



# GOD'S MINISTERS WELCOME TO ANNUAL CONFERENCE

## Nine Thousand Attend Local Congregations

OVER 9,000 BRETHREN OF THE CHURCH OF GOD ASSEMBLE AROUND THIS WORLD EACH SABBATH! IN FIFTY CHURCHES ESTABLISHED ON FOUR CONTINENTS, THOSE WHOM GOD HAS CALLED OUT OF THIS WORLD ARE ABLE TO BE FED AND INSTRUCTED BY GOD'S CHOSEN MINISTERS ON HIS HOLY SABBATH DAY.

Because of the establishment of new churches, plus the usual thirty percent growth in already established churches, the average attendance at local congregations has leaped FIFTY PERCENT  
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## The Armstrongs Welcome Home!

We are very happy to have you back with us even if only for a while. We know that we must share the joy of your presence with God's people in other lands. Our welcome is saddened, somewhat, realizing you may soon be off to England. Since your tentative plans include a return to the British Isles by Passover, we take this opportunity to let the British Brethren know how much we love them: we feel less sad at your leaving when we realize you will bring them the same spark, drive and inspiration you have brought us.



The ministers (above) who attended last year's conference will be augmented by those newly-ordained, for this year's momentous and significant meeting. Envoy Photo

## Conference Coincides with Twenty-Eighth Anniversary of Broadcast

On this twenty-eighth anniversary of The WORLD TOMORROW broadcast, the campus hums with activity in anticipation of the coming ministerial conference.

These vitally important meetings, to begin Tuesday afternoon, January 9th, in the Rosewood Room at Ambassador Hall, will affect the whole future course of this great work of God. Do we really realize their significance?

As God's great work gathers momentum toward the final grand-smash climax at the END of this civilization, the real MEANING of these ministerial gatherings should be really driven home as never before! Plans for future expansion, for new churches, for future campaigns, advertising, tours, overseas offices and evangelistic campaigns—yes and deeply spiritual topics, delving into long-hidden parts of God's Word, coming to greater, fuller understanding of many technical points—these are but a few of the really pressing matters on the agenda.

Plans for the coming Feasts, summer recreational programs, Church choirs, and a myriad of other questions will be discussed.

FAR more really earth-shaking problems and monumental discussions affecting the very course of nations will take

place in these meetings right here on our own campus than in any "summit" meeting in the history of the world! While "summit" meetings between the chiefs of state fail, ending in dismal impasse — the annual ministerial con-

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# Are You A Conformist ?

by JACK R. ELLIOTT



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Ambassador's happy men round out their educational development with a thoughtful song for the sick co-eds.

## Troubadours Show Spark of Chivalry

On a night dark and dismal with many a fair co-ed bedridden by the ignominious flu bug, the valiant and chivalrous Ambassador Troubadours sallied forth to serenade the fairer sex.

With vocal chords vibrating and tonsils quivering, they assembled before Murphy House to commence their song-making. Their harmonious, melodic voices filled the night air with cheerful song.

The fair maidens responded from their windows and balconies with sweet words of praise and wistful sighs. They were touched to their very hearts.

These wandering minstrels then repeated their sterling performance before Grove-Terrace, Mayfair, Terrace Villa, and Casa Loma.

Some students, soon after arriving at College, learn to keep out of trouble by going the way of the "Ambassador crowd." This way is a sort of tightrope act which allows them to get around the trouble points without being ostracized, criticized, stigmatized or just plain put on the spot.

On the surface these students appear to be nice guys (or gals), BUT are they fulfilling their purpose? Are they being truly converted to the ways of God, or are they becoming conformists to the crowd?

These have confused *failure to conform* with rebellion. Rebellion against authority is *never* excusable. But a weak-kneed, pacifistic attitude isn't either.

Very often, older students *add* to the problem by steering the new student into the "accepted behavior" without telling him *why*. Just saying, "That is how you keep out of trouble around here," is not good enough.

