

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Vol. 15, Number 1

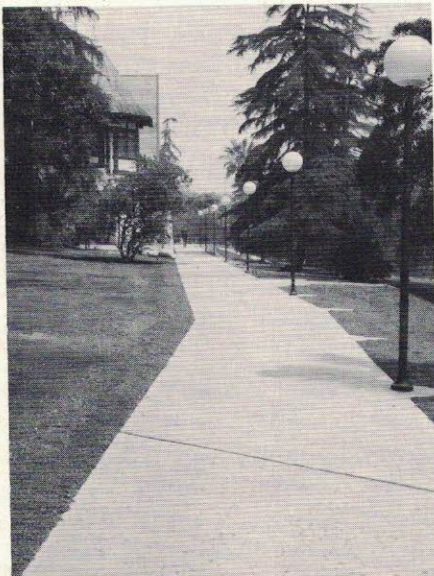
August 30, 1965

Sidewalk Races To Completion

Now that the new sidewalk has crossed the stream by Mayfair it is in the last leg of construction which will connect it with Ambassador Hall. This last section features a large patio on the east side of Terrace Villa. Included are a new set of steps leading to the East door of the Terrace Villa lobby plus a number of sturdy "man traps" built right into the patio.

The completion of the three month sidewalk project was scheduled for the last week of August. With this new avenue of approach to Ambassador Hall

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Beginning at the Library, the new sidewalk is an artistic addition to the campus.



The students on hand during the summer say, "HELLO!" to all students—new and old, coming to Ambassador campus this fall.

WELCOME CLASS OF 1969!

HEARTIEST GREETINGS to all Ambassador College students for the Fall Semester, 1965! And an especially warm welcome to the *Class of 1969!*

Around the world, Ambassador College is opening its doors to the largest incoming class of its history. In 1947, the first year of the college, only *four freshmen* showed up for registration day! This year in Pasadena alone,

over one hundred and ninety freshmen will begin classes August 31!

As the college enters its nineteenth year, just where do *you* fit into the **BIG PICTURE** of Ambassador College?

Most of the freshmen were *not yet*

(Continued on page 3)

DATES TO REMEMBER

Classes Begin	Aug. 31
Feast of Trumpets . . .	Sept. 27
Autumn Recess for	
Feast of Tabernacles	Oct. 5
Classes Resume	Oct. 22



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Bobby Boyce Wins the Booby Prize

It finally happened! The Ambassador Club carnival invaded the college campus. Students pitted their skills against target shoots, baseball throws, and dart boards.

Out of this atmosphere of color and excitement emerged the most unforgettable characters of the evening.

"Whatever you do, do it with all of your might!"

Armed with this philosophy, Bobby Boyce and Charlene Diem dazzled the college carnival. Between them they racked up 10 points—the lowest score possible.

They were not left without reward!

Others walked home with stuffed lions and tigers, or stuffed with cake and root beer. But Bobby marched home with a valuable prize—a genuine ping-pong pig poker (alias a toy rifle).

Now he can practice target shooting until Ambassador College presents another carnival to test his skill! Strive and succeed Bobby!

Editorial

Welcome to the "Happy Hunting Grounds"!

by Darryl Henson

You have stepped through the portals of Ambassador College. You have entered the ultimate in teeming "big-game country." Avid hunters devote their entire lives to discovering that fabled valley where the skulls are wider, the skins longer and sleeker, the racks more massive, bigger points and "more of 'em." People everywhere continue to seek that life that is "just a little bit better"—that a little more money will procure. They never find it.

YOU, as a freshman at Ambassador College, have been led to the most fabulous hunting grounds on earth. Here you'll find the "fightingest king salmon ever to strike a lure." You'll find the abundant, scintillating, *happy life*—the life three and one-half billion other people on this globe search for and *never* discover.

