

*the*  
**PLAIN TRUTH**  
*a magazine of understanding*

VOLUME XXIV, NUMBER 10

OCTOBER, 1959



—Wide World Photo  
STEEL WORKERS WALK OFF JOB AT STRIKE DEADLINE. Some of the hundreds of workers who walked off their jobs and milled around outside the gates of the McLouth Steel Corporation plant in Trenton, Michigan, are seen here. A long nationwide strike is beginning to make itself felt on the nation's economy. How will this giant strike effect the nation's economic stability and its world trade? Who is behind the steel strike? Read the startling exposé in this issue's lead article!

# The PLAIN TRUTH

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VOL. XXIV

NO. 10

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By the Radio Church of God

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### My life is being changed

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

"I wish I could put words together and make them express my thoughts as clearly and wonderfully as you do. Then I could tell you how much you have helped me. How my life is being changed, slowly, but in such a wonderful way. I feel so much better physically since I am learning what to eat and how to prepare my food to get the most food value. I feel better mentally, and I am growing up emotionally. I have a totally different outlook on life, since I am learning the truth about salvation. Mr. Armstrong, truly God is using you, your family and your staff of helpers in a most wonderful way."

Lady from Dawson, Texas.

### Marital happiness

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

"I was so thrilled this morning to hear your sermon on the way to have a happy marriage. The Lord showed me the same message about three years

ago. After being married five years, our marriage was on a very shaky basis. My husband was nervous and very mixed up in his thinking. He had started smoking about a year before, and wouldn't go to church, or even pay an electric bill until they threatened to turn our lights off. He had no system for managing his pay check. In vain I desperately tried to figure out a budget and urge him to even try to follow it. We had no decent clothes nor even a washing machine. I got to the place where I cried sometimes for hours and days praying that God would help us somehow. Although he had never been unfaithful, I sometimes wondered if it wouldn't be best to leave him for the children's sake. Besides, I had only been 16 when we married, and he had spent most of our first 25 months on a destroyer in the Pacific. I felt perhaps I, who had been raised a Christian, was being punished for missing God's will in my life.

"One day, especially unhappy, I lay down to rest with my Bible. It opened to I Peter. I read in Chapter 2 where servants were to be in subjection not only to the good and kind masters, but also to the froward. When I came to Chapter 3, verse one, the words, 'Likewise ye wives be in subjection to your own husbands . . .', seemed to stand out with a special interest and meaning. I read the first six verses over and over. The Lord revealed in that hour the key to our marital happiness. I arose refreshed, with a song of hope and thanksgiving in my heart.

"I never mentioned another bill, usually not even bothering to open them. I just handed the envelopes to him with our other mail. I realized it was not my responsibility to worry any more. I concentrated on being a good wife, cheerful, happy with the words ringing in my ears and heart, 'That if any obey not the word they also may without the word be won by the conversation (conduct) of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear.' About two weeks later God took away his tobacco habit, and healed him of what could have been a very serious leg injury.

"We are now very happy. My hus-

band is truly the head of our home. He thinks for himself, often asking my advice but does not feel I am trying to run his business for we have grown together. He is systematic about paying our bills, and the Lord blessed us abundantly. He makes all our big decisions. I learned if I just get behind him in prayer, they always turn out for the best, even when I would not have agreed at the time.

"I feel the Lord has given me this message for other women and girls, and I have been spreading the good news ever since.

"Last month we had our sixth baby. They all look to Daddy for the last word. Daddy's word is law in our home, and even above that, the words of God.

"I will always be grateful for the first six verses in I Peter 3."

A housewife in Forest Grove, Oregon  
*Editor's comment:* Some of our PLAIN TRUTH readers and radio listeners have disagreed with the Bible teaching about authority in the home. The above letter shows what blessings are received by obedience to this Bible command.

"Deceived once"

"Having listened to THE WORLD TOMORROW program for a little more than one year, we now feel this program and published literature speak God's truth as revealed in the Bible. Having been deceived once, we were hesitant about recognizing anyone as God's minister, but now, believing you to speak according to the Word of God, we want to help in giving this

*(Please continue on page 28)*

## WHY THE PLAIN TRUTH HAS NO SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

So many ask: "How can you publish a magazine, without subscription price, and without advertising?"

The answer is simple. The GOSPEL must go to the whole world, and it must go FREE. It must not be sold like merchandise. "Freely ye have received," Jesus said to His disciples whom He was sending to proclaim the Gospel, "freely GIVE." Without money and without price, is God's way. We proclaim a FREE salvation. Therefore, we cannot put a PRICE upon THE PLAIN TRUTH.

