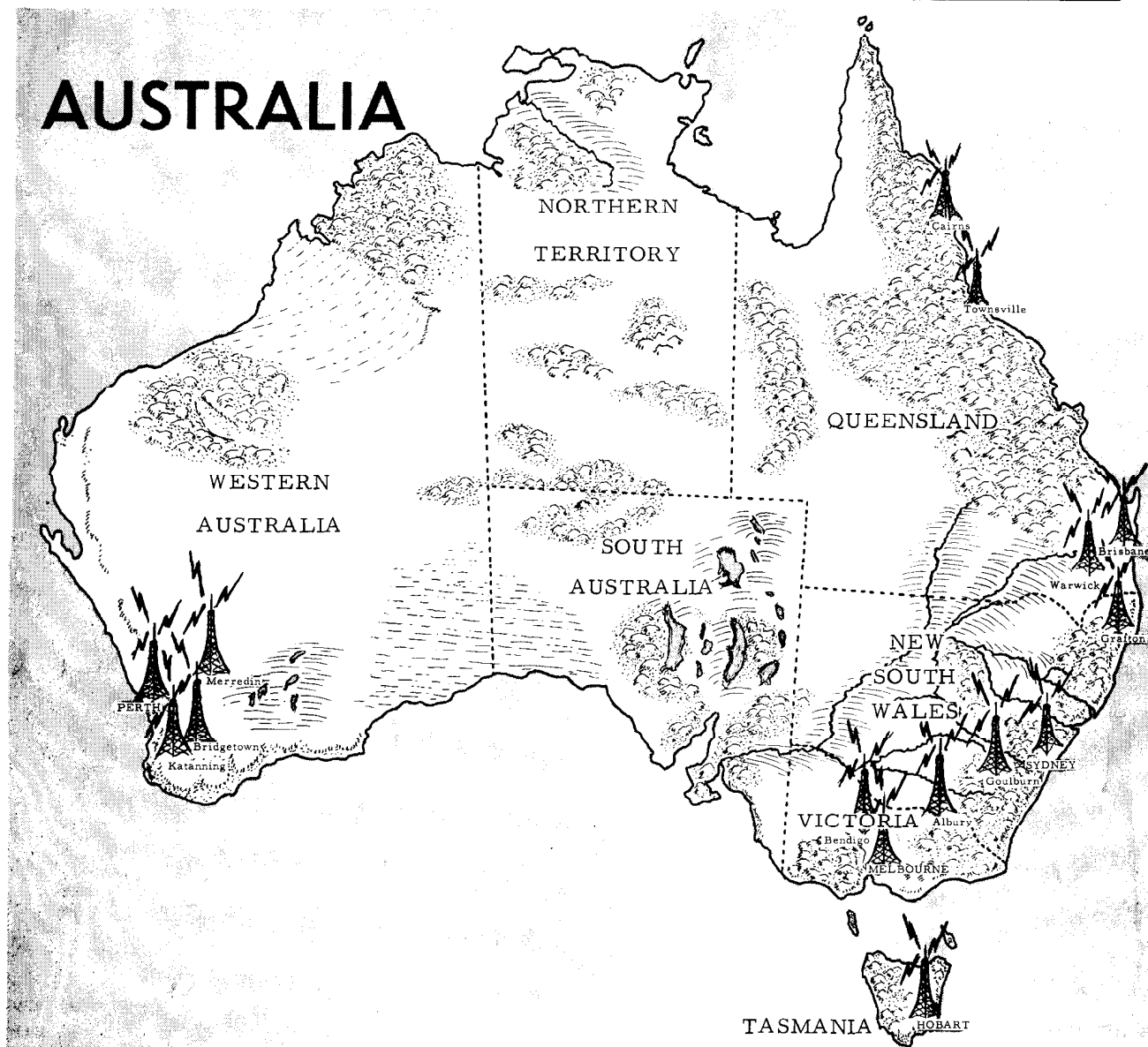


*the*  
**PLAIN TRUTH**  
*a magazine of understanding*

VOLUME XXV, NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1960



The WORLD TOMORROW broadcast circles Australia with daily programs. Here you see where stations carrying the broadcast are located. Australians are eager to hear the truth about world conditions.

# The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

*The 24th installment brings us to early evangelistic campaigns in northern and eastern Oregon, and getting sidetracked back into the newspaper business.*

**M**Y FIRST full-length evangelistic campaign with Elder Robert L. Taylor in Eugene, Oregon, came to its almost fruitless end. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Fisher, who lived ten miles west of Eugene, were the only ones added to the church by this campaign. And they had been brought in by a private Bible study in my room—not in a preaching service.

Mr. Taylor had induced the Oregon Conference members to build a church building in Eugene. He felt sure he could build up a good congregation there.

It turned out that Mr. Taylor had, for some little time previous to our campaign, been in the retail lumber business in Eugene. He had apparently failed, and salvaged out of it only a small amount of lumber. This lumber, although not enough to build it, was put into the new little church building. The money for the remaining lumber, and all other expenses, was contributed by the church members. The members purchased a 50-foot lot just outside city limits on West 8th Street.

