

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

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NOVEMBER 7, 1967

PCC Students Tour Ambassador Press

More than forty students from Pasadena City College toured our own Ambassador Press last Thursday as a part of their training.

"To see the printing equipment here at Ambassador Press is one of the most important field trips for our students," their instructor Wally Bennett told us. "Ambassador Press has grown tremendously since Mr. Carl O'Beirn came to my class to learn more about the one small offset duplicator you had back in 1956," he continued.

"And now I understand you've got a second web press coming—twice as large as this one—a new RCA color scanner, and a huge new building. All of this growth is fantastic," he marvelled.

The students had the opportunity to
(Continued on page 4)

Ambassador Jet "Causes No Small Stir"

An interesting sidelight on the Feast at Squaw Valley was the arrival of the Ambassador Jet at the Truckee Air Field.

The plane arrived with Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong between 6:30 and 7:00 on the night of October 24, 1967. Several hundred of the brethren were there to greet him and to see Mr.

(Continued on page 4)



45,000 KEEP FEAST AT ELEVEN SITES AROUND THE WORLD

Herbert W. and Garner Ted Armstrong visit all five U. S. sites; Students take side trips to Yosemite and Catalina

Forty-five thousand of God's people were blessed this year to be able to attend the Feast of Tabernacles in eleven sites around the world. This year two new sites were added—France and the Pocono Mountains. Mr. Apartian, the director of the French Work, and Mr. Carn Catherwood went over from Headquarters to conduct the first French Feast of Tabernacles in this era of God's Church. The new facilities that were being constructed at the Pocono—the newest U. S. site—were complete enough to allow the Feast to be held.

One of the greatest highlights of the Feast for those who attended in the United States was a surprise visit from

both Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong and his son Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong. Many of the people at these sites had never seen either of them before.

This visit was made possible because the Work rented a Sabreliner Business Jet. The Feast also proved the usefulness of such an airplane to be used permanently to fly the chief executives of God's Work anywhere in the world

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EDITORIAL

IF I WERE A FRESHMAN AGAIN

by Keith Hoyt

Probably every student of Ambassador Colleges has at one time said, "If I were only a freshman again, would things ever be different!"

The first year of an Ambassador's career is a dramatic, exciting and vitally important one. It lays the foundation for future accomplishment, and is a big factor in eventual success. There has never been a perfect Ambassador student, we can all look back and see things we wish could be done over. These are the words of Ambassadors that have gone before you.

"If I were a freshman again, I would. . . .

— never forget that Ambassador is like a mile race, but is run like a 100 yard dash. If you loaf the first lap or two, you can't expect to finish with the winners."

— follow more closely the advice and example of upperclassmen. They have been the route before and know the course well."

— never be found without a good schedule and a sound budget, they are tools for success."

— follow religiously the dating rules and social guidance, realizing it is for my own good."

— read the handbook completely at least once per semester and refer to it often."

— realize most of the instructors and faculty were once Ambassadors as well, and counsel with them often."

— remember the words given at orientation, 'Ambassador College is a gold mine, but *you* have to do the digging.'"

— always remember and apply the principle 'first things first.'"

In short, I would — do what I am supposed to do, when I am supposed to do it, the way it is supposed to be done. This after all is the mark of a true Ambassador, and the definition of a real leader.

Paul wrote in I Cor. 10:6: "Now these things were written for our examples. . . ." Can we learn from the examples of those who have gone before us? What will be your afterthoughts when your Ambassador career is behind you?

It is not too late! Even for the seniors, there is yet time. For the freshmen, the time is now! Come up to the challenge while you can. Learn and benefit from the examples before you and do not be guilty of wasting the very precious opportunity you've been given — being an Ambassador.

(ED NOTE: Keith Hoyt graduated last year and is now serving the brethren in the Wichita area.)

in the world that can mash, mangle, and mutilate mountains of mush for the mouth.

. . . comparing with your roommate — knowing full well your blister is twice as big as hers.

. . . discovering you've always had a secret desire to be a cowboy, even if you aren't from Texas.

. . . going into the house of laughs and failing to see the humor in it!

. . . hearing a loud cackle only to turn

around and see Ray Meyer with a henpecked look on his face.

. . . seeing a yankee win first place in the hog-calling contest.

. . . signing up for all the free drawings only to find out you just signed up for the Marines.

