

Volume 15, Number 5

December 16, 1965

Urgent Appeal Brings Aid For Semi-Annual

An evening of exciting activity ensued on November 27, when Church members from all over Southern California converged on the Circulation Annex at 219 W. Del Mar to help Ambassador College mail out the recent winter Semi-Annual Letter. College students joined them in making the letters and envelopes fly across the tables and into the mail trays—all of this in response to an urgent appeal to all who could make it to mail out this most crucial letter to the entire mailing list

(Continued on page 8)



Universal Studios roll out the red carpet for Ambassador College.

Ambassadors View Contrast: Planetarium vs. Movie Studios

Anyone here heard of a *Field Trip Department*? Well, we don't really have one. But when the *Ambassador College Family* takes a field trip nowadays we *almost* need such a department to oversee all the details: transportation, food, schedules, appointments!

The effort on the part of Faculty and Student Body alike is worth it when we see the expressions of the people we meet change from horror to pleasure at the sight of *nearly four hundred students descending en masse* on their premises! The lecturer at Griffith Planetarium couldn't keep from marveling in his speech how such a youthful group could be *so orderly* and keep *so quiet*. And other speakers at Univer-

sal Studios could scarcely believe such a large body of people could be *so single-minded* on such a subject as *make-up*!

The impact of the combination of the genuine splendor of our solar system and the utter fakery and phony

(Continued on pages 4-5)



Enthusiastic brethren volunteer a helping hand to help mail out Semi-Annual Letter.



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Science Fiction Dept.

Now Ambassador Has the "Bomb"

In this insane, hell-bent world a new age encroaches upon us—the age of the bomb! Many second rate nations have the bomb. Many more clamor vociferously for it. But did you know that now even AMBASSADOR COLLEGE HAS THE BOMB?

Red China and De Gaulle's France, both second rate nations, possess nuclear devices. Megalomaniac Sukarno venomously threatens Malaysia and Australia with talk of atomic firepower. Nasser of Egypt and the U.A.R. *spews* demoniacal boasts, threatening to *annihilate* tiny Israel. Germany desperately attempts *international blackmail* to obtain the "almighty bomb." And many nations even smaller than these, presently research feverishly, clutching greedily for the power and prestige of the coveted bomb.

Yet, while we here at Ambassador College have the bomb, no technological drive to develop it occurred, no fervent desire to obtain it developed. Frankly, it happened by *accident*!

You see, between 380 and 360 a

(Continued on page 6)

Editorial

ARE YOU WALL-FLOUR?

by Darryl Henson

Each fall Ambassador Colleges accept several hundred applicants. Most are swept into the mainstream of college life, wholeheartedly supporting its classes, activities and events. They realize that where the main channel is, THEY want to swim.

Almost unnoticed are those who are a little skeptical for some reason or another. They become "wall-flour"—a white refined substance which when sprinkled against the walls becomes indistinguishable from the plaster. To them certain college functions and policies could stand a little revision here and there. Not much—just a little. Or maybe they've been shy and retiring most of their lives, made it through 18, 19 or 27 years without much dating, didn't learn to dance, and have no interest in concerts or basketball. Others feel they are *intellectual* and would feel *uncomfortable* to condescend to attend a sock hop when there's "so much to learn elsewhere." Some are "a little more righteous than God" and the administrators of His college who plan and approve college activities. Ministers shouldn't act the way God's ministers do. Older students are sometimes uncomfortable because they feel the 18-22-year-olds are indulging in too much juvenile nonsense.

Whatever the *specific* attitude might be, these students stand a little aloof, not quite giving in and *proving* PERSONALLY whether Ambassador College really *is* RECAPTURING TRUE VALUES by *being a mainliner*—an enthusiastic backer of everything the college recommends or inculcates into its curriculum. Almost imperceptibly, they drift into the backwaters and begin to stagnate, watching Ambassador College flow by for three, four or five years. Fringers—on the *inside* looking in!! Wall-flour. Indistinguishable from the *walls* of the institution. Waiting while their fellows are sent with a purpose into God's Work.

