



CHURCH of GOD

News

Headquarters District Edition

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Thousands Rejoice at First Family Night

God commanded the people, saying ". . . and thou shalt REJOICE, *thou and thine household!*" And the people did!

Squaw Valley's Blyth Arena, scene of the 1960 Olympics, was the scene of the first annual Church of God FAMILY NIGHT!

Every Church and Bible Study area was represented on the program with a gigantic audience sing-a-long conducted by Mr. Anthony Buzzard assisted by the 60 members of the Pasadena Church Choir on stage! The Choir opened the evening with selections from *South Pacific* followed by the family-

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6500 Learn, Rejoice, Worship At Squaw Valley Festival

For the fourth straight year God set His name in beautiful Squaw Valley, 1960 Winter Olympic site. Coming from the western United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and Mexico, 6577 brethren filled Blyth Arena

Official Registration at Squaw Valley	
Children	1975
Juniors	542
Adults	4060
TOTAL	6577

to hear thirty-two messages of instruction, correction, exhortation, encouragement and love—to keep the Festival of Tabernacles.

This year there were even better facilities, more new motels, warm cooperation with those from the Valley, appreciated discipline and obedience among God's people and weather that was absolutely ideal. All of this helped us to get the very most out of the three basic reasons for attending the Festival—to learn, to rejoice, to worship.

Learning started the opening night as Mr. Ted Armstrong asked and answered the vital question, "Why are we here?", took on new life and excitement as Dr. Hoeh revealed the startling influence on this world of the *way of Cain*, and concluded with Mr. Meredith making clear and plain the real meaning of the Last Great Day.

Rejoicing was deep and full as we met with old friends, laughed with our children and their potatoes during Family Night, sunk our teeth into that tender, juicy steak, watched with delight the hilarious Ambassador Revue, or

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Blyth Arena once again rang with the sound of happiness and love during the 1964 Festival of Tabernacles.



CHURCH of GOD
News

News of interest to members of the
Radio Church of God, Headquarters District
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What's This . . . ? My Tithes DON'T Help!

That's right!

Not one penny of your tithes and freewill offerings go to help support this district paper. They are used directly in the work of the ministry.

Only your special, extra offerings designated for the *Church News* help pay for its financial costs. And they are vitally *needed!*

Here is how you can do your part. If you attend a local congregation give your contributions to your regional editor (see staff-box above). Your church will be billed for its share of the paper cost.

Those of you outside a local church area, please send in your support to *Church of God News*, Box 1030, Pasadena, California.

Remember!

Your regular tithes and offerings go to proclaim the gospel of Christ to the world as a witness. They do NOT bear the financial burden of your district paper.

It is *your* extra offerings of love that help us meet these publishing costs. Please sustain your district paper.

—Editor and Staff

EDITORIAL

Are You Ready to RULE?

by Paul S. Royer

Tonight, under the darkened skies of an October evening, Blyth Arena stands empty, a big yawning mass of concrete and steel. Soon the winter snows will fall lengthening the shadows of evening. The cold nights will accent a dark, foreboding, cold interior devoid of the happy voices that so recently filled the arena.

God's people are gone! They have returned to their everyday responsibilities of daily living and the pursuit of, "that way of life!"

Squaw Valley will not return to being exactly the same as it was before the 1964 Feast of Tabernacles. It's inhabitants have seen and experienced a foretaste of the World Tomorrow! They have seen God's government in action! For eight glorious days a light has shined in the valley, 6500 man-power strong, illuminating "a way of life" that thunders a message of peace, joy, happiness, and contentment.

The message of God's government and "that way of life" is a powerful one. It is so strong that its effects and its power will carry on over a thousand years into the Great White Throne day when the resurrected of Squaw Valley will stand before God and remember each one of you as you lived and were a part of the body of Jesus Christ and His government during your brief stay in Squaw Valley.

Just as some of us may die before the Feast in 1965, some of those now living in Squaw Valley will move to other areas, or die and never again in this life, have an opportunity to be exposed to "that way of life" that God has made plain to you and me.

