Here's A Religion That Wrecks Homes!

I know a man who is losing his reason. Slowly but surely, as each day passes, he is being inexol ably driven to the very brink of mental collapse.

He is over sixty years old, and a prominent public figure in England. He is a God-fearing, eminntly respectable, highly popular and prosperous member of society. He is married, has a family and had everything to live for.

Hale and hearty all his life,

this man is becoming a decrepit effigy of a human being. His mouth trembles now as he talks. His hands shakeu neontr His eyes are glazed with monstrous misery.

He is a victim of a secretive religious sect which employs blackmail and barbarity to ach ieve its ends.

It has condemned him to be

an outcast in his own home. He is banned from his own table. To his own wife, whom he adores, he has become a domestic leper, an "unclean" apparition of a husband.

His crime? A Congregationalist all his life, he is refusing to join the Exclusive Brethren, this furtive undercover sect of so-called Saints which is about to launch a nationwide recruiting campaign

In Britain.
His punishment? Ceaseless pressure, as cruel and relentless as a slow-turning thumbscrew, is being put upon his wife to make her leave her husband unless he toes the line and becomes a "Saint."

If he surrenders his scruples and finally succumbs, what sort of a life will be left to him under the merciless edicts of the Ex-It boils down to a spartan hell

on earth! He must not eat at the same table as non-brethren. Even his own children will be barred from him at meal-times if they do not belong to the sect.

He must resign from all professional organizations; he must not read a newspaper, watch television, listen to the radio, visit the theatre or cinema, belong to an old folks society, hold a mortgage on his house, go dancing, visit a public house.

"My life was full and happy

until the Exclusive Brethren poisoned my wife against me," he said brokenly. "Their power is immense. She will not listen to reason. It is as if she has become possessed by fiends and cannot escape their clutches. "I have been a Christian all my life. What sort of religion is this

that can threaten a man's san-The answers to his question are not easy to find. I have spent weeks investigating the Exclusive Brethren. I am convinced

it is more simple to squeeze through the eye of a needle than to get all the facts.
One thing is certain. It is a religion which wrecks marriages,

smashes family life, and breaks p business partnerships.
It is also a religion which has driven at least one man to suicide. The sect breeds suspicion and distrust, fear and hatred. What good it accomplishes is hidden far from the human eye.

The Exclusive Brethren are an offshoot of the Plymouth Brethren. They broke away years ago to promote the cult of Exclusivenessfi to isolate themselves ut



AN OLD ARGENTINA CUSTOM: A street demonstrator shouts his definance as soldiers move in upon him The incident took place in Buenos Aires last spring as the military took steps to unseat former President Arturo Frondizi.

terly from everyday sin and sinlive eel, a man was fined heav-ily in a Swedish court. He was ners; to live with the Lord without living with people. accused of cruelty to animals!

Membership in Great Britain is now believed to be between 30,000 and 50,000. I have to report it was higher here until Big Brother took over international command two years ago and imposed a new doctrine so harsh and totalitarian that many members were forced to get out.

Big Brother is "Big Jim" Tay-lor, jnr., 6 ft. 3 in. tall, middle-aged fanatical leader of the Flock who, when he comes down from his pedestal, is a prosperous linen dealer in the sleazy side streets of Brooklyn, New

York.
America has always been the happy hunting ground for re-ligious razz-ma-tazz, a profitable playground for the flamboyant Hot Gospellers, the earthly paradise of the Father Divines, the Boy Davids and the Messiahs of the Mexican Desert.

But Big Brother Jim operates

his own kingdom-come without a celestial chorus or terrestrial trumpets.
His headquarters are based in a skyscraper block of offices in Lower Manhattan, in a few un-distinguished rooms where he and his Elders are now directing a world-wide drive for more Saints. He has built up around

him an iron curtain of secrecy as tough to penetrate as the walls of Jericho. Two years ago he slipped quietly into Britain to meet the hierarchy of the Exclusives at a

clandestine conference.

Taylor was here to enforce his doctrine to the last letter. Things had been getting slack in the ranks of the Saints. He insisted on an immediate tightening up, writes Bill Eyton Jones in "Tit-

Bits".

In his briefcase he carried a new set of rules and regulations to eliminate "contamination" among the faithful followers. The Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, Chapter 6, Verse 14, laid down the law — the only law — to be followed

blindly in the future Be ye not unequally yoked to-gether with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteous what communion hath light with

For beating his wife with a

lied to Taylor's bidding at Alex-

andra Palace, London, last July

and to subsequent private palav-ers and prayer meetings at

I tried unsuccessfully to obtain

one of these green passports to salvation, but I was 'vetted" and

found wanting.

