

the
PLAIN TRUTH
a magazine of understanding

VOLUME XXIII, NUMBER 7

JULY, 1958



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The PLAIN TRUTH

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VOL. XXIII

NO. 7

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SPACE-AGE CRISIS in EDUCATION!

The United States is dangerously behind Russia in vital sciences and technology. Suddenly America awakens to an alarming deficiency in its schools and colleges. You will be shocked to learn the real reason in this eye-opening article.

by Herbert W. Armstrong

THE first SPUTNIK did not puncture the moon, but it *did* blast a gaping hole in American complacency in its EDUCATION!

Our American *folklore* pictured our *schools* as vastly superior in every respect to those of Russia. It *assumed* confidently that what we have been pleased to term "American know-how" in science, industry and technology had a monopoly on efficiency and power. Why, didn't our vaunted INDUSTRY *twice* come to the rescue, and win TWO WORLD WARS? In our smug complacency we felt proudly SUPERIOR!

But Sputnik Demolished Our Folklore!

But Sputnik crashed *head-on* into this beautiful chromium-plated folklore!—WRECKED it completely past repair!

The SPACE-AGE brought with it a CRISIS in our *western-world* EDUCATION! It has brought great *alarm* in scientific circles. This part of the world has been rudely awakened to the disillusioning FACT that we are trailing sadly BEHIND in science, space technology, and the development of the new FORCES of MASS DESTRUCTION! In a divided world, in a furiously MAD scientific and technological RACE FOR SURVIVAL, we are actually TRAILING BEHIND THE RUSSIANS!

And now, many months after this rude awakening jolt, a great American aviation industrialist says we are farther behind the Russians in technology today than we were six months ago, and there is no evidence right now that we will catch up!

All of a sudden, we begin to scratch

our heads and ask: "What's WRONG with our EDUCATIONAL system?"

LIFE magazine, with one of the largest circulations in the world, comes out with an urgent series of articles titled: "CRISIS IN EDUCATION." In big type, on the opening page of the first article of this series, among others they make these startling statements:

"What has long been an ignored national problem, Sputnik has made a recognized crisis. The only thing U.S. schools have plenty of is children. There are 33.5 million of these, sole owners of the nation's future brains and skills. There are not nearly enough schools. There are not nearly enough teachers. There is nowhere near enough money. . . . Most teachers are grossly underpaid. . . . Schools have gone wild with elective courses. They build up the bodies with in-school lunches and let the minds shift for themselves. . . . Most appalling, the standards of education are shockingly low" (LIFE, 3-24-'58).

A featured article in U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT says this deterioration in American schools became noticeable about 25 or 30 years ago. But the ROOTS go back further than that.

Our COLLEGES, say the headlines of this article, have to teach students graduated from high schools, elementary grammar and mathematics.

Schools Have Lost Their Purpose

As the president of a college of liberal arts, I can say that we have experienced the same sad spectacle as all other colleges. Many of the high school graduates have never been taught how

properly to READ. They have never been taught how to WRITE so that their handwriting is legible and clear. They are sadly deficient in spelling and punctuation, and in the use of our own English language. They know little about geography or mathematics.

This U.S. NEWS article quotes a noted educator as saying the schools have *lost their* PURPOSE. Unessential activities are SQUEEZING OUT the basic subjects. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, he says, ARE still being taught, but *not as effectively* as they should be. They are treated too casually. "It takes long and steady effort to teach a boy or girl to write," he explained.

Today, the DESPERATE hue and cry is going out for MORE CONCENTRATED TEACHING OF SCIENCE in high schools and colleges. The emergency demand *now* is NOT for teaching the real PURPOSE of life—and HOW to LIVE happily and peacefully, but for training young people to produce more terrifying weapons of MASS DESTRUCTION thru the sciences, technologies, and industries!

Yes, the ROOTS of all this drift toward a destructive MATERIALISM in our education go back much further than 25 years ago.

The TRUTH is actually SHOCKING!

How Progressive Education Began

In America we have what has been termed "PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION." The LABEL they have tagged onto it sounds harmless, implies IMPROVEMENT and true PROGRESS.

Let me give you some shocking FACTS!

It was spawned from the pragmatism of William James. Back in 1899 Professor John Dewey published a work titled *The School and Society*. It resulted in a transition from the philosophy of romanticism in American schools to that of Dewey's *pragmatism*. Actually, it was the pragmatism of an earlier man, William James, 1843-1916.

In recent circulation has been a weird book titled *Let us IN*. This book has much to do with DEMONS. The title is significant—the demons say: "LET US IN." "Let us come into your MIND and POSSESS you."

This book was written by a woman who claimed to have received her communication from the departed spirit of William James. She wrote, she claims, while in a trance, or seizure, by this "spiritual power." She called it "FORCED writing." She apparently did not know *what* she wrote until she came out of the trance.

Do you grasp the astonishing significance?

It was actually, apparently, the dictated writing from the departed SPIRIT of William James, that is—if you understand the truth about the DEMON world—the *spirit*, or DEMON, that had possessed William James, and had, therefore, inspired HIS philosophies and ideas!

When we trace back to this totally unrealized source the kind of education that today holds so many millions of children in its clutch, it is a shocking revelation, indeed!

I'm going to tell you, in PLAIN LANGUAGE, the astonishing philosophy that forms the very foundation of the kind of education being inoculated into the unsuspecting minds of our American children—the adults and LEADERS of tomorrow! And most of you are going to be SURPRISED!

But before I do, let's go back to the REAL origin of all that's WRONG in modern education.

Today you live in a world in CHAOS—a world threatened with a new world war that can blast all human LIFE from off this planet! And the chief CAUSE of all the world's ills is the world's systems of FAULTY EDUCATION!

Where, when, and how did the pres-

ent educational system start? How has it developed?

It Started at the *Beginning!*

At the very beginning, our first parents rejected the revealed KNOWLEDGE of God. To Adam and Eve God revealed certain definite facts, principles, laws. This knowledge they rejected. They spurned and disobeyed God's laws—four of the Ten Commandments were broken in man's "original sin." They departed from God's revealed *way of life*.

Down through the centuries man has continued to reject God's revealed KNOWLEDGE. Contrary to God's ways, mankind soon was organized into competitive units of society, started by Nimrod at Babel, Nineveh, and the original city-states.

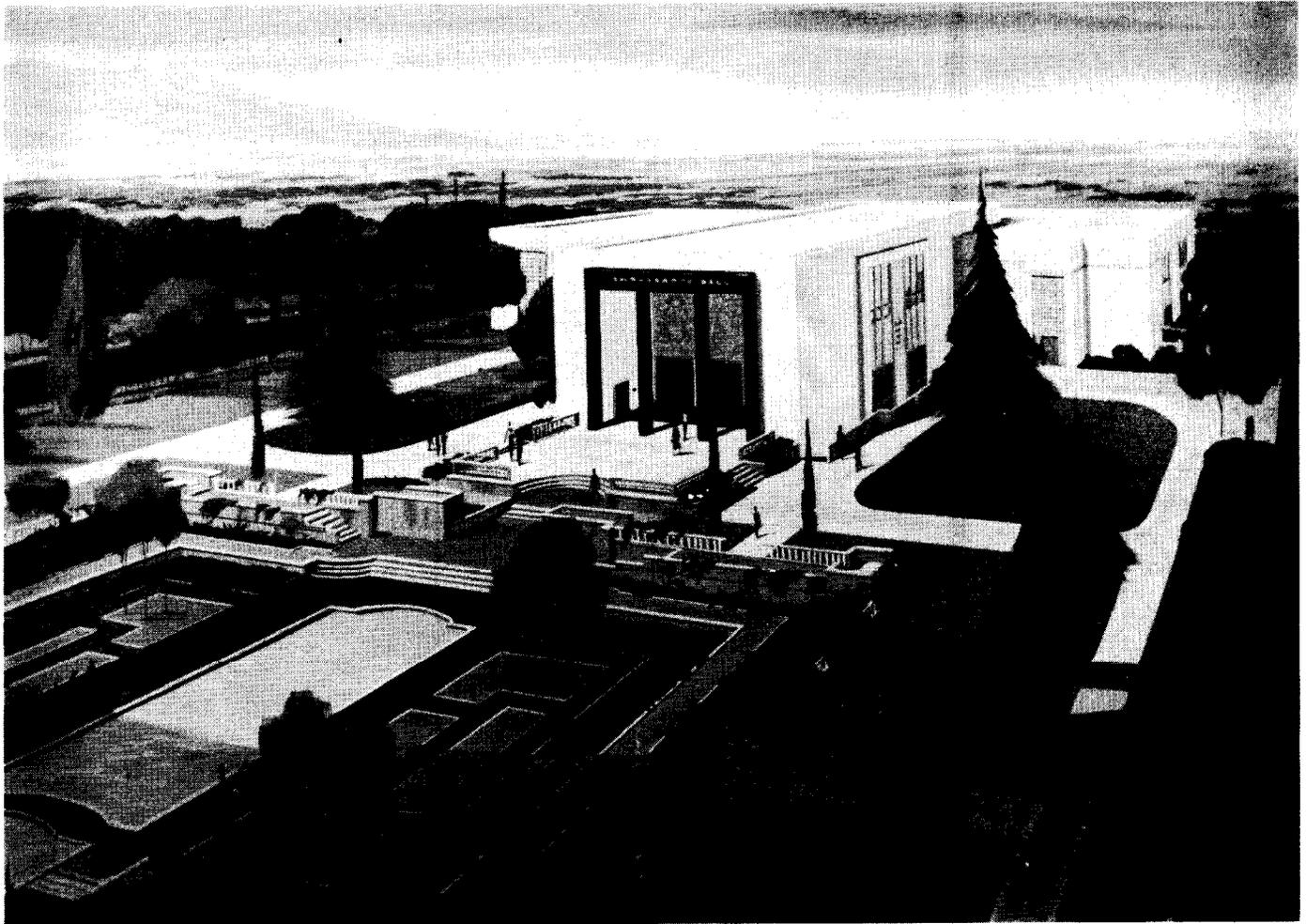
Ancient *nations* developed—all straying from the revealed knowledge, the

laws, and the ways of God. Groping in the dark, seeking to learn about "The UNKNOWN," the ancients speculated their way into the pagan philosophies that have come down to us—the very philosophies which form the BASIS of modern education, the teachings of Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Virgil.

