

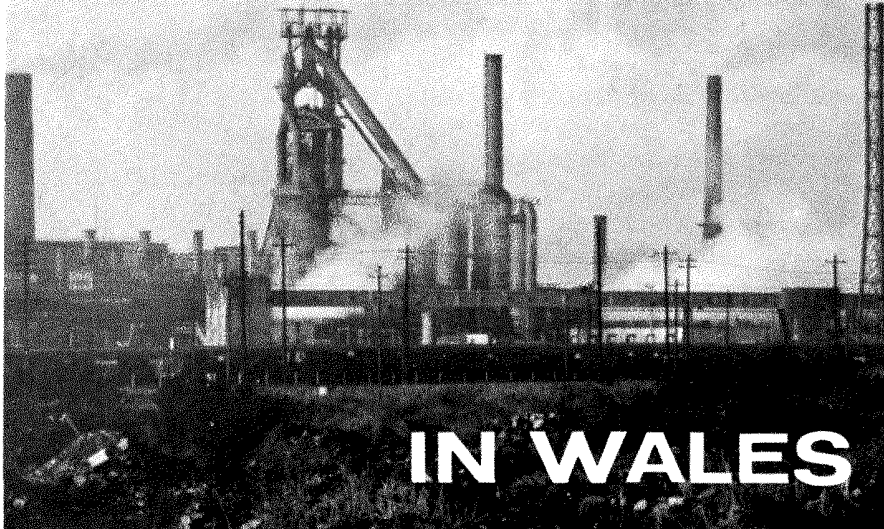


AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Vol. 11, No. 10

26th. February, 1970

POLLUTION



IN WALES

by Alan Corrie

Wales! Land of rolling hills and rugged mountains. Land of vales, valleys and glens. Land of rushing torrents; of azure, tranquil lakes — and POLLUTION!

Photo-News required first-hand evidence of POLLUTED BRITAIN. The industrial south of Wales was as good (or bad) a region as any to shoot pictures of pollution at its worst. Evidence which no one could deny!

We left Bricket Wood at 6 A.M. In the car — Mr. David Price, Mr. Ian Henderson, Peter Sidlo and myself — armed with valuable and vital camera equipment.

By 10 A.M. we reached the new suspension bridge spanning the Severn estuary. Speeding on, we passed through Cardiff, capital of this patriotic

people, and headed for Port Talbot — home of the South Wales Steel Company.

This is one of the largest steel works in Britain. Here is evidence of serious AIR POLLUTION — only one breath away.

Coughing and spluttering, we ap-
(Continued on Page 2)

Ambassador tour

ROLLS ROYCE!

by Nick Ursem

The destination? Crewe, Cheshire. And the Ambassador Coach hurtled along through the English countryside. 20 students were on their way to the Motor Car Division of Rolls Royce to see the world's finest car actually being put together.

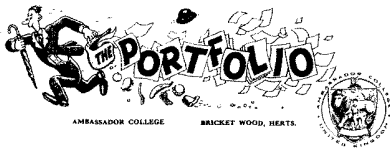
As we filed into the factory we were struck by three familiar trade names — the *Silver Shadow*, Bentley "T", and the sleek *Phantom VI*. So *this* was their home base!!

Our two-hour tour through the plant was a revelation!

Did you realize that Rolls-Royce engineers do not make any parts themselves? All the parts, including the individual components for the engine,
(Continued on Page 2)



"Will you take a cheque?"



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Pollution in Wales

(Continued from Page 1)

proached this MAMMOTH steel plant. The atmosphere was foul. Smoke spewed out of its chimneys and cooling towers in great billows to blanket the town with smoke, steam, soot and grime.

Mr. Henderson shot pictures of this ugly, belching SCAB of modern industry from several strategic sites. We dragged the camera equipment up hills, across bramble patches, and over waste ground to gain our vantage points. The sun laboured through the murky haze and we got some first-class shots.

At 4 P.M. our mission was completed and we headed home via Swansea. On our way we passed countless "KEEP WALES FREE FROM THE ENGLISH" slogans daubed along the roadside. Surely they would read better "KEEP WALES FREE FROM POLLUTION"!!

How to Drain a Brain

by Karyl Coates

"Who wants to drain a brain anyway?" you ask.

Before I answer that, let me tell you a little secret about people.

Some people are as dangerous as dynamite. If you set a match to them, they'll explode with all sorts of cunning and creative ideas. Others are like stacks of wet newspapers and you couldn't get a flame from them if you dropped a fire bomb in their midst.

