

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Vol. 15 Number 4

December 2, 1965

## Ambassador's Educational Persian Rug!

Through the years Ambassador College has become known for its fine *Persian Rugs*. In fact, many people have never seen a Persian Rug before arriving on campus.

Recently the college purchased another of these exotic carpets. But this is a special one. It's different. It is an EDUCATIONAL RUG! And it is a superb teacher. Many Ambassador students would find this particular rug very helpful if they would make use of its

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Library foyer now sports this beautiful educational Persian rug!



Laughing students dance to the Big Band sound to the theme of "Lands of Liberty."

## The Castaway Club: Ambassador Style Ball

It was November 24th. The carefully guarded shrouds of secrecy surrounding the mystical *Castaway Club* rapidly were *cast away*! The SOPHOMORE BALL had arrived! From the first steps along the beautifully lighted, pillared, and fountain-flanked entrance way, it was obvious that this was another Ambassador-style dance. Once inside the lounge, the powerful strains of *Exodus*, emanating from the *Ambassador "Big Band,"* lured the semiformaly attired couples into the main ballroom.

Dominating this spacious and finely furnished ballroom was a full-length "glass wall" which afforded a spectacular view out over the sparkingly lit city of Burbank. This star-studded panorama was rendered even more breathtaking by the open air patio. And no

wonder! The *Castaway Club*, nestled in the foothills overlooking the California southland, was originally conceived as a *millionaire's hideaway*.

Later in the evening the talented sophomores presented a five part entertainment program featuring Can-Can girls, a long-short pair of Texans, and four Englishmen. Many tuxes barely survived the side-splitting Englishmen

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## Editorial

# WHY-THE PORTFOLIO?

by Steven Gray

*The* PORTFOLIO HAS BEEN DISCONTINUED FOR THIS YEAR!

Shocking?

Probably not nearly as shocking to you as it would be to me if it were true. You see, I work on *The* PORTFOLIO. Most of the student body does not.

There is a definite reason why this problem exists. Most students haven't known that it is partially their personal responsibility to see that *The* PORTFOLIO continues as the campus paper. And most have not realized how much or how easily they could contribute.

There is another reason, however. As a whole, students *see no future in the writing field*. What's more, it takes more effort to type out a well-organized article than it does to throw a poorly organized speech together for a speech class. And everyone knows that laziness is the keynote of this modern age!

If you're *not* lazy, if you *are* responsible, if you want to be a valuable member of your class and of the student body as a whole, then you need to know *why* we go to the expense of writing and publishing a PORTFOLIO.

The main purpose for *The* PORTFOLIO is to serve as a *mirror of this college atmosphere*. By writing short human-interest articles students have the opportunity of sharing their enthusiasm about the college in a material way with many hundreds of other people. It furnishes training for each college student as he submits articles for publication.

Another big reason is to keep the ministers in the field in touch with the gusto of college life. Can you imagine being an emissary of Ambassador College without having some direct insight into the lives of the students? Certainly not. That's why articles need to have a warm, *personal* flavor of the *pot pourri* of college life. The college is comprised of students—not just buildings. That's why such a publication needs articles from *all* students—to present an accurate picture of the enjoyments and excitements of Ambassador College.

A common complaint is, "PORTFOLIO news is always so out of date." By now you should realize that *The* PORTFOLIO is not strictly a news medium. Rumors and other assorted tidbits spread so quickly in the tight-knit college atmosphere that a newspaper as such would be *superfluous!* What we need is a "newspaper" that makes *old news interesting!* Whenever possible we do try to make it up to date. But remember, *any* news is new news to someone out in the field.

Students feel they do not have the talent for such writing. "Besides," some reason, "isn't there a *department* that gets paid for producing a PORTFOLIO?"

Well, the answer is, *The* PORTFOLIO is as much an extra-curricular activity today as it was in 1951. The only difference is that far fewer people proportionate to the student body are helping carry the load.

