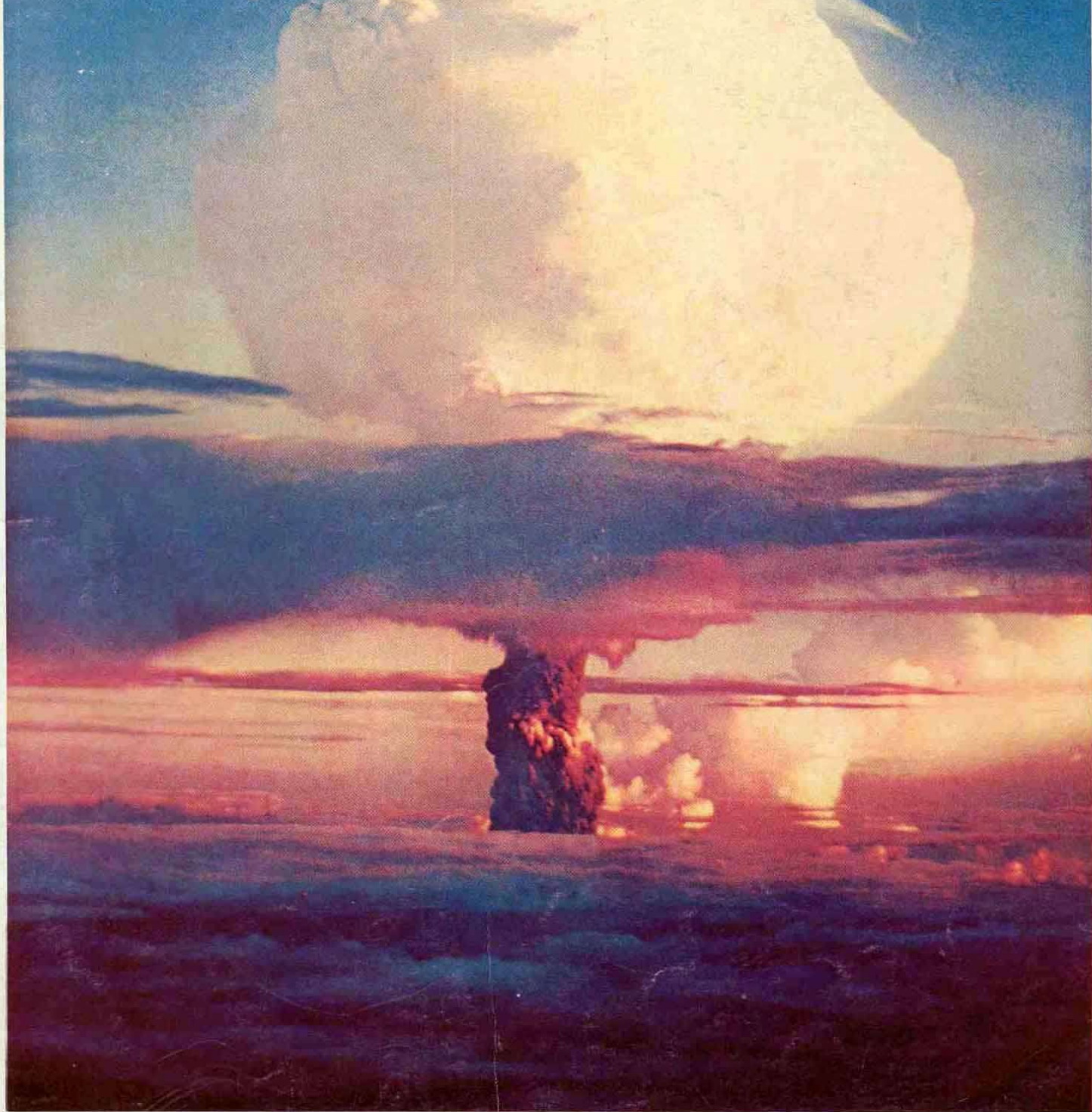


the
PLAIN TRUTH
a magazine of understanding



What our READERS SAY

Around the World

"Recently I received a copy of one of your PLAIN TRUTH magazines from my son in Canada. On reading it I was simply amazed. . . . My son tells me that I can receive copies at no cost to myself. Would you please enter my name on your mailing list so that I can receive these truly wonderful magazines."

New Reader, Bristol, England

"Yesterday morning, as I was sorting out the reading materials in the office of the Municipal Mayor, I came across your magnificent magazine entitled *The PLAIN TRUTH*. It is quite beautiful—the clear illustration and portrayal of everyday incidents and happenings affecting morality, sex and religion. . . . I am not an avid reader of any magazine, but I was more convinced that your magazine is worthwhile reading for a family man like me."

Meljohn B. P., Neval, Leyte
The Philippines

"Please send *The PLAIN TRUTH*. I have been reading my friend's magazine for some time; but I have to return them to him. I walk six miles once a fortnight to get them. He says he is glad to see me, but it would be easier on the magazines if I were to have my own subscription. Nothing I have ever read in my life has made the Bible come to life like *The PLAIN TRUTH*."

Man, Samarai, Territory of Papua
and New Guinea

• *Here's your own subscription—but don't stop walking, it's good for you!*

"I have been receiving *The PLAIN TRUTH* for so many years I had forgotten how I came to get it in the first place until I read in your 'Autobiography' about your advertisement in *The READER'S DIGEST*. In all those years I have never been asked for a penny. At first, I picked out the articles I thought would interest me, read them and ignored the rest. Then came

your articles about England and the European Common Market. You were so sure England wouldn't join that I followed the news closely, half hoping, I'll admit, that you would be proved wrong. The result started me to thinking, but it wasn't until after reading *The PLAIN TRUTH* recently from cover to cover and then deciding to dig out some old copies to read the articles I had previously ignored that I got my biggest shock. In an early issue for 1962 you said that a future Pope would try to influence the people of India. That article has come true in all respects. Other articles in previous magazines have also come to pass. . . . I didn't want to believe this, but only a fool would reject it—you have a habit of being able to prove all you say. Now I wait eagerly for each issue of *The PLAIN TRUTH* and I listen every night to Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong on Station 4TO, Townsville."

Woman, Stamford, Queensland
Australia

"I wish to thank you very much for *The PLAIN TRUTH* which you send to me regularly. Let me say that for nearly four years I have gone through studying *The PLAIN TRUTH* and have completely washed away the superstition that I inherited. I therefore hope this opportunity of receiving your magazine be continued until I fully understand."

Man, Singapore, Malaysia

. . . And the U.S.A.

"My medical doctor tells me *The PLAIN TRUTH* is the most truthful paper he ever read."