However, because of the lumber he donated, Mr. Taylor managed to have the entire property deeded in his name personally. Before leaving Eugene I attended one service in the new church building. It was entirely unfinished. The siding had not been put on the outside. Slabs of plaster wall-board had been nailed up on inside walls, but the cracks had not been filled in, nor had it been painted. Folding chairs were brought in for seats. A small speaker's stand substituted for a pulpit. Actually, that was as far as Mr. Taylor was to proceed in finishing the church.

## The St. Helens "Campaign"

About the time our Eugene campaign closed, one of the younger ministers of the Church of God, Roy Dailey, had returned to Oregon from Stanberry, Mis-

souri, or points in the Middle West. He had been immediately put on the Oregon Conference payroll, at the same compensation as Mr. Taylor and I—\$20 per week.

The officers of the Conference decided to team me up with Mr. Dailey, since Mr. Taylor was staying on in Eugene to try to build up a congregation for the new church building, still to be completed.

We were assigned to go to St. Helens, Oregon, 25 miles north of Portland, on the west bank of the Columbia river. In West St. Helens, sometimes called "Houlton," lived a very zealous member of the church, Mrs. Mary Tompkins. She was filled with zeal and a spirit of love—although we were to learn that she had more love and zeal than wisdom. Mary Tompkins was a "worker." She "witnessed for Christ" in a most active way. She had for a long time pleaded with the conference to send evangelists for a campaign in St. Helens. She assured them there was a tremendous "interest" there. So the Conference sent us.

Arriving in St. Helens, we first sought out a hall for meetings, we rented a second-floor hall. I do not remember whether it was the old K.P. Hall or the old Masonic Hall. Whichever lodge, it had built a new one. However this old hall was reasonably attractive, and appeared quite desirable.

Next we went directly to the newspaper and placed a half-page advertisement, ordering a few thousand reprints to be distributed as circulars.

Then while we awaited the first Sunday night service, I spent some three or four days going from house to house, inviting people personally to come, and leaving a circular. I was surprised at two things. Practically everybody I invited, except those Mary Tompkins had talked to, promised to attend. Elder Dailey and I saw visions of having to hang out the

SRO (Standing Room Only) sign. But I was even more surprised to find, at the many homes where Mrs. Tompkins had visited, that the people were hostile, and regarded this dear, well-meaning lady as a pest.

Sunday night came. But the expected crowds did not! To our utter dismay, not a soul showed up!

We couldn't understand it. On Monday, I went to the newspaper office to see if they had an explanation. They had.

"Of course nobody came," the man grinned. "That hall has been condemned as a fire-trap. Everybody knew that but you."

"And you took our half-page ad, and our money—and also our money for all those reprints, and didn't tell us a word!" I exploded.

He only grinned.

I felt he really *needed* some of our fiery gospel preaching!

But we didn't give up immediately. We returned to the hall on Monday night. One couple came. I then heard something I had never heard before in my life. Mr. Dailey mounted the platform, walked behind the pulpit, and preached an entire sermon. And I mean "preached"! His style had a bit of the old "preachy-tone"—and he preached, full volume, just as if the hall were packed with people. And to only two people! That was a new experience for me!

"Well, we know now," Mr. Dailey said as we went back to our room after this 'meeting,' "that we are not going to have a crowd here. But I know a place where we *can* draw a crowd—over in Umapine. It's in eastern Oregon, near Walla Walla, Washington. I have visited one of our members there, Bennie Preston. We can stay at his house and save room rent, and we can draw enough people there to make it worth while."

Next morning, early, he started out in

his car for Jefferson, Oregon, to get permission from the Conference Board for this switch to Umapine, and a little additional expense money.

On Tuesday night, left in St. Helens alone, I went again to the hall. Two couples of young people came. I did not

preach. Instead I sat down with them and had an informal Bible study, letting them ask questions, and answering them.

On our long trek in Mr. Dailey's car over to Umapine, we exchanged views on a lot of things. I was especially puzzled over the matter of church organiza-

tion. Not yet having come to see and understand the plain and clear Bible teaching, I had gone along with the Oregon Conference in its idea of government by the lay members. In the Conference the governing board was composed solely of lay members. They

# RADIO LOG

"The WORLD TOMORROW"

