



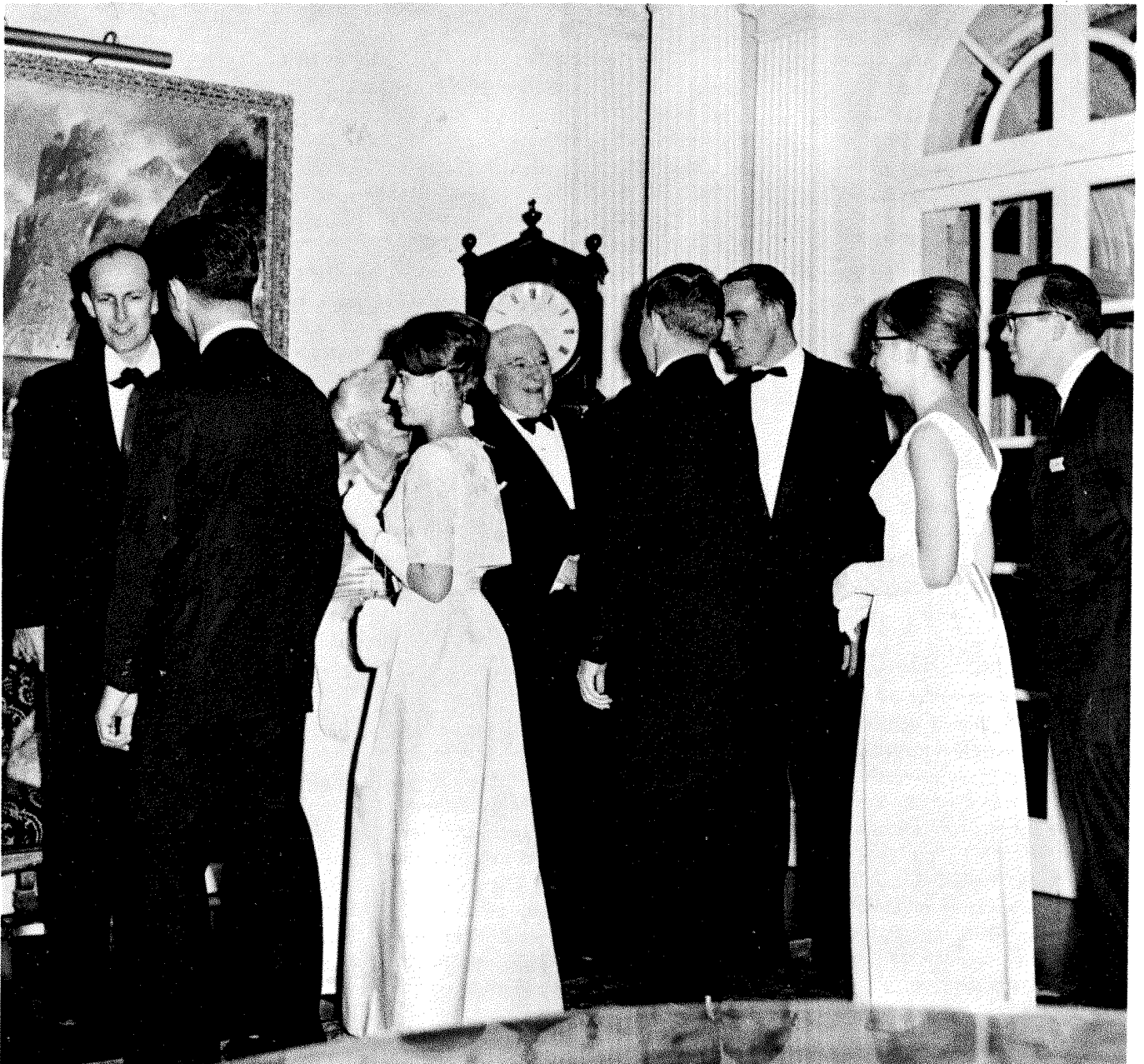
THE PORTFOLIO



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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FACULTY ADVISOR
Robert C. Boraker

EDITOR
Bob Morton

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
John Khouri
Karl Karlov

SPORTS EDITOR
Fred Boyce

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Lyll Johnston Terry Villiers
David Ord Harry Sullivan
Francis Bergin Lester Grabbe

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Henry Wilson

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Welcome!

