

## T. H. Tetens Lectures Before Student Body

The renowned author, statesman and historian T. H. Tetens lectured to a capacity audience of students, ministers, professors, and campus employees last January 18 in the college Gymnasium.

Mr. Tetens, author of two notable works, *Germany Plots with the Kremlin* and *The New Germany and the Old Nazis*, spoke on his specialty, the German "Problem." He traced the history of German Nazism and cruelty from the days of Kaiser Wilhelm II through World Wars I and II, and how their nature remains the same today, only hidden behind a mask of democracy.

"Hitler did not come out of the blue sky, but is rather a logical continua-

*(Continued on page 5)*



Mr. Tetens drives his point home.



Mr. and Mrs. Meredith pose with the lion and the lamb, symbolical of the World Tomorrow.

## Ministers' Ball Is Millennial

A visit to the 1967 Ministerial Ball was like a step into a New World — the Wonderful World Tomorrow! The theme, inspired by the new booklet, "The Wonderful World Tomorrow — What it Will Be Like," permeated the entirety of the beautifully decorated Dining Hall.

Upon entering the north side of the Elegant Dining Hall Ballroom, a tame lion (none other than "Clarence the Cross-Eyed Lion") greeted visitors with a fulfillment of Ambassador's Golden Seal: "The lion shall dwell with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them in the World Tomorrow." The visiting ministers and their wives were able to have their picture taken with the lion and then framed in a picture folder aptly titled, "Ministerial Ball, 1977."

Inside the futuristic Dining Facility  
*(Continued on page 5)*

## Texans Triumph, Take Trophy Home

The majestic and beautiful "Invitational Tournament Trophy" has moved out of town. This sparkling landmark of the Pasadena Gymnasium's trophy case now rests in Big Sandy, Texas.

Why?

The Texans won their first Invisa-  
*(Continued on page 3)*





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## What Our Readers Say

Dear Gary and Staph:

I thought the pictures in the last PORTFOLIO were horrible. Can't you take any better snapshots than that?

• *As a matter of fact, I can't. The PORTFOLIO NEEDS a qualified student photographer who is willing and able to go on assignments at ANY time and produce a top-notch proof within an hour. John Kilburn and the photography class are busy on the '67 Envoy, so PHOTOGRAPHERS TAKE NOTE! The PORTFOLIO NEEDS YOU!*

Dear Ed,

I wish to announce an error in the last PORTFOLIO in regard to a 35 gallon batch of coffee I supposedly made for New Year's sales. Who ever heard of a reporter getting a story straight, or me making a brew like that! FANTASTIC.

What really happened was this. Tom Ray wanted to speed up the brewing process since we were hard pressed to keep up with the demand. He dumped about 12 pounds of coffee into a 35 gallon pot of steaming hot water, and

(Continued on page 7)

### Editorial

## "... Like Water Off a Duck's Back ..."

*We all learned a lot of lessons at the Ministerial Ball. The Juniors, in charge of decorations, did a splendid job, but there were also some problems. The Junior Class President explains why in this Editorial.*

by Jerold Aust

"What WE failed to do was to follow through," I advised one individual after the Ministerial Ball (hoping he would catch the hint).

His interrupting retort went something like this, "You know, that's exactly what I noticed. Of course, that's life. We live and learn. I had the day off the next day so I just slept in. I figured I had plenty of time to return the rented equipment. But when I went to pick up my assigned equipment, it was gone. Someone had moved it and I didn't know where to look. I tried to contact you, but you were gone somewhere."

Hoping he would still catch the hint, I continued, "Are you aware that I HAD to ask someone else to do your small responsibility?"

"Well, I don't know, I just couldn't find you," he quickly remarked.

At this point, this "duck and weave" student had to depart, so I left him with this thought, "What you did NOT do was follow through, Clem (the name has been changed to protect the guilty)."

His eagerly repentant and hastily departing retort? "Yes, BUT you mean in a certain time element!"

Like *water off a duck's back*, Clem shook off the advice I offered him. He could not fathom the "remote" possibility of *his* making such an "insignificant" mistake.

### Learn to Be a "Follower"

Another incident happened directly after the dance. Same problem, different people.

