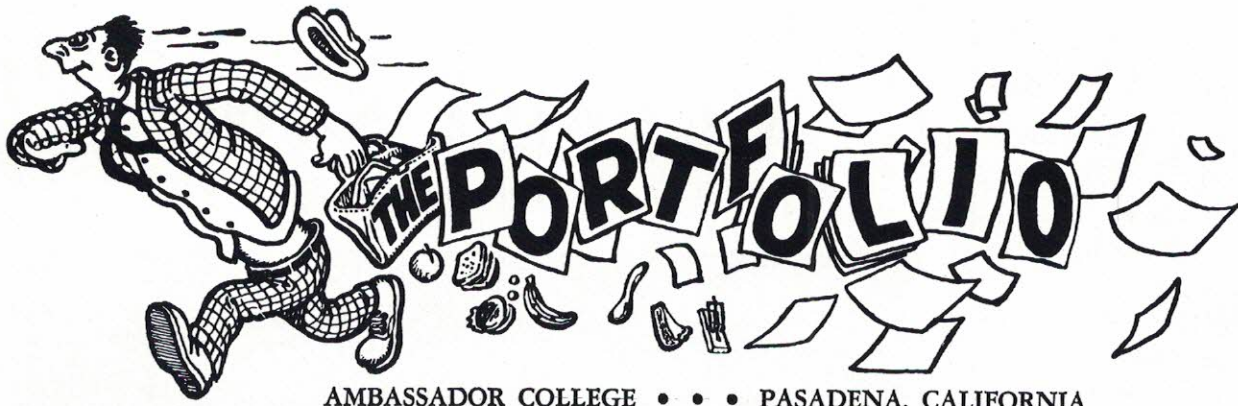


Mr. Jones

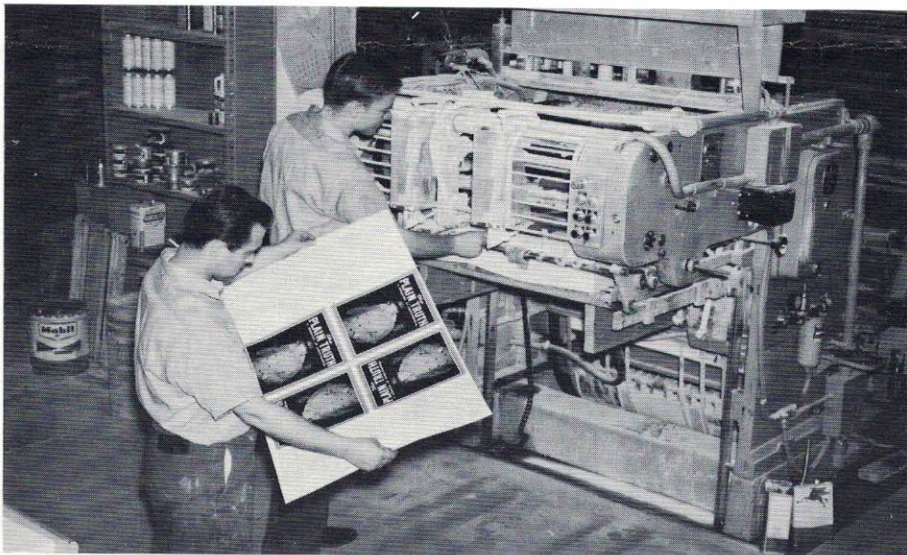


AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Vol. 14, Number 9

January 30, 1965



## ENVOY AIMS AT MAY 16, 1965

Ever wonder what the midnight oil burning up in Room 25 of Ambassador Hall means? Mr. Howard Clark and Mr. Allen Merager are working hard to meet the deadlines for the 1965 issue of *The ENVOY*! For months—in fact, ever since *last year*—they have been laying plans to make the 1965 ENVOY the most outstanding of all ENVOYS yet! And now with the final due-dates coming up, everyone on the staff is putting in long hours in and out of class to insure the fruition of those plans.

This year's ENVOY will be 336 pages, with 176 of those pages in striking full color! In all there will be more than 200 color pictures in the book, and Mr. Clark said that the number is  
*(Please continue on page 7)*

## New: Color Cover Plain Truth!

February, 1965, marks the *thirty-first anniversary* for *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine. And as *The PLAIN TRUTH* enters its thirty-second year of *proclaiming the Gospel to the entire world*, it enters a new era of quality and effectiveness as a tool in God's hands. For Volume XXX, Number 2 will be the first issue to feature a striking *full-color cover* as the finished cover-appearance of *The PLAIN TRUTH* for the remainder of this age!

