

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Vol. 14, Number 13

March 31, 1965

Mayfair Offers Solution For Broadcast

It *used* to be that Mayfair offered nothing more than the smell of muffins, cereal, eggs and coffee at 7 a.m. It *used* to be that only two to four students were eating at this early hour. It *used* to be that Mayfair at 7:00 featured the unbroken silence of the Egyptian tomb of Tutankhamen at midnight.

BUT NOT ANYMORE!

Now, even the termites get up at 7 a.m. in Mayfair. Something new has been added to the lonesome atmosphere of the dining room at sunrise.

It started on the quiet morning of March 5. Time: 7:05. Persons: three people with heavy eyelids pushing their trays along the counter in slow motion. All of a sudden a strong, vibrant, resonant voice boomed out into the quiet sunlight filling the empty Mayfair rooms. Termites were jarred awake, honey and sugar bowls jumped on the tables—and the three awakening students nearly dropped their trays with assorted foods and liquids.

"AND GREETINGS FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD, THIS IS GARNER TED ARMSTRONG..."—"Huh? I thought the broadcast wasn't on till 7:30," droned a sleepy voice.

So it *used* to be. But no longer. All can now hear the broadcast on tape, played continuously each morning.



The cast of the entertainment takes a bow.

Tiki Terrific: Home for Dance

The Junior Dance certainly set the pace for dances to come! For weeks the class created an aura of suspense with hilarious skits, advertising their contribution to the social calendar.

You wouldn't have thought the dance could possibly have excelled their dramatic, original and humorous interest-getters. But it did!

Deutscher Klub Besucht la Tosca

The German Club of Ambassador College, recently attended the German theater, *La Tosca*, in Los Angeles. The group had crowded into an Ambassador bus and overflowed into several cars earlier that evening of March 10, preparing for the excursion.

The two films, *Johannisnacht* and *Das Gluck auf der StraÙe*, were surprisingly similar to American movies—in everything but language, that is. The first involved a love-and-marriage tri-

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The droopy wooden faces of the Polynesian totems almost smiled in greeting to arriving Ambassadors. A thick, foreboding jungle stretched darkly before them, but friendly natives were there to guide them through.

"Travel through a cave? But we're not spelunkers!" The trip through the labyrinth, however, served only to whet appetites for the huge Hawaiian meal waiting for the guests—running streams and ponds—thick foliage—cries of animals—diners began to wonder if they *really were* on a South Sea island!

But the best was yet to come. Joe Bauer tuned up the band, and came blasting out with native, popular, and

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Schurters Join Texas Campus

"Ya'll come see us" were the parting words of Mr. Dale Schurter, senior class president, as he, his wife Mona and son Vernon departed for Big Sandy, Texas. Dale will be assisting Mr. McCullough with Feast reservations for that area and spend much of his "spare" time with the Visiting Program.

"We had heard that we might go to Texas from Mr. Ted Armstrong," Mr. Schurter commented, "but later Mr. Portune told me I would be right here. So we thought the door to Texas was closed!"

Then the boom fell. Mr. Portune called to ask if the Schurters were packed yet.

"What for?" came the startled reply.

"For Texas!" was Mr. Portune's answer—and from that moment the Schurters were *Texas bound*.

Mr. and Mrs. Schurter will be living in a spacious 3 bedroom, 50-foot trailer unit on the Ambassador campus in Big Sandy. From this "home base" Mr. Schurter will finish his Ambassador College career Big Sandy style, graduating in May.

Editorial

WHY CULTURE?

by Mr. Bill Glover

Recently I had the commission from Mr. Raymond Cole to show our beautiful campus to an older cultured lady from the Manhattan, New York congregation of God's Church. She came out to give the Work of God—and your college—quite a large sum of money. All of you who met our distinguished visitor will agree that she is a charming lady; gracious and quite cultured in every way.

