

Associated Press Wire Service Installed

On December 8 the Ambassador College News Bureau installed the direct "A"-wire teletype line of the *Associated Press*. This important step now gives us the most COMPLETE news service available in the United States. The News Bureau has employed the facilities of competing United Press International for the past six years.

In 1900, Victor F. Lawson of the Chicago *Daily News*, and Frank B. Noyes of the Washington *Star* incorporated the *Associated Press* to give unity to the reporting of *national* and *international* news.

The AP operates over 150,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wire, with
(Continued on page 7)



Student workers and volunteers combined to mail the semi-annual letter in record time.

Millennial Booklet Mailed!

The requests were already pouring into the Mail Department by the thousands before the composing room of the Press even received all the copy for the "Wonderful World Tomorrow — What it Will Be Like." It was going to take a miracle to get that booklet mailed out in December.

Then *came* the miracles. Ambassador Press made *printing history* by turning out the finished 100-page *booklet* only *eight days* after the last copy material was turned in (*that's even faster than your eight-page PORTFOLIO comes out!!*).

The first printing of 150,000 began on Friday, December 16, and by December 20, there were 137,500 requests for the booklet and newspaper. Even now, it looks like the "sower will catch

(Continued on page 6)



Mr. Hogberg, with the world at his fingertips.

CONFERENCE CALENDAR — OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES

- Tues., Jan. 10 — First round of Invitational Basketball Tournament, 7:00.
- Wed., Jan. 11 — Women's Club Tea for Ministers' Wives, 3:00-5:00.
- Thurs., Jan. 12 — Combined Chorale-Band — Student Concert.
- Sat., Jan. 14 — Final round of Invitational Basketball Tournament.
- Wed., Jan. 18 — Ministerial Ball.



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The PORTFOLIO is a limited circulation
publication. It is for the student bodies of
Ambassador College. It is not to be sent
home to friends and relatives.

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Our Aim . . .

(The following is a reprint of the
PORTFOLIO policy as stated in Volume 1,
Number 2 of December 18, 1951.)

The aim of this newspaper is to provide bits of news, fun, and entertainment for all concerned. It is a campus newspaper for those of us intimately concerned with campus affairs. No attempt is made to make stories or comments understandable to outsiders. All this is the burden of the one who has the misfortune to pick up and read this paper.

We admit having made a few errors in this issue. We plan to make a few in the next!

As to our lack of literary talent in most of these articles, our plea can only be that we are but students and not masters.

Happiness is just a thing called Joe
— Pat Bauer

Happiness is no sign-out violations
— Adrienne Russell

Happiness is a letter in your mailbox
— Anonymous

Happiness is sinking a desperation
shot from half court with one second
left to go in the game

— Ray Meyer

Editorial

FLEE FLU!

by Gary Alexander

The infirmary is doing land-office business. Chorale cancels its special music for opening services in Anaheim. Ten people absent from Old Testament Survey. Fifty percent of the college "under the weather" in one way or another.

The culprit is *flu*! But the problem is *you*! Too many students abandon the *seven laws of health* when they need them the most. These are LIVING LAWS, students. They will *break* you, if you break them.

Set a goal for test week and for the break! Apply these seven laws of health in student life and activities, so you can have the vibrant health that builds success:

1) MAINTAIN A TRANQUIL MIND. This is a laugh to many students during test week, but believe it or not you will have *better test results* if you don't stew and fret over your grades. Just calmly study what you need to and be confident during the test. Remember, *grades* are among the *least* important products of Ambassador College. It's what you KNOW and APPLY that counts.

2) FOOD AND FASTING. Many are sick because they haven't fasted since the Day of Atonement. For spiritual *and* physical reasons, it's a good idea for a two- or three-day fast before each semester, to clean out your system physically, and renew your goals spiritually for the next semester.

Dining Hall food plus fasting is a sure ticket to health, so don't waste a lot of money and deplete your stamina with a lot of processed food from nearby ranches.

3) SLEEP. Aha! There's the problem! Most students skip sleep during test week, and hope for the best. The worst usually comes. NEXT semester, space your studying over four months, so that desperation cramming isn't necessary, and if you have sinned this semester, make up your sleep during the two-week break.

YOU are the master of your own destiny. You can get eight hours of sleep most nights — even SATURDAY night, if you want to. HEED the handbook! Don't make the mistake of missing sleep.