At the beginning of the college year we told about the box on the buffet in Mayfair labeled "PORTFOLIO." From now on each student ought to feel a pang of conscience when he realizes he has not contributed a single article for the college paper *yet!* Why not stage a *box-stuffing* and fill that box with short articles that show the vibrant Ambassador College spirit. You need to feel the satisfaction of knowing there is a place and purpose for *you* in *The* PORTFOLIO!

## Royalty Misses College Campus

All was calm. The only audible sounds were the familiar *whoosh* of cars passing on South Orange Grove, birds singing through the choking smog, and the familiar sound of a rake gathering leaves. The unmistakable sound of a motorcycle pierced the air, and then another motorcycle followed, and then another. South Orange Grove shook with the roar of these machines ridden by officers who briskly motioned cars to the side of the street, clearing the path for a formation of 20 motorcycle policemen. They were leading a royal procession, PRINCESS MARGARET AND LORD SNOWDON!

The royalty of England, descended directly from King David, passed in front of my eyes and a few scant yards from the Ambassador College campus! Riding in a black Rolls Royce limousine, the royal couple were well guarded by about 50 policemen. They were en route to Los Angeles after visiting the campus of another Pasadena college, Cal-Tech. At CalTech they were treated to students popping out of manholes attempting to "shoot" them with cameras.

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## Congress Soon To Transcribe Speech Manual

There's a lot more to a *copyright* than a printed "C" with a circle around it! But there's where it all begins. Next a copy is sent along with a registration form and \$4.00 to the Register of Copyrights at the Library of Congress.

*It sure is good advertising!*

Just three weeks ago Mr. Elliott received a letter from Mr. Robert S. Bray, Chief of the Division for the Blind, Library of Congress. Mr. Bray requested permission to transcribe into braille the Ambassador-Spokesman Speech Manual! "This transcription will be made available by the Library of Congress solely for the blind free of charge," stated the application.

Mr. Meredith approved the request  
(Continued on page 6)

## Canine Capers Practiced By Freshman Men

"WOOF! WOOF!"

"WHAT'S THAT?"

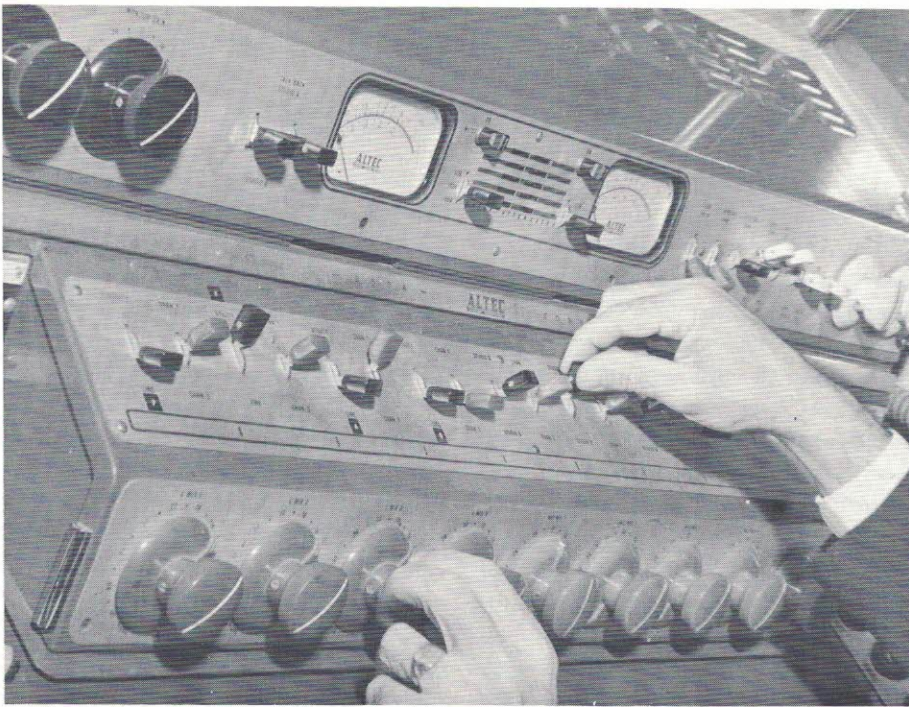
"WOOF! WOOF!"

