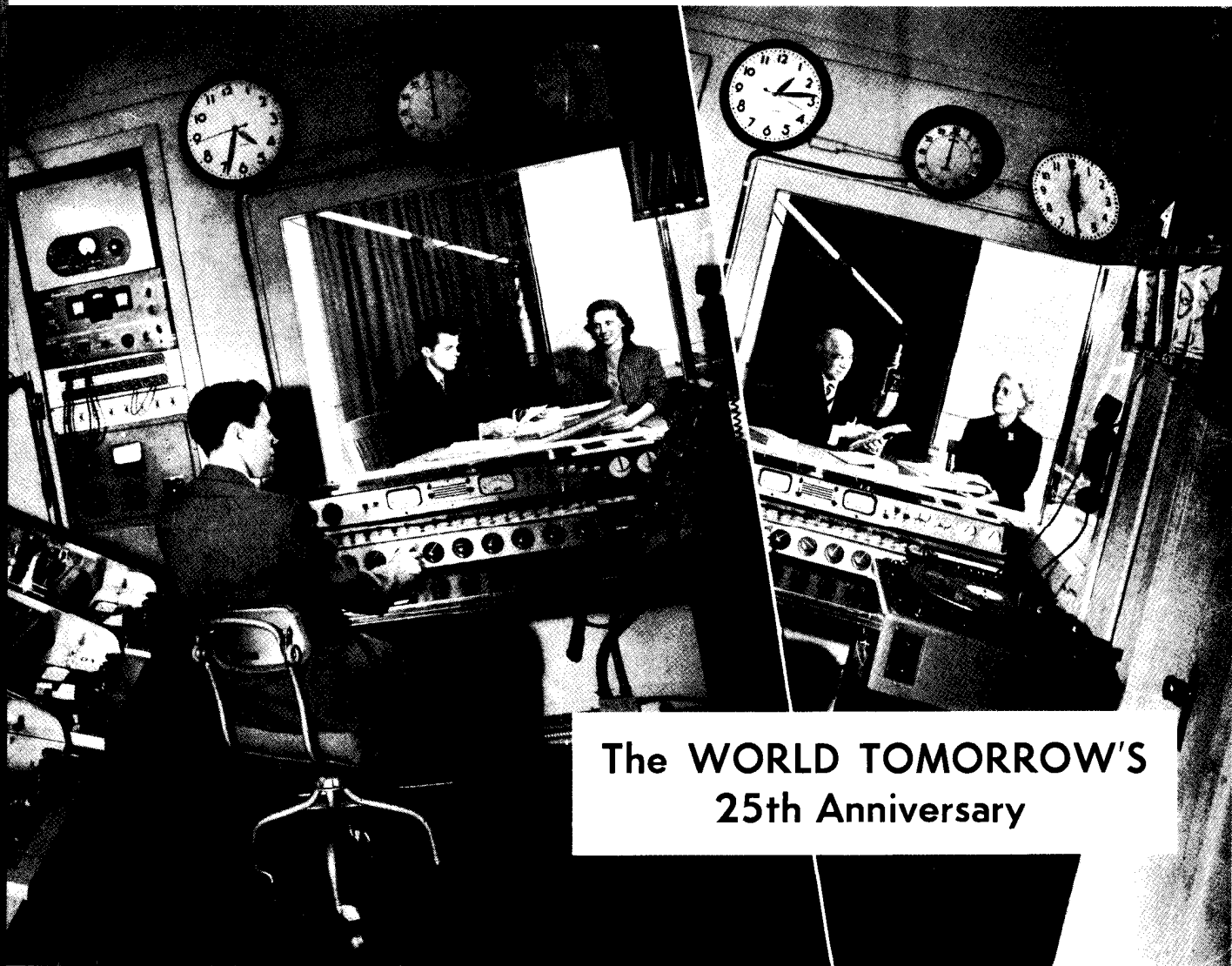


the PLAIN TRUTH

a magazine of understanding

VOLUME XXIV, NUMBER 1

JANUARY, 1959



The WORLD TOMORROW'S 25th Anniversary

TWENTY FIVE years ago the World Tomorrow broadcast went on the air and the first PLAIN TRUTH was published. Today this work encompasses the world. Here you see the broadcast emanating from our own studio. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Armstrong are at the right, Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong and wife Shirley left, with Mr. Norman A. Smith at the controls. Read the astounding prophetic significance of this work in the lead article in this anniversary issue.

The PLAIN TRUTH

A magazine of understanding.

VOL. XXIV

NO. 1

HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG

Publisher and Editor

Herman L. Hoeh

Executive Editor

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Garner Ted Armstrong

Associate Editors

Sent FREE to all who request it, as the Lord provides. Address all communications to the editor, Box 111, Pasadena, California. Our readers in Britain should address the editor, B.C.M. Ambassador, London W.C. 1.

Copyright December, 1958
By the Radio Church of God

NOTICE: Be sure to notify us immediately of any change in your address. Please inclose both old and new addresses. IMPORTANT!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Different Gospel?

"Dear Mr. Armstrong:

"We have been reading the Bible, going to church, praying, tithing and searching our own lives for those habits and failings that could be keeping us from the love of God.

"Since we have been listening to you, we feel that in your teaching we have found the peace of mind for which we've been searching.

"Already your tracts that you sent us on baptism and faith have pointed out to us how entirely different the true Gospel is from the one that has been preached to us by either of the two churches we have attended.

"We would like to know all the particulars about your Bible Course and how we can enroll. We would also like to receive your Plain Truth magazine."

A man and his wife from
Chester, West Virginia

RADIO LOG

"The WORLD TOMORROW"

Herbert W. Armstrong analyzes today's news, with the prophecies of The WORLD TOMORROW!

TO THE U.S. & CANADA

WLAC—Nashville, Tenn.—1510 on dial—7:00 P.M., Mon.-Sat.
WABC—New York—770 on dial—11:30 P.M., Mon. thru Sat.; 9:30 A.M., Sun., E.S.T.
WLS—Chicago—890 on dial—10:30 P.M., Mon. thru Fri.; 1:00 P.M. & 8:30 P.M. Sun.
WWVA—Wheeling, W. Va.—1170 on dial—10:30 A.M.; 11:15 P.M., Sun., E.S.T. 10:00 P.M., Mon. thru Fri.
CKLW—Windsor, Ontario—800 on dial—6:00 P.M. Sundays.
KVOO—Tulsa, Okla.—1170 on dial—daily, 10:30 P.M., Central Standard Time.
KHOW—Denver, Colo.—630 on dial—10:30 P.M. every night; 5:30 A.M., Mon. thru Sat.
XELO—800 on dial, every night, 9:00 P.M. Central Standard time. (8:00 P.M. M.S.T.)
XEG—1050 on dial—every night, 8:30 P.M. Central Std. time.
WCAE—Pittsburgh, Pa.—1250 on dial—6:30 P.M. Sundays.
WPIT—Pittsburgh, Pa.—730 on dial—3:30 P.M., daily.
KGBX—Springfield, Mo.—1260 on dial—6:15 A.M. Mon. thru Sat.; 10:00 A.M. Sundays
KSTL—St. Louis, Mo.—690 on dial—10:00 A.M. Mon. thru Fri.
WEW—St. Louis, Mo.—770 on dial—1:00 P.M. Sat. and Sun.
WKYB—Paducah, Ky.—570 on dial—12:00 noon, Mon. thru Sat.; 7:00 P.M., Sun.
KCTN—Berryville, Ark.—5:00 A.M. daily.
WKYR—Keyser, W. Va.—1270 on dial—5:30 A.M., daily.

HEARD ON PACIFIC COAST

XERB—1090 on dial—7:00 P.M. every night.
KGO—San Francisco—810 on dial—10:00 P.M., daily.
KABC—Los Angeles—790 on dial—10:00 P.M., Sun.; 7:25 P.M., Mon. thru Fri.; 8:00 P.M., Sat.
KRKD—Los Angeles—1150 on dial—7:00 A.M. Mon. thru Fri.; 1:30 P.M., Sundays.
KARM—Fresno—1430 on dial—6:30 P.M. Mon. thru Sat.; 12:30 P.M. Sun.
KBLA—Burbank—1490 on dial—7:30 A.M. & 12:30 P.M. daily.
KPDQ—Portland—800 on dial—8:30 A.M. daily.
KWJJ—Portland—1080 on dial—9:00 P.M., Sun. thru Fri. 10:00 P.M., Saturdays.
KUGN—Eugene—590 on dial—7:00 P.M. Sun. thru Fri.
KVI—Seattle-Tacoma—570, first on dial—10:30 P.M. every night.

