

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

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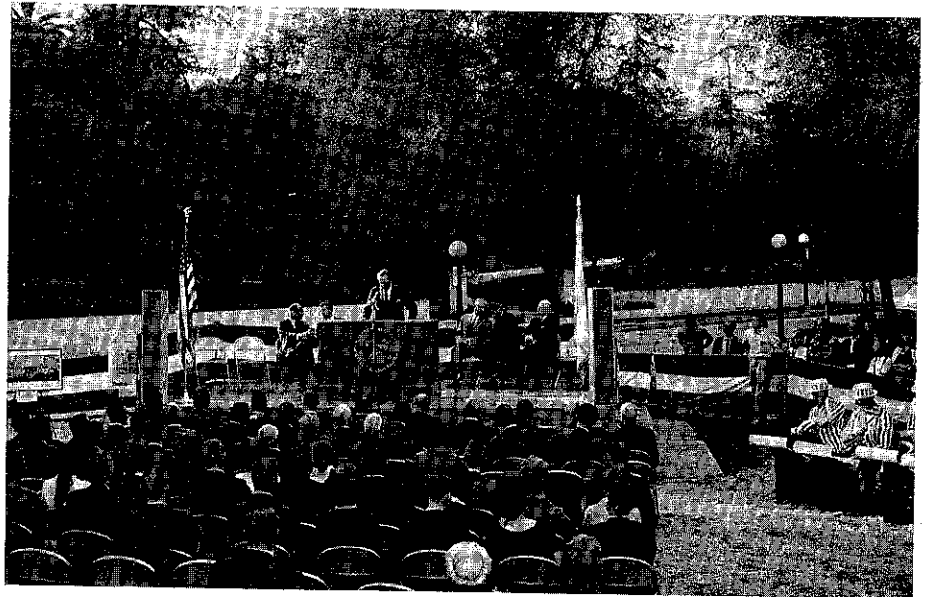
March 2, 1965

Movie Release Confirmed For Early March

It is a pleasure to announce another important first for Ambassador College. We are privileged to receive confirmation that we will be able to begin our 1965 season of fine motion pictures with *Seven Days in May*, a film that comes to us direct from the Wilshire theatre in Hollywood, where it has been playing for Academy Award consideration. We will be the first private party to obtain this film. It is not released to anyone other than professional houses until March 5, and we have been able to book it for our first Saturday Night at the Movies, March 6.

This film is an important one for all to see. It stars a superb cast, Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Ava Gardner and many other top names. It concerns a military plot to take over the United States. It shows that it could happen here. Next month, next year, or even tomorrow! It is an incredible story, yet it could be happening now. There is a real warning and much food for thought in this excellent film. We urge you to be sure to see it.

Many other surprises are in store for you this season. The investment in new and better equipment will upgrade the enjoyment and pleasure of all who enjoy the best movies.



Mr. Arthur Mann of DMJM addresses assemblage.

Ground-breaking Ceremony Inaugurates New Construction

Ground has been broken to begin construction on the second major increment to Ambassador College, Pasadena, California. Before a distinguished audience of City and County officials, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong, President and founder of Ambassador College, turned over the first shovelful of dirt to open the formal ground-breaking ceremonies for the much-needed and long-awaited Dining Hall.

The assemblage witnessing this historical event included such notables as The Honorable Mayor Gwinn of Pasadena, and Los Angeles County Supervisor Warren M. Dorn. Members of the Pasadena Beautiful Association were also present, as well as a number of other officials from our architectural

firm and other public offices.

The first speaker in the program was Mr. Arthur Mann, of DMJM (Daniel-Mann-Johnson-Mendenhall), the architectural firm responsible for the overall Master Plan for Ambassador College. Second was Mr. Moran, of the Moran Construction Company with whom we have contracted to have the edifice built. Mayor Gwinn com-

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Juniors Promise Pace-setting Extravaganza!

This has been a year chock-full-of-firsts. Now, the junior dance is upon us, and although we cannot reveal the details of this extravaganza, we can say it certainly is in keeping with all the wonderful surprises and original ideas of the preceding two gala occasions.

The preparation has been quietly going on behind the scenes for some months now, and I think you'll agree it is obvious that much work and effort have gone into making this event a real Ambassador Adventure.

