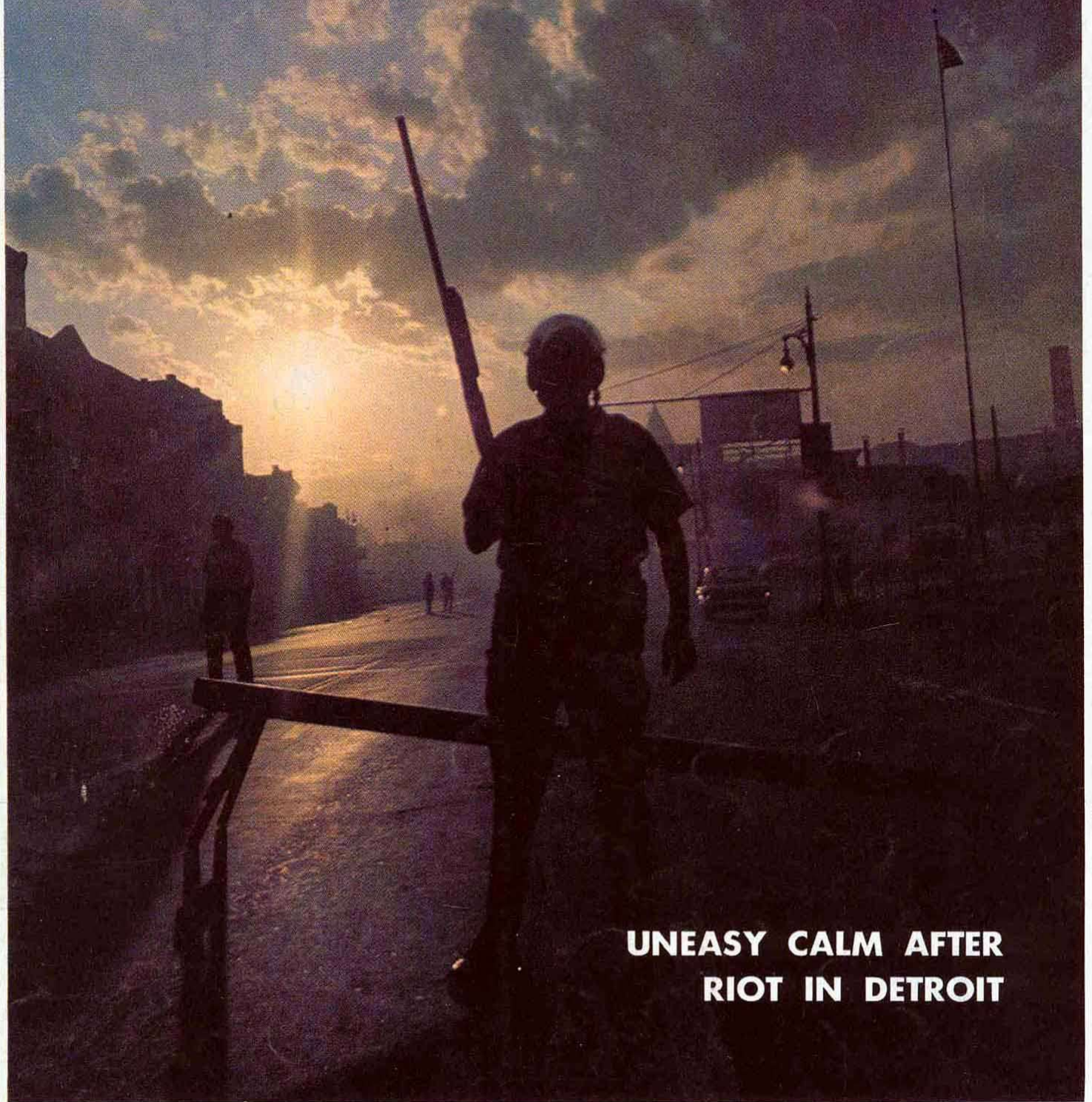


*the*  
**PLAIN TRUTH**  
*a magazine of understanding*



**UNEASY CALM AFTER  
RIOT IN DETROIT**

# What our READERS SAY

## Million Circulation

"It has finally happened! *The PLAIN TRUTH* has reached a million copies circulation. I remember the first installments of the 'Autobiography' which covered your early life, business career, and later conversion. When *The PLAIN TRUTH* first began to be published it was a small mimeographed pamphlet of only a few pages. Feature the growth! Now a full-color 52-page international magazine, ranking twelfth among world magazines. I imagine, sir, that your feelings at the realization of what God has begun through you are often hard to describe. From the small start in 1934 by you and your wife — this Work has grown into three colleges, several printing establishments, the largest radio broadcast on earth — and now even larger accomplishments of publishing the Gospel looms ahead."

