



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE

BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Volume 7, Number 4

May, 1966

New Gymnasium Opens



Not many scenes can match this one

We need more room!!!

Vast expanses of floor space!!!

The growth of the college and the work of ALMIGHTY GOD in this country is causing all our present accommodation to bulge at the seams. At Feast times – the overflow runs over into one or two rooms. Not very satisfactory for many Church Brethren.

SO!!!

“We are going to do something about this,” said Mr. Herbert Armstrong. “We are going to build a Gymnasium. The best in all of England.” We were all overjoyed at such an outstanding announcement and very happy. However the excitement was soon dampened.

“You can’t put up a building that size in this area -- it’s too high for the surrounding buildings and district. It would be too much out of place!” said the county council.

But Ambassador College has been blessed in this problem. After discussions with the architects and our Chancellor – Mr. Armstrong – the County Council gave their full approval for the gymnasium *if* it was built ten feet below the ground surface. Following this we saw the whole scheme receiving an official stamp-of-approval.

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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.

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Ewe May Be The Lamb

Do you realize that in all probability the lamb you had for lunch was over 12 months old and had come into contact with scores of people.

Approximately a year ago that piece of meat was springing around in the Canterbury Plains of New Zealand in the form of a white, woolly animal.

From its home, where it had grown up and met many people the young creature was taken to the slaughterhouse and from here its second life began.

It was refrigerated, packed, handled, stored, inspected, checked, and approved. Each time a new and different group of personnel came into the life-history of this freshly-frozen food.

Once safely on board ship or train its travels began. For this one lamb, England was its destination and constant attention was given to it. On arrival, again new faces, while it was unloaded, checked, repacked, reload-

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Editorial-

Watch Those Injuries!

by Garner Ted Armstrong

Don't make a sudden blunder! It may be with you the REST OF YOUR LIFE!

Fellows, it's time to remember the meaning of TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP! Too often, especially in basketball games, minor scrapes, or even comparatively serious injuries occur. The *reason* they occur is because of *poor playing!*

Poor playing – poor sportsmanship – whatever you wish to call it, injuries *CAN HAPPEN!* That last minute dash for the ball – that extra effort to prevent a driving lay-up at the last split second, that seemingly all important interception at mid-court – *IS IT REALLY WORTH IT? Is it WORTH* a broken limb – permanent disfigurement, lost teeth?

Surely it is *NOT!* Let's remember men – We're here to *RECAPTURE TRUE VALUES! RECAPTURE* the right values – *even in sports!*

The *reason* we play basketball, tennis, track, field activities, handball, and enter into such activities as volleyball and swimming is because these sports are *NOT* basically sports of violent *BODILY CONTACT!*

Football is *OUT* in Ambassador College. Boxing, wrestling, fierce competitive sports where a person tries physically to *INJURE*, to *HURT*, or to *PREVENT* the other fellow from performing his best – these sports are *not* to be found on Ambassador's campus.

Good basketball, *played correctly*, is the finest sport ever devised. It's *FUN* to watch! It can be a smooth-flowing, co-ordinated, team-oriented game that is a real *thrill* to play, and a joy to observe!

BAD basketball, played entirely *too closely*, too desperately, aggressively, can become *ragged*, unco-ordinated, and sloppy. More – it can become highly dangerous!

Some of the pointers to remember are: *DO NOT always* play "full-court press" basketball! It simply *IS NOT* that important that *YOU* "look good" by intercepting the ball that far down the court. *DO NOT* always guard your man *SO CLOSELY* that you are literally *ALL OVER* him! Stay in front of him – go after the *BALL*, *not the man* – guard him closely enough so that his shot will be a *challenge* to him, but *NOT* so closely you are in constant bodily contact with him!

When a man goes around you, and you have had your arm outstretched attempting to guard – *YOU BREAK THE RULES* when you *keep* your arm stiffened, making him swing *through* your guard like a rusty gate. Once his shoulder is by, you must pull your arm *BACK*, or you'll foul.

Be careful in following up a shot, jumping for a free ball, or rebounding! Jump *UP*, not *INTO!* *DO NOT* "hip" another player out of the key, or "push off" when going after a rebound.

One *cardinal* point to remember, and the most constant, continuous infraction of the courts is that of simply *overguarding!* Believe it or not – *regardless* of what you may think – it is a *foul* to press a player with the ball so closely as to literally entwine your legs and arms with his, striking him repeatedly along the arms, over the shoulders, and so on. This is the *worst* of our mistakes on the court – the most oft repeated.