TO EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA

RADIO LUXEMBOURG—208 metres. Mondays and Tuesdays: 22:30 Greenwich time.
RADIO TANGIER INTERNATIONAL—1232 kc. & S. W. Saturdays 16:30 Greenwich time.

TO SOUTH AFRICA

RADIO LOURENCO MARQUES, MOZAMBIQUE
10:00 P.M., Saturdays; 10:30 P.M., Mondays and Tuesdays.
RADIO ELIZABETHVILLE (Belgian Congo)—OQ2AD—7150 k.c., 9:30 P.M. Fridays.

TO ASIA

RADIO GOA—60 metre band, 9:30 P.M. Mondays; 9:00 P.M., Fridays.
RADIO BANGKOK—HSIJS—4878 k.c. Monday thru Friday: 10:35-11:05 P.M.
RADIO TAIWAN (FORMOSA)—840 k.c. 7:00 P.M. Wednesdays and Fridays.
RADIO OKINAWA—KSBK—880 k.c. Sundays: 12:00 noon.
ALTO BROADCASTING SYSTEM—PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
9:00 P.M. Sundays—DZAQ, Manila—630 k.c.; DZRI, Dagupan City—1040 k.c.; DZRB, Naga City—1060 k.c.; DXMC, Davao City—900 k.c.

TO AUSTRALIA

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

TO SOUTH AMERICA

7:00 P.M., Sundays—
HOC21, Panama City—1115 k.c.
HP5A, Panama City—11170 k.c.
HOK, Colon, Panama—640 k.c.
HP5K, Colon, Panama—6005 k.c.
RADIO AMERICA—Lima, Peru
6:00 P.M. Saturdays—1010 k.c.

The World Tomorrow's 25th ANNIVERSARY

From a mere 100 watts of radio power a week to more than
a weekly 5 million watts! Read the amazing story of growth of
God's End-time Work, now world wide.

by Herbert W. Armstrong

THINK of it! This great work of world-wide mass evangelism this month is a *quarter of a century old!*

On the first Sunday in 1934, God's time had come. God opened a DOOR! Jesus Christ Himself had foretold this event! Millions have read His prophecy.

Yet on that first Sunday in 1934, probably NO one—certainly not I, myself—recognized what a momentous event actually was taking place.

What Really Happened!

What really occurred that Sunday morning precisely at 10 o'clock was a momentous event. It was the fulfilling of a definite corner-stone prophecy of Jesus. More than that, it was *the initial, start-off event of the fulfilling of some 90% of all the prophecies in the Bible!* And approximately a *third of the whole Bible* is prophecy!

But there was no fan-fare. The world took no notice. Only a few hundred—or at most a very few thousand people—even heard it. But then, how many people heard of the event, *at the time*, when the Christ child was born—or when Christ was raised from the dead 33½ years later—or when He ascended into heaven? The WORLD knew nothing about it, then. It was not even local news, let alone world-news.

When God does things through human instruments, they always *start small*, and unnoticed—but, like the proverbial grain of mustard seed, they grow and grow until they become the biggest!

This whole world had cut itself off from God thru sin. Over 1900 years ago, God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, with the GOSPEL MESSAGE! Men re-

jected His Message, and put the divine Messenger to death!

But Jesus had instructed His apostles, and commissioned *them* to proclaim that Message of the Government of GOD—of being BORN AGAIN into the FAMILY (Kingdom) of God—to the world of that day. Actually they were allowed two 19-year time-cycles for this WORK OF GOD.

Two 19-Year Cycles

The New Testament CHURCH OF GOD started, with the filling of God's Holy Spirit, on the annual day of Pentecost, 31 A.D. In precisely one 19-year time-cycle, 50 A.D., A DOOR was opened for the Apostle Paul to carry this Gospel Message into EUROPE (Acts 16:8-10; II Cor. 2:12). After one more 19-year time-cycle, in 69 A.D., when the Roman General with his army started surrounding Jerusalem (Luke 21:20-21) the disciples of Jesus heeded His warning and fled. From that time the Roman forces stamped out the organized preaching of this Gospel in any effective mass manner.

The main body of professing Christians, as prophesied, apostatized. They turned away from Christ's TRUTH, and embraced pagan fables (II Tim. 4:3-4). They became soon divided into more than 50 differing and disagreeing sects! Christ's true Gospel MESSAGE had been perverted—lost! Then the Roman Emperor made "Christianity" a state religion. They took the NAME of Christ—they called their pagan religion by His name—but it was not His Message nor His religion!

Counterfeit Gospel

From that time, the world has heard

the NAME of Christ. The world has heard a Gospel of MEN *about* Christ. The world has called it "The Gospel of Christ"—but it is very far from CHRIST'S Gospel—it is a paganized gospel of MEN *about* Christ. It is a counterfeit!

But Jesus had foretold all this apostasy—and He inspired Paul to foretell it. But Jesus also prophesied, *for OUR time*, just before the END of this age: "*This Gospel of the kingdom (HIS very Gospel) shall be preached (and published—Mark 13:10) in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the END (of the world) come*" (Mat. 24:14).

The world did not know it, then. *I myself did not know it then!* But GOD'S TIME HAD COME—at precisely 10:00 A.M., the first Sunday in the year 1934! Between 10:00 and 10:30 that historic morning, a few hundred—perhaps a very few thousand — people heard a shocking half-hour broadcast. These people all lived in one county in Oregon. The program was then called the "Radio Church of God."

CHRIST'S Message RESTORED!

Some of the listeners were angered—because they heard read out of the Bible statements diametrically opposite to what they believed. But most of them couldn't resist listening in again the next Sunday. Some were really *challenged!* They looked into their own Bibles. They were shocked to see that it was not written as they had supposed. They saw in their own Bibles the astonishing things they heard in this new and different kind of radio program.

The next Sunday a larger listening

audience was tuned in. Here was a program that was altogether *different!* It analyzed world news. It revealed the *meaning* behind world events. It dared to speak right out on Biblical PROPHECIES. It showed the PURPOSE being worked out here below through these unprecedented world events. It startled listeners into a realization they had not even *heard* the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but a Gospel of MEN *about* the Person of Christ!

The "Mustard Seed" Begins to Grow

Soon it became the most listened-to program on the little 100-watt station, then the only station in Lane County, Oregon. After several months we added KXL, Portland, then only a 100-watt station. Some months later, we stepped up to KWJJ in Portland, then a 500-watt station. A year or so later we added a small station in Seattle. Then a station in Spokane. In April, 1942, the program, now named "The WORLD TOMORROW," broke out of the Pacific Northwest. We opened on KMTR, Hollywood (now KLAC). About three weeks later, Mr. Ken Tinkham, then manager of KMTR, induced me to start *daily* broadcasting. He offered me the 5 P.M. time Monday thru Saturday, in addition to our 10 A.M. Sunday morning time.

This, I remember, was a breath-taking leap that required all the courage I could muster. It cost a lot more money. I telephoned our office in Eugene, Oregon, and learned we had barely enough in the bank to pay for the first week's daily broadcasting. It had to be paid in advance. But our faith and courage were rewarded. The mail impact was instantaneous, and by the end of the week enough additional money had come in to pay for a second week of every-day broadcasting.

I was forced to remain in Hollywood, 900 miles from home, to continue on the air every day. Electrical transcriptions made in Hollywood were expressed to the stations up north for the Sunday programs there. This was kept up until the end of July.

Then, National

Very shortly thereafter, the program went on WHO, Des Moines. The time they offered was so late most people

had gone to bed—11 P.M., and only three Sundays in the month. But WHO was one of only eight stations in the United States with an *exclusive* channel, and with its super-power 50,000 watts, it could then be heard in every state in the union. We know that, because we did receive mail from WHO broadcasting from every state. One single broadcast brought 2,300 letters.

Five months later we added WOAI, San Antonio—another of the eight exclusive-channel stations. But these were both NBC stations, and there seemed to be opposition to broadcasting God's Truth. It became difficult to hold our time. It must have been about 1944 that the 150,000-watt XELO offered me the choice time of 8 P.M., at 800 on the dial (Mountain time) Sunday evenings. We took it and went off WOAI and WHO. We now had a large national audience.

Later, XEG and XERB were added—and then EVERY-NIGHT time was opened to us. From that time, other United States stations were added, at first Sunday only. By 1954 and 1955 we were on several of the nation's greatest 50,000-watt stations. We had been two years on the ABC Radio Network, Coast to Coast. Then we added other NBC and CBS stations individually or "spot-bought." We were on such top-flight stations as WLW Cincinnati, WABC New York, WLS Chicago, WCCO Minneapolis, KOA Denver, KDKA Pittsburgh, WRVA Richmond, KGO San Francisco.

