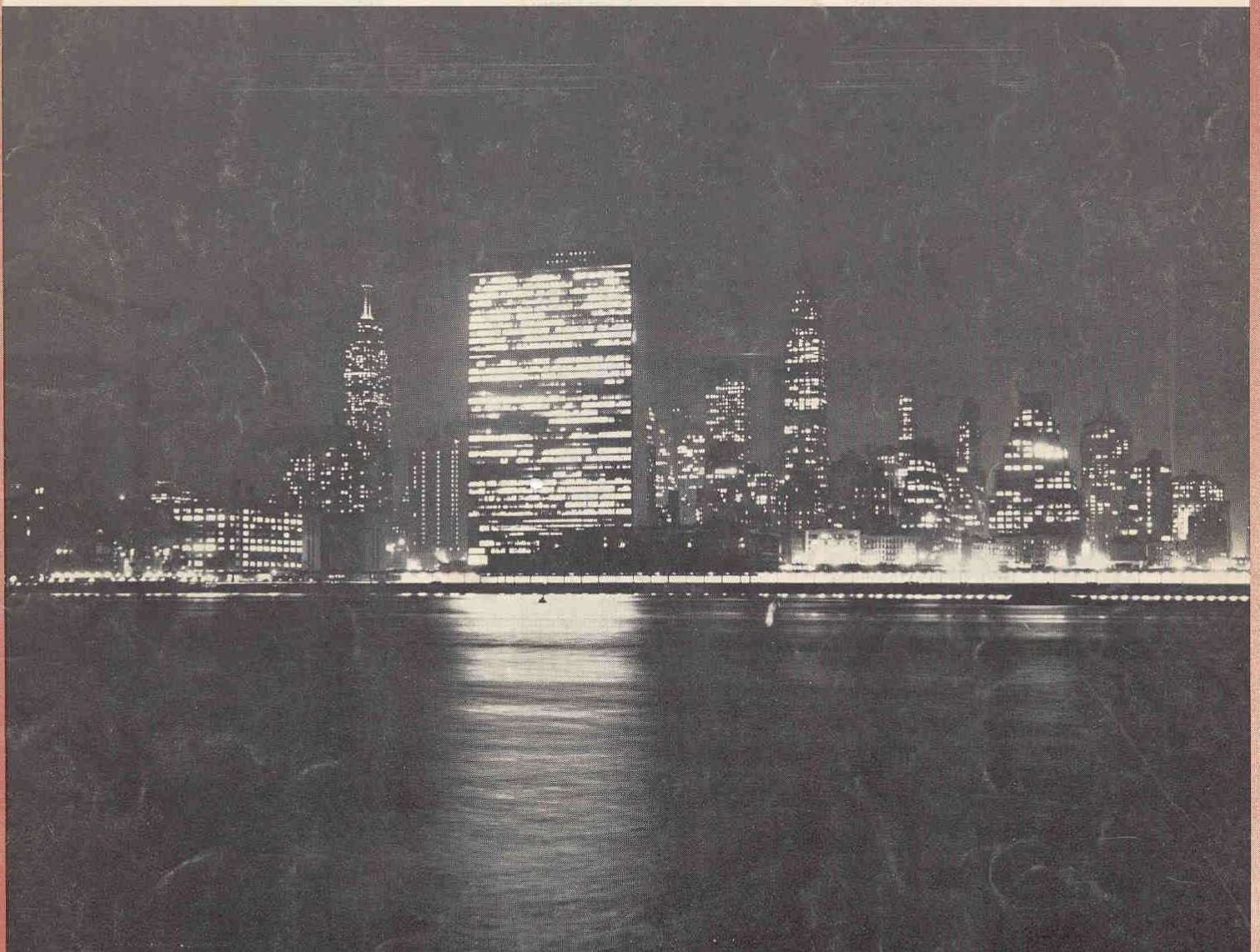


the
PLAIN TRUTH
a magazine of understanding

VOLUME XXVIII, NUMBER 5

MAY, 1963



Wide World

A view of the new United Nations Building—the brightly lit rectangular structure at the center—from the Borough of Queens looking across the East River to Manhattan. The U.N. Building is framed between the Empire State and the Chrysler Buildings, tall skyscrapers on left/right respectively. Now, 18 years after World War II, the United Nations is still unable to guarantee peace, finds no permanent solution to world ills.

What our READERS SAY

What the French Say

"Please send me the text of your broadcast I heard this morning. In all my life I have never heard such proofs about the existence of God."

Man from Verviers, Belgium

• *The WORLD TOMMORROW is beamed to Europe in the French language three nights each week. Millions in France, Switzerland, Belgium and Luxembourg and Northwest Africa can hear the good news of the World Tomorrow for the first time!*

"It is the first time in my life that I have found someone who is really interested in me, in my understanding of the Bible, and sends me spiritual nourishment free—without asking a penny!"

Man from Mont d'Or, France

"It gives me a great deal of pleasure to know that there are still a few people in the world who preach the Bible. But if you don't belong to any denomination, church or sect—who are you?"

Man from Liège, Belgium

"The sermon this morning was simply marvelous. If you have tapes or records of your broadcasts, please send them to me."

