



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Volume 7, Number 1

January, 1966

Chorale Spectacular

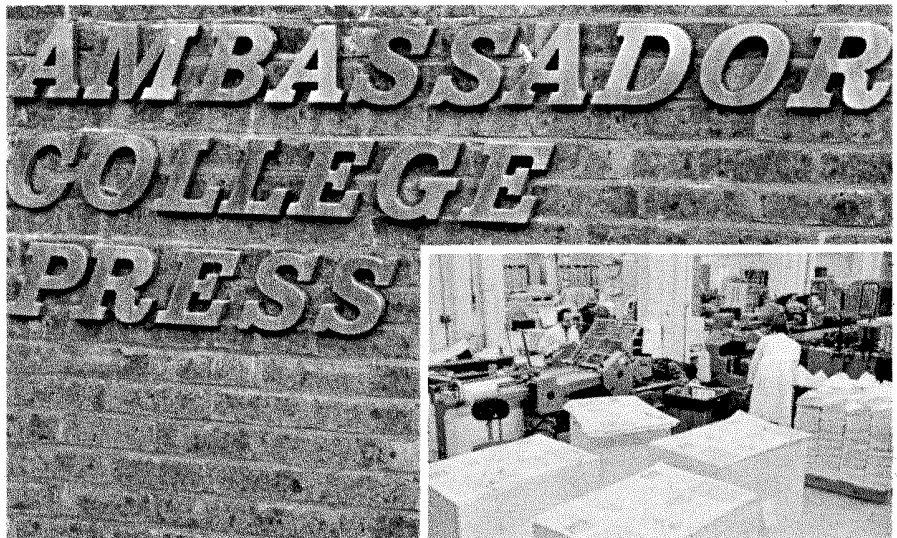
"Hear our cry, O Baal!" thunder the basses. "Baal -- we cry to thee!"

Recent visitors to the music hall might wonder if we've strayed into *paganism*! No -- the Chorale is rehearsing ELIJAH, an oratorio similar to *Messiah*.

Scheduled for a January performance in Watford Town Hall, the '65 Chorale is striving fervently to produce its best-ever musical work.

Elijah tells the story of the battle between the prophet and the priests of Baal on Mount Camel. It

(Continued on page 6)



New Ambassador Press — Our Own Plain Truth

Today the words "And greetings friends around the world" penetrate the thick fog of slumber that rests over this part of modern Israel.

RESULTS!!!

A mushrooming expansion of Ambassador College press. Twelve months ago the gigantic growth in this direction was not expected, except perhaps in the minds of a few.

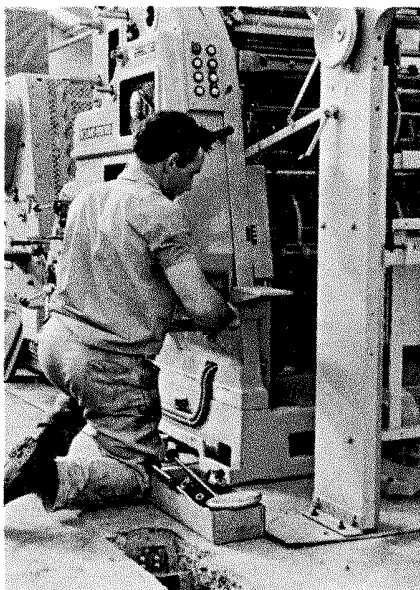
On the day the student body travelled back from Hayling Island the Exodus began from the outgrown facilities on campus. In one day the heavy machinery was whisked away to its new home and by Sunday November 7th the shift was completed.

Driving up to the new press

building near Watford, one is struck by the very modern and impressive facade -- another example of Ambassador quality. But this is not all! Excitement wells within as you approach the entrance.

The first impression on stepping through the door is like entering a large amphi-theatre. Although this building is seven to eight times larger than the old Press building it is already well-filled with vital machinery and materials.

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Almost ready to roll



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HEATH

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 Lester Grabbe

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Garrick McDonnell

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Lippen Kissen

Suddenly the adrenosympathetic system calls on the liver for glycogen. Insulin, vitamin B1 and phosphorus are released to burn the sugar. Thinking takes place. There is an exchange of starch, phosphorous and thiamine between the thalamic and cortical brain.

Pulse and respiration R-I-S-E and there is an increased exchange of oxygen on the intercellular level which increases consumption of thiamine and phosphorous.

Complicated, isn't it?

