

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



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Band Makes Recording

Every budding musician in this nation has one dream: to make a recording at Capitol Records in Hollywood. And this is exactly the blessing the Ambassador College Big Band had last February 2nd. Instead of the usual Wednesday night game, the twenty-six band members boarded the silver-and-purple Ambassador College Eagle for Hollywood. We left at 6:00 and began playing at 7:30. But the first "take" (acceptable rendition of a number) didn't come until 9:00 when "They Can't Take That Away from Me" cut the recording ice.

We were all worried! Would it take *three separate recording sessions*, or just two to complete the program? The brass
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Ambassador's one man percussion section!



The first color PLAIN TRUTH comes out of our own Ambassador Press!

Plain Truth Goes Full Color

God's Work took a major step forward this month. A *thirty-nine-year-old dream* came true at last! The *first full color* PLAIN TRUTH came flooding off our own Ambassador College Press! Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong was on hand to receive the *first* copy of the February Number—a most inspiring 32nd Anniversary edition of *The PLAIN TRUTH!*

The press staff gained many valuable lessons in producing the fine color in this first issue. Long arduous hours of intense concentration went into every stage from layout to color separation and the actual making of plates before the first copies rushed through the big web press.

As the lead article in this February issue stated, the new addition of full color throughout the present fifty-two pages is just one of the many improvements in the offing. It is hoped *The PLAIN TRUTH* will grow to its ultimate
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TV Craze Sweeps Campus

A *portable G.E. television* has been installed in the main reading room of the Ambassador College Library. This little 16-inch set has set the campus afire with a *TV craze*.

Not since the "old days" when Mr. Meredith, the Coles, the McNairs, and other brethren crowded into the main room to hear Mr. Herbert Armstrong preach a sermon, has this room been so jam-packed with students, employees, and other awe-struck believers.

WHY? What *unseen force* draws and
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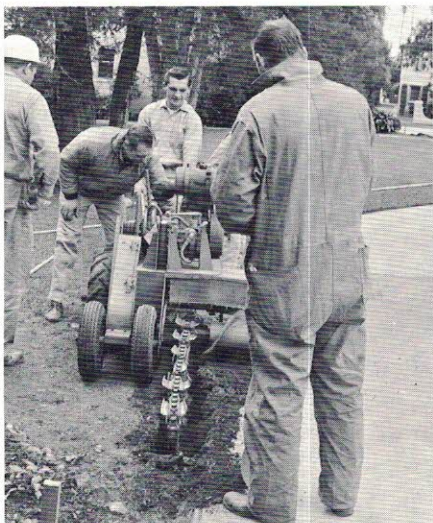
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New Lights Blaze Trail

In a rapid-fire series of operations the construction crew recently installed *streetlight-shaped lights* along the sidewalk leading from the Library to Mayfair.

Student actions of last semester proved that this is still the most travelled sidewalk on campus. There-

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Power ditch-digger proved slower than the conventional pick and shovel method for laying the electrical conduit.

Editorial

IF THE SHOE FITS

by Jack R. Elliott

All of us are admonished to help out a neighbor in need. It does us good to share our things, but sometimes the one who borrows is so thoughtless that he damages, or else never returns our cherished belongings. Is this good for him?

What happens to the character of the irresponsible borrower? Is his behavior God-like? Can he look forward to growth and reward if he does not change?

Take the example of a student who is still in Ambassador College today. His story begins two years ago when he noticed that a young Imperial Grade School boy had a new pair of track shoes which would just fit his feet. He borrowed the shoes because he had an *important* race to run on field day. He used them in his own race but he never returned them.

What he did not know was that this grade school boy was also looking forward to field day—Imperial School's field day.

For years the boy had had his heart set on owning a pair of track shoes because he thought it would enable him to run much faster. He could run pretty fast as it was, but he just knew those shoes would make him literally fly.

He clung to this hope and he saved his money for a long time, until finally, when he was a much bigger boy and it was just two weeks before field day, he was able to buy that cherished pair of track shoes.

