

the
PLAIN TRUTH
a magazine of understanding



MOONWALK—
What does it portend?

Bill Gaines

What our READERS SAY

LSD

"I am 19 years old and was arrested for sales and possession of dangerous drugs. I served some time and was released on probation. I'm an ex-acidhead and heroin freak. I am now clean and trying to get married. Since I've done what most of the kids today are doing, I know their trip and can honestly say I feel sorry for them, so I can fully appreciate what you're trying to do about the drug problem of today. I was one of the fortunate ones — by getting out of the drug scene when I did. I've been receiving your PLAIN TRUTH for some time."

Ken B.,
Bakersfield, California

"Your magazine, *The PLAIN TRUTH* has been such great pleasure and help. About a month ago, a dear friend of mine wrote me a letter which touched me deeply. Her husband had been taking LSD and she didn't know it. He was on a so-called trip and jumped off their fifth floor balcony, leaving her with two small children and another child on the way. In May's PLAIN TRUTH, the article about LSD helped me understand why this happened."

Mrs. V. E. F.,
Reno, Nevada

"I would like to congratulate you on your excellent article dealing with the dangers of LSD. As a professor I have had many experiences with students who have taken the drug. I knew one student called Sparky who, after taking his first trip thought he was an aborted fetus. From that day on Sparky hid in closets, crates, pails and other confined spaces thinking of them as his mother's womb. The doctors have told me his case is hopeless."

Vito V.,
Brooklyn, New York

"Thank you is all I can give except to tell you who you are reaching and some effects *The PLAIN TRUTH* is hav-

ing. When I wrote for it, my common-law husband was on dope. I had just borne an illegitimate daughter, alone. He was INSANE with dope. I had taken beatings, worried, cried my heart out, begged God for help from someone. Much has happened since then. I couldn't write it all here, but we are married now; he has been working, has paid himself out of debt, has bought a car and is trying to buy a home. *Both* our lives were in shambles. *The PLAIN TRUTH* — he reads, savors, ponders, discusses. . . . He has a fourth-grade education, yet you stimulate interest in life, social understanding, morals, ethics. Thank you."

Mrs. C. B.,
Hamilton, Ohio

"I would like to ask you to please discontinue my subscription to *The PLAIN TRUTH*. I have absolutely no complaints concerning your excellent service and credible lack of obnoxious sales pitches. At one time I was really into your thing, but I've changed many of my values and my style of life. I still believe in Christ but I've found Him in an altogether different fashion — through L.S.D."

Roger G. W.,
Tacoma, Washington

• *We won't say "have a nice trip, Roger," because you are buying a one-way ticket to destruction. But it's your life — and you and no one else must live it — or ruin it.*

Science

"My 17-year-old boy is in high school and for a term paper in his chemistry class he studied the article in the May number of the PLAIN TRUTH on DNA and life in a test tube. You can well surmise the reaction from his teacher who has already insulted him before his classmates. The information he had gleaned from your articles on evolution caused a reaction similar to a bombshell in the class — he being the only one

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August, 1969

VOL. XXXIV

NO. 8

Circulation: 2,023,000 Copies

Published monthly at 300 West Green St., Pasadena, California, 91105; Watford, England; and North Sydney, Australia, by Ambassador College. French edition published monthly at Pasadena, California; Dutch and German editions at Watford, England; Spanish edition at Big Sandy, Texas. © 1969 Ambassador College. All rights reserved.

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ADDRESS COMMUNICATIONS to the Editor at the nearest address below:

United States: P.O. Box 111, Pasadena, California 91109.

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United Kingdom and Europe: P.O. Box 111, St. Albans, Herts., England.

South Africa: P.O. Box 1060, Johannesburg.

Australia and Southeast Asia: P.O. Box 345, North Sydney, NSW 2060, Australia.

New Zealand: P.O. Box 2709, Auckland 1.

The Philippines: P.O. Box 2603, Manila D-406.

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a book.

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE paid at Pasadena, California.

Entered as SECOND CLASS matter at Manila Post Office on March 16, 1967.

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

Personal from the Editor

THE OTHER DAY, in Paris, in conversation with two of our executives who were travelling with me, I reminisced on the high estimate I placed on myself in earlier life—in my twenties.

