

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA



Volume VIII, Number XVI

BI-WEEKLY

MARCH 26, 1959

8,000,000 WATTS WEEKLY



The new dubbing room in the expanding radio studio. Mr. Frank Inglima and Ken Mowat are shown preparing the 210 tapes sent out weekly.

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness . . ." Think of the amazement the Apostle Paul would have if he were to step into OUR studio some day and see what is being done in carrying this message to all the world. Paul only spoke to *one audience* at a time, but THE WORLD TOMORROW is booming out over EIGHT MILLION watts of power each week. TWO-HUNDRED and TEN reels of magnetic sound tapes produced in our expanding studio go out weekly — world wide. Think of the tremendous power! Think of the lives that are being changed!

As this *Work of God* grows it is necessary to make new additions to the many growing departments here at headquarters. This new wing to the Broadcasting Studio is the *Dubbing Room* — getting this name because this is the room where copies of the broadcast are made. There are presently five Ampex Tape Recorders located in the Dubbing Room and two more are to be added in the near future, making seven in all. All the recorders can be controlled from this room or remotely from the Control Room. Visitors are allowed to come in from 12:30 to 1:00 to listen to a live broadcast.

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Cakewalk Carrousel

"Circle right till the music stops," was the signal to begin the CAKE-WALK. Tension mounted as the circle moved. Then the music stopped! Joyous expressions crossed the faces of famished men with only one thought — gulping the gourmet goodies! "Move three girls to the right, men," was the next command. Further visions of chocolate cake, cheese cake, banana cake, and all the other kinds of cake flashed rapidly through the minds of the hungrier and hungrier fellows. At last the finale came — "find your own dates." Well anyway, each man got the cake that was baked "special" for him. And WERE THEY EVER (smack) GOOD!

The snappy program introduced the Ambassador sextette. Jessie and Norma sang "Red Sails in the Sunset," and Dave Antion, our retiring M. C., introduced a new man for the job in the person of Allen, "Sam Handwitch," Goyette. The highlight of the program was the new senior girl quartet singing, "Lookin' for a Home." This song was especially written by Mrs. Tom Dennis for Ron Kelly and Bill McDowell who are rapidly becoming eligible to start a home. From now on they will be "runnin' from a home."

The informal atmosphere, the colorfully decorated cakes, and the work of the decoration committee, made a very successful evening. The most beautifully decorated cake was made by Florence Watson. Mrs. Kunz, Mrs. Dean Wilson and Lorelle Simon. The winners received an exotic bottle of perfume each.

The refreshments appeased all and

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The Portfolio Staff

Faculty Advisor
Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong

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Tom Lawrence	Karen Kunkle
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Molly Hammer	Sherwin McMichael
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THOROUGHbred OR MULE?

Some joys in life are hard to describe. Perhaps Duncan Hines could put into words what he senses when his false teeth sink into a heavenly fluff of some exotic dessert. Maybe Zsa Zsa Gabor could describe how she feels when her fingers stroke the soft hide of a dead mink, or maybe even King Farouk could help fill in details.

Such a description would be necessary to describe my elation when we acquired Baldy. Baldy was a white-faced sorrell mare. She had spent her earlier years on a cattle ranch. We got her complete with a wide-bumper saddle and a straight-bit bridle. This was quite an improvement over riding calves.

Baldy was pretty, gentle, and intelligent — too intelligent. She knew that with a nine year old boy on her back, she could choose her own pace to a big extent. She could run, but her speciality was walking. Running she reserved for racing with the neighbor boy's pony. She was very egotistical and could not stand to be beat. With ears back, neck outstretched and hooves flying, she would defy anything to pass her from behind.

When she and I were alone, she preferred to walk. Reins slapping, stirrups kicking, and threats uttered accomplished only a compromise — and what a compromise. She would break into a bone-jarring trot. Sunlight shone on the seat of the saddle with each bounce and after all how much can a saddle take? After a little bit of trotting I was happy to let her walk.

I expected great things from her, but she chose not to fulfill my expectations. Is it possible that we sometimes stand on the threshold of greatness, but fail to drive ourselves on to achieve it?

"Bulge"

You're all familiar with "Bulge." You can find him in any class (except Home Ec.) on the campus. At first glance you might suspect that he was a Chicago gangster. Certainly that onesided, bulgy appearance of his coat more than casually suggests the presence of a snub-nosed revolver in a shoulder holster.

That unseemly lump isn't a "gat," however, it's nothing more than 15 or 20 assorted "Lindys," "Jotters," "Papermates" and No. 2 "Dixons."

