



## Graduates Ordained!

by Lester Grabbe

Mr. McNair electrified the atmosphere of the Friday night Bible Study! Mr. Robert Morton and Mr. John Khouri were to be ordained to the office of Local Elder!

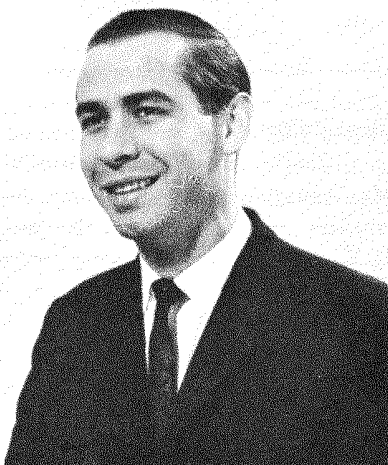
Four years ago Mr. Morton said goodbye to New Zealand — and his career as a surveyor. As a student he spent some time as Print Shop Production Manager. After his third year, he assisted Mr. Adair in Glasgow for the summer. While in college, he also served as both Second and Fourth Year Class President. During his senior year he fulfilled the responsibilities of Ambassador Club President, *Portfolio* Editor and was a lead man on the Visiting Programme. Now married, he visits

full-time in the London area.

Mr. Khouri also came from New Zealand, where he studied to be a concert pianist. It was while continuing his studies at Geneva that he made the decision to apply for Ambassador.

Working in the Music Department for a time, he then moved to Mail Reading and later to the Letter Answering Department. Then after graduation and marriage, he was sent to the Birmingham area to assist Mr. Dart. He continues to serve in that area — but now in the capacity of an ordained minister!

*Congratulations* — ordination firstfruits of 1967!



Mr. Morton



Mr. Khouri

## NEW HAVEN

by David Smith

What is rectangular, glows red at night, and has an Oriental flavour?

Mr. Hunting's new office of course!

Just what went into the new look? The walls were carefully covered with a hand-made paper from Japan. This "Japanese grass cloth" is available from Sanderson's Wallpaper Co. Each piece is an individual, non-matching strip, and is a feature on its own.

The ceiling now bedecked with smart insulated tiles has a beautiful crystal light shade centerpiece.

Completing the picture is a deep fawn carpet that you literally sink into on entering.

Since refumishing, a new ivory telephone has been installed. Solid wood doors will soon replace the existing ones, the wood colour harmonising with the walls.

By the way, the red glow in the dark emanates from the new heating unit thermostat.

## M.R.D. GOES TO TOWN

Forty four famished Ambassadors took their appetites to "La Primavera" to be regaled Italian style. This was an outing for the Mail Receiving Department and their

(continued on page 3)



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ..... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.



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A new vogue is sweeping *Lake-side*. Ambassador men are falling prey to a malady as old as the Pharaohs – *Dunlap's Disease*.

The cause: a masculine Irish import – MACKESON! A drink so healthful that even potatoes thrive on it!

Sir Thomas Hogg's Medical Dictionary defines this rapidly expanding affliction as a continual swelling around the abdominal region.

In *Dunlap's Disease* the belly "dun-laps over the belt". And all those afflicted have it well out where they can keep an eye on it.

A usually reliable source states, "There's only one way to counteract it: STRAWBERRY YOGURT – daily!"

\* \* \*

A closed mouth gathers no foot.

Editorial

# Test-time Tiredness

by David Ord

More than a *third* of 1122 university students questioned admitted that they awaken *tired* in the morning. And, Ambassadors, many of US are *tired* – especially this week!

At this end of semester time sleep always goes by the board. Just what happens when we miss sleep?

An American disc jockey stayed awake for 200 hours – just short of 8 days – when attempting to set a new record for sleeplessness. At the end of the first two days he thought that his feet were covered in cobwebs. His head felt as though he was wearing a hat which was several times too small. And he ran in terror from an imaginary fire in his bedroom!

After six days he was hopeless at psychological tests, and couldn't even recite the alphabet! When the eighth day arrived he acted like a paranoid schizophrenic – and under normal circumstances would have been confined to a mental hospital.

Another man denied sleep for several days thought that a refrigerator was a car. He promptly tried to help the woman standing next to it to *get inside!*

Of course, these are extreme cases. But few realise that we build up a "debt" if we constantly miss sleep. Over as short a time as two weeks, losing only an hour each night can be as harmful as going an entire night without sleep. It not only reduces our efficiency, *it destroys our WILL to work*. To say nothing of the effect upon our *attitude*.