Ruby D.,  
Portland, Oregon

"My family loves *The PLAIN TRUTH* and I am glad to see it reach a circulation of one million copies. When we started receiving it two and one-half years ago, it was only around 470,000. This is real growth and shows the need of a magazine like this and that the people are hungering for 'The Plain Truth' in these last days."

Benny L. J.,  
Roanoke, Virginia

## Jewish Temple

"My friend and a preacher attended a Jewish synagogue at Peoria. He said what they heard and saw there was amazing. They took a freewill offering and asked who was willing to give \$1000 to rebuild the Jewish tabernacle. He said you should have seen all the hands go up for \$1000 donations. They did not need to beg for raised hands. The Jews are eager to help rebuild the temple."

Miss Lena E. S.,  
Morton, Illinois

• This is the first direct news of local

*fund raising among Jewish people for the building of a temple which we have received — though we have talked and written of the possibility for years!*

## One Other Point

"In your series on evolution, one point has been omitted, nor have I ever heard evolutionists speak of it. The mating calls and signs of all animals and insects differ. Must have been quite a mix-up for several million years while they discovered which was calling to which and if it took that long for a lightning bug [firefly] to charge his battery I reckon he never made it."

John L. P.,  
Yellville, Arkansas

## Cancel

"It is with a felling of sadness I write this letter to ask you to remove my name from your mailing list for *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine. If you want to know why, read on:

"I have read with much interest your articles on evolution and have come to the reluctant conclusion that you —

1. Do not really understand the Theory Of Evolution.
2. Are giving a misrepresentation of the theory to try to destroy it in the minds of people who do not understand it at all.

"You are committing the same sin as the people who quote the Bible out of context to try to prove what they wish people to believe. No reliable scientist will claim he understands all of nature. Would you claim to understand all the Bible? I thank not! You have ridiculed the theory of evolution and this may be lots of fun for some people but I fail to find it so. I will say this is a good weapon, the Government of Communist lands are using it to destroy religion.

"Fortunately I know enough about the Theory of Evolution to be able to spot distorted way that you present the

(Continued on page 11)

## the PLAIN TRUTH

a magazine of understanding

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# Personal from the Editor

**W**HAT IF there were no GOD? I was startled when suddenly that question flashed into my mind.

This column *is* personal. In it I want to be free to talk with our readers in a more intimate, *personal* way. I think it's good for people to be able, once in a while, to be more *personal* — intimate and frank, without embarrassment.

Let me tell you what led to that opening question: "What if — just *what* if there were NO GOD?"

It is now, as I write, ten minutes to four in the morning. Rather early to be up and writing a PLAIN TRUTH talk with our readers! Yet *not* "early" for me. You see, I just arrived back in Pasadena from England last evening about six. Only, for me, it was *not* 6 p.m., but 2 a.m.! For I had left London the same morning at 10:45 a.m.

There was no space on the nonstop "polar" flight, so I had to fly to New York, and with an hour-and-a-half stopover, take another flight on to Los Angeles. My stopwatch said I had spent 12 hours 35½ minutes in the air, not counting the 90 minutes clearing customs and changing planes in New York. It is eight hours later in London than in Pasadena. So, by the time I arrived home in Pasadena it was 2 a.m. by the time to which I had been adjusted.

Even though it is now summer vacation, and college is out until September, quite a group of students, working for the summer on campus, were waiting to greet me. It was only 6 p.m. for them! But I was very travel-weary. I got to bed about 7:30. But that was 3:30 a.m., for me!

So, you see, here I am in my study, at home in Pasadena, at my typewriter, before 4 a.m., Pasadena time. But it is already NOON in London — according to the time to which I had become adjusted. This jet-flight gets one a third of the way around the earth in a

hurry — but it does upset and unbalance one's bodily metabolism, and require some adjustment. But we live in a fast-moving, speedy age — the SPACE-AGE! And my very urgent responsibilities require that I *move* at a fast clip!

