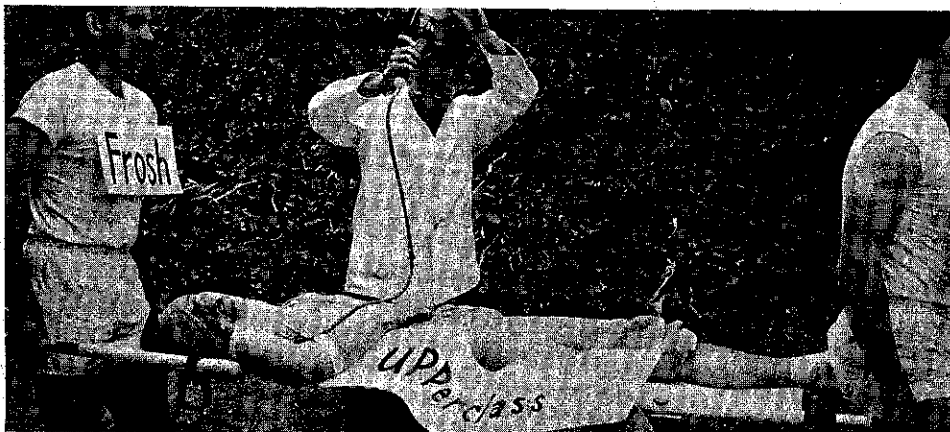


AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA



Volume X, Number 16

May 26, 1961



"And their prophecy came to pass..."

Upper Class Upset

THE UNDERCLASSMEN DID IT!! A combination of hard team play and sparkling, individual performance bested the 'older' men by forty-five telling points.

When the dust settled at four o'clock--the final score stood at: Upperclassmen, 127 1/2... Lowerclassmen, 172 1/2.

It is interesting to note that **ONLY FOUR** participants scored over ten individual points in the bustling field day. Ernest Williams for the second year lead his team. Coupled with George Kemnitz--they formed an unbeatable team.

Gaylon Smith and Betty Iverson were the top two individual girl scorers, both underclassmen. These four formed the nucleus that blazed the trail to victory. Between them they scored **OVER FORTY VALUABLE POINTS**.

It was a hard day indeed for the 'uppers.' They trailed by a mere eight points at one o'clock. Some close scores and hot competition seemed imminent.

However, as the afternoon wore on, the outcome became more apparent. Slowly the underclass began to widen the edge.

SEVEN RECORDS WERE SMASHED! FIVE by the 'undies.' And each broken record brought the dusty victory into the laps of oft-beaten underclassmen.

But like the former Brooklyn Bums used to say, "Wait'l nex' year!!!" So it is that next year both Ernest Williams and Betty "The Fish" Iverson (if she doesn't get married) and Gaylon Smith will become upperclassmen!

GAY NINETIES MUSICALE



Gay 90's Finale.

Outstanding! Magnificent! Superb!

These words only begin to describe the Spring Concert presented by the Ambassador Chorale. Directed by Mr. Leon Ettinger, the concert was held in the Shakespeare Club on May 14. Dorothy Williams was the accompanist; Garner Ted Armstrong, guest soloist.

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1961 ENVOY PREMIERS!

THIRTEEN THOUSAND ENVOYS by 1971! That is the bright future of growth based on a thirty-percent increase.

RIGHT NOW we are in the top ten! We are among S. K. Smith's (where the ENVOY is produced) **TEN BEST CUSTOMERS**.

The University of Washington is their best customer--with 10,000 volumes. We are not far behind. With present growth we will pass **THEM WITHIN THREE YEARS!**



Proud look of a job well done.

The general theme of the ENVOY was, **GOD'S WORK 'ROUND THIS WORLD--** with emphasis on the two Ambassador Colleges. God's work has expanded. So has the scope of the Yearbook. Every page vibrates with a dynamic life.

