

# Awake!

## DO CHRISTIANS KNOW WHAT THEY BELIEVE?

Why the fog in today's churches?

## I Found Faith in God in a Russian Slave Labor Camp

A German's amazing experience in Vorkuta

## Push-Button Climate Cools Your Home

Tremendous strides in air conditioning

## Pakistan's Costly Delay

Whole villages disappeared!



JUNE 22, 1956

SEMIMONTHLY

## THE MISSION OF THIS JOURNAL

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.

Get acquainted with "Awake!" Keep awake by reading "Awake!"



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# Awake!

"Now it is high time to awake."

—Romans 13:11

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## On what Basis do You Form Judgments?

ARE you ready to believe, credulous, either because of being naturally too trusting or because of shrinking from the burden of thinking? Are you ready to accept anything as true merely because it was stated by a scientist, a doctor or a clergyman? Do you blindly follow blind leaders simply because they are leaders, not asking where they may be leading you as well as going themselves?

Or are you among those going to the other extreme? In your pride in not being easily imposed upon, do you challenge every statement you hear or read? Are you skeptical as to anyone's being able to ascertain the truth? Like the dyed-in-the-wool agnostic, do you insist that you do not know and nobody else knows or ever can know? Do you look for the flaws and magnify them and ignore the strong points for the sake of seeming to be wise?

Going to either extreme will keep us from forming proper judgments and arriving at the truth. If we really want to know the truth we may be neither too skeptical nor too ready to believe. We must be willing to listen calmly to what is presented without our emotions' arising to

challenge needlessly and we must not let the sound of certain words or phrases

act as a narcotic to put us to sleep mentally.

Supposed authorities can be mistaken. The very fact that in almost every field of human knowledge we see radical disagreement shows that some persons must be mistaken. Thus among the physicists the great majority hold to the random theory, that nature operates by chance without any divine direction or motivating force. But a small number, among whom was Einstein, hold that "I cannot believe that God plays dice with the cosmos." Both views cannot be right.

Or consider the field of medicine. More and more importance is being given to the part the mind plays in the health of the body, as has been revealed in the study of psychosomatic medicine. According to some doctors the mind is responsible for the great majority if not all our ills. But according to others, the mind plays only a minor role in the health of the body. And what about the conflicting claims of the allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths and the chiropractors? They, likewise, cannot all be right.

The same is true in art. Some art critics claim to see great beauty in impressionistic and other forms of modern art, be it

in music, painting or sculpture. On the other hand, there are many art critics who are very outspoken in condemning the modern trends as merely manifestations of the neuroses that afflict man today rather than any sincere effort to express emotions or beauty or to portray man's striving for the ideal. Here, also, both cannot be right.

In forming judgment on a certain matter it is well that we be especially careful to distinguish between facts and opinions when one presents a matter in a way that exalts himself and belittles others who disagree. For example: In the authoritative, modern scientific work *Scientific American Reader* appear a number of articles on the origin of man, written by various scientists. One of these states: "No scientist of any eminence, so far as I know, would now hold that man is a special creation." Thus with great self-assurance he questions the ability of any scientist who believes what the Bible has to say about God's being the Creator of man. We should not be overwhelmed by such a statement, for it would be very difficult to prove and would depend upon what he considered an eminent scientist and how wide his familiarity with scientists is. He would have been far more convincing had he presented facts in proof of his position.

Why did he not do so? The question can be answered by noting what another scientist, writing on the same subject, in the same book and on just the previous page, had to say: "Year by year their bones accumulate in our museums. Year by year we sort and arrange, and ponder," trying to figure out who are the ancestors of man. Why "sort and arrange and ponder"? Why? Because they do not know but can only guess. Lacking facts they can only guess, yet they belittle anyone who fails to be impressed by their guesses!

Nor should we let the weight of learned opinion put us in bondage and make hypo-

crites of us. Why be afraid to admit that we enjoy Western folk music just because some consider it "low-brow"? And why pose that we enjoy a certain selection of music just because it is good, serious or classical music? There is much folk music that is truly beautiful; in fact, many of the greatest composers borrowed freely from folk music. On the other hand, much serious music is without inspiration and is boring, some modern serious music even bordering on the hideous.

And most important of all is our exercising good judgment in matters religious. Having settled in our minds that God exists and that his Word is truth, we must judge everything on the basis of those premises. Often a person of good will, after having heard some Bible truths explained by a witness of Jehovah, will go to his priest or minister with questions. But the clergyman, instead of answering the questions on the basis of reasons, facts and the Scriptures, more often than not will belittle what the witness has said, on the basis that the witness has not attended a theological seminary. But if that gives one an understanding of the Bible, why is it that so many different seminaries teach so many different things?

It was the same in Jesus' day. To officers impressed by what they heard Jesus say the Pharisees sneered: "You have not been misled also, have you? Not one of the rulers or of the Pharisees has put faith in him, has he?" And John recorded that "many even of the rulers actually put faith in him, but because of the Pharisees they would not confess him." How foolish! Do not be as such men were. Do not let the opinions of men turn you away from what you know is the truth. Reason, calmly weigh the facts and then form your judgment.—John 7:47, 48; 12:42, *New World Trans.*

# DO CHRISTIANS KNOW WHAT THEY BELIEVE?

**W**HY am I so mixed up about my religion?" asked a young woman. "I'm not sure what I believe. Religion in my life is not a dynamic force. It doesn't move me or thrill me the way I think it should. Maybe it's because I'm not definitely convinced of my religion. Then again, who is?" True, not many believe anything any more with real conviction. They are tolerant of almost anything, shocked by little. "They believe they believe," said the historian Viereck. "They do not necessarily believe."

One would think that after two thousand years of Christian teaching the people ought to be sure of at least two things—what Christian doctrine is and whether it can be believed or not. But after two thousand years Christendom still is not sure. Her doctrines are ill-defined and a good many of them are still a mystery. Her devotees flounder about in a sea of confusion as to what to believe. Bishop Wells of the West Missouri diocese of the Episcopal Church said that 90 percent of the church members

Of all the world's great teachers, none have been so lovingly extolled in Christendom as Christ Jesus. But of all the world's great teachers, not one has left a group of moral principles so feebly practiced by so many professing him. Who is to blame for the spiritual haze over Christendom?

might well be called religious illiterates.

Recently a survey of a group of American and British churchgoers showed that only 11 percent of those interviewed accepted the Biblical view of man and that about 50 percent of the British and a little under half the Americans rejected the idea that "forgiveness of sins is a beggar's refuge." While 94 percent believed that God is personal, almost 22 percent of those who made these confident affirmations believed that "it makes no difference what you believe; it is what you are that counts." While 84 percent believed in the immortality of the soul, only 31 percent held the "Christian view of immortality." On this point Dr. Herron, a critic of these findings, declared that Christendom's view that "there is no real death, but that the soul lives on forever in the spirit world" is "almost a direct repudiation of the Christian faith!" The same religious confusions were noted among members of a happy, prosperous, growing church, under a brilliant teaching and pastoral ministry, as were found in the others.



Does this survey indicate that churchgoers know what they believe, that they are in an agreement as to what is Christian doctrine? Or does it manifest indecision, uncertainty as to what Christian doctrine really is? Or is it a sign of a decay of Christian faith, as some believe?

This much appears obvious from the report, that Christendom's religious thinking is murky, that members of the same denomination are not in agreement on doctrinal matters, that Christian principles are not clearly defined, that a good majority that profess Christianity do not practice it, that the distinction between pagan and Christian doctrine is not clear-cut, that there is altogether too much personal opinion, and philosophy taught and not enough Bible; that conviction, faith and trust in the Bible as the Word of God are lacking; that the people are not sure how to worship, what to believe and why they believe what they believe.

### ***Why the Religious Fog?***

Who is responsible for the spiritual fog that blankets Christendom? Bishop Wells seems to think it is the churchgoer's fault. He declared: "The fact of the situation is that 90 per cent of our church members—not the leaders, but the average man and woman—do not really know what they believe and why. They might be called religious illiterates. Many persons do not know the Bible." While it is true that the average man does not know what he believes and why and that he does not know the Bible, yet he does not stand alone in this class. The same can be said of the leaders, the clergy, of Christendom. They too do not know what they believe and why. And their ignorance of the Bible is appalling.

A survey made by Dr. George Herbert Betts of Northwestern University and published in a little book entitled "The Beliefs

of 700 Ministers" shows religious clergymen are as confused as their members. Dr. Betts wanted to determine: "All formal creeds aside, what do the ministers of our churches believe? Do they agree to a man on the beliefs within a single denomination? Do the denominations agree with each other on the great fundamental matters of Christian faith? Can we of the masses find in our spiritual leaders a certainty of belief on the crucial questions of religion such as warrants our trusting their insight?" To answer this he sent 56 basic doctrinal questions to 1,500 representative clergymen and theological students; 700 replied. Here are the percentages on certain representative questions:

Did they believe:	Yes	Not Sure	No
Old Testament prophets inspired?	67	5	28
The trinity doctrine?	80	7	13
Record of creation?	47	5	48
Biblical miracles?	68	8	24
In an actual devil?	60	7	33
Jesus' virgin birth?	71	10	19
Heaven is a place?	57	15	28
Hell?	53	13	34

*This survey proved that the clergy are just as confounded as their parishioners, that they are not in accord as to what is Christian doctrine, that they are in fact responsible for the confusion that now reigns among their members. "For whatever a man is sowing, this he will also reap." The clergy have sown human traditions and pagan philosophies and have taught these as gospel truth. They have glorified the wisdom of men and cast aspersions on the Bible, calling it an old-fashioned book, a book of mythology, fakes and forgeries. They have sown seeds of doubt, confusion and foul wind among their church members. And now they are made to reap what they have sown.—Galatians 6:7, New World Trans.*

To the religious leaders of his day, Jesus said: "Woe to you who are versed in the

