

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Vol. 14, Number 10

February 15, 1965

Minnesota: Home For 1965 S.E.P.

"Summertime and the living is easy..." Life will be anything but this for youngsters who will be selected to attend the 1965 Summer Education Program, to be directed by Mr. Floyd Lochner. *Many* surprises await the fortunate ones chosen to go!

This year students will journey from all over the nation to the far northern state of Minnesota. Already, 200 acres of fantastically beautiful land have been purchased from Mr. Scott Erickson, a contractor and builder. This area is on Pelican Lake near the small town of Orr, and has a long point that drops abruptly to the lake. There is a shallow shelf in the lake—*perfect for aquatic*
(Continued on page 4)

Jobs Abroad For Venturesome German Students

Students! Would you like to tour Europe this summer? Well, you can!

The conditions? You can *work* for two months in Germany—then spend the rest of the summer touring Europe.

The specific requirements: All students must be at least 18, must work at least two months, must have a fundamental knowledge of German (*Ja*,
(Continued on page 5)



Ambassadors rollick at Moonridge!

Snowline Party Creates New Revolutionary Vocabulary!

"O-o-o-o!" "Look out below!" "Gang w-a-a-y!" "M-m-m-m!" "Ah!" "GREAT!" Interesting expressions, aren't they? But do you remember how these pithy sayings *crept* into the vocabularies of Ambassador College students last February 8? No? It's time for a review!

"O-o-o-o!" A common expression used mostly by Ambassador College *women* to describe the *lush scenery*—snow-covered hills, wooded mountains, and cloudless blue skies—which they saw as Ambassador College buses made their way past famous *Lake Arrowhead* and *Big Bear Lake* to beautiful Moonridge. The occasion? The 1965 Snow Line Party—the first ever to be held in this area.

"Look out below!" An expression first voiced as students jumped from the buses into *REAL SNOW*! Also commonly used during *morning* and *afternoon activities* to warn unsuspecting souls who crossed the paths of *novice skiers*, under the able direction of Mr. D. J. Thornhill. Skiing lessons were in full swing.

"Gang wa-a-a-y!" A delightful saying very often used as Ambassadors
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The Big "D" Loses Juice -- Succumbs!

At a recent Forum, students were told of the brown footprints that were made during the Rose Parade in the beautiful green Dichondra grass that adorns our campus. Some students have wondered what makes the Dichondra turn brown after being stepped on during the night and early morning hours.

During this time of the year in Pasadena two conditions work together to produce brown footprints: (1) cold nights, and (2) dew. When the Dichondra is stepped on by a heavy shoe fortified even more by the "Mayfair spread," this squeezes the "juice" out of the fine, clover-like Dichondra leaves. The crushed leaves with their lifeblood removed then cool down to a temperature lower than that of the uncrushed Dichondra. The evaporation effect, produced by the wet dew, causes the temperature in the Dichondra to plunge even lower until the crushed leaves actually freeze. Frozen, the leaves die. After a few days, the dead leaves, like all dead vegetation, decay to a brown color. Result: brown footprints.

Although the leaves are dead, the

(Continued on page 4)

Editorial

Will YOU Be Ready?

by Flemming Sylvest

The place: Downtown Pasadena. Time: About 10 p.m. Saturday night, a few weeks ago.

We were walking back to college from a movie downtown. We were passing thru one of the darker, run-down, bar-and-cheap-hotel-infested sections on Colorado Blvd.

In a poorly lit hotel entranceway stood a man—drunk. He suddenly bent over—big gasps of heaving produced nothing from his already empty stomach. We walked over to him. His clothes were dirty, he hadn't shaved for a couple of days, his breath reeked of everything that contained alcohol. He was a typical skid-row bum.

He looked up at us with weak, watery eyes. I took the cigarette that was beginning to burn his fingers away from him as he again bent over in another heave.

When we started to ask him if we could help him, he broke down and began to cry. "You meet such nice people on the street. Those people in the churches and in the 'YMCA' don't care whether you live or die—they are all devils!"

We started to walk him "home"—a small, murky, smelly room with one lightbulb hanging from the ceiling in a boarding house. While walking with two of us supporting him he loosened up. "I know I'm stinking drunk. But I can't help it. I try to forget. My wife and I had been married for 17 years. She was a German girl. Now she has left me"—a look of disgust mingled with desperate longing came over his furrowed face—"for money! She even told me when she left, 'I'm marrying him for money. I don't love him.' And I try to forget her every night after I come home from work to my empty room." Then all of a sudden his conscience got him. A look of weak determination came over his face. "I got to get right with the Lord," he said.

