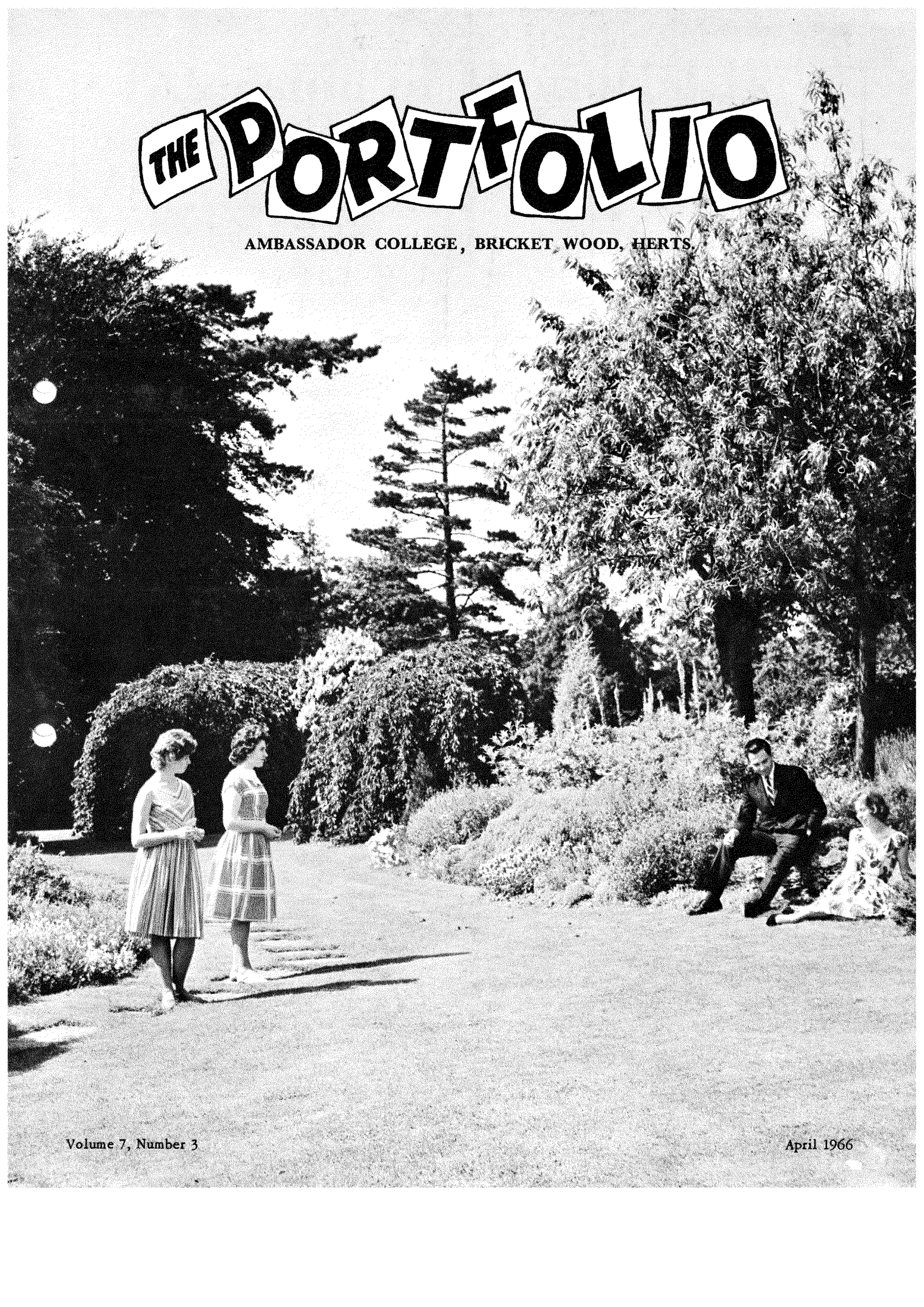


THE PORTFOLIO

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE, BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.



Volume 7, Number 3

April 1966

Bruce Tyler



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

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.

Copyright © 1966 by Ambassador College
All Rights Reserved

Ignorance Digest

\$1,000 FOR PAINTING BY GORILLA.

\$15,000 had to be borrowed to buy three gorillas in Albuquerque, New Mexico. But this turned out to be quite an investment! A professor gave them paint and brushes to "test their intelligence".

