

AWAKE!

Uniting Religion's Divided House

World Council of Churches meets in Amsterdam

Smog Spells Death

Action to halt this health hazard still in slow-motion

Women Spearhead War on Old Age

Old age wins the battles, but it will lose the war

The Amazing Mr. Ostrich

Outeats, outweighs, outruns, outfights
all his feathered relatives



JANUARY 8, 1949 SEMIMONTHLY

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News sources that are able to keep you awake to the vital issues of our times must be unfettered by censorship and selfish interests. "Awake!" has no fetters. It recognizes facts, faces facts, is free to publish facts. It is not bound by political ambitions or obligations; it is unhampered by advertisers whose toes must not be trodden on; it is unprejudiced by traditional creeds. This journal keeps itself free that it may speak freely to you. But it does not abuse its freedom. It maintains integrity to truth.

"Awake!" uses the regular news channels, but is not dependent on them. Its own correspondents are on all continents, in scores of nations. From the four corners of the earth their uncensored, on-the-scenes reports come to you through these columns. This journal's viewpoint is not narrow, but is international. It is read in many nations, in many languages, by persons of all ages. Through its pages many fields of knowledge pass in review—government, commerce, religion, history, geography, science, social conditions, natural wonders—why, its coverage is as broad as the earth and as high as the heavens.

"Awake!" pledges itself to righteous principles, to exposing hidden foes and subtle dangers, to championing freedom for all, to comforting mourners and strengthening those disheartened by the failures of a delinquent world, reflecting sure hope for the establishment of a righteous New World.

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AWAKE!

"Now it is high time to awake."—*Romans 13:11*

Volume XXX

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Number 1

UNITING RELIGION'S DIVIDED HOUSE

IN THIS day of housing shortages many an old, dilapidated firetrap is allowed to stand that would ordinarily in more prosperous times be condemned and torn down. Both unsafe for habitation and eyesores in the community, these old, rickety, rat-infested dwellings remind one of Christendom's ramshackle, centuries-old house of religion, with its crumbling foundation, sagging floors, cracked and bulging walls, and falling-in, leaky roof. Protestantism down through the years has added room after room to the original Orthodox and Roman Catholic structure, until today there are over 256 different sects and cults nested together under a single multi-gabled roof.

Without plan or design, each addition has its own peculiar architecture of ritual and pattern of creedal dogma. The passageways between them are so narrow, dark and treacherous that millions of persons have never left the confines of their native religious cell long enough to inspect the rest of the house. Hence they are totally unaware of the fact that with the passing of time the cellar has become damper, the rooms mustier, the cobwebs thicker and the cracks wider.

Instead of calling a demolishing crew and tearing the whole monstrous structure down to the ground, Christendom's clergy have endeavored to hold together and patch up their tumble-down shack. From time to time they have made general repairs by bolstering up its pagan

foundations, plugging up its doctrinal cracks and smearing over its decayed surface with whitewash, in an effort to make it less apparent that it is a divided house. This "unifying" work they love to call an *ecumenical* movement. During the last forty years their activity along this line has increased until recently it reached a climax, at Amsterdam. There the World Council of Churches, from August 22 to September 4, attempted a major renovation of the entire disjointed house from top to bottom.

Setting Up the Scaffolding

Before the actual face-lifting on the old building began many details had to be attended to. The stage had to be set; the props arranged and the scaffolding erected. The people both in the house and in the neighborhood had to be awakened to what was about to happen; hence the buzzing commotion. The press, radio and movies were called in to amplify the noise. In religious circles great expectation was aroused; keen interest was created; many questions were asked.

What was this World Council of Churches all about, anyway? From the loud-speakers of the publicity agents came the answer: 'For the first time official representatives of hundreds of Protestant churches will put their hearts and minds together; for the first time a continuous, active, globe-encircling council of churches will be established; for the first time old and young churches will

have one voice with which to cry to the world for "more religion." Amsterdam was to be "the iridescent and inspiring dawn of a new day", the "most significant religious gathering since the conversion of Constantine", a "great spiritual adventure", an "overwhelming experience". Why, "not since the historic stand of Martin Luther in 1521 . . . has so epoch-making an event for Protestant Christianity happened as the World Council of Churches," asserts Fifth Avenue's prominent clergyman, J. S. Bonnell. Or, to quote the then president of the Federal Council of Churches, Charles P. Taft:

We shall demonstrate the will of the churches toward unity, and their determination to act together in building a free and peaceful world. We shall set up an organization through which the churches may consult together and reach definite agreements. . . . That for which we most earnestly pray is that this new organization may rise up strong, and be an instrument to bring about a world of peace and brotherhood.

Well, such a house-rocking, earth-shaking affair as this should have a theatrical theme to go with it. So out came the banner inscribed: "Man's Disorder & God's Design." A bulletin issued by the American Committee of the World Council declared:

MAN'S DISORDER—revealing itself in war, aggressive nationalisms, economic strife, race prejudices, callousness, cruelty, greed, hunger, disunity (religious and otherwise). Seeing what man has done during the last three decades to destroy himself, not a few people have begun to believe again in an "underworld"—the seat of demonic forces which seem to be riding mankind to its destruction.

What "God's design" is, the bulletin is not too clear, but it seems from their boasting that they expect the Almighty to use this World Council to correct all of man's disorders.

A look at the blueprints gives a better idea of the organizational setup of the World Council. It has six presidents and

a "key group" or Central Committee composed of 90 members divided into 12 departments. This Central Committee, with executive headquarters in Geneva, is supposed to meet once a year and make out its time sheets, and then once every five years a general get-together of the entire World Council will survey the progress made on the patch-up job.

Lest any fear that this organization will become a sort of super-church, a Protestant hierarchy, that will rule over half of Christendom with the same authority that the Vatican rules the other half, it is pointed out that this World Council takes nothing away from the functions of the individual sects or cults that are members. Declared the archbishop of Canterbury: "It [the World Council] is no more a church than the United Nations is a nation." In fact, there is a great resemblance between the two organizations, the World Council being a sort of religious U. N.

"Amsterdam, Here We Are!"

Of the expected 450 delegates 352 were on hand, with as many alternates, and a host of consultants and visitors—all together nearly 1,500 of Christendom's most distinguished ecclesiastical architects and workmen from every corner of the globe, and representing nearly 150 separate denominations. There were "ruff-collared Scandinavians; bearded, black-veiled Orthodox dignitaries; purple-cassocked Old Catholics; saffron-stoled representatives of the Church of South India; U. S. pastors in business suits and glittering spectacles".—*Time* magazine.

Pageantry reached a peak. Fifteen thousand people were on hand to satisfy their curiosity and feast their eyes on this strange collection of "isms". "I never saw flowers used in such profusion in decorating," gasped one of the bishops. For fifteen minutes all the church bells of Amsterdam blanketed the city

with their spellbinding notes at the same time bells in many other parts of the earth were joining in the pagan custom in an effort to awaken Christendom's god, so that he might hear the prayers and supplications. Everybody was called upon to pray for the "ecumenic" workmen. Many news hounds were also on hand, 242 of them, some writers, some radio commentators, some photographers.

First of all the roll call. About three-fifths of Christendom's sects were officially represented by some of the brightest lights of the pulpit. Not that they are outstanding defenders of the Bible and true Christianity, for, as a matter of fact, many of them, like Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, think and believe and preach that the teachings of Christ are too impractical for this world and its troubles.

High on the list of the "Who's Who" at Amsterdam was the name of John Foster Dulles, one of the chief "tack and hammer" experts. Fresh from the debating chambers of the United Nations Dulles showed his ability by juggling both politics and religion on the highest scaffolding without falling off. After mentioning the fact that before the second world war Dulles was a Wall Street lawyer who worked for German cartels that backed up Hitler, I. F. Stone, editorial writer of the *New York Star*, goes on to say:

About the middle of the war, he [Dulles] seems to have felt an urge to be numbered among the prophets. Ever since he has paraded as a Christian with a capital "C", ostentatious in his piety, like those of whom Jesus said, "all their works they do for to be seen of men." . . . If Jesus had been as this man, he would not have struck out on the path of sorrow. He would have opened a law office in Jerusalem, catering to the wealthiest of the Pharisees.

"Personally," confesses another writer, "I can't bring myself to trust Mr. Dulles—theologian or statesman—as far as I can toss a Dutch windmill."

Delegates from two-fifths of Christendom were conspicuous by their absence when the official roll call was made. Notable absentees included Russian Orthodox, Dutch Reform, Scandinavian Lutherans, Quakers of England, U.S. Southern Baptists, the Armenian Church and Roman Catholics. Some sects, like the Unitarian, were not invited, the reason as given by the council's associate general secretary, Leiper, being that they do not accept the pagan doctrine of "trinity".

The Pan-Orthodox Conference met in Moscow a few weeks prior to the Amsterdam assembly and decided that they would have no part in it as long as the bosses of this "unionizing" movement were of the West. Purely a jurisdictional dispute on a diplomatic level. Consequently the boys of Amsterdam were tickled pink when Tito, presumably on the "outs" with Moscow, sent his "small boy" to represent the Yugoslav Orthodox church. All together, 24 of the 85 seats reserved for Orthodoxy were filled by the smaller branches. Russia also knew what was going on, for she had her news agency *Tass* on the spot.

"Visitors" in the Belfry

Some of the denominations that did not send official delegates did not want to be left out completely, and so they sent what they called "observers". The Southern Baptists sent such a looker-on even though they had passed a resolution "declining positively and definitely" any membership in the world organization. Jewish religionists also sent their observer. These "visitors" were welcomed and gladly taken in. While the Roman Catholic Hierarchy refused to send participating delegates to the Assembly, they did send "a few priests" to "listen in" on the deliberations and keep an eye on the whole remodeling job.

The fact that Rome did not send delegates to Amsterdam with voting powers should not be interpreted as meaning that the Catholic church had no part in

the Assembly. True, the pope's suggestion was turned down that his personal chambermaid, Myron C. Taylor, be permitted to help out on the construction job, yet, at all times there was at least one Jesuit priest sitting on the platform directly behind the speaker's desk in the front row of the press section.

In reality, the Catholic church is more keenly interested than her Protestant children in uniting religion's divided house, and in bringing all of Christendom together into a single organization, submissive, of course, to the dictates of Rome. Hence the Jesuit Boyer, quoted in *Osservatore Romano*, said that Catholics were happy and hopeful that this World Council would result in greater "progress toward unity" with the mother church. The Jesuit magazine *America* also rejoiced over the efforts of the World Council. Writes the Jesuit J. H. C. Creyton, in the Amsterdam Catholic weekly: "Catholics will listen to the appeal that the World Council of Churches may be a tool by which real union of all Christians in one Catholic Church of Christ may be advanced."

Pope Pius XII blessed the Amsterdam assembly and in a special letter declared that he was "following with assiduous interest the providential movement for the return of dissidents to the unity of the church". Special prayers and special masses were held for the success of the World Council.

Termites Within the Walls

"Unity" under the domination of Rome is much closer than most Protestants realize. Basically the strategy behind this World Council is to get Protestants to unite among themselves, then, as a unit, join up with the Eastern Orthodox churches, and, finally, all return to the arms of "mama" as the one and only "Holy Catholic Church". Ever since the days of the Inquisition the papacy has been working toward this end. Now, with the rise of the ecumenical movement she

has many, many friends and helpers that work as a "fifth column" inside the denominations. Like termites, they are eating out the walls of separation.