*"What in the world are you doing?"*

This is the STARTLED reaction of anyone who hasn't seen or heard the famous "barking" exercise put into action! The Freshmen speech classes have recruited MANY WILLING volunteers to incorporate this means of resonantly lowering the voice in their vocal exercises.

At the crack of dawn many *unrecognizable* sounds PIERCE the still air. These men aren't baying at the rising sun, but they are portraying the *driving vigor* of healthy Ambassadors. They know Ambassador is the IDEAL place to overcome—so inhibitions are thrown to the four winds.

Even though the practicality of exer-  
(Continued on page 8)



The magic of modern-day recording technique brings *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine to the physically blind each month.

## PLAIN TRUTH Brings Light To the Eyes of the Blind!

by Duncan MacLeod

Imagine yourself physically blind—living in a world of total darkness twenty-four hours a day—unable to go anywhere without special guidance, unable to see those you speak to, unable to enjoy and learn from the world around you, and, perhaps worst of all, *unable to read.*

Suppose one day you heard *The WORLD TOMORROW* Broadcast. How could you respond to this call to learn more of the truth of God, when you could not read *The PLAIN TRUTH* or any of the booklets and articles if you sent for them? At best, your only recourse would be to have somebody spend his valuable time reading to you, which in many cases would be impossible.

Since *The PLAIN TRUTH* and the rest of the literature of God's Work are not available in Braille, the physically blind had to remain spiritually blind for years. A few years ago, however, Mr. Norman Smith began to put a few of the basic booklets on records, which can be sent to the blind, *postage-*

*free.* Then, in the second month of this year—1965—came the best news for a blind person in all history!

*The PLAIN TRUTH* is now available to the blind each month on TAPE! That's right! Now the blind, too, can keep right up-to-the-minute on the latest prophecy-fulfilling events and all the instructive and inspiring features of the greatest magazine on the face of the earth. Since newspapers generally aren't available in Braille or sound-recording, and the radio gives little more than headlines, the sound of Mr. Smith's voice booming from their tape recorders is the only means most blind people have of "watching," as Christ commands. But now, with the help of this valuable service, more than *one hundred and twenty* blind people each month are able to keep abreast of fulfilled prophecy.

Tentative plans call for the Correspondence Course and *The GOOD NEWS* to begin being taped sometime in the future. Truly, as never before, the blind are becoming able to SEE!



# The Portfolio Exposes Verbal Limbo!

A number of freshmen have fallen into "verbal limbo." They are using a particular catch word that was foreign to them just three months ago. When they arrived on campus, this word hit their eardrums incessantly from upperclassmen, so they have blindly followed suit.

That word is "GHASTLY."

Coming to Ambassador College, we find that our usual gamut of expletives are forbidden by the Bible, so NEW words must fill the emotional gap. What will a red-blooded American man say now when he hammers his thumb, stubs his toe, is astounded, horrified, or inflamed?? That is the question the new students face.

The modern day "tradition of the elders" (upperclassmen) is to say "ghastly," so the pliable young minds follow along. But what are we *saying* when we say "Ghastly!?" Webster tells us ghastly means "like a ghost in appearance; deathlike; pallid; ghastly suggests the terrifying aspects of death or bloodshed." In commenting about beatniks and assorted bearded finks, we can apply this word correctly, but not in substitute for every emotional outbreak we have! How does it sound to the outside world to use "ghastly" every other sentence?? How did it sound to *you* when you first heard it?? A bit morbid, right? Maybe even *pagan!* GHASTLY!

