

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER

The Covenant Message



FOR GOD, LAW AND KINGDOM

VOLUME 52 NO 9



(R 32; S 52; £24; Airmail per ten cassettes.)

WRITE TO:—

THE FEDERATION OF THE COVENANT PEOPLE
P.O. Box 830, Honeydew, 2040. SOUTH AFRICA

EDITOR
W.G. Finlay

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
J. Finlay

PRODUCTION
M. Shaw-Butler
D. Finlay

PUBLISHER
The
Federation of the Covenant People
P.O. Box 830, Honeydew, 2040
South Africa

Telephones:
During business hours 795-3014
Emergency: 795-2225

EDITORIAL
ADVISORY COMMITTEE
*The following group of distinguished
people provide comments and advice.*

R.A. Cron: P.R. Eagle: F. Boswell:
C. Shaw-Butler: W.H. Trundell:
R.H.W. Hall: M.G. Collett: H.J. Hen-
driks: J. and V. Fletcher: E. and L.
Saunders: R. Stuart: M. McBrearty.

COVER
Photo: H.M. Swan.
Production: Ian Long, Lithotone.

CONTENTS

FAILURE	
The Man Who Failed	2
EFFORT	
Isaiah's Job	8
DEFIANCE	
Murder In The Cathedral	12
TREACHERY	
Mary Queen Of Scots	15
ENDEAVOUR	
Toward New Frontiers	17
DECISION	
Stand Fast	18
CHALLENGE	
Why A Crusade ?	24

Dear Reader,

The articles in this issue of *The Covenant Message*, although diverse in scope, all manifest some aspect of human character and activity. There is failure, defiance and treachery - the depths of human experience - but there is also endeavour, the decision to struggle on against all obstacles, to challenge life and face it anew.

Challenges can of course, take different forms. The article 'Why A Crusade?' presents one kind but my personal challenge now is to all readers to adopt the motto 'Each One Reach One.' To introduce *The Covenant Message* to at least one other person.

We need your support.

Sincerely yours,
W.G. FINLAY,
Editor

THE COVENANT MESSAGE - Issued from time to time with ten issues covered by R10; \$10; £ 6. Airmail subscriptions: U.K. £ 12; Dollar Areas \$30. All Rights Reserved but articles may be quoted if full acknowledgment given. Send address changes to Editorial Office, P.O. Box 830, Honeydew, 2040, South Africa. While the Editor is pleased to receive articles these should be copies only as there is no guarantee they will be printed.

The Man Who

“And there was a certain man of Zorah, of the family of the Danites, whose name was Manoah; and his wife was barren, and bare not. And the angel of the LORD appeared unto the woman, and said unto her, Behold now, thou art barren, and bearest not: but thou shalt conceive, and bear a son. Now therefore beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing: For, lo, thou shalt conceive, and bear a son; and no razor shall come on his head: for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb: and he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines”
(Judges 13:2-5).

The Real Samson Story is very different to what people have been taught to believe. It is a story of selfishness, permissiveness and of cunning individuals, few of them pleasant and most of them ruthless and degraded. It is certainly *not* a story for young children.

In the telling of this ancient saga Samson of course, is always cast in the role of a man of great strength and courage but an honest examination of his life reveals him in a totally different role. True he was strong but this strength was expended irregularly, injudiciously and recklessly without any regard for rules and regulations.

It is said that his father Manoah offered a burnt sacrifice as a token of gratitude for the announcement of the angel and that according to His Name, “He did wondrously” in that He made a flame to rise and consume the offering. That descending fire on a sacrifice was God’s way of showing His acceptance.

It is also said that Samson was in a peculiar sense a gift of God, born to do a special work and that an over-ruling providence governed all his acts. That God meant him to be His representative man and a light to Israel.

Yet, is all this really true?



Failed — W.G. Finlay

Of sacrifices it is clearly stated in Genesis 12 that it was the Canaanites who, according to their brand of religion, offered not only animal but human sacrifices to their gods. Later, many of their religious rites were incorporated into the religious practices of ancient Israel not by the Command of The Almighty but, at the command of the priesthood who had set themselves up in opposition to the Lord. In the small book *The Sacrificial Laws – Fact or Fiction**, Prof Harold J. Hendriks clearly shows how, instead of repenting of their sins and obeying the Law, Israel preferred to sacrifice innocent animals to atone for their transgressions. Shown too is the Almighty's reaction to this pagan practice: "... Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats? Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High:" (Psalm 50). The prophet Micah also states that sacrifices are not wanted by the Lord: "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the LORD require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6).



It might be appropriate here to consider the dictionary definition of the English word LEGEND for the very obvious reason that not only sacrifices but the entire story of Samson appears to abound with fiction. In the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary* a legend is: "an unauthentic story handed down by tradition and popularly regarded as history" while the *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* defines it as "a story coming down from the past: one handed down from early times by tradition and popularly regarded as historical although not entirely verifiable."

In the work Legends of the World, edited by Richard Cavendish, it is stated that: "The territory of legend has

*Obtainable from F.O.C.P., P.O. Box 830, Honeydew, 2040, South Africa. R2.50; \$2.50; £ 1.50. Please add extra for airmail postage.

HISTORY on one of its borders, MYTH on another and FOLK-TALE on a third. The frontier zones are vague and shifting, and perhaps no two people will ever agree about precisely where the boundary lines fall. Broadly speaking, however, and allowing for qualifications and exceptions, a legend is first and foremost a story, a narrative. It is an unauthentic or unverifiable story which is handed down by tradition and is accepted in its own milieu as accurate history. Most of the story may be fiction, but it has a foundation of some kind in fact. It is based on people who really lived or places that really existed or events that actually happened to which tales have clustered and clung."

Just how does this word LEGEND apply to the story of the man called Samson who is said to have "judged Israel for twenty years"? Was he indeed a real person or was his story added to Scripture for some reason or other which is not apparent. In the first place, in the account in the Book of Judges there is not a hint or suggestion that he ever held any official position nor does he appear to have ever led his people — on the contrary in Judges 15:11, he is disowned by his neighbours, the people of the tribe of Judah who were not the least bit interested in becoming involved with Samson's personal vendetta against the Philistines.

On the question of being a Nazarite, Samson did nothing either to enhance the status of those who took the Nazarite vow and who separated themselves exclusively to the service of the Lord for as one reads on, it can be seen that he was more concerned with satisfying his sexual appetite than serving the Lord and although the Philistines repeatedly angered him, his first recorded adult action was his determination to marry a Philistine woman of Timnah even though his parents objected only finally consenting because he insisted and obviously, made their lives extremely miserable. At no time was there any thought given to keeping the Law of the Lord with regard inter-marriage with other nations. A Law which, as a Judge in Israel, he should have upheld.

Setting out to visit his future bride, Samson is said to have killed a lion with his bare hands but for some reason known only to himself, he told no one of what he had done. After the marriage negotiations had been concluded, he went home for a while later travelling back to claim his wife and en route, he turned aside to examine the carcass of the lion he had killed only to find it occupied by a swarm of bees. At the wedding, and conforming with the Philistine custom of furnishing entertainment for the guests, Samson proposed a riddle based on the lion carcass and the swarm of bees — "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong



FAILURE

came forth sweetness."

Not surprisingly, the guests were baffled by the riddle and could not answer. A prize was offered. Either Samson or the guests would receive thirty sheets and thirty changes of garments. The guests naturally were not prepared to have Samson win the contest and so they enlisted – with threats – his wife's assistance. Finally, and after much persuasion, she obtained the answer to the riddle and on the seventh day, just before the sun went down, the men of the city came to him and asked: "*What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?*" – thus showing they knew the answer and expected Samson to pay the forfeit and in Judges 14:19,20 it states he went down to Askelon, killed thirty Philistines taking their garments from them and giving these to the guests.

Whether because of remorse or because he was simply angry at having failed to win the contest, Samson again returned to his own family leaving his bride behind who was then given to a person whom Samson's father-in-law called "thy companion".

A Time of Violence

It is most significant that no time period is given in the Scriptural account. There is no mention as to the days, months or years which separated the various events. Merely the bald statement "*after a time*". After a time then, Samson again visited his wife only to be told that she had been given to his "companion" and thus he could not now see her. However, said his former father-in-law, "... is not her younger sister fairer than she? take her, I pray thee, instead of her."

Furious at this turn of events, Samson then secured 300 foxes and, tying firebrands to their tails, set fire to the grain fields, vineyards and olive yards of the Philistines who promptly responded by burning Samson's wife and father-in-law. This further infuriated Samson and to such a point that he smote them "hip and thigh".

The entire scene must have been devastating and if nothing else, reminds one of a most permissive society and of a man completely out of control. In modern parlance, Samson could be called a paramilitary "killer force". A man in love with death.

However, leaving a trail of devastation in his wake, Samson then left the scene and dwelt in the cleft of the rock Etam. The Philistines – so the story continues – then sought vengeance against him and encamped in Judah but, instead of rallying round this 13th Judge in Israel – the Nazarite who had been separated to the service of the Lord in order to rid



Israel of the Philistine yoke – the men of Judah went to Etam and told Samson to surrender to them so that they could bind him and turn him over to the Philistines. Samson, according to the narrative, gave in on the proviso that they did not kill him – which was agreed to by the Judahites.

