



THE PORTFOLIO

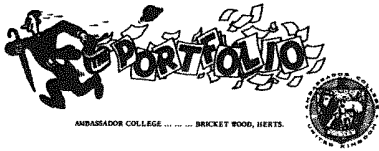


AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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Our Cover



A quick flick of the pen and Ambassador Press takes another stride forward. Here we see Messrs. Hunting and Butterfield placing an order for a new giant, web-fed, off-set press for our Watford printing department. With them are representatives of M. A. N., the German makers of the press.

The new machine will print the *Plain Truth* from continuous rolls of paper at an average of 23,000 signatures per hour in full colour.

Tumble to it!

Portfolio Staff Reporter

Forty Ambassadors on a roller rink. What fun! What a laugh! What agony!!

With pigeon-toed boldness and knock-kneed excitement the heroes rolled onto the floor.

Steve double-flipped backward as Dan bumped into him, bit the dust and lost a shoe.

Skating along in true African style with wheels crossed, Dan went down with a mighty thump. Karl roared with laughter and then lost his balance, his footing and nearly his head.

Now the speed session!! One stout-hearted Ambassador ventured on. Round and round he went. Great was the fall thereof!

The lights flashed "ALL SKATE".

Jake tried a backward turn that ended in a forward smash.

Richard raced the rink. He went round once, twice — his momentum of glory ended in a one point landing — a touchdown rarely witnessed.

Bob was doing fine until Ann joined him. The combination couldn't last. He didn't have a leg to stand on.

The evening rolled to an end. Tired Ambassadors tromped to the coach, cookies and hot chocolate — a fine finish to frolic and fun.

A janitor and a gardener were overheard during a work break:

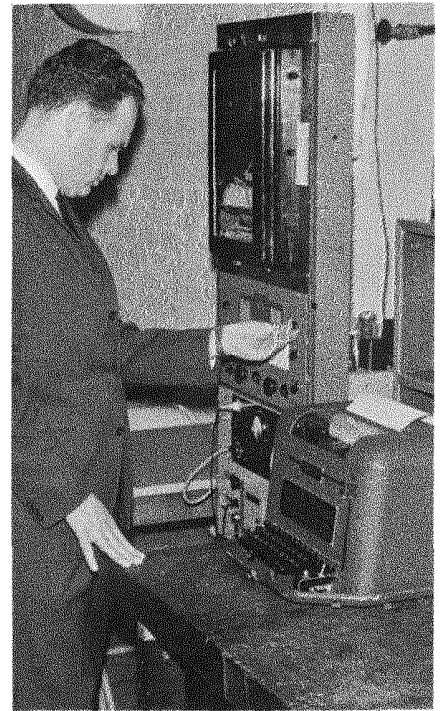
Janitor: "Say, where are you going with that load of manure?"

Gardener: "That's to put on my strawberries."

Janitor: "Oh! I put cream on mine."

Advertisement

Do you have straight hair, dandruff, athlete's feet or B.O.? Go to your nearest barber and ask for that wonderful formula with that unique *double-H* ingredient. Nothing can equal this middle-age wonder. Dissolves any problem.



The rain in Herts. falls mainly on the College.

Meteorological Magic

What will the weather be like? Ask the Science class.

To accurately forecast the weather, data is transmitted from around the globe to the Government Meteorological Office and collected every three hours at Bracknell, Surrey.

John White tried to pick up this data in Morse but found it to be incomplete. The most useful information came through radio-teletype transmissions. It was clear that we needed a professional teleprinter.

A search through surplus electronic markets brought a good ex-United States Government teleprinter in full working order to the campus.

When it arrived we added radio receiving equipment modified to be fed into a communications receiver already in the Radio Studio.

The new teleprinter, fitted with an automatic clock, will eventually be housed in a Memorial Hall classroom. Every day at 6 a.m., up-to-the-minute data will be received covering an area from Finland to Newfoundland, a helpful addition to Dr. Martin's meteorological lectures.

DANCE WITH A DIFFERENCE

By Dan Botha

Who would it be?

Eager men reached into the date dip, drew a name, and set off to the women's dorms. This was the beginning of the 1967 Chorale Dance.

Musical notes sparkled overhead in the International Lounge while the Royal Air Force Band propelled dancers with the runaway rhythms of their flighty music.