As the Creator said, thru the Apostle Paul, of these ANCIENT philosophers, "They did not like to retain GOD in their knowledge"; so *today's* popular education has no place for God or divine revelation. Today, modern education is almost wholly materialistic. It has lost sight of true spiritual values. It fails to teach young men and women the most needed knowledge of all—*what life IS, WHY we are HERE, the purpose of life, where we are going, how to live* happily, abundantly, joyfully. Modern education cannot impart a knowledge

God's TRUTH is broadcast from the well-equipped Ambassador College Radio Studio by Garner Ted Armstrong. His charming wife, Shirley, sits nearby. Mr. Norman Smith is at the controls.





An artist's sketch of the beautiful projected Ambassador College campus, with Ambassador Hall as the center of college life.

it does not possess!

Notice where all this leads us! Here is bewildered, deceived, unhappy suffering humanity groping in the dark, seeking by human speculation to come to a knowledge of "The UNKNOWN!"

If there be a GOD, would He have left mankind so hopelessly in the dark? WHY must man be in the dark about such vital basic knowledge as *creation*—the very accounting for the *presence* of things that exist, of what *life* is, whence it came, why it is, where we are going, what is the *purpose* of our existence, *what* is the *HEREAFTER*?

The ONE TRUE Source of Knowledge

Almost no one, it seems, has been able to learn what The HOLY BIBLE really *is*! Let me tell you what it is.

The Bible is *GOD'S REVELATION TO MAN!*

It is God's means of communicating

to man the *BASIC KNOWLEDGE* man needs! Thru it as His vehicle of information, God reveals to man *KNOWLEDGE* of facts, of laws, of purposes, of events both past and future—all of which man *has no other way to know!*

Let me illustrate: Man is able, of himself, to build laboratories, to experiment thru test-tubes. Man is able to invent and build telescopes and learn about the stars; to build microscopes and learn about infinitesimal particles of matter. Therefore God did not reveal in the Bible the laws of physics and chemistry, the distance to the sun, to the moon and various stars, from the earth. God left it for Newton to discover and reveal to us the law of gravity. *MANY* things man is able to discover for himself. Those things God has left for man himself to find out.

But "The UNKNOWN," which man *needs* to know, God has revealed thru

the Bible as a foundation for knowledge. That is the *BEGINNING!* And *from* there God has left it for man to go on and explore, examine, observe and measure—and *ADD* to the basic store of knowledge with which God started him out! It is *RIGHT* for man to *ADD* all he can to this basic revealed knowledge. God gave us eyes to see with, ears to hear with, hands to work with, minds to think and to reason with.

THINK what a wonderful fund of knowledge man *might* have had today, had he proceeded from the beginning as God intended!

I do not say everything taught in this world's educational institutions is erroneous and false. On the contrary, *MUCH* of it is true, accurate knowledge. Insofar as scientific men have stuck to pure observation, measurement, laboratory tests and definite practical experiments, they have been most cautious, conscientious and accurate. It is where

they have mixed human speculation of "The UNKNOWN" with observed and known facts—rejecting the revelation of God that they have gone into gross and ridiculous error.

It is written—"The fear of The Eternal is *the beginning* of wisdom; a good understanding have all they that do His Commandments" (Psa. 111:10). Jesus said, "Ye shall *know* the TRUTH, and the TRUTH shall make you FREE." Notice "Ye shall KNOW." Knowing is KNOWLEDGE—EDUCATION!

Ignorance, and a false education has enslaved the human race in fear, inequality, discontent, unhappiness, poverty, sickness, suffering and DEATH! It is *only* the TRUTH that can set us FREE!

And What Is TRUTH?

"Thy Word," Jesus said, "is TRUTH." The BIBLE is God's Word! It reveals

the TRUTH! It reveals the way to WORLD PEACE. It leads men out of fear into FAITH; out of the bondage of sin into the freedom of GRACE; out of sickness into HEALTH; out of suffering and death into LIFE! It reveals the LAWS OF LIFE which alone can lead to peace, prosperity, happiness, joy and eternal life.

But this precious fund of KNOWLEDGE the wise of this world REJECT! God's laws and ways they flout and disobey!

Instead, the learned of this world have become so steeped in the fables of a God-rejecting materialism masquerading falsely under the attractive names of "rationalism," "modern science," "higher education," and now—"PROGRESSIVE education"—that it has become impossible to UNLearn these deceptions and come to a knowledge of the TRUTH!

Now let me give you, in PLAIN LANGUAGE, the shocking PHILOSOPHY that is back of the kind of education being inoculated into the minds of YOUR CHILDREN! Let me give you, in brief, the very FOUNDATION of what is today called "PROGRESSIVE education!" I quote from an article in the April 1953 *Atlantic Monthly*, captioned, "WHO WANTS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION?"

The FOUNDATION of Modern Education

"Dewey's educational theories are consistently related to his basic philosophical views. . . . Mr. Dewey's philosophy is usually called *instrumentalism*. . . . Instrumentalism is a development of the *pragmatism* of William James.

"(1) *There are no eternal truths . . .*
(Please continue on page 11)

Ambassador coeds enjoying the delightfully contoured grounds of Mayfair, one of the women's student homes.



The *Plain Truth* about the PROTESTANT Reformation

by Roderick C. Meredith

Editor's Note: It is about time someone stripped back the curtain that has hidden the true FACTS, in order to reveal in stark reality the real reason why we have hundreds of differing religious sects and denominations today—all claiming to be "CHRISTIAN."

By the millions Protestant books, pamphlets, booklets and tracts proclaim boldly, as the Protestant foundation: "The BIBLE, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the religion of Protestants."

The BIG QUESTION is: "DID the Protestant reformers restore the true 'faith which was once delivered unto the saints'?"

DID the Roman Catholic Church need *reforming*? That is, *was* the Roman Catholic Church the original Church which Jesus and His Apostles built, merely gone wrong? Jesus said, of HIS true Church: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

As Mr. Meredith asks: "At the start of the Reformation, *where* was the church Jesus built, the church He promised: 'I am with you always?' If it was the Roman Catholic Church, then the Protestants were simply—as Catholic historians claim—revolting against the Church of God on earth.

"But if the case be that the church of Rome is *not* the church that Jesus built, then *why did not the reformers seek for and unite with that church which had never participated in the paganism of Rome . . . the church which Jesus promised to be with until the end of the age? . . . Why start many new churches if that ONE TRUE CHURCH was still in existence?"*

Certainly these questions demand an answer. An intensive and extended examination and thorough research into the FACTS, too long concealed from the public, has been the conscientious and painstaking work of Mr. Meredith in the preparation of his forthcoming book, "*The Plain Truth About the Protestant Reformation.*" The FACTS he brought to light from many authentic historical sources are astounding. This startlingly revealing book was written as a Thesis, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Theology conferred on Mr. Meredith June 6th, 1958, by Ambassador College.

This book is being reproduced serially in *The Plain Truth*, the present article being the first installment. It will be continued in future numbers.

You will find it to be an astonishing and eye-opening revelation. We feel it is breathtaking in interest, intriguing, and shocking—but it is all the TRUTH, carefully documented.

We feel it is high time these little known facts be published, and the truth laid bare before the public eye under the floodlight of the printed page. We need to know *how* it came about that, even in our modern times, as the Word of God foretold: "all nations were deceived!"

THE PROTESTANT movement today is on trial. The Protestant Reformation has spawned a veritable babylon of hundreds of differing denominations. They vary in faith and practice all the way from fundamentalist Quakers to modern Congregationalists, from primitive Methodists to Christian Scientists, from conservative Lutherans to Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists

and Jehovah Witnesses—with hundreds of shadings in between.

What is the real basis of the Protestant churches throughout the world today? Why did their early leaders revolt against the authority of the Roman Catholic Church? To what extent are they responsible for today's "divided Christendom"?

Did the Protestant reformers suc-

ceed in attaining their stated goals? More important, did they succeed in recapturing the faith and belief of Jesus and the inspired New Testament Church? For the real question is whether the Protestant reformers and their successors have succeeded in returning to the "faith once delivered."

These questions are *vital*. Many of us have been reared from childhood in one

of the many denominations or sects stemming from the Protestant Reformation. We assumed—as *every* child does—that what we were taught was altogether true.

Of course, we were, however, all taught *different* things!

We are told in Scripture to “*prove* all things; hold fast that which is good” (I Thes. 5:21). The purpose of this thesis, then, is an objective examination of the real factors underlying the Protestant Reformation. We will seek to find out *why* the early reformers rebelled against the Roman Catholic system and *why* the various Protestant bodies took shape as they did. Using the impartial facts of history, we will compare, in principle, the *teachings, methods* and *actions* of the Protestant reformers with the Bible which they professed to follow.

The Basis of Judgment

Realizing the current trend toward modernism and rejection of the Bible as an inspired authority, let us simply state that this thesis is written from the point of view of fundamentalist, literal understanding of the Bible. This inspired revelation from God will be the criteria of truth.

For those readers who may be modernists or “higher critics,” we will simply ask: Have you really *proved* whether or not the Bible is supernaturally inspired? A good way to disprove it would be to present conclusive evidence that the scores of prophecies which pronounce specific judgments on the major cities and nations of the ancient world have not come to pass. Unfortunately, for your cause, no one has been able to do this.

Another test would be to take God at His Word, surrender to obey His will, and then in real faith and earnest, believing prayer claim one of the many specific promises given in the Bible and *see* whether or not a miracle-working God stands back of His Word.

Naturally, the modernist has not done that. He has *failed* to prove that the Bible is not inspired. So it may be well to remind ourselves that it is intellectual hypocrisy to scoff and ridi-

cule something when there is *no proof* to the contrary.

Therefore, we will employ the Holy Bible as the overall spiritual “yardstick” against which we will measure the Protestant Reformation.

Also, we shall quote the statements of the reformers themselves about what they intended to do. We will examine the historical record to see what they actually did do. Then we will consider statements of their Protestant descendants, and let *them* help pass judgment on the ultimate results of the Reformation.

The Protestant Aims

We will examine the well-known saying of Chillingworth, the Protestant theologian: “The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the religion of Protestants” (Schaff-Herzog, *Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*, art. “Chillingworth, W.”). In their constant affirmation of the scriptures as “the inspired rule of faith and practice” (Schaff-Herzog, art. “Bible”), the Protestant leaders have committed themselves to follow the religion of Jesus Christ and His apostles in all respects.

The Lutherans, in their Torgau Book of 1576, declare that “the *only standard* by which all dogmas and all teachers must be valued and judged is no other than the prophetic and apostolic writings of the Old and of the New Testaments” (T. M. Lindsay, *A History of the Reformation*, p. 467).

The average Protestant of today usually accepts these statements at face value, and assumes that they must be at least very close to the truth. We would ask: Was this actually true during the course of the Protestant Reformation? Is it true now?

