



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Vol. 16 No. 1

August 31, 1966

WELCOME, CLASS OF ...



Left to Right: Studies, Sports, Service, and Send-off.

DATES TO REMEMBER

- Aug. 31 — Orientation (1:00 p.m.)
Faculty Reception (8:00 p.m.)
- Sep. 1-2 — Entrance Tests (8:00 a.m.)
- Sep. 3 — Film: "The Finest Hours" (8:00 p.m.)
- Sep. 4 — "Get Acquainted" Beach Party (9:00 a.m.)
- Sep. 5 — Registration (8:00 a.m.)
Band Tryouts (7:00 p.m.)
- Sep. 6 — Classes begin (8:00 a.m.)
Bandwagon Tryouts (7:00 p.m.)
- Sep. 15 — Feast of Trumpets
- Sep. 17 — Film: "Fail Safe" (7:30 p.m.)
- Sep. 23 — Feast of Tabernacles recess begins
- Sep. 24 — Day of Atonement
- Sep. 25 — Students leave for Squaw Valley by way of Yosemite (5:00 a.m.)
- Oct. 2 — Ambassador Bandwagon Show (Squaw Valley)
- Oct. 4 — Ambassador Bandwagon Show (Long Beach)
Chorale Concert (Squaw Valley)
- Oct. 10 — Classes resume (8:00 a.m.)

HERE YOU ARE! Welcome to AMBASSADOR COLLEGE, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA—one of the three happiest, *most fruitful* and *productive* colleges on the face of the earth today!

During the future months you are going to hear the TRUE VALUES OF LIFE that MILLIONS HAVE NEVER HEARD BEFORE! The greatest opportunity and CHALLENGE OF LIFE is being PUT IN YOUR KEEPING!

STOP AND THINK! YOU represent the five young people who *could* be filling your shoes. Out of approximately eleven hundred applicants for the two United States colleges, YOU 136 students WERE SELECTED! With the help of the eighty freshmen in Texas, the responsibility is on you 136 students, to meet the staggering challenges of the soon-coming "seventies."

Are you going to let those other 850 applicants down? Will you become discouraged, nostalgic, and then SPURN

the *priceless opportunity* placed at your feet?

Ambassador College will train you to be *strong* men and women to face the "seventies." You will learn a NEW way of life, but you will also learn *how to live* in this present world. You will be *shaped* and *molded* into the complete man: intellectually, morally, culturally, spiritually, socially—in *all phases of living!*

WHAT YOU DO IS ENTIRELY UP TO YOU!

The knowledge is here. The environ-
(Please continue on page 3)



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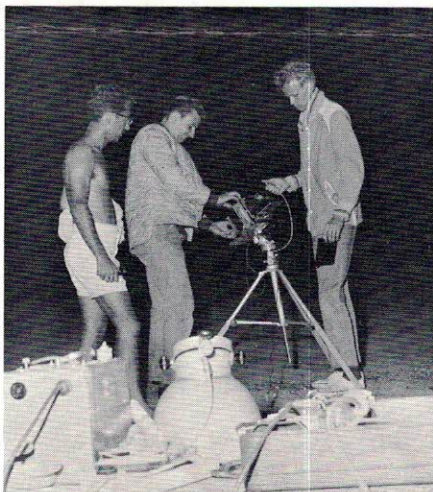
Midnight On the Beach

by Jerry Gentry

Experience is NOT the best teacher!
But often a sour experience coupled
with *perseverance* and *carry-through*
finally gets the job done! The assign-
ment? Color photographs of *grunion*!

At 9:00 p.m., June 20, four trail-
blazing Ambassadors boarded the new
Press truck and headed for Cabrillo
Beach in San Pedro. It was grunion

(Continued on page 6)



Three-fourths of the team load up the cameras
after a successful night.

Editorial

NOW... is the time!

by Joseph C. Bauer

Tippecanoe to Tallahassee! Connecticut to California! From virtually all points across the U. S. A. and beyond, men and women have come to Ambassador College seeking answers.

