

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Vol. 15 Number 3

November 15, 1965

## Basketball Tournament Looms Near

One-two-three-four! One-two-three-four! Mr. Petty's voice *resounded* through the gymnasium as he led 25 ENTHUSIASTIC Freshmen through the FIRST basketball practice of the 1965-66 season!

Once again the gymnasium will echo with the cheerful shouts of encouragement as Ambassador students root for their class team. PULSATING EXCITEMENT will mount as hard-driving players pursue that winning basket!

But it will be several weeks before  
(Continued on page 6)



Hawaii's contribution to Squaw Valley Review: "Aloha to you, too!"

## SQUAW VALLEY REVIEW: "THE BEST EVER!"

The 1965 Squaw Valley Review, the annual student variety show, was rated "*The Best Ever*" by faculty, students, and audience alike. The product of dozens of grueling rehearsal hours for nearly 100 students, this 90-minute "spectacular" was worth every second of extra work.

Popularly (but erroneously) called "The Fun Show," this showpiece of international entertainment was being planned long before Registration Day in August. Mr. Joe Bauer, under the supervision of Darryl Henson and Mr. Ted Armstrong, began to put the 1965 show together quite early. The first

tryouts were held September 8—five weeks before performance night, October 12.

With the growth of Ambassador College, the SVR (Squaw Valley Review) is no longer a loosely connected series of skits and songs. The show is now smoothly connected, backed by a powerful 30-piece big band, and of

(Continued on page 4)



Practice in session.





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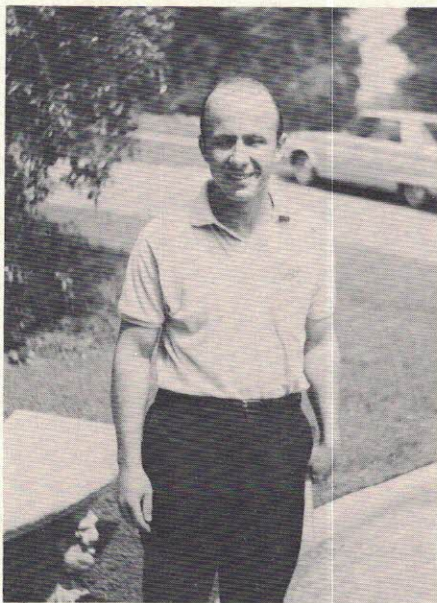
The Portfolio Presents

# Hrayr Haroutunian

If you've met Hrayr you know about his energetic personality, but do you know about his interesting background?

Hrayr was born in 1936 way off in the mysterious Near East—Abadan, Iran. At the age of 14 his parents

*(Continued on page 8)*



HRAYR—pronounce it "Harry"!

Editorial

## The Tightrope

By Steven Gray

The greatest single goal for an Ambassador student is that of gaining *BALANCE*. Balance in every phase of college life—classes, work, dates, studies, recreation, basketball, discussions, walks, sleep—*everything!* And it certainly is not the time to let so-called *winter doldrums* hold us back.

Take the example of a tightrope walker in a circus. I have never seen a tightrope walker gingerly balancing himself on a tightrope fifty feet above the ground *with a bored expression on his face*. Always the expression is one of intense concentration. He is deeply aware of every threat to his precarious balance—the slightest breath of wind, the least ripple in the wire beneath his feet. He doesn't let the cheers of the crowd overcome his study of balance. The roar of the lions or the antics of the clowns never send him plummeting from his dangerous perch. Don't think for a minute that you could persuade him to change his goal of balance—or *forget it!* His performance is one of extreme co-ordination and practiced grace and form. It's got to be perfect, for one flaw would upset the balance, and down he would come.

We certainly have a much more exciting, rewarding, thrilling and *vitally important balance* to maintain than a tightrope walker. And our goals are much more captivating than merely walking a wire. Yet we have more trouble remembering why we're in Ambassador College than any balance act. We become disinterested sooner than any high wire balance act I've ever seen with the delicate balance we ought to be developing in our lives.

