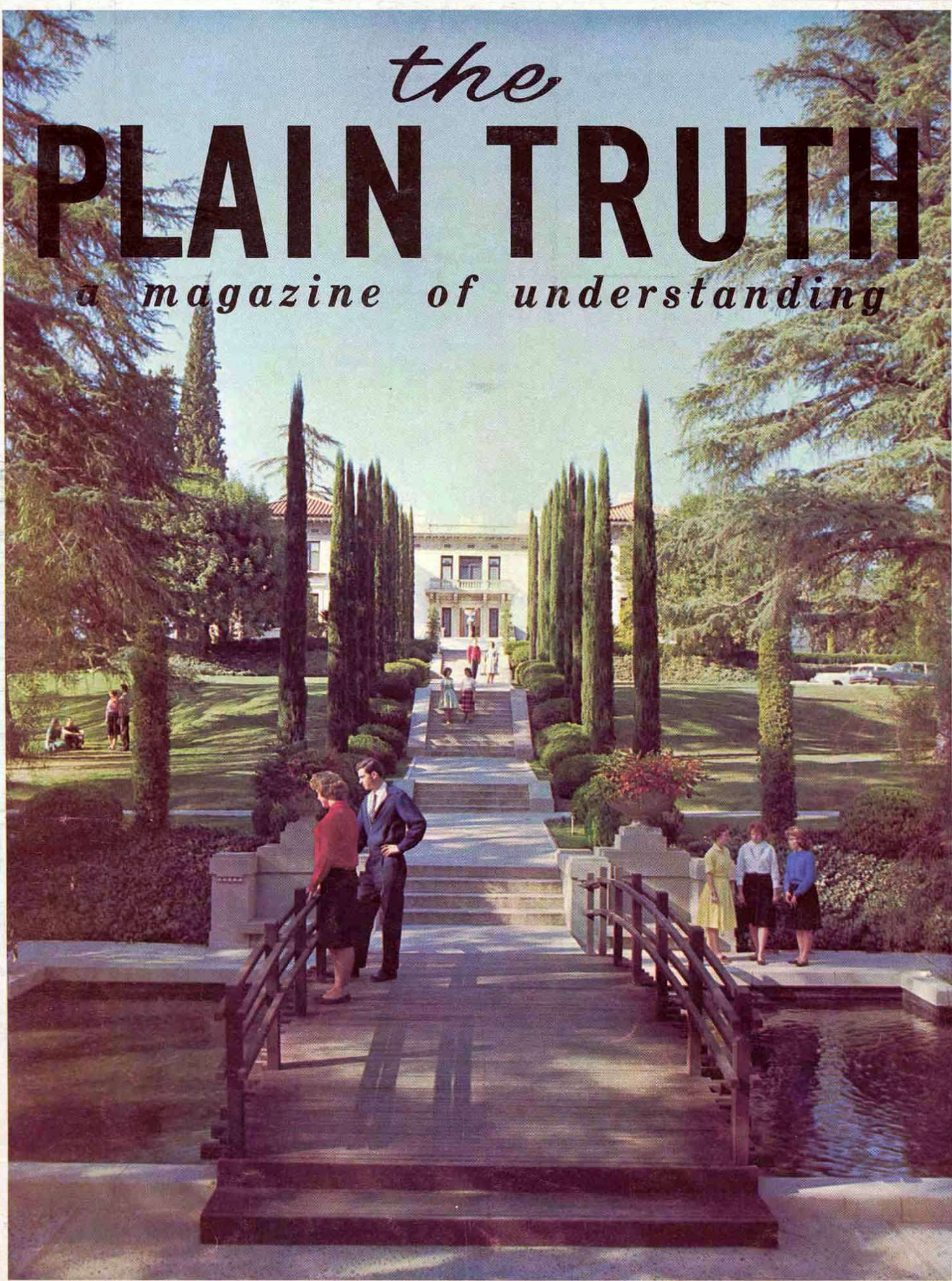


*the*  
**PLAIN TRUTH**  
*a magazine of understanding*





# What our READERS SAY

## April Issue Appreciated

"May I try to express my appreciation of the April issue of *The PLAIN TRUTH*? It is so very interesting. I found it hard to put it down until every article had been read. One article especially, 'Will the World Recognize the Returning Christ?' contains such vital information, I kept reading it over and over. Also, 'Why More People Are Becoming Violent,' really contains so much truth, warning us about watching television too much, which is a common habit. There ought to be a law against showing violence of any kind."