Eliminate *these things*, and the game will be *MUCH* more enjoyable, not only for the players, but for the spectators as well. We want to eliminate the *WRONG* things – *NOT* the hustle, the drive, the skill. Basketball is *not* a game for the timid and lackadaisical – but neither is it a game that should be dangerous.

So *think* about it, fellows. *Call* your own fouls. If the other fellow *doesn't* call his own – stay in a *right attitude* about it. Let's prove we have the *best* sportsmanship on the face of this earth today!

Seniors Go Continental

WHAT!!! 3:30! In the morning? AREN'T YOU CARRYING THIS EARLY BIRD STUFF A LITTLE FAR?

But the question wasn't with early birds. It was get up and go, or sleep and be slipped by.

So at 3:30 a.m., Tuesday, April 12, lonely early bird Peter Shenton pulled, punched and dragged us out of bed for the first day of an exciting, experience-filled trip to Europe.

In order to give you the most precise idea of what we saw, we present the itinerary of our trip.

Ambassador College Educational Tour ITINERARY

Tuesday 12th

We have an early start this morning at 4:00 a.m. to drive by motorway to Dover. Our ferry leaves at 9:00 a.m. for ZEEBRUGGE, a small port on the Belgian coast. After Customs, we take the coast road through KNOCKE and cross the frontier at the picturesque Dutch village of SLUIS.

Another ferry will take us across the River Scheldt from BRESKENS to FLUSHING on the island of WALSCHEREN. A drive through MIDDLEBURG, a busy little market town, will give you the opportunity to see the local people in national costume.

Leaving Middleburg we drive across the lowlands, along the dykes, through the typical windmill country to ROSENDAAL where we join the motorway that takes us to the Moordijk Bridge and on into ROTTERDAM by the MEUSE TUNNEL.

Dinner will be waiting for us at the HOTEL SCHNACK which is only five minutes away from the city centre and on the banks of a beautiful canal.

Wednesday 13th

Breakfast this morning will be Dutch Continental style. For those who wish to do so, a City Tour can be arranged by the National Tourist Office, although most may prefer the traffic-free shopping-centre called the LIJNBAAN. At about 10:30 the coach will drive you to the famous EUROMAST from the top of which you have a fine view over the vast new Europort.

Leaving Rotterdam before midday we drive to THE HAGUE and onto the BYHORST restaurant for lunch. Soon after this we are travelling through the famous BULB FIELDS around the countryside of LISSE. Here we make a stop to visit the KEUKENHOF — a sixty-acre flower garden.



Happy announcement, Winston?

HALEM is the next big town on our way to Hotel C. Keur in ZAANDVOORT — a seaside village 15 miles outside AMSTERDAM. Dinner is waiting for us. Afterwards we leave by coach to spend the evening in AMSTERDAM.

Thursday 14th

After breakfast we again drive into AMSTERDAM to visit a diamond-cutting factory and for those who wish to go sight-seeing the best way will be by luxury canal launches which can be booked in advance.

We leave Amsterdam about 11:00 a.m. by autoroute by-passing UTRECHT to ARNHEM where we visit the cemetery of the British Airborne Divisions prior to stopping at the BRISTOL restaurant for lunch.

It is a fast run by motorway to DUSSELDORF where we will meet Mr. Frank Schnee and visit the German Office. After booking in at our hotels, an evening is planned in a typical Munich-style German beer-hall with a Bavarian band.

Friday 15th

After breakfast we leave by coach for DUISBURG where we will be the guests of the Mannesmann Steel Works — one of the largest in Europe — the one chosen to be shown to the Queen during her visit. Ladies should wear sturdy low-heeled shoes — this is very important! We have been invited to lunch at the factory and after this the City of DUISBURG has offered a free trip around the harbour, which is said to be the largest inland harbour in Europe. We will also visit the Lembruch Art Museum at DUISBURG.

Friday night will be free.

Saturday 16th

Lunch — "sauerbraten" — will be taken in one of Dusseldorf's best hotels — the Park. After this there will be a meeting in the hotel. To round off our stay in Dusseldorf a special river cruiser has been chartered to take us on the Rhine for a relaxing evening with dancing and a chicken

dinner, complete with trimmings.

Sunday 17th

We leave Dusseldorf at 8:00 a.m. for the short drive to COLOGNE to see the famous Cathedral. Soon, we cross the frontier at AACHAN to re-enter Belgium.

The industrial town of LIEGE provides an interesting place to stop for lunch in a self-service restaurant or in one of the nearby high-class restaurants. From the surrounding hills there is a good view over the city.

