

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Student Body Nets \$10,000 in New Year's Sales

They slept in the street
And they crowded the sidewalks.
They sat in the gutter
Where a rabbit wouldn't go.
They bought all our beef
And they bought all our donuts
From stand number One
To the end of Colorado.

— Anonymous

So began and ended the biggest student headache of 1967 — New Year's. But it was all worth it, as over 500 students and Spokesmen dedicated approximately 6,000 man and woman-hours, selling nearly 30,000 items, for a profit of nearly \$10,000.

Which was more important? The money gained for educational and ser-

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From around the world, God's ministers wing their way to Headquarters.

'67 Conference Convenes

Fifty-four Ministers and Elders from *around the world* convened last Monday, January 9, for the most important "summit meetings" on the face of the earth. Before the last day of the conference, January 19, there should be binding decisions on plans for growth in the Work and campus, large-scale advertising in magazines and newspapers, and important doctrinal and Christian living questions.

The most important "Homecoming Week" in *any* college is bringing back alumni from Australia, England, Germany, France, the Philippines, and Canada — every foreign office except South Africa is represented.

Look at the growth since last year's conference: there have been *twenty-five* new churches established since last conference, and *thirty-four* new minis-

ters ordained (not counting those ordained during *THIS* conference). Both of these represent a *twenty percent* growth in a year's time!

This year's conference has had *more preparation than any previous conference*. For four consecutive Sundays, the headquarters ministers have held preparatory meetings all morning long. Other meetings were called for Tuesday

(Continued on page 7)



Joe sends out his "radar" for more money . . .



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What Our Readers Say

Dear Editor:

I really liked your Perkins' prediction about rain. It was very eye-opening. In fact, I don't know how I couldn't have done without it. Only one small problem: Next time prophesy ahead of time. You know how the critics are.

Sincerely yours,
A soaked reader

• Perkins and PORTFOLIO repent!

Dear Editor:

Why don't we provide the students with an unusual meal. I'm referring to our beloved geese, of course. I think we should all march on the pond and let our feelings be known.

Sincerely,

A Goose Lover (smack!)

• Uh, I think you have the wrong college. Try Berkeley.

Dear "Ed.":

Why don't more people know my name? I'm tired of being ignored! I'm tired of being unknown! Even "man-power" overlooks me!

Please help me.

Your friend,
Oilof
Trop

Editorial

Happiness Is SERVICE

by Gary Alexander

We print a lot of "happiness is . . ." quips in the PORTFOLIO, but most of them are just for entertainment — they don't represent real *deep* happiness. For instance, finding meat in the bottom of a salad, having no sign-out violations, or sinking a desperation basketball shot are the spice of life, but not true, lasting happiness.

True happiness lies in *service!* Great men, at the end of their long lives of service, come right back to this answer. Booker T. Washington, the Negro educator and statesman, learned this lesson during his *first year at college*. "The education I received at Hampton out of the textbooks was but a small part of what I learned there . . . Before the end of the year, I think I began learning that those who are *happiest are those who do the most for others*" (*Up From Slavery*, p. 46).

In his public speaking career, Washington saw this lesson even clearer. "In meeting men, in many places, I have found that *the happiest people are those that do the most for others*; the most miserable are those that do the least . . . In order to be successful in any kind of undertaking, I think the main thing is for one to grow to the point where he *completely forgets himself*; that is to lose himself in a great cause. In proportion as to one loses himself in this way, in the same degree does he get the *highest happiness* out of his work" (pp. 128, 161).

MacArthur, in his "Reminiscences," points out "that a man is happier and more contented when constructing than when merely idling away his time" (p. 38). In the 6,000 years of human history, a *very few* great men like this have *found* true happiness and told us the secret: SERVICE.

We of the Ambassador Chorale *re-learned* this valuable lesson last week. In our annual concert tour, we planned to *serve* the brethren in the Oakland-Sacramento area. Again we learned YOU CAN'T OUTSERVE GOD! The more we tried to give to the brethren up there, the more God showered down the spiritual and physical blessings on us. We went there to serve the brethren, but they only turned around and gave us their homes to sleep in, large delicious meals, and memorable fellowship.