Now back to my question: "*What if there were no God?*"

I was unable to sleep longer, so I dressed and came in to my study to get some work done. But first, I knelt at my prayer-bench, and began THANKING God (as I also did last night) for delivering me safely back at Headquarters, and for a new grandson, the news of which came by long distance telephone on arrival home; and for many, many other things. But just then I was reminded of Jesus' "Lord's Prayer," in which He told us after *which manner* to pray. His "sample prayer," as a brief example to us of *the manner* in which to pray begins with "Our Father which art in heaven, HALLOWED BE THY NAME!" First of all Jesus taught us, we should EXALT GOD!

Nearly always I do begin a prayer with exaltation of God, which brings to my mind *HOW GREAT* — *HOW WONDERFUL* — is the ALL-Mighty One to whom I am speaking! So immediately I broke off the thanksgiving and the gratitude temporarily, to praise and exalt and extol the Supreme CREATOR GOD! Yet I just naturally continued my giving thanks — now thanking God *for Himself* — and realizing *how grateful* I am that God *IS* — that there *IS* the Great God — that He is the *living* God!

And immediately, as if God Himself put the thought in mind, came the question, "WHAT IF THERE WERE NO GOD?" What *if* the highest *power that* exists were just MORTAL MAN?

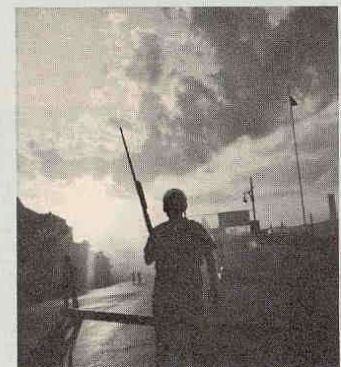
Immediately it flashed to mind *HOW HELPLESS* man really *is*, of and by himself! And of course, that status is precisely that which the *greatest minds*

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Detroit Free Press

### OUR COVER

Detroit rests at last in an uneasy peace after its "six-day war" — the most chaotic and costly riot in U. S. history. Forty-one dead — two thousand injured — 1600 fires — 4000 arrested — half-billion-dollar damage! Although Detroit suffered most, more than 100 sister cities were ravaged with riots. Read about the real cause of riots beginning on page three.

# The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

## INSTALLMENT 72

**O**UR OVERSEAS TOUR OF 1956 had been a long and eventful one.

From Paris, we drove our car back to London — crossing the Channel, Calais to Dover by ferry.

At the time, we had left George Meeker in charge of the London office. After checking in at the office in London, within a few days we again boarded the Queen Mary for the return voyage to the United States.

### The 1956 Return Voyage

All four of the larger British and American trans-Atlantic ships conduct table-tennis tournaments during the crossing. On most voyages I have noticed there are no real expert table-tennis players on board. But on this particular crossing there were four or five who were fairly good — among them the former Maureen Connolly, nicknamed "Little Mo," three times women's world champion lawn tennis player — usually ranked with Helen Wills as one of the best women's tennis players of all time. Maureen was rather good at table tennis, although not of the topflight championship class she had been at lawn tennis.

As I write, that was eleven years ago. As I remember, my son Garner Ted played her during the tournament, but neither he nor I remember now who won. Ted had been, nine or ten years earlier, a rather good table tennis player.

Before sailing from Southampton, Dick (Richard David, our elder son), had sold his Hillman-Minx car, receiving almost as much for it as he had paid new two years before. I had stated, in Installment 66, June, 1964 number, that Dick sold his Hillman-Minx in 1954, but a recheck proves that was an error.

Arriving in New York, Dick pur-

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Autobiography has not appeared since the August, 1965, number. In recent months demands from readers have become more and more insistent that the Autobiography be resumed. We hope, with this 72nd installment, to be able to continue it once again each month, until it is brought up to the present.)

chased a new Mercedes — one of the smaller models — and drove it back to California. Garner Ted and his wife Shirley, anxious to get back to their children, flew home from New York. And Mrs. Armstrong and I drove our car — which we had taken with us to Europe — across the country. That left Mrs. Armstrong and me alone for the drive from New York to Pasadena.

