

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

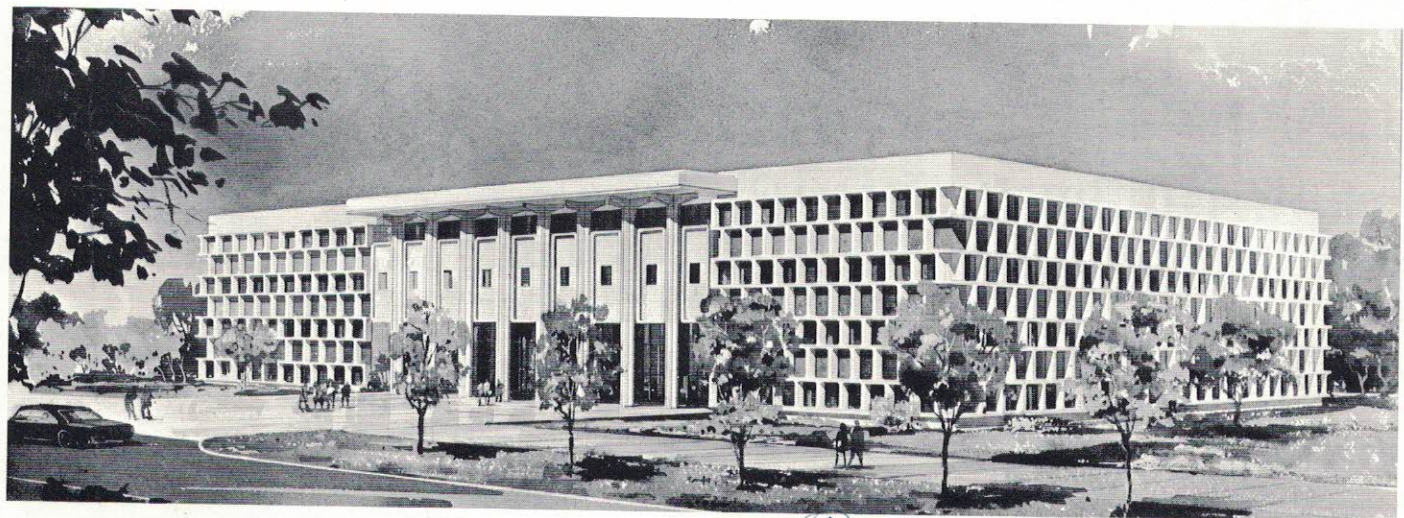
VOLUME 17, NUMBER 8

WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 21, 1967

Expansion Program Continues

AMBASSADOR TO BREAK GROUND FOR ULTRAMODERN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



New Administration Building, fifth and largest to date in 12 million dollar Ambassador expansion program.

Four-story building sets new architectural standard in concept and design.

At last — groundbreaking ceremonies for Ambassador College's new \$3,800,000 four-story, ultramodern Administration Building can be held. This beautiful new building will house the main executive and administrative offices of the Pasadena Campus.

This building is the fifth project in Ambassador College's 12 million dollar building and expansion program. The program began about four years ago with the construction of a \$1,000,000 Physical Education Facility.

Since that time, the \$1,750,000 Student Center and Dining Facility has been completed. Under construction are two more buildings — a \$1,900,000 twin-building Academic Cen-

ter and a \$1,700,000 three-level student residence complex. The program will be completed with the construction of a 1,250-seat auditorium and artificial lake by 1969 or 1970.

The new Administration Building will be constructed facing Green Street in the block between Terrace Drive and Vernon Avenue. This whole area of Pasadena will certainly be beautified by what will undoubtedly be the most modern and magnificent office building in Pasadena.

As Mr. Herbert Armstrong, Chancellor and President of Ambassador College stated, "Our purpose is to build here one of the *most beautiful campuses anywhere*, reflecting tone and character, and providing a cultural atmosphere conducive to study and the building of character in young men and women."