Almost the first time he wore them during practice, a big college man came along and admired them so much he asked if he could borrow them for the college field day.

Hesitatingly the boy loaned them. He had been taught to share; also, it was pretty big stuff to lend your track shoes to a *big college man* for a COLLEGE field day. Ambassador Field Day was a week earlier than Imperial Field Day, and he could have them back in plenty of time to use in his own big race.

But the shoes were not returned. On the morning of Imperial Field Day he scurried around to find the *important* college man. It was to no avail. He could not find him and he did not know his name.

The boy ran that day, barefooted, and came in second. He might not have won first place if he had had his track shoes, but he does not know that.

Many months later the college student called that grade school boy and said, "Son, do you want these track shoes back?"

The boy's feet had grown in the meantime and he knew the shoes would no longer fit, so he thought a minute, then he answered, "I . . . I guess not."

That was the end of the matter. The student kept the shoes, or threw them away—who knows. Today he is an important Senior student and looking forward to stepping out into important responsibilities of leadership. Will he make it? What do you think?

Are you one who has borrowed your neighbor's shoes, hat, scarf, dress, curlers, iron—for your *important* reasons—and still have them, or else lost them, broken them, or just left them where you finished with them?

Do you think it was good for your character? Did it show outgoing love or selfishness? Do you think it will help you to become a success?

Don't you think it is about time you returned it—or repaired it—or replaced it?



Mr. Norman Smith harnessed up for the camera test!

Bolex or Eclair . . . Hmmm?

Many spectators were stricken with fear during a recent Saturday night basketball game. Just when the action was racing along at its fastest, a strange creature in a *steel brace* appeared on the sidelines. This being was all the more awesome because of a *large, glaring, and mysteriously unfathomable eye* located at the end of a *long nose*. And on the right side of the nose was a *small crank* that went round and round and made a precision-like *whirring noise*. The creature was apparently harmless as it had an undeviating attraction to the action on the floor.

For those of you who have made it this far and have not yet guessed, this strange being was none other than Mr. Norman Smith trying out two *movie cameras*. One is a *Bolex 16mm* movie camera which the College owns. This is a lightweight camera that is easy to

operate. Just insert the film, shoot, send it away for developing, and project the finished product.

The other is a *16mm Eclair* which the College rented. It is a heavier camera but has the added advantage in that it is able to synchronize the film with a sound recording thus making it possible to have *movies and sound together*. Both cameras gobble up black and white or color film to the tune of 36 feet per minute.

Mr. Smith has been *experimenting* with these two cameras and the brace, which holds the camera steady while pictures are being shot, in an effort to determine the *best method* of obtaining moving pictures during the forthcoming trip to *England and the Middle East*.

These pictures may eventually become
(Continued on page 6)

Ye Olde Compost Pile: KEEP OUT!

Don't laugh! That sign has meaning for *you!* Did you ever wonder *why* your campus is the flower garden of all Pasadena?

Credit must go to the efforts of Mr. Gardner and the Gardening Department. Our flowers are bought from a greenhouse in La Puente. There they are chemically grown. After they arrive on campus the stout fellows of the Gardening Department transplant the small seedlings into home-made, ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths percent pure *COMPOST!*