It is well to remember also that in his writings and teachings, John Knox, among other leading reformers, acknowledged “that all worshipping, honouring, or service of God invented by the brain of man in the religion of God without His own express commandment is idolatry.” He then adds force and pointedness to his statement by saying that “it shall nothing excuse you to say, we trust not in idols, for

so will every idolater allege; but if either you or they in God’s honour do anything contrary to God’s Word, you show yourself to put your trust in somewhat else besides God, and so are idolaters. Mark, brethren, that many maketh an idol of their own wisdom or phantasy; more trusting to that which they think good nor unto God” (Hastie’s, *The Theology of the Reformed Church*, p. 50).

Knox’s warning against false “service of God invented by the brain of man” is certainly parallel to Jesus’ condemnation of the “traditions of men” (Mark 7:7-8). It is very important that we understand this principle before attempting to comprehend the real meaning of the Protestant Reformation. For, as Solomon wisely wrote: “There is a *way that seemeth right* unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death” (Proverbs 14:12).

We must not view the Reformation in the light of human ideas and what appears reasonable to man, but in the light of Christ’s words: “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every Word of God” (Luke 4:4). We need to consider also Jesus’ warning against human tradition, and the fact that the reformers understood this principle and claimed to pursue a course based upon “the Bible only.”

Was God’s True Church “Reformed”?

Although it is a subject many Protestants do not like to discuss, to correctly grasp the significance of the Reformation we must take one other very important consideration into account. That is: Was the Protestant movement a reformation of God’s true church gone wrong? Is, then, the Roman Catholic Church actually the misguided offspring of the church Jesus Christ said He would build?

If not, was the Protestant movement simply an effort of men to extricate themselves from a false and harsh system which they admit is pagan and devilish in many of its beliefs and practices? In that case, *where had God’s true church been* in all the centuries between the original apostles and the Protestant reformers?

Jesus Christ said: “I will build *my*

church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Mat. 16:18). At the conclusion of His earthly ministry, He commanded His apostles: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit: *teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you*: and, lo, I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world" (Mat. 28:19-20).

At the start of the Reformation, where was the church Jesus built, the church to which He promised, "I am with you *always*?" If it was the Roman Catholic Church, then the Protestants were simply—as Catholic historians claim—revolting against the Church of God on earth.

In this case, much as they might wish to improve conditions *within* the true church, they should have remembered and obeyed the words Christ uttered of the Scribes and Pharisees—the perverse but rightfully constituted religious leaders of His day: "All things therefore whatsoever they shall say to you, *observe and do*; but according to their works do ye not" (Mat. 23:3).

But if the case be that the church of Rome is not the church that Jesus built, then *why did not the reformers seek for and unite with that church which had never participated in the paganism of Rome* nor been contaminated by her false doctrine and influence, the church which Jesus promised to be with until the end of the age, the church of which He is the living Head? (Eph. 1:22).

Why start *many new churches* if that *one true church* was still in existence?

Or was it necessary only to purify the faith and morals of those *individuals* who would be willing to come out of a corrupted Roman system?

These questions *demand* an answer! As we shall later see, many Protestant leaders—knowing and believing that Rome is their true source—seek to vindicate her claim as the true body of Christ on earth. This supposition needs a careful examination.

Is the "mother" church at Rome the only historical basis of the Protestant

plea of descent from Christ and His apostles? We shall see.

Today's "Christendom"

We must weigh any religious denomination or movement in the balance of Christ's prophetic saying: "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit" (Mat. 7:16-17).

The honest historian will be forced to admit that the Reformation brought in its wake an increased interest in and knowledge of the Bible by the common man. Also, the revival of learning and the arts inspired by the Renaissance spread most readily to the whole populace of those nations which accepted Protestantism. Admittedly, the Protestant lands maintain a far higher level of education than do Catholic nations. And, in like manner, they enjoy a much higher standard of living, materially speaking.

But, again returning to the real root of the problem, how do the *spiritual* standards of modern Protestants compare with that of the inspired New Testament Church?

Has a real return to "apostolic Christianity" occurred? Or does, of necessity, another tremendous "cleansing and purging" religious upheaval still lie in the future?

Speaking to His disciples of the Pharisees, the religious leaders of His day, Christ said: "Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted,

shall be rooted up" (Mat. 15:13). Are the "fruits," the *results*, of the Protestant Reformation such as to show us that this movement was planted by God and used for His glory?

The purpose of the following chapters is to answer the many questions raised herein. We will get at the *root* of these questions.

Let us be reminded again at the outset that the Protestant Reformation must be viewed by every honest Christian in the light of the clear teachings and examples of Christ and the apostles—"the Bible and the Bible only," which Protestant leaders have claimed to be their "sole rule of faith and practice."

If the Protestant faith be true, then we can *prove* that it is so. But we must not *assume*, without proof, that the doctrines, beliefs and practices of modern Protestantism constitute the religion founded by Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

In this above all other matters, we must *know*. We must be *sure*. We must not be afraid to compare Christ and His Word with what purports to be His Church in our age.

This is a fair challenge.

Christianity After the Death of the Apostles

All scholars agree that the Protestant reformers broke with the historical Catholic Church.

Very few laymen realize the history of degeneracy and the utter depravity to which this body had sunk before the call to reform was sounded. A realization of this fact, and a grasp of the historical background of the Protestant Reformation is most necessary for its proper understanding.

It is widely recognized that the *visible* church in the early Roman empire *completely changed* many of the beliefs and practices of Christ and the apostles. We need to understand the nature of these changes to properly evaluate the later Reformation. And as we consider the record of the Roman system, we should ask ourselves: "Is this the history of God's true Church gone wrong?"

Early Apostasy

A mysterious change transformed the life, doctrine and worship of the

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!

visible church within fifty years after the death of the original apostles. As Hurlbut observes: "For fifty years after St. Paul's life a curtain hangs over the church, through which we strive vainly to look; and when at last it rises, about 120 A.D. with the writings of the earliest church-fathers, we find a church *in many aspects very different* from that in the days of St. Peter and St. Paul" (*The Story of the Christian Church*, p. 41).

This unusual transformation recalls the ominous words of Paul: "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables" (II Timothy 4:3-4). Peter, in his second epistle, had given a similar warning: "But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of" (II Peter 2:1-2).

In fact, by the time of the apostle John's last epistle about A.D. 90, perversions of the true faith were already rampant and false teachers were gaining the ascendancy within the visible church congregations. John states that one Diotrophes is already excommunicating those who adhere to the truth, "neither doth he himself receive the brethren, and forbiddeth them that would, and *casteth them out of the church*" (III John 9-10).

From the detached viewpoint of the secular historian, Gibbon describes this portion of church history: "A more melancholy duty is imposed on the historian. He must discover the inevitable mixture of *error* and *corruption* which she contracted in a long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings" (*Decline and Fall*, Vol. I, p. 380).

The visible Christian assemblies, subverted by false teachers with worldly ambitions, began to adopt the practices and customs of the ancient pagans

in place of the inspired faith and practice of the apostolic church. "Christianity began already to wear the garb of heathenism" (Wharey's *Church History*, p. 39).

Ceremonies and rituals began to replace the worship of God from the heart until finally the whole of religion was made to consist of little else (Wharey, p. 40). This, of course, was true only of the *visible* church as a whole.

Some Continue Apostolic Practice

In spite of the apostasy of the majority, there is an abundance of historical evidence to indicate that a number of Christian societies—some holding much of the truth, some very little—continued to follow the basic doctrines and practices of the original church right down to the time of the Reformation. Gibbon speaks of the plight of the principal imitators of the apostolic church, called the "Nazarenes," who, "*had laid the foundations* of the church (but) soon found themselves overwhelmed by the increasing multitudes, that from all the various religions of Polytheism enlisted under the banner of Christ: and the Gentiles, who, with the approbation of their peculiar apostle, had rejected the intolerable weight of the Mosaic ceremonies, at length refused to their more scrupulous brethren the same toleration which at first they had humbly solicited for their own practice" (*Decline and Fall*, vol. I, p. 387).

Thus we find that the gentile converts began bringing into the church the customs of their former heathen religions, and an *attitude of contempt*

for those who would remain faithful to the example and practice of Christ and the original apostles. No doubt this very attitude was the reason Diotrophes could "cast out" the true brethren with the apparent approval of the visible congregations.

Since it is not the purpose of the present work to trace the history of the small body of believers who remained faithful to the apostolic faith and worship, and since it is a common practice for denominational church historians to distort or cast aspersions upon the belief of this people, it may be well to include an admission by Hurlbut of the difficulty in ascertaining the true beliefs of these people, or, for that matter, of the actual "heresies" of the time. He tells us:

"With regard to these sects and so-called heresies, one difficulty in understanding them arises from the fact that (except with the Montanists, and even there in large measure), their own writings have perished; and we are dependent for our views upon those who wrote against them, and were undoubtedly prejudiced. Suppose, for example, that the Methodists as a denomination had passed out of existence with all their literature; and a thousand years afterward, scholars should attempt to ascertain their teachings out of the books and pamphlets written *against* John Wesley in the eighteenth century, what wrong conclusions would be reached, and what a distorted portrait of Methodism would be presented!" (*The Story of the Christian Church*, p. 66).

Add to this scanty historical evidence the fact that many modern church historians write from a denominational viewpoint prejudicial to apostolic practices and beliefs, and it is easy to perceive the inherent difficulty in finding the truth about such Christians in past ages. Nevertheless, even the testimony of enemies contains abundant proof than an unbroken chain of these faithful believers has existed until this day.

Next month, we will continue this series with a vivid account of the mysterious *change* that took place in what was considered "Christianity" before the age of the Reformation. Don't miss it!

A NOS LECTEURS FRANÇAIS

Nous tenons à la disposition de ceux qui nous en font la demande les livrets suivants qui ont été traduits en français:

"Dieu guérit-Il toujours?"

"Qu'est-ce que la Foi?"