STUDENTS, DON'T BE "WALL-FLOUR"! Don't wait till your junior or senior year to suddenly awake to the realization that you have been harmless, unassuming "wall-flour" for three or four years. *Swallow* your prejudice, whatever your particular one might be. Dive *headlong* into the mainstream while there is time. Realize *now* that Ambassador College offers a Liberal Arts education—an education that equips you for *every facet of life*! Back up the activities planned for you—WHOLEHEARTEDLY. You can't do *EVERYTHING EVERYTIME*. But you *can* back up every policy, every activity that you are able to attend with ALL YOUR MIGHT! You CAN attend *most* of the basketball games, you CAN attend a *great majority* of the concerts, Ambassador Club field trips, *all* the formal dances of the year, and college field trips. You CAN study a balanced amount. We communicate with *people* in this work. We teach *people* in our publications and in the field ministry. They *need* to know the doctrine and prophecy, yes! But also how to apply it! How to dance, to play ball, walk, talk, and learn about the world around them.

Ambassadors, NOW is the time to shake the flour sack—to become a mainliner, to plunge into the mainstream—to become a real part of the work of the Living God!! Don't be afraid to make mistakes—they show you *are doing* SOMETHING!! Begin to write like Paul, edit like Ezra, speak like Peter, cry and pray, sing and dance like David, laugh like Solomon, step out like Abraham, yes and even play ball like God's ministers today. It's ALL part of Ambassador College—the college of The World Tomorrow!!

The Ambassador College Rainstorm

During the four days of November 14-17, Southern California was hit by the most powerful rainstorm since 1880. The entire L.A. basin, usually basking in desert dryness, reeled under the unexpected change of climate. The slick highways resulted in dozens of highway pile-ups, and severe mud slides pushed many families out of house and home. As a close example, Mark Hawthorn, Larry's brother, appeared on TV news after his house had oozed full of slithering mud.

But how did all this affect our campus? All the average student noticed was the new raincoat racks outside Mayfair, but the rain brought a lot more good than that.

Considering that the storm brought seven inches of rain, that means 1,016,400 gallons of water struck our campus. There was a certain drainoff, but at

least half of that clear, clean rainwater sank in. This obviously saved on our city water bill, but look how it saved our soil's *health* too—our "dichondra doctor bill."

First of all, the city water contains a certain amount of harmful salts. These salts collect in the upper soil and tend to choke the nutrients out. When a heavy rain of fresh water comes, these salts are washed down to deeper soil. That's why you notice such a lush green after a rain, although our plants received plenty of water from sprinklers before. The rain is healthier water.

Rain is also a natural fertilizer. The raindrops "rob" the nitrogen molecules from the air and leave this life-giving nitrogen in the soil. Nitrogen is one of the best fertilizers man knows—and it's "built into" the rain.

The rain also washed away the smog

film. Every few weeks the smog film on our fine plants dirties them so much they must be carefully washed and rinsed. The rain did the work for us.

And did you notice? Isn't it strange how the four days of the storm coincided with the November PLAIN TRUTH run?! Then the second, smaller, rainstorm struck while the semi-annual letter was being sent. The gardeners' work was being done by the weather while the gardeners were free to mail out a great portion of the 650,000 PLAIN TRUTH magazines and the same number of semi-annual letters.

The rainstorm saved the Work hundreds of dollars with this extra labor, and hundreds of hours of gardening labor. Whether you look at the money saved or the healthy luster of our lush gardens, Southern California's "worst" storm in 85 years was the best weather to hit *Ambassador College* in years!

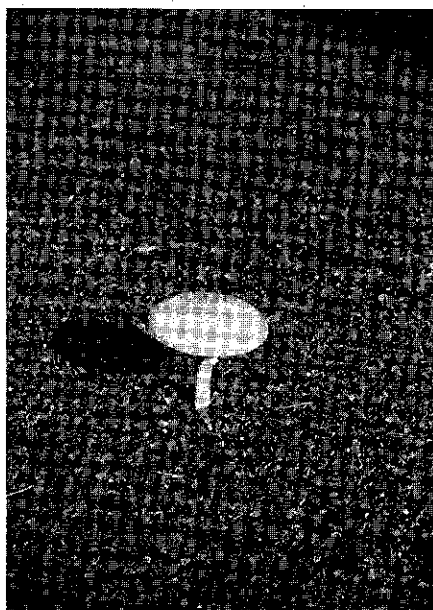
Our fungus Editor reports—

Rain Foments Fungus Growth

The recent rainstorm left the Ambassador College campus covered with an unsightly *blessing*! The day after the rains had gone, the campus was blitzed by a rapidly growing *fleshy white fungus*.