Law, because you took away the key of knowledge; you yourselves did not go in [to the Kingdom], and those going in you hindered!" On another occasion he said to them: "You have made the word of God invalid because of your tradition." His apostle Paul warned: "Look out; perhaps there may be some man that will carry you off as his prey through the philosophy and empty deception according to the tradition of men, according to the elementary things of the world and not according to Christ."—Luke 11:52; Matthew 15:6; Colossians 2:8, *New World Trans.*

Either the Bible is the Word of God or it is not; its Genesis account is either true or false; the miracles it mentions either occurred or did not; either Jesus was born of a virgin or the Bible lies. There are not two answers to these questions, but only one. The confusion is not in the Bible, but in self-conceited men. Too many of them care too little about what the Bible says. They prefer their own ideas to God's. By following their own theories they have turned from pure worship and have fallen headlong into the miry pit of their own ambiguities where they now flounder. The wise man's advice is: "Trust in Jehovah with all thy heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding: in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear Jehovah, and depart from evil."—Proverbs 3:5-7, *Am. Stan. Ver.*

### ***The Early Church Knew What It Believed***

One thing is sure, the early Christian church was not confused in its worship of God. Jesus told the Samaritan woman: "We worship what we know." There was no trace of doubt or hesitancy on his part, but absolute conviction. His apostles voiced the same conviction and assurance. John said: "We know we originate with

God, but the whole world is lying in the power of the wicked one. But we know that the Son of God has come, and he has given us intellectual capacity that we may gain the knowledge of the true one. And we are in union with the true one, by means of his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and life everlasting." The apostle Paul was just as sure and just as definite. He declared that there is but one body, one spirit, one hope, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all persons, who is over all and through all and in all"; that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the only gospel. And "even if we or an angel out of heaven were to declare to you as good news something beyond what we declared to you as good news, let him be accursed." There cannot be a shadow of doubt that the early church knew what they believed and why. Their words tell of their conviction.—John 4:22; 1 John 5:19, 20; Ephesians 4:4-6; Galatians 1:8, *New World Trans.*

So, today, true Christian witnesses of Jehovah God throughout the world, whether in the bush in Africa or in the rice paddies of China, the coal mines of Siberia, the jungles of the Amazon, on the Champs Elysees in Paris or on New York's Park Avenue, voice their convictions, and it is evident that they know what they believe and why. And perhaps what is more amazing is that they all doctrinally believe and teach the same thing throughout the world. This is because they hold closely to the Bible as the Word of God. It is its harmony that keeps them morally, spiritually and doctrinally united. Jehovah's witnesses stand on the sure foundation, Christ Jesus, and are inseparably attached to the one true God, Jehovah. Of these Christians it can be said, they know what they believe and why.

# I found faith in God in a Russian slave labor camp

By a  
repatriated  
German citizen



The author of this article spent more than five years in Soviet Russia's most dreaded Arctic camp at Vorkuta. He was released in August, 1955. His description of his life as a slave and of the life of a fellow prisoner, one of Jehovah's witnesses, is most interesting. The author says there were about 1,800 of Jehovah's witnesses in the various camps of Vorkuta, suffering under the disgraceful rule of the Russian Communists because of their belief in God.

**I**T WAS Christmas Eve, December 24, 1954. My thoughts and the thoughts of most of the men with me were of home, but home was a long way off. We were prisoners of the dreaded Arctic slave labor camp Vorkuta, which is located barely fifty miles from the Arctic Ocean in Siberia, Russia.

In my brigade of about thirty men there was a strange mixture of people—Lithuanians, Latvians, Estonians, Russians, Ukrainians, Poles, Romanians, Japanese and Germans. While none of these could speak the same language, yet they understood one another's deep hatred for communism. Communism had robbed them of all that they had ever held sacred and dear. It had reduced them to serfs in a bitter northland, where nothing green grows. Here in this vast wasteland they are forced to spend their precious lives in dark coal mines.

Christmas Eve was just another day. An angry shout from a guard moved my brigade past him as he counted them one by one. A shrill blast of a whistle brought the men to a sudden halt. Something had gone wrong. The guard boomed at me: "Where's the thirty-second man?" "I don't know," I replied. Displeased, he pointed to a slip

showing there were *thirty-two* men assigned to me. The men became furious, because this could mean hours of checking and rechecking—not a pleasant prospect standing in weather 76 degrees below freezing.

I could not imagine who the missing man was. A few minutes later a soldier came with the answer. A young Ukrainian lad had refused to work and had already been thrown into the dungeon. The work slip was corrected. The brigade moved on toward the work pit. Without him, however, how was I to fulfill the required norm? The lad was very exact and a conscientious worker. The man that took the lad's place was a novice at the trade. Even though we worked hard, like beasts, yet with a key man gone and a few mishaps, we were able to meet only 68 percent of our required daily norm, which was a very poor report. When the chief saw our work report, he let loose a verbal barrage that should have melted the northern icecaps. He was ready to arrest the whole brigade for sabotage, but rescinded after deciding to submit the matter to the pit foreman the next day. This was Christmas Day for me, December 25, 1954. As I lay on my bunk I thought again of the Ukrainian lad and wondered why he refused to work. I



tried to sleep, but could not. All around me were men in a deep, deathlike sleep. Their heavy breathing, snoring and the smell of the place kept me awake. I sat up just to look around.

What a pathetic sight! These men were between the ages of 17 and 70; and their sentences ranged from 20 to 25 years' forced labor. Yet not one of them knew exactly why he was there. I was not different. I had already spent eighteen months in the Lubjanka prison of Moscow and five of a twenty-five-year sentence in Vorkuta. Somehow with these morbid thoughts I drifted off to sleep.

The next day I went to see the camp manager, a Caucasian colonel, to learn why the young Ukrainian was arrested, because without him the required norm could not be met. The colonel explained that the matter was out of his hands, that I should see the major in charge of that department at twelve o'clock. That was bad news, because a man in the major's hands was considered as good as dead.

I hurried over to the Ukrainian's barracks to find out the real reason for the lad's arrest. There an elderly man, a Romanian, informed me quite willingly. "The young Ukrainian of whom you speak," he said looking directly at me, "is one of Jehovah's witnesses." "Yes," I said, "go on." "He had in his possession a Bible, which the guards took away. The lad told them that he would not return to work until he got his Bible back. The two soldiers carried him off to the dungeon." "Didn't you warn the lad of the possible consequences of his behavior?" I asked. "Doesn't he know that seven days in the dungeon in the dead of the winter is sure death?" The old man nodded. "He knows. The boy has faith. That's why he's here. He'll live through the seven days. His God will not abandon him." I left the barracks in a hurry, puzzled and disturbed over the

old man's attitude. "What a strange way to react to something so serious," I thought to myself.

Meeting the political commander was something that I did not exactly relish. But I had decided to help the young Ukrainian, because I needed him as a workman. Without him, I would eventually be tossed into the dungeon for not fulfilling the daily norm. At twelve I stood face to face with the major, whose eaglelike eyes pierced me through. For what seemed like hours I stood there with him staring at me without saying a word. Suddenly he erupted with a flood of verbal violence. "You dirty capitalist pig!" he screamed at me at the top of his voice. "You rotten dog, helping this clerical rabble!" I tried to show him how necessary this man was for the work, but all I got in return was a flood of abuse. I practically ran from his office.

### *Choosing Dungeon*

Back in my barracks, I put my things in order, handed my watch and what little money I had to a friend of mine and told him that I was not reporting for work and that most likely I would be found in the dungeon the following days. Shortly thereafter I was handcuffed and escorted to room No. 4. There I spent the hardest hour of my life. When I regained consciousness, I was in the dungeon, with my right arm in plaster of Paris. Evidently it had been broken. It was impossible for me to get up from the floor where I lay in my underwear. It was terribly cold.

Early one morning a prisoner, with hands and face covered with blood, was brought into my cell, while I was transferred to cell 22. There in one corner was the Ukrainian lad in his underwear. A few seconds passed as we looked at each other. Then he stretched out his hand and asked me to sit down. I told him what had happened. He took my hand and firmly

pressed it in his. "What a wonderful way to say thanks," I thought to myself. At six o'clock we were given our rations for the day, 400 grams of bread and one liter of water. He wanted to give me his bread, but I refused. As I looked at the boy, the old man's words flashed in my mind: "The boy has a faith for which he is ready to die, if need be." I could see it in him. This faith then became the subject of our discussions. I asked the lad to tell me why he was in prison. Here is his story as he told it to me.

### *The Ukrainian's Story*

"When I was born there was a severe famine in my home country, the Ukraine. My father, a country doctor, was so busy that we often thought that he had forgotten about us. Two years after my birth my sister was born. Our childhood was rather carefree.

"Then came the war. Evenings the four of us would meet in the sitting room together and father would read to us from the Bible. One day father received a letter. It was an order for him to join the Red Army. Father said good-by to us very warmly as he left home one day, we thought to join the army. But the very next day some soldiers surrounded our house, while an officer and four men came in. They demanded to know where my father was. Mother wept and assured them that he had left to join the army. After they had gone, mother seemed quite concerned. One night I thought I had heard a noise. Looking out of the window to see who it might be, I saw my mother creeping out of a hole we had dug in the garden. She covered the opening with planks, threw firewood over them and then came to the house.

"About an hour later I decided to investigate. Equipped with a stable lantern I went to the place, removed the planks and firewood and uncovered the opening.

There I saw my father wrapped in blankets. He looked at me, then in a soft voice said, 'Don't be afraid. Come to me.' I went to him and he clasped me in his arms. He told me why he was down there. He said that he could never be a soldier because his faith in God forbade him to be. He told me if I wanted to, I could come to him every night at the same hour and that he would be glad to read to me from the Bible and tell me about Jehovah's witnesses. We parted affectionately and I promised to return the following night.