It was a smart turnout at Al-

exandra Palace. For make no

mistake about it, the Saints are

a well-to-do lot. Their cosy lit-tle corners are well entrenched

in the white-collar belt of the

British Isles.

They hold their closed-shop

sessions in places like Peterbor-ough and Purley, Banbury and Barnet, Caterham and Croydon, Southampton and Sutton Cold-field, Harrow and Helston and in

most of the big cities and towns

where their mystique finds fer-

The doors of their meeting

places are locked and barred to unbelievers. Spiritual assigna-tions are rarely advertised. The

orders invariably go out by ver-

bal messages.

In the Croydon area, for in-

stance, they have five different meeting halls where they hold

"spontaneous gatherings" to sing hymns and say prayers.

Saints sit in judgment of one an-

Secret excommunication meet-

ings are summoned where Broth-

ers and Sisters, who have been

reported for sinful mingling in the outside world, come face to

face with their fanatical judges.

It was at one of these trumped

up tribunals that Mr. Douglas

Young, thirty-six-year-old Croy

don business man, was expelled for the abominable sin of belong-

ing to the Automobile Associa-

tion, an organization which has 3,000,000 "sinners" in its ranks.

Scores of other Brethren up

and down the country have been

expelled recently because they belong to professional organiza-

tions vital to their work. These

But the proceedings are not always so prosaic. Sometimes the

tile ground.

Southampton and elsewhere.

shanking; no more half-and-half allegiance to the cause. Exclusiveness had to be complete! In case anyone imagined Big Brother was pulling his punches, Big Jim, jnr., brushed up the British book of rules with his

lieutenants.

To the existing bans on television, radio, films, dances, mar-riages between non-Exclusives and no haircuts for the Sisters, he added some new doctrinal

don'ts.

Exclusives were forbidden to sit at the table with anyone, including their own children, who were "not in fellowship." Anyone belonging to any professional as-sociation or trade union must get out by resignation. Brothers and Sisters must not go to universities; nor, if they were unmarried, must they leave home to take up jobs elsewhere. Big Brother also made it clear

that little children were to be suffered to come unto his movement only on his terms. They must become members by the age of twelve — or be banished to eat alone and, subsequently, to leave their homes.

They must not mix and play with the children of unbelievers.

They must not keep cats, dogs or birds as pets.
But Big Brother obviously does not believe that man can live by bread alone — or some

men, at any rate. For the new dispensation had an unholy commercial touch about it. Henceforth, offerings at the hush-hush meetings were to be given in notes, not in silver. I cannot tell you where the money goes. I don't know. The watertight security measures adopted by the Exclusives have made it impossible for me to per-suade any of the British brethren to produce any membership lists, books of rules, calendars of events, records of officials — or

any financial statements. be tempting.
Seven thousand Saints clutchis an Exclusive and she has quit

Mr. Robert Selwood, eighty-one Mr. Robert Selwood, eighty-one year-old Saint, of Helston, Cornwall, has disowned his son, daughter-in-law and grand-daughter of Tunbridge Wells because his son refuses to rejoin the Exclusives. The latter, Captain Edward Selwood, joined them when he was sixteen and says his life became a "terror" until he ran away to join the intil he ran away to join the

Mr. Frederick Which, fifty-twoyear-old attendant at an old folks' home in the West Country, bought a TV set for his cottage at St. Austell and was dismissed by the Brethren. That was not his only penalty. They then persuadonly penalty. They then persuaded his eighty-three-year-old wid-owed mother to leave him, telling her she would be excommuni-cated if she went on living under

a "contaminated roof."

Three months before her golden wedding anniversary, Mrs. Rose Sault, of Cobden Avenue, Peterborough, who had loved her Darby-and-Joan life with husband Fred, was forced leave him. He became a Saint two years

ago, refused to eat with his wife and two daughters, destroyed all newspapers and magazines in the home, got rid of the radio at Christmas and has now bought himself another home. It was young Martin Lawson of Hayling Island who at the

age of twenty-four committed suicide because he was forbidden to eat at his parents' table, vic-tim — as his mother declared of a "wicked and cruel faith." The grim, tragic list grows. God knows how many people are being persecuted by the sect.

