



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA



Volume VIII, Number XV

WEEKLY

MARCH 12, 1959

## FRONT RUNNER ANNUAL OPEN HOUSE AT THE ARMSTRONG'S



Mr. Lochner greets the assembly in full Championship Regalia.

An alert, sure-footed and confident champion strode forward through the burst of applause. Mr. Lochner's colorful robe was covered with tinkling medals and bright ribbons; he carried an armload of cups — symbols of races won. These were the dead, fading and metallic proofs of a champion. The living, dynamic proof of triumph, was in his presence and words. Here was a man who had *pushed himself* into the championship class.

The fascinated audience heard the story of how a winner is *made*, not born! Accomplishment is the reward of exertion of mind *and* muscle. A pair of holey britches goaded this once skinny boy into becoming a

(Continued on Page 5)



These beautiful, spacious gardens at Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong's on Hill Street provided perfect setting for an enjoyable Sunday afternoon. Several Freshmen are shown here with other students and guests for the Open House.

Students of Ambassador College had the privilege and pleasure of attending the open house of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Armstrong. It was a pleasant surprise for both upper classmen and freshmen.

The host and hostess guided the party on a complete tour of their lovely home, pointing out some of the interesting highlights. Among these was featured a Relax-a-cisor, of special interest to the C.C.C.C. (Current Calory Counters of the Campus)!! The feminine members were completely won by the dandy dressing room of Mrs. Armstrong, while

the males were equally impressed with Mr. Armstrong's library.

The grace and charm of the Armstrong's home captivated everyone. To top off the excursion (and to the joy and delight of all) Mr. Armstrong played some of the old favorites that he and Mrs. Armstrong enjoyed in their "Courting days." Some were surprised that a few sounded very familiar!

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, for your gracious hospitality and the wonderful opportunity you gave us all.



*The Portfolio Staff*

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## Is Christ In You?

Does this question embarrass you? It shouldn't! Because unless Jesus Christ is LIVING within you, motivating your every thought and action — you're headed for Gehenna fire! Why are you afraid to talk about your Elder Brother, and the Captain of your Salvation? Why don't you get to *know* Him better?

Girls! Do you dress for CHRIST every morning? He doesn't care what kind of a body you have! He'd rather see you wear a burlap sack and inherit life with Him than wear tight-fitting skirts and sweaters and burn to a crisp!

Men! Do you live for CHRIST every day? He'd rather see you mourn and weep, and laugh in the Kingdom, than act pompous and important now and end as a cinder!

Get the wide-open eyes of a child! Erase the vanity of the haughty looks of man, the sidelong, glances of woman! Look up to the heavens where YOUR SAVIOR lives — and ask Him to CRUSH OUT YOUR VANITY!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hereby know we that we  *dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit*" (I John 4:13). Does God's Holy Spirit motivate your dress, your habits, your studies, your every character? Unless it does — you're heading in the wrong direction!

CHANGE! While there's still time! Let *Christ* become REAL to you! Get to KNOW Him better! How, you ask? He's waiting for you — in the prayer room!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hoping to elude capture, a wanted criminal adopted female disguise, wearing wig, make-up, and women's clothes.

He fooled the police completely until one day he boarded a bus and had the right change ready.

## INTRODUCING: PHOTO CONTEST

NOW IT CAN BE ANNOUNCED

*THE PORTFOLIO STAFF HAS DECIDED TO CONDUCT A PHOTO CONTEST. PRIZES, FUN LAUGHS, JUDGES, NO ENTRY FEES. You may win a Cruden's Concordance, a Bible, or maybe a free Envoy.*

*All entries become the property of the PORTFOLIO.*

*NO LIMIT on types (candid, portrait, landscape, etc.)*

*Entries will be Judged on basis of photographic skill as well as interest or humor of subject.*

*Decisions of the Judges are final. Contest is open to Ministers, Faculty and Students with the exception of Envoy or Portfolio staff members.*

*Hurry! Hurry! — ENTER NOW! Some photos and snaps will appear in each issue of YOUR PORTFOLIO.*

### GRAB HANDLES!

Do you feel a SLAVE to your schedule? It there a "dragged thru the mud" feeling every time you struggle out of bed? If you feel this way you have been put thru the process of REGEMENTATION.

"Oh, *perish* the thought of that word," many say. We don't want to be regemented.

Seems like when we come to college we look at the *long* four years ahead, prepare for the grind, then we GRAB HOLD OF OUR SCHEDULES and hang on for dear life.