"I got to get saved!"

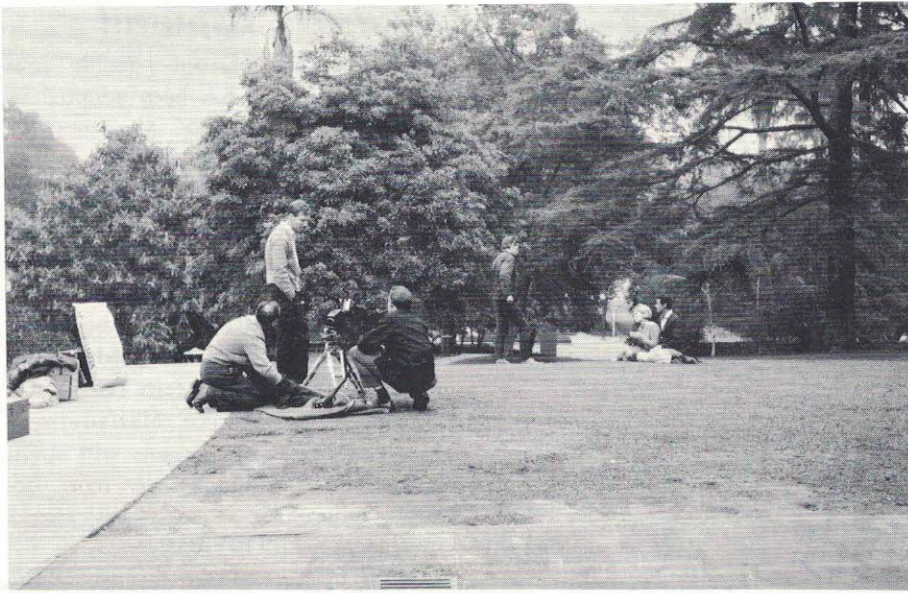
We stood there speechless. Talk about feeling frustrated! There he sat—drunk, miserable, unhappy, hopeless and without his wife, and *he wanted to get saved!* But he didn't know the first thing about what he was asking. He was in total ignorance of why he was born, and why he had ended up so miserable and despondent and drunk. He thought he wanted to get right with the Lord by getting saved. But he couldn't know how *empty* that, too, would have been.

We wanted to help him. We wanted to make him as happy as we were—as able to enjoy living as we have learned. But what could we say? He wasn't being called. His mind was closed. All he knew was that he was sorry for feeling so bad. Tomorrow morning he would waken with a headache, forget his misery for a while, and then get drunk again when he began to see his wretchedness.

We left him whimpering in despair on his bed in the dingy, musty room.

We soon arrived back at campus. I went to bed, slept very well. Put in a good hard day's work on Sunday. Enjoyed a hearty Mayfair meal. Had a pleasant walk around a beautiful campus. Hoped for the day when the mind of that bum and a world-full of others just like him would have their eyes open to what I know to be God's Truth. Some day they will be called, and you and I *will* be able to comfort them and teach them the true principles that will make them happy and productive.

Are we going to be ready?



Only money would keep him with her like that all day!

Mayfair Lawn Sets Stage For Organic Movie Drama!

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a plant? Is it the Abominable Snowman? No... it's Shag! See that man and woman clutching each other in terror as they watch it stalk them.

Oh, I see. This isn't a horror movie. It's a *manu*—, excuse me, a *fertilizer* advertisement being filmed.

It seems that the Red Star Company figures it can sell its product by showing a nice, beautiful expanse of dichondra lawn. (They're careful not to let any of the bare spots get into the picture.)

But why do they have the lawn cluttered up with those two "lovers"? What? They're supposed to be part of the ad? I thought only cows could get romantic around such lawn food.

Can't you just hear their conversation? Let's see, it must go something like this:

"John, isn't it so much fun to fall in lust on such a lovely lawn grown with pure, organic RS?"

Or this:

"Marsha, your eyes are like those of a contented cow. Your skin is as smooth as an RS lawn. Your hair is like moss on a tree fertilized with RS. Your perfume is like . . . excuse me, that's the RS on the lawn I smell!"

Meanwhile, back to Shag:

That's a mirror he is holding. You'll notice he's carefully pointing it away from himself. With a mane like that, who wouldn't?