The TV Experience

But about that time we became frightened by the advances of television. TV was making huge gains in capturing listening audiences. It began to appear that radio was dead—and our work would soon stop unless we rushed to get on TV.

So we cancelled out the ABC Radio Network, and most of the 50,000-watt radio stations we were using Sundays only, and went on TV.

That was quite an experience. We had never really faced anything like production expense before. But now I discovered we were IN THE MOVIES. In television, you either go on a Network or you put your program on sound

movie film to send it out to various stations. A half hour on a TV Network costs from \$30,000 up—PER PROGRAM—for station time, and in addition production of most TV programs runs \$30,000 up. And I am speaking of HALF-hour programs, not full hour. They cost about double.

The \$64,000 Question

You may have wondered how the big give-away TV contests can afford to give a winning contestant \$64,000, or up past a quarter million dollars. What few people know is that the expense of actors, stage settings, etc., to produce a half-hour show runs a minimum of around \$30,000. Big-name actors get as much as \$5,000 and up to \$11,000 for every week's half hour performance. The cost of professional "talent"—that is, actors and actresses—is terrific. If my goal were to make money, I would go on radio or TV to ENTERTAIN people and get into the BIG money. I have seen the figures on the production cost of the "\$64,000 Question," and it was around or under \$22,000 per show. You see, most contestants never got up to \$64,000, and those who did had been on the show for SEVERAL WEEKS. The big prize money the sponsors paid out to non-professional performers was far LESS than other TV programs have to pay for professional actors! And, for a while, the "\$64,000 Question" broke all records in number of viewers—often 50 million or more people tuned in on a single show!

Our LOW-Cost Production

Well, we found a way to produce "The WORLD TOMORROW" on TV for a lot less than \$30,000. The main reason, of course, was because I did not get any \$5,000 or \$11,000 fees per program—I received NOTHING extra for it, nor my sons when they appeared on the program. We did have to pay for expensive film, and the union scale for some 17 men in shooting the film—camera men, electricians, directors, etc., and we had to have two different sets designed and built—but we used these same sets for the entire 27 programs we made. On the commercial entertainment shows they design and build elaborate special new sets for every show. Nevertheless,

our production costs ran from \$1,500 to \$2,500 per program, not counting station costs—and we were on big stations in New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Houston, Tyler, Tex., Shreveport, Wichita, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, besides the Hawaiian Islands.

Altogether it was costing more than \$7,000 per week—which is a very LOW cost for Coast-to-Coast television, but which was EXCESSIVELY HIGH for US! We were not yet big enough for such a TV expenditure.

Thousands of letters poured in from TV viewers. But of course we never solicit contributions on any of our programs, nor in any of our literature; and after six months we found that new TV viewers were voluntarily sending us about \$70 per week, but it was costing us \$7,000 per week. It became evident that, just as DAILY radio broadcasting had proved much more effective in getting God's Message into the minds and hearts of people than once a week broadcasting, it was going to require DAILY television to really reach people.

Therefore we pulled the program off television, after 27 weeks, UNTIL we can go on TV not less than FIVE times per week. And, to justify the production cost of five programs a week, we shall have to go on quite a little more than 13 stations—not less than 30. The cost of production is just as much for ONE station as for a hundred—except for the comparatively minor cost of the prints (copies of the original film) sent to individual stations. This may seem very expensive, but remember, a big TV network show reaches some 30,000,000 people. At a cost of \$60,000, that is only about 2¢ per person. How much would it cost to buy post cards, print and address them? But in our work, we are reaching people with a full half-hour message at a cost of 1/3 of 1¢ per person.

Going on DAILY Radio

At this time we had decided on a policy of *daily* broadcasting exclusively, with a very few exceptions.

The Eternal God caused WLS, Chicago, one of the *exclusive*-channel 50,000 watt major stations, to open a night time Monday thru Fridays, retaining the

Sunday time. At first we had to accept a rather late time—I believe it was around 10 P.M. Soon we had many thousands of regular every-night listeners. This brought in a heavy mail—around 600 letters a week from this one station. A little later they opened up an earlier time—7 P.M. The mail response doubled.

But then our troubles began. The management of WLS began to reason from the assumption that, like ordinary religious programs, we attracted and held only what they term "the religious audience." By that they mean only a few sanctimonious extra-religious people who listen *only* to "religious" programs. They reasoned—as do all radio stations, for that matter—that our "church audience" would immediately tune to some other "religious program" as soon as we went off the air. Or, if they left WLS tuned in, they were the peculiar religious people who would not buy whatever was offered on the commercials of the following program.

Of course these assumptions, perhaps true of many "religious" programs, are *not* true of The WORLD TOMORROW. We attract, appeal to, and hold the ENTIRE radio audience—non-religious people even more than the religious. The TRUTH proclaimed on this program is so DIFFERENT from what is commonly believed by the ordinary "religious audience"—the "churched" people—that probably FEW of them will listen to a message so different from what they believe. The overwhelming majority of our listeners are non-church-going people.

But we have not, even yet, been able to convince the radio station management of that fact. So, they soon moved our program to the almost worthless time of 11:30 to midnight. After more than a year, we were able to better this somewhat. Our present time on WLS is 10:30 to 11 P.M. Yet the rating agencies show that we have the second largest listening audience of any Chicago station at that hour—and only a fraction of a point behind the top-ranked station. And in the districts outside metropolitan Chicago, we have the LARGEST audience.

Late as it is, many, many thousands of people listen every night.

WHY THE PLAIN TRUTH HAS NO SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

So many ask: "How can you publish a magazine, without subscription price, and without advertising?" The answer is simple. The GOSPEL must go to the whole world, and it must go FREE. It must not be sold like merchandise. "Freely ye have received," Jesus said to His disciples whom He was sending to proclaim the Gospel, "freely GIVE." Without money and without price, is God's way. We proclaim a FREE salvation. Therefore, we cannot put a PRICE upon the PLAIN TRUTH.

We have been called of God to conduct this work. It is not our work, but God's. We have set out to conduct God's work God's way. We rely, in FAITH, upon God's promises to supply every need.

God's way is the way of LOVE—and that is the way of *giving*, not getting. God expects every true child of His to GIVE of tithes and offerings that His work may go FREE—that His true ministers may GIVE the precious Gospel to others. We simply TRUST GOD to lay it on the minds and hearts of His people to give of their tithes and offerings that we may be enabled to GIVE the good things of God's Word to the hundreds of thousands who hear the Message over the air, and the scores of thousands who read The PLAIN TRUTH.

Many times our faith has been severely tried, but God has never failed us. We must not fail HIM!

Adding the Biggest Stations

Soon after going on WLS *daily*, the great super-power station of the eastern seaboard, WWVA at Wheeling, W. Va., opened the door for every-night broadcasting—six nights a week, and two programs on Sundays. Then a little later, the great 50,000-watt New York headquarters station of the ABC Network, WABC, opened to us—though at a very late time.

A year later the CBS 50,000-watt station in Nashville, WLAC, opened to us the MOST desirable time of 7 P.M. With that very early evening time, the mail response indicated a *tremendous* listening audience all through the Southeast, and as far west as Texas.

Then a year later—this past year—the NBC 50,000-watt Oklahoma station KVOO at Tulsa opened the very choice time of 7:30 P.M., after the Vice-President and General Manager had paid a personal visit to our world headquarters on the magnificently landscaped Ambassador College campus. But, as I write, other powers of management at the station are demanding that our program be shoved down to a much later time!

Few of our listeners and PLAIN TRUTH readers realize what an almost impossible feat it is to be able to buy a GOOD time on the most discriminating and powerful radio stations. The truth is, The WORLD TOMORROW is the *only* program labeled as "religious" which has accomplished it at all.

This past year, 1958, we were also able to add the great 50,000-watt ABC San Francisco station, KGO, and the

ABC Network-originating Hollywood station, KABC.

Our experience, since dropping TV has shown radio is far from dead.

Then—Around the World

The breath-taking growth of this work of God has not been confined to the United States.

Just as the early apostles, from the founding of the New Testament Church of God, were allotted one 19-year time-cycle for spreading the Gospel in Asia Minor, so were we at this END-time allowed the same time for spreading the Gospel over the United States.

Then, just as God OPENED A DOOR (Acts 16:8-10; II Cor. 2:12-13) for the Apostle Paul to preach His Gospel in EUROPE, at the end of this 19-year time-cycle, so God opened a door for us, in January 1953—exactly 19 years after the broadcast started—to proclaim His same Gospel in Europe and Britain. It was in early January, 1953, that the program went on the most powerful radio station on earth, Radio Luxembourg, 150,000 watts. It reaches all England.

