



# Christian Anti-Communism Crusade

October 15, 1975

P. O. BOX 890  
124 E. FIRST ST  
LONG BEACH, CALIF. 90801  
HEmlock 7-0941

## TERROR IN TIMOR

The disintegration of the Portuguese empire is leading to the establishment of communist-controlled countries all round the world. Mozambique is now ruled by the communists, and the major cities of Angola are under the control of the Marxist MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) while civil war rages in the remainder of the country.

East Timor is one of the most distant of the Portuguese possessions. It is situated in the Timor Sea, 400 miles north of Australia and close to the eastern margin of Indonesia. It, too, is threatened by a communist takeover.

Aware of the critical situation, Mr. Elton Wilson, former director of the Australian Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, visited East Timor in August to conduct an educational campaign to expose the nature, techniques and objectives of communism. He was trapped in East Timor by a general strike and military coup which led to civil war. His report of his experiences in East Timor is illuminating, inspiring and prophetic:

The machine gun pointed straight at me. "May I go on to Baucau?" I asked the young man who had his index finger on the trigger. He answered, "O.K." But Baucau was 80 miles away via a winding dirt track over the mountains so I changed my mind. "May I go back to the Turismo Hotel?" I said. Once again the small man in jungle green said, "O.K."

The Chinese driver of the Toyota "land Cruiser" needed no second invitation. He remounted his vehicle from which he had been unceremoniously pulled a few minutes earlier, turned the Toyota around and headed back to Dili and the relative safety of the Turismo Hotel.

I had arrived in Dili, the capital of East Timor, a few days earlier as a guest of a Committee set up by the Bishop of Portuguese Timor. It had been my purpose to address a number of meetings arranged by the Committee on the subject of communist doctrine, history and practice.

Timor is a rare jewel set in a tropical sea. The coast displays numerous sandy beaches, fringed by a narrow tropical growth with a high mountain backdrop. One mountain is over 9,000 feet high and is the highest peak in all the Portuguese territories.

Portugal sent its sons to Timor as far back as 1511. Local rumor says that the explorers felt they needed to go no further as they had discovered the ultimate beauty spot.

To Australia, Timor is not only a land of natural beauty. In February, 1942, during the Second World War, the Japanese used one of its airports to bomb Darwin, the gateway to Northern Australia. Despite this, those rare Australians who thought about Timor prior to its recent troubles, did so with affection.

When the invitation came to me to visit Timor, I accepted with delight, although that delight was tempered by concern due to the situation which was developing there. East Timor was moving towards independence and political passions were running high.

A few weeks before the invitation was issued, I had visited with a leader of one of the political parties, The Revolutionary Front for the Independence of East Timor, known as FRETILIN. What I had heard had alarmed me and aroused my suspicion that the communists were using this party for sinister purposes.

I sat in the small poorly furnished room in Kiribilli, one of the near North Shore suburbs of Sydney and listened to an intelligent young man with a purpose. His English was good and his comprehension excellent. I asked questions, and he answered with courtesy and good humor.

"The people of Timor will need to decide," he said. He spoke of Provisional Governments and Macau Agreements and Nationalism. But he did not speak of Mozambique and the training he had just received at the hands of the Communists there. The program of the Fretilin Party which he handed to me was reminiscent of programs communists in other countries had designed to exploit nationalist sentiments.

I remembered Castro. I remembered how he had gained support for his revolution from the idealistic people of the United States who had opened their hearts and their wallets to help the bearded "saviour" of the people of Cuba to overthrow the hated Batista.

The good people of the villages of Cuba were deceived. Fidel's own sister was duped. It was only when the revolution was secure that Fidel Castro revealed that he was a "Marxist-Leninist". I remembered and trembled.

I remembered also that Lenin had said, "The Communist Party is the mind, morals and the conscience of our epoch." The application of Communist morality has been demonstrated many times. Make an agreement--or break an agreement. Use violence--or do not use violence. Find out what people want; go to work to get it for them; gain their confidence and come to power over them; establish a dictatorship and take it away from them. Communist deception has approached the proportions of perfection and established itself as a science.

The truth about communism must be told to the people of Timor lest they too be deceived.

I arrived in Darwin on August 6 and immediately picked up a consignment of the Portuguese translation of "You Can Trust the Communists (to be Communists)" by Dr. Fred Schwarz. This book presents the philosophy, history, tactics, strategy and objectives of communism in terms the layman can understand and gives an insight into Communist motivation and programs.