Portfolio welcomes fifty-nine new students to our campus!

For you and for us this year of Ambassador College, U. K. will surely be a memorable one.

Already, you are discovering life here is packed with new, *interesting*, CHALLENGING experiences. Many things are new to you – some things quite foreign. But for those who participate and really want to be a part of College life, there is no time to get bored, no time to get homesick, no time to be unhappy. Here you'll get opportunities to go places, meet people, and experience things you wouldn't have dreamed of before.

Just think, of the thousands of colleges dotting the face of this earth, only Ambassador Colleges teach students how to live, how to reap the good things of life, and how to serve others.

This College year is not going to be just the same as any other year. Already it's totally different

Editorial

Sure! -- but How?

by Bob Morton

I've never met an Ambassador student who would not like to have an article in *The Plain Truth*.

How many of us look at men like Mr. Ted Armstrong, Mr. Roderick Meredith, Dr. Hoeh, and Mr. Jon Hill whose names appear over and over at the beginning of articles. We wish we could write like *they* do. If only we had *their* style, *their* ability to create scintillating interest, *their* dynamic thought and lively punch!

But we weren't born with what they've got. We haven't got their ability. I guess there's no sense bothering to write. We just don't have what it takes.

Well, neither were they born with it! Neither did they "have what it takes" when they came to college. WHERE DID THEY LEARN TO WRITE? The answer is they learned where all the other top writers of *The Plain Truth* and *Good News* learned – by writing for *The Portfolio*!

The Portfolio is strictly an Ambassador College publication limited to the three Ambassador campuses. Its purpose is threefold – to INFORM, to INTEREST, and ENTERTAIN. But its importance far exceeds the confines of Pasadena, Big Sandy, and Bricket Wood. *Portfolio* is the product of the Journalism classes of Ambassador College. *Portfolio* is the training ground for the future writers of God's Work.

Take a bound volume of *Portfolio* from the Library shelf and glance over the staff boxes of past issues. There you will see the names of nearly all the top men and women in God's Work today. They are all writers. They are all *good* writers. They *all* began by learning to write for the *Portfolio*!

Starting with the new Book Writing Department in Pasadena last year more and greater stress is being placed upon the ability to write. God's Work *needs* writers now. It's going to need them even more by the time you graduate! You may have a flair for writing, but good writing that grips the interest and convinces takes time to develop. And *Portfolio* is the place to develop it!

You don't have to be in the Journalism class to write for *Portfolio*. We should *all* take that class, but if you've had to miss it this year – *don't* let it stop you contributing articles. If you're willing to write, then the *Portfolio* editorial staff are *willing* to show you *how* to write, *how* to make your articles more effective, *how* to develop a style that packs a punch, a style that can be used here in this publication and that may one day be used to change human lives.

Why don't you try it – today!

from the one the Senior Class remembers three years ago. When they came to College, swimming, billiards, T. V., the College coach and beautiful Lounge just didn't exist. Lakeside was a dream – the promised land for the men and also, for that matter, were the lakes themselves. The Dining Hall was still being converted from a cow barn, and meals were served in what is now Room L1 in Memorial Hall.

All this has changed since *they*

came to College and all this *will* change before you leave at the end of *your* fourth year.

There have been six years of trial and testing – six years for gaining valuable experience. That's why this *seventh* year has made the best possible start.

We hope you'll join with us in a dynamically new, exciting year that will be different – different for you and different for us in AMBASSADOR COLLEGE, U. K.'S SEVENTH YEAR!

Another Ambassador First!

Yes, *Ambassador College Press* is now the proud possessor of one of the finest four-colour, offset printing presses in the world. It's the brand new *Heidelberg Rotaspeed*. And what's more, it's the first of its make in the British Isles.

Recently from Heidelberg's modern design rooms and just fresh off their automated assembly line, the *Rotaspeed* along with *Ambassador College Press* have made the printing world headlines.

Heidelberg Printing Machine Company Ltd. is world-famous for its letterpress machinery. But never before have they attempted to build an offset press this size. This great black-beauty is twenty-three feet long and weighs over twelve tons.