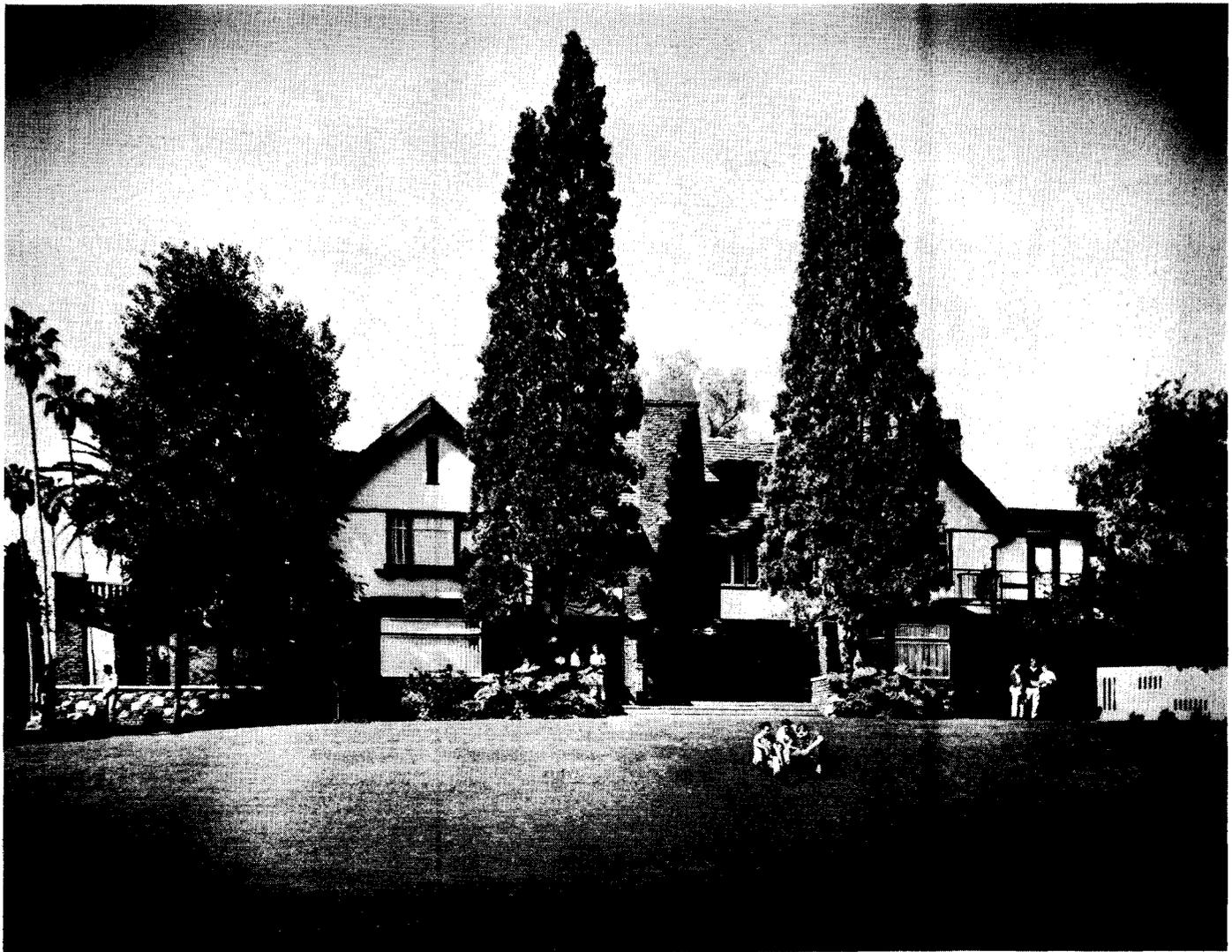
"Pourquoi êtes-vous né?"

Adressez vos demandes à:

LE MONDE A VENIR

Box 111

Pasadena, Californie



Manor del Mar, with its lawns and formal gardens, is one of the finest men's student residences anywhere. Ambassador men are privileged to live, work and relax in the splendid atmosphere of this former millionaire's estate.

SPACE-AGE CRISIS in EDUCATION!

(Continued from page 6)

"(2) *There is no mind or 'soul' in the traditional sense.*

"(3) *There are no fixed moral laws.* . . . Dewey insists that human nature itself is the only source of workable moral guides. . . . The scientific method is the only proper procedure for establishing moral codes, as it is for obtaining any kind of knowledge. All the relevant data of individual and social psychology, of sociology, economics, and technology, as well as the natural sciences, must be applied to the problems of human behavior. . . . But prin-

ciples can never be absolute or final.

"(4) *Democracy is a moral value.*

"(5) *Pragmatism justifies Progressive Education.*"

This is the philosophical basis of the educational institutions of this world!

A New College Founded on Truth

But there was *also* something the Eternal God made it possible for me to do about it, specifically and definitely, **HERE AND NOW!** The vision of a new and different college of higher learning, recognizing these fundamental

TRUTHS came like a revelation straight from God, in the spring of the year 1946. Circumstances positively providential made it possible to FOUND just such a college, in cultural, beautiful Pasadena, California, in the fall of 1947.

Ambassador College is a co-educational liberal arts and theological institution, distinct in a number of ways.

It holds the distinction of being one of America's youngest colleges, at the same time maintaining an exceedingly high ratio of competent, experienced faculty personnel, with academic standards at highest levels, a spiritual atmosphere that is unique, and providing a cultural setting of tone and character, with a magnificently landscaped campus of 15½ acres in Pasadena's finest residential section. It is guided by a

sound educational philosophy, unfettered by the errors and evils of tradition. The college offers superior facilities within its field.

At Ambassador the emphasis is upon character building. To that end the small student body and current ratio of one full time professor to each eight students provides a distinct advantage.

The Ambassador policy is based upon the recognition that true education is not of the intellect alone but of the whole personality—not of technologies, sciences and arts alone, but an understanding of the *purpose* of life, a knowledge of the spiritual *laws* which govern our lives, our God-relationship and

human relationships; not a memorizing of knowledge alone but a thorough training in self-discipline, self-expression, cultural and character development; not book learning only, but broadening travel and experience; not only hearing and learning, but DOING.

Ambassador's Growth Outstanding

Truly, without vision, the people perish! But when the Eternal builds the house, we have assurance He "will not drop the work He has begun"—it shall remain forever! Ambassador started the smallest of all colleges, but, like the grain of mustard seed, its destiny is unlimited growth and greatness!

Here at Ambassador young men and women from all over the United States, Canada, England and Germany come to know WHY they were born—very few in the world, today, know that—their REAL PURPOSE in life! They learn the real SUCCESS SECRETS of life—the principles for achieving SUCCESS—ACCOMPLISHMENT! They learn to REALLY UNDERSTAND the BIBLE! They lead jam-packed lives—they have to budget their time in order to get in the necessary hours of study, of work, of recreation and play.

To the young people of college age who really hunger and thirst for *true*
(Please continue on page 24)

A side view of Ambassador Hall. This magnificent edifice will now be used as the main classroom building of Ambassador College. An extensive wing—pictured in the artist's sketch on page 5—is already in the planning stage.



The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong

In this eighth installment of Mr. Armstrong's own story of his event-packed life, we find him opening an office in Chicago, continuing unusual experiences which were preparing him for direction of the most important world-wide activity of our time.

IT WAS now the fall of 1915. By this time I had a considerable amount of valuable experience behind me.

Practical vs. Theoretical Education

I had reached the age when most students had graduated from college—twenty three. All this time I had continued my studies, delving into many subjects including philosophy and psychology, but my "major," of course, had been advertising, selling, and merchandising, along with business management. This study had been combined with intensive "field experience" in contacts and dealings with business men over most of the United States, discussing business methods and problems with them.

This education was far more *practical* than theoretical classroom instruction out of text books usually written by professors utterly lacking in practical experience. Nevertheless, I frequently wondered, in those days, how my education would stack up with that of most college graduates. Later I was to find out.

You will remember, as recounted in the earlier part of this autobiography, that at age eighteen I had faced, and answered, the question of going to college. I had chosen the advertising profession. There were no courses available in advertising at that time.

On the advice of my uncle, Frank Armstrong, leading advertising man in Iowa, I had decided on a course of self-study combined with active experience. I had, except for deviations from my goal, chosen the jobs that would provide the training I needed for the future, rather than the jobs which paid the most.

Then I purchased books, and bor-

rowed books from public libraries, beside subscribing to the trade journals in the advertising field, *Printers Ink*, and *Advertising & Selling*. I read a great deal of Elbert Hubbard's writings, and continually studied and analyzed the best advertisements in newspapers and leading magazines. Also, I read a great deal in certain general magazines, such as the *Quality Group* of those days, especially *Worlds Work*. I confined my reading in magazines to informative and thought-provoking articles, resisting fiction almost altogether. Fiction is the lazy man's reading. Like the movies, and today's TV programs, it is merely a ready-made day-dream, inducing habits of mind-drifting.

These years of self-assigned study, enforced mental activity, contacts with successful men in many varied fields, coupled with the practical experience that had been mine, had produced an education and training superior to the average college education.

As president of a liberal arts college today, I can say that this intensive education from the university of hard knocks and practical experience in application has made possible a college offering *today's* students a sound and practical education acquiring the *true* values!

Moving to Chicago

My work on the one-issue special bank building number of the *Northwestern Banker* had been converted into a regular job as advertising solicitor, on a 40% commission basis, with a drawing account.

Right here I hope I may interject a success principle of which the vast majority seem totally unaware. Here was a temporary job, doing a special one-

month edition of a small class journal. But it offered larger opportunities. Those greater possibilities were *visualized*, and *acted upon!* The temporary job was turned into a steady job as advertising solicitor for one sectional bank journal.

This is the quality, rare among men (but *why should it be?*), called VISION. This job on one sectional journal later was developed into a business as publishers' representative for nine bank magazines. Most men are never able to see any possibilities of expanding their present jobs. They do merely what they are told—what some one higher up thought out and laid before them.

The Bible says that if we do only what we are commanded—what is expected of us—we are "*unprofitable servants*" to be cast out "into outer darkness."

Most people go to one extreme or the other. While the big majority never think beyond their present jobs—never *think* out ways to do the job *better*, or to develop or expand it into something bigger, or to be preparing themselves for the better jobs ahead and promotions to them, a minority go to the opposite extreme. They are always trying to do the job ahead—or the boss's job—without adequate ability, preparation or experience, and only throw monkey-wrenches into the gears, causing damage, lacking wisdom and judgment.

Most men never seem to realize how the application of some of these principles makes all the difference between employe and employer; between mediocrity or failure and success.

Back to the story. I had now developed the opportunity into a job. But the field in Iowa was too limited. The nation's advertising headquarters centered in two cities—New York and Chicago. After a month or two of developing a



From a photograph of Mr. Armstrong at age 23.

few accounts in Iowa, chief of which had been the Lytle Company and the Fisher Company, I moved into Chicago.

I made my home at the old Hotel Del Prado, a south-side residential hotel on the Midway, adjacent to the University of Chicago. The one personal friend I had in Chicago at the time was Ralph G. Johnson, manager of the *Merchants Trade Journal's* Chicago office, and I moved into the Del Prado because he lived there.

