

I was born a "Black Nationalist". I was diagnosis at the age of 16 as a "Black Nationalist" by a Kent State University psychologist, Wilson E. Wilson, Jr., Ph D. Albeit, termed as;

"The following report is based upon my study of Otis Rodgers: "This tall, Proud Negro youth... appearance was characterized by a neatness and reflecting favorable self regards... with a strong interest in CIVIL RIGHTS and Pride in being a Negro... with a heightened RACIAL CONSCIOUSNESS."

I am a septuagenarian, a sixties "Black Panther", a Civil and Human Rights Advocate. Not only am I Living Black History; I was ~~was~~ a force in shaping Black History, I stand 4-squares against American Racism, Discrimination, Bigotry, and Injustice of any and all types..

My parents were atypical, semi-illiterate, southern born, from grossly impoverished, illiterate, poor sharecroppers; Manuel Labors, non-political, devout superstitious and religious; who knew and stayed in their place in racially segregated America.

1). I was first introduced to America's racism during the mid-fifties at the age of 8-eight years of age. In our poor segregated all black ghetto on the east side of Cleveland. ~~In our black ghetto~~, there was only one poor white family, our next door neighbor. Our neighbor had a ^{white} daughter about my age. There was a fence separating our property. When Susie's father would leave for work, Susie would come over to the fence ~~near our property~~ and we'd talk and play until she thought it was time for her father to come home; and then she's either go in the house or go and play by herself in the center of her yard and discontinue all conversation, ~~with me~~. One day Susie's father came home early and caught 'us' talking and playing. He in a very angry voice order her to come inside; and she immediately began to cry and as soon as she got near him, he slap her hard and then swatted her on her behind. That was the end of our relationship.. a). While at that age I didn't understand it; and my mother brushing it off stated that I should not try to play with her since her father didn't want her playing with colors.

2). *AGAIN*, during 1957 at the age of nine, while traveling ^{L.V.S.} with my handicapped, polio ridden, college degree(Tuskegee) Uncle through Nashville, Tennessee. We were pulled over by a local white Police Officer. The Officer inquired of my Uncle "how much money did he have?" My uncle gave the white man his billfold, the officer took half; instructing my uncle to drive safety and have a nice trip. a). Now knowing that this was a shakedown, strong-arm robbery and of course my southern born uncle was too afraid to say or complain; knowing full well the Rules of the JIM CROW south; and the risk of complaining against a white man and definitely against a white police man, that would have been a kiss of death. The robbery was a cheap price to pay for his

**"A DEEP AND CRUEL
PREJUDICE"**

safety to continue on unscathed.

3). AGAIN, at the age of ten in 1958, while traveling with my parents to visit my grandparents in Troy, Alabama. Whenever, we'd crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky, my mother would start praying, saying 'we done cross the Mason-Dixie line, our hearts are in our hands(whatever that was suppose to mean).' My mother would cook a bunch of food like box dinners, we were told that we couldn't stop at any restaurant to purchase food. So, my brother and I sat in the back seat with the smell of chicken, pies, etc. For a long time my parents were frightfully whispering to each other 'where can we buy gas? As we were passing dozens upon dozens of gas station.

Finally my father pulled into a service station in Montgomery; ALA., got out speaking to the station attendant sitting on a chair 'I'd like a fill-up.' The white station attendant responded "Don't got no gas, waiting for the gas truck". I could see the confusion and then anger in my father's face; as he glared at the white man sitting on the chair; totally unconcern. My mother than began to plea and entreat my father "let's go, let's go." My father was hesitating walking back to the car door when a white customer sped in and the white attendant jumped up and began to put gas in that car. By this time my mother was near tears, begging "let's go, let's go." My father slowly drove off, visibly angry not saying a word as my mother was rubbing and touching him. We drove around and my father saw this Black Man, he hollered out the window, "Sir, Sir.!" The black Man hearing my father immediately ran over to the stopped car and my father then said "where can we buy some gas?" The man spoke keep going and over the tracks Mr. Johnson sell gas to colors. My father thanked him and drove off and we were able to buy gas to continue on on our trip. a). I learned and was told it was an unwritten rules that one black seeing another black from out of town, they would immediately help them in the JIM CROW SOUTH.

