



1946

Consolation

Magazine

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In Brief

A Pilgrimage Across Arabia

◆ Every Mohammedan tries to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. Some of them try to make this pilgrimage once a year. Steeped as they are in demonism, they cannot see how nonsensical or how wicked it is to believe that in the eyes of Almighty God any one place on this earth is now any more holy than any other place. Jesus made this all clear as crystal when He said to the Samaritan woman, but intended it for all, that:

The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. . . . The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4: 21-24.

But the Mohammedans do not know this yet, and they must be told. They think Mecca a holy place. Some think Jerusalem a holy place. Some think Rome a holy place. Some think Lhasa a holy place. Some think Salt Lake City a holy place. There is no such holy place anywhere on this earth.

These thoughts are suggested by the fact that a hundred new American tanks just made a pilgrimage of 1,500 miles, from Iran across Iraq, and then across Arabia to the Red sea. British officers piloted them, and after they left Iran and Iraq they took off their British uniforms and put on Arab dress.

Hold on! What is this all about? Oh, nothing much! The object of the journey was to fight locusts in their breeding grounds up and down the desert. It may be also that the officials that directed the caravan knew something about the great oil fields that are opening up in that part of the world, but there is no information on this in the story which is at hand. The locusts are bad, and the crop growers want to get rid of them, in Iran, Iraq, Arabia, and Palestine.

CONSOLATION

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"And in His name shall the nations hope."—Matthew 12:21, A. S. V.

Volume XXVII

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Number 696

Franco at Bay

IT IS no secret how Franco came to overturn the republic which he had sworn to defend, helped start World War II, and therefore bears responsibility for its 53,886,541 casualties. It was a clear case of Catholic Action, and is what any republic may expect that permits itself to get under control of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy.

It is very easy for the Hierarchy to start a revolution in any land where the bulk of the property is in its own hands, as is the case in Spain, or where the landlords are all Catholics, and where a huge army is in control of the sons of rich Catholic men. Under such circumstances, the bowling over of a government of the people, by the people and for the people is a very easy matter.

It was never true that the Spanish Republic was a Communist one. Out of 267 deputies, only 16 were Communists. That is but 6 percent. Is it right to overthrow a government that you have been hired to defend, and to which you have solemnly sworn your allegiance, just because 6 percent of its Congress or Parliament are Communists?

In the summer of 1944 Dr. Robert Martinez, then living at 769 South West Third street, Miami, Florida, went in detail into the fifteen terrible lies about Spain that have been published in the Roman Catholic papers throughout America. Writing an open letter to one of the mouthy organs of the Hierarchy, published in Indiana, Dr. Martinez said to the publishers of "The Truth About Spain" and "The Case of Spain" that they contained "more lies by the square

inch than the stories of Baron Munchausen".

It Is All a Matter of History

It is all a matter of history that on July 11, 1936, Major Hugh B. C. Pollard, a British Roman Catholic, flew a chartered plane to the Canary islands, and, without any right to do so, Franco was placed aboard the plane. On the way to Spanish Morocco he changed into a general's uniform. Juan March, the fabulously rich escaped convict tobacco magnate, at first put up \$50,000,000 to get things started, and subsequently another \$1,500,000,000. Others chipped in: Eulalie, the old aunt of Alphonso XIII, put up \$10,000,000. This was all good Catholic money, and do not think that the Hierarchy did not know all about it at the time, and afterwards. All of this is merely small change as to what they had hoped to get out of it if their plans for grabbing the world had succeeded.

Of all the devices ever designed for the overthrow of a republic nothing has ever equaled "The Non-Intervention Committee" which had its headquarters in London. The purpose of its existence was to make sure that the Spanish Republic would be destroyed. Franco could have Italian arms and Italian soldiers; the Non-Intervention Committee would see that they were not interfered with in any manner; he could have German arms and German soldiers, and the Non-Intervention Committee would see that they were not interfered with either. But the United States and Britain, they must be "neutral"; they must keep their hands

off until Franco should win. And to make sure that he would win, American oil companies kept Franco so liberally supplied with oil that the then American ambassador at Madrid cheerfully gurgled that Spain was getting more oil than the people of the Atlantic seaboard of the United States itself. These matters have all been brought to the attention of the readers of this magazine in No. 667, issue of April 11, 1945. Both Italy and Germany were engaged in "protecting" Spanish shores from invasion, and meantime were invading those shores themselves with the armies they were training for the World War II. Subsequently, all these facts were shamelessly admitted, and are well known to all intelligent people, and admitted by all the honest ones.

If it had not been for the infamous work of the so-called Non-Intervention Committee, the withholding of supplies from the Republic, and the intervention of Moorish, Italian and German troops, the Spanish Republic would be standing until this day.

Babying Fellow Dictators

Franco is as great an adept in babying dictators as is Spellman himself. It makes one sick at his stomach to read his commitments along this line. Congressman John M. Coffee, of Tacoma, Washington, has done valuable work bringing this matter to public attention. He mentions that on one occasion, on a date which he does not specify in his address before the house, Franco telegraphed Hitler:

With all my heart I share your aspiration that the great German Empire may reach its immortal destiny, under the glorious sign of the swastika, and under your inspired leadership. Heil Hitler! [*Congressional Record*, July 2, 1945]

While the German troops were in Spain, helping to destroy the Spanish Republic (1937), Franco said to the German people:

I assure you that my gratitude will be deep and enduring. I express the ardent wish that the friendship between Spain and Germany be rooted forever in the hearts of our peoples.

Those who believe in babying dictators will be interested in a letter which Franco wrote to Hitler dated September 22, 1940, quoted by the United States state department, in which he said, in part:

I am likewise of the opinion that the first act in our attack must consist in the occupation of Gibraltar. . . . For our part, we have been preparing the operation in secret for a long time, since the area in which it is to take place has no suitable network of communications. With respect to the special conditions of the rock, points of resistance can withstand even the strongest action from the air, so that they will have to be destroyed by good and accurate artillery. The extraordinary importance of the project would, in my opinion, justify a strong concentration of resources. . . . I would like to thank you, dear Fuehrer, once again for the offer of solidarity. I reply with the assurance of my unchangeable and sincere adherence to you personally, to the German people and to the cause for which you fight. I hope, in defense of this cause, to be able to renew the old bonds of comradeship between our armies.

On February 26, 1941, Franco wrote Hitler:

I consider . . . that the destiny of history has united you with myself and with the Duce in an indissoluble way. [*New York Times*, March 10, 1946]

December 5, 1940, the German ambassador in Madrid telegraphed to the Foreign Office in Berlin as follows (and, of course, Franco was a party to it or the message would never have been sent):

In reply to proposal made by Embassy as instructed, foreign minister has now informed that Spanish government has agreed to the placing in readiness of German tankers in out-of-the-way bays of the Spanish coast for the supply of German destroyers with fuel. Foreign minister vigorously requested observing greatest caution in carrying out measure. STOHRER.

The "Nice Eyes" of Murderers

Spellman, after gallivanting all over the globe at Uncle Sam's expense, was charmed with Franco's eyes. He must have beautiful ones to make Spellman want to see him so often, and so badly. London *Cavalcade* mentions that in 1942 Franco cabled Hitler that he "fervently hoped and prayed for the total victory of German arms". On account of Franco's being such an ardent Roman Catholic, that prayer for Hitler ought to have made a big hit with Spellman. If Francis J. Spellman would not be interested in a prayer of a man like Franco, what kind of prayer would interest him? But, alack for Spellman, the prayer was answered in the negative.

Franco's beautiful eyes were in good condition long after Pearl Harbor. He was in hearty accord with what was done there, for in December, 1942, in accepting a birthday gift from Hitler, his fellow Catholic, he wired that monster, "May your arms triumph in the glorious undertaking of freeing Europe from the Bolshevik terror."

In the same month, December, 1942, as Franco thus wired Hitler that he was praying for his triumph, and only two days thereafter, in an address at Seville, Franco said:

We maintain our traditional policy, our loyalty to the peoples who shared our burdens. If some day Berlin is in danger, Spain will send a million men, if necessary, to defend it.

One would think that the Vatican-appointed "vicar" of the chaplains of the armed forces of the United States would blush behind the ears every time he thinks of Franco, instead of wanting to run and see him and look in those "beautiful eyes" over which he has raved.

St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, March 18, 1946:

WHAT FRANCO DID TO BASQUE CATHOLICS

July 18, 1936: The officers of the army and the Spanish Rightists were those who rose in arms against the Government of the Republic. . . .

The Rightists went through the towns and villages of Navarre and Alava, arresting, imprisoning, and ill-treating hundreds of Basque Nationalists and Christian Syndicalists, and beginning the horrible massacre of the Basque Catholics whose first victim was the mayor of Estella.

When the Province of Guipuzcoa fell into their power, the Spanish Rightists instituted a reign of terror, with fines and imprisonments, and assassinated more than 3,000 Basques and 19 priests who were labor missionaries, without trial, without judgment, without respect for any judicial formality whatsoever . . . they were shot down because of their love for Basque autonomy and Catholic Trade Unionism and the priests were assassinated because, by their courageous social action, they had earned inclusion in the black lists drawn up by the Rightists before February, 1936, as should now be clearly evident to the Religious Hierarchy of Spain.

Set beside this picture the spectacle of more than 500 Basque priests persecuted, imprisoned, driven into exile, and you will have some idea of the inhuman, brutal and anti-Christian conduct which has been the culmination of the eternal hatred of the Spanish Rightists for the Basque Catholics . . .

Thus the Spanish Rightists have destroyed the Basque nation *in the name of God and in the name of a Religious Crusade*. (From pamphlet, "The Case of the Basque Catholics," by J. de Hiriartia published by the Basque Archives, 1939.)

FROM ROMAN CATHOLICS

You know that in Nationalist Spain there is at present (December, 1938) being manufactured a curious political and war-like "Catholicism" against the spirit of the gospels, which offers an equally grave danger to genuine Catholicism. In an important pastoral letter, the Patriarch of Lisbon felt it necessary to warn Portuguese Catholics against this political and un-Christian conception of religion. (Jacques Maritain, Roman Catholic philosopher, quoted in *The Commonwealth*, February 3, 1939.)