What's it mean?

Mit dem Lippenkissen ein Mag-
ickspelle bin gebrochen.

You have just witnessed an anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicular oris muscles in a state of contraction.

Simple — HUH!

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

Editorial

How Skilled Are You Becoming?

by Bob Morton

Oh NO! Not again. Not another mistake. Why is it that I'm always making boo-boos? I just can't seem to do this job right!

To how many of us is this familiar? How often do we make mistakes in our jobs to experience the sinking feeling in the pit of our stomachs — the sudden sweat and the awful feeling that we've done something we could have avoided if only we'd been a bit more careful.

In God's Work we find ourselves doing jobs for which we've had no training or previous experience. We all make mistakes. None of us are perfect.

Maybe you work in the typing office and just can't seem to be able to type twenty envelopes straight without an error. Or perhaps it's the gardens and the job just won't go right and this is the second time you've had to do it. Or possibly your job is in the print shop and pounds worth of paper has just been wasted because you weren't paying enough attention to your work.

Wherever we work it seems there is always something we foul up because we don't have the skill and the training we need or because we are just plain careless.

Of course, no one is going to hang us up by our thumbs for it or give us forty lashes but one. But mistakes do waste God's money, time and materials!

Ambassadors — should it be this way? God calls the *unwise*, the *unsuccessful* and the *unskilled*. But do we have to *STAY* that way? Is God going to continue to use us if we keep on repeating the same old mistakes — turning out inferior work?

The answer is, NO, He isn't!

There is a solution — a way out of this problem — a way to become an efficient servant!

Take the example of Bezaleel the son of Uri and his friends in Exodus 31. God chose them to build His Tabernacle under the direction of Moses. Their job was to carve, engrave and fashion all the fantastically intricate parts of the Tabernacle. He gave them jobs each of which normally took *years* of painstaking apprenticeship to achieve any reasonable skill at all. Yet look at what God did for these men! He *gave* them the *skill* they needed — actually invested them with the *added ability* to do a job *better* than they would have done on their own. With His Spirit He gave them "wisdom, understanding, knowledge and all manner of workmanship. . . that they may make all that I have commanded."

Who were these men? Just *ORDINARY* Israelites that God called to do His work. Their job was to build His physical Tabernacle — a place for Him to dwell for a temporary period of time.

We too have been called to do God's work. We too have been given the job of building His Tabernacle. But this time it's His *spiritual* Tabernacle — a place for Him to dwell forever — in the very existence of those spirit beings who will be converted, will overcome and be changed as a direct result of this work!

How much *more* important is *this* Tabernacle? How much *more* important is the job *WE'RE* doing? How much *more* vital is it that we become skilled enough to produce good quality work? And how much *more* is God going to *give* US the wisdom, the understanding and the skill we need *IF* we are willing to go to Him in the right attitude and *ask!*

Go Ambassador Bowling

Looking for a scintillating date next Saturday evening? Here's one packed with FUN!

Only thirty minutes away is the all-new Ambassador Bowling Alley at Hemel Hempstead. For only 10/- apiece, you and your date can enjoy four hours of THRILLING entertainment!

You catch the 6:45 train to Watford, cross the road from the station, and take the 7:11 bus to Hemel. From the terminus the Bowling Centre is only a few minutes walk.

Never been bowling? Think you can't do it? Then you really *should* go!

Why?

Because bowling is *the big FAMILY game!* It's for the toddler, teenager, father, mother! EVERYONE can enjoy bowling.

What is it?

Glorified "skittles"! The latest, fastest game in Britain. Not only a game - a rapidly-growing SPORT!! Introduced just a few years ago, millions are playing to find the World Champ. Teenagers are going around the world competing in International Tournaments! It's sporting fun on a *big scale*.

When the game's over, there's an ultra modern Wimpy restaurant with delicious beefburgers and chips, ice-cold milkshakes, and piping hot coffee!

Why pass the usual Saturday night down the "local"? Enjoy a glittering evening with a date at the AMBASSADOR BOWLING centre, Hemel Hempstead!!

The sure way to miss success is to miss the opportunity.

* * *

There are three kinds of people in the world, the will's, the wont's and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything.



Is this a foretaste of the future?

New Lakes Attract First Visitors

Striding briskly toward the College one morning, Mr. Silcox noticed two beautiful strangers swimming in the new lake!

SWANS had landed on the rising waters and were lazily basking in the early-morning sun.