Thirty-one years ago *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine began as a very humble, rough, and "homemade" mimeographed paper. Throughout the years the general format has improved, quality increased, interest-value heightened, and presentation advanced, until January, 1963, when at last the cover was introduced on heavy-weight shiny magazine paper, and the number of pages increased to 52. Even at that time we knew the finished product had not yet

been produced—there were still more changes to be made.

And this year as we introduce *full color* in the anniversary number, there are many more changes to be made before we're through.

*The PLAIN TRUTH* is again to be increased in size from the present 52 pages to the ultimate maximum size of 68 pages. But more than that, there is to be a change in the format and layout of the magazine.

In this modern age it's as hard as biting nails to get people to take notice of something. We live in an age of  
*(Please continue on page 8)*

## Conference Sees More Ordinations

Now with the Ministerial Conference over there are many more happy announcements to be made. During the last meeting of the Conference there were *11 ordinations* that took place.

Six of these were made in Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong's home with the assistance of the Evangelists and Pastors on Wednesday, January 13.

On the Sabbath of the sixteenth, Mr. David Jon Hill visited the Bay area to ordain Mr. Kemnitz to the rank of Preaching Elder. He joined Mr. Al  
*(Please continue on page 5)*





Published bi-weekly by Ambassador  
College, Pasadena, California  
Circulation over 1,000

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*Editorial*

# Enough Said?

by Steven Gray



Is this worth the ten thousand words it deserves?

## Imperial Schools

Imperial Schools are soon to be finished! Mr. Bechthold has announced that the due date for completion was January 28. However, because of a few slowing factors, certain progress was delayed. Rain made the ground unworkable, and the chilly temperatures in early January did not help promote fast working conditions. Still, American industry has rushed ahead!

As soon as the buildings are completed the student bodies of Imperial Grade and High Schools will vacate their present facilities, and the old buildings will be destroyed to make way for new construction of the Dining Hall and Auditorium.

## Engagements

What a *fruitful* vacation this one has been!! Five more men have announced their engagements, with the wedding dates tentatively set for Spring or early summer.

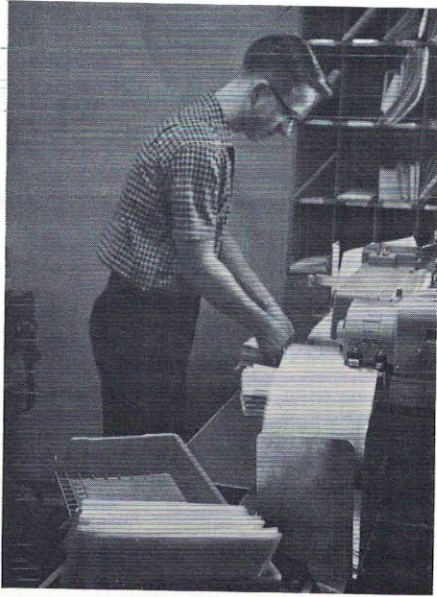
Bachelors striving hard to overcome their present status and file joint income tax returns next January are Don Waterhouse, Milo Wilcox, Dennis Pyle, Arch Bradley and Charles Bryce. (Oh yes, in like order are Karen Curtis, Dorothy Jo Altergott, Joy Williams, Nena Overcash and Sharon Shepard.)



## MAILING DEPARTMENT READYING FOR TREMENDOUS GROWTH!

"We are only *just beginning* to reach the world," say God's ministers. That seems difficult to believe when you look at the beehive activity of the Mailing Department.

Machines costing up to \$10,000 are often going almost 24 hours a day. Constantly there is the hum and clanging of the inserter stuffing literature into envelopes at the rate of 4,000 an hour, while the Magnacraft



Part of the mailing is now being done in Mail Receiving.

is machine-gunning 14,000 PLAIN TRUTHS the same hour.

But all of this noise is only part of the work. The remainder of the literature to be sent out is done quietly by hand. Many thousands of requests from all over the world come in every week asking for reprint articles and booklets announced on *The WORLD TOMORROW* program. These requests have to be filled by hand. But with the newly developed system of handling the incoming mail, the literature is still sent out the same day we receive the letter. No longer are we licking postage stamps to accomplish this task. All outgoing mail is automatically stamped with an ink imprint of the needed postage when it passes through a meter machine at the rate of 8,000 an hour.

