

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE - - - - - PASADENA CALIFORNIA

Volume VIII, Number I

SEPTEMBER 22, 1958

5 Million Watts of Power!

With the opening of *new doors* before God's great work, the *World Tomorrow* is now booming out over five million watts of radio power! Newest addition to the impressive line-up of super-power stations is long awaited KGO, San Francisco, 810 on the dial, beaming 50,000 watts over the entire Pacific Coast area. The program will be heard *seven nights a week*, from 10:00 to 10:30 p.m.

The addition of other important stations has helped boost the total output of power. The rapidly growing list includes WPIT, Pittsburg; KGBX, Springfield; and KWJJ, Portland, Oregon.

God's work strides ahead! AND NO MAN CAN STOP IT!

DR. MERRILL DIES

The Eternal says that He does not call many of the wise and great of this world into His Church. Look at the membership of the Church and you will be assured that this is truth. Yet, if any of us was of consequence recently, Dr. Merrill would have been near the top of the list; even at the very top in the eyes of many of this world.

That he was esteemed by the world which surrounds us is attested by their very presence at his funeral service. That he had obtained their respect and admiration was nothing of which he need be ashamed. It is something in which we, his brothers, have a right to exhibit a proper degree and manner of glory. His education, his training, his service had placed him in a position which God used for the protection and care of

(cont'd. on page 6)

GREAT NEW GROWTH!

God's work is growing! The summer has been very fruitful this year in many ways — especially as far as the baptizing tours are concerned. This summer we had two full length tours plus two short tours.

Mr. Bryce Clark and David Antion covered the southern section of the U. S. — taking in some fourteen states. Their trip was blessed with a total of 176 people baptized out of some 250. How much do you think it costs to travel all over the country to baptise these people? Hold on — you will be astounded! Only \$6.00 (and a few cents) per person!

Mr. Carlton Smith and Roger Foster left Pasadena to cover the Northern section of the U. S. They covered 14 states also before Mr. Robert Boraker flew to Ashland, Ohio, where he met and relieved Roger. Mr. Smith and Mr. Boraker still have two weeks of this tour left. We don't, at the present time, have the total number of those baptized by them, but it is around 200.

Mr. Meredith and Mr. Rea took a short tour in Northern California. There they contacted 36 people and baptized only 13. The small number was due to poor reception of the broadcast in that part of the state. We were in desperate need of good radio time in the San Francisco area and God has now opened a new door (see on left).

Mr. Rea mentioned that they baptized people in some of the most beautiful places he had ever seen. The most *impressive* and beautiful ceremony of the entire trip was in a hotel — they baptized two men in the bathtub.

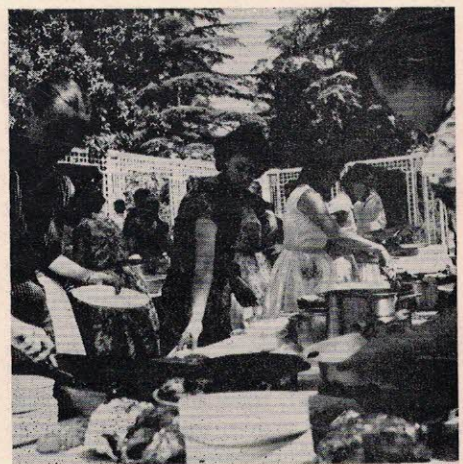
Mr. Gerald Waterhouse and Mr. Billingsley went on a short tour in Northern California. They returned last Sabbath.

This winter there is to be an experiment made. Mr. Waterhouse and Bill McDowell will leave immediately from the feast on a tour that will last four months of the winter. It is up to us to pray that weather conditions and many other things will be favorable for the success of this tour. It is important that we have *year around* tours out from now on.

Many people have also been baptized in the Springfield, Missouri area as a result of the campaign and the subsequent labors of Mr. Raymond Cole and Ronald Kelly.

You can see through the labors of these tours that some 400 people have been brought to true repentance and a surrendering of their lives to God

this summer. The angels in heaven are rejoicing over this, are we?



Food — tables and tables of it — fed more than 700 at the Headquarters Church, while God's people the world over kept what was probably the largest attended feast of Trumpets since apostolic times.