But the lake has a rubber floor. No worms offered tasty snacks for swan's elevenses!

So, in the quiet of late after-

noon, our friends rose from the water and circled over the nearby woodlands.

Two gardeners watched as they glided gracefully over the treetops into the distance. Perhaps when the lake is finished they will return to stay. Such fine birds would be a welcome addition to the peaceful lakes which are now slowly filling beside the men's dorm!



The Press

(Continued from page 1)

The equipment?

Absolutely the best — from the giant "Roland" two-colour Press down to the paper used for printing. Two new presses, the "Roland" (German) and the "Nebiolo" (Italian), have been added to the two machines we already had (one Swedish and the other American).

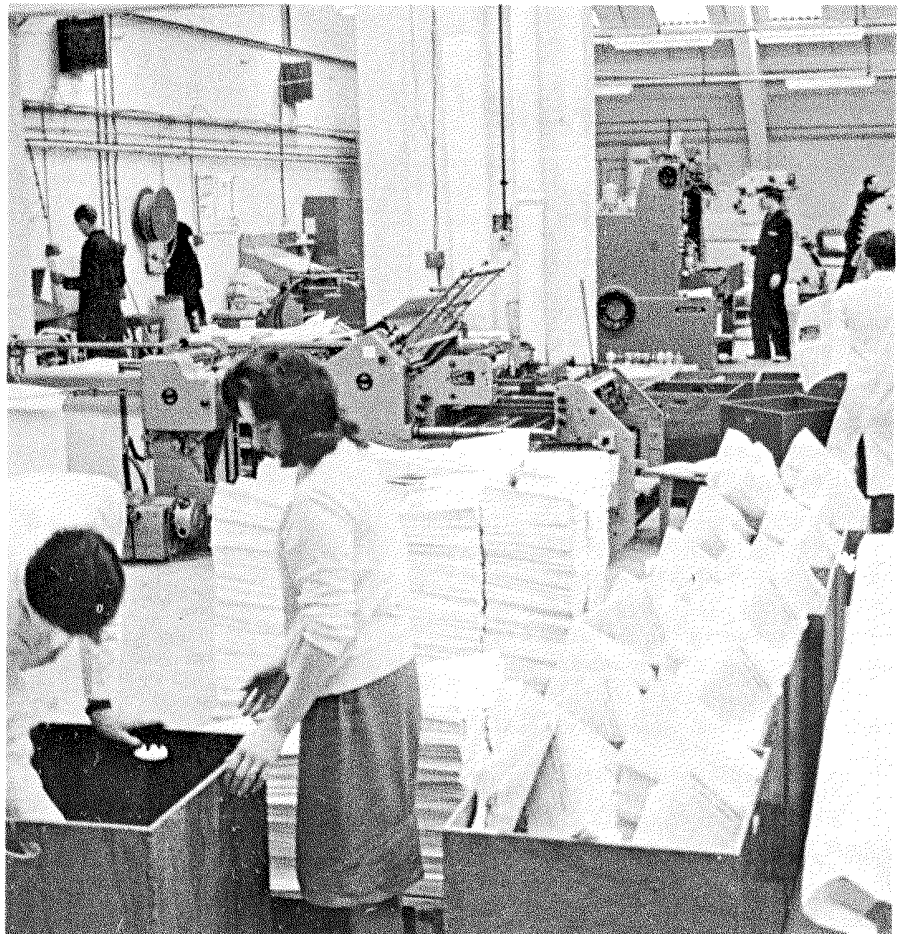
There is also the extremely fascinating Swiss Stitcher-gatherer-trimmer which looks like an enormous prehistoric monster. These machines which give an added international flavour to the whole area will soon be devouring between 12 to 15 tons of paper per month.

The 29 employees can be assured of constant and increasing pressure.

And printing a *Plain Truth* can certainly produce pressure. We can speak from experience. The new presses have already rolled off December's issue and are preparing for January.

All of us had a swelling mushroom of pleasure for another English FIRST. But not all of us had the burgeoning responsibility in the production itself.

