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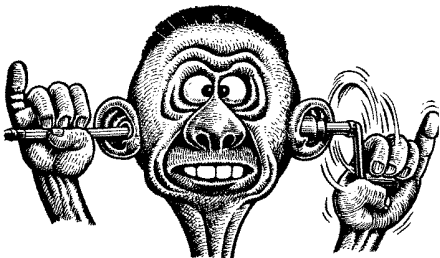
CIRCULATION MANAGER
Henry Wilson

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If You're Like Me...



... You're all set for those final exams!!!

You're wondering about the questions, and about the answers. Will Mr. Portune ask you to reproduce the Geological Tables? You're hoping Dr. Martin won't *really* expect you to quote from the Harmony of Kings and Samuel. Surely - (you vainly hope) - Mr. Hunting won't want to know the world rulers *this time!* Musicology - you daren't even think about that. And Mr. McNair's Psychology class gives you traumatic nightmares. That's if *you're* like me.

But then there are the cool and collected types. Everything's under control - or so they say. To see what they're thinking about in these times of crisis, turn to pages 4 and 5.

Editorial

Just Stick Around

by Dan Botha

"Just stick around!" he was told when he was a freshman.

"Don't give up and go home now."

"Stay here and give Ambassador College a chance. This is the best place on earth. Stick around and you'll find out."

He did; four years later he graduated from this college as a Preaching Elder. Yet this is only one of the many success stories that can be told of men who came to Ambassador and "stuck around". Many who weren't *willing* to give up and go home. They realized this was the ONLY place they could get a TRUE education. The *only* place they could develop the *personality*, the *character*, the *ability* to be a SUCCESS!!

It's too easy to give up!

In fact for most of us it's an established pattern in our lives.

We begin projects every day - projects we *never* complete. It may be a new hobby, a new resolution, a new idea to improve ourselves. Yet they're *worthless* because the job is *never* finished. The newness wears off. The sparkle fades and we give up, never experiencing the *gratifying* result of having accomplished something - of completing a task.

Many an idea ends in utter worthlessness - not because the idea isn't good - but merely because we lack the *dogged determination* to carry it through to completion.

Yes, it *is* too easy to give up. And every year someone gives up Ambassador College. They leave because they lose that first love - the exciting feeling of "AT LAST I'M AT AMBASSADOR!"

Studies get them down. Personal problems begin to weigh heavily. They see it's going to take WORK to make it. And the price seems *too great!*

So they *quit!*

And they leave behind them the ONE - and ONLY - opportunity in this life to receive a TRUE EDUCATION!! They make the decision that once and for all robs them of the golden opportunity in life.

What a pity! What a crying shame!! The best place on the face of the earth - and they don't want to stay here.

Ambassador *is* and always *will* be the only college where you can get EVERYTHING you need for success. It gives you the keys to peace, joy, and an abundantly happy life.

But you can't get them *if you leave!!*

Just stick around and in a few years' time you'll be able to look back on the most profitable years of your life.

No longer will you have some of the odd characteristics you had when you came to College. You'll be rid of the things that held you back for such a long time. The things that prevented you from accomplishing something in life. You'll have the *zest*, the *zeal*, the *DRIVE* to attack *any* project with the energy needed to complete the task. All this you'll gain - if you *don't give up* half-way.

That freshman took the advice - "JUST STICK AROUND" - he became a success. You can achieve the same success.

Why don't you just "*stick around*" too!

Our Very Own Paper!

Recently Ambassador College sponsored a new break-through in the magazine and printing industry.

Working especially for us Consolidated Paper Mills in Wisconsin produced a new superior paper with sufficient sheen to produce sharper, finer pictures and yet with enough matt to prevent glare to the reader's eye. This new, exclusive paper is called *Ambassador Gloss* in the U. S. Many of you have already seen it in the editions of *the Plain Truth*, which were printed in Pasadena and flown across the Atlantic.

But have you ever wondered where we get the paper for the *British* edition of *the Plain Truth*?

Well, it's made especially for us by a large paper mill tucked away in the green Lancashire hills near Blackburn.

