

MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE, 1965—Ministers greet each other before entering the Assembly Hall for the morning's conference.

Ministerial Conference: 1966

As you read this, scores of ministers and their wives are winging their ways to one central spot—HEADQUARTERS. The event is the 1966 Ministerial Conference. This annual conclave, which always coincides with the college semester break, offers both ministers and students a potpourri of memorable activities. Let's take a look at some highlights in the conference calendar:

Thursday, January 6, brings the Ministers' Wives Tea, sponsored by the Ambassador Women's Clubs. This annual occasion provides an opportunity for our college girls to become more acquainted with the feminine aspects of the field ministry. It also give the ministers' wives a rare chance to see how *Headquarters* acts in matters of

femininity. It also provides a warm reunion for former college mates.

Sunday, January 9 and Monday, January 10 bring the annual Ambassador College Basketball Tournament. The four contenders will again be Pasadena faculty, Pasadena upperclassmen, Pasadena underclassmen, and the Texas student team. In addition, the Texas faculty and the visiting ministers will have teams

(Continued on page 7)

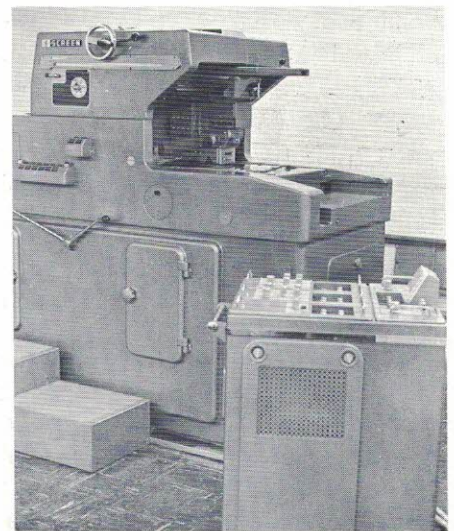
Press Acquires New Autograver

Do you wonder what the Autograver is? How does it work? What are its advantages?

The Autograver produces printing plates for color printing. It can engrave on zinc, lead, copper or plastic, but we use plastic in order to transfer the image on the plastic to film. An image on photographic film is necessary to make our stainless steel and copper printing plates for the web offset press.

The machine consists of a luminous point which scans the color picture to be printed. The light beam travels through a prism which divides the beam into *three* primary colors—red, blue and yellow. Next, a phototube re-

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This complex-looking machine is now doing the color-separations for Ambassador College Publications.



Published bi-weekly by Ambassador College, Pasadena, California

Circulation over 1200

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Book Review Dept.

"The Diary of Carol Landes"

All the great martyrs of history have given some chronicle of their life—and diminutive Carol Sue Landes is no exception. The PORTFOLIO Freshman Interviews reported that Carol "is presently writing a book, 'Comments People Have Made About my Height (4' 10").'"

That book is now complete. The rough draft is now in the hands of the PORTFOLIO staff, and we would like to give our readership a taste of the

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Carol Landes

Editorial

A PLACE IN THE STARS

by Steven Gray

Someday soon there may actually be a physical human being walking around on the moon!

Who ever *dreamed* of such a REALITY? A physical human being—just like *you or me*—alive, and *on the moon!*

Utterly incredible! And yet Dr. George E. Mueller, Associate Administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, feels certain that "We should be able to carry out the lunar landing before the end of 1969—if all goes well."

No longer are men just dreaming about the vague possibilities of a lunar landing. They are laying the intricate plans and timetables for it in dead earnest! The round-trip is right now scheduled to last only *one hundred and forty-four hours!*

People were incredulous when the first satellite was placed in orbit. Now satellites are so commonplace it *seems* as easy as lobbing a tennis ball into your opponent's backcourt.

It's a millionaire's dream coming true. This Apollo project is costing 20 to 30 billion dollars. That amount doesn't mean much to us unless we think of it in terms of something more close to home. With only *one million dollars* we could put *one hundred students* through Ambassador College—paying room, board, tuition—even *dates*—graduate them, and buy each one an automobile to send them out into the field to serve in a local church area! That's how much an extra million now and then could do for God's Work!