The Portfolio Staff

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Collegians Are Adults

The tone of the Forum and the Assembly thus far this semester has been very good. It should remain this way for we have a qualified president to guide these meetings. But have you considered just how much YOU have to do with the continued efficient and effective discharge of the business of these meetings?

They are held for YOUR benefit — they are meant to instruct you in the "WAY" which will make you happy. If you continue to participate in them in an adult (and all college students should be adults) manner, then it is certain that Dave Antion will keep them lively, interesting and instructive.

But YOU can foul him up! How? There are many ways. Consider these but DON'T use them:

If you consider that your particular and individual gripe must be aired before the whole college; if you forget that there are at least a few other people which must be served by the college besides the big "I;" if you consider that you, in just one instance, are due *special* consideration; if you forget that "LOVE" is the motivating force, or should be, behind ALL of the activities and pursuits of the student body — then you are going to cause these otherwise beneficial meetings to degenerate into time wasting exercise for uninhibited vocal cords.

We ARE college men and women — that means we should be adults! It is now high time to begin to think and act like grown-ups. It is time to put away childish things.

Let's keep our sights up high! Think before you act! Don't swipe someone else's beer. Put *your* socks away. Buy your own soap. Don't

EDITORIAL ARE YOU DISSATISFIED?

By Garner Ted Armstrong

No one wants to be called "hypocrite" and yet, there's a lot of the hypocrite in all of us. The kind that bottles itself up and seethes in its confinement is the least recognizable of them all. Willingly we turn our hands to the chore before us — while the thought creeps in, "I wasn't *hired* to do this." Smilingly we accept the appointment, while the inner voice whispers: "At least he could have asked me!"

Well . . .

Pleasantly we converse, and cheerfully say goodbye . . .
Only to hear that inner self make our very actions a lie!
Smilingly for days, scowling three.

We *pretend* to be someone, all the while saying:
"Is this me?"

In protecting hypocrisy, yet suppressing hate,
We never reach happiness . . . we're always too late.
In suppressing the one, and never realizing the other,
We're not interested in success (or too lazy to bother).
In bottling up our emotions, and pretending they're not *really* ours,
Our lives are endless oceans, never finding their shores.
A degenerate inside . . . surrounded by a cultured out . . .
Could this be me? this hypocritical lout?

We've all got problems, tho they're not all the same,
Nevertheless we've got only ourselves to blame!

Ourselves- But wait! There's *two*!

Which is really at fault, the outside, or the *real you*?

Why smile with our outside, and say: "You're very kind."

When all the while our insides groan: "Ignorant! Blind!"

Heedless we plunge through a life of deceit,

Thinking thoughts we'd never dare repeat

Aloud in normal conversation . . .

And in so doing, we suffer frustration.

Why frustrate ourselves . . . is there a purpose?

It can only slow us, or stop us, or hurt us.

But as a solution, I'll offer this thought:

Practise RIGHT THINKING, and the battle's half fought.

But the worst of them all . . . by far the biggest blunder,

Is the one who says: "I'm still here . . . and no wonder!"

They *need* me, these people . . . said they needed labor . . .

So I'll stay here and work . . . I'll do 'em a favor!"

Deceit, we admit, is really insensible,

But to the ones who think they're indispensable,

We say: "Oh, no . . . we won't grieve . . .

But, *please* close the door *softly*.

as you leave!

But perhaps the best answer to it all was written by a literary great: "If you work for a man . . . work for him! Speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him part of the time, and the rest of the time work against him. I would give an undivided service or none. If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness."
— *Elbert Hubbard*.

Never forget the tremendous *job* we have to do. Let's give it everything we've got—or admit we're not a part of it. We're all human . . . *very* human. We need only admit our own error, and press forward toward truth and freedom from self pity and hypocrisy by . . . bringing into captivity every thought to obedience of Christ." (II Cor. 10:5)

"borrow" without asking. Use your head in the care of all of the furnishings of the campus. Don't abuse your privileges. Perhaps you should spend some time considering just how great your privileges are.

Rules were made to be KEPT — it is the unthinking emotionally insecure mind which finds excuses to break the rules.

Make some mistakes if you must—

and you are human; so you will make mistakes. Just don't make them *because* you're being inconsiderate and unthinking. You make your mistakes while you are *trying* to do the RIGHT thing.

