

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA

Volume XI, Number 5

December 14, 1961

Squaw Valley Contract For '62 Now Signed!

It's official! We're going to return to beautiful Squaw Valley for the 1962 FEAST of TABERNACLES! Mr. William Newsome, Sr., head of the Squaw Valley Improvement Corporation, flew down from the snowy heights of the Sierra Nevada on December 5th to iron out remaining wrinkles and complete last minute arrangements in closing the deal. Mr. Portune and Mr. Newsome inked the pact, sewing up the valley for our exclusive use.

The new contract grants us *exclusive* rights to all of the facilities we had to share last year. Blythe Arena, The Cafeteria, California House, etc. will be *OURS* for the entire eight days! "The Olympic Village" will again accommodate many of us and the famous "Inn" will once more be reserved for the ministry and faculty.

IT'S NOT TOO EARLY TO BEGIN THINKING ABOUT RESERVATIONS! Many of the handiest motels already have enough tentative reservations to fill their capacity! They are only awaiting word from Mr. Portune to begin confirming early reservations. Still working to give us the best deal possible, Mr. Portune and Mr. McCullough will soon be off to the area to personally negotiate the best possible price break from the combined motel owners. It won't be until after this that the O.K. will be given to confirm reservations. However, it will be first served so you'd better get yours in now, while a few choice units remain.

FORTY THOUSAND STUDENTS NOW TAKE CORRESPONDENCE COURSE!

The Ambassador College Bible Correspondence Course goes monthly into the homes of 40,000 students, tuition-free!

Because of its being mentioned in the Semi-annual Bulletin to all the regular subscribers to the PLAIN TRUTH, new requests are flooding into the office at the unprecedented rate of *one thousand every week!* This great influx of requests is keeping the CC staff busy adding these new members, and maintaining a present list of 36,000 to be cared for in the U.S. alone.



Work on new stream.

New Campus Stream To Be Located On Japanese Island

Soon we are going to have a second stream on Ambassador College campus! It is to be located in the new island garden being constructed directly west of Terrace Villa.

The small stream is to rise in the west end of the island garden, flow

(Continued on Page 2)

Though many drop this course when they feel they cannot keep up the pace, or when God's Truth begins to cut them too sharply or religious prejudice and social pressure make them give up, nearly *forty-percent stick with it!* The total picture represents phenomenal growth!

The Correspondence Course Department has not always been this large. Back in 1953, people who were even at that early date requesting the course—even *before it was started*—were listed in a "shoe-box" file, anticipating the beginning which came in December 1954. Eight thousand were sent their first lesson then, from the first CC office in the Administration Building.

After about a year the department moved to the basement of Mayfair, occupying the space now used for a girls' recreation room. The list of students taking the Course had then grown to 14,000! Mayfair was "home" for about three and a half years, until the CC department made its final move to its present location in the Press Building.



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LET'S WRITE!

By Howard A. Clark

As God's work grows, the pressing need for more and more writers becomes increasingly apparent. The Work is already seriously handicapped by a genuine lack of people who can write effectively. What the increased work load brought by future expansion will bring is anybody's guess. There's one thing I know for sure: We've got to begin pushing ourselves *now* to meet the future for good writers before it becomes a painful necessity.

The contributing staffs of The GOOD NEWS & PLAIN TRUTH are all too thin and writers often feel the press of over-worked desperation because there just aren't enough to share the load! Doctor Zimmerman has spent weeks unsuccessfully looking for more qualified writers to add to his staff. L.A.D. is swamped, and with little hope of really catching up. Where are the men to fill the need?

Many of us on campus have the technical Bible know-how and scriptural knowledge to meet and fill the need, but we have not developed the ability to transmit that valuable information to others by way of the printed word. We slacked our composition and English courses because they were tough and because we lacked the foresight to grasp the tremendous need for writing ability

Open Letter To Mr & Mrs Armstrong

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong

There are many things we would all like to say to you, and we thought that perhaps the PORTFOLIO would be a good means of getting some of them said. We are *very aware* of the fact that you are not on campus with us, but we also know that you are off campus because this is best for us and for God's Work.