Immediately we had news Pasadena was about to use an entirely new paper specially formulated for *the Plain Truth*, the wheels began moving to ensure no time would be lost before this same paper could be made for us here in England.

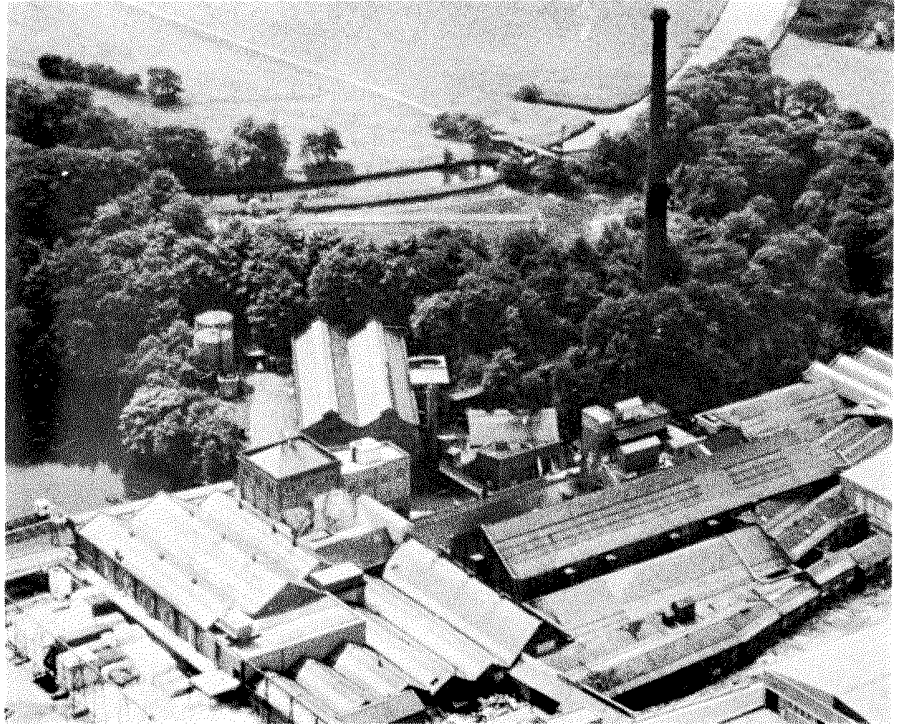
Nearly all the larger paper mills in Great Britain were after our business. But unknown to us all, God had already been working.

Star Paper Mills, who've been making paper for the *Plain Truth* for nearly two years were the only ones in the U. K. who could make this special alkaline paper. And what's more, they already had business connections with Consolidated Paper Mills in Wisconsin.

Within weeks the first trial "making" was delivered to our plant in Watford and a limited number of test copies run off. Subscribers receiving these were quick to express favourable comment.

But our demands on the mill were very exacting.

The paper had to be very white but at the same time opaque. It had to be extremely light in weight to keep our postage costs down. We
(Continued on page 4)



Ambassador Gloss is made here at Star Mills in Lancashire.

Food For Thought

What consumes 30 tons of meat, 11,000 loaves of bread and two tons of butter? A pair of Bohemi – (two Behemoths) – or a herd of ravenous elephants?

No!!

This is merely the mountain of food consumed annually by a "herd" of ravenous Ambassadors! Here's how it's done.

In the course of 365 breakfasts students devour 1,200 pints of porridge. This is washed down with enough milk to create a line of milk bottles from Drop Lane along the main road to Watford Town Hall. And we keep 650 birds busy laying who knows how many pans full of eggs!

For lunch and dinner, a herd of a hundred cattle is slaughtered annually (no vegetarians here!). Onto this and the 18,000 lbs. of potatoes, we pour about 1,800 bottles of tomato ketchup – enough to fill four bathtubs right to the brim. After this herculean repast the average

student consumes his own weight in apples, oranges, grapes, and other fruit.

"REALLY? I didn't think my stomach was that big!"