Within the Anglican Church of England, which is only a shade different from the Catholic Church in traditions and ritual, there are forces working for the union of that system with Rome. When 7,000 clergymen representing 21,000,000 Methodists met shortly before the Amsterdam powwow they agreed that since the only terms on which they could unite with Rome were as 'repentant-Protestants', then it was up to them to take the first step toward that union. The noted Danish theologian, K. E. Skydsgaard, reasons that since Protestants and Catholics cannot unite on the terms set by the Protestants it only means that they must unite on those laid down by Rome; hence he says, "it is perfectly right to say that the Roman Catholic Church already is along in the ecumenical movement." Bishop Oxnam, former president of the Federal Council of Churches, has been one of the most outspoken advocates for return to the Roman yoke of bondage, going so far as to call the Protestant position a 'sinful' one for which they should ask forgiveness. Others also speak of the "sin of denominational division".

"Unionizers" Go to Work

One would think that since so many of Christendom's household desire to unite they would all have worked in unison to make the Amsterdam assembly a huge success. However, it seems that each one had his own patching-up methods. Power politics and national ambitions played their part.

At the very start Karl Barth, one of Europe's foremost theologians, with the bluntness of an honest man, warned his buddies that they were starting a bigger job than they could finish. Said Barth:

We ought to give up every thought that the care of the church, the care of the world, is

our care. . . . This is the final root and ground of all human disorder; the dreadful, godless, ridiculous opinion that man is the Atlas who is destined to bear the dome of heaven on his shoulders. . . . We are not the ones to change this evil world into a good one. God has not resigned His Lordship over it into our hands. . . . By God's design is not meant something like a Christian Marshall plan. . . . All that is required of us is that in the midst of the political and social disorder of the world we should be His witnesses, as disciples and servants of Jesus.

Immediately the rest, branding Barth's "cold water" statement of truth as "heresy", proceeded with their remodeling job. Kathleen Bliss, editor of the London *Christian News-Letter*, wanted to begin on the foundation by saying that if there was faith they could "lay the foundation of a new society amid the decline of the old". Others urged that they "break down the walls of division"; some started hammering on the "disturbing discrepancy" and the social problems of the day; another urged protection against "the terrible fate that impends".

Meantime some of the boys were busy on the other side of the house putting up a brick wall against communism. One of these, hod-carrier Dufles, worked fast and furious throwing bricks and mortar together as he raved about how "atheistic and materialistic" Marxian Communism is. As soon as he stopped to catch his breath Prague's eminent clergyman, J. L. Hromadka, in an effort to push the wall over, started talking about the "Western man's apparent fear, frustration and helplessness in dealing with the great issues of our times".

For nearly a week about 400 delegates, divided into four sections, tinkered around behind closed doors. No doubt they saw how dark the inside of the house is, how much it is in need of a lighting system and a modern plumbing system for removing some of Christendom's filth and rubbish. But instead of doing anything about these important

matters they as much as said: 'We'll just fix up the outside a little and leave the internal structure as is.' Outside they had trouble with their paint. At first their condemnation of capitalism looked too "red"; so they mixed in a neutralizer called *laissez-faire* so that the jealous god of capitalism would not be offended.

Then, not unlike the builders of Babel's tower when their work was interrupted, these modern housebuilders each said the Lord's Prayer in his own language and went home.

And what was accomplished? A survey by the *Christian Century* says that "the most substantial work done at Amsterdam was accomplished in the first hour of the first business session". A constitution was adopted and the World Council became a "permanent" fixture in the divided house. For the next two weeks thereafter, besides offering Queen Wilhelmina the opportunity of making "Rev." Visser 't Hooft a knight of the "Order of the Netherlands Lion", the World Council did plenty of gabbing. *Time* magazine: "Verbally, Amsterdam was earsplitting." Frank Stewart, religious editor of the *Cleveland Press*, cabled: "This is the greatest gabfest I ever heard any place or any time." Surely Gilbert and Sullivan describe the scene perfectly:

Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats,
In point of fact, too many.

Be not deceived, all efforts to unite Christendom's divided house, which is made of 'hay, wood and stubble', will fail; hence the cry, "Come out of her, my people." (Revelation 18:4) Likewise the associated World Council will tumble down with it at Armageddon, even as foretold: "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces. . . . Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word, and it shall not stand."—Isaiah 8:9,10; Matthew 7:26,27.

No Stoop. No Squat. No Sunburn FOR TOMORROW'S FARMER!

☞ If higher farm prices are the aspirin that cured the long-suffering farmer's headache, then some of today's inventions might well be called the liniment to relieve his backache. With the advent of new labor-saving devices and machinery, the farmer of tomorrow is promised a life of veritable armchair ease. A long list of new digger-outers, picker-uppers, duster-offers and sorter-outers soon is to join the already impressive list of mechanical wonders now at work on farms. In addition to this galaxy of new tractor-drawn, motor-propelled, electrically-operated devices, tomorrow's engineer of agriculture is to have at his beck and call the combined forces of chemistry and electronics. Yes, the farmer's life will be a happier one with less drudgery and more time to enjoy his automobile, television set and airplane!

There will be no weather-seared face for the completely mechanized farmer of a few years hence. His air-conditioned tractor cab is designed to keep him cool and comfortable on hot days,

and warm and protected against the elements in bad weather. The cab, probably constructed of transparent plastic, filters out the burning rays of the sun, yet allows him full vision of his working area. He may even enjoy his favorite radio programs, news broadcasts and market reports while he plows or cultivates. And two-way radio communication is a definite possibility for the large agricultural operator. The owner or manager might thereby be in constant touch with work progress in every corner of the farm . . . and call home to see if dinner is on the table! Haying literally is going to be a breeze with the chopper-blower that shoots the alfalfa or timothy up to the mow where new drying methods allow hay, cut with high moisture content, to be cured. Other farming innovations will include: *Radar* to select seeds capable of producing the finest crops; *electronic tomato harvesters* that grade the fruit by size and color; *germ-killing lamps* to guard poultry against disease.—Badger Paper Mills, Inc.

Disgraced Jailbird

☞ Crime does not pay. Blackie, pet crow in Little Ferry, N.J., learned this bitter lesson. When he had his freedom he attended school with his young master from Tuesdays through Fridays. He slunk in deportment, with lowest dishonors. On Mondays he played hooky. That was the day for his "perfect crime", namely, yanking clothespins off washlines. No school Saturday, so he whiled away the day swooping at car windshields and slowly strutting across busy intersections, jamming traffic for blocks. On Sundays he attended church, but shunned the family pew. He joined the bats in the belfry and from that perch "harmonized" with the choir below. At this brotherly help the choir was sour. But now all Little Ferry breathes easier: by police order its public enemy No. 1, Blackie, is a jailbird in his master's backyard pen.

Shortage of Jackasses

☞ The democrats may soon be looking for another party emblem if they expect to keep up with the times. Why? The mule is facing extinction. Ira Drymon, president of the Horse and Mule Association of America, says the trouble goes back to the jackass, the mule's papa. There just are not enough jackasses of the four-legged variety to mate with mares and thereby father the hybrid mule. The jack and jenny are nearing extinction, we are told, and that means the mule will also die out. The mule is better suited to certain work and conditions than horses or tractors, specially in the southern United States. Senators have been in consultation on this matter. Politicians often clamor, "We need more religion." Now it's, "We need more mules and jackasses."

IT IS December 1, 1930.

Heavy, smoke-laden fog blankets the Meuse river valley in Belgium. No one notices. Near-by factory chimneys make smog a frequent visitor. Three days, and it only snuggled closer. On the fourth day livestock writhed in agony. Forty-eight hours later 63 persons had died. Many survivors fled in panic. Others herded their remaining farm animals into their houses and barricaded themselves indoors, sealing cracks with wet rags.

Terrifying rumors whispered of German poison gas. Others spoke in awed tones of the return of the thirteenth-century scourge—Black Death. But official inquiry revealed it a twentieth-century scourge, a simple case of air pollution that could happen in any manufacturing city. The coal used in surrounding factories had a high sulphur content. When burned sulphur dioxide filled the air, other industrial fumes added oxygen atoms to make sulphur trioxide, this gas absorbed water from the fog, and the resulting smog was a deadly sea of droplets of sulphuric acid. It seared lungs as though it were a flame.

The above disaster of 1930 was used by Bill Davidson to introduce his article "Our Poisoned Air", in *Collier's* of October 23, 1948. After an array of sobering facts on air poisoning in the United States and practical information on how the smoke menace can be eliminated, the article concludes: "Are we Americans waiting until we experience a Meuse valley disaster of our own?"

Death Settles on Donora, Pa.

Yes. We waited. It came. One week after the date of issue of that article Americans experienced their "Meuse valley" disaster. On October 30 smog closed in upon Donora, Pa., a community of 12,000 in the Monongahela river valley,



about twenty-five miles southeast of Pittsburgh. Twenty persons died. Four hundred were stricken, but were treated in time to ward off death.

Donora had lived in a twilight world enveloped in smog for three days before ill effects were noticed, but around 2 a.m. of October 30 the town's eight doctors were swamped with telephone calls for help from asthma sufferers and anxious relatives. In a short time the hospitals in the area were filled. Doctors and emergency workers reported that patients showed similar symptoms: gasping for air and unbearable chest pains. Volunteer firemen from neighboring towns assisted the local fire department in getting oxygen to many victims. Doctor William Rongaus, a physician and member of the Donora Board of Health, bitterly charged: "It's murder! There's nothing else you can call it."

Norbert Hochman, a chemist attached to the Pittsburgh Smoke Prevention Bureau, announced the theory that there was definitely enough sulphur trioxide to be toxic in the air in Donora, particularly close to the zinc works of the American Steel and Wire Company, a United States Steel Corporation subsidiary. He explained that sulphur dioxide is formed in the process at that plant, which becomes deadly sulphur trioxide upon contact with the air. The Meuse river valley disaster over again, only eighteen years later and in the Monongahela river valley. It can happen here. It has.

M. M. Neale, superintendent of the

zine works, said the plant was being shut down as a precautionary measure. But spokesmen for the mill said that they thought there was small chance that the mill was responsible, on the ground that it had been using the same process in the plant since 1917. Smog had also visited Meuse river valley many times before December 1, 1930. At any rate, the governor of Pennsylvania announced that a state investigation would be made, Donora has asked the United States Public Health Service to enter the case, and the community is also prepared to spend \$10,000 hiring private investigators to solve the mystery.

Pneumonia, Tuberculosis, Cancer

City smoke is a menace hanging low over the head of every industrial area. Doctor Clarence A. Mills, of the University of Cincinnati, declared: "Death rates from pneumonia, tuberculosis and lung cancer are three to five times higher for men in the dirty districts than in the clean suburbs. In Chicago alone, over 700 more people die each year from these three diseases than would die if the death rates of the suburban areas prevailed over the entire city." Verifying these contentions, Dr. I. Hope Alexander, Pittsburgh public health director, discovered that the four most air-polluted cities (Pittsburgh, Boston, Baltimore and St. Louis) ranked one, two, four and five in pneumonia deaths.

The previously mentioned article in *Collier's* gives an insight into the steep price we pay for poisoning our air. A research worker at Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York city said that "there is a group of complex hydrocarbon chemicals any one of which will, when injected into mice, produce cancer in the animals 100 times out of 100". These chemicals come from tar formed by burning coal. The researchers are now experimenting with ordinary soot collected from New York city rooftops, and London has already

proved that chimney soot produces cancer in men as well as in animals. In New York the United States Public Health Service collected air from the Holland tunnel, condensed it, injected it into mice. Result, cancer. It is common laboratory practice to induce cancer in experimental animals by placing their tissues in contact with synthetic hydrocarbons.

