

The Crusader 1918 - 1922 published by the American Blood Brotherhood is one of the single ... arguably THE single... most important black, communist periodicals from that period.

It had some striking phonographs of black people on some of its covers, and on some pages internally, but was relatively devoid of other graphic art and/or political cartoons, for the most part, in its 40 or so issues and roughly 1400 pages total.

I found only FOUR issues with cartoons.

The next pages present those cartoons. The first 3 are presented first as scans of the full page where they appeared (in some cases at 300 dpi, others at 1200 dpi) and then as crops of just the cartoon, scanned at 1200 dpi 8 bit gray scale with contrast boosted. From the 1987 Garland reprint of The Crusader issues. The fourth is presented as a single 1200 dpi scan of the full page cartoon.

The first page is from page 8 of the December 1919 issue. It has what by far is the most striking cartoon:

It addresses the hypocrisy of how white Southerners and other whites related to white vs black women.

The next two pages are two sequential pages 6 and 7 from the June 1920 issue.

These contain cartoon illustrations for an article mocking the naiveté and arrogance and self-righteousness of "enlightened" liberal fresh college graduates. I took the liberty of making a crop of these in which the four frames of this cartoon are presented by themselves, sequentially, in a row.

The third issue's cartoon of this small collection contains a cartoon addressing the rise of blacks fighting for their rights in the face of Jim Crow and lynching in the South, from the November 1919 issue.

The last cartoon, from the second to last issue of The Crusader (v5n4 December 1921) is an attack on Marcus Garvey.

---marty

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San Pablo, CA September 2021



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TRUE SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

While the kind of chivalry the white South goes in for has all along been evident to us and is with us day by day in the large number of mulattoes among us, it has never been so proudly confessed in public as by Senator Sharp Williams in the Senate on September 30 when, speaking in favor of the *League of Nations and mob law*, he told the nation that:

"I will go in the pathways of peace as far as any man. I would be willing to arbitrate almost anything except outrages on a white woman by black or white. I would surrender him as a criminal beyond the pale to the first crowd that came to get him."

Note the words "except outrages on a *white woman*." Of course outrages on a Negro woman are of no consequence. At least the white South goes in so freely for such outrages that it would ill become so true a representative of that breed of Hell to denounce them. But why the silence on such outrages? Proud of mob law, surely

Sharp Williams is not ashamed of the immoral law?

At least the Negro can thank Sharp Williams for the knowledge that "*race is greater than law and now and then the protection of women transcends all law, human and Divine.*" We are confident that these words, coming from one of the nation's law-makers, will have its proper effect upon the minds of all Negro men worthy of the name.

NOT ROOM ENOUGH FOR THE TWO.

There is not room enough in the world for two such moralities as the one preached by Woodrow Wilson and Lloyd George while the war was on for the purpose of enlisting the support of "neutrals" and of "subject races," and the one they are now attempting to practice and which is contained in the covenant of the League of Nations. As L. Curtis says in "The Problem of the Commonwealth":

"If it is true in America that people must be left to govern themselves irrespective of



COLLEGE ANIMALS

By M. FRANKLIN PETERS

IT IS summer in the month of June. All nature is arousing from a long slumber. From every nook of the universe, creatures, both large and small, come forth to peep and prey upon their inferiors. With them comes another—the king of all—the College Animal, hatched and



cross-section of a bumblebee's wing to a concert of the stars. He loves argument as a cat loves liver. He is the king hair-splitter of the universe. In a discussion on biology and anthropology he will show conclusively that there is a great similarity between man and the mosquito. He has almost implicit faith in the multitude—the common people, and as self-contradictory as it may seem, he cares not for the common touch, but prefers a life of seclusion. He is the embodiment of an enthusiasm that is mingled with doubt.

But it must not be supposed that this creature has no definite ideas about some things. He is absolutely sure that the merchant across the street receives exorbitant profits on sardines and

raised in the incubator of man—civilization.

A period of from twenty to twenty-five years is required to produce an animal of this variety. After this they are turned out upon a helpless world. Here they grow and thrive, or become fossilized and die.

There is nothing unusual and extraordinary about the habits and appearance of these animals except that some are lean and others are fat. Many of them are runts. This condition is largely due to over-feeding and cramming process which goes on in the nursery—college. Like other animals they eat, sleep and play. They may be differentiated from other animals in that they are capable of thinking—sometimes. This process is carried on by a thinking box, commonly called "HEAD."

The head of these animals is unusually large—entirely out of proportion to their bodies. The head seen in profile reminds one of that of a hippopotamus. But this may be due to an optical illusion.

The College Animal is a wonderful and unique combination of optimism, conceit, enthusiasm and unsophistication. Of all animals, he alone takes himself for granted. He is highly intellectual, caring little for sentiment, faith and the natural attributes of his lower kind.

