

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



VOLUME 18, NUMBER 2

WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 13, 1968

Latest Breakthrough

DIGEST ADS FOR LATIN AMERICA

The Spanish Work is taking another big step forward! As a result of Mr. Herbert Armstrong's recent trip to Mexico City, plans have been finalized for the Work to go ahead with full-page advertisements in *two* Spanish language editions of *Reader's Digest*.

The Mexican edition with a circulation of 400,000 will cover Mexico and various cities in the U.S. such as Los Angeles and New York where large groups of Spanish-speaking people live.

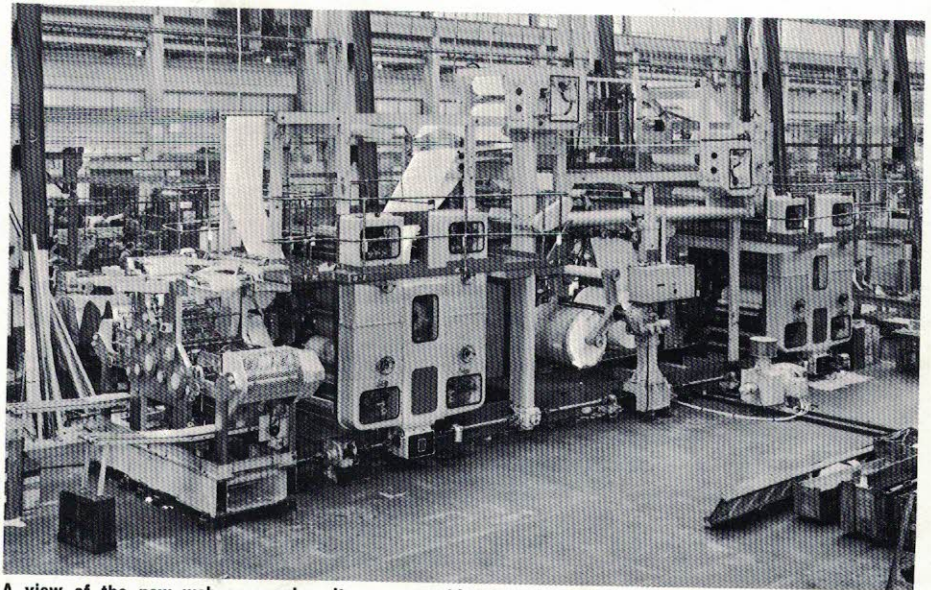
The Carribean edition with a circulation of 350,000 will reach people in Puerto Rico, Central America, Venezuela, Colombia and Peru.

The first ad to reach these 750,000

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Answers to the ads will go to the Mexico City office headed by Enrico Ruiz.



A view of the new web press when it was assembled in England. (Note its size compared to the man just to the right of the press.) It was then disassembled, crated, and shipped to the United States.

SECOND WEB PRESS FOR NEW PRESS COMPLEX

The *new* web press has arrived! On August 22, the four-color satellite press destined for the new Press Complex was hoisted off the freighter *Portland* at San Pedro. The sixty-nine ton payload is the Halley-Aller press. It was manufactured by Baker Perkins Limited of England in Peterborough — about a two hour drive north of the Bricket Wood Campus.

The Halley-Aller will be the main production press for the printing of *The PLAIN TRUTH*. At present, *The PLAIN TRUTH* is printed at the rate of 600 feet per minute, which means that about 20,000 signatures come off per hour. The existing press has a capacity to produce some 1,300,000 finished copies

in 18 production days, using three shifts per day. After the Halley-Aller is installed, production potential is expected to jump to nearly 3,000,000 magazines in the same amount of time!

Plans for installation began a year and a half ago. Several tons of concrete and reinforced steel form the custom-made foundation bed for the Halley-Aller in the new building. Its

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News Editor
ORLIN GRABBE

Feature Editor
GERALD WESTON

Sports Editor
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Ernie Prociw
Richard Taylor
Cheryl Vance
Charles Vinson

and YOU

Circulation Manager
LOUIS WINANT

The PORTFOLIO is a limited circulation publication. It is for the student bodies of Ambassador College. It is not to be sent home to friends and relatives.