We have been called of God to conduct this work. It is not our work, but God's. We have set out to conduct God's work God's way. We rely, in FAITH, upon God's promises to supply every need.

God's way is the way of LOVE—and that is the way of giving, not getting. God expects every true child of His to GIVE of tithes and offerings that His work may go FREE—that His true ministers may GIVE the precious Gospel to others. We simply TRUST GOD to lay it on the minds and hearts of His people to give of their tithes and offerings that we may be enabled to GIVE the good things of God's Word to the hundreds of thousands who hear the Message over the air, and the scores of thousands who read THE PLAIN TRUTH.

Many times our faith has been severely tried, but God has never failed us. We must not fail HIM!

# The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

We come now to astounding, miraculous answers to prayer and to the birth of Garner Ted Armstrong. This is the 21st installment.

**T**HE LEAN years continued. And now, with the dawn of 1930, the entire world had entered an era of economic depression. The stock market crash had plunged America into economic chaos on October 29th. The United States followed 42 other nations, as the aftermath of World War I.

## The Lesson of Fasting and Prayer

Never in my life have I faced a more serious problem than the situation that confronted us at the beginning of the year 1930. Not only were we confronted with another lean year *economically*—with our own personal financial condition at rock bottom—with the whole nation plunging on down, *down, DOWN*, into the depths of depression—but it seemed as if we were destitute of faith in God as well.

We were within six weeks of the birth of our fourth child. My wife, who had been so miraculously healed in 1927, was now in an alarming condition. She was anemic. Her blood was lacking in iron. Her strength appeared depleted. The doctor was definitely alarmed. He was afraid of complications at the time of delivery, due to her weakened condition. He insisted she go to the hospital where every emergency facility would be available in event of trouble.

But we had been in such financial depths that the hospital bill for our first son's birth had not been paid. The hospital would not admit my wife again until the previous bill was paid—or else we paid in advance.

I had prayed for Mrs. Armstrong's healing. But she had not been healed. I had prayed again. And *again!* But there had been no improvement, and time was running out. We were becoming desperate.

What was wrong? I had learned that

God does heal. We had experienced almost incredible miracles. My wife had been healed before. But *why not now?*

Obviously God had not changed—He is the *same* from eternity to eternity. He has *promised* to heal, and His Word is SURE! The fault could not be with God. I knew it had to be with me. But where? I "searched my heart." One condition to receiving miraculous healing is that we OBEY God.

"Whatsoever we ask, we receive of Him BECAUSE *we keep His commandments.*" (I John 3:22).

But I had surrendered to obey God's commandments three years before. FAITH is the second condition. But I *believed*, as firmly as when God first healed my wife.

There was no more time to lose. I *had* to find the answer. I knew of only one way. *Fasting* and prayer! It was the last-ditch resort. I didn't know how one ought to fast and pray—I had never done it before. But when Jesus' disciples were unable to cast out a demon, Jesus said such a result came only by fasting and prayer. So I began to fast.

The fasting was begun on a Sabbath morning. That morning I ate no breakfast. Not knowing *how* one ought to go about fasting and prayer, I first prayed and asked God to show me the way—to open my understanding. Then, since God speaks to us through His written Word, I began to search the Bible for instruction about fasting. For one hour with the aid of a concordance I studied passages of Scripture on the subject of fasting and praying, much of this time on my knees.

Then for one hour I sat in thought and contemplation. I turned over in my mind the Scriptures I had read. I reflected on my own life in recent months. I tried to compare it with God's way, as revealed in the Scriptures. Then I

spent the next hour in talking to God—in prayer.

And so I decided to continue in this order—one hour in Scripture study, one in contemplation, and one in prayer. I did not once ask God to heal my wife—as yet. I had been doing that for weeks, without result. I was fasting and praying, not for the purpose of bringing pressure on God to force Him to obey my will and give what was asked—but to find out *what was wrong with me!* I realized we did not need to nag at God.

I read of Elijah's prayer, in presence of all the priests of Baal, when God answered and the fire came down from heaven. I timed that prayer. It was very short—only about 20 seconds. But the awe-inspiring answer came crashing from heaven instantly! Elijah did not need to talk God into it by a long prayer, or by repeated prayers. But I knew that Elijah at that moment was *close to God*—that he *had previously* been spending *hours* in long prayers to be *in contact* and close communion with His Maker! And he naturally *knew* His Maker would answer!