Sometimes they even instruct new students to smile when they do not feel like smiling, to say "yes" when others want to hear yes, and, "no," when they want to hear no. Students should not be asked to *pretend* to believe when they don't even know what the facts are!

In short, the attitude, "You tell me what I should believe, and whatever it is, I will believe it," is not much better than the attitude of rebellion.

Actually, it is a good thing to have the *guts* to stand up for what you believe before other *people*. Yet, sad to say, those who have the stamina to say, "Show me before I jump meekly into line," are often looked upon as being in a *bad attitude*.

If you have been one of those would-be-strategists anxious to teach new students the "wisdom of conforming," perhaps you are a conformist yourself. Check-up on yourself, and if you are, begin to walk soberly before GOD. Set the example of GOD-FEARING instead of MEN-PLEASING!

It may surprise you to learn that most of the more prominent, dedicated, and

productive men in this organization are men who, from the beginning, had the strength of character to *resist* being pushed into the "conformist mold." On the other hand, they did come to the place to where they utterly *abhorred* themselves for what they were and wanted to CHANGE. They thoroughly repented of conforming to this world, its organization, and *all groups* of people, and *strove diligently* to conform to the measure of the stature of Jesus Christ.

There is a big difference between *surrendering to God* and *conforming to a group of people*, even if that group is striving to follow after the Saviour. This is because you will naturally *honor the people* in place of God.

We have no fear that, when our students fall in step with their Creator, they will be out of step with the Church of God. Jesus Christ will call out the cadence through His own appointed servants, and there will be *perfect order*.

## Coed Linda Herzog Fractures Patella In Bicycle Mishap

Have you seen the brown-haired, brown-eyed Texan touring the campus on her crutches? Undoubtedly you have, and are curious as to what happened.

It happened at Catalina Island as Linda Herzog, Elaine Wendzel, Steve Gray, and Charles Bryce were cycling back to the beach area from the Bird Park. Linda, way behind the others, was hurrying to catch up. As she passed Elaine, the two happened to clash—smash!—and Linda was thrown to the pavement.

Wednesday afternoon, a *gallant* from transportation escorted Linda to a doctor. X-rays showed that her knee-cap had cracked. As a result, the next three days were spent in bed and the next six weeks will be spent on crutches.

Sign on a menu:

T-BONE ..... \$ .35  
with steak attached .... \$2.50



# Dog Lover Rises To Answer Article

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

While recently enjoying the latest issue of your college paper, *The PORTFOLIO*, I was struck with awe and amazement that such a (usually) fine paper could publish the article "Gone to The Dogs."

As a dog owner, I contend such a bigoted, biased, self-centered, opinionated, uncouth article should have never been allowed in print! The author, not having courage to by-line the article, must be of necessity particularly unaware of the value such fine animals have been to mankind—such slanted writing is quite offensive to say the least!

In what other realm can one find such companionship, such helpful hunting ability, such pleasure to children, such protection from prowlers? Many a dead duck would have floated down stream had not a dog been there to retrieve it! Many a child would have played alone had not a dog been home to keep him company! And many a house has been saved by the barking of a dog!

Recalling past visits with both the Faculty Advisor and the Editor, I can well remember the small and great of the dog species. One Great Dane I have known of, occupied a great portion of one editor's life, while a small Mexican variety yips joyfully in the household of an advisor. Oh, yes! There is another side—a majority side which cries out against such narrow-minded assumptions as "Gone To The Dogs." Loyalty, as such a pet has, would well be thought of in today's world of "dog-eat-dog" (which, by the way, you have never seen done) society!

Perhaps an annual Ambassador College dog show would be in order to illustrate the better side of the picture. At any rate, you get my point, and I am certain such atrocities will never be allowed again.

A dog lover,

RONALD KELLY



Three hundred Ambassador Adventurers board the misnomered MAGIC ISLE . . .