Now, if Big Brother Jim is more concerned with faith than

wrecked, before another home smashed, before the man I kno is driven out of his mind, challenge Britain's Exclusive challenge Britain's Exclusive Brethren to come out of hidinand present their policy and principles in a public pulpit.

I offer them a text from the same Epistle upon which their inhumanity and illiberal isolation.

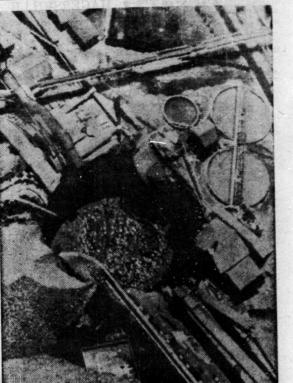
It is, simply: "Receive us; we have wronged no man, we have corrupted no man, we have de-frauded no man."

Doing Something About The Weather

Can we do anything about the weather? Not much, thinks R. C. Sutcliffe, who directs research at the British Met Office. Writing in a recent issue of Discovery, cooled droplets can be helped to freeze by seeding with silver iodide, and rain can thus be stimumost useful in mountain country where suitable clouds are easy to find, but the economic value of current rain-making attempts is debatable.

Other methods of weather control do not seem much more promising. The supply of rain is maintained by solar energy, which evaporates water back into the sky - but to control this process with reasonable amounts of energy calls for a new idea, which has not yet occurred to anybody.

That Russian proposal which involved blocking the Bering Straits and pumping the cold water into the Pacific, Sutcliffe folding money on the collection plate, is the time for the sect to declare itself publicly before its cohorts of eager young men des-



the cave-in at West Driefontein gold mine, 80 miles from Johannesburg, South Africa. First reports said part of the processing plant was wrecked and at least 35 natives lost their lives. The mine is one of the richest gold sources in the

bodies include the Pharmaceuti cal Society, the Institution of Electrical Engineers, the Institu-But with three meetings on a tion of Mecha even the St. John Ambulance Brigade and the Red Cross. Mrs. Barguerite Pearson, sixty-Sunday and two during the week, which the Exclusives are expected to attend, the takings must year-old Birmingham woman, has been parted from her hus-

Stranded Sailors At Grindstone Point

possibly this story hasn't been told here, and now is as good a ed from the sea he renovated the old Bibber homestead on Grind-stone Point and became a farmer. He could thus stand on the State of Maine and look out over his oceans, and his agro-nomy always had a nautical He went aloft to pitch hay, milked his cows from the starboard, and referred to his taxes as wharfage. It was a bucolic retirement of mixed meta-

> So when the United States became embroiled in World War II things began popping along the coast of Maine. The British Navy. first, was assigned a cove for laying-to while convoys were made up, and from Grindstone Point Cap'n Bibber could look off and see the smudge of stacks falling into line for the voyage Europe. The Coast Guard. ormally under the Treasury epartment was activated under the Navy, and small craft for coastal patrol were manned by shipped-in seamen from the Dakotas and such likely paces. There was bustle and confusion, but a had to be done and everybody went right at it.

So one day they took a big verland bus down in Baltimore, and loaded it with sailors for such duty, and it headed northward over the highways for Rockland, Maine. Here the Coast Guard had a station. Many such buses made the trip, from first to last, but this one I speak of was destined for fame, for the driver missed a turn on historic Route One and wended sleepily in the small hours of the mor ing down to Grindstone Point. Cap'n Thornton Elkanah Bib-

ber, who scrupulously observed the coastal blackout, had retired at dusk and was long gone. He had listened to the rote of the sea on his ledges, rolled over to fall asleep, and knew not cark or care until the roar of a bus mobrought him awake and he tor brought him awake and ne-saw the reflection of bright head-lamps on his bedroom, or cabin, wall. He leaped from bed, went to a land'ard room, looked out the porthole, and saw this bus by his orchard lane. As he gazed, the driver tried to back around



CHIC CHAPS - Exclusive me-on-the-runch ensemble feutures \$1,875 m in k chaps to Christmas gifts at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, Tex.