Just eleven years ago the total subscription list amounted to a mere hundred and fifty ENVOYS. NOW--that amount alone is being sent to our British brethren... plus sixty AUSTRALIA!!

And yet with this increase in pages... in number of volumes... in photographs... in layout, the staff has barely increased.

There were three staff members in 1950 --now, eleven years later--there are **ONLY NINE**. Nine members produced **TWO HUNDRED PAGES** chocked full of beautiful photographs and top quality

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PORTFOLIO

Published bi-weekly by Ambassador Press, Pasadena, California.
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DAVID JON HILL, Faculty Advisor
LESLIE McCULLOUGH, Editor
PAUL KROLL, Associate Editor
CONRAY JENNINGS, Picture Editor

STAFF

GARY DEMAREST	SHERWIN McMICHAEL
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BETTY IVERSON	JOHN L. SNYDER
DENNIS LUKER	HAZEL THURMAN
LARRY VAN LANDUYT	

Address all correspondence to the editor. Notify us immediately of any change of address.

CAMPUS EPIDEMIC DIAGNOSED

DATE: May 3, 1961.

PLACE: Ambassador College, Pasadena, California.

FOUND: Students quite ill with common disease.

SYMPTOMS: Dull, heavy-lidded eyes. Lack of drive. No zeal. Shuffle from class to class. Work from coffee break to coffee break. Stargaze. Spend day dreaming, dreaming, dreaming....

EFFECTS: Grades fall. Homework remains unfinished. Conversation drags. Prayer and Bible study decline. Spiritual character torn down. Sermons not absorbed. Young men's fancy turns to thoughts of love (so do young women's). Thoughts drift aimlessly on such subjects as the stream running across the campus, the tall pine trees, flowers, freshly-plowed ground, stars, moon, the beach, mountains, picnics, etc., etc.

CAUSE: Warm air, sunshine, fresh, smog-free air, clear blue sky with fluffy white clouds, blooming flowers, thoughts of home, fresh green out-of-doors.

DIAGNOSIS: SPRING FEVER!!

Good News

LYNN MARTIN IS GOING TO ENGLAND! After summer studies at the University of Saltillo, in Mexico, Lynn will become Dr. Rea's private secretary.

Help in the Spanish work is now desperately needed. But with Dr. Rea's BAPTIZING TOUR THROUGH SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA the need will become so much greater.

Dr. Rea's trip may result in more radio stations. That means one thing--MORE--HARDER, WORK!

There are other plans. A Spokesman Club for the Spanish brethren--in Spanish and not in English.

God's work is increasing--SPREADING out in all directions



Trout-napper Caught Rainbow-handed

by Robert Macdonald

Are Mr. Lochner and Mr. Armstrong collaborating in some surreptitious angling? What's this? Has the no fishing ban in the Ambassador College stream been lifted? Well not exactly. Last summer the hot weather killed all the trout in the stream, so in the fall the stream was restocked with trout and bass.

With the approach of warm weather the trout are again facing extinction due to increased thermal activity of their habitat. Therefore there is only one thing to do--CATCH THE TROUT!

Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Lochner plan a series of fishing expeditions up the green slopes of the campus in the cascading waters of the stream until the trout population is reduced to nil. The first expedition bagged nine of these rainbow beauties. Mr. Armstrong holds the fishing rod while Mr. Lochner shoos the fish toward the hook. A barbless hook is used in case a bass bites, so that it would not be seriously hurt.

Rumors have it that the Armstrongs and Lochners will be getting together for some fish fries in the next few weeks.

Of course they could have caught the trout much more easily with a net as do the gardeners, but that would seem somewhat less than sporting to these rod and reel enthusiasts. Unfortunately there will be no more fishing after this year, as henceforth only bass will be stocked.



"HALF-ALIVE?"

"THIS IS... THE AGE OF THE HALF-DONE JOB. America is populated with laundrymen who won't iron shirts, with waiters who won't serve, with carpenters who will come around some day-- maybe... with students who take cinch courses because the HARD ONES MAKE THEM THINK. "When Charles H. Brower, President of Durstine & Osborn, a national advertisement agency, made this analysis, he put his finger on a problem that affects most people in this nation.

