

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Vol. 14, No. 14

May 14, 1965

The Ambassador "Floral Department"

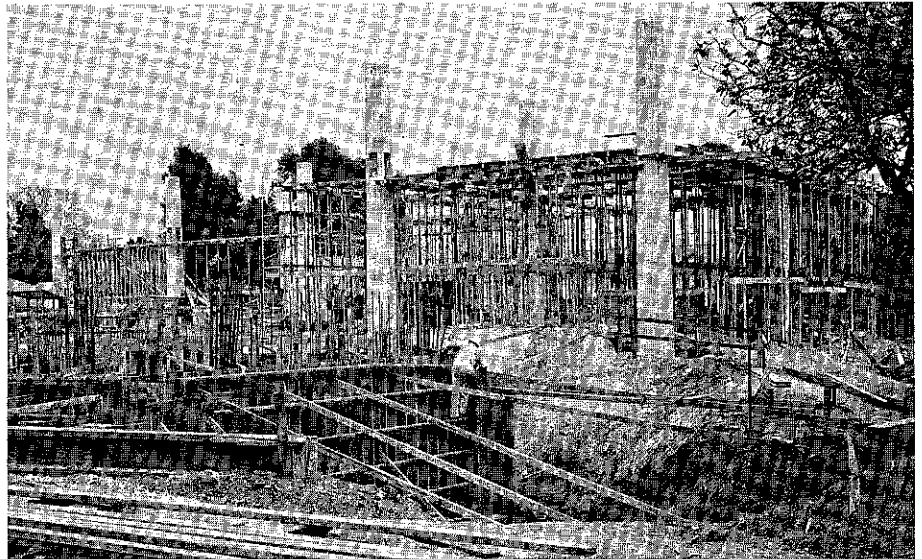
Close your eyes for a moment and envision the beautiful Ambassador landscape. But—exclude the blaze of the many hued flowers we gaze upon wherever we go. What monotony!

Fortunately, we don't have to view our surroundings in this manner. The Gardening Department has a flower section, with Mr. Allen Bettes in charge. The blossoms on campus *don't just happen!* A plan for the entire year is drawn up under the overall direction of Mr. Eckbow, landscape archi-

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Saturday Night At the Movies

Do you realize that we have been using more than \$15,000 of movie equipment to show the films in assembly and on Saturday night? That's right, the projectors we're getting the use of *free* normally rent for 100 dollars per showing. They are called Zenon lamp units because they use a new type of light source. The "bulb" alone costs close to \$500 to replace. The mirror, inside the housing at the rear, costs about the same. We need a special 220V line to get enough power to fire them, and the Zenon lamps have been known to explode if not handled correctly. Equipment of this nature requires training and experience to operate safely, and fortunately we have men fitted for the job.



As the school year draws to a close, construction of the dining hall leaves the groundwork stages and moves into the main body of work.

New Lives for Ambassadors

Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong strode briskly to the podium and queried, "What do you want me to do, make some announcements?"

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE, the most wonderful happy, joyous place on earth—a shimmering isle in a sea of blackness; home of spacious lawns, colorful gardens, and luxurious dormitories. Yet a static hush of excitement prevailed as three-hundred-fifty eagerly anticipating students gripped their chairs with white knuckles—one question in mind. "Who will be afforded the opportunity of LEAVING Ambassador College, Pasadena?"

Thunderous cheers shattered the silence as Mr. Armstrong told thirty-eight students, yes, they would have to leave Pasadena, California, and its beauty. They would have to depart for Akron, New York City, Wichita—even

to foreign countries. Namely England and Texas.

There would be a totally new life. A new opportunity to serve and carry the banner as *Ambassadors for Christ* around the world.

PERMANENT ASSIGNMENTS of graduating seniors are:

Dick Ames, from Meriden, Conn., former student of Yale University and
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Published bi-weekly by Ambassador
College, Pasadena, California
Circulation over 1200

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OINOS?