Shall the Church again live under the thumb of a reactionary, militarist regime, which has sent Moors to smash the organizations of work-

ing men and peasants? Is such a policy, historically responsible for the decline of faith, to be relied upon now as a missionary enterprise? To those who believe that General Franco will inaugurate a beneficent and progressive social order I shall reply simply that yesterday was not my natal morn. (George N. Shuster, prominent Roman Catholic layman, President of Hunter College, New York, quoted in *The Commonwealth*, April 2, 1937.)

Consistent Hatred of Republics

Franco's consistent hatred for republics can be seen throughout his career. He had the same admiration for the buffoon Mussolini that he had for the monster Hitler. In August, 1937, he telegraphed to Mussolini:

I feel particularly happy that the Italian troops by ten days of hard fighting contributed strongly to the victory of Santander.

On August 15, 1940, Franco wrote Mussolini:

It has been our intention to make the greatest efforts in our preparations to enter the foreign war at a favorable opportunity in proportion to the means at our disposal . . . [New York Times, March 10, 1946]

Most American newspapers are glad to be dragged around through the mud by the hair of the head if only they may have the blessing of Spellman and his crowd for their un-American work in helping to destroy the Spanish Republic. A well-posted lady who requested that her name be not published wrote to the *Washington Times-Herald* in December, 1944, and sent a copy to this office. In it she said:

One wonders how many Americans who lost loved ones at Bataan are aware that Franco's consul at Manila, Jose del Castano, helped to bring about their death? When it came time to betray Manila, del Castano had 10,000 well-trained assistants who spread fifth-column rumors. The Japanese government recognized him as having rendered them "priceless undercover aid". And Franco sent the new Japanese quisling government at Manila his congratulations on their "mutual understanding". Yet,

you would have the people believe that Franco is all right.

You show a photograph of broken religious statues as evidence of the violence of the "Communist" Loyalists. Is that so much more shameful than the machine-gunning of innocent women and children by Franco's "Christians"? Besides, aside from taking your word for it, how do we know but what these articles were damaged by bombs, which is likely to happen in any war, from either side?

Your statement that "the Catholic Church is the most important, civilized and hopeful influence in Spain" is challenged by the facts. At the beginning of the twentieth century, the Church was spending \$7,500,000 a year for candles and incense, and a Catholic bishop estimates that the monks and nuns alone owned two-thirds of the wealth of the country and one-third of the landed property. Beggars were everywhere. Do you consider these conditions as "civilized and hopeful"?

Franco did not send to Hitler the million supporting troops that he promised. Of course not. Who could expect him to tell the truth about anything, after he had shamelessly betrayed his solemn oath to his own country? But he did send the famous Blue Division, and kept it there long after he had promised the British and Americans that he would recall it, but a comical thing about its recall was that when these veterans did get back to Spain Franco found it expedient to put many of them in concentration camps, because, so said this gentleman with the beautiful eyes, they were "spreading Communist propaganda".

Some will be interested in the fact that at a rally in Madison Square Garden January 2, 1945, Juan Negrin, Spain's last prime minister, insisted and reiterated that the Loyalist Spaniards who fought in the ranks of the Allies in Syria, in Tunisia, and in Paris, outnumbered many times the Blue Division.

In November, 1945, the National Broadcasting Company quoted the Moscow radio as claiming that up to that time 40,000 Nazis had entered Spain

since the end of the German hostilities and that many Gestapo members were then serving in the Spanish police force. Quite likely, many of these Gestapo have as beautiful eyes as does Franco, for they were trained in the same school.

Education for the Rich and Powerful

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy believes in education for the rich and powerful, so that they may keep their riches and their power. It does not believe in the education of the common people, as is proved by its history in every country where it has a monopoly on the religion racket. Spain, Portugal, Italy, South America—the list speaks for itself. The Republic tried to correct this, but Franco has undone all that was accomplished. The Spanish Republic opened more schools in a few years than the monarchy did in one hundred years. When Franco got in power he cut the education budget from 400,000,000 pesetas to a little more than 100,000,000. That speaks for itself.

In the British publication *Truth*, in its issue of December 29, 1944, Lieutenant D. Brian Thompson gave the following information as to educational and other conditions then existing in Spain:

Despite promises made in the *Times* in 1937 to grant full religious liberty in the event of a nationalist victory, out of about 200 buildings licensed for public evangelical worship about 180 have been closed. Children of Protestant parents are compelled to learn the Roman Catholic catechism and worship images of the Virgin Mary. All Protestant day and Sunday schools have been closed. About 110,000 copies of Scripture (the property of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Madrid) have been confiscated. Some of our spiritual kinsmen have actually been sent to a concentration camp with hard labor and low diet for refusal to attend Mass. In most places it appears impossible for a Protestant to obtain employment, since he has to have a certificate of good conduct from the priest.

The London *Daily Telegraph* gave the above information also.

In the Concentration Camps

It is difficult to ascertain how many are now in the Spanish concentration camps. The periodical *PM* estimated that there were 400,000 republican prisoners in these camps as of June 3, 1945, whereas on April 14, seven weeks earlier, Franco had announced that all political prisoners would be released, or at least that the charges against them would be "liquidated".

A possible explanation of how political charges against a man may be liquidated and the man himself denied his liberty is suggested by an item in the Manchester *Guardian*. According to the *Guardian* every political prisoner released by Franco is given a certificate of liberation. In this he is told where he must go and stay. Also, at that place he must report to the director of the local prison, and must report by post on the first day of the month to the director of the original prison. He may not travel anywhere without permission. So he is really a prisoner.

The General Union of Spanish Workers (U.G.T.) certainly has some knowledge of what is being done in Spain, especially to the workers, and at their conference which was held in Paris as of September 25, 1945, they claimed that there were then more than 250,000 Spanish men and women undergoing a reign of terror in Franco's prisons; that in the preceding six years Franco and his Falange had killed more than 1,000,000; that no Spanish citizen could get employment unless he produced a certificate that he attends church and that the Catholic Church supports Franco's reign of terror in toto. They also brought to light the fact that in those six years of murder the annual subsidies to the Falange Inquisition had increased from 10,000,000 pesetas to 192,000,000 pesetas. Incidentally, if you look back at the figures you can see that this was all taken out of the education fund, and thus out of the hopes of the workers.

On May 18, 1945, five weeks after

Franco's fiction about all the political prisoners' having been released and the charges against them liquidated, nine newspaper correspondents, representing British, French and American publications, unanimously found that both Spaniards and foreigners (refugees) were being held at hard labor without having been accused or tried, and were being beaten and placed in solitary confinement, forced to give the Falange salute and to sing Falange hymns. After they had obtained the information, the prison keeper tried to force them to swear that it was all a lie. At this prison one witness said that he had seen the prison physician administer a vicious beating to a dysentery patient on an infirmary bed. Nanclares was the location of this particular prison camp.

Another two weeks went by and *PM* obtained the following information from a refugee from southern France who crossed into Spain to avoid seizure by the German army. The man said in part:

In my 16 months in Franco's prisons and concentration camps, I saw men being slowly tortured to death, tortured by being slapped and flogged for the least infraction of prison rules; tortured by starvation, by disease and filth. . . . I saw men struck across the face with clubs, simply because they didn't hold their outstretched arm firmly when they were ordered to give the Fascist salute. I saw men forced to stand for hours until they fainted from exhaustion. . . . As part of our schedule, we were forced to attend two religious services weekly, a sermon on Thursday morning and mass on Sunday, conducted by a Catholic priest. The services were held in a hall in the center of the prison, and all of us, Catholic and non-Catholic, had to stand for two solid hours. The sermons were always the same. We were told that we were suffering for sins which we had committed in abandoning God.

Ratti, Pacelli, Spellman, and Franco

Ratti (former pope), Pacelli, Spellman and Franco are all of one stripe. When Franco started his murder campaign

Ratti, then Pius XI, wired him, "We send from the bottom of our heart a message propitious of divine favor and the apostolic benediction." Then Pacelli, now Pius XII, wrote the foreword to a 50,000 word document instructing nine hundred cardinals, archbishops and bishops to back Franco to the limit, and supplying them with the lies to do so. God was officially blamed for the dirty but successful job of Spain's Benedict Arnold. The priest Michael O'Flanagan toured America telling what a crime it was that was being done to Spain. That took courage. Fourteen hundred Irish boys went to Spain to help Franco, but when they got there and saw the setup they were glad to back out and return home. The statesman John McGovern, of Glasgow, made a blistering attack on his own church for what it had done in Spain and what it had encouraged the Moors to do. And Edmond L. Taylor, president of the Anglo-American Press Association, denounced those cruelties practiced by Franco which in most respects are parallel to those for which Goering and comrades are being tried at Nuremberg.

Franco is a perfect tool of his church, and that is all he is. Cardinal Goma said of him in the French Catholic press, and of himself:

We are in complete agreement with the Nationalist government (Franco) which never takes a step without consulting me and obeying me.

When Franco's Moorish troops entered Toledo they knifed or killed all the Roman Catholic sick and wounded in the hospital. This had the approval of the Roman Catholic Church, as did also the fact that it cost 1,000,000 Spanish lives for the Hierarchy to retain its stranglehold on the Iberian peninsula.

In his book "Memoirs of a Spanish Nationalist" the Roman Catholic writer Antonia Bahamonde tells of his conversations with the "Reverend Father" Juan Galan Bermejo, of Zafra, Badajoz,

Spain. When the war came on he became a chaplain for Franco. Entering the cathedral of Badajoz, he found there a man seeking safety in the confessional. Bermejo shot him on the spot. He also told of an experience at Granaja de Terrehermosa. Read it and see what a man gets to be when he becomes demonized, and remember that the man who did this was the favorite pastor of his bishop's diocese, and was shown every consideration:

When we succeeded in entering, I found four men and a wounded young woman hiding in a cave. I took from them the two pistols which they had and they had the cynicism to tell me that if these had been loaded I wouldn't have caught them so easily. I made them dig the pit and I buried them alive, as a warning to the breed.