Some of us also learned, as Booker Washington wrote, "the most miserable are those who do the least for others." To the degree that we remained selfish, stayed in cliques, overfed ourselves, or lacked personal warmth in singing and visiting, to that same degree we felt empty, lonely and discouraged.

You can't get around it! SERVICE is happiness.

There are many little ways to serve at college, visiting Church brethren, helping at dances, using your musical talents, or having consideration for your roommate. We all need to have a lot more of this spirit of service.

But the *best* way to serve is long-range preparation to serve in this Work, whether "out there" or here at Headquarters. That's when the *real* service begins. That's where the deepest happiness and joy result, too, as all the ministers at the Conference will tell you.

Ambassador College is a training ground for SERVICE. "Lose yourself" in this greatest of causes, and you will not only be obeying God and fulfilling your destiny, but you will be blessed and HAPPY.

The Amazing Story of Brigitte Groth

Ambassador, Pasadena, has been blessed with a Swiss miss—Brigitte Groth from Zurich. She traveled across an ocean and a continent to attend Ambassador. Here is her unusual story.

One year ago Brigitte Groth worked for the Swiss Air offices in Zurich. She was like all their workers, with one important difference—every morning about 4:00 she woke up to listen to *Le Monde a Venir* (French *World Tomorrow* Broadcast) on the radio... and she wanted to come to Ambassador College.

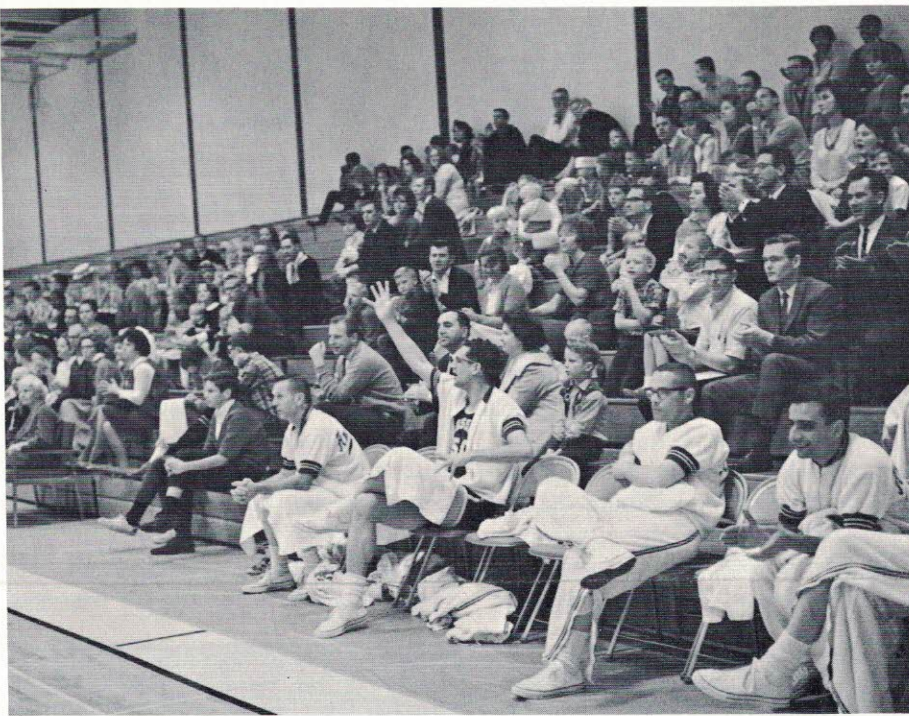
She applied to Bricket Wood but was turned down. She didn't let that setback stop her, though—she gave notice at work and two months later hopped a cut-rate Swiss Air flight to Montreal on her way to Pasadena.

From Montreal she took a Greyhound ("Not a very good bus line, actually, but I didn't know because I bought the tickets in Switzerland") to Los Angeles and got a room in the YWCA. Next morning she walked into the Administration Building and applied for college *here*. She had to wait for Mr. Apartian to return from France before a decision could be made, but when he came back she was able to move into Mayfair!

