



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA

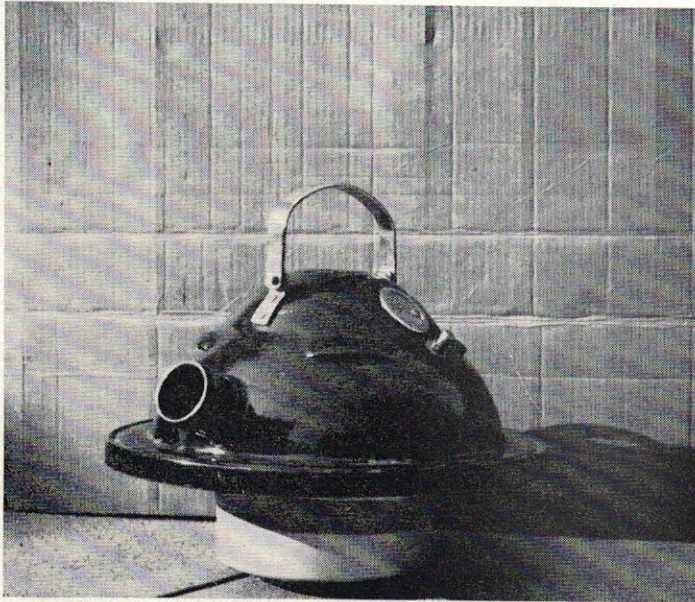


Volume VIII, Number V

WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 13, 1958

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FIRST FLYING SAUCER IN CAPTIVITY

Rising early last Wednesday morning, Mr. Bill Homberger was astounded and amazed to see a strange looking object poised on his driveway. The round jet exhaust glared at him like a cyclop's eye! The silvery radar antenna glinted ominously in the morning sunlight! He thought he detected a whirring sound from inside . . . No! It was silent, its odd shaped control surfaces protruding mysteriously from the iridescent red surface.

Circling carefully, all the while with an eerie feeling that he was being WATCHED from the scanner screen near the top of the sphere, Mr. Homberger courageously advanced on the machine . . . THEN HE SAW IT!!!! A note from Mr. Marvin Lindsey — "Will you please fix this vacuum cleaner top? The switch is 'broke'."

TREES

A screening border of trees has been set out along the edge of the parking lot between Ambassador Hall and Terrace Villa. Each completed project adds a little more to the magnificent landscaping of Ambassador Campus.

TEARS

As Mrs. Martin read her English Literature class a work of Sir Thomas Mallory's, her big brown eyes welled up with crocodile tears. She looked pityfully at her class and said, "Don't think I'm emotionally upset by Sir Mallory's words — it's just the *smog!*"

ITEMS OF INTEREST

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- Mercury Add Page 4

Every Item In The Paper

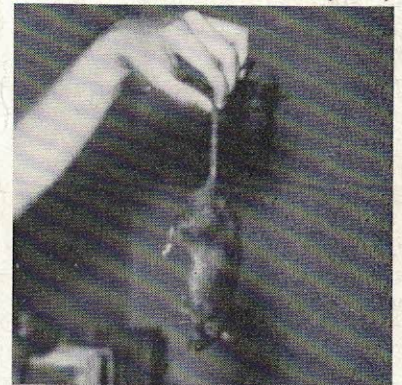
From Ernie Martin: "Glad to get the PORTFOLIO. I think it means more to one over here (London) than even at college." (Note: Please do not send them to London yourselves — our mailing list amply supplies London.)

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INVASION

The serenity of Del Mar Dorm was shattered Sunday evening by the *invasion of a rat!*

He was first discovered by Sherwood Brown. Passers-by flooded into his room. Stealthily they began to ease blankets, books and boxes out of the corner. Suddenly a furry object



scurried among the legs. Some screamed! Others yelled, "GET HIM!"

Al Dexter took up the hot pursuit with a tennis racket. Sherwin McMichael jockeyed into position with his camera. A wee man standing on top of a chair yelled exhortations and said, "I say old twig, this is jolly good sport."

From Ed Klier came the lamentations, "Oh! Easy on the furniture."

Under the wardrobe, up the fire place, over the tops of desks — scurried the rat. Simultaneously six adventure seeking warriors frantically pursued the 9 inch wart-covered tail.

