

A Guided Tour of the Early Ambassador College

by Kenneth C. Herrmann

The following material represents the early years of Ambassador College to the best of my knowledge. Others will naturally see these same events from a somewhat different vantage point. Perhaps by adding their views, one could catch an in-depth picture, and this production may inspire them to add their own memories.

I arrived at Ambassador College in the fall of 1948 and parked my '39 Chevy just below the entrance on Grove Street. I took note of the number 363, and seeing the gardener, asked, "Is this Ambassador College?" He was a loyal, hard-working employee, but also frank--perhaps a little overly so. Yes, he responded, this was Ambassador College, but really Mr. Armstrong was running a racket and was in the radio broadcast just for the money. He directed me to the Administration Building (now the Library Annex).

Some years later, this same man inherited a fair size sum and promptly retired. He wasn't an old man then, perhaps nearing 50, but what was uppermost in his life had been achieved. Mr. Armstrong, who back in 1948 was older than that, is still to this day hard at work. He must have a different goal than that of the gardener.

You might take note of that street number again; it totals 12, doesn't it?

The Former Administration Building

This then is the original Ambassador College. Today's Library building was the classroom building. To the west is the present Library Annex. Look closely and note that the corners of the Annex are protected by rounded iron corners. It was originally a building for horses and carriages! The wide, windowed section on the east was the entry for carriages. At least one large sliding door is still inside those walls. The iron corners were to protect the building from carriage hubs coming too close.

For many years, the Library Annex was our main Administration Building. Just inside the door on the right was the Registrar's Office. It was in this room that Mr. Armstrong interviewed me for college on that smoggy day back in the fall of 1948.

Ambassador College

Page 1 of 1

6-13-83

A Mustard Seed Has Growing Pains

"How many students do you have?", I innocently asked Mr. Armstrong. For I was "interviewing" him just as much as he was interviewing me. I had driven over 2,400 miles to see for myself the reality of the voice that I had first heard the previous year while working in Nebraska. The Mexican radio station XEG was carrying the broadcast at that time; "XEG, the voice of North America!" If it were really true that the future was written in the Bible, and that one could read and understand those prophecies, and then act upon that knowledge, then the trip out would be well worthwhile. If, on the other hand, he were merely another radio evangelist, well, every young man should see California once in his life!

"How many students do you have?", I asked a second time. For it seemed that Mr. Armstrong had rather digressed from the subject in our conversation. I had no way of knowing that he was looking at his entire freshman class!

Once again he seemed to drift from the subject. It seemed impolite to ask a third time, so I asked Betty (Bates). But that is getting ahead of our tour.

Suppose we step up to the Library entrance as Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong did early in 1947.

The Problem of Gaining Occupancy

This had been the home of the McCormicks, the family that produced the reaper back in 1831. Now in 1947, it was owned by a wily Dr. Bennett and his sister. An arrangement had been made with him for the Radio Church of God to purchase the property for use as a college. This reception area was not glassed in as we see it today, but an open portico.

Mr. Armstrong knocked and the heavy door opened. Dr. Bennett never dreamed that Mr. Armstrong had arrived to take legal occupancy and begin living in this home; nor did he suspect that Dick Armstrong was waiting around the corner with their suitcases--just waiting for that door to be opened.

So arriving as if they were merely making an additional inspection visit, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were invited in, and Dick came close behind them. Dr. Bennett had been outfoxed this time, but he was far from ready to live up to his written agreement to sell.

As we step into this next room where the Card Files are, I look for our Librarian who used to be seated at a desk just at our right. And our Card File then? Perhaps it had 6 or 9 drawers and they were far from full. The entire Library collection was housed in the Main Room just ahead.

It was at this Card File location that I mentioned to Mr. Armstrong some weeks later that I did not believe all the things he was teaching but had come out to check them out. I was just being frank and honest with him. There was no intention on my part to prove him wrong; just a need to determine for myself whether the content of his radio programs was really true.

I had asked earlier whether there were any church services. He answered that there was a Bible Study Saturday afternoon. As yet, I was unaware that these people kept a seventh-day Sabbath. My only contact had been a dozen or more radio programs.

Conversion from a Home to a College

It took a great deal of work to convert this private home into a college building. The city insisted that the wiring and plumbing were not right and that the walls in a college had to be fire resistant to meet certain codes. The Church and Co-Workers had supplied the funds to make the initial payments which were to build toward the down payment. This would allow the sale to become final late in December 1948, but there was no expectation of a \$30,000 remodeling job. Fall 1947 was fast approaching and many students who had planned to attend went elsewhere.

Mr. Armstrong put out an urgent appeal to the Co-Workers. This had to be above the regular income needed to carry on the Work of the Radio Church of God.

There were few Church members in those days and they could help very little in meeting this reconstruction cost. Trusting God and going ahead, the money came flooding in. And when the bills were paid and Ambassador College was ready to open that first year, that flood ceased. The income dropped back to its normal flow, which just barely covered expenses.

It was in this Main Room, now the Reference Room, that I asked sophomore Betty Bates--and this was now the third time--"How many students are coming?" She was standing here at the foot of the stairway.

More Help Is on the Way

Instead of a direct answer, Betty began telling about each of the students. "You've met Herman Hoeh from Petaluma, California, haven't you? That's way up north of San Francisco. Say, he's a real brain! And there's Dick (Armstrong), and Raymond Cole is on his way down from Oregon. And we have a lot of letters over in Dr. Taylor's office from a whole bunch of students who want to come." But she didn't tell me any number!

And these students she had named, I came to find out, were the ones who had been there the previous year: Betty, Herman, Dick and Raymond. That makes four. (You can see their footprints down at the iron gate at the lower entrance to the Lower Gardens.)

And this year's class? It was the one who had asked the question!

This I did not realize until Registration Day. Only five of us registered, plus a single part-time student who came for French classes only--and dropped out after a few weeks.

It was not until after the Feast that year that two more, Raymond and Marion McNair, showed up. This total of seven was something to puzzle about, and certainly nothing to write home about!

There are many memories in this Main Room. One of the first days of the college year, I heard Mrs. Armstrong insist that the stories in the Bible about Creation and the Flood were true--literally true. She was over by the windows on the south. Our few reference books were there. Only a few days earlier, I had looked at a Bible commentary here, and it cast a certain amount of doubt on those chapters.

A few days later I heard Raymond Cole telling that the days begin at sunset! He was standing in the doorway that we just came through. How far back in history did these people want to live! My interests were in the present and the future. Mr. Armstrong was preaching prophecy with no reference to Jewish customs. And history had not been my favorite subject in high school.