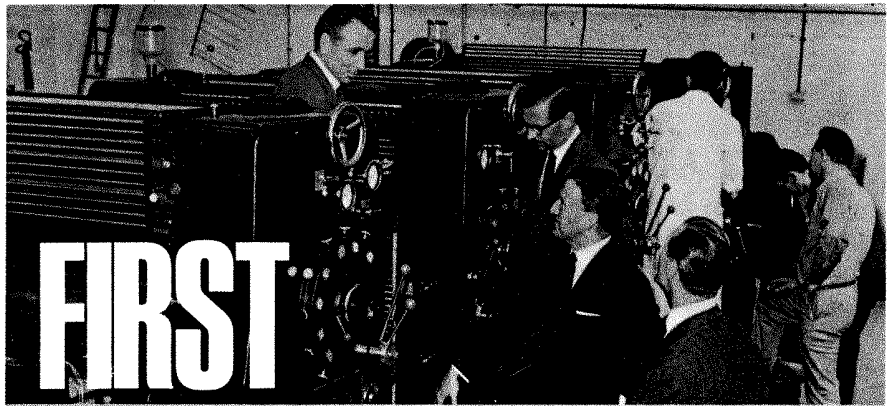
In printing the scheduled 90,000 copies of the November *Plain Truth* it will devour 480 lbs. of ink and use 500 to 1,000 gallons of water. Between the rollers of its four printing units will run ten-and-one-half tons or 325,000 sheets of paper – that's over 4,000,000 square feet of printed page. And printing all this will take 1,960,000 watts of electricity.

Running at maximum speed without stoppages the *Rotaspeed* can produce 7,000 sheets – that's 56,000 pages in full colour – in one hour!

Who said God's Work here in Britain was small?

So immense has the Work grown and so vast are the prospects for the near future that *Ambassador College Press* has increased its production capacity by around 700% since it moved to its Watford premises only a year ago.

To cope with the tremendous expansion right here in Britain we have had to purchase, besides the *Rotaspeed*, a *Heidelberg* single-colour *Kord* offset press; a *Roland* two-colour offset press; and are awaiting the delivery of another *Nebiolo* single-colour. Along with these have come the modern *Muller* stitching machine which collates, stitches, and guillotines the *Plain Truth* in one



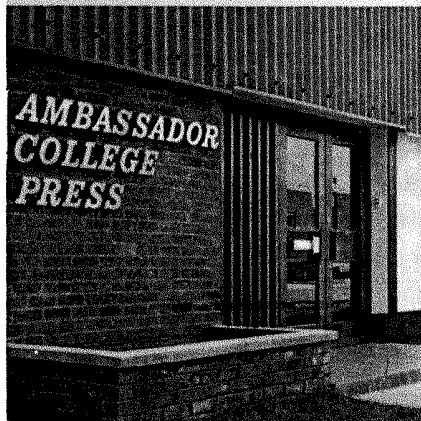
4-COLOUR OFFSET ROTASPEED

Britain's first 4-colour offset Heidelberg Rotaspeed has been installed. It went in during August—to the printing works of the Ambassador College Press at Watford, Herts. The College, founded in 1960, operates co-educational residential and correspondence courses, as part of worldwide broadcasting and publishing educational programmes. Publications by Ambassador College are numerous—a pictorial annual, an inter-collegiate paper, text books, brochures and article reprints, and lesson booklets and answer cards for the comprehensive correspondence courses. But the biggest task confronting printing manager John Butterfield and his

staff of 35 is to turn out the College's 48-page four-colour monthly, *Plain Truth*. So fast has demand risen that the English, German and French editions (all printed here) now total over 90,000 issues.

For a year, work has proceeded on the complete reconstruction and modern re-equipping of a former factory leased on the industrial estate at Bushey Mill Lane; this is only about ten minutes' drive from the Ambassador College's fine residential buildings at Bricket Wood, St Albans.

Litho camera, retouching, film stripping and plate-making facilities are of the most up-to-date order, as are the administrative, warehousing and production layouts. Film positives for each issue of *Plain Truth*—which will now be printed by the new 4-colour offset Rotaspeed—are flown over from the USA, and plates (Nuchrome bimetals) made in London. Ambassador College already have an 18 x 24½" single-colour Heidelberg offset Kord.



