



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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Minehead '69

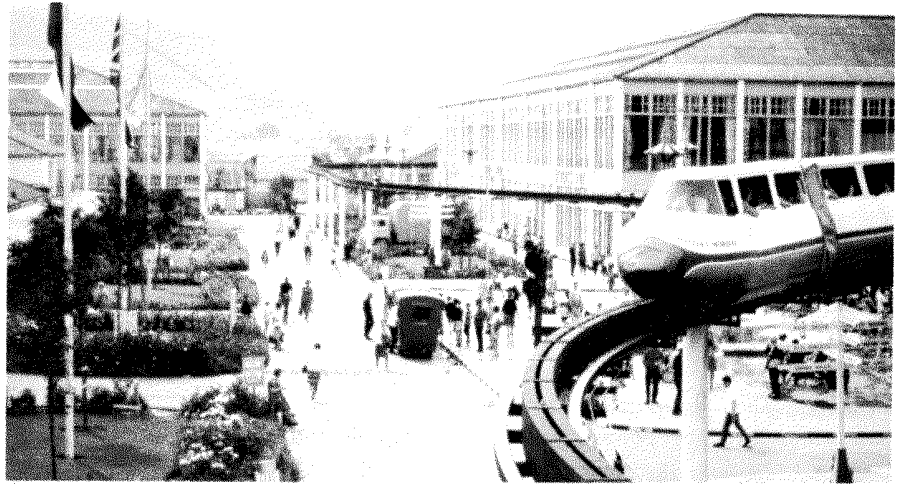
AN UNFORGETTABLE FESTIVAL!

by Tony Morrell

Friday, September 26th, and the sun shone warmly on Butlin's Minehead Camp as more than 2,500 of God's people assembled for the 1969 Festival of Tabernacles. Throughout the day representatives from 68 different countries arrived to enjoy an inspiring, jam-packed eight-day schedule.

The weather had promised great things that first day and unusually for England in the Autumn it KEPT that promise! While other areas of Britain were torn by gale force winds Somerset slumbered peacefully through all eight sparkling days. No one could have asked for better weather.

Taking advantage of the sun during the free afternoons many people toured the picturesque countryside. Some trekked into the hills on horseback



Holiday camp becomes Festival site.

while the more energetic roamed on foot over the nearby moors.

A balanced programme of activities helped make this the fullest, fastest-moving festival that many of us have experienced. An inspiring presentation of slides showing the Work — world-wide — by Mr. Waterhouse; movies; agricultural and meteorological displays; a fine student talent show; football games and a host of other activities were provided for the enjoyment of everyone.

The daily sermons were characterised by the same balance. Among the 15 speakers from whom we heard were three visiting ministers from the United States — Mr. Gerald Waterhouse, Mr.

Gary Arvidson and Mr. Dale Schurter. Also helping to make the services even more enjoyable and memorable was the Ambassador Chorale under the direction of Mr. Leo Bogdanchik.

But all good things must (in this day and age!) come to an end. All too soon those eight short days were over. With the last strains of the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* still ringing in our ears we went our separate ways. Another Festival had been... and gone. Who can tell what the coming year will bring? Who knows where the next festival will find us? One thing is sure: the festival was one we will not want, and cannot afford to forget.



Couriers at your service.



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Meet Your Student President

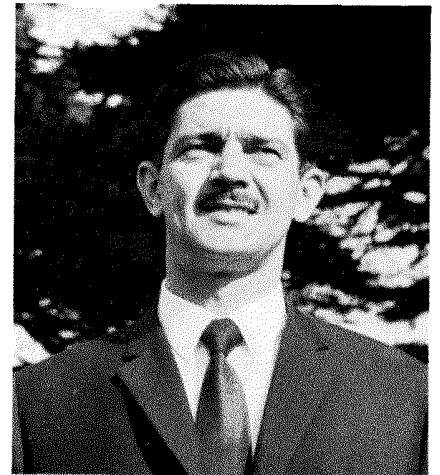
by Peter McLean

Dr. McCarthy is a warm, friendly, married man from South Africa. As a student leader, he is already setting a lively pace.

He has four children — three girls and a boy. Since one of them — his eldest daughter — is also a college student, he understands student problems and needs, and is an ideal faculty-to-student representative.

Dr. McCarthy studied medicine at Capetown University from 1943-49, and was in his seventeenth year of practice when he left for Ambassador College in 1967. He had been “operating” a successful partnership with another doctor in the town of Ceres, in Cape Province, for many of these years.

The fact that English is not Dr. McCarthy's first language might be “foreign” to many. Until three years before they came to England, the McCarthys spoke Afrikaans! It was not



Dr. McCarthy.

until they began preparing for college that they began learning English.