The result was impressive! The first painting was sold for the sum of \$1,000!! An orang-outang was so intrigued by the proceedings that he too demanded colours, paper and a brush. Now a second picture has been sold for "a substantial sum".

Local critics were impressed by the first six paintings. One said that he sees Albuquerque becoming "the gorilla-art capital of the world"!

Who was testing whose intelligence?

* * *

AMERICA SETS PACE IN SPACE!

U.S.A. sets new records in Space Exploration! The pace is quickening.

(Continued on page 4)

Editorial

IF THE SHOE FITS

by Jack R. Elliott

All of us are admonished to help out a neighbor in need. It does us good to share our things, but sometimes the one who borrows is so thoughtless that he damages, or else never returns our cherished belongings. Is this good for him?

What happens to the character of the irresponsible borrower? Is his behavior God-like? Can he look forward to growth and reward if he does not change?

Take the example of a student who is still in Ambassador College today. His story begins two years ago when he noticed that a young Imperial Grade School boy had a new pair of track shoes which would just fit his feet. He borrowed the shoes because he had an *important* race to run on field day. He used them in his own race but he never returned them.

What he did not know was that this grade school boy was also looking forward to field day—Imperial School's field day.

For years the boy had had his heart set on owning a pair of track shoes because he thought it would enable him to run much faster. He could run pretty fast as it was, but he just knew those shoes would make him literally fly.

He clung to this hope and he saved his money for a long time, until finally, when he was a much bigger boy and it was just two weeks before field day, he was able to buy that cherished pair of track shoes.

Almost the first time he wore them during practice, a big college man came along and admired them so much he asked if he could borrow them for the college field day.

Hesitatingly the boy loaned them. He had been taught to share; also, it was pretty big stuff to lend your track shoes to a *big college man* for a COLLEGE field day. Ambassador Field Day was a week earlier than Imperial Field Day, and he could have them back in plenty of time to use in his own big race.

But the shoes were not returned. On the morning of Imperial Field Day he scurried around to find the *important* college man. It was to no avail. He could not find him and he did not know his name.

The boy ran that day, barefooted, and came in second. He might not have won first place if he had had his track shoes, but he does not know that.

Many months later the college student called that grade school boy and said, "Son, do you want these track shoes back?"

The boy's feet had grown in the meantime and he knew the shoes would no longer fit, so he thought a minute, then he answered, "I... I guess not."

That was the end of the matter. The student kept the shoes, or threw them away—who knows. Today he is an important Senior student and looking forward to stepping out into important responsibilities of leadership. Will he make it? What do you think?

Are you one who has borrowed your neighbor's shoes, hat, scarf, dress, curlers, iron—for your *important* reasons—and still have them, or else lost them, broken them, or just left them where you finished with them?

Do you think it was good for your character? Did it show outgoing love or selfishness? Do you think it will help you to become a success?

Don't you think it is about time you returned it—or repaired it—or replaced it?

Extension of Memorial Hall

Now Under Way



Grand and stately Memorial Hall, nucleus of Ambassador College, will in three or four years' time have undergone a startling metamorphosis both inside and out.



At this rate, who knows?

To begin, this architectural face lift is a 12 ft. extension to the back of the main classroom building. This will provide increased classroom space for the large freshmen classes to enter in the future.

The new student entrance to Memorial Hall will not be some small tradesman's doorway, but a far larger, more impressive one, with stone steps to parallel the main frontal steps. Memorial Hall will have a new classroom downstairs together with an extended sewing room for domestic science. The Visiting Programme Office and the room being used by Messrs Portune and Wainwright will be combined and lengthened to make the new classroom.

Will this extension mar the existing, distinctive architecture of the Hall? The answer is NO!

Contractors William King and
(Continued on page 5)

Our Co-eds at Their Best

No one whistled. But only because this was Ambassador! Eyes popped — a hushed audience goggled.

THIS was the '65 *Fashion Show!*

Every girl has her dream dress and those at Ambassador are no exception. In the magnificent setting of the International Lounge, our "Home Economics" girls presented breathtaking styles in gay colours.

It began three months back when the girls chose patterns, guided by Mrs. Abbott and Hazel. They worked feverishly — cutting, stitching,



Very pretty results.

fixing zips and buttons. Then — the last evening — disaster struck!

