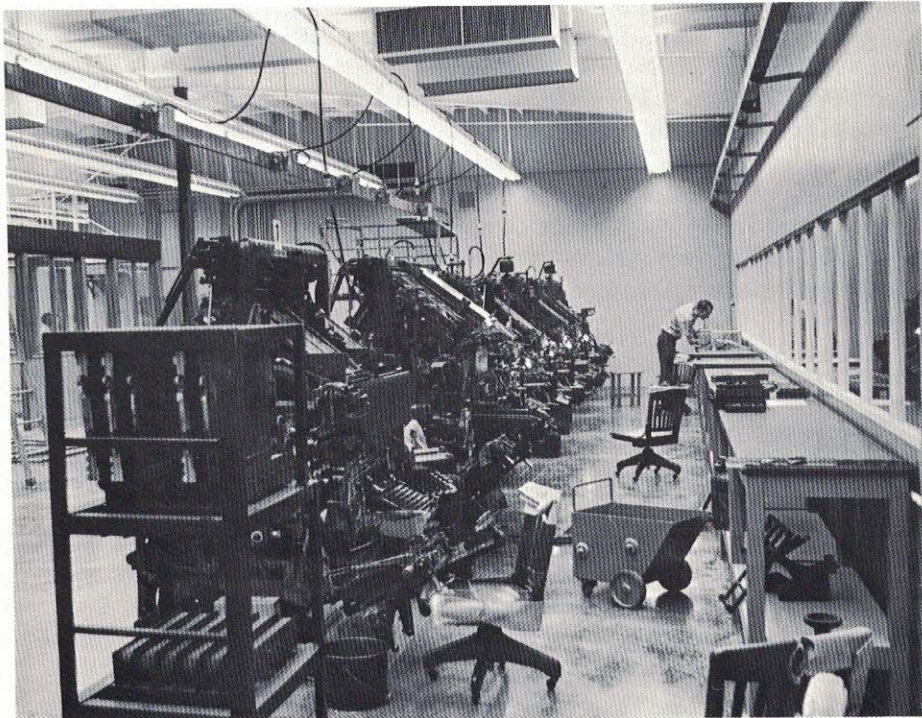


AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

VOLUME 18, NUMBER 3

WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 5, 1968



The production line of linotype machines begins to take shape in its quarters.

DEPARTMENTS MOVE TO PRESS COMPLEX

The New Ambassador College Press Building is now pulsating with activity! Several departments have already completed the orderly transfer of men and machines into the sprawling complex. Two more are in the process of moving, and others will soon follow.

The first Department to move in was the entire Mailing operation. On September 8, the bulk of the operation vacated the soon to be demolished

building for occupancy in the two stories on the west end of the new Press Building.

A week later, the Art Department
(Continued on page 5)

Ambassador College May Help Sponsor Temple Excavation

To the Jewish government in Israel, archaeology is the second most important subject. World renowned Jerusalem is the focal point of that interest. In a recent visit to this crucial spot, Drs. Herman Hoeh and Ernest Martin discussed with the Hebrew University the possibility of Ambassador College's aid-

(Continued on page 5)

Hör zu Accepts Ads

Another breakthrough in advertising was announced on the Feast of Trumpets. Beginning sometime in January, monthly ads will appear in *Hör zu*, one of West Germany's most popular weekly periodicals. It boasts a circulation of over four million.

Hör zu, which means "Listen," is comparable to *TV Guide* in America, but it has a larger format and in addition carries listings of radio programs. In reality, *Hör zu* will have a greater impact than its American counterpart. It has a one to fifteen ratio of circulation to population whereas *TV Guide's* ratio is about one to eighteen.

This brings the total worldwide advertising in magazines and newspapers to over 36 MILLION COPIES. In the last three months alone the advertising campaign has mushroomed to where it can reach 100 MILLION READERS. That is a STUPENDOUS worldwide impact!