In introducing her to several, it became embarrassingly evident that many of our students are totally unaware of proper culture, etiquette or respect for older persons. God says we are to rise before a gray-haired person (Lev. 19:32). How many show respect in this way? As she was introducing herself to two of our young men in Mayfair, one rather crossly asked, "What's your name?" as both men stayed glued to their chairs.

Last year during the ministerial conference one of God's evangelists was being shown through the Letter Answering Department. He was introduced to a graduating senior whom he had not met. This senior didn't even *bother* to rise when introduced but shook hands from a sitting position.

On another occasion a distinguished older gray-haired lady was shown through one of our departments and introduced to several students, many of whom did not *bother* to rise but either shook hands or said "hello" *from a sitting position*.

Students, how long do you think the U. S. Ambassador to Russia would retain his job if he represented the U. S. Government in this manner? What kind of Ambassador are you? Our recent guest was very impressed with the warmth and friendliness of all the students she met. But, there is more to being an Ambassador than just smiling warmly.

Time and space will not permit a lengthy dissertation on etiquette and culture. Ambassador College can only give you the basic principles in many fields. It cannot give you a complete course in culture. You will need to proceed on your own and show your worth so as to succeed or "fail" as an Ambassador.

Ambassador College is an institution of culture. It has real tone and character. But, the tone and character of the buildings and grounds is paled into insignificance if you, as an Ambassador, do not show the same tone, character and culture!

How about it! Will you remain uncouth and uncultured? Or, will you dig in, yank your head out of the sand and begin realizing your responsibilities? Be alert, as Mr. Armstrong, says. Be observant of those who set a good example in culture and etiquette. As stated before, this lady came to give the Work of God a large sum of money. She commented on the uncouth and cross way she was treated by employees at her hotel. *But*, she was treated similarly by some of you students! What if your poor example in etiquette and culture dissuaded her from giving the Work of God this money right when it's needed so badly. Being uncouth and uncultured can be costly in many ways. Think about it—then begin performing as a true Ambassador for Jesus Christ.



Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong climbs aboard to break ground "Texas style!"

AMBASSADOR GROUNDBREAKINGS SET FAST PACE FOR FUTURE

All three Ambassador Colleges have witnessed official ground-breaking exercises on the separate campuses. Last month the Pasadena campus set the pace by inaugurating construction on the much-needed dining hall. This was the second truly formal ceremony for the Headquarters college.

Within two weeks Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong had to fly to England to preside in the ground-breaking ceremonies for the gymnasium there. Of course in every way, the English gymnasium will complement the cultural English setting for that Ambassador College.

And thirdly, the Big Sandy campus formally began construction on the dormitory complex scheduled to be complete for the coming fall semester. This ground-breaking was most unique! For the first shovel of dirt was turned by Mr. Armstrong who was seated at the controls of a large bulldozer! When you begin building things in Texas, *you have to do it Texas style!*

With all three campuses in full swing in their building programs, the keynote in Ambassador growth certainly is construction. We're building the finest campuses the world has ever known. And it is inspiring to know that we're setting an example that will be followed throughout coming history!

They've Planted The Dining Hall!

You have no doubt been wondering if the contractors were going to make a three-story mound of dirt rather than our new dining hall, or what. The dirt was brought in for the foundation, and the first floor will be the height of the fill now. A small mechanical basement is to be excavated soon from the dirt now existing. Drilling and pouring of 48-foot casons of concrete on which the building will rest was just recently completed. The pouring of the concrete came in unison with the drilling, or as Mr. Elliott put it, with the "underground construction."

The kitchen will be the most modern and up-to-date kitchen in Southern California and for this reason, it is the talk of the Pasadena city officials.

"An elegant building with an open staircase and balcony on the second floor with a feeling of openness for the diners as well as those who would like to lounge..." These were the picturesque words used by Mr. Elliott in describing the new dining hall. Continuing, he stated that the second floor will house the new barber shop, a student recreation room with table tennis, student council offices, and the faculty dining room.



Progress is moving on—atop this mound of dirt!

School Has Opened At Last For Vacationing "Moppets!"