Zips broke. Stitches split. Co-eds groaned in despair.

Hazel to the rescue!

Several were *sewn in*, like strait-jackets. Later they were "cut" free again!

The show began with dresses and two-piece suits, styled for spec-

(Continued on page 4)



Look at that audience!

Fashion Show

(Continued from page 3)

The show began with dresses and two-piece suits, styled for special occasions.

Evening gowns capped off the display in rich materials and elegant patterns. One was even decked with lace — a remarkable feat!

Style, grace and beauty — preview of co-eds tomorrow!

Ignorance Digest

(Continued from page 2)

Gemini 6 achieved several all time firsts. Schirra, while confusing Ground Control about a signal from a suddenly-approaching "polar satellite", played his smuggled one-inch mouth organ. "Jingle Bells" beamed through to the earth. His partner accompanied on bells! Thus America gained the first musician in Space!

An even more astounding record was also made. Schirra shed his space-suit to become the very first spaceman to fly in his underpants, the *Daily Telegraph* disclosed. Another first for America!

These are truly exciting times in which we live!

Dorm Life - Two Stories About:

Horror of What?

The flesh-creeping cry echoes and re-echoes around the dimly lighted corridors until it fades away into silence. But its eerie moan seems to linger in the deserted passages. It seems to threaten from every shadowed corner, from every darkened doorway, as if to intimidate and challenge any passer by.

A death-like silence returns. A silence no longer peaceful and friendly as before . . . haunting; it has become one of terror and apprehension.

Nothing stirs. Not a sound can be heard.

The whole building is awake. It seems to be in that panic-stricken paralysis that preceded a stampede. Every lamp has dimmed in abject fear. What appalling reign of terror has come to afright even the night?

The silence deepens.

Why does no one come? Why doesn't anyone call out, "Who's there -- what's happened?"

The silence becomes overwhelming -- suffocating.

Let the cry be heard again! Break the dreadful silence, please!

Nothing! No cry is repeated--has the creature expired? Has it gone? Is it no more?

Oh, why doesn't someone come?

The silence seems to be intoxicating, nulling the senses into a narcotic, anaesthetized paralysis, every nerve thrilling alarm!

Wait!

What's this?

A darkened figure moves along the way, its shadow long and menacing.

It lurches from side to side. Quatermass? King Kong? What is it?

A human figure! He limps. His right leg . . . his foot . . .

He's been attacked!

Yes, but not by any fearsome beast. It was by those man-trap washroom doors in the men's dormitory.

They get at least one victim every night!

Secret of 17

Room 17? What was so unusual about Room 17 in the men's dorm? But the chief had given me the assignment and it was my job to get the scoop on it. So I went to talk to the room monitor, Bob Haworth.

Bob gave me the facts. There were 6 men in the room besides himself: Gunnar Froiland, George Carter, Bruce Vance, David Magowan, Brian Eveille, and Lester Grabbe. Just common, ordinary, everyday garden-type people. I asked Bob what was so unusual.

He said that this Grabbe was one of his biggest problems. "He's a somnambulist."

"What's that," I asked, thinking it was a type of emergency accident vehicle.

"I mean he's a sleep walker," said Bob. "Let me give you an example."

"The other night he jumped out of bed yelling. He was shaking his hand and hollering, 'My hand's on fire.' I told him to go back to bed."

"'But my hand's burning,' he said."

"You're all right. Just go back to sleep."

"'But it's on fire. I've got to put it out.'"

"Your hand looks all right to me."

"'But I can smell it burning.'"

"Go back to sleep."

"'But my hand. . .'"

"If you don't go back to bed I'm going to throw a slipper at you."

"'Could you throw a glass of water instead?'"

Bob said this was too much and jumped out of bed. By the time he got over there, Les was already fast asleep. I asked Bob if he had any trouble from any of the others.

"Well, the other morning Gunnar woke up spitting what he thought were nut shells out of his mouth. When he got up later, he found his clock in his bed with the winder missing. And he still yells at the summer camp kids in his sleep. I

expect to wake up some night and find myself over his knee."

I questioned Bob about the other members of the room. He thought that the others were a pretty quiet group on the whole.