During the course of four years, we are *dragged* thru music appreciation, *shoved* thru English Literature, *forced* into voice lessons, *pummeled* around in math class, *fight* thru the Bible classes, *flash* thru history, and at long last draw \$20 out of the air to graduate. With a sigh of relief, we think that it is made.

But when it is all over, we still have kept a *tight hold* on that schedule. We didn't let go.

But thru it all we have learned A VERY IMPORTANT LESSON. Yes, we are regemented. We practically are SLAVES to those schedules. But we did learn how to keep a tight hold.

We also learned that God's way happens to be regementation. "WHAT?" you cry. Yes, GOD IS A REGEMENTER! He wants us to obey *every last law* that He has.

So don't complain about the rigorous routine. Just TAKE A FIRM GRIP on your schedule, hold on TIGHTLY, and *whiz* through the four years of college.

## To Home Base

Everything seems to be moving along most smoothly in this part of the country. I trust, at least in some respects, that all is as uneventful there. Of course, I have learned of the trying circumstances encountered by the work for the past few days. It seems that these tests are requisite once in awhile. God knows best! It is not for us to question the integrity of God. He is the possessor of heaven and earth. Obviously the fault must be with us. A little more effort on our part might mean a great difference in the accomplishment of this Work. There certainly is nothing in the Bible to indicate we could not fail as human instruments. The decision is up to us. We just need to pour our hearts out to God in far more fervent and believing prayer.

Since we are human, flesh, individuals it is so easy for us, it seems, to get our minds and hearts off the real purpose and goal of all human life. We can see the needs of the flesh so easily. Miserable wretches and creatures that we are, *God still loves us greatly*. Even such tests as these which we are encountering is a proof of God's love toward us. I trust that we can all see and understand these things.

Must close for now!

Raymond Cole

### SMIRK

Smirk wanders about the campus with a self-satisfied, built-in facial expression which indicates he's "figured out" everyone's motives! He's the foremost human nature analyst of them all, secure in the smug belief his particular type of intellect qualifies him to look with narrow and careful clarity into the innermost *motives* of the human heart!

Smirk is always aloof! Always apart! He's suspicious of others, and convinced they're insincere. Wrapped up in the warmth of self-sufficiency, he snuggles up to himself with genuine affection. But for others — the jerks that make up his "around," he has an upturned lip, half closed eyes, a covert laugh.

Smirk can be found *anywhere* there's still carnality!

Jesus said, "Judge NOT, that ye be not judged!" DON'T smirk yourselves out of the glorious calling of Christ! *Don't* trade eternal *glory* for a sadistic desire for self-justification. Yes — smirks will finally be wiped away — but for the present God still allows their smirking, smirking, smirking . . .





# Petticoat Tete-a-tete

—Judy Brines

Way up north in Garabrouse, Nova Scotia — a French village of Scotch inhabitants (nationality that is) — lived a young girl named Annie. She loved to walk along the seashore stooping down to scoop up unique seashells, and she loved to listen to the roar of the waves crashing against the rocks near the shore. When cold weather came she would bundle up and with a group go ice skating on the little frozen ponds near her home. In the winter the air was so cold the ocean looked like it was smoking as steam rose up from the water. It was so cold your breath would freeze right before you.

Know yet who Annie is? That's right. Who else but our own Annie Mann (who still loves to ice skate). I thought it would be interesting to sketch a few things perhaps you didn't know about her.

Mrs. Mann's first position was as a nurse and governess for the Cabot's of Massachusetts. She used to go sleigh riding (complete with Old Dobbin) when she was companion to a lady from New York. At one time she mothered a brood of over 20 kittens, all of whom she had named. She loved them because they were so "soft and cuddly" but the rate of multiplication got out of hand.

About 2 years ago Mrs. Mann and Shirley Nash traveled to Dover, New Hampshire, and there they visited her spry 93 year-old aunt for whom Mrs. Mann was named. I see now the energy she so abundantly has runs in the family.

If you have ever dined out with her you know she loves food, but she admittedly has one great weakness—chocolate. Oh how she loves it! She is "trying to improve" as she put it with a grin. Hmm, maybe that's the reason we sometimes find something sweet from someone very sweet nestled on our pillows in Mayfair. She's going to get rid of that temptation . . . poor Mayfair waistlines. Mmm, sure glad she's *overcoming!* As long as we don't *overgrow*.

You know, I imagine we must be the only girl's dormitory who's house mother is a Mann.