Once this gigantic door for super-power broadcasting was opened in Europe, more and more such doors were opened until today the program is heard on all continents—North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia.

FIVE Million Watts

The broadcast started with a mere 100-watts of radio power per week. Its cost, in 1934, was \$2.50 per week. Brethren I knew had pledged \$1.25 per week for this. In those days it required a lot of faith to trust God to send the other \$1.25 per week without begging for it over the air.

Often our faith was tried, up to the last minute. One Sunday morning we reached the very last minute to leave home in Eugene, Oregon, in time to be on the air. We had to pay in advance before each broadcast. That morning we did not have the \$2.50. One minute later would have been too late—we would have arrived too late at the station to go on! At that precise moment, a man riding a motor cycle stopped at our house. He handed me \$2.50! We dashed for the radio station—afoot—

arriving out of breath. We had no car in those days.

Another Sunday some two or three years later, when we were on KWJJ in Portland at 4 on Sunday afternoons, we had enough money for the Eugene broadcast at 10 A.M., but nothing for the KWJJ broadcast in Portland. I think the cost there was \$10—paid each Sunday in advance.

What would *you* have done? Remained home? We would not be allowed to go on the air without the money. By this time we had a used car. In blind faith we started, at 10:30 that morning, for Portland. Along the way it occurred to us we ought to stop off for a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Henion in Jefferson. There was no thought whatever of receiving any money from them in our minds. But apparently God put it in their minds, for they handed us enough tithe money for the broadcast, and if we lacked enough for gasoline to return home—I do not remember now—there must have been enough also for that. For many years, now, Mr. Dave Henion has been on the Board of Directors of this work, incorporated as the Radio Church of God.

Always GOD SUPPLIED EVERY NEED—even at the last moment. Little by little, gradually, making increases every year over this quarter of a century, this work has grown, like the grain of mustard seed. Whatever thing God does through human instruments must *start* the very smallest—but it grows until it becomes the largest!

Today, The WORLD TOMORROW proclaims Christ's Gospel, as a witness, over every continent on earth, using today more than FIVE MILLION WATTS of radio power every week! That's a fantastic growth from the original 100 watts! So far as we know, it is today the biggest thing in radio. I know of

no other single program using more than five million watts of radio power weekly.

Today, the WORLD TOMORROW is heard over areas where *one billion people* live. If they have radio sets, one billion people can hear this powerful End-time Message every week. That is nearly half of all the people on earth—*more than* a third!

The PLAIN TRUTH

The PLAIN TRUTH made its humble bow a month after the broadcast started. Volume I, Number 1, came out February, 1934. That first number was mimeographed. For the first few years it was mimeographed. It started with some 175 or 200 copies. It has grown until today we publish 175,000 copies.

When at last we were able to have it printed, it was an 8-page pamphlet-magazine. After some years it went to 16 pages. Then 24 pages. Then we went to two colors. Today it is a 32-page magazine in two colors.

Then the College

In 1947 Ambassador College was founded in beautiful, cultural Pasadena. We had no capital. The broadcasting and publishing work took all the income. We did not then even have the down payment for the original block of college property. It was purchased on a lease-and-option basis. After 25 months of "rent" payments, the "rent" payments applied as the down-payment, and we received the deed, giving a mortgage. Of course that was all paid out a few years back, and is clear today. The original plot consisted of about 2¼ acres, with a small office building, and a library-classroom building, an old tennis court, and the lower gardens with the garden theatre.

Today the college campus has expanded to some 15½ beautiful and majestic acres in Pasadena's finest residence district, with seven main buildings besides several others used for student housing.

Ambassador College opened in 1947 with four pioneer students, and eight instructors and professors. Today it has grown to 200 undergraduate students, besides the graduate school of theology,

(Please continue on page 32)

The World Tomorrow in Spanish with Benjamin Rea.

RADIO LA CRONICA—Lima, Peru
—7:00-7:15 P.M. Sundays

RADIO COMUNEROS — Asuncion,
Paraguay — 8:00-8:15 P.M.,
Sundays

RADIO SPORT — CXA19 — Monte-
video, Uruguay — 4:00-4:15
P.M., Sundays

The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

This is the 13th installment of the Autobiography. It covers the first participation in college activity, and moving to Oregon in a "Model T."

IN CHICAGO, in five years, a publishers' representative business had been developed to an income equivalent to \$25,000 a year in today's dollar value. But this had been built largely on putting farm tractor advertising in bank journals.

The flash depression of 1920 had swept all my major customers into receiverships. The business folded up, along with theirs. I had hung desperately on in Chicago for two years attempting to revive a dead business.

I didn't recognize it then, but GOD was beginning to strike me down, as He did the Apostle Paul, only in a different manner, to put me in His work for a special mission.

First Training in Public Speaking

But in October, 1922, frustrated, defeated, broken in spirit, I followed my wife and family, who had gone three months before, to her father's farm in Iowa, some 20 miles south-east of Des Moines. The fall and much of the winter had been spent in farm work and fiction-reading, trying to rest and regain morale.

As recorded in the December installment, my wife's younger brother, Walter Dillon, then a freshman in Simpson College, asked me to help him in a college oratorical contest. He had been ambitious to make the basketball "varsity" and win a berth on the all-state honorary team. But the basketball coach had publicly humiliated him and sent him back to the locker room the first day of practice without even a *chance* to try out for the team. The reason, he discovered, was that Walter was not a frat member.

"But in oratory," he said to me, "they can't crowd me out because I'm not a frat man. I won second place in an oratorical contest while I was in the academy. I have a good voice. I am

allowed to obtain help in writing. You are a professional writer. If you'll help me write it, and work with me on delivery, I think I may win. That would be sweet victory, because the two best orators in Simpson's history are a junior and a senior, and both members of that frat."

I knew nothing about college oratorical contests. I had never witnessed one. As explained in earlier installments, at age 18 I had put myself through an aptitude test, and decided I belonged in the advertising profession. At that time no college offered an efficient course in advertising and merchandising.

On expert advice, I had put myself through the college of EXPERIENCE—or, as it is sometimes called, the college of hard knocks. First was a year in want-ads on a Des Moines daily newspaper. Later came three years on a national trade journal—the largest in the United States, involving a great deal of travel, and intensive instruction, training, and experience in writing advertising copy, dictating business letters, and later, writing magazine articles. After six months of Chamber of Commerce work, the seven-year career representing the leading bank journals of the nation began.

All these years I had studied diligently. My "major" in this study, of course, was advertising and merchandising. I studied what books were available. I read religiously the trade papers of the profession. I studied psychology. As a "minor" study, I delved into Plato, Epictetus, and other books on philosophy, and continually read Elbert Hubbard (whom I became personally acquainted with) for style in writing. I read human interest articles and other articles on world conditions and on the business of living, in leading magazines.

At the beginning of World War I,

I had been able to obtain written recommendations for entrance into the Officers Reserve Corps from such prominent Chicago men as Arthur Reynolds, president of the largest bank in Chicago and second largest in America, testifying that I possessed more than the equivalent of a college education.

But I had not received my education in college.

The Challenge for College Competition

This request from my brother-in-law presented an intriguing challenge. I had taken a confidence-shattering beating in the failure of the Chicago business. But the vanity had not been crushed out of my nature by any means. Here was a chance to match wits with college students. Also it offered a total mental diversion from the Chicago nightmare. It was something I could "sink my teeth into," with energy and a new interest.

But I knew nothing of how college orations were written, or delivered, or judged. I asked my brother-in-law if he could bring me copies of a few first-place winning orations.

He brought out to the farm a number of them from the college library, printed in pamphlet form. Immediately I noticed that they were all couched in flowery language—the amateur college-boy attempt at fancy rhetoric, employing five to seven-syllable words which actually said practically nothing. All the orations were written on such altruistic and idealistic subjects as peace, or prohibition, or love for fellow-man. They displayed ignorance of the WAY to peace, or the problem of alcoholism, or of human experience in living. But they did contain beautiful, high-flown language!

This became very intriguing.

"Tell me, Walt," I asked, "what is

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"Quel est le Sabbat du Nouveau Testament?"

"Dieu guérit-Il toujours?"

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"Pourquoi êtes-vous né?"

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LE MONDE À VENIR

Box 111

Pasadena, California

the prevailing style of delivery? Do the oratorical contestants go at it hammer-and-tongs, Billy Sunday style, tearing their hair out, throwing chairs across the platform, thundering at their audiences—or do they speak calmly and smoothly, with carefully developed graceful gestures—or how?"

"Oh, they try to speak with as much calm dignity as possible—with graceful gestures."

One Chance in TWO

"How many contestants will be in this contest?"

"There will be six, including me," Walter answered.