Though tuberculosis, pneumonia and cancer are the more deadly results to lungs on a smoke diet, there are many other lesser ailments induced or irritated by it. It does not always kill in as dreadfully spectacular a way as in the Meuse valley and at Donora. It is more often a slow killer that takes its time over the years. In addition to soot and sulphur dioxide, each lungful of air breathed by most American city dwellers contains ammonia, formaldehyde, nitric acid, hydrochloric acid, and chlorine and phosgene, the war gases.

City smoke also brings a huge economic loss. Public Health Service in Washington says that everyone's personal smoke bill is between \$10 and \$30 a year. Cost to the United States is estimated at \$2,500,000,000 annually. Cleaning buildings by sandblasting runs into a cost of millions each year, and around the home smoke does much damage, in addition to the endless marathon of scrubbing that housewives must endure. Obermeyer estimated that 1,780 tons of dirt and chimney smoke floats over New York city in the first 200-foot layer of atmosphere. This shroud blacks out the sunlight and its prized ultraviolet rays, as much as 30 percent being thus lost in some cities, and as high as 50 percent in certain cities in England during winter-time.

These and other evils of smoke and smog have given rise to repeated outcries for smoke abatement. There are solutions to the problem if the industrialists would co-operate. Different fuels may be the answer in some cases,

or oftentimes it is new equipment that is needed. Reduction of smoke and fumes results in more efficient burning of fuels or in reclaiming valuable chemicals that otherwise go up in smoke, and such savings soon pay for the initial outlay required of industry. But if it never paid back in money, the improvement of public health would justify enforcement of smoke-abatement programs. St. Louis has gone far in eliminating her pall of smoke. Seven years of energetic action has raised Pittsburgh's visibility 68 percent, and last winter she enjoyed 39 percent more sunshine than during the previous one. She may lose her reputation as the "smoky city".

Smoke and Smog No Joke

There are perennial anti-smoke campaigns in New York city. The problem has certainly been talked out; now it should be worked out. The New York *Times* runs many good editorials on the subject, and last October reported the introduction of a local law in the city council by Vice-Chairman Joseph T. Sharkey. But some other newspapers are more interested in coddling industry than in public health. The New York *Star* is a good example of this bad trait.

On October 22, 1948, it published an editorial entitled "Take Care with Our Air". Its purpose was to poke fun at any smoke abatement program. First it blames the pall over the city as due to

a breeze off the Jersey flats. Then, "But as to Mr. Sharkey's claim that our air is foul and unhealthful, we say 'Nuts!'" And adds in a strained effort to be coyly facetious about a serious matter, "It isn't foul at all, just flavorsome." Amusing only the factory owners, the editorial prattles childishly about the city atmosphere's needing its flavor, its carbon monoxide and smoke. It chides Sharkey on trying to launch steps to purify the air, saying that New Yorkers would feel lost without the blanketing smoke, that they have become adapted to it and could not live comfortably without it.

Eight days after this cute comic asininely wrote in the New York *Star* as though smoke and smog were to be taken as a joke, smoke and smog killed twenty persons in Donora. Does the *Star* think that a joke? Something to chuckle about, to laugh off? Does their editorial still strike them as cute and cunning? Would they like to let Donora in on the fun by circulating the editorial there? And when surviving relatives of the twenty who died would say that smoke-laden air is foul and unhealthful, would the New York *Star* lightly respond: "Nuts! It isn't foul at all, just flavorsome"?

City smoke and smog is no joke. It blackens homes and overworks housewives. It brings economic loss. It impairs health. And at times smoke and smog spell death.



Noah's Ark Found Again?

¶ A few years ago a Russian aviator flying over Mount Ararat was supposed to have seen a huge boat stranded against the shore of a glacial lake. It was widely publicized as Noah's ark. The report has never been substantiated, though it has been repeated and embellished. Most recent news of the ark on Ararat comes via an Associated Press dispatch of November 13, 1948, from Istanbul. It tells of the petrified remains of an object resembling the remains of a ship being found high up on Mount Ararat. Hidden for centuries, it came to light last summer when unusually warm weather melted away an ancient mantle of snow and ice. Many peasants from the villages around the base of the mountain climbed to view the petrified remains and excitedly announced it was a ship. But this and other stories about Noah's ark still leave the scientists cold and skeptical.

Blood Transfusion—One Doctor's Opinion

IN *The Layman Speaks*, June, 1948, Alonzo J. Shadman, M.D., of Forest Hills, Massachusetts, voices sentiments on blood transfusion. He said in part:

Years ago, in George Washington's time, it was the style to open the patient's veins and let out a lot of blood. The procedure was considered by both the doctors and the laity as the thing to do. That being the accepted philosophy in that "enlightened day and age", who could "squawk" at the fearful mortality? No one, of course; so what could anyone object to when the Father of our Country was killed by the doctor's ruthless lancet?

He was exposed to bad weather on a Thursday. On Friday he showed signs that his bronchi and throat were inflamed. According to homeopathic philosophy *Aconite* would have been the correct remedy and undoubtedly would have caused an immediate recovery. His physicians were allopaths, knowing not a thing about curative medicine. They did, however, invoke the measures in vogue at the time, namely, bleeding (venesection so-called), and they did it to the queen's taste, and so poor Washington had to give up the ghost. He did manage to gasp toward the end a request to be allowed to die without further torment.

Today, amongst the allopaths, the pendulum has swung to the other side; so now it is the style to fill a patient's veins with the blood of another, or of various other, persons. Again, it is accepted by physicians and laity as "the thing to do", and who has the temerity to question orthodox medicine in this great and enlightened year of 1948? Therefore, who can now "squawk" when people die as a result of this "about-face" professional antic? The general public seems so sold on it that it believes—with the Red Cross doing the thinking for it—that people would die untimely deaths unless a bumper crop of blood for the Blood Bank is not forthcoming pronto, all of which of course is false and nothing more than a ridiculous hoax, which serves a purpose—never fear—though in actuality it is not only

not a service to health, but is definitely deleterious to health.

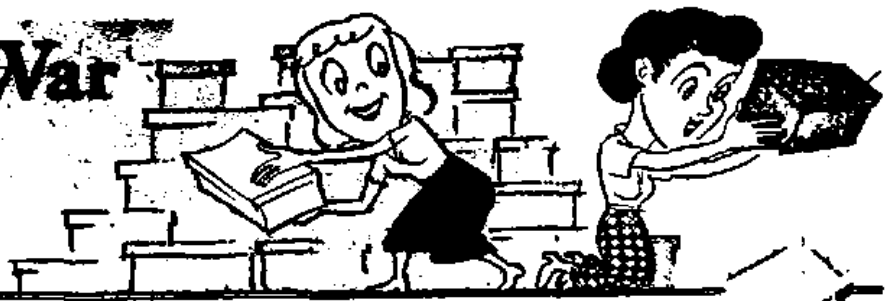
I have practiced medicine and surgery for over forty years and never yet have I given a blood transfusion, nor fractionated blood, for any purpose, and I have never had a patient any the worse for not having received it. I have had many, many patients who were bled cold from accidental loss of blood and a infusion of normal saline solution always saved them. I have had patients paper-white with anemia. The homeopathic remedy always restored their health. I have seen patients turn over in bed and die following blood transfusions. I have never seen an untoward reaction from a needed saline transfusion.

There are as many types of blood as there are persons living on this planet. You are your blood; your blood is you. You cannot with impunity put the blood of one man into the veins of another. The ridiculous blood therapy is in itself bad enough, but not so destructive as the withholding of the proper homeopathic remedy, lack of which not only often results in immediate death, but complications and chronic conditions follow as a rule those who live long enough to pay the penalty of such repugnant measures. . . .

You have been propagandized so thoroughly as to the wonderful life-saving power of blood and blood plasma that you may be inclined to turn a deaf ear to my warning. The virtues of blood-letting were just as highly extolled and practiced, and probably had I lived in those days any warning against it that I might have sounded would have gone unheeded. Well, history has proved that the warning would have been justified. Do you think for one moment that history will justify the antics of today's medicine? You may be sure it won't. So why not be sensible today? Forewarned is forearmed. What more do you need to convince you? . . .

The alluring manner in which each and every racket is presented is convincing at the time, but only to those who do not bother to know the difference.

Women Spearhead War on OLD AGE



OLD age is fighting a losing war. It has been winning for centuries, but it will lose for eternity. It first brings its millions of victims to feebleness, then easily topples them into the grave. It has taken on all comers, beaten every antagonist. But if old age has set bounds beyond which man will not pass alive, it is cheering to know that a time limit has been set beyond which old age will not exist. It may now be winning all the rounds, but in the end it will lose the fight by a knockout. It can whip all adversaries but one.

Men have vainly resisted the onslaughts of old age, and even as their efforts through exercise, diet and medicine fail they seek to bolster their confidence by hiding the evidence of their defeat. Dye hides gray hair, toupee hides no hair, padded suitcoat offsets shrinking shoulders, elastic waistband gallantly strives to do what enfeebled muscles have long since given up, namely, hold in bulging belly and hold up fallen chest. His attempt to camouflage his failure to fight off old age yields but a hollow triumph to tickle his male vanity. Victorious old age hands beaten man over to the grave for complete disposal of the remains.



Do women fare better in their war on old age? It is no secret, Eve's daughters fight harder than her sons to beat off the advances of age. Besides the natural will to live, other forces prod women on in their quest

for eternal youth. Some girls on the movie-actress, bathing-beauty type can hold their spotlight only as long as they retain their youth and beauty. When they wilt and fade other feminine flowers are there to replace them. The career woman holds her position in this selfish world of commercial competition and greed by reason of force and vigor associated with youth. Allied with this urge is the spirit to domineer, possessed by some women. Then there is the matter of sex attraction. Women have a higher emotional mechanism than men, fear the loss of companionship more than men, and operate under greater pressure of competition, since there are more women than men. Not only ~~passion~~, vanity and selfishness, but also

simple fear of growing old, fear of losing companionship, fear of insecurity, fear of being pushed into a corner, shoved onto the sidelines of life, relegated to the loneliness of an old ladies home—all of these



thoughts and many others may harry the minds of women as they try to retrace their slipping steps toward death.

Though doomed from the beginning to defeat, few women forsake the fight to stay young till old age overpowers them at the grave's brink. Another wrinkle! Another gray hair! Such discoveries may light the fuse to rocket her into all-

out, modern warfare against old Father Time. For her counterattack the frantic lady enlists every health and beauty "hint" peddled by radio, newspaper and magazine. She recruits the professional beauticians and hires these mercenaries and soldiers of fortune to help her stem the advances of old age. Questionable thanks to the fertile imagination of money-grasping inventors, the war-bag of the modern woman soon overflows with any number of fantastic preparations. These include youth creams, nourishing creams, cleansing creams, astringent creams, skin bleaches, skin fresheners, skin foods, blemish- and wrinkle-removing creams, and hormone creams—all guaranteed to turn back the hands of life's time clock. Like all wars, the cost of this one is staggering.

Battle of the Bulges

Many women have their battle lines drawn around their hips, waist and bust. Middle age has a nasty way of using obesity to scuttle that schoolgirl figure. To halt its persistent encroachments morning exercises are devoutly performed, and sometimes special rolling, kneading and shaking gadgets are rushed to these crucial battle fronts to break down and liquidate fat cells. Special diets, often injurious to health, are followed. Heat treatments and baths are tried, reducing pills are swallowed, and still stubborn victory stands aloof.

