



News Bureau Chief Wings To Europe

This is a pulsating age of incredibly speedy changes in world conditions. It is necessary for the PLAIN TRUTH to have men "on the spot" in areas abroad to glean first-hand the events rapidly fulfilling Bible prophecy.

Mr. Gene Hogberg, Head of the Ambassador College News Bureau, will go to Europe on just such a mission this September! He will make a quick hopscotch tour of the Common Market countries, Ireland, and Scandinavia. He hopes to spend a few days in the German Ruhr district, Brussels, EEC headquarters, is also on the itinerary. If conditions permit, Mr. Hogberg hopes to slip behind the Iron Curtain for a glimpse of Communist life.

After winging around the Continent, he will visit the beautiful Bricket Wood campus. He is slated to spend the Feast of Tabernacles with God's people in Britain.

The Feast over, Mr. Hogberg will jet back to Headquarters with a fresh outlook on world affairs.

Ambassador Confers Philosophy Doctorate

Ambassador College will soon be conferring a Doctor of *Philosophy* degree! In the past, Ambassador has only conferred a Doctor of Theology!

But what does this mean—what is the difference—why the need?

"Leading educators," states our cata-

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Mailed Literature Increase

OVER SIX MILLION PIECES MAILED



Welcome back, Mr. & Mrs. Armstrong. We enjoy having you back with us here in Pasadena. All of us missed you both while you were in England. We are looking forward to the speeded-up activity that always comes with your return.

Historic Bible Study Held In West Idaho

On August 25, 1962, God's Work reached to a new location. SEVENTY-SEVEN people gathered in CALDWELL, IDAHO, to hear God's Word expounded!

Mr. Dale Hampton conducted the historic Bible study. The all-day services began in the morning. All the people had an opportunity to ask questions.

Libby Bailey's parents hosted God's people gathered on their front lawn.

Many newly baptized individuals who met Mr. McCrady's tour were there. Some drove TWO HUNDRED MILES to attend the Bible study.

This, however, is NOT the start of a new church. Mr. Hampton told the

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Last year, the Work of God sent out SIX MILLION, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND PIECES OF MAIL! That would be as if each of YOU FOUR HUNDRED students — personally — sent out FORTY-SIX pieces of mail—*every day of the year!*

In 1961, some SEVEN HUNDRED SEVENTY THOUSAND booklets were mailed to members and listeners! Assuming that half were the large, 1975 *in Prophecy* type, and half were the *Lazarus and the Rich Man* type—this would create a wall FIVE FEET HIGH around the thirty-acre campus!

Last year almost EIGHTY THOUSAND GOOD NEWS magazines were mailed to members. Stacked in piles, you would have SIXTY-ONE piles as tall as you—if you are 5' 8" tall.

Tacked end to end, the PLAIN TRUTHS sent out in 1961 would create a path FOUR HUNDRED MILES LONG! That is more than the air distance from Los Angeles to Squaw Val-

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Eighteen thousand stamped per hour.



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FACULTY ADVISOR
DAVID JON HILL

EDITOR
PAUL KROLL

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
GLEN WHITE
DENNIS PYLE
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STAFF REPORTERS
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City For Billions Being Planned

Do you wonder if there will be room enough for the billions of spirit-born Sons of God at Headquarters?

How BIG is the HOLY CITY going to be? "And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal" (Rev. 21:15). This represents a space of 469,783,088,000,000,000 cubic feet!! It sets aside *one-half* of this space for the Throne and the Court of Heaven, and one-half of the balance for streets. This leaves a remainder of 124,198,722,000,000,000 cubic feet.

Take a room sixteen feet square and you have 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms! Just for convenience — say there were 2,300,000,000 inhabitants every century. Assume that the world will stand for 7,000 years which would give a total of approximately 1,600,000,000,000 inhabitants.

Here is the conclusion. There will be approximately one hundred rooms per individual—and a remainder of one-eighth of the total space.

America is no longer a melting pot—it's a pressure cooker.

* * *

Teen-ager's patience: The ability to idle your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.

Editorial

Is Ambassador Worth It?