*Judy Brines*

# AMBASSADOR CAKEWALK

One of the *most anticipated* events in months is NOW being announced. Tuesday night, March 17, there will be an *informal* dance. It will be held at the DeWald Dance Studio in San Gabriel. The fun begins at 8:00 and this time can last as long as we want it to. But alas, Wednesday is a school day — so you see what results. We must be home early (around 2:00 or so — Ha!).

Holding with good old Ambassador tradition, this dance will be DIFFERENT. If anything ever happens around here you can be sure that it is different. This dance will be a special *Ambassador style* CAKEWALK. The girls are grouping into fives. Each group will make a cake for the five fellows that ask them. (If you don't want a date to this dance, you is "jist" plain crazy).

The dance band is having a break this time, so we will have *special* records selected by the DeWald professional dance instructors. The studio is very beautifully arranged and the informal atmosphere will be *superb* for a magnificent evening.

See you on March 17 at 8:00 p.m.



As a special gift, Della Horn is presented with a lovely pair of house shoes by Norma Dennis.

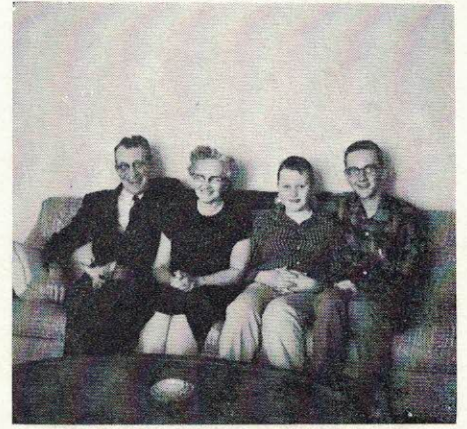
## A Job Well Done

Tonight (Feb. 24) the chance came! For over one year I had been waiting for this opportunity — wanting to know what takes place in one of the Women's Club meetings. I attended the club as guest photographer.

Topics discussed were: Posture — demonstrations by Miss Ivy Edelbach and Miss Shirley Wendt, pointers on how to be well dressed, plus a variety of questions directed to various members by Mrs. Betty Michaels. Hostesses for the meeting were Miss Ina Grabbe and Miss Vinita Hayes.

At the close of the meeting a gift was presented to Miss Della Horn for the wonderful performance as hostess two weeks before.

# Portfolio Presents



THE ROARK FAMILY

Seated from left to right: Dr. Roark (Giner in lap); Mrs. Roark, Michael, and Bill.

Meeting the ROARK FAMILY was a series of pleasant surprises. At the door we were met by a very small portion of Ginger (if you put your glasses on you can see her nestled in the Doctor's lap — the teeny li'l thing with ears!). She faithfully emitted her yip-yip indicating that she is a watch-dog and then proceeded to be a very sweet and affectionate little chahuahua. The next surprise was an organ solo played by Dr. Roark. Then came Bill (right) out of his bedroom with some exotic stereophonic music following him. On closer examination we found that Bill is an Electronics enthusiast. I was amazed to see short-wave receiver, transmitter, mike, stereophonic equipment, tape recorder, record player, etc. All were of the finest quality. Bill is now a student at Ambassador College — he has also done work at Colorado University and Grenell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa.

Michael, 13, sitting next to Bill is going to Imperial School — he says his favorite sport is food — I trust he won't turn pro.

On the serious side Dr. Roark has practiced for 20 years. He has done work at Denver University, Colorado University, New York University, holds in addition to his Medical Doctorate a B. S. in Mechanical Engineering. I asked him what his favorite sport was — he said Golf and auto mechanics — "with his good clothes on too," interjected Mrs. Roark.

Mrs. Roark is happy and friendly and just wants to see you that way too! The Doctor tells me she is a good cook too.

I *do* know that they are all very hospitable, interesting, and friendly folks and we're very happy to welcome them to God's campus.



**BUY NOW — PLEASE!**

The man who is looking you over right now as a prospect for next year's Envoy staff has this understandable complaint. Each year of planning, stewing, fretting, threatening, and coaxing to get a nice college annual into your possession costs him one-half inch of irreplaceable hair-line. Ten years — five inches — measuring from the present line, that would bring it back somewhere to the middle of the neck. Every inch of bare scalp is on our hands if we fail to support the production of the annual with our prompt orders.

As long as you know already that you are going to buy an annual, get it now! Give your Envoy staff some definite figures to plan on and some good hard cash to operate with. That is only fair, and remember the hair-line.