A page of the September, 1966 *Heidelberg News* which carried the story of our new Rotaspeed.

operation; and the Dutch *Zaandam* wrapper for mailing the magazine.

And to handle the tremendous amount of photography necessary to keep these machines in action we have acquired the new 13-foot *Pictorial Litho* camera. Coupled with this is the up-to-date platemaking equipment for processing the 30 deep-etch, bi-metal plates required for each issue.

Plans for the near future include

the purchase of a second *Stabl* folder to supplement the one bought just over a year ago.

Yes Ambassadors, God's Work is growing. Whereas just over twelve months ago the *Print Shop* employed 11 people – mostly students; it now employs 30 nearly all full-time workers. It's expanding at a rate that's almost *unbelievable* in modern "sick" Britain.

English Law

-- by Francis Bergin

Nearly everyone believes that English Law is complicated, mysterious, unjust, and – they're right – IT IS! But it's not as bad as most people suppose. We are all affected every day in some way or other by the Law. So we should know something about the origin and system of Law under which we live.

Our system of Law is divided into three distinct compartments.

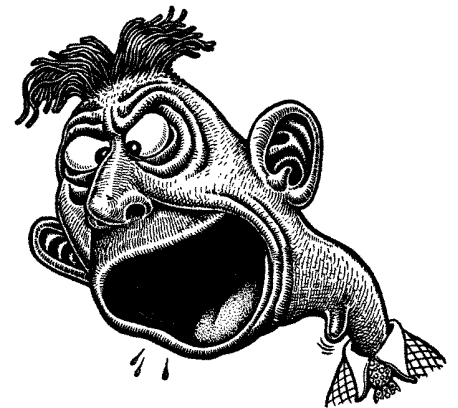
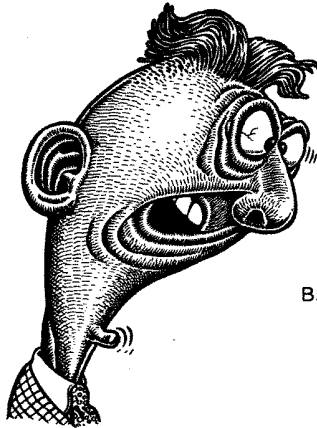
First of all there is *Common Law*. Now most people think the Romans and Normans were wild barbarians who went around administering their justice with heavy clubs. They're quite mistaken. These early peoples were supreme administrators. Way back in the twelfth century we have record of judges travelling around the country on circuits or assizes hearing complaints and settling trading disputes. The customs formed in those days between traders became law. All cases coming before judges were decided on the basis of *Common Sense* – hence the words *Common Law*. Just think about it for a moment.

There's no law anywhere saying you can't punch a classmate every time you meet him. But if he really became annoyed and took you to Court, they would put a stop to your naughty acts one way or another. It's called *Common Law* – law protecting the rights of individual citizens, and the rights of the Crown against the citizen and vice versa.

The *second* branch of English Law is easier to understand and this is called *Statute Law*. It is comprised of all laws passed by Parliament (both Houses), which are eventually printed in book form like, for example, *The Companies Act, 1948*, with its 368 pages, and duly signed by the Monarch. As soon as a Bill is passed by the Queen it becomes law and these laws or Acts are printed for sale to the public by H. M.

Printer of Stationery. The *Ten Commandments* as given to Moses are *Statute Law*. *Statute Law* therefore is *written law*.

However, suppose the Act is not very clear on a few points (as is the case with 100% of them). One man could sign a contract and think it means one thing and another could get quite a different impression – what happens then? Well, the two parties as they are called, pack their bags and go off to Court for a few days where Barristers will argue the cases for a very high fee. After



Barristers will argue the case for a very high fee . . .

hearing the case (That is, if he stays awake because most Judges are appointed only after reaching the age of 60. The Last Lord Chief Justice was 82 when he retired from his position.), the Judge will give his decision or Judgment. Here is where our *third* compartment of Law comes in – *Case Law*. The Judge decides on an interpretation of an Act and all lower Courts must conform to that decision from then on in.

