



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



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WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 11, 1967

## Ambassadors Enjoy Beach Party

Shortly after noon on Sunday, September 3, 1967, eleven buses filled with Ambassadors left for the annual "get-acquainted" beach party at Huntington Beach.

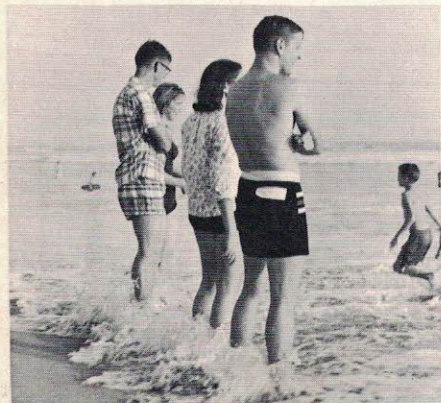
En route to the beach the buses were filled with the usual "sound of music" as the bus monitors conducted sing-alongs. Some of these sing-alongs were augmented with some antics from a few of the more lively Ambassadors.

As if this were not enough to highlight the day, the beach party was even better. The day included volleyball, football, hamburgers, watermelon, surf-riding, marshmallow burning, and perfect weather.

The picnic was tremendously successful, and everyone had a ball (or would you believe a surf board?).

This year a new game was inaugu-

*(Continued on page 4)*



"On the beach"



Mr. Herbert Armstrong G greets New Freshmen

## FACULTY RECEPTION - 1967

One of the most beautiful buildings on the face of the earth was the setting for the 1967 Faculty Reception. This year a record 186 eager and excited Freshmen met God's handpicked teachers and leading ministers for the first time. It was well over an hour — and many, many handshakes — before the final freshman was through the receiving line.

After meeting the Faculty, the new freshmen came downstairs to meet their fellow Ambassadors. The Women's Club provided punch and cookies for the occasion. The Ambassador College Big

Band was also on hand with splendid music. All of these put together made this year's Faculty Reception a wholesome social event for God's faculty and students combined.

And so once again the opening of the school year was kicked off with the hum of new voices and names as the class of 1971 made its debut.





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This column as you see is titled Circular File; you may be more familiar with its less sophisticated name — file thirteen.<sup>1</sup> Our beloved editor credits this column as being what is called filler<sup>2</sup> and regards it as trash. But before this heresy is spread to you new Freshmen, I want to point out the vital need for this intellectually stimulating column. For example here is just a preview of what you have to look forward to:

"What is the fate of entrance exam scorecards?"

"How many colored pencil sets are purchased by the Freshman Bible Class?"

"By following these 12 steps you can pass Mr. Meredith's class."

"How many six feet and over Freshman men starve to death the first two weeks?"

I'm sure, by reading a few of the

(Continued on page 3)

Editorial

# WHAT IS IT?

by George L. Johnson

Even though you have already seen a copy of *The PORTFOLIO*, you're still probably wondering what it is. Right now you probably have a million and one questions about *The PORTFOLIO* running through your mind. This editorial will answer some of these questions and make you better acquainted with *The PORTFOLIO*.

WHAT IS *The PORTFOLIO*?

*The PORTFOLIO* is Ambassador College's weekly newspaper.

WHAT IS THE AIM OF *The PORTFOLIO*?

"The aim of this newspaper is to provide bits of news, fun, and entertainment for all concerned. It is a campus newspaper for those of us intimately concerned with campus affairs. No attempt is made to make stories or comments understandable to outsiders. All this is the burden of the one who has the misfortune to pick up and read this paper.

"We admit having made a few errors in this issue. *We plan to make a few in the next!*

"As to our lack of literary talent in most of these articles, our plea can only be that we are but students and not masters."

This was *The PORTFOLIO* policy as stated in Volume 1, Number 2 of December 18, 1951. This policy hasn't changed.

WHO MAY WRITE FOR *The PORTFOLIO*?

We will accept articles from anyone who will sacrifice enough of his own time to serve his fellow Ambassadors. Even if you can come up with some good ideas that you don't think you have the talent to write up — hand the idea in anyway. We can always use fresh new ideas.

WHAT DO I WRITE ABOUT?

When was the last time something unusual, funny, serious, or shocking happened in your dorm, on your job, or just anywhere on campus? When was the last time something really stirred you up — made your blood boil? Don't waste all that steam! Write an article!