## TO THE U.S. & CANADA

WABC—New York—770 on dial—9:30 a.m., Sun., E.S.T.; 11:30 p.m., Mon. thru Sat.  
 WNTA—Newark, N.J.—970 on dial—9:00 a.m. Sun.—7:00 p.m. Mon. thru Fri.—9:00 p.m. Sat.  
 WLS—Chicago—890 on dial—1:00 p.m. & 8:30 p.m. Sun.; 10:00 p.m., Mon. thru Fri.  
 WWVA—Wheeling, W. Va.—1170 on dial—10:30 a.m.; 11:15 p.m., Sun., E.S.T. 10:00 p.m., Mon. thru Fri.  
 WSM—Nashville, Tenn.—650 on dial—12 midnight Mon. thru Fri.; 8:30 p.m. and 1:00 a.m., Sun., C.S.T.  
 WLAC—Nashville, Tenn.—1510 on dial—7:00 p.m., daily; 5:00 a.m. Mon. thru Sat., C.S.T.—10:30 a.m. Sun.  
 WMIE—Miami, Fla.—1140 on dial—8:30 a.m. Sun.; 11:00 a.m. Mon. thru Sat.  
 WGBS—Miami, Fla.—710 on dial—10:30 a.m. Sun.  
 WCKY—Cincinnati, Ohio—1530 on dial—5:30 a.m., Mon. thru Sat., E.S.T.  
 CKLW—Windsor, Ontario—800 on dial—7:00 p.m. Sundays.  
 WJBK—Detroit, Mich.—1500 on dial—9:30 a.m., Sun.  
 KLZ—Denver, Colo.—560 on dial—10:45 p.m. Sun. thru Fri.; 9:30 a.m., Sat.  
 XELO—800 on dial—every night, 8:00 p.m., M.S.T., 9:00 p.m. C.S.T.  
 XEG—1050 on dial—every night, 8:30 p.m. C.S.T.  
 WCAE—Pittsburgh, Pa.—1250 on dial—6:30 p.m. Sundays.  
 WPIT—Pittsburgh, Pa.—730 on dial—3:30 p.m., Mon. thru Sat.  
 KOMA—Tulsa, Okla.—1300 on dial—9:00 p.m., Sunday; 6:30 a.m., Mon. thru Sat.  
 KBYE—Okla. City, Okla.—890 on dial—10:30 a.m., Sun.; 12:30 p.m., Mon. thru Sat.  
 WFAA—Dallas, Tex.—570 on dial—6:00 a.m. Mon. thru Sat. At 820 on dial—9:30 a.m. & 8:30 p.m. Sun.  
 KGBX—Springfield, Mo.—1260 on dial—10:30 a.m. Sunday; 6:15 a.m. Mon. thru Sat.  
 WEW—St. Louis, Mo.—770 on dial—1:00 p.m., Sun.—12:30 p.m. Mon. thru Sat.

WKYB—Paducah, Ky.—570 on dial—12:00 noon, Sun. thru Sat.  
 WKYR—Keyser, W. Va.—1270 on dial—5:30 a.m., daily.  
 KCPX—Salt Lake City, Utah—1320 on dial—7:00 p.m. nightly.  
 KIDO—Boise, Idaho—630 on dial—9:05 p.m., daily.  
 KFYR—Bismarck, N. Dak.—550 on dial—7:00 p.m. every night.  
 WNAX—Yankton, S. Dak.—570 on dial—8:00 p.m. nightly.

## HEARD ON PACIFIC COAST

KGO—San Francisco—810 on dial—9:30 p.m. Mon. thru Sat.—10:00 p.m. Sun.  
 KABC—Los Angeles—790 on dial—9:30 p.m., Sun.; 7:25 p.m., Mon. thru Fri.; 8:00 p.m., Sat.  
 KRKD—Los Angeles—1150 on dial—6:30 p.m., daily.  
 KBLA—Burbank—1490 on dial—7:30 a.m. & 12:30 p.m. daily.  
 XERB—1090 on dial—7:00 p.m. every night.  
 XEMO—San Diego, Cal.—860 on dial—7:30 a.m. daily.  
 KARM—Fresno—1430 on dial—6:30 p.m. daily.  
 KNBX—Seattle—1050 on dial—3:30 p.m., Sundays; 12:00 noon, Mon. thru Sat.  
 KWJJ—Portland—1080 on dial—10:00 p.m., Sundays; 9:00 p.m., Mon. thru Sat.  
 KUGN—Eugene—590 on dial—7:00 p.m. Sun. thru Fri.

## TO EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA

RADIO LUXEMBOURG—208 metres. Mondays and Tuesdays: 23:30 G.S.T. (in English). Sun., 6:05 M.E.T. (in German).  
 RADIO MONTE CARLO—1466 kc.; 6035 kc. and 7140 kc.; 6:05 a.m. M.E.T. Sat. (in Russian) and Fri. (in English).  
 RADIO TANGIER INTERNATIONAL—1232 kc. & S. W. Saturdays 16:30 G.S.T. Sundays 10:45 G.S.T. (in Spanish).

## TO SOUTH AFRICA

RADIO LOURENCO MARQUES, MOZAMBIQUE—10:00 p.m., Saturdays; 10:30 p.m., Mondays and Tuesdays.  
 RADIO ELIZABETHVILLE (Belgian Congo)—OQ2AD—7150 kc., 9:30 p.m. Fridays.  
 SIERRE LEONE BROADCASTING SERVICE—Sun. and Tues.

## TO ASIA

RADIO GOA—60 metre band, 9:30 p.m. Mon.; 9:00 p.m. Fri.  
 RADIO BANGKOK—HSIJS—4878 kc. Monday thru Friday: 10:35-11:05 p.m.  
 RADIO TAIWAN (FORMOSA)—BED 62—1000 kc., BED 42—1190 kc., 18:00 T.S.T., Wed. and Fri.  
 RADIO OKINAWA—KSBK—880 kc. Sundays: 12:00 noon. (Time in Japanese to be announced.)  
 ALTO BROADCASTING SYSTEM—PHILIPPINE ISLANDS  
 9:00 p.m. Sundays—DZAQ, Manila—630 kc.; DZRI, Daguapan City—1040 kc.; DZRB, Naga City—1060 kc.; DXMC, Davao City—900 kc.

