



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA



Volume VII, Number II

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## FIRST AD BIG SUCCESS

For the *first time* in history, FULL PAGE advertising is being used to spread the gospel. THIS HAS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE! Slogans that formerly advertised *lung-devouring* and *hair-on* (mostly off) products can now be used to *light* the way for a people groping in darkness.

*WHICH* — *Superstition or authority?*, the title of the first message, caused thousands to first *question* and then proceeded to *demonstrate* the *authenticity* of the Bible.

The *Prairie Farmer*, the farm paper being used to pioneer the way, covers the states of Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan like a *blanket*. Its heaviest coverage is in Illinois with over 190,000 issues — Indiana follows with over 123,000 stops at the mail box — the remainder of its 402,000 plus circulation is scattered through the various states.

The message is "bringing home the bacon!" Mail started to trickle in on Sunday, September 8, and by the end of the week the "trickle" was turning into a flood. Over 1000 letters came in the first week.

*And this is only the beginning!* With the earnest prayers of ALL of God's people, there isn't any reason why this *totally new* adventure can't be an overwhelming success! *The ball is now rolling!* Will YOU do your part to *keep the ball gaining momentum?*

## Globe Trotters

Excitement gripped the assembly as the speaker was introduced. Expectancy radiated from every face. The long awaited moment had arrived. Mr. Hoeh was giving a brief account of some of the highlights of his and Dr. Meredith's summer trip.

First stop — Kano, Nigeria, an all Negro town. Its eleven mile mud wall encloses a strange society. Nothing in the western world approaches it. A tablecloth that Mr. Hoeh displayed before the audience depicted the excellent native craftsmanship. The white needlework design on an ebony background portrayed graphically the near savage nature of this comparatively uncultured people.

Next stop — Central Africa, in the area of Leopoldville. Here is found a different type of black man. No farming is carried on, and because of the tsetse fly, no livestock is raised. Much of this country has been opened up in recent years. One can travel

(Continued on Page 3)

## MAUCK MISHAP

Didja notice Mr. "mystery man" Mauck lately — staring through the murky darkness of those thick-lensed dark glasses?

Ya did? Well — here's how it all happened!

Seems Mr. Mauck was gliding gracefully around a corner — *not* in a car, not even on a bicycle — but, of all things, on ice skates! Well, Mr. Mauck's feet had different ideas than his head — and his head lost. Some blood, that is. Rumour has it Mr. Mauck is thoroughly disgusted with ice skating!

\* \* \*

"Time will pass . . .; Will YOU?"



Mr. Hoeh and Dr. Meredith Are Greeted By Crowd Of Friends

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## EDITORIAL

### WHAT'S YOUR PURPOSE?

*By Richard Sedliacik*

Why did *you* come to Ambassador College?

Did you come because you thought Ambassador is just *another college*, but with more beautiful grounds and buildings? Was it because you thought you could have a better "time of it" here? Perhaps you just wanted to "check up" on Mr. Armstrong — to see if all he says could be true. Or, was your *main purpose* to discover the *one* and *ONLY reason* you are now breathing — to find out whether there is some goal worth striving for *after all*?

God *wants* us to find His "way" of life. You are here because He has called you through Mr. Armstrong's voice to *find* the true values in life. They help build the character of God in you and lead you to that goal — birth into His kingdom as a son of God! His way can also give you the *happiness, JOY, and abundant living* we all desire in this life.

The world craves all that God has to offer us *free*, but — the world wants to have it its *own* way and *not* God's way! Therefore, there is widespread crime, suffering, fear and pain.

God tells us to *choose* — in fact, He *forces* us to choose! But, He will *not* force His way upon us! If we reject God's way, we automatically choose the way of the world and reap its penalties.

So, now you ask, "How can I find this way?" First of all, have an open mind, putting out all prejudice. Listen to what God's ministers and professors have to say; then search the Scriptures to *PROVE* them (I

Thes. 5:21). Accept *God's word* once you are convinced in your own mind. Study God's word to grow in grace and knowledge (II Tim. 2:15, II Pet. 3:18). In your classes, on your job — do everything as well as you know how, always trying to do *better!* (Eccl. 9:10).