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Gardeners Pacify Grass Roots Movement

The Los Angeles Arboretum had a plague of a certain weed. Through grass roots warfare, it was taking over the place. To get rid of it they had to go through some pains and expense.

The same weed infected lawns in the Los Angeles area. Believe it or not, some plowed up their yards, and sterilized (how ever you do that) their ground. They feared the plague of the culprit which goes by the name of Kikuyu (I hope that's how you spell it. It's not in the dictionary).

But here at Ambassador College *we cultivate it!*

Yes, in the area around the Editorial Building and the Birds, there is not grass—as you think—but rather a weed.

Actually a weed with need is not a weed indeed. When people can use it,

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Editorial

Calling All Students

by Donald Graunke

The PORTFOLIO needs you!

Some students think that the PORTFOLIO is a one man show or a Graunke, Grabbe, Weston, Wolverton & Co. production. Far from it. The PORTFOLIO is *not* the brainchild of the Applied Journalism class.

The PORTFOLIO is YOUR newspaper. It is the newspaper of the student body, written *by* the student body, *for* the enlightenment and entertainment of the student body. As the handbook puts it: "The Applied Journalism class publishes the college newspaper." BUT we don't write every word — or shouldn't.

But alas, there comes a time in the tenure of every PORTFOLIO editor (usually by October) when students are contributing next to nil. The news, trends and anecdotes of campus life disappear into oblivion because our limited staff is not able to uncover everything. Meanwhile, we the Staff burn the midnight oil racking our limited imaginations for something to fill up the "unlimited" empty space.

Therefore, in order that we can reach our goal of never once asking for late permission this year, we offer these points to spark more contributions.

WHO MAY WRITE FOR THE PORTFOLIO?

Any student may write — freshmen through seniors, men *and* women.

WHAT IS THERE TO WRITE ABOUT?

Our reply is: what would you *enjoy reading*? We are primarily interested in worthwhile campus news that the staff may have missed. Humorous situations, anecdotes of campus life, or just plain interesting material relevant to the college are welcome. Surely something must be going on in your job, classes, dorm, or club. Keep your eyes open and your pencils moving. *Check the story with your supervisor when it's about your job.* Have him put his OK on it before you turn it in.

HOW LONG SHOULD MY ARTICLE BE?

A rule of thumb is to fit your story on *one* page, double spaced. Naturally the length of an article will be determined by the merit and meat in it. The bane of our jobs are half-baked, poorly typed, grammatically atrocious articles of nebulous purpose. Just say what you want to say the clearest way that you can say it, and stop when you've said all that's worth saying.

WHEN IS THE DEADLINE?

The deadline for articles is TUESDAY of every week. In other words, the day the PORTFOLIO comes out is the day the articles for the *next* PORTFOLIO are due.

WHERE DO I TURN IT IN?

The most convenient way is to put it in my mailbox or hand it to me personally. If I'm not available give them to Gerald Weston or Orlin Grabbe.

WHY DOESN'T MY ARTICLE GET PUBLISHED? WHY IS IT CUT UP SO MUCH WHEN IT DOES?

One of the keys to success is *perseverance*. Dr. Hoeh didn't get his FIRST article published in *The PLAIN TRUTH*. But that didn't stop him from becoming Managing Editor of *The PLAIN TRUTH*. In my first two and a half years at college only three of my gems escaped the utter destruction of file thirteen (the ash can). Writing takes practice, and practice, and more practice.

So take advantage of the free space offered every week for your literary efforts. The success of the PORTFOLIO depends on *you*. Right? WRITE!!

Orientation Week Kicks Off 22nd Year



Grove Terrace — New Student “Mansion”

“Is this a new high-rise apartment?

“How much is the rent per month? \$400? \$500?”

This is what people passing by have been asking. A few have inquired about chances of moving into what they think is a new apartment complex on the corner of Grove and Terrace.

That’s the impression the new ultra-modern men’s residence, Grove Terrace, is creating these days.

Since August 24, Ambassador students have been living in the *only* residence on the Pasadena campus built from the ground up for that very purpose.

