

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA

Volume XII, Number 11

February 22, 1963



Mr. Apartian (voice of *Le Monde a Venir*) and wife

La Pure Verite Out This June

AND NOW — another PLAIN TRUTH! The *first* French edition of The PLAIN TRUTH — LA PURE VERITE — will be published this spring! LA PURE VERITE will contain translations of English PLAIN TRUTH articles plus articles taken from the French broadcast — *Le Monde a Venir*—and other articles specially written for the French-speaking audience.

Mr. Dibar Apartian, Director of the French work at Ambassador College, is supervising the preparation of the magazine — assisted by Messrs. Arlen Shelton, Clayton Steep, Anthony Buzzard and Miles. Judi Untiedt, Sharon Sheppard, and Anna Topash — all members of the French Department staff.

The first issue will be TWENTY-FOUR pages and have a circulation of over three thousand copies! It will be mailed to readers *around the world* — France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzer-

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Students wave good-bye to campus for a day

Intrepid Ambassadors March To California Mountains For Field Trip

At 7:00 a.m., on February 11 — an eerie hush swept over Ambassador College. Evacuation "Mountain Party" had just taken place. The trek had begun. Three hours later, anxious Ambassadors scampered off the busses and into the mountain snow!

Two Churches To Begin Soon

From the office of Mr. Roderick C. Meredith, Second Vice-President of Ambassador College and Superintendent of all the Churches of God in the United States, it was recently disclosed that two new churches are soon to be raised up.

"Just as soon as it is possible, probably within the current month, we expect to have a new church in Cincinnati, Ohio, with a congregation of about 150," said Mr. Meredith. "Mr. Carn Catherwood, presently at Indianapolis,

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God had certainly directed the trip—in all aspects! Just a day or two before the proposed trip — torrents of rain practically inundated the Los Angeles Basin. That meant SNOW in the mountains!

The ski lift that so many of us used was a wonderful blessing. But THE NEXT DAY — after we had used it, one of the cables snapped! Many people were seriously hurt. Another "coincidence!"

One of the students, Tom Lavender, drove away in a transportation car. The message — of utmost importance did not reach him. It was: Brake lining is shot. They will never hold under emergency stop. That means big trouble in moun-

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Are You A Have-Not Student?

By PAUL KROLL

"I sure wish I had the curly blond hair and the dove-like eyes that SHE DOES," YOU probably have thought! "She gets ALL the dates—why don't I have her bubbling, effervescent—yet feminine personality?"—YOU probably have complained!

"Oh, if I only had his high I.Q., mental depth, intelligence, and leadership ability, then I would really be happy," some of YOU MEN may have groaned. Or, "My, if I had his all around abilities—then all the girls would want to marry ME," YOU have probably whimpered.

This is a problem with students at Ambassador—from freshmen to seniors!

We begin comparing ourselves AMONG ourselves—lusting after what God has given to another. That is rank FOOLISHNESS!! God brands it so (I Corinthians 10:12).

God hasn't made us all alike! Neither has he called the mighty of the world. NONE OF US would have been a President Lincoln! We don't have the mind of an Einstein (his $E = MC^2$ lives, but *he is dead*). We don't have the voice of a Carouso (*he died* in a drunken stupor). We don't have the looks of a Clark Gable (all he has is a *grave stone*)—or the looks of a Marilyn Monroe (she took *too many* sleeping pills)! We don't have the leadership of a Napoleon—who galvanized all Europe (he is *dead too*)!!

So if we don't have tremendous abilities—we're just average "Joes"—we tend to become frustrated, unhappy. If we are not careful, we can become BITTER TOWARDS GOD!! This would be a real catastrophe, an inexcusable shame.

We get our minds on the petty things. Such as what grade each person made in his Bible class. "Is 'Jan' wearing a blue dress—how does she look—prettier than I do?" Or, "Is 'Jack' dating 'my' girl?—I may lose her!!" All the petty, small things that lead to vanity, competition, and COMPARISON!!