Have you strolled through the basement of Grove Manor lately and smelled a peculiar odor wafting from the furnace room? Many have, and have allowed their detective instinct to lead them to its source. The source, to the surprise of these would-be detectives, was a container of boiling, foaming, moving, fermenting WINE!

This wine was an experiment (and I do mean experiment) of the Chemistry class. Since the fermenting of grapes is a chemical process, the class embarked upon a mission to produce a small quantity of *oinos*. It took the labor of several students who worked long hours squeezing the grapes (done with the hands of course), and then the juice was placed in a warm place to ferment. The waiting was filled with suspense! Would it turn out to be wine?

Finally, the much-awaited day arrived! The wine was ready (and so were the students)! The first bottle was opened, and the first cup was sampled. It was wine! But the story does not end here. The Chemistry students are anxiously awaiting the end of the semester when the grades come out and the true result of this project will be known.

Editorial

END = BEGINNING

by Steven Gray

The end of the world seems nearer than even we may think. If you stop and think of how very much has happened in just this past one year you can't miss the awesome recognition that something is dramatically wrong with today's world. Something is different. There is a nervous aura of expectation, worry, fear, doubt and bewilderment with each addition to the impressive news summary of our past school year. Events are piling up, and the momentum is aimed at destruction.

It's getting harder and harder to ignore the astounding news reports flowing in from around the United States and the world. America finally sees Viet Nam as a tremendous threat to United States survival in that vast area of the globe. The Dominican Republic revolt has blackened our face once again in Latin America; and if we lost Haiti, we'll have lost the Windward Passage, and before long, the Panama Canal. In the past month there have been more destructive earthquakes in different places than could possibly be considered normal.

But there is yet a bigger event ahead for this world. May 31 will mark the 16th annual graduation ceremonies for Ambassador College. And believe it or not, that one event offsets *every piece of news* that has hit the papers in all this past year.

BUT THE WORLD ISN'T EVEN GOING TO NOTICE IT!

Does it seem strange to you that this sick age would miss out on the number one news story which is going to affect its future more than any other? No, not really. This drugged world is aware of only one thing: itself, and even then it is looking through tinted glasses. It doesn't even know what lies ahead.

But on the other hand, does it seem strange that the small group of the key participants in this great endtime drama—the stars of the future, so to speak—might be aware of nothing but **THEMSELVES**?

In a sense, the end of an Ambassador school year is like the end of the world: everything happens at once. It's easy to forget true perspective in the face of all of the end-of-the-year activities. It becomes the responsibility of each individual student to keep abreast of everything, and *still keep the goal clearly in sight*.

In the next two short weeks, don't forget where you fit into the world scene. In a few short years you're going to be sent out to save it. Banquets, dances, celebrations, tests, and even assignments and summer jobs now should not drug you into the oblivious ruin of near-sighted, illusory self-centeredness like it has all of the world. Don't lose touch with reality! The somewhat personal activities of you as a student should not dissuade you from remembering your over-all goal—and how *fast* it is approaching. It's getting hard to ignore the newspapers, but if you try hard enough, it can be done. Just be sure that you don't get swept away in the whirl of events now. Make certain you're made of the stuff that will carry you through the end of the year with the firm awareness of what you've been called to perform. You're here to help save this world. Never forget that. It's your future job!

Don't miss the events yet ahead: The senior Prom next Tuesday, the beach party on the 23rd, Senior exams, Language Club finales, the Senior banquet on the 29th, and graduation on the 31st following the Women's Club Brunch. And don't miss out in the big picture either. Keep driving ahead always. Life doesn't end May 31—it begins!

An IMPORTANT Communication for YOU!!

• *The PORTFOLIO* wishes to publish this open letter to the Student Body from Mr. Dennis Luker, pastoring the Oakland and San Jose churches. It contains an important end-of-the-year message for every Ambassador student.