Little does Dr. Mueller—or any of the top scientists for that matter—realize that the same expensive dream could come true for them FREE and with *absolutely NO RISK whatever!*

Dr. Mueller qualified his prediction. His "... *if ALL goes well*" includes innumerable perils! It is very likely that the three astronauts slated for the trip might spend 1970, 1971, 1972 and the next few years wandering aimlessly through space in a sealed coffin—never seeing the wondrous beauty of the universe they sacrificed their lives trying to conquer!

Ours is a similar situation, but with no risks involved whatsoever. The outcome can be certain. It will certainly not cost thirty billion dollars! And yet in just as few years as scientists plan at last to conquer space, you and I can have it all *laid at our feet!* And not just a hulk of dead, lifeless rock—not a dusty, craggy, pock-marked orb with no hope of development! We will be equipped to refurbish, re-shape, reconquer, re-CREATE if you will, the vast limitless universe and *more besides* if we'll just have the persistence to hang onto what we've already been given here at Ambassador College.

Yes, the climax of the age is here. Man's final conquest may well be placing a puny human on, and hopefully retrieving him from the *moon*. The vast educational system of the world, the untold depths of technological developments of modern science gone *irretrievably down the drain!* A sheer waste of time!

What mankind has striven for would be *given* him on a *star-studded platter* if only he had listened in the beginning and put his money and efforts into fulfilling his true calling—the one we're learning about at Ambassador College. If only man had held onto the fundamentals—God *does* exist, the Bible *is* His Word, His laws *are* for us today. How *trite* it sounds to us. How unsearchably profound to them!

Funny how students here get into the doldrums. There is such a fantastic reward ahead. Think about *you* walking on the moon. Science looks to the stars. WHY NOT YOU!

Band Will Cut First Album

The Ambassador College Big Band is about to take another step in its short yet successful career. For a long while, the band members have jokingly referred to "our first album," but now that album will be a *reality!*

In just a few short weeks, the 31 band members will load themselves, their instruments, and their music into a bus bound for HOLLYWOOD! The destination will be Capitol Records' recording studios—the same studios graced by the talents of Frank Sinatra, Billy May, and Andy Williams.

With this professional equipment and the advice of recording experts, the band plans to cut one or two long-playing albums. These *will primarily benefit the churches* and Spokesman Clubs of the field, but there are many other purposes for this album:

Demonstrating the *quality* of Ambassador College for public relations.

Proving again that we are a *liberal arts* college, not a theological institution.

Giving the band unity, camaraderie, and a solid direction for the future.

For the local churches, the album will direct them to HEADQUARTERS even in their social festivities, and it will help *educate* them to the true values in popular dance music.

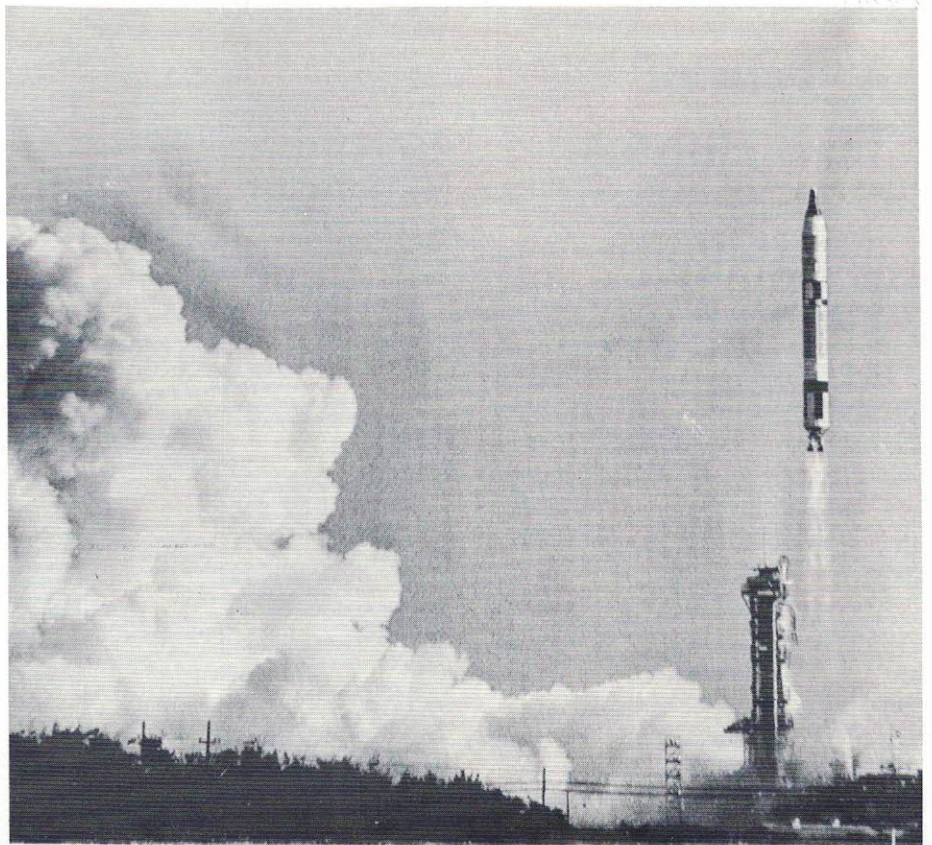
These are just a few of the selling points for the most *purposeful* album Capitol Records has ever pressed. Be looking for the album soon. It's coming.