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and YOU

The PORTFOLIO is a limited circulation publication. It is for the student bodies of Ambassador College. It is not to be sent home to friends and relatives.

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AMBASSADOR LINGO

Part One

With this installment we attempt a listing of the current "In" expressions prevalent on campus. After reading this you should be an expert at throwing clichés around and will be able to speak just like a native.

carnal: see "worldly."

coffee: 1) Mississippi mud 2) a bad word in the Science Department.

couth: culture and finesse, as, "Ain't you got no couth."

Del Martians: inhabitants of Del Mar.

the "field": the whole world — except for Pasadena.

heart to heart: a moving type of speech in which the speaker reveals that he too is human.

"I don't want to hear it": phrase uttered

(Continued on page 7)

Editorial

Are You a Part of Ambassador College?

by Gerald Weston

You are all a part of Ambassador College... OR ARE YOU? This year over 500 of us have enrolled, but are we all a working part of Ambassador College?

Let me tell you about a former Ambassador student. He attended the same classes we do, attended forums and assemblies like us. But this student was never a part of Ambassador College. He became a dropout.

I first met this student — let's call him Bob, about eight years ago. We were the closest of friends in Junior and Senior High — especially after we both heard the WORLD TOMORROW broadcast. Bob had plenty of zeal toward the truth. He took his Correspondence Course to school and studied it every spare minute. He voraciously devoured every PT and piece of literature he got a hold of.

In 1964 he was accepted to the Pasadena campus. When he got here he found things a lot different than he expected. And Bob had a few problems. He was a loner and never wanted to get involved with other people in student activities and social life. People made him uncomfortable.

Bob was also the type who relished in intellectual reading and thinking. The study of Philosophy appealed to his way of thinking. It was easier for him to think about things rather than do them.

Bob didn't come back to Ambassador the next year. Instead, he went to a small junior college near our home town and later joined the army as a medic.

This past summer I saw Bob for the first time in three years. He had just returned home from 15 months in Vietnam. He was twenty-five pounds lighter now. I thought it was from the hardships of war, but as the story unfolded I found that not to be the case.

Bob liked Vietnam. He had already signed up to go back, and he hoped to stay there after he got out, to "enjoy" life and make money.

He told me about how easy it was to get drugs in Southeast Asia, and how "pot isn't anything" after a while. (He had smoked it for nearly two months straight, but got tired of it.) Next he told me about his "night life." But for him it was night and day, and it had cost him every cent of his fortune he was supposedly in the process of making. Unashamedly he admitted that he had *contracted venereal disease four times!*

Here was a former Ambassador College student; one who had devoured all the literature just a few years before; one who had seen the Ambassador way of life and had rejected it.

Why?

And what does this have to do with you?

Maybe everything!

Maybe you are making the same mistake he made while he was here. You see, Bob could see intellectually what was right. He had studied enough to know the truth. But he didn't have the character *to live* the truth.

Maybe you too can *see* this is the right way to live. But have you really tried *living* this way? We are commanded to prove all things (I Thess. 5:21). You do that by practicing and living God's way — not just thinking about it.

Remember you came here to learn — and then act! Now is the time to be part of Ambassador College.

That means contributing in Ambassador Club, or getting your date for the Senior Ball now — not three days beforehand. It means volunteering your services when the call goes out. The big lessons in life are learned by acting on the truth — not just thinking about it.

Genius Proves Prop Wasn't Idiot Proof

by Mickey Angelo
(up and coming painter)

Occasionally you will run into a sign that says, "Wet Paint." The significant message it conveys is quickly interpreted by the typical student. The paint crew's masterpieces are left to dry out before use.

But what happens when you don't have a sign to warn the unwary student?