I spent the afternoon viewing the damage caused by cyclone Tracy last Christmas Day. The tragic power of the elements was brought home in a dramatic way. The foundations of previous dwellings supported stark skeletons surrounded by the debris that had been the lovingly-tended homes of thousands of Darwin residents.

Leaving that tragic scene, I set out hoping to play a small part in averting another. I am idealistic enough to believe that people do not desire dictatorship and that if they are made aware that Communism always imposes a dictatorship which cuts across the current of natural human desire, they will reject it. Education is the key. It must precede action so that the action will move in the correct direction and produce desirable results.

The Trans Australian Airlines Fokker Friendship delivered me with my books and films at Baucau Airport. Baucau is 80 miles from Dili but the road takes many hours to travel. Fortunately, a small

Dove aircraft was waiting to fly me directly. It was piloted by a tall, lean Australian, Roger Ruddick, who seemed known to everyone. Although the cockpit seemed hardly large enough to accommodate him, he flew across bays and alongside beautiful mountain scenery and brought his ancient airplane to a perfect landing at Dili.

After clearing customs (books, films, and all), I went to meet the Bishop. He appeared a sensitive man, probably in his mid fifties. He greeted me in Portuguese as he did not speak English and, through my interpreters, we carried on a fruitful conversation.

We were soon driving up into the hills behind Dili. A narrow road wound tortuously past the hospital with its green roof and past the thatched-roof homes of the Timorese. We stopped halfway up the mountain, and I drank in the unparalleled beauty of the panorama. Local children came to stare, and the men on the road removed their hats as a mark of respect for the Bishop.

A few minutes later the Seminary, at which I was to address the students, came into view. Our party was greeted by clapping and smiles of delight. Their Bishop had come. The students, faculty, and administration were obviously excited.

The students assembled, and I spoke to them through an interpreter. They listened, and they asked questions. They were concerned. I told them the facts of Communist tyranny. As the years have passed, the record of the heinous actions of the Communists has been written by deeds, and it is not now difficult to explain to people what they can expect if Communism gains worldwide control. It never ceases to amaze me that the documentation has not been more widely circulated. Few doubt the tyranny of Hitler and the Nazis, and yet a relative wall of silence has surrounded the unanswerable facts of Communist crimes.

I spoke of the Communist moral code and explained the necessity of deception for the tyrant to impose his dictatorship. I was outspoken and warned that elements within Timor were hoping to impose a Communist dictatorship.

Other meetings had been arranged. At night and on Sunday afternoon I was to speak to meetings in the "Gymnasium", a public building in one of the back streets of Dili. Some of the locals warned that I should not speak there as it was open-sided and too risky, but there were no incidents when I spoke. The audience was small but attentive. Questions, asked through an interpreter, were mostly intelligent and demonstrated an underlying concern. But I did wonder why the crowd was so small. After the meeting on Friday night I soon found out.

In Timor there are three political parties. One is the Apodeti Party whose main dynamic comes from their desire to unite with Indonesia with which Portuguese Timor shares a common border. The Apodeti Party believes that the future lies with its large and populous neighbor.

The second party is Fretilin, a revolutionary party, which has already gained a significant measure of support from the Timorese people. It has been influenced by Frelimo of Mozambique and MPLA of Angola. It is reported--I believe truthfully--that the leadership is under communist influence. They have not received support as a result of their pro-communist policies--quite the reverse. I was impressed with the depth of anti-communism that existed among the Fretilin supporters. But there is little doubt where the Fretilin program is leading. It is following the pattern which has become commonplace in so many of the Third World nations.

The party which appeared to have the greatest following is the Democratic Union of Timor (UDT). Its supporters come from all walks of life. Many of the Government servants in Dili and elsewhere

are UDT people and, as events subsequently proved, they have considerable grass-roots support as well.

In recent months, the UDT Party had become concerned with the increasing lawlessness. A spirit of rebellion appeared under the banner of the Fretilin Party. Wall posters demanding the death of "traitors" had proliferated. The work ethic had been disappearing. Coffee trees had been cut down by vandals. Women and children had been locked up all day in a schoolroom a few days before my arrival to discourage UDT affiliation, and crimes were being committed with impunity. Drivers of vehicles were being stoned by Fretilin supporters.

