

the
PLAIN TRUTH
a magazine of understanding

VOLUME XXII, NUMBER 11

NOVEMBER, 1957



An enchanting night view of pergola and fountains on the AMBASSADOR COLLEGE campus

The PLAIN TRUTH

a magazine of understanding

VOL. XXII

NO. 11

HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG

Publisher and Editor

Herman L. Hoeh

Executive Editor

Roderick C. Meredith

Garner Ted Armstrong

Associate Editors

Sent FREE to all who request it, as the Lord provides. Address all communications to the editor, Box 111, Pasadena, California. Our readers in England should address the editor, B.C.M. Ambassador, London W.C. 1.

Copyright, November, 1957
By the Radio Church of God

NOTICE: Be sure to notify us immediately of any change in address. IMPORTANT!

**Have you enrolled in our free
Ambassador College Bible
Correspondence Course?**

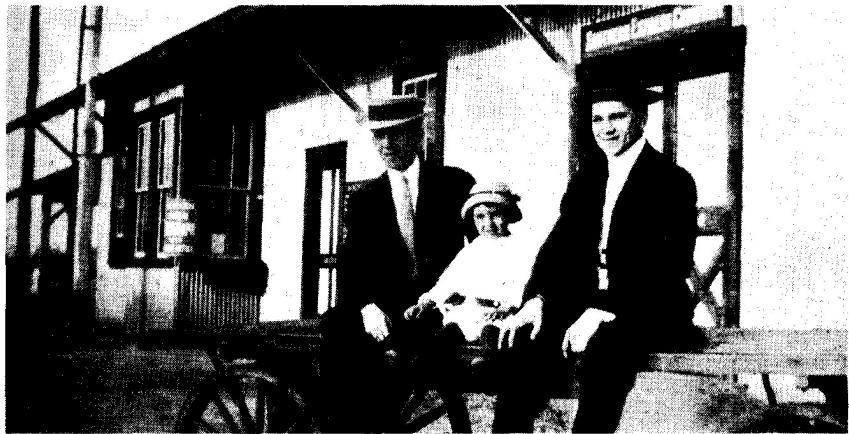
This is a totally new, *different* kind of Bible study course, designed to lead you, by the study of *your own Bible*, to UNDERSTAND the whole meaning of today's world-chaos, of the PURPOSE being worked out here below, of PROPHECY, of SALVATION, of this entire Treasure-House of knowledge, which is GOD'S WORD—the TRUTH.

The most VITAL, most IMPORTANT questions of YOUR LIFE are thoroughly gone into, and you are directed to the clear, plain, simple answers *in your BIBLE!* You will learn HOW to study the Bible — WHY so few UNDERSTAND it. You will PROVE whether the Bible really *is* the INSPIRED WORD OF GOD!

Just address your letter requesting the Ambassador College Bible Correspondence Course to Box 111, Pasadena, California.



Mr. Armstrong in front of Mr. Hal Stapp's residence in Wiggins, Mississippi, January 1912. The Autobiography on the next page reveals the experiences Mr. Armstrong had in the Deep South.



Here you see Mr. Armstrong at the age of 19, seated in front of the depot at Wiggins, with the town's real estate agent and child. The agent previously carried one third of Mr. Armstrong's job at the mill which you will read about in this issue's lead article.

"What Denomination Do We Represent?"

Daily we receive letters asking, "Who are you? What denomination do you represent?" No one seems able to guess. And no wonder.

For we are *not denominational!* The "WORLD TOMORROW" radio and television programs and The PLAIN TRUTH magazine are NON-sectarian (I Cor. 1:12-13).

What denomination did JESUS join? Few ever stopped to think of it in that way. The religious sects of His day were the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Essenes, the Samaritans, etc. Jesus joined none of them. On the contrary. He called His disciples *out of them*—out of all organizations of men. The Greek word "ecclesia" translated "Church" in English has the meaning of "called-out ones."

The Eternal God called me from the field of business to a life of separation

for the mission being carried out in His work. Consequently, in complete surrender to Him, without preconceived notions, doctrines, and convictions, and with the guidance of His Spirit, I prayerfully approached the study of the Bible as a business man would approach a business problem. God started this work through us as small as a work could start, and on and on with nothing but FAITH.

We are utterly independent of denominations, sects, or organizations of any kind—wholly DE-pendent upon our heavenly Father for guidance, for funds—for EVERYTHING.

I speak and write, not in the name of any denomination, but solely *in the name of JESUS CHRIST!*

HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG

The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

This is the second installment of the unusual story of Mr. Armstrong's life—how he was led into the ministry, and how he found the one TRUE Church.

by Herbert W. Armstrong

LATE in 1926 I was rudely challenged. My wife had taken up with "religious fanaticism"—that is—it seemed like fanaticism to me, because it was a teaching and way of life contrary to that of the established churches.

I was angered into the most determined study of my life—a night-and-day study to prove, *by the Bible*, that "all these churches can't be wrong." Soon I was disillusioned — dumbfounded — shaken. I made the astonishing and disheartening discovery that the teachings of Sunday School days were at variance with the plain "Thus saith the LORD!"

I studied evolution—compared it to the creation account in Genesis. I began to question the existence of God.

But, persisting in relentless study, I found scientific and rational PROOF that God *is*, and that the Bible is His inspired, infallible and authoritative message to mankind. That gave me a solid FOUNDATION.

Only ONE True Church

But where was the ONE true Church?

Jesus Christ said: "I will build my Church." He did build it. He came to earth to *start* the work of God. He commissioned His Church to carry it on—to preach His *very same* GOSPEL to the world. The churches of organized "Christianity" were not preaching that Gospel—but a gospel of men *about* the person of Christ.

Somewhere, there had to exist today the real Body of Christ—that collective body of humans through whom, by the power of His Holy Spirit, God was carrying on the *same work* He began through the individual body of Jesus Christ.

I was to be years finding it. But the real story of this search began much

earlier. My whole life had been merely the background for it.

So, in the September number, I began the story of an eventful and jam-packed life from the beginning, from earliest memory, between ages 2 and 5,—of my great-grandfather, age 94; of the incident that caused me to swear off chewing tobacco at age 5; of my first (and only) spanking in school at age 6; my first "girl friend," same age; of the "pigeon milk hunt" at age 8; and also at age 8 of the ordeal of boredom waiting up in church until midnight in the "watch-night" service watching the old CENTURY out and the new century in; of learning to swim; running to see a "horseless carriage"—which turned out to be mule-drawn; experiences in baseball, football, track, etc.; learning to smoke in a secret cave; becoming a wrestler at age 11; early religious training of Quaker stock; and my first job away from home at age 16.

Ambition and Self-Confidence Aroused

On this job, my employer complimented my work, and professed to see abilities in me that could lead to large success—if I diligently applied myself in study, preparation and work. Somehow he inoculated me with self-confidence, set aflame energetic ambition. This was all vanity, and it led to an overdose of cocky conceit. But it did arouse strong WILL, and it impelled to enthusiastic *driving effort*.

I began burning the midnight oil. I frequented the Philosophy, Biography, and Business Administration departments of the public library in Des Moines, Iowa, where I was born and reared.

But as yet there had been no definite

GOAL in life set. At the tender age of 16 the idea of fixing a definite objective—of finding the true PURPOSE of life—occurs to few minds. Ambition had been aroused. I was *burning* with DESIRE to go somewhere in life—to become a success. But exactly *where* that "somewhere" was, or precisely *what* constituted the "SUCCESS" I was to achieve, had not as yet crystallized.

Just how the urge took hold of me I do not now remember, but the next summer, having finished two years of high school, I was imbued with the idea of becoming a school teacher.

The Teaching Career Blow-up

A little investigation revealed that a Teacher's Certificate could be obtained by passing a County Teachers' Examination. I was able to obtain copies of exam questions of past years. Thus familiarized with the nature and trend of the questions, I spent the first weeks of summer vacation "boning up." There were a couple subjects I would be required to teach which I had never taken. One of these was physiology. Procuring text books, I drove myself thru a rapid self-taught course of study on these subjects, beside a refresher course of all other subjects.

