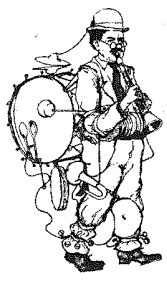
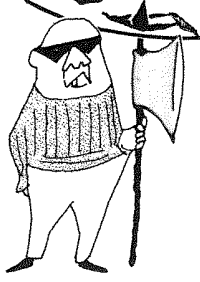


PORTFOLIO



10 B. C. — 1967 A. D.



Volume 8, Number 9

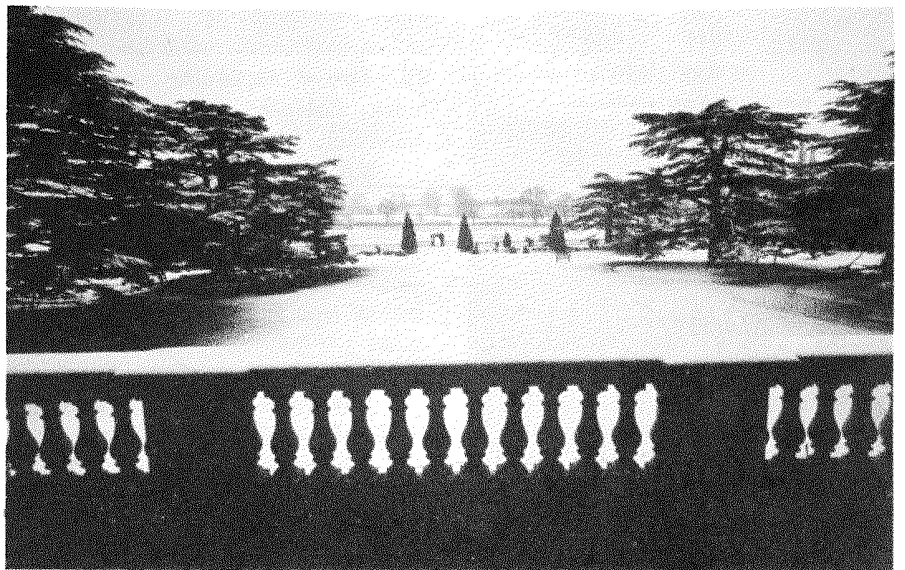
June 8th, 1967

Ambassador Grounds Are Different

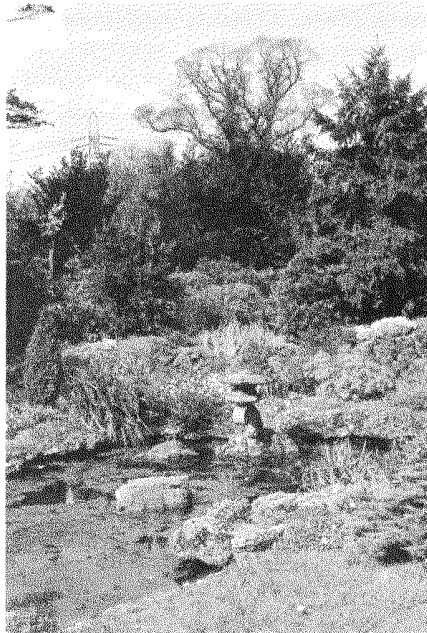
Rare trees, splendid shrub specimens, and priceless plants appeared on all sides as Head Gardener, Mr. Silcox, took our Ambassador Club on a fact finding botanical tour.

As we entered by the front gate leading towards the Formal Garden, (the most effective starting point) Mr. Silcox emphasised the need to maintain an element of surprise throughout a tour like this. Even though we had been at college several years we were surprised at what we learnt.

Our formal Rose Garden has no less than 32 varieties of roses and boasts some 2,600 flowers each summer! Pride of place goes to the rare



Some of the cedars which make our gardens unique



A touch of the Orient

multi-coloured rose known as *Kinimo* -- a Polyantha grown on its own root.

Close to the pergola on the north side of the Rose Garden is the oldest member on the grounds -- our Mulberry Tree -- a lone survivor of the *Sixteenth Century*.

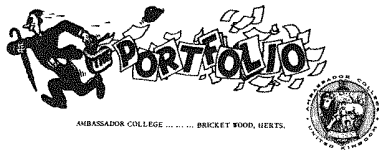
Almost as old are the majestic cedars gracing the south lawn of Memorial Hall. Here on one lawn are all five varieties of cedar, making Ambassador College unique in Britain. The tallest is the 80 FOOT Indian Deia-dor at the South West corner of Memorial Hall. Its nearest rival, planted in Kew Gardens in 1832, is a mere 40 feet high.

From the tallest to the smallest -- what's a *Gingko*? No, not a deo-

dorant, but a small tree snugly hidden behind the Rhododendrons on the West Side of the Japanese Garden. A native of the Orient, it is the only surviving deciduous tree to have been preserved in the fossil record.

The conifers growing in the Ambassador gardens are unique in themselves. Some are only three or four feet tall and yet are 200 to 300 years old. Many are growing on their own root (that is, not grafted) and for that reason alone are invaluable. Yes, Ambassador Gardens have a history worth studying.