## Student Body Takes Field Trip To Romantic Catalina

On Tuesday morning, December 12, six busloads of eager Ambassador students set out from the campus in quest of Pier Point Landing where the charter boat, *MAGIC ISLE*, was firmly anchored; *DESTINATION*: the unknown environs of mountainous *CATALINA ISLAND*, anchored in the blue Pacific.

At sea, aboard the 135-foot converted army cargo carrier, students zealously engaged in a variety of activities such as remaining on their feet, singing, talking, eating, and dancing the two-step while the ship swayed to the *rock and roll* waltz.

Once ashore on the Pacific Island, students lost no time in cooking up various means of satisfying their intellectual curiosity. The enterprising, economical spendthrifts embarked on a

half-price combination of sightseeing tour, getting the "mostest for the leastest." The more ambitious rented bicycles or went hiking, while the driving hounds rented quaint little electric cars and speedy Fiats to take in their own brand of sightseeing.

Many visited the island museum, while the nomads just meandered around exploring as much as possible without harming their pocketbooks. A couple of skin-diving Ambassadors courageously searched the mysterious ocean depths. *THE FRUITS: A HANDSOME STARFISH!*

Come late afternoon, everyone set sail for the return trip home. At 7:45, three-hundred tired but happy sailors filed out of the buses to their various dorms.



. . . for the "Island of Romance!"



# Nine Thousand

(Continued from Page 1)

since last year at this time when the PORTFOLIO announced 6,000 in attendance. Forecasting next year's growth even at the conservative 33 percent mark, the heart-warming, pulse-quickening figure of TWELVE THOUSAND appears as next year's PORTFOLIO headline!

These thousands are ministered to by men only numbering in the dozens. There are many more thousands of the Brethren who do NOT have the opportunity to attend services every Sabbath. And there are HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS who need and ask for literature, for answers to questions vitally concerning their life . . .

Do you still think all the jobs in God's Work are filled, or does this help you to realize that there is a GIGANTIC WORK YET TO BE DONE . . . hundreds of jobs yet to be filled. God CAN use you—if you WILL!

The following alphabetical listing of all the local congregations gives the approximate attendance figures as nearly up-to-date as possible. A short survey of these should give you ideas for thoughtful prayer . . . the harvest is truly plenteous! By the way, can you name the Laborers in each of these fields?

Akron, Ohio	188
Bakersfield, California	51
Birmingham, England	81
Bloomington, Illinois	115
Bristol, England	40
Chicago, Illinois	390
Corpus Christi, Texas	95
Dallas, Texas	230
Denver, Colorado	170
Eugene, Oregon	230
Fresno, California	125
Garden City, Kansas	50
Gladewater, Texas	350
Houston, Texas	225
Kansas City, Missouri	262
La Grange, Illinois	245
Little Rock, Arkansas	95
London, England	200
Long Beach, California	200
Los Angeles, California	246
Manchester, England	70
Melbourne, Australia	40
Memphis, Tennessee	113
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	110
Minden, Louisiana	100
New York, New York	385
North Hollywood, California	111
Oakland, California	155

# Mayfair Modernized

(February 3, 1955)

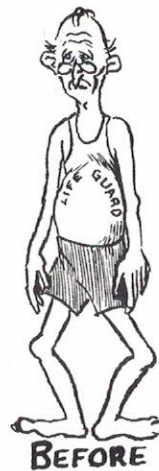
The rocky ruts of roustabouts row which formerly satisfied plucky parkers have given way to an open area of asphalt—or a big black blob of blacktop. Working with withering wiles, the careful concrete coddlers of the college lowered the lumpy lanes to a lazy level. Then, throwing the asphalt thoroughly over the entire area, they applied the packing pressure of a lawn leveler. Still not satisfied with the sticky stuff, Dennis drove daringly thither and yon (back and forth) over the freshly flung sparking space (oops!), packing it perseveringly. And now, we can all eye the evident efforts of the awful asphalt area—and see what a slick job of jalopy jostling these energetic Joes have just done. It really looks good, men!