A small road now takes us through the industrial area into the beautiful countryside around NAMUR where we drive up the zig-zag mountain road to the Citadel. From here there is a breathtaking panoramic view overlooking the river valley.

Back onto the main roads, now, we head for BRUXELLES and an interesting tour of the city to see all the major places of interest which include the Cinquantenaire, the Law Courts and, of course, the Grande Place with its beautifully-carved Guild Houses.

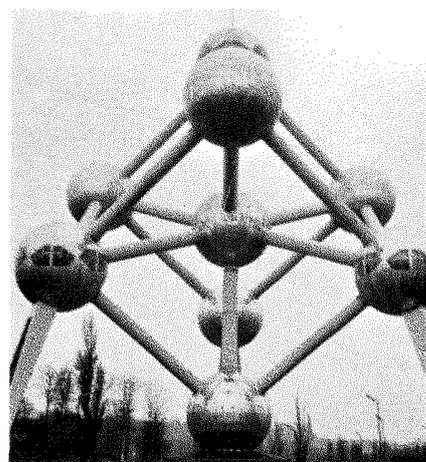
We have dinner in our hotel — the Duc de Brabant — and spend the evening at leisure.

Monday 18th

It may be the last day but we still have lots to see! The coach will leave Bruxelles at 8:00 a.m. so that we have time to see the ATOMIUM — the Centre Piece of the 1958 World Exhibition.

Another motorway speeds us to the ancient town of BRUGGE and a full sight-seeing tour of the famous Belfry Tower, the Chapel of the Holy Blood, the Lake of Love, and a visit to see the Bruges lace being made by hand.

The Belgian coast is now only a few miles away, and OSTEND is well worth a visit. Lunch will be waiting for us at the Hotel Carlton and we may have time for a stroll along the promenade before taking the coast road through BLANKENBURG to ZEEBRUGGE to catch the ferry to England!



Atomium in Belgium



The Crew

Again the Senior class thanks the faculty and all others who gave us the opportunity of a life-time — one we shall never forget.

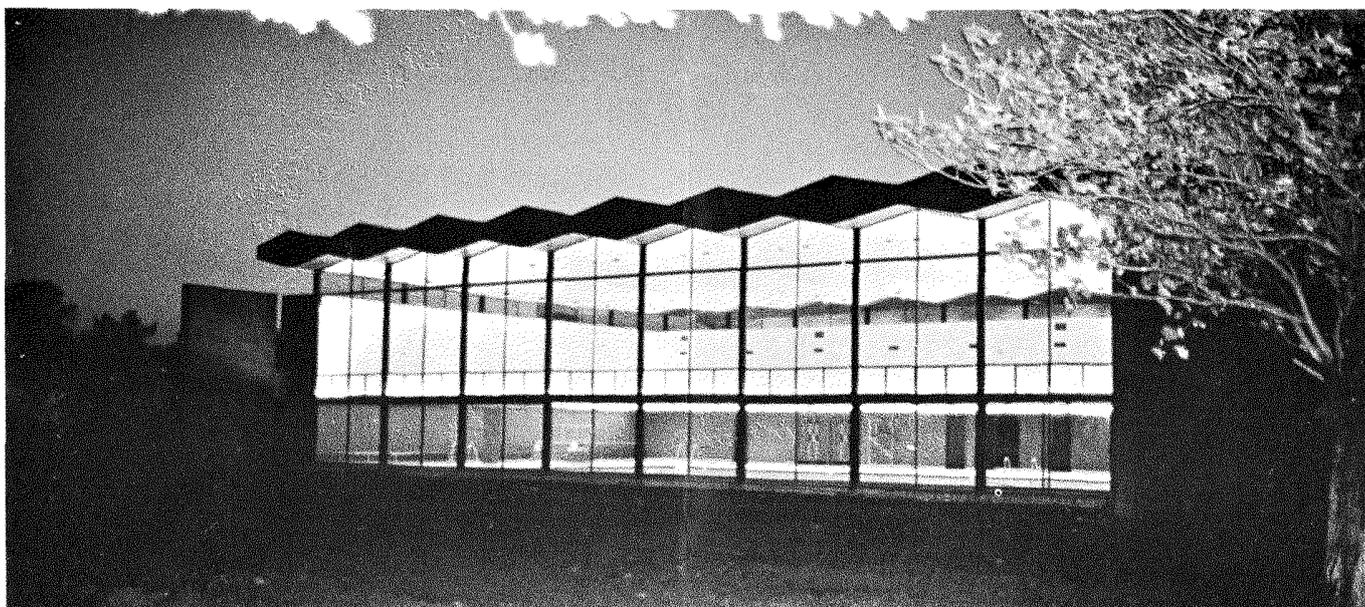
New Bridge

One of the most recent additions to the campus -- one which easily could be missed -- is the bridge between the two lakes. Ambassador Colleges seem to have a special regard for streams, lakes, and bridges.

