

He had heard about the aviators. It had been in all the papers. On radio, etc. He had heard about it and had gone up to a Bible conference where he had spoken for a few days. When he got back to NY he said, Did they ever get those aviators? Were they ever rescued? I said, Yes, they got out alright.

I saw him after he preached the next Sunday, and he said What have you been doing? I said, I've been out to the Grand Canyon. Oh, he said, were you there when those men were rescued? I said, Yes, I rescued them. He laughed. Oh, yes, he said. That was a big joke. I got a ~~xxx~~ letter from him a little later. He said, When I got to NY I found it was true after all.

That gave the seminary a prettty good boost. But just that summer--that's the only time we ever had a summer school. The reason was because all men who were not actually in seminary or medical school on the first of July, were going to be drafted. So all the seminaries had summer school that summer. I was going to speak in chapel one day, and I started in thinking what I was going to say. Then I thought of illustrations of the canyon experience. Illustrations from it. The next thing I knew that was the center of my message.

I was asked to speak in different churches, in Rotary Clubs, and all sorts of places. Gradually it came together and I saw how I believed the reason the Lord gave me the experience and worked it out was that it was a most remarkable illustration of the gospel. These fellows down there in the bottom of the canyon not knowing where they are or how they can get out and being told Stay where you are and a rescue party will come. Getting their information by a revelation from above. It was a marvellous illustration, and I think the Lord gave me the experience simply for that illustration.

I particularly think that must be true because 5 yrs. later I was the only one of the 5 of us who was still living. The ranger who went with me and the 3 fellows were all dead within the next 5 years.

That helped in the ~~new~~ building of the seminary then. It was just shortly before that we had our new building given to us. This woman had promised Mr. Armes that if a certain deal went through where a British Co. was wanting to buy the ownership of her steel company -- it didn't come through but he kept after her and she gave us the building anyway. And we had a very fine brick mansion which fit the purpose of a seminary and dormitory very well for those years.

So from '44 on we were much better in our facilities than they had been before. When the war was over we began to get more students from the generation that came back. About that time we lost Dr. Buswell because he was asked to become the president of NBI. He used to come down one day a week and speak to us. I have never seen anything like the enthusaism of our alumni in those early days, at Faith. We used to have commencement Tuesday night and have an alumni meeting Monday night, and we would have dinner in the S.S. of the church, and out on the sidewalk there seemed to