

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



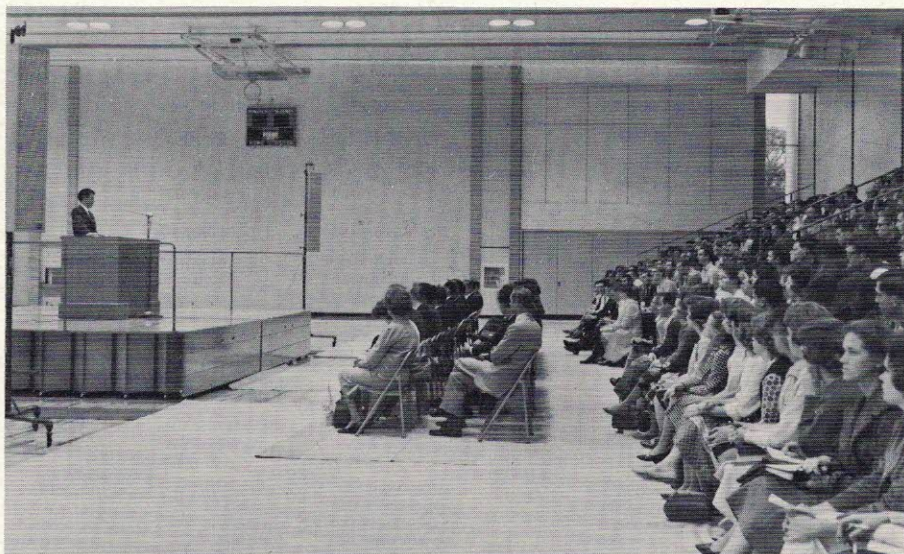
Volume 14, Number 5

November 30, 1964

Mr. McCullough Texas Deputy Chancellor

The saying is true. You NEVER KNOW just *where* God is going to send you next! Eight years ago as Mr. McCullough sat with his wife, and one child at his first Feast of Tabernacles in Big Sandy, Texas, he marvelled at the newness of it all. During an evening service he was sitting just outside the unfinished Dining Hall under the Texas stars, brand new in God's Truth.

Now just eight years, but many changes later, he is being sent down to RUN the entire grounds under the
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Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong presides at first assembly in new gym.

Historic Occasion: First Assembly In New Ambassador Gymnasium

"This is *an historic occasion!*" With those words Mr. Ted Armstrong opened *the first assembly* in Ambassador College's own *magnificent* gymnasium. *The first time* throughout college history that the entire student body had the privilege of meeting in a building that *we* had constructed! During the assembly Mr. Armstrong paged back through the years and painted a vivid picture of the past history of the College. He told of the laboriously painstaking acquisition of the properties that we now possess.

Today, we have a beautiful campus with the finest surroundings—but it was not always that way. We used to own only *one* piece of property. *One* car was the entire transportation de-

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Mr. and Mrs. McCullough.

Students Help Mail New Morality Book

In a combined effort to expedite the mailing out of Mr. Armstrong's new book "GOD SPEAKS OUT on 'The New Morality,'" a temporary night shift has been established. Students and members

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Spirited Spaniards Speak Out On Politics

The spirited, enthusiastic Spanish Club awoke from a summer long siesta to give the panacea to world problems—past and present. Guiding the escapades of this year's club is Jim Redus, *El Presidente*.

In the first two meetings, the Spanish Club pointed the way to YOUTH AND PROSPERITY.

The first meeting, in typical Spanish style, with rhythmic Spanish music, savory Spanish food, and *mucho cerveza* was hi-lited by a skit depicting man's eternal search for youth. The ancient explorer "Ponce de Leon," alias Bob Wann, miraculously changed into a young boy upon finding the fountain of youth and drinking of it.

Having found the panacea to old age, the vivacious Spanish Club plunged into the problem of prosperity in their 2nd meeting.

The theme of the entire meeting revolved around the elections, and again youth took the lead. Amidst partisan

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Editorial

What Is Real Repentance

by Paul Kroll

Reading once again through the article WHAT IS REAL REPENTANCE, by Mr. Ted Armstrong—I was struck by this paragraph. It is jam-packed with meaning for US!

"If you're like most people—you live in the way which is *most* likely to *gain* for you the acceptance and approbation you seek. You are a *part of this world*. Your life is regulated by this world and its customs, its holidays, its practices in business, in social life, in religious life, and all the many accepted standards of society which make up this 'world'."