## TO AUSTRALIA

2AY—Albury—Sun., 10:00 p.m.; Mon. to Fri., 10:30 p.m.  
 2CH—Sydney—Mon. to Fri., 9:00 p.m.; Sat., 10:15 p.m.  
 2GF—Grafton—Sun., 9:30 p.m.; Mon. to Fri., 11:30 a.m.  
 2GN—Goulburn—Sun., 10:00 p.m.; Mon. to Fri., 3:15 p.m.  
 3AW—Melbourne—Sun., 10:30 p.m.  
 3BO—Bendigo—Mon. to Fri., 10:30 p.m.; Thurs., 4:15 p.m.  
 4CA—Cairns—Sun. to Fri., 10:00 p.m.  
 4KQ—Brisbane—Sun., 10:30 p.m.  
 4TO—Townsville—Mon. to Sat., 10:15 p.m.  
 4WK—Warwick—Mon. to Sat., 9:00 a.m.  
 6BY—Bridgetown—Sun., 10:30 p.m.  
 6IX—Perth—Sun., 10:00 p.m.  
 6MD—Merredin—Sun., 10:30 p.m.  
 6WB—Katanning—Sun., 10:30 p.m.  
 7HT—Hobart—Wed., 10:25 p.m.

## TO SOUTH AMERICA

In English—  
 RADIO AMERICA—Lima, Peru—6:00 p.m. Saturdays—1010 kc.  
 HOC21, Panama City—1115 kc.  
 HP5A, Panama City—11170 kc.  
 HOK, Colon, Panama—640 kc.  
 HP5K, Colon, Panama—6005 kc. 7:00 p.m., Sundays—  
 In Spanish—  
 RADIO LA CRONICA—Lima, Peru—7:00-7:15 P.M. Sundays  
 RADIO COMUNEROS—Asuncion, Paraguay—8:00-8:15 P.M., Sundays  
 RADIO SPORT—CX19—Montevideo, Uruguay—4:00-4:15 P.M., Sundays

hired and fired the ministers.

"If we were to have the ideal organization," opined Mr. Dailey, "all the officers would be ministers—not laymen." This sounded strange to me at the time. But the question of church organization and government was to keep coming up in my mind for years, before it was finally to become clear. Remember, I still was driven by the persistent question: "WHERE is the one true Church—the same one Jesus founded?" This Church of God, with national headquarters at Stanberry, Missouri, seemed to be closer to it, according to the pattern in the Bible, than any—yet I was unable to reconcile myself that such a small, and especially such a *fruitless* church, could be that dynamic fruit-bearing spiritual organism in which, and through which CHRIST was working. Surely the instrument Christ was using would be more alive—more productive! Yet I had not found it!

#### The Meeting at Umapipe

We were welcomed by Bennie Preston and his wife, and given a room where Roy Dailey and I slept in the same bed. We quickly rented a hall on the main street, ground floor.

Here, as Mr. Dailey had promised, results were different. We certainly did not have a crowd of thousands, but attendance, as I remember, ran between 35 and 50 which, at the time, we considered satisfactory. We had no local church to swell attendance. We were unknown, locally. None of the factors that produce great crowds was present.

One little event I shall never forget. Bennie Preston raised some sheep. He decided to butcher one for us. He had impressed me as a man filled with true Christian love.

"I should hate to kill this tame, loving little sheep," he said, "if it were not true that God created sheep to produce wool and meat for man. That is their only purpose in existence. Man has a different and far greater purpose—to become sons of God."

Still, Mr. Preston loved that helpless little sheep, now about to give its life for food for us. He led it to a spot in his back yard. He lovingly caressed it first. Then he hit it a hard, stunning blow on top of the head with the sharp



Garner Ted Armstrong approaching three years of age.

edge of a small sledge hammer, and quickly slit its throat to drain out the blood. The sheep suffered no pain. The sharp, quick blow rendered it instantly unconscious.

Mr. Dailey and I were invited, after about a week, to the home of people attending regularly, for Sunday dinner—the usual chicken dinner for ministers. We then learned that our hosts were Seventh Day Adventists. After dinner, several other Adventist members came in. Immediately there was a Bible discussion.

"You men ought to join our church," they said. "Our church has a *prophet*,

but yours does not have a prophet."

"Oh, but we *do* have a prophet," I assured them promptly. "Jesus Christ is our prophet."

"Yes, but you don't have a *living* prophet," said an Adventist woman.

"We certainly *do* have a living prophet," I reassured her. "Christ *rose* from the dead. He is our *living* prophet, High Priest, and Head of our Church. But *your* prophet is *DEAD!*"

The Adventists looked at one another in amazement and surprise. Apparently they had never quite realized that fact before!

"But why do you tell people we are



to reign with Christ for the thousand years on earth?" came the next question.

"Because that is what the Bible plainly says," I replied. "And when you deny it, and say the saved are to be in heaven for that thousand years, you deny the very GOSPEL of Jesus Christ!"

Then I asked them all to turn to the eleventh chapter of Isaiah.