# Whistling Willies

(February 3, 1955)

Do you feel that cold, clammy finger of doubt and fear slowly assailing your subconscious as you glide like a dark shadow through the lower gardens at night? Do your hands begin a cold sweat as you walk into the ghostly echoes of your own emptily ringing footsteps? Does the chill blue light of the silent pool reflect clutching fingers of barren branches as you walk shiveringly past? You DO? It DOES? Why—NO WONDER! It's cold down there this time of the year!

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma	214
Pasadena, California	955
Philippines	25
Phoenix, Arizona	120
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	350
Portland, Oregon	340
Pueblo, Colorado	51
Redlands, California	135
Sacramento, California	160
Saint Louis, Missouri	210
Salem, Oregon	130
San Antonio, Texas	105
San Diego, California	200
Santa Barbara, California	45
Seattle, Washington	270
South Bend, Indiana	200
Springfield, Missouri	210
Sydney, Australia	110
Tacoma, Washington	154
Temple City, California	135
Tulsa, Oklahoma	130
Wichita, Kansas	120
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>9041</b>



BEFORE

# Ode To Mayfair Carrot Juice

Chrome-dome McSquint was an ordinary chap; quite an ordinary chap was he.

He had a balding pate, sported two myopic eyes, but desired from these afflictions to be free.

Why should he be bald, and near-sighted too, at that, while the other boys were having all the fun?

Then a chum dropped by one day, told him that he knew a way . . . to preserve what he had left — and gain some more.

Now the secret, it was pleasin', just involved a little squeezin' — but put carrots in the squeezer 'stead o' corn. So McSquint, he got ambitious; found the squeezin's so delicious, that he drank 'em till he couldn't drink 'em more . . .

Now . . . a PHIS-I-QUE he's got, where before he'd had a pot, with no more squint and hair to spare atop.

—Ahsell Carett Jooze



AFTER



# Washington Trip Proves Success

Mr. Neff and Mr. Helge are back once again at Headquarters. The smile on their faces tell us they are happy to be back and that they are pleased with the success of their trip.

Our men flew to Washington, D. C., to meet and confer with Mr. Harold Sherk, the principal representative of "National Service Board for Religious Objections." This organization represents groups and individuals who are Conscientious Objectors. The Objective of the trip was to become better acquainted with the above organization and gain familiarity with Selective Service procedures.

Throughout the stay at the nation's capital it was evident that what the Church of God really believed and practiced was woefully misunderstood.

Mr. Sherk believed that it was necessary to dispel certain erroneous concepts held by officials concerning God's Church. He, therefore, arranged three meetings, each with a different department in the higher echelon of Selective Service. Each of these departments has an important role in determining the sincerity of individual claims for 1-0 classification.

The first meeting was with Colonel Omer and his executive staff. Colonel Omer is the deputy director of Selective Service, second in command under General Hershey. A surprise was waiting for our representatives in Colonel Omer's office. He had in his possession a file containing confidential letters and instructions which were mailed from our office directly to Church members.

The next visit was with the Presidential Appeal Board. This board of three men has been appointed by the President of the United States and is known unofficially as the "Supreme Court of Selective Service." When a case is appealed and comes before this body, the decision rendered is final. No other appeal can be made. These men had been badly misinformed regarding God's Church.

The final scheduled meeting was with Mr. T. Oscar Smith of the Department



"Keep your eye on the ball!" is more than just a motto at Ambassador!

## Excitement Mounts as Leading Basketball Teams Take Tumble

The Senior Cassavamen were finally stopped last Sunday night, Dec. 10, in a hard-fought thriller. It was give-and-take all the way, as both Seniors and Faculty played all-out for a win. After four fast, furious heats, the whistle stopped the game with the scoreboard reading: Seniors—23, Faculty—27. It was that close right down to the wire as the scrappy senior crew pressed the ever-improving faculty club to their maximum effort. Every minute of the game was packed with thrills and excitement!