4). AGAIN, at the age of 11 in 1959, while in the rural town of Troy, Alabama; I was near fatally assaulted by racist white men. Having ridden to town with my grandfather on a mule driven wagon to town. My grandfather pulled in back of a small general store; before leaving sternly instructing my brother and I not to get out or leave the wagon. It was a hot balmy summer day. I looked across ed the street and saw a drinking fountain in the park. Disobeying my grandfather, I jumped out of the wagon, ran across the street and began to drink out of the fountain. I then hear a loud voice, "NIGGER CAN'T YOU READ?" While I didn't know who nigger was, I turned around a faced the voice. I saw three angry looking white men. I stood there pondering as to what they wanted. And in that split second a beer bottle and a tine beer can sipped past my head grazing me and then I took off running back across the street to the wagon. The white men didn't case me, but I could hear them cracking up laughing. I got back to the wagon, scared to death and out of breathe. I made the mistake of telling my father what those white men did to me and he was so angry that he

SHAME OF AMERICA

America's Shameful History

I have never seen my father that angry. It took my mother and grand mother's intervention, pleading with him saying that I didn't know any better, that I wasn't raised in the south. a). As I got older and became a member of the "Black Panther" Party, I fully understand my father's misplaced cowardly anger; his anger was cowardly Shame, that he wasn't able to protect his own children from ignorant racist white men.

Moreover, about four years prior to in Mississippi, three white men had kidnapped, beat, tortured and killed a fifteen-year old black child named Emmett Tillman..

5). AGAIN: at the age of 16 in 1965, while my mother and great unnt to visit my grandmother in Troy, Alabama. I stated that I was hungry and told my mother that I wanted to stop at the up coming car-hop restaurant. My mother said no, a fearful no. My mother much older aunt, counter, no let that boy stop if he is hungry and; so I did. I flashed my lights to get the car-hops attention, and one started to skate over and as soon as she was close enough to recognize who we were, she made a haste retreat. I commented on it and my mother began with 'let's go". I ignored my mother tooted my horn and flashed my headlights. Another car-hop began to skate over and she got close enough, her facial expression changed and she made a sharp u-turn.

By this time I was perturbed and announced that I was going in opening the door and my mother stopped my saying "NO, let's go." Again, my mother's aunt countermanded her and said leave that boy along he was raised like that.; so I go out walked into the car-hop kitchen looked at the greasy cook and gave him my order and told him to take it out to the car with the Ohio plates. I walked back to the car and got in, somewhat tense, wonder if he would do as I commanded him to do. In about five minute the white cook with apron walked out with our food and we paid for it and pulled off. a). later i found out that white restaurant didn't served black on that side of Birmingham. Alabama.

6), AGAIN: at the age of 16, while working at a service station pumping gas. I had brought my white classmate girlfriend with me to work, it was a small booth with a high chair, so she was highly visible from the streets. I receive a phone call from a grumpy sounding white man who said. "Nigger, I know you got that white gal there with you and if, but I called my bother to come and pick her up and he did.

7). AGAIN, at the age of 16, while attending R.B. Chamberlin High School in Twins burg, My girlfriend Andra and I had stayed after school and went upstairs of which was empty of student, to talk, kiss and make out. My girlfriend's friend spied us kissing and as the story goes went home and told her mother who called Andra's mother who called the principal; who inquired as to the kissing, I proudly admitted and so what; many of the white kids do it all of the time, so was the big deal I was expelled from school by the white principal. On charged of displaying affection towards another student. Plainly put after school, my white girl. I was sent to examine by a white psychologist who recommend that I receive therapy; who diagnose me as an expansive individual who was unconcern about the feelings and values of others. As a young Black Nationalist, I request a SECOND opinion.