Would *you* have had enough courage to come half-way around the world all alone when you'd already been told *NO*? Brigitte took a big gamble, but faith and courage pulled her through.



Brigitte at work in Outgoing Mail.



Here is a typical Saturday night crowd.

Bleacher Blarney

by Jim Lee

Did you ever analyze the *basketball crowds* as close as you analyze the players.

The first few rows of stands were made up of the "swinging Pharisees" who sway to the "big sound" of the Ambassador "Big Band." These were made up of the hoarse-throated die-hard class rooters.

The next few rows were made up of the "uncommitted Essenes" who were trying to get in on a good thing. Not particularly caring who won, they filled in the background roar.

The top rows were filled with anything but the top rooters. Here sat the placid-faced "Scribes"—the players of other teams who were busy "sizing up" the major and minor weak points of every player on the court for future reference. Their contribution to the vocal mania was nil.

The west side bleachers (other than those filled with the band) better known as "Zombi Alley" was its usual dead self. This section was made up of many of the college visitors who were out for an evening of fun with the kids, and those who brought their homework with them!

Well, that about sounds out the

cheering section. Hats off to these few who really let their hair down and find it hard to speak Sunday mornings!

Frustration Is...

by R. R. Kobernat

Wanting to type a PORTFOLIO article when you can't type or trying eight times (unsuccessfully) on Friday afternoon to get your Sabbath date—or not finding that piece of meat at the bottom of your chef's salad or, for Greg A. (the full name will not be given to protect the innocent), to commit the last foul of the game as the buzzer sounds and see the Sophomores lose—or when Mr. Long announces that all members of the Mailing Dept. must work when you have two tests the next day—or to have your pen run out of ink in the middle of your article without another one—or when your monitor asks you for ideas for a PORTFOLIO article after 8 p.m.—or when John M. (V.P.) says "have you heard about..." and it turns out to be the one he told last week—or last but not least—when you try to write a PORTFOLIO article with an I.Q. of 70. *This is Frustration.*

● Notable Notes

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again! Reinhold Fuessel sold a cushion, even though it took *fifteen minutes* of deep deliberation to convince him he needed it.

At five in the morning, Louis Winant advertised his hotdogs as "Breakfast in bed" and the "Sunrise special." Concerning his 7-UP, he said, "If you have the liquor, we have the mixer."

On January 2, John Mitchell *urned* his way through college.

Dan Den Houter brewed 35 gallons of coffee without a strainer.

Bruce Brown stretched a two-by-eight plank between two columns twelve feet above his stand and hawked food up there through the night. When he tired, Glenn Purdy, Ken Smylie, and Ben Whitfield followed suit. With Ben up there, binocular sales skyrocketed. People wanted to see the top of Ben.

Who would buy coca-cola at three a.m. and 35 degrees? Nevertheless, coca cola was the hottest item through the night in Randy's stand.

While our pushers yelled out, "hot coffee" and "donuts," some secret rapturists were hawking "The Last Days" newspaper even louder. Doesn't look like they saved anybody.

People in short sleeves want ice cream. People in parkas want hot chocolate. It's a wacky world.

An extensive survey shows that students averaged 1.6 hours sleep Sunday night, but 11.5 the night after.

One nice fellow followed Martin Anderson calling him, "beautiful." Such taste!

Observations on acres of big women in Capri pants: 1) "Does the end justify the jeans?" 2) "Capri is an *island*, not a continent!"

Have you heard hotdogs sold in Old English oratorical fashion? You should have heard John Hopkinson punctuate his paragraph — long dissertations with "Roll in! Roll in! Purchase your hot dogs."

The Ambassador stands in front of Ambassador Hall were the *only un-littered stands* for three miles!

Hindsight is better than foresight: If we could only have installed pay toilets. . .