We were taking down decorations and replacing the furniture, but there were about fifteen highly opinionated "Chiefs" and precious few "Indians" to do the work. I put one man in charge of each exhibit, but no sooner did he offer his first directive, than the fourteen other chiefs offered their *much* improved methods for moving furniture. Like water off a duck's back, they ignored every shred of government from above, always arguing for a *better solution*.

These two instances were NOT the rule, but only widely scattered instances. The Juniors are to be commended on their overall job. BUT — this rebellious attitude simply HAS TO GO. The biggest curse man can bring is SELF-direction, yet many college students pride themselves in directing things better than those above them. Many argue for their own way of doing things, little realizing the government God established *for* them, because they DON'T have the better way.

### Avoid YOUR OWN Way

"There's more than one way to skin a cat," the old saying goes. When someone over you in authority says to do it THIS way, don't do it THAT way, YOUR way, THE OTHER way, MY way, or HIS way. Do it THIS way. *Make* it work the way your boss wants it done, not your *own* way.

If you tenaciously hold to your *own* opinions, you are refusing any help anyone can give to you. If you allow correction or directives to roll off your back like water off a duck's back, you are NOT GROWING and NOT SERVING.

It's time NOW to shed your water-repellent "opinionated" feathers and allow yourself to GROW into a dependable, trustworthy and loyal TOOL of those God has placed over you.



## Six Surprised Students Sent Out

"I've always heard that you should expect the unexpected, but now I BELIEVE IT," said one of six Ambassadors leaving the Pasadena campus this semester break.

When announcements were made about Wayne, Randy, and Dick, everyone thought that was all. No! That was only three out of nine!

During the first week of the "break," five young co-eds, two juniors and three sophomores, were nonchalantly informed that they were on their way to the Texas college. To Dolly Greer, Carol Howie, Vicki Morre, Miquelyn Tautfest, and Judy Gentry, this campus suddenly took on an air of *purpose*. Now, when the end was in sight, they made sure to examine every aspect of the campus that they had previously not seen or had taken for granted.

Then all of a sudden, Tom Williams was called up to Mr. Meredith's office and sent out for a year to serve in the Detroit Church area.

Then when the Texas band arrived, we found they needed two trumpeters. Louis Winant and Fred Teitgen got the call, but were given a choice. They chose to *stay*.

Ambassadors, never rest your oars!

You might be next!

I finally did it . . .

## For Love of Country

by Jim Lee

At last! After twenty-two years of reaping the harvests of our beloved God-given country, I've finally gotten around to the fundamentals.

Never again! No, never again will I have to hang my head in shame. Never will I have to feel rotten through basketball games. No more self-consciousness for me! No sir!

I'm tired of being the one in my section of the bleachers that everyone is whispering about. The one at which everyone shakes their heads in pity—looking away in disgust.

I, the butt of many a joke, have finally stood up like a man and walked away with head held high.



Left to Right: Groce, Mills, Reedy, Kisse, and Coach, Mr. Nelson. This was their finest hour.

## Texans Take Trophy Home

(Continued from page 1)

tional Tournament championship last January 16 with a narrow victory over the Pasadena Faculty, 99-95, and a more decisive victory over the Pasadena Underclassmen, 92-70.

This victory was an obvious outcome, if we had studied the tournament history. In 1965, Texas lost the opening game and won the consolation game to come out THIRD PLACE. In 1966, they

won the first game, but lost to the Faculty, and came out SECOND PLACE. Any student of mathematics could tell you where this curve was leading: FIRST PLACE.

Big Sandy über alles!

Congratulations, Texans, but don't count on holding it longer than until next January. Now WE are Number Two, and will "try harder."

## Classified Ads

FOR SALE: one size 44 basketball uniform. See Tom Williams. If you wear size 24 see Randy Kobernat.

FOR SALE: 2,422 pairs of binoculars. See John Mitchell — if he's still around.

NEEDED: 32-year-old senior seeks a companion during his elderly years. Women make out your application today.

FOR SALE: fifty-five odd posters from the Ministerial Ball. Guaranteed to inspire you. See the Junior Class (as soon as they wake up).

WANTED: 32-hour day to make all ends meet.

NEEDED: A spinal cord. If you have an extra one, see Sandy Wolf.

FOR SALE: Slide trombone like new. See Dick Wiedenheft — quick!

WANTED: iron-bound shoe leather to protect bruised toes incurred at the Ministerial Ball.