"Tell me," I asked, "where, and when, the events of verses 6, 7, and 8 shall take place. You know that we shall not see a ferocious wolf playing around with a tame little lamb, and a lion with a kid and a little child, *before* the millennium. Now are these wild animals going to be taken *with the saints* off up to heaven, to be there *during* the thousand years? Will you have human babies being born, up in heaven? Notice, verse 8, infant nursing babies, not yet weaned, playing with snakes, then tamed. And according to your doctrine, you can't have babies being born in the new earth, *after* the millennium. So WHERE, and WHEN, can this happen? You can't admit it to be *before* the millennium. You can't admit it to be *after*. You *have* to place it *during* the millennium, and you *have* to place it ON THE EARTH. Now notice that the next verse, the 9th, says definitely it *is* to be on earth: 'for the earth shall be FULL of the knowledge of the LORD, as the waters cover the sea.' That cannot be before or after the thousand years."

But they tried desperately to change the subject. They interrupted to ask other questions.

"I will answer *all* your questions," I replied, "one at a time. But I will not let you take me away from this passage until you answer me. HOW do you explain Isaiah 11?"

Finally, unable to shake me away from it, they said,

"Well, we can't answer that."

But they refused to admit or accept the TRUTH of the passage!

#### We Separate

After about two weeks of our Umapine meetings, a letter from Mrs. Florence Curtis, secretary of the state Conference, informed us that a business meeting of the board had been called for only two or three days after our receipt of the letter.

"I know what this meeting is all about," said Mr. Dailey. "It means the conference treasury is running out of funds. They are going to have to lay off at least two of us three ministers. If we don't go back there and protect our interests, at this meeting, they will be sure to let you and me out, and keep Elder Taylor on. We're going to start back to the Willamette Valley at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"But Roy," I protested, "we are only half way through our meetings here!"

"Aw, we won't accomplish anything by staying here."

"Whatever we accomplish is in God's hands," I replied. "We are merely His instruments. God has sent us here to preach His Gospel. We have people coming. The interest is increasing, and so is the attendance. I'm going to let God protect my personal interests at that Conference Board meeting, Roy; but I'm going to stay right on the job where He has put me, and continue those meetings."

Elder Dailey was now becoming a little nettled and disgusted with me.

"I told you I'm starting for the valley

at 5:30 in the morning," he returned. "If you don't go with me, you'll force the Conference to have to pay your bus fare to get you back home. They won't like that."

But I was just as firm as he.

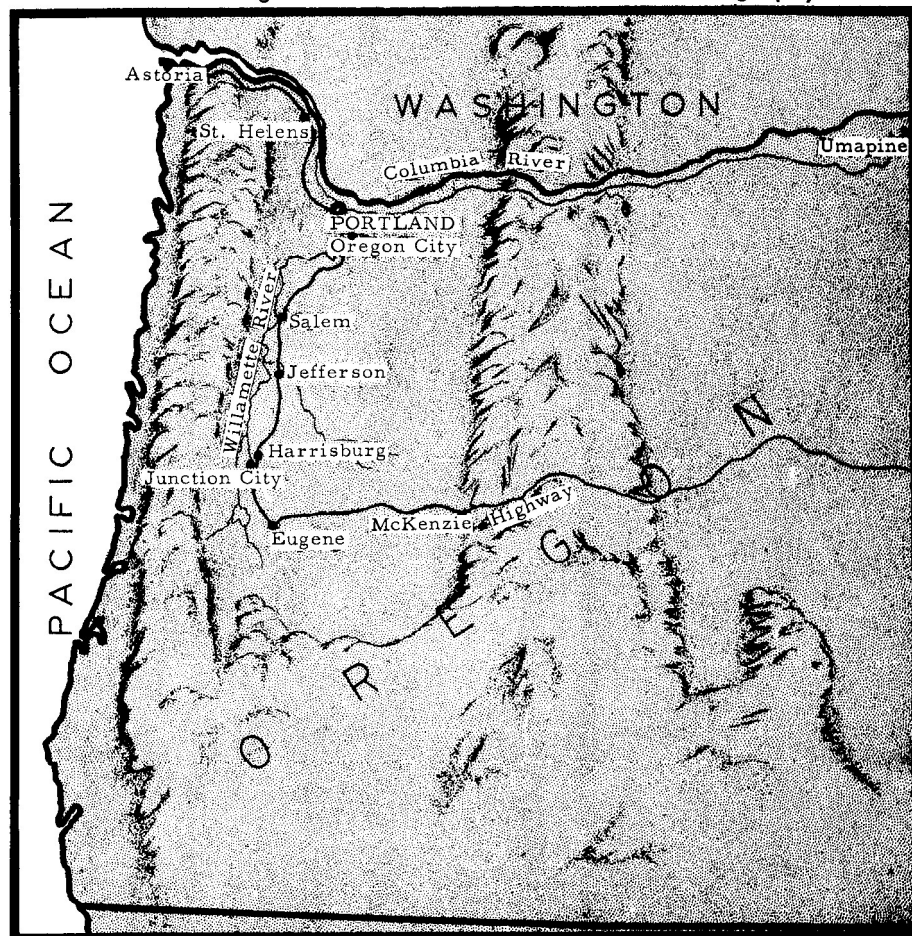
"Regardless of what the men on the Board like, I know GOD would not like it if I desert, while I'm here on duty. To me it would be like deserting an army, and running away, in the thick of battle in a war. This is God's battle. He put me here, and I am staying right here on the spiritual firing line until the campaign is over!"

I know Mr. Dailey thought I was wrong. He sincerely believed I was wrong most of the time from then on. But to me it was a matter of duty, and a matter of principle, and a matter of obeying God.