"All right—tell me, now—would you rather enter this contest with one chance in six of winning, or with one chance in two?"

He didn't quite understand.

"Why, with one out of two—but what do you mean?"

"Well, Walt," I replied, "I guess I'm not much of a conformist. I often break precedent. I figure it this way: if you write a flossy, flowery oration with big words that *say nothing*, and attempt to compete with these upper-classmen of greater experience on their own terms, you are only one of six contestants, and you probably do not even have one chance in six of winning.

"But if you pick for your subject some red-hot controversial topic—if you have the courage to actually ATTACK something, give the PLAIN TRUTH about it, open people's eyes about it, and work yourself up to white-hot heat

of indignation and emotion, and let it fly Billy Sunday style—to start a big controversy—well, either the judges will like YOUR kind of oration, or the other kind. You have one chance in two. If they like the other kind, you lose out—you'll be voted *last place*. Then they have to choose among the other five. But if they do like your style, there is no one to choose but YOU—you'll be the only contestant with that kind of oration. So, I figure you will be either first or last. You will not be second or third."

"Say! that sounds good!" exclaimed Walter. "I don't want to be second or third. I want to WIN. If I can't win, I might just as well be last."

What to Attack?

"O.K. Now we must find something to attack and expose—something that is wrong. Something that will stir up the people. What do you hate the most?"

He didn't seem to hate anything or anybody. There was nothing I could find that he was really MAD at.

"Well," I said finally, "we'll have to find something that needs exposing—something you can really flay with forceful language. Come to think of it, right now labor leaders are resorting to some very foul practices. There have been murders, and gross injustices, both against employers and against the union members themselves. I remember when I visited Elbert Hubbard at his Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora, New York, I read a pamphlet of his that really flayed dishonest labor leaders—and he has the best, most prolific vocabulary, and the most effective rhetorical bromides of any writer I know. Suppose we attack labor racketeering."

He didn't know anything about it, but he guessed this subject would be as good as any. Immediately we wrote to Roycroft Inn for this booklet I had read. Also we wrote to Governor Allen of Kansas, who had just been on a fiery debate on labor-leader racketeering that had made national headlines.

The Herrin (Illinois) massacre had occurred shortly prior to this—where many had been killed. We went all out to obtain FACTS on how labor leaders (some of them) were racketeering off of their own worker members. Walter

explained to me that we were allowed to use a total of 200 words in the 2,000-word oration directly quoted from published sources. We quoted some of the most forceful phrases from Hubbard and Governor Allen.

We did not attack or oppose the PRINCIPLE of unionism. The first line of the oration stated, in the somewhat flowery language which Walter insisted on putting into it against my advice: "There was a time when the laboring man was brutalized by toil . . . Capital held the balance of power. Labor was cowed into meek submission."

What was opposed and exposed was the wrong economic philosophy of labor leaders who assumed that management is the enemy of labor—that the two interests run in opposite directions—that laboring men ought to use force and the strike to GET all they can, while at the same time they ought to "lay down on the job" and give in return as *little* as they could. The threat of calling a strike for blackmail purposes—asking a huge pay-off from an employer to a crooked labor leader to prevent his stirring up the men for a strike—murders and violence—these things we opposed.

The First Course in Public Speaking

Now began my first real experience in public speaking. I had given talks before dinner-groups of retail merchants three times—at Richmond, Kentucky, at Lansing, Michigan, and Danville, Illinois, upon completion of merchandising surveys. But I had never *studied* public speaking, nor looked into any textbooks on the subject. Before this college oratory experience was over I was to become acquainted with the authors of the two textbooks on the subject used in most of the colleges and universities throughout America. As I now look back over the events of those formative years, in writing this autobiography, it becomes more and more evident that the unseen divine hand was guiding me continually into the very experience and training needed for the Great Calling.

After the oration was written, Walter memorized it. He announced that he was finally ready to begin practice on delivery. We went over to the college chapel at an hour when it was entirely

unoccupied. I took a seat about two-thirds way back. Walter went to the platform.

He started his oration. Consternation seized me. He was speaking it in his best attempt to emulate the prevailing college style—quiet, with dignity, and graceful gestures. Only, his gestures were *not* graceful. They were so obviously practiced, and not at all natural—and they were ridiculously awkward. The expression was not natural. I saw visions of “winning” last place in the contest.

This was a dilemma that had, somehow, to be solved. I saw at once that Walter did not grasp the real meaning of his shockingly powerful speech. He didn't *feel* it. This labor racketeering crisis then so prominently on front-page news was something of which he seemed unaware. The oration was just so many meaningless words. Unless he could become aware of the situation, and really *feel* with white-heat indignation the scathing indictment of these criminal abuses of unionism, he had no chance of winning.

What to do?

An Incident Makes It Personal

At just this time a living incident made the whole meaning of the oration *personal*. A strike was in progress at the Rock Island Railroad division point in Valley Junction—now renamed West Des Moines. The morning Des Moines *Register* reported a bombing of the locomotive roundhouse. Eleven big locomotives had been destroyed.

We went to Valley Junction, and managed to get through the lines to the office of the superintendent. The superintendent showed great interest on learning of the subject of the oration. He gave us considerable time. We went out through the roundhouse. We saw the twisted and tangled masses of steel of demolished locomotives.

We visited a home in town where the front half of the house had been blown off by a bomb. Inside the house at the time had been the wife and children of a worker who had taken up the tools the union men had lain down. For some little time the workmen who had accepted jobs after the union men had walked out had been kept behind barri-

caded walls day and night. Violence had become rampant. Non-union workers had been assaulted upon leaving the yards and returning to their homes after working hours—hence they had been forced to remain behind defence barriers night and day.

Walter was now really outraged.

“When union leaders try to kill innocent wives and children just because their husbands have picked up the tools they laid down, that is just too much!” he exclaimed with heat.

Another non-union home—occupied only by the innocent wife and children—had been rotten-egged.

Back in the superintendent's office he told us one of his problems with the union leaders.

“I was powerless to hire or fire a man without consent of labor leaders,” he said. “In the railroad business it is just as serious a crime for an engineer to go to sleep in his cab as for a sentry to go to sleep on duty in the army in war-time. I had such a man. I tried to fire him. The labor leader refused. He said I did not have proof. I had to employ a professional photographer, and keep him here on the job constantly

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until this engineer went to sleep again on duty in his cab. When we presented the photographic evidence to union officials higher up, they finally consented to firing the man.”

The next afternoon at the usual time we went into the college chapel for rehearsal. As Walter began speaking, the words of his oration for the first time conveyed real meaning to his mind. These words described in dynamic language exactly the way he now *felt*. I had told him to dispense with all gestures immediately after that first rehearsal. Unless gestures are *natural*, automatic and unrealized by the speaker, they are not effective anyway.

But this time Walter was gesturing. He didn't know it—but *he was gesturing!* They were not the most smooth and polished gestures of the professional speaker — but THEY WERE TERRIFICALLY CONVINCING! Today Walter was really angry! As the words poured forth, their meaning more and more expressed the very indignation he felt. The delivery was a little raw and rough—it was somewhat amateurish—but it was POWERFUL and it was CONVINCING!

“There!” I exclaimed joyfully, when he had finished, “HOLD IT! Hold it right there! Just go into the contest exactly as you went into this rehearsal! NOW you have a *chance*. Of course, the judges still may not like something so radically different from the established style of college oratory. But *now* you will be either last, or first!”

Comes the Final Contest

On the night of the local college oratorical contest, Walter drew last place. He was quite discouraged. He didn't know, then, that the last speaker always has the advantage. He was terribly nervous.

The two students rated the best were, of course, very good as college speakers. Theirs were the usual suave, smooth, flowery big words, delivered calmly with smooth and much-practiced graceful gestures. They were highly applauded. *This* year the students had high hopes of winning a state championship—which Simpson had not won for eight years.

Then Walter walked out on the plat-

form for the final oration. He started out calmly but nervously. But after some six or eight minutes the words he was speaking took him right back to Valley Junction. He *forgot* the nervousness that had seized him at the beginning. He thought only of the outrageous injustices he had *SEEN* with his own eyes. And for the first time he had an audience to tell it to! He began to gesture. He began to pace back and forth on the platform. He shook his fist. He was in dead *earnest*! He really *MEANT* what he was saying—and *HE WAS SAYING SOMETHING!*

When he had finished, he knew he had lost—but at least he had gotten a message over to that audience! He had that much satisfaction.

The judges' decision was announced. First came the third-place choice. It was one of the two supposed best orators. The other one was announced as second. First place—Walter Dillon!

There was little applause. The two favorites had lost out to a green, non-frat freshman! The judges had been *moved* by his speech. They had liked it. But the student body and faculty apparently disagreed.

