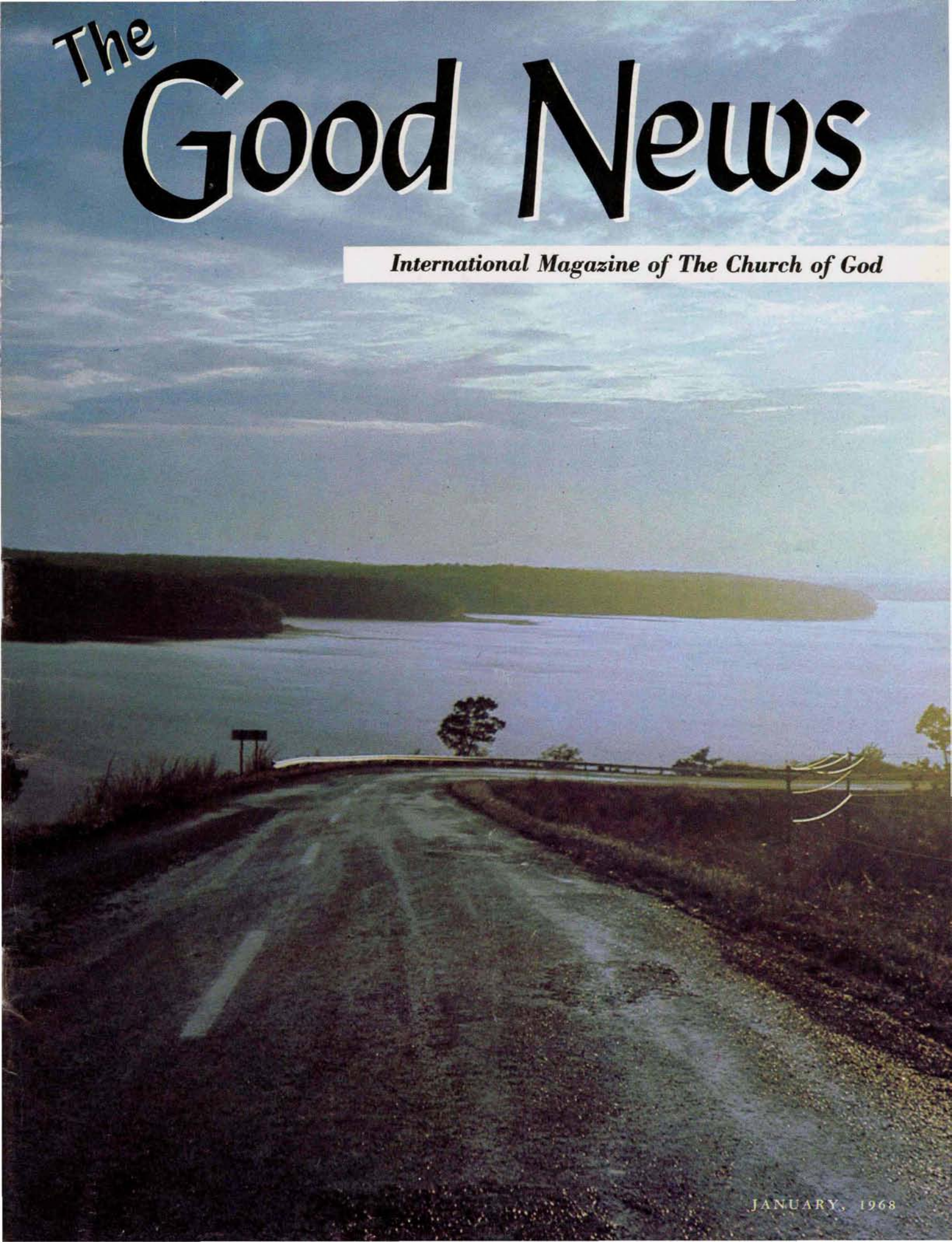


The

Good News

International Magazine of The Church of God



JANUARY, 1968



More About Our Cover...

And now, the Ozarks! In this issue Mr. Portune concludes his series on the Feast of Tabernacles, 1967, with a summary of ordinations and a preview of the Lake of the Ozarks, newest American Feast site for 1969. Our cover shows the road around the Lake of the Ozarks seen in the light of dawn. More beautiful scenes follow in the article beginning on page 3!

Ambassador College Photo

What our READERS SAY . . .

Paid Not to "Plow Corn"

"This check (\$906.17) represents the first tithe on income we received from the government for *not* raising corn on 35 acres for 10 years. They paid us all in one lump sum, which we find comes in very handy at this time. The second tithe bought a tent trailer of the highest quality so we could enjoy the Feast of Tabernacles better. Our contract not to raise corn runs out in 1975, which we find rather ironic. If we did not know what the future holds we would not have been

able to take advantage of the situation because of the economics of farming. We have changed our cropping system because of this on the 45 acres we did not put into the government program and we feel that we will be able to raise just about as much feed now as we used to on the total 80 acres of cropland. We also can rent other land to raise feed on so we won't be hurt a bit by this situation. God provides even when we can't see how it could be done."

Mr. L. J., Wisconsin

NOTICE

THE GOOD NEWS magazine is *exclusively* the official publication of God's True Church in these closing days of this world.

The GOOD NEWS is sent *only* to those recognized as MEMBERS of the true Church of God—those in whom we can see evidence by the fruits borne that GOD has added them to His Church. It is a holy Church which no man can "join." We are inducted into it by God, through receiving, and being led by, the Holy Spirit.

The PLAIN TRUTH is, as it was from its first issue in February, 1934, the general evangelistic magazine of this Church, sent freely to all who request it for themselves. It is edited for the public—for the world. But it is edited, too, for God's own children, and so each of you receives *The PLAIN TRUTH* monthly, in addition to *The GOOD NEWS*.

Radio listeners are told only about *The PLAIN TRUTH*, and *only The PLAIN TRUTH* will be mailed to them until we have evidence that God has added them to

that consecrated, obedient, faithful family who have been baptized by the Holy Spirit into the one Body of Christ, the true Church of God.

We ask you to help us *keep The GOOD NEWS* exclusively a paper for real members *only*. Do *NOT* leave a copy of *The GOOD NEWS* on a table or stand where non-members (or even relatives) might see and start to ask about it or read it. If they did, you could not, of course, hurt their feelings by snatching it away from them. Better they just never see it or know about it.

The PLAIN TRUTH is the magazine we send freely, and without charge, to all who request it. But in *The GOOD NEWS* we wish to be free to say things to you, as our inner family of God's children, which we cannot say to the world. We wish to be free to feed you, through the columns of *The GOOD NEWS* the truly "strong meat" of spiritual food which might choke the carnal minded or prove a stumbling block to the unconverted, and those not wholly yielded to OBE-DIENCE to God.

The Good News

International magazine of
THE CHURCH OF GOD
ministering to its members
scattered abroad

January, 1968

Volume XVII

Number 1

Published monthly at Pasadena, California
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change in your address. Please include both old
and new address. IMPORTANT!

FEAST OF TABERNACLES 1967—AROUND THE WORLD

In this concluding installment we cover the twenty-three ordinations of the Feast plus preview the Lake of the Ozarks—the sixth Festival site in the United States!

by Albert J. Portune

A total of 23 ordinations occurred around the world during this Feast. There were SEVEN raised to the rank of Preaching Elder and SIXTEEN ordained as Local Elders.

Overseas, two were ordained—both in Australia.

Mr. Graemme Marshall and Mr. Keith Crouch were elevated to the rank of Preaching Elder. Mr. Marshall graduated from the Bricket Wood campus in 1966 and had served on the Visiting Program in the Sydney area until just recently when he was transferred to Auckland, New Zealand, to pastor the newly established congregation there.

Mr. Keith Crouch spent two years at Ambassador College in England before coming to Pasadena where he spent his senior year and graduated this past June. He is presently working in the office in Sydney and assisting Mr. Cole in various ministerial duties.

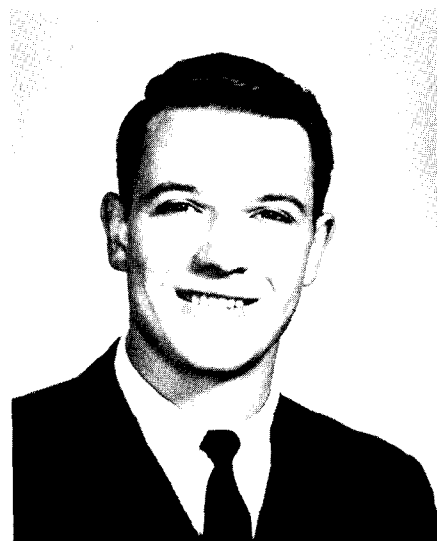
Big Sandy Ordinations

Meet those who were ordained at Big Sandy:

Joining the ranks of Local Elders, Mr. Karl Beyersdorfer was ordained by Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong on the Texas campus of Ambassador College. Graduated by Ambassador at Big Sandy in June, 1966, Mr. Beyersdorfer has been serving the Minneapolis, Minnesota Churches of God. Mr. Beyersdorfer came to college in 1962 from the University of Illinois. During graduation week in 1966, he was married to the former Gaylon Smith, a graduate of the Pasadena campus.

Mr. Larry Neff was ordained to the office of Local Elder in God's Church. Mr. Neff was a graduate of Imperial High School in 1962 and entered Ambassador College that fall. He served in the field under Mr. Dennis Luker during the summer of 1965 and gradu-

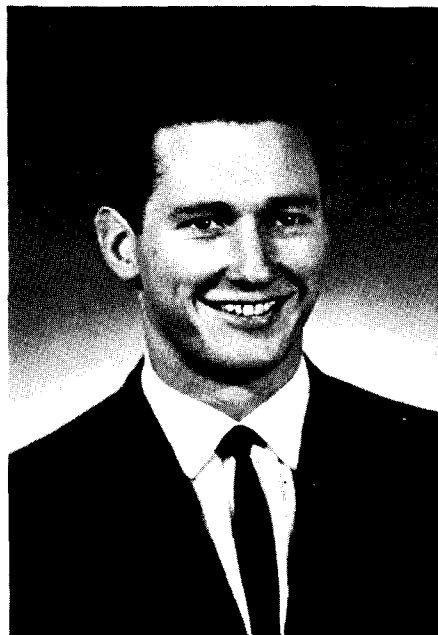
ated in 1966. Mr. Neff married an Ambassador co-ed, the former Miss Linda Sloan, immediately after his graduation and they were assigned to the San Antonio-Corpus Christi area where he is



Karl Beyersdorfer



Graemme Marshall



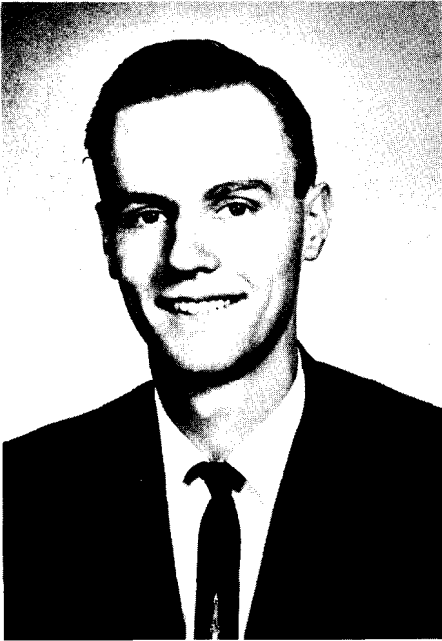
Keith Crouch



Larry Neff

presently assisting Mr. Tony Hammer. Mr. and Mrs. Neff were very happy to have the additional blessing of a 10-pound baby son just a few days before the Feast.