The Teachers' Examination was passed, with the usual grade high in the nineties.

Next, I obtained permission from my parents to visit one of my cousins who lived on a farm down in Warren County, south of Des Moines. That provided opportunity to search for a school teaching job. I learned of a certain country school where the teacher had not yet been hired for the coming fall, and quickly arranged thru the Chairman for a meeting with the school board, all farmers.

At this meeting I seemed to qualify in their eyes in every way but one. They were very skeptical about the ability of a 17-year-old to maintain discipline over 18 and 19-year-old boys probably taller and much huskier than I.

But by this time I had become exceedingly self-confident and cocky. There was a ready answer to that, or any other objections.

"I intend to introduce an athletic program," I said. "At North High, in Des Moines, I have had training in football, basketball, track, tennis, under the best coaches. Out on the playgrounds I'll be one of these boys, coaching them in sports they have never played. I know how to get along with fellows my own age. They will like me, and there won't be any disciplinary problems. Besides, if one of them does get smart, I began to learn wrestling at 11 years of age, and I'll have a hammer-lock or some other wrestling hold on the fellow before he knows what happened to him, and he'll yell out quick submission. I can throw a fellow twice my size."

The school board seemed tremendously impressed with this show of self-assurance. They hired me.

Came fall, and the day I was to take the train from Des Moines for the school-teaching job. I shall never forget that morning. Up bright and early, I packed a suit-case, and started down the stairs.

But squarely in the middle of the stairs at the bottom, blocking passage, was a 210-pound man I didn't dare try to throw with any wrestling holds!

"Just where do you think you're going, young man?" came the sharp, stern, and very commanding deep bass voice of my father.

I told him then about my school teaching job. I think I had been afraid to mention any of this to my parents before.

"You march right back up stairs, and unpack that suit-case," ordered that authoritative bass voice, "and don't let me hear any more of this tom-foolery about dropping out of high school to become a teacher at your young age. You're going back to high school this fall."

And thus the school teaching career was atom-bombed 36 years before Hiroshima and Nagasaki got the treatment.

But it was not long until a concrete life-GOAL was formed.

At age 18, I encountered a book in the library, titled "Choosing a Vocation." It took the reader thru a self-analysis, together with a survey of various vocations, occupations and professions, to place the candidate where he best fit. It turned out that I would probably be most successful in the advertising profession. This, to me, was one of the truly exciting, thrilling professions.

It happened that an uncle in Des Moines was the most prominent advertising man in the state. The place to begin, in the advertising profession, he advised, was the want-ad section of a daily newspaper. This was the freshman class of the advertising school. He assigned me to one year in the want-ads. He advised that I get a job on the Des Moines Daily Capital, published by Lafe Young, Senior United States Senator from Iowa.

I did not ask The Capital if they needed any help. That was too negative—might have resulted in being turned down. I went straight to the manager of the want-ad department, told him I was entering the advertising profession, and had decided to join his staff because it offered the best opportunity to LEARN, and to advance. I got the job. The starting salary was \$6 per week.

I had no conception, then, that the advertising profession was not, after all, to be my final life profession—or that *this* experience was merely the preliminary training needed for the ultimate bigger job in God's ministry. But I think GOD knew, and planned it that way!

In those days I had developed a very excessive case of swelled-head. I was snappy, confident, conceited—yet *sincere*, and intending to be completely honest.

On this want-ad job I soon became known as a "hustler." On the street I hurried—walked rapidly. I was a dynamo of energy. Of nights I studied. Books were procured on advertising, on psychology, merchandising, business management, and English. All the leading trade papers were subscribed to and dilligently read—primarily "*Printers Ink*," and "*Advertising & Selling*," the two leading trade papers of the profession.

My uncle directed the training in

learning an effective *style* in writing. Constantly I studied the writing style of a man named Hopkins, chief copy writer for the Lord & Thomas Advertising agency. This man reputedly drew a salary of \$50,000 a year, writing all the ads for Quaker Oats, Pepsodent, Palmolive, Blue Jay Corn Plasters, Ovaltine, and others. His rapid style, unique, yet plain, simple and easy-to-read ads *built* multi-million dollar businesses for those firms.

Also my uncle started me reading Elbert Hubbard, with his two magazines, *The Philistine* and *The Era*—primarily for ideas, writing style, vocabulary—altho he cautioned me against Hubbard's religious philosophies. Later I was to become well acquainted with Elbert Hubbard.

The "Goat Work"

The first day in want-ads I was started out, bright and early, on a job they called "the Goat Work," with a young man now ready to graduate from that job.

This job in the newspaper business might be compared to "boot camp" in the Marines. It is a most undesirable, tough, breaking-in job. I soon learned what it was.

We each armed ourselves with a copy of the previous night's paper, a want-ad blank, and a pencil. Then we started out afoot. We headed up the hill on West Fourth and Fifth Streets—the rooming house district.

"I'll stop in at a couple of rooming houses," said my predecessor-instructor, "just to show you how to do it; then I'll go back to the office, and you're on your own."

Stepping boldly up to the first rooming-house door, he rang the bell. The landlady opened the door, instantly recognizing the folded newspaper in his side pocket and the want-ad blank in his hand.

"NO!" she snapped decisively, before he could say a word, "I don't want to run any want-ads."

"But *lady*," my instructor put a foot in the door being slammed in his face, "you know Mrs. Jones down in the next block, don't you?"

"Never heard of her!" Of course not. Neither had the boy with me.

"Well, Mrs. Jones put her ad in the

Capital, and at least a dozen men came trying to rent the room. The reason you didn't get results is that you put your ad in the wrong paper."

But by this time the madam had managed to dislodge his foot and slam the door.

This same procedure was repeated at the next house.

"Well—" said my want-ad buddy, happily, "that shows you how to do it. Hope you sell a lot of ads. So long—see you at the office."

Finding a More Effective Way

But it didn't seem that he had demonstrated how to do it—but rather, how NOT to do it.

I waited until he was out of sight. I hid both the newspaper and the want-ad blank in my inner pocket, covered with my overcoat. Then I walked briskly up to the next rooming-house door.

"I hope you haven't rented your room yet," I smiled as the landlady opened the door. "May I see it?"

"Why, certainly," she smiled back, opening wide the door.

I trailed her to the second-floor room. No doors were going to be slammed in my face.

"Why," I smiled, "this is a delightful room, isn't it?" The landlady beamed expectantly. I whipped out the want-ad blank and began rapidly writing.

"Here!" she exclaimed suspiciously, "what are you doing with that want-ad blank?"

But she could not slam the front door in my face now—nor did she appear big enough to attempt throwing me out bodily.

"Now look," I said calmly. "This is a lovely room. Do you know why your want-ads have not rented it for you? The want-ad solicitors have told you it was because you put it in the wrong paper. You know that's bosh as well as I. The reason you didn't rent your room is that *you are not a professional advertising-writer!*"

By this time I had the want-ad written—at least two or three times longer (and costlier) than the average.

"Listen," I continued, "imagine *you* are a young man reading all the room-for-rent ads, looking for a room that is going to be your *home*. Now think how

all those other ads are written—then listen to this, and think!—which room would YOU go to see, and rent?"

I read the ad, which certainly made the room sound very desirable. In fact, its glowing terms probably flattered her. She just *couldn't* resist seeing that flowery description of her room in print in the paper.

"Why, I'd certainly want to rent *that* room, instead of those ordinarily described in the want-ads," she replied. "That *does* make it sound good." She bought the ad—as large as three ordinary ads.

And the ad did rent her room!

That was the first advertisement I ever wrote that was printed. But I had already been diligently studying text books on advertising writing. God *begins* whatever He does thru human instruments in the smallest manner—and a want-ad is the smallest of ads.