The nimrods emerged victorious from their nefarious engagement.

IT'S A GIRL!

Mr. and Mrs. May are the proud parents of a baby girl born Sabbath morning at approximately 11 o'clock. Named Dorothea Ann, she was 19½ inches long and weighed 7½ pounds at birth. Mother and father are both recovering nicely.

The Portfolio Staff

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Ronald Kelly

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Judy Brines Dirk Hudson
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Molly Hammer Kenneth E. Register
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LET'S GEAR IT DOWN

Len Shelton

"Put yourself into what you're doing!" This statement was made by Rod Meredith, a minister of God, during his assembly on November 6. Mr. Meredith gave a review of his life up to the present with much admonition for us to work harder. Then he gave an insight into the opportunities in *God's Work* for the future.

Now the question is: are we as individuals going to lay hold on these opportunities and WORK for them? Are we going to drive forward to that GOAL of the high calling of GOD in Christ Jesus of which Paul speaks? Or, are we going to lapse into our own lazy means of escape; and like the sloth, who hangs upside down in one place for hours at a time, DO NOTHING?

Why does God tell us to go to the ant? Because the ant is constantly on the go. Moving, driving, pulling, lifting, seeking, FINDING, running and ever in perpetual motion during daylight hours. Let's gear it down then and start moving. Let's get out of the pile of debris formulated within our minds holding us back.

There is one goal—the Kingdom of God! There is one time—the present! We don't have to worry about the past. We don't need to worry about future — Matt. 6:34. The present is important. Concentrate on the things you are presently doing. This is how we prepare for the future. PUSH all other things out of your mind except what you are doing at the time. Whether it be work, studies, or play — concentrate on that alone.

Whatsoever your hand finds to do, DO IT WITH YOUR MIGHT. Put yourself into what you're doing, as Mr. Meredith said. God can help us to do this. ALL things are possible with God.

PAGE TWO

PROGRESSION

After a prosperous summer David Antion and Ronald Kelly are diligently answering letters daily for hungry — truth hungry — people.

During the summer Mr. Hal Baird embarked from the downstairs mailing office — upstairs to the mail reading. Duane Cooper recently left "riding herd" in the transportation department to his small niche in the letter reading. Kelly Barfield also has left his former position to James Wells — that is, the position in Station A as assistant over such wonderful typists.

Allen Dexter has moved up a notch and now occupies Richard Hopkin's former position as assistant under Mr. Lindsey. Richard is now "riding herd" in transportation.

Larry Miller, James Schedinger,

and Ronald Kime now occupy positions in the Mailing Department of the Press Building. This is the department for sending out all literature, etc.

Robert (Bob) Trull finally quit following "Maud and Beck"—lawnmowers — to work in the downstairs Press Building. Merle Boyes recently switched from the janitor crew to the Filing Department of the Press Building. Bill Myers is now secretary to Mr. Hugh Mauck.

Lawrence Mumme graduated from running the "old klunker" — the plate maker for the files — to the Print Shop.

And lastly, Mr. Carl O'Beirn, Miss Norva Pyle, and Charles Black are teaching full time — their full working hours.

VISITING PROGRAM

Shortly after the Feast of Tabernacles in 1957, Mr. Raymond Cole organized a visiting program for some of the advanced ministerial students of Ambassador College. These men were to visit people in the Pasadena Church area. Since that time the program has grown from 5 men to 21 men who are now visiting a total average of around 15 hours a piece each week — (incidentally, the five original men have since become ministers and have been replaced by other men who have a promising future in God's work).

Their goal during this school year is to reach all of the 700 people who attend church and all prospective members in this area. The total should be around 900. This is a very high goal, but with God's help, I'm sure these men will be able to do it.

Mr. Meredith, who became the head of this organization after Mr. Cole went to Springfield to open that Church, is ably assisted by Mr. Alton B. Billingsley.