The Administration Building will have four stories, and a partial basement. Its overall dimensions will be 182 feet

(Continued on page 8)

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FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR

The latest rage among the co-eds of Ambassador College is asking a date in some unusual manner. We have seen many different examples, especially in Mr. Plache's forums and assemblies.

Well, I was the victim of one of these attempts. It all started last Monday morning. I went up to my mail box and discovered a large brown envelope in it. The envelope was addressed to Mr. George Johnson — for a minute I thought it was in the wrong box.

The back of the envelope carried dire predictions of what might be inside: "What you are about to enter may injure your character — beware unless able to withstand it. It may prove hazardous to your health."

With trembling hands I slowly opened the envelope. Once inside I found to my surprise — you guessed it, another envelope! This one was addressed to "the hope of all women."

(Continued on page 6)

EDITORIAL

REDEEM THE TIME—THERE'S LESS THAN YOU THINK!

by George L. Johnson

By the time you read this Editorial there will be only six weeks left before semester exams. Broken down that is only forty-two days — only forty-two days to finish this semester's class work.

No matter who you are or what class you're in you have a lot of work to do before the semester is over. There are second year Bible outlines, speech book reports, Old Testament Survey papers, Epistles book reports, fourth year Bible outlines, etc. But those are only the long range assignments — many of which should have been started long ago. There are still the books and articles to be read for the daily assignments. To say the least, this all mounts up to an awful lot of work for only forty-two short days.

But there is only one slight hitch. We don't have forty-two days to do it all in — we have far less than we think!

Let's figure approximately how much time we'll have to do all those assignments. You'll be shocked when you realize just how little time we do have!

First we must subtract the six Sabbath days. That will leave us with thirty-six days, or 864 hours. Now if we subtract the 120 hours you will spend on your job, we will have 744 hours. During those six weeks we will also spend approximately 120 hours in our classes, leaving 624 hours. And if you're human you will sleep 288 hours of that remaining time, leaving 336 hours. Now let's subtract the 84 hours we'll spend eating our meals and going to clubs, this leaves us with 252 hours. But let's not forget the 20 hours we'll spend at the Saturday night activities.

Now we only have a total of 232 hours, or approximately six and a half hours a day. But by the time we spend a minimum of two hours a day getting up, getting ready for classes, and preparing for bed we are left with only four and a half hours a day to do our class work.

But by the time we subtract the bare minimum of time for prayer and Bible study, we are left with a grand total of three and a half hours of actual time per day that we can spend preparing for our classes.

As you can readily see when we take a close look at "all of that time," we find that there really isn't that much. No, not very much at all!

The sad part about it is, I haven't even figured in the unexpected activities that might come up. There is also the Rose Parade, and who knows what else might come along!

Now what should we do under the weight of all this evidence? Throw up our hands and quit?

No.

Quitting is not the answer.

I did not write these statistics to make you want to give up and quit. I wrote them to show you the need for "redeeming the time."

You will have the time to get all your work done before the end of the semester. But you'll have to start now. You'll use the little time you do have wisely. Take advantage of the time you have during study hours. Don't WASTE TIME. REDEEM it. THERE'S LESS THAN YOU THOUGHT!

PIZZAZZ FUNNIBOY

Open Letter to Miss Elusive

by Bill Jacobs

Ambassador girls inspire Ambassador men. You inspire me — at least I *think* you inspire me. I don't know you well enough to really say for sure. But let us say, to be fair about it all, your first impression when we met several years ago inspired me to dig down to the inner depths, muster my miniscule reserves of fortitude, and then take that perilous lunge — and ask you for a *date*.

You smiled and looked sympathetic as you apologized for having a date already. I smiled too and said, "I'll try again." This later proved to be the understatement of the year.

I tried again — Sabbath services on Friday. No luck. I got what I deserved on that one.