I had wanted to drive through the city of my birth, Des Moines, Iowa, especially to see my uncle, Frank Armstrong, who had virtually steered my earlier life, beginning at age 18.

### Death of My Uncle

Those who have read the Autobiography from the beginning will remember that, at age 18, I had put myself through a vocational-guidance analysis, and decided I belonged in the advertising profession. My Uncle Frank was the leading advertising man of the state of Iowa, and naturally I went to him for counsel and guidance. After moving to Oregon, in 1924, I had seen very little of my uncle. Especially after my conversion and having been drawn into the ministry, except on rare occasions when I happened to be in Des Moines.

I felt that, since he was now past 80, this might be my last opportunity to see him.

But, arriving in Des Moines, I telephoned his office and learned that he had died while Mrs. Armstrong and I had been in the Middle East on this same trip. So it already was too late.

However, I felt I should at least tele-

phone my aunt, now widowed. But she did not care to see me. She had been very cordial to me during the advertising days — whenever I was in Des Moines. But her cordiality cooled noticeably after I had entered the ministry. Now, I was disappointed to learn, it had chilled completely. I hung up the receiver, hurt, deeply disappointed. I have never heard from, or about her, since.

Thousands who will be reading these words have learned this same thing by experience. When God really gets hold of one's life — when that life becomes *changed* by the indwelling of God's Holy Spirit — one's contacts, friends, and especially relatives will chill decisively. A certain underlying hostility will be sensed, if not openly displayed. Actually it is not the converted human they resent. It is the Living Jesus Christ — now living *His* life within the converted one, who is the real object of the hostility. However, the carnal mind does not realize or understand this phase of its own working.

I felt intense sorrow and disappointment over my aunt's cold and blunt statement that she did not care to see me. She said, icily, she had never approved of my "religion." I had always been very deeply grateful to my uncle for his advice and counsel. It had become a long-standing feeling of affection. Some day, in a resurrection, her eyes will open. I think she will be quite astounded when they are opened to the TRUTH.

### A Fabulous Property Offered

I may have recorded it in an earlier installment, but while we were in London on this 1956 tour, before leaving for the Middle East, I received a trans-Atlantic telephone call from Mr. Meredith at Pasadena Headquarters. It was

(Continued on page 19)

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 5)

near midnight in London — but shortly before 5 p.m. in Pasadena.

He asked me whether I felt the college would like to acquire the estate of multimillionaire Hulett C. Merritt. One other 200-foot-wide property stood between this estate and the Ambassador College campus — as it then was. This Merritt property was considered the most fabulous in Pasadena. The mansion on it, built in 1905-1908, had cost \$1,100,000 at that time. That would be the equivalent of near ten million dollars today, since dollar value is not much more than one tenth of its 1905 value. An architect has since told me that the place could not be built for six million today — *IF* the rare woods and materials could be obtained — which they couldn't.

The question came like a bolt out of the blue. I had always considered this fabulous property as utterly inaccessible for us. Extending the campus in that direction had not been considered in our future planning.

Mr. Merritt had died before I had left Pasadena on this tour. His wife had died previously. Mr. Meredith explained that the executor of the estate was going to put it on the market, but first, privately, it was being offered to us through an insurance and real estate broker and his associates.

This broker had an offer to purchase the estate for less money than the ornamental iron fence around the Orange Grove Boulevard front of it would cost today. His proposition was that he and associates would purchase the estate at this low figure, and then donate it to the college. It appeared they had privately checked with some Internal Revenue people as to whether they could deduct this donation on their income taxes for something like a half million dollars. Apparently they felt assured they could. They could purchase it for less than half of that.

### How Would We Use It?

My mind was doing some fast thinking. One doesn't turn down such a gift without consideration. But how would we use it?

"Could you gain access to the place yet tonight?" I asked.

Mr. Meredith said they could.

"All right," I replied. "I want you and Dr. Hoeh to go over there immediately. Go completely through the building. List how many rooms could be used as classrooms — and send me a telegram stating how many rooms could seat 65 or more students, how many 50 or more, how many 35 or more. Your telegram should be here by the time I wake up in the morning. Then I'll give you my decision. I wouldn't want to accept this property unless we need it for actual college purposes — otherwise we'd have to pay taxes we can't afford for something we couldn't use."

The telegram was waiting for me on arising next morning. The ornate and fabulous building would be ideally suited to become our chief classroom building of the college.