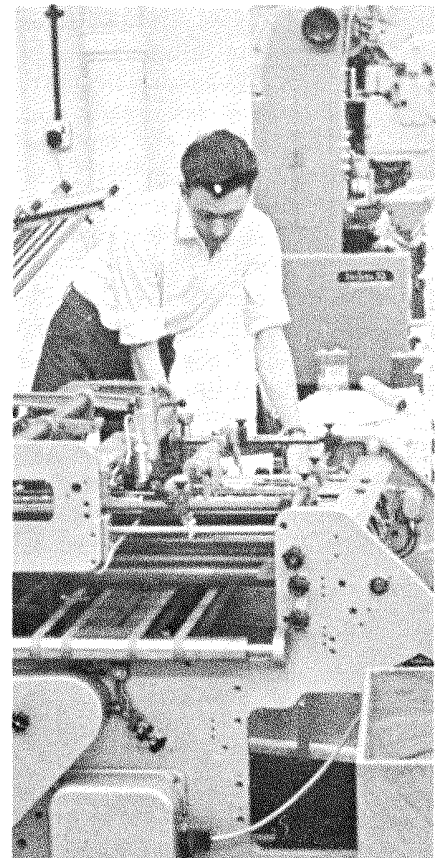
One man to whom much responsibility has fallen in this venture is Mr. John Butterfield, the Ambassador College Press Manager. In the past several weeks he has had the opportunity to do a large portion of the planning as well as purchasing new equipment and co-ordinating the



overall establishment.

This growth is hard to imagine if we look back twelve months and see the work as it was then. However it is estimated that in twelve months even these facilities will become cramped. Another large press is yet to be purchased.

So Ambassadors WATCH us GROW!!!



The Gospel

According To Darwin

It couldn't be a cathedral -- not on Sunday. And it surely wasn't a palace. What was this monstrous pile of Gothic architecture which took 2 people to see it all at once?

It was the London Museum of Natural History -- and the bus load of wide-eyed and drooling-mouthed students was the second year Bible class on a field trip.

The intellectually-minded students took only academic notice that they could pick up their lunches outside the bus. They filed calmly and orderly off the bus -- then swooped on the lunch boxes in a seething mass of flaying arms and legs. (Fortunately, there were no casualties, except for one fellow whose ear was mistaken for a fleeing dried apple.)

Having refueled, the motley group headed for the entrance gates, only to find they wouldn't open for half an hour. So they killed the half hour by wandering where chance might take them -- to an ice cream truck up the street.

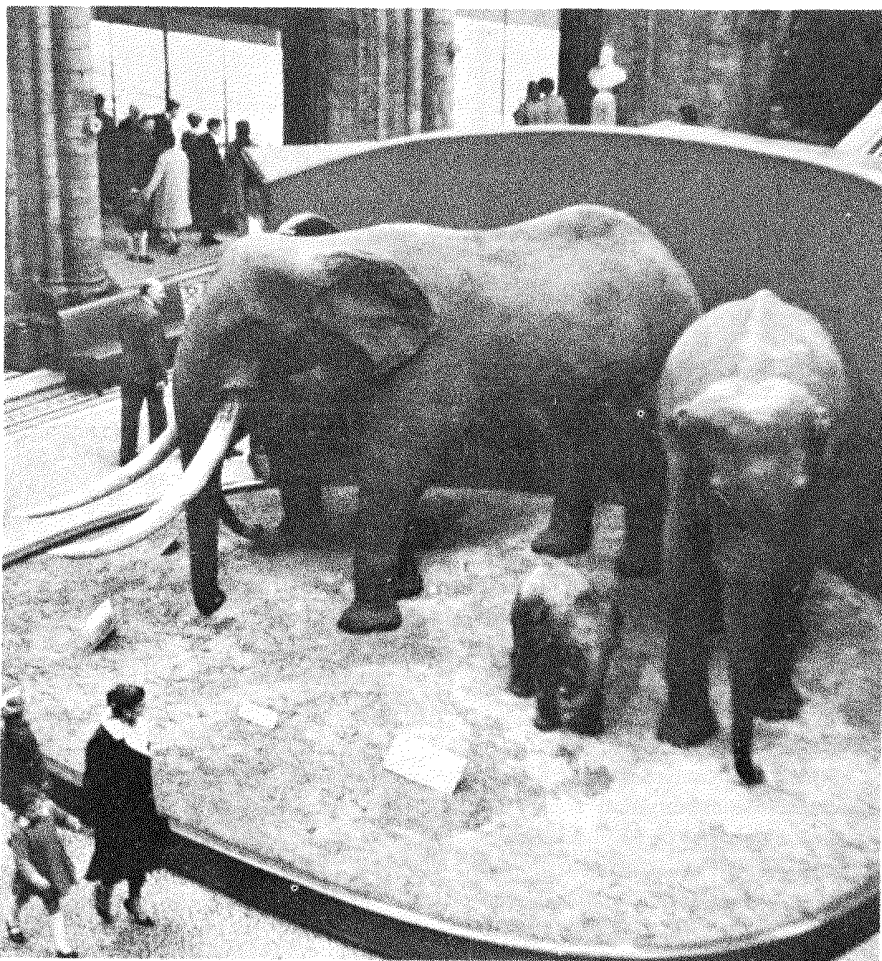
The barricades were finally lowered and the knowledge-hungry (their stomachs were full for the moment) searchers of truth entered the hallowed portals with bared heads and averted eyes. They converged on the "Evolution" section of the museum, mainly because Mr. Portune had threatened them with dire consequences if they didn't.

