



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA

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## GLADEWATER IMPRESSED

By Kenneth Mowat

The action of wind on feathers is like the action of humanity on words. Good news travels fast. In little time Gladewater was buzzing with conversation about us, as the greatest Feast of Tabernacles in hundreds of years was held, but Gladewater was happy with us. *Let us keep it that way!*

Memorable reports of how Gladewater was impressed keep coming in. This is one of them. So pleased was the landlady of three student roomers that she begged their return again, offered to room additional students, and persuaded a host of neighbors to request roomers next year. The students were so clean that she insisted they use her kitchen. Then she begged to be allowed to fry their eggs, toast their bread, wash their dishes and chill their water.

It was normal to find the room graced by a bowl of fruit each evening, but the pinnacle of her good deeds was her cake. Huge pieces . . . It represented near the ultimate in dietetic folly but one had to be polite. A near crisis however had to be averted when the landlady interpreted it as her duty to keep this cake available at all times.

Such is the hospitality of Texans.

Let us *continue* to be a light. Thus *every* feast can be the GREATEST EVER!

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If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him.

The fool throws his tongue into high gear before he turns on the ignition to his brain.

## EPIDEMIC STRIKES AMBASSADOR!

The dastardly tentacles of Asiatic flu and its cognate variants continue their indiscriminate aggregation of victims the world over — Even Ambassador College has succumbed!

“But,” you vigorously protest. “This is *God’s* college! Don’t we have an explicit *promise* of *complete immunity* from such sickness?”

The answer is: NO. We are still in the *process* of *learning lessons* pertinent to our physical well-being. It is mandatory that we learn to enjoy proper diet, exercise, sleep, and to take other *sane* precautions.

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## RARE ANIMAL ON CAMPUS

There is only one place that one can find this animal in the U.S. It inhabits a restricted area just outside the concrete jungle of Los Angeles; in the region of Pasadena; more specifically — Ambassador College campus. This ferocious, hairy-chested meat-eating beast is named the “Ambassador Stag.”

The habits of the young ones are quite strange. They refuse to be seen in public with the female of the species. Some few, when they do come to the gatherings of the older more sociable ones, try to steal the older one’s partners. Others stay in groups by themselves sulking, avoiding the female, eating, or the like. Some have the strange ability to unobtrusively blend into the surroundings. This type is called the “Wall Flower.” They stand or sit motionless for hours trying not to be seen.

If you ever see one — easily recognizable by his aversion to the female, and his recessive nature come dance time — grab him by the neck (the hide is worthless) and shake him into his senses — he’s wasting someone’s time. Anyone for a Stag hunt?



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## Head Knowledge?

By Richard Sedliachik

So, you want a lot of "head knowledge," do you? You came here to learn all about the Bible, eh? Well, that's fine! We certainly can't enter the Kingdom without this knowledge. But, did it ever dawn on you that you won't enter God's Kingdom, even with all this knowledge, IF YOU DON'T begin practicing it here and NOW and continue the rest of your life? You say you have faith, but, James says Faith without works is DEAD! (Jas. 2:20).

None of us will get anywhere in this work or into the Kingdom unless we begin to realize our need to apply the principles of the Bible. Sure they are new to us, we make mistakes and we'll continue to make mistakes now and then, but, that's one way we build character. Let's begin to show some of the light we are receiving — let your light shine, don't hide it under a basket.

At the dinner table, in your rooms, while walking with your classmates, talk over what you've been studying in your Bible classes, History, English, etc. You'll find that by discussing what you have learned — especially after class — that the subject will become more firmly implanted in your own mind and you will have, perhaps, given someone else some new knowledge that he could profit by and pass along to someone else also.

Don't be afraid to talk about the Bible! After all, that's the MAIN REASON we are all here; to learn more about it so we can practice it in our own lives — though one would wonder sometimes with the vain type of talk usually heard around the campus, Mayfair dinning room, and in the dormitories. Don't worry! You won't be tagged as being "spiritual"

in the way the world would look at it. *We should desire to be spiritual.* But our kind of spirituality is a *real Godly spirituality*, not the "put on" type of the world.

Are we really becoming spiritual? You know, it does show — if we are.