. . . enjoying chocolate malt, after chocolate malt, after chocolate malt, after chocolate malt. . . .

. . . being the last one back to the bus — sorry 'bout that Jim.



The Feast is . . .

. . . losing your Feast Brochure right off the bat.

. . . having races up the Catalina hills in an electric car — and to your dismay being beaten by a stingray bicycle.

. . . being able to pick out who the city dudes are by who carries a pillow to services after horseback riding.

. . . having 12 o'clock guard duty and being on the 6 o'clock shift at mailing.

. . . sailing past the breakers on a stiff wind only to discover there are no life jackets aboard.

. . . having new resolutions and keeping them.

The Fair was . . .

. . . walking and walking and walking and walking and walking.

. . . finding the most fantastic blender

You Don't Have To Be Jewish

by Bill Jacobs

It all started at Yosemite's Ahwahnee Hotel. Twenty-two Ambassadors made their way to the stately hotel to enjoy an evening of fine dining. Had anyone told us that we would be dancing the *Hora* to "Havanagilah" before the night ended, we would have laughed. But it *did* happen!

While waiting for a table, Ben Morrison and Shirley Ochs strayed from the group, only to run across a Dr. Ben Amar who taught architectural design at an Israeli university. Ben invited him to dine with us. And he graciously accepted.

At dinner we veritably pummeled the elderly doctor with questions about Israel, the Sabbath, the Holydays (he liked, and commented on Sandy Holliday's name), the recent war, Leon Uris, *Exodus*, and what he thought of San Francisco's hippies. After repeated inquiries about the Temple, Dr. Ben Amar said, in amazement, "You people ask more questions about the temple over here than we do over there."

After dinner we strolled to the patio to observe the firefall while Jim Quigley took time exposures.

Following the firefall, we all wandered into a small dance lounge, complete with jazz trio. After several dances, we met another Jewish couple just over from Israel. Mr. Baer had been active in the last two wars and at one time made hand grenades in a secret basement for the Haganah. Mr. and Mrs. Baer, also, were brimful of information which we gladly absorbed.

Then the music stopped and the trio leader said, "We've had a request for a new song, I think it's called 'Havanagilah.'" That was the signal. We asked Mrs. Baer to dance the *Hora* for us. She took Anita Judy by the hand. Mr. Ben Amar took Sandy Holliday's. Soon all of us were circling the dance floor, dancing the *Hora* to the catchy and rhythmic strains of the Jewish folk song.

Afterwards, Mr. Ben Amar and the Baer's said a warm goodbye—but not

(Continued on page 7)



From Cars To Custodians

New Custodian Shop To Be Centrally Located

by Ron Nelson

In just 55 working days from October 2, the Custodian Department will start moving into its new facilities. Construction is already under way to transformation of 360's old garages into the new location of the Custodian Department's office, shop and storage.

The placing of the department in a central location is of great advantage. No longer will it be on the outer rim of the areas it services. Convenience is one of the biggest gains in this move but it also will be more economical.

A new shower and dressing room presently being installed in the 360 Grove basement for gardeners and Custodians will be close to the office. Now the student custodians can receive their day's assignments and be on the job sooner than ever before.

This move will give the department additional room. As God's college and work expands (not without growing pains) let's rejoice that one more pinch has been cured in such a fine and ideal manner.

LETTER . . .

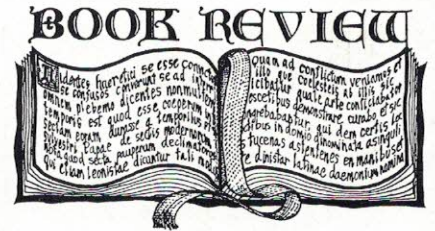
Dear Editor,

This letter is in objection to D.G.'s article which you published last week on *Shelfishness*. I feel that selfishness is *good* and should be *encouraged!* Certainly no one should practice *shelf-restraint!* I especially wish to encourage Freshman shelf-indulgence. (The only class having money!)

Yours \$ truly,

Al Keding

Campus Center Bookstore
Order Department



by Harry Eisenberg

This book review is different. The book in question isn't even found in our library. After you get an idea of what it deals with, you'll know why.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man by James Joyce is an autobiography written in the form of a novel. It is extremely popular in today's colleges and universities.

