



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ----- PASADENA CALIFORNIA

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APRIL 25, 1958



Here is but a portion of the more than 700 who enjoyed the Unleavened Feast Days at Headquarters.

## PASSOVER, 1958

*Allen C. Dexter*

Reverent eyes scanned open Bibles as several hundred people filed down the aisle and took their seats. Thoughts wandered back through the centuries to another solemn night in Egypt and ahead again almost 1500 years to the upper room in Jerusalem.

Slowly, the curtain rose. Behind it on the stage stood a medium sized table which supported two glistening columns of metal trays. Between the two columns a large, white napkin concealed unleavened bread. Mr. Hoeh and Dr. Meredith were standing.

Mr. Hoeh began reading in chapter 12 of Exodus, after the opening prayer by Dr. Meredith, taking us back in history to the year 1493 B.C. Other pertinent scriptures followed, and with the reading of Mat. 28:20, the foot washing ceremony began. Two by two, quickly, silently, the ordinance of humility was carried out.

Another scriptural reading, a short prayer, the breaking of the bread, and we all partook of the symbolic body of Christ.

After the wine and a reading of several selected scriptures by Charles Dorothy, the meeting came to an end. Everyone returned home to meditate on the meaning of this solemn night; to look back on the year since the last; to look forward over the year remaining to the next.

This was Passover, 1958.

### IN ANOTHER TONGUE

*J. Wilson*

God is beginning to bless Gentiles. For the *first time* in this age the *true gospel* is to be broadcast in *another language*. The first program in *Spanish* will be aired over Radio La

Cromica in Lima, Peru, the first Sunday in May at 7:00 p.m. This station operates with a power of 10,000 watts on its standard band plus short wave. It is Peru's most popular and most powerful radio station.

*(Continued on Page 6)*

## Modern Taipings

Martin Luther would have slept fitfully one evening in early April if he could have been conscious of a scene that was being enacted in far away Taiwan (Formosa). There on the last Nationalist Chinese stronghold, in a small Lutheran church, 100 Chinese people convoked together. They had been called to this meeting by a recently converted Lutheran missionary to observe the ordinance of the Passover.

Mr. Carlson had not had time to contact either Pasadena or London, but by diligently studying the scriptures relating to the Passover, they were able to hold a service that paralleled that conducted in every other congregation of the Church of God.

If we were amazed to learn that King Tut played backgammon between tombs, you can imagine our blow-me-down reaction on discovering that Martin Luther put bowling on the map in the 16th century!

## Indomitable Burgeoning Continues

Two more pieces of property have recently been purchased. The Cobb residence, 252 So. Orange Grove Avenue is next to the house directly across from the Lisman home on the corner of Grove and Orange Grove, and will be the future home of *Mr. Ted Armstrong and household*.

The other property is the Olson residence, 280 So. Orange Grove Ave., just behind Manor Del Mar on the corner of Orange Grove and Del Mar Street. *Mr. Hoeh and family* will be happy to make this their new home in the near future.

Don't forget Mr. Armstrong's forum admonition.



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## WHY READ

### THE EDITORIAL PAGE?

Richard Sedliacik

"More 'preachy' articles on the editorial page again. I'll just skip right over it. Who's interested anyhow?" Are these your thoughts when turning the first page? Let's stop a minute and analyze this viewpoint.

First of all, we must realize that the writers on the PORTFOLIO staff are *not* professional. They are *learning* to write. This is one of the main purposes of having the paper. Secondly, it is intended to give the students interesting campus and church news highlights. Along with this a certain amount of humorous articles, interesting photographs, and amusing cartoons are included in each paper.

We try to hit a proper balance in all these things. Sometimes we don't. Likewise, in our Christian life we don't always achieve a perfect balance.

Here is the point.

Since we *are seeking* a right balance in our Christian lives, shouldn't we also be seeking that balance in the things we read? Thought provoking with the newsy; corrective with amusing — that is what we try to give you.

The answer to the title of this article should now be quite *obvious* to the reader.

\* \* \* \*

Ignorance is not bliss — it is oblivion!

—Wylie

\* \* \* \*

A man who is sure of himself doesn't blow his top.

—Wylie

## EASTER SPECTACLE

David Roush

Here are some of the different ways people "celebrate" the "Easter Season."