This was also a blessing for Mr. Leroy Neff who had the opportunity to join Mr. Herbert Armstrong and other ministers in laying hands on his son in the ordination service.



Larry Walker

Mr. Larry Walker is a 1966 graduate from the Texas campus. Coming from Mendota, Illinois, he previously spent two years at LaSalle-Peru-Oglesby Jr. College. After two years at Ambassador, Pasadena, he was transferred to the Texas campus where he finished his last two years. During the summer of his junior year he was sent to help Mr. Prince in the Oklahoma area. Upon graduation he married one of our fine co-eds, the former Penny Hans.

Mr. Walker has worked with the people in the Ft. Worth area under Mr. Benjamin Chapman for over a year now. And being a Local Elder will enable him to serve in an even greater capacity.

Ordinations At Jekyll Island

Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong was very happy to be able to be present to ordain *seven* men to greater responsibilities at the Jekyll Island Feast site.

Mr. William Bradford is a 1965 graduate of Ambassador College, Bricket

Wood. He had attended the Pasadena College for two years before receiving his overseas "assignment."

Upon graduation, he married Jeanette Whalen of Australia, also an Ambassador College, Bricket Wood student. From Britain, the Bradfords came to the United States and were originally assigned to the hills of North Carolina and Tennessee.

Mr. Bradford had been ordained as a Local Elder at the Feast of Tabernacles at Jekyll Island in 1966 and now he has been raised to the rank of Preaching Elder.

Yes indeed — the British Ambassador College is also producing laborers for the great spiritual harvest.

Another Local Elder ordained was



William Bradford

Mr. Roy Demarest who was born in Nyack, New York. He lived in Old Tappan, New Jersey until the time he left for Ambassador College in the fall of 1963. The year before that he attended Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey.

He spent his freshman year in Pasadena and then had the opportunity to be one of the pioneer students at Ambassador College in Big Sandy, Texas. In his senior year he had the opportunity to serve as Senior Class President and on the Visiting Program.

He graduated from Big Sandy this June and two days later married Pauline

Baxter, who for several years had been Dr. Dorothy's secretary. He has since been in the Evansville and Cape Girardeau area assisting Mr. Bob Steep.

He is the second member of his family to be ordained, as his mother was ordained as a Deaconess this past Feast of Unleavened Bread.



Roy Demarest

Mr. Bruce Gore came to Ambassador College as a freshman in 1962. Because of previous schooling Mr. Gore was able to graduate from Ambassador in only three years. During the summer of 1966 he served as a counsellor in the Summer Educational Program in Orr, Minn., after which he returned to marry his lovely wife, Phillis, an Ambassador co-ed. They were assigned that fall to assist in the Fort Wayne, Indiana area. Mr. Gore's ordination as a Local Elder by Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong in Jekyll Island certainly comes as a fine blessing and gives an added impetus to his service in God's Work.

Mr. Bob Jones was born in Oklahoma and lived there most of his childhood. He attended Tulsa University in Tulsa, Oklahoma for two years. In January 1956 he enlisted in the U. S. Army for three years where he studied the Chinese language. Mr. Jones was married in 1960 and his first son, Eric, was born in 1961. The Joneses attended their first Feast of Tabernacles in 1963 and in August Mr. Jones was accepted for Ambassador College. His next three



Bruce Gore

years were spent in classes and working in the Janitor Department and then the Outgoing Mail Department reading mail. Their second son was born at the beginning of Mr. Jones' second year in College. Mr. Jones was sent to the Oakland District under Mr. Dennis Luker for the summer of 1966.

After graduation in 1967 he was sent to Greensboro, N. C. to assist Mr. Roger Foster in the Greensboro and Fayetteville Churches, where he now will serve as Local Elder.

Mr. Harold Lester graduated from Newton County High School in the spring of 1954. He attended Crichton's Business College in Atlanta, Georgia for one-and-one-half semesters. He was married in December, 1955 to Carol Marie Parr, and first heard the broadcast in January, 1962.

He attended the church in Birmingham until the fall of 1963, at which time he was accepted for Ambassador College. Mr. Lester spent the summer between his Junior and Senior years in Eugene, Oregon working as Ministerial Assistant to Mr. Dale Hampton. In his Junior and Senior years he worked in the Outgoing Mail Department and then in his Senior year worked on the Visiting Program at Headquarters and on the sermonette list. He was sent to the Lexington-Louisville, Kentucky Church area in June, 1967 after graduation, May 26, 1967 where he will continue to serve—now as a Local Elder. The Lesters have a three-year-old daughter.

Mr. Earl Roemer, now a Local Elder, moved from New Mexico to Pasadena, California with his parents in 1957. At that time he entered Imperial Schools and graduated from Imperial High School in 1962. In the fall of 1962 he was accepted to Ambassador College in Pasadena.

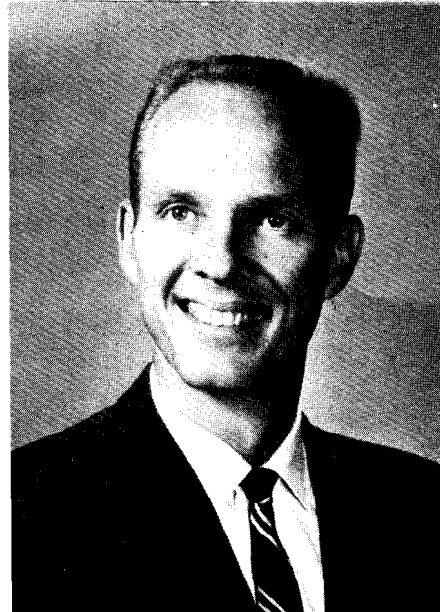
In 1964 he was transferred to the Big Sandy campus for his last two years in college. At graduation in 1966 he married the former Miss Carol Springer — also a graduate from the Big Sandy campus — and they were sent to Fayetteville and Greensboro, N. C. to assist in that area and have remained there since. In June of 1967 their first child — a daughter — was born.



Earl Roemer

Mr. Ray Wooten will be serving under Mr. Kenneth Swisher in the Macon, Georgia Church of God. His friendly smile and helpful mannerisms have acquainted him with many of God's people in the Alabama, Florida and Georgia areas. His ordination to the rank of Local Elder along with his fine example of growth has been inspiring and encouraging to all of the brethren who have known him.

Mr. Wooten is a native of Huntsville, Alabama. He was called into God's Church in 1963. He and his family drove to Sabbath Services in Birmingham every week which is a 110-mile trip one way. In 1966, he was transferred to Jacksonville, Florida and



Bob Jones



Harold Lester



Ray Wooten

again had to drive 400 miles each Sabbath to meet with God's people. In June of 1966, he was ordained to the office of Deacon. In early 1967, Mr. Wooten and his family moved to the Macon Church area and, this time *only* had to drive 100 miles one way to get to Services.

Mr. Wooten, and his wife, Peggie, have three daughters. The whole family has set an example that has been faithful in every way.

Ordained at Long Beach

Mr. Lambert Greer came to Ambassador in Pasadena in 1962, then transferred to Texas with the beginning of the Big Sandy campus. While there his brother and sister, Dean and Dolly, were accepted to Ambassador in Pasadena.

During the summer of his Junior year he was sent to assist Mr. Keith Thomas in the Arizona Churches. Then he was reassigned to Arizona upon graduation from Ambassador College, Big Sandy.

During the fall of that year Mr. Greer married a very lovely Texas co-ed, Nancy Hanson. Now, within weeks of his ordination to Local Elder, the Greers are the parents of a fine baby boy!

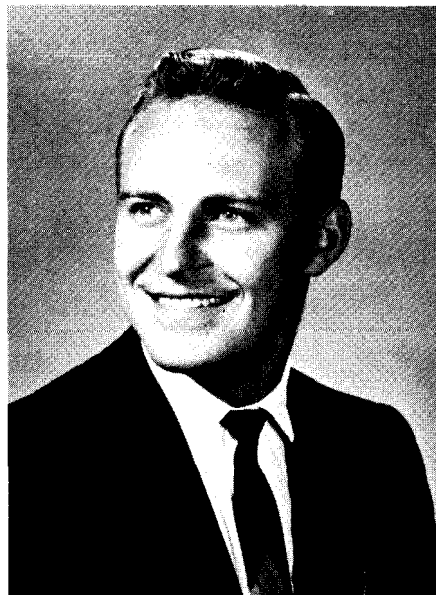


Lambert Greer

Ordinations in Squaw Valley

Mr. Fred Brogaard comes originally from the Midwest. God called him while he was attending Concordia Lutheran College in Milwaukee. He was baptized in 1963 and accepted to Ambassador College the fall of the same year. In December of 1964, Mr. Brogaard married the former Betty Jo Hayley, a graduate of Ambassador College, and he served as Married Student Coordinator on the Pasadena campus his Senior year. He was also an Ambassador Club President.

In the summer of 1966, the Brogaards assisted Mr. Carlton Smith, Portland District Superintendent. At graduation, 1967, Mr. Brogaard was ordained to the rank of Local Elder in God's Church and sent to assist in the burgeoning Seattle-Tacoma Church area. With God's help, Mr. Brogaard grew rapidly with the increasing responsibilities and experience of working in the field. He and his lovely wife now live in Tacoma. Their warm, friendly, enthusiastic personalities will help them fulfill the greater responsibilities God has now given as he fulfills the office of Preaching Elder.



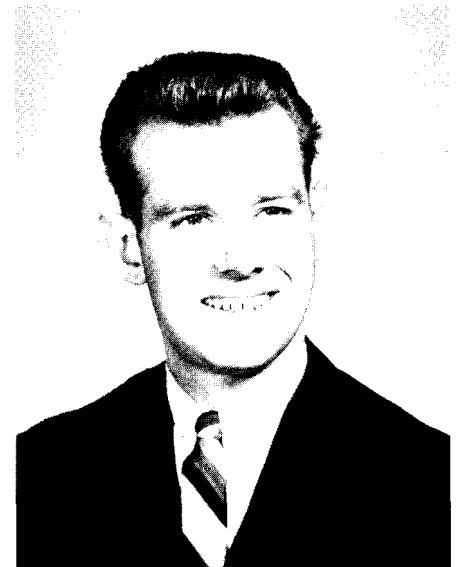
Fred Brogaard

Mr. Charles Bryce attended college in Pasadena and after graduation assisted in the Long Beach Church area, later being transferred to the Buffalo-Toronto area where he assisted Mr. Gary Antion in that fast-growing part of God's Church. He was ordained to

the rank of Local Elder while working in the Buffalo-Toronto area. In the summer of 1967 he and his fine wife and young son Scott were transferred to Kelowna, British Columbia to replace Mr. Wilding who was sent to Ottawa to replace Mr. Catherwood. Mr. Bryce is presently working with the Kelowna Church. He was raised to the rank of Preaching Elder.



