

the
PLAIN TRUTH
a magazine of understanding



**"It is our will that is being
tried"—President Johnson**

What our READERS SAY

Book?

"If Garner Ted ever puts his articles on evolution in book form, we certainly want a copy of it. We think it is one of the most important works ever to be written. It is especially important that school children read these articles to help them understand the truth. The lies they are told in school are contradicted better in these articles than most of the parents could do on their own."

A. R. McB.,
Sylvania, Georgia

No Purpose in Life

"I am a student at the University of Northern Iowa; and from the present state of the college, I can see a direct relationship, almost a reflection of the entire world situation. On the campus, one can find a small percentage of 'social drop-outs,' another small percentage of dedicated students, while the vast majority are lost in a maze of non-directional and non-purposeful lives."

J. N.,
Mason City, Iowa

Unyielding Atheist

"Please stop sending me your magazine. I am an unyielding atheist and nothing you say can change me. Everything you publish in your magazine is perhaps very beautiful, but from my point of view, in the twentieth century, it contains out-dated theories."

Reader,
Lausanne, Switzerland

• *We keep confusing people with the facts.*

The Right Approach

"I listen to your program every night; and at first, I must admit that it really frightened me. So, I decided that in order that I might not be frightened I should send for your books, and find out the truth. Because, I know now that only the truth can set me free of my fears and uncertainties."

Mrs. Billie J.,
Gary, Indiana

"The more I read about you, the more things become interesting. Your PLAIN TRUTH cannot find an equal, and the facts that you proclaim are facts indeed. Even though I cannot see eye-to-eye with some of your commentations on the scripture; yet, I'm willing to listen and learn as the scripture tells us to 'Prove all things, hold fast what is true.'"

Joseph V. W.,
Rutland, Massachusetts

• *That's the exact right approach.*

Broadcast

"Your program comes into my home and car just as often as I have time to listen to it. It is broadcast at midnight on weekdays and before church on Sundays. I am a policeman having to work very odd hours, and do not have the opportunity to hear your program when I would like. I especially enjoy the programs about juveniles, their morals, and delinquency. In my profession I see in fact what you discuss on your broadcasts. The people that do not believe what you say in regard to the rise in juvenile delinquency in this country are only kidding themselves. I know you are telling the facts, but it's a shame you cannot get the message over to all peoples."

Victor W.,
Woodbridge, Virginia

"I am a student at Hudson Valley Community College. I tuned in for the first time to WWVA on November 19 and again on the 26th. To my surprise, I found someone discussing the problems of our times with a logical, college-minded view. I hope you will continue to broadcast."

Glenn J.,
Albany, New York

• *So do we.*

"Since the 'World Tomorrow' was taken off the air in this country, I have been trying my hardest to beg the B.B.C. to include it in, at least, one of their many programmes, but, of course, it is

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Personal from the Editor

TODAY I am writing from the island of Barbados, in the British West Indies. It is one of the farthest south, and the farthest east of the West Indies in the Caribbean Sea, and not far from the north coast of South America. It is also not very far north of the equator.

On arriving at the airport here, it became quickly evident that just about everybody in Barbados listens to *The WORLD TOMORROW*. Someone at the airport terminal learned my name, and soon it seemed everywhere I looked, someone was pointing me out to others.

The instant I was shown to my room in the Hilton hotel, before there was opportunity to clean up or rest, a hotel official told me newspaper reporters were already outside my door, seeking an interview. Simultaneously, the telephone began to ring. The hotel telephone operator asked if I was free to receive calls — many radio listeners were clamoring to extend greetings. Someone said a local radio station had mentioned my arrival on a news broadcast.

My experience here has convinced me that there must be a special school for training newspaper reporters — and that the reporters here, like myself, had never heard of that school, because these reporters had not been trained in the art of misquoting one interviewed, twisting and distorting everything said. These reporters in their honest simplicity quoted me truthfully. But then, I found that they, too, had been listening to *The WORLD TOMORROW* for two or three years, and also subscribing to and reading *The PLAIN TRUTH*.

Before I describe what I think *must* be the nature of that school for newspaper reporters, let me explain how I came to find myself here so suddenly and unexpectedly.

Last Wednesday noon, at lunch in our faculty dining room on the Pasa-

dena campus, Mr. Dibar Apartian, professor of French and speaker on the French language *WORLD TOMORROW* program, mentioned that he was flying down, early the next morning, to Barbados. He is heard, in French, on radio stations in the West Indies, beside French-speaking eastern Canada, and France and other French-speaking regions in Europe. Having been in the West Indies three times before, in answer to many requests for personal counselling, he had also visited Barbados, an English-speaking island, and had baptized several here. This trip he was to meet with a number of these people in Barbados, beside visiting Martinique, just north of Barbados.

I had never been to the West Indies. I knew that we had radio listeners all over these islands. Instantly the thought came that it would be good for the Work if I visited this region, got to know something of the people here, their life, and what interest they might have in the Truth.