To All Ambassador Students:

Two years ago I was a student at Ambassador College. My memories of Ambassador as a student are still fresh and vivid and I want to pass on to you a few helpful hints during this time of the school year.

Final Examinations are just around the corner, but the *real* examination is HOW YOU TAKE THE FINAL EXAMINATIONS. In other words, in what attitude of mind will you be? Will you be frightened, worried, frustrated? You shouldn't be.

There is a certain amount of anxiety, of course, and there should be real concern about doing well on the finals, but the above mentioned—fright, worry and frustration—will only hinder you from doing your best.

Here are a few suggestions on how to do your best on your final examinations:

1. BEGIN TO PREPARE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE—This will help eliminate frustration. You probably have let a lot of work pile up that must be handed in by the end of this semester or sooner—book reports, outlines, extra-credit papers, etc. True, but don't *waste* time doing extra-credit papers, trying to pull your grade up when you could be preparing for finals. A good final exam grade will help you more than a hurried extra-credit paper.

2. ORGANIZE YOUR TIME—there isn't much left in this school year! Organization is one key to success at Ambassador College with so much to do. Organizing your study time for final exams is also a key to doing well. If you know how much time you're going to spend on each subject and have that time *planned* into your schedule, you can defeat frustration. If you don't know how to organize your time ask someone who does. Remember, God isn't the author of confusion.

3. PRAY MORE *Instead of Less*—During the finals there will be a tendency to miss prayer to study and review—but don't let it happen to you! Stay *close* to God in prayer. You need contact with God more than ever during times of stress and tension. You receive strength and help from God through prayer and Bible study. Close contact with God (love for Him) will cast out fear!

4. DON'T LOSE SLEEP!—I have seen this happen many times—a student stays up *very* late and sometimes all night to study for an exam the next day, then by the time he takes the exam his mind is so thick from lack of sleep, he can't think clearly! It doesn't pay to miss lots of sleep to study. You are not made to function properly without adequate sleep. I have especially proven that point to myself while being in the field serving God's people. It's alright to lose some sleep for a while but not much sleep for long.

5. DON'T MISS MEALS—You need energy to study and think properly. If you miss the *good* Mayfair meals, get hungry, and then eat junk in your room later, you will not receive the energy you need to do your best. Plan your time so that you can eat the regular meals at Mayfair. At least get the day

off to a good start with a good breakfast!

6. DRIVE YOURSELF TO STUDY HARD!—Proper preparing, organizing, praying, sleeping and eating won't help much unless you *drive yourself* to study hard. Plan and prepare yourself mentally to put in a concentrated period of study for each exam. You may have to go into a prayer room and lock the door but find a place where you can concentrate and drive yourself! Remember, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong says DRIVE is what helped him to be where he is today. If it weren't for Mr. Armstrong's drive, there might not be an Ambassador College! So drive yourself and you can be successful.

7. HAVE FAITH IN GOD—This is the last point, but not the least, by far. Active, living faith in God is necessary to put the above steps into practice. God makes certain promises in His Word, the Bible, to those who obey Him, to those who are willing to step out on faith and prove Him. God promises that if you are willing to study and do your best He will help you remember things (Jn. 14:26). Why not trust God? Take Him at His Word. Let Him prove Himself to you. Faith in God will *eliminate* worry!

—Dennis G. Luker

Tug-of-War--Pagan?

It's getting to be that time of year again. Field Day is now over with when the burly behemoths of Ambassador College again matched muscles in a contest that has the whole college screaming.

But where did it all come from? What does a rope and twenty men have to do with track and field? Have you grown up blindly assuming this is the "thing to do" on Field Day?

The tug-of-war on a rope between two teams is a survival of one of mankind's oldest ceremonies. For thousands of years, in many parts of the world, men regularly huffed and puffed earnestly in rope-pulling contests. The result, they believed, would influence their gods, forecast the weath-

er, fertilize crops, or perform other miracles. Here are a few examples:

Eskimos annually held a rope contest between "summer" and "winter" to learn whether the coming cold season would be mild.

