

Youth 85

In Search of
Sunken Treasure

Planning,
Tomorrow's
Cities

A Basketball Game -
With a Difference!
By Herbert W. Armstrong

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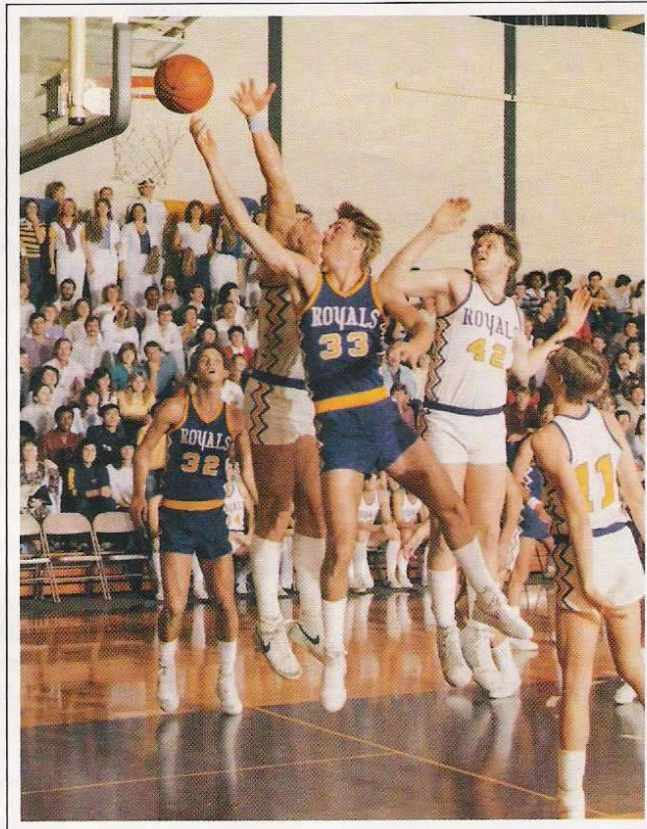
How many of our *Youth 85* readers, I wonder, would realize that a basketball game could be an *important* part of EDUCATION?

Before you draw conclusions — *wait a minute!* Let me give you some FACTS I'm sure you don't know.

All colleges — at least, certainly, nearly all — have basketball teams. And do they consider basketball games a part of the EDUCATIONAL function of the college or university? Probably not. They don't rate any academic credits.

But this gives me an opportunity to explain another way in which AMBASSADOR COLLEGES are different! Yes, and *so refreshingly* different! So *delightfully* different!

Through the basketball season, we have been having doubleheader basketball games on Saturday nights in our gymnasium. The gymnasium itself is a part of the



Physical Education Facility — and absolutely the most *beautiful* building of its kind we have ever seen.

The gym is not a giant basketball pavilion, like those of some of the major universities, with seating capacity for spectators of from 7,000 to 15,000. But our gym does have bleachers on

each side of the basketball court that fold out or telescope back against the walls. They will seat about 1,200.

Let me explain what would be the probable reaction of a student or basketball player from some other college or university.

First, he would be struck with the beauty and the *character* of the building itself. Even the entrance lobby is carpeted. He might look for the ticket-selling window — and be a little bit flabbergasted because *there is none!* Think of it! College basketball games — and NO ADMISSION PRICE!

Our visitor would hear the music of a really good band. And, entering the gymnasium, he would see about a 40-piece pep band. He would see two officials waiting for the game to start, with their official-looking shirts — just as in any college, university or pro game.

The two teams would be warming up, shooting practice baskets at their respective ends

— each team in different colored uniforms — it might be the faculty team at one end.

“Why,” he might exclaim, “this looks just like any other college game.” But he would have a few SURPRISES coming. The band would stop, and an announcer’s voice would come out over the public-address system:

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the first game of a doubleheader tonight, between the faculty and the freshmen.”

Then would follow the introduction of the respective starting players of each team — just as in any other college game. And then, from the announcer: “And now will you all rise and join the band in singing the national anthem.”