The recent "Xmas rush" kept the postage meter machine busy for nearly

12 hours a day. In eighteen days, from December 13 to December 31, it ticked off a fantastic 266,000 pieces of mail! Surprisingly, this "Hollow Day Season" was one of the peak periods. A big contributor to the rush was *The New Morality* book. It was being sent out by the thousands every day. By January the first 195,000 copies had been put into envelopes, bagged and sent off since publication! One thousand seven hundred man-hours of labor had been put into it! Most of it was volunteer work—willingly donated by local church members as well as the students themselves. Had it not been for this help, the book would not have gone out in time. The free help also saved God's work *thousands* of dollars. But this eighteen-day period pales into insignificance, though, when compared with the entire year.

In the year 1964, ALL previous records were broken! EIGHT MILLION envelopes and PLAIN TRUTHS went through the busy hands of the Mailing Dept. Over one fifth of a MILLION dollars was spent on postage alone! God's Work is no small thing—yet, this is only the *beginning!*

And it's the beginning of something  
(Please continue on page 5)

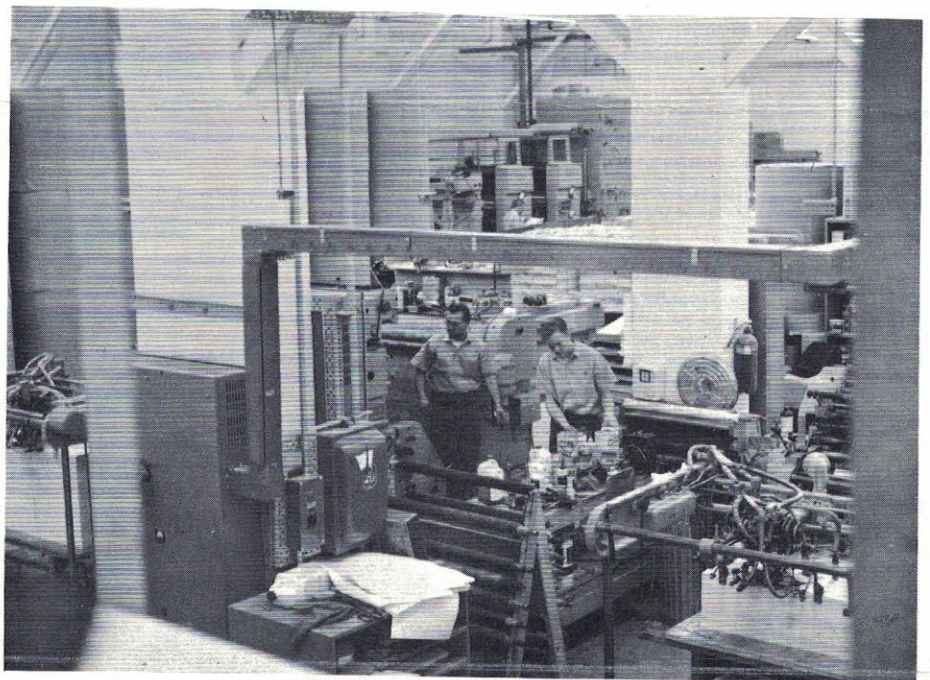
## God's Work Prints First Full Color Plain Truth Cover

### How It's Done!

• Editor's note: All Americans please read "colour" as "color"! (Sibboleth)

In just a few days' time, over half a million subscribers will receive their copy of the new *coloured* PLAIN TRUTH. Most of them will take it for granted. What about you? Are you as devoid of curiosity as the rest of the world? Will you just "ooh" and "ah" when you see it—or will you wonder *how it was done?*

How *is* it possible to take a coloured picture, and reproduce it *five hundred thousand* times on the front of a magazine? Perhaps you have never thought about it before. After all, to print the old PLAIN TRUTH, all they had to do was to put black and brown ink on white paper, and there you are! Why  
(Please continue on page 6)





# AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

by John Halford

It is pay day.

I have just spent the usual discouraging few minutes figuring out my financial situation for the next month. Mr. Michel has had his "pound of flesh," Darryl Henson sold me a Washateria card, Bill Nettles eyed me balefully and extracted a further \$1.50, I need some shoes, it is time I had another haircut, and . . . GHAAASTLY . . . *how do you make 69 cents last a month???*

But as I drifted miserably away from the Assembly Hall, clutching the pathetic remains of my paycheck, an old memory came flooding back into my mind.

Some years ago, I took a holiday in the Republic of Ireland. After several pleasant weeks of hiking, touring, and working occasionally on farms, I found myself way down in the South of the country, with over a hundred miles of ocean between me and England, and only a few shillings left in my pocket.

As I walked dismally through the picturesque Irish countryside, I began to ask God if He would again find me employment, as He had done so often in the past few weeks. I had not gone very far, when a car pulled up, and a friendly Irish voice called, "Would you be looking for a job, me boy?"