So with your horticultural appetite now wetted, have a chat with Mr. Silcox. He'll open your eyes to the botanical wonders of our own grounds.



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Published tri-weekly by Ambassador
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The **PORTFOLIO** is a limited circulation publication. It is for the Students of Ambassador College. It is not to be sent home to friends or relatives.

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A Penny Remembers

Armed from France, commanded by the Earl of Mar, ten thousand kilted highlanders were marching south.

Catholic James was making his bid for Britain's throne.

Two centuries ago, this was the world of our English ploughman; the one who lost the 1723 penny unearthed recently in our vegetable field.

At Preston and Sherrif-muir, Argyle's "red-coats" crushed the Pretender's forces. The rebellion was over, and our ploughman was again working his fields in peace.

Britain — only twenty years old — prospered under the competent hand of its first Prime Minister, Walpole. The Empire expanding — trade with India, Colonies in Africa and the Americas.

But Britain's throne was not secure. Rebellion rumbled in the north!

This time the clans meant business. FLASHING TARTANS, GLITTERING STEEL, to the rousing skirl of pipes were sweeping south! Perth was taken, Edinburgh fell before the Pretender's forces — CARLISLE — LANCASTER — DERBY — now only *two days from London* and all England panicked!

Our ploughman prepared to defend his home and again he lived in trepidation.

But England rallied. Highly trained, well-equipped troops ROUTED the horde of Gael, exhausted by their long trek south. At last — the kingdom stable, and the throne secure.

War at home didn't disturb our ploughman. The next revolution to ravage his country was industrial.

Meanwhile around the blazing
(continued on Page 3)

DID YOU KNOW THAT -

the fourth Boy Scout troop in history was formed in Bricket Wood? But long before Baden-Powell's scouts came on the scene, Henry VIII used to live near here. Yes, it was in St. Albans under the cedar trees there that he courted Anne Boleyn. In fact you might say it was in St. Albans that Anne first started to lose her head for Henry!

I wonder if he knew that curious fact about the river Colne. Did you know that the Colne river at the bottom of the campus is not just one river but three? There is one river, then another on top of that one and finally the one we can see, an authority claims.

Well, even if King Henry did not know all about it I am sure he knew all about Bricket Wood's common law. One paragraph says that you may cut peasticks on the common from April to August!

Eastern Elegance

by Karl Karlov

The Oriental rugs in Memorial Hall tell a remarkable story. They are the product of *many years* of painstaking labour.

It is not primarily the size of these rugs which determines their price. Like a painting, their value is gauged by the workmanship of the finished product.

The number of knots per square inch, the quality of the material, the richness and stability of its colours, the amount of detail in its design, its age — all this determines the value. Two Persian rugs may be alike in every detail except for the dye, but one may be *fifteen times* more valuable than the other.

The patterns also tell a story. Many have been traditionally reproduced throughout the centuries. Perhaps they were familiar even to Abraham! Each pattern is full of symbolism, depicting love, hatred, worship, or some other expression of the human spirit. The craftsman

even weaves his *personal autograph* on a portion of his rug — and not surprisingly — for one fine carpet may be his *entire life's work!*

Although these carpets take many years to make, perfection in the pattern is *not* a specific aim. It is deliberately *woven imperfect*. Muslims believe a carpet should not be flawless — for only Allah is perfect!



Rich setting of our Main Hall

Sixty-Seven Years Of Hanstead House Estate

Portfolio Editors of the past and present.

The Hanstead House Estate was founded by Lady Yule. The year was 1900 – soon after her marriage to Sir David Yule who was dealing with business affairs in India. Because the climate of India didn't suit Lady Yule, Sir David bought this property as a home for her.

Sir David, who was head of the great Calcutta firm of Andrew Yule & Co. and its English associate, Yule, Catto & Co., divided his time between his business in India and Hanstead House where he died on 30th July, 1928. At that time he was reputed to be one of the richest men in the country.

When the estate was first purchased, it was only a farmhouse with about 400 acres of land. Lady Yule extended the house and bought an additional 300 acres on which she built the estate's first superbly equipped paddocks and stables. The estate first came into the public eye as a stud farm in 1925.

Lady Yule liked to travel. She made voyages to New Zealand and other parts of the world in her yacht which was later sold to King Carol of Rumania.

After the death of Lady Yule in



Sir David Yule



Sir David relaxing at his Fort William holiday home

1950, Miss Gladys Yule, her daughter, directed the estate.

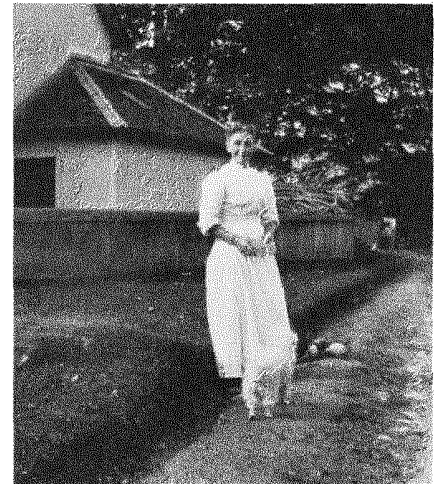
Miss Yule and Lady Wentworth became Britain's foremost breeders of Arabian horses. Together they owned the largest Arab horse stud in the country. Miss Yule had a 700 acre estate with some of the most finely equipped stables *in the world*. Arab horse breeding, even among the very rich, is something of a luxury, but Miss Yule never spared any expense on her animals.