4) SUNSHINE AND FRESH AIR. How about a trip to the mountains during the break? If you can't fit that in, and you work all day in an office, spend your weekend in *open air*, exercise *outside* daily, and breathe *double-time* until the smog rolls in.

5) CLEANLINESS AND DRESS. Don't let your appearance degenerate during test week. Inspire others and yourself by taking the same amount of time to look sharp, be sharp, and you'll *feel sharp*.

6) EXERCISE. This will be the main failing during the break unless we set a goal, and diligently keep it. Our rigorous P. E. program has put us in better shape than ever, but three weeks away from the regimen can spell disaster physically. You'll soften up, gain weight, feel groggy and not know why. The first P. E. hour next semester will find you groaning like never before.

Exercise at least three times a week, better yet: DAILY. Follow the same format your body is used to: our P. E. program. You'll be glad you did.

7) AVOID BODILY INJURY. With exercise and sleep, your mind and body should be alert enough to avoid bodily injury. Don't try driving all night on a short trip home. Use your head, and we'll *all* be back next semester.

Don't take these laws lightly. It's no fun to be sick — and it hurts God's Work! Glorify God in your mind *and* body, and He will see you through the exciting three weeks to come.

Operation D. L. S.

by Dining Hall Agent 006.98

As the crowd hushed itself, I tensely looked both ways before entering the semi-lit room. I had been sent there on a mission — one I *had* to perform or the whole operation and plan might fail. Quietly I slipped behind a shiny steel partition.

Suddenly the crowd noticed me and

began moving nervously my way. One young man — about 6 feet I'd say — approached me. Automatically, almost instinctively, I fumbled for the small object in front of me.

"Careful," I thought. "... careful ... can't give anything away." I forced

How NOT to Watch the Big Basketball Tournament

Melvin waltzes into the gym blithe of heart at the prospect of another thriller-diller pitting the Varsity versus the Texans. He is early, and — aha! — there is an empty bleacher-space on the *bottom* row! (Ed. Note: *No one is to sit on the bottom row of the bleachers*).

At last... a seat *right on the sidelines!* Now Melvin can see his favorite classmates battle for the championship. He settles himself onto the hard wood and watches as his team comes charging out onto the court. And look — following them are five bouncing brightly colored beauties — the cheerleaders!!! They run out and stop right in front of our friend Melvin, and there begin to cavort and caper. Melvin claps in hearty appreciation, but his look of joy turns to utter dismay when he realizes that they are *blocking his view of the court*.

Whew!

They sit down and he heaves a sigh of relief. Then zeroes his eyeballs in on the center tipoff. The ball goes to the Texans and their center drives down the court, passes to the Big Gun who carefully aims, and — OUCH! One of the cheerleaders accidentally grazes Melvin's bulging eyeball with a piece of pompom paper. While he is yet picking fuzz out of his eyesocket the Varsity makes two points and the ball goes back to the Texans.

But Melvin *still* can't see.

The yell-leaders are chanting an encouraging ditty. Through the sea of



Bryan poses for the SPORTFOLIO cameraman. This is the hard way to "concentrate on what you're doing while you're doing it."

arms and legs he can barely make out the shape of the Texas captain going in for a layup. This sort of thing goes on for four quarters, with poor Melvin getting only a great view of the north side of Matilda MacFarland's south-bound knobby left kneecap. Finally the spine-chilling neck and neck game is over and Melvin frustratedly hopes at least to be able to hear the stats announced over the mike. Finally the announcer clears his throat — but the row of black and white loyal supporters *behind* him chime in with the responsive reading to "Who's Gonna Win?" drowning the total points of his favorite forward into oblivion. Head in hands, he sinks into a melted quivering mass.

a smile. "Personality," I thought. "That will do it."

"Hello," I said. "Lovely day, isnit?"

There was a moment of silence. For a brief instant he took his eyes off my hands... "Yes, yes," he said. "Uh... fine day" and quickly passed on.

"That's one," I thought. I squeezed the small, harmless object in my hand and readied myself again. Suddenly, almost automatically it seems, others in the crowd passed by — a small girl, a short but handsome fellow. The moments dragged endlessly, but as yet Operator DLS was a success.

Nervously I eyed my watch. Relieved I noticed that in a very few minutes I could slip away unnoticed. My feet throbbed, but I didn't care. Miraculously my mission was still undiscovered.