How about you? You wouldn't be here if you didn't think that something *different* could be gained. There are many colleges that offer bigger "plants" in almost every field of study. But you decided to seek *answers* and not just an accumulation of material knowledge. So where do you begin?

First, realize that you now have an opportunity for which many people would give almost anything. You have been given the rare chance to *start over!* That's right. Think about it for a moment. Here you are, *beginning a new career.* The other students entering Ambassador with you are from all over the globe. Very few know much at all about *you!*

Most of us have wanted to change something about ourselves at one time or another, whether small or great, but we usually don't. We are defeated before we start because we worry about what our friends might *think.* Perhaps you've always wanted to sing. You may have a good voice, but every time you began to sing around the old gang, they teased you about it. Soon it became easier to forget it than to buck the crowd.

Well, *NOW is the time,* your golden opportunity to make a fresh, new shiny-bright start.

If you've been too quiet in the past, yearning to step out and *DO* something, but allowing others to dissuade you, *NOW* is the time to smash that barrier. The door is wide open. Former associations and circumstances are no longer blocking your way. You can be a *new man!* *NOW is the time* to stand up and throw off the yoke of conformity.

Here at Ambassador, you are regarded for what you *do,* not what you've *done.*

Slam the door on the past and begin, right *NOW,* to *try,* not just wait. *Participate;* don't just watch. *LEARN BY DOING;* don't just stagnate by wishing.

You've been chosen! You are now an Ambassador, a priceless privilege less than one in a million people have. Don't waste it by reverting to the old habits, the easy way, the road of least resistance. Now is the time for proving, testing, trying, changing. Now is the time to flex your mental and physical muscles. Snap the fetters and *WORK* out the kinks that have cramped your success.

Consider carefully! Plan wisely! Do diligently!

The longest journey has to begin with the first step. Perhaps meeting people has been difficult before. Now is the time to flash a broad grin, grasp that outstretched hand, and make the first big project of the *NEW you* meeting all the other Ambassadors.

Still have that yen to sing? Step up and try out for the Chorale. Do you play an instrument? Make up your mind *now* to try out for the Big Band. Ever wanted to write? *The PORTFOLIO* is your paper—it can be as good as you want to make it. How about that research into the true story of history, art, culture? *OUR* library is chock-full of rare and out-of-print books scarcely available elsewhere.

Now is the time to drink in the sparkling, exciting, scintillating, zesty blend of ingredients flowing from Ambassador College. If you consume these ingredients, and make them a part of you, you *will* learn "how to live" during the most important few years of your life.



Mailing room becomes as "big as all outdoors"!

INSTANT ROOM!

There was "no room in the inn" to mail out the 135,000 requests for the latest Bible Story Book, Volume V. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Ames scratched their heads, wondering where the Mailing Section could invade.

"How about the parking lot!"

The parking lot it was! You couldn't ask for nicer office facilities: a beautiful, sky-blue canopy above, with strong natural lighting, wallpaper made of all shades of green (walnut, maple deodar, etc.), and *natural* air conditioning!

Who staffed these fine offices? The regular Mailing employees were augmented by many Imperial highschoolers working through the summer rush of mail returns.

The procedure of mailing began with the INSERTER, who placed the 12.4-ounce book into a .6-ounce envelope and passed the 13-ounce package to the SEALER, nicknamed "The Great White Tongue." The Tongue is followed by the BAGGER, who fills a mail bag with Bible Stories destined for one particular city, town, or county.

The next man in line is the LOADER, who thrusts the bags into the waiting

panel truck for delivery to the Post Office.

With these fine temporary offices and assembly-line efficiency, our happy inserters, stuffers, sealers, mailers, baggers, loaders, drivers, and PLAIN TRUTH readers have enjoyed one of the smoothest semi-annual mail runs in history.