On May 22, 1940, Pacelli telegraphed to Franco:

We send wholeheartedly our benediction to the dearest Spanish nation and its noble chief.

Similar blessings upon Franco were broadcast to Spain on Sunday, November 18, 1945. Pacelli wants Franco to know that he appreciates him fully, and men like the "Reverend Father" Bermejo, who, like Franco, execute the papal wishes.

Roosevelt Abhorred Franco

Franklin Delano Roosevelt abhorred Franco. Writing to the new ambassador Armour who was just about to leave for Spain, but who has now returned, he said:

In connection with your new assignment as Ambassador to Madrid, I want you to have a frank statement of my views with regard to our relations with Spain.

Having been helped to power by Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, and having patterned itself along totalitarian lines, the present regime in Spain is naturally the subject of distrust by a great many American citizens, who find it difficult to see the justification for this country to continue to maintain relations with such a regime. Most certainly we do not

forget Spain's official position with, and assistance to, our Axis enemies at a time when the fortunes of war were less favorable to us, nor can we disregard the activities, aims, organizations and public utterances of the Falange, both past and present.

These memories cannot be wiped out by actions more favorable to us now that we are about to achieve our goal of complete victory over those enemies of ours, with whom the present Spanish regime identified itself in the past spiritually and by its public expressions and acts.

The fact that our Government maintains formal diplomatic relations with the present Spanish regime should not be interpreted by anyone to imply approval of that regime and its sole party, the Falange, which has been openly hostile to the United States and which has tried to spread its Fascist party ideas in the Western Hemisphere. Our victory over Germany will carry with it the extermination of Nazi and similar ideologies.

As you know, it is not our practice in normal circumstances to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries unless there exist a threat to international peace. The form of government in Spain and the policies pursued by that government are quite properly the concern of the Spanish people. I should be lacking in candor, however, if I did not tell you that I can see no place in the community of nations for governments founded on Fascist principles.

We all have the most friendly feelings for the Spanish people and we are anxious to see a development of cordial relations with them. There are many things which we could and normally would be glad to do in economic and other fields to demonstrate that friendship. The initiation of such measures is out of the question at this time, however, when American sentiment is so profoundly opposed to the present regime in power in Spain.

Therefore, we earnestly hope that the time may soon come when Spain may assume the role and the responsibility which we feel it should assume in the field of international co-operation and understanding.

More than a year before Mr. Roosevelt

so plainly indicated his repudiation of the man with whom Spellman is so friendly, John M. Coffee, Tacoma, Washington, said on the floor of the House, February 24, 1944:

What moral or military justification can we present for accepting the word of a proven liar of a man who won his present post by violating his oath to a democratic republic, by betraying his country to Germany?

Franco is one of the most immoral creatures crawling on the bleeding surface of the earth today. A traitor to the democratic Spanish Republic which trusted him with a command, a hypocrite who mouths flabby words about neutrality and sings hosannas to Hitler in the same breath, a Fascist turncoat who opened the gates of his native land to the Moors, to the Nazis, to the Italian Fascists, a miserable puppet of the crumbling Nazi empire—no words are mean enough and small enough to describe the total immorality of this pudgy little Fascist. Franco may be a "fine Christian gentleman" in the eyes of those none-too-innocent simpletons who in the past cheered the Nazis, the Italian Blackshirts, the Japanese beasts as the anointed saviors who were protecting the western world from bolshevism. But, in the eyes of the world, in Europe, in China, and most important of all, in Latin America, the people know Franco for what he is. To all the decent people of this world, Franco is just another despicable Fascist murderer.

Some further statements by Representative Coffee follow, and in one of these he almost mentions the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, but no politician can do that without being knifed, and they all know it. On that point Mr. Coffee merely said that there is another group (than the one mentioned below) supporting Franco but that the subject is "very ticklish"; and so it is. But he dared speak his mind on the atomic bomb and the German cartels, in part as follows:

Even as the first of the atomic bombs crashed down on Japan, the world was hit with the terrible knowledge that Nazi scientists in Germany were within a few months of

being the first to successfully harness the terrible destructive powers of uranium. But the bombs which fell in Hiroshima and Nagasaki did not destroy the Nazi scientists who had spent a decade or more in working on the development of atomic power.

The German cartels, who hired and supervised the researches of the Nazi atomic scientists, today control more than forty percent of the industrial resources of fascist Spain. Many of the German Nazis who worked on atomic bombs in Nazi Germany are now safe and working in laboratories in Nazi-Falange Spain.

Franco at Bay

Yes, Franco is at bay, but do not forget that he has back of him the mightiest and most unprincipled, even if it is the stupidest, political organization that ever pulled off a murder. There are encouraging signs that the "very ticklish" Roman Catholic Hierarchy question may be smoked out into the open. Did you notice that the Guatemalan government severed diplomatic relations with the Franco government? It said of his regime that it is

of a totalitarian type whose ideology and procedure are repugnant to the principles of the Guatemalan revolution and the postulates of a democracy. The Spanish Falange constitutes a reactionary focus whose maneuvers represent a risk for continental security and perturb the tranquillity and peace of the Guatemalan Republic.

But the most open repudiation of Franco and his gang was not by Congressman Coffee, nor by Guatemala, nor even by the refusal of the San Francisco conference of United Nations to admit Franco's government into their number. It was by Professor Harold J. Laski, once a college professor in America but now chairman of the national executive council of the British Labor Party. Speaking by radio from London to a rally in Madison Square Garden, New York city, he stirred the Roman Catholic Hierarchy mightily when he said, September 25, 1945:

Everyone knows that Franco's regime has been a massive failure, corrupt, cruel and ignorant, that it has no support of any interest in Spain which is entitled to self-respect. . . . Is a monarchy, issuing from some ugly deal with Franco or the Falangists, likely to tackle agrarian reform? Is it likely to prevent the Roman Catholic Church in Spain from remaining a rich monopolist at the expense of mass poverty? Is there any prospect that a successor, perhaps a son of Alfonso XIII, will give the effort proportionate to the need in things like education, or health, or housing, or in that wholesale destruction of special privilege which has been the historic curse of Spain?

Do we pursue a policy of watchful waiting, out of respect for the official view held in either the State Department in Washington or the Foreign Office in London? Or is it because we fear the hostility of the Vatican to our support of a democratic resurgence in Spain?

Our peoples didn't make the immense sacri-

fices of this war to perpetuate either a tyranny like that of Franco or an unedifying mythology like a Vatican-sponsored king of Spain trying hastily to learn the vocabulary of the Four Freedoms while making it painfully evident that he finds no meaning in the words.

At the time this is written, the Spanish-French border is closed on both sides, and Britain, France and America have issued a joint manifesto expressing their wish that Franco should get out of the job which he has usurped and which he is incapable of handling except by force. Meantime, Alfonso's third son, Don Juan, would like to be a monarch. It is a nice way of making a living without working. Don Juan says that Franco is a usurper. This, of course, is true. But Franco is afraid to let go, and the church is afraid to have him do it. It certainly does not want the Spanish people to have any real liberty. Why, they might even want education. And that would be a terrible thing; now wouldn't it?

Worshiping a Piece of Brass

THE Douay (Catholic) version of the Holy Scriptures is not greatly different from other versions, but there are some variations. One of these is that where other versions list certain books of the Bible as 1 Samuel, 2 Samuel, 1 Kings and 2 Kings, the *Douay* lists them as 1 Kings, 2 Kings, 3 Kings and 4 Kings. In what other versions would call 2 Kings 18:4, but which the *Douay Version* calls 4 Kings 18:4, the *Douay* translates the passage thus:

He destroyed the high places, and broke the statues in pieces, and cut down the groves, and broke the brazen serpent, which Moses had made: for till that time the children of Israel burnt incense to it: and he called its name Nohestan.

The reference is to the good king, called in the *Douay Version* Ezechias, but in most versions Hezekiah. In the next chapter it explains that Almighty

God so honored this good man that at his prayer the Lord caused His angel to come and slay in the night 185,000 men that were encamped about Jerusalem, and had threatened it with destruction.

Notice what a complete job he did of smashing up all religious junk. The Scriptures elsewhere explain that the brazen serpent, which was made at God's command, was intended to show how Christ would be put to death by being lifted up, nailed to a tree. A footnote to the *American Standard Version* explains that the word Nohestan (Nehushtan) means "a piece of brass". Rotherham's version footnote says that the term equals "a bronze thing"; "probably bronze-god." The point of the whole thing is that it is time for all who claim to be Christians to stop worshiping what may be described as "holy junk".

No Holy Bones or Holy Stones

The Scriptures do not recognize that there are anywhere in the earth any holy bones or holy stones or any other holy junk of any kind. One of the newspaper wails of the present pope was an expression to the effect that "the holy tomb of our predecessor, Pope Pius IX, was, for the most part, destroyed". What of it? Were the bones of Pius IX, which were completely changed every seven years throughout his life, any more precious in God's sight than that brazen serpent? And if the bones had no value in His sight (and they had none whatever), then why wail that the stones around the bones had been scratched up by war? The stones will eventually molder into dust, won't they, and the bones along with them? Of course they will.

During the summer of 1944 the body of Pope Pius X was exhumed, and the C.T.P.S. dispatch from Vatican City explained:

Today the corpse of Pius X, whose cause for beatification and canonization is being considered, was dressed in a new pontifical garb including a white cassock and a red mozetta taken from the wardrobe of the present pope. The public will be allowed to view and pray at the corpse tomorrow and it will be reburied in a few days in a Vatican crypt.

Pius X died August 20, 1914, and if it is necessary or advisable to dig him up and air him every thirty years, and fit him out with a new white cassock and red mozetta, then, to be fair, every one of the alleged 264 popes that have passed away ought to be given like treatment, and on a thirty-year schedule this would mean fumigating and refitting about 80 a year, or, say, one every five days. This ought to make the white cassock business and the red mozetta business in Rome quite good enterprises.