All this had developed during a very brief period and the UDT Party leaders were convinced that a crisis was building. They believed apparently that events were moving quickly towards a Fretilin coup. They were particularly concerned with certain actions of the Portuguese Government which, under Goncalves, could hardly be expected to support an anti-communist position.

Two weeks before my arrival about 20 Communist school teachers had arrived from Portugal to set up an entirely new concept of education. Certain army officers had also been sent to reinforce the Communist elements within the army. The UDT Party had decided, apparently, that it was time for pre-emptive action.

After delivering my lecture, I walked to the City Square facing the Government building which contained the residence of the Governor. A demonstration involving many hundreds was in progress. Loud speakers carried the voices of the UDT leaders. Through an interpreter I was able to discover what they were demanding. In no uncertain terms, they wanted the Communists out of Timor. They wanted the school teachers to go home to Portugal. They demanded that the army officers take their Communism back home.

The anti-communist agitation continued for hours, and the next morning I discovered that a general strike had been called. All public buildings were closed, and commercial operations were suspended.

I spoke to many people (some of whom did not know my specific anti-communist viewpoint), and it was evident that the support for the UDT demands was strong indeed. People were tired of the lawlessness and of the indifference of the law-enforcement authorities. They had lived for many years in relative harmony and stability, and did not relish the threat to their peace and security.

It was important that I return to Australia on Monday, August 11. Planes leave from the Baucau Airport for Darwin on Monday and Thursday. On the Sunday, August 10, I decided that I had better make some arrangements for travel to Baucau airport on the following day as the Dili airport was closed by the general strike, thus canceling the flight which would normally take passengers to Baucau to catch the T.A.A. plane to Darwin.

I requested a member of the Committee to make arrangements and, after considerable effort he informed me late on Sunday night that a Chinese with a Toyota land rover would be willing to drive me for \$1,700 Escudos (about \$55 Australian). I accepted.

I requested the manager of the Turismo Hotel to arrange for his night porter to wake me at 4:00 a.m. as the drive to Baucau would take about five hours.

At 4:30 the driver arrived. To my surprise he was greeted by the hotel manager who was carrying a rifle. "What is the matter?" I asked. "Oh, nothing," was his reply. "Then why are you carrying a rifle?" The manager looked at me and said, "Everything is O.K. There has been a coup in the

night. The UDT have the Governor under house arrest. I have been listening to the radio and everything is all right." "Should I go to Baucau?" I asked. "Yes, everything is O.K.," he replied. With that assurance, I loaded my luggage into the vehicle and we set out.

The paved road continued for only a few hundred yards. It was pitch dark and the Toyota's headlights were the only visible light. We drove past a number of thatch-roofed dwellings, over a concrete bridge, and several hundred yards on a dirt track. As we were crossing a second bridge under construction, we heard a shout and the firing of a small-bore rifle. "Go, go," I said, in a moment of foolishness and gestured to the driver. He immediately accelerated, but not for long. After driving a few hundred yards, we were confronted by a group of men with rifles and a machine gun. We stopped. The driver's door was flung open and he was forced out. The sub-machine gun was pointed at my chest, and I was sure that I was about to die. My past did not rush before me, but my family did. "What of my family," I thought. A companion thought was, "This is interesting, he will shoot me in the chest." Why a person who is convinced that he is about to be shot should think objectively about where the shots will be fired is beyond my understanding, but that is what happened. I did not feel fear at the time; that was to come later. My emotion was strong, but it was emotion for my beloved family, and I began to pray for them by name.

At that moment the person who had fired the first shot appeared on the passenger's side of the vehicle. When we had passed him a minute or two before, I had obtained a quick glimpse of him in the light reflected from the trees onto which the car headlights were shining. He was tall by Timorese standards and thin, but his build was not what attracted my attention. It was the mask he was wearing. It was a knitted mask, perhaps made from a large orange sock or the sleeve of a pullover, and it had slits for his eyes and another for his mouth. He looked infinitely sinister in the dim light provided by the interior light of the van.

I looked from the mask to the machine gun and I said, "May I go on to Baucau?" He replied, "O.K." I thought of what might confront me on the lonely 80-mile journey and made a second request, "May I please return to the Turismo Hotel?" Again the reply was, "O.K." This seemed to be the limit of his English vocabulary.

