

SPECIAL EDITION

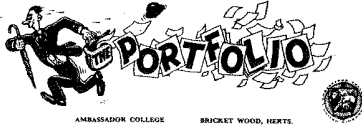
# THE PORTFOLIO

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE, BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.



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## Ugh! Spinach

Panting and breathless he dashes in. He aims for the shortest line, pushing wildly past people and spilling someone's soup. While waiting his turn he anxiously eyes the diminishing sweets but soon breathes a sigh of relief. He picks up the biggest sweet and heads down the serving line.

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Now, now eat your meal like a good boy!

## Editorial

# Why Radio Ambassador?

by Greg Sargent

"That music puts me in a *lousy attitude* for the day!" said an Ambassador student. "I *loathe* being blasted with jazz so early every morning."

Another meal-time discussion was underway. Target -- Radio Ambassador. Some were 'for' the programmes, a minority 'against'. Some just didn't care.

So vehement are some attacks against the radio shows that they became the topic of discussion in class recently. Should they or should they not be 'aired'? That was the question.

NOW! -- the *Portfolio* SPEAKS OUT for the first time on this hotly debated issue.

We ask: Why Radio Ambassador? What is its purpose? What does it have to do with the College, and the Work of God?

Many Freshmen may not know that Mr. Armstrong talked just a few short months ago about building our own Radio-ship! That we may even put a powerful RADIO AMBASSADOR off the British shore.

The purpose of this ship would be to THUNDER the *WORLD TOMORROW* in perhaps several languages to God's people Israel. We would air disc-jockey shows, news broadcasts -- *profitable* programmes. It would literally *pioneer* broadcasting for the future!

This ship is merely an idea at the moment. But it could become REALITY!

During the summer the "Big 'A'" staff presented an entire day of programmes. It was an experiment -- and it worked! Everyone was very enthusiastic about it, realising the potential for the future if God should plan our own station.

Radio Ambassador is NOT a "joke". It is a small-scale pioneer for possible large-scale broadcasting. But this is only one of its purposes.

This station serves YOU! *It is your station.*

In the *Plain Truth* Mr. Walters showed how music at meal times can affect digestion. It can stimulate -- or it can have a restless and unwholesome impact. Radio Ambassador programmes are to relax, uplift and inspire you!

*But do they?*

You alone can decide. Your disc-jockeys want to play music you enjoy. They want to SERVE you! But they can do so only if you will tell them WHAT you like to hear. We can't please everyone all the time -- but with abundant suggestions we can give more balanced, beneficial, wholesome shows.

The music is a background to conversation, not a replacement. It need not STOP us talking -- it can AID us!

And what about news broadcasts? Why do we air these?

Our luncheon bulletins give you a quick review of news you may normally never read. They show you unreported *trends* which no one news source can give. And they reveal the MEANING of these events!

Instead of criticizing, let's realise that Mr. Armstrong approves Radio Ambassador because it can *serve* the student body, and because it may one day be a vital part of God's Work in Europe.

Let's THANK those who give their time daily to make life more enjoyable for us. And let's tell them WHAT we like to hear!!!

# The Day David Slew Goliath



Ozzie sinks another one as Club Five widens the gap to victory

Inter-club basket ball was on again. But this time Club Five decided to challenge the rest of the college. They argued that there was not enough competition in the other clubs, so they took them all on at once.

Sunday, 11 am. the battle began. Mr. Hunting huddled the team together. "The basic strategy men is to get more baskets than the other team". The club gasped in amazement at the wisdom extended -- and then went forth to practice what he preached.

And victory it was with the concluding score 65 to 34.

The director in charge of the other clubs offered another challenge

on another day. But the big question was, will Club 5 accept? Today they said another chapter has been added to Fox's book of martyrs, so why not try for higher stakes. The club is reported to have written to the Harlem Globe trotters for a game.

But after a dramatic challenge for a rematch by Mr. McNair, the club has decided to once again prove their valour. "And this time", Mr. Hunting said, "we won't let up towards the end."

Today, my heart beat 103,389 times, my blood travelled 168 million miles, I breathed 23,000 times, I spoke 4,800 words, and I moved 750 major muscles. *I'm tired.*



Stopped on the line of scrimmage



# Dishwater Drudgery

The line of demarcation has been lifted.

