

BIG TRUCK AND "BABIE"

#### GRASSHOPPER—FOOD AT AMBASSADOR COLLEGE?

(An article started five years ago, but didn't reach the publishers until now!)

No, it isn't on the menu — and really isn't very likely to be added. Here is why.

Delightful, unpredictable, lovable Owen Smith, the sports and student activity reporter for the "Good News Magazine" a few years ago found a nice fat hopper frolicking and skipping about, and he decided to try a little experimentation. Why, they ate those insects way back in Old Testament times, didn't they? He reasoned with Bill Homberger who was working with him on the lower campus grounds at that time. "I just wonder if — how — ??? So astutely, Owen captured the gay little hopper, pulled its head off with one quick jerk, and wrapped it up.

Now he was confronted with the grave problem of "the proper way to serve grasshoppers." Should they be fried, boiled, baked, or should they be served raw — perhaps they are still fresh and warm? The cook laughed at him when he asked for the kitchen, so there was only one convenient way left for him to determine if grasshoppers were still desirable in our day.

Eating grasshoppers really isn't as easy, perhaps, as one might think. They *are* pretty, and lively little characters, and they look so innocent. Their legs and wings might tickle too; and if you take off their legs and wings, there's just not much left to eat on. Our amiable Owen had set his hand to the plow however, and he was determined not to look back. By this time several eager students had gathered around to offer suggestions and to add a little more gloom to his already declining appetite. But he was already doing it anyway. One small nibble, a bite, and the hopper was soon gone.

"Would he want another one? Was the thing really good? How did it taste?" were the persistent questions of his colleagues. But Owen timidly refused to offer much comment.

They all believed that the college menu was sufficient, however, and they felt that Owen was content therewith: and they did not expect him to request adding it to their diet, because they never did see him chasing the gay little hoppers over the campus grounds anymore.

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A jitter bug: A human who acts like a bug that is trying to cross a hot stove.

#### GONE WITH THE WIND

What's gone and where did the wind go? Well, the wind's gone to the sand swept mounds of Dusty Sandy (Big Sandy you know) and with it went Buck and two trucks. Buck needs the trucks to haul the sand away when it bloooowwws in — called a norther.

This is what happened: Buck tucked the babie truck atop the big truck then took the big truck to Texas; then untucked the babie truck tucked atop the big truck; then took the babie truck to Tony's; then took the big truck to Buck's.

Anyway, the two trucks are needed and Buck's goin'a use 'em.

#### START NOW!

What are *you* going to do this summer? Do you *know*? Or are you just *drifting* along and *waiting* for fate to drop a job in your lap when you need one?

The weeks will pass swiftly, and before you realize it, June will be here. Are you just going to drift lazily along and take anything you can get at the last minute? Do you think God would do things that way? God knows what *He* is going to do countless thousands of years in advance! He commands us to *follow His example!*

*Now* is the time to start looking for work and asking the advice of older students. *Now* is the time to start looking for a GOOD job. Christ *always* had the *best!* We, his followers, should also strive to have the best! That means that we should have the *best* jobs with the *best* pay, the *best* atmosphere, or the *best* educational possibilities. We *can* have them! We *won't* have them, however, *unless we go after them — NOW!*

#### MRS. COOPER VISITS

Duane Cooper was a happy man last week — (even moreso than usual). He had every right to be. His mother had come out from Phoenix, Arizona to visit him for a few days and to bring a little of the atmosphere of "the other home" to the present one. It is not often that one can be blessed by a visit from a dear one from so far away. We were glad to have among us for a few days a mother who has been a diligent leader and inspirer for one of Ambassador's progressive Freshmen.

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Howard: "What makes you so sure that Cecil isn't two-faced?"

Don: "If he were, he would certainly wear the other one."



## MEET THE TEACHERS

### Mr. Leon Ettinger

The audience at the local talent show in Colfax, Washington, sat in hushed expectancy. Then, from the wings of the stage stepped a pertly-clad seven-year-old minstrel by the name of Leon Ettinger, who then sang: "My Anna Liza, she's a surpriza!"

Thus began a career in music which was to take Mr. Ettinger through many an exciting and unusual experience. Known in those days as a boy soprano, Leon sang duets with his mother in recitals and for various churches.

After moving to San Francisco, Mr. Ettinger obtained a position with the Episcopal Choir at the tremendous salary of 50c a month! Mr. Ettinger hastens to explain that the boys rarely received more than 15c for their labors, as each minor infraction of rules merited a 5c fine!

While attending the University of California, Mr. Ettinger became recognized as having superior ability and singing talent. Besides being the soloist of the university glee club, he had many singing engagements around the bay area, followed by a tour through Europe. Mr. Ettinger thrilled audiences with his warm baritone voice in London, Paris and Berlin. While in London, he had the opportunity to see the great Caruso in an Opera.

After the tour came graduation from the University with a B.A. degree and a captaincy in the Cadet Corps being received at the same time. After the war broke out in 1917 and while serving in the Marine Corps on the Island of Santo Domingo, Mr. Ettinger received a letter of commendation for leading his 18 men up steep slopes through rugged terrain against about 75 armed rebels.