The Kasyas of India grasped a long bamboo rod on both sides of the stream: if west fell in the water first, there would be a good year, but if east was pulled in, expect the worst.

In Burma, the body of a priest customarily moved toward cremation on a wheeled car. The local populace divided into two teams, laid hold of ropes hung fore and aft, and tugged mightily at the car, emulating good and evil spirits tugging for the man's

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Pasadena Assignments:

(Continued from page 1)

student body president of Ambassador College—Akron, Ohio.

Arch Bradley, from Eugene, Oregon and San Jose State College will be sojourning to Kansas City to assist in the ministry there, along with his wife to be, Nena Overcash.

Mr. Al Dennis returns to Fresno to resume his service there after a one year tenure at college.

Dennis Pyle, former citizen of Gladewater, Texas will travel that route once more to visit his parents and take care of a few details there before reaching his assignment in Detroit (One of the details is presently named Joye Williams).

Mr. Richard Prince, who pastored the Houston and Dallas Churches for several years and came to college for a one-year "brush-up" will be going to Oklahoma City and Tulsa to replace Mr. David Antion who is being transferred to Akron, Ohio.

Jim Redus rejoices over the opportunity to serve in an area which promises to be a hot-bed of racial strife, but which nevertheless contains people in need of help—Atlanta, Georgia.

Mr. Robert Spence, who has been serving as Local Elder in the Pasadena church is preparing his family to move to New York City—a cross-continent

transition for a native Californian.

Milo Wilcox attended Eastern Michigan University before coming to Ambassador College. Last summer he was afforded the opportunity of working under Mr. Roger Foster in Wichita, Kansas and will be returning there to assist full time.

Mike Levy, who graduated last year will wait until August before reporting to his assignment. His experiences while living in New York City will be of great facility in dealing with the problems encountered in another metropolis, St. Louis, Missouri.

SUMMER ASSIGNMENTS include:

Art Ferdig, a junior and former student of Woodbury College in Redondo Beach, California is slated for Seattle, Washington for training under Mr. Bill McDowell.

Darryl Henson, a graduate of Imperial School in Big Sandy, Texas is headed to the Pacific Northwest also, under the tutelage of Mr. Carlton Smith in Portland, Oregon.

Larry Neff is assigned to Oakland, California, a rapidly expanding area. He is a former student of Imperial Schools in Pasadena and now a junior at Ambassador College.

Al Portune will spend three months in Akron, Ohio as an assistant before

moving to Big Sandy for his senior year.

TEXAS STUDENTS are:

Linda Schreiber, Linda Shriver, Mary Ettleman, Beverly Bogart, Bill Freeland, Gary Briggs, Mike Hechel, Gerald Coleman, John Franklin, Ron Howe, Bob James, James Knight, Leonard Ladage, John Oestreich, Enrique Ruiz, Steve Shafer and Al Portune.

Those checking their passports for England are:

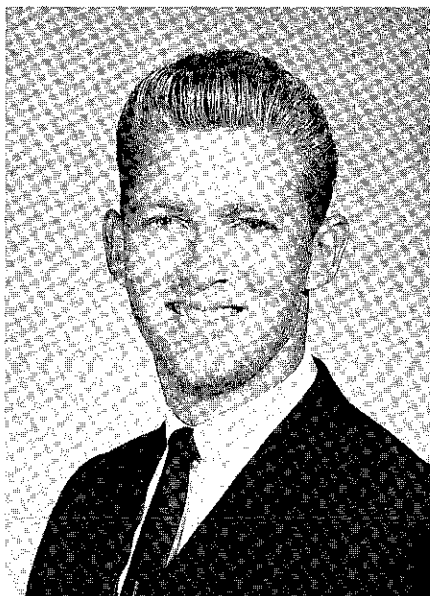
Linda Untiedt, Shirley Ochs, Lorna Owre, Andria Beyersdorfer, Jan Jones, Greg Sargent, Douglas Taylor, and Ron Bartlett.