Portrait is the story of Joyce's "struggle" to become an "artist." He grew up in Ireland coming from a large and very poor family. And what is the character of our artist hero like? Just read on.

The hero, Stephen Dedalus (that's Joyce), has reached the age of *twenty-three* as we come to the end of the book. He is attending the University of Dublin with his impoverished parents paying all his bills. What does he do to repay them? Well, he studies poetry. Otherwise, not very much. He has never worked a day in his life. He will not help with the household chores. (As an "artist" he is above all that.) He will not look after his younger brothers and sisters. At times he will not so much as lift a hand to wash his own face, so his mother does it for him.

That's our "hero," or at least the hero of thousands upon thousands of students in other colleges. If you want to see yet another reason why Ambassador College is different, read *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Otherwise, forget it.

Unclassified Ads

LOST: Two clear plastic umbrellas were left on the Band & Revue bus—information telling their whereabouts will be handsomely rewarded—million dollar smiles. Carol or Cheryl—if it doesn't make any difference to you it doesn't make any difference to us. Phones: 273, 548 respectively.

FOUND: A *mystery*—A full-length black coat with brown fur was left on my bed in room number 27 Mayfair. I don't know how it got there or why but if it's yours please claim it or you may see it walking around campus come cold weather. Thank you—Carol Stephenson—273.

JET

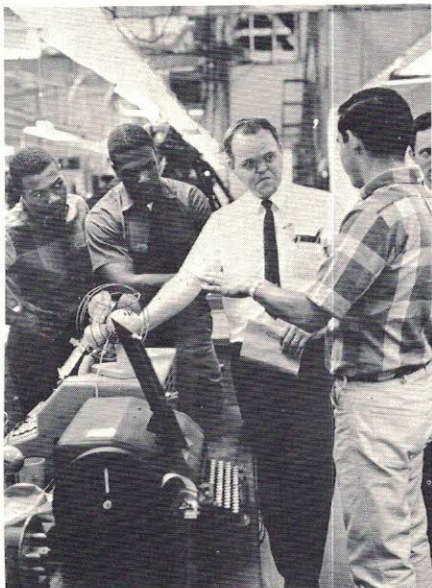
(Continued from page 1)

Garner Ted Armstrong off. Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong got off the plane and Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong and his family boarded it and were off to Long Beach within minutes.

The Jet taking off and landing and the large number of cars leaving the airport "caused no small stir" in Truckee. The following was a news flash that was broadcast on a local radio station.:

"Flash — a large jet airliner has made an emergency landing at the Truckee Airport, we don't have the particulars but a steady stream of traffic has been seen coming from that direction — full details later."

"My advice, sir," said the mechanic to the car owner, "is that you keep the oil and change the car."



P.C.C. Tours Our Composing Room.

FEAST SITES

(Continued from page 1)

without having to wait for commercial flights.

The Ambassador students were able to take side trips on the way to the Feast. The Seniors and Freshmen were able to spend a day and a half in Yosemite National Park on their way to Squaw Valley. The Juniors and Sophomores had the opportunity to spend a day on Catalina Island before going to Long Beach for the Feast.

For all those who attended the Feast this year it was the best Feast ever. (For highlights of the Feast see the pictures on pages four and five.)

PCC TOUR

(Continued from page 1)

closely observe four-color printing on Ambassador's big web. None of them had seen a web press in action before. They watched with real interest as copies came off at the rate of 25,000 per hour.

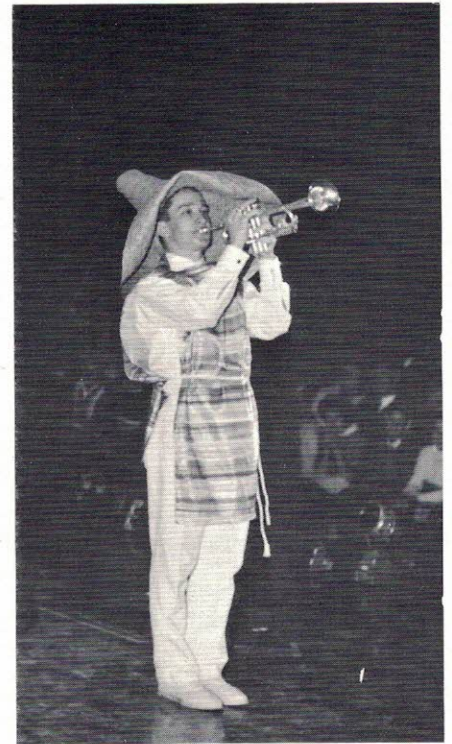
Next they watched our four-color cover press in operation. In the bindery they were able to see the French Plain Truth being bound on the McCain. They then examined the platemaking and stripping procedures. As the final leg of their inspection tour many of the students went down to 150 Green to see Composing.

