



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Vol. 9, No. 9

February 9th, 1968

## AU REVOIR !

by David Price

Mr. Hunting: "What sort of passport do you have, Lyall? A New Zealand one?"

Startled Mr. Johnston: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Hunting: "Then I think the logical thing to do would be to send you there!"

This exciting conversation took place on Friday, 26th January and left the Johnston family eagerly awaiting travel instructions from Mr. Cole.

Soon they hope to be winging their way across the Atlantic towards Headquarters before finally continuing around on the globe to New Zealand. It looks as though



Mr. Johnston at his 'old' desk.

Mr. Johnston's experience on the Visiting Programme, as Mr. Jewell's right hand man and as Spokesman Club President will all be needed over there. Mr. Graemme Marshall is crying out for help and assistance

with the visiting and office work. Looks like a busy time ahead for the Johnstons. All the best at the other side of the world!



Mr. Bradford takes a last look.

Other travellers to Headquarters from Bricket Wood are Mr. David Bradford and his wife Dorette. David has worked at the Ambassador College Press for some time, but trouble arose when his immigration permit ran out! It looked as though he would have to leave his job.

Fortunately, Mr. Justus from the Pasadena press was here at the time and offered David the opportunity of a year in the States to gain experience on a Miehle web press.

Then the immigration authorities agreed to the Bradfords' return in a year - just about the time Mr. Butterfield is going to need an experienced man for our own expected web press!

*Au revoir* for now, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford. See you in twelve months!

## TENTH CHURCH IN U.K.!


by Portfolio Staff Reporter

Britain's 10th and newest church opened its doors on February 3rd to 60 members - all brethren who formerly attended the packed London and Bricket Wood services.

The place? The bustling market town of Guildford in Surrey - just 40 miles south-west of St. Albans. The Society of Friends have made their city-centre meeting place available to us, as they have in Birmingham. This adaptable building which normally seats about 40 can be expanded to cope with a growing attendance, and the thoughtful authorities have just provided a large new car-park around the corner!



Pastor of the new church will be Dr. Martin and Mr. Walker will now be making the long haul up to Warrington each week. This move enables Mr. John Portune to take over as pastor of the Bristol church.



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD HERTS.

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## It's in the Bag!

From earliest childhood we have been associated with *bags*. As a tiny tot you couldn't resist your mother's *handbag*. Then you found it hard to keep your hands off the *shopping bag*, because it might contain a bag of sweets. At the age of six you started to carry your *schoolbag*, your constant companion for the next ten or twelve years.

Some then attended medical school and spent six years trying to qualify to carry the familiar "*black bag*." Not so long ago this *black bag* was my pride and joy. Its contents were chosen to meet all possible emergencies. It never failed to draw people when it was opened. Many looked upon it as the answer  
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## SPECIAL:

# BRICKET WOOD CHANGES TO BOX 111

by Portfolio Staff Reporter

Ambassador College Bricket Wood is changing its address! Beginning with February we will no longer use "B.C.M. Ambassador London W.C. 1" as our major mailing address.

Our new address – inspired from both Pasadena and Jerusalem – will be *P.O. Box 111 St. Albans, Herts.*

By using this we will save the 1d. per letter that we pay for the use of B.C.M.

This new address will be printed on all envelopes and *Plain Truth* wrappers. And above all – it will be the return address used for any future advertising.

## The House of Lords

by Francis Bergin

"That Hall is one thousand years old," we were told as we walked past Westminster Hall inside the House of Lords. And it looked like some of those sitting inside had been there from the beginning!

The present chamber of the House of Lords was built in 1847 and is rich in design and furnishings. It is thickly carpeted and has fine wood carvings, stained glass windows and luxurious seats. The Queen's magnificent Throne is there. There are replicas in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle.

The House was full and they were debating the Prime Minister's Economic Statement. Lord Shackleton, Leader of the House of Lords, was the principal speaker on behalf of the Government. To listen to him (and to the others) one was given to understand that though we were almost bankrupt (through a few innocent mistakes) we are

still the greatest nation on earth. We had bigger and better forces than any other European country. There was no sense of urgency or alarm. Only the large attendance showed something important was being debated.

The crowning experience was hearing a Government Minister saying "Her Majesty's Government is very concerned about the Arab refugees." Someone then asked the "Noble Lord" whether they were still living in tents or not. He replied, "I don't know *where* they are living BUT I DO ASSURE YOU THAT HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT IS VERY CONCERNED ABOUT THE ARAB REFUGEES." No one batted an eyelid. Some were even asleep. This is typical of today's political scene.