But don't make them too long. A standard *PORTFOLIO* article should be one double-spaced typewritten page.

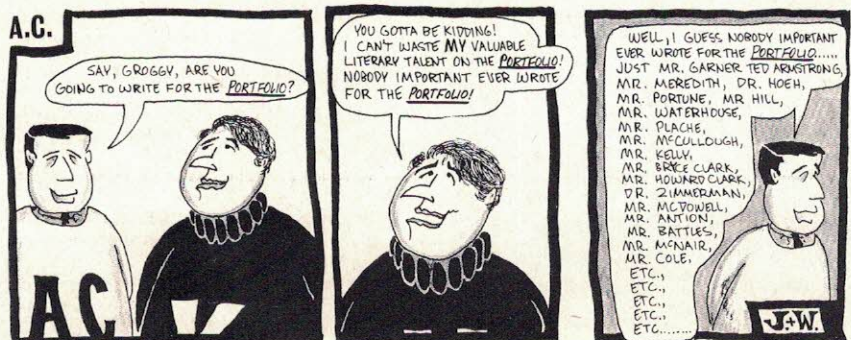
And above all don't be discouraged if your first or yes even your second article, isn't published — MINE WEREN'T!!

WHEN AND WHERE SHOULD I TURN MY ARTICLES IN?

There are two deadlines each week for *The PORTFOLIO*. All articles should be in my mailbox no later than 8:00 A.M. Tuesday or Friday.

I hope I have answered a few of your questions about YOUR College Newspaper. And remember that it is your paper.

Do you want to have eight full pages of interesting campus news and capers? If you do, then take a little of your spare time and write us an article. You write them — we'll publish them!







by Bill Jacobs

You may be suffering from a wretched, painful, *fatal* disease! Do you think this is a joke? Do you think this is a gimmick?

Millions suffer from this disease *right now*. Millions are doomed to die! And more than we would like to admit have contracted this disease *here* — at Ambassador College!

The disease is called *Can'tcer*. It is deadly and it may kill YOU. Do you have it? Here are the symptoms taken right from the medical journal:

"The victim, in every case naturally endowed with the right and ability to succeed, develops an illogical mental block. This block is caused by a manifestation of a nasty four-letter word spelled c-a-n-'t. In speech this 'can't' symptom usually precedes vocal utterance of every good hope or normal aspiration, thus inducing utter frustration, worry, fatigue, and unnecessary hallucination of total failure."

Here at Ambassador College we find this insidious disease creeping in. Listen for the tell-tale symptom. You will hear students saying: "I *can't* give this speech," "I *can't* finish this paper," "I *can't* stick to this schedule," "I *can't* make it," "I *can't* take it," "I *can't* overcome my problems," etc.

This is bad enough. But the worst and most stunning part about *Can'tcer* is the total *idiocy* of the attitude it engenders.

The *can'tcer* victim is *blind* to the *truth*. He lives a lie — lying to himself daily, telling himself he *can't*, when it is obvious to everyone else that he *can*. Lunacy isn't it?

We were not put here to fail. We were not engineered and designed with loving care to flop. Just the *reverse* is true. We were literally *built* to *succeed*. We have all the tools and equipment necessary to go all the way to achieve the fantastic goal set before us here at Ambassador.

If you are a *Can'tcer* victim, if you

have been dealt a sneaky blow by this furtive disease, why don't you *OPERATE*? Take the *truth* about yourself — the fact that you *can* succeed — and a scalpel and literally "*cut it out!*" Remove that malignant growth called *Can'tcer*.

## Circular File

(Continued from page 2)

coming headlines, you can foretell how this column will broaden your horizons, help prevent tooth decay, produce out going concern for fellow students and will continually bring to mind the deep significant happenings on campus.

What else can George do, after all he wrote Circular File last year and is editor this year — who knows??? This is only the beginning, more earth-shaking facts later — Welcome to Ambassador College.

<sup>1</sup> For those that are illiterate — waste basket.

<sup>2</sup> Taking up leftover space.

### Historical Geology

The other day in Historical Geology Mr. Macdonald mentioned that "this whole Los Angeles Basin is full of 'faults.'" That could be taken either of two ways and still be true.

I am also reminded of the time that an Ambassador Co-ed was breaking her toast one morning. It seems that it cracked in a very unusual way. "It looks like an earthquake!" she exclaimed.

"And its all your *fault*," replied an Ambassador male sitting next to her.