I telegraphed the decision: "Accept it."

### Plain Truth Grows

While we were on this Middle-East tour, the April issue of *The PLAIN TRUTH* came out an enlarged magazine, and with a new front cover. This had been planned before leaving Pasadena. I have already mentioned it in *Installment 65*.

Only once before, a special issue announcing the new Ambassador College, January 1947, had *The PLAIN TRUTH* appeared with a front cover. It merely had a masthead, with the lead article beginning on the front cover. This April, 1956 number also went up to 24 pages. At the time this seemed a big leap forward. It had contained only 16 pages previously. But the 24 pages was small compared to today's 52 pages, including cover. It was still black and white — no color printing. But it was advancing, improving, growing!

From Cairo we had a long distance telephone talk with the Pasadena office about the Merritt property, the purchase of which had hit a snag. The heirs — all grandchildren — had rejected the price tentatively agreed to between the executor and our prospective donors. They insisted the place be sold at auction, thinking it would bring a higher price.

Returning to Pasadena, I found the broker and his associates had bought the property at the auction. They had made the high bid, which was only slightly more than their original purchase offer. However, it seemed their funds were not immediately available, and our office had loaned them \$5,000 to bind their bid.

### Saving Ambassador Hall

The auction purchase terms had been one half down, with the balance spread over some seven or eight years. The due date for the balance of the one-half down payment had come due, but our prospective donors still had not had the funds available. They had obtained a thirty-day extension.

I contacted these people. They assured me the money would be available by the final extended due date. A week before that date I contacted the broker again by telephone. He was positively reassuring. Two days before the deadline date I was becoming quite concerned.

"My associates and I will be in Pasadena with the money day after tomorrow," he said, positively, over the telephone. "Everything has worked out all right. Don't worry about it."

I had told him that, having gone this far, I did not want to lose this valuable property. It had totally changed our general master-planning for the campus. I told him that, if his people were going to come up short, I wanted time to raise the money myself, rather than lose it.

The crucial day arrived. Our would-be donors were on hand, but the necessary funds were not. They had flunked out completely.

I went to the executor, who had been Mr. Merritt's business manager. I asked another 30-day extension to allow time for me to raise the money.

### Ten-Day Margin

"But this matter is in probate court," he said, "and another 30-day delay in meeting the obligation would undoubtedly cancel out this purchase, and open the property up to another auction. Some of the people building these multiple-family garden apartments along the boulevard now regret they didn't bid higher. In another auction





*Ambassador College Photos*

**HISTORY OF AMBASSADOR HALL** — Top left, how the Italian Gardens and the west end of Ambassador Hall looked just before beginning of construction on new classrooms. Bottom left, artist's conception of how Ambassador Hall will appear when two new classroom wings are completed. Above, three views of Ambassador Hall when Hulett C. Merritt owned it.

they would bid up as high as necessary to acquire this property. They realize now that it went for too low a bid."

Nevertheless, he called his attorney. The attorney agreed with his opinion, but felt they might give me a ten-day extension.

I was under pressure, but we managed it. I had an offer of a \$20,000 loan from a loyal co-worker, and I had borrowed \$30,000 at the bank, neither of which, on the tenth day, I needed. I did accept the \$30,000 bank loan, however, and then left it on deposit at the bank to improve our credit standing. It was worth paying the interest.

And so the fabulous Merritt property, which had been named "Villa Merritt Olivier," became ours, and was renamed "AMBASSADOR HALL."

#### New Academic Center

To leap far ahead of this chronicle of events for a moment, two exceedingly beautiful ultramodern new classroom buildings are now under construction, flanking Ambassador Hall and the formal Italian sunken garden, with a magnificent plaza in the center, joining the three buildings and the Italian garden into an outstanding academic center.

Ambassador Hall, with certain remodeling to conform to city codes, and one additional added wing, has served us well for several years. But Ambassador College has grown, and it is no longer sufficient to provide more than a part of the needed classroom facilities. One of the new buildings will be our Science Hall, the other the Fine Arts Building. The entire grouping will be named in memory of my wife of fifty years, the "*Loma D. Armstrong Academic Center*." A new oil portrait of her is now being painted, to hang in the grand hall of Ambassador Hall.