It seemed fantastic! Once again, God had foreseen my need, and a job had come from "out of the blue." Little did I realize what was in store for me.

I learned that the man was the manager of a limestone quarry a few miles down the road, and he was in need of some extra help. I was grateful for the job, and told him I could start immediately.

We drove for some way, and then turned off the road, into a large, overgrown field, festooned with scrap metal and rusty machinery. This was the lime quarry.

I can best describe the place in two words—CONCENTRATION CAMP!!! The quarry proper was an enormous hole, 200 feet deep, and about 100 yards across.

Two dilapidated excavators clawed away at the side and bottom, making it even wider and deeper. Decaying trucks of uncertain vintage carted the

quarried limestone to the centre of the hole, where an antique crushing apparatus mashed and smashed the boulders to a fine white powder. This powder was then loaded on to another veteran truck, which hauled it laboriously up the slope to ground level.

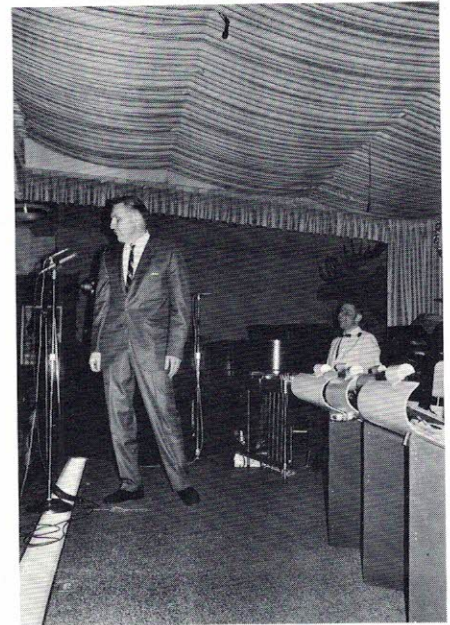
About twenty men worked in this abyss. They worked from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night, six days a week. It was a hot summer that year, and the scorching, oppressive air made twelve hours of back-breaking labour a formidable task. Add to the heat, thick white clouds of choking lime dust from the crushing plant, and it became nearly unendurable. With the evil-smelling fumes of a dozen ancient internal combustion engines, it was intolerable. And with the infernal clanking, screeching, creaking, banging, grating cacophony made by the machinery—it was TORTURE.

The first day seemed to last about three weeks, but evening came at last. As I trudged up the slope to the surface, I was thankful that my boss had said that I could live with the workers in their quarters. Thankful, that is—until I saw what those quarters were like.

Because the quarry was some distance from the nearest town, most of the men lived on site during the week, and went home to their wives and families for Sunday. Their "living" quarters consisted of two or three long, low, brick-built barracks. The walls were unplastered on the inside, there were no doors to divide the rooms, and what windows there were were broken. The floor was concrete—and covered with dirt.

Each room had several iron bedsteads in it, and each bed had a dirty mattress, and some even dirtier, bug-infested blankets. There was no bed

*(Please continue on page 5)*



Pluuil

## Ministers' Ball

"Unto all nations . . ." was the fitting theme of the annual Ministerial Ball enjoyed on January 7 (note number of date). Moose Lodge in Glendale was transformed for the occasion to a splendor that it seldom enjoys!

The worldwide scope of God's Work was emphasized with displays around the dancing area of the different offices throughout this globe. Also around were some of the men who head these far-flung areas. To add to the realistic portrayal, slide projectors on both sides of the dance band took spectators to the Philippines, South Africa, England, Australia, Germany, Switzerland, Pasadena. The magnificent new globe was also revealed, with myriads of pinpointed lights showing radio stations throughout the world—truly witnessing unto all nations.

How could there be more? Well, there was—the dance band was *our very own*—composed entirely of Ambassador students. Directed by Mr. Joe Bauer, this group has been diligently practicing long hours for the special occasion. Their wholehearted efforts, plus performances by talented soloists, made for superb dancing.

As the evening concluded and we departed for a brief night's rest, our thoughts were all in agreement—the Ministerial Dance of 1965 was truly outstanding.



## Adventure

(Continued from page 4)

linen, and no heating in these wretched hovels.

After a full day working in the quarry, we were all filthy, but the only washing facilities were two dirty wash basins, and cold water. Some of the fellows did not bother to clean up. I noticed later that some did not even bother to undress, but slept in their working clothes. There was not one usable lavatory in the whole place!

