

Vol. 15, Number 10

May 1, 1966

Water Safety Taught In Natatorium

The National Red Cross has for the second time in the history of Ambassador College made camp in the magnificent splendor of our natatorium. As before, the purpose was to enable thirty WSI (Water Safety Instructors) from the local areas including three Ambassador students—Ben Whitfield, Joan Goodchild and George Panteleeff—to renew their present cards and increase their knowledge of aquatics.

The visitors were astounded at the
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W.S.I. Class in session.



Ever see a better photo of an "Ooh" or an "Aaah"?

New Field Assignments

Thursday, March 24, began as a normal day, but an uneasy tenseness grew all morning long. The suspense crescendoed as Mr. Plache told his 2:00 class that all systems were "go." At 4:00 came the climax—all suspicions confirmed. It was *announcement day*. As Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong climbed the stage steps, everyone's heart was in their stomach. For seniors, this was the climax of their college career. For some other juniors, that day marked the crossroads of their life, telling more surely the direction of their life's occupation. "Oohs" and "Aaahs" penetrated the gymnasium for nearly thirty minutes as Mr. Armstrong listed the 50 men who had received field assignments. This was by far the largest number being sent out any year in Ambassador College history.

Of the 50 men, 19 are students from the Pasadena College. Eight are seniors sent out permanently, eight are juniors sent out for the summer, and three are elders reassigned after a year of college.

The eight seniors include Student Body President Darryl Henson being sent to Lakeland-Miami, Florida; John Halford, Los Angeles; Dave Roenspies, Des Moines-Omaha; Bruce Gore, Danville-Indianapolis; Larry Neff, Corpus Christi-San Antonio; Lyndel Wornat, Charleston-Wheeling; Richard Wilding, Vancouver, Canada; and William Cowan, to Fort Smith after a summer baptizing tour with Mr. McCrady.

The eight juniors being sent for the summer only are Fred Brogaard and wife being sent to Portland-Salem; Bob Boyce, Seattle-Tacoma; John Mitchell,

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Editorial

YOUR GUN LAP

by Steven Gray

"Take it easy, Joe!" shouts Harry as the two buddies part outside the pool hall.

And too many perfectly good Joes among us follow those instructions to the letter. We take it easy, hang loose, keep cool, don't sweat, don't blow it—and consequently *we don't do anything!*

How much different it would be if YOU were to exchange places for four minutes with Michel Jazy on June 9, 1965.

Since the first four minute mile on May 6, 1954 by Roger Bannister, the mile run has become a highlight of track events. Steadily the records have fallen until last summer the Frenchman Michel Jazy ran it in 3:53.6—a fantastic speed.

Jazy ran the first three laps in just an average time. In fact, he was a full three seconds *behind* the necessary mark if he were trying for a world record! But that last all-important lap is where Jazy made up for lost time.

At the sound of the gun Jazy began to turn it on. He was running evenly and easily—stretching out his stride beyond what you'd think possible for a man 5'9" tall.

As he approached the last bend his opponents began to tire and fade into the background. It was Jazy now, alone, against the clock. An explosion took place in his mighty heart. His calm, almost bored expression changed into one of pain. His lips tightened. His chest was heaving, and with a super-human burst of speed and energy he changed from a miler to a dash-man. His driving legs drove harder, faster, longer. Running like a sprinter he flew toward the finish.

When he crashed through the tape Michel Jazy and three thousand spectators knew he had given all he had when he went for that record mile run of 3:53.6.

We just entered the final bend of our 1965-66 race through college and can see the tape stretched tightly across the finish line.

Yet some of us are like Jazy's *opponents*—we're fading into the background, enmeshed in the torpor of *spring fever* and *nonchalance*. We don't seem to care that THERE ARE OVER THREE *BILLION* ON THE EARTH RIGHT NOW THAT *NEED US*—whose lives depend on whether or not WE *produce* in God's Work in this age!!

HOW CAN WE HAVE SUCH AN ATTITUDE? *Why* does everyone have visions that graduation has already passed and summer is well under way? *Why* do we think we have *already finished* this semester with flying colors when we still have over a month left? Do we think the *race* is already won?

If there was ever a time to shake off lethargy and enter that final bend of the track with renewed vigor, *THAT TIME IS NOW!!!* Now is the time to take it *seriously*, hang on *with all your might*, get *hot*, sweat, breathe *hard* and *strain* for the finish of a GREAT RACE—the greatest race you will ever enter!

Ambassadors, GET DETERMINED TO WIN! Tell yourself, "No, I will *not* relax now! No, I will not become lax in Bible study and prayer! No, I will *not* stop studying! I WILL hit that tape in record time! I WILL *not* faint and give up!"

