



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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August 3rd, 1967

Latest in Communications-- Pasadena Hot-line!

As God's Work faces momentous decisions, constant contact must be maintained between Pasadena and Bricket Wood. But it often takes *several hours* to call Headquarters by transatlantic telephone. The cost is phenomenal.

NOW, a Telex "hot-line" is in full swing between the colleges. We can contact Pasadena within *seconds!* Messages, cables, and even whole articles can be flashed six thousand miles to the West Coast at *seventy words per minute*, at reasonable cost.

As God's Work leaps forward,
(Continued on p. 2)



MEMORIAL HALL REJUVENATED

Sir David would stare in thunder-struck astonishment. Hanstead House? Yes! — but with a difference. A leopard can't change its spots, but Memorial Hall is changing face.

The new north wing was only the beginning. Now the balustrade is being extended. The unsightly ditches of today will become the beautiful encircling parapet and terrace of tomorrow.

Rumour was that Memorial Hall would be sandblasted. Untrue! The soft limestone would disintegrate under the cruel barrage of adamant

silicon debris. A much more gentle and effective method is to be used on this lady's delicate skin: a simple washing. The disparity between old and new will vanish. The building will gleam in the sun as in days of her youth.

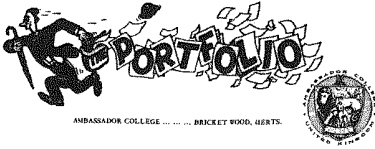
At the moment, cedars grace only the sunny south side of this stately mansion. But not for long. Memorial Hall north will receive two cedar trees.

To be large, or not to be large — that is the question. Large trees

are more beautiful but much riskier to transplant. Small ones are cheaper but will take several years to reach the proper size. The Estate Office is still debating the problem.

The wooden lattice work once decorating the sides east and west has been sacrificed on the altar of progress. It is being replaced by a marble facing much more consistent with the rest of the building.

YES, if Sir David knew what was going on, he would turn in his grave — but only to get a better view!



FACULTY ADVISOR
Robin G. Jones

EDITOR
Bob Morton

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John Khouri
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SPORTS EDITOR
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Lyll Johnston Terry Villiers
David Ord Harry Sullivan
Francis Bergin Lester Grabbe

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Henry Wilson

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If you want work well done,
select a busy man; the other kind
has no time.

* * *

Responsibilities gravitate to
the person who can shoulder them.

Telex

(Continued from p. 1)

Telex will be installed at our offices
throughout the world.

Telex services already circle
the globe. California or Canada,
Hungary or Hong Kong can be con-
tacted at the dialling of a code!
Whether our message is wired, radioed,
or sent by satellite - Pasadena is
only seconds away.

INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER.

Buried within this issue are
several words of dubious origin.
Do you know their meaning? Sure
wish we did!

Strangers in the Night

by
Chris Carpenter

Lights flashed! Tyres squealed!
Brakes screamed. Then - silence.

Plunged into a premature awak-
ening, four lithe figures sprang from
their beds and peered through open
windows. All seemed quiet across
the tranquil lakes. But what strange
car with headlights glimmering stood
outside Room 2?

David Ord, the cool and collected
fuehrer, immediately assembled his
squad of men. Dressing gowns
donned, torches seized, the hunt was
on.

What unknown evil awaited them?
What terror lurked behind the fore-
boding dust bins and mysterious
hulks of rusting motorscooter re-
mains? What venomous monster
crouched atop the stairway to Heinz's
barbershop - spawned by the odifer-
ous vapour of creeping athletes foot?

But - no. The intrepid band
returned. Listlessly they flopped
into bed, resuming their state of
deathlike slumber. All fears had
been allayed. The car owners? A
family lost in the labyrinthian byways
of our grounds. Just a group of
strangers in the night!

England Unveiled At Last

by
Steve "Stars-and-Stripes" Smith

If you really want the lowdown
on Bricket Wood, just ask any trans-
fer *before* he arrives. He knows!
He's heard the unadulterated truth,
straight from the horse's mouth.