Another fine view hidden from our daily sight is the small waterfall located next to the gymnasium. New onlookers will be very impressed when they enter campus by the new entrance. The gymnasium, lake, and new bridge all express the quality of that a true college should exemplify.



The charming new stone bridge



Talk about letting our light shine! The new swimming pool will be the envy of every one in the green belt.

New Gym.

(Continued from page 1)

saw the whole scheme receiving an official stamp-of-approval.

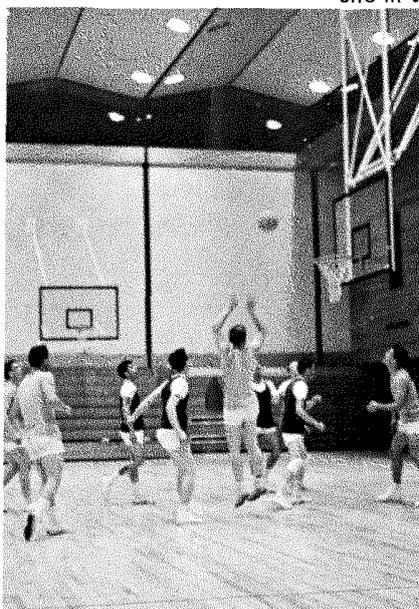
Then came the exciting day!!! In March of 1965. A short ceremony in the International Lounge – then a rush by reporters, notable dignitaries, students, and interested persons, to the area pegged off for the new building.

"You push your left foot down, you pull your right hand back, you move your left hand up, and then you hang on to your hat." These may well have been the instructions to Mr. Armstrong as he climbed up on to the huge bulldozer to make an all-time first for Ambassador U.K. and possibly for the whole U.K. — a ground breaking ceremony with an overgrown mechanical shovel.

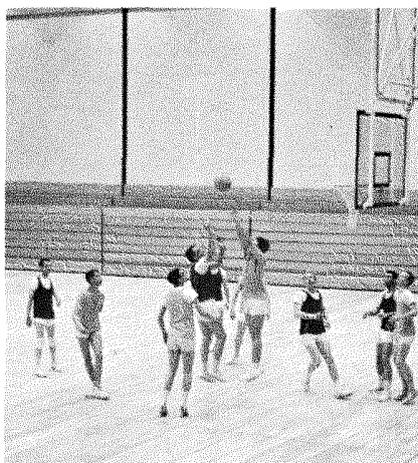
With a few grunts and snorts, the huge machine lurched forward with a very competent driver at the controls. The scoop *chewed* into the turf. The ground was broken.

Each week we watched as another wall went up — the windows put in place — the scaffolding taken down. Each day brought more excitement with the anticipation of using our own new God-provided facility that will serve — to exercise and keep in trim — people with a purpose in life.

And now it's finished!



And the students score again



On the way

Did You Know?

That our gymnasium is the first of its kind in the country and that it is costing three hundred and fifty thousand pounds in good old British sterling, or over one million dollars.

It has a laminated ceiling in both the gym and the swimming pool which is very rare in buildings of this kind and that the wood used is best quality teak, imported from Africa.

The specially designed steel-constructed roof is the first one in England — there is no other roof like it.

Did you know that in December, 1965 the programme was between eight to ten weeks behind, but by hard work and extra men it is now completed less than four weeks behind schedule — which for England is a miracle!

It was designed so carefully and planned so meticulously that not a single thing in the original plan has had to be changed, which is regarded as quite unusual in building circles.

Did you know that when completed it will have a beautiful fountain outside the main entrance, will have a road running both in front and behind it, and will be turfed all around.

Don't you think it will be the most profitable gymnasium in the British Isles in about two months' time?

The Power Angle

Central heating, pool lighting, automatic scoreboard, pool heating, scores of powerpoints, and *lights* – high and low, inside and out, bulb and fluorescent – all add up to one thing: Electricity!

And the new gymnasium poses some stunning problems for the live wires of the Electrician's Department.

Take for instance the multiple array of lights angling across the expanse of the gymnasium. Suppose one of those big bulbs fades out – what then?

