

Memorable Addition to Ambassador Hall

Recently an addition has been made to our elegant Ambassador Hall—a beautiful oil portrait of Mrs. Loma D. Armstrong. The three buildings of the Academic Center were named in her honor. And now, above the fireplace in the Grand Hall of the center building of the three Ambassador Halls is her portrait.

The painting was a gift of Mr. Milton B. Scott, advertising agent for the Work of God. It was made by Chris Sherry from a photograph of the oil portrait by S. Morse-Brown of Mrs. Armstrong that hangs in Mr. Herbert Armstrong's office at Ambassador College,

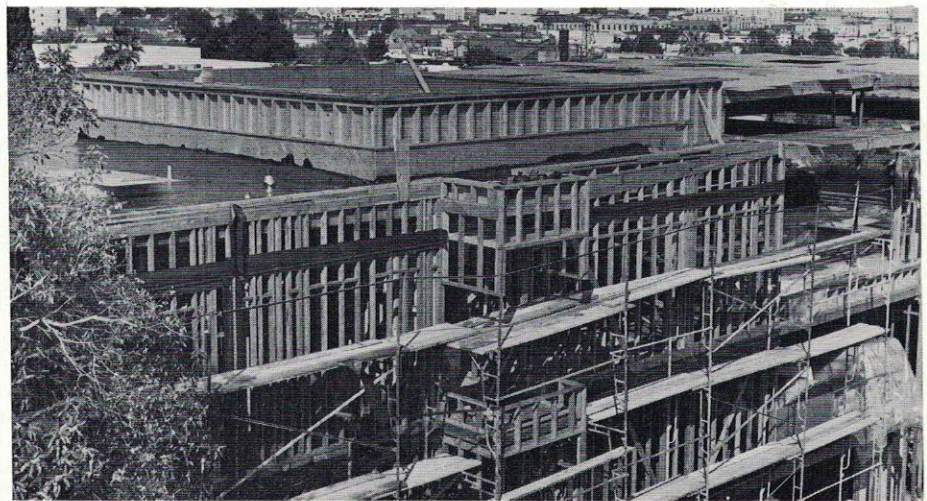
(Continued on page 5)

Mr. Ted Armstrong Steers Student Sing-a-Long

Monday night, March 4, after a soporific meal of beer and pizza, students gathered in the Student Center for a rousing sing-a-long led by Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong. They sang to the accompaniment of Chuck Gillette's steel guitar and Mr. Jim Thornhill's drums.

Entertainment began with Mike McDermott singing "The Darktown Strutters' Ball" to the tune of his own guitar. Marty Jewsbury told of her huckleberry friend, "Moon River." Chris French and Brenda May avowed that "Walking With My Baby Down By San

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Construction Continues on

NEW MEN'S RESIDENCE

You may be part of the 144! The 144,000? No, the 144. The new men's residence, to be completed for occupation next semester, will have space for 144 students—4 per bedroom with 36 bedrooms.

Work on the dorm is progressing rapidly (see photograph). Most of the superstructure is completed. Right now, workers are finishing the roof and the dry wall (paneling, insulation, and staining).

Let us take a quick preview of the residence as it will appear when completed.

It will have two wings—East and West. Both wings are three stories in height, but the east wing begins a grade lower than the west one.

The entrance way on the main floor, facing Grove Street, will open into a spacious and magnificent lounge where students can receive visitors.

The Commons Room, on the third floor, will be a glassed-in lounge with a fireplace pit in the center of the room and three skylight domes in the ceiling. Here students can relax under natural light and view our beautiful campus.

Remember the structural steel that looked incongruous until carpenters built the wooden framework up around it? The steel framework is necessary to support the live weight of students congregating in the Commons Room! From the Commons Room one can step out onto the sun deck, which is surfaced with quarry tile.

There are eight bedrooms and four

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and YOU.

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The PORTFOLIO is a limited circulation publication. It is for the student bodies of Ambassador College. It is not to be sent home to friends and relatives.

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Portfolio's Phantastic Phacts

We see our reflection every day and take it for granted that our face and the mirror image are the same size. But with a bar of soap draw the outline of your face in the glass. You will find you have drawn an oval only half the actual size of your face.