Maud R., Seymour, Missouri

"I'm an avid student of the political scene. Everything I read about a rejuvenated Europe, an antagonistic France, a faltering U.S. foreign policy, seems to hammer into my brain 'foretold by *The PLAIN TRUTH*.' I'm asking myself—is it really possible that someone on the earth has the proper answer and
(Please continue on page 41)

the PLAIN TRUTH

a magazine of understanding

August, 1965

VOL. XXX

NO. 8

Circulation 635,000 Copies

Published monthly at Pasadena, California; London, England; and North Sydney, 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. Hoeh

SENIOR EDITOR

Roderick C. Meredith

Associate Editors

Albert J. Portune

David Jon Hill

Contributing Editors

Robert C. Boraker

C. Paul Meredith

Charles V. Dorothy

L. Leroy Neff

Jack R. Elliott

Richard H. Sedliacik

William H. Ellis

Lynn E. Torrance

Robert E. Gentet

Eugene M. Walter

Ernest L. Martin

Basil Wolverton

Gerhard O. Marx

Clint C. Zimmerman

News Bureau Director

Gene H. Hogberg

Research Staff

Donald D. Schroeder

Keith A. Hoyt

Editorial and Production Assistants

James W. Robinson

Paul Kroll

Regional Editors Abroad

United Kingdom: Raymond F. McNair

Australia: C. Wayne Cole

South Africa: Ernest Williams

Germany: Frank Schnee

Philippines: Gerald Waterhouse

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: Michael Bousfield

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

PERSONALLY, I WAS intrigued with David P. Wainwright's article in the July PLAIN TRUTH, captioned "College Students Reveal *Why* Ambassador is Different."

It opened even *my* eyes!

Of course, *The PLAIN TRUTH* is *supposed* to be an eye-opening, challenging, and thought-provoking magazine! And of course I was acutely aware of the fact that many of our incoming students at the three Ambassador Colleges already held degrees from other colleges and universities. I was *not* aware that the percentage was so unbelievably high. But Mr. Wainwright had checked up. He had reduced this unusual situation down to exact figures. The actual facts shocked even me. I had not, myself, realized how incredible—how completely unheard of at any other college or university in the world is this Ambassador phenomenon!

So I went a little further. I checked the records, and found it even *more* surprisingly incredible!

How could this be? And yet it's TRUE! Think of it! Actually, of our incoming *male* students last year a *large majority* came to us from other universities! Of *all* students it was 46%. But, believe it or not, an accurate check shows that it was 65% of incoming *men*! Yes, in the UNDERGRADUATE college.

Of course, at the Pasadena campus, we have the Graduate School of Education, and also the Graduate School of Theology. But these students were not entering Graduate School. At the Graduate level *only* those holding the Bachelor of Arts degree from one of the AMBASSADOR Colleges are accepted for admission.

WHY do graduates or students from 160 *other* colleges and universities come from *all parts of the world* to become freshmen at AMBASSADOR? And they come from the world's top-flight

universities! As Mr. Wainwright put the question: "In what way do these young men and women from top-flight institutions feel their colleges have not given them enough? ... *WHY* do they find Ambassador different?"

Mr. Wainwright ought to know! He himself entered Ambassador College at Pasadena six years ago, becoming president of the undergraduate *Freshman* class, after having graduated from Oxford University in England! He holds the M.A. degree from Oxford. He is English. Yet he came all the way to Pasadena, California, in search of something that even world-famous Oxford had not given him! In 1960, with the founding of Ambassador College in England, he transferred to the British campus, receiving his Bachelor's degree from Ambassador in 1962. He is now Senior Lecturer in English and French at our English campus, and recently has assumed also the duties of Academic Registrar.

Mr. Wainwright was the second man who holds the M.A. degree from Oxford, who traveled a third of the way around the world to obtain something in education which NO OTHER university offers in all the world! Another who entered Ambassador as a Freshman had a Master's degree from Harvard. Two others held Master's degrees from Northwestern University—yet entered Ambassador as undergraduate Freshmen.

WHY? There most assuredly is a BIG REASON!

In just the past two or three years, students or graduates from 160—THINK OF IT—one hundred sixty—colleges and universities were numbered among Ambassador undergraduate students! Did these come from backwoods, unheard-of, low-standard colleges? Well, *HARDLY!*

Among those 160 institutions are: Yale, Harvard, University of Califor-

In This Issue:

What Our Readers
Say Inside Front Cover

Personal from the Editor 1

HIROSHIMA—Preview
of World War III 3

The Autobiography of
Herbert W. Armstrong 7

Christian MANHOOD—
Is It a "Lost Cause"? 9

WILL WE EVER LEARN? 13

CRIME WAVE SWEEPS
BRITAIN 17

Radio Log 20

Short Questions
From Our Readers 23

THE 2300 DAYS 25

The Bible Story 33



Wide World Photo

OUR COVER

Twenty years ago, the first atomic bomb explosion was unleashed on Japan. Our cover shows huge hydrogen bomb test explosion, just after World War II, spreading its fireball and mushroom cloud miles into the stratosphere. The sky is painted with a ghastly hue, from which deadly radioactivity rains down.

nia, Carnegie Tech., University of Illinois, the State Universities of Texas, Washington, Wisconsin, Virginia, Iowa, Missouri, Colorado. Those are giant, major-ranking state universities! But read on. Also from Purdue University, University of Minnesota, Iowa State University, Michigan State University—let's see, that includes, so far, six of the famous "Big Ten" universities! Let's name a few more famous top-level universities: U.C.L.A., Oregon State University, University of Oregon, Washington State College, University of Southern California—and that includes, I believe, all but one of the major West Coast universities. And we should add Northwestern University and University of Indiana, making it eight of the "Big Ten" group.

But look to other parts of the country. We've had students from the University of Pittsburgh, Duquesne University, Carnegie Tech., Pennsylvania State University, University of Mississippi, University of South Carolina, University of Seattle, Colorado State, University of Oklahoma, Buchnell University, Kansas State, University of Utah, City College of New York, Rutgers. And dozens and scores of others.

Let's look to other parts of the world. For students come to one of the three AMBASSADOR campuses from just about all parts of the world.

Presently—during this past school year—enrolled as undergraduate students at Ambassador College in England: Two holding Master's degree from Northwestern University (U.S.A.), and Bachelor's degree graduates from the two leading universities of Australia—Sydney University and Melbourne University; two students holding the Bachelor's degree from the University of London; and one, Bachelor of Science with Honours from Canterbury University in New Zealand.

From all parts of the world, they come from other universities to obtain something valuable and important in education not made available elsewhere. Students have come from the University of British Columbia; Business Administration College, Geneva; Univer-

sity of Manitoba; University of Auckland, New Zealand; University of Mexico City; University of Saskatchewan; Durham University, England.

A prophet is without honor in his home neighborhood ordinarily, but Ambassador College, Pasadena, has admitted students from many colleges and universities in Southern California. Among them are: University of Southern California, U.C.L.A., mentioned above; also San Bernardino Valley College, California Institute of Technology (Caltech), Glendale College, Pasadena City College, San Diego State, Los Angeles City College, University of Redlands.