"Night after night I would visit with him. Even though I was but a child, I became a devoted servant of God, one of Jehovah's witnesses. Our reunions in the pit were happy ones, but our happiness was not to last long. About fifteen days later, soldiers came directly to the pit and arrested my father and mother. My sister and I wept bitterly as we saw them being taken away.

"My mother returned home the next day, but my father was assigned to work as a civilian doctor at the army hospital in Minsk. The war months seemed to pass quickly. When the Red Army retreated before the German onslaught, our village fell to the invaders. My mother and sister were sent away to Germany to do slave labor. But Hitler's war machine collapsed, and the war came to an end. We learned shortly thereafter that father was still in Minsk.

"Two years after the war ended, I went to Smolensk to learn a trade. There I lived in a home set aside for students. I was only sixteen years old at the time. Many of these students gladly listened to me when I read from the Bible, even though most of them were members of the *Komсомол*, that is, the Communist youth movement. From time to time the N.K.V.D. [later name of secret police] would make an appearance. They would go through the rooms and remove all prohibited items.

My friends would warn me before they came. This gave me time to collect my Bible and booklets, which I had received from the Watch Tower Society, and give them to a friend of mine who was the chairman of the *Komsomol* in our shop. The police never suspected him. I learned my profession well and enjoyed my work. In the spring of 1953 I was made foreman. Everything seemed to be working out quite smoothly for me.

"In May, 1953, while on my job, I was arrested and taken to Minsk. After being kept in prison for three months I appeared before the court. There I met my father, mother and sister, who were also arrested. All of us were charged with 'high treason' and 'collaboration in the intelligence service of a foreign power.'

"Father was banished to Russia for life; mother got twenty years; sister, fifteen years in a forced labor camp; and I, ten years. From that day till this, I haven't heard from father. My mother and sister are four miles from here. They're in the 'Brett-Pit.'

"So, that's about all. You know the rest. Do you have any questions?"

What was there to say? After a moment of silence, I asked him if he would explain his beliefs to me. He said he would, but that I would have to wait until the next day. Both of us were hungry and weak. The northeast wind seemed to stop blowing, but the cell was still unbearably cold.

### *Discussing Faith in the Pit*

Day after day the young Ukrainian witness would talk to me about the Bible, about God and his purposes, and about Jehovah's witnesses in general. Sometimes in the dungeon pit we got into heated discussions. Never having read the Bible, I would have to yield. It puzzled me how any one so young knew so much about life.

His mental balance and conviction were astounding.

During one night we composed a poem. We called it "To Our Companions in Adversity!" With prison soap we wrote the five verses, forty lines in all, on the dungeon wall. The poem was a bold indictment against our enslavers and words of encouragement to those who suffered at their hands to hold fast. The poem was climaxed with the true hope that God gives to mankind, the hope of the new world, wherein righteousness and justice are to dwell. The last words of the poem were:

"With your pains you have made full the measure.

What you have suffered,  
Was just that missing in the weight  
To fill to full the scales of Justice,  
And for God to precipitate that power  
which shall

Destroy forever all mankind's oppressors,

To free the way for God's new world of righteousness.

So then, dear friends, do not rebel  
against your pains,

They certainly will pass like mist in morning's wind.

Endure courageously—lift up your heads!"

My companion's term of punishment was to end today. He had survived the dungeon. A youthful lieutenant came and asked him if he was ready to work. With quietness and composure my witness friend replied: "I have never stayed away from work without a reason. But as I have stated before, first give me my Bible, then I will work. If you don't return my Bible, then I won't leave this cell." The lieutenant's face flushed a dark red. No doubt he had never heard a prisoner speak to him that way before. He motioned to two soldiers to pull the witness out of the cell.

Through the dungeon door I could hear my friend say: "My God be gracious to you," as the soldiers beat him mercilessly.

### **Reading "The Watchtower" in Vorkuta**

Late that evening I was released and sent to the hospital. The very next day the old man whom I had met in the barracks paid me a visit. He asked me how I was and about his brother in the faith. He knew that I had shared a cell with him. I told him everything. He asked me if I wanted to read something in Russian. I told him that I would. He went away and came back about fifteen minutes later with a neatly bound mimeographed copy of the *Watchtower* magazine. I read every word of it and was now able to understand fully the youth's attitude and courage. It defied imagination to know how *The Watchtower* could circulate in Russia, where every third man is a police spy. And yet to be reading it in Vorkuta, a forced labor camp with all its rigid controls, that simply was too much to believe. Still, there *The Watchtower* was in my hands, neatly bound in a cover, no less.

March 1, I was sent back to work. My friend was still in the dungeon. His sufferings came to an end the first part of April, 1955, when he was sent to the hospital. He had contracted a dangerous inflammation of the eyes and was nearly blind, but he brought his Bible out with him. I visited him at the hospital every day. We exchanged letters and cards and I shared my parcels with him. He received letters regularly from his mother and sister, who were evidently very devoted witnesses too.

Later, we attended meetings together, which were held in our camp. I was surprised to learn that

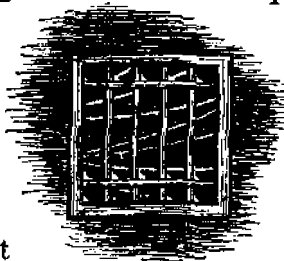
there were 122 witnesses of Jehovah in our camp and over 1,800 of them throughout the whole of Vorkuta. My witness friend and I saw each other daily and exchanged thoughts under the midnight sun. These were some of the most beautiful days in camp for me.

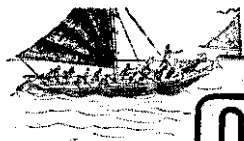
### **Freedom and Memories**

Late one evening in August, 1955, the camp manager called me to his office and informed me that I was to be released and sent back to my home country. I could hardly believe it. While I was glad to leave, I regretted to part with my friends. The Ukrainian witness wrote a few words on a piece of paper and gave it to me as a reminder of our close friendship. He urged me to call on his brothers and sisters in the faith when I got home and tell them that all the brothers and sisters in Vorkuta prison camp are determined to remain faithful to Jehovah, come what may; and that I should convey their love to the brothers in the whole world.

Early the next morning we embraced and almost before I knew it my prison life was behind me. Snow began to fall. Winter would soon begin again in Vorkuta. Three weeks later I was with my mother in southern Germany. Soon after I returned home; however, I sat down and wrote a letter to my friend in Vorkuta and sent him several parcels. I sincerely hope that he has received these parcels.

The witnesses, and especially the young Ukrainian, will always be a reminder to me that those years in Vorkuta were a nightmarish reality, perpetrated by a leading government of this world to its shame and undoing.





By "Awake!"  
correspondent in  
New Zealand

# MIGHTY MAORI NEW ZEALAND



LONG before Columbus sailed over the Atlantic for the Western Hemisphere, a party of voyagers had crossed another mighty ocean to make their home in a new land far to the south—a land acclaimed by venturesome travelers to be so beautiful, pleasant and rich that surely it must be the dwelling place of the gods. This land the Maori, a laughing brown-skinned people, set out to conquer. They called this dream paradise of theirs Aotearoa (the long white cloud).

Two hundred years, however, had passed before the dreams of the Maori gave way to action and preparation began for a large-scale migration. Mighty canoes, each with a capacity of more than one hundred men and women, were completed. With nothing but the sun and the stars to guide them, the Maori migrants began their 2,500-mile journey from *Hawaiki* (the fabled original homeland of the Polynesians) across an uncharted sea to their beloved Aotearoa. Driven by winds and currents, tossed by storm and tempest, drenched with rain, starved for food and fresh water, they moved on and refused to turn back. What seemed like ages later, the living few grounded their canoes on the glistening sands of "the long white cloud." Their beloved Aotearoa they found to be, as it still is, a place of entrancing beauty. The white man called this new home of theirs New Zealand. Unfortu-

nately, it did not turn out to be the peaceful home that the Maori had hoped for.

Jealousies and imagined wrongs among the tribes led to bitter enmities. Whole tribes plunged themselves into baptisms of sanguinary wars. As warriors, they are fierce and fearless fighters. War parties were always accompanied by priests who chanted the right spells and incantations. The first person encountered on way to battle, whether he was friend or foe, was killed and offered to the gods. During war dances the air was split with blood-curdling war cries, each cry designed to strike fear into the heart of the enemy. Fighting was mostly hand to hand, with a clublike weapon called a *patu*. Spears and battle-axes were also used. It was not until the white man came with his musket that the mode of battle changed.

## *Ate the Flesh of Their Enemies*

After the battle was over the victors would feast, and many of those fallen in combat were cooked and eaten. Yes, the early Maori was a cannibal. In those days the cry of *umu* (to the ovens) was a constant one. There are reports that after a dreadful massacre that took place on the banks of the Tamaki River, the victors remained there feasting and gorging themselves on human flesh until the stench of

the putrefying remains of the uneaten bodies drove them away.

However, we are not to think of the Maori as always fierce and cruel, as some history books depict him. He has a very keen sense of humor, and where groups are gathered laughter and jesting abound. Maoris favor the communal system of living. All dwell together in what is called a *pa*. In bygone days this would be fortified by tall wooden fences and wide ditches. Inside the enclosure were the houses and a wide open space known as the *marae*, where the people gathered to hear their leaders discuss their problems. As the Maori is a natural orator and the language is poetical and picturesque, it is not surprising that many a silver-tongued warrior inflamed or stilled the passions of his listeners as he willed. A good memory was essential, for there was no written language and no books in which to keep the family records and the legends that all had to learn.

The Maori was a most proficient carver. He carved wood until it had the appearance of lace. His weapons, his house, his canoe, all came under the greenstone chisels, and even his face was carved. He endured this painful method of tattooing for sake of prestige. The designs were mostly spiral in form and tattooing certainly added to the ferocious appearance of the subject.