Ever wonder why the grains of sand in the ocean aren't ground to powder? The reason is simple. They never touch one another. Each grain of sand has a thin coating of water on it.

The shortest war on record was the one between Great Britain and Zanzibar from 9:02 to 9:40 a.m. on August 27th, 1896. Admiral Sir Harry Rawson's battle fleet delivered an ultimatum to the self-appointed Sultan Said Khalid to evacuate his palace and surrender. This was not forthcoming until after 38 minutes of bombardment.

Editorial

What Counts in THE END OF AN AGE?

by Mr. Dave Albert, Visiting Minister

I have just finished reading Philip Wylie's *TOMORROW*, a shocking, sobering novel about nuclear destruction — *here* — in *America* — where you and I live!!

The gut-wrenching thing about it, fellow Ambassadors, is that it's going to happen!!

No, not *exactly* as he says.

The book is fourteen years old now and somewhat outdated. But the ghastly, gruesome, nightmarish parts about the blast, the heat, the light, the firestorms, the radiation, the fleeing people, the burning people, the trampled people, the looters, the mobs, the murderers, the rapists — all those graphically written paragraphs might as well be prophecies for they will all no doubt come to pass in their full mind-wrenching fury.

Do you believe it?

Has your mind ever *really* come to grips with the end of this age as we know it? Probably not, but it's high time it did! For we live in *the end of an age!* And when you have truly comprehended the full meaning of that statement, a very important and starkly practical question should come to mind: *what really counts in the end of an age?*

Ask it of yourself, "What really counts in the end of an age?" And since you partially realize that you do not fully grasp the full import of the question, ask it of yourself again . . . and again . . . and again, until the meaning sinks home.

At once it should become immediately apparent what does *not* count. Ever thought of it that way? Much of what you now have or hope to have won't count for the proverbial "hill of beans" before this age is over! If you're in your room, look around you. Note the things that would be absolutely valueless in the days just before or after the nuclear blasts that will level whole states!

Look at your books — how many pounds of them? Fifteen? Twenty-five? More? What good would they be to a fleeing refugee? The clothing — the nice wool suits, the sports jacket. For you girls, the pretty school, church, and party dresses. The many pairs of high-heeled shoes. How utterly impractical they will all be in the days just ahead in your lives and mine.

What else? Your camera? Hardly. Who's going to be developing film in those days? Your tennis racket? Big deal! Your bike, motorcycle, or car? Oh, sure! Just the thing to drive across the Atlantic Ocean and Mediterranean Sea!

What then? What will be of any value, any importance in the years just ahead? Amazing, isn't it, how values are destined to change? Even money in the bank, if you *had* any, won't then be worth anything. (*What* bank? Right!)

It's really deflating in a way to soberly consider how many things you may have enjoyed and treasured — and worked hard to pay for — are going to be worthless in the very near future.

I think of my little daughter Brigitte now 2½ years old. Then maybe 6½. And Molly now 6 months. Then maybe 4½. What will count in their infant lives? Their pretty little dresses or patent leather shoes? Obviously survival won't hinge on such niceties.

And my wife Carol. The pots and pans, the range and refrigerator, the many things that fill her world, a woman's world. Things will be different

(Continued on page 7)

AMBASSADOR PRESS FIRST TO SEE PAPER MACHINE

by Russell Smith

As part of an educational program started by Mr. Tom Justus for the press employees, a replica of Kimberly-Clark's newest paper-making machine was shown at the press building on Feb. 29.

As usual, Ambassador College made another first. The Ambassador College Press is the first to see this exhibit. The regular stops on a 40,000 mile tour are to selected paper distributors throughout the U. S. and Canada. Arrangements for the showing were made through Kimberly-Clark and Blake, Moffitt, and Towne.

From 9:30 a.m. until 6:00 p.m., Ambassador students, full-time employees, their wives, and Imperial School students were given lectures about the scale model and the actual plant by Mr. Charles DeZemler.

