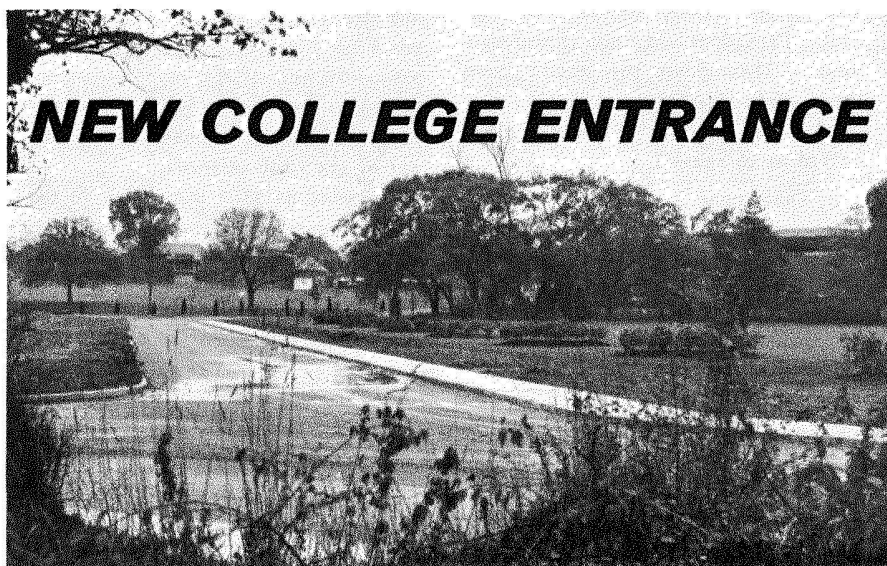




AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Vol. 9 No. 3

November, 14th 1967



NEW COLLEGE ENTRANCE

by Cliff Ackerson

The new college entrance is rapidly taking shape! A select group of gardeners are planting several rows of young chestnut trees and rhododendron shrubs on each side of the entrance. These will be part of a picturesque drive between Smug Oak Lane and the graceful willows by the first Lake.

You may have seen the twisted hulks of toppled trees near the main road. But take courage! New trees and bushes will shortly take their place to make the campus even more breathtaking!

The plan is to create a *balanced* entrance. Whatever is planted on one side will be duplicated on the other forming a symmetrical approach toward the lakes.

But this natural beauty of the

main entrance is only the beginning. Now we're eagerly looking forward to the highlight of the Smug Oak approach: the MAIN GATES! As yet no definite deadline date has been set for these gates because of the present direction of the tree planting programme.

And Smug Oak Lane itself is due for a face lift. The County Council are making long range plans to *widen* the lane on both sides of the main entrance way. This will give a more impressive view of the College, as well as easier access by car.

After the New Girls' Dorm is finished, the Administration Building will begin taking shape. This ultra-modern Faculty Building will

(Continued on page 6)

Hope For The Future—

MANX RADIO

Tiny Manx Radio is presently Britain's only outlet for *the World Tomorrow* broadcast. Recently I visited the studios of *Radio Man-ninagh*, as it is called in Manx Gaelic. I watched *the World Tomorrow* tape being aired in the confined but friendly atmosphere of the station's headquarters. From here the voice of Mr. Garner Ted Armstrong goes out to a potential audience of some 50,000 Manxmen. Over one million Britons on the coasts of the Irish Sea are also in range of the signal.

Pocket-sized 1,000 watt Manx Radio is unique in all of Britain. It is the nation's only *licensed* commercial radio station, set up by permission of the G.P.O. Perfectly legal, it has proved a great success in trailblazing local radio.

(Continued on Page 2)





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Editorial

Lesson Learned!

by a Club President

"Will the Club please come to order!" These words at the beginning of each Ambassador Club have meant different things to me during each of my three years in Ambassador Clubs.