A merry band of freshman MEN entered the "forbidden land," -- more commonly known as the kitchen -- to take up their duties as dish washers and "cleaner-ups".

Why???

"New year" sales which have diseased thousands of Londoners also plagued their way onto campus. We had a walk-out by 99.98% of our pretty co-eds!

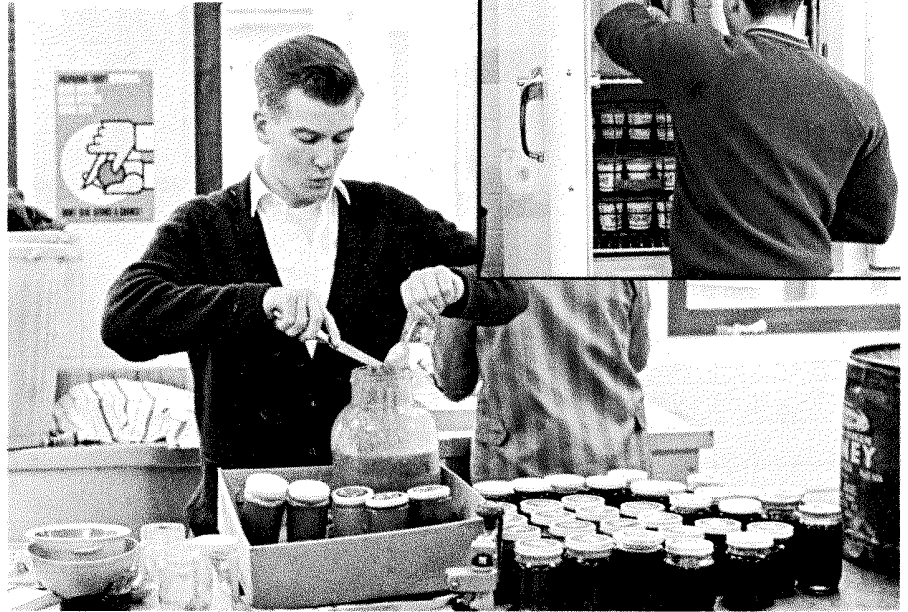
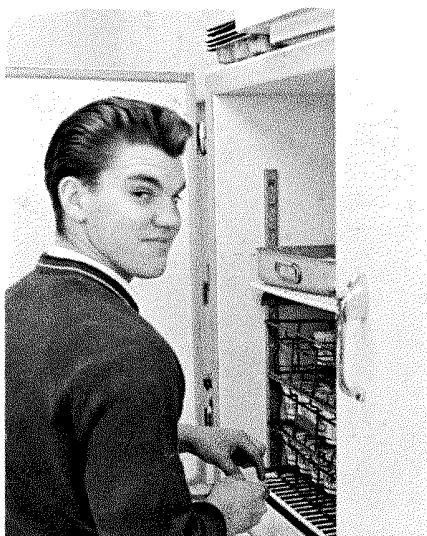
Meanwhile, back at the "ranch", was a sight that had to be seen and heard to be believed. With backs bent and sleeves rolled up as high as they would go, the gallant men plunged their arms into the sinks of frothy and boiling water.

"I didn't realize you had to do them by HAND! I thought the machine did the lot," retorted one highly disillusioned male!

"If this were piece-work we could get 1/- a plate" came another remark.

However the work was done, E-V-E-N-T-U-A-L-L-Y, and also very effectively and efficiently to the rhythm of deep bass voices -- a sheer pleasure to the writer's ear.

So, today we have a group of men who, if no better off for their unique experience, certainly have one thing in common -- DISHWATER-HANDS.



Now we know why the kitchen girls are so sweet

## "Eat, Drink And Be Merry"

"Where's Pete? We want Peter! Find Peter. We'll tar and feather him--we'll teach him to slip out on us."

Just think. The freshman class were sponsoring the dance and one of their own kith and kin had deserted the scene of the (carefully-planned) accident. Of course, Peter Alter is probably the only person in history to volunteer for something *by proxy*.

What a hectic way to end the semester! It all happened the last day of the semester tests. Just as everyone was about to dash from the dining hall to cram for the last two tests, the flood broke. "The first-year class is sponsoring a dance tonight," came the announcement, followed by the ominous words "This is not a stag affair--everyone must have a date."

Three girls were trampled in the onrush, and in the confusion, two of the men were asked to go to the dance. Apparently it all worked out. Everyone turned up--which is not too surprising considering that's

the only way they could get dinner.