We forget that each one of us—PERSONALLY—Has been honored by the God of the universe (not for our own ability or goodness). We forget that the President of the universe—GOD—has called US to be HIS PRIVATE CABINET, soon to rule the world.

Don't forget it! Remember it! YOU—STUDENT of Ambassador College are ONE IN SIX MILLION PERSONS!! Only five hundred of the *three billion people* on earth are in Ambassador College!!

Let that sink in!

We are not here to compete and compare. We are in this work TOGETHER—fighting together—under Christ for God's government!! Keep that uppermost in your mind. Forget comparisons.

If you aren't a gargantuan gorilla in stature—if you aren't a mental whizz-kid wizard, or a person of pulsating personality — TAKE HEART!! Do what you can with WHAT YOU HAVE. Trust God for the rest, He is our Father.

If you do have any ability — be sober. Use the ability. Don't be proud. GOD GAVE you what you have. Remember. It only takes a one inch bullet to kill the *biggest man*!!

Get the *right perspective*! This life is only boot camp. In twelve years we will ALL BE IMPORTANT!! This era of God's Church is going to be in the temple—we are going to be pillars in that temple.

WE are going to be God's right-hand policy makers in His universe-wide kingdom forever!!

Remember that.



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The PORTFOLIO is a limited circulation publication. It is for the student bodies of Ambassador College. It is not to be sent home to friends or relatives.

Mr. Kelly Back To Headquarters

The Ron Kelly family will be given an Ambassador welcome about the time you read this. Mr. Kelly, his wife Norva, and their daughter Ronda Kay are transferring from the ministerial duties of the Oakland-Sacramento area to Headquarters here in Pasadena.

Mr. Kelly will be assisting Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong in taking over some of the executive and administrative duties Mr. Portune and Mr. McCullough have been handling. This extremely responsible and highly important work will include close cooperation with Mr. Ted Armstrong in every aspect of the conduct of God's Work—including the increasingly important Foreign Work.



Mr. Kelly and family



"Say, one of you girls — want to have a snowball fight?"

Ambassadors March To Mountains

(Continued from Page 1)

tainous country — especially with snow!

Well, Tom drove all the way up and back. No sudden stops necessary. Brakes held perfectly. Another "coincidence".

So it was in all aspects of the mountain trip. It was a whopping success from the word 'go.'

Outsiders were amazed by Ambassador College conduct! One case in particular. It was the man who owned a concession stand at the site in which Ambassadors camped. The experience went something like this:

The snack bar owner leaned over the counter. With astonished awe he blurted out, "How come none of your group smokes? All THESE TEEN-AGERS—and no one smokes!" That was a real head-scratcher for his balding pate.

The balding proprietor surreptitiously scanned the Ambassador students. He leaned over a bit more. Whispered in an almost clandestine tone, "And they are so WELL-ORGANIZED!!"

Such were the comments uttered from amazed lips!

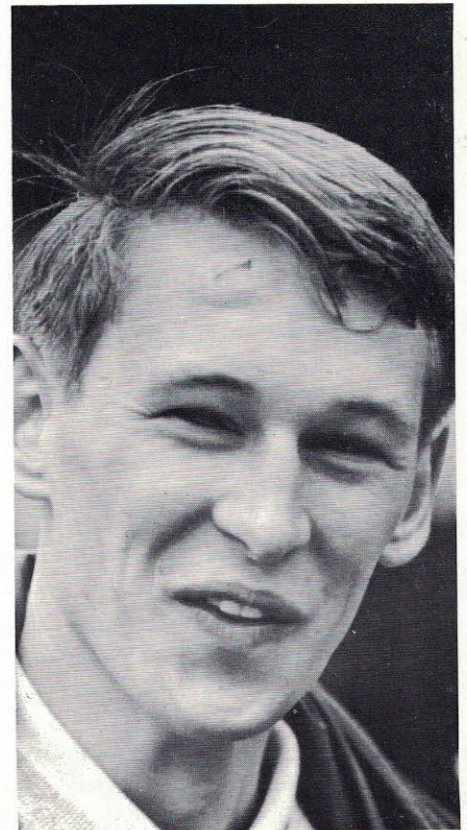
But no Ambassador students missed Lucky Strikes or Camels. Maybe that is why they could have such a wonderful time on the annual snow-line party *without wheezing and coughing!*

This year *no one* came close to receiving a Purple Heart—the worst thing that happened was a scratched nose and cheek, even though the snowball war raged fast and furious.