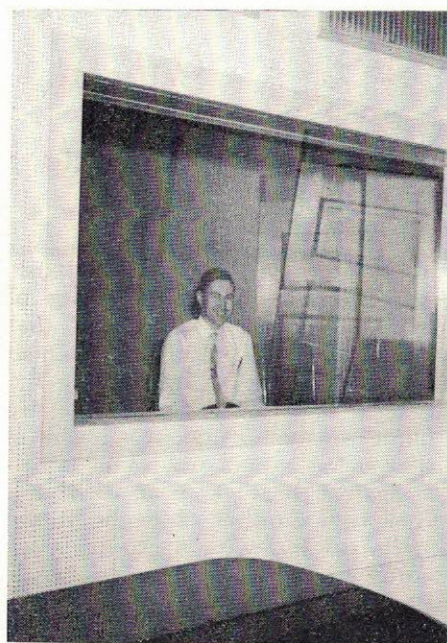
**TRANSFER**

The growing news gathering department has recently obtained a new full time employee. Mr. Al Portune, after careful scrutiny of available talent decided on "nose for news" Hogberg to work in this vital department. A full-time typist will be added in the near future. Any applicants?



"All I want is peace and quiet!!!" Yes, that was the sole, simple desire of Senor Ray Shelton in the last meeting of the Ambassador College Spanish Club. But as usual, man's desires were flaunted — he was faced with everything from "Kicapoo joy juice vendors," and whining beggar girls, to hot tips on the current horse races!!

This freshman program was the highlight of the night's activities, spicing the regular meeting with hilarity and fun. After feasting on a delicious "Mayfair special," the Spanish club ended in a zealous song fest, drawing to a close an evening of unity and close friendship.



Mr. Norman Smith smiles through the double glass window looking into the studio from the new Visitors Observation Room.

**It Went PFFFT ! !**

The new PORTFOLIO office went pffftt! Last week, we, the PORTFOLIO staff, announced the opening of our new office. You guessed it! The *very next day*, as we arrived for class, we found that we no longer had a PORTFOLIO office.

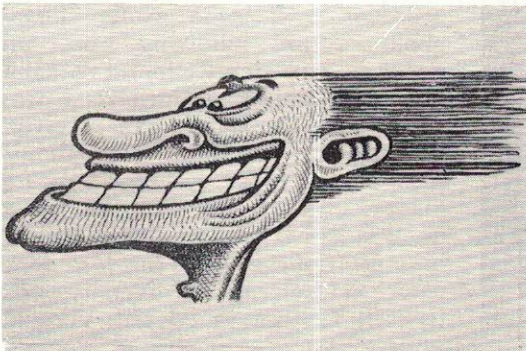
Instead, the room is being put to an even *better* use! First of all, the carpenters knocked out one wall (at least part of it) and inserted a double glass. They are building cabinets with locks all around the other wall.

What's it going to be used for? Well, the primary purpose is storage space for tapes for the broadcast. The second purpose is for visitors who wish to watch a live broadcast. This way there will be no more sneezing, coughing, foot-shuffling, etc. to disturb Mr. Armstrong or Mr. Ted Armstrong while making the broadcast — neither will such odd sounds be going out over the radio waves (as has happened in the past).

Yes, the PORTFOLIO got pushed to new quarters even before we ever moved in, but we are all happy to announce the improvement and much needed room for the studio use.

**WHAAAA?**

**FOUND!** One elastic coated, whalebone and steel object, complete with gleaming attachments resembling miniature clothespins! This unknown article is a pale pink shade, has shoelaces and inlaid reinforcements. Will owner please claim? My dog growls at it incessantly!



"Boy, 'Lookit' that Dexter go!"

"Which way is Mayfair?" →



"I was scared"



"I solo next week"

Any similarity between the above hairstyles and Ambassador men is purely intentional — and strictly for laughs.



## FRONT RUNNER

(Continued from Page 1)

world beating man. He had ambition and was willing to learn *and* work.

Mr. Lochner submitted to the authority of his father, employers, teachers and coaches. He learned from them because he recognized the need to learn, then he *applied* what he had learned.

Men were not his only instructors. The school which Experience keeps is big as all outdoors — even a dead civet cat may hold a class in perseverance. A seven mile trap line can build a strong heart and legs at the same time it tutors in persistence. A race can test a runner's full potential, but it also tries his honor.

"To be a champion will require you to start working now! Make use of the lessons of your past experience. Drive on toward the goal!" said Mr. Lochner, "You *can* win if you are willing to be a learner, work hard and deny yourself." This CHAMPION'S formula for success can make future champions.