## BOOK REVIEW:

# 'David's Harp'

by Charlotte Glasgow

Did you realize that Samuel established schools – remarkably similar to Ambassador Colleges – devoted to bringing the liberal arts of that day to the people of Israel??!!

After Samuel's political life as a judge was over, he devoted his remaining years to establishing a school or academy designed to train men, to educate and teach the people in the arts! Samuel gathered a group of men of all ages, married and single, who shared his ideals and were prepared to devote their lives to carrying them out.

The students were called Sons of the Prophets. They lived together with their teachers in a College atmosphere! They came from all social levels and from every tribe of Israel. Even women were not refused. The entrance requirements? The wish and the aptitude for learning; submission to the common discipline; and devotion to the religious and national ideals of Israel!

Sound familiar?

(Information from *David's Harp*, by Sendrey and Norton.)

# WELCOME TO BRICKET WOOD!

*Portfolio Staff Reporter*

I took Luana to Police H.Q. to be certified – sorry, registered. “Aha, we’ve been expecting you, Miss Wagner.” This from the sergeant before either of us could utter a word. The sergeant picked up the phone and dialled the College. “Yes, we’ve apprehended her alright. Do you want her deported?” – Some reception for a friendly alien! But the British police were fair. They let her go – so we’re very glad to have her as an addition to the Third Year!

Luana hails from San Diego, California and is interested in music – piano, saxophone, horn, drums . . . in her *spare* time she also goes swimming, plays tennis and badminton. By the way, fellows, if you want Luana to enjoy a date with you, take her flying. She’s got a Civil Pilot’s License. You’d have a good time too!



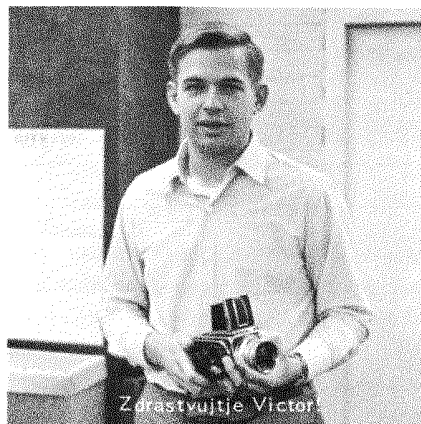
Luana Wagner

Joining the stalwart Student Body at Bricket Wood, Victor Kubik has just arrived as a transfer from Pasadena.

Born 20 years ago in Hannover, Germany, Victor claims St. Paul, Minnesota, as his home town. He studied Electrical Engineering in the University of Minnesota’s Institute of Technology before coming to Ambassador College. His technical interests explain why he goes for photography in such a big way.

Vic also enjoys playing the piano. He has travelled in Europe

and this past summer accompanied Dr. Hoeh to Russia. He now works in the Photographic Department at the Print Shop, applying his hobby in a very profitable way!



Zdrastvujtje Victor

(or “Hi Vic!”)

Born in Buffalo, New York, Joyce attended the Griffith Institute before going to Ambassador College in Pasadena. During her stay of 2½ years there, she worked as a receptionist and an “odd-job girl” in the French Department. Joyce learned the language as a child as her father was a French teacher. She also had four years of formal training. Now on the Bricket Wood campus, Joyce finds herself a lot closer to France than she ever imagined. Hopefully, after the Feast of Tabernacles Joyce will work in the new French Department that will be set up here. At present, she is a typist in Mail Reading.



Joyce Kubik



Sue Ann Welty

Another brother and sister team join the Bricket Wood Campus. After 2½ years of being an Ambassador in Pasadena, Sue, the sister of Lyle, now finds herself on foreign but yet familiar soil. She attended Manchester College in Indiana and majored in Pre-Medicine. Now she is classified as a senior. In Pasadena, she worked for a period in the futuristic IBM Department. Since her arrival on the Bricket Wood campus, she loves just everything she sees – and is really excited about the unique opportunities of travel that Ambassador in England affords.

## Dear Mum...

### I made a movie

*by George Merritt*

There we were at Universal Film Studios. Open touring cars arrived to take us around the cast area of Indoor sound stages, make-up rooms, prop stores and ‘mock towns.’

We piled in, eagerly awaiting the moment of departure.

Rumour went round that they were making a new epic. Blood and thunder, Christians to the lions and all that sort of thing. Trouble was they couldn’t get any extras!

And there were *we* in the trucks!!

“OK away we go” bellowed our smiling guide.

And before we could change

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## VICTORY DAY PARADE

by Ron Dick

"We'll be dancing in the streets tonight after a mighty display of Turkish military force in our Victory Day Parade...." said the radio announcer.

