

APRIL 31, 1970

the bananer



"And it came to pass." (Hezekiah 758:69)

The verse we have chosen as the one upon which we will meditate together this week is one which is often overlooked by the casual reader. It is hidden, so to speak, near the end of the book of Hezekiah, following about 450 pages of genealogies and records of livestock transactions. Yet the faithful Philistine Rewarmed reader, unlike the casual reader to whom we have earlier alluded, cannot fail to discover the verse and derive a rich blessing from it. We came across it just last night in our family devotions, and we derived a rich blessing indeed from it.



"And it came to pass." They are words rich with blessings. The words are more familiar, of course, in later books, for this is a verse which later writers were fond of quoting. Yet it is infinitely more meaningful when seen in its original context. Let us, take a look at the verses surrounding these priceless words:

"Shubazz begat Bazzshu, and Bazzshu begat Bazzbazz. And behold, the wife of Bazzbazz conceived and bare a son, and she called his name Yecchh, for the countenance of her son behooved her not. Yecchh bought unto himself threescore cattle and twoscore wives. *And it came to pass* that Yecchh tired of his wives, and unto his servants he said, 'I need a score,' and the servants of Yecchh bought unto him another score of wives, wherewith their master contented himself." (Italics mine—ed.)

If there are rich blessings to be derived from studying the context of

the verse, there are blessings just as rich to be derived from intensive study and meditation upon each single word. "And," for instance, is one of the most important words in the sacred writings and is used 35,762 times in the book of Hezekiah alone, while it occurs 791 times in the Cannons of Dort. But rather than impose my understanding of each word upon the reader, let each reader consider the words with me and come to his own conclusions in silent meditation:

"And." (4 minutes)

"It." (5 minutes)

"Came." (8 minutes)

"To." (2 minutes if you shut your eyes tight.)

"Pass." (7 minutes.)

What a wealth, what a veritable plethora, of blessings is contained in those few short words! How true they are of the troubled sea of life on which we creep with faltering step! For it cannot be denied that the events of this life, which is nothing but a constant breath, do indeed come. Tribulations come to us, and we must tribulate, for the rain is sent upon the Dutch and upon the non-Dutch alike. And yet, having come, our passage foretells that these things will pass, and what a rich blessing it is that they do!



It is clear, moreover, from this passage, just how far from the truth the so-called "modern" versions have deviated. For the passage we are meditating upon is faithfully rendered in the time-honored traditional translations. But the verse is not to be found in any of the "modern" versions! In

each passage where it occurs, it has been eliminated entirely! What further proof need any Philistine have that these versions are demonic? For if they omit entirely as indispensable a verse as ours for today, how can they but lead into all sorts of temptations of the mind and of the body? Is it any wonder that those who embrace these new-fangled versions are leading our church into apostasy, social action, liberalism, relevance and such sins? (Underground churches, too—ed.)

Let this be a warning to all of us not to follow the broad road of modernism. For these pitiable men, deprived of the solid meat of the traditional translations, are lustily sucking up whatever they can lay their hands on.



"And it came to pass." These words can give comfort to us in our darkest hour, for they can be applied indiscriminately to every situation over which we stumble on the troubled sea of life. The great war which so recently engulfed Europe, with its dire threat of Prussian conquest—did it come, and has it not passed? The blatantly unscriptural machines which arrogant men are even now building to carry us by motor down our roads—do they not come to pass? The daily bread set on the table before us—does it not come to pass? And yea, even the small tribulations of life, such as the young unregenerates who play football each Sunday in our neighbors' yard—do not they, too, come to pass?

"And it came to pass." The very sounds of the words send rich blessings shimmering up the sinews of my heart—even as I am sure they will, dear reader, up yours.

the bananer

MEMBER 

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WEAK WORD • WOLF L. SEAMSTRESS

AARDVARK

Last weekend I visited the Guilesepi City Zoo at Muckron, Michigan and was astonished, as were my children, at the wide variety of animals which the zoo houses. But despite the roaring lions, the trumpeting elephants and speckled-tail rats there was something else which I noticed—the lonely aardvark. I had never seen one before.

Really now, how many of us have seen the aardvark? I mean really *looked* closely at one? Frankly, the aardvark is an ugly animal. Its 140 pound bulk is topped off by a fat, hairless tail on one end and a long, fleshy snout on the other. With its foot-long tongue it reaches deep inside the crevices of logs for termites.

How like us! Surprising you say? Not really! Consider this first of all: the lonely aardvark, the most forgotten, the most ignored of all creatures, is the first animal to reveal itself in the pages of the encyclopedia. One cannot help but recall the confident cry of Hezekiah, "Yea, even in the deep places shall the last be first." I cannot help but find this an astonishing insight. Like the aardvark, we are scorned and reviled in this world. But aardvark is never last; it cannot be, and neither are we. Certainly we, the members of the Philistine Rewarmed Crutch, shall be among the first in that ethereal encyclopedia!

It was that lonely aardvark which reminded me of this. It reminded me that our place is truly not of this world; on the contrary, with the aardvark, we must burrow underground. We must avoid that blinding light of paganism. With our humble compatriot we must reach out for the truth, no matter how deeply it is hidden in the crevice!

Editor's Note—In the past fifty years we have been blest to complete the entire dictionary in this column. Today, humbly, we begin anew.



Cover Photo

LONG MAY SHE WAVE

"O ye children of light, scorn not the shekel, for without thy stomach shall surely gnaw, thy toenails surely cease in their growing."
—Hezekiah 13:69

ANGELS DANCING ON A PIN?

YES

KLAAS VAN DER MEER

The question posed to me is disarmingly simple—Can two angels simultaneously dance on the point of a pin? Yes, at face value, this is a simple question, but in order to arrive at a satisfactory answer to this question, one must get at the meaty issues which lie behind this question. The first and most important question to ask is “What are angels really like? What kind of anatomies do they possess?” And this takes us right to the heart of angelology.

What, then, are angels really like? Before I bring my metaphysical potency to bear upon this question, let us turn to the other object under scrutiny—the pin, and, in particular, the point of the pin. A pin’s point is an ideal that is never quite realized. Oh yes, there are sharp pins and there are dull pins, but there are no pins that are actually perfectly sharp. Pins, like people, all participate in dullness to some degree.

If angels, then, are to balance or dance upon an area as small as that of any relatively sharp pin-point, they will have to be extremely light-footed and small-footed. But this leads us back to our basic question: What are angels like?