Now apparently helpless, Samson was delivered to the Philistines who, when they saw him bound, gave a great shout of joy whereupon Samson's strength came to him and, wielding the jawbone of an ass, he killed a thousand Philistines. Again the scene must have been a devastating sight.

Enter Delilah

Samson's story could almost be the history of two men. One who was public and unpleasant and a second who remains secret, buried and unknown. The one who is revealed was unquestionably haunted by acts of violence and permissiveness, an unhappy individual – in a world whose borders were marked not by loyalty and obedience to the Law of the Lord but rather, by violence and disobedience. After having killed the Philistines he journeyed to the city of Gaza and became intimate with a woman of loose character living there. When it was known that he was in the city, the Gazites fastened the city gates proposing to kill Samson when, as they supposed, he would leave the house in the morning.

However, he arose at midnight and, breaking away the bolts, bars and hinges, carried the gates to the top of a neighbouring hill which looked toward Hebron and it was after this incident that Delilah, another Philistine woman, comes into the story and this time, to bring about his death, for the Philistines bribed her with large sums of money to secure for them the secret of Samson's great strength. On three occasions he deceived her but finally explained that being a Nazarite, his hair had never been shorn and THIS was where his strength lay. In disclosing the secret of his power, Samson opened the way for the Philistines who, after Delilah had caused him to fall asleep, shaved off his hair, bound him, put out his eyes and consigned him to prison where he was set to grinding corn for the rest of his days.

In its daring and ruthlessness, the Samson saga bears a remarkable likeness to the uninhibited heroes of Greek legend. With the passage of time, his hair grew again and one day when the Philistines gathered to offer a great sacrifice to their god, Dagon, they called for Samson to be paraded at the festival and as he was being led forward, he asked the young lad leading him to guide his hands so that he might feel the pillars which supported the temple. Now apparently, he



FAILURE

prayed to the Lord, took hold of the two middle pillars and, using his returned strength, pulled them down so that the temple collapsed, killing more Philistines than Samson had killed during his entire life — a great slaughter in which he perished too.

It will be recalled that in the work *Legends of the World*, it was noted that legend is usually based on people who really lived but that tales have clustered and clung to the truth and from the Biblical account, it would seem that this has happened to the story of Samson. There is an attempt to bring it into line with sacred Biblical history by having his birth announced by an angel and by portraying him as dedicated to the service of the Lord from birth, but the facts as given hardly show him as God-fearing or dedicated to anything else but his own desires and rages. By all accounts he chafed at the restriction for separation from the other nations round about. Over the years he moved through a succession of affairs in very questionable company and at no time, did his great strength bring honour to Almighty God. Nor in fact, did he ever judge Israel or keep or invoke the Law of the Lord.

What then is the truth concerning this man? Did he really exist or was he a figment of scribal imagination? It has been claimed that when he destroyed the gates of the city and carried them to the top of a hill this was not the act of a superman possessed of colossal strength but that the strength itself was supernatural arising from his Nazarite vow. That, in spite of his lapse into carnality, God mercifully continued His enduement of Samson. Yet, *his* death, brought about by his own actions, left Israel in servitude to the Philistines and it is hard to understand how it can be claimed that: “he wrought all of his great feats by faith.”

Whatever the true story, Samson definitely was — The Man Who Failed!

However, there is still something to learn from his story. No matter how strong one may think one is or how “good”, without obedience to the *Law of the Lord* there is no success. Further, following after self-gratification and also failing to put one’s own nation first can only help to keep that nation in bondage and even eventually help to destroy it. Thus:

*“Blessed is that man that maketh the LORD his trust,
and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to
lies . . . And now, LORD, what wait I for? my hope is in
thee . . . I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy
law is within my heart: . . . Through God we will do
valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies.”*

(The Psalms)



ISAIAH'S JOB

When “down in the dumps” because no one appears to be interested in what you are trying to tell them, not only about the true Israel story but about the conspiracy which is causing tremendous devastation among these people, the following extracts from an article *Isaiah's Job* by the late Albert J. Nock will be worth reading again.

The original article was printed by *The Foundation for Economic Education, Inc.* of New York many years ago and was taken from Mr. Nock's book *Free Speech and Plain Language* while this particular copy was sent to the Federation's Research Department by the *Mountain Kirk* also of America.

Mr. Nock had had a conversation with a very learned man who believed he had a mission to the masses. One that was sure to succeed. At least that is what this

man believed but for some reason or other Albert Nock was not so sure so he referred him to the story of the prophet Isaiah, paraphrasing the account since it was pieced out of various sources.

“Things were certainly very wrong in Israel and the Lord commissioned Isaiah to warn the people of the wrath to come. ‘Tell them what a worthless lot they are,’ He said, ‘Tell them what is wrong, and why and what is going to happen unless they have a change of heart and straighten up. Don't mince matters. Make it clear that they are positively down to their last chance. Give it to them good and strong and keep on giving it to them. I suppose perhaps I ought to tell you,’ He added, ‘that it won't do any good. The official class and their intelligentsia will turn up their noses at you, and the masses will not even listen. They will all keep on in their own ways until they carry everything down to destruction, and you will probably be lucky if you get out with your life.’

Isaiah had been very willing to take on the job — in fact, he had asked for it — but the prospect put a new face on the situation. It raised the obvious question: Why, if all that were so — if the enterprise were to be a failure from the start — was there any sense in starting it?

“‘Ah’, the Lord said, ‘you do not get the point. There is a Remnant there that you know nothing about. They are obscure, unorganised, inarticulate, each one rubbing along as best he can. They need to be encouraged and braced up because when everything has gone completely to the dogs, they are the ones who will come back and build up a new society; and meanwhile, your preaching will reassure them and keep them hanging on. Your job is to take care of the Remnant, so be off now and set about it’ . . .

What do we mean by the masses, and what by the Remnant?

“As the word *masses* is commonly used, it

EFFORT

suggests agglomerations of poor and underprivileged people, labouring people, proletarians. But it means nothing like that; it means simply the majority.

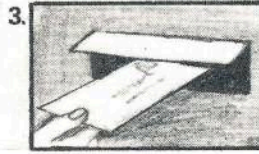
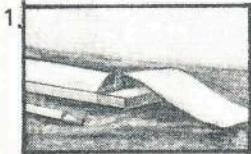
The mass-man is one who has neither the force of intellect to apprehend the principles issuing in what we know as the humane life, nor the force of character to adhere to those principles steadily and strictly as laws of conduct; and because such people make up the great, the overwhelming majority of mankind, they are called collectively *the masses*. The line of differentiation between the masses and the Remnant is set invariably by quality, not by circumstance. The Remnant are those who by force of intellect are able to apprehend these principles, and by force of character are able, at least measurably, to cleave to them. The masses are those who are unable to do either."

In Isaiah's view all Israel seemed to be made up of these masses and these masses all appeared to be not only weak-minded and weak-willed but unprincipled and unscrupulous whether rich or poor, prince or pauper.

He was really not happy about the situation — but — there *was* the Remnant! Be that as it may, there are certainly a good many people today only too keen to please the masses and so they shape their message to mass-acceptance and mass-approval or what they believe the crowds want to hear.

The main trouble with this (mass-man approach) is its reaction upon the mission itself. It necessitates an opportunist sophistication of one's doctrine, which profoundly alters its character and reduces it to a mere placebo. If, say, you are a preacher, you wish to attract as large a congregation as you can, which means an appeal to the masses; and this, in turn, means adapting the terms of your message to the order of intellect and character that the masses exhibit. If you are an educator, say with a college on your hands, you wish to get as many students as possible, and you whittle down your requirements accordingly. If a writer, you aim at getting many readers;

A Simple exercise to support the Covenant Research Fund



4. THEN OPEN THE DOOR
TO GREATER KNOWLEDGE

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

AMOUNT: _____

Write to : F.O.C.P. P.O. Box 830, Honeydew. 2040 S.A.



EFFORT

if a publisher, many purchasers; if a philosopher, many disciples; if a reformer, many converts; if a musician, many auditors; and so on. But as we see on all sides, in the realisation of these several desires the prophetic message is so heavily adulterated with trivialities, in every instance, that its effect on the masses is merely to harden them in their sins. Meanwhile, the Remnant, aware of this adulteration and of the desires that prompt it, turn their backs on the prophet and will have nothing to do with him or his message.

“Isaiah, on the other hand, worked under no such disabilities. He preached to the masses only in the sense that he preached publicly. Anyone who liked might listen; anyone who liked might pass by. He knew that the Remnant would listen . . .

“The Remnant want only the best you have, whatever that may be. Give them that, and they are satisfied; you have nothing more to worry about . . .

“In a sense, nevertheless, it is not a rewarding job . . . A prophet of the Remnant will not grow purse-proud on the financial returns from his work, nor is it likely that he will get any great renown out of it. Isaiah’s case was exceptional to this second rule, and there are others — but not many.

“It may be thought, then, that while taking care of the Remnant is no doubt a good job, it is not an especially interesting job because it is as a rule so poorly paid. . . . However, there are other compensations to be got out of a job besides money and notoriety, and some of them seem substantial enough to be attractive. Many jobs which do not pay well are yet profoundly interesting, as, for instance, the job of the research student in the sciences is said to be; and the job of looking after the Remnant seems to be as interesting as any that can be found in the world.