You are entering a thriving, bustling, growing institution—a relatively new college whose physical plant is yet under construction—one whose motto is RECAPTURE TRUE VALUES—and is in the PROCESS of doing just that. Several questions have probably formed in your mind. "I'm here. Now what do I do, where do I fit in, how do I get adjusted, where do I start?"

If your objective in hunting is to kill a deer and construct a fine deer-skin coat, there are several steps involved that require *effort* on YOUR part. You've been guided to the game. Now you have to line it up in your sights—set your eyes on the goal—and SHOOT!! There are the unpleasant jobs—like cleaning it out—the tedious, like scraping the fat off. There is a trip to the taxidermist to tan your hide (this occurs occasionally at Ambassador College, but there is a way to avoid that as we shall see).

Success at Ambassador College entails being willing to accept what is proved to you and make changes in your personality and self as necessary. Once you are led *to* the game, kill it, dress it out, prepare the leather, cut it, stitch it and decorate it, you have to take one more step. You have to WEAR it!! The knowledge gained at Ambassador College that leads to the abundant life is *only valuable as it is applied in YOUR life!!*

Ambassador College is a young college, a GROWING college. It needs a *wide* VARIETY of individuals stitched together into a unit working *together* to "Recapture True Values." Though Ambassador College has been here longer than most Freshmen have lived, it has not *yet* captured ALL the true values—there is a part YOU can add. We are all growing together. That's what makes it exciting! Don't expect everyone to be a paragon of perfection—we aren't. That's why we have a STUDENT HANDBOOK—a gilded guide which will show you *how* to be a success at Ambassador College IF YOU read it, STUDY IT, AND APPLY IT!! It is to show you how to AVOID COSTLY MISTAKES, what to do in order to "fit in," to "get adjusted," *who* to see if you are having *any kind* of difficulty. It is the "Guidebook to the Fields and Streams of Ambassador College"—the Student Handbook—FOLLOW IT!!

Once again, WELCOME TO AMBASSADOR COLLEGE! You have been given your license. Those of us who are already here do not have the woods staked off. We are still stalking bigger trophies—learning to live *more* abundantly, seeking to apply the keys to success as we discover them personally. We are not jealous of you. We will do all within our capability to help you bring down what you are seeking also. There is *plenty* for all—so WORK for it. You'll *find* it! It's HERE at Ambassador College!!

Welcome Ambassador College Freshmen

(Continued from page 1)

born when the college was founded in 1947! A large percentage of the sophomores were not born until after the Second World War! Ambassador is older than the majority of its students! Yet each one of you has a vital part to play in the founding of Ambassador College!

Yes, IN THE FOUNDING!

This year there are nearly one thousand students registering for classes in the three colleges. Compared to the rest of the world, each student represents one of *three million six hundred thousand people alive today*. As an Ambassador College student, you are

a rarity! And you are soon to carry a gigantic responsibility.

For the seniors, graduation is tomorrow. For the freshmen, graduation is going to seem like tomorrow. And after you graduate you have before you the most fantastic job ever conceived and executed. YOU WILL RE-EDUCATE THE ENTIRE WORLD, *believe it or not!* And if each student founded an Ambassador College with the enrollment the size of the combined enrollment of the present Ambassador Colleges, you would have to do it *three thousand six hundred more times* before you'd be finished!

Compared to the job we have before us, we are still in the FOUNDATIONAL STAGES—we are *only beginning* to pre-

pare for the future. Not everyone will attend Ambassador College. But *everyone* will receive its education! You are the pioneers—the *founders*—of the greatest educational project in all history. You are the *leaders of tomorrow!*

Let's catch the glow of the pioneering spirit of unity and drive throughout this college year. Catch it, and then carry it into the new vistas that *really do stretch* on into eternity. Don't let it be just an emotional catch-phrase. Catch it, and then carry it for all you're worth into classes, work, and every related college activity. Make it a part of Ambassador College.

Freshman and senior alike—this year is just beginning. YOU make it the best year yet!