These people, the laundrymen, waiters, students--all have one thing in common. THEY HAVE NO INTEREST IN THEIR JOBS!

Surrounded by a cloud of INDIFFERENCE they see nothing! THEY FAIL TO OBSERVE. Today, the ACTIVE, CREATIVE, OBSERVING, AND THINKING MIND IS virtually nonexistent.

Elbert Hubbard once said, "The recipe for perpetual ignorance is to BE SATISFIED AND CONTENT WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE."

WHAT CAN WE DO TO ESCAPE THIS UNCONSCIOUS EXISTENCE? HOW CAN WE CULTIVATE THE FACULTY OF OBSERVING WHAT GOES ON AROUND US?

Take the example of Charles Duryea, the automotive engineer. He had a problem. His car engine was not burning gasoline efficiently. Duryea could have left the JOB HALF DONE. No thinking was necessary. He could have left his experiments. NO NEED TO USE HIS MIND.

But Charles Duryea was not of that breed. HE RECOGNIZED THE PROBLEM AND OVERCAME HIS OBSTACLE!!

Duryea kept the problem before him. Always thinking, how to solve it, he was observant. The breakthrough came. And the solution was from a most unexpected source. Duryea was observing his wife spray perfume on herself with an atomizer.

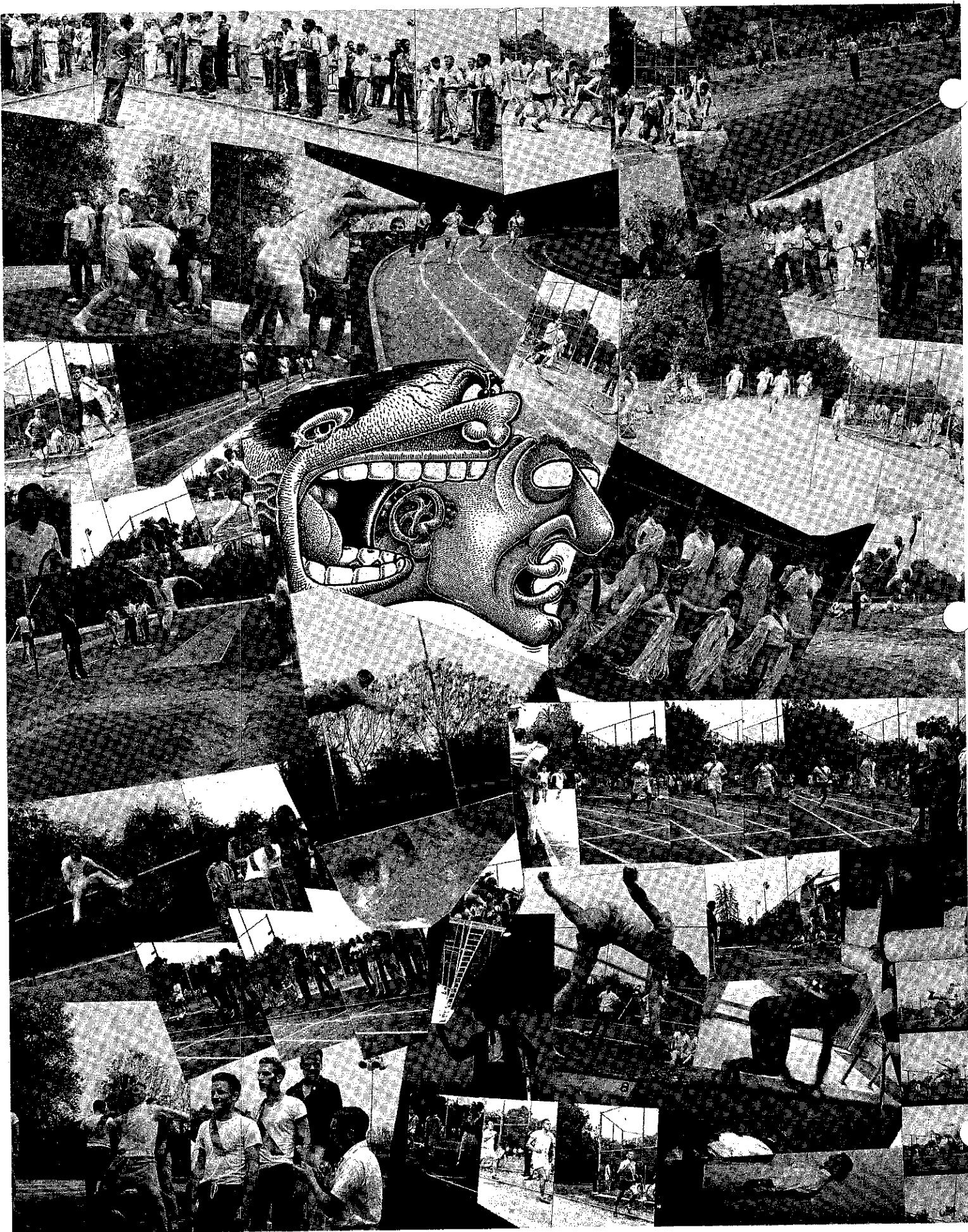
"That's it," he shouted, "That's it--I see the solution." And from this OBSERVATION came the FIRST PRACTICAL CARBURETOR!!