You who missed it ought to drop of Justice. Mr. Smith's department is in charge of gathering information and passing recommendations on cases that come from lower appeal boards. The cases are assigned to the F. B. I. from this office. With the F. B. I. report and information from other sources this department makes a very important recommendation as to whether an individual is sincere in his claim.

The visit to these national departments proved to be TREMENDOUSLY beneficial. The practices of other churches that were imputed to us have now been dispelled. Selective Service officials are now better acquainted with us and we are better acquainted with them, and with their procedures. The success of our two "Washington Ambassadors" will enable us to cope with future Selective Service problems.

We should be very thankful that God has seen fit to give us such a blessing.

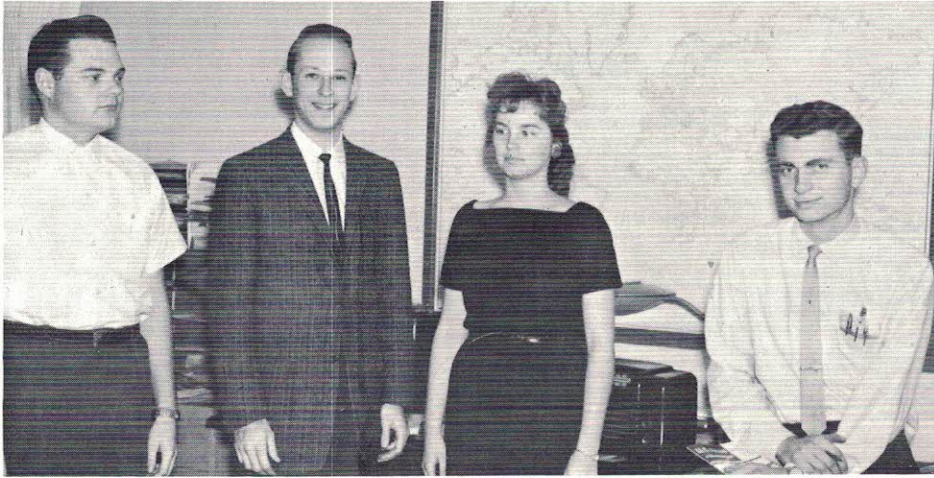
around the basketball courts the first chance you get and sample some of the fun of good, sportsmanlike competition.

The same evening found a fired-up Junior organization walking all over an outmatched Freshman club. Taking advantage of every break, the Juniors gave the Frosh a good old-fashioned stomping to the tune of a 52-26 defeat. This was the first time all season that a winning club *doubled* the losers' score! The befuddled Frosh really aren't that bad, but they sure had "one of those nights" on the 10th.

The high-flying Juniors were shot-down in their next game, Dec. 20, by a sharp-shooting bunch of steamed-up Sophomores. It was a case of "they could do no wrong" with the rangy, raw Sophomore club that stepped onto the court to win. They came from everywhere to out-steal (legal here), out-jump, and out-shoot the weakened third year quintet. They surely deserved to win this one and win it they did—going away! After the smoke cleared, the record books read 31-26 Sophomores! The Sophomore five, lost, confused, and lacking, earlier this season, appears to have found its bearings and is headed for better things. Each game has helped in welding them into a tighter-knit, smoother-working machine. Keep your eyes on those Sophs—they're nobody's pushovers now.

Last minute reports show the Faculty topped the Sophs by a 24-20 margin, while the Seniors utterly crushed the Junior club 42-19!





News Bureau Staff from left: Ron McNeil; Gene Hogberg, Director; Joyce Sefcak; Don Schroeder.

# Director Recounts News Bureau Story

by Gene Hogberg

"Due to lack of sufficient news, articles from last week were included in this week's report." Such was the footnote on one of the early news reports.

THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER! World-events have *steam-rollered* in the last 2-3 years, and the eyes-and-ears department of God's Work—the News Bureau—has grown to meet the demand.

Few of you know the interesting story behind the News Bureau. Before September of 1958, there was no such department. It all started back then with an idea of Mr. Ted Armstrong's. He had become aware of the need for someone to be responsible for culling out the important news of the day to benefit him on the Broadcast.

