

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA

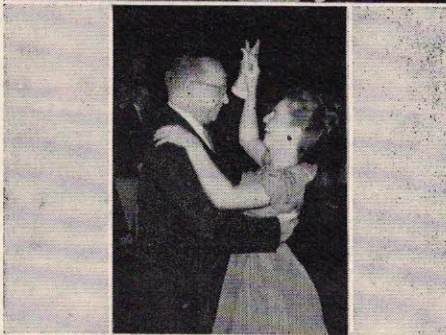
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WEEKLY

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FROLIC FEST

32 PAGES -- 175,000 COPIES



April 1956 *The Plain Truth* stretched from 16 pages to 24 pages. February 1957 saw *The Plain Truth* step from plain black and white to attractive color. AND NOW — November 1958 — *The Plain Truth* breaks forth with 32 pages!

This first 32-page issue devotes 16 pages (8 pages thereafter) to **THE BIBLE STORY BOOK**. Here, in regular monthly installments, young and old alike see the Bible's story unfold with vivid realism by means of the graphic

illustrations and descriptive, life-instilling language of our much loved artist-writer, Basil Wolverton.

It has now become necessary to print 175,000 copies in order to keep enough in stock. Ten thousand of these copies will go Air Express to London, England for foreign distribution.

All this means increased opportunity for development of God-given talents through service in the fast growing, greatest Work on earth.

Last Thursday's "no cover - no minimum" dance at the Wm. Davies Memorial Hall was highlighted by some foreign frolics sparked by a very terpsichorically talented "Senor Rea," and delightful domestic ditties by Mrs. Wells.

After preliminary professional instructions in the "light fantastic" by Mrs. Wells, Mr. Rea took over with some of the heavier "lumber bursting" lulus from south of the Border. Among these was "la raspa" — a delightful combination of fore and

aft sandpapering of the oak flooring combined with circular gymnastics exhibiting an involvement of the lower lumbar regions. All of this while alternately holding hands and elbows.

Intermission found ample refreshments for all — even Kelly Barfield seemed to enjoy them — although Ken seems a bit bored with the whole thing.

The only ones that didn't enjoy this dance weren't there.

Oct. 29, '58. Straight up noon — and it happened! Eight and one-half pounds of baby girl that is. Rumor had it that she belonged to Mr. and Mrs. HERMAN Hoeh, which wasn't quite right. Actually, she came to stay at Mr. Kenneth HERRMANN'S house — there is a difference, you know. At this late press date our informants can only give the last third of her name: HERRMANN.

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EDITORIAL

ON SENILITY

By C. C. Zimmerman

Four "old" men were barricaded in the rear room of the second floor of the administration building last Friday morning — the morning after the dance. These recluses had been there for what must have been a very long time. They had ensconced themselves behind locked doors and were morosely pursuing their assigned assignments — counting money — in an almost miserly fashion.

Actually, now! A somewhat "younger" member of this staid group had to throw rocks at their window to stir them out of their rut and gain entrance.

These men are referred to as "old" not because their age is so great; not because they have necessarily attained to more complete development; *but* because inactivity speaks louder, MUCH louder, than words.

"A man," it is said, "is as old as he feels." Have you ever stuck your thumb into a too aged tomato?

These four, old before their time, felt they could give nothing to the rest of us by going to the dance. They must have thought they would be giving more by *keeping* to themselves.

It is a little more than likely that they are a variety of "time redeemer" of which David Antion spoke.

Another sage has said, "Never underestimate the power of a woman." If we could but enlist the aid of Mrs. Hammer, Mrs. Hunting and Mrs. Register nearly three-fourths of this problem could be solved; but, whatever, will we do about Mr. Baird.

* * * * *

The man who says "Let George do it" often ends up working for George.

PAGE TWO

UPLIFTING

By John Hawkins

NOTE: In his first paragraph John Hawkins observes, "We can write most anything" in the PORTFOLIO, and promptly proved it by submitting the following. You can do the same!