Hanstead's reputation as an Arab horse stud spread around the world. Buyers came from America and the Continent to see Miss Yule's horses. At one time she had as many as 100 in her stables.

Miss Yule's interests were chiefly concentrated on animals. At one time she even kept bears and several species of monkeys. She also planned to stock a large aviary. The aviary was built, but she did not live to see her plans come to fruition.

When Miss Yule died in 1958, she left a will of £4,000,000 of which £100,000 went to Miss Patricia Wolf, her stable manager.

From a farm to a horse stud and now Ambassador College! Little did Sir David and Lady Yule know what they were building.



Lady Yule

Penny Worth

(continued from Page 2)

logs at the village inn most of the talk was concerned with the trouble abroad. The American colonies were rebelling. "They'll be declaring themselves independent next," guffawed one frocked farmer in the corner.

Our ploughman would have ordered another noggin, but he searched in vain for his penny. "Must have dropped it coming from the field," he muttered angrily.

He did, and we unearthed it 238 years later. Just as well, for the notice on the inn door read, "Drunk for a penny. Dead drunk for two pence."



The Legend of Alban

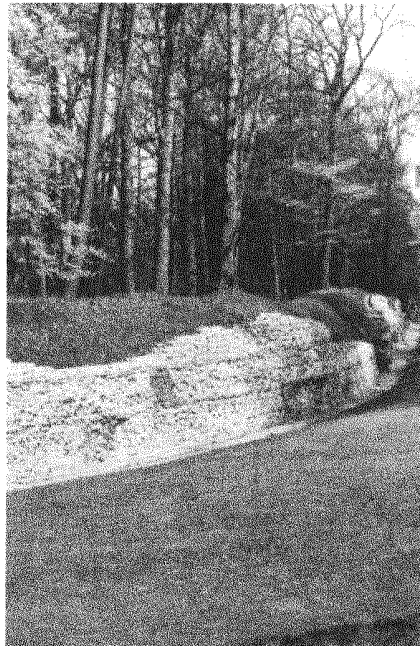
by Harry Sullivan

In fourth century Britain it was unsafe to be a Christian of *any* persuasion. Especially in Verulamium (Roman St. Albans), where Alban lived. A centurion learned that Alban (he wasn't a *saint* then) was sheltering a Christian priest and brought him before the priests of Mithras. They demanded he worship the Roman gods. He refused and was condemned to death.

Legend has it a large crowd gathered for the execution, preventing Alban from crossing a bridge over the river. He prayed and the river dried up before him, allowing him to pass over. Then, with true dramatic effect, the bridge collapsed – plunging the spectators into the river!

The legend continues that, fatigued by the trudge up the hill, thirst overwhelmed him. Alban prayed again, and a spring appeared at his feet. He drank and marched bravely to the block. But, unnerved by what he'd seen, the headsman refused to perform his duty. Another executioner was ordered to first behead his comrade, and then Alban. At the instant Alban died the executioner's eyes fell from their sockets.

Today St. Albans Cathedral stands on the traditional site of the execution.



Verulamium wall in 200 A.D.

Laziness: The habit of resting before fatigue sets in.

* * *

Prejudice: Weighing the facts with your thumbs on the scales.

* * *

Mr. Wainwright (coming into class): "ORDER!"

Class: "BEER!"

Roman Ruins

by David Ord

The ruins of a *vanished civilization* lie just a quarter of a mile from college. Mary Jean and I went to the site to explore the excavations of a Roman settlement.

It began in 1960 when a group of amateur archaeologists uncovered the foundations of a Roman "Turkish Bath", the finest yet to be unearthed in Britain! Even sections of plaster and paint remain intact.

Each summer new excavations were made, and the latest – most thrilling of all the finds – is a *forty room villa*. It tells much of the Roman way of life.

The tiled floor bore clear imprints of a cat's paw. Ashes still lay in cracks between bricks in the boiler house. The oven floor is yet blackened by the fire.

A covered corridor has been excavated, linking the villa and the bath house. Its solid stone walls are over two feet thick. Nearby are the ruins of a giant-size Roman barn.

But WHY was the villa built here?

This is only one of many like buildings in the area. The river Ver, today a mere stream, was once a great waterway which flowed into the Thames Estuary. At that time Verulamium was capital of Roman Britain (located near present-day St. Albans). The Ver brought shipping from Europe to the capital. The villas of this region, en route to the city, were the homes of Verulamium's generals!

In 367 A. D., the Roman troops pulled out of Britain to defend Rome from invading Barbarians. The Saxons plundered all that Rome had built. Merely stone foundations remain.

Once, the hillsides around Ambassador pulsed with the activity of Roman Britain. Today they are the birthplace of an Empire that will stand *far longer than Rome!*