All of the students were impressed with the up-to-date facilities of our plant. Many of them requested copies of *The PLAIN TRUTH* to take with them as they left.

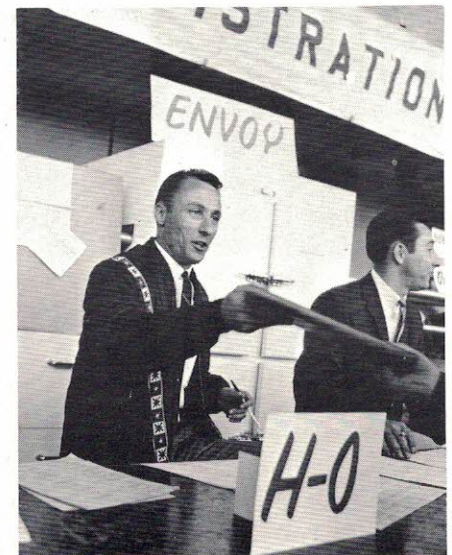
The printing plant that we too often take for granted served as a tremendous example to those students.



Mr. Armstrong and Jet.



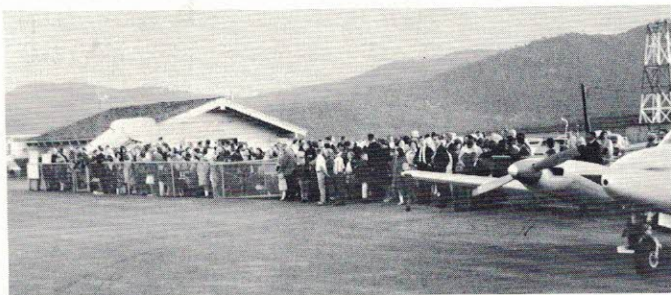
Jerry One Note.



Here's Your '67 Envoy.



HIGHLIGHTS ON THE FEAST



Brethren Greet Mr. Armstrong at Truckee.

They Say No. 2 Tries Harder But . . .



With a Broken Crankshaft . . .



Backstage Between Acts.



It Was Like a Horse With a Broken Leg! So . . .



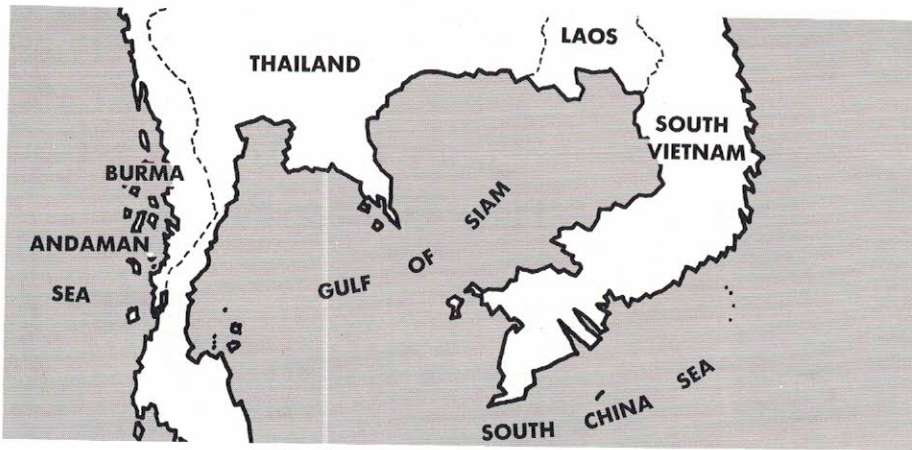
Bolivar Vs. The Lonely Bull.



No. 1 Was First. But We Tried Harder!!!



"A Time To Be Restin'."