A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but it never seems as personal.

Probably no other piece of machinery is as fascinating as a running taximeter.

## Unclassified Ads

**A GOOD TYPEWRITER:** A bit old but NOT worn out! (They made them good "in those days"). A deal at \$25.00. Yours for the taking. See it at Outgoing Mail Department

**FOR SALE:** One dark brown corner desk and chair with glass top, excellent condition. Call Stan Clark, 216.

**WANTED:** Articles to publish in the next Portfolio. Put in editor's mail box.

## The Twilight Zone?

by Art Dollarwald

I was walking through quiet, peaceful, cultural Pasadena the other day, when a gang of elderly ladies tried to roll me in the vicinity of Orange Grove and Colorado Blvd. Due to my superior speed, I managed to get a five-foot lead and lost them in the smog. Once I was sure that I had lost them, I stopped to get my bearings. I found myself in a fabulously beautiful garden, which must have been somewhere near Pasadena and Del Mar Avenues (someone must have slipped me some LSD!).

As I was admiring the green weed covering the ground, something approached me and exclaimed, "Howdy!"

Looking up, I expected to see Matt Dillon but found instead something resembling an adolescent college student, or at least what I think one would look like underneath all the long hair and fuzzy beard.

"Are you talking to me?" I asked hesitantly.

"Yes sir," he replied.

At the mention of the word sir from a youth I turned to see if the President were somewhere around. Seeing that he wasn't, I quickly assumed that he was addressing me.

"May I help you?" he asked, noting my perplexed look.

"Maybe you can," I responded. "What is this place, *paradise*?"

"No, — not yet," he answered.

Noting the enigma that had etched its way across my face, he hastened to add that "this place" was called Ambassador College.

As I began to wonder why I was here, I couldn't help but inquire as to the course of study.

"Well," he began, "We have a few *Bible* courses and —"

"A few wha-a-a-t?"

"Uh, a few *Bible* courses."

"Oh no," I said to myself, "and I thought Berkeley was far out!"

Rod Serling will never believe this one!!!



## Beach Party

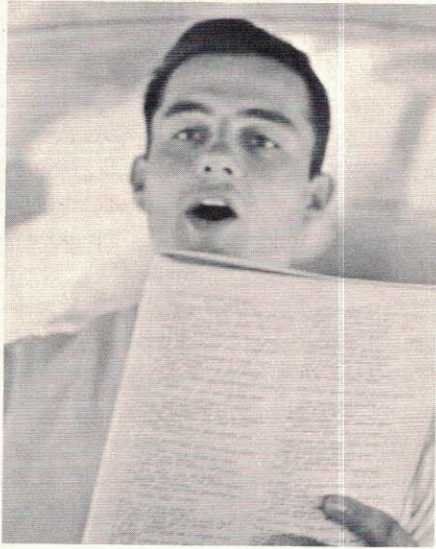
(Continued from page 1)

rated — "Risk." Ever since "cricket" disappeared from the get-acquainted picnic five years ago, Ambassadors have needed a replacement. This year, one out of every 25 students played "Risk."

As the picnic gradually increased to a crescendo of activities, one reporter claimed that he even heard regular conversation!

But in the mid-afternoon, all beach activity drew to a close as a smoking airplane began a downward tailspin toward the Pacific Ocean. However, the pilot was fortunate enough to have luck on his side — he was a member of an air show put on by KFWB radio. Had he not been, the results could have been disastrous. The air show itself lasted approximately fifteen minutes, as a small group of 1920-vintage bi-planes made a number of sky acrobatics over the ocean.

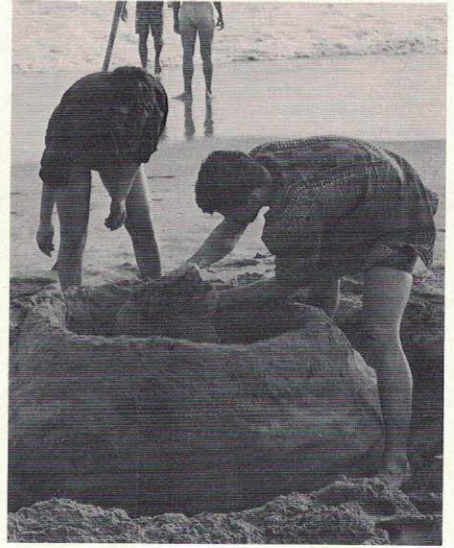
As the evening drew on and the sun began to descend to the level of those it had baked, Ambassadors gathered around one of the campfires for the traditional singalong. After a half hour of singing, the song-fest came to a close, the buses were "homeward bound," and everyone waved good-bye to the beach and the cleanup crew!



