



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



Volume 16, Number 13

WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 20, 1967



Harold "Hank" Williams leads the "Smoggy Mountain Boys" (and girls) in a rousing sing-a-long.

Mountain Trip—Fun For All

Last Thursday, 450 Ambassadors took a relaxing *day off* from studies. At 8:30 eight busses pulled away from the Dining Hall destined for *Horse Flats*, an invigorating mile-high campsite just behind Mt. Wilson.

Arriving on the scene, Ambassadors found *neither* horses *nor* flats, but something special: *pure*, 100 percent U.S.-Government-inspected, mile-high and only *slightly* contaminated air.

Taking full advantage of the rarefied atmosphere, the students *charged up* their lungs for a favorite Ambassador activity—*hiking*! Mr. Meredith, veteran hiker of Horse Flats, paced the

(Continued on page 6)

THIS WEEK AT AMBASSADOR

Frosh vs. Sophs	Wed., 7:00
Soph. Class Meeting	Wed., 8:30
Assembly, Mr. Elliott	Thurs., 4:00
Mayfair treats us to dinner . . .	Fri., 5:00
Mon. B serves breakfast . . .	Sab., 10:00
Games—to be announced . . .	Sat., 7:00

Faculty Members Leave to Conduct Regional Conferences

Many of the Headquarters evangelists are again winging their way to all corners of the continent to conduct regional ministerial conferences. The purpose of these myriad meetings is to expound fully the decisions made during the recent Pasadena Conference.

Last February 8, Mr. David Jon Hill returned from the Portland District conference after a stay of six days.

The next Friday, Mr. Richard Plache left for the Vancouver, B. C. Canadian conference. Since he is working closely under Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong in the Foreign Work, Mr. Plache was particularly valuable for this region of God's Work. He returned to campus last Wednesday, February 15.

Dr. Hoeh is now in New York City for the district conference there. He will be there all week long conducting ministerial meetings, accruing pictures for *The PLAIN TRUTH*, searching out rare books, and performing many other of his varied duties.

Mr. Meredith will soon be heading for a combined Chicago-Akron district meeting. The only remaining districts—Nashville and Atlanta—will host Mr. Jon Hill for regional meetings during the first week of March.

God's ministers are active all year 'round. Let's remember them in our prayers for profitable conferences and a safe trip back to resume teaching.



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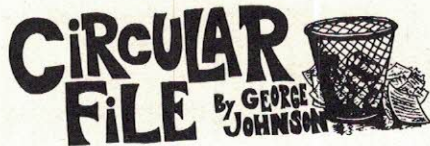
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Geology

Mr. Macdonald will be interested to know where he can find rocks for his collection. He should contact any U. S. Embassy. They seem to have an overabundance of rocks lately!! It seems that foreigners are on an all-out campaign to collect rocks and turn them over to our Ambassadors. He will also find some interesting specimens of shattered silicate (a crystalized form of glass) from all of the broken windows

(Continued on page 3)

Our field trip held many surprises.



"Look -- NO SMOG!"

Editorial

FOR MEN ONLY!

by Don Graunke

by Louis Winant

"How do I get a date for services???" There are many ways:

One is the Mike Swagerty approach. On some day in the week look up a girl's phone number and call her. "Hello, this is Mike Swagerty. Say, I'd like to escort you to services. Can I? . . . Very good. I'll pick you up at 7 o'clock. By!"

Another is the one used by Pat Dennis. On a Thursday or Friday afternoon, he cleans the benches in front of Mayfair or Terrace Villa. Then, when some poor unsuspecting young female comes along, he accosts her and asks her the big question — "Will you go with me to services?"

Then, yet another way is the Rick Stafford Plan. He innocently calls up a girls' dorm and asks, "Are there any girls in your dorm that don't have dates? . . . Good, I'll take them all."

All these ideas work, and there are still more. Put a note in a girl's box. When you see a sweet young thing at El Rancho busily buying brownies — ask her! If you see a fine co-ed like Linda Correll enthusiastically serving food on plates in the line at the Dining Hall — put the words on her ear. So what if you see a girl engrossed in *Oxford's Classical Dictionary* in the library! Ask her to services.

Don't be one of those front-row seven! Don't be a fruitless palm (*dateless*). Just ASK!