When you think of it that way, it's a pretty awesome responsibility we face! Aren't you glad you acted as you did? Aren't you happy that you have had a part in preaching the powerful message of the World Tomorrow?

Remember that last day, just before the sermon, when Mr. Portune announced that the California State officials had contacted us and asked, "Would you, the Radio Church of God, consider the responsibility of running Squaw Valley completely and totally!" Not only did you smile, but you smiled amid the spontaneous outburst of applause, as we all together as one body, realized WHY they wanted God's Church to manage Squaw Valley.

Yet we were not the only ones who smiled. There was One other who smiled more than we. That One was the God we serve along with all His angelic forces. They were pleased and happy that so many had lived and shone forth "that way," the way of joy, of peace, of responsibility, of love, and all the fruits of the Spirit.

God's Church will never manage or run Squaw Valley this year or next year. No, not in this life time! But in just a few more years, *you* may well be the one God chooses to place in charge of managing *all* of Squaw Valley and the surrounding area. You will have an opportunity to bring "that way of life" to thousands.

Will you continue to qualify so that you can bear rule over Squaw Valley or over other similar assignments? The time left for qualifying is rapidly drawing to a close! Will you be ready? *Are you ready?*

Family Night at Squaw Valley

(Continued from page 1)

sized audience joining in the last two stanzas of *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

After three other audience-participation songs, the Master-of-Ceremonies, Mr. George McManus from San Bernardino, introduced a twosome from his area, Linda Settle and Milt Alexander, in a teenage version of the Charleston! Mr. David Beers, an Irish tenor from the El Monte Church, brought on an ovation that called for an encore song!



All join hands and circle to the left.



Children get their instructions.

Instrumental time on the program introduced Mr. Doyle Long, guitarist from Sacramento, and Mr. Erwin Birk, drummer from Oakland, in a lively, humorous musical number. Mr. Bob Lindner, of Sacramento, concluded the show portion of the evening with a laughable parody on Dr. Leakey.

From the stage the spotlight turned to action on the floor. Youngsters from the first through the third grades kept the audience in laughter with their po-

tato in a tablespoon race! Fourth, fifth and sixth graders teamed up in a lively hopping race.

While the children's games were being prepared Mr. Ted Armstrong, Mr. Al Portune, and Mr. Jon Hill kept the audience roaring with laughter with a joke-telling contest which included a hilarious series of jokes! Mr. Buzzard's Scottish dancers added color and spice.

The family night coordinator, Mr.

(Continued on page 4)



They're off with a potato in a spoon.



This fellow sure had trouble.

Family Night . . .

(Continued from page 3)

Bill Glover, Pasadena Local Elder, saw to it that there was more than enough food with mouth-watering shish kabob and hors d'oeuvres for all. Everyone commented on how delicious the steak tasted!

Mr. Darrel Slocum, experienced square-dance caller from North Hollywood, completed the giant three-hour program with an enjoyable session of square dancing for all ages. Brethren participated in the dancing by means



Now all clap hands.



Dr. Sneaky



Part of the giant sing-a-long.

of age groups. The hundreds of children on the floor behaved orderly. And Mr. Slocum complimented the brethren by saying that it would have been impossible to control such a crowd of square-dancers in the world!

It was truly a "family" night wherein thousands of God's people did REJOICE as commanded and it is a night that will surely be looked forward to in years to come during God's Feast of Tabernacles!



Winner tries out prize.



This was family night . . .



. . . everybody came!

THE 1964 A

By overwhelming agreement this year's Ambassador College Revue was the most entertaining ever! The class and polish of Ambassador glistened throughout the evening in staging, lighting, costuming, choreography and comedy.