Man from Lausanne, Switzerland

"Thank you ever so much for your interesting booklet, 'Does God exist?' Mr. Armstrong's explanations are so clear and persuasive that the truth becomes very plain; even those who are incredulous must admit that he is right and that the Bible is certainly the Word of God. You, too, have the talent of convincing your listeners. You must all have the Holy Spirit of God. I have dropped all other religious programs and am now listening exclusively to 'Le Monde à Venir.'"

Woman from Rouen, France

This Is the Life!

"How about giving us more articles like 'This Is the Life.' I got so much spiritual food from it and also from your

article 'Personal from the Editor.' Articles like these are where I get a lot of reproof."

Imboden, Arkansas

• *We will! Read this issue's "Personal from the Editor."*

"Please send me *The PLAIN TRUTH* or any other literature you have. I'm 66—so am cramming for my finals."

Lakeport, California

• *Life is very short!*

No More TV!

"I would like to have *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine. I am interested in keeping reading material 'fit' for my children to read available. We have a boy 15, 2 girls—13 and 12. They all love to read. We had a family vote two years ago and voted our two TV's right out of the house into an old dry well. There was so much trash coming over them it was terrible, so they read more now. We also talk more, play more, and pray more together and also read the Bible together each night."

Family from Meeker, Oklahoma

"Unfortunately I have to watch my copy of *The PLAIN TRUTH* like a hawk, for as soon as I put it down for a couple of moments, someone swipes it, and it takes nothing short of a declaration of war to get it back again."

Man from East Sunshine, Victoria

When Pen Pals Write

"Please excuse me to bother you when you are so busy. I suppose you were quite surprised to receive a letter from a Japanese girl over the Pacific Ocean so suddenly. I received your address from a Philippine friend. I am interested in magazine that is issued by your association and wish to read it."

Tokyo, Japan

"*The PLAIN TRUTH* has been coming to me for several months now. It is the most pertinent and meaningful
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the PLAIN TRUTH

a magazine of understanding

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Personal from the Editor

I WONDER how many of my readers are like one who said to me recently: "Well, I'll tell you why I'm not a Christian. It isn't that I don't believe in God or in being converted—I believe it, all right—and I've often *wanted* to be a Christian—but somehow it just all seems so FAR OFF—so UNREAL."

Tonight I cut a large slice of watermelon and ate it. It was delicious—and I was sure it was *real*. It didn't seem far off, mysterious, unreal. The things we see, and handle, come in constant daily contact and association with all seem REAL.

Yes, this slice of watermelon was real. But I thought, as I worked to extricate the seeds,

"What caused these seeds to grow inside this melon? Out of the ground, from another seed, sprouted a vine, and on the vine a tiny watermelon began to form, and as it grew these seeds developed inside it. And if we keep on planting and growing watermelons for ten thousand years those seeds, which will sprout more watermelons, will continue to develop inside every watermelon.

"WHY? Here's a living, moving, *real* phenomenon. What causes it? How did the process get started? What keeps the process perpetually in motion? Is there not a Great Mind, a Supreme Intelligence, an Omnipotent Power—an actual Person *more real* than this thing He produces and causes to grow in such marvelous manner—actually *present*, and *acting upon* these very real things, keeping them alive and in motion?"

Everywhere we see *life, motion, REALITY!* Here it is, close and *real*—and *living!* And most wonderful of all is your own self—the marvelous mechanism of your body, and still more wonderful, your mind—performing all its functions. And about you is *every need* to keep you fed, breathing, living. Did this all happen by accident?

Out of the ground grows vegetation

—food. On or out of the ground comes water. A layer of air is provided around the solid earth. What—or Who—provided this? Did the air produce the man who needs to breathe it? Or did the man produce the food to satisfy his need? Or the food provide the water to accompany it in sustaining the life of the man? Did any of these provide the sunshine, also necessary? Here we have man, air, water, food, sunshine—all necessary in harmonious association. Yet no one of these had anything to do with bringing about the presence of any other. How did all these—and many other necessary factors—all come to be provided and joined together on this planet in exactly the manner required to *supply your needs*, that you may live, accomplish, and find happiness? How, unless an All-Wise, All-Powerful, Benevolent and REAL God planned it, created it, set it in motion, and now *keeps it going?* The Creator is *active, TODAY!* He is REAL! Is He not *more real* than that He produces and acts upon? Of course!

But there are many *other* things you need! How about the need of wisdom and guidance when important decisions which may alter your whole life are at stake? How about needing a Great Power that can, and will if you are in contact and ask it, give you favor in the eyes of another when disfavor could cause you great trouble? How about the need of an all-powerful Friend to deliver you from real or threatened calamity or loss? How about One to turn to when you are about to lose a loved one, or in time of grief? How about the need of One who is both able and willing to prosper you, cause things to turn out right for you, guide you and protect you through life? How about the *need* of One who has inherent immortality and is able and willing to impart ETERNAL LIFE to you as His gift?

Yes, there are *other* things you NEED! You stand in greater NEED
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OUR COVER

The modern skyline of the City of New York tells little of its early history. New York was originally a Dutch colony located on Manhattan Island. The first houses were built in 1613. On May 6, 1626, Peter Minuit, director general of New Netherlands, paid the Indians the equivalent of \$24 in trinkets for Manhattan. The Declaration of Independence was read here, in the presence of George Washington, to American troops July 9, 1776. New York was the national capital until 1790. Among the Seven Wonders of today's New York, most frequently asked for by first-time visitors, is the United Nations world headquarters—the central theme in our cover.

than you probably ever stopped to realize! And the One who sends the rain—and the sunshine—upon the just and unjust alike—who provides food, and air, and other basic necessities for all, is more REAL than what He provides—and *just as able and willing* to establish PERSONAL CONTACT and continuously supply your *every other need* as well—including deliverance from every trouble, wisdom, guidance, faith in place of worry, assurance in place of doubt, security in place of uncertainty, favor in the sight of others, healing when sick—all these and countless other needs *He stands committed to supply*, because HE HAS PROMISED—upon condition you become His, establish and maintain contact, trust Him and obey Him!