These two student articles have given you many different solutions for the perennial problem of *no dating*. But the answer doesn't lie in physical gimmicks, but rather a *spirit of love* for our co-eds.

Every man on this campus has the power to cheer up, encourage, and entertain a sister. Yes YOU, men, have the opportunity to date 174 of the sweetest, most personable and converted women on the face of this earth — every week. No other colleges in the world have girls like this — yet some of us take them for granted.

Let's wipe out those bachelor bleachers on Friday night! It only takes five minutes of forethought every Tuesday. Let's show our co-eds how much we really appreciate them.

Are we MEN or are we mice?

"What's the matter with me?" I pleaded at my mirror-mirror-on-the-closet-door.

"You're chicken!" it snapped back pointing an accusing finger.

That was it! "Down with notorious dorm lists! Down with lonely, legions of dateless women at services! Down with mortifying 11th-hour-59-minute invitations!! Down with this silly, selfish, Sardis approach!! No more of that for me," I firmly resolved.

My course of action to correct this lamentable state of affairs was very basic: repent!

I instituted a severe — but effective — regimen. I ordered myself to have my date for the Junior Ball three weeks beforehand, dates for field trips seven days in advance, and dates for weekends four days in advance. I can be a cruel taskmaster when I want to be!

Now when John Mitchell comes over to my table and discreetly asks, "Do you have your date for . . ." I can rudely interrupt him by jumping to my feet, point a righteous finger skyward, and thunder at the top of my falsetto voice: I'VE HAD MY DATE FOR THREE WEEKS!!!"

Now I can confidently pose before my mirror-mirror-on-the-closet-door and declare with all boldness: "I've got my dates for the weekend." But it yet retorts: "Good going — but you're still a JERK!!!"

Eugene, the Land of Good Birth

by John Kilburn

Picture a small, sleepy college town on the banks of the Willamette River in western Oregon. The time is 1936. The University of Oregon campus newspaper, *The Daily Emerald*, is scratching to come up with tremendous earthshaking articles about students being dunked in the placid waters of the old millrace.

Up river, though, across the bridge into Springfield, there is *real* news happening. Not world news, not even local newspaper copy, but an event that has

far more importance: Mr. Herbert Armstrong is holding a tent meeting on Main Street!

The Work's first rented office was in the Hampton Building on the corner of 6th and Willamette Street — this was the windowless office with the smoke-filled union-meeting hall next door. In 1941 the Work moved to the Odd Fellows building on Broadway and Oak.

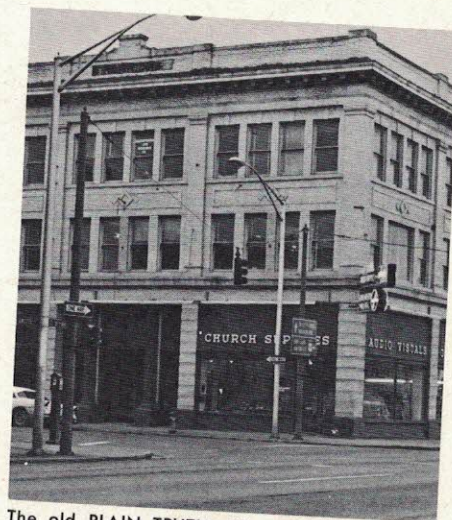
Today the sleepy little college town has a population of over 75,000 people. The tiny university has almost as many students, 13,050, as the city did in 1936. The cool, quiet millrace is now a stagnant ditch, and stories of dunkings have given way to syndicated editorials on student use of marijuana.

The old homesite of Mr. Armstrong on West 6th is a lot full of junked autos — the Odd Fellows building has been replaced with a modern First National Bank. This stark edifice typifies the manifold changes that have taken place. Quiet tree-lined streets have given way to hi-rise apartments and traffic-laden avenues

In the words of a Eugene businessman, "Instead of green grass, horse-shoe players, and a bandstand, the city now has concrete, asphalt, sitters and spitters, and the only courthouse in the state with railroad tracks to the moon."

"Progress" has changed Eugene into what Frank Lloyd aptly called "sanitary slums."

Soon Eugene will see a beacon of splendid architecture rise out of this hodgepodge. On the tree-studded slope



The old PLAIN TRUTH offices at 6th and Willamette. Baal has taken over the ground floor.

of a property purchased years ago by Mr. Armstrong will rise a beautiful new Church of God building.