Mr. Dennis: Fresno.



Mr. Ames: Akron.



Mr. Bradley: Kansas City.



Mr. Pyle: Detroit.



Mr. Prince: Tulsa.



Mr. Redus: Atlanta.



Mr. Spence: New York.



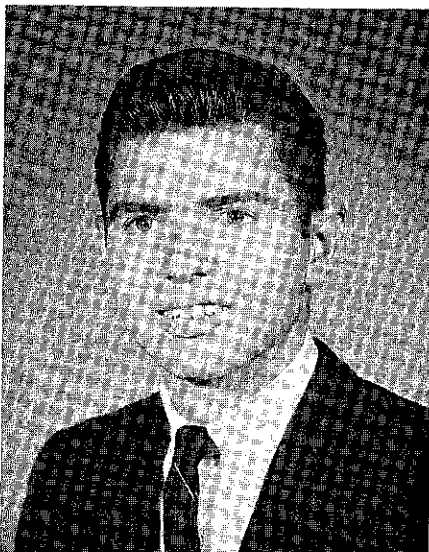
Mr. Wilcox: Wichita.



Mr. Levy: St. Louis.



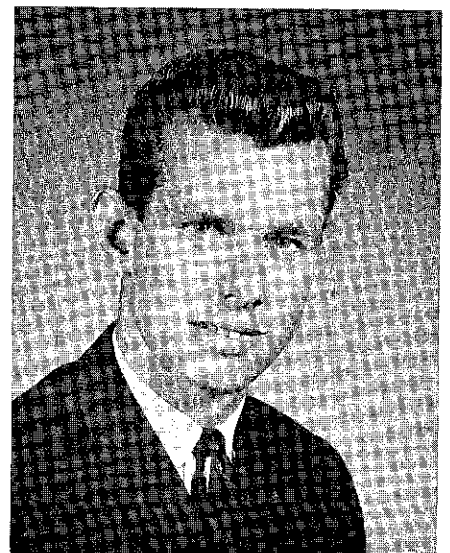
Mr. Ferdig: Seattle.



Mr. Henson: Portland.



Mr. Neff: Oakland.



Mr. Portune: Akron.

Wait John! I'm Coming...

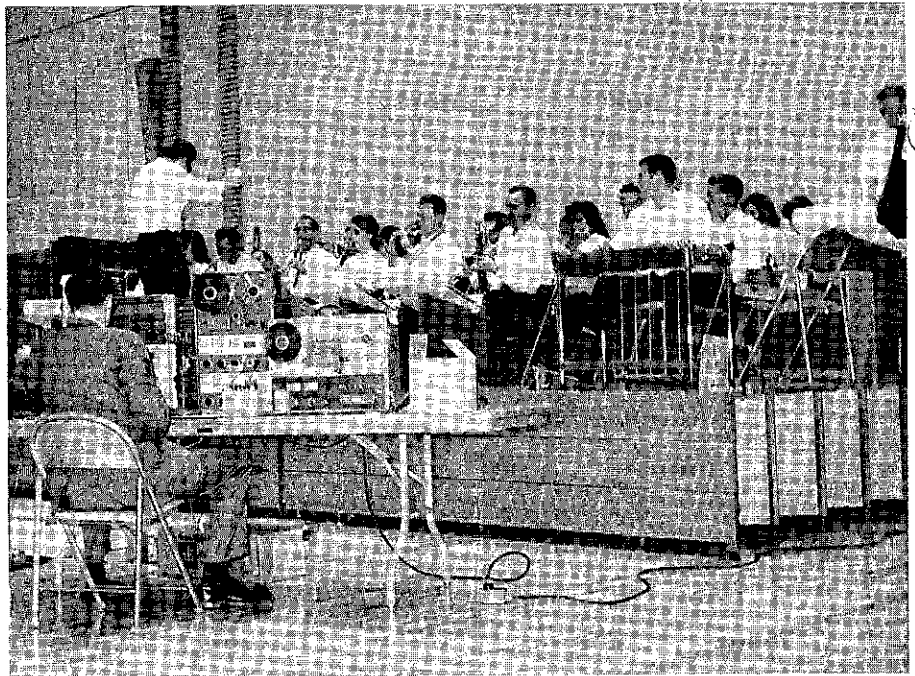
"Tell John to WAIT a minute!" wails a distraught coed. Her plaintive cry can be heard regularly around campus most any night of the week. Although every Ambassador girl is a paragon of punctuality (?), occasionally even she falls short of being on time every time, all the time.