S. E. Asia's true map. What's missing? Read the amazing story.

The Plain Truth About Cambodia

by Harry Eisenburg

Recently, the PORTFOLIO uncovered some astounding information. This should be of particular interest to Mr. Hogberg's geography classes.

You see—believe it or not—there is no country in the world called Cambodia. This supposed Asian nation does not and never has existed!

Sound incredible? Yes it does! But hold on, use your head. THINK! Have you ever seen a person who said, "Hello, I'm from Cambodia"? No. Do you personally know someone who has been to Cambodia? No. Have you ever seen anything from Cambodia? No. No! No! No!! Of course you haven't!

Why haven't you?? The obvious answer is that there is no Cambodia. But, why then does everyone think there is?

Behind the answer to that question lies the most diabolical plot that has ever been foisted off on mankind.

It all began early in 1946. World War II was over and many men had made millions on the Black Market. One such man was Samuel P. Cambodia.

Rather than invest his money in the Stock Market Sam decided to spend his money in a completely different manner. He walked into the offices of Rand McNally and Hammond maps and bought space in all of their maps. The name of the country? Cambodia, of course. Thus a nation was born and without a revolution.

But there's more!

Later that same year Sam and some

of his friends went to the United Nations and demanded that his "country" be recognized and admitted.

"I'm the delegate from Cambodia," he proclaimed. And they believed him. They didn't even question him. Face it, with countries like Lesotho, Botswana, and Malawi, who was going to argue with Cambodia?

So Cambodia was admitted to the United Nations. Why not? Sam had bought a place on everyone's map. He even had a flag! What more did he need?

Sam Cambodia was a smart fellow. After establishing himself as a nation, he immediately demanded foreign aid money from the United States. We had to give him that aid or he threatened to go to the Soviet Union. He told Russia the same thing, threatening to turn to the West. The money came pouring in.

All of this sounds incredible, but it's true. This is just another way the United States is spending billions abroad.

(Editor's note: Of course the above article was written as a joke. Why then was it published? Did we publish it just for laughs or was there some other reason? We published this article because a Junior in Ambassador College believed it. Many of you may have too. But if you did, why did you? The obvious answer is that we are uninformed. Too many times we will take for granted what we read. This article should show us that we need to check everything we read.)

The Rhyme of the Midnight Skulker

There are some here who haven't heard,
So now's the time to spread the word,
And you can join the ranks (the
herd?)

Of those who are informed.

You haven't been annoyed, we trust?
For bring our weekly gifts we must.
And though you haven't heard of us,
We'll soon be at *your* dorm.

Each week our goodies we do bake;
We wrap them well, and then we take
Them to your dorm (they always make
A very good impression!)

We know how students love to eat
And yummy goodies can't be beat—
Our pies are smooth, our cakes are
sweet,
And liven your bull-session!

So Friday night's the time we picked
To see your hunger problem licked
(For no one ever would get sick
From sampling *our* cooking!)

We won't cause you anxiety;
We don't seek notoriety;
We have no claim to piety;
Nor are we good looking!

We only seek a chance to serve
(And hope that you won't be
unnerved);

You only get what you deserve
For being such good friends.

So just await us patiently—
We'll get to you real soon, you see.
Your dorm will hear from the both of
we (?)

Before semester's end!

Signed,

THE MIDNIGHT SKULKER
and the

WEE-HOURS-OF-THE-MORNING SNEAK
P.S.

*If you don't remember us by chance,
Perhaps you'd remember us by glance,
For if you will recall the sock hop
We're the ones who "crashed the
dance."*

That Was the Bus That Was

by Ron Biedeck

"Squaw Valley or bust!" was our motto. We didn't, but our bus busted. Yes, Bus #2 passengers had a rare opportunity to develop character and hardiness last week.

Trial began this side of Yosemite when Ol' #2 first developed transmission problems and then came down with a full case of flat tire. "Don't worry! We'll arrive in Yosemite in time to leave for Squaw Valley!" someone exclaimed.

Our arrival in Yosemite was hailed by the already dog-eared reports of the early Ambassadors who told vivid tales of dashing horseback rides, of courageous pioneering hikes, and of bold bicycling.

Undaunted, we determined to reach Squaw Valley ahead of Bus #1. Racing at neck-breaking speeds ("#2 tries harder!") we cleaned the straightaways and climbed the hills (the latter at 10 m.p.h.) and won.