GOD is more *real* than you or I—or any of the things about us.

Why, then, does He seem so far away, until it seems He has faded in the distance? Why does He seem mysterious and unreal? Why do the objects with which you come in daily contact, your friends, your pleasures, seem *more real*—when actually they are less so?

You may say, "Because I can *see, feel, and hear* these things or people."

But that is not really the reason at all.

You don't see the air you breathe, but it seems very *real* to you. You cannot see, or hear, or feel the power of gravity, yet it seems very *real* to you, and you know that if you slip it will pull you down in a fall that might hurt you.

Perhaps you say, well, these things are real to me because they are close to me. But that is not the reason. GOD is as close as any of these—He, too, is REAL, and He is CLOSE! Yet He seems unreal and far away!

Now let me tell you the REAL REASON.

If you are away from a childhood chum for 35 or 40 years, never hear from or about that person in all that time—totally out of contact—he finally seems like a faint, dim, far-off dream or figment of imagination. He doesn't seem REAL any more.

But, if there is another childhood chum you also have not seen in the same 35 or 40 years, but with whom you have kept constantly in touch all these years—constantly corresponded, even talked over long distance telephone frequently, heard about from mutual friends who

have been *with* this old chum—then that friend, even tho you have not seen him, will seem still *real*, and *close*.

God seems unreal and far away *only to those who have not established, and are not actively maintaining close personal contact!* It is not a matter of distance or visibility—it is a matter of CONTACT.

Even though you read the Bible, and pray—if you have not established personal *contact* with God, you just won't understand much of the Bible or be much interested in it, and your prayers will not seem to go as high as the ceiling! You can't *keep up* a contact which has never yet been *established!*

Yet God is the SOURCE of *everything!*—of your EVERY NEED! In HIM you must live, and move, and have your being—and you have never yet BEGUN to really live until you are living *in Him!* You are now making mistakes you would not make if you had His guidance—mistakes which are costly, and from which you suffer! You are suffering pains, heartaches, fears, troubles, because you have not established contact with the only One who can help you! You NEED HIM!

And you *can* find Him, if you'll seek Him—you'll find Him CLOSE, not far away. But something has been standing BETWEEN you and Him—a far greater barrier than a literal iron curtain. *Your sins* have formed an impregnable wall, so that you can't establish contact—can't reach—can't enjoy communion with the One you need most of all! And your sins are your transgressions of His loving LAW—His great immutable spiritual Law given in love to bring to mankind success, accomplishment, peace, happiness, and joy! In breaking the law you have severed yourself from *these* goals, too!

Yet THAT GREAT WALL CAN BE BATTERED DOWN—*instantly*—NOW! There need be no delay. God in His wisdom and mercy *knew* you would sin and separate yourself from Him. He provided a way for you. He GAVE His only begotten Son to pay the penalty you have incurred *in your stead!*

It matters not how BLACK your past has been. No matter how terrible are some of these *secret* sins you have never confided to anyone. They don't *need* to

stand between you and your greatest NEED, which is God. Jesus Christ was made flesh, and He who never sinned died to pay the penalty of all *your guilt*. Why then should *you* carry this guilt around on your conscience any longer? Why let it separate you from God? It is every bit of it PAID IN FULL, by the blood of Jesus Christ—His very life-blood. But God Almighty resurrected Him to eternal LIFE, and today He *lives* as YOUR LIVING SAVIOUR from your guilty past, *if* you will accept Him as such!

If you *want* to find God—be a Christian—you *can*—and here's how: First, you'll have to REPENT—*turn from* the old life of sinning, and surrender your SELF wholly to God—give your life to Him, to serve Him and to live by His perfect laws and right ways that will bring you only blessings. You'll have to be IN EARNEST, for no one can deceive God. Then, ACCEPT JESUS CHRIST as your personal Saviour. Don't put it off. Don't say, "I don't know how," but DO IT NOW! Take the "bull by the horns" and DO IT—you know you ought to, so exercise your WILL and DO IT! Just go to a room ALONE—close the door—and with no one else around, except just you and God alone—GIVE YOURSELF TO HIM, ask Him to FORGIVE all your past sins—confess them to Him. Everything may be HARD, until you ADMIT YOUR SINS—but the minute you acknowledge them, the unseen power that has caused you to hesitate, and put it off, and has made it seem so difficult (the power of the devil), will let loose, and YOU'LL BE FREE—you'll know you are now GOD'S—the contact will be ESTABLISHED! You can talk to Him, and HE WILL HEAR! You can pour out your heart to Him, and He will LISTEN—and comfort, and come close and give you what you NEED.

Jesus Christ came into this world and died to reconcile YOU to God the Father—to join you to Him—to *establish contact* for you! Accept this, and know the GREAT PEACE that will come over your soul!