Recently the paint crew faced such a dilemma. They had just put a fresh coat on a section of floor. Lacking any written signs, they had to come up with a means of warning the student body. How were they to make a deterrent or warning so no one would walk on this area? Aha! A line of chairs placed side by side seemed to be just the thing to stop anyone. Surely these brilliant students would think it all out. One didn't. Yes, one young man, who left his mark but not his name, walked up and confronted this unusual barricade. With a look of undaunted determination in his eye he retraced his steps, came charging toward the chairs, and gracefully leaped over. When he hit the other side, he slipped and landed flat on his back. Humm, must be wet paint.

The moral of the story — don't jump to conclusions. Some obstacles in life should be avoided — not overcome. If anything seems highly out of order — there may be a reason for it.

HAVE A BALL!

That's right, why not let some Ambassador co-ed have a ball? Get your date for the Senior Dance — NOW. Don't delay, or some girl may just have a real bawl!

There are only 24 asking days left to get your date for the gala event. Do it TODAY!

(The preceding was an unpaid pull-itical plug by the Senior Non-violent Coaxing Committee)



Ambassadors have a "grape" time harvesting the vineyard.

Clusters' Last Stand —

IT WAS A VINE TIME!

On September 20, over 100 enthusiastic Ambassadors were sent into the field! They were sent out with specific orders to come back bearing fruit — and plenty of it.

The field was actually a vineyard near Etiwanda, California. The fruits they were to bear were grapes. It was part of Dr. Erlander's project for this semester's Nutrition Class — wine making.

The expedition left the Student Center in a convoy of three buses shortly after 7:00 A. M. on an overcast morning. At the site of the harvest, knives and boxes were passed out and the laborers were sent in to harvest about 3200 lbs. of Mountain Zinfandel grapes.

Puns accumulated as fast as the grapes. "We're learning about it from the grapevine," observed master-punster Bob Garringer. "Those who missed breakfast had a grape fast instead," quipped another.

The truck was quickly filled with barrels and boxes of grapes. Before returning to tread out the juice, the students took a tour of the wine-making

facilities of the Regina Grape Products Co. nearby. Here they saw the deep purple grape juice gush out of grape crushers with a capacity of twenty-five tons per hour. The juice is fermented in a 600,000-gallon tank and then stored in many wooden casks to age.

They also took in the sight and odor of the world's largest wine vinegar plant in an adjacent building. The huge towering wooded casks can hold 300,000 gallons of wine vinegar.

Then it was back to Dr. Erlander's yard for an old-fashioned grape stomping. It was done with that personalized touch — feet.

The first one into the barrel was Dave Orban. Three co-eds climbed into the other barrels to partake of the grape stomp. After a while a relief force took their place. One of them, Jim Entler, was on his way to glorious martyrdom — as the juice kept getting higher, he sank deeper. To his relief some one came to the rescue.

Every student in the class was given three pounds of grapes in a bucket to

(Continued on page 7)

This Is Your Portfolio "Staph"

by Tony Narewski

What does it take to produce a free, weekly(?), campus newspaper — primarily devoted to the students of Ambassador College — known as *The PORTFOLIO*? Well, you guessed it.

Yes, there *is* a Portfolio "staph!"

This article is designed to give you an inside peek at the journalistic geniuses who work and slave away (at the behest of Ye Editor) to produce the gratis newspaper that your digits are holding at this moment. First of all, let's look at the "brains" (editors) of *The PORTFOLIO*. We'll start with Ye Editor, who also goes by the name of Donald P. Graunke. Though he is curly-haired and carries a nine-foot bullwhip (for lethargic writers), he is admired and loved by all as our "fearless leader."

Now just who are the various other editors under Mr. Big? Well, I'm glad you asked that question. Jerry Weston (no link whatsoever to Wesson Oil) is our man who is in charge of the Feature articles. Orlin Grabbe (no, he is *not* Buster Crabbe's brother!) takes care of the news portion of the Portfolio, with that ever-popular, joke-spewing, lovable, coffee-making Circulation Manager, Louis Winant, waiting in the wings. In the Art department, we have "Madcap"

FOR THE BIRDS

That fowl business is over with. The seven ducks to recently take up residence in the stream have finally been named. Here are the winning monikers:

Freshman duck: Fearless Fosduck.

