



THE PORTFOLIO

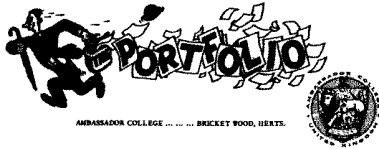


AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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Our Cover



The new facade to the RICHARD DAVID ARMSTRONG MEMORIAL HALL.

The transformation of the old tradesmen's entrance brings Ambassador dignity to the northern wing of Memorial Hall. The classical beauty of the new entrance with its rich stonework and bronze and crystal fittings came from the hands of the London Stone Co.—the original craftsmen of Hanstead House.

American Newsletter

Texas Tidings

Copy translated and edited to remove
the worst of the Texan slang — Ed.

Colin Sutcliffe
Ambassador College,
Big Sandy, TEXAS,
U. S. A.

Dear Students,

'Hi-y'all-thar-in-lil'-ole-England!'

As there have been no reports of aircraft going down in the Atlantic recently, you will have concluded we arrived safely.

Our flight was not altogether uneventful — I thought we were going direct to Dallas, until we were about to leave, then found Chicago was our first stop. After crossing the Atlantic, we put down at frozen Montreal to refuel. We made two different approaches on two different runways. (Lifting off again in a 707 at the point of touchdown isn't my idea of entertainment!)

We weren't allowed to deplane but flew on to circle the Chicago area (for over two hours) only to be diverted to New York. Couldn't get anywhere for snow and ice. After changing aircraft, we finally made it to Dallas. It was too late to drop in on LBJ and Ladybird. But Bob Dick's parents were there. It was three in the morning and they had only been waiting six hours for us!

They drove us straight to Gladewater (10 miles from Big Sandy). It was just twenty-four hours after we left St. Albans when we sat down to a 6 a.m. local time breakfast at Cleo's — (remember, Fred?)

We lived in the Gladewater Motel for three days, then moved into a brand-new trailer house — that's a *caravan* to you European peasants! Quite a caravan though . . . two bedrooms, bathroom, large kitchen, lounge, dining room, and the works to go with it — including air-conditioning. We became mobile with the acquisition of a little 280 h.p. Pontiac, 1962 (but very good condition and appearance). Well, start guessing you car experts! My little Wolsely will go in the boot (sorry Fred and Elaine — TRUNK) and it's worth about £350. I got the Pontiac for £286 — that was two weeks ago — it's still going!

You can't help liking the whole atmosphere here. The place has much more of a country feel about it than I'd imagined, but there's nothing backwoods about the buildings. Ozzie — even Fred and Elaine — would notice big changes.

One thing — my eyeballs tend to get a little out of control when fellows get up to give speeches or sermonettes in shocking red open-necked short-sleeved shirts.

The people you all know over here are just doin' mardy farn — Victor, Louis, Andrea, and Lorna. Lorna's almost got out of the habit of hearing English spoken, but she's picking it up again.

By the way, who was the MALE reader who thought it would be a fantastic idea for me to be sent direct to Petra to establish an agricultural programme ahead of time?

'Nar-yarl-all-riteback, won't ya!'

Colin Sutcliffe

South of the Border

By Dan Botba

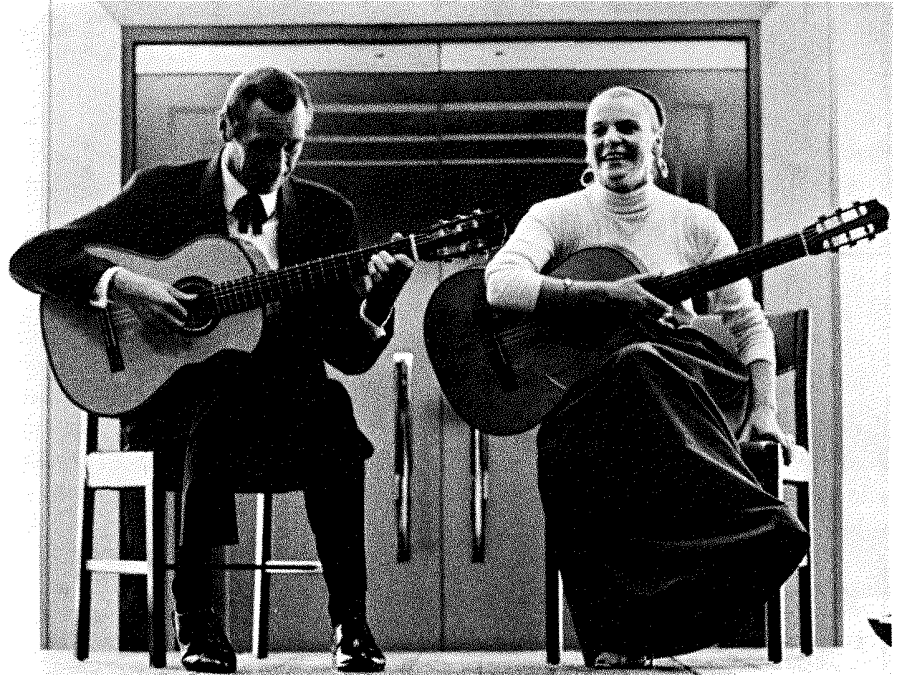
You might call it a highly-strung armadillo.