Gradually the truth began to pierce through the fog in my mind. Gradually, as this process of fasting and prayer continued all day, and into the afternoon of Sunday—as I became more and more hungry—but closer and closer to God, the realization came that I had been keeping my mind more and more fully on this day project.

## Finding the Trouble

This experience in fasting and prayer, and the overwhelming result, has been broadcast over the air, and probably related previously in *The PLAIN TRUTH*. But it is one of the outstanding experiences in my life and properly belongs in this present account, even though a rep-

etition for numerous readers.

This process of self-examination, in the order of one hour of Bible study, followed by an hour of reflection and contemplation, and then an hour of prayer, under the unpleasant weakness of fasting, continued until the middle of Sunday afternoon.

Suddenly I heard one of our daughters cry out: "Here comes Grandpa and Grandma!"

My father and mother were driving their Ford 2-door sedan up our driveway. At the moment I was lying on the bed in our bed-room, in an hour of thinking and reflecting. By this time I *KNEW* where the trouble had been. I realized fully that I had gotten so wrapped up in this clay project—the development of formulas—devising plans for marketing—and selling enough of it to beauty shops to keep us from starving, that I had unconsciously been drifting farther from the previously close relationship with God.

I had not stopped Bible study or prayer. I had not even realized that I had been diminishing it. But now I realized that I had actually become *closer* to this clay project than I was to God. It was fast becoming *first* in my mind, my interest, and my time. And God will not play second fiddle to *anything!*

I wonder, as I write, how many of my readers are more wrapped up, in their interest, and in their hearts, in some material business, project, or other interest, than they are in *GOD!* Probably *most* of you who are reading this need what God had brought me to do.

I realized now that God had mercifully, in His wisdom and His love for me and my family, refused to answer my prayers to *force* me to fast and pray and come to see where I was unconsciously drifting.

But in a flash, as I heard my father's car drive past the bedroom window, the realization came that the mission of the fasting was accomplished! No need to continue it, now! I must end it, and go out and greet my parents.

And so, in a brief prayer not much longer than Elijah's, but in deep earnestness and absolute faith, I now—for the first time during this fast—asked God to heal my wife and put iron in her blood and give her needed strength. Like

a flash it came to mind that we were completely out of food—out of wood for fuel to keep warm (in January)—so I asked Him to send us food and fuel. I asked Him to send money for the hospital bill for the delivery of the baby. Quickly I thought of my winter top-coat—it had a big hole at the rear of one hip, which was embarrassing and a handicap in my work—and asked God for a new coat.

Asking God for these five things had taken less than a minute. But by now my parents were alighting from the car, and I wanted to go out to meet them. Two Scriptures flashed to my mind:

"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, *before ye ask Him*" (Mat. 6:8).

"My God shall supply *all your need* according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:19).

So quickly I ended my prayer, saying, "Father in heaven, you know what I need, *before* I ask—and you have *promised* to supply every need—so I ask you to supply whatever else I need." Then I quickly thanked God for it, rose and ran to greet my parents.

#### ... and the ASTOUNDING Answers Came!

Dad was just handing Mother a big covered roaster out of the car, and then gathering up an arm-load of wood. He had removed the back seat before leaving Salem, and piled into the entire rear part of the car a large supply of wood.

We soon had a fire going in the kitchen cook stove, and Mother reheated an entire big dinner she had brought in the roaster. Dad had managed to pile about a week's supply of wood into his car. So here, even as I was asking for it, was the answer to two of my prayer requests—the immediate fuel and food.

Arising Monday morning, my wife's cheeks were rosy red! When the doctor saw her, he exclaimed:

"What in the world has happened to *you!*" He could not understand how her anemia had so suddenly disappeared. She had her old zip and pep and strength. (Mrs. Armstrong always was an energetic person—her brothers had nicknamed her variously "SheBANG," and

"Cyclone" as a little girl.)

The very first mail delivery after my prayer request, on that Monday morning, brought a letter from one of my wife's uncles in Iowa containing, most unexpectedly, a settlement from her mother's will, in the exact amount of the hospital bill! My wife's mother had died when she was twelve.

You may be sure that Mrs. Armstrong and I were overwhelmed with gratitude. Our prayers that morning were all of thanksgiving to a God who is *REAL*, and near to every one of us—if we will be near to Him!