Charles Bryce



Al Portune

Mr. Al Portune is a 1966 graduate of Ambassador College in Big Sandy, although he attended his first three years at the college in Pasadena. Through college, Al was outstanding in sports, which demonstrated his potential leadership.

Upon graduation, he married Elaine

(Continued on page 13)

Preview of THE TRIBULATION!

Dachau! Auschwitz! Starvation! Slave labor! Death! The Concentration Camps of Hitler's Reich were but the forerunners of yet more horrible times to come. Read this dramatic personal story from the lone surviving member of a German-Jewish family whom God has now called into His Church. This experience may make the difference for you in the next few years — whether you are spurred to grow and overcome, qualifying to escape, or whether you relive this man's horror multiplied and capped by death!

by Hans Bieglizer

Some of you know Hans Bieglizer — thousands of you heard me refer to him at Squaw Valley. I asked him to write up his experiences, hoping it would be of help to many of you in making you REALIZE the terror to come. TEEN-AGERS — ATTENTION! Hans was *thirteen* when he was sent to the first "resort" (slave labor camp)! Five of the best of *his* TEEN-AGE years were spent in abject fear, total want, cruel punishment. This will be your story — maybe ending in DEATH — unless you take advantage of the opportunities God has made available to you *now!* Please read this *thoughtfully* — it helped me, I know it will you also!

— Editor

PART I

BONN was a small peaceful city during the early 1930's. As I remember it we played in the streets, parks and on the Rhine River. We got along with the kids in the neighborhood. Went to the Catholic Volks-Schule (public school).

My father had a custom tailor shop adjoining the home which seems to have been the custom of that time with all the little trades people. The parents were always there. Our family consisted of my parents and older sister, and brother and me. The only thing different to us kids seemed to have been that we didn't go to church on Sundays like all the other kids. We went to the Synagogue Friday evenings and Saturday mornings and we had certain holidays when all the other kids did not have any.

Things Begin to Change

But soon things were changing in school and in the neighborhood. The

kids started to pick fights with us. The man that lived above us tore my father's sign down and he started to wear a brown uniform. Our parents soon started to advise us kids to stay away from fights and keep out of trouble.

Soon we were not permitted to go to school with the other kids and the Jewish Community got together and formed a school for the kids of the Jewish families. There were only 2 teachers for 8 grades of elementary classes and about 40 kids. Here we were taught the required subjects plus Hebrew. We started an half hour earlier and stayed an half hour later than all the other schools in town in order not to clash with the others.

Things started to get worse from year to year. Our windows were broken and some of our customers were warned not to deal with Jews. More and more uniforms appeared on the street parades on weekends. Signs in

store windows stated, "Off Limits to Jews." Slowly many Jewish families left Germany to far away places that I never even heard about.

Then we were ordered to get off the sidewalk when somebody in uniform came along. At that time almost everybody was wearing a uniform of some sort. Mailmen, streetcar conductors, all the different Nazi uniforms and services. The result must not have been too good so they ordered us to wear a yellow armband to make sure we were obeying and by that time we were practically walking in the gutter all the time. Then somebody changed the yellow armband to a yellow 6 pointed star with the word Jew on it to be worn front and back.

Then one day they burned our Synagogue down and went on a rampage of all Jewish stores and businesses, smashed windows, stole all they could grab and topped it off with a torchlight parade that night while we were

cowering in our home not daring to put the lights on in fear of what might happen next.

None of us went to bed that night and we were to have many nights like it.

This was 1938, and in the next little town of Godesberg, Hitler, together with Chamberlain of England, Doladier of France, and Mussolini had a get together to discuss the Sudetenland and peaceful coexistence. I can remember this very well since the next day all of them came by our house to get to the airport.

Father Deported

We were never to be a family again after that. My father, as were all other heads of Jewish families, was rounded up and placed in a detention center. They released all those that had the means and permits to emigrate immediately. Since my father was not a citizen of Germany he was deported to Poland where he was born.

He came to Germany during the First World War as a war prisoner of the Russian Army and stayed to marry my mother and to start a business. He and many others of Polish origin were put on trains and sent to the Polish border where the Polish government refused them entry. So they camped in no-man's-land between the two.

Jewish relief committees were formed to take care of them. My father managed to get away and go to his parents in the interior of Poland. My sister received permission to go to England because someone gave her employment there. My mother, brother, and I were soon informed by the German government to leave within 2 weeks.

Back in German Hands

This was now May, 1939. We sold our furniture and my father's shop for the fare and took what we could carry. We left to join my father, who, with the help of his father, managed to get another tailor shop going. We lived in a city called Lodz, the second largest in Poland, and 3 months later, Sept. 1939, after a 2 weeks' war we were again in the hands of the Germans.

It started all over again. Lodz had



Foto CTK

Jewish men being selected and interrogated for possible work detail. They are en route by transport to Osvet concentration camp.

about 160,000 Jews and it was a textile city. The Germans damaged the city just enough to scare everybody and took most of its industry intact. The Jews were ordered to remove themselves into the old part of the city which they had designated and fenced in.

We had no idea of what was in store for us. They jumped the date they had given us. Everybody had packed his most valuable belongings. One night with loudspeakers on trucks they came yelling all Jews get going and take only what you have on. This way they had it all neatly packed ready to take it all for booty. We were herded faster and faster toward our enclosure. People fell and cried and faster they came with their trucks and motorcycles, machine guns mounted on the sidecar and firing.

They once more accomplished their goals with typical German organization. Here I was to spend from September 1939 to August 1944 and watch more than half die of famine and disease. Here each family was assigned one room. These houses had no plumbing, water was pumped in the back by hand pumps and the toilets were close by. For this reason I think we had each summer epidemics of typhus, typhoid fever, cholera, and

dysentery. People dying everywhere. The Nazis even hung signs on the gates "Senchengefahr" Danger — Epidemics. They called it the "Litzmannstadt Ghetto," having removed the city and included it in the Third Reich and having only Jews exclusively here.

Slave Labor Camp

This was to become a slave labor camp on a starvation diet. Each individual got a number and a job assigned to him. Work 7 days a week for 10 hours each day. During the day they brought into each work complex a portable soup kitchen. They had built prefabricated barracks to work in. Here we made equipment for the German Army: uniforms, machine guns, etc. I was assigned to "Lider und Sattler Resort." Leather and Saddlery. They called each complex "resort." Why? I'll never understand.

Each day our supervisor decided whether we produced our quota of work and gave us a meal ticket for a bowl of soup and a thick slice of bread. As we left the "resort" we were bodily frisked to see whether we stole some of the Germans' materials.

People had their little children with them here in this "Ghetto" camp. We were all worried what was going to

happen to them. The mothers took them to work with them and shared their meager meal with them.

But soon they took care of this too. They had something called "Einsatz gruppen" special troops that came in to take away the children and those that started to weaken on the production line. We were lined in the streets

conditions some of us refused to abstain, I guess.

The work burden became heavier all the time as people died and were liquidated. Still they expected us to produce the same amount assigned to this camp and we felt it. In fear of our dear lives, which by now were not worth living, we pushed ourselves. My

was going. The Nazis never let on and we never saw a newspaper. We lost even track of what day or month it was. You went to work and when you were through with your quota you could go. The days became longer and longer. You had to be there at a certain time in the morning. Some just keeled over on the bench never to wake up. Nobody knew hardly anybody's name and did not care. At first when somebody got sick others would help to make up his work, but as time went on we became like animals. Everybody for himself.



Foto CTK

One of the wagons in which inmates were shipped from one camp to the next.

and sorted out never to see any of them again.

We had no idea where these people went to, all loaded on trucks. Whenever they came again and again we would pinch and slap our cheeks to make us look anything but pale in order to be left here. We had a feeling of what kind of end these people were to meet by the way they were handled.

Reduced to Animals

We ate the weeds that popped out of the ground and the leaves off the trees that were growing here and there. The winters were always so cold and eventually we cut down all the trees, burned floorboards and anything that would give off some heat. The most unbelievable thing is that some couples still managed to have babies not planned I am sure but here they came now and then anyway. Despite the meager rations and the surrounding

father's feet and legs were swollen and he could hardly walk to work. My brother was sent away, and soon my mother. I came down with pleurisy and managed to keep putting out my quota of work in order to eat.

Soon my father died and we buried him in the camp cemetery. I had prayed for his death because he could not make it to work and I did not want him to go the way my mother and brother went—to be thrown on a truck because he would have been unable to climb on.

There was nothing to look forward to when you laid down at night, but nobody that I knew killed himself. Yet in this country (United States) where abundance overflows there is a high suicide rate.

People by now had given up on religion. All said, "There can't be a God in heaven who permits all this."

We heard no news of what was going on in the world or how the war

Transfer to Auschwitz

Then one day in August 1944, we were told the Russians are coming and it was good news to us. We did not care who liberated us.

But we were never to see the Russians. We were to pack up all the machinery and ship it to Germany. The 30,000 of us that were left were loaded into boxcars and sent off too. This was a new experience. We had enough room just to squat and there was a little opening in the wall.

It was hot in August and here were men and women packed together with not even a bucket. We lived in the stench of urine and other matter and dead bodies. We heard nothing but moaning and groaning day and night for 2 days and nights, and the creaking and clanking of the boxcars on the railroad ties.

When the doors finally opened we found ourselves in Auschwitz.

I had never heard of it before but thought it could not be worse than the place we just left. But my mind was soon changed. Here we were sorted out, men separate from women then another separation in each group. Some were hauled away in trucks. We never saw them again.

We were given showers here and disinfected with some stuff that just about took the skin off. Then shaved everywhere a hair grew, and I mean everywhere. These barbers were also inmates and they received men and women. Here was humiliation at its worst, and the Nazis just watched with amusement.

After shaving we were sent out into

a field naked and it was very cold that night. We stayed huddled all night and in the morning we got our new striped suits with a pair of canvas shoes with wooden soles and undershorts made of paper.

But a strange atmosphere prevailed here. We were counted and recounted several times. Everytime somebody got bawled out because they did not want anybody to sit down on the ground and some of us just could not stand up anymore after all night on our feet. They pointed towards several brick chimneys and yelled to watch ourselves and behave otherwise we'd go up in smoke. We could not believe it at first, but after hearing it enough it got to us. There was very little conversation among us. We were scared.

Finally we were moved to a compound and fed the daily soup ration and then herded into a large barracks and told not to talk. Here I stayed 2 weeks.

The Hated CAPO's

We weren't assigned to work or given a new number. Each camp usually had its own numbering system. We thought our end had come. No-

Old men and young together shared the meager, bare existence of torture camps. We lived and acted like vultures.



Hauling the dead bodies out on carts became a daily ritual of horror.

body would talk to us, not even the hated CAPO's.

Capo is short for "camp polizer." These were inmates also, but assigned to police the compounds from within. They carried sticks and reported all infractions of the rules, such as talking one to another. They received special favors from Nazis such as their own bed and all the food they wanted. We could spot them from a distance by

their well-nourished bodies. They reported many infractions that did not even exist just to show that they weren't asleep on the job.