The old Del Prado has long since been torn down, and a new skyscraper Del Prado erected over on the lake shore. The old one was a sprawling three or four story frame building, well maintained as a first class residential hotel. Most cities have residential hotels, and I learned that they are a most satisfactory type of residence for single people, whether young or old.

Very soon I came to know most of the residents of the Del Prado. The hotel provided a Wednesday night dance for all guests every week. There were spacious lobbies and lounge rooms. There was a sort of unwritten law among guests which dictated that if one desired social contact, he would find almost any of the other guests recep-

tive and friendly; or, if he preferred privacy, or to sit alone in the lobby, no one would intrude.

I lived at the Del Prado almost two years—until a certain Iowa girl came to Chicago as my wife. This privilege of living in a large metropolitan residential hotel was one of the cultural and valued experiences of all those formative years. It supplied one of those social-cultural influences which many college students receive by residence in a fraternity house—but without some of the evils of frat life.

I soon observed that the most popular girl at the Wednesday night dances—or chatting in the lobbies at any other time—was Miss Lucy Cunningham. Miss Lucy, as everybody called her, was a white-haired maiden lady in her seventies. She was especially popular with all the single young men. A few University of Chicago co-eds lived at the Del Prado with their mothers. But often these attractive and intelligent young co-eds were forced to play the role of wall flowers during a dance, while Miss Lucy was *always* in demand!

She was a charming conversationalist, witty, intelligent, well educated. We fellows spent many an exhilarating evening hour chatting with her in one of the lobby rooms—usually three or four young men around Miss Lucy. That was long before cigarette smoking became habitual with the female sex. In those days it was not generally accepted as being “nice” for a lady to smoke. Prostitutes smoked, but not “nice” women. Miss Lucy, however, was a “nice” woman who was a little ahead of her time. She was “nice” all right, but she dared to do what she wanted. Miss Lucy smoked cigarettes! Whenever another guest walked past the grouping of sofas and lounge chairs where we were sitting with her, she would casually hand her cigarette over to one of the fellows, who would hold it until the way was clear again. Probably not many, except a number of the young men residents, ever knew her addiction to smoking.

I didn't like to see her smoke. It has always seemed disgusting to me to see any woman smoke. But, remember, I was young and unconverted then, and fancied I was quite “broad minded”

about such things. I was not naive. No one is wholly good or bad, and I liked Miss Lucy for the things that were good about her.

Besides, I myself smoked in those days. You'll remember how I “swore off chewing” tobacco at age 5. But I had taken up pipe smoking during those long and frantic night hours at Wiggins, Mississippi, as an aid to staying awake while I worked over the books. I had smoked, moderately, ever since—and continued to do so until my conversion. However, I will say that I was never a heavy smoker. Never more than one cigar a day, or three or four cigarettes in a day. That's the reason I did not have the battle many men have had in breaking the habit, when I saw that it had to be broken. My battles with myself were in other directions.

An Office of My Own

The first time in my life I had an office of my own was in Chicago. On arriving there from Iowa, now representing the *Northwestern Banker*, I opened an office in the Advertising Building, at 123 West Madison Street, in the heart of Chicago's Loop. This location was only a half block off South LaSalle Street, which is the “Wall Street” of Chicago. Most of the great banks and investment houses (of Chicago) are located on this street.

The Advertising Building was occupied by Mr. Armstrong and his cousin Roswell, son of Frank Armstrong, snapped at about the time of this installment.



cupied solely by advertising agencies, publishing firms, publishers' representatives, or those of allied lines in the advertising field. The Ad Club, a division of the Chicago Association of Commerce, had its club rooms there.

The name of this tall but slender skyscraper has been changed at least twice since then. Not many would remember it as the Advertising Building today.

Actually, I did not quite open an office, as yet. The fourth floor of this building consisted of one large general room, with a tier of private offices forming an "L" around the far side and the rear of the floor. This large general room was filled with a number of desks. At first, I rented merely desk-space in this open room. It was about two years before my business expanded to the point where I required, and was able to afford, a private office; and then I rented one on that same floor. Altogether I maintained office facilities on that same floor for seven years.

At the entrance of this desk-space room was a telephone switchboard and a receptionist. She served all tenants on that floor, taking telephone messages when tenants were out. Thru this entire seven years of my tenancy there, the same alert, quick-thinking receptionist remained at that switchboard. Her name was Olive Graham. She had one astonishingly remarkable faculty. She could remember every telephone number that had been given to her for days, and precisely *when* the call had come in.

On one occasion, a man attempted to alibi his failure to call me by claiming that he had called, and left his telephone number for me to call. I took his telephone and called our switchboard—Randolph 2-100.

"Olive," I said, "Mr. Blank says he called me three days ago, when I was out, and left his number, Blank 8-693, for me to call."

"No, Mr. Armstrong," replied Olive promptly. "No Mr. Blank called three days ago, and no one left the number Blank 8-693."

That was positive proof. Olive was never mistaken. Mr. Blank was forced to admit he had not made the call. How that girl could carry hundreds of telephone numbers in her mind I could

never understand. I never knew her to miss.

Advertising Tractors to Bankers

Some little time after setting up my own headquarters in Chicago, I had what might appear to be a most absurd "brainstorm." Those on our present staff and our architects well know that these "brainstorms" have a way of continuing, even today.

They may seem ridiculous or absurd at first thought. But more often than not they have proven to be very practical and worth-while ideas. You see, while I was touring the country as the "Idea Man" for the *Merchants Trade Journal*, my job was to look for IDEAS—practical ideas—ideas that had been put to work, and had proven successful. That experience taught me the value of IDEAS.

In the aptitude tests given prospective employes by one large corporation, one of the questions was: "Do you ever day-dream?" 99 out of 100 applicants, if they were putting down the answers they supposed the company *wanted*, rather than the actual truth, would most surely have answered "NO!" Actually, the company was looking for men who *do* day-dream in a certain manner. Not the kind of day-dreaming that lets the mind stagnate and drift without thinking—but the kind of *thinking* day-dreaming that utilizes imagination—that thinks up IDEAS, and then mentally puts them to every test to see whether they will *work!*

To climb the ladder of ultimate success in accomplishment, one must exercise VISION, and, supplementary to it, IMAGINATION—the kind of active, practical THINKING that produces sound and workable IDEAS! The college in which I was trained taught me these things. The *average* college education, however, fails to inculcate anything of this nature.

This "brainstorm"—or IDEA—was the selling of large advertising space in the BANK journals to farm tractor manufacturers. Certainly no one had ever heard of such an apparently preposterous idea before. But it worked, and it paid the farm tractor industry in a big way—and, incidentally, it put me in the \$25,000-a-year income class (in terms of

today's dollar) while still a youth in my twenties.

However, that idea required time to develop.

At first, my work in Chicago confined me primarily to the solicitation of advertising from banks and investment houses which had not previously used space in the *Northwestern Banker*. Altho I was required to call on, and render any desired service to the financial institutions which were already advertising in the *Northwestern Banker*, I received no commission from any of this, but only on such new accounts as I developed myself.

This journal was already carrying the advertising of many of Chicago's larger banks and bond houses. But there were still others.

What a "Correspondent" Bank Is

One might wonder why the larger Chicago banks should carry advertising in journals read only by other bankers.

The answer is that these larger banks in Chicago and New York *do* have something to sell to other banks. They are, in a sense, *bankers'* banks. Virtually every bank in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Nebraska kept a goodly sum of money on deposit in at least one Chicago bank. This is a system used by banks to facilitate the clearing of checks.

Have you ever wondered how checks you send to people in other states are cleared?

Suppose, for example, you live in Ft. Dodge, Iowa. You owe a bill to a concern in Muncie, Indiana. You mail the Muncie firm a check on your local Ft. Dodge bank. The Muncie firm deposits the check in its local bank in Muncie. The Muncie bank either pays the Muncie firm the amount, thus cashing your check, or it credits the amount to the firm's account in the bank.

But, now, how is that bank in Muncie, Indiana, going to get the amount of the check from YOU? When you wrote out your check, drawn on your Ft. Dodge bank, you represented that YOU had that amount of money on deposit in the bank in Ft. Dodge. The check is merely an order for your bank in Ft.

Dodge to pay to the firm in Muncie, Indiana, the amount of *your* money written on the check. Now when a bank over in Muncie, Indiana, PAYS this amount of money to this Muncie firm, the Muncie bank must have a way to collect YOUR money from your bank in Ft. Dodge. How?

Banking procedures have undergone some change, and today the Federal Reserve system is used by member banks to a great extent in the clearing of checks, and the correspondent system to a lesser degree.

But in those days it was done primarily thru this correspondent system. Most banks scattered over such states as Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin have a Chicago Correspondent. That is, they keep a sum of money on deposit in a Chicago bank, for the very purpose of clearing checks. So the Muncie bank has a Chicago Correspondent. Also the Ft. Dodge bank has a Chicago Correspondent, although it may be a *different* Chicago bank.

Here is how the system works. The Muncie bank sends your check to its Chicago Correspondent bank. On receipt of your check, this Chicago bank credits the amount of your check to the account of the Muncie bank. Now the Muncie bank has been reimbursed for cashing your check. If your check was for the amount of \$100, it has \$100 added to the amount it has on deposit in the Chicago bank. Now this Chicago bank must be reimbursed. Thru the Chicago Clearing House system, it sends your check to the Chicago bank which is the Correspondent of your Ft. Dodge bank, which has an adequate amount of money on deposit with its Chicago Correspondent bank. This bank in Chicago thereupon debits the account of your Ft. Dodge bank \$100. In plainer words, it takes the \$100 out of the money on deposit by your Ft. Dodge bank, which is paid thru the Chicago Clearing House system to the other Chicago bank which is the Correspondent of the Muncie bank. And finally, the Chicago Correspondent of the Ft. Dodge bank sends your check back to your bank in Ft. Dodge, notifying your bank that it has taken this \$100 out of the money they had on deposit. Your

bank stamps your check paid, taking *your* \$100 which it had on deposit, thus reimbursing itself for the \$100 which its Chicago Correspondent took out of its money on deposit there. And at the end of the month you receive a statement from your bank showing they have deducted this \$100 from your balance on deposit, and enclosing the canceled check.

This is all not so complicated as it probably sounds. I have taken space to explain it so simply that a little child can understand it. But I thought it might be interesting to my readers, most of whom probably never had any understanding of how checks are cleared from one part of the country to another.

Attending Bankers' Conventions

My work now brought me into contact with many of the nation's leading bankers. Solicitation among Chicago's larger banks and security firms made it necessary to cultivate personal acquaintance with those officers directly connected with the correspondent accounts. This often included one of the vice presidents, and in some instances the presidents.