The diligent "disciples of Darwin" took note of such interesting facts as the Neanderthal man's brain capacity of 1,400 cc. compared with modern man's 1,350. They judiciously wrote down that pre-Cambrian life left *worm tracks*, *jelly fish imprints*, etc., but was too soft to form any real fossils.

Taking advantage of every opportunity, they slipped out at the first chance and went up the street to the more interesting Science museum. It contained actual specimens of *motor cycles*, *World War II fighter planes*, and *antique cars*.

Near the Science museum was the Geology museum. (At first, only a few hardy souls ventured here. But a display of precious stones soon attracted a flock of students like crows to a corn patch. It was hard to tell which sparkled more -- the stones or some of the girls' eyes.)

Of course, many of the students spent most or all of their time in the Natural History Museum. There were



Elephants evolved into three types -- small, medium and economy sized -- other exhibits besides those on evolution. In one of the sealife exhibits was a life-sized model of a blue whale which sprawled 90 feet down the floor. He looked as if something he ate hadn't agreed with him. ("Jonah was here.")

Even a real specimen of the living fossil, the coelacanth, reposed in one of the cases.

But all good things must eventually come to an end. About 10 minutes before 6:00 p.m., the museum guards turned out all the lights. Being a sharp-witted and alert group, the sophmores quickly caught on to the little hint and left.

They got back to the bus only to find it had apostacized. It had dutifully brought them to the museum in the afternoon but now had turned pagan and absolutely refused to work on Sunday.

So word was sent back to the college via concrete-jungle telegraph for a converted bus which could be counted upon. Alas, it had

only 41 seats while the other had had 47. (Oh well, that was three weeks ago and those extra 6 students should be getting back by now.)

There's always some catch to an enjoyable trip like this. Mr. Portune gave an assignment for each person to turn in three things he'd

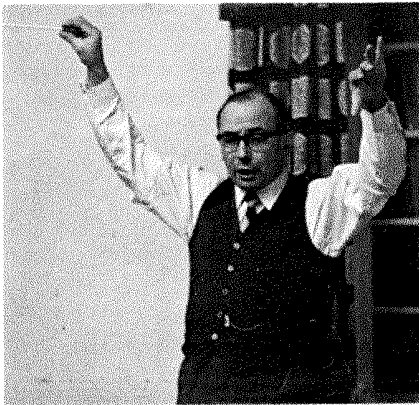
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Chorale

(Continued from page 1)

opens with Israel in a time of dire drought inflicted through the hand of Elijah. Dramatic bass and tenor solos accuse him of troubling Israel.

Then comes the showdown on the Mount where Elijah provokes the pagan priests to call down fire from Baal. In weird cantations they plead with their god to consume a sacrifice on a gigantic stone altar. When no answer comes after arduous hours of this exhibition, Elijah mocks and suggests they call louder lest Baal be sleeping!



Dr. Abbott has spent much time shaping the chorale for a perfect performance

Toward the end of the year a *spectacular concert* will be given in the new gymnasium. Work is already in the Committee stages for the FIN-EST concert *ever!* This will truly be a BIG production — with a scintillating, *thrilling* theme!

The Chorale — bigger and better than ever — *may* even tour the United States with the other Ambassador Chorales in the near future! The combined chorus would give concerts in leading cities of America — a tremendous “boost” for Ambassador Colleges !!

As we gather speed to fly through the greatest year in this U.K. College, next term why don't YOU join the '66 *Ambassador Chorale*?

Elijah in Full Swing

Powerful, stirring choruses rend the air in a vain attempt to stir the pagan god.

Then Elijah calls upon the God of Heaven, shames the priests of Baal, and slaughters their followers.