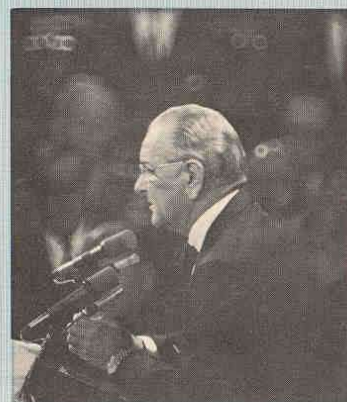
I decided to come along with him.

This visit has been an eye-opener. If we are to go *TO* the world with the very Message God sent by Jesus Christ, and which He has commissioned us to proclaim to ALL THE WORLD, as a witness to all nations, we need to know something *about* the people we are commissioned to reach. In a sense we are Christ's salesmen — "selling," *without* money or price, God's TRUTH about WHY they were born — about the PURPOSE God is working out here below *for them* — about their potential and God's gift of eternal life through Christ.

Many years ago, as a salesman of advertising space in magazines and newspapers, I learned that the very first need in successful salesmanship is to *know your prospective customer* — to know what he thinks, and why — how he lives — what is *his* attitude toward what you want to advertise.

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Dennis Brack — Blackstar

OUR COVER

In cover photo President Johnson, noticeably grayer, delivers State of the Union message under television lights to joint session of Senate and House of Representatives. Message was a catalogue of unfinished business and a recognition of the unhappy state of the nation. Outside, a very troubled world, about to explode in Asia, tests the will of the nation, not its strength.

Always I made surveys of customer-opinion, before writing ads to sell goods or services in print.

We have been preaching to these people down here *without knowing* what they are like, how they live, what they think and believe. It was important TO THE WORK that I familiarize myself with these facts, and this was the first opportunity I had had to come. So I came.

And I have learned MUCH that I hope will result in MUCH GOOD to these people — that will help us *to serve them better*.

It is like a strange new world. Somewhat like some of the south sea islands in the Pacific, only having had much more of the influence of British civilization.

The people here are mostly colored. Here the white people seem to be outnumbered about 10 or 20 to one. The newspaper reporters were colored. Most businesses appear to be run by colored people. But, unlike United States Negroes in the South, they have not known slavery. They have compulsory education. They are not illiterate. They have an attitude of self-respect, and I have seen no racial prejudices. They seem to be a happier people than those of many other countries.

A while ago — it was close to mid-afternoon, and I had skipped lunch — I went down to the outdoor snack bar for a sandwich. The waitress asked, "Are you Herbert Armstrong?"

"How did you know?" I asked.

She grinned. "I hear you on the radio, and I saw your picture on the front page of the newspaper this morning."

Almost immediately four or five men attendants at the snack bar were around me, asking all kinds of questions.

"I don't agree with everything you say," exclaimed one, "but I listen, because the program is interesting, and I like to hear all the *facts* you keep giving."

"You learn more about the world you live in, and world conditions, and what they mean?" I asked. "Yes, that's right," he answered.

That pretty well sums up what I find to be the *average* attitude. Nearly everyone here, it seems, listens. The

fact many, perhaps even most, do not AGREE with everything we say, only indicates that these people are a *thinking* people. But, also, the fact that several on this island have already *requested* a personal conference and baptism, and have been found ready for baptism, shows that these THINKING people, once they find what we say PROVED, are willing to accept truth, and turn from former ideas and beliefs, and ways of life, when proved erroneous and wrong.

Just at this point I was called to the telephone. The manager of one of the two local radio stations, Radio Barbados, was on the telephone. He asked for a telephone interview that he could put on the air in the news hour.

I said, above, that reporters were at the door of my hotel room before I could unpack traveling bags, wash and clean up, or sit down for a moment's rest. That was early evening, about sundown. Next morning, a feature writer and a photographer from one of the papers appeared for an interview and photographs. So, we were on the front page this morning.

But here is a remarkable thing, in my experience:

So far, both newspapers have honestly and faithfully reported what I said, without twisting and distorting it. I think it is about the first time in my experience this has happened. It made me think there must be a school for newspaper reporters that teaches most of them to misquote those interviewed, distort what is said, omit what the reporters don't like, about what *is* said, and add what is *not* said.

This idea comes from having heard Bob Newhart's comedy record, with the skit on "the Bus Drivers' School." The idea was that the drivers of city street buses, according to Newhart, could not possibly do things so badly unless there was a school to *teach* them how to do things that way.

In lessons simulating, and acting out actual situations, at the school, he had this little old Mrs. Silkirk running to catch the bus.

"Hold it, hold it!" he called to the bus driver, impersonating the instructor at the school. "You pulled away altogether too fast. Did you notice, she

gave up about the middle of the block. You want to always hold out the hope that she might catch it. But you must remember that some of these little old ladies run at half-speed, and if you're not careful they might suddenly put on a spurt, and before you could speed up and pull away, they might catch you and hop on. For homework tonight you are going to study on how to mispronounce the names of streets."

I have often wondered how newspaper reporters can misspell names, misquote those interviewed, omit important facts, put emphasis on others and manufacture things the person interviewed never said — UNLESS there is a school to teach them such things. In any event, these Barbados reporters must never have attended such a school. What they have reported so far has been honestly done — and I trust the feature story to appear in next Sunday's paper will be as accurate.