Ambassador Transportation On the Move

The work of God is growing so large that it is becoming necessary for us to buy more and more *specialized equipment* to get the job done.

Last summer the establishment of Ambassador College, Big Sandy necessitated the movement of a multitudinous volume of material from Pasadena to Big Sandy. Transportation Department found that it would actually be cheaper to buy our own truck to do the moving. Overnight Ambassador became the owner of its own *heavy duty International Harvester tractor-trailer truck*.

This past year the college used this truck so much that it *paid for itself several times over*.

But the work continues to grow. This summer the summer camp at Orr, Minnesota and the many re-assignments in the field made it necessary for us to purchase *another "cab-over engine" tractor trailer* similar to, but larger than, the first one.

The new truck was used to transport



This truck has already toured nearly all the United States with "Ambassador College" emblazoned on the side.

a number of God's ministers to their new church areas. A recent cross country trip by way of Fresno, Denver, Oklahoma City, Akron, New York City, Asheville, and Pasadena produced

such a saving that the truck was *half paid for in just one trip*.

This is just one more example showing why the work of God is the most efficient work on this earth today!

"VOGELSANG OR BUST!"

by Eric Shaw

Our backs ached, our stomachs groaned for food. We were soaked from the rain. Our elevation was now 10,000 feet. We trudged onward.

Vogelsang, an 11,000 foot peak in Yosemite, lay ahead in the mist. "*Vogelsang or bust*" was our motto. We almost did the latter.

Bill Stough and I were beginning our six day hike and tour through Yosemite National Park.

It had begun at 3:00 a.m. Sunday when we started the drive on highway 395 headed north. Upon reaching the road going through Tioga Pass into the park, we encountered our first problem. The road was under construction. Rain added to the problem by making it slick. But the biggest surprise was the snow gently settling on the already snow-capped peaks.

The air was so clean and pure after breathing smog for so long that we couldn't wait to start our fifty mile hike! We vigorously tied our packs, slung them on our backs and started in

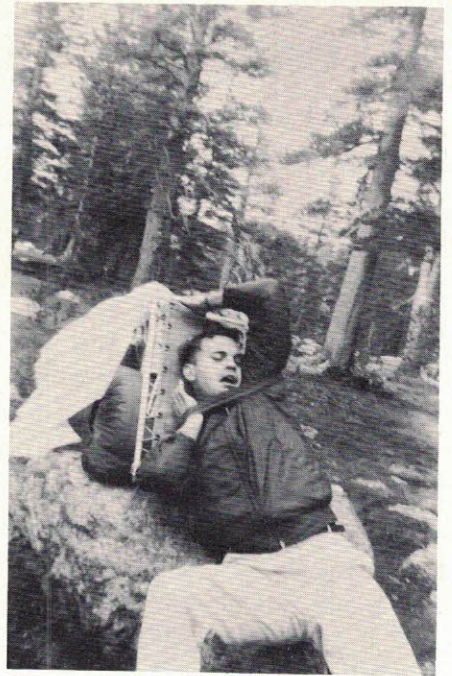
filled with vivacity—that is for the *first* mile.

From here the story was different. So was the trail. Up it went with switchbacks, washouts, and slides.

Bill was white. I must have been blue. But we knew we couldn't turn back—especially when so many back in Pasadena knew we were on a fifty mile hike.

We reached the summit near *Vogelsang* at 8:00 p.m. *Vogelsang* is one of several High Sierra Camps where people can go to be away from civilization. The only way to reach one of the camps is by pack horse or hiking. Since our trip was dedicated to new adventure and experience, we found a spot away from the camp. We were about to sprawl by one of the cascading creeks in the High Sierras of Yosemite.

But at nine p.m. when you are exhausted, wet, and lack motivation, what could be worse than to find that *five pounds of honey has soaked through most of your supplies*? That was the



Bill had a sticky time removing his "pack a-la-honey!"