Today, we purchase full page advertising space and, with advertising technique, publish the *non-commercial* GOSPEL message. This procedure, as this is written, involves one leading sectional farm paper. But it is anticipated, God willing, that soon full page and double-page messages will be published in many farm papers and other magazines, and in Reader's Digest in many languages in many nations all over the world. This is becoming a *most* important DOOR which the Eternal God is opening for the preaching (Mat. 24:14) and publishing (Mark 13:10) of the true Gospel of the Kingdom of God into all the world for a witness unto *all nations*.

And thus the twenty years of experience in the advertising profession, starting with this want-ad, was preparation for a mighty work.

After an energetic morning I was back at the want-ad office about 1 P.M., the dead-line for getting ads to the composing room. I had a large handful of ads.

"Much-a-Welcome"

Soon I thought of a faster, more pleasant way to sell *more* room-for-rent ads.

The rival papers were *The Register & Leader*, and *The Daily News*. The News didn't count as a want-ad medium, but the "R & L" as we then called it was the city's big want-ad medium. Today

The Des Moines Register is recognized by many as one of the nation's ten great newspapers. In 1924 I was offered the job of advertising manager of *The Register*, and refused it—but that's getting ahead of the story.

The "R. & L." printed perhaps three or four times more room-for-rent ads than *The Capital*. Rooming-house landladies had become smart. In order to prevent newspaper solicitors annoying them on the telephone, or prospective roomers turning them down on the phone before actually seeing the rooms, they usually gave the street address, *only*, in their ads.

I knew that the "information" office of the telephone company indexed according to street addresses, as well as by name, but the information operators were not supposed to give out names or numbers for a given street address.

So I called the information office, and first engaged the operator in a jocular conversation. After a while I persuaded her, this once, to give me the name of the rooming-house landlady at a certain street address.

"Well MUCH-A-WELCOME" I said jokingly.

"Oh, you're entirely welcome," she said.

"NO!" I came back, "*I'm* not welcome—I said *you're* much-a-welcome."

She was a little confused at this 18-year-old kidding.

"Well, what am I supposed to say, then?"

"Why, *you're* supposed to answer, 'you're entirely OBLIGED!'"

She had a good laugh. That joke sounds about as "corny" as Iowa's tall corn, now—but it certainly got me results with that information operator.

Next morning I called "information," and said, "This is Much-a-welcome" again! It brought a friendly laugh. I was, in my self-confident conceit, what some call a glib talker. Somehow I managed to talk this information operator into giving me the names and telephone numbers of every room-for-rent want-ad in the morning paper that we had not carried the evening before.

Always I ended by saying "Much-a-welcome," and she would laughingly reply, "Oh, you're entirely obliged." Silly, perhaps—but it got me the names

and telephone numbers I wanted. Quite a telephonic friendship was struck up with this information operator. Often I wondered how old she was—what she looked like. I never knew. It did not seem appropriate to suggest a face-to-face meeting. But this daily morning procedure continued until I was promoted to the Real Estate department.

Getting Ads by Phone

Once I had the names and telephone numbers, they were called by phone.

"Good morning. Is this Mrs. Smith," I would start off, cheerily.

While I was only a boy of 18, and appeared rather immature when calling on these prospects face to face, I had inherited a strong bass-baritone voice from my father, even lower-pitched than now, and appeared quite mature on the telephone. I discovered, even then, 47 years ago, that I was possibly more effective audibly than visually. Indeed, this was the first prelude training for radio preaching that was to follow, beginning 24 years later.

"I wonder," I would continue the telephone conversation, "if you would describe your room to me." While getting the description, prompted by repeated questions from me, I was rapidly writing a very descriptive want-ad. Then I explained that she had not described it well enough in the morning-paper ad to cause anyone to really want to walk out to see it, and told her that I was an expert ad-writer, and quickly read the ad that would tell enough about the room to cause prospective roomers to want to see it. I explained that the reason she had not been getting results was the fact her ad was written so ineptly.

A large majority of these hastily-written telephone ads were sold. The rooms were usually rented—unless they failed to live up to the description after prospective roomers called to see them.

Soon we were carrying more room-for-rent ads than the "R. & L." Whenever one of our rooming-house customers had a vacant room, they automatically called for me on the telephone, and soon rented the room again.

My First Display Ads

It was not long until I was promoted

NOTICE LOG CHANGES:

RADIO LOG

"The WORLD TOMORROW"

Herbert W. Armstrong analyzes today's news, with the prophecies of The WORLD TOMORROW!

TO THE U.S. & CANADA

WLAC—Nashville, Tenn.—1510 on dial—7:00 P.M., Mon. thru Sat.

WABC—New York—770 on dial—11:30 P.M., Mon. thru Fri.; 9:30 A.M., Sun., Eastern Daylight time.

WLS—Chicago—890 on dial—10:30 P.M., Mon. thru Fri.; 8:30 Sunday night.

WWVA—Wheeling, W. Va.—1170 on dial—Sundays, 10:30 A.M. and 11:05 P.M. Eastern Daylight time. 10:15 P.M., Mon. and Wed. thru Fri. 10:30 P.M., Tues.

CKLW—Windsor, Ontario—800 on dial—6:00 P.M. Sundays.

KVOD—Denver, Colo.—630 on dial—9:30 P.M. every night.

XELO—800 on dial, every night, 9:00 P.M. Central Standard time. (8:00 P.M. Mountain Standard time.)

XEG—1050 on dial, every night, 8:30 P.M. Central Standard time.

WCAE—Pittsburgh, Pa.—1250 on dial—6:30 P.M. Sundays.

WIL—St. Louis, Mo.—1430 k.c.—10:30 A.M. Sundays, 9:30 P.M. Mon. thru Sat.

KIUL—Garden City, Kansas—1240 k.c.—6:30 P.M. Sat. and Sun., 3:30 P.M. Mon. thru Fri.

HEARD ON PACIFIC COAST

XERB—1090 on dial—7:00 P.M. every night.

KFWB—Los Angeles—980 k.c.—9:30 P.M., Sundays.

KRKD—Los Angeles—1150 k.c.—10:00 A.M. Mon. thru Fri.

KARM—Fresno—1430 k.c.—9:00 P.M. Daily.

KBLA—Burbank—1490 k.c.—7:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. every day.

KPDQ—Portland—800 on dial—8:30 A.M. daily.

KUGN—Eugene—590 k.c.—7:00 P.M. Sun. thru Fri.

KVI—Seattle-Tacoma—570, first on dial—10:30 P.M. every night.

TO ALL OF EUROPE

RADIO LUXEMBOURG

Mondays: 23:30 Greenwich time

TO ASIA & AFRICA

RADIC GOA—60 meter band, 9:00 P.M., Friday.

ALTO BROADCASTING SYSTEM
DZAQ, Manila; DZRI, Dagupan City; DZRB, Naga City; DXMC, Davao City—9:00 P.M., Sundays.

RADIO FORMOSA

Wednesday: 5:50-6:20 P.M.

RADIO LOURENCO MARQUES

Saturday: 10:00-10:30 P.M.

out of the room-for-rent columns, and into the Real Estate section.

But first came a challenging test—the toughest of all. The Want-Ad manager, a young man (older than I) named Charles Tobin, had an ambition. He hoped to increase his salary to a point that would enable him to wear a fresh-laundered shirt every day. Immediately, that became one of my ambitions, too. The assignment he gave me was to sell a special section on the want-ad page, of single-column *display* ads to the second-hand furniture dealers.

These stores were all owned by a type of men who did not believe in advertising, and valued every penny as if it were a million dollars. To me, this was an unpleasant task, because so many of these stores were dirty and dusty and musty, cluttered and ill-arranged—an unpleasant atmosphere to enter.

Here, again, however, ads were sold by *writing the ads*, and making attractive-appearing lay-outs. These were the very first display ads I ever had printed. I remember staying up until midnight studying a book on advertising and selling psychology. It took the combination of all the selling psychology, attractive advertising lay-outs and copy, and persuasive personality I could muster to accomplish that assignment. But it was accomplished—a total of about a third of a page or more, as nearly as I can now remember.