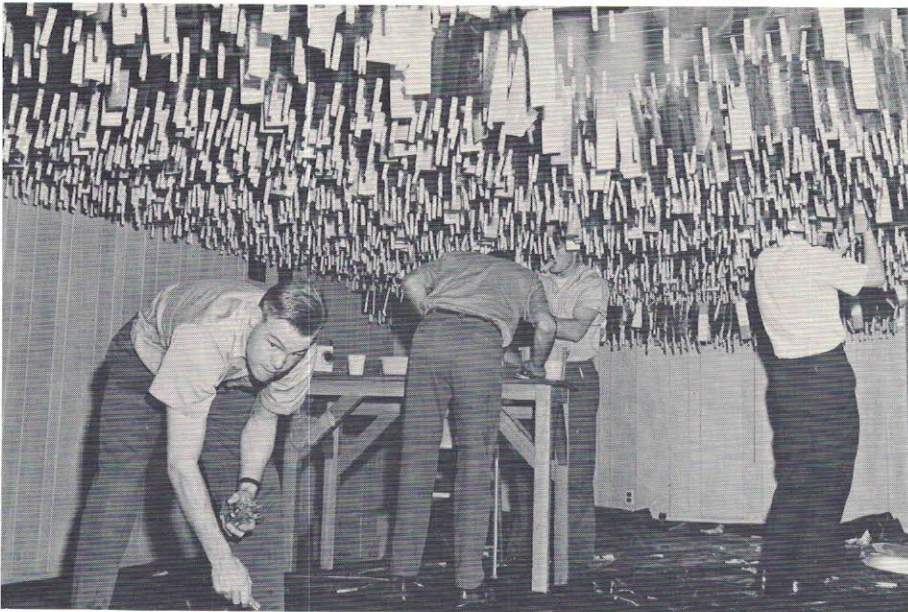
Compost of the Ambassador quality cannot be bought in stores. Our compost is *not* for "public consumption"! The compost our men use is manufactured right here on the campus.

By now you should all have noticed the large green bins strategically located to collect campus garbage. Not all those bins are for common, ordinary, every-day garbage. A select few are reserved for *gardening use only!*

These bins are clearly marked "COMPOST." Within the dark recesses of these very bins is wrought a miracle unknown except to the esoteric few! The lawn clippings, *organic* garbage and other assorted leaves, rinds, cores, ashes and scrappings are *combined* in a secret formula to create Mr. Gardner's own special *COMPOST!* This organic compost is the trick that keeps our flowers healthier, our grass greener, our plants flourishing. This *exclusive* compost when it combines with plain dirt forms some of the finest topsoil in Southern California.

Next time you see a richly hued flower bed (or a large *special* green garbage bin) be sure you reflect a moment on the extra-curricular activities of Ambassador's own compost makers. These men deserve our thanks!

Socialism—You have two cows and give one to your neighbor.



Hanging from the ceiling are but a portion of forty-five thousand pictures soaked by the catastrophe!

OPERATION PINUP!

The *time*; 1:30 p.m. The *place*; the photo darkroom of Ambassador College Press. The *situation*: an extreme *emergency*! Charles Johnson, Ambassador College photographer, had just walked into the darkroom. He picked up the telephone receiver to place a call, when suddenly it happened! A cap popped from an overhead sprinkler, part of the fire-prevention system. Instantaneously, water began to drench the entire contents of the darkroom, including Mr. Johnson.

Quickly, Mr. Justus was summoned to the scene. There before his eyes 47,000 negative frames (4 to 6 pictures per frame) were being flooded with water.!

The Ambassador College photo file containing negatives of the three colleges, the Imperial schools, Feast activities, Foreign Work, and many other aspects of the Work was in jeopardy.

The *cause*: sufficient heat had accumulated in the darkroom, due to the present heating system, to trigger the valve of the sprinkler system.

The *solution*: the plumbers were called. In less than ten minutes they were on the scene and had shut off the flow of water.

Then began OPERATION PINUP!

Mr. Justus purchased approximately *one mile of wire* and *10,000 clothes pins*. A construction team built frames to support the "clothes-lines" of wire. Quickly, Ambassador Press employees started hanging clothes pins on the

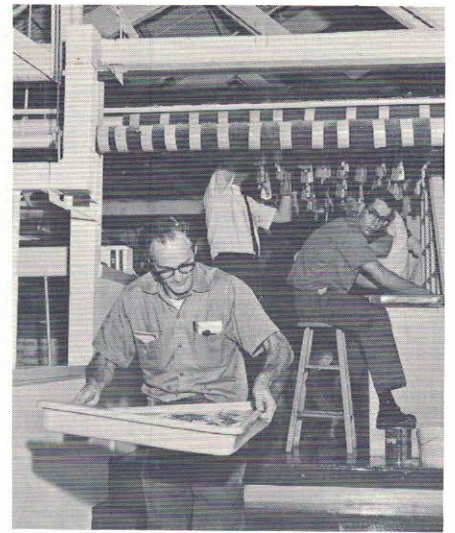


Volunteers hang clothespins to begin drying process.

wires. Then, trays of negatives in folders were brought to the "clothes-line" area for the "pinup" process.