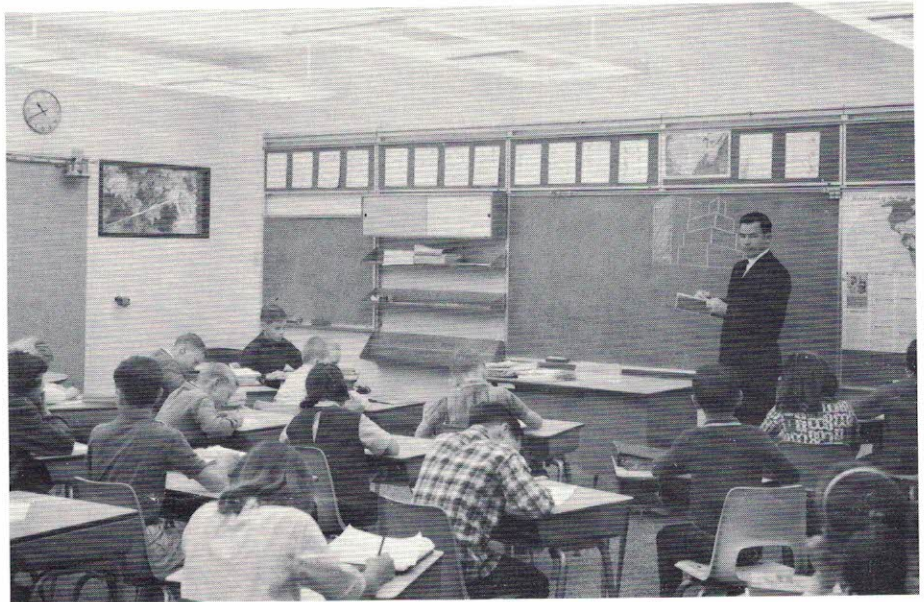
The *first* day of school for Imperial Elementary School began on March 16.

No, we *don't* have a topsy-turvy schedule for school opening. But we *do* have a spanking new building! After a vacation of nearly four weeks, school resumed for 240 anxious and eager students.

It's unusual, to say the least, for students to long for the resuming of school. But Imperial students were hopping up and down in excitement after hearing that classes *finally* would begin. "Oh boy!" exclaimed one young miss as her eyes twinkled with joy.

No wonder they're happy to start back! The completed buildings offer the *latest* in design and equipment.

Drop by and take a tour. You, too, will understand why everyone is excited!



Here is a view of a new classroom in session.

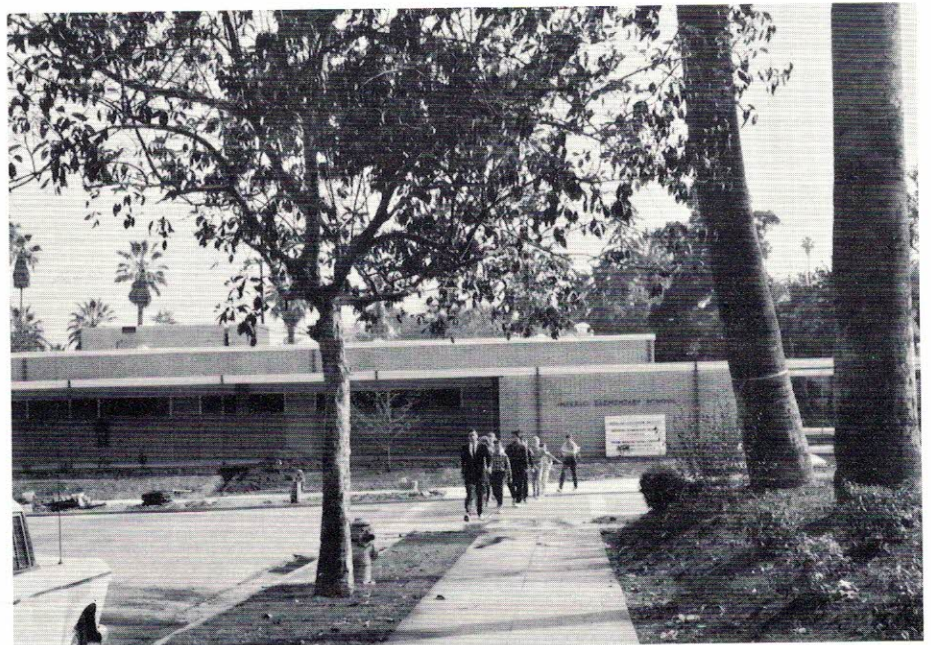
Mystery Cult Stages Unusual Campus Tour!

