

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA



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WEEKLY

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# THANKS GIVEN!



MR. OILOF TROP

## THE NEWCOMER

Never before in history of Ambassador College has anyone crept so quickly into the hearts of all as has the "newcomer." Almost immediately his sincere and humble devotion to his work captured the admiration of boy and girl alike. The determination in his eyes and the rugged set of his mobile mouth match the rhythmic cat-like movements of his graceful body as he sets about his task. Many have stood and stared, a warm smile of wholesomeness stealing across their faces, watching him.

Whenever you're down in the "dumps" and need a friend to cheer you up, he's always there with a whole handful of joy and happiness to help you along. He knows that it's more blessed to give than receive — and he gives his all for everyone. He's a little man with a lot of heart — he's OILOF . . .



If all the Thanksgiving Day tables were placed end to end, how many times would you find scenes such as these re-enacted?

He dabbed ineffectually at his greasy chin — the stubble which was beginning to appear would not allow him to remove the shine. There was the barest suggestion of a "burp" as he reached for his belt-buckle — he needed the benefit of another hole or two. He said, "Man! That turkey is **really** done to a turn."

She squirmed on her chair and wished she hadn't worn the **new** girdle. "Maybe Al was right when he said I had gained weight. I should have bought another size larger. Oh, well! It'll feel good when I take it off!" These thoughts flitted across her mind and then she said, "Pass the yams, please."

Sometime later they move most carefully to the nearest easy chair and flop — to sit and do nothing while the stomach, liver, kidneys, pancreas, heart and other loyal servants roll up their sleeves for the biggest clean up job of the year. What a mess!

This may be Thanksgiving Day U. S. A. style; but can you, by any stretch of the imagination, say that it is THANKSGIVING? What is there in the mind of man that makes him think his gluttony proves he is thankful? BELIEVE IT OR NOT, **the first observance of this day started as a fast day and not a feast day!** There is nothing like the pangs of hunger to remind a person how truly fortunate he is that God does provide for his daily needs.

It was a pleasant surprise to have Mr. and Mrs. Hammer and Dick drive in from Texas Friday. The length of their visit has not been determined, but WE hope they will stay as long as they can afford to be away from Texas.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

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## The Portfolio Staff

Faculty Advisor  
Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong

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Reporters  
Merle Boyes Robert Hoops  
Judy Brines Dirk Hudson  
Ray Dick Sherwin McMichael  
Molly Hammer Kenneth E. Register  
Dr. C. C. Zimmerman

### LIBRARY WITHOUT BOOKS!

David L. Antion

Perhaps many of you did not know that the world famous Huntington Library was not the type we have here at the college. It is more of a museum and garden than a library in the ordinary sense. Come with us (Ken Mowat, John Kleier and me) to this library.

We leave the college in what is a bi-ownership of a 1957 Kaiser sedan. In this sleek, powerful auto without any muffler; we cut our way through the smog to the Pasadena Freeway and head toward Los Angeles. "Wait a minute," you cry, "this isn't the way to the library." (I regret that you were not with us literally now, since you are the only one that realizes we are not headed in the right direction.) First navigator Mowat finally perceives that something is drastically wrong. In a flash I pulled the (car?) off onto one of the side exits to come back on the other side. But again our sharp witted navigator noticed that something was wrong, for we were still headed in the same direction we entered the free way the second time. Ah, third time — a charm!

A few minutes and several miles later we find ourselves cruising down Huntington Drive and soon pulling to a stop at the Huntington Library. Our first exploration was that of the "Desert Plant Collection," we made our way to the "Oriental Garden." This was truly fabulous. Beautiful green plants with motley blossoms covered the hills and dales. There was a stream of water channeled through the luxuriant life. Little bridges, a "gong" type bell that sent its peal throughout the area, a model Japanese house, plus scores of interesting creatures called "people" are just part of this scene too beautiful for words. You must see it yourself. Thoughts occurred to each of us, "What kind of creative mind must

## FUTILE ATTEMPT

The quiescent serenity of the night was shattered by the footsteps of the marching army. Early one frosty morning the calculated invasion took place. Water! That's what they wanted — water. Methodically they marched across the rough hills and valleys of the land. Nothing could stop them! For days this invasion had been planned.

In spite of the ravines, crevices, volcanoes, and various and sundry other obstacles presented by the terrain of the newly found water source, the army bridged, detoured, or diverted their path to reach to two part hydrogen, one part oxygen liquid. On and on they marched.