Well – we won't have to practise pyramids for gymnastics!

Nor will Boyd swing daintily across the roof by his fingernails.

And the suggestion of suction-cups for a fly-like approach wasn't at all appreciated!

Actually, little problems like these have been thought through carefully. The Electrician's Department will be supplied with a collapsible, removable tower. All that has to be done is to assemble the tower under the recalcitrant light, shimmy up to the top, and Zot! – the job is done.

Dismantled, this tower can also be trundled into the swimming pool area to deal with the lazy lines of lights there. Somebody thought of this beforehand too – they remembered not to place any over the middle of the water. When you go in you might notice how carefully they are angled from around the *edge* of the pool.

But what about those bulbs at the bottom for the underwater lighting?

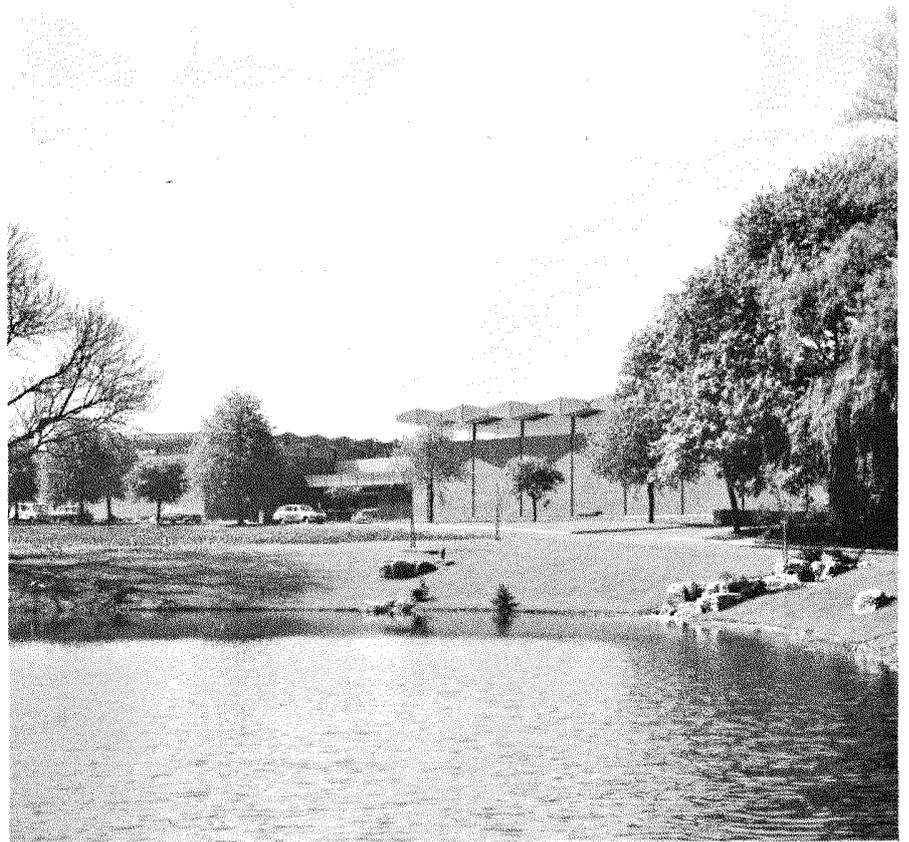
Well, we won't have to send Boyd to the South Seas for a course in pearl diving, or to the Navy's skin-diving school.

It's all much simpler than that.

