



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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TRIP OF A LIFETIME

"Fantabulous!"

The *Portfolio* isn't out to officialise the use of a ghastly superlative, but this is exactly what the Senior trip was according to one contented traveller as she slumped into a comfortable pew on the promenade deck of the Dover-bound ferry.

Never before has Ambassador College sponsored such a trip as this. Never before has so big a group been given such an educational and thought-provoking experience.

From the world-famous Atomium at Brussels to the breathtaking affluence of West Berlin; from the bomb-splattered landscape of East Berlin to the packed streets of Brugges on a Catholic festival, the

Senior class was taken 1400 miles through the heart of the soon-coming Beast power of Europe.

"Never have I been on a trip like this!" "It's unbelievable!" "What did we do to deserve this?" — here were only a few statements expressing our feelings on the journey of a lifetime. Throughout the whole trip, there was nothing that didn't prove to be an education in itself.

To all who were responsible for the most wonderful field trip ever, the Senior class gives its most heartfelt thanks. We deeply appreciate the planning, effort, and expense that went into making this a truly memorable and profitable experience.



THE WALL

by John Khouri

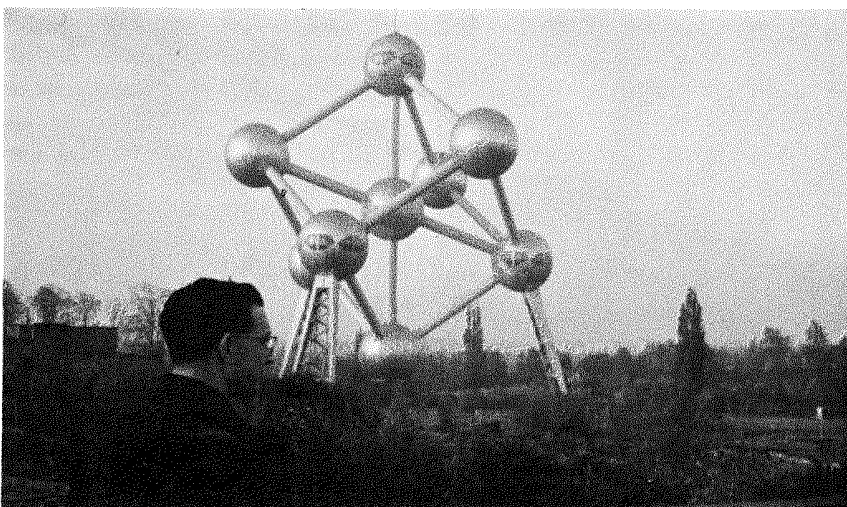
Stark barbed wire, Alsatian dogs and concrete blocks separate West from East. An uneasy peace reigns over a strained quiet in the heart of divided Berlin as well-armed Communist guards watch the checkpoints.

We'd heard and read about it. But now it faced us right ahead — THE BERLIN WALL.

Wooden crosses with engraved plaques mark positions where desperate escapees have been gunned to the ground.

At least 56 people have been killed while trying to reach the West. But in spite of this, over 26,000 have escaped this Communist "paradise" since the wall was erected.

The Berlin Wall symbolizes a divided Germany. But — for how long?



Mr. Jewell views the site of the 1958 Brussels World Fair.



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A VISIT TO THE RESI

by Henry Wilson

Have you ever heard of a floor show using 350,000 watts of electricity? 100,000 coloured lamps? 9,000 jets of water using 8,000 litres every minute?? Combined, these techniques created a spectacle of brilliant colour as fairyland fountains danced to the strains of the "Blue Danube".

This is the entertainment provided at the RESI CABARET, West Berlin. A visit to that city cannot be complete without a visit to the Resi — one of the finest dance halls in all Europe.

This was yet another outstanding evening of the Senior trip — a memorable experience for culture-capturing Ambassadors and Faculty alike.

Q What was Boaz before his marriage?

A Ruthless !

THE DIVIDED CITY

by Dan Botha



West Berliners' view of the East — at Check Point Charlie.



The changing of the guard — East Berlin style.

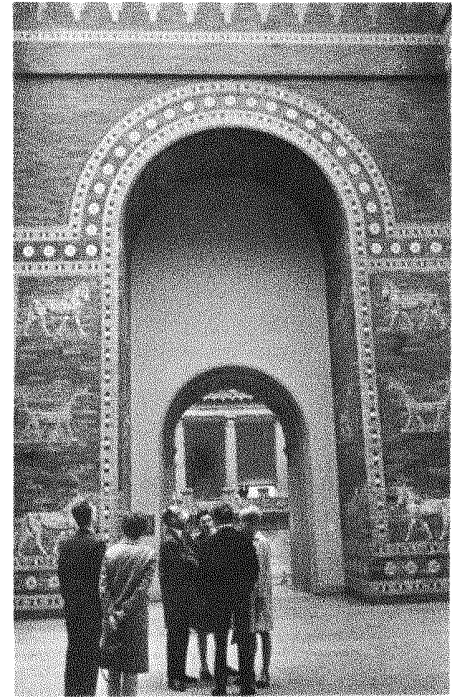


West Berlin is not just a city. This Western paradise in the Communist ocean is a miracle. Battered to pulpy ruins in World War II, it has been rebuilt to excel any city in the world.