"So that's why all these Turkish flags were flying in the villages, and soldiers were everywhere to be seen."

Mr. Dick who was driving the car suddenly turned off the road in front of a Turkish guard.

"What time does the parade start," he asked the soldier.

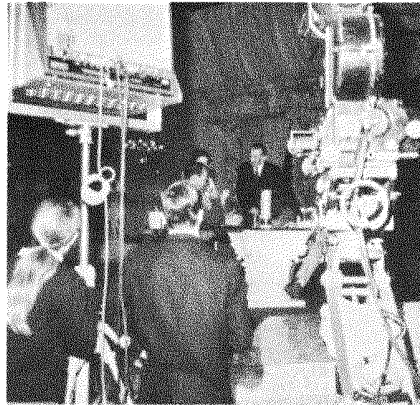
"At 4:30," he stammered in broken English.

It was already 4 pm. We had to hurry to be in Nicosia before the parade began. Tension was high and anything could happen. With all the Turkish military force concentrated in Nicosia, fighting could easily erupt. Several skirmishes had already taken place in Paphos and Famagusta within the last twenty-four hours.

We arrived in Ataturk Square. The milling crowd began to gather. After parking the car, Mr. and Mrs. Dick took a position by a large statue near the corner, while Randy and I tried to get closer to the press box. Not knowing what to expect, we pushed through the crowd only to find it was surrounded by armed guards. I produced an official looking card from my pocket and pointed to the radio announcer's platform. The guard muttered something that sounded like a question - I answered "yes" and he moved the gate.

For the next hour we witnessed a spectacle of goose-stepping soldiers marching to fiery drums. Tanks rolled by followed by a long stream of mixed vehicles. Top Turkish Generals, and even Dr. Kuchek himself were within ten feet of our busy cameras.

What an experience!



Camera . . . Action!

## MOVIE

(continued from page 3)

our minds we were off on our tour of movieland.

The studios themselves are situated in a valley. After visiting a star's dressing room we then saw inside one of the indoor sound stages.

Here a Roman palace had been constructed. Our guide explained various technical details and then

## BAGS

(Continued from Page 2)

to all ills; some feared it because of the syringes and needles, and others just couldn't stand the smell!

You wouldn't recognise my *black bag* now. Its various compartments hold reels of cotton, darning and knitting needles, thimbles, wool and patterns!

For a while I had no *bag* at all, until I was presented with a *B.O.A.C. bag* on our flight over to England.

Now at Ambassador College I have replaced my *black bag* with a *red bag*. The demand for the contents of *this bag* is just impossible to satisfy. This *red bag* is taken on a "run" several times a day, and there is one particular stop along the route where you meet the ever hopeful ones, "Got any mail for me?" You wish you had a letter for every pigeonhole!

The fortunate recipients show varying degrees of excitement and joy according to what they receive from *the bag*. A transmittal hardly

invited some of us to make a film.

I volunteered.

Before actually shooting a film, a trial rehearsal is made on Video tape. Our scene lasted five minutes and then it was replayed on the monitor screen.

I did *not* get the contract!

Next we viewed the mock towns. These included a street scene of London, complete with double-decker bus and cars, a European street and a complete Western town.

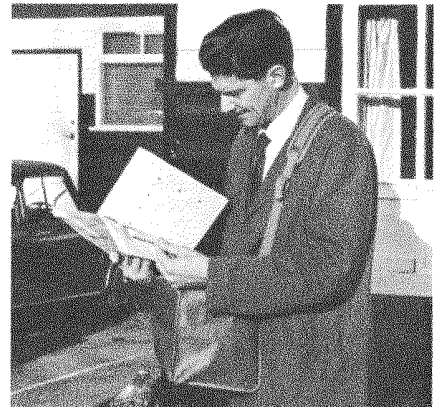
After lunch an exciting show was put on by the stunt men. Fights, gun battles and roof falling were all included.

This was followed by a demonstration of dog tricks and bird antics - all of them expertly trained for their parts on the screen - a fascinating conclusion to a revealing tour.

And one other thing for me to write home about. . . Dear Mum. . . I made a movie!

raises a stir, but the pleasure and delight shown mount steeply as a letter, a parcel, or a registered letter is delivered.

Don't forget too that there's always room for your personal mail in the *red bag*, so keep those *out-going* letters flowing and you'll be more often rewarded with something in your pigeonhole.



The red bag.

\* \* \*

Marriage-guidance counsellor to woman: "Did you wake up grumpy this morning?" "No," she replied. "I let him sleep."