



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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Ambassador Office in BONN

Portfolio Staff Reporter

Good news out of Germany!

Ambassador College is represented at the very nerve centre of the European super-power. Next to the Bundestag parliament building in Bonn is a press complex. In this centre, just above the official reception and press conference chamber for all visiting dignitaries, is *our office!*

Our reporting and photographic staff can attend all important press conferences in this government building. All needed facilities – darkroom, telex and teleprinter are available. So great is the demand for office space, that another similar building has had to be provided. But Ambassador College is already represented alongside the international news giants. And our office is in a choice position!

Adjacent to our office we even have a TV interview studio *available for our use!*

This office may be destined to play a vital role in the next few years. Watch out for on-the-spot scoops in future issues of the Plain Truth. News and pictures of the Common Market will come from our own office in the midst of Bonn's bureaucratic headquarters.

IT'S PORTFOLIO DAY!

by Steve Botha



Hot off the press!

You have seen Portfolio spring to life! You've seen how a phrase whirling in the writer's brain fights its way to his fingertips. Then it is mangled through a typewriter – plants itself on the copysheet and is twisted into place by the editors.

You've been shown how the final copy is varityped. Then a xeroxed copy is set on a mock-up. The experienced hands of the Printshop then take over. They produce the paste-up. Final corrections are

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AMBASSADOR COLLEGE OPENS!

After months of planning, painting and redecorating, Ambassador College in Bricket Wood, England, has opened. The College in Pasadena started out with four students. The University of London began with eight students. Surpassing both of these, Ambassador College in Bricket Wood opened with *thirty-two* enrolled and possibly more to be accepted.




Students enjoy meal in temporary dining hall.

There are students from the United States, Canada, Australia, Sweden, South Africa, Spain, Ireland and Scotland. It is a cosmopolitan body of students, who can share experiences and knowledge of several countries with one another. And with the opportunity to emulate the valuable EXAMPLES of advanced leading students from the parent Ambassador College in Pasadena, these eager and happy young people, by yielding themselves, may very soon be used to fill VITAL roles, directly in God's service.

To this group of new students, the PORTFOLIO extends a hearty WELCOME!

This was the lead article of the first Bricket Wood Portfolio, published on October 21st, 1960. The Editor was Mr. Guy Engelbart – Faculty Advisor, Mr. Boraker.



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE DUCKY BOND BERTS

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PORTFOLIO DAY

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made before photographing and printing it into the sheets you are holding.

Now you know the difference between typed galley and a paste-up. You know how a picture is spliced. You have been taken into the inner sanctum of Journalism.

It's a long and tedious process normally. This issue was different. It required the utmost speed. We pressed to the extreme. And with all departments spinning at top gear we have succeeded in getting this issue to you right on the spot.

We want this Portfolio and every Portfolio to be a part of your College life.

It takes time – it takes money. But it is all worth it in order to benefit you.

If you have any suggestions to improve Portfolio – they're welcome. We want to change for the better!

Editorial

OILOF TROP means YOU!

by Steve Botha

Portfolio has a purpose! And that purpose involves you.

Today in Assembly we showed you all about *Portfolio*. Most of us never realised how much time and effort goes into producing our own college newspaper.

You might have thought it is the work of two or perhaps three men. But you have seen it involves not only the *Portfolio* staff – it involves you.

Portfolio is the College Chronicle – it records (for posterity?) the comings and goings of future Kings. It keeps up a lively and pertinent commentary of events. It tries to keep at least one stride ahead of the news. Sometimes it succeeds – other times . . . well . . .

Portfolio is a training ground. It is small – but it is a beginning. It's full of excitement. All who have successfully contributed have experienced a sense of satisfaction. To those who have voluntarily (or involuntarily) submitted articles, we say "Thank you!"

How about it? Would you like to contribute? You're welcome. Remember – *Portfolio* is your magazine!

ADDITIONS TO V. P. O.



Left to right: Derek, Steve, Ian and George.

