



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... .. BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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"Gate Lodge" Purchase initiates

# CAMPUS EXPANSION PLAN

by Bob Gerringer

On 30th October, 1969, contracts were signed, and "Gate Lodge", Drop Lane became part of Ambassador College. This property represents more than just seven acres of additional land. It represents face changes and expansion on the Ambassador Campus.

The stately lodge, set behind impressive formal gates, once controlled the main entrance to the Yule Estate. It is just a short stroll southwest from the Gymnasium and is to become a quality faculty residence.



"Gate Lodge" — former entrance to the Yule Estate.

But the real value of the acquisition lies in the seven acres of surrounding ground. Plans have already been prepared for the relocation of three vital departments to the northeast of the Lodge.

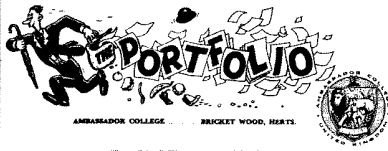
First the greenhouses and garden premises adjacent to the Dining Hall and "Lakeside" will be moved to the new site, where they will be supplemented with further greenhouse facilities and a new all-purpose building. An entire garden complex — compact and accessible.

Second, directly in front of this complex, new Janitorial and Goods Receiving premises will be constructed, relieving the present cramped quarters alongside the Administration Building.

Finally, the ever expanding Transport Department will make its long awaited move. The existing building in the woods will be converted into a garage and car-washing bay, and an underground petrol storage tank with a 3,000 gallon capacity will be provided. This will release the present Transport premises for use as offices.

Certainly, the new location for these Departments is ideal — well screened by the beautiful trees and woodland area.

*(Pictures and site plan on page 3)*



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Pat 'n Barb



**CLASSES**

During Mr. Frank Brown's recent visit to Bricket Wood, the Fourth Year Bible Class was privileged to have him as their guest lecturer! Unfortunately, his watch and the clock in Memorial Hall were not quite synchronized! His reaction: "We're going to have to fix that bell!" But thanks for some interesting lectures, Mr. Brown.

Speaking of classes, going through College in three years can be a bit confusing at times — ask Alan Corrie! He walked into Epistles class, sat down, and after five minutes hastily retreated out the door muttering, "Sorry, I'm in the wrong class — again!"

We demand

# Increases in Student Grants

by Peter Butler

The speaker *hammered* the stand. "Strike Action," he insisted, "strike action is the *only* way to *ensure* an increase in grants!"

And 800 long-haired, pale-faced, bleary-eyed delegates eagerly hearkened as he worded his militant proposal — a one-day token strike to goad the authorities into action!

The occasion — the penultimate day of the National Union of Students' Conference at Margate, Kent.

Today's students no longer look upon university training as a *privilege!* In their eyes it has become "a valuable and grossly under-rewarded form of *public service.*" Consequently, why not demand higher grants? After all, how can any student exist on the meagre pittance of £300 a year! Are they not deserving members of the community, even as the teachers, who are also demanding an increase in salaries?

Salaries! Yes, the teachers have *qualified.* They *deserve* equitable remuneration. But students, no matter how they regard themselves, are merely attending school! They are being *given* an education. And they are being *given* a grant to help them through these lean years of training and preparation for a financially remunerative career.

But, this modern Welfare State has stifled any sense of appreciation in these young men and women. Gone are the days when only a fortunate few could attend university or college. *Then* the *emphasis* was on *obtaining* an education, and preparing to take a part in society. *Now* the emphasis is on *getting* bigger grants and seeking status as a member of a student union!

But not so at Ambassador College. Here, to this day, only a privileged few can attend. Here the emphasis is *still* on education and preparation for life ahead. Here students work to *earn* their keep and help *pay* their way. And still we are *given* more than any other students in the world.

**FORUM**

In Elizabethan England, status was a silver salt cellar! So said Mr. Dunning, Harrod's silver expert, in a very informative demonstration speech.

In fact, in those days, to be one of the in-group at any banquet you had to sit along with the host within arm's reach of the cellar — for salt was scarce, enjoyed by only the esoteric few. So, Seniors, remember, when you host a table there's *status in the shaker!*

In concluding, Mr. Dunning, on behalf of Harrod's, presented Mr. Armstrong with a silver goblet to be awarded to . . . ?