Angels are different than people. People have to walk with their feet on the ground; angels can fly with their airy bodies high in the sky. People have heads and arms and legs which you can see and touch; angels usually are quite invisible. For angels do not have the same kind of limiting bodies which people have. In fact, although we talk about angels having wings and eyes and arms, in actuality these are just convenient ways for us to think of those flighty beings who are so different from us. For if an angel has no body, how can it have an arm? And if no arm, what about the hand? And if no hand, yet a finger? The point, I think, is now sharp: although they may decide to take on some physical manifestation, angels do not have physical bodies like we people have.

Given, then, these kinds of angelic entities, and given a pointed pin—can two angels balance or walk or dance on this point? I know you can predict the answer: Why, of course, one, two, three, ten, a hundred angels can do what they will on the point of a pin, for they take no space. Therefore, any number of angels can “crowd” into any given space without any one of them getting claustrophobia. So, in conclusion, it is patently obvious that two angels *can* simultaneously dance on the point of a pin.

Klaas Van Der Meer is the eminent medieval critic from Warp College.



Angels

NO

JAKE DEN BLEEKEN

The question presented for discussion is indeed a tricky one. Many people will be deceived by its metaphysical facade. I, however, see through the philosophical exterior to the strictly moral interior. I will not make the same mistake that Hezekiah made, when he was condemned in these words: “Thou hast stared at thy navel, and hast not seen the forest for the cedars.” So I intend to use straight talk and plain language to answer the question.

We were asked to answer “Yes” or “No” to the above question. I give my resounding “No!” If the question had been, “Can *one* angel dance on the point of a pin, my answer would have remained “No!” If we strip all the useless verbiage from that question, we finally get to the true question: “Can angels dance?” Or, perhaps better, “Should angels dance?”

Angels are not secular creatures; at least, not the good ones. Angels do not, therefore, take part in the worldly amusements, but they rise above all that is profane and common. Angels know better than to desecrate their wings with all sorts of suggestive and intimate choreographic movements. Most angels steer clear of the dens of iniquity. Some didn’t, and observe where they are now.

In conclusion, then, my answer is “No!” Two angels can *not* simultaneously dance on the point of a pin. Good angels, like good Philistines, do not dance.

Jake Den Bleeken is a lay scholar from Borculo. He was a *Bananer* Pal in '26.

* The editor refuses to accept the responsibility for the above pseudo-angelic picture. Not only is the portrayed cupid a blatant representation of the influence of Roman pagandom on Philistine art, but also, in the opinion of the editor, cupidity is stupidity.

The reader asks

BY JACK H. SPRAT

Dark Socks on Sunday?

Q A Canadian brother asks: "In the light of Hezekiah's admonition, 'The pure shall wear the robes of purity,' is it Philistine to wear dark socks to church on Sunday?"

A Hezekiah's meaning here is difficult to discern; in speaking to the Israelites, he is primarily, of course, admonishing them for allowing their robes to get dirty. Now admittedly, the washing of robes in the desert wastes of Israel was a difficult task—which emphasizes all the more the seriousness of the prophet's injunction. Yet we must realize that Hezekiah was not speaking merely of physical dirt, but of spiritual filthiness. The same admonition, Hezekiah suggests, holds true for all men, especially for us: in the age of the Maytag washing machine, it is not the outer, but the inner garments on which the weight of concern is to be placed.

White Socks on Sunday?

Q An American brother asks: "Yesterday as I was reading Hezekiah's description of the stoning of the adulteress Josephia I came upon a curious statement: 'For the robes of the humble she wore not, but only the cloth of whiteness.' Is this an implicit attack by the prophet on the wearing of white socks on Sunday?"

A Hezekiah's meaning here is difficult to discern; the prophet is here admonishing Josephia for assuming the superior cloth of the virgin while she was obviously of a different cloth, as it were. Now whether Hezekiah means by this attack to imply that the wearing of white cloth is a pharisaic act of pride is not certain.

Certainly such was the case for Josephia. Is it so for us? One may safely assume that the prophet is here speaking of spiritual, rather than clothly humility. The suggestion to the Philistine Crutch is clear: unequivocally, the robes of sackcloth are more becoming to we earthly sojourners than the ambition and pride of the adulterer who prostitutes the world's goods for his own ends.

Socks on Sunday?

Q An East Grand Rapids brother asks: "When the Israelites crossed the Jordan into the Holy Land, Hezekiah notes that 'The Sandals, yea the straps thereof, shall be dampened not, that it may be a testimony to this day.' Obviously the Israelites were to take note of such a significant day by removing extraneous foot-wear. Does not this imply that Philistines, too, should not wear socks to church on Sunday?"

A Hezekiah's meaning here is difficult to discern; it is generally agreed that it is here that the prophet eternal squabble concerning the question, "Does not Judas' participation refute closed communion?" Not only is it rewarding to see Hezekiah's perceptiveness in replying to this perplexing question, but it is also instructive. The answer to this question, most clearly detailed in Berkhon's *Systematic Systematics*, indicates that the difference of the worshipper entering church with or without socks, as of the difference of the Israelite entering the Jordan with or without sandals, was only a matter of ounces. The prophet most likely implies that it is not the outer but the inner socks which truly distinguish the sockless chosen from the dross of this world.

The bomb?

Q Is Hezekiah, in 68:123, advocating nuclear war in writing, "For there shall be a bomb in Gilead which shall burn the hearts of men and tear their tents asunder"?

A No.

FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

GERARD FORD BIRCHMA JR.

As I sit and wonder
Of the things to come,
I hear the noise of battle,
The roar of mighty guns.

On my shoulder hangs a rifle,
On my hip a pistol rides,
I search into the shadows
Where my enemy hides.

They say it's just a conflict,
They say it's not a war,
Then why are young men dying,
And what are they dying for?

I guess I know the answer,
The reason why we're here.
These people look to us for help—
With eyes that are filled with fear.

We're fighting for a purpose—
The freedom of every man;
We're here because we have to be,
So we'll do the best we can.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above poem was written by Gerard Ford Birchma, Jr., while his company was in combat in Cambodia. Birchma's sergeant saw the verse written on a lavatory wall in Saigon; recognizing Birchma's handwriting, he copied down the poem and sent it to his mother. Birchma is now in the Long Binh stockade facing a court-martial for desertion.

