



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Vol. 10, No. 14

5th June 1969

ISRAEL — HERE WE COME

by Ron Dick

Electric tension filled the Gym. The announcements at last! Mr. McNair read the list of 25 names in rapid succession and the crowd erupted in explosive applause. Hugs, tears, laughs, giggles, squeals and happy clapping.

Telex received another list soon after the Forum. Now fifty students from all three colleges await that magic moment — the departure to Lod Airport, Tel Aviv, and the arrival in Jerusalem, Israel.

What lies in store for our Ambassador archaeologists this summer? Here is a preview hot line from our Jerusalem Office.

"This summer promises excitement, experience, education and fun. But first and foremost is hard work, and a lot of it. A. C. students will comprise the backbone of the dig's labour force this summer. Only our students will work continuously throughout the entire eight-week period. Other help is from volunteer groups which remain for only two or three weeks at a time.

For this reason our attitudes and diligence as Ambassadors will be a major influence at the archaeological site. How we perform will do more for the image of Ambassador College among the people than displaying pictures and brochures throughout all Israel.

Students want to know, "Where will we live, and what will our quarters be

like?" Ambassador College has exclusive rights to the Cliff Hotel in Jerusalem's suburb of Bethany. Located southeast of the Mt. of Olives, and east of Bethany, our hotel lies in full view of the Dead Sea Basin with pink-coloured hills of Moab extending on eastward. Southward are steep Judean Hills and the old Bethlehem winding along the main valley. A prominent cone-shaped mountain looms like a backdrop to the whole scene. Named the Herodium, this mountain was man-made in Herod's time, and was designed as an inaccessible mountain fortress. Also, a line of communication with Masada, this fort resisted attacking Roman armies. Masada held out the longest, falling to the conqueror in 70 A.D.

Westward from the Cliff Hotel are drab Arab houses in East Jerusalem, and in plain view looking northeast is the famous Dome of the Rock.

Beautiful Arab homes are visible when looking north from the hotel. They are situated on the Mt. of Olives' eastern slope — never seen from the main city of Jerusalem. The new Jericho road is only about a block from our hotel and is a main thoroughfare to Jerusalem.

The Cliff Hotel has three floors and thirty-six rooms. It stands on a ridge that overlooks both Jerusalem westward and the Judean Wilderness eastward. Located in a quiet Arab neighbourhood,

the hotel is cooled by gentle night breezes wafting through the rooms, unhampered by other buildings.

Six rooms are singles and two triples. All others are double, and every room has its own private bath. Storage space in the rooms is very limited, but extra space will be provided. Laundry will be done by local Arabs working for the hotel. There are no laundromats in Israel. Students should be sure every garment has a name tag to prevent loss. They may not be able to do their own laundry, but have all clothes washed "family style" by the hotel.

Bus transportation to the dig will be provided right from our front door to the working area. Transportation to Jerusalem for students who wish to shop or do sight-seeing will be by city bus which stops about a block from our hotel. Busses stop running at eight p.m., although there are taxis available at all hours so students should plan accordingly.

The Cliff Hotel is not a luxury hotel and it may not be quite as fine as Lakeside and Loma Hall, but it is quiet, comfortable, and the management accommodating. The manager is a friendly young Arab named Hussein Daoud (Arabic for David).

You who have been chosen to dig this summer will have many opportunities to reflect the priceless training you have received at Ambassador College.



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SALTY DOG WHAT??

by Tony Lodge

In one evening Ambassador learned a new language — Square Dance language! On Thursday, 17th April we hired a professional caller and had a ball — er I mean a square dance. Western dressed students arrived at the hay bale decorated gym in time to see Dave Odor “kick off” the evening with the Salty Dog Rag. (Yes, it’s a dance).