A co-ed was washing a window the morning after the Graduation Ball a few years ago. After missing sleep during test week, and then that extra late night, she was washed out. Propped up on a loosely fixed bar, she was too tired to see that it wasn't safe. It gave way – and a third of her wrist, with nerves, tendon and artery, was sliced through in a flash! Even today she has a somewhat numb thumb and an over-sensitive wrist.

Most of us escape such dire results of tiredness. But one day we may not. And in the meantime, we're continually gnawing away at our effectiveness as Ambassadors.

The more pressure there is upon you, the more you need your sleep. Don't let *this* week end in disaster for YOU!

Dear Editor,

I must say there's been a tremendous improvement in the *Portfolio* this year. Why, it's absolutely filled with newsy, vital, interesting material. But there's no wonder. The way you *threaten and pressure people to write* newsy, vital, interesting articles for you – I don't see how you can fail!

"PRESSURED"

(Ed.: Thanks for the compliment – and how about one for the next issue?)

Dear Editor,

Please convey our thanks to Mr. Armstrong and all those technicians responsible for the recent T.V. production we were shown. It had a terrific impact on us, and provided us with greater insight into the development of this facet of God's Work. We'd value the opportunity to see any others in the series!

A Grateful Student

## Club News

### Deutsch

by Cliff Ackerson

Lilting tunes of German music set the stage for the second meeting of *Das Deutsch Klub!*

President Chris Carpenter called the meeting to order and with driving enthusiasm led the club in those perennial songs so dear to our hearts – "Deutschland Unter Gott" and "Gott Schutz Die Edele."

Club Director Mr. Marx and his wife attended to guide the evening's festivities. Also on hand were John Cunningham and Stan Suchocki, last year's French Club officers, to imbibe of the evening's cordiality.

During the meal Vice-president Ian Martin led the Tabletopics session, calling on enthusiastic Assyrians to air their views.

For the second half of the evening, Chris directed a short slide show of the Feast at Pontin's. The brilliantly coloured shots brought back pleasant memories of an eventful eight days.

Strains of "Auf Wiedersehen" and "The Happy Wanderer" filtered from Club Room Two just before the meeting dismissed to meet the 8 p.m. study deadline.

### Francais

by John Cunningham

"Félicitations aux nouveaux officiers du Club Français!"

For those who don't have the gift of tongues that simply means, "Congratulations to the new French Club officers!"

The long-awaited announcements were made at the last club meeting of Thursday, 14th December by Director Mr. David Wainwright.

Tony Morrell takes over the President's gavel. He has already been serving the club as Sergeant-at-Arms. Tony will be ably assisted by the new Vice-president, Peter Butler – our former Treasurer. New Sergeant-at-Arms is Mike Stratton, while the man controlling the purse strings will be Russell Johnson.

*Bonne Chance* in your new offices!



The Circulation Office are proud parents!

A twin has arrived for Gertrude! Weight? About 2½ hundredweights!

Gertrude is the Addressograph machine used to type the metal plates which print the *Plain Truth* wrappers and envelopes.

During the summer months, typing at an average rate of sixty plates per hour, the machine produced around 2,000 plates weekly. One thousand of these were new British subscribers and the remainder of the total was made up of additional South African readers' address alterations and work for the Correspondence Course department.

Anticipating a large response from forthcoming advertisements, the department is "geared up" to meet the demand.



## Forum Report on

### Bilharzia

by Dave Walton

Two hundred million in this world waste away. They are being consumed – literally – by Bilharzia!

Such was the opening gambit of Dr. Stewart, our lecturer in biology, at a recent assembly.

Bilharzia is a nefarious type of fluke, living in the human body. It is debilitating, destructive, and often deadly. Sufferers have a greatly distended belly. Because its vector is a snail, this scourge is also called "Snail Fever".

It is prevalent in Africa, South

America and the Far East (especially the Phillipines) – places where there are members of God's Church.

If human wastes were correctly disposed of, the problem would be solved! So simple – and yet *impossible to apply today*.

Students left that assembly sobered by the pathetic state of the millions who suffer the scourge of Bilharzia!

It is better to keep your mouth shut and be thought a fool than to open it and remove all doubt.

\* \* \*

Sign in a laundry window: "We do not tear your clothes by machine – we do it carefully by hand."

## M.R.D.

(continued from page 1)

guests – an outing to be remembered! If you haven't had the fun of a forkful of spaghetti you don't know what you've missed! One happy diner was intoning "knit one, purl two" as the long, slippery strands knitted themselves together on the fork.