The first time I heard them was when Frank Brown was our club President in my Freshman year. Throughout the entire first three clubs I tried to dodge everyone's eyes so that I wouldn't be called on to speak!

That year I put nothing into Club, and I took precious little out of it.

In my second year, Steve Martin uttered those nerve-wracking words. Still I dreaded each assignment.

But I did learn something that year. I listened to the Director's evaluations, and I read my manual.

Last year Dan Botha called the club to order. This time I was ready to learn! I learned WHY constant alertness, drive, and ENTHUSIASM are stressed so often. I learned from our Club Director that this two hour period is one of the most important things in the week. And I especially learned from the example of service set by the Club officers.

I tried to give something to the Club at every opportunity last year. The club gave me even more. I began learning how to serve others!

And you know what? This year I called the Club to order!

Manx

(Continued from Page 1)

What of the future? There are two possibilities. One is that the government may use this station as a prototype for a local broadcasting system across Britain. But the present socialist government is reluctant to lose its stranglehold on mainland broadcasting, and the prospect of *the World Tomorrow* going on such stations is remote.

The alternative is breathtaking! Should the pin-sized Isle of Man gain a degree of independence, it may erect a radio mast which would thunder the broadcast to the entire British Isles!

Keep your eyes on Manx Radio — the only station in Britain carrying the vital message of *the World Tomorrow!*

* * *

If necessity is the mother of invention, how come all this unnecessary stuff is invented?

At Last . . .

NEW SCIENCE LAB!

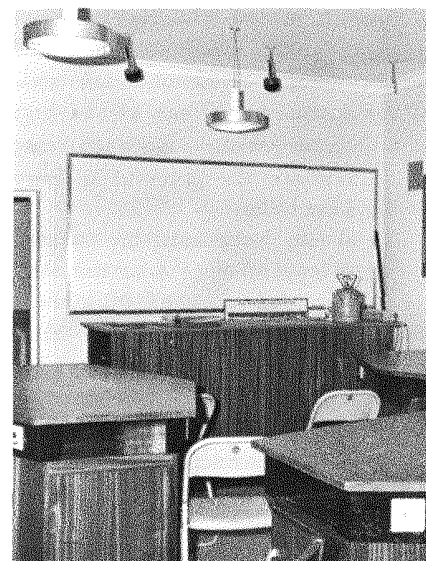
In the pioneering years Memorial Hall housed most of Ambassador activities. But soon it may be used for *classes exclusively*.

When the Dining Hall was built five years ago, two rooms which previously served as a dining centre were released for teaching purposes. But even these facilities were outgrown. So the recently completed wing was added to the north face. This wing enabled the Domestic Science Department to expand, and gave us yet another classroom: a *science lab*.

The new lab will be the home of the physical and biological science classes. It will be furnished with professional equipment. The newly designed science benches can be used not only for experimentation,

but also for lectures. Among other equipment we will have our weather communication teleprinter. And in the future we hope to install weather satellite picture reception apparatus!

When completed, the lab will help students get a far better grasp of this fascinating science course.



Almost complete

Shorthorn Shuffle

The Meal Monitor raps on the table. As attentive eyes focus on his commanding figure, he firmly announces: "There are *seconds* in milk. We have 50 gallons, and if we don't drink it up soon, it'll spoil."

What a switch! It wasn't too many moons ago when the kitchen almost had to ration out the creamy cow juice by the teaspoonful! And there was a *reason* for it.

The cows we've had up till now were Jerseys. We were milking seven of them and doing quite nicely. Their milk was thick and rich, but we netted only 1½ to 2 gallons per cow each day.

Not so any more!

The farm is standardizing its beef and dairy stock. This means that we're replacing our present herd with 67 head of *Dairy Shorthorns* from a cattleman in Hampshire. We want to build a pure strain herd and at the same time get beef and dairy produce from a *single* herd, rather than from two as before.

