

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA



Volume X, Number 12

March 23, 1961

## INGLIMA PLANS SUMMER IN ITALY

Excitement, adventure and WORK will be the order of the day for Mr. and Mrs. Frank Inglima as they board the S. S. Saturnia June 16. Mr. Inglima is financing his own passage to Florence, Italy to attend the University of Florence.

The Saturnia, will dock in Palermo, Sicily with stop-offs in Portugal and Gibraltar. From Sicily, the Inglimas will take a train to Florence stopping in Naples, Pompey and Rome. From Florence, Mr. Inglima expects to make side trips as time permits to Venice, Milano, and possibly Geneva.



In addition to the long hours working in the radio studio, Mr. Inglima finds time to attend classes at Ambassador and is completing his third year studying Italian at night school at Pasadena City College.

On completion of studies in Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Inglima will fly back to London, visit Ambassador College in Bricket Wood and return to Pasadena in time for school next fall.

## New Glover Baby

Cheryl Danielle was born to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Glover at 10:15 A.M. on the fifth of March. She weighed 8 pounds 3 ounces, and was 20 inches long. This blue-eyed, blond-haired bundle of beauty was delivered at the Glover's home by Dr. Roark and Mrs. Luttrell.



Graduates Mowat and Kirishian have fun with the rest of the Ambassadors.

## Junior Class Hosts Ambassadors In Gala Frolic

AT LAST--after months of breathless anticipation--the BIG, really big day arrived! It was time for the JUNIOR DANCE--and what a shindig it was!

### REGISTRAR'S REPORT SHOWS TREMENDOUS BOOM IN CATALOGUE REQUESTS

Over ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY college catalogues were mailed from the registrar's office in one week. This was an all-time record. NEVER have so many catalogues been sent out so early. Normally, the heaviest requests are received from April through June.

A total of THREE HUNDRED AND FOUR catalogues were mailed in the first six months of 1960. But this year two hundred and eighty catalogues were mailed in the space of THREE WEEKS--only twenty-five short of the total mailed last year!!

Impressive pictures of the college campus and feature articles are soon to appear in the PLAIN TRUTH to interest potential students. The broadcast will also serve as another effective medium.

No amount of energy and time was spared to provide scintillating, professional entertainment. Allen (George Gobel) Goyette flew in from the wilds of Texas (two years ago) to be our hilarious Master of Ceremonies, Cracks, and Comedies.

Elvis Presley was detained due to a recent crew-cut. He was indisposed and unobtainable for the night. With eleventh-hour demands--a great idea was thought of, discussed and used. Darryl "hip-shot" Vetter did a classic, guitar-strummin', hip-wigglin' rendition of a Presley disc.

We had also wanted Van Cliburn--but he needed a hair cut. So Dennis Pebworth pounded out "Saber Dance" instead. John Schroeder and Ingrid Satermo rounded out the entertainment with a real heart-throb song.

Art Winkler's Band provided some good danceable music. We came up with some split shins, sore toes, and lots of rose juice from crushed corsages. But all was well--especially, since Herr Lochner made a most apropos announcement, "There will be no exercises tomorrow morning." This made our night complete--and gave us an ALMOST complete night of sleep.



# PORTFOLIO

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## Editorial

### Are Adverse Circumstances Depriving You Of Success?

The date was July 4, 1939. The place was Yankee Stadium, New York City. The occasion was the funeral service for Henry Louis Gehrig--the "Iron Man" of baseball. Lou attended the funeral in person. It was a tragic, tearful scene.

But what were the events that led up to this? Who was Louis Gehrig? Why is HIS LIFE IMPORTANT TO US? And how can WE utilize his experience IN OUR LIVES?

"Biscuit Pants," as Gehrig was called, was at the height of his baseball career. In the 1936-7-8 seasons, the New York Yankees had won three World Series in a row. Lou was named the most valuable player.

Gehrig never missed a game. Colds, fevers, back-bending lumbago, BROKEN FINGERS, never deterred him. At one time he was knocked UNCONSCIOUS WITH RESULTANT CONCUSSION. Did that put him out of the lineup? NO!! The next day he was in position--and he collected four hits! At one time his hands were X-rayed. SEVENTEEN HEALED FRACTURES were found. Every finger on both hands had been broken--and yet HE NEVER MENTIONED HIS PAIN TO ANYONE!

But even beyond the endurance was the fact that he never let his injuries AFFECT HIS EFFICIENCY. If he was hurt, HE TRIED THE HARDER AND ACHIEVED GREATER SUCCESS.

Suddenly, in the winter of 1938-39 forebodings of grim tragedy were evidenced. Lou Gehrig was losing his balance--he was unable to control his body--it became painful to manipulate even his hands. One day



The above pictures are inexplicable and self-explanatory.

as he was bending over to tie his shoe laces he fell from the bench--UNABLE TO RISE. He began to muff easy plays. But still he refused to quit--he drove himself harder--he never even thought of blaming circumstance for his plight.