This is followed by applause and some yelling, as the two teams go to the floor, and one of the officials takes his stance to toss up the ball between the two centers, starting the game. The electric scoreboards — one at each end — are set at 20 minutes

for the first half, and as the ball is put in play, the seconds begin whipping past in bright red colors, indicating the amount of time yet to be played.

Our visitor might be a little surprised to see the caliber of play, the poise and accuracy of the players, as they begin scoring baskets smoothly and accurately in spite of alert, vigorous and tight defense — both teams playing a torrid fast-break game. He might be quite surprised to see the scores building up as rapidly as in a big-university game.

All just like any other college? Well, NOT EXACTLY!

Our visitor would begin to notice several differences! He would begin to be aware that he was not sitting in a cloud of cigarette and cigar smoke, but in fresh, clean, pure air kept fresh by the air-conditioning system. Then he might be quite amused — if not shocked. He would see in the stands, not only students, some in “rooting” sections, but many whole families, including

the kiddies and even babies.

“MAN!” he might exclaim. “I never saw anything like that before.” Most of those with babies or little children would leave after the early 7 o’clock game, to put the kiddies to bed.

As the game would progress, he would be amazed to see that while the play is fast, aggressive and determined,

there is no deliberate or intentional fouling. Of course, unintended and accidental infractions of some of the rules are bound to occur. But when they do, the one who fouls will usually raise up his arm almost before the official blows his whistle. And — sur-

prise of surprises!! — he NEVER sees a player get angry at an official or make any complaint whatsoever!

When a time-out is called, of course, the band strikes up a lively tune or a rapid march, and the girl rooters on the floor do some maneuvers to the rhythm of the music.

But now for the REAL POINT!

We do not play intercollegiate basketball at Ambassador, but instead intramural games. There are four teams of the four general classes, and a faculty team.

We do not give academic credits for basketball, of course. Yet this definitely is a part of the students’ EDUCATION — the way it is played at Ambassador. Our present Director of Physical Education, who was a star college player, will tell you that any one of our teams would win its quota of games should we enter one of the minor college leagues.

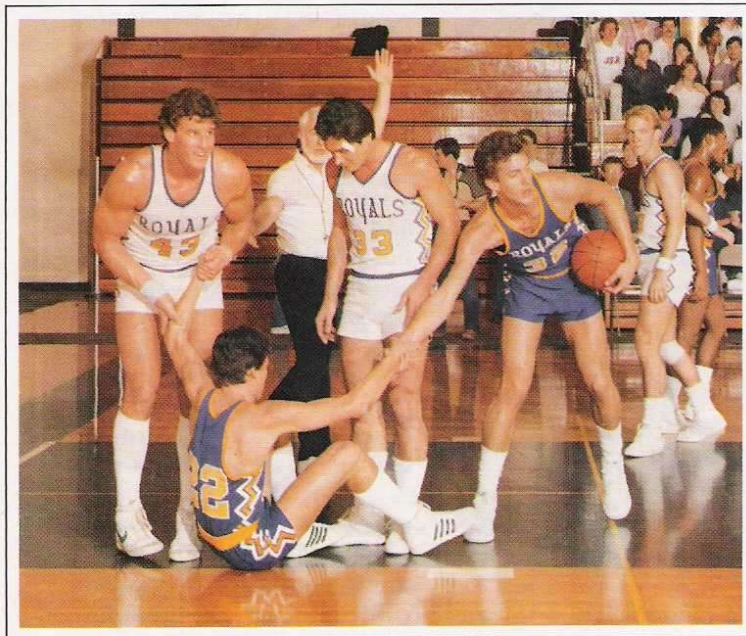
Basketball at Ambassador is a CHARACTER-BUILDING activity. Our men are taught to play hard and to develop skill, but without overdoing it, or devoting too much time to it. Life at Ambassador must be BALANCED, and time must be budgeted. This activity must not take time needed for study. But by making the most of every minute, there is ample time to develop basketball proficiency without WASTING time.

Ambassador is a CHARACTER-BUILDING institution and, at this college, basketball is used to BUILD CHARACTER.