The superstudents soon picked up the jargon of ‘Promenade’, ‘Alamen’, ‘Dosy-do’, ‘Sachet’. The mere humans among us failed initially, mistaking our ‘corners’ for our partners. This created chaos. One group of eight had to retire for a few minutes to recover from side-splitting, tearful laughter — after all, Philip Gourlay should *never* have ended up with Mr. Sutcliffe as his partner at the end of the dance.

After a night of (much needed) free refreshments, exercise, fun and education everyone agreed that it was a terrific dance.



This is the Cliff Hotel. It is away from regular tourist haunts and stands in a sort of hibernation during the winter. It has 36 rooms plus 4 annex rooms.



From the hotel lounge is seen a convent. The Dome of the Rock stands as a shiny gold dome against the skyline. The Intercontinental Hotel stands on the far right.



Cliff Hotel garden and covered patio with the east slope of the Mt. of Olives in the background. Centre is a mosque.

THE AMBASSADOR WAY



Bricket Wood's graduating class of 1969.

by Greg Albrecht

Now what? What happens *after* the hectic activities week which began with the melodic strains of the Chorale Concert and ending with the pomp and circumstance of graduation a few hours from now? The answer is going to put you on the spot—you are being advanced one year in Ambassador College and being given additional responsibilities.

One of you will be Student-Body President—one will be Vice-President. Then there will be the class presidents' responsibilities to be fulfilled. Many of you will be room monitors. Many of the others of you will attain "lead men" or "lead women" status on your job. Ambassador Club presidents and officers—Women's Club presidents and officers—Portfolio Editors—etc., etc. The responsibilities of Ambassador College are waiting for you.

In less than three months new faces will arrive in force on campus from around the world. You will be the

students to whom they will look for the proper example. They will be the class of 1973! How well they get on in their early lives at Ambassador College is largely due to you; the second, third, and fourth year students at Ambassador College.

In this graduation edition of the PORTFOLIO I would like to remind you all that you *can do the job*. You can fulfill the responsibilities you will have this coming year—otherwise you wouldn't be here! We, the Senior Class, are going to be advancing as well—to our fifth year of Ambassador College. We are advancing to the firing line to put to work what we have learned.

If there is any one thing that a graduating Senior wants to pass on to his classmates it is the fact that you don't really leave Ambassador College when you graduate. How can a person leave a way of life? We, the Senior Class, will be engaging in Commencement Exercises in just a few hours.

These exercises picture the continuing of a way of life—the AMBASSADOR WAY.

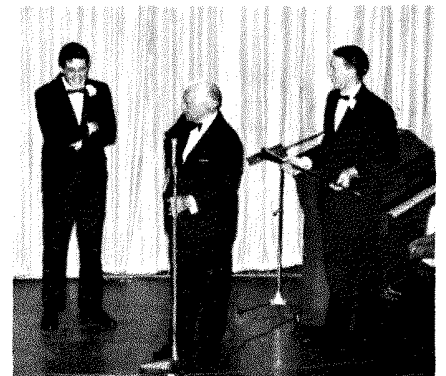
Thousands of Ambassador alumni around the world continually witness to the fact that there is no way like the Ambassador way! They didn't leave Ambassador College—they took it with them. And we, the Senior Class of 1968-1969, are taking Ambassador College with us. You will do the same in 1970, 1971, and 1972. Until then, remember, the AMBASSADOR WAY is the *only way*.

GRADUATING CLASS ASSIGNMENTS

As this goes to press we look forward to the Graduation Ball. Remember last year's shocking and exciting announcements?! Maybe you will have been sent somewhere by the time you read this. If so—just add your name to our list of permanent assignments as they now stand.

Greg Albrecht, Bricket Wood; Bill Moore, Harrisburg, Penn.; Ron Dick, Pasadena, Cal.; Chris Carpenter, Bricket Wood; Kerry McGuinness, Vancouver, B. C.; Cliff Ackerson, Washington, D. C.; Victor Kubik, Mankato, Sioux Falls; Stan Suchocki, Memphis, Tenn.; Stan Potratz, Bricket Wood; John Cunningham; Bricket Wood; Peter Alter, Bricket Wood; David Smith, Bricket Wood.