Yet, with his inexhaustible drive, he was willing to DROP A DEAD HORSE. The time to resign had come. Lou approached Manager McCarthy in the dugout. "Mr. McCarthy," he said, "I always said that when I felt I couldn't help the team any more I would take myself out of the lineup. I guess that time has come."

"The Iron Man" went to the doctors for diagnosis. LEUKEMIA! With a prognosis of two more years of life--at the outside. Not only that, but a slow, tortuous, incurable, and undignified two years that would be. They could have been full of misery, self-pity, and hate.

This then brings us to Yankee Stadium--July 4, 1939. There was Lou Gehrig before thousands. A tremendous ovation had swept the stands. Now silence ensued. With the sweltering sun beating down on his diseased body, tears streaming down his face, his hair blowing in the dry wind, he turned agonizingly toward the microphone. "For the past two weeks you have been reading about a bad break I got. Yet today I CONSIDER MYSELF THE LUCKIEST MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH..."

He served as a parole officer. Even when he could NO LONGER MOVE HIS arms--he still sat at his desk, reviewing cases, counseling, giving out verdicts. His mind was active to the end. He did not give in to any situation. LOU GEHRIG FOUGHT TO THE END--AND PROVED BY HIS LIFE THAT A MAN CAN BE MASTER OVER HIS CIRCUMSTANCES.

Louis Gehrig endured to the end. He did not blame circumstances for his defeat. Indeed, he used circumstances to do even better than he would have under normal conditions. Certainly, we can profit by his life. We can learn that adverse circumstances SHOULD SPUR US ON TO DO FAR ABOVE THAT WHICH WE THOUGHT OURSELVES ABLE TO DO!!

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

## Hawaiian Hulu Hop

The air conditioned patio of Terrace Villa was transformed into a romantic Polynesian paradise. The girls of this island in cooperation with five men's dorms gaily decorated the area and prepared for the evening.

From eight to near midnight the joyous sounds of music and laughter echoed across the moonlit campus. Hawaiian music was played by the Cool Craig Combo with solos for spice.

Fermented nectar was served in coconut halves. Other tropical delicacies including some of Gould's pineapple goodies were eaten from rubber tree leaves. Even fresh bananas could be picked from a nearby carob tree!

In this South Pacific dream guests swung and danced to the exotic rhythms. Everyone was brightly dressed. The informal was worn--the gayest red sports shirt to the most colorful sarong.

## Armstrong Hospitality

### Showered On Freshman Class

Tuesday, March 14, Mr. Armstrong set the freshman class buzzing with an invitation to his home for the next evening.

Wednesday evening at 7:30 the freshmen arrived with shoes polished and hair combed at Mr. Armstrong's home. "This is a home that adds up to a lot of living," said one student. The Armstrong home is beautiful, comfortable, even elegant; but with that "lived in" atmosphere.

After a tour of the house, we settled down to an evening of music. Did I say music? Wow! Mr. Armstrong never exaggerates. He stated he had the finest stereophonic equipment available. In fact what he has isn't available!! It was built by the talented hands of Mr. Smith and others. His statement proved to be an unquestionable fact as he proceeded to play such numbers as Moonlight Sonata, Begin the Beguine, Swedish Rhapsody and Handel's Messiah.

PORTFOLIO REPENTS: Philippine Report last issue, paragraph 2 line 9 should have read: . . . ox-carts, humans, pigs, chickens



# Imperial School System Expands

How would YOU like to read TWELVE HUNDRED WORDS A MINUTE--or perhaps TWO THOUSAND WORDS PER MINUTE! Just think, no problem in Mr. Hoeh's classes! It is possible!

You can develop your abilities far above what is normally thought to be possible. Imperial student achievement climbed from the sixtieth to the ninety-fifth percentile--IN ONE SHORT YEAR!!

Imperial first and second graders are using THIRD AND FOURTH GRADE READERS AND SPELLERS!

Unheard of progress is being effected. Educators would be staggered senseless by what Mr. Lochner and others are discovering about learning potential.

## Three Basic Reasons

One: We have a DISCIPLINED CHILD--he can concentrate--he can observe--he can think!

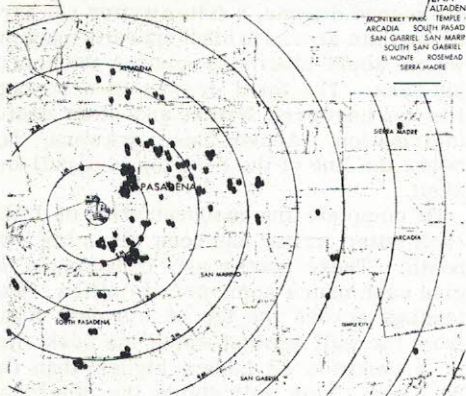
Two: All confusion is eliminated. The child knows where he is going, why he is here--that he is learning right knowledge.