Ambassadors, let's "recapture true values!" Let's use mental originality in our expletives. *The PORTFOLIO* urges all Ambassadors, all 400 of you, to stretch your mental fiber for a *new* catch-all word. Let's see who can come up with the most original and appropriate. You could say, "Bats," "Balderdash," "Zorch" or a word of your *own* creation. If all else fails you, at that moment of severe emotional duress say "PORTFOLIO." (It's good advertising.)

# Junior Night Provides Heyday For College Social Martyrs

The social martyrs of Ambassador had their heyday last November 13. For the first time in over a year, the members of the Ambassador College Big Band had a chance to try out their DANCING. The event was "junior night," and the president of the Junior Class, well aware of the problems of band members, ruled that the dancing would be to taped music—not "live" music (with "dead" musicians).

You could easily pick out band members that night. John Karlson was all smiles as he commanded the floor with his toe-stomping, people-bumping Fox Trot, making a circuit of the gym every two minutes (a new college record). Gary Alexander was seen jitterbugging as if there were no tomorrow, kicking his feet for joy as he twirled the girls into every conceivable swirl. Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Gentry were all aglow, dancing their first (and last?) dance of their college career. Even Mr. and Mrs. Bauer managed a dance now and then.

One hour of fine and friendly sock hopping was followed by the highlight of the evening. Many shutterbugging

students contributed over 1,000 color slides from Sequoia, Yosemite, Orr, Minnesota, and Squaw Valley. Of these, about 250 were handpicked for the slide show. Pictures of Ambassador's Beach Bums at Lake Pelican, Mique Tautfest in front of the massive General Sherman, or Chuck Kuykendall stealing into a tree house brought many a reminiscent laugh to the audience. And the majesty of Yosemite or the combined choirs at Squaw Valley gave an air of serious appreciation of past blessings to the slide show.

As far as the band is concerned, "Junior night" was the most unique and enjoyable dance Ambassador has had in a long time. But by the end of the evening, there was a yearning in every band member's heart for his saxophone, guitar, trumpet, or drums. The "outside world" is very appealing, but the call to duty is much stronger. As any band member will tell you, one of the most satisfying feelings of his life is behind that bandstand. It is more blessed, happy, enjoyable, satisfying to *give* than to receive.

## Ambassador's Own Card Burning!



Charles Lavaty spearheads new "dirty clothes movement"!

The time has come for us to protest! Students, *ARISE!* Shake off the chains of dirty clothes! *UNITE* in the cause for cleanliness!

If your laundry card has been used up, then you, too, need to take part in Ambassador's own *card-burning*. A used-up laundry card is of no value when it comes to caring for your soiled clothing. Remember, for the meager price of only four dollars and eighty cents, you, too, can again have clean clothes! The washateria service is badly in need of business. *DON'T LET THEM DOWN!*

Take part *now* in the dirty clothes movement. Like, move 'em down to the basement of 380 Grove and get 'em clean! (A paid political announcement.)



# The Nutcracker's Suite!

by Jack Walters



One of the Library Staff, Rita Bird, will be happy to help you!

## Library Lookout

Everyone wants to become a more successful student. Did you know there is a *tool* on this campus designed to help you become just that?

The Ambassador College Library is a valuable and useful guide to success. Books are an essential tool for learning. They can teach, correct, inform, sadden, amuse. And they provide a valuable supplement to the basic material presented in the classroom.

A good example would be Winston Churchill's *History of the English-Speaking Peoples* arranged for one volume by Henry Steele Commager. The text of this single volume has been so set that it maintains the main stream of the story in Churchill's own words. No rewriting of the text has been done by Mr. Commager. Winston Churchill's vigor, pulse, his very personality are constantly evidenced in the words he wrote. This work reflects his ripe experience and shrewd observation. He has the admirable quality of being able to give glow and fire to the often dry data of history. Churchill's historical portraits show an ability to discern the true personality of such people as Elizabeth I, William of Essex, Joan of Arc, Henry VIII, and many others. Descriptions of major historical events in

If you had passed Mayfair the Saturday night of November 27, you would have heard a distinct *cracking* sound arising from the cavernous interior of the lower dining hall. Unknown to many, *history was in the making!* Sections A and B of Thursday night Ambassador Clubs were battling *tooth and nail* for the championship in the *First Annual NUTCRACKER'S NIGHT!*

Two hundred and seventy pounds of English walnuts were divided between the two clubs. The members with their dates promptly went to work at the sound of the dinner gong and John Halford's "*get cracking*" admonishment.