By HOWARD A. CLARK



The frantic sounds of hectic unpacking, sorting and repacking are barely fading from Ambassador's halls. The happy voices of reuniting friends still ring occasionally. You have barely begun to begin. You are busy preparing to launch into a new school year—a new *way of life* for many of you. During this first week of school, it does seem strange to be recalling memories of things past—a new FUTURE lies ahead.

Yet, this is a time for memories.

This is the time to remember the compelling REASONS for your coming to Ambassador College. It is a good time to review your noble hopes and ambitions, to remind yourself of your expressed desire to attend a school unique in educational history. It is the time to think of the thrill that raced through you and the joy that was yours in learning of your acceptance. You should—right now—again savor the expectation and the excitement that filled you as each passing mile brought you closer to the realization of a cherished dream.

You Ambassadors, new and old alike, should think often on these things both now and throughout the entire coming year. There will be a need to recall your early goals, ambitions and emotions, for you have all come to Ambassador College to learn more than how to make a living—many failures in life have had that knowledge. Rather, you have come to this campus to learn HOW TO LIVE, to learn how to find true success in life that you may receive the rewards of that success. As with any worth-while goal, however, it will NOT be easily attained. Success at Ambassador will be NO PUSHOVER!

GETTING HERE IS NOT AN END IN ITSELF, but a beginning of a lifetime of hard work, diligent effort, overcoming and self-sacrifice. You will be called upon to exert your utmost efforts, to make personal sacrifice. You may have to give up cherished ideas and opinions, part from old ways, accept new ones and even change your basic characters and personalities. You can count on facing and overcoming hardship and trial in the days ahead. This building of new character and a new life NEVER COMES EASY!

Many times in the months ahead you will ask yourself, "Is it worth it?" Remember why you have come, and your answer will always be, "You bet it is!" When the going gets tough and the quitting easy, when you feel like you have had enough and are tempted to "chuck the whole thing," remember what you put on your application. Let none of you lose sight of *why you are here!*

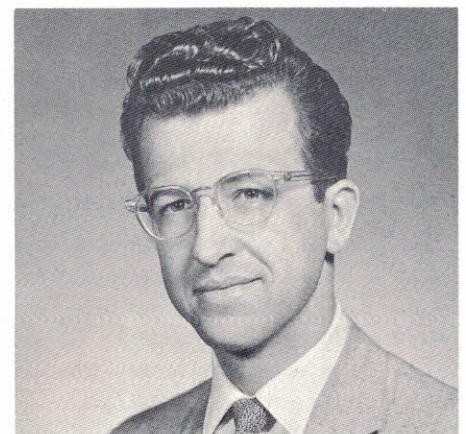
Frank Longuskie Manila Bound

Tacoma, Washington area to visit his relatives and family.

News that he would be "Pioneering" a new office in Manila with Mr. Gerald Waterhouse, came as a sudden shock to Mr. Frank Longuskie in Australia.

Australian red tape kept Mr. Longuskie from receiving a visa from Australia to Manila. After a call to Headquarters it was decided that he would have a few weeks vacation in America before his trip to the Philippines.

Mr. Longuskie spent two weeks in Pasadena, then boarded a bus to the





Kansas Minister Sets New Record

"By their *fruits* you shall know them," Mr. Armstrong has said. Mr. Bryce Clark was VERY FRUITFUL two weeks ago. He set a *new record* for ministers! It was another "first" for the Work.

With "very able assistance" from his wife, Mr. Clark became the FATHER OF TWIN GIRLS! *Never* has this happened before, in God's present Ministry!

They weighed in at 5½ pounds each.

Ancient Pagan Custom Exposed

by Julius Fink

An ancient scroll unearthed recently near Babylon describes in detail another Babylonian rite. The scroll states that the Babylonian males rose early EACH morning to offer sacrifices along the banks of the Euphrates. After anointing the face with a white, pre-sacrificial LATHER of yeast and lye (showing the putting on of sin), the victim dipped the sacred razor of his forefathers in the Euphrates. Then the actual sacrifice began.

