



**DISCUSSING PLANS** — During Mr. Herbert Armstrong's recent visit to the Big Sandy campus, he discussed some of the expansion plans for the campus with Deputy Chancellor Ronald Dart, left, Dr. Floyd Lochner, center, who made the trip from Pasadena with Mr. Armstrong, looks on. (Photo by Ken Treybig)

## Mr. Armstrong holds special forum, hosts faculty dinner in Texas visit

By Dave Havir

**BIG SANDY** — Chancellor Herbert W. Armstrong paid a short visit to the Ambassador College campus here in Big Sandy on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 7 and 8.

During his two-day stay on campus Mr. Armstrong conducted a special assembly for the faculty and student body (on Thursday morning) and hosted the faculty in his home for an evening of relaxing conversation and socializing. (See story, page 14.)

For the special assembly Mr. Armstrong gave a presentation on the history of *The World Tomorrow* broadcast and also spoke about how this organization is fulfilling the commission which has been put in our charge.

In the presentation of the development of the radio broadcast, which began in January of 1934 on a small 100-watt station, KORE in Eugene, Ore., to the powerful program which originates in Pasadena and

goes to hundreds of radio stations (some up to 300,000 watts of power) across the United States and outlying stations around the world. (There is now a possibility of getting on a million-watt station in the Middle East.)

### Introductory Comments

Mr. Armstrong began with some introductory statements and then played a tape containing the excerpts of the program as it changed through the years. (The message never changed, but some of the program procedure varied through the years.)

The first program heard was a recording disc of a broadcast produced on Aug. 22, 1940.

Mr. Armstrong joked with the students: "I suppose that most of you were not over two or three years old back in 1940."

The average senior student at Ambassador College was born after 1950.

Mr. Armstrong continued to ex-

plain how the first programs were made:

"The first broadcasts were originally church services which were condensed down into 30-minute programs. We had to learn. These programs have had quite an evolution. They have developed into something totally different now . . .

"One example of this evolution was the decreasing usage of music within the program. The mixed quartet which we formed at that time — a tenor, a baritone, my daughter Beverly as the soprano and my wife singing alto — had a quality musical sound to the program. We had songs

(See **ASSEMBLY**, page 15)

## Ministerial magazine slated

**PASADENA** — Mr. Ted Armstrong has approved the initiation of a new ministerial magazine, it was announced this week by Mr. David Antion, director of the Church Administration Division (CAD).

According to Mr. Antion: "It will be published under CAD but in cooperation with the Ambassador College Department of Theology. The magazine will be directed to the ministry and will deal with various subjects of interest and provide education for the ministry."

A wide variety of ministerial, pastoral, homiletic and exegetic subjects will be covered, Mr. Antion said.

The publication will be quarterly, and CAD projects that the first issue will be printed some time around February, 1974.

The staff consists of all ministers

of the Worldwide Church of God, since we are seeking community participation," said Mr. Antion. "Mr. Art Ferdig will serve as coordinator."

"We are looking forward to participation from the whole ministry," he continued, "so that we can make it a real community project. We will have articles on every phase of pastoral work and ministerial duty, including preaching, teaching, visiting and counseling."

Mr. Antion also announced that the *Ministerial Bulletin* will now feature an expanded circulation:

"It will become more of an overall-Work bulletin going to division heads, most department heads and key management personnel in every area around the world — whether they are ordained or not."

## A Personal Letter from

*Herbert Armstrong*

A reader has suggested it would be more interesting to readers if they could know in advance what meetings are scheduled on my frequent trips around the world.

This is written in my "home in the sky" at 39,000 feet, returning to Pasadena from an overnight visit to the Texas campus. I spoke at a student forum this morning.

It is Thursday, Nov. 8. I am having a formal dinner for 11 senior students tonight at the Social Center on the Pasadena campus.

Our next trip around the world starts immediately. First, we stop at Vancouver, British Columbia, where I shall speak to a combined church group Sabbath afternoon. Sunday morning we take off for Manila, the Philippines. Another "testimonial dinner" — as they are called in that part of the world — is scheduled for Tuesday night. As in the Tokyo dinner, the guests will be many of the very top people in government, education, business and the professions. It is being hosted by the minister of labor in President Marcos' government. I expect Gen. Romulo, minister for foreign affairs, to be there. I have known him since the San Francisco Conference, in 1945.

Like the dinners at Tokyo, Bangkok and Saigon, it will give me an opportunity to explain to them the Kingdom of God — which is the true Gospel of Jesus Christ. For that is what the "Bible study" invited by Prince Mikasa of Japan turned out finally to be — a speech giving me the opportunity to explain the basic facts about the Kingdom of God and the cause of all of the evils and troubles in this world.

In Manila, as in the previous three such dinners, we expect around 60 guests — including the wives. In our several previous trips to Manila I have had personal meetings with President Marcos, members of his cabinet, and other official and important persons, besides speaking two or three times on Sabbaths at our very warm and zealous church there. I am expecting the "testimonial dinner" to pave the way to the first "public-appearance" program in the Philippines. This will be held on some three or four successive nights, either in the largest auditorium available or a stadium or other suitable outdoor facility where thousands may attend. The first of these "public-appearance" programs is scheduled for Feb. 21, 22, 23 and 24 in Saigon. A very active and energetic committee composed of senators, congressmen and university officials and deans is working to get out a very big crowd at the Feb. 24 outdoor lecture on "How Permanent Peace Will Be Brought to Vietnam." This meeting will be held in the large outdoor stadium at the university. They have stands that will seat 10,000, and I hope we have many more standing. The message about permanent peace going to Vietnam, of course, is the coming of Christ and the Kingdom of God. I'm quite sure the people of Vietnam have never heard that message. But God's time has come for it to go to ALL NATIONS around the world.

From Manila on this trip we fly to New Delhi, capital city of India.

There another "testimonial dinner" has also been planned, and I expect an attendance of approximately 60, as in the previous "testimonial dinners." I also understand I am invited to a dinner in my honor at the home of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi — either that or another private meeting at her office — I'm not altogether sure which, as yet.

This dinner at New Delhi will also set the stage for a "public-appearance" campaign of three or four nights to follow later. Judge Nendendra Singh of the World Court at The Hague will return to his residence in New Delhi to be there for our visit. Judge Singh is a member of our worldwide committee of well-known important personages for planning the coming "public appearances" in many capitals around the world.

Tentatively, it is planned to hold such "public appearances" in Tokyo, Bangkok, Singapore, Djakarta, Addis Ababa (Ethiopia), Beirut (principal financial and commercial capital of the Arab world), and Central and South American cities.

I seriously need your intensive and fervent, believing prayers that God

(See **PERSONAL**, page 7)



**SPECIAL ASSEMBLY** — Mr. Herbert Armstrong conducted a special assembly on the Big Sandy campus Thursday, Nov. 8. Mr. Armstrong addressed the student body and faculty concerning the history of *The World Tomorrow* broadcast. (Photo by Ken Treybig)





**HAPPY HUNTING** — Left: Mr. Dale Schurter enjoys a hot cup of chili on a cold morning in Colorado. Right: Messrs. Ted Armstrong, Walt Curtis, Ron Dart, Dale Schurter and Dan Spencer ponder dragging a horse trailer (not shown) through the icy mud hole. (Photos by Norman Smith)

## Hunters' luck amounts to one buck, coyotes and rocks main victims

By David McKee  
**PASADENA** — Sporting the beards, moustaches and goatees peculiar to those returning from wilderness areas, Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong and the Pasadena segment of a Colorado hunting party arrived back on campus here Thursday, Nov. 1. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Armstrong, Mr. Jim Thornhill, Mr. Ronald Dart, Mr. Dale Schurter, Mr. Dan Spencer, Mr. Frank Scherich (the latter two are pilots for the Falcon), Mr. Norman Smith, Mr. Smith's son Kevan, Mr. Walt Curtis, Mr. Brent Curtis,

and Mr. Armstrong's son Matthew.

### Very Nice Buck

Their total hunting success amounted to one "very nice buck," in the words of Mr. Thornhill, shot by Mr. Brent Curtis.

Other than that, the shots that were fired were for the most part fired at "coyotes, rock chucks and a lot of targets," according to Mr. Thornhill.

The reasons for the lack of success in hunting deer and elk were the hot weather and the unusually large number of hunters converging on this

northwest corner of Colorado.

"The unusually hot weather caused a lot of problems in the movement of the deer," explained Mr. Thornhill, "and there were hundreds of hunters. I've been hunting with Mr. Armstrong for 10 years now, and every year it's got progressively worse with regard to the number of hunters in the area."

Another disadvantage the group faced on its trip was that it got to Colorado in time for only the last three days of deer season.

After this, the hunters traveled 75 miles to the south and hunted elk.

There the cold weather and snow, which could have improved hunting conditions considerably, did come at last, but it was too late. By that time the group had to pack up and leave.

### Very Peaceful Time

While the hunting itself was not a total success, the trip in other ways was.

"It was a very peaceful, a very relaxing, time," commented Mr. Thornhill. "It was warm enough this year that we could sit outside around the fire, talking about the Work and everything, sitting back and looking up at the stars. We played bridge in the big cook tent. It was just a very peaceful time."

And as to surviving with regard to food, the hunters did very well.

"We had everything," Mr. Thornhill noted. "Even peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches."

According to Big Sandy Deputy Chancellor Ronald Dart, after the hunt "Mr. Armstrong appeared rested, refreshed and in good spirits as he went back to tackle the heavy TV schedule."



**VISITING OFFICIALS** — On consecutive days Ambassador College in Pasadena hosted first the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) International Briefing Team, Thursday, Nov. 1, and the following day a group of U.S. State Department officials. Pictured above is Capt. Hendrik J. Bakker of the Royal Netherlands Navy, who headed the briefing team, as he talks with a group of students following the assembly the NATO team presented. Other team members included representatives from the armed forces of Great Britain, Portugal, Norway and the United States. Their briefing emphasized the importance of the NATO pact in defending its participants from aggressors. Pictured below is William J. Dyess, chief of the State Department's U.S.-Soviet bilateral relations section, speaking before a gathering of students in a classroom seminar. He was accompanied by other State Department officials (seated on the front row), including the chief of the Bureau of Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, the deputy director of the Office of International Trade's Bureau of Economics and Business, and the budget and program analyst of the Agency for the International Development of Worldwide Feeding Programs. They each gave a brief talk on their area of responsibility and later answered questions. (Photos by Rick Dykes)



## French store to offer PT

By Colin Wilkins  
**Geneva Office Manager**  
**GENEVA, Switzerland** — Exactly 10 years after the opening of the Geneva office — created to carry the Gospel to the French-speaking people of Europe — there has been a major breakthrough. Beginning this month, Prismic — a French version of a five-and-ten store, with an annual turnover exceeding \$8 million — will offer the French *Plain Truth* in many of its shops throughout the country.

As a starter, 17,000 copies of the October *Pure Verite*, featuring an article on the troubled future of the Atlantic Alliance and one from our Brussels correspondent on the rapidly developing energy crisis, will be offered in Prismic stores in many of the major cities of France.

Distribution will extend over the whole country, with particular emphasis on the South. This is because

## THE GRAPEVINE

(Continued from page 2)

which are tentatively scheduled to have campaigns, were the following: Wichita, Kan.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Kingsport, Tenn.; Nashville, Tenn.; Orlando, Fla.; Atlanta, Ga.; Birmingham, Ala.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Columbus, Ohio; Dayton, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; Raleigh, N.C.; Houston, Tex.

Neither speakers nor times have yet been announced.

**PASADENA** — Another personal-appearance campaign has been scheduled for Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong in addition to the one already slated for the Seattle-Tacoma, Wash., area Dec. 14 to 16. This one is to be in Bakersfield, Calif., Nov. 30 to Dec. 2.

**PASADENA** — Mr. Raymond C. Cole, evangelist and former Pasadena regional director, has begun a sick leave this week, according to the Church Administration Division.

Mr. Cole, whose health problems have forced him into an extended period of rest and recuperation, will be replaced by Mr. Burk McNair,



MR. BURK McNAIR

former Portland, Ore., regional director.

Mr. McNair's successor will be named in the next issue of the *Ministerial Bulletin*, and the *WN* will carry the full story along with an exclusive interview of the new appointee.

**BIG SANDY** — Mr. Ron McNeill, pastor of the Uniontown, Pa., and Wheeling, W. Va., churches, recently wrote us about the first Sabbath service in "Mickey Mouse Kingdom," better known as Disney World, at Orlando, Fla.

"Mr. David Antion conducted a Bible study Oct. 20 in the Contemporary Hotel," he wrote. "Thirty attended (Antion clan,

McNeils and a few others). As far as I know, however, the three little pigs and others still have a ways to go before conversion."

Mr. Antion was in the area as a result of conducting the second half of the Feast of Tabernacles at nearby St. Petersburg, Fla.



**NOT YET CONVERTED** — Photo shows one of the three little pigs in Disney World. (Photo by John Robinson)

**BIG SANDY** — Mr. Ray Kosanke, *Plain Truth* regional editor stationed in Brussels, Belgium, stopped by the Big Sandy campus for a few days after the Feast before



MR. RAY KOSANKE

heading back to his European post at Common Market headquarters.

Mr. Kosanke, a former basketball star for Ambassador College in Pasadena, gave an insight into the EEC, his job and some trends in the world in a sermonette to the Big Sandy congregation Nov. 3.

## Five members added since tours

By David McKee  
**PASADENA** — Mr. Fernando Barriga, who is attending classes in Ambassador College and working for the Spanish Department, and who was also recently ordained a local elder, returned Friday, Nov. 2, from a baptizing tour in Central America.

His tour included parts of Mexico and Central America, where he saw 58 people and baptized five — one in Guatemala, two in El Salvador, one in Costa Rica and one in Mexico.

He spent some of his time before the Feast on the tour and then spent the Feast with a congregation of 55 who have separated from the Sardis church, 19 of whom, including their minister, decided after the Feast to become part of the Worldwide Church of God.

This minister right now is fulfilling ministerial responsibilities for those 19 people, though he is not an ordained minister in the Worldwide Church of God.

Mr. Barriga was accompanied by Tom Williams and Don Walls, employees of the Spanish Department and recent graduates of Ambassador College.

Right after the Feast, Daniel Robert and Ken Ryland, also employees of the Spanish Department, went on a baptizing tour through parts of Chile and Peru. The object of the trip is to reach the more remote areas of Peru which have not been reached before and in which there are several good prospects.

## Executive interview

## Evangelist attended Ambassador to prove that he did not belong

By David McKee

PASADENA — "My parents have been members of the Church of God since years before I was born. My father was first baptized into the Church of God [Sardis] before 1920. He later became an elder in that church.

"My mother grew up in a family that kept the Sabbath, kept the laws of God and was also in what we generally refer to today as the Sardis church. So when I was born I was born into a home that kept the commandments of God."

