



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA



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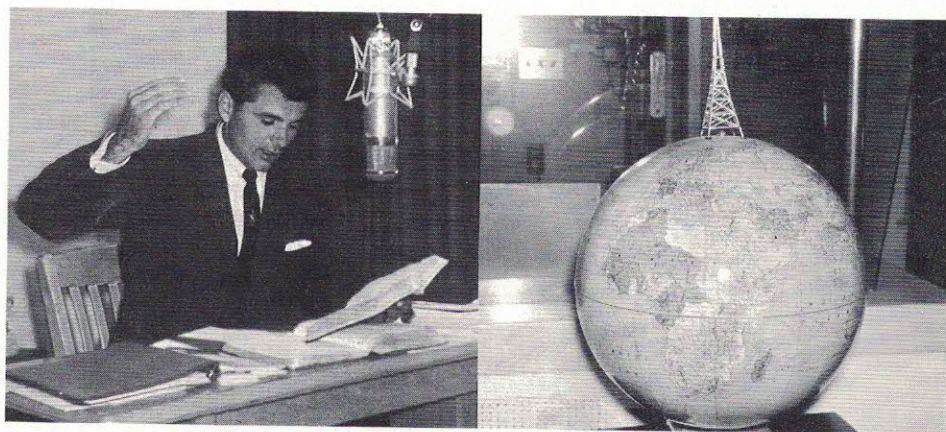
## First Of Eight Italian Booklets Now Printed

The first booklet in the Italian language has now been printed. It is *Esiste Dio?* or, in English, *Does God Exist?* It is a beautiful fifteen-page booklet. Already twenty-three have been sent to people who speak only Italian, and who have requested booklets in their language over the past four years.

There are eight other booklets and articles that have been translated by Mr. Marasa of South Pasadena, California, and by Mr. Urbani from Italy. Those translated are: *What is Faith?*;  
(Continued on Page 4)

## French, German, Art Departments Get Lebensraum

Lebensraum! More Lebensraum! Even Ambassador is not immune from this plaintive call of the Germans. From the previous cramped quarters where there was only elbow room, the aggressive German department has piled into one of the two newly acquired buildings hurriedly renovated by the painters and still fresh from rising odors of paint. But this move did not take place without provocation — the ever-expanding Press department simply needed more room and we were obliged to leave. From the heated oven of the Camden headquarters (recent courtesy of the Press Frauleins), we slithered into the chilly icebox of the Vernon Haus.  
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Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong thunders God's message . . . around the world!

## Twenty Million Listeners Hear World Tomorrow's Three Million Watts Daily

Using over *three million watts* of radio power *daily*, the WORLD TOMORROW program booms God's Gospel Message world-wide to nearly twenty million listeners, on every continent on earth! A grand aggregate broadcasting power of almost twenty-two million radio watts purchased weekly makes the WORLD TOMORROW the biggest thing in radio, bar none! More people are being reached with more power than at any time in the history of God's True Church! What goes on behind the scenes? What makes up a WORLD TOMORROW program?

At 12:30 p.m. every day Art Gilmore's voice booms out, introducing the WORLD TOMORROW. A finger snaps behind the double plate glass window, and Mr. Armstrong begins to speak. At that moment, through the miracle of radio, his voice thunders into thousands of homes throughout the Los Angeles metropolitan area.

Before the broadcast reaches KBLA,  
(Continued on Page 2)

## Spring Concert an Ambassador Must

Be sure to see the "grand-daddy" of all Ambassador College musical programs—the *Spring Concert!* The hard-working Ambassador Chorale has rehearsed all year to produce the finest program ever offered!

A breathtaking, formal first half promises to present a variety of choral works which all music lovers will thrill to. Then, it will be back to the pioneering days with music on a lighter vein for people of all ages!!!

DON'T MISS IT! Remember—that's APRIL 8, at *Shakespeare Club* at 8:00 p.m. sharp, but COME EARLY if you want a good seat!





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## Job And I

I, like Job and all mankind, have led a life guided by human nature which has been not sprinkled, but *saturated* with self-righteousness. As a very young boy I was "religiously inclined," and over a period of years I had certainly accumulated a wealth of "righteousness" that I could quickly recall when called on to answer for a "slight" mistake. Like Job, I could not *remember* a time when I had sinned.

I attended a big Methodist Church at a very early age. Here is where I was indoctrinated and educated in the ways of a "nice boy." The pattern was laid down and I followed suit. Being praised when I was a "nice boy," and scolded when I wasn't, I soon learned that it paid to be a "nice boy." Since church-going and living a life according to the dictates of conscience made one righteous, I, like Job, was "perfect in all my ways." So righteous was I, that I attended church *alone* when my friends and relatives didn't go along with me. Yes, I was bitten hard by this deceitful bug—I had much to be proud of.