Yes, "Bulge" is armed to the teeth — but not with artillery. He's loaded for writing! Blue, green, red, black, violet, indigo — you name it — he's got it. His notes in class may not make exact sense, but you should see the beauty of it all — such colors!!

Bulge will never be caught short. He'll always have something to write with — besides he carries eight colors of marking pencils in his briefcase — just in case.

There's nothing terribly wrong with being a "BULGE," so long as we don't forget that it's not *how many* pens or pencils we carry around, it's what we write with them that counts. One good pen with a lot of wisdom and zeal behind it is far better than creating an artificial rainbow with no pot of gold at either end.

YOU CAN TRAVEL IN STYLE

In just a short while school will be out. Students will scout around for the last cent of cash they can get. If it is enough, they will buy a train or bus ticket home. If it is not, Dad will have to make up the difference.

Helping to put money into circulation has its good points, but wouldn't you rather go home free of cost? Maybe you do not like driving a late model car across the country — huh?

This is not a joke. Car dealers are real odd characters. Those from Dallas come to Los Angeles to buy cars. Those from Los Angeles go to Dallas to buy cars, and so it goes.

In 1955 I drove a Ford Ranchwagon from Kansas City to Idaho Falls. All gas, oil, fees, repairs and insurance were paid. We had a wonderful trip. There was no red-tape and no delay. I answered an ad. Twenty minutes later I was in possession of a car.

Be skeptical. Don't fall for just anything, but if you make connections with a reliable company you may have a nice trip — for very little expense.

Lower Garden Interlude

By Molly Hammer

Bombastic speeches, luscious food, beautiful music, and to top the evening — pictures of our own beautiful campus! This was all provided by our Thursday Night Ambassador Club, in the beautiful lower gardens.

Do you really *appreciate* the fellowship you have here in the headquarters Church? Do you make use of the time God has given you? These were two of the questions asked and answered — most effectively, in very timely speeches — by Mr. Dean Wilson and Mr. Hunting. Mr. Kunz related a most exciting incident which he encountered the other night. It concerned a group of Russians who — oh well, get him to tell you. It will be more exciting that way. He kept everyone at the club that night enthralled, so don't forget to ask him about it.

The speeches were followed by DELICIOUS, NUTRIOUS, barbecued hamburgers with all the trimmings — followed by apple pie. Just the memories make my mouth water.

To end a very successful evening, Mr. Richard Sedliacik showed "before and after" colored shots of the campus. He also showed pictures taken at Niagara Falls, Mt. Ranier, and other resorts throughout the United States. Believe me, Ambassador Campus was by far the most beautiful (not prejudiced, of course!).

Thank you, Thursday Ambassador Club, for making a wonderful evening possible.

STUDY AND RADIO?

I do not know the capacity of other individuals as I do my own. But I am totally certain none have been blessed with the ability to do two things at once. I hate to see time wasted. Today I sit and see it wasted.

Over and over again we hear Mr. Armstrong plead with the students. He begs them to work harder. He promises them reward. He would do anything to help. And so would God.

It is hard to find the words to express the stupidity involved in kidding ourselves into believing we are really doing our work as we listen to the radio and attempt our assignment simultaneously. I don't mean classical background music. I am referring to the general hodge-podge.

The Bible says to do whatever we do with all our might. Our might is hardly being best expended with one hand on the dial of the radio and the other on our assignment kidding ourselves that we are doing what Christ would do.

New Eugene Church

Another successful trip! Yes, the Armstrong's just returned from Oregon where they went to transact some business for the Church. A *new* and *better* place was needed for the Church in Eugene. They found an ideal place!

The property is located on top of a hill overlooking a beautiful valley. You can even see the Coastal Range. The property is beautifully wooded — tall, graceful trees. However, there is much of it already cleared.

Plans have been completed for a new, modern Church building which will seat some 200 people. Also, there will be another room which will have the facilities for the feasts, such as kitchen, tables, etc.

Another nice feature is that we have plenty of room for a school there, when the necessity arises. All together there are 19 beautiful acres.

While in Oregon, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were able to visit both the Salem and Portland Churches. The whole Eugene Church, with the exception of two families, went to Salem, so everyone received the benefit of the Armstrong's visit.

Welcome back, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong!