This was written in *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine—to carnal, unconverted people! But it also applies to *us*.

When we put our foot on Ambassador College—we stepped into a society, already formulated, already set. THIS SOCIETY—in which you live—observed certain days. Its business was regulated in a certain way. Its social life was orientated toward certain goals. The religious life was predicated on certain foundational principles.

You found all these ALREADY ESTABLISHED when you cast your shadow on the Campus grass. All who were here BELIEVED and followed the customs of Ambassador. If you obeyed these laws and regulations, you were accounted as "spiritual"—you had the approbation of the Ambassador College society.

If you disobeyed these laws and regulations, you were accounted as "carnal"—you lost the approbation of the Ambassador College society.

The question you need to face squarely in the face—to ponder—to see how it applies to you is this: ARE YOU DOING ALL THESE THINGS BECAUSE IT RECEIVES THE APPROBATION OF THE PEOPLE AT AMBASSADOR. Or, DO YOU FEAR AND TREMBLE AT GOD'S WORD—KNOWING THAT JESUS CHRIST IS THE BOSS OF AMBASSADOR COLLEGE!!!

(Taken from 1963 issue of Portfolio)



"Ponce de Leon" (the beard) and friends delight Spanish Club.

Construction Drives to Complete Master Plan



Construction in its many guises is once again filling the scene on our Pasadena College campus. At first glance the above picture seems to portray a scene of devastation and waste. But in reality, this is one of the beginning stages of executing the Master Plan of construction for the Ambassador campus. *The Vernon-Del Mar men's dormitory is no more!* In the last three weeks the corner of South Vernon and West Del Mar has seen some violent action! In the course of a few hours the building was reduced to rubble. But soon in its place will be an addition to the college physical education plant. This corner is slated to become an athletic field featuring a ball diamond and softball facilities.

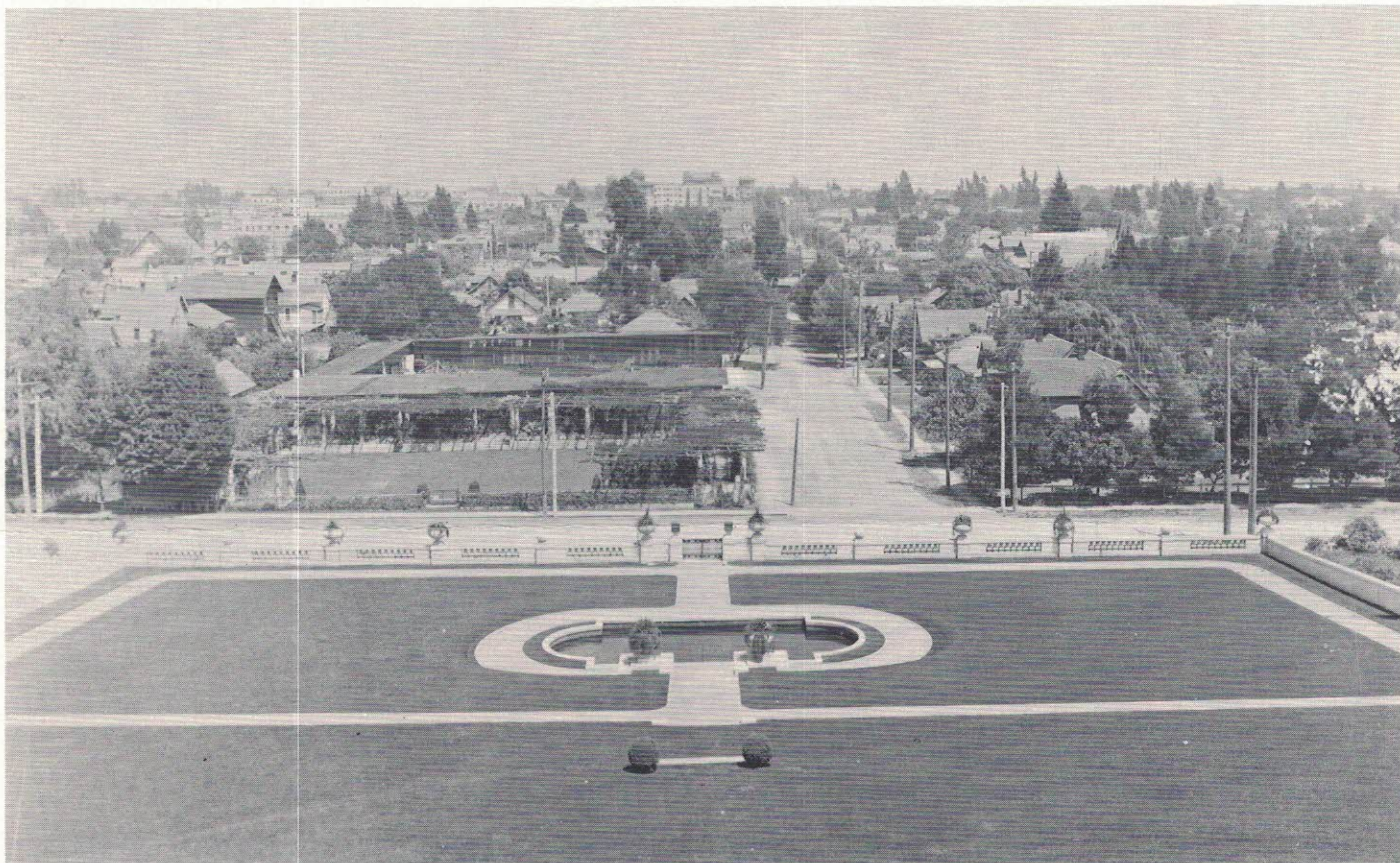
Right across the street construction is already under way for the new Imperial School buildings. Mr. Barrett, foreman in charge of general construction, feels that the new classrooms will be ready for occupancy by the grade and high school students near the first of next year.