In this way Mr. Wayne Cole, an evangelist in the Worldwide Church of God and vice president for publishing in Pasadena, explained how he first came in contact with the Church of God.

"I first met Mr. Armstrong when I was a little kid in Oregon," he then recalled, "sometime in the mid to late '30s."

This is getting somewhat ahead of



the story, however, for it was six years prior to coming to Oregon that Mr. Cole was born, on a farm in western Oklahoma.

### Early Life

"I was born on a farm about 10 miles outside of Fairview, Okla.," the evangelist remarked.

He was the fourth child in the family, with five more to follow.

The nine children, three of them his sisters and five his brothers, are now all married, with three of his brothers and one of his sisters in the Church.

"It was work from a very young age," Mr. Cole explained as he began to recount his childhood. "We always lived in the country — never on a big farm but always in the country with a few acres. We had our own cows and large gardens and fruit trees and that sort of thing."

This meant certain responsibilities for Mr. Cole, including milking cows in the mornings before going to school, milking them in the evenings on his return, cutting wood (his family cooked and heated with wood at that time) and helping in a general way to care for the farm.

This was his early life, the bulk of which was spent in Oregon after his family moved there during the dust-bowl years of the '30s.

"Our place was blown away in the spring of '34 or '35," said Mr. Cole in reference to the farm in Oklahoma where he spent the first six years of his life. "It was destroyed by a cyclone that came through. Two houses on the place were completely destroyed and the barn was struck by lightning and burned."

"That being the Depression and the dust-bowl years, it was very difficult to try to recover. We had relatives in Oregon, so we left the whole thing behind."

So in 1936 the Cole family moved west to Oregon, where they met Mr. Herbert Armstrong for the first time.

It wasn't long after that that they began attending church in Jefferson, "in a little creamery which Mr. Armstrong had started a church in sometime back in the early '30s."

Mr. Cole, however, was never too interested in the Church at this time.

"The Church was something I grew up with, and I tried to overthrow it," he explained.

### Coming to Ambassador

In 1948 Mr. Cole graduated from high school aware of the existence of Ambassador College because his older brother Raymond was one of its first four students, in 1947.

He had, however, no particular desire to go there, and following his graduation from high school he worked for a timber company in Albany, Ore.

Then, in 1950, Mr. Cole began to make plans to join the Navy.

"In 1950," he began, "the Korean War was on. I was 20, I was healthy, and I was ripe for the draft. I realized that within a matter of weeks or at most months I would be drafted into the Army with the prospect of going to Korea.

"I didn't want the Army, so I quit my job to join the Navy."

As it turned out, Mr. Cole never did enter the Navy, though he did get as far as the recruiting office in Salem, Ore., and had many of the necessary applications filled out.

It was in the midst of this process of joining up that the Feast of Tabernacles came along.

"My folks were going down to Belknap Springs, where the Feast was being held. I wasn't working, so I had a lot of free time on my hands; I didn't want to stay at home by myself, so I went down with them."

Mr. Cole went with his parents "because," as he then added, "during the Festival, deer season opened in eastern Oregon."

Mr. Cole's plan was to spend the first few days with his parents in Belknap Springs and then when deer season opened go hunting and then come back and finish his application forms for the Navy.

Things did not work out quite that way.

"While I was at Belknap my brother Raymond was up, and another of my sisters who worked at the

college was there, and of course my parents were there, and everyone was trying to talk me into coming to college. I wasn't interested, yet they persisted."

They persisted, and Mr. Cole became "quite friendly" with Dick Armstrong, who was "not at this time interested in the religious aspects of the college either."

As it turned out, "I ended up coming to college after the Feast of Tabernacles."

### College

"I will agree to go just to prove that I don't belong there," Mr. Cole informed everyone, including Mr. Herbert Armstrong.

After that brief period of time it was to be back to the Navy.

Of course Mr. Cole never did leave college — that is, until 1954, the year of his graduation.

"I came to college in its fourth year," Mr. Cole said.

He continued: "I was impressed. The students were very friendly, there was a sincerity and a genuineness about them. No one was trying to force me to do something that I didn't want to do."

In that fourth year of its existence, Ambassador College was quite a bit different from what it is today. Everyone lived in Mayfair (a building now used as a women's dormitory) then, the women on the second floor and the men on the third. Meals were served on the first floor.

There were so few people in those earlier days of the college, Mr. Cole remarked, that "whatever we did we did together; whatever happened it happened to all of us."

All of the students worked for the college. Mr. Cole was given a job working on the grounds and at odd jobs.

One thing which has remained a constant at Ambassador College since its inception are the students. "We had our fun," noted Mr. Cole.

Even in the years he was attending, such pranks as short-sheeting and a variety of other relatively harmless pastimes were common.

But for Mr. Cole one of the most popular pastimes in which "many, many of the evenings were spent" was singing while cruising around in



Dick Armstrong's convertible.

"Several of us would drive around on the warm evenings with either the top down or up, depending on the weather. Dick loved to play the ukelele, and he would strum on it and one of the other of us would drive and we would sing. It got to where we could harmonize on most of the popular songs of that time."

Dick Armstrong's convertible was also to play an important role in another and more unusual scheme. The scheme, a joint effort of Dick Armstrong, Mr. Cole and a few other students, was to sail to Tahiti.

The idea was to trade in the convertible on a boat adequate for the needs of such a voyage.

Looking for the right boat absorbed a lot of time and energy, and they even convinced a retired professor to give them a free course in celestial navigation.

The plans for a sailing cruise, however, finally met with the inevitable realization that even with the trade-in of the convertible and scraping together of all other available capital, they would not have enough for a vessel of sufficient quality.

It was about this time that the Church began to play a more important role in the life of Mr. Wayne Cole.

### Conversion

"I began to become somewhat interested in the Church about a year and a half after I came to college. By the time I was in the third year I really felt that I was a member of the Church."

It was the Passover season of 1951 which marked Mr. Cole's initial involvement with the religious aspect of Ambassador College. After pondering for a while, he decided that his baptism during a Sardis evangelistic meeting three years before was indeed valid, and he took the Passover for the first time in that spring of 1951.

By the time his third year rolled around, Mr. Cole was not only more deeply a part of the Church, even to the point of giving sermonettes in the local area, but he also became a more integral part of the student body and was appointed student body president.

During the summer following this year Mr. Cole went on a baptizing tour across the

United States with a minister, Mr. Paul Smith.

"We met well over a hundred people and baptized somewhere around 70," Mr. Cole stated.

On his return from that trip Mr. Cole was married to Miss Doris Lee Allen from Batesville, Ark.

They both continued as students the next year, she as a junior and he as a senior.

Then, after graduating the next June from the college where he had intended to "prove I don't belong," Mr. Cole, accompanied by his wife, was sent out as a field minister.

### The Ministry

"I didn't know where I was going after graduation until just days before graduation. Then Mr. Armstrong announced the assignments. I was to go to Corpus Christi."

Since it was a new experience for him, his brother was to accompany him and break the ice.

"I remember Mr. Armstrong taking me for a walk around campus the evening before we left and giving me some advice and pointers on dealing with people and some of the problems I could expect," Mr. Cole remarked.

In June of 1954 the church in Corpus Christi, Tex., was begun. After three weeks his brother left him there as full-time pastor of a church where only one week before he had given his first full-length sermon.

That was the first in a long list of field assignments for Mr. Wayne Cole. In 1956 he was moved from Corpus Christi, having at that point charge not only over that church but also over two others he had started in the meantime.

San Antonio and Houston, Tex., were the two other churches, making it necessary for Mr. Cole to drive hundreds of miles each weekend and preach three services, one on Friday night and two on Saturday.

"I wasn't the only one doing that," he noted.

It was after four months with this three-church circuit that he was moved to Tacoma, Wash.

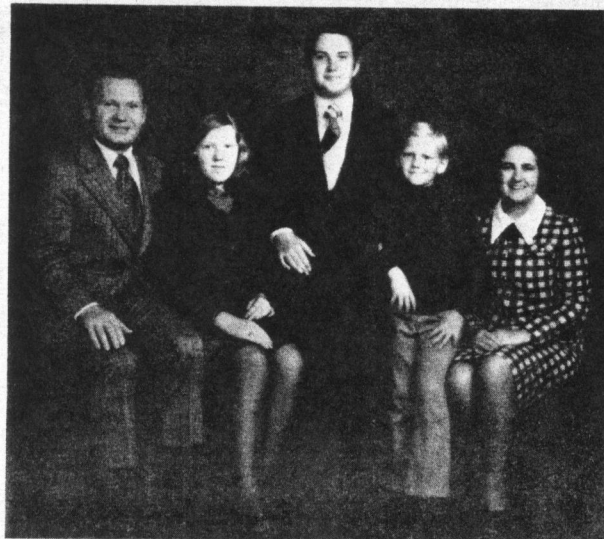
By now it was a family of three; Mr. Cole's first child, Randall Brian, was born in Corpus Christi in 1955.

After spending a year pastoring the church in Tacoma and copastoring the church in Portland, it was on the road once more as Mr. Cole and family spent the summer of 1957 visiting church members in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida and South Carolina.

From there it was on to Illinois and a three-church circuit there for six months, including churches at St. Louis, Mo.; Chicago, Ill.; and Milwaukee, Wis. Here the Coles took the place of Mr. Dean Blackwell.

In 1958 they left for the Ministerial Conference and following that went back up to Washington to take the place of Mr. James Friddle, who was

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THE COLE FAMILY — Shown here in a family portrait are Mr. Wayne Cole; Patricia, 15; Randall, 18; Richard, 8; and Mrs. Dorris Lee Cole. (Photo by Joseph Clayton)

# Cole

(Continued from page 4)

returning to college.

Then in May of that year it was on to Pittsburgh, Pa., where a church was begun and a second child was born, Patricia Ann.

In November of 1959 a church was added in Akron, Ohio, and it was in that area that Mr. Cole remained as pastor until the end of 1960.

After coming to college for the conference in January of 1961, Mr. Cole remained to pick up another semester at college. Then he was to go to South Africa to open the office there.

While waiting for the necessary visas, Mr. Cole went to Memphis, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., to begin churches there.

Mr. Ronald Dart assisted in organizing these churches and stayed on as pastor in August of 1961 when

Mr. Cole left for overseas.

While he was in Memphis, however, his plans were changed; it was decided that he would not be going to South Africa but to Australia, to take the place of Mr. Gerald Waterhouse, who would open the office in South Africa.

"The Work in Australia was in many ways a microcosm of what it is here," Mr. Cole remarked. "We had a mail-receiving department, a small press, a visiting program and churches."

The Cole family, which increased by one more son to its full complement of five in 1965 with the addition of Richard Allen, spent 11 years in Australia. They lived in Sydney, where Mr. Cole directed the office and pastored a church.

In 1969 he was made vice president for financial affairs and planning for the Church and the college, for Australia, New Zealand and the Far East.

In 1972 both Mr. Wayne Cole and his brother Raymond were brought back to Pasadena for responsibilities at headquarters.

Mr. Cole noted that it was not an easy move, considering all the friends they had made and the home they had established in Australia.

The office and responsibilities there were turned over to Mr. Dennis Laker, and the Coles came to the United States, where Mr. Cole assumed responsibilities as vice president for publishing.

"My present responsibilities are vice president for the Publishing Division, including the administration of the editorial function of *The Plain Truth* and the Booklet Department; executive editor of *The Good News*; and director of the Press," Mr. Cole explained.

He is also still involved in the Work as a minister and is scheduled for a campaign in Spokane, Wash., in early December.

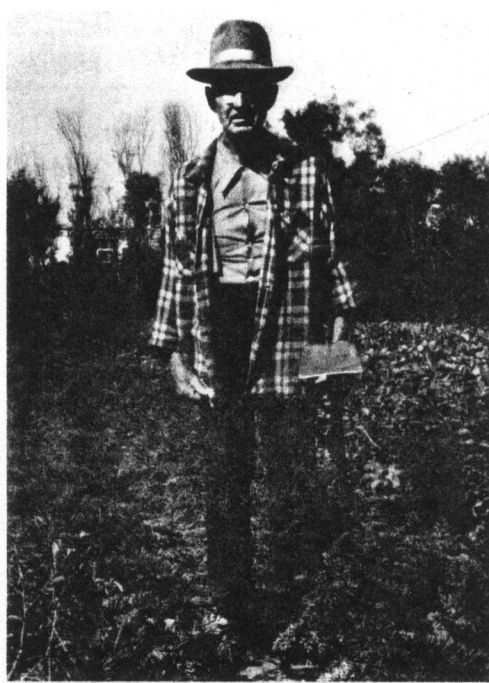
### Looking Ahead

Though mounted on one of the walls of his home are a couple of hunting and fishing trophies, Mr. Cole does not find a lot of leisure for his hobbies or sports, those trophies being reminiscent of past opportunities.

His time and energies are now directed very much toward his job and responsibilities here.

"We are trying," Mr. Cole remarked, "to turn the Publishing Division into a complete functioning division so that there are the right lines of communication and so people are responsive."

"I find myself in the challenging and rewarding position of trying to pull people together to do a job, and I'm quite busy with that."



**WEEDS, BEWARE!** — Frank Skinner, an 84-year-old retired farmer, is shown on an acre of garden which he kept in top shape this summer while staying with a daughter in Michigan. Skinner has 11 children and 15 grandchildren who are members of the Church. Story appears below. (Photo by Gladden Skinner)

## Retired farmer enjoys his harvest of 11 children, 15 grandchildren

By Mildred Skinner

ELKHART, Ind. — Frank Skinner, an 84-year-old retired farmer, has reared children in the way they should go and now has reaped the tremendous blessings of having 11 children and 15 grandchildren who are baptized members of the Worldwide Church of God. (This includes a son-in-law, a daughter-in-law and grandsons-in-law.)

In addition to this, he has over 20 grandchildren and great-grandchildren who attend services but are not old enough for baptism.

Fred Skinner, who had no formal education but is an avid reader, had read and understood what the Bible said and taught it to his young son, Frank. When Frank was only about 19 years of age he and his father baptized each other because they

couldn't find a minister who would immerse them as the Bible clearly states is the mode of baptism.

They also observed the foot-washing service and attempted to keep the Holy Days.

Being a Christian was a serious thing to this young man, and the remainder of his life has been dedicated to pleasing God.

He reared his family of five sons and six daughters by teaching them all he could understand. The Sabbath was spent resting from their labors and reading and discussing the Scriptures.

Most people need more to associate with than what Dad says, and even though they each maintained a deep respect and belief, his children did go their own ways as they left home.

## Poem written in memory

The following poem was written by a member of the Detroit, Mich., church who wanted to share her thoughts with the brethren.

"In Memory of Sue"

By Carolyn M. Pfeister

She was young, her whole life to live.

Mother of two; so much to give.

A terrible accident took her young life.

Loved by Ron; she was his wife.

Her life was cut short at 26 years. We suffer her loss and shed many tears.

