

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



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Chorale Gives Top Assembly

The Ambassador College Chorale clearly proved in Assembly Thursday, December 10, that costumes and sets are not necessary to put across a *real message*. One of the most stirring Chorale performances ever given produced an impact that ended with a standing ovation! The message carried in this historical first Chorale Assembly was so inspiring that Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong announced a future repeat performance for the whole Church.

The theme, "AMBASSADOR COLLEGE AS WE REMEMBER IT," had *real mean-*
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Soon Mr. Armstrong will be making tapes designed specifically for and aimed directly at Ephraim!

Ministers' Ball

Thursday, January 7, 1965 marks the date for the Ministerial Ball, to be held at Moose Lodge in Glendale. Each class has been working on its particular project to make this a dance everyone will remember.

Now that the Conference is about to begin and ministers have already begun to arrive, the time is almost here. Have you made your date yet for the first formal ball of the year? Don't forget that date: January 7, 1965 at eight o'clock sharp at the Glendale Moose Lodge. Bring your dates, flowers, dancing shoes and Ambassador spirit and enjoy what promises to be the most enjoyable dance yet! See you there!

And Now: RADIO LONDON!

"Remember to mention RADIO LONDON when writing in for your *Plain Truth Magazine*. That address again . . ." These words will soon be reverberating out of English radios as the *World Tomorrow* broadcast will be originating from the Thames River Estuary.

Broadcasting from a Panamanian ship at sea over water makes for good reception. Radio London uses 50,000 watts of power! Coverage will include *all* the British Isles with the exception of Northern Ireland and Northern Scotland, or an estimated three-fourths of the British population.

Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong first mentioned the phone call from Mr. Hunt—
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South Orange Grove To Sprout Roses

For weeks the stands have been going up all along the parade route which begins along Faculty Row—(Orange Grove Boulevard). Many students will have their first opportunity to see and actually be a part of the 1965 Tournament of Roses Parade. It's a real thrill to watch those huge floats
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Mr. Mauck Staffs Mr. Sefcak's Party!

On Sunday evening, December 13, at Davies Memorial Hall in Farnsworth Park, about 150 students and employees working under Mr. G. Sefcak and Mr. Mauck joined together in an evening of relaxation. Lively folkdancing was featured downstairs while relaxed ballroom and red-blooded jitterbugging and polkas resounded in the upstairs colorful and richly decorated hall. Cookies, cake and punch were served to fuel the unwearied dancers.

The evening was spiced with some real lively and different entertainment. Each section in the two departments were represented. Students and employees roared at the hilarious wit of "hill-billy" Gary Pifer and his Jew's harp. A number of subjects—lollipops, time-bombs on the beach, and of course the always popular "Can-Can" girls, Mr. McNair singing "Without A Song," plus the Master of Ceremonies, (Art Ferdig) "never-fail" jokes made a full evening of entertainment.

Dancing to the singing of students and popular music continued till 11 p.m. All went home tired, but satisfied and happy with the opportunity to fellowship and dance.

Editorial

The Little Door

by Steven Gray

How many times have you wished for a *shortcut to success*? Very few people ever go through life without wondering how to get where they want to go, the painless way.

And no one goes through Ambassador College without wondering how he can become more useful and get ahead *faster*! Nearly each student has spent a measurable amount of time looking for the proverbial "LITTLE DOOR," the door through which you must pass to gain a position, happiness, security and an abundant life *without having to go through the ordeal of years of trial and perseverance to have it!*

Some have thought that the door to Mr. Armstrong's office was the little door to happiness. "Get Mr. Armstrong on your side," some have actually felt, "and success in this Work is as good as yours!"

Others have secretly felt that asking questions in Bible class or at Bible study was the little door. That *proved* you had a genuine thirst for knowledge. Still others feel that the little door is being put on the sermonette list, being transferred to Mail Reading or stumbling onto the magic combination of ministers to talk about your future.