The new luxurious residence is a far cry from the early years of Ambassador College when students lived in the now legendary Green Street houses. Here are a few of the many new features in both layout and facilities.

Each floor is laid out with bedrooms that hold four men and study rooms that hold eight. So there are twice as many bedrooms as study areas per floor.

By each man’s bed there is a night stand, and a night light above the bed. Each student has a private closet with plenty of storage space.

The study desks are the most spacious on campus. Each man has a whopping 12.8 square feet of desk space. This is about 4.8 square feet more than the standard size desk in the other residences. The bookshelf over the desk is 62 inches long, or 16 inches longer than the standard.

Grove Terrace is the only residence on campus to have built-in air conditioning with *individual* room temperature control. This means no more hot muggy summer nights or two-blanket winter evenings.

The landscaping will have much variety due to the fact that there is no level ground. And there is plenty of bench space. The bench areas in the front and back can seat all 144 students staying in Grove Terrace.

Altogether Grove Terrace is an im-

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“Many of you have come here because there are things missing in your life that have led you to realize that you are not all ‘there,’” Mr. Plache told the Freshmen as the first Faculty member to speak during orientation assembly Wednesday, August 28.

Orientation means “to set your bearings.” Representative members of the Faculty spoke on the revamping of lives and outlooks — especially at the beginning of the new school year.

Dr. Hoeh presided as Master of Ceremonies. He explained why Ambassador is co-educational: “If you train men and not girls, then one has to start over again with the next generation, as children grow up in an environment scarcely removed from the bush.”

The Guidance Counselor of men, Mr. Roderick Meredith, gave three guidelines toward becoming established in Ambassador life: 1) Remember why you came here; 2) Don’t let little misunderstandings get you down; 3) Be whole-hearted in whatever you do. He warned, “This is not a Bible school (with) a nicey-nice atmosphere, yet it is a veritable gold mine.”

In introducing the business manager of the college, Dr. Hoeh warned that “the biggest mistake any student will make in lack of financial responsibility occurs in the first year.” Mr. Portune added, “One of the most paramount reasons students drop out of college is financial.” He then went ahead to explain our student financial system that ensures *success* for every student who applies himself to make it work. In parting he mentioned, “In this generation and time, the hardest thing young people are going to have to do is to be ‘up for the game’” —i.e. to be prepared for the future, not only financially, but mentally, physically, and spiritually.

Mr. Lochner emphasized the importance of health and physical culture in a balanced life. “We don’t feel that you can maintain a good GPA or a good attitude without physical exercise.”

In a woman-to-woman presentation, Mrs. Van der Veer represented the

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Orientation Week

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Home Economics Department designed to "teach the women to enjoy being women." Other faculty members also brought out helpful points for the new students.

Then Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong delivered the theme message of the afternoon. In stating the reason for Ambassador College, he pointed out, "Other colleges only teach you how to earn a living. Here you learn not only how to earn a living, but *how to live* . . . This is not a Bible or religious school — but we do live by every Word of God."

Stressing the importance of the Bible, Mr. Armstrong explained that it is man's instruction book, sent along with man. It reveals man's purpose for being; where he is headed; and how to get there. "We were all put here for a purpose — and that purpose is to develop the finest kind of pure, wholesome character."

That evening the formal Faculty Reception was held. Because of the large number of incoming students (230 regular fulltime) the traditional lineup and handshaking was waived for another means of meeting the faculty.

Mr. Herbert Armstrong started the evening by welcoming the class of '72 to Ambassador College on the steps of Ambassador Hall. Then he gave them a brief history of the newly remodeled hall and led them on a tour through it.

After the tour of the hall, the students were able to meet the faculty in the mall of the Academic Complex behind Ambassador Hall over a few hors d'oeuvres and a glass of punch. Then they had an opportunity to visit the Penthouse and the newly opened — but not quite finished — Men's Dormitory.

For the last stop of the evening the student body and the faculty mingled, ate, and danced to music by the Big Band in the Student Center.

Two days of testing followed for the new students while returning students continued to pour in from all parts of the country.

At 8:30 Sunday morning, sixteen buses full of students motored down to the scorching sands and pounding surf



Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong speaks to the largest incoming Freshman class in the Recital Hall of the Fine Arts building.

of Huntington Beach for the annual get-acquainted beach party.