**CUISINE**

Automation strikes again! We now have a ketchup machine, a coffee machine, and a milk machine. Soon, who

knows, we may even get a beetroot vendor!

**FIELD TRIP**

"Hey, where are you going for dinner on the Field Trip?"

"Oh, Simpson's".

"Yes, well we're going to the Hilton!"

"Really, I'm going to the Savoy!"

"Terrific — what about you?"

"Who me? I'm going to the Tennessee Pancake House!"

**BASKETBALL**

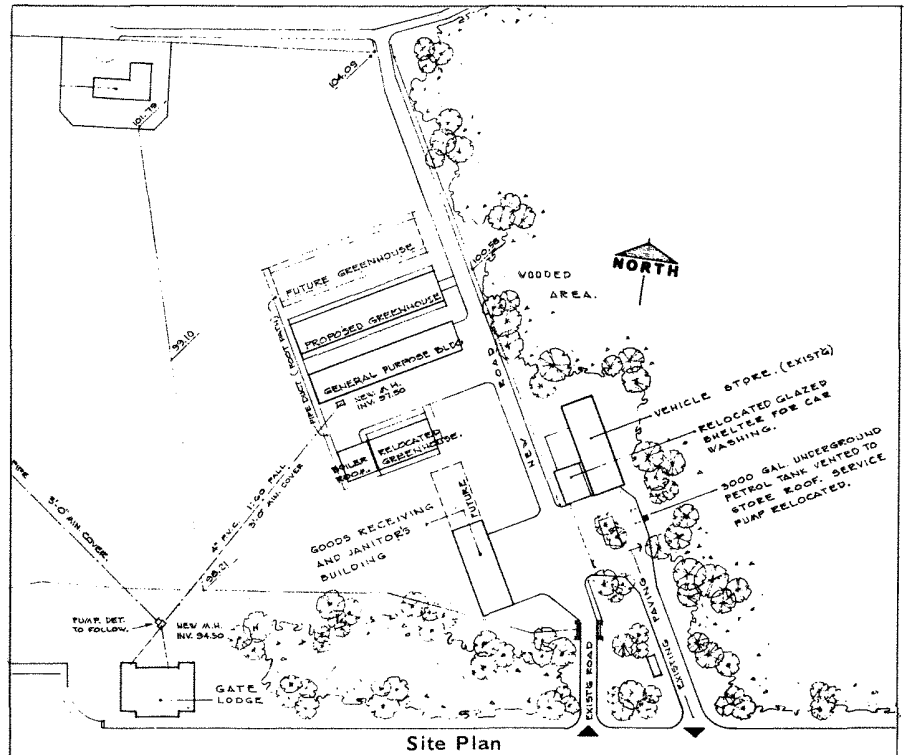
If cheering for your team makes you thirsty, the Common Room is always at hand. *But* — basketball makes a man hungry as well! So how about making a few goodies for the Common Room to sell each weekend, girls. After all, Mr. Jones was heard to comment last week, "Got any peanut cookies?"