In the days that followed there was only one topic of conversation on the campus—the merits or demerits of labor unionism. It became a heated controversy. The professor of economics took it up in class. He disagreed with Walter Dillon's economics. He favored the union brand of economics. Apparently he had slight socialist or Communist leanings.

One senior said to me, "I hope Dillon won't disgrace us in the state contest. We might have won this year, but now, with a green freshman representing us, we haven't a chance. BOY! but wasn't Sutton's oration good?"

"Yes," I rejoined. "It was smooth and well delivered. By the way, *WHAT* did he talk about? I can't seem to remember."

"Why—why—" stammered the student, "I—I can't seem to remember, either. But it certainly was a great oration!"

"Well, really, *was* it—if neither you nor I can remember a thing he said? Everyone in town seems to remember what Dillon said. He really stirred up

a hornet's nest! Do you really think a speech is good if it doesn't say anything?" He went away sorrowfully.

The State Contest

A short time later came the state contest. It was held that year at Central College, Pella, Iowa. There it was the same. Walter was very nervous. I walked with him over the campus grounds while the first few contestants were speaking. Once again he was last speaker.

Once again, after a calm and somewhat nervous start—not necessarily obvious to the audience—he *relived* the scenes of violence at Valley Junction. When he came to the Herrin massacre, the bombing of the Los Angeles *Times* plant, and other outrages of violence covered in the oration, he really *lived* it! Again he paced the floor, shook his fists, rose to a crescendo of indignant and outraged *POWER* at the climax, then had real pleading in his voice in his final solution of these problems.

Again third place was announced first—then second. Again we knew he was either first or last. Finally the winner—Walter E. Dillon of Simpson!

Returning to the campus we witnessed a living example of the fickleness of public opinion. After winning the home contest Walter had been in disgrace. "It was just a fluke decision," most of the students said. A freshman had spoiled their chance of winning a state contest. Walter was avoided on the streets. He was shunned.

But now, he returned the conquering hero.

Simpson had won the state championship! Walter Dillon was the hero of the campus. It was the first time any freshman had won a state contest. This was *NEWS*. It even made the front page of the *Chicago Tribune*! He had bids to join fraternities. The professor of economics was out of town on vacation several days—until the reverse opinion on his economics subsided. For now the student body unanimously accepted Dillon's brand of labor economics!

Well, it had been an interesting participation in college activity for me. It helped restore shattered morale. I had helped *WIN* something. I had begun to study public speaking. I had gained in-

valuable *experience* in speaking, which God was later to use. My brother-in-law had been deprived without a chance of his ambition to be one of *FIVE* to win all-state honors in basketball. But he had won the state championship in *oratory*, which he didn't have to share with anybody.

Walter Dillon continued in the field of education as a life profession, and, much later, he was to become the first president of Ambassador College, and its first instructor in public speaking. Men our readers have become familiar with, Herman L. Hoeh, Raymond C. Cole, Richard D. Armstrong, Roderick C. Meredith, received their first college instruction in public speaking under Mr. Dillon.

Actually, our experiences in college oratory continued on another year. I promoted a number of *entertainment* programs in various towns in Warren County during the following year, with Walter billed as the headliner, and charging 25¢ and 35¢ admission. We brought in some comedy and singing talent from the college. A year later, by early 1924, Walter Dillon was a smooth and finished public speaker. Following the national contest of that year, its sole judge, Professor Woolbert of the University of Illinois, author of a much-used college textbook on public speaking, heard him, and told me he probably would have given Mr. Dillon the national championship, had he been entered.

Doing Surveys Again

After the rest, and oratorical contest experience of the fall and winter of 1922-23, I realized I had to find something to do.

Once before, the reader will remember, when I was stranded without a dollar in Danville, Illinois, I had brought the merchandising survey experience to the rescue by selling a survey to the local newspaper. It had been highly successful for the newspaper, resulting in a big increase in advertising volume. Newspapers derive their revenue from the advertising.

At Danville, I had made one colossal mistake. Caught off guard when the business manager of the paper asked what my fee would be, I had set it at

(Please continue on page 28)

who will not believe what the Bible itself tells about how our very own America will be destroyed or be taken captive. People then, like people now, could not recognize the truth because they did not want to obey God.

A day passed. Then another and another. Still there was no sign of a flood. Almost a week went by. (Gen. 7:4.) Many of the onlookers went away laughing. Others joined the crowd for the first time, for news of this great ship had spread everywhere, and people were curious.

Noah and his sons had prepared a door to close up the opening in the side of the ark. God caused it to be closed and sealed. (Gen. 7:16.) If there were people around at the time to see this happen, they must have been very startled.

"A week in there, and they'll be yelling for us to bring axes and chop them free!" some one yelled, and there were shouts of laughter.

To be continued next issue

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(Continued from page 18)

\$50. It should have been \$500.

Now the thought of entering upon a business of conducting surveys was uppermost in mind. My brother-in-law borrowed a car, and we drove to Ames, Iowa—seat of Iowa State College. The idea of the survey was quickly accepted by a Mr. Powers, who was owner or manager (or both) of the Ames *Daily Tribune*. This time the fee was \$500. The price was accepted at once.

This time I put on a more thorough survey than the previous ones. Not only housewives in the town, but students and faculty members, and heads of departments at the college were interviewed. The newspaper put at my disposal a small car. I do not remember the make, but I believe it was smaller than a Ford. This enabled me to interview farmers in all directions.

The survey uncovered some peculiar and astonishing facts. About 75% or more of the day's shopping on school days was done after 4 P.M., when rush-hour began in the stores. The women of Ames seemed to prefer doing their shopping when the college girls did theirs—after class hours.

As usual, most of the trade in some lines went to Des Moines, only 30 miles south, or to the mail order houses. I found out why. Interesting facts were

uncovered about certain individual stores.

Curing a Sick Store

One department store, not the largest, and one of a small chain of three or four stores, about half or two-thirds owned by the local manager, came in for the most criticism. Women were satisfied with their stocks and styles, and also with their prices. The big complaint was on the salespeople.

"Why, I've stood waiting ten or fifteen minutes to be waited on," one typical customer said, "and then the clerk said they were out of the item I wanted, when I could see it in plain sight high up on a shelf. She just didn't want to reach up that high to get it down."

Women universally reported that the clerks never smiled. I learned it would be the most popular store in town if its sales force would be transformed into smiling, helpful, enthusiastic, wide-awake people anxious to please customers.

I gave a private confidential report to each store, which the newspapers did not see, in addition to the general report and summary which was supplied the newspaper. I distinctly remember the personal report I made to this particular department-store manager. The confidential report hit him personally right between the eyes. I had discovered

that he underpaid his sales force. He never smiled at them. He maintained a secret spy system, spying on clerks. He was dumbfounded to hear from me that all his clerks were well aware of this.

"The whole thing is your fault, personally," I said. "But I can show you how to correct it and double the size of your business."

"Vell," he said at last, in a Scandinavian accent, "this is the hardest thing I have ever had to take in my life—but I guess ve can take it. What do you advise me to do?"

"First, raise salaries—and in a rather dramatic manner."

"Vait!" he cut in. "Look! A store can only pay a certain percent of sales in salaries. I am paying them too high a percent already!"

"Yes, sure, I know that," I responded. "But the way to get the *percent* of sales paid in salaries down is to RAISE salaries, and get your sales force on their toes—happy—smiling. Then sales will double, and the percent paid in salaries will go down."

LOWERING Salaries by Raising Them

"Tell me how ve do it," he said dubiously.

"All right, here's what I want you to do. I DON'T want you to do any additional advertising in the *Tribune* at all

—until this new system has been working for at least six weeks. Big-space advertising right now would ruin your business. But, once you get this thing corrected, big-space advertising will quickly double your sales volume. First, I want you to plan a big party for the sales force. Have it on your second floor, in the women's ready-to-wear section. Try to arrange for the Home Ec Department out at the college to prepare the biggest and finest dinner they can—and I assure you they can produce the finest dinner you ever saw. Hire a dance band. Don't try to beat down the cost—pay what it costs to get the BEST. Then invite all your employees. Let them know you expect them to be there. I think I can pass the word along thru some of them, so they will all come. I have made friends with some of them.

"After they have had the finest dinner they ever ate, and the dance band has them feeling good—and have all these dunce caps, noise makers, confetti to throw—everything to get them into the most gay mood—then rise and make a speech. Start out by telling them you have been making a big mistake. You have not treated them right, and they have not treated customers right—but you never realized it before, and probably they didn't, either. Then tell them immediately that you are announcing a substantial raise in salaries for EVERYBODY. Tell them that from now on THEY MUST SMILE while waiting on customers. They must be *alert*. You intend to treat *them* right from now on, and they *must* treat customers right—or you'll get salespeople who will. You'll probably be paying the highest salaries in town. THEY HAVE TO SELL ENOUGH GOODS TO EARN IT—at a *lower* percent of sales than present salaries! If they don't, your high salaries will attract the best salespeople, and those who do not respond will be fired."