Although it is not as deadly as the other fungi that have attacked the campus in recent weeks, these *umbrella-shaped blobs* are *more unsightly*. This type fungus also requires a good deal of *moisture* in order to grow and thus it only rears its ugly blobs at the end of a rainstorm. This fungus usually feeds on trees, dead stumps, humus on forest floors, manure, and decaying organic material in general. Occasionally it takes a notion to sprout up from the rich soil feeding the Ambassador dichondra.

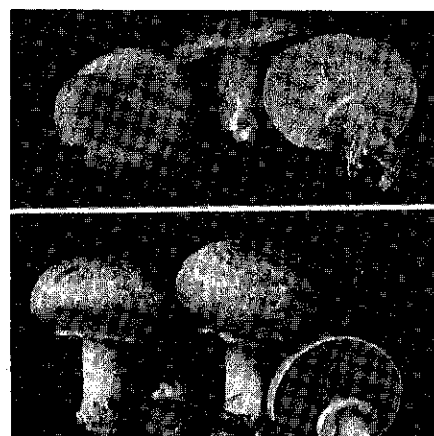
In case you haven't already guessed, these fleshy white blobs of fungus are TOADSTOOLS. And if you have never seen a toadstool basking in the Amba-



Close-up of the Ambassador automatic "soil-converters."

sador dichondra, you should be on the lookout the next time it rains.

Then when you are able to see a toadstool or two, stop and realize that here is another vital and necessary part of God's perfect planning as exhibited in nature. These toadstools tend to grow in a slightly *basic* soil. Combined with our *basic* soil and humus these



toadstools convert some of the nutrients in the soil to more usable nutrients for the dichondra. Not all blessings are pretty, and here's one of 'em—but it is a blessing!

MASTER PLAN AFFECTED

During the recent record-setting rainstorms a freshman burst into class looking half drowned.

"Have you heard the big news?" he yelled.

"No!" "What?" we answered.

"The college has *scrapped* the dining hall project! They're going to start on the ARK TOMORROW."

AMBASSADOR FIELD TRIP HIGHLIGHTS

(Continued from page 1)

play-acting of a movie set was inescapable!

Everyone sat in rapt attention as our speaker led us through an astounding tour of the planets. Beginning with Mercury and Venus and working out to Saturn and Jupiter we sat amazed at the intricate and masterful planning and organization that went into creating the forces governing this vast universe. Quite a contrast with the events of the afternoon!

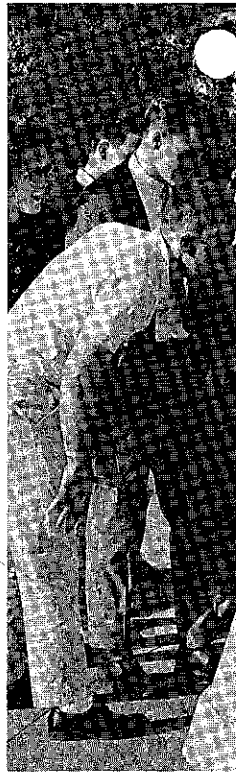
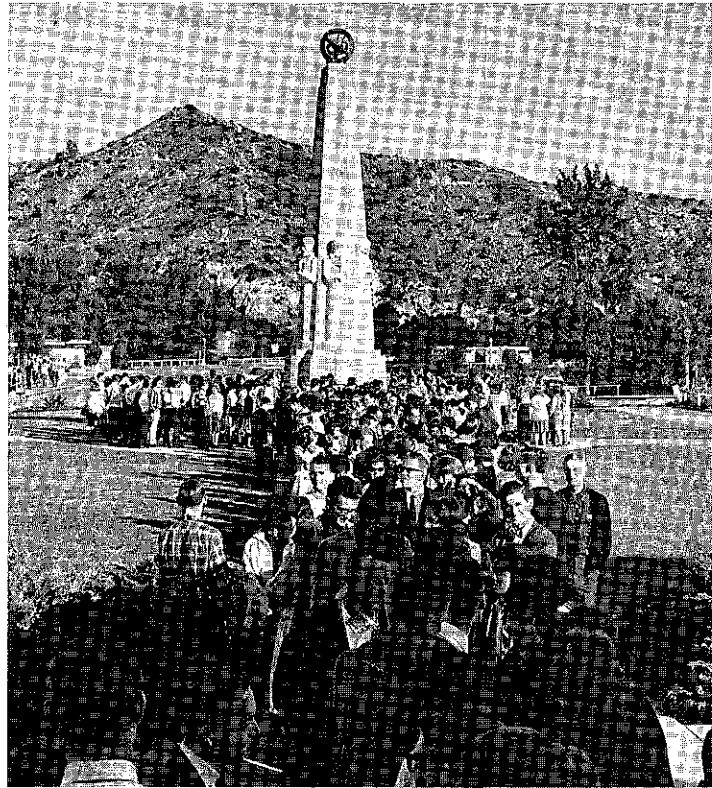
After a half-hour drive from Griffith Park and an hour-and-a-half tour through Universal Studios, we found ourselves completely disillusioned and extremely disappointed movie-goers. For what were thought to be magnificent panoramas turned out to be Hollywood's backyard of muddy pools surrounded with plastic, cardboard, wooden and paper props, decorated mostly with artificial vegetation and spiced up with trick photography!