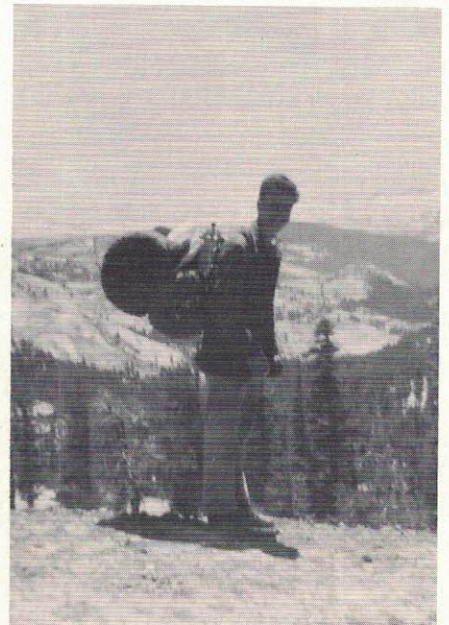
story! Honey had leaked into the supply pack containing our food, cooking utensils, matches, some fishing gear, etc. Only the sleeping bags were spared.

However since we were only ten feet away from pure, cool, clear water this would be no problem. Or would it? We began to wash and scrub. The problem thickened. Water that has just come out of snow banks is barely above the freezing point. You've heard of "molasses in January"? This was "honey in July" (in icewater).

The second day we hiked down to



One of the many exciting challenges on our tour.



Eric "John Goddard" Shaw!



Lake Merced. Now we were 25 miles from nowhere, and *even farther from somewhere!* The third day we started back. Wednesday afternoon we finally trudged back to the highway and Bill picked up his car. His Ford looked the same but it surely did not feel the same. After the hike the Ford seemed like a *Cadillac!*

Everywhere we had gone there was an abundance of water. The Merced River was thundering around and between the majestic granite domes. The air was clear, the snow was white. Deer, bear, birds, and jackrabbits had given us a friendly gesture as they had slowly stepped aside for us to pass through.

As evening approached, we began a

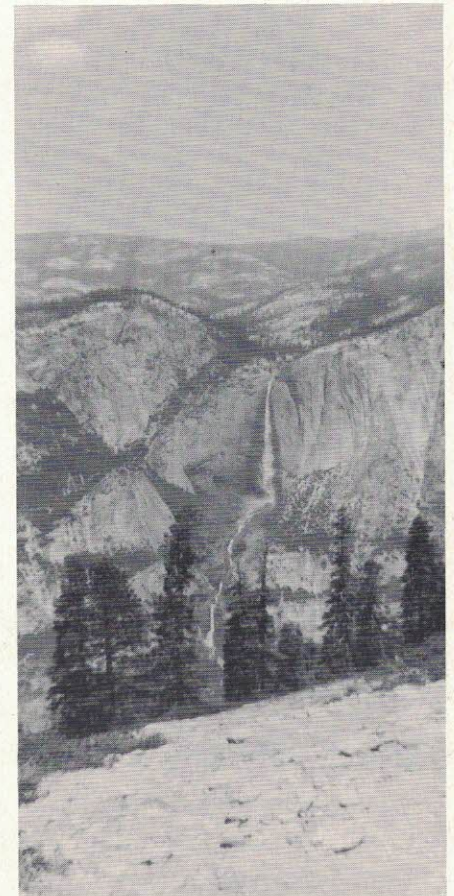
35 mile drive into the inspiring Yosemite sunset. Frogs could be heard in ponds and lakes by the road. Deer were grazing in the meadows. Crickets began to chirp as the sun slowly sank behind the granite peaks in the distance.

Next day we drove to Yosemite Valley. What a surprise! Yosemite Falls actually had water thundering over the top and pouring down in what appeared as huge drifts of snow!

Now Friday was suddenly upon us and we prepared to return. Sentinel Dome was our last real point of interest. Friday afternoon we drove to Fresno. There we again became civilized.