In certain instances, it would be hard to know where to dig. Thus, in the case of Pope Formosus, who reigned 891-896; Pope Stephen VII, who reigned 897-898, was offended at him, because he got the

papal job away from him, so his first act was to cause the body of Pope Formosus to be exhumed, mutilated and thrown into the Tiber. So the fish got Formosus, and his name can be scratched off the white cassock and red mozetta list. Stephen himself was strangled, but that is no reason why he shouldn't be aired and have a white cassock and red mozetta, if they know where he is, is it?

Stephen's Right Hand Is Alive (?)

Stephen I of Hungary was considered one of the most capable of the Magyar kings. He lived 977-1038 and was made a saint in 1083. In Bible times all the true Christians were called saints by the apostles themselves, and while they were yet alive, as the *Douay Version* makes plain in many places. Thus, at Ephesians 1:1, the salutation is:

Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God, to all the saints who are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus. So, as a matter of course, if Stephen was a saint before he died, he was one afterwards (in God's memory), and what men at the Vatican or elsewhere could do about it was nothing at all. But men have a hankering for doing things they ought not, and so, in the case of Stephen, the West Virginia edition of the Roman Catholic *Register* explains in a two-column illustrated story:

The Holy Hand of St. Stephen is the focal point of a unique devotion. The king, who died in 1038, was canonized in 1083. When his tomb was opened it was found that the right hand was perfectly intact . . . The procession of the hand in 1938 was the first time that the relic left the capital since 1771.

It does not seem just fair, if Stephen's hand is alive and the rest of his body is dead, including his brains, to unscrew his hand and carry it around in a procession; but still, if that is what he wants, it is his hand, even if his brains are dead.

Moving out of the holy stone and holy bone department, the next is the holy carpenter department. Three weeks aft-

er the lying headline "St. Stephen Died Over 900 Years Ago; Hand Lives On" the *Register* carried another fairy story under generous headlines totaling 2½ inches which read as follows: "Popes Investigated Claim of Einsiedeln, Found It Provable; Four Evangelists Appeared as His Assistants in Miraculous Ceremony in Switzerland." The essence of the story, backed by a quotation from the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Volume 5, page 367, is that when a certain church was erected, the church

was miraculously consecrated by Christ Himself, assisted by the four Evangelists, St. Peter, and St. Gregory the Great. This event was investigated and confirmed by Pope Leo VIII and subsequently ratified by many of his successors, the last ratification being in 1793 by Pius VI, who confirmed the acts of all his predecessors.

It was good of Jesus to leave His place at the Father's right hand and come down along with Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Peter to consecrate this particular church, and it was good of Gregory (who invented the "purgatory" business) to come along to check up on their work, but if it didn't take place (and it didn't) it is one of the biggest lies ever told, no matter who told it.

About the Carpenter Business

The *Register* stuck this one in the same issue with the one about Jesus, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter and Gregory and the Switzerland church. This time the scene shifts to New Mexico. There a convent was constructed. A stairway was wanted. At the right time an unknown carpenter came to the convent, offered his services, and erected the stairway. But when the superior of the convent wished to pay him he had disappeared.

There is nothing strange about that. The man wanted to help. He wanted to assist what he thought was a worthy cause. But that wouldn't do:

The nuns were convinced that the unknown carpenter had been St. Joseph. "Stories of

miraculous assistance given to convents through the intercession of St. Joseph in other countries are almost as numerous as the convents themselves."

If people wish to idolize brazen serpents, bones, stones, corpses, hands, churches and staircases, they can other things also. As, for instance, here is a picture of a woman in Los Angeles, in the *Examiner*. Some thief had stolen her rosary, but sent it back to her and she considered it a "spiritual tie" with her missing son.

Another sample is from the London *Catholic Universe*. It is about a pallium. Now that is something Jesus, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter and probably Gregory never knew a thing about. But the paper said that the new Roman Catholic archbishop of Westminster might not get his full ceremony of enthronement

because the pallium, symbol of the fullness of the pontifical office, had not yet arrived from Rome.

The Liquefaction Racket

Getting away from the brass, and bones, and stones, and corpses, and pieces of corpses, and carpenter work and rosaries, and palliums, it is interesting to get over into the dried blood department. It seems that San Gennaro, now St. Januarius, was thrown into a fiery furnace but was unharmed; then he was thrown to wild beasts and was unharmed some more; then he opened the eyes of a blind judge and the judge rewarded him by smacking his head off with a sword. A lady was standing by and she collected two vials of his blood. This blood is now at Naples, and every spring, and sometimes at other times, it "liquefies" when it is brought near to Mr. Gennaro's head. Don't ask how it is done.

It seems that Mr. Gennaro lost his head to the judge in the year 305, but, for reasons best known to himself and others, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Vol. XII, page 893, explains:

The "miracle of St. Januarius" did not occur before the middle of the 15th century.

The *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. VIII, page 296, says that the liquefaction first took place in 1389 and not in 1456, as formerly supposed. Though it manifestly believes that the liquefaction is a real miracle, it admits evidence to show the contrary. Heat is a factor, because, while the liquefaction rarely fails in the May and September exhibitions, it often fails in December, when the hands of the operator are more chilled.

It is admitted that mixtures of spermaceti and ether have a very low boiling point, and on page 296 occurs this:

The heat produced by the hands of the officiant, the pressing throng of spectators, the lights on the altar, and in particular the candle formerly held close to the reliquary to enable the people to see that the mass is opaque, combine to raise the temperature of the air sufficiently to melt the substance in the phial—a substance which is assumed to be blood, but which no one has ever analyzed. Further, ever since the early years of the eighteenth century, sceptical scientists, by using certain chemical preparations, have reconstructed the miracle with more or less of success; that is to say, they have been able to exhibit some red substance which, though at first apparently solid, melted after an interval without any direct application of heat.

McClintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia*, Vol. IV, page 777, at the end of a brief discussion of the subject, says:

Addison, in his *Travels*, speaks of the performance (in his notices of Naples) thus: "I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess that, so far from thinking it a real miracle, I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks I ever saw."

Every year the eye is offended by columns of bunk in the newspapers about these pretended miracles, with headlines like this:

Miracle Is Awaited by Devout in Naples. Prayers at Annual Ceremony End in Disappointment.

Saint's Blood Liquefies at Rites, Naples Says.

Naples Blood Miracle Stirs Joy Among Devout.

Liquefaction of Martyr's Blood Brings Joy to Devout in Naples.

One would think that any body of men, no matter how corrupt, would be afraid to cook up a fraud like this (and take over a thousand years to get it going) and then, without permitting the stuff to be analyzed by reputable chemists, insult Almighty God by such insufferable hypocrisy.

Statues, Veils, and Emperors

Under the title "St. Rocco Stood Firm" the London *Catholic Herald* has a story from the Vatican newspaper *Osservatore Romano* about a church in St. Rocco stored with German munitions. When time came to blow up the munitions, and the church with it, the people "begged for time to remove their famous miraculous statue of St. Rocco", which was granted, and the ammunition was taken out and put in the public square. Then:

The Germans tried to detonate the charge. Nothing happened. They adjusted it and tried again once more without result. At last, maddened by the incomprehensible delay, the Germans flung hand grenades into the great heap of ammunition. They failed to explode. Meanwhile the Allied Forces were drawing nearer. The first shell from the Allied guns landed squarely among the German detachment as they vainly hurled grenade after grenade at the dump. The two officers in charge were killed outright. The others took flight. Shortly afterwards the Allies were in the town.

If you want to believe that, written to give glory to the statue, go right ahead. In the United States anybody can believe any foolishness he sees fit. They can in Britain also, but the British don't particularly enjoy being played for suckers, as one can see from this item from the same publication, London *Catholic Herald*, mentioned in the last paragraph:

ANSWERS. Where is the true original of the sacred veil presented to Our Lord on the way to Calvary? Are there not three authenticated originals? (A.C.H., Sevenoaks.) One cannot speak of an "authentic" veil of Veronica. The tradition that St. Veronica wiped the face of Christ during His Passion is a very ancient tradition, but by no means a matter of faith, or even historical certainty. With all the less certainty, therefore, can we speak of an authentic veil. But of reproduction of such veils, the oldest is in St. Peter's, Rome. There is another (traced back to the sixth century) in the Lateran. The Council of Trent (Sess. 25) was most insistent that no relic be recognized in future as such without the most careful enquiry. But in regard to such relics as stretched back into antiquity (as does

the Veil of Veronica) the Council made no rule. In practice the Holy See has tolerated the reverent veneration of such ancient relics, except where convincing evidence proves them to be spurious.

Of course, if one is ensnared on the subjects of brass, bones, stones, corpses, hands, staircases, rosaries, palliums, liquefactions, statues and veils, what is to hinder him from being fooled regarding emperors? Nothing at all. And so it was quite in line with the whole continuous humbug that in 1938 the pope told Japanese Roman Catholics to bow in worship before the Japanese emperor, who claimed to be of divine descent. That has since been changed somewhat, but not much.

Witnessing for Jehovah

NO JOY may be compared to being a witness for Jehovah. The faithful door-to-door witness of today may tomorrow be multiplied a thousandfold, as illustrated in the following letter which appeared in the Benton Harbor, Mich., *News-Palladium* of October 23, 1945:

Editor,

The News-Palladium:

A recent item in this column headed, "Perplexed," and signed B. J. Johnson, New Troy, attracted my attention. It seems he or she attended a meeting of the Watch Tower organization and was all mixed up about it; therefore, I would like to express my own reaction to the work of this same group.

Many years ago, when I matriculated in N. U.'s Medill school of Journalism, a student counselor quizzed me on my knowledge of the Bible. When he learned that I was the granddaughter of one of the pioneer Methodist ministers of the middle west, Walter K. Benton, of Brownstown, and had heard the Bible was read daily in my home, also that I had attended Sunday school from the kindergarten to the adult Bible class, and taught Sunday school classes for years, I was exempted from

the course in Bible History. "The Bible is a great piece of literature and no one can write adequately without some knowledge of it," was the comment, "and your knowledge is extraordinary."

Last summer two young women drove into my yard and, among other things, asked if I would be willing to let them come to my home and read the Bible with me for one hour a week.

I and my visiting guest, Miss Ellen Persons, of Los Angeles, were a bit amused, I am ashamed to confess, because, before the summer was over, two former Sunday school teachers realized that their knowledge of the Bible was just about nil; for the Watch Tower people really knew the Bible and even their children can confound you with their knowledge of this great book.