Certain phases of the banking business are not generally known by the public. One of these is the personal acquaintances and contacts maintained among men of the banking fraternity.

Each state has its state Bankers' Association, with its annual Bankers' Convention. These state conventions are well attended by presidents, vice presidents, cashiers, and even some assistant cashiers, especially those whose jobs are connected with the correspondent business. Each state is divided into groups, and each group holds its annual group meeting. There is the national A.B.A. convention each year, well attended by presidents and top-ranking vice presidents of the nation's largest banks.

At these annual conclaves, bankers, so dignified and formal at home and before customers in their own banks, really "let down their hair," as the saying goes. They familiarly call each other by their first names.

To a large extent, this correspondent business between banks is conducted on a personal acquaintance basis. Although there were two outstanding na-

tional magazines in the banking field, these localized sectional bank journals maintained a personal contact and hold on their banker subscribers that was not possible for a national magazine.

There were seven principle sectional journals, all published by men of outstanding personality. These publishers attended most of the group meetings, and all of the state and national conventions. They mixed personally with the bankers of their districts—who were the readers of their publications. The most eagerly read pages of these monthly journals were the personal gossip pages. All these sectional journals published a great deal of personal news about individual bankers in their districts. The bankers of each section, who knew most of the other bankers personally, were naturally eager to read any personal news items about bankers they knew—and about *themselves!*

Since I was now the advertising representative of perhaps the leading one of these sectional bank journals, I began to attend several of the state bankers' conventions, and most of the A.B.A. (American Bankers' Association) conventions.

In this manner I began to form personal acquaintance with hundreds of prominent bankers—another important factor in my education which had some influence in preparing me for the real job ahead.

In Chicago were many manufacturers of products sold to banks. Of course I solicited advertising from these.

The Tractor Brainstorm

I do not remember just how this IDEA came to mind about selling large-space advertising to the manufacturers of farm tractors. But in some manner, thru personal contacts with scores of small-city and country bankers, I had come to realize that tractors, in those days, were sold for *cash*—there were no easy-payment-plans, or financing terms offered. The farmers were forced to borrow the money from their bankers in order to purchase tractors. My conversations with bankers had indicated that bankers were not, as yet, "sold" on the idea of the farm tractor.

So, in order to get all the FACTS,

I made an extensive survey. That experience in conducting the surveys at Richmond, Kentucky, and Lansing, Michigan, had shown the value of fact-finding by survey, obtaining information from a representative portion, based on the law of average.

This farm tractor survey was made primarily by mail thru questionnaires. These questionnaires were sent to a thousand or more bankers, and a representative number of farmers, and a third questionnaire to scattered local dealers who sold tractors. Simultaneously. I went out on a personal tour of several states, personally interviewing bankers, tractor dealers, and farmers.

This survey unearthed some startling facts, which tractor manufacturers had never realized about their business.

The officers of the average bank in the *Northwestern Banker* territory owned eight farms. Many had come into this farm ownership thru foreclosure of mortgages. Of course they did not farm, themselves. These bankers either employed managers to operate them, or rented them out. Multiplying our circulation by eight, I learned that I had a farm-owner circulation to sell at a lower cost per page per thousand circulation than the farm papers.

But the principle reason farm tractor manufacturers needed to buy advertising space in a banking journal was to win the favor of bankers so that they would more readily loan money to their farmer customers for the purchase of tractors. The bankers were proving a very serious sales-resistance factor.

Whenever a farmer would come into a bank to borrow money for the purchase of a tractor, the banker, calling him by his first name, would ask:

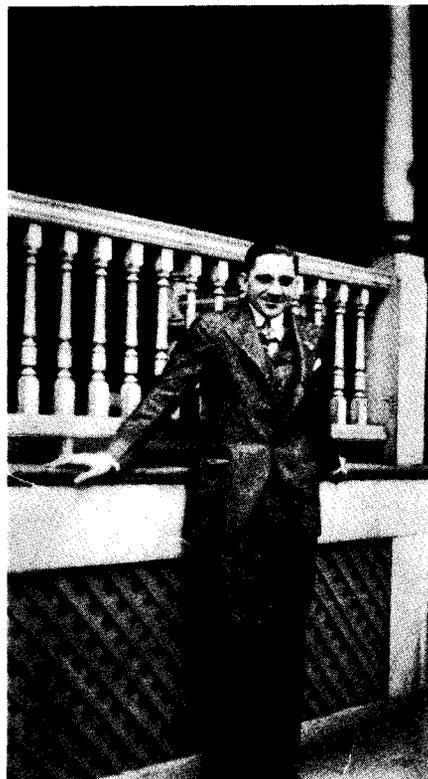
"What do you want the money for, John?"

And when he learned John was about to buy a tractor, he discouraged John. At first, when I presented these facts to tractor manufacturers, they scoffed.

"Why, Mr. Armstrong," they would object, "if the bank they do business with refuses the loan, the farmers simply go across the street to another bank and borrow it there."

"Apparently," I replied, "you do not realize the personal relationship between country bankers and their farmer customers. The country banker is a sort of 'father confessor' to his farmer customers. They come to him with their problems—ask his advice. Do you suppose these bankers are so stupid that they would turn down a loan in such a manner that their farmer customer would be offended, and go to a competitive bank? I have interviewed scores of bankers on this point. The banker who feels his farmer customer ought not to spend the money for a tractor doesn't *refuse* the loan—he merely talks the farmer out of wanting it. He will talk to farmer John something like this:

"Well, John, my advice would be to go a little slow before you go into debt to buy that tractor. As you know, John, I own eight farms myself. And I'm not at all sold on the practicality of tractor farming. In my opinion, the tractor hasn't arrived yet. It's still in the experimental stage. Now I know, John, that tractor salesman has probably put up a pretty slick argument. Of course he's interested in getting a



This shows Mr. Armstrong, at age 24, in front of the Hotel Del Prado in Chicago.

big fat commission for himself. But *I'm* interested in *your* welfare, John. Now, of course, if you decide to let that salesman talk you into it, we'll loan you the money, but my advice is, don't do it! You raise your own feed for your horses. But you'll have to BUY gasoline to feed the tractor. I don't think it would pay."

In soliciting the advertising of tractor manufacturers, I soon found that their advertising managers could not buy it, because they were given a definite appropriation for definite fields—the farm journals, and the farm dealer trade papers. They had no appropriation for bank magazines, and they lacked authority to change company policies.

It became necessary for me to go direct to the presidents of factories in the tractor industry.

This, again, was an experience that afforded personal contacts with several multi-millionaires. Among them was the president of J. I. Case, Mr. Wallis; Mr. Brantingham of the Emerson-Brantingham Company; George N. Peak, president of Moline Plow Works, who later became prominent in President Franklin D. Roosevelt's N.R.A.; Gen. Johnson, vice president of John Deere & Company, also later head of one of President Roosevelt's N.R.A. activities.

Representing Nine Magazines

My one biggest obstacle in this farm tractor field—and also in soliciting manufacturers of items sold to banks—was the limitation of our circulation to one five-state region. These big advertisers in the Chicago district advertised on a *national* basis.

Also, because of this, I encountered stiff opposition from the advertising agencies. Advertising Agencies *serve* the advertiser, who is their client, but they are not paid by their clients. They are *paid* by the publishers, on the basis of a 15% agency commission on all billings.

The Agency position was this: It took just as much time, and effort, for them to prepare a page ad for our little sectional bank journal with some 2,000 circulation and an advertising rate of \$40 per page, as for a page ad

in the *Saturday Evening Post* with a page rate, in those days, of \$5,000 (much higher, today!). The Agency would make only \$6 for its work on a page for us, compared to \$750 for the same amount of effort for a page in the *Post*.

I began to realize that I could sell big-space advertising much easier for a large *national* circulation than for one small sectional journal.

This brought about another "brainstorm." Altho there were two leading national magazines in the banking field, they did not provide a sufficiently complete national coverage. The seven leading sectional journals completely dominated their respective fields. The only possible *complete* national circulation in the banking field could come only by using these nine—the seven leading sectional journals, and the two national magazines.

But there was still a major difficulty. These various bank magazines had various page sizes. Agencies usually send ads out in plate form—already set to type. The necessity of making plates of so many sizes would discourage agencies.

So, about a year or a year and a half after moving to Chicago, I had worked out a proposition to set myself up as an independent publishers' representative in the bank field.

These publications, by whatever methods, had found it cost them 40% to get business. I proposed to represent all nine magazines, and myself to finance all solicitation, and send them advertising at a reduction to them of 25% in cost of obtaining business. In other words, I was to have exclusive representation, on a 30% commission basis, but the magazines were to pay me the entire year's commission in advance on all 12-time yearly contracts, upon receipt of signed contract from the advertiser. They were all to adopt a standard magazine page-size.

But there arose one overpowering obstacle in my path.

Clifford DePuy, about this time, had acquired a second of these seven leading sectional bank journals—the old *St. Louis Banker*, the name of which he changed to the *Midcontinent Banker*.

He objected in loudest tones to my representation of any other publications. I had been his exclusive Chicago representative, and he was determined to keep it that way.

I, on the other hand, had become determined to expand my field. I maintained that I could send Cliff a great deal more business as the representative of a complete *national* circulation. He didn't think so. We *really* clashed on this issue.

But, before this issue was finally settled, I had met a certain *very* attractive young lady out in Iowa.

I think the time has come to relate a different phase of these life experiences—my dating girls, and the romantic side of life from the beginning up to the time of marriage.

Dating, and Romantic Experiences

In the chronicle of experiences that provided the training for the activities of later years, none exceeded in import the dating experiences that culminated in marriage—at least none exceeded the marriage experience.

If it be true, as it definitely appears now in retrospect, that the Eternal God knew He would call me to the important activity now in progress with progressively increasing power of impact, and that this *early training* of formative years had some measure of unseen and unrealized divine guidance, then it is true, also, that the selection of my wife and life partner was providential.

It was thru her, years later, that circumstances impelled my conversion and induction into the ministry of Jesus Christ. This ministry, from its beginning, has been a *team* ministry in which Mrs. Armstrong has shared—even tho it may not have been evident to many.

No phase of any man's life is more important, or has greater bearing on his future success or failure, than the romantic experiences and final selection of a wife. The same is true, conversely, in the lives of girls who have reached the dating age.

Few young people, today, realize the seriousness of this phase of life. Proper dating has become virtually a lost art in America. Young people today, it

seems, do not know how to date. Most of them have little or no conception of the nature of true love, or the meaning and responsibility of marriage. They are men and women physically, but they are still children emotionally.

