

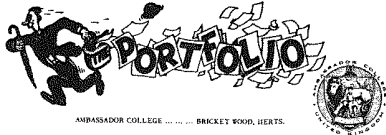


AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... .. BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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## Porm Darty

Blind dates! Mysterious 007-style identification clues! Music! Games! TOFFEE APPLES! For what more could a weary man wish at the end of a long, hard day?

The Memorial Hall girls prepared just such a treat for the lucky handful of men who found unsigned invitations to the dorm party (*porm darty*, as the invitations put it).

A curious progression of a dozen or more party games – some of them unorthodox – launched the evening's fun. Ever try tossing *curlers* into baskets? Or clothes pegs into *bottles*? Or working an impossible electronic wonder that shows a bad attitude at the slightest provocation?

Towards the end of the evening, an hilarious version of *segregated Musical Chairs* almost brought the house down. (It certainly brought a few chairs down!)

Male opinion was unanimous about the evening. "Thanks for the fun, girls!"

## Editorial

# I'm No Leader

by Bob Morton

Why not?

What's your excuse?

You don't have the personality? You don't have the background? You haven't the experience – the knowledge – you're too short – maybe you just don't have the right expression on your face?

Or are you willing to admit the truth?

You're not a leader because it embarrasses you to be in front of a group of people. It embarrasses you to learn to play basketball in your third year of College. You would feel downright uncomfortable if you had to be the first to volunteer to speak in class or if you were the one who had to start a sing-song on a bus. You're not willing to make mistakes and look stupid once in awhile in order to learn.

Yet an intrinsic part of leadership is to forget about the self. And this is what we must do if we want to develop the qualities of leadership God's Work needs.

Take for instance the examples of two top men in God's Work today. One was once told he lacked power in his speaking. Most Ambassador students upon being told this may, possibly, perhaps put forward a little effort in the next speech. But not too much mind you – because it's embarrassing to turn on the power in front of a group of people. You sound awkward don't you?

But that's not what he did. For an entire six-minute Ambassador Club speech he turned on the power and shouted his way through it at the top of his voice. Nobody doubts his voice-power today!

The other was told he lacked voice-colour. What did he do? He gave a speech imitating all the farmyard animal noises he could recall. Sure this could have been embarrassing. One or two thought he looked a bit foolish. But today he is one of the most colourful and effective speakers in the Work.

These men were willing to put pressure on themselves and face the embarrassment of learning leadership. They weren't afraid to look foolish. They were willing to go overboard on points where they needed to grow. The reason they were able to do it is because they got their mind off themselves! They *couldn't care less* about the embarrassment!

What they wanted to do was overcome the problem. They wanted to be leaders. And they became leaders.

Are you a lily-livered, weak-kneed, spineless jellyfish? Are you scared? Are you afraid to face the embarrassment of doing something you've never done before?

Well, that's why you aren't a leader!

Ambassadors, let's forget ourselves. Let's forget the embarrassment. Let's step out and *do* something!

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

\* \* \*

There's nothing wrong with the  
average person that a good psychia-  
trist can't exaggerate.

Bore – one who talks when you want  
him to listen.

\* \* \*

Some people remind me of blisters  
– they don't show up until the work  
is done.

# World's Greatest Station

Today the "Hashemite Broadcasting Service" operates from Studios in Jerusalem and Amman. Transmitters are located in Amman and Rammellah — a town about seven miles north of Jerusalem.

These stations are 'non-directional' which is just the way we like them! When damaged insulators are repaired at the Rammellah medium wave station, its maximum power of 200 kW. will be available.

The Amman short wave 100 kW. transmitter penetrates into Continental Europe at night. Its signals reach from Turkey to Egypt, and from Cyprus to Baghdad.

From the time the driving Ambassador rises from his bed, 'till 11 a.m., the stations broadcast in Arabic. Then from 11 a.m. until 8 p.m., Rammellah broadcasts in

English — a 390-styled programme of music. It is this station that will trumpet the World Tomorrow at 7:30 p.m. daily.

Amazingly, the Jordanian officials are not only considering the World Tomorrow for the Amman short-wave station; they also plan to copy the Rammellah format at Amman, whenever our broadcast might begin on this second station.

Future plans include a boost in power for Amman to 1 MEGAWATT (1,000,000 watts). This will give the station coverage from India to Italy!

These ideal openings should be the *greatest single breakthrough* the World Tomorrow has *ever* seen. The potential audience? Tens of millions!