NEW YEAR'S

(Continued from page 1)

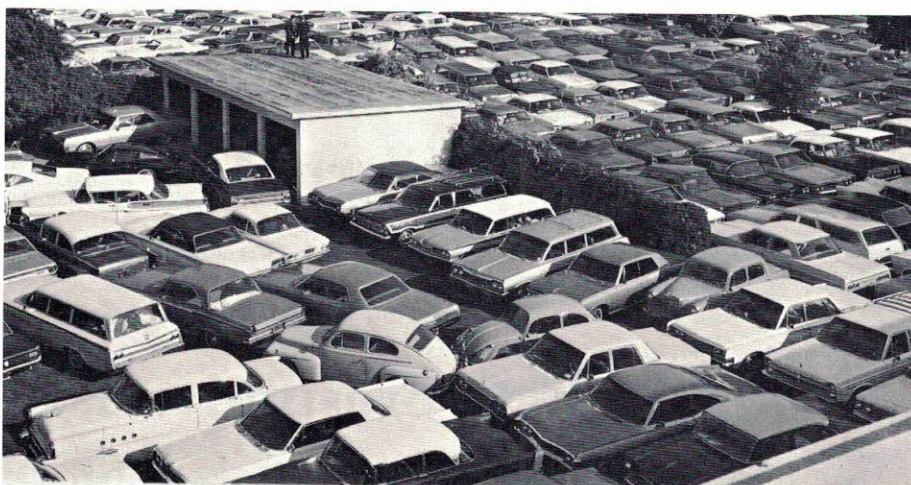
viceable field trips, or the *bond of unity* that all the students felt — sleepily serving together through the wee hours? Everyone knew everyone else was giving their all.

Miracle after miracle followed the student body sales. The New Year's Committee planned for the *exact* amount of donuts, coffee, hot dogs, and roast beef sandwiches. During the last minutes of the parade, the *last* of each of these commodities was sold. No amount of shrewd thinking could have

planned that perfectly.

Dan Den Houter had the assignment of cutting 315 pounds of beef into 2500 sandwich slices. He had to make an educated guess, but that guess was right on the money. With 2,499 down and one to go, Dan had exactly one-half pound of beef left. Perfect! The last one was a healthier than usual sandwich, but all the beef was used up.

The day wasn't over when the parade was. Bob Boyce and his dauntless



Oceans of autos at four dollars per hood.

Who's in Charge Here?

A committee of eight men met three times a week and worked many outside hours to prepare for New Year's. They are:

John Mitchell — Overall co-ordinator

Wayne Phillips — Supplies

Dick Wiedenheft — IBM; personnel

Bob Jones — Parking

Bob Boyce — Pushing

Al Keding
Greg Albrecht } aides
Keith Crouch



"Alright. I saw you palm that fiver."

Happiness is thermal long-johns at 5 A.M.

Happiness is twelve hours sleep on Monday night.

Happiness is a padded shoulder strap.

Happiness is a guy who buys twenty hotdogs and fifteen cups of coffee with a smile on his face.

Practical Pics for Profitable Props

(Editor's note: Pictures will no longer accompany "Library Lookout" articles. The last library picture will keep the librarians busy ALL SEMESTER LONG.)

Something new is being added to the Library! What? Another ravishing librarian? A new set of outdated encyclopedias? A new unread newspaper? No! A prodigious Picture File — providing pertinent pictures, pertaining particularly to world news, views and stews.

How can they be used? Well . . . are you a speech student? Every year speech students search frantically for a "prop" to use in a "prop speech" — how about a picture? Why don't you give a speech about the Mona Lisa? You could display a replica of her and *no* one would get her confused with Cleopatra or Nefer-titi!

Do we have *current* pictures? Yes.

It will not only help the students to get more out of your report, but it will aid you in giving it. You will save yourself a thousand words with one picture — and that means you won't get the buzzer if you're in Ambassador Club.

Early next semester this asset will be at your fingertips; it is now in the final stages of completion.

Make the most of your picture file and it will serve you well!