Cracking implements consisted of everything from mallets to the palms of hands brought down with devastating force upon the nuts. Then Club A unveiled their *ultimate weapon: a nut cracking machine* (which actually was a surplus sander borrowed from Ambassador Press). And it worked! A few nuts came out uncracked, though, but they were sanded perfectly smooth!

Not to be out done, Club B counter-attacked with their own machine—a hinged clap-board affair designed to smash great quantities with a single blow!

It was close. At the end of the second round, Club A was leading by one half pound, but the zealous members of Club B began to forge ounces ahead. Students running out of nuts at their tables would shout "more nuts." As they emptied their cups, they also began to shout "MORE BEVERage," however this logistics did not supply—refills were made on members' own time.

By ten o'clock all the nuts had cracked all the nuts. One hundred pounds of 'em! Club B won by about two pounds. The supply of walnuts was donated to Mayfair for the enjoyment of the student body and it is hoped that the nuts will find their way onto the tops of many cakes through the year.



Nimble fingers sort "wheat from chaff" in First Annual NUTCRACKER'S NIGHT!

the Churchill style give them new life and meaning. For example he describes a war that "had been ding-dong." As the Chicago Tribune says concerning the *History of the English-Speaking*

*Peoples*, one of Winston Churchill's finer works, "we read Churchill not only for the fun but for the philosophy, not only for the history but for the political wisdom."



# Right in Your Own Backyard

by Enrique Ruiz

At last! That long-awaited moment had arrived. Five hundred miles thru arid desert, mountains and winding roads in quest of that most rewarding and palatable prize—a deer!

First I hunted around the beautiful, forested shores of Donner and Boca Lakes near Squaw Valley. Then without success on the rocky crests and ridges of the sloping hills near Bishop. The outcome of the hunt? Lots of fun and inspiration—but no deer!

But when I returned to the smog-ridden basin I heard to my surprise and amazement that someone had killed a deer in our dry, scrawny Angeles National Forest.

The decision was made! That night I tossed and turned waiting for the alarm to ring—it did at 4:30 a.m. Rifle, bullets, knife, license, permit, deer bag, and rope were all in the car as I careened up and down spiraling Angeles Crest Highway.

Suddenly, in the middle of the road—three does with big shining eyes looked at me bewildered and surprised, and without ado trotted down the canyon. Aha—that means a buck! Quickly stopping the car alongside the road, I grabbed the rifle and made my way down into the canyon thru the crackling undergrowth. Realizing that the noise I made was broadcasting my arrival, I settled down to wait on the cold, moist, sandy soil. Soon afterwards, I heard thru the chilly, pitch-black silence the sound of hoofs clicking down the rocky hillside.

I strained to see—nothing but darkness. With deathlike silence I waited for an "eternal" half hour until I distinguished several silhouettes walking like ghosts in front of me. I shook my head, blinked, rubbed my eyes and saw what looked like a great mass of brownish yellow hair.

It moved slowly—was it a buck? It sure looked big! But was it at least a forked horn?—come on, come on—yes it is! I carefully aimed and pulled the trigger—nothing happened—the safety

device was on. Again I aimed and fired!

Everything broke loose: the buck fell, the does jumped. I rapidly reloaded and began running, jumping and sliding through the brush—my heart pounding like a sledge hammer. There he was, a beautiful specimen, two forked antlers, black tail and scarred chest from many hard fought battles. What a blessing!

After I dressed him I dragged the carcass up the steep canyon to the waiting car.

What a thrilling lesson to check into your own "backyard" before going on to "greener" pastures.

## Speech Manual

(Continued from page 3)

as second Vice Chairman of the Ambassador-Spokesman Clubs.