You're with people 75% of the day, and you can learn something from all of them. If you are alert! You see, people aren't like books; you can't just open them up and read. You have to know how to approach them.

So when you're planning a drain on a brain be aware of your *approach*. Don't just run over to Dave Fraser between classes and say, "Hey, you went to Israel last summer—tell me all about it. I have to give a speech on it tonight." In the first place that subject was probably farthest from his mind and in the second place, he couldn't *begin* to describe Israel in five minutes. Give him a little time to think about it. Say, "Last summer when you went to Israel, you saw the Wailing Wall, didn't you? Could you find a few minutes this afternoon to describe it to me?"

95% of the time you have to be tactful in your approach, 4½% of the time it's possible to be direct, and ½% of the time, you *might* get away with being blunt.

Dating, of course, is one of your biggest opportunities to learn from the opposite sex's viewpoint. Why believe newspaper reports on the Belfast situation? Rob Elliott can tell you all about the Catholic-Protestant problems in Ulster. And if you are out with Peter Bacon you can get the inside story about police problems in London.

In the meantime, don't just sit there vacantly listening. Be a sponge—file it away. If Jim McNeese gets on to something too complicated—like the 1956 blue Pontiac's purple carburettor that purred like a kitten—ask him about the factory that it came from.

Try it. You'll be surprised how much you can learn.

And remember—that warm-bodied, two-legged creature sitting next to you at lunch is a power-station of all sorts of knowledge.

ROLLS ROYCE TOUR

(Continued from Page 1)

are cast by *outside* companies from the highest quality metals. Then in the Rolls-Royce workshop every single part is milled, polished, and perfected to the highest degree. The car engine is assembled and later added to the body and chassis on the assembly line. Yes, Rolls-Royce, too, has an assembly line—but only *eight cars per day* are produced!

Every car, from the first stage onwards, is accompanied by a "history book"—a record giving details about the buyer, the colours, and any special features. Each car is painted eight times

before being given a 250-mile run, and then a final six coats of paint are added in the colours specified by the buyer. No expense is spared to achieve perfection—that is the *whole policy!*

Some of us were struck by the rate of work, and the enthusiasm that the men showed for the job. Undoubtedly this is largely because each man on the assembly line has *many* things to add to the "palace-on-wheels"—affording variety, individual scope, and responsibility.

But soon it was time to return. And as we began the 150-mile journey home we realized that our visit to the heart of quality British industry had been worth it!

BUSINESS AS USUAL

by Alan Dean

What comes to your mind when you think of a business or accountancy office? Introverted, gray-haired book-keepers poring laboriously over yellow-leaved ledgers in some musty and dingy back-room office?

But what about Ambassador College? Surely our Business Office is not like that.

Quite the contrary! The Ambassador Business Office is alive and *vibrant* with activity. Speed and efficiency are *vital* for the effective execution of the office's share of responsibilities for College administration.

BILLS! A frightening word! But remember, besides keeping a record of your college account, the Business Office

also prepares and pays you your wages! Yet these are the *least* functions.

The office also administers all the College's assets in land, property and equipment; loans made to and by the College; *and* co-ordinates the accounts of the offices in Europe and South Africa. On top of this, monthly budgets have to be prepared in liaison with the I.B.M. Department — and this alone is quite a task!

We all realise that Mr. Hunting is Business Manager, that Mr. Gould is his deputy, and that Mr. Bergin, a qualified accountant and corporation lawyer, is the Chief Accountant. But how many of us realise that almost *all* of the staff in this office — and many are students —



Another satisfied customer.

are either fully qualified, or have had considerable experience in accountancy?

Oh, and by the way, if you have any problems with taxation (and who hasn't) the Business Office is at your disposal! But please be sure you call during the allotted hours!!



Dr. McCarthy fends off snow missiles.

by Nick Ursem

On the first Thursday night of the wintry Winter break, 200 students were due to descend upon Waterside.

Would it rain?

The Juniors had made all the arrangements for the sing-along and cook-out, but was it all going to be spoilt by hail and liquid aqua? Four pyromaniacs fuelled the fire furiously to build a blazing inferno in the midst of the hail — mingled with fire and smoke!

But *suddenly* it happened! Snow flakes came whirling down to cover the earth — and the firewood — with a perfect white carpet! That decided it!