I had just read the PORTFOLIO. I turned and said to Gerhart, "We can write most anything in here." "Well," he said in a hesitant voice, "as long as it is uplifting." "Uplifting?" I said. "Yes, you know what I mean," he said. Suddenly, I remembered an incident at Fort Leonardwood where I took live hand grenade training. Just before a group of us started throwing live hand grenades, a sergeant told us not to do as one soldier did here. This recruit was fooling around with the hand grenade when it wasn't his turn to throw. He pulled the pin out of the handle which he accidentally released triggering the grenade to explode in three seconds. Looking around, he didn't know what to do with it. If he threw it, he would have to shout for everyone to hit the ground — that would be too embarrassing. Suddenly, he thought of the least noticeable way to set it off. He jerked his steel helmet off, slammed it over the grenade, and sat on it. BOOM — uplifting?

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

These are questions that come in to our mail office from people asking for help. Can you explain them? How would you answer each of these?

1. Why did God send Jonah to Ninevah proclaiming repentance if He did not grant repentance to the Gentiles until New Testament times?
2. Please explain John 6:47. How can anyone have everlasting life at this present time?
3. I need a wife. Would you please set aside one column in the P.T. every month with a picture of a man and woman who would also want a mate that has the same beliefs? You could charge one or two dollars apiece and make a fortune. I am sure there are many such as myself who need mates of the same faith.
4. How long should a woman let her fingernails grow? What does the Bible say about this?
5. Please explain Ex. 28:30. What are the Urim and the Tummin?

* * * * *

Who else but Leroy Hershberger better known as the Hershberger Express would get caught suspended in mid-air on a barbed wire fence in Missouri?

COLLEGE PROFESSOR

Such rawness in a pupil is a shame.

Lack of preparation in high school is to blame.

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER

What crudity; the boy's a fool.

The fault of course is in grammar school.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL TEACHER

From such stupidity may I be spared;

They send them to me so unprepared.

PRIMARY TEACHER

Kindergarten blockhead; and they call

That preparation. Worse than none at all.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER

Such lack of training never did I see;

What kind of woman must the mother be.

THE MOTHER

Poor helpless child; He's not to blame

His father's folks are just the same.

WHAT A COLLEGE

Carl McNair

Having the opportunity of escorting a very distinguished guest around the grounds, and hearing some of the exclamations has been very profitable to me. I think the most striking statement was, "The fellows in our fraternity at S. C. would be ashamed to go back if they saw this!"

The guests were none other than our assembly speaker, Mr. John Baird, and his nephew.

* * *

A Welchman couldn't afford to work — he drew MORE MONEY from the dole (gov't. pays so much for each child) than he could earn if he worked. He had 13 children for which he was receiving compensation.

* * *

He who sits on the sidelines and shouts derisive instruction to coach and players, when stripped of his raccoon coat and heavy underwear, is often found to be nought but skin and bone — except for raucous voice.



ANNIVERSARY SMILE — Exactly four years ago last Monday, Mrs. Horn took charge of the Mayfair Kitchen. Her crew of lovely helpers are shown presenting her with anniversary cake. Mrs. Horn, who likes to be on the giving-end, treated her crew to a party at her home the same evening. MRS. HORN, WE SALUTE YOU!



Petticoat Tete-a-tete

—Judy Brines

Hi there! Welcome again to *Petticoat Tete-a-Tete*. Are you in need of a good chuckle? Then let me recommend the new *ala Carte* fashions.

All I have to say after observing what they unveiled this fall is, "Well, girls, here we go again!" Although the style is different the high note is similar. They're still trying to disguise and camouflage us. Are they tired of women looking like women? Perhaps they want to enshroud us in mystery and intrigue . . . it's true people will have to *guess* what we're shaped like if these fashion quirks continue.

Last year they began the baggy look. We were invaded by sacks. They looked fairly nice on the "sunken - cheeked" high fashion model who somehow seems to weave a spell over the general female public to the point they forget we are a nation that consumes more reducing pills than any other — for a definite reason. This same set beat an eager path into the store, squirmed into the new creation, and emerged like a swathed mummy with a satisfied exhausted smile on their faces. What a struggle!! I must admit (providing they could get *in*) rather than go on a diet just wearing a sack dress would be a much easier way *out*. For the most part the secretarial set didn't need the shift in emphasis.

