logan, refutes these implications in the following letter to me:

"The article implied that my wife was at one time a member of the cult headed by Rev. Major J. Divine, commonly known as Father Divine;

"It also implied that my wife may have lived longer had she not relied on Christian Science treatment.

"These two implications are entirely false and I wish to deny them categorically:

"Although my wife attended some meetings of the Father Divine group, she began this attendance purely out of curiosity and continued for the time that she did because she felt it might be an asset to her business.

"She at no time joined or was closely associated with Father Divine or the group which followed him.

"In 1947, my wife had a cerebral accident and was taken to the hospital. After a few days' treatment, the physician in charge of the case told me that he could do nothing more for her and that I could do nothing but wait.

"He implied that this wait would be for the end.

"My wife who was unable to talk clearly and had totally lost the use of her right side and could barely move the fingers of her left hand, asked me to bring to the hospital, a Bible and a copy of Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures by Mary Baker Eddy.

Began Bible Study

"She began daily study of the Lesson-Sermon and although she remained in the hospital for over two months, she received no further medication from the staff and continued her study of Christian Science.

"Within six months she was able to walk, although her right side was still partially useless, and her health in every other respect was better than it had been in years.

"We began regular attendance at First Church of Christ, Scientist, Atlantic City, where she became a member and from that time until ten days before her death, she seemed to be perfectly well and was happier than I have ever seen her before.

"Her associations in the church gave her more joy and strength than any experience she had ever had.

"As to her fatal illness, I, acting on my own conviction, called a physician when it seemed to me that she would be unable to meet this attack and this physician told me that although she was very ill, he had been called in time.

"I am completely convinced that had I gone against her wishes and called a physician sooner, the result would have been the same.

"This letter is being written so that no question of her sincerity in Christian Science nor benefits derived therefrom can remain against her memory."

SHUMPERT LOGAN

Testimony Of Thousands

In addition to Mr. Logan's testimony about the practicalness of Christian Science healing, is the testimony of thousands who have been healed by Christian Science—in many cases where all other means have failed.

These fully verified testimonies have appeared for over 50 years in every issue of the Christian Science Sentinel and the Christian Science Journal, which are available to the public in our Reading Rooms.

Individual testimonies of healing are also given in our churches Wednesday evenings where the public is invited to hear for itself of the healing work that Christian Science is doing today.

Attention is respectfully called to these words of Mary Baker Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, in her book, Miscellaneous Writings:

". . . let each society of practitioners, the matterphysicians and the metaphysicians, agree to disagree, and then patiently wait on God to decide, as surely He will, which is the true system of medicine."