What a site! Acres of trees, a spring-fed stream, flowers, squirrels — a living paradise right on the edge of the City of Good Birth, Eugene, Oregon.

Circular File

(Continued from page 1)

and ink bottles!!! (This would be funnier if it weren't true!)

Dining Hall

The question of the week — Why an all male breakfast prep crew? Well, it's a chance for service, it makes for a change of pace, and besides, there's the principle of the thing — MONEY!!!

Astronomy

The world is flat and that's that!!! Copernicus was reprimanded for teaching that the earth revolved around the Sun. The church "searching the scriptures" discovered Psa. 93:1 — "He hath established the world WHICH SHALL NOT BE MOVED" — Therefore the earth couldn't revolve around the sun. (See *Romanism and Truth*, G. G. Coulton p. 134.) Some proof... SOME TRUTH!!!

The average height of an adult male in the United States is 5'8.9". The senior team averages only a shade over that.



Forums, February 6 and 13

Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong delivered the first two installments of a thrilling serial on *how this college was founded*. The first forum brought us up to 1927 in Eugene (see above), and the beginning of his conversion. The second Monday centered around the *need* for Ambassador College and the many obstacles and problems of forming a new college.

The next installment should pick up around 1949, the third year of college.

Assembly, February 9

Mr. Dibar Apartian rehearsed the amazing miracles surrounding the beginning of the French Work and the opening of the office in Geneva. He appealed to us as students to *see* God's miraculous hand in this Work, and in our personal lives. The miracles are there if we will open our eyes to see them.

A.C.

THE PORTFOLIO PRESENTS:

A.C. ... THE BALANCED AMBASSADOR



... AND GROGGY

THE LATE SLEEPER



... AND PHIL OCIFER THE PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL SOPHOMORE PREACHER



... PLUS A CAST OF THOUSANDS... AND MAYBE EVEN

You!



PIZZAZZ

As the last echos of "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil!" (Hail Victory) faded, an unknown group convened in a German-style meeting!

Members of the future world-ruling elect clique included Ambassador Club Monday "B," an equivalent number of young ladies and five special guests from local widows' homes and churches. The dark German beer, a German menu, German tabletopics, and German-oriented speeches set the mood for the evening.

Two unusual "mystery guests" attired in German *lederhosen* also attended. They sat quietly listening in most of the evening — until Topicsmaster Ellis LaRavia said they were *uninvited*. Photographer Linthicum was present to capture photographic evidence of these two characters, and other events of the evening.

The five speeches covered Germany — past, present and future. In his speech, John Hopkinson utilized slides taken a short ten weeks ago by Mr. Tom Justus showing the *NEW* gas ovens and compounds being built in Germany *today!*

The meeting was not all Germanically stern and sober, however. President Jerry Aust was nonplussed to see a feminine hand gently waving — dur-

Progress has replaced the tongue in Outgoing Mail Department! Old methods of sealing envelopes, such as the postage meter, the waterwheel, the sponge and — yes — the TONGUE, have all been replaced by Cliff Dunlap's new invention.

The "Big Tongue" is only about two feet long, one foot wide and one foot

O.T. Headlines

We've all seen the *New-World News*, but have you ever imagined what headlines in the *Old-World News* would look like?

Tower of Babel — "Workers Strike; Skyscraper Abandoned."

Joshua commanding the sun to stand still — "Daylight Saving Introduced."

Samson — "Blind Acrobat Brings Down the House."

David and Goliath — "Rookie Hurls One-hitter Over the Phils."

ing NEW business, no less. The hand's owner, Miss Cheryl Davis, suggested with a twinkle in her eye, that the club purchase two transistor radios, permanently tune them to Radio Jerusalem — send one to Strauss and one to the Pope!

But this German meeting is not all that Monday "B" has in store! Wait until Sabbath morning, February 25th for a surprise!

New Sealer Speeds Outgoing Mail

deep, but it packs a powerful punch! The little green giant spits out 24,000 letters per hours — *seven* per second! This may not sound too impressive, but the best that Southern California has on market can only bring forth 1,300 per hour. The "Tongue" by Dunlap and Company is *eighteen times faster!*

This new machine can be adjusted to seal any type of envelope, but will prove most valuable in sealing future semi-annual letters *cheaper* and *faster*.