Finally the very last of the crowd moved my way. My heart skipped. Would I be successful? Just one more person stood between me and success. He approached. I eyed him carefully.

"Hello," I said quickly.

"Hello," he replied pleasantly. Suddenly his eyes darted past me to the partition in front of me.

"WHA... WHAT'S THAT??" he said with a start.

My heart jumped. "That?" I said, lowering my eyes, my mind frantically racing for another word, but there was none... "Oh... that's liver... (I had failed.)

"Liiviiiiiver??" the young man replied incredulously. "But it looks like *steak!*"

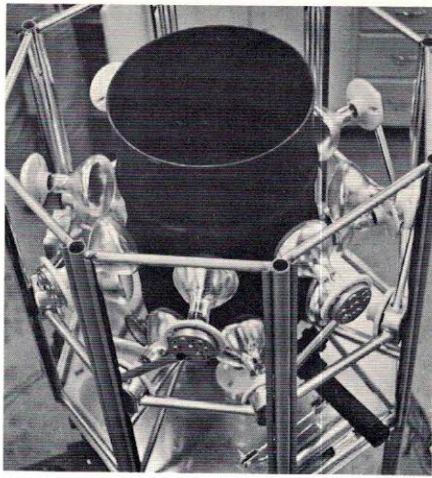
"I know," I said sickly. "You can do amazing things with liver now-a-days. (On the inside I felt miserable.) "Suppose you don't want any, huh?" I said discouraged.

"Want any? Oh yes — I'D LOVE SOME. It's my favorite!"

He quickly took his plate and passed on. Breathing an amazed sigh of relief, I put down the serving spoon in my hand as the monitor came to close the serving line.

"Say," he said. "That Swiss steak we had for dinner tasted great!"

I quickly cleaned the serving line and dived for the kitchen. Operation DLS — disguised liver service — at Ambassador Dining Hall was a complete success after all!!



GROG!

It looks like the first stage of the Saturn moon rocket. It's made up of an old broken shovel handle, twelve heat lamps, Mayfair's old eat-'em-all *Alfonso*, and an old 15-gallon rain barrel.

What is it?

Give up?

It's Grog the *Glue-pot!!*

Ambassador Press was in dire need of a glue pot to bind the Bible Story books, *The New Morality*, and the other publications. But the going price for good gooey glue pots downtown is \$1,323.00!! Not only that—you have to wait *twelve weeks* for delivery!

So, in less than *one week*, and for only \$250, Mr. Kenton Zlab pieced together something *old* (Alfonso), something *new* (Transite "zlabs" made of asbestos and cement), something *borrowed* (shovel handle from gardeners), and made some glue.

If you think it couldn't possibly work, take a look inside the Press bindery at *fifteen gallons* of gurgling glue maintained at a sizzling 350° F. That's Grog the Glue Pot—he saved the College over a *thousand dollars!*

Did You Know . . .

The digits in 219 West Del Mar (our shipping address) add up to 12!
363 Grove Street (the college address) adds up to 12!

But 169 South Vernon (the student address) is 13 times 13! Yuch!! Too bad it's not 168 South Vernon—that is 12 times 7 times 2! You can't win them all!!

Perkins Prophecies Procrastination

The time bomb has been set! LOOK OUT! Seconds are ticking by.

During the next few weeks, many Ambassador students are going to be playing BEAT THE CLOCK. Test week is just around the corner and *all papers*

will be due. The only thing left with time on its hands will be your bedroom clock.

So wake up NOW!! The alarm is about to go off and your doom looms near.

Extra! Extra!

Campus Podiums Near Extinction

by Gerald Weston

"... AND THIS ABOMINABLE . . . CRACK!!! BANG!! GONK! Flop. Thing," shouted the enraged Ray Meyer as the front third of the podium came crashing to the floor under the weight of his angry fist.

"I HATE . . ." CRASH!!! FLOP!! "Ouch, my foot." "With a Passion," Bruce Nedrow fulminated as another podium bit the dust.

Ambassadors, what caused the revival

of podium busting; the fad now sweeping the Pasadena campus? Why has the carpentry shop suddenly been busy repairing splintered, maimed, and mangled podiums?

The answer is in pitifully poor podium pounding. The men don't hit as hard as the ministers do, but they hit in the corners where the wood is weakest. John Orchard just tapped the podium with medium strength last Thursday in club, but the whole thing toppled, *because he bit it in the corner.*

Men, hit the podium square in the CENTER, where it is strongest. If you break podiums THAT WAY, *then* you're getting the right idea.