During this "special number" crusade, I encountered a somewhat handicapped Jewish boy of about my age, the son of one of these "used furniture" merchants. The store owner was delighted to learn that I had some influence over his backward boy. It seemed like a responsibility that had come to me, to encourage him to go back to school, to study hard, and to begin to believe that he could be a success some day, and to start working, and *fighting*, even against sluggish impulses of self, to make something of himself. For some months I continued occasionally to drop in at this store to give this lad another "pep talk." It seemed to be *doing good*. I hope the progress continued, but after about a year lost contact.

The \$2 per Week Lesson

But after "putting over" this special
(Please continue on page 16)

The NUMBER of the "BEAST" ... 666—Whose number is it?

by Herbert W. Armstrong

WHERE shall we find that mysterious number 666? Does the pope, as some claim, wear it on his crown, identifying him as the BEAST of Revelation 13? Or must we look for it elsewhere?

Here are all the Scriptures speaking directly of this number:

"And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or *the name of the beast*, or *the number of his name*. Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding *count the number of the beast*; for it is *the number of a man*; and *his number is Six hundred three score and six*" (Rev. 13:17-18).

"And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over *the number of his name*, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God" (Rev. 15:2).

Note These Points

From these Scriptures, we have the following definite points:

1. The beast has a NUMBER, and may be identified, if we have wisdom, by this number.

2. The number is 666.

3. We are told to COUNT this number—that is, add it up. The same Greek word is used elsewhere only in Luke 14:28: "COUNT the cost."

4. This number, 666, is the number of the BEAST. The only BIBLE interpretation of this symbol, "beast," is a kingdom or the king who rules it, and therefore, really is the kingdom (Dan. 7:17, 18, 22, 23, 24, 27). Therefore 666 must be the number of the KINGDOM, or GOVERNMENT, or EMPIRE, as well as that of the king who founds or rules it.

5. The expression "the name of the beast, or the number of his name" makes plain that the number 666 is the number of the NAME OF THE KINGDOM or EMPIRE.

6. The expression "it is the number

of a man" shows we must also count this number in the name of the king, or ruler, over the kingdom identified as the "BEAST."

The Beast Is Not the Woman

In the 17th chapter of Revelation we find a "beast," and a "woman"—a great, wealthy woman called "a whore"—who was riding the beast.

The Bible describes the symbol "woman" to mean a CHURCH. See II Cor. 11:2; Rev. 19:7; Eph. 5:23-27. On the other hand, "beast" is a symbol of a KINGDOM, or EMPIRE. The "woman" of the 17th chapter is described beyond possibility of doubt as the Church which did reign over the kingdoms of the Holy Roman Empire.

Let us be consistent. The "Beast" of Revelation 13 is not the WOMAN who rode the beast—the beast is the GOVERNMENT, and the woman is the CHURCH.

The "beast" of Revelation 13 had 7 heads and 10 horns. It was like a leopard with the feet of a bear, the mouth of a lion. This does not describe the Church, but the Roman GOVERNMENT, or EMPIRE.

In the 7th chapter of Daniel we find the unmistakable identification. The lion symbolized the Chaldean Empire. The bear is the Persian Empire, the leopard was the Grecio-Macedonian Empire with its four divisions, pictured by the four heads, and the other beast, mightier and stronger than all, was the ROMAN EMPIRE. And by the time events of history progressed to Rome, we had the seven heads and ten horns.

The "beast" of Rev. 13 had all 7 of the heads and ten horns. It included the strongest aspects of the preceding kingdoms. And so the beast of Revelation 13 is positively identified as THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

This "beast" had a DEADLY wound (Rev. 13:3). That means the "beast" DIED—it ceased altogether to exist or function. Yet its deadly wound was later

healed, after which (verse 5), it continued to exist another 1260 years!

Those who believe the Catholic Church is the "beast" say this deadly wound came in 1798, when the pope was forced into exile. But the pope was not killed. The Catholic Church did not die, nor for one day did it cease to function. The popes continued to live in VOLUNTARY exile, as a protest against the Italian government until the agreement with Mussolini. But that could in no sense be called a wound TO DEATH. And those who teach this do not expect the Catholic Church to continue on another 1260 years.

But in 476 A.D., the Roman Empire which is the "BEAST," was wounded unto DEATH. The Roman Empire DIED. It ceased altogether to exist. The next three kingdoms to rule in Rome's place—the Heruli, the Vandals, and the Ostrogoths—were barbarian, not Roman kingdoms.

But in 554 Justinian, a true Roman, Emperor of the east, re-established the Roman Empire at Rome. History calls this the "IMPERIAL RESTORATION" of the Roman Empire. The deadly wound was healed. And it continued exactly 1260 years—to 1814, when Napoleon was defeated. "So closed," states *West's Modern History*, "an Empire that had existed from Augustus Caesar." But this time the Empire did not altogether die. The germ of it remained in 12 little Italian states, united around 1870 by Garibaldi into the present nation of Italy. The EMPIRE went into "the bottomless pit"—a virtual non-existence, from which now it is once more emerging (Rev. 17:8).

The Founder of Rome

The founder, and first king of Rome was ROMULUS. The Roman Empire was named after him His name, the name of a MAN, also is the name of the KINGDOM. And every citizen in the kingdom bears the same name—a ROMAN.

When John wrote this Revelation, telling us to COUNT the number of the Beast, he wrote in the GREEK language. The Old Testament is written in the language of God's chosen people—the HEBREW. Consequently, we should look for this name, and the number 666, in these languages recognized in the BIBLE, not in the Latin.

We are all familiar with the Roman numerals, where letters are used for numbers. All understand that I is 1, V is 5, X is 10, etc. But many do not know that both the Hebrew and the Greek languages also use letters for numbers.

In the Hebrew, the name of Romulus is ROMIITH. And, counting the numerical value of these letters in the Hebrew, we have exactly 666!

In the Greek, the language in which Revelation was written, this name is "LATEINOS." It signifies "Latin Man" or "the name of Latium" from which city the Romans derived their origin and their language. This word, too, signifies "ROMAN." In the Greek, L is 30, A is 1, T is 300, E is 5, I is 10, N is 50, O is 70, S is 200. Count these figures. They count to exactly 666!

It is indeed a remarkable coincidence—or IS it a coincidence?—that in BOTH Bible languages—the only two languages we could look in for this number—that the name of the KINGDOM, its founder and first KING, and of every man in the kingdom, counts to exactly 666!

And more remarkable—catch this—no other two words have ever been found in two languages, meaning the same thing, and exactly counting, in the numerical value of those languages, to 666! Certainly THE BEAST stands identified!

Mussolini and the Pope

But the same number—666—is branded on the man who headed the puny "6th head" of the symbolic "Beast," and also on the pope.

Mussolini called himself "Il Duce." Italians shouted "Viva Il Duce!" which means "LONG LIVE THE CHIEF." Everywhere in Italy was the printed sign, "VV IL DUCE." The "VV" is the abbreviation used for "Viva." A "V" is used instead of the "U" as is very commonly done. While this is a greeting, or title, Mussolini actually employed "Il Duce"

as a NAME. It is in LATIN. Count it:

V is 5, V is 5, I, is 1, L is 50, D is 500, V is 5, C is 100, E has no number. Now count them, and you have exactly 666!

The name of Nero Caesar, Emperor of the Roman Empire at its height, in the Hebrew language, is 666!

Thus this number 666 is indelibly BRANDED UPON THE ROMAN EMPIRE!

But, some will ask, does not this number apply to the POPE? Some teach "the words 'VICARIUS FILII DEI' are on the Pope's triple crown." And these Latin words in the Roman numerals, count to 666!

The pope does, on some occasions, wear a triple crown, BUT THESE WORDS ARE NOT ON IT! We should be careful to PROVE all things. The denomination which teaches this sent Prof. C. T. Everson to Rome, where he gained access to, and made diligent search in the Vatican archives, but he could find no crown or record of such a crown containing these words.

Furthermore, these words are in the LATIN, not a BIBLE language. This is not a NAME, but a TITLE, and it is THE NAME of the BEAST, and the number of the name of the MAN of the beast we are told to count. Further this title does not apply to a kingdom, or Empire, but alone to a MAN.