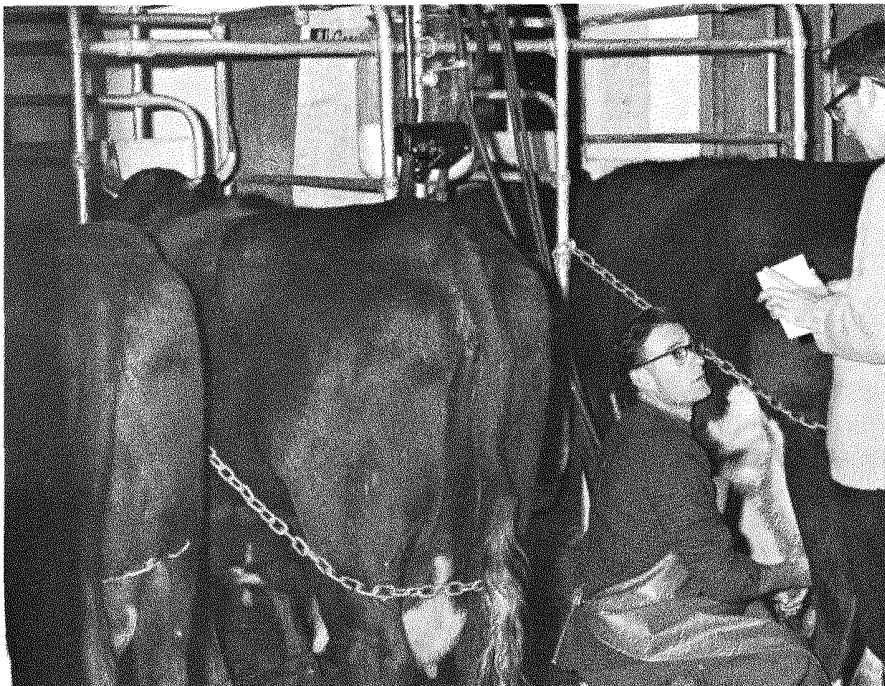
The farm hopes to have 26

milking cows within the next four months. Although they'll be milked only once a day, each should give an average of *four gallons per milking!* Some Dairy Shorthorns are able to give up to *seven* gallons a day! Milk shortages in the Dining Hall will be unheard of.

Our beef will come from Short-horn steers, as well as from the dairy herd. Shorthorns are bigger and more suitable for all purpose use and handle much easier than our former mixed herd.

Milking itself has presented a problem in times past. Even now our small milking unit milks only two cows at a time, and it can take up to three hours to complete the entire operation. That difficulty will vanish when a new overhead milking system is set up. This drains four cows in one smooth operation!

So where do we go from here? The sky's the limit as we search out better ways for growing crops and raising cattle - *God's way.*



No more shortages!

Ambassadors Tour London

by Nick Ursem

Sunday morning - and a group of new Ambassadors packed into our coach to see the world's financial capital - LONDON.

Touring through the East End, we got a glimpse of the many docks, jam-packed with ships among forests of cranes. While a tape played sound effects of the Battle of Britain, shots of the action were passed around as Mr. Howes explained the effects of the bombing on London.

Mid-morning coffee rejuvenated us at the Tower of London, and the ancient gates of the Tower made an excellent background for snapshots of our dates posing alongside the Royal Guards.

Next we passed through the glittering shopping centre. Then to the Houses of Parliament, Trafalgar Square, Picadilly Circus and Buckingham Palace. We arrived at the Palace just in time to see the Changing of the Guard.

Lunch was rapidly devoured in Leicester Square where masses of pigeons were only too willing to lend a helping beak!

In the afternoon we saw the film, "The Soul of a Nation" in the Imperial War Museum. Late afternoon a weary but satisfied group of Ambassadors headed home - better educated about the famed metropolis thanks to Mr. Howes.

It is well, when one is judging a friend, to remember that he is judging you with the same godlike and superior impartiality.

--Arnold Bennett

* * *

A church is a place in which gentlemen who have never been to heaven brag about it to persons who will never get there.

