



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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PROGRESS



Staff Reporter

Not much longer to go girls!

Work on your new dormitory is three-quarters complete and it is planned to be finished early in February.

Over half of the electrical wiring and internal plastering has been done. Work on the boiler house is complete.

Electricians, plumbers, plasterers and carpenters have found conditions a little crowded as they did their jobs together in the rooms.

But this "sequence labour" problem has not caused any serious hold-up.

During the past few weeks we have become accustomed to the noise of the shotblasters. This roughing of the cement is an accepted architectural practice. When the concrete is mixed and set in a mould it leaves a smooth surface. This has to be shotblasted away so that the gravel and stones are seen. The result is an impressive artistic effect.

And inside?

Four girls, each with single beds, will share a bedroom. Each girl will have her own study area. All may relax on the verandahs overlooking the lakes.

The lounge will be about half the size of the International Room and will include a walk-around fireplace.

Not long now, ladies, to the housewarming of your new Ambassador home!



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.



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Editorial

ONE BALL AT A TIME

by Steve Botha

How are we ever going to get all our assignments completed? With the end of semester now looming ominously over the horizon I began to wonder, "How?"

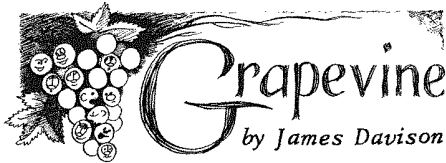
I recalled a Forum which Mr. Fahey once presented. He gave the answer. He used the analogy of a man playing basketball. He started out with one ball under his arm. He was passed another, and then another and still another, until he was wildly clinging to six balls.

The point was made: you can't play basketball with more than one ball at a time.

In the same way you can't possibly tackle all your assignments simultaneously. You have to basket them one at a time.

Sit down and work out what you have to do and when it is due – then get to it. Finish the one assignment which is due first, and then the next and then the next. It's like climbing a ladder. You don't jump to the top all in one leap. You go up one step at a time – one assignment after the other.

Remember, you can score only one goal at a time.



Once again the five fearless men lined up in front of the shaky brick shack. These men were no ordinary men – they were gardeners!

Presented with the usual implements of destruction, pick, shovel and bulldog forks, these men were armed for action.

As the fearless five anxiously awaited their instructions, a myriad of thoughts raced through the canyons of their minds. Would it be round, square, or rectangular?

Slowly the door opened. The men knew its meaning – work! The boss sleekly sauntered into view. His eyes moved to and fro over the frantic five.

"Men," he said, "today our actions are going to move the earth."

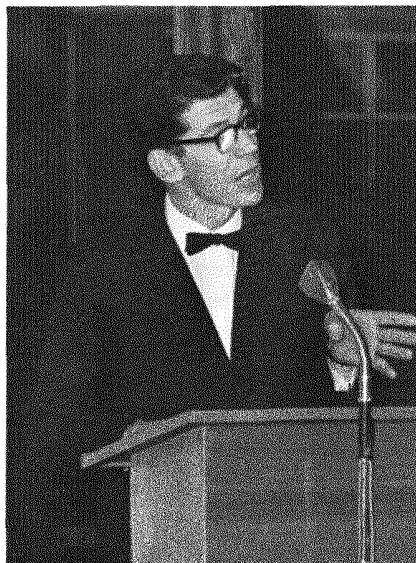
So it was in November, 1967, that five powerful, unmatched, unconquerable and undaunted men

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MANNERS MAKETH MAN

by Francis Bergin

I remember the time when Etiquette Evening was regarded as being somewhat of a big yuk. But no one who was privileged to attend dinner on 6th November could ever



think on these lines.

It was an honour to be there.

John Larkin and Penny Banham were joint restaurant managers. They claimed our Dining Room was five star hotel standard! *I didn't agree.* Think of the cleanliness of our kitchen. Ever seen a five star hotel kitchen!! What about the cleanliness of our Dining Hall? And what about the wholesome food? Above all, the cheerfulness with which the meals are served. Five stars? Rubbish! Ours is a *Seven Star Restaurant!*

The whole emphasis of the evening was on consideration. Volunteering to do this or that. Thinking of the other person. Passing items along the table in an orderly inoffensive way. Representing Ambassador College well in an outside establishment. Even the matter of courteous conversation was considered.

Thank you, Third Years, for your genuine contribution – we profited and thoroughly enjoyed it too.



Dave Stirk

"The Evening Sacrifice"

by Chris Carpenter

The rumours became a reality. Following Pasadena, Bricket Wood too will apply the new study rule.

Its memorable introduction to College life was on Monday, November 6th, 1967. Students must study from 8 to 10 p.m. Sunday to Thursday inclusive. Mr. McNair said students in Pasadena were rejoicing over this new rule . . . and so are we!

Clubs are to be faster and snappier so that they can finish by 7:50. This may even mean the sacrifice of coffee in Club, to avoid clean up!

"No sleeping after 8 p.m. That is, until 10," said Mr. McNair. He continued, "These new rules constitute another stage in recapturing true values. They will ensure that we study more than a meagre ten minutes a week for each subject."

These study regulations should prove to be one of the greatest blessings we have had at Ambassador in recent years. We learn by study; but study takes time. The time has been given to us!