These fellows usually met a terrible end. Whenever manpower was transferred from one camp to another some of the Capo's were among them because the Nazis got tired of seeing the fat guys running around getting too big for their own good. The Capo's of the new camp pounced on them immediately and selected the heaviest work details for them. Usually they lasted only a short time.

The Move to Dachau

After two weeks at Auschwitz we were suddenly marched off and we found ourselves again on the loading ramp looking at box cars. The last trip was still in my memory and nostrils, but this time I was glad to leave this place. The rumors and threats were making us not even wanting to eat that one a-day soup.

Here we got, as we entered the box-car, a half of a loaf of "Kommissbrat," that is, German soldier bread and a hunk of sausage. The doors were closed and not opened again until 3 days and 2 nights later. No buckets again, but this time it was worse because of the food that we did not have on the last trip. The sausage was very salty and we had all the food in our stomachs almost

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DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF

Here is the continuation of last month's straightforward article on OVERCOMING. Read it — and ACT.

by David Jon Hill

"BUT be ye *doers* of the word, and not hearers only, *deceiving your own selves*" (James 1:22). There are many times that all of us in God's Church have used this scripture in referring to the people in the world to prove that *they* should obey God's law. Now let us apply it to ourselves, individually, as members of the Body of Christ — since it is direct instruction from Almighty God through His Apostle James to us.

If you read last month's article, "You Are Your Own Worst Enemy," and have done nothing about it until now, you stand on this *dangerous ground* described by James — that of self-deception. If you have done nothing about this article which requested *direct action on your part*, then chances are that you have done nothing about *many* of the articles which have appeared in both *The GOOD NEWS* and *The PLAIN TRUTH!*

Self-Deception

Let's understand! Actions *do* speak louder than words. It doesn't matter how much knowledge you have concerning God's plan of salvation, if you don't live according to that knowledge.

Knowing that the world is going to end in catastrophe as described by the startling prophecies revealed in your Bible and yet not *doing* anything about it to insure your safety from that end-time destruction is *desperately dangerous*. God has revealed the truth to us concerning this end-time turmoil and His coming Kingdom as a **WARNING!** The knowledge of these things that are going to come to pass is not of itself our passport to safety and freedom. It is only the initial incentive to shock us into recognition of reality and an understanding that *we personally must change OUR lives — OUR daily living!*

Yet many times we kid ourselves. We accept the outstanding changes that God requires of us, such as Sabbath-keeping and abstaining from unclean meats, but do not go beyond that surface change to completely renew ourselves, to scour out our minds and renew the very way we think. Self-deception is a subtle and a bitter enemy. We *think* we are doing all right because of the knowledge we have. This is a dangerous prelude to Laodicean thought and nonaction.

Knowing the schedule of prophetic events, we sometimes enjoy smugly talking to our friends and warning them of what is going to take place in Europe — of how the United States is on its way down and out. We are like a man standing in the middle of the railroad tracks proclaiming the imminent arrival of an express train. He loudly proclaims to everyone that the train is about to come and warns them to clear the tracks! Few pay any attention to him but he quietly assures himself, saying, "Just wait, you'll see who was right when the train *does* come through!" Then the train comes with sudden fury, 90 miles an hour, bearing down with incredible, awe-inspiring speed that freezes him in his tracks despite the fact that *he knew the train was coming!* He tries vainly to leap out of the way — now he's spurred to *desperate action!* But, his action is too late and too little. He dies under the relentless onslaught of the train, though *he knew the schedule!*

He had *knowledge* that the train was coming. He *believed* in this knowledge. He was *convinced of it*. He tried to tell others, to *warn them* to get out of the way — but he himself refused to budge!

A Present Problem

From the reports of those working with local and scattered churches, min-

istering to you brethren, come these suggestions for sermon topics: "Self-righteousness and How to Detect it — Self-righteousness and the Book of Job — Self-righteousness Conquered — Self-righteousness!" An excerpt from one report reads: "Family dissensions continue to present problems, but the SCOURGE OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS is *probably the most prevalent!*"

Another comment starkly outlines the desperate need of personal, individual, deep, heartrending, soul-wrenching, inner-being **CHANGE!** This minister states: "Some of the members are beginning to exhibit a comfortable 'we've-found-our-niche' attitude. Good habits of prayer, Bible study and church attendance, coupled together with faithful tithing have been established. Yet, the *expected change* in their lives is not evident. They appear to feel that once they have fulfilled the 'letter' requirements, they can then proceed to worldly pursuits such as: acquisition of material goods, obtaining social status, and catering to the physical senses. They need to be *jolted into realizing* the 'letter' requirements are only the *basis* for desirable growth in the **FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT!**"

This whole world is deceived! Satan has deceived it! The many millions following the different ideologies in the world today consider themselves to be the ones who are living correctly.

Those of us who have been called out of this world by God's Holy Spirit have had that deception *stripped from our eyes!* We are no longer deceived into thinking that any way but God's way is the right way. But that is just the **FIRST** step! If we now allow the pull of human nature to *deceive even us* — if we just *bear* the good news of God's Kingdom, even if we *understand and believe* that we must live according to God's government and His ways — *and yet do not*

COMPLETELY CHANGE *clear to the core* by *active overcoming of self*, we will end up in the SAME DESTRUCTION prophesied for this deceived world!

God's warning to us is: "Wherefore let him that *thinketh* he standeth *take heed* lest he FALL." The one who is going to gain God's Kingdom is the one who implores God for the power to overcome *constantly!* The one who is so shocked by his own weaknesses and infirmities that he is driven to cry out and ask God's *constant* strength and help to battle *daily* HIS OWN carnality, the world around him and Satan the Devil!

Don't let yourself think for once that you've got it made!

Andrew Jukes in his book, *The Law of the Offerings*, carnal-minded as he may be, could see this problem as he studied the meaning of the offerings made in the Old Testament: "...how much less perception is there of *sin* than *trespass*: he [the individual] has done *this* evil, or *that* evil, or the other; he has scarcely learnt as yet that in himself *he is evil!*" Since we just *are* that way, of ourselves, we desperately need God's Holy Spirit actively working in us continually every minute of every day — and we will never be able to say "it is done" until we stand born as God's very sons, divine spirit beings!

Self-Righteousness

This lethargy is a current problem with the baptizing teams who are visiting people around this nation and around the world. The people whom they are visiting have listened to *The WORLD TOMORROW* broadcast, received *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine and studied the Correspondence Course for perhaps years. They have requested God's representatives to come to them and *bury* them in the death of Jesus Christ!

Yet the very essence of the carnal mind and the influence of this world around us which makes us callous to wrong and evil brings this representative report of the tours: "We are still running into a *great deal of self-righteousness*. People just do not seem to see that *their* sins are very great. When we asked them how they feel

about their lives in the past, as far as God is concerned, we have to sit through a long explanation about how they have *never* done anything '*really bad*' that they must repent of now. This experience has helped us to see why God *hates* our self-righteousness so much!"

Our human minds tend to lull us into the false security that we are all right, that we are not *too* bad! It puts us into an attitude of lackadaisical obedience that grieves God and His Holy Spirit!

Realize the Enormity of Sin

If you had lived in the time when Jesus Christ walked this earth as a man, could you picture *yourself* as the *one* who — while Christ hung on that stake in agony after long hours of physical tortures and mental anguish — callously seized a Roman spear, and *violently* thrust it into the heart of our Saviour?

"Oh no!" You recoil! You could not have done a thing like that!

Or how about you who are women — can you picture *yourself* as a harlot, a prostitute, selling your body to make your living? "I've done lots of things that were wrong, but I would never do anything *that* bad!" is an approximate answer that many would give.

Brethren, let us understand the enormity, the horror of our *personal responsibility* in the death of our Saviour, Jesus Christ; and also the extent of the filth and the mire in which we ALL sunk before God redeemed us from it, washed us of our sins and accepted us before His throne as His children through the blood of Jesus Christ! Let's read what the apostle Peter said on that Day of Pentecost in 31 A.D. "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made *that same Jesus*, WHOM YE HAVE CRUCIFIED, both Lord and Christ" (Acts 2:36).

Peter was here talking to more than 3000 men, many of them devoutly religious, coming to Jerusalem from all over the world to observe one of God's Holy Days! There were undoubtedly some, if not many, in the crowd that he was speaking to who had *personally* said just a few weeks prior to this sermon, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" in reference to the very Jesus that Peter

was preaching. Yet, surely not all of these men were personally responsible for the crucifixion of Christ! None of them had *personally* seized the spear that ended His life. None of them had *helped nail Him to the stake!* Yet, Peter said to them, "...whom YE have crucified!" (Acts 2:36.)

The same message is for us today! It's been nearly 2000 years since Jesus Christ shed His blood here on this earth. But this does not excuse us from *our responsibility* for His death! We have been just as much a part of His crucifixion as was Pilate, the Sanhedrin or the Jewish mob that cried for Him to be crucified, or the Roman soldier who thrust Him through with a spear!

BY THE ACTION OF PLACING OUR SINS ON CHRIST — OF ACCEPTING HIM AS OUR PERSONAL SACRIFICE — WE CRUCIFIED HIM!

If no other individual had ever lived but you, the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, His death, and His bearing of your sins on the stake in His body, the pouring out of His lifeblood, *would have been necessary for YOU* alone to enter into eternal life!

The penalty for sin is *death!* Sin is the transgression of the law! The same law that says that "Thou shalt do no murder" says "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it Holy!" The same law that says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery" says, "Honour thy father and thy mother!" ONE SIN REQUIRES THE SAME PENALTY AS ANOTHER!

Yet, because we are human, we tend to look upon Sabbath-breaking as *far less* an accusation against our character before God than murder! We tend to soften the attitude of disobedience we had toward our parents and *not think* to compare it to the act of adultery! In weighing our sins in this *human* balance we misunderstand the ENORMITY of *our own* PERSONAL *transgressions of the laws* of our Divine Judge!

The Physical Type of Christ's Sacrifice

Let us understand the way in which the sin offering of the Old Testament pictured the sacrifice of Jesus Christ for us. All the way through Leviticus 4 you will notice that whether it was the

(Continued on page 17)

FEAST OF TABERNACLES 1967—AROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from page 6)

McCallum, a Pasadena co-ed and then was sent to assist Mr. Dennis Luker in the Oakland-San Jose Church areas.

Al became an able assistant and grew spiritually to the point that he was ordained a Local Elder at the 1966 Feast of Tabernacles in Squaw Valley.

Al continued to grow and became a very effective minister and preacher. This year at the Feast in Squaw Valley, I *again* had the blessing of ordaining my son—this time to the rank of Preaching Elder in God's Church.



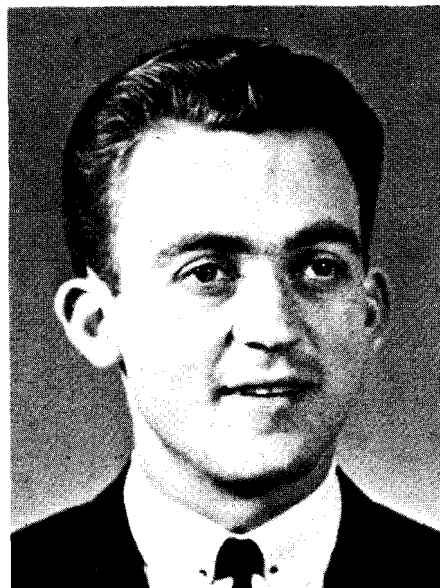
Richard Wilding

Mr. Richard Wilding, an English student, attended two years at Ambassador College, Bricket Wood, England, and was transferred to the campus in Texas for his Junior year. He spent the summer between his Junior and Senior years assisting Mr. Wilson on baptizing tours across Canada as well as visiting in the local Vancouver and Victoria Churches. His last year of college was spent in Pasadena, and upon graduation he was sent to the Vancouver area to assist in the growing Canadian Work.