Then you must be baptized—not into any religious denomination or organization, but into CHRIST JESUS. Each summer we send out teams of consecrate
(Please continue on page 18)

keep an open mind and let the fruits PROVE to you where Almighty God is really working! Check up and see where the truth of the Bible is being made PLAIN and CLEAR. Find out who is warning the world of the SPECIFIC, major prophesied events now beginning to affect *your life!*

For this is *your life*—your ONLY life! If you will take the trouble to *prove it* with an *open mind*, you CAN know where God is working!

God's *true ministers* are carrying on His Work. They represent HIM—and as *God's representatives* it is to *them* that you should pay your tithes and cheerfully give your offerings. God then directs them to use HIS money for HIS work—not the Devil's, or some counterfeit work of men! And this dying world desperately NEEDS to be reached with God's *truth*—with the *understanding* of the purpose for human existence, the great living LAWS of life, the DEFINITE prophesied events soon to occur in our time and the MEANING of all these things!

Be DILIGENT In Serving The Living God!

Once you have made your decision to tithe, be sure you pay your tithes to GOD'S representatives who will be doing *His* work and preaching *His* message! Just as God commands you to be *diligent* in serving your human bosses, how much more ZEALOUS should you be in obeying your very Maker in this financial law?

Don't get to thinking you cannot afford to pay tithes. *You cannot afford not to!*

Not to grind an ax, but to sincerely and thankfully share with you the BLESSINGS of those who are *obeying* God's financial law and voluntarily shouldering *their part* in the true Work of God, notice two more outstanding recent letters from our PLAIN TRUTH readers who have begun to tithe. "Since we sent you our last tithing, my husband now has steady work, a house—rent-free, water and lights paid. We are so grateful to God and we know for sure where the Work of God is. We paid tithes to other churches, but were never blessed for it." [Woman from San Saba, Texas.]

Now notice the other letter—this one from a man in Ashland City, Tennessee: "Enclosed you will find my tithe for the past month and one-half. I have, since my last letter to you, received a raise and promotion. I have received *other material blessings* as well as spiritual. What I am trying to say is that I believe God has blessed me since I have begun giving to His true Work rather than in my local church. I pray that He will continue His Work through you as I know He will. May He continue to guide you in the spreading of the truth."

God works through human instruments. He will work *through you* if you will let Him and put His Kingdom FIRST in your life. As we have seen, the law of tithing was a part of *Christ's Gospel* and as such must be proclaimed to the world—and to *you*—as a witness. Frankly, if you hope to enter God's Kingdom and inherit eternal life, *you had better learn to do what Jesus Christ says in EVERYTHING!*

If you *obey* the true God through *love* and *faith*, He will BLESS you for it. And, as we have stated, that blessing is just as REAL as God is real!

What our READERS SAY

(Continued from inside front cover)

periodical concerning world news that I have read. I am majoring in International Affairs at Florida State University; hence my interest in a vital magazine like *The PLAIN TRUTH*. And it hasn't cost me a penny. The other written material which you have sent me has also been very helpful and informative. I have shared this material and *The PLAIN TRUTH* with some friends who have been equally impressed with it."

Tallahassee, Florida

Into Faraway Places

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

"I do think I am the most privileged fellow here on our island cause I am the only lad receiving such an informative magazine. And you know some

people have to travel or walk one to three kilometers just to read your magazine. I do not lend it fearing they would lose it or tear it to pieces."

Boy from Cajidiocan, Romblon
Philippine Republic

"I sure like your program over the air. I had not opened a Bible for over twenty years but the way you put your program across makes one dig into the Bible."

Man from Phoenix, Arizona

No Effeminate Philosopher

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

"It is refreshing, and gratifying to hear someone present our Lord as a King and Ruler instead of an effeminate philosopher who is dead and gone. *The Gospel you preach is a man's gospel.* By that I mean that it is the kind of solid, believable, factual Gospel that presents Bible truth in such a way that it is appealing to us men."

Man from Shelby, Ohio

Not Even a Psychiatrist Could Help

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

"Before hearing *The WORLD TOMORROW* radio broadcast I had many unanswered questions that were so big that a psychiatrist was unwilling to answer them for \$20 a visit. The only answer I received from him was that I should take a trip to Europe, go hunting, roam the countryside to get close to nature, take up sailboating, get married, etc. This didn't answer any one of my questions. Through *The WORLD TOMORROW* broadcasts and the Ambassador College Bible Correspondence Course I have received direct and workable answers to all my questions. I am now learning the real purpose in life and receiving blessings beyond my wildest dreams."

Listener from Vancouver, B.C.

"No Basis for Evolution," Says Scientist

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

"I am . . . a scientist . . . I graduated from the University of Toronto with a B.Sc. I see no scientific basis for the theory of evolution whatsoever. Through the workings of cytology and cytogenetics I can see where genetic changes or

The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

Obstacles continually arose, threatening to prevent the opening of Ambassador College.

THE QUEEN ELIZABETH docked in New York on March 21, 1947.

For two days, in mid-Atlantic, she had weathered the worst storm of her career. And we had experienced the sight, the feel, and the sounds of an angry ocean billowing up great liquid mountain peaks, driven by a gale of hurricane force.

It was good to be back on solid ground.

We returned to Eugene, Oregon, March 25th. Immediately I plunged into preparations for establishing the new Ambassador College in Pasadena. All thought of the European branch of the College was of necessity shelved for the time being. The financial situation dictated that.