Thanksgiving Blessings

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Gentet's first child had been due since the beginning of Thanksgiving week. On Friday, when asked if he had received any special blessings on Thanksgiving, Mr. Gentet *proudly* announced that he had. "It was 5 pounds 8 ounces."

"Boy or girl?" chorused the rest of the office.

"A TURKEY!"



UPI Telephoto

Blast-off of Gemini 6 on December 15 en route to a tryst with Gemini 7.

Nation-wide Photographers' Pool Reserves Seat for Plain Truth

Assignment: *Cape Kennedy*. Purpose; *Shoot Gemini 6*. So began another jaunt across the United States for Mr. Lyle Christopherson, ace photographer for *The PLAIN TRUTH*, *The GOOD NEWS*, booklets, special jobs and assorted miscellaneous jobs beyond description.

The only minor problem was that in the last-minute rush and shuffle, somehow the bus system from airport to launching pad *misplaced* a photographer's number one right arm — *his cameras!*

The mix-up will probably turn out to be a blessing in disguise though. Mr. Christopherson renewed a valuable friendship through the misfortune. In the future a seat will be arranged for him in the midst of a pool of the top news photographers in the nation. Sharing the vantage point of representatives from *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News and World Report*, Mr.

Christopherson will have access to take our own exclusive photos of future space launches from the Cape—making a tremendous savings for this Work! With several new bunkers being opened around the launching pads there will be opportunities for newer and more exciting angles for photos he may take in the future.

Mr. Christopherson recovered his camera equipment later. He also obtained a backpack to wear next trip so he'll have it with him even if he were accidentally launched in the space capsule himself!

The experience turned out very profitably. We obtained the above exclusive telephoto. We also gained what may turn out to be an invaluable blessing in the future when *The PLAIN TRUTH's* photographer-on-the-spot will have access to the same viewpoints as the other top news magazines and news services in the nation.