If your wife wants to learn to drive, don't stand in her way.

* * *
First I was a tadpole so very long
and thin,
Then I was a frog with my tail tucked
in,
Then I was a baboon in a tropical
tree,
And *now*, I am a doctor with a Ph. D.



. . . after which the Judge will give his decision.

Is there anything wrong with being an egghead?

No, as long as you know when to come out of your shell.

* * *
Knott and Shott fought a duel.
The result was that Knott was shot
and Shott was not. Therefore it was
better to be Shott than Knott.

Etiquette -- and YOU!

What does the word "etiquette" mean to you?

Is it just a stiff upper lip and formal set of all-encompassing rules -- something imposed by the stuffier side of society? Or do you take it to mean only the holding of cutlery correctly, the right form of address or arranging a table properly?

Well, etiquette is *all* this and MORE!

Etiquette is more than just Emily Post. Etiquette is what you *are*. Etiquette is the way you *live*. It stems from your *attitude* toward other people.

You show concern for others by your manners. It comes out in the way you conduct yourself, the way in which you behave in *any circumstance* -- not just in formalities shown to dignitaries on special occasions. Good manners don't just pop on and off with your best suit. They're a twenty-four hour, round the clock, non-stop mirror of your character and training.

Take the Dining Hall for instance. Time is short and the queue is long. Your cauliflower is getting cold, you're waiting for the host. Right! -- pass the salt -- pepper -- mustard -- butter -- bread -- biscuits -- sauce -- sugar -- jam -- honey -- quick! -- round the table in fifteen seconds flat! That clock keeps pushing along and there's that International Relations class after lunch. Gulp! -- down goes the soup,

meat, ketchup, cold cauliflower and hot potato. Seventeen slurps and a gurgle later they've gone -- and so have you! Boy, just dodged serving seconds that time. You hate to go, but you *must* get that assignment done before class.

Have you seen this recently? It could be you! And in far too many cases, it *is* you.

Ambassadors, we're letting down!

The example some of us are setting is absolutely atrocious! The breakfast table is *not* the place to study for your speech test. It's *not* the place to play your transistor radio, nor is it the place to catch up on mail from home.

Is *this* sort of thoughtlessness a true reflection of the character God is creating within us? No? Then *why* are these very things going on at the meal table?

You may be one who believes people will tend to overlook a rough and ready exterior when they know deep down there lies a warm and friendly heart.

But reality isn't so kind. Rude, brusque behaviour is still one *certain* way of convincing others that you are *selfish, greedy, and thoughtless*. Not to mention impatient and discourteous.

Courtesy and politeness are, on the other hand, qualities *immediately* identified with courage, respect, and self-discipline. The *biggest possible*

standard of manners is simply an expression of the love and respect you owe to yourself and to others. Common etiquette can be practised every day, everywhere, and by everyone!

William Wykeham became famous in history simply for his family motto: "Manners Makyth Man".

Are you a fully-made man?

Africa Calling

"Mind you, I'm not complaining, but *why* can I get booklets from the office only between 12:30 and 1:00 p.m.?"

The answer's simple. At most other times the *Mail Receiving Department* is busy serving *thousands* of other people.

Yes, thousands of *people* each represented by a letter. And all these letters mean human problems -- very real problems and needs, anxieties and ambitions. All need *personal* help and the department exists to give them just this help.

But it *is* difficult reading serious, heavy letters hour after hour. And luckily, the *Mail Reader* doesn't have to do this. You see, besides letters from Great Britain, Europe, and the Middle East, we also hear from *West Africa!*

They say the pen is mightier than the sword. And when a Ghanaian or a Nigerian is wielding that pen -- LOOK OUT!

A reader needs many skills and an almost staggering versatility to successfully cope with their mail. Here's what I mean.

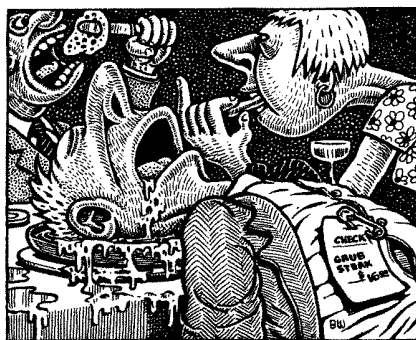
First a Reader needs a thorough knowledge of anatomy and a good imagination. How else could he serve the Nigerian who recently sought advice because conditions in Nigeria were so grim he felt "crippled in *all* ankles".

