



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Volume 9, Number 1

September 24th, 1967

FACULTY RECEPTION

by Chris Carpenter

The magnificent *International Lounge* provided an inspiring setting for the 1967 FACULTY RECEPTION. The nervous but excited Freshmen were introduced to Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong by Student President Bob Mitchell. Then they proceeded to meet the other members of the Faculty and their wives. Hand shake after hand shake marked the start of many friendships.

After the Reception, the Lounge was rearranged for the first dance of the college year. Students and Faculty danced to the music of the

Ambassador College Band — the FIRST time it has played at a formal dance!

The highlight of the evening came when Mr. Armstrong announced that our Bandmaster, Mr. Duncan McLean, and his wife are to go to Pasadena with the Chorale next January! A fitting reward indeed for Mr. McLean's diligent efforts with the Band.

The whole evening made a splendid beginning to what is shaping up to be a year of *accomplishment* and SUCCESS for all!



"...and this is Marion Henderson."

Birds of Grace

by Stanley Suchocki

Our swans have vanished. But for how long? Only the future will reveal. Perhaps, soon, our lakes will be revisited by these regal birds.

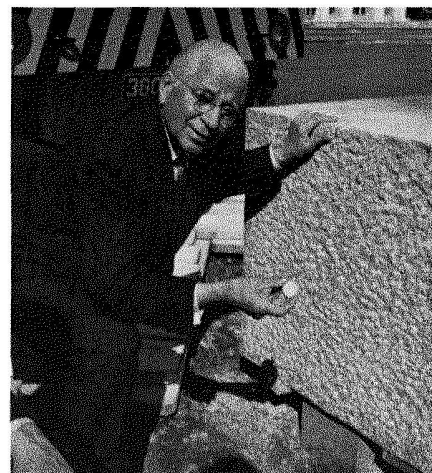
Declared a Royal Bird in England in 1482, owning a swan has become a special privilege granted only by the King.

But this legal protection afforded the swan is almost unnecessary. It is quite capable of looking after itself! It will fight tenaciously any

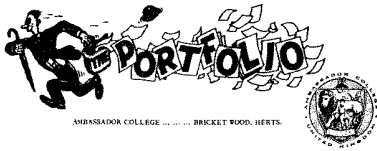
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Sculpture Arrives

Mr. David Wynne's beautiful sculpture of two swans on their nest will be unveiled today at 11 a.m. The moment the Bricket Wood campus has been anticipating all summer is here at last.



The marble masterpiece with its plinth of Cornish granite arrived at Ambassador on Thursday. Mr. Wynne personally supervised its erection — not even allowing an error of a fraction of an inch as nearly 4 tons of stone were manoeuvred. Mr. Armstrong placed a freshly minted coin of the realm on the foundation before the granite cube was finally lowered into place. Mr. Wynne explained that his goal had been to capture the love and security found within the family. Standing among the cedars, the swans will add dignity, grace and beauty to our grounds.



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Published tri-weekly by Ambassador
College, Bricket Wood, England

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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BONJOUR!

by Bob Mitchell

Welcome to Ambassador College, Bricket Wood!

From the four corners of the earth you have flown, sailed and motored over 250,000 miles to attend Ambassador College, Bricket Wood, the international college in Britain.

You are going to join scores of Britons, Americans, and Australians, and a host of other students from South Africa, Canada, Ireland, France, Switzerland, India, Germany, Japan, Malayasia, New Zealand, and Hungary.

Being here is about the next best thing to visiting a lot of the places. Here, without any more effort than it takes to walk up and say hello, you can gain a wealth of knowledge concerning the countries of your fellow students.

Many have been uprooted, leaving behind families, jobs and old acquaintances to *seize* this opportunity of a lifetime. You'll find yourself settling down in no time at all. But if you have any problems or questions don't hesitate to ask. The faculty, class officers, your room monitors, and fellow students are only too eager to help you.

This will be your home for the next four years. Four years that will whip by so quickly you'll wonder "what-all happened".

The pace is fast, the pressure's on, but it's a lot of fun. Somebody once compared Ambassador to a whirlwind! Welcome to the whirlwind — a whirlwind of happiness, productivity, and joy!

FOOTBALL FANATICS

by George Merritt

Soccer in summer? It's just not cricket!

Yet, twenty-two stalwarts have been playing soccer through the height of the cricket season!