We need to refer him to Mr. Koo. Mr. Koo has had a great deal of experience trimming hedges and mowing lawns while on the gardening crew, so this mop shouldn't be any problem.

Better yet. Take a movie of Shag and advertise RS as hair grower instead of lawn fertilizer!!



Note the genuine Beetle crop!

Famine Ends!

If a stranger were at the corner of Grove and Terrace early in the morning, he would be frightened by hooded figures flitting through the inky darkness. But that stranger may well relax. These hooded people are not Ku Klux Klan members. They are Ambassador College students charging to the tennis courts for morning exercises. The time: one and one-half seconds before zero hour.

At last after a three-year famine we students are able to indulge in stimulating exercises. Juniors, sophomores, and freshmen can, for the first time, march and exercise Ambassador College style. Seniors had already been initiated in their freshman year.

After the first few days of *involuntary disobedience* most of the students can tell the difference between *about face* and *to the rear, march!* During those trying days—for *squad leaders*—"scholarly" students found difficulty in discerning right from left!

Many students have been complaining of painful leg muscles. One English transfer student feels like an eighty-year-old man. But cheer up, students. In three weeks the pain will all be over!

Sinking Feeling—

Lawn Chairs Go Down Under

Where can you see girls with the "Mayfair Spread" do an imitation of the sinking Titanic? Or where can you go for a relaxing hour of study? Or find a nice shady spot to sit and just plain talk? All these things can be accomplished in the patio between Apartments 380 and 390! It so happens, though, that those lovely, inviting lawn chairs beneath those cool patio umbrellas are nice to look at. But sit on them, and whoops!—you're mired in the quicksand and it nearly takes a crane to extricate you. This reporter, although by no means corpulent in any respect, was fortunate enough to have the pleasure of studying there one Sabbath, when one of her chair-legs suddenly began to disappear into the dichondral

(Continued on page 6)

LANGUAGE CLUBS SPORT SPARKLING NEW FORMAT

Deutscher Klub

"German Club is austere, strict, august—besides that they speak only German!"

Is this your mental picture of the German Club? The only truth in that statement is the last part. "Der Deutsche Klub" has broken all apron-strings with the stale, stiff, over-polite, erudite manner of the Reichstag. The Club has ushered in a new *kultur!* "German Culture" has stepped up into a new era! It is still the culture of Germany—but it has been "Ambassadorized."

The meeting of the eighty members in the two adjoining dining rooms in Mayfair on Wednesday, January 27, left nearly everyone *speechless!* The lively German music mingled with the aroma of apples and onions, wiener-schnitzel plus the sight of cool beer—all set on red-checked tablecloths, pro-

vided a "wunderbar" atmosphere. But that isn't all.

Now, the club has incorporated such words as "Tischtopics" and "Tischtopicsmeister" into its vocabulary. Yes, the German Club has now been draped in the sparkling garb of an Ambassador Club!

The meeting got started with a real live-wire, four-piece band playing genuine German Musik from the depths of "Der Black Forest." A colorful restaurant-skit in German followed. Everybody paid attention to this—the "Tischtopics" were going to be asked over the details in the skit!

Herr Terry Quinn was T. M. There were many responses (though some were not completely voluntary). Of course, only German (or at least a striking resemblance to it) was spoken.

You non-Aryans don't know what you are missing!

Club De Espanol

Double your pleasure—double your fun! This motto has been adopted by the Ambassador College Spanish Club. Now beer and peanuts and the various other accompaniments of Spanish living, such as earsplitting renditions of "La Cucaracha" sung zealously but slightly off-key, will emanate from BOTH the Oak Room and the Clock Room on every third Wednesday night—if such a state of affairs can be tolerated by second-floor Mayfair-dwellers. *Flamenco* guitar strains will strain these frustrated studiers even more, because now there are two—yes, two—lively *Clubes de Espanol!*

Doug Taylor is the new *presidente* of the second club, and Jim Redus still heads the adjoining one.

Newly bilingual first-year students (freshmen) have filled the ranks of the old club to such an extent that this great opportunity to practice their newfound talent (or lack of it!) *had* to be offered. This Spanish Club "revolution" is designed to give everybody a chance to get his two-pesos'-worth in!

Summer Program Goes Minnesota

(Continued from page 1)

sports—swimming, water skiing and sailing.

What's more—the property is "smack in the middle" of canoe country near the Canadian border. Those arm muscles will get a real work-out paddling on the numerous trips planned. Actual canoe routes lead from Pelican Lake to Canada. Imperial School already has several boats and canoes *ready to go*, plus other equipment valuable to the program.