The work is vibrant with *action!* Yet it is interspersed with peaceful, graceful sections showing the compassion of the God of Israel.

When the Ambassador Chorale combines with other vocal societies, a chorus of almost two hundred voices and a polished orchestra will SHAKE this fine auditorium and *move* its audience!

Extensive advertising, which began last month, will draw a large audience. This is the most appealing season for this performance.

But *Elijah* is not the *only* thing planned for the Chorale this year!

Several churches will hear inspiring Sabbath music. Visits will go further afield than ever before. This will bring the people much *nearer* to College!



Today they don't sound like a “duck laying an egg in a thunderstorm”

Ambassador Adventure

You Woodnutt Believe It

by David Ord

Some students come to College in the strangest ways, -- you'll hardly believe it possible! Here, as she told it to me, is the story of how Mary Jean Woodnutt came to college.

Foreign countries fascinated me ever since I was a toddler -- especially EUROPE! This was the part of the world in which my ancestors had lived for generations.

But Europe was 3,000 miles from Canada -- how could I ever go there? The more I thought about it, the more I felt I MUST go! Yet how?

In 1964 I decided to find work in Los Angeles as a secretary so that I might save sufficient money to at least spend a short while in Europe. For a whole year and half I saved feverishly toward such a trip.

While in Los Angeles I heard about Ambassador College from a

friend who worked in the same office as myself. I remember hearing my father mention this College previously. So I decided to visit Pasadena and take a tour of the campus.

Everything was so beautiful! But college life did not appeal to ME! I was going to Europe.

During the summer I left for Canada with a friend, visiting New York en route. Then, after a short stay with my parents, I sailed for Liverpool, England.

During the voyage I met some people who invited me to travel to the capital with them by car.

It was a lonely Saturday evening when I arrived in London. Such a vast metropolis -- roaring traffic, glistening lights on every building, cold, unfriendly people, I wandered through the underground searching a telephone kiosk to contact the relatives

Our Future Relaxation

"Say -- look at this!" exclaimed George Patrickson.

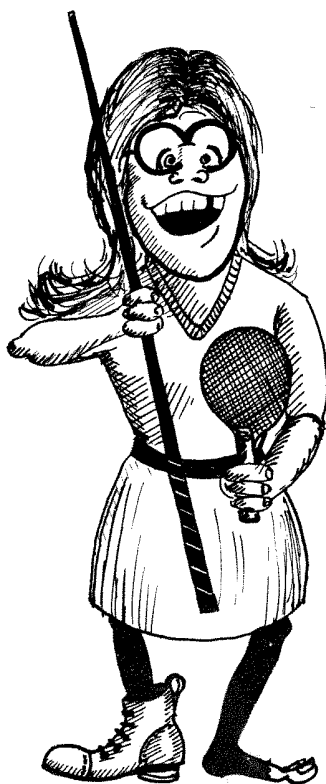
A glance through the dusty, paint-spotted window showed what had excited him.

An oblong light shade had been suspended from the ceiling of one of the new games rooms. In the other a dozen contemporary roof lights had been installed. What could they be for?

They're the lights for the new table tennis board -- and the shade's for a large billiard table!

No wonder! The contractors are scheduled to complete these developments in less than a fortnight's time. And within a month the billiard table will be delivered! Already we have a first-class table tennis board, just waiting use.

When these additions are complete we shall be able to relax *constructively* -- playing table tennis, snooker, or billiards. A most welcome addition to our recreation!



"Anything you can do . . ."

I was to stay with. They arranged to meet me at their local tube station.

But it was several years since I had last seen them. Imagine passing your own relatives and not recognizing them? That's exactly what happened to me.

As a last resort I asked a policeman the way to the address I was seeking. Much to my surprise he offered me a lift to the very doorstep! It sounded good -- till I realised what I was to receive a lift in!

"A Black Maria (Paddy wagon to the Americans)? Surely you don't mean for me to get into *that*?" I had never seen one before, only heard about them. Now I was to be bundled into the back of one like a convict.

So I clambered in. . . "HELP!" It was full of policemen! Seven of them -- and they escorted me right to the home of my relatives.

Curtains were lifted at lighted windows as neighbours flocked to see the show. Imagine -- arriving from Canada in a Black Maria as if I were a criminal.

After about one week I thought it would be a good idea to visit the Ambassador College campus. On the bus to Bricket Wood I met a lady who was fascinated by my accent. "Are you an American?" she asked, "I just love your accent!"

