

THE PORTFOLIO



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE - - - - - PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Volume IV, Number VII

DECEMBER 30, 1954

DANCING IN DEBRIS

Swirling through the splintered boards, leaves, palm trees and fishing nets was as motely a crowd as May-fair has ever seen. Not only the poor, shivering refugees from the sunken wreck were there, but the heartless pirates who sunk it!

The Shipwreck Dance was another successful time of informal fun at Ambassador. The very authentic-looking decorations were a tribute to the creative ingenuity and hard work of the decoration committee, while the "help yourself" array, of native fruit fresh from the trees gave equal acclaim to the refreshment gang.

Joan Smith came up with the treasure map idea for those rustic-looking programs, and Mrs. Lisman contributed the prizes and artfully written poems for the winners of the costume contest.

Fierce-faced Barbary pirates danced with sleepy-eyed maidens caught in the cold in their nighties, while some better-dressed gentlemen in half-a-tux-and-bathrobe waltzed around with equally better-dressed
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NOTICE!

The following are some statistics that will be of interest to all Ambassador students... however, it should be kept in mind that this number represents the number of *Plain Truth* magazines sent, not the number of readers.

Europe	Africa	
Austria	(Ethiopia to	7
Belgium	Zanzibar)	
Guernsey		
Channel Islands	Asia etc.	
Jersey	Burma	1
C. I.	Ceylon	20
Denmark	India	32
France	Malaya	10
Finland	Japan	3
Germany	Indonesia	3
(5 USA &	Thailand	1
BRIT. Troops)	Pakistan	2
Holland		
Italy	New Zealand	1
Luxemburg	Philippines	2
Norway		
Sweden		
Switzerland		

TRIP NETS TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITIES

NEW CAR

Mr. Armstrong returned to Pasadena in a beautiful new Chrysler Imperial sedan. He picked up the car at the factory in Detroit, and commenting on its performance, he says: "It's absolutely the smoothest car I've ever driven." Years of privation and need led Mr. Armstrong through many trials of faith, but God has only further proven how those engaged in serving Him will receive untold blessings in their labors.

STUDENT ASSEMBLY

The student assembly of December 21st was an unusual program of glee! One of the quieter ladies of the campus, Miss Shirley Nash, stepped meekly out on the stage, and promptly began to sing, with Janette Spurlin, one of the loudest, most hilarious hillbilly songs we've ever heard. Norman Smith enjoyed it more than anyone—at least those weird sounds closely resembling screeches and gurgles gave that impression. His face was a varicolored purple and lavender, but he wasn't the only one nearly falling out of his chair.

Jim Kracht gave his version of a teetotaler's tale of tipplers when he gave two worms their last rites just before drowning them solemnly in two solutions—the one pure, the other polluted!

MISHAP

No, Lewis wasn't in a fight. Lewis was zooming down the street on Charles' bicycle one dark night and hadn't made up his mind as to whether he should ride on the sidewalk or the street and was going in and out the driveways. Well, Lewis rode up one driveway that wasn't there. Lewis, you shouldn't bloody up the sidewalks like that.

Being some distance from the college with no mode of adequate transportation, Lewis called a cab which took the remains (of him and the bicycle) back to the college. That cheap bicycle ride turned out to be quite expensive. A \$20 repair job, a torn new shirt, the cab fare and all those aching bruises.

Mr. Armstrong's recent trip to Chicago was one more opening wedge in the great doors of opportunity God is swinging wide before His work.

Mr. Armstrong spent a good part of two days with the vice-president and general manager of the great radio station, WLS, in Chicago. This station is listened to by more *farmers* and probably by more people than any other station in the United States. Our other super-power stations across the Mexican borders do not cover the great farm belt effectively at all.

The station manager told Mr. Armstrong that his request for every-night radio time was *unprecedented* over such a station and had never been done before. No high caliber important radio station has ever opened its facilities for *every night* religious broadcasting before!

Yet — Mr. Armstrong knows that all things are possible with God; and with the sincere, earnest prayer of all those in God's work, God will see to it that His message is *thundered* to this world as a witness! This radio station is vitally important to us. Let's remember *our* part in this work.