And there are many others—well known, high level universities, including Drake, Bradley, Marquette—but why go on? I do not wish to weary the reader.

In some circles undue importance is placed on the matter of "accreditation." All these colleges and universities are "accredited." They are honored, respected, recognized as maintaining high academic standards. But "accreditation" comes by joining one of the collegiate associations. There are emphatic reasons behind the Ambassador policy which does not permit joining such associations. But hundreds of Ambassador students, having come to us from the high-ranking institutions named above and many others, know that Ambassador academic standards are maintained at highest levels—and that Ambassador offers something vital—as vital as *life itself*—in a well-balanced, full, and necessary education that is not to be found elsewhere.

WHY have so many hundreds of students come from so many other universities to Ambassador? Let the 1965 Ambassador College year-book—the big "Annual"—*The ENVOY*—tell you. This superb quality, full-color, illustrated 336-page "annual" is organized, prepared, and published by the undergraduate students. The first 15 pages of the 1965 book set the format for the entire ENVOY. I had never done so before, but this year the students asked me to write this comparatively brief format, about today's world, and WHY Ambassador is different.

Since *The ENVOY* is not available to the public, it is reproduced here.

Here it is—

THE ENVOY takes you, in the following pages, on an exciting, thought-challenging tour.

The most important—and heretofore unanswered—questions of human existence are these: "What are the TRUE VALUES?" "What is the PURPOSE and true MEANING of life?" "What is THE WAY?"

We take you on a quest for the answers. *If* experience is the best teacher, we should expect the chronicle of 6,000 years of cumulative human experience to supply the answers. We shall, therefore, first examine the record of HISTORY. Then we shall seek answers in the six major areas of organized *modern* society which constitute today's civilization: Education, Science and Technology, Commerce and Industry, Governments, the Social Order, and Religion.

The quest culminates in an extended tour of three unique educational institutions where the answers are known, taught and *lived*... where students radiate happiness and well-being... where there is vigorous, enthusiastic, enjoyable study, work and play in an atmosphere of tone and character, beauty, and true culture.

So come along! Enjoy a new and refreshing experience!

History

Listen, first, to the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. Surely the chronicle of 6,000 years of man's efforts to find peace, happiness, enjoyable living in abundance—*ought* to reveal to *our* generation the meaning and purpose of life—THE WAY to man's intended destiny.

But we meet only disillusionment here. We find recorded history devoted largely to a chronicle of governments, their rulers and their wars. To a large extent ancient city-states, nations and empires were ruled by absolute monarchies. Rulers used their various pagan religions as an opiate to keep their peoples subjected in ignorance and superstition. They posed as public benefactors, *promised* great benefits for their subjects. But usually rulers fat-

(Continued on page 41)

The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

Speaking in London, touring the Continent eleven years after World War II, surprises in Germany.

INSTALLMENT 71

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first installment of the Autobiography since the May, 1965 number, which contained Installment 70.)

MRS. ARMSTRONG, our son Richard David and I returned to London from our Middle East tour Friday, May 25, 1956.

Before leaving London on this "Biblelands" tour, arrangements had been completed for holding a two-weeks' every-night speaking engagement at Dennison House, a hall in London's down-town west end near Victoria station. The office had been left in charge of George Meeker while we were gone. He and the office staff in London had sent out notices of the meetings to those in and near London on our mailing list.

Speaking Campaign in London

Almost two years before, I had engaged a hall and spoken three successive nights in London. So this was the second time for speaking before our radio listeners in London.

Customarily, in earlier years, I had held evangelistic meetings six nights a week for six weeks. But these were not "evangelistic" meetings—but rather speaking engagements for the purpose of meeting those who had become regular radio listeners.

Commencement exercises at Pasadena that year were held on Friday, June 1. Our son Garner Ted graduated on that day—the first Commencement at Pasadena I had missed. But if I had to be denied the pleasure of conferring the B.A. degree on my son, I was privileged, in later years, to confer upon him hard-earned M.A. and Ph.D.

degrees—this latter Doctorate on May 31, 1965.

Immediately after his graduation in 1956, Ted and his wife, Shirley, flew on over to meet us in London—and to attend and help in the services being held.

Actually, before leaving London on the Middle East tour I had written a letter, to be printed later and mailed to our mailing list for the area, inviting them to these special services. At the time of writing, we did not yet know just where the meetings would be held. I had arranged for our London advertising agency to work out the booking of a suitable hall with Mr. Meeker. Mr. Meeker was to add this information to my letter.

Although I had written this letter in April, before our tour of the Biblelands, it was finally dated May 22, when Mr. Meeker posted it. It was sent only to those radio listeners already on our mailing list. It said: "I hope to meet you personally here in London very soon—and for some of our friends, it will be for the second time." Then the meetings were announced, beginning June 4, for Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights of that week, and Monday through Friday the following week.

On the second week, my son Dick spoke one night, and Garner Ted the

following night. I did the speaking on all other nights.

Touring Europe

Early Sunday morning, June 17, the five of us—Dick, Ted and Shirley, Mrs. Armstrong and I—left in my car, which we had brought over with us on the Queen Mary, for a brief tour of the continent.



Studios of Radio Luxembourg.

I do not remember all the events of that tour, but we crossed the channel from Dover to Calais on a ferry, drove on to Paris. Tuesday we drove on to Luxembourg. On the way we examined many scenes of both world wars. Seeing the actual battlefields made the wars seem much more real.

At Luxembourg we visited the radio station, then on to Frankfurt. Mrs. Armstrong, Dick, and I had driven through Germany, and visited Frankfurt am Main in 1954, and Dick had been there in 1952. We were tremendously impressed with the amazing

progress in restoration of bombed-out areas, which had devastated most of the city—and other German cities as well.

When Dick had visited Frankfurt in 1952, people were living in quickly erected temporary little cabins or shacks. They were then rapidly rebuilding their industrial sections, with apparently inspired zeal. Retail stores were operating out of temporarily roofed-over, mostly destroyed business district buildings. Their temporary little wooden cabins were being made neat, with patches of lawn and carefully planted flowers.

When we had visited Frankfurt with Dick in 1954, almost unbelievable progress had been made. The giant factories were then restored and steaming full-blast—many 24 hours a day. The retail business districts were well toward complete restoration, and almost endless blocks of flats and apartment dwellings being rapidly erected. But there still were many whole blocks of

stark devastation, as yet uncleared.

But now, in 1956, few vacant blocks remained from war's destruction. Work was rapidly nearing completion in expanding the retail district and residential areas. German cities had made far greater progress at restoration than had London.