When the war is lost in fact, the women try to win it in fancy. Like the beaten men, they conscript camouflage to hide their defeat. Called in as reinforcements are mechanical devices, like armor plating. Foundation garments are hailed as creations that will slim hips, flatten tummies, smooth thighs, flatter figures, uplift busts. Padding in clothing at the right places will minimize bulges in the wrong places. These and many other artifices are drafted to reshape the ill-shaped. Graying and thinning hair is hidden by dyes and rats, rolls, switches

and wigs. Many are the cosmetic capers by which wrinkles are concealed and pink cheeks and red lips are outwardly restored. When mud packs, buttermilk packs, ice packs, facial massages, ray treatments and nighttime chin-straps fail to rout the wrinkles and fatty folds, camouflage of a more gruesome type comes as the knife of the plastic surgeon slices away excess skin and fat to give the face a lift.

Without probing into the controversial reasons, women withstand the onslaughts of old age better than men, outliving men by five years, on the average. But men lose, and women cannot win.

Science enters upon the battlefield with grandiose speeches, but old age is not so hypnotized by its fanciful flights and theories as gullible men and women. An Argentine botanist, Luis Victor Vega, is supposed to have not only resurrected but also immortalized plants, and experiments now proceed on dead animal tissue. Dr. Maurice Ernest, British authority on longevity, claims that soon man will live as long as he wishes, certainly to 200 or 300 years of age. But as far back as 1921 an eminent biologist, Dr. E. L. Fisk, said: "If science keeps its present progress, within a comparatively short time the average human life will be 2,000 years."

But twenty-eight years later, years in which science has greatly increased its tempo of progress, on the average human creatures still die short of the limits of "threescore years and ten" or "four-score years". None live longer than did men of the past century, and the average life span is increased only by preservation of infants and youths and middle-age persons till they reach old age. Old age has suffered no reverses, made no retreats; medical science has only preserved more humans to come within its reach, to die by its hands.

Yet these and other statements by scientists show that they consider an indefinite life span possible, that defeat of

old age is not impossible. For many years a French scientist, Dr. Alexis Carrell, kept fragments of tissue from a chicken's heart not only growing but beating. Starting its pampered existence in 1912, it doubled in size every 48 hours, was pared down each week, and in 1946, still living and growing, was brutally cast aside. It had been proved that tissue could be kept alive indefinitely, and has been done not only with this chicken heart tissue but also with various parts of the human body, such as nerve cells, muscle cells, heart muscle cells, epithelial cells from various locations in the body, kidney cells and connective tissue cells. Dr. Goodhart thinks, "As science develops means to prevent disease or build up immunity, life may be extended to unlimited periods." Another report declared: "Our bodies are potentially immortal!" Science now believes that old age is a disease.

Ultimate Defeat of Old Age

The important point to grasp is that science now considers the body capable of living forever under favorable conditions. Hence when persons today poo-poo the Biblical promise that in Jehovah God's new world human creatures will live on earth forever, and say such is an impossibility, they are anti-science as well as anti-God. Science now says old age is a disease, and in the New World Jehovah God "healeth all thy diseases". (Psalm 103:3) Concerning mankind the promise is: "His flesh shall be fresher than a child's: he shall return to the days of his youth." (Job 33:25) "There shall be no more death."—Revelation 21:4.

Old age has been having its day for 6,000 years. Soon youth will have its day forever. Old age may win the battles, but

it loses the war. And it is not men that thrash it. It is not whipped by the women's tenacious scrapping. Beauty parlors can take no victory bows. Beauty preparations cannot pose with a foot on the corpse of old age and beat their chest and give a victory cry. Old age has always beaten these feeble adversaries without exerting itself, and continues to do so today. Even the hand of highly overrated science is not the one raised in victory. Old age is vanquished only by the almighty power of Jehovah God, exercised through His kingdom under Christ Jesus. They win the victory for the obedient men and women that will live everlastingly in the promised New World.

Till then, what? Fret over wrinkles? Fume over gray hair? Fuss over fat? Waste excessive amounts of time and money and energy trying vainly to hide what everyone can clearly see—that you are growing old? Advancing age has its compensations, if the passing years are redeemed for righteousness. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." While "the glory of young men is their strength", remember that "wisdom is better than strength", that "wisdom giveth life to them that have it". And also remember that it takes time to absorb the life-giving wisdom and understanding concerning Jehovah God and His purposes, as we read: "With aged men is wisdom, and in length of days understanding."—Proverbs 9:10; 16:31; 20:29; Ecclesiastes 7:12; 9:16; Job 12:12, *Am. Stan. Ver.*

The one way to wage winning warfare on old age is to fight for God's kingdom and be standing with it when it lands the knockout blow that finishes off old age forever.





Americans vs. Perpetual Motion

Adequate Rest. By this I mean two things: sufficient sleep and occasional letdowns in tension. We Americans are the only people who make our daily program compete with perpetual motion. A constantly accelerating tempo is maintained from the time we are rocketed out of bed by alarm clocks till we sink into an exhausted heap some 16 or 18 hours later. At the end of a day our bodies are like depleted electric batteries drained of every spark of surplus energy. This fatigue attacks us not only physically, but in the higher centers of judgment, initiative, and personality. Every creative and professional person knows that when fatigue appears in the later afternoon judgment is not to be trusted, decisions are dangerous to make.

Workmen know that their skill is impaired, that accidents are likelier to occur around four p.m.

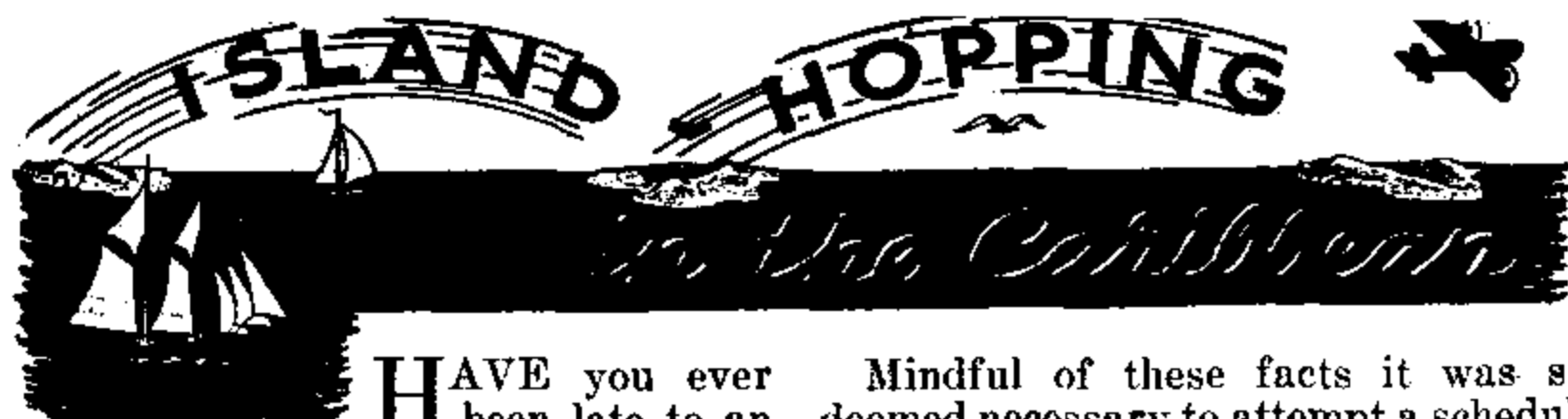
Quite profitably, we could take a hint from our British cousins; they have shorter working hours and a national habit of afternoon tea which affords a period of comparative rest. The Latin races declare that only fools and Americans are active at noon; in the recent uprisings in France and Spain even the rioters stopped for their midday rest, and resumed rioting at the end of their siesta. A rest period of even five or ten minutes before the midday meal is a lifesaver in our high-pressure living.—William R. P. Emerson, M.D.



What a Man!

Some fellows can get away with anything. There's one in our neighborhood that does. Morals don't mean a thing to him. He's unmarried, and lives openly with a woman he's crazy about; and doesn't care what the neighbors say or think. He has no regard for truth or law. The duties of the so-called good citizen are just so much bunk as far as he's concerned. He doesn't vote at either the primaries or the general election. He never thinks of paying a bill. We have seen him take a \$2 taxi ride without giving the driver so much as a pleasant look. The driver only stared at him and muttered something silly. He won't work a lick; he won't go to church; he can't play cards, or dance, or fool around with musical instruments or the radio. So far as known, he has no intellectual or cultural interests at all. He neglects his appearance terribly. He's so indolent he'd let the house burn down before he'd turn in an alarm. The telephone can ring itself to pieces and he wouldn't bother to answer it. Even on such a controversial subject as the liquor question, nobody knows exactly where he stands, because one minute he's dry, and the next minute he's wet. But we'll say this for him, in spite of all his faults he comes of a darn good family. He's our new baby.—*Bindery Talk*, Chicago, Ill.





HAVE you ever been late to an appointment? Very likely, yes. Was the transportation service to be blamed? Most likely, no. Indeed, transportation has made such progress that modern men take it almost for granted. In every large city of the world can be found high-powered private cars and taxis to whisk their occupants about quickly. Then there are the buses, trains and subways. And if one's journey is great and demands much speed, a plane will get him there on time.

But here in the lazy Caribbean area, where the inhabitant is in no particular hurry, and one day follows another with little variety or bustle, appointments are more easily made than kept. To meet these demands are the above-mentioned facilities to some degree. As long as one confines his travel to the island where he happens to be, all is well; and he is reasonably sure of getting where he wants to go and on time. When, however, he decides to cross the expanse of water that separates him from another of the islands, which dot the Caribbean sea, his troubles multiply.

His choice of travel is limited to ship or plane, in theory. In practice, it amounts to taking what he can get. Few islands have any scheduled passenger service by ship or motor vessel; a number are not visited by plane at all. That ancient craft, the schooner, is many times the only solution to the harried passenger trying to reach his destination on time. Finally, customs formalities must be observed at each island, as several different governments are represented by them.

Mindful of these facts it was still deemed necessary to attempt a scheduled trip of two weeks from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to St. John, Antigua, some five hundred miles distant, then back three hundred miles to Kingstown, St. Vincent, and finally home to Port of Spain. Three of us would go and make every effort to keep the appointments we had made at these two towns. Could it be done? Investigation revealed that we could fly to St. John on the day we had set and thus make our first hop according to plan. From there, however, plane passage to Kingstown was out, as service ended on an adjacent island. Well, if so, another way must be sought.

Take-off for St. John

Comes morning of our day to leave, and we are at the airport at an early hour. The plane rolls up to the loading station; we enter; then it dashes down the runway and leaps into the air. The first leg of our island-hopping has begun. Coconut trees reduced to match-stick size dot the terrain below. Clusters of thatch-roof houses hug the shoulders of roads which cut through the cane fields and forest land. Now sharp little miniature mountain peaks march slowly past far below. Great cottony blobs of clouds well-anchored on the higher pinnacles grasp at us and engulf us in their soft folds. A few minutes of blind flying, then we burst into the dazzling sunlight above the clouds with bright blue all around us and the clouds billowing below.

A rift in them reveals the jagged coastline, which fades quickly. A few more minutes; and another coastline appears to our right. There stretches long

and narrow Robinson Crusoe Island, or Tobago. It too recedes in the distance, leaving only the limitless sea as far as eye can pierce. At seven thousand feet above it it looks almost as smooth as an orange. Whitecaps of the waves make tiny white lines in it. The waves themselves cause the dark green mass to take on a sort of pebble-grain effect. We were to learn later that when the seven thousand feet are removed and one is riding on the waves the pebble-grain effect is shattered, and the surging waves in no way resemble the surface of an orange!

Now we see "Little England", or Barbados, with practically all its level area under cultivation. Neatly laid out cane fields give it a tidy garden-like appearance. Our only stop is here. Again we take wing for our destination, St. John. Island peaks rear their heads out of the water from time to time on our left too far away to identify or see clearly. Finally we pass directly over a large island and enjoy its contrast in level coast lands and rugged mountainous backbone. This is the French possession, Guadeloupe.