Each strip of negatives had to be removed from a negative sleeve. Several sleeves were contained in each folder. Hundreds of folders were placed in each tray.

After removing the sleeves, each negative strip had to be immersed in a container of a Photo-Flow and water solution. This solution had to be re-



Mr. Cain retrieves new Photo-Flow solution.

newed frequently because of damaging dirt particles. Such a process required a "bucket brigade" to keep a steady flow of new solution. Additional help was fast becoming a necessity.

Once the negatives were immersed in Photo-Flow, they were then secured to the wires with clothes-pins. Each group of negative strips from a folder had to be labeled and anchored to the wire also. This complete process had to be done as quickly as possible or else the emulsion (the picture itself) would have been removed from the negatives. If this had happened the entire stock of negatives would have been irreparably destroyed!

Soon, extra help arrived. Ambassador College students and employees from various departments volunteered their services to meet the crisis. After brief instructions, teams were established to provide a continuous supply of Photo-Flow, to remove the negative sleeves, and to hang the negatives on the wires.

By 10:30 p.m., OPERATION PINUP was completed. Inside the Ambassador Press scores of "clothes-lines" supported thousands of negatives. The next day the negatives were taken down and re-filed. Almost every black and white negative was saved. Many of the color negatives were also salvaged.

Thanks to the quick response and the willingness of all those who helped, OPERATION PINUP was a *success*!

Communism—You have two cows, the government takes both and gives you the milk.

German Club Hosts Hungry Five

On a recent Wednesday evening the um-pah-paher's and tweet-tweet-tweet-ers of the Ambassador College Hungry Five entertained the Deutsch Klub.

The Hungry Five are not quite what the name implies since they play *after* the meal—and German Club meals don't leave anyone hungry, not even Steve Clutter; but they are five—five musicians—Rodger Cartright, Dick Wiedenheft, Joyce Cafourek, John Cafourek, and Gary Alexander, playing respectively a tuba, trombone, trumpet, first clarinet, and second clarinet.

The Hungry Five occasionally practice before basketball games since they are all members of the Ambassador College Big Band. Ball players, cheerleaders, and other early arrivals may

hear their music filling the gymnasium—and what kind of music would you expect the Hungry Five to play? That's right—*Hungry Five music*: good German tunes like "Bier Her, Bier Her," "Die Lorelei," "Lauterbach," and of course their theme song, "Die Wacht am Rhein" (The Watch on the Rhine).

So on February 2, or any other German Club night when you hear the Um-pah-pahing and tweet-tweet-tweeting coming from the Oakwood Room, just think of the well-fed Hungry Five.

Dear Students

I don't mind people walking all over me, I'm used to it. Sometimes they even spit on me, I have had my share of that too. Cuts, chops, and friendly digs are all commonplace for me; people say they are doing it because they want me to look better. I can take all of what you have done to me so far, but there is an end to all things. Just like the straw that broke the camel's back, there is one thing I can't take. If you walk on me before 10 a.m. I will die. Then what will you walk on?

Signed—

The Ambassador Dichondra

New Lights

(Continued from page 2)

fore the decision was made to light it in the same fashion as was used for the new sidewalk. Not only do these lights beautify the campus but they also provide more security for the coeds when they must travel across the campus at night.

Even though these new lights do add a lot to this sidewalk, we students have been encouraged to remember that numerous tests and experiments have proven that the new sidewalk is *faster* and much more *picturesque*.



A groundhog's view of Ambassador's "new-look" lights!



The "noon crowd" pays rapt attention in library!