Students smeared on dozens of different potions to prevent sunburn — olive oil, sun tan lotion, hand lotion with iodine and yes, even salad dressing! *Risk* seemed to be on the down trend — only four boards were counted. A new sport seen this year was the use of the frizbie. For traditionalists there was still the football, volleyball, and beachball. And failing all else there was the ocean.

A tropical storm several hundred miles to the south stirred up larger than usual tides and waves for fine short-run body surfing. One very high wave pounded the beach and flowed up into an encampment of towels, clothes, radios, and singing Ambassadors who thought they were high and dry. After a day of "fun in the sun," tired Ambassadors, now several shades redder for the experience, boarded the buses and returned in time for the evening meal.

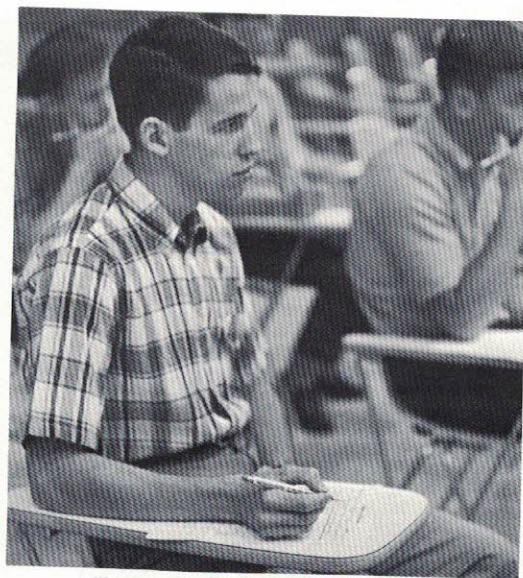
The whirlwind of activities ended Monday with registration. Classes began next day with almost 600 students in attendance, nearly 150 times more than when Ambassador first opened its doors twenty-two short years ago! That's progress!



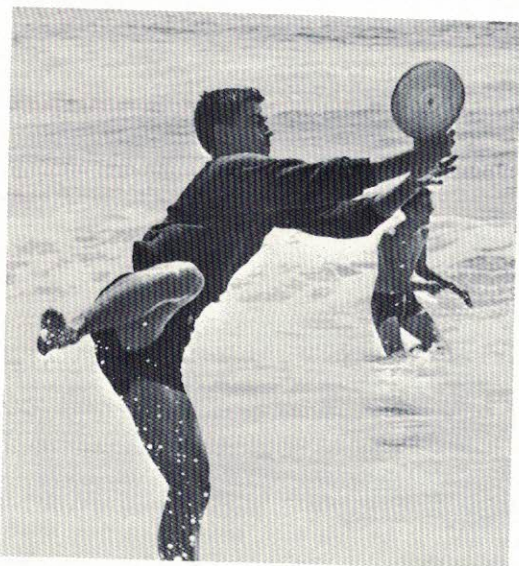
Friendly guides gave new students the deluxe two and a half hour tour of the campus and buildings.



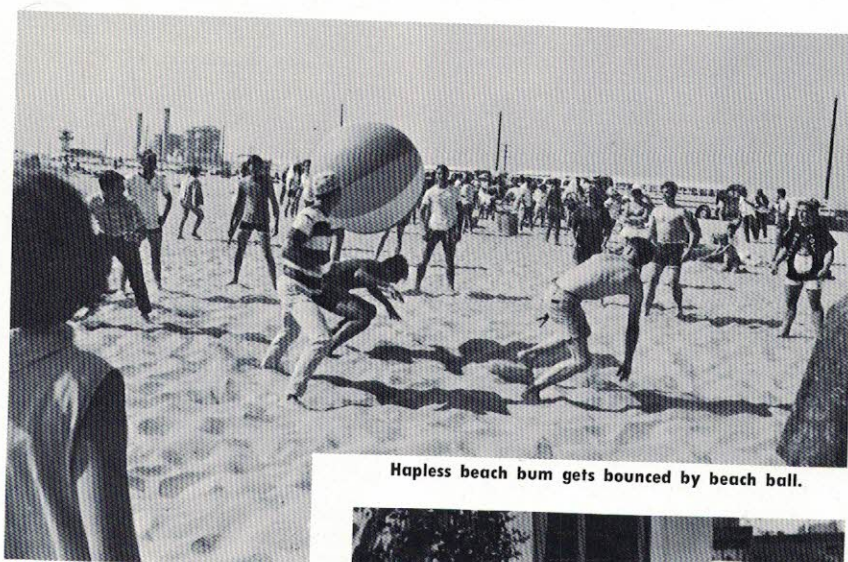
Mr. Armstrong greets students in his office during the evening of the Faculty Reception and open house.