Escrow at the bank, on the purchase of the Ambassador Hall property finally closed October 29th, 1956. The 4-acre estate was then ours.

#### Manor Del Mar Acquired

Meanwhile, we had ourselves negotiated another important purchase of former Merritt property through the executor of the estate. This fine property, a block to the south of the campus as it then existed, had been the three-

story mansion of Lewis J. Merritt, father of Hulett C. Merritt. This property, too, was obtained at a very low price and on very favorable terms. An extensive remodeling job was undertaken at once, and two large rooms were added. This property was named "Manor Del Mar," since it was located on Del Mar Boulevard, which forms the south boundary of the campus as it is today. Manor Del Mar became our number one men's student residence.

The 1956-7 college year got under way with the annual faculty reception on August 29th. There were two additions to the faculty — a new voice instructor, and Garner Ted Armstrong, who took over the teaching of two Theology classes, besides speech and journalism.

After returning from the European trip, my elder son, Richard David, joined Roderick C. Meredith in the long-planned evangelistic series of meetings at Fresno, California, with splendid success.

Following this, during late fall and winter, Dick was on a "field" assignment in southern Texas. While he was there a certain young lady arrived on campus — near the first of January, 1957, who was to become involved very significantly in Dick's life, and also Mrs. Armstrong's and mine.

### Dick Needed a Wife

Dick had spent many months — including most of two dreary, lonesome winters, alone in London. Those of us in the family, as well as students and faculty, had somehow neglected writing him most of the time. Dick had come to feel the desperate need of a wife. He was now 28. It just seemed that the right girl had never come along.

Meanwhile there was a young married man from Iowa — a Mr. Carl O'Beirn — here attending college classes. He had a very pretty wife whose family lived in Omaha, Nebraska. Mrs. Armstrong had become very fond of her. She had a younger sister, attending university in Omaha. Mrs. Armstrong had heard glowing reports on the younger sister, Lois Lemon, from Mrs. O'Beirn, and had shown a picture of her to Dick.

Sensing his mother's interest in the

girl from Omaha, Dick immediately set up a prejudice against her in his mind. Much as he felt the need of a wife, Dick was not going to let his mother select her for him. But meanwhile Mrs. Armstrong and Mrs. O'Beirn were doing their best by letters to interest Lois in the advantages of Ambassador College.

### Would GOD Select a Wife?

During the two years previous to this time I had had a number of talks with Dick about the matter of marriage. I had counselled him to simply put this problem in God's hands, and rely on God to bring him and the right girl together. I had urged him not to rush blindly into any romance.

Even before I had been converted — had come to really know God, His truth and His ways — in my carnal-minded days I had somehow realized that God had given me my wife. I did not "pick her out." Even before conversion I did pray occasionally. Everything about those prayers, however, was selfish — except one thing: I always thanked God for giving me my wife!

Dick always agreed with me that he should "leave it in God's hands." He asked me to pray that God would work it out in the right way. I knew that he had asked others to pray for this same solution. But, even though Dick was willing to have God provide his wife, he was not willing to have his mother pick her out. This, of course, was only human nature at work. Most any other young man would react the same way.

While Dick was on his field assignment in southern Texas that winter, Lois arrived on campus, and registered to attend classes beginning the second semester. Mrs. Armstrong just could not resist calling Dick long distance.

"Now wait a moment, Loma," I said to her. "If you want to talk to Dick a while, go ahead and call him. I'd like to talk to him, too. But whatever you do, DON'T say one word about Lois being here. You'll only drive him the other way if you do."

### Prejudice Aroused

Mrs. Armstrong *partially* heeded my advice. But not altogether! She just

could not resist mentioning, in a tone supposed to be very nonchalant, casual, disinterested, and incidental, a "by the way, Lois Lemon is here, and has registered for classes."

That *did it!*

She didn't sound one whit casual or incidental to Dick.

When Dick returned to campus a few weeks later, he avoided Lois as though she were poison.

It seemed that everyone on campus sensed "romance in the air" between Dick and Lois, as soon as Lois arrived. It seemed just like a "natural" to everyone. Naturally, Lois had sensed this from talking to the girls. This set Lois against Dick just as positively as he had set his mind against her.

### My Advice

So they went around, each determined to avoid the other.

After about two weeks, I called Dick to my office.