One thing has impressed me in Barbados. Even though three or four have told me they don't agree with everything we say on the WORLD TOMORROW, they not only keep listening, they THINK, they enjoy the program, and they are friendly.

One of the employes at the snack bar said *The WORLD TOMORROW* has made quite a change in the religious ideas people here hold. I think they realize we are always saying: "Don't believe ME, because *I* say it, but listen without prejudice, check up, search out the facts, and believe what is PROVED." That, it seems, is what these people do.

There has been so much interest here — so many have written to us requesting personal interviews, counselling and help, that we have sent here, to take up residence in Barbados, one of our ordained ministers, Mr. Clarence Bass. He is competent, well educated, having earned the M.A. degree. He also has done graduate studies at Ambassador College in Pasadena. His charming wife is a native of Jamaica, and will feel right at home here.

Mr. Bass will not call on or visit anyone unless requested to do so, but any of our Barbados readers who might

(Continued on page 47)

The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

In this installment, events leading to the providential acquisition of the second Ambassador College campus, in England.

INSTALLMENT 76

NOW WE COME to the year 1959. The office my son Dick had opened in London had expanded as far as it could expand. It then occupied the entire floor of an office building in downtown London.

However, the office building occupied but small ground area, and each floor consisted of only three office rooms, beside corridor and lift (elevator to Americans).

When Garner Ted and I boarded an SAS (Scandinavian Airline System) polar-flight DC-7 plane at Los Angeles International Airport, in early June, 1959, we had no idea whatsoever of establishing another liberal arts college campus in England. Our purpose was to find larger office quarters.

We did have in mind combining new and enlarged office space with an altogether different kind of college. We felt it might be advisable to open a small college for men only, of various races and nationalities. The idea of such a college was to make it primarily a college for training men either as ministers or religious service among various races and countries, as the broadcast and *The PLAIN TRUTH* developed need.

Now in Book Form

Actually, I was writing one or two of the earlier installments of the Autobiography on this very trip. What I am *now* writing about — events of 1959 — was occurring while I was writing earlier chapters.

And since the last installment was published, in the November, 1967 number, the first 30 installments of the Autobiography have been published in BOOK form, as Volume I. This first volume of the Book contains 510 pages. It is quite a healthy-sized book.

It contains the first 30 chapters which were written and published serially in *The PLAIN TRUTH* between August, 1957 and July 1960.

More than a hundred thousand of our readers have now received this first volume in book form. But *The PLAIN TRUTH* circulation has grown until some three million of you will be reading this issue of the magazine. And I think this is a good time to explain to the rest of you, who have *not* requested your free copy of the book, why it was written. This is covered much more explicitly, of course, in the book.

WHY should the story of my life be published? For years I felt it should not. But every month we receive many letters asking such questions as, "Who are you? Who, or what is back of you, supporting your work? What is your religion — what denomination? How did you get started? Were you ever a 'Jehovah's Witness' member, a Mormon, or Christian Scientist? How can you broadcast daily over hundreds of stations, around the world, publish so fine a magazine of more than a million copies, and never ask the public for contributions, or make any charge for anything?"

Well, for one thing, this first volume of the Autobiography answers all those much-asked questions. Apparently some persecutors think many are interested in hearing about my past life. A number, who do not know me or the facts, are willing to *SELL* you, *for a price*, their distorted, deliberately untrue version of it. One, who must think people want to know what I believe, has published a list of 20 things he claims I believe — and I do not believe a one of his 20!

I think that if I had lived in the

time of Jesus' earthly personal life and mission, and I had wanted to know about Him and what He believed and taught, I should not have gone to His enemies and persecutors, the Pharisees, Sadducees and scribes. I should have gone straight to Him. He said that if they persecuted Him, they would persecute us who He uses to preach His SAME GOSPEL. I preach *what He preached*, and His sayings about the persecution is surely true. I do not persecute *them*, nor do I answer them, nor dignify their slander and lies with retaliation.

But we have nothing to hide.

People by continuous thousands keep asking these questions — and that is *one* of the reasons I decided, in the summer of 1957, to write this Autobiography. It answers those questions. It lays bare my life, *truthfully*, and experiences exactly as they happened.

Paul Told Life Story

One reason I felt, for years, that I should *not* write it, was the feeling that God had called me to preach His Gospel, not to talk about myself. I have not departed from that basic position — but the Apostle Paul *also* was called to preach Christ's Gospel, and he twice related *his* life story. The first four Books of the New Testament record the life story of Jesus. Not *all* of it, perhaps, but those portions helpful to us, and vital in getting to us HIS GOSPEL. The Old Testament is GOD'S WORD, as well as the New, and it is replete with the life stories of many men.

So I saw that God Himself uses the life stories of individuals as a means of transmitting to us HIS GOSPEL MESSAGE, and often in a more *interesting* and practical manner.

And, finally, I had lived a most unusual and, I think, exciting life — especially in the early formative years; and even my own sons were not really familiar with those experiences. And I knew this written account of them would be helpful to my own sons.

Many hundreds of letters have come from subscribers of *The PLAIN TRUTH* saying that they not only have been tremendously interested in reading these experiences, but they have been HELPFUL, and instructive in GOD'S TRUTH, and the practical application of God's Word to *their* personal lives, by reading of my own personal trials, problems, and experiences.