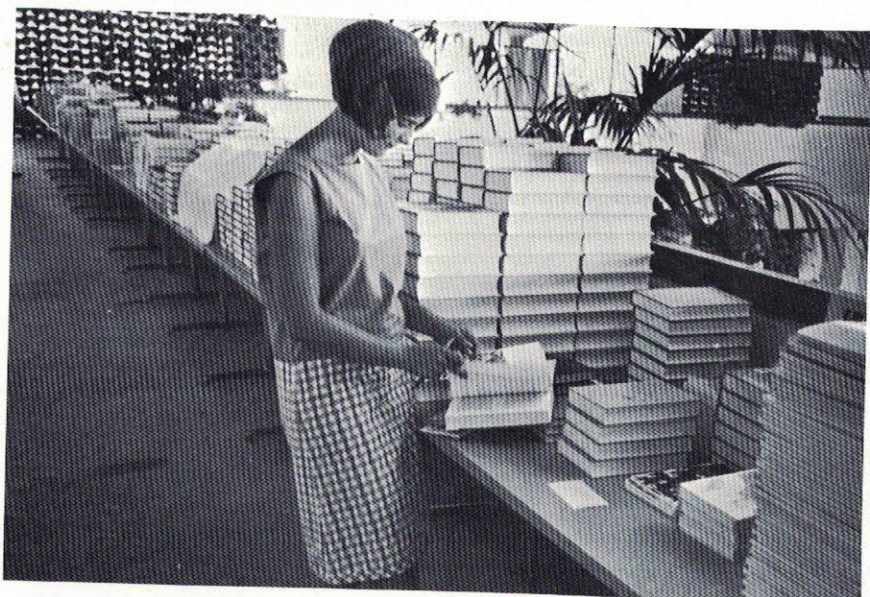
"Let's see now ... two plus two is ..."



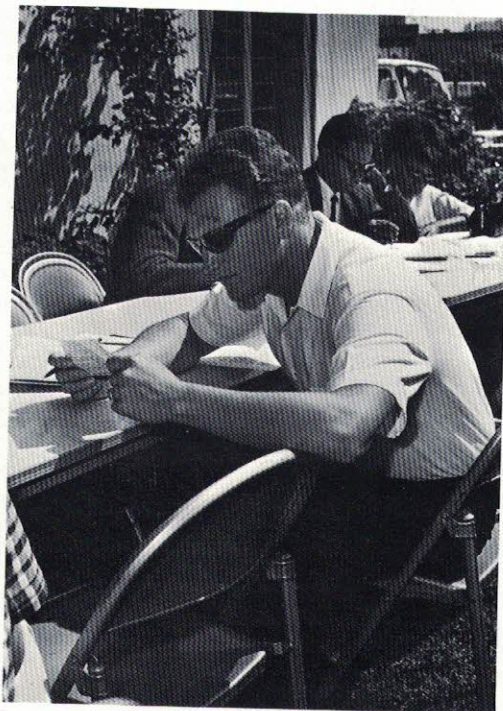
"Lo, mom, a real UFO."



Hapless beach bum gets bounced by beach ball.



Of the making of books there is no end.