Thirty people filed over the campus grounds a few Fridays ago. Their leader was dressed in black. Only he spoke; the rest were dead-silent. As he stopped and pointed into the sky at various pre-determined spots on the campus, the group stood as if awe-struck. At some locations—especially over by Manor Del Mar—the visions (?) seemed to come fast and furious. All were scribbling their notations down as rapidly as they could. But in spots, all the leader got was empty looks and blank faces. The mystery must have been too deep for them. Only the leader dressed in black seemed to understand.

"Maybe they are trying to get a vision," some observers thought. "I wonder if Mr. Elliot knows about this!"

Who were they?

As the group quietly walked by, some of their incantations were over-



Teachers are again escorting children to and from classes.

heard by daring students: "Cycas Revoluta! Psidium Guajava, etc." These were some of the strange-sounding nomenclatures they mumbled between their teeth. For some strange reason, each was carefully covering up his own paper from the one next to him. No one seemed to want to share his "vision" with his cohorts.

They were watched closely by students standing far off. The whole ritual (?) lasted for about an hour. Exactly at 2 p.m., they all scurried in different

directions as if by a predetermined signal.

The clue didn't come until dinner. A near-sighted Junior was lamenting, "... and because I forgot my contacts at home, I missed the *Rigidleaf Melaleuca*. Otherwise, I would have made a 20 percent instead of a poor 18 percent on my botany test."

The mystery was now clear: Bob Oberlander, our Botany teacher, had tested the Botany class's horticultural jargon that afternoon!

Students Spend Time In Jail {Visiting}

Thursday 'A' Ambassador Club visited the Los Angeles Police Dept. housed in the impressive brand-new building in downtown L.A. This free tour was a real *eye-opener!*

The tour started in the police auditorium. After a movie about the functions of the different departments, the woman guide turned the lights on and disappeared behind the stage. Down came a stage-wide steel frame covered with heavy-gauge steel mesh. The stage was now set for the "line-up." This was the real thing. Detectives use this auditorium whenever witnessed criminals have to be identified. Steel doors are attached between the screen and the edge of the stage to make it escape-proof. The doors from the jail lead right onto the stage, making it an extension of the jail. But there was no real line-up for us.

"We need five volunteers," she said. Five "shady characters" walked up: Keith Walden, Gary Briggs, Ron Wheeler, Bob Wann and John Settle. They served as our "Line-Up." Fortunately, none were guilty!

The jail at the Headquarters building serves only as a hold-over jail. The 480 arrests a day in Los Angeles keep the 4500 active police officers constantly on the run. The 175,000 yearly inmates flow through, conveyor-belt style. Only a few hours after the arrest (not longer than 48 hours) they go to court, from there they are dumped into the County jail if convicted.

The policewoman led us upstairs to the Records Dept. Individual crime and traffic accident (over \$200 damage) reports are kept here for five years. Dozens of 8-ft. tall and 15-ft long record racks covered the floor. The rest of the floor was taken up by files and humming IBM machines.

We took a quick look at the Communication Dept. Here police officers were receiving the incoming calls from the public. Urgent pleading voices constantly poured out stabbings, riots, assaults, traffic accidents over the wires.

One of the largest divisions was the Property Dept. Evidence for court cases

Deutscher Klub

(Continued from page 1)

angle; the second was a takeoff on the Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin antics.