"I was a very important individual in my own eyes then," I mused. "You have no idea how far I've skidded backward since then."

They laughed. "Well," exclaimed one, "I wish you'd give us the formula of how to go backward like that."

Reflecting on this bit of banter later, I decided seriously it *would* be profitable to write that formula for all our PLAIN TRUTH readers. For it is the formula for the only kind of success that is real, and satisfying, and lasting.

For as long as I was important in my own eyes, I was actually of no more importance than a paper bag filled with air. True, I was ambitious. I worked hard, studied hard, drove myself on relentlessly in a determined effort to achieve what I then viewed as SUCCESS. But actually, as I know now, it was a striving after wind—pure vanity—a swelled-up self-exaltation that was like a toy balloon that will burst when pricked with a pin.

The skidding backward began with the flash depression of 1920 which sent numerous big corporations, among which were my main customers, to the wall. It was a national flash catastrophe over which I had no control. It left me, by 1922, a deflated, near-frustrated young man of 30. But not for long. I said, "I'll bound back. You can't keep a good man down." Self-confidence returned. I began developing another business.

But by 1926, just when my new advertising business was beginning to accelerate, another nationwide occurrence, not of my making—or even my knowledge, at the time—wiped out that business.

Once again the SELF was deflated. The ego was punctured. I took a new look at myself. And what I now saw was pretty humiliating. I called myself a burned-out "hunk of junk." I felt unworthy to be cast onto a junk pile. At this point a soul-jarring experience and a new self-appraisal resulted in a total about-face. I had been hit a jolt that changed the direction of my life.

Events and experiences of earlier years now played their part in shaping a new life from this point on. The inflated ego and self-assured ambition had been aroused at age 16. But as far back as memory extends I had a passion for UNDERSTANDING.

I have written elsewhere of the experience, when 22, as the "Idea Man" for the editorial department of the country's largest trade journal. In continual travel throughout the United States, I was assigned not only to search out successful sales ideas and business management techniques used by business men, but also seek out the reasons for the success of the few, and the failure of the many.

On this assignment I pioneered in making surveys, based on the law-of-average principle, sampling public opinion, attitudes, consumer buying habits, facts about life—about failure and success—about mental states of happiness or depression, about life itself as people were living it.

Now as I reflected back, I realized that the most "successful" people I had interviewed were the least happy. Bank accounts were full but lives were empty.

Now, having taken the count twice as a result of nationwide occurrences not of my making—now reduced to actual economic poverty, it became clear at last that, truly, it is more blessed to *give* than to receive.

This whole world, it became painfully clear, was operating on the "GET" philosophy. The philosophy of "I love

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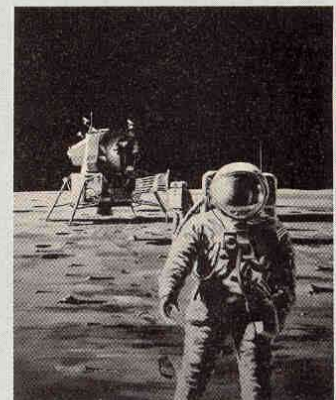
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OUR COVER

MAN ON THE MOON — Artist's concept of man's first moonwalk. Illustrated here are American astronauts Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin Jr., on moonwalk, performing assigned scientific work on moon's surface. Note plastic American flag planted near landing module. With no atmosphere on moon, flag had to be held mechanically in position.

ME, and I care nothing about you." The way of competition, strife, taking, acquiring, amassing — of *being served* rather than serving. Actually, in economic poverty I found rest from the nerve-shattering *driving, driving, striving* after that which NEVER SATISFIED when acquired! I began to see that LOVE is not spelled "l-u-s-t" but rather is pointed in the opposite direction — LOVE is an *outgoing concern* for the one loved.

It became crystal clear that there are two over-all philosophies or WAYS of life. One is the SELF-centered way. It is simply VANITY. It loves self only (which, as I had learned from a text on advertising psychology *includes* that which you call YOURS — your wife and family, your club, your political party, your football team, your country in time of war). It includes not only love and greed toward SELF, but envy, jealousy, and even hatred toward others.

I could see why so many marriages break up — or, at least, are unhappy. One confuses "falling in love" with the sex attraction which stimulates DESIRE — toward SELF. And when one does not GET what is wanted *from* the mate, resentment sets in. The mate is no longer part of one's empirical SELF. Resentment turns to bitterness, and bitterness to HATE.