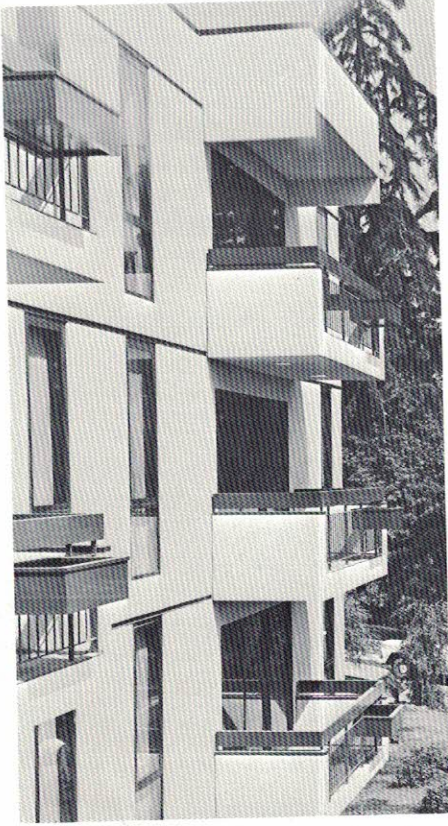


A new Freshman is stumped by the Portfolio Impersonal Personal Interview form.

Grove Terrace

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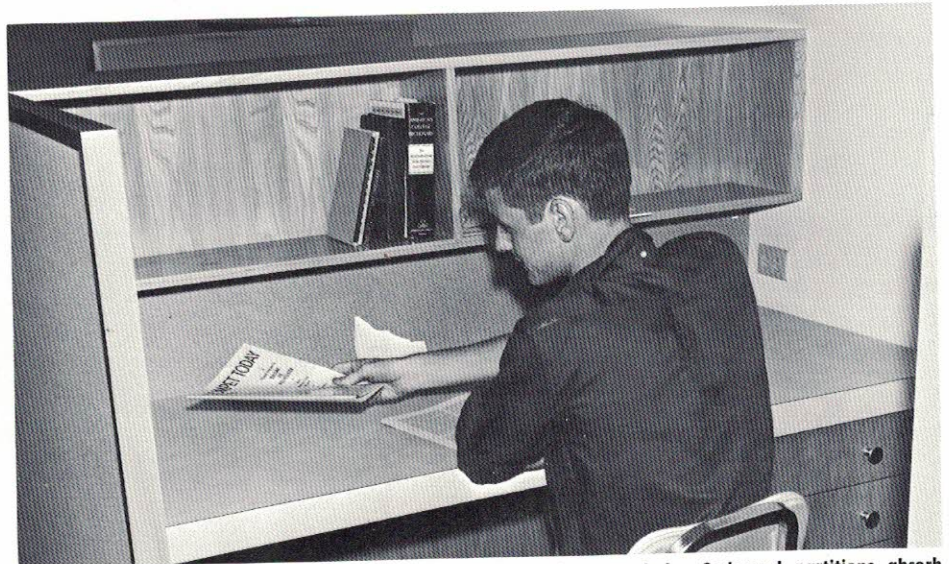
pressive addition to the Ambassador landscape. The new men's residence offers a place for college men to APPRECIATE and USE cultured and well-built living quarters. Grove Terrace now takes its place in the program to *recapture true values*.



Each study area opens up onto a balcony for a panoramic view.



Each student has a private closet with seven drawers to store personal items.



There's plenty of elbow room and wide open space at the new desks. Corkwood partitions absorb sound and give seclusion that is more conducive to study.



The Commons Room is THE place for small social gatherings, bull sessions, or just plain relaxation. It is complete with a kitchenette and open hearth fire. It opens out to a landscaped sundeck.

On A "Clear" Day You Can Gasp Forever

by Gerald Weston

Every year on the AC campus a strange and ancient tale is perpetuated upon an unsuspecting spectrum of incoming students. Its yearly resurrection is as predictable as the United States gold drain, or the setting of the sun.

This year however, the PORTFOLIO is coming to the rescue. As a public service we are going to reveal this farcical fantasy for what it is! So read on.

The setting is anywhere on the Pasadena campus. The time is early in the afternoon. One of our new students — Oscar — is walking along with a hardened veteran of the southern California area — Charlie . . .

Oscar: Say Charlie, what's that cloud coming at us?

Charlie: Nothing much. Just a touch of smog.

Oscar: What's that?

Charlie: A natural phenomena . . . hydrocarbons, ozone, irritants.