AT LAST: HARMONY AT ALCATRAZ • BY LEONARD BROWNWAY



Alcatraz lies like a gem in the sparkling waters of the San Francisco Bay. Though perhaps not one of our larger outreaches to the heathen, it offers promise of great growth and fruitfulness. My frau and I as we stand at the door of our bungalow are often moved to tears at the sight of the natives at play. We think back to the time when this isle held prisoners of yet another sort than these to whom we come.

The work here has certainly been blessed. Imagine our joy when we discovered that the aborigines not only wore clothes, but also spoke English. This has advanced the work, but, of course, we cannot help feeling that some of our early training in sign language has been for naught. It seems only yesterday that we stepped from our raft and advanced ashore clutching the beads and booze that were to win the childlike hearts of the natives. Twelve months of witnessing by our small mission staff, working hand in hand with the native church, have borne fruit. The number of organized crutches has doubled, while the number of preaching stations has tripled. This is real crutch growth, but it is not enough.

Great obstacles hinder the outreach here. There are still the weak and wayward sheep of the flock. There are still too many who must maintain their testimony alone in the midst of the heathen family circle and their light is often a feeble flame. But we see progress and we take courage.

Much time and work has been expended upon girls and boys present with us. As yet, the day school program is suffering from the weakness of its hot lunch arrangements. Devoted and hardy natives brave the strong, cold waters of the bay to bring in flannelgraphs, Koolaid, and similar indispensable aids to Philistine education. Saturday night finds my dear wife scrubbing many little ears and wiping little noses as we seek in every way to meet the many needs of our little charges. Just the other day my wife came running to me to report what joy was hers as one little one, the nose of whom she was wiping, said to her, "Can I have a Kleenex?" We yearn to fill so many needs, for what are earthly needs but reflections of heavenly wants? Surely this is evidence that the work is being advanced and the cause furthered.

The station here at Hellabaloo has a current roll of three families with whom we are working ceaselessly. Uppermost in our thoughts just now are the adult education classes in church order and catechetical obfuscation. It warms the cockles of our hearts to see these covenant redskins preparing themselves to take their place in the greater church of which we are such a small part.

Project Falters for Alcatraz is a wonderful new program conceived by the Rewarmed Layman's Leg in response to the urgent need here. Project Falters for Alcatraz is now traveling the country on selected religious broadcast stations. In addition to a mailing drive and telephone campaign, hundreds of Sunday schools are conducting Project Falter drives in coordination with cookie and rug sales. By early June we expect to receive the first shipments and begin distribution where the needs ache the most.

Often have we thought of the generosity of our brethren in Grand Rubles and their promises of pew racks and kneeling cushions. As we think of the church at large we ask, How about you pastors of the flock? Have you thought of Alcatraz? Have you listened to the call and willingly followed? Remember, the harvest is red, but the laborers are few. Do not be misled by the lure of money, high wages, or business for personal gain. The harvest is ripe, nay, overripe and rotting. The world has reached its evening. Dare we lie down before the work is done?

YON BIRCH

TESSIE FANGHORN

Last Sunday on my way from church,
I happened on a lovely birch;
And as I tore some of its skin,
I saw what evil lurked within.

The birch, it has a lovely sheen;
Its bark is always white and clean;
But just tear off a piece of bark—
The inside is depraved and dark.

How similar Philistines are
With clothes of white and minds of tar!
So never dress in thoughtless haste;
Make sure your mind is also chaste.

JONGEN FOLKS AND THEIR DOMINEES

In a never-ending effort to facilitate communication between Jongen folk and their dominees, the *Bananer* herewith presents another interview between representatives of the two groups. This week's dialogue features Rev. Tobias Pekker, dominee of the Overdiesel Philistine Rewarmed Crutch, and Stanley Prune, a freshman at Warp College and pathfinder in the Galvanized Kadeters.

Dominee: What's with you kids anyway?

Stanley: Yes, I agree. That is a grave concern of mine also.

Dominee: Tell me, Stanley, what is it that makes jongen folks revolt

against the Philistine Rewarmed Crutch?

Stanley: I don't feel that the revolt is as widespread as some people make it out to be. It is my impression that the so-called revolt of our youth is concentrated among those who do not attend a Philistine Rewarmed School.

Dominee: Another problem with which we dominees are gravely concerned is that of square skipping and other such forms of escape. What do you feel on the matter.

Stanley: I have never met anyone personally who has experimented with square skipping. I was fortunate enough to find friends whose interest lay not in things of this world.



Dominee: Just what is holding you and your fine friends back from the "square skipping culture?"

Stanley: I would say that my crutch is the biggest factor.

Dominee: I recently read that a jongen person who did not attend a Philistine School described the Crutch as "A super heavy pool cue which might win a few for the good cats." What is your reaction to this?

Stanley: Bleecch!

IN PUBLIC OFFICE • BY HAROLD BORDHOFF

To inform its readers about those persons in the Philistine Rewarmed Crutch who have been elected to and are serving in civil or political offices and also to encourage others to seek and to enter such service, *The Bananer* is featuring a series of brief articles by and about such persons, together with photographs of them.

This week *The Bananer* wishes to wish Harold Bordhoff a hearty congratulation on his appointment to assistant advisor to the Chief Dogcatcher of Paz, South Dakota, a suburb of nearby Big Rapids.

Harold, a native of Paz and a member of the First PRC of Paz, attributes his newly appointed position to work he recently did on a committee studying suburban blight in Paz.

When asked to make a brief statement concerning the relationship between his position in public office and his work as a Philistine, Harold stated:

"Many people ask how I can relate my duties as assistant dogcatcher to those more important duties and goals

as a Philistine. I maintain that a Philistine's role in life is to, at the same time, fulfill his obligations as a Philistine and to serve his fellow man.



Harold Bordhoff

Some carry this responsibility out through the ministry, the garbage business, or by serving in public office, in my case as a dogcatcher.

"The United States has been blessed as a nation beyond its worth.

Those of us in public office in turn have a moral obligation to preserve that which is good and fight for that which is right—whether it be for equal opportunities, upholding standards of morality in our school systems, or stemming the rising tide of illegitimate puppies. Take your pick from sinister influences of godless mongrelism to the infiltration of Afghanishounds into many sectors of our lives.