### CRAZY, MIXED-UP CLOTH

Is it wrong to wear clothing with mixed fabrics? This question has been posed by many of the Freshmen girls since they came to college. One very important thing to keep in mind on something like this is that it is merely a physical thing and we must not place so much importance on it that we forget the more important things such as *prayer* and *Bible study*.

Briefly, concerning mixed fabrics, as mentioned in Deut. 22:11 and Lev. 19:19, "Thou shalt not wear a garment of divers sorts, as of woolen and linen together." This has reference in particular to the mixing of two natural fabrics, but the same principle would apply in the mixing of any two unlike fabrics. The idea is that they should not be woven together because it makes an inferior product. In many cases we see another type of thread used as decoration, etc. This does not mean that those two fabrics are interwoven. The principal seems to be that this is all right as long as it is not woven directly *into* the material.

This question has also been asked: Is it wrong to use or wear articles made from any part of the swine? The Bible example here seems to be found in Matt. 3:4 where we see that John the Baptist had raiment made of camel's hair. A camel is unclean, yet John wore raiment made from the hair of that animal. The same principle would apply, for example, in the wearing of pigskin gloves. These things have been processed, so there would be no harm in wearing them.

It is important to obey in these comparatively small things, because it sets the character pattern for greater things. But again — don't let the *less important* overshadow the *more important: prayer* and *Bible study!*

\* \* \*

Mr. Apertian: "Why do you suppose that class bell always rings *one* more time after it has finished ringing?"

Anonymous: "Well, the *first* bell shows that it's time for the class to be finished; the *last* bell is a *reminder* to show that it's *time to go!*

## GRASSY EYES!!

*by Carl McNair*

I know a man who mows lawns. He has a problem. "Now," you ask. "How could a man who mows lawns have a problem?" Well, it's really very simple — when you look at it through *grassy eyes*.

Some ignoramus conceived the bright idea of putting little spigots in the lawn to water it with. Don't get me wrong! I think it's fine to let the lawn have a drink now and then, (this is *not* intended to be a *temperance* lecture) but the silly things sometimes will not scope the spigot down when they get through guzzling (I substituted that word for drinking, because this is not a temp...).

Now, what do you think usually happens when Mr. grass-cutter's grass-cutter goes over the little periscope? Why, of course! If it's little protuberant head is protruding enough, it is carved right off!

If you have any such unique problem, PLEASE take it up with someone other than a member of the *Portfolio* staff. We do not have the answer for such capacious moot points!

(But we *doooooo* feel, by the way, that it is hard on lawn mowers!)

### NEW FAD

Have you noticed? Ambassador College girls are sitting, standing, and walking straighter. Do you want their secret? Well here it is: one long strip of adhesive tape across the shoulders! Each time they slump the tape sends a sharp reminder "straighten up!" (Note: I hear tell — one Freshman girl is allergic to adhesive tape.)

### WHERE does Our Time Go?

We have lived in a careless, confused world. How is our work? You guessed it — careless and confused! Mistakes! Mistakes! Mistakes! Our erasers are worn down. You get the point.

We have slaved and labored. But — guess what? That's right — two thirds of our work has been erasing and re-doing our blunders. Thes — NO!! THIS *must* stop! — NOW!!

Here is the point — we've wasted enough, too much of our precious time correcting errors! That's *bad*. There is no law against doing only a little good, but there is against doing a poor job. God says "Become ye therefore PERFECT even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect!" This takes time — it takes *work!* But it's worth it. Let's do work God will be pleased with — quality work that will last. *Can* we change? With God's strength we MUST!!

(Continued from Page 1)



almost anywhere he pleases with relative safety.