The beautiful scenery and the chance to hear German spoken, however, made up for any failings in the plots.

The first- and second-year students were delighted that they could understand some or most of what was spoken and get the major part of the plot. Activities like this are proving a boon to the foreign language enthusiasts. Hearing and *seeing* a language helps make it live. So until we can sponsor field trips to the Continent . . .

is kept here by the tons. Here is a partial list of what we saw: sawed-off guns, narcotics, stolen tools and other goods, pills, dice, alcoholic beverages, telephones (evidence against "bookies"), and a cold-storage room for expensive clothes and blood. Also the books containing the 600,000 moving traffic violations issued every year were stored here—they took up a whole wall. If any detectives or policemen need special guns, binoculars, bullet-proof vests, etc., this is where they are issued.

What we saw was just part of the huge complex machinery. But what we saw satisfied us that the Los Angeles Police Dept. really lives up to its worldwide reputation of being "the world's most efficient police force."

It is difficult to tell when one generation ends and another begins, but it is somewhere around 9 p.m.

The thing most needed at the United Nations is united notions.

Pasadena is still trying to maintain its precarious position as a typical American city: every now and then you can still find something that wasn't made in Japan.

If molecules in *one* drop of water could be converted into grains of sand, there would be enough sand to build a concrete highway half a mile wide and one foot thick from New York to San Francisco.

Happy Ducks Are Here Again!

Arrow Ends Predator Threat!

Plans were being formed! Immediate action had to be taken! Thirty-five pounds of cunning flesh had struck again. Another duck had been cruelly slaughtered! The varmint had to be disposed of *quickly* and *silently*. No guns were to be fired in this unique hunt.

Traps had been set, but they were of no avail. They only netted one guiltless fox.

Meanwhile the varmint was still on the loose. Mr. Bill Glover was contacted. "Would he attempt to slay the varmint with his archery set?" Mr. Glover had no idea how cunning his would-be-victim was. He was in for a long hunt.

Several times Mr. Glover saw the animal. He was even able to walk close to it. But the moment he went for his bow and arrow the varmint was GONE. It was *more cunning than a fox!*

Finally last Wednesday at 6:00 p.m. the hunt came to an abrupt end. Mr. Glover spotted the beast by the Circulation Department. He shot two arrows and missed. For a moment it looked as if the culprit had escaped *again*. But NO—it had darted *BEHIND* Mr. Glover! He turned quickly and felled the small, yellow varmint with one speedily launched arrow. *AT LAST* the long, vigilant hunt was over!

Eight months had passed since the invader had begun molesting our ducks. During this span of time the ducks disappeared one by one. Even Mr. Glover's personal duck—the mother mallard—was killed. Mr. Glover had raised this one from a little, waddling duckling.

Now that the varmint is out of the way the resident ducks are free to live peacefully in the seclusion of the beautiful campus. Before long we may again have a few charming duck children enjoying the Ambassador environs.

AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

by Don Samples and Bruce Gore

On March the 7th, Thursday 'A' Ambassador Club took a field trip to the Griffith Observatory. It was a "Dutch" affair, which proved satisfactory with the men, (we hope with the women also!). Under the able leadership of Dr. Hoeh, the club Director, we set out for Griffith Park. Our send-off was a drippy one as we received one of those rare Southern California drizzles.

After a slight mix-up of the caravan of cars in darting and dodging *Baal's-Day* traffic, we arrived in time to purchase tickets and find our seats in the dome-shaped stage.

The show was titled "*A Trip to Mars and Back.*" The narrator filled us with pedantic-sounding information about the planet Mars. He assured us that it was impossible to know if there is life on the planet, and that there is no way to prove that the green glow from the center of Mars is vegetation as we know it. Immediately following this spiel the lights dimmed into inky blackness.

Then the \$165,000.00 German-made camera began grinding out scenes that literally took our breath away. God's handiwork certainly is beautiful and refreshing to watch. Ten seconds to go! Ten—nine . . . one . . . Blast off! Flashing lights, thunderous explosions, did not stifle the frightened cry of one young passenger: "Mommie, I don't wanna go!"