It was in fact a hairy *cherango*. But in the hands of internationally famous *Dorita y Pepe* it added to the scintillating evening of colourful Latin American rhythms.

Two guitars and a Paraguayan harp completed the assortment of stringed instruments. Spanish, Negro and Indian flavoured songs from Latin American countries thrilled the fascinated Ambassador audience.

Whether it was a *samba* from the vastness of the Argentinian pampas, a *zoomakizooma* of Venezuela, or a moving melody from Mexico – all were equally enjoyable.

Truly a fine performance. A tremendous treat in musical entertainment!



Dorita y Pepe on the guitar.



Y'KNOW MATE, THE WAY SOME OF THE FRESHMAN HYGIENE STUDENTS GO ON, YOU'D THINK THE STAPH WAS ABOUT TEN FEET TALL AND LURKED IN TOILET BOWLS!

Morgenthau

Blues

"Dislike Morgenthau?"

"Who, us?"

"We don't understand enough to make up our minds!"

As misery loves bedfellows, the International Relations class told us about their favourite subject in a special Assembly.

Choleric chords of the vaguely familiar "Morgenthau Ride" (apologies to *The Seekers*) opened their protest. Then a genuine "Frostbite Report" clearly showed how versatile English is – or at least, it sounded like English!

A fifteen minute expose of the undying dream of German dominion provided a serious contrast and musical rioting in Africa finished the afternoon's drama. But it didn't finish the class! It still meets regularly.

"Frowning, squinting, straining,
Down along the page,
All reading Morgenthau
Through a verbal haze."

A Washout!

By Harry Sullivan

What a predicament! A Freshman with no clean shirts.

So, equipped with the spirit that built an empire and some borrowed soap powder, I found my way to the Laundry room.

There it was through the steam -- the unfamiliar shape of a washing machine. A fearsomely complicated contraption.

But how does it work. . . .?

Ah! The instruction book was hanging on the wall. But alas, steam had welded the pages together. I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open the book neither to look therein.

What a complicated array of dials. One sign said *Coloureds*,

another *Whites* -- Discrimination?

Was my wash coloured? It certainly wasn't white! I set the pointer half-way, stuffed in the bag of washing, added the soap powder (half a cup for each item) and pushed the start button.

Hours later I re-entered the steamy enclave. Away in the corner a sweating janitor was busy pioneering a pathway into the glistening foam. A baleful eye turned from its work. O.K., so everyone makes mistakes. Why couldn't he keep his shirt on? He glanced at my soggy laundry -- and wished I had done the same.

Oh well, where's the Watford Steam Laundry??

On March 30th:

The Chorale Dance

Who will your partner be?

Surprise announcements?

Don't miss it!

Fly to Assyria?

By John Khouri



Duncan Sandys stresses political alliance with Europe.

Three thousand people and a handful of Ambassadors.

Where?

The massively victorian Albert Hall.

The occasion?

A Rally to boost Common Market enthusiasm. Six of Britain's top men emphasised the advantages. But Messrs. Brown, Maulding, Sandys, and Grimmond had very little concrete information to offer -- simply a rehash of previous views.

The most fitting comment came not from the platform but from an irate heckler who summed up the European view -- "They WON'T HAVE YOU!!"

Lose an hour in the morning, and you will be all day hunting for it.

* * *

A man may not realize when he is falling in love, but he is about the only one who doesn't.

* * *

Etiquette -- learning to yawn with your mouth closed.

