



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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BROADCAST BRINGS —

BIGGEST RESPONSE EVER!

By Dave Ord

FOR TWELVE YEARS Radio Luxembourg *whispered* the WORLD TOMORROW broadcast to the British Isles. One, and later two programmes weekly brought steady, but slow response.

But on January 5th, 1965 — just *twelve* years after the opening of Luxembourg — powerful RADIO LONDON beamed Mr. Armstrong's arresting voice to the British people! Mail began to trickle in.

Then May 9th, *Radio Caroline* aired the programme, reaching the north-west of England. Soon *Radio City* joined the other stations.

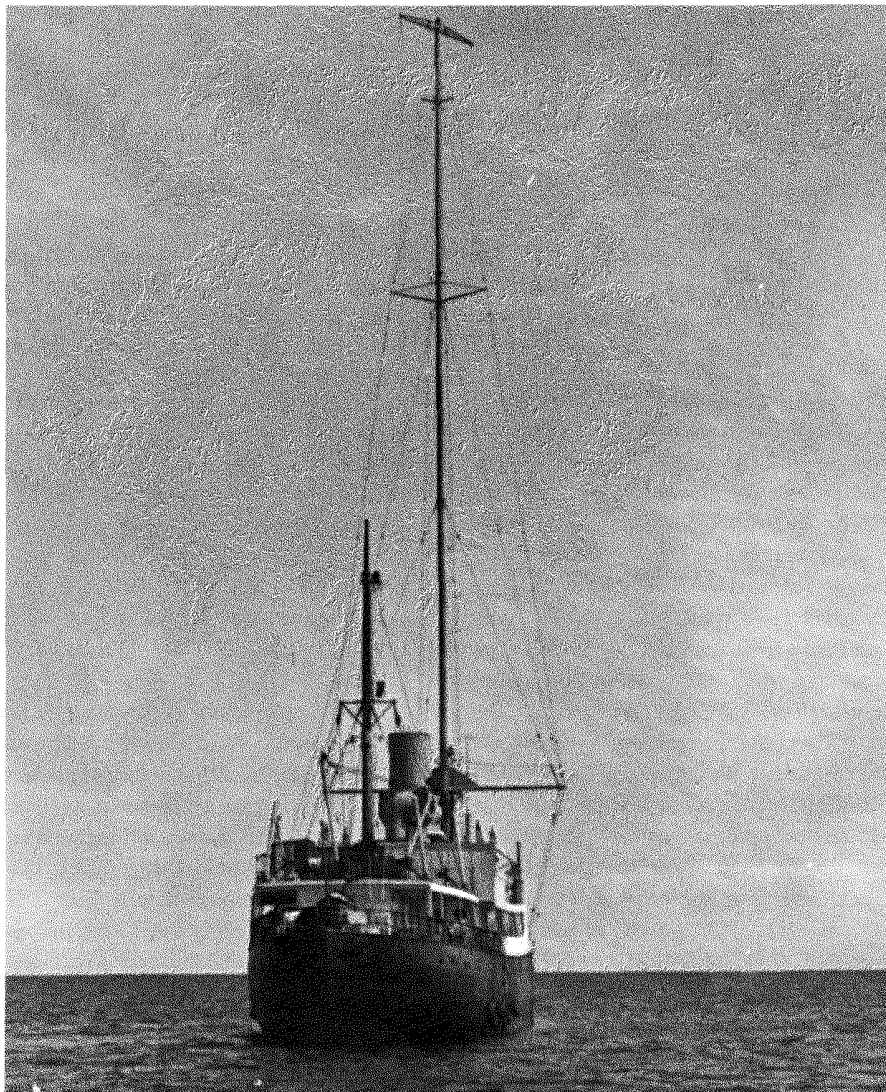
Mr. Ted Albeury's 390 took the broadcast on Sunday, December 12th that same year. The "sweet music" *family* format of the station built a rapidly growing response to The WORLD TOMORROW.