May I be candid in saying frankly that I feel that other thousands of our readers also will find these recorded experiences not only live and interesting reading, but of real practical help and benefit to YOU! Our staff will gladly send, absolutely gratis and postpaid, to any of our readers who wish to request it, a copy of this 510-page book, so you can begin at the beginning.

Volume I — in Brief

I might mention here, briefly, that it not only records the facts of my birth — the place, date, etc. — but a number of early boyhood experiences, beginning age 3. It explains how I swore off chewing tobacco at age 5 — an incident that is humorous now, but was not so funny then. And another painful experience — getting spanked at age 6 in school! It tells what, at age 5, I had decided I was going to be when I grew up; my first "girl friend" at 6; building a tree house, and being sent on a hunt to buy "pigeon-milk" at 8. Then, at 8½, the agony of being forcibly kept awake until midnight, at church, watching the old century out, and the new 20th century in. Of seeing President McKinley (and, later, Theodore Roosevelt, Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson and others). Of eating President Theodore Roosevelt's "opossum dinner," and forthwith swearing off of eating opossum; of learning to swim by being thrown by larger boys into water over my head and hands, and told I had to swim or sink. I swam!

Then, early religious training — what and where it was; how and when the

spark of ambition was ignited; of being appointed a country school teacher at age 17; of deciding on a life profession, after a course of self-analysis at 18. Then, formative influences, what kind of education I had, unusual and exciting early business experiences; my experiences in dating girls, how I met my wife, and intimate facts of our romance and marriage — which marriage was to last, happily, fifty years lacking only 3½ months. Of World War I personal experiences, complicating marriage plans, and how the problem was solved. Then our first child, the flash depression of 1920, college competition, launching a new business; what church my wife and I joined; and finally, how I was angered into intensively studying the Bible for the first time in my life, and the shocking facts I discovered. The story of my struggle with the living Christ, my conversion, learning whether God really answers prayers, efforts to convert relatives, and finally my first "sermon." Then we come to the birth of Garner Ted — how he was dumb, unable to talk, and WHY you and millions hear him today.

Then experiences which were a prelude to the ministry; becoming ordained; and early evangelistic campaigns and exciting experiences. Then the real beginning of the present worldwide, fast-expanding Work — how *The WORLD TOMORROW* came to be on the air — the unusual facts of the starting of *The PLAIN TRUTH*.

All that is contained in this one book — VOLUME I of the Autobiography. Of course we never charge for *anything*. It's FREE — GRATIS, and we even pay the postage. Does that sound "suspicious"? I suppose some would ask, sneeringly, "Yeah, but what are YOU going to get out of it, and how?" In this "GETTING" world I suppose most people cannot conceive of anyone wanting to GIVE instead of get. Jesus said the GIVING way is more blessed, but not many seem to believe Him.

Well, strange as it may seem, I do — and you'll find the detailed account in this book of how and why I quit looking to MEN for financing GOD'S WORK, and found I could actually RELY ON GOD for it. Of course God uses human Co-Workers — but we never ask, beg,

nor even INVITE anyone to *become* one of this small but growing family of Co-Workers with the living Christ. One reason we are pleased to offer this volume is that it lays bare all these remarkable, almost unbelievable FACTS about this Work — facts that are not understandable to our persecutors who misrepresent those facts. It is GOD'S WAY, and I wish all who profess to be Christ's ministers would follow His WAYS!

First Ship Radio Station

But back, now, to that polar flight on an SAS DC7, in early June, 1959. That was prior to the introduction of JET planes in regular commercial service.

We arrived in Copenhagen about 3 o'clock in the morning. It was already becoming daylight — because Copenhagen is far north where the days are *very* long in summer and *very short* in winter.

There was some mix-up in our hotel reservations. I think we were to go to one hotel, and learn there what hotel our travel agent had booked for us. Anyway, I remember that after an hour or two waiting in the lobby of the hotel to which our taxi first took us, we transferred to another hotel several blocks away.

This was our first visit to one of the Scandinavian countries. We took this flight, stopping first at Copenhagen, because we wanted to contact the first radio station that we had heard of operating offshore from a ship. The offices of this station were in Copenhagen. Also, we wanted the thrill of a polar flight, and, as I remember, only this SAS flight from Los Angeles to Copenhagen was then operative as a polar flight. Flying on the pre-jet prop plane, it was much slower than today's jets.

I was not able to contact the manager of the station, who was out of town. However, I did contact him later by telephone. Nothing definite came of it at the time, but it did open to our investigation the idea of broadcasting from offshore ship stations, to countries where no radio time can be purchased or used by *The WORLD TOMORROW*.

We enjoyed a day in Copenhagen, and then flew on to Cologne, Germany. We carried with us a portable Ampex

tape recorder. In fact it was the first of the Ampex 600 models — I believe ours was the #1 set from the factory. This was the first portable tape recorder that was of professional broadcast quality, so that programs recorded on it would be acceptable for broadcast by the largest, most discriminating radio stations.

At Cologne, in our hotel room, I recorded a program, which I wanted to do from inside Germany, while Ted handled the controls.