I have long been an enrolled Red Cross nurse, holding badge No. 3801. Am a member in good standing of the American Nursing association and have contributed to their official journal on numerous occasions, I am also a member of David Kennison Chapter of the D.A.R., of Austin, Ill.

Mrs. Florence Bossenberger, R.N.
Route 1, Box 148 B, St. Joseph.



THE WORD IS TRUTH

The Greatest of Saviors

THE normal man and woman want to be saved by some means to an eternity of life in happiness and well-being. One who could do that for them would be for them the greatest of saviors known. Little do most men and women appreciate that Jehovah God is that One.

In everything that He does, Jehovah God has a well-defined purpose. What, then, was His purpose in having His beloved Son being made a man and then dying as a perfect man, and then raising this dead Son from death in the tomb as a divine creature? What was His purpose in having this resurrected Son ascend back into heaven with the value of His perfect human life and presenting it in His own presence? The purpose was that the merit of this perfect human life might serve as a sin-offering and the way might be opened for humankind to be restored to sonship with God.

By His wise arrangement Jehovah God included or embraced all mankind under the sin of Adam, in order that when the basis for an atonement was made by Jesus' lifeblood all who would believe from among men might have the benefit thereof because of their obedience. (Galatians 3:22) Jehovah God himself did not become a man and die, as the clergy would have you understand, but His Son became a man and died and was raised out of death for the glory of God and for the good of mankind. Adam's sin-born children were and are flesh and blood. Hence the followers of Jesus have partaken of a sin-weakened human nature. Hence, in order to redeem humankind, Jesus must also partake of human nature. Concerning those from

among men who become the spiritual children of God it is written: "As the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he [that is, Jesus] also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; . . . he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren [from among mankind], that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people."—Hebrews 2:14-17.

All children of men have been sinners and were born such, making them naturally enemies of God. But the shed blood of the Son of God who became "the Seed of Abraham" opens the way for all believing men to be reconciled and made the friends of God. Concerning those who during this Christian era become the spiritual sons of God the apostle Paul writes: "If, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life [now in God's presence]."—Romans 5:10.

Beginning at Pentecost of A.D. 33 Jehovah God through Christ opened the way for the exercise of faith in the shed blood of Jesus, and those who have since made a full dedication of themselves to do God's will, based upon their faith in Jesus' blood, God has reconciled to himself. Paul and his fellow disciples, and men of like faith and obedience since, have availed themselves of this blessed privilege. Therefore Paul wrote to such: "All things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. . . . For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness

of God in him." (2 Corinthians 5:18-21) The gracious provision that God has thus made has been for no selfish purpose. It was made unselfishly for the benefit of man.

Satan the Devil has used some of his religious agents, the clergy, to exalt the name of Jesus above that of Jehovah. He has used others of the clergy to make Jesus and Jehovah equal, and used still others to deny the blood of Jesus altogether. His policy is and has been "anything to turn the minds and hearts of men away from God, to becloud the truth, and to bring reproach upon Jehovah's name". It is not a new trick of his. The Devil pursued the same tactics before Jesus' coming to earth. By the doctrine of the "trinity" he has made Jesus equal with Jehovah God. In the minds of men he exalted the wicked Nimrod and the wicked wife-mother Semiramis and placed them on an equality with God, thereby introducing a "trinity". Then when Christianity began to grow and men were turning to Jesus, Satan by his wily methods introduced a trinity into the ranks of professing "Christians" and fastened that ungodly doctrine upon the religious organization by the council of Nicaea A.D. 325. To do so it was necessary to deny and set aside the plain statements of the Bible, to wit: "For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many, and lords many,) but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him." (1 Corinthians 8:5, 6) In the face of this simple statement of God's Word, and many other corroborative scriptures, the religious clergy have gone on and still teach the people the Satanic doctrines of a "trinity" and of Jehovah God in-carnate in flesh.

Jehovah God is the greatest of Saviors, because He is the Author of the arrangement for salvation of humankind and because all things are from Him. "All things are of God, who hath recon-

ciled us to himself by Jesus Christ." (2 Corinthians 5:18) And Jude 25 says: "To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen." Jesus Christ is a Savior of humankind because He is the active agent of God and used by His Father to save men and all things are done by Him in His Father's name and by His Father's authority. Personally, Jehovah God and His Son Jesus are not one and the same, but Jehovah is the Father and Christ Jesus is His only begotten Son. All things are from the Father, and all things by the Son.—Ephesians 4:6, 7; Colossians 1:3.

It is written, at Psalm 3:8: "Salvation belongeth unto Jehovah: thy blessing be upon thy people." (*Am. Stan. Ver.*) The Scriptures frequently speak of Jesus Christ also as the Savior because He is the instrument used by Jehovah to bring salvation to the people. (Isaiah 12:2) Paul explains why he endured in God's service, saying: "We both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." (1 Timothy 4:10) Making plain and clear the relation of this living God with Christ Jesus His Son, and proving that salvation is from Jehovah God and that reconciliation of mankind to Him is by and through the blood of His Son, the same apostle wrote: "Thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature: for by him were all things created, that are, in heaven, and that are in earth. . . . For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself." —Colossians 1:12-20.

A Language of Melody

THE aboriginal red men or "Indians" of North America possessed an almost purely musical vocabulary. Their language still lives in the thousands of melodious place-names of modern American geography. For example, 25, and possibly 26, states bear Indian place-names. Here they are:

Alabama—from the Choctaw words *alba aya mule*, meaning "I open or clear the thicket".

Arizona—either from the Pima words *ari* (small) and *zonac* (spring), or from *arida* (dry) and *zona* (belt), possibly both.

Arkansas—Algonkin name of the Quapaw Indians. Pronounced arkan-saw.

Connecticut—from *Quonecktacut*, meaning "long river" or "river of pines".

Idaho—the Indian words *Edah hoe*, meaning "light on the mountains".

Illinois—*Iliniwek*, by some translated "The River of Men".

Indiana—State of the Indians.

Iowa—*Ioways*, "sleepy ones."

Kansas—name of a tribe of Sioux, the "People of the South Wind".

Kentucky—the Wyandot name *Kentah-ten*, meaning "tomorrow", or "land of tomorrow".

Massachusetts—*Massadchu-es-et*, "great-hill-small-place."

Michigan—*Michi* (great) and *gama* (water), "great water," the "big lake".

Minnesota—two Sioux words, "sky-colored water."

Mississippi—*Sipu* (river), *Maesi* (fish), "fish-river." Also "Father of Waters".

Missouri—name of a tribe of Sioux.

Nebraska—an Omaha name for the "wide river", Platte.

Mexico (New)—*Mexitli*, name of Aztec war-god.

Dakota (s)—Sioux for "alliance of friends".

Ohio—Iroquois name, denoting "great".

Oklahoma—Choctaw for "red people".

Oregon—possibly from *Oyer-un-gen*, Shoshone for "place of plenty"; or *Wau-re-gon*, Algonquin for "beautiful water".

Tennessee—*Tennese*, name of Cherokee capital.

Texas—*Tejas*, meaning "friends" or "allies".

Utah—named after the Utes.

Wisconsin—many original spellings such as *Ouiskensing*, meaning "meeting of the rivers".—Contributed.

Delightful Experiences Among the Jamaicans

OUT here in one of our farming districts of southern California it was difficult, owing to war conditions, to get labor for agriculture; hence the importation of men from Jamaica by this government. There were more than two hundred in this camp, and since it was located in the territory of one sister she thought, with two others, to work the camp, and did so.

Arriving at the camp one Sunday morning we were informed by a white man that we had to have permission to come into the camp. Permission from

whom? Well, from a committee that has charge of the camp. Inquiring as to who was on the committee, it happened to include a man that lived in our house; so that was easy. He said, "Go ahead."

So we went back the same afternoon, played some songs and lectures on the phonograph and got a crowd. We offered free magazines and booklets and were happy to find that many had been acquainted with the work in Jamaica, had some of the literature at home, and wanted the latest book. Many asked for Bibles. We placed all the literature we

had and took orders for more books.

Going back the next evening, after the men were back from work, we had many interesting talks. Asked, "Are you against denominations?" our answer was, "We are for God's kingdom and are not against anybody using the Bible. 'God hath made of one blood all nations.'" This made a hit, and when an assistant manager challenged us some one called to him to be quiet. But when we agreed with many things that the assistant said, the crowd listened even more intently, and we placed many books and Bibles.

There was a sign on the palm tree, put up by the churches, saying "Free Transportation to Church", with a man waiting for some passengers and no one taking advantage of the offer. We talked to him and gave him a booklet *The Meek Inherit the Earth*. That night when we got home we found that sign on the back of our car. The boys had played a joke on us. But no offense, and

we went back and placed more books.

We found some who had attended studies in Jamaica, so we arranged for a book study in the *Kingdom* book, and had the brother from Jamaica conduct it. Brethren from the Hemet company supported us. There were 28 in attendance.

Another week's work, and another study; only this time we had two studies, because, since they had the question booklet, another publisher who did not know the time of our study was having a study behind the schoolhouse, and we could not find him; more than twelve new ones attending, because many of the boys were being moved to different camps.

The result of the two weeks' work was more than 600 pieces of literature, including 89 Bibles. The last day the assistant manager took 9 books and question booklets. I am sure that the truth will spread through these men of goodwill, and I am happy to have had a share. —A. Californian housewife and Kingdom publisher.

In the Ancient and Honorable Fishing Business

IT WAS from the fishing nets that Jesus called His earliest disciples to become fishers of men; it was from a fishing boat that He rebuked the winds and waves which Satan had sent to destroy Him; it was from a fishing boat that He delivered the parables of the sower, the tares, and the mustard seed; it was to a fishing boat that He walked upon the sea, and from it that Peter walked to Him; it was with fish that He twice miraculously fed the multitude; it was from the mouth of a fish (taken with a hook) that the tribute-stater was paid; it was a piece of broiled fish that He ate before His disciples on the day He was raised from the dead; it was at His command that 153 great fishes found their way into the disciples' nets; and it was He that thereafter prepared a fire of coals and laid fish thereon on which both

He and the apostles subsequently dined.