A Tale of Two Photos

by John Kilburn

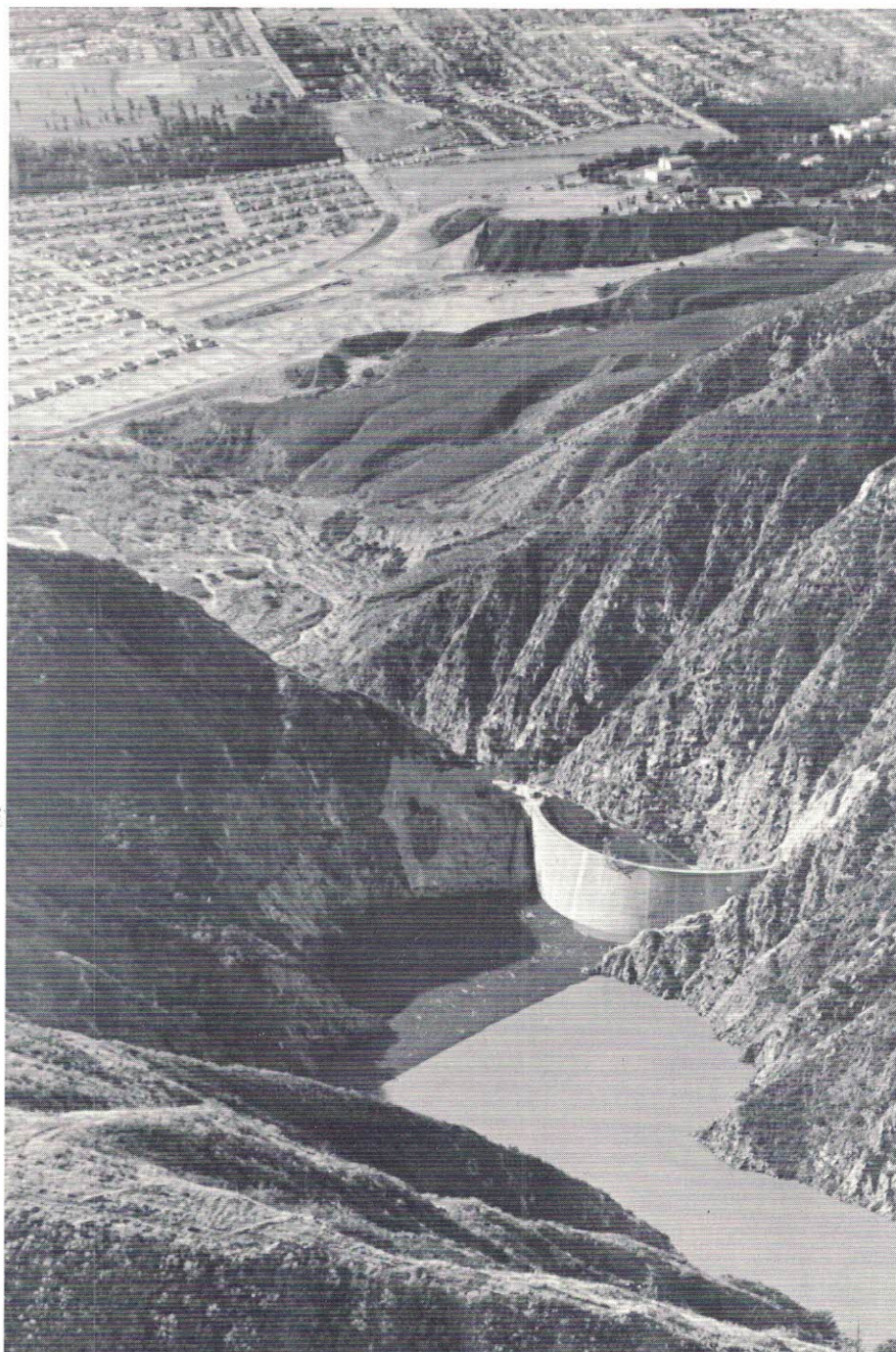
"I awoke with a very uneasy feeling sensing something was wrong. There was a loud roaring sound, as if we were in the middle of a raging windstorm. I jumped out of bed and yelled. 'CYCLONE!!' My wife was also awake and answered, 'EARTHQUAKE!' I groped around for the string to the swinging light fixture. It seemed a year later when I found it and gave it a yank. Click! No lights.

"The buildings creaked and groaned as did the others near by. We could hear the cries of our children mixed with the jangling of breaking glass. Bright flashes were lighting the area from breaking power lines. Just then the house lurched again and the couch leaped a foot off the floor."

Mr. Tom Justus told this gripping personal account of an *actual* earthquake to Mr. Lyle Christopherson and myself upon our return from an assignment to take aerial photographs of the San Andreas fault.

With the forthcoming *Earthquake* booklet almost complete (with the exception of one photo) Mr. Paul Kroll briefed us as to the type of shot of the fault he needed to finish the job. Using the book "Earthquake Country" by *Sunset Magazine* as a topographical guide, Mr. Kroll made our target quite clear. Departing from the El Monte Airport in a Cessna 182 we headed

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Scores of homes lie downstream from the potential disaster backed up by the dam in the foreground. All it would take is a gentle jar and chaos would erase these new homes from the earth!

Carol Landes

(Continued from page 2)

poignant persecution this girl bravely faces each day. Here is a sample of the comments thrown her way:

"I think you ought to be charged *half* price for tuition, since you're only half the size of Ed Metz."

John Halford: "Carol, I need more room on my bus returning from Squaw Valley. Why don't you hop on to give us more room?"

While dancing with Gary Vance: "How cute! A bug on a Sequoia Tree."

"Carol, I think your calling is being the Apostlette to the Pygmies, since you appear to be an Albino Pygmy."