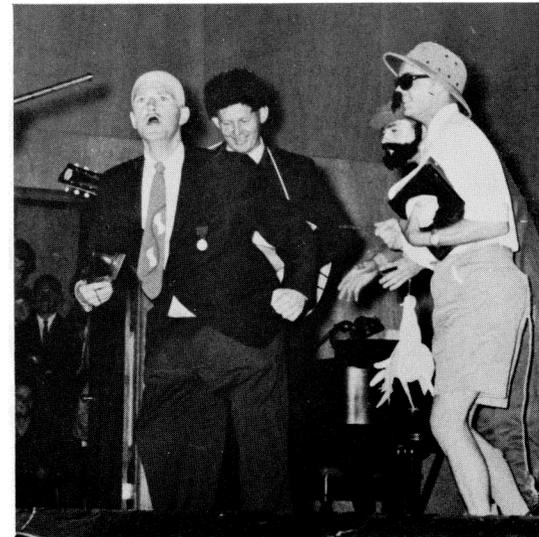
The variety of acts ran the gamut from solo to chorus, from cowboys to world leaders, from instrumentals to poetry. Sprinkled generously throughout the revue were the side-splitting antics between janitor-comedian Joe Bauer



Janitor-comedian Joe Bauer

and master of ceremonies Mr. Dale Shurter.

At one point Joe "Bauerized" a remark of Mr. Ted Armstrong in a recent sermon by *plumb bobbing* his jug of mountain dew before tasting it and



That world-famous quartet!

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE REVUE



"My name is Robert"

nearly brought the house down!

Another highlight was the dancing (?) and singing quartet of world leaders, including tail-wearing Dr. Leaky, chicken-plucking Fidel Castro, shoe-pounding Khrushchev, and a mop-headed Beatle—and choreographed to the tune of *Grandma's Lye Soap!*

From the first notes of the overture to the last chord of, *May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You*, it was apparent that many long and tedious hours of rehearsals had paid enormous dividends.

To the Ambassador students who, night after night, repeated lines, plotted different stagings, re-sung songs, created costumes, wrote new lyrics, made new band arrangements, reworked jokes and postponed their rest—we say **THANK YOU!**

Thank you for giving of yourself to provide this wholesome evening of fun enhancing the entire Festival and providing the right balance for the serious services of the week.



The popcorn collision delighted everyone—except the clean-up crew!



Terry Smith sings.



Janitor-Joe tries to get that jug of mountain dew.



Wonder what she screamed at.



Mr. Shurter leads entire cast in song.

THANK YOU, FOLKS

Before all of our good friends from the Radio Church of God complete their stay here Monday, we think all 7,400 of them should know the kind of reputation they have at Lake Tahoe.

Here's a few remarks we have heard this week:

"They are so clean."

"They are so courteous."

"They are so quiet."

"They are no problem."

We might add, "they are so nice."

At a resort center like ours, we see all kinds of people in the summer and winter, and we cannot use similar adjectives for some of them:

There's always the rotten apple at the bottom of the pile.

But our guests this week, for the third time, exemplify the church of their choice . . . which must be a good one . . . because the people are good.

The lake of the sky deserves the best . . . and Radio Church of God certainly qualifies . . . all 7,400 of them.

Reproduced above is a nice thank you given to us in the *Tahoe City World*.

Spanish Social

The Squaw Valley Village Hofbrau hosted the Latin Brethren to an evening of dining and dancing. Over a banquet of steak, baked potato, and tossed green salad (graced by fine European wine), the guests were offered an entertaining floorshow in the Spanish vein.

Mr. Delfino Sandoval, as emcee, first presented Mr. and Mrs. Valenzuela together with Mr. Barriga who harmonized several popular Spanish songs. In keeping with the tenor of the evening, Miss Renee Bazan performed her interpretation of the Spanish Cape Dance. Mr. Mike Garcia served as comedian.

Mr. Wofford concluded the entertainment with a few comments about the growth—both past and future—of the Spanish work. He told the group that the work was continuing to develop, and that many new steps are projected for the near future. The most exciting announcement was the possibility of publishing the long-awaited *Spanish PLAIN TRUTH within the next year!*

The brethren truly "rejoiced" to produce the finest Spanish social yet. And a hearty "muchas gracias" goes to Mr. Howard Clark for his hard work to make it possible.

Deer Hunting With A Chrysler

by C. E. Barrett

Each year brings many deer hunters among the brethren. Some come with high-powered rifles, others with bows and arrows. Then there was me with my Chrysler.