Mrs. W. C., Hemet, Calif.

"In your April issue is a letter from one N. S., and allow me to say that your reply is entirely inadequate and at least partially wrong. You are wrong in your definition of "agnostic." I have consulted three dictionaries and not one states that an agnostic is proud of it. Why did you add those words?"

R. W. H., Los Angeles, Calif.

• *Did you ever talk to an agnostic who wasn't?*

"I read a write-up printed in the April *PLAIN TRUTH* by N. S. He or she, whichever it may be, claimed that God made a mistake when He created man. I wonder if that person ever read and studied the word of God as it is set forth in the Bible. God is perfect and cannot make a mistake in his work. Man is the one that made the mistake by disobeying God's command through his wife, Eve, by her listening to old Satan, the Devil, and eating the forbidden fruit and getting Adam to eat it also. We cannot blame God for the wrong things happening in the world today. Let's put the blame where it should be put . . . on Satan, the Devil. We must remember God is perfect and man is not perfect; never was, and never will be before the resurrection."

Sylvester "Curley" O.,  
Oakdale, La.

"I just finished [the April] edition of *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine. I find it extremely helpful and full of rich information. I very much enjoyed the insight into the history of the Ambassador College [in the Personal from the Editor]."

James A. W., Hollywood, Calif.

## A German Speaks

"Please rush me your *PLAIN TRUTH*. I heard your program for the first time tonight. My parents are in Germany, and I am going to tell them to listen to Mr. Armstrong. Yes, of course Germany will rise—but next time *we will not lose!* But at least Mr. Armstrong seems to know who is really the threat to this world. I respect him for this."

Carl von H., Dallas, Texas

## Economist's Folly

"I am employed by one of the nation's leading economists. When I asked his opinion on different articles written in *The PLAIN TRUTH*, especially those about the serious water shortage to come, he scoffed at them. These men ignore the obvious. They are educated, yet blind. To them our destinies are shaped by their hands alone—God has no part in their plans."

Patrick S., Washington, D.C.

## Doubters Convinced

"Knowing you have many listeners, and probably receive many letters, I will reintroduce myself. I sent you a letter 2 months ago stating that I doubted the word of God. You in turn sent me several pamphlets. I have read the articles and have completely changed. I now believe in God, and that He will come again to this earth. . . . You have caused me to amend my way of life and I am grateful to you."

Robert L., Saddle Brook,  
New Jersey

"God bless you. It seems incredible that a magazine as fine as *The PLAIN TRUTH*  
(Please continue on page 29)

## the PLAIN TRUTH a magazine of understanding

May, 1965

VOL. XXX

NO. 5

Circulation 600,000

Published monthly at Pasadena, California; London, England; and Melbourne, Australia, by Ambassador College. German and French editions published monthly at London, England. © 1965 Ambassador College. All Rights Reserved.