It was into the safety of this same doorway that Mr. Armstrong stepped a few months later when the building began to shake from an earthquake. To actually experience one of these California earthquakes was a big thrill to me. The thought that there might be danger never occurred until during later, more severe quakes.

The Early Congregation

The Church met in this Main Room those first years. I find in my notebook a listing of those present:

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong
Grandmother Armstrong
Vern Mattson and wife Dorothy
Jim Gott and wife Beverly, and family
Doctor Merrill
Dr. and Mr. Lisman from San Pedro
Dr. C.P. Meredith
Brother Peterson
Bill Homberger
Mr. Hoyle
Mr. and Mrs. Young
Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Eckert
Mrs. High and family and Mrs. Evans
Mrs. Annie Mann
Sister Winkie
Edith Cousins
Mr. and Mrs. Battles.

This is an early listing from the fall of 1950 or so. About 30 students were also attending. But it was still a very small group.

Instead of a podium, Mr. Armstrong used the smaller of the oval tables that is still somewhere here in the Library, and would pace back and forth behind it, making his points very emphatically, and at times slamming his fist on that table to drive a point home. We were going to take a message to the world! And building Ambassador College was an important part of the job.

The number in attendance continued to grow year by year. Gradually they filled this room and began to spill over into the entry room, up the stairs, and then into the Solarium to the northeast. Eventually people were sitting at the top of the stairs and around into the hallway on the second floor. It was only then that the Shakespeare Club building on Los Robles came to our rescue and the Church met there for years.

An Arrival from North Dakota

I was sitting alone in this room one day in September or October of my Freshman year involved in something. Looking up through the glass doors that were then on the east side of this room, there stood my younger brother Clinton! I had left him behind in Ellendale, North Dakota working as a harvest hand just a few weeks earlier. I had made one stop in Nebraska west of Lincoln to visit a family where I had worked the previous

summer, and had gone westward toward Denver. It was Labor Day as I headed up into the first real mountains I had seen in my life. A thousand miles of mountain and desert later, the news came that there was a gas strike in California. I well remember a station attendant telling me, "You are headed the wrong way, son!"

I opened the door and let my brother in. Snowflakes had begun to fly in the Dakotas, and California was the place to go.

These doorways on the east had glass doors then, and the porch area beyond was open--not glassed in as you see it today.

Pianos, Genesis and Vocal Cords

Another memory before we continue our tour of the Library Building: Right next to this Main Room is the Solarium. It was being used for music and voice lessons during the years that our theology courses were scheduled in this room. A heavy, sliding wooden door between wasn't exactly soundproof. I can still hear voice students going up and down the scale under Mr. Leon Ettinger's direction, while I attempted to teach second-year Bible in this room. How the problems of the scientist and the theologian could become mixed with those piano and voice notes! Ambassador was having growing pains, or were they "birth pains"?

Suppose we step into the Solarium for a moment. Today it has many rows of shelving and thousands of books. That first year, though, it was full of students busily scraping off the discolored white paint in order to expose the beauty of the Philippine mahogany below.

In the sunlit area you note the diamond-shaped pattern in the way the wood was fashioned together. Looking closely, you may still see fine threads of white paint that we did not quite manage to remove. Many, many hours went into the scraping and sanding to restore this fine room to its original beauty.

This was also the setting for a number of weddings--including my own to Elise Bernard in August of 1952. Our reception was held in the Lower Gardens which this room overlooks. Two weeks earlier, Gene Michel and Betty Bates were also married here. But the first campus wedding was that of Raymond Cole and Myra Carter about a year earlier. These three were the forerunners of a multitude; and today a good many grandchildren can look back to this campus as the place where Grandpa and Grandma were married.

Out to Lunch

The northwest portion of the downstairs was still a kitchen in those first years. In fact, that first year when there were eight faculty members and only four students, all twelve ate here with the faculty preparing the meals. The following year we brought our own lunches. Since there was no regular dining area, we tended to eat outside, either seated on the retaining wall around the semicircular flower bed on the east side, or over on benches by the Tennis Court that used to be to the north of the Library Building. The scenery, at least compared to the bleakness of a Wisconsin winter, was a real treat. But what of this smog that filled the air day after day? People had backyard burners, and everything burnable (and some things that weren't) went into those burners. The visible smog was much, much worse then. The invisible smog with the even more harmful elements is still with us today.

Pool and the Sabbath

We can take the stairway to the second floor to see the location of our early Radio Studio and the three main classrooms. These three had originally been bedrooms, but upon taking a second look at the property, Mr. Armstrong was convinced that they would serve well as classrooms. The one just ahead and on our right contained a pool table those first months and provided us with a measure of entertainment. But it was the property of Dr. Bennett, and the day came that he wanted it moved to his home in Altadena. We carefully dismantled the table. Marion McNair, Raymond McNair, Herman Hoeh and I were involved in the operation. We carefully took that table apart and loaded it on Bill Homberger's pickup truck. It was late Friday afternoon. Dr. Bennett was not thinking of the Sabbath, but we were! And we diligently unloaded as fast as we could!

He had expected us to assemble it then and there, piece by piece. Instead, we were bringing pieces in and setting them down wherever we found space. Our hurried manner and disorderly arrangement of the pieces did not set well with him at all! Concern changed to excitement, and then approached hysteria! We had it all unloaded and took off with Bill Homberger in his truck to enjoy a peaceful Sabbath. And we left a furious Dr. Bennett in the front yard shouting and waving his arms.

I would imagine Mr. Armstrong's phone rang moments later, for on Sunday morning early, he took us back to Dr. Bennett's Altadena home to assemble that table. It was a lesson in diplomacy. No mention was made of that Friday commotion, and we carefully and cheerfully put that billiard table back in one piece.

While Dr. Bennett was a very highly educated man, there is the story that once while hospitalized for some time, he expressed his displeasure with the personnel in eight different languages. This event was not the last we were to hear of the "good Dr. Bennett".

Christmas 1948 and Blue Monday

It was Dec. 25, 1948 and on a Sabbath that year that we met here as a Church congregation, not knowing whether the property would be in our hands the following Monday or lost to Dr. Bennett.

By stalling beyond that Monday, the good doctor had schemed to void the contract he had made with Mr. Armstrong to sell the property. We would be out all the considerable down payment that had accumulated month by month since the initial papers had been signed, plus the tens of thousands of dollars spent in the remodeling of the building as a college.