TV Craze

(Continued from page 1)

holds these people in the reading room at 12-noon weekdays?

The WORLD TOMORROW!!! The WORLD TOMORROW program now goes out on both radio and *closed circuit television*. Radio to the world and closed circuit TV to the Library reading room.

Preparing now for the advent of big-scale television, the College has purchased and recently received an *Ampex CC223 television camera* and a *video tape recorder*. This system is of *closed circuit quality* and NOT intended for actual telecasting. Other top-quality equipment will be purchased later when we actually begin on television. This particular system is the same as the TV displayed at the recent Ministerial Ball.

In the meantime, this little compact camera measuring *approximately 12" x*

8" x 4" and mounted on a simple *tripod* is being used by Mr. Ted Armstrong and the Radio Studio for the purposes of *practicing and experimenting* to determine possible formats for the *WORLD TOMORROW* television programs. Presently Mr. Armstrong is getting adjusted to looking into a TV "eye" by telecasting the radio program down to the reading room below.

Capacity crowds of fifty or more squeezed themselves into the reading room to watch. If you haven't yet been a part of this very attentive sardine-like crew, feel free to skip your lunch and drop in. There's no time limit for this one! And while you are walking around the campus, keep your eyes peeled for a *vacant TV studio*. The Radio Studio is in the market for one.

Fascism—You have two cows, the government takes both and sells you the milk.

LIBRARY LOOKOUT

The direction of human history has often been changed by comparatively few men. The strength, the power, the very existence of a nation has often hung upon one battle of one war.

Twenty Decisive Battles of the World, by Lt. Col. Joseph B. Mitchell and Sir Edward S. Creasy (Macmillan, 1964), contains a selection of twenty of history's most important battles. It covers a period of time from the battle of Marathon (490 B.C.), in which the Greeks defeated the Persians, to the battle of Stalingrad (1943 A.D.), in which Hitler's invasion of Russia was halted. For each battle included, the book gives the historical background of the war, the importance of the battle in the war, the commander of each army involved, the size of the armies, and even the types of soldiers in each army.

The battles included are the most decisive, not necessarily the most famous. For example, the battle of Saratoga is given for the American Revolution, not the battle of Lexington, of Bunker Hill, or Cowpens, or of Yorktown. When the Americans won at Saratoga, the nations of France, Spain, and even Holland joined the war against Great Britain. If the British had won, the American patriots' cause might have been hopeless.

Joseph B. Mitchell is primarily a military man, not a scholar. He is concerned with making his meaning clear to the reader. He does not couch his information in terms so erudite as to induce perplexity in the mind of the peruser!

P.T. Goes Full Color

(Continued from page 1)

size of sixty-eight truth-filled pages within the next one or two years! And with this future growth will come an increase in the number of color pictures to illustrate the articles. Larger pictures will also enhance the esthetic value of the magazine. And don't overlook the main point of it all—the priceless TRUTH contained within its pages!

Movie Camera

(Continued from page 3)

an integral part of the World Tomorrow TV series. The weight is a definite factor. Also, it may be possible to purchase the desired camera in France and thus save upwards of \$1000 in customs fees.

The next time you see a roving movie camera, remember that many earnest preparations are being made for the future.

Campus Growth Goes Underground

A sinister greeting awaited visitors to the Administration Building on January 17! The alert student of modern religions would have noticed a ten-foot deep *hades* to the left of the entrance! (*Hades* is Greek for *Grave*, sometimes erroneously translated... well, never mind!)

But a bit more research disclosed the reason for such a pit. As most of the night-owls and late-studiers well know, at promptly ten o'clock most of the lights on the campus switch off by a time clock. Others switch off at ten thirty, while the fountains must switch on at around six in the morning. At present so many switches control so many different lights, fountains, guide lights and various and sundry electronic devices nestled anywhere from high on tree limbs to deep under the ground surface around the campus, that not even a genius could really synchronize them all!