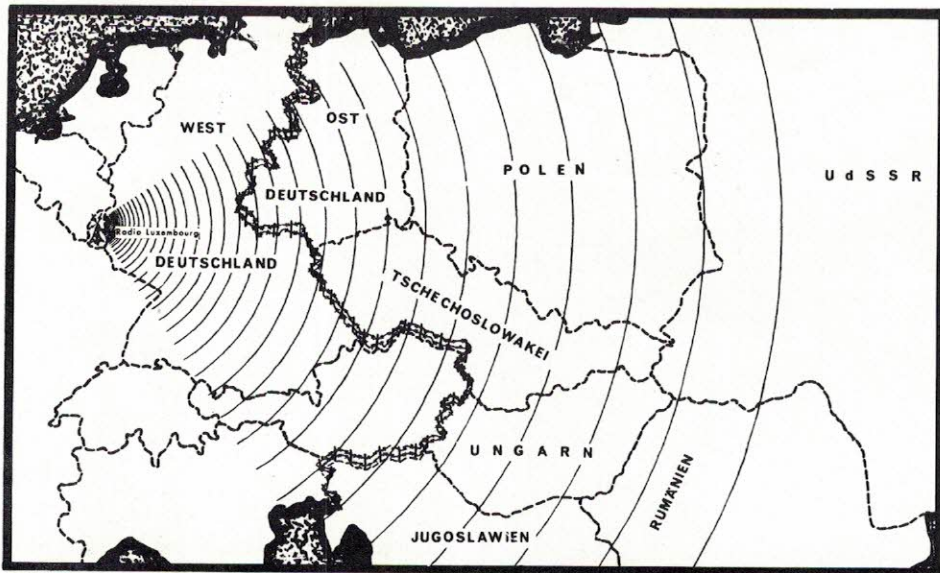
Among the din and clatter of flying snow, Mr. Jon Hill was heard crying out, "I'm being persecuted!" Seems he challenged *twenty students* to a snowball fight. Needless to say, the students *beat* the faculty that time!

Later, Mr. Portune and Mr. Hill took out their "wrath" on helpless students sliding downhill on toboggans. One student was "mercilessly" attacked by a barrage of faculty-thrown snowballs.

Everyone had a mountain of good time—and was able to enjoy the chili (D-Day now being *one year past*)! The swinging doors of the half-moon house stayed strangely static.



"I'm wounded — a hero at last!"



Broadcasting range of Radio Luxembourg blankets Europe with God's message.

Latest German Report

Booklets and Articles Confiscated Our Listeners Are Threatened

A recent report by Gerhard Marx, head of German subsidiary office in Great Britain, revealed some staggering problems. East Germans, especially, live in a police state. Much of our literature is in danger of confiscation.

The telephone rang. The call was from East Germany. A frantic, middle-aged man wanted to talk to Mr. Klammer, the voice behind the German broadcast of the World Tomorrow. Herr Klammer was not in England, I talked to the caller. After ten costly minutes, the sad story had been told. He wanted us to *cease* sending him any more literature. He had been *threatened with imprisonment!* With an apologetic attitude of regret, the East German pleaded with me until he was assured that we would comply with his request.

Another shocking incident occurred while we were planning our baptizing tour this summer.

Gripped By Fear

A man and his wife from Yugoslavia, another Communist state, had been listening to *Die Welt von Morgen* for two years, and had been receiving the literature for the same period of time. They were *gripped by fear* as the day of our scheduled arrival drew nearer and nearer. In a state of panic they wrote me saying, "Please don't come! It is too dangerous. We live in a *police state!* We are NOT a free people!"

In the past, on some occasions, two fates have befallen our literature. In one instance the package is opened, the literature confiscated, and the recipient



Head of German Department in Britain

served with a warning that the "*information is subversive.*" Alternatively, the envelope is Custom-stamped "anti-democratic" and returned to us.