David Sandland, Vancouver, B. C.; John White, Bricket Wood; John Stettaford, Bricket Wood; Wade Whitmer, Springfield, Joplin Mo.; Dan Banham, Kelowna; Jim Davison, Columbus, Dayton Ohio; Martin Watson, Glasgow, Belfast; John Larkin, Kitchener; Colin McDonald, Bricket Wood; Rainer Salomaa, Finland & Canada.



"Now the horn belongs to"

Where are YOU?





SUMMER ADDRESSES

These people will be staying at Ambassador, Bricket Wood:-

Alberta Adams	David Hulme	Orlean Mills	Gaye Browning
Barbara Arnold	Helen Matthews	Louise Rubin	Kathy Mears
Sally Barkdoll	Gavin Cullen	Sondra Schaeer	Peter Bacon
Neville Benwell	Raymond Irvine	Jon Cook	Jon Bowles
Margaret Bond	Don Engle	Robert Vischer	Mr. F. Croucher
Colin Cato	Peter Pappas	Frank Nelte	George Domazetis
Robert Cloninger	Nick Ursem	Genell Gray	Bill Farr
Tommy Crawford	Robert Marshall	Lynn Demarest	Peter Hawkins
Linda Dorsey	Ron Duncan	Barbara Campbell	David Stirk
Lloyd Drover	Robin Elliot	Connie Coates	Alan Tattersall
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Lockietta Greene	Peter Hovey	Sylvia Stadie	Barbara Eastwell
Gary Hamilton	Cheryl Pearce	Andrew Cookson	Carol Ince
John Higbed	Ron Stoddart	Judy Pincombe	Elisabeth Rau
Rebecca Knowles	Margaret Peterson	Stewart Gilchrist	Ida Roveri
Margaret Larkin	Peter McLean	Paul Linehan	Heather White
John Martin	Rodney Gowland	Brit Wikstrom	Jon Buck
John Meakin	John Cunningham	Peter Butler	Stuart Foster
Roger Meyer	Denise White	Dennis Parkes	Robert Fox
Gordon Muir	Rita Campbell	Malcolm Heap	Phillip Gourlay
Pat Nelson	Garry de Jager	Brian Hickson	Sue Whetson
Lorraine Nytra	Roger Hartop	Jake Toews	Mr. M. Hanssen
David Odor	Jeff Moss	Bob Justus	James Muir;
Brian Orchard	Chris Pappas	Peter Alter	Norman Pappas
Lawson Price	Paul Pels	Chris Carpenter	Orest Solyma
Kathy Searls	Erna Barnard	David Smith	Anne Boness
Andrew Silcox	Carol Burman	Yvonne Schafer	Linda Eagle
Marlene Storz	Marceine Gourlay	Russell Johnson	Katherine Kudis
Lona Walker	Pauline Murray	Helmut Levsen	Judy Reay
Aletha Williams	Patricia Smith	Mike Linacre	
Barbara Wilson	Thomas Harper	Mr. Charles Owen	
Ken Aime	Rex Lehmann	Darrell Watkins	

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A.C. Fieldtrip Visits Slaughterhouse

by Jim Bennett

Would you like to earn £50 for a 36-hour week? Then maybe the agriculture class has found the place for you — the British Beef Company's *abattoir* (slaughter-house) in Watford.

This was the destination of the dozen agriculture students with Mr. Sutcliffe last Tuesday morning. We left College before 8 a.m. but the men had already finished the first run when we got there, so we looked around for about half an hour before the second run would start.

The *abattoir* is only seven years old, modernly designed and equipped for maximum speed in the handling of the carcasses.

Our first sight of the efficient handling came when they started the second run at 9 o'clock. One at a time the cattle were driven into a narrow pen where they were killed by having a bolt shot into their heads — with instant results! Immediately then the animal is strung up and its throat is slit.