In the end, Mr. Armstrong maneuvered him into a position where he grudgingly and yet willingly signed papers affirming the transfer of ownership. Ambassador College had been born. And the doctor was no longer in charge.

Typing on the Balcony

The room to our right is filled with typewriters. It was not enclosed in earlier days, but rather an open balcony--a pleasant place for a breath of fresh air, on those rare days when the air was fresh and clear.

Our first stop should really be the Radio Studio, for that was the heart of the Work in those days. Next to it, though, is a long narrow room that demands a few moments' attention. This was Bill Homberger's bedroom during his first years with us. "Uncle Bill" had come from Texas, having sold his watermelon farm and donated the proceeds in a time of financial crisis in the Work. Now he was with us with his Dodge pickup truck and sharing in many of our experiences. He had an extra "bunk" for visitors and I slept a few nights here myself.

Next it became a small classroom, and then a Visitor's Room for those wishing to watch the broadcasts being made. A window was cut at that time into the adjoining Radio Studio and now even "late comers" could sit in on the broadcast. Then it became a Dubbing Room as many dozens of tapes were needed for the ever-growing number of stations carrying the program.

In Search of ... a Class

You wouldn't think with so few students and so few classrooms that it would be difficult to arrive in the proper room. Yet one day, perhaps in 1952 or '53, instead of teaching in this little room, Mrs. Martin and I switched classrooms. As usual, Cecil Battles and David Jon Hill were late for class because of employment duties. Determined to make a spectacular entry, Cecil came rushing in first, with Dave directly behind; a simple joke to embarrass me as a student teacher. And the type of thing I also enjoyed! Neither was aware of the classroom switch. Cecil, startled upon seeing his mistake, threw up his hands and attempted to stop. Dave, though, was pushing from behind. A most tactful Mrs. Martin explained to the red-faced pair that "Mr. Herrmann's class is meeting in the other room today."

Hurry to the Radio Studio

During my first year, there was no daily World Tomorrow program on the air in California. Weekends, however, we could pick up a San Diego station. Thus, when students learned that Mr. Armstrong was going to make a new program, we all hurried to the Studio. He appreciated this live audience, and it gave us a chance to do something useful, as well as hear a program in person.

These broadcasts were preceded by hours of preparation in the Penthouse above, and might come at any time of the day. So much depended upon the quality of each broadcast. We were on few stations at the time. Each broadcast had to be done right. A written script was required during the War for national security reasons.

Mr. Armstrong put everything he had into each broadcast. Often, he would play a game of table tennis beforehand, or drink a bit of Coca-Cola, to stimulate both mind and body. For that table tennis game, Raymond McNair was his favorite partner. It was very difficult to hit a ball that Raymond could not return.

Doing the broadcast, Mr. Armstrong would be seated here behind a small table in front of the microphone with notes and an open Bible; or at times a completed script. In the moments just prior to the broadcast, he often vigorously rubbed his neck muscles and stretched for relaxation. An effective program meant letters in the mail; anything less meant increased financial difficulty in the Business Office. An "Okay" from him brought a return signal from Dick that "You are on the air!" and the program would begin.

A half dozen or so were usually on hand for each broadcast, and Mrs. Armstrong was often with us. It was simply a part of our lives--something we did not want to miss out on. After 30

minutes of concentrated effort, he might question aloud, "Was it a good program?" and there might be moments of uncertainty.

This was in the era before tape recording. Two large phonograph records were needed for each 30-minute program. The cutting of these electrical transcriptions began at the outer edge of one disk and worked toward the center; then without a pause continued at the outer edge of the second record. Some change in voice quality was expected, but Dick was able to modify this to quite an extent.

"Officer, I'm on the Air in 5 Minutes!"

Perhaps it was the second or third year at college that we were putting on the program live over a local Pasadena station. The available time was 7:30 in the morning and that meant being up and prepared early, and a hurried drive from his Hill Street residence across town to the campus. On the plus side, this live audience of multiple thousands was a psychological boost. And it also served the growing Church in the area with daily broadcasts.

There were mornings when a breathless Mr. Armstrong would come into the Studio with only minutes or even seconds before the signal came from the Control Room that "You're on the air!"

One morning, as he hurried to the campus, he was stopped--perhaps for speeding, or maybe it was for going through a stop sign with a "California stop" rather than coming to a complete halt--at least for some reason he found this patrol car behind him. He hopped out of his car, rushed back and insistently exclaimed, "Officer, I'm on the air in 5 minutes!" Then he jumped back into his car and was off for the Studio. He was on time and everything went well.

But the next morning as his 7:30 broadcast was about to begin, the station had obliged the Pasadena Police Department with time for a short Public Service Announcement: just a few general words with regard to traffic laws and public safety. They did manage to have the last word that day.

Men who accomplish a lot in life often do so under the pressure of a clock and other deadlines, and one of Mr. Armstrong's favorite jokes was that he wanted this epithet on his tombstone, "The late Mr. Armstrong, but he always arrived!"

A Family Atmosphere on Campus

Perhaps I should explain here that in those earlier days there was far more of a family atmosphere. Church members were often referred to as Brother and Sister so-and-so. This

reflected also the tradition of the Oregon community where many of the members lived. "Brother and Sister Armstrong" were frequently heard terms--especially among those from the Oregon congregation. And even the title "Mr. A" was heard on campus, not in a familiar tone, but rather in the closeness of one family. His brother-in-law, Mr. Dillon, was College President in the first years, and yet was referred to as "Mr. D"; and our Dean of Faculty and Registrar, Dr. Taylor, was known as "Dr. T". These terms were in no way disrespectful or belittling of the office they held. Rather, they were expressive of the close family relationship that existed among all of us. It was only in later years that we changed to the more formal, traditional pattern of calling every older person Mr. and Mrs.

This Radio Studio, and the Control Room, too, have been remodeled a number of times. The acoustical materials on the walls of the Studio had to produce just the right sound quality. Some areas absorb, others reflect the sound. Mr. Armstrong was concerned with the quality of each broadcast. Everything had to be done correctly.

The southern section of the present Control Room had originally been a bathroom with a tub in those first years. It took quite a number of years before the building lost its characteristics as a private home and became the main college building and finally the Library it is today.