Sophomore duck: Friar Duck.

Junior duck: Alexander the Duck.

Senior duck: Moby Duck.

Married Students' duck: Weblock.

Faculty Duck: P. H. Duck.

The winning names were submitted by Rick George and Jim Entler. The winner was entitled to have the seventh duck named after him or anyone he chose. Since there were two winners a compromise was reached. They decided to name the seventh duck Duck Quincer. Congratulations, Dick!

Only one question remains: how can you tell the ducks apart?

Monte Wolverton, whose zany brain and talented fingers help produce the "AC" comic strip. The other half of J&W turns out to be none other than the inimitable "Uncle" George Johnson, who was last year's Portfolio editor.

Rounding out the editors now is "Slugger" Danny Rogers, the Sports editor for this year. I doubt if you'll be seeing any interviews with Bob Gibson from the World Series this year, but Danny *may* give us an on-the-spot write-up with Dennis Fischer sometime (when the latter isn't either chewing gum or yelling on the basketball court).

Now we come to the "grass roots" of the writing set — ye Staph members themselves! First off, we have Rich "the elf" Elfers, the human duck from Seattle. Then we come to "Kookie" Charlie Vinson, otherwise known as "Ludwig Van" Vinson. "Earnest" Ernie Prociw aids us with his camera, while "How to be Rich" Taylor contributes with his "dry" El Paso humor. Tony "I am a Ukranian" Wasilkoff throws in his 2 cents every now and then. The feminine touch is added with such lasses as Kayte "I am part Indian" Youngblood, Pat "I've had *one* semester of Introductory Journalism" Boenhardt, and an occasional word from Cheryl "Voom-Voom" Vance. Harry "the Jew" Eisenberg comes up with some pizzazz now and then, and last (and probably least) we have the author of this article, a Mr. So What?

But wait a minute!

Yes, *you* out there about to throw this paper away. *YOU too are part of the Portfolio staph.* So write and write some more, so that we will have a vast backlog of articles to draw from. Otherwise, it is up to us to come up with the written matter. And that requires a good deal of (ugh!) thinking. So send those articles and little blurbs in or else Ye Editor will rake us over the coals as he demands more articles. Uh-oh! Here he comes now with his bullwhip! No, mercy, mercy!! I'll get the article in by the deadline! Not with the whip! Ow, ahh, I'll get in, youch . . .



A trio performs at the concert given in Squaw Valley this Feast.

Chorale Says It With Music

"Now, that's *soul!*" exclaimed one person after listening to the Chorale "practice" for the Squaw Valley concert one evening at the Yosemite Lodge.

The itinerary originally called for a sing-a-long that night. But it was decided that the Chorale would give a practice concert for the benefit of the rest of the students. The time was set for 7:30 in the Yosemite Lodge.

Word got around camp about some "doin's" that night at the lounge. Tourists noted students converging on the place and sauntered in. By the appointed hour the place was packed with people, most of whom had never heard of Ambassador College. The Chorale marched in, took their places and struck up "Say It With Music." For the S.P.S., Mr. Prather gave a short explanation about the College and reminded everyone that this was just a practice session.

Then the Chorale launched into the body: a choice selection of songs to be featured in the formal concert. The visitors were visibly impressed. Smiles crept over faces. Feet tapped to the rhythm of "76 Trombones."

The enthusiastic applause at the end demanded an encore. The sheet music to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" was dug out and passed around. The stirring anthem was a fitting conclusion to a program that represented the quality and zest of the Ambassador way.