# Portfolio Pictorial Report

**Expansion!**

**Development at**

**"The Lodge" begins...**



**Site clearance in progress**



Mr. Bothwell supervises

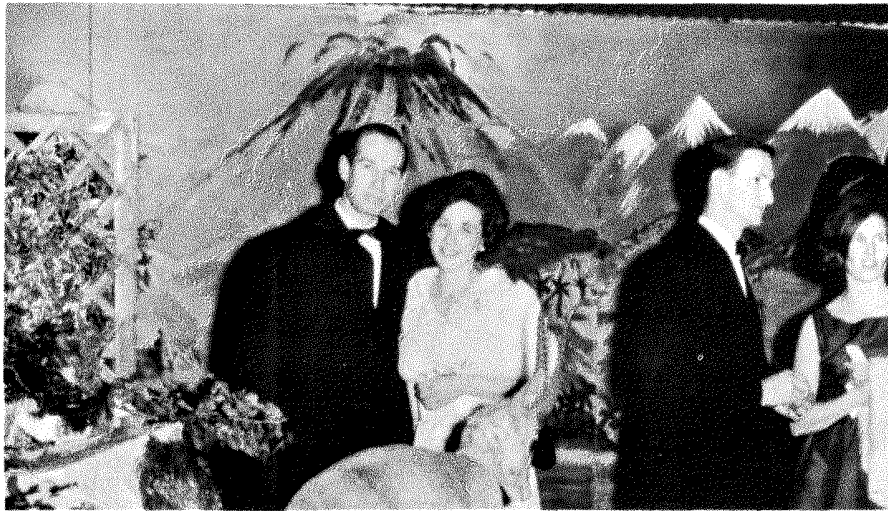


Recognize the location?



Meanwhile, in the next field, Ken prepares a mulch

# SENIOR SOCIAL SUCCESS



Mr. and Mrs. Jones framed by Polynesian Decor.

by Dick Eifers and Neil Earle

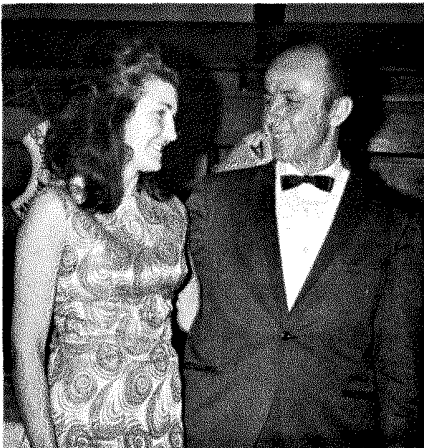
For days the rumours had remained unconfirmed. The speculators were stumped! What would the movie be? What would the decorations be like?

An unprecedented full day off classes — and the answers were unveiled!

In the afternoon — comedy — in the finest British style. The irrepressible Terry Thomas behind the enemy lines — in Paris? — “Don’t Look Now — You’re Being Shot At”.

In the evening — the climax! A sumptuous repast served in South Sea Island surroundings.

As the Faculty and Students boarded the “Kontiki” they were greeted by cooing and cawing tropical birds and a friendly Gorilla (“live”! — don’t ask us where Chris got him!). What had once been the foyer was now a jungle,



Engaged at the dance — Mr. Harry Haroutunian and Helena Dickson.

complete with bridge, pond, and palm trees. Bali Hai was calling . . .!

As you entered the Gymnasium your eyes bulged with amazement. “Did I play basketball here yesterday?” In front of you — a beautiful ballroom!



“I wish Tarzan had been invited!”

The Allan Winn band is playing — it’s time to dance. “How did that fox-trot go? Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow. Ah, you’ve got it! Thanks for your class, Mr. Lavers.”

It’s time for the entertainment! Dave and Helmut catch the theme — “Some Enchanted Evening”! Then, our intrepid British trio, Dave, John and Tony, took the floor to show the Islanders how to Hora — or was it the “Tahiti Tango”?

More dancing, and then the guests — tired but satisfied — departed their Island Paradise. “Aloha Ohe Polynesia” — and then, the “Sounds of Silence”.

## The Tortuous Tale of Hezekiah’s Tunnel

by Ken Smylie

“Hey, we get off at 10.00 today!” a jubilant voice shouted two pits away. Hot diggity! The A.C. Diggers diligently shovelled, scraped, banged and groaned on until the stroke of the hour. Then, most of them painfully hauled themselves off to the bus stop eagerly awaiting the cool shower and clean clothes back at the Cliff Hotel. It was Friday, and shops closed early that day for Shabat preparation!

But five of the diggers — who shall remain anonymous, unperturbed by a hard week’s work and a grimy coating of inch-thick dirt — marched off to explore Hezekiah’s Tunnel. Just a mere ten minutes’ walk from the Dig, the explorers descended into the bowels of the earth. A narrow corridor carved in solid rock — with cool, cool water reaching knee or waist, depending on your height of course. Once inside, it was pitch black except for the flicker of the lonely candles and luminescent glow of teeth and eyeballs.