"I as a public servant feel I can fulfill my dual roles in such ways as keeping separate dogs of upright lineage from roving packs of muts—many of which are ancestors of the cursed and inferior race of Fido and protecting fellow Philistines from unpleasant experiences as they walk across the church lawn on Sunday mornings.

"In conclusion, I urge more of our people to enter this vital area of social concern. I particularly urge our young people, who have recently been committed to the problem of environmental pollution, to enter the only arena where they can really do something about it."

Open Letter to Sunday Swimmers

• EDITORIALS BY JOHN VANDER PHLEGM

The open letter that follows is addressed to all Philistine Rewarmed Crutch members who have fallen into the slothful habit of swimming on Sundays. Some of them have even been so bold as to take up this habit in the river directly in back of the hallowed offices where this magazine is published.

But why, some may ask, take up such a matter in the *Bananer*, a crutch paper intended not only for this area, but for the entire denomination. Does this affect our brethren in Smell, Iowa, where there is no water, or those in Smatters, British Columbia, where it seldom rises above the freezing mark?

Why? Even though this issue is hotter than a pistol, and though I don't want to go off half-cocked, I feel I should comment. This is something that reaches everyone, sometime, whether it be at home or on a vacation; and worse yet, this phenomenon is spreading like the proverbial plague and is thus of great concern to all of us.

Hopefully, this letter will be used to address a Philistine testimony to all Philistine and non-Philistine swimmers, and will serve as a means to root out this filthy habit.

Dear Sunday Swimmers:

Through pictures, visions, and word of mouth, it has become known that a great number of those in our denomination have become part of the ever-growing fraternity of Sunday swimmers. This new habit on your part is what this letter is about, and we do hope you will give it your undivided attention.

Of course, many attempts have been made to curb this new fallacy, but we are painfully aware that it is just not all that easy to legislate morality any more. Some have suggested that we take more violent action, such as picketing nearby rivers and lakes where Sunday swimmers congregate; others have suggested that we boycott your swimming parties during the week; others have even suggested disruptive tactics such as hiding your bathing trunks.

However, in these times of chaos and intemperance, where there are disruptive and divisive measures being employed by all of today's forces of confusion, we think it would be better to reason with you by means of this letter. We realize that you are not the first to fall into such a trap, but we ask that you accept this letter, as we try to reason out this serious problem with you.

• First, you are trampling on all laws set up in the Pages and all traditions of our Philistine Rewarmed Crutch. As the prophet Hezekiah reiterated again and again, "Six days

shalt thou swim and do all thy diving. On the seventh thou shalt be drydocked." And as he stressed strongly in chapter four, verse two, "Lo, lest any toenail wetten, or any part thereof, or any knee submerge, either left or right, it shalt whither and become disjointed." And in verse 42b, "And lo, the waters were troubled." This alone should be enough to convince you.

Furthermore, what about the great Philistine traditions of sumptuous Sunday dinners? Since swimmers cannot swim until two hours after a large meal, our Sunday-swimming-brethren are beginning to forego the traditional Sunday feast. And worse yet, those who swim on Sunday afternoons usually do not desire to attend services on Sunday night with wet hair. And if they do, did you ever see anything as disgusting as a person in church with wet hair?

• Secondly, you have trampled on the strong moral convictions of others in making your decision to swim on Sunday. Some have said to me, "It was not a decision easily arrived at. We are aware of the strong moral conviction in this area against Sunday swimming. We are also aware that *this conviction* is held by many of our own relatives." (*Italics supplied*)

Sunday swimmers, it is our conviction that in flouting "the strong moral conviction" of the people in this area, you have contributed to the weakening of the moral fiber of our society and the undermining of spiritual values so important for our future and that of our children.

• Third, and finally, what does this do to the sanctity of that firmly established Philistine institution of the Saturday night bath?

In an age where tradition and customs are being attacked on every flank, it is our duty as Philistines to preserve and defend all of the few traditions remaining in our society. So this is why I plead with you to desist your habit of Sunday swimming to preserve the institution of Saturday night baths.

I know for a fact that those who persist in Sunday swimming rationalize, "Why take a bath tonight when I can swim tomorrow?" As Hezekiah said, "A clean heart, a clean mind, and clean feet shall not be forgotten." Is there any better time to get clean than on Saturday night, I ask?

In conclusion, we plead with you, Sunday swimmers, for the sake of the community, for the sake of your relatives, for your own body's sake, to have the conviction and the courage to reconsider the decision you have taken. Meanwhile, we wait for your hasty secession of such activities.

FEARBOOK, 1970

Loaded with numbers, statistics, percentages and other memorabilia our annual crutch *Fearbook* can hardly be said to read like a novel. In fact, it can hardly be said to be read. It may very well be dry as dust to some who would not give it a second look. But that's a terrible mistake. The Philistine's life also—and we must never forget this—is most aptly described in numbers which describe the amount of tithes, the amount of money our crutches cost, the number of people in the congregation, the number of copies of the *Falter Hymnal* one has in his home.

So once again the painstaking task of compiling and publishing the latest available facts and figures on the condition of the Philistine Rewarmed Crutch has been completed. These figures not only emerge from the crutch archives, but also from the store houses of rumours in such vital centers of our church as Plut, South Dakota and Sock Center, Idawa. Full of pertinent, not-so-pertinent, and generally irrelevant information, this 1700-page, four-volume *Fearbook, May, 1970* is an indispensable handbook for anyone wishing to know anything from the practicality of establishing a baby food co-op for the PRC to the number of Eerdzonders *Guide to the Antartic and Other Open Fields* needed for the 1985 graduates of our high schools.

Facts and Figures—The following summary of May, 1970 PRC statistics is especially of interest because of its clear indication of certain radical reorganizations of peoples within our crutch.

Families—57,831 in the North, 2 or 3 in the South. This is an increase of 6 families in the North, a decrease of 6 families in the South.

Number of crutch edifices—251. An increase of 15.

Number of expensive crutch edifices—141. An increase, we are happy to write, of 15. Truly these new crutch edifices are a witness to those who think the Philistines have it all bad.

Amount of money spent on construction and maintenance of crutch edifices—\$4,567,980.83.

Amount of money spent on social work within the respective cities—\$0.47. A remarkable increase of \$0.45.

Received from other denominations—0. A decrease of 1.

Received through evangelism—13. A significant decrease of 2,300 over last May's crop of tithe-givers. The year before there was an *increase* (Italics supplied) of 1,381. What's the answer?