"Could I see you for a minute?" Mr. Portune asked Ian Henderson. At the same time Mr. Dart had called for George Menassas. Neither of them knew why they had been summoned. But what a thrill when they were told that they had both been added to the Visiting programme.

And that was not all. Two more men have been granted this opportunity – Derek Seaman and Steve Smith.

Another exciting announcement was that Bob Mitchell and Steve Botha were to assist as *leadmen* in the V.P.O.

With requests pouring in from the London Area, these men will find plenty of work to do.

Congratulations men!

POLITICAL DAFFYNITIONS

COMMUNISM: You have two cows.

The government takes both and sells you the milk.

FASCISM: You have two cows.

The government takes both, feeds the milk to the army, and shoots you.

DEMOCRACY: You have two cows.

The government buys one and sells it to an enemy on credit.

SOCIALISM: You have two cows.

The government buys both, shoots one, milks the other, and throws the milk away.

CAPITALISM: You have two cows.

You sell one and buy a bull.

Womens Club

by Lynn Demarest and Virginia Parker

Do you know what forty per cent – a very important forty per cent – of the student body is involved in?

Homework?

No!

Diets? Maybe.

But what we're talking about **WOMEN'S CLUB!!!**

Women's Clubs have been buzzing, bustling hives of activity. Last

vel, Budgeting, and Home Planning. They will culminate in our combined meeting on the Art of Femininity.

This semester presents a number of other "specialities". On February 25th there will be an afternoon tea in the Lounge with all the Faculty and married students' wives invited to attend. Another opportunity for Women's Club mem-



semester subjects covered included Hygiene, How to Prepare for Women's Club, Hair Care, Conversation, and Wardrobe.

And this semester will afford an equally varied agenda. Our themes will be Voice Personality, Poise, Childcare, Hospitality, Tra-

bers to learn true hospitality and to have a friendly chat.

The addition of married students' wives to clubs this semester will be another valuable feature. In the past they have only attended as guests. Now they are invited to become fully-fledged members.

Yet another major change has been the decision to have a *minister* of Pastor or Evangelist rank as the over-all evaluator of each club. Needless to say, the forecast for Women's Club is more profit and enjoyment.

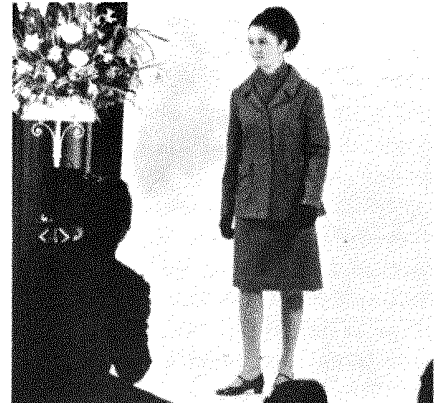
So Sunday evenings at tea, if you happen to notice that a large section of the feminine element is absent, don't worry – they're in Women's Club. And they're learning to be "Women better able to serve through *femininity, hospitality, and culture.*"



Pat gives a helpful hint.

FASHION FANTASIA

by Chris Carpenter



Rebecca models her creation.

Dazzling hues! Sumptuous materials! Gorgeous finery! Surely this must be Christian Dior's winter display? Or maybe the latest collection from 5th Avenue?

So a stranger might well have thought on witnessing the Ambassador College Winter Fashion Parade for 1968. For the men it was an opportunity to see our co-eds at their best – though perhaps a trifle flus-



Connie and Lorna

tered at all the attention they were getting.

Fashion commentator Maria Woodnutt introduced our very own glamorous models! And actually it was the finest fashion show of the year! No minis, maxis or other screwball ideas malingering under the guise of fashion. Every dress helped to emphasise femininity and true modesty. The Domestic Science Department did a fine job!

“ . . . DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS ”

by Stuart Powell

(Photos by Brian Milns, Hull.)

