

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE • • • PASADENA, CALIFORNIA



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NOVEMBER 12, 1968

Mr. Ted Armstrong Recounts Colorado Hunt in Forum

Perfect weather, stimulating fellowship, and success characterized Mr. Ted Armstrong's eighth annual hunting trip in the mountains of northern Colorado. Both he and Mr. Howard Clark displayed much enthusiasm in Forum the week they returned. However, they did not display the nine days' growth of beard which both had shaved off after sporting them around campus for a day.

After the strenuous travel and speaking schedule of the Feast of Tabernacles — which Mr. Armstrong pointed out was definitely not routine for him — he enjoys the opportunity to

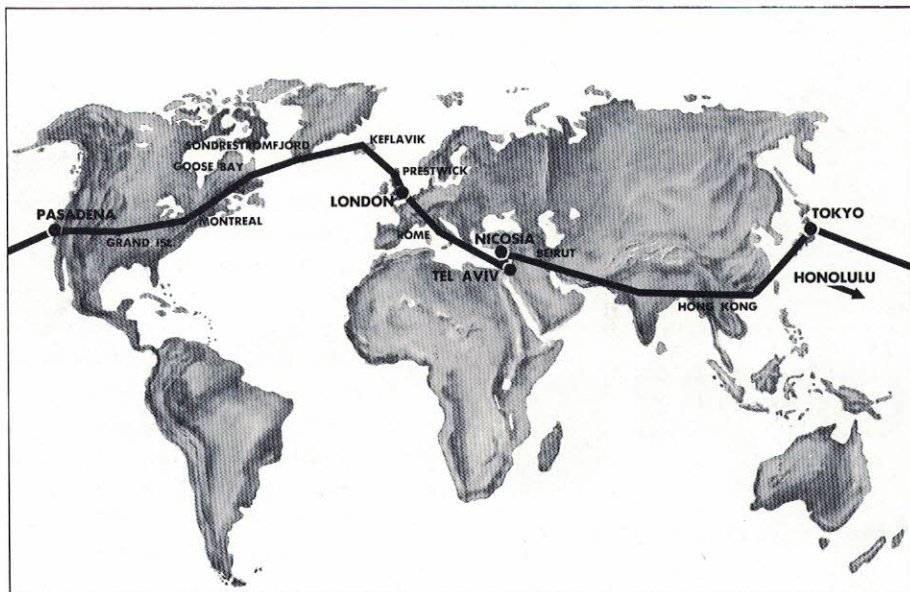
(Continued on page 4)

New Developments Signal more Growth for Spanish Work

The exciting news for November is our debut in the Spanish edition of the *Reader's Digest*. With a circulation of about 800,000, our Hippie ad will reach most of Latin America including the Spanish-speaking areas of the U. S. (Temporarily excluded are the five southern countries of South America, and Spain.)

An interesting sidelight is the discovery of an apparent remnant of the Sardis Era in Chile — a scattered group

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Mr. H. W. Armstrong Winds Up Whirlwind Trip Around the World

While a weary nation hopefully watched the outcome of the Presidential election, the attention of this worldwide Work was centered in Jerusalem, Nicosia, Tokyo, and Honolulu — the cities visited by Mr. Armstrong on his recent trip.

Accompanied by Dr. Herman Hoeh and Mr. Stan Rader, our legal Counsel and financial adviser, he flew to Jerusalem from our Bricket Wood, England, campus to explore the possibility of a joint scientific and historic project between Ambassador College and Hebrew University of Jerusalem. "It promises possibility of results of great prophetic importance," Mr. Armstrong said.

The College Falcon arrived in Tel Aviv to find Mr. Dick waiting at the

airport. Though Mr. Dick had not been notified, it happened that the Manager of the Hertz Car Rental Agency, whom Mr. Dick knows, heard "Falcon" mentioned in the tower, and hurried off to tell Mr. Dick his plane was arriving!

From Jerusalem Messrs. Armstrong and Rader went to Nicosia, Cyprus, to check into the possibility of Cyprus radio time. So far, nothing satisfactory has opened up.

Leaving Nicosia, the two men set

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AMBASSADOR LINGO

Part II

Ambassador College has its own vocabulary. To ensure communication with all new-comers, Joe Seefus, our student lexicographer, historian, and part-time intellectual has compiled the following list. This list completes an abridged version of Joe's completed *Unabashed Dictionary*.

Koo cut: a short haircut.

lad: Letter Answering Department.

monsoon season: the yearly rain supply of Southern California coming the last of November and the first part of December.

Murphy House: 1) a famous mansion recorded in the ancient annals of Ambassador College, but now commonly held to be purely legendary
2) the home of Miss Murphy.

optimist: the sophomore who talks about what a fool he *used* to be.

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Editorial

Would the REAL Upperclassmen Please Stand Up?

by David Albert

How about it, Juniors and Seniors — are you a bland, neutral shade of gray? Neither black nor white, committed or uncommitted, A. C.'s version of "the man in the gray, flannel suit"?