"No, lady, I'm a Canadian. But tell me, can you direct me to Ambassador College?"

"Why, of course," she came back, "It's just up the lane from my home." She walked with me as far as the College grounds.

While being shown around the campus by Alec Bailey, I decided I should like to become a student. Within a few days I had taken the entrance tests and entered College.

So that's how I came to College -- quite by accident -- and I'm enjoying it more every day!

He who makes a study of times past and times present, will have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that in every city and in every nation are to be found the same desires and the same caprices, and that so has it always been.

The Great Mailbag Case

The Sunday afternoon calm of a quiet North Watford street was shattered by a gang of hefty young desperadoes throwing suspicious-looking mail sacks from the boot of a coach into a large blue van. These two vehicles had obviously arranged to meet here to transfer loads after another successful mail raid!

This is how the scene appeared to several local residents as they peered from behind front-room net curtains and watched feverish activity in the street. So much like a team of robbers at work did Messrs. Joe Jones, Bothwell, Jahren, Suckling and Powell appear that at least one member of their audience contacted the Hertfordshire Constabulary!

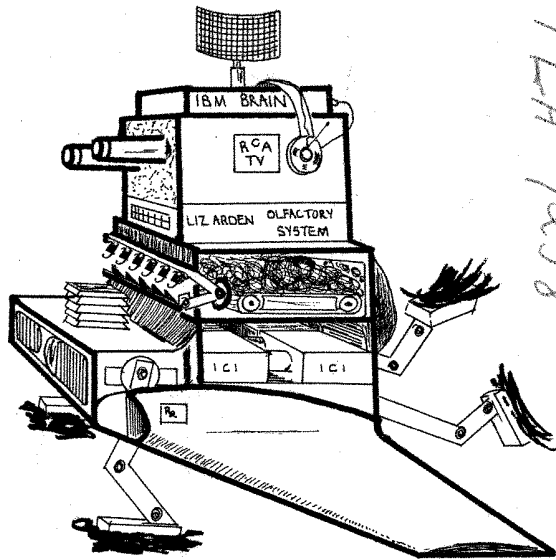
The gang's coach had the name Ambassador College on the side. The police quickly and efficiently connected this with the newly occupied Ambassador College Press building on a nearby industrial estate. Obviously a blind for a secret hideout and gang headquarters!

Minutes later men in blue tore up to the printing works in a car and startled Mr. Butterfield and his staff by insisting on searching the building from top to bottom for the remainder of the loot!

Where was the cause of all the trouble while this search was going on? What had happened to the plain blue van with its villainous crew and its load of plunder?

Miles away at St. Albans G.P.O. Sorting Office, startled postmen and sorters watched the dark van pull up and disgorge its occupants . . . and load. This load, wanted so badly by the police, consisted of 40 brimming mail sacks containing almost 22,000 semi-annual letters from Mr. Armstrong to the British Plain Truth subscribers!

No robbery. Just the opposite in fact! The letter offered a FREE GIFT to all its readers -- the long-awaited Bible Story Volume 4.



Famous World
 3 Ganton Hall Station
 Ganton Lane SW10
 FLA 7258

If Scientists Created A Fly

If scientists were to make a fly
 How could it ever reach the sky?
 The brain would be an IBM
 Some superior technical monstrous gem.
 TV cameras the intricate eyes
 To zoom and focus on feminine flies.
 Steel rows of teeth would perpetually provide
 Food for the conveyor-belt hidden inside;
 On through a shute, a chemical lab
 Would reduce the food to an ugly grey blab.

The speed of a jet, the wings of the same,
 Would bear thereon the Rolls-Royce name.
 Ford might supply a motor that ran
 Legs even faster than real flies can.
 Its feet would be covered with mucilage glue
 In order to stick to the roof or on you.
 And radar on top would scan the sky,
 If scientists ever created a fly.

If you wish to have friends, be one. — Elbert Hubbard.

* * *
 To forgive our enemies their virtues — that is the greatest test.

* * *
 Where there is room in the heart there is always room in the house.

* * *
 Do unto others as though you were the others.

Darwin

(Continued from page 5)
 learned at the museum.

So the next day, the valuable bits of gleaned-out knowledge came trailing in: "I learned that the ice cream man was carnal. He charged me 1/6 for an ice cream cone when he should've charged me only 1/3 . . ."