There may be no great overwhelming significance to the request. But it does show the value men of the world put on some of the true principles they can glean from a publication like the Speech Manual. When they had Toastmaster's International Manuals and others to choose from, even *they* chose God's manual as a guidebook to help the blind learn to speak.

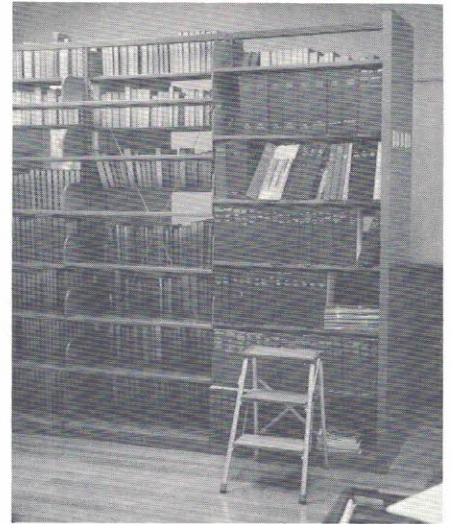
This represents a credit to the Executive Committee who compiled the manual. It also proves the advertising slogan: "Aren't you glad you have an *Ambassador-Spokesman Speech Manual* ... Don't you wish everybody did?"

## Royalty

(Continued from page 2)

Why didn't they come here? Only worms come out of our manholes.

Someday, in the near future, we hope to have Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon visit our college. It might not be here in Pasadena, because by then hundreds of Ambassador Colleges will dot the globe, but wherever they visit we'll show them the true "Ambassador spirit."



One section of the new shelves in the new stack room.

## Library Section Remodeled

In a recent Sabbath Service Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong announced that the college Library would probably undergo a series of remodelings and improvements.

One of these changes has already been made. The Library has created a *new stack room*. This was accomplished by removing the partitions separating the old Xerox room from the old Infirmary and the old magazine room. Remaining is one large room which has been plastered, painted, and refurnished as a stack room. This is the new and revitalized "Room 2," found in the *northwest end of the first floor*.

Hence we have taken another vital step forward. But a problem still haunts many students. What is a stack room? Can just anyone use it?

For the general information of nearly everyone, *The PORTFOLIO* is happy to announce that a stack room is merely a *normal library room* containing the customary *shelves of books*. In our case this new stack room contains the magazines and the Philosophy section (the 100's). It also houses the Xerox machine which is located near the outside door.

The Library staff cordially invites all students to stop in and use the ever growing facilities.



## On the Prowl at Berkeley!

by Bill Jacobs

"...More TROUBLE fomented by marching pickets at Berkeley!" reported the radio broadcaster, as Pat Parnell and I approached the famous—or should I say, INFAMOUS—University of California at Berkeley.

As we ambled through the campus, we poignantly perceived the outright *misery* displayed on the students' faces. Few smiled, no one spoke, and everyone avoided our eyes.

The standard of dress was deplorable! We spied one scraggly-headed oriental bundled in a thick, hot wool car coat, yet he paradoxically loitered barefooted in the hot sunshine. Women attired themselves in everything from shorts and sandals to sacks and big, black boots. Track team members, cavorting on the public malls and dripping torrential rivulets of sweat, wore only cotton running shorts and athletic shoes.

Unkempt beards, long hair, boots, army surplus shirts, sandals, canes, umbrellas, and odd sacks for books prevailed among the frequently seen beatniks. Some were *obviously* homosexuals.

Through the open door of a lecture hall we listened to a high voiced, big nosed, bald, but very intelligent social science professor take an interest poll among his class numbering near four hundred freshmen. The professor, enthralled with his own vain remarks, paid no attention to the students. Many smoked, many talked and laughed, some boys and girls were arm in arm, some were disinterested, and one student, a sneer on his face, finally *strolled out!*

We stopped on the spacious student mall to observe the endless sea of faces flow by. A girl sat against a wall, pretending to read a book, her dress pulled half way up her thigh. A dark Negro beatnik, unkempt and unshaven, walked slowly, holding hands with a fair-skinned, blond white girl. An old man wearing a white helmet tried to give away religious tracts—most people ignored him—the most sensible action viewed.