We have been privileged to enjoy more new and precedent-setting activities this year than ever before. Be aware of each new feature of every function because you may (and probably will) one day have to plan and carry out these things too.

Don't forget to be sure you have your date, and be prepared for a festive evening of original and exciting events. Circle that date, March 18—The Juniors are our hosts, see you there!!

Editorial

Forgive?

by Steve Gray

Could you be God?

Have you ever thought very much about God's one most wonderful attribute—the ability to forgive? And not only forgiving, but *forgetting as well!* Can you forgive?

It isn't easy to forgive someone when you think he has wronged you. And it's *easy* to bear a grudge against that person. But what does it take to *forgive* and to *be forgiven*?

Well, for both parties it takes real character. It takes an apology for another thing. It takes sincere love and concern. It takes repentance. It takes a desire to repay a wrong. And it takes a Godly humility as well. And, it takes the willingness to forget!

But just how do you put these things together? You need to ask yourself that question, and answer it! **AS LONG AS YOU'RE HUMAN, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FORGIVE PEOPLE WHO WRONG YOU, AND BE FORGIVEN BY THE PEOPLE YOU WRONG YOURSELF.** If we're going to live together on this campus in unity, then we've got to be able to forgive and forget. How else are we ever going to build any character at all? And if we don't know how to forgive, how could we ever become God? **GOD IS FORGIVENESS!**

How often in our dealings with one another do we hear someone say, "I'm sorry," and then answer, "Well, that's alright." **BUT NEVER FORGET IT!** And how often do you say you're sorry, but never quite come to the point of being sorry enough to change and be able to forget your weak character and build new, strong character?

WHY DO WE THINK WE NEED TO HOLD SINS OVER EACH OTHER'S HEADS LIKE A CLUB WHEN REALLY WE OUGHT TO WIPE OUR MINDS CLEAN FROM THEM AND START AFRESH WITH A TOTALLY NEW OUTLOOK?

What about forgiving *yourself*?

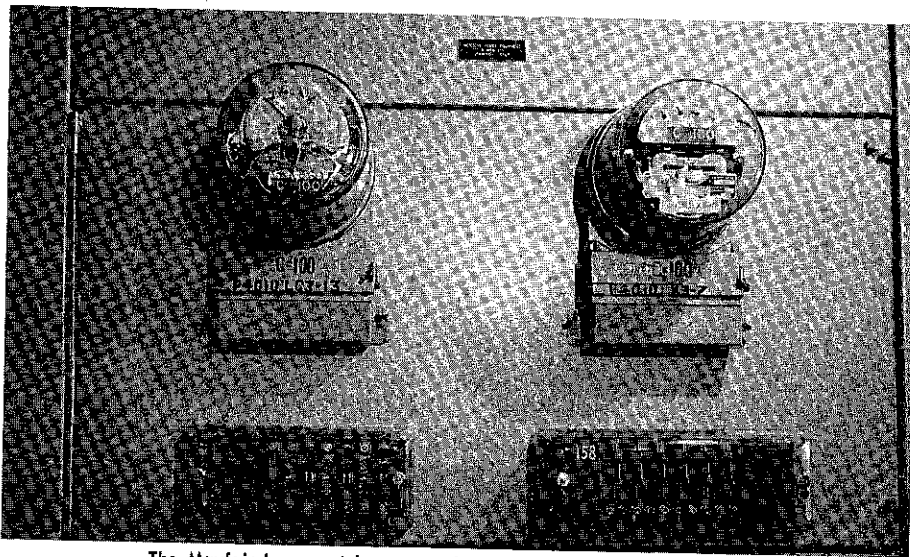
When I wrote my "Job and I" paper for Old Testament Survey, I began to see a vanity in me that keeps me from being forgiven when I repent of something: I refuse to believe that God *really* will forgive me. How often do you repent or apologize for something, and then let it haunt you for months because you can't forget it? You refuse to *forget* yourself after God *forgives* you and erases the sin from your record! Many feel obligated to have better memories than God!

Students—fellow Ambassadors—let's learn to go boldly up to the person we harm, and be Godly enough to apologize. God demands repentance from us to keep us close to Him. And certainly the principle works between humans as well.