After we had "cleaned up," an evening meal was served in the "dining hall." This was another concrete shed, with a table and some benches, and the grimmest, greasiest kitchen range that I had ever seen. The menu was invariably the same. Some form of unclean meat, an egg (perhaps), an enormous pile of mashed potatoes, bread and jam, and as much of an evil-smelling liquid they called tea that you could drink.

I was shocked and horrified to see that human beings could be living like this in Israel. But my biggest shock was still to come.

After the evening meal, the boss asked me if I was a Catholic. When I told him that I was not, he politely asked me to leave the room. Mystified, I could not resist peering through the window to see what they were going to do.

With one accord, the men got up and went to the far end of the room. Hanging on the wall was a large picture of "Jesus," with a little lamp burn-

ing perpetually before it. One by one, they knelt down before it, took out their rosaries, and began to pray. For ten minutes, twenty dirty, ragged, degenerate Danites, living in filth and depravity, thanked their god for the blessings he had given to them.

I worked there only a few days. I couldn't stand any more. Before I left, I was paid for my hours of back-breaking labour—three pounds, or about eight dollars. Those who worked a full 70 hour week got a little more—about seven pounds, ten shillings. That is about twenty dollars to support themselves, their wives and their children for a whole week. And because this was Ireland, where unemployment is a constant threat—I heard no word of complaint.

Each Sunday, a lot of that money goes into the collection basket of the local Catholic church. These men served their god, the god of this world, diligently, and obediently. They did all he required — they went to mass, worshipped his idols, and gave him their money. He did NOTHING for them—yet they seemed grateful for the way he had blessed them.

We are on the payroll of the living God of the Universe!!! Last month, most of us worked about 80 hours—and earned over \$100. We live like millionaires, and eat like kings. We pay our tithes to the TRUE Church of God. All of us are blessed more than we ever thought possible.

You know—I think I am going to manage on that 69 cents!

## Students Visit Sports Arena, See Lakers

On Saturday night, January 9, five busloads of Ambassador students disembarked at the Sports Arena to view a live Laker-Celtic Basketball game. From throughout the Los Angeles basin came thousands of sports fans to watch the two top teams in the nation—the Boston Celtics from the eastern division, and the Los Angeles Lakers from the western division—teams featuring some of the truly greats in basketball today, including Jerry West, one of the finest guards and probably the greatest clutch shooter in the league.

But how totally different was the Sports Arena compared to our own gymnasium! It almost made you think of the ancient Roman stadiums where exhibition gladiatorial games were once played. However, industrialized modern men would be able to build even larger arenas now, and pack *multiple thousands of action-hungry fans* into them, just like we saw in the Sports Arena in L.A.

We ended up sitting high in the balcony section where we couldn't help but be impressed by the vastness of the amphitheater. Centered three stories below us in the middle of a sea of people was the basketball floor itself. Through the course of the evening we watched professional ball played as fast and as furiously as anywhere in the world. And it was almost as interesting from where we were to watch a few of the people as well! We soon discovered that the crowd wasn't so much interested in *who* won, just as long as it was done in a spectacular way. They cheered for the Lakers until the Celtics started moving fast, and then they cheered for the Celts. And anyone who didn't follow the expectations of the seething throng got booed.

It was a welcome relief to return to the campus once again. Professional ball is fine—even when viewed through blue clouds of smoke and brain-jangling jeers and cheers from the surrounding mob, but NBA (Nobody But Ambassador) ball is much better!

that growth as long as we grow with it!

## ORDINATIONS

(Continued from page 1)

Carrozzo, Mr. Paul Royer, Mr. Reg Platt, and Mr. Jimmy Young, all of whom were ordained to Preaching Elder rank on the previous Wednesday.

Also ordained to Preaching Elder rank was Mr. Walter Sharp. And as soon as someone can get there, Mr. Ernest Williams is scheduled to be ordained.

Ordained to the rank of Local Elder were Mr. David Bierer and Mr. Don Waterhouse. Mr. Bierer has been assisting Mr. Carrozzo in visiting in the Los Angeles Church. And Mr. Water-

house has been working out in the field.

Also to be ordained as a Local Elder as soon as someone can get there is Mr. Guy Ames.

Also two deacons were added in Oakland: Mr. Barbee and Mr. Wayne Dunlap!

## Mailing Department

(Continued from page 3)

BIG! Based on present growth, the number of Mailing Dept. employees in 1972 will go up into the *hundreds!* God is giving us this growth—and He is giving us the opportunity to be in



# Color Printing

(Continued from page 3)

can't they do the same thing, only with coloured inks? Actually, that is exactly what is done—basically. But there is a lot more to it than that. Would you like to hear the "inside story" of a PLAIN TRUTH or GOOD NEWS cover?