This was the first visit to Germany for Ted and Shirl. They were naturally amazed at the ultra-modern city that had sprung up in eleven short years. Even ten years before, people of other countries were saying Germany would *never* rise again—or, as some cautiously admitted, it would take fifty to a hundred years to restore devastated Germany.

We spent a day driving over various parts of Frankfurt. Then on Friday, June 22, we drove on to Munich on the famous German autobahn built by Hitler. Some one of us became careless. The car ran out of petrol (we call it gasoline in America). We were out in a wide expanse of country, miles from

any town. One of the party remembered passing a petrol station a couple miles back. So, with the car pulled over to the side of the highway, Mrs. Armstrong, Shirley and I waited while Dick and Ted started afoot back along the autobahn.

About an hour later—actually much sooner than we expected them, they returned in a car which had taken them in, with a can of gasoline.

At Munich we saw the same miraculous restoration—streets lined with gleaming modern new buildings. On Saturday night we visited the historic Beer Hall where Hitler had started his Beer Putsch, November 8th and 9th, 1923. Actually, this Beer Hall might be called the site of the beginning of World War II. On November 12, 1923, Hitler was arrested for leading the Putsch, and imprisoned at Landsberg. There he wrote *Mein Kampf*.

We didn't remain long in this Beer Hall. Hundreds of big, tough-looking
(Continued on page 43)



Cologne, Germany, at end of World War II and today. This is Hohe Strasse—once a mass of debris and ruin, now a prosperous commercial street.

What our READERS SAY

(Continued from inside front cover)

that truly God has a plan which some men know?"

Donavon R., St. Paul
Minnesota

"Would you kindly send my PLAIN TRUTH to my new mailing address. We are now operating in the Far East until the emergency in Viet Nam is over, and your magazine is so unbelievably true-to-life—we are actually living and experiencing what we read in *The PLAIN TRUTH*."

Joseph T. K., USNS
Chattahoochee

Ambassador College

"We were in Los Angeles recently and visited Ambassador College. The college is so beautiful, but what impressed me most were the wonderful young people. They were so friendly and considerate. I will never forget the goodness I could see in their faces. May God bless you and them."

Mrs. Nelson H., West Point,
Mississippi

Space

"I received my 'Space' book and think it is wonderful. Wish I could go—I think it would be better up there than here!"

Ollie S., Stockton,
California

• *Now that you've looked at it, Ollie—how about reading it?*

"I sincerely thank you for this marvelous book, 'Who Will Rule Space?' God will, to be sure. This book has such fine color pictures. I just could not put it aside; I had to read it from cover to cover. It is most interesting and filled with such positive truths."

Mrs. L.F.H., Los Angeles,
California

Book

"May I take this opportunity of congratulating you on your wonderful book entitled GOD SPEAKS OUT on *'The New Morality.'* I have read so many other books relating to some of

your titles, but candidly, the authors have not provided the proper answers. . . . I fully agree with you that medical doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists and social reformers have not supplied the right answers. Incidentally, I had the opportunity of reading this book from a friend of mine who shares the same opinion with me. I am by occupation a Prison Officer, married, and my duties basically the rehabilitation of prisoners and juvenile delinquents."

Reader, Malacca, Malaysia

Radio Caroline

"I can now understand how excited you all were in London when the Radio London programme came through for the first time. This does not come through clearly here, but my younger son said the other day, 'Hey, Mum, I'm sure *your* programme is on Radio Caroline.' And sure enough, it was. I was so overjoyed I could have cried, for my prayers had been answered. Radio Caroline blares forth from transistor sets along every promenade in the island all the summer, and also the 'Man' people listen, as it comes over better than any other station."

Lady, Isle of Man,
United Kingdom

Personal from the Editor

(Continued from page 2)

tened themselves at the expense of the ruled, reducing their populations to pawns and serfs.

Education

Next we must examine EDUCATION. For it is the Mother which spawned the Scientists, Captains of Industry and Business, Politicians and Rulers, Leaders in Modern Society, and the Theologians.

Today's sick, chaotic world of violence is the product of its leaders. They, in turn are the product of modern Education. Education is defined (Encyclopaedia Britannica) as a system by which adult leaders of a Society inject their philosophies, ideas,

customs and culture into the minds of the growing generation. Education is, and has been through the centuries, essentially pagan in origin and character.

The 19th and 20th centuries have witnessed the absorption of German "Rationalism" into the educational bloodstream. There has been a dangerous drift into materialism and collectivism. God is ignored. Revelation is rejected. The ancient fad of Gnosticism—meaning "we know"—has been succeeded by Agnosticism—meaning "we *don't* know; we are *ignorant*." This IGNORANCE is glorified as "KNOWLEDGE." Professing themselves to be wise, have the "educated" become fools? (Romans 1:22.)

Modern Education trains students to earn a living in the professions, occupations and vocations—but fails to teach them *how to live!*

In modern Education we find perpetuation of FALSE VALUES, the teaching of distorted history, warped psychology, perverted arts and sciences, worthless "knowledge." A tree is known by its fruits. A mixed-up, unhappy and fearful world in chaos, divided against itself, filled with heartaches, frustrations, broken homes, juvenile delinquents, crime, insanity and violence; devoid of honesty, truth and justice; now facing extinction by cosmicide, is the fruitage of modern education. This decadent yet highly organized system will be replaced by the educational system of *The WORLD TOMORROW*. This already has been introduced, and, like the grain of mustard seed, already is beginning to spread around the world.

Science and Technology

Today's world looks with awe at Modern Science as the Messiah that will deliver it from poverty, disease and unhappiness—solve all its problems.

Science and Technology, teamed with Commerce and Industry, promise, by 1975, a magic push-button dream-world of leisure, luxury, and liberty. It promises fantastic devices to convert this world into a glorified heaven.

But has Modern Science revealed to the world the PURPOSE of life, explained its meaning, revealed the TRUE

VALUES? Has it brought WORLD PEACE? Has it delivered the world from poverty, famine, disease, and unhappiness? Has it ridded the world of broken homes, divorce, crime, insanity—or are all these on the upward spiral?

This tour, too, leads only to disillusionment. Science and Technology confine themselves to the realm of the material and the mechanical. True Values? Purpose and Meaning of LIFE? THE WAY to peace, happiness and JOY? Ah, we find *these* are not their concern. *These* are outside their field.

Let us look, again, to the fruits. True enough, we find accelerating invention and production of gadgets, labor-saving mechanisms, entertainment and amusement devices. But people have not been taught to put added leisure to beneficial uses. The fruitage here is increasing idleness, aversion to the happiness of work, covetousness. These are *false* values, which only *increase* unhappiness and evils. An increasing segment of adolescents become frustrated, staring into the face of a hopeless future. The leaders of Tomorrow are becoming the *beat* generation.

The *principal* contribution of Science and Technology has been the production of constantly more terrifying weapons of mass destruction. Push-button world? Yes, today either of two men could push a button, and destroy two whole continents, probably ending in the extinction of mankind!