"Is it true that you don't need a key to get into Murphy House after 8.00? I've heard you just walk under the door or climb through the key-hole."

"They must have established the rule against walking on the grass so we

don't step on you. I sure hope they make the cracks in the sidewalk smaller or one of these days you'll fall right into one and never be seen again."

During smoggy days: "How does it feel to breathe fresh air down there?"

If this whets your literary appetite, why not ask Carol to see the rest of the book? Or—better yet—think up a new comment to tell her so we can begin on Volume II of the "Landes Short Stories."

Campus Center Serves You

A new look at the Campus Center from the inside will reveal some truly amazing replacements and additions. No longer the conservative commentary sitting alone on the staid shelves of our campus bookstore. Instead, everything from VO-5 to Josephus' account of the fall of Jerusalem!

To help the students spend less money off campus the business office introduced the new Ambassador College *Scrip!* Mr. Bob Green and his assistants took advantage of the golden business opportunities by augmenting the



Students! Get rid of your unnecessary scrip here at the toiletry counter in the Campus Center!

regular supply of books and stationery with certain necessary toiletries.

Business is still slow, however, even though scrip readily buys tooth paste, brushes, hair oils, hair sprays, permanents, aftershaves, olive oil soap, shampoos, Wilkenson Sword blades, shoe polish, laces, Band-Aids, mouthwashes, spot-removers, suntan lotions, creams, etc., etc. Few realize that our discriminating *entrepreneur* does his best to eliminate harmful products and substitute quality articles for them like genuine olive oil soap and quality shaving blades.

Next time you run short of some of these basic requirements, check with the Campus Center before you take your business downtown. Mr. Green is at your service and is doing his best to relieve you of your scrip!

Rare Beasts Dept.

SNAILS A-GO-GO!

What is *slimy* and *gooey* and at the same time *crispy* and *crunchy*?

A GASTROPODA MOLLUSCA!! (Commonly called a snail!)

And believe it or not, Ambassador College has *hundreds* of these pace-setting critters. In the cool of the evening the *teeming boards* of these hideous "wee beasties" can be seen slowly *slithering* out from the rich and fertile composted areas around the beautiful Ambassador shrubbery.

Once out from hiding, these monstrosities "high-tail" it over to the lush dichondra-carpeted front lawn of Manor Del Mar. After a scrumptuous dinner of *dichondra leaves and stems*, they amble over to the flower beds for dessert. These snails aren't particular. They'll eat most any kind of *flower* growing in an Ambassador garden.

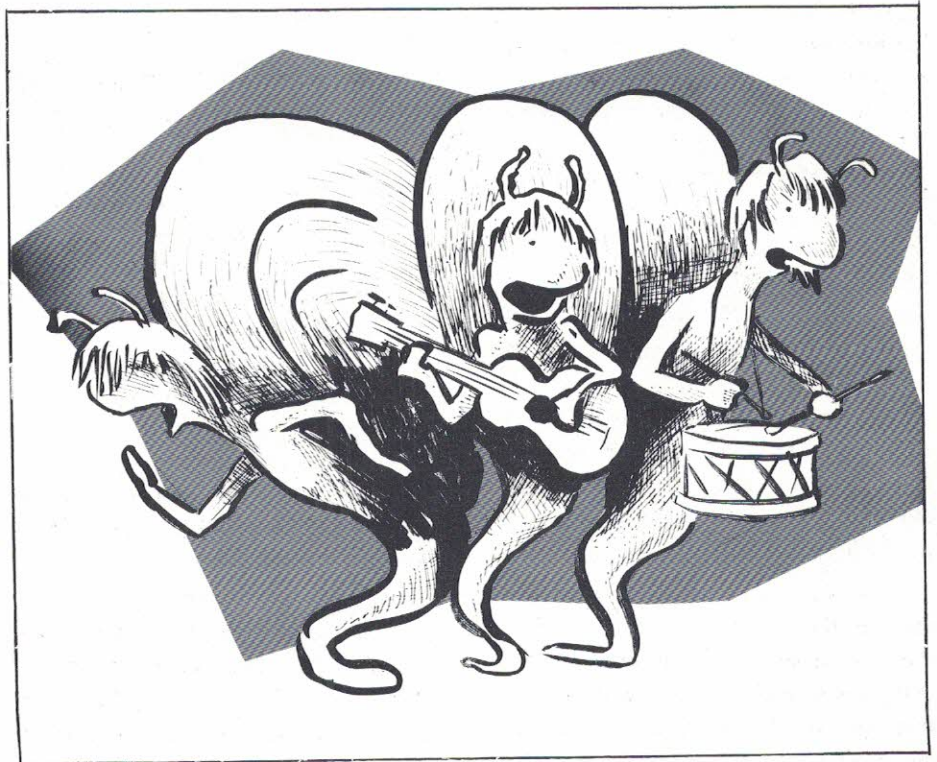
Now for the messy part! What more could a contented snail with a full tubular digestive tract ask for than to *bask* under the little *night lights* on the *Del Mar Walk*? Life? Perhaps. Because a contented snail under a light on