Appointing a President

I have recounted, earlier, how I had first approached my wife's brother, Walter E. Dillon, as prospective President of the College, when the conviction to found the college was first conceived.

At first mention, he had only laughed.

"Me become President of a Bible College?" he had exclaimed. "Why, I know almost nothing about the Bible. That would be out of my field."

But I had hastened to explain that Ambassador was *not* to be a "Bible College," but a straight co-educational LIBERAL ARTS institution.

"Do you think I could teach the theological classes?" I had asked.

"Why, I think you know more about the Bible than anyone living," he replied.

When I explained that there would be a course in theology, along with other usual Liberal Arts courses, and that I would personally teach the Bible classes, the whole idea began to make sense to Walter.

"You see," I explained, "you are an educator—I am not. You've devoted your life to education. You are head of the largest school in Oregon, outside



Walter E. Dillon, first President
of Ambassador College

Portland. You have a Master's degree from the University of Oregon, with work toward a Ph.D. You are familiar with academic requirements, organization, and procedures. You are an experienced academic administrator. You have proved your ability to direct teachers. In these things I am not experienced. I will organize and teach the Bible courses, but I need you to help me plan and organize the college as a whole, and supervise the academic administration. You've had the academic experience. I've had the business experience. Don't you think we'd make a good team?"

"I certainly do," he replied, after hearing my explanation.

We talked over all the details, and policy plans generally. I explained that I was bent on founding a NEW KIND of college, consistent with tried and sound organizational and administrative practice. Ambassador, I said with emphasis, was *not to be a rubber stamp*. I felt colleges had fallen into a dangerous drift of materialism. He agreed. I felt that mass-production, assembly-line education in universities of five to forty thousand students resulted in loss of personality development and much that is vital in student training. To this he also agreed.

The Foundational Philosophy

I explained how the Bible is, actually, the divine Maker's instruction-book He has sent along with His product—the human individual. It reveals the PURPOSE of life—the purpose for which the human mind and body was designed and brought into being—the directions for operating this human mechanism so that it will perform as it was designed to do, and fulfill its intended purpose, reaching its intended goal.

In other words, that the Bible is the very FOUNDATION of all knowledge—the basic concept as an APPROACH to the acquisition of ALL KNOWLEDGE—whether academic, scientific, historic, philosophical or otherwise. Therefore, it must be the BASIS for all academic courses.

The Bible does not *contain all* knowledge—it is the *foundation* of all knowledge. It is the *starting point* in man's quest for knowledge. God provided man with the FOUNDATION for his structure of knowledge, and equipped man to BUILD on that foundation.

The Bible, alone of all books or sources of knowing, reveals basic PURPOSES. It *alone* reveals the inexorable, yet invisible LAWS that regulate cause and effect, action and reaction—that govern all relationships—that produce happiness, peace, well-being, prosperity. The Bible is a guide-Book of vital *principles*, to be applied to circumstances, conditions, and problems.

God has equipped man with eyes with which to see; ears with which to hear; hands with which to work; minds with which to reason, think, plan, design, make decisions, and will to act on those decisions. Man has capacity to explore, investigate, observe, measure. God enabled man to invent telescopes, microscopes, test-tubes and laboratories. Man, of himself, is enabled to acquire much knowledge. But without the BASIC knowledge—that FOUNDATION of *all*

knowledge, revealed *only* in the Bible, man goes off on erroneous tangents in his effort to *explain* what he discovers.

Only in the BIBLE can he learn the real PURPOSE being worked out here below. Only through this revelation from GOD can he know the real *meaning* of life—what, exactly, man *is*—or THE WAY to such desired blessings as peace, happiness, perfect radiant health, true success, abundant living—the *spiritual* values.

The Biblical revelation provides man with the true *concept* through which to view and *explain* what he can observe.

HOW Ambassador Was to be Different

But the educational institutions of this world have rejected this FOUNDATION of knowledge. They have built an educational structure on a false foundation. They left God, and His revelation, out of their knowledge. They have built a complicated and false system composed of a perverted mixture of truth and error.

Ambassador College was to *correct* these ills and perversions in modern education. That was to be its basic policy.

The Board of Trustees of the Radio Church of God, of which I was Chairman, would set all policies until the college could be incorporated in its own name with its own Board of Trustees. Until that time, it would be operated as an activity of the Radio Church of God. Mr. Dillon would administer these policies.

To this he agreed. But I was to learn later that, not possessing a real grasp or understanding of the Bible, he apparently never did really comprehend what I meant by this basic concept of education.

Mr. Dillon was the product of this world's education. He was imbued with its concepts. He never did quite grasp the real meaning of my continuous emphasizing that Ambassador College was definitely *not* to be a "rubber stamp college." I assumed he was in complete harmony with our basic purpose. I feel sure *he* thought he was.

Had I, too, been indoctrinated with the prevailing educational concepts, there would be no Ambassador Colleges

today—but God saw to it that I came up through different channels.

Starting Active Preparations

The special January, 1947, number of *The PLAIN TRUTH*, announcing the future college in Pasadena, brought applications from both prospective faculty members and students.

One application came from Dr. Hawley Otis Taylor. He was Chairman Emeritus of the Department of Physics at Wheaton College. Dr. Taylor had a Ph.D. from Cornell University; had taught at Cornell, Harvard, and M.I.T.; had been a consultant of the Navy in the war; had been a member of the U.S. Bureau of Standards. His scientific publications were voluminous. And he was a professed Christian.