The invasion moved with precise accuracy — a perfectly planned attack. But they hadn't taken into consideration the one factor that would overthrow them. That factor was the loose, squeaky boards. On they came — tromp! tromp! tromp! Then

it happened! Their footsteps plodded on.

All of a sudden from out of nowhere came seven of the tallest creatures the army had ever seen. But because of the shadows, they were able to hide for a while. The giants came back (morning exercises, you know). The army rushed forward — they must reach the water. The resounding noise of their footsteps reverberated throughout the region — they were discovered! Someone of the troops stepped on the loose board.

The battle only lasted minutes. The army suffered 13,000 dead; 8,000 wounded; and 25,000 prisoners taken. They had failed.

Anybody need to get rid of ants in their houses? (Note: only the facts in the preceding story are true. The third Green Street house was attacked — the ravines are really there, too, come see if you don't believe me.)

## REPORT FROM LONDON

ERNEST MARTIN

How many of you would like to come to London? Of course I am not offering you a trip — that would be out of the question. Perhaps I should re-phrase the question. How many of you are growing educationally emotional and *spiritually* to assume an important position in the Work of God — *perhaps* even here in Great Britain?

God has given His Church the wide-spreading commission to proclaim the Gospel to the ends of the earth. The Eastern Hemisphere is a part of this world — and London is God's Headquarters for it. We are reaching this part of the world with radio and the printing press, but *listen*, the surface has just been scratched! In Great Britain alone are 55 million people — few have yet heard the Gospel. We are plagued, as in some other locations, by television, late hour broadcasting (and not enough even of that — that is, not enough to reach 55 million people or the 250 million on the continent). But God will open more and more doors in this area. Great Britain is destined to hear the Gospel in dynamic power!

The *potential* of the Work over here is many, many times what it is now. The people are quite receptive to the Gospel. The broadcast is very well taken. They marvel at the Plain Truth. "But," you might say, "they are too staid, the Gospel won't have the effect that it has in the U. S." Yes, in general, they are a reserved and staid people, hindered by traditionalism and pampered by past glories; but they are a lovable and good-natured people — and the Gospel is having a real effect on them. (To prove it, look at our wonderful church of thoroughly converted Ephraimites here in London.) All of this has convinced me that the per capita potential of Great Britain is as great as the United States. When the major doors of disseminating the Gospel are opened up in Britain — evangelistic campaigns, advertising in national magazines, every night radio broadcasting (commercial radio is being talked about more and more) — you will see a ratio of conversions to God's true Church on a par with the States.

We here in London feel that these people will soon be getting the Gospel in greater power and force than ever before. And that is where you at Ambassador come in. Many thoroughly trained and consecrated men and women will be needed here in Great Britain.

Remember how the Macedonian called for Paul to come over to Europe? How many of you would be *spiritually* qualified to answer such a call from Europe in the very near future when the time of harvest arrives? This is something to think about! Again I say, "Would you like a trip to London?"

God have to bring into being all these types of plants?" "What makes flowers "stink pretty"? What is an odor? How would you make it? We also saw man's creations in the form of art — painting and sculpture. This is just a brief description to arouse your interest to see this world famous institution. There were people that we saw from foreign countries. Don't miss your chance to see the Huntington Library.



She tried to open the door with her key — she tried hard — to no avail. The problem: when she so hurriedly reached for her key before groping her way to exercises, she accidentally picked up a TYPEWRITER eraser which just would not unlock that door. Poor Clara! Is Ken to blame, perhaps?

HAVE YOU WRITTEN ANY  
GOOD ARTICLES LATELY?

ED.



## Petticoat Tete-a-tete

—Judy Brines

Have your parents ever presented a problem to you? Have they ever told you they were sending you a present? Then you waited, and waited . . . peeked at the mail box, counted the days, involuntarily shed hair, grew wrinkles . . . and then there came another letter and a few more hints and clues that just irritated your curiosity like an itch you couldn't scratch.