It wasn't until hearing the pure Word of God through the WORLD TOMORROW broadcast, that it dawned on me that the very thing I treasured and was



Mr. Inglima readies "Master Tape" in control room.

## Listeners Hear

(Continued from Page 1)

it goes through several fascinating electronic processes. First of all, from the Telefunken microphone, it passes into the Mixing Console and on into the *Limiter*. The Limiter compresses the high volumes which would cause trouble on the air and on the recording tapes while also raising the lower portions out of the noise level. It does not limit or remove power. It "packs it in" so that the power can be released during broadcasting.

From the Limiter, the electronic impulses making up the WORLD TOMORROW broadcast return to the Mixing Panel where they are literally split in two. One part is fed to the Power Amplifier where it is given the boost necessary to enable it to traverse one of Pacific Telephone's undulating cables to the San Fernando Valley's mightiest radio station, KBLA. There it is given a new burst of power, sent to the antenna and released into the air as radio waves.

The other half travels from the Mixing Panel to a line of *eleven* Ampex proud of—my self-righteousness—was one of the *major* reasons why I had *no direct, personal contact with my Creator!*

This, one of my many gods, had to be DESTROYED if I was to ever enjoy knowing my Creator. Realizing now that God hates with a fervent abhorrence *any* form of self-righteousness, I am appalled to this day when I think how much this thing was a *part* of me.

Job's repentance, being of such depth, is the example God has chosen to preserve in writing for all mankind. This *total repentance* I aspire to attain!

*How about Job and YOU?*

tape recorders. Eleven recordings are made simultaneously. One of these is kept as a Master, from which other recordings are made. Sixty-eight copies of each broadcast are made! Time is cut in half by running the recorders at double speed as the record from the Master. "Dubbing" work is done by Bill Myers and Bob Gray. The recordings are then packed and flown to radio stations all over the United States!

Tapes going overseas require more work. Every inch must be carefully edited. For instance, phrases like, ". . . And the kind of teaching you get in the churches doesn't lead to real conversion and right education," must be removed from all tapes going to Australia—for obvious reasons. Australian broadcasts are also aired one month later. Current PLAIN TRUTH announcements become outdated and must be removed. Mr. Norman Smith listens to each tape, marking the portions he wants left out. Mr. John Portune follows up with a pair of scissors, also measuring precisely every inch of footage removed. He must insert other footage, announcements of articles and booklets, etc., to bring the length back up to the prescribed minutes and seconds.

This reel is then air expressed to Australia where copies are made and sent to all the stations there. Exact, word-for-word typewritten copies must be made of these recordings. Miss Nancy Kiser and Mrs. Grunwald are kept busy at this task.

Tapes sent to other parts of the world have to be given special treatment also. Mr. Jerry Horton takes care of those bound for Radio Luxembourg. Some tapes, like those bound for Bangkok, are aired several months later, and this must be taken into consideration during "dubbing."

This is but a thumb-nail sketch of what it takes to produce the WORLD TOMORROW. It's a fascinating process. Drop in at the studio at your earliest opportunity for a first-hand explanation of what goes on behind the greatest, most dynamic work in radio history.

Lost by select few—Pounds.



## Sophomores Host Joyous Saturday Night Party

The effervescent Sophomore class topped off their second Saturday night of entertainment with a chock-full evening.

A masterful quintet of two accordions, a piano, a drummer and one guitar provided a varied and pleasant evening of dancing.

Spasmodic interruptions, occurring throughout the evening, kept everyone wondering what would happen next. "Pester" of Gunsmoke kept looking for Marshal Mat Dillon. He was mighty perplexed when he couldn't find him. Seems that Doc had run away with Kitty—the Marshal's gal friend.

Later the Keystone cops searched vainly through those assembled for the second story man who had long since slipped out the rear door. Before anyone was hurt by these fugitives from the past, the formal entertainment began.

The amiable, shy, and retiring Mike Levy was presented as our Master of Ceremonies.

Six pretty "Songstresses" provided trio, solo, and duet numbers.

Bill Swanson, "Ridin' Down the Canyon" and strummin' his guitar, heightened the program.

The two "Lady Accordionists" gave a resounding finale to the program with several lively, lyrical, and fast-moving polkas, ending an evening of well-balanced dancing and entertainment.

## Survey Reveals Bridal Insight

An unauthorized poll of recent brides revealed that:

67.9% thought borscht was what a balloon did when punctured.

32.2% described custard as a famous Indian fighter.

51.1% stated that buccaneer was a high price for corn.

47.4% liked confetti with tomato sauce and meatballs.

99.9% declared their husbands have a weakness for eating in restaurants.