If a carnal-minded miler can unleash a burst of strength at the gun to finish his race, *so can WE!* This is your gun lap. *MAKE IT GOOD!*

"Waiter! There's a Fly In My Soup!"

They said it *couldn't* happen at Mayfair! But it happened on Sunday night, March 20, 1966. Carrol Holbrooks was happily munching away at the Mayfair supper, when she saw it! A blood-curdling cry cut the Mayfair silence, and two hundred horrified eyes were riveted upon her.

On her plate was a half-inch green-and-black crawling worm. Dozens of Good Samaritans rushed to her side to protect her, but could only laugh at the sight of Carrol's "attacker." The girls in the serving line cried out, "Quit yelling, Carrol, or *everyone* will want one." Mr. Howard Clark was near and told her to "Be glad you didn't see *half* a bug."

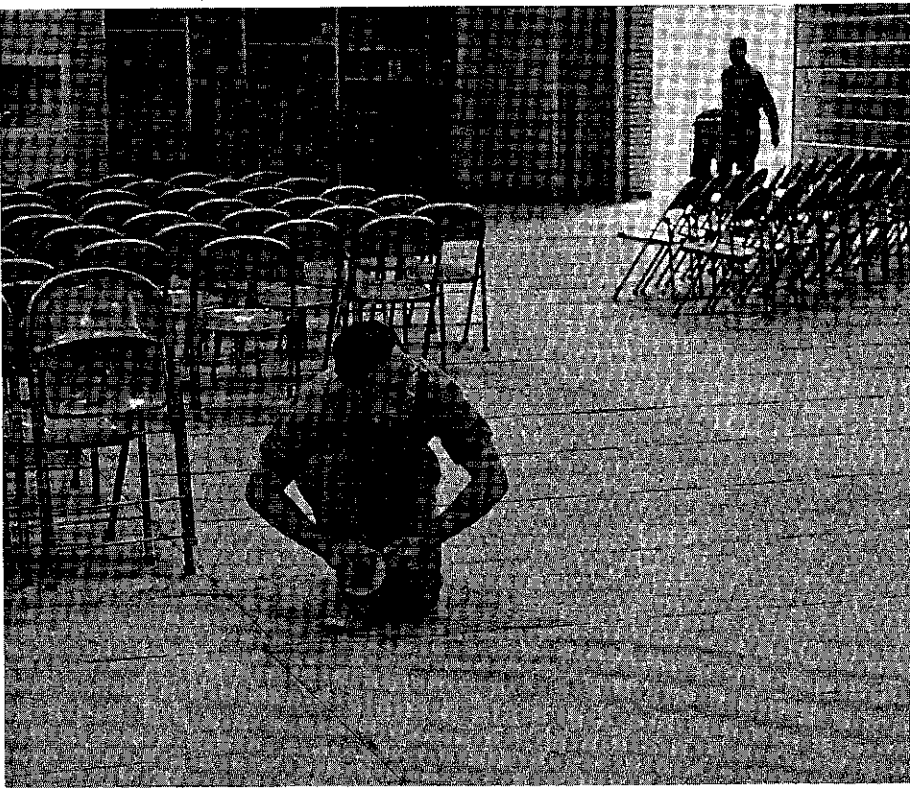
By this time, Carrol's face made her hair look dishwater blond. Although a husky Ambassador bravely destroyed the adversary, she could not bring herself to eat another bite of the meal. She staggered home a little woozy, but far better for the experience than the poor bug—the Mayfair "worm that diets not."

Hal Williams Nominated For Oscar!

The Ambassador College Skit Guild's special Pre-Forum and Assembly announcement series recently hit one of the high points of the spring season as the Junior Class staged another *Ambassador Super-Spectacular* announcement for the Junior Dance.

That this was the most effective and most humorous dance announcement was attested to by the abnormally high percentage of students rolling in the aisles. Starring in this superb true life episode was Harold Williams who so movingly, emotionally, and grippingly portrayed the frustrations of that perennial springtime Ambassador hero: THE KNUCKLE-DRAGGING, FOUR-EYED, CONFIRMED BACHELOR! Providing a first-rate contribution to the scene was Pat Skeels playing a supporting role as the *ravaging campus coed*; made all the more likable and lovable by both the spring-like atmosphere permeating the campus and the rapidly approaching Junior Dance. Also in supporting roles were John Mitchell, the *man about campus* who always gets his date, and

(Continued on page 6)



Janitors protect gym floor with heavy canvas.