If each of us accepts the responsibility imposed by our position here at Ambassador our forums and assemblies will be everything we should expect them to be.

Livers are doers
 who will to win
 Diers are quitters
 they live to sin
 Life is lived by livers
 until the second they die
 Death is died by diers
 for years while life slips by



CONVERSION — the largest student body ever (more than 200!) necessitated a quick kitchen transition for cafeteria - style serving of our quality Mayfair meals.

NEW FACES IN MAIL RECEIVING DEPARTMENT

Recent newcomers to the Mail Receiving department include Mr. Hunting, Dr. Zimmerman, Mr. Baird, Avon Pfund, and Art Kirishian. We extend our congratulations to all of you and hope that you enjoy your stay in this department as much as those who have gone before you enjoyed working here.

PREPARATION OF HARVESTERS

By Ray Dick

We are becoming accustomed to putting up with crowded conditions, but now something new has become crowded. This time it is the calendar.

The big increase in enrollment during the last two years has made it necessary to set up a Sunday evening Ambassador Club. Since Wednesday evening is reserved for the Language Clubs, a choice had to be made between Saturday and Sunday evening.

We know that this new group, under the leadership of Mr. Antion will be a welcome addition to our regular clubs.

FACULTY RECEPTION

Through the open door flowed the students of Ambassador College in lovely formals and neat suits awaiting the first social event of the year. New acquaintances were made and old friends were once again warmly received. The long line of guests greeted Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and the college faculty at the formal reception held in their honor Wednesday evening, September 3, in the Ambassador College Library and surrounding grounds.

This year, with the large incoming class of freshmen, the crowded lawn, where the formally attired guests were gathered following the reception, was truly a witness of the growth and expansion since Ambassador's small beginning years ago when the student body numbered only four.

GRADUATE SCHOOL BEGINS

The Ambassador College Graduate School of Theology got underway again Wednesday, September 3rd, with a sizeable enrollment. Included in the school this year are some of the men who have been away from the campus for quite some time — on tours of duty in God's work.

Mr. Frank Longuskie, recently returned from nearly 30 months' service in England, registered for classes together with Mr. Kemmer Pfund, who has been teaching in Imperial School at Gladewater. Also registering was Mr. Burk McNair, visiting minister from the field, here for a semester of graduate work.

Let's all pray God will guide and inspire these important graduate sessions, making them a fruitful part of His work on earth.

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE NOW IN SPANISH

By Kenneth Register

Spanish students will soon be studying the Correspondence Course in their native language. Thirteen lessons of the Correspondence Course have been translated into Spanish and will be going to press in the very near future.

The German and French departments also announced that they are starting the translation of the Correspondence Course into German and French.

This is a great step forward in the work of God and is opening the way for future opportunities for students in the foreign language departments of the work.

PRESIDENTS APPOINTED

Finally we know! Since last Tuesday morning when Mr. David Antion announced class officers would be appointed Thursday, many of the students had been wondering, surmising, yes, and even guessing who the new officers would be. Today the suspense was put to an end. There were four *very* surprised and happy people.

They were:

Student Council Secretary
Miss Florence Ann Watson
 Senior Class President
Mr. Roger Foster
 Junior Class President
Mr. Ronald Kelly
 Sophomore Class President
Mr. Guy Englebart
 Freshman Class President
To be appointed

Each man, as introduced, gave a short talk with the exception of Mr. Ronald Kelly who, at the present, is in the Springfield area working with Mr. Cole. Mr. A. J. Portune did a wonderful job of standing in for Ron — in fact, he let us in on many things that Ron would probably never have said. Thank you, Mr. Portune.

Certainly with leaders like this we should have a very good school year. So, any of you who have problems — don't fret — go to your class President. He is there to help you.

TOP END VANITY

By C. C. Zimmerman

What a difference a photographer on the campus makes.

Did you notice the men last week?

We were treated to a grand array of new ties — or was that only a half dozen new ties which were making the rounds? There haven't been so many white shirts in class and at work for a long time. Not since last year at this time.

Hair which might otherwise be unruly and of no special concern was brought into neat (almost military) alignment. Suit coats, brushed and pressed neatly, were rampant. Faces were clean shaven and scrubbed.