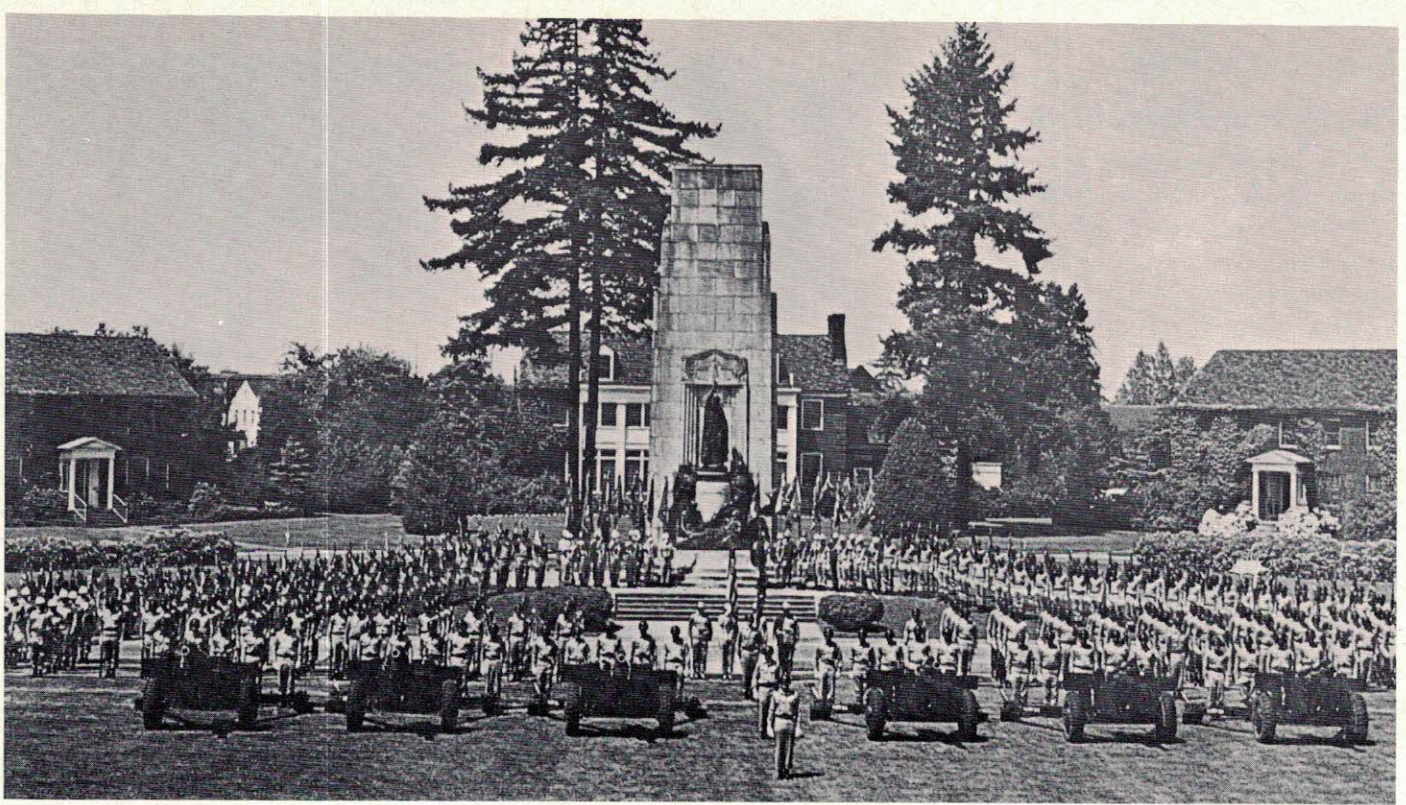
WANTED: 5 more inches. See Bob Boyce.

FOR SALE: 5 inches. See Sharie Stromli.

FOR SALE: chronology of King Aknaughty for World History. Blackmarket copies available. See Carole Vinson.

LOST: one keg of mouthwash. See Keith Walden.





Mr. Scott displayed these troops and these very buildings before the one who may someday destroy them.

Ambassador Adventure

## I Saw Strauss—Face to Face

by Charles Scott

"HONOR GUARD! . . . ATTEN-SHUN!!!"