Weeded out—2. A decrease of 46 over last year's witch hunt. Again, what's the answer?

Sunday school—72,953. Decrease of 23,419. (A year ago, the *Fearbook* showed an increase of 1,045 and now a decrease of 23,419.) Again, what's the answer? (See further comment on this.)

Total number of ministers—934. Increase of 34.

Total number of ministers serving—345. Increase of 1.

Total number of ministers who have abdicated their clerical duties as a result of ARCL work—589. Decrease of 1.

Total number of ministers who reside at Pine Rest—589. Decrease of one.

Birth Rate—from 1965 to a year ago the reports of the *Fearbook* showed a steady increase in the number of families entering the crutch but a steady *decrease*, (Italics added) with a corresponding decrease in number of communicants, of baptisms. For the first time this disturbing trend has been averted to some extent by the obviously successful introduction of the PRC textbook *How Would You Like to Have Less than the Children of Ham?* both in adult education classes and from the pulpit. Hopefully the alarming reports of rats receiving cancer from birth control pills will aid in stemming this serious decline. The following are the facts:

1965—Families, 45,681. Children baptized, 17,841.

1966—Families, 47,431. Children baptized, 14,648.

1967—Families, 50,034. Children baptized, 10,911.

1968—Families, 51,981. Children baptized, 4,631.

1969—Families, 55,391. Children baptized, 563.

1970—Families, 57,831. Children baptized, 569.

Notwithstanding today's alarming clamor for population control and abortion (Will euthanasia be next?), we are grateful to report that the firmness and rightness of the PRC stance on baptismal rights, namely the sprinkling of water, has again been affirmed in the light of this February's Baptist baptismal statistics. Compare the facts:

PRC children drowned in the past five years in baptism—2.

Baptist children drowned in the past five years in baptism—54.

Where are we going?—In spite of the gratifying vindication of the PRC baptismal standards, this year's *Fearbook* still leaves much to be desired. The astounding decline of Sunday school attendance (23,419) provides ample indication that the snod, the individual chasses, each consistory, and, finally, each PRC member had better seriously examine the life of the crutch. The arguments of those who insist that the increasing pollution of the air demands more rest from the youngsters strikes one as absurd. The thought that members of the PRC (roughly 20,000 of them) are simply too *lazy* (Italics mine, Ed.) to send their children to Sunday school is astounding, but who can tell the truth but each of us? The time to examine the heart is once again here! It is high time that we get about the serious task of separating the lead from the brass!

I SAW THE DEVIL!

• FOR JONGEN FOLKS • BY JAN MEERSMA

It was a balmy evening in Oatsburg, Wisconsin as Thea Straight met her steady Andy Narrow at the front door of her father's split-level suburban home.

"Are you ready for catechism?" Andy asked.

"Yes, Andy," said Thea. "I have learnt all my questions and answers so that I will be prepared when the Domine addresses me."

Andy, smiling, helped Thea into his blue coupe. It was shiny from a recent coat of wax, for he had been taught to care for his possessions. He hopped in, adjusted his seat belt, and drove off.

Andy drove smoothly, confidently, making sure to obey local and state traffic regulations. He beamed as he glanced through the rearview mirror and spied his American-flag decal.

As the car pulled easily into the church parking lot, Andy and Thea felt a chill encompass them both, and Thea especially. What was this mysterious force? None other than Temptation!

They were enmeshed; enmeshed in a struggle between catechism and the drive-in movie. Their souls almost screamed in agony. What would they do?

They backslid.

Thea Straight and Andy Narrow strayed—all the way to the Starlite, at which was playing that epitome of degradation, *101 Dalmatians*. So powerful was the call of the heinous Siren, that Andy was moved during the course of the evening to put his hand on Thea's knee and buss her cheek! O World, when wilt thou stop!

That night Thea's sleep was troubled. She tossed restlessly beneath the covers. Would morning never come?

It came. In all its bleakness. And there, in the dawn's early light, she discovered her wretched condition. Her abdomen protruded like a ripe

melon. There was movement within. She was pregnant.

A myriad of thoughts rushed through Thea's head. Should she run away from home? Or should she stay and face the awful facts? What would Andy say? Would she ever be forgiven?

Thea slipped quietly into a loose housecoat and padded as lightly as possible down the stairs.

Breakfast was an ordeal. Thea's father, a local grocer, was in his usual jovial mood. As Thea chewed morbidly upon her scrambled eggs, her father cracked, "How was catechism last night, Fatso?" ('Fatso' was his pet name for her.) The words burned like a branding iron on Thea's breast. She felt nauseous. In desperation she asked for the salt and pepper.

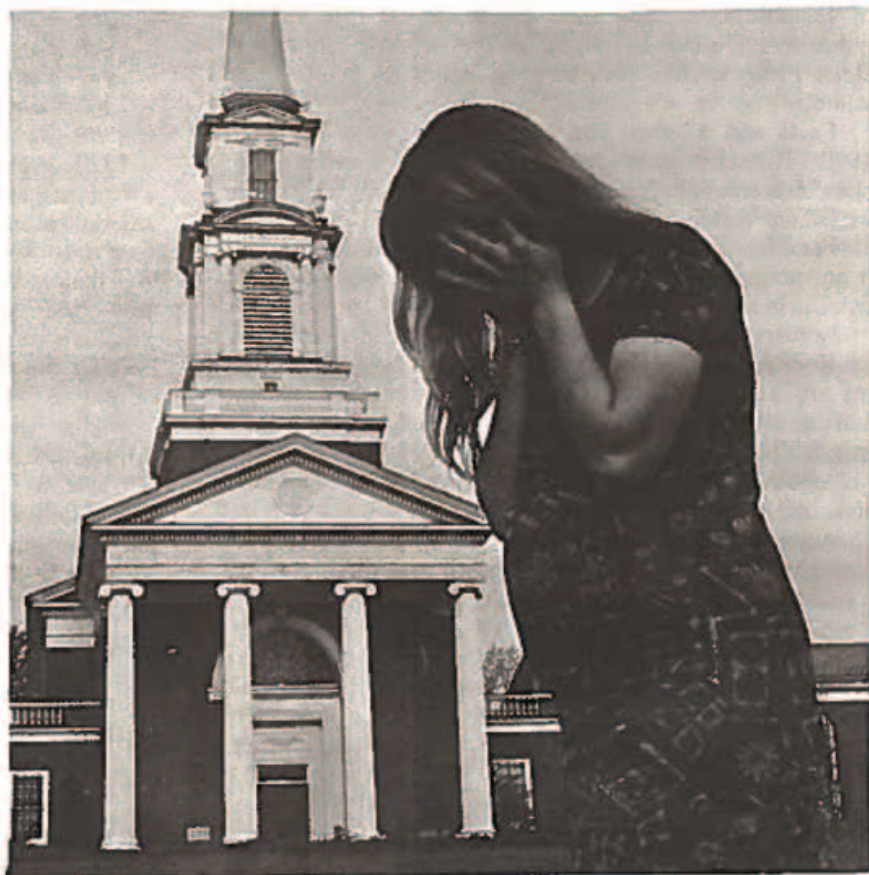
The ploy worked, and her father dropped the subject. Mother piped up, "Thea, you look a little *benauwd*. What's the matter?"