The gloomy tunnel stretched along its tortuous route, now small, now large, now wide, now narrower than ever. Onward struggled the five Ambassadors, never flagging, ever splashing onward. Neither the cold water, nor the eerie darkness could impede their progress. Nor for that matter could the little brats who supposedly were acting as “guides”!

Onward, around, in and out. Ten minutes — fifteen — twenty — and still no light! With bones growing numb and necks stiffening, patience ebbed. But still the gallant Ambassadors pushed on — until, there — far off in the distance was a slight glimmer — the end was in sight!

And within minutes they were up the steps and out into the glorious sunshine. Here at the Pool of Siloam ended one of the Jerusalem Diggers’ most exciting and interesting subterranean treks!

# A Goldmine in Memorial Hall

by Peter McLean

Have you noticed any changes in the Library lately? For instance, where have all the girls gone? Why does Bob Speer have the Stack Room all to himself these days? The answer — expansion!

The girls have moved upstairs into the old typing room. This is now the Classifying Room where all new books are processed before they reach the Library shelves.

There's a new intercom system too. The Receptionist can now call any person in the Library to the phone without leaving her chair. Quite a relief for tired legs!

But how much do *you* use the Library? How much do you know about the services it offers?

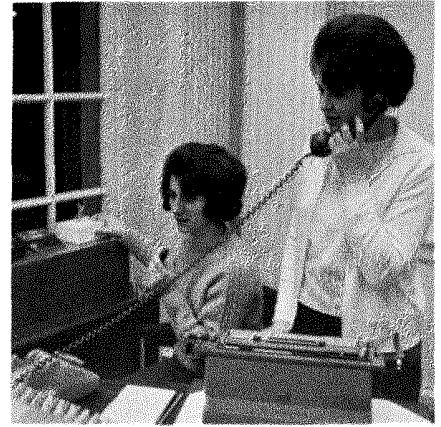
Did you know it contains more than

24,000 books? And this number is rapidly increasing. Week by week the shelves are expanding!

Nowhere else in the world is so much useful knowledge available in one small building!

Yes, our Library is a goldmine of knowledge. A mammoth feasting ground for the enthusiastic bookworm. Each volume has been carefully selected. The result — a library where you can research virtually any subject.

And if the book you want isn't there, see Bob Speer. He can get you almost *any* book, on loan, from one of London's giant libraries. Bob also operates the student bookstore. If you want ANY textbook, Bible, Bible commentary, dictionary, concordance — any book at all — see him.



"Sorry, Lexie's on the other line!"

And should you need still further assistance in your thirst for knowledge you can always see Mr. McBride or any of the Library girls. They are always only too pleased to help you.

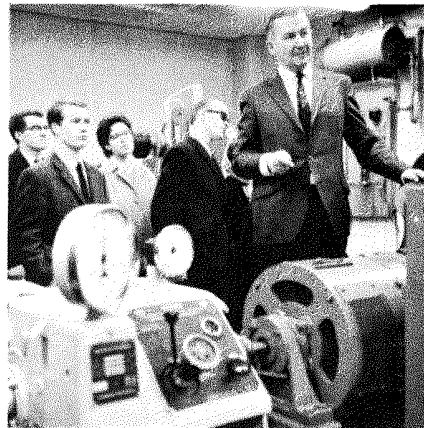
Remember — the knowledge you need is as close as the Library.

## FIELD TRIP FEATURES "THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN"

by Tony Morrell

Grey skies grimaced over the campus as 250 excited Ambassadors tumbled into the waiting transport. Six buses left Bricket Wood and dispersed into the environs of London. The dismal weather was soon forgotten as one by one they reached their destinations. It was November 19th. Field Trip day! A day of relaxation and education.

The Design Centre, Ford Motors at Dagenham, the Law Courts, the Tower of London — these were only a few of



"It all began with James Watt!"

the places visited in the morning. The afternoon offered a choice between the thrills and spills of ice skating and the skills of ten-pin bowling.