Most people do not realize their problem. Many do NOT EVEN KNOW THAT THERE IS A PROBLEM! But this is the first necessary step to being an OBSERVANT AND THINKING PERSON.

Next, we must have THE DESIRE AND DRIVE to solve the obstacle. This automatically puts the mind in gear. If a person wants to find a way--HE WILL FIND A WAY. It may take toil, sweat, pain, and much, much time, BUT THE ANSWER WILL COME.

Switch the track of your mind on the rail marked "problem." Bring every faculty of your mind to bear on the obstacle. Stick with it! Don't let the problem be obscured by the cloud of time, tiredness, or escape. Hack at it from all sides. Cut it to the core! The seed of trouble will expose itself. STICK WITH YOUR PROBLEM! Wait for the breakthrough.





MUSICALE Continued

Traditional style dominated the first half of the program: formal attire, formal singing, but nothing stuffy about it. The songs were very appealing and moving. They ranged from "Down by the Sally Gardens" and "Green Sleeves" (a solo by LeRoy Diem) to "Alleluia."

The second half departed from tradition to present "Yesterdays (or Love was Mighty Tidy in 1890)." Here, the narration, singing, and expert staging combined to catch the spirit of love, romance, and excitement that prevailed at the turn of the century.



On stage everyone.

Richard Plache left his job (but not his top hat) with a medicine show to narrate the script written by Mr. Ettinger. Mrs. Williams was responsible for the overture arrangement and musical continuity. And an excellent job of stage directing was done by Mr. Harold Reed.



Show-stoppers!

Aided by special lighting and sound effects, an array of songs was presented. No expense was spared to procure all the equipment and personalities needed--such as the surrey wheeled out during "Surrey With the Fringe on Top." Mary Ann, who certainly aged fast, but then, that was necessary for your part in "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Two young Hollywood Starlets, Peggy Sharp and Susan Zimmerman, were imported to sing "Do-Re-Mi."



There was even a dance--"The Merry Widow Waltz," accompanied by the Ochs sisters on accordions. And the Irish railroad builders sang "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill" as they prepared to dynamite a mountain blocking the tracks.

The concert closed with a truly inspiring rendition of "You'll Never Walk Alone."

Strictly Fundamental

by Vernon Hargrove

Why are you at Ambassador College?