War at Waterside

Down to Waterside came the 1st Tractor Division drawing a trailer load of students huddled together for protection as the snow swirled all around them. The next division arrived— and AMBUSH! The first division were ready for them. Each had his battery of snow-balls to pelt the unsuspecting victims! The battle was on — and raged well into the night with balls of fluffy H₂O crystals whizzing by our ears as we dod-

ged one, only to receive the full impact of another.

For the less hardy — the fire roared away, and provided welcome relief for near-frozen hands and feet. Soon a lively sing-along was under way in one of the sheds, and Peter Bacon was handing out cups of hot, steaming chocolate — capping off a most memorable evening at Bricket Wood's Winter Wonderland.

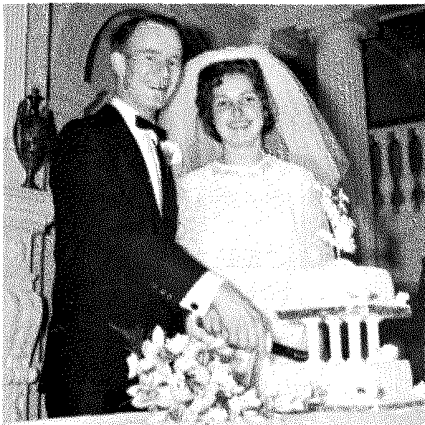


At last! The Abominable Snowman — captured!

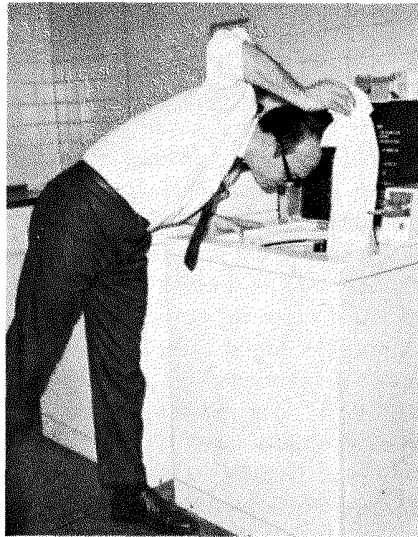


JANUARY WEDDING

Suddenly the June wedding-ground has come in January! Negotiations between Australia and New Zealand culminated on Sunday January 18th, when Pauline Murray became Mrs. Brian Eveille after the ceremony held at Mem. Hall. Congratulations, Brian and Pauline from all of us!



Brian and Pauline



"A wife? Oh no! Ariel's much cheaper!"

LAKESIDE LAUNDRY

Lawson Price: "Oh, No!! My evening's ruined!"

Dave Fraser: "Oh why?"

Lawson: "Well, I'm down to my last pair of socks again - it's time for the *monthly* wash day!"

Lawson's lament was the burden of the men's dorm - Woe! Until Ariel, until Ariel the soap that David used to get those shirts whiter than white. But even now it seems he still finds the effort of starting the washing machine a traumatic experience!

FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT . .

The things Ambassador students think up for entertainment! Remember that evening at the beginning of the Break when Margaret Larkin's Wing got together with Gary De Jager's to provide us all with a special tea, a Sock Hop, and some light entertainment?

There were two "Freshmen" orators - Peter Hawkins and Gary De Jager looking back at the first speeches they ever gave at College. It was Peter's *third* attempt!!! Surely that isn't really how it was?!

Later Mike Linacre read the News, and we were told about "father sick in bed and the pig has to be fed"!

But surely the highlight came when Nicola Meadows wooed Roger Hartop with lilting verse! Was that a transitory flicker of a smile we saw flash across the impassive Englishman's face?



"Romeo! Romeo! If only you weren't so English."

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Ring, ring! "Wing 1, hello, Sue speaking."

"How much money have you got, Sue?"

"Why, Elmer, what do you want?"

"Well, I've got 10 shillings, and if you're interested and have got that much we can pool it and catch the Frogmore special to St. Albans for a drink!"

And so the Saturday night date-grab-session-20-minutes-before-you-leave has begun. Recapture true values? Oh, well, we can discuss *that* in the pub!

CARNABY STREET COMMERCE

by Mearl Bond

Carnaby Street! "Trend" Centre of London - with fashions for Hippies, Yippies, plain old beatniks, society dropouts and "cool" dressers!

We decided to visit this infamous "back alley" even though it meant mingling for a while among the denizens of Soho.

"Merry Christmas. Get into orbit with Carnaby Street," read the array of illuminated rockets strung across the street.

And we saw some shocking shops! In the display windows - the latest fashions - weird, psychedelic garments in "cool" cuts and sizes. Effeminate shop assistants wearing long unkempt hair

and clad in "stylish" clothes - in pinks, in blues, in reds, in mauves, in maroons, in scarlets, in lilacs!