The big reason why we lose sight of our goal is there is no sudden impact when we hit the bottom. We should be awfully grateful for that, but it should make us *doubly alert as well!* We are engaged in a constant battle to maintain our balance. There is the continual pull of our human nature trying to upset us just as gravity tries to pull a tightrope walker to the ground.

**DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU!**

Picture yourself on that high wire. Most of your activities are already planned out in advance for you, just as the path of the wire is already set for the balance act. But it's up to you to provide the intense study of balance—the *concentrated effort* to maintain the balance in those activities. Classes and homework are provided. Saturday nights are yours. There is a social calendar provided for you in the Student Handbook. Basketball is already scheduled to begin December 1. What you must do is include all these activities in *your schedule making sure YOU remain balanced!*

There is plenty ahead for each of us this semester. If we can divorce from our minds the idea of merely *existing* from meal to meal or from date to date, and see our lives as a daily contest between *balance* through character and the *gravity* of our human nature, there will be a great deal more excitement generated by this coming season than there would be otherwise.

Ambassadors, let's not get sucked into the descending vortex of *winter doldrums*. We are the masters of our destinies, so let's **MAKE** them *exciting!*

Live this semester with the care and planning it needs. *Plan* to keep balanced through the coming weeks. It's the only way to insure success. **KNOW** why you're here; *see your goal*, and then *drive for it with all you've got!* Never lose sight of the **TIGHTROPE** you're walking. Gain that balance and you'll have recaptured those true values we hear about—you'll accomplish the purpose for which you are here!



# What "Circulation Annex"?

by Bill Nettles

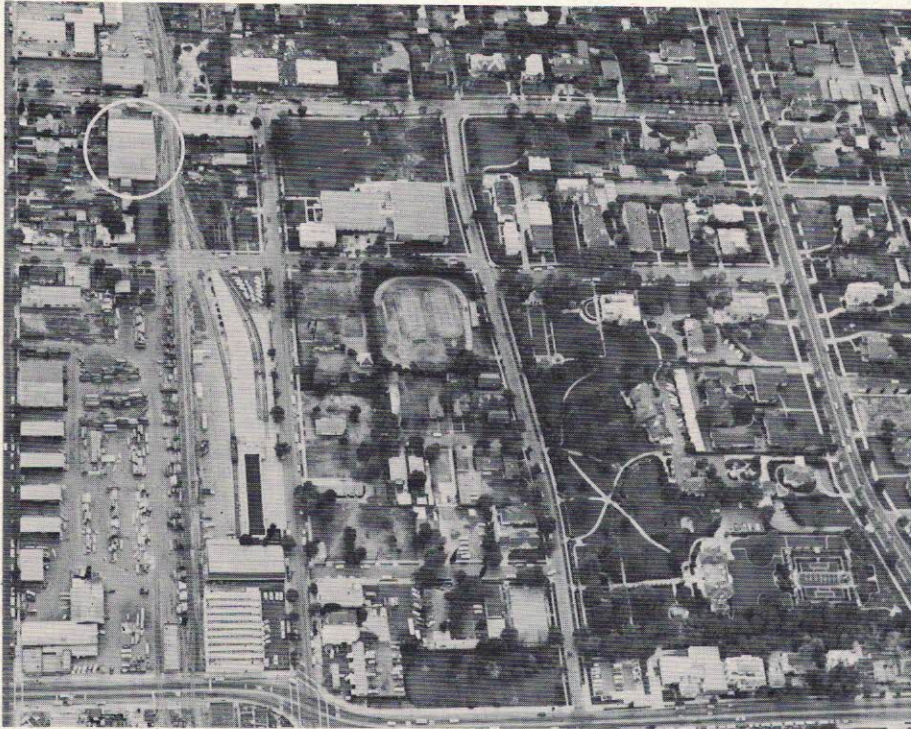
What is the Circulation Annex? Where is it? What goes on there?

This multipurpose building is located at 219 West Del Mar—east of the new Imperial Elementary Schools. It is a composite of several sections of the Circulation Department, each performing a vital function in God's Work. It houses the Mailing, Shipping and Re-

filled and given to the *campus mail service* for delivery.

What about stocking these millions of pieces of literature?