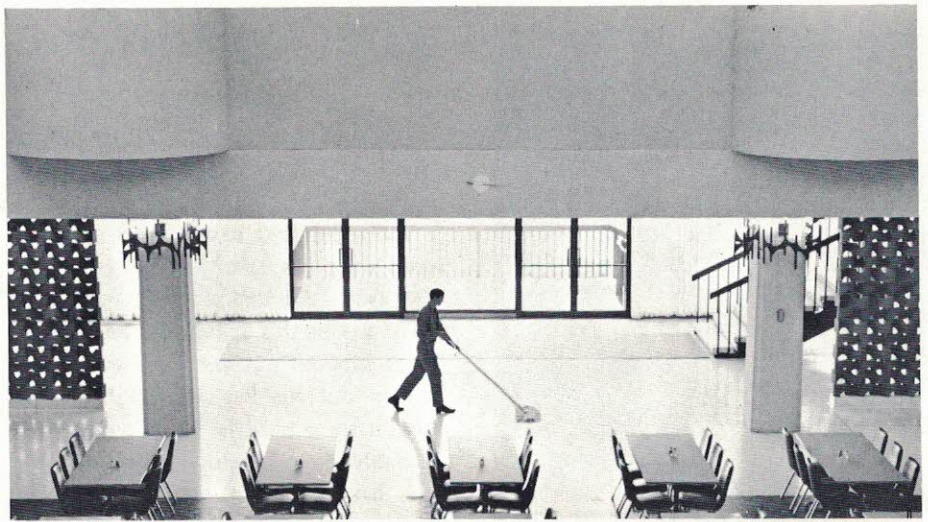
What's Wrong With Terrace Villa Girls?

by Gina, Sophia, and Zsa Zsa

Friday evening in Terrace Villa goes like this. One subject dominates conversations: "Do you have a date? May I go with you?" As the hour of 7:30 approaches, the chatter becomes more brazen: "Let's go in a group, girls — maybe no one will notice!"

The question remains: What's wrong with Terrace Villa girls? Does our building present a cold front? Are we extremely pigeon-toed? Are we the cross-eyed classics of the campus?

Let's not beat around the bush any longer fellas! Here we are — where are you!!!



Framed within the spacious Dining Hall, our lonely sentinel continues his thankless task. He is asking himself . . .

Custodial Capers

When Will It All End?

by Bob Jones

Custodians, take heart!!

Do you feel like you've *always* been on the crew and you're *never* going to get off? Is your posture suffering from the type of work you do?

Are you afflicted with "shower stoop" from washing the shower stalls? Do your shoulders have that "restroom roundness" from carrying heavy mop-buckets and other gear? Are you racked by "commode crouch" from cleaning too many you-know-whats? Is your back tortured by "Hoover hunch"? Are you stricken with a bad case of the "bathtub bends"? Or are you troubled by the "water bottle waddle" from carrying a never ending supply of water into the dorms (what do they do — BATHE in it?)?

Take courage men and realize *first* of all *why* you're on the Janitor — woops! — Custodian Crew. First, it is a very important job. If there *were* no custodians, everyone on campus would probably be sick within a week. Second, this job is *exactly* where Jesus Christ *wants* you to be.

So you want to get *off* the crew, huh? Let me tell you how to do it. It is quite simple. Here's how!

Set your goal to become the *best* custodian Ambassador College has *ever* had. Ask God to *help* you with your attitude (because you'll *need* help). Work as *hard* as you can and put your

whole heart into it. If you're Hoovering the carpet and you are in a bad, miserable attitude, shut that monster off and step into a prayer closet for five minutes. Ask God to give you the *right* attitude. Then come out and give it all you've got. If you have *this* approach, you won't *last* long on the Custodian Crew.

In fact God *promises* to deliver you from your tribulation in Psalm 81:6: "I removed his shoulder from the burden; his hands were delivered from the pots."

An Ode to Sleep?

As I sit in music class —
Brain asleep and eyes of glass —
I wonder long and extremely often
If there is a way my chair to soften.
Mrs. Martin's music's fine;
But two hours is a long, long time!
When we hear Beethoven's Fifth,
I'm forced my ears to listen with.
And when my head begins to nod,
I contemplate my aching bod,
I sit up straight and breathe in deep . . .
And with sagging lids, I fall asleep.
It's not that I don't like the course —
I don't have feelings of remorse!
I'm liking music more and more,
But I need some sleep the night before.
With pen in hand, I stayed up slavin',
All for "40 years with Laban."