Stroke after stroke the victim offered his sacrifice while he held his face in a painful, distorted expression which appeased the fierce anger of the shaving god Gillette. The victim also made his sacrifice more acceptable by mingling blood in with it. Often the victim accidentally on purpose cut himself to mingle blood, thus making him more righteous.

The scroll concluded that this daily rite of making the male's face to appear like the SMOOTH, HAIRLESS face of a female prophesied that in the last days a generation of EFFEMINATE males should arise!

Ambassador Hall Wing Complete

Here is the inside story of how Ambassador Hall was completed for your use before school started!

Nearly all exterior work was done by very outstanding *Italian stone masons*. The masons poured and tooled each section of stone in their shop first. Then the stone was brought over to the campus and placed. The white border around the top had special attention. It was made to match the border on the existing building. Our "personalized" border was more than two months in the making before it was finally placed.

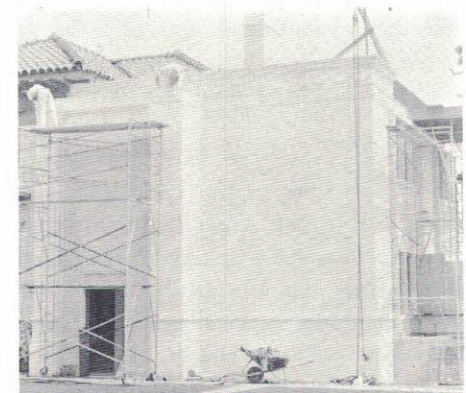
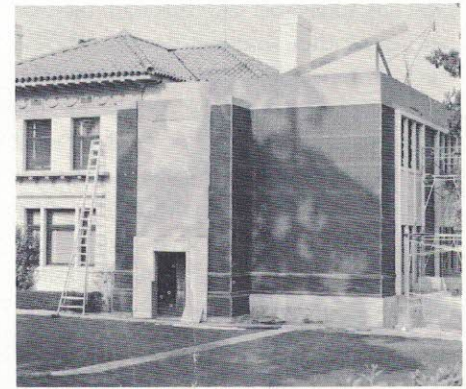
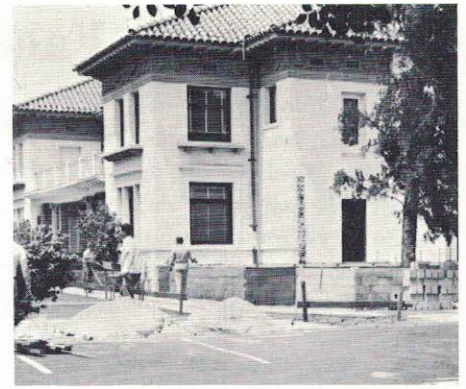
The monumental feat was the setting of the huge stone over the doorway on the west side of the building. That



massive rock weighs a FULL HALF TON! It is made of a very brittle material—one slip and more than a thousand pounds of rock would crash to the ground. But the stone is over the doorway—intact—where everyone can read its inscription: "The Word of God is the Foundation of Knowledge."

Our plumbing department installed the indoor fire sprinkler system. As they would say, "A whole passel of man hours went into that job!" It certainly was gratifying when the fire department said, "Passed," after inspecting the work.

With the interior of the building taken care of, work opened up for plasterers and carpenters. For weeks the



mud flew and the hammers banged. As soon as everything was dry and solid, the painters entered the scene and left AMBASSADOR HALL a beautiful green and white.

“Face To Face With Death”

by John Portune

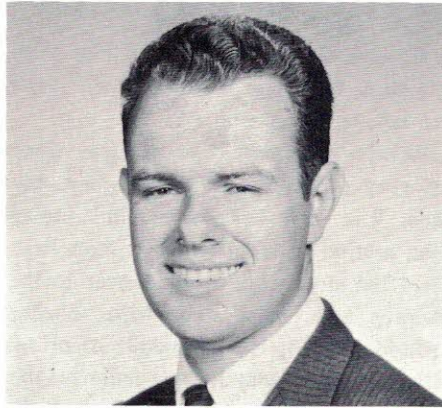
Into every man's life enters rarely an experience which leaves marks in the memory like scratches in steel. They seem to be alive and speak out from the recesses of your memory and say, "Did it really happen?" Such a memory stirs me to write this.