Her children were spared; so innocent are they.

Tragically deprived of a mother this day.

There's heartache and sorrow this October day.

Sue's happy life was taken away.

Her family struggles to go on. It will be hard for the children and Ron.

Life ended for her, but we're thankful to say,

God promises to restore it one day.

A sister in the Truth, Sue was our friend.

Our thanks be to God; we will see her again.

## Inmate writes open letter to Church

By Judd Kirk

DETROIT, Mich. — May 28 we reported to you the amazing story of the baptism and Passover of Jack Walker, who is an inmate at Jackson State Prison, Jackson, Mich.

Since that time many, many brethren have expressed much interest in Jack, desiring to know more about him and write to him.

In an effort to accommodate these inquiries I asked him to write a short open letter to the Church. Here is his personal letter to you brethren:

"It has been in my mind, especially after a visit with Pastor Judd Kirk and Steve Nutzman this afternoon, that I should try and write a general letter of thanks to our God and Father and to His precious chosen people.

"Since I was baptized in April, it has been absolutely amazing how all these humble and sincere people of God have shown their kindness and care toward me. In so many, many ways through their letters and in visiting me (and not only that, but some have visited my mother) all of this shows much, much concern.

"It was freely done, as I did not ask them to do it. I thank God for this exceeding great kindness because these things really show true Christianity in action. These reflect our Lord Jesus Christ, because this is what He would have done. He is our Example.

"It is impossible for me to thank God enough, and all you brothers and sisters in this short letter — it must be short because of lack of space.

"Thanks to God for the preaching of Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Ted Armstrong, who so very thoroughly and patiently speak and live the Word of God.

"And thanks to Pastor Kirk and Pastor Nutzman, who baptized me. My prayer always is that whatever time I have left in this body I may serve our Father and His Church with every breath and talent that He might stir up in me."

Jack signed the letter: "With brotherly love to all, Jack."

Jack's letter gives you an idea why it is such an inspiration for us to visit with him. Since so many have asked to write to Jack we are going to publish his address in this article. He is very excited about hearing from all of you.

We do ask, however, that some wait to write him so that the prison is not deluged with mail.

His address: Jack Walker, No. 120575, 4000 Cooper Street, Jackson, Mich., 49204.



**WINTER'S AROUND THE CORNER** — Crisp, cool air foretells the arrival of winter. This squirrel in the East Texas woods was busily darting from tree to tree in preparation for cold weather.

Skinner led a very lonely and unusual life as he tenaciously held fast to what he knew was right. With absolutely no connection or affiliation with any person or church, he lived approximately 49 years of his life keeping the Sabbath and following Bible principles by himself.

It wasn't until he had listened to Mr. Herbert Armstrong for three years and began to introduce *The World Tomorrow* broadcast to two of his sons that his children began returning to the things he had taught them in their youth.

At the age of 68 Skinner attended his first Holy Day service, in Chicago. Imagine his tears of joys when he heard Mr. Dean Blackwell preaching the truth from the Bible as he sat there among over 500 other people who believed as he did.

In his added years, past his allotted threescore and ten, Skinner has reaped the rich blessings of seeing many in his family building meaningful lives, and he has traversed much of the eastern half of the United States.

He has attended many Feasts of Tabernacles, in Texas, Jekyll Island, Mount Pocono and Wisconsin Dells.

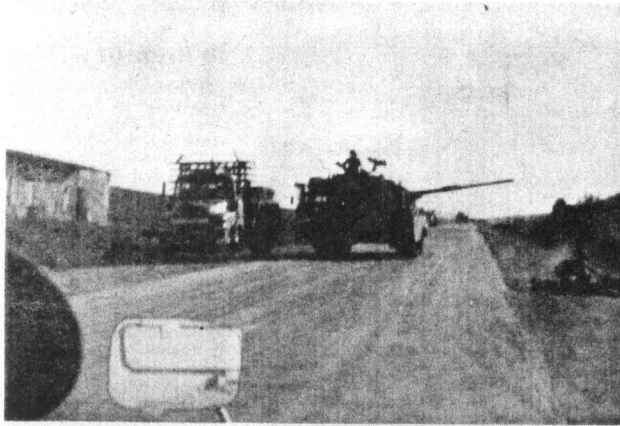
Skinner is still quite active and enjoys doing any work he can do. His favorite is gardening, and he keeps the gardens weedless and the lawns green and groomed where he resides with his children.

Since becoming affiliated with God's Church 17 years ago, Skinner has attended services faithfully until the past few months when his failing health has hindered him. He still enjoys having the local brethren drop in for a friendly chat.

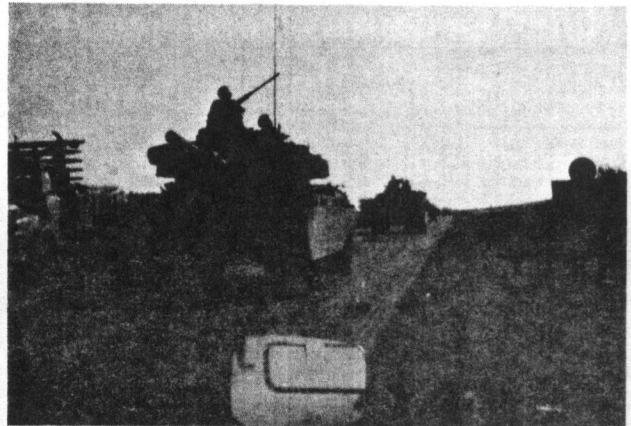
## Now you know

By United Press International

Until 1907, motorized fire pump vehicles had two engines, one to drive the pump and the other to propel the truck.



IN THE MIDDLE OF WAR — These pictures were taken driving back to Jerusalem from the Syrian front as Georgia Levas and Brian Hickson passed much of the might of Israel's armor



pouring north. They describe their experience in trying to get out of the country to attend the Feast in two articles below. (Photos by Georgia Levas)

At the outbreak of the October Arab-Israeli conflict — the "Yom Kippur War" — only two Church members were in Israel. Georgia Levas of Seattle, Wash., was being trained to become a volunteer teacher and was stationed at Qiryat Shemona, a small village adjacent to the Golan Heights directly behind Israel's front line with Syria in the North.

Brian Hickson, a former Bricket Wood student, was living in the comparative safety of Jerusalem.

Here are their exciting firsthand accounts of the opening 48 hours of hostilities — forty-eight hours in which Hickson drove north into the war zone to snatch Miss Levas from the front; forty-eight hours in which they hoped against hope for a flight out of Israel to England and the peace and safety of the Minehead Feast site . . .

## Mideast war drama unfolds before member, first 48 hours of war-zone action recounted

By Georgia Levas

BRICKET WOOD — There was nothing much I could do in my room in Qiryat Shemona Oct. 6 on the Day of Atonement but afflict my soul and study the Scriptures. It was a typical hot day and everything was quiet.

Saturday, 2 p.m. — I suddenly heard the deep, thundering roar of many planes overhead. I hurried to my veranda to watch them fly past. Qiryat Shemona is only five miles from Lebanon and 15 miles from Syria, and it was not unusual to see planes overhead; there were dogfights at times on the border.

Therefore, everyone took it for granted that the planes were Israeli and that they were coming home from another dogfight.

But the planes kept on coming and coming. Suddenly, before my eyes, three bombs were released from one of the planes. It was a frightening sight. This was no mere dogfight. Those planes were Syrian MIGs.

Meanwhile, jeeps, buses and cars filled with men stormed down the street. Every man available was hur-

rying off to his reserve unit.

Ambulances were rushing to the nearby town that was bombed.

I was getting very tense watching this drama unfold before me. Planes and more planes were flying in. A short time later the deep-sounding sirens were blaring.

War had broken out in Israel.

I could not believe that I was in the middle of a war. All of us ran to the bomb shelters. Radios were blaring with bulletins every 15 minutes. Syria had attacked the North, and Egypt had crossed over the Suez Canal.

### Sky Blackened

2:30 p.m. — My roommate and I returned to our room and watched the war from the veranda. The sky was blackened by exploding bombs. Air fights raged overhead. I had the Bible in one hand — reading Matthew 24 and Psalms — and my camera in the other hand. I was asking God every second to protect me.

4:30 p.m. — The sirens were blaring; the fighting was getting closer.

All Israeli-occupied territory was recaptured by the Arabs.

6 p.m. — We ate supper; the Day of Atonement was over. It was pitch-dark outside. The entire country was in a blackout.

7:30 p.m. — I called the only other member of the Church who remained in the country, Brian Hickson from England. He was living in Jerusalem. I excitedly told him what was happening and that he was not to leave Israel for the Feast of Tabernacles in Minehead, England, without me.

We both had tickets to leave Israel on Oct. 8.

He wanted to drive up to Qiryat Shemona to get me, but I advised him not to. We both agreed to contact each other the following night to figure out a plan.

### No Flight From Israel

There was no mode of transportation out of Qiryat Shemona, and no flights were leaving Israel.

That evening I slept in my room because I was determined not to miss

any of the war. Everyone else slept in the shelters.

Throughout the night the nearby towns were being constantly shelled.

Sunday, 3 a.m. — I received a phone call from my family in Seattle, Wash. I assured them that I was safe and that there was no need to worry.

4 a.m. — The sirens were blowing. I ran back to the bomb shelter.

Later that morning all occupied territory was recaptured by the Israelis. Many of us left the shelter and went outside; smoke from the ground battle was everywhere in the distance. Two blocks away a school had been shelled the night before.

10 a.m. — Israeli Phantoms were flying overhead; they were going toward Syria. They were flying so low that my roommate exclaimed we could see the cavities of all the pilots.

The noise from the Phantoms was unbearable. I was praying madly for God to help me to evacuate.

11 a.m. — We had an emergency meeting. Our program leader said that we were to evacuate. A bus was to be hired to take us all to Tel Aviv, where we were to be assigned to all the kibbutzim (community settlements) around Jerusalem to work as volunteers for at least two weeks — or until the war was over.

We had to pack clothing for two weeks. Everything else had to be left behind.

I said that I was packing to go to England and that this war was not going to stop me.

I was told to face reality — that we were at war and no one was leaving the country.

Nevertheless, I was determined not to miss my first Feast of Tabernacles. We were all to evacuate no later than 4 p.m. that day.

2 p.m. — The eleventh hour! Everyone was frantically packing. I ran out of my room to ask someone to help with my luggage and nearly collided with . . . Brian Hickson. He had driven north in spite of my advice that he should not.

And was I glad he had come! From that moment on I was confident that we would make it to England.

### Check this out!

LONG EATON, England (UPI) — City taxes were so high, thought Barry Thompson, that his local council might as well be asking for the shirt off his back — so he sent it to them.

Written on it was a check for \$175. A bank spokesman said they were bound to accept it and cited a precedent — in 1970 someone cashed a check written on a cow at another branch.

## Close calls mark hectic evacuations

By Brian Hickson

JERUSALEM — It was about 4:30 p.m., Oct. 6. I was lying on my bed, clad in a bath towel, reading Mr. Armstrong's *Autobiography*. Life was very comfortable for me at this point.

The family of Mr. Richard Frankel (the Jerusalem office manager) and the family of Chris Patton, all Church members living in Israel, had gone away a week before, and guess who was looking after the Jerusalem office!

That sounds quite good, doesn't it? Actually, all I had to do was to look after the garden and the dog and discourage anyone from walking off with the roses.

Also, I had to pick up any mail that came through. They had left me plenty of money and an unlimited account at the local supermarket.

I was on the pig's back. My only worry was that the day would never end . . .

The bell rang. It was our Arab neighbor, Mike Musallam, a former student at Bricket Wood.

"We're at war!" he told me. "Syria and Egypt have attacked!" "Oh, really?" I said. "Can I offer you a drink?"

### Sliding Off the Pig

"It's serious," said Mike. "The Syrians are bombing Qiryat Shemona."

Qiryat Shemona! There was a Church member up there, a 24-year-old volunteer teacher from Seattle, Wash., Georgia Levas.

With a surge of annoyance I pictured myself sliding down off my pig into the college Landrover and on up north to Qiryat Shemona to rescue this distressed damsel.

It wasn't fair. I wasn't feeling a bit heroic. All I wanted was some food.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, off I went, ignoring several concerned Arab neighbors, who gravely assured me that I would undoubtedly be killed.

Well, maybe my reputation as a driver had preceded me.

Actually, the drive was easy. There was virtually nothing on the roads till Tiberias, except soldiers.

I gave many of these lifts, partly as a safeguard. I didn't want the vehicle commandeered, and I thought there might be roadblocks, so I figured that a few soldiers in the back wouldn't do any harm.

Near Rosh Pinna we passed almost the whole Israeli army having a tea break after, as we learned, hurling the Syrians back off the Golan Heights.

At that stage they were all very cocky, and one pilot assured us that the Syrians were already beaten!

By now it was only the second day of the war. Sunday. Their attitude changed later on.

Qiryat Shemona. Where was the shelling? Where were the planes? The thunder of artillery? I saw a few tanks in the ditches and a dead mule, plus a few lamp posts knocked over. Other than that — nothing.

Was I thankful? No, not at first. My first reaction was one of disappointment. That's right — disappointment.

I finally found Georgia, extremely elated at my arrival.

### Noisier Than Motorbikes

We drove back to Jerusalem down the Jordan Valley. As we went we met an incredible array of armor heading north for Syria.

It was pitch-dark by this time, and I remember feeling slightly concerned. You see, each tank had only one light in the center, and in the dark they looked just like motorbikes.

They made rather more noise, of course, and took up more of the road.

They also inspired more awe than motorbikes normally do. It was a miracle that we weren't flattened or arrested — or shelled!

One of the tanks pointed its gun in our direction, which made us polish our fingernails nervously. Ours was the only civilian vehicle we saw for miles, and we got the impression we should have been somewhere else.

Jerusalem was dead. There was no one around. Everyone was at home, and can you blame them?

# Member sees need for food service, helps Big Sandy make a comeback

**By James Worthen**  
**BIG SANDY** — "I usually work 14 hours a day. We open up at 9 o'clock in the morning and close about 11 o'clock at night."

These were the words of Ken Burgin, manager of a new eating establishment, the Big Sandy Dairy Queen, and member of the Worldwide Church of God.

A Dairy Queen in Big Sandy? Are you kidding?

If you are familiar with Big Sandy, you probably feel the town has seen better days.

But Big Sandy seems to be making a comeback; there is an increased amount of activity in the town.

A new bank is going up, and so is a new high school.

Several other buildings are being built or are being planned for the future.

A family recreational center has been added to the town.

But the newest building functioning is the Big Sandy Dairy Queen.

The manager and the one who came up with the idea of the new Dairy Queen is 21-year-old Ken Burgin, a member of the Big Sandy A.M. church.