Temple Excavation

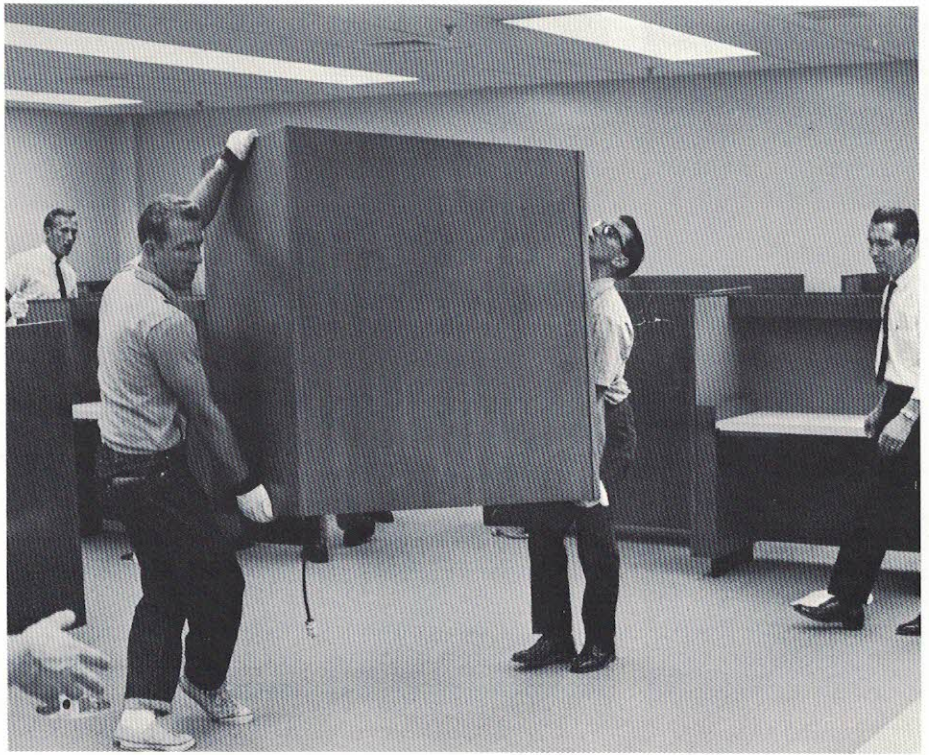
(Continued from page 1)

ing the excavation of archaeological sites in the City of David. The diggings lie just to the south of the present Dome of the Rock.

The College's interest in this government-sponsored project brought the men into contact with both the mayor of Jerusalem and Professor Mazar, the President of Hebrew University.

Work has already begun on the seven-year project, beginning at the southwest corner of the temple area, south of the Wailing Wall. Already ditched to a depth of thirty feet in some areas, the excavation is planned to eventually uncover the foundation laid by Herod, which was being walked on in the time of Christ. The dig will continue along the wall about halfway, then through the wall to clear out a wide area inside.

This is the site of the Temple of Solomon, which was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar in the capture of Jerusalem in 585 B.C. After the Jews returned from captivity, the temple was rebuilt on a slightly larger scale (but nowhere near as lavish) under the direction of Zerubbabel. Herod, in the eighteenth year of his reign (about 19 B.C.), restored the Temple after first pulling the whole edifice to its foundation. Utilizing ten thousand workmen, he rebuilt it in white marble along the Greco-Roman architectural lines.



Employees move a mail reading booth into its new location in the Press building.

Our interest in the excavation stems a great deal from the fact that while much of archaeology is misunderstood and misinterpreted, it would be difficult to misinterpret the archaeological record of the city of David.

The evidence uncovered at this site could be startling, eye-opening! It could shake the archaeological world!

To follow up on his first trip, Dr. Hoeh has now returned to Jerusalem with Mr. Herbert Armstrong to discuss further details with the officials of Hebrew University.

Press Complex

(Continued from page 1)

moved lock, stock, and barrel out of its cramped working quarters in search of more elbow room. Now Composing and Stripping are in the process of transferring operations into their new quarters.

The consolidation of the various departments under one roof will help the Work of God in two major ways. First, the added machinery and floor space will enable us to increase the volume of our printed material by about twice our present capacity. Second, the job flow throughout the press will be much smoother because the complete plant will be under one roof.