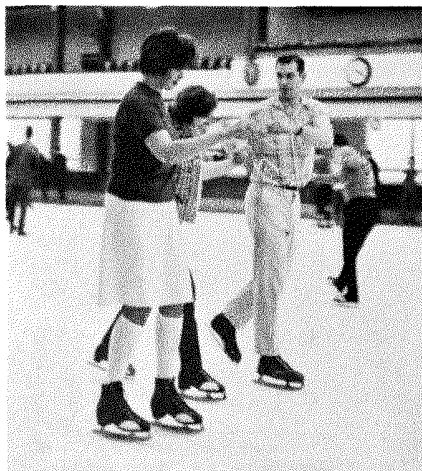
The climax? "The Battle of Britain". Sixteen desperate weeks in 1940!

But to film it took 42 weeks... Long challenging months of hard work for directors, actors, ground mechanics and the 200 airmen who took to the skies to do battle as "The Few". The blood; the sweat; the tears: no effort was spared to make those dramatic

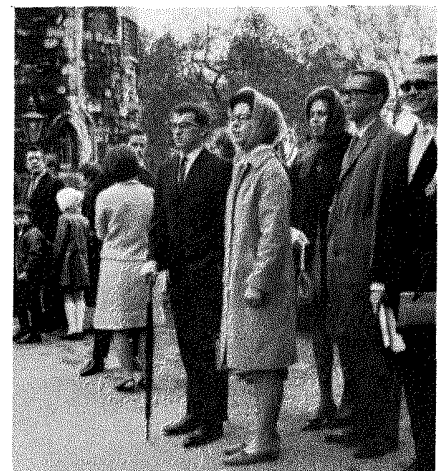
days REAL. To make them *vivid!*

But today, that fearsome fight for the skies of Britain has become for the younger generation just another battle; just another date in a dusty history book.

The National Anthem ended and we weaved our way homeward through that same London above which the Battle had raged so fiercely. November 19th had been a vital day in our education. Thank-you Ambassador College for that opportunity!



"Steady!... It's just like walking on ice!"



"Did they really behead people here?"

**Featuring**

## Higbed's Breweries



**This is NOT an advertisement!**

by our Special Correspondent

The response to the recipe for Uncle Robin's Cheesecake in the last issue was so overwhelming that we have decided to give you another quick recipe — how to brew beer.

We asked master brewer, John Higbed, for his method.

### Higbed's Luxury Lager Beer

Ingredients for six quick swigs (or two gallons!).

- 1 lb. malt extract
- 2 tsp. hop extract
- 1 tsp. Brewer's Lager Yeast
- 2 lbs. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt (sodium chloride, etc.)
- 2 gal. water

Vary quantities according to strength desired.

In John's own words: "Dump the whole lot together in lukewarm water (70 degrees F.) — stir — leave for one week — pour off liquid into another bucket to separate sediment — leave one more week — then bottle and add half teaspoon of castor sugar to each bottle — leave two more weeks — and man, you've got yourself a swinging party!!!

P.S. Brewing in dorm strictly *forbidden*."

## The Art of Relaxation

by Lona Walker

A knot tightens deep inside. A dull headache thuds between your eyes. Your smile stiffens and becomes non-existent.

'Flu? No — you have become a victim of TENSION'.

You face a typical College day — a speech this afternoon, a book report due tomorrow, two papers by the end of the week. That Geography exam — you've barely looked at your notes!

At the end of the day you tumble into bed, exhausted — yet you can't sleep!

You need to learn THE ART OF RELAXATION!

Let me tell you how.

First, you need exercise. Exercise? But that's not relaxation! Ah, but you're wrong! Exercise promotes good circulation and well-toned muscles, and aids relaxation. You can even exercise at work! Try easing those tense face, back, arm and leg muscles in minutes by simple Isometric exercises. All you have to do is to stiffen and relax your muscles — you'll be surprised at the results.

Secondly, that age-old subject. The average Ambassador constantly neglects it, yet desperately needs it. Deep revitalizing sleep.

Try relaxing before bedtime. A little light reading. A firm resolve to forget all the day's problems. Don't take coffee or hot chocolate. Have warm milk or a Horlick's if you must. Finally open the windows and let in fresh air. You will sleep all the sounder.

Last, let's talk about Social Relaxation.

We must all learn to be at ease with others, and it's easy at College. You feel awkward talking? Then become a good listener!