The first year or two is filled with that first flush of zeal--Bible classes, Friday night Bible studies, Sabbath services. So much new knowledge and so many new faces that little thought is given to future USE of this knowledge. Why should you worry? The ministers and the faculty are keeping sufficiently abreast of the work to be done.

These were my thoughts also in past years!

Then suddenly it was announced that I was being sent to Chicago! All that I could feel was a heavy sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach. Why should I be sent? How could I help anyone?

Mr. Blackwell suggested that I visit one young man who had problems. This man was rather evasive in his conversation going for quite a while with meager results. Just as I was on the verge of leaving, he made a statement which broke the whole matter wide open--"I've been considering very seriously LEAVING THE CHURCH!" he said.

How do you cope with such a problem as this? Do you turn to the works of Homer? Do you consult Shakespeare? Do you find what Plato or Aristotle has to say about it?

First, I read this person the scriptures showing what a young man should be. Then, we scanned the most important parts of the first few chapters of Romans. Next, we took Romans 7 and 8--verse by verse very carefully.

Finally he turned to me and said, "Look,

(Cont. Page Five)

ANOTHER AUSSIE!

The Administration Building was shaken to its foundation last week by the bomb that was dropped into the lives of Frank Simpkins and his wife. Their normally calm and serene way of life was completely and unexpectedly shattered by the announcement that they were to move-- TO AUSTRALIA!!



Frank and Bernice will leave immediately following graduation for the land of Koala bears and kangaroos. They will relieve Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hammer in Sydney. The Hammers are then to move to Melbourne where they will establish a new church.

More plans--and only tentative--provide that Frank and Bernice may move to Melbourne to take charge there and allow the Hammers to make yet another move. Perhaps this time to New Zealand, where 3,000 people eagerly devour the PLAIN TRUTH magazine each month, to establish banking facilities for those Co-Workers who can now only hold their donations because of government restrictions.

When last seen, Frank was still reeling from shock and mumbling something about passports and visas.

WHO IS NEXT? CLARENCE & B. K.!!

H.M.S. Caught Fish

Monday, May 12--at the ghastly hour of 1:30 A. M. --students of Imperial High School eagerly embarked for a day of deep sea fishing.

Laden with gear and enthusiasm, this hardy group left from Pier Point landing for the sea.

A large number of "landlubbers" were overcome with mal de mer. Mr. Bernard Kelley fished for ten minutes, spent the next ten hours over the rail, and caught nothing but a COMMON COLD! Mr. Lochner managed to land the highest catch of the day.

Solid earth was a BEAUTIFUL sight! The day was concluded with some chagrin, smiles, and fish for all!

Diplomacy--the art of saying "Nice doggie" until you have time to pick up a rock.

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Imperial Griffith Expedition

Thirty-five Imperial students of grades one and two recently took a safari to Griffith Park. They invaded the zoo, charging past old camels, ostriches, monkeys and elephants.

Time out was declared while they devoured their sack lunches. Refueled, they stormed the merry-go-round four times. More of their energy was spent on the sand piles and swings. No casualties were reported when they mustered at headquarters--and went home tuckered out.

Ambassadors Make Big Splash

The FIRST SWIMMING MEET in the history of Ambassador College ended in a rousing victory for the Under Class, and contributed greatly to their final victory upset on Field Day.

The gallery, packed into the swimming pool area like sardines, and the applause sounding like the roar of surf formed a unique background, and encouraged the swimmers as they furrowed the water.

UPPER CLASSMEN WHERE WERE YOU??

Fundamental continued

all these things you are telling me, I already know."

"I know it, "I said, "but Peter said that as long as he was alive he thought it necessary to remind people of the things they already knew. However, you are overlooking the most basic of all the Biblical fundamentals. And that is that you have human nature which you can never overcome by your own self."

From 7:00 P.M. until 12-midnight he and I talked. At last he said, "All this tonight just couldn't be coincidence."

"No it isn't, "I said. "The God from whom you are running leads us to those who need help."