Some excellent farmland is to be found in East Africa where some of the most modern agriculture practices are being observed. The travelers were able to take a 2300 mile auto trip in this area. In the course of the trip they visited the Pigmies, an energetic little people that seemed to be perpetually happy. One was even *trigger* (bow) *happy!*

They viewed one of the most imposing structures on earth on their next stop in Egypt — the monument marking Nimrod's tomb! There lie the remains (DUST) of the man who started *all* the Babylonish institutions that sway this modern world.

Mr. Hoeh and Dr. Meredith had an interesting visit with the High Priest of Samaria on their way to Jerusalem.

Near Baghdad, Iraq they experienced the highlight (weather wise) of the entire trip. In the ruins of ancient Ur they encountered a temperature of 140 degrees!

They found a slow but restless people in Afghanistan and Kashmir. Kashmir is very beautiful when compared with Afghanistan. To the south of these two nations lies India, a vastly different world. One of the greatest differences is the religion. Hinduism is the national religion of India as opposed to the Mohammedanism of its northern neighbors.

From India they went to Turkey and then on to Greece. A side trip to Crete where they visited the ancient palace at Knossos proved quite worthwhile. This very old palace has been completely restored.

After a brief stop in Rome, they arrived in London. While there, they visited our London brethren. Finally, after a side trip to the Continent to view the resurgent Germany, they set sail for home.

YEARBOOK UNDERWAY

Months of careful preparation and planning have already gone into the '58 ENVOY. A summer Pictorial Journalism class worked under the supervision of Mr. Herrmann to lay the foundation of a *totally new* book.

The new publisher, The Mirror Graphic Company, recently showed us samples of its *top quality printing*, and promised to give us all the professional advice possible.

A competent photographer, with 30 years experience, took all the formal portraits. This professional service will not only produce the finest photos, but will relieve the Envoy Staff of the responsibility and give them the extra time necessary to produce a *quality* book.

This *largest* ENVOY ever will contain such interesting new features that it will hold excitement, enjoyment and entertainment for you and your posterity.

For the same low price of *only* \$5, you can own a book that has been completely created by students you know. They are exerting every effort toward producing a book everyone will be PROUD to own. You can't go wrong — *start saving today* for the '58 ENVOY!

A WELCOME PARTNER

by Allen C. Dexter

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached *in all the world!*" These were the words Christ spoke over nineteen-hundred years ago. He MEANT those words! Today, we are seeing more and more of the fulfillment of that prophecy. With each new booklet, correspondence lesson, and issue of the PLAIN TRUTH; with each new medium added to the work of preaching the gospel; with every single broadcast that goes out THAT PROPHECY IS BEING FULFILLED!

The latest resource added in this rapidly expanding, prophetic work, has been a new radio station. KVOD Denver, a station of 5,000 watts, is heard in approximately a one-hundred mile radius that includes nearly all of the heavily populated sections of Colorado. Broadcasting at 9:00 P.M. *every night*, this station is doing its vital bit in spreading God's warning message to a large group of his people that had not formerly been very well reached. Though there has not been time enough for any mail response from this new station, with God's help and blessing our new "partner" will soon be helping change lives for God's eternal kingdom.

Happy Dancing Stumbling Blocks

On a perfect evening, in a perfect setting, a perfectly *wonderful* group had a perfectly *wonderful* time.

Bumbling bubbling Stumble Blocks smiled at one another as they collided with the somewhat more adroit Stepping Stones.

And then finally Dave Antion had to get up on the stage and be funny — which he *is* and *was!* Suzanne 'walked alone' while Len was overcome with 'dizzy fingers' and the three has-been's who never were, shouldn't oughta been 'in the evenin' by the moonlight'.

Tempting, tantalizing, 'deliwee-shus' refreshments *were* but *aren't!* And that's the story of the Freshman Dance.



*FIRST TIME'S THE ROUGHEST!*

WHAAAT?

Seems some of the fellas were wandering around in the dark — didn't know who had a date and who didn't. Bryce Clark solved the problem in the simplest possible way! In fact, he was observed busily conducting pairs of students to private places together. Result? Dates?

There they were — bashful freshmen and eager freshwomen — Sez he: "(gulp) w-w-w wouldja 1-1-liketa — (gulp)" Sez she: "NATCHERL-LY!" Then they dashed out of the room!