### Traditional—Yet—Untraditional

"This is the best club that I have attended this semester," stated Mr. Carlton Smith. The speeches ranged from a memory course to the digestive system, modern education (experienced in New York), to the Theory of Relatively, and a dynamic instructive speech showing how to put more into speaking. Table topics had the driving personality of Robin Jones. Toastmaster, Clayton Steep, made it short and snappy, for he said, "Tonight I have been told in no uncertain terms to make it short, so our first speaker for tonight is . . ."

The guests, women of Ambassador, were treated to one of the T.V. programs made by Mr. Armstrong, or I might say that we were all treated. Some had never seen any of the programs.

Cheese cake, but not like Norma Dennis makes, was served with coffee or apple cider. Full and happy we slowly strolled home.

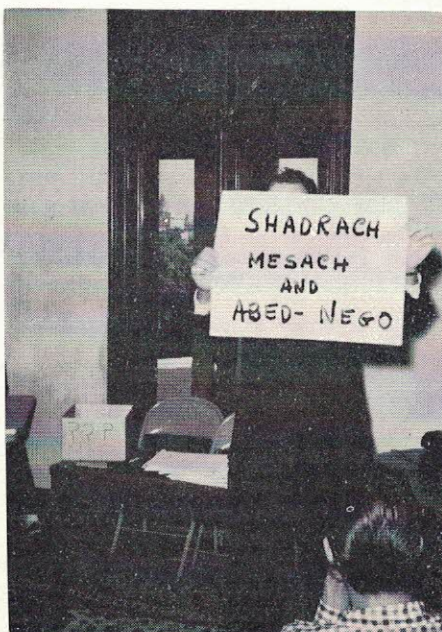
Z Z Z

"Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams" — do you suppose Mrs. Martin knew what Ken Mowat was doing English Literature when she called upon him to read the above selection of poetry?

\* \* \*

Conray: (As it sounded in the kitchen where servers were needed.) "Are there any 'kissing' (kitchen) girls around?"

Jessie: (Pursing her lips) "Pues!" (In Spanish this means "Well".)



Al "Quiz" Portune pulls another 20 Question subject from his box of "Top Secret" subjects . . .

## Mr. Rea's Volvo Saves the Day for Seniors!

First subject fired at the seniors in the "Twenty Questions Session" of the Assembly, March 5, 1959, went unanswered. Marked against the seniors was 20 plus. Then the "not so seniors" came to bat. Ronald Kelly came to the rescue with a solid hit in the twelfth round.

This is how the contest worked. Two teams were chosen — "the seniors" in one group and some of the top underclassmen in the other group called — the "not so seniors." In turn each group was given the opportunity of asking twenty questions to determine what the animal, person, or object was that had been partially described to them in very vague language.

The end of the second round of questions found the "not so seniors" still in the lead.

The third question came to fore. It was non-Biblical, vegetable, mineral and animal (mostly animal). David Antion scored a homer in the fifth round with one over the fence. Answer — Mr. Rea's Volvo. This put the seniors in the lead.

The buzzer rang (the twelve o'clock bell, meaning time for lunch). Only time for one more round of questions. The seniors again scored a good hit which kept them in the lead. The seniors won the contest.

Remember the contest last year with Mr. Charles Dorothy as Mr. Genius? The seniors won that time also. What will next year be like? Will the seniors pull through?

## SPOTLIGHT DANCE

By David Antion

On the dance floor of the beautiful and luxurious Hollywood Palladium a rare event took place.

In the spotlight dance, which is a weekly feature, the orchestra begins to play and a bright spotlight roams the floor. When the music stops, the light stops. The rare thing that happened was, in the second spotlight dance this particular night, to my surprise, the music stopped and the light was glaring on Molly Hammer and me.

The M.C. said, "Come up to the stage." We didn't fully realize it was us. I looked behind me, but the couple behind us were not as much in the light as we were. I knew if we wanted to win the two free albums that we had better move fast. So we pushed our way to the stage. Our names were announced and we were presented with two albums of Si Zentner's orchestra, which was making its debut there that night.

Here is a lesson. Not a person seemed to notice that Molly was not wearing make-up. There was not the slightest altered expression on their faces — I was watching. As Christ's disciples, we need not feel the least bit self-conscious in the presence of worldly people. Yes, the spotlight was on us, but I hope there was another light shining back.

### WANTED—ONE BIBLE—BUT . . .

"Dear Mr. Armstrong:"

"I would like to purchase a Bible from you like Mr. Carlton Smith uses that is *completely marked*. I want one that has heavy black print, large letters and containing a center column reference."

