



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



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WEEKLY

February 13, 1967

Square Dance Held

What would you do with a spare Saturday night and nothing to do? Basketball game canceled, empty gym, forty-nine cents left to last until next payday . . . what *would you do?* What we did! *Have a Square Dance!*

Square dancing in the Gym started at 7:30, and with a *professional caller* from the Glendale Church, Mr. Daryl Slocum! Not only did he "call" the favorite country dances, but he also took time to teach us quality *ballroom dancing*, in preparation for future formal dances. Ambassador feet never looked so graceful as last Saturday night.

Think it can't be done? Next time you hear of another Ambassador Square Dance, come find out for yourself how YOU can become Arthur M. of the square dance set.

Mr. Freibergs to Assist Dr. Hoeh

Dr. Hoeh announced last Friday night that Mr. Gunar Freibergs will be called in from Düsseldorf to be Dr. Hoeh's administrative assistant. John Karlson will be sent to Germany after graduation to fill the gap.

Übung macht den Meister (Practice makes perfect)! John had no experience in the German language previous to Ambassador, but practiced *diligently* in classwork, spent a summer visiting the German brethren in Edmonton, and is now preparing to serve full time in the German Work.



These two "Old Faithfuls" must soon fall, as Ambassador College beautifies.

Master Plan Takes Shape Six Departments Clear For Quadrangle

In just two weeks, Construction and Maintenance will begin *destruction* of 120-124 Terrace Drive in preparation for the "Birds in Flight" sculpture and Administration Building ground breaking this summer. The Feast and Personnel Departments, formerly housed in this area, have already moved into the renovated *Gun Shop* on Green Street. The ENVOY, Spanish, and Transportation Departments and new *TV studio* are soon to follow.

To fit all six departments in one building is not crowding them. This move actually *doubles* the office space for every department (except Transportation, which will soon move out again to the Parsons Building). You may be surprised to find the *Gun Shop* is equal in floor area to Grove Manor, *larger* than Outgoing Mail or Buildings and Grounds, and four *times* larger than the present Administration Building.

The new office space (16,960 square

feet!) will be only a temporary measure. As soon as the new Ad Building is completed (tentatively August, 1968), these departments will all move in and another major step in the Ambassador *Master Plan* will be complete.

Yesterday Student Council formulated super-secret plans for the Junior and Senior Dances and made final preparations for this week's activities:

Junior class meeting	Tues., 8:30
Seniors vs. Freshmen	Wed., 7:00
Freshmen class meeting	Wed., 8:45
Field trip, Horse Flats	Thurs., 8:00
Juniors vs. Sophs	
Faculty vs. Seniors	Sat., 7:00
Etiquette — family situation	Sun., 6:00

A Tale of Three Alarms

What is the most miserable sound you can think of? Is it the sound of chalk squeaking across a blackboard? Or maybe someone filing their fingernails? Or is it that alarm clock in the morning?

Yes, that's it! *Your roommate's* triple-alarm fire bell at six o'clock Sunday morning!

Wait a minute. As bad as your roommate's monster sounds, I'll bet I know of three clocks that would make that monster sound like a cat purring.

Take for example Dieter Heimke's classic that he got with Blue Chip Stamps. You know, it's the old-fashioned type — bronze colored with twin bells and a gong on the top. When it goes off *nobody*, I mean **NOBODY** (except Dieter, of course) gets any more sleep.

And have you heard about the sick clock of Del Mar, 1965-66? Last year Bill Cowan, who has since gone out

the men in blue, sprained her ankle. Now even her feet are decked out in Sophomore colors.

Who's going to be next? When will all this madness end? When will man finally evolve an unbreakable plastic ankle?

These and other questions demand a quick answer, or the *sprain drain* will clear the roster of every Ambassador ball squad, or, to put it in the words of that noted "sixth man" of the University of Mississippi, "Hopalong" Williams, "Some day we'll outnumber you [those with *unsprained* ankles], and *you'll* be abnormal, and we'll be normal!"

Let's gird up our ankles and finish this season in one piece!

to the field (and his clock also), woke up third floor Del Mar with an uncertain note every morning. You see the problem here was not the volume, but the tone quality. It sounded something like this: ding... ding... BRU-URRRRERERRrrr... er... era... era... erRRRURUR... ur... ur... urRRR. ... Can you imagine getting out of bed on that encouraging note?