--H.L. Mencken

A Specious Origin of the Species!

by Francis Bergin

For countless centuries upon centuries we human beings have scratched our heads wondering how we got here on this planet.

Was it from slime, scum, or sludge?

Well now I intend to clearly, absolutely, positively, without a *shadow* of doubt, and beyond *all* contradiction, show you how we *possibly, might have* come to be.

Cast your minds back for a moment. . . way back. . . No, farther than that.

You'll have to imagine a dark, unfanthomable nothingness alive and pulsating with dramatic forces.

From this our marvellous universe started with a *bang!* And from this enormous bang arose the first *fantastic* molecule of matter. Then over roughly 2,345,567.068 years (approximately) later, the sun, moon, stars, and all the other planets fell *neatly* into place.

Now let's turn our attention to the earth and the life just *itching* to spring suddenly into existence.

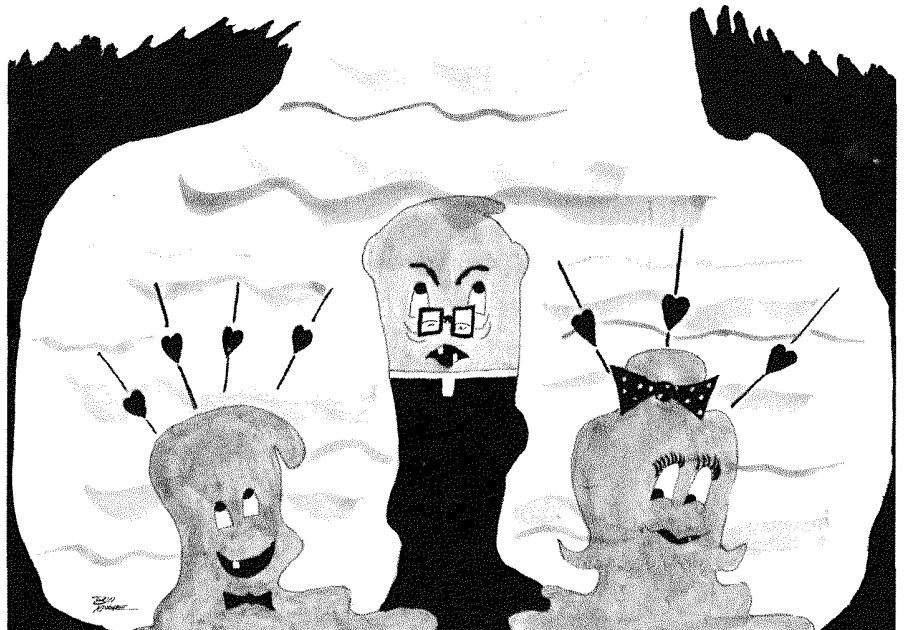
One bleak and rainy day in this long forgotten world, from the dynamic and vibrant clouds, a fateful bolt of lightning threaded its way through the dense primordial atmosphere surrounding the earth in ominous layers, and struck with fateful accuracy a single molecule of rich brown *scum* that had conveniently gathered itself together on the barren face of the steaming planet.

Nothing like this had ever happened before!

The molecule was *stunned!* It would *never* be the same again!

Because of a chance interaction of the inter-atomic bonding energy, coupled remarkably with the miraculous arrival of electrically synthesised organic acids encased in a warm protecting blanket of positive ions, it was **ABSOLUTELY UN-AVOIDABLE** that *life* would begin.

And begin it did.



Lovesick amoeba – who performed the ceremony?

Now to prove for yourselves that all this actually did happen, all you have to do is repeat the process synthetically and you'll get identical results – provided you have the proper soup mix. (We recommend *Campbell's* in economy 1/4d. size, with the free booklet entitled *The Origin of the Species*. All you need do is collect 3 fossil vouchers from *Kellogg's Stoneflakes*.)

But now back to the story. A certain *chemical urge* had arisen in this small amoeba to cause it to feel lonely and to desire companionship. So several million years later it split into half.