Not far from the old man rested a table, two seated students, much religious literature, and a sign declaring: "'God is dead'—Nietzsche... 'Nietzsche is dead'—God." Around the table congregated a few students listening to and participating in a debate concerning God and religion.

After several rounds of futile argument, someone blurted out that old remark, "...But how do you even know if *you* exist?"

Pat and I looked at each other and said at the same time, "The pin test!"

As the crowd burgeoned, the debate grew more heated. Each one sought and probed for something without realizing it—they all sought to find God. Soon, what had once been one intense debate degenerated to several unorganized splinter factions, each one hurling inane retorts. Finally, we left.

After a full, educational day on the U.C. campus—the whole wretched situation clearly and poignantly in focus—we headed back to the car and home. We couldn't begin to imagine such chaos existing at Ambassador College. And we should all be more thankful that it never will!

## So You Want To Understand World News?

With verbal missiles and venomous accusations flying over the conference tables of the world, is it any wonder that every man and woman should want to take International Relations at Ambassador College and find out the real meaning behind the news.

However, this valuable class has been the consternation of most Ambassador coeds since its inception. Why? "Too technical." "Strictly for the men." "Won't help me in the kitchen." These are but a few of the answers.

But after questioning some of the coeds taking the class this semester, it was found that the preconceived view that some have held is entirely biased and unwarranted.

Phyllis Davey who is taking the course this semester disclosed that—"It opens up an area of study which normally is not of much interest to a woman, and one which she, on her own, would not ordinarily pursue." Others have openly declared: "It gives us better insight into world news as well as a better understanding of prophecy."

Even Dr. Morgenthau's textbook:  
(Continued on page 8)



Much of the insight to the class comes from the systematic analysis of the news at the News Bureau.



## Dog Kennels

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cising the diaphragm in this fashion cannot be questioned—it's *bilariously* funny to watch!

First, the "barker" drops his lower jaw (until a football could fit into it), and then he forces the air in his body out with his diaphragm. "WOOF," cracks the peaceful serenity! The person who is watching proceeds to double over a little bit more in laughter with each additional, "woof."

Although you might split at the sides with laughter and question someone's sanity, REMEMBER that this effort shows the *attitude of changing* and should be ENCOURAGED instead of squelched!

Keep barking, men—at least the city dog-catchers can't impound you for having long hair and *looking* like man's best friend!

## World News

(Continued from page 7)

"Politics among Nations" comes alive as Mr. Hogberg injects living pictures of world news and scheming politicians into the slightly dry and lengthy style of the author.

Yes, you men and girls (especially) will find your dates more interesting after taking this class, for no longer will you find yourself nonplussed at your escort's erudite and jargonious political dissertations but will yourself understand and comprehend the news behind the news.