A group of freshman girls, led by Harlean Croyle, provided the entertainment. Don't get the wrong idea--it wasn't a floor show! They sang two songs. The first one didn't have a title but could have been aptly called "Ambassador's Last Stand"--it described the just-completed tests. The other one was called "Peanuts." The way Charlotte Glasgow gestured, they must have been big peanuts--like about 2 stone apiece.

It was about this time that Pete was scheduled to make his appearance. Due to the absence of the star of the show, this skit had to be postponed temporarily. But after they found him hiding under one of the couches in the International Lounge, dancing was stopped and the skit presented. (The show must go on!)

Everyone danced and enjoyed themselves with an unbelievable fervour. Apparently they subscribed to the philosophy: "Eat, drink, and be merry for our grades don't come out until the second semester."

# Ignorance Digest

## SUMMER VACATION POSSIBILITIES

How are you going in the search for a Summer job? Don't be discouraged by a name. What about this one for a start? The United States Department of Health advertised the following:-

WANTED: Man to work on nuclear fissionable isotope molecular reactive counters and three-phase cyclotronic uranium photosynthesisers. *No experience necessary.*

There's hope for you yet!

\* \* \*

## MORNING EXERCISES WERE NEVER LIKE THIS!

No more complaints to George Jacobs or Keith Crouch! You were never worked like *this!* Charles Linster of Chicago has now set a new World record at the "press ups". The record now stands at 6,006! This was accomplished all in the space of just over four hours. Charlie boy is only 16! Why not try to beat him sometime?

# Ugh! Spinach

(Continued from page 2)

"No spinach, it gets tangled in my tonsils," he cries. Now he's reached the end of the line with soup balanced on his milk and sweet on his dinner.

He heads for the nearest chair, flops down and starts lapping up his soup. Between mouthfuls of milk and soup he mutters, "Pass the biscuits, someone". While he tucks into his fish and chips, dripping tartare sauce down his grubby, check shirt, he is thinking, 'must get going . . . all that French to do . . . ! Hurriedly he devours his sweet, swigs it down with milk and gets up to leave, tossing the words "excuse me" behind him.

Who is this impatient, ravenous fellow? Let's hope it isn't you!

# Food For Thought – Who Could Refrain From Thinking

Friends meet, voices mingle, an atmosphere of warmth and spontaneity is quickly attained. A ring of happy laughter and soon the girl's Common Room is alive with gaiety and sparkle.

Sunday December 12th was the first men's night of the year for Women's Clubs "C" and "D". After the guests had enjoyed the delectable refreshments which were served, they were enthusiastically welcomed by Louise Rubin and Karen Krueger with a charming song specially composed for them.

An arousing announcement from Mr. Colin McDonald that dinner was served broke up the two clubs, and each went its separate way.

Oh! how those meals were enjoyed! Very appropriately too, as the theme for Hilary Massey's Club was "Food for Entertaining."

To begin the speeches and demonstrations for the evening, Linda Untiedt and Lyn Rose showed us how to make attractive decorations with ice cream, bananas and chocolate and how to make up a fruity, frothy parfait.

Ardis Nelson's Table Topics gave everyone a chance to partici-

pate. The comments not only caused a great deal of side-splitting laughter but also burst a number of balloons in the process.

A scintillating speech from Darlene Dietz told us *what* kinds of food to give our guests.

Who should know how to make omelettes better than Mr. Butler? He really knew how to add taste to the evening's entertainment with his spicy demonstration!

Last, but not least, came Mr. Hunting's evaluation. This was of great help to both men and women. He said how much he enjoyed hearing the girls tell jokes. He also brought out the amusing, but feminine, trait of a girl being able to carry on valiantly when she makes a mistake, and encouraged us by saying that we should never feel uncomfortable when we do so — the men are with us all the way. And they were!

Finally, Mr. Hunting praised the men for their zealous participation, which on an occasion such as this, was very important.

"Enthusiasm rubs off from one to another." That evening it certainly did. Thank you, men, for coming!



Who volunteers to eat the first omelette?

# England For The English? What About The Grasshoppers?

Earthshaking? Serious? Hilarious would be more the word for it. I would have paid a pound to see this in Earl's Court. But this was no circus performance. This was the university of London Union debate.