The ball was tossed to Mr. Portune, and with vision, he charted the course which led to the eventual blossoming of a whole new department.

Those first few pioneer weeks were really something. Everything in God's Church starts small and the News Bureau was no exception—in fact, it was very much the rule. Mr. Don Wofford, now an instructor in the Spanish Department, had been doing some work for Mr. Hoeh categorizing articles in his Memory-O-Matic file system (which we subsequently inherited). Mr. Wofford was added to the "staff" and be-

came its chief workhorse. He burned the midnight oil every Thursday, compiling material for the weekly report in his small one-room, hot-plate equipped apartment in Del Mar. Typing hunt-and-peck style, he would keep his wife awake awaiting each blow. After typing the rough draft, he laid the copy out on the floor for "easier observation" and selection.

The next day saw the copy advanced to the floor of Mr. Hoeh's office, where Messrs. Portune and Wofford made the final selections for the report on their knees. Our sympathizing typists at that time were Jessie Emmett and Elva Sedliacik. By now you've discovered that the fledgling News Bureau did not yet have an office.

However, such a necessity was not long in coming. February 1959 saw the department move from Mr. Hoeh's office floor to what is now Mr. Ettlinger's studio in Ambassador Hall. The day of the big move was also yours truly's first day of work in the growing department.

A short while later we were shunted across the hall into what is now Studio B. Before its renovation, it wasn't quite as nice. It was our "two-hole" office—a big one in the ceiling and a smaller but more treacherous one in the floor, fortunately covered by the file cabinet.

We have since occupied the present

Visiting Program and Legal Department offices before moving upstairs to our present location this past spring.

The scope of our work has increased with the size of our office. Having started from scratch, we now subscribe to four daily newspapers, fifteen news magazines and periodicals (including one sent each week from Moscow), plus various government publications and confidential reports. Letters full of clippings from newspapers all over the country arrive every day—a very vital source of our information.

The addition of a United Press International teletype machine a year-and-a-half ago was another "leap forward." It does its automatic duty around the clock.

Since that first crude-looking mimeographed report of September 21, 1958 we have published 1490 *pages* of material. We have put out a total of *forty-four* Special Reports covering a whole maze of subjects, including a monstrous, not-to-be forgotten, 36-page prophet-of-doomish Plagues and Woe report in March of 1959.

In addition to our reports, we supply Mr. Armstrong daily with last minute news and other pertinent data for the World Tomorrow program.

All important material is, of course, kept in our files, which have about *quadrupled* in the three-plus years of our existence. Of our three file cabinets, one is devoted exclusively to religious and doctrinal material.

We seriously would like to see more of you students taking advantage of our services. We have solid material on tap on just about every important subject. And, while it's on my mind, I know for a fact that most of you *rarely* look at our reports which contain the *cream* of the news each week. The weak excuse, "But I don't have time to keep up with the news," doesn't hold water. We take the time *for* you!

In conclusion, we in the News Bureau realize that even with the exhilarating growth we've had, we are still young, and the *biggest* job of keeping you in God's Church informed and the world warned still lies ahead.

Come down and see us!



# NEWS BRIEFS

In the last issue the PORTFOLIO renamed Vicki Hammer by giving her name as Debbie. Excuse us, please.

\* \* \*

A happy face has been missing around campus lately. It's that of Mr. Fred W. Dean, who recently retired because of illness. Mr. Dean has worked on the campus as a gardener since 1953. His years of devoted service to the college were, and are, very much appreciated.

\* \* \*

On December 20, 1961, the Chicago Church added Mrs. Viola Peets to its growing list of deaconesses in the Radio Church of God. Mrs. Peets manages a kitchen at night, and visits widows and wives during the day. We, as students, can all learn a lesson from her example of diligent service. We're rejoicing with you, Mrs. Peets.

\* \* \*

Ken Westby has joined the ranks of the Fallen. He sprained his ankle during last Wednesday's game between the Juniors and Sophomores. Ken, team captain and one of the spark-plugs of the Junior team, may have to sit out of the next couple of games until his ankle can take the pounding of hard play.