*In Jerusalem*, the city where Christ died, about 10,000 pilgrims and tourists from a dozen nations were present for the "celebration" of the resurrection. The number was the largest of recent years.

The Easter observance in Jerusalem came on one of the rare occasions when it coincides with important religious celebrations of the Moslems and Jews. Those of the Jewish faith were observing the Passover, commemorating the ancient Israelites' liberation from Egyptian bondage. The Moslems had begun Ramadan, the holy month of fasting.

The 16-ton master bell of *St. Peter's Basilica* rang out early and set the stage for a medly heralding Easter's glad tidings. Many bells of Rome's nearly 500 Roman Catholic Churches, where thousands of pilgrims and Italians attended midnight masses, joined in.

An extremely unusual feature of the week-end rite was revived in *Mexico City* after being banned last year: "The burning of Judas." Large effigies of Judas, the betrayer of Christ, are filled with explosives and hung over the streets. On the day before Easter the explosives are touched off.

One commentator states: "An Easter parade, like a Christmas tree, is an expression of joy and *lightheartedness*. I fail to see anything disgusting about it. Maybe it's just the way you look at it. But it's interesting to know people look at it differently." (Italics are mine.) ("There is a way . . . (Prov. 14:12).")

## NEVER EMPTY

I held the small glass in my fingers. I rotated it. Contemplated. Meditated.

Shortly before, this small "cup" had contained the symbolic blood of Christ. I had drunk that "blood." Now, I was looking into an empty glass.

Wait! It's not empty! There. On the side. A drop of red wine. There's another — and another — still another.

No, it was not empty. There was still a little left.

How true a type. No matter how often men come to Christ in true repentance, the cup is never quite drained dry. There is always enough blood left to cover the weary sinners oppressive burden.

Quietly, I gave thanks.

## Missed The Bus

"It's 6:25! Just a minute or two to go! Will I make it?"

"Let's see . . . first, I've got to find my billfold. Oh my, *where is it?* There it is — on top of the ice box!"

*Time is flying!*

Now to pack this brief case in a hurry, and AWAY!

Out the door I run, down to the bus stop! I look in the distance — both directions — and sadly shake my head. MISSED *the bus!* There it goes — headed in the direction of my destination.

"Oh well, there will *always* be another bus."

Lesson learned?

NO! Next day, the same scene repeats itself!

But, the important question is: WILL WE BE READY WHEN CHRIST COMES? Or, will we "*miss the bus?*" NOW is our *time of preparation!* Someday we might well "*miss the LAST bus*" into the Kingdom!

## AIN'T

It ain't wrong to say ain't says Dr. Austin J. Freely, director of speech at John Carroll University, Cleveland, Ohio. It ain't wrong to say ain't; but you ain't supposed to write it.

Dr. Freely said that "ain't represents an effective, emphatic means of communication. He added that it should be used only in speech, not in writing, and only on suitable occasions. (For the Ambassador College student: there *ain't* no suitable occasion!)

## Along The Line . . .

Kenneth Mowat

. . . of smokey hills, the crimson forest stands, and all day long the student repents his lack of plans.

This is the state of a student — a cunctator, one who didn't search for a summer job *early*. Remember economy is in a mess, employment is in a mess, and labour is in a mess. I didn't cunctate, and I am nearly in one also. I wrote *scores* of letters trying to locate a job. I got *two* answers — even they are still pending.

The point therefore is: start writing NOW for summer employment. You are being joined by thousands of students all across this country. Some will not find work, *but many shall*. You could be among these.

\* \* \* \*

If you've already made up your mind that you can't do something — you're absolutely right!





## OBSERVE

*Stalwart Sentinels these,  
Stretching high 'gainst somber  
sky,  
Trees that merit, if you please,  
More than a glance as you  
rush by —  
God made them.*

—Hopkins

### WORD TO BACHELORS

The man who coined the phrase, "the almighty dollar," was Washington Irving, America's first internationally acclaimed writer.

Mr. Irving was a bachelor, but he supported a sister, a brother, two nieces and two servants. In their regard he remarked, "Had I only myself to take care of, I should become as inert, querulous, and good for-nothing as other old bachelors who only live for themselves, and should soon become weary of life...."