Now on to the Classrooms

This northeast classroom today contains shelf space for the bound periodicals. Our early Bible classes were in this room and were taught by Mr. Armstrong in person. Troubles in the Eugene, Oregon Church often caused him to drift from systematic theology into the more practical aspects of the day-to-day problems of that congregation. A good measure of our actual Bible study was private. I personally read through the entire Bible in my first nine months. Discussions with fellow students helped, too. And there were many unscheduled discussions with Mr. Armstrong at any time and place throughout the week whenever we found him momentarily unoccupied.

It was in this classroom that he first began explaining that man was to be raised to the God level, to be a genuine brother to Jesus Christ and a genuine--not an adopted--Son of God. The Bible understanding we have today grew bit by bit over the years.

Ambassador College needed a yearbook for the graduation year of Herman and Betty in 1951; and it is here in this room that the first two Envoys were planned and produced. In the southeast corner was a door leading into a little 4 x 8 foot

dark room without ventilation. The window had been covered to keep out all light. Our developing trays were directly ahead and the enlarger table over toward the right.

It was in this tiny room that one of the students attempted and succeeded, after a fashion, in tray development of roll film in total darkness. He had purchased an ancient camera with a large film size that did not fit the standard circular tank developers. While the film development was a success, the place was hopelessly spattered with chemicals.

Mirror on the Wall

Early French classes were taught in this room by Professor Mauler-Hiennecey, a very elderly white-haired, southern gentleman. At about age 8, he had been sent by his parents to Paris for an education, and returned at 14 speaking beautiful Parisian French but having entirely forgotten English. Our Statue of Liberty was being cast in Paris while he was a boy there and he tells of seeing the work in progress.

His French teaching was interspersed with tales of delivering pitchers of beer to the Jesuit priests; of covering his eyes and hoping in this fashion to run away unseen from his captors; of running in front of teams of horses, jumping onto the neck yoke and pole and greatly infuriating the drivers. For his energetic deeds and daring, he was labeled "l' americain sauvage" by his classmates.

There was another closet door on the west end of this room, and it caused him a certain amount of consternation. What girl doesn't steal an occasional glance into a mirror? And this door had a full-length mirror as a temptation! (Really though, it is no different than the boys stealing a glance at the girls!) This, however, greatly perturbed our aging professor. Yet in total fairness, he asked my evaluation of the matter and I suggested diplomatically that a measure of blame should be shared by professor and student alike. Peace reigned from that time forward, and maybe the mirror was covered.

Our close association as members of a single family gave us opportunities to evaluate human nature firsthand and to learn the Way of Peace.

Professor Hiennecey also taught Spanish. Though a portion of this class also was filled with philosophy rather than language, he did give us unusual insights into life--not that we always agreed with his point of view, but these digressions were thought provoking and stimulating.

His star pupil was Mr. Dick Armstrong who mimicked his French with great ease--so much so that on a trip to Europe

with his parents, the French were perplexed. His parents they easily recognized as Americans, but could this young Frenchman with them possibly be their son?

Our French professor enjoyed the outdoors. In his eighties, he walked the mile to the campus from his apartment on Los Robles, even in a light rain at times, seldom bothering with a taxi. The area to the west of the campus I walked with him many times talking French, English and world affairs. His daughter worked at the Army hospital there and we dropped in for a visit, talking also of its possible future use to the College.

On pleasant days, our French classes were also conducted outside rather than in the confines of a classroom.

Our next stop is the large room on the southeast. Today it is filled with current periodicals. Then it was busy with lectures. Physical science was taught here with Herman Hoeh as student instructor in the fall of 1948. This was long before he became our Dr. Hoeh. Four students: Raymond Cole, Marion McNair, Raymond McNair and myself. Those of you who know Mr. Raymond McNair well know the way he fills and overfills his days, hours and minutes with a multitude of things to do. It was no different then, and though the class was scheduled at the same 8 o'clock every morning, yet his arrival from his apartment on Catalina Street a mile and a half away was as punctual as could be, but always just so many minutes after class had begun. He had a capacity for becoming totally absorbed in what he was doing, and perhaps a conviction that this dimension called time ought to stretch to fit man's needs!

The small corner room once contained engineering equipment. Mr. Peterson from Sweden, a former very valuable employee of General Motors, had set up a small shop in there. He was the inventor of the self-starter on the automobile as well as a number of other devices. An engineering course was planned and actually begun, but like a number of other ventures over the years, it was dropped in favor of the main commission to carry a message to the world.

That one thought was on our minds in those years: that somehow we had been called to a mission, that this handful of somewhat dubious talent was going to tackle and accomplish a mission that the theologians of nominal Christianity had rejected.

The Foundation of Knowledge

Perhaps it was the second semester of the 1948-49 college year that our astronomy course met in this room. Dr. Taylor, professor emeritus of the Department of Physics at Wheaton, was our instructor.

His full name was Hawley Otis Taylor, a very mild-mannered individual, and his favorite joke was to tell that his initials spelled "H-O-T," hot! In his early years, he had become convinced of the need to keep the seventh-day Sabbath, though he dropped away from that practice in later years.

I should add here that in those early years, all of the faculty members were of other religious persuasions. While this had certain handicaps, yet on the other hand, it was a prod to us as students to search out and found our own beliefs on solid evidence. The emphasis was on proving each new belief to one's own satisfaction rather than any funneling of doctrine into our heads, as we suggested was so commonplace in denominational colleges. Ambassador was truly nondenominational.

Which denominations did the various faculty members belong to? We never asked, it was not important, and to this day I do not know. We were learning a way of life, and each of them had something special to offer.

Ambassador's motto "Recapture True Values" had company with a number of other fundamental concepts. "I will accept new views when they are proven to be true views." Another repeated statement of Mr. Armstrong's: "Be willing to put your present religious convictions on a shelf for the moment and take them down one by one and examine each with care." We were never to be penalized for any honest disagreement with the instructors or the authors of our textbooks.

Our astronomy classes with Dr. Taylor were opened each morning with each of us reading a single chosen verse from Scripture. It was merely our chosen thought for the day, a thought that we personally wished to share with the others. It needed no application to astronomy or to the lesson being covered. God's Word at Ambassador was the "Foundation of Knowledge."

Baptism in a Canvas Tub

The next doorway as we continue to explore the original Ambassador College is today Mrs. Ehlert's office. It was then the anteroom to the adjacent ladies' restroom, but served an additional very different function at times. In the spring of 1949, Passover was approaching and the topic of water baptism had been explored. A canvas tub was set up here and six or seven of us were baptized just prior to that festival. Floyd Dill, now living with wife and son in Pomona, was one of those baptized that same day. He is currently attending the Imperial congregation.