By January, 1966, the White Mail count had climbed from Luxembourg's handful to three-hundred letters weekly. And soon 390 alone was pulling in *several hundred new letters* WEEKLY.

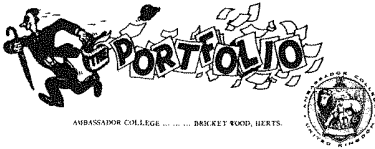
Then a crisis struck. Prosecution temporarily silenced 390. But it returned to the airwaves some weeks later.

Meantime other ships took to the air. The first stations, plus *Scotland*, 270 and 355 now blanketed

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The ships lie silent . . . but for how long?



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BROADCAST

(Continued from Page 1)

Britain. And July, 1966, the New Mail count soared to 1,040 letters in one week! The response held up at six or eight hundred each week. Then, August 3rd this year, a new record was set at 1,070!

By this time 390 was no longer transmitting. One week later, 355 left the air too. *Still* the white mail response rocketed upwards -- to a new high of 1,119!!

The final broadcast, at least for the present, was beamed to Britain from Radio Caroline on the evening of August 14th. Now -- the challenging voice of Mr. Armstrong has been denied to *millions* of listeners!

But Mr. McNair expressed confidently that The WORLD TOMORROW shall *yet* be THUNDERED to these people!

Ambassadors, the scope of the warning to Britain may well depend on US! *Are we prepared?*

Editorial

Taint Texas Talk!

By Colin Sutcliffe

Greetings from the wide-open spaces of Texas and the Big Sandy Campus!

Long ago Texas men cut down the trees and robbed the soil of nutrients by excessive cotton planting. It was left highly *acidic* and almost lifeless.

Vast acreages of East Texas were saved from total erosion only by planting pine and oak forests. Without these it would be a *Sabara* of shifting sand.

But now, out of this *poorest* of land, a pioneer farming project is producing *bumper crops!* Here's how it's done:

Most needed soil microbes don't thrive under acid conditions. The first step was to neutralize the soil by adding diatomaceous earth. Then organic material, a type of soft brown coal, was mixed with almost pure sand. This provided food for bacteria and helped further reduce the acidity of the sand.

The final step was to spray bacteria onto the land in a "highly aromatic" solution in which they are cultivated.

This is no magic formula for solving all the problems of farmers and gardeners, but rather a "pump-priming" operation designed to restart the natural process man has ground to a halt by chemical fertilizers.

Already producing good vegetables, grain and meat from Texas sand, we should see startling results if we can use this same method in Bricket Wood.

Now's the time to think about adjusting your sense of smell to the "highly aromatic" solution that is rapidly brewing and preparing to cross the Atlantic!

(Ed.: Mr. Silcox's "highly aromatic" solution is a different vintage!)

WE SLEPT IN A PALACE!

By Stan Suehocki

In Vienna, Austria, this summer a friend and I had the dubious pleasure of sleeping in a palace!

It all started when we arrived in Vienna at 11:30 one evening. At this time most of the cheap hotels are taken. We were left with our heavy suitcases in the railway station. Suddenly a small, plump Viennese woman approached us. To our amazement she offered us bed and breakfast for fifteen shillings each. We accepted.

When we got to our room, we found it was part of a home-art studio. The building had been an old palace! The studio was on one floor.

The room itself looked as though the artist had had seven year's bad luck. The bed gave me a taste of what the Alps were like! The place was so creepy we didn't dare sleep with the lights off!

I never dreamed of the day I would be GLAD to leave a *palace!*

STUDENT VISITS FOREIGN OFFICE

By Andreas Fischer

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Have you ever wanted to work in an overseas office? Did you wonder what it is like? Let's look in on a day in the Geneva office where ANDREAS FISCHER worked six weeks this summer.*

I was standing at a *rue de la Servette* bus stop in Geneva. I had come down from the office. Seventy-five letters from France, Belgium and Switzerland had set the day off to a busy start. Twelve thousand French PLAIN TRUTHS had to be mailed out before the weekend, all to be addressed by hand first. That evening the office would be cleared for the Bible Study.