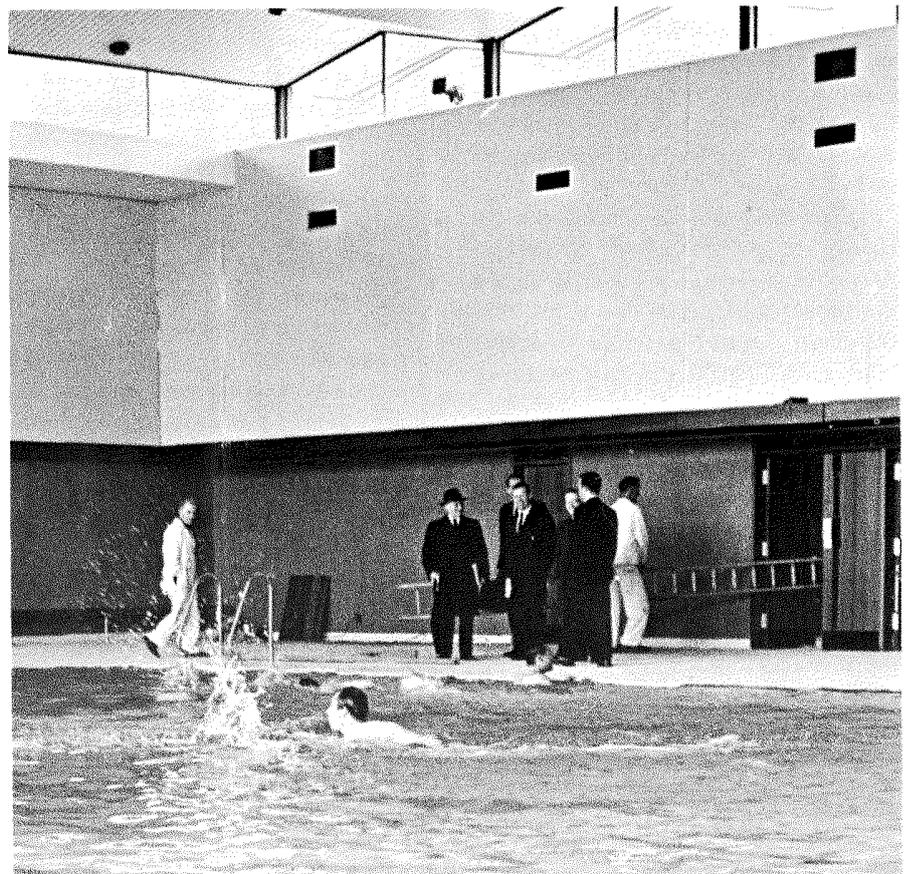
All he has to do is wait until someone pulls out the plug and he can tend to it dry-shod!

However, *if* at the bottom of one of your high dives you come face to face with a little man poking around with a torch and screwdriver, don't worry:

It's probably only an impatient electrician.



View of Gym from the lake



New pool in use

Chipmunks Take Over

No! We do not house a menagerie. Just because you can hear the sound of chipmunks every time you pass the Radio Studio, does not prove we keep them.

The sound you hear is either Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong or Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong speaking at the rate of 240-300 words per minute.

Why play their voices at twice normal speed you might ask? Well it saves time.

Why? How?

Each week Pasadena send us seven recent recordings of *The World Tomorrow* Broadcast. And each week these have to be copied five times for the five radio stations around these shores. That is 35 half-hour broadcasts. If you copy this minute by minute it comes to 17½ working hours. But copying at twice normal speed and with three machines, reduces this figure considerably.

Convinced? Well, look at the problem this way. Each week we receive seven reels of magnetic tape containing 1,200 feet -- total 8,400 feet. Each week this is turned into 42,000 feet, in copies. That is the distance to Watford and back by train.

And this is where modern technology helps out. Our three fine Ampex tape-recorders steadily devour the problem. So, each week the five off-shore radio stations receive copies of *The World Tomorrow* on time.

Next time you pass the Radio Studio, don't be too concerned with the sound of chipmunks. Let your mind dwell on our "adders".

Ewe The Lamb

(Continued from page 2)

ed, rechecked and again ready to be sent to market. From here it was bought, rehandled, and cut into pieces.

Even on buying, its life was not over, for it had to be cooked and served.

So you can see there is more to your lunch than meets the eye.

Sweden On Five Shillings

by FRANCIS BERGIN

That takes some beating, doesn't it? You've probably heard those really fantastic stories of people hiking all over the place and coming back home with a tale of walking through Spain and spending only two and sixpence. But who ever heard of someone actually going to Sweden for five shillings in a Jaguar Mark 10 by boat?

Here's how it happened.

Mr. McNair and his wife very kindly invited (why I shall never know) Delia Palmer and I to a three-week trip to Europe. It started off quite limited in scope -- just a few countries and a "nice break" for a week. Then everyone became more ambitious and decided there were places we would like to visit in Europe. In the end this grand-scale, ten-country, luxury, trouble-free motoring, happy tour took shape.

We left "little ole England" on August the 21st and travelled to Paris. Paris was the same as ever; full of life, gay and expensive, with everybody speaking, of all things, French. Pooled knowledge saved us from many a difficult situation and I don't think we got lost once. After two days, we went to Geneva where we spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins.

I nearly forgot to mention the picnic on the way. We were all hungry and had purchased some quite delicious food and wine. All it required was a really nice quiet place to settle down so the ladies could cook. There was only one snag -- we couldn't agree on what was a nice quiet place and the ominous clouds overhead did nothing at all to hurry up any agreement.