I was reproved by a Black Kent State University Psychologist, Miltin. E. Wilson, Jr., Ph. D. Who countered with a scathing criticism of the school intern psychologist who diagnose me as a danger and threat to other simply because I had a white girlfriend who diagnose me as a tall, Proud, Negro youth with a strong interest in Civil Rights and a Heighten Racial Consciousness Based on Dr. Wilson report per our agreement I was allowed to return to school without receive psy. therapy. My girlfriend's parent took her out of school and they moved out of the school district.

For Dark Men

Dark Days

Truth will make
America great

HOME OF THE FREE,
LAND OF THE SLAVE

3)

Nationalist" Party, I participated as a soldier, the peoples' soldier in boycotting ALL five brand new McDonald's restaurants built in our ghetto east side of Cleveland.

We stood ever so proud and dignified in front of McDonald's in our black uniforms with beret on our heads. Our complaint against McDonald's at that time was McDonald's would hire blacks, but only as labors and not Mangers, Asst. Manages or allowed to participate in McDonald's Management Trainee Program.

*We were the people's Soldiers **POWER TO THE PEOPLE.***

THE RAGE OF HIS REALITY

The boycott of McDonald's last²⁰ about three weeks before McDonald's capitulated and wisely agreed to all of our demands(e.g., hire black managers, etc.). McDonald's business was down to ZERO.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

americans
Black Panther

THE LAST BLACK HOPE REMEMBERING Black leader



HONOR

POLITICAL /P. O. W.

The **Challenge** **Of Racism**

THE RIGHT HONORABLE ELDER
Mr. Otis Lee Rodgers, Sr.

Support Rd.

4

Ignorance of history leaves an individual without any memory beyond his own, without any guide by which to make decisions.

G O D I S D E A D

Millions upon millions of God's angels clustered the sky from horizon to horizon and an equal number of Satan's angels facing each other off for what was to the climatic battles of all battles, the Final Battle between God and Satan; Between the so-called Good Versus Evil. God in all of his Glory and Satan in all of his Magnificent facing each other. As the battle of apocalypse raged on angels from both sides were falling to earth like raindrops - as people scramble for safety.

The sun was blacked out - night and day were as one, thousands upon thousands of angels were falling by the second - killing as many humans below. This was truly the end and in the midst of Armageddon it happened, the absolute unthinkable and impossible - Satan struck the final, fatal blow - as God began to fall descending to earth - immediately all the warring angels froze and cease; dumbfound in utter shock and disbelief - this could not be happening. The fall of a God was beyond comprehension and an unbearable sight. Finally reaching earth God lay ed mortally wounded and dying bleeding out of every orifice; having fallen upon piles upon piles of dead bodies. None of the hundreds of millions of God's people rushed to aid their fallen, dying God - even if they could have helped - God's angels retreated and disappeared.

Among God's people there seem to be waves of relief of serene calmness descending, around and upon God's people - un-spoken-ly thankful, that this age-old war, from time immortal; a war that God never had a chance of winning was over. As God drew his final breathe - all of God's people walked away in dead silence with heads bowed and did not look back. From the very beginning of mankind - billions upon billion of lives had been lost in this God's War of good versus Evil. No longer would the hearts and minds of man be conflicted and torn ed between God's Good and his Nemesis - Satan's Evil.

Soon even Satan's trumpeting mighty angels began to move away in triumphant Finally only the enormous giant of giants - now God of all Gods. The Great God, Lord Satan stood towering over his former ^{ENEMY} foe, the dead God of

of mankind. The Supreme God of all Gods spoke no words - as the multitudes drew near bowing and then prostrating themselves crying out "Father, Lord God Satan please have mercy, forgive us for serving the fallen, false God of mankind, save us, Father Satan tell us what we must do to be saved, to serve you Father God Satan?"

ALMIGHTY LORD GOD SATAN:

" My children all is forgiven, if you'd be saved, if you'd prosperous - do evil, doing wrong gets the job done every time and above all obey my one Commandment."