Less than ten minutes later it is completely unrecognizable. Four men quickly and competently skin it (the hide alone is worth £45), open the paunch and remove the offal — which is also made use of. As our guide said, they're in the business to make money. The gall is sold to the printing industry. Stomach membranes are used for sausage skins and two hundredweight of *spinal cords* are sold every month for *use in baby foods!*

With everything out, the animal is strung up again, sawn in half down the backbone and the gang swings into action on the next animal. The pay is very good, but they earn it. It is hard, gory, backbreaking work.

Our thanks to Mr. Sutcliffe for an altogether profitable, educational trip.

Frowning psychiatrist to secretary on the phone. Just say we are terribly busy — not it's a madhouse.

Early Bird: Many are called but few get up.

Arundel—Castle of Norfolk

by Peter Butler

Thomas Howard, 4th Duke of Norfolk, was beheaded on Tower Hill in London in 1572! He had insisted on making advances (with intent to commit matrimony) toward Mary, Queen of Scots. Queen Elizabeth I of England disapproved and presumably decided the only truly effective deterrent was decapitation.

Yet had Thomas Howard never lived to dare to flirt with one Queen at the risk of antagonising another — then our own Robin Howard would not be with us today — and he and I would never have visited Arundel Castle together this last spring break.

Robin can trace his ancestry directly back to this unfortunate gentleman — and Arundel Castle is the ancestral home of the Dukes of Norfolk.

The castle is a magnificent edifice situated on the southern side of the emerald and undulating South Downs near the Channel coast of sunny Sussex. It is set like a jewel in the midst of verdant and forested parklands. From its lofty vantage it keeps constant vigilance over the sleepy red-roofed town of

Arundel, and dominates the crystal waters of the River Arun as they meander peacefully from the valley into the open plain.

Excellently preserved to this day, Arundel Castle, with its finely furnished halls and chambers, its polished oak floors and mahogany panelled rooms, is a residence truly fit for royalty.

And indeed, royalty are to this day occasionally entertained within its walls, for the Dukes of Norfolk have long been the senior peers of the realm and Earl Marshals of England — nominally in charge of many of the monarch's affairs. This is somewhat surprising, for the family has always been, and are to this day, devout Catholics! This may be the cause of their turbulent history — particularly during the Civil War when Arundel Castle was mercilessly besieged by Cromwell's troops in 1643.

It was during the Civil War that Robin's line of the Howard family fled to Ireland — and fortunately so — for had they not, this short account of the Dukes of Norfolk and Arundel Castle may never have been written.

Field Hockey Plays Ambassadors

An innovation has thrust itself upon the Ambassador sports scene. And yet it is not so new — for it was tried before! But rumour has it that on that tragic occasion long ago it soon had to be abandoned and outlawed! For almost all of the players involved sustained nasty injuries of some form or other!

What then, is this pseudo-innovation? It is that historic and (in)famous English field game — Hockey!

But this time a number of more civilized exponents of the game kept injuries down to a minimum! A bleeding nose within the first five minutes, a cut lower lip, and a few firm blows to the shins — no worse!!!

Sounds rough, doesn't it? And yet half the players were delicate damsels — for some of our very own delicate co-eds took part! Yet they gave the men as good as they got.

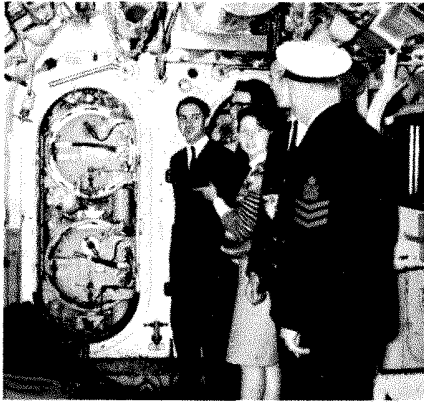
Sticks were lifted high — and the little rock hard ball bulleted across the turf of the sloping and uneven Imperial field. Often it would hit a bump and fly high into the sky. Players ducked and dodged and rushed into the fracas again, hurtling from end to end of the field in hot pursuit!