Burgin came up with the idea after managing two Burger Boy franchises, in Marshall and Carthage,

Tex., for a year and a half. "I wanted to get closer to the college, and I felt the area needed a service like this," were reasons Burgin gave for opening the Dairy Queen on the west side of Big Sandy.

Burgin comes from Big Sandy; his father is a night watchman for Ambassador. He graduated from Imperial High School — located on the Ambassador College campus in Big Sandy — in 1970.

During his first year after graduation Burgin worked as a carpenter in the East Texas area.

About that time he began dating Sharon Siler of Marshall, who attended the Longview, Tex., church.

Sharon worked in a Dairy Queen, and many were the times Burgin had to wait in the Dairy Queen while Sharon finished her shift.

It was during this time that he became familiar with the Dairy Queen operation.

One day while off work Burgin helped out when the Dairy Queen was short of help, and he liked the work. That was his introduction to what has turned out to be his career.

After Sharon became Mrs. Burgin, Ken went to work for his father-in-law. He began managing the two Burger Boy franchises, owned by his father-in-law.

He continued managing these franchises until coming to Big Sandy.

The Big Sandy Dairy Queen opened around Sept. 1. Burgin said business "had really been good until after the Feast."

He felt business had sagged a little bit but that it was beginning to pick back up.

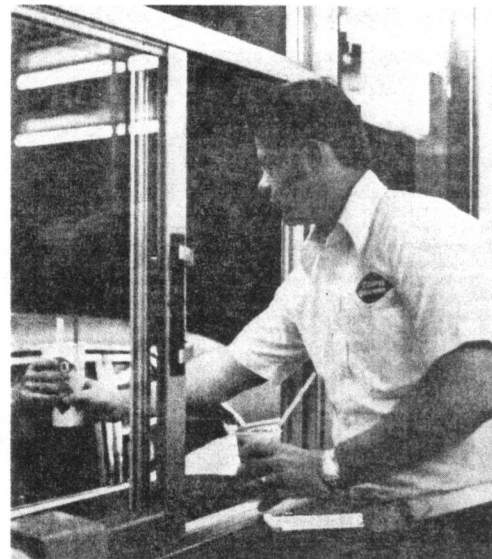
Burgin doesn't own the Big Sandy Dairy Queen, although it was his idea to build one in Big Sandy. As manager, however, he runs the entire operation — from hiring the help (presently 12 people) to making sure all needed supplies are on hand.

Much of the meat the Dairy Queen sells is pure beef, from the chili dogs to the hamburgers.

The operation makes its own hamburger patties instead of using the normal Dairy Queen patties.

The rest of the operation is highly efficient, and the building is quite clean.

Big Sandy is definitely growing, and the Dairy Queen must rank as an example of that growth.



**DAIRY QUEEN MANAGER** — Ken Burgin, 21, of the Big Sandy A.M. church is the manager of the new Dairy Queen in Big Sandy. The eating establishment opened around Sept. 1. (Photo by John Anderson)



**WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?** — Dairy Queen manager Ken Burgin and his wife stand behind the service area in the new Big Sandy Dairy Queen. (Photo by Ron Kylmala)

## Canadian brethren reached

**By Lyle V. Simons**  
**Pastor, Prince George Church**  
**PRINCE GEORGE, British Columbia** — You have heard of "North to Alaska"? Well, what about "North to the Northwest Territories"?

"Where is that?" you might ask. It's part of a huge, vast hinterland in northern Canada north of the 60th parallel. Pine Point, Northwest Territories, was the farthest point on a visiting trip that we took late last summer to visit members and prospective members in northern British Columbia, Alberta and the Northwest Territories.

I was accompanied by Mr. Ira

Lamb, one of our local deacons, for the trip.

We traveled in excess of 2,100 miles in six long days, several hundred miles of which were driven on gravel roads.

We made a total of 26 visits on this trip, including eight brand-new visits to interested people who had requested a visit.

This was a very encouraging and inspiring trip. Nearly all of the newly interested people were very sincere and enthusiastic about this way of life. Most of these people were already tithing and keeping the Sabbath.

We heard many encouraging stories of how some were blessed when they started obeying God's laws.

Overall, it was a very rewarding and inspiring trip. It reminded me of the need to remember those people who are scattered in many parts of the world, including North America.

God is calling people in all areas and circumstances. They need our prayers and concern. They also need contact with God's Church and someone to answer their questions and teach them God's way of life.

We are hoping for a Bible study somewhere in northern Alberta in the near future to serve more of these people.

## Personal

(Continued from page 1)

may grant me continued life and vigorous strength and energy that these meetings may continue and be held more and more often.

NEVER, in the history of the world, has anything like this ever happened. THINK OF IT! It almost staggers the imagination! God began getting His GOSPEL of the Kingdom, as foretold in Matthew 24:14, Mark 13:10, etc., to the world through me by radio, starting Jan. 7, 1934. IT BEGAN from Eugene, Ore., in the United States. It could not have BEGUN in any other

## Church members respond to help children's center

**By Rose Hawk**

**SANTA ROSA, Calif.** — "Worldwide Church of God Hears Call for Volunteers," said a surprise headline in the Sept. 2 Santa Rosa Press Democrat.

The occasion reported was the response of some of the members of the Santa Rosa church to the need of Lane Children's Center, near Sebastopol, Calif., for helping in painting and decorating one of its individual cottages used in housing its students.

The center specializes in helping disturbed and retarded children.

Mr. Charles F. Scott, pastor of the Santa Rosa and Fairfield churches, had discovered the need, which several of our members decided to fill.

They included the Brownson family, Carl Boe, the Ken Gramlichs, Hal Sutton, Erwin Gray, the Roger Boes, the Gerald Petersons, Ed Mauzey, and our own Bill "Paint-in-the-Hair" O'Riley.

The job went on from early morning to 10 p.m. Sunday, July 22. The paint, also volunteered, came in a wide array, as did material for curtains.

Bright contrasts from room to room were the result. They ran from orange to blue to aquamarine. Some of the crew returned Monday to put on the finishing touches and to hang new curtains.

It was pleasing to have the Press Democrat go on to report that "members [of the Worldwide Church of God] believe in helping others wherever they can and as much as they can."

country! In no other country could we have had the advantages of opportunity to buy time on radio to proclaim the message to the public, in a country where even the poor people could afford to finance it, and where money could be provided to carry the Gospel into other countries. In nations such as Britain, France, Germany, Japan, etc., even if the people were able to finance it (which they are not), the governments would not allow the money to be sent out of the country to reach the nations.

In a democratic country like the United States, the real HEAD AUTHORITY is the PEOPLE. It is government OF THE PEOPLE and BY THE PEOPLE. Here and in Canada we were able to START THE WORK by reaching FIRST THE GENERAL PUBLIC OF THE PEOPLE.

But in dictatorships, like China, Russia, Thailand, Indonesia, etc., the governments exercise CONTROL over the minds of their people. There is no free press, no possibility of purchasing time on radio or television to get God's message to the public in such countries. In other countries, such as Britain, France, Germany, Japan, India, Mexico, these facilities are controlled by the governments. In other words, the HEAD AUTHORITY in these countries is NOT the people, but the GOVERNMENT — the king, the president or the prime minister.

And so — miracle of miracles — the Eternal God has opened the doors so that I have been invited for personal meetings, averaging 45 minutes to over an hour, with these HEADS of state. More, God has somehow given me favor in their eyes that in many cases has grown to the state of real, deep AFFECTION. God has given me such status and favor in their eyes that they LISTEN to me, and now it is actually beginning to come to pass that they WANT their people to HEAR this message.

The missionaries have gone into these nations — BUT THEY DID NOT CARRY THE TRUE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST THERE! They proclaimed Christ, the Messenger God sent to earth 1,900 years ago with God's MESSAGE, but they did not proclaim the MESSAGE which is the GOSPEL!

God has shown me how to teach this message, NOT by calling it "the Gospel," which would mean to them the teaching of the missionaries (which they would refuse to hear), but as THE WAY TO WORLD PEACE — as the message of CAUSE AND EFFECT — as the GIVE way instead of the self-centered GET way — THE WAY of God's law, but without necessarily

calling it that — and by showing them that the world has NEVER SEEN or HEARD OF this very heart and core of the Bible, which has been misrepresented, twisted, its main message deleted, falsely interpreted. When they hear it in plain, simple, common-sense language, IT MAKES SENSE TO THEM.

For many years we ministers wondered how we were going to get the true Gospel into these Gentile nations. Now God has opened THE DOOR!

Our NO. 1 commission is NOT to merely hold our local church services. This could degenerate into a sort of local social club — and in worldly churches it has! Our NO. 1 commission and purpose to our being is to get the GOSPEL TO ALL THE WORLD, INTO ALL NATIONS.

Every member of God's Church has that as a GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.

I didn't know this all out. At first, I didn't know why these doors were being opened for the personal meetings with heads of state. Sometimes God works this way to cause us to see what HE has in mind — what HE wants to do. And sooner or later, He always manages to get it through to my mind WHAT HE WANTS — WHERE HE IS GUIDING AND DIRECTING.

Well, before I close this "Personal" to you, back to this coming trip: At New Delhi, we will learn what progress has been made toward my meeting with heads of state in the People's Republic of India. Ethiopian ambassador to India Mekasha was invited also. And since he has an official government position, we are leaving it to him to carry out the arrangements through the Chinese ambassador to Ethiopia, through whom the invitation came. It is possible we may go there on this trip.

From New Delhi (or China), we plan to make our first visit to Tehran, Persia. Then on to Israel, if the war situation allows. Then to Bonn, Germany, where I am invited to be guest of honor at a dinner hosted by the president of West Germany. Then to our campus in England, then back to Pasadena, completing another trip around the world.

I forgot to mention at the beginning, we have to go to Manila via Alaska and Japan, because of the ENERGY CRISIS. We learned we could not refuel the plane in Hawaii. But, believe it or not, it is 500 miles shorter the way we are going!

We are now nearing the Los Angeles area; please remember to continue praying for me, as well as Garner Ted, all the ministers, and the WORK, and ONE ANOTHER!

## Late Feast reports

# Near disasters threaten sites, but Filipinos spared at Feast

By Colin Adair

MANILA, Philippines — If you have any doubts as to which people Satan is most angry with, the events of the Feast of Tabernacles in the Philippines should dispel them.

For three months the Philippines had experienced fine weather. In fact, although it was the rainy season, the rainfall had been below normal. The usual typhoons were conspicuous by their absence.

Yet during the Feast week no less than three strong typhoons battered the island of Luzon!

No. 1 — Typhoon Luming — headed toward the country a few days before the brethren were due to leave for Baguio. It was reported to be the strongest in a decade, packing winds of 170 miles per hour at its center.

And it was heading straight for Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. John Halford were with us over Atonement en route to Malaysia to keep the Feast there. They had made it to Manila in spite of airport strikes in Australia (that's another story!).

But Typhoon Luming threatened to devastate Manila and possibly prevent them from leaving by wreaking havoc with air transportation.

### Changed Direction

Many prayers went up for the typhoon to be turned. Satan did not want the Halfords to get to Kuala Lumpur, but God did.

Before reaching the eastern coast of Luzon, Luming changed direction from due west to northeast. Manila was spared, and the destructive typhoon sped north, passing over northern Luzon.

The edge of the roaring windstorm struck Baguio, causing landslides and blocking the mountain road.

In Manila we felt the side effects

Sunday afternoon with high winds and torrential rain.

But by Monday morning Manila was calm, and the Halfords left on schedule for Malaysia.

There was still the question of whether we could proceed to Baguio the next evening, Tuesday.

Anxiously we waited for news. By evening the landslides had been cleared, and the mountain road was open, saving us an hour-long detour through another province.

Unfortunately, the typhoon prevented a few brethren from leaving the southern provincial areas in time for the Feast. Our expected total attendance of 1,000 was thus reduced to 961.

Two days into the Feast the newspaper reported typhoon No. 2! Nicknamed Milling, this one was much weaker, with winds of about 105 miles per hour.

Thankfully, Milling veered almost due north after its westward course toward Luzon and merely skirted the northern tip of the country.

Satan was still anxious to disrupt the Feast, so typhoon No. 3 was reported! Packing winds of around 125 miles per hour, Narsing headed northwest across central Luzon. Baguio lay directly in its path, and it looked like we would get the evil eye.

### Baguio Spared

But the morning paper showed that the typhoon had been turned from its northwest course to directly west, and Baguio was spared the full brunt of its fury.

However, we did get the side-sweep. When the brethren left the very fine semiformal dance Monday evening, Oct. 15, it was raining quite heavily.

About 11 p.m. the wind suddenly rose. All that night the area was battered, the noise keeping many from sleeping.

On Tuesday morning we couldn't see out of our window because of the torrential rain (it was the sixth day). It looked like the services would have to be canceled.

But by 9 a.m. the weather had cleared somewhat. The wind had dropped perceptibly, and we were able to proceed.

After the morning service the rains increased again and continued all afternoon.

The power was off all day, but by rigging the sound system to a car battery the speakers at the morning service were able to be heard.

Our variety show was scheduled for that night. We determined to push through with it and arranged to hire a generator to give us the necessary power that evening. Everyone's spirits were still high, and we were determined not to let Satan discourage us one whit!

Talk around the city indicated the power would possibly be off for three days. It might take that long for the electric company to check all its cables.

### Electricity Back On

But God answered the continued prayers of His people. At 6:30 p.m. that evening the electricity was back on — one hour before the scheduled show! We started a little late, but the show went on and was a big success.

It seemed like Satan gave up after that! God's people stayed in a fine attitude and God Himself thwarted Satan's attempts to stop the celebration of His Feast in Baguio.

The weather was fine after that and the Last Great Day dawned calm, warm and sunny.

The Feast in Baguio, in spite of these problems, was the most smooth-running Feast ever, with stirring messages, fine food, professional entertainment and very little sickness.

We had the added pleasure of having Mr. Bob Mitchell (pastor of the Ballarat and Bendigo churches in South Australia) and his wife with us during the eight days. They said it was the most enjoyable Feast they had ever attended.

Visitors from Guam, Brisbane, Tokyo and Pasadena also expressed their enjoyment of the Feast.

The Holy Day offering on the first day was 59.8 percent up from last year, and the Last Great Day saw an increase of 69 percent over the previous year.

Added excitement for the brethren was the presence of world chess champion Bobby Fischer on the Last Great Day. After sundown he joined us at the Baguio Country Club for an informal get-together for those who had entertained us.