Eventually, a measure of agreement was reached in what really was a beautiful spot. We started our preparations right out in the open and admired each portion of food as it was lovingly and hopefully unwrapped. Then we asked the blessing, in the course of which started the greatest thunderstorm in living memory. We fled into the car with a hurried pack-up of the boot and a hurried grab of some grub. We all sat in the car with barely enough air to breathe because if the window was opened, the rains came and the winds blew. We ate what we could -- probably started with cheese, then bread, then wine, then pumpernickel, then onions, then lettuce, back to wine, sweets, and the odd thing here and there.

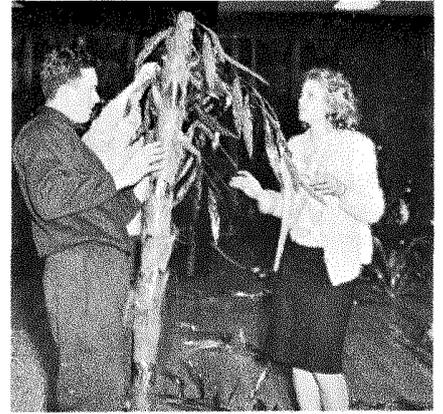
While we ate, right out in the middle of this football pitch there was a primus stove on which were two steaks. We couldn't get at them because of the rain and we just kept looking at them sizzling away under the deluge. The more we looked the more we felt like eating them until eventually one of the ladies (I regret to say) went out and got them in. They tasted nice but it was a bit odd eating steak at the end of a meal. Naturally when we had finished, the rain cleared away and the sun shone brightly. We finished packing, cleaned the car, and headed for Geneva.

The next day we spent in Basle -- most of our time, I think, at the zoo. Basle Zoo is quite a place. It is claimed to be the best in Europe and the animals were all really muscular and healthy. The gorilla was a magnificent specimen who spent most of his day eating good fruit and skating around his cage. He looked friendly, but you never can tell. They were not feeding the animals with a lot of old junk, either -- really good food and fruit which made them robust.

Next to Austria and on the way we passed through Liechtenstein. A funny little place, really a kingdom all its own with an area of 62 square miles and a population of around 13,000.

In Austria we stopped at Salzburg. Beautiful place with a famous and really huge castle. Next stop was Vienna, the capital. Architecturally beyond

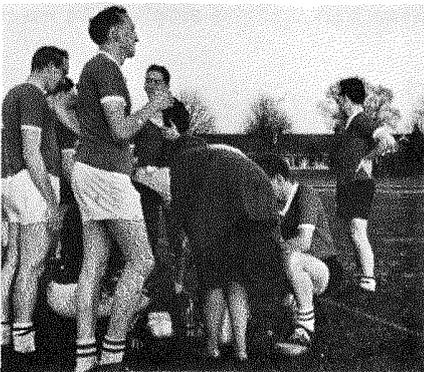
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Ambassador Events - 1966

What has been happening around Ambassador this year? I wonder how many of us have already forgotten, in the whirl of oncoming events, some of the highlights of this year.

To help brush up your memory the *Portfolio* presents this diary extract for 1966.



- | | | |
|----------|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| January | 10th | The Women's Clubs disappear for the day on a shopping spree in London. <i>Evening:</i> Ambassador Club 4 takes a skating trip. |
| " | 12th | Mail Receiving Dept. explores the Institute of Animal Physiology, Cambridge. |
| " | 20th | College Dance - "Stardust" theme. |
| " | 23rd | Performance of "Elijah" in Watford Town Hall. |
| February | 20th | Women's Club Men's Night - German theme. |
| " | 24th | A.M. Dr. Vrba speaks to the College on the horrors of Auschwitz. P.M. Second Year Dance - "Arabian Nights" theme. |
| March | 5th | German Club Dance. |
| " | 13th | International Ball - sponsored by the Brickwood Church. |
| " | 17th | Chorale presents highlights from "West Side Story". |
| " | 17th, 24th | Ambassador Club 5 sponsors trips to the Police Driving School at Hendon. |
| " | 26th | Memorial Hall girls open up for a party. |
| " | 27th | Music Dept. gives a recital featuring pieces for organ and two pianos. |
| April | 2nd | A special tea with a Hawaiian flavor, organized by the women. |
| " | 3rd-11th | Passover and Days of Unleavened Bread. Highlighted by the first services in the new gymnasium during the last three days. |
| " | 10th | Upperclassmen defeated the Underclassmen in a Soccer Challenge Match. |
| " | 12th-18th | Senior Class enjoys a week's tour through Holland, Germany, and Belgium. |
| " | 14th | Ambassador Club 4 spends an evening dancing at the Waterend Barn, St. Albans. |
| " | 21st | Freshman Dance - "Shangri-la" theme. |

The Common Room

by PETER MOORE

It was getting on late in the evening,
The end of the day near did draw,
His footsteps were echoing briskly,
Pangs of hunger him now did gnaw.
The day had made him quite weary,
His work had made him quite sore,
He'd missed out on seconds at dinner,
And finished the fruit in his drawer.