We are glad that God has selected you as the earthly head of this Work. We would not be here had we not heard *your* voice. We thank you for the courage and sincerity you continue to show us, especially in spending this lengthy time away from *home*. We appreciate your fine example and pray that everything you have hoped to accomplish will be done. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, we know that you are with us in spirit, and *want you to know we are with you*. We thank you and thank God for you!

The students of Ambassador College

New Stream

(Continued from Page 1)

east into a pool at the foot of the pavilion, and be returned to the origin by a circulatory pump. Large boulders will be arranged along the bank, and stepping stones across the stream.

Mounds of earth are now being piled in various areas along the outside of the island. They will slope to a height of three feet and will be covered with shrubbery.

Two "man traps" are to be located near the stream. The benches will be constructed of arched redwood on granite boulders.

You will be able to enter into the garden from three directions, by pebblestone walks on the north and east, and by a gravel walk on the south.

Men, this garden will be the perfect spot in which to walk your favorite coed!

Mr. Hoeh: "We are physiological bags, full of psychological wind."

in our lives to qualify us as more profitable servants. Many are making this same mistake today! Let's stop it right now! Let's realize there is a crying need for each of us to learn to write effectively and let's set ourselves to accomplish the task! Rather than shirking opportunity, let's create opportunity to write, whether in writing class or not. We can develop writing skills in all of our classes!

Once we realize the place for writing in God's work, we'll know the price for learning is more than worth it!



Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Kelly.

Kelly-Dennis Wedding

Mr. Bernard Kelly and Miss Norma Dennis had a lot to be thankful for on Thanksgiving Day—it was their WEDDING DAY! Mr. Al Portune performed the ceremony in the Lower Gardens at 10:30 a.m., uniting the happy couple as man and wife. Mr. Kelly was so overjoyed that he kissed his bride *twice!* A full wine bottle, joining in the spirit of things, blew its cork right after the second buss.

A private reception was held immediately after the wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Elliot.

Getting up in the morning is a matter of mind over mattress.

* * *

"Like, anything coming?" asked the driver.

"Like, only a dog," replied the other.
CRASH!

"Like, man, why didn't you say it was a *Greyhound?*"

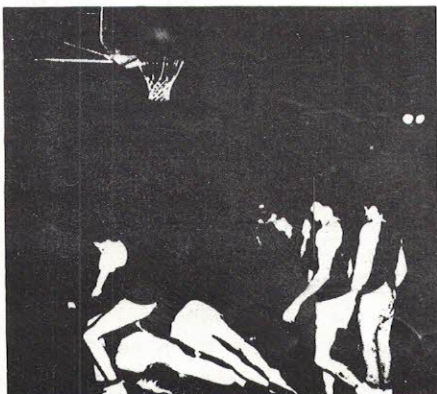
Seniors Maul Juniors On Basketball Court

No sooner had the groggy junior team raised its head to see what hit it last November 26th, than it was promptly mashed by the returning Senior juggernaut. In a repeat of their masterful win over the inept Junior club, the well-oiled Senior blitzballers again took their younger counterparts by the hand December 3rd and waltzed them off to see which way the bear traipsed through the buckwheat. After four furious heats it was again the mighty maestros of the Senior bailiwick who emerged triumphant by the score of 29-24.

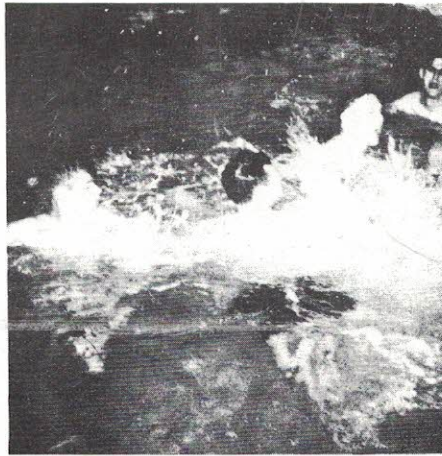
To compound the agony of the foundering, fumble-fingered Junior finaglers, the mature gentlemen of the Faculty Five nearly took them apart in defeating them with a sizzling 37-25 a week ago Wednesday. The torrid pace set by the rugged "ancients" was much too much for the "boys" and it was "Katy bar the door" as the aggressive quintet from facultyville hit from every angle to demoralize the fast fading Junior squad.