CAUTION — "CAKES RISING"

Delicious, mouth-watering odors filled kitchens of all shapes, sizes, and colors last week. Ambassador College co-eds were at work! In small groups of five, girls combined talents to concoct delectable delicacies in the form of home-made cakes. The girls used the kitchens of many of the neighboring church members, getting the being-at-home feeling (in order to insure success). But as is usual when trying too hard, there were a few minor hazards. For instance, one cook was reported to have cooked her cake about half an hour **WITHOUT** heat! Another group got so enthusiastic that they completely "detopped" their creation. (They were glad to find that lots of icing and things such as coconut make good cover-ups for those little cracks and crevices that happen even to the best of cakes). Several groups were reputed to have baked more than one "accident" just to get that desired effect — a level top!

Well, when the night finally arrived, the cakes were appropriately displayed — holes filled, cake-lifting operations completed, and boxes beautifully decorated. With a sigh of relief and a sense of accomplishment, the girls beamed as they watched their "originals" (made over a period of days) disappear in minutes.



Upper: Norva, Norma, Jessie and Lavonne give their rendition of "Lookin' for A Home" Ambassador style.

Lower Left: The only cake that didn't get eaten — the plaster model.

Lower Right: Old M.C.'s never die, they just graduate — given way to "Sam Handwitches."

TANDEM ASSEMBLIES

"And the lukewarm blood flowed through the supple fingers of the Aztec priest as he offered another human sacrifice to a pagan diety." These words and many others concerning their barbaric practices were revealed in assembly by Mr. Ronald Chandler during his assembly March 12. We re-lived the history of Mexican colonization including the atrocities of the Spanish Conquistadors.

Thursday, March 19, another faculty assembly was given by Mr. Charles Dorothy. The initial section

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were once again different. This time it was cranberry juice with ice cream. After the program, the dancing continued until 12 midnight when another chapter of college life was brought reluctantly to a close.

of the program exemplified speech development — with two of his students giving speeches. Following his students, Mr. Dorothy himself spoke to us. His pinpoint narrative kept the entire student body spellbound. Most students were surprised to find that the character in the story was himself.

From the double glass window in the Dubbing Room one can see the main part of the studio where Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong and Mr. Ted Armstrong do the broadcasting. Beyond that is the main *Control Room*, also behind double glass windows. From here any part of the studio can be controlled. All tape editing of the programs takes place here, where special introductions, insertions and endings are added. One more new recorder will also be added to the Control Room, making a grand total of *ten* in both rooms.

Could any one man or group of men do this on their **OWN POWER**? Christ said, "Behold I have set before you an open door, no man can shut it." That door is open! It is the Power of God and His son Jesus Christ that keeps the door open for us. It is His power that is behind this work, sustaining it — expanding it!

This is just the beginning! Greater things are yet ahead of us! Much work is to be done! Can we keep driving ahead through the open door?

THE CHANGING CYCLE

Progress and time change everything. More changes are made constantly and progress of Ambassador students continues.

Recently Mr. Lowell Blackwell and Vernon Hargrove have been promoted to the Mail Reading Department under Mr. Neff's supervision. Mr. Ralph Helge has also gone into the Mail Reading Office as a handler for monitor reports.

Mr. Charles Hunting has moved from the Mail Opening Office to the C. O. Department, under Mr. Neff. He will assist with military problems that arise with the men students and other young men in God's church.

The Letter Answering Department has employed Dr. Clint Zimmerman full time making a staff of 12 men.

The girls have also had a change or two. Kay Ferguson has gone to the kitchen to get her semester of training that is required for all girls. Karen Kunkel has become a typist in the Mailing Office.

The PORTFOLIO has announced these changes in employment many times throughout the year. How many of you have said that your name would never be on the promotion list? How many have thought they would just never make it? Someone has to fill the positions that are created. Why not you? Several seniors are graduating this Spring. Who is going to step into their shoes? Someone has to! Are you ready to take the responsibilities that will come to you next week, next month, this summer, and next year?



Mr. Buck Hammer — here from Gladewater, Texas to obtain final approval on steel booths that are to be constructed on the Tabernacle grounds.

SOMNAMBULIST

Late one night (9:30 to be exact). I stumbled into my room and turned on my light. Although quite unusual for this hour, three of my roommates were in bed snoring loudly. On my desk lay a note. I read it: "Merle: Sorry I couldn't find you earlier tonight. You've been moved to Terrace. (signed) J. E."

I turned and glanced at my bed. To my shock, J. E. had already moved in and retired for the night — in MY BED! He was sound asleep, with his head burried in the pillow. He had on his grey "monkey suit" ready for morning exercises.