Who did the baptizing? There was only one Radio Church of God minister at that time: Mr. Armstrong, of course.

College Field Trips Were Planned Here

For our third large classroom on this floor, we have returned to the southwest corner room. A variety of courses were taught here, but especially journalism and history under Mr. Theodore Walker. It was his boundless energy that arranged many of our outings to ... the beach, the museums, Knotts Berry Farm, the Los Angeles County Arboretum.

Tarzan films were produced with the Arboretum for their setting. But now it is seen weekly nationwide in the television production "Fantasy Island"; in reality, it is just five miles east of the College, and in no way an island.

It was Professor Walker's familiarity with the Los Angeles area that was a distinct advantage to the College, and he was involved in many facets of its early growth.

Now Up to the Penthouse

Mr. Armstrong's private office was up on the third floor. Suppose we ascend these narrow stairs to the Penthouse itself. It has been enlarged and remodeled a number of times. Directly on our right here, we see his original office, now made into a small kitchen.

Instead of an office desk was a ladies' dressing table with a manual typewriter and stacks of manuscripts. His way of typing was the two-finger method and he typed in this manner with surprising speed.

It was here that Mr. Armstrong spent a good amount of time writing articles for the Plain Truth and Co-Worker letters, as well as broadcast scripts. In the rooms below, we could hear the continual energetic pounding on the keys and we knew that a broadcast or article was in preparation.

Just as today, there was a small sofa at the north end of the room. Mr. Armstrong's chair faced south. The large windows here today offering a breathtaking view of the campus seem a later addition. I seem to remember smaller windows.

A large room to the southwest, today the Study Room, was his next office and a later addition. His office desk then set in the northeast section of this room.

Dick Exactly As We knew Him

The portrait of Richard Armstrong on the wall is Dick exactly as we knew him. He was occupied long hours in the Radio Studio and in taking tapes to the airport to be flown to distant stations. College studies had to come second and thus his graduation was delayed a year beyond that of Betty and Herman.

A tour of Europe was scheduled for Dick and Herman. Naturally, passports were required. I went to downtown Los Angeles with them to serve as a witness to their identity. The lady in charge had never been introduced to the practice of honesty without an oath, and especially the idea of not even raising one's right hand prior to telling the truth. It took a search into the manual. And then to compensate for our shortcomings, she raised her right hand while we affirmed the truth of our statements on the forms!

Dick spoke fluent French and was Professor Hiennecey's star pupil. Like Ted, he had his father's deep voice and an uncanny ability for mimicking. I found many interests in common with him. Rather than being either an outdoorsman and sportsman like his younger brother, he was more the curious, studious type. His bedroom in their home was filled with souvenirs of his travels and with coin and stamp collections.

It was on one of my first days at Ambassador College that the news of Ted's enlistment in the Navy came. Thus he missed out on many of these early adventures.

On their trip to Europe, Herman and Dick took with them one of the early portable tape recorders just then coming onto the market. I can still hear their voices describing the German countryside as they motored along. These trips provided the foundation for later sending the broadcast to Europe, and also for our British campus at Bricket Wood.

It was here to the Penthouse that Mr. Armstrong retired after the completion of a broadcast. He also scheduled a nap here in the early afternoon. If we needed his attention on any matter, we would wait an hour or so, then rap at the door at the base of the stairs, open and call up to him. He would be awake and invite us up for a discussion of whatever problem we had at hand.

Portfolio and Good News "Boo Boos"

In April of 1951, the Good News was born and provided students with a chance to become helpful as writers. Until now all Plain Truth articles were by Mr. Armstrong. Here, though, was a chance for us to really help and see our own work in print. Until this time, our assistance had been pretty well

limited to helping with the pasteups of the magazine, and carefully proofreading the work of the typesetters. The limited size of the magazine meant that articles had to be selected that would exactly fill the pages. Very little editing would be done.

With the new Good News, a new opportunity came. Our own articles were to be included, and with Herman Hoeh taking the lead as he did in many scholastic ventures, we put out issue after issue. Then it happened.

It was the March issue in 1952. We had just sent it off to the press in its final stage. Suddenly it occurred to one of us. Every last article in that issue had a student author!

Prior to this time one or more articles by Mr. Armstrong was always included, and usually the lead article. Perhaps preoccupation with the length of articles and the problem of fitting them exactly to the available space was the cause of this "boo boo."

The April issue came out in good order with three by Mr. Armstrong. Yet there was another precedent set in that particular issue. "Have You an Immortal Soul?" was written by one of our coeds, Elise Bernard. This was the first and only doctrinal article for many years with a woman author.

Perhaps that March issue set a precedent for the students' competence in producing a magazine. The May issue again was totally by students, and also the August and December issues. This dramatic switch to student authorship was not as drastic as it might seem. Two issues of the Plain Truth also appeared that year and were filled with articles by Mr. Armstrong.

The very first issue of the Portfolio contained another unintended blunder. A course in chemistry of the Bible had been planned, but the untimely death of the instructor late that summer cancelled the course. A writeup for him was done well and placed in the lefthand column. But right across the page in the other column was one of those little two-line items intended to fill in pace and make the column come out the right length. "Old professors never die; they just talk away." We were learning by doing; and Adam had company!

Rather than going back down the stairways, let's take the elevator back down to the first floor. I find a bit of hesitancy using it, for it gave us problems back then, and still does to this day. We will step out in a short hallway between the entrance and the current Duplicating Room.

As we step out of the elevator and turn to the left, we are entering the small room that was Professor Hiennecey's office.

His third- and fourth-year French classes were taught here also, and consisted largely of conversation rather than the then-traditional teaching method of translating French to English and vice versa.

Upon Professor Hiennecey's retirement, Dick Armstrong temporarily took over the teaching of French. This then became his office. Still later, Mr. Dibar Apartian was hired to head the French Department. His secretary, Shirley Nash (who later became Mrs. Apartian), also worked in this area.

Today the room is used for duplicating and a number of other Library functions. A doorway at the north end leads to a passageway toward the right and then out into the hallway. Originally, this passageway was a men's rest room. The main entry to this little French office, however, was from the east where only a closet is seen today. The doorway leading from that closet out into the Library's Reference Room had a large glass door. Today this entry is blocked by bookshelves.

Shedding Light on the Print Shop's Darkroom

The Library Basement contained a small darkroom used by the Print Shop in those early days. Jim Gott, son-in-law to Mr. Armstrong, was head of the Printing Department. His right-hand man was Herman Olson. It was in this small room in the northwest corner that negatives and aluminum printing plates were developed. For the printing plates, an arc light was used to burn in the image, then a red paste was used to bring out that image. Access to the Basement was normally from the outside stairway.