The programme was overwhelming for us lower mortals — among the speakers were presidents of three debating societies, an M.P., a Viscount, and an auditor from the Historical Society in Dublin. And they didn't stoop to concern themselves with trivial subjects. No — the topic they would discuss (as the world watched with bated breath) was "Africa for the Africans, England for the English."

A small memo at the bottom of the programme read, "The President will take the chair at approximately 7:10 p.m." Well, it was approximately half past when he condescended to tread through the hallowed portals. The most honourable vice-president, carrying what looked like a golden-headed cricket bat, preceded him. In a grave and dignified voice, he announced that the president had arrived and all should stand. We staggered to our feet, not knowing whether to "Heil, Hitler," "viva Papa," or just stand there and gape.

After a few preliminaries which didn't include reading the minutes or electing a new president by default, the debate started.

The first speaker delivered his

spiel from memory, occasionally glancing at his manuscript before him. In fact, he glanced at the ceiling, stared at the back wall, scrutinized his shoes, and analyzed his polka-dotted tie — but in all his valiant searchings, he couldn't seem to find the audience.

The next speaker was a fiery Irishman who kept brushing a well-groomed mane out of his eyeballs. He was animated — against the English. By the time he finished attacking the British persecutions of the Irish, the members of the

audience who weren't rolling in the aisles were beginning to feel like baby-snatchers. During the speech, one member of the team interrupted to ask that he stick to the subject. "The subject concerns the English and I'm talking about the English." was his answer, and launched into his attack again without a pause.

A Scotsman from Glasgow was one of the few real speakers in the group — but he changed the topic to "Britain for the British. . ." He made the comment that nationalism is dangerous. Our old friend Pat asked him if he didn't like living dangerously.

But he was ready: "For Scotsmen to come to an English university with an Englishman attending Glasgow U as a companion, I would call

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## Ambassador Adventure

# Dodging Death - In Peace

by Colin Sutcliffe

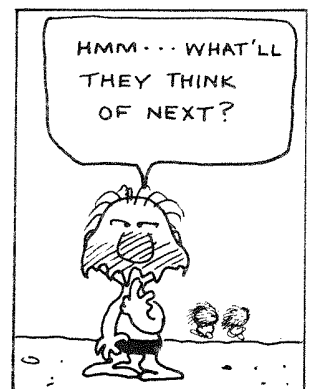
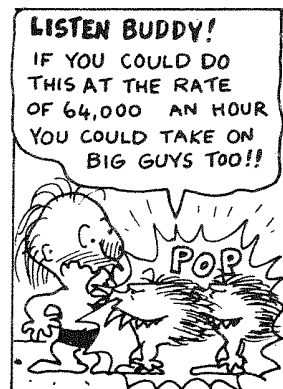
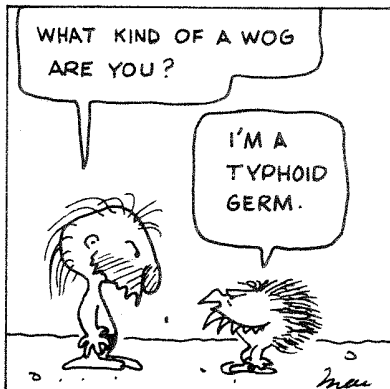
War in the Pacific ended on V-J Day, August 15th, 1945. Before daylight next morning many of the lithe, long, grey fighting ships of the allied navies had slipped anchor. Not a man in the crews of any of these ships had yet realized that a new phase of our lives had already begun.

It is just as well we did not know then that a whole year of mine-sweeping lay ahead of us. Wasn't the war finished? Surely our hang-over was a reminder of the peace we had celebrated into the early hours of the morning.

We were ready to turn our backs on the equator, the jungle and the Japanese. Ready to head for the south seas and home; to forget the smell of cockroaches, cordite and kai. Wasn't it time to think of digging out our brand new tiddley suits and dickey fronts, for a last run ashore; time to prepare for ditching hammocks, shaving beards and dashing down the ladder into the liberty boats?

The sleek bows were already knifing through the phosphorescence

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# Dodging Death - In Peace

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of the black tropical sea; not towards home, but to the first mine-field, liberally sown with those king-size cans of death.