Now I happen to be a reticent chap who believes in the old adage — let sleeping dogs lie — so I didn't dare disturb him to hear the whole story. I wasn't licked. I took my list of students and went into the bathroom to clean my teeth. I was curious to know who the J. E. was that was lying in my bed.

As I scrubbed at my dentures, I went down the list . . . Engelbart? Nope! . . . Ellis? Nope! . . . Jessie Emmett? No, her "monkey suit" is navy blue.

I decided to get the facts straight from the "horse's mouth," so I went up to David Antion and asked him what students they were moving in and out of my room.

"I don't know," Dave replied. "ask Kelly, he's your room monitor."

"He's not in yet."

"Then ask Al Dexter."

"He's asleep, and I don't dare disturb him."

"Well wake the person in your bed, and ask him!" Dave shouted!

"He's asleep also." I said timidly.

Now all this time, Dave had been quietly lying down on his bed, but suddenly he shot out of bed like an atlas missile.

"I'm monitor here! I want to know what's going on!" he bellowed.

When we came back to my room, I found that J. E. was a somnambulist. Now he was sound asleep in Kelly's bed. The lights were on. Joey stood behind my half-made bed — an innocent smirk on his grinning face.

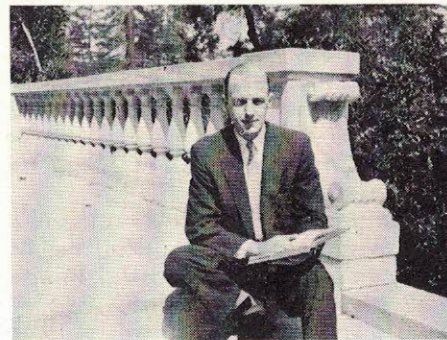
Too bad to waste all those newspapers in an old monkey suit.

* * * *

Friendly old lady to a movie star's child, "How many brothers and sisters do you have little boy?"

"None," replied the boy, "but I have four fathers by my mother and three mothers by my father."

PORTFOLIO PRESENTS



Mr. Ralph K. Helge's early ambition and goal was to enter the service of the F. B. I. He drove hard toward that goal until he was diverted by the much higher calling into the Kingdom of God.

He quit High School where he was active in boxing, rifle range, flying, etc. to join the Marines. On returning from his tour of duty he threw himself into the original drive — went to Wilson Junior College, DePaul University and Northwestern University, from which he took his Law Degree. In the middle of his work in law he decided against the F. B. I. in favor of private practice.

Soon after this he gained a more direct contact with God. He was blessed not to have had previous association with a "religious organization." He started to take the Plain Truth, Correspondence Course, other literature, and became a member of God's Church in Chicago.

The Portfolio is sure you will find many other interesting things to talk about when you meet Mr. Helge. Don't be bashful — just say hello and talk.

PREPARATION

"Look out! Go around the other way," is the cry being heard these days from the athletic field. Why? Because preparations are underway for a new lawn in the athletic field. Swift and efficient work by the gardeners has transformed the field into a well prepared seedbed.

Soon the new grass will spring to life turning the field into a lush green carpet ready for the fast approaching FIELD DAY.

How about you? Are you preparing yourself for the FIELD DAY? Time is swiftly passing by. Timely preparation now means better performances on FIELD DAY just as proper preparation makes a better lawn.

* * * *

Two caterpillars were crawling along when a butterfly flew overhead. Said one to the other. "You'll never get me up in one of those things."



Petticoat Tete-a-tete

—Judy Brines

Oh goody, cashew nuts . . . wow! peanuts too! Chomp, chomp, chomp. "Hey fellows, come in here, this dish is bigger than the one with the mints." Wonder what's in the next room?

No, it isn't an invasion by overgrown two-legged termites (however the tummy capacity is *very* similar), and it isn't an expedition of Sherlock Holmes' proteges but you'd think they were complete with magnifying glass in hand the way they've been known to inspect thing. 'Tis memerly Ambassador College men flooding into Mayfair and Terrace Villa on their annual jaunt through the Women's dormitories. (For some it's like taking one of Mr. Hoeh's tests — a trip into the unknown.)

For the next week there will be many little (and big) feet scurrying to and fro and much dust flying as open house time approaches.

Well, as Molly would say with a big hospitable Southern grin — "ya'll come" . . . there'll be singin', dancin', games and even washbowls for the men who have finished the dusting job on the tops of the door-dusts (girls take notice).

Remember Saturday night, March 28, for a tummy-fillin', floor bouncing, "plum" enjoyable night.