Now what about the clock that won't give up. Do you think your roommate's never-say-die bell of doom can beat this one? I doubt it. Listen to this:

Two years ago, Al Leiter slept by an open window on the *second* floor of 380. He always placed his trustworthy clock on the windowsill, and one morning (you guessed it) he "accidentally???" knocked it out onto the cement sidewalk twenty feet below! Most clocks would have cried "UNCLE" upon receiving this treatment, but not Al's. It continued to spew out its venomous early morning revilings for six months afterwards!

Now has that monster by the bed next to you begun to purr yet?

What's My Line?

Linda Correll has a unique job. Every morning, people leave papers, books, notes, keys, and assorted trash *on their breakfast trays*. It's her job to decipher **WHOSE** they are, and find the owner.

Sidewalk Chivalry

To supplement our Sunday night lectures on dining etiquette, here are some tips on SIDEWALK etiquette by our own iconoclastic female reporter, C.V.

Saturday night finally arrived, and with it the dreaded DATE. Freddie met her at the door with a big smile and sparkling conversation. All went well until they reached the sidewalk... then the hideous happened. Freddie found himself **CAUGHT ON THE INSIDE OF THE SIDEWALK!** Oh horrors! He had committed the unpardonable

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Bob and Eric bide their time until their ankles heal.

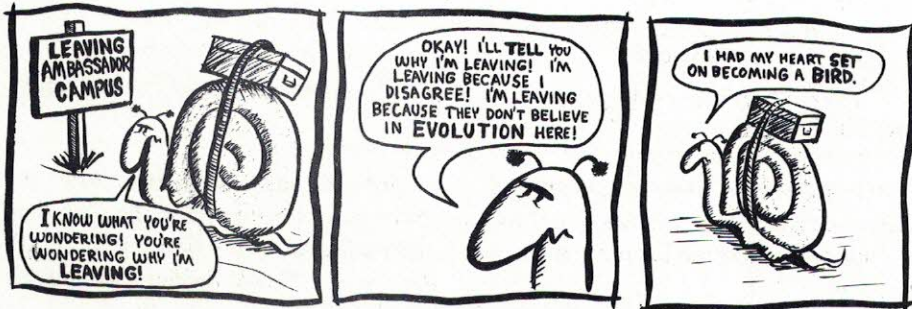
The SPRAIN DRAIN

The lifeblood of Ambassador youth is being *drained* by a sinister enemy — the *sprain!* Twisted, bent, turned, crooked, ripped and broken *ankles* have plagued a member from nearly **EVERY** basketball squad this season. First it was Gail Roberts, then Eric Williams (out for the season), Ray Pyle's pylon snapped next, and he was out for a full week.

The senior team was then cut in half when Bob Boyce came down under the south backboard with two prizes — a rebound and a sprained ankle!

It all looked like a diabolical plot by the Sophomores to weaken their opponents, until last week a Sophomore ankle bit the dust. "While stepping over a chair in my bedroom..." Carol Daniels, one of the most vocal fans of

A. C.



Sidewalk Chivalry

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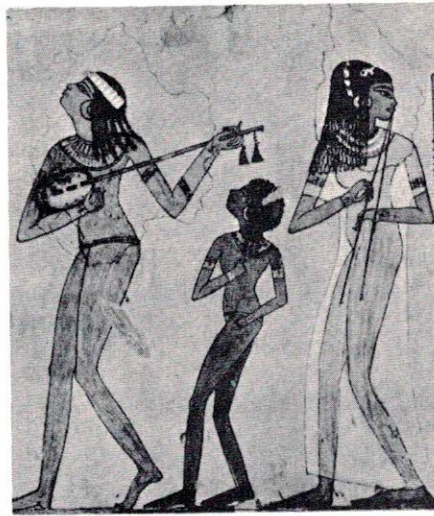
faux pas, the mortal sin for which no atonement will suffice. His sparkling chatter ceased and a long uncomfortable silence followed in which he tried to plot a way to maneuver his poor Harriet onto the inside track. Finally he had the answer!!! He screamed at the top of his lungs, "Look, a flying saucer!" and while Harriet was craning her neck upward he stepped to the outside. Whew!