Three: We have the right atmosphere to learn. A third-grader does not have to fear a beating by bullies. He is loved. He knows that!

## Tremendous Expansion

Curriculum advances are breaking all precedents. "Tutor-texts" may be employed. The problem of individual differences will be eliminated. If capable, a student would be able to complete FOUR YEARS OF MATH in two semesters--unheard of in educational circles.

## Imperial of Pasadena student distribution.



In Pasadena -- alone -- ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SEVEN STUDENTS are registered. The grade school with eight grades boasts ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FOUR STUDENTS. There are THIRTY THREE in high school. Proportionately, there are TWICE AS MANY students in the first eight grades. This is evidence of



I DIDN'T GET A DATE FOR THE DANCE!

## ANNOUNCING THE ENVOY!

IT'S SPECTACULAR! IT'S UNPARALLELED! IT'S COMING SOON! THE ENVOY FOR '61.

This historic issue is in its last stage of production. With only one more deadline to conquer, the zealous staff will soon wrap up this year's \$15,000 ENVOY! Then this masterpiece of pictorial journalism will be in your hands.

Orders are pouring into the ENVOY office. Here is a sample letter from a member in God's Church: "Our minister flashed us the SOS for the ENVOY. I had been borrowing a copy, and it brought me so much closer to those connected with the Church. In my opinion, the ENVOY is so beautifully put together with excellent photography. From the portraits I am able to recognize persons in real life. When Mr. Friddle visited Portland I recognized him immediately. The SOS was God's method to establish in my mind that I should have ordered before this. I am ashamed. However, here is the fruit of my repentance. I am subscribing for the 1961 ENVOY now."

At the Feast next year many will come up to you and call you by name because they have seen your portrait in the ENVOY and have been praying for you personally.

Not only will our people see this book, but it will be shown to top radio and adver-

"There are too many "well rounded" people today, that roll in whatever direction they are pushed. We need more "square" people who don't roll when they are pushed."

--Dean of an eastern university

### GROWTH!!

Our Imperial School System has been increased by TWENTY PERCENT--YEARLY!

Both schools, at Pasadena and Glade-water, are using the same curriculum. Both schools are growing with equal strides. Both are contributing to the development of the leaders for tomorrow.

tising men. Each page of the ENVOY is approved by Mr. Armstrong personally. It is designed to not offend the unconverted. Many are sending this color prospectus to their relatives. They will realize the stability and magnitude of this work. They will see with their own eyes that you attend a college unsurpassed in beauty and cultural atmosphere. You can be proud of your yearbook. It has a ministry to perform and it does it well.

By May 15th, the fruit of this year's many hours of picture taking, layouts, and pastes-ups will have its debut!

WATCH FOR THE 1961 ENVOY!



Old house suffers ignominious end to make way for new parking lot.

## AREA CLEARED FOR NEW PARKING LOT

With the enlarging of our campus another of the shabby, single-walled buildings on Vernon Street has been demolished. To the dismay of the tire-marking police-officer, a BRAND NEW (temporary) parking lot will replace the house.

This new parking lot, located directly behind the Offset Printing Shop, will bring great relief to the members of the "Press Building Tire-watchers Club," and will also help alleviate the Camden Street parking problem.

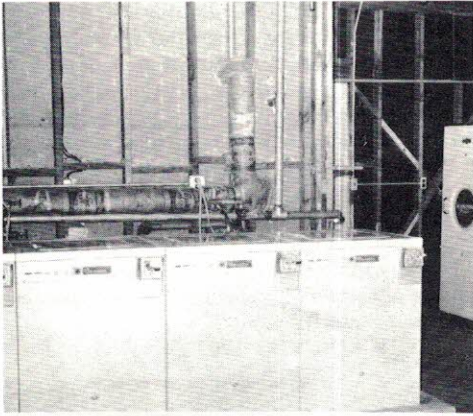
### HYMN TO THE WELFARE STATES

Anonymous:

"The Government is my Shepherd,  
Therefore I need not work.  
It alloweth me to lie down on a good job,  
It leadeth me beside still factories,  
It destroyeth my initiative.  
It leadeth me in the path of a parasite  
for politics sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley  
of laziness and deficit spending,  
I will fear no evil, for the Government  
is with me.  
It filleth my head with false security;  
My inefficiency runneth over.  
Surely the Government should care for  
me all the days of my life;  
And I shall dwell in a fool's paradise  
forever."

Medical science says whiskey can't cure the common cold. However, neither can medical science.





The quartet of super-duper spinner-winner after dinner gizmos.

## "WASHOUT"

It's here at last! You have heard of a "cook out," now we have a "washout." For the first time in Ambassador history everyone can wash all his clothes WITH-OUT stepping off campus.