After the Marines — came singing and studying with well-known voice instructors in San Francisco, Los Angeles and then New York. Mr. Ettinger met a young lady in New York, and — you guessed it — he married her!

In 1933, he was asked to manage the Coleman Chamber Music Association in Pasadena, California. The association was responsible for choosing the series of concerts and presentations given at the Pasadena Playhouse.

In 1946, he became director of Thorne Hall at Occidental College. Mr. Ettinger came to Ambassador in 1949 and has been a wonderful inspiration to the college and all those who have had the privilege of work-

ing with him.

His guiding hand in the music department of Ambassador has given color and warmth to the youthful years of this college, and has contributed to the establishment of a large and progressive department of music, for which we can all be very thankful. The future of Ambassador's music department can be a wonderful record of accomplishment and success — and with the continued help and instruction of Mr. Leon Ettinger — *we're sure it will be!*

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A car is *most* dangerous when it has a loose nut on the steering wheel

### SPACIOUSNESS AND ELEGANCE

For those of you who have not seen Del Mar Manor recently we suggest you take a stroll and view its developments. Notice the expansive curved-corner brick steps, the Mexican beach pebble walks and, in process of construction, a broad patio which will be of like material. This beautiful patio will completely surround two large trees. Only a part of the outside has been described, not to mention interior improvements. Space limitation prohibits telling all the details: why not take a stroll and see for yourself . . .

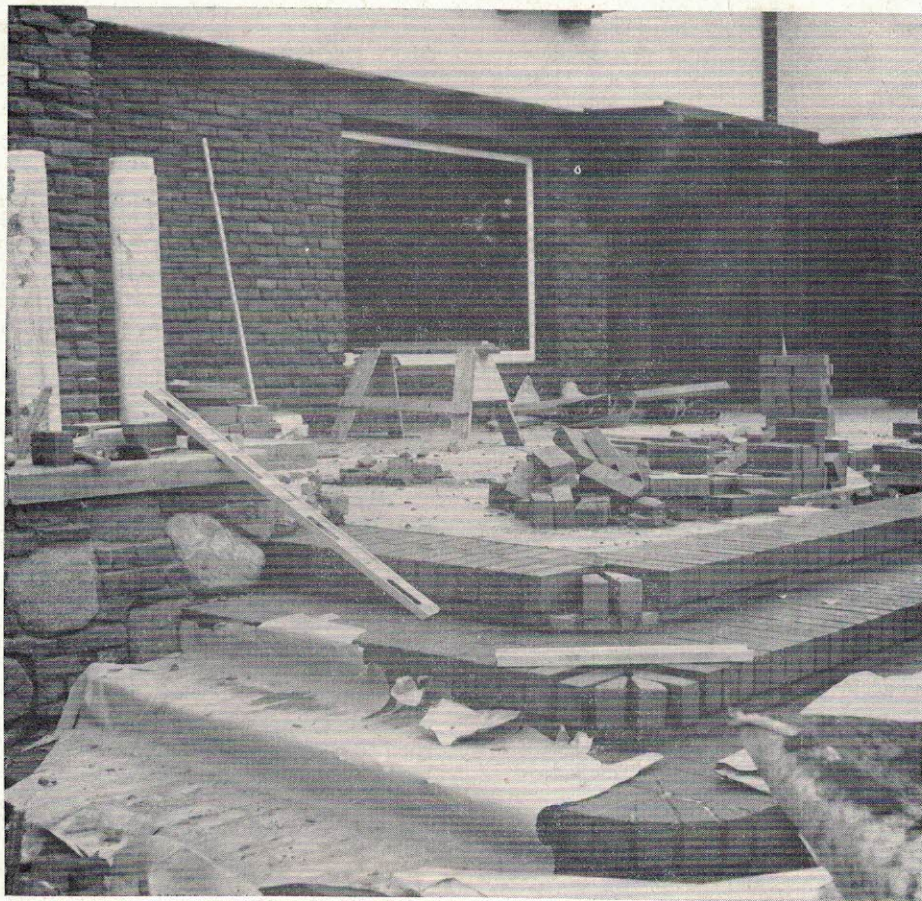
## PARSNIPS

It was just a misunderstanding, that's all. And we can blame it all on poor radio reception. Back in his batching days, Kelly Barfield heard Mr. Armstrong state on one of the broadcasts that the reason most people didn't care for parsnips was because they didn't know how to cook them properly. Slow cooking is the key he'd said; so determining to try it, off to market went Kelly to make the purchase.

Kelly was promoted from just plain cook to chef as he entered the kitchen to embark upon this delicate task. First the parsnips were washed (I hope) and cut up, then put into a pan to cook over slow heat. At last the vegetables were cooked. Now that moment had come! His mouth watering with anticipation, he picked up a fork and took his first bite of this delicious . . . (Did I say "delicious"?) food. Now that's not exactly what he thought about it. In fact, it didn't appeal to his taste at all. However, it's very likely that it would have had more appeal had he not misunderstood and purchased *parsley* instead of *parsnips*.

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Truman: "I like double features."  
Bill: "So do I, but not on women."



SPACIOUS FRONT ENTRANCE OF DEL MAR MANOR  
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