*W*hat chiefly makes it so, is that in any given society the Remnant are always so largely an unknown quantity. You

do not know, and will never know, more than two things about them. You can be sure of those — dead sure, as our phrase is — but you will never be able to make even a respectable guess at anything else. You do not know, and will never know, who the Remnant are, nor where they are, nor how many of them there are, nor what they are doing or will do. Two things you know, and no more: first, that they exist; second, that they will find you. Except for these two certainties, working for the Remnant means working in impenetrable darkness; and this is just the condition calculated most effectively to pique the interest of any prophet who is properly gifted with the imagination, insight, and intellectual curiosity necessary to a successful pursuit of his trade.”

*I*t is interesting to note that there was one prophet who attempted to count the Remnant. This was Elijah who had fled from persecution into the desert, where the Lord overhauled him and asked what he was doing off the job. Elijah believed there was actually no job left because all who had tried to do right had been killed and he had only got away by the skin of his teeth. The Lord had very little sympathy for Elijah and replied that he need not worry for even without him things would get along somehow. “He said, ‘I don’t mind telling you that there are seven thousand of the Remnant back there in Israel whom it seems you have not heard of but you can take My Word for it that they are there.’”

*A*s Albert Nock points out: “A Remnant of seven thousand out of a million or so is a highly encouraging percentage for any prophet. With seven thousand of the boys on his side, there was no great reason for Elijah to feel lonesome; and, incidentally, that would be something for the modern prophet of the Remnant to think of when he has a touch of the blues. But the main point is that if Elijah the Prophet could not make a closer guess on the number of the Rem-

nant than he made when he missed it by seven thousand, anyone else who tackled the problem would only waste his time.

The other certainty which the prophet of the Remnant may always have is that the Remnant will find him. He may rely on that with absolute assurance. They will find him without his doing anything about it; in fact, if he tries to do anything about it, he is pretty sure to put them off. He does not need to advertise for them nor resort to any schemes of publicity to get their attention. If he is a preacher or a public speaker, for example, he may be quite indifferent to going on show at receptions, getting his picture printed in the newspapers, or furnishing autobiographical material for publication on the side of 'human interest'. If a writer, he need not make a point of attending any pink teas, autographing books at wholesale, nor entering into any specious freemasonry with reviewers . . .

"The certainty that the Remnant will find him, however, leaves the prophet as much in the dark as ever, as helpless as ever in the matter of putting any estimate of any kind upon the Remnant; for, as appears in the case of Elijah, he remains ignorant of who they are that have found him or where they are or how many. They do not write in and tell him about it, after the manner of those who admire the vedettes of Hollywood, nor yet do they seek him out and attach themselves to his person. They are not that kind. They take his message much as drivers take the directions on a roadside signboard — that is, with very little thought about the signboard, beyond being gratefully glad that it happened to be there, but with very serious thought about the directions.

This impersonal attitude of the Remnant wonderfully enhances the interest of the imaginative prophet's job. Once in a while, just about often enough to keep his intellectual curiosity in good working order, he will quite accidentally come upon some distinct reflection of his

own message in an unsuspected quarter. This enables him to entertain himself in his leisure moments with agreeable speculations about the course his message may have taken in reaching that particular quarter, and about what came of it after it got there. Most interesting of all are those instances, if one could only run them down (but one may always speculate about them), where the recipient himself no longer knows where nor when nor from whom he got the message — or even where, as sometimes happens, he has forgotten that he got it anywhere and imagines that it is all a self-sprung idea of his own.

Such instances as these are probably not infrequent, for, without presuming to enroll ourselves among the Remnant, we can all no doubt remember having found ourselves suddenly under the influence of an idea, the source of which we cannot possibly identify. 'It came to us afterward,' as we say; that is, we are aware of it only after it has shot up full-grown in our minds, leaving us quite ignorant of how and when and by what agency it was planted there and left to germinate. It seems highly probable that the prophet's message often takes some such course with the Remnant.

"If, for example, you are a writer or a speaker or a preacher, you put forth an idea which lodges in the *Unbewusstsein* of a casual member of the Remnant and sticks fast there. For some time it is inert; then it begins to fret and fester until presently it invades the man's conscious mind and, as one might say, corrupts it. Meanwhile, he has quite forgotten how he came by the idea in the first instance, and even perhaps thinks he has invented it; and in those circumstances, the most interesting thing of all is that you never know what the pressure of that idea will make him do."

So what ever else, do *not* give up. There may well be someone "out there" who *is* listening and waiting to hear what you have to say. ■

Murder in the

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next to him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few minutes there was silence. Then Becket's black restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with "God help you!"

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on: "We bring you the commands of the king beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private then," said Fitzurse.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: "The king commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young king's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults."

The archbishop's temper was rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said; "but I tell you plainly the king shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves. I will absolve the rest when He permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse;

and went on in the same tone: "The king commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission."

"The pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue; and whispered to him to speak to the knight in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: "Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the king requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of his dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the king cannot trust you again."

Becket answered wildly that he would not go — never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him with his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail, and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he

had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said; "So many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict then, and excommunicate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that. He has excommunicated overmany already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room and, addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the king's name we command you to see that this man does not escape."

"Do you think that I shall fly, then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the king nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as

Cathedral

Froude's Version from *Short studies on Great Subjects*

they went out, and calling after them. Some of his friends thought that he had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat still excited and complaining.

"My lord," said John of Salisbury to him, "it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter speeches? You would have done better surely by being quiet and giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself."

The archbishop sighed, and said, "I have done with advice, I know what I have before me."

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear, or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately up the cloister to the church door. As he entered the cathedral cries were heard from which

it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned, in the twilight, coming through the cloister in their armour, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, an apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried: "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the sus-

pensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not," "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him — certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized hold of the archbishop, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, Reginald!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim

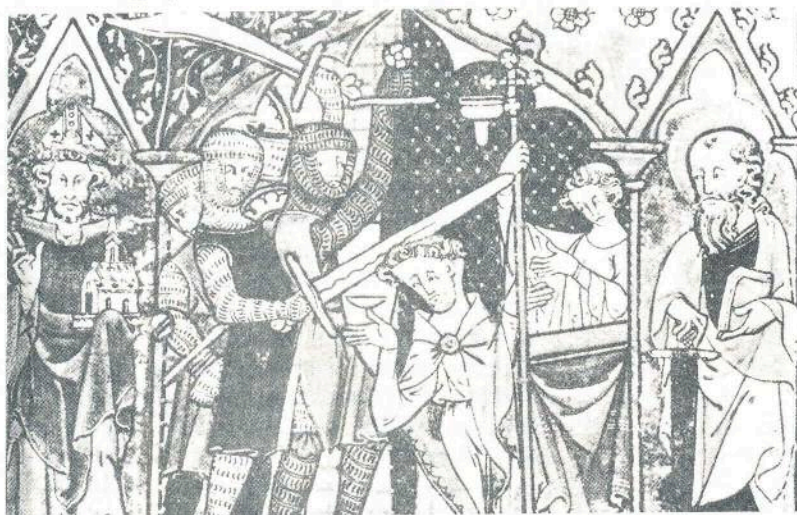
DEFIANCE

supporting him. He reproached Fitzurse for ingratitude for past kindness; Fitzurse whispered to him again to fly. "I will not fly," he said, and then Fitzurse swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining

force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for His Church." These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from his head

and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William."

De Broc or Mauclerc — the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them — strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."



Footnote: Thomas à Becket was Archbishop of Canterbury and Chancellor of England under Henry II; successfully opposing Henry over the question of taxation. Henry denied responsibility for the murder, although some years later, he "made his peace" with the church and according to them "with the dead Becket." In 1172 he appeared in Canterbury in the garb of a penitent, walked barefoot through the streets to the cathedral and submitted to flogging at the hands of the monks. Such was the power of the church that a miracle was attributed to this belittling of the King, for the King of Scotland was said to have invaded England at the exact time of

the humiliation but he was captured by the English — which capture was attributed to Becket's intercession.

Becket was undoubtedly a hero and so many miracles were attributed to him that soon the cult of Becket grew, fostered by many imagined beliefs. Later, when Henry VIII separated from Rome, all shrines and pilgrimages to them came under suspicion. Becket's shrine was destroyed and the supposed "saint" was tried for treason on April 24, 1538, with Henry declaring: "... there appeareth nothing in his life and exterior or conversation whereby he should be called a saint, but rather a rebel and traitor to his prince." Becket was judged guilty, and his bones

were ordered to be publicly burned. The treasure of his shrine, the jewels and gold, filled two chests both of which needed several men to carry to the King's treasury.

Today the city of Canterbury is eager to preserve its monuments for many modern "pilgrims" spend hours visiting the cathedral and the other older parts of the city but there is little left concerning Becket the man who refused the King's policy to make the law equal for all in England. Becket swore, "The King shall have no oaths from me," for he wanted power for himself and his church. A power over England which this church still seeks today.

MARY QUEEN



OF SCOTS

"At 8 a.m. February 8th, 1587, the Provost Marshall knocked at her outer door. It was locked and no one answered. On his returning with the Sheriff however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. Her jacket was of black satin, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters was attached to her girdle.