WHAT AN ARTIFICIAL, SHORT-SIGHTED AND VAIN APPROACH TO SUCCESS!

Whether the little door is a *shortcut to success* or not depends on HOW SOON YOU walk through it! But one thing is for certain: There is only *one* door to happiness, success, prosperity, security. There is only *one way* to be used effectively as a graduate of Ambassador College. That one way is **GOD'S way!** THE LITTLE DOOR IS TO PUT ON THE MIND OF GOD!

This *vital key* is not stressed in any other institution on the face of this round globe. But at Ambassador College it is the *only way* to be a successful student. It is the *only way* to a pay raise. It is the *only way* to graduate with honors. *It is the ONLY WAY to success!!*

Who is the Head of the admissions committee? *Who* is the Head of all instruction in this institution? *Who* decided the men who are sent to begin a Big Sandy College, to raise up a new Church, to manage a foreign office?

YOUR BOSS, THAT'S WHO! So doesn't it make sense that if you were on His good side you'd have a better chance to have Him promote you into a position of usefulness and therefore **SUCCESS**? And HOW can you please God except you learn to think like He does—you do things in a Godly way, you are subject to His authority and trust completely in His wisdom to guide your affairs?

And students, the only way to know what God's mind is like is by studying it! The **ONE** way to put on God's mind is *first* by knowing what it is by studying His Bible, and *second* by discussing it with Him in prayer—by changing from the way you do things to the way He does things—by changing from the way *you* think to the way *God* thinks!

Is there a teacher here who says there is enough prayer and Bible study on the Ambassador College campus? **NO!!** EVERYONE has told us there is not enough genuine thirst for God's Word, not enough Godly curiosity about the right things.

Last week, there wasn't enough time spent by the students at God's College in studying His Bible and talking about it with Him. What's it going to be like next week? Will there be less? Or will each of us *act* on what we know to be the **TRUE KEY** to *all success*, and will there be **MORE**?

It's up to each individual student. The **LITTLE DOOR** is yours if you will walk through it!

Imperial School Plans New Classrooms Within Two Months

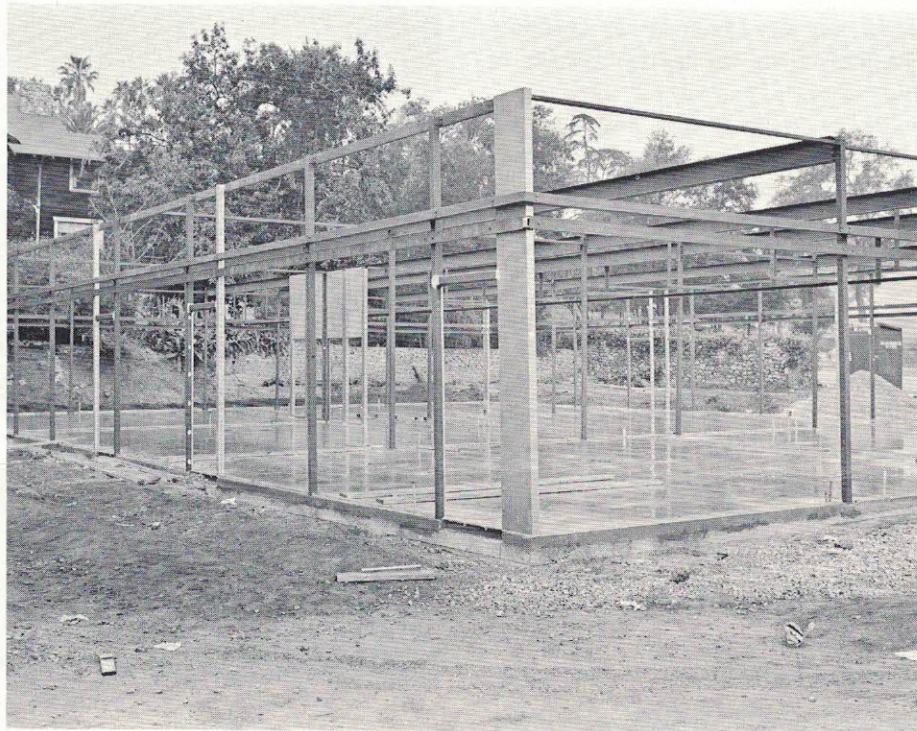
Progress and practicality—this could well be the slogan for the new Imperial Elementary School rapidly taking shape on Del Mar, across the street from where the demolished Vernon Del Mar dormitory once stood. This construction by the Rheem Manufacturing Company is due for completion the mid part of January for the second semester.