The imaginary flight first went to an island in the South Pacific, then blasted off in a series of blinding flashes for a space station circling the earth. Here we switched rockets and continued our ride to Mars. There was one thing unique about this station whirling about in space, it was manned by WOMEN. They weigh less than men and are easier to get into orbit. Also, once there, they eat less food and consume less oxygen than would the same number of men. Oh well, on with our adventure in space.

After picking up the red planet on our radar-television screen our pilot

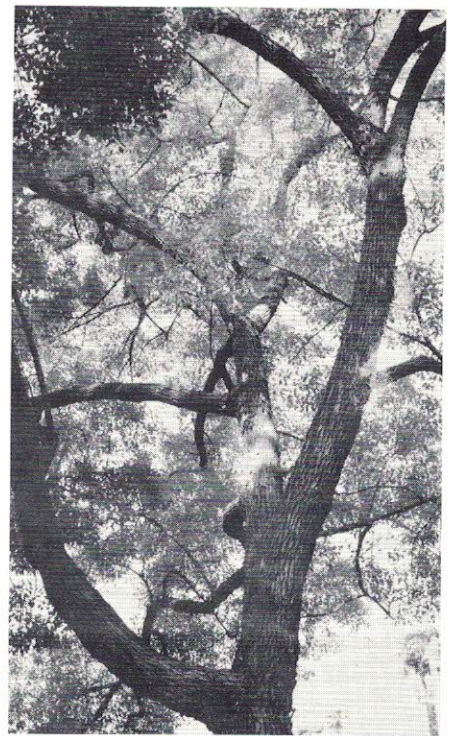
homed in for a retro-rocket landing. We were not permitted to leave the rocket lest we contact some unknown germ and take it back to earth with us. Strangely enough, these scientists contradict their own statements. Outside our space ship was a green, mossy vegetation, the very thing we had been told could not grow on this dry, hot planet. After observing the figments of their imaginations we were soon hurtling toward the earth on our return trip. After changing rockets at the space station manned by women we came back down to earth where we had actually been all the time.

While the stars were twinkling and sparkling overhead the narrator began to philosophize about the great size of the universe, and the possibilities of life on other planets. Scientists must really be frustrated. They have no revealed knowledge. Their hopes and dreams rest on so much wind.

They wait for some meteor to come smashing into the earth that will give them proof of life in outer space. They actually hope for fossils to be in this meteor. Whether this object arrives today or a million years from now, they must continue to wait. They must wait because it is utterly impossible for man to even consider traveling to the closest star which is $4\frac{1}{2}$ light years from the earth. Do you realize how long it would take a rocket traveling at 10,000 m.p.h. to reach this star? It would take 10,000 generations or 300,000 years. Staggering isn't it? By the time the 5th generation rolled around, they would have forgotten where they were going, and why they had left the earth in the first place.

Science does not have the answer. These "eminent" scientists are just as lost and as confused as the poor starving people in the streets of India or China.

Thursday 'A' returned safe and sound. All will attest to the fact that under present conditions, the best way to Mars is in the way we took—vicariously!



Already new leaves have filled these huge branches.

Trees Confused By Spring Air

What? Trees shedding their leaves in the springtime? What capriciousness of the seasons brings this about? Something must be mixed up for sure!

No, there's no mix-up. If you will look closely, you will notice the only trees whose leaves are changing colors and falling are those along the south side of Grove Street. You just happened to notice these in particular because you walk on that sidewalk so much.

The tree responsible for this botanical anomaly is the *Cinnamomum Camphorum*, commonly known as the Camphor Tree. You probably hadn't realized it, but this is an evergreen tree, native to warm climates.

The only way for new leaves to come on is for the old ones to move out of the way. So in the spring the food supply is cut off, as in deciduous trees in the fall. The sunlight destroys the green chlorophyll and the leaves turn color and drop off.