As we step outdoors, we see that stairway on the northwest corner leading down into the Basement. But there is another door on the west side that has escaped our attention until now. It opened to Mr. Jack Elliott's office in his role as Director of Construction and Maintenance. He came to the College in the fall of 1949, I believe, to head the Math Department and become Dean of Men. He also had a hand in many of our campus outings and in psychology classes at a later date. Mr. Elliott and wife "Billie" (she no longer appreciates that name) had only their first son Steven at the time, adding two more in the following years.

Next, to the Annex!

What was once the Administration Building for both Ambassador College and the Radio Church of God today is called the Library Annex. We might say that this Work had a "stable" beginning, for it was designed for horses and carriages. As we look across toward the building, we see that the east side

contains a large central area with five windows. This was once an opening with sliding doors--an entry for carriages. At least one of these sliding doors is still in place in the wall.

Note also the corners of the building and the rounded, high iron corners designed to force the carriage wheel and its damaging hub away from the structure itself should a careless driver come too close.

Before entering the old Administration Building, a garage to the left and west deserves a bit of comment. Above is an apartment that was the home of Bill Homberger for many years. "Uncle Bill" had been a watermelon farmer in Texas, and hearing of Mr. Armstrong's plans to build a college and of the financial need, sold that little farm and donated the proceeds to the Work in those critical years. His own education had been neglected in early years and it was too late to think of himself as a student. What he wanted was that other young people should have the chance that he had missed out on. Sometime later he visited the campus, arriving with his Plymouth truck, probably a '35 or '36 model, which the College continued to use for years even after his death. And it was in that little apartment above the garage that we found Bill peacefully asleep, having been studying California traffic laws in preparation for a renewal of his driver's license.

The Harness Room Is on the Right

Entering the Library Annex, we note a beautifully paneled office on our right. Originally a Harness Room, with some modification it became the office of the Dean of Faculty and Registrar, Dr. Hawley Otis Taylor. And it was in this room in Dr. Taylor's absence that day, that Mr. Armstrong interviewed me with regard to entering Ambassador as a student at age 24, having been out of high school seven years. Did he know at that time that he was looking at the entire Freshman Class? The two McNair brothers, Raymond and Marion, would not arrive until the Feast of Tabernacles. I will have to ask him. Yet, he did not look at the evidence on hand, but rather at the College he intended to have a hand in building. And that was to be a work of faith.

And again in this room at the beginning of my senior year in the fall of 1952, I presented Dr. Taylor with a very thorough, typed accounting of how I was meeting each graduation requirement. This must have impressed him, for two weeks prior to his death, which occurred during the spring of that college year, he mentioned to Mr. Armstrong the desire to use me as an assistant. Whether he had a premonition that death was near, we don't know, but my introduction to the job of Acting Registrar was to step into this same dark office without any instructions whatsoever as to how it should be run.

Final tests were then only a few months away, and how does one prepare a Test Schedule so that no student will be scheduled to take two tests at the same time? The job of Acting Dean went to Herman Hoeh; he and I worked closely on many of the problems of College Administration.

My office was in that "Harness Room" for a number of years. Early secretarial help here was first provided by Ella Mae Cole, then in turn by Florence Watson, Barbara Washington, Mrs. Hugh Mauck and Mrs. Birnbaum. Later, this entire downstairs was reworked--with these new, larger windows--and paneled. It was at this time of remodeling that this corner office was assigned to Mrs. Armstrong in her role of counselor for women students. Surely the merits of a good many budding romances were weighed in this setting, and it thus played a role in the lives of a good many of today's Ambassador students--for many are children of the students of that first decade!

An adjoining office to the north was Dr. Hoeh's, then a glassed-in area was the Registrar's Office, and beyond it--in what had formerly been Myra Carter's business office closet--was my private nook, where I could work on projects out of sight of the continual stream of visitors who came, as I did in 1948, to see Ambassador College "with their own eyes." People used to tease that I had my private wine supply in those built-in cabinets, but that was only wishful thinking! People wanted to see "the Work" and not the clutter of my desk!

On the west side was a secretarial and reception area, and the office of Dr. Re'a who joined us to head the Spanish Department.

Mail Processing and Literature Addressing Center

The partitions that formed these offices have been removed, and once more we see the large room that held Addressograph equipment, tables, files for the Addressograph stencils, typewriters for "cutting" the stencils, postal equipment and busy personnel.

Many of the employees were from the Nazarene Church, and they had a college and bookstore out on East Washington. Our own students were the part-time workers, filling in where needed and earning the dollars to keep them in college.

Myra Carter was in charge of this production area for many years. She is the sister of Gene Carter, and later became the wife of Raymond Cole, this being the first marriage on campus, and the first in a very long line of marriages over the years.

One of the most persistent memories from this area is that of many, many sacks of Plain Truths, all addressed and ready to go, but with no money to pay the postage. And there was the

time that Mr. Vern Mattson, business manager, handed me \$400 in cash, fresh from the Mail Opening Room, with the instructions to go to the downtown Pasadena Post Office and buy that much in 3-cent stamps. These would be affixed to the waiting Plain Truths, to go out to the Co-Workers especially, and not to be delayed additional days with the normal Second Class delivery.

Print Shop a Busy Place

These two surviving back offices on the left were first assigned to Roderick Meredith and to Dick Armstrong. It was at that time (around 1957) that new quarters had been assigned for the Mailing Office and the Print Shop. Originally these two offices were just one large open area filled with the sounds of printing presses and, at times, frantic printers. A Co-Worker letter took precedence over everything. Men worked far into the night to print tens of thousands of sheets, and at the earliest moment print the back side, then move them to Myra Carter's area for folding and collating.

Faculty members, regardless of their religious affiliation, gave assistance at these crucial times. Their paychecks, too, were delayed when the "mail was down." Often employees went without checks, receiving them weeks and even months behind. For a time, it was Bill Homberger's task to make the rounds on "payless payday" and meet the anxious looks of employees hoping and yet knowing better, for they had already heard the news that the income was down.

Once the Co-Worker letter was printed, this Print Shop area returned to its usual hectic pace of producing the booklets to fill the requests coming in from Mr. Armstrong's latest offer on the air. Assembling the pages of these booklets, or collating as it was called, was also done by hand and in Myra's area.