At the Feast of Tabernacles of 1966 he was ordained as Local Elder and sent to the Kelowna, British Columbia Church as Local Elder, later being transferred to the Ottawa Church to replace

Mr. Carn Catherwood who was called back to Headquarters for another year of special training at college. He and his lovely wife and new son are now serving in the Ottawa Church. He was raised to the rank of Preaching Elder.

Mr. Stephen Martin was born in Sydney, Australia in 1943. In the middle of a Law course at Sydney University he transferred to Ambassador College in Bricket Wood. Upon graduation in June of 1966 he was sent to assist Mr. Raymond Cole in New York. He remained here just a short time—three weeks—before being transferred to the Sacramento area. This transfer led to his marriage to the former Paula Hegvold whom he had met in Bricket Wood, as she was a transfer student from Pasadena, and had spent two years in England. He has been assisting Mr. Doak in the Sacramento area to the present time where he will now serve as Local Elder.



Stephen Martin

Another Local Elder ordained at Squaw Valley was Mr. Owen Murphy. Mr. Murphy demonstrated his leadership ability along with his willingness to serve while a member of the Vancouver Church. In March of 1967 he and his wife were sent to help Mr.

Glen White in the Winnipeg-Moosomin area. His continued growth and dedication made it obvious that God had called him to serve God's people in that area as Local Elder. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy do not have any children but are looking forward to the day that God does bless them in this manner.

Mr. Lyle Simons, ordained as a Local Elder at Squaw Valley in the Vancouver



Owen Murphy



Lyle Simons

Church area, has worked for the Vancouver Church as a Deacon for over three years, serving faithfully in that capacity. Just prior to the Feast of Tabernacles he was hired full-time in God's Work to assist in the rapidly growing Vancouver Church. Mr. Sim-

And Now—Lake of the Ozarks 1969

ons is married and has three children.

Before concluding our round-the-world trip, let's take a final look at a *new area* which will become the *SIXTH* Feast location in the United States — fabulous Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri.

After a two-year search this beautiful Missouri area of rolling wooded hills, smiling skies and endless blue water was selected for the next Feast site to be developed.

Osage Beach is the center of a vast summer recreation area of beautiful resorts of every description. Housing unlimited. Superb dining from quaint Norwegian and German lodges to fabulous resort restaurants at lake side are the "ordinary."

Feast time is "off season" in this recreation area and rates will be very reasonable. The local businessmen and business associations are overjoyed at the prospect of our "convention."

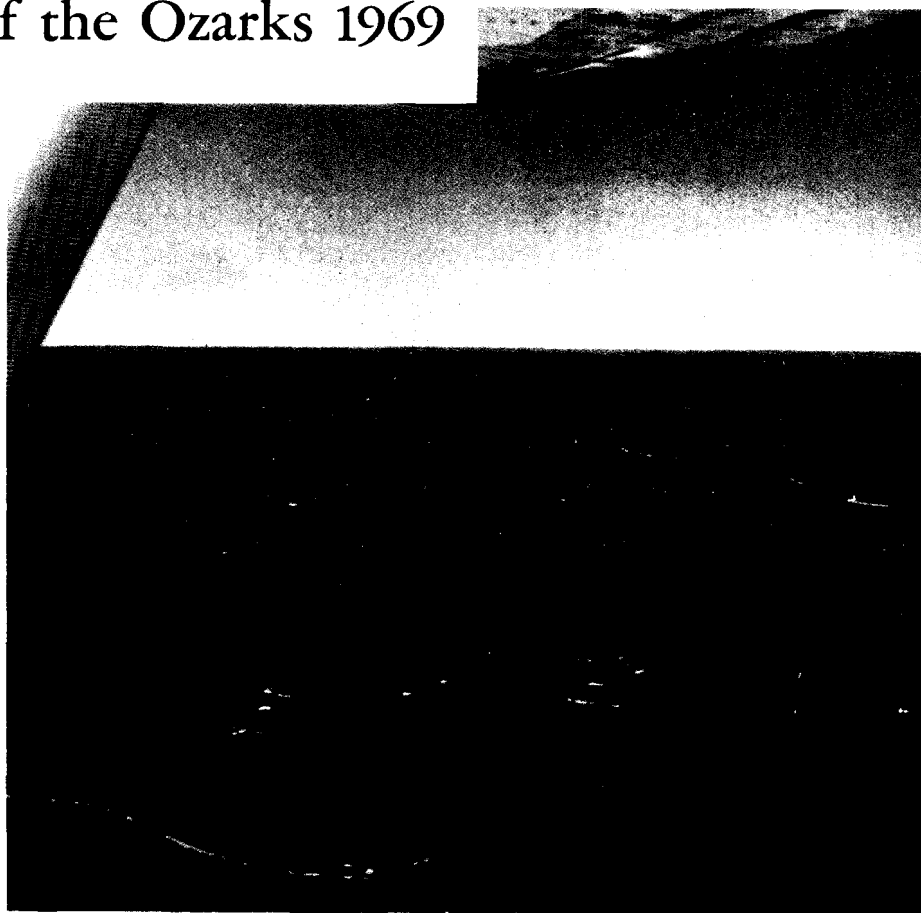
Lake of the Ozarks is nationally known for its fishing. 1,375 miles of shoreline make for every kind of water sports and activities. Caves to explore, natural wonders and scenic drives, horseback riding, golf, plus the beauty of a flaming fall season make this site a natural in which to observe God's Feast of Tabernacles.

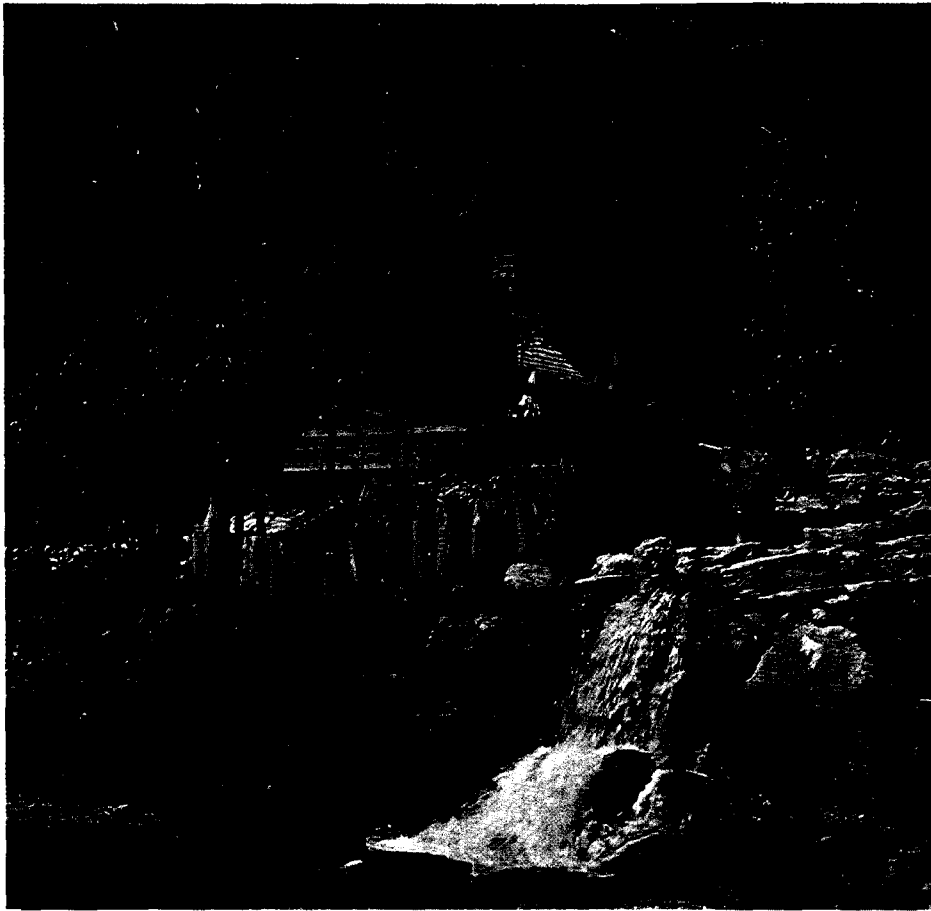
Our Own Property

After carefully viewing the area for its facilities we searched for suitable property for our Feast site. In the rolling, hilly country — with lake in every valley — level land was at a premium.

A chartered plane ride over the area revealed only three possible areas of sufficient level land. Visiting *two* of these areas both were too small and unavailable. On visiting the third we found it to be ideally located where three highways intersected. We could see the land was level and already mostly cleared of timber. AND, it was for sale.

In the following weeks we negotiated for three parcels of land — all contiguous. There were problems, but God worked them all out. Now we own nearly 200 acres of beautiful property





FAR LEFT — Aerial view of the Lake of the Ozarks showing the lovely jutting peninsulas and deep blue water. LEFT — One of the fabulous, rustic settings greeting visitors to the Ozark area.



Ambassador College Photos

FAR LEFT — One of the many-camping areas at the new Festival site. Campers can enjoy a fine water front for swimming or boating. LEFT — The property we own provides ample space for the big Tabernacle with its thousands of people and cars.

ideally located in the heart of the Lake of the Ozarks recreation area.

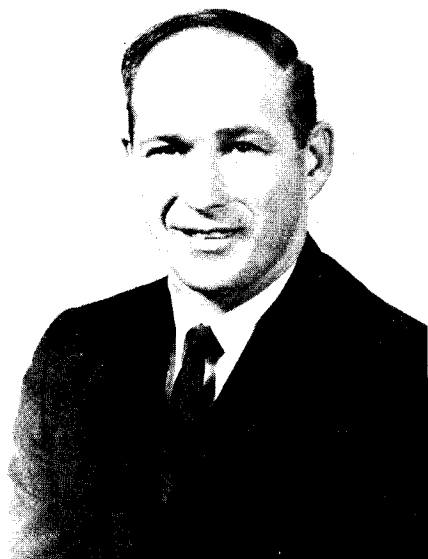
Preparatory work has already begun in preparing this sixth site for the 1969 Feast of Tabernacles. Between *eight and ten thousand people* will attend. Perhaps *you* may be one of them.

Mt. Pocono Ordinations

The father of three Ambassador College students, Mr. John Judy is a long time zealous member of God's Church. He attended his first Feast of Tabernacles in 1958 in Big Sandy, Texas. He and his family drove to Pittsburgh for services before a church was established in Akron.

Baptized by Mr. Wayne Cole, in 1959, Mr. and Mrs. Judy's service to God's Church continued zealously. In 1962 he was ordained the first deacon of the Akron Church. Now he will be able to serve as an ordained Local Elder.