How *can* a girl be on time for a date? Well, first of all there is the keyword—organization! If she knows exactly who she's going to borrow her dress from, who has a free half-hour to iron it for her, who can put her hair up, and who wears the same size gunboats she does, she is already well on the way toward getting ready for a date. However, in this world of rapidly-moving schedules, sometimes three and one-half minutes must suffice for rounding up all these accessories. If she waits till the last minute to ask, though, her hairdresser (not knowing of her great need) may be working overtime down in L.A.D. Then she'll have to fuss with her hair herself and all to no avail. She'll come sweeping grandly down the staircase looking like a cross between Medusa and John Mitchell playing basketball before his haircut. Of course, if she keeps her dangling date twiddling his thumbs in the lobby long enough, she may have time to put herself together more effectively. One excellent date-distracting device which really keeps a man waiting is to send one of her roommates out as a decoy. Of course, this is only if she trusts her roommate. Otherwise her date may get tired of waiting and take off with the roommate instead.

Said of a much-married actress: "She majored in annual husbandry."

Where there is a will, there's usually an anxious relative.

"Adult" is a word used to lure children to the movies.



Radio Studio equipment moves to gym for recording session with Ambassador College Band.

Ambassador Band Makes Tape

Ever wonder what goes on in a professional recording studio? Our own College Band recently experienced just such an event.

Let a member share his feelings with you:

After the last thundering note of *Exodus* no one dared move a muscle for more than 5 seconds. It was the fourth "take" and everyone was hoping that we finally had a "print." Racing to finish the session by ten o'clock, most of the numbers were already safely tucked away on lo-noise tape for future editing, but *Exodus* had to be perfect, for it was about the best arrangement to date.

By this time, lips were about shot, eyes were tired, fingers were sluggish, and several of the "takes" had been ruined by a stray trombone mute being kicked over before the last notes had died away and the tape could be stopped.

Breathlessly, tensely awaiting the decision, each person held his breath, trying desperately not to make a sound, sitting rigidly erect, not daring to shift position. The echo bounced back and forth in the gym for what seemed like an age.

Since seven o'clock, the band had been cutting a tape of the best num-

bers in the book. It was gruelling, hard work. This was no place for a sour note. No time to re-do a passage once you had let the melody escape. No rehearsal, this was a time of truth, a time to do it perfectly. If one instrument was off, the other 23 must suffer by having to go back and do it all over again. How many times could it be done perfectly by 23 musicians, if one or another made a slip. The error could easily compound itself by the tiring of those who had done it right the first few times.

You could hear the crash of the tympani. Mingled with its roar was the sound of the last blast of brass, the mellow but strong sting of the saxes, the end strum of the guitars. All these sounds blended together and hurled against the far wall, were now slowly dying away as the tape raced past the record head at 15 inches per second. The least little stray sound now could botch the whole effort and it would have to be done over. Anxious eyes were fixed on the recorders, as if they could *make it be* the last take.

"O.K. gang, that's a take, let's wrap it up and head for home." Those welcome words ended the first recording session for the Ambassador College, and the band went home.