However, while "VICARIUS FILII DEI" is not among the acknowledged titles of the pope (See Cath. Encycl.) he does claim to be VICAR OF CHRIST on earth. Also, for 1260 long years the popes did reign and rule over the BEAST. They were, in effect, the actual heads of the Empire, ruling over the emperors, as well as over the Church. And so is it indeed significant that this title, too, counts 666?

And so this number is branded on the ROMAN EMPIRE, on ROMULUS, the founder and first king of Rome, on Nero Caesar, one of its great Emperors, on the name ROME, on every ROMAN, and even on MUSSOLINI.

Could anything be more conclusive?

THE BIBLE ANSWERS

Short Questions

FROM OUR READERS

HERE are the *Bible* answers to questions which can be answered briefly in a short space. *Send in your questions.* While we cannot promise that all questions will find space for answer in this department, we shall try to answer all that are vital and in the general interest of our readers.

Has God Allotted 6000 Years for Man's Self-Rule?

Yes! The world does not understand what is taking place today *because it does not know about the 7000-year PLAN OF GOD.*

God has allotted approximately 6000 years for humanity to go its own way. These millenniums of human civilization are nearly over. God is about to intervene in world affairs by sending Jesus Christ. Not until He returns will we have 1000 years of peace.

The *pattern* for this little-understood

plan is given in the first two chapters of Genesis. It is the WEEK of seven days. As God originally set time in motion, man is given six work days followed by a day of rest. In Hebrews 4:4,11, the seventh *day* is mentioned *as a type* of the peaceful *rest*—1000-year rest—that will follow the *present age of human labor* and futile struggle to master the earth. The millennium, then, is compared with a "day" of the week.

Observe that after Christ's intervention the time of that peaceful rest under
(Please continue on page 15)

The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

(Continued from page 6)

number, I was given a Real Estate beat, and the salary raised to \$8 per week.

I was put on a regular "beat," calling daily on a certain number of Real Estate brokers to pick up their ads. Here again, I started writing ads for them. Results were increased. More and more the dealers on my route began using large ads in the *Capital*, using less space in the "R. & L."

It was on this job that I became known as a "hustler." I walked at a pace that was almost a run. It was drive, *drive*, DRIVE!! all morning long—until the 1: PM deadline. Then the afternoons were spent in the office preparing form solicitations, to which were attached clipped want-ads from the other local papers, or even those of other cities, which were mailed out. Thus I learned to sell want-ads by mail. This knowledge landed an important job, later.

It was not long until Ivan Coolidge, then want-ad manager over at the "R. & L." asked me to drop over and see him. He offered me \$10 a week if I'd leave *The Capital* and join the *Register* staff. Later on, Ivan established an advertising agency of his own in Des Moines, which, I believe, gained some prominence—but he was unfortunately cut off somewhere in mid-life by premature death.

I told Ivan I wanted to consult my uncle before giving him my decision.

"So," chuckled my Uncle Frank, with the wisdom of a Ben Franklin, "the opposition is beginning to *feel* the pressure, eh? Want to hire you away from the *Capital*—willing to pay \$10 a week to stop the competition, are they? Well, now listen, Herbert. A little encouragement once in a while is very helpful. It shows you are making good. You can get some inspiration out of it to provide incentive to keep driving yourself on. But I've noticed that there has been a tendency in some branches of our family to keep shifting around all the time from one thing to another—never staying with one thing long enough to make a

success of it. There's a good deal to the old adage, after all, that a rolling stone gathers no moss. One of the great success lessons you need to learn is persistence—to stay *with* a thing.

"Now suppose you quit the *Capital* and go over to the *Register*. You wouldn't learn any more about the advertising profession over there than you're learning where you are. The only advantage is the \$2 per week. You'd probably blow that in, and ten years from now you wouldn't remember having had it. I think the time has come for you to pay the \$2 a week to learn the important lesson of staying *with* a thing. Every week, when you draw your \$8 at the *Capital*, remember you are paying the extra \$2 you might be getting at the *Register* as the price of that lesson, and I think you'll remember it."

I had started out to spend *one year* in want-ads at the *Capital*. The temptation had come to weaken and get off that schedule.

I took my uncle's advice and stayed on the schedule.

Learning Rules of Success

Thus, at the early age of 18, some of the seven important rules of success were being learned.

The first success rule is fixing the right GOAL,—avoid fitting the "square peg in the round hole." I was yet to learn the real PURPOSE of life, or the one true supreme GOAL. Actually I had set out on a wrong goal—that of becoming someone "important," achieving business success for the purpose of making money. But at least I had made the self-analysis and the survey of vocations to find where I should fit *within* the realm of business, the field of this goal. At least, ambition had been kindled. And, tho little realized at the time, all this experience was building the necessary foundation for the vocation God was later to call me into.

The second success rule is EDUCATION

—fitting oneself for the *achievement* of the goal. I was getting, *not* mere impractical and theoretical class-room book education, but the *combined* education of book study at night and practical experience in the day-time. And even here, the self-education being received was precisely that required properly to fit one for the big and real calling which was later to come from God. It was the preparation for this present work of God, without which this work today could never have become a success.

The third rule of success is good, vigorous HEALTH. Food plays a major part in this, and I was not to learn of the importance of food and diet until I was 37 or 38 years old. But I *had* learned the importance of sufficient exercise, deep breathing, frequent bathing and elimination, and sufficient sleep.

The fourth rule, *drive*, putting a constant *prod* on oneself, seems to have come naturally as a result of the ambition that had been generated at sixteen. There was always the sense that I *had to hurry!* I was learning to plunge into a task with dynamic energy.

The fifth, *resourcefulness*, or *thinking about* the problem at hand, also, was unconsciously being developed by experience. For example, the experience on the "goat work" job, and then in *finding a way* to get in room-for-rent ads faster by telephone, was an example of learning this rule by experience—*thinking thru*, and applying initiative, to a *better way* of solving a problem. Most people do such a job just as they are shown, without ever applying thought or resourcefulness to the activity.

And now, the sixth rule, *perseverance*, never quitting when it appears to everyone else one has failed, was being learned at the very low price of \$2 per weekly lesson.

In 1947, and again in 1948 this present great work of God appeared hopelessly to have failed. It seemed everyone else *knew* we had come to the "end of our rope." It has happened many times. But that \$2 per week lesson learned at age 18, coupled with FAITH in God, acquired much later, turned a seeming hopeless failure into a world-wide ever-expanding success.

The seventh and most important rule, *Divine Guidance*, I was not to learn until

much later. Nevertheless, I can look back now and marvel at the way every step of experience in those early years was a step toward preparation for the work to which God later called.

God has a way of *training*, long before their actual call, those whom He proposes to call to a *special* mission. Moses was trained in the king's palace for his later mission. Daniel was trained at Nebuchadnezzar's palace. Paul was trained for his ultimate mission while actually running the opposite direction, persecuting Christians. Peter Waldo was trained in business life, before his call, in the middle ages.

The First Side-Step from the Goal

But now came a big mistake in judgment.

As the scheduled year of training in daily newspaper want-ads drew to a close, a flattering offer came. And this time I failed to seek out the advice of my uncle Frank who had wisely steered my life so far.

On *The Daily Capital* staff was a book critic, Emile Stapp, who edited a Book Review department. Her desk was on the second floor adjacent to the want-ad and display advertising section. She had, apparently, observed my work, noted I was energetic and produced results. She was a sister-in-law, as I remember, of W. O. Finkbine, one of two millionaire brothers who owned and operated the Green Bay Lumber Company, with lumber yards scattered all over Iowa; the Finkbine Lumber Company, a large lumber manufacturing company in Wiggins, Mississippi; and operating a 17,000-acre wheat ranch in Canada.

Miss Stapp lived with her sister, Mrs. W. O. Finkbine, "out on the Avenue," as we called it—meaning the millionaire residence street of Des Moines, West Grand Avenue. I doubt very much that all the residents of that fabled street were millionaires, but at least so it seemed to those of us who were of ordinary means in Des Moines.