It takes a good eye to shoot a buck with a rifle and an even better hunter to carefully sneak up to get a good bow shot. However, it takes God's angels to protect us when a deer *decides* unintentionally to *hunt a car*. This was the case on my way to Squaw Valley from Donner Lake for Family Night.

It was dark. I was driving along to the Valley when suddenly, around a curve, a doe sprang out in front of me. A dull, bone-crushing thump on the right front brought death to the deer but only a broken headlight to my car. I don't even recall swerving but must have, to miss hitting the deer head-on. Had I hit head-on or under a wheel, the car could well have gone out of control resulting in disaster for my family and me.

This brings home vividly the theme of many sermons during the Feast of how fast disaster and death can come.

Thank God for His protection.

The Story Behind

The Iridescent Red Gloves

When driving in the area of the Blyth Arena this year, you may have been startled to see in the pitch blackness of night, a glaring red vest hanging in mid-air and two gleaming red hands dancing gaily around it. As you approached, you may have been relieved to learn it wasn't an apparition nor a dancing minstrel but a flagman directing traffic.

This innovation was the result of lessons learned from last year's experience. At that time, the man directing traffic at the "Y" found it necessary to remove his jacket in the cold night so his white shirt would provide a reflection of light, and shine two flashlights directly into the windshields of oncoming cars in a effort to be seen and efficiently control traffic.

At the end of night activities last year, the men on traffic duty moved out into the black night and armed only with small, hard-to-be-seen flashlights bravely faced the onrushing, fast-moving traffic—risking life and limb to maintain order. This year it was decided to supply them with *iridescent* red gloves for night duty.

We all were surprised at the effect these gloves had and how easily they were seen. In fact, they proved more effective during the daytime than at night—and much more effective than last year's white arm bands. Even the Park Department was impressed and queried the men on their availability.

If next year, you should see several dazzling, glaring, dancing apparitions, don't be frightened away. They will only be your traffic men in action.



"This is the spot . . . park you in it."

CAMPING OUT AT SQUAW VALLEY

Camping out at the Feast of Tabernacles certainly is a wonderful experience for those who feel like "roughing it" or "braving the elements." You don't have the conveniences of home or of a plush motel room or a house in the valley, but you have all you need. Some people manage to pack their cars and trailers or luggage racks with almost everything except the kitchen sink.

There are many blessings of camping out in the tall pines. Who cannot enjoy the cool evenings with the moonlight filtering thru the pines with a soft light just enough so you can see the path to the lake's edge and the glimmering moon dancing on the lake? Who can't completely relax into a deep sleep by the gentle rustling of a breeze thru the boughs of tall, stately pine trees? And how about a wiener roast around the fire for all the kids, and the fireside chats about the day's events and sermons, or personal experiences? And you wives don't have to worry about sweeping the floor, because birds or chipmunks quickly snatch away, when you leave, any crumbs or morsels of food that fall on the ground.

All is not easy, however. More and better planning for this type of living is a must. A long list of needed items must be prepared well in advance, and gathered together so they can be packed in a way that will take up the least room. Those who stay in motels have only to bring clothes and toilet items. But campers have to bring lanterns, stoves, iceboxes, wash basins, cooking ware, dishes, silverware tents, cots, sleeping bags, blankets, etc., etc. The list seems endless.

After you finally arrive at your campsite begins the almost gigantic task, it seems, of unloading and setting up camp and of getting things organized so needed items can be located when needed. The tent goes up first so you have to carefully pick a good spot for it so it doesn't end up with a pile of rocks in the middle, or with the door-

Mr. Hargrove and Family Leave Phoenix To Raise Up Two New Churches in South

One June day in 1962, shortly after graduating from Ambassador College, Mr. Vernon Hargrove moved into his bachelor's apartment in Phoenix, Arizona, to assist Mr. David Jon Hill—the flying pastor of both the churches at Phoenix and Tucson. It was Mr. Hargrove's first taste of the hot, dry, dusty Phoenix summers. But in spite of the hot summers, he enjoyed his work and

soon became accustomed to getting his shirt wringing wet from perspiration during a sermon.

