

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

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WEEKLY

APRIL 10, 1968

Freshman Fling— Fast Flowing Fun

A night of fun and games, prizes and surprises — that in short was the 1968 Spring Fling — otherwise known as the Freshman Dance.

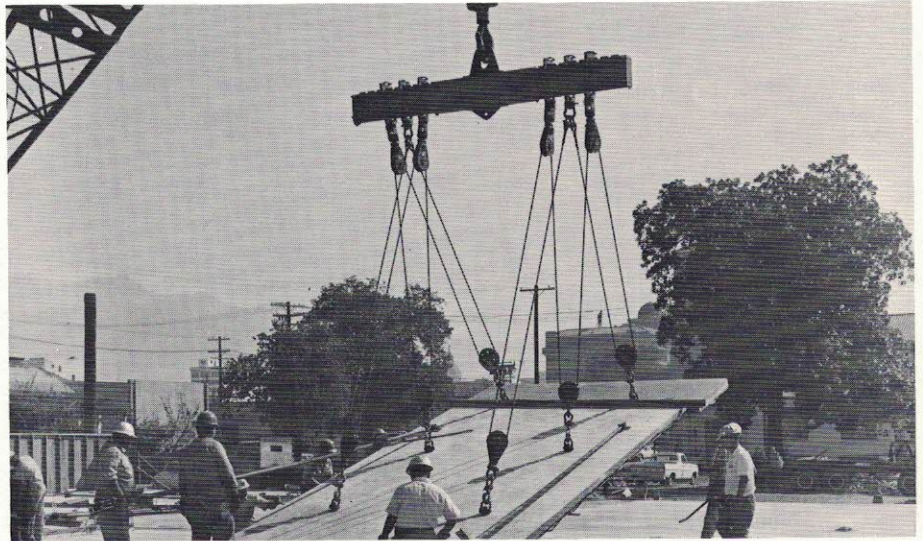
Adding to an evening of fine dancing and entertainment were the happy announcements by Mr. Portune of the engagements of Felix Heimberg and Connie Stewart, and Ken Gresham and Jan McCallum. Following the good news the two couples showed us how to waltz to "True Love" and led a real L-O-N-G line in the "Bunny Hop."

Entertainment, provided by producer (?) Bob Gerringer helped make a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Highlights included the singing of Marti Jewsbury and Jack Pakozdi, the comedy of the kitchen girls and General Wastemoreland Entler and François French, the piano of George Bryan and the

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Transportation Dept. To Hold Open House

In just two and a half weeks the Transportation Dept. will be moved into its new quarters on the corner of Pasadena Avenue and Dayton Street. After many months of hard work the new ultramodern, fully-equipped maintenance, service, and office complex is now nearing completion. So on April 24th between the hours of 4:00 and 9:00 come to our open house and see how the feet of God's Work operate! (More details will follow in a later article.)



Walls Go Up At New Press

The new Ambassador College Press Building is taking shape. The walls of the new complex are now going up. This new press complex, a vital part of God's Work, will be ready for occupancy in a few more months.

The William J. Moran Co., which is also working on the student residence is doing the construction work on the press complex. They will complete the work on the building about the same time that the student residence is finished.

Construction is progressing rapidly because of the engineering methods being used. The greatest time-saving factor is the "Tilt-up" technique used on the concrete walls.

This means that the walls are molded on the ground in sections measuring 31 feet high, 15 feet wide and 6 inches thick. Everything from electric wiring

to plumbing fixtures are at least in part taken care of on the ground. Then seven days after pouring, the 35,000 pound slabs are tilted up by a crane and placed into position.

With the building of the new sections for the plant, and incorporating the existing building at the site, the new press will have 105,000 square feet of floor space. This makes it one of the largest printing plants west of Chicago. There will also be 201 parking spaces which will clear up the parking problems that now exist at our present location.