"Of course, Bruce beat Gunnar's alarm clock to death with a chair leg because Gunnar never would wake up and shut it off. But that was at the beginning of the year. He's O.K. now."

Since it seemed that Grabbe was the worst offender, I thought I'd have a personal interview with him. I finally cornered him under his bed.

"I can't figure out what all the complaints are about," he said as he crawled out. "I sleep fine. People keep saying I snore and sleep walk, but I'm busy sleeping, so how should I know if I do these things?"

"I think people just have it in for me. Back in Pasadena, people claimed I snored, so they moved me to another room. The trouble was there was a door right by my bed leading onto a balcony, and they always left the door open. Now here they leave all the windows open."

I explained, "That's not so strange. Lot's of people leave their windows open at night."

"But they usually don't put up road signs POINTING to them!" he insisted vigorously.

I saw there was no use talking further, so I reported back to the chief. "By the way," the chief said, as I was about to leave, "Bob just put in an order for a dozen mouse traps and a set of clothes pegs. He thinks they might solve his problems."

ASTRONAUT MURPHY.

Latest news in the space race is the plan to launch a potato into space. The aim is to find the effect this will have on its "biological rhythm". (Will it get dizzy in orbit?) Inevitably the satellite has been called the SPUDNIK. Among strong interstate competition for the spud selection, a Florida official claimed, "Astronauts are more acclimatized to Florida potatoes."



"One false d-d-duck and you're a d-d-dead move!"

Memorial Hall

(Continued from page 3)

Son are using similar stone facing to that already seen on Memorial Hall. It will take three whole months to cut the special stone *by hand!* There will also be a balcony on the top of the new extension.

In time, the women's dormitory facilities in Memorial Hall will make way for three new classrooms. Partitions will be torn out and the one time mansion will be utilized completely for teaching purposes. The carpark in front of Memorial Hall will be transformed into beautiful lawns and the wooden doorways will be taken out and replaced with new solid bronze doors.

The additions and alterations will impart to the former Hanstead House a startling face-lift. Students graduating in the next two years will have to look twice at the 'NEW LOOK' of Ambassador College!

Ach Tung!!

The General of the Guard, 5th Panzer Division, was captured by Garvin Greene at the edge of the Ambassador College grounds on Friday, January 14.

The surprise invasion by the Fourth Reich has taken half of Southern England, but the British are fighting back with forks, sticks, and rocks!

"God save the Queen!" cried Garvin as he rushed into the fray. Such stubborn tenacity may save the country yet.

But how was Garvin to know that these Nazis were from Associated British Production, Ltd. and that they were part of the filming of a T.V. serial, "The Baron," which will soon be shown on colour television in America, and later in Britain in black and white. Part of the action of this film was filmed on Drop Lane from the College grounds.

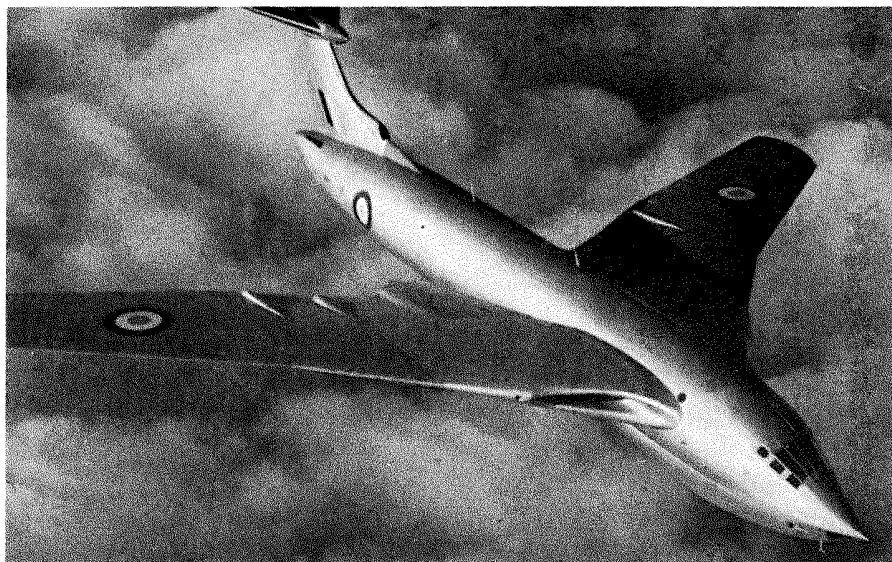
Britain's Pride and Joy

Isn't she beautiful? Those white wings look really graceful. And what a streamlined nose she has. Yes, what a *noise*. . . . The beautiful white bird with its 110' wing span came gliding over the green lawns and tall cedar trees of Ambassador College. Metallic landing gear clunked out of the jet as it approached Handley-Page airfield, only 1½ miles from college.