"I understand the National Bible Press at Philadelphia, Pa. #453c is such a Bible *but I want you to completely mark it for me.*"

"Please state your price on the one like this one at once."

I thank you, yours truly, . . .



And representing the Seniors — Bill "Eye Balls" McDowell, Jessie "Looking For A Home" Emmett, Roger "Fingers" Foster and Shirley "Eureka" Nash.





# Library Lookout

## DO YOU SPEAK PIDGIN LANGUAGE?

A curious article appears in the February, 1959 issue of "Scientific American," page 124 on Pidgin Languages.

Maybe you speak the language yourself!

If you say *disfela* instead of this fellow, *fes* instead of face, *hebi* instead of heavy, etc., you surely will want to read this article. It may reveal to you other 'gems' of this expressive language you may have in your own vocabulary. In that case, you are not using the wrong semantics you are speaking the wrong language.

## SAGE ADVICE

Will this be your lament in a few years from now? 'I wish I had known!' 'Why didn't someone tell me?' If you use *FORE-SIGHT* and don't stumble along until it becomes *HIND-SIGHT*, you can be prepared for the future.

Girls, you can learn some good pointers from June MacLeish's article in the March Journal, page 25, "How to Find Time for Living and Housework."

There is no substitute for experience, of course, in becoming skilled in the HOME ARTS but having the right perspective to start with could save you many pit-falls. You should read this article and others like it during your preparatory years on Ambassador Campus.

\* \* \* \*

One bright youth to another: You know, the thing that makes this office work interesting is that every day you make a different mistake. Today was different!

## REALLY LOST!

PLEASE CLAIM! I'm serious about this thing! Something has to be done about it mighty quick! My pet monkey has broke both wrists trying to get into this strange looking pink object with whalebone supports, made out of elastic and stuff.

P.S. Never mind. I just found out what it was! No WONDER he broke his wrists!

### AMBASSADOR HALL DUTIES

March 14, 1959

Jessie Emmitt  
Molly Hammer  
Judy Brines  
Letha Anne May  
Allen Dexter

March 21, 1959

Leroy Hershberger  
Florence Watson  
Beverly Cain  
Janette Smith  
Hazel Thurman  
Tom Blackwell  
Avon Pfund

March 28, 1959

Kay Ferguson  
Peggy Bramhall  
Margie Hughes  
Norva Pyle  
Roger Foster  
Guy Engelbart

## 1000 PLUS ANSWERS—L.A.D.

One thousand nineteen *personal* letters — more than *forty* every day — were mailed by the Letter Answering Department last month! This was nearly 200 more than the record which had been recently established in January. Mr. Boraker, head of the department, looks forward to an even greater output this month. Records are made to be broken! Broken records prove a servant profitable.

SUNDAY IS PAYDAY . . . SO, LET'S MAKE MONDAY, ENVOY DAY. SEE KEN FISCHER, BILL MEYERS, MARGIE HUGHES, RAY FISK OR CONRAY JENNINGS.

## Unveiled Mysteries

The deep, dark, mysterious inner sanctum of Mayfair is about to be revealed to the Ambassador men. Mayfair girls hereby announce an OPEN HOUSE, Saturday night, March 28. Everyone is invited to come — but plan to make an entire evening of it. The girls will expect us at 7:30. Then, for the next hour there will be a personal tour thru every nook and cranny of the girl's dorm.

Now the men will see where on earth the girls store those huge petticoats that they wear about five or six at a time. We'll get to see Caroline's pet turtle named Ralphie. There are also gingham dogs, calico cats, rag dolls, and all sorts of odd things to see. They also have pictures of their favorite boy friends — that should be interesting.

The girls on third floor even have a big, three sided, full-length mirror that they parade up and down in front of every day to see what they look like. But this year the *top secret* information has got out. We have been wondering for years where the girls kept all that extra food they eat. This year it will all come out. The jig is up!

Shirley Engelbart, Mayfair monitor, has faithfully said to the fellows, were going to see Mayfair as it has never been seen before — that is if you've never seen it.

There will be all kinds of GOOD-IES left lying around to munch on. Then, after the tour, the girls have an *exciting* evening planned that will add to the thrill of seeing Mayfair as Mayfair really is.

Remember not to make any plans for March 28th. Bring your cameras, notebooks, and anything that will help you remember this unveiled mystery.



These frustrating adventures will be continued — next issue ... Don't miss! Yours Truly "Rock"