

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



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WEEKLY

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## CONGRATULATIONS, CLASS OF 1967!



Today at four o'clock *sixty-one* graduating Seniors — forty men and twenty-one women — march forth to receive their Bachelor of Arts degrees. This ceremony will climax a cumulative total of *253 years* of Ambassador training, and nearly *one hundred years* of training in other colleges.

Formal education finished, these Ambassadors now

look forward to full-time service in God's Work! *Nineteen* of the graduating men will be immediately sent out to field assignments, while twenty-one will hold down important Headquarters positions.

At the end of a productive four years, we offer the Class of '67 CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes for the future!





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## New "Student Center"

Last May 18, during the first and last assembly in the Dining Hall, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong announced that we no longer have a Dining Hall. Since that building has so many more facilities than dining, such as the barber shop, bookstore, student lounges and offices, and the soon-coming women's hair-dressing room, a new name was needed.

That name is now "Student Center." It has been the center of student activities ever since its dedication last May 31, and now it has the appropriate name to match. Let's see how fast we can pick up this new name, and never pop up with the old name!

See you at the Student Center.



## Editorial

# FOR MEN SHALL BE . . . UNTHANKFUL

by Joseph C. Bauer

This marks the *twentieth* Ambassador College commencement, the twentieth beginning. As this year draws to a close, the class of '67 makes way for the class of '71 and our thoughts retrace the experiences of four years living the most exciting life on earth.

What can we give as a parting piece of advice? Is there a suggestion that would help future graduates? How can each student derive more benefit from his college career?

In this age of total selfishness and crass commercialism, the attitude of grasping and grabbing is everywhere obvious. Some never stop to enjoy what they have, but spend every moment yearning and scheming to get more. Human nature always wants a mile when an inch will do. This attitude is a part of our nature too.

One of the most difficult lessons we must all learn is to . . . be thankful! For all things, at all times, in all situations. I don't mean *just* the outward signs or words like "Thank you," but a deeper, fuller, more mature *attitude* of thankfulness. We should be in a constant state of gratitude for the manifold blessings we enjoy as Ambassadors.

Too often we allow our minds to focus on the tiny, picky, personal problems that hound each of us. *If* we could keep these flaws in proper perspective, they would be reduced to microscopic size when viewed in proportion to the tremendous gifts each of us has been given. *If* we keep our thoughts filled with appreciation for the accomplishments of others there would be no room for envy. The sparkle in every eye and the smile in every greeting would remind us of the innumerable reasons for happiness brimful and running over. *If* we began each morning by resolving firmly to be grateful for what we *do* have, our gripes about what we don't have would be laughable.

But *if* is a big word. That's why I mentioned earlier, being truly thankful is more than just an occasional mumbled "Thank you." We must build gratitude into our very nature.

How then do we say "Thank you" for the love and concern we've been shown through our college days? How can we say "Thank you" to faculty members who care enough to give so many extra hours guiding, helping, encouraging, correcting? Is there a way to say "Thank you" for the finest facilities and most beautiful campus anywhere? For brothers and sisters who have become so much a part of our lives? For the love and concern of classmates through four years of daily contact? The only way to prove we appreciate these things (which all too often we take for granted) is by being *truly* thankful. And that can only come from the heart.

Through our four years of the hectic pace set at Ambassador College, we have sometimes let down in this most important requirement. Occasionally a student becomes so "burdened" by the frantic tempo he loses his perspective and forgets to pause and remember *where* he is, *why* he is, *what* he is, and the direction he must travel.

If we did not have the many other material gifts, we would still have all that is needed to be supremely happy. At the close of four years, we can offer one piece of advice above all others:

Students! BE THANKFUL!



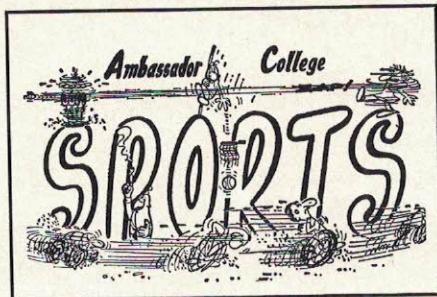
## Senior Banquet Toasts Class of '67

The graduating Senior Class of 1967 was blessed by a *unique* and *enjoyable* Senior Banquet last Wednesday night! This gala banquet provided the *last opportunity* for the soon-dispersing Senior class to reminisce over three, four or five *unforgettable* and *full* years together and to say a few last good-by's.