The second "O.K." was the one I decided to heed. Was this a UDT patrol or was it a group of Fretilin guerrillas? Were they likely to shoot or were they simply patrolling the road? I did not know, and I still do not know. All I know is that I was in a situation that seemed very dangerous to me, and it also seemed that the danger would continue. Here was I, an anti-communist lecturer, in a situation where an anti-communist coup had taken place. I was in a colony of Portugal where the communists exercised tremendous power. What appears to be a successful coup can turn into a disaster in a few minutes and in the turmoil of the coup news is sketchy and it is difficult to make objective judgments.

Back at the hotel there was more excitement. Military vehicles were patrolling the streets and spotlights pierced the gloom. As dawn broke, I informed an American in the adjoining room that a coup had taken place. He was engaged in construction in Timor, and this was his second such experience. On a previous occasion he and his associates had been strafed by machine-gun fire, so this coup seemed relatively quiet to him.

We were standing at the front of the hotel a few minutes later when some military personnel arrested a villager and marched him in our direction. The American said, "They're coming this way, I'm getting out," whereupon we both decided that discretion was the better part of valour and retired to our rooms.

A shot rang out, and I believed that the villager had been killed. "When will it be my turn?" I thought. Fortunately, all was quiet for awhile and I decided to read from my wife's Bible. From Romans 12:17-21 I read these words:

"Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

I took both comfort and direction from the admonition St. Paul had given to the Roman Christians so long ago. I marked the passage simply with the date, 11th August, 1975, so that my wife would know what I was thinking if I should not survive the risks of that day. There were risks. My hotel adjoined Fretilin country and all day there was sporadic shooting.

The other hotel guests and I were happy enough during the day as we saw the military vehicles with loudspeakers announcing that all was safe, but as night approached the apprehension was measurable. There was still laughter and jocularity, but it was superficial. During the day, two of the guests tuned their radios to every news item from Australia and, when they heard that we would not be able to return to Australia for three weeks, the jocularity disappeared.

That night (Monday, August 11) some military men and their families arrived at the hotel accompanied by armed soldiers. Together we sat in the dining room of the hotel and ate the meal served by two Timorese who were obviously frightened. I had felt deep compassion for one of the Timorese hotel staff earlier in the day when he had told me in his halting English that he did not like the shooting. They served the food in near silence and with shaking hands. The Europeans in the dining room kept a stiff upper lip, but I think their concern was just as great as that of the Timorese.

After the meal we adjourned to an enclosed courtyard. An Australian character, who looked as though he had been lifted straight out of a Hemingway novel, arrived from a nearby village. He made his home in Timor and lived a few miles from Dili. He had been poked in the midriff by a soldier with a machine gun, and he was nervous. His garrulity did not disguise it. He sat and drank with the American and swapped wartime yarns. The Yank appreciated him although some of the Australians present wished that he would talk a little less.

After hours of conversation and apprehension, we all decided to retire. I think that everyone expected a Fretilin counterattack. The adjoining properties were allegedly in "Fretilin country". I did not see the hand grenades that the manager of the hotel was said to be fondling, but I was assured they were there. We all expected it to be a long, hard night.

I had just settled down for the night when the voice of the American rang out. "Where's that Australian who wanted to go home?" he called. "There's a ship leaving Dili immediately." I required no second invitation. Within an incredibly short time the hotel guests were assembled at the front of the hotel ready to be transported to the army barracks to await instructions to board the MACDILI, a small freighter carrying goods between Macau and Dili. It was a ship flying the Panamanian flag with an English-speaking Chinese crew and had been chartered by the Portuguese Government to evacuate wives and children of Portuguese soldiers and bureaucrats.

When we arrived at the barracks, everyone was in good spirits. We were surprised to see the number of people there. There were emotional scenes as wives and children of the army officers were

assembled and prepared to move to the wharf. Everyone thought that the ship would sail within an hour or two, and it was anti-climactic when it took more than twelve hours to proceed.

As we assembled on the wharf, we noticed some professional soldiers whose bearing was different from the others. They were some of the eighty paratroopers fresh from the fighting in Angola. They handled their Armalite M16 rifles with care and affection. Rumor had it that they were itching for action and that as soon as the Macdili was clear of port, they were moving in to rout the UDT leaders. I wondered where the coup would lead. Would the paratroopers really attack? Would UDT contact Indonesia who, it was said, were ready with 15,000 soldiers to move to UDT's defense? And what of Fretilin and of the Communist army officers? Were they really being held by the UDT?