This 90 ton monster (over ten times the weight of the college coach) that frequently drowns out the voice of an instructor in class, is a Royal Air Force H-Bomber. This type of jet regularly flies over Britain practising bombing raids on the marshalling yards at Coventry or an industrial location near Manchester. But at that time most of you are dead to the world -- fast asleep in bed.

If you were to stand behind the plane as it revved up its four jet engines, you would be hurled down the runway with a kick of over 60,000 lbs. from the jet exhaust. Ever tried lifting a measly 100 lb. weight? This crescent winged jet could carry you to a height of 12 miles (60,000 feet -- equivalent to 10,000 six-foot men standing on top of one another) and fly you from here to Athens *and back* in 4½ hours.

It's called a V-bomber because of its name -- Victor. The two other V-bombers are named Vulcan and Valiant. Handley-Page is the company that designed and built the jet and is presently engaged in testing and modifying them. It carries a crew of five and is jammed full of miles of electrical circuits, radar-jamming and electronic equipment, plus a lethal load in the bomb bay when angry. So next time you hear that *noise*, don't be afraid to look up. It's not a bird, nor superman-- only a plane.



Britain's Pride and Joy

Secret-secret Service

M.I. 4 ½

As I was sitting at my desk in the office of the A.B.I. (Ambassador Bureau of Investigation), blissfully munching on a few 'heavies', the telephone rang.

"Merry Pason here," I said. "Who's calling?"

Before thirty seconds had passed, I had slipped into my coat, put on my Trilby hat and was dashing towards the focal point of the college -- the Common Room.

Arriving there, panting and wheezing, I saw the caretaker sitting on one of the soft chairs with a worried look on his brow.

"Not again?" I asked.

"Yes!" came the disheartening reply.

I groaned. The 'coffee cup cur-mudgeon' had struck again. The usual questions were asked -- did you see him? When did it happen? How did it happen? As usual, the answers were in the negative. We were dealing with a very clever coffee addict. I could see that it would take the special prowess of Merry Pason to catch him.

Immediately the huge cog-wheels of the A.B.I. swung into action. This was it. He must be found.

I went outside and stood for a

few minutes under the light of the twinkling stars. It was cold and brisk. Suddenly, my super-sensitive nose caught a faint whiff of that all-too-familiar aroma -- coffee! My spine tingled; my pulse quickened -- I was on the scent!

Sniffing like a bloodhound, I made my way along the familiar route towards the Men's Dormitory. But halfway there I suddenly stopped and sniffed hard. Yes! I thought so; our friend had altered course. His new direction was across the grass -- towards the lakes. At that moment an awful thought struck me.

"Oh no! He wouldn't!" I thought. But yes, he had. There were our recent visitors the swans lying on their backs with both their legs sticking up in the air. I carried out a five minute post mortem. Sure enough, it was caffeine poisoning.

"Oh well," I said to myself, "fried swan for breakfast I suppose."

I continued on my way. The scent was still there, but it was leading back to the dormitories.

Arriving back at the dormitory I opened up the door to be met by a blast of hot coffee-tainted air. The end was drawing near. I walked slowly up the stairs and right in front of

my eyes was the tell-tale evidence – coffee splashed over the steps. I opened the door and looked down the corridor. I knew he hadn't gone that way – there was no smell of coffee. Then it hit me.

"The most logical place is the loft – he must be there," I thought. As quietly as I could I pulled down the ladder and climbed up to the loft. Then I saw him, huddled up in a corner and trying to read a book from the glow of a candle. Above his head, and hanging from nails on the rafters, were the missing coffee cups. He hadn't even heard me.

"Okay fink," I shouted, "It's over." (I had to act callous – it's my job.)

The coffee clod looked up and peeped at me from under drooping eyelids.

"Okay," he muttered, in a tired tone of resignation.