The modern touch has simply whacked off the hemline up to knee length. (What will they do with those of us who are knock-kneed? Mercy!) Pardon me while I laugh, but the whole overall effect reminds me of the "after picture" in the adds for sanforization showing the unfortunate woman who didn't buy a pre-shrunk garment . . . the waistline has shot up to the tummy and the poor hemline just went beserk.

It looks like we're in for more radical designs this fall but I hope they'll soon decide once more to advocate flattering the feminine figure, after all if we were meant to go around in bags why weren't we born a potato?

So much for fashions — See you next week.

Judy Brines

CAUSE TO REJOICE

The group in Tijuana, Mexico with whom Mr. Rea used to hold Bible studies has now written to Mr. Rea requesting him to come down again to help them. He quit making these frequent visits to them about a year ago.

Mr. Rea is first going to write them to see if they have *truly* repented, and if in due time it appears that they have, he will visit them again and hold Bible studies. This truly may be cause to rejoice.



"Switch me in the face just once more and you're liable to come up minus a tail!"

SQUISH-SQUASH

"Hey, this spigot doesn't work!"

"Well, pull on it," came the answer.

So she pulled. Oh, the agony of it all! Can't you see the poor cow? One certain Ambassador Co-Ed took her very first visit to the farm. There she found that cows really do give milk. She had heard something to the effect that milk came from some animal, but she never believed it. Milk always came in bottles — not from cows.

Here, you have pictured the astonishment of actuality.

In order to find out for herself she boldly — well, not too boldly — in fact, she rather reluctantly — come to think of it, it took all kinds of courage to take hold of that spigot. At least it looked like a spigot — something wet came out of it. They said it was supposed to hit the bucket. But it missed. You can tell by the look on the face. Note the stern, set jaw. Observe the terse lips (that means somebody goofed).

If anyone sees a cow tromping across Mayfair in the near future, think nothing of it. Florence doesn't like bottled milk anymore.

A CHERMAN FABLE

Ein rooster been rounder gestrutten. He been charmen die hens in das barnen yarden. All mit once das rooster been finden a diamonder. Ein diamonder ist bigger, und ist schparklen und geshinen.

Das rooster musten cockadoodle-doodlen, und die hens been commen mit fluttern und cacklen.

"Gelook! Gelook! Ich gefounden ein biggen diamonder. Ist dot gute?"

"Ja, ja," gesaid eine hens.

"Nein! Nein!" gesaid das gestrutten rooster. "Ist besser muchen grainen to eaten having."

Eine hens gottet das rooster some grainen und been jerken das diamonder outs hissien handse.

Die hens hast das diamonder gesellt und a nicen und biggen farmen gebought. She hasen now hern own biggen farmen, mit muchen grainen und her own rooster yetz.

(die enden)

THE PORTFOLIO PRESENTS

Would you like to *know* everyone on the campus? The PORTFOLIO is going to make this less of a problem in the future. Starting NOW, you will find names and faces.

This is Mr. Plache — 22 years old and a full-time student. He has had a very active life before coming to Ambassador. He holds an A.B. degree from Aurora College, Aurora, Illinois. He spent a year and a half in graduate school, spent seven months as assistant pastor in a Methodist Church, and nine months as a pastor of the Christian Church in El Paso, Illinois, before coming here to college. His favorite sport is golf which he has played since he was ten.

Next to his favorite sport he likes to tease Ruthie. Ruthie is Mrs. Plache. She is a part-time Ambassador student and has had four years in college as a voice major.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Plache have sparkling personalities and humor and *love people*. You are "people" — so throw aside your bashfulness — get acquainted with the Plaches!



Hey! WAKE UP, Dick! You're being looked at.

To the Editor:

The following "box score" entitled "Cupbearers" (for want of a better one) is intended to give a quick breakdown of the results of the past week of the Ambassador clubs.

I think it should be an every issue feature and to write it up "interestingly" would require too much space and would make it become monotonous.

People read the box scores of many things — and are interested in them. At least 12 people will be interested in the names which appear in this. The names will change every issue and it gives information which otherwise is not available to those outside the clubs.

It should fit easily in a two column box some 6 or 8 lines deep.

C.Z.

P.S. It might also serve to pressure the participants into working a little harder.