— Ye Olde Testament Surveyor



Dying dichondra cries out to you, "Don't tread on me."

Corner Cutters REPENT!

by Greg G. Gardner

Do you feel a tug at your feet each time you cut a corner? If so, it's because of the green sentinels of our flourishing dichondra. They stand rigid against the intrepid steps of their dogged foe—the corner-cutter. They preserve the soil from the crushing weight of each nefarious wayfarer who dares to violate the verdant corners of the campus. Day-by-day they stand brave, undaunted by the hustle of eager feet. Uprooted only temporarily, they are quickly back to their stern purpose. Expendable they are—they're only a schoolmaster 'till right steps are taken. Nay, rather let the tug be at your heart to cease and desist henceforth from further transgression.

Conference

(Continued from page 1)

afternoons—all so that the subjects for the conference would be fully prepared for discussion and decision. Since the first Conference in this era, back in 1955, the Conference has been for the ministers in the field to bring their questions and reports to Headquarters to receive guidance. This year, most of the representatives are superintendents

The Tyrannical Topicsmaster

by Harry Walker

Oh no! Rod Carnes is tabletopics master tonight. He always has an embarrassing gimmick for us.

What did Rod have up his sleeve—more than his arm? A sly grin gave him away. All too soon we found out what was on his mind. He had placed paper bags on our seats and every man had to put his bag on his head and leave it there until he made a comment. Probably no other topicsmaster in history has gotten as much zealous response.

Comments ran something like this: "Thank you Mr. Clod—ugh, I mean Mr. Carnes. I don't know whether the

U. S. will make it to the moon or not. All I know is that I want to get this stupid sack off my head!"

Mr. Clark remarked that the paper bag was an improvement on Nelson Haas's facial expressions.

The time for the topics session quickly passed for all but a few men like Jerry Weston who never were allowed to comment although their hands were waving wildly in the air. But Jerry did not give up! Even after Rod had returned the control of the meeting to our president, John Mitchell, there was Jerry's hand still in the air. John recognized him and he proposed that we dunk Rod in the pool!

Two GIRLS Writing for the Portfolio!

"Liebe Freunde" Tangy, Isn't It?

by Elaine Schmidt

by Sandy Ghent

The students in our sister college at Bricket Wood, England will once again hear from us—this time *in German*. Mr. Rupp's second year German class has made writing letters to the German class in England a class project.

This is an interesting multiple-purpose assignment to help students further their understanding of the language and a way to get to know one another at our sister college. This also adds to the class, besides getting practice using the language.

When the German students wrote, they expressed hope their fellow Germans would like the letter and maybe understand and write back. Why not make this a class project in your language class?

So you were expecting just an ordinarily delicious breakfast on the morning of December 13, 1966. Well, were you surprised? Wasn't there something different about that breakfast? Maybe it was something you just couldn't put your finger on at first.

Taste again, eggs have cheese on them, milk isn't sour (whole milk, not skimmed), jelly is sweet, toast is sugared, *sugared?* Yeh, that's it. There is something besides sugar. That tang! Or is that my taste buds? Taste again. It's salt on cinnamon toast!

Yep you're right. The bright prep crew for that week confused that grainy white stuff with its counterpart making your breakfast just a little more tangy than usual. Sure makes a guy wake up, doesn't it?

or office managers who send in their questions beforehand. This makes for a much smoother running and profitable conference.

41,000,000 watts of radio power; 210 ministers; 146 church congregations. How much will this be increased by Conference time, 1968? Let's all continue to pray that the long-range and lasting results of this conference will keep bearing fruit in the months and years to come.

Happiness is finding your bed made on Sunday night.

Happiness is when the Dining Hall monitor is late in closing the food line.

Happiness is a completed *Genesis Flood* outline *three weeks before finals*.

—Dennis Brady

An Evening in Dr. Hoeh's Home

by Robert Kelley

It was the dark, cold, rainy Sunday evening of December 4. At 6:30 p.m. students began knocking on the door of Dr. Hoeh's home. These were World History students and they were having the wonderful opportunity of learning more about the *truth* of world history by discussing it with Dr. Hoeh in his own home.