### EDITOR

HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG

### EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Garner Ted Armstrong

### MANAGING EDITOR

Herman L. Hoch

### SENIOR EDITOR

Roderick C. Meredith

### Associate Editors

Albert J. Portune

David Jon Hill

### Contributing Editors

C. Paul Meredith

Basil Wolverton

Lynn E. Torrance

Charles V. Dorothy

Jack R. Elliott

Robert E. Genet

Ernest L. Martin

Robert C. Boraker

L. Leroy Neff

Gerhard O. Marx

Clint C. Zimmerman

Eugene M. Walter

Richard H. Sedliacik

William H. Ellis

### News Bureau Director

Gene H. Hogberg

### Research Staff

Donald D. Schroeder

Ronald D. McNeil

### Editorial and Production Assistants

James W. Robinson

Paul Kroll

### Regional Editors Abroad

United Kingdom: Raymond F. McNair

Australia: C. Wayne Cole

South Africa: Gerald Waterhouse

Germany: Frank Schnee

Switzerland: Colin J. A. Wilkins

### Business Manager

Albert J. Portune

### Circulation Managers

United States: Hugh Mauck

United Kingdom: Charles F. Hunting

Canada: Dean Wilson

Australia: Gene R. Hughes

Philippines: Guy Ames

South Africa: Ernest Williams

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION has been paid by others. Bulk copies for distribution not given or sold.

ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS to the Editor at the nearest address below:

United States: Box 111, Pasadena, California 91109.

Canada: Post Office Box 44, Station A, Vancouver 1, B.C.

United Kingdom and Europe: BCM Ambassador, London, W.C. 1, England.

South Africa: P.O. Box 1060, Johannesburg, Transvaal, R.S.A.

Australia and Southeast Asia: Box 345, North Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

The Philippines: Post Office Box 2603, Manila.

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE paid at Pasadena, California.

BE SURE TO NOTIFY US IMMEDIATELY of any change in your address. Please inclose both old and new address. IMPORTANT!



# Personal from the Editor

**T**HIS is written from Portland, Oregon. I had not been here for years. Yet in 1926-27, when I was "angered" into my first real study of the Bible, we were living in Portland.

Most of our readers have read the story. We had been visiting my parents a few days in Salem, Oregon. A neighbor friend of my mother's had engaged my wife in a Bible study. She had asked my wife to turn to certain passages of Scripture and read them aloud. My wife soon came running breathlessly to tell me the exciting news that she had made a wonderful discovery in the Bible. It was going to change her whole way of living.

I could see nothing "wonderful" about her new discovery. To me it was religious fanaticism. I was disgusted—angered. I could not bear the disgrace of business associates learning that my wife was a religious fanatic. I tried to argue her out of it. I couldn't.

In final desperation, I agreed to do a research job on the Bible. She agreed that, if I could show her, *in the Bible*, that she had been misled, she would give up her new "wonderful" truth.

For six months I researched. I studied the Bible. And *not only* the Bible—I dug deeply into the many Biblical Commentaries, authored by the "higher critics." I researched history. I checked carefully original Hebrew and Greek words, from the copies of the original writings. I checked shades of meaning of these originally-inspired words in the Greek-English and the Hebrew-English lexicons. I researched the religious and theological encyclopedias. I checked the exhaustive concordances. I delved into the Bible dictionaries.

Most of this painstaking study was done at the Portland Public Library. That was almost 40 years ago! Day after day I would arrive at the Library

building waiting for the doors to open at 9 a.m. Night after night librarians had to tell me politely that it was 9 p.m. and the Library was closing. Then I would go home and study. Often my wife would awaken at 1 a.m. and ask me if I wouldn't leave off studying and come to bed.

This afternoon, for the first time in many, many years, I walked over to the Portland Library. Thoughts of 38½ years ago came back, and it seemed as if it were only yesterday I had been there, and I was back for more research today.

The ground-floor lobby was all changed—new information desks, display cases, and things unfamiliar. Two display cases were showing new books, under the caption: "NOTABLE BOOKS—1964." I strolled over to one of the cases. Among the "notable books" published last year I saw "EPISODE: Report on the ACCIDENT Inside My Skull." Another "notable" book was "BAD CHARACTER." Yes, people would rather read about *bad* character than good! Another: "CENSORSHIP—The Search for the *Obscene*." That one should be *real* "notable."