Radio Jerusalem

Dieter Heimke used to listen to short-wave Hashemite Radio Jerusalem loud and clear from Munich, Germany — 1,629 miles away! If it reached that far at 200,000 watts, think of 1,000,000 watts!

Blessing the tithe-payer???

Bob King recently called Mr. Donald L. Prunkard in Duluth, Minnesota. After the call he faithfully deposited coin after coin after coin into 360's hungry pay phone. Some seconds after hanging up, all the change returned! Bob gaped, shrugged, pocketed the fistful of coins, and said, "That's what you get when you call a minister."

Call 320!

Be different, daring, exciting. Get away from the same old mundane way of dating at the same familiar places as movies, church, frontier room, hikes, etc.

Anywhere from 1:00-3:30 p.m. on Tuesday through Saturday, races are held at Santa Anita Racetrack. The season lasts until March 13. The cost is \$1.95 a person (Dutch is a good way to go). Hop on a bus and you'll find yourself at the horse races in the Santa Anita Racing Stadium.

For further information call the Southern California Rapid Transit Co. at 246-2593. An interested second party can be reached at 320. Just ask for Laughing Lullabelle.



Monday B (for Beast?) rollicks as Cheryl Davis makes her New Business proposal.

Ambassador College SPORTS

Training Starts For Track and Field

April 13 is only fifty days away, and with it comes Ambassador's Day of Days in sports: FIELD DAY. Records will fall like April Showers before the day is over, and one class will outclass the others for the team title. (And NO ONE has to worry about the Faculty!) This is the way the PORTFOLIO predicts the outcome:

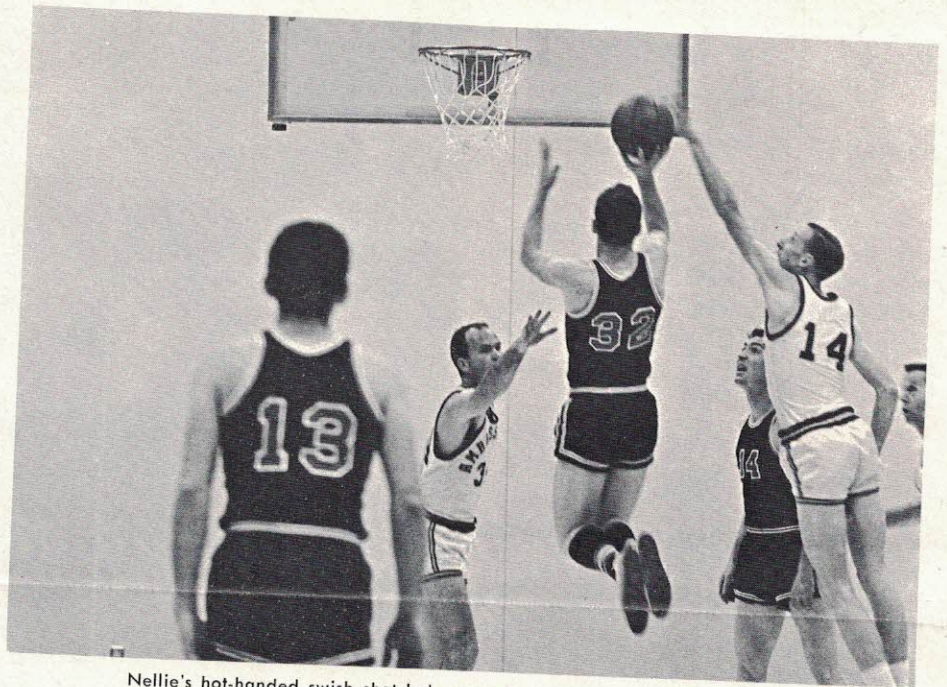
Junior team effort might produce the prize. They'll sweep weight lifting, with "heavies" Wayne Shiflet, Lyle Greaves, and Al Gudeman (remember record-holder John Gudeman?). Gail Roberts defends shot put, swift Pat O'Neal the two-mile run, Steve Smith the broad jump, Paul Paynter in tennis, and a balanced sprint team.

Seniors, already decimated and manpower drained to the last drop, will rely on ageless Nelson Haas and Keith Crouch. Adrienne Russell plans to show all the girls that Senior women are TIGERS, not mashed potatoes. Long Larry may win the shot put and handball titles, while John Karlson takes care of the distance runs. And... oh yes... this class of Seniors has won the TUG-O-WAR three years running.