He said he would do it if I would come to the party, and sit by his side to bolster him up, and make a speech myself.

The party was held. It had an electric effect.

"Now," I said to the manager, "hereafter you must personally stand by the front door between 4 and 6 each afternoon, greeting customers yourself with

a smile, and being sure they are promptly waited on."

Winning With a Smile

Next afternoon about 4:15 I dropped in. There he was, trying to bow and smile stiffly at incoming customers. Quickly I drew him to one side.

"No, NO!" I exclaimed. "That will never do! You are acting like you never smiled before—like your heart is not in it. LOOK at those fine people coming in here. THEY ARE CUSTOMERS! They are coming to SPEND MONEY with you. DON'T YOU LIKE THEM?"

He did, but he had never thought of them in that light before. With a little coaching, he began to realize how much he did LIKE these people. He began to smile a natural smile, like he *meant* it!

After six weeks, this store began really BIG-space advertising, with the slogans I had suggested—something like "MOST PROMPT AND INTERESTED SERVICE IN AMES." Or, "Where you receive quick, attentive, interested SERVICE WITH A SMILE!"

I heard later from traveling salesmen who made Ames regularly that this store had more than doubled its sales volume in six months. Also an Ames shoe store, which had come in for some special criticism and correction. The newspaper DOUBLED its advertising volume.

That was my kind of salesmanship. The newspaper paid a fee of \$500, and doubled the size of its business. The merchants found what was wrong with them, and doubled their business. The customers got better service, and were happy. EVERYBODY benefitted! Unless everybody *does* benefit, salesmanship is not honest! But not many salesmen know that, or the secret of intelligent and PRACTICAL salesmanship!

Important Job Offered

Next I went to Forrest Geneva, then advertising manager of both the Des Moines Register and the Evening Tribune. He had worked in want ads on the Register at the same time I did on the Capital, and we were old friends.

The Des Moines Register was rated (I think still is) one of the ten really great newspapers of the United States.

It has a state-wide circulation, and is delivered in nearly all parts of the state early the same morning of publication.

BUT, the Register was not getting the big department store advertising in Des Moines. This is the biggest part of the advertising revenue of any newspaper. It actually meant multiple millions of dollars to the Register to be able to carry the big-space store advertising.

"Forrest," I said, "the one most important thing in this world to the Register is to be able to crack thru the barrier and carry the department store business—and all the other larger stores. I CAN DO THE JOB FOR YOU. I can crack down that stone wall and get you the big-store business."

After I had explained in detail the method of the surveys, and how I proposed a state-wide survey, to show how the Des Moines stores already were drawing a tremendous volume of trade from local stores in other smaller towns and cities all over the state, and how a campaign in the Register, with its STATE-WIDE circulation, which was tremendous, would greatly increase their out-of-town business as well as the Des Moines business, Mr. Geneva expressed his confidence that my method would accomplish the result. Only one dominant morning newspaper, as I remember, in all U.S. major cities, was carrying the local department store advertising. That was the Chicago Tribune.

"Herb," he said, "I believe you have the idea that will do the job. Give me a few days to take this up with the officers higher up. I'm really enthusiastic over the idea."

A few days later I returned.

"We want you," said Mr. Geneva. "But we have run into a certain situation. As you know, I am advertising manager over both papers. We also have an advertising manager for each paper, under me. Right now we have no advertising manager for the Register. I cannot get the management to approve the addition at this time of both a new advertising manager and you as a special expert. They want you to fill BOTH jobs."

"But Forrest," I protested, "I would be tied down with the executive job of managing the work of your eight adver-

tising solicitors on the *Register*, besides all the specialized work of the survey."

"Right," he agreed.

"But that will kill everything. I am not an executive. I can't manage the work of others. I'm like a lone wolf. I have to do my own work in my own way. I often work in streaks. When I'm 'on' I know I'm a good salesman. But on the 'off' days I couldn't sell genuine gold bricks for a dime. I'd have daily reports to make out, and that's one thing I just never have been able to do. I'd get way behind on the reports."

"Look, Herb," he came back. "I know you *will* make good on the executive job. I won't let you fail . . . If you run into a lapse, or your reports are not in, I'll stay down myself of evenings and do that part of your work for you. No one will ever know."

But I had no confidence in my ability to direct the work of eight men, and make out daily reports. So I turned down the offer to become advertising manager of a great newspaper.

I was to learn much later, beginning with 1947 when Ambassador College was founded, that I could become an executive. And long before that I had overcome lapses and streaks. Today I have to direct the operations and work of many scores of employees, besides doing about seven men's jobs myself. But, had I taken that job I might be there today—an employe on a newspaper, instead of directing the most important activity on earth. We might have averted several following years of financial hardship. But I know now, in the light of events—"the FRUITS"—that God was preparing me for His work, and bringing me down to the depths of defeat and frustration until I would give up this world, and all ambition of climbing to the top in it.

We Migrate to Oregon

The remainder of that summer, and through the following winter, I put on a survey for a local weekly paper in Indianola, and worked part time writing advertising for local merchants. But most of the time was devoted to working with my brother-in-law on his oratory. We wrote a new oration for the following year, which involved many experiences, altho, having won, he was

not eligible to enter again at Simpson College.

I was beginning to bog down in the mire. My wife was worried. We were in a rut. I didn't seem to be selling more surveys to daily newspapers. Mrs. Armstrong knew we needed some change to jolt us out of the rut. My parents were living in Salem, Oregon. A complete change of environment might get me started again.

In the late winter of 1923-24, she began to suggest the idea of a summer trip to visit my parents and family in Oregon.

"But, Loma," I protested, "we can't afford a vacation trip like that."

But she had it all planned. We would go in Walter's "Model T" Ford. We would take a tent and camp out nights. We would prepare our own food, avoiding restaurant costs. She would ask her sister Bertha to go along, paying her share, thus helping enough with expenses to make the trip possible. Bertha was teaching school, and had a regular income. I had earned some money and we still had a little. Along the way, I would contact newspapers and line up surveys for the future—thus getting a foundation laid for a future business.

My wife knew I liked to travel. I had been over most of the United States, but never yet as far west as the Rocky Mountains. A trip to the Coast—seeing my parents and family again—was really intriguing.

Walter and Bertha were swayed by her persuasion.

In the meantime, about March 1, 1923, my father-in-law (incidentally, still living, now age 96), had moved from the farm he was renting from a brother-in-law, sold his stock, and bought a small town general store at Sandyville, only a few miles distant.

I began to make preparations for our trip. On the second floor above my father-in-law's store was a sort of cabinet shop. I had taken manual training in high school. So I began to work out a design and to make folding wooden cots with canvas tops for our trip. Later we purchased a used tent of the type that fastened over the top of the car, so that the car formed one end of the tent. We procured a second-hand portable gasoline stove.

"D"-Day Arrives

The morning of June 16, 1924, we piled the two seats of the "Model T" high with bedding. We put our suitcases between the front fenders and the hood. The folded tent, boxes of food, the rest of the bedding, the folded cots, the portable stove, and all the rest of our earthly belongings were piled on a rack on the left running board high up on the side of the car. There were no trunks on the rear of "Model T's." How we piled all this stuff on that little car I can't conceive now, but we did—and an extra spare tire or two besides!

I had said to a friend of my wife, previously, "We'll be back in the fall." But when I wasn't listening, my wife told her: "That's what *he* thinks—but we are *not coming back!*"

So, "D-Day" had arrived, the morning of June 16, 1924! ("D" for Departure). Walter "cranked up" the "Model T," and we were off for Oregon. One thing we had on the car was air-conditioning. Except for the luggage piled high up the left side, it was *all* air—open air. The closed cars, except for very expensive limousines, had not yet come out of Detroit. But we had side curtains to button up in case of rain.

In case of RAIN, did I say?

Yes, as, unhappily, we were to experience that very night! We had reached Greenwood, Iowa, the first day out, and pitched our tent beside the car—with Mrs. Armstrong and me, our two little daughters—Beverly, age 6, and Dorothy Jane, age almost 4—Walter and Bertha Dillon—all trying to sleep on those flimsy, swaying folding cots I had made.

And then *the rains came!* We soon discovered the tent leaked! Hurriedly we arose from our rickety cots, delved into the food and utensil box, procured our one wash-pan and a fry pan and a stew pan, to catch the leaking drips. There was little sleep. In Iowa, you know, there are sharp and blinding flashes of lightning, followed by deafening claps of thunder when it rains.