This all seemed too good to be true!

Dr. Taylor had reached Wheaton's retirement age—seventy. He had once lived in Pasadena and wanted to spend his retirement years here. He felt he had several active years of service left, and Ambassador College offered the opportunity to add his salary here to his retirement pay from Wheaton. After due correspondence, and, I believe, a personal interview in Pasadena, we appointed Dr. Taylor Dean of Instruction and Registrar of the new college.



Dr. Hawley Otis Taylor

Other applications arrived. Mr. Dillon and I were anxious to get on the job in Pasadena immediately. The very next morning, early, after our return from Europe, he and I started the long drive to Pasadena.

We stopped off at a small town in southern Oregon to interview a woman, a Dr. Enid Smith, teaching English in a

high school. She had Ph.D. degrees from two universities. One was from Columbia University—the other from the University of Oregon. We had received an application from her. We hired her as our first instructor in English.

Based on experience, after our first year with the college, we adopted a policy of employing only men instructors, except in such courses as music, Home Economics, etc. But that first year we started off with four women instructors.

We Buy New Home

We arrived Pasadena Thursday night, March 27th. Things now were moving into high gear. Friday morning I contacted Mrs. C. J. McCormick, the real estate broker through whom the purchase of the college property had been made. I had been looking at a number of places, before the trip abroad, for a home. She had said she would try to have a few places lined up for me to inspect on my return from Europe.

She said she had three places for me to see, which she felt might fit the requirements. Chief requirement was the fact that I lacked enough money even for a down-payment. We were going to have to manage to purchase a place, as we had the college, with no down-payment.

Mr. Dillon went with me. The first place she showed us was a two-story Spanish type place, with flat roof. It was ill arranged, and I felt it was too large and would be too expensive.

The second place seemed ugly to me. I didn't like it. The third place was three miles from the college, in the Cal Tech district. At first glance from the street, I said: "That place exactly reflects the character of Mrs. Armstrong. She'd like it."

But on the entrance sidewalk, approaching the front door, I stopped.

"Look, Mrs. McCormick," I said. "It's no use looking at this place. It's the most homelike-looking place I've seen—but we could never afford a place like this. What we're looking for is a *small*, modest-type house—something inexpensive. This place is sufficiently modest in appearance, but it's too big. We can't afford a place of this size."

"Mr. Armstrong," she promptly re-

plied, "this is the only kind of place you *can* afford. That's why all three of these places I had chosen to show you are larger places. You can't afford to buy a small place. If it is a new tract place, the company selling it will demand a down-payment which you don't have. If it's an older place lived in by the owner, such people are selling because they need the money, and they would have to have a sizable down-payment. These people are financially well-to-do. They don't need the money. If they like you, and Mrs. Armstrong, and you like the property, they can afford to let you have it without a down-payment.

"These people love their home. The only reason they want to sell it is that Mrs. Williams is unable physically to walk up and down stairs any longer, and doctors have told her she must move to a place of one floor only. They have found a lovely one-story place in South Pasadena. They paid cash for it. I've already briefed them on your financial position, and how you are starting a cultural college, and that you are people of the character that would take the best of care of this property. That's important to them. They do love this place, and want to be sure the family moving in will take the best care of it."

We went on inside.

The home reflected character and charm. It seemed even more homelike inside than out. It was a 14-room house, 14 years old, but of quality construction and had been well maintained. It was a frame colonial house, two stories, and a half-basement of three rooms in clean, excellent condition.

We examined the construction from underneath, in the basement. It was substantial, of best quality. Mr. Dillon had spent a summer selling real estate. He had learned how to appraise the quality and value of a house.

"This place," he whispered to me, "is so desirable that if you don't buy it, I will. Don't ever let *this* place get away from you."

Of course I wanted Mrs. Armstrong to see it. And the Williams' wanted to see her, before deciding whether to sell to us. After we left, I called my wife long distance. She had just an hour to catch the evening train for Los Angeles. The next evening she arrived—or, more

probably, it was Sunday evening.

On Monday morning I took her out to see it. It was love-at-first-sight with her. It had seemed to me that this home and my wife simply belonged together. It was just her type—her character. It had quality, charm, character. Yet it had simplicity. It was not a show-place, not ostentatious. Just quiet, modest, with charm, beauty and character. The Williams', we learned later in the day, fell in love at first sight with Mrs. Armstrong. Immediately they felt she was the woman who would take good care of the place.

Mrs. McCormick contacted us in the early afternoon.

"It's like a miracle," she said. "They want you to have it. They will sell to you at just half the price the property has been listed for, for over a year. They will sell it to you on quarterly payments, no down payment, *no interest*, and will give you possession and the deed, taking a trust-deed (mortgage), in 90 days when the second payment is made."

We couldn't believe our ears! I did some quick figuring. We had been living in motels, forced to eat at restaurants. The money we were spending at restaurants for ourselves and two sons was almost exactly the amount of the payments. Mrs. Armstrong is a *very* economical cook, when we could have a home where she could do the cooking. With her management over grocery-buying, I figured the food would cost no more than we were spending for motel rent.

In other words, IT WAS GOING TO COST US ABSOLUTELY NOTHING to step into this beautiful home and start owning it! It would involve no increase in our cost of living!