Almost all the indoor shots take place inside gargantuan gray warehouses which are divided into heavily padded sound stages. Hundreds of sets are available to depict everything from a slop-filled hog trough to a glittering chandeliered Vienna ballroom.

The outside shots are taken in an artificial city consisting mainly of bland facades resembling anything from huts to castles made to look like any normal section of any town or city in any part of the world.

But what about the seascapes and ocean storms? Surprising as it is, the same story is true! On a small, mud-chocked artificial mill pond waves ten feet high are generated with the help of a flotilla of wave machines strategically located on opposite banks. Rain, fog, snow, blizzards and any other figment of weather can be produced by the *Special Effects Department*. At a touch of a button you will find yourself in *plastic snow*, *smoky mist*, or driving rain from a high-pressure garden hose!

We certainly were blessed with the answers this year. In a command per-



Joe

Here comes one of the two most orderly college groups in this country (one of three worldwide)!

formance before the most biased group in his entire career—probably the most biased in the history of *Universal Studios*—the make-up expert began his program. "I understand the co-eds at Ambassador College don't wear make-up. Is there *any particular reason* for this?"

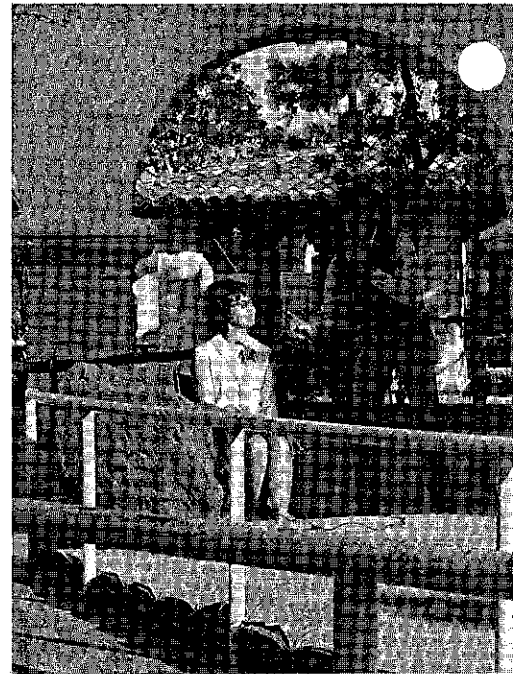
Ambassador heads swam with possible answers. "The Bible forbids it!" might do for a starter. But a sigh of relief went up from every nephesh when Jim Quigley voiced the most tactful answer: "They don't *need* it!"

And so the scene was set for the *most strained* demonstration of *making up* yet! Later on in the program the speaker came to the use of a lipstick brush. He asked his second fateful question: "How many here wear lipstick?"

Nary a head nodded.

"Well, this would work equally well with *chapstick*!" was the only comeback he could make.

You certainly have to agree. The man



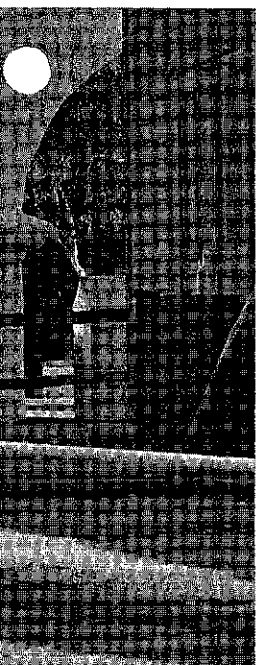
Texas-born Jean Shields feels right at home directing

handled himself *extremely well* under the circumstances. (*Whoever heard of a chapstick-brush?!*)