One day, near the end of my year at *The Capital*, Miss Stapp told me she had spoken to Mr. Finkbine, and I was being offered the job of Timekeeper and Paymaster at the big lumber mill in southern Mississippi. I was first to work a short period in the company's commissary

store, managed by her brother, whose name I believe was Mr. Hal Stapp.

The job sounded flattering. The prospect of travel to far-off southern Mississippi had alluring appeal. I succumbed to it, going off on a tangent from the planned advertising career. This was to teach me a stern lesson by cruel experience about hewing to the line.

The First Meeting with a Millionaire

Before leaving, I was to go to the office of Mr. W. O. Finkbine for a short talk of instruction. I shall never forget my visit to the headquarters offices of this lumber firm. I met also Mr. E. C. Finkbine, President of the corporation. W. O. was Vice President.

It was my first experience meeting millionaires. It made a terrific impression. I was awed. There seemed to be something in the appearance and personalities of these men that simply *radiated* POWER. It was instantly apparent that they were men of higher caliber than men I had known—men of greater ability. There was an expression of *intensity* and of positive, confident *power*, which seemed to radiate about them, and affected one who came within proximity of it. I could see that they were men who had studied, used their minds continually, dynamically, and positively.

Of course I was over-impressed, due to the plastic susceptibilities and inexperience of youth. A very few years later I began meeting so many millionaires that they began appearing quite ordinary, after all—just HUMAN!

I was taken into the private office of W. O. Finkbine. He wanted to give me a little general advice before sending a young man so far away from home. I have never forgotten what he said.

"We are going to send you down with the manager of our Canadian interests," he said. This man's name I do not remember now. It was early January, and he was going down to Wiggins for a vacation, and to inspect the company's operations there, during the off-season in Canada. I had never been farther from Des Moines than Omaha and Sioux City. It was a THRILL to look forward to the trip, first to seeing Chicago, then the deep South.

"First, I want to give you some advice about travelling," said Mr. Finkbine.

"Most people look upon it as an extravagance to ride in the Pullman cars on trains. They are wrong. As you're starting on your first long trip from home, I want to impress on you the importance of always travelling in a Pullman car, except when you simply do not *have* the money to do so.

"First of all, especially at your age, we are *influenced* by everyone we come in contact with. On the Pullmans you will come in contact with a more successful class of people. This will have more influence than you can realize, now, on your future success in life. Then in the Pullmans it is not only cleaner, but safer.

"Now," he continued, "whenever you stop at a hotel, the same principle applies. Always stop at the *leading* hotel in any city. If you want to economize, get the minimum-priced room, but always go to the *best* hotel. You are among more successful people, which will influence your own success. The best hotels are either fire-proof or more nearly so—always safer—worth the little difference, if any, in cost as insurance against accident or fire. You are a young man, just getting started in life. Try to throw yourself into the company of as many successful men as possible. Study them. Try to learn WHY they are successful. This will help you learn how to build a success for yourself."

I did not disdain his advice. There have been many times in my life when I did not have enough money to travel on Pullman cars, or stay in the best hotels. Under such circumstances, I have travelled as I could afford—and I have travelled a great deal since that eventful day in early January, 1912—in fact a goodly portion of my life has been spent in travelling, as you will see as this autobiography progresses.

Since we moved to Pasadena, ten and a half years ago, I have learned that these Finkbine brothers later retired from business, and moved to Pasadena. Very often, these days, I drive past the home where W. O. Finkbine lived in retirement, and died. One lesson in life he apparently never learned. When a man decides he already has achieved success, and retires—quits—he never lives long. I expect to stay in harness as long as I live—in God's work until Christ comes, unless He cuts short my life before that

time. But I hope, and somehow believe, that God in His mercy will grant me the matchless privilege of living to see that most glorious event of all earth's history.

Introduction to the South

We boarded a Pullman car in Des Moines one night—my first experience riding in one. I think I was too excited to sleep much, wanting to see as much of the scenery as possible—especially my first glimpse of the great Mississippi River as we crossed it between Davenport and Rock Island.

There was a cold blizzard on our arrival in Chicago next morning. The ground was covered with snow. We went over to see Michigan Avenue. I was thrilled. We went thru "Peacock Alley," a very long and narrow lobby, nationally famous, in the Congress Hotel, and walked thru the tunnel under the street connecting it with the Auditorium Hotel. I think we visited the Stock Yards, taking the first ride in my experience on an "L" (Elevated train).

Later that morning, we boarded the famous all-Pullman "Panama Limited" on the Illinois Central Railroad at 12th Street Station. Going into the diner for lunch and again for dinner was an exciting experience—I had never seen the inside of a diner before. It was a new experience to learn about tipping waiters, redcaps, porters, bellboys — but my companion was an experienced traveller, and this initiation into the "ropes" of travelling was under good tutelage. I learned fast. Night came all too soon, and this time I slept soundly in my berth.

Early next morning the train arrived in Jackson, Mississippi, where we changed for a local train on the "G. & S. I." Line.

This was the strangest experience of my life. We had left Chicago in below-zero temperature and a blizzard. I had gone to sleep that night somewhere near Cairo, Illinois. And now, this morning, after a brief sleep, here it was,—SUMMER! I had never seen southern negroes before, and in those days, nearly 46 years ago, they were quite different from the colored people I had known up north.

We had lived next door to a colored man when I was 9 years old, in East Des Moines. He was very prominent, and, as we understood, wealthy. Once every year

he held a famous "Possum Dinner" at his home, attended by the governor and other prominent men, and always a place at the table reserved for the President of the United States, who was invited by the Governor—but of course, never came. One such dinner was given while we lived next door to him. I well remember that, after the "feast," he brought over for us President Theodore Roosevelt's plate of roast 'Possum! That is the *only* time I have ever eaten a King's or President's food—but I shall never forget it! It was so greasy, I couldn't take the second bite!

But here in Jackson, Mississippi, it seemed that there were more colored people than white on the streets, and they were utterly *different* from any people I had seen in the north—and, for that matter, than southern colored people today. Today the colored people of the south are comparatively well educated, on the average, but then very few had been privileged to receive much, if any, education. I was especially attracted to the dresses of the colored women — screaming bright in loud colors—such as a bright yellow or orange, clashing with a loud purple.

Arriving in Wiggins, I found a room in town, some little walk from the commissary store and the lumber mill, just outside of town, and was quickly introduced to my job in the store. Saturday night was the big night at the store. The mill employes were paid Saturday evening, and thronged the store. I was broken in immediately as "soda-fountain jerker."

One of the first men I met was a colored man I shall never forget—whose name was Hub Evans. One of the men in the store brought him around to me.

"Hub," he said, "Tell Mr. Armstrong how many children you have."

"Thutty-six, suh," replied old Hub, promptly and proudly—"hope t' make it foty 'fo Ah die!"

I was not just amused—but intensely interested.

"Tell me, Hub," I responded, "how many wives have you had?"

"Only three, suh!" Hub was a proud man. But because I was from "up noath" and new, and friendly, I was to have a show-down with him later with my job at stake.

The New Job

After not more than a very few weeks, I was transferred over to the mill office as time-keeper and pay-master. Later I learned that only a short time before, this job had been shared by *three men*, and all of them men of ability—one of whom was now the town's leading real-estate dealer in Wiggins, another was now the company's bookkeeper, and the third the assistant manager of the company.

The company was logging timber off a big tract east of Wiggins. It had its own railroad, by which the logs were brought in to the mill. About 350 negro men were employed, beside various department managers and top-ranking skilled employes, all white.

As mentioned above, these negroes of 46 years ago had received little or no education. I do not believe there was a man of this entire force who could write his own name. All statements were signed with an "X"—"His mark." This was a legal signature.

I learned at once that the colored employes had to be paid three times a day. Yes, that's what I said—three times a day—*morning, noon, and night*. They had never been trained in the handling of money. Had they been paid only once a week, they and their families would have starved before next pay-day, for they were nearly always "broke" before Monday morning.