Are you "waiting it out" this year, afraid to rock the boat or "make waves"? Afraid to *take the lead*? To do something *dramatic*, to call too much attention to yourself? Are you desperately hoping you won't be noticed, and at the same time hoping you won't be *overlooked*?

Are you *overreacting* to campus and handbook rules and regulations in dread terror that a single infraction will bar your chances of being used in the Work this summer? Are you perpetually dreading that one fatal slip that will consign you forever to the Janitor Crew on graduation?

Does a straight-from-the-shoulder evaluation in Advanced Public Speaking give you an Excedrin headache and night sweats? Is that what's bothering you?

Let's face it, *something* is!

I can't help noticing the contrast in the speech classes. Where did that free, *uninhibited* attitude so often seen in Intermediate Speech class go by the time you're a Senior? What happened to the frank admissions, the heartfelt lessons, self-consciousless references to God, the Bible, or prayer? Did something change when you became an "upperclassman"?

Are you now the conditioned, defensive, lackluster "man in the gray flannel suit," guarding your image, afraid to take a hard, firm stand, to step out and be a leader and let the chips fall where they may? It seems so — maybe not in every case, but *by your own admissions*, it's true in all too many cases, *isn't it?*

Sure it is!

You know it, and I know it, and God knows it!! And I know and you know He doesn't like that approach in His College! It isn't *right!*

Why does it creep in here? A little thought on the matter and reference to God's Word will show that this is a *carnal reaction* to the circumstances and situations here at Ambassador College. We know the Work needs *leaders*, so we try to become one by *not being one!* That's kind of *backwards*, isn't it?

Why don't you ask yourself the same searching questions asked by one of God's truly great leaders, "For do I *now persuade men*, or God? OR DO I SEEK TO PLEASE MEN?"

Isn't this the heart of the problem — trying to be a man-pleaser all the time in silly, self-conscious, self-centered VANITY? Paul added in Galatians 1:10, "For if I yet pleased men, I should *not be the servant of Christ!*" And you won't be a servant of Christ or used in His Work if you don't shake this attitude!

Be yourself! But as Mr. Meredith has always said, be your *better* self! Be genuine, be real. Don't be afraid to make a few waves as an upperclassman as long as it's coming from a *pure* heart and a *right* motive. Come on. The rest of the student body is waiting to see what you're *really* like, upperclassmen! So is the faculty. So is God. So peel off a few thick layers of carnally conditioned responses and men-pleasing inhibitions.

Let's see some warm-bodied, warm-hearted, dynamic upperclass *leadership!* So will the *real* Ambassador College upperclassmen *please* stand up!

Knights with Might Hold Ladies' Night

Ambassador oral tradition totes the tale of a fabulous Ambassador Club (Supercalifragilistic Sunday "A" — hereafter referred to as SSA) whose knights were known as Ladies' Knights and who were well accomplished in the art of Ladies' Nights.

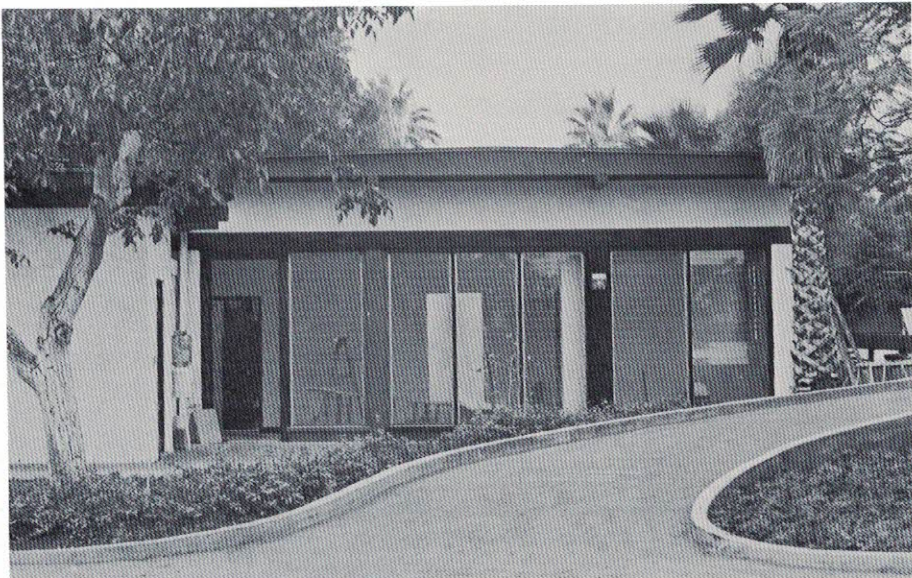
The legend has it that one night they gat themselves up to the Common's Room of Grove Terrace and had a banquet. A sundeck makes for sky-level dining, so they preceded club with a meal of steak and champagne in the environs of bright stars, moonlit Del Mar palms, and hazy lights of the far-flung kingdom of Pasadena.