The pit at the Ad Building will do better than a genius! All the cords wires and cables for all lights, phones, and other devices run by electricity or controlled by a wire will at last be centralized in one control booth at the Ad Building. From now on the buzzers everywhere will ring together. Lights will flash simultaneously campus wide. Controls will be uniformly governed from one central location.

Next time you see a *hades* on the campus, ask what's it for. You might be surprised at what goes on beneath the scenes around the campus!

Oddball Beans Dept.

Ambassador's Impossible Legumes!

The unbelievable! The Impossible! The most ridiculous, preposterous botanical observations ever to penetrate thru the human lens! Two gifted students of the 1965 Botany Class managed to do it—somehow.

What caused it? Nobody knows for sure. But two of our botanists managed to plant some beans and watch nature take its amazing course.

As most know the primary root of any bean plant is positively *geotropic*: that is, it grows downward, toward the earth, regardless of the position in which the seed may happen to lie. At the same time, or shortly later, the *epicotyl*, being negatively geotropic begins to grow upward, forming the primary stem and leaves (that's what the book says)—but not when Lyle Greaves and George Panteleeff planted them they didn't.

No, instead, the roots literally burgeoned towards the blue yonder while the *epi...epicot...or whatever it is*, went straight down into the earth and no amount of persuasion could reverse its decision.

Water, compost and all the appeal in the world couldn't convince that plant to repent.

The consequences were finally realized as the sober face of Mr. Oberlander, the instructor, quizzically analyzed the bewildered protruding root and the suffocating green foliage two inches under the rich brown soil.

"Hmmm...I think you boys deserve 'D's' in the course for planting the seeds upside-down."

Later, the "experts" concluded it must have been *radio activity* that altered the genetic make-up of these two beans. What an age to live in!

Nazism—You have two cows, the government takes both and shoots you.

Mayfair's Own Launching Pad

Ever see a rocket made of a plastic nosecone, a piece of string, and 200 pounds of compressed smog?

The Maintenance crew has. They *built it!* They launched the world's first UNDERGROUND ROCKET.

This was a *top secret operation*. Many students walked by the roaring power source parked in the Mayfair drive without batting an eyelash. Some even tripped over the umbilical cord and didn't get curious. But *The PORTFOLIO*, realizing that the bigger the machine on one end of a hose, the bigger the surprise on the other end, followed the tortuous *umbilical hose* through the labyrinth down to *launch tunnel No. 1* in the Mayfair basement.

Down in the *block-basement*, the men in gray had begun *counting down*. The first step was to insert a *plastic nosecone* into the tunnel. Next came the *recovery mechanism*: 2,000 feet of extra high-strength *nylon string* tied to a nail in the wall. Finally, the umbilical hose from the *smoggy air compressor* was attached to the launch tunnel.

Everyone tensed as the *count down* approached "T" minus O seconds. At last! Outside the rented compressor *roared*. A *cloud of swirling smog* threw the reporters into a fit of coughing as an eye-bulging thrust of 200 pounds per square inch of compressed smog propelled this unique UNDERGROUND ROCKET through an "L"-shaped north-south tunnel on its side far down campus towards the Library.

Now that Pasadena has *another propulsion lab*, *The PORTFOLIO* is able to announce that last week's blast established a new and functional tool for the Maintenance Department. They now have the most modern and up-to-date *jet propelled* method of pulling wires through a pipe. And why not? This *is* the space age! (Isn't it?)

In the meantime, there will be a *new electrical hook-up* between Mayfair and the Library via the new conduits.

Campus Carnage

During a recent nighttime, *terror stalked the campus!* A small ravenous beast was lurking through the shadows. Through his prowess this little monster turned a pleasantly cool evening into a night of *terror and carnage*.

Suddenly the serene still of the evening was hideously shattered by the sound of flying white feathers and a wild honking racket. This little homicidal maniac had a *craving for ducks*: white ones. In a split second this lust was satisfied and another duck bit the dust. The new white Pekin duck, a three-week member of the Ambassador wildlife community, was to be seen no more.