Well, let me tell you, my parents are really keeping me hopping? About a month ago I received the first letter and the first hint. Mother had been to town and saw the "cutest" thing. If my father agreed, she would send it to me. Now I couldn't figure it out . . . if it were something I would want (impractical of course) he would say no (he's practical). But what on earth could it be if it were both "cute" and practical? Then came the next letter. She bought it; father was in agreement, BUT I'd have to wait because they couldn't find a box big enough for HIM! Now what could be a HIM that mother would send me at college? Plum frustratin'. I thought and thought. She knows Annie Mann would shoot me and "Sydney" if she sent him (my shepherd dog); besides I found out he hates to be boxed up. And it couldn't be . . . no because she knows about . . . well, you know. And I already have 2 teddy bears. Then today she wrote me that father had finally shipped him on his way with a coffee pot for company. (Now I'll be awake, Mr. Lochner.) But he will arrive on a truck because the Post Office said he was too big to mail. I'll admit my pater's a joker and a teaser — but if you see a huge box with human legs stumbling toward Lismans — don't panic, you'll only know "he" finally arrived.

I don't know what I will do with him!—Lisman's is a girls' dorm, you know. "These are the times that try women's souls." Any suggestions?

*Judy Brines*

## CHAMPAGNE

Sitting in the center of a large table covered with all sorts of delicious food is a bottle of the finest of Champagnes. You turn your eyes away for a second and then look back to see the bottle overturned. You see the bubbling, sparkling, fizzing, effervescent, clear liquid gushing out of the highly decorated bottle inspidly dripping off the table — forming little puddles.

You see the costly champagne going to waste while you look on, unable it seems to move a muscle to save even a drop. Yes, you are thirsty — very thirsty; yet somehow you do not move. Do we sit and watch *opportunities filter* right thru our fingers day by day? Like a stream they flow by us to rest on the already heavy laden shoulders. Let's spring to action and satisfy that thirst!



## MAN IN TERRACE VILLA!

The sky was becoming increasingly darker. It seemed as if there were no hope.

As Mrs. Lois Armstrong looked for an apartment, she constantly ran into blank walls. It seemed there were just no suitable apartments in this section of Pasadena available. Finally, she found what was just right — she thought! But, again, she was unable to get the apartment because she wouldn't sign a year's contract.

But, as God always does. He saw her needs. Now, we have right here on campus — in the north apartment of Terrace Villa — Mrs. Lois Armstrong and Richard David II.

This is far better than anything Lois looked at—because of the location. She is here on campus, and thus able to be a great deal of help to the other girls. She also does Mr. Ted Armstrong's secretarial work.

God always knows what we need better than we do. We can be thankful that God put Lois here where she will be so much help to His work.

Welcome to the campus, Lois! We trust that we will see much more of you now!

## FINALLY

After many weeks of planning, and desperately trying to get away, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were able to leave for Palm Springs last Saturday, November 22.

In Palm Springs, Mr. Armstrong hopes to accomplish a great deal in terms of the work. He will fast almost the entire duration of his trip. In this way he hopes to get in physical condition for the tremendous job he will be facing him when he returns to Pasadena.

According to present plans, the Armstrongs will remain in Palm Springs for three weeks.

Our prayers certainly are with you, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, that you will accomplish all and more than you had hoped on this trip. Have an enjoyable time — but hurry back. We miss you!

## NOBODY HEARH BUT US CHICKENS

"I hear you on station WWVA, Wheeling, W. Va. Please send me . . . etc. I would also like to know why do you have a rooster crowing entire length of your program on this station. I hear you on other station but no rooster is crowing."

## FISH-BAIT

*Kelly Barfield*

Buckets, seine, and all other necessities were procured, thrown in the back of the pick-up, and off we went. The trip through the river bottom was one of great excitement. Those who rode in the back were victims of circumstance. If they were not scraped off by some low hanging limb, they were at least well churned upon arriving at the spot to seine bait. The crossing of the small streams along the way was no problem. "old betsy" just reared back and jumped them at full speed. Oh! For the jar on the other side.

The maze and tangle of underbrush, vines, and grass surrounding the small lake was one more venture of anxiety into the unknown. With rifles, seines, and buckets in hand, we penetrated the jungle.

The most appetizing thing about this entire ordeal was the confluence of snakes of all sizes and brands that inhabited this area. This was of no great consequence to fool-hearted youngsters. With a rifle in one hand and seine in the other, we acquired bait. When a snake proceeded in the path he became one more notch on the butt of the rifle.

Of such were many of the days of one Ambassador student.



UPPER LEFT:  
PORTFOLIO staff enthusiastically looks on, as Bob demonstrates his skill on the Linotype.