### *A Religion of Many Gods*

As for religion, to the Maori Io was the father god, the creator who could not be seen or imagined. Like the Israelites of old who left off pronouncing the name of Jehovah out of fear and superstition, the Maori for the same reason seldom uttered the name of Io aloud. Ra was the sun god, Marna the moon god; then came the gods of war, peace, sky and mist. Ru, the god of earthquakes, could not be seen, but

made his presence felt. At nighttime, they believed, wandering spirits were everywhere, while ghosts were kept away by sacred red ocher, right spells and incantations. Anything that was sacred or forbidden was called *tapu*. To violate the law of *tapu* invariably meant death.

North Cape of New Zealand was to the Maori a most sacred spot. It was from here, they believed, that the spirits of the dead left for their ancient home of Havaiki far to the north. It is of interest that at this very spot the migratory bird the godwit gathers in its thousands from all parts of the country, in readiness for the long ten-thousand-mile flight to Siberia.

When burying the dead, the Maori's former custom was first to place the corpse in the fork of a tree, where it was left until the flesh wasted. Then the ceremony of *mahunga*, or bone scraping, was performed. This ghoulish task fell to the priest; who, of course, was well rewarded for his services. When the bones were scraped clean and polished they were oiled with shark oil and pigeon fat, wrapped in freshly dressed flax, and after much feasting the remains, now strictly *tapu* or sacred for all time, were laid away in the sacred cave.

When the white man first paid his visit to the Maori land he was accepted with curiosity. Then the Maori adopted a friendly or hostile attitude, according to the white man's behavior, but perhaps always with some resentment toward the newcomers. It is not surprising that some of the Europeans found their way into the Maori ovens, although it is said that the flesh of the white man was not so palatable as that of the native, he being, we are told, rather salty.

In 1769 came Captain Cook, then the whalers, new settlers and traders, and in 1841 came government and the first British-appointed governor, Lieutenant Hob-

son. Land deals were arranged, some fair, others not so fair. The Maori had by now equipped himself with the white man's musket. In intertribal wars tremendous carnage took place, especially among those without the coveted guns. The Maori proved himself a power to be reckoned with and many are the accounts of his bravery and chivalry in combat.

### *Many Maoris Worship the True God*

There are many of this noble and intelligent race who revere Jehovah God as their Creator and who refuse to be caught in the swirl and strife of this old system of things. This is evidenced by the numbers now quitting the religions of this world and with zest and joy hailing the New World government of Jehovah and his King, Christ Jesus. In unselfish devotion they dedicate themselves to serve the Most High God, becoming earnest students of his Word, and with their natural fluency of speech they become able ministers. They are qualified to preach and they minister to both pakeha (white man or foreigner) and Maori yet bound in Satan's old world.



Waima Kingdom Hall

Their zeal is manifest in that among all the congregations in New Zealand a Maori congregation was the first to build its own Kingdom Hall.

Situated in the far north, the Waima Kingdom Hall bears testimony to the faith and devotion of the Maori brothers. Under the guidance of a European minister of Jehovah's witnesses, they met and mastered their problem. The building stands as a prominent landmark in the district, a testimony to the unity of Jehovah's witnesses. They succeeded where others of different faiths had failed.

The Maori has indeed come a long way since he left his Havaiki six hundred years ago. Now he is being called upon to make another trek. This time it is out of the troublesome sea of this old world and on into the New World society. He cannot

afford to wait as his forefathers did. He must make his decision now before the war of Armageddon makes it too late. His present journey will be a pleasure, because a whole new world stands ready to help him and the reward for his efforts is a paradise as his eternal home.

### *Chain Reaction*

Curiosity did not kill the cat, but it took a lot of sparkle out of the life of a resident of Castelfranco Veneto, Italy. The man was awakened by a machine-gunlike series of bangs coming from his cellar. He grabbed a shotgun to cope with the prowler. He found that the cat had overturned one of his 160 bottles of champagne, which exploded and set off a chain reaction. All 160 bottles exploded. One cat, thoroughly drenched and disgusted at the curious principle of chain reaction, went looking for new lodging.

# Brazil Inaugurates a President

By "Awake!" correspondent in Brazil

**J**ANUARY 31, inauguration day! Juscelino Kubitschek, Brazil's president-elect, takes office! But why are all these troops and tanks in the streets of Rio de Janeiro, and heavily armed guards in all the strategic points from Catete Palace to the Chamber of Deputies? It is a long story, but let us consider the high points of this thrilling drama.

President Vargas was dead, but the open sore of dissension among the armed forces was only superficially healed. It was the army that had raised Vargas to power in 1930, had deposed him in 1945, and again had forced him to consent to resign on the eventful 24th of August, 1954. Vargas had committed suicide. Café Filho, vice-president, had taken over to fill out the uncompleted five-year term that ended this year. According to Brazilian law he could not succeed himself. Who would be the next president?

Of the four candidates Juscelino Kubitschek de Oliveira was conceded the victory even before the close votes were officially counted. Opponents of the Vargas regime strongly objected to Juscelino's taking office because (1) the Communists, in a last-minute action, swung their votes to him, and (2) his running mate, a strong Vargas supporter, was suspected of conspiring with Perón to form a "syndicalist republic" in Brazil.

In November, when temporary president Café Filho asked for a sick leave, Carlos Luz, speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, took office. When Luz refused to discipline a colonel whom the minister of war, General Teixeira Lott, felt had openly appealed to the army to prevent the duly elected candidates from taking office, Minister of War Lott feared a *golpe*, or sudden revolt, was at hand. To prevent this, on the night of November 10, with the firing of only eight shots, and with no casualties, the army, under directions from General Lott, ousted Carlos Luz from the presidency and installed Nereu Ramos, presi-

dent of the Senate, to serve until the duly elected president would take office, January 31. In a "Man of the Year" poll by the newspaper *Ultima Hora*, General Lott received seventy-three percent of the carefully chosen ballots. "I took measures to see that the will of the people was respected; that is what the army is for," he explained. And so, "operation Lott" averted the *golpe* with its probable bloodshed, eased the tension, and the nation settled down as calmly as was possible under a state of siege and rigid censorship to await the eventful last day of January.

And what a festive day it was! At Tiradentes Palace the oath of office was taken by Juscelino Kubitschek. Then at Catete Palace Nereu Ramos took off the green-and-gold sash, the distinguishing badge of the presidency, and fastened it across the breast of President Kubitschek, saying: "With the realization of this act, there is closed one of the most significant episodes of our national political life."

During the election campaign President Kubitschek had promised "power, transportation and food," and there are those who look at his economic success as governor of Minas Gerais and hope that he may really be able to accomplish 'fifty years' progress in five. Following his inauguration he did not minimize the serious economic situation, but he told Congress that he hopes to use the building of roads, railroads and power plants to increase production and combat the nation's major financial ills.

Will it work? Will the people put aside their partisan politics and unite to improve the conditions of all? Discord already has arisen, but, whatever the political future, a growing number of Brazilians are recognizing the need for improvement, and realize that this is the time when, by God's power and kingdom, really righteous conditions are near at hand.





# PUSH-BUTTON CLIMATE COOLS YOUR HOME

**A**IR conditioning is proving itself to be a mighty nice thing to have around the house. Once it was considered beyond the reach of the average man, but no more. In the last five years it has been moved out of the luxury column and classified with the washing machine and refrigerator as an "everyday necessity." Especially is this true in zones where the temperature hovers for days near the 90-100-degree mark.

However, air conditioning cannot be considered something modern or new. Bees practiced the art for ages. And primitive man air-conditioned his home by hanging strips of wet cloth in the entrance ways and windows. Modern methods of cooling, however, began back in 1902, when Willis H. Carrier, sometimes called "the father of air conditioning," designed a humidity and air-cooling control machine. Other improvements soon followed. But high costs discouraged any thought of this wondrous innovation's ever entering the home.

As early as 1927, millions of American movie-goers came in touch with the marvelous possibilities of air conditioning. On hot sultry days whole families migrated to nearby refrigerated theaters to find refuge. Gradually, air conditioning worked its way into factories, offices, railroads, de-

partment stores, banks and other places of employment. When the mercury soared, it merely accentuated the advantages of airconditioning. The contrast became so pronounced that workers hated to leave their air-cooled offices to face the stifling heat of their apartments or homes. As a result, a whole new air-conditioned era has appeared.

Gone are those hot blistering days when the overhead fan did nothing but blow the scorching heat around, when perspiration flowed freely and clothes stuck to the body as if glued. Gone, too, are those days when cooking at high noon was a suffocating ordeal, when muggy nights were sleepless, spent tossing, turning and twisting or gasping for a breath of air, when the only way to get relief was to soak the bed sheets in the bathtub and sleep between them. Gone, also, are ovenlike hotel rooms and apartments. Gone, that is, where air conditioning is installed.

Climate control is making some sweeping changes. A new kind of housewife, husband and family life is emerging as a result of its influence. The new look about the average air-conditioned man of affairs is that he awakes after an untroubled night in his air-conditioned bedroom, has

breakfast in an air-conditioned nook, rides to work in an air-conditioned automobile, breezes through his daily routine in an air-conditioned office, eats lunch in an air-conditioned restaurant, and



at the close of the day happily returns to his air-conditioned apartment. His whole life is immune to weather. The throbbing thermometer does not affect him in the least.

His wife's life, too, has come in for some pleasant changes. She now shops in an air-conditioned store or supermarket, cooks in an air-conditioned kitchen and entertains in an air-conditioned parlor. The children are sent to air-conditioned schools. For recreation and entertainment the family attends air-conditioned museums, concert halls and sports arenas. An owner of a cooling system said: "We used to go to the mountains or the beaches on hot weekends. Now we find it more fun to stay at home and read, listen to the radio or watch television, than to join the congested rush to the beaches or mountains." Another owner said: "My wife and I used to vacation during the summer. Now we spend that time at home and go places during the winter." The change in children is such that one housewife voiced alarm, saying that "a generation of youngsters who don't know what it is like to play outdoors is growing up."