This is all part of the Master Plan for Ambassador College, Pasadena. It is in preparation for the yet future dining facilities east of Terrace Drive. Before much longer, the buildings now standing in the general area of the Green-Vernon-Grove-Terrace block must be vacated and relocated elsewhere to make room for the massive construction project the new dining hall will represent. This relocation of Imperial Schools is the current major project now in full swing.

ABOVE: The collapse of Vernon-Del Mar men's dorm heralds the beginning of more construction! BELOW: Crystal clear view of new gym and Pasadena—with mountains in background.



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE CAMPUS IN

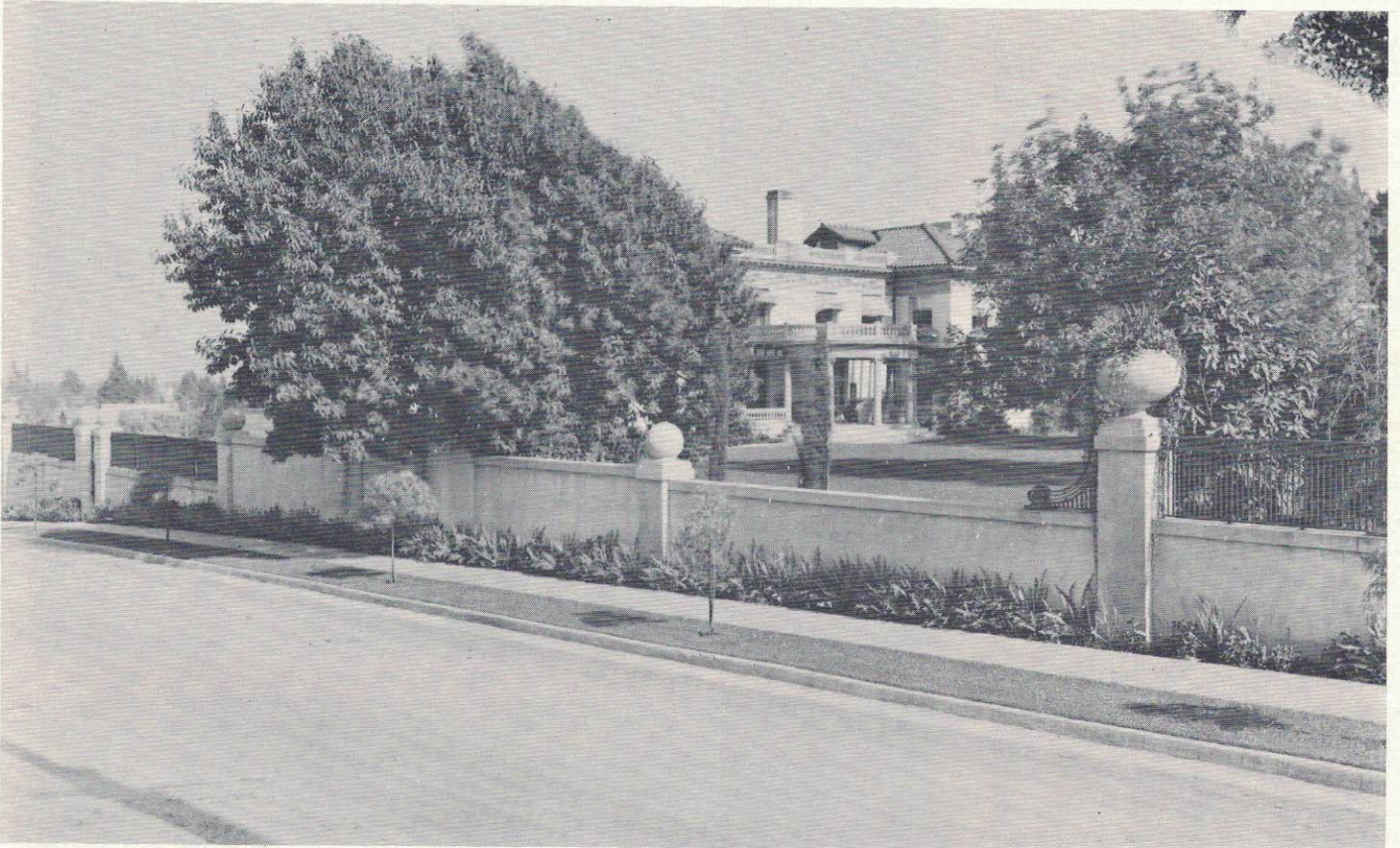


This is what Mr. Merrit saw from his penthouse out toward Pasadena. See *anything* familiar?

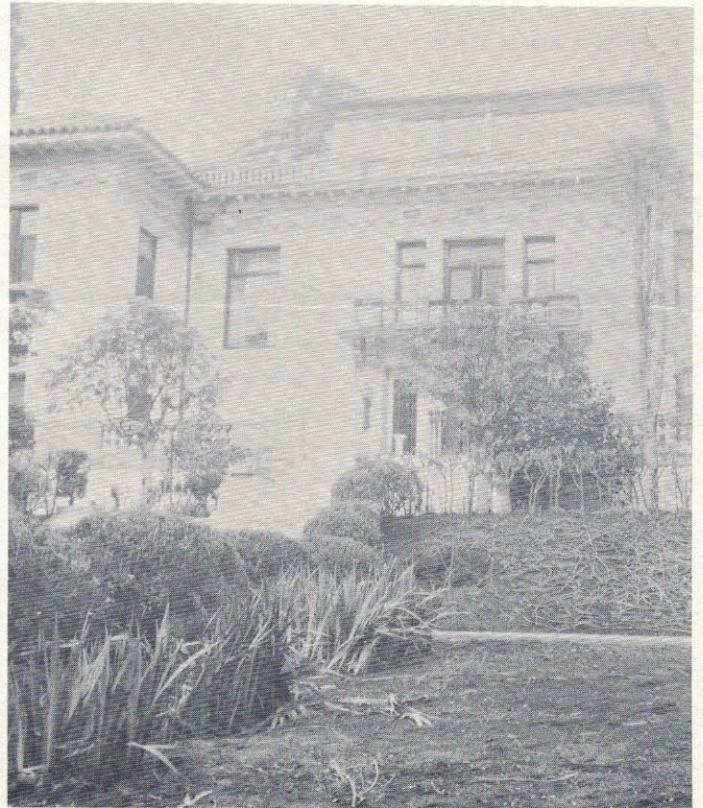


And this was the Merrit Mansion at its prime shortly after it was built. Lower left hand shows damaged print.

THE BEGINNING: AMBASSADOR HALL



Years ago, Olcott Place was a fine street. Here is a view from Olcott and South Orange Grove of what the old Ambassador Hall was like. Notice the small seedling trees along the walk!



Two enlarged snapshots of a decadent Ambassador Hall demonstrates what greeted Mr. Armstrong when we purchased the grounds.