For three days and three nights we were marooned there. In those days there were no cross-country paved highways. We were traveling on Iowa mud roads.

Tent Cities—No Motels

Finally, we decided to make a try over the still muddy roads. A *try* is what we made. Just outside town the car skidded in the mud, and two wheels bogged down hub-deep. Walter and I started out slogging through the mud to the nearest farm house. An obliging farmer hitched up a team and pulled us out.

We managed to keep chugging along until we reached Silver City, Iowa, near Council Bluffs. Later, as we proceeded farther west, we found roads more gravel than mud. Once on dry roads we were able to amble along at a steady gait of between 18 and 20 miles per hour—when we were not stopped by some new trouble, which was much of the time.

Most days we awoke by 5 A.M., breakfasted, the women made sandwiches for noon lunch—there could be no stopping through the day—we packed everything back on the car, and climbed up on those bedding-covered seats with the car “cranked up” by 6 A.M.

Most days we drove until nearly dark—allowing time to get the tent pitched and staked, cots and bedding arranged, and dinner cooked before it became too dark to see. We did carry a kerosene lantern. Walter and I took turns driving. We generally managed to negotiate about 200 miles in a twelve or fourteen-hour day of driving.

At night we stopped at camp grounds, provided at every town in those days. That was before the days of motels or trailer-camps. Tourists all carried their own tents and camping equipment. Every town along the way had its tent city which usually filled up by sundown. These camps provided water and sanitary facilities—of a kind. As we journeyed farther west a few cabins began to appear at some of the camp grounds. These were bare one-room, unpainted board cabins. Some had rickety old beds and metal springs—but no mattresses or bedding or linen, and little, if any furniture. There might have been an old wooden chair.

Our first stop after leaving Greenwood was Silver City, Iowa. My wife's uncle, Tom Talboy, owned a drugstore in Silver City. We drove to the store.

Visiting Relatives

“I don't know which one you are,” said her Uncle Tom approaching my wife, “but I do know you're a Talboy!”

Mrs. Armstrong's mother was Isabelle Talboy before marriage. There are definite “Talboy” characteristics, and Mrs. Armstrong has them written all over her face. The Talboy family came from England. My wife's great-grandfather, Thomas Talboy, came to the United States from England somewhere near the middle of the 19th century, and started the first woolen mill in the Middle-West—at least west of the Mississippi—in Palmyra, Iowa. At that time Palmyra was larger than Des Moines. There was no Des Moines—except Ft. Des Moines. The woolen mill grew and the town grew with it. But today there is no Palmyra—except a few farm houses.

My wife's grandfather, Benjamin Talboy, was a lad of 18 when he came from England with his father, Thomas. He and his wife, Martha, whom my wife as a little girl called “Little curly-haired Grandma,” reared a sizeable and successful family of nine, of whom Isabelle was one of three daughters. “Uncle Tom,” the druggist, as my wife called him, was named for his grandfather Thomas.

We visited the “Uncle Tom” family for a day. Grandpa Benjamin Talboy was living there, age 93. “Little curly-haired Grandma” had died at 84. She had always warned my wife against Grandpa Benjamin. He, she affirmed solemnly, was an atheist. My wife warned me against listening to him. But later we learned that he had dared to look into the Bible for himself, and, discovering there teachings diametrically contrary to the accepted popular version of “Christianity,” had rejected the “Christianity.” Later we learned that he was probably more of a true Christian, in *belief* if not in deeds, than his well-meaning little wife!

Our Troubles Continue!

We continued our journey westward from Silver City.

At Fremont, Nebraska, I took out time to contact the daily newspaper office. Another survey was tentatively

lined up for the fall, on our return. But this newspaper call consumed a half day, and we decided not to take out any more time for newspaper calls along the way. Everybody aboard was anxious to reach Oregon.

It was at about this juncture that our tire troubles began. These tire troubles seemed to multiply, the farther we traveled. They were an excellent training in patience! We had puncture after puncture — blow-out after blow-out. There were eight of them within one mile on one occasion! We carried a repair kit and patched our own inner tubes. We carried along a few “boots” to plug up blow-out holes in casings. Many hours were spent along the drab, dusty roadsides, one wheel jacked up, kneeling beside it, fixing tires.

We bought several used tires—we could not afford new ones—and these usually blew out about five miles out of town—just too far to go back and express our minds to the dealer who sold them!

We made an overnight stop in Central City, Nebraska, at the home of my uncle Rollin R. Wright. His son, John, was one of the two cousins (on my mother's side of the family) I had visited so often as a boy. The Wrights had then lived at Carlisle, Iowa, where my uncle Rollin was an insurance agent. He is the one who gave me and “Johnny” a good sound spanking that time when he caught us shooting off a “22” revolver. I think this was recorded early in the autobiography. John was, within a day, one year younger than I. Now the Wrights were operating a dairy in Central City. It is always somewhat exciting to visit relatives you have not seen for several years. Next morning I went on the milk route with John. Today he is a minister in the Friends Church, and has visited us a few times in Pasadena.

It seems we got as far as Grand Island, Nebraska, before our next vexation. We had made a temporary stop under shade trees because of the intense heat. Little Dorothy Jane, almost four, took off one of her shoes and laid it on the right running board, from where it fell to the ground. The loss was not discovered until we had traveled too far to return to search for it. The child

had to travel the remaining days of our journey with only one shoe. To buy new shoes on this trip was not within our means.

We made an overnight stop in Ogalalla, where I had intended to visit the other of these two cousins I had grown up with—Bert Morrow. He had been running some tourist cabins there, but had moved before our arrival.

It was somewhere along western Nebraska that we encountered something worse than a rainstorm. A driving sandstorm came up. The road became so clouded we could not see to drive. We had to pull over to the side of the road, button up the curtains on the "Model-T," cover our heads with bedding to keep sand out of our hair, and remain marooned there until the storm subsided.

How a new survey, and a new advertising business, were quickly developed on the West Coast—what happened to them—and how I was challenged and angered into the first real STUDY of the Bible, will follow, beginning with the next issue.

25th Anniversary

(Continued from page 6)

and 14 full-time professors and instructors and seven part-time instructors.

"We've Only BEGUN to Fight!"

But this great work of God *has only just begun!* All these years up to now have, in a larger sense, been preparatory. The real BIG WORK remains yet to be accomplished.

We are not yet proclaiming or publishing THIS GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM (Mat. 24:14; Mark 13:10) as a witness to *ALL* nations. The work goes AROUND THE WORLD, true—but only in a thinly scattered way.

As an example: Radio Luxembourg can be heard in all parts of the British Isles, but not with the best reception in all parts. And the only time made available so far is 11:30 to midnight. We are now on TWICE a week. But this is reaching only a small fraction of all the people of the British Isles. Most of them have never yet heard the very Gospel CHRIST preached. They have merely heard ABOUT Christ.

We have been working for more than

a year toward the purchase of an early evening time six nights a week on Radio Luxembourg. It begins to look as if we may succeed in another year or two. However, even this will not really BLANKET Britain with the Message.

Plans are now in process for using two pages each issue in the British edition of *The Readers' Digest*. This has a huge circulation of more than a million copies in Britain, and is read by thinking people. Plans also are developing toward using as large space as possible in some of the mass-circulation London newspapers. These circulations go up to more than 5 million copies.

Already we are using one and a third pages every month in *Capper's Farmer*, with a rural and small-town circulation of 1½ million copies in the United States. In it we publish a dynamic GOSPEL MESSAGE. We plan to do the same in England, and then on around the world—reaching every nation in its own language. We must go on to use multiplied watts of radio power, besides television.

Yes, the BIG WORK remains to be done. But great strides have been made. This QUARTER CENTURY anniversary finds this work of God *well on its way!*

Berlin Crisis

(Continued from page 14)

NATO—declare herself NEUTRAL!

The many splinter-groups of neo-Nazi's in Germany will UNITE under a strong leader—begin to dominate the government.

A DEAL, primarily a *trade* agreement, but also a military pact will be made with Moscow! EUROPE WILL UNITE under a revitalized, strong, industrial GERMANY with the unifying influence of religion in control.

THEN, trade embargoes will be enforced against the United States and Britain—we'll find ourself *losing out everywhere more and more.*

Meanwhile, we'll be suffering from increased DISEASE epidemics, storms, drought, famine, water pollution, internal problems. ALL THESE THINGS ARE PROPHESED—AND ARE GOING TO BE THE KEYNOTES OF YOUR LIFE FOR THE NEXT SEVERAL YEARS!

Better make sure you have *protection*—in advance!

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