At precisely 5:30 next morning, Mr. and Mrs. Preston and I bade Elder Dailey good bye, and he started alone, giving me final warning that "the brethren" were not going to like my remaining behind and costing them extra bus fare to get home.

As it turned out, the special business

A view of Oregon with areas mentioned in the Autobiography.



meeting was called off, and Mr. Dailey had raced back to the Valley for naught. But later, just as he anticipated, both he and I were laid off and Elder Taylor kept on—but not until after I had returned from completing the campaign.

#### Left Alone—Fruit Borne

I continued the meetings alone. Interest continued to pick up. Results were not great—but *there were results!* Details are rather hazy in memory, now. I am not sure whether Mrs. Preston had already been converted and baptized, or whether she was converted by these meetings.

In any event, we had a total of five by the close of the meetings. There were three or four to be baptized. I learned that a son of our conference president, the elderly G. A. Hobbs, now well along in his eighties, was a local elder in the Seventh Day Adventist church. I went to this younger Mr. Hobbs, and through him arranged for the use of the baptistry in the S.D.A. church.

Before leaving, I organized the five members into a local Sabbath school, to meet at the home of Bennie Preston, appointing Mr. Preston as superintendent and teacher. It was a tiny, infinitesimal beginning of a new church. Things of God, through humans, begin small, like the proverbial grain of mustard seed, and grow big. This should have grown. But there was no minister to feed the flock and protect it from "wolves in sheep's clothing." Bennie Preston was a substantial and upright man, but he lacked the leadership and qualifications of a minister.

This tiny flock endured for a while. But some little time later, Mrs. Preston died. I am not sure whether this was the cause of the disintegration of the little Sabbath school, but Mr. Preston was hit a demoralizing blow by her death. Some years later he moved to the Willamette Valley. He had remarried by then.

This Umapine experience was one more in which no fruit could be borne as long as I teamed with one of the ministers of this church, connected with, or springing from the Stanberry, Missouri, political center.

Years later, still in my search for the one *true* church, still questioning whether this could be that church, still not having

found it elsewhere, I asked Mrs. Runcorn (whom Mrs. Armstrong and I looked upon as our "spiritual mother") if she could point out a single real bona fide convert, brought in from the outside, resulting from the ministry of any of the preachers affiliated with "Stanberry." She thought seriously for quite a while. Then she slowly shook her head. She knew of none. I asked several others who had been in the church for years. Their answers were the same.

My first evangelistic effort was conducted alone, at the end of 1930, in Harrisburg. There were conversions. In 1931 I was teamed with Elder Taylor, who had arrived from California. There were no results, except for the night it stormed the meeting out, and in a private Bible study in my room Mrs. Elmer Fisher had accepted the truth. I was teamed with Elder Roy Dailey. There were no results. He left Umapine. I continued alone, and *there were conversions.* Results then were small—indeed it was a small beginning, compared to the mounting world-wide harvest of today—but God was using me, and producing "fruit."

I have always noted, in more than 32 years of experience, that if even one member of a two-man team is not a true instrument of God, there will be none of the kind of "fruit" borne which is produced only by GOD through human instruments. This very undeviating method of God, verified by experience, is the source of great inspiration and encouragement today. For in God's Church today, without exception, every minister or team of ministers is used of God, and God really *does things* through them! "By their fruits ye shall know them," said Jesus.

#### A Thrill and a Jolt

I remember distinctly the all-night bus ride back to the Valley from eastern Oregon. Arriving home, on east State Street in Salem, I learned that the State Conference board had run low on funds, and, unable to continue paying three salaries each of \$20 per week in the descending depths of the great depression, had decided to retain Mr. Taylor, and release Elder Dailey and me until funds revived.

Also, a few days after arriving home, happy over "success" in the campaign,



Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's older son Richard David smelling a flower.

this sense of elation was rudely jolted by a stern letter from old Brother Hobbs. He had heard from his son. He wanted to know what a young whipper-snapper like me meant, using the prestige of his name with his son, and baptizing people in Umapine without "authority," or special consent from the board? Shortly following the first evangelistic experience at Harrisburg, Mr. Hobbs had sternly called me on the carpet, asking me what authority I had for baptizing those converted in the meetings. I had answered that I had GOD'S authority—that of Matthew 28:19—where those who do the "teaching" resulting in conversions are commanded to baptize those taught. This rather stumped him, at the time.

But elderly Mr. G. A. Hobbs was a stern, fiery little old man—a stickler for proper form and system, and proper "authority" for everything. He had been an Adventist since a young man—probably beginning somewhere around 1870, or perhaps earlier. Adventists during those earlier years were very strict, legalistic, and exacting. Brother Hobbs had left the Adventists rather late in life when he saw clearly, in the Bible, that the millennium

will be spent on earth and not in heaven. But he retained his strict disciplinary teaching to his death.

But if old Brother Hobbs was one of my strictest and sternest critics, he was also one of my staunchest supporters to the day of his death. He defended me against other critics with the same fiery zeal that he criticised me to my face. His sharp criticism for baptizing the converts God gave me at Umapine, plus the sudden, though not unexpected loss of salary, did dull somewhat the spirit of rejoicing over the results God granted at Umapine.