If you missed the "stuffers" in action this time, just WAIT TILL NEXT DECEMBER!

Class of 1970

(Continued from page 1)
ment is here. The answers are here. And now, YOU are here!

Class of 1970—WELCOME TO AMBASSADOR COLLEGE! Your career is going to literally fly by. Take advantage of every opportunity that you have available. Give, contribute, and *share* with all your might. You have a tremendous, awesome responsibility on your shoulders—YOU *may be the last class to graduate from Ambassador College in this era of human existence.*

Can you meet the challenge?

BLACKOUT!

All was normal that night of August 10. Throughout the dorms the usual chatter could be heard. Then suddenly—*blip!*

The lights were gone! The electricity was off! Spine-chilling silence spread its macabre tentacles throughout every room. Everyone was motionless. What had happened? A reoccurrence of the infamous New York Blackout at Ambassador College? Who? What? Why?

The answer is far simpler than the resulting chaos that erupted. The College electricians cut off all electrical power on the entire campus for seven hours to check out circuits, wiring, etc. to make sure all would be A-OK for the coming school year.

The students had been told earlier at dinner that all lights would go out at 10 p.m. But, despite this, many an Ambassador was caught "with his pants down."

One young man stumbled down to the refrigerator in 360 for some liquid refreshment he had, only to find someone had beat him to it.

Following the admonitions of recent forums, he made a dorm-wide search for the culprit—looking through every trash can in 360. He had completed 360 apartments A and B and was half way through C when—*blip!* The result—the culprit escaped and the detective failed!

An economy-minded co-ed (all men take special note) was ironing a dress for work the next day when—*blip!* Now, we've all heard of the "half-and-half" look but this dress took the cake!

One couple was returning later in the evening. As they passed Mayfair they could see a man lurking through the basement.

"EEEEkk!" shouted the girl. "Who's that?" The stout-hearted Ambassador male rushed in to investigate only to find a much shaken electrician working on a fuse box!

Many other unusual events occurred that evening. What were *you* doing when the now infamous Ambassador College Blackout came?



Hinduism has helped bring extreme poverty to the entire nation of India.

Ambassador Adventure

I SAW HINDUISM

by P. Abraham George

Before coming to America I had the dubious blessing of visiting a Hindu temple. There I saw one reason why India is such a depraved land today. After traveling 3000 miles by train, I arrived in Benares, India, with my college mates, to see the famous Hindu temple. Being a "Christian," I was not allowed to go into the inner courts of the temple. But since many of my friends were Hindus, I planned to go into the inner court with them.

As soon as we approached the temple limits, many beggars and "holy" men were following us begging for money. The closer we came to the temple itself, the surroundings became dirty, filthy, grimy and dusty. Moreover the surge of humanity was becoming unbearable at times.

First of all we came to the front courtyard of the temple where the "holy" men gather to beg and to meditate. Several of them were sitting cross-legged on the floor half clad, without shoes and with "holy" ashes all over their bodies.

From there we went into the inner sanctum. There were literally hundreds of idols carved in wood and stone all

around this place. Practically every available inch of the surface walls were embellished with carvings with sculptural subjects, varying from musicians with their instruments to the terrifying crocodiles, winged gods and goddesses and nudes in embrace. Incidents from Hindu mythology dating back to Nimrod and Semiramis, and many animals were represented.

From here we went through many corridors all of which were full of idols. Many people were falling down in front and worshipping them.

After going through the different places of "interest" I managed to go with my friends into the inner sanctuary. Numerous persons were worshipping the sex symbol of the god Siva, which was placed with the sex symbol

of his wife Parvathi. I could not understand why people would worship such idols, but I did not understand the full meaning of these symbols until I later came to Ambassador College.

While I was watching these proceedings, I forgot to imitate the motions of my friends in order to show myself as a Hindu. Consequently one of the priests recognized me as a non-Hindu and shouted to the temple guards to arrest me. Realizing the seriousness of the situation, I bolted from there and ran with all my might, the guards following closely on my heels. I barely managed to escape into the crowd in the outer courtyard, perhaps saving my life.