Another emphasis will be overnight trips to give the boys and girls opportunity to study and appreciate God's creation. Chances to learn about astronomy, zoology, ornithology, botany—different trees, plants, vegetation (including poison ivy), geology and meteorology will be made available from *actual* observation.

In addition, there will be arts and crafts, riflery and archery, and woodcraft. A possibility of offering horse-

back riding also is in the offing.

For social balance these youngsters will have sing-alongs snuggled near a blazing campfire or fireplace. Also planned are dances and "get-togethers."

To be constructed are eight student units each housing 24 students and one counselor. Each unit will contain two wings, with the counselor's room and the commons room in the center portion. Faculty members will have the blessing of living in houses located on the point overlooking the lake. An administration office is planned, plus a Cafetorium—a combination cafeteria and auditorium.

When will the six-weeks program begin? Plans now call for the starting date to be the first or second week in July if all continues to progress as it presently is.

With all the time and effort put into the program it promises to be abundant and richly rewarding for students and staff alike! Sold on going?

Sign on a restaurant:

"Eat here and diet home!"

Happy Bachelor Bites the Dust

Another "happy" bachelor has gone the way of all good bachelors—another coed is thinking in terms of chintz curtains and china. This second-semester state of affairs has been brought about by a recent proposal on the part of Flemming Sylvest, and a recent acceptance in turn by Cecilia Stanciu. The two will solemnize this proposed contract "right after school's out!"

Dichondra

(Continued from page 2)

stems are still alive, and with three or four weeks of *warm* weather, new green leaves will grow out again. In the meantime our campus bears a marred and unkempt appearance. The hours of danger are between 6 p.m. and 10 a.m. So the next time you are tempted to take a shortcut across campus at night, remember that even your footprints can reveal your character!

German Students Travel Abroad

(Continued from page 1)

and *Nein!*), must apply before March 15. No visas are needed. But parental approval is mandatory as this is NOT a college project. Lufthansa German Airlines is sponsoring this project. So naturally they provide the transportation. The time of the flight is the Tuesday after Pentecost. It will stop over in London (with perhaps a chance to see Ambassador College, Bricket Wood), then will continue on to Germany.

The jobs vary, but the best ones are those in summer resorts. The resort areas are the North Sea and the Bavarian Alps. The jobs are on a 40-hour-per-week basis.

Of course, only students with *little or no* college indebtedness ought to consider.

The work opportunities will provide fellows with a unique educational advantage—speaking with the German public every working hour through the week. There is nothing like learning the



If it takes a hen-and-a-half a day-and-a-half to hatch an egg-and-a-half, how long does it take a rooster to hatch a hardware store from a door knob?

spoken language firsthand in the native country.

Interested? Contact the German Department for details.

LOCK, LOOK AND LISTEN!

There have been strange happenings in 380 recently; time has literally been flying (a clock fell out of a second story window and landed, still running, in the middle of the mall between 380 and 390) and one of the men got locked out. Coming home late one night, thinking of how good his bed was going to feel, he reached into his pocket and pulled out his key, but when he tried to insert it into the keyhole, he couldn't! Try as he might, the key would not fit. It was then that he came to the stark realization that he was a victim of the changing of the locks and that he would have to spend the night on the lawn under the umbrella.

The reason for this replacement of the locks is to individualize each apartment's key, yet at the same time to give each man access to the front and rear entrances of the dorm.