And when a brother comes to you, *don't you try to be his judge.* **YOU FORGIVE HIM!** And then *both* of you **FORGET IT!**

Let's learn to wipe *each other's* slates clean. Learn that everyone can become a new person. We've seen just about enough grudge-bearing among us. And we've persecuted ourselves in penance long enough. Don't bear grudges against others, and don't bear them against yourself, either.

In view of the recent corrections we have received as a Student Body, let's press on into the race ahead of us. The end of the year is nearly here. Ambassadors, let's erase the past with forgiveness, and drive on to the future with the fresh start we all need. And let's build that character we need to become leaders in this Work today, and **GODS** in the World Tomorrow!



The Mayfair basement houses equipment to handle 1,664,000 watts!

The Power of Electricity

What races through a spiderweb, powers your radio, dries your hair (girls!), and shows you where you are going in the dark?

Electricity! Only the amazing, little-understood force we use every time we flick on a switch can do all of this. And Ambassador College is saturated with it. Throughout *every* classroom, building, every home, underneath the grass, high in the air on poles, runs a fantastically intertwined complex of wires. Yet, it is highly organized.

Campus headquarters for these thousands of wires is located right underneath the place you eat. A fantastic surge of 1,664,000 watts of power with a pressure of 4,160 volts enters into Mayfair directly from the streetlines of Pasadena if we need it. From here the current is channeled into the whole campus. All the campus except the Print Shop receives its light and heat from this one central source.

Here is how it works:

Into Ambassador Hall flows up to 212,000 watts. The library houses (basement, Audio-Visual room) five big transformers and a whole wall of switches. The whole complex transforms its share into 200,000 watts. A small amount goes from here to the Ad. Building and Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong's new home.

From the library, lines carry the

"juice" to the blockhouse behind the old Assembly Hall. From here, 300,000 watts are split four ways. One line goes to the 360, 380, 390 Grove apartments. Manor Del Mar and the German, French and Correspondence Course complex is hooked up here also. Even "Faculty Row" gets *all* of its power from the blockhouse.

The last line goes to the gymnasium. A line continues directly from there to the new Imperial Schools. It was quite a job getting the wires over to Imperial. A hole 15 feet deep had to be dug on the corner of Del Mar and Vernon Avenue. City regulations require all underground wires to be at least 10 feet underneath all existing city sewers and electrical conduits.

In total, our Ambassador College campus has about 627,000 watts swelling and rippling through all its buildings.

It's yours at the flick of a switch.

Terry Quinn Learns The PLAIN TRUTH About the Ant!

Even the ants at Ambassador College are blessed. Hundreds of these pestiferous little vermin invade the Frontier Room and gormandize on food any insect would give his right antennae for. But because their daily bread is more accessible than a sandwich in an automat, our ants could become *lazy* and

Hats Off To A Valiant Co-ed

Did you notice an Ambassador co-ed with very sore feet recently? Sore and embarrassingly exposed through her tattered tennis shoes? Probably not—she and her shattered sneakers "snuck" back to campus well after dark.

Her day started out quite innocently. A nice quiet Sunday. By 1:00 p.m. she was on an Ambassador bus headed for a three-hour hike up Henniger Flats. Leading the excursion through winding streams, over sharp rocks, and up verticle cliffs was the President of Tuesday B Ambassador Club, Roger West.

Little did Roger know that back in the long line of 40 students was one lone co-ed who was struggling to keep up. Her tennis shoes were slowly succumbing to the rugged terrain. Piece by piece they came apart. First the toes began to split, revealing beautiful black socks. The socks soon lost their beauty. Dirt and pebbles were swept into the openings like water and fish into a whale's mouth. The socks tore! Her bare feet became exposed to the elements. Then the heels ripped! Her shoes were literally falling apart from every direction.

With feet bruised, battered, and half-frozen; socks demolished; shoes shredded; she finally made it back. And—she was still *smiling!*

Who is this brave young lassie? None other than a fervent freshman—Florence Morse.

diffident. Then who could the slug-gard go to for an example?