ABOVE:  
Mac hurriedly sets up type for page proofs for final copy.

UPPER RIGHT:  
Shows Mr. Login of Login Printing.



If you don't have time to feast on ALL the magazines, DON'T BE FRUSTRATED! WATCH THIS COLUMN! We're Looking-Out for the articles you don't want to miss.

SEE latest NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC "Men who Hid The Dead Sea Scrolls" READ follow-up in LADIES HOME JOURNAL "Cruelty In Maternity Ward"

**They're Here**

**BOOKS YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR**

1. Nestle-Marshall **Greek-English New Testament**
2. Hammond's **Comparative World Atlas**

**NEW BOOKS**

(being processed — soon available)

1. Bible Cookbook — by Marcan Maeve O'Brien
2. Naked Communist — by Skousen

For that sparkling look!  
With your dazzling smile!  
**GO MERCURY! With Your Dry Cleaning.**

**HIGH BOX RENT**

A frown furrowed Clayton's brow. It deepened as he shuffled through the name plates of *Plain Truth* receivers. Suddenly he could contain himself no longer.

"Hey, this whole town gets its mail at the same box."

He hadn't noticed that a number accompanied each name. He had the mailing list of a state penitentiary.

**ALL STAR-GAZERS ATTENTION!**

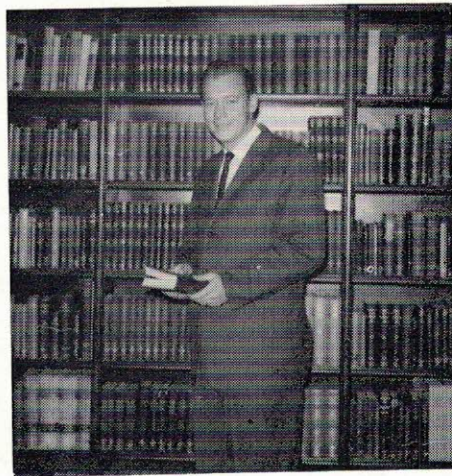
*Leonard Fink*

Here is a glorious opportunity to see the stars in the daytime.

FORMULA: Hop a bus or car to the corner of Las Feliz and Vermont in Los Angeles. Start hiking up the hill until you get to the planetarium. Step inside the building and be projected into night by attending the planetarium lecture where all the stars you see at night are shown on a dome before your eyes. All this plus seeing all the museum exhibits of meteorites, rockets, cyclotron etc.

Four of us found it a most thrilling, educational experience and would want to go back again and again and again, as the Englishman would say it. I'll guarantee you will learn more there in a day, than spending a week or more on a book. Incidentally, we went at night, so don't try venturing to walk up there then, but take a bus. See me for further information.

**THE PORTFOLIO PRESENTS**



**MR. RONALD DART**

Some of us have had pleasure hearing Mr. Ronald Dart in Ambassador Club, where he is known as a very good speaker. But, have YOU stopped and just talked with him? If you have you have found out that he is married, (his wife Allie is a step from head bookkeeper at a Bank of America — capable and sweet), 24, and hales from Harrison, Arkansas.

In high school, speech and drama were his extra-curricular interests, but he also played football, softball, and badminton. He likes almost any kind of music, but especially approves classical music and opera.

After having finished high school he went to Hardin-Simmons University in Texas.

Mr. Dart has also spent four years in the Navy as a training devices technician. While in the Navy he also spent two years as a Baptist minister in San Diego and preached in almost all of the Southern Baptist Churches in that Area.

He was awarded a scholarship to H. S. U. for being the most outstanding male public speaker. He never took advantage of this opportunity having decided to search for and recapture the true values at Ambassador College.

This reporter is happy to know Mr. Dart and his wife Allie — and so will You be!

**AMBASSADOR HALL DUTIES**

December 6, 1958

- Florence Watson
- Beverly Cain
- Janette Smith
- Molly Hammer
- Arthur Kirishian
- Duane Cooper
- Carn Catherwood

**CUPBEARERS**

Club	Best Speaker	Most Improved	Best Evaluator
Sunday	Charles Black	Clayton Steep	Robin Jones
Monday	Ronald Dart	Kemmer Pfund	Kenneth Mowat
Tuesday	Richard Hopkins	David Mills	Ronald Kelly
Thursday	Richard Sedliacik	Charles Roemer	Arthur Kirishian