Chuck leads singing on bus.



Ambassadors enjoy singing on the beach.



A castle built upon the sand...??

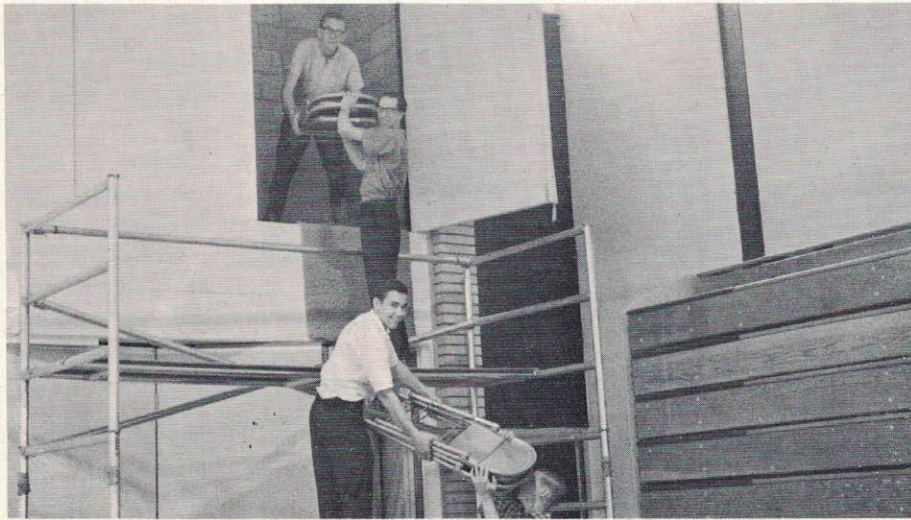


The long trip back.



A reluctant Ambassador is thrown into the drink...





Custodians setting up for services.

## YOUR JOB IS IMPORTANT

by Pat Parnell

Have you ever stopped to think how needed our different work crews are? Have you ever pondered over what Ambassador College would be without them?

I want to tell you about one of these work crews. It's a crew we often, but not deliberately, take for granted — the CUSTODIAN crew, perhaps better known as the janitor crew.

Besides setting up for all regular school forums and assemblies, for Bible Study and Sabbath service, for all Holy Days, for all special assemblies and for weddings and so forth, these men have to clean up after those activities are finished. All chairs, tables, rugs and what all are put away by them. All trash and dirt has to be cleared up by them. Just imagine the chaos and complete disorder without them! Who would take care of those needed and very important services?

There's more! The custodians' work is never done! All of the buildings and facilities must be kept clean and neat. That's not an easy task. Not only does it require a day crew on duty during the day, but it requires dedicated men on duty during the night when everyone else is fast asleep. Ever think about who cleans your office floor, or classroom? Or who cleans the rugs, ledges, and empties your wastebaskets?

We can really be thankful for those men God uses on the custodian crew. You know it's *our* fingerprints they

have to wipe off the windows, glass doors and woodwork. It's *our* mess they clean up in our dorms, classrooms, offices, restrooms and other facilities. Let's thank them for their service, dedication and hard work.

THANKS, men on the custodian crew! We appreciate your work.

## Northwest Outpost

by Louis Winant

All is well on the western front. All is quiet. All is calm. Have no fear, the Northwest Outpost is watching out for you.

What is the Northwest Outpost? 421 Olcott, obviously — that secluded section of the campus that is forgotten and goes unnoticed by all.

But, we're here! Nineteen brave and courageous young men headed by Captain Mike Blackwell — having served three years on the front, and holder of the purple heart, green thumb, and a blue toothbrush. He is assisted by Lt. Chuck Dickerson, a two-year veteran.

The fort is well equipped — in the garage is the Gardening Department's bacteria spray truck.

So, next time you hear sirens, car horns, squeeling tires, and all those frightening sounds of the battle going on to the west — South Orange Grove Blvd. — remember — the Northwest Outpost is watching out for you.

## A Big Change for The Big Band

by Louis Winant

No longer the "same ole stuff" — dances, sockhops, basketball games, fun shows, and the like. The Ambassador College Big Band has taken on something new, something different.