The junior dance approached. My dander was up. "Aha!" I plotted, "Surely Miss Elusive doesn't have a date *four weeks* in advance — I'll ask her again." I did; and you did also — already. "Maybe she doesn't like me," I fretted. "Maybe she thinks I'm chasing her. Maybe I better *forget* about her for a while."

So I forgot about you for about five or six months. Just a few weeks ago I was talking with you when a thought popped into my head — "I've never dated her! I'll try to squeeze in *one date* before the semester ends!" So I asked again. And guess what — you already had a date!

But I'm not going to stop! I'll persevere on just the principle of the thing if nothing more. I've gone too far to quit now. I'm going to keep trying.

You have inspired me.

One-line description of television: If you see something with a good cast, bright plot, and clever dialog ** it's a commercial.

Next Time Leave It to the Professionals

by Jim Napier

Ken Anderson was having a hairy problem as the back and sides of his hair were beginning to look like a massive tract of TV antennas. So he importuned "ex-scalper" Jim Bogart for a trim, as he was in a hurry and hadn't time to visit a clip joint.

Jim acquiesced and whipped out his old, non-skid grip clippers and began to mow away. In a moment a massive clearance of old hair had occurred.

Desiring to see the finished work, Ken stood in front of our bathroom mirror, Jim at his elbow.

"How does it look," whispered Jim.

"I'd like it a little longer in the sides and back," Ken whispered back. "Quick! Find the glue and paste some back on."

"I'm afraid you're *stuck* with it the way it is."

Ken's hair is growing back now, and you can believe him when he says that no cigar store Indian or last ditch "hair-splitting problem" is going to woo him back into the clutches of Bogart's clippers.

Mr. Koo is his one and only.

A PILLOW CASE

by Jim Perkins

Does this scene sound familiar to you? Your tired, bulging, bloodshot eyes peer through the early morning mist of your mind. Suddenly you realize — it's time to get up! Oh no! There must be a way of escape. Hmmm. How about skipping breakfast? I can miss three P. E. classes a semester before my grade is lowered. I can't just jump up out of bed! A sudden move like that could cause undue strain on my heart. I'll just lay here a little longer beneath these nice warm — *ZZZzzzzzz*.

If the above description fits, you are the victim of the SIX O'CLOCK SYNDROME. Don't feel panic stricken though, because you are not alone in your plight. Many others have broken the chain sleeping habit. You too, can liberate yourself from oversleep enslavement.

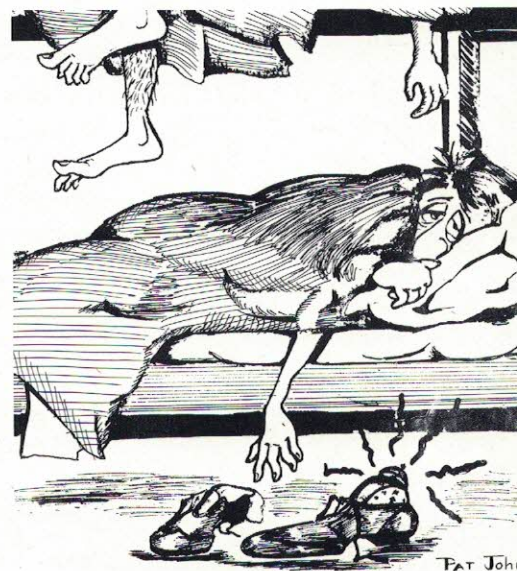
"HOW?" you ask? Well, *here* is the answer.

When Big Ben first rings reville, jump out of that bed and throw up the window. Drink in the beauty that the night has given to the new day. The air is cool and crisp so take big gulping lungfuls of rejuvenating oxygen. (Quick the smog is moving in already!)