But there was a wet spot where the spring runs over, and the wheels of the bus churgled, which is a word I made up, and the frame settled down on the State of Maine like a broody hen

embracing her brood. "She's grounded out!" said Cap'n Bibber to himself, and he went back to pull on his pants and go for a By the time Cap'n Bibber get to his door the bus driver was there rattling the knob, and he said, "I need a tow, is there some Bibber allowed that something might be done, so he opened the

big door on his shed, poured the starting gasoline into the cup, and cranked the diesel on his trac-tractor. He roared out aclanking and drove over to line the tractor up in front of the beached bus. He bent a chain onto the bus's frame, fidded the other end to his drawbar, took up the slack, and then shut the moter off. "Who pays for the tow?" he "My company'll pay," said the a check right away."

bus driver. "I'll see that you get "Eyah," said Cap'n Bibber. "Where'bouts is this company of yours located?" "They're in Cleveland, but I'll

call them first thing in the morn-"No good," says Cap'n Bibber. "I want my tow money now."

Help Wanted!

tainability engineer.

Answer elsewhere on this page

"But I don't have any money on me," said the driver. "You'll have to wait." "Well, guess you can wait, too," says the cap'n. "Get me the money, and I'll have you back in deep water in no time."

"How much is it going to be?" asked the driver.

asked the driver.

"Well, I figure about \$5 a ton,
whatever she displaces," said
Cap'n Bibber.

"In that case," said the driver,
"You just unhitch, and I'll make "You just unhitch, and I'll make other arrangements."

"Can't," says Cap'n Bibber.

"Salvage laws—I got a line on you first. She's mine. Can't nobody else touch you now. You got to pay me, or I keep her."

"But man alive!" said the bus driver. "What kind of talk is that—this isn't a ship!"

"She ain't?" says Cap'n Bibber.

"Then how-come she's got all

"Then how-come she's got all them sailors aboard?" So the war was waged, and gloriously, and if you delve deep-ly enough into the mountainous archives of the United States Navy you will find, artfully con-cealed but nonetheless there, the on the nearest river, often a day's journey. historical chit proving that the Coast Guard Commandant at Rockland, Maine, responding to an urgent early-morning tele-phone call, dutifully dug up emergency cash, conforming to the ancient laws of the sea, and

providing salvage funds for the recovery of one busload of stranded sailors at Grindstone Point. — by John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

cleared land the pigs had helped

Competition for the short supply of space-age engineers and technicians is so stiff that personnel managers of U.S. corporations are being forced to fall back on an old Civil War recruiting device—the bounty. The following notice was tacked last month on a bulletin board in a month on a bulletin board in a computer manufacturer's plant in "Ar. award of \$100 will be made to any employee . . . who introduces a technical-professional applicant who is subsequently . . to cover our current Below the notice was a list of the most wanted categories, in-cluding switching theory special-ist, reliability statistician, solid state circuit designer, and main-

ISSUE 52 - 1962 from the keg for dish washing.
Yes, a family farm was a little
kingdom of peace and plenty.
But it was a beehive of industry.
The blast of the dinner horn was not necessarily quitting time to the man or boy in the fields

> Such was the life of a pione farm. Such was the life of the farm I was born into.
>
> The hub of the farm is the

It seemed a part of the natural



these workmen in Rome, Italy, readily demonstrate.

John Russell.

Concern exists in Washington, | Built of trees hand hewn into according to the 25 members of the National Agricultural Advisory Commission appointed by Pres. Kennedy last year, lest the family-size farm be driven from the economic scene by the same forces that have eliminated so many country institutions—such as small grocery stores, shoe shops, bakeries and the like.

of a nor'easter would sift through cracks and crevices. Often I have It was during the troubled days of Charles I that Nicholas Hayward left England to found a sprung from my high four-poster into a small drift of snow on the floor boards beside my bed. The floor boards were something special—yard wide, oyster white, over-lapping evenly, they were so close of grain that the finest

There were no unemployed, no available labor. A farm was strictly an individual project. A man cleared his own land with his own ax and his good right ed him with lumber; his oxen hauled the logs to the saw mill

The oxen drew the stones for pigs on the cut off land rooted out the stumps. Pasture walls he himself laid confined his cattle

Thus was a farm born. Out of the wilderness was it shaped and a home established. Women scutched and spun the

flax their men folks raised. They wove the linen carded and spun the wool, wove the cloth, cut and

I knew as a child?

't was settled snugly into the of a hill, a wide spreading wite oak of great antiquity flinging protective arms about it. landscape—as indeed it was.