This is an example of why you are at Ambassador College--to learn the very basic fundamentals of life itself--the skeleton outline of necessary knowledge as listed in Hebrews 6:1-2.

Use this summer to observe human nature in the rough. Then apply what you have learned to those problems and solve them all! Perhaps after that you can put more real interest into studying and learning the basic fundamentals.

If you've ever bent over a drinking fountain with the ends of your tie dangling, you know how a cocker spaniel feels about his ears.

My country, 'tis TV,
Sweet land of sit-and-see

Gunsmoke galore.
Land where the villain dies,
Shot right between the eyes
By good fast-drawing guys;
Le-et six-guns roar!

Page Six

Ambassador Adventure

by Selmer Hegvold

The spread of evening darkness over the battlefields of Normandie, France, always heralded the approach of enemy bombers seeking out our camouflaged positions. This night their target was personnel, our personnel! For this purpose they used small, deadly anti-personnel bombs.

To us, huddled in our foxholes below, these sounded as if the bombardiers had released vicious strings of giant fire-crackers. We expected the very next one to explode in our hip pockets, and consequently, as the explosions drew closer, we tensed in panic. Ground-to-air cannon fire from our anti-aircraft batteries, together with the thunderous roll of our artillery and the brilliant flares lighting the scene lent a nerve-racking background to the night's experiences.

In countless foxholes cognac disappeared like water, but with little effect on shattered nerves. I could see that the human

Checkmate!

What about this CHESS TOURNAMENT? Here are the final standings in the championship as of May 8, when the final match was played.

ADVANCED GROUP	NOVICE GROUP
1st R. Dart	1st A. Knight
2nd D. Albert	2nd B. Ellis
3rd L. Blackwell	3rd J. Lichtenstein
4th M. Levy	4th B. Iverson

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE WINNERS!!!

Plans are already being considered for next year's tourney, so keep practicing.

ENVOY continued

writing.

A SIDE LIGHT: The Mirro-Graphic company, printers of the ENVOY, are



said to consider the ENVOY their preferred publication. Their Salesmen use the file copies to demonstrate just how much CAN be done in a yearbook to their other customers. OURS IS A YEARBOOK WE CAN REALLY TAKE PRIDE IN.

Congratulations to Herr Herrmann and staff for a job exceptionally well done... and for the pleasure and privilege of many hours of interesting reading and reminiscence.

stamina, even fortified by good French cognac, was not enough. That night I recalled a comment made to me months earlier by a World War I veteran, who said, "Every soldier in combat sooner or later learns there is a God!"

There in the privacy of my hole in the ground, with earth crumbling down its sides, jarred loose by the earthshaking explosions on every side, I learned that there is a God! I frantically sought a means of communication with that God before reason could leave me!

For hours I searched my mind for fragments of the once-known "Lord's Prayer!" Gradually, phrase by phrase, I pieced together that prayer and at long



last I had it from "Our Father" to "Amen!"

In my exuberance at this success I nearly leaped from my foxhole! Then I quietly snuggled down against the earth and poured out that prayer to the fiery heavens above with all the fervency of my being. Moments later I was sound asleep! When I awoke hours later, birds were singing in the trees overhead, and the sun was shining brightly from a cloudless sky. I breathed a prayer of thanks and thereupon vowed a tremendous vow to that God that I would bend every effort to know Him better in years to come if He would see me safely through the battles yet ahead.

In succeeding weeks it became my superstitious practice to precede every operation by a silent repetition of that prayer I had learned that night. Succeeding events seemed to prove that God listened to that prayer! In those weeks, through vicious fighting, my company garnered many commendations for accomplishments in action, and only two men wounded. God kept His part of my vow! I came through the war unscratched. My part of the vow I've been striving to keep and fulfill ever since, and I am truly thankful for His gracious mercy toward me and mine.

Recollection of this experience has again renewed my zeal to serve Him more effectively in the future, and I hope it will have the same effect on you!