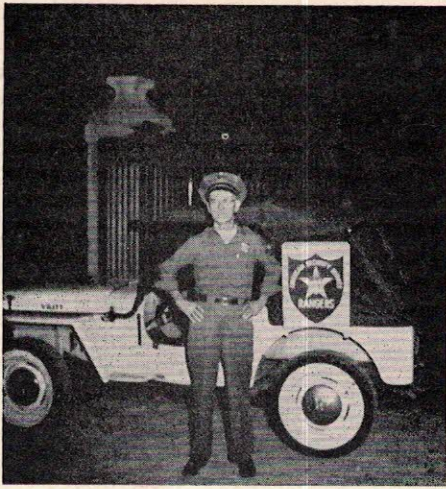
The males on the campus looked "real good" — from their coat tails up.

* * *

OPPORTUNITIES YET!

Students, where have you buried your talents?
 Are we to put on only a musical at the Feast?
 There is more talent here than is being used.
 Let's put our minds and abilities to work!

This means YOU!



Our friendly night patrolman, Ranger R. Horn, is on the job! The American Security Rangers — whose services we employed in April of 1957 — is an organization whose main purpose is to eliminate trouble BEFORE it starts.

SNEAKERS

By C. C. Zimmerman

There was only the barest suggestion of an eerie light in the East. The gate swung limply — and gaped its intimidating welcome. Ghostly gray shapes came creeping stealthily out of the fog. A hush, broken sporadically by an unintelligible, muttering mumble, hung over the area.

The motely mob was felt to be in confusion. Their numbers gradually swelled. They swayed back and forth curdling into tight little knots, and then they expanded into a loosely knit rabble only to clot up again. There was an undercurrent of repression; yet the feeling that urgent action was needed. They must vent their pent-up emotions on something — anything.

Their attention was finally focused on a smallish, middle-aged man. The crowd sensed that time was short — they must make their move soon. They loomed up and around that naive soul who smiled a benign and inviting smile.

He listened closely and heard the bones cracking and grinding as the mob steadily increased. Finally, he too comprehended the inevitableness of the occasion. The tension mounted. Something must be done and soon; so Mr. Lochner said, "Once around the track!"

Another year of exercises had begun — it'll be fun, IF you let it.

* * *

Rastus: "My boss wants a pane o' glass nine by 'leben."

Hardware Man (Jokingly): "Hain't got none that size, Rastus, but will a 'leben by nine pane do?"

Rastus: "I'll try 'er. Mebbe if we slip 'er in sideways nobody'll notice!"

PAGE FOUR

METAMORPHOSIS OF AMBASSADOR HALL

By C. C. Zimmerman

When school closed for vacation last spring Ambassador Hall sat atop the hill like a portly but rheumy old gentleman. Having the air of culture and solidity but at that time just a little run down at the heel. The elegance remained but it was a musty elegance. The building "felt" somewhat saggy. These impressions were true only because life and love had been denied the grand old structure. It does take life to make life.

Some two months ago I walked up the hill to see what was going on, and believe you me plenty was happening up there. Large hunks of the building were lying out on the lawn. Clumps of masonry, broken columns, wooden beams, plaster and metal were lying about in helter skelter fashion.

The finish flooring had been ripped up. Symmetrical cuts had been made through the sub-flooring. This was for the installation of new wiring and the sprinkler system. Old built-ins had been ripped out so that doors could be placed in their stead.

Ambassador Hall was no longer musty — it was dusty. Dirt was everywhere. All seemed to be in confusion but the beginning of new "life" could be felt stirring deep down in the building.

About a month ago I again visited the Hall and this time even more of that "life" was becoming noticeable.

What a month ago had appeared pure confusion was now beginning to exhibit the attributes of organized confusion. Mr. Elliott's hand of direction could be detected. There was so very much to be done in the remaining time before scheduled classes that it actually appeared impossible that the building could be completed in time to accommodate one class, let alone several.

When I went to attend my first class in Ambassador Hall it was amazing to see how very much progress had been made. It's going to be a most beautiful and stimulating building when finally and totally completed. One about which the College can be justly enthusiastic. It is a job well done and all of us who are privileged to use it should thank God for the opportunity. But let us not forget to express our gratitude to Mr. Elliott and all of his able assistants and craftsmen who performed the physical labor of transforming a dingy old mansion into a new lyceum of beauty and worth.