That Amazing Gym Floor

"One, two, three, fly it..." and 2000 square feet of canvas takes to the air inside the Ambassador gymnasium. Every Saturday evening during basketball season, the freshman janitors put up the chairs and clean off the tarpaulins that protected the gym floor. The huge canvases are literally flown across the room, scattering dust and dirt everywhere!

Why go through this weekly ritual of handling those large, unwieldy "tarps"? The girls have to remove their spiked heels, isn't that enough protection for the floor? Maybe you have watched the janitors and wondered, "Why all the fuss and bother over just a plain wooden floor?"

Well, as you may have guessed, the gym floor is not just a plain wooden floor. It is a very special type of flooring known as a "Permacushion" type floor.

Unbelievable as it may seem, this "Permacushion" floor is not fastened to the building in any way! It is made up of three strata of floor covering on top of a concrete base.

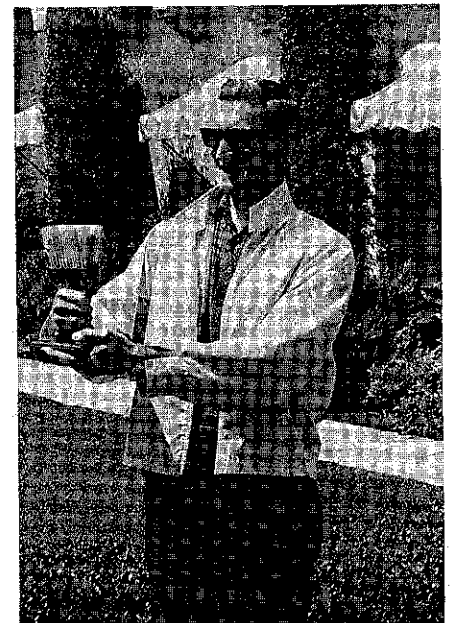
The first layer, next to the concrete,

is made up of pieces of shock-absorbing rubber. The entire floor rests upon this rubber footing, but the footing is not attached to the concrete.

These pieces of rubber are fastened to ten-foot-long pieces of two by four, evenly spaced over the entire floor area. The final layer is oak flooring, nailed at right angles onto these "cushioned" two by fours.

Since the floor is not fastened to the concrete base, it can expand and contract without damage under changes in temperature or humidity. In fact, allowance for this expansion and contraction has been made by leaving a gap of one to two inches around the entire perimeter of the floor. This gap is covered by black rubber baseboards, which provide an accent strip in the color scheme of the gym.

You can now see why the janitors work to keep this unique floor in top-notch condition, so the next time you see the tarps being cleaned at the gym, don't get notions of the flying carpets from the Arabian Nights, instead think of the wonderful floor these canvases cover.



Hal Williams and "Oscar."

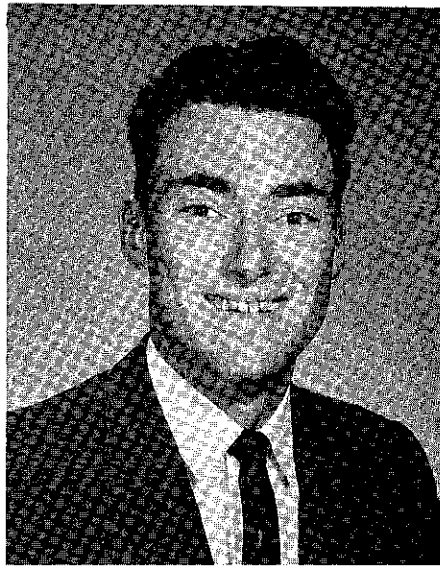
Field Assignments

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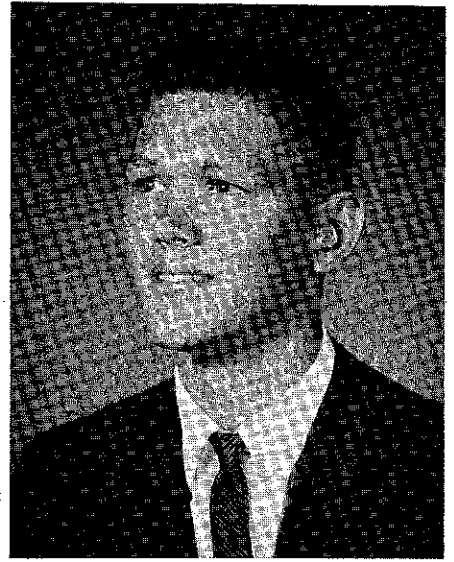
New York City; Wayne Phillips, Long Beach; Harold Lester and wife, Medford-Eugene; Bob Jones and wife, Oakland-San Jose; Don Samples, Chicago-La Grange; and John Karlson to his outpost of Edmonton, Alberta.