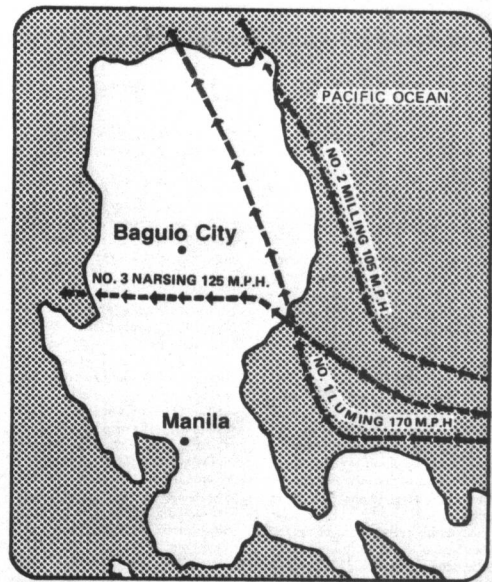
### Mindanao Feasts

Down in central Mindanao Mr. Pedro Ortiguero spent the entire Feast at Don Carlos with the leaders there. Six hundred sixty-five were in attendance.

In eastern Mindanao, close to Davao City, 265 brethren kept the Feast in Tagum.

So all together 1,891 people kept God's Festival in the Philippines at our three sites. (The map in the latest *Good News* shows four sites. This is an error; Teachers Camp is the place in Baguio, not a separate location as shown.)

The brethren here are looking forward already to next year's Feast. Why not come and join us? You would be most welcome.



PATHS OF WINDS — Map shows paths of three typhoons which battered the Philippine island of Luzon during the Feast. See article at left.

## Volcanoes, fires, accidents don't stymie New Zealanders

By Karl Karlov

TAUPO, New Zealand — Strange, even potentially devastating "accidents" dogged the Feast of Tabernacles in New Zealand this year.

But paradoxically, in every instance these failed actually to harm God's Work or His people.

In the overall analysis, the Feast was outstandingly smooth, relaxed and trouble-free.

The pattern of attempted disruptions began on the very eve of the Festival when most of the brethren were en route to the site at Taupo. On that day fire destroyed the nearly new, beautifully elegant ballroom that was hired as the location for Mr. David Jon Hill's personal-appearance campaign, to take place shortly after the Feast.

Another, older hall was hurriedly booked and its address included in our campaign publicity letters. A change of location it was, but overall plans were not affected.

Secondly, a hired minibus used for transporting brethren to and from the hall during the Feast broke a front axle — a situation which several mechanics assured us was "most unusual."

Thankfully, the wheel did not come off while the vehicle was in motion; that could obviously have resulted in a very serious accident. Instead, the wheel just sagged.

And when a mechanic jacked the vehicle up, with no effort at all the wheel slipped off in his hands!

Several nights later, at about midnight, one of our Auckland office staff members was disturbed by the sound of breaking glass downstairs from his first-floor motel room. Upon investigation, he found the dining room, immediately below his own room, ablaze!

Sections of the floor, tables, walls and curtains were alight. Fortunately, the heat had shattered a plate-glass window, providing an early alarm.

Our man roused the sleeping motel and saw to the evacuation of the building. Because of early detection, the fire was able to be extinguished without aid from the fire brigade.

But services of the police department were required; two entirely separate fires had been started, apparently deliberately, in different sections of the dining room.

It was later learned that four arson attempts had been made against that motel in the space of several months. But once again, God's people were not seriously affected. Another potentially tragic situation was averted.

Added to this, a volcano in the district was in unusually violent eruption right throughout the Festival period, showering ash and dust over a wide area — but, because of prevailing wind conditions, not over Taupo.

In spite of such distractions, the Feast itself proved most rewarding and uplifting, both physically and spiritually.

We had a total registration of 607, including visitors from Australia and the United States.

Sermons emphasized the reality and urgency of the worldwide rehabilitation work that will be the lot of those in the first resurrection.

Other messages stressed our need to be presently qualifying for that better resurrection.

We were privileged to have Mr. David Jon Hill and Mr. Tony Hammer and families visiting for portions of the Feast. Their sermons and their personal fellowship added considerably to the warmth and value of the Feast.

The weather for the most part was also fine — a little rain on occasions, some wind at other times, but mostly warm and sunny.

And Lake Taupo's renowned trout seemed to be doing their very best to cooperate with anyone holding a rod and line.

Many expressed that they truly gained great spiritual uplift and benefit from the Feast. As a token of their appreciation to God, the congregation returned Holy Day offerings that aggregated a 68 percent increase over the previous year, providing a very welcomed boost for the Work in New Zealand.

One final point: Upon returning from the Feast, we learned that the three other businesses which share the same floor with our Auckland office suite had been burgled during the Festival period, all having had material stolen and damaged. The front door of our offices carried a notice saying we were closed for the week.

You guessed it — our premises remained untouched!

## French-speaking brethren report from Praz-sur-Arly

By Joseph Cavallo

PRAZ-SUR-ARLY, France — The village of Praz-sur-Arly, in the French Alps, is where 610 French-speaking people of God's Church celebrated the Feast of Tabernacles this year.

Praz-sur-Arly, located about 40 miles from Geneva, was the host for the seventh consecutive year. Huge mountains, little rivers and scattered clusters of trees made Praz an appropriate setting for God's Feast.

All of God's Feast sites are special; Praz-sur-Arly is no exception. It has its facilities all within a few moments' walking distance. Meeting and dining halls, lodging and a small town are within very close proximity.

Delicious meals are prepared, and the famous French wines are readily available.

But even more important is the closeness of fellowship and togetherness of God's people which one experiences at the Feast.

### International Flavor

Also at Praz, a varied international flavor exists. In attendance were brethren not only from France, Switzerland and Belgium but also from Italy, Spain, Morocco, Tunisia, Cameroun, England, Canada and even the United States.

The Feast is a time to rest and to rejoice. Recreation included a visit to a spinning mill, excursions into the mountains and a picnic for single

people.

A group of students from the Bricket Wood campus, with the help of a few who came from Pasadena, conducted sing-alongs, games and slide shows and provided everybody with good entertainment.

Although it rained part of the time during the Feast, the news media revealed that terrible storms ravaged other parts of the country; several deaths were reported. The little rain at Praz was not so bad after all, and it was very badly needed by the local farmers.

### Hardly Any Difficulty

Strikes on railroads as well as other transportation and communication systems threatened to interfere in transporting brethren to and from the Feast site. Problems were averted by wise planning and God's intervention, and hardly any difficulty resulted for God's people.

Sermons, sermonettes and Bible studies were, of course, in the French language.

Subjects covered were basic. The overall theme of the Feast was the way to God's Kingdom.

Mr. Dibar Aparthian, director of the French phase of God's Work, conducted the Festival operation. He stated in his last sermon that the Feast of Tabernacles, which portrays the Kingdom of God, did not really end.

Indeed, for those in God's Church all over the world the spirit of the Feast shall always continue.



# Dr. Hoeh in South Pacific for Feast, tells of special two-week experience

By Herman L. Hoeh

NANDI, Fiji — We have just completed a private, in-depth tour of the raw-sugar mill at Lautoka, Fiji. It marks the completion of a two-week living experience in the South Pacific.

Keeping the Feast of Tabernacles anywhere is an experience that is a highlight of the year, but keeping it in the South Pacific is a very special experience.

Two days before our scheduled departure from California to keep the Feast in the kingdom of Tonga, a letter crossed my desk. It was from a reader of *The Plain Truth* in American Samoa. He suggested if any of the staff were to visit Samoa, he would be happy to meet them.

I immediately telephoned Mr. Jaeger in Pago Pago (pronounced Pango Pango) and explained to him that we would be arriving in American Samoa at 5:30 Friday morning.

And sure enough, two days later, amid a heavy tropical rain, there he was at the airport in Pago Pago to greet us before sunrise.

Through contact with Mr. Jaeger, who works in the communications field, we were able to meet later in

the day a Mr. King, editor of the Samoa News and a PT reader.

### New World of Information

When one talks to an editor of a newspaper (one also skilled in the legal profession), a whole new world of information opens up that the ordinary tourist never learns about.

The United States, for example, spends each year \$1,000 per person in American Samoa to help the Polynesian inhabitants.

As usual, a part of the sum is drained off in administrative corruption.

But the big tragedy is that the money which the people do receive from government jobs encourages indolence among relatives who sponge off a person who works for the government. No one, it seems, has faced the need to educate people to use their newfound prosperity properly.

From the island of Tutuila, on which Pago Pago is located, we flew Friday afternoon to the island of Upolu in Western Samoa.

We spent the Day of Atonement in Apia, the capital of this British-dominated group of islands.

Monuments, public buildings and firms in and around Apia bear German, British and American names — recalling the struggle between the great powers of pre-World War I days for the control of Samoa as a coaling station.

Today the Samoan Islands are so far removed from the mainstream of world events that we did not hear or read of the outbreak of hostilities in the Middle East.

Our Monday flight took us to the Fua'amotu airport on Tongatapu, where it was already Tuesday. Here we were greeted by one of our Tongan brethren, I. Toluta'u Ha'angana.

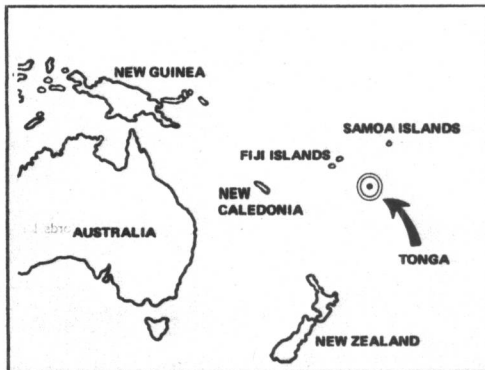
We greeted him with a cheerful "Malo e lelei!"

"Sese hake [how are you]?" we asked, and received the familiar "Sai pe [fine]."

We arrived at the newly completed fale — Tongan house.

The roof is of thatched coconut and lasts about one year. A few of the women had recently taken one day's time to complete the roof.

The fale will be available to visiting ministers and will serve throughout the remainder of the year as a lying-in room for mothers with new



TONGAN FEAST SITE — The map shows the location of Tonga in the South Pacific.

born babies.

### Good Feast Weather

Unlike last year, the Festival this year was without any significant rainfall. Continuous ocean breezes, tropical sunshine pouring down from brilliant blue and at times white-laced skies, and a rich, green lawn surrounded by coconut, papaya, banana — who could wish for a more quiet, restful setting?

Beneath the trees were the other fale for the brethren.

Tapioca, taro, yams and sweet potatoes, tomatoes, onions and lettuce surrounded us.

The spiritual state of the brethren in attendance equaled the physical surroundings. The nearly 50 brethren wished me to extend their warmest thanks for the letters, clothing and bedding sent this last year from the United States.

At the request of Mr. Graeme Marshall in New Zealand, Mr. Ha'angana was ordained a deacon.

The services were in Tongan and English and the music in beautiful four-part harmony with the accompaniment of an accordion.

New to the Feast this year was Pita Dakuni, a young Fijian from Savusavu on Vanua Levu, the second-largest island in Fiji.

We had the opportunity Monday afternoon, while wading on the corals at Laulea Beach, a few miles from the tabernacle grounds, to discuss Fijian traditions of creation, the Flood, the Tower of Babel, the children of Israel and the Ark of the Covenant — all of which are of premissionary origin.

Later in the afternoon we all visited a stalactite cave nearby in which is a large freshwater pool.

We also made arrangements, through Mr. and Mrs. Tora, Fijians who attended the Festival the past two years, to meet Fiji's leading scholar on Fijian traditions, Jisoua Bogidrau (pronounced Mbongindrau).

Late in the day the brethren prepared an umu in the earth for a sumptuous Tonga feast that night. Unlike traditional Tongan feasts, which have suckling pigs, this umu had coati and moa (goat and chicken) surrounded with root and leafy vegetables and fruits.

Everyone sat on matting cross-legged before giant banana leaves and coconut fronds laden with food. One normally eats with the fingers.

A Tongan dance, with children and young adults, music and singing, ended a beautiful evening.

### Baptized Solomonese

After bidding the brethren "Nafoa!" at the airport, we flew with the Toras to Suva, Fiji, where we spent the Sabbath.

On Sunday, after making arrangements with Mr. Bogidrau to correspond on matters of Fijian tradition, we met and baptized Colin D'Arcy, an intelligent young convert from Honiara, in Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands. He is completing

training in Suva and at the end of December will be returning to the Solomons.

Despite his name, he is a full-blooded Solomonese with a handsome, light-complexioned Melanesian face and frizzly brown hair.

We hope he can arrange to attend the Feast of Tabernacles in Tonga hereafter.

From Suva we flew to Nandi, on the west coast. The three of us, my wife, son Manfred and I, drove out to Sabeto (pronounced Sambeto) to meet a very personal friend, a Muslim, Abdul Aziz Dean, whose ancestors came to Fiji from India.

It was a very special occasion. This year the Muslim month of Ramadan corresponds to the month Tishri (the seventh month) in the Hebrew calendar.

Throughout the month devout Muslims fast during the day and break their fast at each sunset. (Though we never think of it, almost everyone in the world breaks a night fast at breakfast.)

The 30-day fast of Ramadan is to keep Muslims in mind that there are 30 books in the Koran and no more.

It is also to remind them of the suffering of humanity and the need for the Kingdom of God. (Muslims understand more of Jesus' good news than most Christians do.)

Near sunset we walked to the village mosque with Aziz, then returned to his home, where his wife and two sisters had prepared small dishes of fruits and Indian meats.

We broke the fast (we had had no lunch) with them; which he considered an honor.

### Visit to Sugar Mill

Next morning Aziz, who is a taxi driver, explained to his employer that he wanted to take us as his personal guests to the Lautoka sugar mill. The owner of the taxi service let Aziz have the use of his personal car for the trip.

The mill produces (from locally grown cane) molasses and raw sugar only. To discover how white sugar is made we would have to visit the Aiea sugar mill in Hawaii after leaving Fiji en route home from the Feast.

## It's enough to make you lose interest

LONDON (UPI) — A detective says that investigating a pornography case made him lose interest in sex, so he asked Scotland Yard to take him off the case.

Testifying in court, Detective Sgt. Norman Harris said having to sit through 30 films connected with the case made him lose interest in sex with his wife.

"I was surprised how my sex interest declined," he said.

**BASKETBALL AT AMBASSADOR** — The roaring crowd, supporting pep band, awarding of door prizes, exciting routines of enthusiastic cheerleaders and the nervous energy of the keyed-up players marked the opening of the Ambassador College Intramural Basketball League at the Big Sandy campus Saturday night, Nov. 3. Below are some pictures that captured the opening-night action. Below left: Mr. Jim Kissee of the faculty team runs through the line of cheerleaders (faculty members' children) to center court. Below right: In game action, Mr. Paul Alexander of the faculty drives toward the hoop for a lay-up as seniors Ken Treybig (behind) and Arlon Tomes (No. 52) try to defend. The defending-champion seniors continued their winning ways and edged the faculty 75-74. Bottom: In the opening game, freshman guard Ray Willingham starts his drive around sophomore Tom Engle as the other players await the development of the play. The sophomores proved victorious in this contest, 75-71. (Photos by Wayne Janes and Pete Leschak)





# Member waits 14 years for baptism, patience has become way of life

**By Jerry Gentry**  
**GUADALUPE, Nueva Leon, Mexico** — For 42-year-old Javier Flores of Guadalupe, patience has become a way of life. Perhaps this is an understatement, since the word patience has many degrees of meaning.