Dispensing with the usual sketches, the Chorale presented entertainment with a difference. Novel musical numbers interspersed throughout the evening provided an unusual treat.

The entire evening, with its unique entertainment, provided a welcome break to the mid-semester routine.



Bob and Sandra

Its original features -- including sausage rolls, spot prizes and engagements -- certainly made the evening, in the words of one Ambassador, "a night to be much remembered".

Swinging with the sergeants of the R. A. F.



Arthur and Joyce

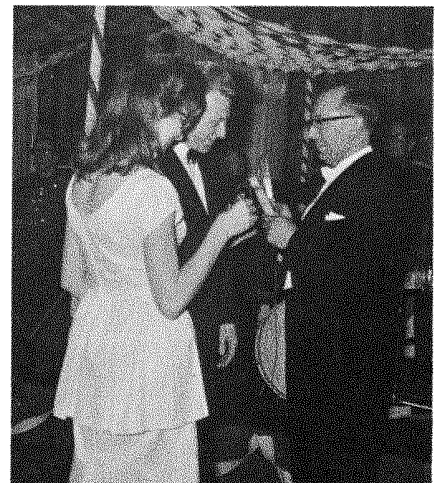
Engaging Situation

As Mr. McNair took the microphone during Thursday's "Say It with Music" dance, students gathered around excitedly. Which Senior had decided to "take the step"?

In his usual suspenseful manner Mr. McNair addressed the crowd. Once again he stressed the importance of an Ambassador education. How "understandings" should be left till the second semester of the Senior year.

But now, with the second semester half gone and spring approaching, the time had come. The time to announce the engagements of Bob Morton to Sandra Jackson and Arthur Suckling to Joyce Boyd.

Congratulations from your Portfolio reporter!





Another Campus Change

Ambassador Car Park

Portfolio Staff Reporter

Three years ago, the area next to the tennis courts was dug up and Ambassador College, Bricket Wood, received a welcome addition to the sports facilities — an outdoor basketball court.

Today the baskets have disap-

peared. So has the volleyball net. It has become the *new Ambassador car-park*.

This will remove all the cars normally parked on our campus driveways.

Strangers in the Night

By Karl Karlov

Night. Silence filled the inky blackness of Nigh House. All was still . . .

Suddenly a shrill scream stabbed the darkness!!

A bunk trembled. A frightened girl tumbled onto the floor. Startled room-mates rushed to comfort her.

"A big b-b-black thing," stammered Ida. "Up in the b-bed."

"Come now," comforted the room monitor. "It's only a dream."

But dreams come in many shapes and sizes. This one had four paws, coal-black eyes, stringy whiskers, and ruffled fur. What's more, it was every bit as frightened as its wide-

eyed hosts. As the room monitor reassuringly smoothed the empty bed, she saw it!

Another shriek pierced the night.

This was too much. Its evening jaunt was ruined! The awe-struck mouse leapt from the bed, scurried across the floor, and scuttled into the safer enclaves of Nigh House.

The *Portfolio* never did discover how the girls spent the rest of the night. But all next day the room was thoroughly mouse-proofed.

Our question is, was the mouse eliminated?

Time will tell.

About the Space of Half an Hour

A group of Ambassadors, enjoying a meal and yet *completely silent*? Why?

It's 12:25.

And every day at this time the familiar voice of Art Gilmore booms over the public address system with "The WORLD TOMORROW".

No more confusion of clinking cutlery. A mere nod sends the server to feed the flock with seconds. A sweet smile and the nearest gentleman responds to excuse the lady from the table.

Silence reigns as students soberly sit and listen to the Broadcast, replacing the warm hubbub which only moments before filled the refectory. Ambassadors lend a willing ear to the world's most thrilling message.

Sticky Problem

Cellotape can do two things: It can hold up decorations for a dance, and . . . it can *pull the paint off* when the decorations are removed.

Most Ambassadors have learnt this from the painful teacher of experience. Yet, some haven't — *too bad!*

As you think about that next dance — as you decorate for a club function — BEWARE!

Stick-to-it-iveness is what we want from Ambassadors — *NOT FROM CELLOTAPE* — cellotape pulls the paint off!!

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

* * *

Becoming wiser today is painful — it makes you realise what a fool you were yesterday.

* * *

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