It so happens that the fishing business is in almost constant antagonism with the business of war, or vice versa. It cannot well be helped. In times of war the fishing boats are needed for other purposes. Thus, the landings by fishing craft at New York city were 40,878,000 pounds in the year 1939, but, due to the requisitioning of vessels by the government, the landings in 1944 were less than half that amount.

Fish prices in the wholesale market rise and fall with the catches, and the changes are greater, much greater, than would be the case if the refrigeration business were what it should be. Thus, in a given week in the New York city fish market the wholesale price of mackerel may be 22c a pound one week and only 7c the next week; or roe shad may

be 16c a pound one week and only 9c the next week. A change of the wind, or stormy weather, may change the fish prices overnight.

Fishers Sometimes Make Big Money

Ocean fishing is hard work and dangerous work, but it sometimes brings big returns to the men (and women) that risk their lives in this ancient and honorable occupation. Here are a few instances that illustrate this point.

Out of Vancouver, B.C., for five days, a 36-foot troller, with a total crew of two men and one woman, brought back 15,000 pounds of tuna, which yielded them \$2,700; the hold was full and the stern deck was full when they returned and handed over the whole cargo at 18c a pound.

Another vessel out of Vancouver, and oddly prophetically named the *Bumper Catch*, was out one month with a crew of five men. It came back with a cargo of dogfish livers, and soupfin livers, for which the total compensation was \$24,547. After the boat had taken its agreed share the balance was divided among the men and each one received more than \$3,000 for his month's work. The whole cargo, appreciated for its vitamin content, went to a chemical works.

In the same season that the Vancouver crew of 3 brought in their 15,000 pounds of tuna in five days, a San Pedro, Calif., boat, the *Spartan*, went out for 47 days, very early in the season, with a crew of 13, and came back with 300,000 pounds of tuna, for which, according to the story, the fishermen received about \$30,000. This rate (around 10c a pound) is only a little more than half that obtained in Vancouver for the smaller catch, but, at that, if each man got around \$2,300 for the 47 days' work, he didn't do so badly. Now, did he?

Humpback whales are said to be good to eat, and the Japanese hunt them for that purpose. Newfoundland has developed a market for whale meat. The variety is not stated, but is said to be not unlike beef in taste and appearance.

Whale oil has long been one of the ingredients of margarine. For a full consideration of the subject of whales and whaling see *The Golden Age*, No. 307, issue of June 24, 1931. But here are a few whale items just to hand.

Recently, some 65 whales, 6 to 22 feet long, were washed ashore on Bull's Island, 25 miles north of Charleston, S.C. Their average weight was 700 pounds. It may be that these whales, apparently young ones, were killed by a depth bomb. This may not be the explanation. There is some reason to believe that whole groups of whales have committed suicide. Two reasons have been advanced: first, the devastations that have been wrought in their family life by the hunters after whale oil, for the making of soap for dirty humans, and, second, and serious also, that fact that the so-called "killer" whales have found that a choice tidbit in the way of food is to force open the mouth of some great big gray whale and then dine off the whale's tongue.

In the summer of 1944 New York had a whale for a visitor in its Flushing creek. This little 20-footer dove under a railroad drawbridge and then swam up the creek until he could go no farther. When he tried to come out, police got in the way and shooed him back, for fear he would damage the drawbridge. Maybe he is there yet, cruising up and down in a creek thirty feet deep, 200 feet wide, and only an eighth of a mile long, but that is hardly likely.

The Smallest Fishes and Oddities

Luzon, in the Philippines, has fish that are good to eat, but are so small that it takes 16,000 to weigh one pound. The length of the adults is one-half inch. There are still smaller adult fishes in Luzon; they measure two-fifths of an inch long, but are not considered edible. Ichthyologists (fish experts) wonder why these fishes should be so minute and yet perfect in structure. But the Creator certainly has some reason for their creation which will be disclosed in due time.

The fish which you may know as halibut or sole has the odd habit of going through life swimming on its side. In process of time the eye that was underneath turns to come on top, and the mouth also becomes distorted. The fisherman may call the fish popeye, on account of his misplaced eye, but it is good eating. The habit of swimming on its side enables the halibut to skim over banks of sand and mud that it would otherwise not be able to cross.

In December, 1938, fishing with a net, at a depth of 240 feet, about three miles off the coast of West Africa, there was brought to the surface a fish five feet long, known as the *Latimeria Chalumnae*, believed to be the first one ever taken alive. This fish has two tails, a small tail at the end of its big one. Its existence had been known for centuries, but only because fossil remains of it had been discovered. The fish (possibly it is still living) went to the Chicago Natural History Museum.

The anableps dowei is the name of a fish which inhabits El Salvador, Central America, and is so designed that, as it swims along, the upper half of its eyes are out of water, looking for floating food, and the lower half of the eyes, differently designed, are submerged and are alert for submarine enemies.

Wars upset everything, even the fishes. So many chemicals were needed, and so many things that fish do not crave were allowed to go into the Ramapo river (which rises in New York state and flows into the Passaic river in New Jersey), that every fish in the Ramapo river died, and yet, for years, the State of New Jersey has gone to considerable trouble and expense to keep fish growing in that stream.

Floods also upset everything. Ferriday, La., is a nice little city across the river from Natchez, Miss., and every time the Father of Waters is in flood, then Ferriday is in flood also. The people are long-suffering from the high waters, but take it all in good spirit. In

April, 1945, when people could get to the post office only in rowboats, a special dispatch from the inundated community mentioned that great quantities of little fishes were playing on the once grassy lawn of the post office square when the people came for their mail in their boats.

Eels, Lobsters, Shrimp, Frogs

Are those things fishes? A full-grown six-foot electric eel, such as may be found along the Orinoco or the Amazon, is able to disable an animal before it kills and eats it. A Louisiana man is proud, not to have found a six-footer, but one ten inches long. It is a great pet.

What may have caused it is unknown, but for about four hours, one day in June, 1945, thousands of lobsters were washed ashore on the beach off Santa Monica canyon, California. They didn't know what they were getting into. An account says:

Passing motorists parked their cars, ran down on the sand and came back with armfuls of wiggling sea food. Crowds, equipped with hastily snatched up gunnysacks and baskets, came swarming. Men, women and children waded into the surf, grabbing for lobsters, or pounced on those which were carried up on the sand.

Most people that have had a chance to eat shrimp salad have found it a likable dish; so it is a matter of human interest that in the Gulf of Mexico, off the shore of Louisiana, a bed of giant shrimp has been found that is so great that a 65-foot boat has filled its hold in eight runs of a trawl net, and at last reports 100 trawlers were digging away at the great bed of undersea wealth.

Frogs! They may not be fishes, but they have no business to hang around the water the way they do unless they expect to be counted as part of the family. Just a couple of interesting items about them. The horned frogs of South America grow to the size of a small dinner plate. When they are disturbed they make a noise that much resembles the bark of

a dog; and they can bite, and that doesn't mean maybe. Their jaws are strong and they hang on like a turtle. More engaging is the flying frog of Borneo. Actually he does not have any wings, but he does have such large webs between all his toes, and is able to so spread them that he can jump eight feet on the level or

glide in safety from the top of a high tree to the ground beneath.

In conclusion:

Among all races of men fishes are freely eaten as food, either raw, as usually preferred by the Japanese and Hawaiians; or else as cooked, salted, dried or otherwise preferred. —*The Americana Encyclopedia.*

A Tour into Barotseland

BAROTSELAND is a country 284,000 square miles in extent. It is situated on the upper reaches of the great Zambezi river west of the Victoria Falls, and is under tribal rule by the royal house of the paramount chief of Barotseland by special treaty with the British government. The country is inhabited by large numbers of Africans with a sparse sprinkling of Europeans. The country teems with game. Antelope of every variety can be seen. There are also large numbers of buffalo and elephants and other species of wild game. The river too abounds with wild life. Crocodiles are

numerous and make bathing in the river a dangerous pastime. Hippos in schools can be located here and there.

Transport through the country constitutes one of the chief difficulties. The river is largely used for this purpose, as it winds through the land, but during the dry season this becomes so low that the usual barges cease to ply, owing to difficulty in manipulating the rapids to be found here and there. Primitive roads have been constructed near the river, but, due to petrol shortage, these are not often used except for bare necessities; so to reach the central areas presents a problem.

My visit to that country was unofficial though under the auspices of the Society, who arranged for a servant to the breth-



Left: Stopping at Victoria Falls and meeting a giraffe. Below: Part of the journey was accomplished by hand car, called a ganger's lorry.





Above: Time out for lunch along the way.
Right: A beauty spot at Victoria Falls.



ren working in that area to accompany me as guide and interpreter. Owing to the uncertainties of transport and the difficulties of reaching various areas, it was difficult to work to an itinerary. As there are no shops or lodging places in the area to which we intended going, it was necessary to take with us all the provisions that we would need for a trip that I calculated would take us three weeks. These things with our baggage were made up into small packages suitable to be carried by porters. We were fortunate for the first stage of our journey in being able to obtain permission to travel on a small private timber railway belonging to the Saw-Mills Company at Livingstone. I omitted to mention earlier that I was being accompanied by another European friend of good-will. We were told we could travel either in the goods-van or in the engine; the rest of the train was composed of light timber trucks. The distance to Massesse, by railroad, was 150 miles.

Into the Interior

We left Livingstone in the early hours of the morning and traveled all that day toward the interior. There were no stations along the line, but we stopped occasionally at some native village or

other to water our engine, or to pile up more wood in the tender for its use. As we approached the interior the country became more densely wooded, and, owing to the light structure of the line, our train never hit up more than 15 miles per hour. At one small place we stopped and the engine driver pointed to a stockade near the line where lions had broken in the week before and removed five oxen. It appears the Africans in charge had fallen asleep during the night and allowed the fire to die out. Awakening to the roar of the lions they became frightened and ran away. As night fell we reached the railhead at Massesse. There was no station building, only a clearance in the bush. About a dozen African friends belonging to the local company, having had news of our coming, had assembled to meet us. We were able to arrange for a meeting the following day, and to send messengers to outlying friends to come along. A European gentleman employed by the Timber Company kindly offered us a spare hut and

meals while we stayed there, which we were much pleased to accept.