Let me repeat, here, that I was born of solid old Quaker stock. I was brought up from childhood to believe that marriage was for LIFE, and divorce was a thing unheard of in our family. Marriage was regarded seriously, and as something not to be considered by a young man until he had acquired his education and preparatory experience, and was established financially and in position to support a wife and family.

Consequently, in my dating of girls prior to age 24, there was no thought of marriage, except indirectly.

My Dating "System"

And, by "indirectly," I mean this: I had a "system." I was conceited enough to think it a pretty good system. I was aware that I did not really know what love is. But I had the conception that it was a mysterious thing that might hit a young man when he wasn't looking. He might suddenly "fall" for a girl. Once this happened, so I surmised, the poor victim lost his mental equilibrium. He was "hooked" and unable to help himself, or, if the girl be the wrong one, to recognize that fact.

I was, in other words, afraid I might be caught off guard and helplessly plunged into a binding life-long marriage with the wrong girl. I had heard that love was blind. If I should fall in love with the wrong girl, I would probably be totally blinded to the fact she was the wrong one. My life would be ruined!

My "system" was born out of fear of this possibility. I didn't want to get serious, or think of marriage, before I was advanced enough to support a family. But, if this "love bug" *should* stab a hypo love potion into me prematurely, I wanted to have insurance against being bound to the wrong one.

Therefore my "system" was this: I would generally avoid even dating a girl unless she appeared, so far as I could then see, to be at least eligible if I lost my head and "fell" for her.

Next, on my first date, one thing was always uppermost in my mind—to coldly *analyze* that girl from the point of view of what kind of a wife and mother she would make, *if* I lost my head over her. If she definitely didn't measure up, I firmly avoided any second date with her. If I were not quite sure one way or the other, I would allow myself a second date—if she appeared sufficiently interesting. If a girl passed my analytical test, then immediately I put all thought of marriage out of mind, but she remained on the list of girls who were eligible for dates—IF I desired them.

As a result of this "system" I *did* date girls I felt were well above the average. I enjoyed a scintillating conversation. If a girl was unable to carry on her part of such an "intellectual" conversation, or was lacking in any mental depth and brilliancy, she didn't interest me enough for another date.

My First Date

I suppose most little boys, around age 4 or 5, pick out some girl they call their "girl friend." This is, of course, quite cute and amusing to parents and other adults. I mentioned, earlier, a little girl who took part in some church play with me, at age 5.

Then, around nine or ten years of age, a Sunday school chum and I picked out a girl whom we mutually called "our girl"—only she never knew it. We were too young and too shy to tell her.

I kissed a girl for the first time when I was twelve. Some of us kids in the neighborhood were playing "post office." I think I secretly considered that girl to be my "girl friend," tho I'm sure she didn't know it. I do remember her name. I also remember the name of this Sunday school girl I secretly shared with the other boy. But I will refrain from mentioning it, for the other boy finally did start "going with" her when he became old enough, and wound up marrying her—and I have heard that she lives, today, in Pasadena.

But my first real date came when I was a freshman in high school. It was with a neighbor girl who also was a freshman at North High, in Des Moines. The occasion was some high school event that took place in the evening.

I remember I was very self-conscious being on a street car alone with a girl.

WHY is it that so many teen-age boys are bashful in the presence of girls their age, while girls seem never to be the least bit embarrassed?

I did continue to "go with" this girl, off and on, for some seven or eight years, but never was it "going steady" as so many young people do today, and it was never serious. Never once did I kiss her.

Once, when I was probably twenty-two or twenty-three, on a date with her in Des Moines, I did start to slip an arm around her. Promptly she took my arm and placed it back where it belonged. But not because she was a "prude."

"I wish you wouldn't, Herbert," she said simply. "At least unless you are serious. You're the only fellow I've ever gone with that hasn't necked with me. I'd like to keep this one slate clean. It has really meant something to me."

I wasn't serious, so my arm stayed home the rest of the evening.

"Necking" Experiences

When I first dated this girl, at about age fifteen, and for some years after that, I never "necked" with any girl. Only we didn't call it "necking" then—it was "loving up," and back in my mother's day it was "spooning." I don't know what they called it in Abraham Lincoln's day, or back in the days of Adam and Eve. But it's been going on all these millenniums and centuries, no matter what any passing generation may call it. It speaks its own universal language. But, in this autobiography, I shall use the terminology of the present day, for reasons of clarity.

So far as I know, during the earlier years of my "dating" experience this thing of "necking" was not practised in the promiscuous way it is today.

I dated a number of girls I regarded as unusual, and considerably above the average. One was the daughter of the president of an insurance company. She was my mother's original preference, and I think that at the time Mother would have been pleased had I married her. But she held not the slightest romantic interest for me. She was an

artist and sculptress. I admired and respected her, but never could have loved her. Then there was another girl, a neighbor in Des Moines, who excelled as an artist. In fact, this girl excelled in just about everything she did. I dated her frequently in Chicago, as I passed thru on those "Idea Man" trips, while she was a student at the Chicago Art Institute. There was another girl in Rock Island, Illinois, with whom I became acquainted thru the above mentioned two girls, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent Rock Island families.

But, along about age 21, it seemed that the "necking" pattern was being ushered in. In those years I wanted to be "modern" and to keep up with the times. I began to think that perhaps I was being considered a little behind the times, and decided that perhaps I ought to start "necking" a little—at least after a second or third date. I don't think many indulged in it on the first date, in those days.

At that time I was dating a girl in Des Moines who was a special "buddy" of a girl who was going "steady" with a chum of mine. The four of us double-dated frequently. So I began the popular pastime of "necking." The girl didn't object. Her father was dead. Her step-father was an automobile dealer, and frequently, on our dates, we were taken riding in their car with her step-father and her mother. We "necked" openly in the back seat. Her parents seemed to think nothing of it.

Then one night on their semi-secluded front porch, she became especially serious. She began to tell me how much money her father had left her, and she felt we ought to begin to plan what to do with it.

This came like an electric shock. I realized she was seriously taking marriage for granted. Such a thought had never entered my mind. I told her so. This stabbed her right in her heart.

"But if you're not serious, and thinking of marriage, what on earth have you been 'necking' with me for?" she asked.

I explained that she was the first girl I had ever necked—that I had come to believe I was being considered old fash-

ioned by the girls—that it had seemed to me that it was being done generally, and that girls expected it. I did it because I supposed it was the thing I was supposed to do.

At this she burst into tears and ran into the house. This sudden turn of affairs shocked and hurt me deeply. I knew I had hurt her, and that made me feel like a cad. Next day I called on the telephone to apologize. Her mother answered.

"My daughter has told me all about it," accused the mother with icy scorn. "She never wants to see you again!" She hung up the receiver.

So my first experience in "necking" came to an unhappy and semi-tragic end. I hope this girl later fell *really* in love with the right man for her, and found a happy marriage. She was a fine girl and deserved it. But I have never heard from or about her, since.

Truth About Necking

I have wished very much that I could have known, in those days, what I am able today to teach the class in "Sex Understanding and Marriage" at Ambassador College. For had I realized the TRUTH about this practise called "necking," that very fine girl would have been spared the humiliation of confessing love for one who was not in love with her.

But I didn't know God's teaching in those days. My standards were those of the other young people my age in the world—that is, the standards of those worldly young people who had *ideals* and good intentions—but based on the way that seemed right to us humans—not on the revelations and laws of GOD.

It was totally against my code of morals to "insult" a girl—which, according to those human standards meant carrying "necking" beyond the point of "decency." That I never did in my life. I felt I knew where to "draw the line." And I *was* always careful to observe that human-reasoned line.

But all young people are not that careful. What I did not then know is that even any "necking" at all—harmless as it is supposed to be—is the very first phase of the four phases of actual fornication—*which is SIN!* In very plain and frank language, "necking" belongs IN

MARRIAGE as a definite PART of the marriage relationship. Humans usually reverse what is right. They indulge in this preliminary act of sexual arousal *prior* to marriage as a part of dating—and then dispense with it after marriage, thus often ruining and breaking up marriages!

I didn't realize, then, how many countless acts of fornication, and premarital pregnancies, are caused by this supposed harmless and popular custom of "necking." Today young people do not seem to have the strong convictions some of us had about where to "draw the line." They seem to lack the will, or the self-control that we had to stop short of that "line." I am thankful that somehow God protected me from going past that first stage of "necking." And I hope that my *unmarried* readers will profit by the since-learned truth of this, rather than follow my example of age 21.

I Meet Two Pretty Girls

Up until 1917 I had never thought really seriously of any girl. I liked the company of girls. In my vanity I fancied that I had been dating the real "cream of the crop"—girls considerably superior to the average. But during these years I was still "going to school"—in the way I had decided was best for me—acquiring knowledge of my chosen field, gaining experience, preparing myself to make BIG MONEY later.

In my foolish conceit of those unconverted days, I was cock-sure that I was headed for outstanding success. But I had certain ideals and convictions, and one of them was that a young man ought not to think of marriage *until he was prepared to assume the responsibilities of marriage*—especially that of *supporting* a wife! The idea of *my* wife having to get a job to help earn the living would have crushed my spirit—would have been the supreme disgrace!

In January, 1917, I was in Des Moines on one of my regular trips to Iowa, renewing contracts and soliciting new ones. My mother had written that her twin sister, my Aunt Emma Morrow, was stricken with pneumonia, and asked me to visit her on this trip. So I took the short side-trip to the Morrow farm, 30 miles southeast of Des Moines,



From a photograph of Loma Dillon, Iowa school teacher, taken shortly before Mr. Armstrong met her.

and a short mile north of the crossroads town called Motor, which consisted only of a store, school house, church, and two or three houses.

I found my aunt considerably improved, and convalescing. During the afternoon a girl from Motor, two years younger than I, came to see my aunt. Immediately I was impressed. She was pretty, and seemed to be an unusually nice girl. Her name was Bertha Dillon, and her father owned the store at Motor.

I was enjoying a sparkling conversation with her, when, about 4:30 in the afternoon, her older sister, Loma—just my age—came bounding in. That's not much of an exaggeration. I hadn't seen such fresh, joyous, "zip and go" in a long time. She literally exuded energy, sparkle, good cheer, the friendly warmth of a sincere, outgoing personality.

Now I was much *more* impressed! She was even prettier than her sister. There was something *different* about her—something wholesome that I liked. She was the school teacher at Motor.

"Where," I asked myself inwardly, "could I have been all my life, never to have run across *these* two girls before?"

This was about the middle of the week. My cousin, Bert Morrow, just one year my junior lacking a day, drove me over to the little town of Beech to take the evening train to Des Moines. My aunt's nurse was returning to Des

Moines on the same train. Loma rode along with us in the "Model T" to Beech. I learned that she was planning to go to Des Moines Saturday morning to do some shopping.