I went immediately to the office of Judge Russell Morton, our attorney, asking him to draw up the agreement. When I told him the terms, he looked at me with a strange look.

"I never heard of such a deal," he said. "Why, I ought to refuse to write up the agreement! That's the second important property that has come to you without even a down payment. It is either a miracle or the biggest crackpot deal I ever heard of."

He did write up the agreement, and the next day, Tuesday, April 1, 1947,

the Williams', Mrs. Armstrong and I signed, and I gave them a check for the first quarterly payment. We were to have possession and the deed July 1st, the same day we were to take possession of the college property.

First College Office

Mr. Dillon was anxious to get into an office, and get started with the preliminary work of organizing the new college.

There were the two buildings on this original property we had purchased for the college. One was the present Library, which we then called "the College," for the simple reason that it housed all classrooms, library, music department, assembly—everything, except business office. And, beside this, was the former garage. It was a four-car garage, with apartments occupying the second floor and each end of the ground floor and filled with tenants. We managed a deal, at a premium cost, by which the people in the apartment at the rear upstairs, and the rear downstairs vacated. The center of the downstairs, garage space for four cars, already was vacant. The building originally had been stables—way back in B.C. years—*before cars!*

In the rear ground-floor room, later to become our printing shop until 1958, we opened the first Ambassador College office. We purchased desks and office equipment and supplies. Mr. Dillon employed a secretary—a Miss Ruth Klicker. He began work of planning a curriculum.

One day he said a man had walked in, while I was out, and applied for the job of Professor of French. He was Professor Emile Mauler-Hiennecey, French born and educated, with degrees from a University in Paris. He had moved to New Orleans and done private French tutoring, and in recent years had lived in Pasadena. He had taught in high schools, and continued private tutoring. Mr. Dillon wanted me to interview the professor—even then a year or two past seventy.

After my interview, we appointed him our first instructor in French.

We employed two other women teachers—Mrs. Genevieve F. Payne, with an M.A. from Colorado University, and graduate work in History at other uni-



Prof. Emile Mauler-Hiennecey

versities, as instructor in History and Spanish; and Miss Lucille Hoover, with a B.M. from Chicago Musical College and considerable additional study in America and abroad, as head of our Music Department.

And then, about June 20th, after Mr. Dillon had gone to New York to study at Columbia for the summer, Mrs. Lucy H. Martin came in for an interview. She was an experienced librarian—had served on the staff of the Library of Congress at the nation's capital. I did not know until later that she had degrees in music equal to or higher than Miss Hoover. I employed her as Librarian. It was then a part-time job. She was teach-



Mrs. Lucy H. Martin

ing in another private school in Pasadena.

We also appointed a Mr. Krauss, with an M.S. from the University of Southern California, and who had been officer in charge of the Navy Physical Fitness pro-

gram, as Director of Physical Education.

All in all, we felt our new college faculty rated very well in degrees and previous experience.

I had wanted Mr. Dillon to earn a Ph.D. from Columbia University. He already had graduate credits from the University of Oregon. So he and his wife departed, about mid-June, for New York City for summer work toward this degree.

Dr. B. Balks

After signing the papers for purchase of our new home on April 1, 1947, I

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Fall of British Commonwealth

(Continued from page 12)

I made known that which shall surely be" (verse 9). Imagine—the British Isles empty, with its people in slavery to other nations!

Read carefully verses 11-15. This shows that *Ephraim is oppressed* (high taxes, etc.) and has *no judgment*, because they walk after *vanity*. (verse 12).

"When EPHRAIM saw his sickness (post World War II debility) and JUDAH saw his wound (6½ million Jews slaughtered by the Nazis) then went Ephraim to the Assyrian . . ." (verse 13).

The Assyrians are clearly revealed to be the ancestors of the present-day peoples of Germany and Austria.

God is going to let Ephraim and Judah alone (let them go their own way) "till they acknowledge their offence (their sins) and seek my face: in their affliction they will seek me early" (Hosea 5:15).

Though God will punish Ephraim and the Jews for their sins, yet "in the third day he will raise us up" (6:12). This Scripture reveals that *God will mercifully cut short the coming captivity and Great Tribulation* (the prophesied time of "Jacob's trouble")—*in its third day or third prophetic year!* (Other prophecies show the Tribulation and plagues of the Day of the Lord will

be about three and one-half years).

The goodness of Ephraim and Judah will vanish as a morning cloud and as the early dew (verse 4). This shows the blessings God gave the British Commonwealth will be stripped from her.

Britain's "Grey Hairs"

"Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned. Strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not: yea, GRAY HAIRS are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not" (verses 8 and 9).

Here we see very clearly that the modern-day descendants of Ephraim are like a cake on the hearth which was not turned—it has become burned and worthless.

The descendants of Ephraim have mixed themselves among the other peoples or nations of the world. This has been more true of the British than of any other people in history—except for Americans. Even though Britain's Empire has been dissolved, and her Commonwealth is fast breaking up, yet you can still find many racially mixed Ephraimites in India, Hongkong, Malaya, Egypt and around the world.

Also note that "*gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth it not.*"

This verse shows that *old age* has set in, and Ephraim no longer has his youthful vigour. "Gray hairs" characteristically represent his old age and loss of natural physical strength.