## GREAT FUTURE

"You are going to college so that some day you can tell people what to do," said the clerk to one of his customers.

The clerk in this particular store was speaking to an Ambassador College student. How much truth did this unknowing clerk say, even though he did not realize it?

We are here at college to better understand the way in which God wants us to live. We are learners or disciples of Christ. *We are learning that we may teach others.* Those of us who are worthy of teaching others because we have been willing to be taught, are destined to change the entire course of the world.

It is then that we will be able to "tell people what to do."

\* \* \* \*

An evil thought passes your door as a stranger, then it enters as a guest, then it installs itself as master.

## LET'S GO!

By Allen Dexter

The confusion of orientating to a new schedule is over. The Feast of Tabernacles is past. We now look forward upon an unbroken stretch of time in which we can get down to brass tacks and really do something — but *will we?* The answer to that question depends solely upon us. God has given us the time. He has given us the facilities — the best anywhere. He has given us the minds and the talents. He *will* give us the extra help we need if we ask Him for it. It's up to each one of us to utilize what we have been given. An open road lies ahead, and *there is no speed limit.* LET'S GO!

## GREEN CARPET

Notice anything new about the campus recently? The gardeners sowed a cover of winter rye grass on all the campus lawns. Students returning from Gladewater were welcomed by a lush expanse of emerald green. A wonderful embellishment for our environment.

This is just one more of the blessings that we have to enjoy here at Ambassador. Let's show our appreciation by doing our part to protect this grass while it is yet tender and easily destroyed. Please tread lightly, or better still, *keep off* — until it gets well established.

## We Are A Football Team!

By Kenneth Fischer

Yes, football season is here again. It seems as though this nation goes wild every Sabbath attending football games being played the country over. As most of us know, a football team needs "team-work" to make it function smoothly in accomplishing its "goal."

Couldn't we in God's church be compared to a football team? Let's see.

First, we have a "head man" — who, of course, is God the Father. Jesus Christ is our "coach." Mr. Armstrong, our "captain," and his assistant captains, the "ministers," use a rule book, the "Bible," on how our team, the "Church," is to be conducted and operated in achieving the goal — "eternal life." Our newspaper, "The Plain Truth," proclaims the good news of the progress of our team, the fate of our opponent, and how others can be a part of our team — provided they are willing and the Head Man calls them.

We, the "underdogs," unknown to the fans of the "world," are small, but strong, having our fans, the "Angels," encouraging and helping us. On we go! Rah! Rah!

Who are we up against? Why, against Satan's team, of course. He is being pushed back little by little. Remember to *stick together* and obey your coach and captains, for the other team is trying to find our every weakness. If out of training, we might get blocked out. Onward we go! Rah! Rah!

Satan's getting set for the great "goal line stand." Can we make it? Our coach says "yes," have faith, believe Him, do as He says and we shall rejoice upon reaching our goal! How about it team? Let's go! We are going to be knocked down and bruised up, but, we want victory — don't we? Come on team! Fight! Fight! Rah! Rah!

\* \* \* \*

The Christian on his knees sees more than the philosopher on his tiptoes.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Herrmann: (to Geology Class) "Every student should look for rock specimens enroute to Gladewater."

Larry M.: "Are there any special places that we should look?"

Mr. Herrmann: "Yes. There are two places that I recommend — both sides of the road!!"

\* \* \* \*

The devil has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.



Even the incorporation of the health principles we are learning does *not* suddenly compensate *entirely* for the *previous years* of physical transgression by ourselves and our forefathers. During this period of transition from error into applied truth, our degenerate bodies still suffer repercussions. They still lack enough resistance. They are still subjected to our carnal fallibility. Therefore on occasion we are cumbered with sniffles, congestion, miscellaneous infirmities, and yes, — even the flu!

That our past Way of life was injurious to us, resulting in bodily and mental deterioration and suffering, *must* be indelibly *impressed* upon our minds. *We, like Christ must learn by the things we suffer!*

As we prove our obedience, walking in the light as He reveals it to us, — then if we become sick we can employ His intervention and not have to pay the full penalty. (See Mr. Armstrong's booklet "Does God Heal Today?")