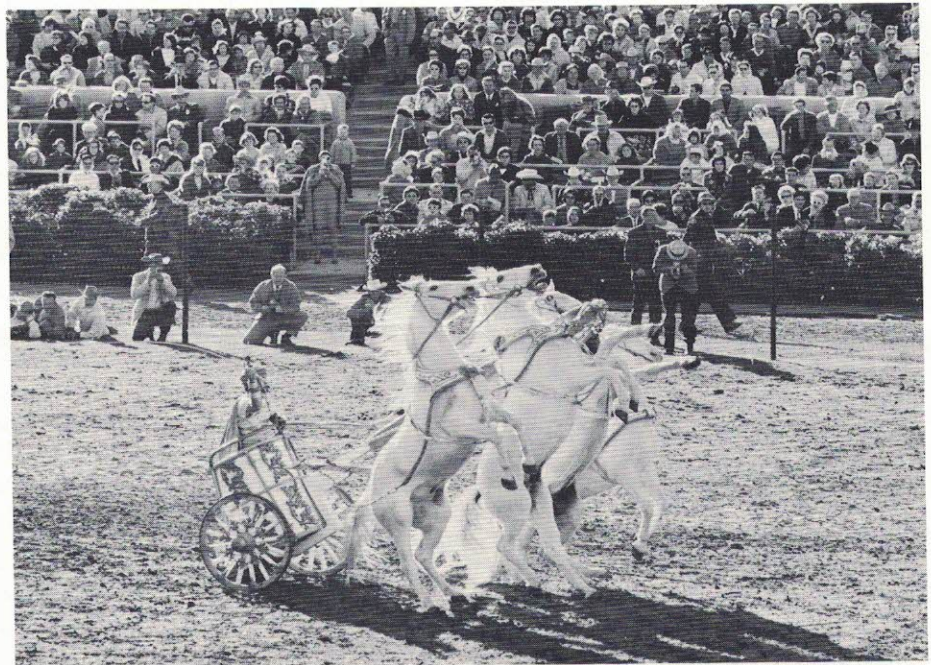
The story you have just read is true. *Only the locks have been changed to protect the incident...*

Rodeo Goes Ancient Rome

With reminders of the famed BEN HUR chariot race being brought to the crowd of 28,001 rodeo fans, a simulated disastrous accident unfolded before all eyes. This was just one of the fine entertainment features offered in the first annual Rose Bowl Rodeo.

Attending the first field trip since New Year's Day, 400 Ambassador students, faculty and families witnessed the Casey Tibbs Rodeo which included a Burro Race with the most famous jockeys from Santa Anita sitting astride the stubborn beasts. The winner of this hilarious fiasco of horse racing was the winningest jockey in history, Johnny Longdon.

Amidst the rodeo's regular integral parts (bareback riding, bronc busting, calf tying, team roping, bulldogging, brahma bull riding, girls' cloverleaf barrel racing, and the ever-present ro-



Famous Ben Hur chariots perform in Rose Bowl.

deo clowns) was the celebrity calf-tying, featuring various newscasters and disc jockeys in the Los Angeles area. The victor in this event was Bob Eubank of station KRLA.

With the walk over and back (a prelude to morning exercises) and a gusty, biting wind, this enjoyable day was capped with piping-hot chile served Mayfair style.

Foreign Imports Make Campus International Botanical Wonder

You have been living in an international forest for months or years—and haven't known it! The Ambassador College campus here at Pasadena is a vast botanical garden of rare woods, fruit trees and shrubs.

We overlook these rare and expensive trees and plants in our daily walks about the campus. One ignored tree, the European Fan Palm, for example, could have been sold a few years ago for \$17,000 to a Hollywood movie star!

Two years ago we thought we had a Monkey Puzzle tree on the southeast corner of Manor Del Mar. Robert Green, our ex-botanist, checked into that old claim and found out that we had a Bunya Bunya tree instead. That's right! We have a genuine Australian Bunya Bunya tree. It's a native of the southern and western Australian coast. It is found nowhere else. Even in Australia it is uncommon enough not to be used for lumber. Its foot-long seed-bearing cones, often weighing up to a fantastic 12 pounds, are used by the natives for food.

Actually it is a pine tree, but its needles are very broad and look like leaves. Because it is "between" a pine and a broad-leaved tree, evolutionists attempt to make this "a missing link" in the evolution of plants. To our knowledge it hasn't evolved into anything yet—it still remains a Bunya Bunya tree on the southeast corner of Manor Del Mar. The tree was probably planted by Mr. Merritt when he first built Manor Del Mar.

Our expensive European Fan Palm towers up right next to the Library Building. It is a variety that Christ and Paul very probably saw by the thousands. The Apostle John definitely saw similar trees on the "Island of Patmos"! It is fairly common along the Mediterranean and the coasts of Greece where Paul traveled. It is not usually found inland since it needs a lot of water.

Where is the Serengeti Plain? That's

where our African Yellow-wood hails from. This tree, found in the hot flats of Kenya, is of the same family as the California Yew tree. Its trunk rears up in the green "courtyard" between the Administration and Library Buildings. Contrary to the European Fan Palm, it needs very little water.

Did you know that the bean of the carob tree was part of the Old Testament "Department of Weights and Measurements"? Yes, the little carob bean was used as a standard for a "carat" of gold! Carob trees are all over the campus. Take a look at them next time you pass them! Some are in front of the 124 Terrace Drive offices on Camden street.

"Kaugummi" they call it in Germany. In Scandinavia they call it "tyggegummi." You call it "chewing gum." But it all comes from the exotic Rubber tree (at Terrace Villa, for example) a native of the rain forests of Malaya and Indonesia. Chewing gum comes from the white fluid drained out of the trunk of the tree. You can see and feel this white "latex" if you crush a leaf between your fingers (but please, not on the college plants!).

To top it off, Ambassador College campus features a fantastic fruit orchard! We have: oranges, lemons, grapefruits, loquats, tangerines, bananas, guavas, olives, peaches, strawberries, and English walnuts! It sounds like we have enough to go into the orchard business, but actually we have only one or two trees of each. That's why the rule that students are not to take fruit off these trees.

Don't take the trees for granted! *Appreciate* them next time you walk across campus!

Lawn Patio Chairs

(Continued from page 3)

ooze. It took two men and some muscle to pull this "ox out of the ditch"! So if you want fun, adventure, or just

Out At Last!

New Compendium

At last Mrs. Martin has completed a music manual to aid in teaching the Music Appreciation Class. For years now, the students have had to copy voluminous notes in notebooks from different musical periods. Spelling such names as Bizet (Bizzay), Saint Saens (Sahn Sohns), Torelli (Torelly) and Conperin (?) are enough alone to make the new text appreciated by all.

The title of the book is *An Introduction to Music* by Mrs. Lucy Martin. It is a guide or a basic outline of what is taught in Music Appreciation. But it is also very helpful for anyone who wants to develop a better background for the enjoyment of music.

Thank you very much, Mrs. Martin. And *BACK TO WORK*, SOPHOMORES!!!

Don't Mimic Mangled Manners At Mayfair

A senior was eating with both elbows on the table. He was relaxed and very much at ease. He *thought* he added to the warm, friendly, homey attitude at Mayfair. He thought he helped others to relax and to be at ease.

Was he right?

Or was he sloppy in his manners?

You know it is never necessary to let down in "manners" to relax in PUBLIC!

We all imitate—especially our own weaknesses—and if you are setting a bad example in how you sit, hold your fork and knife, butter your toast—others are going to copy you, action for action. And you will be held responsible for *their* bad manners sooner or later!

True, there is never a reason to become persnickity or foppish—this is not Buckingham Palace (you can be thankful for that). But this is *Ambassador College*! Are you going to live up to that title?

a place to ruminate, try visiting the 390 patio some time!

Mail Receiving Who's Who

Events of the past month have brought many changes in the Mail Receiving Department. With the re-vamping of procedures and processes have come changes in the rank and file of the supervisors.

Mr. John Wilson has served for a number of years as the Department Head of Mail Receiving. Working with him now as the Assistant Department Head is Mr. Gary Sefcak.

Under these men the department falls roughly into three or four main sections. The Head of the Mail Opening Section is Mr. Bob Seelig. And working with him in the official capacity of Assistant Section Head is Mr. George Merz.

Mr. Garry Pifer is the man in charge of the Mail Reading Section. He replaces Mr. Ray Dick who was the former Section Head over Mail Reading. But the Mail Reading section is again divided into other parts because of the new system of processing mail. Mr. Lance Johnson is aiding Mr. Pifer in the Mailing division of the department. And Mr. John Schroeder is the Assistant Section Head over the mail-readers themselves.

Mr. Morgan Olsen is now the Section Head over the new Typing Section. The typists here address the envelopes to contain the literature to be mailed out the same afternoon as the letters are received.

Finally, all the letters that go through the various sections must be counted. In this way we are able to judge which radio stations are pulling the most mail. Mr. James Hammons is helping the assistant Department head, Mr. Gary Sefcak, as the Assistant Section Head over the Tabulation Section.

Whew!

A woman went into a hardware store to purchase a bale of peat moss. She gave a check in payment and, since she was unknown to the salesman, said, "I suppose you want some identification?" "No, ma'am," he replied without hesitation. "Crooks don't buy peat moss."

Moonridge Brings New Expressions

(Continued from page 1)

boarded toboggans headed in one general direction—DOWN. By 2's, 3's, or 4's the result of the downward plunges were invariably the same—everyone ended up *in* the snow.

The beautiful, snow-covered mountains of winter-resort-area Moonridge were *ideal* for all activities—skiing, tobogganing, snowball fights, foot racing, and even old-fashioned snowman making.

"M-m-m-m!" The expression generally heard in the wintery air as students warmed their innards with a *hearty meal* of beef stew and doughnuts. For dinner, hungry Ambassadors polished off 700 sloppy joes and didn't seem to mind it a bit!

"Ah!" An expression of contentment voiced by *weary students* as they sank into the comfortable seats of the buses—bound for home—after hours of vigorous activities.

"GREAT!" The final word used to express how much the entire student body of Ambassador College *enjoyed* the 1965 Snow Line Party at scenic Moonridge.

A Morning Walk

by Ellen Eldred

Take a walk some morning when
the grass is wet with dew;

Breathe the air so fresh and clean,
view the sky so clear and blue.

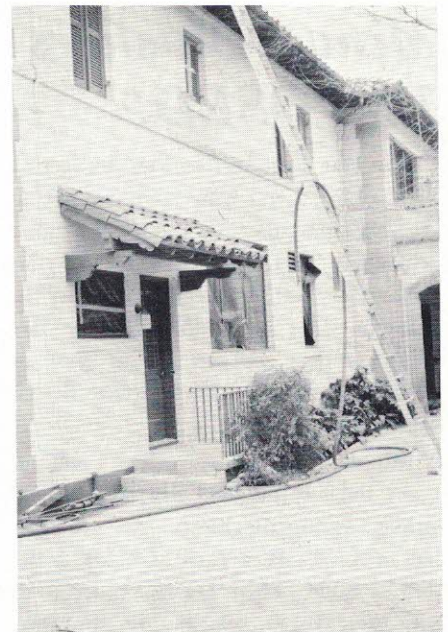
Meditate on God's creation
see the beauty all around—

Trees and pretty flowers and each
pebble on the ground.

Courage will come back to you.
Faith, will restore your sight.

Try it out some morning in the very
early dawn—

God's love and life will lift you up
And help you carry on.



Sandblasters ready exterior.

Casa Loma Site of New Rejuvenation

Work has been in progress now for some time on *Casa Loma*, the former Lisman residence. Sandblasters have stripped the old paint from the exterior. "Varmits" in the form of the notorious *Destruction Crew* have gutted the interior, making it void of all semblance of order or livability. But soon the entire house—inside and out—will be completely renovated to prepare for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Armstrong to move in.

Before too much longer it is expected that Cal Tech may exercise right of eminent domain to enlarge their present campus to include the area of the Armstrongs' present home. When this is done, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong will have to find a new home. And what could be nicer than to live so much closer and handier to the Work and the College?

Well, presently that is in the planning as soon as the Construction Department can ready the home which has been called *Casa Loma*. Much, much more work is still to be done, but at least it has begun. And with Ambassador industry, it shouldn't be too very much longer before the job is complete.

Minute-Mashers EXPOSED!

Do you have difficulties budgeting your time? Can't you seem to put to use all that advice on how to run a schedule? Then join the club of *minute-mashers*—that solemn fraternity of studious ones who do not only *two* things at once, but manage to *mash* or *squeeze three or four things* into that same period of time!