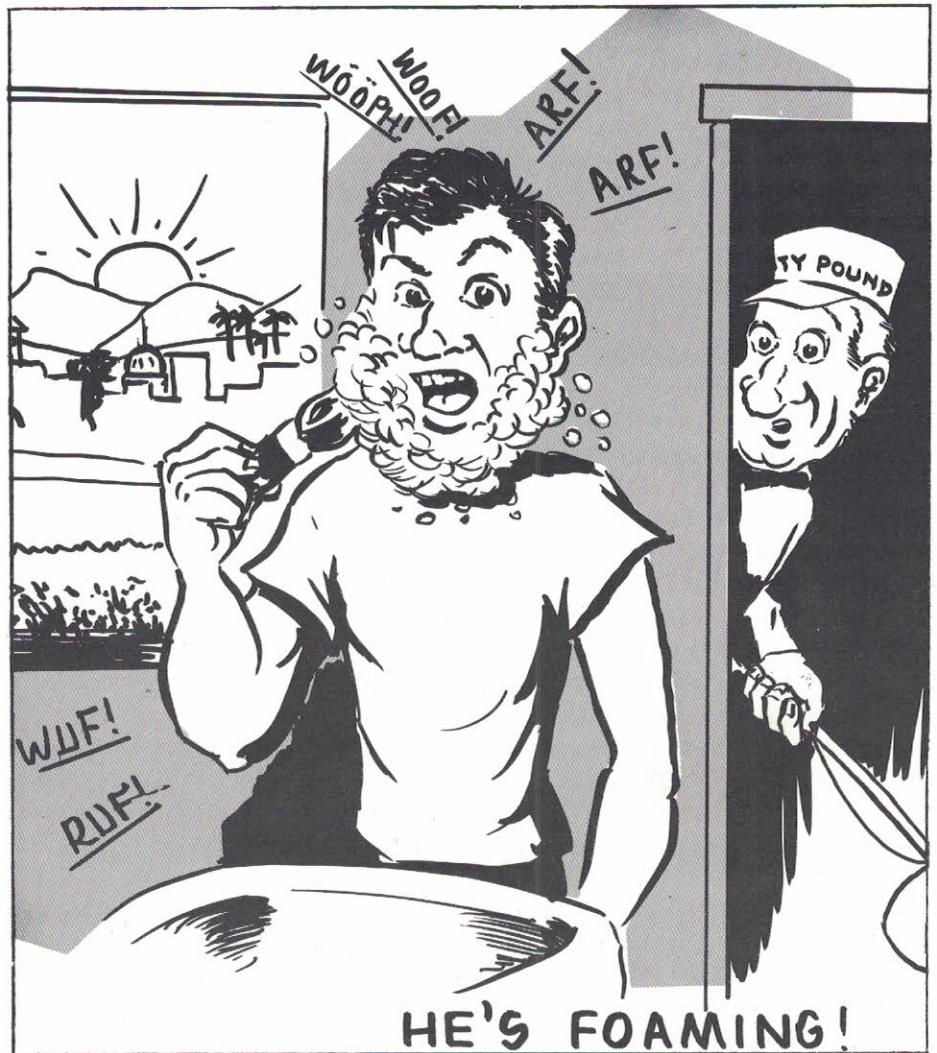
## The Castaway

(Continued from page 1)

as they were metamorphosed to "Beetles."

The luxurious and cultured atmosphere of the *Castaway Club* was a near perfect setting for 400 Ambassadors to recapture true values. This was augmented by the Ambassador "Big Band." For the first time, the band's new *formal uniforms* provided that extra *special touch*.

By the time Turkey Day arrived, we all returned home with another "Best Ever" Sophomore Ball firmly engraved in our memories. Congratulations, Sophomores!



## Persian Rug

(Continued from page 1)

many educational possibilities. Here's how it works.

Take an easy fer-instance. Could you, an Ambassador College student, explain where Persia is located? You could if you knew its relation to Iraq, Turkey, Russia, Afghanistan, and Pakistan which surround it. Did you know where it is?

The Middle East is an important area in the history of this earth. One way to learn more about it would be to peek into the history of the peoples and areas which produce the five general types of oriental rugs. Without the resulting basic knowledge of geography, you could not even receive the full impact of today's world news.

At this point a word of caution is

in order. Don't get confused when someone pedantically reveals that this Persian Rug is from *Iran*. Just take this gem of knowledge in stride and realize that Iran is just the modern name of old Persia. An educated person would!

If you have been *conscientiously* reading this article and have had the *intellectual curiosity* to crack open an atlas you will have a greater appreciation for the *multitudinous educational opportunities* supplied by the college. A genuine interest (as demonstrated with the new Persian Rug) in such things as the Teakwood and Rosewood Rooms, the rare shrubs, the imported chandeliers, etc. will help to add the finer points to your Liberal Arts education. This is an excellent way to learn by association.

Bet you didn't know the new rug was *that educational!*