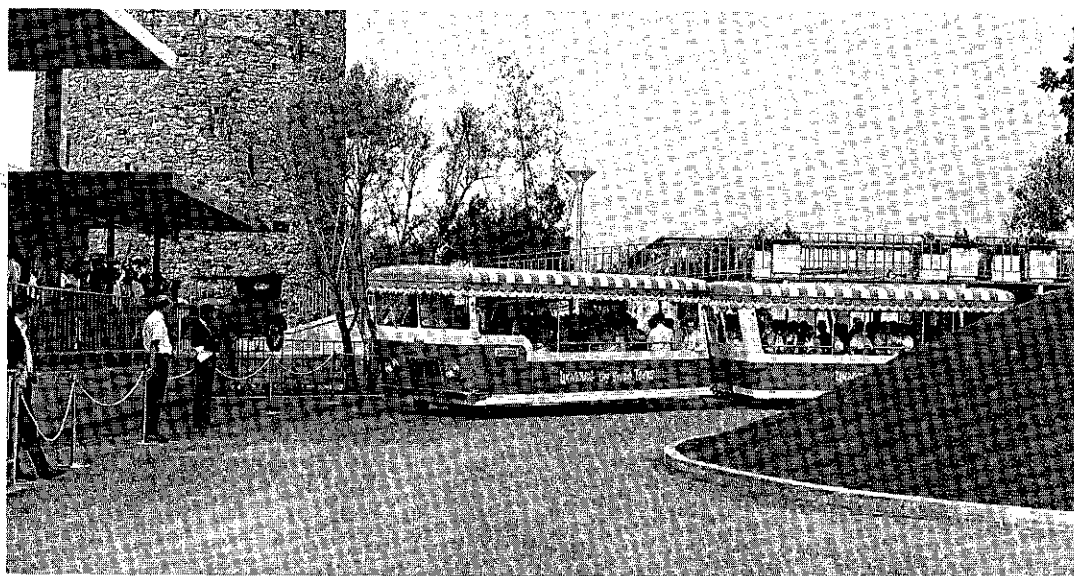
We witnessed a tremendous contrast on December seventh—the contrast between genuine workmanship in the heavens and the backhanded craft and



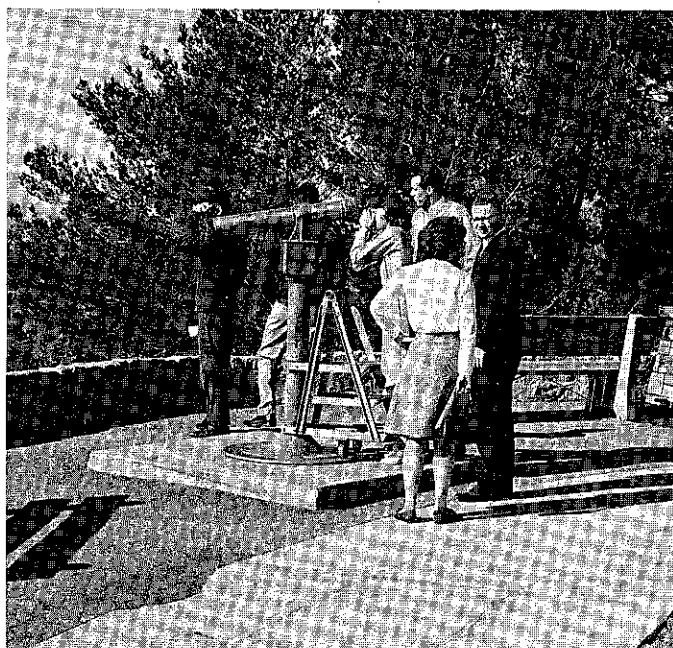
watch!



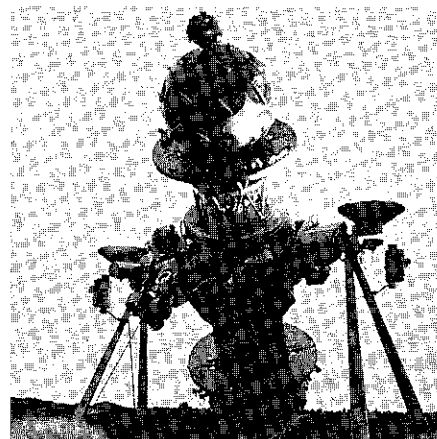
live wild west stunt show.