Mr. Armstrong's message to Co-Workers in the latest bulletin explained the tremendous facilities of radio and printing now tentatively opening to us. This work of God stands trembling on the brink of huge advances in scope *never before realized!* It's time to *increase our efforts* — it's time to really *work!* Let's all ask God to show us the way and to lead His work in ever increasing circles of expansion and purpose!

LAST TIME

Since repeated requests have been ignored and college rules treated with impunity, suffice it to say that the further wearing of cleats, taps, nails or other metallic objects on shoes will be evidence of deliberate destruction of college property, willful disobedience to orders and a totally wrong attitude. Appropriate disciplinary measures will be taken for continued infraction of this rule.

* * * *

Some are wise and some are otherwise.

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EDITORIAL

ARE YOUR FEELINGS HURT?

Garner Ted Armstrong

In the misty stillness of the early dawn the train whistle was a forlorn thing. The dank, sweaty smell of miserable humans was faintly distinct as the long, stark rows of cars began to move. Soon the cries of the women and the babies were no longer heard as the cargo of Polish prisoners huddling tightly in their box cars was swallowed up in the fog. Their destination: Maidenak, near Lubin.

Many such trains wound their way into Germany during World War II. Going in, they carried frightened human beings. Returning to Poland, Czechoslovakia and other countries, they transported goods for delivery. Barrels filled with human fat for making soap; sacks of women's hair for the stuffing of mattresses; boxes of gold extracted from the teeth of the victims; cases filled with human ashes for sale to relatives of the dead; carloads of clothing, shoes, children's toys and similar articles for distribution and sale.

During the war crimes trials, witnesses told the Polish-Soviet Atrocities Commission: "They took away a baby from its mother's breast and killed it before her eyes by smashing it against the barracks wall."

"I, myself," said Edward Baran, another witness, "saw how babies were taken from their mothers and killed before their eyes; they would take a baby by one foot and step on the other, and so tear the baby apart."

Students, listen!... perhaps some of the film of lethargy and self-important carnality is too set and dried to wash off, but it would be well for us to take a plunge in a deep bath of repentance and Godly fear! God has revealed that horribly unspeakable

things are to befall His people for their abominable practices and customs! If you want to be a part of this world—take the world, and it's punishments with it! (Rev. 18:4)

But for those who feel that escape from the coming world chaos is a worthwhile aim, it would be well to remember the words of Jesus Christ when He said: "For then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." Read it! It's in your Bible! (Matt. 24:21)

Yes, the brain-paralyzing specter of horrible tortures and inhuman cruelties in war once more will raise its ugly head—this time with even greater violence and even more fiendish brutality than ever before! Jesus Christ said so!

Let's shed the petty doubts and jealousies that weight us down into the self-created mire of gossip and discontent. Let's realize the times we're living in — and stop kidding ourselves! We've got a job to do. Anything that hinders that job must be cast aside!

In the face of slow, ugly death, the instinct of self-preservation loudly denies time-wasting thoughts of the supposed misconduct of others! Instead, the grim, immediate reality of pain and suffering grips the mind in a consuming fire of stark terror! Gone then are the petty misunderstandings and gripes. Forgotten are the deceitful intonations and slanderous misrepresentations of small talk. One friendly face — one look of pity would be as precious as all of life's possessions.

Let's all take stock, and realize our own shortcomings. Hurt feelings now could lead to real physical pain later!

So — let's not love in word or in tongue alone — but in deed and in truth!

WORLD NEWS SUMMARY

Shifty French politics served to solidify belief in the German Army, even though France *did* turn down the Brussels Pact. The U. S. and Great Britain considered France's actions as childish and immediately took steps to *insure* the resurrection of the Nazi Ghoul of death, *with or without* France. Actually, the healthy fear of Germany being clasped close to the wine-fed French bosom is the only sensible feeling visible anywhere in the world!

Former Nazi big-wigs, condemned as "criminals" shortly after the war, are now assumed to have been completely repentant over their former army. Meanwhile, the frantic Com-

munist bulwark-builders sit in a bug-eyed stare of crazed anticipation over the bright visions of future "domesticated" German divisions goose-stepping to the whims of the West—marching like pawns in the cause of Democracy. Stupidity like this deserves the Nobel Prize for a perfect vacuum!