The two component buildings will house about 240 children in grades one through six. For several years elementary children have been learning in classrooms that had been converted from personal dwellings. Now they will have the opportunity of moving to a modern school *intended* to be a school.

"The building will be designed *around* the education program. It will greatly enhance the teaching program," stated Mr. Germano, assistant principal of the school.

The school will contain nine 28 by 30 foot classrooms, plus a temporary office, library and music room. Eventually, these temporary rooms will be shifted to a third component part and there will be twelve classrooms.

The outside walls are to be brick



Skeletal framework for new buildings.

veneer; the inside walls are metal. Added features for each room are carpeting—to reduce sound distractions, air conditioning, and outlets for educational television. Windows are high enough so that children cannot peer out and be distracted, yet low enough

that an adult standing up can look out.

Cabinets are mounted on casters so that the room arrangement can be changed. Pegboards, chalkboards, and tackboards can all be moved to plan for the subject taught.

Desks are shaped in half circles, squares and trapezoids. In this way they can be placed together to make tables, and Ambassador teacher trainees can work with small groups.

Color galore is manifested in the furniture. Each classroom door is a different color. Cabinets are blue and white. The fiberglass chairs that can be stacked one atop another come in red, blue and yellow.

In addition, each item of the playground equipment is planned to help develop children's muscular coordination and abilities. There will be a climbing maze, Fantasy house, balancing rail, and ladder, plus areas for playing basketball, dodgeball, hopscotch and foursquare.

With all these fine facilities, it will have been well worth the wait for the new school!



Artist's conception of finished Imperial Schools.

AMBASSADOR BASKETBALL TOUR

The basketball tournament is well under way now. Soon we are expecting the team from our brother college in Big Sandy to join us for some *Inter-collegiate* competition. And as Mr. Herbert Armstrong has said so many times, "You can be sure the victors will be Ambassador College!"

No efforts have been spared to make this particular sports activity one of the most enjoyable, as well as the most *complete* college activities we have. Mr. Armstrong has asked that *The PORTFOLIO* provide a news coverage and sports write-up on a game to game basis—in much the same way as any high-quality newspaper. Joe Bauer has given some of his time to help organize a small band to play during all the games. The *Frontier Room* staff has gone all out to make refreshments available. Four squads of rally girls



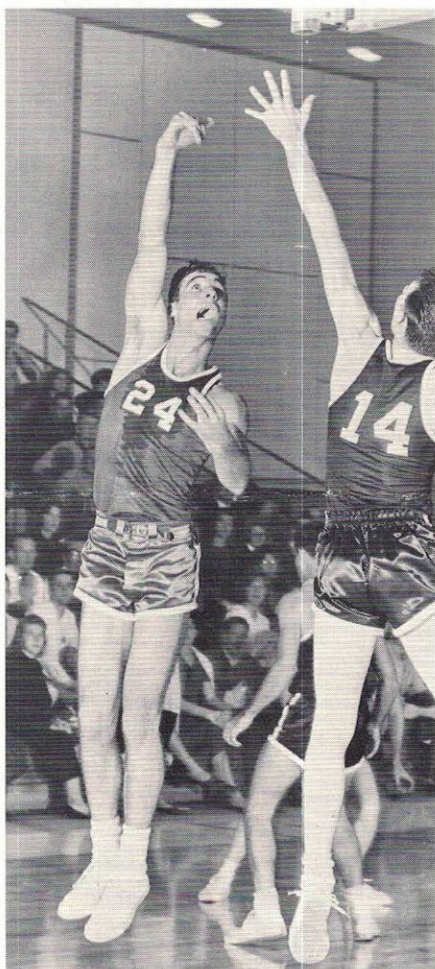
Juniors "stand up and holler" as cheer leaders help set the pace!

have drilled and practiced to help cheer their teams on.