However, as a result of this interaction over a long period of time, our careful research makes us absolutely certain that it developed through many long links (*all of which we have unfortunately not been able to find*) into what we all know as the common fish. We know this to be a fact because they both had something in common – *water*, and evolutionary time *scales*.

But once these fish began to see

the formation of the land over millions of years, and the mountains rising out of the scum, they had a conscious awareness that the scum was *greener on the other side!*

The change from fin to leg and other changes that were to follow can easily be summarised by saying that a combination of mutations, natural selection, and a *little luck* brought about certain ecological differences which ultimately allowed these very appropriate changes to take place. I'm sure that's very clear. Also, *Parkinson's Law* gives us substantial evidence in this connection.

Some desired the water, while others lusted after the land. But, despite these very relevant factors, the *restless dynamism* of these creatures finally spurred them to great heights.

They'd seen the outstanding example of the gracefully flying insects that had developed along the same time scale. And so, after untold millions of Olympic standard jumps and dives, one species of

lizard *finally succeeded!* (Reference is made to this in the 25th December issue of the *Scientific Aborigine*.)

Getting back to earth, mammals were developing. One branch of the mammalian genus separated from the rest of the mammals in the process known to all mathematicians as "division". It's from this branch that the apes and monkeys spring.

One fine day, one gorilla found another gorilla in the forest. He noticed that her arms and feet were different from his. There was something about her that he couldn't resist. The way her skin stretched across her face *did something* to him. There she was — a *real* knockout, five foot two, all 23 stone of her. She was *ravishing* with her sunken forehead and hunched posture.

This thing was *bigger* than both of them. It was *love at first sight*.

His wayward spirits were tamed and from that day onwards his only desire was to settle down, become a family man, and procreate other powerful pinheads like himself.

So *strong*, in fact, was this domesticity that it had a great influence on the ape and his children to follow. Becoming fed up with her husband's nomadic life in the trees, she demanded that they branch out and turn over a new leaf. What she wanted was a *cave of her own!*

And so, as the years wore on, the ape's hair wore off.

Sitting there holding the wool for the new clothes his wife was knitting him, his mind began to turn to more speculative channels — (BBBC-2) — *Why was I born?* — *Where am I going?* — *What is My Destiny?*

Filled with a burning desire to find out he started experimenting. While his wife was knitting, the friction of her needles rubbing together produced a flame.

He realized that he was *playing with fire!* And from then on, he developed by leaps and bounds.

Ladies and Gentlemen, it has
(Continued on Page 6)



The Dating Game

by Jim Davison

Here's a *special report* only married women needn't read! It reveals the "innermost churnings" of the male mind. It's the TRUTH behind Ambassador dating. The confidential, untold story about stereotyped daters.

First we have the *Organised Dater*. He's the self-martinet of the dating set. He methodically alphabetizes each Ambassador co-ed. Then he proceeds to the action step. For days he follows his next prospect, awaiting the right moment — then he moves in for the kill. Should he fail, not only is his organization shattered but his ego crushed. Humbly he moves to the next in line.

Then there is the *Nervous Dater*. For fear of being turned down this particular male asks four to six months in advance. Making sure his date is constantly secured, he re-confirms it each week. A prime example of a nervous dater is the one who dates for the Graduation Ball the night of the Freshman Reception.

Type three — the *Benevolent*

Dater. He tries to date each girl in order to share himself, because he doesn't want to deprive anyone of their rightful turn. At times he even requires himself to date more than one at a time to fulfill his deadline.

Type four in the list of daters is the *Whirlwind Dater*. He dates one girl and tries to share himself with all the other girls he sees. This type can be spotted easily at a dance, because he will be the only man wearing sneakers, a device which enables him to flirt with twice as many girls in one night.

Last but not least is the type five dater — the *Non-Dater*. He only dates after special dating forums, special counsellings and extreme encouragement. He is the stoic — more willing to develop his mind than his personality. This rare individual should be watched closely and encouraged often to try the dating game himself.