Usually, a coloured photograph or painting contains hundreds of different areas of distinctly different colours. To print each of these colours separately is impractical—even if it were possible, it would take weeks.

Fortunately, the printer can make use of a simple fact we all learned in Grade School. That is, that *all* colours can be made by mixing together the three primary colours, red, blue and yellow, plus black and white. You remember—blue and yellow make green, red and yellow make orange, etc.

Take a good look at the cover of the November GOOD NEWS. If you look *very* carefully, you will see that you are actually looking at hundreds and thousands of tiny red, blue, yellow and black dots. There is not one scrap of green or brown in that picture. The foliage on the trees is blue and yellow dots. The brown colour of the building is actually red, blue and yellow dots. But they are so close together that they deceive you into thinking that there are many different shades of colour there. In some places, the yellow dot is small, and the blue dot is fairly large. This gives a dark green. Where the yellow dot is larger, the green becomes lighter, just as if you were adding more yellow paint to the blue. In some areas, such as the co-ed's pink dress, the red dot is fairly large, but both the blue and yellow are extremely small. This allows the white of the paper to show through, and the eye is deceived into seeing pink. Yes, it is a trick—but it works.

The black dot is usually very small. It is possible to print with only the three colours, but the addition of black adds sharpness to the picture.

The first stage in preparation for printing, then, must be to break up the original picture into its constituent primary colours. This is known as "Colour Separation." The picture is photographed through a series of three dif-

ferent coloured filters. Remember that the colours on the original are only a mixture of red, blue and yellow. Each of the filters has the effect of making one of these colours photograph as black, while the other two photograph as white. The amount of black in the original is found by photographing it through all three filters.

At the end of this operation, we have four black and white negatives, each one carrying the varying densities of either red, blue, yellow or black of the original picture.

These negatives have to be contact-printed onto another film, through a celluloid screen on which are drawn hundreds of criss-crossed lines. This screen breaks up the picture into the thousands of little dots, making what is known as a *half-tone*.

Why break it up into little dots? Because a printing press will print only one density of ink. To create light and dark areas, it is necessary to use an optical illusion. Big dots, close together, give the impression of shadow; while small dots, further apart, allow the white paper to show through more, and give the impression of light. Look at a newspaper photograph through a magnifying glass sometime and you will see what I mean.

When the negatives are finished, they are prepared for plate-making. Once again, careful workmanship is needed here. Four plates have to be made, one for each colour. The positioning of each picture on the plate has to be carefully determined. An error of a fraction of an inch could be disastrous.

The actual preparation of the costly printing plate for the press is another phase of the operation requiring much skill and meticulous attention to detail.

When the plates are ready, they are taken to the press for printing. The covers are printed on a large two-colour press—that is, one that prints two colours at the same time. By this time, the inside pages of the magazine will be thundering off the giant web-fed press at the other end of the print shop.

The first two plates are put on the press, and the sheets of blank paper are fed through. The yellow is printed

first, and a split second later, the paper passes under the rollers carrying the red ink. When this is done, the sheets are put through the machine a second time, and the blue and black are printed. Some larger presses print all four colours without interruption.

Extreme accuracy is again the keynote. No colour must overlap another. There are over *sixty-seven thousand* dots to every square inch of paper. Upon their accurate alignment depends the quality of the picture. If one colour is printed out of position, the whole cover will appear blurred, and the colours will not be "true."

So, many days after the original design was chosen, the full-color cover joins the rest of the magazine at the bindery. There it is collated, stitched and trimmed. But even as the last load is driven down to the mailing department, the next cover design is being chosen, and the process begins again.

I have tried to explain the long and technical process of colour printing in a few words. I have left out many details. But I hope you understand better something of what has gone into making the finest news magazine in the world even better.

## Chorale Tours Frisco

"Sacramento—here we come!" was the first song voiced by the early-rising Ambassador Chorale as they boarded buses bound for the Sacramento-Oakland area last January 15. What lay ahead on this crisp Friday? Twelve hours of hard travel and the unique opportunity to sing and serve in the *colorful bay area churches*. What an *eventful* weekend it proved to be!

Arriving at 6 p.m. that Friday evening, Chorale members were *greeted warmly* by members of the Sacramento church who "adopted" them for the night. After a very interesting evening and a good night's rest, the Chorale had its first opportunity to sing in services Sabbath morning. The *sincere response* and *appreciation* expressed by the entire congregation of the Sacramento church alone made the trip worthwhile!

