

PEGLER—HE'S AGAINST By JACK ALEXANDER

ARMAGEDDON, INC. By Stanley High

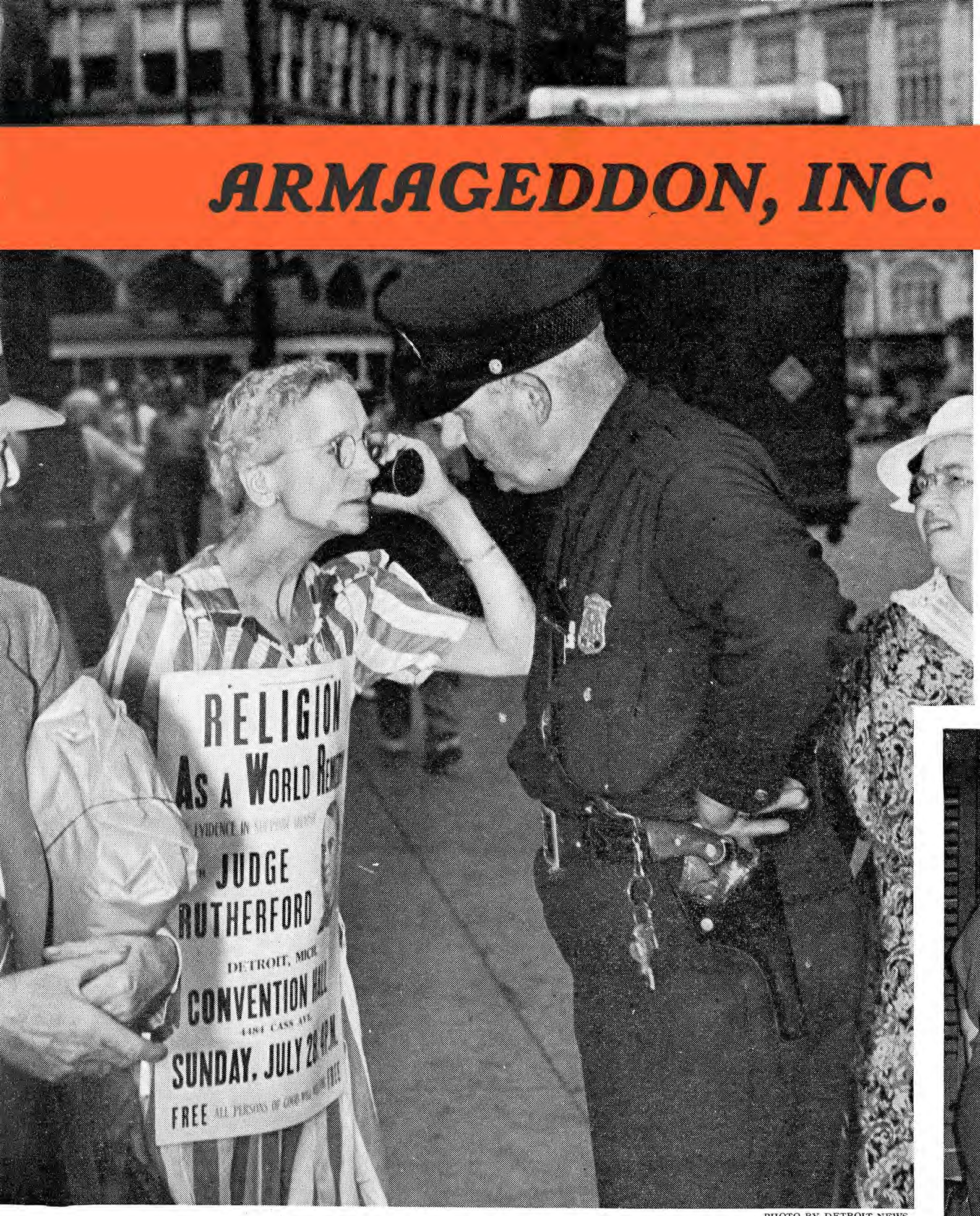


PHOTO BY DETROIT NEWS

"How's that again?" The officer is having a difficult time telling this Witness she can't distribute literature without a permit.

Jehovah's Witnesses Make Hate a Religion

FOR conscientious cussedness on the grand scale, no other aggregation of Americans is a match for Jehovah's Witnesses. Defiance of what others cherish and revere is their daily meat. They hate all religions—and say so from the housetops. They hate all governments with an enthusiasm that is equally unconcealed. On phonograph records, sound trucks, the radio and in a Noah's flood of literature, they admit, without conscious blasphemy, that they hold a prior lien on the Almighty. On the rest of us—the Great Unwashed—they look down their spiritual noses. We, they say, have got "it" coming to us, and "it"—as they can triumphantly prove by the Scriptures—is due almost any time now.

For being generally offensive, they have been getting their heads cracked, their meetings broken up, their meetinghouses pillaged and themselves thrown into jail. Six thousand of them are in German concentration camps. In Canada, to be one of them is a prison offense. In Australia, a demand for their suppression is growing. Their lawyers' briefs for their run-ins with mobs or the law in the United States during the single month from June fourteenth to July fourteenth cover thirty-nine cases in twenty states. Those are only samples. The grand total would be several times that.

Before this rising wave of ill will they never retreat. On the contrary—fortified again by the Scriptures—they welcome it. Their chief regret seems to be that their martyrdoms, to date, have been only minor ones. The times, they confidently predict, will yet require some major martyring.

Jehovah's Witnesses look like average Americans—as, in fact, they are. Twenty-five thousand of them came to Detroit in mid-July—after Columbus, Ohio, had banned them. At the same time there were similar, though somewhat smaller, meetings in nineteen other cities, East, South and West.

Those in Detroit came on foot, by bus and train, in first-rate automobiles and in jalopies, the like and number of which the motor city had never seen before. Their assorted vehicles, from most of the states in the Union, jammed Detroit's parking lots. The city's third, fourth and fifth rate hotels and rooming houses did a business better than any that had come their way in ten years.

The heat in Detroit's best shade was near a hundred. Convention Hall has a flat roof and is not in the shade. The Witnesses rigged up a hospital in a near-by hotel, manned it with their own doctors, and with orthodox ministrations took care of the scores who were felled by the sun. Inside the hall they set up their own kitchen and cafeteria and, through the steam, served boiled beef, boiled potatoes, heat-shriveled peas and wilted lettuce to the shirt-sleeved, cotton-gowned multitude. For four days, the 25,000 milled and sweated, prayed, sang and witnessed and, to the sighing accompaniment of thousands of palm-leaf fans, listened over the public-address system to speakers most of them could not see.

The police said they had never seen so large a crowd so orderly. More than 1000 Witness ushers, armed with canes, kept the throngs on the move, with much "brothering" and "sistering." Gently

GLOBE PHOTO



From house to house, the Witnesses carry their message by phonograph, something they say Jehovah has ordained them to do. Below—Baptism in a Detroit swimming pool, concluding the Witnesses' convention.

© DETROIT TIMES



maneuvered canes barred the way to the offices where the men behind the gathering did business. When the canes came down, the reception was all that any reporter could ask for. Even the photographers were welcomed. Judging from all outward appearances, this might have been a midsummer gathering of Kansas Methodists.

But it wasn't. The Witnesses had come to town not merely to meet but to witness. Every morning, near the entrance to the hall, one of the brethren with a good voice and a technique like that of an evangelist turned auctioneer drummed up Witnesses by the dozens of carloads to carry the message to Detroit. They carried it not only block by block to Detroit but to Flint and Pontiac and scores of towns within a fifty-mile radius. They distributed more than 1,000,000 pieces of literature, played their phonographs on thousands of front porches, set up their loud-speaker trucks on hundreds of street corners.

The Biggest Source of Conscientious Objectors

WHEN, on Sunday evening, the last fervent word was spoken in Convention Hall and the first of the dusty motor caravans turned homeward, some hundreds of the Witnesses could boast that they had had minor brushes with the law. Some fifty of them were left behind in its clutches. And the thousands who were still foot-loose undoubtedly went their separate ways confident that treatment of the same sort, or worse, was in store for them. In that, they are probably right.

The Witnesses keep no rolls of membership, the scriptural ground on which such records are eschewed is one of the few of their innumerable Biblical quotations which I failed to note. Some idea of the size of the movement can be gathered from the fact that last year it employed, full and part time, 44,000 workers. That is 10,000 more than there were in the previous year. There are no churches in the usual sense. Groups of followers are called Company Organizations, their meeting places, Kingdom Halls. In 1939, according to the official yearbook, there were 2425 Company Organizations. That is an increase of 639 over 1938. This growth has gone on at so fast a pace that recently, for greater ease of administration, the United States has been divided into six major regions and 153 zones. These sectors, large and small, are looked after by regional and zone servants. A rough idea of the size of the spiritual empire over which these servants preside is indicated by the fact that last year they traveled more than 2,150,000 miles.

Thus, even in the absence of exact figures, it seems likely that the United States harbors no other out-of-step and out-of-sympathy minority of anything like their size and militancy. In the event of war, they are sure to furnish the largest quota of conscientious objectors, and, perhaps, the most troublesome. In this near-war period, no other group so boldly condemns not only the current patriotic trend but patriotism, specifically and in general. No other, for good measure, condemns so many other things by which Americans lay store. In our democratic flesh they are, in short, a thorn of painful proportions—all the more troublesome a thorn because its watering is scriptural and its soil the conscience.

A good deal of mystery surrounds the history and spectacular growth of this amazing movement. A similar cloak covers some of the story of its current operations. The history part is dismissed in the 1940 yearbook with a sketchy paragraph. This recounts that in 1872 "a few Christian persons met together in a little town in Pennsylvania to consider the Scriptures relative to the coming of Christ Jesus and His kingdom." There is very little else save that by 1884 this group had waxed sufficiently to organize a corporation under the name of Zion's Watch Tower Society, later changed to Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society. That was in Pennsylvania. When, in New York State, the harvest began to ripen, another corporation was set up to garner it, The People's Pulpit Association. That later metamorphosed into the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society—under which corporate banner it continues to operate. In 1914, in the British vineyard, the



PHOTO BY DETROIT NEWS

"Judge" Rutherford, center, with his bodyguards. A mighty messenger, he fell heir to the spiritual (and material) empire of Charles Taze (Pastor) Russell.

International Bible Students' Association, Inc., was set up.

The purpose of these corporate bodies is simple—"to wit: the dissemination of Bible truths by means of publication, in printed form and other lawful means."

This official outline history is the only one extant. It is important chiefly for what it omits. The most important of its omissions is Charles Taze (Pastor) Russell. For him there is not so much as a parenthesis or an obituary. And yet the "few Christian persons" who forgathered in 1872 were chiefly Charles Taze Russell. Whatever revelation descended on that modest assembly was relayed through him. From then until his death—which had not been counted on—in 1916, he continued to do the relaying. The various corporations mentioned above were the material means for the dissemination of his revelations. The body of his beliefs came to be known as Russellism; those who espoused them, as Russellites. That his name is now erased from the tablets of the law does not alter the fact that, but for him, Jehovah's Witnesses would be back, religiously, where they came from.

"Pastor" Russell, in his early career, ran a haberdashery in Pittsburgh. It prospered and he came to own a small chain of such establishments. His religion—such as it was—was Congregationalist.

One day, young Russell, so the story goes, dropped in at a Pittsburgh poolroom. An atheistic hanger-on was in the midst of a denial of heaven and hell. Russell wasn't so sure. But he decided to find out. He bought a Bible and settled down to it. He found out plenty about heaven and hell, and a lot that he had not figured on. The force of what he found out drove him out of the haberdashery business and into the company of the prophets.

He began to preach in 1878. His title of "Pastor" was won, not by the laying on of hands but by leg work. His zeal, so his followers boasted, took him farther than the journeyings of St. Paul and Bishop Asbury combined. His writings were "more extensive than the combined works of St. Paul, St. John, Arius, Waldo, Wycliffe and Martin Luther—the six messengers to the Church who preceded him." Up to the time of his death, his six major books had had a total distribution of nearly 15,000,000 copies.

A Candidate for the Place Next to St. Paul

THE doctrine he preached was millennial. But there was very little millennial about his own earthly interlude. He was frequently involved in lawsuits and controversy. He once declared, with what must have been autobiographical insight, that "many of the Lord's most faithful children live in a matrimonial furnace of affliction." After many years of life in such a furnace, he escaped via a divorce—the court holding, contrariwise, that his attitude of "insistent egotism," "extravagant self-praise" and "continual domination" were such as to "render the life of any sensitive Christian woman a burden and make her life intolerable."

There were hints of a much shadier sort. But these never shook the faith from his followers. "When the history of the Church of Christ is fully written," said the official panegyric that followed his death, "it will be found that the place next to St. Paul in the gallery of fame as expounder of the Gospel of the Great Master will be occupied by Charles Taze Russell."

Those words were penned in the first flush of grief. They reckoned without the all-too-human certainty that others, who once had been satisfied to touch the hem of Pastor Russell's garment, would aspire to wear it. The one on whose shoulders it finally came to rest was Joseph Franklin Rutherford—"Judge" Rutherford to his following; plain "J. F." by his own signature.

The story of Judge Rutherford's rise to prophetic stature is not part of the literature of the movement. By birth he is a Missourian. He studied law. As a young man, in several small Missouri towns, he practiced it. His judicial handle, like Pastor Russell's ordination, appears to be synthetic. On an occasion or two—so one of his associates told me—he was called to sit in something which approximated a judicial capacity. That was a long time ago, and,

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To aid the national defense is the duty and desire of every loyal person and institution.

It is a great satisfaction to 200 capital stock* fire insurance companies that their normal nationally-organized fire-prevention services are a vital element in the "land defenses" of the nation.

Through these public services, people and plants at work on government contracts are kept safer from fire; fire departments and water supplies are more dependable; apparatus and appliances devoted to defense are themselves more firesafe; and firebugs and saboteurs are more promptly caught.

Important in peace-time, these public services take on even greater importance in these troubled days. As in 1917, they have been volunteered for unlimited duty in the national defense.