The men on the visiting program are:

LEADERS:

Mr. Burk McNair
Mr. Billingsley
Mr. Neff
Mr. Kunz
Mr. Hampton
Mr. Portune
Mr. Antion
Mr. Foster
Mr. Boraker
Mr. Ron Kelly

SECOND MEN:

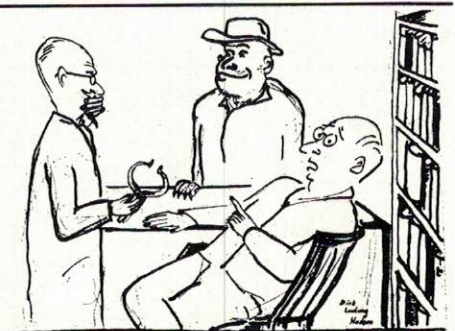
Mr. Charles Hunting
Mr. Tony Hammer
Mr. Hal Baird
Mr. Charles Black
Mr. Robert Hoops
Mr. Al Dennis
Mr. Lawson Briggs
Mr. Billy Glover
Mr. Selmer Hegvold
Mr. Bill Rapp
Mr. Keith Thomas
Mr. Alfred Mischnick

THE OTHER GUY

David of the syrupy tongue — he told 'em and they laughed. Course, now, you thought he was talking right at the guy sitting on your right and the girl to your left, didn't cha? Well, he was!

Now, repeat after me: "I (your name), heard every word which President Antion said. Starting right now I'll (1) make sure that the clique into which I've fallen will be broken; and (2) use a rational date policy as he outlined."

You don't have to sign this in blood. Of course, we won't ask your oath. But do it right from now on — YES, I mean ME!!



But he can't be proof of evolution! We no longer believe man evolved from the apes!

20—7 is 13 waiting days
13—3 is 10 asking days
THANKSGIVING DANCE





Petticoat Tete-a-tete

—Judy Brines

Deep in the confines of the Mayfair basement, behind locked doors of the recreation room, there has been a scientific, "gravity defying" experiment taking place. Thump! thump! thump! comes the sound of flesh against plastic . . . ninety-nine, one-hundred, oops, oh well, try again . . . one, two, three . . . always persistent and never losing count or hope.

The experiment began shortly after returning from the Feast, and has been a secret endeavor restricted to the cellar and one room at Lis-mans. Just recently, because of gaining interest, it has expanded to Terrace Villa. The equipment was all camouflaged and smuggled in, kept stored away secretly, and used only in the presence of other members of the research project — Reba, Karen, Joanne, Margie and myself.

This project has been kept quiet during the testing period intending only to be revealed if found successful. The whole matter depends upon the *method* of approach and the stamina of the person involved. The solution is practice, patience, good sense of humor, and an extremely loose-jointed bottom section.

My friends, the experiment has been proven successful and as we walk toward the secret room the door cracks open revealing a blue sweat-suit clad figure with violent red touseled hair bouncing away industriously in a . . . oh no! a *HULA HOOP*. "I did it, I did it" cried the urchin as she flopped exhausted on the floor — 1720 times — a new record. "It works too! I lost 5 pounds."

So girls, if the sand in your hour glass is shifting steadily southward, I suggest you try this "proven successful method" that comes in all colors, all sizes. They're barrels of fun . . . practical too.

Oh, but I have to laugh when I think of the expression of the clerk at Thrifty's when I asked him for three *HULA HOOPS* . . . who says they're restricted for kids?

Hoop to see you next week,

Judy Brines

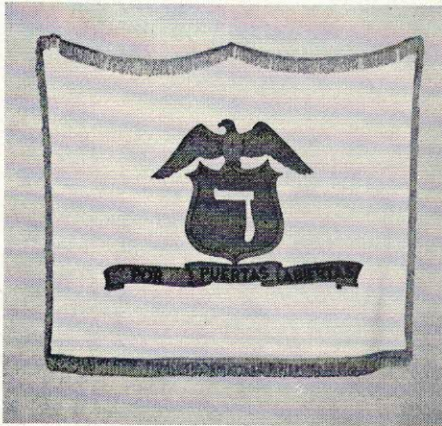
POR PUERTAS ABIERTAS

Allen Dexter

What in the world does that mean? And what do all those colors and symbols stand for?

The topic under discussion is the banner of the Spanish Club of Ambassador College. This banner was displayed at the first meeting of "El Club" (pronounced "kloob") on the evening of October 29.