But the company paid them in *cash* only on Saturday night. At all other times, they were paid in trade-checks on the commissary store — good only in trade. Again, had they been paid in cash, many of them, or their wives and children, would have starved, for they would have immediately gambled away their cash by "shooting craps," before they could get to the store to purchase food.

Also I was instructed, before starting the job, that no negro could be paid a single nickel more than he already had earned. If he were, and he were able to figure it up and know it, he would drift off to the next town and get a job in some other mill, rather than come back on the job and work out anything he had already been paid.

Consequently, all department managers had to turn in their time-books to

(Please continue on page 20)



Administration Building



Mayfair, Girls' Dormitory



Ambassador College Library

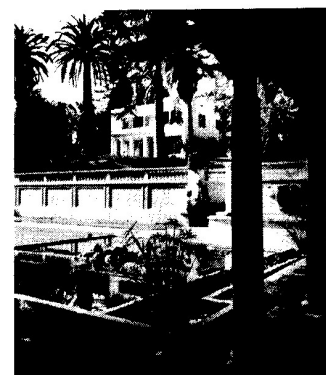


Ambassador's beautifully landscaped grounds with Tempietto, where graduation exercises are held

Manor Del Mar, Men's Dormitory

Ambassador Hall

Pergola in Lower Gardens



In this installment of Mr. Armstrong's autobiography you read of the experiences of his formative years, which formed the all-important groundwork for the later founding and developing of Ambassador College shown here

my office twice daily—noon, and night. I had to keep the record on the books of the exact number of hours, and rate of pay, of each man, kept current up to the half-day. This was *some* bookkeeping job!

I sat up to a high counter, on a high stool, behind a wire cage across the rear of a large, plain room. Employees came into this room, and up to the window in this wire cage.

Saturday afternoons, I had to have the exact time worked by every employe figured to the very nickel, with all deductions of checks on the commissary store subtracted, and the net balance due each employe, to the nickel. Then I had to figure, by a special process of figuring in which I was instructed, exactly how many nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, dollars, \$5 bills, etc., were needed to make each pay-envelope come out exactly right. Then came the trip to the bank. I had to draw out the exact amount of the pay-roll, in these precise amounts of each denomination.

Then it was a rush back to the office, and get the correct amount in each pay-envelope with each employe's name on it. This was a fast and furious rush job.

The negro employes all lived in a special colony of company-owned houses—or, more accurately, shacks. They were of unpainted wood, and, as nearly as I remember now, no plaster or interior finish on inside walls.

Strange Experiences

It was necessary to collect the house-rent—pardon me, I mean shack-rent—on a regular daily basis from the employes' pay, even before paying them any checks on the company store. That, too, had to be calculated and subtracted.

Occasionally on a Sunday I would, in company with one or more companions, stroll out thru this section of company shacks for negro employes. Here and there would be a group of colored men "shooting craps."

One Sunday I found a wedding was about to take place. I went inside the house where it was to be held. I found wall-paper had been pasted over the unpainted bare wood boards. It was very colorful wall-paper — the color comic sections out of Sunday newspapers!

I wanted to get some kodak shots of

the wedding, so I asked them to have the wedding on the front porch. They gladly obliged. I haven't seen that camera print for years, but will make another search of old pictures and if it is found before press date, will print it with this installment.

Often on a Monday morning, two or three department managers would report to me that they were short a certain number of men. It was then my job to take the revolver the management had always lying on the counter beside me, and go out into the district of the company shacks, and round up the missing employes. I soon learned that if any employes had any of Saturday night's cash left by Monday morning, they wouldn't come to work until it was all spent.

Usually I found the needed employes out doors in a little group "shooting craps." I had to brandish the revolver, and herd them back to the mill about as one would herd cattle. This was a strange experience for a 19-year-old from "up north"—but it was my job as I had been instructed in it.

Another experience that caused me to wonder was this: Very frequently while I was there some employe would come to my office for a permit, which I had to sign, so he could go to the doctor. Each time the employe had been in an accident — nearly always self-inflicted deliberately. Occasionally one of those men would deliberately have a finger cut off, in order to obtain several days' lay-off from work *at full pay*. Some of them would gladly sacrifice a finger for several days' idleness on full company pay!

The Crisis Brewing

One day the manager of the mill, Mr. Hickman, called me into his office.

"Herbert," he said, "I hate to say this, but I see trouble brewing that's going to cost you your job, unless you handle the situation when it comes. You've come down here from the north. I know it may not seem exactly right to you the way we have to keep negroes in their place. But if we didn't we couldn't live here. They are not educated, and they are not trained in emotional self-control. It's absolutely true that if you give one of them an inch, he'll take a mile. Perhaps someday, when the colored people of the

south become educated, things will be different.

"But these negroes know that you are from the north, and that you mean to be friendly to them—and that's all right, as long as you make them keep their distance. But I sense that something is brewing—I don't know just what, or when it will strike—but it will be soon. They are going to put you on the spot. They are going to try something. They are going to see if they can break you down—and if they do, we'll have to get you out of here fast to protect your life. If you once give them the upper hand, you'll be in danger.

"Somehow, sometime soon, they will try to defy your authority. If you let them get away with it, you'll be worth nothing to this company any longer."

I was really frightened. Not at what the colored men might do — I didn't fear that—but at the prospect of being "fired." To me, the idea of being "fired" would be the biggest disgrace that could come. The fear of being fired *really* alerted me—spurred me on to a determination that, no matter what came, *I had to master the situation!*

It was not long in coming.

Teen-age Bravado

A few days later, during noon-hour, a large crowd of negro men led by Hub Evans started coming into my office. There was an office rule that all negroes must take their hats off in the office and no smoking was allowed.

Old Hub came in with a cigarette hanging disdainfully from his insolent, sneering lips, his hat slanted cockily on one side of his head. He started boldly right down the center toward my window. The other men sidled rapidly down the side walls of the room, their hats off and without any cigarettes. This was it!

In a flash, I knew my job was at stake. This was all the inspiration I needed.

"Hub Evans," the words came, teen-age bravado-like, sharp, staccato, and loud, with stern authority, "*take that cigarette out of your mouth, and snap that hat off your head!*"

Old Hub only grinned more insolently, and took another step forward. But before he could take a second step, my hand was on the revolver, and I levelled it at his head.

"I won't tell you again, Hub!" I snapped sternly and loudly, "I'm counting THREE, then I'm SHOOTING your hat off, and your cigarette out of your mouth—ONE, TWO—"

I never got to three.

For a brief minute, old Hub Evans turned WHITE, and RAN out that front door like a frightened deer, leaving hat and cigarette behind him on the floor.

The others were all now awe-struck.

I continued to brandish the revolver.

"Now, CLEAN OUT OF HERE!" I thundered, "every one of you! And don't you come back, until you come back obeying company rules!"

There was almost panic as they piled up over one another trying to rush out.

The crisis had come—and been met! I still had my job!

A Fish Out of Water

But not for long.

I was a square peg in a round hole. I had fixed a life GOAL in the advertising profession, where self analysis had shown I fit. Already the lesson I had paid \$2 per week to learn had been forgotten, or overlooked temporarily. The glamor of getting to travel to far-off southern Mississippi, combined with the flattery of being offered such a job as a result of my record during that year in want-ads, had momentarily blinded me to my previously fixed purpose. Of course, *travel* is an important phase of education—so this 6-month side-tracking was not wasted time.

Even to this day I frequently find myself digressing, temporarily, from the fixed subject during a sermon. But these temporary digressions usually have proved to be more valuable to the hearers than the planned material, and I do always seem to get right back on the main beam. It was like that in this early experience. I think now that God saw to it that I was soon yanked back on the main track. But lessons were learned in this southern Mississippi detour which became part of the training for the *real* purpose God had for my life.

I have mentioned that this job combined the work previously done by three capable men, now risen to more important jobs. It was not the kind of work into which I fit. It was, as we say, out of my line. I was a fish out of water. A

square peg in a round hole.