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Nation-wide organization of 200 capital stock fire insurance companies
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CAPITAL STOCK COMPANY INSURANCE
Standard protection

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provides sound protection at a predetermined price, without risk of further cost. In addition to legal reserves, its policies are backed by cash capital and surplus funds set aside to meet not merely normal claims but also the sweeping losses due to conflagrations and other catastrophes. Its organized *public* services are national in scope. Its system of operating through Agents everywhere gives prompt personal service to policyholders.

diana, for $5,000,000. The Pontiac Body Company was bought and added to Oakland. The Dayton Wright Airplane Company, representing assets of more than $1,200,000, was bought. Biggest of all was the trade made for the corporation late in September, 1919, by John J. Raskob and Mr. Durant, with the Fisher brothers. They bought a three-fifths interest in the Fisher Body Corporation, paying ninety-two dollars a share for 300,000 shares of common stock. Eventually, this became a complete merger. There were other commitments that seemed far less appropriate. But earnings in 1919 had been $60,000,000. Optimism had seemed to be fully justified until along in September, 1920, when a change set in—almost overnight.

Everything I had in the world was in General Motors. But feeling as I did about the type of organization we had, I was worried. Incidentally, months after Chrysler got out, Durant negotiated with him for the purchase of his stock.

Durant, in his loyalty to the institution and his friends, always was trying to hold up and boost the price in the market, sacrificing his own interests characteristically in his efforts to do so. I felt he had about as much chance for success as if he had tried to

ket, even if the stock of the corporation was involved. He looked up.

"What is it?" There was a fleeting smile. He was never too tired to be kind.

"I wish to go away. Not feeling well." This was no exaggeration.

"Certainly," he said. "That will be perfectly all right with me. Get some rest."

I went to Europe. In London I made up my mind. I'd return to New York and resign. Then I could protect myself, and with a clear conscience. So I bought a Rolls Royce car for future delivery. I supposed Mrs. Sloan and I would take a long time seeing Europe. But on the day I got back and walked into the New York office I sensed something unusual.

"Where's W. C.?"

"Gone away. A month's vacation."

Queer indeed. He'd never done anything of the sort before. I decided to postpone my resignation. I was a manufacturer, and this could be made the grandest manufacturing enterprise the world had ever seen. I did not want to leave. So I said to myself, "I'll ride along awhile and see what happens."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Sloan and Mr. Sparkes. The fifth will appear next week.

ARMAGEDDON, INC.

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so I was told, he never uses the title when speaking of himself. Among his multitude, however, he is always Judge Rutherford, or just "the Judge."

Just how or when Judge Rutherford felt the first stirrings toward religious leadership is not very precisely revealed. The accepted story seems to be that a Russellite, armed with literature and scriptural quotations, called one day at his Missouri home. The quotations were delivered, the literature left, and Rutherford looked into them.

He, reputedly, was as astonished by what he found as the inquiring Charles T. Russell had been. He became, as Russell had, a Bible student and, eventually, a Russellite.

Converts in Rutherford's profession were rare. Moreover, the law courts being what they were, a Russellite with legal talent was needed. As a result, he was singled out for more than ordinary attention. Pastor Russell looked on him with favor. Eventually he turned up in Brooklyn as attorney for the movement.

That was in 1909. Pastor Russell, when he died in 1916, left no word as to his successor. But because of his frequent legal appearances in defense of Russell, and his directive hand in the

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"Back to Town" with
Interwoven
Entirely new . . . deep, rich Autumn colorings . . . to blend with your darker Fall clothes.

2 pairs $1.00 and up
Interwoven
THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

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business management of the vast Russell establishment, Rutherford was all set to move in.

He moved in at about the time that the United States entered the first World War. He did not approve of war. With a forthrightness which seems to characterize many religious leaders only in times of peace, he boldly said so. When troubled young men of his flock sought his advice, he called their attention to the section of the Draft Act which provided exemption on grounds of conscience. When the military authorities besought him to be, if not more co-operative, a little more quiet, he loudly refused. The story of his subsequent hounding—particularly at the hands of bloodthirsty clergymen—makes unpleasant reading. He and seven of his followers were eventually sentenced to the Federal prison in Atlanta.

Rutherford spent nine months in Atlanta. He put the time to good use. By the end of nine months, more than 100 fellow prisoners were enrolled in his Bible class. His eventual release came through the reversal by the United States Court of Appeals of the original decision. Rutherford, however, gives no credit to the court. His followers had been heard from. In his behalf, thousands of letters of protest poured into the Department of Justice. One petition for his release with 700,000 names on it was presented at Washington.

The general assumption seemed to be that, after Atlanta, Rutherford and his cause would languish. Quite the opposite happened. He had skirted the fringe of martyrdom and, snatched back, he was acclaimed. Today, at seventy, his only rival to the title of the nation's most potent religious leader is Father Coughlin. But Coughlin is a voice. Rutherford is both a voice and a movement.

Officially, he is president of the three bodies which constitute the earthly structure of the organization: the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Inc., and the International Bible Students' Association. Actually, he is much more than that. He fell heir to Russell's enterprise and his disciples. He has modernized the first and increased the second. But he never made Russell's mistake of entering any supernatural claims for himself.

But it is not likely that the appearance of more than human characteristics would surprise his followers. His words are not accepted as the law and the prophets. They are accepted as more than that. The Witnesses rely on what the Bible says. But they count on Judge Rutherford to tell them what it means by what it says. The latter role is obviously more important.

A Complete Senatorial Bearing

For such a superprophetic status, the Judge is humanly well equipped. He is more than six feet tall, and portly. He walks with the same measured and solemn dignity that one sees at its best on the floor of the United States Senate. In fact, he looks more like a senator than most senators. He wears stand-up collars of the Champ Clark era, black string bow ties, and a long black ribbon for his glasses. Senatorlike, the glasses are handy props. He uses them for minor gesticulations which go with profound deliverances. His voice is a match for his frame—heavy, rounded and, on occasion, booming.

But Judge Rutherford is shielded from the world as no senator ever was. In Detroit he lived incommunicado at an unnamed hotel. During the four days, his 25,000 had two opportunities to see him—at the opening and at the closing sessions. He was scheduled to make one appearance in between. But when the heat passed ninety-nine, it was canceled.

His associates are as loath to talk about him as they are to open the way to his presence. The movement, they say, is not of man but of God, and the less said about personalities the better.

One or two personal items were unearthed. Apparently there is a Mrs. Rutherford. There is also a son. Whether they are Witnesses, no one seemed prepared to say.

A Big-Time Business

In any event, the amount of time which Judge Rutherford could give to domestic occupations would be limited. His other responsibilities are enormous. He has written seventeen books and seventy-seven pamphlets. He edits The Watchtower—the semimonthly magazine "Announcing Jehovah's Kingdom." Most of the sixteen pages of Biblical interpretations which it contains are written by him. He has a hand in all the other periodicals of the movement. He speaks regularly over WBBR, the Brooklyn station owned by the Witnesses. For ten years he had a weekly radio program on more than 200 stations. His recordings have been in use on 294 stations. For phonographic purposes, his voice has been recorded on 109 different disks. Until the war, he traveled widely. He has addressed gatherings of Witnesses in most of the thirty-six countries in which they are organized.

In addition to these heavy labors on the creative side, he runs the business. The business of Jehovah's Witnesses is big-time stuff. Its brick-and-mortar headquarters are two modern buildings, seven and eight stories respectively, in Brooklyn. One of them, facing pleasantly on East River, is the office quarters. Here, also, the Judge is housed. Housed with him are the several hundred employees. They, like all full-time Witness workers, are not hirelings. They get their board and keep and ten dollars a month for incidentals. The board part is provided chiefly from two Witness-owned farms.

The second building houses the printing plant and factory. The corporation owns property in other parts of the United States. One of these is a commodious edifice, built in a style that might be called Southern California Moslem, located in San Diego. It is called Beth-Sarim—the House of the Princes. Currently it provides the West Coast quarters for Judge Rutherford and his associates. Its long-time purpose—and it is built to last—is to serve as a habitation for the prophets David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, to name only a few, when they return to earth. To spare them trouble with the courts, the deed is drawn in their names.

There are properties in a number of foreign countries. These include printing establishments of some size in Great Britain, Switzerland and, until the Nazis took over, in Germany.

The collective output is astronomical. Since 1920, according to the official figures, the movement has produced and distributed a grand total of 309,500,000 books and pamphlets. That yearly average of 15,000,000 is being stepped up. The total for 1939


"STOP this foolish search," said John. "You're getting nowhere fast. It's *food* I need — not recipes — if you want me to last!"

"LOOK!" cried John, his face agleam. "The answer's in this can. Before you can say 'Underwood,' we'll feast on Deviled Ham!"

LISTEN and you'll hear the same in homes from coast to coast. "Underwood's the finest spread on crackers, bread or toast!" Rare spices from the Indies make Underwood's a winner. It's good at any time of day — at breakfast, lunch or dinner.
FREE! Sample can (only one per family) — and recipe book. Write Wm. Underwood Co., 121 Walnut Street, Watertown, Mass.


P.S. For variety try "Underwood", the new Underwood canape spread. Tastes imported—costs little. Ask your grocer or send 15c for full size can.

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Why guess at every cross road? One wrong turn may mean wasted miles and money, worry and delay. Know your direction of travel with a Hull Streamline Auto Compass. Attractive Bakelite case, genuine sapphire bearing, built-in compensator. Only $2.95 at your dealer.


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SEWING MACHINES NEED THIS OIL!
Regular oiling with 3-IN-ONE will keep your machine running easily. It works out old, gummy oil from bearings; prevents rust; lubricates well. Get it at Hardware, Drug, Grocery, 10¢ Stores. Try it!

3-IN-ONE Oil

was 27,000,000. In addition to English, this literature has been printed in eighty-eight languages and dialects.

During 1939, 4,500,000 copies of The Watchtower were printed, 5,000,000 copies of Consolation, another semi-monthly publication, and 2,000,000 copies of Kingdom News.

How fast and in what quantity Judge Rutherford's words are spread abroad can be gathered from the sale of his two latest productions. His most recent book is Salvation. It was published in 1939. Within three months it had sold more than 1,000,000 copies. At present it is rounding the 3,000,000 mark. His latest pamphlet is Judge Rutherford Uncovers the Fifth Column. The "column," when the shades are pulled back, appears to be the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This thirty-two-page nickel pamphlet was printed in late June. By the end of July it had been sown in good or stony ground to the amount of 4,000,000 copies.

The Brooklyn factory produces more than literature. It also produces phonographs. Last year, just short of 10,000 Witness-made phonographs were sold at ten dollars each. With each instrument, like sample blades with a razor, went three Rutherford recordings. In all, more than 30,000 such machines are in current use. In addition, there are probably 1000 Witness sound trucks in the United States. During 1939, the Brooklyn offices shipped out 310,000 records.

This equipment is being constantly improved on, and new gadgets sold. One of the high spots at Detroit was the demonstration of a new phonograph, Witness-built and streamlined. It was compact and light. Inside, there was space for several records. An additional "surprise" compartment contained room for a dozen Watchtowers and Consolations, three Rutherford books and an airtight corner big enough for two sandwiches. Only Judge Rutherford received louder applause than the demonstrator of this machine when, a perspiring Jack Horner, he stuck in his thumb and pulled out a sandwich.

On the financial side of this extensive picture, very little is revealed. "For the past few years," says the yearbook, "the detailed statement of the money received and paid out has not been published, for the obvious reason that the enemy would use these facts to further hinder, if possible, the work of the Society." Supporters, if driven by sufficient curiosity, can make their own examination of the books. "But they are not open to the enemy, who work against the Lord and his Kingdom."

A Profitable Outfit

The business, however, is obviously profitable. The Judge's books sell for twenty-five cents each; the pamphlets for a nickel. Many of them are given away—but not by the publisher. The publisher collects from the individual Witnesses. The Witnesses, when they leave a packet at a house, take whatever they are offered. The bag, thus, is held by those in the field, not by those in Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, apparently, keeps well ahead of the sheriff. A writer for the New York Evening Post recently took samples of the Rutherford books and pamphlets to a New York publisher. The publisher reported he could sell the twenty-five-cent books for eleven cents, the pamphlets for two cents, and make a normal profit on both.

There appears to be no shadow on Judge Rutherford's use of this money—secretive though he is about it. Some of it undoubtedly goes to the aid of indigent Witnesses abroad. Some of it goes for promotion. Occasionally, there is a large-scale layout in the interests of high-class drama. In 1938, when the Judge was in England, the Witnesses hired Albert Hall and packed it for his speech. In addition, they hired halls in twenty-three cities in the United States, ten in Canada, ten in Australia and four in New Zealand. All these centers were tied in by wire and wireless through the hired and highly expensive facilities of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and on this improvised world hook-up more than 100,000 Witnesses heard the Judge at his expense. The nineteen cities where meetings were held simultaneously with the convention in Detroit were similarly tied in.

Biblical Arithmetic

Although Judge Rutherford, by virtue of his spiritual status, is the master in this vast material domain, its government, technically, is in the hands of a board of seven directors. A board election is held every three years. Since there is no scroll of membership in the organization, there are likewise no dues. At kingdom meetings no plate is passed. Each Witness, however, gives what he is able to the local work and nationally. In elections to the board of trustees, all Witnesses are eligible to vote whose names are recorded in Brooklyn as having contributed ten dollars or more for the preceding year.

The basic doctrine which Judge Rutherford expounds, on which his growing kingdom rests and in support of which tens of thousands of his followers cheerfully offer their heads to be cracked and their bodies beaten, is that of the Second Coming of Christ.

That idea is not particularly new among the theologians. In forms adapted to the age, it has been preached, off and on, in almost every Christian century since the third or fourth. During the nineteenth century it was one of the moving ideas behind the trek of the Mormons in search of a fit place for their Zion. It was the central dogma of the Adventists. Many so-called fundamentalists in various evangelical churches have preached it. But never has it been more elaborately embroidered than by Messrs. Russell and Rutherford.

To go into the maze of scriptural and expository detail with which, to the satisfaction of their followers, they buttressed this belief would require a high order of imagination and no little mathematical skill. Mathematically, Russell worked by addition, Rutherford by multiplication. The former, by adding together all the available ages of the patriarchs, the reigns of the kings and judges, and two dates from the New Testament, arrived at the conclusion that the advent had actually occurred in 1874. It was an "invisible" advent. Rutherford, by an even more devious system, which he "explained" in a book now out of print, multiplied and got the year 1914.