The acrid scream of a siren mixed with the tortured sound of tires biting into hot pavement cut through the sultry air of that summer day in 1957. I was in that police car, straining with every stomach-churning curve of the mountain road taking us to the resort lake. Why was I there? I was a skin diver—one of the only two within fifty miles that stood a slim chance of saving a ten-age boy lost on the bottom of that lake. The other one, my closest friend, sat tensely beside me. The siren continued its agonized tone, the powerful car strained on, anxiety grew, and then—we were there.

Hundreds of sober-faced vacationers lined the shoreline anxiously watching the valiant but hopeless efforts of two unequipped lifeguards to find the boy. But now their tense gazes turned to us. I scrambled into my diving suit—it felt strangely clammy on my skin. I knew our time was running out. A feverish two minutes and we were ready. I adjusted my face plate, took a strong bite on the mouthpiece, and slid off into the murky water below. I had never in all my diving experiences been in water like this—I had never wanted to be. If you'd like to know what the inside of an inkbottle is like, I think I now can tell you.

Grasping the rope and each other's hands, we sank to the bottom, if you could call it that. A two-foot thick layer of ooze congested with tangled lake weed was not my idea of a good place to look for something, especially a dead man. I took a furtive glance toward the surface. The only thing I could see of the world above was a dull brown haze of light filtering through the muddy water.

For forty minutes we crawled through that slime, and though the water was seventy degrees, I had never felt so cold.



And then it happened, that single moment I know I could remember for eternity if it were necessary. My own hand I couldn't see, but the feel of clammy human flesh was unmistakable. Almost like a reflex I grabbed the boy's forearm like a vise. My friend told me later that in doing so I almost pulled his arm off.

Our job was done, if you could call it that. A lifeless form was far from what horrified parents on the shore wanted, but we had done our job, and they were grateful I was sure. It was not what you could call an enjoyable experience, but I am thankful for it in a way. The scars in my memory will always remind me that life is only a fragile breath of wind at the mercy of an All-Loving God, a frail tool which could pass with the next breath, leaving a big job undone.

SIX MILLION

(Continued from page 1)

ley. The total amount of PLAIN TRUTHS DISTRIBUTED AMOUNT-ED TO 3,358,735!

Last year, ALMOST SEVENTY THOUSAND MAN HOURS were spent in the complete process of sending out this mail.

Idaho Bible Study

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people, "Feel very blessed if you receive a church within two years."

The people rejoiced to be able to attend this meeting—and to hear God's Word. All hoped that another such study could be conducted in the near future.

NEWS BRIEFS

Lynn Martin has a new job. He will be employed by Imperial Schools as a Spanish instructor.

* * *

Mr. Art Docken and wife are the proud parents of Abby Ruth Anne Docken—a GIRL! She tipped the scales at 7 lbs., 10 oz. Abby was born on August 26, at 2:10 a.m. Mr. Docken bought a five-pound box of chocolates—since he can't pass out cigars!

* * *

Mr. William C. O'Neal was ordained as deacon on August 4, at Little Rock, Arkansas.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Hammer are here with us for a time. We hope that both will find their stay enjoyable and profitable.

* * *

Lynn Martin and Gerry Jones will be married on October 6, 1962. This is a tentative date. A perfect honeymoon should be provided as they attend the Feast of Tabernacles at Gladewater.

* * *

There are three more new employees in the Mail Receiving Department! Jim Redus, Bob Dick and Garland Campbell recently started to work in Mail Reading, helping to fill the need for more qualified men.

* * *

The Ambassador College Chorale will present "Westward Ho" at the Feast of Tabernacles this fall in Gladewater.

Philosophy Doctorate

(Continued from page 1)

logue, "today recognize the dangerous drift into materialism. The spread of science and technologies has plunged education deeper into materialism. To combat this, and to open new vistas in education, the Ambassador College Graduate School of Education was established."

The school will begin—THIS FALL!

Anyone attempting his doctorate must be proficient in both French and German. Besides submitting a written thesis, a candidate must undergo an oral examination.