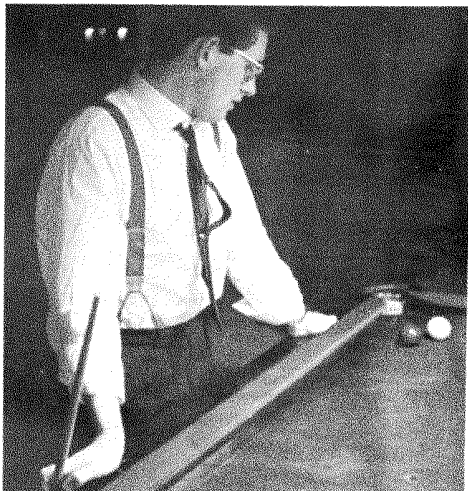
But while you consider your enormous appetite you might also spare a thought for our suffering co-eds. They spend some 32,000 "girl-hours" annually to prepare this mountain of "grub"! So next time you see a kitchen girl looking woe-begone and weary, you'll know exactly why – the food is getting her down.

* * *
A society woman was looking for a new poodle to add to her collection. Pointing to one dog in the kennel, she asked the owner, "Is that dog pedigreed?"

"Madam," replied the owner disdainfully, "If that dog could talk, he wouldn't speak to either of us."

* * *
When the truth is in your way you are on the wrong road.

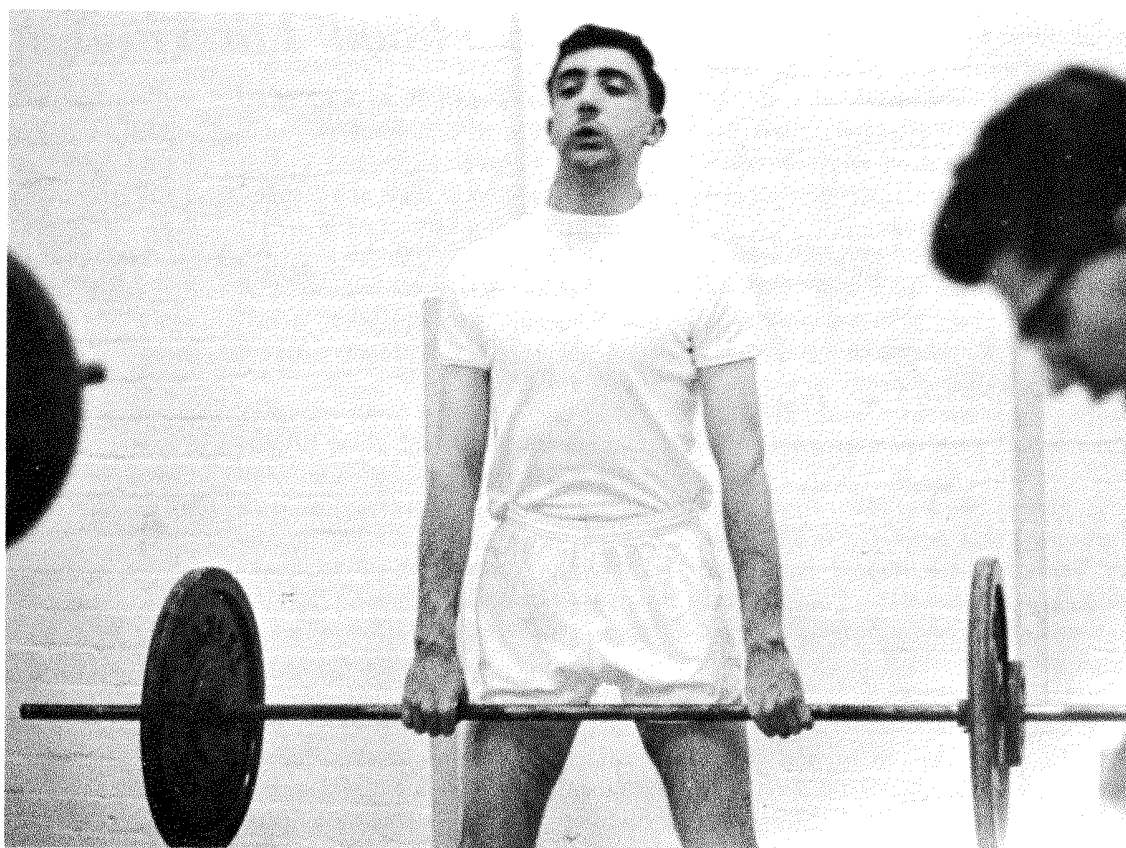
What others are thinking



"If these two got moving we could populate the world with billiard balls."