a sidewalk is nothing but a sitting duck for the number ten brogans of the Del Mar residents. On nights like this it's a veritable *sloppy mess* to trudge up that walk. Those palpitating snails *just can't seem to be able to get out from under foot!*

Those with revulsions towards "*snails a go go*" and *topless dichondra* can relax. The Gardening Department decimates the ranks of these snails each month by periodically treating the stricken areas with "Ortho Bug-Geta." This really gets 'em all right. But the stubborn things keep coming back for more.

It now appears that the best solution to the snail problem is good dependable *shoe leather!* So if you want to join the crusade to exterminate the slimy, gooey, crispy, crunchy, dichondra-eating, flower-destroying snails, just put on your *heaviest work shoes* and go over to Manor Del Mar and *flatfootedly dance* along the sidewalk.

One word of advice—wait until after they've eaten. With a full stomach they can't run away as fast.



One-footed beasts cut a rug on the Del Mar walk!

How Insured Are You?

A Message from the Personnel Office

YOU have an *accident*? Never? DON'T BE TOO SURE! Accidents, you know, are like earthquakes—the longer it's been since the last one the closer you are to the next one! *That is IF you're the careless type!!*

Have you ever thought what you would do if you had an accident? Write home for funds or would you have to go in "hock"? Just being an Ambassador student doesn't make you *immune* from accidents.

Each year several students sustain injuries that require a doctor's care. Broken bones, lacerations and other painful "accidental injuries" will occur. A number of accidents will require hospital and office visits. Some will call for x-rays, stitches, bandaging and even loss of pay. Not only can accidents be painful and inconvenient, they can be expensive! Yes, accidents cost money and who is going to pay the bill? You guessed it—Ambassador College!

Under a new policy, written, financed and administered by Ambassador College you as a student will be protected. If you are injured on the grounds here or in Big Sandy your medical expenses up to \$500.00 will be paid by the college. You are also covered by our own Ambassador policy on your way to or from college spon-

sored functions.

This is one benefit that benefits you *most* if you do NOT provide the occasion necessary to collect the benefit!! Please don't *plan* your next accident. However, in the event that you do become *careless* and have an accident, you should know what to do!

After an accident you should go to the college infirmary. If this is not possible or it's after hours when an accident occurs, have someone call the college nurse and the duty Elder. If your injury requires a doctor's attention, the nurse will make the arrangements for you to see a physician. At the time of examination a claim sheet will be made out and forwarded to the Personnel Office. Just as in all other accident policies, the recipient is responsible to bring the matter to the attention of the claim section at the Personnel Office.

When Ambassador College writes a policy it's the very best! You are even protected if run down by the proverbial "Pink Submarine" on Orange Grove Boulevard. That is, *when it is college sponsored or you are injured in line of duty.* (It could happen in Pasadena!)

All of us here in the Personnel Department know you will understand when we say this is one responsibility where *we hope* to be inactive!

the machine itself.

Since time is at a premium—the Autograver is worth its weight in gold! It completes the job in *one-eighth* the time necessary for regular cameras to make four-color separations.

Money remains an IMPORTANT factor! The Work SAVES as much as 94 percent of the regular costs when procuring a four-color set of 8½ by 11 (size of *The PLAIN TRUTH* cover). Not only does it *simplify* the task, but it *eases* the financial burden!

Color pictures will greatly ENHANCE any future literature, and make *The PLAIN TRUTH* a FIRST-CLASS magazine! As the printed Word covers the world it remains a LASTING and IMPRESSIVE witness!



Be sure to notice the weekly displays at the entrance to the Library. Above is one on Germany.