Modern Science stands exposed as a FALSE MESSIAH—the Frankenstein Monster about to destroy us all!

Commerce and Industry

Our tour of the world of COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY reveals an astonishing production that would cause people of only a century ago—could they come back to life—to look on it with incredible amazement!

The modern telephone, radio and television—the motion picture—the motor car—the streamlined railroad trains and steamships—the giant jet planes—the space flights—the gadgets and modern electrical devices—just to name a few.

Commerce and Industry are, each, a fast-moving, pulsating world of high-

geared activity. Are all of these productions bad? No, but most of them are being made to serve *bad* purposes as well as good.

And we find this vibrant, high-pressure field of activity *based* on competition and greed, appealing too often, in marketing its products, to vanity and wrong desires, utilizing dishonesty, misrepresentation, deception, unfair dealing. The motivating incentive is to give less, while charging more.

Is "honesty the best policy?" A recent magazine survey put this question to 103 business executives. An overwhelming majority doubted whether a strictly honest policy would enable a man to rise to the top in the business world. Only two answered "Yes," and one of these said he knew he was being naive. Here are pertinent comments: "People who don't get dirty don't make it." "In thirty years I've known of only three men who've reached executive positions cleanly, and I admit I'm not one of them." "The higher the executive is in the management ladder, the more likely he is to do some dirty work."

Our tour here discovers selfish motivation, disregard for public good, sharp practices, dishonesty, dog-eat-dog competition—NOT the TRUE VALUES that would give happiness to the world.

Governments

Now we view the governments over the peoples of today's modern world. And again, we meet with disillusionment. Today, as of old, the politicians who run the governments still promise great benefits, still pose as public benefactors, while fulfilling their own ambitions in their lust for power.

The modern world has produced three more or less new forms of government. Each promises peace, happiness, and prosperity for its people. In our lightning-quick tour, we view in brief the essential factors of each thus: United States and British-type "Democracy;" Swedish and French-type Modern "Socialism;" and atheistic Communism.

All three are predicated on the theory that every individual has the

right to share in the results of Science, Industry, and the modern life. All three are based on a system of Industry, and diffusion of Education. But what do we actually find? We find selfish, greedy men of excessive vanity, ambitious in their lust for RULE, scheming to get their hands on the throttle of POWER for personal aggrandizement and monetary gain. We find graft, immorality, deception, dishonesty, running rampant in high places.

Governments promise PEACE—but bring WARS! They promise benefits, while extracting from the people the PRICE of the benefits *plus* excessive costs of government. Government promises are EMPTY, while government treasuries are FULL. We fail to find, here, any knowledge of life's PURPOSE, or dissemination of the TRUE VALUES.

The Social Order

People think of civilization as an advanced, intelligent, well-ordered human society that is GOOD to the point of perfection. But is this world's civilization really good?

If the facets so far examined have brought disillusionment, surely the SOCIAL ORDER ought to be good. So now we pause briefly to have a look at that.

Do we find the Social Order of the western world based on understanding of life's Purpose and true Meaning, pursuing the True Values? Regretfully, we do not. In social functions and contacts—especially among the elite—we find a competition in snobbery and vanity, with class distinctions, racial prejudices, religious bigotry, and selfish motives. Look at amusements and recreations. The prevailing format in television and motion pictures is illicit sex, violence and murder. Twelve-to-fifteen-year-old girls hear the beat and see the wiggle, and give themselves over to a possessed frenzy. Children start "going steady" about 12 or 13, and a theologian-labeled "New Morality" becomes "understanding" about illicit premarital sex, adultery and perversion.

Juveniles stare in the face a hopeless future, accept designation as the "beat" generation, descend into delinquency, and in rebellion against Society

organize into gangs like the "Mods" and the "Rockers."

One in ten today is mentally sick. Crime and violence upsurge. Divorce stalks the Western world. Broken homes, immorality—the Social Order is SICK! It supplies no PURPOSE for life, knows nothing of the TRUE VALUES. If these are to be found we shall have to look further. . . .

Religion

Surely we should expect to find, at last, in RELIGION the knowledge of life's PURPOSE, the True Values, and the Right Ways.

Yet if we search deeply, with open mind, we find here the most sickening disillusionment of all! Shocking though it be, we find the religious organizations which profess the name of Christ teaching the very opposite of what He taught—condemning the customs He practiced—following, instead, the pagan customs He condemned.

The Churches of the Western world are divided and in confusion. They have not converted, saved, nor reformed the Western world. Methodist Bishop Hazen G. Werner is publicly quoted: "We have been dried out by the hot winds of secularism. We who are to overcome the world *have been overcome by the world.*" Harvard Divinity School's Dean Miller says: "The Church simply does not have a *cutting edge*" (it has thrown away the two-edged sword, the Bible!!!). "It has taken the culture of our time and absorbed it." Yale's Chaplain Coffin agrees: "We churchmen are gifted at changing wine into water—watering down religion."

But what is the REAL TRUTH?

You can PROVE the existence of GOD. You can PROVE the inspiration of the Holy Bible—as God's revelation and instruction Book to mankind. The churches have not received their teachings and practices from this basic AUTHORITY, as popularly supposed. Rather, they have, by *interpreting* it, endeavored to so twist and distort it as to read *their* human-devised teachings and pagan practices into it! Yet the Bible, taken without interpretation, *makes sense!* In it—and it alone—we find revealed the PURPOSE of human

existence, the MEANING of life, the TRUE VALUES, the RIGHT WAY!

Here, at last, we find the FOUNDATION—the starting point—of ALL KNOWLEDGE! Three unique colleges are founded on these priceless truths. Their students learn them, receive a broadened, balanced, true education. On the following pages you see THE FRUITS—surely a refreshing, rewarding experience!

* * * * *

Then followed the main pictorial book itself, showing how Ambassador students learn, and recapture the TRUE VALUES—how they learn what is not taught at other colleges or universities, the PURPOSE of life, the real *meaning* of life, THE WAY to peace, happiness, success, prosperity, real satisfying—yes, even exciting and thrilling, *interesting* and enjoyable living—*abundant* living!

These are the reasons hundreds of students come from other colleges all over the world to one of the three Ambassador Colleges.

Of course the AMBASSADOR way of life is not always the *easy* way. It is *easier* to follow the vain, selfish, greedy *pull* of human nature than to find the true values and resist the false. But this self-discipline prevents a deal of regrets, remorse, frustrations, and paying the price of senseless follies later.

Ambassador students are not prudes—they are not naive—they give up nothing worthwhile. The men develop masculinity, the women feminine qualities. They study hard, they work hard, they play hard. They lead common-sense vigorous lives.