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of EPHRAIM, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower . . . The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet: And the glorious beauty . . . shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer. . ." (Isa. 28:1-4).

Here under the symbol of a "*fading flower*" and like the vanishing of the "*hasty fruit*" (*prematurely ripe fig*), so the strength and beauty of Ephraim are fading away!

Now let us return to the book of Hosea. "Israel is swallowed up: now shall they be among the Gentiles as a vessel wherein is no pleasure, for they have gone up to Assyria . . . EPHRAIM hath HIRED LOVERS. Yea, though they

Autobiography

(Continued from page 28)

began to think about how we would furnish such a large house. Of course we had some furniture in storage in Eugene, Oregon. But most of it was old and worn, and there was not enough to furnish even a small part of our new home.

The main building we had purchased, as "the college building" from Dr. B., had always been used as a large residence. It was, however, more institutional than residential in appearance. Dr. B. and his elderly sister were living in it. The building was completely furnished. Most of the furniture and furnishings were somewhat old, but of the character usually found in larger mansions. He probably had bought it all second-handed at one of the auction markets. We were not going to be able to use this furniture in the college, when we turned the rooms into classrooms.

I approached Dr. B. about moving the furniture and furnishings to our new home on July 1st. Immediately he refused. For tax reasons, he had itemized the purchase-price, segregating the furnishings from the real property. By placing a higher value on the furnishings, he avoided a portion of the capital-gain tax on the real estate.

But the wily, scheming Dr. B. suggested that, for a separate cash payment, he would agree to removal of the furniture. I think his price was \$2,000, to apply on the last two months' rental on the 25-month lease. The reader will remember that we purchased this first college property on a lease-and-option basis. We were to pay \$1,000 per month rent on a 25-month lease. At the end of 25 months, the \$25,000 thus paid was to become the down-payment on the *purchase*. The contract included an option to purchase at that time, with the \$25,000 down-payment thus accumulated, and \$1,000 payments per month, plus interest.

So Judge Morton drew up a legal contract, by which, as a result of *advancing* this last two-months' rental under the lease part of the contract, Dr. B. agreed we might move the furniture and furnishings to our new home address—but

to no other location.

We became convinced before July 1st, however, that Dr. B. had no intention of ever giving us possession of the property. Our contract called for 9 months' rental payments at \$1,000 per month, *before* possession. After this \$9,000 had been paid, we were to take possession.

It had been a real headache of a problem to raise that extra \$2,000. It probably took some 30 days, but I think it was managed by mid-May. But as July 1st approached, Judge Morton, his associate attorney, Mr. Wannamaker, and I had become convinced that Dr. B. did not intend to give possession—that his intention was to keep the money we had paid—which now would be \$11,000 by July 1st, and to keep the property too! We went into a huddle at the law offices about strategy for peacefully taking possession.

Dr. B. had always made me a welcome guest, personally. Mrs. Armstrong and I had spent the night there on New Year's eve, so we could view the 1947 Tournament of Roses parade. This world-famous parade starts just one block south of this property, on South Orange Grove Blvd.—and this original property is less than a half block off Orange Grove.

We worked out a strategy.

So on the morning of July 1st, Mrs. Armstrong, our two sons and I parked our car, filled with our luggage, a block away—out of sight from the Dr. B. building. Then I walked over to the front door and rang the bell. Dr. B. came to the door, and, as I suspected, looked carefully to see that no luggage or other members of the family had come with me. Seeing no one, he allowed me to step inside, as I had so frequently done.

We went inside and chatted. Nothing was said about our taking possession. Then, after about ten minutes, the front doorbell rang. I beat Dr. B. to the door, opened it, and before Dr. B. grasped what had happened, in walked Mrs. Armstrong, and our sons, carrying our luggage.

We were inside.

But so was Dr. B. and his sister!

We took over two bedrooms. We planned that not more than one or two

of us would ever leave the building at one time—always keeping at least two of us inside, to admit any who left.

Some two weeks went by. Dr. B. and his sister made no move to leave. We were in. But *so were they*—and they seemed to have no intention of moving out or turning over possession.

Of course he was violating his signed agreement. We could possibly have taken it to court and forced them out. But that was the last thing we wanted to do. We wanted to keep the peace.

So we had another strategy conference at the attorneys' offices. We remembered the legal paper he had signed agreeing to removal of the furniture and furnishings to our new home on or after July 1st.

It was decided to inform Dr. B. we had set a date for removing the furniture, and that on that date, set about three days ahead, house movers would come and remove the beds on which they were sleeping—and in fact all, except the one Mrs. Armstrong and I were using.

Dr. B. protested, when I informed him.

"I have a piece of paper here," I said, "which you signed, which says these beds are going to be moved on that date. You have three days to get your own things packed, and to vacate and turn complete possession over to us. I don't want to have to resort to legal means or force."

"Oh, well," he answered gruffly and angrily, "All-right! All-right! We'll get out!"

The strategy worked. We had possession. But Dr. B. still thought he was not beaten. He still thought he could outsmart us and keep the property. We were to learn that, when the time came to exercise our option to turn it into a purchase, in December, 1948.

Next month I will tell you how the city building inspector refused to permit us to use the building for college purposes until a major reconstruction operation had been completed, to make the building one-hour fire resistant. We did not have the money to do it. The college appeared doomed, after all. People began to talk about "when this thing folds up." We were to suffer real birth-pangs before the new college could be born.