### MORE CLUBS

*J. Wilson*

Recently, the Senior Ambassador Club divided its membership to form two clubs. It had grown too large to function efficiently as a single unit. This brings the total number of Ambassador Clubs to *five*, but now there is coming a rather spectacular expansion. Club number *six* is soon to start at *Gladewater, Texas!*

These clubs are certainly proving helpful to the brethren of the Church. Dormant speaking qualities are coming to life and are being developed. Who knows how many deacons, elders, and even evangelists may come out of this training!

### GRASSHOPPER FEAST!

Bill Homberger and the Mayfair Crew had a special luncheon treat — and I mean special! *Grasshoppers were served!* Yes, you heard me right. After all, the Bible says they're good food. Well, as the story goes, everyone had a first serving, and o-ooh, it was so-o-o good — with their sweet little heads and bulging eyes, not to forget the juicy insides—m-m-m.

The plate was passed around for second helpings. It came to Bill. He thought a minute and said, "No, thanks — I don't think I'll have any more just now . . . the first ones are still jumping!"

### FOSSILITIS

Fossils were strewn all over the hillside. Lorelle, Gene and Margie Hughes trudged their way up the dirt road searching for any interesting specimen to keep.

Gene left the girls wandering along searching for some new fossil. Perhaps he was thinking about Mr. Herrman's geology class.

Lorelle and Margie diligently searched and found a few sea shells and other creatures that had been embedded in the sediment many years ago.

### COULD YOU DO IT?

*Bill McDowell*

Many different and interesting questions come in to the Letter Answering Department. **COULD YOU, THE AMBASSADOR STUDENT, ANSWER THESE?**

1. The Correspondence Course says Satan still thinks he can wrest God's kingdom from God. If Satan has been perfect in his wisdom from the beginning, how can he think that he can overcome his own Creator?

2. How many trees were in the Garden of Eden? Did they represent angels — the tree of life representing Christ and the tree of knowledge representing Satan?

3. Since both Pharez and Zarah came from the House of Judah, how can you say that Zarah came to represent the House of *Israel*?

4. Please explain Mark 9:49 — *everyone shall be salted with fire.*

5. If God has all knowledge, why did He repent for having made Saul king of Israel? He knew he wouldn't be a good king, didn't he?

6. Since Christ said, "Let the dead bury the dead," would it be wrong to decorate graves on Decoration Day?

7. My husband and I have counted Pentecost *many* times and we always come out with fifty one days instead of fifty days. Could you please explain this for us?



## REAL CONFIDENCE

Norva Pyle

I know a little boy who thinks his mother doesn't forget. You know why I know he thinks it — he told me so.

One day last week Shirley Armstrong was making a trip to the grocery store. Earlier in the day I had mentioned to her that I needed a couple of items from the store, but I failed to mention it to her again before she left. I remarked to Molly, "Oh, I know Shirley will forget the things I needed from the store" (not even realizing that Mark was around).

Mark spoke up and said, "She won't forget, Norv." Naturally I asked him how he knew she wouldn't forget. He said, "Well, while we were in Texas I picked up the song books when I wasn't supposed to. Mother told me she was going to whip me when we got back to the motel. She didn't forget to whip me, so I know she won't forget your things."

(I call that real confidence.)

## NERVOUS PETUNIAS

Just in time for the May flowers these April showers are supposed to bring. U. S. Rubber Co. announced a plant tranquilizer to calm nervous petunias and help them withstand the rigors of frost, drought, oppressive heat and flooding rains. You have no idea how insecure a petunia can get these days.

I imagine a lot of our shrubbery will be delighted also. Think what U.S. Rubber has done for wild rice, snapdragons, and tiger lillies. Not to mention wall-climbing ivy, which very likely now will be content just to spread. Now, thanks to science, possibly weeping willows will not get so hysterical, and all the potted plants will take the cure.

## HE-WOMEN — SHE-MEN

Soviet writer, Vladimir Memtsov, suggested that too many Russian women are doing men's work — and vice versa. He asserts that in many cases women are assigned to such heavy jobs as lugging bricks, railway ties, and rails while men are working in the kitchens. (American men aren't the only ones with dishpan hands.)

\* \* \* \*

N. B.: "I've got a frog in my throat."

D. P.: "You've got one in your voice too."

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## JUSTICE?