Hinduism is a way of life for almost 400 million people in India today. The basic tenets of Hinduism are idol worship and to have less material wealth in order to attain "nirvana"—a vague Hindu *beatific* "spiritual" condition.

At the same time sex worship inculcates the idea to have as many children as possible, even if one cannot support them properly. This results in population explosion ultimately leading to famine and penury. Millions of depraved beggars, over-sized families, and a poverty of staggering moment are fostered by this pagan system of worship.

After centuries of this way of life, is there any wonder for the news headlines of today such as "100 million people in India are going to be affected by famine"?

Hindu way of life is exactly the opposite of God's way of life. It encourages laziness and forbids an abundant and happy life. But you and I have the fantastic privilege of being at the first college on the face of the earth where God's way of life is not only taught but PRACTICED every day. Are we taking full advantage of this one in a billion chance, so that we can teach these and other millions of people in the World Tomorrow, God's way of life?

Remembering that these people are also made in the image of God Himself, let us all pray with all our heart "Thy Kingdom come."

Mesozoic Monster . . . or Sick Cetacean?

by Robert Macdonald

The spring term was drawing to a close. Then one Friday morning Mr. Herrmann received a letter which for several hours created no small stir in the Administration Building. Excitement reigned supreme! Even the anticipation of finals, graduation, and the year-end activities were eclipsed for a time.

The letter, forwarded from a member from Alaska described what appeared to be the paleontological find of the Century! Complete with drawings, his letter described what he believed to be the partly frozen remains of a DINOSAUR! Sixty feet long with a twelve-foot head, it lay partly exposed on the ocean shore below a stratum of coal.

Possibly an aquatic reptile known as the Kronosaurus? Should we go there and see for ourselves? To be in on a find of this importance would greatly enhance the prestige of Ambassador College in the eyes of the scientific world. Dinosaurs have never been found in such a near-perfect state of preservation. But on the other hand, what if representatives of Ambassador College were to let the *find of the Century* melt and ruin?

The Sabbath was a few hours off, and high tides would soon inundate the skeletal remains and possibly carry them out to sea.

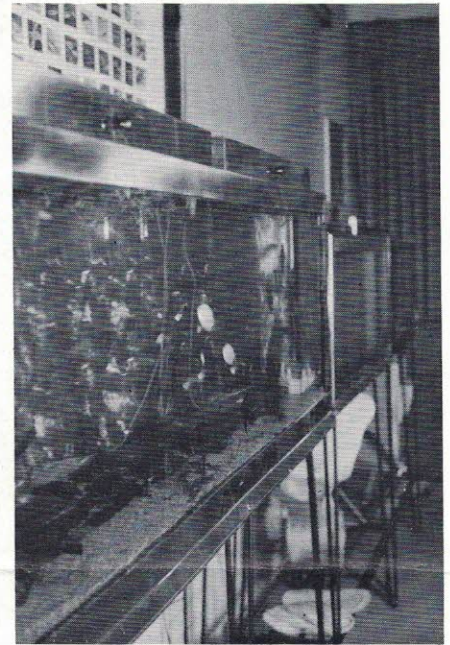
A decision was made! Dr. Hoeh, Mr. Herrmann and Bob Macdonald would fly to Anchorage that afternoon, and continue to Mr. Sykes' place to observe and photograph the creature after the Sabbath.

Reservations were made: there was less than an hour to go home, pack and return to college. Mr. McElroy dashed up with the reservations. Charles Johnson hurriedly packed up the photographic equipment. Transportation to the airport was waiting.

Then a light struck! Bones on the beach? Skin instead of scales? UNDER a coal stratum? How could it have remained frozen and intact with all the heat and pressure required to reduce vegetation to carbon? Could it be . . . ? Again a quick comparison with drawings of cetaceans. Yes, it must be—a WHALE!—washed up on the beach by last winter's storms! Reservations cancelled—everyone relaxed in anticipation of a quiet Sabbath in Pasadena.



Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Stout examine would-be dinosaur!



Tropical tanks on north wall of Science Lab.

Tropical Tank Trio Treats Science Students

When is the last time you've visited the science department? Have you been there anytime this semester? If not, you need to see the exciting exhibits which portray more of God's creation around us.

A total of three tanks line the north side of the room with fascinating little creatures in them. The exhibit is complete with both a fresh-water and a salt-water aquarium. Upon close inspection you will observe 100 tropical, fresh-water fish in the largest tank.

It holds 115 gallons of water while the salt-water tank contains only 45 gallons of water. The specimens from the briny depths of the ocean were captured by those dauntless adventurers of Mr. Bob Oberlander's Zoology class. The octopus, sea urchins, star-fish and a sea anemone didn't survive the transfer ordeal, but the mollusks, crabs and several hatches of baby grunion inhabit the murky waters.

When you find yourself with a free, unexpected moment—*visit* the Science Department to observe these fascinating displays!

Land Ahoy!

"T-I-M-M-M-B-B-E-E-R-R-R-R"!

There go two stocky young deodars, at the mercy of Valley Tree Service. And there go a team of gardeners to work on the ivy along Terrace Drive. What's this all about, anyway?

For those truth-seekers interested in this destructive effort, *The PORTFOLIO* has all the facts. We're sure you've all noticed that it's rather hard to see Mayfair or the Library from the new Dining Hall, and *vice versa*. The only way to solve this problem was to remove the obstacles: huge, ugly trees. The cutting of the trees uncovered another problem—IVY, that is unsightly unless there is a forest-type atmosphere. So, the ivy was soon to go too.

The result: newly buried tree trunks and newly sprouting dichondra, as the rolling hills west of the Dining Hall take on an East Texas expansiveness. This is just another step forward toward the future "MALL" that will unite all 44 acres of Ambassador College into one beautiful, rolling, compact landscape.

and forth along the shore.

Time was ticking away. Precious time! 12:15 came and went. Then 12:30. Another order to clear the beach came from the lifeguard's microphone. Still very little response.

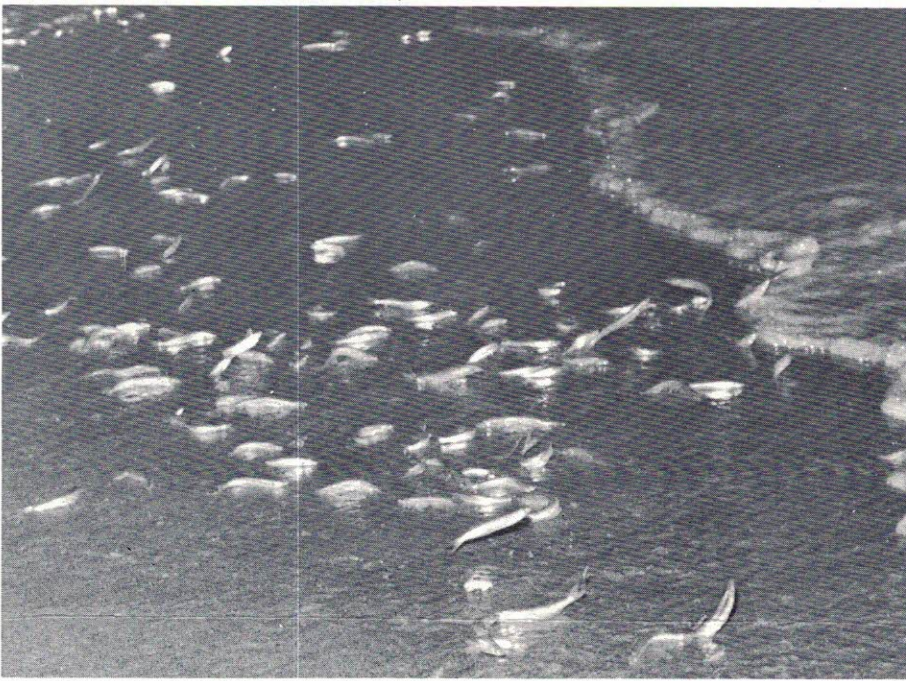
We managed to take our equipment from the truck and set it up on the beach anyway. "Maybe we can still get the picture," we thought.