This morning Mr. Gould phoned. He wanted an apartment for Mr. Beardsmore and his family who are arriving August 3rd. to plan the Feast of Tabernacles. But nothing seemed suitable. Everything was expensive, too large, or far away.

Suddenly, on the other side of the *rue de la Servette*, I saw a familiar looking blue Ford Custome. You guessed!

Mr. Dart and a group of Ambassadors were in Geneva. How good to see familiar faces. But the big surprise was still to come. While I finished the incoming mail and booked the flat for Mr. Beardsmore, the students just joined the office staff and stuffed the magazine into envelopes. Soon 8,500 copies were in the mail.

While at Geneva I ate at many different restaurants, but my most enjoyable meal was with these same students. After work we went up to Mrs. Wilkins and had a marvellous garden picnic.

Just one day at the Geneva office!

* * *

Do you find alarm clocks

- (a) useful?
- (b) irritating?
- (c) with a well-aimed slipper?



Keeping rain out of the grub! Who said the pioneer spirit is dead . . . ?

"SO SCOTTIE IS A SKINFLINT, IS HE?"

By Bob Bennett

Is it true what they say about the Scots? Do they really ride *twenty to a taxi* in Edinburgh? Does Jock *wring out the cork* when he opens a bottle of Scotch? These questions were answered when four Ambassadors packed into a car and headed north for five days.

At 1 a.m. the first night, in the Trossachs, we found a roadside campsite without the "No Camping" sign common to *good* campsites. But oh — no matches! The tent was erected in a blackness shared by ten million *greedy* (Scottish!) mosquitoes. There we learned Lesson No. 1 — *Never pitch camp in a hollow* — the bugs have open season! Next day we understood our sardine feeling. We had pitched our large tent on the posts of the small one!

In Scotland it *rains, always!* And especially at meal times! Our second night was spent in Glen Nevis, a beautiful valley at the foot of Ben

Nevis. Its mosquitoes were Scotland's *MEANEST*. The mount was typical of Scottish highlands — blanketed by heavy rain clouds.

We saw Scotland's most beautiful scenery on the drive along the lochs to the East Coast. Wild countryside — untamed, misty and lonely — fitting for the many monasteries and castles whose weathered ruins we passed.

The people in this area are refreshingly tall, healthy, and sunburnt. And from our experience, *very generous!* After a night on a Stonehaven farm where we were heartily welcomed and well fed, there was little truth for us in the old "Scottie is a Skinflint" fable.

In every way, with its hale and hearty people, shaggy sheep and cattle, rugged and lonely highlands, Scotland is beautifully different.

It's a *MUST* for touring Ambassadors!



News Bureau . . . KING SIZE!

FIRST HAND NEWS

By David Price

Fifty million people are challenged each week by the dynamic WORLD TOMORROW programme. Britain too has been searched by its probing spotlight and much of the broadcast material comes from British news sources.

From New Zealand and Australia, Singapore and India, South Africa and Rhodesia, the Middle East and Europe, listeners send a flood of newspaper cuttings to our news bureau.

These, together with British and European newspapers, enable our office to provide a wealth of material for the many PLAIN TRUTH articles written this side of the Atlantic. The files are also available to students and faculty for speeches and assignments.

Weekly, the top cuttings are sent to Pasadena for the Ambassador "NEWS REPORT". As world events crescendo to a climax, the need for an accurate news summary grows. So now, the NEWS REPORT, specially selected from hundreds of sources, will be available to students in dormitory lounges and the Common Room in addition to the library. Let's use it!

SHOE-STRIPPING STRIPPER!

By Kerry McGuiness

Blistering flesh, clothing disintegrating — this was the scene as the gallant floor-crew crossed the frontiers of science into a brave new world of "floor seal strippers".

The company representative said, "Apply the stripper with a broom". You've heard of the proverbial "toothless comb", well we finished with a *bristleless broom*. A pitiful sight!