The three elders being reassigned are Mr. Bob Hoops to Grand Rapids for summer and Chicago afterward; Mr. Rufus Turner to Newark, New Jersey, and Mr. Edward Smith to the Amarillo-Odessa area.

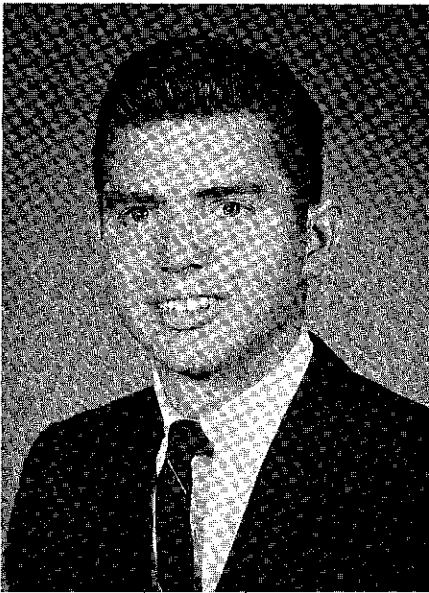
All of the students and faculty offer congratulations to these men for their fruits of dedication. Our best wishes and prayers will be with you all.



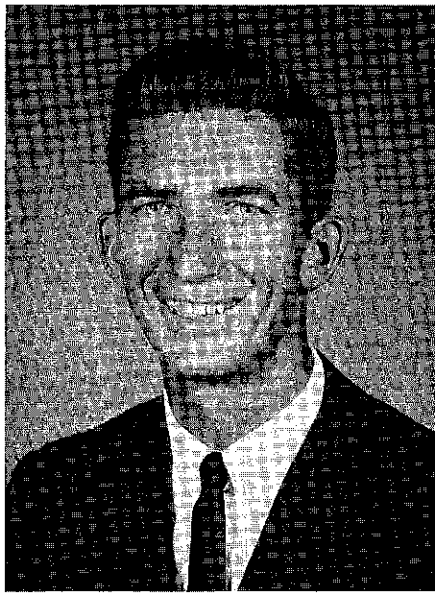
Dave Roenspies—Des Moines



Lyndel Wornot—Charleston



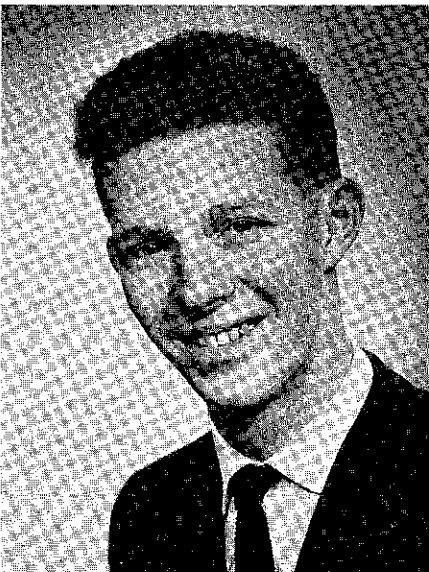
Darryl Henson—Lakeland



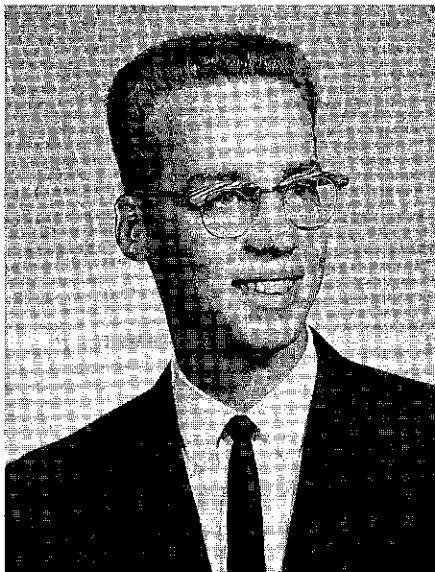
Bruce Gore—Indianapolis



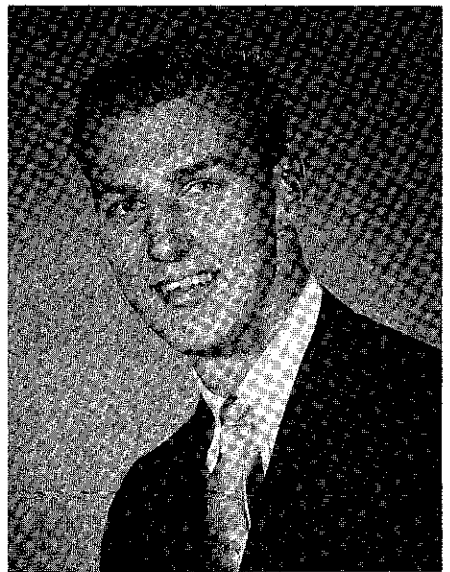
Richard Wilding—Vancouver, B.C.