A year ago, a few students played each Sunday afternoon. Otherwise, there was little interest in the game. Then came the World Cup. Nightly the Lounge and Common Room were *packed* as Ambassadors watched the matches on T.V. England's victory sparked interest around campus! Now Saturday evening's *Match of the Day* is watched enthusiastically by students from every nation.

Soccer dates back to the medieval days when villagers kicked, punched or carried the bladder of an animal toward the goal. The whole village took part in this "free for all"! First played at only special festivals, soccer gained popularity
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Portfolio Unveiled

by Dave Ord

The **PORTFOLIO** is *your own campus paper!* Published by the *Applied Journalism* class and printed by our own *Ambassador College Press*, it's written by students for students.

Portfolio keeps you in touch with what's happening around campus. It covers the BIG college news, filling in the background and little-known facts about events we all take part in. It also brings you information about the *unseen* or little-noticed happenings. Candid shots capture surprised Ambassadors *off guard* — let you peek in on those embarrassing moments!

Feature articles each issue take you on adventures that other Ambassadors have enjoyed — give you the benefit of their experiences.

All the big **SPORTING EVENTS** are featured too. No matter what the game, it's all in your *Sportfolio*. But, *remember!* The *Portfolio*

is what YOU, the students, *make it*. So why don't you write for *Portfolio*? If you think you've got something others would be interested in hearing about, write it up and turn it in to the *Editor*. YOU may make headlines next issue!

Fellows, do you want the girls to listen attentively when you speak? It's easy. Just whisper everything.

* * *

WARNING to all men! If she walks with a wiggle, it's a FRAUD. Bone specialist Dr. Louis Paradies revealed, "There's no physiological reason for women walking that way. It most certainly does not come naturally. It's got to be learned!"

* * *

Heard about the Senior who was advising a third year student? "Don't drop anything on the floor during World History. By the time you straighten up a hundred years will have passed by!"

AT YOUR SERVICE

by Yvonne Shafer

Unless you want to live like a hermit, this is one place you'll want to know all about. Unlike Picadilly Circus, the whole world doesn't pass through here, but all the students do. You don't know where the *Common Room* is? Then follow the crowd.

A warm welcome awaits you – especially if you're a cash customer! The staff of volunteer students can supply you with some of your basic needs. (If you're really desperate, there's credit for essentials.)

During the term it is open from 12:30 to 12:55 and from 6:30 to 10:00 p.m. Hot or cold drinks and tasty snacks of fruit, nuts, and crackling crunchy crisps can help to fill the aching void.

Toilet soaps, toothpaste, razor blades, deodorants are stocked. Also you'll find most of the essential basic stationery items. Binders, refills, pens, pencils, etc. But don't expect a Woolworths-type selection – we don't envision a take-over just yet!

Other services include dry cleaning and laundry. Cleaning must be placed in the Common Room by Monday night, properly identified with your name and details of the service you require. Shoes for repair should be left in the Common Room by Tuesday night. They will be back on Wednesday week.

For the sake of your not indestructible sole – make it clear what you want done.

NEVER take your clothing from the Common Room without first seeing the person in charge of the cleaning and repair service.

Then there's the bulletin board for lost and found articles and important college notices. Contact the Common Room manager about any notices you wish to pin up. If you've misplaced an item there's a good chance that you'll find it in the lost property box.

You'll soon feel right at home – see you there!



HEINZ HOFFMAN---Who's He ?

by David Ord

"Heinz Hoffman – who's he?"

"Some say he's the hairdresser on campus. But no, I've heard he's a mechanic in Transport. Then there's a rumour that he's a scientist – always brewing up new concoctions. I'm beat! Who is he?"

The fact is, he's all three! And if you're wise, you'll get into his good favour pretty smartly! There's only one way to do it – *learn to play CHESS!*

Heinz is our barber. His salon is situated above the boiler room in Lakeside. While he cuts the men's hair, his assistant *Marie Pique* styles hair for the ladies.

But – and here's the snag – you can't get a haircut just *any* time. You see, he works in Transport too! So you call him on 44 and make an appointment in advance.

That's not all! He's also our scientist . . . er . . . experimenter? Well anyway, he has a super solution "kill all"! It's an effective deodorant, stinging after shave, excellent dandruff killer, and power-packed athlete's foot combatant! But it's NOT an "all-purpose"

spray. Heinz describes it as a *fungus killer*, and it kills *all* fungus on any part of the body!

Despite humorous comments made about it, you'll find most students secretly admire and use this tonic. It was prepared with the advice and supervision of Doctor Stewart our own college physician. This deodorant is safer, cheaper, and more effective than any other known brand.