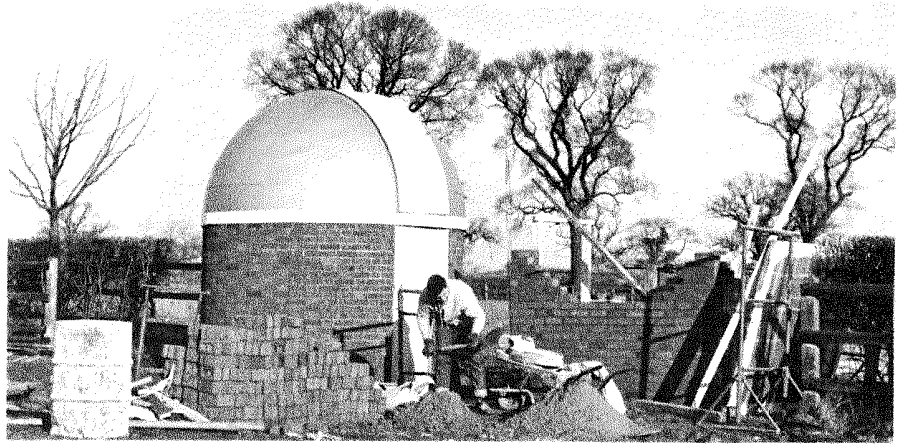
Ahead of us lay months of wallowing along at eight knots on an oily ocean. Up and down, sweeps-in', 'sweeps out', clearing countless squares of sea. All were carefully plotted in the chartroom below the bridge. Our lives hung on the accuracy of that plotting, but to us, each box-section was just another stretch of ocean, indistinguishable from the last.

While we moved cautiously in-line-astern across a silent sea, the world was busy celebrating peace amid more tumult than we had known in war.

Nothing stirred on that endless sea of glass, except the flying fish. They glinted in the tropical sun as we nudged them ahead of us, day after day. We were like cowboys of the ocean, condemned to ride that swell forever; with the hands not on watch, sun-baking sleepily on the fo'castle deck.

This scene of sleepy indolence was always a complete contrast with the intense concentration up on the bridge. Here there were always half a dozen keenly alert crew members on watch. Every hawk-like eye would be riveted dead-ahead by the constant danger of the black egg bobbing up under the bow.

These rusty, barnacle encrusted  
(continued on page 8)



New observatory taking shape

## Worm's Eye View

"What's that funny looking building on the far side of the lake?" someone asked.

Almost complete, the new observatory will soon become the centre of one of Ambassador's fascinating "practical" classes. The astronomy course has been taught (in the past) from slides, pictures, charts and models.

Shortly it will become a totally new class. The equipment we are presently installing, says Mr. Portune, will give students an entirely different approach to the study of the stars. "It's impossible to get these things in true perspective till you can look at them for yourself through a good telescope."

And the telescope *IS* good!

More than twenty inches long, the instrument is mounted on a swivel base so that it can be rotated to all directions in the sky. The model is the reflecting type, with a

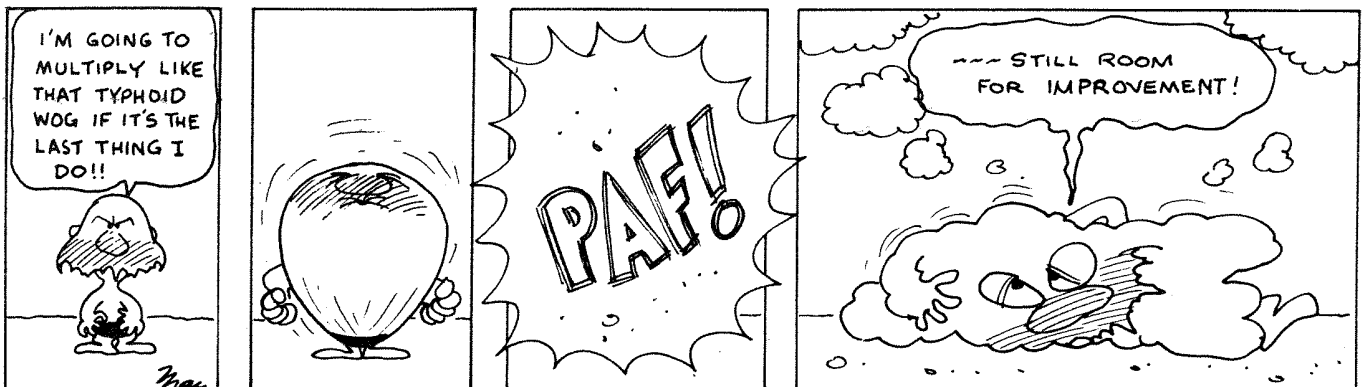
twelve inch reflector.