The following day there was much excitement among the African friends as they gathered from far and near to hear the Organization Instructions and an address on Kingdom developments.

Names for servants were recommended and the nucleus of a company was arranged. A very happy time was spent together. That night, on a ganger's lorry lent to us by our host, with two Africans to push it along the rails, we set off for a point at which we were told we would meet a government lorry bound for Katima Molilo, on the river, about 40 miles away, and in which it was thought we could arrange a lift. We were dumped at an isolated spot in the bush at a crossroad to await the lorry. We built fires to scare away any prowling lions, as we were now in the midst of the wild

game. After waiting about an hour we could, much to our relief, see the lights of the lorry coming along. The driver was quite willing to give us a lift, and with our equipment piled on top, as well as our two Africans, we started off into the darkness toward the Zambezi.

Danger of Lions

On reaching Katima Molilo the manager of a native recruiting corporation there showed us much kindness. Owing to the prevalence of wild beasts he of-

fered us a shakedown on his enclosed veranda, as he considered it too dangerous to sleep outside. It was well we took advantage of his offer, as the next morning he told us two lions had entered right into the compound the previous night and scared the wits out of his

Africans there. During the day only one of Jehovah's witnesses there came to visit us and brought us gifts of milk and eggs, which were most acceptable, and later in the morning, after a fare well to this good friend, we set off again, for a place called Ngwesi, about 120 miles farther up the river, on a lorry going in that direction.

Traveling all that day we found the road atrociously bad (as it wound in and out of heavily wooded country), and were shaken to bits. The scenery, though, was very interesting. There were baboons and monkeys in abundance, and every now and again as we came to open

patches of country we could see antelope large and small grazing or resting in the shade. We reached Ngwesi as darkness was falling, and were glad to get out of our cramped seats on the lorry and to rest our tired bodies. The place was beautifully situated on the banks of the river, but was a very isolated spot. No Europeans lived there, but it was used by the Native Recruiting Corporation for the recruitment of natives to be sent down to the gold mines of the Transvaal. That night we were again





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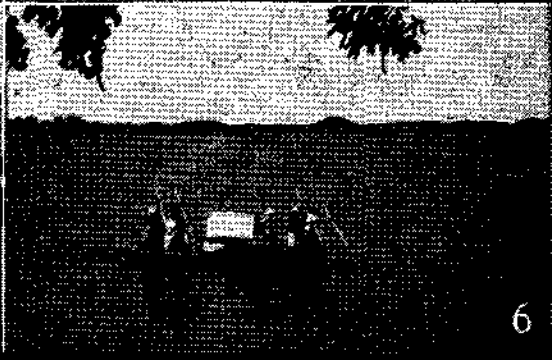
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1. On the way to Senanga. 2. Safari carrying goods and equipment. 3. Accommodations awaiting the travelers upon arrival at their destination. 4. The trader at Senanga had collected quite a few python skins. 5. Addressing a gathering of Barotse friends at sunrise on the Zambezi. 6. On the way back, traveling by means of a barge sped along by eight rowers.

warned to be on our guard against wild animals which were roaming the country in large numbers. It appears that at this time of the year, which is the dry season, and in consequence of which all the water

holes have dried up as well as the small streams, all these wild animals come down to the Zambezi river to drink. The Africans living around there will not venture out of their kias at night after

darkness falls for fear of these wild beasts. During the night we could distinctly hear the roar of lions not far distant, as well as the howling of hyenas. We kept fires burning around our camp, and this no doubt kept them away, as we were not molested.

Last Stage of the Journey

Next morning we were delighted to meet a number of African Jehovah's witnesses who had walked down from Senanga, our destination, to meet us, and tell us that a large number of friends had gathered there from all parts of Barotseland and were anxiously awaiting our arrival. These kind messengers had marched all the previous day to bring their message, to greet us, and to offer us their services as porters. We were glad to avail ourselves of this offer, as it was now evident that the last stage of our journey was to be the most difficult from the transport point of view, and they were able to relieve us of some of the heavy equipment, such as the tent, camp beds, etc. That afternoon we sent our guide, Moffat, out to scout around and try to charter half a dozen canoes to take us up, but he returned that evening to say he had been able to obtain only three. However, with the aid of the land porters and by carefully loading these canoes we were able to start moving the following morning at daybreak.

We found gliding over the broad, smooth river much more pleasant than the bumpy lorries, though, owing to the frail canoes' being so heavily laden and with their edges only an inch or two above the water, any disturbance of the river, such as a gust of wind, provided a danger of swamping, and at one time we were compelled to hastily pull in against the shelter of the bank. The river was teeming with crocodiles and every here and there we passed them, either lying on sand banks or lazily basking on the surface of the water. The scenery along the banks was beautiful. Our canoes, with a paddler at the head of each one, plowed

their way through beds of varied-colored water lilies, and the banks in places were lined with huge pampas grass, their fronds gracefully bending over the river. Behind these were palms of all descriptions, with birds of lovely plumage flitting about and filling the air with their song.

About midday we arrived at a landing place, where we found another group of friends awaiting us. They had also been sent down from Senanga to do portorage for us from this point, as we were now told that, due to difficult rapids ahead, it would be necessary for us to leave the canoes and do safari overland for a few miles. All our equipment was taken out of the canoes and given into the hands of these good friends, and after partaking of some lunch we started off along the banks for about two hours, when we again came up with our canoes, which had been safely maneuvered through the rapids. Re-embarking, we pushed on steadily during the afternoon until darkness came on us, and we were then obliged to land and camp on the banks. As our tent had gone on ahead, we slept in the open on grass cut for us by the porters. We were awakened in the night by the earth-shaking roar of a lion close to our quarters, which made us hasten to rebuild our campfires. We had no firearms with us. However, nothing further happened that night to disturb us, but the next morning we found spoors of the lions within a hundred yards of our camp. In the distance we could observe a large herd of buffalo grazing. It was an interesting and unusual sight.

Encounter with a Hippopotamus

Daybreak found us once more moving up the river. We had not been going very long when another little spell of excitement occurred. This time it was caused by a hippo. These creatures abide in schools in certain places in the river. They are at times inclined to be inquisitive and playful, much to the detriment of anything on the river they happen to contact.

Usually they can be seen well ahead in the center of the river as their huge heads emerge to take in air. As soon as paddlers observe them they make for the sides to try and slip by without being seen by the hippos until well past. Our canoe No. 1 got by all right, as well as the one with our African guides, but No. 3, with much of our food and baggage, was too slow and got cut off by one old hippo. The next moment we saw the canoe rising into the air, and we closed our eyes to await the finale. However, due to the wonderful skill of the paddler, who kept his balance as he belabored the great animal with his oar, shouting lustily all the time, he saved the situation. The hippo appeared to become scared or anxious and let the canoe back into the water, the oarsman then using the body and head of the creature for his oar to push against until the canoe was clear; much to our great relief, he shot away.

We reached Senanga about nine that morning and found on landing that our tent had been pitched by our advance porters on the grounds of an old trader, about whom we had heard all the way up the Zambezi. This man, though not amenable to our message, proved very friendly, and invited us to share meals with him. This we were pleased to do, as our supplies were limited. He also showed us many other kindnesses.

Along the banks of the river we found hundreds of Barotse friends housed in hastily constructed kios of all descriptions. Some of these were quite ingeniously built of bushes tied at the top and lined with grass. Gathered here were men and women of all ages with their children. Some of them had journeyed on the road for eight or nine days to be present, all intensely keen and curious to know what was before them. We were the first Europeans connected with the Watchtower to visit that part. Many of the Barotses had never seen a white friend before. It was a picturesque sight for us too to gaze over a village that

appeared to have grown up in a night, with the smoke from a hundred campfires lazily curling up into the air. In order to conserve time instructions were given to the half-dozen company servants to arrange for the assembly to be started that afternoon at two o'clock. A comprehensive three-day program was arranged.

A Thousand Curious Eyes

As I approached the selected gathering site under a huge spreading tree I found the large gathering assembled, awaiting in dead silence our arrival. A table spread with a white cloth, as well as chairs, had been placed in readiness for the convenience of myself and the interpreters. Under the gaze of a thousand intensely curious eyes I felt somewhat embarrassed as I advanced to take my seat. The convention opened with one of the glad songs of praise to Jehovah. Some of these songs had been translated into their own languages, and were beautifully rendered in their own music by two choirs of different tribes singing in turn. Then an address of welcome spoken by the European servant was keenly listened to, after which followed a message from the Branch servant at Cape Town, at the conclusion of which all hands were raised as a token of happiness and satisfaction. The rest of the afternoon program contained various items relating to Kingdom service, and these, being new to the assembled company, caused the most intense interest and joy.

That evening, at the request of the friends, a campfireside gathering was held on the banks of the river. It was a novel sight to view this great gathering of dusky friends with the light of the campfire glowing in their faces and reflecting from the river the light of the fire and the lights of the firmament. The literature being strictly prohibited, we used the Word of God with much effect. *Organization Instructions* was dealt with in its many aspects, and this in-

duced many questions on matters which up to then had been only vaguely understood. Now and again, to ease their bodies from awkward positions, they were asked to rise and sing; which they did right lustily. To conserve time morning sessions commenced at sunrise, which in the native mind is the start of a working day. These lasted for about two hours and then selected publishers were sent out to give the glad message in the surrounding district, and this resulted in many new faces appearing at the assembly. A glorious three-day convention was held, and there could be little doubt, by the expressions of interest, the many questions, and the evidence of anxiety to make use of every scrap of the time, that the joy of those friends in Barotseland was full to overflowing for the blessings poured out there. They wanted to go on and on, but our time was limited to five days, and there were many other duties to be attended to in the remaining time.