After the *powerful* message given by Mr. Jon Hill, visiting from Head-  
(Please continue on page 8)



## The Ambassador Cork Tree!

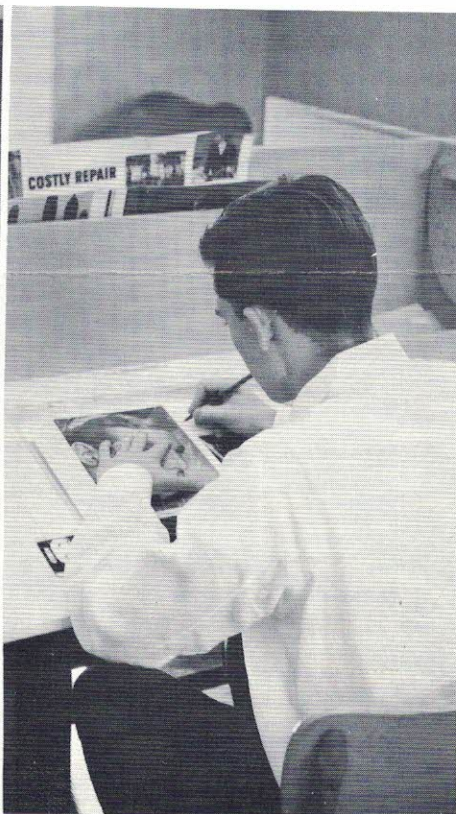
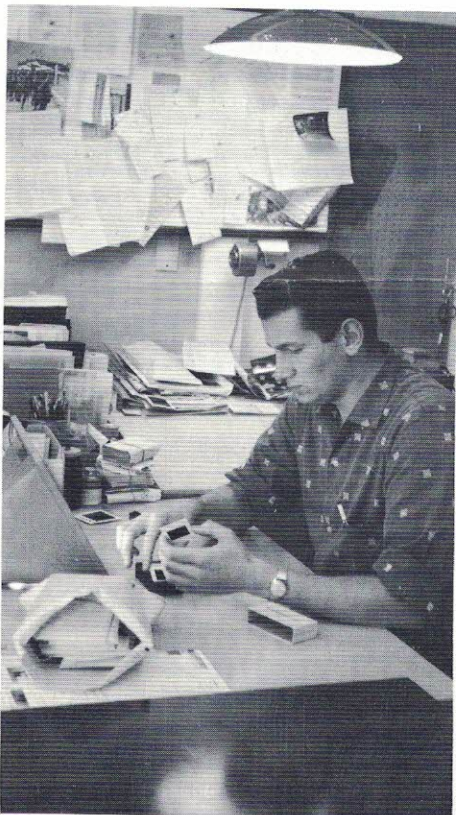
Have you ever pulled the cork out of a bottle of wine and wondered where the cork came from? Very few on the Ambassador campus realize that we have a cork-producing tree here on the Pasadena grounds. Botanists call it by the unflattering Latin name—*Quercus suber*. Occasionally a trail-blazing Ambassador stumbles across it just inside and to the right of the southeast entrance to the Lower Gardens. During the winter months the tree, better known as the Spanish Cork Oak, can be seen from Terrace Drive. Its bottle-stopping outer bark is highly valued in world commerce. The yearly world production of cork amounts to more than 300,000 tons. Almost sixty percent of this output is funnelled into U.S. industry alone.

Most of the world's cork comes from Spain, Portugal and North Africa where vast forests of Cork Oaks are fast vanishing due to improper management and inadequate reforestation.

An average mature tree yields about

five-hundred pounds of cork every harvest—but there are *ten years between harvests*. It takes this long for the tree to build up another thick layer of bark. The cork is harvested by hand, and an efficient native worker can peel close to 1,200 pounds a day even with crude hand tools. The raw cork is shipped in bulk to local cork auctions for sale. An unusual feature of a cork auction is that the bidding starts from the *top* price and works down. This means that the *first* dealer to bid corners the available supply before his competitors have a chance. Different—but it gets high prices for cork growers.

You'll see cork and cork products over many parts of the Ambassador campus. A few you might not have recognized are: linoleum (cork dust and hardening oils), sound-proofing panels, floats, handles, and floor tiles. So the next time you pull the cork out of a wine bottle, remember the unimpressive Spanish Cork Oak. Take a look at it sometime.



Envoy rushes to final stages.

## MR. DICK GOES BIG SANDY!

Just as the Ministerial Conference began, a new change of address came through the files in the Circulation Department. Mr. Leroy Neff announced to Mr. Ray Dick that he had the opportunity of being transferred from Pasadena to Big Sandy!