Sweden On Five Shillings

(Continued from page 6)

compare — Vienna makes Paris look like Watford on a wet day.

Then came what was probably the most interesting experience of all — our visit to the Communist countries.

Czechoslovakia was the next stop and we headed for Prague. We all speculated on what it would be like; the countryside which we passed through on the way was really quite nice-looking, with plenty of cornfields on softly rolling hills. By the way, the women work in the fields under the supervision of one man. There's a bit of food for thought.

Prague was the most depressing place I have ever been to — even worse than a pub with no beer. They had good beer there, by the way, and generous helpings, too! But the streets were bare and the people looked sickly, poor, and neglected. We had the car stared at, pawed, gawped at, tapped, kicked, pushed, and pulled by people who had never seen such a car before. They even went so far as to poke their heads in through the front windows when the car was stationary. I'm sure that if we had taken the Rolls, half the population would have dropped dead on sight of it.

Next we visited East Germany, staying a night in Dresden. A bit more confidence and "go" in the Germans even though they are under Communist rule — they just cannot be kept down. We counted only one building in Czechoslovakia put up since the Second World War, but there were plenty built since then in East Germany.

We spent two days in Berlin, too. We had dinner in East Berlin — we went through "Checkpoint Charlie". Charlie was not very kind to us; he searched our car and put a mirror under it to check on anyone trying to get out of the country, and did very little to encourage our trip. We got the feeling he was trying to make things difficult. People used to smile at his petty bureaucracy and this made him feel, as we say in England, a bit of a Charlie.

We went from East Germany into West Germany (not surprising I suppose, all things considered) and then up to Denmark where we stayed in Copenhagen. We went to Sweden for dinner — it's only twenty-five minutes on the ferry, and £1 return. £1 for the car and £1 for four people. So that is where our trip to Sweden for 5/- comes in. Don't tell anybody, though, that it is so near Denmark, and please don't tell them we only went for dinner — it sounds good to say we set foot on Swedish soil.

Come to think of it, we didn't set foot on any soil. We walked most of the time on concrete. We shall have to be really careful in our references to Sweden and our visit there in the future.

Last country to be favoured with our presence was Holland. Interesting in its own way and very clean, especially in the country. The Scandinavian countries, with the exception of Switzerland, were the cleanest we saw.

Back from Holland to England on September the 8th.

We said "Good-bye!" to the Continent of Europe. We were happy, refreshed, and more experienced in many, many ways. I, for one, will always have the happiest memories of the 1965 ten-country trip when we went to Sweden and back for only five shillings!

His hands thrust into his pockets,
His look undeniably sure,
Jingling his budgeted money,
Strode through the Common-Room door!

The usual crowd stood around talking,
About something he'd heard of before,
He nodded and went right on past them,
Down on his one goal he bore.

The room at the back was crowded,
And this he had not foresaw,
Watching out now for his attitude,
His patience he tried to restore.

But, finally reaching the counter,
Came something he'd scarcely endure,
All of the trays were now empty!
They'd cleaned out the place for sure!

Chewing his lip in frustration,
Trying his hope to assure,
He thought that at least a coffee
Would contain his temper once more.

Oh, no! he thought in vexation,
The tremendous trial he now bore!
All of the cup-hooks were empty!
This was to him the last straw!

Wildly glancing at people,
No cups near-empty he saw,
His attitude rapidly failing,
Drinkers he tried to implore.

But no empty cups were forthcoming,
And as nothing him now could assure,
He let out a cry of frustration,
And leapt with a bound through the door.

As he faded into the distance,
And across the fields he now tore,
The Common-Room crowd were talking
About something they'd see nevermore!

So ends the sad tale of poor Jimmy,
And from this the moral is sure,
If, while you're in the Common-Room,
Some waiting you have to endure —

Expect some small trial of patience,
Be mindful of what it's all for,
And keep your eye on the future,
And not on the Common-Room store!