The model presented is 11 feet long, 6 inches high, 5 inches wide, and weighs 300 lbs. The builders took 1,750 man-hours to make and put together 1,050 parts to complete the model. The total cost of the replica comes to \$10,000 which surpasses anything that Revelle ever put out.

The replica represents the third such paper-making machine built for the Kimberly-Clark Corporation. The actual machine is another world wonder in itself. It is 300 ft. long (One football field), and it is two stories high. The total weight comes to 1,220 tons. The normal operating speed is 1,300 to 1,400 feet per minute (About 15 miles an hour). It can reach a top speed of 2,000 feet per minute.

This speed is amazing.

Wood pulp comes into the machine at one end (wood pulp would resemble kleenex tissue in water). Nine seconds later, the finished product is 300 feet down the mill and is being rolled on a winding wheel.

The capacity and efficiency of the paper-making machine makes it a possible piece of machinery that could be well used in the World Tomorrow.

Quick answer: "I'm a man of few words."

"Married, huh?"



Mr. Hill and Mr. Justus inspect model of paper making machine.

Hear About the Art Department?

by Pat Parnell

The Art Department of Ambassador Press is one of the ever growing sparks of God's vibrant moving Work!!!

Already the Art Department has grown to eleven employees — seven students and four full time men!

Mr. Art Ferdig, head of the Art Department, sees an increasing need for more artists in the not-too-distant future — a possible open door for one of you students! Artistic talent helps!

Per se, the Art Department's main job is to serve the needs of Ambassador Press publishing. With this in mind a special two hour class is held every Sunday morning to help the art personnel become more familiar with press needs and problems. The class is a tremendous help in learning the basic fundamentals of art and graphics, and time is also set aside for giving reports and discussing current problems concerning publication needs.

Recent expansion has given the Art Department a twofold job! The first part, of course, being press publications but the second more recent move is towards preparing art work and aids for TV production!

With the second-fold addition came some new challenges! One of these, a major concern, is getting good quality contrast in black and white as well as in color TV pictures at the same time! The problem stems from the fact that colored artwork when seen on black and white sets, will often lose contrast and be hard to see. The majority of future TV sets will be color, something like two thirds by 1970, but those receiving black and white must still be remembered!

So whether you are reading the literature or seeing the TV program don't forget the Art Department shared in the work involved to produce it!

Repent And Write For the Portfolio Dept.**A MOST GRIEVOUS BURDEN**

by Rick Stafford

Extra credit, a chance to put down the old self, an opportunity to achieve a three-year goal! The pressure was just too great! For three years, I have grown dull of hearing those foreboding words — WRITE, WRITE, WRITE. But I *can't*. A thousand times (well almost) I had commanded myself to write, but I could never muster up enough strength. There were so many reasons why I just couldn't take the time. (As a matter of fact, I've got a very important letter to write, now.)

But NO!! If I don't hurry, George Johnson will beat me to it. Or some other "eager beaver" who heard Mr. Burky tell us in astronomy class that we would receive extra credit for any article on astronomy accepted for the Portfolio.

Oh, yes, astronomy! I have taken a course in astronomy at Oregon State

University. But nothing like this. So elementary, so simple, so "down to earth." Instead of the Doppler Effect on the super-novae as interpreted by astro-physical extrapolation of the solar-radio telescopic data, we were asked such questions as: Which direction does the earth rotate? The full moon follows the new moon by days? And which direction do the stars seem to move from season to season? Simple? Perhaps! But I learned more in that one hour than the entire class at OSU. Astronomy at Ambassador College is a great privilege and not a grievous burden.

And speaking of grievous burdens — thank you, Mr. Burky; thank you, George, and thank you, stars for removing my most grievous burden, writing a Portfolio article!

EISENBERG'S JEWISH REVENUE SERVICE REVISITED.**Big Things For The Big Band**

by Rick Bourne

Big things have been happening for the Ambassador College Big Band! As the College grows, so grows the band. God has been blessing us with many wonderful opportunities for service and education.