Sophomore speed may sprint them into third place, with Dean Greer and Bob McKibben leading the way. Ron Dick will hold out on the tennis courts, Dave Orban in broad jump, and a supporting cast of hundreds.

Freshmen provide a question mark. Virgil Williams and Bob Justus may sweep the sprints, according to the Dining Hall quarterbacks. Horst Obermeit brings a new challenge to tennis, and all the others are hiding their talents until April 13.

It's going to be a close class race and fun for all, so START TRAINING!



Nellie's hot-handed swish shot led a comeback that was too little, too late.

Faculty Suppresses Seniors 117-94

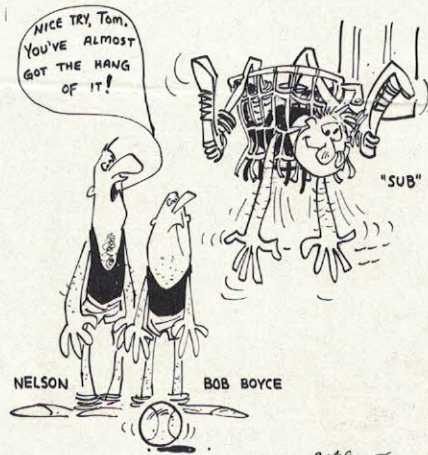
The "Old Faithful" Faculty five suppressed the scrappy Seniors in their second half bid for victory, and held out for a 117-94 victory last Wednesday night.

The first half was a comedy! The Faculty grabbed quick leads like 14-2 and 26-6, and it looked like one of those "long nights" for the Seniors. But the Seniors managed to stay on their feet until the half, as the Faculty shot 66 percent from the field for the

100th point with ten minutes to go. It was 101-57.

As everyone was thinking "when will this madness end?" the Faculty mercifully eased up, put "the bench" in, and coasted to victory. The Faculty only scored six points in eight minutes of play, while Nelson swished and John Mitchell set his top personal scoring total of 22 points!

The Senior bleachers exploded as the men in black paced the comeback trail. But it was *too little, too late* (as the sly Faculty well knew), and the Seniors etched another step toward the Sophomore cellar.



What the second semester Senior subs lack in experience they make up for with DRIVE.

highest half score in Ambassador history, 68-35.

The third quarter was more of the same, as Mr. Armstrong tipped in the

FACULTY—117			
NAME	FG-A	FT-A	TP
Plache	17-26	1-1	35
Armstrong	16-25	0-1	32
Petty	7-8	1-1	15
Michel	7-10	1-2	15
Kirishian	4-7	0-0	8
Alexander	4-11	0-0	8
Stephens	1-3	0-0	2
Thornhill	1-5	0-1	2
TOTALS	57-97 (58.6%)	3-6 (50.0%)	117

SENIORS—94			
NAME	FG-A	FT-A	TP
Haas	14-27	7-9	35
Mitchell	11-25	0-1	22
Gerstmann	6-14	1-3	13
Cantrell	4-12	4-4	12
Repp	3-6	0-0	6
Barnes	2-10	0-0	4
Hoyt	1-6	0-2	2
TOTALS	41-101 (40.6%)	12-19 (63.2%)	94

Rebounds: Seniors 67, Faculty 66
Assists: Faculty 35, Seniors 15
Turnovers: Seniors 22, Faculty 22
Fouls: Seniors 8, Faculty 11