In order to keep up with the job, due to inadaptability and resultant slowness, it became necessary to work nights. I established a system. I worked alternately one night until ten, the next until midnight, rising at 5:30 every morning. Time had to be taken out to walk the one or two miles from my room to the mill, and also to walk over to the boarding house where I took meals. I kept awake on the job nights by smoking a pipe—my first habitual smoking. In just six months this overwork and loss of sleep exacted its toll, and I was sent to the hospital with typhoid fever.

Escape from Death

But during this six months in Wiggins there were a few social events. One was a pre-World War I encounter with a German, in which I narrowly escaped being shot to death.

I took meals at a boarding house out near the mill. The daughter of the landlady was an attractive southern brunette near my age, whose fiancé was away at college. I had a few dates with her—but, I think, quite unlike most dating today. There was no "necking" as today's youngsters call it. Indeed I had never yet kissed or had my arms around a girl. It just wasn't done, then, on the universal scale of these post-war days. Two world wars have brought greater social and moral changes than most people realize—and all bad.

Oh yes,—now I remember that girl's name. Couldn't think of it when I began writing about her in the paragraph above. It was Matti-Lee Hornsby. I do not remember whether there were any movies in Wiggins in those days. If so I'm sure they must have been closed on Sundays, and I had no time when it could have been possible to go on any other day. The few dates I had were on Sundays, and consisted of walking and of conversation.

That kind of date would seem pretty "dull" to most 19-year-olds today, I suppose. I wonder if it isn't because they have lost the art of interesting conversation. I have always found that a scintillating conversation can be far more interesting than a prefabricated day-dream in a movie or before a TV set—far more stimulating, enjoyable, and beneficial

than the mind-dulling lust-enticing pastime called "necking."

But more of the dating experiences later. I had not had a great many dates up to this time. One thing, however, sticks to my memory—whenever Matti-Lee became a little provoked with me, her dark eyes flashed and she snapped out the epithet: "YANKEE!" It was, of course, half in fun—but I found that epithet was supposed to be insulting. I had never heard it before.

My parents had started me taking piano lessons when I was 8 years of age. For four long years my mother stood over me more or less frequently with a switch in hand to keep me on that piano bench. By age 12 I had learned that, to become a real concert pianist, one had to spend at least 8 hours a day practicing the piano. Besides, I was getting pretty big for my mother to whip. I haven't taken a lesson since age 12, but have continued to play occasionally for my own enjoyment—*never*, I'm sure, for the enjoyment of others. Today I seldom find time for the piano—and one cannot play well unless kept in constant practice.

But in those early years the piano playing led to many temporary social contacts. There was a piano at the Hornsby boarding house. Actually, I think some of the "dating" took place around that piano—for I could really swing the rag-time and jazz in those days—but not any more.

One acquaintance made there was a young German. He must have been about 21 at the time. His father was a lumberman in Germany, and had sent the son to America to study American lumber methods. He was spending some few weeks at the Finkbine mill in Wiggins.

This German, whose name I do not remember, bragged at length on the superiority of German products, methods and systems. One day, in his room at the boarding house, he was demonstrating to me the superiority of his German-made revolver over a Colt or other American make.

In play, he pointed the revolver straight at me.

"Don't point that at me!" I said, dodging.

"Oh, it isn't loaded," he laughed.

"Look, if you're afraid, I'll point it away from you and show you."

He pointed the revolver a couple of feet to one side of me, and pulled the trigger.

It was a very superior weapon, all right. It drilled a hole completely thru the wall of his room, and let a little round ray of sunlight shine thru from outdoors!

My German friend turned white, and trembled in confusion.

"Why," he stammered in frightened embarrassment, "I was *sure* it wasn't loaded."

It is the gun "that isn't loaded" that has killed many people. And before I leave *this* little digression, may I respectfully suggest to all who read this that you teach—yes, really TEACH your children *never*, under any circumstances, to point even a *play-gun* at any person. The life you save *may* be your own!

In the Hospital

My stay in southern Mississippi was brought to a sudden and rude halt. By summer, weakened by overwork and loss of sleep in the desperate struggle to make good on a job I didn't belong in, a tiny typhoid germ, according to medical theories, found fertile soil. I became delirious. The mill officials, on doctor's orders, had me taken to the Southern Mississippi Infirmary at Hattiesburg. I entered there with the worst case in the hospital's history. I was unconscious for two or three days.

But just to be able to stay in bed, after that six months' grind with all too little sleep seemed *so good* that somehow I "snapped out of it" quicker, apparently, than any other case they had ever had, and recovery was rapid.

One thing I want to mention here, for the benefit of a very large portion of my readers. It isn't often considered "nice" to talk about it, but constipation is called by some medical men "the mother of all diseases." A large percentage of people are plagued with it. For some two years I had been. Cathartics give only temporary relief. There isn't a cure in a car-load.

In the hospital I was forced to *fast*. Daily they gave me castor oil. UGH! I have never taken it since, but I can taste the nasty stuff yet! They fed me only

lemon juice, and occasionally buttermilk.

When I left the hospital the constipation was cured. Fasting, on raw fresh fruits (no bananas), will cure it, if you will keep it up long enough. I did not undervalue the blessing of being rid of this thing. I appreciated it *enough* to be SURE that I kept regular. I have never permitted that condition to return. *That fact alone is responsible for a large part* of whatever dynamic energy I have been able to give to God's great work! One of the 7 basic rules of SUCCESS is GOOD HEALTH! I hope this is enough said. You can't overestimate its importance.

In the hospital I was the favorite patient of practically all the nurses. Most of them were just a few years older than I—but not so much that we did not enjoy a great deal of conversation while I was convalescing. My room became a sort of social rendezvous for the nurses. Often there would be five or six of them in there at a time. I really *enjoyed* this rest in the hospital—the release from that frightening responsibility of trying

so desperately to keep up with a job in which I did not belong, getting ample rest and sleep at last.

But I have always believed in the admonition: "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy MIGHT*," even tho I didn't know it was in the Bible (Eccl. 9:10) until much later. I gave that job all I had. Now, in later life, there is some satisfaction in looking back on that.

The doctors told me I would have to return back north to protect my health. Thus, by forces outside my control, I was jerked out of this misfit detour job, and I had *learned*, now, the lesson for which I sacrificed \$2 a week the year before.

Arriving back in Des Moines, Iowa, I went this time to seek my uncle's advice. Now began my *real* advertising career. I think the story picks up in interest at this point.

How I "hired myself a job" on the one magazine where I could learn the most, and began to really "go places" will be described in the next installment.

Inside South America

(Continued from page 10)

the Pampa—the Argentine prairie. This broad, vast grassland stretches for hundreds of miles in all directions and is covered with grass and other pasturage. There were also fields of wheat, corn and similar products that one would find in Iowa, Illinois and other states in the American Middlewest. We could see cattle grazing here and there across the Pampa with a few ranch houses and other buildings now and then, although the whole area appeared empty because of the vastness of each farm or ranch.

Soon we landed at the Buenos Aires airport. Immediately after landing we could feel the effects of Italian and German influence in Argentina.

The airport building itself is a magnificent structure of three or four stories surrounded by well kept grounds with a swimming pool, a restaurant and a place to lounge while waiting for the planes. This is quite a contrast to the barn that was in Chile. We began to see that the customs officials were more efficient and

more courteous as we were processed through the same procedure that we had encountered in other of the Latin American countries.

It took us about an hour and a half to reach downtown and we checked into the Hotel Alvear, which is one of the nicer hotels, although it is not in the downtown section of Buenos Aires.

On Sunday, July 14 we were met by Mr. Wilson Sidwell, an American, who is a friend of some of the Pasadena brethren. Mr. Sidwell has been in Argentina for about 43 years and has helped develop some of the northern provinces of the country. He, at the present time, is adviser to the president of the company that processes the Argentine or Paraguayan tea called *yerba mate*.

Mr. Sidwell was able to give us a great deal of information about the Perón regime and the differences between the present provisional government and the one that Perón headed. He stated that under the Perón regime there was abso-