We, the students, now have the responsibility of making it blossom into full life. It is our lives which will make Ambassador Hall live. Let us make certain that the life which we do give it will be worthy of the institution of which it is a part, for this is God's College.



'Bout time to trundle into our dust-moochin' highway flivvers and skeedaddle, huh? See yawl at the tabernacle!

* * *

Before the main show at Griffith Observatory one evening, while several of the students were looking at the many Geological exhibits, Gene Hughes began explaining the technicalities of a thrust fault as only he can. From the crowd piped a little voice. "Say mister, are you the guide here?"

Cal: "You's a liah!"

Wash: "Say dat again, and I'll bust yore jaw!"

Cal: "Considah it said again!"

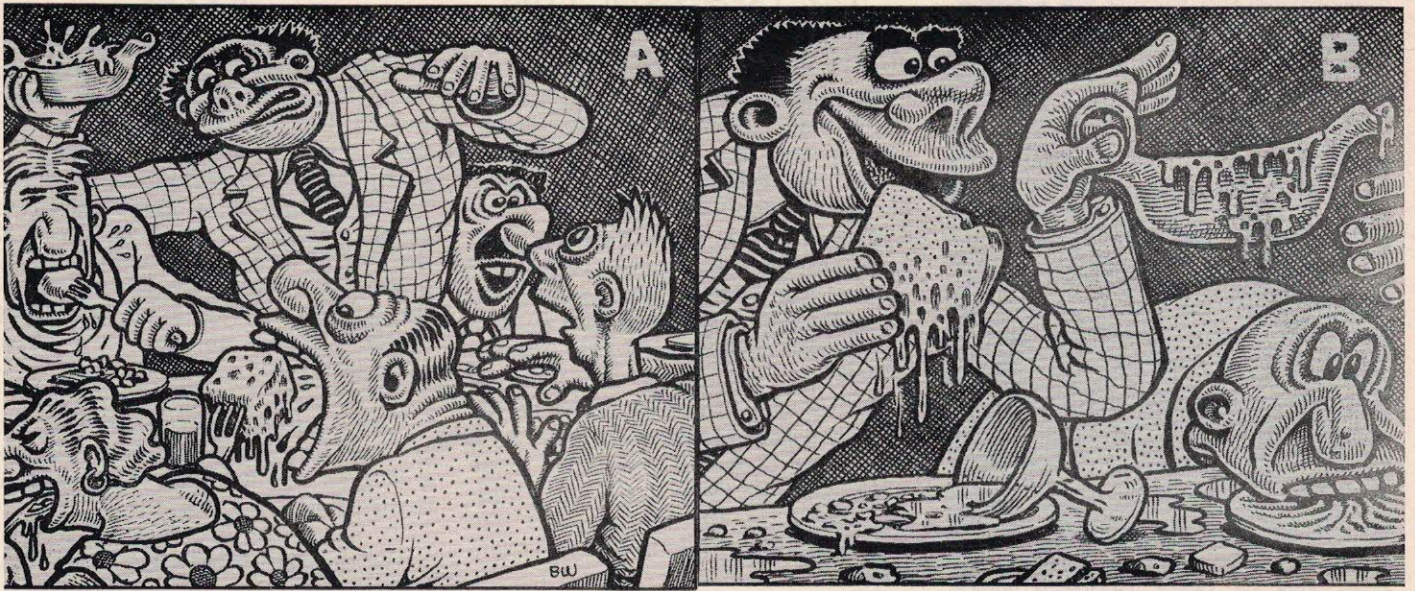
Wash: "Considah yore jaw busted!"

THE WATCHMAN!

Jesus said, "Watch ye therefore..." so we would know the real meaning of the times in which we live. Ambassador College now has an official "news watcher" in the person of Mr. Al Portune.

Mr. Portune will be sifting information from all the Churches, Bible Studies, Mail Receiving Department, and various important magazines to fulfil a sorely needed position in God's work.

For some time now, since Ernest Martin's departure for London, Mr. Hoeh's "Memory-O-Matic" files have gone unattended. Now — Mr. Don Wofford will take charge of the files, adding current information which will be gathered by Mr. Portune — thus supplying a very useful source of material for future broadcasts, television programs and articles.



MIND YOUR MANNERS — YOU IDJUT!!!