Here's how it is done. Literature Inventory keeps an accurate record of all reprints and booklets available in stock. A daily check is made and as the supply dwindles, a new supply is ordered



Aerial view of Ambassador. Circle shows location of Circulation Annex.

ceiving, Office Supplies, and Literature Inventory phases of the Circulation Department.

Do you know that Mailing sends out close to a *million pieces of literature* each month? This includes nearly six hundred thousand copies of *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine! What a far cry from the *thirty copies* labeled and mailed by hand in the early days of this Work!

There is a constant stream of literally *tons of literature* and other items en route to locations all over the world from our expanding Shipping and Receiving section.

*Office supplies* are distributed to the entire campus from Office Supplies. We receive dozens of requests daily by transmittals. These requests are quickly

from the Press. Literature Inventory furnishes Mail Receiving its supply of literature in sufficient amounts to fill all requests received in the mail.

But that's not all! Recently we leased the Union Pacific building located on Vernon. This building will be used for much-needed storage space.

The acquisition of the Union Pacific building has made it possible for us to clear one-half of the Circulation Annex building for the *re-establishment of the Imperial High School Gymnasium!* High schoolers will again be able to have *basketball practice indoors.*

As you can see, the Circulation Annex is a beehive of activity. If you have any questions concerning mailing, shipping, office supplies, or storage, give us a ring!

## Ambassador's Red Carpet Service

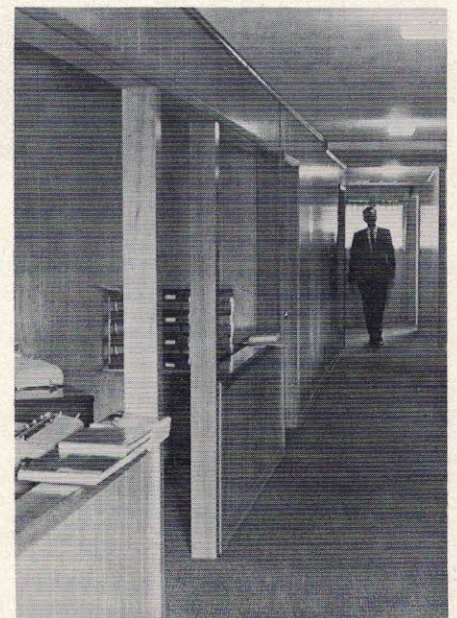
This year everyone from the college took part in the "greatest and most profitable Feast ever." And while we were away at Squaw Valley, Big Sandy and Jekyll Island the *Administration Building* back here on campus was also having a very profitable Feast. Those entering the Administration Building after the Feast discovered that a gorgeous *red carpet* had been laid throughout the entire building.

This luxurious red carpet replaces the cork tile of the first floor and the well-worn rug of the second floor. In addition to dressing up the appearance of our Administration Building, this *wall-to-wall* carpet provides *two main benefits.*

Primarily, it deadens a large portion of common office noise. This *reduction of the noise level* produces better working conditions and will make possible an increase in the effectiveness of the college staff.

Secondarily, it affords *easier floor maintenance* for the janitor department. The daily care of this carpet will require substantially less time and effort than

(Continued on page 6)



Almost like stepping onto a United Airlines red-carpet service Jet!



# Squaw Valley Review

(Continued from page 1)

highest entertainment quality. The presence of the ubiquitous janitor, Bolivar Q. Schaghaughstie, is not really a mistake, but adds a human touch to a show that *could* become too slick and "professional" otherwise.

One key to a successful show is responding to the sermons in the different acts. In the 1964 Review, Bolivar applied the plumb bob to his jug of liquor to see if it was fit to drink. This came directly from an example that day in Mr. Ted Armstrong's sermon of "Becoming Balanced." The 1965 Review used the same trick. In the morning of the performance day, Mr. Blackwell spoke of us being "no better than janitors" in a sermon on humility. Mr. Ted Armstrong mentioned the Beatles in his afternoon sermon. He wondered if they sang "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to themselves or about somebody else's hands.



You'd never believe how many people are in that booth!

way of student activities via this show's money.