On the other hand, when the plagues are being poured out with intensity, when every third person is DYING because of the famine and concentration of terrifying disease epidemics, *then IF* we have learned well and relegated every facet of our existence in willing compliance to God — then *we shall be spared*. God will make an obvious distinction between His people and the world as He did with ancient Isreal (Ex. 8:23). No plague shall come nigh our dwelling — we will be blessed with immunity! (Psa. 91:10 et al.)

**PROXY FEAST**

It was the Last Great Day of the Feast. The major portion of God's Church was rejoicing at Gladewater. At the same time a small group was meeting here in Pasadena.

Seventy-five or more (counting children) gathered on the old tennis court for pot-luck dinner. Following about an hour of feasting and fellowship, two wonderful sermons (recorded and shipped from Gladewater by Mr. Battles) were played by Bob Seelig.

It was a great blessing to enjoy these sermons from the Feast. Everybody felt compensated, in a measure, for their inability to attend the Feast in person. We pray that by the blessing of God all these will be able to go to the tabernacle next year.

\* \* \* \* \*

A man is getting old when he looks where *he's* going instead of where *she's* going.

**EUROPE PANORAMA**

Robert Boraker treated Ambassadors to a tour of Europe recently in slides taken during a trip there.

As you probably know, Bob Boraker, Bernell Michel, and Kemmer Pfund made a bicycling tour of Europe this summer. Bob snapped pictures all of the way.

With the aid of Mike Michel, Bob narrated the whole trip from the U.S. shore and back. Our English student, James Wells, added comments when we reached England.

The showing was well organized and well worth while. Bob's experiences in photography here on campus have payed off well. Thank you Bob, Mike, and Kemmer for sharing your trip with us.



**HUNGRY TRAVELERS**

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th**

*By Robert C. Boraker*

This day turned out to be a very eventful one. I first was delayed at the Youth Hostel because of not picking up my pass before 9 o'clock. I, therefore, had to wash off the tables in order to get my pass.

After retrieving my pass, we went down to the train station. We were to sail from Germany on this day and had to take a boat train from Bremen to Bremerhaven. I left Kemmer and Mike at the station and walked to the cleaners to get my jacket and pants.

When I arrived at the cleaners, the lady kindly told me that they had not arrived from the factory. I waited for about an half hour and then rushed back to the train station to see about making arrangements for taking a later train. I bought another ticket for the next train scheduled to leave at 11:30.

I again walked the seven blocks back to the cleaners. Alas, my clothes still had not arrived. I became concerned and even prayed. That was the *only* jacket and good pants I had for wearing on the ship. I waited until 11:20 when I had to run to the station in order to make it.

Out of breath and barely able to walk, I arrived at the station only to find out that the train would not be in until 12:40 — over an hour later. God had answered my prayer!

I went back to the cleaners to find my clothes waiting for me. Walking with a strained effort, I then went back to the station to catch the train at 12:40.

Believe it or not, I got on the train in one piece and all was well — except for one thing. The boat was scheduled to leave at 2:00 p.m. Knowing that it would take the train 50 minutes to get to Bremerhaven, if not more, there weren't many minutes to spare.

The train arrived in Bremerhaven at 1:50 — leaving me only ten minutes to get to the boat. I rushed out of the train station and into a waiting taxi. The driver must have known the ship's departure time since he didn't lose any time getting to the pier.

Leaving the taxi, I ran through the building to the loading dock. I could hear the music of the band as I ran. I made my way through to the gangplank and presented my passport to the officials. I was the last one on board and the time was 2:02 — too close for comfort!

**MACHINE TROUBLES**

A friend of mine had a little bout with an adding machine that went something like this. Seems that he'd heard that it was possible to make the machine come up with all nines if it was fed the right combination of figures. After a great deal of experimentation, my friend finally hit upon the right combination and fed the information to the machine. The results seem to indicate a slight bit of indigestion. The valiant machine began a violent shaking and quaking, it rumbled and grumbled, it jiggled and it wiggled, moaned and groaned, hobbled and wobbled, growled and howled, yawled and bawled. It finally came up with all nines and collapsed with a crashing, quivering halt. It went to the repair shop!

The repairman was amazed that such a fine machine could have come to such a complete total breakdown. He postulated that it might have acquired an inferiority complex from having been beaten in front of an electronic brain.