The new press complex and all of its
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Letters to the Editor

Ambassador Enjoys Portfolio

Dear George,

I just got through reading the March 17th Portfolio and I decided that I just had to write to you and the rest of the staff and thank you. I am one of those 1200 people that receives a copy of the Portfolio from Pasadena and I am also one of them that appreciates it very much. Since I left Pasadena and came to Bricket Wood almost two years ago now I have looked forward to getting every issue I could get my hands on.

When I was there in Pasadena my Freshman year I felt the same way a lot of the students do now. I seldom ever read all of an issue. Now I seldom fail to devour every word of it. There have been many times that I would have felt almost completely cut off from the campus there had it not been for the news in the Portfolio. It has been just about my only faithful source of news from the campus there.

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Editorial

"I don't want to sound spiritual, But..."

by George L. Johnson

These words were the preface to a speech I heard in advanced public speaking class the other day. What followed was a heartfelt speech on how the movie "The War Games" had affected the speaker. In that speech he mentioned a few Bible principles.

But why preface the speech with "I don't want to sound spiritual, but..."? Why is it that so many of us automatically go on the defensive when we start to talk about the Bible, or introduce some Biblical topic? Are we afraid to talk about the Bible? Are we ashamed of it?

No, I really don't think most of us are afraid to talk about the Bible. I don't think we're ashamed of it, but I do think we've lost a perspective of how to rightly talk about the Word of God.

Too often we think of the image of the typical "sophomore preacher." We see this unwise individual creeping around trying desperately to "convert" Freshmen and Sophomore women.

Of course, not all sophomores are like this. A few are, but so are a few freshmen, juniors and perhaps seniors. But the problem is too many of us have carried a misconception over into every phase of our lives to the point that many times we won't even talk about the Bible period, or we preface our conversation with, "I don't want to sound spiritual but...?"

Let's understand that there's a difference between preaching the Bible and talking about it!

To preach means to incite (and sometimes some student advice is a *riot*) by words or advice; to advise or warn "earnestly." Generally, we are not given the authority to "preach" to our fellow Ambassadors. There is a tremendous responsibility that goes with the job of advising others how to live. For the most part we are not mature enough to give sound advice. So therefore we generally shouldn't give deep spiritual advice to anyone *unless* we are given the job (such as student officers of various kinds) by someone in authority.

But now for the BIG DIFFERENCE!

To talk about simply means, to talk about — to discuss. And there is no "law" against it, in fact, there is a command *to talk about the Bible!*

Notice what Moses commanded the Israelites.

"And thou shalt teach them [God's Law] diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." (Deut. 6:7.)

The Israelites were commanded to teach their children God's law, but also notice they were commanded *to talk about it!*

We above all people on the face of the earth ought to be able to discuss and talk about — not preach — the Bible. The Bible is the FOUNDATION OF ALL KNOWLEDGE. Since this is so, any subject — no matter how material it may seem, must have a Biblical element and foundation to it somewhere. We are here at Ambassador to learn more about that foundation. So let's talk about the Bible, but let's be sure to know where the talking ends and preaching begins!

Ambassadors Return to the Embassy

by Jerry Aust

"Good evening everyone. We are the entertainment for you tonight... there won't be any other. We have a few numbers we will sing for you this evening. They consist of songs about dances you like to do. We hope you will enjoy them."

This is a paraphrased rendering of Mr. Prather's introduction of the Ambassador College Chorale to the Los Angeles Church gathered for an evening of enjoyment and socializing in the Ambassador Hotel's Embassy Room, March 31, 1968.

The time was 9 p.m. The song was "Hi! Neighbor." This was how we felt; like saying or rather singing "Hi!" to our neighbors.

We tremendously enjoyed the numbers we sang. "Country Style" was a heel-clickin', finger-poppin' ditty. "Come Dance with Me" was an invitation to do just that. "I Could Have Danced All Night" was familiar and enjoyable. We concluded with "The World Tomorrow" medley.

Our "captive" audience poured out an accolade and we sang an encore — "I Believe."