Three hundred of the sharpest troops in the United States Army popped to attention. One hundred thirty-seven flags dipped in homage. The band struck up, and the parade ground reverberated with 15 volleys from a battery of artillery.

With all then in order I *spun* around "about-face," saluted and stared — face-to-face, eyeball-to-eyeball with FRANZ JOSEF STRAUSS!!

Believe me, I never dreamed that summer day in 1961 would be one of the most momentous experiences of my life!

I was the Honor Guard commander at Fort Lewis, Washington, key Army Post for that quarter of the U. S., and center through which all troops for Viet Nam are now being funnelled. My men "performed" for all the visiting dignitaries coming to the Northwest. Sometimes it was hilarious — I remember one civilian educator who was so scared I

all but *carried* him through the ranks he was to "inspect." Another time we had a U. S. 4-star general. (Retired General Eisenhower is the only man alive wearing more stars than that!) Rank and office notwithstanding, at 10 a.m. he was so hung over from the night before, he probably thought the cannons' shooting would shatter his throbbing head. And oh, that sunlight! His eyes looked like he might bleed to death through them.

But Strauss was *different!*

There he stood — squat, built like a concrete bunker, with expressionless face, pursed lips and unflinching eyes. I used a few words in German on the "Herr Doktor," but no response. As I led him through the ranks, however, I could tell he was no neophyte. No rapid, perfunctory sweep-through this time. We slowed to a crawl, and Strauss scrutinized the men from just inches away, meticulously examining their uniforms and searching their faces. I still remember the thought in my mind, "*He really wants to see what we Americans are made out of!*" Now I know *why!*

But here's the *irony* of it all.

First, whatever Strauss thought of us, he never got to say, and it was *my* fault. My boss, the Commanding General, who accompanied Herr Strauss, remarked to me as we walked along, "He will address the troops before you march off." But I was going on 100 percent adrenalin, so keyed up I utterly forgot and we "passed in review" while Franz Josef Strauss stood waiting to address us!! The impromptu but invaluable words which he might have spoken, and which I could have reported to you in this Ambassador Adventure, will never be known. By my faux pas I may be the only man on earth to stop the mouth of Franz Josef Strauss!!

Twenty-five years ago American scrap forged part of the Japanese knife that stabbed us in the back. Symbolically, we are returning to the same naïve idiocy again! How it hurts to remember that, in principle, we showed our hand to the enemy and did it standing up! As the Ambassador who had this adventure, I know history was being made, as sure as I stood "eyeball-to-eyeball" with FRANZ JOSEF STRAUSS!



# Ministerial Ball

(Continued from page 1)

were five major displays. Immediately to the right was a spacious display of the World Tomorrow's RE-educational program, arranged by Charles Scott and crew.

Against the north clubroom wall was another fine display contrasting the world *today* with the World Tomorrow. It featured a display of war arms vs. shovels, plows, and pruninghooks. Also, the false gods of this world were contrasted with worship of God in truth and spirit (represented by a desk, Bible and study materials).

On the south club wall, Paul Paynter, Mike Swagerty and Wayne Shiftet showed slides carefully prepared to show this world (black and white) compared to the remedy in the World Tomorrow (happy color).

In the center clubroom wall were original drawings by Paul Conrad for the Los Angeles Times (sketches which may win him the Pulitzer Prize for political cartooning). Dave Harris secured these commentaries on *this* world's problems directly from Mr. Conrad in Los Angeles.

The high point of the interior decorations was the "Throne Room," majestically constructed by Mike Swagerty and Wayne Shiftet.

The dance itself began at 8:30 with a rousing overture from the Pasadena band. The Big Sandy band replaced them after 45 minutes so that both bands—for the first formal dance in three years—were able to *dance* two or three times. Also, the thirty minute lip rest was just what the bands needed to sound extra sharp.

After the entertainment, which tried to compare life in the world today with life in the World Tomorrow, the crowd began to percolate homeward, leaving the temporary World Tomorrow oasis. Inspired by this taste of the Millennial dances, we could go back to work in the world today, and strive harder to bring about that *true* World Tomorrow.

Happiness is being a second-semester senior.  
—Anonymous



There is' . . . a time to dance," and Ambassadors enjoy every minute of that time.