The Truth About the Bee!

by Gary Briggs

Professor Gudeman of the Junior class has executed an amazing experiment, to determine if bees would really revive when given a sugar substance.

He gathered his data from a Moody Institute film on bees shown at an assembly last year. Doctor Gudeman remembered from the film that if a bee should run out of its body sugar content, it can be revived by being fed a sugar supplement, such as sugar water or honey. Bearing these facts in mind his chance finally came to "Prove all things," he found a bee out of fuel. He carefully picked it up, gently put it on a paper towel and meticulously carried it to the cupboard. He then took some honey and fed the famished little arthropod.

A beneficent glow lightened his countenance as he reflected on the fine deed he was accomplishing, but a catastrophe occurred. He poured too much—leaving the poor little insect bogged down in a big blob of honey. But that didn't discourage our noble German Scientist. He merely came to the realization that he would have to assist nature.

He then took the bee outside the dorm to a large clearing in hopes that the thought of freedom would inspire the little creature to untangle itself from the gooey mess. But the bee only sat in despair—struggling in vain to free itself from the sticky conglomeration. In view of this remorseful situation Dr. Gudeman realized that drastic measures had to be taken! He would have to give mother nature another hand. He picked up the bee and placed it on his finger, hoping this gallant action would give it the boost necessary to make it airborne.

"It's a success," he thought as he saw the small creature show some signs of life. His blood tingled with anticipation as he viewed his honeyed honey prepare for flight. The take off of an Astro Jet was never more exciting than this—BUT WAIT! Something went wrong! The bee wasn't flying—but was slowly lowering its abdominal region. But Why?

Could it be that this miniature B-36 was contemplating mutiny?

Would this helpless creature bite the hand that fed him and brought him back to life? Was his experiment in vain?

Many such thoughts rushed through his mind as the young scientist stood in astonishment watching his unfaithful friend slowly lower his stinger—*right on to the tip of his finger.*

Soon the shock of his futile experiment wore off—and our German friend bellowed out a loud "OUCH!" Somehow our computer-minded young genius no longer felt so scientific as he danced around in a frenzy—desperately trying to rid himself of the stinger. But his agony was soon over when with a ferocious lunge of zeal, he finally managed to fling it off! And what a relief.

Discouraged—but MUCH wiser, our jolly German friend decided to cast off the robe of a scientist and leave such experiments to the qualified hands of Bob Oberlander.

John has decided to devote his talents to another field where they'll be much more deeply appreciated. Ya know, World History isn't so bad after all.

Ambassador Flower Gardens

(Continued from page 1)

fect. Details for carrying out this project are left up to Mr. Bettes and his crew.

Have you ever observed the striking,

commanding combinations in the Sunk-en Gardens? Flowers in each area are planned to suit their environment. English type flowers are set out outside Mayfair. In other areas pastel shaded

Tug-of-War

(Continued from page 3)

soul. But officials stood by to swat the evil pullers if they began to win.

In Korea, neighboring towns used to tug to see which burg would have the best crop. They pulled a straw rope two feet thick: the men grabbed it all, while the women pulled at the strands, after loading down their skirts with rocks.

In Morocco, there used to be an annual tug of men versus women. The men almost succeeded each time, then let go to see the women tumble over backwards. It worked every time.

But "What difference does it all make?" you might ask, "if it's all done in wholesome fun." The refreshing answer is *IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE AT ALL.* All our track and field events of field day came out of the Greek Olympics, but serve us today in vigorous exercise and stimulating fellowship. "Bodily exercise *profits* for a little time."

flowers to give a feminine effect or masculine colors (bronze, orange) are planted around dormitories—depending of course upon the sex of the occupants.

Did you know we *make our own soil* to raise the plants? Growing grounds are located on Grove Street, where green matter (leaves, grass, etc.) collected from all over the campus is composted to make soil. This process takes about three months to complete. Here also small plants purchased from a commercial wholesale nursery are transplanted until they are about ready to bloom. Then, they are replanted in the campus flower beds.