In short, Ambassador College has a very complete intramural program.

Games are scheduled for Saturday and Wednesday evenings between five teams from each of the four classes and the Faculty.

A brand new gymnasium, cheering squads, refreshments, five teams, live band music and a cheering student body—what else could be needed for a very complete intramural program? Ambassador College now *has* this program for all to enjoy. And it's already well underway!



With the expression of a real artist, Larry hooks in for two points!

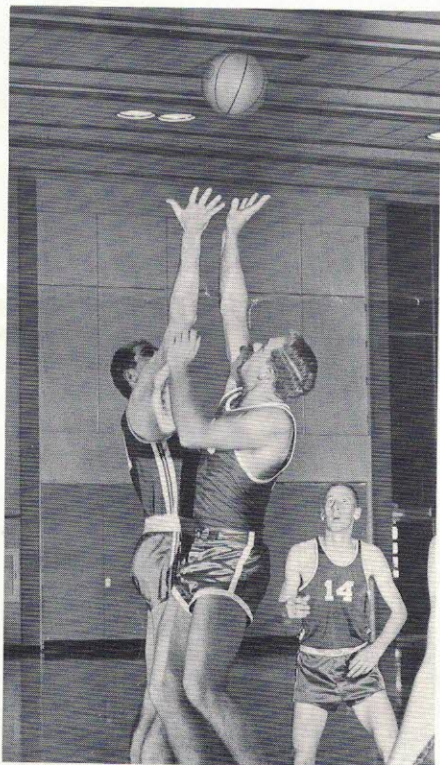


Gail Roberts goes up for a twenty foot jumper from the outside.

TOURNAMENT NOW IN FULL SWING



Mr. Armstrong passes in to Mr. Michel in the game-winning team effort that has the faculty way out and ahead in team standings.



A well-matched jump began this Faculty-Freshman game!

WHY?

A few students have balked at spending as much as two nights a week to watch each individual game in the basketball schedule. Generally the excuse is offered, "I don't have enough time both to do my studies AND to watch basketball games!"

Stop and look at the subject objectively for a minute. All of your class leaders as well as the student-body president and vice-president *have afforded* the time to attend each game. Mr. Ted Armstrong plays on a team. And the President of three colleges and physical head of God's Work on earth, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong, has the time clear to be present at the majority of the games.

If these men can afford to spend their time viewing or playing the game, then *why can't you?*

The answer is pretty simple. They spend their other time wisely. Their time for relaxation is spent at the gymnasium—not at the snack bar or in time-consuming conversations that don't amount to anything. When they work, *they work!* And when they relax, they relax *at the gymnasium!*

Let's more willingly follow their example. *Work* when you work, and schedule time twice a week to relax at the finest ball played on earth! The *finest ball* because it is being played among God's students with His full approval and direction, and because it is being viewed with real appreciation by students who are genuinely interested in recapturing even the true values in sports. We're laying the foundation now. Let's see it through!

Chorale Assembly

(Continued from page 1)

ing to all of the students here experiencing college life. It portrayed the life of an Ambassador from his acceptance to graduation.