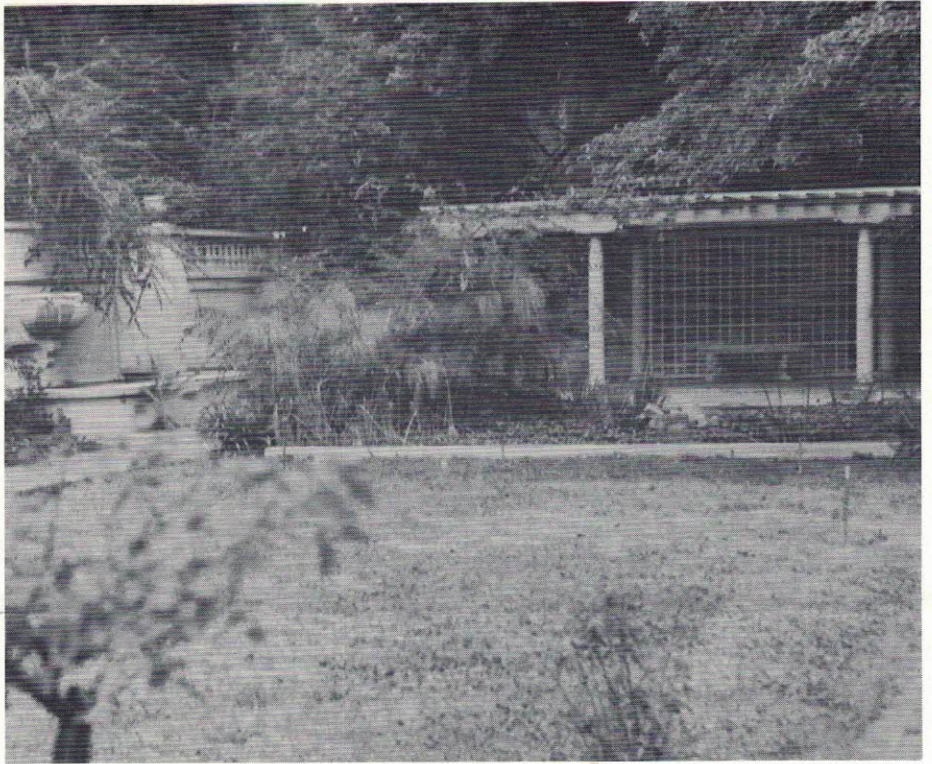
First Assembly In New Gymnasium

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partment. Paint cans and canvas were strewn throughout the study areas, and fire escapes, attics, and broom closets served as prayer closets. Since that time, as a result of diligent work, things have gradually become nicer and nicer. Now we have *one of the most beautiful college campuses on the face of the earth!*

Mr. Armstrong concluded the assembly by asking the question, "What about the time when *you* walk out of these magnificent buildings? What then? What will *you* be?" Then he glanced back through college history and reminisced about the men—the *character*—that had been developed in Ambassador College. The Dr. Hoeh's, the Mr. Meredith's, the Mr. Smith's, the Mr. Portune's, and on and on.

He finally asked, "*Are you going to become spoiled by these luxurious facilities, or are you going to treat them as Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong has said? Something to deeply appreciate, be thankful for. Something to wring every bit of joy out of that you can and then walk out of here as an individual full of character and ready to serve God wherever he chooses to use you?*"



View of the former jungle in lower garden.



Old Shot of Mayfair from Library Building. Thanks to hard work, this sort of thing no longer exists at Ambassador College.

Instant Vanity

Go and look in the mirror.

Do you like what you see?

Let's shake some of those illusions you have about yourself.

What you are looking at is largely water—about fifty quarts of it. Mixed in with this is all sorts of goop. Do you feel you are a diamond in the rough? There are 24 pounds of carbon, but unfortunately, none of it is in diamond form. Perhaps you feel you are the salt of the earth? Hardly—only two ounces of it. But at least you should be a good light. There is enough phosphorous in you to make twenty thousand match heads.

Men Mail Book

(Continued from page 1)

of the Spokesman's Clubs meet at the college warehouse where the "stuffing" takes place. Mr. Dwayne Long, head of the Mailing Department, supervises as many as fifty people at a time while the mailing of this 324-page book goes on.

Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the first edition have been printed. Already several thousand have received their copies! So far, 164,000 readers of *The PLAIN TRUTH* have requested "*The New Morality*" book.

Spanish Club

(Continued from page 2)

cheers by youth for Johnson and youth for Goldwater fans, amiable, well-armed moderator Jess Earnest presented to the club none other than the two Presidential candidates.