The machine has fully recovered and is back in operation, but every time my friend walks by it rattles its keys and growls at him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Strictly feminine opinion: If it were not for peanut butter, which somehow passes the male censors, we would be skin and bones.



# Culinary Comflusion

By Gary L. Sefcak

"Come home from the office 'pooped' and then have to cook supper. (Sigh) Whatta life!"

## TOSS IT TOGETHER

"Let's see — where *are* those potatoes? Ahah! Found the little rascals. Now to get the skillet hot . . ." WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! BANG! "Bet this good ol' lamb chop will be *tender* when I get through massacring it. Plate, fork . . . Tum Dee Dum . . . (Oh! Oh! Who said a hot skillet would keep these dumb spuds from sticking — Wow! you'd think they were stuck with Weldwood glue.)

"Gotta have more than this. Lemme see . . . corn? naw. Greenbeans? nope . . . Say! Hen fruit goes good with chops. Boy haddy, sure glad my thinker thought of 'em.

"Sniff-sniff — WHAT'S BURNING? Crazy electric stove! — Put it on low and it won't melt ice cubes. Turn it on high and you end up with a skillet full of ashes. Ouch! Where's that lid? There, that'll keep me from bein' tattooed with grease."

## TOSS IT IN

"Smack, smack, slurp — Sure tastes good. Gotta keep a sharper eye on those potatoes next time . . . Ahhh, fixed just enough. I have that so round, so firm, so fully packed feeling. Not *quite* so stuffed as a Thanksgiving turkey, of course!"

## ADVENTURE IN DISHNEY LAND

"Ugh! Dirty dishes! Sure don't like to wash dishes. What?! Humm, no wonder I'm up to my ears in suds — these directions say  $\frac{1}{2}$  lid, not  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup. Oh well, floor needed mopping anyway."

## WHO'S THE HERO?

Can you guess? *Could* be one of the Home Ec. girls practicing — but it's NOT. Nope — it's NOT Bill Homberger burning trash. And (in this specific case) it is NOT a freshly married bride cooking her first meal. Give up? O.K. Our comflused culinary hero is Mr. Eligible Ambassador Bachelor cooking supper. Boy! *He could sure use a wife!* Interested girls?

## SABBATH SERVICES IN LIBRARY

It seemed like old times, the Sabbath following the Feast. Mr. Hoeh preached to a group of about ninety or a hundred people who had either not been able to attend the Feast or had flown back from Gladewater. The intimate fellowship of this rather small group was quite uplifting. The contrast in size of our regular congregation certainly pointed to the rapid growth of this Church in the past few years.

FOUR

## WET JOY

By Allen C. Dexter

It was wet, and it was chilly, but every minute of it was a joy. A comfortable room in Gladewater or Longview has its advantages, but a damp tent on the Tabernacle grounds has its merits also. Only by isolating oneself in a tent or trailer can one completely withdraw himself from the world as a type of the millennial deliverance from this present world society that the Feast of Tabernacles is meant to picture. Certainly, not everyone can stay at the Tabernacle, but anyone who can will never regret trying it once. And once they do try it, we who already have are certain that they will echo our sentiment — NO MORE MOTELS FOR ME!



LAWSON BRIGGS ANSWERS QUESTIONS

Three Ambassador students on the way to Mt. Wilson saw a large sign beside the road that read "WATCH FOR ROCKS."

Then Ronald Chandler said, pointing to the sign, "Mr. Herrmann must have put that there."

## AN EYE TO THE REAR

Why stop if half the party is lost on the way to the feast? Just do as Bill Meyers did; get out your telescope and watch the road behind till your friends catch up.

Gene Hughes was lagging behind Bill and Company. They had to know if Gene was coming without turning around and possibly losing them for good. So Bill got out the scope — Works wonders. They got separated but never lost from each other the whole trip. Try it next feast.

\* \* \*

An experience: smile at someone who won't smile back.

## GHOST TOWN

John Wilson

The wayfarer trudged his way along Terrace Drive. Utter silence greeted him on every hand. What had happened to this once lively neighborhood? Where was the gay laughter of playing children, the friendly banter of neighbors, the cheery good mornings?