Rutherford, however, was the smarter of the two. Russell set definite dates for the "coming." When, on each successive occasion, the event failed to materialize, he was driven back to his pencil and paper to show to his somewhat shaken following that he had miscalculated. Rutherford does not go in for times and seasons. The

Broiling Sun and Drenching Water

spell ruin for your Hair!



Scorching sun parches hair ... makes it dry and lifeless.



Water increases harm, washes away remaining scalp oils.



Protect your hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

No time like summer for fun and healthful exercise. Swimming, tennis, golf, or just loafing on the beach under the summer sun does wonders for your health.

But remember that same summer sun can raise havoc with your hair—dries it out, makes it brittle, lifeless. And then your shower or swim adds to the damage by washing away remaining scalp oils.

Take care of your hair! Massage your scalp with Vitalis. Feel the tingle of awakening circulation. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis bring needed aid to your hair by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Your hair is easy to comb, has a natural lustre—but none of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis today. Start now to protect your hair against broiling sun and drenching water with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.



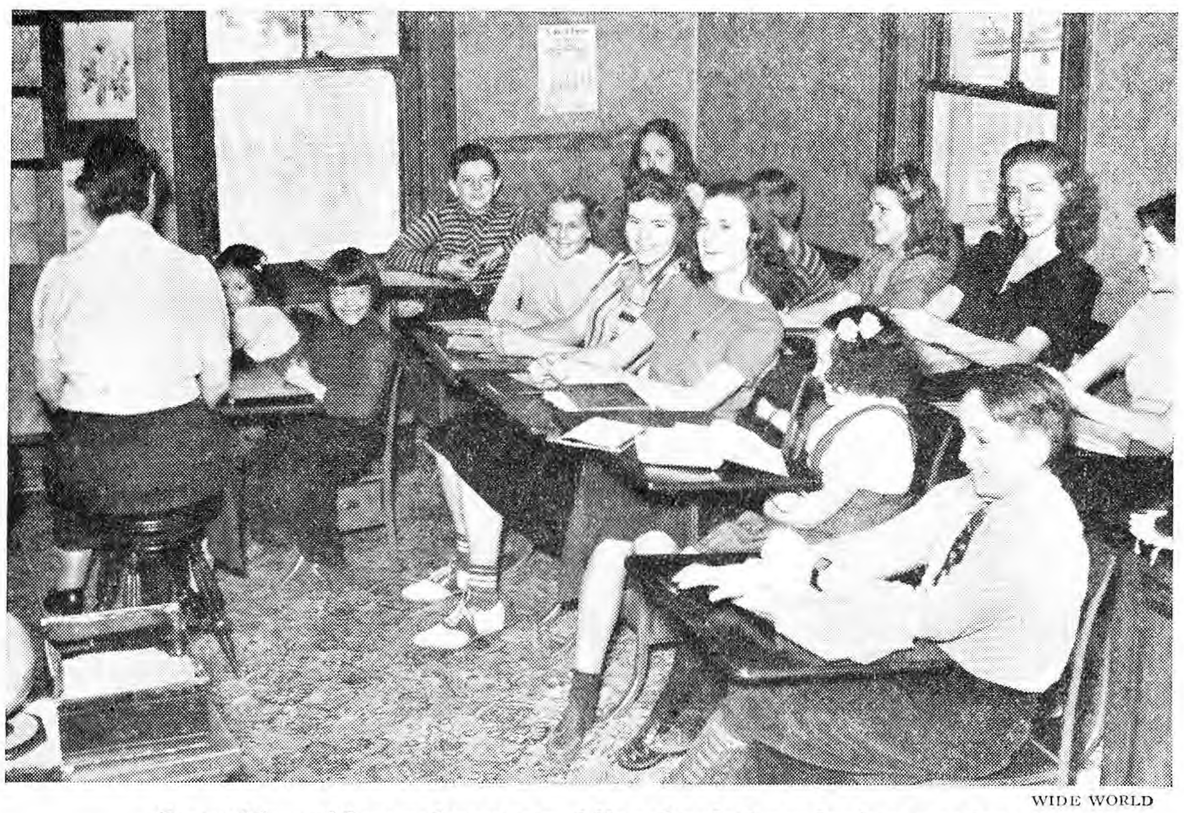
1 **30 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

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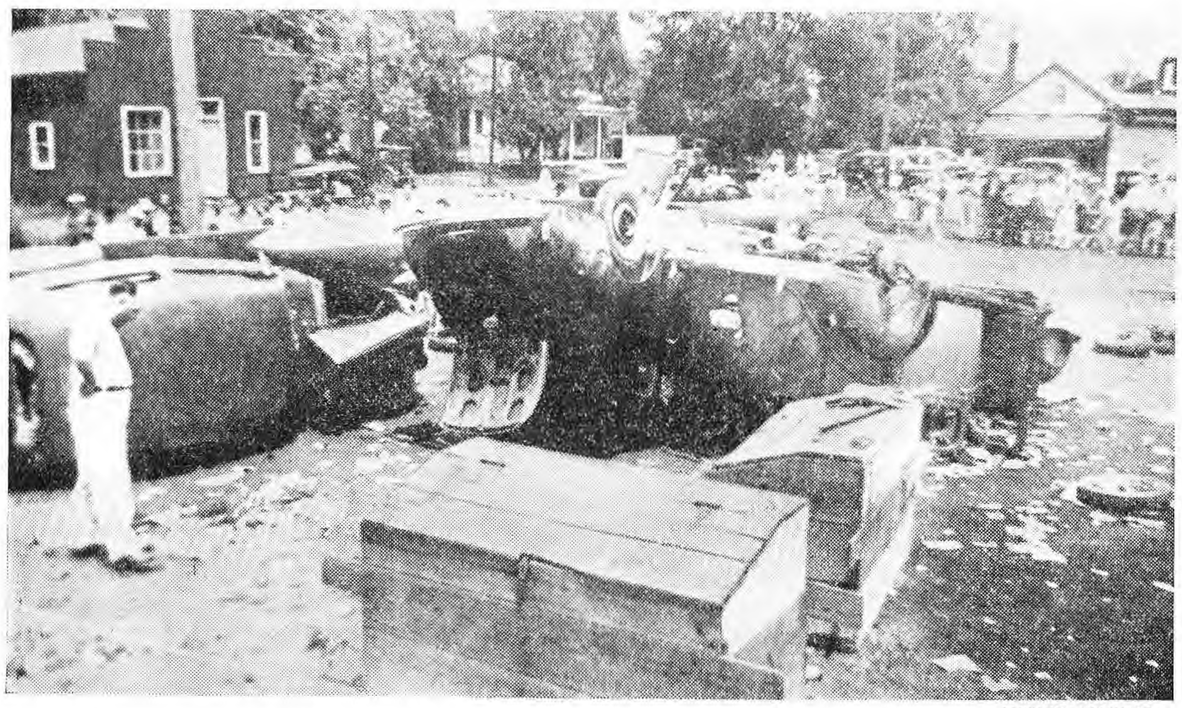
WIDE WORLD

Barred from Massachusetts public schools for refusing to salute the flag, these children attend a makeshift Witness school.



PHOTO BY DETROIT NEWS

"Gently maneuvered canes" barred the overcurious from the business offices at the Detroit convention. But, if necessary, the canes could be less gentle.



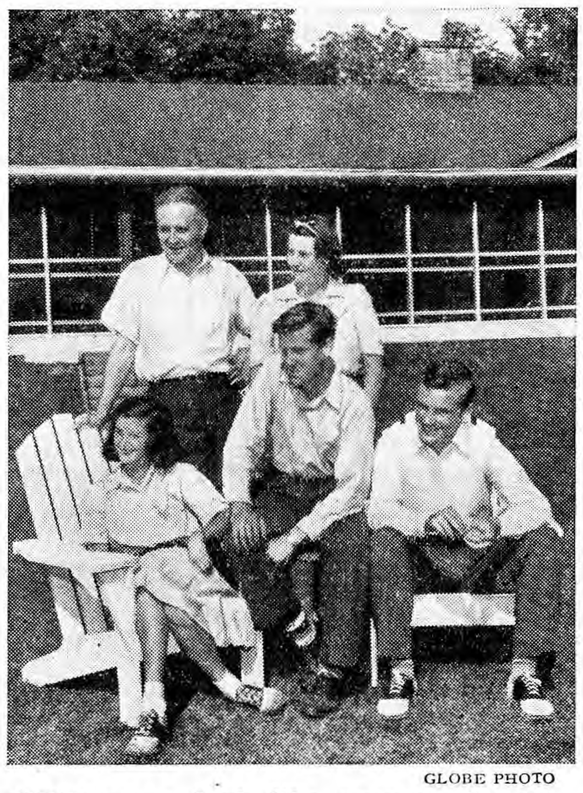
INTERNATIONAL

Cars of Witnesses who refused to salute the flag overturned in Litchfield, Illinois.



INTERNATIONAL

Martyred by martyrs. Dennis Ryan's head was bashed by Witnesses' canes in a riot at their anti-Catholic rally.



GLOBE PHOTO

"Witnesses look like average Americans—as, in fact, they are." A typical Louisville family of Witnesses.

nearest he comes to the calendar is in such phrases as "soon," "at hand," "not long delayed."

In regard to the year 1914, however, he is specific. Up to that year the world was Satan's and he ruled it. Everything made by man, from that date back to Noah, was not God's but Satan's handiwork. But 1914 ushered in a new era. Christ in that year returned invisibly to earth. Satan, for the first time since the flood, was challenged. To date, to be sure, he has not been dislodged. But his ousting is "at hand."

There are two reasons why he has not been routed before this. For one thing, this "transition period" gives an opportunity for those who have apprehended the truth to publish it, so that, at the final cataclysm, no one will have the excuse that he has not been warned. The second reason, earnestly advanced by one of Rutherford's spokesmen, is that "Jehovah is setting the stage to make sure that in the final conflict His superior powers will be shown to the greatest advantage against the hosts of Satan."

Once these two purposes are accomplished, then at Armageddon (Revelation xvi) the final battle will be fought. Armageddon, it should be pointed out, is Jehovah's battle, not man's. Even those who have heard and witnessed will be on the side lines. But in its wake will come the great dividing (Matthew xxv, 31–34). Those who have not previously repented will be destroyed. The saved will be gathered from the ends of the earth (Matthew xxiv, 31). Jehovah's eternal kingdom will be built upon the ruins (Daniel ii, 44).

The Judge's Theocracy

Around this doctrine of Armageddon, pre and post, Jehovah's Witnesses are organized. Even the small children among them are Armageddon-conscious. "We don't know when it will come," they told me brightly, "but it ought to be mighty soon now."

The reasons the doctrine takes hold are not all scriptural. Some of them are psychological. To many of the Witnesses, the real world is an unrelieved burden; a place of inequalities and frustrations. Armageddon and the Second Coming are the promise that Jehovah will turn the tables for their benefit; that, for them, all things will be made new. The exalted of the earth will be brought low and they, who have been humbled, will, at long last, be exalted.

Deliberately or otherwise, the literature of the movement never misses a chance to emphasize this pot of spiritual gold at the end of the millennial rainbow. That, plus a great deal of Scripture, was behind the slogan: "Millions Now Living Will Never Die." It accounts for the arrogance with which Judge Rutherford assumes that, in the day of the sheep and the goats, he and his followers will be first, or thereabouts, among the chosen. It explains, also, the Judge's more recent doctrine of Theocracy.

Theocracy is a product of the regrettable necessity that the Witnesses, pending Armageddon, have to get along somehow with real people in a hard world. Most of the people and all of the world are of the devil—thanks to the fact that he has reigned since Noah. That goes for all governments and all their works. From the corner schoolhouse to the Capitol dome, they and their transactions are hell-spawned. It goes, also, for all business. It covers organized religion and the churches. With special venom, it covers the Roman Catholic Church.

Such wholesale elimination leaves the Witnesses with very little territory to play around in and none to call their own. Theocracy provides some in the theocratic government. The theocratic government is Jehovah's state, within but apart from the world—the nucleus of the Kingdom whose ultimate supremacy will be established by the Second Coming. The laws for this government come straight from the Scriptures, as interpreted by Judge Rutherford. To it, the Witnesses own not only their first but their sole allegiance. And queer, misled, fanatical though they may be, when they own an allegiance they own it. Their yeas are yea and their nays nay, unmixed with ifs or buts.

Because the only citizenship which they acknowledge is in a heavenly country, they do not vote or hold public office. They do not salute the flag. The Scripture for that is Exodus xx, 4, 5: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

Man's earthly creations being teetotally polluted, some of them refuse to send their children to public schools. They transact only such business as is necessary for bodily survival. They will have no part or parcel in the work of the churches.

Soldiers Only of the Lord

Most discommoding of their eschewals—things being in the shape they are—they refuse to fight. That is, they refuse to fight for the powers of this world. In their own spiritual precincts, as Judge Rutherford has recently pointed out, they are no more pacifistic than the Old Testament's Jehovah was. For Jehovah and his people they would fight, as Jehovah did. That is all they would fight for.

Someone recently put to Judge Rutherford the hoary hypothesis as to whether, if his mother were attacked, he would defend her. The Judge had a

(Continued on Page 58)



(Continued from Page 54)

scriptural comeback on his tongue's end: "'Who is my mother?'" he asked. "'Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven.' The fact," said the Judge, "that one has a brother and sister and mother after the flesh, but who are against the Theocracy, does not mean at all that the Christian is under any obligation whatsoever to care for or protect any such opponent of the kingdom."

It is in behalf of these manifold beliefs that the Witnesses do their witnessing. All of them put in time at it. Those who, because of unshakable worldly obligations, can give only their spare time are called Publishers. Full-time workers are called Pioneers. A Pioneer is expected to put in a minimum of 150 witnessing hours every month. Special Pioneers have a 200-hour minimum.

The usual technique is to map out a city or a rural community and cover it singly or in pairs, porch by porch.

Most active workers carry a phonograph, which is set up, needle poised, before the doorbell is rung. The householder, before he has had a chance to turn tail, is met with Judge Rutherford's resonant voice and uncanonical phrases. That, plus the element of surprise, is generally better than a foot inside the door. If, hearing the Judge's declamation, the heart of the resident is hardened, then the Witness politely leaves and moves next door. If, however, anything remotely resembling an opening appears, literature is passed out and a few warning words are spoken. If the reception is better than that, the householder is promised another visit and his name goes down in the notebook for a "back call."