The moral of this report is simple. In whatever category you find yourselves, fellows, practice dating regularly.

It's later than you think!

Press Gets First Binder

by George Merritt

Yet another of Mr. Butterfield's money-saving schemes is really paying off.

This latest machine to be added to Ambassador Press is a "Minabinda" manufactured by the Sulby Engineering Co. Ltd. Most booklets can be finished and stapled on the big Muller stitcher, but the 226 pages of the new U. S. and British Commonwealth in Prophecy book require "perfect binding". This process involves cutting off the back edges of the signatures and then gluing on the cover. It is called perfect binding because the glue is applied at a temperature of 150 degrees - making the cover and the pages virtually inseparable! It is a very strong and effective method. Volumes of the Bible Story and the New Morality book have this type of binding.

Book binding by the "glue" method was previously done by outside firms. This is now obviated and the machine will have paid for itself after only one year of use.

Three people are needed to operate the machine. One to collate the signatures, one to feed the collated signatures and another to add the covers. During the summer three shifts were working around the clock to get the new book out to tens of thousands who had requested it. Over three hundred an hour were being completed - 24 hours a day.



EARLY BIRD: WHOSE PIGEON ?

by Tony Morrell

The remains of a borrowed Woolworth's alarm clock showed six o'clock.

Six a.m., but Lakeside's usually bustling passageways were empty! The dorm was strangely silent. *Where was everybody?*

With a muttered groan early bird struggled gallantly from his bed and emerged into the blinding light of the corridor.

Wretched! Six o'clock! A *whole hour late!*

Early bird had *overslept* - and with him slumbered the entire downstairs floor of Lakeside!

Don't forget that the Second Year who run the early bird system have just as many late nights, just as many assignments, AND JUST THE SAME CHANCE OF OVER-SLEEPING as we do!

Be wise. *Set an alarm* just in case! *Early bird* is at your service. But it's your pigeon if the Bird's up late too!

Entrance

(Continued from Page 1)

replace the converted black and white "stables" where some offices are presently located. A wide pavement will lead from the new Administration Building to the bridge crossing the Mall by the Gym.

And here's some illuminating news. A row of *street lights* will be set up along the walk giving the

front part of the Campus a splendid park-like appearance. These lights will set off the brilliantly lit Physical Education facility even more, especially during the dark autumn and winter nights.

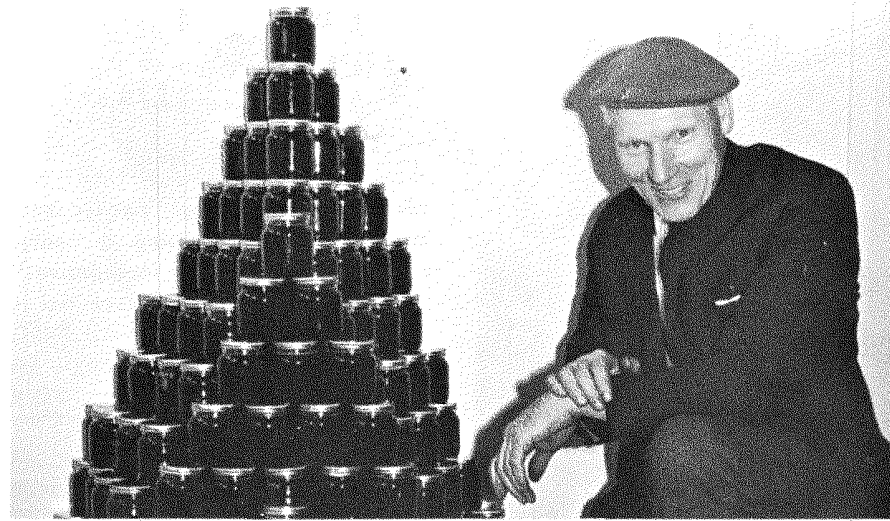
All this is only a brief outline of the Building Programme here at the British headquarters of God's Work. So stick around - and be a part of the *most beautiful campus in England!*

Evolution

(Continued from Page 5)

been my pleasure to give you this simple, unbiased explanation, and I leave you with the motto of all who seek the truth, "*Tempus Longus Eventualamus*".