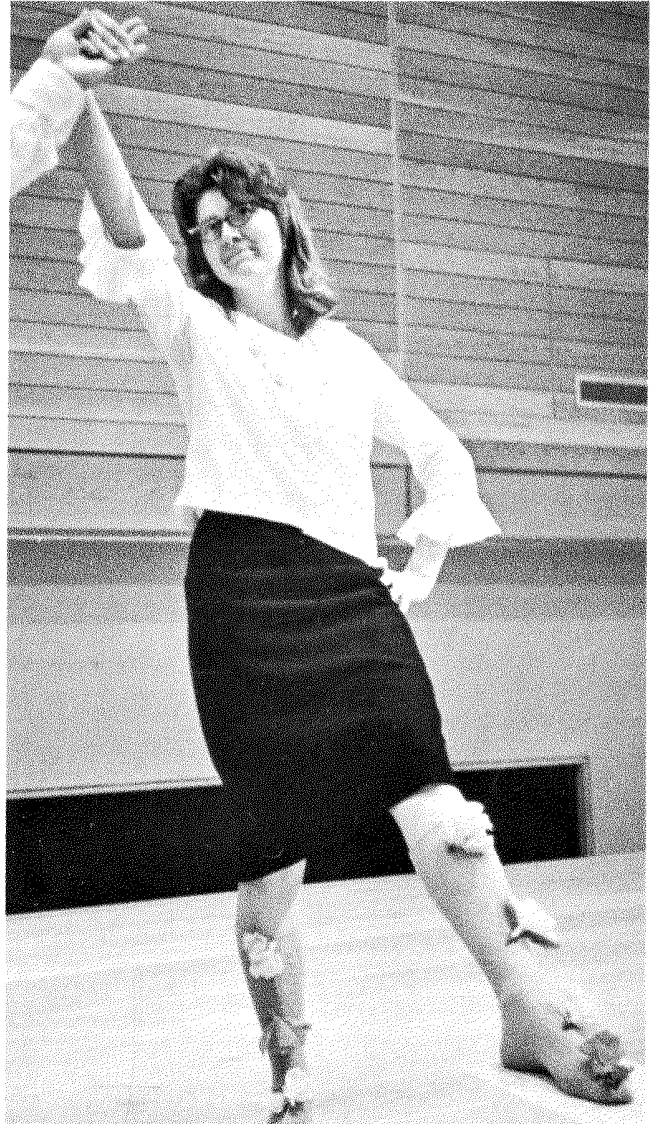
"The last time he had cocaine I had to hold his hand."



"There must be an easier way to control middle-aged spread!"



"Pleistocene, Cenozoic, Mesozzzzz. . ."



"Presenting the socksiest girl on campus. . ."

"Shucks! I think I'll take up yoga."



Paper

(Continued from page 3)

required a beautifully *smooth* surface coating to give the excellent picture reproduction, but it also had to be *mat* enough to avoid eye strain while reading.

It had to be *stable* enough to go through four printing units without stretch or shrinkage. And it needed *exactly* the right moisture content to keep it flat regardless of the humidity during its long journey by road to Watford. If just this factor alone was missing the paper would curl at the edges and be unusable.

(Continued on page 8)

Ambassador Sleep-Out

"Sleep out in the cow pasture! Do they think I'm Chief Sitting Bull?"

"I bet there are bears out there!"

"Are they trying to solve the crowded student situation or something?"

These were some of the reactions to an announcement of a planned Saturday night sleep-out for the men. Considering though, the reaction wasn't as bad as it could have been. There were some subdued grumbles and a groan or two but no riot developed. Most took it with Spartan solidarity. After all - Ambassador students are used to enduring hardships (such as having only two eggs for breakfast or no seconds on Sunday night).