The zeal, devotion and downright courage of the Witnesses in this pursuit are very great. It is doubtful if any other Americans, save postmen, pound more pavements. Last year, back calls alone totaled 1,856,382.

No one looking for trouble could find fault with the Witnesses' demeanor. They go about their business quietly and with a good deal of politeness. It is only when their Scripture-guided consciences are run afoul of that they turn to stone.

That, of late, has been happening with increasing frequency. Their invitation to trouble is generally due, not to any personal offensiveness, but to what they preach and what they refuse to do. In particular, their attacks on the Catholic Church have been something less than peace-provoking.

With Supreme Court Backing

This, in fact, came to an issue last year in New Haven, Connecticut, and was carried to the United States Supreme Court. Three Witnesses, a father and two sons, were engaged in their witnessing on Cassius Street in that city—a street populated 90 per cent by Roman Catholics. The records played by the three itinerants included one vicious attack on the Catholic Church. Two men, both Catholics, who heard it, advised the Witnesses that, if they wanted to keep their skins intact, they had better move on. The Witnesses took the matter to court.

The case was lost in both the Common Pleas Court in New Haven and the State Supreme Court. The United States Supreme Court, however, reversed these decisions and upheld the Witnesses. Mr. Justice Roberts, who delivered the unanimous opinion, declared that "in the realm of religious faith and in that of political belief sharp differences arise. In both fields the tenets of one man may seem the rankest error to his neighbor. To persuade others to his point of view, the pleader, as we know, may at times resort to exaggeration, to vilification of men who have been or are prominent in church or state, and even to false statement. But the people of this nation have ordained in the light of history that, in spite of the probability of excesses and abuses, these liberties are, in the long view, essential to enlightened opinion and right conduct on the part of the citizens of a democracy."

The Flag Riots

Another thing which involves the Witnesses in frequent run-ins, legal and otherwise, is their unwillingness to salute the flag. For this shortcoming they have been assaulted by rampant patriots in scores of communities all the way from Del Rio, Texas, to Kennebunk, Maine. This issue they also carried to the Supreme Court. The court, in this case, held that school authorities had the right to enforce the flag salute. Fortified by that decision, gangs of self-styled patriots and self-anointed uprooters of spies, saboteurs and Fifth Columnists have redoubled their houndings of the Witnesses.

The attacks at Del Rio took place two days after the flag decision. Del Rio happens to be located on the Mexican border and, doubtless, is jumpier than many inland communities. At any rate, when Witnesses appeared with pamphlets and phonographs, and set about their visitations, "an angry crowd of 400 persons," according to the United Press version, "escorted three Nazi agents to the city limits . . . and warned them not to return. . . . The three agents had been distributing Nazi literature in this Mexican border town for three days. Police said that yesterday they began forcing housewives to listen to pro-Nazi phonograph recordings and leaving copies of a pamphlet entitled 'The Watchtower' and bearing a swastika on the cover."

Into what a jittery state the country's nerves had fallen can be judged from the fact that this story was printed by the meticulous New York Times. When the truth, belatedly, was run to earth, both the Times and the U.P. published a correction. The truth was that the "Fascist" literature on which Del Rio pounced was a Witness pamphlet entitled Fascism or Freedom—a document which was only a little less violently anti-Fascist than anti-Catholic. The "swastika" was a small drawing of a ball and chain which was aimed to depict fascist slavery.

Despite these attacks, the Witnesses go steadfastly forward, still witnessing, still not saluting. Asked specifically about the flag question, they quote Exodus and inquire, with some reason, which is greater disrespect to the flag: their failure to salute it or the illegal violence of their enemies?

They do not expect that such a reason, however good, will be listened to. They do not appear particularly to care. The times are out of hand. It is scriptural that they should be. The going is tough. That, too, is scriptural. Armageddon was due to come that way. After that, the glory. Lest there be any uncertainty about that, they take out their pocket Testaments and turn to the well-marked thirty-second verse of the twelfth chapter of St. Luke: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

NOVEMBER 25c

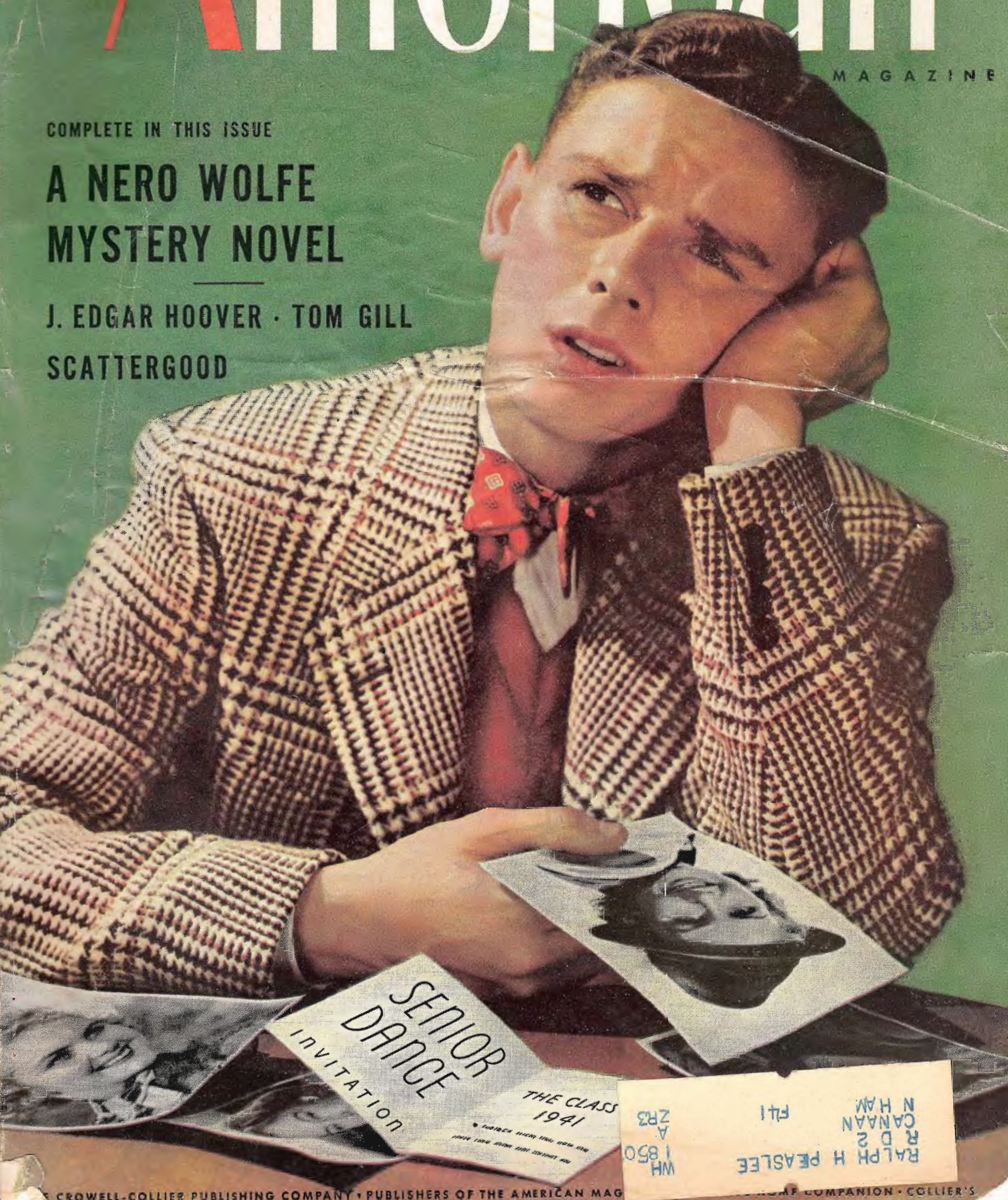
THE American MAGAZINE

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

A NERO WOLFE MYSTERY NOVEL

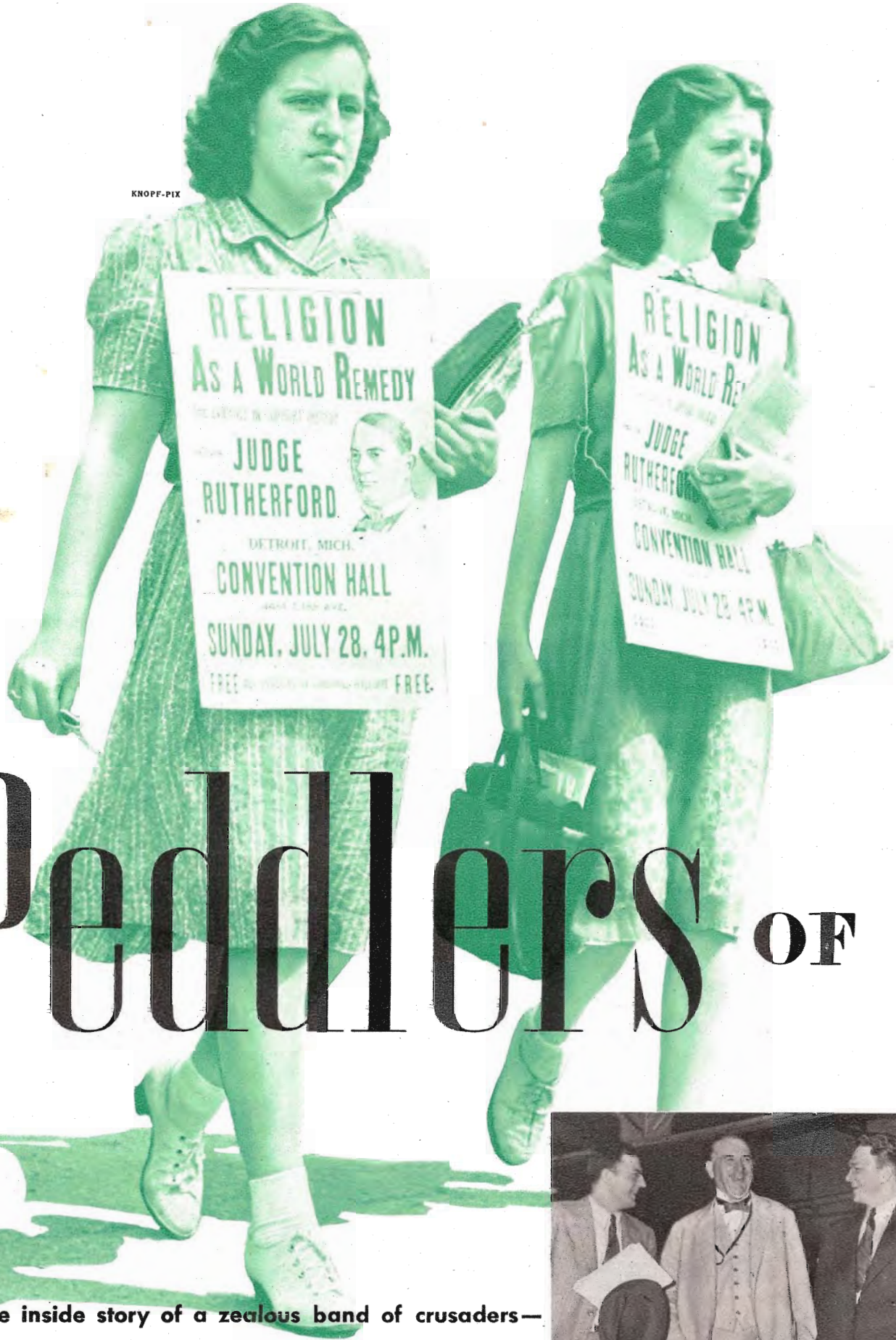
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Peddlers OF

Here's the inside story of a zealous band of crusaders—Jehovah's witnesses—hooted and stoned by American mobs. An experienced reporter tells why they refuse to salute the flag, attack established religions, build a $75,000 home for ancient prophets, and sell millions of books and pamphlets





Faces in the audience at a recent convention of Jehovah's witnesses

paradise

by Jerome Beatty

MILLIONS of Americans these days are hearing for the first time about that hardy band of religious zealots known as "Jehovah's witnesses" (with a small w). In various sections of the country recently, they have been attacked by mobs, thrown into jail, hooted and stoned out of town for spreading their propaganda against patriotism and against established religions.

Led by 70-year-old Judge Joseph F. Rutherford, their militant and mysterious leader, the witnesses have been denounced as fifth columnists, fascists, saboteurs. They have been ridiculed as bigoted fanatics. They stolidly refuse to salute the American or any other flag. They campaign against recruiting and military training, despite any national emergency. Shouting, "Religion is a racket," they attack bitterly the beliefs of Protestants, Jews, and Catholics.

Such bellicose tactics arouse violent opposition and have brought the witnesses into the limelight throughout the world. In Germany, Hitler's dread Gestapo interned 6,000 witnesses who wouldn't "*heil*," and the first conscientious objector executed by the Nazis was a witness. In Canada, where the organization has been outlawed, a magistrate recently sentenced two witnesses to serve six months in prison, and added he would recommend they be interned afterward for the duration of the war. Great Britain, however, exempts them from war duty.

In the United States a mob of 300 men besieged a meeting of 50 witnesses in Mooresville, Ind., shouting, "Salute the flag or you won't leave the hall." The mob blocked the exit until morning, when police rescued the terrified witnesses.

More than 2,000 men set fire to the witnesses' Kingdom Hall in Kennebunk, Maine, dragged members from their beds, and beat them in an effort to teach them patriotism. In Litchfield, Ill., one recent Sunday, 100 witnesses appeared in 21 automobiles, preaching their propaganda against flag-saluting. A mob wrecked 12 of the automobiles and beat up a number of witnesses, while police and other citizens herded 62 men and women to prison for protection.

Witnesses who descended on Monroe, La., with automobiles that broadcast such messages as "Religions are the instruments of Satan," were chased out of the state. In Rockville, Md., a handful of men carrying an American flag broke into a Jehovah's witnesses meeting. When 25 witnesses refused to salute the flag, the place was promptly wrecked and the witnesses ordered to leave town.