Next year holds another step forward—*two* shows. Perhaps one at Headquarters, one at Squaw Valley, or *two* at Squaw Valley, to accommodate the



Under-the-bleachers practice session of the new singing (?) sensation, The Bedbugs!

That night, Bolivar used Mr. Blackwell's words to defend himself, and our "Beatles"—sure enough—held each other's hands. These were some of the biggest laughs of the night.

Big results came from this year's Squaw Valley Review. The capacity audience of Blyth Arena gave nearly \$3,500 in appreciation for the laughs and joys of the evening. This money will go a *long* way in student field trips, dances, and outings. The cast can feel their time was well spent to give their fellow students so much in the

crowds. Time will tell, but there is a big future for the Squaw Valley Review.

If you missed the show, here is some more good news. The entire 1965 Squaw Valley Review will probably be repeated sometime in January for the visiting ministers and the students as well. Be watching for this event, even if you have already seen it, for the show will be altered and improved in many ways. Certainly an enjoyable evening lies ahead for the review of the Squaw Valley Review!

## This Article Could Be For You

This article was written especially for a select group. If you were located somewhere between Manor Del Mar and Mayfair around 6:45-7:15 p.m. on Oct. 26, then you could be qualified to continue reading.

To make a short story long . . .

Five suspicious characters of uncertain origin boldly made their way into the rear entrance of downstairs Mayfair. Closer examination disclosed a fisherman, a stoop-shouldered farmer, a brute from the northwoods lugging a log, a shepherd with a staff, and an Indian seemingly fighting "OENOMANIA"!!

You looked, saw and reacted. Some of you were curious—*intellectual curiosity*? Others looked and pretended not to see—possibly hoping they would go away. (That's the way a lot of people read the Torah!) And a few silently gave a look that blurted: "Boy, some people will do anything for attention."

Regardless, here's how it started. A quick-thinking toastmaster from one of the hard-hitting Ambassador Clubs came up with an ingenious idea to introduce five fiery speakers. He quickly drafted five innocent volunteers and dressed them to match the locale of his speakers.

The toastmaster was presented for the evening. In quick succession, he told of the anticipated speakers and their various backgrounds. Then to the utter astonishment of an uninformed club, in burst five surly characters. The attire of each of the odd-looking characters perfectly emphasized some factor in the life of each speaker. The shepherd—for the speaker who had seen Petra; the Indian—for the one from New Mexico, and so on.

After the first initial shock, everyone heartily gave his approval. The spiced speech session was a success.

That is the who, what, when, where, why and how one Ambassador sparked his Ambassador Club!



# "We Make Sweet Music Together!"

by a first-semester Junior

I don't understand all the excitement about asking a date for the dance. I've had my date lined up for over a year now. In fact, I've taken her to EVERY dance in the past twelve months, including sock hops. That amounts to six or seven dances now. I'm only a first-semester junior, but nobody has objected to this practice. In fact, the faculty members seem quite pleased to see us together.

I never ask my date officially; we just come separately and then find each other. From that point on, I dance every dance with her. I haven't danced but one or two dances with any others in all this time. In between numbers, she always sits obediently on my lap as we rest for a few seconds. In some numbers, she just remains on my lap for the whole song. I like those dances!!

I've known this person for four or five years, but she didn't come to college until my sophomore year. From the moment she arrived, I knew I could dance with no other. We used to spend three or four hours a night, three times a week together, even before dances began.

One thing I like about my date is that she sings to every song while we dance—and she knows a lot of harmony too. Once in a while she sings solos so that everybody can hear, but she always gets nervous when that happens.

All in all, I love my dance date. I wouldn't trade her in for another at all. By the time a dance night is over, she has made my lips like roasted marshmallows, but the next morning I feel better. She is very attractive, the saxiest person I know. Her name: the B-flat Tenor Saxophone—and I'm Gary Alexander. Be looking for you and your date at the Sophomore Ball, November 24, 1965!



## Originality Reigns At First Sock Hop

On Saturday evening October 2, 1965 the Ambassador gym was once again filled with laughter and merriment. The source of this gaiety was the *first Ambassador sock hop* for the new school year.