## T. H. Tetens

(Continued from page 1)

tion of German history," said Mr. Tetens in one of his many shocking statements. He made many surprising, but documented statements about the extent of the German underground in America and around the world, in a very sobering hour-long lecture, followed by thirty minutes of question-and-answer discussion.

In the end of the lecture, Mr. Tetens complimented the audience. "You peo-

ple are a small minority, but very enlightened. You *know the facts* about Germany." He commented on the latest Germany article in *The PLAIN TRUTH* and urged us to be diligent and strong in this all-important mission to warn the world.

Mr. Tetens then flew East to speak at our sister college in Big Sandy, Texas on Friday, January 20. His visit to the college was surely a healthful shot in the arm to put our hearts more zealously in this "all-important mission."



# Drastic Dictaphone Discrepancies

by Florence Morse, Proofreader

Do you think the life of a typist is dull? boring? uneventful? Not So! Sometimes it's a very exciting and fun-filled life! Unbelievable, you say? Then witness some of the following goofs as pounded out by our very own Ambassador College typists. (Some *strange* things come over those dictaphones.)

"You wondered why there isn't a man [amen] at the end of every book of the Bible."

"I might mention that God's true Church has complications [convocations] during the year when God's people are able to meet together."

"There is too much sex per person [perversion] in the world today — even between husband and wife."

"...that I may present you as a chased [chaste] virgin..."

"Conditions which would build up [health] will soon become apparent in the individual who has a very sensitive "early warning [warning] system."

"Each person will rip [reap] what he sews" [sows].

"You should refer to circular [secular] authorities like the Encyclopaedia Britannica and other scholarly works."

"Mr. Reese is extremely bush [busy] handling other pressing matters now."

"We send anointed clothes [cloths] only to those who personally request them."

"Therefore, it is our policy that we send anointed cloths only to those who are trusting in doctors, medicines, etc." (????!!!)

"It would be wrong to do your own pleasure on the Sabbath — that is, to participate in idol [idle] conversation."

"You asked for a documented statement as to the tenants [tenets] of Ambassador College and the *World Tomorrow* program."

"Mr. Armstrong was merely stating the fact that Communists [economists] themselves realize we cannot afford disarmament."

"Your suggestion for the colleges to use missile sights [sites] as a 'place of safety' . . . ."

"However, this is shear [sheer] speculation."

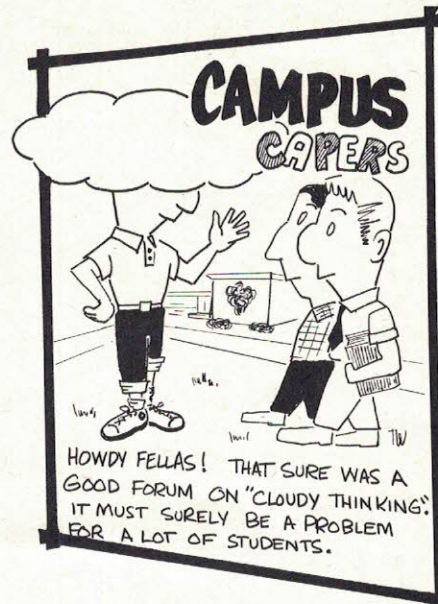
"A great deal of money flows into the caucus [coffers] of the Vatican from U. S. Catholics."

"God will straighten things out if you pray much more and cry [try] harder."

"Male [Mayo] Clinic."

"The *Book of Mormon* is a counterfeit. It is filled with air [error] and contradictions!"

"...and as I Corinthians 6:18 tells us, 'flea fornication.' " (Illicit insects?)



## The Teitgen Twins

# Double Trouble

by Chuck Gillette

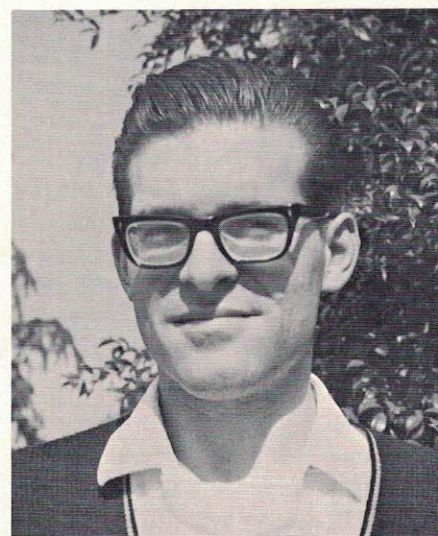
"What kind of a deal is this???" is all I could sputter out, after minutes of confusion!