Then there are the *names* of the shops! Names like "Lady Jane", "Lord John", and "Sweet Fanny Adams"! Pornography is rampant and weirdos and addicts haunt the area.

In a way it's bright and gay and gaudy. But all this is superficial. Beneath the surface, hardly hidden by the colours, the lights and the flashing neon signs, an air of apathy pervades the place. Is it all worth-while - even as a way of escape?

Soon we came to the end of the short 200 yards of Carnaby Street, and we were glad to leave.

CARPETS!

by Mearl Bond

8:02 a. m.

Only three minutes to go! I'll *just* make it!

But wait! Persian carpets! *Must wipe my feet!* There's time for *that!*

A good point. Persian carpets *are* valuable — the finest in the world.

Let's consider the quality and the workmanship that goes into them.

It's like a Rolls Royce compared to a Mini. More time is spent making one Rolls than dozens of Minis. You think you have trouble tying your shoelace? Well, there are 30 knots per square inch in the cheapest Turkish rug!

But take the rug-weaver in Persia. With effort and tortuous workmanship he weaves a much finer product — containing 400 to 600 knots per square inch! At the rate of three knots a minute it takes him *four years* to complete a Kirman Rug measuring a mere 5' x 8'. That's an *entire* College career! Four years of patient, painstaking work.

Next time you walk through the Reception area in Memorial Hall take a close look at the beauty of the rich red carpet. Examine the distinct colours and the intricate symmetry of the design.

That is why you — WIPED YOUR FEET!

Tales of Old Vienna



"Elegant ladies on the arms of gallant gentlemen."

by Kathy Friedel

Dreams of Austrian Châteaux create a vision of spacious waltz floors between stately pillars. Upon this scene enter the elegant ladies on the arms of gallant gentlemen. To the strains of the first waltz, couples are seen cutting graceful figures round a bubbling fountain.

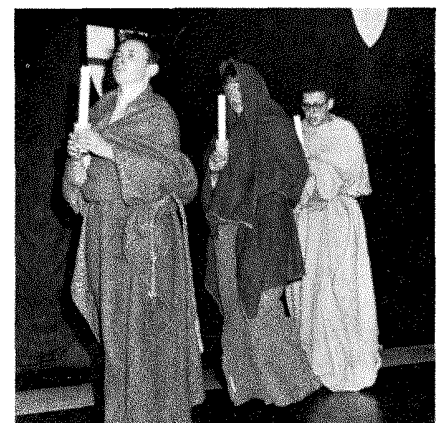
A Viennese evening! A night of waltzing and entertainment!

Suddenly, in the midst of January we were transported to the land of

Strauss, Metternich and the Hapsburgs.

With true Austrian hospitality Mr. Lavers heralded the dances. During the interlude all were seated while Sueann "Could Have Danced All Night". Three monks emerged from the black velvet cloister to bestow their solemn blessings(?)! But (Sir) David switched the "Vol-Hulme" into the future to give us the "domestic news scene". The reins were then handed to John Elliott while we took a back seat in the carriage! Tensions eased over Snowballs as Carol, June, and Anne "Climbed Every Mountain".

Lovely dreams seem to end so quickly. But the château doors reopened on the cool evening air as we glided out to the "Blue Danube . . ."



Monks mime monastic melodrama.

War of American Independence

A British Victory

by John Dunn

Yes! That's right — Britain did win that war!

Here is the truth, from the completely unbiased pen of an Englishman. This is John Bull's counter to his colonial cousin's drawled, "Yeah, but we sure licked you limeys good, in the War of Independence."

In fact this was one of Britain's *finest* victories. *Here is the TRUTH*, stretched only a little bit, of course, from the *Encyclopedia Americana*.

Britain had colonised the Americas with true-blue Englishmen. The wicked German King ruling England at the time, and his equally wicked wife, Katherine of Meckleburg Striel-