### *A Taste of Air Conditioning*

What is it like to live in an air-conditioned home? Owners say: "It's heaven on earth, especially during hot sultry days." Surveys report wives as saying that air-conditioned husbands are less grouchy; children, less irritable and neighbors are happier and easier to get along with. "I think we live better, feel better, work better, sleep better," said a housewife. "When temperature and humidity go sky high, we simply move into an air-conditioned room which offers some relief." Cooking is certainly a greater joy when you are cool. Air conditioning, also, filters the air clean of all cooking and foreign odors and elements that tend to contaminate walls, furniture

and draperies. It fills the room with a constant, gentle flow of pure air, which not only contributes to better personal health and life, but adds to the life of upholstery, draperies and furniture. Daily, air conditioners remove gallons of moisture from the air, which helps prevent rust and mildew throughout the house. Basement and attic space once abandoned because of being either too hot or too damp is now made livable with air conditioning.

Housewives laud automatic climate control as a timesaver. Since windows and doors are kept closed, even in midsummer, the house is much easier to keep clean. A good deal of the drudgery of dusting, vacuuming and mopping is eliminated. Neighborhood noises are locked out, making it much quieter inside. Some housewives are so pleased with the cooled atmosphere that they are encouraged to do their "fall" cleaning in the summer. However, not all of them feel that way. One said: "I tackle nothing in the summer. I just sit and vegetate!" Perhaps the cooling system finds its most appreciative soul in the one who heretofore had the hectic job of trying to sleep through the sweltering heat of the day—the nightshift worker. In him air conditioning has found an ardent supporter.

On the credit side of the ledger also are medical reports that picture air conditioning as an important weapon in the fight against allergies, heart diseases and hay fever. Elimination of drafts removes a frequent cause of colds and coughs. Removal of pollen from the air gives hay fever and asthma sufferers immediate relief. Tests show that people are less tired, more energetic, have greater efficiency and drive as a result of controlled climate.

Attendance statistics are unanimous that air conditioning has increased audiences at juke joints, beer parlors, liquor stores and churches. Industries have found

that air conditioning has reduced fatalities and absenteeism and that it has also increased efficiency and production. Some labor unions in the southern part of the United States now demand air conditioning for their members. In the cities of Houston, Texas, and Reno, Nevada, convicts loll around in air-conditioned cells while citizens in the area swelter in the summer's heat.

Down on the farm the country gentleman is learning that a cooled greenhouse actually doubles plant output at just a slight increase in cost. Chicken farmers declare that air-conditioned hen houses keep hens laying on the job. Other scientific tests make plain that beef cattle, hogs and hens all do better in air-conditioned surroundings.

Military-wise, air conditioning already runs the gamut from submarines to supersonic planes. Navy chief J. M. Wright calls air conditioning "the life blood of submarines." In supersonic aircraft, air conditioning is critically important. *Science News Letter* of June 12, 1954, states that the air-conditioning unit "in the Navy's F4D skyray jet fighter is powerful enough to turn out 176,000 ice cubes a day. One air conditioning device is about the size of a pilot's hand. It weighs five pounds and has a cooling capacity equal to 45 home refrigerators. The cooling equipment in the Air Force's B-47 jet bomber is large enough to handle five five-room houses." The United Nations Secretariat Building has an air-conditioning system of 4,000 units, which permits individual control of temperature in each room "within a 12° variation." In contrast with the Secretariat Building and Lever Brothers, both built along glass lines, is the Sackowitz Brothers store in Houston, Texas, almost completely windowless, also a triumph for air conditioning. Gold mines in South Africa,

more than a mile deep, and deep copper mines near Butte, Montana, are workable only because of air conditioning.

### ***Popularity and Predictions***

The spectacular growth in sales alone is proof conclusive of air conditioning's usefulness and popularity. Despite its inauspicious birth, the industry has emerged today into a multibillion-dollar business that encompasses almost everything made. Room conditioners and residential systems, commercial and industrial installations' demands are so great that air conditioning's future appears bright for some time to come. The brightest news for homeowners and apartment house dwellers is that almost two million units have been installed in American homes in less than two years. This has lowered the price range and has brought it in reach of the average man.

In the next five years, Cloud Wampler, president of Carrier Corporation, predicts: "Every first-class and most second-class hotels will be air conditioned. Every operating room and every delivery room in every hospital will be air conditioned. Church air conditioning will be a must in the South and relatively common in the North. Practically all railway passenger cars, including coaches for suburban services, will be air conditioned. Almost every bus will be air conditioned. Twenty-five per cent or more of all new automobiles will be sold with air-conditioning equipment installed. The air conditioning of factories will be as common as the air conditioning of office buildings is today. More than half of all new homes will be air conditioned."

So it appears that air conditioning not only has proved itself a useful item but is here to stay.

# how much NOISE is necessary?

**T**HIS is a noisy planet. Much of the din is not necessary. It takes courage, though, to do something about it. Few people demand quietness, because they feel that little can be done about it. But much can be done. Much is being done, especially in regard to auto horns.

Auto horns are one of the biggest sources of unnecessary noise. Some drivers blow their horns in futile protest against traffic tie-ups, others merely for signaling to friends; and some exult in the sense of power that they get from heavy honking. All of this adds considerably to an unnecessary din. Can it be eliminated? From the results of antihorn-blowing laws in London and Paris the answer is yes. Paris used to be notorious for its furious horn blowing; hardly a movie about the French capital neglected to refer to the practice. But then the prohibition against horn blowing went into effect. The law worked. Now sections of the city that used to be the noisiest are as still as the remote countryside while people sleep.

Some say that laws against horn blowing increase the risk of accidents. But figures seem to indicate otherwise. In fact, after Paris put its edict against horn blowing into effect, the police found that accidents to motorists declined about 30 percent. The pedestrians? They also benefited, with accidents to pedestrians dropping about 13 percent.

The improvements in London and Paris attracted some attention in America. But since Americans are said to be the noisiest people on this planet, there was some doubt about the use of antihorn-blowing laws. But New York city resolutely flexed its muscles and, last March, put into operation a law against unnecessary horn blowing. No doubt about it: the law has teeth. Fines for unnecessary toots

run from \$10 to \$50. If this fails to impress noisy people, the law also provides jail sentences up to 30 days.

Visiting motorists to New York are not kept ignorant of the city's desire for less din; the motorists are greeted by a poster placed at each bridge and tunnel toll booth that requests of drivers: "Please don't sound your horn in New York city." In addition, cards are handed out to motorists reminding them what a big dent in the pocketbook one toot can make.

One of the first motorists to get ticketed under New York's law protested to the patrolman: "No, no, there was a pedestrian standing in front of my car, gaping up at a building. I just tooted once to warn him." The patrolman thought the toot was unnecessary, and the ticket was written.

Success has marked New York's program for reducing unnecessary auto honking. Motorists are now putting their feet on their brakes instead of jamming their hands on their horns. During the very first week of the honking prohibition tests showed that the big city's horn blowers had quieted down about 75 percent. And the few postban toots that were observed were described by police as discriminating, brief and "almost apologetic."

Quick to congratulate New York were a number of newspapers from other cities; they hoped that their cities would also do something about unnecessary noise, not only from auto horns but from other

sources, such as from trucks that roar through the night. Now that something is being done about horn blowing, can something be done about inadequately muffled truck motors?

More people are coming to realize, it seems, that if they want to get rid of noise, they must make some noise themselves in behalf of quiet.





By "Awake" correspondent  
in Pakistan

## PAKISTAN'S *costly delay*

ONE oppressively sultry night in October of last year, Mohammed Ali Khan lay contemplating a starry sky. Beside him and stretched all along a dusty village street his neighbors likewise tossed on their string-frame beds, their thoughts alternating between the heat of the night and wondering if rain would come, and when. Hopes were high, for Mohammed Ali Khan, blessed with great foresight in such matters, had foretold that rains would come soon. But when? Crops in the field were stunted and dying; only immediate rains could save them.

Trees in the distance began to rustle their leaves as a hot wind passed over them and descended down upon the village like a blast from a furnace. All the village was now alert, smelling at the hot air as a camel in the desert smells for water. Suddenly it came, the unmistakable scent that parched earth gives off as it drinks in water, the scent of rain! Mohammed's experienced eye turned to the northeast and watched the stars blacken out one by one, and then he hurried off his bed and

carried it into the mud-walled building he called home.

Rain was coming! In his Moslem heart he thanked his Allah for the relief that this would bring to man, crop and beast. And even as he did so the first large drops started to fall, each setting a miniature volcano into eruption as it struck the inches-thick layer of dust on the village street. The rain had come!

The whole village was now wide awake, and most of it was out in the streets reveling in the cooling shower. Steadily it fell, turning dust to mud and gathering into filthy pools in low-lying places. Into these the children, even the grownups, jumped and rolled and splashed and shouted. Rain had come! Rain had come!

Two hundred miles away in the Kashmir hills rain was also falling, not in the gentle shower of Mohammed's village but in a deluge. Little did Mohammed suspect, as he stood in the village street enjoying this Allah-blessed rain, that water would soon come racing down three valleys and destroy, not only the crops he thought blessed, but his land, home and cattle, also his several wives and his little ones; and, yes, even his own life would be destroyed by the raging flood waters.

Drought, flood; drought, flood; drought, flood; with sickening regularity these opposing evils have played havoc with the Indian subcontinent from very ancient to modern times. Drought and flood and misery come as regularly as the seasons.

In more advanced countries when any catastrophe strikes, there are at hand speedy means of communication and trained men to handle such emergencies. Yet even with these, a disaster of the magnitude of the one that struck Pakistan would have exacted a terrific toll. How much more so where they are lacking?

Nor is it only these things that make the difference. To illustrate, the average

Pakistani village house is built with mud walls. These are practical enough in the dry weather and in showers. But in a flood, walls become saturated, turn to mud, disintegrate and collapse, bringing down the roof upon any foolish enough to remain inside. And so the whole building dissolves, until what was a house is a muddy streak in the waters and timbers that float off in the current.