To make sure you have everything
straight, here's the *plain truth* about
what some have been naïve enough
to believe.

Fifty million stiff upper lips,
squeezed side by side in a tiny,
dismal, soggy insule, yet in com-
plete silence - because they've
never been introduced. The chaps
- with double-barrelled names, gaps-
between-teeth, old school ties, and
Oxford accents - swinging brollies
and sporting bowler hats. The ladies
- dog-loving, tweedy-tailored, with
little finger raised during afternoon
tea.

The rest are Cockneys, boozing
pints of wallop in the rub-a-dubs,
drinking gallons of tea at work.

I arrived half expecting a land of
shaggy heads and hairy legs. The
girls had loaded up trunks with the
same desperation as motorists filling
tanks at a last-chance petrol stop in
Death Valley. The reason? Tooth-
paste, hair spray, and deoderant in
the Land of Hope and Glory are
supposed to be scarcer than biscuits
in the study room!

But there's one prophecy that
did worry me. It's that *coup de grace*
of any transfer: *warm beer!* Yet
Ambassador U. K. even solves this
petty problem with beer at all
temperatures in the Common Room!

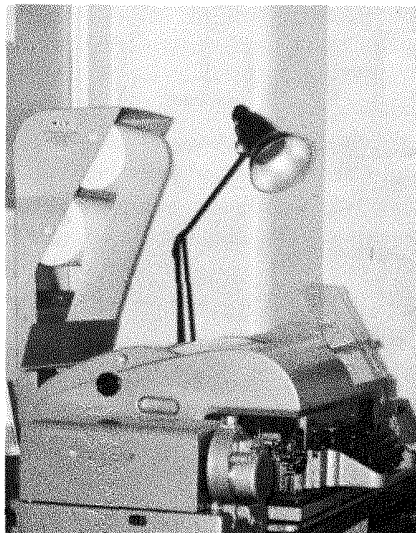
Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes the girls date other guys.

* * *

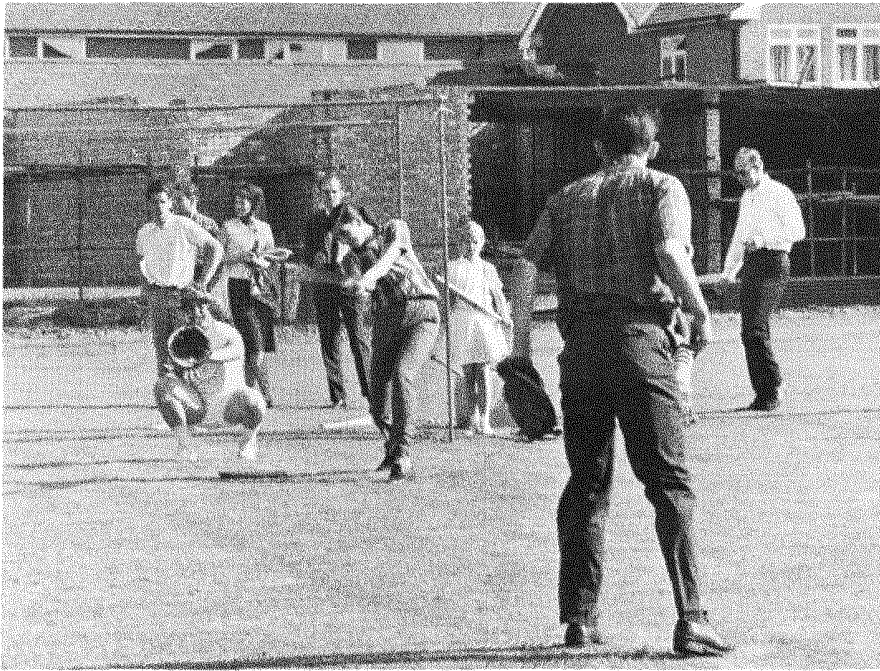
Laziness: The habit of resting
before fatigue sets in.

* * *

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



I bet it's still not as fast as the
Ambassador Grapevine!