CUPBEARERS

Club	Best Speaker	Most Improved	Best Evaluator
Sunday	Donald Schroeder	Howard Colby	Charles Black
Monday	Mr. Braden	All icebreakers	Paul Petranek
Tuesday	Ronald Kelly	Allen Dexter	Clarence Huse
Thursday	Duane Cooper	Kenneth Fischer	Mr. Kunz

OH, THAT CRAZY HALL

Dirk Hudson

He stood there, his fuzzy head brushing the door sill. In his shapeless hand was cradled an accordian. Behind . . . in the shadows, lurked three other dark figures waiting to be admitted. The locale: Ambassador Hall basement; scene: LeRoy Hershberger, Douglas Danner, Ray Shelton and Dennis Pebworth are about to enter and force the phonograph to stop blaring German polkas, "shoddisks," and "what have you" so they with accordian, guitar, drums, and horn can supply live orchestration. And, ladies and gentlemen, the effect was terrific! The dancing became livelier. "Mr. Gloom," so to speak, was forced out the door, and now we have *Utopia* (three cheers, hooray, and all that sort of thing) at Ambassador Hall.

In fact, to digress, three (3) young ladies became so inspired that they started warbling "Blue Moon" into a microphone that appeared from nowhere clutched in the paw of Ray Shelton. In fact Yours Truly became so absorbed he ordered another beer after which point the warbling ceased.

Perhaps, it's conceivable that this quartet may be spotlighted every Saturday night at Ambassador Hall and again bring happiness to these blighted portals at approximately the same time — that is, 8:00 p.m.

Anyhow, it's a good way to sell beer!

PORTFOLIO extends its combined congratulations to the two happy couples that were married during the Feast this fall — Edward and Margaret Mitchell and Don and Floy Wofford.

AMBASSADOR HALL DUTIES

Florence Watson
Reba Roper
Judy Brines
Shirley Engelbart
Charles Hefner
Ray Shelton
Bob Steep



L O N D O N

Sunday, Oct. 20, marked the date of the first Bible Study conducted in Bristol, England by God's true ministers in perhaps over 100 years. Attending were six baptised members plus one man who should soon be baptized, besides Mr. and Mrs. McNair and Mr. Meeker. From what Mr. Meeker says, this will *probably*, God willing, be the location of our next church in England. It is between 100 & 200 miles from London with good road all the way. However, it still takes longer to drive there than from here to San Diego.

* * * * *

Seems the romantic season has bloomed. (Ed.: been blooming right along). Have you noticed the exchanged looks between Clara and Ken?

THE RABID FLY

By Allen M. Goyette

One bright sunshiny day, my friend George, his brother Ed, and I were driving along the seashore. When, almost un-noticed, a fly flew in and settled on my head. I paid no attention to it until I noticed George stealthily moving toward me with a hammer in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that hammer?" I asked, eyeing George suspiciously.

"I'm going to swat that fly on your head," he replied.

Suddenly I noticed a furor of activity in my hair. "Look out!" I shouted as I frantically batted the air. "The little beggar is rabid."

The fly took off and settling down on the dashboard, glared at us; his eyes red-rimmed and bloodshot; his lips drawn back revealing his gleaming razor-sharp teeth.

"Mash him with your finger!" I cried excitedly. George drew back, snarling viciously, gore dripping from his jaws.

George hesitated. "I can't do it," he exclaimed nervously. "He might bite my finger."

Ed, who had been intently watching the whole show through the telescopic sights on his double barrel shotgun, finally got zeroed in and blasted away with both barrels. Both charges missed as the fly ducked between them, but one pellet ricocheted off George's left eyeball and tore away part of the fly's tail section.

With a terrifying scream, followed by a vicious kick the fly knocked the shotgun out of Ed's hand and retreated to the top of the steering wheel. It was a mistake in strategy from which the fly never recovered. With a vicious swing I hit him in the head with my fist. With a dull thud he fell to the floor. He kicked convulsively several times, and then, with a barely audible sigh, he died.

There he lay on the floor, his skull fractured, his back broken in three places — mute testimony to the savage power in my brutal arms.

A great sigh of relief swept through the car.

\$\$\$ If we could find some space we would remind you to save your money for the Thanksgiving Dance — (corsages, and all, you know).