



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Volume 9, Number 5

December 1967

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AT LAST!

by Richard Wood

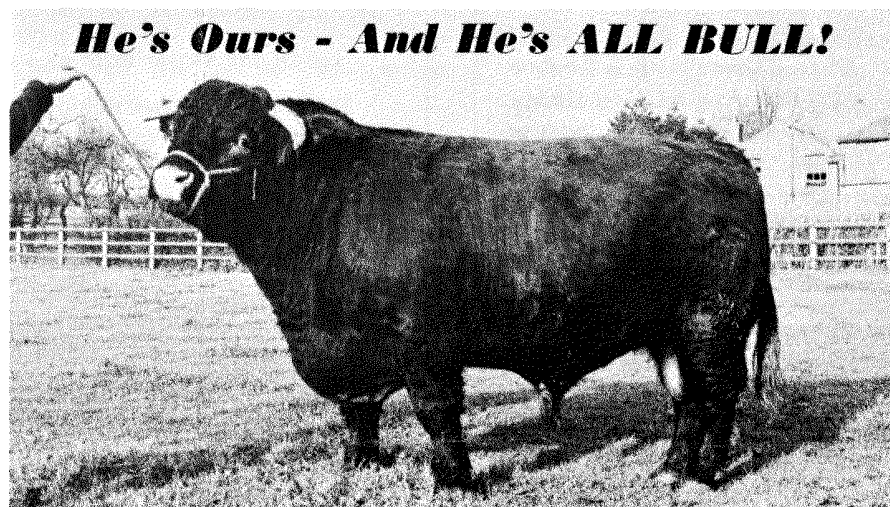
At long last Mr. Armstrong's autobiography is to be published in book form! The dummy of the first volume has already arrived from Pasadena.

For many years, students, co-workers and members alike have been clamouring for the P.T. instalments to be published complete – and now here it is – and in three volumes!

Each one will be a little larger than Volume Two of Dr. Hoeh's Compendium – so 25 tons of paper is right now being manufactured at Star Mill in Blackburn. This paper – a heavy version of Ambassador Gloss – will be bound in a glossy card cover by the same "Perfect Binding" process outlined in our recent issue.

Printing of the 448-page first volume will start at the end of December. The first batch of 30,000 copies will keep the big reliable Roland press busy night and day for two weeks – and the bindery will be busy even longer!

Each volume will contain 14 signatures of 32 pages each. (The P.T. had 3 signatures of 16 pages each!) So Ambassador College Press is now eagerly anticipating the printing of the LARGEST book ever printed on a full-scale run.



He's Ours - And He's ALL BULL!

by Mr. Colin Sutcliffe

Allow me to present to you WOOD-HEAD EXCHEQUER (just his name was sufficient to frighten Mr. Hunting).

By the roar and bellow issuing from his stall at Waterside and the unmistakable glint in his masculine eye – he obviously means to take charge of our Shorthorn females!

For the past two years Exchequer has been residing at Olney, Bucks., but for all that, he's still a true Scotch Beef Shorthorn at heart.

In 1965 this bull was exhibited by his breeder (Mr. Henderson – President of The British Shorthorn Society) at the Perth Show. Here, Exchequer was 1st in his class (age group) and gained the Reserve (runner-up) Senior Championship award in the Shorthorn breed.

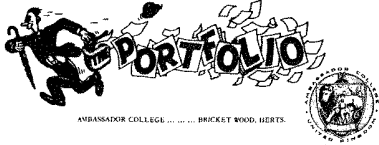
This was no mean achievement – as PERTH is the Mecca of beef-

cattle breeders all around the world!

Things move quickly around Ambassador College, but there is no short cut to producing a T-bone steak. That means only the Freshmen and Sophomores will ever get the chance of tasting a sizzling steak from Exchequer's progeny. The rest of you will have graduated by the time his first calves are old enough to eat. The beef business is strictly long-term. We will be into 1970 before the college kitchen sees any steak resulting from this bull!!

His first calves should be born in 9 months. Then we'll have to spend the next mouth-watering 18 months watching them grow!

That "Shorthorn Shuffle" is finished!! – The next will be a Barn Dance!!



FACULTY-ADVISOR

Robin G. Jones

EDITOR

David Ord

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Steve Botha Stuart Powell

SPORTS EDITOR

Bob Mitchell

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Bill Hutchison

REPORTERS

Jim Davison Ginnie Parker

Brian Butler Chris Carpenter

Alberta Adams Tom Demeter

Cliff Ackerson Lester Grabbe

CIRCULATION MANAGER

George Merritt

Published fortnightly 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.