Oscar: (Cough cough) Natural phenomena! The upper Yukon never has fog like this. It tastes terrible!

Charlie: Wait till we get a bad day.

Oscar: BAD DAY!!! You mean it gets worse?

Charlie: Sure it does. Why (cough hak hak) when I was a freshman it got so (cough) bad that birds couldn't

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Ambassador Misadventure —

Woes in the Way Out Wilderness

by Charles Vinson

"Wake up, it's snowing."

KICK.

"Nnnnnnnnggh (yawn) . . . huh? What'dja say? My back's killing me . . . hey! It's snowing!"

"What time is it? Where's the stupid (shiver) plastic tarp? Where'd I put my glasses? How do I (shake) get out of this sleeping bag? Hey Rainer, wake up — it's snowing!!"

"Hnnnnmmmmmmmm. Whatsmatter. Anything?" (Snore.)

This pithy 3:00 A.M. dialogue accompanied a rather unusual snowfall at Onion Flats, 250 miles north of Pasadena in the magnificent High Sierras. Five intrepid Ambassador men — Jack Van Schuyver, Bill Rabey, Rick George, Rainer Salomaa and myself — were lying in a fairly normal prone position for that time of morning. Suddenly snow began to fall gently against already-frozen noses and confusion reigned (rained?) until the plastic tarp was found and used to cover the freezing probosci. This was the beginning of what was to be an unforgettable experience . . . no matter how hard we tried!

The following day, we made a trip back down to the small town of Independence to purchase a new axe-handle for Dr. Erlander's axe. The deceased axe-handle had mysteriously become broken while being slammed against dead wood. We then gathered around the trunk of the car to load the backpacks. This was accomplished

in spite of the sixty-odd pounds of canned goods the kitchen had generously supplied. Fortunately, the cans all managed to fit neatly into Bill Rabey's duffel bag. Then, with Rainer and his *suitcase* leading the way, it was up, up, and (pant) away, at least for 500 feet. At an altitude of 10,000 feet, carrying a fifty pound pack, progress becomes noticeably slower! After being passed by a dozen or so troops of swiftly moving boy scouts, the mountain men came to a crystal clear glacial lake, where they camped.

The next few days were spent in doing such things as cooking, washing pots and pans, cooking, building the fire, putting wood on the fire, and cooking. Take heart, kitchen girls, there are now at least five men on campus who really appreciate the work you do! The highlight of the trip, though, came when it was discovered that Rick George had brought along a mirror. Five days without shaving produces some hilarious (repulsive?) faces.

After breaking Dr. Erlander's shovel, and having someone steal the beef stew and sour cream, and after going swimming for 15 seconds in the lake (the boy scouts stayed in all afternoon) it was time to head for home and a bath. Upon returning to campus, with warm greetings of "YEEEECH! Do you ever STINK!" the hardy mountaineers were both relaxed and inspired by their trip, ready to tackle another long year in the flatlands.

To Pick a Peck of Peaches

by Harry Eisenberg

Did you ever wonder, as you gazed out at the majestic San Gabriel Mountains, (on a clear day, of course) as to what was behind them?

Just recently Rod and Mary Repp (graduates), Phyllis Hartman and I found out. And it was good news! Peaches, pears, and melons — thousands of them — growing out there in the middle of the Mojave Desert.

Driving up the Angeles Crest Highway, we crossed the mountains and began viewing the peach orchards in the Palmdale area. That sight alone made the trip worthwhile.