### *Fail to Heed the Warning*

In Lahore, the Punjab's capital city of 1,200,000 persons, the first indication of trouble ahead was a newspaper report. Readers were reminded that in the devastating floods of 1950 the waters were only half the present quantity rushing down to meet them. Plainly, they rightly deducted, a serious flood lay ahead. Immediately the Flood Relief Committee alerted responsible parties and a warning was circulated among the residents of low-lying areas. This warning the vast majority failed to heed.

In fact, the city of Lahore was but mildly alarmed. The Ravi overflows its banks periodically, they said. Was there not a seven-foot-high mud bank built all around the city to keep such flood waters out? So why worry? Allah was in heaven and all was well with the Lahore world.

But was it? Already along three of the Punjab's five rivers, at an estimated speed of ten miles an hour, moved a wall of water like a tidal wave, spreading out to 20 miles of either side of their banks. By the next morning the flood level at Lahore had risen to four feet two inches above her previous all-time flood level! No mere mud banks could hold back this rushing flood. And if the walls fell, then those same banks would become the rim of a mighty cup filled to the brim, holding a city submerged in seven feet of water.

And fall they did! In five minutes peaceful residential streets became rampaging rivers, sweeping everything movable before them. Houses were flooded as fast as the waters could rush in. A major disaster was averted by the army authorities who saw the death trap in the making. They dynamited the bank in another place to allow the waters to flow out as fast as they came in. Otherwise the whole city would have become a lake swallowing up its million inhabitants.

It chanced that most of the menfolk were away from home when the waters first entered. The womenfolk, forgetting the Moslem modesty that keeps them within closely screened rooms, in their desperation rushed out into the streets in search of help without even veiling. But not, generally, to return. For if they were not caught in the flood waters, then they were cut off by them, their return being made impossible.

Here, now, was a strange situation. In streets as foreign to many of them as any in Boston or Bangkok, two streets away from home they were in a foreign land. For days they wandered the streets, helpless in their ignorance of affairs outside their own home. Nor were the men much better situated, for upon hearing the news and attempting to return home they too were cut off by the same waters. In the meantime, women and children who were still in their houses had escaped to the flat roof tops.

### *The Tragedy Unfolds*

Villages by the hundreds were inundated. Unlike Lahore, where most of the houses are *packa* (ripe), here they are mostly mud-built. As soon as the waters entered, these homes collapsed and completely disappeared. In this way whole villages of as many as 500 houses have vanished, leaving hardly a trace. Occupants

who fled for safety either climbed to the roof of some neighbor's *packa* house, when such existed, or else climbed some convenient tree, dragging their wives and children up after them. But here again trees were not always plentiful, nor easy for wives and children to climb. Those that were suitable soon became overcrowded. A reconnaissance plane reported one stunted tree with only one branch that held twelve persons.

But what about Mohammed Ali Khan, whom we left enjoying the cooling rains? How has he fared? It was from some tree-top that he watched his crops and his cattle swept away. Before his eyes his house fell and dissolved into the flood waters, doors and window frames floating off in the stream. Nor, as he was to learn, were the trees always safe. For as the soft alluvial soil became saturated, taproots soon began to lose their hold, and down would come tree, occupants and all.

Back in Lahore events were taking a turn for the worse. New dangers presented themselves. Without electrical power the city spent the night in darkness. Electric pumps ceased to supply the drinking water. The flood waters were foul with cholera, typhoid and typhus germs. These diseases threatened to start an epidemic. The city's granaries were submerged. The food situation became serious. Multitudes of persons from nearby towns and villages now flocked into Lahore in search of food and shelter. What a mixed crowd thronged the streets! Men and women who had hardly ever gone beyond gunshot of their village wandered through her streets in bewilderment.

If the city was finding new problems, so also were those marooned in the villages. An ever-present danger was snakes. Driven from their holes they swam to anything that offered them a resting place. Generally they swam to the trees, and these

were, as we have already seen, largely occupied by people. So often a single tree would hold both humans and reptiles, sometimes in a state of tacit truce, others in undeclared war. Frequently men wading or swimming in the waters met up with an infuriated snake, and generally the snake won. So the snake bite added to the distressful conditions.

A further menace was the wild boar or pig. These have enjoyed a sort of protected life, for to the Moslem the pig is unclean, and he will neither eat nor touch it. The result has been that a kind of pig sanctuary has come into existence. Many a swimming or wading Moslem now lost his life to the razor tusks of his unclean enemy.

Many are the reported cases of narrow escapes from death. One elderly lady, floating down the river on her bed, was luckily swept into the Lahore streets in an unconscious condition and promptly rescued. A boy baby who was similarly rescued was renamed Moses. (Exodus 2:10) One woman gave birth to a baby in five feet of water. Both the mother and the son are doing well. Less fortunate was a man who tried to make his way to safety by hanging on to the tail of a swimming ox, and who was drowned within sight of his friends and safety when the ox ducked and caused him to lose his grip.

### ***Army and Air Force Saved the Situation***

Without doubt the army and air force largely saved the situation. The greatest problem was to keep those alive who were marooned on trees, embankments and housetops. Tins of drinking water, lumps of crude sugar and blankets were dropped by air. By the third day the water level in Lahore began to drop, but the flood was only beginning for other towns lower down the river. All Pakistan was now alert.

Great concern was felt for the safety of the Punjab's famous canal system, so essential to the country's economic well-being. Engineers were faced with the alternatives of risking the arterial canals' giving way before the heavy pressure of water upon them, which meant three years of famine conditions while they were repaired, or else relieving the pressure by dynamiting the dammed river banks and allowing the surrounding country to be flooded. Either alternative exacted a high price. So generally flooding was decided upon.

By the seventh day the wave had spent most of its force. An estimated 10,000 square miles of cultivated lands and villages lay in ruins. In many places, even now, village folk were still in trees or on housetops, hungry, thirsty, cold and weary from need of sleep.

After seven days the Montgomery district reported many still in the trees with ten to twelve feet of water under them. In one place a busload of passengers, entrapped by the waters, climbed to the roof of the bus and there clung to one another for three days. A man and his wife and three children perched on a broken, ten-foot-high, eighteen-inch wall for four days. Children were kept alive by being fed with half rotten, salvaged grain.

In Lahore the waters finally settled in the low-lying areas and now had to be pumped dry. But 800 rotting carcasses and the suspension of normal sanitary arrangements combined to produce rank waters and a foul stench. In such waters men and women labored, some to help make drainage arrangement, others to dip beneath the waters in search of valuables. On the sites of collapsed homes, sometimes standing waist deep in water, owners raked among the debris to salvage their property. Over 2,000 houses had collapsed in Lahore alone

and another 3,200 were rendered unsafe for occupation. Ten days later the streets were still crowded with homeless persons, often searching for lost family members.

A golden streak of humanity was discovered in the least expected place. Seven hundred prisoners in the Lahore jail were asked to aid in salvaging submerged grain. Often completely unguarded, they worked willingly and joyfully and not a single one attempted to escape. Richly they deserved their commuted sentences.

From Sialkot to Bahawalpur the overall picture is the same. An area 400 miles long by 150 miles wide was made desolate. Over a thousand villages destroyed and as many persons dead. The remainder hungry, sick and without hope. Crops gone, lands soured, foodstore washed away or rotted, cattle dead to the total of 40,000.

One feels impelled to ask, Could this have been prevented? That it could is revealed in an article published in Lahore's *Pakistan Times*, headed "Four Colossal Mistakes." Giving official figures it shows that in the past five years the country has lost far more in floods than the highest estimated cost of the necessary preventive measures. Yet preventive measures had not been adopted on the plea, We cannot afford it.

What of the future, then? Is it to communism or democracy that Pakistan must turn for hopes of the future? There is little love for either in the heart of the average Pakistani, and rightly so. What, then? Only a government of God's own making, bringing paradise conditions to this trouble-torn earth, can bring hope to the Pakistani. And those Pakistanis today who are investigating this hope of a new world are persuaded that soon, in our days, it is to become a reality. The kingdom of God is their only hope as well as the hope of all mankind in this troubled world.





## Where Do Unbaptized Babies Go at Death?

WHETHER unbaptized babies go to hell or to heaven at death may not be the type of subject you would select to talk about, especially if your conception of hell is a burning, raging inferno where unfortunate souls are tormented throughout all eternity, a view commonly held by many of Christendom's major religions. Nevertheless, this was a topic that created considerable comment in Norway about a year ago; enough to get four clergymen fired from their jobs. These men held that unbaptized babies do not go to a fiery hell at death, while the Sunnmøre home mission evidently taught that they did. When agreement was impossible, the clergymen were promptly fired from their work in the Sunnmøre Indremisjon.

The newspapers took a keen interest in the happenings and wrote thought-provoking editorials. For example, the Oslo *Dagbladet*, June 22, 1955, called the mission's view "shocking," characteristic of the Middle Ages. "It is above our comprehension," said the editorial, "why the home mission makes its God a cruel sadist. But that is exactly what it does by holding such view on baptism and babies. We do not understand what good anybody can get out of this kind of preaching. It must be shocking to all modern people, their usual creed notwithstanding."

The Fredrikstad *Demokraten* editorial termed the teaching "fiendishness." It said: "It is a long time since we have read about

anything so cruel. It must be revolting to every intelligent man no matter what his belief. This is sadism to the extreme meaning of the word. The Gestapo tortured many people to death, but the little unbaptized babies are by Sunnmøre Indremisjon condemned to eternal torment. Don't these people understand that thereby they make the God in whom they believe a sadist whose cruelty by far surpasses anything invented by man?"