For those who are not members of "the club," here is a brief description of the banner and the meaning of its symbols: It has three colors — white, purple, and gold. These represent, respectively — righteousness, royalty and faith. In its center is a royal purple shield (David referred to Christ as his buckler and shield). This shield, in turn, contains the Hebrew letter "Daleth." This He-



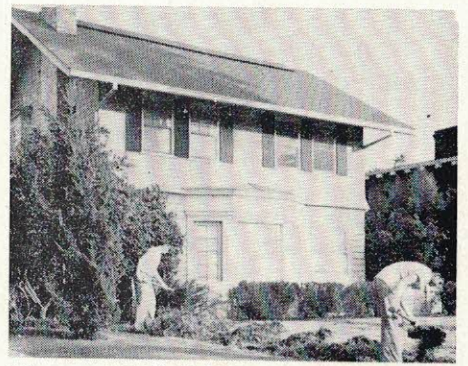
brew letter has the appearance of a partly opened door—and in Hebrew it means "door." Last of all, the motto, "Por Puertas Abiertas," means "Through Open Doors" and pertains to the Philadelphia Church.

Mr. Walker, the President, introduced the Freshman Class and the class officers. Next, Mr. Chandler concluded the program with a description of his summer in Mexico.

The next Spanish Club meeting will be held on the evening of November 19. Are there any prospective Spaniards who would like to attend?



Art smiles hopefully as he moves toward the business office. (See article at right.)



HOG EGGS?

Mr Knapp

Last week two country boys and a city feller were working together taking up old linoleum from the kitchen floor of Mr. Ted Armstrong's future abode on Orange Grove. (see picture) Part of the linoleum was so well seasoned with age that it was necessary to use lye water to get it loose from the floor boards. This factor prompted the following conversation.

First country boy, "You know, the last time I put lye in water was for scalding hogs."

City feller, "Why did you scald them?"

Second country boy, (winking at first) "Oh they won't lay eggs if you don't scald them."

City feller, "What's lye water got to do with eggs?"

First country boy, "Well, they will lay eggs without scalding but the shells are so hard you can't crack 'em and they won't hatch."

City feller, "Why not just scald the eggs?"

Second country boy, "Lye makes 'em taste bad."

Perhaps the two country boys enjoyed what they thought was "city ignorance," but the young man from the city was really just good natured and went along with the joke. *He knew, of course, that pork is unclean and that their eggs are of no value!*

OUCH

By Molly Hammer

As I sit here, after very patiently waiting for an hour and a half, I feel completely and utterly frustrated! But as usual, there is a *reason* for this, so we must all try to control our Israelitish natures (my tongue nearly has holes in it from trying not to be controlled). The point is, a new system is in the offing. Like all new things, there is a certain amount of "ironing out" that must be done. With the new system, perhaps soon we'll see the day when we can each be paid in less than 5 minutes. That will be a welcome day for *us and Mrs. Woodie!*

THE MALE NURSES

By Allen M. Goyette

(Author's note: This is mostly fiction)

There must have been so many people down with the flu that they ran out of female nurses to take care of them. Instead of being greeted by a cheery feminine "hello" when the door was opened for the nurses, we were greeted by a low-pitched growly "Where's da corpses?"

One of the male nurses walked over to my roommate and shoved a thermometer in his mouth. He glanced at the thermometer and then glanced at the instructions in his hand; then he pulled the thermometer out and stuck the other end in. My nurse couldn't figure out which end of the thermometer was the right one, so he shoved it in sideways. He used his head but it cer-

tainly was hard for me to close my mouth for several days.

Nurse No. 1 pulled my thermometer out and glanced at his instructions. "It says here: If fever is below 100° give an orange, if above give a lemon."

"We don't have any lemons," said nurse No. 2.

"Well give him half an orange!"

Nurse No. 1 glanced at the instructions again. "It says here, if patient's fever is below a hundred give a shot of whiskey." Nurse No. 1 poured a shot and gave it to nurse No. 2 who drank it.

"O.K.," said nurse No. 1, "If the next fellow's is below a hundred you have to give me a shot."

"Yesh shir," No. 2 replied.

They went merrily on their way, completely forgetting about the thermometer my roommate was quietly sucking the mercury out of.