Doors were locked, shades pulled. Here and there were signs of a hasty departure, yet no evidence of violence. *What could have precipitated this mass evacuation?*

Our wanderer turned west on Grove. Here the same unnatural stillness confronted him. As he turned in at Number 363, where once a beehive of activity would have met him — empty silence! The morning quiet was broken only by the hesitant chirping of a few rather lonely birds.

What does this all mean? Of course! *Everyone has gone to Texas* leaving this somber picture with those few who must stay behind.



WORSHIPPERS FILL CROWDED TABERNACLE



## DOGGIE GO WAY

It seems the vigorous exercising of Ken Mowat and Jerry Miller in the middle of the desert aroused the ire of a certain mongrel. With the mutt galloping full blast at them, Ken and Jerry forgot exercising and plunged for the safety of the nearby car.

Mr. Schrader, on the other hand, was caught down the road from the car. Upon seeing the dog, he too made for the car, but not in time. As Ken and Jerry tumbled over each other into the seat, Mr. Schrader made for the next best — the hood of the car.

There is a happy ending. The owner of the dog saw the situation and called his dog home.

Moral: Exercise at home — *not* in public!

## TRUE STORY!

### IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

You read of things like this in books. Jokes like this occur in fiction. Things like this reach television. But they happen in real life too!

Dating is always a problem at Ambassador. Procrastination — inevitable. At the last moment names of "still available" are eagerly sought. Caution is abandoned.

Picture yourself. You ask a senior girl for leads. She blushes and obliges to the extent of several possibilities. You walk away and are puzzled by her expression. You inquire and find the answer.

The girl who agreed to play cupid to you is herself without a date. Now you blush and you count this most embarrassing moment of your life.

## BEAUTIFUL?

Oh, what beauty; what magnificence; what splendor! Yes, a great deal can be said about the beauty of our natural wonders like the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Painted Desert, and many others. But, pause for a moment as you look out across these geologic wonders and ask, "What good is there in it all? Why does all this area have to lie here desolate and of no use except as an expanse of picturesque waste that tourists gaze at wonderingly and use up tons of film photographing? How much more beautiful would this be if it were a vast fertile plain populated by happy people and filled with lush crops and contented herds? Why does it have to be this way?"

The reason for it all is a simple, three-lettered word — SIN! It was sin that caused the floods which formed these wastes. *They are left us as an example of what sin can do!*

Sin and its results have a way of appearing deceptively attractive —

even beautiful. However, when viewed in a different light, these and all other results of sin appear ugly and chaotic in contrast to the beauty and order that would otherwise exist. Those who live in the "World Tomorrow" are going to be able to look on not only these examples but even more frightful ones soon to be formed and learn from them the terrible cost of rebellion.

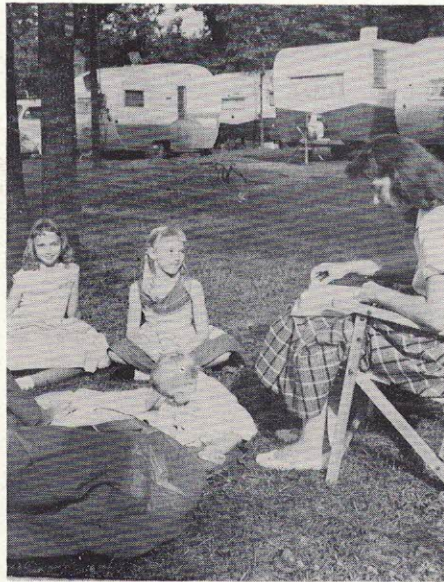
## MY OLD CHEVROLET

You sputter. You rattle

You old tin can.

Good-bye "Old Faithful."

You're for the junkman.



## OH, FOR MAYFAIR MEALS!

Away went the cars and the bus! Destination? Texas, of course! But left behind were five of the students. Why? Working in the office until Tuesday night so there wouldn't be the regular pile-up of mail after the Feast. The first evening after Mayfair closed down was fine — we ate at the Westward Ho restaurant. Most of our evening meals were eaten out. But this left two meals a day we had to prepare for ourselves.