Up on the stage the new *Ambassador Big Band* for '65, wearing the new modified red and white candy striped uniforms, was having its dress rehearsal for the Family Night dance at Squaw Valley. Down on the finest gymnasium floor in California, 400 Ambassadors in stocking feet were putting the live music to good use.

One of the big events of the evening was a gigantic "John Paul Jones" conducted by Mr. Portune. The two large circles which reached all the way around the spacious floor were sparked to action by a fast tune from the band. The sheer magnitude of the circles coupled with the stocking feet provided one of the most energetic dances ever.

The evening was topped off by the awarding of prizes for the *best costumes* and the *most outstanding costumes*. Bruce Brown and Glenell Haynes received the top prizes for the best costumes and Hrayr Haroutunian and Aline Jones received the *booby prizes* for their most unusually outstanding costumes.

Twelve midnight brought an end to the first official activity of the college year.

Funny-footed fellows, aren't they? But these stocking feet provided one of the most energetic dances ever!

## Band Uniforms

Ambassador College is proud of its new band. And now we can be even more *thankful* for our band.

Right before the Feast the band received *new formal uniforms*. For the men the uniforms include the following: tux pants with the silk stripe and a pale blue dinner jacket comprise the basic outfit. Accessories include the pleated shirt, silk bow tie, studs and cuff links, cummerbund, and suspenders. No man could ask for finer formal attire than this!

The women of the band had to do some additional work before they received their uniforms. They made their own *cocktail dresses*. The dresses have a pale blue bodice to match the men's jackets. Likewise the skirts are made of black peau-de-soie to match the tux pants. Several church women and advanced homemaking students headed by Betty Rupp helped the bandwomen construct these elegant dresses. A HEARTY THANKS to all those who helped.

These very fine uniforms added a great deal to the band's part in the Squaw Valley Revue and the Family Night. Be sure to attend the Sophomore Ball and see the *new look* of the Ambassador Big Band.



# Basketball Tournament

(Continued from page 1)

the different teams take the floor in their colorful uniforms. During this time sweat will roll off the brow as conditioning drills take the players from one end of the court to the other. Many hours of reviewing the basic fundamentals are needed before the rustiness of summer is eliminated.

This year promises to be the BEST YEAR YET!! The round-robin schedule will provide better *balanced* teams with more *punch*! Of course, this means more down-to-the-wire, bone-chilling victories—and defeats!

In order to formulate the proper perspective of the coming season, we need to "size up" the teams. The Freshmen had 14 survivors after the first scrimmage, but Mr. Petty is encouraged by their quickness and agility with the ball. He said the Freshman team has tremendous potential and would give anyone a thrilling game.

Mr. Alexander's Sophomore team has been re-enforced by three men from the Freshman class—since many of their former players are now on the Junior roster. Ed Metz, Dave Carley and Eric Williams will help the Sophomores form a formidable team for all challengers.

The Juniors present the *challenge*! Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong's team has a crew of battle-conditioned veterans and they are ready to subdue all foes. The Sophomore team of last year will receive a great amount of support from second year Juniors—but like *all* teams susceptible to defeat.

Why do the Seniors always seem to be the ones trying to piece a team together? Do their players get sent to our sister institutions? YES, but don't sell Mr. Michel's team short! Led by Darryl Henson and Nelson Haas—the Seniors will *convince* all concerned that they know how to play basketball!

But DON'T FORGET the Faculty!! REMEMBER LAST YEAR?!

## The Deadly Oak Root Fungus

Another portion of the beauty of the Ambassador Campus is being attacked by a *death-dealing fungus*. This is the *Oak Root Fungus* which is killing, of all things, our *Deodar trees*!

Several beautiful Deodars, worth hundreds of dollars each, have already perished.

As with the fungi described last is-



A pit has been dug around these roots at Ambassador Hall to fight this "fungus-amungus."

### "With or Without?"

"May I help you, sir?" asked the waiter.

"I'd like oysters . . . But, Oh, yes—not the most expensive ones . . . Oh, another thing, don't cook them in milk—use cream, fresh cream. And also put a lot of butter on them. And about the oysters, bring on a lot of them, the best that you have. Cook them on low heat, and just before you serve them, add a little of your best wine to them. O. K.?"