Library's New "Reference Room"

A complete new area is planned for bringing all of the Atlases and Dictionaries together in one convenient location, with a relief map of the world mounted on the wall above. It will soon be in use in the newly expanded Magazine Room. We have the latest edition of the Hammond Ambassador World Atlas in which you can locate information about the smallest hamlet or the furthestmost known planet in outer space. Because of its size and bulk, the Ambassador Atlas, along with others, can be left on a roll-out shelf and used without lifting.

Sharing this new atlas stand will be ancient, historical, classical and Biblical atlases, as well as a variety of standard atlases. On the adjoining dictionary stand, will be the large unabridged dictionary. On a shelf below you'll find the French, German and Spanish dictionaries and a useful work called THE LINCOLN LIBRARY OF ESSENTIAL INFORMATION. This two-volume set, kept up-to-date, and easily accessible may prove useful for "boning-up" where you've found a lack in your own store of knowledge. This concise gem, along with the atlases and dictionaries will be marshalled from the four corners of the Library to be neighbors in the newly redecorated Magazine Room as soon as their new home is ready. The Library is growing. Use the Library, and grow.

Autograver

(Continued from page 1)

cords each separated light beam, and emits an electrical current according to the brightness of the light beam.

Once the current is amplified, it is relayed to the engraving section. At this point the engraving needle moves rapidly up and down the plate material imprinting tiny dots. The size of each dot varies according to the electric signal sent out by the phototube.

This *made in Japan* precision instrument is the ONLY ONE of its kind in the United States! Even though Germany has several machines in the States, they sell for about *one-third more* and the process is not completely done by

Women's Club Features Men's Night

Soft music, delicious food, mellow wine, and beautiful women—what more could a man desire?

This setting (or variations thereof) greeted Ambassador men at the recent rash of Women's Club Men's Nights. Each club hostess added her personal feminine touch to the evening, varying the menus, settings and themes.

Barbara Lading's club featured Japanese servers in Oriental costumes, with place cards designed like miniature Japanese people. The club theme for the evening was "Entertaining," with speeches on "How to Be a Host or Hostess" and "How to Be a Guest."

Other clubs carried themes on originality in foods and home decorating. Lively table topics sessions had the men on their feet, commenting on everything from budgeting to favorite recipes to how to make a success out of a failure in the kitchen.

These men's nights helped both men and women to recapture a few more values of right living.

Don't Read This Article

There is absolutely nothing in this article worth reading. It is *trash*. You would be much better off if you would stop wasting your time and find something better to read. You are learning absolutely nothing!

Furthermore, you will not learn anything by reading further. It's just more *junk*. Please!!! STOP NOW! Why do you insist on wasting your precious time? Can't you take *good* advice? You have just wasted 15 seconds of your life!

I can't stand this any longer! What can I say to make you believe me? Do you always insist on being so rebellious? Well, if you are so *determined* to keep on reading this NONSENSE, then it looks like my only alternative is to just...!!!



Women's Clubs Mens' Nights provided interesting situations for both men and women.

Conference

(Continued from page 1)

playing informal games during the other nights. The victor is *already determined*—Ambassador College—but it will thrill us all to see the Texas students again as each team provides the best basketball games ever!

Tuesday, January 11 will bring the climax—The Ministerial Ball. The majestic Castaway Club in Burbank will again host the college. The visiting ministers will appreciate this as the *first year* in which the Ministerial Ball escaped the Moose Lodge in Glendale.

The entertainment for the evening will be an expanded, action-packed re-

peat of the Squaw Valley Review. Many students, as well as ministers, missed this professional performance at the Feast of Tabernacles, and all will delight in seeing Bolivar Q. What's-his-name again. Maybe Philip Morganstein will show up this time! And maybe Herman Lobster will patch up his quarrels with Sally Crab. Be sure to come!

But the basketball, dancing, and tea are merely frosting on the cake. The all-important *ministerial* meetings will provide answers to vital Biblical points, the future of this Work and College, and unity among the scattered Churches of God. Students—don't miss the excitement, spiritually, mentally, and socially, of the 1966 Ministerial Conference.