## Ambassador

by Lyall Johnston

With one swift movement I released the two studs hiding the contents. Putting my hand into the box I touched the thick, rich cover. I slid the weighty leather-encased album onto the table.

This was it! "The Brochure" with the gold Ambascol crest in the corner.

On the richly prepared thick glossy pages the easy-read script in *bold face* lettering is written in the expert style of Mr. Armstrong. The remainder of the brochure contains *choice* photographs of the three campuses, the world-wide scope of the World Tomorrow broadcast and its offices.

Its' purpose? An Ambassador in print vividly representing this Work in a language radio men understand.

Its' latest diplomatic accomplishment? The manager of the Hashemite Broadcasting Service — after viewing only part of it, offered us prime time ACROSS THE BOARD on the *Medium Wave!*

Schoolteacher: Not only is he the worst behaved child in my class, but he has a perfect attendance record.

## Another Ambassador Success —

### Brahm's Requiem

#### FEAST OF MUSIC AT TOWN HALL

ALTHOUGH a requiem "topped the bill," as it were, the Ambassadors College concert at Watford Town Hall on Sunday evening struck a far from sombre note. The massed choir of some 200 voices, drawn from the Chipperfield, Luton and Amersham and Chesham choral societies and the college's own chorale, was accompanied by the Capriol full professional orchestra, and conducted by Dr. Kenneth Abbott, head of the college's music department.

They introduced themselves with a spirited rendering of the national anthem, to Elgar's special setting, which would have warranted its place as a programme item on its own merit.

And with undiminished vigour, it was royal music, Handel's famous Coronation Anthem (in honour of King Solomon), which brought a memorable feast of music to a close.

Brahm's Requiem is, of course, no exercise in grief, and dates

back nearly a century as one of the greatest of choral offerings.

With words of scripture, assurance of comfort and praise reaching the joyous crescendo of victory over death, this major work of the programme could hardly be faulted as the keynote of a concert starting at normal Sunday evening church time! Chorus and orchestra blended admirably under Dr. Abbott's baton, with soloist Sheila Armstrong's clear soprano mounting majestically over the choral harmonies, which preceded the vivid "death is swallowed up" climax in which John Lawrenson (bark-tone) was soloist.

An enjoyable enough, though not impeccable, performance by the orchestra of Cesar Franck's

symphonic variations, with Donald Ecker as solo pianist, opened the second half of the programme.

The remaining work, "These things shall be," a cantata for chorus and orchestra, by John Ireland, was well chosen, for John Addington Symonds' words expressing the vision of earthly paradise continued the Requiem's theme of ultimate triumph. As for John Ireland's "larger" music, it is difficult and has its discords, probably not for maximum first-time enjoyment, but Sunday's version, with Lawrence Watts (tenor) as soloist, was nothing if not stirring, and satisfied the specialised taste.

The concert, presented by the Ambassador co-educational college at Bricket Wood, entirely free of charge, virtually filled the large hall, with a small overflow in the small hall for live close-circuit TV relay.

These concerts — Handel's Messiah and Mendelssohn's Elijah have previously been performed — are not only part of the college's cultural policy, but have become an acceptable feature of Watford's world of music.

W.R.V.



Our artist's impression of the new residence, as viewed from the

# The *NEW* New Girl's D

by C. Harry Sullivan

"Hey! What's the idea!"

"We've only just laid those turfs!"

Just keep looking at the spot where the grass used to be. Soon you'll see things appear — things like trenches, bricks, and concrete. And in about eleven months (*tea breaks permitting*), you should see

the new wing of the Girls' Dormitory. MacAlpine, builder of the Gymnasium and Natatorium, will be moving in fifty men to do the job.

With 20,000 square feet of space the new block will provide twenty bedrooms, ten study-rooms, and a spacious lounge — living quarters for eighty women. The new 'L' shaped section will embrace the present

dormitory, radio studio, and refectory complex.

What will it look like? Well — for a moment, imagine yourself standing with the radio studio on your right, facing Lakeside. On your left will be the new wing, stretching two hundred feet to the Lounge on the corner. In front will be a pleasant courtyard enclosed within the 'L'. The road to Lakeside will



es.

# Dormitory

run from the back of the Office Block straight to Lakeside.

The finished two-storey construction will have projecting roofs and balconies attached to the study rooms. Featuring exposed concrete treated by shock-blasting, they will alternate with red bricks to form the wing. Built to Ambassador standards, it will be the finest dorm in Hertfordshire!