Domestic Symphony - Op. 25

Portfolio Staff Reporter

A wedding cake!
A party! In the Music Hall!
What's this a pre-
graduation wedding??

Who's getting married?

By 4.15 p.m. the crowd had gathered - excitedly waiting. Soon they arrived: the bride and groom. Dr. and Mrs. Abbott were celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary!

The Ambassador Chorale along with several guests gathered as the happy couple cut the "wedding cake" just as they did 25 years ago.

The *Portfolio* staff join the rest of the students to say. . . Congratulations Dr. and Mrs. Abbott!!



Commonwealth Alliance

Diplomatic negotiations have proceeded quietly during the past few weeks between Ambassadors from Canada and Australia. Stimulated by a Japanese environment an agreement for peaceful co-existence was reached.

When was it to be?

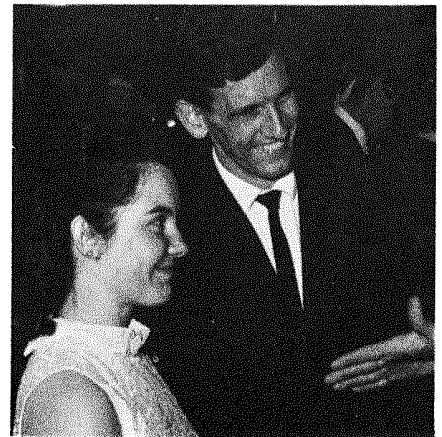
Heads of state were consulted. Plans drawn up, gifts of friendship exchanged.

Then, Sunday night, the secret suspense was broken. Mr. McNair announced: *The engagement of Terry Villiers and Beverley Henderson.*

A formal contract will be concluded in the near future!



Dr. and Mrs. Abbott enjoy their silver surprise.



Terry and Beverley.

Black Power

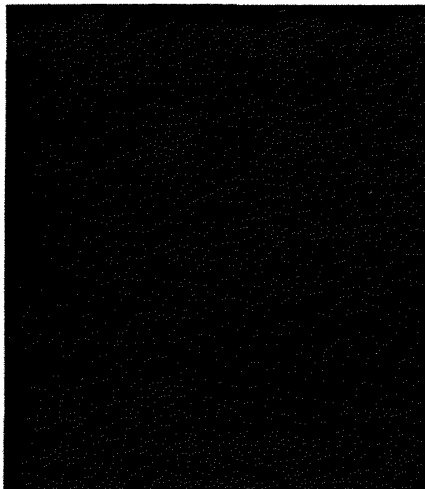
By Henry Wilson

Had they gone to Petra? Had the word come from H.Q. while we were backsliding at the Roller Rink? Sore Ambassadors exchanged anxious glances. But it was merely the *Big Bricket blackout*. Memorial Hall's candle-lit reception and twinkling torches were sights to remember.

Next morning was a different story. For the men it was shaving by torch light and a remnant of hot water. It was bloody cheeks as mechanized Ambassadors were forced back to the medieval cut-throat days. For the women it was a return to morning exercises as they laboured with manual toothbrushes. For everyone it was *cold* breakfast!

Ambassadors determined to study on through the night forced their way to the moon-lit Japanese gardens dragging their 'companions' behind them.

Only those at the Local were lit up!



The whole College was de-lighted.



Oh boy! Ten bob a week!



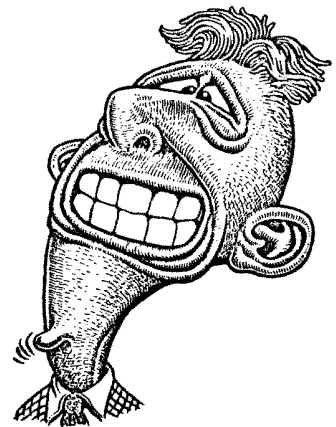
The Ford in Our Future.

By Karl Karlov

A 20 horsepower, 4 cylinder, 12 seater blue Ford omnibus – this is the new Print Shop Express! It joins the large commercial van as the Printing Department's second vehicle.

No longer will Print Shop employees travel in the cramped Cortina, the vibrating Victor, or the seedy Sunbeam. The new vehicle, bought for their own use, will speed College commuters between suburban Bricket Wood and industrial Watford.

The van will ease the pressure on the Transport Department, release more cars for College business and visiting, and provide an opportunity for a dozen students to visit outlying churches each Sabbath.