So great is the storm of indignation against them that Francis Biddle, United States Solicitor General, warning the public against the spread of hysteria over fifth columnists, said recently:

"A religious sect known as Jehovah's witnesses has been repeatedly set upon and beaten. They had committed no crime, but the mob adjudged they had, and meted out punishment. The Attorney General has ordered an immediate investigation of these outrages. There is no cause for mass hysteria, no justification for mob violence."

Nevertheless, the rioting continues.

Just what is behind this strange organization? Who are its members, what are its purposes, and why is it arousing such resentment? Some weeks ago I set out to find the answers. Since then I have attended numerous meetings of Jehovah's witnesses; I have studied their books, pamphlets, magazines, and talked with dozens of witnesses.

I have found no justification for the accusation that the witnesses are Nazi propagandists. They deny it emphatically, and not a word in any of Judge Rutherford's writings can comfort Hitler. The witnesses abhor all earthly governments and respect only the "Theocratic Government of Jehovah."

The rank-and-file members, I am convinced, sincerely believe that Judge

Judge Joseph F. Rutherford (center), 70-year-old leader of Jehovah's witnesses, with Nathan H. Knorr, business manager (left), and his attorney

Rutherford is leading them toward a delightful, and exclusive, heaven-on-earth. The practices which have stirred public demonstrations against them spring from a blind faith in their leader rather than from any subversive conspiracy. Their refusal to salute the flag is an example. To the judge, a flag is a graven image, and a salute distinctly violates the Biblical command, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto any graven images." The judge trumpets forth his individual interpretations of the Bible, and none of his followers even questions them.

As far as I could find out, there are about 45,000 active witnesses throughout the United States. They have about 200,000 followers, including children, in this country, and probably 1,000,000 more throughout the world. Among these are thousands of natives in South Africa.

In San Diego, Calif., the organization has built a magnificent $75,000 Spanish home which King David, Isaac, Samuel, and the other prophets are expected to occupy when, according to Judge Rutherford's oracular prophecy, they return to earth most any day now. The judge thoughtfully has landscaped the grounds with date and palm trees, "So," he says, "these princes of the universe will feel at home." Meanwhile, the judge and his wife are occupying the mansion.

I DISCOVERED that Jehovah's witnesses have succeeded in developing one of America's biggest and strangest businesses. In Brooklyn, N. Y., they own a 7-story apartment house and an 8-story modern printing plant that turns out tons of pamphlets every year. Together the two establishments are worth more than $1,000,000.

They have baptismal ceremonies but, they say, no membership roll. One becomes a witness simply by agreeing to do the will of God, as interpreted by Judge Rutherford.

Alluring to some may be the belief that witnesses, as conscientious objectors, will not have to fight in any war. But they might go to jail. In 1918 Judge Rutherford and six associates were sentenced to 20 years each in Atlanta Penitentiary for obstructing recruiting. After the judge had served nearly a year, a court of appeals ordered a new trial, the war ended, and the case was dropped.

The judge insists that Jehovah's witnesses have existed on earth as an organization for 5,000 years and cites Biblical mention of them. More conservative accounts, however, record that the society was founded by Pastor Charles T. Russell, of Pittsburgh, Pa., about 1876 as the International Bible Students Association. He inherited a chain of clothing stores from his father, but, after giving several hundred thousand dollars to the cause, he was said to have only $200 when he died in 1916. In 1910 he predicted that Christ would return in 1914 and end the rule of imperfect men. Witnesses have twisted his prophecy and say he foresaw the World War.

Taking charge of the organization, Judge Rutherford declared that Christ had come to earth, as predicted, but that he was invisible and that Russell meant that in 1914 the Kingdom of God would *begin* to assume control. In 1920 Rutherford predicted that Abraham, Isaac, and other prophets would return in 1925. Now he gives no dates but says that Judgment Day is coming "very soon."

Judge Rutherford avoids personal publicity and appears publicly only when trying a case before the Supreme Court or addressing conventions of witnesses. He is 6 feet tall, paunchy, devoted to wing collars and black bow ties. He is not in *Who's Who in America*. His organization gives out no facts except his age, that he is married and has a son in California who helps him in his work. His health is not good and recently he spent much time in a private sanitarium, the location of which was a closely guarded secret. This mystery with which he surrounds his private life helps to make his followers think of him as a ghostly spirit, not quite of this world. And keeps away hecklers.

HIS parents were farmers, near Versailles, Mo. Rutherford read law in an office in Jefferson City, Mo., and practiced in Boonville. Some of his opponents say he adopted the title "Judge" after serving as a temporary judge for four days in the Cooper County, Mo., Circuit Court. Converted by Pastor Russell's sermons, he joined Russell's legal staff in 1909, at the age of forty. If he wasn't a good lawyer then, his successful appearances before the U. S. Supreme Court indicate that he has developed into one. Undoubtedly he is a first-class organizer and an appealing orator. Even his opponents do not believe the charges that he has made a fortune out of the sale of his publications; they are convinced that he is not out for personal profit.

Upon Russell's death many members deserted the society, some because they didn't like Rutherford, others who lost faith because Russell's millennium had not arrived. Rutherford (*Continued on page 69*)

AN AMERICAN VIGNETTE

HIGH HAT

★

CLASS with a capital C—that's what Moe Bernoff was after in the new restaurant he was opening in New York's crowded West Fifties.

"Suppose you open some hole-in-the-ground," he explained to Enrico, his head-waiter. "You may get customers, but you don't get class. The carriage trade is what you want. Guys who leave folding money for tips."

Enrico nodded solemnly. The two men had worked together ever since Moe opened the first of his chain of fabulously successful cafeterias. Privately, Enrico thought Moe's plan to start a fashionable and expensive restaurant was a bit out of his line, but he was used to keeping his mouth shut.

"This Wentworth house has class written all over it," Moe went on. He looked around admiringly at the huge drawing-room that was already fitted out as a dining-room, with an orchestra platform in one corner and a compact, glittering bar in another.

"I picked it up cheap after old Henry Wentworth died. Those society people will feel at home here. All the big shots used to drop in when the old man was still in the chips, throwing high-class brawls for his daughter."

A waiter stepped up. "A young lady to see you, Mr. Bernoff. Said she had an appointment."

"The doll who wants to sing," Moe said. "Send her in."

She walked over to the two men. Enrico's eyes widened as he took in her soft brown hair, her clear eyes, her trim figure.

Moe kept strictly to business: "Okay, babe, let's hear you warble."

She sat down at the piano, and sang one of those dreamy popular ballads. Her voice was warm and ingratiating, but you could tell she hadn't had much training. When she finished, Moe walked over to her.

"Sorry, kid, but I had something else in mind. Someone with more style and class, maybe."

She took it quietly. "Mind if I look around the place for a little while before I leave?"

"Why not?" Moe grinned proudly. "It isn't everyone that gets a chance to look over the Wentworth mansion."

She turned toward him as she rose from the piano stool. "I guess I didn't tell you," she said quietly, "that my name's Wentworth." . . .

The night the restaurant opened, Moe stood in a corner with Enrico, delightedly surveying the crowded dining-room. In front of the orchestra stood the same girl, singing the same dreamy ballad. A storm of applause greeted her at the end of the song.

"Class," Moe murmured reverently. "Anyone can see she's got class in her blood."

Enrico nodded solemnly. Since he was used to keeping his mouth shut, he didn't think it necessary to tell Moe what the girl had told him: That her father was Mike Wentworth, of Winnetka, Illinois, a retired policeman.

W. A. H. BIRNIE

Peddlers OF paradise

(Continued from page 54)

managed to keep the concern going even through the dark and disappointing days of 1925, when Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob failed to return to set up their kingdom.

About 1927 the society began to show real strength and to collect substantial contributions Meanwhile, Rutherford had stopped selling Russell's books and had dropped from the publications any mention of the founder, whom he once described as "The greatest man that has lived since the Apostle Paul." All the literature was Judge Rutherford's, and he changed the name from "International Bible Students" to "Jehovah's witnesses."

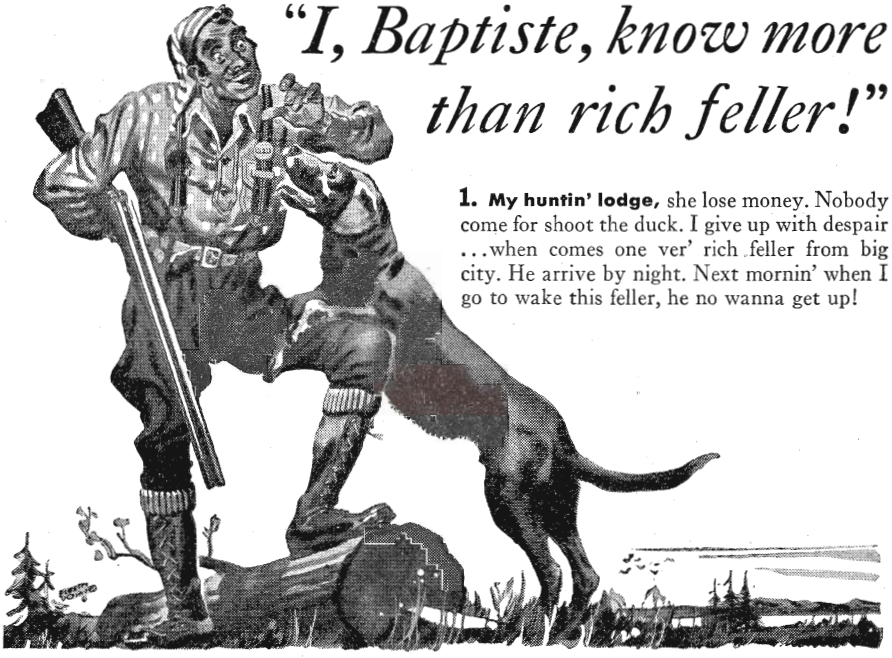
THE 150 persons who work in the Brooklyn publishing house for $10 a month and "found," are witnesses and live in the apartment building, where they rise at 6:30 A. M. and retire at 10:30 P. M. There, too, lives Judge Rutherford, when he is in Brooklyn, and his office aides. They eat silently in a common dining-room. A man who dined there not long ago told me that a microphone was placed in front of Judge Rutherford, so the witnesses could hear every word he uttered, even "Please pass the salt."

In the printing plant a tall, starry-eyed elevator man took me to the top floor to see Nathan H. Knorr, the small, earnest business manager, who showed me the linotypes, 5 huge rotary presses, and a book-binding plant that can turn out daily 20,000 bound books and 150,000 booklets. An assembly plant turns out portable phonographs and sound-car equipment; immense storerooms are piled high with books, magazines, phonograph records. A busy shipping-room sends out publications in about 80 languages.

The door-to-door distributors of the literature are called "publishers" and all over the world they "exchange for a contribution" about 11,000,000 booklets and about 1,500,000 books a year—5 cents for a pamphlet, 25 cents for a book, and $1 for a yearly subscription to *The Watchtower*. They also sell Bibles and calendars. The witnesses claim they have printed and distributed to date at least 300,000,000 books and pamphlets.

The portable phonographs are $10 each, including 3 records, and loud-speaker equipment for cars, with a turntable inside the car and horns on the roof, is $140. Brother Knorr said they had 1,000 sound cars and

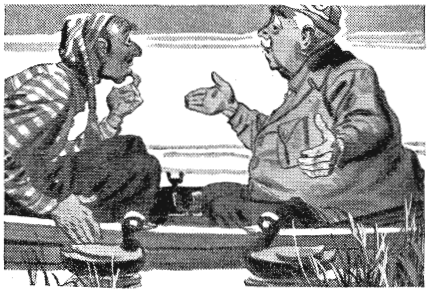
"I, Baptiste, know more than rich feller!"



1. My huntin' lodge, she lose money. Nobody come for shoot the duck. I give up with despair ...when comes one ver' rich feller from big city. He arrive by night. Next mornin' when I go to wake this feller, he no wanna get up!



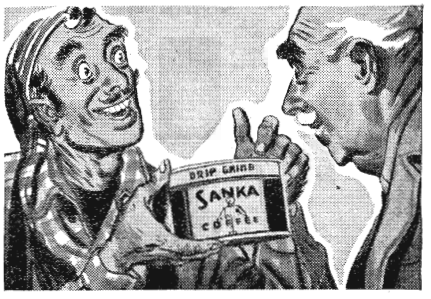
2. He sleepy like anyt'ing. He stumble out to blind. I leave him in boat. Pretty soon plenty duck come, fly around, sit on water beside blind. By gar, this feller no shoot! I wait one hour, two hour... still he no shoot!



3. I go see what wrong. This feller sound asleep! Duck all gone... no more chance for shoot that day. "Too bad," say rich feller. "I cannot stay awake!" Then he tell me how he drink the coffee on train last night.



4. Caffein in coffee keep rich feller tossin' an' turnin' all night. By gar, he get no rest at all! "I fix!" I announce. "Today you try rest. Tonight I make good Sanka Coffee. She 97% caffein-free, an' no can keep you awake!"



5. I show words on tin: "Council on Foods of American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'." (I no read this good, but rich feller can.)



6. He drink the Sanka Coffee. One cup, two cup. He smack lips. He sleep like bear in winter time. Next mornin' he bag limit ver' soon. "Baptiste," he say, "you smart feller! I buy this lodge, an' make you manager at good salary!"



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

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The price of Sanka Coffee goes down again! Both "regular" and the popular, new "drip" grind are now selling at the lowest price in history!

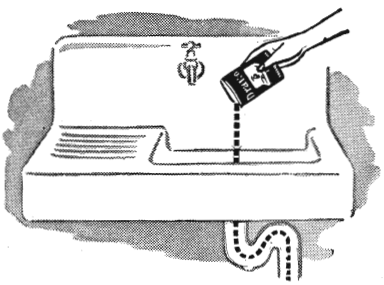
PIPES STOPPED UP? USE DRĀNO



1. "I'm sorry, dear, you'll have to hold your kitchen party at Nancy's tonight. The pipes are stopped up again!"



2. "Oh, mother, I can fix that in a sec. I'll get some Drāno. That's what we use in the lab sink at school. Be right back."



3. Look! Drāno's specially made to put the heat on down where the drain's stopped. Its churning, chemical boiling action melts, frees grease, dirt, grounds.



4. "Am I good or am I good? Now mom's going to use a teaspoonful of Drāno every night after the dishes are done to *keep* the pipes from stopping up."