Heather White made a fine attacking centre forward, whilst Anne Boness could wield a hearty blow in defence! Meanwhile Robert Marshall callously sliced the ball in his favourite full-field shots and Garry de Jager took great delight in hooking and holding fast his opponents' sticks!

But at last 20 weary players were forced to abandon the field to American football enthusiasts after a hard-fought and gruelling game.

Jolly hockey sticks!

WE SAW A SUBMARINE



What did you say is in there?

by Nick Ursem

On 10th April an outing was arranged to see a sub in Portsmouth harbour. Twenty-two Ambassadors snatched the opportunity.

After a three-hour coach ride we arrived at Portsmouth. A small Navy vessel then sped our group across the choppy bay — an experience all by itself, and finally, to the submarine berth.

An officer of the Royal Navy led us into a small museum where submarines, from the earliest to the latest nuclear-powered models were displayed. The officer pointed out a number of black and white flags with skulls on them. Little white bars represented how many ships the submarine had sunk.

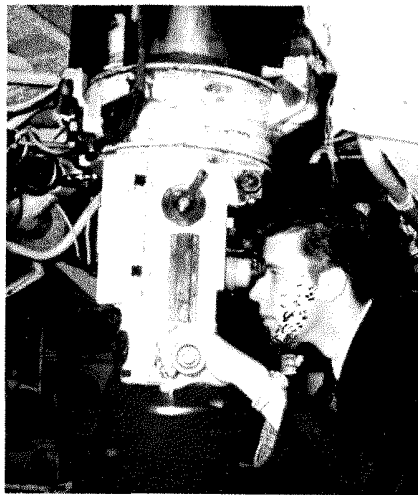
After the museum, we eagerly hurried to the ugly, black monsters half submerged in the unusually clear water. Then down the hole into strange, new surroundings. Tubes, valves, meters everywhere! All was so small; this was, after all, a submarine of World War II vintage.

Inside, one of the officers explained the method of escape. After partially flooding the compartment, the sailors fled through the hatch — continually expelling air from their noses. To rise from about 200 feet only takes approximately 20 seconds.

Really incredible were the sleeping quarters for the fifty-nine crew members. Each man — including the officers — had a space of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $1\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 feet to sleep! Three beds were stacked on top of each other in different parts of the passageway — separated from it merely by a curtain.

In the control room, the nerve centre of the submarine, we found two separate periscopes — one for navigation, the other for battle. Through them we saw little boats passing by in the harbour.

At 5 p.m., after a thoroughly enjoyable day, we capped it off with a pint or so, then home.



Man your battle stations.

Bogside Riots over Civil Rights

by Ken Smylie

“Up Pope,” “Down Pope”—a new party game? Nope! It's Irish graffiti. As we drove through Bogside, Londonderry, the Protestant-Catholic districts were more than obvious. Bogside—hardly a misnomer—is a decadent Catholic housing sector and the scene of recent riots. The night before, so-called Civil Rights advocates demonstrated to the tune of over 80 policemen injured and thousands of pounds' worth of damage. The streets were still littered with the broken glass, bricks, pipes, and rocks. Hundreds of pistol-packing, helmeted policemen watched anxiously throughout the district for more trouble. It was Sunday afternoon. Protestants in the adjoining district and Bogside Catholics had attended their respective churches and were now drawing up further battle plans. The air was tense.

We slowly passed the burned out police wagon, securely guarded, and cruised down various streets. Funny, the demonstrators cry housing discrimination against Catholics and yet the only way to tell one district from another is by the graffiti. Even more ironic is that the very bricks the rioters threw were taken from local building sites for their new houses.

Our visit was short. We took pictures and rolled out of town. Curiously, since both peoples are of intense “religious” fervour one would think petty hatred and violence would be unheard of here. Pity, it is.

SUPER STUDENT by JDS