"Just fine, sir, and would you like your oysters with or without?"

"With or without what?"

"Pearls, sir."

sue, this fungus is also caused by an excess of water. In this case the trees are *buried too deeply* in the ground. This enables the roots to become too damp which in turn makes it possible for the fungus to grow.

The *Oak Root Fungus* thrives in the dark dampness underneath the bark of the larger tree roots and kills the tree.

The only way to combat this unusual malady is to remove the soil from around the larger roots. Exposing these shallow roots to the air allows the excess moisture to evaporate. This is why many trees on the campus *appear to be growing out of pits*.

Further precaution is taken by protecting the tree trunk and roots from the dousing spray of the sprinkler system.

The fungus on our trees was so bad that a *tree surgeon* was called in to treat the trees. It is this treatment that makes the exposed roots look black. Prompt action and constant attention have brought most of the stricken trees back to a fresh green healthiness.

A strict schedule of watering and feeding by the gardening department plus special drainage systems to be built for the recuperating trees will insure fine health for our rare trees.

The Ambassador Student Body gives a hearty "THANK YOU" to the gardening crew for helping preserve the fine beauty of the most beautiful campus in the world.

## Red Carpet

(Continued from page 3)

was required for the old tile floor. The initial expenditure for this carpet will bring about a savings in the future maintenance costs.

If you haven't seen this beautiful new carpet yet, you need to stop by the Administration Building and try out the Ambassador "red carpet service." Drop in and say hello to Mrs. Stiles. She'll be glad to help you.



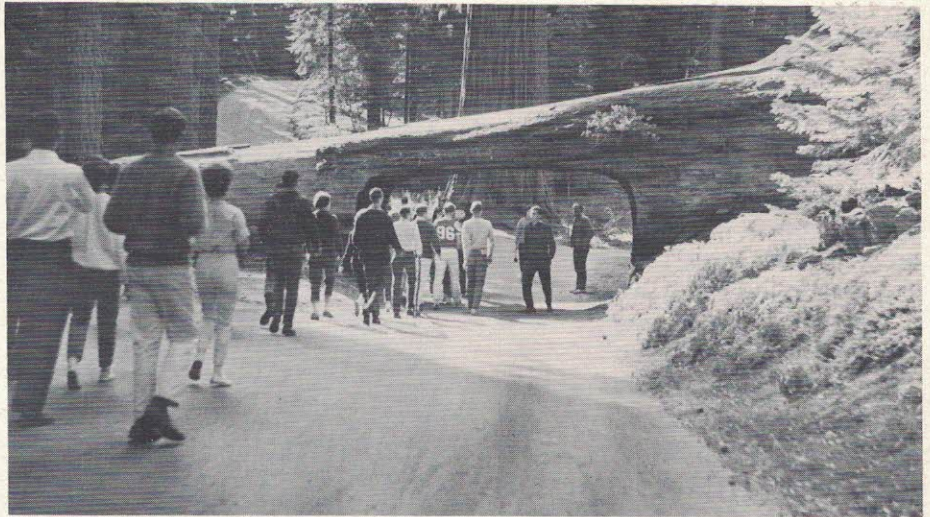
# The Sequoia National Park Story

At the wee hour of 4 a.m., right after getting back in shape on the Day of Atonement, about half the students of Ambassador College filed sleepily onto buses bound for the Feast of Tabernacles in Squaw Valley—via the magnificent natural grandeur of SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK! The other half were to leave the same evening, but not take in Sequoia until after the Feast.

The students were in for some trying adventures!

The first evening there, John Halford and the other ambitious leaders of the hiking crew decided to try for the General Sherman tree before dinner. The first disruption occurred when sweet Pat Patterson attracted too many honeybees and was attacked by a small swarm of the stinging beasts! Others suffered less painful cases of bee-stings. Next, the group all of a sudden realized there was no more trail in the direction they were going, and so they split into two groups to try to find the right direction. Fortunately, they met each other at the top of the hill, but no one is sure *yet* just what route to take! It was time to get back for dinner anyway.