I have always taught our students that whatever they do should be done WELL — the very best they can. They play hard — they put their whole energies into it. They try to be both *fast* and *quick* — there is a difference. But they try to avoid roughness of a type that might harm or injure other players.

I have actually seen our players raise their arms, and *tell the officials* they had fouled an opponent — unintentionally — when the officials had failed to see it. But NEVER have I seen a player gripe, or complain in any

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In an Ambassador College basketball game, there is no deliberate or intentional fouling. When accidental infractions occur, players don't get angry or complain to the officials — they help each other up instead. (Photos by Hal Finch)

Basketball Game

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way when an official calls a foul against him — even if the official made a mistake. It is the BEST of good sportsmanship.

When the game is over, losers will shake hands with and congratulate the victors with enthusiasm and with smiles!

Sure, they play to WIN, but they expect the other team to try to win, too. Basketball is good, clean recreation — played the Ambassador way — and they realize that coming off with the biggest score is not the most important thing.

If they lose, they simply try

harder next time; but they have BIGGER GOALS than winning a ball game.

One of these games is a delightful CHANGE from the other activities of the day. WHATEVER we do, here at Ambassador, we try to do it *in a manner* to develop wholesome and right character, based on the laws of God — and in a manner to live, always, by EVERY WORD OF GOD!

Basketball, of course, is only a small part of the uses and activities for which the Physical Education Building is used. During the five school days of each week, it is in use all day long with physical-education classes, one following another —

one hour for each class.

Students are put through a series of calisthenic exercises and taught physical skills during each hour, for the development of better health.

In the full-college-size, six-lane swimming pool, some students take swimming lessons. Others who are good swimmers train for racing.

This facility was the first unit to be completed in our campus-expansion program, and it serves a tremendous need — in use constantly every day. And it is only one more example of the fact that emphasis at Ambassador is on recapturing the TRUE VALUES — and building right CHARACTER! □

READER BY-LINE

'I Love You, Too'

A couple of years ago my father was seriously injured in an accident. He was paralyzed from the neck down and, a month later, died in the hospital.

During that month I visited him nearly every day, for hours at a time, doing things for him like massaging the top of his head or just talking. The last time I was doing this, just before his death, he said to me, "You know I love you, don't you?"

I didn't say anything, I just nodded. I should have said, "I love you too, Dad," but I didn't. I couldn't. But my father died without me telling him how much I loved him and respected him.

He was a great man. But, you know, I almost hate myself for never telling him how much I cared. I know that he knew, but supposing he didn't, what if?

It's a terrible, terrible thing to live with because, of all my memories of my father, that one incident stands out most. It really hurts.

Now, I try not to let a day go by without telling my mother I love her. My relationship with her is very close, and I appreciate, respect and admire her a great deal. But I don't show it a lot of times.

Sure we argue, and get angry, and when we do, it always makes me feel guilty.

Because, if you really think about it, what meaning could getting the car for a day or staying on the telephone longer

possibly have compared to your mother or father?

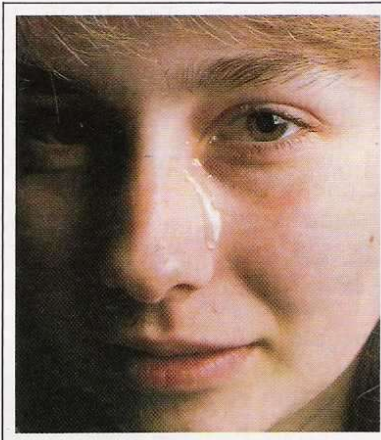
What if you left for school angry at your parents and something happened to them while you were away? Would you like your last words to be, "You don't understand!" or even, "I hate you!"?

Don't ever take that chance — it's too big.

Learn to control your temper and appreciate your parents. Think of all they have done for you, and how much you owe them in return.

Let your parents know how you feel. Don't make the mistake I did. Learn to say, "I love you, too!" It's so important. □

Editor's note: The author, age 17, wishes to have her name withheld.



If you would like to submit an article for the "Reader By-Line" section, send it to: "Reader By-Line," Youth 85, 300 W. Green Street, Pasadena, California, 91129.