"Let us go," she said, and passed out attended by the Earls, leaning on the arm of an Officer of the Guard, she descended the great staircase to the Hall. The news had spread far and wide through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About 300 Knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. At the upper end of the hall, stood the scaffold, 12 feet square and 2 feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth. On the scaffold was the block. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots as she swept in seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant.

Secy. Beale then mounted a platform and read the Warrant aloud. Mary then knelt in prayer and when she had finished, the black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness. She then laid

her crucifix on her chair. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of *crimson velvet*. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of *crimson satin*. One of her ladies handed her a pair of *crimson sleeves*, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood red from head to foot. *It must have been carefully studied, and the pictorial effect must have been appalling.*

Then she knelt on a cushion. Jane Kennedy, her maid bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them. "Adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the Psalm, "In Thee, O Lord have I put my trust."

When the Psalm was finished, she felt for

TREACHERY

the block, and laying down her head, placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. *The head hung by a shred of skin*, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter.

The coif fell off and the false plaits.

The laboured illusion vanished.

The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled, old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the Hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and Gospel's enemies."

Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should immediately be destroyed, that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. These were all burned in the great fire-place in the Hall.

Mary Stuart intended to produce a dramatic sensation, and she succeeded. The self-possession was faultless, the courage splendid. Never did any human creature meet death more bravely; yet, in the midst of the admiration and pity which cannot be refused her, it is not to be forgotten that she was leaving the world with a lie upon her lips. She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, as were nearly all Rome's traitors executed during Elizabeth's reign.

In face of the fact that Babington and her two Secys. confessed that they had written the Plot letters at her dictation, she denied the fact to the end. There was no true confession and repentance at her death.

The recently recovered letters which she

wrote to the Spanish Ambassador at the time, prove conclusively, that she was *deliberately lying, and stuck to the lies to the bitter end.* (Spanish State Papers III, 623-624. P.R.O.)

Yet Rome classes her as a martyr for religion! If the murder of Queen Elizabeth and the shooting down of the whole Cabinet is religion, then Mary was a martyr for religion. But such religion cannot possibly be that of Christ.

Few of Rome's martyrs at death sincerely confessed their crimes.

(Taken from *THE BABINGTON PLOT and Mary Queen of Scots* by Albert Close (Naval and Military Cartographer) p. 47-48. Published by The Protestant Truth Society (Inc.) ■

ARE YOU HEALTHY?

**Most probably,
even if you think you are,
you are not!!**

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT
HEALTH THE MORE THESE
PRODUCTS WILL SURPRISE
YOU.



With modern food processing much of what is consumed today is of little value. With regard to vitamins, proteins and minerals. The only way to correct this is with supplements.

1. RDA - Vitamin and mineral tablets. One month's supply - R16. Allow 75c for postage.
2. K-28. Protein supplement powder for relief from stress and tension. Energy giving. Price - R25.50. Allow R1.00 for postage.
3. K-28 bars. The powder in convenient form at R1.50. ea. Allow 50c for postage for every two bars ordered.

4. UD II The best ever natural diet for weight loss of between 2 and 4kgs per week at R23.50 Allow R1.00 for postage.

ALL THESE PRODUCTS
AVAILABLE FROM:-

The Advertiser.
P.O. Box 1650,
Honeydew,
2040

Overseas Readers please write to The Advertiser, the address as above for suppliers in their country.

Free information
available from
above address.

Toward New Frontiers

— J Finlay

“The ‘Westernisation’ of the world seems to have only hastened the process of decline and encroaching senescence in the homelands of the West itself.” So wrote Richard McCulloch, the well known author who believes that in losing what few shreds of exclusivity it had, the Western world has lost its soul and sense of direction.

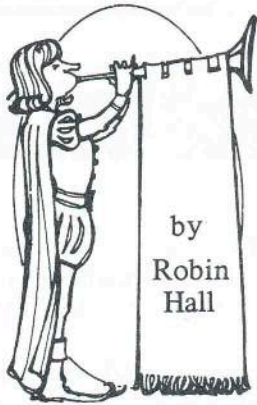
For Western civilisation “has become a world wide, universal civilisation in much the same manner as the civilisation of Rome . . . in the Roman example the non-Roman peoples proved in the long run to be totally incapable of supporting the weight of Roman tradition. There is no reason to believe that the peoples of the modern Third World will be any more successful in bearing the burden of Western culture.”

The practical impossibility of forming a viable, worthwhile and creative universalist civilisation must, according to Mr. McCulloch and so many others, be faced for the matter is urgent. The present situation is more than a little detrimental to the people of the White race. A new, totally separate and exclusive outlook is necessary before the harmful effects of universalism and interdependence become too costly. What is needed is a new vision and a determined drive toward new frontiers. A better way of life based solely upon the Law of the Lord.

To undertake such a venture needs courage and determination such as is displayed in the pages of our history when, for a variety of reasons, including sheer curiosity, men succeeded, stage by stage, in opening up new regions, lands and oceans. These were times of great achievement and endeavour. Possibly there are few new land areas left to explore but there are definitely other areas where our people need to go. Areas which are far more worth while.



Top left, the famous David Livingstone (1813-73). Born in Scotland, he worked on a cotton mill from the age of ten to 23, before qualifying as a doctor. As an explorer and missionary he contributed greatly to the knowledge of southern Africa. Henry Morton Stanley (1841-1904), centre left, was a Welshman who ran away to New Orleans. His journey to Africa to find Livingstone was only the first of his adventures as an explorer. Apart from his discoveries in East Africa, he opened up the Congo region for the King of Belgium and established trading stations there. Richard Burton (1821-90), centre right, was an Englishman who, among other things visited Mecca disguised as a Moslem. With John Speke (1827-64), top right, he explored the interior of East Africa. Later Speke returned to Africa with James Grant (1827-92), left.



STAND FAST

“Stand Fast”. How often has that idea been necessary in our progress through life. Anyone who has tried to push a car up a hill knows how necessary and how difficult it is. We start at the bottom, full of vim and vigour and confidence, but before very long the burden gets too heavy, the feet slip, someone turns round to try and get a better grip, someone else trips and falls and we can sense that we had better get ourselves firmly planted or the car will end up at the bottom of the hill again. How difficult to get restarted on the hill as well. This is where a really determined effort as well as plenty of team work is needed. It is much better,



of course, not to stop, to avoid the hard places, to keep going at any price, but even so, how often we have to stop, anchor

our feet and take a steadier grip.

Now, not only is our pathway through life uphill, it also is strewn with potholes and boulders, spikes to pierce the sole of the foot, sharp edges to tear our hands from their hold. There is an audience around us saying, “give up”, and “you’ll never do it”. There are “advisers” telling us that we are climbing up the wrong hill anyway, shepherds putting us into the wrong sheepfold, mockers,



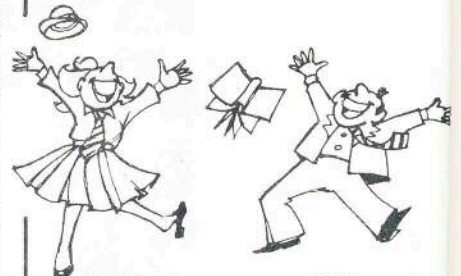
only just bothering to look up from their Slough of Despond to laugh at us for not falling back into the mud and wallowing like them. Sometimes even our own friends and relatives, themselves taking wrong turnings and easier paths, despise us for not following them. This is the time to stand firm and fast, for we are creatures of habit and once we have tried the easy way the habit begins to be formed and it is all the easier to be led further astray the next time.

We may find it easier to stand fast if we are aware of the pitfalls that are

around us, for then we can arm ourselves before the pitfall arrives and either avoid it or be better prepared to overcome it. Let us therefore spend a little time identifying pitfalls, and then we will be in a better position to work out some form of strategy in avoiding or overcoming them.

PITFALL NUMBER ONE:

“Love your neighbour as yourself.” I get a large dose of this thrown at me because of the situation in which I work, and the defences have to be particularly strong. It must be remembered, though, that God is speaking to Israelites in an Israelite situation, He is speaking to His chosen people about their relationship with other members of His body of chosen people. It must not be forgotten that this commandment is lower down on the list of priorities than “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . .” Use your concordance to find



out how many different Hebrew words and more particularly Greek words

DECISION

are translated as "love" and "neighbour". "Neighbour" in the Greek has always a greater or lesser connotation of "kindred" and very obviously does not apply to all and everyone available. When, further, we note that Jesus Himself says that He is not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel, then the difficult and dangerous course of trying to live up to the injunction "love thy neighbour as thyself" does



not include the even more difficult and even more dangerous course of trying to love, in that sense, those of a different race and colour. Indeed, great "woe unto him who causeth one of these my little ones to stumble".