Next we had to decide how to remove the stripper and the seal. First we tried our "indestructible" nylon scouring pads. Within minutes they were ruined! They lay like *black gelatinous balls* in rows along the skirting boards. Our second line of attack was the scrubbing brush. But within yards the bristles were a solid

mass of wax, seal, stripper, and cork dust.

Then we tried wire-wool pads. Within seconds they were reduced by half! Mr. Gore resolved to use the only "modus operandi" available: "On your knees and take it off by hand!"

The next snag struck when we tried to apply the floor seal. I didn't realize my shoes had been *eaten* by the stripper! As I walked along the newly-laid surface, *my sole was left behind!*

Even Mr. Gore fell victim. When he tried to scrape some solidified seal from his finger, the skin came off too. Next time you find the activities of the maintenance men inconvenient, remember the *bazards* these stalwarts brave!

IMPORTANT!

This year's Feast is only weeks away, and with it comes the student talent show.

Already Mr. McLean is putting the band through their paces on numbers to excite and stimulate this year's audience. Members of the Chorale are practising solo and group numbers.

Suggestions for entertainment will be welcomed by this year's producer, Lyle Welty. Watch out for anything good on T.V. or radio. But better still, get your head down and THINK. Who knows, you might be a star this year!



Mr. McNair

NEW COLLEGE HOME FOR DEPUTY CHANCELLOR

By Dan Brock

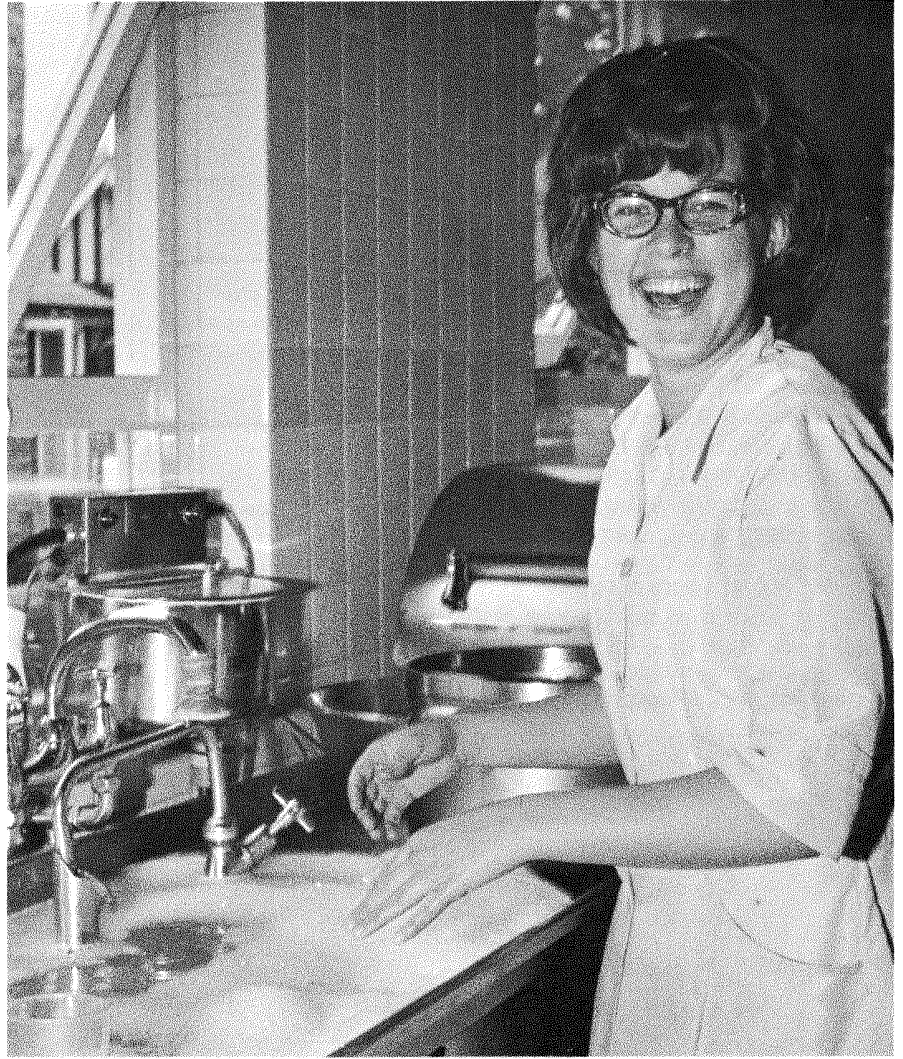
Construction has now begun on a beautiful three-bedroom, two-bathroom brick bungalow on the site of Smug Oak Lodge.