As the basketball season draws to a close, and the last strains of "Tiger Rag" or "Superman" reverberate off into the distance together with the cries of "CHARGE FACULTY!" or "GO SOPHOMORES," the Band wishes to thank faculty, players and the all-important spectators for their enthusiastic appreciation of the HQ band (sour notes notwithstanding!).

In the offing, of course, is the all-important Junior Dance (*very* important to many seniors!). Next on the agenda will be the **FIRST FULL-SCALE BAND CONCERT** in Ambassador College history! So be prepared to be pleasantly shocked and surprised at what you hear. No, *NOT* the modern off-beat junk spewed out for public consumption today, but *real* MUSIC! From Grieg and Tchaikovsky to Berstein and Mancini. This concert should prove to be a real highlight in the pioneering of right music for the World Tomorrow!

Recently the Band family got together to have a discussion of its goals and purposes. By talking among ourselves, we were able to get back to the basis for the Band. We were also able to bring into clear focus the **VISION** needed to truly be the kind of service organization which God wants.

Sure there are potential problems and obstacles to overcome, but we — the Ambassador College Big Band — are here to serve **YOU!** We want to do our part to keep the musical standards of God's College high. So **THANK YOU** for your interest and support!

Library Lookout

Library's Latest Addition

by Hazel Morgan

One of the latest additions to the Library which you might be interested in is the *Encyclopedia International*. This new encyclopedia was first published by Grolier, Inc., in 1963 but our set is the 1967 edition.

Encyclopedia International was designed for both family and students and serves from a practical viewpoint. Its coverage is especially good on the U. S. and Canada, but being an international encyclopedia, information about most countries is included. It has a wide variety of subject matter from science to cultural development. Due to recency of publication, *International* presents its material on the basis of the latest developments of the 60's.

Overall, coverage is more concise and easily understood than the scholarly *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. *International* is complete in twenty volumes, with the last volume being a separate index. Throughout, it has excellent four-color illustrations.

This Encyclopedia should be quite helpful in your research on recent topics or for a quick answer to that question you didn't know during table topics in club.



The Portrait of Mrs. Armstrong.

SING-A-LONG

(Continued from page 1)

Francisco Bay," "Sunday Will Never Be the Same."

The Bayou Boys — Duane Hopper, Chuck Gillette, Ed Mausey, Larry Nelson, Art Dyer, and Carol Stevenson — presented several numbers.

In the concluding and most interesting part of the evening, Mr. Armstrong told about life on his Uncle Dwight's farm and on campus in the early years.

No one will forget the great chicken hunt, the pulsating electric fence, the game of hockey, the demolished hay-wagon, or the custom-built (homemade) tractor with tubeless tires. (Rubber was hard to get, so the tires were filled with rocks!) Nor will he forget a very enjoyable, relaxing evening.

Memorable Addition

(Continued from page 1)

Bricket Wood. Another photograph was also used. It shows her in a white stole with a string of pearls against a background of tan and brown.

Mrs. Armstrong's blue eyes really make the picture live. The portrait is warm, friendly, and alive. It's as though she were sitting right there. Miss Bernice Lange, instructor in Home Economics, summed it up well when she said that it changes the entire building, and gives it a new life.

The painting is lighted by an overhead light, and is of a color that blends well with the wall above the fireplace. At night when you walk from Vernon Street up the steps to Ambassador Hall, the entire Grand Hall is dark. All except for her portrait. As you look in the glass of the front entrance all you see is Mrs. Armstrong — just as though she is really there.

Soon a velvet border is to be added to the beautiful portrait along with a larger frame. And, soon the new elegant Loma D. Armstrong Academic Center will be complete.