Plain Wrapping

All the magazines, booklets and Correspondence Courses are wrapped into an innocent-looking envelope. The camouflaged shipments need to be as IN-

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Mr. Herrmann To Reveal Past

From the hitherto unpublished, written and unwritten files of our Registrar, Mr. Kenneth Herrmann, comes an assembly disclosing even *more* of the secrets that students have tried to ferret out for years — adventures from the "Days of the Pioneers" of Ambassador College. What would YOU, as an entering freshman student, have encountered *fourteen years ago*? Dormitory life was much different then.

Mr. Herrmann, *unlike* most of the other students—had delved into science, very deeply. He *was* a believer in evolution. Come this March 7th, Mr. Herrmann will tell us how Ambassador College appeared through the eyes of a scientist. What was Mr. Herrmann's real purpose in coming to Ambassador College? What impression did the campus make on a newcomer at that time?

For a *critical and analytical appraisal* of early life on the campus, *don't fail to be present at Assembly on March 7th!*

Work Crew Wrecks Road

In the last few weeks, "construction" men have demolished the old driveway of asphalt and hauled it off in small pieces. "Gardeners" have been mixing cement with their dirt and packing it into the holes left by the asphalt with such gusto that flowers will NEVER grow there again. What does it all mean? Actually, you have just witnessed the *installation of a temporary driveway* around the Italian Gardens and Terrace Villa. It is made of decomposed granite and recomposed cement! As a combination this makes a pleasing, mudless walking surface which will be *changed* when the architects decide on what will be the finished product.

Never leave to chance what can be achieved by calculations.

—Disraeli

Mayfair Imports Australian Beef

Why does Mayfair import beef all the way from Australia? Aren't American cattle good enough for us?

The answer to this question is very revealing—and very important for *you masculine men!*

CASTRATED BULLS, or *steers*, are the only form in which American bred beef is readily available today. These animals are higher in poundage but *lower in overall quality*. The beef which reaches most dinner tables is therefore flavorless, fatty, and water-saturated — besides being lower in general nutritional value.

Castration does more than scuttle the flavor. It also *upsets the animal's hormone balance*. The sexual alteration of America's beef supply is strongly suspected as a *contributor to cancer, effeminency, and the general lack of manliness* among American males.

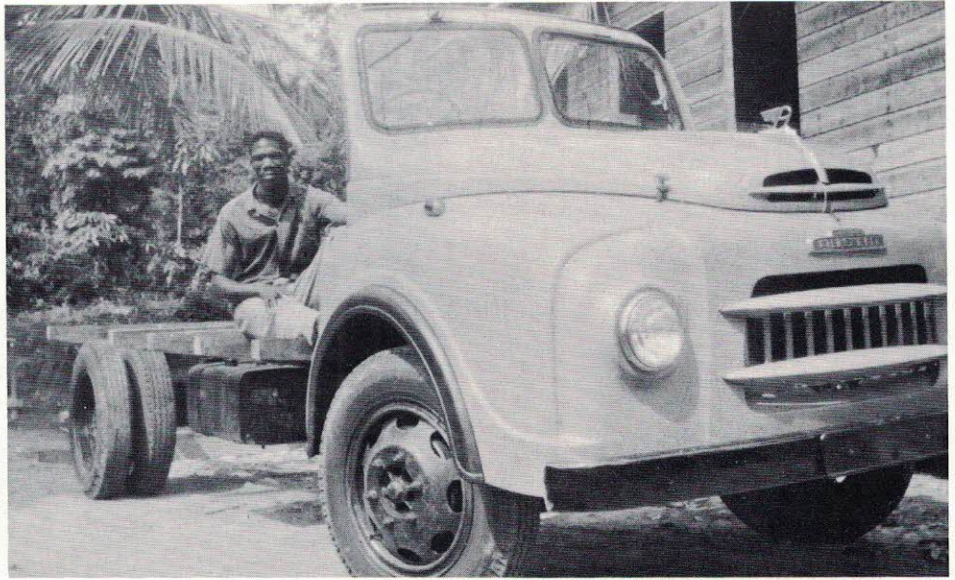
To avoid these perversions, Mayfair turned to *Australia!* There BULLS and HEIFERS are allowed to graze leisurely on natural grasslands. They are not gorged on cheap orange, lemon, and beet pulp as in America. Free from tampering, raised according to God's laws, they are leaner and more flavorful.