Some three hours after leaving Piarco Airport in Trinidad we complete our hop to Antigua. Air pockets like wild horses buck us over the hills to the long ribbon of concrete which terminates our flight and ends at the airport. A short ride by taxi to St. John, and we have made successful connections for the keeping of our appointments there. All is well so far; will it continue thus for Kingstown, St. Vincent?

Flying over Mt. Pelée

Our week ends, and we must move on to St. Vincent. We are able to fly as far as the island of St. Lucia, which is about sixty miles from St. Vincent. Well, from St. Lucia it will have to be a boat of some kind, as there is no other way of travel.

Ah, there is what we have been waiting for! Jutting high up in the air toward

us is the volcano of Mount Pelée with its crater swathed in fog. We speak to the hostess, who goes up front to see the pilot. Yes, he is going to fly over the crater, and veers the plane around. We go right over the crater and strain our eyes trying to pierce the foggy murk that hides it from view. We are disappointed, but are suddenly rewarded as the clouds sweep by and give us a clear view of the side of the volcano right down to the sea. It is bare of everything except some small growth. This is the path taken by the fiery lava and poisonous matter that fateful day of May 8, 1902, when it rushed down the mountain to wipe out the city of Saint-Pierre with some 40,000 persons in an instant of time. It causes the passengers to stare in somber reflection, then disappears.

We fly down the coastline of St. Lucia; there is Beane Field, our airport. Now, what? We are forty-five miles from the seaport of Castries, where we must go to get a ship. It develops that there is taxi service—for a price, \$30. A little haggling, and agreement is reached for \$20.

The road to Castries is very rough in many places and very crooked. Along the coast for some miles it is not too bad, but it turns inland and begins to cross the mountains. Up and down we go at a dizzy pace, for the driver has one obsession: to get home before dark, as his lights are no good. We try to enjoy the scenery and are almost successful, when there is a blatting of horns, a screeching of brakes, violent twisting on the steering wheel. A large truck, made over into a bus, filled with men shoots around a curve and bears down on us. The road is so narrow that passing seems impossible, yet in some way we come together but do not crash. Each vehicle seems to slide around the other and continue. When we do have to stop on another occasion we learn that the engine is prone to die, and there is no starter; a push will do. This is all taken in its stride in eagerness to reach Castries and search

out a way to Kingstown and our scheduled week there.

By Schooner to Kingstown

After a night and day of visiting travel agents, it is quite clear that we shall not be able to book passage on any steamship or motor ship. There is only one thing to do, and that is go by schooner. At least it will be a new experience. The schooner has an auxiliary engine which prevents it from drifting in case of a calm. It has no cabins, no bunks, no accommodations of any kind except a little galley for the crew to use in preparing their meals. There is a small bench under a piece of canvas if one wishes to sit down instead of stand all night.

As we set sail it is early evening, and everything is enjoyable in the calm waters of the harbor and with the lights of the city winking at us. This enjoyable sensation continues for some hours as we proceed down the sheltered coastline. Then imperceptibly some changes are made. We are still moving, yes, decidedly. The schooner is still making some progress forward, but new motions have been added. The bow lifts high in the air, and *wham!* down it comes as though determined to turn submarine and crash-dive. That is not all, however, as there is more movement yet. Somehow or other it contrives to twist and roll from side to side so as to ship up a goodly quantity of salt water and spray to discourage anyone bold enough to try to stretch his bones out on the roof of the engine house. Oh, well, we were not sleepy anyhow.

We are now out in the open sea with all the might of the waves pitted against our little ship in an effort to burst one of its seams and send it down to company with other schooners that did not prove seaworthy on their final voyage. After a night of such wild pitching and tossing on the deck of this wooden sea horse, we are indeed glad to see the light of dawn appear, and are further heart-

ened at the appearance of the island of St. Vincent through the dusk.

Schools of flying fish break water and sail through the air as our bobbing schooner disturbs them. Large porpoises about six feet long are plentiful here and can be seen playing around the schooners which ply the sea. They will leap as high as six feet out of the water, then dart through the water toward the ship and dive underneath it. Suddenly the crew cry out and point. There two forbidding-looking fins are cutting the water in a circle around some white substance. *Sharks!* The circle narrows, then the fins and the prey disappear beneath the water. The water sparkles in the early morning sunlight, and we feel happy to know that we have successfully completed the second part of our trip on schedule and can keep the appointments in Kingstown there ahead of us.

To return to Port of Spain on time is our only remaining problem, and to solve it we spend much time with shipping offices between appointments. Again a schooner is the only way to leave and be on schedule; again we take it and spend another day and night on the deep. We feel like seasoned sailors by now and stand the rocking and rolling of the boat, but prefer the comfort and speed of a plane to the inching along past the Grenadines, a string of islands, in our schooner toward Grenada. At last we dock at St. George's, Grenada, and bid good-bye to the schooner, with the hope that it will not have to be repeated again soon. Fortunately, we book passage on a plane home that same morning.

Another long, twisting taxi ride finds us at the airport and ready for the plane. In a matter of minutes it appears, and we quickly fly the remaining hundred miles home as our journey ends successfully and on schedule. Yes, even in the Caribbean it is possible for the island-hopping traveler to make appointments, and fill them on time.—*Awake!* correspondent in British West Indies.

The Amazing Mr. Ostrich!

Outeats, outweighs, outruns, outfights
all his feathered relatives

GRANTED that to us Mr. Ostrich looks odd and acts odd. But we doubtless look just as odd to him, and as for actions what creature wild or tame matches the insane antics of civilized *homo sapiens*? So it is with sobered outlook that we view this heavyweight champion of the feathered race, a champion not only in size but also in plumed finery, fighting ability, speed of foot, and digestive prowess.

The ostrich belongs to the *Struthionidae* family and falls within the flightless group of winged creatures. This giant of the bird realm is divided into four species, but in this article special focus is on the southern ostrich known to bird classifiers as *Struthio Australis*.

The male in this species is approximately eight feet in height and tips the scales at 300 pounds. His body is covered with short jet-black feathers, except the primary quills of his wings, which are considerably longer and white, while his tail feathers are a pale fawny color. A remarkable feature which distinguishes the ostrich from other birds is the fact that it has only two toes to each foot. The big toe is equipped with a solid nail or claw. Long, thin, lead-gray legs fortified with very powerful thigh muscles support its huge body. No one can blame this bird for being a slow thinker, as its head is only one twelve-hundredth part of the weight of its body and is a considerable distance from it, due to its long featherless neck. Its big eyes and lofty outlook somewhat compensate for this disadvantage.



Discoveries indicate that this bird has roamed across extensive areas, leaving its fossilized remains in distant North India and Southern Russia. At one time the ostrich was fairly plentiful in Arabia and Syria, but its numbers have now diminished to but a few if any in these areas. The vast spaces of the African continent appear to be the best suited to its taste and peculiarities, and here was probably the bird's original home. The forest regions have always been avoided by the bird, which has shown a marked preference for the drier and more open stretches.

Bird of Wide Open Spaces

Love for space and freedom is one of the peculiarities of the bird. It is ready to explore every waste sufficiently extensive to afford it the solitude so adored, and this accounts for its dispersion over such a wide area of the earth. Notwithstanding this innate desire, Mr. Ostrich is no isolationist or social snob, but likes the company of other wild animals. Frequently troupes of thirty to fifty ostriches are found feeding in the company of zebras or some of the larger types of antelopes. This, no doubt, affords it some measure of peace and restful grazing, trusting its companions to sound the alarm at the approach of an enemy. The proverbial stupidity accredited to it is thus somewhat discounted by such diplomacy. Incidentally, they are not so dumb as to stick their head in the sand, but are smart enough to know that their long necks stick up like periscopes,

and so when enemies approach they flatten their neck and head along the ground. They do not forget to peek once in a while, and if the enemy gets too close they *up and run*.

The ostrich is no dietician. When the pangs of hunger assault him his violent appetite gives him no chance to consider the capabilities of his digestive powers. Green food of a tough type is his first choice, although soft, juicy leaves, flowers and herbs act as appetizers. He likes wild fruit, such as the prickly pear, whose hard, sharp thorns are treated with contempt. Apart from this the ostrich picks up almost anything and everything, swallows whole oranges, small tortoises, cartridge cases, copper coins, bits of glass, stones, bones, and even pocket watches. Its neck will stretch to twice normal size to convey these "tidbits" to the gizzard, where all articles are 'pulverized'. While the writer was trying to take a picture of a young ostrich the bird endeavored to pick some buttons off his coat. In search of food the ostrich covers an extensive area in a day. This aids digestion as well as stimulates the desire for more. In spite of his flouting of all dietary laws, the ostrich can live up to fifty years.

Fleetfooted Avian

The actions and reactions of the stomach often affect the spirit. In this lies the secret of the moody character of the great bird. At times it appears to be very sad and depressed, while on other occasions it displays a most jovial spirit.

Expression is given to such hilarity by what is known as "waltzing", when the bird spins

round and round on its feet with open wings and utters laughing-like notes. The spinning inebriates the waltzer, which eventually loses balance, flops on to the ground with its head resting on the steady bosom of the earth, and so waits for the return of equilibrium. Sometimes this queer fellow just bursts into a fit of running, which carries him several hundred yards to even a mile before he stops.

It is on such occasions that he displays his speed wherewith he "scorneth the horse and his rider". (Job 39:18) The *Encyclopedia Americana* says: "So fleet are they that even the Arab, on his blooded steed can seldom overtake one singlehanded, and even when hunted in relays, as the birds circle about their favorite territory, one or more horses are frequently sacrificed to the chase." Their 28-foot stride carries them along at a speed of more than forty miles an hour. In this speed coupled with strength and watchfulness we find the secret of the bird's preservation amid numerous enemies, ranging from the king of the beasts to the insignificant skunk.

The giant bird is no mean foe to encounter and is seldom directly attacked by its opponents. The first signal of annoyance is an angry hiss or guttural gurgle. If this warning is not heeded the ostrich brings into play its deadly kick. "Cruel like the ostriches in the wilderness," says the Bible. Yes, he knows no mercy in battle, and woe to his antagonist when he gains the upper hand. The brave lion stalks the bird when he attacks; but the wild dog and cheetah chase it, adopt-



ing tactics that fluster him so that he eventually surrenders in exhaustion. The smaller types of assailants deliver their attacks on the nest during the incubation period. The wily jackal cracks the eggs by rolling the one against the other or against stones. Reports are also on record where vultures were seen dropping stones on the nest in order to break the eggs. As could be expected, the most deadly enemy of the ostrich is the human creature.

The flesh and eggs of the bird provided substantial sustenance for some of the early inhabitants of South Africa, such as the Bushman and Hottentots. The Bushmen used camouflage. They covered themselves with ostrich feathers or skins and in the guise of members of the family these crafty hunters stalked their prey and delivered the deathblow before the ostrich realized the danger. When the white man came on the scene, more scientific means were employed to kill ostriches. The danger of becoming extinct seriously threatened this giant bird family, whose enemies attack it while still in the egg.

Mama and Papa

This brings us to an interesting feature in the study of the ostrich, namely, its family life. Some students of the bird's habits claim that it is a polygamist and say that one cock segregates himself with three to five hens during the mating season. This theory is disclaimed by others, who assert that the ostrich is a monogamist but that several hens, not belonging to the household, often lay their eggs in one nest.