The Washeteria, located across the street from the grade school on Mentoria Court, is operating a full 24-hours-a-day.

It is equipped with four Philco Bendix commercial washing machines, an International commercial and two domestic dryers--all the very best equipment available.

Thanks to the Student Fund, the down-payment has been made. YOU, through your use of the Washeteria, will pay for the remainder of the cost at a mere 25¢ a load. This includes drying. Search if you wish, but the best deal possible is right here on campus!

This new department is available for use by ALL Ambassador students and their families. It is OURS--let's take care of it!!

## LOOK BACK

PORTFOLIO: December 18, 1951...  
News from Ambassador Campus  
of a decade ago!

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### HOME OVER THE VACATION

Some of the students are going to take advantage of the coming mid-winter vacation by going home to see their parents and relatives.

George Meeker is going to Kansas City. Billie Sue is going to Texas to visit her parents and Hill is going to go back to Washington.

Hill's bride to be is up there and also his best buddy who he hopes he can talk into coming to school here next year. The fellow's name is Chuck Dorothy. Seventeen years old, talented and intelligent. His interests are along the lines of geology.

Page Four

# Ambassador Adventure

December 1943, Yunanyi, China.

Man continued his quest for peace as we continued to fight the war. Our squadron of P-40 fighters under General Chennault was stationed fifty miles from the Japanese lines on the China side of the "Hump Route." Our net (alert system) wasn't too efficient because of being so close to Japanese territory.

An alert was sounded. The usual mad scramble followed as twenty-some pilots made for their fighters and the interception. A few seconds later we were climbing at near full power and some of us were gathering our flights into battle formation while snapping on various equipment and trying to spot the invading forces.

As we reached 17,000 feet I saw the enemy formation and turned for the interception. Luckily we were above them and we dived on the formation in a high side approach. I managed a deflection shot relieving one bomber of most of his tail assembly and rolled in behind a second bomber still firing. The bomber burst into flames and before I could "break" clean we collided.

My ship was approaching 400 MPH on my last check and I imagine the Japanese bomber was doing roughly 160 MPH so we hit with an impact which cut the bomber in half and completely sheared my left wing. My fighter entered into a violent spin with the three remaining guns in the right wing shorted out and still firing. I got rid of the canopy and tried to crawl out. With tremendous effort I extended one leg into the slip stream but the air and centrifugal force caught and held me tight.

I soon found that no force I could exert would free me. I watched the ground come closer and closer. Flames streamed back and when I thought all was lost I saw my parachute stream out in a neat line perpendicular to the ship. In that split second I remembered few pilots ever escaped at such speeds. A few seconds later, feeling as if I'd been hit by a truck, I opened my eyes and found myself hanging by one leg upside-down completely "peeled" from the parachute which had not been buckled or became unsnapped in the collision. The chute was less than half open and folded under due to the shroud lines being wrapped around my leg. I hung helplessly falling through space until the mountain tops rose above me.

Finally, with only a few minutes to spare, as if by a miracle the parachute unfolded. My buddies had reported me lost with no hope of survival. I still have the rip cord which I never pulled!

Before we shipped over in '42, I wondered if any of us would ever see the states again. I had heard a story about the first World War in which a British Colonel by the name of Whittesay, who carried a regiment through the war as they prayed through the 91st Psalm for God to keep

them from death.

I read the 91st Psalm, typed myself a copy and carried it with me during the war. I knew what it said, but I wasn't sure God meant me. As I faced death that day in China, I felt a strange closeness to God or some unexplainable power that allowed me to live. Today I know that power WAS God!

--Paul Royer--

By request of the PORTFOLIO Editor, in hope this personal experience will ENRICH your life.



Bill Winner and J.W. Robinson feverishly looking busy.

## LAD ISOLATIONIST POLICY

Where there used to be some "57 varieties" of cast-off desks NOW beautiful new walnut grained formica counters have been installed. Each of the 19 writers has his personal file drawers supporting the counter top. Each of these drawers fulfills a specific purpose. The first is used for "operational material;" pencils, pens, Stenorette pads, scratch paper, trivia, and letters in their final stages. By opening his second drawer, a letter writer can have immediate access to his Stenorette machine which would otherwise clutter the top of his desk. The third drawer is a storage file for answered letters and other useful information. Above these drawers, but below the line of the desk top is a pull-out shelf.

To complete the modernization of LAD, each letter writer has been given his own booth. These booths are constructed to give each man a semi-private office. Extending across the top of his desk away from the wall against which his desk fits, is a partition 23 inches higher than the desk top. This will divide the otherwise flat counter top into a series of private work areas.

Dr. Zimmerman informed us that the new arrangement has a character-building side effect: Clarence Huse's booth faces a clear pane of glass through which he could see Billy K... BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK!