

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



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French Club Features Freshmen

An air of anticipation prevailed as the French Club assembled for its second meeting of the new semester.

This was "Freshman Night"! Tonight no Sophomore could wax eloquent in song, speech, or skit—no Upperclassman could give of his vast experience in *la langue française*!

No, tonight everything—and that meant *everything*—was to be done *exclusively* by the Freshmen Frenchmen!

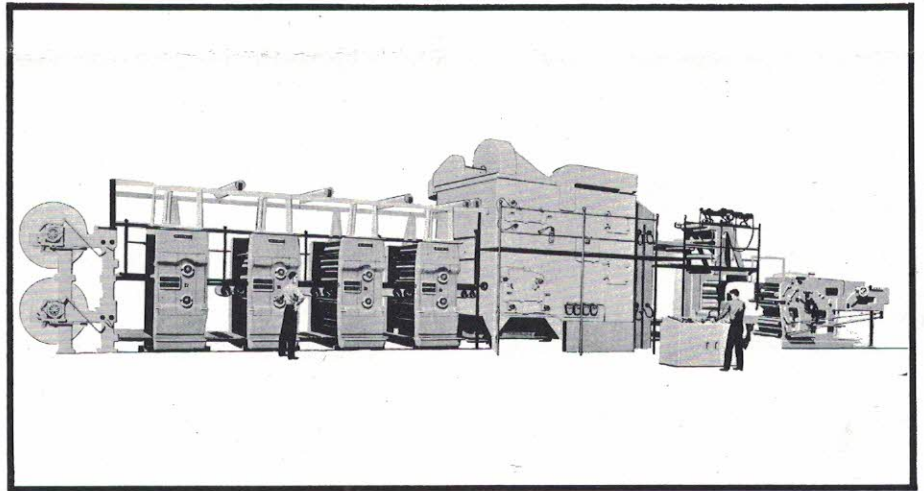
After opening the meeting, the Club President relinquished control to our freshman Master of Ceremonies for the evening, Monsieur Gary Reid. But there was no need to worry!

Amid laughter, Gary guided us through a fine program with true Gallic charm. Barry Brooks and his quartet gave a rousing rendition of "Vive La"
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Music Department Presents Musical Journey into Past

You have recently traveled without going anywhere! This unusual trip was 'A musical journey into time and place' presented at an assembly by the Ambassador College Music Department.

The skillful hands of Mrs. Lucy Martin and Farrol Hans in a piano duet
(Continued on page 4)



An artist's conception of the web-fed press including all four printing units (left) and a large sheeter (right end). Center is an oven for drying the ink on the paper.

FULL COLOR: The New Look In Print Shop Expansion

Expanding, burgeoning, exploding—what words can describe the continuous surging growth in the printing division of God's Work!

Scarcely a week passes without another piece of equipment being added to the already crowded print shop.

Recently, two additional units for the giant web press were delivered. They have not been connected up yet, but when they are, the already enormous press will total 63 feet in length!

The addition of the two units will mean that all four colors used in color printing will be able to be printed in one continuous operation. In other words, a roll of paper goes in one end, and a full color, cut and folded section of *The PLAIN TRUTH* comes out the other!

Down in the photographic department on Green Street, preparations are also under way to handle the influx of color. A complete room is being set aside solely for the production of color negatives.

A 10-foot-high color enlarger arrived recently all the way from Italy. This will be in operation soon. An automatic filter, a high precision, nitrogen burst developing tank, and a vacuum frame are to be installed, to com-

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The Magnificent Ambassador Hall

You and I have the matchless opportunity of attending classes in the most beautiful college on the face of the earth. How much of the history of the magnificent buildings do you know? Take for instance Ambassador Hall.

Mr. Hullett C. Merritt, a multi-millionaire (before he was 19 years old!) was the prior owner. He was the youngest railroad president in history as well as chairman of 138 corporations. He was also the owner of the largest peach orchard in the world, which used 4 times as much water as the entire city of Pasadena. His total property was valued at \$8,812,000. He died on January 13, 1956.

Because Mr. Merritt had no children living at the time of his death, relatives decided to auction his home. All his personal property and art were sold at public auction. Ten thousand people per day swarmed through the mansion while the sale lasted.

It took Mr. Merritt 5 years to complete his house. It was finished in 1905. Italian, Grecian, and Swiss workmen did the work on the fabulous

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Editorial

The Taste of Victory

by Bill Nettles

Did you achieve all you should have last semester? Are you completely satisfied with your accomplishments? Did you come through with flying colors and make a smashing success in every aspect of your college life? Or did you allow unforeseen obstacles to thwart the achieving of many of your goals?

Don't make the same mistake again!

General Douglas MacArthur, one of the greatest generals of our time, was an outstanding example of a driving, dynamic individual who never let even the most forboding opposition dampen his spirits. Trudging on day after day through rain, snow, mud, and under constant danger with little or no sleep or food, he never let up because his goal was constantly before him—VICTORY, TRIUMPH, CONQUER.

War isn't easy. It is either win or lose—live or die! General MacArthur recognized this *striking reality*. In every battle his burning desire for the taste of victory drove him to win. For victory he was willing to give unselfishly of his time, his energy, and even his blood.

He did this for a temporal, physical goal. Fellow Ambassadors, how much more should we be willing to drive ourselves unselfishly and without complaint toward the goals of God's Work and College!

VICTORY is our goal, but can any of us say we have been absolutely victorious in our classes, Ambassador or Women's Club, or our personal growth and development?

Think for a moment of a time when you had a really big task staring you in the face. You knew it was going to take a lot of hard work and perseverance to accomplish it. But when the task was complete, and you saw the fruits of all your efforts, you realized a real sense of satisfaction and accomplishment—this is the TASTE OF VICTORY.

Let's learn a lesson from the experiences of last semester. What do you see that you should change? In how many ways have you been just mediocre?

Probably you thought last semester that you were going to "turn over a new leaf"—make some really big changes. Some of you who are reticent and shy thought you would simply and easily become a dynamic sparkplug in Ambassador Club; or you felt you would suddenly find that composition assignments, Bible class, world history, etc. would "just come naturally" with no struggling or effort.

It's time we STOP DAYDREAMING!! It takes EFFORT to succeed!

Right now take out a sheet of paper and write at the top, "GOALS FOR THIS SEMESTER." Make a list of goals you are going to accomplish before next summer. Seriously analyze your shortcomings, lacks and mistakes. Whether in your classes, club, job, or in any other facet of your life, you should now set your will not to fall into the same old rut and make the same mistakes you did in the past.

Our ultimate goal is far greater than anything that any general fighting for a physical cause could ever hope to achieve. Don't let little doubts or thoughts of "I can't" trip you. We can do a lot more than we think we can by setting our WILL and DESIRE to succeed—to savor the sweet taste of victory. With the help of God's Holy Spirit in us and with diligence on our part, it is *impossible* to be a failure in Ambassador.

As Ambassadors, let's set our aim high, *clearly define our goals*, and LUNGE FORWARD into the most victorious months of our lives!

The Story of the Unsung Heroines Of Basketball History



Long hours of practice paid off for Ambassador cheerleaders.

Who notices the crippled coeds on the sidelines? Who offers a word or two of encouragement for these self-denying, martyred cheerleaders who must suffer in the line of duty?

"WHAT suffering? WHAT anguish?" you say.

Well, how would you feel—a girl with a hoarse, raspy voice that sounds the next day like she's trying to *deepen* it! Think of how frustrating it is! With each cheer her voice drops another notch. Her roommates wonder what the Woman's Club evaluators might have recommended—*barking exercises?*

Then too, there are the raw, ruby-red hands, inflamed by incessant clapping.

Hungry Five Meet Tomorrow In Basement

"Tell Chuck Lavaty that the 'Hungry Five' will meet tomorrow at noon in the Del Mar basement," said Dick Wiedenheft over the telephone in the Library. "Okay. Bye."

As he calmly turned around to leave he was met by a group of astonished faces and gaping mouths.

"The hungry five?" wondered Diana Dick. "At noon?" queried Shirley Beattie. "What's that?"

So, like a flock of grounded geese, these cheerleaders must waddle home gamely, commiserating with one another over their endless infirmities in disheartening sore voices. They receive no purple hearts—only purple hands.

And yet, barely recuperated before the next game, these undaunted, self-sacrificing cheerleaders are ready for a relapse. They keep coming back for more. More yelling, more clapping, more jumping *and* more lumbago.

All of this they unflinchingly have borne only to drive and inspire the men to play their best on the courts. THANK YOU, cheerleaders!

Dick burst out laughing at the riddle he had created and said over his shoulder as he turned to leave, "Can you think of a better time for five hungry people to meet?"

The "Hungry Five" did meet at noon and their "um-pah-pah, um-pah-pah" resounded through the walls of Del Mar—only interrupted when curious men stopped in to see what in the world all that "um-pah-pahing" was about.

The truth about all this um-pah-pah and "Hungry Five" business came out when the performance night came—Wednesday, January 27 at German Club.

"And now we present the 'Hungry

Tuesday "B" Goes Cultural – Visits Library

"But notice the brush strokes!"

"Brush strokes *bab!* I could take a better snapshot!"

Cryptic snatches of conversation like the above, plus other semicultural comments were heard in profusion last Sunday the 28th. The occasion—Tuesday B Ambassador Club took dates to Huntington Library. There they saw a potpourri of *objects d'art* purchased with the Henry Huntington millions—including a forbidding portrait of Arabella Huntington, his dowager wife. She may be seen in the gallery with greats like the original "Blue Boy" and "Pinkie," and some fabulous sculpture and period furniture too.

The club strolled through the famous Library, Japanese Gardens, huge camellia collection, and cactus gardens. Many of the men gallantly offered their dates a seat on one of the spiny plants just in case they were tired. That shows real outgoing concern!

As feet became sorer, everyone tramped out to the mausoleum to view the Huntingtons' great whitened sepulchre. Having paid their "last respects" to the deceased founder of that noble institution, they slowly staggered their way back to the bus, where Fred patiently waited to drive them home. Their minds crammed to overflowing with "culture," the club still managed to sing the lilting strains of that stirring Appalachian classic, "Ol' Mountain Dew," on the way home.

"Five," exclaimed Rey Crandall—and in they marched with the music of "Die Wacht am Rhein" emanating from their instruments—Gary Alexander on clarinet, Chuck Lavaty on trombone, Bob James "spieling" the trumpet, and Dick Wiedenheft "um-pah-pah"-ing baritone—the "Hungry Five" with one anonymous second clarinetist missing.

A new survey shows there are now so many TV aerials in Los Angeles that the smog is starting to come in shredded.

The "Bauery" Boys - How the Band - Began!

Whether you call them the South Fair Oaks Boys, The "Bauery" Boys, or Alexander's Ragtime Band, the Ambassador College Big Band is a swinging part of Ambassador College life.

Just five months ago, nobody ever entertained the faintest dream that Ambassador would have its own big dance band. It seemed impossible. Yet—through *many miracles* and *much hard work*—this band is now a college institution.

How did all this happen?

The PORTFOLIO would like to take you behind the scenes on the formation of this swinging band.

Joe Bauer was in charge of the Squaw Valley 1964 Review. He decided to try a "new sound"—having a group of Ambassador College instrumentalists behind the entire show to provide musical accompaniment. He contacted all the musicians he knew, but many were going to Texas for the Feast.

On the first night of rehearsal, three staunch souls showed up—Chuck Gillette plus two saxophonists. This was the beginning of the Ambassador Col-



"This Could Be the Start of Something Big!"

lege Big Band. Before long, more people devoted their time, and the Squaw Valley Review staged a band of 10: two clarinets, a trumpet, two rhythm instruments, and FIVE guitars!

Although unpolished and unbalanced, this band received rave notices. Many urged Mr. Bauer to add the students from Chorale (who were in Texas) and have a top-notch dance band.

Almost everybody was pessimistic about the band, but Mr. Bauer caught the vision. One Saturday night late in October (the historic day will forever be lost in the annals of history) the

doubting musicians came together and PRESTO! A band was born!

With "concertmaster" Bob Seltzer, Mr. Bauer bought more music, recruited more band members, and busily prepared for the soon-coming Sophomore Ball.

After late and long rehearsing, frayed nerves, and a lot of "never-say-die" from Mr. Bauer, the band premiered its musical wares on November 26, 1964.

The rest of the story is well known to all. As the theme song of the band says, "This Could be the Start of Something Big!"

Music Assembly Presents "Trip"

(Continued from page 1)

of Brahms Waltzes set the stage and started the countdown for the 'blast-off' which sent us enroute on an adventure by music. Rumbling tones poured forth as Dean Smith put us in orbit with "The Revolutionary Etude" by Chopin.

Now we had broken the sound barrier. We cruised along, hastened by a dramatic tenor solo executed by Mr. Marion McNair. We could not understand the words, but his music told the story. Our excited minds and emotions were lulled back into a peaceful glide

by the soothing bird-like voice of Garnett Ziska, singing "Open Thy Blue Eyes."

As we journeyed on, we approached a squall line of a confused weather pattern. It was like a calm before a storm. Then came the loud, thunderous tones from the piano, inspired by the talents of Leslie Myrick. She left us with an echo of "The Engulfed Cathedral" rolling into the distance. We were then brought back to safety "Without a Song."

The gay, dancing voice of Garnett Ziska again lilted forth making us all feel as if "'We' Could Have Danced All Night."

We were entertained in the next portion of our cruise by "Gershwin's Pre-

ludes" featuring Susan Armstrong. Suddenly, the retro rockets were fired by the accomplished and organized efforts of Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Williams playing "The Sleigh." This brought us to a controlled, crashing, snowplow landing.

An exuberant and spontaneous applause reverberated throughout the ship. The hatches opened. Our scintillating journey had come to an end.

Some people have a perfect genius for doing nothing, and doing it assiduously.—Haliburton.

Seville dair dago, Tousin busses in-
aro. Nojo demstrux, Summit cows, in
Summit dux.

BASKETBALL'S HALL OF FAME!

by Jerry Baker

Throughout the course of events during this current basketball season at Ambassador College, certain feats of distinction have occurred noteworthy of *public acclaim!*

Never, in the game of basketball has one so little scored so much over so many so tall. Robby "Basketeer" Royce deserves a round of applause, but I think he would rather have a pair of *elevated shoes.*

For the most "deceptive" tactic used in combat, honorable mention goes to Helson "the Hawk" Naas. His "crow-call" play confused everyone. Whoever heard a hawk "caw" anyway?

Another fantastic feat of valor must not go unnoticed. For the most damage inflicted by any one player on the opposition, credit goes to Wom "Big Wong" Tilliams. His barrelling rebounding rocked the rafters and rattled the windows. In league play, he is feared more than a buffalo stampede.

Harry "Treetop" Laworth must receive praise for battering the back-

boards the most throughout the season. Those backboards will never be the same. That's using your **HEAD Harry!** But remember, they are only made out of glass.

Next, for the most bandages worn on one leg while playing basketball, a word of praise must go to Haryll "Hustler" Denson. The weight of those bandages didn't seem to hamper him as he tossed in basket after basket to desecrate the challengers.

Lastly, tribute must go to Rim "Sudsy" Redus (is this correct?). In an unbelievable feat of manhood, "Sudsy" consumed more (you know what) than anyone else after the games. Boy, was he thirsty!

These names will go down in Ambassador College's basketball "hall of fame"—that is, if this article doesn't go up in flame first!

(*Ed. Note:* The names of those persons written in this article were generally changed to protect the author. Any similarity to those at Ambassador College is purely purposeful.)



"You'll have to go faster. I can talk for only one more minute!"

Telephone Etiquette

When answering a phone state where you are and who you are. One student answered: "Joe's mule barn. Joe ain't here, this is the mule." He was right.

Dorms are *not* to be called after 8:00 P. M. unless a *special* case transpires. The fact that *you* are calling doesn't constitute a "special case."

There are 325 students on campus. On your floor there is *one* phone. Any of those 325 students might need to call your dorm at any time. In a twelve hour day what is your share of time on the phone? Mathematically its a little shy of two minutes *per day.*

Long distance calls *cost money*—\$\$ and ¢ ¢. Each year bills are left over unpaid sometimes mounting to hundreds of dollars in all the dorms! *Someone* made the calls!

Let's read our handbooks and use the telephones as they are intended. As a service. As an *aid* in our activities.

It was a brave man who ate the first oyster!

The best doctor is the one you run for and can't find! Diderot.



Basketballers practice a new dance—The Crawl!

The Story of Ambassador Hall

(Continued from page 2)

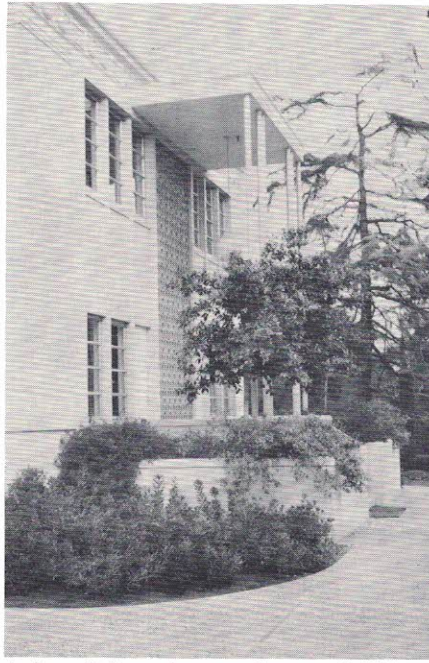
estate. They were the most skilled workmen money could obtain. When the home was finished it covered approximately 4 acres and cost \$1,200,000 (1905 standards). It had three stories and contained 36 rooms. There was at one time 2,500 pieces of furniture and objects of art in the building.

Inside the rooms were made of such woods as Peruvian mahogany, birch, satin wood etc. The wood in the building's main lobby has 30 coats of varnish on it. The beautiful entrance hall is made of Peruvian mahogany. For all practical purposes, this wood is unavailable today. The wood in the splendid rosewood dining room is absolutely irreplaceable. Incidentally such famous men as General MacArthur and General Eisenhower (before he was president) have eaten in the Rosewood dining room. That particular room had the first indirect lighting system in the world. The fine table is made of solid mahogany.

The dazzling chandelier in the entrance hall came from Czechoslovakia. It is cut crystal and weighs over 400 pounds. It cost \$1,200.

The swimming pool located downstairs was once filled with books about Napoleon. Statues were strewn throughout the home. Mr. Merritt's wife was supposedly distantly related to Napoleon.

There used to be a secret room downstairs. (In the room just preceding room where the vault is.) The painting on the south side of the room—behind the glass doors—concealed a secret room. Mr. Merritt hid black market sugar in it during World War II. The F.B.I. came out and searched his home but could not find it. The city police finally discovered it when a disgruntled maid tipped them off. Mr. Merritt fought the case all the way to the Supreme court—all the while maintaining his plea of innocence. Today the room contains electrical equipment. The secret entrance has been sealed off by a plywood panel and an outside entrance constructed.



Ambassador's number one classroom building—
AMBASSADOR HALL.

The house was built to be earthquake proof. It was assumed that the estate had not been reinforced against earthquakes because it was built long before such reinforcement had become compulsory. The result of inspection by the city inspectors showed that it is far beyond even present-day requirements. It is literally built like a rock.

Our surroundings are *fantastic*. Now you know more about them. Thank God for what HE has given us!

Chorale Adopts New Domicile

The Ambassador Chorale members have changed their living quarters. Their chief place of abode is the big silver and purple bus with the Ambassador shield on it.

Yes, the Chorale has made a trip north and one visit to the Los Angeles Church. On February 27, they boarded their mobile home and headed for Fontana (new home of the former San Bernardino Church). The most recent excursion was to Long Beach on March 13.

Ghaaastly! I'm Late For the Next Class!

Have you ever been late for class? Then you know what it feels like—to oversleep, dazedly throw your clothes on, grab your books, and zoom down to the assembly hall—to find the class has already commenced.

Several thoughts cross your mind. First—How can I sneak in without Mr. Meredith (Mr. Clark, Dr. Hoeh) seeing me? Second—*Why don't I go back to bed!*

After overcoming this second thought for five seconds or so, your knees vibrating like a tuning fork, you creak open the door and peek in. Then you slam it shut in "chicken" anticipation of the stares to come. Finally, you squeak the door slowly open on its *odiously noisy* hinges. The class, having been alerted to your presence by the first small creak, automatically turns around and gives you the benefit of full eye contact. You hightail it for the nearest seat, dropping books and pencils on the way. Then, mercifully, you are able to sit down. The instructor gives you a long, hard, penetrating glance and you grin back as the red blushes up from your neck. But the worst part is over—you have met the challenge and finally come to grips with the inevitable result of the "shirt-tail shoot"!

How to avoid this embarrassing and soul-shaking experience? 1) Cut class; 2) Sneak in during the commercial; 3) *Be on time!*

Sign in a Los Angeles antique shop:
YOU THINK THIS IS JUNK? COME AND
PRICE IT!

Two drunks built a tremendous bonfire alongside the Washington Monument in Washington, D.C. Another drunk wobbled by, shook his head and said sadly, "You'll never get it off the ground."

AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

by Steve Shafer

Have you ever taken a short-cut that turned out to be a *long-cut*—eleven hours longer? Have you been in a predicament leaving you only one *final* alternative—the last one in the world you would want to take? It happened late one winter traveling with two friends over the snow-peaked mountains of western Washington.

Our “experienced” driver knew an easy “short-cut” over an old logging road. Off we went. Everything went fine for 18 miles. Then we hit snow. A few minutes later we were *stuck!* When we tried to get out by putting chains on, the tires just dug down deeper through the snow and into soft gravel beneath. An hour’s effort to turn the car around *failed miserably.*

Finally, as the only remaining alternative, two of us started the long walk down the narrow mountain road. It was extremely dark by this time. There was no moonlight. The trees towered up from both sides of the narrow road—nearly coming together at their peaks. This eliminated all starlight. We had no flashlight. We could barely distinguish each other even when we walked closely.

There was a service station and a few other buildings at the junction with the main highway. But between us and that, was nothing except cold and darkness.

So we thought!

After feeling our way for about four hours, suddenly we both sensed that there was a large stationary object to our left. We started toward it. To our astonishment it turned out to be a *large flat-bed truck*—a rather old one at that. We were even more amazed to find the keys in the ignition!

However, the truck was headed in the *wrong direction.* While trying to turn it around on the narrow road, we backed up too far. The rear wheels sank into a soft-mud gutter.

What frustration! So, off we marched again into the darkness.

Another hour passed. There was still no break in the trees. We were be-

ginning to think we would *never reach* the end of the road. Suddenly, I noticed a light through the trees to our right. It appeared to be quite a ways off. But we decided to cut a path toward it. What an undertaking! We couldn’t see where we were going. Often we got snatched and entangled by thorns and often stumbled over logs and vines. Many scratches and bruises later, we came to a clearing, but only to be attacked by a howling, sneering, teeth-snapping dog.

Then someone called it off.

That someone turned out to be a young lady who only opened the door long enough to let her dog in. She was more afraid of us than we were of the dog. Quickly she bolted the door with a chain from the inside. She spoke to us through a tiny window in the door, informing us that she could be of no help and that there was a small town about a mile down the road.

It must have taken nearly an hour to reach this tiny town called Packwood. The only place open was a tavern. We phoned our parents who had the State Patrol looking for us. Then we located the Automobile Association of America—in a garage-home operated by an elderly couple. It was almost 1:30 in the morning, but they were very pleasant and willing to help us.

They hadn’t used their tow truck in over a year. It took about an hour to put good tires on and fix it up in running condition. It was 4:00 a.m. by the time we finally got our car back to where we had started on our “short-cut.”

The point of the story? *Stick to the main road!* Don’t get sidetracked. Investigate the little side roads very carefully before you start digressing.

When a small child was asked on a well-known television show, “What do you suppose the statue of ‘The THINKER’ is thinking about?” The thoughtful reply came back, “He’s wondering what happened to all his clothes.”

Letters Beat Christmas Rush

During the height of the Post Office’s annual Christmas rush, Ambassador College had 50,000 AIR MAIL co-worker letters to be in the mails by the close of the day.

This was the fourth trip in a series of five, nearing that inevitable midnight deadline hour. One of the two men on the postal dock looked at me in amazement, overwhelmed at our astonishing growth, and said, “How many AIR MAIL letters did you say you would bring?”

I replied, “50,000.” He sighed quietly, then slowly and pensively, as in very deep thought, he sank down on the hand truck, which is used to pull mail inside. On his way down, he pulled a pad of paper out, and repeated, “50,000, times 8 cents a piece . . . That’s \$4,000! \$4,000 in one night!”

Then he and his fellow worker, who was born and reared on Ambassador College, *before it became Ambassador,* pulled the cart inside. On the way in the one looked at the other and softly spoke, “ONLY MR. ARMSTRONG, ONLY MR. ARMSTRONG COULD DO THAT!”

One student’s thoughts after 3rd Year Bible class, “Of course I know what I am doing. It’s just that I don’t understand.”

Here’s the perfect, justification for that last Freshman Bible test: “I have *all* the answers. It’s just the questions I don’t understand.”

“I never make mistakes; I just get confused sometimes.”

The Greatest Mistake You can make in life is to be continually fearing You will make one.

—Elbert Hubbard

A sign over one of the student’s desk: “Be ORIGINAL—At least make a *Different* mistake each time.”

WHY I DON'T WRITE FOR THE PORTFOLIO

I don't write for *The PORTFOLIO* because I just don't have that special knack for writing. When it comes to writing, you either have it, or you don't. Now, I can *say* what I want to get across. But in doing this I can use *gestures*, body intensity, and *voice* variation to add EMPHASIS to the flow of words. All you can use in writing is WORDS—and they must be used so effectively that they pump the message across just as clearly and colorfully as all the tools of speech *combined!*

Since my journalistic training is nil—why should I even *try* to compile an article for a paper that is *supposed* to reflect superb writing style? One thing we must never forget is that the PORTFOLIO is God's Very Own Paper. Who am I to try to write something for God? Why, I am just a clod. Let those whom God has laden down with a flare for writing take care of this job. *It comes easy for them!* As for me, I want to be a mouth so I can be seen and heard, not a non-entity lost behind a quill without any reward or acknowledgement for what I have written. —C.

French Club

(Continued from page 1)

Compagnie," and Wilma Rosell entertained everyone with an ingenious quiz. Jeff Barnes' twenty questions was brought to a premature close when somebody had the bad manners to actually *guess* the answer, but Jean Ehler kept the show moving with an interesting *discours* on French eating habits.

Then followed the tragic saga of the "Three Bears" dramatically portrayed by "Goldilocks" Nutt, and the three bears, Tom Fish (who looks more like a Papa bear than a fish anyway), Mama Mary "Anderson" Bear, and Little Linnea "VanLanduyt" Bear. Cheerful group singing rounded out the successful evening.

Perhaps General De Gaulle would not have approved of everything, but the opinion of all those present was, "*Vive les Freshmen francais!*"

When I see something to write about, I think that by the time it would get into *The PORTFOLIO* it would be "old hat." If it's worth writing about, someone already has written about it or been assigned in the Portfolio class to write about it. Also, I don't use my time wisely enough so that I can have free time to write and spend the proper amount of time and energy on it. —R.

I don't write for *The PORTFOLIO* because:

(1) I'm too busy and don't have enough time.

(2) When I took Introductory Journalism I tried to write some articles for it; but they weren't accepted. I have since lacked initiative to keep trying.

(3) I don't think I'm good enough or witty enough to write a good article.

(4) *It's a lot of long, hard work!* As a matter of fact, this short, little article wasn't easy to write—nothing is. It takes effort to *think and to do!* —L.

I thought there was an *active* PORTFOLIO class receiving credits as a class. With this staff plus the editors, I could see no real *need* for contribution.

There are several reasons for this. First, the editorials are for editors. Could I step in and write an editorial for Mr. Armstrong in *The PLAIN TRUTH*? Neither, have I been given permission to do so for the PORTFOLIO. The second reason was, I thought the staff or class took care of the normal reporting. Articles on Chorale trips, field trips, language clubs etc., were run-of-the-mill reporting ground out by the staff. I, with my article, would only be duplicating and confusing things by taking onto myself this job especially if 200 other students did the same.

Not being a member of the staff, the PORTFOLIO is not on my mind every day. I think the need for articles should be expressed in each PORTFOLIO as a challenge—but not just the need, but also the *type* of article. —B.

FULL COLOR: The New Look

(Continued from page 1)

plete the furnishing of this new room.

In a few days' time, Mr. Hill and Mr. Justus will be winging their way to Japan to view an automatic electronic color engraver. This \$50,000 marvel can cut the time of processing color negatives by a Ripley's Believe-it-or-not *ninety-eight* percent! With ever-increasing amounts of color work being demanded, this machine may prove a *must*.

A small vertical process camera is being installed in the main building to complement the larger one down on Green Street. Yes, it now takes *three* photo labs to keep pace with the work of publishing the gospel!

In addition to this, another small offset duplicator press is now in operation, and expected soon is yet another folding machine. Add to this, one more typesetting machine (making three), plus a three-hole puncher, plus . . . plus . . . plus . . .



Mr. Winger is the man supervising the web-fed press.