So, as evening crept on, the fearless men began preparations for the long, arduous night ahead. Some, to the envy and disgust of the less fortunate, produced sleeping bags and even inflatable mattresses. Others made do with track suits, used clothing, high school sports blankets, freshly-cut tree limbs, and last autumn's crop of dried leaves. (Someone probably would have used the rugs from Memorial Hall if it had been allowed.)

About 9:30 p.m., D-day (or N-night), the pioneers began filtering into the camp, looking like anything from scarecrows to mummies and fishmongers. About 11:30 there was a large influx of pub frequenters. The good-time Charlies staggered in around 12:30. And one or two miscellaneous night owls between 1:00 and 1:30.

Some few people came with ideas of getting a decent night's rest, but they were soon converted from their heretical way of thinking. For one thing, all Ambassador students have stricken the word "bedlam" from their dictionaries and inserted the word "sleep-out". Some of the wise cracks would have made Bob Hope look like a funeral director and put Kenneth Dodd on the dole. ("Have you heard about the two old maids

who went for a tramp in the woods? He died two days later in hospital.")

But there were other reasons for not sleeping too soundly. The planners of the night out are to be commended for the uncanny, unerring accuracy with which they picked the actual bedding site: out of 180 acres on the campus, the only harder spot is the limestone veranda of Memorial Hall.

However, one item of luxury served to relieve the situation - a piece of canvas borrowed from the paint crew held the ground a tolerable distance away from the sleeper. But some people in desperation slept under the canvas (at least it was warmer than newspapers).

How to Lose Squash --And Influence People!

by Francis Bergin

Yes, the title *is* correct! Anybody can win a game of squash and influence people, but it's losing and influencing that's difficult.

First thing to do when challenged to a game of squash is to make it quite obvious you're accepting only under duress. *Never* let the other person, if he's any good, that is, feel you really *want* to play. And above all don't let him think you're expecting to win. Give your opponent the feeling *he* is definitely *going* to win and that you are just playing to (a) get rid of your cold; (b) get some exercise; (c) try out your new gym shoes; or (d) "help" him.

By doing this you avoid two things. *Firstly*, he can't go around proclaiming what a fantastic squash player he is because after all you *told* him he would win. And as you were playing only to oblige, it would be very ungentlemanly of him to embarrass you in any way, especially in front of others.

The *second* thing you avoid,

The uncivilized, indecent, inhuman, indescribable, unkosher, nonprotestant, and unbelievably ghastly hour of 5:00 a.m. was set as the time of awakening. This might have been forgivable (after a certain minimal time in purgatory, of course) if someone hadn't started waking the sleepers fifteen minutes early!

Then about 6:30 the group assembled in time to give the co-eds a slee--, uh, that is, hearty welcome as they roared up on the tractor and wagon, bearing pots, pans, plates, and *food!*

This of course explains the *real* reason why the intrepid men braved the hardships and dangers of cold, sleeplessness, and wild animals: that was the *only* way they could get breakfast the next morning!

and this is most important, is EXCUSES!! Nothing can be more painful to the (carnal) human mind than trying to think up a *reasonable* excuse as to why you *didn't* win. The *reason* will *usually* be that you are a rotten player. But it's thinking of *plausible* excuses that proves difficult.

To speak of an injured leg is impossible because that would require a corresponding limp. "Out of form tonight old pal" has been used *too* often. Extreme heat or cold may be used on occasions, but discretion is necessary. Playing without glasses (if you normally wear them) and playing with them (if you don't) are fairly good excuses and of course without medical evidence are difficult to combat. Being "very tired" is a useful one provided it is not over-used. "Working late all week" can be fairly convincing but must be truthful. "My age" can help - if, for example, you are 26 and your opponent is 18 or 19.

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Instant Trees!

Ambassador College leads the world!