Then again, he needs to be firmly founded in Church Government. Otherwise he would have been shaken to his foundations by a recent letter

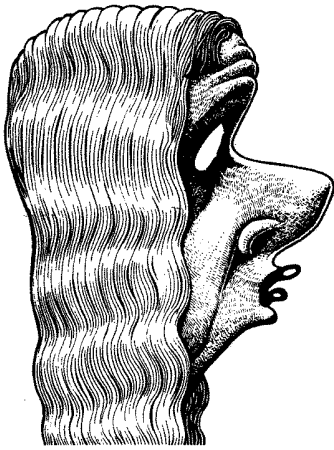
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Pic. A. Emily Post says, "Never pat a man on the back when he doesn't expect it."



Pic. B. She also said it's bad manners to sleep with your mouth open.

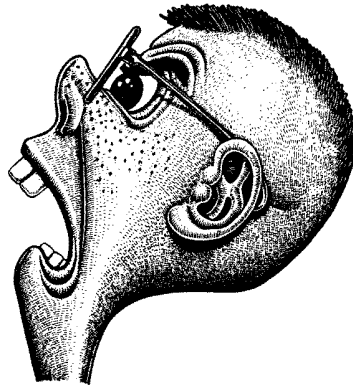


Wad'da ya mean . . . you're already dated for the Senior dance?!

DON'T miss out!

Senior Dance —

Thursday, 17th November, 1966



Let Your Light Shine

Most successful Feast ever!!

That is the only way to describe the Feast of Tabernacles, 1966. This year Ambassador College faced a big challenge at Pontin's Holiday Camp near Morecambe, only a week after a local scandal sheet had published a supposed "run down" on the Work.

In the article this year's Feast site was mentioned. How would our camp management react to us? How would the student waiters get along with the camp? These were the questions running through our minds as we journeyed Northwards.

Well, for the *Portfolio*, comments about us from the Pontin's staff have been collected to show just how we got on during those eight days.

Here's a comment from Pontin's Head Electrician. He said that his staff was "amazed". "Usually, we receive calls all day to replace broken fittings, but since you've been here, we haven't had a single call at all." Normally, much damage is reported, and the staff were tired of replacing broken equipment.

The cleaners were also impressed because few articles left lying around went missing. They said that normally the articles were stolen.

In the dining room, work was hot and hectic. Usually crockery is smashed by the box, but this year it was reported very little crockery was broken compared with normal weeks.

Floor cleaners were able to start work in the dining room by 9:45 instead of the usual 10:45 with the

(Continued on page 8)

Africans usually end their letters by wishing a cordial "More grease to your elbows". But after an eyeeful like this, what the average Mail Reader needs is "more oil for his eyeballs"!!

(By the way, you can also pick up booklets between 5:30 and 6:00 p.m.)

Africa

(Continued from page 5)

which explained about the truly wise and commendable decision "the directors of B. C. M. Ambassador made when they appointed Mr. Herbert Armstrong to his position as president".

Geography plays another all-important part in the Mail Reader's arsenal of vital knowledge. Who else would carry in his mind the locations of places like Nkawkaw, Enugu Ezike or Ogbomosho?

Things got more than a little confused the day when one interested subscriber enthusiastically exclaimed that we "are the best manufacturer in the city of Ambassador". Another warehouse wizard asked for a bicycle, a shotgun, and a *Plain Truth*. If we didn't have all three, he added, a bicycle alone would be sufficient.

The Mail Reader also needs a remarkable general knowledge. Without this he'd be stumped by the African who asked for "a tip of fussite" — whatever that may be. Then there was the Ghanaian schoolboy who wanted to join our *Ambassador Club* — or so he said. What he really wanted was a regular copy of *The Plain Truth* magazine!

Another Ghanaian writing to renew his subscription added: "I would also wish that the publicity of the *Plain Truth* be made wilder

(for) the ignorant inhabitants."