But having my salary cut off caused no worry. By this time I had learned to trust God. Already we had experienced many miraculous answers to prayer. I

knew God has promised to supply all our need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus (Phil. 4:19).

So, in perfect faith, I prayed and told God of our need, and asked Him to supply it, and use me wherever He willed.

But I had not yet learned that everything that happens is not, necessarily, from God. I had not learned to "try the spirits, whether they are of GOD" (1 John 4:1). While this Scripture is speaking of spirits—angels or demons—yet we must learn also to test experiences, and happenings, whether they be of GOD.

It was now late November.

Back Into Advertising!

In serene confidence, I was expectantly awaiting God's answer to supply our fi-

nancial need. Not more than two or three days later, my former newspaper associate, Samuel T. Hopkins, who had been Business Manager of the Vancouver Evening Columbian, appeared at our door.

He had left the Columbian, and now was Editor and Manager of a new morning newspaper in Astoria, Oregon, the Morning Messenger. He and two Astoria associates, a physician, and the superintendent of a salmon cannery, had started a new newspaper in Astoria. But they were in deep trouble. They had started a brand new daily newspaper in the depths of the national depression, and without adequate capital.

"Herb, you've just got to come out to Astoria and help us," pleaded Sam Hopkins. "You are the only man I know with the specialized advertising and selling experience who can put this thing over for us. I know you can do it. Right now I'm not even in position to guarantee you any regular cash salary. Actually I'm depending on you to get in the business to make even your own salary possible. But once we put this over, we'll give you a large chunk of the stock in the company—anything, if only you'll come on out to Astoria and inject the life we need into this paper. I want you to come as Advertising Manager. We'll set your salary at \$25 a week at the start, and hope we can pay it. But as we get the paper on its feet, the sky's the limit. You'll have a big salary, and a large chunk of stock."

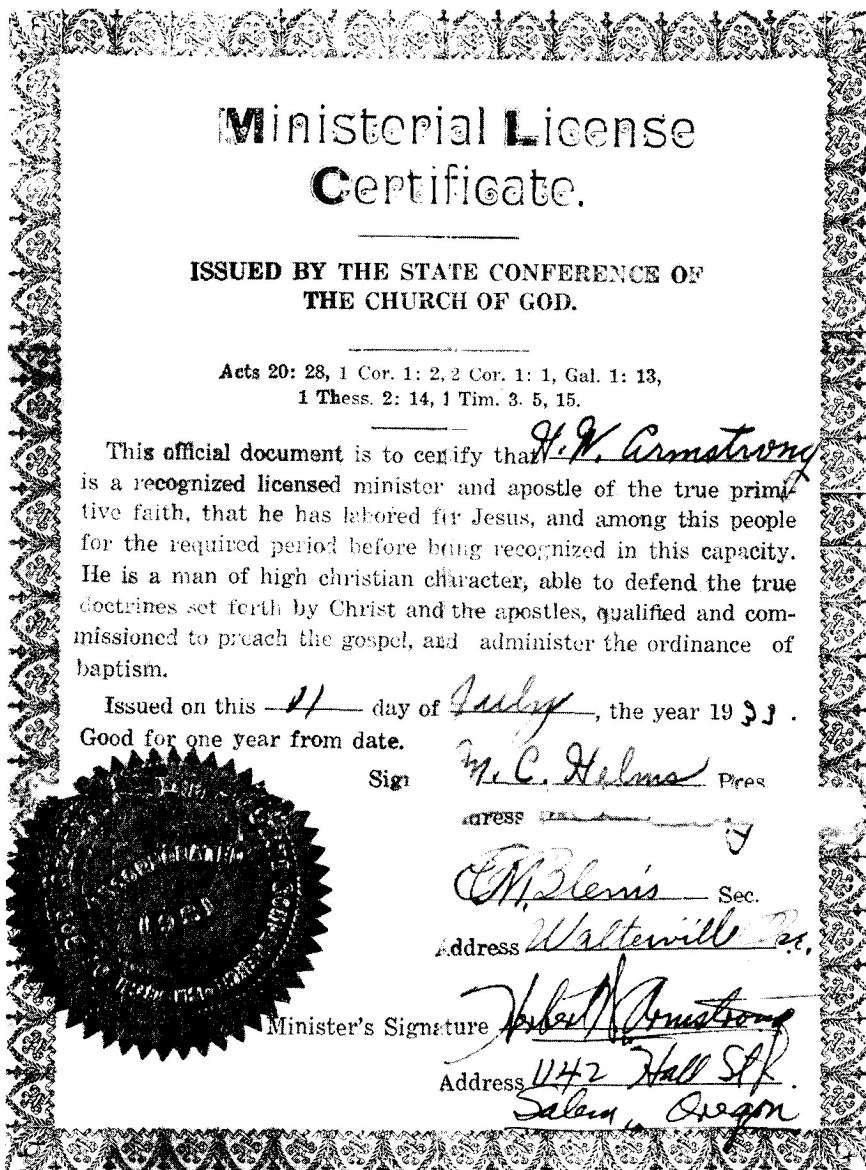
"But Sam," I answered, "I'm in the ministry now. I can't go back into the newspaper business."

He would not give up. He kept pleading. It was a matter of life and death to him. I began to think of how I had prayed for God to supply our new financial need. In my inexperience, this did seem to be the answer. I did not then realize this was not GOD'S answer. This was not GOD'S WAY of answering.