WILDCAT OF A TIME

By Kelly Barfield

All that meets the eye is not worth taking! The outward appearance of things does not always reveal what is hidden within. To illustrate the point let me relate to you an incident that took place outside of Fort Worth, Texas a year or so back.

Two young teenagers had captured a ferocious Bobcat. For a few hours they meditated on the idea of what to do with the mild looking little beast that would titillate their carnal minds. Light came! Two minds proceeded to enjoy themselves.

A suitcase of moderate size was acquired and an unwilling but coerced wildcat was placed inside. The next step was well executed by casually leaving the suitcase by the main highway so that it would be very conspicuous.

The victims of circumstances happened to be a carload of negroes returning from a days work. They passed by the suitcase, but stopped quickly about fifty feet head, threw the car into reverse, grabbed the suitcase and sped off with the loot.

About fifty yards up the road the fun began. What a hilarious time. With weaving motions the car ran into the ditch. Thru doors and out windows the victims tumbled. The battle had been won — Mr. Bobcat rode victoriously on the last man's back!

WRITER'S PLIGHT

— R. H.

Writing is terrific
when ideas are prolific
vocabulary specific
and style magnific

... for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not.

AN ORACLE CONCERNING WASHINGTON

Judy Brines

The panorama was breathtaking. Far below me lay the fertile green crops ripened to the point of bursting forth their delicacies, the broad expanse of forests and lakes. Life was below me. The shadow of the plane moved over golden wheatfields that decorated the terrain next to the twisting bed of the lazy river. The silvery water reflected the highlights of the sun in diamond-like sparkles as it flowed slowly along, each gentle ripple giving blessings to its abundant domain.

Farmers were busily turning under the sod of their familiar land. Crusty grass was upturned and buried face down, exposing rich black loam to the fresh air and sunshine. The little tractors furrowed intriguing patterns across their own particular fenced-in domain — hungrily eating the soil.

Work, man, for night is coming soon. You cultivate your land; you water your crops; you grow and produce. You see and yet you do not see. Look into the future — the very near future: Hills that were once stately with pine and fir — now they are becoming dry and barren. Your berries once helped feed a nation. Where are they now? The rain has always brought nourishment to the plush undergrowth of grass and ferns — where is the rain? Your cattle were once well fed and strong but now they waste away searching for dry grass.

Oh, how long will it be before you see and understand, Land I love?

GREEN, ANKLE-HIGH MEN

It was 9:47 p.m.: a typical night in most respects. Kathryn Meredith and Beverly Baird felt no apprehension, had no forebodings, no premonitions — everything seemed quite usual as they approached the Mayfair entrance talking about whatever girls talk about.

The soaring object crashed to earth directly in front of them! Stunned, they waited for the green, ankle-high men to debark. They waited. Petrified. Nothing happened. No green, ankle-high men debarked. Kathryn and Beverly could constrain themselves no longer. Woman's innate curiosity subdued caution and propelled them toward the spaceship fifteen feet ahead.

The "ship" was of corrugated cardboard construction measuring six feet by one foot. Within were some instructions for erecting the bed frames it no longer contained. Subsequent indignation disclosed that the "ship" had been launched from a third floor Mayfair window by foreign agents wearing janitor garb.

It was a typical night — in most respects.

— R. H.

ON PHILOSOPHERS

Mr. Herrmann: "A philosopher watched the sun sink over the horizon to the west and later observed that the sun rose in the east. It perplexed him. How could this be? He watched again the next evening as the sun disappeared from view and it still was beyond his comprehension. He thought about it; he thought about it some more. It became later and later. The longer he thought the later it was. Hours passed. He meditated and speculated without ceasing. Morning was drawing near. FINALLY it dawned on him.



Mr. Ronald Chandler and bashful fiancée Jeanne Smith, pose for candid PORTFOLIO picture.

Unborn Conflagration

By C. C. Zimmerman

Silence fills the room. Nine pairs of eyes gaze agonizingly into space. Frowns converge over those eyes only to recede and leave a bland and vacuous expression on the faces in the typing room.

Suddenly a dim light of intelligence sparkles in one pair of the eyes. A half smile flicks briefly across that countenance and its typewriter begins to clatter and clack hesitantly at first; then furiously — for a brief moment — it slows . . . sputters . . . and stops. The glazed stare returns to the eyes and with it comes a pained expression.