MEN'S RESIDENCE

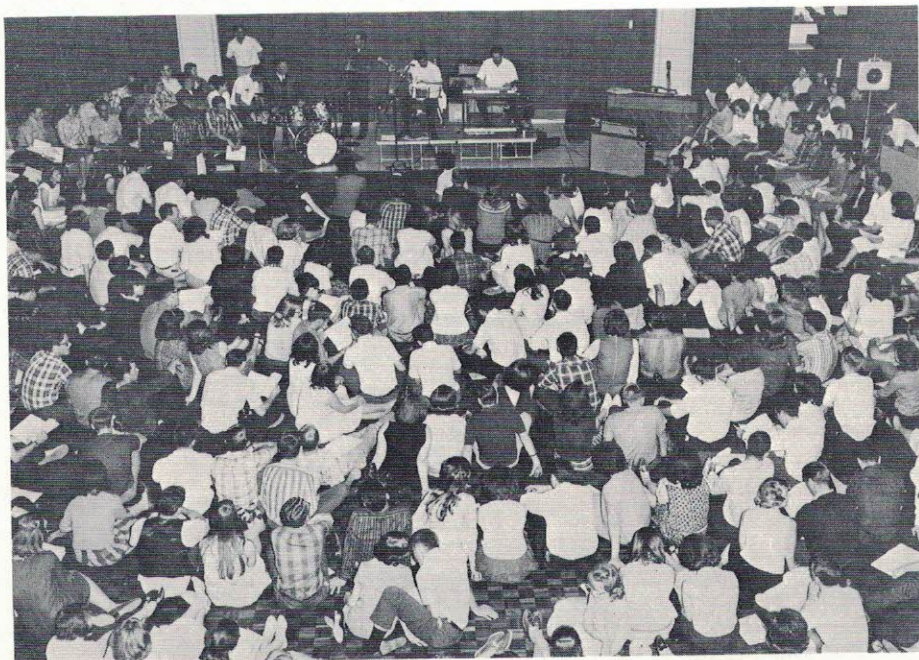
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studies in most of the wings. Bedrooms and studies alternate. A central bathroom serves each wing on each floor — six altogether. Sliding glass doors lead from every study onto a patio or veranda.

Each bedroom will be partitioned into two areas. Two beds separated by a chest will stand against one wall in each part. Storage and wardrobe space (always a student problem!) will occupy the whole length of the wall opposing the beds.

The new men's residence will be tied in directly with Del Mar. The natural beauty of cedar paneling sprinkled throughout the new dorm will give it character like its companion. Patios positioned in front and behind will take up space approximately equal to that occupied by the building itself.

Men of Olcott take courage. Men of 80 Grand take heed! You, yes *you*, may be one of the 144.



Mr. Armstrong and Group Make Music.

PIZZAZZ

FUN! Joy!

WHO'S THEY?

by Gary Pifer

"It's a beautiful morning," I said as I came in to work. "Yeah, but it's going to rain," replied Joe. So I asked him how he knew. "Well, that's what *they* say," he said, and there was nothing else to say. You can't argue with *they*.

Not them. *They*. I mean this anonymous third-person plural that is the final authority on everything from fashion to the weather. If *they* say you can't wear brown shoes with a blue suit or go in swimming within one hour after eating, we accept *they's* decision without question.

But what I want to know is: Who's *they*? *They* is found popping up all over the place. Students are frequently heard commenting, "*They* say Dr. Hoeh's classes are rough!" *They* is often a scapegoat for errors made on the job, i.e. "But, *they* told me to do it this way!"

They is a hard pronoun to pin down. It keeps rearing its ugly head in so many other guises. For instance, people claim, or everybody knows, or it goes without saying. Newspapers refer to *they* as an administration spokesman, or a leading military authority, or a high ranking official in the State Department.

They's knowledge is limitless. If you're peeling onions, *they* tell you to leave the water running. *They* say common chalk will remove dirt rings from shirt collars and that if you wash your car with a kerosene and water mixture you will never have to wax it.

Well anyway, maybe it is just as well I don't know who *they* is. Then I might start worrying about who tells *they*, and worrying can give you ulcers. At least, that's what *they* say.

Where does the automobile industry find all those empty roads to film commercials on?

The Chorale Courier



The old morgue before the change.

Mortuary Modified by Mirthful Music

by Jerry Aust

How many of you knew that the Chorale sings twice weekly in an ex-mortuary?

If you weren't aware of it, don't let it bother you. It doesn't bother us.

Ever since we thankfully left the old assembly hall, we have been singing in the small building situated between Outgoing Mail and Letter Answering Departments.