Besides the requirement of keeping certain areas constantly supplied with blooming flowers other problems arise.

In the winter we have fungus among us, especially on flowers. Summertime brings smog, which is a real problem for the plants. Lack of sufficient natural rainfall adds to the woes of the flower growers.

So, the next time you see the flashes of color and variety given by these flowers—remember, *they don't just happen!*

How to Change Your Face

by Ron Jones

If you should happen to chance upon another student who is rapidly changing his face to almost every conceivable expression, don't be alarmed. He is probably doing his facial isometrics.

Many of us have muscles which we must learn to re-use. We may have used them in our childhood, but as we grow older, we become products of an age in which there is little decent facial expression.

Since most of our visitors are used to this calloused society, they are surprised at the amount of facial expression on this campus. We have room for some improvement, however, so why not give the following list of facial isometrics a try:

1) Pull the right and then the left corner of the mouth up and out. Hold each contraction until you slowly count to six.

2) Do the same as above, but pull the corners of the mouth down instead of up.

3) Put your hands behind your head and press your head back against them as hard as you can. Count slowly to six.

4) Hold your hand on the left side of your head and press sideways against it. Repeat with your right hand and the right side of your head. Count slowly to six for each.

5) Open your mouth as wide as you can in all directions and hold it in that position for a count of six.

6) Open your eyes wide and look to the right, to the left, up, and down. Hold each position for a moment.

MOST IMPORTANT:

7) Concentrate on taking advantage of your face as an instrument in manifesting the fruits of God's Holy Spirit.

Were you one of those perplexed students who saw Jim Redus and Tom Williams crouched over the sidewalk beside 380 with salt shakers in hand? "Everyone's been telling me that snails melt if you pour salt on them," smiled Jim, "It really works! He shriveled right up!"



**I DON'T MEANTO BUG YOU, DAD. BUT THE MUSIC'S STOPPED
—AND YOUR MONKEY'S ON FIRE!**

Those Ain't Cabbages?

Have any of you Ambassadors noticed those purplish things in the flower beds around Mayfair? Charles Lavaty has. He noticed the commotion when Jim Richardson planted them, and the first thing that popped into his mind was: "Oh! Those cute little misguided cabbages."

Then he began to wonder about them. "They can't be cabbages; *cabbages have heads*," he thought.

Immediately something began clicking "scientific" Charlie's mechanical mind. He remembered second year Bible class. "I've got it! A *mutation*," he shouted. "Perhaps it is a *new species*." "Or maybe it's a *MISSING LINK*." Then he figured, "Probably just the result of some of those experiments over in Burbank." But he wasn't sure. He was assailed by doubt. He was perplexed.

The PORTFOLIO doesn't want Charles to suffer a needless case of brain fatigue so we sent our reporters over to the gardener's shed for an interview with Mr. Allen Bettes.

Mr. Bettes said (get this Charles,

and hold on tight) that these new plants are a form of *headless cabbage* called KALE. This particular ornamental variety of kale was developed in China for decorative purposes. Mr. Bettes told us that the color depends on the temperature. A good frost will cause the kale to become a beautiful, deep, reddish purple.

Only within the last two years has this variety of kale become popular in the United States. It has been such a great success on the Ambassador campus that the gardeners plan to collect the seed and grow it in our own nursery next year.

Someone remarked that Nelson (connoisseur of good foods) Haas had been overheard to say, "That looks good enough to eat!" Mr. Bettes readily assured us that this kale is *edible*.

Now that the truth about the ornamental kale is out the latest rumor has it that Mr. Mott is going back on *austerity* and has his eye on that *kale*. At any rate, Ambassadors can ENJOY the kale—one way or the other.

SEEN: Dr. Hoeh humbly weeding the posy-patch in front of the German Department. Just shows who's on the Gardening Crew's side!