The fountains of the Light and Power Building on one side and the colorful Music Center fountains on the other provided a spectacular view from the elegant, new private banquet room above the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in the spectacular Los Angeles Music Center. The formally attired Seniors along with several parents and relatives and faculty guests sat down to a formal dinner "from soup to nuts" with a main course of sliced roast sirloin. A special menu and a souvenir brochure designed by Gary Merager will be items cherished highly by the Class of '67 for "memory" value.

After the delicious meal, all descended the staircase to the main theater in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion where the Seniors became a part of a *full house* of several thousand eagerly awaiting a *stunning* performance of "Hello Dolly." The Seniors were *very* blessed in being able to obtain choice seats in the balcony overlooking the stage which were very difficult to procure.

Being with a group that had *grown very close* and was about to break up in order to do God's Work made the evening one of the most memorable and wonderful highlights of the entire college career!



## Ambassadors Score High In National Fitness Ratings

The results are in!

Ambassador College *improved* itself by fourteen whopping percentile over the past year in compiling an 82-percentile college rating, well over most colleges nationwide. This rating is a composite report of seven events: the 50-yard dash, softball throw, 600-yard run, standing broad jump, shuttle run, sit-ups, and pull-ups.

Both men and women improved in *each* of these categories except the standing broad jump. The women stayed the same, and the men dropped four percentile. The most noticeable *improvement* is the 600-yard run, as the chart below shows. The increased running program this year (approximately a mile a day, up and down the surrounding landscape) made this improvement possible.

Absolutely *NONE* of our women are "average." The lowest girl out of the 174 who took the test was 51 percentile—*above* average. That's an amazing record that no other college can match. Our men are nearly equal to

that, with only seven men out of 197 below fifty percentile. Remember, this survey is only given to *college* students nationwide, the "pride of our nation."

Top honors go to Rosemary Santhuff for the women. She scored 97 (runners-up Adrienne Russell, Jean Shields, Gloria Newell, and Donna Horswell scored 96). Pat Parnell, Terry Swagerty, and John Barry scored highest for the men, with 93. George Ritter and Ken Smylie were right behind with 92.

This is a record to be proud of, Ambassadors. Don't let up over the summer!

### MEN'S PERCENTILES

EVENT	1966	1967
50-Yard Dash . . . . .	65%	77%
Softball Throw . . . . .	44%	69%
600-Yard Run . . . . .	27%	86%
St. Broad Jump . . . . .	65%	61%
Shuttle Run . . . . .	90%	96%
Sit-Ups . . . . .	81%	100%
Pull-Ups . . . . .	80%	85%

### WOMEN'S PERCENTILES

50-Yard Dash . . . . .	65%	70%
Softball Throw . . . . .	63%	68%
600-Yard Run . . . . .	75%	94%
St. Broad Jump . . . . .	55%	55%
Shuttle Run . . . . .	80%	88%
Sit-Ups . . . . .	80%	96%
Pull-Ups . . . . .	75%	90%