After this feast of farinaceous food, the party went on to the Golder's Green Hippodrome to see Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance".

Thank you, Mr. Jewell – the evening was much appreciated.

## In Response to A Reader's Letter -

# Cheers!

by George Merritt

Go down Drop Lane. Turn left – or right. Walk fifty yards. Within minutes you could be sitting snugly in the Englishman's haven – the pub!

Pubs have become an English institution and tradition has it that they are as old as the Bible itself!

This must be why they are frequented regularly by "spiritual" Ambassadors!

Actually, the inns mentioned in Biblical times were more in the style of an enclosed court where the caravan trains could stop and park.

There were also inns along the old Roman roads in Britain.

In medieval times they developed in the larger towns and travellers were expected to provide their own food, fuel and bedding.

After the dissolution of the monasteries (1536-39) country inns grew in popularity. Reason was that the wayfarer could no longer seek refuge in the "religious house".

So they went to the Pub instead!

Tudor times brought more in-

ternal security to the country. It was safe to travel. More inns were needed.

The heart of the premises was an enclosed cobbled courtyard, often with an imposing arched entrance from the main street. The kitchen and public rooms occupied the main structure. Other rooms were galleried on either side of the courtyard.

Stagecoaching helped this boom. Many of the inns served the same purpose as a railway junction today! Imagine it. A pub with booking offices, waiting rooms and time-tables. No tinkling pianos, jingling glasses or jangling juke boxes!

The development of the railways made traffic vanish from the roads. But at the end of the 19th century traffic returned in the form of the bicycle and motorcar. Inns were reopened and new ones appeared.

Next time you're down there say "cheers" – for the bicycle and the motorcar!



by Virginia Parker

So *what's wrong* with KETCHUP? It's delicious, it's nutritious, and it gives you extra energy. Ever try it in plain, uninteresting yogurt? It *wakes up the flavour!* It makes that tub of yogurt the scintillating *climax* of your entire day!

I've seen some put this lovely sauce on tossed salad. Now I ask you, is that any *worse* than peanut butter on porridge, or salt in coffee? *Is it?*

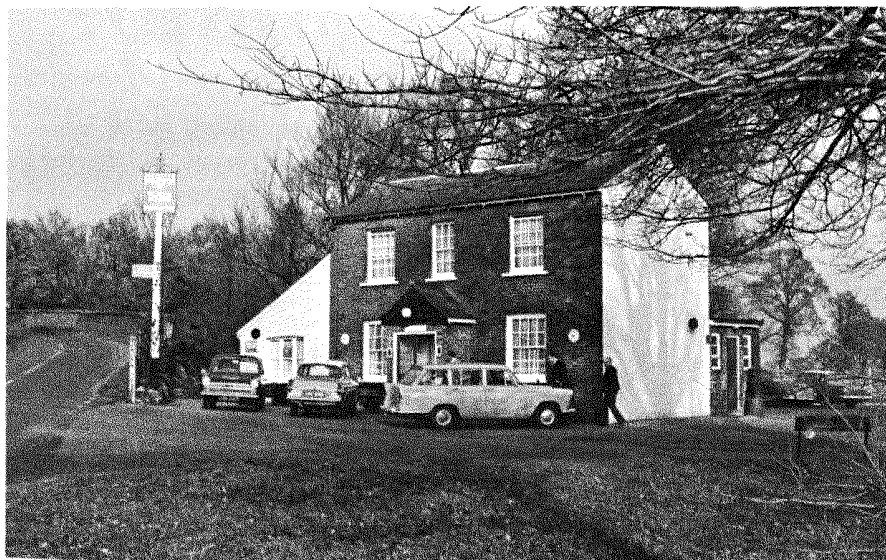
Those with finer, more sensitive taste buds appreciate ketchup's succulence. No gourmet likes bland, tasteless food; he *always* spices up his dishes with a wide variety of condiments.

Ever wonder why the kitchen's meatloaf is so yummy? *Ketchup*, poured on top to give it that bit of tang. Know why our Thousand Island dressing on your salad tastes so good? *Ketchup*, added to give it oomph and zest!

Most people take to ketchup like a bear takes to honey, but others need to develop a taste for it. If this is your plight, may I suggest that you start out cautiously. Don't go overboard right away and put it on *everything* in sight. Just a little squirt next to your hamburger which you can occasionally dip into will suffice.

Give your taste buds a treat. Tickle your tonsils with some luscious ketchup at your next meal.

*Come alive* and join the KETCH-UP generation!



Student Haunt: The Gate!