Comfortably ensconced by the fire in my favourite armchair the other night, I suddenly shot bolt upright. The T.V. announcer had mentioned something about a tragedy affecting my home town — the fishing port of Hull, in Yorkshire.

With a start I recognised on the screen the quayside where I had worked for many of my years in the fishing industry. But why all the flags at half-mast? Why the ominous tone in the announcer's voice?

“Another Hull trawler has been lost in atrocious weather conditions off Iceland. Twenty men are lost without trace! This is the third Hull trawler to go down in the same area in two weeks, and two more are aground on the rocks at



this moment!”

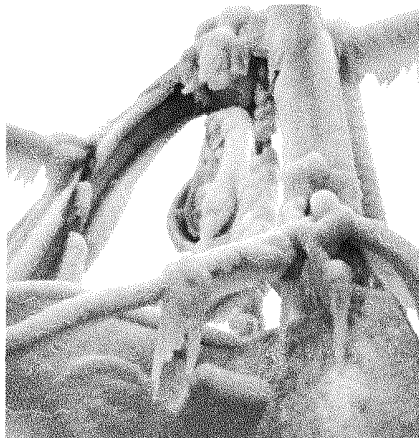
Three ships — 60 lives — swallowed up instantly in an icy grave! So sudden were the tragedies that no S.O.S. could be radioed, no lifeboat launched.

Suddenly that lemon sole my wife bought last week didn't seem so expensive after all! THE FOOD WE EAT IS OFTEN PAID FOR IN HUMAN LIVES TOO! Usually, those of us who live and work on land enjoy our kippers, soles and halibut without even sparing a thought for the men who risk their lives to provide them for us. It takes a tragedy like this to wake

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.” (Psalm 107:23-30).

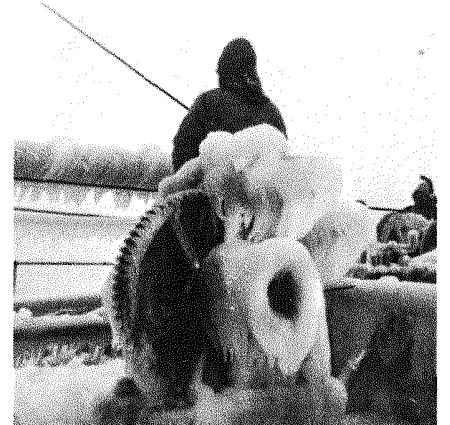
us up to reality.

These skippers, mates and deckhands are tough, hard-working, hard-drinking and hard-swearing — they have to be to stand up to their environment. They brave the elements to take part in a fierce and primitive hunt for man's food. 2½ times more likely to lose their lives than coalminers, they take the risk because the sea is in their blood and for the precarious financial reward (a top skipper can earn from £2,000 to £10,000 depending on his skill in finding the fish, the deckhand receives a low basic wage and a small percentage of the value of the catch). They have to have salt in their veins for a man to stand 3 weeks



away from home at a stretch — a home which can fall apart at the seams all too easily and where the children can become delinquents too — then just 72 hours back in port! 72 hours all too often spent in the clubs and pubs of Hull's dockland with only a few brief hours snatched with the family.

Then it's out through the lock-gates for another 21 days of finger-freezing, salt-caked, sweated toil — on call for work 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, as long as the fish are about. You like sea voyages? Well, the green sea doesn't look so friendly from the decks of a pitching, tossing, stem-over-stern, wave-battered little ship, as it towers and peaks mountainously high as your mast head on all sides. Arctic waters are no place for the faint-hearted!



In the cramped, damp confusion of the crew's quarters, meals have to be eaten on a specially partitioned wooden table, so that plates and mugs won't end up on the floor every time the ship rolls and wallows through the wave-trough. Soaking yellow oilskins, black wading boots and sou'westers hang around the walls. Nets have to be cast and hauled, fish gutted, washed and stowed in ice below decks — and all the time the biting Arctic wind chills the marrow.

Is there any wonder that sailors are said to have a greater awareness of God's power and presence than other mortals.