"Shalom" showed the warm greeting a freshman receives as he is warmly welcomed among the student body. "Getting to Know You" reviewed to

snow-line parties and beach parties described in "This Was a Real Nice Picnic." With all of these social opportunities dating often leads to romance at the proper time, so the "boy next door" (Bill Berndt) joined Alys at "Tea for Two" with musical harmonious approval from the Chorale. Usually when romances blossom "June Is Bursting Out All Over," and the inevitable occurs—wedding! At this time Bill and Alys sang "Why Do I Love You?" "Wish You Were Here" pictured the feelings of some students immedi-



Bill and Alys portray one happy occasion at Ambassador College.

all of us the process of making new friends. New students soon realize that "The Best Things in Life Are Free"—but to avoid discouragement when working diligently at the many jobs to be done the advice to "Whistle While You Work" helps one to forget his troubles.

Garnett Ziska sang about "Johnny One Note," the poor voice student who could only sing one note. "Let's Take An Old Fashioned Walk" brought to the minds of all of us once again the many golden opportunities within our grasp of strolling around the campus with members of the opposite sex. This could lead to romantic problems, characterized by Alys Jones who sang about "The Boy Next Door." But then there is always the "Inch Worm" who spends all his time studying instead of dating occasionally. To help him out, though, we have student body activities, such as

ately after graduation when close friends are sent out around the world. Then, with many wet eyes, we realized that NOW is the time to serve and fulfill our promises to God—and the Chorale ended with the very moving, sobering and inspiring number, "I May Never Pass This Way Again."

During the Semester Break the Chorale has scheduled a trip to the Sacramento and Oakland Church areas to bring special music in their services, as well as a short evening concert that night. Since the Chorale has been attending the Feast of Tabernacles in Big Sandy, many of the members in the Squaw Valley area have never heard them sing. From the letters we have received from that area we know that they are looking forward to hearing the Chorale again.

And so are we. Keep it up, Chorale!

First Dance Held On Gym Floor

"This Could be the Start of Something Big" was the first musical message delivered at the start of festivities in the gym, as the first Saturday night sock hop swung into gear. Following two action packed games of GIRLS basketball, the energetic crowd of shoeless wonders poured onto the floor for the first REAL test of our earthquake-proof building. It was quite a sight!

The variety of colors and patterns dazzled the eyes as the Ambassadors displayed humor and originality in festive footwear. Comments among the men ranged from "no wonder he's not taller—one-third of him is turned under for feet" to "hey—you're not supposed to wear skis on this floor"!

The band was decked out in formal attire (white socks!), and Mr. Ted Armstrong made certain everyone participated by several change-partner dances that were certainly master mixes—mixed masterfully!

Enough energy was expended during the Bunny Hop and Mexican Hat Dance, to light up the college for a month if we could figure a way to harness it. Polkas to waltzes covered everyone's favorite step. Refreshments and entertainment, and being in our own building right on the campus added measurably to the fantastic success of the evening.

Style Show

Buttons and bows and hems and necklines have preoccupied the thoughts of the women in Mrs. Eickhoff's first-semester clothing classes for the past four months. Each girl has put in lots of spare time to finish an outfit tailored to fit not only her shape, but her own personality as well. The fruits of all this painstaking labor will be presented to an eager public on January 21 in the annual Ambassador College Style Show! Dior himself couldn't match the verve with which these exquisite creations were designed, and he certainly can't match the models—so don't miss it!

Thursday "A" Visits Slaughterhouse

"The proposal is adopted." Thus was one of the strangest business topics ever brought up in a club sealed. It all started with a sermon in Squaw Valley. Part of Leviticus was explained and vivid, colorful description on a slaughterhouse was given to aid our understanding. But most of the explanation was lost on the "city-slickers."

So Mr. Dick Ames with Thursday "A" Ambassador Club decided to become educated in the daily deeds of the Levites. They decided to visit a modern slaughterhouse (packinghouse). The already mind-and stomach-conditioned Zoology class decided to add its number to Thursday "A." Dates were barred. Hardy Kathy from the Zoology class was the only female in the ranks.

In the afternoon on December 4, the bus left the college with 27 bloodless faces chewing on their roast-beef sandwiches and drinking bright-red tomato juice.