We students found no limit to the places of historic interest. To many, Berlin is a synonym of history. But it is also a synonym for Germany. No where else can the rebirth of the German spirit be seen more than in this divided city.

Divided it is, by a twelve-foot wall, over thirty miles long. On the other side of this great barrier are the families and friends of those in the West. They are longing for the time when East and West can join hands and the wall can be torn down.

East Berlin is a sad, dreary, dull-looking city, sadly inferior to its Western brother. The lower standard of living is painfully obvious. Few cars are seen on the roads. But the people are German. They, like the people in the West, still remember a time when there was no wall; and, what is more, look ahead to the time when a united Berlin will be the capital of a re-united Germany.



Ishtar gate at the Pergamon Museum in East Berlin.

Battle of the Titans on the altar of Pergamos.

Music in Manchester

Portfolio Staff Reporter

With the tyres singing on the tarmac, the College coach carried the Chorale swiftly north. Destination: Manchester.

This trip gave the combined Leeds and Warrington churches a private performance of Zadok the

Priest, selections from Brahms' *Requiem*, and Haydn's Magnificat.

After the Sabbath the night was spent at Matlock Bath. Early on Sunday the Chorale took time off from their musical routine for a refreshing

hike through Dovedale, deep in the Peak District.

A few hours later an impressive tour of Chatsworth House gave a vivid impression of the stately homes fast vanishing from Britain's aristocracy.

We returned from our tiring trip happy for this opportunity of singing for our brethren.



"Don't laugh Ed, you're paying!"

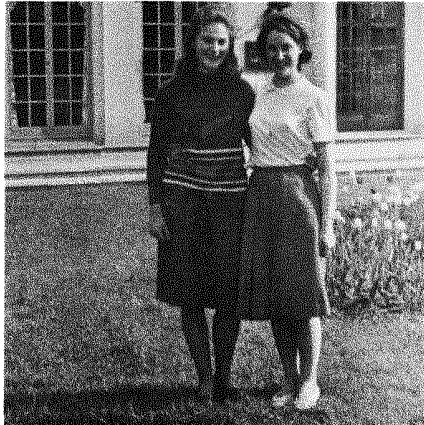


"I wonder if the others will get back for lunch?"

CALIFORNIA HERE WE COME!

There was nothing unusual about the Assembly of May 9th – until Mr. McNair mentioned that he had announcements to make. Throughout the entire Assembly the students suffered agonies of anticipation. Then in the last five minutes *the news was announced!*

Three Ambassadors from Bricket

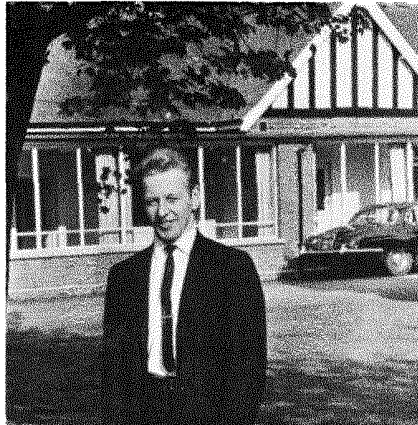


Sheena and Joan

Wood will be “translated” to Pasadena.

The thunderstruck three are Sheena Kenworthy, Joan Edwards, and George Patrickson. Each only just managed to rise onto shaky legs as their names were announced to acknowledge the applause.

To all three – *congratulations!*



George



Dan and Helen

ENGAGEMENTS

Dan Botha to Helen Burchill

John Khouri to Pat Marsh



John and Pat.

LEEDS WATERLOO

by John Khouri

I was admiring the Victorian gloom and doom of Leeds Central Station.

“Excuse me,” said a middle-aged man. “I’m a reporter from the *Yorkshire Post*. I’d like your impressions of this historic moment.”

“What historic moment?” I asked.

“Why, the closing down of the Central Station.”

“Well, I don’t think I could become attached to the place!”

“Then what do you think of British Railway stations as a whole?”
..... Ed.: *hole?*

“They’re not exactly Space Age,” I replied. “After all, *this station is 120 years old*. Can’t they all go underground?”

I don’t know if my comments were published by the *Yorkshire Post*. But here they are for the *Portfolio*.

(Editor’s comment: The Leeds Central is being turned into an open market place.)

Space Photography

by John Stettaford

A Gemini blast-off in colour rocketed Ambassador’s Pictorial Journalism class through the ionosphere to join a space-walk and view the blue earth far below.

At the Kodak Company’s London exhibition they saw eight-foot colour pictures showing men and machines in space, the Apollo moon shot, and a close-up of the scarred surface of Mars.

But the most dramatic picture of all was a shot of the giant Orion Nebulae – a glorious golden cloud of gas encrusted with thousands of jewelled lights.

The exhibiton’s title was no misnomer. This really was “Photography in Space!”

Did you hear they are putting a clock in the Leaning Tower of Pisa? Really?

Yes! What’s the good if you have the inclination and haven’t got the time?