And what made this crime all the more heinous was that this cruel critter had a *taste for eggs too!* Not only did he devour the expectant mamma duck but he also disposed of three of her eggs. The other nine were left out in



Close-up of the feathers. Problem: Whodunit?

the cold to die from a lack of warmth.

What was this "it" that perpetrated such a vile crime? Fox? Possum? Coon? Stray cat? We at the scene of the slaughter don't know. So the next time you are out viewing the campus as it appears illuminated by moonlight, be sure to shoot any four-footed varmint that you might see slinking around the campus. And if your aim isn't good enough for this, the least you could do is lure the thing into the pre-set trap down by the pond.

GOEBBELS AND THE TIGER

by Walt Rupp

This is a story, not too widely known and of a rather incredible nature. But it is, nevertheless, a fine one and certainly worth being told—mainly because it characterizes an era in Germany, and illustrates—though in a somewhat exaggerated manner—how things were handled then.

Let us project ourselves back some 22 years when war was raging in Europe. Our particular story happened (if it really did!) one night when Berlin was bombed and a man-killing tiger got to escape from its damaged cage in the zoo. Thus having got loose the panic-stricken animal kept racing through the streets of the city until suddenly met by Nazi minister, Goebbels, who was running for shelter during the air raid.

Irritated by the noise of exploding bombs, the tiger set after Goebbels who had now a dual reason to run for his life. Luckily he managed an open doorway where he noticed a young boy watching the scene. The boy, seeing the tiger pursue, grabbed an iron bar

that was lying about and felled the animal with one powerful blow.

Exhausted, Goebbels, still trembling with fright, was full of praise for the brave lad who undoubtedly had saved his life by his fearless action. After telling him that fearlessness and strength—as he had displayed it!—characterized the true German, he asked the selfsame boy in which "Fahnlein" he was serving (*Fahnlein* meant the local section of the Hitler youth).

There was an embarrassed silence following this question. Then the lad confessed that, as a matter of fact, he wasn't serving in any "Fahnlein" at all, because he happened to be a Jew!

The next day the following bit of news appeared in the papers: "Judenummel erschlug wehrlosen Tiger," which meant: "Jewish lout slew defenseless tiger!"

New Dealism—You have two cows, the government buys both, shoots one, milks the other and throws the milk away (or stores it).

"Long Distance Calling, Please"

"Humm?" Earle Cantrell had a problem which he wanted to solve.

"The Correspondence Course Department would know the answer," he thought to himself.

Immediately he proceeded to go to the next room to make a phone call. Carefully dialing the number—he received a response on the other end of the line.

"Hello," queried Earle, "Is this the Correspondence Course Department?"

"Yes," replied Kay Whitaker, "May I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like to know . . .," and the conversation continued.

But when Kay glanced up she saw Earle on the other side of the room! He had his back to her and was quite UNAWARE that Kay stood near at hand. Not once did Earle realize he called the Correspondence Course Department from the exact location of the department! Once he obtained the desired information he laid the phone on the receiver and left the room.



Band Makes Recording

(Continued from page 1)

men were already tired. After an hour-and-a-half their lips were nearly raw *to their chins!* It was one down, fifteen songs to go. The tension of recording studio pressure began to wear on us.

But the pace finally began to pick up, and the lips of the band members took on a second childhood. The band cut eight more takes between 11:00 and 12:00, followed by two takes Thursday

morning, "That's All" and "Exodus."

Well, that *was* all (for the tape and for us), so we began the exodus home.

After stopping for breakfast on the way home, rehearsing the miracles of the evening, and discussing plans for future recordings to serve the churches around the world, the band members settled down for a peaceful 8-hour sleep before the Snowline Party (that is, all 26 band members had a total composite rest of about *eight hours!*). So if your Snowline date was in the band, you may not have appreciated him that day, but wait until the day the recording comes!



Top: Control booth view of band's recording session. Above: Wednesday night shot of sax section. Right: Thursday morning shot of Joe listening to the lip-weary brass section!



Capitalism—You have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.