Ambassador Colleges are concerned, not only with the intellect, but also with *character* development, emotional maturity, the improvement of personality, a right sense of moral and spiritual values. Ambassador Colleges believe in the properly *balanced*, broadening, well-rounded *practical* education. Ambassador students are taught to find the *right goal* and to achieve it.

Ambassador students live in a physical environment of culture, quality, and beauty.

These are a FEW of the reasons motivating hundreds of students to come from the world's famous universities—

as well as hundreds just out of prep or high schools—to enroll as freshmen at Ambassador.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 8)

Germans were drinking their beer, shouting with deafening throaty voices, holding their giant beer steins aloft as they shouted out a certain word in German which I could not understand. It was a little frightening, and Mrs. Armstrong and Shirl wanted to leave immediately. Nevertheless, it was quite an experience.

En Route to Switzerland

Sunday, June 24, we drove on southwest toward Zurich. En route we passed through a corner of Austria—had lunch at a restaurant in an Austrian town, probably Bregenz. The Bavarian countryside between Munich and the Austrian border was very scenic. We were impressed with the large farm dwellings, where the barns for livestock were part of the same building as the family dwelling. Their system of gathering hay also was something we had not seen before.

Then came a unique experience. We entered and crossed one of the tiniest little countries in the world, Liechtenstein. There was a certain amount of mountainous scenery, and a castle atop a small mountain.

But very soon we entered scenic Switzerland, and, between Liechtenstein and Zurich, one of its most scenic highways. Much of it was along two elongated lakes, the Walensee and the Zurich. There was just enough mountain scenery, combined with the beauty of the lakes, to make it breathtaking and exciting. The higher mountains, of course, are a little farther south. Switzerland undoubtedly offers the most stupendous, breathtaking scenery of any part of the world I have visited—and I have traveled completely around the world.

We merely spent the night in Zurich. A grand-scale festival was in progress, and we were only able to get our car within about two blocks of our hotel. We had to carry suitcases afoot through the throngs of happy festival

participants—many in native costumes. The gaiety lasted well past midnight. We viewed the excitement from our hotel windows, but finally were able to get some sleep after the noise and din began to subside.

Monday morning we walked up and down the Bahnhofstrasse—Zurich's main business street, and did some shopping for wrist watches. There I purchased the watch I have worn ever since, a Rolex Chronograph. It includes also, in addition to a second-hand, a stop watch, and an additional black hand which tells the day of the month.

Two little rectangle "windows" near the top even tell the day of the week, and the month of the year. Thus, as I now write, the little "window" at the left contains the letters "TUE" meaning that today is Tuesday. Yesterday it read "MON." This little "window" reading changes automatically every night at midnight. The window at the right has the words "JUL" meaning this is the month of July. This changes automatically after 31 days. But when a month has 30 days, or 28, then I have to move it up manually by punching a tiny button on the side of the watch.

When I purchased this watch, Dick solemnly shook his head in mock disapproval, saying, "It's no good, Dad. It doesn't tell what year it is."

Later, in the United States, a watch salesman in a large jewelry store told me the watch would have cost three times as much in America. I am constantly looking at it to check the date of the month. Every night, just before going to sleep, I turn on the stop watch. In the morning on awaking I shut it off and the stop watch tells me how many hours I slept. On long-distance telephone calls, I start the stop-watch when the call begins, turn it off as I hang up the receiver. By keeping an eye on elapsed time of the call, I know constantly how long I have talked—and this helps reduce the time of the call. I suppose this watch has paid for itself two or three times over, by reducing time and costs of long-distance and trans-Atlantic calls. While I am in England, it is necessary to keep in constant touch with



Air France Photo

Vacationers from many lands flock to the Bavarian Alps to enjoy the spectacular scenery and winter sports.

things at Pasadena and the Texas college.

Also, when traveling by air—which I have to do often—I set the stop-watch just as the wheels leave the runway, and then shut it off as they hit the destination runway. Thus I know, to the second, the actual flight time in the air. Of course this knowledge doesn't save any money—but it does make the flight a little more interesting. I have always appreciated this watch.

By noon on that Monday we arrived at Luzern in time for lunch.

Then we proceeded along the way of exciting scenery and beautiful lakes to Interlochen, arriving a little late for evening dinner. However, the kitchen staff hurriedly prepared a special meal just for us. Switzerland is just about as famous for its good cooking as it is for its fantastic mountain and lake scenery, its watches, and its trains which *always run on time*—"you can set your watch" by the arrival or departure of a train.

The Spectacular Alps

Next morning, early, we boarded one of the mountain trains which daily transport awe-struck crowds up

to the top of the spectacular Jungfrau, one of the highest peaks in the Alps. We changed trains twice, as the climbing became steeper, proceeding on cog-trains.

The steep journey winding upward is simply one breathtaking and exciting view after another. Cameras click constantly. Arriving at the top, we found it necessary to purchase specially dark sunglasses. The brilliant sun, reflecting on the glistening white of the snow and glacier is almost blinding to the natural eye on a cloudless day.

We had lunch in the large restaurant at the top—took the few tunneled side tours, and then started the slow descent on the cog trains. The afternoon was well spent on returning to Interlochen.

Wednesday morning we were back in our car resuming our journey. Retracing our way some little distance, we then proceeded east and south toward Lugano, which Mrs. Armstrong and I had visited in 1947. We passed through some of the most spectacular mountain scenery in the world. Arriving at the famous St. Gotthard pass, we decided to load our automobile on one of the flat-cars which the railroad makes available for that purpose, and

ride through the railroad tunnel, rather than drive the car on the winding figure-eight roadway over the mountain.

At Lugano we again contacted and visited Madame Helene Bieber, whom we had gone to Lugano to see in 1947. At that time we had visited Madame Bieber's villa, *Heleneum*, with a view to its possible purchase for the European branch of Ambassador College. We had envisioned this branch college in Europe even before the opening of the college in Pasadena. We then drove on to Milan, northern metropolis of Italy, for the night.

The next morning, Thursday, after visiting the great cathedral in Milan, we drove on to Genoa, on the beautiful Mediterranean Sea. I had read about Genoa even as a boy. It was exciting to visit it for the first time. We drove around the city a bit, had lunch there, and then proceeded west along the Italian Riviera. I had always heard a great deal about the Riviera. But when one speaks of the Riviera, he is speaking of the *French* Riviera, farther on west—especially that bit of coastline from Monte Carlo on past Nice and Cannes.

Bustling Italian Riviera

But we found the Italian Riviera one continuous winding coastline of jam-packed beaches, with a continuous congestion of town after town, and perhaps hundreds of Mediterranean-front hotels. Only these hotels were not the large, elegant, luxury-class hotels of Cannes and Nice, frequented by the rich of the world. The Italian Riviera, we found, was far more densely populated with pleasure-seeking vacationists than that of the French coast. But that was true because it is a much lower-cost type of resort area.