On another front in the basketball wars an awakening freshman club, fired by past defeats, turned on the steam to overcome a determined, but disoriented Sophomore team that still holds a solid last place in club standings.

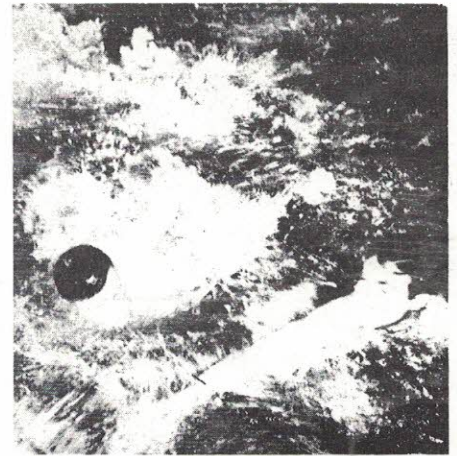
To help you join the fun and enjoy the excitement of intramural basketball, the PORTFOLIO gladly presents the coming game schedule. Be sure to drop in on the festivities and exercise your lungs as an enthusiastic rooter.



Scramble for the ball!



Arms thrash, water chums as fight for ball heightens.



Water Polo Develops Masculinity!

In a deafening Roar of enthusiastic yells, coupled with fierce, determined faces, the Thursday night Ambassador Clubs paved the way for a new campus sport—WATER POLO! Section "A" in an admirable display of matchless bravery had challenged the "B" section to one of the most grueling, stamina-taxing duels ever to be fought on campus.

Soon, whitecaps and flying water made onlooking almost as challenging as the game! Nevertheless, everyone could easily see that the game was most definitely one-sided. From the start, "B" section's finned and gilled "five" stacked up score upon score, churning the water so violently that time and again watchers scrambled anxiously for high ground! Whirlpools raged and boiled as determined fish-men tangled

underwater, fighting valiantly for the evasive — somewhat deflated — rubber ball.

At the end, "B" section fish-work had curbed the rush of the "A" splashers, racking up a score of five to one in a beautiful display of sheer accuracy and skill!

At the close of the match, gallant cries of "Rematch!" gurgled to the surface as "A" members expressed fervent hope of soon reversing the outcome! The rematch decision, however, can only be made in a forthcoming meeting, under the realization that Monday night "A" section water-beaters have already challenged the first game winners. Could this be the embryo of a new, torso-toughening, round robin?

Sun. Dec. 17—Sophs vs. Seniors
Freshmen vs. Faculty

Wed., Dec. 20—Juniors vs. Sophs

Sun., Dec. 24—Faculty vs. Sophs
Seniors vs. Juniors

Wed., Dec. 27—Juniors vs. Faculty

Sun., Jan. 28—Sophs vs. Freshmen
Faculty vs. Seniors

Wed., Jan. 31—Freshmen vs. Juniors

Sun., Feb. 4—Seniors vs. Freshmen
Juniors vs. Sophs

Wed., Feb. 7—Sophs vs. Seniors

Sun., Feb. 11—Freshmen vs. Faculty

Wednesday night games begin at 7:15 p.m., and Sunday games begin at 2:00 p.m. and 3:30 p.m. respectively.

Welcome To The Roy Hammers

Hammer's are here! Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hammer landed at the International Airport last Thursday morning at 10. They plan to be here until about the first of February. During their stay both hope to rest and get back into good physical condition.

They will be living with their daughter, Norma Davis, as well as visiting with their other two daughters, Mrs. (Jackie) Carnes and Mrs. (Shirley) Armstrong!

We hope you have a very enjoyable stay in Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Hammer!

NEWS BRIEFS

It was with sad hearts that the students learned about Frank Walden's accident in the mountains—his toboggan overturned and one of his vertebrae was broken. Frank's back is mending while he is guest in the home of Mr. Portune. We all wish you a speedy recovery, Frank!

* * *
Have you seen Florence Watson's diamond? The BIG DAY for our Student Body President, Mr. Sherwin Mc-Michel, and Miss Watson is January 7. Congratulations!

* * *
On January 25th Hilda Davis will become Mrs. Ken Courtney, (Ken is a member of the Temple City Church). Hilda will continue Church History and Principles of Living, as well as keeping house, etc., etc.

* * *
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Chapman are anxiously awaiting the arrival of a new member of their family.