Next the eyes are quizzical. They ask, "Why? WHO? What? WHERE?"

AH! Now we see the kindling of the flame of reason deep down in the blue pair. (The browns are broodingly dull; the grays are dazed.) The blues gleam brighter — they seem to be laboriously but industriously fanning the growing glow — it's going to catch! Surely it will! Then the connection is broken; the eyes lose their grip on the glimmering spark, it dwindles, is about to go out. WAIT! It flares again — and ebbs and wanes again. The spark is dead and the woeful, vacant stare returns.

What is this unborn conflagration?

It's a story trying to be hatched for this issue of the PORTFOLIO.

NEXT ISSUE
COMMENCES
NEW PORTFOLIO
POLICY

AN ANCIENT ART

By Ray Dick

Beware — all rich, single, Ambassador men! There is a "gold-digger" among you. She looks just like most other "gold-diggers," with long, blond hair and blue eyes.

There is one big difference however. Marlys Jantz doesn't want *your* money. She is perfectly happy to dig for it herself. She is quite an authority on gold-panning and gold-bearing gravel.

She is very much at home at the edge of a cold mountain stream with a pan and a shovel. The only noise to distract her there is the soft rippling sound of the stream and the chirping of the birds in the tall evergreens.

Whereas most blondes learn "gold-digging" from their mothers, Marlys learned it from her father. Mr. Jantz still pans for gold in his spare time.

DR. MERRILL (cont'd. from page 1)

His Church. If God does govern His Church — then you and I KNOW that Dr. Merrill was a tool in the hand of our Very Creator. Let us thank God that we were afforded the protective influence of such a man for as long as we were.

God's Church mourns because it has lost another important member. A member who has given himself, unselfishly, during this end time that others in the Church might be given the physical care which their diverse ailments might require. You who have been cared for by him should feel the loss more acutely; but all who are in the Church need to understand that it was his presence, under God, which stood between the Church and legal persecution. Due to our reliance upon the Eternal to care for our physical afflictions we continuously place ourselves in legal jeopardy.

Dr. Merrill's life had purpose and so did his death. It was by means of his death, and funeral, that the truth of the Word of God was carried as a witness to the ears of many of those who are "wise and mighty." Certainly there must also be other reasons which are not at once discernible.

We have suffered a loss but we must press on. We are the more vulnerable to medico-legal persecution now. The seriousness of the situation, we fear, is not appreciated fully except by a few. However, we cannot waiver from the Faith. God, help us to put all of our trust in You, our Creator.

GASS

The night Nancy Kiser arrived at college, Arlen, Kay, Judy and Gene, devoted musicians at heart, picked her up at the bus station. On the way home to the campus the group in the main was attentively concentrating on a great Gershwin piano arpeggio. In the midst of all the raving over the masterpiece the unexpected voice of Nancy broke through the barrier with, "It sounds like he's mad at the piano!" . . . Mrs. Martin?

* * *

The oriental rugs around Mayfair are just fine until you drop a raisin and then try to find it. It's plum frustrating!

* * *

We received this letter in the office last week:

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

I am in urgent need of your prayers. Last night I had a fever of 300 degrees."

* * *

"What is man today?"

Mr. Lochner — "Just what's left that the world couldn't use!"

* * *

Registration day I was working diligently when a new student from England came up to my table and asked, "Shall I get at the end of the queue?" I sat there and looked "bum-fuzzled" for a minute until I finally realized what he meant. He wanted to know if he should "get in line." Later I talked to the "chap" and found out a few other expressions that I wouldn't have understood. And all this time I thought we spoke English!

* * *

Jimmie: "Mommy, I want a 'mato."

Mrs. T.: "Jimmie, say 'TO-mato'."

Jimmie: "No, mommie, I only want ONE 'mato."

* * *

K B. — "If you had to and didn't want to, what would you do?"

R.H. — "I'd give one away."

* * *

Two UPPER-Classmen — B. M. to Cousin Leon on Del Mar fire escape. "The theory holds true. The freshmen know the — in and around but not the above."

K.B. below — "How's that?"

Cousin — "Well of all the students that have walked by, only one freshman has looked up."

* * *

Fun is a hazy expression, very elastic, used to describe a situation absent of seriousness which appeals to a human being.

F. S.