To explain further, not only did Flores wait 14 years for baptism, but today he continues to wait for even the opportunity to attend weekly Sabbath services (the closest Spanish-speaking church is Mexico City, 600 miles distant) or the Feast of Tabernacles.

Flores comes from a radically different life-style from most members of the Worldwide Church of God. He comes from what noted American anthropologist Oscar Lewis calls a "culture of poverty."

He has lived in a three-room house (clapboard shack by U.S. standards) in a slum district in Guadalupe, part of a sprawling Monterrey suburb of 250,000 people, for the past 12 years.

His street address is 4324 Callejon Sin Nombre — meaning Street with No Name — in Colonia Libertad, a section of Guadalupe.

It was in 1956 that Flores first heard *El Mundo de Manana* (*The World Tomorrow*) on radio. He began studying the Bible *Correspondence Course* and taking *La Pura Verdad* (the Spanish edition of *The Plain Truth*) and other literature of Ambassador College.

**Visited by Dr. Rea**

He was first visited in 1957 by the late Dr. Benjamin Rea.



Years later he was also visited by Mr. Delfino Sandoval, minister in San Antonio, Tex., who baptized Flores in January, 1972.

Flores now keeps the Sabbath alone in his home.

Soon Flores will move out of Guadalupe and into a much better place in the suburbs about five miles away. There he will have electricity, gas, sewer and running water.

In the slum he has electricity but uses it little; a single light bulb lights the kitchen-living-room area, where he has a single bed, a nice wooden chest and a metal dinette with chairs.

He draws water by hand from a community well.

I interviewed Flores, with the aid of my wife and a Spanish-English dictionary. I speak practically no Spanish at all, and my wife speaks only a smattering, remnants of a two-year high-school Spanish course taken some 12 years ago.

Flores speaks no English.

Nevertheless, with his patience toward our handicap and our determination to get to know him and his life-style, some interesting facts came to light about life in Mexico.

Sprawling housing developments are not unique to the United States. Near big cities in Mexico billboards splash the eyes with housing advertisements in very U.S. fashion.

Signs advertise gas, water, electricity, sewer and other qualities which supposedly make a certain housing tract unique.

### Less-Enchanting Realities

However, a closer look reveals some less-enchanting realities.

Flores took us to the site where he is building his *casa nueva* — or new house — for which he has waited many years. He explained that the lot itself measures seven meters by 30 meters (23 by 98 feet, approximately). This is much more land than he rents in Guadalupe, but still only one third the size of lots near big cities in the United States where door-to-door suburbs continue to grow.

**INTERVIEW** — Shown is Javier Flores of Guadalupe, Nueva Leon, Mexico, being interviewed by author's wife Anita. Though unable to attend weekly Sabbath services or the Feast of Tabernacles, he looks forward to that opportunity at some future date. (Photos by Jerry Gentry)



For this lot Flores will eventually pay in installments the equivalent of \$3,500.

Yet his job as a gardener for the city of Guadalupe earns him scarcely one fifth the U.S. minimum wage. Formerly Flores worked as a tailor, but when he began keeping the Sabbath he was fired.

When my family and I arrived at Flores' home, he was away. We asked neighbors to verify his address, which they did.

Then we asked if he lived alone, and an elderly woman and a 14-year-old girl assured us, "Si, si."

What they meant was not just that Flores is unmarried. The two friendly neighbors were assuring us that he didn't live with a girl friend or even an occasional female companion, even though he supports five children and one teen-age student in secondary school. These are children of relatives who, for whatever reasons, could not be supported by their own parents.

### Outstanding Example

Certainly, in a culture where marital unfaithfulness is not at all rare (much of the poverty-stricken half of Mexico), Flores' example of morality and sacrifice is quite outstanding, especially to many neighbors, themselves caught in their own struggle for survival.

My family and I spent the night in our camper parked on Callejon Sin Nombre in front of Flores' house. We talked as best we could with adults and children and observed the sights and sounds in an effort to understand what it is like to live in their world.

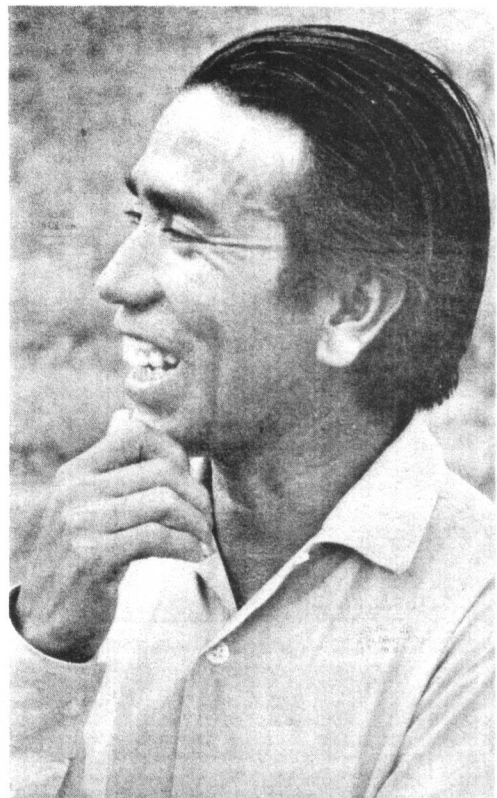
We counted 29 preteen children within eyeshot 15 minutes after our arrival — all on one side of the block-long street.

And only slight friendliness on our part prompted children and adults alike to crowd curiously around our camper.

The people here have no lack of basic intelligence, curiosity or desire to learn.

Yet extreme poverty, crowded conditions and lack of education work against them. They struggle in a swirl of mere subsistence. Poverty breeds more poverty, until the scanty base of resources is stretched too far.

What might have been gained economically by bringing these people into close proximity has been counterbalanced by an overwhelming population explosion and meager apportionment of basic resources — money, jobs, food, housing,



schools.

But in the evening even a slum has its moments of lighthearted pleasure. We were serenaded to sleep by a guitar and vocal harmony in real Mexican style. These live sounds originated in a house only 30 feet from our camper bed.

Even on the street called Callejon Sin Nombre, the people are no less real people with feelings, hopes and dreams coupled with the hard, cold

reality of slum living. They are caught up in a world over which they have little control.

Yet, thankfully, a few, including Flores, are being called now, not to leave this world entirely yet, but to prepare to help relieve the world of all "cultures of poverty" at a future time.

Surely this achievement will require the degree of patience Flores is building today.

## Sermonette poem penned about grandfather's life

*The following is a poem written to conclude a sermonette. The writer of the poem is a local elder in the La Grange, Ill., and Crown Point, Ind., churches. He is a 1972 graduate of Ambassador College, Pasadena.*

**By Carl Gustafson**

Daddy! Whose house is that?  
 And why are you looking at it so?  
 It was Grandfather's house, my son.  
 And why it's there — I only know.

Well! He was quite a man, you see;  
 He built that house in 1903.  
 He wasn't even married yet,  
 But he built his barn and got all set.

He saved his money. His eyes were  
 a gleam  
 To find the woman to share his  
 dream.  
 She would be no ordinary wife;  
 A mate she'd be for all his life.

Full of character she was;  
 She'd never let him down, because  
 God's Spirit reigned in her whole  
 heart.  
 And they were a team from the very  
 start.

He brought her home and then plant-  
 ed the corn,  
 And the following winter I was born.  
 He raised us kids with a plan in mind;  
 A failure among us you won't find.

He was a man who lived by principle,  
 And his fine example stood invinc-  
 ible.  
 Oh! He cracked our knuckles a time  
 or two.

But he always smiled when he was  
 through.

We loved our dad, to that I'll boast,  
 But I think that Mother loved him  
 most.

Our heavenly Father showed the  
 way,  
 And with prayer and fasting he'd  
 obey.

His way of life was the way of giving;  
 His love for all put joy in living.  
 He was really a spectacle to behold;  
 His eyes would sparkle — his man-  
 ner was bold.

His presence always appeared so  
 strong,  
 And in giving advice he was seldom  
 wrong.  
 "He's a wonderful man," people  
 said with a nod,  
 But he always gave the credit to God.

Then one day — well, not many  
 years ago,  
 Your grandmother began to breathe  
 so slow.  
 "It's been a wonderful life," she  
 said.  
 He knelt beside her and kissed her  
 head.

Yes, it was a wonderful life they'd  
 had,  
 But to see them go made us all so sad.  
 Their little family had grown over the  
 wall,  
 But Grandfather's character re-  
 mained in us all.

The saying across the tombstone ran:  
 "To all concerned, here lies a man!"



## New Zealand's youth planning now for second S.E.P. in bush reserves

By David R. Ord

AUCKLAND, New Zealand — With the first Summer Educational Program (S.E.P.) behind us, the young people of God's Church in New Zealand are planning enthusiastically for this year's camp during the December-January holidays. In the Southern Hemisphere this is the height of the vacation period.

Some 70 people pioneered this first S.E.P. in New Zealand. The setting was the picturesque Hunua ranges, 30 miles from Auckland on a 40-acre site of farmland and bush.

Situated on the banks of a river, just 300 yards downstream from the 90-foot Hunua Waterfall, the camp location provided excellent facilities for boating, rafting, swimming and a host of other activities.

Log-cabin-style dormitories and a

**NEW ZEALAND S.E.P.** — Shown is the location of last year's S.E.P. camp in the picturesque Hunua ranges, 30 miles from Auckland. This year's camp, now being planned, is located in rugged bush country overlooking the wild West Coast.

log dining hall with genuine shutters for windows and plenty of fresh air formed the base for this 10-day camp.

### Patterned After Orr

Prior to 1971 the New Zealand churches did not have any major youth activity to help take the place of school sports, which were normally conducted on Saturday.

We needed, in addition to occasional church picnics and sporting events, an activity which would encompass the larger part of our teenagers. Thus was born the idea of a local summer camp conducted over the summer-school break during the Christmas period.

The first step was to contact Dr. Floyd Lochner for relevant material from the headquarters-sponsored S.E.P. held each year at Orr, Minn., in the United States. This we implemented as local conditions allowed.

We selected a rustic Presbyterian Bible-class camp available for public hire for our first S.E.P. and ran it along the guidelines provided by headquarters.

We enjoyed a full range of activities, of which tractor-tire rafts on the river for aquatic sports, a suspended rope swing and a flying fox for swinging across the river, archery, air-rifle shooting, volleyball and softball were highlights.

In addition there were daily Bible studies, personality and character tests and exciting sing-alongs and other evening activities to help the young people develop.

The camp proved successful beyond expectations.

This year we are preparing for the second camp in considerably better facilities. Again a public-hire Presbyterian camp will be used, located in one of the North Island's most beautiful bush reserves — the Waitakere ranges — and close to surfing beaches.

### Second S.E.P. in Planning

In isolated, rugged bush country overlooking the wild West Coast is Houghton's Bush Camp.

One and one-half miles from the roaring, foaming surf of the turbulent Tasman Sea which separates New Zealand from Australia, the camp complex is built on a three-acre clearing on a plateau 400 feet above sea level.

Just 26 miles north of Auckland, it is amid some of the best exotic ferns and kauri trees in New Zealand.

This newer facility houses 70 people, and there is a large dining-and-activities center.

Large fields flank the buildings, and a short hike through exotic bush

brings campers to a freshwater lake.

### Early-Teen Adventurers

With summer camp now established as an annual event, we recently turned our attention to those in their early teens, those too young for S.E.P. Inspired by the concept of scouting clubs, we began an adventure club for those in the 10-to-15 age group.

The club meets for a full day's activities every six to eight weeks. The concept behind it is to provide activities beyond the scope of what most parents can make available for their young teen-agers — not to supplant but to supplement parental responsibilities.

## Young people of Springfield hold concert

By Janet Barnes

SPRINGFIELD, Mo. — The Crossroads Auditorium was plunged into darkness as a voice backstage asked, "Is the chorale ready?"

And as if with one voice, the Springfield young people's chorale responded with the hearty "Yes!"

Thus began the first annual chorale concert.

Most of the teen-agers and a few young marrieds were responsible for the formal evening of song and laughter, which was acclaimed to be a great success.

The theme of the classic event was "Happiness Is," and happiness it was as the audience thrilled to such hit tunes as "Catch a Falling Star," "The Sound of Music," "Walk Hand in Hand With Me," "Malaguena" and others, which received a standing ovation at its conclusion.

Besides the chorale there were other performers: Mike Irvin on the classical guitar, Dave Cameron singing his own compositions, the Taylor family, a quartet, a sextet, an octet — all of whom were introduced by our vivacious emcee, Don Pirwitz of radio station KTTS in Springfield.

The performance was accompanied by Mrs. Pat Burton and directed by Les McColm.

Whether the young people enjoyed performing more than their parents enjoyed listening is still a toss-up, but one thing is for sure: Parents and young people have reached a new goal in communication and response toward each other.

# HI-LITES

FROM IMPERIAL SCHOOLS AND TEEN-AGERS AROUND THE WORLD

## Jack London's biography subject of book review for young readers

By Gary Alexander

Jack London: A Biography, Richard O'Connor, Little, Brown & Co., 1964, 430 pages, \$8.50.

Running away from home has lost all its charm. Gone are the romantic runaways who fled to the Gold Rush, Pony Express or French Legion.

There are seemingly no more new frontiers, unless a voyage to the moon excites you. Today's adventuresome adolescents are stuck with hitchhiking, hashish and what's left of Haight-Ashbury.

It wasn't always this way. In the so-called Gay Nineties, which were only gay for the five percent of Americans who had any money, a teen-ager was torn between slogging through 14-hour work days at a dime per hour or embarking on a free-lance adventure.

In an age of rugged individualism, many teen-agers chose the latter.

Jack London left work and school at age 14 in 1891 to lead a gang of oyster pirates in San Francisco Bay.

At 15 he joined the Coast Guard to catch other oyster pirates! At 16 he rode the rails, and at 17 he sailed on a seal-hunting expedition in the North Pacific.

At 18 he joined Coxey's Army in its march on Washington. At age 19 London finished high school in one year, and at 20 he headed for the Klondike gold rush.

During his 20s he lived in the London slums for six weeks, covered the Russo-Japanese "Korean War" of 1904 for six months and sailed the South Pacific for 27 months in a boat he designed himself.

He burned himself out by age 40, as he knew he would when he said:

"I would rather be ashes than dust! I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot.

"I would rather be a superb

meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet.

"The proper function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days trying to prolong them."

London's writings, however, live on. His stories, novels and adventures remain in print 70 years later as a vicarious example for contemporary youth who have nowhere to run.

In those long-gone days when I was an idealistic youth of 16, I read a biography of Jack London (*Sailor on Horseback*, by Irving Stone). Soon I was devouring *The Sea Wolf*, *Martin Eden*, *The Iron Heel* and the other Jack London novels.