"What do you mean, you're not Fred?" I gasped in disbelief.

Fred had told me several weeks earlier that his brother Herb was coming, *but* here in the "chow line" was MORE than an expectorating visage (spittin' image, that is!)!

It seems to have all begun 24½ years ago when within six minutes of one another, IDENTICAL TWINS were born (besides that, they even looked alike!).

They grew up with much the same tastes, such as music (Fred — trumpet;



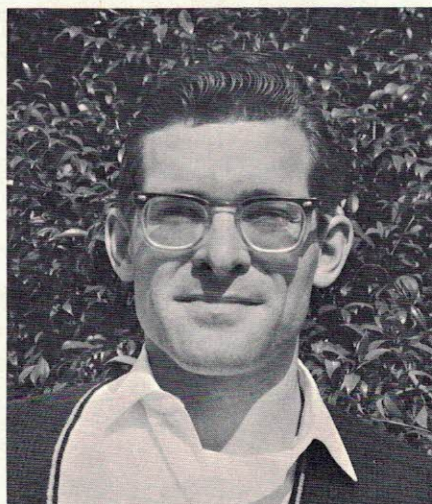
. . . but what if they switch glasses!

Herb — clarinet) and an interest in surveying. However, life was not always easy. For instance, one time during an exciting basketball game, Herb was put out (on fouls) instead of Fred!

But this did not phase their dauntless sense of humor. Besides their parents occasionally becoming momentarily (?) confused, they pulled tricks!!

Such was the recent "switch in eye-glasses" that threw many students into a tizzy. Another time they traded dates for Friday services, and were so successful, that in mercy, they had to TELL their dates who they really were!

So now LOOK HARD at the photographs and see if you can guess "who is who" now, after two weeks. (P. S. I had a struggle to keep the photographs from getting mixed up.)



The glasses tell you this is Herb . . .



# What Is An Ambassador?

**A**mbassador College shows a  
**M**an or a woman how to have  
**B**alance in every facet of his life;  
**A**pply himself to the fullest; be  
**S**incere in thought, word and deed;  
**S**erve those he comes in contact with; be  
**A**lert and aware of what takes place around him; have  
**D**edication that drives him ever onward to new horizons; be  
**O**bedient to the laws, statutes and Commandments of God; be  
**R**esponsible, and reliable in everything; to be deeply

**C**oncerned with the opportunities and jobs before him; be  
**O**utgoing toward those around him; be  
**L**oyal to the very Head of this Work and College, Jesus Christ;  
**L**earn true values, so as to show others how to live; have an  
**E**ffervescent personality that emanates from a Christ-like character; to be  
**G**enuine and giving towards his fellow men; to be an  
**E**xample of a true Christian and future leader.

## Letters to Editor

*(Continued from page 2)*

when I came on the scene of the crime, he was stirring the grounds into the cauldron with a short canoe paddle.

He figured that the grounds would settle after a while, and we could scoop the coffee from the top. But the grounds just hung there in a foamy mess on top. It became a murky brownish-red color, almost like we had added cream and a little beet juice. You might call it our first attempt at peanut butter soup. Oh gag; I thought there must be something we can do. It tasted worse than it looked. We thought about throwing it out, and then began rationalizing, "What can they expect for a dime — and it's hot."

We put a strainer beneath the pot,

and filtered out most of the grounds, and told the salesman to say, "You've never tasted coffee like this before." The reports began to come in later. Well, by a year from now maybe they will forget.

Dan Den Houter.

Dear Editor,

Who is this "Oil of Trop" character that appeared in the Letters to the Editor last edition? Is this some kind of joke or something?

• *Not at all! Oil of Trop is an honorary student of all three campuses. You see him around campus every week, I'm sure, but yet no one notices him. From now on, the PORTFOLIO will have a picture of Oil of Trop in EACH ISSUE. See if you can guess who he is.*



Ambassadors:

## Should This Be?

Wednesday, January 18: A cool breeze dances nonchalantly through the Pasadena treetops. Dark clouds cling to the pallid gray smog in the distance.

A pair of smugly confident eyes glance upward momentarily and scan the treetops as one branch bows to curtsy to the other. The eyes laugh.