The *Vårt Land*, a religious publication, tried feebly to justify the mission's position by saying that their hands were "tied by their view on baptism." Here is the paper's peculiar explanation: "Regarding children who must die before they are baptized it has been copiously written that God is not tied by the baptism but the church is. As long as it believes in a God who is absolutely righteous and loving the Lutheran church cannot imagine that unbaptized babies go to hell without getting a chance. But this is none of the church's business but God's own secret."

To this apparent muddle and credulity the *Dagbladet* replied: "For a common rationalistic reader this must be interpreted this way: 1. The home mission's view is settled and sanctioned and cannot be deviated from by any minister. 2. But everybody, including the home mission itself, knows that this view is not right. . . . But it must be preached. And why? Because it is practical to use as an argument to threaten weak and naive souls."

Further, we might ask: Why make so much over unbaptized babies when the church believes that they get a chance for life? Why frighten parents who do not have their babies baptized? Why fire the clergymen who could not gulp down this doctrine? We may also ask: Is this doctrine any more repulsive than the hell-fire doctrine taught by Roman Catholic and Protestant religions of Christendom?

Is it any more sadistic, fiendish, simply because babies are involved and not adults? Hardly.

Religious organizations get themselves into all kinds of messes because of their ignorance of the Bible and their insistence on clinging to morbid pagan doctrines. For example: They teach that infant baptism is a Christian doctrine, when it is not. It is pagan. They teach a smoldering fiery hell of torment for those who dare cross their paths. This too is pagan. The true God Jehovah holds out no such branding iron for disobedient souls living or dead. They teach that baptism washes away sin. Then why was Jesus baptized? He had no sin. Instead of baptism's washing away sins the Bible plainly shows that it is only through the sacrifice of Jesus Christ that one can be released from sin and death. He is "the Lamb of God that takes away the sin of the world!"—Hebrews 7:26; John 1:29; Hebrews 9:24-26; 1 John 2:1, 2, *New World Trans.*

Baptism in the Bible is spoken of in connection with conversion to God and a dedication to do his will. The following expressions are used: "Repent, and let each one of you be baptized"; "those who embraced his word heartily were baptized"; "believe on the Lord Jesus" and be baptized. Now, is it reasonable to conclude that an infant can repent, receive God's Word, reason on it and attain to belief in God and Christ? Of course not. A certain amount of maturity is definitely required. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith Jehovah." Let us use our heads and reason on this subject. Jesus was thirty years old when he was baptized.—Acts 2:37-41; 16:30-33; 18:8, *New World Trans.*; Isaiah 1:18, *Am. Stan. Ver.*; Luke 3:23.

Generally two scriptures are quoted in support of infant baptism. These are Mark 10:14 and Matthew 18:3. According to the *New World Translation* they read: "Let

the young children come to me, do not try to stop them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such kind of persons." "Truly I say to you, unless you turn around and become as young children you will by no means enter into the kingdom of the heavens." No mention is made of infant baptism. Little children were brought to Jesus so that he could bless them. To say that he baptized them is to say more than the Bible says. Jesus was merely illustrating that adults must have *open and teachable* minds like those of little children to be of his kingdom.

Where, then, do unbaptized babies go at death? No infant or adult, baptized or unbaptized, good or bad, ever went to a burning hell or ever will go to such a place at death. Why not? Simply because no such place exists. The hell torment doctrine is of pagan origin and is without basis in fact. Matthew declares that when Herod had all the boys in Bethlehem and in all its districts killed, from two years of age and under, in an effort to kill the babe Jesus, this was in fulfillment of the words of Jeremiah: "A voice is heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping, Rachel weeping for her children; she refuseth to be comforted for her children, because they are not. Thus saith Jehovah: Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; for thy work shall be rewarded, saith Jehovah; and they shall come again from the land of the enemy. And there is hope for thy latter end, saith Jehovah; and thy children shall come again to their own border."—Jeremiah 31:15-17, *Am. Stan. Ver.*

Rachel's children were not, meaning that they were dead. God's promise to her was that they would come again from the land of the enemy, death, and come again to their own border, the earth, in the resurrection. Such is the hope of all souls, baptized or unbaptized.—Acts 24:15.



## Jehovah's Witnesses Preach in All the Earth



### India

**I**N THE vast subcontinent of India over 300 million people live. Their religious habits, social customs, languages and color of skin vary as one travels the more than a thousand miles from east to west and north to south. It can be scorchingly hot in May or miserably cold in January. In the southern coastal regions the humid air makes one feel indolent and lazy. Here, in three short months of the wet season, over a hundred inches of rain fall. All this affects the characteristics of the peoples of India. It also affects the lives of Jehovah's witnesses who bear witness to the truth of Jehovah's Word, the Bible. It affects their living habits and presentation.

The people of India are for the most part poor or very poor. Some have not the mental urge to get beyond the struggle for food. They subsist on what is equivalent to about twenty-five cents a day. A recent survey published the figure of \$126 a year as an average for a family of six members.

Jehovah's witnesses preach the Bible to these people to open their minds to the wonderful provisions Jehovah God has made for their rehabilitation to life in a paradise earth. These men and women want to live and enjoy life in a world of peace and security. But there are obstacles in the way. Their minds are for the most part blinded by false theories and myths regarding the purpose of life. They are steeped in superstition and cling tenaciously to astrological and other mythical predictions and philosophies rather than believe the simple truths of the Bible.

But not all are like that. There are many examples of how simple people, sometimes illiterate, have had their eyes of understanding opened and are now rejoicing in the hope of life on a paradise earth.

On a small farm of six acres lived a Christian and six Indian men and women helpers. The laborers were illiterate. The farmer came in touch with Jehovah's witnesses in a nearby town and began to study the Bible with them. As he studied he talked to his farmhands. By means of a "Bible picture book" he showed them the Bible story from the garden of Eden to the present day. He also pointed out God's purpose to establish a new earth of righteousness and plenty. It was not a profound philosophy that required a college education to comprehend. These illiterate toilers could understand a message like that.

It was so good that they began telling it to others. They had no books, they had nothing but a tongue and a heart devoted to Jehovah and his kingdom. From village to village they went, covering thirty-eight villages. When the traveling representative of the Watch Tower Society went to visit them he found sixty-eight gathered to hear him preach to them. Twenty-five of them were baptized in symbol of their dedication to Jehovah God.

These illiterate Hindus became zealous Christians, doing things unheard of before in Indian villages. They went in pairs from house to house and talked about Jehovah and the Kingdom to all whom they met, women speaking even to men. This was just unthinkable for an Indian village woman, and some of them suffered great

persecution as a result. But Jehovah always provided a way out.

Recently at one of the assemblies of Jehovah's witnesses a young man was especially thrilled. He had been a Hindu and his father was a prominent official of the government. At a tea party given by some school friends, among whom were some of Jehovah's witnesses, the conversation got around to the Bible and the hope of the New World. This sounded very interesting and reasonable. It made him eager to learn. A Bible study was started.

Soon the young Hindu wanted to preach the good news of the Kingdom himself. What would his parents say? One day some of his friends saw him preaching and reported the matter to his father. The next day the father personally went to see. When the son came home he demanded that the son bow down and repent for having disgraced the family. The lad said he did nothing wrong. The father ordered him out of the house in his bare feet, clad only in his pajamas.

The lad, being too timid to wake one of Jehovah's witnesses, instead crept inside

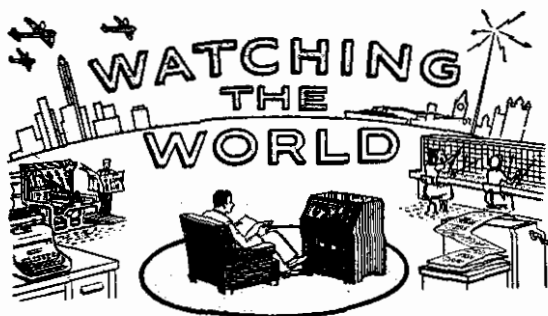
the witness' car and tried to sleep, because his eviction took place at 2 a.m. When the servant opened the door of the house at 5:15 a.m., the youth made known his plight. He was taken in, given food and clothing and soon thereafter he was immersed. When relating his experience, he said he was the happiest man alive. Jehovah's spirit richly compensates for our suffering.

'Anyone familiar with Indian names will know that the name of Singh denotes that one belongs to the Sikh religion, a branch of Hinduism. Men of this religion allow their hair to grow long and never shave. But at the assembly of Jehovah's witnesses there were five men named Singh. These men had no beards. Their hair was cut like any other man's. They are now Jehovah's witnesses enjoying Kingdom truths of a paradise earth. And three of them are full-time ministers at that.

For the most part the work of Jehovah's witnesses is not spectacular. It is mostly sowing seeds of truth just as Jesus and his apostles did. Some of these seeds grow into fruit-bearing trees that give glory to God and hope to men.

## DO YOU KNOW?

- What extremes can keep you from making proper judgments? P. 3, ¶3.
- Whether the clergy are just as confused about right doctrine as their members are? P. 6, ¶4.
- Whether the apostles were confused on religion as today's clergymen are? P. 7, ¶2.
- Whether Jehovah's witnesses are sticking to their religion even in Russia's dreaded Vorkuta slave labor camp? P. 9, ¶3.
- How many of Jehovah's witnesses are imprisoned at Vorkuta because of their religion? P. 12, ¶3.
- How the Maori tribesmen migrated to New Zealand long before the white man came? P. 13, ¶2.
- What electrical convenience has recently moved out of the luxury column and into many homes? P. 17, ¶1.
- Why a major flood is so much more disastrous in Pakistan than in many other nations? P. 21, ¶8.
- How it was possible for whole villages in Pakistan to have vanished, almost without a trace? P. 22, ¶7.
- Where unbaptized babies really go at death? P. 26, ¶4.
- How an Indian farmer was able to explain the Bible to his Hindu workers? P. 27, ¶5.