I did realize that I could not accept this job as a permanent thing. I knew I had been called to the ministry. I had been ordained. I had been successful in a small way. Everything I had ever touched in business, since age 30 in Chicago, had turned to nothing but failure. But in the ministry, everything I did was, in the small way of a small beginning, successful. Yet, this did appear to me,

(Please continue on page 16)

Mr. Armstrong's third ordination certificate issued in 1933.



If any man DESTROY (KJV margin) *the temple of God, him shall God DESTROY*; for the temple of God is holy, which temple you are" (I Cor. 3:16, 17). "What, know you not that your BODY is *the temple* of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which you have of God, and you are not your own?" (I Cor. 6:19).

No murderer—or suicide—has eternal life abiding in him (I John 3:15). He has no hope unless and until in the general resurrection after the millennium he repents of his sin (Matthew 11:20-24).

### What kind of Bible do you recommend that we purchase?

Bible study is an *important* part of a Christian life. To get the most out of studying God's Word, you need to have a *good* Bible.

We recommend, as first choice, that you use the King James Version containing the Old and New Testaments, as your basic study Bible. The Oxford University Press and Cambridge University Press publish the finest editions of the King James Version. They are very durable and sturdily bound with good chain references and concordance and maps. Their print serves every age group.

Some people who have weaker vision prefer a Bible having heavy black print, large letters, and a center reference column. A good selection of maps in the back helps greatly. Such Bibles measure about 6½ x 9½ inches and serve best for home use. A thumb index and pages with relatively wide margins for making notations are available. A Bible answering the above general description is made by the National Bible Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It is their Number 452.

These Bibles may be obtained from, or ordered through, the bookstores.

Concordances which are found in the backs of Bibles are generally not complete enough and are often not very helpful in finding scriptures. This should have little weight in your selection of Bibles. If you want a concordance, the small *Cruden's Concordance* is very popular and may be purchased for about four dollars.

Bibles other than the King James Version are sometimes helpful. Their modern wording makes certain sections clearer than the King James Version. The new Revised Standard Version and

the Moffatt translation are written in modern English and can be useful in comparing with the King James Version.

Since very few basic textual errors appear in the King James Version—though it is not always a perfect, or clear translation—it should be used most often for Bible study.

### Is it wrong for a Christian to raise tobacco? If so, what can a small farmer in the tobacco country use as a substitute and still make a decent living?

The tobacco industry is a million dollar business. Hundreds of farmers supply tobacco for the tobacco consumers. But, is it right in God's sight to be a tobacco grower? This is a question faced by farmers who want to obey God and serve the health of mankind.

Scientific tests prove that the various tobacco habits—smoking, chewing, snuff-dipping—are harmful to those who indulge their lusts in them. Many are cancer victims. Tobacco users are addicted to the habit solely in the interest of satisfying the lusts of the flesh. Even when used as an insecticide on food crops, tobacco is a threat to man's health, because some of it is taken into the body on foodstuffs.

A Christian should grow that which is healthful, and in some way serves the community. *Nothing* is worth doing if it is done only in the interest of making money.

A close examination of all possibilities will reveal that there is always at least

one good substitute for tobacco in most any area. It should not be difficult to change to a useful type of farming. It is just a matter of becoming *willing* to depart from old ways and learn new techniques and routines. A new procedure will look difficult at first, but a little mental effort will help one to adjust himself to anything that is worthwhile.

God has promised to supply all the needs of anyone who will put the Kingdom of God first in his affections (Matt. 6:24-34). A *Christian* farmer who plans his production wisely can claim these promises and look to God for the necessary profit. He must ask God, in faith (Jas. 1:6-8), for the needed guidance and help.

In the tobacco-growing regions there are several reliable products that can be grown for the market. *Good quality* vegetables are easy to grow and are in great demand in most areas. The best grocery stores pay prices that give the farmer a good return for his labor and a high rate of income per acre. Chickens and other types of poultry are also profitable in some regions, especially for the man who can grow some of his own feed. However, don't try poultry farming unless you can understand, and conform to, the necessary principles of poultry management. Sweet potatoes are also a good market crop in the tobacco producing area. Many tobacco farmers have already tried these sources of income and have found that, *with good management*, they are profitable.

## Autobiography

(Continued from page 10)

in my inexperience, to be God's answer to my prayer. Since I could not go back into the advertising business, and *leave* the ministry, permanently, I *reasoned* this solution:

"Tell you what I might do," I finally said to Mr. Hopkins. "I know I have been called to the ministry. I've been ordained. But my salary is temporarily cut off. It seems to me this is God's answer as a temporary fill-in for our financial need. I'll come on out to Astoria *just for the month of December, only*. I'll help you through the Christmas rush. Then I'll have to return here."

How many times, since, have I quoted the Scriptures: "Lean not unto *thine own* understanding," and "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, the end thereof are the ways of death." Human reason is usually faulty. But this did *seem* like the right decision. I was to pay a high price over the next 15 months to learn that lesson. How I found myself caught in a trap of unforeseen circumstance, forced to break all precedent in methods of selling advertising space; and how, after 15 long and almost sleepless months I finally got back into the ministry, will be related in the February installment.