DEPARTMENT OF BATS

That's Not Cricket, Old Chap

by R. Wood and B. Speer

I'm stumped! What were the colonial students playing on Mr. Silcox's green sward? "Is it croquet?" Detlef asked.

This sudden interest in cricket was spawned by a recent series of softball games. Cricket on a softball diamond? But this is Area 6 (he that readeth the student handbook, let him understand). You don't have to sport a deep suntan, nor speak with a West Indian accent, in order to play the game.

Cricket is played on a level grass oval about the size of a football field. In the centre is a carefully rolled pitch, 22 yards long. At each end of the pitch is a set of wickets, which the batsman guards with his bat. The eleven men on one team try to dismiss the other team — by stumping, bowling, catching, L. B. W.-ing, or any other devious means. The side with most runs after each team has batted twice, wins.

Actually, it's not all that sim-
(Continued on p. 4)

Mudville Menagerie

by Kerry McGuinness

The summer's first — a softball match!

A toss of the coin and the Yankees, captained by Chicago's own B. V., went out to the field. "Ready," called the pitcher to wicket-keeper — oops, sorry — to catcher Dick Wood, and the first ball zipped over the plate. "Strike one!" and the game was on.

Roger Maris may not have been impressed by the batting, but what it lacked in finesse was supplied by Ambassador spirit. And besides, where would you find a game buzzed by two swans skimming the tree tops — in a magnificent display of contempt for our sports ability? In addition, the incredible athletic prowess of our co-eds added quite a diversion (division?) to the game.

Once, a determined low drive by Les Grabbe appeared to be a sure double. But with an exaggerated flying tackle — reminiscent of a squid in a waterspout — Dan Banham made the catch for a quick out.

(Continued on p. 4)

"Made in U.S.A." Export to Germany

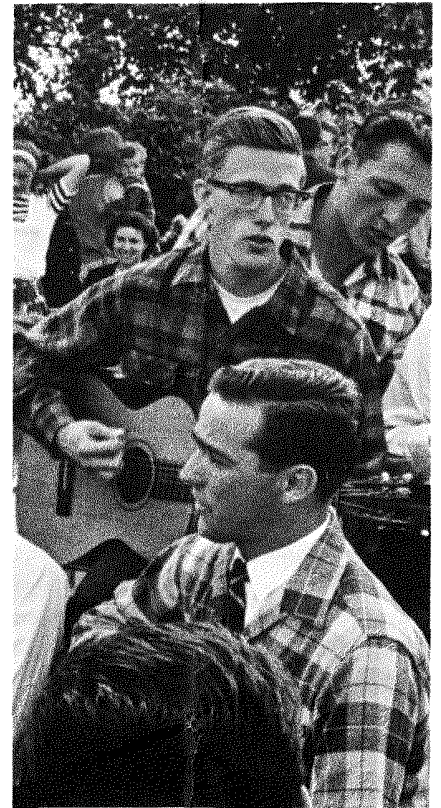
by Dave Walton

Ever flogged away at your *fremde Sprache* — wondering how it would help bring home the beef bacon? Right now a man, *completely ignorant of German* when coming to College, is working in the Düsseldorf office.

John Karlson, of Swedish stock, comes from Michigan, U. S. A. Besides "Deutsch" activities, he was also guitarist for the pioneer Pasadena band. In sports he ran the mile and played on the Senior basketball team. Among his other responsibilities were Ambassador Club president and dormitory monitor.

John now steps into the shoes of Mr. Crandall who has moved up to take the post left vacant by Mr. Freibergs. At the moment, John is reading mail and taking further classes in German.

Don't miss the chance of getting to know John better at the Feast this year.



"Way down upon the Elbe River. . ."



I know that sixpence is in here somewhere.