Copyright © 1967 by Ambassador College

Editorial

You Like It? It's Yours!

by Stuart Powell

Many commented on how much they have enjoyed recent *Portfolios*. So have we. Because we've had a pile of student contributions.

The greater the variety of articles, the better your *Portfolio* will be. And *you*, students, can provide that variety. ANYONE is free to write articles, be they Freshman or Senior. The editor's mail box is *always* open.

But what *kind* of articles? Campus news – unique dates – special features – or humorous events around college. The more original, the better the chance of publication!

And by the way – write us a short note if you have any suggestions.

One evening I was talking to a co-ed who mentioned how much she enjoyed reading the *Pizzazz* column in the Pasadena edition.

So – we introduced – *Grapevine*. Everyone is welcome to write up newsy "tit-bits" for us in this section.

So why not drop us a line? Or better still, just *turn in an article*. Remember . . . it's YOUR magazine.

Readers Letters

* * *

Dear Sir,

I had like to grab this chance to say how happy your magazine make me especially as is **FREELY NOT CHARGED!** It is so good more digestible than unfree magazines here in Ghana.

Your *Portfolio* find I has such good taste and with stimulation to the mind and appetite. It always take me one whole day get through every edition. When I finished, I all times hunger for more. All my friends in Ghana like very much. Please send extra copies for new friends – I introduce you who also must sink teeth into it.

More printer's ink to your knee.

Your circular manager in Ghana,
Uhururu K.J.V. O'Reilly (Ph.D.)

(Ed.: How did *Mail Reading* manage to slip that one in?)

To the Editor,

Students at Ambassador College should be proud of the *Portfolio*. It ranks as the best student magazine in the world!

The student magazine at the university I attended was eagerly devoured by thousands of students, yet all it consisted of were the usual smutty jokes, accounts of student orgies and photos of inebriated students at socials. Our rival university mag. looked more like a pornographic publication. It was impossible to be proud of literature like that!

Sincerely,
Andre Van Belkum

* * *

Dear Sir,

This is the first time I have appeared in print in the *Portfolio*. I've tried before, but my efforts must have been too trying! Now as a successful contributor (at last!) let me offer encouragement to others.

Remember the spider didn't climb the wall the first dozen times

– so try, try and try again! Eventually there will be space left over, just about the size of your article. And presto! You'll be a journalist at last.

Yours, etc.,
"PATIENT"

* * *

Sir,

May I draw your attention to a great lack in the *Portfolio*? Though normally a well-informed paper, seeking to edify even your most casual reader, you have failed the student body in a vital field. We now need, more than ever, a *detailed guide to local pubs*. What is the exact time necessary to reach them from college? Which can be visited leisurely pre-eight, or post-ten? Which ones offer musicology students help with their juke boxes?

Above all, which serve the best thick sandwiches and draught Guinness?

Yours,
"WORRIED"

(Ed.: Steady on, staff! You don't usually rush like this to volunteer for research work!)

PAINT IN MY HAIR

by D. I. Stemper

Have you seen the painting crew lately? Probably not. Perhaps you didn't even realise it existed.

You see, we painters have all kinds of jobs to do. Sometimes we don't even venture outside our workshop. We paint labels for plants, notices for doors, furniture for offices . . . Frequently we head right off campus and paint the town red – or whatever other colour is in vogue! We've worked on several faculty homes in the last month alone.

Recently we've been obstructing classes at Imperial, singing discordantly in Mr. Walker's home, talking to Rolf at Brackendene and



just wait till you see what we've done to Mr. Hunting's office!

Would you know a painter if you saw one? Here are a few handy tips:

He's *thin* – that's the sardine effect of six men in a mini-van!

He has splotchy white or multi-coloured hair.

He's evolved a hardy nose – insensitive to all but the most pungent (and alluring) odours.

Clothes and shoes sport psychedelic spots!

He has a habit of brushing up against people.

He also has a tendency to use Welsh expressions.

Ambassador Adventure

The Great PAPER Chase

by Gordon Norling

In spite of everyone's advice we decided to camp! EVERYTHING was finally packed. The Mini was given a trial run round the block. It lurched and swayed and told us in no uncertain terms that we had too much *in* and *on*. Oh well, we didn't really need those folding chairs anyway!

Embarking at Dover at 6 a.m. we crossed to Ostend. We aimed to see a little of Belgium and then to sneak into France unawares, unannounced and – as we later found out – unwanted! *What excitement for the family as Dad showed the French how to speak.* Unfortunately by the end of 6 days the most profitable introduction turned out to be, "Je suis Australian. Parlez-vous Anglais?"

Fortunately you need never get lost on the Continent. All the other drivers have left a paper trail. You

just follow the litter.