Two Photos

(Continued from page 4)

northwest toward the area of Lebec and Gorman near Fort Tejon. It was our flight plan to intersect the fault there and then follow it southeast towards Palmdale and then on to Cajon. Leveling out over the mountains we noticed a very sobering sight below. After several turns we lined up for a picture run. As Mr. Christopherson throttled back I scrambled into the back seat and popped the window open. Moments later we had recorded a potential disaster—hundreds of new homes being built downstream from a large dam—in earthquake country!

Near Gorman we crossed the fault again, and it was as evident. The plane

banked to the right and I again crawled into the rear seat with the Hasselblad camera and waited for Mr. Christopherson's directions. Within the next hour we had recorded a long story. Lake Hughes and the pumping station for the Los Angeles aqueduct, roads, pipelines, a new freeway interchange, dams, homes, are *all on top of the fault*. From these many photos in black and white and color, only one would be chosen to help warn the world about the terrible and disastrous earthquakes to come. Which photo was selected? To find out you will have to read the new *Earthquake* booklet. But remember, the next time you look at a photograph, think not only of the story it tells, but think also of the story behind the photo.



Australians Protect Themselves

Australia is a land of 2,971,081 (exactly!) square miles of mostly semi-desert land. Along the coastlines are clustered 10,965,100 sheep-raising, auto-racing, surf-boarding Australians. The Australian Defense Department is faced with quite a task protecting the fun-loving Aussies from the foreign elements to the north. A nonchalant look at some of the headlines covering the aptitude of our defense yields a terrible shock and an almost unbelievable embarrassment to the whole nation.

The Navy for instance, equipped with the slowest aircraft carrier in the world, flexed its muscles with maneuvers in broad daylight on the calm Pacific. Several destroyers showed up with the old H.M.S. "Melbourne" (the above-mentioned carrier) and proceeded in their tactical exercise. Then, without warning, the "Melbourne" as if under a hypnotic trance ploughed through one of the most modern rocket destroyers the Aussie Navy had, leaving two half-ships in the turmoil of her wake. We don't need an enemy fleet.

The Army, not long before this event, also showed its magnificent defense capacity by staging a mock enemy attack on the Northern coast. With most of its tank divisions several hundred miles south of the endangered area, the army decided to employ the railroad for prompt delivery. The tanks were laboriously loaded on the flatcars and began

their smooth ride to the northern "frontier." Over hill, over dale raced the steel monsters until they reached the little streams meandering across the country. Alas! Could it be true? Had the enemy sabotaged the bridges? The tanks came to a standstill, the convoy was motionless and the defense of the "frontier" was left to the boomerang-throwing aborigines.

To the chagrin of the Army generals the embarrassing answer trickled out: the bridges were too small for the large tanks and hence they got stuck.

Unbelievable as it may seem these little maneuvers are history and most hope will remain so.

Oh—and by the way, the defense Radar stations which used to be turned off after hours on week days and week-ends are now operating full time.

Now the beachgoers can surf all they want in peace of mind—or can they?

Special Day Observed In Mayfair

Students *forbidden* to enter Mayfair?? It HAPPENED—just before the Sabbath on December 10!

Guarding the door, one of the coeds dropped obvious hints that the men should wear suits to dinner. All of the first floor remained unlighted. Behind locked doors the Mayfair girls were busily perpetrating some mysterious undertakings.

Rumors flew fast and furious. Black plague? Liver for dinner? An unexpected inspection by Mr. Elliott? What was the reason for the guarded doors and darkened rooms? What terrible tragedy had struck our campus?

When finally the doors were flung wide with welcome and students filed in—was it *really* Mayfair?—certainly it didn't *seem* to be. Solarium windows bearing the mottos "Safely Through Another Week" and "Let's Rejoice Together," ivy and flowers twining up the staircase to the landing and over the mailboxes, soft dinner music in the background, center pieces of ivy on candle-lit tables—it didn't look like the same old Mayfair. And indeed it *wasn't*.

The Sabbath was meant to be a *special* day and the Ambassador coeds are now doing their part to make it that way. A discussion among the student leaders, resulted in an opportunity for each women's dorm to put its ingenuity to work by decorating the dining area of Mayfair for the Sabbath.

The 35 coeds of Mayfair set the pace for a new Ambassador tradition. The standards which the other dorms will strive to meet have been set high.

Each Sabbath will be just as thrilling! But each will have its own originality. Let's all thank the pioneer efforts of the Mayfair girls who have given the students real cause to say, "Let's Rejoice Together."