White-jacketed waiters (to be distinguished from similarly adorned but differently occupied personnel) and one comely waitress responded to the re-sounding gong of Danny "the Red" Bierer (the leader of this improbable band) to serve the well-planned meal and do the honors of cork popping (possible under a high ceiling).

The actual speech section, the tale continues, was held inside. Though the session was formal, it was *comfortably* formal with seating in comfortable lounge furniture arranged in a semi-circle facing the podium. The fire crackled cozily in the fireplace. (For this reason, SSA's speeches became known as "fireside chats.") Jim Tabor, a wise man of the day, acted as topics-rabbi.

After this obviously chimerical club meeting, each SSA knight danced out on the sundeck with the girl that had found favor in his eyes, pausing only to renew his strength at the bubbling, boiling fountain of youth. Some sat inside by the fire and listened to live music played quietly by a real live wire, Charles Vinson, a musician famed in that corner of the earth.

It was a night to end all Ladies' Nights (and the Knights were fairly well finished too). So hear my lads, and tell your children of Mr. Lacour's scintillating SSA and the night the Knights had a night that might be emulated by Knights to come.



GARDENERS HOMESTEAD AT OLD SCIENCE ANNEX

At last, elbow room! On Friday and Sunday of last week the Gardening Department moved into their new offices in what used to be the Science Annex. After a one-and-a-half-year sojourn around various locations on campus, they now have permanent office space.

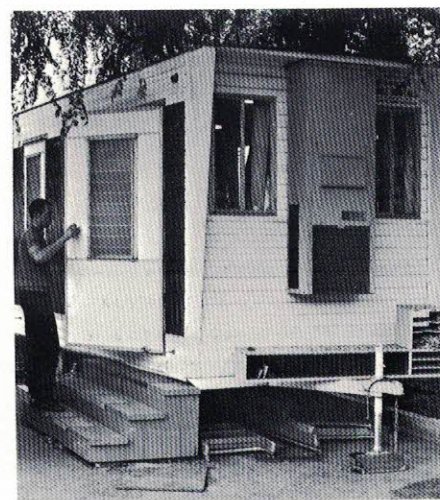
Ever since the old gardening shed was torn down to pave the way for construction of the Academic Complex, the Department has been looking for a home. Chief gardener Mr. Ellis La Ravia first set up headquarters in the first floor of "Old 350." But that place gave way to more progress as the new men's dormitory went up on the spot. Mr. La Ravia then moved into a small one-room trailer which was located behind 380. It was later moved behind Manor Del Mar.

After the Science Department moved to the new Academic Complex, the College obtained permission from the city to have the area re-zoned so that office space could be set up in the vacated building. Workmen then converted the old structure and added on an annex in the back. This new space in the back is occupied by Mr. George Daly, chief maintenance man for the college grounds.

Both Mr. Daly and Mr. La Ravia are now centrally located on campus.

The gardeners have a combination snack bar and conference room at their disposal. This is a real blessing because until now the office space kept shrinking, while the work force in the Department kept growing. Today there are seventy-five full-time employees and part-time student workers keeping the campus in tip-top shape. Any department meetings had to be held in the Man Del Mar basement.

With their roots sunk in at a permanent location, the "greenhouse gang" now has the means to more effectively maintain the beautiful grounds of Ambassador College.



This was the previous headquarters for the department!

Colorado Vacation

(Continued from page 1)

rest, relax and rehabilitate his vocal cords in the cool, crisp mountain air.

Unlike previous years, the number of men going hunting did not have to be limited because of strain on the hostess, as Mr. Armstrong did most of the cooking. So a total of twelve men, including Mr. Norman Smith, Mr. Leslie McCoullough, Mr. Ron Kelly, Mr. Dale Schurter, Mr. Glenn White, Mr. Clark, Mr. Brent Curtis and Mr. Brent Curtis, Jr.; Mr. Jim Thornhill, Mr. Lyle Christopherson, and Mark Armstrong feasted on pancakes, venison, and "peanut butter and jelly," surrounded by invigorating scenery and complete lack of smog!

Apparently eating and relaxing didn't take up all of their time, because, they managed to bag eleven big bucks; Mr. Armstrong and his son claimed two from ambush in a huge haystack. The men consumed all of one small deer on the trip, and each man took home one haunch or so. The rest of the meat was taken back to the Big Sandy Campus in a horse trailer to become a venison barbecue for the Texas students!

There was also time for many inspiring Bible Studies and what was termed, "a fantastic Sabbath service," though Mr. Armstrong added, "With three evangelists, two pastors, and two preaching elders, it was hard to get a word in edgewise!"

Spanish Work

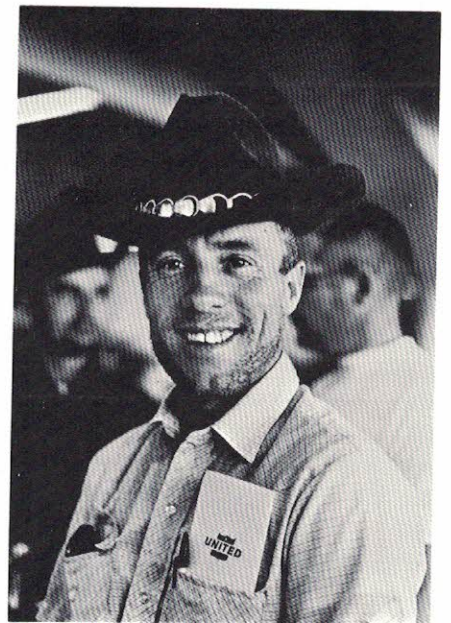
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of several thousand brethren who observe not only the Sabbath, but some of the Holy Days as well. A special meeting was arranged in Santiago, and Dr. Charles Dorothy and Mr. Pablo Gonzalez (the voice of *El Mundo de Mañana*) flew to this narrow nation on the coast of South America to speak with as many brethren as could make the difficult trip to the capital.

Two of the church leaders were invited to the Festival in Texas. They were very impressed with the campus and the Festival. And, what is more



"And it's really edible!"



Mr. Thornhill displays a mountain-grown beard.

Whirlwind Trip

(Continued from page 1)

out for Tokyo. The first stop—for fuel—was made in Tehran. They reached New Delhi, India, at noon the next day, then flew onward to Bangkok, Thailand. They rested 24 hours in Hong Kong to break up the trip.

The men arrived in Japan Thursday night (Oct. 31), 1:00 A.M. Tokyo

important, they were seemingly convinced of where God is working today. They planned to tour Chile after the Feast to share their new experience with others of their group.

And, virtually at the same time, another apparent fragment of Sardis was discovered—"The Church of the Remnant of Israel," which has some 95 loosely knit "congregations" in Mexico. Their pastors have known of us for some time through our literature, but have been reluctant to share this new source of knowledge with their flocks. But during Dr. Dorothy's visit there after the Feast, many *lay members* expressed their eagerness to hear more about this new Way.

While you pray for the success of this worldwide advertising campaign, remember as well this new door God now has provided for the millions of Latin America, who also desperately need *La PURA VERDAD*.

time, and checked in at the Imperial hotel, where they had a luncheon engagement with the Emperor's younger brother scheduled for 12:00 Friday. They were met by Mr. Gotoh, the head of our Japanese Department.

After he had cocktails and lunch with the Emperor's brother, Mr. Armstrong was taken to the palace grounds where he met the prince's wife.

The good news of the world tomorrow has never reached Japan. Now by a miracle, God has supplied the men to make a Japanese work possible. After these preliminary meetings with the Emperor's brother, the College will be in a position to talk to Japanese radio station managers concerning a future Japanese broadcast!

From Tokyo Mr. Armstrong flew to Honolulu, where he again made a rest stop because of the time zone change. The whole church turned out for a Bible Study that night (Thursday, Oct. 31)! Mr. Armstrong promised the congregation he would send them a full-time minister as soon as possible! The next evening, Mr. Armstrong arrived in Pasadena, barely in time for the Bible Study there.

Yes, while a nation looked for a *man-made* solution to their problems, the Work of GOD continued to find doors slowly but surely opening to reach "all the world for a witness."

Be A Hard Target

by Tom Harrison

Suppose some Friday evening, upon returning from Bible Study, you sat down in a lounge chair, kicked off your shoes, and started to enjoy a small snack. Tastes good.

But wait just a minute! Something isn't right. You notice the curtain flapping in front of the open window.

Suddenly you realize that you were in a rush when you left for Bible Study earlier in the evening, and you neglected to make sure that everything was tight and secure. The result: Your dorm was an EASY TARGET.

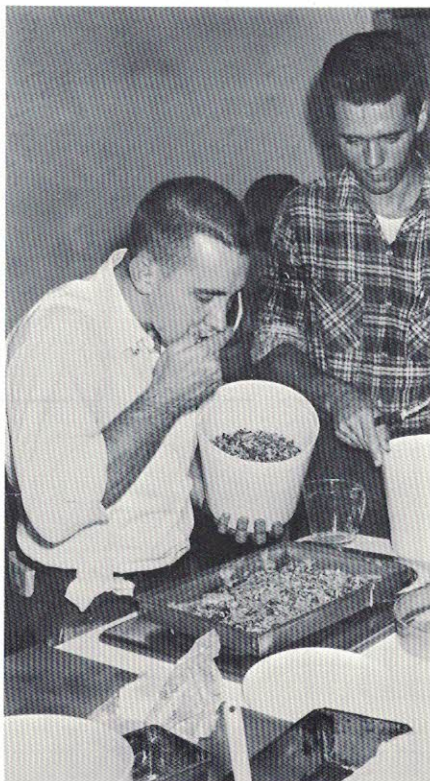
How many times have you rushed off to some college function, a date, or just carelessly neglected to check and to double check the doors of your dorm? Like most, you have been negligent in the past, and will continue to be negligent in the future, to the security of your dorm; UNLESS you change your ways and decide that you're going to become a HARD TARGET.

Recently I received a report from Mr. Sprouse, Supervisor of the Security Department, that a Black Muslim was wandering inside one of the men's dormitories. Why? The door was left wide open. Fortunately, this man was contacted by a security guard and no harm was done — this time! The fact remains that the door to the dorm was left wide open; furthermore, the dorm was unoccupied.

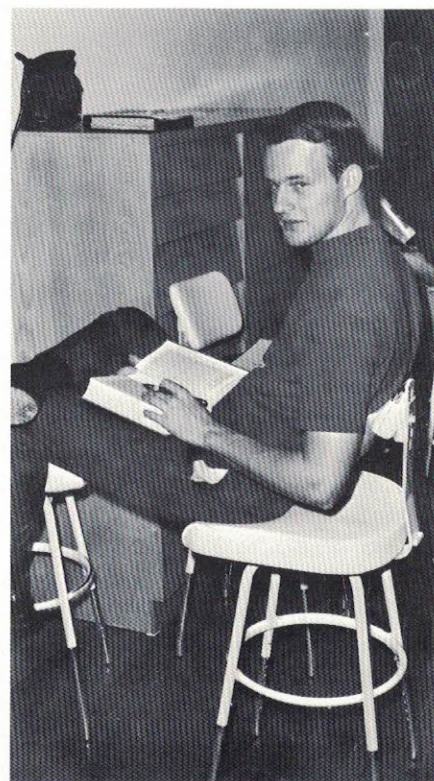
We were lucky a security guard spotted him. But what about these security guards? Can they do it all?

No. You have your part in protecting the campus too.

So let's be security conscious. Let's make ourselves, our dormitories, and the whole Ambassador College complex, a HARD TARGET! Take the time to double-check the doors, the windows of your dorm. Let's not have to depend on security to take care of our responsibilities. But let's join the security force. Ambassador College can have a five-hundred-man security force. Ambassador College can become a HARD TARGET.



The verdict: Yecch!



Chef Boy-ar-Pyle works on a book report while his loaf bakes.

Amateur Hour in the Kitchens

by Richard Elfers

"Dr. Erlanderrrrr!!!! How much yeast do I use?"

What's going on here? Is it some strange new experiment to see the multiplication properties of those wee yeast beasties? Or, is someone searching for a recipe to make his own home brew of beer to tie him thru those cold California winter nights?

No!

It's Dr. Erlander's Nutrition class again trying out their culinary skills by learning to bake their own whole wheat bread.

About 110 adventurous Ambassadors will have braved the Home Ec kitchens to test their talents against a puffed-up foe during the semester. Mixing, stirring, and sifting (not shifting) the ingredients, the well-known substance called dough was formed. Kneading it took more time and talent. The dough had to be punched, pulled, and turned under so that it vaguely resembled a loaf (hopefully), and then was popped into the oven.

Then the waiting began. Would the rising hopes of the amateur bakers fall with their bread? Would the texture be smooth or holey? Only time would tell.

Meanwhile the students made use of the time by making sweet rolls, studying, or chatting excitedly about their still-baking loaves. Gloria Owen went back to her dorm to make her bed. Others admired Jack Pakozdi's fingers because of their excellent kneading action. Meanwhile others gazed in admiration at Ray Pyle's puffed-up loaf. Dauntless Dave Orban was not to be outdone, however. He baked his bread with all his might, so much that when he had finished, it was difficult to tell if there was more flour in the loaf or on him!

Finally the bread was ready to be tested. Gastric juices began to flow as the loaves were cut and the texture examined.

Success!! So fruitful was this baking experience that all the loaves were either eaten on the spot, or sold to their creators.

Library Lookout

DIG THOSE WEANS

by Rita Bird

If you are like most people, you have diligently avoided all books on archaeology, so that you wouldn't have the mental strain of trying to find out just what the author knew as fact (usually very little) and what conclusions he was digging to (usually very many). But now, by reading one short book of only 58 pages, you can really understand the basic foundations of the science of archaeology. A bonus — the book also happens to be funny!

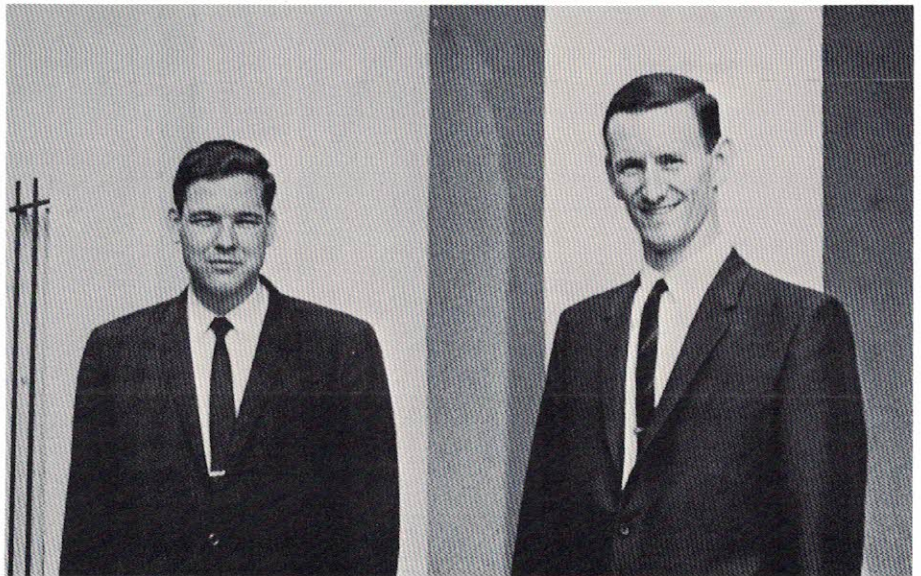
The Weans, by Robert Nathan, purports to be a survey of an ancient civilization. An archaeologist has called these people the Weans, "because certain archaeological findings incline him to the belief that they called their land the WE or the US" — that is, the U-nited S-tates. Using strictly archaeological data (made up, of course, by Mr. Nathan), scientists have reconstructed that civilization. For example, it is "known" that the Weans were not a friendly or hospitable people — a small inscription was found which reads "the dodgers were shut out." And, although the Weans had many gods, one of their principal divinities was "cocacola," which was the name of an Aztec root-deity. The Weans' chief enemies were another group of tribes known as the More Weans, which comes from their name USSR (i.e. Usser — meaning more Us).

Why read a satire such as this? Because it shows clearly the broad conclusions that could be drawn from incomplete and sometimes misleading relics. After reading this book, you will be able to study serious (?) works on archaeology, discerning more easily what archaeology does and does not tell us about any given civilization.

Recently, a Hollywood actor received a shocking letter in the mail. It was from a woman and read like this:

"Darling, I love you madly. You must marry me for I cannot live without you!"

Then he looked at the front of the envelope and noticed it was addressed to "Occupant."



Messrs. Crabtree and Holman, recently returned from their trip "down under."

IBM TEAM PAVES WAY FOR WORK IN INDIA

Opportunities happen all the time in God's Work. Just ask a certain Junior named Mike Holman. Immediately after the Feast Mr. John Crabtree and Mike were sent to Australia to tackle some problems created by the *Reader's Digest* ads to India.

Until the *Reader's Digest* ads appeared we were receiving only a handful of letters from India. But the first two ads brought in an avalanche of mail — a response of over 20,000 letters.

This flood of mail gave rise to many "problems." First off, the letters were addressed to Ambassador College Press while the post office box was in the name of the Church. For this reason the postmaster would not release the letters to be processed. Mr. Wayne Cole from the Australian office flew to India to straighten out the situation.

Next the need arose for a mailing list. This is where Mr. Crabtree and Mike came in. These two were dispatched to Sydney to set up the initial program for labeling all the mail that would be sent out. They also investigated the feasibility of converting the Australian domestic file to computer-handling and worked out minor details concerning the subscription list to the Philippines.

As they began to work in Sydney they ran into several obstacles. They needed to have some keypunching done. But the demand for keypunching is so great in Australia that it looked as if it would take several months to get the machines. Never say die. They called the IBM office in Sydney. You guessed it! For *some reason* IBM just "happened" to have two keypunch machines available. But they didn't have any operators on hand. Again it seemed as if the project would never get off the ground.

Not so! A member of the Church had been fired from her job for attending the Feast of Tabernacles. Her job: keypunch operating. She was recruited and put to work on the mailing list.

Next they had to study the Indian postal system — or rather the lack of one. They found it quite disorganized with many problems to be tackled.

But the initial program has been set up. At last the light of the Gospel can reach thousands of new people in this new door that God has opened. A new foreign office may possibly be opened soon in Bombay. This all adds up to a greater fulfillment of this Work's commission in the biggest year in its history.

The orders came:**“HANG THEM HIGH!”**

by Bob Fenstermacher

As the new press neared completion, the plumbing shop found itself responsible for a great deal of the finishing plumbing work on different machines.

The crew (Messrs. Gerringer, Rogers, Linthicum, and Fenstermacher) appreciated the truly *fine* working conditions — INDOOR ditch digging, not to mention air-conditioned, smog-free pipe cutting. Yet, somehow, all of us felt we were called to something higher.

SURE ENOUGH, our boss *was* yelling for us again — AND we *were* called to something higher — higher by about 25 feet! We were called to place water and gas lines along the roof of the press room in our new printing plant. There is plenty of open, usable space between the ceiling and floor in that room! The simplest way to run a water main from wall to wall is to suspend it on hangers from the roof.

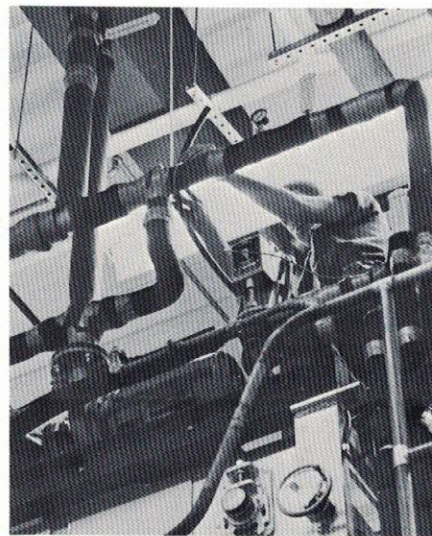
Did I say simple? Well, compared to laying a water sprinkler line on Mt.

Everest, it's simple. *All* we do is haul 20-foot, 225-pound lengths of steel pipe to the top of two rickety, rockety, rusty scaffolds.

Then we use our pocket wrenches to screw together these four-inch mains. The smallest wrench measures about two feet. Our other one stands about three feet tall and were we to ever drop the little jewel, Cal Tech seismographs would undoubtedly note it.

The final work consists of slipping sections of rubber insulation tubes over each pipe. Diaphragmatically grunting and groaning in rhythm, we have a *swinging* session installing that tubing high atop those creaky adult jungle gyms. We do use Johnson and Johnson Baby Powder between the insulation and the pipe as a lubricant to make the work go easier.

So the next time you see a shaking, dirty, sweaty, yet fragrant man in gray strut by, you'll understand a bit about his work and him. He's an Ambassador College PIPE HANGER!!



Part of the plumbing the “hangmen” installed hooks up with the new Halley-Aller Press.

Circular File*(Continued from page 2)*

P.C.: 1) Plow corn 2) Pick cotton.
 outpost: the Olcott Apartments.
 Ph.D.: (in the world) piled higher and deeper.
 plagiarist: One who gives birth to an adopted baby.
 PORTFOLIO: famous international newspaper distinguished by literary plagiarism and pizazzy mistakes.
 pun: the lowest form of humor (when you don't think of it first).
 r-i-i-ight: exclamation of general assent (confined to the intellectual elite).
 scrip: stuff once circulated between pay-days.
 campus duck: the bird that Johnson killed.
 canned: (said of a person) subjected to a fiery ordeal (see “killed”).
 carnal: see “worldly.”
 circular file: trash can. *Circular file* is often implied in the phrase “I'll just file it.”

widgie! Perhaps a #9 Iron — GE steam and dry!”

Occasionally your date may ask you *intelligent* questions. Like: “What kind of a Caddy do you recommend?”

You can reply: “Well, I don't really like Caddies — I prefer Buicks!”

Or she might ask: “How can I shoot a birdie?”

Your answer: “Use a Remington .22.”

So the next opportunity you get — go play golf!

**Those Who Can, Do —
Those Who Can't, Teach**

by Ron Beideck

Fellows! Do you want to have an interesting, profitable, and scintillating date? If you do, try something *different!* Take your date *golfing!* You will be amazed at how much fun you can have — without even taking a swing.

Recently Vicky Norman, Joyce Miller, Everett Leisure and yours truly had an opportunity to test our skills on the links. I confidently informed the group that I usually shot in the 70's. And sometimes I have played when the temperature was even warmer!

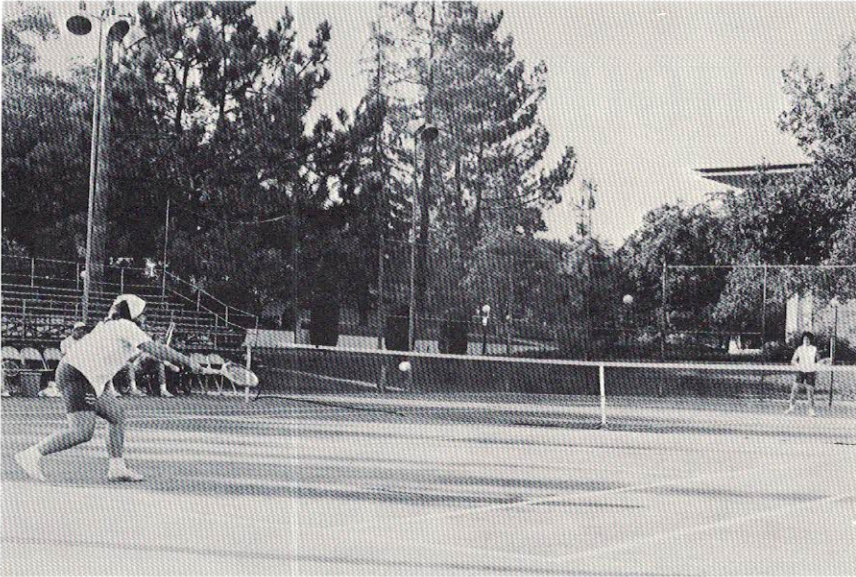
Most of the fun in this kind of a date is that you can teach the girls about a subject they know little or nothing about. I instructed them, “Golf is a game where we use this *little*, tiny ball — two inches in diameter. We place

this *little* ball on a *bigger* ball — 8,000 miles in diameter! The object of the game is to hit the *little* ball without hitting the *big* ball!”

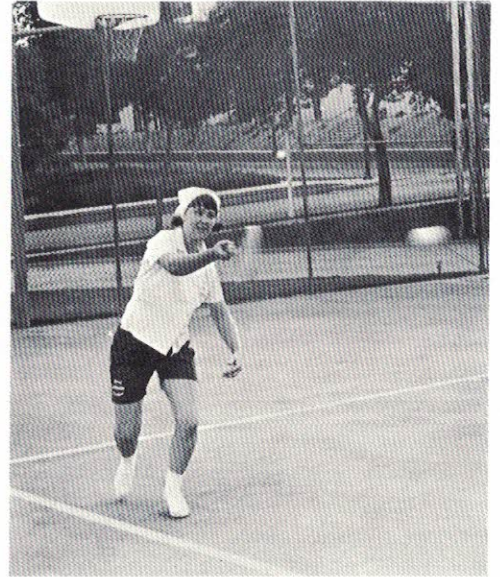
Giving your date a brief *history* of the game is usually helpful: “Golf has been played for centuries. Did you know that the Grand Canyon was formed by an Indian trying to hit his ball out of a sandtrap?”

Advise her on the proper stance: “Most golfing experts are agreed that your feet *should* be on the ground. If they are not, you will find that your club is too short to reach the ball!”

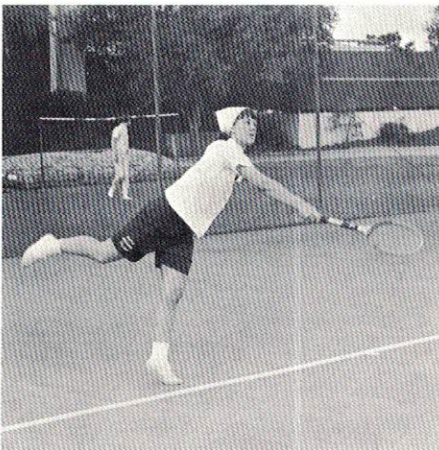
When your date's ball gets caught in a sandtrap, you can say with an air of *authority* regarding the choice of a club: “I recommend a *niblick* or a



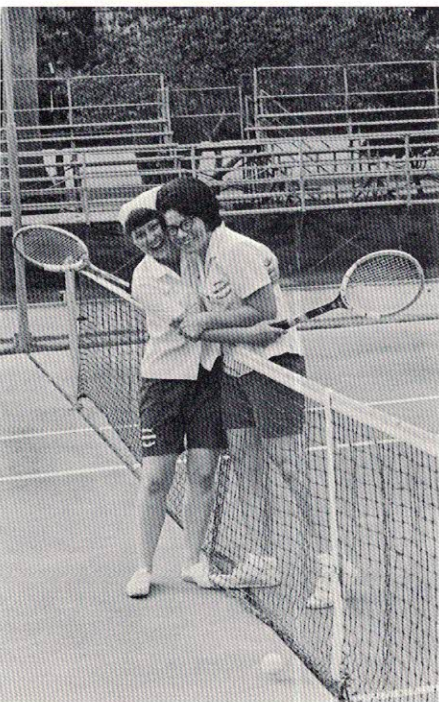
A panoramic view of the battlefield.



Rosemary returns Ruth's serve.



Anyone for ballet?



Rosemary congratulates Ruth on a hard-fought victory.

A Racket With the Feminine Touch

by Ben Whitfield and Ed Mauzey

"M or W?"
 "M!"
 "M it is!" Serve or side?"

With the spin of a tennis racket the first annual Ambassador College Fall Tennis tournament commenced play. (Ed: For all of those who don't see what the spinning of a racket has to do with tennis, see the authors of this article.)

On October 27, the women's competition got under way. Cheryl Vance, Miss Hollywood in her dark shades and fluorescent green dress arrived on the court and drawled, "Where's the action?"

She wasn't long in finding out. Upsets were the order of the day as Rosemary Sandhuff battled to a tough 8-5 victory over early favorite Linda Correll. Then she went on to oust her second contender, Cynthia Ramsey.

Meanwhile, Ruth Mullay was sprinting her way to the finals with her blistering serve. Sue Smith's one-legged returns to Ruth Mullay's battery failed to stop Ruth's barrage across the net.

On Tuesday the finals match was held. We were privileged to have Mr. Walter Westbrook as head judge to call the crucial match. He is the tennis pro from the Huntington-Sheraton Hotel in Pasadena and was once one of the national doubles champions of the United States.

The finals pitted the two evenly matched girls. Many games were deuce, and deuce again before Ruth's tenacity won out over Rosemary's ground strokes.

On Sunday November 3, the men began their battle for the top rung on the ladder. Results will be printed in the next issue.