His hard-muscled prose, bold social commentary and his "fierce desire to understand" first turned me on to the joys of reading great literature.

Perhaps some other combination of adventure and great literature has already turned some of you teen-agers on to the power of the written experience.

If Jack London isn't your type, then Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*, Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* or Charles Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* are just three other excellent choices. Each one is a deeply moving literary experience, especially for a teen-ager.

If you don't like any fiction, then the nonfiction biographies themselves may be just as exciting. In the hands of a superior biographer, such as Irving Stone or Richard O'Connor, fact is indeed as gripping as fiction.

You've probably read about how Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* inspired the young Herbert Armstrong, and in turn his own autobiography inspires other young men.

Many biographies are romanticized semifiction, such as Irving

Stone's best sellers. (He also wrote *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, about Michelangelo, *Lust for Life*, about Vincent Van Gogh, and the recently published *Passions of the Mind*, about Sigmund Freud.)

The true biographical art, however, is represented by men such as Richard O'Connor. His 23 published books are almost evenly distributed between fiction, biography and history, notably about the American West.

A good biography, like a good book review, is part original light and part reflection of the original author's light. The biography style and content must be able to stand alone, not just on the shoulders of the book's subject.

Richard O'Connor's biographies meet this test by their thorough research, objective conclusions and above all their stylistic turn of phrase. This much is O'Connor's original light.

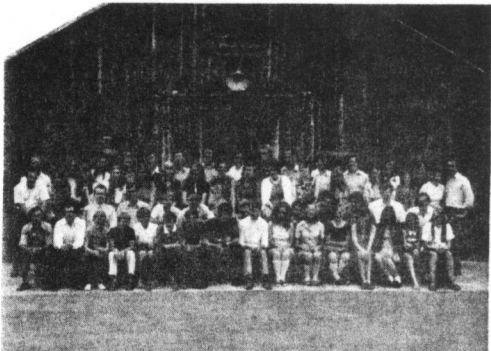
A biography's reflection is just as important. The subject must be great or the biography cannot excel; as either an adventurer or writer Jack London was definitely a burning light.

By painstakingly producing a mere 1,000 words per day for less than 20 years, he produced 18 novels, 20 volumes of short stories, seven nonfiction books, three plays and hundreds of articles.

Jack London's impact was meteoric, as both his words and life demonstrate.

Such a life can kindle in you the flame of ambition, the hungering and thirsting after knowledge and an understanding of the power of ideas, and you have the opportunity to spend energy in a cause far greater than Jack London ever lived or dreamed.

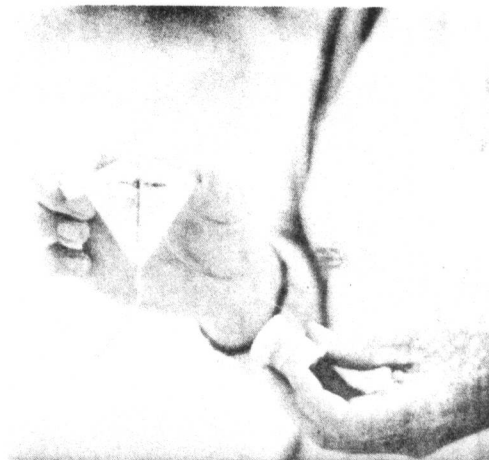
And that's saying a lot!



**SUMMER CAMP IN NEW ZEALAND** — Shown are participants of last year's S.E.P. in New Zealand. Camp will again be conducted over the summer-school break this year. (Summer occurs in the Southern Hemisphere, of course, while most of us are in the dead of winter.)



**GOOD TIME NOT EXPENSIVE** — A youth group from the state of Washington recently demonstrated it doesn't cost a lot of money to have a good time when members of the group flew their homemade kites. Left:



Mr. Gil Goethals helps daughter Julie with her kite. Right: Shown is a tiny kite made by Elsie Pate from toothpicks, tissue paper and sewing thread.

## Kaleidoscopic kites invade beach

By Gary Ullerick

TACOMA, Wash. — The Tacoma and Olympia, Wash., church youth group recently invaded the ocean beach for a day of fun and a kite contest.

Challenged to build a homemade kite and compete for originality of design and flying ability, several teens created unique and unusual kites.

There were giants with flamboyant colors and others that were pale and

miniscule.

Bravely fluttering in the breeze was one made from two toothpicks, tissue paper and sewing thread.

One was festooned with balloons, bunting and hot colors (daring, but with a high coefficient of drag!).

Another bore the unmistakable influence of modern art: a series of inverted triangles held together with thread and drinking straws.

They were launched into the prevailing sea breeze, and because that

was mild a great deal of frantic running was necessary — much to the delight of the spectators.

The old standby, the diamond-shaped kite, seemed to be the best flier of all.

The youth group was led by Mr. Gil Goethals, local elder, whose primary aim was a return to the nostalgic days of the home-made kite to prove that great expense is not necessary to have a good time.

## Would-be farmer meets cow

By Michael Jewell

ZILLMERE, Australia — There's these birds, you see. They live in the long grass at the side of the road, and as you walk along they whoosh out all together and give you about five heart attacks all at once.

Then they sit up in the trees and laugh at you.

Funny thing about birds, that; I mean you wouldn't expect them to be vindictive or anything, but they are.

Not that I wanted to tell you about these birds; I don't. I want to tell you about the time I went to work on a farm. But, you see, I decided to walk to the farm, and that's how I came across the birds.

Anyway, there was this bloke, and he told me I could go and work on a cattle farm if I wanted to. I mean, there wouldn't be any pay or anything — just my board and keep. I really go for dumb ideas like that.

The farm was 400 miles away, see, so when people asked me how I was going to get there, for a laugh I said I was going to walk it. Some joke.

Then, when they said I couldn't do it, I decided I would do it, just to show them.

Well, I told you I go for dumb ideas, and this was the dumbest I've ever had come to me. Funny thing, though, there's this dumb friend of mine who said he'd come with me. You just never know when a dumb idea is going to catch on.

I guess I'd better be honest and tell you we only managed to get 30 miles.

When I finally reached the farm there was this mice plague, see, millions of them. And they lived in the farmhouse just near my bed. But I don't want to tell you anything about that because it's something I still haven't quite adjusted to, and the memory of it hurts.

Anyway, this farm was stuck way out in the bush, miles from the nearest town and lonely as anything. It had TV, though, so I watched

Bellbird every night.

I stopped watching TV after a while, and I watched the mice. Sometimes I used to shoot them with an air rifle, but, honestly, I'm a terrible shot, and I didn't hit a single mouse the whole time I was there.

I'm glad in a way. I mean, how would you feel if you were real small and this huge big dunce kept letting fly at you with an air rifle? It's the sort of thing you get very upset with after a while. I do, anyway.

Well, there was this cow there; she must have been at least 200 years old, and she was as smart as one thing. I liked her a lot 'cause she acted real dumb all the time just to fool everyone. I thought at first she really was dumb, but since she always managed to get her own way, I figured she was only acting.

I can't tell you her name, because everyone just called her Cow. She didn't seem to mind, though, not having a real name and all; she just ignored everyone no matter what they called her.

I used to milk her every morning. Me, milking this cow like I'd been born on the land. Cow didn't exactly think I was Prince Charming, though; I could tell by the way she snorted when she saw me anywhere.

I liked her, though. I took a picture of her and everything; I'll show it to you sometime. You'd like her too.

The incredible thing, though, was that she was pregnant. Can you imagine that? I mean, I liked her and all, but if I was a bull I don't think I'd like her that much. Not a cow that was as old as she was, anyway. You know what I believe? The bull was probably as old as she was and all the young cows wouldn't have anything to do with him 'cause of the generation gap and everything, so he had to take what he could get.

It sure surprised me, though, her being pregnant like that.

There were these two dogs too; they really were dumb. No acting with those two. I bet you've never

seen a dog walking around with a hen's egg in its mouth. That's pretty hard to do, you know. I mean, you try it sometime and see. You've got to be very careful when you do something like that.

I used to wonder why the dogs never seemed very hungry. Of course, they always put on a good show of having an appetite just to fool us, but you could tell their hearts just weren't in it.

Thing was, they used to sneak around behind the chicks and watch where they laid their eggs. Then they'd swoop on them when the hens got out of the way and pick them up in their teeth and go and hide them.

Serves them right if one of the eggs hatches before they can eat it and the chicken thinks the dog is its mother. Stupid dogs'd probably teach it to bark and chase cars, that's the only trouble. Honestly, you wouldn't believe how dumb some animals are.

Anyway, I'm supposed to be telling you what it's like to live on a farm. You want to know the truth? I mean, life on the farm hardly interested me even, so I'm sure you're really going to go into raptures over it.

I'd rather tell you about interesting stuff. Like Ernie, this great guy on *Sesame Street*. He's got this fantastic laugh that just about kills me every time I hear it. You want to catch it sometime. You'd like him for sure.

You know what? I'm going to forget about the farm, and if you really do want to know what it's like to live on one, well, drop me a line, and at the same time I can tell you about Ernie and the mice and everything. That laugh of Ernie's is really something. And the Cookie Monster is great too . . .

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLE**  
Hosea, Amos, Obadiah, Elisha, Daniel, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Nathan, Zechariah, Elijah, Nahum, Isaiah, Haggai, Zephaniah, Ezekiel, Samuel, Jonah, Malachi, Micah, Joel. **Answer to question:** Jesus Christ.

## Fewer Americans smoke today

NEW YORK (UPI) — Fewer Americans smoke today than 10 years ago, the American Cancer Society (ACS) reports, and of those who do, more favor low-tar products.

"There has been a definite decline in smoking between 1963 and 1973," said the society in a report on the "progress in the campaign against smoking since 1964, the year the . . . surgeon general's report on smoking was issued."

Using estimated figures for 1973, the society reports a 5.6 percent decline in the number of cigarettes smoked in the last 10 years, an 18.1 percent decline in the pounds of cigarette tobacco smoked and an 18.85 percent decline in the pounds of total tobacco products used.

In addition, the society reported that 10 million Americans had given up smoking since 1964.

### HIDDEN PROPHETS

BY VIVIAN PETTYJOHN

The names of 20 Bible prophets are hidden in the mixed-up letters to the left. Place the rearranged letters in the blanks to the right to form their names. Then take the numbered letters and place in numerical order to form the words which answer the question below.

SHAEO

		3		
--	--	---	--	--

MSAO

			10	
--	--	--	----	--

DOHIAAB

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

HLSAEI

			5		
--	--	--	---	--	--

NALEDI

--	--	--	--	--	--

HJMRAEIE

			8					
--	--	--	---	--	--	--	--	--

KAKAKBHU

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

HNNTAA

		11		
--	--	----	--	--

RAHHECZIA

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

HELJAI

		2		
--	--	---	--	--

HUMAN

--	--	--	--	--

AASHII

				7
--	--	--	--	---

AAHGIG

--	--	--	--	--

HHNPZAEIA

					9			
--	--	--	--	--	---	--	--	--

ZILKEE

--	--	--	--	--	--

LAUMSE

			4	
--	--	--	---	--

NJHAO

--	--	--	--	--

CHALMIA

				6	
--	--	--	--	---	--

HIMCA

--	--	--	--	--

LOJE

	1			
--	---	--	--	--

**QUESTION:** In Mark 8:27-30 who was thought by some people to be JUST a prophet?

**ANSWER:** Form two-word name by placing numbered letters in proper sequence:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	---	----	----

**ANSWERS AT LEFT**

# An evening with Mr. Herbert Armstrong



By John Robinson

*I'm sure every member of God's Church would be ecstatic if he had the chance to dine and spend an evening with Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong. Of the 90,000-plus brethren worldwide, only a relative handful will have such an opportunity in this life. As much as he might like to spend time with every family in the Church, it is physically impossible. As a faculty member on the Texas campus, I have felt especially fortunate to attend several of these occasions, and I have wished that everyone in the Church could share such an event.*

*I thought our readers might enjoy sharing such an evening (though vicariously, granted) here in the pages of The Worldwide News. My special thanks to Mr. Armstrong for allowing us to photograph the evening.*

**BIG SANDY** — Mr. Herbert Armstrong's visits to the Big Sandy campus are always a special treat for students and faculty alike. Mr. Armstrong usually conducts a student forum and, time and schedule permitting, entertains members of the faculty at a banquet-style meal followed by a lively card game at the chancellor's residence.

On his latest visit to the Texas campus, he disappointed no one!

The evening itself began at 7 o'clock Wednesday night, Nov. 7, immediately following President Nixon's message on the energy crisis. Mr. Armstrong visited with different members of the faculty, some of whom he'd not had a chance

to see since his last visit to the college in April of this year.

Forty-five minutes later, we sat down in the formal setting of the faculty dining room for a meal of Cornish game hen.

Though Mr. Armstrong did not address the group formally, he did discuss in animated fashion the latest developments in the Work with those at the head table.

Nearby tables often remained fairly quiet as many of us ended up intently listening to Mr. Armstrong's remarks — as you can tell from the picture of Mr. Leroy Neff.

After a dessert of orange sherbet with creme de menthe, Mr. Armstrong invited all of us to his house for a game of hearts.

Hearts is a game where the object is to avoid getting any hearts (worth one point each) or the queen of spades (worth 13 points).

The cards are dealt out to the players (usually four to six in each group at Mr. Armstrong's) until the entire deck has been divided among the players in each group.

Then each person plays a card, with the highest card winning the trick.

### Shooting the Moon

In the game you can also "shoot the moon." This is when you try to win *all* the hearts *and* the Queen of Spades. If you succeed in your gamble, every other player automatically gets 26 points and you get nothing.

By the way, if you have yet to realize it in my fragile explanation of the game, the object is to get the

fewest points. (One hundred points ends the game for some hapless collector of hearts.)

Before the first trick is played, each person passes three cards to the person on his left. Most players will get rid of the queen of spades (the "old lady," as she is often referred to) so they don't get stuck with her.

Can you imagine slipping Mr. Herbert Armstrong the *old lady*? Well, some have — and some have been "fired," at least until the next morning!

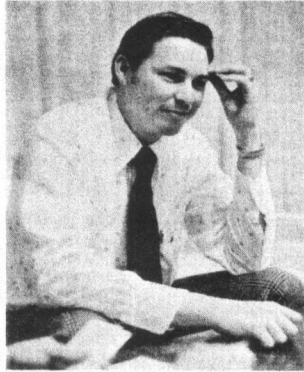
It all makes for an exciting evening which often ends in a mock "firing" of one or more evangelists or leading college administrators. Some get off easy and are banished to nonexistent foreign offices like Sidi Ifni or Tierra

(See EVENING, page 15)



**AN EVENING OF FELLOWSHIP** — Above: Mr. Armstrong and members of the faculty eat in the faculty dining room. Clockwise, beginning immediately below: Big Sandy senior Kathy McKenzie serves Mr. Ronald Kelly on her right and Dr. Eugene Walter on her left. Non-heart-playing wives, Mrs. Alan Manteufel, left, and Mrs. Ron Dart, center, and Amy Borman, Mr. Armstrong's secretary, chat in the living room. Hearts players, from left to right, are Mr. Bill McDowell, Mr. Dean Blackwell, Mr. Ron Dart, Mr. Armstrong, Dr. Floyd Lochner and Mr. Dale Schurter (still sporting remnants of his recent hunting trip). Mr. Leroy Neff listens at dinner to Mr. Armstrong talk about the Work.