* * *
Melbourne, Australia—Little Miss Debbie Hammer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hammer, is going to have a new playmate—a sister or brother—before too long.

* * *
Mr. Wesly Olsen of the Milwaukee Church was ordained a DEACON on November 10, and Mr. Ray Jantzen of the Garden City Church in Kansas was ordained a LOCAL ELDER November 18.

* * *
A new policy that the office is going to follow is when we pick up the cards—whatever is recorded is what you will be paid for. If any time is incomplete, or left off completely, it is lost. There will be no reverting the time to a later card, as before.

* * *
Corpus Christi, Texas — Mr. and Mrs. Roger Foster are "tickled blue" (for a boy) because they are expecting their first addition this spring.

* * *
Sydney, Australia — March is the month that the Dexter Faulkners are looking forward to—that's when Junior will make his appearance.



Ambassador club meets in Elliott home.

Ambassadors Speak In Elliott Home

Delicious enchiladas, a fine Italian salad, SCRUMPTIOUS cake with coffee and the *fine* atmosphere of the Elliots' home spelled . . . a terrific club!" for Thursday night's B-section Members had long awaited this treat, first suggested (by Mr. Elliott) several weeks before. When the deadline finally arrived, Mrs. Elliott, ably assisted by Mrs. Wilson and Libby Bailey, organized the whole affair and *squeezed* the 21 member group around one table, in their dining room.

The night was a *very* enjoyable success. THANK YOU, MR. AND MRS. ELLIOTT!

Nine Ambassadors recently promoted to the Mail Reading Department are Paul Flatt from Transportation; Jim Hainz, David Halpain, George Kemnitz, Bill Schuler, and Walter Sharp from the janitor crew; George Merz and Bob Petry from the mailing room; and Larry van Landuyt from the print shop.

* * *
The last post dispatch from Ft. Denver, in the Colorado Territory, mentions the expected arrival of a brand new McNair sometime near Passover. The new youngster will make the third for the Burke McNairs.

* * *
The big smokes tell us that the Dennis Prathers are also expecting soon! The anticipated Spring arrival will be their first in the series.

Revolts Continue In Spanish Club

As the Spanish Club met for its scheduled revolution, the first part of the meeting boomed with enthusiasm—thanks to plenty of *cerveza* for all! Shouts of *Viva, Mexico, Viva, Panama,* and *Viva, Cuba* rang forth to tune of some lively Spanish music. The members took a five-minute break—and THEN!

A dazzling skit was presented. A reporter stationed in Mexico City (played by Bill Dankenbrinkly) interviewed an *hombre* from Panama (Bill Schuler) who packed a .45, had two dead-beat body guards, said "Hello" to Mama through the television, and was nuts! Then came two lovely, beautiful señoritas who introduced the very ambitious slob: Castro (Ron McNeil). Castro had a lot to say about nothing, as he puffed on his Havana cigar. A drunk from Latin America (Leo Robinson), staggered in with his bottle in his hand, a flame in his eyes, and a wicked, combustible breath! Last came a fanatic (Charles Vorhes), carrying a sign, "The Jig is Up." A whistling, shrill sound filled the room, followed by the blast of a bomb—the end of the skit.

Frosh Coeds Form Mighty Basketball Team

Eighteen freshman girls enthusiastically turned out to form Ambassador's first women's basketball team—which, rumor has it, may revert to volleyball!

Susan Armstrong, Anita Stamps, Connie Kobernat, Dory Scheffler, Ellen Eldred, Shirley Battles, June Steensen, Jan Simmons, Esther Shrewsbury, Joy Bryan, Judith Russell, Helen Hohertz, Annette Massey, Sharon Shepard, Betty Rupp, Kay Wiley, Dolores Welch, and Shirley Lindner make the freshman line-up for women's intramural competition.

Short green skirts and white blouses will be the team's uniform.

Managed by Fred Davis and Andrea Wann, all have turned out for practice and evaluation several times.

Ambassadors Air Outdoor Speeches Under Waterfall

Sunday Night Ambassador Club held an unusual, highly successful Ladies Night meeting in the San Gabriel Mountains Sunday, the third.