Goldwater, alias Charles Vorhes, supported vigorously by his youthful fans, got off to a fast start by attacking the irresponsibility of President Johnson, but President Johnson, alias Douglas Taylor, convinced the members of the club that prosperity and money for all was more important than character and responsibility.

After much heated debate an election was held. Johnson won by a landslide vote, with even Goldwater supporters

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Do you still think you are pretty good? O. K., you asked for it.

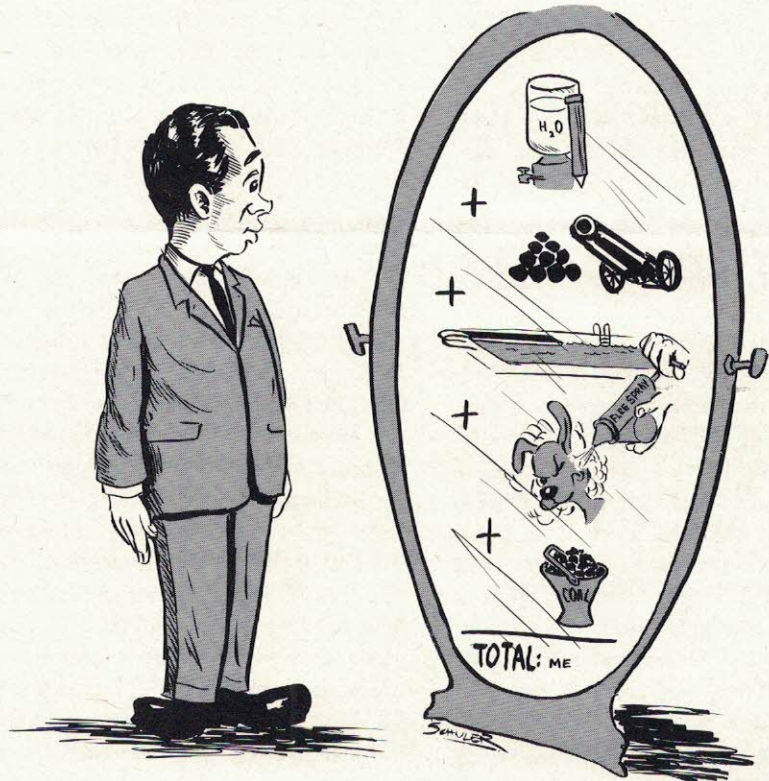
There is enough chlorine in you to disinfect the swimming pool 5 times, sufficient sulfur to de-louse a dog, and your fat would make 10 bars of soap, (at least).

Sorry, there is no gold, unless you have degenerate teeth. However, there is a little iron, some calcium, a bit of

copper, and even traces of zinc, boron and selenium, (whatever that is).

Chemically, your total value is about seventy-five cents!!!!

Now do you like what you see? Or do you feel like exploding? Well, you probably could—there is enough glycerine to launch a good-sized cannon shell.



Mr. McCullough

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supervision of Mr. Armstrong! This *tremendous responsibility* was announced shortly after Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Portune, Mr. McCullough and others arrived back from a conference in Texas with Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. McCullough and their three children will be leaving Headquarters shortly after the coming Ministerial Conference in January. A home is being built for them on the Texas grounds just as soon as their building schedule will permit.

For several years now Mr. McCullough has been a member of the Executive Staff as an assistant to Mr. Ted

Armstrong. He has taken part in many top-flight business conferences and met with many of the world's top executives in connection with our building program, the broadcast, and many other vital functions of God's Work. So he certainly meets the basic necessary qualifications for this new and important job. And needless to say he and his wife are thrilled and a little awe-struck with their new responsibilities.

Just as Mr. Meredith said as he looked at Mrs. McCullough during a recent Sabbath service, "You *never know where* God is going to use you," the saying is true. And Mr. McCullough's new responsibility as Deputy Chancellor of Ambassador College, Big Sandy, Texas, is proof enough of that!

AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

by Steven Gray

November 7 marked the beginning of another adventure for the Ambassador clubs for this year. Thursday night section B embarked on a club camp-out at the now notorious Henniger Flats.

The Flats originally were begun as a tree-farm experiment in a large reforestation program a number of years ago. But now they are equipped with outdoor cooking facilities, running water, chopped wood, and beautiful clearings for group picnics and the like. Our club chose the upper area as the site for the combination *dining room-bed chamber-and breakfast nook* for the weekend—Saturday night till Sunday morning.