Try going to *all* the College functions. It's a great diversion from the work-study routine. A dance or a ballgame may be even more relaxing than trying to catch up on lost sleep. The fact is you CAN'T catch up on *lost* sleep.

Finally, it's good to remember — TENSION is a contagious disease, but a person who is at ease with himself is at ease with others.



... or — you can unwind at a Sing-along!

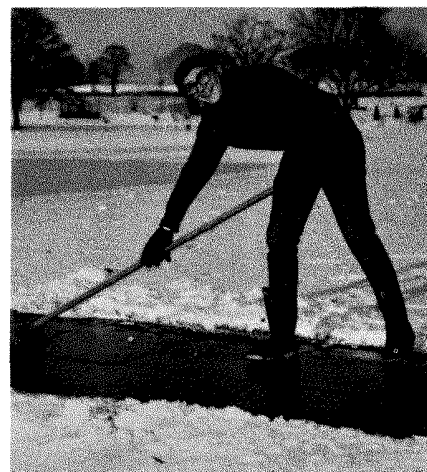
# WINTER WONDERLAND

*November's  
early Snowfall  
clad the Campus  
in a sparkling  
white mantle...*



*and set the Students to*

*work!*



# “Locked” in Eilat



Aquanauts at Aqaba.

by B. Short

After a breathtaking desert ride it lay before us — Eilat coastal resort — pearl of the Red Sea. Taking a short work break from the Big Dig in Jerusalem, seven Ambassadors had come to view the famed coral reef firsthand.

But that was for the next day. First, we had to find our hotel for the night — the beach! Eilat's fame is spreading far and wide and today many tourists flock to the area. Every room in the place was booked. We had to settle for sand as a pillow. Well, it's cheaper anyway! Besides, how many have had the chance of gazing up into the infinity of a clear eastern sky and nodding slowly to sleep? If you should wake, amble over to the all-night beach cafe and sip a cool Israeli beer! It's a good time to reflect.

Next morning we set out for the Coral Beach and collected flippers, mask and snorkel. Then down into another world. Intruders in a submarine wonderland — we were fascinated by

myriad-shaped coral, fantastic in many shades of colour, and strange, exotic tropical fish first gliding, then darting all around us.

But soon, our time-out at Eilat came to an end. Now the only problem was getting back to Jerusalem. ONLY PROBLEM!! All Sheruts booked three days in advance. All flights full. And seats on all buses sold out!

“Hitch-hike” we were told! Just before evening is the best time. But thumbing for a lift hour after hour in the 90 degree blast from the eastern sky-furnace proved fruitless.

So, next morning we had to try the run-down local coach station again. The prospect? A crab-pace crawl across the 200 or so dusty miles back to civilization. There were queues for tickets. Much later we climbed aboard — we had bought STANDING tickets. 15 people elbowed together in the centre aisle of a bus for a five-hour journey! But, on looking back — thanks for the memories, Eilat!

## ERCOL — FACTORY FOR THE FUTURE

by John Meakin

“This is a craft industry,” said Mr. Barry Ercolani, “There are no short cuts to quality.”

With these remarks he began to unfold the success story of Ercol's Windsor Furniture to the party of Ambassadors touring the Factory at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire.

This was no ordinary factory. In one section alone, solid elm or beech chairs are produced at the staggering rate of one every ten seconds — and at a lower cost, and better quality than anywhere else in the world.

Yet, in this factory, despite all the modern machinery, man's creativity and craftsmanship reigns supreme! The employees are not slaves to constantly judgering machinery. The machines are all hand-guided, and enhance craftsmanship. Neither is style shackled, for the machines are constantly modified to meet new designs. Great ingenuity and planning is necessary.

At Ercol, cleanliness and neatness are features. *Nothing* is wasted. All sawdust and shavings are extracted by air-suction to the furnace where they are used for heating and power.

But it is the spirit of the factory that gives the lasting impact. There is no indolence here. Men work with a sense of purpose. They are diligent. They take pride in their work, producing an object of quality and lasting value.

Yes, there is a family atmosphere at Ercol, where “fine wood is transferred into flawless furniture.”

## SUPER STUDENT by JDS