Gary Sefcak

I saw an armed officer forceably take a baby girl from her mother's arms and give her to a woman who had seen her for the first time barely an hour before. Tearing the mother limb from limb or running her through with a sword would have been more humane.

It all began about nineteen months ago. A young, attractive girl of twenty made a "mistake." She found herself pregnant! She wouldn't or couldn't marry the man responsible. Time passed — five . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . almost nine months. Unemployed for many weeks, broke, no home, no family, or friends to turn to, she became desperate. An ad. advertising a home for unwed mothers, caught her eye — she answered it and was taken in.

After labor pains started, she signed a paper giving the "benevolent" house mother permission to put the baby up for adoption. Birth came. The mother strengthened, was given twenty-five dollars and turned into the streets again — having never seen the new life she brought into the world.

Within a month, she was "kinda sharing" an apartment with a nice young man she met. "She didn't have much money, and I had a pretty large place," the man said, "so . . ." After a month, they married.

The "adoption mill," as the newlywed mother's attorney called it, gave the baby to a barren wife. She had been married twelve years. She was desperate for a child. She threatened her husband with divorce if he would not adopt this baby.

Many licensed adoption agencies had previously turned them down. The man was dishonourably discharged from the service and convicted of blackmail! The woman had T.B. and was seeing a psychiatrist regularly. But for \$4,000 *expense money* everything was arranged by the "adoption mill's" attorney. They kept the baby ten months. She was like their own. She had filled a great vacuum, making a home complete.

The dignified judge saw these and more rotten skeletons brought from the closets. His decision came in a few minutes. The adoption was illegal! Custody of the child was awarded to the real mother! Its foster mother went hysterical as the officer pulled "her baby" from her arms. The apathetic "strange" mother carried her screaming daughter off as the languished, horror-stricken "parents" were ordered cleared from the courtroom so the next case could begin.

This happened in a United States Court of *justice!*

## TO FRANCE AND BACK IN TWO HOURS

Kenneth Mowat

This age fascinates me! But what it would do for Grampa if he saw it makes me wonder — turn over in his grave? — probably revolve madly.

We bought the tickets, entered, and sat down. In what seemed no time, France was before our eyes. We skirted its borders from town to town — the small ones, mainly. Even our guide seemed enlightened as to public opinion; Paris, that monster of publicity, was nearly overlooked in this trip. So we saw France as it really is — not just the gaudy distorted travesties of Paris.

Want to take another trip to another part of the world? Mark April 24, Thursday evening, as time for take off to Portugal, Madavia, and the Azores. It's a real education — a cheap one, too. It's Pasadena Civic Auditorium travelogue series. Your chance to see the world.

## BETCHA DIDN'T KNOW

Betcha didn't know orchids and chickens had anything in common, didja? Well, stand by for some frightening news! Although orchids are parasites, flourishing in tropical rain forests, where any self-respecting chicken would *never* be found (*especially* up climbing around on tree limbs), modern man has found orchids thrive on *chicken* manure! Yep! S'matterafact, *someone* in Mayfair, it's rumored, has a secret deal with Mr. Lindsey, (who has a flock of willing chickens) — and, without knowing it, Mr. Lindsey's chickens are partially responsible for a thriving orchid plant on our grounds!

## NEW NAME

In case you haven't heard, "Manson's" is a thing of the past. From now on we should be calling it "Terrace Villa". The name is very appropriate for this lovely new girl's dormitory of Mediterranean architecture.





TIME: Spring (April, 1958)  
 PLACE: Tabernacle  
 LOCATION: Near Gladewater, Texas  
 OCCASION: Observance of the Passover and Days of Unleavened Bread



## Foresight

Norva Pyle

Business foresight — that's what they call it. Does it really pay? Well, perhaps it does in most cases, but I know once when it didn't.

A merchant in Gladewater, Texas noticed that those people who flocked in for that big gathering out there in the woods, in the spring of 1957, bought a lot of Ry-Crisp. In fact, he sold out what he had in a hurry, and then missed several sales because he didn't have more on hand.

When this particular merchant heard that these people were coming back in the fall, he decided to be ready for them. What did he do? Why naturally, he stocked up on Ry-Crisp. But much to his sorrow those people didn't eat Ry-Crisp in the fall.

(I wonder. Do you think we were eating last year's Ry-Crisp at Gladewater this spring?)