His hobbies were (“stress the WERE,” he said) angling, hunting small game and pheasants, bee keeping, chess, bridge, and gardening. With his present responsibilities, Dr. McCarthy finds very little time for these pursuits today!

The students are enthusiastically behind you, Sir, to make this a challenging, profitable, and successful year!

Mr. Froiland's Section

AT YOUR SERVICE

by Dick Elfers

What do you think of when you hear the word “services”? The Armed Forces, church, or the weekend lecture meetings? Then you're unaware of a recent addition to our campus.

That addition is the Services Section of the Mailing Department.

Located at the north end of the Administration complex, this last remnant of the Mailing Department still on campus was formed eight months ago with a staff of two: Mr. Froiland and a part-time assistant who worked 26 hours per week.

Since then the section has expanded 350 percent!! Now *six* full-time employees and *three* part-time employees work there.

The section was originally commissioned to: (1) service all mailing machines (including 120 typewriters, 100 of which are electric), (2) obtain office supplies, (3) do all the copying and printing jobs that were too small for the

press — and today this averages about 70,000 individual copies a month!! and (4) do any miscellaneous jobs needed.

And since that time the miscellaneous jobs category has expanded immensely! It now fills the function of a personalized post office and stationery shop all rolled into one! They sell stamps, envelopes and writing paper — and occasionally one of Service's trained staff will even lick your stamps for you. Notebooks, pens and other college supplies can also be purchased there. And this is the place to go to arrange for delivery of any booklets, correspondence courses, and reprints you may need.

The college's mailmen are also members of this section. They deliver transmittals and keep the dust from forming in our mail boxes by stuffing in letters occasionally.

Finally, the section is open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. — quite an advantage to any student in a bind to buy a Bic or a Biro, or just a five penny stamp!

A Pseudo-Herodian Presentation

by Barbara Wilson

The first Forum of the new College year — and a special student announcement captured the attention of one and all!

“And now the Jerusalem ‘Diggers’ 1969 present Dr. Martin a completely unique gift — the only one in the world.”

What would it be? An old, musty book? A map through the Arab section of Old Jerusalem? Or perhaps a clay model of the entrance to Hezekiah's tunnel?

Student Body Vice President Dave Fraser continued, “— a genuine 20th century pseudo-Herodian *pot!*”

This clay pot was fired by a shopkeeper in the Old City with all the signatures of the Cliff Dwellers. Definitely a fit momento of the 1969 Dig.

And what did Dr. Martin think of his gift?

“Now that is really beautiful!”

Rehearsal Reminiscences

by Neil Earle

TALENT SHOW '69 — a sizzling success? You bet!! But HOW? And WHY?

How much effort, energy and plain old GRIT?

Remember when you had two acts to rehearse at 12:30 and the Mailing Bus was due for blast off at 12:50?

Or when the Dress Rehearsal was slated for 7:10 and you STILL hadn't found someone to swap with you for faculty dishes?

Yes, these were the action-packed days before Minehead.

What about the unsung heroes backstage?

Pity Bruce Tyler as he snakes through a circus of Irish Pirates, Salty Dog Ragers, and Israeli Diggers to round up Dave Hulme for his news report!

Then there was the Great Staging Caper.

"Tony Morrell . . . where is my trumpet?"

"No, Mark . . . don't move that trampoline, Stoddardt is about to land!"

TWANGG!!! And another guitar string bites the dust!!

In the midst of the cacophony sat Orest Solyma and the Radio Crew, serenely enmeshed in a ganglia of wires, mikes and tapes, seemingly oblivious to the Band's Big Blast.

Or maybe you had to sit with Mr. Jones on the front benches — cutting, editing and deleting material.

Then, Minehead itself!

D-Day drew closer!!

But somehow the panorama began to



"There's whisky in the jar!"

move ever more rhythmically and smoothly as the Big Night drew near.

And, as you listened to the applause of an appreciative audience, dawned the realization that the toil, sweat, and tears were worth it after all!!

2nd and 3rd Year

Class Officers

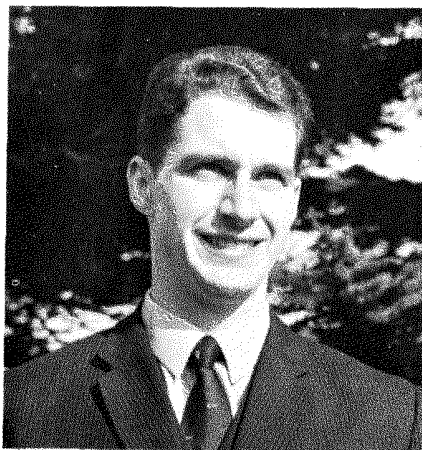
by John Meakin

Everyone was taken by surprise! Little thought had been given to likely candidates for class presidency so early in the year. And yet at the very first Forum — "Here are the Class Presidents for the coming year." And Mr. McNair quickly gave the names to the suddenly tense and expectant audience.