Drāno
CLEARS DRAINS



P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes guards against stopped-up drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

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STRANGE MAGNETIC SPONGE — CLEANS BY MAGNETIC ACTION

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40,000 portable phonographs in operation, so they have sold to members $140,000 worth of sound-car equipment and $400,000 worth of phonographs. They sell about 150,000 records of Judge Rutherford's lectures a year, for 70 cents each.

The "publishers" probably collect nearly $1,000,000 a year for the books and pamphlets. At least one fifth of that, printers say, must be clear profit. I also heard of one elderly man who married a witness, became converted, and left several thousand dollars to the organization. There probably are many similar bequests.

Judge Rutherford makes public no financial report. He says that all the money goes back into the work of spreading the word. Skeptics have never been able to discover where spare dollars, if there are any, are invested. The society's legal expenses for defense of witnesses are large, the members say, and activities abroad do not pay their own way. Publications in foreign languages, printed in comparatively small quantities, probably are distributed at a loss.

The society owns radio station WBBR in Brooklyn, where its own orchestra and singers entertain between recorded lectures by Judge Rutherford. Once Judge Rutherford had a nation-wide hookup of 53 stations at a reputed cost of $50,000 per week, but his attacks on religions brought so many complaints that the stations cut him off.

With an organization that any publisher would envy, Judge Rutherford has built himself up into the best-seller of best-sellers. Some of his books have passed the 2,500,000 mark, and most booklets, according to the title pages, have a first printing of 10,000,000 copies. He has published 15 books and 26 bulky booklets, most of them crowded with Biblical quotations.

In Port Chester, N. Y., I attended a salesmen's weekly pep meeting, on the second floor of a shabby building. About 25 persons were present, men, women, and children. I was welcomed by the "advertising servant," who has charge of the literature. In his secular life he is a postman.

Charts on the walls showed how far behind were the Port Chester publishers on their quotas. The lesson sheet was *Informant,* Judge Rutherford's monthly house organ for his publishers. It urged witnesses to "Make this the biggest booklet month yet."

The leader insisted they'd all have to work harder. Most of them looked as if they were working too hard, now, all day long.

"We must," he declared, "clear the decks and put aside all obstacles that are in the way of complete devotion to Jehovah."

The witnesses nodded, and the sales meeting ended with a prayer.

AT THEIR regular Sunday-night meetings the services are devoted to a study of Judge Rutherford's writings. The leader reads a question, witnesses who have studied *The Watchtower* recite the answer. It runs like this:

"What do the demons do?" the servant (leader) asks.

An old lady in a shapeless dress raises her hand: "They use religion to debauch the human race."

"Very good."

Given new life by such praise, the old lady sits up, bright-eyed and proud, and lifts her chin a little. She has become a personage.

"What will become of the haughty, righteous know-it-all?"

A shabby man of about fifty-five, broken and dull-eyed, suddenly waves a peremptory hand. Perhaps he has looked for work for months and has been rudely rejected. Triumphantly he shouts, "They will be destroyed at Armageddon. The meek shall inherit the earth!"

There is a gleam in his eyes. He throws back his shoulders self-confidently.

A lawyer in New Haven told me, "Don't get the idea that all witnesses are old and dowdy. There's one young girl who's a knockout. She visits offices and stores."

Unfortunately, I was unable to track her down. I didn't see anybody who remotely resembled her, but I saw many laborers with worn faces, middle-aged women with sagging cheeks and earnest eyes, a few young people, poorly dressed.

In the West and South many of the witnesses are sharecroppers. When they swarm through a city, every witness who lives within 50 miles comes by car or bus to take part. District managers see that they make a clean sweep of the city.

MOST of the witnesses I saw were obviously longing for contentment, rest, and security. Some of them are beaten and helpless and ask desperately for nothing more than enough to satisfy their hunger, for shoes with no holes in them, and for a roof that doesn't leak. Hating all political leaders, they find in Judge Rutherford a lift that helps them through their misery.

But, instead of letting them stay home and rest, grim old Judge Rutherford exhorts them along the endless march "to the battlefield of Armageddon."

In most of their activities the witnesses have the backing of the courts. Witnesses cannot be legally required to salute the flag, except in schools. In an 8 to 1 decision the Supreme Court recently ruled that school boards may expel children who refuse. In this lost battle the witnesses were supported by the American Civil Liberties Union, by the American Bar Association, and by Justice Harlan Stone, who, in dissenting, said that the law that was upheld by the Court "does more than suppress freedom of speech and more than prohibit the free exercise of religion. The state seeks to coerce children to express a sentiment which, as they interpret it, they do not entertain and which violates their deepest religious convictions."

The flag-saluting case spoiled a perfect legal record for the witnesses. They have gone into court successfully to fight all other attempts to hinder or intimidate them.

A cornerstone of the organization is Judge Rutherford's slogan, "Millions now living will never die." Dozens of witnesses assured me that very soon Jesus Christ will establish Jehovah's Kingdom on this earth after the battle of Armageddon, when all but Jehovah's witnesses will be destroyed by fire, pestilence, flood, and sword. The witnesses who have died, I was assured, will be resurrected to join King David and the other princes, who will return to earth in the flesh. But the police who arrest them, the members of mobs who attack them, the judges who rule against them, the men and women who slam doors in their faces and refuse to buy Judge Rutherford's literature—all these are "goats" and will be destroyed. The "sheep" shall inherit the earth and have the happiness, the warm clothing, good food, and comfortable homes that the witnesses so desperately long for.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

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FORGOTTEN BOY

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES

FOOTBALL

JEHOVAH'S TRAVELING SALESMEN

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Sometime, between now and 1984, Gabriel's trumpet will blow reveille for Judgment Day. That's the firm belief of some three million of your world neighbors, Jehovah's Witnesses, the amazing sect whose members refuse to vote, do jury duty, salute the flag

IN THE otherwise peaceful city of Cleveland, Ohio, August, 1946, is now remembered as The Month of the Great One-Two Punch. The second half of this punch was delivered late in August when the Ohio American Legion convention descended on the city with its horn-blowing, cab-stealing, water-squirting and other inanities. The first half was considerably more awesome. For from August 4th to August 11th, tens of thousands of members of the doorbell-ringing, tract-peddling religious organization known as Jehovah's Witnesses poured into town from all over the world. They came by jalopy, bus, boat, train and plane for their first international convention since before the war.

On the afternoon of August 4th, at the Municipal Stadium, the Cleveland Indians were playing a Sunday-afternoon double-header with the New York Yankees. The Jehovah's Witnesses were sprawled around outside the stadium waiting for the game to end so they could start their convention. They were getting restive.

A single game was all right, but a double-header was enough to try even the most canonical of Witness patiences. Suddenly, however, the skies grew dark and a thundershower burst on the stadium. The second game was postponed and the Witnesses filed into the stadium. Strangely enough, ten minutes later the sun was shining again.

Another miracle was that in a city suffering from an acute housing and food shortage, the Jehovah's Witnesses were able to find shelter and meals for a population totaling more than that of Cleveland Heights, the city's largest suburb. Before the convention opened, an advance guard of Jehovah's Witnesses swept through the town, block by block and house by house, until more than 60,000 rooms had been obtained. Then they took over an old government trailer camp in the western outskirts and began to construct their own tent and trailer city, complete with water, electricity, sewers and latrines.

By the time the convention had opened, they had set up an incredibly efficient cafeteria in Cleveland's huge underground Exposition Hall, in which 50,000 Witnesses were served two meals a day. When food ran short in Cleveland, they brought in their own from out of town—by the carload. They had their own cooks, carpenters, bakers, plumbers, policemen, firemen, lawyers, tinsmiths, doctors, nurses, auto mechanics and barbers—all Jehovah's Witnesses and all lending their $10 to $50 a day talents to the faithful for nothing.

The Witnesses divided greater Cleveland into 11,733 districts, organized platoons and squads for each district and covered every single doorstep and street corner in the city with Witness literature. When the convention was in its last day, they set up an assembly-line bathhouse arrangement at Edgewater Amusement Park on Lake Erie, and mass-baptized 2,602 new converts. This service was complete with nurses to watch babies, special receptacles for the temporary storing of false teeth, and bottles of port wine as an antidote for the chilling waters of the lake.

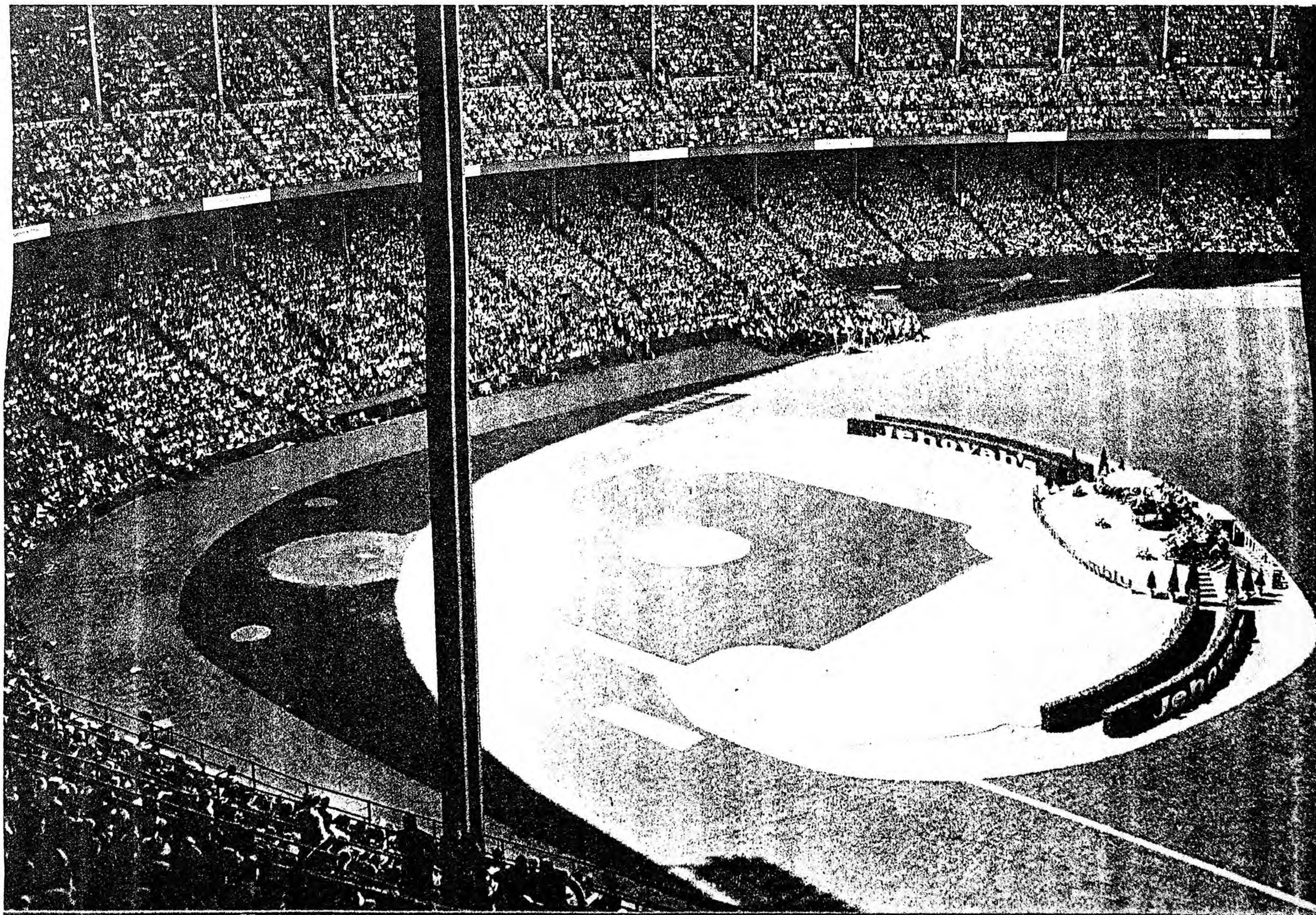
When the convention ended, the city gave the Witnesses a month to clean up their area. The Witnesses were gone inside of three days.

All these, however, are minor miracles. The most wondrous things of all were (a) the attendance figures—*83,000 delegates by actual count*, probably the largest religious conclave in the history of the United States; and (b) the fact that this convention was held at all.

To refresh your memory, the Jehovah's Witnesses' record of persecution for their religious beliefs was unequaled during the war and the years immediately preceding the war. Because they believe that they owe allegiance to the Kingdom of God first, and the governments of men second, they refuse to vote, serve on juries or perform any other of the normal duties of citizenship.

When a baseball game was rained out in the Cleveland Municipal Stadium some 83,000 delegates poured into the stands at the convention of Jehovah's Witnesses

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER



Because the Bible to them supersedes any man-made laws, and because the Bible says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image . . . thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them," they refuse to salute any flag, raise their arm in any *heil* or their fist in any symbol of the class struggle.

As a result the Jehovah's Witnesses were accused of being pro-Axis in the Allied countries, and of being pro-Allied in the Axis countries. In Germany, they were among the first to be thrown into Hitler's concentration camps in 1933, and in 1945, when U.S. troops found them in Dachau and Oranienburg, still refusing to *heil,* they were in pitiful physical and mental shape.

In Canada, the organization was outlawed completely. In England, some of its leaders were thrown into jail. In South Africa nearly the entire membership was sent to labor camps in southern Rhodesia. In Finland, the Witnesses first underwent German concentration camps and starvation diets, and then a Russian hostility which forced them to congregate by candlelight in underground meeting halls.

The United States, shamefully enough, was no better than any of these. On June 29, 1941, for instance, Charles Jones, C. A. Cecil and eight other young Jehovah's Witnesses from Mt. Lookout, West Virginia, drove to near-by Richwood, West Virginia, "to distribute literature of the said religious sect." Three of the Witnesses stopped off at the Town Hall to inform the mayor of the nature of their work and to request police protection.

Instead of the mayor, they were met by an angry reception committee from the Richwood American Legion Post, among whom were Martin L. Catlette, a deputy sheriff, and Bert Stewart, the chief of police. A mob of 1,500 persons gathered outside the Town Hall, in the meantime, and soon other members of the American Legion post, headed by one Louis Baber, had rounded up the other seven Witnesses and brought them to the mayor's office.