John Halford—Los Angeles



Larry Neff—Corpus Christi



William Cowan—Fort Smith

WHERE WILL YOU BE?

Most of you don't know me, but I was a student at Ambassador College a couple of years ago. (When I graduated from Ambassador, those who are the upperclassmen now were the Freshmen and Sophomores.) I wonder how many of you who are students now really grasp the future which lies before YOU. Possibly this short letter will help you have that *vision*!

Less than two years have transpired since the graduation of our class in 1964. And it's truly amazing to me to take a world map or desk globe and see where my previous classmates are now serving God *around the world*!

As I write this letter, I'm 1,186 miles north of God's Headquarters and you students at the Pasadena campus. One of my closest friends throughout college was Mr. Walter Sharp. Now my "closest" friend is 2,978 miles across this broad country from me, in the church areas of Philadelphia and Harrisburg.

Another very good friend of mine, the Student Body President during my senior year, is Mr. Paul Flatt. Mr. Flatt is presently serving 2,400 miles from me in the Houston, Texas area. Mr. Glenn White, another '64 graduate is over 1,500 miles north of Houston in far-off Winnipeg, Canada.

Truly, the four of us have been sent forth to the four corners of this continent!

It is a similar story with other graduates of that same class. Others now ordained to the ministry are serving God's people in such places as Vancouver, B.C., Canada (Mr. Bob Lay), North Carolina (Mr. Paul Zapf), Minnesota (Mr. Don Prunkard), central California (Mr. James Doak), St. Louis (Mr. David Bierer), Idaho (Mr. Fred Coulter), and northern Michigan (Mr. Ken Westby). By the way, *both* Mr. and Mrs. Westby are graduates of the '64 class, as I and my wife, Shirley, are. And Mr. Roy Page, Student Body Vice-President that year, is now "down under" in Brisbane, *Australia*.

Others who are Pasadena graduates of that year are serving in key positions as ministerial and administrative assistants, faculty members of our Pasadena and British campus and Imperial School System, secretaries, wives, and in other jobs each exciting and challenging in its own way.

I could go on and on, naming many others not of my particular class. For instance, my first roommate and monitor is now in far-away Johannesburg, South Africa, managing God's work in that section of the earth. My first Student Body President, and the first person to "officially" greet me and welcome me to Ambassador is now in England serving as Business Manager and Faculty member there. He is an Evangelist in God's Work today!

How rapidly things occur in God's Work! In such short time, friends and companions "so close to you" can be sent so far—scattered as salt to all parts of the world! How exciting and challenging it is to be used by God!

Now, what about *you*? Where will *you* be several years from now? Where will your classmates and close friends be sent in the years to come?

Remember that God brought you to Ambassador College to train you and then *send you forth* as Ambassadors to all the world, to do His Work on every continent and to feed and teach His people wherever they may be on this earth. Remember, too, that God must first train, educate, and "season" you before scattering you throughout the world as the "*salt of the earth*."

Ambassadors, catch the *VISION*! Take advantage of the precious few months you have left at Ambassador. Let God "season you," train and work with you. Drink in, absorb and soak up the flavor, atmosphere, and way of life you're being taught at Ambassador. Develop the zeal for God's Work, the zest and drive. Cast out the impurities, bad tastes and attitudes. There is need for many more laborers in God's Work and in the local church areas. Can *you* be used?