Anyhow, it worked. And, after all, what would the freshman dance be like without any freshmen?

## A Downright Novel Excursion!

By Richard Sedliacik

Recently, several students boarded Shirley's NASH and took an exciting trip to the beach. But, alas! There was trouble along the way!

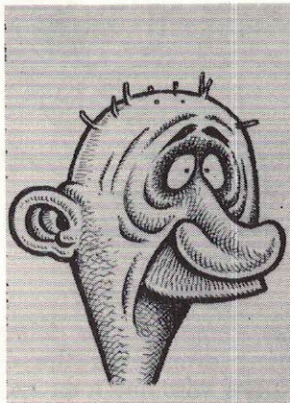
Kenneth's excellent gas REGISTER said they needed fuel! But Tony decided that was not the case. He began HAMMERing on the engine while Erhard was KLAMMERing in the back seat with a ROEMER who had come across country to be with this gleeful group.

Soon, while they were attempting to fix the car, they heard the most delightful birds singing a love song — Helen and Ernest — MARTIN, they named the birds. While the MARTIN'S sang a lullaby, someone suddenly thought they saw a MUMME — in the trunk.

How shocking! Then Richard HOPKINS hopped up and helped Kenneth FISH'ER out of the car! But wonder of wonders! It was none other than Jean MUMME — not a real mummy.

By this time, Tony had finished fixing the car, but Natalie became quite BLACK and BROWN from shock and fainted when she saw Wiley, Sherwood and Helen leisurely MAUCKing him from the front seat. But Lila, with her sweet-smelling FLOWERS, awakened her from slumber with Donna to CART'ER back into the car where Cynthia was waiting to BAK'ER a cake.

Phew! WHAT A TRIP!



YUL BRYNNER

(After Using Indian Remedy Shampoo)

## A WRITER'S RECIPE FOR IDEAS:

Take one PORTFOLIO writer, one approaching deadline, one unfinished assignment. Mix together with one "bull session" of southern freshmen, and let simmer for ten minutes.

There is no more nutritious food available for real originality. You will never be without this recipe — or ideas.

FOUR

## The Soft Answer

One farmer had made a purchase from another and when it seemed that the product sold had been misrepresented, the purchaser lost no time in lambasting the seller in no mild manner: "You're not only a cheat and a fraud and a fool, you're also a big dumb (censored)!"

At that, the first farmer rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and drawled, "Well now, to accommodate guys who blow their tops, somebody's got to be one of those things once in a while."



COOL CAT

ATTENTION! All members of the Trans. Dept. and all other connected and *even disconnected* parties: Not only must you watch at all times for oncoming traffic and pedestrians, but you must now keep a sharp eye for all *quadestrians*!

We now take this opportunity to announce for "Maw Cat" the unheralded and *unexpected* (by Trans. Dept.) arrival of a new family of kittens.

Time: Sometime early Thursday morning.

Place: Beneath old Chrys. Imp.

Names: Don't Know Yet (in the plural).

May now be seen by all interested parties in new box home under tree at northwest corner of Mayfair.

\* \* \*

Mr. Meredith: "Every day older I get shoots fast paster."

## HELP WANTED:

One thick-blooded college freshman to help an Eskimo roll snowballs for "hot" celebration on the Fourth of July. Will be paid in cold cash. Contact Mr. Hoeh for details.



Groom's Reaction To Wife's First Home-Cooked Meal. (She Didn't Take Home EC.)

## COKE CONCESSION COLLAPSES

Say goodbye — or anything that seems appropriate — to the familiar red machine outside the home ec door. The relic of past coke orgys has dispensed its last bottle!

At least — on the campus.

Said one student, reeturning after some work in a coke bottling plant this summer, "One thing I learned — never drink cokes!" Probably because he never *could* find that dirty sweat shirt hanging over the vat. Oh well.

Anyhow — the thing is through, *finished*, *banished*, DISCONTINUED!