Headaches Upstairs

Returning now to that stairway at the entrance, we climb to what was then the nerve center of the College and Church. Our local phone number was Sycamore 6-6123. Our Switchboard operator channeled calls to and between the growing number of campus phones. There was a need for a campus phone book. The sheet of phone numbers put out was continually out of date, and this caused costly confusion and delays.

My enjoyment in life was to put things in order, and I produced the copy for the first saddle-stitched phone book for the campus. The intention was to list both work and home phone numbers for every employee and student, plus the departments-- and to do this with every person's name spelled correctly and

every phone number correct, though this latter was a hopeless goal because of continual changes.

Seated at this Switchboard was another of our Nazarene employees. Aurelia Rae Withrow is the name given in the 1952 Envoy, but known to everyone by the name "Rae." In later years, Karen Hill Cole, sister of David Jon Hill, took over and handled the job with fascinating efficiency. She later became the wife of Dwight Armstrong, who composed the music for our Church Hymnal. And she was here at the Switchboard in those difficult days after the auto accident in which Dick Armstrong had been so severely injured.

Then on our right is the office of Vern Mattson, our Business Manager for many years. He was also a son-in-law to Mr. Armstrong, having married his daughter Dorothy. Jim Gott of the Print Shop was the husband of Mr. Armstrong's daughter, Beverly. The financial headaches of each day were worked out in this office.

Farther along on our left, we had a secretarial area with Ella Mae Cole, sister of Raymond, a full-time employee, and the next office was that of Mr. Bolivar O'Rear, our Auditor and Legal Counselor. His office was in the area where movies are now being shown. Mr. O'Rear was a member of the Baptist Church rather than the Radio Church of God. It was his job to make certain that every business matter was handled in a professional way--to make certain that there was no question whatsoever as to how the multiple thousands of dollars donated to the Work were being spent. People sent in money to "keep the broadcast on the air," to help build the College, and to finance taking this message to the world in person and by way of radio and the press.

At the death of Mr. O'Rear in 1954 or '55, this responsibility was put on the shoulders of Mr. Stanley Rader who had been added to the business staff. He also was not a member of the Church at the time, and it was the intention and custom to have these neutral people from outside the Radio Church of God advise and audit so that everything would be done properly, fairly, and in line with every legal requirement.

Mail Opening and Efficiency

This next, northwest corner room was the heart that supplied the day-to-day financial backing for every function on campus. On the right-hand side was an automatic letter opener. Working at tables were Mrs. Herman Olson, Ella Mae Cole, and Mrs. Armstrong, too, in those early years.

My wife and I had the task of running this end during the Feast of Tabernacles in 1954 (which festival we missed due to

the impending arrival of the first of our five children. And this was the year that Gene Michel and wife Betty (Bates) were also expecting their daughter.

Elise and I had the job of opening the mail, noting on each letter the donation, if any, then counting the money to make sure it agreed exactly with the tally of the notations on the letters. Until this time, this dollar comparison was done only once a day at the end of hours of work. Any mistake meant to go back over all the letters. That would have been an impossible job.

So we put into operation some new procedures. Up until now, everything that came in the mail went through that letter opener with all sizes and shapes of envelopes in the order received from the Post Office. It seemed so useless to send postcards through the letter opener, since obviously there would be no money in them, though one did have a dime taped to it! These we sorted out ahead of time to simplify handling the other mail.

Secondly, we sorted out the easily identifiable Co-Worker envelopes, for these almost always had money in them, they were all one size, and they seldom contained long, involved letters. The rest of the mail, "white mail," was generally from newcomers and contained requests for literature. Few contained donations and these were generally for one or two dollars.

One further improvement: Knowing that the two of us could not possibly recheck those thousands of letters if our totals for money and notation disagreed, we separated the mail into five or six manageable units. Any mistake would be caught sooner, and corrected with one-sixth the effort. Unit by unit, we worked our way through the day. These procedural changes were accepted and improved on by later personnel.

What is it like to work with your hands on that green stuff all day long? It is a thrill the first hour or two, and then it becomes "unclean" in a real sense of the word, for those bills have been touched by thousands of hands, and one thinks of all the germs that he is in contact with! And he keeps his hands away from his face until washing them properly.

Mail for "Jack Rabbit" Armstrong

In the Pasadena area, there happened to be another individual named Armstrong, and the Post Office occasionally got one of his personal letters mixed in with ours. And any letter we received with the name Armstrong obviously went through that letter opener. Then later upon reading, we would become aware that it was not for Herbert W. Armstrong, but for him. And we would reseal the letter adding the notation "opened by mistake."

Not realizing the predicament of the Post Office or of our crew handling the mail, this second Mr. Armstrong complained that we were meddling with his private mail.

He was taken to see our operation, shown the great volume of mail, and the many unusual ways in which pieces were addressed: a variety of misspellings of both Herbert and Armstrong, or the name Armstrong might be preceded by a variety of other given names. A letter tossed in a mailbox anywhere in the country with the simple address "One One One" was apt to arrive in our Pasadena post-office box!

On one series of broadcasts, Mr. Armstrong had teased that some who thought they were "born again" were no more converted than a jack rabbit. A letter addressed "Jack Rabbit Armstrong" was soon on its way!

Seeing so many addressed so poorly and humorously, this other Mr. Armstrong was fully convinced, and he agreed that we were not at all attempting to meddle with his mail.

The Down Staircase

A back stairway leads down and out the north end of the building. This is the route that incoming mail generally took in those days. There would be one or more trips to the Post Office each day, and we scooped mail from oversized lockboxes into our own mail pouches, then into a locked car trunk for a safe trip to the campus.

There were days when the mail was sparse and the need desperate. The burden was shifted to Mr. Mattson's area; then to Mr. Armstrong who prodded himself to do more and better broadcasts; and then an urgent letter to the Co-Workers and Members prompting them to do their share.

Returning through the upstairs, we find one small office on the east side and this was the abode of Kemmer Pfund for many years. Just what all he handled is hard to say, but I do know that for a time he was involved with the distribution of paychecks.

And he enjoyed being teased just as much as we enjoyed teasing him. "Kemmer, I need a check!" was our usual greeting. For fun one day, I recorded this greeting a few times into my desk tape recorder, and after my usual verbal Friday greeting, "Kemmer, I need a check," I switched on the recorder and let it repeat that over and over, to his complete bafflement, maybe for the first and only time in his life! It was one of those days you mark on your calendar.

And taking another glance into these offices on the west side, we find Gene Michel there for many years, working in close conjunction with Mr. Mattson and Mr. O'Rear.