Thursday, the 3rd of August, bulldozers demolished the old bungalow and carved out the area on which the "L" shaped structure will stand.

The bungalow will include a private study for Mr. McNair, a laundry room and access to a spacious garden through double glazed doors. The flat-roofed house will have an adjoining garage. Construction, by Wm. King & Sons, should be completed within eight or nine months. At last, a dream of many years comes true!



Demolition complete!



Horace . . . In FLOOD!

HORACE HORRIBLY BUTCHERED!

By Alberta Adams

Horace is our garbage disposal unit. He performs perfectly all week – till Sabbath morning and time for singing. Joy, singing merrily while washing up, suddenly sees her coffee cups floating in a swiftly-rising pool of water. "Oh, NO!" she screams – and runs for help! By the time someone stops the tap the whole bench is covered by coffee-staining water.

Horace has rebelled!

Refusing to be corrected by a female hand, the cry goes up for Jon the butcher. And Jon may be any-

where from Lakeside to the Japanese Gardens. Meanwhile, Horace takes a trip to Coventry.

Soon Jon arrives. He's the man of the family – he'll fix it!

"What a mess! Why didn't you turn the tap off?"

With faultless attitude Jon issues a blow from his crowbar, and Horace is set for another week.

Horace subdued, dishes are soon ended. Even the blackest sheep of the family can, after manhandling, become as converted as a rugby ball!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

B.C.M. AMBASSADOR

By Stuart Powell

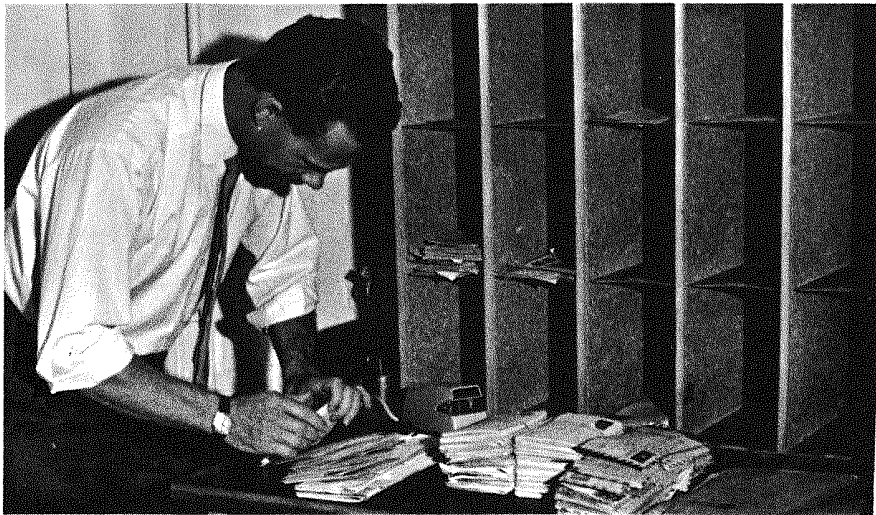
B.C.M. stands for nothing more sinister than BRITISH COMMERCIAL MONOMARKS – our mail forwarding agency in London. We use the address because it's easy to remember, for convenience, and for *a penny a letter!*

Each morning the mail is collected in London by a mail reader. One and a half hours later, (subject to co-operation from British Rail and Transport), Mail Opening take over.