Starting at the "War Lord's" castle, the tram tour lasted about 1½ hours.



From the planetarium students try for sneak preview of Universal Studios!



The \$70,000 Zeiss planetarium projector simulates 90,000 stars along with the planets—and doubles as a monster for a yet unannounced TV series!



"This chapstick brush doubles as a useful eye-brow comb in case you've washed them and find them unmanageable!"



This mill pond yields waves ten feet high with the help of a battery of wave machines.

fraud in movie production. The only epithet of any consequence came several days later. With the deceit of a movie set and the splendor of the universe still fresh in mind, one student walked outside just at sunset and said, "Will the *real* moon please rise!"

So You Don't Have A Date ... Yet?

"I'm a failure at eighteen!" wails Phoebe, the frantic freshman, four weeks before the big dance. "All my friends have dates... well, at least a *couple* of them do! Oh, if only I weren't so ugly and uncoordinated—if only *Herman* would notice me!!"

Herman is an all-around "good guy"—he's on everybody's list—first-string basketball player, dean's list, sermonette list... and Phoebe's list.

Three and a half weeks from the dance and Phoebe's still dateless. She trips Herman as he emerges from fourth year Bible, and exults inwardly when he finally speaks to her.

Three weeks to go. Phoebe is getting desperate! She gives Herman her soggy oatmeal across the table at Mayfair, and he gives her a long, puzzled look. This exchange puts her on Cloud Nine for another week and a half.

One and a half weeks left. Phoebe is sitting disconsolately by the phone, crying on the shoulders of a few fellow-mourners. Then—a miracle! The silence is broken by a longed-for promising tinkle. Phoebe dives for the phone, breaking a chair leg and running her nylon as she bulldozes her hapless roommates aside.

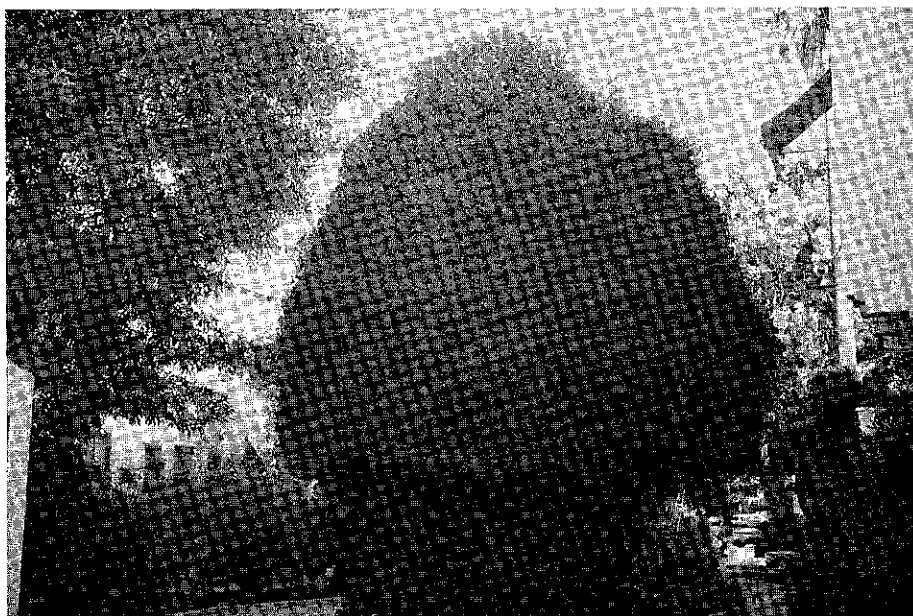
"Hello?" she gasps, out of breath.

"Hullo... uh... Phoebe... uh... this is Mortimer... you know, the freshman, Mortimer Funk... uh... Phoebe... Would you, I mean, It's like this... Phoebe, would you *maybe* like to go to the... uh... dance with uh... *me?*"

"Of course I would, Mortimer," she purrs, and quickly hangs up. "Oh, gag! A *freshman*—I have to go with a *freshman!*" she moans to her sympathetic buddies.