Mr. and Mrs. Judy's older daughter, Carol, is a graduate of Ambassador College and the wife of one of God's ministers — Mr. Dave Albert.



Grover Cleveland Petty

Mr. Grover Cleveland Petty was ordained as a Local Elder by Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong at the Feast in Mt. Pocono. Mr. Petty and his wife have been staunch members of God's Church for about five years. He has



John Judy

been President of Spokesman Clubs both in Pittsburgh and Uniontown for three years of the five. Ordained as a Deacon almost two years ago, he has served the Uniontown area as Senior Deacon since the Church started there over a year ago. Mr. and Mrs. Petty and their three children are well respected in the community where he has worked as a floor finisher for nineteen years. They are hard working, industrious, kind and gentle people who have dedicated their lives to the Work of God.

Mr. Gregory Sargent was also ordained as a Local Elder. One of the few students to come to college from Montana, Mr. Sargent began his college career in 1962. In those years following he participated in the Ambassador Chorale and excelled in basketball. The summer of 1965 he was selected to go to the Bricket Wood campus as a transfer student for his final year. He worked in Letter Answering Department and was active in music and sports. Upon graduation he returned to the Pasadena campus where he married his charming fiancée, Marian Ecker. They then were sent to Buffalo-Toronto area to assist Mr. Gary Antion. After over one year of dedicated service and growth, he was ordained a Local Elder at the Feast of Tabernacles, Mt. Pocono. Mr. and Mrs. Sargent and their baby girl Elana



Gregory Sargent

will continue serving the Buffalo-Toronto Churches.

We certainly can all rejoice that God will call even more laborers into His harvest. We should still constantly be praying that God will add more.

A Closing Reminder

A few years ago, brethren, God led us to see that if each of us would contribute a tithe (10%) of our second tithe (which we save to attend these Feasts) we would be able to provide these fine sites and areas to attend God's Festivals.

This tithe of the tithe has completely developed the beautiful Poconos site many of you attended this year. Many new facilities have been added at our own Big Sandy, Texas site.

Now we begin the Lake of the Ozarks site. Let's all be diligent in doing our part by sending in our tithe of the tithe as *early as possible* so that we may continue this work — do it *now*, before you forget — you should have already saved at least the amount of your tithe of the tithe by now.

Well, brethren this has been a fruitful and profitable trip. As God's Feast has bound us together even more as ONE FAMILY let us continue in our *growth* and *overcoming* together toward His Kingdom.

Let's work together, strive together and serve together so we can all BE TOGETHER again at the next Feast of Tabernacles — 1968.

Don't Deceive Yourself

(Continued from page 12)

Priest (verse 3), the elders (verse 15), the rulers (verse 22), or even one of the common people (verse 27), who had committed a sin against God, it was necessary for *that individual to slay the sacrifice!* "And if any one of the *common people* sin through ignorance, while he doeth somewhat against *any* of the commandments of the LORD concerning things which ought not to be done, and be guilty; or if his sin, which he hath sinned, *come to his knowledge*: then he shall bring his offering, a kid of the goats, a female without blemish, for his sin which he hath sinned. And he shall lay his hand upon the head of the sin offering, *and SLAY the sin offering* in the place of the burnt offering" (Lev. 4:27-29).

Now let's notice a New Testament statement regarding the ultimate fulfillment of this type of sacrifice in the body of Jesus Christ. "For he [God] has made him [Christ] to be sin for us [the correct translation here should be 'a sin offering for us']" (II Cor. 5:21).

When we repent, we recognize our sins and accept the sacrifice of Jesus Christ to pay for them. This is as much a recognition on our part that the sacrifice of Christ is *necessary* for the payment of *OUR* sins. *OUR* sins, then, *directly caused the death blows to fall on our Saviour!*

Let's notice Jesus' own explanation of the meaning of the *depth* of the forgiveness offered to us through His sacrifice.

In Luke 7, beginning in verse 36, there is an account telling of a time that Jesus went to have dinner with a certain Pharisee. This Pharisee's name was Simon, and he was a leper. There was also a woman present at this dinner who was an obvious sinner — perhaps a street woman, a harlot! "And [she] stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment" (verse 38). Now this Pharisee, obviously a *religious*

man, shrank at the thought of Jesus allowing this obvious sinner even to touch him! Reasoning in his own mind, he said, ". . . This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him: for she is a sinner" (verse 39).

An Important Parable

Christ perceived this attitude of Simon's and gave him advice through the following parable: "And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

This incident is not recorded in your Bible in vain. Let's understand its present day meaning for *you*. Was Jesus trying to tell Simon that he had but fifty sins to be forgiven, but this woman obviously had five hundred sins?

No!

There is a much deeper meaning: Simon was a leper, therefore he had committed *physical sins* which brought this upon him. Simon was a Pharisee, one of the "snakes" in the "generation of vipers" whom Jesus had so plainly

labeled as *sons of the Devil!* (John 8:44.) He was obviously a man well-off, perhaps rich, as he was able to entertain Christ and as well because of the type of parable that Christ used. Because of this, he was undoubtedly involved in *many* "little" sins. Yet, he could not see *these*. He was *self-satisfied*, he was *self-deceived*, *SELF-RIGHTEOUS!* He was like his brother-Pharisee who prayed, "God, I thank thee, that I am not as *other* men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican" (Luke 18:11). He could see the sins of others, but *was blind to his own!*

He could see no imperfection in himself, but was highly indignant at others. He would not deign to classify *himself* as a "*real*" sinner! He could not realize the immensity of *HIS sin* nor the immensity of the *sacrifice* that would be needed to *pay for that sin* on the part of his Saviour!

The woman, on the other hand, because her sins were *obvious*, recognized to be sins by both man and God, could *readily see* and *eagerly repent* of them. She *knew SHE* was a sinner and she knew an *AWFUL PRICE* would have to be exacted to pay for those sins, therefore she was deeply grateful and expressed it in outgoing love to her Saviour.

The meaning for us today is for each of us to weigh and measure the *immensity of OUR sins* by *GOD'S SCALE* and *not by our own!* We should realize how they look *in the sight of God*, and how overwhelming a sacrifice it was that Christ made for us *individually*.

Once we have achieved this viewpoint, we should not only be *deeply thankful* for the sacrifice of Christ but recognize the *weighty responsibility* that the application of that sacrifice places on us once it has been applied! Now we can see how terrible *ANY* sin is. This makes us abhor and shrink back in terror from committing again the things which displease our Creator and grieve His Holy Spirit.

A Carnal Pitfall

Once you understand the meaning of the above parable you will be able to avoid the favorite *carnal* pastime that

your mind is eager to engage in. "For we dare not make ourselves of the number, or compare ourselves with some that commend themselves: but they measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise" (II Cor. 10:12). Pointing out someone else's sins often makes you feel more righteous! When you are able to stand back from somebody else's life objectively and pick out *his* faults and mistakes, and describe these to yourself or to others around you, the fact that you do not practice these same sins makes you feel superior!

Here's how it works: (1) in your conversation you explain what is the *right* way to do a certain thing; (2) you also add incidentally that *you* always practice that *right* way; (3) you show how someone else has done it a *different* way, proving him wrong — and at the same time proving yourself right, and "more righteous" than the other fellow. The fourth step is the clincher: (4) you say with shocked, open-faced, indignant innocence that *you do not understand how this other person could have done the thing he did the way he did!*

The sad thing about this human trait of comparing yourself with others is that you need someone to agree with you, to sympathize with you — A **STOUGE!** Therefore, your physical friends are dangerous — if the reason for your association is mainly physical. In order to overcome this, you need to be close to God in prayer, consciously asking His help so that you will not make these careless statements about other people.

And by all means do not descend to being somebody else's "stooge"! If this type of downgrading another person is being practiced in your ear, have the spiritual fortitude to suggest *another topic of conversation.*

Spiritual Pride

God says: "Be not righteous *over much*; neither make thyself *over wise*: why shouldest thou destroy thyself?" (Eccl. 7:16). The Pharisees of Jesus' day had added sixty-five do's and don'ts to the keeping of the Sabbath.

They had reduced the *spirit* of keeping the Sabbath *holy* into carnally understood and physically defined *laws of their own*. This is why there was such a stir when Jesus went through a wheat field one day and plucked a few ears of grain to eat. The reason the Pharisees were so disturbed was because one of their rules was that on the Sabbath day it was permissible to pluck one ear of grain but to pluck two or more would be considered reaping and therefore work, which was banned on the Sabbath day. They even went to the extreme of declaring that it was unlawful to catch a flea on the Sabbath day, with the added condition that if the flea *bit* you then you were free to catch him and exterminate him!

Because of this *show* of righteousness of *theirs*, they wondered when they saw Jesus eating with and talking to "Publicans." They couldn't understand how a holy man would think of associating himself with a sinner. Jesus' plain answer to them was that answer which we can apply in our lives today: "I came not to call the righteous, but *sinner*s to repentance" (Luke 5:32).

That is, those who *recognize* that they are indeed sinners!

The natural minds that we are born with cause us to have self-righteous tendencies today in God's Church. We tend to equate the righteousness which comes by God's Holy Spirit to righteousness that we can understand *physically*. We begin to reason with our carnal minds and leave God out of the picture.

Once we learn about the benefits of certain "health foods" we are highly indignant of those who still remain in ignorance. We are *shocked* when we hear that a member has *used* "white sugar," and are driven to our knees about the brother who has not yet learned the evils of hydrogenated oil. Our carnal minds dwell on such things as *fasting and diet* rather than allowing God's Spirit to keep our thoughts on *healing and forgiveness*.

Our carnal minds lead us to think about the *minister and his "speech"* rather than the *ministry and its message!* We dwell on the *physical circumstances* rather than the *spiritual hope!*

Religious Reasoning

Perhaps we even go so far as to give *spiritual-sounding reasons* for doing and justifying wrong acts that we commit. An example might be: "I think we all ought to have more love, yield more to God's spirit." Now, since this is a truism — that is, of course we all ought to have more love and we ought to yield more to God's Spirit — this then allows the individual who has made this statement to go ahead and criticize, condemn and gossip about other brethren and perhaps even the ministry.

Here is an example from real life:

"We should give everything we can to the Work of God." This statement is true. It is irreproachable. No one would *dare* deny the fact. But the reasoning that was used to exemplify this spiritual-sounding phrase was incorrect totally!

The reasoning was this: "It is wrong for Brother So-And-So to give more support to his divorced wife than he gives to the Work of God." This whole situation gives a spiritual-sounding reason for the individual to be more righteous than God Himself! God has demanded *ten percent* of the increase that He blesses us with for His Work. He has asked us in addition to this to give *generous offerings*.

But a wife in God's eyes, divorced or not, and especially if demanded by the laws of the state, *is to be supported* — which would probably amount to more than ten percent. Only discontent and hard feelings can come from reasonings such as this which stem from spiritual pride.

One of the easiest ways for the carnal mind to justify itself is to believe that it is "*misunderstood*." How many times the ministers of God have heard that statement come from the lips of those they have counseled!