And there is good news for those who prefer other scents. Heinz is getting in a new batch of perfumes to cater for our different tastes.

There's also haircream for the fellows – *Heinz variety*.

So Ambassadors – dial *four four* and make your appointment now!

Here's a challenge the next time we have prunes for breakfast . . . see if you can beat this world record! William Mabey of London consumed 100 prunes in an unrivalled 11 minutes and 19 seconds in July, 1966. The report does not say what *effect* this had on him!

Southern Sorcery

by David Smith

Lourdes, France is the *Mecca* of Roman Catholicism. Thousands yearly flock to the site – the sick hoping to be healed, others to worship at the feet of Mary. This summer nine Ambassadors found it *nothing* like they had imagined.

We arrived before sunset one Friday night, at the height of the major pilgrimage of the year! Lourdes is in a beautiful setting at the foot of the Pyrenees, close to the Spanish border. The poplars and a clear running river in the valley reminded us of Southern England. Only the occasional palm tree gave it away.

From our hotel window we could see thousands of people streaming over the grey stone steps in front of the basilica. Megaphoned chants and wafted hymn singing drifted to our ears over the balmy southern air.

That night we strolled down the town's main shopping area. The area bustled with activity – everything appeared to be open. Junk shop upon junk shop lined the route selling everything from plastic Madonnas to your own personalized, prefabricated shrine!

Leaving the town we entered the religious sector. Looking up we saw the black silhouettes of two mountains dominating the skyline. On the top of one is an illuminated cross; on the other a flashing neon star.

Directly ahead, past the tulip beds and floodlit Madonna is the Grotto – scene of the "vision" appearing to a fourteen-year-old peasant girl, Bernadette, in 1858. The Grotto is the highlight of Lourdes. It was surrounded by people praying over their rosaries. The air was alive with murmurings and mumblings. Some just sat spell-bound on nearby benches. Glazed expressions on their faces reflected

intense devotion. Eerie light flickered from a tier of candles in the centre of the Grotto.

The candles ranged from the king size at ten francs (15/-) to the inferior one franc size. Handy metal candle dispensers were lined up alongside the Grotto. The spot where the vision took place is about ten feet up in the cliff face and is marked by a statue of the Virgin Mary. We joined a procession and walked around the Grotto encircling the pile of lighted candles. Black-robed figures glided by on all sides.

We finished our tour by visiting the largest underground church in the world. It is ten minutes walk from the Grotto and seats 20,000. It is made of pre-stressed concrete in the shape of an egg. Very impressive but like a huge bunker.

To understand Lourdes you must see it – at night.

Swans

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human or animal intruder that trespasses its domain. Did you know that the knucklebone of a four-foot wing could break your arm?

Many people think that swans are mute. But they will emit a hissing sound when frightened or angry. They will even bark like puppies when calling their young. Scientists have also witnessed swans making a plaintive and musical song just before they die – the fabled *swan song* now immortalised in today's idiom.

Swans are not only capable fighters but excellent swimmers and superb fliers. They can soar through the air at up to fifty miles an hour. A swan in flight is a picture of

Soccer

(Continued from p. 2)

so rapidly that it almost endangered the nation's security! In 1400 archery was the national sport and the army was drawn from the top warriors. Sport was a preparation for war! Instead of shooting "bulls-eyes", the villagers preferred to kick bladders.

Broken shins and heads, torn coats and lost hats were all to be had from the game. "If this is what the Englishmen do in *play*, what do they do in war?" asked an 18th century French observer!

It's all different now. This year, under the control of referee Paul Anness, Faculty and student teams will be out to gain points for Sport's Day.

Keep abreast of the games with the *weekly* SPORTFOLIO. Better still, get out and support your class this season!

* * *

"No one is born with a prejudice against others, but everyone is born prejudiced in favour of himself," -- Dr. Stafford Clark, Psychiatrist.

grace, power and co-ordination.

Swans are also loyal to their mates, staying with them for life. Once a female was trapped in the Detroit River ice beds. While she was being nursed by her rescuers, the male swan would not leave the area. Finally, the female swan was released and she quickly joined her faithful companion. Together they disappeared over the horizon.

But even though our lakeside swans may have left us for a season, David Wynn's delightful birds will now stand for all to admire on the south lawn.

* * *

Another gastronomic extravaganza! Til Jensen of California holds the SPAGHETTI record. He ate *six* platefuls or 4,800 *ft* in twenty minutes flat. Ever had that full feeling?