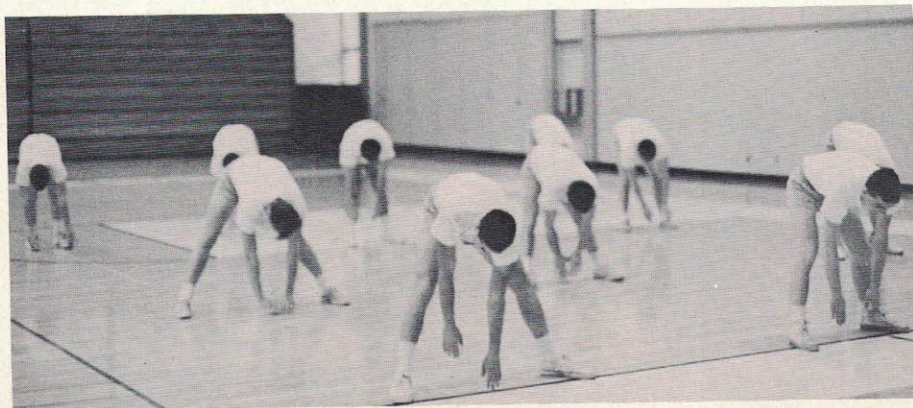
## Special Spanish Splash

This year's final Spanish club brought a pleasant surprise—*three professional singers*—a man, his wife, and their daughter. They hailed from a Mexican restaurant here in Los Angeles, compliments of Mr. David Jon Hill.

Beautiful strains of WHAT NOW MY LOVE? and CUANDO CALIENTA EL SOL filled the Student Center banquet rooms. And even a Hawaiian number. And after a few numbers such as LA BAMBA the club wanted to hear more.

Finally, though, the singers did hang up their serapes and leave, as sundown approached this Friday evening club.

Thank you, Mr. Hill, it was very much appreciated.



One . . . Two . . . Three . . . Up . . . One . . . Two . . .



Geography News**Today SMOM—Tomorrow the Woild**

by Harry Eisenberg

Ambassador College offers a well-rounded education. This is particularly apparent in geography class, where the students get a thorough (and I mean THOROUGH) look at the world in which we live. No country is overlooked.

For example, this past Friday, Rosemary Santhuff had the opportunity of informing us of the quintessence of Kirghiz (KEER-GITZ), and the tendencies of Tadjik (TAHD-ZIHK), two republics (?) of the USSR. Then there is Kazakh which is four times the size of Texas and has tigers running around loose. (Can you Texans top that?)

For those more interested in the wonders of the Western World, there is SMOM, the world's smallest country. It is the only country in the world that has an address.

The initials S-M-O-M stand for the Sovereign Military Order of Maltese. An overthrow of the former regime in Malta forced the poor losers into switching their capital to — the Vatican.

SMOM consists of a four-story building in downtown Rome. Economic conditions are good. This is due to the fact the upper two stories of the country are rented out as office space. Other economic factors include agriculture which consists largely of flower raising

in the courtyard. The most important mineral found under SMOM is copper of an unusually high grade — 100 percent pure. However, it is already in the form of electrical wiring.

Now for the population statistics. SMOM's official population is one (1) — the caretaker, the country's only permanent resident and citizen.

SMOM is amazing. Although it has no schools it has a 100 percent literacy rate — the highest in the world!

But what really makes SMOM unique is the fact that it is probably the only country that has never asked the United States for a penny in international handouts. Congratulations SMOM!

**6 Surprised Students  
Big Sandy-Bound**

On May 18, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong made the long-awaited announcement of which fortunate students would have the opportunity to attend Ambassador, Big Sandy. Three men and three women were announced: Barry Chase, Jeff McGowan, Dave Hall, Karrol Thomas, Sue Bradford, and Donna Skelton.

Congratulations, y'all!

**LIBRARY**

What do you think of when you think of the Library's Rare Books? What makes a book "rare" anyway? Is it that it's just a book that isn't very "well done," rather carelessly written and printed?

According to the *Random House Dictionary*, a rare book is "a book that is distinguished by its early printing date, by its limited issue, by the special character of the edition or binding, by its historical interest, or the like."

Notice that that definition says nothing about what subject an antiquarian volume may be about! The Rare Book Room of the Library contains such varied books as Cave's *Antiquitates Apostolicae*, Racinet's *Le Costume Historique*, Wallace's *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, and Green's *History of the English People*. The Library has over 250 rare volumes, not counting any unusual books on the regular shelves, and not counting the very special Egyptian Collection in Room 6. The next time you have a "free" hour, why not spend it in the Library, peering through the glass at all the unusual items in the "Rare Book Room?"

**"SO LONG! HAVE A PROFITABLE SUMMER"**



## The Italian Club's "Magnificent Seven"

by Diane Ott

Italian Club is the only Ambassador language club without officers! If the club had the traditional four officers, it would only have three members! Nevertheless, a happy group of seven meet at Mr. Inglima's home about once a month. There we can enjoy recordings of famous Italian operas while developing our conversational Italian. A small club, like ours, has the advantage of meeting in the relaxed atmosphere of a home with Mrs. Inglima serving Italian pastries and coffee for refreshments.