The people all bowed were in tears of joy in their eyes crying out loudly "Father God Satan, please gives us your One Commandment?"

ALMIGHTY LORD GOD SATAN: " DO THAT WHICH WORKS. "

The people all joyously elated, Thankful, dancing, singing and jumping for joy and crying saying "Finally, we have a real God who understands the Nature of mankind and the Natural Order of things."

Almighty Lord God Satan looking down on all the millions upon millions of dead; and living, opened up his wings blocking out the Sun ascending, disappearing into the heavens.

CHOOSEN PROPHET OF THE ALMIGHTY FATHER LORD GOD SATAN:

Our merciful Father, Lord God Satan has instructed 'us' to do evil - but that does not mean for you to prey upon the weak, young, or old. That was only a pacifier to ease your conscious from the failed dogmas/teaching of your dead God - because mankind has done evil most nearly all the time anyways - to become super rich and powerful. Reality being there is no such thing or place as evil; good or bad. That has merely been your perception of what is as is. I tell you in the name of the Father, Lord God Satan, remember and obey the Father's One Commandment: DO THAT WHICH WORKS.

PLAINLY PUT: If It Works Do It.

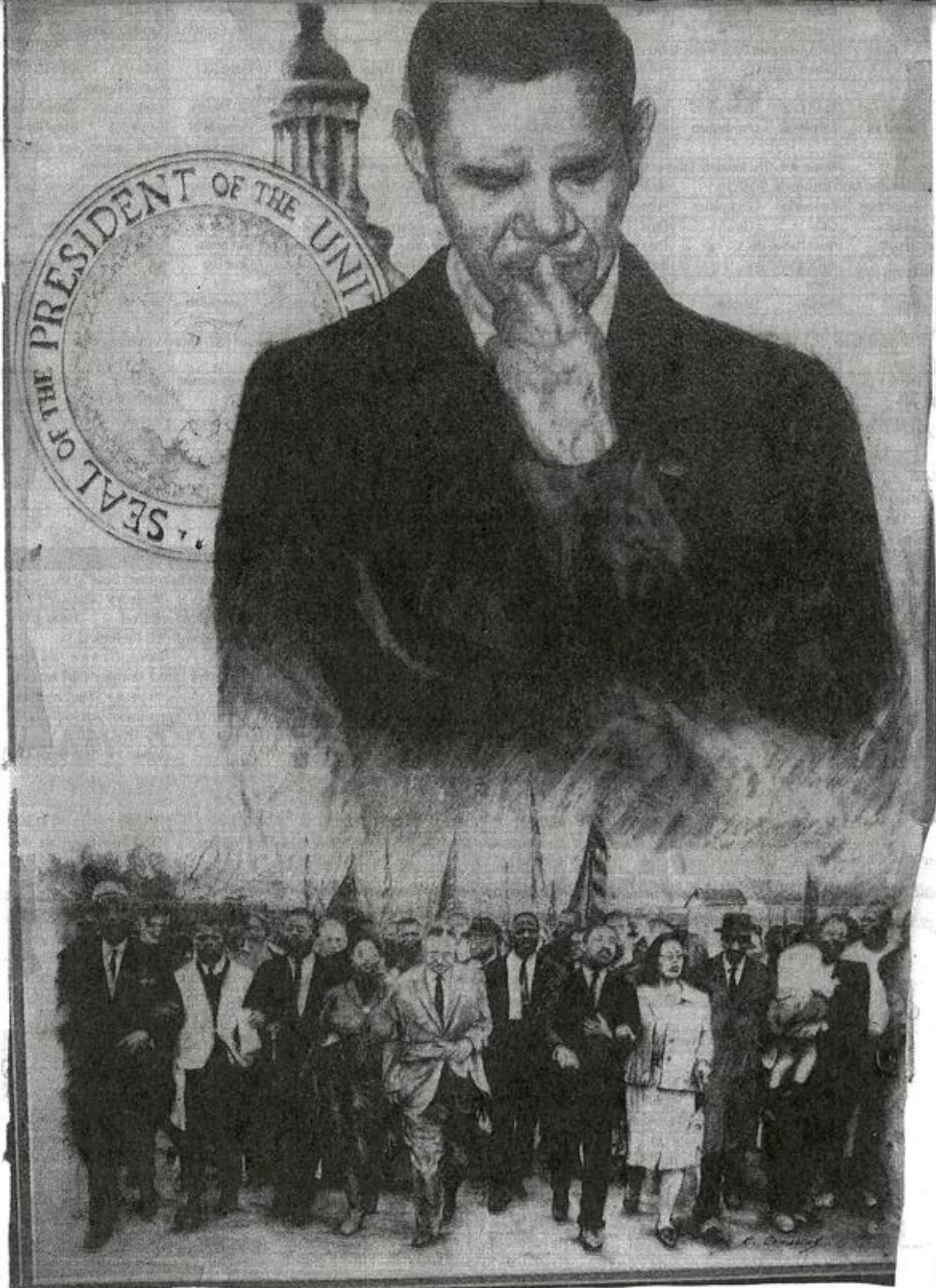
AMERICA LAND OF THE FREE AND HOME OF THE SLAVE