I began to learn, as never before, that LOVE for my wife meant outgoing concern for *her* welfare, *her* happiness. As I worked toward *her* happiness, our marriage took on a NEW happiness. And that happy marriage lasted fifty years — until her death two years ago. It was making *me* more happy at the same time! Strange? Happiness is a funny thing — or *is it?* The more you GIVE, the more you HAVE. But the more you try to TAKE, the more miserable and frustrated you become.

It became clear. One WAY of life is the SELF way — the IN-coming way — the GETTING way. The OPPOSITE WAY is the *selfless* way — the way of humility, getting rid of the SELF (which is your biggest enemy), the way of GIVING, serving, helping, sharing.

In economic poverty my wife and I found HAPPINESS. It became so brim-

ful it spilled over into pure JOY! I wanted to SHARE this happiness with others.

In the summer of 1933 we were living in Oregon. I planned a series of lectures in and near Eugene, Oregon, to share this BASIC KNOWLEDGE of this right WAY OF LIFE with others. I was without money. But a man with whom I had come in contact, believing in this WAY, happened to be a member of a country school board. He offered me the use of a one-room country schoolhouse eight miles west of Eugene, Oregon. There was no rent. I *walked* out over the countryside, inviting neighbors to come to the series of lectures. There were only 35 seats, but attendance averaged 36 — an average of one standing through the lecture.

That was a very small group of people, but the response was electric. Some of those lives became happier!

A little later an invitation came to lecture over radio. The response was entirely unexpected. There was then only one station in Eugene, KORE, owned by Frank Hill. He called me into his office, handed me a handful of letters. He suggested I plan a regular half-hour program — offering to contribute substantially by reducing the cost below cost of operation. The price was \$3 per half hour.

That was the start of *The WORLD TOMORROW* program. It could not have started smaller. The station then broadcast on the minimum wattage of 100 watts. But it was a NEW KIND OF EDUCATION.

Education as organized in this world is restricted primarily to the physical sciences, technologies, and the professions — teaching how to earn a living, but not HOW TO LIVE. I saw the need of this broader kind of education IN THE HOME. Without any request from me, radio listeners volunteered to become contributors.

That was the start. As new Co-Workers volunteered to join with me other radio stations were added. Gradually. Growth was small. But I never would *solicit* or *invite* contributions over the air.

The radio program started on the air the first week in 1934. I managed to put together a homemade "maga-

zine" called *The PLAIN TRUTH*, printed on a borrowed mimeograph, ready by February 1. This was offered, free, to radio listeners.

Little by little it grew. In 1947 Ambassador College was opened in Pasadena — with four students and a faculty of 8. It was a new type of campus education. We not only began teaching students how to earn a living — but also HOW TO LIVE.

And now, after another 22 years, I look back on a life that has been filled with happiness — because it has been devoted to SHARING this WAY to REAL SUCCESS with, first about three dozen, then hundreds, then thousands, and today into the HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS of people.

From that high estimate I placed on myself during my late teens and twenties, seeking STATUS and a recognition of IMPORTANCE, I skidded backward — all the way DOWN to self-abasement in economic poverty. In financial poverty I found THE WAY to true SUCCESS. The economic poverty lasted a total of 28 years. I learned that setting one's heart on money, or the material possessions money will buy, or on status, only brings a CURSE. Financial success is seldom *true* success, because it is sought for its own sake.

There is a CAUSE for every effect. TRUE success may, and perhaps usually should, include financial success. Money is power, but usually it is used to CAUSE curses, not blessings and happiness. Money is good or evil depending on how it is used. If money is the end you seek, it will wreck you in the end.

Self-centeredness, self-seeking — the GETTING, grasping way of vanity, jealousy, envy and greed is a CAUSE that always produces a most UNHAPPY effect.

To HUMBLE the self, to be little in your own eyes, to be honestly and sincerely concerned for others — to get on the GIVING, helping, serving, sharing way — that is the WAY OF LIFE that CAUSES real Success!

To have the SELF brought down to that junk pile was a painful experience. But not for long. Yes, I'm glad I skidded *backward* from self-esteem, ego and vanity and self-seeking.