Now, after nearly two and a half years, Mr. Hargrove is leaving Arizona to raise two new churches—one in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and the other in Jackson, Mississippi. He takes with him the evidence that his years in Phoenix have been fruitful—a wife and a new-born son.

We in Arizona have grown to love

Sociable Security

A new department at the Feast of Tabernacles this year was distinguished by stalwart teams of young men carrying "walkie-talkie" radios and appearing opportunely throughout the festivities.

Missing were the trench coats and dark glasses—the concealed weapons and the billy clubs. This was a police force with a smile, muscle with a heart, authority backed by love.

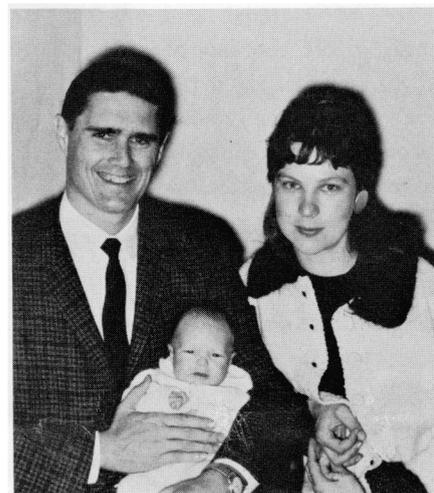
Did you leave your chalet or lodge door unlocked or open? The Security Patrol closed it! Did you leave your camera or other personal belongings in your car during services? The Security Patrol protected it! Did you apprehensively leave your tent or trailer? No need for it—your Security Patrol watched over it.

These and other duties—such as insuring our people privacy during our meetings—marked the inauguration of this welcome addition to the Festival.

way opening down a sharp slope, or any number of such things that can happen if you get in a hurry or are careless.

One of the biggest blessings of camping out at the Feast is the wonderful spirit of fellowship and co-operation that can and does exist between brethren who in most cases are strangers.

Camping out at the Feast of Tabernacles is a real challenge, but it is a very rewarding and benefiting experience to all who do so, particularly with the absolutely perfect weather God has blessed us with. See you around the campfire next year.



Mr. and Mrs. Hargrove and Michael.

Mr. and Mrs. Hargrove and it isn't easy to hold back every tear, but we wave happily at their departure with the knowledge that many of our brethren will receive the blessing of a local church and the benefits of a resident minister.

Mr. Keith Thomas of the El Monte, California Church is moving to Phoenix to take over the ministerial responsibilities here. Standing before the congregations of Phoenix and Tucson will be another face, another personality, another human being. But the same Spirit of God will be directing the work. For Mr. Thomas' children, a new experience awaits—leaving Imperial Schools to attend public schools. To Mr. Thomas and his family we say welcome to Phoenix.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hargrove and Michael, we say, "From all of us in Phoenix and Tucson, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

A LIVING WITNESS

Early Sunday morning before the day of Atonement men were walking over the roof of Blyth arena laying out the *thirty-three thousand square feet* of canvas needed to seal off the open end. Each of the sixteen sections had to be laid out in proper order. Fingers grew weary and tired as the huge task of lacing together each piece drew to completion.