"It all seemed to pass so quickly," someone remarked.

I know the Chorale enjoyed it. Their attitude "testified" to yet another song in this selection, "I Could Have Sung All Night."

These days a child who knows the value of a dollar must be mighty discouraged.

There are no great men. Only colossal challenges.

by Char Diem

Going back to the Embassy Ball Room, Sunday, March 31, was in some ways like going "home" for the Ambassador Big Band. The Embassy is just one room in the famous Ambassador Hotel (along with the celebrated Coconut Grove) that has been a previous sight for the tuneful dance music of the Ambassador Big Band.

But even in the familiar red-carpeted setting, a new air of expectancy rippled through the band as we prepared to play for the evening's event — the Los Angeles Church Dance. Every member of the Big Band really ENJOYED playing for that dance — the setting of the Embassy Ball Room is gold and elegant, there was more than enough room on the risers to play (which *does* make a difference!), and the Los Angeles Church members were very appreciative, responding warmly throughout the entire dance.

Certainly all these things added to the evening, but most of all, we — each one of us — enjoyed that good feeling that comes from working a little harder in a 100 percent *unified* effort — to make *better* music!

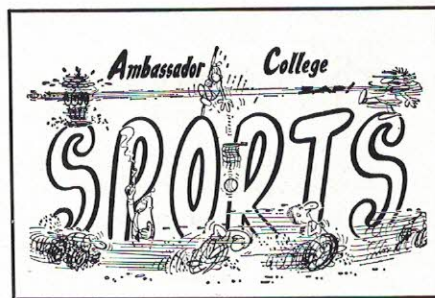
Letters

(Continued from page 2)

So keep up the good work because there's a lot of us here at Bricket Wood that appreciate every single bit of the effort that each person on the staff puts in.

Thanks again from one of your "scattered brethren" in Bricket Wood, England.

Sincerely,
Genell Gray



What's Baseball?

With spring coming on, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of spring training. It's time to drag the old "never-miss" mitt down and chuck the apple — in other words — play ball! But just what is this game that sweeps across the nation every summer?

It's the World Series, when people who might privately think that Carl Yastrzemski is the premier of Poland suddenly become roaring fans. It is an endless argument between people who have no other bond save a discussion over the relative merits of Willie Mays and Mickey Mantle.

It's the old pro being cut from the roster. It's a .200 hitter talking like Babe Ruth. It's the team dressing room where the pictures on the bubble gum cards come alive. It's the umpire who sounds like he gargles with used razor blades. It's the Pittsburgh Pirates charging their own players to park in the stadium lot on game days.

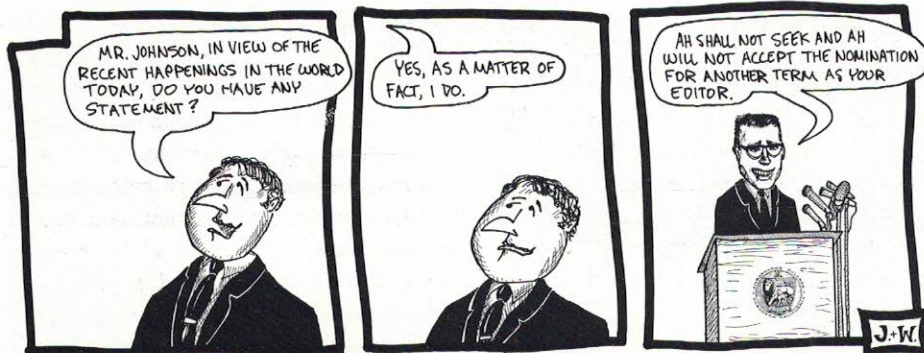
At Ambassador College it's sliding into second base just after the gardeners have spread "fertilizer" on the field. It's Dan Orban's grin as he strikes out his brother Dave. It's the "old pro" Bob Hagner who may retire after one more season. It's George Geis computing the proper rotational velocity of a spheroid necessary to strike out the next batter. It's Stan Watts stealing second base and Larry Haworth making him put it back.