Filling the job of Third Year Class President is a person who needs little introduction. He is *David Stirk*. Twenty-four-year-old David, an accountant who hails from Yorkshire, was First Year Class President two years ago. He now



David Stirk.



Tony Goudie.

has an opportunity to lead his class to even greater heights as they prepare, this year, for that climactic Senior Year.

Another Englishman fills the role of Second-Year Class President. Twenty-seven-year-old Tony Goudie came to Ambassador after five years' experience as a sales representative for a London paper firm. His friendly, personal approach so necessary to his former job will now find even greater use during this coming year.

Remember...

THE SENIOR SOCIAL

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED

by Tom Harrison

WELCOME Class of '73! This was the theme Sunday, September 7th, as 71 new Ambassadors "got acquainted" at the annual "Get Acquainted Picnic."

The events of this action-packed day began at two o'clock as the First Year were given special guided tours of their scenic new environs.

At three, students started warming up for the softball game. The game afforded opportunities for the new students to make many friends on our cosmopolitan campus. For those who preferred soccer there was an exciting game with the Faculty.

With appetites soaring and stomachs growling the evening meal was served on the west side of the gymnasium. It was highlighted with barbecued hamburgers, crisps and chilled lager. Baled hay provided the seating arrangements.

Following the meal, Faculty and students gathered in the gymnasium for an enthusiastic "sing-along".

So came the end of Ambassador's "Get Acquainted Day", 1969, a day which sparked the beginning of many new and happy friendships.

Riding the Somerset Trail



Cheyenne Shayne's the name!

by Bob Gerringer

The excellent weather, inspiring countryside, and free afternoons helped spawn a myriad recreational ideas in the minds of those at Minehead. Not the least popular of those ideas was the age-old sport of equestrianism (otherwise known as horseback riding). And this became especially popular among the students.

On Friday, six of us set out on such an adventure. After a one-hour cab ride from Butlin's, the obscure farm on the outskirts of Brendon was located.

As it had been at least a year since five of us had ridden, we met our mounts with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Both our hesitancy and anticipation heightened when we discovered that the beasts of burden were fleet-footed veterans of many a fox hunt. Excitement mounted — and so did we!

Imagine the exhilaration, the almost indescribable feeling as we crested a sloping, green hill, and below us lay the

famous and scenic Doone Valley. Enshrouded in an invigorating mist which hovered mystically over the countryside, the view was especially rewarding.

The problems we encountered were minor. Although the weather was damp, none of us ended up with "hoarse" throats. Only one in our party faced the initial problem of a horse which wouldn't budge — in fact, Ken Smiley even tried blowing in his horse's ear, but the animal was resolutely stubborn — stiff-necked! However, after a few further moments of gentle persuasion and outgoing concern, Ken was at last able to "stir-up" the brute.

After an hour, the horses headed home, and we didn't argue. In fact, we all felt far more "stable" back at the farm. But, though sore, and a bit wobbly on our feet, we were thankful for a very profitable and enjoyable afternoon, and we unanimously concluded that this was the best way to get exercise sitting down!



"Who was that masked man?"

THE "PRESS GANG"

by Barbara Wilson

For those not involved in the Printing Industry, working at the Press Building is definitely a unique experience as you can understand by these phrases heard in the over-crowded passage ways of the Mail Receiving Department.

"Whoops!"

"May I get through here?"

"That's *my* chair!"

"Where is the Indian department?"

"That desk over there."

"Mind your back."

"That's *my* toe!"

"But Dave, I just *can't* work if I don't have a desk!"

"HELP!!!"

"Who took my chair?"

"How do I get to the rest room?"

"Take a left at Coding, then a right in between Marking and Co-Worker, another right over that box, be careful of that ladder, then straight on through to the Press, make a left and you'll see the sign!"

Leaving College at 7:40 in the morning is a little rough for those who get up at 7:30. Bob Gerringer is repeatedly seen bringing his breakfast on the coach with him.

But it won't always be like this. By the time you read this article the removal men will have been at work and we'll be sitting in our own office in Radlett, no noise, no talking. No men to poke you in the side every time they pass. No Mail Readers to talk to — ?

You know, I think I like it here after all!

SUPER STUDENT by JDS