Meanwhile, back at the bathroom, apply copious amounts of cold water on those sleepy peepers. This strategic move should really clear away those clouds of lethargy from your dream-

dulled mind. Before leaping into the shower, drop to the floor and (no, don't take a short nap) do about twenty-five quick push ups. Feel the blood surging through your veins? Now for the finishing touch, a COLD SHOWER. While drying off, make your first thoughts for the day positive ones. You have another whole day to live to the full. Think about that! You can live it at one of the three happiest places on the face of the earth.

Ambassador, by using this simple method, you too can quit being a bed bug and be a get-up-and-go bug.



The Typical Del Mar Bunk!

Unclassified Ads

WANTED: One (1) "After its Kind" — willing to be parsimonious. — Neil Colton. Call 387.

The Old Administration Building —How We Outgrew It

The present Administration Building was originally a horse stable. Horse stalls were on the ground floor—hay mow was above. When the day of the automobile arrived, this building was converted into a four-car garage, with servant housing upstairs and on each end downstairs.

When it came into our hands, in 1947, the small front room became the Registrar's office, the larger middle room (former garage area) became our mailing office, and the downstairs rear our printing shop, with offices of the Chairman (Mr. Armstrong), President (Mr. Dillon), and mail opening, mail reading and mail answering, on second floor.

After acquirement of the old Jensen's Furniture store building (see Autobiography), purchased in 1956, the print shop, mail receiving, reading and answering, and mailing departments, as well as Co-Worker Department, Circulation Department of *The PLAIN TRUTH*, all were moved out. The ground floor then was remodeled into offices for the Dean of Instruction (Dr. Hoeh—a very small office), an office for the Registrar, now Mr. Herrmann, and the smallest office, at the front which originally was the Dean's office, became that of the Women's Guidance Counsellor, Mrs. Armstrong—all these on one side; and a receptionists' and typists' office up front, with three other

faculty offices on the other side of a central corridor.

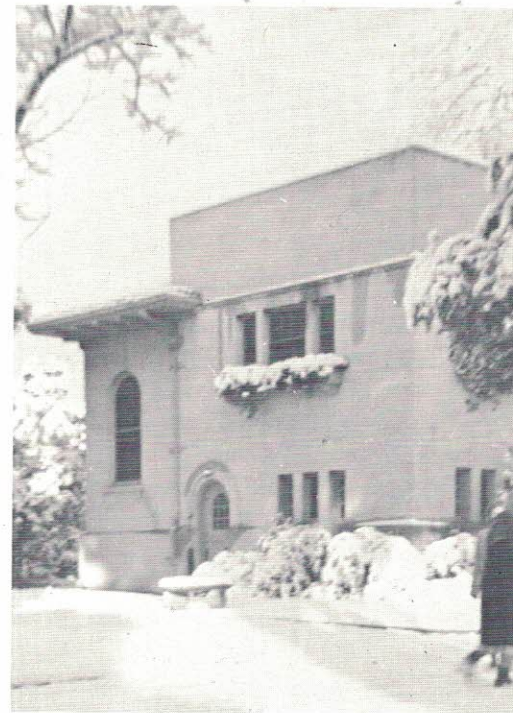
Mr. Armstrong had moved out, into a little cubby-hole office in a tiny "penthouse" on top of the Library building, and Garner Ted Armstrong had moved into his office. The Business Manager had moved into the former President's office, and the balance of the second floor was used by Assistant Business Manager, bookkeepers, Accountants and secretaries.

Later, about 1961, our own construction crew enlarged the "penthouse" to cover most of the roof of the Library, and at last there was a larger and suitable office for Mr. Armstrong, with an adequate office for Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong, a receptionist office, and a secretary's desk.