BLACK AMERICAN CALL FOR JUSTICE, SIXTIES VIETNAM-ERA VETERAN; SIXTIES 'BLACK PANTHER', HUMAN AND CIVIL RIGHTS ADVOCATE/ACTIVIST; WHO FOUGHT AND STOOD FOUR-SQUARES AGAINST JIM CROW; A TRUE AND LOYAL AMERICAN PATRIOT WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR. FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO I TOOK A SOLEMN AND IRREVOKABLE OATH TO DEFEND AMERICA AND THE CONSTITUTION AGAINST ALL ENEMIES FRIEND OR FOE; AN OATH THAT I WILL ABIDE BY AND HONOR UNTIL THE VERY END. HAVING FIGHT FOR AND WITH MY GOVERNMENT. WE ALL KNOW AMERICA'S MULTI-MULTI BILLION DOLLAR MASS-INCARCERATION AKA, MASS-ENSLAVEMENT INDUSTRY ; IS NOTHING BUT SLAVERY REBORN; 21ST CENTURY NEO-SLAVERY THE PRISON SLAVE INDUSTRY IS CORRUPT AND WRONG, DETRIMENTAL TO OUR DEMOCRACY AND OUR FREEDOM; IT IS INHUMANE, IT IS NO LESS THAN LEGALIZED HUMAN TRAFFICKING IT VIOLATES OUR HUMANITY AND; ALL THE FUNDAMENTAL VALUES, PRINCIPLES OF MORAL DECENCY, FAIRNESS, LIBERTY AND JUSTICE OF OUR GREAT NATION THAT MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS HAVE FOUGHT AND MADE THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE IN WAR TO PRESERVE AND GUARANTEE OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE THAT IS NOW BEING THREATENED, ATTACKED AND DESTROYED FROM WITHIN.

- 1). LONG TERM ENSLAVEMENT , EMBITTERS, BREEDS, AND CREATES; YOUR PRISONS ARE UNIVERSITIES OF CRIMINALITY
- 2). LONG TERMED ENSLAVEMENT DESTROYS NOT ONLY THE BODY, IT DESTROYS THE SPIRIT; WARPS AND PERVERSE THE MIND.
- 3). COLLATERAL DAMAGE; UNACCOUNTED FOR ARE THE MILIONS OF INNOCENT, VULNERBLE FAMILY MEMBERS.