Just outside downtown Los Angeles, in the depth of L.A. smog, we heard typical rustling and noise of a cow stall. We were led upstairs so we could look down into the narrow trench that led the cows to their death. Only two at a time were allowed to enter thru the steel trap door into the "death chamber." A man with a 22-caliber rifle lowered the barrel to the brown forehead. A short, dull shot and the cow fell down shaking in its death tremors. The steel wall making up one side of the trench did a complete turn-over and scooped the cow out and over on the other side. The next cow was led in—another shot sounded. For

Rose Parade

(Continued from page 1)

decorated with literally millions of roses and other beautiful flowers. But it's even a bigger thrill to know we have a chance to earn funds for our dances, field trips (like the very enjoyable and entertaining one we just had) and other activities throughout the year. At other colleges, if you can't afford 6, 10 or 15 dollars for a couple

about six hours a day, six days a week, 120 shots an hour fell 120 cows. Top capacity is 140 head an hour.

Immediately afterward the cow was hoisted by its legs on a motorchain. The jugular vein was cut and the head cut off.

The inside of the packinghouse was set up on the assembly line system. Each man had his station. One man slit the abdomen, the next sawed the chest open, then a machine clamped the carcass on the side with two claws, gripped the hide and pulled it back while a steel bar against the backbone pushed forward; the carcass was now half-skinned. The next man cut the tissue that holds the "guts." The insides fell down on a stainless steel conveyor belt. Within ten minutes the animal was completely skinned, cut up into halves, the internal organs sorted and inspected.

Water hoses washed down the carcasses as they rolled around on their hooks fastened to rails in the ceiling.

Next we were led into the cooler where the meat "sets" for 48 hours. The cooler we walked through contained over 600 carcasses!

Just think! There are about 2,000 packing houses in Los Angeles. A fantastic number of cows "give" their lives every day to feed the six million people in the Los Angeles basin.

But these are not "sin offerings." In fact the slaughterhouse did not remind us much of the Levites. But it gave us a tremendous insight into man's technical efficiency—and it taught how fragile life is, how quickly we can pass from life to death.

For a really unique and educational experience, visit a slaughterhouse!

of tickets to a dance—you don't go, but here at Ambassador we do things as a family, and we all go to these activities together. FREE! Now then comes the biggest event of the year, as far as planning, work, sweat, cooperation and serving are concerned. So enjoy yourself, have a good Rose Parade. But remember, you're an *Ambassador!* Pull as a team, and help build Ambassador College!

Radio London

(Continued from Page 1)

ing, in his Principles of Living class, December 3 telling him that Radio London *wanted* the broadcast. The following Sunday morning, Mr. Armstrong was on a jet bound for New York. The next morning he boarded another airliner for the daylight flight to London. Tuesday, at 11:00 A.M., Mr. Armstrong conferred with Mr. Birch, the representative for Radio London. Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Armstrong cleared up any of Mr. Birch's remaining doubts, and arrived back in Dallas, Texas, on Thursday evening, then on to Big Sandy for Friday's class and Sabbath services. He returned "home" Sunday afternoon in time to witness the basketball game between the faculty and freshmen.

Radio London plans its *initial* broadcasting on January 1, 1965. For the first *three* weeks the *World Tomorrow* will be on only once a week—probably starting on the FIRST Sunday of the year (exactly 12 years after the first broadcast on Radio Luxembourg, thus leaving seven years in this 19-year cycle)—the second three weeks, the broadcast will be heard twice a week—probably Mondays and Fridays—and the third three weeks, three times per week—most likely Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Beginning the tenth week, *The WORLD TOMORROW* will be bounding out of British receivers *seven* times a week at the well-received hour of 7:00 p.m.

The ship, a converted minesweeper purchased from the U.S. Navy, lies four miles offshore, just outside Territorial Waters in the Thames Estuary. In summation, Mr. Armstrong stated, "As it used to sweep the destructive mines from the sea, maybe now it will sweep the cobwebs from a few British minds."