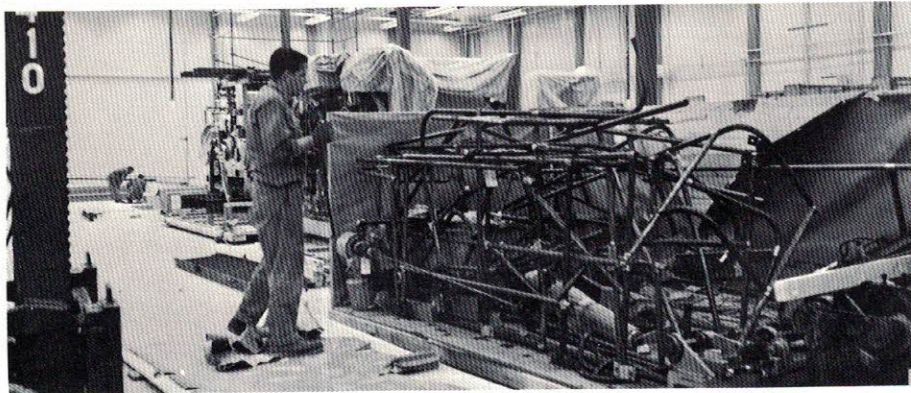
We drove up to a U-pick Peach Farm. The manager gave us some large buckets and off we went romping through the orchards picking at will. Naturally we tasted the product first

and they were delightful. Having picked to our hearts' content, we took the basketloads back, weighed them and paid for the peaches at 9 cents a pound. (Can you beat that, Neil?)

We later picked up a few pounds of pears this same way. Pears can also be bought for \$2.00 for a 25 lb. case.

Fresh cantaloupes and watermelons are also there. And finally there are the more exotic (would you believe

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Last week workmen began to uncrate and assemble the Halley-Aller in the new Press Building. The press came in 24 crates.

HALLEY-ALLER

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stress factor is an impressive 3,500 pounds per square inch!

When the twin satellite printing units are finally installed, their tolerance must be within 1/1000 of an inch. This will be difficult when you consider that its weight is roughly twice that of our present web press. But it is vital to the high quality production *The PLAIN TRUTH* demands.

Installation of the equipment will be scheduled so that quality and quantity of production will not suffer. It coincides with the initial transfer of the components of the giant press operation to the newly completed Ambassador College Press just east of the campus. It usually takes one or two years to work out the "bugs" in new equipment. Ambassador Press usually does it in two or three months!

But even this giant press is not enough! By September of 1969 both giant presses will have nearly reached their printing capacity and another Halley-Aller will have to be ready to go into production.

Peach Picking

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sticky) products like Prickly Pear Cactus Fruit.

It all adds up to a most enjoyable, healthful, interesting and economical date for you single and married students.

The harvest is plentiful. Where are you reapers?

Clear Day

(Continued from page 7)

fly. They were dropping out of the sky (hak hak) like hail stones.

Oscar: You mean like that one in back of you?

Charlie: Huh? (hak cough cough) Yeh, like that that one.

Oscar: This is really (cough) getting bad.

Charlie: Like I say, you haven't seen (hak cough hak cough hak) seen (hak) seen anything yet. When I first (gasp) came (hak) here last year you couldn't see as far as the (gasp cough) top of this telephone po (hak) pole I'm leaning against.

Oscar: Pole? What pole?

Charlie: You . . . can't . . . see this pole?

Oscar: As a matter of fact I can hardly see you! By the way, what did they mean on the radio this morning when they said they expected a Point Five Smog Alert today.

Charlie: Well er a . . . semantics Oscar . . . yea, semantics — that's all. (Choke choke gasp hak cough choke gasp wheeze)

Oscar: Do you normally have so

Circular File

(Continued from page 2)

they call it something else. So this "weed" is actually a grass after all. And it's very hardy. If it weren't edged regularly, it would grow on the sidewalks!

So here at Ambassador College it grows beautifully and reasonably unchecked.

So the next time you see some grass ask: "Is it or isn't it?"

Only your gardener knows for sure.

Digest Ads

(Continued from page 1)

Spanish-speaking people will offer the booklet on the Hippies. The first ad is scheduled to come out in November.

Since the Work started printing *The PLAIN TRUTH* in Spanish, the printed word has become the most effective tool of expansion south of the border. Such fine quality color printing is rare in these countries; many people have become interested in *La PURA VERDAD* by seeing and hearing about it from friends. Therefore for every person that responds to our *Reader's Digest* advertisements, we expect several others to respond once the booklet reaches the individual.

For the Spanish department this will mean another full-sized booklet to be translated each month, and many more letters to be answered.

much trouble breathing? You really sound sick. Are you sure you are okay? What are you crying for?

Charlie: The good old days, Oscar. The good old days.