On one occasion, a minister was speaking with an individual for nearly an hour trying to explain to him in English that he should not work on God's Sabbath after sundown on Friday night. The individual spoke Spanish, but understood English well enough to get the point. However, to justify his own carnal feelings about this subject, he said that he did desperately wish he

could speak in Spanish, because he knew that if he could but express himself in his native tongue he would be "understood."

This minister then *answered him in Spanish* and said that he would be glad to discuss the matter. Another forty-five minutes ensued in the Spanish language, going over the same points, until the carnal mind was again trapped. But then the excuse was that the minister was too young and could not "understand" how difficult it was for an older man to get a job!

Let us UNDERSTAND one thing: GOD will never be satisfied with the excuse: "YOU just don't understand!"

Pure Religion

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James 1:26-27). You will notice as you turn to this scripture that we have quoted the 22nd verse of this chapter of James before. Here, in the last portion of James 1, is an overall summary of both the *problems* that face us and the *solution* that comes by APPLYING this scripture *directly to ourselves as individuals*.

You will notice that neither *hearing* the truth nor *talking about* the truth, as verses 22 and 26 explain, is what God considers to be pure religion. Only the *actual fruit* of selflessness, of giving of yourself to others in *outgoing LOVE*, a witness of your *actions*, not of your lips, a changing of the complete man from the very inner-being — *this is what God considers to be pure religion!*

There are many other pitfalls that we fall into as human beings because of the downward pull of our human nature. Perhaps going over these few in this article will give you a more specific idea of what to look for, to fight against in *your own* carnal nature. Don't stop here, but go on with the help of God's Spirit to discover the other tactics that *your* carnal mind uses

against YOU to bring YOU into subjection, to bring YOU to death, to deceive YOU!

Really dedicate yourself wholeheartedly to overcoming your "self"! The power of God's Holy Spirit is the *only power* that can overcome your problems. So don't forget to be instant in prayer, to constantly think first of God and ask silently or out loud as the occasion permits for *personal, direct* contact with the POWER and the MIND of, Almighty God who chose you out of this world to become a new creature!

Notice that pure religion as defined by God through His apostle James

also includes that the individual must "... keep himself unspotted from the world" (James 1:27). In the next article, we will find out how to do this.

The *second great enemy* that we have in fighting our way in this battle of overcoming, in the "total war" of becoming perfect, is that of overcoming *this world*, its society, its ways of thinking, and the pulls it has on us to detract us from our goal, to fight us in every way to keep us from becoming the born sons of God. You need to *recognize this enemy* in order to be able to fight it with God's power in a way that will make you MORE THAN A CONQUEROR!

Preview of the Tribulation

(Continued from page 10)

before they slammed the door shut on the box car. The reason for that was that we were hungry but the main reason was we did not trust the guy next to us and he did likewise. If you had food on you and it was known, you did not keep it very long. We looked and acted like vultures.

Soon there was the stench again. We all contributed to it. By now the plaintive cries for water were increasing and we looked forward to the nighttime when the air would cool a little.

We never knew in what direction we were travelling. This time we arrived at Dachau. Here we were again assembled on the "appel platz." Each camp had one such place void of anything and each morning and evening we were assembled and counted. Here at Dachau we were registered and given a new number. Mine was 95684 and this was September 1944.

We were given a talking to here by one of the SS big ranking officers and told what our job would be. He told us that we are to go to Dachau Work Camp II for construction work and that, beside the main Dachau camp, there were over 30 little camps in this vicinity.

"Himmelsfahrt Commando"

The main camp at this time was reserved for German deserters from its services and ministers and priests that were not in agreement with the

government. He also said that for the army deserters they had a special task and any of us who did not do his work properly would join them. They were in the "Himmelsfahrt Commando." That is the name of a religious holiday in Germany celebrated for Ascension Day. The reason for this nickname is that most blew up on the job of demolition of time bombs or unexploded ones that lay in many places after an air raid.

We walked a day and night to get to our new number II camp to find the enclosure of wire and guard towers with guards. The prefabricated barracks were awaiting our arrival. It was in the midst of a pine forest and we set about getting the barracks up. These little Dachaus were designed to hold 3,000 men each. As soon as some barracks were up we thought some of us could use them but they would not let us until all were up.

Here we were awakened at 4 in the morning, assembled and counted, and marched to work. We were at the construction site at 7. This was the biggest undertaking I ever saw. Here some of the German civilians talked with some of us and we found out they were building an underground airplane factory. It was partly finished and they were moving in machines and Russian war prisoners as workers.

We hauled cement out of the trains that brought them. To carry cement

was to break most of us. Men fell dead everywhere. We had to carry the dead back to camp with us to account for each one. They finally let two of us carry one bag of cement because that was the only way they could move any of it anymore at all.

At night as we arrived at camp we received our reward. Food. Bowl of soup and slice of bread. 200 metal bowls for 3,000 men took quite awhile until each had his. There was no washing of bowls—they were all *licked* clean. I remember one time one of the guards by the soup line said laughingly to one tired soul that if he found any meat in his soup that he was to return it since meat was not meant for us. The tired and hungry fellow talked back to him to which the guard spit in his bowl and the man threw the whole bowl in his face and he was promptly shot in front of everybody.

We Lived With Death

Death was now our constant companion except it did not come quickly enough for some. Wounds did not heal. We were too tired to wash, there was only about 5-6 hours of sleep. We woke up with dead ones lying on each side sometimes. Some couldn't get up and were placed into a special barrack called a "Lazzrette" or field hospital. Here they found no care, but it made no difference to them; they knew they came here to die. There was no one to talk to them. Some died quickly, others laid a few more days. Maggots were eating on some of the bedsores they had from lying on hard boards with just skin covering the bones. They had only a small blanket to cover. We all had the same bedding. On a cold day a stinking steam came out of these barracks from the little moist heat these fading bodies emanated.

We were surrounded by many people of our own kind, but not friendly—they had been turned into animals. All were trying to live another day on *you* if they could get your portion of food. Here sometimes a truck came to collect the dead to take them to Dachau main camp for cremation. Other times we had a special "Totenwagen" (hearse). It was an old horse

wagon with 20 ropes to pull and some had to push. We buried the corpses in a mass grave in the woods someplace selected by the Nazis. I know that some were not yet dead.

The Germans wanted the gold fillings and capped teeth so we had to get them for them with a pick and quietly handed them over to the guards.

Nights, if you had to eliminate, you would go to the latrine, one per camp, only in undergarments with

after the harvest there remains a stem above the ground where the head had been cut off. To us it was a treat to go over those fields and fill our trouser legs with these stems during an air raid as the Nazis took cover. We gnawed on those stems all the way back to camp. To survive one had to supplement the camp ration somehow or it was sure death.

Sometimes we were ordered to help farmers at harvest time for a few days



Wide World

We lived with death whether at work or in the barracks, shown here.

hand over your head. It was always cold especially in Bavaria. Clothes and underwear did not last very long and we supplemented with rags and what the dead yielded.

The dirt and lice became another killer. These little pests would not let you sleep at night. They drank the little blood left in you.

Towards the end of 1944, bombing increased and we were called on to mend the highways and railroads. Sometimes it yielded food, especially when the damage was near farmland. There was always something to fill up on—if the guards permitted it. Some of the Nazis had almost enough of war by 1944. Some of their members of family had been killed or hurt by bombings. Some of these became lax in their duty, others more antagonistic.

Germans eat a lot of cabbage, and

and that was usually a treat also. Most farmers brought food to us though sometimes there was a guard who would not permit us to have it. Each one had his personal peculiarity in what he thought was his duty to the Führer.

How We Kept Warm

In order to keep warm we would take the paper cement bags and use the outer one under our jacket which was light cotton and not warm enough for the Bavarian fall and winter. We cut the sides open and a hole in the middle and used it like a pancho and it would keep the wind out and was not bad at all for warmth. But most of the guards would take a stick and tap us in the back as we lined up to march to camp after work, and when he heard the noise paper makes he

would order it removed. Then we always had a lecture on trying to sabotage the Third Reich because they needed the old cement bags for reuse. Some of them were really nasty and ordered that we not get food at all that night.

We had seen examples earlier in Poland at the leather equipment compound where I had worked. Some men had nailed leather strips under their shoes to make them last longer. As I mentioned earlier, we were bodily frisked, but one day they decided to look under the shoes. There were immediate hangings at the compound. It started off with one and increased until they had 17 once in a single day for one infraction or another. Each had sabotaged the Third Reich. We Jews were responsible for the war in the first place and now we were helping the enemy, and so it went each time with a lecture. All had to attend the executions.

At first I wanted to close my eyes. Then I decided not to, in order to remember, if I ever survived this, to take revenge. Yes, I watched those people dangling a few minutes choking to death. The method they used was like the pictures of the Old West where they disappear under the stand as the trap door opens. Here it was done in the open. They stood on a bench and one of the Nazis kicked it aside and there they hung wrestling for life that was worth nothing at that time on the gallows or not.

As the bombing increased and became a daily and nightly occurrence and sometimes the air raid warning lasted for hours, construction at the big site slowed down to a trickle. We all got somewhat of a rest as far as physical labor was concerned.

Our "Typhoid Shots"

Towards the end of December 1944, we all had to line up for shots. It was announced that the neighboring camp was down with typhoid fever and to prevent further spreading of the disease we had to get the preventive measure. I took note, not quite a week after the shots, that our Dachau Camp #4 at Kauferingen had almost 100% typhoid fever. It was the greatest dis-

aster I had witnessed. Of the nearly 3,000 men at camp #4, over half died within 10 days.

I remember the high fever, ringing in my ears, and yelling for water. A skeleton crew was not affected by this. The reason is that they had this particular disease sometime in their lives and were immune now. They brought water as much as they could and carried out the dead.

After surviving the fever I could not stand on my feet, having had nothing to eat for about 2 weeks. There is no desire for food at the time of the fever but it lets up after 2 weeks. We hobbled around step by step until we reached the building where the food was stored. There was some bread which had become mouldy. The Nazis did not set foot into the camp for several weeks so we helped ourselves to it. Slowly the survivors regained some of their strength and things slowly began returning to the normal routine. The stinking bodies had to be buried since some of them had died 3 weeks earlier. This time we left the rags they had left for clothing on the bodies otherwise they would probably have rotted apart as we were loading them on the "hearse." By now it took about 6 of us to carry a skin and bone body.

The Matter of Shoes

Our canvas and wood shoes were to last a year. But to wear them daily they would hold out only about 3 months. We nailed tin from cans under the wood to make them wear longer and carried them in good weather over our shoulders so as not to wear them out on the long treks to and from camp to the construction site.

I had bad luck with my last pair, and the winter of 1944-45 was one of the cold ones. They gave out on me, but I managed to get hold of some gunny sacks and wrapped them around my feet with wire. It snowed heavily that winter and froze often and one of my feet got terrible frostbite on three toes. They all got watery and started to stink. I got scared that I would not be able to report for work anymore soon.

I kept moving around as best as I could with a stick for a brace and

soaked my foot often in the water we had. It was ice cold and suddenly I could not hold back my tears anymore.