### FRIENDLY PESTS

I happened to glance in the mirror on my way to class . . . Oh, no! It can't be! The weather's not that hot yet. Maybe it's dirt. I scrubbed . . . still there. Oh, no, *another* one . . . and *another*. I gave up in defeat. They had arrived in full force. With the first rays of warm sunshine also arrived my friendly pests . . . the freckle brigade.

## ONLY ROOM FOR ONE

Conray Jennings

You are driving through a quiet residential section of Los Angeles. Everything is still and peaceful — very few cars on the street. All of a sudden you see an old man in car sitting sideways in front of you! You apply the brakes and almost say, "Boy! That was close!" But wait! The brakes aren't doing a sufficient job! . . . BAM!

The other car comes to rest on the curb after hitting a fire plug and tree. Immediately you get out of your car. Its nose is battered up, a pale blood from the radiator marking the pavement.

Then comes the flashing red lights, screaming police cars and ambulances. Men in black rush out to record details and witnesses. Other little men in white with little black bags leap out of the ambulances and proceed to trot around asking everyone if they are hurt. Finally, finding a man with a small cut in the edge of his ear, they cage him up and scream back down the street again.

Conclusion: No two pieces of matter can occupy the *same* space at at the *same* time — something's got to give.

## DAMPENED PLANS?

Judy Brines

*It was raining . . .* you know the determination of women when they want to do something . . . so we bundled up, pulled our hoods over our heads, our eyes peering out at the drizzle, loaded our food (enough for twice our capacity) on our bikes and were ready to go. Advice — don't ever ride through rain and mud on a bicycle without fenders — it's mighty wet sitting

Down and up the hills we huffed and puffed. This huff-puff condition was prevalent mostly with the feminine counterparts of the quartet. Where do men derive such strength and stamina?

The rain began coming down in torrents so we retreated readily under a highway bridge where we ate our lunch. Out popped apples, oranges, rye crisp, lettuce, cheese, cheese, and more cheese. I am just thankful the rats in the vicinity didn't know we had invaded their domain and were rapaciously devouring their tempting palate pacifier—cheese! What a stampede that would have been! By this time the sun had peeped its bashful head through the clouds once again and we had a beautiful ride home.

*Who cares if it rains?*

## HONEST INJUN

FLIP KU-THUD!!

Whish . . . Squeak . . . Whop . . . (Doors flying open).

Bing-g-g! Bong-g-g!! Boing-g-g!! (Eyes popping with astonishment).

Scene of Action: third floor Mayfair.

Source of reverberating FLIP KU-THUD?

Just Mrs. Horn turning *handsprings* in the hallway . . . !!

## TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

J. Wilson

What happened to the unsightly hummocks? Blemishes that once marred the lot opposite 283 West Del Mar Street have melted away. This lot is now level and waiting to accommodate our future high school building.

The material that composed these hummocks was put to very good use. It served as fill for the extensive landscaping work being done on the greatly enlarged Ambassador Campus. This soil that lately formed a blight will soon be bearing fruit. It will be supporting a beautiful, lush carpet of green to brighten our already beautiful campus.

## YIPPEE!!

Hey, there! Get this! Here's a real news splash! You have probably noticed the caterpillar tractor hungrily gulping out a huge bowl-shaped hole next to the wall near the South Wing of Ambassador Hall. According to Mr. Armstrong, this will be a *bowl-shaped terrace onto which the swimming pool will open!* A fancy finish will cover the level floor of the terrace — probably tile. Grass will cover the sloping sides while a fence encircles the crest of the bowl to provide adequate seclusion.

The entrance to the pool will be mostly of glass to allow more sunlight to enter the pool area.



## CASE OF THE WOBBLES

Clara Willingham

Somewhere beneath a mass of human flesh a little white pickup weaved back and forth on its merry way to the beach. We were wobbling gaily along when along came this friendly man on a motorcycle. He passed us a short distance and began to wave. We were quite amazed because none of us knew him. But his persistent waving compelled us to stop.

He had a pained look as he unstraddled his motorcycle and walked over to the driver of our pickup. It was evident he wasn't in a joking mood. We could almost feel the pickup rock as he thundered at us something like the following:

"What are you trying to do?"

"Go to the beach," we replied.