German Story

(Continued from Page 4)

CONSPICUOUS as possible. Therefore, the magazines are folded into three parts before being put into a personal envelope. The address of the person *must be typed or hand-written*, so as to give the impression that the content of the letter is of a private nature. Most personal letters containing answered questions, Co-Worker letters, and the Correspondence Courses have little difficulty in safely reaching the intended readers.

Before the Eastern hordes overrun these nations, a warning must reach them. It is our job to help these people before it is entirely too late!



Mr. Joseph seated in truck that became a bus. It will be used to shuttle people to services.

Mr. Leo Joseph Ministers To God's People In West Indies

New Churches

(Continued from Page 1)

Indiana, will pastor the new area, traveling the Indianapolis-Cincinnati circuit each Sabbath."



Group at Boise Bible Study

A Church In Boise, Idaho

"We also have definite plans for a church in Boise, Idaho," continued Mr. Meredith. "Before going to New York for his European trip, Mr. Raymond Cole will start a Bible study to a congregation expected to number about fifty. Mr. Richard Plache, who is presently serving in the Salem-Eugene Churches, will eventually pastor the Boise Church."

Mr. Leo Joseph, a carpenter by trade, not only ministers to the congregation of God's Church on the island of St. Lucia, Leeward Islands, West Indies, but also *builds virtually every physical item* used there.

He built the church building in Castries, the capital city of the island. He built the seats that the thirty-five (including children) brethren sit in each Sabbath. Now he has built a bus to take them to services!

With full authorization from Pasadena Headquarters, the resourceful Mr. Joseph used a portion of the regular tithes to purchase a heavy-duty truck cab and chassis unit. Upon the chassis he laid a floor-bed, and then he erected the body of a bus, which will seat about twenty people.

Mr. Joseph was originally a member of the Sardis era of the Church of God. Later, he came in contact with the Truth of God and began to correspond a great deal with Headquarters. Eventually, he forsook his post as Elder in the Sardis Church. He became an official representative of the Radio Church of God for the island of St. Lucia, a British protectorate of about 100,000 population.

He carries on faithfully despite the lack of personal contact with any of God's ministers.

Ambassador's Cultural Center

Elegantly refurbished, the Rose Wood Room now furnishes a resplendent setting for sparkling conversation!

Upon entering this revised, refulgent room, accompanied by an Ambassador co-ed, you are confronted by a magnificent stately rose-wood table which seems to boast, "I'm the nucleus of this eclat of splendor!"

You sink into the responsive cushioning of one of the lush new sofas. As you relax in its effulgence, listening to the delightful sound of the trickling fountain mingled with the melodic harmony of piano music wafting from below, a wonderful feeling wells up inside — the "million-dollar feeling."

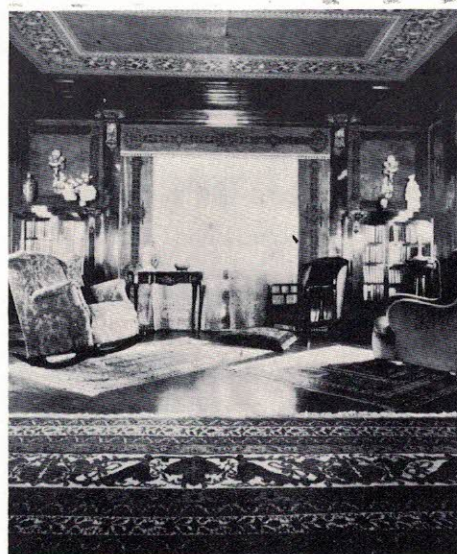
Your eyes fall on coruscating chandeliers of *Bohemian crystal*, the cheerful tapestry of robin-egg blue, and the intricately engraved rosewood pillars which stand — with majestic pomp — supporting the massive pictured ceiling.