Catlette then took charge. He produced several quart bottles of castor oil, and in the best Mussolini tradition, forced the Witnesses to drink eight ounces each. One Witness, who *(Continued on page 72)*



There was no racial problem at the immersion ceremonies in the waters of Lake Erie during the convention

CLEVELAND PRESS

Crowded into jail cells at Monessen, Pa., are dozens of Witnesses who protested the closing of a sect school

INTERNATIONAL

Varied dunking uniforms appear in the mass baptism

CLEVELAND PRESS





Stuffy Nose of Head Cold



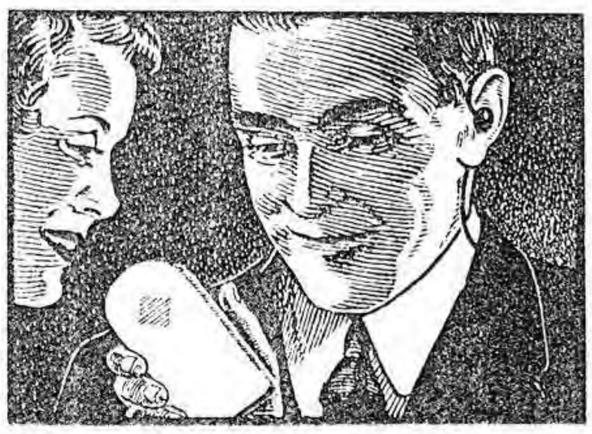
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JEHOVAH'S TRAVELING SALESMEN

Continued from page 13

protested, was made to drink a double dose. While the Witnesses squirmed in agony, they were then tied to a long rope and marched by the hoodlum mob to the Richwood post office. In a touchingly patriotic ceremony, Catlette thereupon recited the preamble to the American Legion Constitution, and everybody present was forced to salute the flag. An hour or so later, as the resultant circuit court decision goes on to say, "the Jehovah's Witnesses were marched through the streets of the town of Richwood and out of its corporate limits, yet attached to the rope."

This case was unique in that it was the only one in which the perpetrators were punished. Catlette was haled before a federal court and sentenced to twelve months in jail plus a thousand-dollar fine, while Stewart, the chief of police, was fined $250. In hundreds of other cases, however, Witnesses attempting to preach their Gospel were beaten, shot, tarred and feathered; their literature and meeting places burned; their children expelled from public schools; and approximately 4,000 of them sent to prison because they claimed they were ministers of the Gospel and therefore not subject to Selective Service.

A reporter of the Little Rock, Arkansas, Arkansas Gazette watched a mob attack a Jehovah's Witness meeting hall and mercilessly beat men and women senseless with blackjacks and screw drivers. In Imperial, Pennsylvania, on July 11, 1942, the volunteer fire department clubbed seven Witnesses nearly to death, and were loading the limp bodies into the fire truck for a lynching party, when the Pennsylvania state police came along to break up the festivities.

In West Jefferson, Ohio, a Mayor Stone turned several Witnesses over to a mob and said, according to an affidavit filed with the United States Justice Department, "We don't care for the Supreme Court, and the Constitution don't apply here."

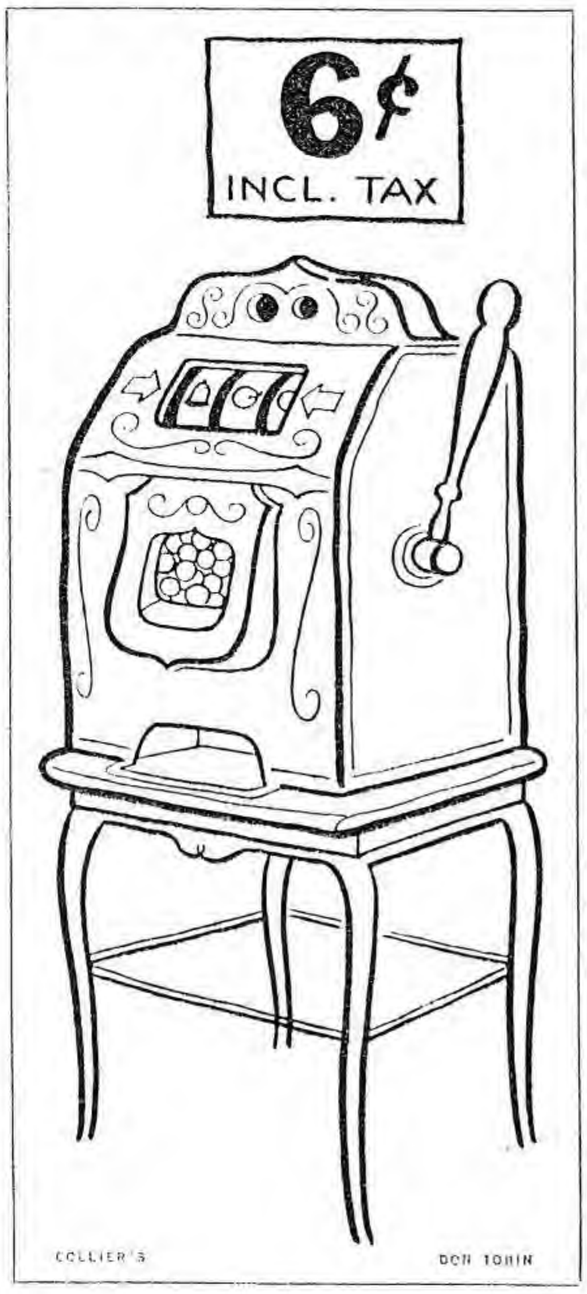
Methods Compared to Hitler's

This nation-wide violence became so widespread that on June 2, 1941, Attorney General Francis Biddle had to excoriate state and county officials all over the country. "Where these officials should have been active in preventing this cruel persecution," he said, "they have in many instances permitted it to occur and in some have been the leaders of the mob. And this betrayal of the rights of citizens," the Attorney General went on, "is done in the name of patriotism, and failure to salute the flag is made an excuse to desecrate the principles of which the flag is a symbol. Hitler's methods cannot preserve our Democracy."

This world-wide persecution makes the recent Jehovah's Witnesses' Cleveland convention a remarkable event. Instead of being wiped out by the persecution, the Witnesses have thrived on it. Where 25,000 delegates turned up for the last prewar convention in Detroit in 1940, more than 83,000 attended the conclave in Cleveland. The 1940 American membership was estimated at a rather insignificant 44,000 and the world membership at well under a million. Today, the unofficial figures (no official membership records are released by the organization) are something like 500,000 in the United States and nearly three million all over the world.

The Jehovah's Witnesses' doctrines are basically very simple. Like most doctrines, they become complicated in their interpretation and application. The name of the society (they never refer to themselves as a sect) comes from the 43d Chapter of Isaiah which says, "Ye are my witnesses, saith Jehovah, and my servant whom I have chosen . . . therefore ye are my witnesses . . . that I am God."

The Witnesses therefore are down-to-earth fundamentalists, which means that they believe and follow only what is written in the Bible. For this reason, they go from door to door selling their pamphlets and playing their religious phonograph records, since this house-to-house method is the only one Christ and His disciples originally used to spread Christianity (Acts 20:20 and Luke 8:1). For this reason, too, they are against all organized religion, since they can find no justification for a church or a hierarchy of any kind in the Bible. One of their chief slogans is "Religion is a racket" and they fire it indiscriminately



at the Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Hindu and Moslem churches alike.

Their most persistent target for many years has been the Roman Catholic Church. The Witnesses always hasten to point out that they have nothing against individual Catholics as such, but only the Roman Catholic hierarchy. For a long time, the Catholic Church bitterly opposed the Witnesses from the pulpit. Now, however, the official policy is to ignore them—presumably the old psychology that if you leave a buzzing fly alone, eventually it will go away.

The Jehovah's Witnesses' concept of history explains many of their inflammatory practices. They believe that shortly after the Biblical Creation, Satan and God began the struggle for men's bodies and souls. At first, the tussle was pretty evenly matched, with Abel "witnessing" for Jehovah, and the Devil in Cain's corner. But men being what they are, the evil ones became more and more in the majority until God finally had to start over again with the Flood and Noah. This didn't stop the Devil, however, and he immediately bounced back with Nimrod—the father of all earthly governments, which like religion, the Witnesses classify as demonism and pure instruments of Satan.

The Witnesses prophesy that suddenly, on some day between now and the year 1984, Gabriel's trumpet will blow. Christ's voice then will announce in loud tones that the final end is at hand, and God's hosts will descend from the heavens to fight the Battle of Armageddon with Satan's overwhelming numbers. God, of course, will win this battle and the "Great Theocracy" will then be established on earth. God will rule instead of men, and the only human beings left to enjoy this rule will be Jehovah's Witnesses.

The Witnesses feel that the atomic bomb may be the instrument with which Satan's hosts will be eliminated from the earth.

It is their exclusive claim to real estate in the impending Kingdom of God that gets the Witnesses into so much trouble. They consider that they are the sheep and all others in the world are the goats. They believe that their mission in this period just before Armageddon is to do as much "goat-gathering" as possible, so that the population of the next world will not be too sparse for comfort. That's why they devote endless hours every week, ringing doorbells, politely playing phonographs, and handing out tracts on street corners.

Goats—Benevolent and Hopeless

For purposes of identification, all w goats are split up into a Jehovah's Witness caste system. There are (a) men-of-good-will goats and (b) goats who are considered hopeless. The men-of-good-will goats are those whom the Witnesses are instructed to seek out in juries and on the bench, when they are haled into court. They also are those who show the slightest friendliness or interest when the phonograph gospel plays on the front porch. Such goats are noted in a little book for a return visit. The utterly hopeless goats include priests, newspapermen, general cynics, and the strong-arm men who bounce the Witnesses around.

The Witnesses do not believe in purgatory, paradise, or the immortality of the soul. When you are dead, they say, you're dead. But on the close-at-hand Day of Judgment, all of the faithful Witnesses from Abel on down will be resurrected to enjoy the fruits of the Kingdom of God.

That's what the Witnesses' late leader, Joseph F. Rutherford, meant when he coined their most popular slogan, "Millions now living will never die."

This doctrine, from the point of view of popular appeal, is a sort of spiritual Communism. Like the Communists, they hold out a picture of better things to come to the ragged, underprivileged peoples of the earth.

Roger Baldwin, distinguished head of the American Civil Liberties Union, developed this analogy. Baldwin, with the aid of some of America's best-known lawyers, has helped defend the Witnesses in court since the last war and probably knows them better than any other outsider.

"Together with the Communists," says Baldwin, "the Jehovah's Witnesses are a gauge of the world's despair and disgust with civilization. The Communists promise despairing people immediate reform and privileges here on earth. The Witnesses promise them immediate reform and privileges in a Next World which is just around the corner. That's what draws in the converts."

There are other analogies to Communism as you go down the line. In order to advance their doctrine, the Jehovah's Witnesses own and run radio station

WBBR in Brooklyn, and turn out more than 1,500,000 books, 11,000,000 pamphlets, 12,000,000 magazines and 150,000 phonograph records every year, all in 88 languages.

During the period from 1919 to 1946, the Witnesses claim they printed and sold the incredible total of 468,000,000 books and pamphlets.

All this printing, recording and broadcasting is done in a modern eight-story factory in Brooklyn. This plant is staffed by every conceivable type of technician and executive, all of whom are Jehovah's Witnesses and all of whom live in a seven-story modern apartment building owned by the society on a pleasant Brooklyn street overlooking New York's East River.

These "headquarters servants"—and there are nearly a thousand of them—work for exactly ten dollars a month, which is labeled "expense money." All their other needs are filled by other Witnesses living at the headquarters. They have their own chambermaids, their own dining room, their own laundry, their own tailor shop. Their food is produced by Jehovah's Witnesses working on farms owned by the society and scattered around the country. There are also the Gilead Bible School of advanced training for full-time ministers at South Lansing, New York, and the 39 branch offices of the society in other countries all over the world.

Food and Expenses—$5

Missionaries to lands where there are no branch offices are given five dollars a month for food and other expenses. They are allowed to keep the "contributions" they receive for the literature they hand out.

Jehovah's Witnesses have no churches. Their local societies are called "company organizations" and their meeting places, whether an elaborate ex-hospital as in Little Rock, Arkansas, or a grass hut in the Mysore jungle, are called "kingdom halls." On Sunday nights, and sometimes on weekdays, all the "servants" gather to discuss a Bible lesson, as handed down to them by the Brooklyn headquarters, and to sing their own hymns.

In the daytime, the "publishers," as they are called, go around from house to house "witnessing" or "exchanging for a contribution" the pamphlets and books which they have already bought from the society at five cents per pamphlet and twenty cents per book. The ideal work week for "publishers" according to the society is "five days devoted to God, and one day to secular work."

A fairly typical Witness is thirty-nine-year-old Michael Kusek, a Schenectady, New York, farmer who was born in Poland and came to this country at the age of five. For years, Kusek was a pious Roman Catholic. His family was studded with priests and nuns, and he himself served as a regular choirboy in his parish church. Then one day he happened to pick up a copy of the Watchtower, the Jehovah's Witnesses' weekly magazine. That's when the fireworks started. Kusek got into one religious argument after another with his mother, and finally he had to leave his home and his church. He met and married a Glens Falls, New York, music teacher who came from a solid Presbyterian family.

For years, Kusek's wife, Joyce, tried to get her husband to forget his fanatic devotion to Biblical prophecy. She took him to see minister friends of hers. She sat in on all of Kusek's arguments with the ministers, and as a result, she seems to have become converted herself. The Kuseks thereupon brought up their two sons to be Jehovah's Witnesses like themselves.

For a while, the Kuseks continued to live as they did before, on their comfortable 40-cow dairy farm. Witnessing was an afternoon and evening side line. But suddenly, in 1941, Kusek deliberately sold all but a few of his cows, and now the family devotes nearly all of its waking hours to the cause. Kusek grows his own vegetables on his farm now, but that's all. The rest of the time he's at the local kingdom hall or out witnessing. He hires himself out to neighboring farmers for a few weeks each year and the family subsists on the few hundred dollars that brings in.

Kusek's once-prosperous farm is now a tourist camp for all passing Jehovah's Witnesses—for free. They set up housekeeping there, grow their own gardens, and stay as long as they like.