The mating season is indicated by the male's aggressive and pugnacious spirit. During this period his shins and bill become bright red. In this state of mind the ostrich is no common showman. He proudly struts about in a challenging manner, fully displaying his beautiful plumes by opening and shaking his wings. Many a fierce battle among the

males is fought on these occasions. Frequently he gives vent to his spirit by a low base humming utterance, usually in three successive "hums", the last of which is drawn out: "Hum, Hum, Hummmmm—" This "hum", or "booming", as it is often called, is audible for miles on a quiet day. It is a weird sound. The Scriptures refer to it as "a lamentation like the ostriches".—Micah 1:8, *A.S.V.*

Even the female reveals a change at mating time in her usually humble appearance, but this is much less impressive than that of her masculine companion. When gallant ostrich cock meets fair-feathered hen he proposes by giving her an elaborate song and dance, a sort of waltz, and when she says "I do" he spreads his creamy canopy of feathers over her and the two dance together so gracefully and light that they look like bundles of feathers floating on air. Off they go into the desert for a honeymoon. Their devotion to each other is remarkable, and if one dies the survivor is often so heartbroken that it refuses to mate again for several years.

The nest is of a simple construction and usually located in a retired spot away from trees or shade. Soft, sandy soil is the ostrich's choice. Both birds share in its construction, which is merely a shallow excavation of some three to four feet in diameter. Here Mrs. Ostrich deposits her egg every second day. The egg is spheroidal in shape, measuring approximately 6 inches by 5.9 inches, and weighs about three pounds, and is equivalent to 24 chicken eggs. The shell is strong, about one-eighth of an inch thick and of a glossy light straw color with pores or pits.

Unlike many males of the human family, Mr. Ostrich is no shirker of domestic duties. When the number of eggs reaches ten or more (the female sometimes lays 50 or more) he parks himself on the nest and then the incubation is on. Conscientiously he relieves his wife of duty on

the nest and takes the night shift, when the enemies usually venture their attacks. At about 5 p.m. the hen, who sits during the day, vacates the nest and the cock takes over to 8 a.m. the next morning. When covering the eggs the bird rests its tail and long neck on the ground so as to appear as inconspicuous as possible. This is also one of the reasons why the dusty-colored female sits during the day and the black cock at night. The off-duty one never wanders very far from the nest while feeding, and also keeps vigilant watch to sound alarm or rush to the rescue in case of enemy aggression. On hot, sunny days the assistance of the sun's rays is called in to give the parents a further break. On such occasions the eggs are partly if not wholly covered with fine sand or dust.—Job 39:14.

Now Meet Junior

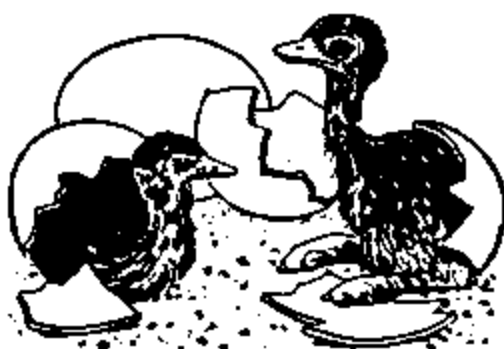
The incubation period lasts 42 days. From his calcium prison master ostrich then breaks forth into the freedom of a wide world where many adventures await him. The ostrich youngster is trained in a tough school and has to rough it from early infancy. For about 24 hours the nestling is too weak to really use his legs, but soon after that he finds his feet. He is nourished for a few days on the fluid contained in his balloon-shaped body. In the plentiful supply of broken eggshells in and around the nest the bird learns to test and trust his powers of digestion, which are, no doubt, without equal in any other genus of the avian race. As soon as strength permits the ostrich chickens venture forth from their unattractive cradle. The lure of the open together with the parental encouragement induces the youngsters to overcome their infantile nervousness. From this point onward they have to keep up with the long

strides of the old folks. To see father and mother ostrich strolling along with ten to fifteen baby birds is an impressive spectacle. They grow at a rate of one and one-half feet a month and at three years of age are ready to mate.

In 1855 somebody struck upon the idea of domesticating the wild ostrich and exploiting the bird for its beautiful plumes. The idea grew until in 1875 Africa's Cape Colony was farming 32,000 ostriches. In 1883, when 200 of the birds were smuggled out of South Africa most of them died. However, 20 pairs reached California and became the ancestors of a flock that at one time numbered 10,000.

The feather business boomed. In California it became a \$5,000,000 industry for those that learned to understand the peculiarities of ostrich psychology. South Africa treasured a possession of 875,000 ostriches at one time, each yielding as much as three to four pounds of feathers. Prices were high: a feather fan, \$200; a pair of birds, \$1,000; a prize cock, \$5,000. Then came World War I and the demand for expensive plumes vanished. The flocks also vanished as farmers sold their hides to the leather industry for but a few dollars.

Currently, optimism is running higher than at any previous time since the ostrich-feather crash, optimism that the business can stage a comeback. "Feather cloth" is being developed in which small feathers are "blown" and woven into cloth to make a soft, downy fabric. Prices are going up. Adult breeders sell for \$350; chicks at \$75; and the finest plumes at \$100 a pound, wholesale. If only women would wear "Gay Nineties" plumes with their "new look" antique long skirts, then the amazing Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich could really come out of retirement and become the envy of every well-dressed woman.—*Awake!* correspondent in South Africa.



"THY WORD IS TRUTH"

This Thing Called "Soul"

THE term *soul* as found in the Holy Bible signifies a sentient creature, that is to say, a creature possessed of powers of sense or sense-perception. With minds free from Plato's pagan theories, let us go with the above definition of *soul* to the Bible account in Genesis of man's creation and note, first, that the human organism or body was formed by God; second, the "breath of life" was communicated to that body; and, third, a "living soul" or sentient creature resulted. The Catholic Bible Version says: "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth: and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul."—Genesis 2:7, *Douay*.

This is very simple and easily understood. It shows that the body is not the soul, nor is the breath of life the soul; but that when these two were united by Almighty God the Creator, the resultant thing was a living man, a living creature, or, a "living soul".

There is nothing mysterious about this, no intimation that a spark of divinity was infused into humanity at the beginning, any more than into the lower animals. Indeed, while the creation of the lower animals is passed over and not described in detail in the Genesis account, we may know that with them as well the process of creation must have been somewhat similar. We know there could be no dog without a dog organism or body, nor without a breath of life respiring in that body. The body of the dog that had never been animated would not be a dog; it required first the infusion

of the animating breath of life, and then doghood began.

Proceeding further on this point, we call attention to a fact that may surprise many, namely, that according to the Scriptural account every dog is a soul, every horse is a soul, every cow is a soul, every bird and every fish are souls. Note, we do not say they *have* souls, in the commonly accepted sense of an invisible conscious living entity residing inside the bodily organism; but they all do have soul in the sense of having life, existence, conscious, sentient being, and they are living souls.

In the first, second and ninth chapters of Genesis the Hebrew word for "soul" is applied to the lower animals ten times. However, the Bible translators (as if careful to protect the false but commonly accepted theory respecting a soul derived from Plato's philosophy) closely guarded their choice of language so that, as far as possible, the English reader is kept in ignorance of this important fact, namely, that the word *soul* is common to the lower creatures and is just as applicable to them as to man in inspired Scripture usage. How else could it happen that in all these cases, and in many other instances throughout the Bible, the translators carefully covered the thought by using another English word to translate the identical Hebrew word which, in the case of man, is rendered *soul*? So carefully have they guarded this point that only in one place in the *King James* or *Authorized Version* does this word *soul* plainly appear in connection with the lower creatures, namely, at Numbers 31:28, as follows:

"Levy a tribute unto the LORD of the men of war which went out to battle [and who took captives and booty]: one soul of five hundred, both of the persons, and of the beeves, and of the asses, and of the sheep." (So also the *Douay Version*) Here it will be noted that the word *soul* is used respecting the lower creatures as well as in respect to man.

Now notice the ten texts in Genesis in which the Hebrew original of the word *soul* (namely, *nephesh*) occurs in connection with the lower animals:

"God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life [*Hebrew*, *nephesh hhayah*, or living soul]." In your *King James Version* the marginal reading of this verse, Genesis 1:20, is *soul*. This creation of animals with soul was on the fifth creative day or period, long before man's creation.

"God created great whales, and every living creature [*Hebrew*, *nephesh ha-hhayah*, or living soul] that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly." (Genesis 1:21) This also was in the fifth "day".

"God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature [*Hebrew*, *nephesh ha-hhayah*, or living soul] after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast." (Genesis 1:24) These were dry-land souls, higher than the fishes. But man, the human soul or creature, had not yet been created.

"And God said, . . . And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life [*Hebrew*, *nephesh hhayah*, or living soul] I have given every green herb for meat." (Genesis 1:29, 30) Here the lower animals are specified, and it is distinctly declared that they all have living soul, in exactly the same Hebrew terms that are applied to man at Genesis 2:7. Note the margin at Genesis 1:30.

"Out of the ground the LORD God formed every beast of the field, and

every fowl of the air; . . . and whatsoever Adam called every living creature [*Hebrew*, *nephesh hhayah*, or living soul], that was the name thereof." (Genesis 2:19) So there can be no question that *soul* is not exclusively a *human* part or quality or a part of divinity.

"Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you . . . but flesh with the life [*Hebrew*, *nephesh*, soul] thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." (Genesis 9:3, 4) Here not only are the animals which man may eat declared to possess soul or life, but their blood is said to represent their existence and hence man is forbidden to use blood as food; he is forbidden to cultivate blood-thirstiness, violating the everlasting covenant.

"Behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature [*Hebrew*, *nephesh ha-hhayah*, or living soul] that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth." (Genesis 9:9, 10) This is a very plain statement that all living creatures are soul as well as man, though inferior to man in nature, organism, etc.

"This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature [*Hebrew*, *nephesh hhayah*, or living soul]." (Genesis 9:12) Could this be plainer about *soul*?

"I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature [*Hebrew*, *nephesh hhayah*, or living soul] of all flesh." (Genesis 9:15) Also the next verse: "That I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature [*Hebrew*, *nephesh hhayah*, or living soul] of all flesh that is upon the earth."—Genesis 9:16.

Awake! readers can see the above facts about common possession of soul by the lower animals as well as man by reading the Bible translation, *The Emphasised Old Testament*, by J. B. Roth-erham.

Christian Integrity in Greece

JEHOVAH'S witnesses preach the gospel of Christ's kingdom, regardless of where they live or the political divisions of the land. They not only preach Christ's kingdom, but also stand fast for it, "faithful unto death." Note the following Religious News Service dispatch of October 29, 1948:

ATHENS—A Jehovah's witness, Diogenis Condaxopoulos, was sentenced to death by the Court Martial of Cavala for refusing to fight in the Greek army. In his plea, Condaxopoulos contended that his refusal to bear arms was based on religious scruples. Jehovah's Witnesses have been under close scrutiny here for some time. Last August seven members of Jehovah's Witnesses were arrested for trial by court martial. They were charged with exhorting young men to refrain from fighting against the guerrillas.

Early this year, sect members were told they must file declarations of their religious affiliation with Greek Orthodox parishes in which they live.

Lest any hastily conclude that Jehovah's witnesses side with the guerrillas rather than merely remaining neutral to worldly conflicts because of their allegiance to Christ's kingdom, let them view the broader picture unfolded by the following letter from one of Jehovah's witnesses in Greece to one living in New York city:

Tourkoleka, July 20, 1948

Dear Brother John:

Your letter was received late last June. Conditions have grown from bad to worse, and there is no hope to get any relief in the future. All means of communication, such as railroads, busses, bridges, railroad and telegraph lines, have been ruined and completely stopped. Only strong military forces cross the land at long intervals. In our territory mail comes once a month or even longer at times. We change bosses and government every now and then. Every day, everywhere around us bloody battles are staged between rebels and

government troops. Yankee militarists follow the national forces and urge the most cruel and merciless treatment of the opponents of capitalism.