Cop this Lot!

Spring is the season when:
The boys get gallant
And the gals get buoyant!

* * *

Noah was the first successful businessman. Why? Because he successfully floated a limited company when everyone else went into liquidation.

* * *

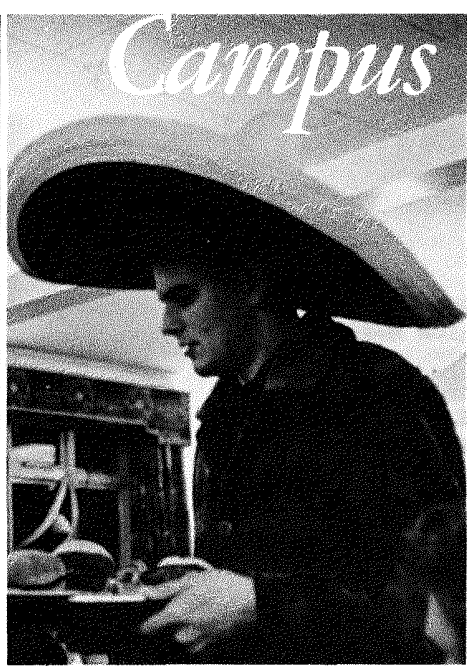
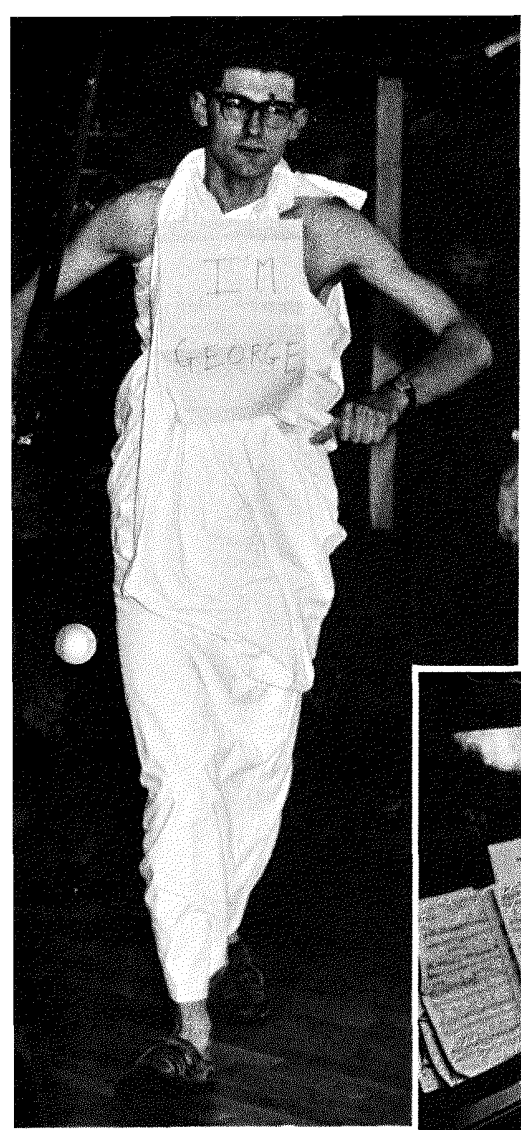
Senior student in love: "I know there are other fish in the sea. But this one has got all my bait!"

Wages of sin

The complexities of Britain's Finance Bill have caused several Chartered Accountants to commit suicide.

Contrast this to the last *Ambassador Finance Bill* read by Mr. Dart. No student suicides have yet been reported – due no doubt to its simplicity!

Campus Candidids



Ambassador Autobahn

Portfolio Staff Reporter

Drop Lane has gone to pot! After the near loss of a Minus, two Victors and the gardeners' tractor in the bottomless pits of the old College Causeway, the *Portfolio's* special correspondent

for subterranean research was sent to look into the hole problem. What he discovered had deep significance.

A new 20-foot carriageway is being pushed from Smug Oak Lane past the upper end of the lakes to



British workmen do the job.

connect with the drive at the Gymnasium. This more direct route into the campus will at long last leave the narrow, winding Drop Lane to die a natural death.

Not only will the new Ambassador Autobahn prevent further damage to College cars, but it will also provide access for McAlpine's vehicles to the new dormitory construction site.



College eye view of our new entrance.

Our new carriageway viewed from Smug Oak Lane.