Letters are opened and stapled ready

for reading. The mail is sorted, counted and read immediately (with furrowed brows and mutters about incompetent handwriting teachers in British schools!). The coding of requested literature is then marked on envelopes.

The envelopes are typed, checked and passed to the Mailing section for "stuffing", and tomorrow morning's mail collection. Day after day the cycle continues handling 4,000, 5,000, or even 6,000 letters in a single week.



Sorting B. C. M. mail

MILITARY MALARKY

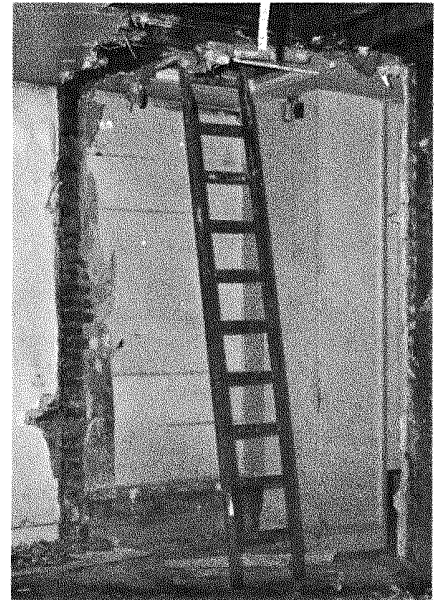
By John Stettaford

Among the items featured in the 1967 Royal Tournament in London was a Diving and Bomb Disposal Display by the Navy showing how mines are rendered harmless. The show included a parade of the Police Dogs which protect R.A.F. airports, and a team of Army gymnasts defying nerve, muscle and endurance. Another highlight was a mock attack on an airport by guided missiles. Paratroopers dropping from the cavernous

heights of Earl's Court proved a thrilling sight!

The famous Musical Drive of The King's Troop Royal Horse Artillery was a spectacular exhibition of horsemanship at the gallop. Spectators were held on the edge of their seats when six teams of horses pulled 1½-ton guns at full speed in a dangerous scissor movement!

Just another excitement-packed evening for Ambassadors!



No, the students are NOT experimenting in the lab yet!

"AND THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN"

By Chris Carpenter

With a thunderous roar and a seismic thud, debris plummeted onto the road, hurling into the air a cloud of asphixiating dust. Shattered bricks plunged from the second floor windows. Was Joshua and his trumpet on the rampage again? Was Imperial School about to collapse?

So you might have thought as trumpeter Duncan McLean returned to his former trade. The construction of a science lab on the former site of two bathrooms and a kitchen called for the demolishing of three walls and a chimney. The loose state of the brickwork, now 400 years old, made the task easy. Demolition complete, carpenters moved in to construct a new roof for the lab. This year Imperial will pioneer a science course in their new laboratory.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

The greatest mistake you can make in life is to be continually fearing you will make one.

FRUSTRATING DATING

By
George Merritt

Did you know that animals take dating even more seriously than Ambassador men? Consider the problems of the male tiger. During the mating season, the female is fully aware of her attraction to him. She is a slinking, vicious creature who bides her time while he makes his overtures. An occasional swipe across the nose lets him know she is "responsive"! When she gets *friendly* he REALLY has to look out!

Female spiders have a habit of eating their mates. Some fellows describe a woman as a real "dish", but THIS is *too* much! If the female spider is *hungry*, the male hasn't a chance of inviting his date out. He finds himself a neatly trussed bundle being sucked of his vital juices by the female. She takes him for a *sucker!*

Water tortoises have a "treat 'em rough and they'll love you" approach. Swimming along the male sees a suitable female, heads her off, and beats her over the head with his claws. Unhurt, the female plays "hard to get" by swimming away. The male races after her, backs her up to the bank and wallops her again. He has to *beat* her into a date!

Then there are the birds of paradise. The male is the handsome decorative of the species. He displays a glittering array of colour, parades around his date, and performs somersaults to impress her. And the response from the female? She sits back and stares, waiting for the next trick.