Now the Big Band has stepped into public relations work!! The occasion? The band is playing at the Los Angeles County Fair, and in particular, the equestrian portion — the History of the Horse. In the event, the horse, from Medieval to present, from armor-carrying to cowboy-carrying, all will be portrayed colorfully and elegantly. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and the Civil War — with the mixed melodious musical medleys of "Dixie" and "Kingdom Coming" to the stirring strains of "Battle Hymn of the Republic" — all will be played by the band to produce a "really big show."

The Big Band is working hard — as it always does — and is glad to have such a privilege to help promote the true example of Ambassador College.



The Ambassador Big Band in action.

## Why THE PORTFOLIO HAS NO SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

So many ask, "How can you publish a paper without a subscription price, and without advertising?"

The answer is simple. The GOSSIP must go to the whole campus, and it must go FREE. It must not be sold like merchandise. "Freely you have eavesdropped," George said to his staff members whom he was training to proclaim the gossip, "Freely GIVE."

Without money and without price, is our way. Our gossip is FREE! Therefore, we cannot put a PRICE upon the PORTFOLIO. It's worthless!



*Ambassador Adventure***I SAW DACHAU**

by Rick Bourne

Just a few weeks ago I saw Dachau. It was not at all like I had imagined it. The concentration camp outside the Bavarian town of Dachau is no more. But what *is* there shows the feeling of modern Germany.

The large expanse of the old camp is now divided in half. One half belongs to the German government; one half is taken up by an old U. S. Army Base. Separation is clearly denoted by two sets of barbed-wire (the German fence electrified). The Bavarian government, under whose control the German section has come, has undertaken to reconstruct the camp. The main building is a museum for the purpose of "giving with the help of existing documents an objective idea of what happened at Dachau and other concentration camps." That goal is hardly achieved.

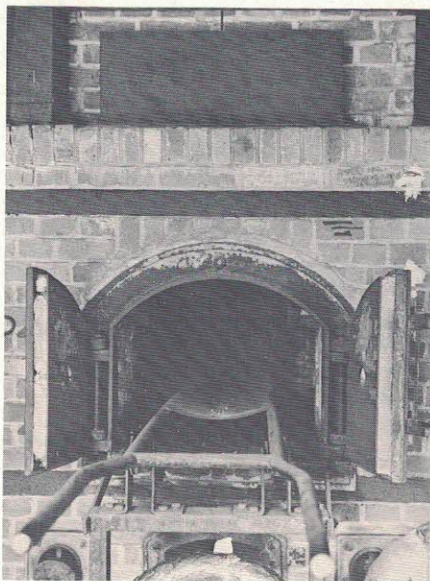
From the road the camp looks like a modern state penitentiary, with guard towers, barracks and barbed wire. The only identification is a sign which read "COMMEMORATIVE MONUMENT," and in German refers to Naz-



Tourists visiting Dachau.

ism. And indeed Nazism is the theme and personality of the whole *shrine*.

When I visited Dachau it was pouring down rain — a very dark, dismal day. But still hundreds of visi-



You are there — "The Ovens."

tors each hour were flooding into the museum. Why?

The first thing which came to view was a long wall covered with *hundreds* of names of only the MAJOR prison camps. Turning the corner I was stopped short by a huge picture of the Fuhrer — Herr Hitler — with arms outstretched, hypnotizing a crowd of thousands in Munich before his rise to power.

The museum sheds one tear for the atrocities committed there, and then proceeds to show Hitler's rise to power, definitely NOT in a derogatory way. He was, after all, the Fuhrer, and it was too bad all those wretched Jews had to be killed, but they *were* destroying the nation. This is the feeling portrayed there!

The statistics given are not at all accurate. In general, they are one-tenth to one-twentieth of the real story. Dachau operated from 1933 till the end of W. W. II, yet they say only a few thousand were ever killed there.

What is Dachau today? It is a shrine to Nazism and an excuse for the German to dream about "past glories" (if mass murder is "Glorious"! ). One building remains from the original camp — and is now under restoration — the crematorium!!

**"At Your Own 'Risk'"**

by John Walker

"What are you doing? Gambling??" asked Dr. Hoeh as he slowly moved around a sand-covered map of the world where several Ambassadors were intently studying the world situation.