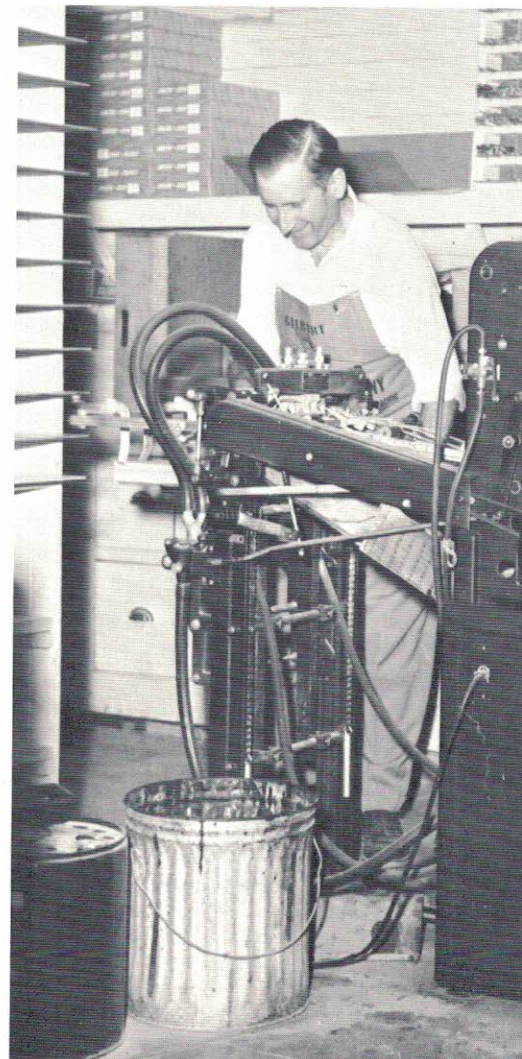
At that time Mr. Meredith moved into the office vacated by Mr. Ted Armstrong.

Finally, the operations that had been left in this building had expanded to a point where people were working at desks out in halls and corridors. The Registrar's office had become so crowded Mr. Herrmann informed us it was utterly impossible to register in larger number of students to arrive at the end of August for the 1967-68 school year in his cramped quarters.

That is when Mr. Portune moved the entire business office operations to an apartment in a girl's dormitory building across the street.



A.



B.

A — A rare shot of the Administration Building with snow — 1947.

B — The Press Building was also in the Administration Building — here Mr. Jim Gott and others printed the booklets.

C — Here is a picture of *The PLAIN TRUTH* Circulation Department (Mailing List), and Mailing Room, as it was during the fourth or fifth year of the college.

D — A later shot of the Circulation Department — still in the old Administration Building.

E — Here machines label *The PLAIN TRUTH*.



C.



D.



E.

Archaeology: The Windbag

by Joe Seefus

Shalom. Rest assured, it is I. I bear you another message from Science.

It was one warm, sunny day, as I—decked out in my customary costume of Bermuda shorts, sunglasses, and Jungle Jim hat—carefully probed the ruins with my standard tools—pick, shovel, sledge hammer, pry bar, and Elmer's glue. A glint from beneath a splinted column caught my eye. A little deft work brought the object to light. Eureka!

Our dedicated team of historiographers (glorified historians) have just made another archaeological breakthrough (cave-in.) Yes, we've done it again!

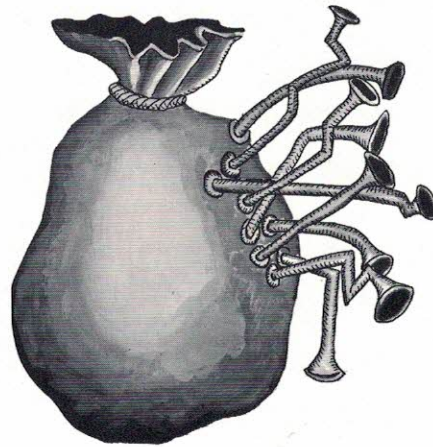
From the excavation site of the Murphy House ruins, we return with a primeval prototype of both the bag-pipe and that class of musical instruments called the *woodwinds*. What is this ancient artifact? A WINDBAG!

A "bag-o-nine pipes." So was it known to those early mansion builders, the Murphys. The windbag has 9 contorted pipes, formed from camel bones and sewn to a catskin bag with catgut thread.