Next day there was a ten-mile hike planned, but someone figured that might be a little ambitious in light of past events. Having discerned the right route the night before by kerosene lantern, the



Fallen Sequoia trees make scenic tunnels.

chief hikers once again set out for the General Sherman tree, with a hundred or so healthy and expectant Ambassadors following behind. Stan Erickson drove up in a pickup with lunches and soda pop to revive the weary hikers at intervals. Pat Patterson was left home to nurse his stings, with the hope that his absence would disinterest any more of the little dive-bombers.

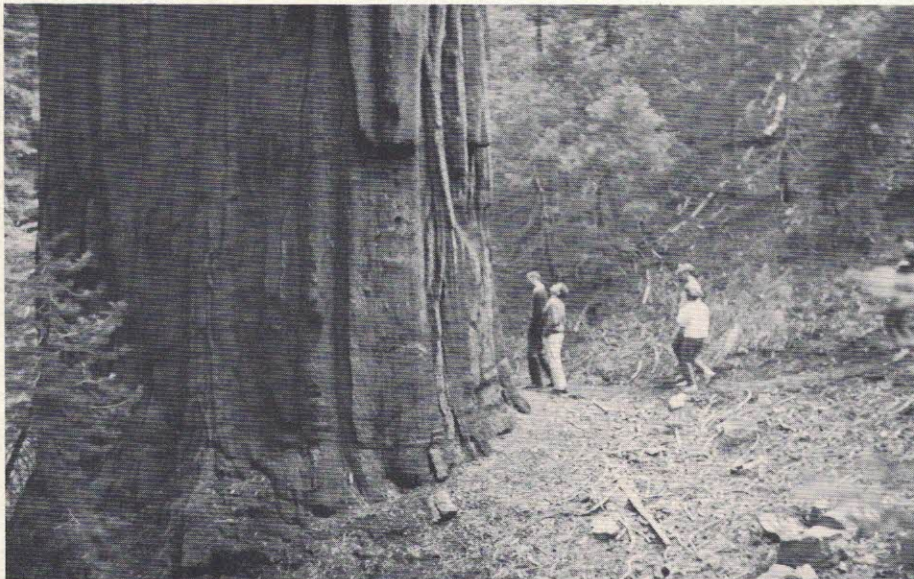
Friday evening Mr. Dean Blackwell arrived, and conducted a Bible Study that evening and services the next day. The climax of the trip was Saturday evening with a dance for all the students at a small hall in the Park. At 5 a.m. the following day everyone was out



Sing-Along in the great outdoors!

hauling luggage, drinking coffee, and waiting for the buses to arrive. The last group left about 7, all eagerly anticipating eight days in Squaw Valley.

The Park Officials? They were *astounded* by the students' conduct! One of them mentioned before the students arrived that he "knew" the place would be a shambles after three days, but then apologized and praised the "exemplary conduct" of the students just before they left. None of us thought we were behaving any better than usual, but that just goes to show how different you are when you live God's way! (*By the way we did finally get to see the Sherman tree. It was about two miles down the paved highway!*)



Sequoia trees are the oldest and greatest living things on earth. They have spanned the time from Noah until now!

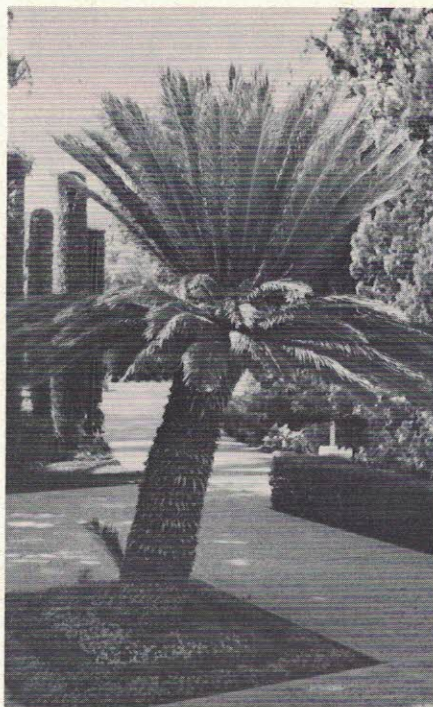


# There's A Revoluta On Campus

Through cataclysmic upheavals, floods and catastrophes, the *Cycas Revoluta* comes to the Ambassador campus! Before Adam walked the earth giant reptiles fed on its leaves and extinct insects sunned themselves on its branches.