God gives every bird his food, but does not throw it into the nest. — Holland

AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

by Joe Bauer

It was 5 a.m. Shadowy figures in thick clothing and heavy boots eased through the darkness. The chilly, pre-dawn air nipped cheeks and noses, causing rapid flight to the warm inviting confines of Mayfair. Some members of this strangely attired group mumbled as they half crept; others stumbled as they half slept.

Inside, willing hands passed a hearty breakfast of pancakes and eggs and lots of hot coffee to the arriving horde. When all were fed and bolstered up by the effects of seeing all the rest present and accounted for, it was time to load the buses.

Before 6 a.m. we were on our way to "Shark's Tooth Mountain." The whole Systematic Theology class, plus a few other interested persons—such as Mr. Herrmann and Mr. Clark. The buses were equipped with two-way transceivers so we kept in constant touch.

As we left the smog-bound confines of L.A. behind, the clear air was invigorating. The muffled sounds inside the dark buses held a note of excitement and expectancy. Were there really shark's teeth up there? Would we really be able to bring home a genuine fossilized tooth of a long dead shark?

After a brief stop to adjust the shutters on the new engine in number 2 and a stop for coffee, we drew close to our destination. The road became narrower, windier. We could see oil wells (up and downers as they were referred to on our two-way radios) scattered over large areas. Many miles of junk and broken pieces of pumps and cables and capped wells that had long since gone dry, spoke of a time when there was furious activity here.

Cutting off the paved road onto a dirt track, tested the skill of our drivers as over hill and dale we forged ahead searching for the elusive mountain. Earth movers were hi-balling back and forth over the same rough terrain, hauling this soil to be processed into sand. Finally, we were able to flag one down and get an idea of where we were and

which way our destination was. So off we were again!

Putting our durable vehicles through their paces, we once more succeeded in groaning up a dusty road, to a plateau where someone shouted, "This is it!" And so it was!

Now a rag-tag troop of novice prospectors were disgorged to assault "ye olde" Shark's Tooth Mountain. With picks and shovels they came. Advancing on their helpless prey as a swarm



Lunch time on "Old Sharky."

of locusts on unprotected fields. Streaming down the mountainside to seek the choicest claim! Delighted shrieks of "I found one" rent the still air as the first tooth was captured by one of our sharp-eyed Ambassadors. As a matter of fact, the champion "Toothfinder" turned out to be a hawk-eyed sophomore girl named Elaine McCalum—but that's only because she's built so close to the ground she couldn't miss seeing them (or so the fellas said).

Well, it looked like a pessimist's convention. As far as you could see—people slowly wandering aimlessly with their heads bowed and their eyes glued to the ground. Small parties struck out for the far side of the mountain with sifting screens, picks, shovels, hammers and all kinds of necessary paraphernalia. Several beautiful specimens were found, in a perfect state of preservation. Many

other unusual and interesting rocks and bones were dug up and pondered.

Suddenly, a blast of the air horn ripped through the stillness. Pandemonium broke loose. Everyone rushed for the area where the buses were parked. After all, it was lunch time!

Sitting around eating and comparing *teeth* was the way we spent the next hour. Just this one experience alone makes this a most unusual adventure. Mr. Clark identified several of the small smooth rocks brought to him by curious women-folk, as petrified rabbit's eggs. Certainly a most unusual find.

Soon it was time for one last attack upon "Old Sharky" as it came to be affectionately called. And everyone headed out to make the final charge. Several more finds were stashed away, then the trash and remains of our lunch were stashed away, finally the curious group of fledgling geologists were stashed away and the buses roared and rumbled and strained to get back to the paved road and the long trip home.

As we approached L.A., it was dusk and evening shadows were lengthening across the valleys. Mr. Herrmann again called our attention to many evidences of the flood—right alongside the road, that we had never noticed before. It makes you wonder how a person can stumble through life and never see all these proofs of a great and powerful GOD. As much *fun* as this adventure was, it really drove home the *power* of the living CREATOR of this *earth*.