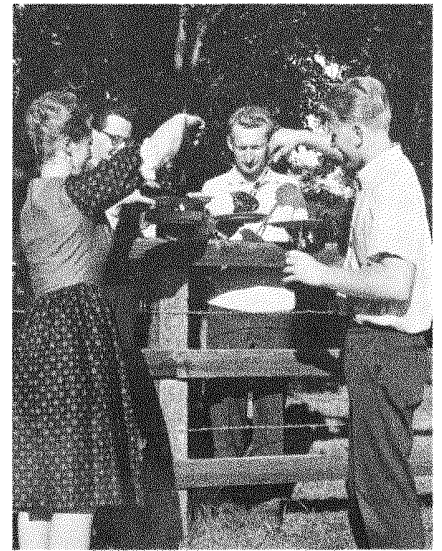
AMBASSADOR

“EAT-IN”

“It’s *not* another tea in the woods,” came the definite announcement. This was the first indication of another Ambassador innovation – a real *barbecue*.

The woods behind the Music Hall provided the shade; the adjoining cow pasture, the barbecue pit; and hay bales, the seats. Steak, chicken, baked potatoes, salad, strawberry shortcake, and beer – what more could a ravenous Ambassador ask for.

Although it was a Bar-B-Q,



Sacrifices without a temple?

there was no *queuing*. Instead the Seniors served the meal while the guests enjoyed themselves in singing along with Bill Moore’s one-man string band. The viscera-*tonic* group satisfied, the film *Major Dundee* satiated those desirous of further entertainment.

MAN IN DORM !

by Virginia Parker

Girls! Isn’t it just great to sleep in on Sunday mornings – with no worries about getting to work or class? But there *are* certain disadvantages to this indulgence.

Let’s take a peek inside the girl’s dormitory and expose the truth witnessed only by the distaff side.

9 o’clock. Yawn, stretch, sigh! You decide you’ve had sufficient beauty rest and roll out of bed. You pay no attention to a faint ring of the doorbell. Gathering together such sundry items as your curler bag, Camay, toothbrush, and Colgate, you complete the picture with robe and slippers. Still rubbing the sleep from your eyes, you reach for the door handle. An all-too-familiar shout stops you frozen.

“MAN IN DORM!”

“Oh *NO*, what am I going to do? I can’t even get dressed because all my clothes are hanging up in the laundry room. Trapped, in my own room. Ooooo, how I hate to have our floor waxed! Why can’t we have rugs, anyway? I know! I’ll tell him to build character, close his eyes and I’ll make a mad dash to the bathroom! No, that won’t work.

“Oh help! Why did I ever sleep so late? Oh hurry up. Boy, those

janitors always seem to have perfect timing. Why doesn’t he finish? Plain inconsiderate, that’s what he is. I know. I’ll straighten up my clothes and closet. *Then* maybe he’ll be gone by the time I’m finished.”

One hour later, you possess the straightest drawers and cupboards on campus. You open the door a crack and listen. Not a sound. You yell, “Is he gone?” “Yeah, he just left.”

Great! You fly down the hall like greased lightning, managing to arrive safely in the bathroom with all your paraphernalia. Just as you commence brushing your teeth you hear the sharp trill of the doorbell. Probably only some girl who forgot her key. Then –

“MAN IN DORM!”

“*GHASTLY!* Now I’m trapped in the bathroom! Whoever said lightning doesn’t strike twice in the same place? Horrors. What’ll I ever do in *here* for an hour?”

Yes, this is the truth about Sunday morning. The janitors are A-OK *outside*, but *inside* it’s a different story. We girls are agreed on one thing. It may be nice having a man around the *house* – but not in the *dormitory!*

Baseball

(Continued from p. 3)

With the final innings to come, Bruce’s team led by one point. With bases loaded and two men out, tension was high as the opposing team tried for that vital homer. “Strike one” – two chances left. As Penny nervously raised the bat, John unwound a curler. *CRAACK!!* – and sagging hopes lifted. But a quick catch dashed them to their final repose. Mighty Penny had struck out!

The final score read 6 to 7. The winners? Ambassador College!

Cricket

(Continued from p. 3)

ple. After all, we could have gone into late cuts, sixes, and hitting through covers. But we didn’t – we might have been caught in the slips.

How would you like to hit a square-leg boundary? If you execute a French cut you may be caught in the gully. Why not pad up, join in the fun and venture beyond the pop-crease! (‘Owzat?)