—Edmund A. Braun



## Faculty Five Takes First Basketball Classic In Thrilling Last Game Win

It was close all the way, but time and experience proved the deciding factors for the dazzling quintet from faculty row. Tied with the hard-fighting senior club for first place honors over the course of regular tournament play, the "old gentlemen" proved they had the staying power to "go for broke." With a fine display of steady, and sometimes spectacular play, the grizzled campaigners outclassed their senior class opponents and walked away with all the marbles. Charging hard and making their own breaks, the powerful pros turned in a torrid last half to rout the seniors, 44-27, last Sunday afternoon in the final play-off of the season. This makes the faculty club the undisputed champs in Ambassador basketball circles.

Not highly rated at the opening of

tournament play, the cagey masters of court contests proved what hard preparation, practice, and play will do. They deserve a big hand for their great show of determination and sportsmanship in this year's initial Ambassador College Basketball Classic.

The final results of regular tournament play lists the teams in this fashion:

Team	Place	Won	Lost
Faculty	1st	7	1
Seniors	1st	7	1
Freshmen	3rd	3	5
Juniors	4th	2	6
Sophomores	5th	1	7

By virtue of Sunday's big play-off game, the faculty broke the 1st place tie with the seniors and reign at the top of Ambassador's basketball mountain.





# ITALIAN

(Continued from Page 1)

*What Kind of Faith is Required for Salvation?; Why Were You Born?; Does God Heal Today?; The Resurrection Was Not On Sunday!; The Proof of the Bible; Which is the Sabbath of the New Testament?; and How Often Should We Partake of the Lord's Supper?*

The Italian work is growing and the Gospel is going to Italy in the Italian language now as a witness to them. Let's give God thanks for this step forward, and continue to pray for the further development of the Italian portion of God's Work!

**WANTED:** Several socks that were submitted to Women's Club for darning. Please return to Don Waterhouse.



The new German, Art and French Departments, 243 Vernon.

## LEBENSRAUM

(Continued from Page 1)

Thawing out and getting the blood circulating was solved by a touch of genius—revive the fireplace! In no time at all a fire was merrily crackling away cheering the spirits of all concerned.

The Art Department is directly above us in the second story. We'll be able to hear them stomp their feet when they become perturbed about *Reine Wahrheit* illustrations.

One third of the French Department, which is to our rear, can show their disdain by opening the door and letting an arctic breeze sweep through our quarters.

By the way, if you plan to call us on the phone—all three bustling departments—check with switchboard for possible new numbers.

# AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

by Frank Inglima

I nervously awaited the signal to go into the ring. My hands were bandaged and the second put on my gloves. I didn't know who my opponent was—whether he was small, tall, husky. I did know he was experienced, however. This was to be my first semi-pro bout and, as it turned out, my last.



## Freshman Dahlgren Breaks Talus In Basketball Tumble

No sooner had our co-ed of the fractured patella rid herself of cast and crutches than we now see one of our virile Ambassador men hobbling around on a broken astragalus, talus, or anklebone.

The action was beginning to get rough during a fiber-straining session of basketball when David Dahlgren made a vigorous try for a lay-up. As he came down from his valiant leap, his foot, which should have landed on the ground, came down on the top of someone else's big shoe. This was too much for the already straining bones, so they gave away with a crunch, and now we have Dave with a big cast on his talus.

According to the doctor, it will be six weeks before Dave can get rid of his cast, but the word of the man with the tape on his astragalus is that it will be off sooner than that.

This exhibition at Johnny Coulon's arena in Chicago's Southside was the biggest thing that ever happened to me in all my 16 years of life. The call to the ring came. I charged down the aisle amid the roar of the crowd. My heart pounded in my ears, but I willed not to listen to it. I had one goal and that was to fight and win.

Once in the ring I was alone with my opponent. The cheers from the crowd echoed as though they were miles away. The bell sounded and the fight was on.

My opponent was fancy. He bobbed and weaved. I snapped out a left jab, and a right cross; then another left. He was reeling. His guard dropped. He was wide open for the final blow that would finish the fight and make me the victor—but I *danced away*. I *stalled*. The crowd was screaming, "Get 'em! Kill 'em!" Yet I did not drive in with all I had to finish him off. He was checked, or so I thought — *almost* whipped. But, he regained his composure and strength and began to exchange blows with me. He hit me a staggering right to the chin. I dropped my guard. He hit me again and again. The roar of the crowd became faint but I wouldn't fall. I didn't know enough to fall. The referee stopped the fight before I hit the canvas and it was over for me. I was the loser! I should have won, but when I had my opponent *almost* licked, I failed to finish him off.

What about you? Have you *almost* whipped your problems? Have you moved aggressively to "finish off" your bad habits?

Many have *almost* whipped poor habits, yet find themselves falling back into old malpractices. Have you decided, with God's help, to work toward achieving perfection in one facet or another only to dance back and allow your old ways to knock you down. As in mastering a boxing opponent, we've got to meet our problems and bad habits aggressively, carrying the fight until they're "down for the count."