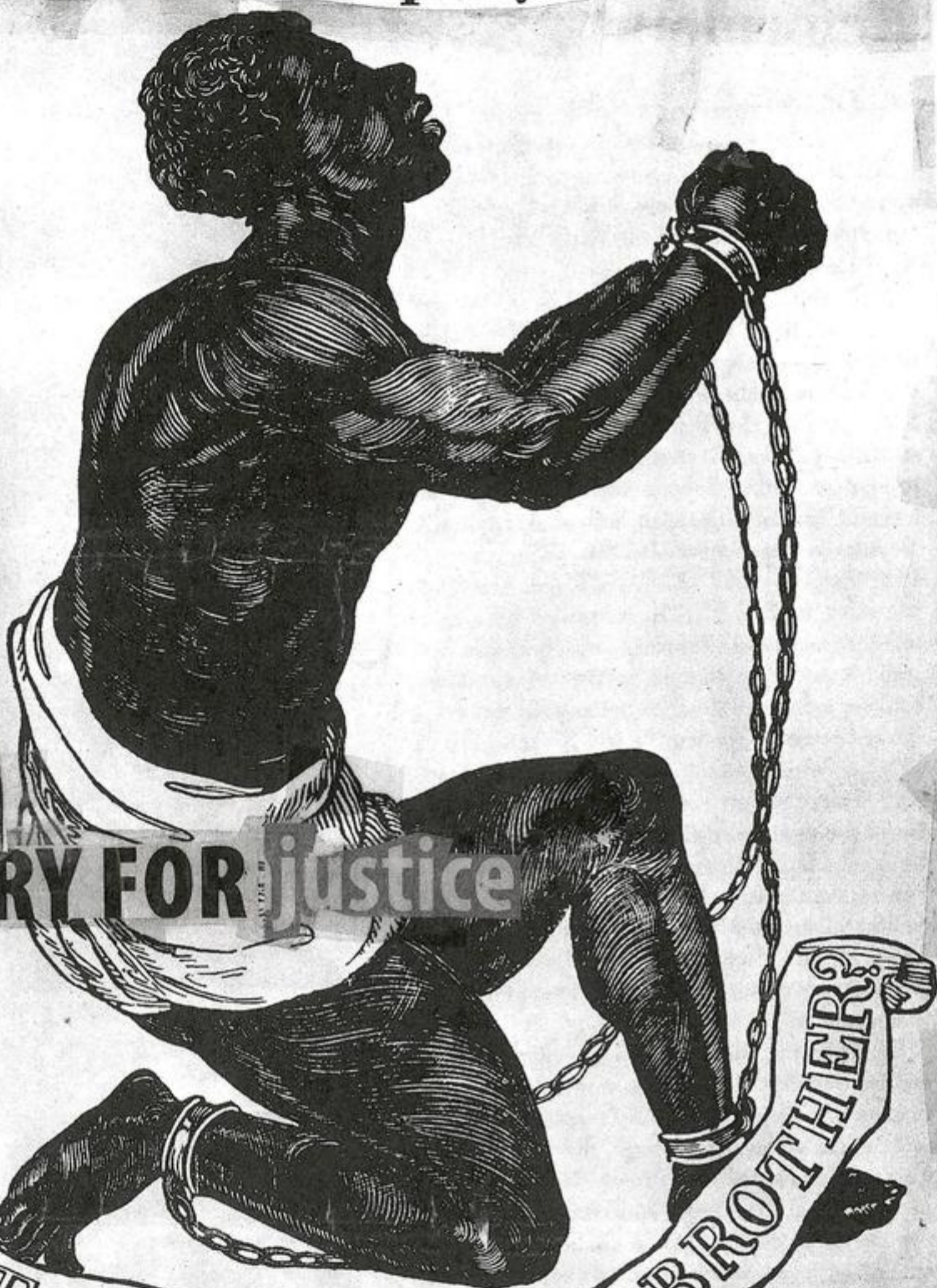
INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT BARACK OBAMA

'WE ARE MADE FOR THIS MOMENT'



Ron Caraway's pencil painting depicting the history of the Civil Rights Movement is on display at the Hemet, California, Valley Art Association this month

"A Piece of Property or a Man"



HUMAN CRY FOR JUSTICE

I AM I NOT A MAN AND A BROTHER?