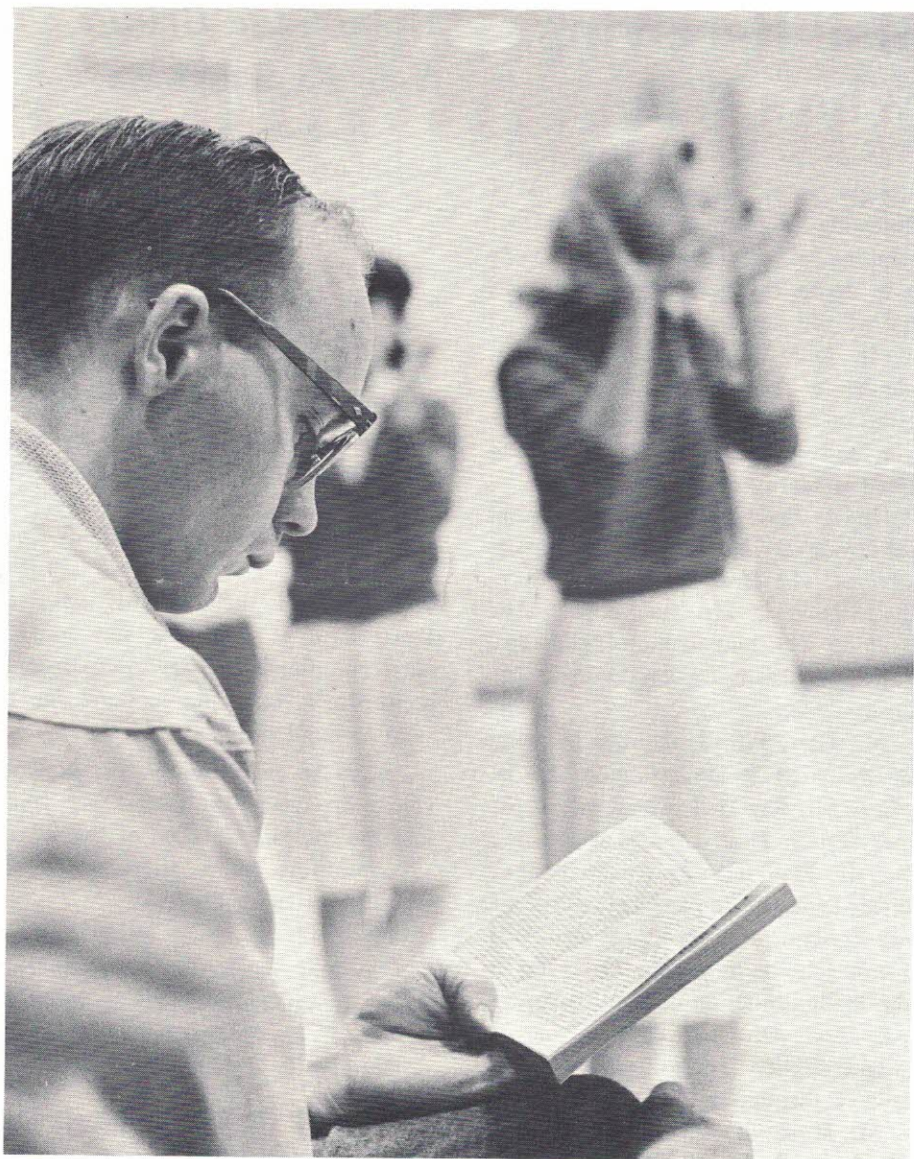
Minute-mashing can be practiced many times throughout the day—for example, during mealtimes. All a fellow has to do is take a pack of notes to the dinner table. Then he can proceed to eat, carry on a scintillating conversation with those around him, read a letter from home, learn ten new vocabulary words, and listen to the broadcast *all in five minutes!* Then he'll have time to run down to the Frontier Room for dessert.

MINUTE-MASHING is most noticeable at student functions such as basketball tournaments. Think of it—the game goes into double overtime, the stands go wild, the band makes all sorts of noises, Mr. Clark cheers emphatically from his inimitable diaphragm, Mr. Petty and Al Portune battle for the basketball in the stratosphere—and the second-squasher sits in the bleachers placidly finishing the 15th chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

Rhapsody Of Fashions

Ambassador's Rhapsody of Fashions was certainly a rainbow of colors when our lovely coeds stepped out in their fashionable wardrobes of day and evening wear.

On Thursday, January 21, in the gymnasium, the fashion show provided a rainbow of feminine style. Ambassador girls, under the direction of Mrs. Velma Van der Veer and Mrs. Janet Eickhoff, combined beauty with fashion to bring maximum value to those original creations. Since the practical side of learning is stressed, these girls



completed their own outfits from choosing a pattern and style, to the buying of materials, and the sewing of the last stitch. Every outfit was totally the product of each girl's acquired ability.

The music department provided added entertainment: featuring an Ambassador Octet singing selections from "The Sound of Music," led by Mrs. Harold Reed, and the Instrumental Ensemble which did a medley from the musical, "Oklahoma," directed by Mr. Reiner.

Although some of the complicated tailoring presented quite a challenge at first, these girls did a commendable job in presenting to us "Rhapsody of Fashions!"

Girls, we are looking forward with anticipation to our next style show!

Chorale Gives Spring Concert

The ever-busy Ambassador Chorale is already at work assembling the coming annual Spring Concert for 1965. The Chorale will follow their theme of "MANY A SONG" with a wide variety of selections, ranging from the old "masters" to folk songs, popular music, and just plain *variety* numbers. With a performance that promises a wide scope of music, you won't want to miss this opportunity to fill your musical appetite!

Youth is the time for looking ahead; old age for looking back. Middle age is the period in which you merely look startled.