There are two methods of playing

the pipes. The first is simply blowing into the mouth of the bag. Another way is to first fill the bag with air, pulling the drawstring to prevent its retreat, then to punch or pummel it with hands or feet. Undesirable tones are shut off by plugging up the corresponding pipe.

Yes, science marches on. What new thing next will it have to titillate your senses or to tingle your mind?



The Wind Bag!

Desk of Editor

(Continued from page 2)

Hesitating I opened it. Still another envelope. This one addressed to "the grooviest man on campus."

Not being able to bear the suspense any longer, I ripped open the envelope, only to be greeted by another. This one said: "to his humble highness." Now I knew for sure that the envelope had been put in the wrong box.

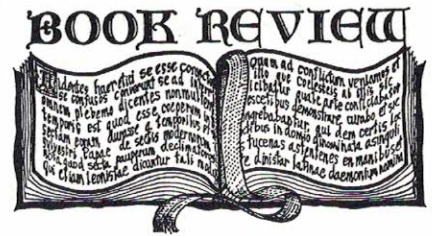
But I opened the envelope anyway—vanity I guess.

Inside the envelope I found a message. It was scrawled on two small pieces of paper. It read: "To the most affable, amiable, beneficent, benevolent, benignity, good natured, gracious, bonhomie, merciful, bighearted, tender, obliging, humane, princely, unsparing, marriageable, Don Juan," I felt my vanity getting the best of me as the note continued, "masculine, virile,

brave, courageous, dashing, brawny, athletic, powerful, mighty, stalwart, husky, strong, he-man, titanic," this was almost getting to be too much for my normally humble nature, "powerful, robust, vibrant, staunch, ironlike, indefatigable," my heart wouldn't be able to stand much more, "invincible, unconquerable, overpowering, overwhelming, keen, sharp, profound, man. Who is Atlas, Hercules, Antaeus, Samson, Goliath, Tarzan, and Titan rolled into one." I could hardly believe that I was all these things. But the note continued: "I'm sorry HE ALREADY HAD A DATE, so I'm having to ask you. Would you come to Ambassador Women's Club Men's night December 3, 1967?"

Signed: Janet Cummings
My answer is: I humbly accept!

Oh, and while I'm on the subject, Elliot Hurwitt, will you go to Men's Night with Florence Morse December 10, 1967?



by Barbara Church

If you would like to read an extraordinary story about an extraordinary man—read *My Shadow Ran Fast* by Bill Sands. He was a violent and tough young man who defied convention and, if he had not been stopped, probably would have committed murder. He admits this and everyone who dealt with him knows it. But today, convicted lifer No. 66836 of San Quentin Prison is a highly respected citizen. He tells the story of how he fought his way up from rock bottom in a solitary cell to win wealth and success. After his release from prison, he fought in World War II and gained complete freedom seventeen years after his discharge when his parole was dropped.

He then went on to lead a diamond expedition in Venezuela, coached swimming teams in India, had big business in the United States, entertained in nightclubs, flew airplanes and drove racing cars, yet he felt he had contributed nothing. He realized that in the same way he'd been helped he could help others—so he set out to do so. Now he is actively engaged in prison reform work and in the rehabilitation of criminals and juvenile delinquents. He has learned the great satisfaction of being able to help others who are in the same trouble he was once in—and he learned to reach them on their own level—something few people have been able to do.

It is an incredible and exciting story and you will thoroughly enjoy reading it.

Life is much like a game of tennis—the one who serves well, seldom loses.

Nowadays when you hear that a person is beyond medical help, you know he's laid up with a cold.

AMBASSADOR PRESS CONTINUES TO GROW; NEW MACHINES ADDED

by Pat Parnell

The Ambassador College Press at Pasadena is continually expanding and always improving! It just recently took two big forward steps by acquiring the latest in automatic paper cutters and a new fantastic marvel, the Kodalith Film Processor.