**A POTPOURRI OF EXPRESSIONS AND ACTIVITIES** — Various expressions caught during the evening were, starting above right and going counterclockwise, Mrs. Kermit Nelson, Mrs. Dale Schurter, Dean of Faculty Don Deakins, Dean of Students Ronald Kelly, and Mrs. Dean Blackwell.



**TIME TO GO HOME!** — Mr. Kermit Nelson, head of the Big Sandy Physical Education Department, calls it quits after an evening of collecting hearts. (Photos by John Robinson)



## Evening

(Continued from page 14)  
 del Fuego — all in jest, of course.  
 The group is usually large enough so that there are four or five separate tables playing at the same time in different parts of the house. The ladies who aren't hearts players usually end up chatting in the kitchen or living room.

### Firstful of Hearts

Throughout the evening you will hear the moans of someone who ended up with a fistful of hearts or the gleeful sound of a card shark who cleverly sluffed the old lady on an unsuspecting friend, or the anguish of a thwarted moon-shooter who garnered in every trick but one — which contained a lone heart.

It is really a very memorable evening and one of the highlights of the year for those of us on the faculty. But sooner or later it gets to be time to go home, as Mr. Kermit Nelson, left, typifies after a full and rewarding (though frustrating, heartswise) evening with Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong.

## Assembly

(Continued from page 1)  
 like 'Come Thou Almighty King.' But today we only have the tail music which takes the program off the air . . .

"We had different announcers for the first few years. Then finally we got hold of Art Gilmore, who had been an announcer for seven of the largest network programs during the period preceding television. He began announcing for us before 1940 and is still with us today. We feel that he is one of the best announcers in the United States today . . .

"Back in those days there was no such thing as tape recording. Tape hadn't come in yet. We used what we then called electrical transcription. They were records — the big 15-inch-diameter discs — which were made of a soft material that would allow three or four first-class-quality playbacks on it. Unfortunately, taping these discs did not produce the clear quality of sound that went over the air back then. You will not be hearing the true sounds that we heard back then . . .

"Our preaching of the Gospel has become a very big and great Work worldwide. The tapes you are about to hear will show you what started to build this entire big Work."

### Excerpts of That History

The first program on the tape — Aug. 22, 1940 — had Mr. Armstrong preaching about the peaceful government of Christ while the world was in the midst of a world war. He compared Hitler's world-ruling plans with Christ's world-ruling prophecies. Those listeners who desired to receive their free copy of *The Plain Truth* magazine wrote to Herbert Armstrong, Box 111, Eugene, Ore.

After the Radio Church of God Quartet opened the broadcast of this time with sacred songs, Mr. Armstrong then analyzed the war news in the light of Bible prophecy.

In these programs he suggested that his listeners have a map or globe and their Bible with them so that they could follow the prophecies and get more from the broadcast.

One of the wartime programs had Mr. Armstrong speaking from Seattle, Wash. He made a special announcement to the listeners in the Seattle area to attend one of his personal lectures (resembling a campaign) about the war and Bible prophecy.

Shortly after the broadcast went nationwide, Ambassador College was formed.

*The World Tomorrow* broadcast made another step forward when the

program originated from the new radio studio established at the newly formed campus in Pasadena. Although the studio was not large, it was equipped with the very latest technical radio facilities, including a cutting turntable to make transcriptions.

After the starting of Ambassador College, Mr. Armstrong used the broadcast to encourage young men who were interested in radio production to send for the college bulletin and to apply for Ambassador.

In the summer of 1952, Mr. Richard D. Armstrong and Dr. Herman L. Hoeh were sent to Europe as foreign correspondents of *The World Tomorrow* broadcast. They reported events which were happening in Europe.

In January of 1953 the time had come for the Gospel to begin to be broadcasted in Europe over powerful Radio Luxembourg.

Mr. Armstrong did not always record in the college radio studio. The college owned equipment that would allow him to record while he was traveling on a train.

Other voices made *The World Tomorrow* in the absence of Mr. Armstrong in those early years of the 1950s. Some of the voices belonged to Mr. Dick Armstrong, Dr. Herman Hoeh, Dr. Roderick Meredith and Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong.

As the years passed, Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong began to help his father in the load of producing the radio broadcast. As Mr. Armstrong became increasingly busy and Mr. Ted Armstrong's radio voice matured, Mr. Ted Armstrong undertook a major load of the broadcasting.

As more traveling opportunities were made available, Mr. Ted Armstrong was able to make broadcasts from Cape Kennedy to give an eyewitness account of man's efforts in space, record programs from Jerusalem to report the changing moods of that very important spot on the globe, and obtain interviews from many of the important men in countries around the world to show how prophecy was playing a part in world trends.

Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong (and the other men who preached on the broadcast in languages other than English) continued to preach the powerful message of the Gospel that his father had preached many years before him.

At the conclusion of the tape Mr. Armstrong commented:

"That brings back a lot of memories to me and probably to some of the rest of you here. One thing that impresses me is that *The World Tomorrow* broadcast has been a program of pretty high quality through the years.

"This broadcast was the beginning of preaching the true Gospel of the Kingdom for the first time in 18½ centuries. We are preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ — the message which Christ brought. Others may preach about the messenger, about Christ. But they do not know what message He brought. That message has not been preached except by this program and this Work. This program has gotten this message over to a great many people through the years."

Mr. Armstrong left campus Thursday afternoon, expressing a hope that he would be back again soon. The next time he comes, he plans to give a special assembly on the history of Ambassador College.

## Now you know

PASADENA — Some 300 people from 18 different states and two from England toured the Pasadena campus of Ambassador College in four days, Oct. 21 to 25.

Included in that number was the Pasadena Junior League, a women's organization.

## Long-time pillars in God's Church leaving Mount Pocono Feast site

By Dave Havir  
MOUNT POCONO, Pa. — After seven fruitful years of serving God's Work at the Festival site here in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania, Mr. Otis Cole entered a period of semiretirement following this his 29th Feast of Tabernacles.

Attending his first Feast of Tabernacles at Belknap Springs, Ore., in 1945, the now 74-year-old father of the long line of Coles associated with the organization has been following God's way of life for a number of years.

Mr. Cole was 15 years old in 1914 when he was baptized into the Sardis era of God's Church. There are probably very few people around today who claim that the observance of last year's Passover was the 58th in their life. (It was Mrs. Cole's 51st.)

Meeting the former Nellie May Dickinson in 1922, Mr. Cole married her in September of 1924. (Next year will be the Coles' 50th wedding anniversary.)

Through the years the Coles have been blessed with nine children, five of whom are associated with the Worldwide Church of God.

Their son Raymond was one of the four original students in college in 1947. (See "The Official Grapevine," page 3.)

Wayne entered Ambassador two years later, and he now works in Pasadena as the head of the Publishing Division.

Their daughter Esther married Bill Glover, who is a carpenter in the Eugene, Ore., area.

Leroy graduated from Ambassador in 1962 and is now a preaching elder in the Perth, Australia, church.

Their youngest son, Alfred, has been working with the Festival Development Department since 1967 and is presently working at the Mount Pocono site.

### Ordained Deacon

It was in 1936 when the Coles formed their close friendship with the Armstrongs. It was Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong who ordained Mr. Cole as a deacon in 1945, making him one of the two longest-serving deacons in the Church.

"The close personal contact with the Armstrongs in those early years was a real inspiration to us," explained Mr. Cole.

Mr. Cole began working for the Church in 1961 when Mr. Armstrong asked him to be a carpenter on some Church-owned property in Eugene.

He continued to work there until 1966, when he was offered the job of caretaker of the newly purchased Feast site in Mount Pocono.

"After much prayerful consideration, we decided to accept the job and move to the Poconos," he said.

As the site manager, Mr. Cole was responsible for the upkeep and improvement of the site. This included spending one day a week in cleaning the Festival Administration Building, which is used for Sabbath services, Bible study, Spokesman's Club and office and storage space.

The rest of the week was spent in a variety of outdoor work — landscaping, clearing brush, mowing the beautiful lawns and performing other necessary maintenance work.

Having a minimal crew working for him throughout the week, Mr. Cole also had to synchronize the efforts of the many volunteers from the different local congregations who poured in every Sunday during the summer.

### Always Puts in a Full Day

Having had the opportunity to work as a student assistant to Mr.

Cole during the summer of 1970, I can attest to the fact that many men have found it difficult to keep up with the energetic worker during the course of a day's work. He always put in a full day, many of which were 10 hours or more.

Mr. Cole has been one of the many behind-the-scenes men who have helped the Feast to be enjoyed by the thousands who attend each year.

Having completed his 12th year of employment with the Church, Mr. Cole and his wife decided that it would be best for them at their age to discontinue the strenuous load that

they had upon them.

"We hope to spend a short period of time traveling and getting some rest," he said. "But we hope to settle down somewhere and contribute to the Work in a way that isn't so strenuous."

The Coles have only entered a semiretirement. Although they aren't quite sure of their plans as of yet, you can be sure that they will be contributing to the Work in a valuable manner. There are very few people who have been pillars within the Church for as many years as Mr. and Mrs. Otis Cole.



**THE COLES** — Mr. and Mrs. Otis Cole take a moment out of a busy Feast of Tabernacles schedule in the Poconos to enjoy an evening with some friends. After 12 years of working for the organization, Mr. Cole, 74, has entered a period of semiretirement. [Photo by Dave Havir]

## Coles honored in Poconos

By Richard Wiedenheft and John Havir

MOUNT POCONO, Pa. — On Oct. 27 the Mount Pocono church hosted a farewell dinner for the Mount Pocono Feast site manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Otis J. Cole, long-time members and deacon and deaconess of God's Church.

Over 300 people from Mount Pocono and nearby churches gathered at the Festival Administration Building to say so long to the Coles before they left Mount Pocono.

The evening began with a potluck dinner in the building's conference room.

At 7:45 p.m. emcee Don Pacyna introduced the program for the evening. "A Salute to the Coles."

It included a narration of the highlights of the Coles' life and a song, by John Lopez and Joe Barron (to the tune of "Oh! Susanna"), composed just for the occasion. A sample:

*It began in Oklahoma,  
In eighteen ninety-nine;  
A son was born to Pappy Cole,  
Oh, it was a joyful time.*

*Here's to the Coles,  
Otis and Nellie May;  
It's been good to have you with us,  
And we sure wish you could stay!*

*We know that you will miss us,  
For you sure have loved us all;  
Except when you worked Sunday,  
And we took off to play ball!*

Farewell gifts presented to the Coles included a pictorial album of the Mount Pocono Feast site, an oil

painting of the Administration Building with the flaming fall foliage, and an old-fashioned telephone which can actually be used with the Bell System.

Mr. Cole gave a short talk on his life's history, and the Mount Pocono teen-agers concluded the program with their own words to "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

It was a memorable evening and a fine tribute to the Coles — a small token of our appreciation for all that they have done during their seven years here.

## Brethren collect money for TV special in Alaska

By Perry R. Hoag  
BIG SANDY — Benjamin Franklin once quipped: "Diligence is the mother of good luck."

Because of their diligence, I pray that the brethren of Alaska will be blessed with "good luck." Thirsting for the Word of God, the Alaskan congregation has, through its own efforts, raised some \$2,700 (it may be more by now) toward hosting a three-night television special on a local station (yes, Alaska does have television).

Details have not as yet been finalized, but with the exemplary dedication of the Alaskans, and the heartfelt prayer of the entire Worldwide Church of God, which I hereby solicit, they may just achieve their objective.

I should like to explain at this point



**FRESHMAN CLASS PRESIDENT** — The office of the dean of students at Big Sandy has announced the selection of 22-year-old Murdock Gibbs as this year's freshman class president. Gibbs, from Tuskegee, Ala., has a B.A. degree in American studies from Brandeis University in Boston. A former jazz musician, he has played the piano for 14 years and the organ for 10 and has been in a choir for seven. [Photo by Pete Leschak]

## a look at... YESTERYEAR

PASADENA, November, 1971 — Chancellor Herbert W. Armstrong returned last Friday, November 5, from his first trip behind the Iron Curtain. He spent three days in Bucharest, Rumania, as a guest of the government. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rader, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunting, Mr. Osamu Gotoh, and Mr. Armstrong's daughter, Mrs. Beverly Gott.

Mr. Armstrong and his party arrived in Bucharest on Thursday, October 28, and were feted that evening by several members of the Rumanian Writers Union (an organ of the government which controls all publishing of newspapers, books, etc.) including its president, Mr. Zaharia Stancu. [From the *Pasadena Portfolio*, Nov. 9, 1971.]

PASADENA, November, 1957 — Thursday, November 21, was a

historic occasion in the history of Ambassador College and the Church of God. Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong announced the appointment of his son Garner Ted Armstrong as vice-president of the College and Church. Mr. Armstrong had come to realize while he was recuperating in Palm Springs from his Texas flu that someone had to be in charge while he was away from Pasadena.

After much thought and prayer he decided that Ted, though he had come later than most of the other ministers, had proven himself as a minister and able speaker on the radio — one to whom the audience would listen and show respect.

He will be officially instated in his new office at the next College Board meeting. [From the *Pasadena Portfolio*, Dec. 6, 1957.]

PASADENA, November, 1963 — NINE THOUSAND NEW SUBSCRIBERS were added to *THE PLAIN TRUTH* mailing list within the last month! *Nine thousand people*, or almost twice the population of Gladewater, Texas, received their first copy of *THE PLAIN TRUTH* magazine.

During the past year, one hundred thousand pounds of *PLAIN TRUTHS* were addressed, bagged, and mailed from Headquarters. That is the weight of twenty-five Chevrolet automobiles!

Now *THE PLAIN TRUTH* is nudging the four hundred thirty thousand mark and is continuing to spiral upward by leaps and bounds. At the present rate of nine thousand new subscribers per month, one year from now, the mailing list will number approximately five hundred eighty thousand persons.

For every person who receives *The PLAIN TRUTH*, four others read it also. How many then are reading *The PLAIN TRUTH* right now — every month? The total is an amazing two million persons! . . . [From the *Pasadena Portfolio*, Nov. 22, 1963.]

To put a slight twist to the words of the late John F. Kennedy: "Ask not what your Church can do for you; ask what you can do for your Church." Keep up the good works, Alaska. Your warm hearts will melt those glaciers yet!