Inside the warm, dry, spacious living room of Dr. Hoeh's home, we had the first-hand opportunity to examine some of the fine things in Dr. Hoeh's library. On an end table were stacks of books on Egypt that could be used later, if necessary, in the question-and-answer period on Egyptian history. Dr. Hoeh showed us several interesting books from his library. One fine book on the period of Roman rule in Egypt had a beautiful series of color plates on the remnant building structures of this era. One plate showed a mosaic of a scene from the public arena of one past North African city depicting the gory nausea of the Roman sense of entertainment—gladiatorial combat in the circus.

Other large books, most of which were written in Latin, showed photographs of the sources of the Egyptian king lists which are available to historians—fragmentary papyri such as the Turin Papyrus or stone tables such as the Palermo Stone—our only sources, outside of the Bible from which Egyptian history has been constructed.

Dr. Hoeh then passed around a metal model of an early Viking ship which adorns his living room.

It was in this atmosphere of warmth that we began to ask questions. Questions ranged from "Why have scholars not tried to construct a family tree using plants instead of animals?" to "Was Shoshen of Dynasty XXII of Bubastis related to another Shoshen of a supposedly earlier dynasty?" Among the topics covered were technical problems of carbon 14 dating, corrected dates for different dynasties, the 40 years of Egyptian desolation, the 2520 year connection between the Jews' departure

from Palestine and their return in 1948, the 40 years of Judah's history that corresponds to Ezekiel lying on his side for 40 days, the lost continent "At-



Dr. Hoeh . . . studies away!

Historical Histronics

Carole's Confused Chronology

"Well, where do I begin?" you may ask. First and foremost, *read the Compendiums* and *lay out every chart you find* in order! After you're finished you will have a forty-foot-long roll of butcher paper with many parallel lines showing the synchronous reigns of every king from Tiglathpileser III to Farouk. This chart will be very useful for studying (if you're so inclined), papering a wall, or giving to your favorite paper drive. (You also might save it, xerox it, and sell black market copies to *next year's Juniors*.)

Once you get your handy chart made, you will want to keep it up to date according to the latest info dug up by archaeologists, and new ideas gleaned while you pore over technical journals.

Here is a helpful example of what can happen to your chart if you aren't on your toes and believe all you read:

The famous Egyptian king Aknaughty loused up *two whole dynasties*, and here's how: This old geezer had problems—he married his mother, his sister, his nephew (?) and on top of

lantis," and the creation of the races from the genes of Eve.

The only "interruption" was Dr. Hoeh's son Manfred who came into the living room carrying a bowl of dates and said, "Daddy, Mommy wants to know if it is time to serve the dates now." After a kiss from Daddy, Manfred exultedly left the room.

Late in the evening the wear of five solid hours of question answering began to tell on Dr. Hoeh. After the last di-hardhs had left at 11:30 p.m. we realized the privilege that we had had in spending an evening in the home of Dr. Hoeh.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Although Dr. Hoeh gave World Historians every break (see above), many are still groping in the dark. Read Carole's Confusing Chronology below.

it all he was a sneaky politician and put them all in office. This garbled king list of him and his relatives (ruling all at once) must have confused historians to such an extent that they threw up their hands in dismay and faked a long list of these reigns stretched out lengthways.

You ask, "So what?" Well, all the world history student has to do is realize that in 787-6 (reckoning summer to summer according to the Peruvian calendar). King Aknaughty married Hatpinshepsutpwe, the ex-wife of Amenhotfoot who adopted a colored kid left on his front porch in a basket traceable to a Lower Chalcolithic basketworks run by his great-uncle's brother-in-law Rameses Lewis. Taking this contingency into account we realize without a shadow of a doubt that Aknaughty was his own grandpaw! This resolves the problem of which reign to place him in—we can use him for two empty slots only 100 years apart, and fill up our chart. WHEE! Isn't original research exciting?