Saturday night's rain provided a clear, fresh atmosphere. Awesomely inspiring clouds hung around the tops of the mountain peaks. After an extensive hike along a winding creek bed, a magnificent bowl-shaped rock formation was discovered at the foot of a waterfall. It afforded superb acoustical conditions for one of the most rousing, FULL-LENGTH, open-air Ambassador Club meetings ever held. A late afternoon lunch and beer were included.

Then the refreshed Ambassadors scampered back down the mountain stream amid breath-taking beauty, making their way over boulders, through the brush, and along narrow ledges. The Ambassadors and their dates roasted marshmallows and sang songs around a blazing camp fire. Thus, the Ambassadors conquered the canyon and held one of the most successful Ladies' Nights EVER.

Club Hikes To Henniger Flats

Sunday, December 3, the Monday Section B Ambassador Club, accompanied by their dates spent the afternoon hiking up to Henniger Flats. At 1:30 they piled into the red International truck and let their hair blow in the smog-free breezes as they rode "cattle style" to the base of the mountains.

After a good three mile hike up the mountain road everyone was eager to devour the lunches provided by Mayfair, along with hot beans and coffee. Roasted marshmallows weren't forgotten either.

No adventure is complete without singing after dark around a fire! This was provided, as well as "unique" lighting created by Tom Blackwell, as he resorted to his "ancestral instincts." Ask him about it sometime!

Women's Club Meets To Define True Femininity

As seven men entered, curiosity rose! The welcomed visitor-surprises were: Sherwin McMichael, Mr. Ralph Helge, Don Prunkard, Bob Fahey, Denny Luker, Eugene Walter, and Mr. Bill Glover!

The meeting began with the results of the opinions of the Ambassador men on what a feminine woman is. Thank you, men, for your co-operation. It helped a lot!

The major portion of the meeting went to the discussion of what a feminine woman really is! Each of the seven men present gave his views of a feminine woman, both in attitude and in appearance. Afterward, the women posed various questions and the "panel" answered and expounded them.

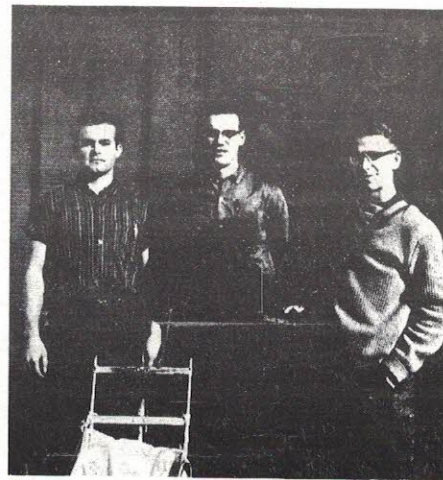
After cake and coffee were served all, another Women's Club meeting ended with all feeling more informed and more sure of a woman's aim in life!

Gone to the Dogs

America has gone to the dogs! Hundreds of mailmen quit their jobs every year because of barking, biting, nipping, whining, kissing, slobbering dogs. It's no wonder that we are becoming a nation of female men. All the mailmen are *quitting!*

Even our most cherished literature shouts forth the importance of dogs. "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone." Did she get her children something to eat? Absolutely not. She was more concerned about her dog!

"And, when she got there, the cupboard was bare, and so her poor doggie had none." What about her poor children, screaming with pangs of hunger in the next room, on the very brink of starvation? They will have to starve to death! Yet, not a single salty tear of sympathy is shed in the entire story for the poor, ravenous little children. All people are concerned about is whether that poor, fat, lethargic, flea-bitten old dog will get his bone!



Through sun, smog and drizzle, these men carry the mail.

UNSUNG HERO

A time-honored sack-cloth, chock-full and running over with choice bits of mail, weighs down our hustling mailman martyr as he troops about the campus.

Paramount in his enviable collection of stunning paraphernalia is a drab grey baby buggy which he has cleverly dubbed a mail cart. Every week-day from 10 to 12, and from 3 to 5, this human beast of burden can be spotted whistling about the campus with sack on back and baby (buggy, that is) in front.

In the average American store today can be found an inexhaustible supply of dog food, rubber bones, bells, balls, dog houses, chains, leashes—and even dog permanents, which make ideal gifts for dog birthday parties. Billboards, TV and radio commercials advertise an ever-increasing number of kinds of dog foods with slogans such as "Doctor Ross dog food is doggone good." Even the doctors are going to the dogs!