We found going quite slow along this Italian Riviera because of traffic congestion. We reached Monte Carlo by evening, where we had reservations for the night at a hotel. We took a brief walk through the famous (or should I say notorious?) gambling Casino. But you may be sure we did no gambling.

Next morning, Friday, now the 29th of June, we drove, first, up to the Palace of Monaco, which is ruled by Prince Rainier III. He had married the

American motion picture actress, Grace Kelly, April 18th, just a couple of months before our visit. As we approached the palace, atop a hill, we began to wonder why all visiting sight-seers seemed to be staring at us. We learned that, although we were not driving an expensive limousine, such as one would expect royalty to ride in, but just an ordinary car in the Chrysler line, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace drove the same model car we were driving!

Monaco is another of these very tiny nations. Its entire area is only one-half square mile! Its population is around 20,000, and that includes the city of Monte Carlo, a small city of only 9,500 resident citizens. But of course the hotel population of visitors swells that considerably. This little nation is entirely surrounded by France, except for the Mediterranean coast. Yet it has existed as an independent principality for 300 years! This miniature nation has no income tax. But it is one of the world's famed tourist resorts. It derives its government income from gambling at the Casino, the sale of postage stamps, the indirect taxation on money spent by tourists, and a tobacco monopoly. This made two of these very little countries we had visited this trip.

As we proceeded west toward Spain, we made brief stops at both Nice and Cannes, which we had never visited before. But we had no inclination to join the play-boy vacationers lolling around on the beaches in front of the luxury hotels. We continued on to Marseilles, France, where we had hotel reservations.

One interesting thing I remember about Marseilles. The Harlem Globetrotter professional basketball team was there. We did not attend any performance, although we assumed they probably were giving one there. But we had seen them at performances back home. They stage a hilarious performance. The things they can do with a basketball must be seen to be believed.

On Sunday morning, now July 1, we continued our trek along the Mediterranean, entering Spain, and arriving by evening at Barcelona. This was our first visit to Spain. It was necessary to visit

Spain because Garner Ted speaks the language fluently. We noticed at once something we had not seen previously, in other countries. Dictator Franco had his armed *gendarmes* stationed at frequent intervals along the highways.

At Barcelona we were put in one of the finest hotel suites I had ever seen. This was not of our choosing. American Express, London, had arranged all bookings. The bathroom off the room Mrs. Armstrong and I occupied had one of these elaborate sunken Roman baths. But when we checked out on Tuesday morning, the hotel office overcharged us rather outrageously—completely above the price quoted the Travel Agency. Protest did no good. This is somewhat of a European custom. But we had the consolation that we had enjoyed exceptional accommodations, at least. Barcelona is a city of about 1½ million people. We found it interesting, but I do not remember anything worth recording here.

Tuesday was another day of driving. Tuesday night we checked in at the Castelana Hilton Hotel in Madrid. It was a comparatively new hotel. Certain parts of the building were still unfinished. But we learned that certain parts of virtually all buildings in Spain are left unfinished. It seems to be custom that, once buildings are almost completed—sufficiently to be occupied, they simply never do get around to completing them.

Inside Spain

We found Madrid to be an exceptionally beautiful city of 2 million population. It has broad avenues and boulevards, with beautiful parking alongside, and the streets lined with imposing and beautiful buildings.

Dick had been there before. He had made the acquaintance of a young man of a family of the former nobility—prior to the Franco regime. This young man had visited Ambassador College in Pasadena, so we had all met him. We spent one enjoyable evening at the home of his widowed mother and two sisters. The mother was an accomplished pianist. They had a grand piano, and she played for us. Ted sang "Granada" as she accompanied.

The next day, July 4, our American

Independence Day, this young man—I believe his name was Francisco—arranged for a friend, Juan, to drive us out past the outskirts of the city—I believe the direction was north or slightly northwest—to one of the most unusual structural operations I have ever seen. General Franco was secretly building a *tremendous* Cathedral, to become a surprise gift to the Catholic Church. I'm sure there is nothing like it. It begins on the side of a small mountain. Actually this Church or Cathedral is a gigantic tunnel under the mountain, coming out on the far side of the mountain. As I remember it, it had a ceiling higher than any other room in the world—and it was unbelievably long. Also, it was being done in magnificent and ornate Cathedral style. We drove around the mountain to the rear entrance.

There, on level ground just beyond the far side of the mountain, was a most beautiful building. It was beautiful in its very plain simplicity. It had been built as a Monastery, which the Generalissimo had wanted to present as a gift to the monks. But the monks had refused to accept it. It was "too fine." The monks have taken a vow of poverty. They seem to feel they must live in surroundings so plain that they are gloomy, depressing, utterly lacking in anything fine and beautiful.

Incidentally, this very experience impressed on me an outstanding *difference* between Ambassador Colleges and other universities. Between the 6th and 12th centuries, the only colleges in Europe were the Cathedral schools and the monastic schools. The monastic schools were colleges for training the monks, usually if not always located in the monasteries. After the founding of the first modern-type university in the 12th century—the University of Paris—the monastic tradition seemed to cling to all educational institutions as an inviolable policy. That is the reason classrooms, libraries, study rooms, lecture rooms, halls, in so many colleges and universities have always been so excessively plain, foreboding, gloomy, depressing.

At the Ambassador Colleges we strive to create even a physical atmosphere of equality, character and beauty.

For example, in the college in Britain, where a majority of days during the school year are rather cloudy, dark, rainy, and the days are short in winter, we are inclined to select bright and even gay colors where suitable for our interiors. We find quality and cultural surroundings *much* more conducive to inspiring education than a bare, colorless, depressing atmosphere.

While shopping in Madrid we strolled into the lobby of one of the luxury European-type hotels. At a cigar-news-souvenir counter, we found a beautiful gaily-dressed Spanish doll of perhaps 14 or 18 inches in height. Mrs. Armstrong liked it, and I purchased it for her.

That started a hobby. Now Mrs. Armstrong continues collecting dressed-up dolls in various countries we have travelled through, usually in the native dress or costume of that country. Her doll collection has been used in elementary schools to help children understand about the people of other countries, and how they dress. We are now having built in her dressing-room at our home in Pasadena a long glass display case for her doll collection.

Incidentally, this installment is being written at the college in England, and some anonymous friend has sent her another beautiful Spanish doll from Spain.

The night of July 4 we were unable to sleep until long after midnight. In a hotel court below our window a group of Americans were celebrating Independence Day. The alcohol was flowing, and the voices were not only merry—they were loud! So even though we were far from America, there was a 4th of July celebration going on!

On Thursday, July 5, we started driving back north. We reached San Sebastian, in northern Spain on the Atlantic and near the French border, for lunch, and spent the night at the French town of Poitiers. We stopped off at Versailles on the way in to Paris.

The next day we were spending a quiet day in our hotel suite, when two significant events happened.