Have you ever heard of Briscola? It's an Italian card game, a little like pinnocle. Eight people (counting Mr. Inglima) broken down into two groups of four is just the right number for Briscola. "Gioca la carta," (play the card) someone is certain to say after his partner has wasted several minutes, still unable to decide the meaning of the kick under the table. Briscola wastes about as much time in Italy as poker does in the United States.

At one time the club had the opportunity to talk to a real live Italian (which probably doesn't mean much to Dick Wiedenheft). He was Mr. Barelli who had just arrived from Italy to help assemble the new press last semester.

So don't belittle us—all you Spanish, German and French students. There's strength in numbers, especially when the number is seven!

## Icarus Revisited!!

by Chuck Gillette

In my recent PORTFOLIO article on Icarus, stress was placed on the possibility of this relatively small asteroid striking the earth in June, 1968.

Although the speculation as to what *might* happen is very intriguing nevertheless, it should be stressed that Icarus is *only* a mile in width! It's projected path could come anywhere within a four-million-mile-wide swath (*sixteen times* the earth-moon radius!), making the chances less than one-in-a-million of Icarus colliding with the earth in June, 1968!

Please forgive me if I gave you the wrong impression in my previous article.



The year has come and gone like a blazing bolt of lightning (thankfully lightning didn't strike the PORTFOLIO staff! MERCY prevailed). Only "yesterday" did we zoom out to Zuma Beach for the "Get Acquainted Beach Party." Yet *literally* yesterday we went on the LAST beach party of the year! Only "yesterday" were the Freshmen confused, dazzled, bewildered and excited. Only yesterday the seniors had "one year to go" — today it's over, done — FINISHED!

But look, see what this "bat-of-an-eyelash" we call a *year* has wrought! It was a year of life! A much-needed spiritual reawakening bore a *new LIFE!* A computer that put people out of old jobs and into new ones has come along, saving this work countless *vital* man-hours. The PLAIN TRUTH magazine came off the stitcher nine times — loaded with convicting facts, color as *never* before, and TRUTH. We glimpsed at an exciting peek into the World Tomorrow via a new booklet. FORTY-ONE of us sent out! White mail, income, pressure, finals, engagements, problems, solutions, heartaches, joy beyond belief and CHARACTER BUILT!

'66-'67 has been a year alright! But "heads up" Ambassadors! Here comes '67-'68! And *here comes the World Tomorrow!*

## Girls - Have MERCY!

by Mike Blackwell

One of our dearly departed co-eds who is now in Texas asked a couple of gallant Ambassador men to help her get her things to the truck for shipment to Texas. There is nothing unusual about this, but when the poor men arrived they were really startled! There before their eyes was a horrendous pile of boxes and luggage.

Upon a closer inspection they found she had twenty-two boxes — thirteen boxes of clothes and miscellaneous items, three boxes of books, four boxes of shoes, and — believe it or not — two boxes of HAIR CURLERS!!! In addition to all this she had a foot locker and two suitcases.

When we asked her where she got all the stuff she replied that she had been collecting it since she had been at Ambassador. It seems that she just couldn't bring herself to get rid of any of it.

### Did You Know?

413 Ambassador students took an average of 5.11 tests apiece this week, making 2,061 tests to grade. Including an average 2.43 term papers and outlines, this makes 1,348 pounds of paper to grade — talk about a PHYSICAL job!

## Unclassified Ads

RAY PYLE would like to buy some quick-dry glue as soon as possible! Call 386, and bring the glue to Manor Del Mar.

BARRY CHASE's MG is still for sale at a steal. The first \$850 buys this bomb. Call BC at 383.

WANTED: wings like some swift dove to roam — after all those tests, papers, and final-week headaches.

WANTED DESPERATELY: Twenty names to fill next year's Portfolio staff box. The field is open, from top to bottom. This is your chance!