	SCORE BY QUARTERS			
	1	2	3	4
Faculty, 117	34	34	31	18
Seniors, 94	14	21	22	37

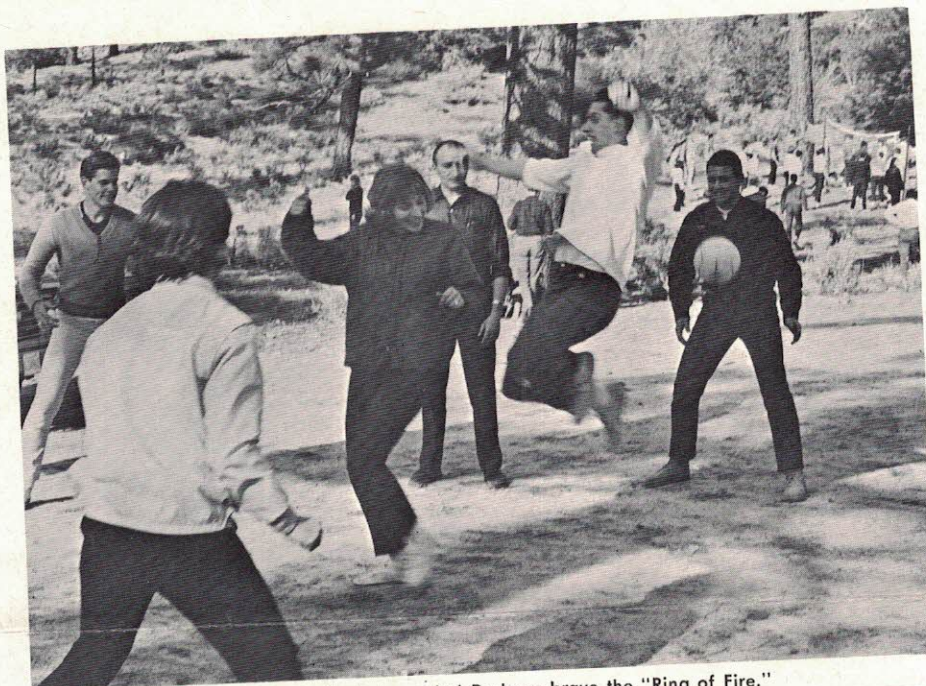
Field Trip Fun

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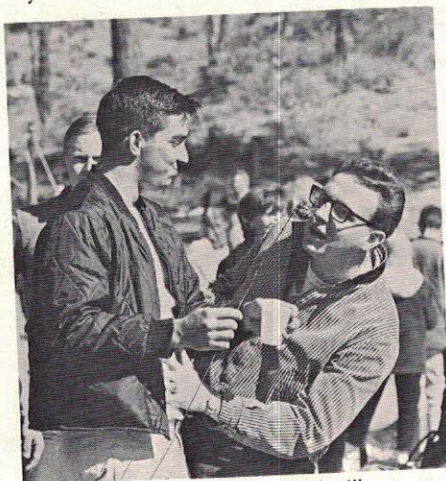
students through the best trails and most scenic ridges.

After a hearty noon meal, the volleyball games began in earnest! Closely matched teams challenged back and forth as others played football, softball, dodgeball, or took *full* advantage of the fresh breath of life by singing their lungs out!

At the day's end, the Ambassador Caravan plunged back into Smogsville, capping off this perfect field trip with a relaxing beer-and-pizza dinner in the Dining Hall. Tucking sunburned arms and legs into bed, Ambassadors were deeply appreciative for this invigorating day of fun and fellowship.



The L. A. (Lively Ambassador) Dodgers brave the "Ring of Fire."



"Mitch, it's still quivering!"

It Was A Ripping Good Time!!

by Reinhold Füssel

The day started out bright and sunny, and breakfast went as well as could be expected. Everyone seemed to be having a good time talking and eating around the breakfast table. Something, however, just seemed *wrong*. I felt I was in for a very "revealing" day!

We boarded the buses and after a fine ride to Horse Flats, we unloaded and the activities began. I was very reluctant to do anything because the

air still smelled of some mysterious happening!

Following Mr. Meredith, I very cautiously began hiking up into the mountains. I was very careful to place my feet into his exact tracks and all the while to keep my eyes peeled for lions, tigers, and Queen Snakes. However, as the morning drew on I got braver and braver! By noon, I had all but forgotten about expecting something to be "opened" before our eyes!

After making it through lunch without spilling something, or burning my hot dog, I began to play volleyball. Soon I had forgotten completely about the evil omens I had in my mind.

Just then it HAPPENED!!!

I did a gigantic deep knee-bend while scooping up a low shot and RRRHPPPP!!! My trusty old pants were ripped from crotch to belt—backwards around!!! I felt like a tiger that had just lost his stripes!! Quickly, I made a stage-left exit with both hands bringing up the rear—undoubtedly looking like a kid that had just received forty stripes-save-one with a wet canoe paddle!

It was a fine day—but leave it to volleyball to get to the "bottom" of things in a hurry if you get too big for your britches!!!



Long Larry cocks the gun for the "spike to end all spikes." "Look out, Gail!"