One means usually used by national forces in punishing the leftists is to burn their homes and all they contain while the occupants thereof flee to the mountains. Just during the past three or four months we witnessed the burning of numberless homes every day as the troops marched from village to village.

Young brethren are going through hard trials in respect to rendering military service. Many of them are sent to concentration camps in some barren islands of the Aegean sea; more are sentenced to long terms in prison by martial courts, while some are forcibly held captive in military units in the battle front. Beating and other bad treatment is resorted to in order to break down the integrity of God's people. The rebels too make conscription compulsory where they happen to rule, which is almost half of Greece's land, and usually they do not exempt Jehovah's witnesses.

Here in Peloponnesus they have exempted us from military services and other relative service. They have been given an extensive witness about the truth and they know that Jehovah's witnesses are the most earnest idealists standing for liberty under Jehovah's Theocracy. In northern Greece, however, often they try forcibly to get the services of the brethren. Most brethren are held for long captivities in their camps for refusing to render any service to them, and often they are subjected to mistreatment, mistaking them as religious tools of fascism and capitalism.

The following is an experience of two young brothers in northern Greece in the hands of the rebels who demanded military service from them. They were taken captive up to the mountains, and after failing to persuade them to give in, in their conscientious objections, the rebels decided to put them to the death test to ascertain the sincerity of their stand. They haled them into their rebel court and after due procedure passed the death

sentence upon them. Then the brethren were delivered to an executing band of rebels to do the execution. They were led up a hill, where one was left in custody and the other was taken down into the ravine for execution, first. Down in the ravine he was asked if he repented and decided to take the arms to save his life. He replied flatly No! Then he was asked if he had anything to say in his last five minutes of life. He said, "Just to pray to the true God Jehovah," and he was permitted to pray. Upon finishing the prayer he was ordered to face the rifles of the rebels, and the cry, "Fire!" was heard; the rebels all fired, but none at the Witness.

Then the other Witness up on the hill was asked, "You heard the rifles which executed your comrade, do you repent to save your life?" The brother replied "No! I am ready to die with him." Then the brother in the ravine was led up to where the other brother was, and the captain of the rebels, stepping forward, said to both of them, "We spare your life. Men like you are worthy to live."

During the past June I was arrested by a company of national forces and held captive in their camp for many days, sleeping and walking in the mountains with them. They were given an extensive witness and at last the Lord delivered me out of their hands. The major of the company confessed to me that Jehovah's witnesses are the only true Christians in the world, that he is their admirer and that he is envious of their blessed position, and made the wish that some day in the near future he may be in their ranks and be freed from his present bondage to Satan's service.

The clergy, however, are bent on destroying Jehovah's witnesses. They are continuously letting loose a flood of lies like a river (Rev. 12:15) to exterminate Jehovah's witnesses, but Jehovah turns the tables and delivers His people. They circulate and distribute free booklets in great numbers among soldiers, officials, gendarmes, judges, policemen and all government employees and officials, slandering Jehovah's witnesses as communists and anarchists of the highest rank and of an international scope. In other booklets

they represent Jehovah's witnesses as agents of Zionism or Judaism, that is, communistic Judaism, aiming at international chaos and Jewish imperialism, etc. They urge the merciless extermination of Jehovah's witnesses, and they give such advice not only to nationalists but also to the rebels.

One rebel testified to me that a priest of our territory (naming even the village—Petrina) told him to kill Jehovah's witnesses everywhere he meets them. "It is not a sin, but a sacred God-pleasing duty." He offered complete absolution to him. In another village, Vromovrysi, a rebel testified before all the villagers and, most important, in the presence of the priest himself that the priest had told him to kill all Jehovah's witnesses of the village. There are about forty brothers in that village not so far away from Tourkoleka. The priest was exceedingly disgraced.

As I wrote to you in a previous letter, the priest of Tourkoleka was a bitter enemy of the truth. At last he was killed by the rebels within the church and his house was burned. His house is about ten yards from mine and as much from the church too. About two months before his execution he plotted to kill en masse all of Jehovah's witnesses in Tourkoleka. Our company meetings are held in my house late in the evening. The priest intended to hide in his house (ten yards from mine) armed nationalists and tell them that in my house communists and rebels held secret meetings, and when the brethren leave my house, after the study, to kill all of them by machine-gun fire. The plot was betrayed to us by a good-will person who overheard the plotting. The priest was communicating his plans to some of his most confidential collaborators who were in company with him out in the darkness. Our friend succeeded in creeping unnoticed near-by and near the place where they were taking deliberations. The rebels killed him on the charge that he betrayed their movements to the nationalists, and especially he was held guilty for the murder of two rebels two days before the priest's execution.

The mails here in Greece do not accept our literature any more, and consequently the

office in Athens is having much trouble in sending printed matter to the different companies in the country. Such is the democracy which Truman is trying to establish in Greece.

My wife and all the company of Tourkoleka send Christian greetings to you.

Your fellow servant in Jehovah's service,

[signed] _____

Tourkoleka, Leontarion
Arkadias, Greece

On October 29 this same Witness dispatched another letter, which said:

A few days ago 33 brothers and sisters were arrested in Athens and most of them got sentences ranging from 4 months to 2½ years. There are many other brethren who await trial. The military courts thus far condemned 5 brothers to death and several others to life imprisonment, and this because they refused to take up arms and go to war and kill, and thus disobey God's commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

Many times raids are carried on in the homes of Jehovah's witnesses, their literature

is seized and destroyed. Possession of more than one copy of *The Watchtower* by one of Jehovah's witnesses is considered proselytism and is an offense punishable by law. A few days ago one of Jehovah's witnesses was arrested and spent the night in prison because his identification card said he is one of Jehovah's witnesses. The meetings take place only in the homes between two and very rarely three families. They absolutely refuse the mailing facilities and the transportation of *The Watchtower* and *Awake!* The press purposely announces false reports about Jehovah's witnesses and their persecution to a degree that many with fear refuse to hear the message from Jehovah's witnesses.

The brethren who have been expelled to barren islands undergo ill treatment worse than that meted out to atheistic Communists. The tortures are so horrible that the ultimate fate of many victims is insanity.

This is the kind of "democracy" the United States is underwriting in Greece. Surely "the whole world lieth in the evil one".—1 John 5:19, *Am. Stan. Ver.*

Instruction in Righteousness

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for INSTRUCTION IN RIGHTEOUSNESS."—2 Timothy 3:16.

Dedicated to the study of "all scripture" is *The Watchtower*. A year's subscription for this semimonthly magazine on Bible prophecy, and its companion the *Awake!* magazine, published on alternate weeks with coverage of current happenings, may be had for \$2.00. Free with the two subscriptions will be sent the 320-page book "*Let God Be True*" and the booklet *The Joy of All the People*. Either magazine may be obtained alone for 1 year for \$1.00.

WATCHTOWER

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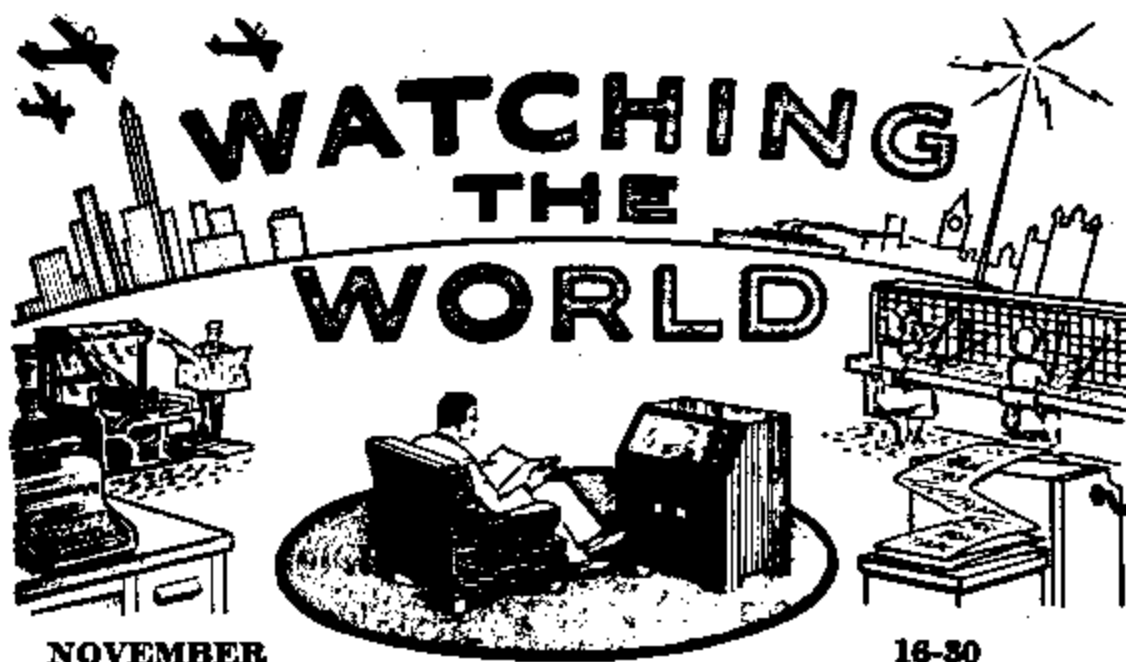
☐ For the enclosed \$2 please enter my subscriptions for *The Watchtower* and the *Awake!* magazine, and send me the book "*Let God Be True*" and the booklet *The Joy of All the People* free. Or, ☐ \$1 enclosed for *Awake!* ☐ \$1 enclosed for *The Watchtower*.

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The Berlin Controversy

◆ The U. N., which has made three attempts to settle the Berlin dispute between Russia and the Western powers, had to admit failure of the third attempt in the third week of November. Dr. Bramuglia, president of the Security Council, had submitted a questionnaire on the problem, but it was rejected by both sides. Meanwhile the airlift, battling fogs and other unfavorable weather conditions, made new records. In one day it flew 5,405 tons of supplies into the Western sectors of the city.

November 28 Chairman Bramuglia discussed a "final solution" with Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vishinsky. Moscow was reported to have accepted his proposal to set up a commission of experts from the six council nations not involved to study the problem. Britain, France and the U. S. agreed to the plan. In Washington an early lifting of the blockade was predicted, together with introduction of the Soviet mark as the city's sole currency. But November 30 the division of Berlin into Soviet and Western sections was accomplished by Communists' installing their own "city government" in the Soviet sector, and putting out the all-Berlin incumbents.

The Palestine Question

◆ During the second half of November U. N. deliberations on

Palestine reached an important stage. The big three, Russia, Britain and the U. S., placed their ideas on the subject before the Political and Security Committee. Britain favored the Bernadotte plan, revising the original partition plan and giving the Negeb mainly to the Arabs, western Galilee to the Jews. The American proposal was that a settlement be worked out on the basis of both the Bernadotte and the original partition plans, with emphasis on the latter. Russia introduced a resolution calling for a settlement entirely on the basis of the partition plan and for immediate withdrawal from Palestine of all foreign troops and military personnel, i.e., the Arab armies. By the end of November Britain revised her proposals to conform to the American view.

Italian Colonies Issue

◆ The U. S. and Britain on November 23 reached an agreement as to the stand they will take in the Political and Security Committee of the U. N. on the future status of the Italian colonies. The agreement, based largely on the original British stand, is that Cyrenaica is to be administered by the British under U. N. trusteeship, and Tripolitania's status be considered at a later session of the General Assembly. Italian Somaliland to be administered by Italy under U. N. trusteeship; Eritrea to be divided up, Ethio-

pia to administer the eastern part and the plan for the western part to be decided upon later, presumably with a view to letting Britain administer that also.