Another pair of eyes — soft, warm, despondent eyes — look upward. They only see the clouds and smog. Her eyes moisten and cry.

The first pair of eyes belong to a fellow at Ambassador College. The swaying, dancing branches remind him of the Ministerial Ball tonight. He smiles. He's one of the few men who constantly enjoy going "stag" or not at all.

The second pair of eyes belong to an Ambassador co-ed. She too is thinking of the Ministerial Ball. The bleak clouds in the sky are obscured only by the clouds of disappointment in her eyes. She sighs. *No one asked her to go . . .*



# Sunday's Monsoon Swamps Campus

On Sunday, January 22, rain came back to Ambassador. With it came the various snails and worms, mildew, shoe rot, messy carpets — and PORTFOLIO articles!! Here are Felix Heimberg's "Inspirational Thoughts on Rain."

Oh, oh — rain again. Hunt up those knee high black things called galoshes, find that umbrella, and try to make it to the dining hall without getting soaked to your skivies. Squeezing your size 13 double E's into your size 14 triple D galoshes, you deftly tuck your trouser cuffs inside the galoshes, and you're set.

Carrying your briefcase in one hand and attempting desperately to keep an "umbrella-mooch" dry — as well as

By Popular Demand

## A Contest

"Why not run a contest the *whole* student body can enter!" say countless students. "That way you can arouse interest in the PORTFOLIO and tie the whole student body together."

OKAY! The PORTFOLIO will sponsor a student contest every month this year to see how participation runs. The FEBRUARY contest will be a very timely subject that many have suggested:

*Who can offer the best, most cultured and euphonious names for "380" and "390" apartments. They have been called by their address numbers ever since the college bought them, and that doesn't fit well with such names as "Terrace Villa," "Mayfair," "Grove Manor," or "Manor Del Mar."*

Turn in your suggestions in *pairs*, naming both buildings within the same theme, such as "Groveside Manor" (380) and "Library Lookout" (390). Put them in the "PORTFOLIO" box (in the Dining Hall south coat rack) by February 16 and the winner will be announced in the March 2 edition. The prize for each contest is standard: a free year's subscription to the PORTFOLIO.



Neither rain, snow, sleet, nor hail can keep Bob and Cliff from their appointed rounds of watering and raking.

yourself — you trot daintily across the flooded street in your five pound galoshes, looking about as graceful as a baby moose with rickets. You finally arrive in the dining hall, your left side totally soaked, because, unfortunately, the umbrella was designed only for one medium-sized individual, and unfortunately, you are a two hundred pounder — with a one hundred and ninety pound parasite to share the portable dry space. After shaking the water out of your left ear, you place your umbrella outside the doors in some carefully chosen, inconspicuous place, and proceed to enjoy a fine, hot breakfast.

Well, time has flown and World History awaits. Rushing outside, you discover someone has accidentally borrowed your umbrella — yes yours —

the black one with the curved wooden handle at the end (only three hundred of them on campus). Having lost your *black* umbrella, you wait in your *black* raincoat, standing in your *black* galoshes (would someone kindly invent some cheery accessories for those not so cheery looking days?) and patiently wait for the rain to let up. At last it comes — a break in the storm. Aha! You rush down the *black* sidewalk, across the *black* street (here we go again) dodging puddles right and left. Unfortunately Ray Meyer is not around to carry you across the torrent along the curb like he did the other day. Well, you can't have everything. You merely join the rest of the Grove Street leapers and jumpers and do your best (I do mine).

## Ambassador's Top Ten

1. Where Have All the Flowers Gone? The Gardening Crew Choir
2. We Shall Overcome . . . . . Ambassador Club "Glee" Club
3. Roll Over Beethoven . . . . . Music Appreciation Class
4. Little Drummer Boy . . . . . Ringo Purdy
5. Take Me Out to the Ball Game . . . . The Terrace Villa Girls
6. Call Me Irresponsible . . . . . The A.S.W.N.W.f.t.P.\*
7. I've Got a Hammer . . . . . The Plumbing Crew
8. Misty . . . . . Plumbing Crew (on a smoggy day)
9. The Stripper . . . . . Mr. Schoon and crew
10. You Can See by our Outfits That  
We Are All Cowboys . . . . . Texas Band

\*Associated Students Who Never Write for the PORTFOLIO