For some time now Mr. Dick has worked in the Mail Receiving Department helping to select from the thousands of letters received each day a few of the outstanding comments to help "feel out" the listening and reading audience reaction to the Broadcast and *The PLAIN TRUTH* articles. Now a new job, and certainly a promotion has come his way. Mr. Dick is going to Texas to assist Mr. Neff in beginning a Mail Receiving Department on the Big Sandy College grounds!

This is going to mean a great deal to the Big Sandy College. For one thing it will give them more of a direct part in dealing with the people reached by this worldwide Work. As our listening and reading audiences continue to grow it is certainly clear that more space is going to be needed to handle all of the tremendous influx of mail. We shouldn't run out of space in the environs of East Texas!

And it certainly means a great deal to the Dicks!

For the past two or three weeks, Mr. Dick has been putting Mr. Bernard Kelly through a rigorous training program to provide a man to take over part of Mr. Dick's job after he leaves.

Pasadena will miss Mr. Dick. But that which is our loss is Texas' gain. Congratulations, Mr. Dick!

## ENVOY

(Continued from page 1)

closer to 300! The finished product will be a 9- by 12-inch copy with a cover—well, you remember last year's cover? This year's cover is also a secret. But we do know it will be *different*—as Mr. Clark stated in a confidential interview, "Guaranteed to please!"

So remember May 16. That is the scheduled date for distribution for the 1965 ENVOY!



## Baffle Box

Here's a challenge that you may one day have to face. The problem was once a real one. See if you can come up with as good a solution.

**PROBLEM:** How to wrap a sticky food in an appealing, colorful, yet sensible and protective package. The food, when first wrapped at the factory, is hard and firm, but is not fit to be eaten. Only after a period of mellowing is it tasty and wholesome.

Here are the qualifications:

1. The ripening has to be done inside the package, but the packaging material cannot be translucent or the light will spoil the food.

2. The amount of time needed for mellowing inside the package limits the wrapping material since the flavor of the food must not be the least bit altered or offset by the package.

3. The package must be "easy to open."

4. There has to be some sort of indicator that will show when the "inside" is ripe and ready to eat. If the food is kept too long after it has ripened, it decays and rots. So some kind of thermostat is necessary to indicate when the contents hidden behind the solid, protective wrapping material is ready to be unveiled.

5. The food comes in a very odd shape from about 4 inches to 1 foot in length. It is round with a diameter of about 1½ inches. The shape is that of a boomerang—it presents almost a half-circle.

Now, how would you wrap it? This was a real problem. Can you match the manufacturer's solution? See answer below.

## Color Cover

(Continued from page 1)

dead-heads, an age where everyone thinks he's seen *everything!* That's why so many of the most popular news magazines have gone to *so many pictures* throughout their articles. They catch attention! And that is why *The PLAIN TRUTH* is going to introduce *more pictures* to accompany the same writing material in the present 52-page issue, but in a new, larger, 68-page issue, and that with no advertising! We will be following the same general format as LOOK, LIFE, and TIME, *combined!* But we will be telling the TRUTH, and presenting it FREELY!

This change is anticipated for next year. Until then, *The PLAIN TRUTH* staff is preparing to meet the heavier work load such an innovation will produce. And it is beginning with the new color cover. This represents a gigantic step forward. And it's *only beginning!* What's next?

## Chorale

(Continued from page 6)

quarters, the Chorale was *on its way again.*

Once again the hard-traveling Chorale arrived in time to do what it likes best—to sing, this time for the members of the *Oakland* church. Once again the response to the anthems of the Chorale itself made the effort put *into* the performance well worth it.

After the Sabbath Day had ended, the entire Sacramento-Oakland churches combined to sponsor an *evening social* with plenty of dancing, music, and refreshments. Then it came time for the *highlight* of the evening, and once again the Chorale delivered another shortened version of its latest presentation, "Ambassador College as we remember it." Appreciation and enthusiasm expressed by the bay area churches was *overwhelming!*

After a short night's rest, members of the Chorale were treated to *guided tours* of colorful San Francisco by members of the *Oakland* church. But soon it came time to leave, and the 69 singing Ambassadors boarded buses bound for *home.*



A sleepy Chorale returned to begin classes.

The product is a BANANA!  
The package is a banana peel! The food is a banana! The manufacturer is God!  
Could you possibly put more eye-appeal into a package? Or make it more protective while keeping it easy to open—all one has to do is pull a "string"?  
The package even serves as a napkin while eating.  
And the thermostat? The tip of the banana serves as an indicator of the ripeness inside. When the tip of a banana is green, it is not yet ripened. It is hard and starchy, unfit for eating. When the tip turns brown or black, the banana is ripe.  
A perfect solution for a sticky problem!