NO SUCH THING!

Confusion was the scene of the night. No respect for law and order!

We asked the people not to swarm around the camera. And what do you think was the response? RIGHT! Around the camera they swarmed!

As we packed up the equipment we realized the danger of unbridled carnal human nature! This wasn't the beach for us—too many people! But on another beach on another morning we managed to make our efforts pay off. This very experience taught us what to avoid, and with perseverance we finally obtained several fine shots, of which the one above is an example.



Thousands of grunion spawn on California beaches.

Grunion Beach

(Continued from page 2)

running time again, which happens only once a month in the spring and summer—at high tide.

This was the night—11:30 was high tide. The grunion should be pouring out of the breakers, onto the beach just at that time. Tonight had to be the night, or another month would have to pass before nature's amazing alarm would go off again. This was it!

At 10:00 p.m. we arrived at the beach, just in time to be told the beach closed promptly at 12:00 midnight. That meant we wouldn't have time to take the pictures and get off the beach by closing time. Our hearts missed a beat or two. A little lump came into my throat.

Thirty minutes later permission was granted! A miracle!

Hurriedly, we drove down the beach to the perfect spot. We began setting up all the equipment inside the truck, making ready for nature's clock to chime and the grunion to run. With the 4x5 Linhof and flash attachment set up on separate tripods, a power pack neatly wrapped in a plastic bag for protection from the ocean mist—all attached to a 300-foot extension cord, we were ready to get the SHOT TO BREAK ALL RECORDS.

Fifteen till eleven now—forty-five minutes until the big run. We had plenty of time to check and re-check equipment. All was ready.

But all was not that easy. It seemed that others wanted grunion too, for a different reason. The beach was swarming with people! There was no place to set the camera and equipment. People were everywhere!

What to do was the big question.

Minutes went by and more people seemed to gather, with buckets, waiting for the grunion to pour out onto the beach. 11:00 passed. 11:10, 11:20, 11:30—a few grunion scouts began to come ashore to see if the beach were clear and safe. People quickly grabbed them up, not knowing these fish were only scouts and that the great hordes of grunion just offshore *would not come in* unless a safe, quiet beach were reported by the scouts. Then 11:40—still a few scouts. Then 11:50.

The lifeguards ordered all people, except us, off the beach. It was 12:00. Here was our chance! (We thought.)

Much to our amazement and shock, almost NO ONE left the beach! The people paid absolutely NO ATTENTION to the authorities.

A few more grunion were coming in now. People were running back and forth, grabbing every fish within their grasps. Their greedy eyes sped back

144,000 Invade Campus

Roses are red; violets are blue
I like roses; and so do you
(And about everybody else
does too!)

But the moral of this poem is that roses are not able to grow and develop when the buds are being eaten and desecrated by *aphids*. And this is just the unfortunate plight that faced the Ambassador campus! We faced a long, hot summer without our usual blessing of the hundreds of beautiful, multi-colored roses and their accompanying fragrance.