Men, do you realize the blessing of being able three times a day to walk into a fine building to sit down to delicious, well-prepared, healthful meals — *and* to the company of sincere, pretty women who are learning to imitate Sarah in being women God is pleased with? Women who aren't reeking with perfume, with painted faces peering at you through cigarette smoke while their jaws flap like a loose coat sleeve in a high wind!

After the experience we have had during the vacation we can all appreciate more fully some of the blessings God has poured out on us here at Ambassador College.

## Tidbits at Random

By R. LeRoy Hopkins

Dear Reader,

Should you possess sufficient avidity for a tenacious perusal of this column (that means: if you read it) you will find the content of the maze to be two things — (1) vocabulary gymnastics stating a change of by-line, and, (2) a discourse on liquid refreshment. The first reader who can bring to my attention conclusive proof of incorrect word usage will be honored (?) by an article with him (or her) as the special subject under discussion.

### BY' BYE OLD BY-LINE

I am indeed compelled to vociferate unmelodiously the flagrant stilted affectation as indicated by the above appellation. Specifically: *R. LeRoy Hopkins*. I decree that henceforth, hereafter, forevermore, and thence, the by-line of this column shall be rendered by the less assuming appendage — *Rich Hopkins*.

Arrogant refusal by responsible parties to concur with this explicit mandate will be promptly reciprocated in a manner concocted as calculatingly apropos for a fitting retribution of this critically crucial colossal affront to my exaltless dignity. (I'm only bluffing!) Ultimate cremation in a corroded caldron or cruel crucible is a contemporary contending contrivance that would at least create momentarily an accompanying crepitation.

For your convenience in translating this mess I confined most of the ambiguous vocabulary to the *C's*. Saves unnecessary wear and tear on Webster when you rummage in only one section at a time rather than annoying the whole book.

Your clamor, Readers, in regard to the present by-line — altho perspicuous — I must pertinaciously insist was perturbingly pestiferous. Foreign languages are wonderful, huh?

Now while you come up for air let me give you some GOOD NEWS — this column will evidence drastic improvement *next time or it won't appear!* (maybe)

### GULLET SOOTHER

By the way, you can't blame the tenor of this on alcohol. My abstinence has exceeded a duration of 24 hours. I have it on good authority, persons, "... alcohol, when sipped between conversational sallies and not gulped down hippopotamus-style can be the World's Greatest De-Tensifier, Fatigue-Eliminator, Good-Will Instiller.

(Continued on Page 6)



## TIDBITS

(Continued from Page 5)

Spirit-Elevator, and Fear-Dispeller. The only thing to fear is too much" (Gettin' thirsty? — Sparklett's is good too.)

It has been said that drinking up to a point loosens the rusted tongue spreads the personal wings, and makes the mind ring like a bell. But, alcohol has *two* faces: Try to dry up the source and the spirits soar — then "nosedive into the Slough of Despond."

The forecast is for *dry* weather, that should please all Temperance League prohibitionists.

Sorry! Chuckle! I've run out of malarkey...

## A BLESSING

We are blessed by showing each other our weaknesses.

The dictionary says that appreciation is the setting of high value upon or the estimating rightly of some person place or thing. Let us face a problem squarely. We are Israelites. By nature we fail to show our appreciation. We need to stop taking the little things for granted. Yes, let us not take for granted the PORTFOLIO.

That smile, that encouraging comment, that idea you give, that interest you show is always looked for. The PORTFOLIO staff misses it when you lack it. Remember, a word of appreciation goes a long way in the way of encouragement

## A UNIQUE TREASURE HUNT

Recently, several Ambassador students went on an *exciting* treasure hunt! — only this hunt began in a *unique* way!

Beverly started hitch hiking on her CAIN. But shortly, she heard a HORNE blowing loudly behind her. She looked back, and to her amazement — saw Della driving wrecklessly down the road in Dirk's HUDSON.

Della pulled up beside Beverly and asked her where she was going. She promptly replied that she was going to *Kilgore* where she hoped to find some treasure! She was looking for a BLACKWELL (Tommy, that is) to help her find a gusher!

However, Beverly decided to continue walking, especially when Avon (whose PFUND of knowledge would be valuable) decided to get out of the car and walk along with her.