Sitting in place of the old manual paper cutter, which is being shipped to Big Sandy is the Lawson — Pacemaker 11. This automatic cutter has twelve job programming capabilities. Once programmed — this might be compared to setting stops on a typewriter, each stop a separate cutting job — the cutter is ready to go.

Higher production and greater efficiency are produced by the automatically programmed job setting. The time previously needed to set up each job manually is eliminated. Yet the cutter is also capable of manual operation. Then, in case of a rush order, the operator can stop to do it, then return to his original job without ever re-programming the cutter.



The Cutter With A "Mind" of It's Own.

The cutter has a hair-splitting accuracy of 1/128 inch or better. This is one of the reasons for the smiles on the faces of the usual operators. It's like moving up from a Ford to a Cadillac!

The new film processor enables our men to put out more than twice the amount of developed film than previously. The old film developing pro-



The New Kodak Processor

cess involving developer, stop bath, fixer, washing, and drying — all done by hand — is very lengthy and not so reliable.

But the Kodalith does the whole processing in only FIVE MINUTES! And it adds just the right amount of chemicals to replenish what was used up. The film doesn't vary!

For the operator it basically means he can feed the film in one side and five minutes later pull it from the other side. During the meanwhile he can be working in other needed areas of the lab.

Once again God's Work didn't spend money! It saved money!

The Little-known Well-known Facts Dept.

In October of 1961, in New York City, an explosive new film was released to the public. Produced by Andy Warhol, the film was titled *Sleep*. Thousands flocked to see it. The press reviews were both favorable and unfavorable. In fact, the film was downright controversial. The entire story took place in a bedroom, and lasted eight solid hours. *It consisted solely of a man sleeping for eight hours, and finally ended when he awakened to shut his alarm off!*

Sound ridiculous? Of course not! It made the producer rich...

The Island of Golf, Golf, Golf

by Dannie Rogers

"Twenty-six miles across the sea, Santa Catalina is awaitin' for me." Yes, there we were, on beautiful Santa Catalina Island, the island of romance. So what were George Geis, Dave Urban, and yours truly doing?

"Hey Dave! Did you see my ball anywhere?"

"Yeah, it rolled down that little hole over there — the one just to the left of that rattlesnake."

As other students took the scenic tours and explored the luscious island, we three were hiking through the out-back, struggling through the sand dunes, and wading through the marshes in a somewhat vain attempt to play golf. The day went something like this:

"Hey Dan, you play like a motor boat."

"What do you mean, George?"

"All you do is putt-putt-putt!"

"Say Dave, what kind of iron are you going to use for this shot?"

"Why, a GE steam and dry, of course!"

"George, have you seen any dynamite around here?"

"No, why?"

"I need to explode out of this sand trap."

"George, you look like a real golfer. Do you know what a real golfer is?"

"No, what?"

"A person who yells fore, gets six, and puts down five."

"Dave, this is the last time I listen to you. This course will ruin my game for the tournament in Mexico next week."

"I didn't know there was a tournament in Mexico."

"Oh come on, surely you've heard of the Golf of Mexico!"

So as the sun slowly set in the west and the church bell tolled the knell of parting day, we left beautiful Catalina Island with the distant sound of George Geis mumbling to himself:

"Hmmm, let's see. On that last hole I got a $6\frac{3}{4}$, or was it the square root of 45? Where's my slide rule?

Groundbreaking

(Continued from page 1)

long by 104 feet wide. The building will have a stress resistant steel frame and structural concrete floors. The exterior of the building features precast concrete window walls and concrete columns. By using both the window walls and columns on the exterior, the building will blend in beautifully with the theme already set by the Academic and Student Centers.

The O. K. Earl Corporation, of Pasadena, is responsible for the design, engineering, and construction of the new facility.