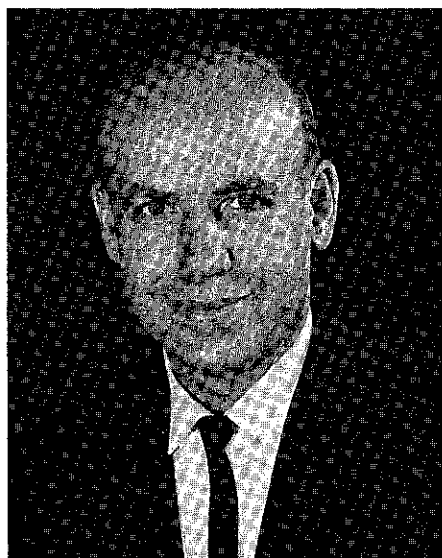
—George Kemnitz



Robert Hoops—Chicago



Rufus Turner—Newark



Edward Smith—Amarillo

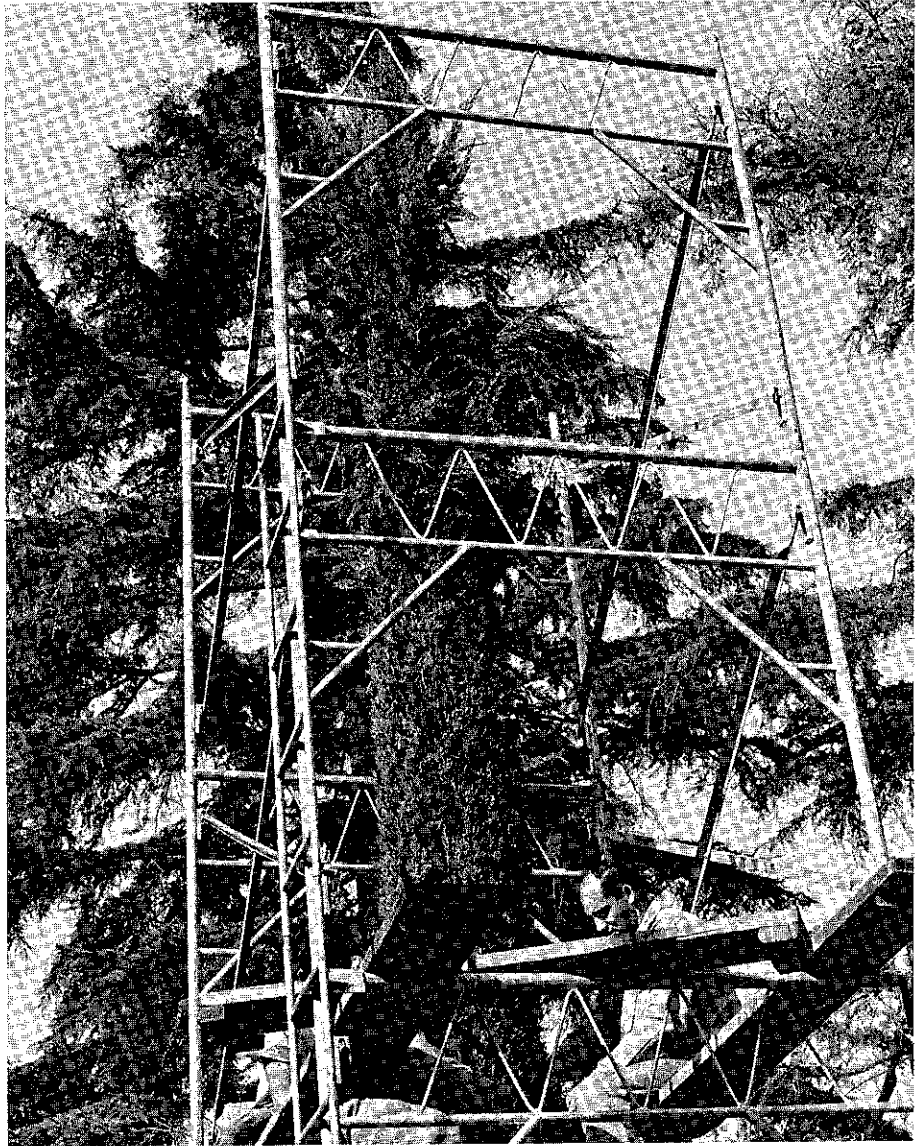
"Does She? or Doesn't She..."

The *Italian Cypress*—long the topic of heated debates—has precipitated another burning controversy! Now this question is raging across the campus landscape: DO THEY OR DO THEY NOT?

Are the Italian Cypress trees really the *sleek, slender, charming, and picturesque ornamental beauties* they appear to be as they—in their apparent stateliness—line the "grand walk" of Ambassador Hall? Or are they, by their very natures, something else? This pressing issue is so far reaching that interested visitors from all over the country are beginning to wonder. They want to know! Students ought to know!

To answer this question, *The PORTFOLIO* looked in on the Italian Cypress' outdoor dressing room. We caught a Cypress with its *hair down*! The gardeners were in the process of giving it a *shampoo* and a *Toni home permanent*. First the concealed *wire bows* were removed, thus revealing the fullest extent of the Cypress' *branches*. (They do have branches!) Then came a *thorough hosing down* by a man dressed in a fisherman's outfit. This removed all *dead leaves, dirt, insects*, and other *debris* that had collected in the tree's scalp.

Now the fresh and vibrant tree was *ready to be set*. The metal bows were applied to get the Cypress back in shape. (Tall, slender, and smooth like an Italian Cypress should be!) Then the *fully automatic hedge trimmer* was used to thin out the bundled branches and trim away the loose ends. (The



Does she, or does she not? She does!