The building is well constructed, from a layman's vantage point. It has two small windows about eight feet from the floor, spaced equidistantly between the east and west walls on the south side. We need all the air we can get so these windows stay open.

Until recently we sang toward the south wall and the acoustics left a little to be desired. There was nothing

to absorb the bouncing musical sounds.

Then recently... a blessing. We received a most beautiful thick rug under our feet and one suspended from the ceiling on the north wall—which is the direction we are singing now.

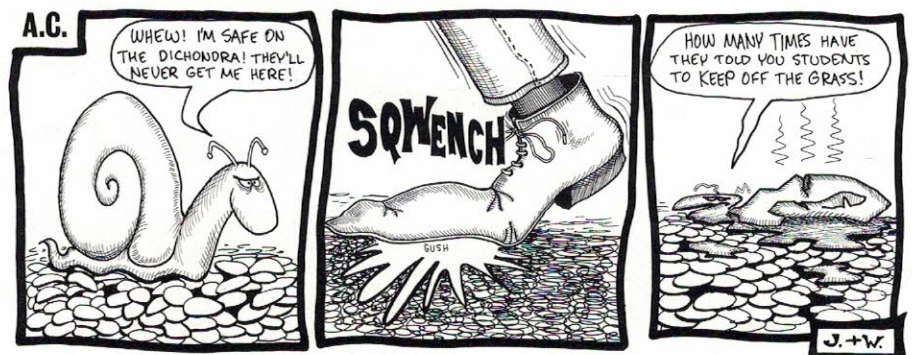
We are growing attached to this building. It is becoming "home" to the Chorale.

I remember when this building was a mortuary—not too many years past. But you would NEVER know it now.

Beautiful music emanates from these walls now. Happy Ambassador students walk through these doors today.

No more a place of sorrow. This building is one of the happiest meeting places on campus.

Stop by and see it sometime.



The End of an Age

(Continued from page 2)

then, won't they, for women? My guess is that the day is coming when none of us will possess much more than we can carry on our backs. Do you see it any differently?

So back to the question — what counts? *really* counts in the end of an age, a society, a world we've lived in? *Survival* counts for a lot! And survival won't be determined by the *things* you possess, will it? *Health* will count for a lot — *physical* and *mental*. But even the strong will die. Health will be important, but it won't be enough by itself.

What will the *big thing* be? The *one big* factor that will determine who lives and who dies, who makes it and who does not? Obviously a different kind of health — *SPIRITUAL HEALTH!!* Revelation 3 makes that pretty plain. So does Luke 21:34-36. Now that you're thinking soberly about this matter, go back and read those scriptures again. And *all* of Psalm 91. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall NOT COME NIGH thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked" (verses 7-8).

Contact with God, faith, overcoming, prayer, right attitude, trust, obedience, zeal, work — *hard* work, growth, progress, more faith, more prayer and study, fasting, hard-nosed determination, endurance, willingness to take correction, more work in *God's* Work, more trust, faith, hope, courage, love, drive...

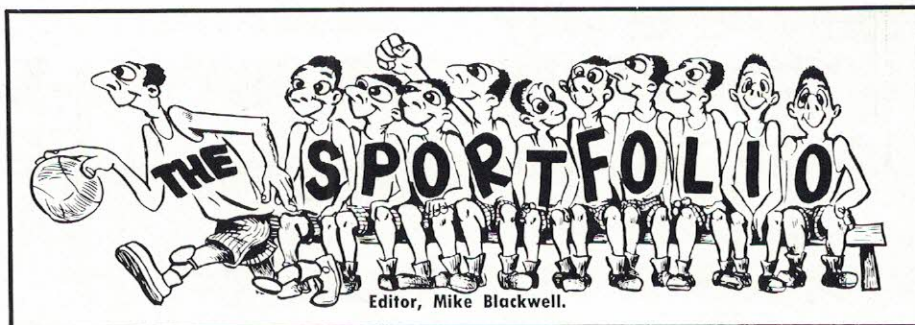
What *really* counts in the end of an age?

ATTENTION!!

MONTE WOLVERTON

Janet Cummings respectfully requests that you escort her to her Women's Club men's night April 28, 1968.