You like it? It's yours!



A Sticky Business

by Cliff Ackerson

The power to hurt men is in their tails, but they're known for their sweetness too! Ask Mr. Silcox, or that inimitable apiarist Jim Carnochan, and you'll hear all about it.

Recently, Mr. Silcox extracted (with help, of course!) 272 pounds of thick, rich, dark honey from our hives behind the Music Hall. As Winston carried the combs to the extracting area, the bees buzzed all around him! How's *that* for nerves of steel?

Most of the honey will be used for the Faculty and students. Good news for the "sweet tooth" among us! Now we can smother our toast, pancakes, and porridge in a pure, preservative-free, untampered-with "goo" that's good for the nephesh!

Looking at the honey situation from a more technical angle, we found that there are two honey "flows" — spring and autumn. The honey we've just bottled was our very *first* extraction from these hives. This "autumn" extraction is almost always the best one, as beekeepers know. Ours is extremely dark and rich because the flowering plants which supply the bees' nectar are in full ripeness. Other beekeepers say that the darker the colour, the richer the mineral content. So ours must be a gold mine from the nutritional point of view!

Here's a New Regular Feature



Why were those fellows with lumps in their overcoat pockets sneaking out the back door at 11 p.m.? Did you see the long, snaking extension cord hanging out of that upstairs window?

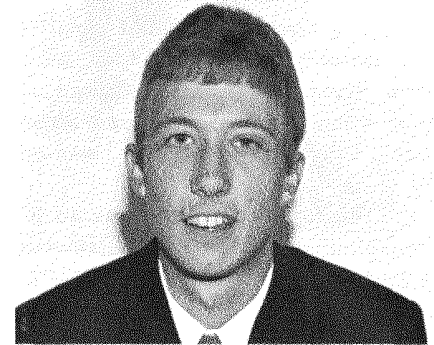
Who were the gang in the back alley at 10:30 p.m.? The *grapevine* has it that the normally conservative Freshmen were planning a riot. No — it wasn't *that mild!* It was worse. The snack room had *germs* in it and nobody could find a place to eat their late night snacks. What *torture* on Lakeside men!

Many are the recorded disasters of this time of abstinence — Bill Tate's cookies went stale. David Magowan smashed his nose on the *closed door* while attempting to carry a fresh load of goodies to a sticky end. Dr. Stewart treated pavement burns on dragging tongues, dehydrated tonsils, inflamed taste buds, shrinking esophogi, and under-worked epiglotti!

Out of all the suffering came two good results: Lakeside men appreciate their beloved snack room much, *much* more. But even better, *Richard Davey* is over his mumps. Welcome back to the land of the living, Richard!

Freshmen

Cont. from Last Issue



BARRY SHORT of Tunbridge Wells, Kent, attended the Medway College of Technology. He then started work as an electronics engineer but became completely disillusioned with it all. He visited the College in early August of this year and was "quite impressed". Now, a few weeks later he is on campus settling down to the new way of life! Photography and cycling are his chief interests, and Mr. Altergot is assured of another member for his Pictorial Journalism class.



From Westfalen, Germany, comes another of our married students, Mr. WERNER FLORES. He has a four-months old son. Mr. Flores worked for a large engineering firm, near Essen in the Ruhr district of Germany. His speciality was making engine transmissions for light and heavy lifting equipment. In addition to playing the horn and trumpet, Mr. Flores enjoys gliding — a truly exciting sport!

Continental Cycling

by Allan de Jager

Greg Geoghegan and I mounted our motorcycles and headed north from Rome. My watch showed 10 p.m. when I arrived at Livorno alone. Greg, riding the faster bike, was out of sight.