Cypress grows an average of one foot a year.) Finally, this wonder (?) of nature was all fixed up and prepared, ready for the curtain call to be presented again as a part of the beauty of the Ambassador Campus.

In the future whenever anyone asks

you that embarrassing question, "Do they or do they not?" you can be at ease. Now you won't have to resort to trite and shopworn clichés such as "*Only their gardener knows!*" Now you can tell them how it really happens!

Oscar Nominee

(Continued from page 3)

Mr. Lester, the *experienced upperclass student* who is "always bubbling" over with helpful suggestions.

The skit was unique in that it so vividly emblazoned *two* vitally needed morals on our minds. First: He who hesitates is lost. And second: Get your dates early for the big dance. The real

test for this skit was the night of the dance when we found out that all the men had dates.

Regardless of the outcome, *The PORTFOLIO* would like to immortalize this skit in the hearts of all hesitant, shy, and bashful Ambassador men by *nominating Harold Williams for an "OSCAR."* Keep up the good work Harold. We'll be looking for you in future skits!

When a man throws a cigarette package from an automobile, he is liable to a \$50 fine: when the same man erects a billboard across a beautiful view, he's liable to be rewarded.

The only reason some people listen to reason is to gain time for a rebuttal.

Airline stewardess to film-watching passengers: "Coffee, tea or popcorn?"

Rrrrrrrrrnnngggg...BANG!! "Crazy clock! Oh, rats, 5:30 already." I crawled out of bed all blurry eyed and staggered down the hall to the showers.

After recovering from the bright bathroom lights and the cold shower water I headed for my desk to get some work done. Oh no, what was this? Rockie is up! How can that be? It is only 6:00 "Hey Fred, where did Rockie go?"

"I don't know. He left about 5:00."
 "Rockie? 5:00?! Oh come now, how could *that* be?"

"Hard to say, he said something about Mayfair."

"*Mayfair!* At this time in the morning?"

Oh well, time to get busy. After an hour of study, it was time for breakfast. As I approached Mayfair I saw a sign on the door, "Good Morning From Thursday A." Under the picture of a smiling face was the signature of Dave Harris, "A Genuine *Harris*."

Now things were beginning to add up. Approaching the serving line, one would discover that the Ambassador Co-eds had taken a vacation and left their duties to the men of Thursday A Ambassador Club.

The eggs were a bit soft, the cereal was soupy, but the service by the hard working and thoughtful men *was great*.

Aquatic Activity

(Continued from page 1)

beauty of our gymnasium and attendance was high during the four periods during which professional instructors briefed their captive audience.

Ever try to teach a deaf and blind person to swim? This was the lesson of the first night during which Mr. Pete Peterson revealed the amazing understanding and long patience that was needed to instruct a deaf or blind beginner.

Color movies of the 1964 Diving Championships were shown on the second night by Mr. Bud Lyndon, a

Library Lookout

True Womanhood Seen In "My Darling Clementine"

"Behind every great man is a great woman" and behind the man of the century, Sir Winston Churchill, was *MY DARLING CLEMENTINE*.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE by Jack Fishman is the story of Lady Churchill, the remarkable woman who stood at Sir Winston's side during his entire career.

From her first meeting with the young Churchill and his proposal to her in the gardens of Blenheim Palace, the story of Clementine Churchill covers their lives together. It is filled with the intimate details of their days of struggle, disaster, and glory. In the seclusion of their country home or at 10 Downing Street in the boiling center of political strife, Lady Churchill has been the active partner of one of the most exciting men of the twentieth century.

Whether facing a hostile political rally on behalf of her husband, riding a camel in the desert beside Lawrence of Arabia, or teaching her notoriously tardy husband a lesson by making him wait while she dressed for the evening all over again, Lady Churchill is a delight.

In the article on TRUE WOMANHOOD in the November, 1965 PLAIN

pro who has devoted years into training many of our national champs. His many years of experience made the evening profitable, especially when he explained many of his techniques and secrets for keeping student divers out of trouble. Seeing one of his best students demonstrating the various dexterous dives was also proof of his successful career.

Competitive swimming was the next topic under the able instruction of Mr. Jim Marcus who had a hand in teaching some of our national swimming champions. Ben Whitfield gladly volunteered to demonstrate some of the turns making it an all Ambassador show.

TRUTH, Mr. Meredith cited Mrs. Churchill's example of serving the society and the world as a whole, through her husband and family. "The whole book vividly portrays the fact that Lady Churchill aided and supported Sir Winston in a manner that added immeasurably to his tremendous accomplishments. Sir Winston would NEVER have been the kind of man he was, or had the stability he had, the patience and fortitude he displayed, and the ability to rebound even from shattering defeat or discouragement—if it had not been for the unusual help, inspiration and support of his dedicated wife.

"Putting it another way, perhaps our entire Western civilization might not even BE HERE if it had not been for the steadfastness, wisdom and courage of this man—inspired and greatly magnified by this highly intelligent and cultured woman. She was willing to dedicate herself to being his wife and helper one hundred percent of the time!"

No man, and certainly no woman whose heart has been stirred by Winston Churchill's oratory and deeds, will want to miss this account of his years of darkness and triumph as they were lived by the woman at his side.

The last but not the least was a scintillating instruction and a music complemented demonstration of synchronized swimming by a thirty year professional, Mrs. Patty Weber. She has traveled the world in a water ballet show and is regarded as one of the world's top women swimmers.

"I wish we had someone like that for our swimming meet," voiced Mr. Thornhill as Patty Weber gracefully traversed the water to Percy Faith's version of Shangri-La. Maybe we will eh, girls?

After the twelve hour review the three refreshed Ambassadors felt more confident and inspired to apply their experience when the need arises.

Portfolio Finds Lost & Found!

Do you realize that right now as you are reading this, someone is walking around minus a pair of pants, a shirt, one cuff link, a tie, one tie clip, a few pair of socks, and even one pair of black loafers. Also missing are earmuffs, rain boots, and an umbrella or two.

In an extensive search for these missing articles *The PORTFOLIO* has exhorted reporters to keep their eyes and ears open. Recently a reporter found the hidden cache of goods in an unobtrusive corner of the campus. The few who have observed it in the past apparently took it upon themselves to tell *NO ONE*, *mum was the word!* But now in a daring journalistic endeavor we have decided to make this location public.

Where is it? Within majestic Ambassador Hall lies the loot. Many people have seen it, but few have looked within the inconspicuous box housing the lost goods. Not only did he find the cluster of previously mentioned items but he also saw ball-point pens, books written in German and Italian, an electric fan, numerous overcoats, ten postcards, shoes, and books of all descriptions among the spoil.



Is there a sinister, surreptitious organization "collecting" this and other paraphernalia from the various dorms around campus? Just what is the catch? As the reporter pondered the problem it occurred to him to read the tell-tale sign on the box. "LOST AND FOUND" were the words staring him in

the face. Want to claim a bobby pin, ball-point pen, tiepin, or safety pin? Any of these plus *MANY, MANY MORE* are available in the Frontier Room at Ambassador Hall in a box marked "LOST AND FOUND." Hurry and get there before the rush. That way no one will know that you lost something.

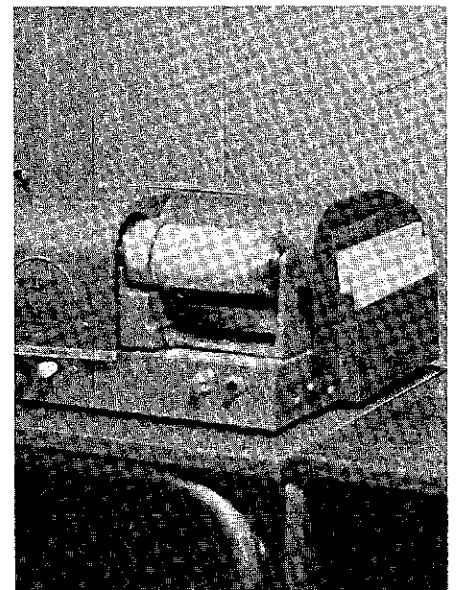
Telefax Quacks Facts

Dear Ma STOP Expect me in Hoboken for Spring Break STOP Arrive airport 3:30 Tuesday STOP Send money STOP.

Now messages like this and *many more* can be sent *direct* from Ambassador College to anywhere in the world! We have a new machine in the Administration Building. It's called the Western Union Telefax and *last week* it started work for us. This clever "little brown box" can take a typed or HAND-WRITTEN message and send it to Johannesburg or London without our having to call it in to the Telegraph Office. (This will save us untold bother

and time and *money!*)

How does our time-saving Telefax work? Well, Virginia, it's like this: A beam of light is flashed on the written message and reflected in varying proportions from the light and dark areas of the paper and transmitted to a photoelectric tube to transform it into electrical energy and squeeze it onto a wire to Johannesburg and it comes out the other end on a receiver that turns it back into writing. Got that? Anyway, it *works*, and this "marvel of modern technology" will save the Work countless phone calls to the Telegraph Office—and help keep our receptionist's dialing finger uncalledous.



Telefax at receptionist's desk near switchboard.