Coming home, however, #2 finally gave up the ghost. Less than two hours from Pasadena (as the coach flies) we ground to a halt with a broken crankshaft (which we all know is right next to the impeller pressure regulator stator).

Bus-monitor Terry Swagerty was only restrained from dismembering #2 when it was explained that if he left it intact someone might steal it. So Terry satisfied himself with wishing that someone luck.

On the new bus we weary Ambassadors sang "Sentimental Journey" with strong sentiment. We arrived with tears in our eyes, thinking of the wonderful trip and of the many friends we left behind in the many gas stations we pulled in at.

"Number two, We love you,
But your engine has mildew."

Part of the world is living on borrowed time while the rest of it is living on borrowed money.

The only person who listens to both sides of the family argument is the women next door.

What Really Goes on Backstage

by Charles Vincent

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the 1967 Bandwagon Revue!"

These are the familiar words heard by nearly 12,000 brethren at Squaw Valley and Long Beach this year. The finished product *they* saw went fairly smoothly—from all *outward* appearances! Backstage, however, was a different story.

For instance—the show was about to begin the first nite in Long Beach. The house lights were dimmed, the curtain ready, the audience humming with anticipation. All the cast was in place—*except for one*. Bruce Nedrow, one of our trombonists, was still in the wings feeding his goldfish, altering his trousers—or something, no one really knew. Anguished screams of "Nedrow,

where are you, the curtain's rising!" finally roused him to action. Throwing all caution to the wind (being panic-stricken) he raced to his position.

Unfortunately, his path was obstructed. Ruth Mullay, a friendly camera-carrying coed, was happily taking candid shots of people in all manner of unflattering poses. She never knew what hit her—or the camera, which thudded sickeningly to the floor, scattering its parts in every direction.

Did this stop Bruce? Never! With a gleam of triumph in his eyes he girded his loins and climbed into his chair across the laps of two or three other people.

The moral of the story? You can't keep a good man down!

"IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH"

by Mike McDermott

It was early Tuesday morning in Squaw Valley. I was shaving in the bathroom of the Olympic Village Hotel, when Jim Quigley came in for his morning shave. "You ought to get your clothes washed before everyone else floods the washateria," he said.

Within a few minutes I was bounding out the door of the Olympic Village with my laundry sack on my back. I felt ridiculous. What if my friends saw me? The air was cold and stung my cheeks. Jumping over a stream with the sack on my back, I felt like a horse with a fat man on me. I walked in circles around the Valley for twenty minutes, sneaking through backyards, searching for the washateria. Finally, I went to the service station to ask for directions. "It's a half mile down the road heading out of the Valley," he told me. Half frozen, frustrated, I thanked him, and picking up my bag, I headed for the dining hall.

A few hours later, while I was sitting in the Washateria, reading the newspaper, I noticed a woman staring out the window pouring soap into her machine. She must have poured half a box in! Within 60 seconds, the tub was jammed with suds. In another 15, they began to creep out the bottom of

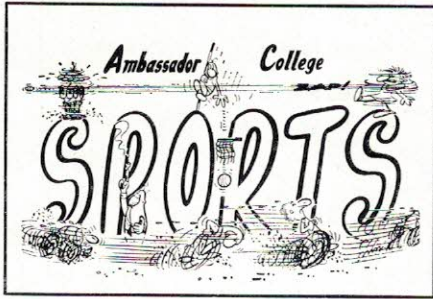
the washer. When the woman noticed it, she cried despairingly, "Oh, no!" Then she began to justify herself and whined to me. "I should have known not to use #10—it's done this before." In a flash, I sprang gallantly to my feet.

With mop in hand, I fiercely fought the advancing suds. When I began to tire out, the suds overwhelmed me and John Strain took over the mop, and began slinging them out the front door. Pretty soon the whole laundromat was full of suds. The woman stood at the point of tears, with her hands on her head. Surprised people gawked at John and I as we battled the suds. After we had mopped bubbles about a half hour, they began to stop coming from the washer. Then the woman noticed a sign above the door—"NOTICE: IF MACHINE OVER-SUDS, USE A FABRIC SOFTENER."

Jewish

(Continued from page 3)

before promising to visit Ambassador if their tour took them into the area. We thanked them for dancing and eating with us and left for the cabins and tents carrying a very satisfied feeling.