Of all the Witnesses I met, most were as poor or poorer than the Kuseks. When 83,000 of them descended on Cleveland in their jalopies and beat-up trucks, the inevitable comparison with an Okie migration was made. Moreover, Department of Justice figures indicate that less than one per cent of the group has had a college education while fifteen per cent have *less* than grammar schooling. Yet at the Cleveland convention, there were hundreds of well-dressed, beautiful girls, dozens of Witnesses in Cleveland's finest hotel suites, 100 doctors, 250 nurses, a Mrs. Dodd who left her 16-suite apartment house in London to fly to the convention by Clipper, and the senior engineer at a leading Middle West radio station. Mixed in with this heterogeneous mass was a goodly sprinkling of Negroes and hundreds of converted Jews.

Once a year, all of these conglomerate Witnesses (providing they have made a contribution of at least ten dollars) are allowed to vote for the board of directors, who in turn select the society's officers. No one is ever elected to the board of directors but the previous board of directors, or any newcomers the board of directors might designate. Only once was there a revolt on the board of directors, and those insurgent gentlemen were purged and excommunicated so fast that their personal belongings were out on the street before the meeting ended. There was a minor revolt of the rank and file at the Cleveland convention. A group of eight old-time pioneer Witnesses, led by fifty-nine-year-old Roy D. Goodrich, of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, a member since 1919, tried to get up on the floor and accuse the board of directors of hypocrisy and of "setting up a dictatorship to rule the Witnesses," and of "establishing the same sort of religious hierarchy as the Roman Catholic hierarchy they condemn."

Brother Goodrich and company were excommunicated by personal letter before the hour was out. They tried to plead their case by distributing handbills outside the stadium. The rebels were immediately surrounded by 200 Witnesses who deliberately cut the canvas bags of Watchtowers from the insurgents' shoulders—very much like the public stripping of buttons and insignia from the uniform of a disgraced and court-martialed French army officer.

The board of directors of Jehovah's Witnesses live in unpretentious suites at the Brooklyn headquarters, and eat in the barely furnished common dining hall with the headquarters servants. They hand down instructions and interpretations of the Bible to the Witnesses, and they are responsible for running the radio station, the printing of the millions of publications, the fifty-two branch offices in the United States and foreign countries, the society's missionaries in countries where offices are not yet established, the society's farms and the Watchtower Bible School of Gilead, where Witnesses are schooled for positions of command in the organization.

A Home for the Prophets

The board of directors also run a $75,000 mansion in San Diego, California, which was constructed during the regime of Judge Rutherford for the exclusive occupancy of King David, Moses, Samuel and the other prophets when they return to earth. This mansion is called Beth Sarim (the House of the Princes) and it is complete with Middle Eastern architecture and palm trees so that the prophets will feel completely at home. In the meantime, to prevent Beth Sarim from becoming moldy with disuse, the board of directors use it as their own winter vacation rest spot.

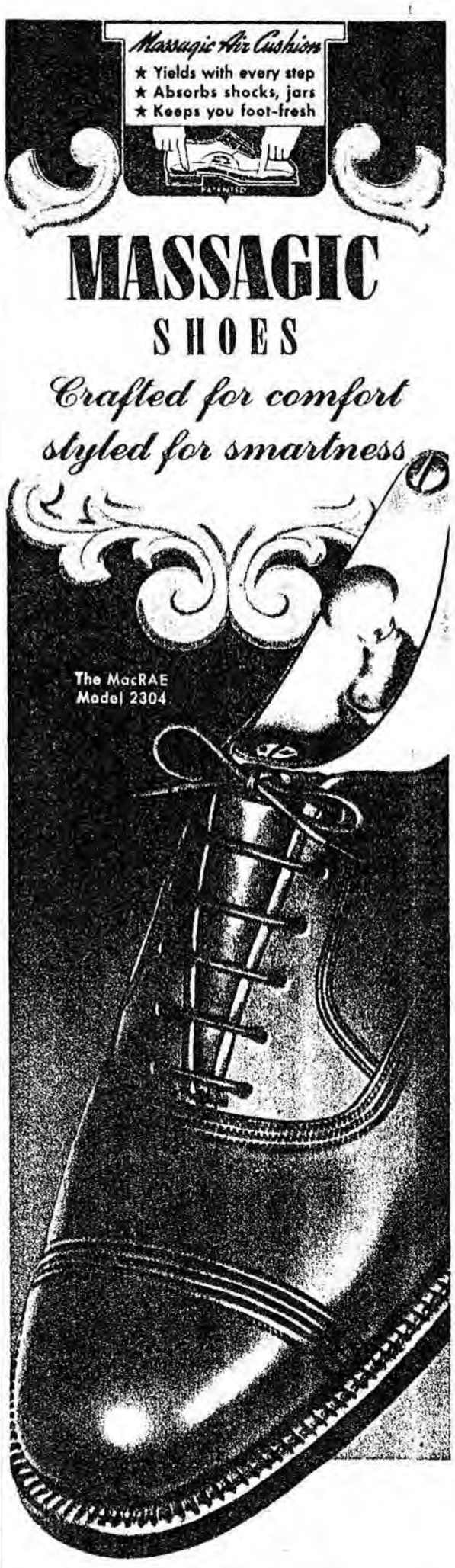
Because of outward signs like this, and because of the obviously huge income from the millions of publications every year, the board of directors have often been accused of using Jehovah's Witnesses as a personal racket. There is no evidence to support these charges. The leaders actually live in lower middle-class simplicity, and the first president of the society, Charles Taze Russell, left exactly $200 in his will when he died in 1916. He had been the owner of a chain of haberdashery stores and a very wealthy man at one time.

The same thing is true of Judge Joseph F. Rutherford, the second president. A few years ago, Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union became one of the few men outside of the board of directors to get some official notion of the organization's finances. Baldwin is convinced that the million-dollar profit of that particular year was almost completely eaten up by foreign publication losses, administration expenses and the tremendous legal expenses necessary to



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defend the Witnesses in courtrooms.

Russell and Rutherford were the two outstanding figures in the history of Jehovah's Witnesses, which got under way in 1872, when Russell, then a fairly prosperous young Pittsburgh haberdasher—and a Presbyterian by religion—organized a Bible class in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, to "begin a thorough study of the Scriptures and come to a clearer understanding of many fundamental doctrines of Christianity which have been lost sight of since the days of organized religion, A.D. 325 and thereafter." From this obscure beginning developed Zion's Watchtower Tract Society, the corporation name of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Russell's personal interpretations of the Bible now have become Jehovah's Witness dogma. In addition, he organized the system of "witnessing" from door to door, the local Kingdom Hall and company organization setup, the Brooklyn headquarters from which traveling representatives went forth to keep the company organizations in line, and the Witnesses' foreign branches which still are officially known as the International Bible Students' Association.

When "Pastor" Russell djed suddenly in 1916, it looked for a while as if the organization would fall apart. But after just a few months of confusion, the mantle dropped onto the broad shoulders of "Judge" Joseph Franklin Rutherford, an obscure Missouri lawyer, who, after his conversion in 1909, had become the attorney for the organization.

Tall, portly, senatorial-looking, stentorian-voiced Rutherford gave the movement the personality it needed. Soon Russell was all but forgotten, and his followers, who had called themselves "Russellites," were expressly forbidden to use that term. Everything was done in the name of Judge Rutherford, the tracts were all his personal messages, the Watchtower became filled with his personal opinions and the newly acquired radio station WBBR spent 90 per cent of its broadcasting time propelling his booming voice into the metropolitan New York ether.

Like Russell, Rutherford quickly seized upon technological developments to advance his doctrine, and as early as 1927, the Judge had a coast-to-coast network of 53 stations to carry his basso profundo pronouncements to the goats. This network grew to the astonishing number of 403 stations in 1933.

But the Voice Wasn't Silenced

When protests from the clergy forced most of these stations to drop Rutherford's lectures, he embarked on a new project—phonograph records and sound trucks. Rutherford made portable phonographs and recordings of his lectures in the Brooklyn factory and sold them to the servants, to assist them in witnessing. The sound-truck equipment cost the disciples $140 each, the phonographs $10 and the recordings seventy cents. Thus a whole generation of Americans became familiar with the booming voice of Judge Rutherford on the front porch.

Rutherford first instituted the name, "Jehovah's Witnesses" in 1931. He also set the Witnesses' pattern of refusing to serve in the army of any government but God's, when he was sentenced to the Atlanta penitentiary for counseling draft evasion in World War I. Judge Rutherford died at Beth Sarim on January 8, 1942, after twenty-five years as president of the society.

When Rutherford died, the current president, quiet, colorless Nathan Homer Knorr was elected to fill his place. Knorr, who was converted to Jehovah's Witnesses when he was a schoolboy in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, came to the Brooklyn publishing plant as a downy-cheeked, eighteen-year-old shipping clerk in 1923, and rose to be general manager of the vast enterprise. He is *not* the new Great Personality. That distinction seems to belong to a fairly recent convert named Hayden C. Covington, an ex-San Antonio lawyer who now functions, as Rutherford once did, as the society's legal counsel.

Hayden Covington is a tall, drawling, handsome, wise-cracking, back-slapping Texan in a wide-brimmed felt hat, whom Roger Baldwin describes as one of the most resourceful lawyers in the country today. The thirty-five-year-old lawyer joined up in San Antonio and, because of his already glowing legal reputation there, he was immediately whisked to the Brooklyn headquarters to take over the legal department which Rutherford had dominated for so many years.

He soon had plenty to do. From 1941 to 1946 Covington personally handled over 4,200 Jehovah's Witness cases in the state and federal courts, 35 of them before the U.S. Supreme Court itself. Nearly all the higher court cases were a one-man Covington show. According to Roger Baldwin, Covington files brilliant briefs spiced with Scripture, conducts a rapid-fire defense of the Witnesses involved, and immediately takes off by train or plane for the next case which might be a thousand or so miles away. His schedule sometimes involves as many as six cases a week. He argues all the Supreme Court cases personally and he is famed as one of the few lawyers consistently able to sass Supreme Court justices and get away with it.

SHORT CUT

Mothers have been known to find
They often can improve the mind
Of children quicker if they spend
Some effort on the physical end.

—W. E. Farbstein

Because of his work in the courts these past five years, Covington has done much for the society. In 1942, for instance, three West Virginians, named Walter Barnette, Paul Stull and Lucy McClure, were threatened with prosecution by the state authorities if they did not force their children to salute the flag in school as required by state law. This was just another of the hundreds of flag-salute persecutions which had plagued the Witnesses, and in a world-publicized case, the Supreme Court had ruled against them. Hopeless as the case looked, Covington spotted an opening.

He knew that in that Supreme Court ruling, the decision had gone against the Witnesses by an overwhelming eight to one vote. But he knew that Justices Jackson, Black and Murphy had openly changed their minds and now felt that they had wrongfully oppressed a minority. That would close the eight to one down to five to four. Then Wiley Rutledge replaced James F. Byrnes on the bench, and because of Rutledge's past record as a judge, Covington knew he now had that vital vote. He immediately slammed through the Barnette case, as it is now known in history books.

The victory came even sooner than he expected. Circuit Court of Appeals Judge John F. Parker reversed the original Supreme Court eight to one decision and when the astounded school board appealed to the Supreme Court, positive of a reversal in their favor, the Supreme Court upheld Covington five to four just as he had figured. This was the final word on flag saluting. It is now illegal for any school board anywhere in the country to force children to do anything against their religious principles.

After many years of defeats on the question of distributing the Jehovah's Witness literature without interference from the local gendarmerie, Covington spotted the same sort of opening and settled another vital point once and for all. A Witness named Murdoch was arrested in Jeannette, Pennsylvania, for violating an ordinance against peddling religious pamphlets without a license.

In the most recent decision on this matter, the Supreme Court had upheld a similar ordinance in Opelika, Alabama, by a vote of five to four. But now Wiley Rutledge was on the bench and Covington knew that Justice Rutledge had vehemently ruled against just such an ordinance when he was a circuit court judge in Washington, D. C. Covington rushed the Murdoch case up through the federal courts until it hit the Supreme Court, and surely enough, he got the expected five to four decision in his favor. The court ruled that distributing tracts is as much a part of freedom of religion as going to church, and that closed the issue once and for all.

Other Rights Legally Upheld

Little by little Covington cleaned up the side issues. He got a Supreme Court decision upholding the right of the Witnesses to ring doorbells, another upholding their rights to "witness" in company towns, and another enabling them to distribute pamphlets on government property. In one case, he got several Witnesses reinstated to their jobs in a plate-glass factory in Pittsburgh, after their fellow workers had walked out because the Witnesses refused to salute the flag.

Most of Covington's cases involved the 4,000 or so Witnesses who went to prison because their draft boards refused to classify them as full-time ministers, which they insisted they were, and tried to send them into the Army instead. These Witnesses were a problem to the government because few of them would even go to conscientious objector camps. "We're not against war," they said. "We just want to keep on witnessing for Jehovah, which is our only function on this earth." Covington at least was able to get a decision making the draft board's classifications reviewable by the federal courts.

And with the help of 33 of America's leading clergymen (including Bishops McConnell, Hartman and Baker) who were lined up by the American Civil Liberties Union to back the plea, he also seems to have wrung paroles and maybe a general amnesty from President Truman for the thousands of Witnesses still in jail a year after V-J Day.

Covington has suffered just two defeats in all these cases. He was licked in the Sarah Prince case when the Supreme Court ruled that child labor laws superseded freedom of the press when the Witnesses sent a nine-year-old child onto a rainy Brockton, Massachusetts, street to peddle tracts. And in the Chaplinsky case, the Court ruled that it was *not* freedom of speech for one Walter Chaplinsky to inform a Rochester, New Hampshire, cop that he was a "damned racketeer and a damned Fascist and the whole government of Rochester are Fascists and agents of Fascists." Not even Covington could do anything about *that*.

In the entire Jehovah's Witness picture, however, the momentous court decisions are the important thing. They probably will be remembered long after Jehovah's Witnesses become extinct, which might very well happen if too many Armageddons fail to arrive on schedule. As Roger Baldwin put it, "By contesting in the courts every restriction on them, these Jehovah's Witnesses have rendered a great service to American liberties. They've won for you and me a degree of freedom we've never had before. In serving what they conceive to be the cause of God, they have served the cause of their fellow men, whom they abhor."

THE END



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