STRENGTH TO SPARE - Moving a large hunk of a mountain is simple when it's only a backdrop for a movie set, as

beams it lacked the smooth finish of sawn lumber.
The wide "Christian" door with its cross for warding off "witches" opened above a flat, wellworn doorstone into a small hall
from which circular stairs ascended. No plaster adorned the two large chambers above stairs, just bare rafters, ax marks show-ing, and the background of suspended planks—no other insula-tion.
Occasionally the driving snow

smooth as glass, flanged edges

plastic could not better their

My brother slept in the "dark"

room-a room with no windows,

which backed up against the big

a secret door halfway up the

chimney. One day I disco

finish or polish.

What is the family size farm? As we know it in America how was it established? Why the con-cern over it?

dynasty of his own in the wild-erness of America. In 1642 when he received his grant of land in Salem, Massachusetts, the farm was nought but prineval forest. The ground had never been trenched by spade, no sound of ax had ever shattered the peace-ful stillness. None but redmen had traversed the terrain to which he was given title.

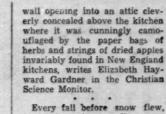
arm and the sweat of his brow. The great trees he felled furnish-

cellar walls and for the casing of the well. The man himself dug both cellar and well. His and sheep as he accumulated them. Grain for the stock, vege-tables and fruits took over the

made the garments (without mittens, the stockings, the mufflers. They picked and preserved the wild fruits and berries, sliced and strung the long chains of apple that looped the kitchen LONG WAY FROM HOME -Linda Saenz, a fourth grade pupil caught this monarch ceilings to dry for the winter's dried-apple pies. They churned the butter, salted down the pork and smoked the hams. There butterfly on her school playground in Beaumont, Tex. A small tug, made of a light, white muterial, was folded were no delicatessens, no super-markets, not even a crossroad store for miles. They made the bread and baked it in the big brick ovens. They dried the corn husks for the mattresses they slept on; plucked and cured the live goose teathers for the best pillows and feather beds. They made their own soap. As late an my own day I remember fetching a quarter cup of soft soap from the keg for dish washing.

There was an infrangible rule "My boy, hoe out your row."

house. From it radiate like the spokes of a wheel all activities It houses the home. Although in its surroundings changes take place as woodlands are razed, fields brought into cultivation or pastures yield to pature's trend toward forestation, a house changes little. How shall I describe to modern ears a house builded to meet the bare necessities of 300 years ago-the house



Every fall before snow flew fresh dry pine needles were brought from the woods back of the house and packed two feet deep about the foundations. They served as a buffer against the wind at floor level. Pine cones were gathered by the bushel and stored to start winter fires.

The fireplace filled one side of the living room along with the the living room along with the brick oven and a bricked-in iron

as stamped its trade mark on the green fields where cows once peacefully chewed their cuds and manufactured their rich milk, their cream, their butter. The ootato fields, the fields where the potato fields, the fields where the golden chalices of squash and pumpkin blooms glowed mid the green of shining leaves, the cucumbers, the long rows of succulent onions, the wide fields of beans and of rustling corn, the apple orchards, the acres of strawberries all passed when my father for the last time wiped the rich mold from the polished rich mold from the polished blade of his hoe and up-ended it

in the tool shed.

The French and Indian Wars, the struggles of the Revolution, the War of 1812 and the civil disthe War of 1812 and the crit dis-sension between the States all had passed—and still the little old house in the back woods of

New Engiand endured.
"Through all the swift vicissitudes of changing time
Unchanged it stood."

But the giant limbs of the sleeping twentieth century had begun to stir in the chrysalis of time. New forces were uncovered, newly discovered powers unleashed; the explosion of an urban expansion reached out and gobbled up the green acres. The fate of this farm was of a pattern oft repeated.

Can it be that at last the significance of the dangers threatening the one-family farm has awakened a dawning sense of spiritual values in the halls of government?

They Got Fined For Not Wearing A Cap

Hats of various colours have been worn; but those most in use are black, white, and drab. The white hats are intended only for ladies and children. Drab hats are also made of stuffs of the natural colour assorted for that

purpose.

The value of the hats depends, of course, upon the workmanship and the cost of the materials used in the manufacture. So great is the difference in these respects that their price ranges. respects, that their price ranges between seventy-five cents and fifteen dollars. The woollen bodies, used by hatters, are now often procured from persons who devote their attention exclusively to that part of the business. . . Some kind of covering for the head, either for defence or ornament, appears to have been usually worn, in all ages and

tries, where the inhabitants have made the least progress in the arts of civilized life.