R.S.V.P.



Juniors Squeak by Seniors—68-67

by Mike Blackwell

Wednesday Night, March 6, 1968

The Juniors built up a big lead during the first half and then weathered a strong Senior rally in the second half to win the fourth playoff spot 68-67.

The game started as a Junior landslide and it appeared as if the Seniors would be driven from the court during the first half. Ray Meyer and Bill Whitehart were hot for the Juniors, scoring 17 and seven points respectively. The Juniors built up the lead to 21 points and went to the locker room with a comfortable 17 point lead, 44-27).

The second half was a completely different story as the Seniors came back strong to dominate the game in every department (even in fouls which eventually cost them the game). Gail Roberts was as hot as a branding iron and he left his mark on the Juniors. Kobernat added fire power and the

Seniors kept whittling away at the lead. They finally caught the Juniors with three minutes to play and went ahead by three points, only to lose the lead in the final minute of the game. The Seniors were hurt by having three men foul out of the game just as they closed the gap. The Juniors put it out of reach with thirty seconds to go but the Seniors once again cut the lead to one before time ran out.

Congratulations Juniors on your victory against the Seniors! Thanks again Seniors for showing the never-say-die tenacity that gave you a moral victory if not by score!

SENIORS

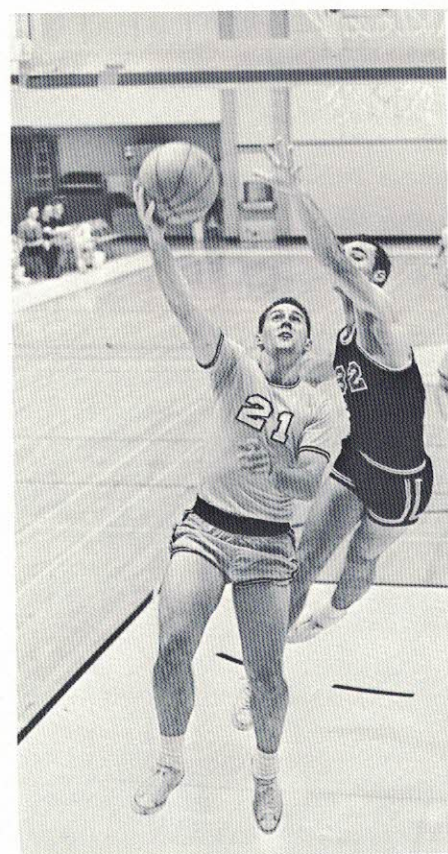
	FG-A	FT-A	TP
Haworth	5-23	0-2	10
Roberts	13-30	3-4	29
Walden	1-2	0-3	2
Wallen	3-10	0-0	6
Kobernat	7-20	3-3	17
Aust	1-7	1-2	3
Harris	0-5	0-0	0
Phillips	0-1	0-0	0
Williams	0-1	0-0	0
TOTALS	30-99	7-14	67

Field Goals — 30.3%; Free Throws — 50%;
Rebounds — 62; Assists — 5; Turnovers — 15;
Fouls — 24.

JUNIORS

	FG-A	FT-A	TP
Geis	4-10	3-6	11
Meyer	8-25	6-8	22
Orban	2-12	7-9	11
Weber	6-14	3-5	15
Whitehart	3-7	3-5	9
Whitfield	0-2	0-0	0
TOTALS	23-70	22-33	68

Field Goals — 32.8%; Free Throws — 66%;
Rebounds — 67; Assists — 7; Turnovers — 28;
Fouls — 11.



Haworth makes his last block of the season.

Astronomy Class Sees**THE EYE IN THE SKY**

by Bob Davis

Last Tuesday the astronomy class under Messers Herrmann and Burky went to see a 200-inch eye—the world's largest telescope—the giant 13 story Hale telescope on Mt. Palomar, 135 miles S. E. of Pasadena.

If you have 20/20 vision, this telescope can make a star 100,000 times brighter than what you can see.