Another was "LIFE WITH PICASSO." Some little while ago I published Picasso's "Confession," in which he called himself a mountebank who had descended down to the lower levels of public taste and became rich turning out insane "art." I do not know whether life with Picasso was intended to represent an account of life with insanity and degeneracy—but I do know that seems to be the trend of the times! There was also in the display case a novel: "*The Stone Angel*." I always thought angels were made of spirit, not stone. Ah, well! Most readers of such "notable" books would never know the difference. They might as well waste their time on that kind of fiction as any

## In This Issue:

What Our Readers  
Say . . . . . Inside Front Cover

Personal from the Editor . . . . . 1

Disastrous Weather—WHY? . . . 3

Hitler's Germany to  
Rise AGAIN? . . . . . 5

Why DO Young People  
"Go Bad"? . . . . . 7

What is Happening in  
Indonesia? . . . . . 9

Radio Log . . . . . 14

The Real Meaning Behind—  
The Middle East Muddle . . . 17

Short Questions  
From Our Readers . . . . . 29

The Bible Story . . . . . 33

The Autobiography of  
Herbert W. Armstrong . . . . . 43

TORNADO! . . . . Inside Back Cover



© Ambassador College

### OUR COVER

Looking up to Ambassador Hall, main classroom building on the Pasadena, California, campus of Ambassador College. Prospective students should request a copy of the college Bulletin or Prospectus from our Pasadena or Brickett Wood addresses (see opposite page).



other. They are bound to waste it, anyway!

And I could not help thinking how Solomon wrote, "Of making many books there is no end." And are not 99.9% of them actually valueless—written out of the vanity of the writer? How much useless, worthless knowledge is stored up in this world? How much *false* knowledge? How much misleading, deceptive knowledge that is harmful? How much mental *poison*?

Then I thought of the many Bibles in different languages, and various translations in that upstairs room where I had spent so many hours in study and research 38½ years ago. I thought of the many Bible "helps"—the concordances, lexicons, cyclopedias, commentaries. There was helpful and useful knowledge stored in this Library, too!

How could the *same* Library contain so much good, and at the same time so much bad? Of course this is the condition in *every* large library. I thought of how James wrote about the words we emit from our mouths: "Out of the same mouth proceedeth blessings and cursings. My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

I thought I would go up the grand marble stairway to the main rooms on the second floor. Yes, there was the same Science Room—just as it was 38½ years ago. I walked across to the opposite large room to see if the theological works were still there.

And indeed they are—the general encyclopedias precisely where they were—it seemed now like *yesterday*! Only there was a *later* edition of the *Britannica*, and of the *Americana*, and one or two *new* encyclopedias added. Next, just as "yesterday," came the religious Encyclopedias—only some were new editions, or had new bindings. Then the Commentaries, Exhaustive concordances, Bible dictionaries, lexicons.

I simply *had* to pull out a couple of the books, and sit, just as I did "yesterday," at one of the same study tables, and check a few points for a while.

Only, when I attempted to scribble some notations I discovered the oak table top was not smooth as it used to be.

It brought back many memories. I

sat there, and for the moment thought of myself as I was 38½ years ago. I was then perplexed—all mixed up—confused and somewhat frustrated. I was shocked at finding the Bible didn't say what I had supposed—what I had been taught as a boy in Sunday School. Then I thought of what has happened in those 38½ years. Of how I finally had consented, after much persuading, to speak before a small group down in Oregon's Willamette Valley—how I had been literally drawn, as if by invisible but irresistible forces into Christ's Ministry—finally ordained—the start of the radio broadcast on 100 watts of power per week. Today it is 28,000,000 watts per week! And today I am 38½ years older and my son Garner Ted does most of the broadcasting. Neither he nor his older brother Richard David had been born yet, when I sat at that same study table 38½ years ago, in the autumn of 1926!

During that 38½ years there has been struggle—there was poverty—there has been constant opposition, persecution, harassment. But during that six

months' study my mind was opened to God's TRUTH.

There was, of course, a desperate struggle within which resulted in accepting it, and surrendering totally to God, giving my life to Him for whatever He might see fit to do with it. There has been constant hard work—more study—much writing—countless hours of preaching, counselling, helping others who were willing to see what God had so graciously opened my eyes to see. There has come the MASS proclamation of Christ's Gospel by radio, television, and printed page. First, scores were reached, then hundreds, then thousands, now MILLIONS! Many thousands have been converted—their lives *changed*—now on their way, overcoming and growing spiritually, toward GOD'S KINGDOM with eternal life!