German Enthusiasm for Work

We were much impressed by the phenomenal progress the Germans had made since our last visit, in recovering from the war. Now factories and downtown business blocks and stores and offices not only had been rebuilt, and residence apartments constructed, but we noticed a much finer, more expensive quality of merchandise displayed in store windows.

Cologne suffered one of the worst beatings by allied bombing of any city — 80% to 90% destroyed. In all their cities, the Germans rebuilt first their factories and industrial and production facilities. People lived in temporary shacks or small temporary houses. They kept them neat, planted roses, flowers, shrubs for beauty outside working hours. Stores operated, at first, from bombed-out wreckage or any temporary kind of quarters.

Production came first, not fine living. In 1956 and 1958 I was awakened frequently in hotel rooms by Germans walking briskly to work about 5 or 5:30 A.M., yodelling or singing lustily. While the English, supposedly the conquerors of the second World War, lolled around, came to tea and took an occasional lazy work-break, the Germans worked with enthusiasm, vigor, and PURPOSE.

Today the whole world sees the RESULT. I talk a good deal about CAUSE and EFFECT. Every condition is the RESULT of a CAUSE. If Britain has gone down economically, no longer a world power, virtually bankrupt today, there has been a CAUSE. The English, in their proud and stubborn attitude, have refused to acknowledge the CAUSE they were producing. Now they are down, and, as an important nation in the

world, OUT! They have toppled the bars of moral restraint. They have gone in for laziness, indolence, gambling, and haughty, stubborn indifference. They are beginning now to *really* reap what they have been sowing!

The British have *written* a lesson they still refuse to learn or admit.

But, every visit we made to Germany, we noticed the CAUSE of a dynamic economic upsurge — hard work, industry, vigor, PURPOSE. They have purposed to *come back*. They are once again beginning to shout: "Deutschland über alles!"

Office Hunting in London

From Cologne Garner Ted and I flew on over to London. There, Raymond McNair, in charge of the Work in Britain and Europe, and Ernest Martin, Business Manager of our London office, had been searching for a larger, more suitable office space prior to our arrival, hoping to have a few desirable selections for our decision. This time we wanted office space in a building where additional office rooms could be leased as our needs expanded.

But up to that point their efforts had not been very rewarding. Most of those they had inspected were not suitable, or worth showing to us. They did have three or four, one of which they termed "the least of the evils." After looking them over, we agreed with their appraisal.

One we inspected was a three-story, old, badly maintained apartment building. We supposed it *could* be used for the kind of small college we had in mind — for a small number — perhaps not over 35 — men of different races. They could live in the apartment rooms, mostly very small, and the one or two lounge rooms might be enlarged by tearing out a few partitions and doing a remodeling job. These might be used as offices and classrooms. But the place was of third-rate quality, old, ill-kept — *and*, the PRICE was too high.

It was very discouraging.

Lastly, they showed us "the least of the evils." It had once been a mansion, or home of very good quality, three stories, and a block and a half north of Regents Park. It was fairly close to the downtown business section. The location was good. It occupied a lot of

about 75 or 85 feet width. But it, too, had been neglected, poorly maintained. Of course we knew we could give it a going-over. It could provide sufficient office space, and perhaps we *could* use it for our small, limited-size college of the type we then had in mind.

And Then — Out of the Blue!

We had spent two or three days looking. Mr. McNair and Mr. Martin had spent several days looking prior to our arrival. It began to seem like we were going to have to settle for this "least of the evils." It could be bought, and on terms we could handle. But we were not a bit happy over the idea.

Mr. McNair had entered Ambassador College in October, 1948, in the second year of its existence. He had always been a steady, balanced, persistent plugger — never quitting — never giving up. He didn't give up, now. He continued to telephone estate agents.

Then, suddenly one of these agents suggested something he didn't suppose we would be interested in — but he ventured to suggest it; a place just outside Greater London, north by northwest, in the Green Belt. It was a fairly large house, larger than the "least of the evils." It had a few acres of grounds.

"Could you handle the office work from a location that far out?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mr. McNair, "I think we could if the place were otherwise satisfactory."

"Why don't we go out and have a look at it yet this evening?" I suggested. Mr. McNair had made plans to meet with a group of people that evening in London for a Bible Study.