This is your IMITATION ENVOY!  
*The ENVOY* won't make it to the Brunch this year, so the PORTFOLIO has provided pages 6, 7, and 8 with reminiscent pictures and plenty of *white space* for the signatures of Seniors and departing friends.

For you who have procrastinated all year — THIS is your chance to write for the PORTFOLIO!

Keep this edition as a memoir and possible insertion in the soon-coming 1967 ENVOY. Remember, there's not much room, so write small. Pens poised? Mind in gear? Okay . . . WRITE!



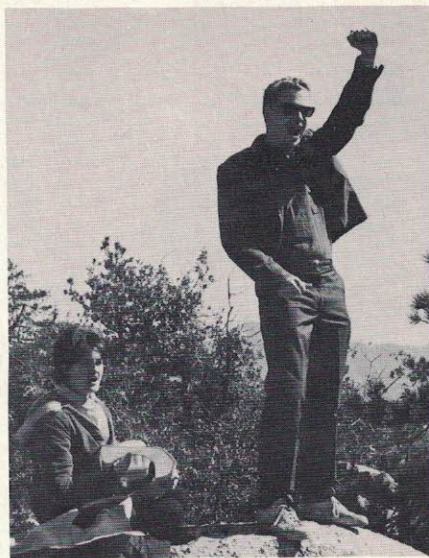
ENGLAND made 1967 a good year!







Student Council '67 — At Your Service.



"It is FINISHED!"



Pick yourself out...



...Draw a line to the margin...

...and start writing!







*The Ambassador Club*

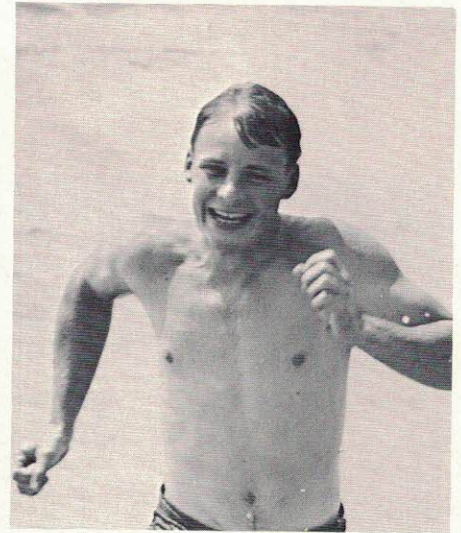
## Beach Bonanza

After a rigorous week-and-a-half of final tests, and a demoralizing "payday" in the morning, 450 test-tried, finals-flustered and World-history-weary students piled in the buses *yesterday* afternoon for the annual Ambassador Club beach party.

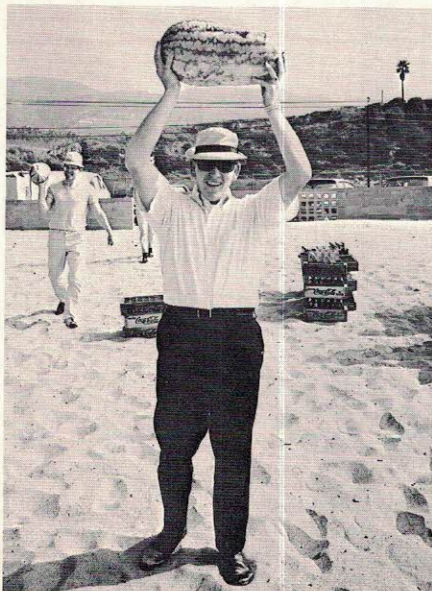
Zuma Beach again provided the scorching spot where umbrellas and blankets sheltered the card-playing, sunning, swimming Ambassadors. All afternoon long, with NO tests hanging over our heads, we frolicked in volleyball, dodgeball, baseball, and football with fellow Ambassadors soon to be sent to all corners of the earth.

The relaxed atmosphere continued at dinnertime, as an appropriately *cool* meal (no fires!) filled the hundreds of "bottomless pits." As the faces on this page show, Ambassadors had a BALL at the beach!

Thank you, Ambassador Clubs!



The Watermelon Man.



A Photographer has no honor in his own college.