### The Frogman Incident

◆ One of the most curiosity-arousing incidents in recent years came up in Britain when, on April 29, the British Admiralty issued a statement. It said that Commander Lionel Crabb, an underwater expert, had not returned "from a test dive which took place in connection with trials of underwater apparatus in Stokes Bay, in the Portsmouth area, about a week ago." It said that the frogman was presumed dead. What fanned the fire of curiosity among the public and in the press were these two facts: (1) Commander Crabb was not a novice but a veteran frogman with outstanding World War II experience and (2) at the time of his disappearance the new Soviet cruiser, *Ordzhonikidze*, was in the Portsmouth harbor. The Soviet ship had brought Soviet leaders Bulganin and Khrushchev to Britain for a state visit. Curiosity was further heightened when a Soviet diplomat said in London that the frogman was seen to surface a few seconds and then vanish near the Soviet ship. The British press speculated that the frogman had been on a secret mission to spy out the underwater secrets of the Soviet ship. Prime Minister Eden said of the incident: "It would not be in the public interest to disclose the circumstances in which Com-

mander Crabb is presumed to have met his death." Sir Anthony explained that "what was done was done without the authority or the knowledge of Her Majesty's Ministers." The Opposition took this to mean that Crabb was spying on the Soviet ship for some arm of British Intelligence. "It's bad enough," said a Laborite spokesman, "to insult your dinner guests, but it is much worse to go through their baggage and be caught red handed."

### Algeria: The Rebels Strike

◆ Algeria has about 1,000,000 Europeans and about 8,000,000 Arabs. For two generations these two groups co-operated well. There was no memory of past national existence to cause resentment against the French. But then in 1954 the National Army of Liberation was born. This is a band of Arab guerrillas. The French call the guerrillas *Fellaghas*, or outlaws. At first France offered little resistance to them. The situation grew worse. By the end of last year Algeria was in utter turmoil and the Arab community was fired by nationalism. The Arab nationalists have amassed an army of some 15,000. With it they have terrorized and cowed most of the Arab population. To get the Arabs on the French side, France has poured in thousands

of troops to protect Arab communities. But 300,000 troops did not stop the rebel raids. As a result few Arab villages came over to the French side. In May France called up 50,000 more men. The reaction in Algeria was sharp. The rebels took the offensive throughout the country. Armed with machine guns and fire bombs, the *Fellaghas* attacked some 50 villages. Farms and factories went up in smoke. Casualties, which were running about 200 on each side every week, went higher. A *New York Times* correspondent reported: "The military situation is one of swiftly continuing deterioration."

### Cyprus: A New Low

◆ When Britain moved its Middle East base to Cyprus, it came face to face with a problem of nationalism. It was a problem almost as great as that which caused Britain to move out of Suez. It is a problem that recently reached a climax. The Greek Cypriotes want union with Greece. To attain their goal the Greeks have formed a terrorist organization called EOKA. It has declared war on Britain. The terrorists have bombed and murdered Britons and pro-British Cypriotes. A few of the terrorists have been captured. Two of them were sentenced to death for shootings. The two condemned men soon became an emotional symbol to Greeks and Cypriotes alike of the struggle against Britain. Greece warned London that if the two men were executed, relations with Britain would suffer. But Britain determined to go ahead with the hangings. Thirty-six hours after the two terrorists were hanged, EOKA announced that it had hanged two British soldiers in reprisal. Greek Cypriotes protested the hangings by going on strike. EOKA distributed leaflets urging the assassination of the British governor of Cyprus, Sir John Harding. One

leaflet said that the "patriot" who should kill the governor would "have his name emblazoned on a scroll of gold." In Athens an archbishop protested the executions by giving a talk in the city's main square. Right afterward angry mobs rioted. Greeks fought their own police in attempts to break into buildings. Three persons were killed and more than 124 injured. The rioting was Athens' worst since the 1944 revolution. British relations with Greece, as well as with Cyprus, plummeted to a new low.

#### **Cuba: Seething Discontent**

◆ In March, 1952, Gen. Fulgencio Batista seized power in Cuba in a lightning coup. During the years since then the enemies of Gen. Batista seem to have increased in numbers. There have been sporadic demonstrations staged by students against the Batista regime. In April a military plot was uncovered. Then in May there was a more serious incident. A group of about 100 young rebels attacked a rural guard post in Matanzas, 60 miles east of Havana. A government account said the rebels were heavily armed with machine guns, rifles, carbines and grenades. The shooting lasted three hours before the army quelled the rebellion. At least 11 of the rebels were reported killed and a larger number wounded. Defeat of the rebels again showed that General Batista's power rests principally on his control of the army.

#### **End of Prison Camps?**

◆ The number of prison camps in the Soviet Union is not known. It is known, however, that there are many of them in Siberia, Central Asia and the Soviet Far North. In these forced labor camps the inmates work mainly in mines. It is also known that a considerable number of the prisoners have been released from these camps recently. In May

a leading member of the MVD (Ministry of Internal Affairs) disclosed that the Soviet government intends to abolish, within a year to 18 months, all internment camps. In the future, it was said, there will be only two types of imprisonment: ordinary prisons and corrective labor colonies. In the colonies the inmates will work in factories and other institutions on the grounds. The MVD official said that internment in places remote from the scene of conviction was no longer practiced except in cases of "extremely serious" political crimes. Observers believe the Soviet government's purpose in closing internment camps is to emphasize further the present regime's break with the Stalin era.

#### **Methodist Women Clergy**

◆ Two major religious denominations in America grant full ministerial rights to women. These are the Congregational Christian Churches and the Disciples of Christ. At its last general assembly the Presbyterian Church in the United States voted to accept women as ministers. In the Methodist Church about 50 women have been ordained as preachers. Though these women may preach in pulpits they have not been granted full clergy privileges in their church. Thus they have not had the right to demand an assignment from bishops as is the right of full-fledged ordained male clergymen. But in May the Methodist Quadrennial General Conference deleted a church rule that limited pastoral duties of women to "lay" preaching assignments. The result is that Methodist women have won the right to full clergy privileges. As to the Bible's view of women preaching to a mixed congregation, the apostle of Christ said: "I do not permit a woman to teach, or to exercise authority over a man, but to be in silence."—1 Timothy 2:12, *New World Trans.*

#### **The Pope's Army of Apostles**

◆ The pope is building a movement from which he expects great things. This movement, a creation of Italian Catholic Action, is designed chiefly to re-examine the Roman Catholic Church. With this movement the pope hopes to create a better world. One of the heads of the movement is Jesuit priest Riccardo Lombardi. Jesuit Lombardi hopes to train and lead an army of new Catholics to a "conquest of the world for Jesus." Priest Lombardi says the army wants to "reorganize the human and social relations between class and class and between individual and individual." Explaining the movement further the Jesuit says: "We are a voice crying in a desert. We announce the social coming of Christ. We cry to society 'repent, for Jesus is at hand.'" The vaguest part of Jesuit Lombardi's plans is just how he intends to re-examine the Catholic Church. The priest is more definite on his plans for expansion. "It is my dearest hope," said Jesuit Lombardi, "that America may one day become the voice of the new movement."

#### **Child and Baby Marriages**

◆ In 1929 India passed its first "child marriage restraint act." Under the law, the marriageable age is set at 18 years for boys and 15 for girls. In May India found that laws had not eliminated child marriage. Astrologers recently told the people of the state of Rajasthan that May 5 was to be an especially auspicious day for marriages. The result? Nearly 20,000 marriages that day! Reports indicate that more than 6,000 of the marriages involved boys 5 to 16 years of age and girls 4 to 14. In some villages brides and bridegrooms were mere babies still unable to walk. In the case of baby marriages, baby brides live with their own parents until they are old enough for the marriage to be consummated. One

reason child marriages continue, besides the influence of the astrologers, is that punishment for violating the child marriage law is mild. And even if fathers are sent to prison for marrying a boy child to a girl child, the marriage remains legal. There is no provision for declaring child marriages invalid.

#### **Burma: A Gain for the Reds**

◆ Eight years ago Burma gained its independence. Since then Premier U Nu's People's Freedom League has been the party in power. The Freedom League advocates neutralism. Opposing the Freedom League is the National United Front. This party is Communist-led. In the 1952 elections, the United Front won only 12 seats, while the Freedom League won 215. But in May some 4,000,000 Burmans went to the polls. To ensure its continued majority the government's Freedom League went on an

all-out campaign; it even distributed cool drinks and lunches. The results were not so good as expected. When the returns came in, the League won more than enough seats to control the new Parliament, but the Communists tripled their strength, winning at least 42 seats. The government was alarmed at the growing strength of the Reds.

#### **Togoland's Vote**

◆ British Togoland, a region of West Africa, is a United Nations Trusteeship territory administered by Great Britain. It was originally taken from Germany after World War I and is about the size of Holland. It has a population of about 423,000. In May a plebiscite was held. The issue was whether British Togoland should unite with the Gold Coast. Supporters for union won. The vote was 92,775 for and 66,529 against.

#### **Tibet: Lamas in Politics**

◆ In 1950 Red China's armies "liberated" Tibet. Since then Peiping has found it necessary to keep a portion of the invading armies in Tibet to prevent uprisings. Still, there have been repeated reports of anti-communist revolts. Recently Peiping's Vice-premier Chen Yi visited Lhasa, Tibet's capital. The Red official headed a mission that is beginning work to establish a full-fledged Communist civil government in Tibet. But when Marshal Chen arrived some of the city's Buddhist lamas put up protesting placards on the city's walls. The lamas protested the mission because they sense they are losing their ancient governing rights. Not all the lamas oppose the Reds. Recent reports indicate that a goodly number of them are being used politically by the Reds for pro-communist purposes.



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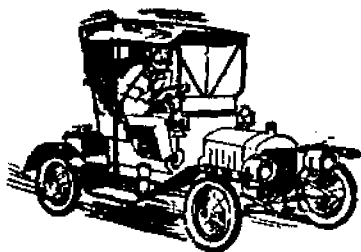
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