But before long, another obstacle reared its ugly head — Colorado Boulevard with its myriad street-crossings. Freddie dutifully stuck out his elbow as he had been taught by helpful upperclassmen. Harriet sighed and took it. They crossed five intersections this way, elbows rising and falling like two chickens trying to take off. As they reached the downtown district and people started to stare at their odd behavior, Harriet's innate rebellion came to the fore. "Do you suppose," she whispered conspiratorially, "anyone from the college would catch us if I *didn't take your arm when we crossed the street?*" Freddie took a deep breath, and then like Adam succumbed to her suggestion. They walked the rest of the way to the bowling alley unentangled.

On the way home, Freddie was feeling nonchalant and daring. He didn't offer his arm once — and he ignored the fact that Harriet actually *walked on the outside for nearly half a block!* When they got to her door she wasn't really eager for him to leave, because he didn't make a big thing out of taking her key to open the door. He just did it.

MORAL OF THE STORY: Honor to whom honor, custom to whom custom — "Render unto Caesar" only if he wants it! Or, "When in Pasadena, do as the natives do." *Let Emily Post turn over in her grave — she probably died of worry over who would walk on the outside.*

Students! If you want to save up to \$75.00 in tax refunds, by all means *use the long form* of the 1040 income tax return. The long form is beautifully designed to bless the tithe-payer.



Pictorial papyric proof of the Thebes Brass

Pizzazz

EGYPT'S TOP TEN

When 104 Old Testament Surveyors are busily researching an assignment on the Ten Egyptian Plagues, there's bound to be a heresy or two. The hairiest heresy has to do with new revelations concerning Egyptian music.

According to a musty papyrus the group — called "The Thebes Brass" — recorded in Memphis (a southern city way out in the reeds) and played colloquial lowbrow *marsh music*. A few songs appeared in the hieroglyphics, like: "Up A Lazy Nile," "Lil Egypt," "Alexandria's Ragtime Band," and "When the Sphinx Winks."

Further research has revealed ALL TEN of the Memphis hits during that vintage year of 1487 B. C. Here is the astounding list:

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. Red River Valley | The Thebes Brass |
| 2. The Frog | The Unrighteous Brothers |
| 3. Rambling Woes | Gnat King Cole |
| 4. Fly in the Ointment | Rameses Lewis Trio |
| 5. Where Have all the Cattle Gone? | Guy Lumbago |
| 6. Heat Wave | Sunny and Charred |
| 7. Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here | The Falling Stones |
| 8. Once There Were Green Fields | The Grasshoppers |
| 9. It's been a Hard-Day's Night | The Beetles |
| 10. Let My People Go | The Goshen Ocean |

From all written evidence, this Top Ten was soon wiped out by a fast climbing hit: The Exodus!

The sky was so overcast and smoggy last week that Mr. Burky's class had to hunt for constellations with a *flashlight!*

And it worked!

An Old Sport

SHANGHAIED!

by Robert Kelly

Since I hadn't exercised for weeks, I decided to suit up in the gym for a bit of morning exercise. Seeing some of the students playing badminton, I thought, "Ha! This co-ed class is going to be a *pushover!*"

But only a couple of minutes later a whistle sounded and everyone lined up in formation — everyone, that is, except me. After falling into place in the rear I heard Mr. Petty shouting out commands: "Down One, Down Two, . . ." Not wanting the others to learn that I was an out-of-shape slob I fell (yes, *fell*) into the routine of what the others were doing.

First there was a trunk bending exercise, then (26!) sit-ups, 18 "chin-forehead" push-ups, a "belly-rocking" exercise, and finally the run. It seemed that every time I fell over from one exercise I just happened to be in the starting position for the *next* exercise! As Mr. Petty counted, there was no hint in his placid face of the agony that we (or was it only me?) were enduring.

The "run" went something like a fox and hounds chase after a non-existent fox: not only was I overtaken in the first three feet of the race, I was almost run over when I was lapped!

After the run, as I crawled back into the Gym, panting, I realized (down to my *toenails!*) that Ambassador College develops the *whole man*.

Little Geoffrey Robinson saw the PORTFOLIO masthead for the first time and exclaimed to his father (Mr. J. W. Robinson): "Look daddy, that burglar has the alphabet."