Too Hardened for Emotions

I thought that I would never be able to cry again — that I was too hardened for any emotional feelings. I had cried the last time I thought when they took my mother away. I was 14 years old then. I watched my father wither away from lack of food and he died. The hangings and the shootings and the personal little cruelties the guards thought up — how can I have anymore feelings left? Here I was not crying on anybody's shoulder for there was nobody that did not have his own troubles and who would listen and could help me. We did not even know one another's names and did not care to know them. We just mumbled to each other at work or nodded if somebody said something. I planned and thought of throwing myself under the train that brought cement the next day, but I saw the trains coming and let it go by because I was too scared thinking it might hurt me.

The water faucet at the latrine was a long pipe with little holes spaced about 20 inches apart on two sides so two dozen men could use it for washing as it was turned on twice a day for about an hour. It ran into a wooden trough and collected there and I soaked my foot in it every day after I got back from work.

Nights I lay awake worrying that I would slowly rot away. I thought of the prayers my mother taught me at home and tried to whisper them to myself between sobs of crying. The fellow next to me must have heard some of it and got mad, telling me to be quiet and besides what good would it do? If there was a God in heaven he would not let these things go on and he said that he knew because he was at one time a Rabbi.

I remembered now the day in March 1939. My day of Bar-Mizvah, a day a Jewish boy becomes a full fledged member in his congregation. I stood in front of the Torah in my fringed garment with the blue thread in it to read a part well rehearsed in Hebrew, a part of a chapter in Leviticus never

knowing what it meant. I wondered if God would hear me.

Spring, 1945

The sun started to become warmer now everyday as spring approached and my toes became well. I thought now that I had it made. I recall now that I actually never uttered a word of thanks. It was coming to me was it not? After all the trouble that befell me.

For nearly 20 years afterward I never fasted on the Day of Atonement, the most solemn holiday on the Jewish calendar. When asked by other Jews why, I always told them that I built up a large account of fast days already in advance and was now collecting my due.

We heard rumors about German losses and how the front was getting closer. We saw an increase in air raids night and day. During the day we actually saw lighter planes with the American insignia almost unchallenged strafing railroad cars with machine guns. We had to run for cover many times but we were happy to hear and see them coming for there was nothing more cheerful to us than to watch our oppressors getting their licking.

An Abortive Escape

One day on a work detail another fellow and I decided that it was very easy to slip away during an air raid. Just start pushing a wheelbarrow and the other carrying a shovel over the shoulder and start walking away from the place we were working. We took off and walked for about 2 hours. Nobody seemed to come after us. We got scared and decided to return at once. It would have been impossible to cross a main street anywhere in Germany without identification and if they had started to miss us and caught up with us it would have been instant execution. When we returned we found they had not missed us at the work detail and we stewed over whether we should have gone on and made an escape. As I see it now it was pure cowardice. We valued our lives above everything — even though they weren't worth anything here.

We were transferred. The whole camp #4 was being moved on foot

to Dachau camp #2. It was a two day walk and we were all glad that it wasn't in a box car again even though two day marches always killed many that were too weak to make it that far. As soon as they sat down to rest we all knew what their fate was because it happened every day on the marches to and from the construction site. There was the pistol shot at the rear of the column and dead silence except for the clatter the wooden soles made.

Dachau camp #2 was near a town called Landsberg on the Lech River. A famous state prison was there that all of Germany had heard of in the last 12 years. Here Adolf Hitler served a term and wrote his book *MEIN KAMPF*. This camp was a little larger than the one we just left. It held about 5,000 men.

As the remainder of camp #4 arrived and got settled in we were showered with questions by those that were there. "Have you seen my father? or my brother or other members of what had been a family once?" We asked them also the same thing.

The Bi-Weekly "Holiday"

Soon silence set in again and the same routine, except here seemed a larger contingent of Nazis and they gave us every second Sunday off from regular work at the construction site.

But we wished those second Sundays would never arrive. On those days they played games with us, such as crawling from one end of the camp to the other on our stomachs. They would bet on us with money and the winner usually got an extra bowl of soup and many times the losers a whipping from the sore Nazis who lost bets. Others formed a small circle of inmates and had us go around and around to see who could go the longest without dropping to the ground because we were getting dizzy. We were now the only amusement they had available.

The Nazi I Knew

Here I saw a man who had been a journeyman tailor at my father's shop when I was 10 or 11 years old — a

man who had stayed in our home as was the custom since he lived in another town. But he was now one of the SS men. I reminded him who I was, since he did not recognize me. At last he remembered me. He picked me up on the second Sundays and made me clean his boots and gear and his quarters and did not release me until late in the evening when the soup kitchen, my only meal, was closed.

He was drunk most of the time and kept telling me that the war was not yet lost for Germany and that the Jews who were nothing but the scum of the earth were all to be wiped out. When I told him that he had eaten our food at home and now he kept me from getting mine he told me to go to the garbage pile, which I did, and fill my pants legs full of potato peelings and coffee grounds.

I took this into the barracks and cooked it in a pail on a stove we had here at camp #2. It seemed like it tasted better than the soup they had here. But I wasn't to have too much of that either. The Nazis employed one of our Jews as their cook and whenever he spotted me on the garbage pile he would dump hot water over me and cause a big fuss until one of the Nazis came and chased me off the garbage pile. This fellow thought now as a Nazi cook he also had authority over the garbage and I was not to step into his domain.

The Return to Dachau

It was now April 1945. We received an announcement one day that no more work details were to leave the camp. We thought again that this was now our end. Then we were told that all the labor camps in this area were to be marched to the main camp, Dachau itself. We left on foot and merged with others on the way.

Two days and nights on the road and again the ranks became thinner each day. We arrived at Dachau through the wrought iron gate with the famous "Arbeit Macht Frei" — "Work brings Freedom" — slogan on it. Here we waited about a week until all the labor camps had arrived out in the open field. I had a large blister on my

foot and was worried if we had to march some more.

Here was a large shoe repair shop for the army, and one day the door was pushed in by some men who wanted some shoes. I got word of it and soon there were hundreds of us

trying to get shoes. I got in and grabbed two pair that seemed my size. On the way out of the building someone grabbed one of the pairs. That left me with one good pair of army shoes, but they fitted well. Nobody seemed to care what was going on.

The Nazis were hurrying back and forth. They fed us, but nothing else happened.

The Horrible Exodus

Then on the 23rd of April we were lined up into columns and started to march out of Dachau. We walked during the day. Only at night we rested on the side of the road. It seemed that every day there were fewer Nazis around us. They had started to desert for fear of what might happen to them if all of a sudden they would be overtaken by the Allied Forces.

We could hear artillery action not too distant and much military traffic on the road at night. All day we heard the shots from the rear and we all now tried our best to go on because we could sense that this was the end of the Third Reich. But we were faced again without any food and became desperate in having the end almost in sight after all these years only to fall now by the roadside too weak to go on, and be shot.

But we found another source. American Fighter Planes came during the day and shot at anything that moved

"Arbeit Macht Frei" they said.



And here was that Freedom!

CTK Photo

Wide World



in the fields and killed a horse here and there on a farmer's pasture. Some of them were dead for quite a while because the carcass was swollen to almost twice its normal size and so stiff that the legs stuck almost straight into the air. They let us cut those dead animals up and we ate the raw meat.

I also saw human bodies lying — those that had dropped way ahead of us in the column — whose ears and tongues had been cut out by those desperate to survive, for food, I am very certain. We all would have done this if there had not been the dead animals lying in the field.

The Nazis "Change Their Spots"

The remaining guards made exceptions here to let us at these carcasses, and sometimes they would even let us rob the farmers' store of cow beets. Here in Bavaria the farmers pile these beets, about the size of a human head, like small pyramids and cover them first with a layer of straw and then cover that with about a foot of soil to keep them from freezing in winter. This being spring, most were open on one side and were being used daily and because of this we had no trouble getting them.

The guards that were left started to take a personal interest in our welfare by asking questions such as what we would do after the war. They started to make small talk and we could sense their anxiety. They had all reason to be worried for we kept on the lookout for any sign of Allied troops.

On the night of the 1st of May 1945, we laid on the side of a road in a pine forest near a prewar resort town of Bad Tolz in Bavaria. As we awoke there was several inches of wet snow on the ground and on us and all was very quiet. There was no military activity on the road and only a few artillery shots rang out in the distance. We stood by the road and waited, shivering, wondering what was going to happen next.

A small German car approached with the emblem of the German Red Cross. A tall man stepped out and announced to a Nazi officer that the Americans would soon arrive and that

the nearest town to us was ordering its people to hang out white flags of surrender. He announced to us to stay where we were and that they were organizing the local farmers in the area to slaughter beef for us so that we can have some food and that we could use the barns to get out of the weather as soon as the Americans reach us here.

The news spread like wildfire and in a matter of minutes the remaining guards were disarmed and shot by those who no longer could hold back anymore. Most of us sat by the side of the road and cried tears that could not be held back anymore either. We thought of how senseless all this killing had been and what it had accomplished. We started to think of our family members that were no longer living and how would we ever find those that were. They even shot the Red Cross man.

Soon we saw the American tanks and it was a good thing because the whole town closest to us would have been wiped out if they had not restored some kind of order.

Many here who had survived were soon to face another hazard. Death was still awaiting many of us. We could not digest decent food. We were reduced to the animal stage and many just kept stuffing anything that became available into their mouths. The cries of stomachaches at night and the corpses the next day became very evident of what we are and that we must learn how to control ourselves.

The Aftermath

As I look back on the time between May 1939, to May 2nd, 1945, from age 13 to 18 it is very clear to me that man, be he friend or foe, turns into a ferocious animal. That is what we say, but in truth animals don't become like that at all. There is no loyalty to anybody, not even the closest relatives; there are no friends, no fellowship to commiserate with, no honor or humiliation, nobody to cry to to release some of the strain, not a kind word is heard. Everybody is looking out only for himself. Animals still have loyalty.

Food is swallowed just like dogs do,

only gulped down faster than you can receive it. The Germans have a special word for it and they used it on us very justly; they call it *fressen* instead of *essen*. The first one is used when animals eat. The other is only in connection with people.

Then their pretense of not knowing what went on in these camps or of such existence when these transports and marches went on right under their noses, through their streets and towns; the disappearance of the Jewish neighbors or landlords and business people; the *sadistic* and masochistic desires of the "honorable" and "intelligent" German officers — it makes me ill when I hear even today that it was only the Nazis and the SS members and the party hacks that were responsible and that the regular service branches of the German Army had nothing to do with it except fight for the fatherland *and for what it stood*. The army did a good job together with all the German population as long as the "Führer" was winning on all fronts. For instance, in Poland the Katyn Forest massacre of thousands of Polish army officers — as long as the USSR was the ally of the United States the whole thing was blamed on the Germans, and when Germany came into the good graces of the United States it became a Russian massacre when all along the whole world knew of the alliance of Germany and Russia and it was a joint venture of both. The same with General Rommel that he was not a card-carrying Nazi. But he fought well for Hitler, accepted all the laurels bestowed on him until he had a slight change of heart when he saw that Germany now was faced with the giants of the world. But his *heart* was for the "Führer" as long as he supplied his demands. There is no honor among men as long as each has only his own desires in mind, be they medals or a bowl of soup or a garbage pile. Selfish, grasping, greedy men have brought the world to what it is today — and what it was in 1944. Men apart from the true God have not and cannot bring happiness. My prayer has become, "Thy Kingdom come!"

(Part II next month)