The day after the dance, Phoebe has mysteriously climbed back up on Cloud Nine again:

"Hey, did I tell you what a *great* dancer Mortimer Funk is? And he's



The Bomb

(Continued from page 2)

gigantic *Bougainvillea* vine, shaped like an atomic mushroom cloud and affectionately nicknamed "*the bomb*" by the Gardening Department, has grown over and engulfed a tall dead tree trunk—a rare situation. The huge vine—a veritable behemoth as far as *Bougainvilleas* go—began to hamper traffic, its

thick green foliage and brilliant purple flowers sprawling into the nearby driveway. The gardeners remedied the problem by trimming away the outside foliage of the lower ten feet, thinning it enough to permit proper traffic once again and creating the mushroom effect.

While the world palpitates in dread of the bomb's fiery mushroom cloud, we can gaze serenely at the Ambassador College "*bomb*" and enjoy it!

Blackout Strikes 390-A

As the shock of New York's surprise blackout began to fade from the news picture, Ambassador College had its own blackout.

The coeds of 390A were merrily studying Josephus, G. Ernest Wright, The Harmony, or The Genesis Flood—depending on their age—when WHAP! Nothing was left but the inky black of night!

After the original shock of darkness, the pioneer spirit began to well up within the "A girls." Not unlike Abe Lincoln, they continued studying Josephus, G. Ernest Wright, The Harmony and the Genesis Flood—by FLASHLIGHT! Those not blessed with that modern contraption lit a candle and flickered a few chapters into their brain.

terribly interesting—he's been to college and even worked in a big bank before and he knows all about ichthyology

As bedtime neared the excitement of that pioneer spirit mounted. Undaunted by the black of night, Kay Whitaker and her girls put up their hair by flashlight. "Wind, nor hail, nor dark of night will stop these curlers from their appointed rounds!" The clammy electric blankets were almost enough to break that adventuring spirit, and cold showers *did* for some queasy souls.

The epitaph to this story was the sign on 390A that night. It was left for one girl who was to come in late from a date. There was a candle, a book of matches, and a warning message: "I couldn't find my bed in the dark, so I'm sleeping in the hall. Please don't step on me."

and he has the biggest blue eyes..."

"What about Herman?"

"Who's Herman???"

Leslie Myrick's Senior Recital

December 5, 1965, was the culmination of a four-year musical career at Ambassador College for Leslie Myrick. Her senior recital in the College Assembly Hall was the equivalent of a music major's recital at *any* other fine college. Through years of diligent training, her performances expressed the true Ambassador College quality we all seek.

Miss Myrick spanned the history of music, beginning with two Scarlatti sonatas, continuing with works by Romanticists Chopin and Brahms, the impressionist Debussy, and modernist Bela Bartok. The highlight of the evening was a stirring performance of the Liszt Piano Concerto in four movements.

On the up-coming musical calendar, be watching for "An Afternoon at the Opera" featuring the best known choruses and arias from famous operas. The Ambassador Chorale and featured soloists will perform to the accompaniment of our *concert* band next December 16 at the Student Assembly. See you there.



Years of individual practice and experience have inevitably led to the sterling performance of Leslie's Senior Recital.

"To Date?" or "Not to Date?" (two very good questions!)

Basketball season is fast approaching, but in spite of this "out" all conscientious Ambassador men will be taxing their brains these next few months to come up with new, different, exciting types of dates. What we need is the "inside dope" on where to go and what to see in Los Angeles, on *any* budget.

First, let us assume that you are broke. (Common affliction, isn't it?) How can you have a stimulating, enjoyable evening on \$0.00? Several suggestions have already been made, such as a walk around campus or down Grand Street. If you can get with a group and have access to four wheels, the possibilities are almost unlimited. (Examples: try a visit to the Mulholland Memorial Fountains, or the Los Angeles Airport. Add stimulating conversation—come on, you *can* do it!—and top off the evening with a 10c ice cream cone. Presto! A memorable evening for the "poverty" set.)

Why let the next beautiful rain go to waste? You'd be amazed how many girls would really enjoy donning raincoats and boots and striking out on a twilight walk under an umbrella. (*Honest injun!*)

If she's the athletic type (you'd be surprised to know how many are) why

not get a group to take the bus up to the Henniger Flats trail for an invigorating hike? It's a long way up, so be sure you're all appropriately dressed and genuinely interested. The view at the top is magnificent!

For a "view from the bottom" try showing an out-of-stater the famous Hollywood lights. A half-hour of walking down the sidewalk of Hollywood Boulevard reading the stars' names might lead to something like this:

"John Wayne... say did you see him in 'Hatori'?"

"Yes, wasn't that great? I saw it up in Seattle one summer."