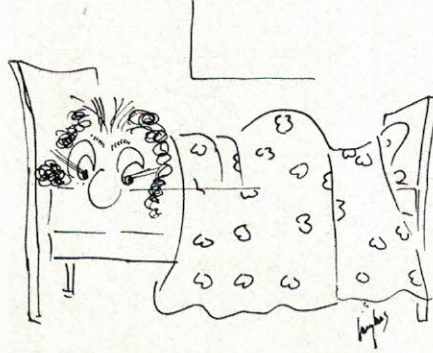


NEED A CLIP?

Believe it or not, Mr. Koo is still clipping heads! True, you may not bother him any time you wish, yet you may still walk in on him between the good hours of 6:30 and 8:30 p.m. Thursday and Saturday nights. It's then you will find the kindly gentleman upstairs busy at this trade; downstairs, ever-ready to answer the door, will be affable Mrs. Koo.

Mr. Koo does not set a definite price on his labors because he knows some are not able to pay as much as others. His only purpose is to help you!

So whether lavishly rich or just a pauper, come; don't forget: appointments are obsolete!



← "All right Karen — beddy-by."
↑ "... foiled!!"

WANTED—DEAD OR ALIVE

Hey! Does anyone have a skeleton? Put your cranial to work. The physiology class has to have one to learn them bones. Clean out your closets or we will never learn if the scapula is connected to the tibia or the hyoid.

Don't just sit there on your coccyx — get those femurs going and find one of the dehydrates.

No bones about it — we are not in a humerous — we need one skeleton **DEAD or ALIVE!**

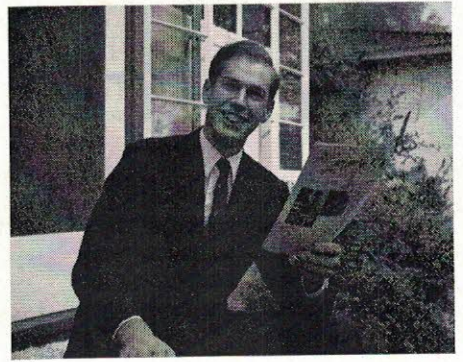
AMBASSADOR HALL DUTIES

Jessie Emmett
Ina Lou Grabbe
Letha Anne May
Norva Pyle
Allen Dexter
Leroy Hershberger
Tom Blackwell

CUPBEARERS

Club	Best Speaker	Most Improved	Best Evaluator
Sunday	Wash Ed Out	Fag Gedout	Fall Out
Monday	Plagued Out	F. Lu Out	Al L. In
Tuesday	Vernon Hargrove	Allen Dexter	John Wilson
Thursday	Albert Portune	Carniff Catherwood	Richard Plache

THE PORTFOLIO PRESENTS



THIS IS ROBIN (GEORGE) JONES. You all know (or should) that Robin is an interesting sort of a fellow. Indeed, I wanted to talk with him today so we had luncheon at my flat. Robin's home town is Epsom, England (home of Epsom Salts and The Epsom "Dahby"). His leadership capabilities have already been demonstrated in that he was on the administrative staff of his school Scientific Society. Sportswise, Robin specialized in cross-country running, tennis and swimming.

Mr. Jones also completed a course in a teacher's training college in London.

As a C.O. he served his country in flood relief work in Holland.

Some additional experiences: work in an engineering factory, forestry, farming, cooking, operating room and X-ray dep'ts. in a Hospital . . . Why don't you just button-hole this jolly-good fellow and talk about his life and yours as I have done — you'll find him a most interesting and enlightening chap indeed!!

* * *

POSITION OPEN

A position is soon to be opened by the departure of our very efficient Mrs. Woody. She is looking forward to a more exalted position as mother of their expected baby. Congratulations and best wishes Mr. and Mrs. Woody.

LOOK NEAT

Have your clothes cleaned by

MERCURY

DRY CLEANERS & LAUNDRY

You SAVE Money

By FREE Pickup & Delivery

— No time consuming trudge downtown with a heavy pack of clothing. Just bring them to Mayfair Closet (across from the drinking fountain) on Mon., Wed., or Fri.

See Avon Pfund or Ron Kelly for Details.