"Dick," I said, "years ago when I had been reduced to the depths of financial depression, just after my conversion, I had prayed earnestly for God to provide me with a new overcoat — among other things. We then lived in Portland, Oregon. It was in January, and cold. I needed an overcoat seriously, so I asked God for it. The next day I stopped up at my brother's office a moment. He noticed the big hole in the side of my overcoat.

"'Herb,' he said, 'you need a new overcoat. Today is the 20th of January, and Meier & Frank have a sale on overcoats. Anything I charge on my charge account beginning today will not be billed until March 1st. I'll have until March 10th to pay and keep my credit good. Go over and select an overcoat, and during noon-hour I'll come over and have it charged on my account.'

"But I resisted immediately. It would be rather humiliating to have to have my younger brother buy me an overcoat.

"'Oh NO, Russ,' I said, 'I couldn't let you do that!'

"And just at that instant it flashed to my mind, almost as if God Himself were speaking and saying, 'Didn't you ask me for a new overcoat? And



now you don't want to take it THE WAY I am giving it to you!"

"So instantly," I continued, to Dick, "I changed my mind and told Russell I would do as he said. And now, Dick, didn't you pray and ask God to send you the right wife of His choice? And didn't you ask me to pray for it, too — and even several others? And here you are, when everyone on campus seems to just *know* that Lois is the answer to that prayer, and you are avoiding her like the plague!"

### Just Two Dates Only?

"Now I don't want to intervene in your most *personal* problems, Dick, or try to pick out your wife for you. But I *do* say that after you asked God about this, and have prayed about it so long, you are acting rather foolishly to

completely and coldly *avoid* Lois altogether. Now all that I'm going to ask you, Dick, is this: I ask you to get a date with Lois — just once. *IF* this is God's doing, give it a CHANCE! Then don't date her again for a week — but a week later, have just one more date with her. Then if you're satisfied she is *not* God's answer to your prayers, DON'T EVER DATE HER AGAIN! Now how about it?"

Dick grinned.

"O.K., Dad," he said rather sheepishly. "I'll do as you say."

That same evening Dick had a date with Lois. But he did NOT do as I said, fully. He did *not* wait a whole week for the next date. Their next date was the very next night! And for the next few weeks they were seen together quite frequently.

One day in March, Dick and Lois came to Mrs. Armstrong and me, hand-in-hand.

"Dad and Mom," said Dick, "we've got something to tell you!"

Of course we knew what it was!

"We're going to be married," Dick announced.

Later he told me what had happened.

That afternoon they had gone for a talk in Dick's car. Suddenly Dick pulled over to the side of the road, and stopped the car.

"Lois," he said, "I can't stand this any longer. I've been fighting this, trying to steel my mind against liking you, and trying to resist it — but I can't resist it any longer. I know I'm in love with you!"

And he said that Lois then said she had been fighting against him in the same way — and she couldn't resist it any longer, either.

So then they drove straight to tell Dick's mother and me they were going to be married.

### The Happy Wedding

I performed the ceremony, as I had for our other three children, on June 11th, 1957, in the outdoor garden theatre on the Ambassador College campus, with a reception at our home afterward.

As I write, now, on my typewriter cadenza beside me is a large sterling-framed photograph of Dick taken that afternoon at our home during the reception.

Dick and Lois took a honeymoon trip up to Oregon, and the scenes of his early boyhood. Meanwhile I had given them a little help in purchasing a small but very nice new home, which was ready for them on their return. Their marriage lasted just a little more than a year — when it was suddenly and unexpectedly cut off by Dick's untimely death resulting from an automobile crash while Dick was out on a "baptizing tour."

But they *lived* a rather full lifetime in that one year. And Dick left behind a little 3-month-old son, Richard David II, now nine.

(To be continued)



Photograph of Mr. Dick Armstrong, taken during his wedding reception.

in terms of ability to compete with white laborers, Negroes are generally not equal to most groups with which they find themselves competing.

Individually, many a Negro American can reach an absolute pinnacle of achievement. But collectively, talking of the entire Negro population as a whole, Negroes are among the weakest ethnic, religious, and economic groups.

Don't allow racial prejudice to make you DENY these facts! FACE them — because they're TRUE!

What most people do not realize is that the conditions among the general Negro population of the United States has been growing much WORSE, of late, not better!