"Seattle? Why, I used to live there!"

"Really? Say, did you know Tom Henderson? He used to live on Market Street..."

"Why, yes! Tommy and I went to the same high school..." And on it goes. With a little imagination and planning, anything can happen!

Don't miss the coming articles to appear in later issues of *The PORTFOLIO*, with more hints on where to go and what to do, with or without money. And in the mean time, men, **HELP STAMP OUT SATURDAY NIGHT HEN PARTIES!!**

Home-Ec Holds Blouse Class

What's in a blouse?

A girl, we hope. But just what goes into the making of a blouse? What gives clothing that "extra something" that can mean the difference between well dressed and that *just-another-blouse* look?

These and many other questions are being answered by the first-year clothing students as they set out to *Recapture True Values* in clothing. Far from being just a sewing class, this course is designed to teach the Ambassador women perception in quality, taste, and design.

The coeds are being trained in judg-

ing values in fabrics, as well as proper design and construction of clothing to suit the personality and appearance of the individual. By following the principles outlined in these classes, the women can now have attractive, feminine clothing which otherwise might cost \$50, \$60 or even \$100—yet still remain within a limited budget.

Hours of concentrated effort have produced a closet full of blouses which the owners will wear with pleasure. These blouses, in a variety of colors, fabrics and styles, will be modeled by the students at the style show at the end of the semester. Also on display will be the group's next class project (wool dresses) and their extra-credit projects, many of which will be original creations.

Semi-Annual

(Continued from page 1)

of *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine (now some 650,000!).

Some brought radios to soothe jangled nerves and to break the monotony of stuffing envelopes for five hours straight. Others procured coffee to keep awake. One whole table full of Ambassador Co-eds were overheard singing "One Hundred Miles." All in all, some 150 people showed up during the course of the evening to volunteer their services.

The following day others came to help out, and a good, steady crew kept working straight through until midnight. Before the end of the week, the regular mailing crew plus these volunteers mailed out the bulk of the letters, and the Mail Receiving Department soon began seeing the results! Requests for Volume IV of *The Bible Story*, advertised in the letter, came flooding in, picking up the mail increase and showing PROGRESS in God's Work! And they are *still* coming in right now, due to the small part of each individual who donated his time to help mail this vitally important letter!



GARDENIA GUERRILLAS STRIKE AGAIN!

Amateur Florists Invade Flower Beds

In a few weeks the College will be holding the first formal dance of the year, the Ministerial Ball. As usual, there will be many outraged cries as penniless students find they have to pay *three-and-a-half dollars* for a corsage!

But you won't hear complaining from the men of Thursday B. Many weeks ago Club Director Mr. Paul Royer assigned 22 shocked club members to design their own corsage for a formal Ladies' Night.

Jim Doss thought of how his experience of picking cotton in the fields of Alabama would help him make a corsage, while Glenn Purdy struggled with the thought of a drummer making a corsage, and intellectual Larry Haworth strode purposefully toward the library for the latest in corsage making.

The gardening department fighting to protect their domain against the invasion, wilted under the barrage of questions:—

"... Would it be all right if I used these flowers I've just picked?"

"... Could you show me where that 'fern stuff' is over by Del Mar?"

"... Do roses and rubber tree leaves look good together?"

Frustrated would-be florists clustered round the benches in the gardening shed. Anything-but-nimble fingers busily dismembered once-beautiful roses, gladioli and carnations. With deep concentration, the remains were wired and taped together again, and carefully shrouded with assorted pieces of foliage, or simply 'that fern stuff.' Mike Lumbardo hovered around, ready to undertake emergency repair operations. ("It just kind of fell to pieces when I stuck the wire through it!") Mrs. Eckert was available to transform be-

draggled ribbons into presentable bows. "You can always tell when a *man* fixes something," she said. "You'd think he was fixing a tire!"

Some even decided to seek professional advice. Joe Bohannon worked for an hour down at Prebles, under the incredulous surveillance of a trained florist—as the line of waiting customers grew longer... and longer... and longer....

So it was that on Ladies' Night, our guests were bedecked with the most unique collection of personalized bouquets ever seen at Ambassador College. The award for the best creation of the evening was won by Roy Hunter, with his nosegay of roses found "somewhere over by Dr. Hoeh's home (!!!)."

It just goes to show that you never know what you can do until you try. The men of Thursday B are prepared for the Ministerial Ball!

(Girls BEWARE!)