No one was sure of the direction in which matters would move. Everyone hoped that the UDT would survive. There was not the slightest evidence of the woolly arguments that one hears in the safe cloisters of our free societies. Those arguments are to be indulged in when a little of the cut and thrust of debate is entertaining. In the real situation where life is at stake, the pseudo-liberal supporters of Communism are missing. Everyone was a UDT supporter.

Eventually we boarded the ship. There was no accommodation for passengers. The Macdili was a freighter with reasonable deck space and a fairly capacious hold. The captain requested that all the passengers travel in the hold as he believed that we would run into rough weather once we left the protection of the islands and entered the open sea. A few of the women and children went into the hold but the vast majority decided to remain on deck.

The army did all they could to make the refugees comfortable. They provided a number of Dunlopillo mattresses and supplied each person with a cardboard carton containing army rations. There was an adequate supply of water and each person received several bottles or cans of soft drink. Some alcohol was supplied to those who desired it.

The diet was unappetizing. It was protein rich and nourishing but at the end of two and one-half days, few could speak kindly of sardines or cod's roes. The Portuguese may have been more conditioned to the fare, but the weak English and Australian stomachs protested.

The sea was relatively calm. It was a delight to sail within sight of the Island of Timor for hour after hour. The mountain ranges relieved the seascape in a very pleasant way. The foreshores were attractive. Eventually, we reached the open sea but the expected bad weather did not materialize. The ship pitched in the rougher waters, but it remained stable enough to permit the passengers to remain on deck.

I asked the captain if he would send a message for me. I could see him hesitating as the granting of such a request would open the door for several hundred messages. I rephrased my request and asked him to send a message informing Darwin that there had been no foreign casualties in the coup. That message was sent and was broadcast on Australian radio. It provided some comfort for my wife and family who did not know whether I was still alive.

Eventually the Australian mainland hove into view and it was not too long before the various port authorities were boarding the ship. Would we be quarantined? That question troubled us as Australian quarantine laws are strict. The captain was certainly concerned that his ship would not be prohibited from proceeding. His fears were unfounded. As soon as the various birds, hidden in the refugee's luggage, were discovered and the health and custom formalities completed, we landed.

Darwin may not be much of a city, but it was good to be home.

### Conclusion

The concerns expressed by Mr. Wilson in this article were justified. Most of the Portuguese officers and troops maintained their neutrality and supervised the evacuation of the Portuguese personnel. A major portion of the Timorese segment of the army sided with Fretilin and distributed arms to its members. They counterattacked and thousands were killed in the ensuing carnage.

At present East Timor is under the control of Fretilin but Indonesia is restless and deeply concerned about the possibility of a communist neighbor so it may act.

It is reported that the Bishop has been captured by Fretilin forces and is being held as a hostage.

The situation is perilous but all is not yet lost.

---

### U.N. AMBASSADOR DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN SPEAKS OUT

At long last some of those in authority are speaking out concerning the reality and increasing magnitude of the Communist threat to the U.S.A.

The U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, Daniel P. Moynihan, on Friday, October 3, delivered what the LOS ANGELES TIMES termed a "bitter, pessimistic address" to the AFL-CIO Convention in San Francisco. He warned that most of the nations of the world are ending up as "enemies of freedom." He pointed out that there are only two dozen democracies left out of the 140 member nations of the UN, and that "totalitarian and communist regimes and modern despotisms are rising all the time."

Moynihan also warned that this country is in trouble with its domestic policies.

His speech drew attention to the great victories the communists are winning as they apply their formula for the conquest of the USA: "External encirclement, plus internal demoralization, leads to progressive surrender." He does not quote this formula but the facts he cites illustrate it perfectly.

He also commends AFL-CIO President George Meany for his consistent anti-communism through the years and says that Meany is being fully vindicated by the facts.

The facts are also fully vindicating the message and ministry of the Crusade. Despite slander and ridicule by many "intellectuals", it is now evident that our message has been and is true.

Past national policies have resulted in recurrent defeats. New policies must be designed based upon an accurate diagnosis of communism, and they must be executed with energy and courage.

Optimism cannot abolish reality. Necessary sacrifices will not be made until we face the fact that communism is winning and we are losing. This realization, however, must not lead to the paralysis of despair but to the mobilization of all assets to reverse the trend.

---

For a sample Christmas card, for a copy of the brochure for the Southern California Antisubversive Seminar, or for more free copies of this newsletter, write to:

CHRISTIAN ANTI-COMMUNISM CRUSADE, Post Office Box 890, Long Beach, California 90803

Dr. Fred Schwarz, Editor