Bachelor Life Off Campus

In the early years of Ambassador College, there were no dormitories. My first months, I lived a few blocks south of the Civic Auditorium, with just a single sleeping room. Then I met a man at the Pasadena Cafeteria (where my favorite economical meal was hash, which is a generous helping of yesterday's expensive, leftover roast chopped up!), and this man from Michigan offered me a chance to live in his home up in Altadena. He was separated from his wife, living alone, and I would have kitchen privileges. So now I was about 3 miles from campus in Altadena at around 1800 Walworth; that is just a bit south and west of Woodbury and Lake.

On the Sabbath, after what Mr. Armstrong had termed "a Bible Study Saturday afternoon in the Library," I would walk back downtown to eat my supper at the Cafeteria, hopefully finding someone to share a table and talk. Then a few blocks north to the Pasadena Library, remaining there till it closed around 9 p.m., and then, rather than wait for a bus, simply take off on foot for home. Though it was uphill, the scenery was worth looking at, and it saved the cost of a bus ride. Tokens were then four for a quarter, or 6-1/4 cents each. Why not enjoy the walk and save the money for college expenses!

The other students lived east of Lake Street on Catalina. I believe the McNairs, Raymond Cole and Herman Hoeh lived in the same place, perhaps with two separate apartments. Nearby lived Mrs. Annie Mann, Ella Mae Cole and Myra Carter.

The McNairs can tell you all the details about their success with "growing rice"! Choosing a suitable-sized pot, they poured in several cups of rice and started cooking. The rice began to swell, and so did the size and number of pots they were cooking it in! I'm afraid our only "laboratory classes" were in these bachelor kitchens!

Walking to school was a way of life. Dr. Hoeh was reading a book every minute of the time along the way, glancing up only seconds for each street crossing. Their walk to College was about a mile and, like my own, served as a profitable and enjoyable form of physical education.

Mayfair, a Later Addition

Mayfair was Ambassador's first student dormitory and it was coeducational, separate floors though for each. Having such a student residence kept us on campus far more of the time. A bit of humor comes to mind that happened back when Mr. Armstrong was anxiously awaiting the overdue arrival of another grandchild. Maybe it was the last child of Jim Gott and Beverly. We were in Mayfair and Mr. Armstrong was expressing considerable concern. I tried to be helpful by teasing that there was a verse in the Bible that said, "The stork knows his appointed time." It stopped him for a moment. I'm not quite sure yet how he took the joke. But later he teased Elise Bernard, who later became my wife, "whether she thought Ken really believed in the stork."

So you can see that our early days were filled with bits of humor, with anxieties, with mistakes, with frugality, and with some lighthearted elements, too. We were not sober, strait-laced Bible students by any means.

Tennis Court Memories

Between Mayfair and the Library stood a tennis court and it served a variety of purposes: not only for tennis but as a place for our outdoor potluck meals on the annual festivals. The Passover season in 1956 was an especially memorable one. Three children were born within a 24-hour span of time. Karlina, the eldest daughter of Herman Hoeh and wife Isabell (Kunkel); a daughter was also born to the Bill Bradens, living in San Diego at the time, I believe; and I was thrilled to announce the arrival of our second child, this time a son, named Karl! Both Karlina and Karl were delivered by Dr. Merrill, a Church member and a physician, from the Glendale area.

The Feast of Tabernacles, however, was kept at Belknap Springs, Oregon. In the fall of 1947, the entire student body of four had gone along. My first year, 1948, I was offered the chance to go. But these festivals were new and strange to me, so I thanked Mr. Armstrong for his invitation and continued to work at my off-campus job at the Walgren Transformer factory on South Raymond. And I carefully read and researched the scriptures concerning these Feasts. My second and third years, I did attend at Belknap. The year beyond that, 1952, we were at Siegler Springs, California, having outgrown the other site, and I was a married man then, too.

Tempietto and Baptismal Pool

Leaving the area where the tennis court once stood, we cross southward toward the Library and note the retaining wall where students and employees often sat to eat their noon lunch. The exotic plants on campus were highly valued by Mr. Armstrong

and following his lead, we gradually developed similar tastes and values. Today, many of the special trees and shrubs are identified with markers. This was done quite a number of years later.

The European Fan Palm here at the northwest corner of the Library was perhaps only about one-third this size back then.

Descending toward the Tempietto, we come to the lower set of stairs and remember the many times this was used as an outdoor classroom. Speech classes met at times in the Lower Gardens and the Tempietto was used as a setting for the speaker.

The Tempietto and Lower Gardens are part of the original campus purchase. Both were greatly in need of repair and tending. The early work took place under the direction of Elder Senn, a Church member from Washington or Oregon. Many hours of student labor were spent in scraping off old paint, repairing and repainting. Fountains were put back into operation and a good deal of gardening was needed to restore this area to its present condition. This was the site of Commencement ceremonies, and also a good many weddings and receptions.

At the northeast corner is a pool with steps going down into it. When the pump is running, three streams of water fall from the basin above. After having used a canvas tub for baptisms for years, it dawned on someone that this might be a suitable place. A water heater was installed across the wall to the north to take the chill off the water, and a pump provided circulation for "living water" for this outdoor baptistry.

Another project completed under the direction of Brother Senn was the brick patio area just above the baptistry pool. It had been badly cracked by the roots of the huge rubber tree at its side, and had to be taken apart and redone.

A Beginning at the End of the Tour

Our tour of the original Ambassador Campus ends as we descend the stairs at the northeast corner of these gardens. Here we see an iron gate, and just outside it are five sets of footprints. These prints were made during 1951 or '52 and two pictures of the work in progress can be found on page 23 of the 1952 Envoy. The concrete is still fresh as the five pose for the event. The lower picture shows only Dick and Betty, and the feet of the onlookers.

Perhaps the signatures were added only as an afterthought, and for some reason Dick Armstrong had to hurry away; thus, his signature is missing.

Here then are the beginners of Ambassador College: Founder Herbert W. Armstrong, and the four pioneer students: Herman, Dick, Raymond and Betty. Ambassador's motto: "Recapture true values." We were taught "to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good" and "to accept new views when they are proven to be true views." The Word of God was to be the foundation for knowledge disseminated at Ambassador. And we were never to be penalized for an honest disagreement in any of our classes--Theology, Science or History.

With this basic philosophy, we took our beliefs and practices apart down to their very foundations and rebuilt them repeatedly, each time more perfectly.

This was the beginning of Ambassador College!