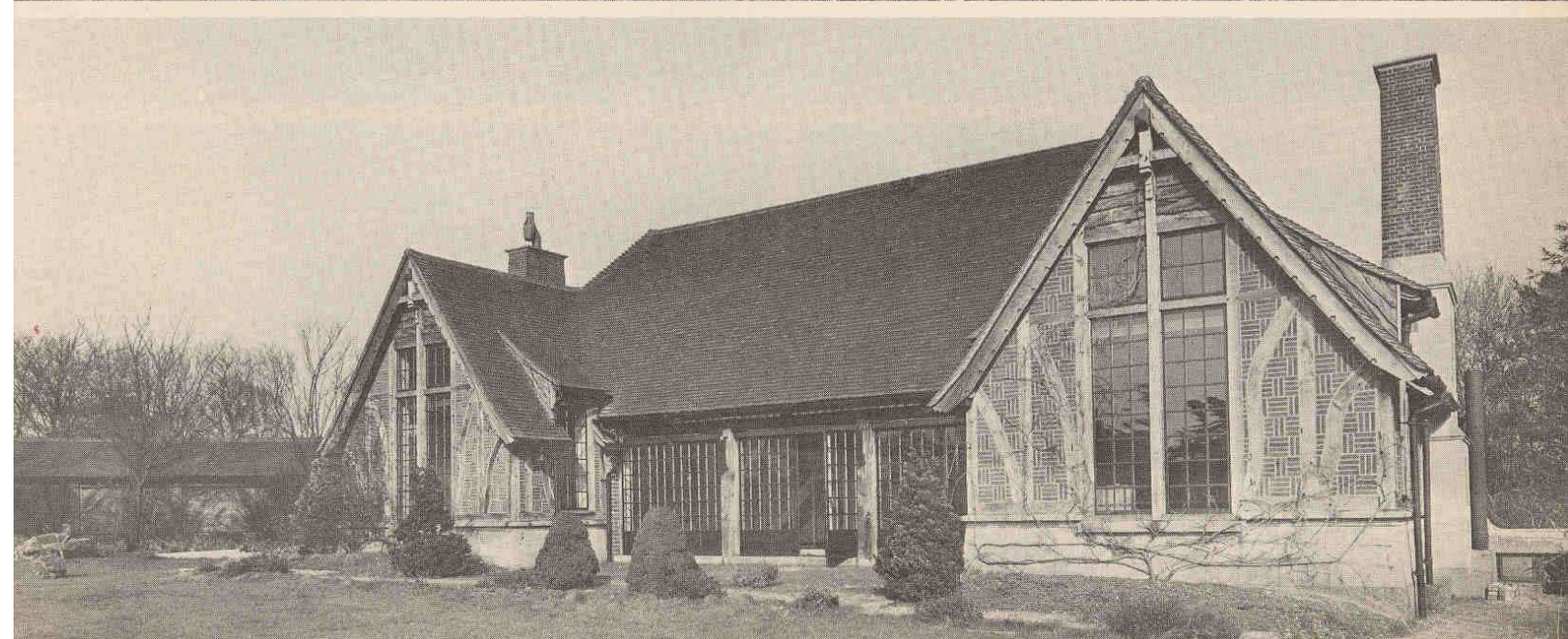
"Why don't we have Ted take this Bible study tonight, and you and I drive on out there?" I suggested.

It was arranged.

Finally, after we had gotten completely out of London, we had to drive down a lane, and then a still narrower winding, twisting lane. It didn't raise

Top photo shows Memorial Hall, main classroom building, as it looked in 1960 when Ambassador College, Bricket Wood, England, was founded.

Below, the Music Hall, a later purchase, as it appeared that same year.



our anticipations. But then, we were getting used to disappointments.

Finally we turned in to the place. There was a sign, "Hanstead House." I don't know why, but that name sounded very unattractive to me.

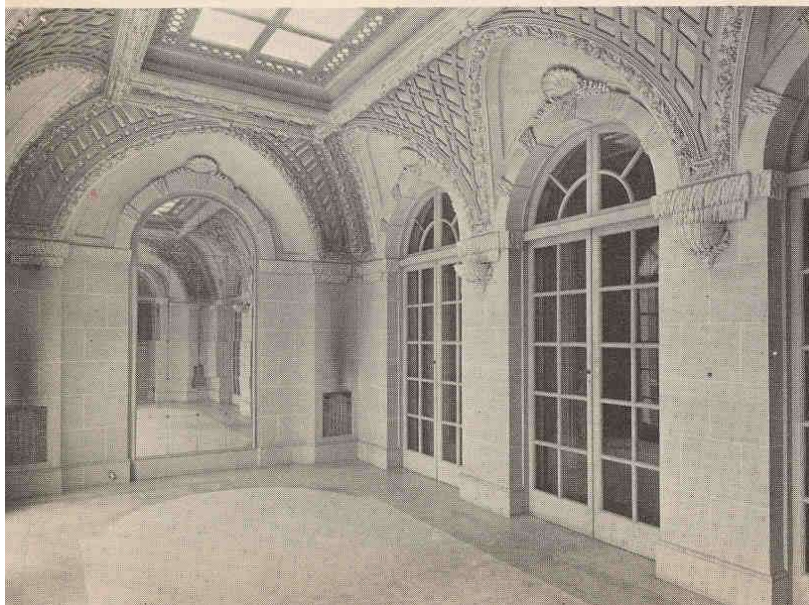
Then suddenly we came to the iron gates in front of the mansion. It was like turning suddenly from the back-alleys of discouragement and dilapidated disappointments into a million-

aire's beautiful mansion and grounds!

This place, too, had been neglected for two years. Weeds were hip-high. But the house looked proud and majestic. We could not see in very well — it was almost dark — but what we could see appeared to be in reasonably good condition inside. The building was of stone and stucco. It had a very attractive and fairly impressive en-

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Top photo, side view of Memorial Hall as it appeared in 1960. Bottom left, ornate entrance vestibule leading to the Grand Hall in Memorial Hall. Bottom right, a 1960 view of Grand Hall and stairs leading to classrooms on second level.



expected them to cheer, but they didn't. He glared disdainfully at them, but his expression changed when he saw Jeroboam moving toward the platform. Many men of high rank were pressing in behind him. None of them looked either pleased or friendly.