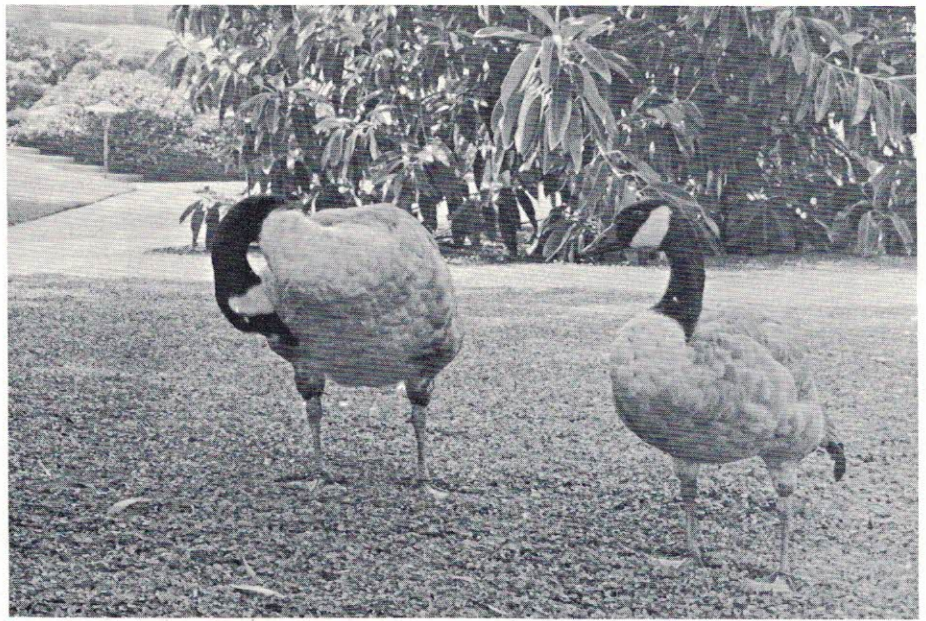
Spraying with chemicals always causes more problems than it solves. What were the gardeners to do to save our roses?

A *fool proof* solution became obvious. Merely use the *balance in nature* which God has created for this exact purpose. The LADY BUG has an *insatiable craving for aphids*. By chance, there happens to be a *farm* in Yuba City, California, which *raises lady bugs*. It does a buzzing business with the local peach orchards who also have an over abundance of aphids. Mr. Gardner put in a rush order for 144,000 of these *red and black spotted gormandizers*. This amounted to two, 1 gallon bags of lady bugs. The men in gray then went around and liberally *sprinkled* lady bugs on the *rose bushes* and other *shrubbery* which were plagued by the aphids.

Now the results are evident. We can all stroll around the campus and drink in of the beauty of our many and varied rose bushes.

"Grief can take care of itself; but to get the full value of joy you must have somebody to share it with."—Mark Twain.

Did you hear about the monkey who escaped from the zoo?—and went to the public library? He was trying to find out whether he was his brother's keeper, or his keeper's *brother!*



Canadian Honkers make themselves useful by consuming that most feared and hated of garden-dom's enemies, CRABGRASS!

Fowl Play Department

CANADIAN HONKERS

Perhaps you've already heard the wild, shrill call of the latest addition to campus wildlife.

If you've wondered *who* or *what* could make such a sound, rest in peace. *The PORTFOLIO* has uncovered these campus invaders, and we wish to reveal them for exactly what they are:

CANADIAN HONKERS!

The honkers are the third in a *series* of birds to be installed into the ecology of stream life. The first birds are the now-familiar *wild mallards*. The second are the snow-white swans that stayed here for only one week in August.

The Canadian Honkers are right at home on our campus. They feed on the grassy foods that abound by our stream, and they *love* the settled domestic life our campus offers. Honkers are known to *mate for life*, never leaving their mate and young goslings for any reason, like some other birds do. Being such a dedicated *family* bird, the honker sets a good example for the students on campus.

The Canadian Honker is most noted for his long, high migrations. Airplane pilots have seen these marathon migrants *30,000 feet* above earth, even above the level of Mt. Everest! They

have the unerring instinct to cover thousands of miles across Canada and the United States between two exact points. Perhaps you've seen them flying over various parts of North America in their familiar "V" formation. Others have no doubt spent cold, clammy mornings in the duck blind waiting for the rare sight of the honker and the delicious meat he carries.