"Why," I asked, "don't you bring Bertha with you, and meet me at noon for lunch, and we'll take in a movie in the afternoon?"

It was a date.

Only, when I met her Saturday noon, she had not brought her sister. I had preferred to meet Loma alone, but I had felt that propriety demanded that I ask both girls.

I took her to luncheon at Des Moines' nicest place at that time—the Harris-Emercy department store Tea Room. It was one of the finest department store tea rooms in the nation.

I was really enjoying this date. She didn't know it then, but Loma was being intensively analyzed. No thought of marriage, you understand—just routine, as I always did on a first date. She seemed to be a girl of sound minded good sense and high ideals. She had superior intelligcncc. There was a mental *depth* most girls lacked. I was well aware that she was utterly lacking in sophistication. She was not, in fact, completely "city broke." There was none of the haughty social veneer—none of the acquired artificial mannerisms of the eastern "finishing school" products or the social debutante. Indeed, I perceived she was a bit naive. She was completely sincere in trusting and be-

lieving in people. She had not seen or learned much of the rottenness and evils of this world. She had that innocent, completely unspoiled freshness of a breath of spring.

Also, from the instant when she first came *bounding* in at my aunt's farm, I had noticed she was almost something of a tom-boy—active, very alert. Whatever she did, she did quickly. I learned later that her brothers dubbed her with two nick-names—"She-bang" and "Cyclone!" She was full of fun, yet serious—with the unspoiled wholesomeness of an Iowa country girl. And, most important of all, strength of character!

I observed quickly that altho she was alert and active minded, hers was not one of those flighty surface minds, active but shallow. She was able to discuss serious and deep things intelligently. She was very much an extrovert, but not a shallow, gossipy chatter-box.

Altho I noticed, and became immediately well aware of these qualities, no thought of falling in love, or of marriage, entered my mind. Perhaps I had so disciplined my mind in that regard that it automatically avoided such thoughts. But I *did* want to see more of her—*definitely!*

She Rated a Second Date!

After the luncheon conversation, which must have lasted more than an hour and a half, we went to a movie. I remember nothing whatever about the



A candid camera shot at Motor, Iowa, in which Miss Dillon was wearing Mr. Armstrong's coat.

movie—I do remember holding a soft, warm hand.

I always stayed at the Brown Hotel in those days—a residential hotel on the edge of the business district. After the movie, we walked over to the hotel lobby. I ran up to my room, picked up a package of family pictures I happened to have in my suit-case, returned to the lobby and showed the pictures to her.

I remember that among them was a "Cousins' Letter" I had initiated. Ever since I could remember from earliest childhood, my father's generation had kept a family letter circulating. It made the rounds, perhaps once in nine months or a year, from coast to coast. Some of the Armstrong family were in New Jersey and Atlantic coast locations. Some were in Ohio and Indiana, some in Iowa, Colorado, and some in California. Each time it came around, my father removed his letter which now had gone the rounds, wrote and inserted a new one. I had organized a "Cousins' Letter" of our younger generation. It made about two rounds, and apparently died a natural death. But this big packet of letters had just finished its first round, and I remember showing it to my new-found girl friend.



Mr. Armstrong and Miss Dillon on one of his Iowa visits.

Then I took her to her evening train to return home.

I have mentioned my "system" of analyzing girls on the first date. Loma had been duly analyzed. She passed the test with a perfect grade. She rated a *second* date!

In fact, the more I thought about it, she rated it without delay! I lived in Chicago. If I were to have another date with this very attractive young lady any time soon, I decided it had to be next day!

Accordingly I hopped the morning train, called my cousin to drive over to Beech after me, and, to everybody's surprise, here I was to "see my aunt" again! I don't remember, now, how I maneuvered to get Loma up to my aunt's, but I do remember spending considerable time with her there. And *she* remembers a walk out on the country road in the deep snow.

I also remember holding her hand again—much to the dislike of my uncle and aunt. After I left, they began to warn her against me.

"Now Loma," they admonished, "you'd better let Herbert alone. He reads those magazines written by that awful Elbert Hubbard, and he's probably an atheist. He probably doesn't ever go to church any more!"

But I had asked Loma to write, and she had said she would.

So now the "dating" was continued by mail. I must have had her a great deal on my mind, for I wrote to her almost every day, and received several letters a week in return.

A year and a half before, I had felt that the Iowa territory was rather "dead" for new business for *The Northwestern Banker*. There was more business to be had in Chicago. But now, of a sudden, Iowa seemed to become very desirable territory again, requiring more frequent visits from me.

The next Iowa trip seems to have been some time in February. On a later Iowa trip in May or June, we had a double date in Des Moines with Loma's number one girl chum and her fiancé. At an amusement park, we took a roller-coaster ride—Loma's first in her life—and also her *last!* She was so frightened that she unconsciously had a firm, al-



Another candid camera shot caught Miss Dillon wearing her sister's coat. It was too large for her.

most death-like iron grip on my trousers just above the knee as we came to a stop—much to her embarrassment and the glee of her chum and fiancé! She was such a modest person that this was terribly mortifying!

But I am getting ahead of the story.

As we continued the acquaintance by correspondence, we exchanged ideas on many subjects. I wanted to know what she was interested in—what she believed—what her ideas were. She seemed to have very high ideals, and I discovered that she was somewhat religious—more so than I was at that time.

Business seemed to require my presence in Iowa again in early April, and then the first week in May.

I "Fell"

In our correspondence, we had exchanged ideas and ideals on such subjects as "necking." Of course I had never, as yet, made any advances toward her in this direction—except for holding her hand a few times. Her letters said she didn't believe in "necking." I would not have been a normal young

man if I had not determined to put her to the test on that.

It was about the 7th or 8th of May that she met me again in Des Moines. During the afternoon, we went out to one of the spacious parks where wild flowers could be picked.

As we were sitting, or leaning on our elbows on the ground, opportunity came for me to slip an arm around her shoulders, and, leaning over her, plant a healthy kiss on her lips. She didn't resist.

Sitting back up, I grinned and asked, "Now are you mad at me?"

"Uh-huh," she smiled.

I wasn't quite sure *what* to think, now, after she had expressed such disapproval of anything of this sort in her letters.

We returned to the apartment of my Uncle Frank Armstrong and his family. I was taking a midnight sleeper for Sioux City, and she was to remain at my uncle's for the night.

When it came time for me to leave for my train, Loma came out into the hallway of the apartment building to say good-night. Suddenly, impulsively, she reached her arms around my neck and planted a good earnest kiss on my lips!

In a daze, I left. I couldn't sleep that night for hours. Nothing had ever hit me like this before. That had not been any ordinary "necking" kiss! I knew that was, as they say today, **FOR REAL!** She had kissed me because she really *meant* it! It produced an emotional upheaval inside me—a totally new experience. Thru the mental daze I began to realize this was **LOVE**.

Returning to Des Moines a few days later, I went back down to Motor. It was the night of May 13th. We walked down the roadside, past the old Quaker Church building and graveyard. I told Loma that I knew, now, that I was in love with her.

Tragedy Threatens!

This seemed to come like a shock to her. Apparently she had not thought of it in just this way before, but now, suddenly, it dawned on her that if we were married it meant living in Chicago, in more cultural and, as she sup-

posed, sophisticated surroundings than she had known. This sudden realization frightened her.

She stammered that she was not sure.

That statement fell on me like a ton of bricks! I had never doubted, in my confident conceit, that if and when I ever did fall in love it would be mutual. Now, suddenly, came the realization that I might be faced with tragedy! But I knew the right answer. I wish *more* young people, "falling" for one who is *not* in love with *them*, could know this right answer. Most young fellows, it seems, would start pleading with the girl to marry them, anyway. That is definitely *not* the right answer.

"In that case, Loma," I said regretfully, soberly, but firmly, "I don't want to ever see you again—that is, not unless, or until you find that you, too, are in love. I certainly wouldn't ask you to marry me if you don't love me. It would only wreck *both* our lives—and I love you too much to ruin your life."

We were walking back to her home, which was on the second floor over the store. We sat down for a while on the steps of the store.

It was difficult to understand, now, why she had kissed me as she did that night outside the door of my uncle's apartment. Was I merely receiving just retribution for causing the first girl I had ever "necked" to fall in love, when I didn't love her?



Miss Dillon beside pool in front of apartment building in Des Moines where she was overnight guest of the Frank Armstrong family.

I asked Loma for an explanation.

She explained, then, how the sudden thought of marriage had frightened her. She and I had lived in two different worlds. I had been city born and city reared. I had travelled a great deal. I was very worldly wise. I knew the world and was a part of it. I lived in one of the world's largest and most metropolitan cities. She was a country girl. How would she be able to act and live in the sophistication of a city like Chicago?

"Loma," I said seriously, "you're a diamond in the rough. Maybe you haven't had the exterior polish of an eastern finishing school applied. Most of those girls have the outer polish, but

no qualities underneath. It's mostly a lot of put-on and make-believe. It isn't *real*. But you are *REAL*, Loma, and you have the *QUALITY* of good character all the way thru. I can see to putting on what polish you'll need. I don't want, and never could love, a lot of pretense and empty-headed sophistication! *YOU* have the *real* qualities for a good wife and the mother of my children. It's *YOU* I love, and I know now I can never love anyone else. Don't worry about the lack of social training and sophistication. That stuff can be bought a dime a dozen! It's trash! I don't want it! All I want *YOU* to decide is whether you're in love with me, as I am with you."

Then, rising, I said finally,

"Just one thing I want you to promise me. As soon as you're *SURE*, in your own mind, whether you're *in love*—either way—I want you to telegraph me just one word—'YES' or 'NO'—and I'll understand."

She promised. I walked away toward my aunt's house, a mile down the road. There was no good-night kiss.

Next month you will read the outcome of this dilemma—space does not permit its conclusion in the present installment. Also, in the August number, the building of a business and an income equivalent to \$25,000 a year while still in the twenties—and an unrealized and unheeded call to God's ministry.

An old snapshot of country store at Motor, Iowa. Concluding event in this installment occurred on front steps of this store.





The Ambassador Chorale with Mr. Ettinger, Director.

SPACE-AGE CRISIS in *EDUCATION!*

(Continued from page 12)

KNOWLEDGE to really learn what LIFE is all about—its purpose, its laws, its true values, who are ambitious not only for this rare quality of higher education, but also for a life of ACHIEVEMENT, and who have the will to WORK for it, and the self-discipline to acquire it, I extend an invitation to write for the *Ambassador College Catalog* for the

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