Do you like a change of pace? Be

Above is a view of Cathedral Lake—one of many we saw. Below is a spectacular view of Yosemite Falls. This is a trip to look forward to.



sure to sign up for the student busses to Squaw Valley next month. One major stop along the way will be Yosemite National Park. And though you may not walk fifty miles up and down hills, I guarantee you'll enjoy it!

Left: Here is where we spent the first night. Yosemite is formed of solid granite.



Ambassador's Riot Squad

August 14, 1965 was a night to be remembered. The racial riots in Los Angeles, Long Beach, and Watts moved Ambassador College men to institute a campus-wide patrol to protect our beautiful buildings and even MORE beautiful coeds.

Ten hours later, after a few stray gunshots and a handful of strange "visitors," a peaceful Sunday morning dawned to Ambassador College. The patrol had proved a valuable deterrent to any possible trouble.

But as an aftertaste to the sobriety of the situation, the night had its touch of subtle humor. Like a Fearless Fosdick comic strip. Many church members were patrolling in their cars, unbeknownst to the students. Students crouching in the shadows would see the strange car, and crouch even lower. The car seeing the students would slow down to inspect. The students, seeing the car slow down, would begin to take better cover, and so on until someone would break the ice with a friendly, "Hi!"

City police, unaccustomed to the fact that any college students could possibly think enough of their *Alma Mater* to spend all night protecting it, stopped a shady looking man named John Mitchell. An explanation was not enough, so "Muggsy" Mitchell fished

out his student identification to prove he was a "good guy."

For months, Sandy Schoonover had gone to breakfast prep alone at 5:30, but on August 15, she got the same treatment as John Glenn when he rode down New York's 5th Avenue. It looked like a 21-man motorcycle escort parading toward Mayfair, as the steely-eyed men perused every possible danger point.

We all know that an Army man falling asleep on watch will be sentenced to the firing squad, but this didn't stop the gimlet eyed team of Ron Jones and Jim Quigley. Jim was out cold on the sidewalk while his partner kept watch with half-mast eyelids. Meanwhile, on the other side of the campus, Gary Alexander chose to take his rest lying upside-down on the bannister outside the gymnasium.

There wasn't a rioter within miles, but the stealthy footfalls, the rustling bushes, and the furtive whisperings were enough to keep our coeds in constant suspense throughout the night. To quote Wilma Rosell, "The footfalls of a good guy and a bad guy sound just as creepy."

Put all these vignettes together, and it's easy to see the humorous "human touch" of this otherwise grave situation.



This was the front of Terrace Villa. Now you can enjoy the beautiful patio.



Bobby Boyce hard at it!

Sidewalk Races to Completion

(Continued from page 1)

there will be even less excuse for tardiness in the 8 a.m. classes.

Besides the time saving factor, this new walkway will open up an entirely new vista of beauty to be enjoyed by students and visitors alike.

Our campus is continually being improved and modernized to keep up with the ever increasing pace of the Ambassador students.



Here you see the beginning of a full day's work at pouring concrete. Students now can make full use of some very lovely facilities.

Summer Ambassador Club News

Airport Tour

What would you do if you had 1,000 airplanes coming and going every day from your airport? How would you keep these planes from crashing? How would you service them and keep them flying on schedule? Could you remain sane in a situation like this?

Nine and a half million people a year travel through the Los Angeles International Airport and never give these questions a second thought. But this summer two Ambassador Clubs had the privilege of going BEHIND THE SCENES and into the "backyard" to see how the world's fourth busiest airport handles its space age jets.

The Ambassador bus was given a special escorted tour alongside the 12,000 foot east-west runway. A three ring circus couldn't have been more exciting. To one side the monstrous jet airliners were coming and going at the rate of one every one and one-half minutes. During the evening we were able to see each of the eight major types of jet planes in use today. To the other side we observed the bustling activity of the "satellite" terminals operated by the 27 airlines that use the LA Airport. Overhead the ultramodern jet-powered helicopters buzzed about the field.