The celebrated Frontier Room staff was pondering this bit of philosophic nonsense concerning the excess of spare time among our insect population, when bookstore manager Terry Quinn made the astonishing, although accidental, discovery as to how Frontier Room ants while away the minutes between candy bars.

Back in the old Merritt vault in Ambassador Hall, he uncovered a long file of the soldier-turned-bum insects. Now

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Ground-breaking Opens Construction

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mended Ambassador College for the beauty and culture we are adding to the Pasadena Community. Mr. Dorn then spoke, and finally Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong spoke.

Mr. Armstrong showed how he had envisioned Ambassador College back in 1947, and how that vision has grown until now we are actually sharing in the beauty and culture of a dream coming true. Throughout the years of certain hardship, but steady growth, God's College has continued to be in every way a credit to the community, and much more, a credit to the *character-building institution itself!* For throughout its history, Ambassador College has taken extreme care in the preservation and improvements of its properties and facilities.

The one and one-third million-dollar structure is scheduled for completion in nine months, and will cover an overall area of 30,000 square feet. It will



Mr. Ted Armstrong aids in ceremony.

easily serve 550 diners—the ultimate size of enrollment for the Pasadena student body.

Truly in every way, February 17, 1965, is a *red-letter day* in this era of God's Church and His College.

Go to the Ant, Thou Sluggard!

(Continued from page 3)

it's old hat to Terry to find ants attacking victuals in the Frontier Room. But what were ants doing back in the storeroom among all the musty books? He was almost ready to send out an alert to the extermination crew of the



Whose aunt are you, Ant?

janitor department, but for some reason decided to peruse the single-file column a bit more closely.

Thousands were pouring from the cracks in the floor, streaming across the walls and swooping down on a table full of booklets waiting to be bound. "Help!" he shouted, "We're being invaded!"

After mustering a reserve of courage, the quick-minded manager scrutinized the table. It was unbelievable. **ASTOUNDING!**

In an innumerable multitude, the objects of Solomon's praise circled endlessly on the booklet, *Why Were You Born?* En masse they swarmed over to an article on clean and unclean meats. After devouring that one they engulfed several more.

"You can't exterminate ants with an attitude like that!" exclaimed Terry.

Inexplicably, the next day, they were gone. What had happened? No one knows for sure. But this time, Carma McCulley had the probable answer.

"They probably swarmed all over article #520—you know, the one about *assembling without a minister.*"

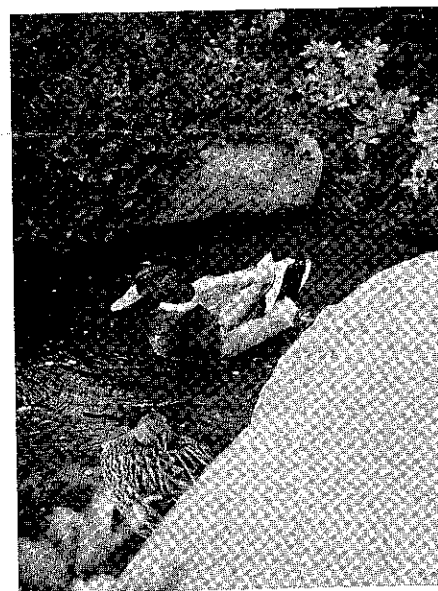
Mother Mallard Falls Victim to Prowler

Sometime last week an enraged female was rudely and forcibly torn from her abode! She then became a victim of a severe assault which left her on the very brink of death.

This female (mallard duck) was on the verge of death when the Ambassador College gardeners discovered her. Her beak had been mangled off and she had been chewed all over by some roving varmint. Was it a fox? Who knows?

This mallard duck had made her nest along the stream. Few Ambassador College students were aware that several feet from the sidewalk lay fifteen olive-colored eggs in a soft, down-covered nest. Incidentally, even the ducks on this campus use all of their talents. This mallard produced two more eggs than the *MAXIMUM* indicated by the *WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA!!!*

The gardeners were hopefully awaiting the arrival of fifteen waddling ducklings. But those dreams were abruptly shattered. The duck—too weak to live—had to be killed. The eggs—too far gone—were discarded. So ends the epic of the duck. Taxidermists—get that varment!!!



Papa Mallard has been left with only one wifel