\* \* \*

The library has instituted a new time-saving service for students. The most interesting magazine articles — those applying to classroom or Biblical subjects — are now being listed on the library bulletin board by means of a special 3 x 5 card.

\* \* \*

Richard Starkey's gardening crew is trying to get the grass to grow once again in the area east of the lower garden tempietto. Students are asked to avoid using the Terrace and Grove gate until the new lawn becomes established.

\* \* \*

The college bookstore is now stocking paper, notebooks, etc.

\* \* \*

Grove Street prayer rooms are finally nearing completion. The noise of the overhead fans is gradually being re-

placed by the aroma of fresh paint and the holes in the linoleum will be covered by soft carpeting.

\* \* \*

A 37 passenger school bus has been donated to the Imperial Schools for the transportation of the Long Beach children to and from school and any school activities that may arise.

\* \* \*

Sabbath, December 16th, the Ambassador Chorale provided the special music in the Long Beach Church.

\* \* \*

Because the visas never came in for those in Australia to go to South Africa, Bill Myers' jet flight was cancelled and he is still with us here on campus.

## Don't Read This

If you read this article, you will be wasting your time; it says nothing of importance. After finishing, you will know absolutely nothing more than when you started, so why not stop reading now and save yourself some mental anguish?

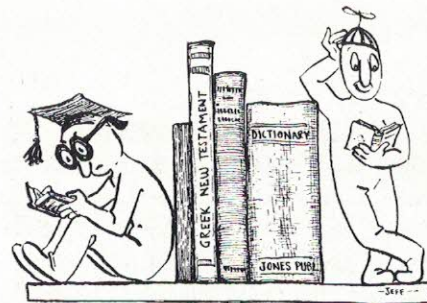
Why do you *insist* on continuing to read when it is a waste of time? Is it because your human nature is naturally opposed to following suggestion? If it is to satisfy your curiosity, you will find only vapid words to fill space in the newspaper. Nevertheless, you continue to read, DESPITE the many warnings, because your carnal nature tells you to. The headline told you *not* to read this meaningless article, so if you wouldn't have even STARTED in the first place, you wouldn't be wasting the precious element which passes by so quickly . . .

## Conference

(Continued from Page 1)

ferences of the very servants of the living Jesus Christ on this earth are really *fruitful*, and *productive*!

So, as you greet God's ministers, arriving from all parts of the world to join with those here at headquarters in these most important meetings, remember the serious tasks ahead of them — and remember to really PRAY that each one will be truly *led* of Jesus Christ in these conferences. Remember, the decisions are really HIS to make!



## LIBRARY LOOKOUT

To give you an idea of what's going on in the "Book World", here is a short review of Gunther's latest: *INSIDE EUROPE TODAY*.

In this one, Gunther sizes up the political profile and drops some poignant facts. He states that three of the four chief Western Europe countries are led by practicing Catholics. He vicariously introduces you to political leaders: Adenauer, Macmillan, Khrushchev, and others, and picks their brain, analyzes their motives, personality and character, and fits them into the political scene.

It is readable and up-to-date (1961), and has the convenience of a quick-reference with its good index.

Here is a book to inform as well as entertain you. Add it to *your* reading program!

## BALDERDASH

Daniel Webster was a noted oracle — not to be confused with *Noah Webster*, a Biblical king who reigned for forty days and forty nights.

\* \* \*

Eric the Red is the real father of communism.

\* \* \*

*Monsoon*: a French gentleman.

*Fossil*: a dead bone.

\* \* \*

Policeman: "Mister, don't you know you're on a one-way street?"

Beatnik: "Like, I was only goin' one way."

Policeman: "But you were going the *wrong* way. Didn't you see the arrow?"

Beatnik: "Like, man, I didn't even see the Indians!"

\* \* \*

A typographical error in the *Los Angeles Mirror* a year ago read: "Satan and his Reindeer."