But Monday was another business day in down-town Portland, and it was necessary to make the rounds of some of the beauty parlors once again to sell more clay. Arriving in the lobby of an office building I would remove my top-coat, and carefully fold it so as to hide the big hole in the side, carry it on my arm, and then enter the shops or offices where I had to call.

About eleven that morning I found myself across the street from the building of the gas company, where my brother Russell was an information clerk. So I crossed over. We chatted for a couple of moments.

"Herb," exclaimed Russell suddenly, eyeing the hole in my coat, "you've got to have a new overcoat. Meier & Frank are having a big sale on overcoats. Today is January 20th. I have a charge account at Meier & Frank's, and anything charged beginning today is not billed until the March 1st statement, and I will have until March 10th to pay and keep my credit good. You go over now, and select an overcoat, and I'll meet you over there at noon and have it charged."

"Oh, no, Russ," I remonstrated, "I couldn't let you do that."

But suddenly, as I continued to protest, it seemed as if a still, small voice within said to me: "Didn't you ask God to give you a new overcoat? Are you willing to receive it *the way* God gives it, or not?"

It is human nature to rebel against God's *way*. We want to do things in a different *way* than God commands. We want to live a different *way* than God's law. I broke off the remonstrance immediately.

"O.K., Russ," I smiled humbly, and gratefully. "I'll go select a coat—and thanks a million!"—as my eyes began to water.

It was humiliating to me to take this coat from my brother. I felt he could not afford it. But I realized it was God's answer, coming *the way* God had chosen to answer my prayer. He was still humbling me. But this was good for me, and actually, giving the coat was good for my brother. It just did not seem so, *humanly*.

On Tuesday or Wednesday of that week my older brother, Dwight, drove over to our house in his Ford.

"I got to thinking, Herb," said Dwight. "You may have to rush Loma to the hospital at any unexpected hour of day or night. I've brought my car over for you. I'm going to leave it until you go to the hospital. And in the meantime, just use it as if it were your own."

I think it was on Thursday afternoon that Mrs. Armstrong and I were sitting in our living room reviewing what had happened, and thanking God. It was about three o'clock.

"You know, I never should have thought of needing a car for a sudden emergency trip to the hospital," I said. "But I asked God to send whatever else we needed, besides what I asked for specifically—and He sent it."

"There is only one thing more that I can think of," mused my wife. "I never thought of this before, but I do not have a robe or slippers to wear in the hospital. If I had those, every need would be complete."

We dismissed it from our minds.

But that evening, my sister's husband drove her over to our house. She seemed highly embarrassed, and a little flustered.

"Loma," she said, "I don't understand this at all—and you may think I'm crazy. But *this afternoon*, about three o'clock, something strange came over me—an insistent urge to go to my bedroom and pray. And while I was praying something put it in my mind—just like a voice saying: 'Take your robe and slippers to Loma! Take your robe and slippers to Loma!' I didn't understand it! I never had any experience like that before. You may think I'm



Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's second son, Garner Ted, at age 7 months.

crazy, but I simply *had* to bring these to you."

We then explained how God had answered my prayer, and how, at that precise time that afternoon we had been in conversation about that very remaining need—the robe and slippers.

Truly, God does move in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform!

#### Garner Ted Is Born

It was just a little over two weeks later that the loan of Dwight's car was justified, and I rushed my wife to the hospital.

On the 9th day of February, a Sunday, a future servant and minister of God

whose voice was later to be heard around the world, in every continent on earth, was born.

My wife named him Garner Ted. The name Garner had been a family name in her family and her mother's family for generations. Her maternal grandmother was a Garner before marriage. Several men in the family had been given the name Garner as a first name. Mrs. Armstrong had known a man in college in Iowa by the name of Ted whom she admired. The name seemed, she said, "so short and simple and direct."

He was our fourth child.

For eleven years of married life I had

been denied a son. After Mrs. Armstrong's first miraculous healing, in 1927, I knew that, despite warnings from three doctors, we could have another child without fear of fatal consequences. God had blessed us with our first son, Richard David, on October 13th. That day was the happiest day of my life. I was filled to overflowing with gratitude for a SON after all those years—a gift from God.

But now, a year and four months later, God blessed us with a second son. And Ted, too, was born as a result of an almost incredible miracle of healing only three weeks before his birth! But God had need of these two sons.