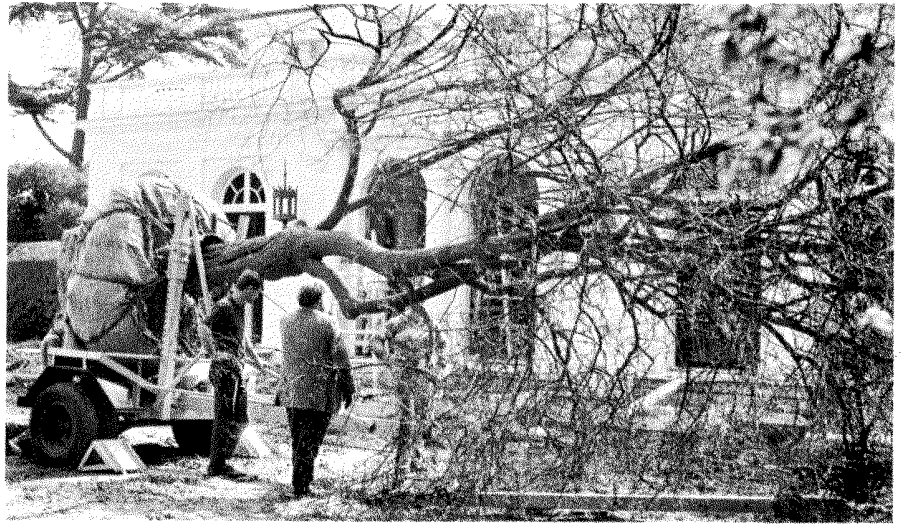
Certainly this is true in the educational field. But did you know we are trying to lead England in planting trees?

That's right! Very few places in Britain have ever transplanted bigger trees than we've just done.

During the last few weeks our gardeners have been busy digging around the lakes. They've moved tons of earth, stones, and clay with pick and shovel and have carved out over a dozen round holes – each about three-and-a-half feet deep and seven feet in diameter.

To fill them Mr. Silcox chose an assortment of trees from around the college grounds. There are sycamores, oaks, maples, silver birches, beeches and a mighty Scots pine over thirty feet tall!

Each tree had to be carefully prepared by digging a narrow trench around its roots. Then a firm of specialists moved in and wrapped this parcel of earth and roots in a strong sheet, trussed up the bundle



with chains and uprooted the whole tree with a powerful winch. Each awaiting hole was lined with a layer of topsoil to give the roots a better chance to "catch".

Originally this operation was planned for next spring. But the trees and removal equipment are so heavy it was feared the ground would be too soft after a wet winter. So we decided to do the job now, while the land is comparatively dry.

We did successfully transplant trees by the lake several months ago. But they were much smaller than

those we have just been working with. Even so, some of them cost as much as £200. At that price you can't afford many failures!

When transplanting giants this size, however, the percentage of failures can be very high. Sometimes only one out of six will "take".

It may be early spring before we know whether or not we've succeeded. But if we have, the campus will be even more beautiful and impressive.

So, as a student body, let's pray for success!

Squash

(Continued from page 6)

A man losing a game of squash to a girl is *completely* inexcusable and proper particulars of the girl's playing ability should at *all times* be secured *before* a game is even contemplated.

"Out of practice" is useless. And "under the influence" is forbidden at College anyway.

Get the idea?

Thinking up excuses is *really* painful.

In a subsequent article I shall deal with the matter of how to treat the excuses of others.

Meantime I've just bought a new raquet from Mr. Michel, and a new pair of shoes from George Jacobs. And although I have been working late all week I shall be glad to meet you just for a "workout" some afternoon soon.



Our FABULOUS Envoy

"Hey! Where's my ENVOY? thought we were supposed to get it during the Feast!"

"Say!! When are we going to get our ENVOY -- Christmas!?"

"Look! Are we going to get our '66 ENVOY by the '67 Brunch?"
NOPE!!

YOUR copy of the ENVOY is being produced right now. But it's going to be a little longer before you have the pleasurable enjoyment of owning the *best ENVOY ever*. And that's why it's taking a little longer. We want it to be just that -- the *best ever!* You've never seen a book like the magnificent copy you'll soon possess. That's not an exaggeration -- that's a fact!

Some of the Faculty recently saw a copy of this '66 cover. One comment was, "A book like that compares to Solomon's Temple!"

And you'll believe the same thing. Just be patient.

There are a number of reasons why you haven't received your copy

yet. Firstly, it's not completely printed and bound yet. And that's not our fault. The press, now hurriedly rolling out signature after signature, arrived three months behind schedule. Needless to say, that delay threw a monkey wrench into our delivery date.