"Well, you'll never make it this way. Some of you will have to catch a bus on to the beach. I don't want blood splattered all over my beat. This wobbly, weaving contraption will never get you there."

Since we'd broken only a few points of the law — overloaded (only 18 passengers) four in the front seat, improper driving license, and the wrong person driving — no traffic ticket was given.

Sadly we parted — the women proceeding on in the pickup with a couple of men to drive; the rest heading for the bus stop. A few hours later we met at the beach, not too late for a reviving swim in the sea, and a few sunburns.



### MORNING RITUAL

OR

#### FAVORING THE ABOLITION OF SHAVERY

You say it's customary.  
You say it's only decent.  
They've done it now for ages.  
Its origin is not recent.  
But, you're not in my place —  
Glaring at that face.  
Oh, what a way  
To start the day!!

—Synonymous

### ANOTHER Tongue (cont'd. from pg.1)

The station itself is situated near San Marcos Catholic University, the oldest university in the western hemisphere. The presiding bishop of the university will no doubt be quite concerned when news of this "strange" doctrine comes to his ears.

In addition Radio Comuneros in Asuncion, Paraguay will carry the program every Sunday evening between 8:00 and 8:15 p.m. It broadcasts on standard band only and covers Paraguay, Uruguay, and Northern Argentina.

In Montevideo, another powerful station covers all of Latin America and can even be heard in the United States on its short wave band. Its primary coverage includes a population of from 10 to 15 million people.

## HANDS

Judy Brines

Once upon a time Great Hands created and molded an image. It was called man. There were two things that made the image a creator also: *hands* and a *mind*.

Soon *Hands* carried weapons of destruction. *Hands* gave birth to a monster—WAR. Finally, *Hands* saluted Hitler, reached for a luger and began terrorizing the free world. With knives *Hands* cut and tore into human flesh in order to heal what *Hands* had done. *Hands* built a golden calf, Baal, Buddha, the V-2 rocket, earth satellites — *Hands* were industrious . . . *Hands* accomplished: *Minds* forgot their Creator.

There is an image called man. Why?

\* \* \* \*

Bryce, picking his teeth: "I'm cleaning out Bryce Canyon."

Carl: "That's nothing I've got to clean out Carl's bad Cavern."

## Interested Jew

Richard H. Sedliacik

Just the other evening, a Jewish friend of ours began quizzing me about the College and the Work.

He seemed very interested and asked if they could hear Mr. Armstrong on the radio.

It was then about 3 minutes to 7 and we happened to be standing outside my trailer.

"Come on inside for a couple of minutes to hear the beginning of the program so you can locate it on your radio — it's almost time for the broadcast."

He came in and immediately became interested in our Czechoslovakian cut-glass. Mr. Ted Armstrong began speaking, but Mr. Kohn was wrapped up in the glass bowls. After a few minutes, he began to leave and said, "I'm not usually interested in what preachers have to say and am not about to be converted by any of them. I can't believe in their Pagan Easter and Christmas and other heathen holidays."

"We don't believe in them either. We keep the Sabbath and God's Holy Days," I replied.

"I keep the Sabbath too, but not like a good Jew should," he admitted.

Just then my wife handed him a copy of "Pagan Holidays, or God's Holydays — Which?" He took it and looked at the title, pondering over it for a few moments. Then, with his typical Jewish accent, he remarked, "Say, you know what? — a really bright fellow thought up that title."

### OBVIOUS CONTRADICTION

Natalie: (Tired of a constant stream of chatter issuing forth from the mouth of 4 year old Mark while he was trying to eat.) "Mark, please shut your mouth and eat."

Mark: (With all the wisdom that comes from being 4 years old) "But Nat, how can I shut my mouth and eat at the same time?"

### DAYS of NOAH . . .

While it was raining cats and dogs, to coin a phrase, Gene Hughes asked Leon Walker if he thought it would ever stop raining. Leon said he'd called the Weather Bureau for a forecast and all he knew was the weatherman confided that he was quietly acquiring two lions, two elephants, two sheep, two goats, etc., etc.



The mangled can Doris Forbes holds graphically illustrates a bears powerful determination when food is the object.

Telling the story of how a bear had stolen their food:

K. B.: "I'd sure hate to wrestle that bear on an empty stomach."

A. D.: "Yes, especially *his*."