Has it all been worth the struggle? Has it been worth the PRICE Mrs. Armstrong and I have had to pay? YES!!!—a million times over! What real deep-down, genuine SATISFACTION and GRATITUDE we can experience, now!! How thankful we are to our GOD!



Mr. Armstrong painstakingly studied at Public Libraries and verified the Bible. Why don't you check up on these things in your local Public Libraries?



# The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

How this self-written story of Mr. Armstrong's life came to be called an "Autobiography." Influence of Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* — and conclusion of Mrs. Armstrong's *Diary*.

## INSTALLMENT 70

**B**EFORE picking up the story-flow where we left off in Installment 69, I would like to intervene briefly with a few comments.

This *Autobiography*, up to this point, has not been written at one continuous sitting—as most books are written. It began in 1957. It has been written at intervals, an installment at a time—always at least a month apart. I am very late getting the present installment to the printers. This is written April 30, 1965.

Early this morning before coming to my office, I chanced to pick out of my library at home a beautifully bound deluxe copy of another autobiography—one that pressed great influence on my early life in the latter teens—Benjamin Franklin's. This handsome volume was given to me by Dr. Herman L. Hoeh. I had started my fourth reading of Franklin's *Autobiography*, had progressed about a fourth of the way through, and the book had apparently been picked up and placed on a library shelf by Mrs. Armstrong. For perhaps two months it had been out of sight—out of mind.

### Does Anyone Read a Preface?

Sitting down in my comfortable club chair to peruse a few more pages about 6:30 this morning, I realized I had skipped past Carl Van Doren's *Introduction* in this particular edition. Most people, I think, do pass by *Prefaces* and *Introductions* in books. That is why, in my recent book on sex and marriage, at the last minute I changed the *Introduction* to the heading, *Read This First*. I hope it induced a reading.

But now I want, at this juncture, to make a few comments brought to mind by Mr. Van Doren's *Introduction*.

It reveals the origin of the very title, "*Autobiography*." Starting with the statement that Franklin's is the most widely read of all autobiographies, he mentions that Franklin himself never heard, nor saw in print, this title.

### Origin of Word: Autobiography

He had called the manuscript his *Memoirs*. Incidentally, I have seen the very original manuscript which Benjamin Franklin wrote, with his own pen. It now resides only a short walk of a dozen or fifteen city blocks from my own home. It is now owned and displayed by The Huntington Library, here in Pasadena—one of that famous Library's most prized exhibits.

But since this book (I hope these installments may be published later in book form) is called my *Autobiography*, I thought our readers might be interested in knowing how the title *Autobiography* originated.

Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* was first printed, not in English, but translated into French. It was first published, unauthorized, a year after Franklin died, 1791, in Paris. It was titled the *Private Memoirs* of Benjamin Franklin. It was next published in 1792 in German, then in Swedish, before it was published in English—and then only as a translation from the French, in London, 1793.

For some years and successive printings the book was called his *Life Written by Himself*. In fact, the word *Autobiography* means just that, condensed into one word instead of four. The new word, *Autobiography*, first

appeared early in the 19th century, originated from the Greek, and meaning, *the account of a life written by the person who lived it*.

I will end the diversion here. I simply felt that this explanation of the title of what many have been reading for more than seven years might be interesting.

The past three installments have included Mrs. Armstrong's diary of our Middle East tour starting from London April 18, 1956 and returning May 25.

Installment 69 cut off just before our return to London. It was Thursday, May 19th. We had been in Rome. On this day, we drove to Naples, leaving Rome along the old Appian Way by which the Apostle Paul had entered Rome, after landing from his shipwrecked voyage near the Bay of Naples.

It was a moving experience to get out of our rented car and walk a few steps over the same cobblestones on which Paul's feet had walked more than 1900 years ago.

I will conclude, now, Mrs. Armstrong's account, from the diary she kept at the time, of the Middle-East tour.