Head-dresses, from their variety, simplicity, and mutability, were little regulated, in a com-mercial or manufacturing point of view, until the introduction of felt hats, which has occasioned a uniformity in this article of dress, unknown in former ages.
In England, considerable oppo

LESSON

By Rev. R. B. Warren, B.A., B.D. Jesus Prepares for His Ministry Mark 1:1-13

Memory Scripture: For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted, Hebrews

2:18.

With this lesson we begin a study of the Gospel according to Mark. It is the shortest of the four records. Papias, a second century Christian, wrote, "Mark, having been the interpreter of Peter wrote down accurately all pot of huge dimensions with fire hole beneath it, where "culls" or pig potatoes were boiled in quantities and the potential of the potential o After eight generations the commercial age has stretched out an inexorable arm and a new era has stamped its trade mask of the stamped its trade mask of the

fulfillment of Old Testament phecy. Mark focused upon the acts of Jesus. The opening events demand acceptance of the super-natural. He shows that Jesus has them from their sins.

The picture of John, with unu-

sual clothes and living on an that his task is simply to prepare the way for Jesus who follows. He is the Herald to announce the coming of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.

Jesus prepares for His work by presenting himself for baptism. There on the bank of the Jordan we see evidence that there are three persons in the one Godhead. The Spirit like a dove descends upon Jesus while a

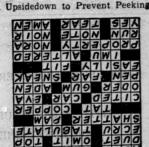
descends upon Jesus while a voice from heaven says, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Then came the next step in His preparation. For forty days He was tempted of the devil. Details of this great test are given in other gospels. Whereas our first parents gave way to the desire of the flesh, the desire of the says and the pride of life. Jesus of the flesh, the desire of the eyes and the pride of life, Jesus withstood the Tempter, answering with the Word of God. Because of His victory, He was able to go to a successful ministry, climaxing it with His death on the cross for us and His resurrection in glory. Let us not faint when we are tested but rout the enemy with the sword of the

sition was made to the use of the stition was made to the use of the hat. By a statute, enacted in the thirteenth year of the reign of Elizabeth, every person between certain agés was obliged on Sundays and holidays, to wear a woollen cap, made by some of the cappers of that kingdom, under the penalty of three shillings. der the penalty of three shi and four-pence for every day's neglect. This law continued in force, for about twenty-five

years.

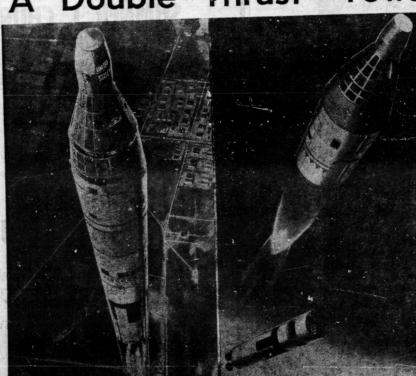
The manufacture of hats was commenced, in England, in the time of Henry the Eighth, by Dutchmen and Spaniards.—From "The Panorama of Professions and Trades," by Edward Hazen,



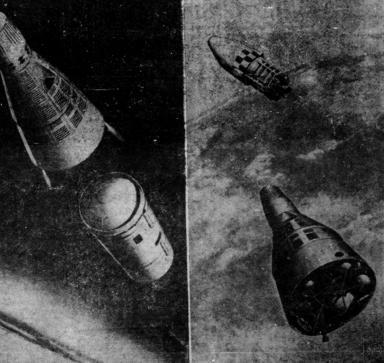


FOREST AFLOAT — "Christmas Tree Ship," loaded with 75.000 Douglas fir trees, pre-pares to make traditional holiday voyage from Seattle to Honolulu

ing green admission tickets ral-There was to be no more scrim-A Double Thrust - Toward Space Rendezvous



FIRST TWO STEPS NEXT SPACE EFFORT — Orbiting a two-man space capsule for rendezvous with a target vehicle is goal of Project Gemini. At left, Gemini-Titan II booster with its two-man spacecraft aboard thunders skyward. At right, first stage falls away toward earth, with second stage continuing powered flight toward orbit.



OBJECTIVE: MEETING HIGH IN THE SKY - Two-man Gemini spacecraft left, pulls away from second stage of launch vehicle, foreground, which will eventually fall toward earth At right the two-mun capsule makes rendezvous try with unmanned Agena B spacecraft. Martin Company is building the mini-Titan II launch vehicle