## 'Snow Wonder It Was Good!

"Boy, that dance had punch!"  
 "The cake wasn't bad either."  
 "I've never enjoyed myself so much at a dance."

Those were the comments as M. C. Kerry McGuinness wound up the evening's entertainment and cleared the floor for more dancing to the running rhythm of the Eddie Clayton Dance Band.

In a Winter Wonderland whirl of quicksteps and sambas the students roared at the drama of *Sleeping Beauty*, thrilled to the saga of Robin Hood (92nd episode) and were captivated by the calamitous career of arch war ace McGuinness as he knocked Nips from the sky.

The highly-strung Freshmen never did tell us where their arrow went, but we all got the point — it was a *sharp dance!!*

## On The Spot

"Passes please! Passes please!" intoned the corpulent constable.

He was standing at the entrance of Highgate Cemetery where Karl Marx lies buried. Comrade Kosygin was due to mourn his idol at 11 a.m.

Mr. Altergott showed his pass.

"Yes, go ahead — but don't cause any trouble!" I followed, shouldering a mass of photographic equipment.

Taking our position in front of the crowd barrier, we were joined by the CBS, NBC, and BBC teams.

Tension and anxiety mounted as the eleventh hour approached. And then . . .

The procession was in view — a barrage of bulbs and candid cameras.

And then . . . the heavy-eyed Kosygin stood inches away. I pointed my weapon, stared through the viewfinder, fumbled for the trigger — and then . . . *I shot!*

Kosygin placed the flowers over

the grave (a tombstone marx the spot) and meditated for a moment before sadly retiring.

What an experience! My job was done. *Portfolio* assignment completed!



## Where On Earth?

The recent quiz we were given in Forum by the Mail Reading Department shocked a lot of people! Most of us realised much of what we read in the *Plain Truth* does not stick!

For instance, a first class knowledge of GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATIONS IS VITAL!

Dr. Martin gave a really invaluable tip to the Third Year recently. It is a simple one, but IF you will put it into practise, crisply effective.

Just this — CHECK UP GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATIONS AS YOU GO.

Whatever you are reading — magazine, Bible, or daily newspaper — whenever you come across *any* place name — ask yourself this question. If I had to mark this onto a blank map of the world, *could I do it?*

Start doing it today — you'll be amazed how much more you will understand — *and remember* — of what you read.



## Bull!

What a lot of bull! In fact, half a ton of it to be exact!

What am I talking about?

None other than "Windsor Carollette's Sparkler" the Jersey bull recently purchased by the College. Now with a name like that you'd expect he came from the Queen's own farm at Windsor.

And you'd be right — he did!

"Charles", as we call him, was owned by her Majesty the Queen until last October. Charles' family has won many prizes in agricultural shows all across the country. His father was worth £3,500 and the blood flowing through Charles' veins is decidedly *blue*.

But his manners are not those of Royalty.

If you're both in a paddock together, give him a wide berth. 1,100 pounds of muscle and bone is an awful lot of bull.

How many of you have read these words on the tomb of Sir David Yule, located behind the Music Hall? Every time visitors see the tomb, they ask the inevitable question: "Where does that quote come from?"

The answer has been found!

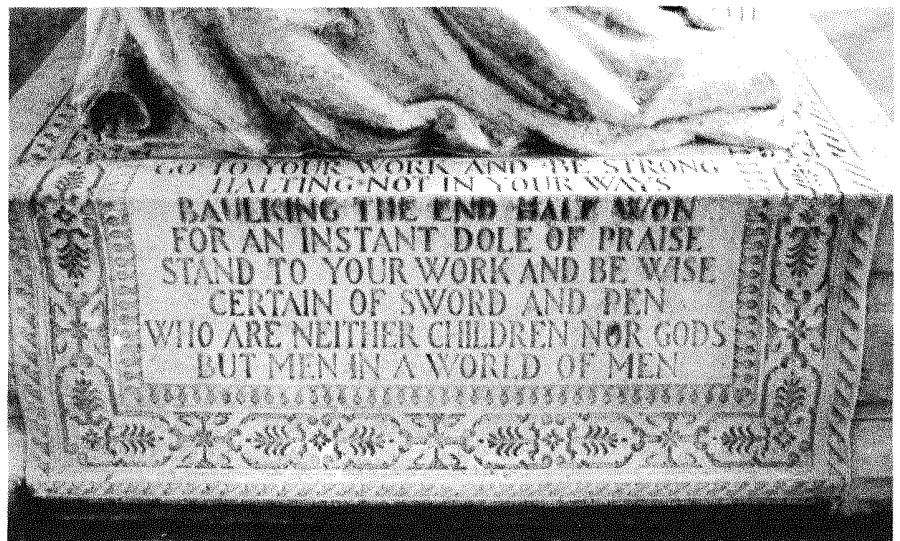
A senior who showed a couple around campus last week received a postcard. It read:

"Dear Sir,

*It was kind of you to show us round your beautiful college.*

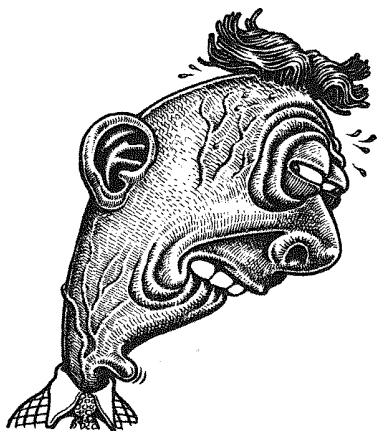
*The quotation on the tomb is from a poem, 'England's Answer to the Cities', by Rudyard Kipling."*

Next time you show someone around, you too will know who wrote those memorable words.



## -- THAT SINKING FEELING!

by David Ord (and the Portfolio Editors)



"Hey, let's go rowing! I've never rowed before!"

Little did John Cunningham realize he might never want to row again. But oblivious to feelings of impending doom, we hired a rowboat, collected our oars, our change, and our dates, and launched off from the Vale of Evesham boatshed.

We skimmed down the river to the happy accompaniment of lapping waves and gurgling tenors. In fact the rowing looked so easy that Bev and Sylvia, our dates, voted for a go. The change-over was perfected without a hitch. We rowed smoothly down the centre of the river, relaxing in the afternoon sun.

"Say, the boat's becoming wet in the bottom!" someone bubbled. Everyone glanced down. Sure enough, a trickle of water appeared from between the boards.

A seaborne summit conference was quickly convened and a unilateral course of action decided on. "Full speed ahead to the landing stage!" While the men took over the rowing, the women helped by grunting. Everyone worked as a team - after all, we were all in the same boat.

Soon a gaping hole appeared in the floor of the boat. Remembering a famous historic precedent, John stuck his finger into it - and then

two - and then his entire fist. But his plan did not hold water. The whole idea was a washout!

By this time Sylvia and Bev splashed to the rescue. They grabbed the nearest coffee cups and started salvage operations with whetted appetites. Then, as we neared the bank, the river became too shallow for rowing. Too much time had been lost - we had to throw in the towel!

John and Sylvia jumped and landed safely on terra firma - and as far as they were concerned, the more the firma the less the terra. Bev wasn't so lucky. She was about

to take the plunge, but got cold feet, slipped, and sat in the half-filled boat. *Water predicament!*

Once on dry land we hailed Ian Henderson to tow our wrecked craft down to the landing stage. While the others dried up, John dripped off to see the owner.

He listened thoughtfully to the story and commented placidly, "Well, I'm not a bit surprised. Heavy flooding last week gave the boats a good bashing!" We wondered if heavy flooding affected boat owners the same way.

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## HOW NOT TO DO IT!

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the second and did likewise with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink, poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

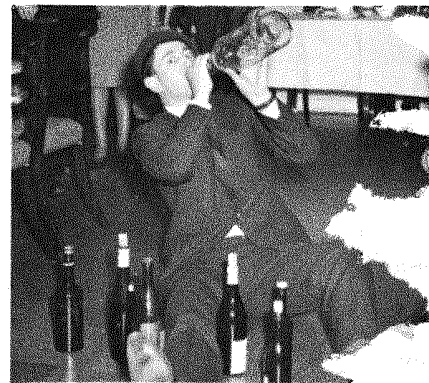
I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next glass and drank one sink of it and threw the rest down the glass.

I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the sink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glass, corks, bottles and sinks with the other which were 29 and as the house came by, I counted them again and finally I

had all the houses in one bottle which I drank.

I'm not under the affluence of incohol as some thinkle peep I am. I'm not half so thunk as you might drink, I feel so foolish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here, the longer I get.



"Then there was this sink .

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It is easy to tell fit a man  
is by what he takes time  
stairs or pills.

\* \* \*  
employment s ed,