The "Spirit of Christmas" came wafting out of millions of bottles and into the headlines when Americans picked up the blood-spattered remains of their holiday casualties from their gory highways and streets last Sunday morning. Little boys waited anxiously for Daddy to show them the new electric — train but Daddy didn't show up. He was celebrating the supposed birth of Christ with a whiskey bottle in one hand and the steering wheel in the other. Daddy didn't *ever* come home.

Sentimental headlines looked foolish only two inches from columns about irresponsible drunks being booked in county jails for their overly-Christian celebrations. Also saddening the hilarity of "Yule-tide" were the numerous deaths caused by defective lights on Xmas trees. A staggering mountain of wasted young evergreens, billions of useless dollars, death and drunkenness marked the traditional half-way point between Christmas and New Year's celebrations. Take a tip and stay home—there'll be more of it.

The red-nosed fundamentalists celebrating the supposed birth of Christ must have forgotten the humble man who taught temperance in all things, later to ascend to the right hand of God. God-rejecting humanity still has many lessons to learn.

Locally, the heart-quickenings preparations for the big parade are underway once more. Police bands have to be specially trained to control the surging mobs of humanity suddenly gone berserk to stare at flower-laden trucks and automobiles. The spirit of the parade goes two people deep in the crowd watchers—behind the first two there is elbowing, shoving, pushing, swearing, pick-pocketing, envy and hate. Thoughtless crowds will once more mill over green lawns, leaving only sodden fields of torn turf and mud behind them. And then—that pint of whisky, a blanket and a loud voice is all that's needed for the Rose Bowl game. Most people already have the later—the others can be bought.

* * * *

Society—When people spend money they haven't earned to buy things they don't need to impress people they don't like.

DANCING IN DEBRIS

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ladies whose clothes somehow escaped the ripping, tearing action of the vicious tides and surf.

Bobbie Jo and Joy gave a beautiful rendition of "Harbor Lights" then Joy sang "Red Sails in the Sunset" followed by "Sea Fever," sung by Ted. Mary Edith Hygh accompanied the songs on the piano, while Shirley assisted with the violin.

Came the costume judging, and the three judiciaries had a difficult time choosing the best costumes out of the inventive genius displayed. However, Mrs. Mann, Bill Homberger and Dr. Hal Lisman finally came to a decision, and it was Bob Boraker in his convincing pirate's get-up, together with Mary Edith, blushing behind some leaves, who received the prizes.

Let's all do our part to insure continued success and good times at the social activities here at Ambassador!

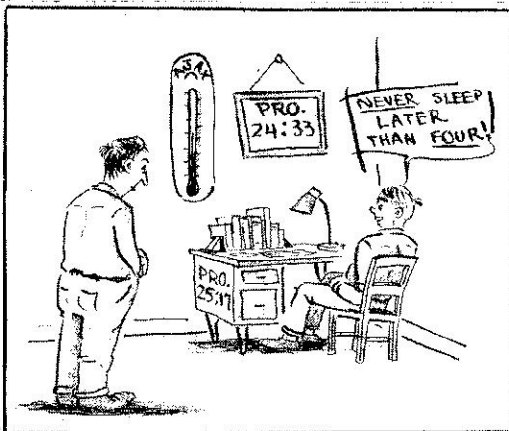
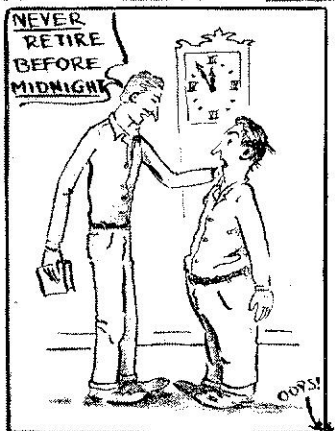
QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Mr. Herrmann: "My school teacher always used to say that if you didn't know how to spell a word to look it up in a dictionary. That seemed silly to me. If you didn't know how to spell it, how could you look it up?"

WHERE'S McCARTHY?

The Midwest capitalists have begun to suspect that one of their number has collectivist leanings. One of the most successful in concluding shrewd business deals, especially in buying grapes in more than 50lb. lots at less than 1 cent per lb., Mr. Charles Pierce refuses to retain the profits for himself. Twice during the very time when seedless grapes were becoming scarce on the markets, Mr. Pierce brought home a large box of them from Preble's and distributed them to the girls at Mayfair, the office workers, his housemates of the Midwest and the Rockies, and last but not least, to the destitute people behind the "Undrawn Curtain" in the Far East.