The large silver dome has an opening on one side through which the telescope is directed. The entire dome *rotates!* All areas of the heavens can be "tuned in"!

The college built the observatory, but the telescope does not actually *belong* to us. It is a joint project. Owned by a man in Bricket Wood, he will be sharing its use in the new building. The precision instrument was *hand built* by its owner!!

When visitors approach the College they will drive through our beautiful new entrance on Smug Oak Lane - round the lakes - toward the College buildings. One of the *first* things they will see will be the observatory!

From the culture of Memorial Hall in its Georgian architecture - Ambassador College moves into the *SPACE AGE!*



# Dodging Death - In Peace

(Continued from page 7)

kegs of TNT would be released from their moorings by the cutters on the sweeps of the ship ahead. Slowly they would rise to the surface and then be sunk or exploded by gunfire before they floated away astern out of range.

Surely this was the most boring job in the world. At the same time any moment could be our last. If our keel so much as brushed one of those innocent looking horns, the resulting explosion would blow our ship almost clean out of the water.

Our first field was by far the most exciting. We had to sweep ourselves a narrow channel through a Japanese mine-field and collect the Japanese military commander on Bouganville, in the Solomon Islands. He was then to be taken to Allied Headquarters on the same island, for the official surrender.

As the ship edged cautiously through the mines the atmosphere was electric. Not a sound was to be heard on the upper decks, except those ping-ping-ping-pings of the asdic equipment.

Sweat stood in great beads on the foreheads of the asdic men. Would they locate every mine in our path? Would the helmsman respond quickly enough to guide the ship around the mines?

We approached the jungle-clad shore-line with our engine-room telegraphs on 'dead-slow' and the ship barely under way at one to two knots.

The death-traps lurking below the surface were but one cause of taut nerves. Who could tell we were not being led into point-blank range of the Japanese shore-batteries?

It was with some relief that we saw a grimy Japanese invasion barge chugging towards us. As they closed the gap between us, our crew exchanged uneasy glances.

Our guns had been lowered to the bottom of their trajectory. The Jap barge was now under our point-blank range. What a curious sensation to be aboard a ship armed to the teeth, and then suddenly have the enemy too close for us to bring our guns to bear on them.

The distance closed between us.

Had these brothers of the Kamikaze pilots transformed their grubby looking barge into a human torpedo? Would they attempt to ram us with a load of high explosives? This could be their last desperate bid to take us with them to Valhalla!

We had no desire to die while the war was on, and much less now that it was officially over.

At the last instant the Japanese swung broadside on. We breathed again and the little bespectacled bow-legged 'Nips' poked their heads over the ship's side. After a brief look down the barrels of a few 45's, they scrambled over the side and on-board.

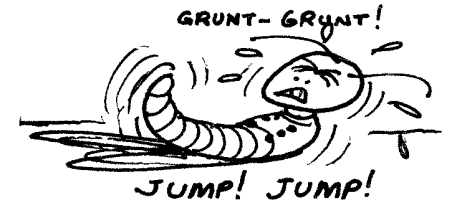
Bridge telegraphs suddenly clanged over to 'full-speed-ahead.' In minutes we were clear of Japanese guns, through our first mine-field and safely underway with our yellow cargo of white-flag-wavers.

# English Grasshoppers?

(Continued from page 6)

living dangerously."

The speeches were rapidly degenerating. Another speaker told of an experiment with grasshoppers.



"Grasshoppers hear with their legs. When they were shouted at, they would hop. But when their legs were pulled off, and they were shouted at, they didn't move." What that had to do with "England for the English," I don't know.

Still another speaker mentioned that 20 per cent of the people in the society did so and so — and then made the overwhelming, awe-inspiring statement. "There are only 100 per cent of the people in a society."

When the final vote of the audience came, there were nine for the proposition, 41 against, and 39 abstainers. This last was due to so many Ambassador students being there. It would have been interesting if the abstainers had out-numbered the voters!

Before leaving for the debate, someone made the comment that these were the politicians of tomorrow. If that's true, the monkey houses and zoos will go out of business. The politicians will be giving them too much competition!