"What were you studying at 12:30 a.m. anyway?" I asked. "Psychology of Study – what else?" he replied.

Basketball

Slippy Results

Sunday, March 13 -- Senior experience, coolness and zeal proved too much for the fighting Juniors as the former sliced to victory. But the victory slice was V-E-R-Y thin. The nipping victory was tucked away by only two points. The Junior threat should not go unheeded. Neither should we slight Senior slippiness. Keep a close eye on future results. We hear the Faculty is good -- but you never can tell.

However, the Sophomores can! Difference of score was a marginal three points on Friday, March 12. Rain, hail, sunshine, and wind spiced up the game as Faculty soaked up the victory. Sophomores led by 1 point with a minute and a half to go. Then it happened!

Mr. Hunting was fouled on a layup. With the clock still running, Mr. Hunting shot and missed -- then rebounded his shot for the last bucket of the day. But don't underestimate the Sophomores. The game COULD have gone either way.

Teaching the Liberal View

by Terry Villiers

Insidious! Cunning! Deceptive! Deceitful!

Every one of these terms could be easily applied to a situation I witnessed recently. It was on a visit to the nearby Secondary Modern School at Garston.

For some time, I had wanted to see the intricacies of an English secondary school – not something especially different, but just an *ordinary*, average school that the *ordinary*, average English child would attend. So it was that I found myself talking to a young, efficient and enthusiastic headmaster and being shown around the spacious new buildings by the Scottish-born English teacher.

All was impressive until . . . until I sat in on a lower form's English class. The instructor was trying to draw the reticent children to simply stand up and express a coherent message to the rest of the class. His efforts were meeting with pitiful results. So he switched the subject.

"Do you think that hanging ought to be re-introduced?" he asked -- silence -- a small white hand fluttered timidly.

"Yes".

"But *why*?"

"I don't know, but they should!"

"What if they hang the *wrong* man? They have in the past, you know".

"I don't know".

I sat there stunned, hardly comprehending what was going on before my eyes. With scalpel-like preciseness, an incision was being made in their natural conservative view. *Only I* realized what was to follow.

Several more plaintive voices spoke forth, to be neatly dissected by the acerbating questions of the *liberal-minded* teacher.

Then he prudently chose a like-minded pupil to make a thoughtful reply. With a few additional comments, the door lay open for a triumphant conclusion. There before them lay the *ribbons* and *shreds* of what had seemed *obvious* and *right* till a few moments before.

The children didn't know why.

All they understood was that the ideas that they had *always* heard from their parents had been made to sound frightfully hollow and STUPID! On the other hand those with the liberal view sounded so much more thoughtful and intelligent. And the teacher seemed to agree with them too. Perhaps they *were* right.

One period, one class, one teacher in one school.

How often does it happen, in how many schools, throughout how many nations, to how many people?

It's a small incident and a small occasion: but multiply it by the *hundred* throughout the year, by the *thousands* throughout the country, by the *millions* around the world, and it swells to a *roaring cataract of liberalism!*

Green Go The Heavies Oh

What's green and has wheels? Answer. Grass. You see, I was only kidding about the wheels.

I could tell that to anyone OUTSIDE Ambassador College and get away with it, but to students on campus, the only thing that is green and has wheels is the Baker's Van.

This particular van is a very delicate shade of green. Meeting it on the road, you would never guess what precious cargo it carries. You would have just one small clue — the chubby happy face of our Mr. Baker.

But to get back to the van — it's a good thing it is the colour it

is because we can see it coming down Drop Lane and watch it gradually progress towards the College. Naturally, we get very annoyed if a big McAlpine lorry decides to leave the campus at the same time — this holds up the baker a whole 10 seconds.

One of the most exciting things you can do on a Monday, Wednesday or Friday (just after lunch by the way) is to see how many places you can jump in the queue making sure you get to the van door before all the "oaties" are gone. If you are late you will have to make do with

"heavies" or rock cakes.

I often wonder why some of our more scientifically minded students don't analyse the contents of heavies. The report would be eagerly sought after.

Students are probably the Baker's most loyal and devoted customers. The disappointment that is felt if he comes late or fails to come is something that can only be imagined. Words are far too inadequate to describe the awful feeling.

What endears us to the baker most — his personality, his van, his heavies or his credit? Or is it our appetites?