We spent the first couple of days in a camping area and had to share a couple of holes in the ground (the "loo" to you) with thousands of other campers. This showed us how much better it would be to camp alongside lakes and rivers by ourselves.

It was always a great achievement to find a quiet, protected camp site. We did it usually by removing the litter and discovering it had been there all the time!

One camp site we found was in an Italian farmer's paddock.

He didn't speak-a-da-Engleesh and I didn't *parliamo Italiano!* In guttural, uncouth "STRINE" and sign language, I made our purpose clear. Now I know why I studied economics and international trade! I gave him a good bottle of Italian wine. He gave us a delicious honey

AUTUMN...

. . . a time of crisp white frosts, dressing trees and grass in a delicate lace.

A time of vibrant yellows, oranges, rusts, drifting gently to the ground.

A time of eddies of wind, whirling colourful leaves in corners.

A time of golden yellow grain stored safe and dry in bins for the winter.

A time to repair broken fences, to mend the breaches.

A time to prepare for the winter's cold. The season to store strength to survive the coming dark days.

The season to gratefully thank God for His bounty.

This is Autumn.

V. B.

melon and a gallon of milk. We showed him travel slides. Italian/Australian relations were cemented

(Continued on p. 4)



Gunpowder, Treason and Plot

by John Dunn



by Vivien Brooks

Heard the latest rumour? There's a newcomer around campus! A real CAD! Seems he hangs around Mr. Jewell's office quite a bit. This CAD's a mysterious sort - he's always concerned about changes of address and loaded with stacks of green cards.

Says he's new around here - just came this year. (Nothing worse than a *green* CAD!) He doesn't quite know the ropes yet, but he's learning fast. He's got two girls hanging around him already.

What's his full name, then?

Why, the CHURCH ADMINISTRATION DEPARTMENT, of course!

* * *

Hey girls! Have you heard the latest?

Soon you'll be able to have that fur you've always wanted.

Foxes have been a constant menace around our chicken run. And, at our expense - they've also had duck for dinner.

Never again!

The foxes have been thwarted!

"Snare" traps have been set around the chicken run. Especially where the foxes' trails have been observed.

Poor old Ferdy. Out he tromps in the dead of night - eagerly anticipating his chicken supper. But before he can even sniff a chick - whoosh! He's trapped. His rooster-robbing days are over.

Already more than a dozen foxes have been caught. And the figure's rising!

Why not place your order now and be in the *fur*-front of fashion?

P.S. (And we've got the fox-gloves to go with it, too!)

The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out.

"November the fifth is Guy Who's night?" said one American student, completely baffled.

The explanation behind the bizarre British custom of burning an effigy, or "guy", on a bonfire with a firework accompaniment, is as follows:

A man called Guido Fawkes, in the year 1605, tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament. Not content with that, he waited until the Government and all the Members of Parliament were inside! Then, to further his nefarious plans, he placed over three tons of gunpowder in the cellars! While many Englishmen today would consider this highly commendable - especially after the recent devaluation - the authorities then took a dim view of it. Beefeaters searched the building - discovered the gunpowder and unsportingly removed it! Guy Fawkes and his gang were speedily rounded up and punished for high treason.

From that day to this, a squad of Beefeaters searches the cellars of the Houses of Parliament on every fifth of November. And a nation remembers. . .

Officially they celebrate the failure of the plot - but I have a sneaking suspicion that deep in many an Englishmen's heart is the suppressed desire for a resurrected Guy Fawkes to do his stuff again!

* * *

It is always best not to tell people your troubles. Half of them are not interested, and the other half are glad you are getting what's coming to you.

Red, viscous, semi-solid matter. Sharp, semi-sweet odour.

Ketchup. Tomato ketchup. Ketchup for breakfast. Ketchup for lunch, and more for tea.

Some like it. I don't.

For some, a whole plateful of tomato ketchup would be just as acceptable as their usual meal.

I don't like its flavour. It spoils my enjoyment of the delicate sweetness of scrambled eggs. It masks the characteristic savouriness of meat. It obscures the clean flavour of greens and spinach. Worst of all, it cloyes the palate, destroys the sensitivity so that only the strongest flavours "taste".

I enjoy the delicate, natural flavour of wholesome foods.

I resist the temptation when the bottle is passed!

I always use horseradish!

Paper Chase

(Continued from p. 3)

as never before.

There was always satisfaction with camp broken and everything, including the kids, finally stowed aboard, ready to investigate more country and more litter.

Our paper trail ran out in Holland and from then on we had to watch our navigation more closely. Undaunted, we picked it up again at Dover and followed it clear back to Bricket Wood - some 8 countries, 3 weeks, and 3,700 miles after setting out.