Judy Brines

MAIL OFFICE REPORT

In a recent mailing report requested by Mr. Armstrong, covering the span of the first ten weeks of 1959, the following was revealed, and is only a portion of the work done by the students working in the mailing office.

A total of 121,228 letters were received and processed during the ten weeks. These letters were opened, read, marked, counted; and *hundreds of them* answered by personal letter.

Of those not answered by personal letters, 106,206 pieces of literature, thank you letters, or receipts were addressed and mailed out; 111,000 booklets were printed, assembled, and inserted in envelopes and mailed. A total of 437,243 Plain Truth magazines, and 13,700 Good News magazines were sent out. Over 45,000

bulletins and 57,250 renewal letters reached their destinations. The average of all this material is over 77,000 pieces of mail sent out *each week* — and THAT'S A LOT OF MAIL — Postage cost us over \$7,000 per month. The labor cost in the downstairs office alone averages out at close to \$50 00 per hour.

This hardly accounts for any of the work done in the other departments, the print shop, the C. C. Department, the language Departments, etc. Consider also the necessary work being done in maintenance, in the kitchen and the gardening that we have not begun to mention. While all this is being done, some continue to say within themselves, "My job doesn't amount to anything. I'll be glad when I graduate so I can do something! Think I'll 'Goof-off' from work this hour and study or go to town!"

"The Age of the 'Goof-off'" is the latest epithet that joins the ranks of adjectives that describe our modern world. The world watches the "Space Age" through the 'Countdowns' at Cape Canaveral, Florida. It gasps at the "Jet Age" as the 707 Intercontinental wings across the continent in four hours and thirty minutes. And the world staggers through the "Atomic Age" with its hands on its loins as Strontium 90 eats away its bones."

Perhaps the moral to this brief report should be: "Beware of the 'Goof-off' attitude. We cannot afford to have it in God's Work!"

ANYBODY FOR TENNIS?

Tennis, the most zealously played sport here at Ambassador College, is now being pursued with more gusto than ever! The semi-finals of the Ambassador College annual tournament are now being played off. These will culminate in the championship finals on May 6, Field Day.

Tennis has an interesting history. It probably had its roots in ancient Egypt or Persia, but in more recent years it has taken different forms. The form most popular today was invented in England by Major Walter Wingfield in 1874. Shortly afterward it spread to this country where its popularity is evidenced by the enthusiasm with which it is played today.

This enthusiasm holds true on the Ambassador College Campus, too. Many have put a great deal of effort into it, which should provide an interesting outcome. Those who are not directly participating are urged to participate too, as spectators. Who will be the champion? Let's watch and see!

TOTE THAT MOP AND BROOM

From NOW ON we men are going to be learning how to properly take care of our own rooms and houses.

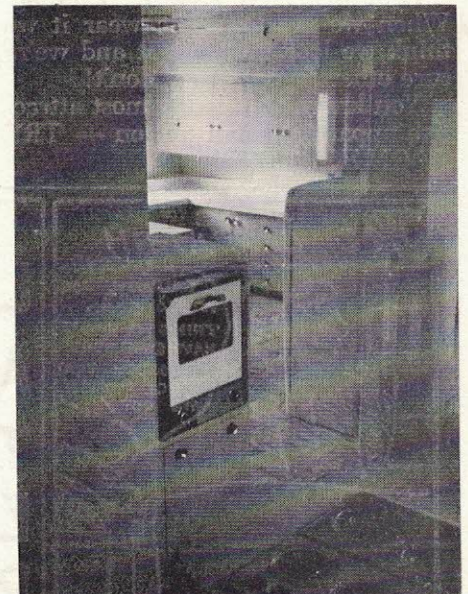
The janitors have been loaded with work for the past semester. With the growth of the work, it has become necessary to cut the janitorial duties and to shift the responsibility to each of the students.

Each room will be cleaned twice a week by the janitors — very thoroughly, however. From then on we are on our own. So let's all pitch in and give a WILLING, HELPING HAND to the janitors and learn to build character as well as learn neatness.