So some people who just don't understand have begun to growl. Some have even been *very* angry! The ENVOY Department has received large numbers of unfavourable letters protesting, "Just what are you doing? Where is my ENVOY?"

Now we could've rushed through a sloppy, slipshod, dog-eared, inferior '66 Yearbook. We could've given you your ENVOY on time. But we didn't. And we won't! We want *you* to be pleased. We want *you* to be proud to possess the most *beautiful* yearbook ever. It is for *you*. And that's why we're taking a little longer. So please be patient. You'll be *glad* you were!

This year's ENVOY is, as Mr. Hill said in his latest *Good News* article, *UNIQUE!* It has never been equalled in the past and will probably *never* be equalled again.

No college yearbook has ever had the amount of quality or colour you'll see in *your* new ENVOY.

So the next time you start to storm over to the ENVOY office to growl, "Hey! Where's my ENVOY?" remember instead to purr, "Say. I sure am glad you're taking a little longer on my ENVOY for me -- Thanks!!"

Paper

(Continued from page 4)

Lastly, the price had to be comparable to that we'd been paying in the past.

To put a surface coating on both sides of such a thin base paper is no easy task. But to keep it there during printing is even *more* difficult. When the paper meets the water necessary for the offset printing process the bonding adhesive dissolves and the China clay surface will stick to the cylinders of the press.

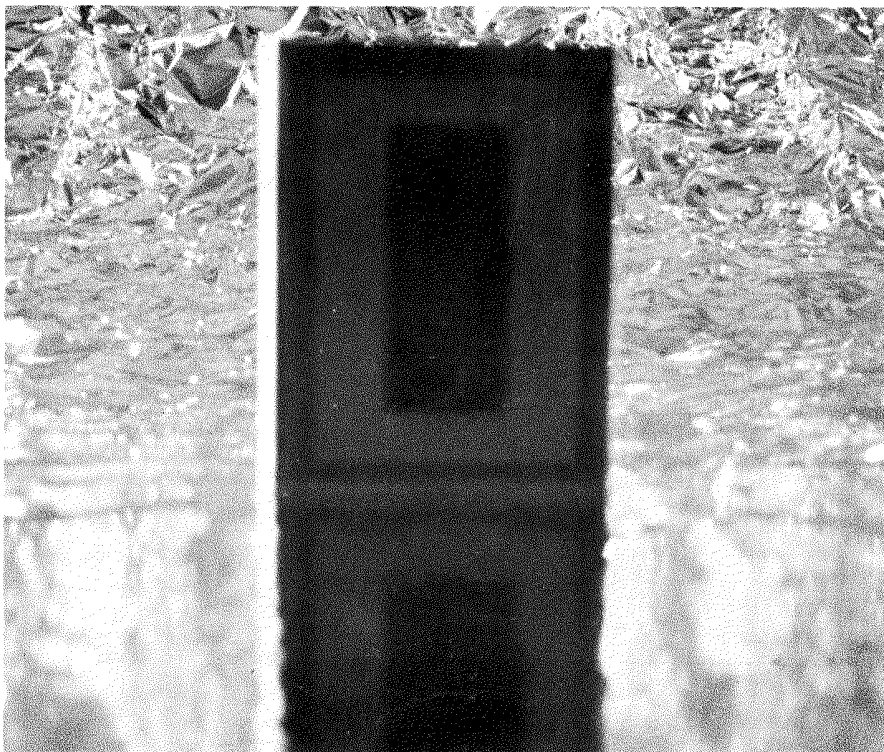
Several attempts were made to seal the surface. But then the inks wouldn't "take" on the hardened surface.

At last, after frustrating hours of experimenting at the mills and consultation at our Watford premises the experts came up with the answer and the first 30 tons of paper were delivered.

But our troubles weren't over! With a silly error in routine paper work the whole of this 30 tons had been cut on the *wrong* machine and was useless to us.

However, all's well that ends well. The order has been redelivered and is now running through our presses at full speed.

Thanks to the patience of our press men and the co-operation of our friends in Lancashire our readers are now enjoying the benefits of the *high quality* standards called for by *Ambassador College*.



We'd like to show you more of the ENVOY but . . .