'NIGHTMARE'

"pushers" exoded to the other end of the parade route to sell the remaining commodities—ice cream and seat cushions. When he came back at 5:00, they were *sold out* on those two items, with only 2,422 pairs of binoculars to haunt them.

We all learned how far gone this world actually is. Loud, raucous cheers for Sonny and Cher, beatniks, and T.V. stars, but only a sneering look for Marine bands, Navy bands, and other groups representing the only life

blood left in America. Sleeping in the gutter, loud cursing, perversion, hate and greed. We all saw it in sickening proportion on New Year's Day, and can now pray more fervently our thanks for being called out of this and for God's Kingdom to come.

With this big lesson, we also learned *unity* as never before, rallying behind the one right cause, no matter what the cost in cold and sleepless bodies.

Let's remember these lessons and always *stick together*.

The story behind the . . .

Tournament of Roses

by Rodney Repp

Why is the Pasadena Rose Parade called the *Tournament of Roses*? A tournament is a series of contests in some sport, usually to determine a champion. For example, in a basketball tournament, *many games* are played to determine the champion. What then is the connection between the Rose Parade and a tournament?

A brief look into the history of the Rose Parade reveals these interesting facts. The first Tournament of Roses was a small affair held on January 1, 1890. It was then sponsored by the Valley Hunt Club—a social organization which enjoyed fox hunting and organized horseback riding activities.

The first parade was composed of citizens who trimmed their buggies, carriages and wagons with flowers and drove their own entries through the streets. Only real flowers were permitted in the first parade. That rule remains yet today!

Actually, the parade began as quite incidental to the afternoon of sports, races, horsemanship display and family picnic that it was in the 1890's. The decorated horses and carriages merely carried the crowd to the town's "vacant lot" which served as the village baseball and sports field. Here, the games on horseback—were held—and hence the name "Tournament of Roses"!

Little resemblance remains between those original parades and what takes place today, but one important feature has not been lost. All floral decorations used in the Rose Parade each year are real and are fresh flowers. Every inch of every float must be covered with fresh flowers or fresh foliage. Some of the larger floats may have as many as 350,000 blossoms. Imitations in any form are not permitted.

While some of the floats are still built by participating communities with volunteer help, the vast majority are designed and built by professional float builders acting for the cities, organizations and commercial firms sponsoring the various units in the parade.

Building of the floats usually starts from six to ten weeks before the parade. Standards set up by the Tournament of Roses have established maximum dimensions for floats of forty feet in length, twenty feet in width and seventeen feet in height. These limits permit the float to pass under all obstacles on the five miles of parade route and to ably negotiate all turns.

The floats must be completed at midnight before the start of the parade.

Thus, an event that began in 1890 as a colorful trip to the tournament field now provides Ambassador College with a unique opportunity to earn money for college field trips and various activities.

● Quotable Quotes

"No, I don't want any seat cushions!"
Later: "I've been in the marines twenty years and never changed my mind, but for you I will. Give me a seat cushion."

"How much to park?"

"Only four dollars, sir."

Vrrrrroooooommmmm!

"Hey, what are you doing removing our barricade?"

"Huh? Who, me?? Well, uh, I thought somebody just put it here."

"Here's the greatest seat cushion in the world. If you can break it, you can have it."

POP!!!

"Ambassador College? Who's that? You must not have a good football team."

Larry Watkins after being Dining Hall monitor 14 straight hours: "May I have your telephone for attention call."

"But young man, I've parked for 17 years on Camden street, and they never charged me no four dollars." Repeated a dozen times.

"Good morning. May I help you?"

"Yes, may we have breakfast here?"

"No ma'am, this is a private dining hall; it is not a restaurant open to the public."

"But Tom Thatcher, Great Exalted Ruler, said we could eat here, so now may we come in?" (Said through a puff of cigarette smoke.)

"I'm sorry, you must have the wrong place."

"Isn't this the Elks Lodge?"

(Lady looking at our packaged seat cushions): "Could I buy one of those sandwiches?" They looked good enough to eat—why didn't we sell more?

(At ten o'clock in the gutter of the street, a child runs away onto sidewalk.) Parents: "Linda, you get off that sidewalk and get back into the street!"