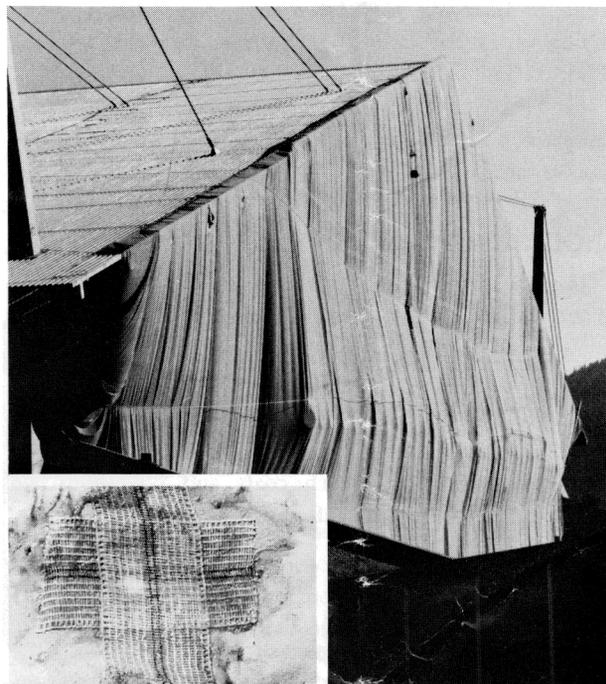
By Tuesday sunrise came the next big step—to take this 320' wide piece of material and push it off the top of Blyth arena letting it fall the 96 feet to the ground. Workmen were hurrying to each loose section tying down this gigantic "sail" before a gust of wind could send it whipping back up on the roof.

The Day of Atonement was nearing but work continued at an urgent pace until almost sundown. The crew of men left that evening with a sense of accomplishment. They had worked hard and long hours but now their job was finished. The canvas was all in place! As one man viewed this rippling wall of material, he said, "it really looks nice, it's beautiful." And so a tired group of men left the valley for a sabbath day's rest.

Atonement services were held in Reno that Wednesday. Everything seemed serene and peaceful.

But back in the valley dark clouds billowed across Squaw Peak. Gale winds came whistling over the mountains, picking up speed as they swept through the valley. A report came that there was a tear in the canvas. Concern mounted.

That night a few lonely men watched the fruit of their labors be ripped to shreds. Like a mammoth sail under hurricane winds that huge canvas swelled out ripping loose its tie-down



Covering the open end of Blyth arena hung this mammoth piece of canvas. Insert shows close-up of one of many patches.

ropes. Half of it, caught by a tremendous gust of wind, was sent clear up over the top of the arena. The other half, left dangling in the wind, was a shredded mess.

Thursday at six in the morning the work crews arrived. The sight was sickening, shocking. Eighty per cent of the canvas was destroyed. *Some pieces were 90 feet long but only 3 inches wide!* Only three out of the sixteen sections were not in need of repairs. One ten foot section ripped right out of the center was found in a rear parking area.

A feeling of utter hopelessness, that the canvas was gone, showed on men's faces. Some thought repairing the damage too big a job.

One workman was sent to Reno for material to piece back together the canvas. Faith was proved by works as men hunted for matching sections. Blyth arena floor became the table for a master jig-saw puzzle. On hands and knees

6500 Learn . . .

(Continued from page 1)

shed a tear of joy as Mr. Kunz, Mr. Pinelli and Mr. Swanson were ordained.

Worshipping became more meaningful and sincere as we realized with impact that our Creator controlled the hurricane at Jekyll Island, the rain at Big Sandy and the wind at Squaw Valley, as we looked to the surrounding rugged mountains and pondered His great handiwork, as His true ministers expounded the whole plan and purpose for human beings on earth, and as we recognized our part in that plan and our God's tremendous mercy and love toward us!

Truly this was in every way the BEST FEAST EVER!

But from around the world come the same reports of the best Feast ever. So watch for your copy of *The GOOD NEWS* which will have the complete inspiring world-wide report!

each rip and tear was tenderly mended. A fiberglass and nylon repair material applied with a rubber adhesive was used. The seemingly impossible job progressed, section by section, until every loose piece was back in place.

The big question now was when to put it back up. Should they erect that patched and mended wall immediately and have believing faith the wind would calm and not do its damage all over again? Or should they wait until the coming Sunday, the day before the Festival was to begin?

The decision was made. UP with the canvas immediately!

Once again the men were hard at work on a job they thought had been completed a few days earlier. Over four thousand feet of rope were used to tie down, guide and hold the canvas wall in place.

Prayers were answered. The wind dissipated. The weather was beautiful each day of the Festival. That plain piece of canvas, with a story of hard work, danger, believing prayer and faith, woven into its every patch, hung as a living witness to thousands.