In a few weeks, however, the new leaves reach full size and the tree is in complete foliage again, carrying on the never-ending cycle of the life of the common camphor tree.

COMICAL CAMPUS CAPERS

Tragedy struck at Terrace Villa one recent Saturday night! Coming home late after an evening out, a weary co-ed discovered to her horror that her *curlers* were missing! Frantically, she searched her room for the missing jewels. How could she face Sunday with straggly hair?

Upon searching again, she discovered an innocent note where her curlers ordinarily were kept. Some guilty cohorts had rigged up a treasure hunt. The search led the victim to look under baskets, in cleaning buckets, underneath potted plants.

Finally, out of breath, she found the last clue and clutched her riches. As the final note read, "Good night, *Curl-lock!*"

Charles Shirk: May I escort you to Bible Study?

Henriette Nikolajew: Oh my no! I already have *two* dates! I don't know what I'd do with another!

Seen: Leonard Ladage wincing when his coffee curdled. Somebody should tell him the difference between half 'n half and buttermilk!

Lester: Sir, why didn't Paul ever get married?

Dr. Hoeh: Why don't you ask him yourself?

Lester: (Blush)

"That's the most expensive date I've ever had!" wailed bankrupt Bob James as he and his date limped home from L.A. late one Saturday night. Missing the last bus back to Pasadena, he was forced to spend \$5.20 for taxi fare home. Last Saturday night he took out *the same girl*, but only spent 70 cents—so it all works out according to the law of averages, fellows!

—The Girl

Dr. Hoeh: "How many of you don't know the difference between an ellipse and a circle? What! Haven't you had geometry? Well, I see that what

you need to do between now and Monday is *STUDY!*"

Heard: Anguished shrieks as Beverly finds she is sleeping with five blown-up balloons.

Overheard at the table near the beginning of the school year:

Host: "Jim, (a freshman), would you please go and check for seconds?"

Jim:—after looking down at his unfinished plate and then at his extended stomach, looked at the host dead in the eye and said, "No thank you. I just can't get another bite down! See you later."

Miniature sermonette followed. Everyone had seconds!

"Is it as hot down there as it is standing up here?" asked Mr. Lochner in a recent camp counselling class. Resuming his lecture, he noticed Randy Kobernat waving his hand around in the air. "Randy, do you have a question?"

Randy sheepishly confessed, "No sir. I was trying to see if it were hotter higher up than where we're sitting."

Because of Women's Club one Monday night, the men of 380 "D," Milo Wilcox's apartment, were getting quite a few calls for escorts. They began to wonder if theirs was the only phone number the girls knew, because nearly everyone in the apartment had been out to escort someone.

Finally, just as the phone rang for what turned out to be the last time, Manfred Fraund returned from the typing room.

"It's your turn, Manfred. You haven't escorted anyone, yet," called out Milo. So Manfred dutifully answered the phone.

"Hello... You want George Panteleeff?... George, you're wanted on the phone." No one in the apartment has spoken to Manfred since that time!



Ground-breaking for new gymnasium at Bricket Wood campus.

WHY I DON'T WRITE FOR THE PORTFOLIO

Write for the what? *The PORTFOLIO*? I've always *assumed* that writing for *The PORTFOLIO* was the plight which fell on those poor saps who signed up for class. Besides, I'm not a writer anyway and anything that I might write would be poor copy to start with.

Anything that I might choose to write on would probably already be written up by one of the *many zealous, untiring* members of the class. And another important point—How can you become noticed by *writing*? Nobody wants to be buried under a pile of typewriter ribbon. —B.

Well, to be frank, I can't write, never could and never plan to. Besides *The PORTFOLIO* has a staff doesn't it? They wouldn't put my articles in even if I handed them in. I handed *one* in one time and they sent it back like it had been through a blood bath. I didn't appreciate that at all. I spent all of thirty minutes writing that article.