The turn-off to Pisa was so inconspicuous that I nearly missed it. I had expected Greg to wait for me at this corner. A mile beyond Livorno it suddenly occurred to me that Greg might have missed the turn-off. I decided to stop and wait. If Greg had followed the wrong road, he would soon see his error and change his course, and if he were ahead, he would return to find me. So I waited and waited!

What had happened to Greg? Now certain he had missed the turn-off I rode back there and again waited. But all in vain. Perhaps he had ridden on to Pisa, about twelve miles away. This seemed to be my last hope. But there too I found no sign of Greg or his Honda. Dismayed and mystified, I sped back to Livorno, again without success. It was now midnight.

I decided that the best course would be to make for the Leaning Tower early next morning. Perhaps Greg would do the same. So I found a grassy patch beside the Pisa road and laid out my groundsheet and sleeping bag. I was thankful for a cloudless sky. Greg had the tent and nearly all the money!

As I was about to "hit the sack" a station wagon pulled up. Two uniformed men jumped out and started toward me! Their torches sent beams of light flitting erratically through the gloom. Not knowing the Italian equivalent of "I'll come quietly," I tried to address them in English. Conversant only with their native tongue, the two young policemen resorted to sign language. Fortunately their profuse gesticulation drew little response. But



Alan views Leaning Tower

much to my relief, they finally left – convinced that it was indeed my cycle that I was unpacking!

A few hours later another station wagon pulled up. Again two policemen emerged, attracted by my lonely Heinkel. As they combed the tall grass, I began to feel like the object of a man-hunt! Feigning sleep, I waited for them to find me, and when they did they fared no better than the first pair. (Why can't everyone learn to speak English?)

Next morning I headed for the famous Leaning Tower and began scanning the road for Greg. The first hour passed. Another went by. But still no Greg.

Then a familiar figure suddenly came into view. GREG! I jumped up, shouting and waving wildly. But he did not look in my direction! I watched helplessly as he rode on. Then, unexpectedly, he made a U-turn. He had seen my Heinkel!

"Glad to see you have a mind, too," said Greg grinning widely. He had guessed I would wait at the Tower but had been delayed by a puncture. While wheeling his Honda for a wearying mile, friendly Italians had directed him to the nearest garage – with the usual sign language!

Worries over, we climbed the spiral staircase to the top of the Tower. Just one day of an eventful trip!

I Was A Graduate After ONE WEEK!

by Francis Bergin

I had the very unusual opportunity of attending Oxford University earlier this year! Twenty-three businessmen were doing a course called "Financial Management" based on a series of courses run in the United States by Harvard Business School. It was no holiday – we did *seventy hours work* in FIVE DAYS!

We had our own suite of rooms and ate all our meals in the Hall (at the High Table) in Wadham College. So we saw *exactly* what life is like in Oxford.

The grounds were *beautiful*. And the buildings, with their ancient appearance were, in their own way, *attractive*. BUT – they were *dirty*! The cork floors were so black that it wasn't until the third or fourth day that I noticed they were the *same material* as the floors in the dormitories of Ambassador! They were filthy. The walls of our private rooms were "paw marked" and the bathrooms made one reluctant to enter let alone have a bath. The food was good, but not up to Ambassador quality, and *no seconds*!

It seems that the qualifications for admission to Oxford are: shabby dress, don't comb your hair, rarely bathe or wash, throw your razor away, and choose some "way out" subject to study so that your personality becomes as *cramped as possible*!

It's a pity that this is the case with such excellent facilities at the disposal of the students. But then, they don't take care of their facilities. A new wing built the same time as *Lakeside* now looks TWENTY YEARS OLD! And to crown it all, at the entrance to the Junior Common Room appeared the following notice, "Do not leave any valuables or your wallet unlocked while in the changing rooms!"

Yes, I was GLAD to graduate after just one week. Give me Ambassador every time!