BLACKWELL'S PROGNOSTICATIVE PREVIEW ON BASKETBALL

The pros have started again and Ambassador College will soon follow suit — Basketball's in the air!!

With the beginning of another exciting N.B.A. (Nobody But Ambassador) season just around the corner — less than four weeks off — basketball is again becoming one of the leading topics of conversation at the dinner table.

This season promises to be the best one ever. All the games will be played on Saturday evenings so we should have good crowds to cheer the players on to victory. Also the season will be highlighted by the addition of another team to the league. Imperial School is fielding a varsity team to enter the tournament. We will have the Ambassador College band back and the always colorful cheer leaders.

With all this to look forward to and the inevitable excitement that permeates Ambassador Basketball we can't help but have a successful season.

With only about three and one-half weeks to opening tip-off here is our unofficial scouting report on each team.

THE FACULTY: The "old men" look stronger than ever. They have a fine coach in Mr. Lochner. They have all the members of last year's champion team back again, and have added Mr. Larry Haworth and Mr. Eric Williams — two of last year's upper-class stars. Should be the winning team.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

As the bird soared thru the air, it collided with a fast-moving object and immediately shot back the other direction, only to meet the same fate. The flight continued in this manner for several seconds — the bird always meeting the same fate. Finally it fell to the floor.

This scene is multiplied a thousand times over every day at the gymnasium. This is the story of the intermediate and advanced badminton class.

Several top-notch badminton players are coming out of the class. This is just another facet of the complete Ambassador College athletic program.

SENIORS: Coach — Mr. Jim Gillen. The seniors are trying to solve the problem every senior team comes up with. What happened to all our players? They lost their three top players in Eric Williams — now with the faculty; Ron Lohr — now in Texas, and Steve Smith — now a Bricket-Wood-ite. They have several good players returning, but will be weak in the front court and on the bench. Look for them to finish last, *unless* they can hold on until Tom Williams and Randy Kobernat return from the field.

JUNIORS: Coach Mr. Larry Haworth. This team should be tough this year. They have excellent height and good all-around hustle and teamwork. They will be hurting on speed, though. With the addition of Mike Weber and Bill Whikehart they should be able to give the faculty a real run. Should finish second.

SOPHOMORES: Coach Mr. Eric Williams. Have back basically all of last year's team with the exception of George Geis, Mike Weber, and Bill Whikehart. They jelled as a team during the latter part of last season. They are willing to work hard. And they'll have to this year. Probably will finish fourth — maybe fifth.

FRESHMAN: Coach Mr. Paul Alexander. This team has plenty of height and enthusiasm. They should be strong all the way around. They will probably be weak on teamwork, because they haven't played together enough yet. They appear able to beat anyone, but lack the experience necessary to take the championship. Look for them to finish third this year.

IMPERIAL SCHOOL: Coach Mr. Jim Petty. A new team in its first season of competition. They have plenty of enthusiasm and speed, but are short on experience and the finer points that are necessary for a winning team. They are willing to learn, and will have plenty of opportunity during their first year in the league. Should finish fifth this season.

(The views held by the Sports Editor are not necessarily the views of this paper or its Editor.)

FOUL TIPS

If you have seen what appears to be Tarzan wearing glasses while swinging thru the trees between the gym and the Student Center relax, it is just our associate editor returning from his weight lifting practice. He swings thru the trees to relax.

He is in training, along with several other Ambassador men, under our new weight "coach" Harry Sneider. It seems that Harry has a program for almost everyone.

Harry comes to us after having several years of training in how to "beef up" or "trim down" athletes for almost any sport. He can work out a very weighty program for you that will help get you into shape for whatever sport may be your choice. He can help you put on weight, or take it off. He can even help you change its location while keeping it.

He is currently adding to the weight room to make it as up-to-date as possible. Take a look at it sometime and try out the Exer-genie while you are there.

Speaking of Sports

BASEBALL POSTPONED

Due to the lack of a suitable playing field the baseball tournament has been cancelled. It seems that there are no baseball diamonds equipped with lights that are available to us.

Mr. Alexander said that the main purpose of the fall tournament had been filled though. The teams are now organized and have gotten themselves into pretty good shape. All that is left now is to wait until spring when there will be enough light in the evenings to resume the tournament.