This mass migration comes five months after the first walls went up on the site. The job of building the complex has been in the hands of the William J. Moran Co. which just completed the new student dormitory, Grove Terrace. The Press Complex has 105,000 square feet of floor space. This compares with the 90,000 square feet used by all the various departments before their move.

So, huge as it seems, it is already outgrown before it is even occupied!



A view of the new Art Department.



Jack Smock



Ellen Pletka



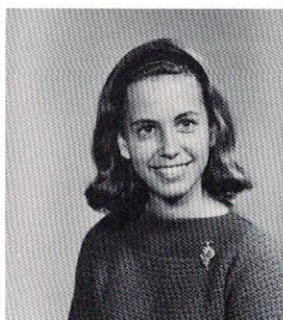
Penny Kennedy



Mary-Pat Wassmer



Sandy Lee



Marti Jewsbury

Your Student Representatives

One man and five women have been appointed to represent YOU on the Student Council this year.

Jack Smock holds down the fort as the Married Students Representative. No stranger to collegiate life, Mr. Smock has attended Oklahoma University and Tulsa University. While in the army he worked as an interpreter, and back out in civilian life he was a regional sales manager for the Coleman Company. He is the father of two children.

Penny Kennedy is this year's over-all Women's Club President. She came to Ambassador from Portland, Oregon, four years ago. She's no fiddler on the roof, but she can make music come out of a violin. Penny enjoys working with people — especially at the Summer Educational Program in Minnesota last summer.

Ellen Pletka from Culver, Indiana, is a senior and also dorm monitor of 380 Grove. As regards her interests, she says that they are very average: cooking, sewing, etc. Ellen worked in the French Department last summer — her *seventh* job since she came to Ambassador. That's versatility.

Sandy Lee, TV (Terrace Villa, that is) monitor, is another Senior. She came to Ambassador at the young age of twenty with a B.S. in education from Louisiana State University. In spare moments (whatever those are) she likes to sew or play the piano.

The remaining Student Council representative this year is *now* a second semester Junior, but in January she will be a first semester Senior! For an explanation of that see Mary-Pat Wassmer. She comes from Palatine, Illinois, where she heard about Ambassador through a high school friend who came here one year earlier, Judy Honsinger. In high school she was very active in school affairs and has kept up the same pace at Ambassador.

This year's Student Council "scribe" is a Sophomore by the name of Marti Jewsbury. A Sophomore who came here from Seattle, Washington, Marti is heard a lot from these days mainly because of her love for singing. Last summer she had the opportunity to attend the Summer camp in Minnesota.

So these are the representatives on Student Council — part of the team determined to make this year the best in Ambassador history.

What Is That?

by Ernie Prociw

PIZZAZZ — to any of you freshmen, it's pronounced exactly as it's spelled — if you still are unable to, ask an upperclassman, (he should know!)

What is it? For one thing, it is studies in good and bad. Here are some examples of having Pizzazz:

Making a speech for Ambassador Club, using it for an impromptu in speech class.

Reading the *RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH* for a book report.

Being able to greet everyone using their first name *before* the Feast.

Working all night mailing out the Co-worker letter.

Coming back from a beach party without a sunburn.

Keeping the scorebooks correctly!

Reading *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul* before December.

Getting in your dorm at 7:59.

Standing up and leading a 4/4 song in 3/4 time.

Writing a paper for Journalism class, using it for extra credit in 2nd year Bible and O.T.S.!

Having ten people go back to wash dishes on Friday evening, when the request was for only three.

Pulling out the weeds and leaving the vegetables in a faculty member's garden.

Having a Dutch date!

Super-zzazz: Having your date pay *your* way!

Getting your homework done, and getting eight hours of sleep.

PIZZAZZ is the A.C. way of doing things.

Pizzazz can be something which you can't write about except in the Pizzazz column. If you know of some event around campus and it doesn't quite merit an article, write it up for this column. Pizzazz can be all kinds of things — written by all kinds of people with Pizzazz.