PITFALL NUMBER TWO:

"Colour". Do not be dismayed when people take you to task for having an unsympathetic attitude towards those of another



race, especially the Black races. God Himself instructed Abraham and his descendants to keep themselves separate from all other peoples, that His people should not be defiled and turned away from His pathway by associating

with the ways of the unbelievers. The very dispersion was caused through the kings of many generations following "not after David" but after the ways of the heathen, and we are all well aware that the flood was the result of miscegenation in the Adamic world. In considering miscegenation it should be noted that an investigation into some of the facets of that particular transgression of the Law shows us that while we are warned against the sin of adultery, the penalties for the sin of bestiality and the sin of sodomy are far more severe. In this connection, it is of significance that Professor Charles Carroll, writing at the turn of the century in a book called *The Tempter of Eve*, establishes, through a comparison of the negro and the ape from an anatomical point of view, that the negro (native) is far more akin to the ape than he is to the (white) man. A good concordance will demonstrate that the beast of the field referred to in Genesis and other books of the Bible is two-legged and of sufficient intelligence and skill to carry out simple tasks and to obey



simple instructions, but possesses no "creativity". The conclusion that can be drawn from this is that any form of sexual association with the Black would be

termed bestiality rather than adultery.

PITFALL NUMBER THREE:

"The Good Samaritan." The Parable of the Good Samaritan has often been held up as a demonstration of how we should all help one another in



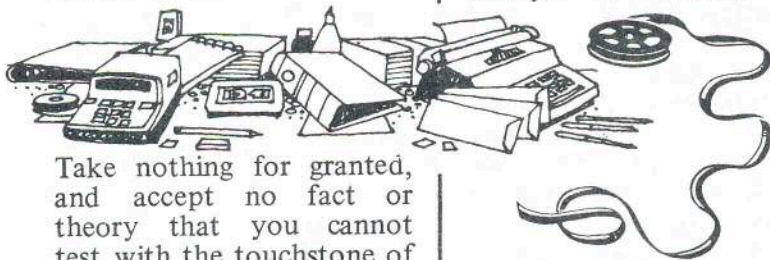
every possible way regardless of colour, class, creed or sex. Come with me and have a look at the parable. First of all the Jews, that is "Jews" in their true, Biblical, sense, hated the Samaritans. Why? Surely the answer to this question is because the Jews knew perfectly well that the Samaritans were in fact a portion of Israel and that from the Jews' point of view the Samaritans had to be destroyed so that they (the Jews) could usurp the position of God's chosen people. Now, the fact that the Galileans, the disciples, also despised the Samaritans, having been brought up to this, and by prophecy having been made blind to their identity, shows that the Children of Israel can be found in the most unlikely places, and are indeed hidden. Come a little further. Do you not think that the Good Samaritan was identified as an Israelite by his very action in showing compassion for the man who was beaten and robbed, especially in view of the fact that throughout the ages compassion has been

DECISION

one of the key features in the character of the nations we believe to be Israel. The actual ancestry of the people known as the Samaritans at the time of Jesus is acknowledged by scholars to be a matter of conjecture, and it is by no means outside the bounds of possibility that they, or a significant number of them, should be sons of the living God.

PITFALL NUMBER FOUR:

"The News Media." Perhaps we know enough about this pitfall already, and it is hardly necessary for me to draw your attention to it, with its overwhelming concentration on the vagaries of sex, and crime, and the "nubbly bits" about how terrible — for a variety of reasons — the White man is are quite often just a garnish of sauce. Distrust anything that is told you, even things told you by your best friend. Remember that two witnesses are required to prove the truth.



Take nothing for granted, and accept no fact or theory that you cannot test with the touchstone of your own observation, and when in any doubt at all suspend your judgment until more information — that is facts — is available. You must understand that the sources of unbiased, factual news are very few and far between, but there are some within reach, mainly amongst Federation litera-

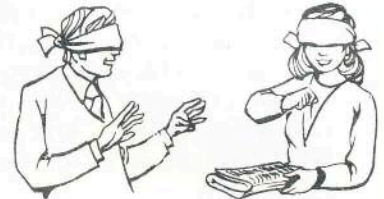
ture, and certainly reject anything that smacks of "opinion" no matter how unimpeachable the source.

PITFALL NUMBER FIVE:

"Public Opinion." Let us try to scotch the myth of public opinion once and for all. Public opinion believes that Richard III was the murderer of his nephews. **THIS IS FALSE**, they were well known to be alive and well when Henry VII came to the throne after Richard's death, although they disappeared soon after that event. Public Opinion believes that the Boston Tea Party was a massacre of poor and defenceless colonials by the wicked and oppressive occupational forces. **THIS IS FALSE**, only four people were hurt, and in any case the trouble was started by the colonials themselves. The fact that they had what is called a "just" cause does not affect the argument. Public Opinion believes that the Martyrs in Scotland were

martyrs for their religion. **THIS IS FALSE**, they were rebels who did not hesitate to murder and destroy if there was the slightest chance of their "just" cause profiting thereby. Public Opinion believes that the United States of America is the Home of the Free and the Champion of the

Underdog. **THIS IS FALSE**, for only Britain is more surrounded by restrictive regulations than the U.S., and with regard to the underdog, the U.S. government has had a pretty short way with the American Indian and the Vietnamese, not that I hold any



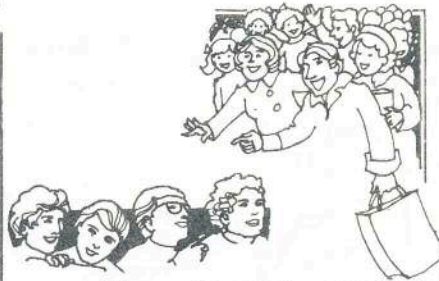
brief whatsoever for them, and also with us here in South Africa. Public Opinion would have us believe that the terrorists, and all to whom that term applies are in fact "Freedom Fighters" and all that that implies. **THIS IS FALSE**, for it is demonstrably true that these people are cruel and harsh men in a foreign country who do not hesitate to murder and destroy if there is the slightest chance of their "just" cause profiting thereby. Now where have I read that before? Public Opinion would have us believe that there were massacres of innocent people at My Lai and at Wiriamo. If you believe those on the strength of a newspaper reporter or a priest then you'll believe anything. Public Opinion puts forward the picture of the average South African — average mark you — as being a violent oppressor of the weak and underprivileged. Have a look around you. I cannot see any in my community. I can see many farmers heal-

ing injuries and sicknesses, many teachers attempting to educate unsuitable minds, many kind and generous employers showing the compassion which is the hallmark of the Israelite people, many misguided people patronising those of another race and trying to make them live in a manner different than that into which God put them.

What exactly constitutes this phenomenon known as Public Opinion? What it ought to mean, that is what is implied by the words, is a consensus (horrid word) of all that the public, in the majority sense, thinks is right and best. If you took the public's opinion of Public Opinion, I think most people would say that it is what is advertised as public opinion or "I read it in the paper". Oh yeah! Where does that lead us? Who forms this majority view, who governs their thoughts, who expresses those thoughts when formulated? . . . That's right — *Pitfall Number Four* — The News Media. The people who always maintain that they do not form public opinion, they only record it. Their trouble is that they only record one side of the disc.

PITFALL NUMBER SIX:

"World Opinion." If you have been concentrating for the past few minutes, I don't need to say it again. If, of course, you haven't been concentrating, then you had better read the last two paragraphs again. It's exactly the same as Public Opinion only more



so: More bigoted, more *Internationale*, more socialist, more Universal, less open to reason, and propagated by the United Nations advertising instruments and



through them back to the fifth pitfall. The only thing to add is this: Don't kid yourself that more than about one percent of the people in the world know where South Africa is — let alone care how we live, or even if we live.

PITFALL NUMBER SEVEN: "Permissiveness."

What is really meant by permissiveness? Be careful, for I have noticed that quite often anything that we don't like in someone else tends to be called "permissive". Too often behaviour is lumped together as undesirable and the general term "Permissiveness" is tacked on without any real attempt to decide what the meaning of the word is. Perhaps some of us have the idea that it is related to the Hippies, others to lax behaviour in the schools, or among the younger generation, and includes the use of drugs and so on. I have even

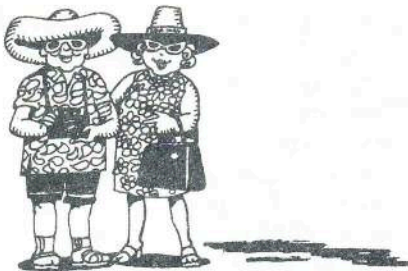
heard "permissiveness" contrasted with "Victorianism" and that opens up a wide vista of speculation. Now much of this is true. The devil is very good at the tactic of pushing out a little truth to garnish his falsehoods. But the idea should be taken a little further. First of all, permissiveness has very little to do with the generation gap, and secondly very little to do with Hippies and their unpleasant works. What it does have to do with is an organised campaign for the erosion of the standards and ideals that have been tested and tried through the years, having been originally ordained by God Himself and passed on to His people through the offices of our forebears. The fact that these standards are old-fashioned, or unpopular in no way affects



the argument, on the contrary it serves to underline the age and agelessness of the ideals, The point is that they are ours, they belong to and are for the benefit of God's people, and there is a conspiracy around us whose declared object is to destroy not only our standards but us as well. One reads reports these days — there have been several recently — that "bare bosoms are a Red plot", and these reports are, of course, printed with the object of holding such an