(To be continued next issue)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 8)

trance. There was, on the south side, what appeared to have been an expanse of lawn — now high in weeds. But on either side of that weed-grown lawn were rows of the most beautiful and stately Cedars of Lebanon we had ever seen.

We were a little excited. *This* began to look promising!

"I want to see the inside of this mansion," I said to Mr. McNair. "Can you arrange for us to come back tomorrow morning, with the agent, to let us inside?"

"We'll stop by his home on the way back to the hotel and try to arrange it," he responded. It was arranged for

New International Lounge on Bricket Wood campus of Ambassador College provides colorful setting in which students from around the world become acquainted with each other.



complete inspection at 10 next morning.

This time Garner Ted and Mr. Martin went along. And we planned to arrive at 9:30, to go carefully over the grounds and talk it over privately among ourselves before the agent arrived.

When we arrived, in full daylight, all four of us were tremendously impressed. We began walking around. I noticed three large urns in what appeared to have been a garden in front of the front entrance — one a very large and costly urn. Then we discovered that there was an aviary. We discovered a little brook running down what appeared to have been a very fine and costly garden. At least I noticed, among the weeds, several plants I knew to be very fine and expensive shrubs.

The young men began to shout.

Almost in unison, we all exclaimed, "This is PROVIDENTIAL! This means God wants another full LIBERAL ARTS co-ed college in England, just like the one in Pasadena!" It was like a sudden realization — a KNOWING — a recognizing of the divine guidance and intervening to show us His will!

The other fellows were shouting for joy.

"Hey, pipe down!" I said. "Not so loud! If that estate agent arrives and hears you fellows, the price will double! Besides, we haven't bought it yet, and we don't know whether we can!"

There was not really any doubt in our minds, though. It was like recognizing a revelation straight from God. We KNEW this meant we were to establish a college in England. NOT the kind of college we had in mind. The kind we now recognized GOD had in mind.

This may seem preposterous to some readers, I know. But we are engaged in God's Work. We have learned how God works. It was like God had flashed a message straight from heaven like a sudden bolt of lightning.

Here was a college campus, already there! We knew that, for this purpose, we would need additional buildings, for Administration offices, for dormitories, perhaps for additional class and lecture rooms. We knew, too, that in

the Green Belt it would be almost impossible to obtain a building permit to erect additional new buildings.

But on this place we noticed there were quite a number of very superb horse stables, cow barns, and even a building for an electric generating plant. We felt sure we could obtain a permit to REMODEL those *existing* buildings suitable for our usage.

Of course we knew there were many problems to hurdle. We had, first, to see whether the county authorities would grant us a change of occupancy permit to operate a college at that location. And there was the rather BIG matter of negotiating for the purchase — and whether we would be able.

When we inspected the inside we saw that this Hanstead House, as it was then named, was a very ornate building of fine quality — comparable in quality and size to Ambassador Hall on our Pasadena Campus. Ambassador Hall is the former Hulett C. Merritt mansion and estate, the most fabulous place in Pasadena. Yet it had come to us at a price less than it would cost to erect the iron fence along the South Orange Grove Boulevard frontage of it! Ambassador Hall had come to us virtually as a gift. When we saw the ornate interior of Hanstead House, we began to have misgivings. Perhaps we would find the price completely beyond our reach.

Beside, the estate agent's office had intimated that TWA was considering the purchase of the property to be used as a school for stewardesses.

We also had noticed that there was an informal English sunken garden on the east side of the mansion, and there were four large greenhouses.

We *didn't* know, then, that there was such a beautiful formal garden on the west front, the most magnificent rose garden we had ever seen, and the very exotic Japanese garden through which the little brook ran — these were so thickly covered with weeds we did not discover them.

How this mansion, with these outstanding gardens, the aviary, greenhouses, Cedars of Lebanon, all finally came to us for £8,000 (\$22,800) — the not uncommon price of a five- or six-

room cottage on a 40- or 50-foot lot in America, — and *that* on terms that gave us several years to pay, will be explained in the next installment.

Pride of U.S. Power

(Continued from page 3)

The most obvious outcome of all this is: The Communists have a *will* to win. America does not. The Reds are on the offensive. They are pushing and driving toward definite goals. Communist suicide squads are willing to sacrifice their lives to achieve key objectives. The U. S. is fighting a halfway war, with total victory not even intended. Seeing this, the Communists — whether in Vietnam or Korea — simply no longer fear the United States will fully use its immense military might.

Power — But No Pride

In his State of the Union Message, President Johnson analyzed the problem correctly when he said: "It is our will that is being tried and not our strength."

NATIONAL PRIDE AND PRESTIGE IS AT STAKE! Yet, recently, one presidential hopeful stated most emphatically that America's prestige was *not* at stake in the *Pueblo* incident. Nothing could be further from the truth!

Other top congressional "leaders" have tried to play down the seriousness of the Asian situation. One shamefully suggested the U. S. give a false admission that the *Pueblo* was seized in North Korean waters, rather than resort to force to regain the pirated ship and its crew. Another leading senator again asked the U. S. to seek an "honorable compromise" in Vietnam, rather than victory.