He thinks of the world in terms of systems and formulas. He has a remedy for everything under the sun, and that, in spite of the fact that he knows, or should know, that society is a complex whole. He knows something about everything, and does not hesitate to express himself accordingly. Yet when he expresses himself he does so with a mental aberration that is bewildering. He will discuss anything from the



black-eye peas; that Jim Fiddlesticks, the lawyer, is a political and social parasite and ass who thrives on the pocketbook and ignorance of his clientele; that milk could be sold for ten cents

a quart, IF—; that the village preacher gives out more perspiration than information, and that his preaching, if considered as a commodity, is the best brand of canned goods on the market—that he could be more successful driving nails than leading men to the kingdom. In short, this animal is dead sure that the whole structure of society from top to bottom is rotten, and that we are on the verge of social bankruptcy!

Mr. Reader, I know how you feel. You are no doubt laughing or “cussing” and saying: “Give it to him!” “He is no better than I—snob,” “stuck-up,” “starchy—parasite.” “If I had my way, I would starve out every——” Wait! Especially will you think this if you are not of this species. I am with you, but hold your criticism. Just a moment, please, just a moment! This animal is not altogether responsible. He is a product and victim of a vicious and wasteful educational system that educates, or rather, that mis-educates men for life; that warps and distorts their view of everything that is human—a system that pumps the head and leaves the heart untouched.

Now, Mr. Reader, these animals are very useful, and whoever captures one will do a great service to society. This will be a little difficult, because unlike other animals, they live mostly in large centers of population. They will be found in large numbers around ice cream parlors, clubs and cigar stores. In some parts of the country they are almost extinct. However, if you should find one roaming in your neighborhood, lasso him—put him to work. If you have no work, create some—give him a job. You will find it hard to get along without him.

Having captured your game there is just one more step to render him perfectly harmless and

useful. A slight but delicate operation is necessary. This must be done by tapping the periphery—cocoanut skull. This allows the water to run off, relieves the head of its swelling and brings



the animal back to normal. Now he can fit into most any place.

These animals when captured and properly tamed will become indispensable and useful assets to any community—caring for the sick, relieving the poor, defending the cause of the helpless and building up the best and greatest that is in man.

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THE AFRICAN BLOOD BROTHERHOOD

THE African Blood Brotherhood is probably the first Negro *secret* organization to be effected in the Western world, having as its sole purpose the liberation of Africa and the redemption of the Negro race.

The organization now numbers over 1,000 men and women of African blood. It is confined to persons of African blood. Its organization has been carried out along lines similar to secret fraternal orders and societies. It has a ritual of its own, with degrees, pass-words, signs, etc., and a formal initiation ceremony when a solemn oath is taken. Membership is at present by voluntary enlistment, subject to acceptance or rejection at the discretion of the body. Appropriate regalia and uniforms are under consideration. Post commands have been established in various cities of the United States, in the West Indies, Central and South America and in West Africa.

The government of the African Blood Brotherhood is by a supreme council or war college of five, which controls the appointment and tenure of office of the commanders of the various posts and formulates the policies and directs the activities and movements of the organization. There are two sets of other officers—the secretaries, treasurers, chaplains, etc., of the various posts, and the international officers. These are all elected by the members, with all members participating in the election of the international officers. These officers are subject to the rulings

and decrees of the supreme council or war college.

Under the rules of the organization, the word of the council, when issued in the form of “instructions,” must be considered as law by the members of the brotherhood. When issued in the form of “suggestions” it is expected to command at least respectful and careful consideration.

There are at present no stipulated fees or membership dues. These are left to the patriotism and financial ability of each member. As not enough money could be raised for the work the brotherhood has in view, by the medium of fees and dues, unless these were made so large as to be prohibitive to the great mass of the race, the expedient was adopted of allowing each member to fix his own dues, by pledging himself a monthly donation. This amount may be 25 cents a month 50 cents, one dollar or whatever sum the individual can give under the patriotic rule of “Give till it hurts.”

Two-thirds of all donations are allocated to the war chest as a central fund for general operations of the organization. The other one-third is placed at the disposal of the post through which it was received, to be used, within the rulings of the war college, for the work of local training in the essential industries, in science, etc.

The following “suggestions” have been issued

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NO. 3

THE WORM TURNS



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Congress, the Lusk Committee and the Radical Leaders

A resolution pending in the House authorizes an investigation of the race riots throughout the country. If it is adopted Congressmen will insist that the editors of the Messenger, the Crisis and The Crusader be subpoenaed.—New York World Washington Dispatch of October 6, 1919.

The Negro question is at last before the Nation. It is now acknowledgegely of national concern and not the private business of the murderous South. Where the Old Time Negro Serviles have failed, the radical leaders, backed up by the militant spirit of the New Negro, have scored a tremendous success. The race question, long carried around in the hip pocket of the white Southerner as his own *private and personal property* which no one (not even the downtrodden race most concerned), but

a Southern gentleman, Suh, was capable of understanding and discussing, is now to have the ear of the American public and of the world. The question of the rights of the American Negro is to be taken out of the domain of a private Southern question and treated as a matter affecting all sections of the nation and deserving the consideration of all.

There will almost certainly be a Congressional investigation and so, open and national discussion of the race riots and, we hope by the aid of Northern representatives, of the causes leading up to them.

And, strange as it may appear, it is from the white South comes this call for a Congressional investigation. Silent during the

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The Moses
that was to
have been.
The Judas
that is.



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