Yes! One of the oldest species of plant known to be on the earth today is the *Cycas Revoluta*, better known as the Sago Palm. You'll find two of these rare, valuable and very interesting plants growing in front of Ambassador Hall in two built-in planters in the walk.

Sixteen species of the *Cycas* family can be found extending from southern Japan and Asia through the East Indies to Australia. Those growing on our campus were transplanted there by Mr. Koo and Mr. Gardner in 1957 and will take several *centuries* to grow to their maximum height of ten feet. (The plant grows at an extremely slow rate of one to two inches per ten years when in a wild state. Because of the ideal growing conditions here on campus, however, ours are growing at several times that rate.) The seed cones of



What could be more *Revoluta*?

our specimens are particularly interesting since they look like, in the words of one of our Botany students, "the pollen-covered hairy legs of a tarantula."

Their stiff glossy evergreen leaves are well known in decoration circles because they are very adaptable, long-lasting and represent the permanence of the plant which seems to have survived two universal inundations.

If you would like to decorate your home with the *Cycas Revoluta*, see your nearest Cycad agent in the yellow pages!

## OOPS!!

One of the purposes of the Portfolio is to give the students of journalism an opportunity to "learn by practical application." That means we're supposed to learn by our mistakes. Well, we certainly give ourselves ample opportunity to learn!

On page 15 of the recent special "Freshman Interviews" edition of the Portfolio is a brief biography of Donavon Bordelon. Beside it is a photo appropriately labeled "Don." This is all fine and good, except for one minor thing: it is not a picture of Don. It is a picture of Jim Steele. A thousand pardons. You've got to admit, though, they *do* look an awful lot alike (on a dark night maybe?)

## Haroutunian

(Continued from page 2)

moved to England so that they could provide their son with a proper education. Later, Hrayr's goal in life was to become an engineer, so he studied for five years until he graduated with a degree in engineering.

"Now to apply this knowledge in America—the land of the rich," he thought. But Hrayr never did come to America for that reason. Instead, God called him through a Reader's Digest ad in 1962 to Ambassador College, Brick-et Wood for a *much greater* purpose.

Actually, Hrayr came to college because the prophecies scared him to death! But he had more complications than the ordinary Freshman in college

## The Cat-Beast Strikes Again!

What were those strange "doings" on the South side of the former Camden Street? Were you surprised to see that gigantic cloud of yellowish dust hovering about the area? Perhaps you were worried about the thunderous roar that emanated from the center of that dust cloud.

For those whose intestinal fortitude would not allow an inspection of the scene, *The PORTFOLIO* presents an eyewitness account. The entire uproar was caused by a *modern-day monster* spawned by our twentieth century technology.

This monster was very powerful and terrible to look upon. It was of *great dimensions* and had an eye on each side. On top was the face of a man. In the front was an exceeding *large lower jaw* that went up and down. The teeth thereof were teeth strong as iron. This roaring beast moved upon two rows of claws joined to each other which went round and round. It had a tough yellow skin and on each side was written the *nickname* "CAT" for all to see.

Our inhuman monster ate houses without stopping. And while it ate it thundered and belched out black smoke from long thin nostrils on its head. At this time it also exuded the yellowish dust cloud. As it took voluminous bites out of the *Used Clothing building* it rapidly demolished the same.

After making short work of its dinner, it went over to 114 S. Vernon and rapidly devoured that last little *grade school building* for dessert!

Fear not! This is all part of the Master Plan preliminaries for the forthcoming Auditorium!

because he couldn't speak proper English. (He learned it at Ambassador.) Events have certainly changed Hrayr's life, and we can positively say for the better.

Hrayr's opinion of Ambassador College, Pasadena is summed up in one sentence. "This college is open, friendly and sincere!" *Welcome* to Pasadena, Hrayr, for another rewarding year and your graduation.