Our Men in Uniform

by Rand Millich

Now unfolds the behind-the-scenes story of our men in uniform—the ushers:

An usher is the one who stands at the door with a basket and watches the painful expressions of people who can't afford to contribute.

He's the "ogre" that has to tell students to keep the aisles clear: "The people must get through!"

He's the one who has his "evil eye" focused to make sure children aren't falling from the bleachers or plunging into the pool.

He's the man who answers the phone and gives the latest score of the basketball game.

He's the one to see when the whole gym is packed and more people are waiting to get in.

He's the "eagle-eyed" detective who spots spike heels and diplomatically reminds the women of the rules.

He's the "information booth" who answers such questions as "Why don't you have refreshments tonight?" or "I lost my shoes somewhere in the gym,



Here at Freshmen Orientation, at basketball games, movi

have you found them?"

He's the gentleman with the usher's hat who gets more salutes than anyone on Campus!

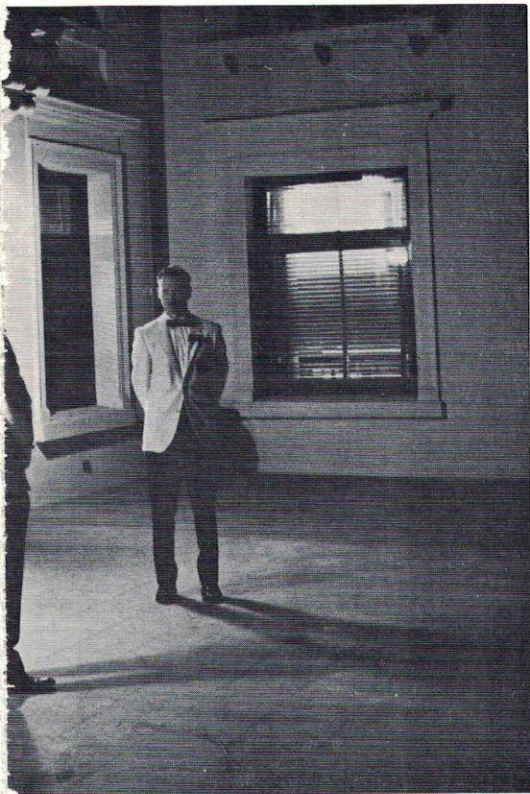
He Can Do The Same For You!

Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, here they come —
And Seattle, Washington.
Dick and Wayne have qualified,
And Randy too — lucky guy!
What God has done, *they* let Him do,
And God can do the same for *you!*
It takes a heart and solid will,
But this alone can God instill.
What then is our part to do?
Be humble, yielded, and zealous too.

Abolish Shavery

by John Roper

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



es, or concerts, our men in uniform are always conspicuous.

But he's also the individual who feels after every event, that serving is worthwhile and in spite of every problem — happiness is being an usher!



They look like Gangbusters in red and white — but what happens when they go out on the town?

The Band Men Speak Out!

by Louis Winant

It was Saturday night, December 10. After the basketball game six Ambassadors — three men, three ladies — decided, "Let's go out for a malt!" So, off they went — downtown for a malt. Only one thing different — four members of this group were clad in their candy-striped band uniforms!

Do you know what things can happen to a group of people walking down Colorado Blvd. — in their band uniforms??

It was a nice evening stroll. Everybody in Gwinn's West stared out the window at us. A couple of old men walking down the street stopped in their tracks, "What kind of a deal is this?"

There are many cars going down Colorado on a Saturday night. And, not every eighth car, but every third car honked at us. The people in the cars shouted various comments along with the cat-calls.

"What's going on here?"

"Who won?"

"Dig that crazy outfit!"

But, the one that beat them all was when a bright orange Triumph sports car drove by and then backed all the way down the hill to us.

"Hey, where's the party?"

And, upon telling them we'd just gotten out of a basketball game, they said, "Well, you'd better be careful. Red and white are the colors of the other side of town."

We had our malt. It was delicious.

But, if you feel neglected. Poor thing! And, you want some attention. If it seems like nobody loves you. You don't even get mail from home. Then put on a red and white striped jacket, white pants (or skirt as the case may be), a white turtle-neck, and a dirty pair of white sneakers. Then walk down Colorado Boulevard on a Saturday night.

We're Really Happy

by Chuck Gillette

We band members have often been told, "It's too bad you couldn't have the fun we had dancing. I surely feel so sorry for you students who sit up there on stage all night."

Oh misery! Weltsehmerz! Oh, great agony, Oh — my bazooka!!

But, gang we ARE *happy*, BELIEVE IT OR NOT!!!

Playing in the Band is actually a PRIVILEGE — a blessing in having an OUTLET for our talent, a means of expressing it. WITHOUT that "expression" we would be MOST UNhappy!

So please, PLEASE BELIEVE that we are happy! Please *don't* feel sorry for us. Big welling tears are starting to fill my eyes — and I used to be SO happy (sob), happy (sob), happy (sneeze!)!

Excuse me, I have to end this note ... I think I hear Mr. Bauer calling. Happy days have just returned.

"Have Mercy On Us, Men"

Fellas, did you ever wonder why nobody answers the phone when you call a girl's dorm at night? Well it's certainly not because the girls are anti-social and hate to be asked out!

Here is the inside story at last! Most girls start studying shortly after 7 p.m. Suddenly the phone rings. It rings once. "Someone will get it," every girl thinks to herself. It rings twice. "Somebody is probably on her way," every girl assures herself, without twitching a muscle. It rings three times. "Why doesn't somebody get the phone?" every girl mumbles to herself. As the fourth ring sounds, each girl is instantly to her feet and running to the phone. "Ghostly!" she thinks, "it's probably Tom, Dick or Harry asking me to go to the Ministerial Ball with him!"

Six girls fly out of their rooms. The black receiver is still vibrating. There's still hope! Sally Speed, winner of the nine-yard dash from desk to phone, pounces on the receiver.

Five eager faces flushed with excitement, anticipate Sally's words. "Sorry girls," she sighs. "He hung up."

So have a heart fellas. Don't call during study hours, but if you must, at least give us the benefit of the fifth ring!

Millennial Booklet

(Continued from page 1)

up with the reaper" as a second printing looks imminent.

Every day last week there were literal *truckloads* of booklets mailed as fast as the press can print them. Extra employees and student volunteers are having the opportunity to serve thousands, giving them a clearer vision of the New World, as each booklet is mailed out.

LATEST COUNT

Sixty-one Portfolio articles turned in by students in the last three weeks. Congratulations — many are here in print.

Don't let down!!



Your friendly custodial engineers sometimes aren't so friendly. Read Paul's epistle below, and see why.

Custodial Capers

Ambassador's Wayward Window Washers

by Paul Lay

Who says you have to start at the bottom? I started at the top — washing windows. But I've got a sad, woeful tale to tell. It's about the persecution that poor me — a lowly, high window washer gets.

Once a week I take my bucket and squeegee to the dining hall. While you eat, I work.

But not for long. A sophomore tramps up to my stepladder. "How's the weather up there?"

I smile and climb another step.

"Careful, don't fall." Then he shakes the ladder — just for fun.

Minutes later a dorm mate stops to peer at the glass. "There's a smudge on that door."

Before long EVERYONE has something to say.

"Still on the same window?"

"You're wasting your time. Tomorrow the windows will be dirty again."

"I can see *right through* your work."

"That door is still filthy."

Ambassadors, I need your help! Please don't make with the advice?

Read Immediately!

Memo to All Students

Subject: Death of students

Many students show all signs of being dead in class and on the job. This must stop!

On and after January 1, 1967, any student found sitting after he has died will be promptly reprimanded. If, after a class hour, it is noticed that said students have moved positions, the professor will investigate. Because of the highly sensitive nature of our students, and the close resemblance between death and their natural class attitude,

the investigation must be made silently so not to disturb if only sleeping.

If some doubt exists as to the true condition of the student *on the job*, extend a pay check or money! If the student does not reach for it, it may be assumed he is dead. In some cases, though, the instinct is so far advanced that a spasmodic clutch or reflex action may be encountered.

In class, the best remedy is a pop quiz, so named because it pops the student's eyes open.

WHAT TO DO WITH A SPARE TEN MINUTES

Tonight I was idly sitting at my desk, in a quandary. I only had a few minutes before I had to leave the dorm for a meeting. WHAT TO DO? I didn't have time to start a new project, yet I had too much time to literally throw it into the waste can I was so apathetically staring at.

"AHA!!! HARK!!! I THINK I HAVE IT!"

"No. NO! NOO!!" says my conscience. "You CAN'T do . . . THAT!?!"

"YES, yes I am. At long last I'm going to do it . . . and what's more I'll finish it this time!"

"GHAAASTLY!," it was my conscience. "You know that if you do that they'll all die of a heart attack. Their systems absolutely can't stand the shock!!"

"Yes, I know, but they'll build character. Besides, I have to do it when I'm "inspired."

This was certainly a great turning point in my college career. I had been thinking and planning for this moment for a long time. And I wasn't about to let my stupid conscience talk me out of it this time. After all, you've got to be ruthless SOMETIME. No, THIS WAS IT. MY MIND WAS MADE UP. Whadd'ya have to say about that, conscience?

"Well, I guess if you MUST, YOU MUST. But I still think Gary Alexander and John Kilburn will FAINT DEAD AWAY WHEN YOU HAND IN YOUR FIRST PORTFOLIO ARTICLE THIS YEAR!!!!"

AP News Service

(Continued from page 1)

1200 staff correspondents and 80,000 part-time contributors around the world, and every major newspaper as its subscriber. It utilizes the facilities of virtually all the ocean cables and commercial radio stations in the world.

The trend among American newspapers in recent years is to stress local news instead of events on the national and international scene. The local high school football team, the sewer project,



"Come on over and see us sometime."

Library Lookout

Sour Kraut or Pizza?

Need a good biography? How about a "delicious" cookbook, ladies? The Library has the answer in some new books you might be interested in reading.

Here are a few.

Himmler, by Rodger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel. The first detailed study of the life — private and public — of Heinrich Himmler, the most sinister of the Nazi leaders. As head of the Nazi S. S. (secret police), this "mild-mannered" man became the most feared and hated man both inside and outside Germany. He was responsible for

the school board, the latest referendum in the state legislature — these all take precedence over vitally significant news occurring in Germany, Egypt, England, or India.

Why AP?

Our command is to "WATCH" world news. The newspapers don't give enough, and UPI alone, while it is an excellent source, is insufficient. *Associated Press* is the larger and more comprehensive organization of the two. For sheer mass of facts the AP is an indispensable source. It is the press service most used by newspapers and news magazines.

Now, the AP "A"-wire is clicking away in the teletype room of the College Editorial Department.

Your Part

The News Bureau received this top wire service under *one condition*. WE HAVE TO USE IT!! The Associated Press

administering the killing of millions of Europeans during his reign of power. This is the first study that fully uses Himmler's voluminous official and private papers as well as interviews with his close relatives and wartime associates. This biography shows how his intensely superstitious nature led him to adopt one belief after another — racial purity, eugenic marriage, and finally the most dangerous of all, the superiority of the Aryan peoples. "The impact of this well-documented and highly readable book leaves the reader seriously pondering to what extent Himmler's career is a warning for the future."

On the lighter side — and especially for the co-eds — is a new book on Italian cooking called just that: *Italian Cooking for Pleasure*. This is really an exciting cookbook, making Italian cooking simple and fun. The recipes are practical, with English and American measurements throughout. They use available ingredients (a very important aspect to economical cooks). Striking color and black-and-white pictures show just how your finished dish will (or should) look. The photographs are really good for tips on atmosphere and table setting — the Italian way. Oh, by the way, the book is by Mary Reynolds.

is giving us a lower price on the condition we use it in college classes. It can't be used for just college publications, or else we violate the agreement.

Perhaps many of you freshmen don't realize this, but the News Bureau is open from 8:00 to 5:00 every weekday for your convenience. Do you want information for a research speech? ATTACK speech!? Get the Facts speech? How about a research project, extra credit or news assignment? Whatever your news need, the best in worldwide news service is at your fingertips in the college News Bureau.

What other college has this benefit for its students?? Not even the sister colleges in England or in Texas, much less in the musty libraries of the worldly universities and colleges. Let's not let this opportunity slide. Get your nose in the *newsiest* news available. Visit the NEWS BUREAU!



The Day of the BIG SPILL

by Mike Blackwell

"O-w-w-w-w! Oh, no!"

"Hey, are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. Take the boat around the lake again; let me get ready."

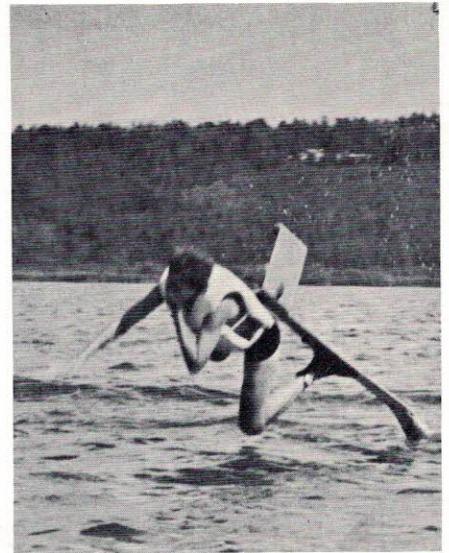
"You know I can't do that. The ski boat has to remain by the skier in case he needs help — besides, you don't look so well."

"I'm okay, I told you. Now take off and see how well the boat runs. Besides, this is the first opportunity for those two girls to ride in the ski boat."

The above conversation took place as I floated in the murky water of Lake

Loma. I had been skiing a few minutes and had decided to show my dexterity by slaloming, so I swam over by shore and dropped one ski.

Everything was going fine until I became overconfident and began jumping the wake of the boat and cutting back and forth. Then, in a split-second, the tip of the ski dipped beneath the surface and I did a triple rudolph and tumbled across the water. When I finally plummeted beneath the surface, I knew something was desperately wrong. In the murky depths of Lake Loma, my swimming trunks hung pre-



This is how it all started.

cariously from one foot. The force of the fall had jerked them off.

This was undoubtedly the most precarious situation in which I ever found myself. There I was — two girls in a ski boat five yards away and four others expectantly watching from shore seventy yards away. If I bent over to pull the trunks up, the ski belt would buoy the other end up and reveal the situation. But, any unnecessary movement and — bye-bye swimming trunks.

Thankfully, the boat driver soon realized the predicament and sped away, creating a diversion. This enabled me to quickly drop the ski belt and sink enough to yank the trunks back up and anchor them, saving much embarrassment for several people — but mainly me.

The moral of this story — if you slalom behind a fast boat, wear suspenders.

Ambassadors Declare WAR!

by Bob Justus

(G.N.S.)* Wednesday, December 7, 1966, just twenty-five years to the day after the attack of Pearl Harbor, Ambassador College was attacked by some ten thousand troops. With clockwork precision the black hordes tried to conquer the vital positions of Ambassador College. The Frontier Room was their first target. Soon they began pouring into

the Dining Hall from secret passages located on the south side by the track.

Within hours of the initial attack, Mr. Mott had officially declared a state of war on the invaders. Late Wednesday afternoon one of Ambassador's mercenaries, the Dewey Pest Control Company, arrived on the front lines. In less than an hour the six-legged storm troopers were completely wiped out of their position at the Frontier Room.

Since Wednesday's battle, many are asking, "How did Ambassador get caught by such a large-scale attack?"

Answers: First, the enemy forces began infiltrating the Dining Hall and Frontier Room nearly three weeks ago with the first rain. Second, it is a known fact that the enemy's main objective was food. Third, none of the enemy can swim. Fourth and most important, the invaders are only 3/64 of an inch tall.

Peace was again restored to the campus Thursday afternoon. The peace came when the last of the enemy troops were destroyed by an aerial attack of sprayed ant poison by the Dewey Pest Control Company.

*(Grapevine News Service)

What If . . .

Gerald were *drinkon* instead of Eaton?

Greg were *part-bright* instead of Albrecht?

Barbara were *Cleopatra* instead of Anthony?

George were *Freshman Class President* instead of Dean?

Kathy were *week* instead of Day?
Mary Bacon were *Eddy* too? We'd even settle for Beef Bacon!

Dan were a *winebibber* instead of a Bierer?

Carole were *Albuquerque* instead of Boston?

Bob and Fred were *Girlce* instead of Boyce?

Band Traitors?

Have you ever wondered why the band always yells for the faculty or the Navy or *anybody* besides their own classmates? It's because not enough students take the initiative to root for the *Faculty* at the games! Thus, the *band* is the official Faculty rooting section.

If your team isn't playing in a game, why don't *you* root for the Faculty. That way, some of the band members could root for their *own team* instead of being part-time traitors.