DECISION

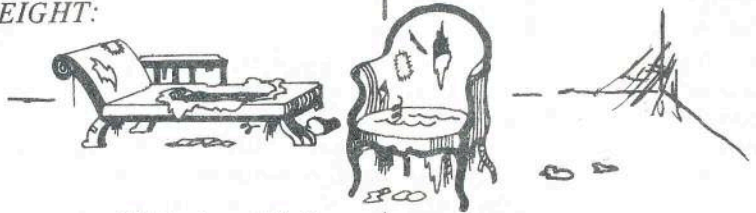
idea up to ridicule, but the idea is not all that far of the mark. Naturally, you must understand that if you relate the conspiracy against our nation, that is Israel, to Russia or even to Communism as such then you make a fundamental mistake. A body called The Council on Foreign Relations, an American body, is just one of the things we have to wrestle against. This Council has been mentioned before in *The Covenant Message* and the *News of the New World*, but it is worth remembering that this is a "behind the scenes" group of men (and women now) composed of top U.S. politicians and businessmen whose aim is to circumvent the democratic principles as practised in America. Not that Democracy has any recommendation attached to it, and you don't have to guess very hard to discover which way the CFR pushes. The pitfall of permissiveness, as can be easily understood, has strong connections with some of the previous holes



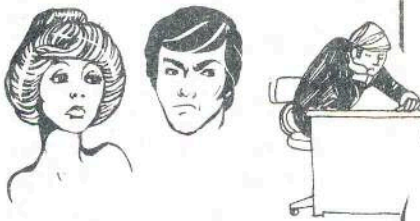
and boulders, in particular that of public opinion. No one denies that it is difficult not to accede to certain types of behaviour, especially if everyone else is doing it and ridiculing us; but here perhaps more than anywhere else we need the

courage and determination to stand fast.

PITFALL NUMBER EIGHT:



"Disinterest." I am not here referring to disinterest in others who should know better. I am referring to disinterest in ourselves. How many of us, when invited by our consciences or by other people to do something, start looking around for excuses. "I have just bought a pair of oxen," says one, "I pray you have me excused." "I am just building a house," says another, "and must go and work there." "I have just got married," from a third, "and therefore I



cannot come." A big pitfall this, and many people tumble in, sometimes without even knowing it, or at any rate without making much effort to avoid it.

PITFALL NUMBER NINE:

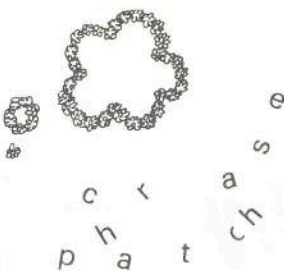
"Catch phrases." What a wealth of subjects for discussion here, and how little we know of some of the words that are so familiar to us. Words like "permissiveness" that I have already mentioned. But what about some of the others. "A

Communist Plot", what is meant by that? "The Colour Bar". "The importance of getting back into interna-

tional sport." Who cares, when all is said and done, whether we get back into international sports? Quite frankly, if the price we have to pay to get back there is to throw over our traditions of keeping the races separated, then as far as I am concerned, the price is a good deal too high, and I am a man who is very interested in sports. "The Poverty Datum Line" — what rot. Why is it that anyone too stupid or too lazy to get off his bottom and earn a wage, should feel that other people with a better education and a better ability than himself are bound to give him of their substance, and why is it that the Black man is always the one to receive the advantage? The Black man has been discussed earlier in the article, and there is strong evidence to show that for him an increase in wages is an excuse to become drunker and lazier, rather than make any attempt to improve his standards. Besides, this is not what is meant by "Charity" in the New Testament, or even "Alms". While Charity and Alms mean mercy and compassion especially towards the poor, I do not regard a

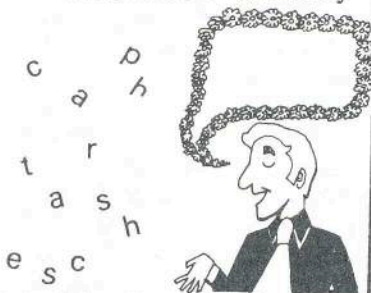
DECISION

forced and open encouragement for others, especially those of another race, to live in laziness and sloth as anything to do with either. God says "in sorrow shalt thou eat" and "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." This is a long, long cry from "from each according to his ability and to each according to his need" which is the main slogan of the creed of a certain gentleman named Karl Marx. "Rate for the job," "Equal pay for equal work" and similar phrases are the products of the anti-Christ Communist Conspiracy, and have no place in the thought of modern Israelites. No one has the responsibility of arranging the affairs of any other able-bodied man, no matter what his race, and if you are dealing with a non-Israelite do not forget Numbers 23:9: "Lo, the people shall dwell alone," and Joshua 23:7: "That ye come not among these nations." When you are paying your servants, that is labourers or employees, remember these few things: The labourer is worthy of his hire, which means that the responsibility is yours to pay a wage that is worthy of the job, having taken many factors into consideration, and not forgetting that it is the labourer's duty to serve you well, and yours to look after him: next, that nowhere in the Bible is "the rate for the job" put forward as a standard for wages, and if a labourer does not like the conditions under which he is working, then he is entitled to leave



your service unless there are other conditions that bind him to you. In particular, no labourer is entitled to go on strike, that is to blackmail you and hold your business up to ransom to obtain what he wants. You are not entitled to keep the labourer's wages after sunset, which means that, for any servant, you must pay him at the set regular time. Finally, "the measure that you mete must be pressed down and running over."

This question of catch phrases is a vexed one. So often a new slogan is produced, mainly by the News Media, and so often the purpose is to distract you and to try to make you lazy in thinking things out for yourself. Possibly also, it is to try to make you feel guilty about something, when a little guilty feeling may push you over into supporting something that you should not, and otherwise would not, do. Resist the temptation aimlessly



to indulge in catch phrases and slogans, without placing your own interpretation on

the subject under discussion. In this connection, it is worthwhile trying an exercise. Take any sheet of newspaper and underline the catch phrases that have an unspecified and emotional appeal. You'll be quite surprised at the result. We know, do we not, how ugly it is when a speaker fills his speech with cliches, and how easy it is to see that he is just repeating things he has heard without bothering to think them through to their conclusion. Don't forget that it is not only ugly, but very dangerous to use cliches in your thought, as you may well find yourself agreeing to something definitely and ultimately *wrong*.

IN SUMMARY

Without doubt, we have so many pitfalls before us that, in very truth, it is impossible for us to see them all, let alone avoid them on our own. There are the pitfalls of greed, jealousy, malice, pride and so on. We have "hard core" pitfalls like bad temper, complaining, disinterest and lack of certainty. The "worldly" pitfalls are the news media, catch phrases and public opinion. Against all these we have however, our defence in **THE WORD**. Thus we must be exercised in the Law of the Lord and well-trained in its application. Every facet of this Law must be at our command to be thrown into the battle. And with Almighty God on our side every pitfall will be overcome. ■

Why a "CRUSADE"?



An English sword,
dating about 1350.

For the past few months *The Covenant Message* has been looking at various facets of modern society which adversely affect family life within the Anglo-Saxon, Celtic and kindred nations in all their lands. And affect these people to the point where it now seems they no longer have high principles or a culture worth upholding. A situation which has resulted from a deliberately planned equalising programme. For there are those who are fully aware that without an uplifting culture, without strong principles and high moral standards, these people will die. And the death of this nation is the deadly goal of those who have long sought world control.

The extent to which this plan has succeeded may be seen in the lives of so many of the young people of this nation who tragically, have become shallow and rootless; their only thought being for themselves "now". There thus remains very little sense of perspective or of absolute values. What is valued are the antics of militant and aggressive rock idols who strut and preen in arrogant evil. Usually high on "drugs", these "idols" symbolise the lowest and vilest that mankind is capable of expressing. And this is seen not only in music, but in art, education, life-styles and behaviour generally and all the end product of anti-national, anti-cultural plan to destroy these people and the civilisation they created.

The tragic irony of the situation is that, as a people, we have the power to stop those who seek our demise. All we lack is the will and strength to use it but some twenty years ago, one British Mother, Mrs. Vera Fletcher, did try and the following is her personal story of those momentous days.

Although not aware of it at the time, IT started the day my son was beaten up "for kicks". He was not the only one by any means for at that time (May 1965) I was to learn that "terror gangs" ruled in my home town, a state of which I was ignorant until, with my son I went to the Police Station.

Up until that moment my life, as with that of other ordinary British wives and mothers, revolved around the family and household duties. Books I read aplenty, but newspapers seldom. Bringing up three children, building a home, caring for husband, parents and in-laws is a full-time occupation and so I was quite unprepared



An English sword,
dating about 1380.

CHALLENGE

for the "New World" into which I was thrown on May 5, 1965.

My eldest son, being then 19 years of age, did not want his mother with him during his interview with the Police in order to make a statement with regard the assault upon himself and those he was with at the time. But, I insisted that his father and I should be with him. If he was in trouble, then so were we. I promised just to sit and listen, and so, I entered a world known to my children. A world in which even the language spoken (for the detectives spoke to my son in the idiom of the day) was unfamiliar. A world in which brutality and drugs were accepted by children as a "way of life".