CLEM COLLEGE



IN RETROSPECT

A word is like an Empire. It has its rise and wane. A classic example is the word pulchritude. This robust word had its humble beginning in the confines of the Middle West where the wise old Knight chided his exuberant young protege: "Don't you appreciate feminine pulchritude?"

This young upstart did not comprehend the elder's statement, but on having it explained to him, he became crazed with the insatiable desire to use the word incessantly. The word rose to unprecedented heights as a result of its being reiterated. The word became very familiar to everyone, but this very familiarity sowed the seeds of contempt. At first it was fresh and vitalizing. It was used in an Ambassador Club meeting and the word was incorporated into the minutes of the club. Its use received a great ovation from the audience. Even then the word had become common, but because of its introduction to a different group, its inevitable decline was postponed — however, not for long. Now everyone knew the word; it had been stripped of all its freshness and vitality. It now became somewhat obnoxious and with each succeeding application of the word it has fallen into disrepute.

LARGER OFFICE

The southend catacomb of Mayfair has undergone a change. David Sprinkle and his assistants decided they needed more fresh air and elbow room. All the accumulated junk was neatly pushed back and, behold, a larger office with "lounges."

FINAL FLURRY

Long faces, drawn mouths and knit brows seem to be the order of the day as Ambassador's students prepare for the herculean efforts of final exams for this semester. It's almost a worn out phrase, but: If we studied harder during *every* week, maybe the finals wouldn't be quite so nerve-racking!

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Lawson Briggs

'Twas the night before Christmas and only one louse
Was dreaming of presents in the Midwestern house.
He'd written his folks that he didn't care
That Yuletide was coming, and Santa'd be there;
That Christmas was pagan and he'd learned better now,
Yes, he'd taken that step, though it meant a big row.
His stockings were stuffed in his shoes 'neath the bed,
In which he lay sleeping, covered up to his head.
His roommate was studying and the rhythmic roars
Didn't bother at all, because he always snores;
When all of a sudden there arose such a rattle
He jumped from his bed, all ready for battle.
He dashed to the door and threw it ajar
And saw on the sidewalk a shiny new car.
He'd just had a dream, the center of which
Was a car from old Santa. Well, he'd struck it rich!
He quickly ran out to lay claim to his prize
But as he looked closer — couldn't believe his eyes.
The rear end was crumpled like a can made of tin.
In fact, he now saw the whole side was bashed in.
Another wreck was near it; the cops were all 'round
'Til they left in the squad car, two drunks to impound.
And he heard them exclaim as they drove out of sight.
"Not a very merry Christmas, it just wasn't your night."

Lawson Briggs: A trip to the Civic can be very concertaining.

YOUR LIBRARY

Germany! *Germany!* GERMANY! She is back in the news again, stronger and more insistent than ever. Under the calm, goading leadership of Conrad Adenauer, Germany has sprung from a state of utter misery and humiliation after the war to become Europe's leader in trade and potentially the most powerful member of the NATO community.

However, she is experiencing some belated growing pains. The German people, until now content to be democratic, are beginning to foment with their formerly subdued nationalistic spirit. Germany is REARMING! Adenauer is being severely taxed to keep his dissatisfied countrymen on their best manners.

What will be the end of all this? Why, in spite of their present prosperity, are the German people dissatisfied and rebellious? To answer these and many other questions, a knowledge of Germany's history—and people—is necessary. We have in our library a number of books bearing directly on Germany, her present situation, her part in the war, and her future plans. *Germany Plo's With the Kremlin* by T. H. Tetens is perhaps the best known of these. There are also many books, memoirs and biographies of the national leaders and generals who vitally affected Germany's actions during the last two world wars. *Who Killed Hitler*, the report of American Intelligence is only one of these. *Ask your librarian for further information.*

OFFICE TALENTS?

Any students with clerical abilities please see Ted Armstrong regarding office jobs before the midterm vacation. The current *Plain Truth*, *Good News*, *Co-Workers'* bulletin—plus the usual daily mail has put the office temporarily behind. Ted is planning to enlarge the staff somewhat before the next semester, and many opportunities to serve God in His work will be opening up in the future as the work grows.