Italy was thoroughly aroused by the publication of these advance indications of what will be done with her colonies.

China's Retreat

◆ The Chinese Ministry of Defense, which November 16 announced the "complete collapse" of the Communist columns on the Lung-Hai Railway east of Suchow, was not nearly so triumphant during the remainder of November as the Nationalist forces were slowly retreating before the advance of the Communists. President Chiang Kai-shek sent a direct appeal to President Truman for aid, to bolster the drooping spirits of the Nationalists or Kuomintang. Max Eastman, at an AFL meeting November 18, said American policy in China was a mess. But the same day the report came through that the Nationalist forces had inflicted 130,000 casualties at Suchow.

In an address delivered on an American Broadcasting Company hookup from Nanking, to the U. S. Madame Chiang Kai-shek (November 21) urged "immediate and definite aid", not only for the sake of China, but also as a matter of American self-interest, lest the Communists conquer all Asia. The Chinese Communists issued a statement that for U. S. military forces to aid the "Kuomintang Government" would be "armed aggression".

Meanwhile many were deserting the Chinese capital, Nanking. Families of high officials were traveling to southern China "visiting friends". November 22 government forces completely withdrew from Paoting, capital of Hopeh province. Dr. Sun Fo, prime minister, on November 27, said China needed a MacArthur. Toward the end of the month government forces were reputed withdrawing from the Suchow area in an effort to strengthen defenses nearer Nanking.

Greek Government Crisis

◆ After four days of inter-party negotiations Premier Themistocles Sophoulis and Foreign Minister Constantin Tsaldaris announced (November 16) that a new government had been formed, Mr. Sophoulis retaining the premiership. A new Populist-Liberal coalition cabinet was sworn in by King Paul November 18. In the chamber of deputies the new coalition government received a 168-167 confidence vote, which was immediately questioned by the opposition and referred to the king, who backed the coalition setup. But George Papandreou, Democratic Socialist leader, insisted that the government was unconstitutional and non-existent. November 24 the situation was further complicated when the 88-year-old premier collapsed at his desk and was unconscious for about three quarters of an hour. The physicians issued a bulletin stating there was no immediate danger.

Communists Take Polish Union

◆ The Polish Communists on November 24 took over control of the Central Trade Unionists, major labor organization of Poland, with a membership of a third of a million. The union handed its presidency over to the Communist party leader, Edward Ochab. Two other Communists were named vice-president and secretary. Leftist Socialist Tadeusz Cwik, whose party co-operates closely with the Communists, was made secretary general.

Tito vs. the Cominform

◆ Premier Tito of Yugoslavia on November 16 warned the Cominform states that their attacks on Yugoslavia were endangering the success of the drive to spread Communism throughout the world. He said the Cominform states were also hampering Yugoslavia's five-year plan. Ten days later he made another speech, stating that the opposition of the Cominform states had obliged Yugoslavia to sacrifice a number of projects to car-

y through the five-year plan. Yugoslavia had to seek for supplies of coke from western Europe to make up for that which Poland was withholding.

Belgian Government Change

◆ After the fall of the coalition cabinet in mid-November, Regent Prince Charles on November 23 asked Gaston Eyskens of the Christian Social (Catholic) party to form a new government. Former Premier Paul-Henri Spaak had tried and failed, blaming the Catholic party. But Eyskens also failed, and Spaak was called back to do the job. He finally formed a cabinet of Socialists and Catholics much like the first, and it was hoped that this cabinet, the eighth since the war, would hang together until the elections, which are due next fall.

French Strikes

◆ The Communist-dominated French General Confederation of Labor called a longshoremen's strike in the latter part of November. At Dunkerque dockworkers quit work ahead of schedule and barricaded themselves on the piers. French troops moved in on them and demolished the barricades, seizing the port and harbor installations with no opposition. But two of the leaders in the dock strike were arrested on charges of interfering with the right of dockers who wanted to work. In the resulting demonstration two women also were arrested. The French coal strike, after eight weeks of resistance, was called off November 27. However, ninety percent of the miners had already gone back to work in spite of Communist opposition.

French-German Pact

◆ The military governors of the three Western German zones on November 19 signed a one-year \$300,000,000 trade agreement with France, the largest thus far negotiated for Western Germany. It is also the first involving the three Western zones jointly.

Venezuelan Coup

◆ President Romulo Gallegos of Venezuela on November 23 received an ultimatum from the army which led, the next day, to the resignation of the cabinet. The following day the army took over in a lightning coup "in view of the chaotic condition of the country" (said the army chief of staff, Lieut. Col. Marco Perez Jimenez). He declared the army would defend the interests of the people. Meetings of more than three persons were prohibited. Foreigners were warned to abstain from interfering in internal affairs. President Gallegos stayed at home, advisedly. A military junta was formed to govern the country. It declared that the army would arrange for democratic elections as soon as possible. By the end of the month conditions had returned to normal, the capital functioned as usual, but most backers of the president were in jail. A decree suspending certain civil rights included constitutional articles relative to the inviolability of correspondence, of the home, of liberty of thought, of travel, of changing address, of leaving the country and returning to it, of public assembly and of individual security.

U. S. vs. Bulgaria

◆ The U. S. State Department on November 22 accused the Communist regime of Bulgaria of having smashed its parliamentary opposition by jailing nine Independent Socialist deputies after secret trials on trumped-up charges and that in so doing Bulgaria had violated its covenanted obligation under Article 2 of the peace treaty to assure its citizens basic fundamental freedoms. The British Labor party made public a statement condemning the trials (and similar ones in Poland) as "mockeries of justice" based on "all the usual trumped-up charges" constituting "further examples of Communist tyranny".

Ross Murder

◆ Austrian headquarters of the ~~U.S.~~ forces there denied (November 18) that Irving Ross, member of the Marshall Plan Mission, murdered October 31, had been engaged in U. S. government intelligence activity. The statement added, "Investigation of the murder . . . has not thus far determined the identity of the murderers or their motive, if it was other than robbery." An Austrian paper had published the hint that the U. S. personnel in Austria might have committed the crime.

Oxnam on Spain

◆ Commenting on the leaning toward Spain indicated in the U. S. in the latter part of November, Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam stated (Religious News Service report Nov. 16) that "the unlimited ideological strength of the peoples who fought fascism must not be sacrificed for the limited strategic value of Spain, where fascism still lives in the person of Franco". He added, "We cannot expect the common man to believe our democratic pronouncements if we make deals with dictators or ally ourselves with political, economic or ecclesiastical reaction. . . . Hierarchies—Protestant, Orthodox and Roman Catholic—will wisely turn from pomp and power, thrones and miters, and, like Christ, bear the cross, minister to the least of these and speak so the common people may hear them gladly. What would the Nazarene Carpenter think of followers whose decisions are too often based on power, property and prestige rather than rising from penitence, prayer and poverty?"

In late November the pro-Franco vote in Spain was leading; but the people complained about official observers who were in position to note how everyone voted, because ballots for the ticket backed by the Falange were of a color different from that of those for other parties. Hence many were afraid to vote for other than Franco's party.

End of U. S. Dock Strike

◆ The dock strike, which cost America's shippers thirty million dollars a day and delayed the sailing of two "Queens", came to an end in late November. Marshall plan cargo had piled up on the piers, while European recovery lagged. The longshoremen agreed to accept government-mediated terms of 13 cents an hour increase in straight pay and 19½ cents an hour rise for overtime.

U. S. Production

◆ Gross national production in the U. S. reached a record annual rate of \$256,000,000,000 in the third quarter of the year, which is an increase of nearly \$6,000,000,000 over the preceding quarter, according to a Commerce Department report of November 20.

Army Balloon Goes Up

26½ Miles

◆ The Army Signal Corps claimed a new record November 20, reporting that it had sent an instrument-bearing balloon up 140,000 feet, or about 26½ miles. That is 20,000 feet higher than the previous record.

Plane of Radical Design

◆ The Navy's newest sweepback-wing carrier-based fighter plane is called the Chance Vought XF7U-1 and resembles a winged rocket more than the conventional fighter plane. It is powered by turbojets close to the narrow fuselage. The plane is capable of a speed exceeding 600 m.p.h.

"Kitty Hawk" Returns to U. S.

◆ After a long absence in a foreign land "Kitty Hawk" was back in the U. S. (November 19), debarking at Bayonne, N. J., for the trip to Washington, D. C. There public honors awaited. "Kitty Hawk" accomplished an amazing feat forty-five years ago, a never-to-be-forgotten feat, a feat that had tremendous implications and far-reaching results. "Kitty Hawk" will occupy a place of honor in Smithsonian

Institution at Washington, as the first airplane that flew, when the Wright brothers hopped off from the dunes at Kitty Hawk, N. C., December 17, 1903.

Rice for High Blood Pressure

◆ The third week of November a large gathering of doctors at the New York Academy of Medicine heard Dr. Walter Kempner tell about the rice diet for the treatment of high blood pressure and heart and kidney diseases. Leaders in the field of treatment for these "major killers of civilized man" agreed that the results presented by Dr. Kempner were "very impressive", and that while further study is required, the rice diet offers definite hope to many victims. Dr. Kempner, assistant professor of clinical medicine at Duke University, said the diet, with low salt content, required careful observation by competent doctors.

Czechoslovak Santa Claus

◆ Czechoslovakia, which is turning into a full Communist state with much speed, still holds to the Santa Claus myth. Czechoslovakia's Saint Nicholas, however, is the kind of Santa few American kids would recognize, for he masquerades as a bishop, having on his head a miter or fish-hat whereon is emblazoned a Catholic cross. The Santa was making the rounds of toy shops in late November, in preparation for his visits on December 6 to fill children's stockings, according to legend. He was accompanied by a devil with a pitchfork, and also a lady assistant, who held his crook or crozier.

Collection for the Pope

◆ Dioceses throughout the world have been invited by the Vatican Commission for the Celebration of the Roman Catholic Holy Year of 1950 to organize collections to provide a powerful new Vatican Radio installation. Collections would be taken up Sunday, April 3, the day after the pope observes the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Peace in Our Time



Proof conclusive that peace prevails now, in our time, is presented in the 1949 *Yearbook of Jehovah's witnesses*. To be sure, the peace of which it speaks does not concern the warring or quarreling nations of this world; but inspiring reports from 96 of these nations reveal that Jehovah's witnesses are working together in peace and harmony. Their experiences while preaching the gospel to rich and poor, in arctic cold and tropical heat, in crowded cities and isolated wastelands, to men of good-will or unflinchingly before violent opposition, will restore your confidence in the hope for peace in our time.

The 1949 Yearbook of Jehovah's witnesses

is enhanced in value and helpfulness by a report by the president of the Watchtower Society and a supplemental section of Bible texts for each day of the year together with appropriate comments. A copy may be had for only 50c. To read it is to share in the peace now enjoyed by ever-increasing thousands who are turning to God and His Word for comfort and true peace.

The new 1949 Calendar, also now available, presents the text for the coming year, "*I . . . will yet praise thee more and more,*" across a colored aerial view of Gilead School, where missionaries are trained to bring peace to other lands. The pad gives the names of the testimony periods on odd months and Scriptural themes for alternate months. Calendars are 25c each, or 5 for \$1 when sent to one address.



WATCHTOWER

117 Adams St.

Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

☐ Please send the 1949 *Yearbook of Jehovah's witnesses* for the enclosed 50c. Please send ☐ 1 calendar for 25c; ☐ 5 calendars for \$1.

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