As promised, I sat, shocked and horrified, silent until there penetrated one question repeated over and over . . . "Are you sure you did not bleed . . . no cuts or scratches?" I could hold my peace no longer. Why was this so important? It was then a detective explained about a law of 1800 enacted when gang fights took place on the village green. Gang against gang — or one against one — and a fine set accordingly.

In no way, in the case of my son and his friends could what they had faced, be called "fair fight". A gang of twenty had set about him, his girl, her brother, and a young friend, John, who was thrown to the ground and kicked three times in the eye, an injury so serious that he was detained for six days in an Infirmary.

As I understood it, in the case of John because he bled, the Police could prosecute. In the case of my son who was kicked, pummelled, punched and sustained a "chop to the throat", we would have to prosecute. What, I asked, would happen if we did? We were told there might be a fine for the culprit which might be as high as five pounds or as low as three. Incidentally, this fine could be paid off in instalments. In that case, I pointed out, it is we who are being punished for the full cost would be ours!

So much for justice. That is the law we were told, then said I . . . **IT IS THE LAW THAT NEEDS CHANGING.**

This is only a very brief glimpse of how I became a Crusader for space does not permit the full story nor all that I learned. Suffice to say that on visiting John in hospital I

discovered that he was not the only patient suffering the same injury inflicted in the same way by "having the boot put in" and that his mother did not want him to say too much in case of reprisals!

I sat there on John's bed, and with an anger such as I had never known before rising within me, I told him that as far as I was concerned THEY would not get away with it for I would DO SOMETHING, I did not know just what, *but I would do it.*

Now it was that people I knew began to tell me of their own horrific experiences and so, to find out just how many others were keeping silent, I began writing letters to newspapers. The first letter to appear in print was headlined: "A MOTHER'S FEAR" and published in the *Evening Gazette* May 1965:

"How many older folk of Stockton are afraid — afraid of youths who stand across a pavement and nudge and jostle with their elbows, and won't let their victims pass? Have other readers heard of this sort of thing going on?

"It happened to the mother of a friend of mine. This lady had a very bad heart. Then there is the old gentleman in a local pub who had his change taken, and was too scared to protest. Such things as these should be made known to the community at large. It sickens and terrifies me to know of these things. I fear for my son who has already been beaten; for my parents — for the sons and parents of others."

(My friend's mother died very shortly after this dreadful experience.)

I honestly believed at that time that if I could highlight what was going on, the dreadful things that were happening to women and children, then some man would take up their cause. But who to go to?

I was brought up to respect men of "the cloth". That's it, I would go to the Church, for there in the town centre were gathered town dignitaries, school masters, fathers, etc. But first I would approach the town's Representative who had a seat in Parliament. Turn the matter over to him and that would be it. He would deal with the matter. Just how naive can one be? So I wrote to Mr. William T. Rodgers M.P. detailing the kind

CHALLENGE

of thing that was happening in his constituency including the attack upon my own son. He replied, asking for more "details". The correspondence between us grew, until I awoke to the fact that he would DO nothing, and that he must already be aware of just what was happening.

However, on receipt of his first reply, I went to the Church. It took exactly two minutes for me to realise no help was to be found therein.

As a result of that first letter in the press, people began to speak out and it was reported that "a tremendous number of us with teenage children in this town know about these attacks. Their sons were victims and parents were always anxious when they were out late." And a spokesman for the police said later that the number of complaints received about this kind of assault was "very low". "When we do get them, however, we treat them as very serious offences and do everything we can."

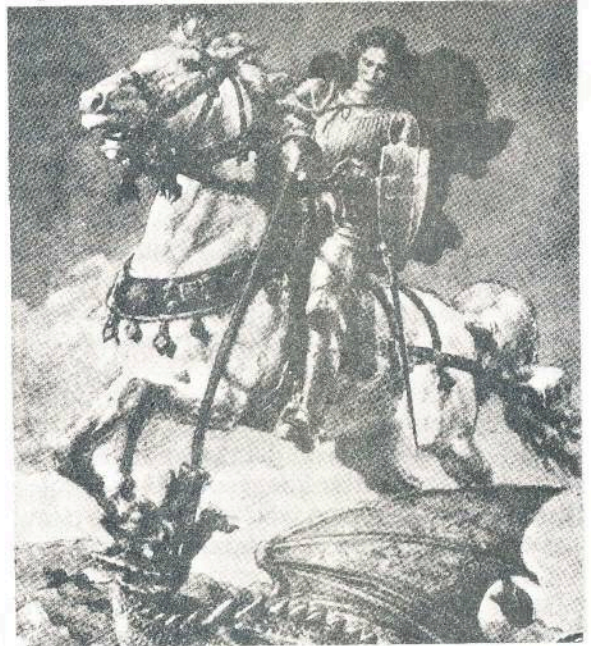
This was a statement which jarred a little — for my son's girl had telephoned for the police at the time the assault was taking place even though she was threatened with what would happen to her if she "informed". Threatened by the thug who "put the boot in" young John. The police failed to make an appearance. Later I had a visit from a high-ranking officer who apologised for the delay, explaining that the fault lay in the new telephone system being introduced at the time, calls made to the police were going through a new exchange.

After writing to Mr. Rodgers I made various futile attempts to persuade prominent people in Stockton to help. I also received little support from other members of the public and that appeared to be the end of the matter. But I had learned in a bitter and hard way the utter helplessness of an English woman. That same helplessness which can be seen today (1984) in the number of women and children under attack on the streets and even in the home. There is nothing to protect them either outside or in and neither man nor law is able or willing to protect them.

A few months later the boy John, aged 17, was dead. He had worked on a farm to which access was gained by crossing railway

lines, the only way in and out. One foggy night he was hit by a train on that crossing where, for 25 years (longer than his own life-span) people had been crying out for safety measures. All to no avail.

The news of John's death came to us as a terrible shock. Only the night before, he had been in our home, laughing and joking with the other young people assembled there. I thought my heart would break. Then, on January 14, 1966, there appeared in *The Evening Gazette* the headline "THREE CHURCHMEN LOSE BATTLE WITH THUGS". A campaign by three Stockton churchmen to stamp out violence on two of the town's largest housing estates, had failed. They had taken this step because it was known on the estates that attacks had taken place quite frequently, attacks never reported to the police for fear of reprisals.



As an incentive to would-be witnesses, these three "sleuths" gave an undertaking that no names would be published in their report. But even this pledge of silence did not bring results. In fact, not one person had submitted any written evidence. The spokesman for these churchmen told *The Evening Gazette* he felt the reason for this was the way in which some newspapers had reported the campaign when it began.

This same lack of response was also experienced by an *Evening Gazette* reporter

CHALLENGE

when he tried to approach people on the estate about the problem. Most of them declined to comment at all, while others were, to say the least, not very helpful. "But one person who would comment was a mother of three, who some time ago launched her own assault on the teenage gangs. But she too hit the same cover-up wall of silence.

"In fact, far from being praised for her efforts to stamp out the attacks, Mrs. Fletcher has been criticised by neighbours for bringing it into the limelight."

Then, one day I was running the Hoover over my hall carpet – and I was ANGRY. I had suffered shock after shock and I was thinking – Why didn't someone DO SOMETHING about all this? I thought of all the things I would do were I a man... I could use my fists, punch someone on the nose... but that would make me the same as the thug... no, that wouldn't help at all. Chain myself to railings?... no, done before and anyway it would be foolish... and so on and on ran my thoughts with me getting madder and madder by the minute. Oh, that ANGER filled me with such force.

Suddenly the futility of all these thoughts hit me, my knees gave way and I slumped to the floor still grasping the handle of my cleaner for support in a storm of tears. I say "storm" because I had never before wept in like manner. I had realised that there was nothing that this Anglo-Saxon helpless woman COULD DO! I cried out aloud, there on my knees, OH GOD, HELP ME for I am helpless. Show me what I must do. And I poured out my heart before the LORD.

The storm eventually abated and I took up my Bible. Blinded still by tears, through swollen lids I turned the pages. What I was looking for I do not know but as the pages turned I realised that wherever my eye struck I was reading: "Lift up thy voice... Cry out... Shout it from the mountain top..." I made a cup of tea and sat down to think. "Lift up thy voice." I had tried that... then I must look for a "voice" louder than my own. But where to find such a "voice"? A newspaper is a "voice"... magazines... radio... television! I stopped

snivelling. If only I could find someone who would do something. Then I realised that what I was saying was "someone else".

I changed that to Why don't I DO SOMETHING? Hadn't I promised young John that I would?

And so, bearing in mind James 2:17 that "faith if it hath not works, is dead", and having just cried out for help from the God to Whom I had been taught to pray – OUR FATHER – I took up the cudgels again, and on January 21, 1966, the *Evening Gazette* reported "ANOTHER BID TO CRUSH VIOLENCE, another try to break the silence."

Again, space does not permit the telling of all that happened to me that terrible winter of 1966 when, armed with notebook, pen, and later batches of leaflets, I tramped the streets in a blizzard. Nor is there space to tell of the tales of misery and woe I encountered, at times nigh unbearable.