Folks who never do anything more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do.

* * *

Most people spend the first half of their lives in rendering the second miserable.

At Last:

STUDENT COUNCIL COMPLETE

At last the anxiously awaited announcements were made.

Shocked DAVID STIRK rose to his feet upon being announced FRESHMAN Class President. Twenty-two years old, Dave hails from Yorkshire where he worked as an accountant before coming to college.

Dave was "overcome with joy," and said thanks to "those who had put in a good word for him". Congratulations, Dave, on your new office.

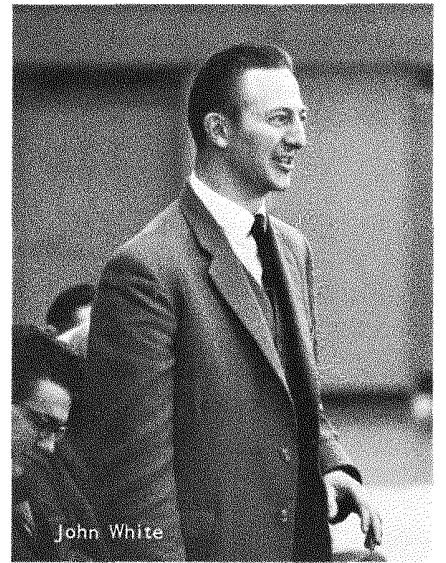


John Meakin

Next, JOHN MEAKIN, SECOND YEAR Class President was announced. John's enthusiasm and friendliness will be a great asset while he's at

the helm of the 2nd Year. "All the best, John" in your new responsibility.

Finally: JOHN WHITE, THIRD YEAR Class President. From Southampton, Hants., John's experience in the R.A.F. has given him a quality of solidarity and reliability that will equip him well for his new duties. Congratulations, John, on your new appointment.



John White

WAITING IN THE WINGS

by George Merritt

"Vaudeville skit, you're on in five minutes."

Donning our straw hats we went downstairs and sat down in the wings. This was the night of the Student Fun Show. After hours of rehearsal the show was on.

"I say Kerry, I thought that whisky was supposed to steady your nerves?"

"No, it's to oil your voice."

"I'll tell Dr. Abbott about that.

Whisky before every Chorale rehearsal. Phew!"

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Oooh...!

TALENT SHOW

(Continued from p. 3)

A burst of applause sounded from the auditorium.

"We're next!"

The curtain closed. Lyle was out front introducing the next act — US!

Seconds to go

"Don't forget to hold that Glasgow song on"

"Yeah, and don't forget to hit the right key on that Ballemena number. You muffed it at the last rehearsal."

Meantime on stage:

"And now to take you back to the days of Vaudeville, we have George and Kerry!"

A few chords curtains opening we're off!

Out there a sea of smiling faces. They like us.

"Get up to that mike and give it to them," I kept saying to myself.

No wrong lines and we got the right key. No muffs at all. In what seemed like just a few seconds we were bowing to the responsive ovation from the audience.

"I think they liked us, Kerry."

"Yes, Dr. Martin was beaming."

The act was finished. We felt a tremendous feeling of satisfaction at having been part of this year's Talent Show. It's fun! It's rewarding!

Ambassador Adventure

The Bull Fight

by Bill Hutchison

"Follow that car!" cried three excited co-eds. Ambassador's "Continental" driver was heading through the busy streets of Madrid — to the *bull fight*. The city map was tossed aside, no longer needed. We couldn't get lost now — we were *following the matadors!*

We sat on the shady side of the arena. For those who couldn't recognize the Spanish snob, this was the *expensive* side. The band struck up and the parade began. The crowd cheered wildly. A pause, and then the first bull. All 1300 pounds of him charged out at reckless speed. It was alarming. Three Ambassador College "senoritas" shut their eyes and grabbed the nearest thing for support — *too bad* if it was you!

For several tense moments the bull was "played" with the crimson cape. Then came the Picador on a horse which wore a mattress. It needed it! The bull charged the horse and tried to gore it. Poor horse! No wonder so many horses

were lost in the pre-mattress era.

Next came the nimble Banderilleros, without cape or other protection. In a swift, spectacular dash they planted a pair of decorated darts in the bull's shoulders. (It is supposed to be the *least* tricky job of all.)

Finally, the Matador himself. *He must kill the bull.* One thrust only if he is any good. If he is not up to the mark a jeering Spanish audience will tell him so. A whistling crowd is a ghastly sound to his ears. When seat cushions are thrown into the ring, they're *really* angry! Their aim is to trip the Matador and give the bull a chance.

But if he's good, he's a lady's man. The crowd will clap and cheer, and shouts of "Ole!" will reward the gallant Matador. He also gets the bull's ears at the end of the fight! His chances of death are one in ten.

This was one Ambassador Adventure where we all had to wonder: "Is it worth it?"

FINEST DIG

(continued from Page 2)

set out to meet their threatening task.

And today 28 fledgling trees grace the college approach.

Though the entrance may not last a thousand years, students will always say, "THIS WAS THEIR FINEST DIG."

The truly educated man is the useful man.

* * *

He who murmurs against his condition, does not understand it.