\* \* \*

Some people judge a person's importance by the number of keys he carries.

## TIRED MULE

Splinters, boards, and timbers flew. Partitions mysteriously disappeared. Dust belched from window spaces that suddenly appeared in blank walls. Jim Gott and Lee Sefcak flexed their muscles and spewed perspiration.

The reason for all this commotion? Simply this. The printing department is getting ready to expand like a hungry lady-food-tester. In a parallel: A small donkey (the printing department) is trying to break a world's record while carrying a GIANT (the work to be done). IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

Present facilities are now inadequate to supply only the English-speaking people with literature. Imagine the predicament our present print shop would be in supplying *additional millions*.

Consequently, more space and new and faster machinery will be the *work horse* to replace the *weary little donkey*.

## STEP RIGHT UP

For those of you who haven't seen (gals, take notice) Manor Del Mar has been made *even more beautiful*. A new flagstone sidewalk has been placed at the north end of Manor Del Mar's large green lawn. This quaint curved line of reddish stepping-stones has added just the right accent to the rustic beauty of Manor Del Mar — and an *easier way* (Mr. Lochner: "Yak! Yak!") to get to the track come 6 a.m.

Stop by sometime soon and view this wonderful addition to the campus — you'll be struck by its effect.



Typical Ambassador Co-Ed At 6:30 a.m. (Left) and 8:00 p.m. (Right)

## ONE MORE HOUSE

Another house has been purchased by Ambassador college — the one immediately behind the men's dormitory on Terrace Drive. This recent purchase will undoubtedly be put to very good use in the future as the work expands.

## COLD? ILL? SCARED?

The tense atmosphere clung like a fog. Knocking knees sounded. Castigating glances passed. As though preparatory for the crisis event of life, one after another walked forward with that decided "walking the plank" air.

The assignment — a three minute speech. The setting — composition class. The students — mainly freshmen. The mood — tense.

Canada was represented first. Merle Boyes began, "Mr. Schrader, fellow students . . ." Though this was the typically Canadian way the "Yanks" mimicked beautifully this new salutation.

Speeches passed! Intervention, intervened! Then suddenly standard format became censored and the speeches continued along more conventional "Ambassador" patterns.

The "ice" had been broken. The FIRST speech had been made, and another Freshman Class was on its way to SUCCESS!

Those knees didn't knock from the cold — they were just scared.

## TEN MINUTES TO GO!

"WILL we make it? WILL WE?"  
"We've GOT to! The punch is bought — so is the desert! All the invitations are sent out! We've already made ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS. But the BIG question is: Will WE be MARRIED on SCHEDULE?"

This was a perplexing proposition for one of our recent newlywed couples. They had made all of the arrangements — BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE! They did not yet have the marriage license, and it was already late Friday evening. They were to be married Sunday!

OH! Just a few more minutes and the license bureau would be CLOSED!

You see, they had neglected to get the doctor to sign the blood test previously. When they went to the Doctor's office late Friday morning, they found that he was out on an emergency call! The couple waited, fidgeting nervously all afternoon, hoping the doctor would return! "Oh, when, oh, when would he come?"

Finally he came! Afterward, they madly rushed over to the license bureau just 10 minutes to closing time.

The lesson: NEVER PUT OFF the MOST IMPORTANT THINGS TILL LAST!

\* \* \*

Don: "Do you have thesaurus?"  
Den: "No, I feel quite well, thank you."



CONGRATULASHUNS

Al and Sondra!

Al: "Awww, Shucks!"

\* \* \*

What does one do with a person who looks for a pencil sharpener in the typing room?

## Tidbits at Random

By R. LeRoy Hopkins

(Is there more sour kraut, please?)

GRRRRR!!

I have a bone to pick with "blatongabomin" — an boy (or girl) howdy, I'm gunna pick et! I aim ta expose "blatongabomin" cuz it's sure nuff a trouble maker. Efen it twern't fer it I'd have this here T @ R already written already. (Pass the sour cream please . . . — thank ya)

I HEARD THIS STORY

Early morning. The sun is sleeping. Gene H. ISN'T. Gene: "Avon! AVON! HEEY AVON!!" Avon: (groggily awakening) "Huh? What-samatter?" Gene: "What time is it?" Avon: "Uhn . . . ten minutes after two." Gene: "Thanks! Goodnite."