"Fill 'er up."

Pre-Pottery Neolithic, "A" or "B"?

by Richard Effers

Lugging a cardboard box filled with who-knows-what, Dr. Hoeh stepped into Third Year Bible class. Setting his box on the table, his curious students waited with *bated breath* to see what Dr. Hoeh had brought back from Palestine.

Was it some rare archaeological relic dating back to the time of Chusanri-shathaim? Or could it be some bone knife from the tel of Catal Huyuk?

As Dr. Hoeh began to open the box a look of surprise spread over his face. Grinning, he began to pull out some white cloth. Was it some ancient tatter of textile salvaged from the diggings at Mirein?

No!!!

As the cloth was more closely examined, Dr. Hoeh exclaimed, "I *wondered* where I had put my dirty shirts!"

Putting his pots on the table, Dr. Hoeh continued his lecture after students wiped tears from their eyes from laughing. They began to take notes again not knowing *what* Dr. Hoeh might pull out of his pots next.



Ruth Mulla maneuvers for position to catch a falling grape.

It Was a Vine Time!

(Continued from page 3)

take back and make his own batch of wine.

By the end of the semester, they should have some tangible reward for their efforts. A part of the reward for their works will be a grade given on the basis of the finished product.



"Hey — I'm purple-footed people."

CIRCULAR FILE

(Continued from page 2)

in affectionate disapproval or disagreement.

journalist: a nearsighted historian.

"killed": (said of an idea) deleted; thrown out, as "My article got killed" (see "canned").

superjew: any soul brother.

tower of babble: any girls' dormitory.

triskadekaphobia: 1) an essential word in the vocabulary of every basic speech student 2) fear of basic speech.

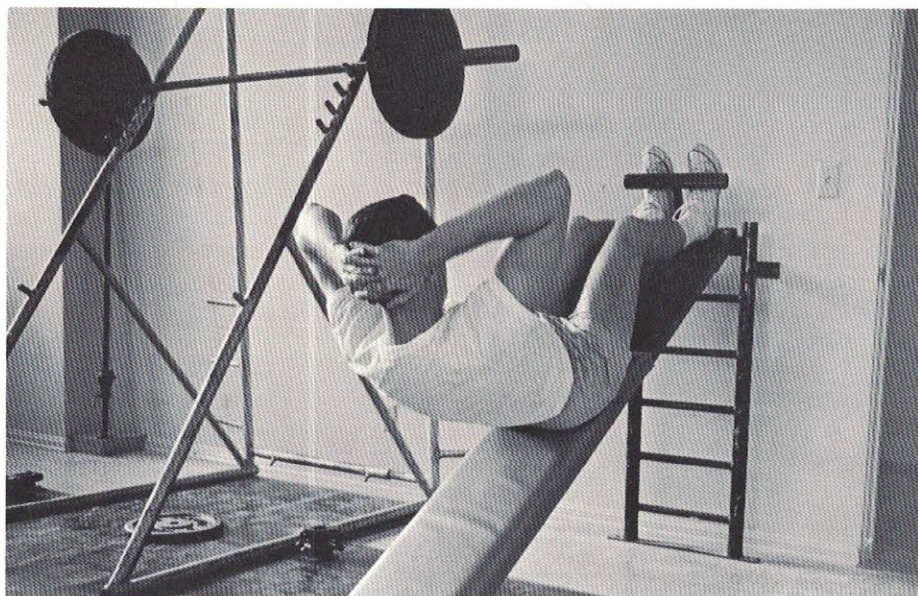
TV: 1) Terrace Villa 2) boob tube.

umbrella: 1) a borrowed item 2) a wet newspaper.

"We've got to have it": phrase said of any thing you want.

white mail: mail from non Co-workers.

worldly: see "carnal."



The incline sit-up bench is just the thing to firm up the waist.

Weightier Matters Dept.