After finishing this panoramic tour of this 70 million dollar airport the Ambassadors toured the facilities of Western Airlines, the nation's oldest airline.

This tour included a guided inspection of the nation's first commercial plane—a 1926 two-seater biplane—and a modern jetliner—a 124 seat Boeing 720-B. We also received 10 minutes of flight instruction in Western's one million dollar cockpit simulator—one of only two that exist in the world today.

The "out of this world" tour was brought back to earth when these happy Ambassadors re-discovered one of the oldest sources of power—MAN-POWER. We had to push the bus to get it started!

"Italian-Dutch" Date

Ambassador coeds have been heard to say that they like to go on *dutch dates*. And which of the girls can resist an invitation to dine out and partake of the finest of *Italian cuisine*?

After duly considering these facts the "Wednesday night boys" came up with the *perfect solution*: DUTCH-ITALIAN NIGHT.

On a recent Tuesday evening 22 couples visited *Felippo's Italian Restaurant* in Pasadena. Here in a candlelit atmosphere of Old Italy the Ambassadors enjoyed a superb *six course* Italian dinner featuring veal Parmesan prepared by Felippo himself. The meal began with a "*thick*" vegetable soup followed by a genuine *Italian tossed salad* loaded with cheese. Then came the *Italian garlic bread* and the main course, *veal Parmesan*—a tender, juicy slab of veal smothered in Parmesan cheese. Then to top it all off: a generous section of *Italian cheesecake*.

This unique and precedent-setting evening was enjoyed by all for the amazingly low price of only \$3.00 per couple.

Carnival Night

Saturday evening July 31 was a very special evening for Ambassador College.

It all began when the girls found that there would be no Sabbath duties that night. The re-jacketed men of *Tuesday B* came in after the Sabbath Services and prepared a fine meal of Salisbury steak and all the extras. But this wasn't all. At 5:30 they proceeded to serve the meal to each of the other Ambassadors individually. We couldn't have asked for finer and more friendly service.

Then half of the *Wednesday club* manned the kitchen—dishwasher and all. It may have taken a little longer but Mayfair was cleaned up.

Later in the evening the *Tuesday A Club* decorated and outfitted the Frontier Room into an *authentic carnival*. (See page 2.)

The entire evening was then wrapped up by the other half of the *Wednesday club* which cleaned up and restored order and the western motif to the Frontier Room.

A rousing cheer for the Ambassador men—and the Ambassador Clubs!



Looking into the sun at Los Angeles International Airport is a view of the giant "spider" International Restaurant. Here travelers from all nations are served by waiters of all languages. And the food? Superb!

Circulation Department "Sees Red"!

Tuesday, July 27, was a noteworthy day for the Circulation Department. On this morning everyone came to work and saw nothing but a maze of red (*faces*). This robust coloration was the "morning after" result of the previous day's outing to the Dockweiler Beach at El Segundo.

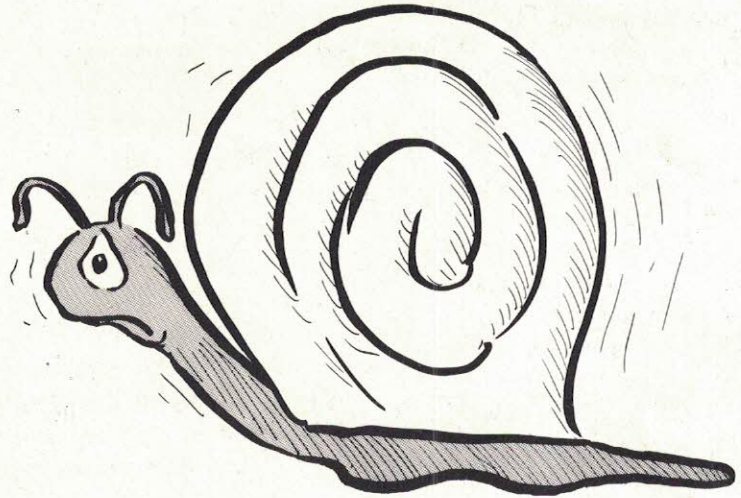
This was a unique beach party in the history of Ambassador College. The beach is located just beyond the end of the takeoff runway of the L.A. International Airport. The combination of the thunderous roar of the numerous jets leaving the airport and the extremely mild surf provided an exhilarating and thrilling experience. Where else could an imaginative and thoughtful Ambassador float lazily on his back and dreamily watch the underside of majestically ascending *jet aircraft*?