TIEMPOS AGRADABLES

Mr. Benjamin Rea introduced a brand new idea into his classes not so long ago when his third year Spanish class was taken for a ride in the car. The students named the many objects along the road and conversed in Spanish. A beautiful day, a pleasant drive, and an excellent way to practice and learn Spanish vocabulary is what the students will tell you. However, it *could* run into money! Gas—you know.

FOUR

THURSDAY NIGHT AMBASSADORS

The Thursday Night Ambassador Club was opened by acting president, Paul Smith, who in daily life is the "publican in our midst." Following a well handled business session, topic master Bob Hoops took the floor and capably led the group through a lively assemblage of subjects. The topics ran the gamut from etiquette to an old-fashioned "spelling bee."

To round out the evening's program, toastmaster Chester Roberson presented four able speakers, each a "man with a message." George Meeker brought us a successful method of improving the memory. David Sprinkle spoke on "destiny." Frank Longuskie explained the function of that important organ, the kidney, and Don Billingsley discussed the leaving of retaliation and vengeance to God.

George Meeker's new system of remembering gained him the best speaker's cup, while the most improved speaker's trophy went to Don Billingsley, and Kemmer Pfund was chosen the best evaluator. The best table comment of the evening was given by Ken Swisher.

VISITOR FROM THE EAST

Today I had a friend of mine from back East visit me. To be polite I invited him to dine with us this noon in Mayfair. He was impressed with our politeness and formality which surrounded our entrance into the dining room and the seating of ourselves. He sat down to dinner pleased with the atmosphere.

Soon it was 12:15 and someone turned the radio on to hear the news. My eastern friend then leaned toward my direction and remarked quietly, "I see that the students of Ambassador take an interest in the news. Most college students," he continued, "seem to be more intent on trite and impertinent matters." Then the news broadcast began and I could perceive that my friend from the East *actually expected to hear it*. Genia Lee across the table gave a disgusted Sh! yet conversation persisted. I gave her a sympathetic glance, meanwhile, I felt my face becoming slowly redder and redder. What was there to do?

Finally the news came to an end and it was time for Mr. Armstrong. By this time many had finished eating and had filed out. I felt somewhat better, since I knew that he could now hear Mr. Armstrong. One half hour later he remarked that he was glad that he could hear Mr. Armstrong. He then had to leave and I asked him for his impressions. He did not reply! THINK!

HIKING FEVER

Symptoms of hiking fever had been quite evident in many students here at Ambassador, for three weeks of clear skies afflicted them with wanderlust. At last a group of six submitted and left for the mountains.

Their destination was Colby's ranch in the interior of the San Gabriel Mountains. Colby's is situated in a region suitably named "Little Yosemite". The trail into the valley is five miles long and winds around Mount Leulor and Strawberry Peak.

Mount Leulor was very interesting, not for its beautiful landscape alone, but for its cliffs of quartz and mica. The morning was passed quickly by gazing at the multicolored rocks studded with brilliantly shining pieces of silica.

As the sextet descended into the valley they could see the north rim of Strawberry Peak, a sheer 2000 foot cliff similar to Half Dome in Yosemite National Park.

A scrumptious meal was devoured around the spring at Colby's. During the meal tales were spun about the "old-days" in the San Gabriels.

The party then began the tortuous ascent back up the trail they had so easily come down.

Strawberry Peak conquered, they passed back up by Mount Leulor, but the rocks were too beautiful. So, the six tried their best to bring the mountain back with them by stuffing every pocket and hand full of rocks. The rocks have since ended up on desks in Mayfair as book-ends and paper weights and in Mr. Herrmann's rock collection.

Nothing like ten miles of rugged mountain climbing will cure hiking fever faster; and this group was healed completely of the malady. Only, though, after a most enjoyable outing.

CONTEMPLATION

Mary Edith is wandering around with her head in the clouds and sitting dazedly by the fountain listening to it as if it were a rippling brook in a sylvan setting, totally oblivious to the surrounding. Wonder what might have caused it?

SURPRISE GUEST!

When Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong said hello to Ted and Shirley, it *did* seem strange that Mrs. Armstrong would say: "Shirley, come over here and look at Dick's new car!" Shirley had already seen the car—but repeated coaching lured her near, and lo and behold! there was her mother, Mrs. Roy Hammer! Shirley did credit to the wildest Apache ever with her "oh" of surprise!