Dogs have also invaded our educational system. A well-known quotation taught in American schools is, "A dog is a man's best friend." Imagine that, not his wife, but his dog!

No wonder so many American men are in the dog house. They like their dogs more than their wives. Modern dog food is much better than the TV dinners the wife prepares. And the average doghouse today is the living room, where the man and his best friend can sit cozily by the fireplace all night and watch "Lassie" and dog food commercials.

AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

By Selmer L. Hegvold



Neff-Helge Take New York-D.C. Trip for Church

It was to New York and on to Washington, D. C., for Mssrs. Neff and Helge, but it wasn't a joy ride!

Friday, at 1:30 p.m., Mr. LeRoy Neff and Mr. Ralph Helge boarded a non-stop jet for New York City. They had the opportunity to attend the New York church Sabbath and took advantage of visiting and meeting many new brethren there.

Sunday evening found them boarding another plane for Washington, D.C., where Monday morning they met with the head of the Selective Service.

They will be there until Wednesday or Thursday during which time they will be kept very busy meeting General Hershey, Col. Omar, and Mr. Oscar T. Smith, all very important personalities in the Selective Service field.

While there, Mr. Neff and Mr. Helge will become familiar with all discharge procedures and will introduce these men to the Church and its views on the subject of serving in any branch of the military.

The impression these two men make will have a lot to do with the government's attitude toward us now and in the future. These men need God with them. Pray for their success!

Mr. Rudometkin wasn't too sure of his ground when his wife rose in Russian Club and introduced herself as Katsya Nickolovna Siliznoff—her maiden name.

Private Perez, a typical "Eight-Ball"-rebellious and the despair of every instructor in the unit—ran afoul of every disciplinarian with whom he came in contact, whether military or civilian. He could name no goal in life!

Private Johnson, the ideal soldier, was the shining example of intelligence and obedience to authority. Military life to him was only an exciting interlude in his training for the ministry. True to his calling—his goal—he never drank, smoked or caroused around.



Mr. Lochner in his study.

Lochners Land Fifty Bonitos In Old Mexico

Mr. Lochner and his family, excluding Peggy, spent their Thanksgiving 90 miles south of Tijuana in a small fishing village near Ensenada, Mexico.

Mrs. Lochner proved her fishing ability by catching the most, as well as the largest fish, weighing seven pounds. But, Mr. Lochner said, that was only because she used *his* baits and *his* knowledge.

They would not be outdone on Thanksgiving, but had their turkey dinner in their tent.

Their total catch was about fifty bonitos averaging four pounds each. They returned with fifteen barbecued bonitos and twenty fresh ones.

It was a foregone conclusion to everyone that Perez would perish in the very first battle engagement overseas, and that Johnson would certainly garner a breast covered with medals for bravery and accomplishment under fire.

Company "A" waded ashore on Omaha Beach in France, on "D plus 4", and plunged immediately into hot, front-line combat! Suddenly disaster struck! First Platoon, cut down viciously by counter-battery artillery shrapnel, needed help! Immediately Private Perez commandeered a truck and raced under devastating shell-fire into the area where several of his buddies lay seriously wounded. At the risk of his life, he single-handedly returned them to safety—aboard a thoroughly shrapnel-riddled vehicle. And so—the first medal awarded to our outfit for heroism under fire went to our "Eight-Ball"! This was only a beginning. At war's end, he was unscratched—the most decorated soldier in our battalion—a hero!

Our 'perfect soldier' performed in no such manner while under fire. He constantly misapplied himself. In the end, Pvt. Johnson was badly wounded—a direct result of disobeying my command. He had succumbed to the deadly "disease" called souvenir hunting, and a cleverly concealed German booby-trap took his right eye in the resulting blast. He was returned to the States, unfit for further combat duty.

An aimless life of trouble for Perez had, under fire, steadied into *one with a goal*—a bloodthirsty passion to obliterate as many of the enemy as possible. The pursuit of that dubious goal brought with it glory and military acclaim.

Johnson's ministerial goal proved totally misapplied in the military field, and he washed out—a shattered man.

Morally right or morally wrong, a right goal again proved to be a required ingredient for success—even on a battlefield!