I only read the articles that I like anyway. I figure most of the articles are just rehash of old events. I don't have time to waste writing articles for *The PORTFOLIO*. That isn't going to get me into the ministry. I'm liable to become such an accomplished writer for the staff that I will be stuck there "for life." Well enough of this foolishness. I must get back to the "important" things! —A.

What? Me write an article for *The PORTFOLIO*? Are you kidding? Everyone knows that I can't write . . . besides . . . Mr. Clark told me I could be used in a more important office, and I would hate to be sidetracked. Anyway, there is a full staff organized to write for it so what chance do I have in getting in an article . . . no I'm sorry, I'm afraid my calling is elsewhere. —G.

Who me write for *The PORTFOLIO*? I'm not on *The PORTFOLIO* Staff. I have it hard enough staying half-way caught up with work I'm *required* to do—much less spend time and effort on something for which I'm not held responsible. There is a *PORTFOLIO* Staff that takes care of *PORTFOLIO* articles

and I'm not part of it. Besides, ever since I've been here *The PORTFOLIO* has been chucked in my box every two weeks or so—*without* my help. So it looks like things are going just fine without me.

I am satisfied with the articles in the Paper (the ones I read at least) and I don't think I could add much, so why waste the time? Why try to improve a good thing? Why spend time I don't have on something I'm not required to do when my requirements aren't even satisfied?

Hey!—Who called me an unprofitable servant? And what's a negative attitude? —G.

In the first place we don't write for *The PORTFOLIO* because it's not assigned. It doesn't enhance our grade, so we think, "Why should I write for the paper?"

Next we have the feeling that the ones that are writing for the paper are assigned. Thus every scope as far as news, etc., is being covered by part of the assigned staff.

Then another reason we don't write is that we don't think we're going to be used in writing, so we won't waste our time with writing in *The PORTFOLIO*. Then last of all is the excuse that "*I just don't have the time.*" After we participate in so many different things using up our spare time, we just never get around to writing. And besides, we're behind in other things that need to be done, and we think if we do anything we should be doing the things that are required of us first. —H.

I think *The PORTFOLIO* staff is lacking because the organization and function of *The PORTFOLIO* as outlined in the College Catalogue is contrary to its realistic operation. The Catalogue lists Practical Journalism 303-304 as the class that publishes *The PORTFOLIO*. The Catalogue also states that 300 and 400 classes are upper division and should not be a part of freshman and even sophomore curriculum. As a result most freshmen, even those with an interest in helping on the school paper,

pass up the opportunity. Then, after what is probably the busiest year of their lives—Ambassador Clubs, Choral, athletics, Language Clubs, social activities, and or etc. etc.—most students will not want to take on the added responsibility of writing for *The PORTFOLIO*.

I think that more freshman students should be encouraged to take the Introductory Journalism class—possibly the class could even be put in the 100 to 200 category. "Get them while they're hot," and they will be more apt to stay with the organization and grow with it throughout the remainder of their college career. —A.

• Many Freshmen have taken the *practical* journalism class—if you're interested check with the Registrar.—Editor.

My neglecting, indolent, blasé attitude toward *The PORTFOLIO* is the only valid justification I was able to conjure up! I was not completely satisfied with our student newspaper, but I was unwilling to offer help. I knew the brunt of the work fell on a few select students, but I was content to let them do it alone. I didn't feel that working on *The PORTFOLIO* was a detour from the ministry since I don't seem to be headed in that direction, but I still didn't take the initiative to write articles. Every excuse breaks down—except the above lazy, lethargic attitude!

I repent! My first article has now been turned in! —E.

Tiki Terrific

(Continued from page 1)
"old-favorite" tunes.

By the time Darryl Henson announced the entertainment, students and faculty couldn't imagine how anything could top the evening so far. But they reckoned without Gunner "Robinson Goofy" Froiland, Richard "Adolf von Relicker-gefunder" Burky, John "Hungry" Gudeman, Doug "Work-and-sweat" Taylor, plus a host of others.

The natives, via jungle telegraph, pronounced the evening a throbbing success!