"We are playing an honorable game of suspense," came the reply, as two pair of dice and two yellow blocks greedily gathered from a piece of real estate known as Kamchatka. (For those who are not acquainted with geography, Kamchatka is located in Asia directly across the Bering Straits from Alaska. All experienced "Risk" players would know. Ask one!)

The above described event occurred at the recent Ambassador College "Get Acquainted Beach Party" as five Ambassadors were diligently preparing for Geography, World History, and International Relations Classes by playing that international war game — "Risk!"

For those who may be interested in the game, here are some interesting facts about it:

1. It is a game of skill and strategy.
2. It is also a game of luck and chance.
3. It is recommended for those taking human nature class.
4. It is a good way to learn something about geography, geopolitics, history, and international relations.

With these four points, we hope that everyone may gain a greater awareness of the world we live in, and that game called "Risk!"



Anxious Ambassadors huddled over the world.



# HOW TO WATCH WORLD NEWS

by Jim Napier

Thumb through such wide-circulation weeklies as *U.S. News and World Report*, *Life*, *Look*, *Newsweek*, or *Time* and you'll be STAGGERED when you read about the *changing world* we live in.

Mr. Armstrong has repeatedly shown us how Jesus Christ was the most accurate newscaster that ever lived. Spanning the time of centuries, he foresaw a TIMETABLE OF DANGER just prior to the collapse of our turbulent age.

We know he has commanded us to *watch world news* (Luke 21:36). Thus, many of us subscribe to *U.S. News*, *Newsweek*, and the *L. A. Times*.

Yet, with work, classes, and advanced book reports for this fall, we don't have a lot of time to devote to the newspaper. But, CAN YOU AFFORD 15 MINUTES A DAY?

Yes, 15 minutes a day with the *L. A. Times* can give you an in-depth, penetrating view of the world scene, it can't help but make you a truly well-informed observer.

The key is in HOW you use those 15 minutes. DISTILLATION of the NEWS is vital!

Let's see *how*.

First, SKIM THE HEADLINES to get a brisk, panoramic view of what took place in the world at large. Why do this? To tie the world's events together *so they relate* to each other.

Secondly, MONITOR THE NEWS. Survey and read only those ripe articles you wish to know more about. Do this by turning the headlines into questions — then breeze through the article, stopping to concentrate on points of vital interest.

As you read, think of sitting in a theater. You've seen PREVIEWS OF COMING ATTRACTIONS splashed on the screen. In the same way, try to PREVIEW IN YOUR OWN MIND "what will happen next?" This forces your mind to organize the article and to dwell upon CAUSE — EFFECT relationships.

Generally, the first 3 or 4 paragraphs of a news story contains the meat and potatoes — the real juicy steaks you'll want to digest thoroughly. Beyond that point, much will be *excess baggage* you'll want to cull out at your own discretion.

Don't forget SPECIFICS. You'll need them to amplify and clarify various processes of thought used by the commentators.

Article read, now ask yourself (this is

vital) "WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?" How does it relate to the other headlines I surveyed? By this method you'll compact into your mind an everwidening periscope of our world and its changing scene.

As time permits, read the columnists whose job it is to assign *meaning* to these events.

Couple this with the editorials. Editorials are where the *newspaper takes stands* on the major issues of the day. A rule of thumb for reading the editorials is *read the last two paragraphs first*. Reading the editorial BACKWARDS enables you to pick up the *interpretations*. Then jump to the front of the editorial and fill in whatever DETAILS interest you.

Another vital tool is marking key statements, circling words, clipping and filing.

Develop this habit of being a REPORTER ON THE JOB, and you'll reap a bountiful perspective on the TRENDS OF OUR TIMES. Learn to DISTILL THE NEWS — TRIM THE FAT, and PARE IT TO THE BONE.

Be able to say, "I saw it in the paper," and be able to back it up with facts by becoming a REPORTER ON THE JOB!

## Remember When?

# FRESHMAN ORIENTATION

by John Walker

"The Freshman orientation was the hottest in the history of Ambassador College because of the 100 degree temperatures and over, but it didn't draw attention away from the program . . . Mr. Armstrong brought out that if we came here to get just a college education, we should have gone elsewhere! We should have come here to learn about *life* and to develop our personalities. Whatever we do — let's do it well!"

"We are the largest Freshman class ever to enter Ambassador — so let's STRIVE to be the best!"

September of 1967? Wrong! The above was written in *The PORTFOLIO* of September 16, 1955.