We dedicated them, of course, to God from birth—for Him to use as He had need. And it is a source of everlasting gratitude to Mrs. Armstrong and me that God *did* use these two sons He gave us, mightily—and although God saw fit to take Dick, He still uses Ted with constantly increasing power in the most powerful broadcast on earth—now using more than 8,000,000 watts of radio power weekly!

The next installment will include a year of health lectures and my first evangelistic campaign.

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## Crime, Vice Signal COLLAPSE

(Continued from page 6)

bombers leveled Germany's industry, Mr. Armstrong was preaching to his listeners that Germany WOULD COME BACK! He said the Bible prophecies LABELED GERMANY as our most dangerous threat! Few believed it.

**BUT LOOK AT GERMANY TODAY!**

As the United States sinks into the vortex of greed, selfishness, graft and crime, surrendering its world markets because of STRIKES at home, GERMANY and JAPAN, the *defeated* nations of World War II, stage an awe-inspiring industrial comeback unmatched in the history of the world!

The *Times* has reported: "With our production curtailed and chances for speedy settlement uncertain and indefinite, the general expectation is for more European exports of steel to the United

States . . . even more than that . . . Germany, France, Belgium, Japan . . . are already INVADING WORLD MARKETS hitherto considered safe for our steel producers" [emphasis mine].

The facts are clear! The *Times* continued ". . . foreign steelmakers are scoring phenomenal successes, West Germany producing more than 29 million tons. . . ."

**THIS IS TRADE WAR!**

And it was prophesied!

"The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth, a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand. A nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor shew favour to the young . . . and he shall BESIEGE thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down . . ." (Deut. 28:49-52).

What kind of a siege? In modern military times, the old-fashioned, outdated methods of besieging a country or a city are completely obsolete—EXCEPT THROUGH TRADE! Today, we have bombers flying at better than 1500 miles an hour! With guided missiles, jet planes, hydrogen bombs, atomic submarines, it is nothing short of amusing to conceive of a *siege* through MILITARY means.

BUT, it is strikingly clear when applied to world trade!

A nation exists on its economy. It must produce commodities, exploit its raw materials, and *sell* to other nations. In turn, it must *buy* from other nations certain "necessary" raw materials, commodities, etc., not produced within its own borders. NO nation on earth is "self-sufficient." To BECOME "self-sufficient," that is, to have a completely stabilized, healthy economy, being able to produce every manufactured commodity within the nation from that nation's own raw materials, in its own factories, by its own laborers, and *sell* that commodity to its own people, IS THE ULTIMATE, PERFECT STATE A NATION COULD HOPE TO ACHIEVE!

Today nations must TRADE with one another in order to survive.

**World Scene Is Shifting**

In past years, the British Empire and the United States have been all but unchallenged in the field of foreign

trade. They have marketed their products successfully in *many* nations, exporting enough goods to have a *very* healthy import-export balance, maintaining a high standard of living.

But something drastic has been happening! With Marshall Plan dollars pouring into Europe, the revival of German, Italian and French industry—with the resurgence of the Japanese cartels, now America and Britain find themselves SERIOUSLY CHALLENGED in foreign trade.

Past articles in The PLAIN TRUTH have shown the picture of the TREMENDOUS burst of energy shown by the giants of German industry! The former Prime Minister of Britain, Sir Anthony Eden, said the Volkswagen was about to accomplish what Hitler's submarines *failed* to do! And so it is around the world! The "success" story of German, European and Japanese industry is shocking!

America and Britain are NO LONGER the secure, healthy economies they once were! And it's BECAUSE OF OUR PERSONAL GREED!

More concerned about the gadgetry our dollars can buy, bigger tail fins on autos, double ovens, longer vacations—we fail to see the BIG picture! Our average wages now stand at \$3.22 per hour, and we're STRIKING to push them up!

The average GERMAN wage is about \$1.00 per hour. In Japan it's even much lower.

Here's what it means!

The Japanese steel makers can BUY SCRAP on our west coast, ship it to Japan, process it through their mills and produce saleable commodities, ship those products BACK to the west coast—AND UNDERSELL IDENTICAL AMERICAN PRODUCTS BY AS MUCH AS 50%!

Because the Japanese can PRODUCE these goods so much more cheaply, they can SELL them more cheaply—and undercut the American markets.

The GERMANS can buy raw materials at the port of Houston, for instance. They ship the raw materials to Germany, produce certain commodities, export those commodities to Houston, and SELL THEM FOR LESS MONEY THAN LOCAL FACTORIES NEAR HOUSTON can sell them!