Providing 'Loaves and Fishes'

The assembly did not go through without its difficulties, but we looked to the Giver of all good gifts for guidance. On the second day of our arrival a deputation waited on me to explain that, due to the long time they had been on the road and waiting our arrival, food supplies had run out and the people were hungry. What were they to do? This was a real poser, as foodstuffs were extremely short at this time of the year, and the supplies we had brought with us were limited to only our own needs. However, on presenting our difficulty to the old trader on whose grounds we were staying he at first demurred, stating that it was impossible for him to assist us, but later under persuasion gave way and allowed us two bags of mealie meal. Just after this a party of fishermen, who had had a lucky haul of fish, came along and we bought the whole catch. After this everyone had sufficient food and contentment once more reigned.

The next little cloud of trouble came with the appearance of the red fez and blue uniform of one of the Northern Rhodesian police boys. He bore in his hand a large official envelope addressed to myself, and was from the British commissioner resident at Senanga. It stated that it had been brought to his notice that large gatherings of Watchtower adherents were taking place at my camp and that meetings were being held there. It further stated that in view of the law of Barotseland which strictly prohibited any gatherings whatsoever of Watchtower followers, or of any propaganda of their teaching, would I immediately let him know the position with an explanation of what was taking place at my camp. I there and then decided to call and see the commissioner myself; and, borrowing a barge from the trader, with eight rowers I set off down the river for the government boma. The commissioner received me very courteously in his office and invited me to sit down, and then awaited my explanation. I was able to satisfy him that nothing official whatsoever had been arranged and that the gathering was entirely a spontaneous one and that the people there had heard of our coming and had gathered there to give us a welcome to their country. To this he responded with what I thought a twinkle in his eye: "Well, I suppose if all these people have gathered together here to give you a welcome to their country it will be necessary for you to have another gathering to bid them farewell!" I told him I thought that would only be human, and after saying "good-bye" to him I hurried back to assure the friends that all was well, as they were very anxiously waiting to hear the outcome of my visit.

The Farewell

Then came the sad morning when we were to part with these good friends among whom we had spent such a very happy time. Orders were given for the camp to be broken up at daybreak. The

old trader had lent his barge free of charge to take us back to Ngwesi provided we could find the eight rowers necessary. These were soon obtained among the friends, who stated they were only too glad to render us this service. Before we stepped into the waiting barge we gave a few final instructions and thoughts to the assembled multitude on the bank, and then as heads were bowed we gave thanks to Jehovah for the glad and happy time spent together. Before we were pushed off a little African maid about three dressed in white ran down the bank into the water and held up in her hand a bunch of wild flowers as a token of farewell to us. After having delivered these she ran back to join her people. Then a rousing song of praise to the Creator broke forth from the whole company on the bank in their sweet voices. As our barge commenced to move down the river numbers of them started to run along the banks gathering in clusters, and as we came abreast they kept waving their hands and always singing until we

gradually passed out of sight. It was a memorable scene that early morning with the sun just rising and throwing its rays across the broad river and on that huge crowd singing their beautiful songs. One we shall never forget.

Our barge which carried us down to Ngwesi we found much more comfortable than the canoes. We camped on the bank again that night, and early the following morning we held a meeting for the benefit of our rowers, who were all Jehovah's witnesses. After minor little adventures we reached Ngwesi at the end of the second day. We waited there one day and then were fortunate in obtaining a lift on a lorry sent up for recruits on the following morning. We were sorry to part with our faithful oarsmen. They expressed their extreme gratitude to the Society for arranging such a wonderful blessing and help for them all. After reaching Katima Molilo we followed our original course back and eventually reached Livingstone safe and sound.—Contributed from Africa.

is the welcome title of the Watchtower Society's recently released 64-page booklet.

There is no room for pessimism in this booklet, according to its title. By a timely providence the real secret of gladness in the midst of the worst times of this world's history has been discovered, and it is made public in the pages of this new booklet.

You can be one of the only happy and joyful people on earth today. It's just up to you now to read this booklet, the title of which is an honest invitation to you to be glad for all time to come.

You, as a *Consolation* reader, are being extended a special offer of 30 copies of this timely booklet upon a contribution of \$1.00. This reduced rate is given so that you may share in the distribution of this strengthening message by giving a copy to your neighbors, friends or associates. Use the coupon below for the special offer.

Please send me the special offer of 30 of "*Be Glad, Ye Nations*",
for which I enclose my contribution of \$1.00.

Name Street
City Postal Unit No. State

Hair Splitting

WHEN the ladies and lassies go to the hairdresser's parlor nowadays they get their tresses permanently waved by a new method known as "cold waving". They pay \$10 or more for the operation, and leave with a guarantee that it will last for a few months. Little do they know, and perhaps they care less, about the actual process whereby their stringy, straight and unruly hair is transformed into a hair-do of soft and appealing charm.

It might not be a bad idea, however, to explain to the lady folks what they get for their ten or twenty dollars, for, in reality, they subject themselves to a chemical synthesizing process. This machineless method bathes their hair in chemical solutions that actually split the protein molecular structure of their hair and then when these are in this broken-down state other chemicals are used to combine the molecules together again into a pattern different from that at the beginning. Some of the chemicals that are used in cracking the hair molecules are sodium sulfide, ammonium thioglycollate, and beta-hydroxyethylmercaptane, obtained synthetically from ethylene gas. One would think that these chemicals with names like that would have very unpleasant smells. They do, but their odors are masked over with

synthetic chemicals called perfumes. It is a case of camouflaging one unpleasant smell with another.

After the chemicals break down the molecules, the hair is pulled and stretched into a shape different from what it was originally by winding it up into the characteristic curls. Time is then allowed for the atoms to recombine into this new pattern. This accomplished, the hair is then given another chemical treatment which the hairdresser likes to call a "neutralizing" process. Chemically speaking, it is an oxidizing action that takes place and thus brings the reaction permanently to completion.

Since this last treatment is one of oxidation it explains why the hair is bleached if too strong a solution is used or if the reaction is prolonged further than is necessary. If more information concerning the chemistry involved in the cold waving process is wanted it may be obtained in *The Technology Review* (June 1945) edited under the direction of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

But milady does not care about such technical aspects of the process. All she is concerned about is whether her coiffure can crown her head with a halo of glorious ringlets and curls that will make her look like the "queen of Sheba".

Thefts from Taxpayers

IT SEEMS that there are many that are willing to steal from taxpayers, regardless of their honesty toward others. Honesty is honesty, and it is just as dishonest to steal from a big corporation or from Uncle Sam as it is to steal from a private citizen.

At the Philadelphia mint Uncle Sam began missing dimes. He became suspicious and dipped the slightly defective ones in a solution invisible to the naked

eye. It worked. One of the workmen stole 22 of them, as they went by him. Then he was called on the carpet, was searched, and the dimes were found; when subjected to ultraviolet rays they became fluorescent; the theft was admitted, and the long vacation began.

There was another stealage from Uncle Sam in Philadelphia on or about November 2, 1852. In this case some man robbed the mails of three mailbags

and hid the bags in an old house. Nearly a century later a man bought the house, and he and his wife cleaned the attic. Among the nearly 200 time-yellowed letters was one from a girl who wrote to her sweetheart asking forgiveness. Maybe they made up, but maybe the girl died long, long ago, wondering why no answer to her letter ever came. One would think that the man who robbed the mails would be man enough to drop that one letter back in the box, anyway, so that the man for whom it was intended could receive it.

There was some shameless stealing from the public when the CCC camps were abandoned. At Pine Grove Furnace, Pa., 200 trucks, 23 road graders and caterpillar tractors, with over 1,200 truck tires, were left in a bare field; a great building filled with tools was left and all the clothing and blankets on the place were burned. Elsewhere, and perhaps there also, mattresses, comforters, galoshes, woolen underwear, shirts and blouses, were all thrown in a huge bonfire and burned. What a shame! What an outrage!

Occasionally the taxpayers are robbed in an apparently legal manner and nothing can be done about it, but it is robbery just the same. In Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, the county commissioners donated \$5,000 of the taxpayers' money toward the expenses of an American Legion convention in Pittsburgh, and the Legion itself showed its willingness to resort to the same methods when it accepted another \$5,000 from the city council for the same purpose. A few of the councilmen could not see how the Legion could possibly expend \$10,000 honestly. Evidently they were to get their auditorium free. Their lame response was that it would cost \$2,000 for decorations, and \$6,000 would be needed for postage, transportation, and other items.

In the same county a grand jury indicted the Ku Klux Klan as un-American, and guilty of illegal solicitation of funds and common law conspiracy, i.e., robbing the public. You don't think for a minute, do you, that any grand jury is liable to go so far as to indict the American Legion for doing that same thing? Now, do you?

What Peace Did Jesus Bring to the Roman World?

WHEN the Devil took Jesus up into a high mountain and showed Him all the governments of the world in a moment of time, he must certainly have shown Him the Roman government which, at that time, was the largest, most comprehensive government of all. Jesus refused to compromise or negotiate in any manner with the one who truthfully claimed that, at that time, all these governments were under his control.

What has occurred to change Jesus' view of the Roman government? Nothing at all. Yet in President Truman's address on the White House lawn, on the evening of December 24, he said:

Let us not forget that the coming of the Savior brought a time of long peace to the Roman world.

Discussing this important question, a Memphis correspondent writes as follows:

Relative to Mr. Truman's prayer: What peace did the Savior Jesus Christ bring to the Roman world? President Truman obviously either means that the then Roman rule fizzled out, which it certainly did, or that the forefathers of a constitutional government, who fought for freedom to worship in the spirit and in truth, bucked against a peace that he claims the Savior brought to the Roman world, and that peace would only return now by all nations submitting themselves to a rule headed by the Romans. I would like to see a record of past history that shows where Jesus brought peace to a Roman world.

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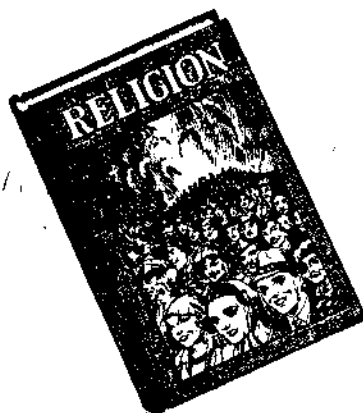


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