The Corporation has received numerous awards for the buildings it has designed and built across the country. The one building that the O. K. Earl Corporation has finished to date for Ambassador College is the Physical Education Facility.

This building received awards from both Pasadena Beautiful and Los Angeles Beautiful Foundations. It was designated College Building of the Month by *College and University Business* magazine. Also, has been featured in the School's Edition of Technical Bulletin published in Washington, D. C. and has been extensively published in the building and trade periodicals.

Their Senior Staff Architect, Peter J. Holdstock, is in charge of the design of the building. He received his architectural education at Medway College of Art, Rochester, England, and did post-graduate at Paris, Oxford, Cambridge,

and the University of Southern California.

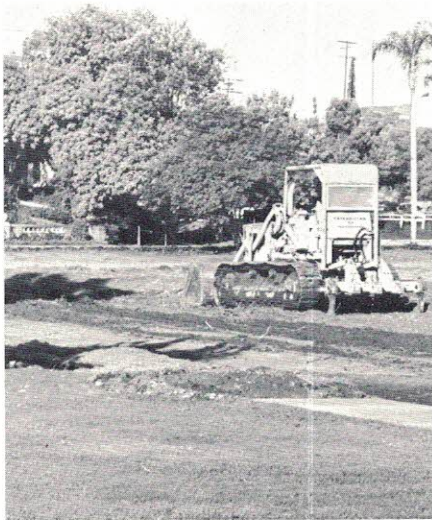
In addition to this building, Mr. Holdstock has also designed the College's remarkably different and beautiful Physical Education Facility, and the new Loma D. Armstrong Academic Center (presently under construction by the O. K. Earl Corporation).

In describing the Administration Building, Architect Holdstock stated that, "Too often a building can only obtain a decorative facade covering a utilitarian complex of offices, but here at Ambassador College, thanks to an enlightened and far-thinking staff, we have been able to explore and use space created by the Student Center, this Hall of Administration and a planned Auditorium building to great advantage.

"Furthermore, it has been found possible to open the interior of this Administration Building to form two soaring light wells with balconies on all four sides, crowned by a sculptured ceiling with skylights and landscaped at the ground level with indoor plantings of considerable size.

"Seldom since the Renaissance Age in Architecture has it been possible to develop spaces as dramatic and gracious as those incorporated in this building. The classic manner of handling space and the utilization of completely modern building materials and techniques will impart a timeless quality to this building and will make it a substantial addition to the campus."

This new Administration Building is just another step in Ambassador College's endeavor to do its part to contribute to Pasadena's worldwide reputation as an educational and cultural center.



Site where new building will stand!

Places to Go and Things to See

by Kayte Youngblood

DESCANSO GARDENS, located at 1418 Descanso Dr., La Canada, Calif. It makes a *great* bicycle and picnic date. It's open Monday through Friday 8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. and Sunday at 8:00 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. You'll find a Tea House, Hospitality House and beautiful gardens and streams. For this season you'll find camelias, berried plants, roses, and autumn leaves. ADMISSION: Free!!

The PLANETARIUM SHOWS at PCC. The next one will be on Thursday, November 30 at 7:30 p.m. Topic, Observatories: From Stonehenge to the O.A.O. Free tickets may be reserved by telephone 795-6961, Ext. 331 and should be picked up by 7:15 on appropriate evening at the Information Desk in C building. Non-ticket holders admitted 7:30-7:35 until Planetarium is filled.

The NEW YORK CITY OPERA performing at the Music Center. Evening performances are at 8:30 p.m. while afternoon performances are at 2:30 on Sunday. Tuesday, November 21, MADAME BUTTERFLY will be performed in Italian; Saturday night, November 25, LA BOHEME performed in Italian; Sunday afternoon the performance will be MADAME BUTTERFLY again; and then Monday, November 27, GIULIO CESARE (Julius Caesar) will be presented in Italian. (Seems like they are having a run on Italian these days)

Conceit is a form of "I" strain.