Immediately *before* dinner at Mayfair, the hardy group disembarked. Actually, the first adventure began when one of the cars got lost on the way. But the foot of the mountain began to teach the first lesson. With cumbersome boxes of food, large sleeping bags, heavy iron cookware and utensils, and empty stomachs in our possession and a three-mile *uphill hike* between us and supper we realized once and for all that we are still Israelites in every way! As *Moses* Dale Schurter led the way up the hill, eighteen hardy souls began to desire strongly the flesh-pots back at good old Mayfair!

By the time we arrived and chased the boy scouts out of the way, however, it seemed that Bobby Boyce' business suggestion to make the hike was a good one after all. Our cooks, Mr. Schurter, Doug Lindly, Jim Quigly, John Gude-man and a host of others who tried their somewhat inexperienced hands at the culinary arts produced some of the finest, tastiest, most satisfying food any of us ever ate! And as the stack of hamburgers began to dwindle and the ranks of the yet hungry began to diminish, I was very glad I had ordered enough food to feed forty men. Any less and I don't know what those eighteen would have done!

The fire died, and soon all of us were sacked out on top of a bed of pine needles. Conversation didn't die

until sometime later, however. You'd be surprised how close men can become and how friendly and conversant people are when they are out in the wilds on an equal level with each other. The whole bunch of us out there under the starlit sky were able to relax, let down our hair in a proper way, and really get to know each other very well in a very short time. Even after half of us were wakened by the piercing query of a high-pitched Texan drawl asking, "Whaht tahm is it, Mr. Schurter?" in the silence of beginning slumber, we were still all able to forgive him with a real smile!

Dale Schurter and I had an even more exciting time of it when three o'clock rolled around next morning. Dale had a hunting appointment at four, and we both had to be down off the mountain and over to Mr. Helge's in order to keep it. I was to drive the car back and bring the other men home later. But about half-way down the third rock-slide in total darkness or in the pre-predawn glimmer of the three-hour-before-sunrise twilight, I didn't know if I would make it back to retrieve the men after all! Running full-tilt down hill is enough of a challenge in itself. But carrying our bedrolls and making it in near total darkness down short-cuts that weren't there until we created them is a challenge neither of us would willingly repeat. But after we literally rolled down the last twenty yards or so and landed in a heap and a cloud of dust on the trail at the base of the mountain, we could hardly keep

Editors note: One of our notable English brothers—namely Anthony Jonathan Halford—wants it stated: He does not add "charm" to the Ambassador College campus. In the last issue of The PORTFOLIO, the headline introducing the English students read, "Transfer Students Add Charm to Campus." Therefore, to avoid arousing antagonisms, and in order to "Win Americans and Influence Englishmen" the Transfer Students Add Masculinity to Campus!

from laughing. That kind of fellowship just isn't found in the wilds of the city.

And what met my eyes after I climbed back to the top isn't common either. There was Flap-jack Crandall and his team just cooking up the first stack of butter-milk pancakes. Five dozen eggs, a gallon of syrup, several pounds of butter, and enough pancakes for twice the number of men. Later we started the hike back down the hill.

It seems sort of anti-climactic to say we all had fun. But we did. And it goes without saying that the club profited IMMENSELY from the experience of roughing it together. But several mentioned later that they felt that nothing could have brought such a motly group of men closer together so quickly. Some of you girls would be appalled at Richard LaBianco that morning. And Dale Schurter, Rey Crandall, Charles Davis, Fred Brogaard, Rich Mueller and I don't have much to boast about either.

Some of the men have asked me since, "Are you ready for another hike yet?" My answer that following week was Never again! But now I'm not so sure.

Spanish Club

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voting for him at the gunpoint of the "impartial" moderator.

Climaxing the evening of "unity," "peace," and "prosperity" everyone gathered around the piano for a rousing Spanish song fest.

"How much is this sparkling diamond?"

Jeweler: "That one is \$500."

The young man looked startled, and then gave a whistle. He pointed to another one. "And this one?"

Jeweler: "That one is two whistles."

POLITICS—the *most promising* of all careers. Promises, promises, promises.

Having a high aim in life is no good—unless you pull the trigger!

On a laundromat: "Let Us Help You Lead a Clean Life."