Other unusual features of this party included the rare occurrence of the famed "*red tide*." While we were not able to remain late enough to see the millions of red algae glow in the moonlight, we did have the experience of sharing the Pacific with this microscopic form of life.

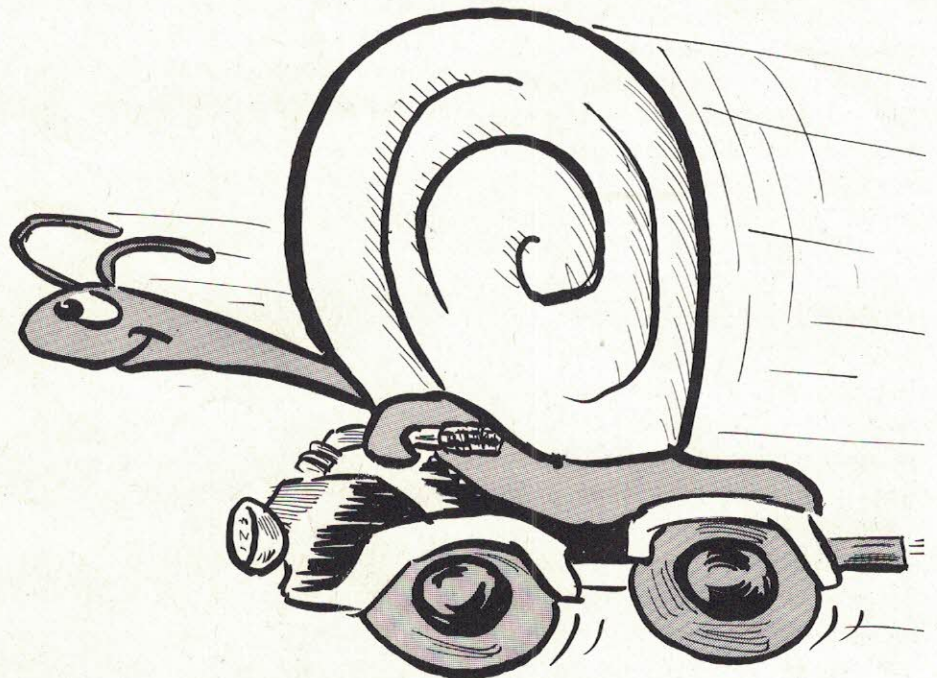
Also discovered by the few hardy Ambassador swimmers was an abundance of *seaweed*. Did it ever tickle! When Mrs. Bauer first got tangled up in it her first thought was "octopus." Fortunately Joe was able to come to the rescue.

Perhaps the most novel feature of the entire afternoon was the special game session. The regular volleyball games were supplemented by a *waterballoon toss* won by Ron Wheeler and Wilma Rosell at a throwing distance of 12 paces. Then followed the "balloon *stompin'*" contest won by Mr. George Merz and the *raw egg toss* won, after the 11 other eggs had been unceremoniously splattered, by Al Bullock and Val Aspenns. Prizes were awarded to the happy winners.

GOT A PROBLEM?



YES YOU CAN OVERCOME IT!



BE RESOURCEFUL!