Where is America's pride of power? It has *vanished* — just as Bible prophecy said it would!

Look at Leviticus 26:19. This prophecy applies to America at this end time in history: "And I will break the PRIDE of your power."

The U. S. still possesses immense power — but is afraid to use it. God has stripped away from us the PRIDE in that power. Without pride, without direction, without will, military power — however great — is useless. America has won its last war!

you will then begin to *question* the ways of the crowd. You will want to first ascertain *what God's will* is concerning these ways of life!

THAT IS THE DEFINITION OF A CHRISTIAN!

A Christian is a person who LIVES BY EVERY WORD OF GOD!

"Man shall not *live* by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Mat. 4:4). So said your Saviour! But are most professing Christians really LIVING by every WORD of God?

Not so! *Most professing Christians do not even know a small portion of what the Word of God says!* It is because they don't STUDY the Bible, and begin to *drink in* the Word of God that they gullibly swallow and accept whatever others say and believe!

What It Means To You

A Christian, then, is CONQUERED by God. His carnal will is *broken!* He realizes he has SINNED! Sin is any action that is contrary to the LAWS of God (I John 3:4). He then CRIES OUT to God and asks for *forgiveness* for those sins, and a *lifting* of the death penalty, which every sin brings (Rom. 6:23). He accepts God's promise of forgiveness, *on faith*, by accepting the sacrifice of *Christ*, accepting Jesus' death *in place* of his own. The Christian then takes the ordinance of *baptism* which shows God *he really means it*.

He expects God to stand back of His promise to give him the Holy Spirit, as a result of the REPENTANCE and the baptism which God demands.

THEN — AND NEVER UNTIL THEN — WILL YOU BECOME A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

Finally, you will begin to *practice* as a HABIT, the very life of Christ. "He that saith, 'I know him,' and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him" (I John 2:4). "He that saith he abideth in him [*is a Christian*] ought himself also so to walk [*LIVE*], even as HE [*Christ*] walked" (I John 2:6).

The true Christian, who has REALLY repented, will LIVE as Christ lived! He will keep the LAWS of God, being obedient to God in every way, and be-

coming recipient of the great HAPPINESS and tremendous BLESSINGS that come with that obedience!

"For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, *leaving us an example*, that ye should *follow his steps*" (I Pet. 2:21).

CHECK UP on yourself!

Study these scriptures *in your own Bible*. Many of you THINK you are already "saved" and that you are already good Christians! *But* "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" (I Cor. 10:12).

Remember, to "*examine* yourselves, *whether* ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is IN you, except ye be reprobates?" (II Cor. 13:5.)

Serve Christ — OBEY Christ — LIVE as Christ lived, FOLLOW Christ, IMITATE CHRIST!

THAT IS WHAT IT MEANS to give yourself to Him!

Personal from the Editor

(Continued from page 2)

desire to meet Mr. Bass may contact him by writing the Pasadena Headquarters for his address.

Fort-de-France, Martinique:

It is now Monday afternoon. This morning, early, we left Barbados and flew on a short distance north to the picturesque island of Martinique. There is one noticeable difference here. The people on this island speak French. Most do not speak a word of English.

Here, it is Mr. Dibar Apartian who is well known. He is the voice of *The World Tomorrow* in French. He is heard Monday through Friday on the station most listened to in Martinique. A number whom he had baptized on previous visits here met us at the airport. Whereas Barbados was more or less flat, I find Martinique hilly and even, in parts, semi-mountainous.

Mr. Apartian is to speak here tonight. Even though very few understand English (and I do not speak

French), he wants me to speak briefly, and he will translate for them as I go along.

Wherever I find people converted — having been baptized by our ministers — their lives changed — having received God's Holy Spirit — they are all alike in spirit and attitude. They are warm, friendly, happy, their faces illuminated and in smiles. It's the same all over the world, regardless of climate, country or race.

It makes me realize one thing about the various cultures one finds in different parts of the world. Americans traveling in England notice a different culture — a different spirit and attitude — even though basically the British and Americans are the same people, from the same stock.

One even notices this difference in different parts of the United States — New England, Deep South, Middle West and West Coast. Travel through Germany and you notice a still different culture. France is not like any of the others. Spain has a culture all its own, and so does Italy. The same is true in Switzerland, and, somehow nearly everyone likes the Swiss. Go to the Arab countries in the Middle East, and you find a totally different culture. Also in Russia, in China, in Japan, in Australia. Canada is different than the United States.

BUT — one astonishing thing I have noticed: wherever you go, regardless of nation or race or part of the world, wherever you find GOD's people — those who have really repented, surrendered to GOD and His authority, *really* received Christ into their lives, and received God's gift of His Holy Spirit — these people are ALL ALIKE — all of the SAME CULTURE — all of the same happy, beaming, spirit. I know those who are Chinese, Russian, British, South African (and Afrikaners), German, French, Mexican — white, black, yellow — all are of one culture, one MIND, one LOVE, one HAPPINESS!

How do you explain it?

I know how, and I hope you do!

It is the same here in Martinique as in Barbados — as on the Ambassador campuses in Pasadena, Texas and England. It is mighty REWARDING!