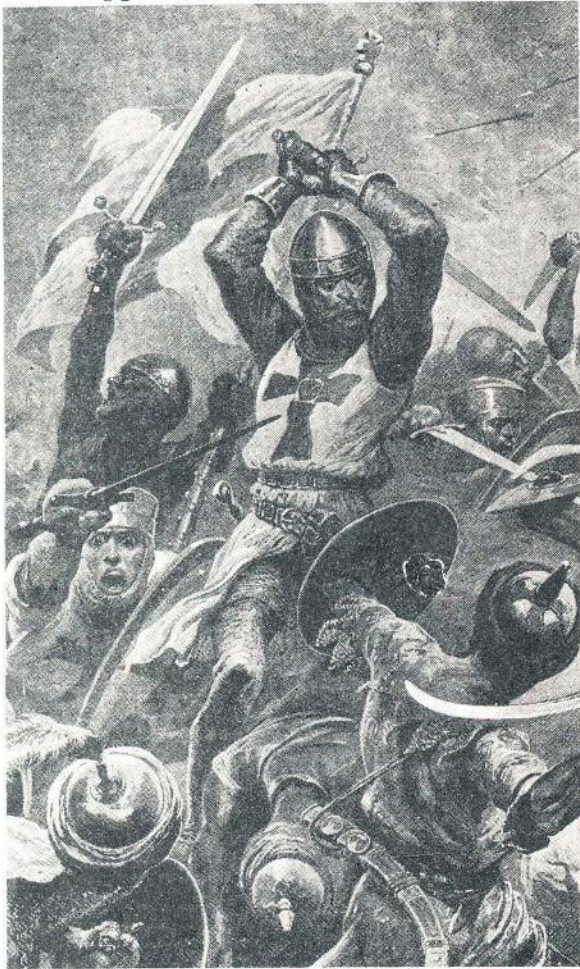
But the day came when I was ready to march off to No. 10 Downing Street in the City of London to hand in together with "details", a petition demanding the return of Capital Punishment. Restoration of Law and Order.

I made my first 470-mile round trip to London on May 2nd, 1966, to bring my campaign against violence and vandalism to its climax. I left home early to catch the 8.35 London Express from Stockton station. Six-and-a-half hours and a London Transport bus ride across the capital and I was standing on the steps of No. 10 Downing Street handing in a petition (taken from me by a porter at the door) of more than 4 000 names together with the tales of woe "detailed".

However, I had been told that it was not possible for Mr. Harold Wilson to see me as he received hundreds of requests for interviews every week and it would be impossible for him to carry out the work of Government and meet everyone. I wondered at the time if that applied also to the film stars, boxers, etc. who were plied with tea upon their visits! I should mention that I was accompanied that day by one woman who, in answer to my advert saying if anyone wished to accompany me they were wel-

CHALLENGE

come to do so, handed in at the same time a petition for the restoration of birching containing 2 000 signatures. Her son had been badly beaten by thugs. Big Ben was striking 3 o'clock as we handed in our petitions. The job done, we did a little window-shopping until train time, 7.30 p.m. out of King's Cross. I arrived home about 1 a.m. exhausted — ready to wait and see what happened next.



The answer to the question so recently put to me — “Why a ‘CRUSADE’ at all?” — is quite simple.

On Friday, May 6, 1966, just one year after I began campaigning against the evil prevalent in my home town, there appeared on p.9 of *The Billingham Express* my photograph headlined — *VERA takes her fight to No. 10*. The article outlining the campaign together with the “time-table” listed above was headed with these words:

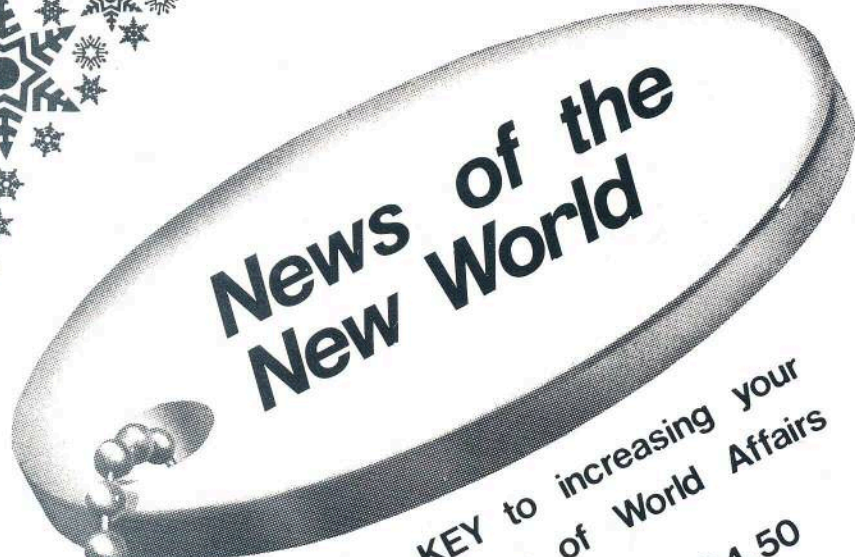
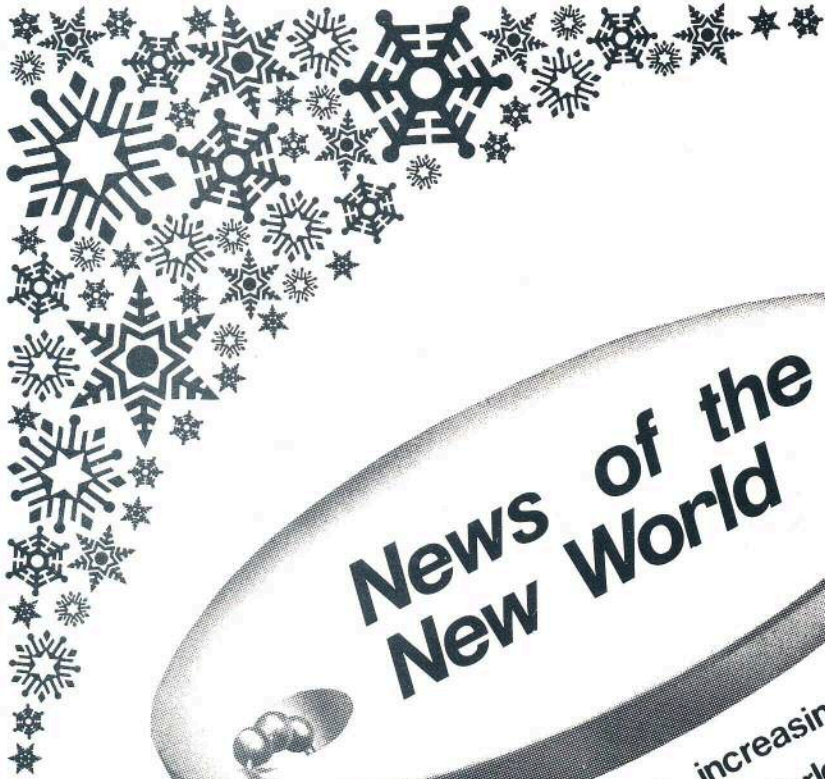
CRUSADER Mrs. Vera Fletcher — etc . . .

Now why, I wondered, had the reporter referred to me as “CRUSADER”? So I looked it up. The *New English Dictionary* published 1932, defines Crusade (kru sád) (F. croisade (O.F. croisée and Sp. cruzada, med. L. cruciáta, p.p. of cruciáre, to mark with a cross)), n. “One of several expeditions undertaken in the Middle Ages under the banner of the Cross to recover possession of the Holy Land, then in the power of the Saracens; any hostile enterprise conducted in an enthusiastic or fanatical spirit. v.i. to engage in a crusade.”

1. *Mark with a cross* — was I not born under the emblem of the cross? The British Flag contains the emblem of my race . . . the pennies in my pocket before decimalisation, did they not bear that same cross on the shield of Britannia? YES
2. *Expeditions undertaken* — hadn't I just voyaged “for some definite object”? . . . YES
3. *Enthusiastic* — had I been? YES
4. *Was I HOSTILE?* To the Enemy YES
5. Did I want to recover our “*Holy Land*”, our beloved Country from the power *now in the hands of the Enemy?* YES
6. Was the “*spirit*” within me *fanatical, enthusiastic in the extreme?* YES
7. BUT, was I really *bigoted?* — if by being devoted to ONE God, to my own race, to my kindred people, to my family makes of me a “bigot” then the answer must be YES

“And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask any thing according to His Will, He Heareth us: And if we know that He Hear us, whatever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him”
(1 John 4:14-15.)

Then, for Love of God, for Love of Family, Race and Country — WHY NOT A CRUSADE? ♦



News of the New World

The **KEY** to increasing your
knowledge of World Affairs

Subscription: R6, \$12, £4.50

Write to: F.O.C.P. P.O. Box 830.
HONEYDEW 2040
South Africa.



WE
Guarantee

- * OUR COVENANT MESSAGE MAGAZINE
- * NEWS OF THE NEW WORLD
- * KINGDOM CASSETTE SERVICE
- * QUO VADIS NEWS CASSETTES
- * COVENANT ANSWERING SERVICE

***because* —**

they draw attention to society today and to the **BIBLICAL CHARTERS** which assure **NATIONAL SURVIVAL** and **RECONSTRUCTION** on **GOD — PRESCRIBED** lines.

For further information write to —
The **FEDERATION** of the **COVENANT PEOPLE**
P.O.Box 830, Honeydew . 2040 South Africa.