Thea was trapped in a corner, a rat in a cage which she had built herself. Should she lie, or confess all? "Oh, nothing," she hedged. "I guess I just need a little fresh air."

Thea left the house, and walked dejectedly through the woods. Except for her stomach, her whole being was an utter void. As she plodded along, suddenly the answer came. Of Course!

Now she knew what she must do. She would call her uncle Ralph, a missionary who was home on furlough from Japan. He would arrange a shotgun wedding for Andy and her.

The sun smiled.





for boys and girls

Dear Boys and Girls,

Just the other day, I heard a public school child say the word "dinosaur," and I was very saddened. Have you ever heard this naughty word, or, even worse, have YOU ever said it? I surely hope not.

I am so concerned for all you, my little friends. There are people who would try to make you leave your sandboxes and go to the library to read books on dinosaurs.

So the next time someone from the public school comes to your neighborhood, SEND HIM AWAY! That is your Philistine duty. And don't forget, stay away from those libraries, and especially television. Television is the king of all evils.

(This letter will self-destruct in five seconds.)

Lovingly,
Renal Beedebugd

We Witness

The following is a poem sent to me by Dicky Dreenpuip, whose father is a missionary to the Doormans in Salt Shake City. Isn't it interesting?

We live near the Great Salt Shake,
We only eat when we're awake.

The Doormans have interesting lives.
They sometimes have many wives.

They really aren't our kind, you see,
That's why my Dad's a missionaree.

Bananer Pals

Nicky Beerman, 961 Hancock SE,
Bland Rabids, Mich. Age 9. Likes to
play cops and robbers.

Lucas R. Philips, School for Excep-
tional Children, Fann Farbor, Mich.
Age 6. Likes to play with knives.

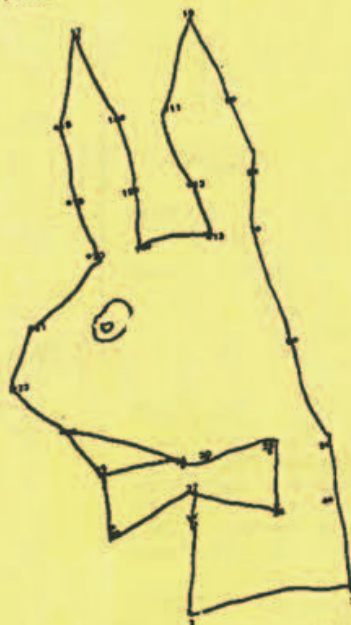
A Lesson Learned

The darling little boy was naughtily amusing himself by gaily plucking off the wings of the flies and then, after watching them dart around as man-made pedestrians, he would throw them to the local spider. His father happened to walk by, and he said, saddened, "Son, your mother and I feel bad that you delight in torturing flies. Don't you remember what Hezekiah said?—'Thou hast many ants, but only one fly. Take heed that thou guard thy fly.'"

The little boy, quickly seeing the evil of his past ways, zipped up to the house to tell his mother that he was sorry. And he and his flies lived happily.

NATURE PUZZLE

Hidden in the following dot to dot puzzle is an animal peculiar to North America. If you don't recognize it, ask your father. He will have a lot of explaining to do.



Hint: Hezekiah 2:17 says: "The tall waggeth not without the heart first yearneth."
Also see: *Paradise Lost*, Book 13 Berknon's *Systematic Systematics*, IV, ii
Your father's closet shelves.

OUR CRUTCHES RETORT

BY CARL BLACKFELD

CHASSIS SLOUGH CENTER

Rev. Ralph Van Proon, stated clerk. Our chassis met on February 14, 1970 at the Hulk First Philistine Rewarmed Crutch. A consistory had endorsed and forwarded to chassis a request from the Student Council at Warp College that the decision of chassis which forbade playing chinese checkers be rescinded in the light of new attitudes towards the game based on biblical principles. After much careful and prayerful study the chassis decided to rescind its decision of 1949 which reaffirmed the decision of 1936 which denied the motion of 1929 which re-stated the decision of 1923 which had condemned the heresy of the schismatic decision of 1912. The chassis declared that "although chinese

checkers may lead to certain questionable activities which may be misinterpreted by our Philistine brothers in Taiwan, no blanket statement about the morality of chinese checkers can be made at this stage of the ball game." The declaration goes on to state that "we must never allow our children to play with fire" and "if parents do allow their children to play the game they must exercise utmost care that red marbles are not used." The chassis decided that the decision of 1949 no longer applied to today because of present political situations.

NEW GRUNDIES, SOUTH DAKOTA

Rev. Cork de Bungal, pastor. We are deeply grateful that after 108 consecutive declines, Pastor de Bungal decided to accept a call to our congregation. Pastor de Bungal preached his first sermon on "New Wine in the Old Wineskins." After seven years of temporarily meeting in a building rented from the local Baptist group, we have completed our new crutch building. The new edifice was erected largely with the aid of volunteer labor from the community. Farmers, businessmen, laborers, high school students, and even housewives pitched in to erect the complex. On Mothers' Day, April 20, 1970, Pastor de Bungal preached the dedicatory sermon for the new edifice on "Love Your Mother as Yourself." We of the New Grundies crutch are happy to report that the United States government has recently completed the building of several thermonuclear power plants on the Platte River Basin and the resulting influx of workers has given us many new opportunities to save souls. We are happy that we now have the new edifice and are able to efficiently handle the influx of people.