Don't shoot *these* honkers. They're out of season 365 days per year, and may be shot only by a camera on rare occasions. They make up part of the Ambassador campus for your education and entertainment between classes.

What's coming next? Mr. Walt Salmon, of our Construction Department, is raising these birds especially for campus use. He informs *The PORTFOLIO* that the coming attractions include wood ducks, mandarins, shovellers, and various interesting species of mallards, ducks, and geese. He also warns that the swans may come back—as soon as they grow up!

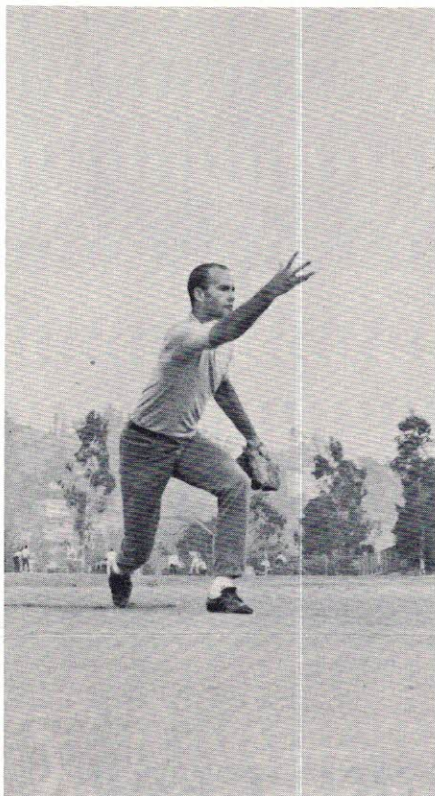
Be studying our wildlife for an entertaining display of *fowl play*, and be studying *The PORTFOLIO* for "the story behind the bird."

SOFTBALL SEASON SLIDES HOME

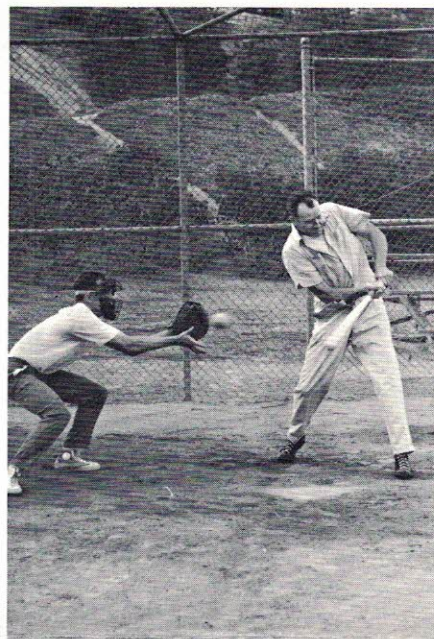
Koellner-Patterson Share First Place

The 1966 summer softball season was fought to a deadlock August 15 on the Eagle Rock diamonds. Carl Koellner's top-running nine was trounced by a surprisingly powerful team under Lyle Patterson. The dazzling infield play of Jim Tate and Pat Parnell was not enough to ward off the home-run-hitting Patterson squad. Final score: 13-8, leaving both teams with a four-two record, tied for first place.

In the consolation game, Jerry Aust's "Killer's Row" and clutch defensive effort gave them a narrow 14-12 victory over Steve Smith's aggregation in nine innings. (Regulation softball is seven innings!) The home-run hitting of "Baby Huey" Teitgen and captain Aust sparked the team to its ulcer-ridden victory.



The pitch ...



An obvious miss ...



Superjew skillfully dodges an inside-outside-curve-fastball combination. Deadly!



Finally, a home run is smashed out of the park!

FINAL TEAM STANDINGS

Captain	W	L	Pct.
Carl Koellner	4	2	.667
Lyle Patterson	4	2	.667
Jerry Aust	3	3	.500
Steve Smith	1	5	.167