Planning Future Campaigns

It had been planned for my son Dick to hold a four- to six-weeks' evange-

listic campaign in a downtown hall in Fresno, California, shortly after our return home.

"Dick," I said, thoughtfully, "I've been thinking about this Fresno campaign. You and Mr. Meredith have a somewhat similar manner of speaking. Both of you have a sincere, driving type of speech, yet neither of you has the sort of dramatic flair that is just natural for Ted. And since Ted is now doing a good deal of the radio speaking, and he is well known to all the radio listeners who will attend—and since you are brothers, it seems to me you would attract a larger audience, and carry a more effective campaign, if you and Ted team up, instead of you and Mr. Meredith."

"Well Dad," returned Dick, solemnly, "I realize that Ted and I would provide more *variety*—more of a change in personalities—than Rod and I. But there's one reason why that's no good. Even though Ted and I have different personalities that complement each other—and even though we are more like 'kindred spirits' and have grown up together, and Ted and I enjoy being together more than with anyone else, actually we would not be good for one another on such an assignment.

"Let me explain why," continued Dick. "I don't see how any two brothers could be closer together, or enjoy being together, more than Ted and I, but you must remember that as we grew up together as close pals, that was before either of us was converted. We were completely carnal. We didn't tell you, then, but the truth of God, to us, was just 'Dad's religion,' and we were prejudiced against it. While I was in college, and being converted to see and accept the TRUTH, Ted was in the Navy. When he came back and entered college, and was converted during his first college year, I was spending most of the time in England and in Europe. Actually, since we have both been converted, and our whole lives pointed in a different direction than formerly, we have seen very little of each other.

"Now if we should be thrown once again so closely together, when virtually all our companionship together

was back during our carnal years, there would be a terrific temptation to revert back to carnal ways. We just would not be good for one another, under those conditions. When one receives God's Holy Spirit—receives the divine nature implanted within him—the old human nature does not fly away. It's still there, exerting its temptations and its *pull* in the wrong direction. We have to *resist* that pull. We have to *follow* God's Spirit. We make our own choices. As many as are *led* by God's Spirit are the sons of God. We have to continually fight our own selves—our old carnal human natures—we have to daily just 'nail it up to the cross,' as Paul explains.

"Now Rod and I don't fit together as naturally, as 'kindred spirits,' as Ted and I. But Rod is stronger in that one respect where both Ted and I have to continually fight our own natures. He will never neglect prayer or Bible study. Ted and I *don't dare* neglect it, but we have to fight a stronger *pull* in the direction of that neglect. Ted and I would have to constantly fight reverting back to old carnal ways that became the habit of many years. I don't mean we couldn't resist the temptation. I don't mean we actually *would* pull one another down. But I honestly feel it's better that I have with me an influence that would make me feel ashamed to neglect prayer or constant Bible study. And it's better for Ted to be teamed with those who have strength where we both might have weakness—and where, probably, *we* have strengths where *they* may be weak. And in that way we help pull one another *up*, instead of down. If temptations come, I'll fight them. But I don't think it's best to deliberately *put* temptation before us."

I have recorded that incident here, because it gives an insight into his character and his sincerity. He would have enjoyed being with his brother more than with anyone else. But he felt the campaign would do the people more good, and produce better results, with the constant prayer he knew would be maintained, when teamed with Mr. Meredith, than *if* the temptation to neglect it became too strong if teamed with Garner Ted. He was

more willing to sacrifice personal pleasure than chance the results of letting down spiritually.

And my son Richard David kept this prod on himself, and continued to overcome and *grow spiritually* to the day of his death—just seven years ago, as I write. And also my younger son, Garner Ted, has put the same constant prod and drive on himself.

A year or more ago, I noticed that, although all of our ministers do accept without question any correction from me deemed necessary, yet Ted actually has accepted it even more readily than any other. I mentioned it to him.

"Well, Dad," said Ted, "I'll tell you why. You are my human father. Human nature is still in me. It's human to resent one's father, especially when it's a matter of correction of authority over one. I have simply realized it would *naturally* be more difficult for *me* to take orders or accept discipline from you, than any of our other men. To offset this, Dad, I pray earnestly, *every day*, for God to help me and give me the grace to be properly submissive, respectful, and obedient, as God's Spirit *in me* will do."

And that is one of the reasons that the living Christ uses, and blesses with overwhelming results, the work of Garner Ted Armstrong. Today he speaks to and influences more people, possibly, than anyone on earth. Nearly 30 million people hear his dynamic radio broadcasts every week, around the world. Critics and hostile persecutors can't seem to understand why this Work of God is so prospered—why it grows so rapidly and constantly in scope and power. This dedication—this selfless submission to be USED BY THE LIVING JESUS CHRIST as His instrument—may help the reader to see the real answer.

But another event, extremely painful for a brief couple of hours, also happened that same day in Paris.

As the family sat together, reading the Bible and talking, something came up—I do not remember what—that brought sharp disagreement from Garner Ted. Ted was wrong, but to my surprised and greatly pained realization, was refusing to admit it. Accordingly, I persisted on the point—what-

ever it was. Instead of admitting he was wrong—which was obvious—Ted allowed himself, for the first and only time since his conversion in my presence, to get into a wrong and antagonistic attitude. I did my best to make it plain and restore him to a right spirit. I did not succeed. He became stubborn, resentful.

I suffered, in a way I seldom have in my life. Here was my son, being used by God as an instrument speaking part time on the air with me. Unless he changed his attitude, and repented of it, I knew he would be used no more.

With heavy heart, I left the room, walked into the bedroom occupied by Mrs. Armstrong and me, and locked the door. I knelt in prayer. I begged God to do what I had been unable to accomplish—to restore Ted to a right attitude. I hoped Ted would knock on my door, repentant—but he didn't. There was a second door opening out to the hallway. So I quietly slipped out, descended to the lobby below, and walked several blocks around Paris streets. It seemed like one of the most serious and crucial crises that had ever struck the Work of God in our time.

Finally I went back, and quietly entered our bedroom. Again I prayed, and read the Bible.

Then finally, there was a knock on the door. It was Ted. His eyes were wet. "Dad," he said, "I couldn't stand it any longer, and finally I had to go into my bedroom and pray. And as soon as I knelt in prayer, I realized how wrong I was. I'm terribly sorry, Dad—*please* forgive me! I've already asked God to forgive me and help me never again to get into a wrong spirit."

And I have never seen Garner Ted Armstrong in a wrong spirit since. Perhaps *that* was when his earnest *daily* prayers to be kept in a respectful and obedient attitude toward both his heavenly Father and his human father began.

It does give a father great satisfaction and gratitude and rejoicing to see his sons *succeeding*—and in my case, succeeding *spiritually* in overcoming and developing as well as producing more visible results.

(To be continued)