New Grundies Crutch



BACKENSLAP, ORTORIO

Once in a very great while there is a man of the Philistine Rewarmed Crutch, a real man, who truly provides for us a living sermon fit for daily meditation. Such a man is Dominee Donderop.

After thirty years of much hard work in his church, Dominee Donderop was gepensioneerd. Dominee Donderop was born in de Netherlands. He came to America after he had ten years gemarried and become dominee of de First Philistinijke Rewarmed Crutch in Tup-a-water.

The first visit that he made was to the family Gortebrei. All the family had the mumps, maar they all had a swell time met his holy bystand came they all through en they gaven him vor his help a driecycle for his son. And so he helpsde all peoples in their liven on earth.

STEMMING THE YELLOW TIDE

GERARD FORD BIRCHMA SR.
As I sit and wonder
Of the floors to come,
I hear the noise of scuffling,
Those feet sound 'most like guns.

On my shoulder rests a dry mop,
On my hip a squeegee rides;
I search into the shadows
Where my enemy hides.

They say its just a heel mark,
They say its not a scratch,
Then why are tiles dying,
Is a plot about to hatch?

I guess I know the answer,
The reason why I'm here;
Some fight for right in Cambodia,
I keep the floor wax clear.

We're fighting for a purpose.
Our country, right or wrong;
On floors or in the jungle,
The white makes right, not wong.



WM. B' EERDZONDERS
PUBLISHING CO.
Bland Rapids, Michigan

HOW TO VIEW THE SECOND COMING - Henry Escatolsma

"This is a magnificent book. It has chapters on Mystic Looking Into the Future, Scientific Looking Into the Future, Viewing Through an Opaque Lens, and finally, for the trembling of heart, Viewing Through a Glass Darkly. Each chapter is a masterly survey of the subject with a most judicious use of significant statements from Hezekiah, Pekeniah and Berkhon's Systematic Systematics. This should be required reading for every Confessing member." -Wm. Williams, New Guinea Daily Times. CLOTH \$8.90

About those exercises...

While recently inspecting some of my high school daughter's school work, I was alerted to a fact which disturbed me greatly and which should thus be brought to the attention of the *Bananer* readers.

The fact is this, and simply this: the kind of literature being taught in our Philistine schools is simply disgusting and is not to be put up with any more. This literature I speak of is that of the outside world, and certainly is not fit for the minds of our children.

As a case in point, let me cite the shocking kind of garbage presently being taught in my daughter's twelfth grade literature class. Under the guise of a children's adventure story, a book about homosexual love between a white boy and a negro man is being taught. Written by an avowed atheist, this book advocates disobedience to parents (running away), disobedience to the state (abolishing slavery), and other disgustingly vulgar things. Also, I have seen on a reading list a book about an adulterous woman who has the audacity to advertise that fact by a sign she wears constantly around the town: Worse yet, this book undermines the very purity of the ministry. These are only a few of the many cases of worldly subjects being talked about openly in our own schools.

Now the point is simply this, why send our children to these Philistine schools when they are taught the same kind of worldly, villanous smut that is taught in every public school? Can talking about things such as adultery or homosexuality do our children any good? Of course not; instead it will only arouse [curiosity] and lead to immorality.

I would ask every Philistine parent to study carefully the literature that is being taught in their children's schools. I suggest that you confront those arrogant, effete teachers of literature and remind them what kind of school they are teaching in. I suggest that you set up a strict control board to regulate what is being taught.

Mr. Philip Rothoff

Elmhurst, Illinois

The *Bananer* does not assume responsibility for the stupidity, gross inerrancy, inaccurate assessments, and general sloppy thinking expressed in *Voices*. It has not, however, assumed an editorial stance concerning the alleged dichotomy between the children of Ham and Japheth. Contributions must be either of sufficient merit to warrant publication or must have been written by a minister of the PRC. Copy should be typed double-spaced. Writers should either sign their names or place their "X" to the letter.

About that Literature...

In our Rewarmed world-and-life view, we seek to recognize the kingdom effort wherever true Philistine's are acting to fulfill Truth's command. We realize that the Word has must to say to every area of life. In this regard, allow me to briefly present the proper world-and-life view of Philistine athletic exercises.

First, the basis for Philistine exercise is to be found in the Word. We must treat our body as temples of the Good Flesh and, consequently we must exercise frequently.

We must also discriminate in the exercises we choose. Some exercises have definite pagan overtones. For example, the pull-up is a blatantly humanist exercise. If one studies its philosophical presuppositions, one soon realizes that to do pull-ups is to imply that man can make it by himself—pull himself up.

Now that I have established the significance of my subject, let me recommend a few exercises which are Philistine in nature. Running in place is one of the best Philistine exercises. It demonstrates the futility of man as he tries to get anywhere in this sinful world. Push-ups is another good exercise for it indicates man's humility as he rubs his nose into the dirt. Jumping-jacks prepare the Philistine for his angelic state in heaven where strong wings will be a necessity.

In conclusion, let me throw in a few asides. The best uniforms for Philistine athletes to wear should be coloured green and white. All Philistine athletes should also join the Association of Athletic Philistine. Finally the PE department should include

courses teaching a Philistine perspective on athletics. Only then will our college students have a clear understanding of the philosophical underpinnings of their non-Philistine opponents and their supporters. As a first course may I suggest sphere-soverignty in soccer, basketball and tennis.

Andy Sandy

Terror, Interior



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SMELL AND SEE!
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THE LAST TEN YEARS OF
THE BANANER

NEW BOOKS

TWENTY YEARS A MIGHTY SERVANT AMONG THE UULU-BULU SAVAGES by Ruddy Kindling Bygot (author) and Dick Tumersma (editor and reviser). Published by Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Bland Rabids, Michigan, 1970. Price, \$19.95.

This is a thrilling narrative novel based on the actual experiences of those two stalwart and justly famous bearers of the light to the pagan Africans, Herbert S. Fizzelsma and William Granger Summer. Mr. Bygot, well-known among *Bananaer* readers as the author of those other missionary novel classics, *Virginity Vindicated*, the tale of Philistine Nurse Smithsma and her work in the special amputee ward of a World War II field hospital, and *My Cup Runneth Over*, the saga of how Richard Mitchell stopped the yellow peril by working among the Chinese harlots in San Francisco, has added herewith another engrossing, inspiring, and enlightening volume to the ever-growing collection of modern missionary lore.