In terms of dollars of income, standards of living, and the years of education received, the gap between the Negro and nearly every other group in modern American society is growing WIDER every year! And every one of these problems is a matter of FREE CHOICE.

OF COURSE, there are obstacles. Of COURSE there are racial prejudices and biases!

It is difficult for Negroes to become employed in many places.

But it is not IMPOSSIBLE!

A young man who had escaped the life of the Harlem ghetto pointed out that many of his fellows become defeated and discouraged by the pressures they see around them — and simply give up, and become almost afraid to leave the life of the "ghetto."

He wasn't afraid — and he succeeded.

Only when each individual Negro family begins to live according to God's laws — learning what it is that binds marriages together, learning the proper methods of child rearing, developing a sense of real honesty and decency, and calling out to God for the trust and courage it takes in the face of all obstacles, will real progress be made in this or any other country toward solving what is growing into more and more of an insoluble problem.

You're living in a world that is absolutely SICK.

It's a world sick with hate, jealousy, prejudice, class distinction, poverty, fear, illegitimacy, immorality, licentiousness, resentment, divorce, crime, disease, riots and WAR!

And the ONLY real solution is the return of Jesus Christ to establish His WORLD-RULING government on this earth, and straighten out all peoples once and for all!

## Personal from the Editor

(Continued from page 1)

in this world suppose does exist! They — *most* of the finest, most scholarly, most "educated," greatest-capacity MINDS — do suppose THERE IS NO GOD — or, at least they are skeptical — agnostic — doubting — and, in reality, *assuming* that no such Supreme Being exists!

If those *human leaders* — those self-exalted, vain people who are the *leaders* in this world's civilization, were the HIGHEST POWER in existence for the guiding of humanity's destiny — for solving the world's colossal problems — for delivering mankind from its overwhelmingly tragic state — if man's ONLY HOPE lay in *these* misguided and vain MEN and in our own selves alone — HOW UTTERLY HOPELESS we would be!

If I did not *know* that the living God IS — and that He is very soon going to intervene in world affairs I would rather be dead. In working out HIS PURPOSE here below God has appointed a 6,000-year duration of *keeping Hands off* — of allowing mankind full freedom of choice to *demonstrate*, once for all by human experience, just HOW helpless man is to save himself, and to bring himself peace, and happiness, and abundant well-being. If I did not KNOW these things I should not want to live — I should rather be extinct!

Man must yet learn not only that GOD IS, but that ALL GOOD THINGS come from GOD — that He is man's only HOPE — and that He has set man's potential destiny — if by free choice

man is willing — as the highest glory that any mind can possibly conceive!

Yes, I am GRATEFUL that I have been brought *safely* back to the Headquarters of God's Work for the continuance of the responsibilities the Great God allows me to be used in performing.

And that new grandson? I have mentioned before in this *Personal* column, I believe, of how Mrs. Armstrong and I were simply unwilling to give up our daughter-in-law, Lois, from being our daughter. She was the wife of our elder son, Richard David. She was widowed when Dick was killed in an automobile crash nine years ago, leaving a three-months-old son. After about two-and-a-half years, one of God's fine young ministers, Mr. Ben Chapman, and Lois, wanted to be married. They asked our permission. (Of course they didn't need it, but they asked it anyway, because they wanted to). We were not willing to sever the "daughter" relationship with Lois, so I suggested that, to consent, we should have to just consider Ben as our son.

"O.K., Dad," said Ben, with enthusiasm — and so, Ben and Lois are just like my very own children. Little "Dicky" is not so little anymore — he's a fine big boy past nine, and he has two younger sisters whom we have considered our grandchildren. And now I have to think how happy Mrs. Armstrong would be to know that Ben, who has been such a fine and loving father to Dicky, has *another* son, this time of his very own "flesh and blood," and to carry on *his* name!

God has granted to us humans the wonderful, GOD-plane FAMILY relationship — the only creatures in all God's creation to be blessed with the marriage-home-family relationship. Truly all GOOD things *do* come from GOD!

My lovely wife of fifty years is no longer living — until the Resurrection — but my heavenly Father, and my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, still live *eternally!* How grateful I am for that!

And so I end *this* little *Personal* talk by quoting God's Word through David: "O GIVE THANKS unto the Eternal, for He is GOOD! . . . O that men would praise the Eternal for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men." (Psalm 107:1, 8).