### Conclusion of Diary

by Loma D. Armstrong

**A**FTER seeing Naples, we drove to the ruined city of Pompeii. This was the most startling place we have seen. In the year 79 A.D., Pompeii was completely covered with ashes from Mt. Vesuvius. It was a city of twenty thousand people. While thousands escaped from the city to the sea, hundreds perished in their homes and in the streets.

In the year 1860, excavations began.



We walked down the narrow cobblestone streets worn by chariot wheels and saw public buildings still standing. Only the walls remained. The roofs were gone—fallen in from the weight of the ashes and cinders.

We entered the doors of many homes and saw, in some, their household gods. These were near the entrance to the homes.

We saw the bodies of the victims



Wide World Photo

St. Peter's in Rome . . . Vatican City. The cost of building this gigantic edifice precipitated the Protestant Reformation.

that have been found preserved in the ash. These were in the museum. Even the expression on their faces are preserved. One dog still with the chain around his neck was twisted with his head under his body, showing the agony it suffered before it died.

There are two loaves of bread preserved and hardened. Here was bread two thousand years old.

There was also the body of a woman with her arm over her face to protect it. An expression of stark fear and agony was on her face. Some of the bones of the hand and leg were showing through the encrusted body.

We walked past their pagan temples and through the city center. One has to visit the place to really understand. It was overwhelming. One feels shocked beyond expression and has a great pity for these people, even though they have been dead over eighteen hundred years. It is impossible to realize that it happened so long ago when you are there and viewing their bodies.

### The Image of Mary

We drove back to Rome. On the way we passed a funeral in one of the villages. The hearse was a highly decorated, immense, horse-drawn affair; and the whole funeral procession was more like a parade.

When we entered the suburbs of Rome, we got into a traffic jam that seemed hours before we moved. When finally we began to inch along, we

found what had held up traffic. It was a life-sized statue called Mary that was on a brightly lighted truck used in a political campaign. An election was coming up and the Catholics were urging everyone to vote to defeat the Communists.

It seemed that wherever a statue called Mary was seen in Rome, many worshipers would stop and stare in worshipful awe. They will even stop city traffic.

### Statue of Peter!

We went through St. Peter's Cathedral again, once more watching people as they pass the statue which may be either Simon Magus or Jupiter Olympus seated in the cathedral, kissing its big toe. One after another they kissed

the big toe, even lifting up little children. Whether diseased, dirty, or clean, all were crossing themselves and kissing the toe that was now worn shiny from years of this procedure.

A halo has been placed over the head—or perhaps it's called a crown, and huge keys made and fastened in the hand. It is now called "St. Peter" with the keys to the Kingdom of God.

We went through the treasury in the church and saw millions of dollars worth of jeweled religious robes, crowns, and all sorts of things. Among them was the triple crown of the Pope. In some jeweled objects were bones, small bones, or piece of bone from some Pope or "Saint."

We went through the Vatican Museum on two different days. It was our third visit to these places.

### Home Again!

We were glad when we were able to leave Rome and once again fly (even though I dislike flying) to England. We flew over the Mediterranean, and then over the Alps. We flew very near Mt. Blanc and that was awe-inspiring and beautiful. It is the highest mountain in the Alps. All the flight across those snow-capped mountains was so beautiful that I almost relaxed.

It was beginning to become dark as we flew over France and the English Channel.

When we arrived in London, George Meeker, from our London office, was there to meet us. It was almost like arriving home.

Our long, long trip over Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Israel, Turkey, Greece, and Italy was over. The English seemed like home folks. London looked so good.

Here we finally had letters from home and at last good clean food and comfortable beds, and, of course, George Meeker.

## Hitler's Germany to Rise AGAIN?

(Continued from page 6)

event to unite the people of Europe under the coming leader of the *final Reich*. To inspire their undivided allegiance to the leader of the great false church, WHAT GREATER MIRACLE could

be claimed by the coming FALSE PROPHET than that of pretending to resurrect Adolf Hitler from the dead—perhaps from "purgatory" itself?

The German people would be electri-