: : : It's still early morning. Gene is sleeping. Avon ISN'T. Ya know somethin'? Persons what tail storys like that on other peoples have — Blatongabomin!

How'd you like ta be on the 'ceivin' end and have people tail storys on you? This here's a xample of jus' plain ole Blantogabomin an' I ain' kiddin' none neither.

Speakin' of the receivin' end — In intermedjet speech class we all say, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers . . . An you know what Mr. Portune say'd afterwards? "You can spray that again!" (Any more dill pickles?)

No sir! I sure don' hanker none fer blatongabomin! Here's when you have it an someone else doesn't. When ya say, "No thanks, I don't wish more cake" and nobody else has the decency to say, "Oh, come on . . . have another piece!"

Blatongabomin makes a girl say "I can't stand Bach" just afore her long-distance heartthrob might have asked her instead of the other girl to hear Bach's trombone Serenade in H minor with frog-horn obligato.

Well enyhowl mostly girls are prone to blatongabomin. Hole on thar! Don't go snortin' yer dander up! I even LIKE girls!!! It's jus' that ya girls ordinarily remember all kinds of ordinary inconsequentials like . . . STOP! Not gonna numerate cuz I only allow important stuff in this column — not Blatongabomin.

Ask girls somethin' really important like — What's fer dinner? an they CAN'T even remember!. That's why I say, "To get a good one, rob the cradle! Then train up the child in the way she should go and when she's old she'll make a good wife (see th' photo at left) — course

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## TIDBITS

(Continued from Page 5)

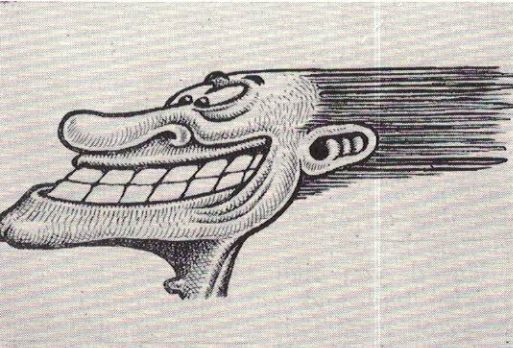
after gettin' a wife comes prolifickness: — that's when a bit of *talcum* is allus *walcum*....

### I DUN PICKED THAT BONE

Too bad the waggin' tongue didn't go out with the wagon, huh? (Don't want no more horse radish, thank ya . . . ) Reckon's how I'd best take my mouth outta my foot afore I stick my fouth in my moot!

Oh yes! I ain' fergot to expose that there pestiferous word blatongabomin. Ya guessed it shore nuff (chuckle!)

*\*Blab-tongue-abomination\**



Al Dexter Sprints Around Track at 6:05 a.m.

### Pfund Pfinally Pfinds Pfriends

Believe it or not — and you probably won't — pfriend Kemmer Pfund pfooled around in Switzerland — by himself (he was lost, *lost LOSHT*, oops!) this summer.

Bicycling, Bob Boraker told muscular Mike Michel and pfriend Pfund to cycle on ahead a distance, and he'd catch up later. They did, but he didn't.

Somehow, they missed each other in the next village. Well, later on, pfriend Pfund pfound himself pfooling around in a pfine pfix — separated from Mike. Here they were — all separated. In Switzerland. Lost.

Pfollowing his pfiner instincts, pfriend Pfund pforced his pfund of knowledge to the pfore. Pfinding a pfairly good course of action, he pedaled merrily into southern Germany. One by one the three pfriends came pupffing into Mrs. Bruce's house in Mannheim. Pfinally, the pflustered pfriends pfound themselves happily reunited — and on their way together once more.

About now — they should be getting close to Pasadena. Pfew!

\* \* \*

### A Sure Thing

"Well, goodbye," the ex-wife said to her ex-spouse, "and just remember this — if you miss a single alimony payment, I'll re-possess you."

SIX

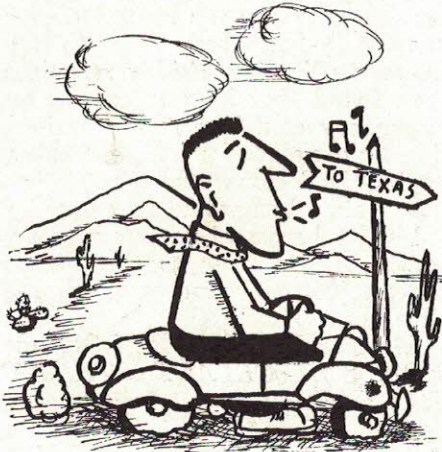
## DOUBLE BLESSING

It'll do what Duz doesn't do. Yes, men of Manor Del Mar, not only do we have a new washing machine, but we now have a Westinghouse dryer to match. Wash 'em one hour; wear 'em the next — if you know how to iron, that is.

Girls, No! No! Girls, you *can't* — Del Mar is off limits.

### HE'S GOIN' HOME!

Yep! Mr. Dibar Apartian is makin' busy preparations to journey back home — to Texas! He's reel prrrroud of heez Teggzas accent. Een fakkt — heez theenking of meekking ein chip trepp — cawn't afforrd much mawney! Let's hope they don't decide to KIP heem dere! (Ed. He dunt iffen got zum boootz!)



### SOMEHOW, SOMEWAY!

Hurry up everybody! Cram the rest of that paraphernalia in the dust moochin' highway flivver and let's *roll!* Bill, do you *have* to take *that?* This isn't a double semi moving van, you know. Joe, did you remember your sanforized swimming trunks? . . . PILE IN everyone! OH! OH! Not room enough for all of us — maybe we can make room for Ed in the trunk . . .

*Somehow, somehow*, we will see yawl at the Feast of Tabernacles. Gladewater, Texas, — get ready!

\* \* \*

Carl: "You know, it's good to be alive."

Ronald C.: "Isn't it though! Just think of all those poor dead people!"

\* \* \*

Checking *Portfolio* articles: "It's O.K., Bill!" says Richard Sedliacik.

"Whaaaaaaat!!!!!" says Bill McDowell.

\* \* \*

B. M.: "We used to have a cow that gave buttermilk."

H. T.: "No cow can do that."

B. B.: "What else *could* she give but 'er milk?"

## Female Fat-alities

Listen! Here's a new fireproof method to help you win that big battle of the bulges. (I'm in the process of getting a patent on it.) Just follow these simple rules.

Every time you're out for a leisurely stroll fish out your spectacles and peel your eyes for fluttering paper, strings, rags, etc., that happen to be on the loose (Windy days are excellent!). When you spot something blowing by, throw yourself into *high gear* and get into action! Don't stop there — run to the nearest city dump and deposit it. This is guaranteed to give you flat feet and thin legs.

Then for those of you who desire to convert your flabby, weak arms into solid, strong limbs, why not hire yourself to lug water up to third floor Mayfair every morning about 6:15 for dousing those snoring Mayfair beauties. This is also very good exercise for the legs because it *requires* a FAST get-a-way.

This new method is still in the experimental stage. So rather than present further exercises I'll just wait for the results of these. *If you're still around and healthy* after trying them, I'll continue with more helpful suggestions on this **WEIGHTY** topic in future articles.



Yul Brynner At Age 15

## ADVANCEMENTS

by John Wilson

The mailroom is happy to welcome BOB HOOPS and RICHARD SEDLIACIK. *Increased mail* receipts necessitated the adding of these two men to the growing mailroom staff. This is just another indication of the *growth of God's work* — more reason to keep our shoulders to the wheel. These men have shown by their *fruits* that *they* are growing also. Keep it up men! *Use this added opportunity* to develop your talents for the work of God.