Just where would you be as a Mail Reader without a deep understanding of Negro psychology, surrealistic symbolism, and a reasonable working knowledge of the relative racial development of Africa? You'd be LOST!

But there's still one other quality a Reader must possess. As well as being a scientist, geographer, warehouse economist, historian, psychologist, and an otherwise knowledgeable person, he also needs to have a good knowledge of pidgin-English.

See what you can make of this letter, quoted verbatim from the original text.

"Please how far you do not send my cors because I have the 5 lesson which you have sent to me and accrodding to your 4 lessen you said that many people has their grade but you denot went me to have my. Therefore I have waiting for your course . . ."

What he really wanted were his results to Test 1!!

Having made his point the writer eloquently continued, "Then to the entire staff of your institution, I say, for their marvellous works, BRAVO. Excuse me and thanks."

Unlike this man, most West



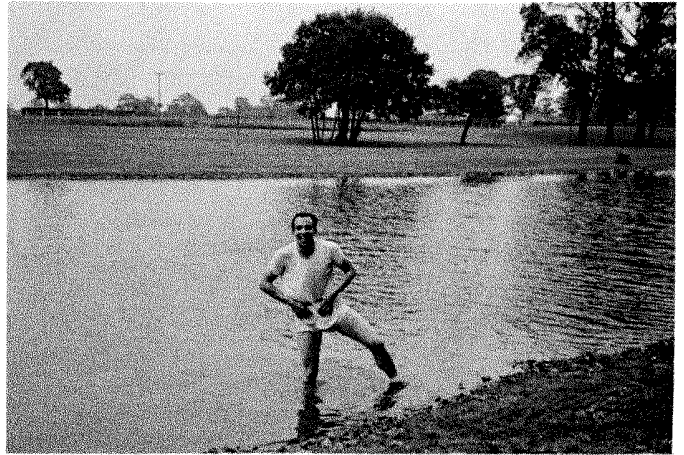
It's O. K. — They're only bluffing.



Hey!! They can't mean it!



Censored!



You know, for a while I thought you were kidding.

All The Way -- With J.F.K.!

They say a picture tells more than a thousand words. But when a member of the Senior class ends up in the lake the least we can do is offer him a little space for a few words of explanation. — *Editor.*

I call it treacherous myself! I wasn't the *least bit* amused. And members of my own class! You may well ask how this all happened. Well, I'll tell you.

You see, I started a "Get Ozzie Engelbart" campaign in the Common Room one day — just kinda put that thought into the "open" minds of a few other Seniors. Well, we "got Ozzie" all right — or should I say *they* got Ozzie because when the heavy wrestling on the lawn started I disappeared. But after viewing his grass-stained shirt, someone exclaimed, "By the way, *who* started all this?"

Well, by that time yours truly was well and truly locked inside L. A. D. and life returned to normal. But like

the rolling stone of Proverbs 26:27 I was about to be dealt the swift blow of "suitable retribution"!

Only a day or so later I was drawn into a handball game with three others.

"I must try to get into town today" I was saying, and to my surprise, they all appeared exceptionally interested.

"Do you REALLY want to go in?" they asked.

Of course I did!

Well, I'll let the pictures tell the rest of the story, but what a way to "go in"!

Reminds you of the Can't-win-cat in a Tom and Jerry cartoon, doesn't it? — Ed.



Oh John, you're all dripping wet!



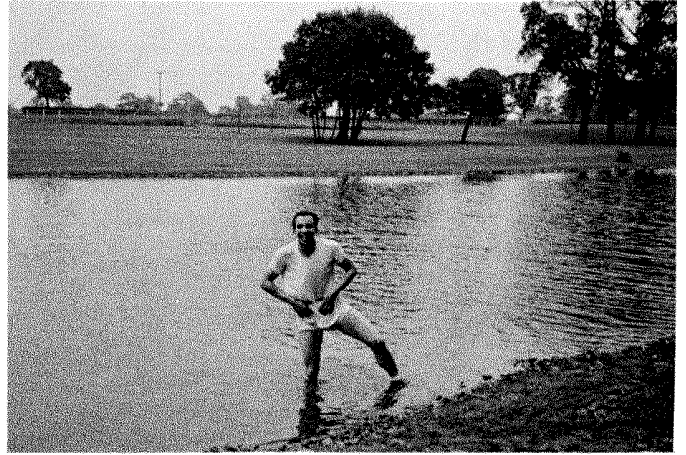
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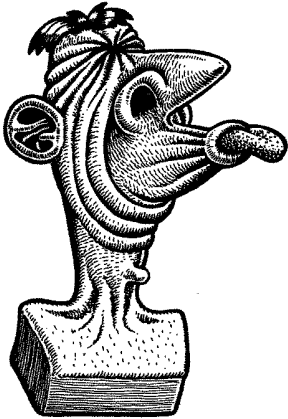
Oh John, you're all dripping wet!