## COULD IT BE?

(February 17, 1955)

Mr. Hoeh was going through all his books putting his name on the first page of each one when Bob Boraker had the idea of playing a practical joke on him. Noticing that, with hundreds of books to sign, Mr. Hoeh had time only to turn back the cover and sign his name while reaching for the next one with his other hand. Bob placed a book of short crime and murder mysteries in the stack. The next day, he found it lying on his desk with the following penciled note. "Dear Bob: It was very careless of you to leave this lying around without having your name in it. You might never have seen it again. I had to stop signing my name in my own books for quite a while, at least five minutes, in order to find out whose book it was. P.S. Some of them were pretty good stories but rather improbable."



Aggressive, active, alert . . . "play ball!"

## GIRLS LAUNCH INTRAMURAL PROGRAM

The fiery Grad-Office Sextet shot the Ladies' Intramural Program into full swing by smothering the Sophomore Sharpshooters, 22-14, in an electrifying basketball encounter the night of Thursday, December 21. A classy combination of graduates and office workers was just too long on experience for the Stouthearted Sophomores in spite of an all-out effort by the younger set.

Let's all turn out and back these lively ladies to the hilt. These rousing intramural contests are of boundless benefit to the over-all health and mental alertness of our girls.

# AMBASSADOR ADVENTURE

by DALE HANWAY

Late in the spring of 1943, bombardier Edward Zadegan perched in the open bomb-bay of his flak-riddled, crippled B-24 Liberator bomber. The plane had taken a brutal pounding over Budapest, Hungary, and was desperately trying to make it to home-base in North Africa. Ed thought the end was near as the torn craft shuddered and shook in the face of buffeting winds.

In the confusion that reigned, the crew was preparing to "bail out." Following the pilot's orders, Ed sat in the open bomb-bay waiting for the word that would send him falling to the landscape that glided by under the massive open doors.

Suddenly, the wounded Liberator slammed into a violent lurch! "This is it!" thought Ed, "let me out of here!" and he jumped into the blue.

The 'chute opened with a reassuring crack, and Ed's free-fall jerked to a

## Seniors Host Gay Party

While the senior men changed the dance records and everyone had a gala time, the senior girls, in red "homey-looking" aprons, greeted and served the guests.

At 9:30 the entertainment was emceed by Clayton Steep. From all phases came much and varied attractions. Terry Smith and John Schroeder sang "Climb Every Mountain," Anthony Buzzard played his oboe and he and Kathryn Meredith, along with Gary Prather at the piano, played a duet! Leonard Robinson blasted out a composition on his trumpet just before Jerry Witte closed the program with "Mariah."

Afterwards all joined in a "Sing Along With Mitch" record before dancing resumed.

All too soon the clock showed 11:30 and the night was gone! Many, who had not thought so before, now remark "Ambassador Hall can be and *was* FUN !!!"



Mr. Hanway at HOME in the lower gardens.

halt. He settled to a peaceful glide toward good, solid earth.

The quiet serenity of the descent was suddenly disrupted. Ed was startled back to reality as he saw his ship disappear—a small speck over the horizon still heading home—to safety—while he was drifting to enemy-held territory! A cold, piercing thought struck his mind: "I've goofed!" The pilot hadn't said to jump — Ed had pulled a genuine "blooper."

Edward Zadegan's blunder was to cost him two years in a German prisoner-of-war camp. Once on the ground, the Germans hustled Ed off to Stalag Luft III near Sagan, Germany. Here, he tortured himself with self-reproach—until two weeks later when a friend from his bomb squadron was escorted into the prison compound.

"Yes," the friend related, "all of your crew returned safely to base, but a few days later, on a Mission to Vienna, Austria, their plane took a direct hit in the gas tanks. The ship exploded—there were no survivors."

Do you ever feel like crawling into a hole and quitting after you have pulled a "blooper"? Well, don't. It may be a blessing in disguise.

Motto of Thomas Edison: "There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking."