



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD. HERTS.



Volume 6, Number 1

October, 1965

5 For '65

Ambassador Clubs are off!!! - to a scintillating start for '65.

As the College has grown, so too have the Ambassador Clubs. (This year for the first time five clubs are in action!!!)

Colin Adair, John Stanciu, Graemme Marshall, Stephen Martin, and Kerry Cooperhead the new clubs.

Over-all Evaluators are Mr. Mc Nair, Mr. Hunting, Mr. Wainwright, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Dart.

Ambassador College would not be the same without the Ambassador Clubs. They provide the real opportunities for the students to develop personality, speaking ability, culture, quick-thinking, enthusiasm, fellowship, and the spirit of service!!!

In the Ambassador Speech Manual are listed four important Goals and Purposes for these Formal Dinner Clubs.

They are as follows.

- (1) TO DEVELOP THE WHOLE PERSONALITY.
- (2) TRUE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.
- (3) TO LEARN GOD'S GOVERNMENT IN ACTION!
- (4) TO DEVELOP LEADERSHIP AND SERVICE.

We can all think back to our Freshman year -- remembering the dry throat, the knocking knees, the trembling hands, the acute nervousness, and the fervent hope that the

(Continued on page 6)



Smiling co-eds await introductions to the faculty

Enrollment Leaps To 195 As Classes Resume

Ambassador College is growing like the proverbial mustard seed! This year Bricket Wood has 195 Students.

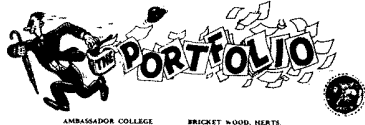
The incoming freshman class has a total of nearly 85 and the growth has all occurred in a relatively short space of time. Thirty new students, for example, materialized in ONE DAY! Since then the remainder have filtered in from all parts of the globe. This, of course, is the largest freshman class ever to enter Bricket Wood Ambassador. They are all quickly becoming absorbed into College life.

Yes! Ambassador College's atmosphere has been completely changed.

Because of the augmented student body, three new men have been added to the Faculty.

First, is Dr. Stewart. He will be giving classes in Anatomy and Physiology, Biology, and Hygiene. From Germany and the Dusseldorf office comes Mr. Gunar Friebergs. He will be lecturing on European History and guiding the Classical Research class. And finally there is Mr. Robin Jones - teaching classes for the im-

(Continued on page 6)



FACULTY ADVISOR

Robert C. Boraker

EDITOR

Greg Sargent

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

John Cheetham

Bob Morton

STAFF REPORTERS

John Khouri Terry Villiers

Bill Pentecost Lyall Johnston

David Ord

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Garrick McDonnell

Published fortnightly by Ambassador
College, Bricket Wood, England

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 or relatives.

© 1965 by Ambassador College
All Rights Reserved

At Last - Language Lab

An image of a man flashes on a screen.

"Je suis M. Tibou," a voice booms.

The picture changes again. "Je suis Mme. Tibou" feminine tones repeat.

France has come to Ambassador College - not in the form of French instructors, nor in the form of films or records, but now *French* French is being heard by students through an effective combination of tape recordings and filmstrips. Stationed in L1 is the home of a maze of tape recorders, wires, tapes, strip films, projectors and ear-phones - the nucleus of a *language laboratory*. Four booths for individual practice sessions are already awaiting delivery.

But what is a "language laboratory"? What advantage does it have over the text book training most of us have undergone?

Firstly, and most obviously, it gives the new student an opportunity to hear a number of speakers using

(Continued on page 6)

Editorial

A Real Ambassador

by Greg Sargent

Welcome to Ambassador College!

You'll find students from MANY countries represented here: England, Scotland, South Africa, Japan, America, and others. But *all* had ONE PURPOSE in mind -- becoming an AMBASSADOR College student.

Ambassador College you wanted and Ambassador College you have. Others that you will never come in contact with also have achieved their goal of coming to Ambassador College. These happy, thriving students are now studying at one of our other colleges in Pasadena or Big Sandy.

We can all agree that it's a real joy to be here, especially in Ambassador College, BRICKET WOOD. But how many of us really realize what institution we have come to? How many students in Pasadena and Big Sandy FULLY understand where *they* are? We're not just in Bricket Wood. And they're not just in Pasadena or Big Sandy. They're in AMBASSADOR College, Pasadena or AMBASSADOR College, Big Sandy. And we're in AMBASSADOR College, Bricket Wood.

Whatever college you're located, you're at AMBASSADOR.

Don't feel you're limited because you're not at headquarters. You can become a REAL AMBASSADOR in Bricket Wood.

We're all students. Yet we can compare ourselves to three other occupations. These three characteristics stand out in the REAL AMBASSADOR students.

First of all, we're soldiers. A soldier can't fight alone. Unless others are helping to fight the battle, it is certain to be lost. Or, a lone soldier might cower and *never begin* the battle.

The battle of classes, activities, and fulfilling the goals for which we've set out CANNOT be conquered by ourselves. Unless we stick together as soldiers, in one fortified *unit* of purpose and accomplishment, we'll lose. Failure would be inevitable.

Your success for becoming a real AMBASSADOR student will depend on you becoming an integral part of the body of students. Pull together as soldiers.

Secondly, we're like athletes striving for the masteries. An athlete can't depend on others to do his training for him. He has to abide by his OWN training schedule. If he has a REAL desire for the masteries, he will work out his OWN success.

You must also work out YOUR OWN success.

Make your goals REAL to you. YOU must do your *own* studying.

You're the one who will suffer for procrastinating on assignments. YOU will be the cause for failure, not the man next to you. You're the one who must make the decision as to WHEN you'll get down to business. Your success will depend on your OWN striving to succeed. YOU are responsible.

Lastly, we might compare ourselves to farmers. A farmer must first obtain the fruits of someone else's labour in order to have seeds to plant. Before we can sow knowledge, it's necessary we partake of the knowledge others have to give.

IF you want to become a REAL AMBASSADOR student, reap everything the college has to offer. The knowledge, examples, and events of abundant living are here to acquire. We know you'll strive to acquire them.

You're in England; you're at AMBASSADOR COLLEGE. Wherever located, WE call ourselves AMBASSADORS.

We've looked forward to YOU being one too.

Now YOU can become one -- a REAL AMBASSADOR.

The History Of Memorial Hall

NO LONGER is the term "Hanstead House" used in reference to the building we now call "Memorial Hall". Before the words "Hanstead" and "Yule" are forgotten and have lost all meaning, the PORTFOLIO now records the history of *Hanstead Estate* -- the property on which Ambassador College stands today.

The Hanstead House Estate was founded by Lady Yule in 1900 soon after her marriage to Sir David Yule who was dealing with business affairs in India. Because the climate of India didn't suit Lady Yule, Sir David bought Hanstead House as a home for her.

Sir David, who was head of the great Calcutta firm of Andrew Yule & Co. and its English associate, Yule, Catto & Co., divided his time between his business in India and Hanstead House where he died on 30th July, 1928. At that time he was reputed to be one of the richest men in the country.

When the estate was first purchased, it was only a farmhouse with about 400 acres of land. Lady Yule extended the house and bought an additional 300 acres on which she had built the estate's first superbly-equipped paddocks and stables. The estate first came into the public eye as a stud in 1925.



Sir David Yule



Lady Yule

Lady Yule was a lover of the simple country life and had a great love for cattle. She liked to travel and made voyages to New Zealand and other parts of the world in her yacht which was later sold to King Carol of Rumania.

Lady Yule died in 1950. Because she desired to be left alone and shunned publicity, little is known of the good she did except to those she helped.

After the death of Lady Yule, Miss Gladys Yule directed the estate. Miss Yule and Lady Wentworth became Britain's foremost breeders of Arabian horses. Between them, they owned the largest Arab horse studs in the country. Miss Yule had a 700 acre estate with some of the finest and most lavishly-equipped stables *in the world*. Arab horse breeding, even among the very rich, is something of a luxury, but Miss Yule never spared any expense on her animals.

In the last 20 years, Hanstead's reputation as an Arab horse stud spread all over the world. Buyers came from America and the Continent to see Miss Yule's horses. At one time she had as many as 100 in her stables.

Miss Yule's interests were chiefly concentrated on animals. At one time she even kept bears and several species of monkeys. And she had planned to stock a large aviary in the grounds of the estate. The aviary was built, but her plans did not come to fruition.

When Miss Yule died in 1958, she left a will of £4,000,000 of which £100,000 went to Miss Patricia Wolf, her stable manager.

From a farm to a horse stud and now Ambassador College. Little did Sir David and Lady Yule know what they were building. To the builders of the Hanstead House Estate go our appreciation, respect and gratitude.



Miss Gladys Yule

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?



One heart, one love

President Succumbs

Sunday 6th September was truly a grand day for the Irish .

After three long years of overcoming, of driving and of striving, Student Body President, Colin Adair succumbed to the age-old tradition -- marriage. His bride - Miss Margaret Sullivan.

Margaret spent last year in Pasadena as a transfer student. She arrived back in England on June 9th and in July the couple announced their engagement.

The wedding took place in the Music Hall at approximately 11:00 a.m. with Mr. Hunting officiating. 'One Heart, one Love', was sung by Miss Andrea Beyersdorfer accompanied by Mr. John Khouri.

Then the moment everyone had been waiting for arrived. Through the door came the soon to be Mrs. Adair. She was joined by Mr. Adair and the ceremony proceeded.

After the exchanging of rings, which Mr. Marshall as Best Man had looked after, the couple turned and left - the new Mr. & Mrs. Adair.

A public reception followed in Memorial Hall.

Later, bound for Devon and Cornwall, the Adairs set off with happy smiles for their Honeymoon.

Ancient Britain Brought To Life

"I have never promised anything but blood, sweat, toil, and tears."

No, this was not 1940. The listeners were not the tense British people in the dark days following Dunkirk. This was 1965 and the rapt audience was forty Ambassador College students.

The students were not just reading history -- they were living it. For twenty years before on this very spot, events were taking place they were now hearing on a tape recording: Winston Churchill speaking to the sobered English people, sirens wailing, Messerschmitts screaming, machine-guns chattering.

This was the anniversary of the beginning of the Battle of Britain. There was no more appropriate time for a tour of London. And there was no more qualified guide than Mr. Ron Howes who had lived through the Battle of Britain.

The students didn't have to wait until they were in London to hear some history. The area right around Bricket Wood and St. Albans is itself rich in History. Here was the hill where the Romans drove back the ancient British army. There was the spot where a Roman garrison was massacred.

And so on as the party approached London. But the best was yet to

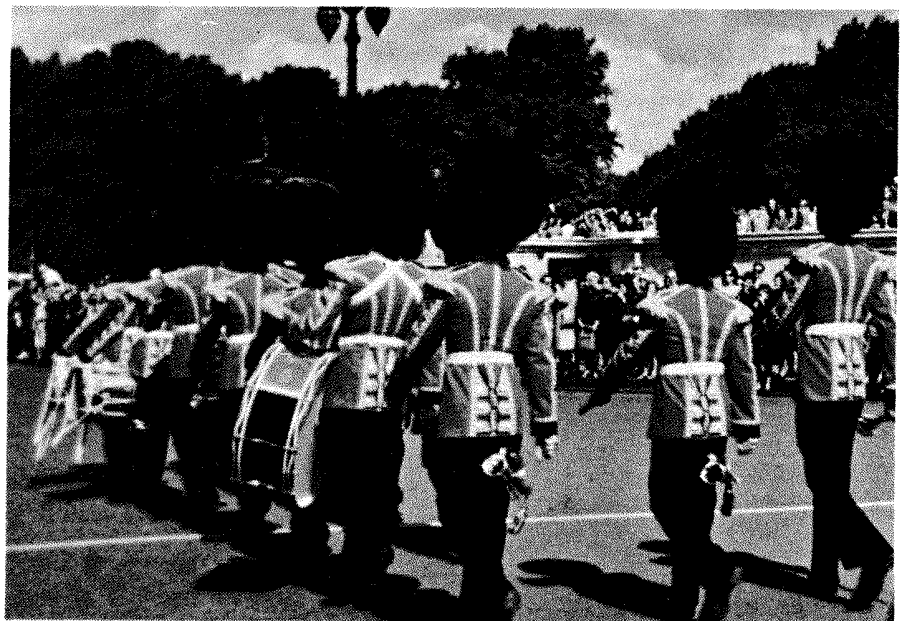
come. The tour came into London on Hollow Way -- built 600 years before Christ. Over there the Roman walls once stood. Some of the old wall was uncovered by a bomb blast in World War II. Over here was St. Paul's Cathedral, surrounded by scaffolding as workmen removed old schrapnel from the roof. And so on the entire day.

It was a real thrill to stand on places you had read about in history. Yes, places you had dreamed of seeing but never thought you would.

To get the feel of the real meaning of the day, the students visited the British War Museum. They saw the famous (or infamous) V.I. and V.II rockets, the famous Spitfire fighter on which Britain once depended for survival and many other relics from World War's I and II.

But the real climax came when the students actually got to see Queen Elizabeth as she left the Ministry of Defense building. Quite a thrill for anyone - and especially for the new students from foreign countries.

It's a good guess that the European history class will be swamped next year from the enthusiastic students who took this tour.



One of the many sights seen on the trip

Rolls Royce Of Coaches

What is 36' long and 8' wide, turquoise and grey in colour, and very attractive? You guessed it - it's the new coach that Ambassador has acquired for its own use.

It is known technically as a LEYLAND PANORAMA. The makers claim that it is the Rolls Royce of coaches. A two-speed axle and eight gears give it a speed that would frighten any Volkswagen off the motorway -- 80 m.p.h. Made in Scarborough, it is the best and biggest coach on the British market today.

Inside there are forty-seven aeroplane-style reclining seats, with blue curtains hanging at the windows. For further luxury, it is carpeted throughout and has a refrigerated air cooling system. A radio, tape recorder and intercom, are provided for the passengers entertainment.

Without passengers the coach weighs 8½ tons: with a full load this will probably rise to 10 tons!

The coach will soon be off on its first trip to London -- and much further afield. New horizons will be opened as YOU speed along the highways and byways of Britain! Bon Voyage!



Am I really doing 80 ?



The Rolls Royce of coaches

We Saw Belgium

"What! You mean that's the plane we are to return on?"

Yes that was it. All across the misty English channel the feeling was there that had this been twenty years ago, we could well be travelling on a crippled British bomber returning from a raid on the "Fatherland" looking eagerly for the friendly sight of the "white cliffs of Dover."

Seventeen sighs of relief were let out when our D.C.4 jerked to a halt outside the Manston airfield terminal building. Phew!!!

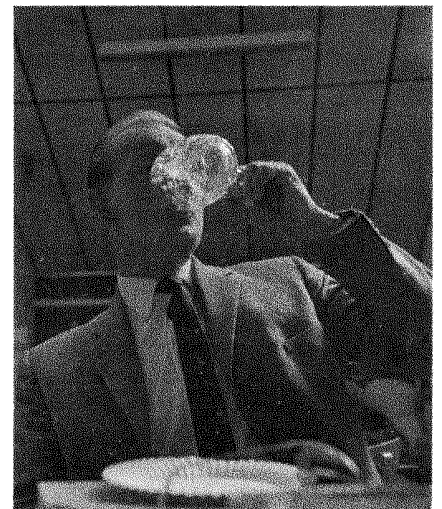
With the danger now past and our feet once again back on terra firma, a new problem presented itself. Hunger pains. After fervent effort, enough money was mustered to enable us to partake of an English cuppa.

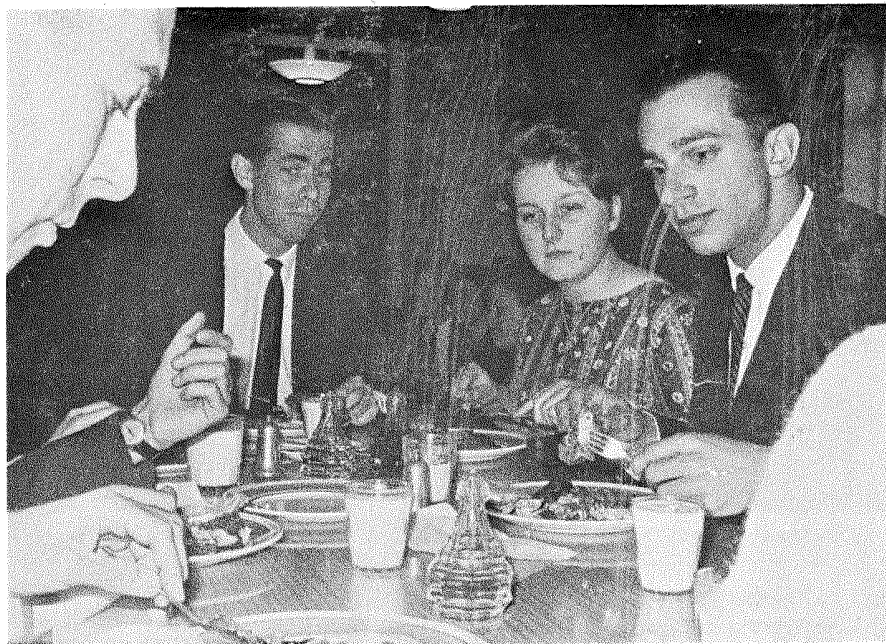
With this important ritual now taken care of, thoughts were reflected back on the events of the past eight days.

It all started with a visit to the largest gambling rooms in all of Europe. Cigarette-burnt carpets and beer rings on the roulette tables told the late-night story of the Cassino Kursaal in Ostend. At a small market town, Brugge, we saw the amazing speed of the women who make the world famous Belgium lace. It takes them six years of schooling to

learn this craft. We must not forget our trip to Bruxelles the pulsating center of the European Economic Community. This was the highlight, and certainly the trip to the land of tulips, dykes and pot-plants more commonly known as the Netherlands will be remembered.

"Well there's another plane taking off on the way back to Belgium with another complement of tourists. And there is our bus waiting to take us back to Victoria bus depot. What are we waiting for Ambassadors? Let's hurry back to the Embassy, there is a crowd of new trainee Ambassadors we have to meet. Let's get on the move!"





Oh no! not yogurt and ketchup

Etiquette ?

Have you ever seen a chimpanzee's tea party? Well, neither have we, but last Sunday night the Third Year demonstrated what happens if everyone does all the time what most of us do some of the time.

Bob, Andria, Delia, Ardis, Yolande, John Khouri, George Carter and George Jacobs surrounded the table while John Meyer attempted to keep up with their antics at the micro-phone.

Seating Andria, John gave her a tense time as he pulled the chair back and forth, finally shoving it under her with crippling force. At the table he blew his nose with an emphatic snort on his wilting table napkin while George Jacobs piled his food into a heap and chopped it to homogenous slop. Delia and Ardis amused themselves and us by passing the condiments back and forth like a shuttle-cock before the exasperated host, Bob. When in desperation he asked for something to be passed, everything piled before him all at once.

In a sudden fit of brotherly concern one member picked up a potatoe in his hand and gave it away. The gift was most graciously accepted, despite inner repugnance. John's

dextrous hands then crushed biscuit and butter into goo as he tried "manfully" to spread them in his hands. "Masculine" slurps making a noticeable chorus throughout the first course, were outdone only by the "Knife, Fork and Spoon Symphony" later. (Original of the later piece may be heard every day during meal-time announcements.) A pitiful act of persecution ensued when Bob had the nerve to send John for seconds. Glowering angrily, yet containing himself, John obeyed at a dignified run. Panting back he served the table, ignoring the host and hostess. Perhaps John doesn't like the design on our crockery, because the seconds effectively hid the plate. George Carter in his zeal, lent backwards and secured olive oil, taking good care not to bother the host by asking his permission.

With the serious business of eating over, the Georges unceremoniously left, still taking care not to bother the host. John, perhaps inspired by visions of the little green baker's van left his plate and hared off. The girls followed his inspiring example leaving Bob no doubt wondering, whether or not hosts ought to be equipped with stock whips.

5 For '65

(Continued from page 1)

Table Topics Master wouldn't call on us!!!

Yes, memories come flooding back.

But the lessons learned were invaluable.

Ambassador Clubs bind men together --- and ultimately the entire Student Body.

Give the "5 for '65" all you've got, fellow Ambassadors, and make them the BEST YET!!!!!!

Enrollment Leaps

(Continued from page 1)

provement and writing of English.

The new students have already become acquainted with faculty members, and the ancient upperclassmen.

This was all accomplished at a glittering Faculty Reception. It was a great boost to have Mr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Armstrong there to welcome the new arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong were attending their third Faculty Reception this year, having been able to be at Pasadena and Big Sandy for similar occasions.

And so the 1965 - 1966 TWO SEMESTER year has begun with a bang!

Language Lab

(Continued from page 2)

the native pronunciation - a vital factor in gaining the characteristic intonations of a foreign tongue. Mainly because of this factor, Mr. Wainwright intends to spend the whole of the first semester simply in speaking with and hearing the First Year class.

On top of this, it saves valuable lecture time otherwise taken up in drill work *and* takes away the drudgery of ploughing through dull and dusty grammar books. Weak points in each student can be strengthened by individual exercises outside class hours.

In fact, the language laboratory is an investment which should soon pay dividends in time saved and in effective, fluent French-speakers from Bricket Wood, England.