Soon, they became thirsty and decided to stop at a restaurant. To their dismay, they were unable to drink anything because everything was SAUER! (It's owner was Alfred). Nevertheless, not to let this cause an unnecessary delay, on they went — soon to be met by TRUL-Love. This cupid proved not to be about his business. Instead of romance, Bob told them where they could find all the WELLS they wanted, and promptly directed them to James' home. There, they found that someone else had already beaten them to their *black well* in *Kilgore*. It was none other than the WINNER — William!

\* \* \* \*

This space is dedicated to those who could have written but didn't and to those others who did write but not enough.

sumed that he is dead. In some cases the instinct is so strongly developed, however, that a spasmodic clutch or reflex action may be encountered.

## Louisiana Holiday

It was Thursday. The Feast had ended. Camps were rapidly disappearing from the Tabernacle grounds. After accumulating all their belongings and saying last so long's. Kelly Barfield, Bob Trull, Bill Winner, Allen Dexter, Al's sister, Ilene, headed east toward Louisiana to spend an extra two-day vacation at the home of Bob's parents.

Friday was spent enjoying Louisiana to the full. After a hearty country style breakfast, the fishing enthusiasts prepared to head for the creek — until Bob discovered that he'd lost his wallet. The rest of the morning was spent in a frantic search that included a two-hour drive back to the last stopping place. No wallet! (It was later discovered in a dresser drawer.) At last, Bob, Al, Odis, and Ed Lane managed to squeeze in about two hours of fishing. Results? You guessed it. But you should have seen those big ones that got away.

After a tremendous dinner, they spent the Sabbath evening before a blazing fireplace until, one by one, they succumbed to fatigue and went off to bed.

Most of the Sabbath was spent in the woods where there was ample opportunity for study, prayer, rest, and discussion. That night a reluctant group loaded up the old Chevrolet and started back to California leaving the simple country life and the fresh air and quiet behind them. Will they go back? They sure will!

## HUMANS FACE LOSS OF TOES!!!

A foot specialist says that man is in danger of losing his toes and developing something like a hoof if he keeps riding around in cars, trains, airplanes and the like.

That prospect was raised by Dr. William Barnes in Los Angeles at the convention of the National Association of Chiropodists.

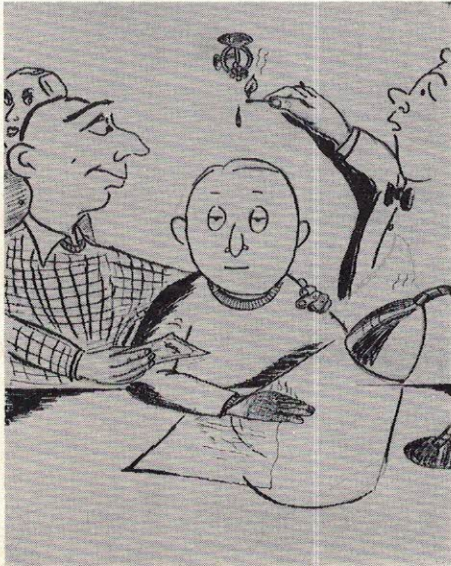
He said:

"We must remember that human beings are still in the process of evolutionary law which caused unused members gradually to atrophy and disappear.

"Already there is evidence that the old *Darwinian principle* is operating on our pedal extremities. Compare modern toes with those of the anthropoid apes, which use them for grasping and climbing.

"Even some primitive human races can still grasp objects with their toes, but you just try to do it."

(Maybe this applies to our heads also? — Ed.)



## BULLETIN TO ALL EMPLOYEES

SUBJECT: Death of employees

It has been brought to our attention that many employees are dying and refuse to fall over after death. THIS MUST STOP!

On and after Nov. 1, 1957, any employee found standing up after he has died will be dropped from the payroll after 90 days. When it can be proved that the employee is supported by a post, an additional 90 days will be granted. If, after several hours, it is noticed that an employee has moved or changed positions, the supervisor will investigate. Because of the highly sensitive nature of our employees and the close resemblance between death and their natural working attitude, the investigation will be made quietly so as not to disturb the employee if he is only sleeping.

SUPERVISOR'S NOTE: If some doubt exists as to the true condition of the employee, extending a pay envelope is a fine test. If the employee does not reach for it, it may be as-