The story of the volume which is this reviewer's object of scrutiny is, more than anything else, a strong affirmation of the power and strength of the torrid flame in his operations in our contemporary world of today. For missionaries Fizzelsma and Summer were men of the previous generation, and the events and themes of their lives are applicable, or "relevant" as the youth would have it, to our lives, for who can doubt that the gripping saga of their lives is not one of those mysterious ways in which we are led.

This book traces the lives of these two men chronologically, from their teen-age years to their deaths. In their teens, these youths were toughs enlisted in the Socialist Party in England, supposedly to work for the improvement of the workers' lives, but really, of course, to plant the seeds of discontent in the fertile minds of the young.

What a road it was that these two later travelled! How blazingly clear their newly-found testimony, told to all their acquaintances, even to their fellow seminarians who unfortunately (and how like the situation at many seminaries today!) needed this testimony more than others! How endless

and vigorous their efforts to study so much that they should be steeped in the Philistine knowledge! How great their success in this study, shown by their ability to answer any comment or argument addressed them by one of the world with a text from the Perfect Hezekianian Paragraphs! What models for our emulation!

But on to the pair's work in Africa, for it is this portion of their lives that is the subject of most of the book's pages. The two went to Africa because, as Fizzelsma put it, "We desire to flood Africa's heathen shore and pagan jungle with the perfect light, the Philistine light," or as Summer, who was a poet put it: "To give the heathen wrapped by night/ The true glory of Philistine light!" And how well they did shed the light among the Uulu-Bulu savages! This pagan tribe was known to be one of the most uncivilized on the Dark Continent, but this only drove the heroic pair to greater efforts and renewed courage.

The first task the two undertook was the learning of the pagan's language of which they knew, upon arrival,



Primitive Warfare

only one word: "Ungowah!" But following the dictum of Hezekiah, "He who listeth to the language lispeth not the words thereof," they soon assimilated the rest of the savage tongue. Armed with the native's speech as their foremost weapon, the two began the main task of bringing the message: they ended the pagan practice of polygamy, forcing, at gunpoint, the village chieftain to select one of his many wives as his permanent mate. Shortly thereafter followed the decapitation of the village witch-doctor who had been misleading the Bulus in the rites of bodily mutilation, the burning of all superstitious fetishes, the placement of hot cross buns and lights at all strategic points in the

village, and the erection of a hospital to care for the mulatto babies which the village women continually, albeit mysteriously, produced.

The book concludes with the sad but stirring account of the deaths of the two great missionaries. The two died leading Bulus in battle against the neighboring tribes which refused to accept the faith. The Bulus were victorious, for their neighbors, like the Bulus, had not warred for three centuries, but unlike the new faith-holders, had not trained for battle. Author Bygot does not say why the newly-founded Philistines' fatal wounds were inflicted on their backs; he states, in a marvelous display of true PRCism, that some matters are not properly investigated by human reason but are to be accepted on faith.

Ah, Crutch of the teacher, how glorious were the lives of Summer and Fizzelsma, how ennobling Bygot's description thereof, and how fitting these are as examples for our lives! Why has zeal for light-bearing flagged among Philistines? Why have Philistines not produced more great writers of Bygot's vein? Surely these deficiencies can be corrected only if we take to heart the prophecy of Pekaniah, whose words were the motto of Fizzelsma's life: "In the latter days it shall come to pass that the glorious white rider shall sit erect on his white horse, and the torch of flame shall show the way among the horse's dung, and their feet shall be beautiful upon the footpaths."

Hy. Vanden Hovel

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Eligible For Call

The Milky Springs Rest Home, 296 Division S., announces the eligibility of Miss Trudy Goodbody for a call to your fellowship. Miss Goodbody entered the Home last August where she ministered fervently to Philistines by the score. She is presently working on a temporary assignment in Uterhurts Hospital where she is struggling mightily to bring forth the fruits of her labor. The whole gang recommends her for a call.

Calls

Rev. Gierd Solomon says "maybe."
Rev. Simon says

Teacher Wanted

JOHN HOAX School of Bible and Music is desperately in need of a teacher of Philistine literature. Course yet to be developed. Contact Principle Hoaxsema, 455-9716.

Sympathy Resolutions

The Women's Bake, Cook, and Boil Society of Lumpen, Wisconsin extended its sincere sympathy to MRS. MARGARET VAN KLUMPENSMA, age 98, who died of heart attack due to excitement regarding the publication of the May, 1970 *Fearbook*.

The First Philistine Rewarmed Acts of Snod Men's Review Society of Redoubt, Alabama (FPRASMSRA) expresses its sympathy upon learning of the death of HUBERT T. TRUEBLOOD, who died of severe back wounds while fighting for freedom in Crudbodia.

The Senior Men's Society of the Fourteenth Philistine Rewarmed Crutch of Old Haven, New Brunswick expresses its sorrow upon learning.

Advertisements

COTTAGE FOR RENT—Sunny Cam Rahn Bay. \$17 a month (we give you). Sleeps 185. Call US at 241-1691.

CONVERTED APACHE seeks sale of Philistine mission school for \$24 or equivalent in beads and blankets. Must sell. Moving to suburban location. CH 5-4995.

SPEECHWRITER NEEDED—Must have a way with words. Flamboyant, aggressive. Given to making rash charges. Call Spiro at 241-1691.

NARROWWAY PHILISTINE CHURCH announces that its sanctuary, having outlived its usefulness, is now for sale. Contact N. B. at CH 5-4995.

COLLEGE COUPLE DESIRES. Needs one bedroom apartment for week of August 1-7. 241-1691.

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Obituaries

CHUCKLESON—Siebs, age 21; May 15, 1970. Died of heart attack while in crucial confrontation with Rev. John Vander Phlegm and the entire PRC synod. Mother: Winfred, father, Herman Hubers, 16 brothers, 1 sister, 13 newphews, and 6 uncles.

REINSON—Laurence, age 22; May 15, 1970. Died of severe burns over the entire body, aided with chain lacerations on wrists and a severe crop of slivers in back. Mother: Gertrude, father, refuses to identify himself. One brother, 2 sisters, 8 newphews.



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slough center, idawa



A Time to Reflect



Mid Fields of Golden Corn

As evidenced by these typical campus scenes pictured here, Warp College is a college where we don't allow your son or daughter to be introduced to strange ideas. Quote, unquote.



Homecoming Royalty

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