HARRY'S SWEAT SHOP

by Dannie Rogers

If you've wondered about the ponderance of bulging biceps and titanic triceps to be found on certain Ambassador men—then wonder no more. Here's the behind-the-scenes story of how these men fought their way from the ranks of the skinny and unloved to what they are today—muscle-bound and unloved.

It all began in Latvia many years ago with Mrs. Snieder's little boy, Harry. Last year Harry Snieder came to us from the University of Minnesota and brought with him a love for—of all things—weight lifting.

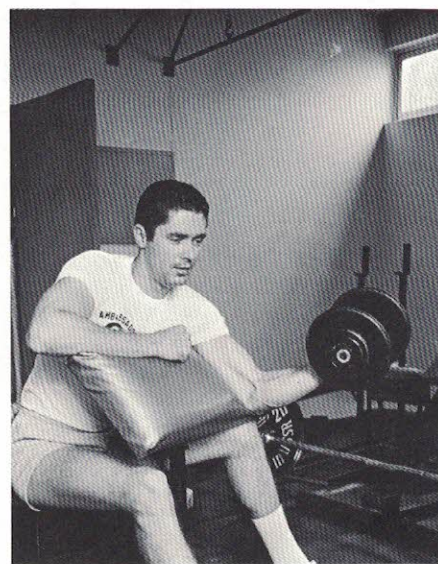
It wasn't long before men began to realize that a dumb-bell was more than the guy at the next desk. Soon everyone was on the program—Harry's sure-fire gain weight, build muscle, weight-training program.

Many of the faculty members joined

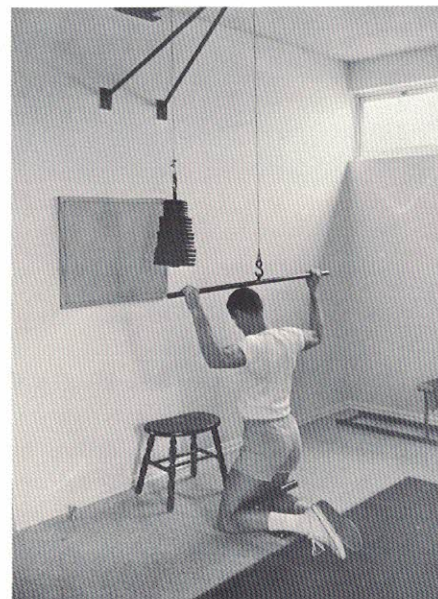
in and it wasn't long before weight lifting became the latest college fad—momentarily replacing Risk. The weight-lifting room became known as Harry's Sweat Shop—where you could take off a few pounds or in many cases put some on.

Harry was quick to point out the advantages of working out with weights to his fellow Ambassador Club members—always stressing the spiritual aspect as well as the purely physical. Members quickly took note and began advising speakers in their evaluations to try lifting weights to develop the diaphragm and to put more muscle into their delivery.

Working on the press no longer meant printing the P.T. but was now what you did in the weight room. Eventually men began to grow—no one kicked sand in their faces at beach



Ken Gresham demonstrates the "preachers bench"—a handy place to build arms to put more muscle into gestures.



No—it's not a new way of praying! It's a "lar" machine—that helps end shallow chests.

parties any more. Some developed Atlas-like physiques (Rand McNalley that is). All felt better and stronger.

Now the Sweat Shop is equipped better than ever to help students and faculty. Warren Tetting of the Iron Man Co., the third largest sports manufacturing company in the world, just donated equipment which would have otherwise cost about \$330! "We now have more equipment than the University of Minnesota had when I was there—and the quality is definitely superior," said Harry.

So if you're looking for a lift in life, drop in and let Harry program a routine. No wreck is beyond reclamation.

A.C.

HEY, MAN, LIKE YOU'VE BEEN AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE... HOW DO YOU GET AHEAD HERE, ANYWAY... I MEAN LIKE WHADDAYA DO AROUND THIS COLLEGE TO GET POINTS?

AEROBICS.

J+W