The telescope weighs 500 tons, or the weight of the entire number of people at the Fall Convention at either Long Beach or Squaw Valley! The reflecting mirror which catches the light from the stars is an enormous single piece of polished pyrex glass with silver-coated surface, 17 feet in diameter and weighing over 14 tons. It took a team of men 11 years to polish the mirror at Cal Tech here in Pasadena (1936-1947). In all, it took 20 years to construct the telescope at a cost of 7 million dollars—donated by Rockefeller Boards.

The function of this enormous mirror is to gather light from planets, stars, and galaxies and focus it onto a 5 by 7 inch photographic plate or onto a spectrograph which analyzes the light. From such plates we have reproduced the four large pictures of nebulae in the current PLAIN TRUTH magazine.

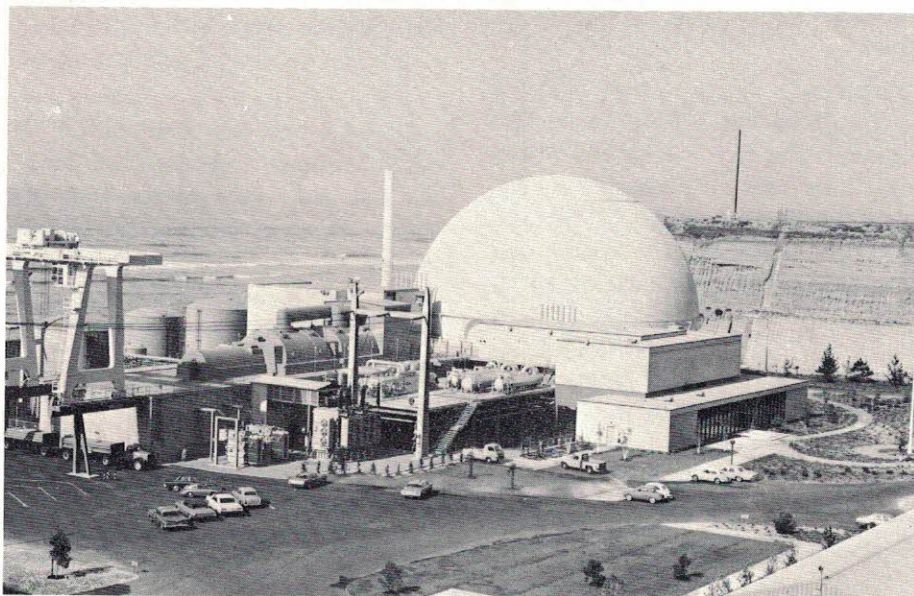
A large shining dome houses the telescope, which is as high as a 13 story building.

Dr. Hale, a leading American astronomer who died in 1938, built this telescope as well as two telescopes on Mt. Wilson. The observatories are operated by Cal Tech and the Carnegie Institute, from whom we obtained the pictures for the PLAIN TRUTH magazine.

One student wondered aloud what one would see if the telescope were aimed at Los Angeles. Mr. Herrmann replied, "smog"!



The Dome of Palomar.



Nuclear Generator at San Onofre.

The Nuclear Generating Station**Tomorrow's Power...Today!**

Last Tuesday, on the astronomy field trip, we made a side trip to the Nuclear Generating Station at San Onofre, California. This new ultramodern generating station is owned and operated by Southern California Edison Company and the San Diego Gas and Electric Company.

The plant was built for the phenomenal fee of 87 million dollars. With its present equipment it will produce 450,000 kilowatts of power—enough electricity for a city of half a million people.

There is very little, if any, danger involved in using a nuclear reactor. The nuclear chain reaction can be readily stopped in just seven seconds by in-

serting boron control rods into the reactor.

This nuclear plant has many advantages over the smoke belching, smog producing, conventional coal fuel steam plants. The initial cost of the nuclear plant is more, but over the long haul the nuclear plant will far outlive the conventional coal fuel plant. The fuel cost for both systems is about the same, but the nuclear plant produces plutonium as a by-product. This plutonium can be sold to the United States Government, for a slight profit of course.

This field trip was another interesting way Ambassador College gives us a balanced education.



Co-eds Learn about Atomic Reactors