As you stroll through the room, softly treading over costly oriental rugs, you walk by the noble fireplace with its entourage of gleaming accessories.

When you leave, your conversation sparkles with heart-felt appreciation for the unique privilege of attending Ambassador College—where the "million-dollar feeling" is another recaptured TRUE VALUE!



"Come in for bargains galore!"



NOVEMBER 26, 1956



EXQUISITE ELEGANCE—YOURS TO ENJOY TO THE FULL

Top Bargains At Bookstore

Do YOU need a file cabinet — or stationery to write dad and mom a letter? What about a dictionary for etymology — or an encyclopedia? Geography students! Do you need a map of the United States — or globes? Intrepid German, French, Spanish, Russian, Italian, and Portuguese students!—you can get *flash cards* to carry around with you!

Special Order Service

ALL THESE THINGS — and many others can be YOURS — at a TWENTY PERCENT DISCOUNT at the Campus Center Bookstore.

This is part of the *special order service* that is available to you! Students and faculty can get anything from art gum erasers to portable typewriters — simply by ordering through the bookstore. No wasted time walking downtown. Money saved.

All Types Of Books Available

This is in addition to the textbooks, Bibles, Bible helps, Commentaries, reference books which you can buy — all at the same TWENTY PERCENT DISCOUNT PRICE!! As a matter of fact, you can purchase *any book* that has recently been printed.

In addition to this, The bookstore has contact with used book houses. Perhaps you want a certain book — now out of print. Check with the bookstore. They may be able to find it for you.



World News

The other day someone from the State Department was overheard gloating about a gladsome tidbit. "That blankety-blank," he said. "He's not going to get away with it. You can push us just so far, and then we're going to start doing some pushing of our own."

"Who are you talking about—Castro?" we asked.

"No, of course not. I'm talking about De Gaulle," he replied.

"Oh."

"And don't think we're going to take it lying down. They depend on us as much as we depend on them, and we have to stick together whether we like it or not."

"You talking about the French?"

"No, stupid, I'm talking about the Canadians. You would think they would see the importance of nuclear weapons in our defense setup."

He went on to say, "It's the Chinese we have to be worried about. Mark my words, they're going to cause trouble for us!"

"Yes, the Communist Chinese are very dangerous," we said.

"Who's talking about the Communist Chinese? I'm talking about the Formosan Chinese. If we don't watch them, they'll launch an attack on the mainland and then what the devil will we do?"

"It sure is a tricky thing. You always have to look over your shoulder," we said.

Proceeding, he said, "They think they can stop us from doing what we started out to do, but they're wrong. If they don't like our policy, we'll shove it down their throats."

"You talking about the Russians?"

"NO, I'm talking about the 88th Congress!"

"Well, at least we've learned something from all this."

"What's that?"



So, look who's our ally now!

"If you have an ally for an ally, you don't need an enemy!"

This was from an article by Art Buchwald. Such is the state of confused and complicated America's foreign policy. Everyone is at once our ally—and enemy!

BASIL WOLVERTON SCANS CAMPUS



Mr. Bob Rice—'sofa' so good!

From Rags To Rich Couches

What little-known campus department resembles a small sea animal? Answer: the college upholstery shop—which has changed its location with every step of new growth, just like a sea creature changes its shell.

The embryonic stage commenced in 1954 when Mr. Bob Rice, a member of God's Pasadena Church, recognized the desperate need. Setting up shop in a garage, since converted into the Imperial School's music room, Mr. Rice did upholstery jobs for the college free of charge in his spare time.

Later, Mr. Rice was employed by the art gallery of Mr. Hulitt C. Merritt, whose former home is now Ambassador Hall. The gallery was located in the present GUN SHOP on Green Street.

Upon sale of the art gallery property, Mr. Rice moved to 124 Terrace where the growing ship was quartered in the garage. All during this time the college was but one of several customers, and when the college bought the property, Mr. Rice was again evicted.