Men, our girls don't claw. And you don't need a cave man club. They'll not drain you dry of your finances — they know you *haven't any!* They don't expect a *Rock Hudson* approach. *All they want is . . . a DATE!*



Cedars near Memorial Hall

MID-EAST KINGS COSMOPOLITAN ON CAMPUS RESTAURANT

By John Cunningham

Centuries ago the sub-alpine peaks of the Lebanese mountains were covered by hundreds of acres of the King of all trees — the majestic Cedar of Lebanon. Now, after two thousand years of indiscriminate use by man, the great Lebanese cedar forests have all but *disappeared!*

Three of these beautiful trees, each about 200 years old, grace the lawns of Ambassador.

The Cedar of Lebanon is "king" through majesty rather than height — though at anything from 60 to 100 feet it's quite impressive! The regal appearance stems from the graceful branches spreading from the trunk.

Its timber is a perfect building material, ideal for internal work such as ceilings and pillars. Some of the larger specimens have yielded boards up to *eighty feet long* and eight feet wide. The pleasantly-scented wood is hard, and immune to dry-rot and insect borers. Its great durability is why large quantities were used in many ancient buildings, notably *Solomon's Temple*.

And to think, we have three of these rare trees on campus!

Portfolio Reporter

A smiling, uniformed Doorman welcomed us to the Cosmopolitan Restaurant where Faculty and Students were dining that Sunday evening. We entered the Restaurant from the Girls' Quadrangle, warmed immediately by the rich, red atmosphere. Dim lights and trumpet music from the Cosmopolitan's resident trio and soloist George Merritt greeted us as a polite usher showed us to a pre-reserved table. Well-dressed, relaxed Ambassadors were enjoying the high-class surroundings. A charming waitress handed us the menu, printed attractively in French and English. We made our choice, ordered wine, and enjoyed the delicious five-course meal for a *full two hours!*

Waiters and waitresses were quietly unobtrusive, but present at just the right moment. On rising to leave we were ushered smilingly out of the Restaurant by Kerry McGuinness. Many thanks, Third Year, for a memorable evening!

* * *

Cricket is a game which the British invented to get a concept of eternity.

Out On... . . .



By Alberta Adams

We pushed off from the jetty with a doubtful mixture of trepidation and glee. George Menassas manfully manouvered us into midstream with his ten foot pole and began punting down the Cam.

Ever felt dizzy . . . ?!

George wanted to punt along the left bank. Next moment we were skirmishing with the bushes along the right bank! No stodgy steering down the middle of the river for him! We visited each bank – with regularity and force! It was a hot afternoon, so George obligingly treated Faire Linda and myself to a refreshing shower of what the Cam has to offer . . . "ugh!"

Kerry took over. If George was good, Kerry sparkled with consideration. A shower a minute without fail!

We were punting peacefully downstream in the hot afternoon sunshine, when a howl from the stern shattered the air.

What had befallen our gallant punter?

We gasped as a large branch seized him from the punt and dangled him helplessly thigh-deep in the water! Kerry clung desperately to his enemy while George grabbed the pole and splashed to the rescue with laudable zeal. But a passing punt picked up our stranded water-rat and delivered him to the bank.

Our venture drifted to a close, but at least our spirits weren't dampened. Why don't you try it sometime? (Punting I mean!)



Kerry RESTS . . . while punting?

A SWINGING EVENING AT THE SWISS STADTKELLER

By Garry Hamilton

The Stadtkeller in Lucerne, Switzerland, was the site of the festivities. Mrs. Horn had been there a couple of years ago and highly recommended it.

The clock struck eight and the evening swung into action. The show opened with typical Swiss songs and yodels and our own Barbara Nestor found herself taking part later on. She was selected out of an audience

of nearly 400 along with seven others. The lady said she wanted to teach all the "VOLUNTEERS" how to yodel. And Barbara won!

After three or four hours of dining – and sparkling Swiss beer, we left to continue our Continental Tour.

If you are ever in Lucerne, don't miss an outstanding evening – a night at the Stadtkeller!