Man – Dig This Lot!

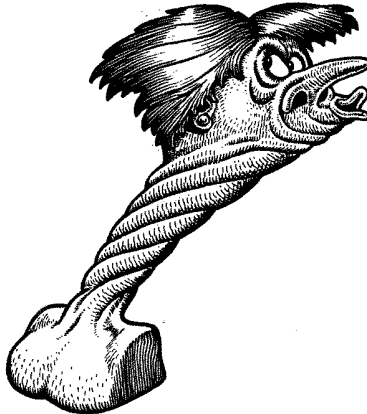
No, the baker hadn't broken down. The British hadn't lost Waterloo. It was worse than all that – the trip to the Natural History Museum had been cancelled.

The bearer of sad tidings wisely made sure there wouldn't be even sadder tidings: he stuck his head through the dining hall window, made the announcement, and fled! The spontaneous riot was quelled by the quick action of the meal monitor who proclaimed there were seconds on everything . . .

But for all those who really wanted to see the Piltown man and his Cro-Magnon friend, *The Portfolio* presents the results of recent excavations in a pile of rubble in the corner of the Art Department. The specimens are a long-forgotten product of the pen of Mr. Basil Wolverton – we hope they make up for what you missed.



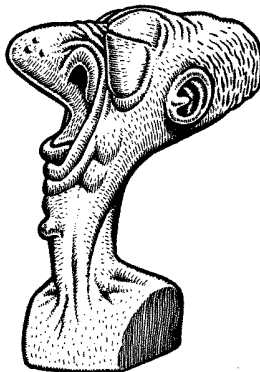
The This-Is-What-I-Think-Of-You Man



The Don't-Breathe-This-To-A-Soul-But
This-Is-What-I-Heard Woman



The Get-Outa-Here-And-Mind-Your-Own-
Business-Or-I'll-Clobber-Yuh Man



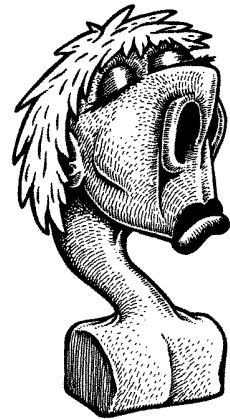
The I-Never-Associate-With-Persons-Of
Low-Intelligence-Or-Doubtful-
Character-Man



The I'll-Get-Even-With-You-Someday Man



The Why-Bother-Your-Brain-Thinking-
About-The-Future Man



The I'm-Going-To-Have-My-Way-No
Matter-What-You-Say Woman

The Feast

(Continued from page 6)

normal camp waiters. They had little to do because our waiters swept up afterwards – camp waiters generally threw their waste *onto the floor!*

Time after time the kitchen staff commented on Ambassador cheerfulness, saying this was the easiest and happiest week they'd had.

With all the cleaning to be done this year, two of the camp supervisors who usually had to "get down on knees" begging for help, were astounded when they asked for 25 volunteers among our men – *and got them!* They just couldn't believe everyone working in the dining hall were UNPAID volunteers!

The Fun Show also had an effect on one elderly gentleman who helped backstage. He said he'd never seen in all his years' experience a better organised show.

The coldness which had greeted us at first had completely disappeared and the camp staff warmed to us as the week progressed. Finally it reached the stage when one of the camp staff members was overheard telling another staff member that any troubles they were having came from *their own staff* – not from us – their guests at the camp!

What about next year's Feast? Will we be welcome at Pontin's Holiday Camp? Yes! and with open arms!