This was the year that Mr. Apatian became a member of the faculty. This was the year that the Correspondance Course Dept. was forced to move into one of the girls' dorms — the *basement* of Mayfair — because of diminishing space in the mailing office.

This was also the year *The WORLD TOMORROW first* went on TV — as Mr. Armstrong then described it — "the most effective method of getting *the message* across to a lethargic and uninterested public."

"God's Work is surging ahead faster than you realize!" and this was said this same week twelve years ago.

We have come a long way in twelve years, but twelve is only the number

of beginnings. We have the same type of problems now that we had then — only on a grander scale. Let's surge ahead on a grander scale!

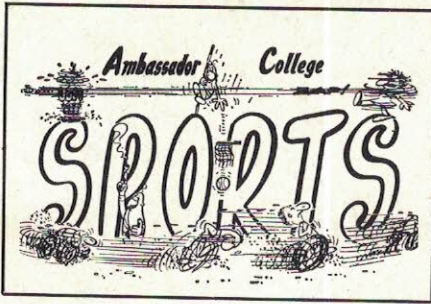
Some come to the river of knowledge to drink — others just come to gargle.

A toastmaster is a man who eats a meal he doesn't want so he can get up and tell a lot of stories he doesn't remember to people who've already heard them.

If a woman driver puts out her hand, it means just one thing. The window of the car is open.

An American is a person who makes sure that his car is working, whether he is or not —





## FOUL TIPS

With classes back under way, many students have been nursing sore muscles. Complaints ranged from tuberculosis to toe aches. One student was overheard complaining that he felt much like ancient Greece — both had fallen arches.

Some students hadn't exercised all summer. So when P.E. classes put them back in shape — unworked muscles cried out!

And that's one purpose of the P.E. classes — to keep *Ambassadors fit!* The other purpose is to develop the over-all man by learning a variety of sports. The program works, too. Last year Ambassador College was one of the top student bodies in the nation in regard to physical fitness.

This year we are going to try to top last year's achievement.

The Ambassador Softball League will probably start play this next week. In the tournament, the faculty figures to be the team to beat. It is highly doubtful anyone will beat the "old men" more than once. (Witness the final

# FACULTY WALKS OFF WITH SOFTBALL TROPHY

The Ambassador College Faculty has taken another championship — this one coming for the summer softball league. The faculty waltzed thru the season undefeated — ending the season with a victory over Los Angeles in a game that decided the championship.

The Ambassador students finished strong, taking four of their last five

games to finish in a tie with San Diego for third place.

Glendale played well but just didn't have the experience needed for a championship.

Pasadena? Well, Pasadena was at least the steadiest team in the league. They started out behind and, once they got behind, they stayed there!

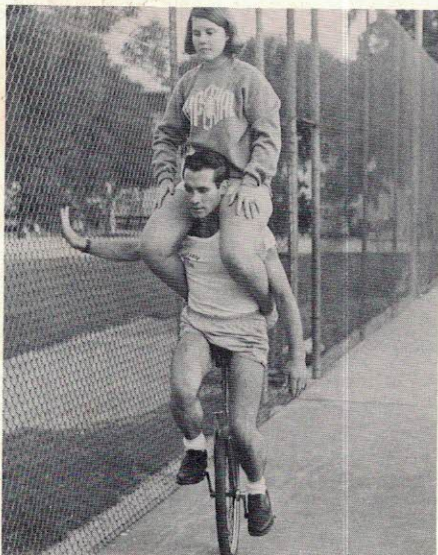


There was no joy in Mudville . . .

standings in the summer softball tournament . . . )

With softball still hot in the air, basketball is beginning to rear its head on the horizon. The teams are busy getting into shape. (The seniors, as usual, are having problems finding any shape to get into.)

On an individual basis, Al Gudeman and Kayte Youngblood, two of our foremost gymnasts, are working on something new. Kayte rides on Al's shoulders while he rides his unicycle. Think this is easy? Just try it someday — but be sure your accident insurance is good.



A unicycle built for two.

### FINAL STANDINGS

	W	L
Faculty . . . . .	8	0
Los Angeles . . . . .	8	2
San Diego . . . . .	5	5
Ambassador College . . .	5	5
Glendale . . . . .	2	8
Pasadena . . . . .	1	9

In case you see a few typographical errors in this paper, they may have been put there *intentionally!* We try to please everyone — and some of our friends (?) are always looking for mistakes.