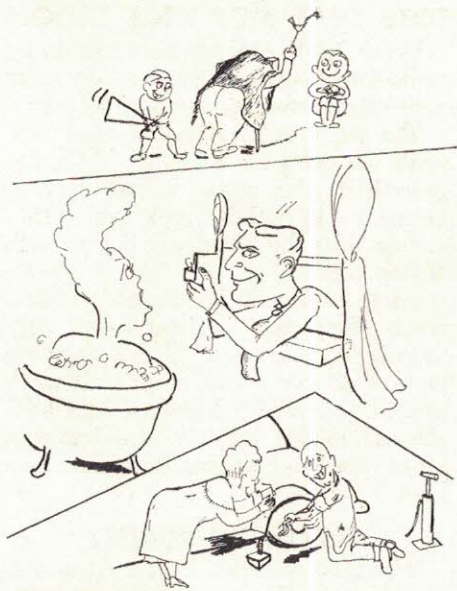
VISION TO REALITY

The girls enrolled in the Ambassador College Home Economics program are eagerly awaiting the near-completion of the new department. Spring-fever has gradually taken reign over these girls, and with the energy of the usual spring-house cleaner, they have set about their busy task of putting their units in order. At any time these past weeks, one might have found these co-eds doing anything from sewing cobbler aprons (no kin to cherries), to lining newly finished shelves.

The new department is equipped with everything from electric garbage disposals to pull-out "lazy-susans." The lovely aqua color scheme along with the shiny white of the stoves certainly serve as welcome inspirations to the eager girls, all of whom have visions of delectable delicacies (accompanied with tantalizing odors)! God willing, these visions will soon become very tasty realities!!



A glimpse into the new Home Economics kitchen showing the latest and most modern equipment.



Still Time . . .

. . . To Enter the sensational PORTFOLIO CONTEST. Dig out your old snapshots — the ones that made you laugh — drop them in the PORTFOLIO BOX with your name attached and a caption if you like — you may win a valuable prize. Don't be one of those "nonparticipants" — don't be left out in the cold — get in there and pitchur!

Remember that all who normally read the PORTFOLIO are eligible except the ENVOY and PORTFOLIO staff members. This includes employees of the college, ministers and students!

BE WELL DRESSED

Why is it that when we've been humbled by circumstance or by being reproved where others knew, we always feel that others are looking down on us? They're not!

Humility is a kind of clothing. When we are forced to wear it we think we look awful in it and we're sure others agree. They don't!

You know, that is the most attractive apparel we can put on — TRY IT ON FOR SIZE!!

MT. WILSON OR BUST!

It was on a beautiful Sunday that Kemmer Pfund and I headed for the snow-capped mountains in the distance on our bicycles. These were the same bicycles that took us over the Swiss Alps and surely we could make it to the top of Mt. Wilson, we thought.

Instead of taking the Angeles Crest Highway, we chose the old Mt. Wilson Road to be our route. From its beginning in Altadena, it is ten miles to the television-towered summit. The grade is such that bicycles are useless, so we walked.

We walked ten miles up a twisting gravel road. The views of the city below were inspiring. The snow-covered trees were cooling to our perspiring brows.

We had left Pasadena at 8:30 in the morning and by noon we were at the snowline. Have you ever pushed a bicycle up a mountain through ankle-deep snow? It's difficult and not accomplished without frequent stops for rest and encouragement. With each step, you feel the ache and strain of each muscle and each sore spot on your feet. Your shoes slip and slide in the snow and your bicycle's wheels collect snow in the spokes with each turn. That's the way it was on that seven-hour, ten-mile trek up to Mt. Wilson. But we made it.

The summit was reached by four o'clock and we were given a snowball welcome by Avon Pfund, Bernell Michel and Richard Starkey. Then, came the return trip down twenty miles of traffic-congested highway. Our hands became cold riding in the cold wind and we were a target for snowball enthusiasts, but we conquered Mt. Wilson and HOME was now our destination.

Library Lookout

BOOKS

A few personal donations started this Library!

From time to time and little by little our shelves have swelled by additional books from charitable persons.

If all the books graciously given to us were stacked in the middle of the floor you would see a very high stack indeed.

The latest gift to the library has been three books: **The National Malnutrition, Vitality Through Planned Nutrition, and Mother and Baby Care in Pictures.**

Our thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Roark for their thoughtfulness.

MAGAZINES

Paul knew the character of the men in governmental offices as well as the church officials. We too, by this example, should be informed. **Look** magazine, March 31, 1959 has an article about the high-ranking (false) church official in the world. Read "The Pope and The Vatican."

AMBASSADOR HALL DUTIES

- April 11, 1959
- LaYonne Tangen
- Ina Lou Grabbe
- Shirley Engelbart
- Arthur Kirishian
- Duane Cooper
- April 18, 1959
- Jessie Emmett
- Lorelle Simon
- Judy Brines
- Letha Anne May
- Corn Catherwood
- Charles Hefner

* * * *

The mind is the door to the heart. Nothing can enter the heart unless it is first accepted by the mind.