Yes, baseball is many things — apple pie, Mom, the American way — but at Ambassador it's mostly just plain old fun!

Unclassified Ads

FOR SALE: Royal standard typewriter. Very good condition. Recently "overhauled." \$35.00. Phone Chuck Gillette at 210.

FOR SALE: 1962 Chevrolet Impala, 4-door hardtop. Only 23,000 original miles! Radio, heater, power steering, 2 new tires. Very clean. Asking \$975.00. Clayton Steep, Ext. 347.



*Ambassador Adventure***WE CONQUERED THE MATTERHORN**

by Keith Walden

Adventure can be fun and exciting, but sometimes the unexpected can happen in a moment. Cynthia Ramsey and I found this to be true at Disneyland, when we tried to conquer the Mighty Matterhorn.

Cynthia was seated in front of me as we started up the cable car track to the top of the Matterhorn in Disneyland's famous Adventureland. The 100-foot ride up the inside of the mountain to the top is slow and lumbering, but the trip down is a brisk sweep around precarious curves and gushing waterfalls.

Suddenly, only a few feet from the crest, our toboggan jolted to a standstill and a calm hush fell over the mountain. No sounds of toboggans whizzing headlong down the mountain. No sound of the gyrating, quavering gears that kept the mountain active. The unexpected had happened.

Behind us was a steep chute of a 100 feet to the bottom where another toboggan awaited its ascent. Perched like an obscure eagle's nest on a peak, we waited. Cynthia asked me if I could do anything. I said, "Yes, wait." I was sure the cable would hold our toboggan

from falling back down the slope. Cynthia was sure we were in a very hazardous situation.

The position we were in was quite uncomfortable. Our legs were cramped and they started to go to sleep. I asked Cynthia if she would move a little so I could stretch. She said, "It's a long way down, do I have to?"

I don't know how we started talking about the subject of death, but I guess this was a good time to evaluate our lives. Cynthia said, "You know when you are only 21 years old and your life passes before you, you don't have that much of a life to pass before you. It's just a little p-s-s-t and it is gone. You almost have to call for a rerun."

When we heard the sounds of someone coming our way, we both sighed with relief for we knew it wouldn't be long before we would be able to stretch our sleeping legs. To our amazement, the trouble was no trouble at all. This delay was a common occurrence and we were in no danger at all.

Oh well, that goes to show you, you can make the most out of the unexpected.

Graduate Engaged

Manfred Fraund, 1967 graduate, wishes to announce his engagement and coming marriage to Miss Janice Walter.

Manfred worked for one year in Canada, and is now working in the German Department here at Headquarters. Janice is a senior this year.

Congratulations Manfred, and best wishes for the future.

NEW PRESS*(Continued from page 1)*

equipment will help the Work of God in two major ways. The first is that the added machinery and floor space will enable us to increase the volume of our printed material by four times our present capacity. The second is that the job flow throughout the press will be much smoother because the complete plant will be under one roof.

Freshman Fling*(Continued from page 1)*

elevator of Toni Hammer. The Theme was "Night and Smog." (Don't ask us — we don't know either.)

Of course, the fabulous music of the Big Band really made the evening and the Freshmen Class let the Band members know it. Class president Bernie Schnippert presented the band with a card of appreciation of dis cord, dat chord and every chord the band plays (dis is dah way ta tok?). And on top of that champagne was announced for the band members and all this was sandwiched between two rousing rounds of applause.

A Freshmen Dance is something new. Another innovation was the fact that the dating was Sadie Hawkins' style. Dating for the Senior Prom won't be — so let's get on the ball men. The girls tried their best — now it's up to you to do your best. And to the Freshman Class and President Bernie Schnippert, thanks for the memories. It was a dance to be much remembered.

A psychiatrist is the last man you talk to before you start talking to yourself.



Laughter erupts as Toni Hammer ran her elevator.