By 1961 college needs had outgrown the need of purely piecemeal work. In September, 1961, Mr. Rice became a full-time employee, heading a new department that had been taking form for seven years.

Plane Entangled In Telephone Wire

By FRANK SCHNEE

At about seven years of age, in my birthplace Hagen, Germany, I was bitten by the "flying bug". I never recovered from the effect. All through my life, which has taken me ever west from Germany to Canada to South Dakota to CALIFORNIA, the desire to pilot an airplane grew within me.

In 1957, I had the opportunity to take flying instruction and received my Private Pilot's License late that year.

Somehow because of my love for the sky, I had always dwelled on the fun and the usefulness of flying. I had never fully come to realize the hazards and danger connected with it.

But, in May of 1958, this lesson was "driven home."

It was a windy day in Madison, So. Dakota, as I took off for Huron on a goodwill business trip. I was en route to help a feed customer of mine sell his cattle at auction. The wind at close to 20 mph helped to get me and my four place piper into the air quickly. Aloft it was quite bumpy; a

constant reminder of the northwest breeze blowing across the open plain below. Still this was a cinch compared to the strenuous two hours behind the wheel required to drive the distance. In contrast the thirty minutes by air went by quickly, listening to a little music and a weather report as I worked to keep the ship level and on course in the gusty air.

I Try To Land In Alfalfa Field

I had decided that with the help of the strong wind, I would be able to land in a somewhat narrow alfalfa field right across from the cattle auction. This was much more convenient than the regular airport almost four miles away, which always experienced a famine of taxis. But I would soon learn *it doesn't pay to try something "different"* — on the blind!

The pasture looked a little short ordinarily, but in such a wind there was room to spare. The length of the field stretched east to west, making a slightly



"Sure feels secure on terra firma!"—thinks Mr. Schnee

crosswind landing necessary. But multiple dozens of crosswind landings had given me confidence. I began to take her in.

On my down-wind leg, the pickup speed was very noticeable, as the wind blew at my back. As I turned into the wind for final approach, the 40 mph slowing effect in relation to the ground made it feel as if I were hovering. This reassured me there would be room to spare.

As I approached the ground, I noticed a smoothening of the gusty air, immediately followed by a sudden increase in my "over-the-fence" speed. Almost automatically I cross-controlled the craft into a broadside slip to slow it down. But to no avail. As the front wheels touched, I could see the fence at the *west end of the field coming toward me at an alarming rate!* Then it dawned on me what was wrong. There was a shelter-belt of trees planted along the north edge of the field, arresting the wind and

nullifying the effect I was counting on.

Decisively I jammed the throttle right to the dash. My hope was to catch the wind effect again, just this side of the fence where the shelter-belt ended. It worked! But now in the air, an even bigger danger loomed directly ahead.

Caught In Telephone Wire

Across the dirt road, stood a multiple wire telephone line, ready to snatch me from the air and plummet me to the ground. There *wasn't* room to fly underneath. A steep climb to clear would have meant a terrifying, deadly stall. With cold calculation, I summoned nerves of steel for a final desperate maneuver. To pick up speed, I leveled off, heading *straight for the wires!* At the last split second, I jerked back on the stick in a frantic effort to translate the speed into altitude.

The ship almost made it, but the tail-wheel *caught the top wire* as it dipped to point the ship up. Now a giant tug of war was on. The wire called on its miles of stretch effect, holding me like an arrow in a bow. It seemed just like an aeon passed before it ran out of stretch and snapped. I was just at the stalling speed, but there was enough distance between me and the ground to gain flying speed once more.

Safely airborne, my knees quavered in after-effect of the repeated shots of adrenalin. But I had learned the lesson of doing things the way they should be done — *not trying some new way* I thought was better!!

La Pure Verite Out This June

(Continued from Page 1)

land, North Africa, West Indies, Canada, England, the United States and other areas. The first issue will probably be printed in the United States. Succeeding editions will be printed and distributed from England.

From its *very first* issue, LA PURE VERITE will be a dynamic aid, ROCK-ETTING God's work forward among the French-speaking peoples.