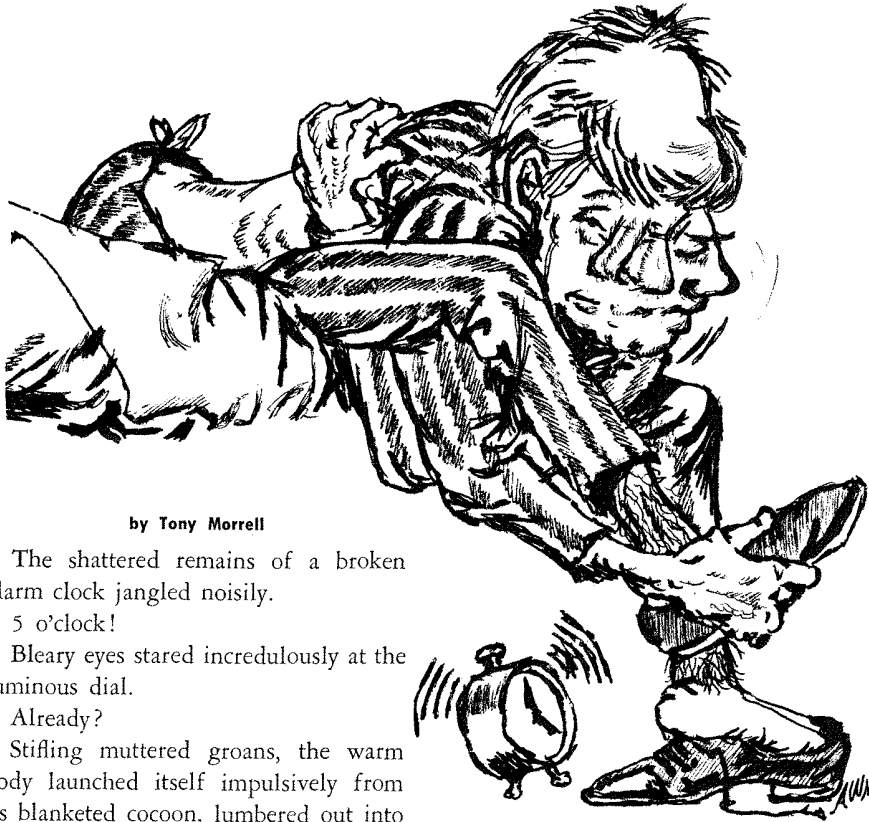
itz (a good old Irish name) imposed heavy taxes. Naturally the colonists wrote back saying that they were loyal British subjects, but objected strongly.

So the wicked German declared war on his British colonists and sent troops to fight them. But the war was so unpopular in Britain that "the British army (the Redcoats) had been forced to use German mercenaries, mostly Hessian," (*Americana* p. 505).

So we have a German King, with German advisors, sending German troops to fight loyal British subjects. Naturally the Englishmen won a magnificent victory,

Didn't they?????

The Early Breakfast Crew



by Tony Morrell

The shattered remains of a broken alarm clock jangled noisily.

5 o'clock!

Bleary eyes stared incredulously at the luminous dial.

Already?

Stiffing muttered groans, the warm body launched itself impulsively from its blanketed cocoon, lumbered out into

the corridor, and, towel in hand, headed for the washroom.

For approximately a dozen students this is the start of an average day. They are on the early work shifts. But first they make for the dining hall — and early breakfast.

Service with a smile! That's what early breakfast is. Starting work early in the morning is not without its compensations.

Beginning at 6:15 the girls on breakfast prep serve the early risers. And very good service it is too! No effort is spared to make this breakfast the most *enjoyable* meal of the day.

Strong coffee (eight o'clock class strength) is willingly prepared and served piping hot at the table. Even Fred Martin's specially brewed, daily cup of tea is produced at a minute's notice!

Yes, early breakfast is a fine institution!! All of us who, each day, sleepily enjoy its benefits extend a big thank-you to all the girls who prepare it!

Ambassadors Stage

SOAP-BOX RENDEZVOUS

by Neil Earle

"The capitalist system is to blame, mate!!"

"London is one big cigarette 20 miles in diameter, anyway!!"

A typical Sunday afternoon conversation at London's (in)famous Hyde Park! The verbal duels and the semantic sparrings of Lord Soper and his motley fellow-orators are a byword throughout the Western world. And although Sydney's own Hyde Park Corner and Los Angeles' Pershing Square have vied with it for notoriety, no concentration of soap boxes in the world can match the diversity, the colour and the atmosphere of Speaker's Corner, Hyde Park.

For this reason, Gordon Muir and I, soap-box in hand, had converged upon this loquacious scene to fulfil our "Unique Experience" assignment for

Intermediate Speech class.

The first major hurdle — how to get a crowd! Gingerly I tested our make-shift podium and raised my voice aloud. No use.

"Let's face it, Gordon, we don't look oddball enough to attract an audience."

But wait! Two wizened pensioners were hobbling towards us! And then another... and a young student with his date paused to survey the scene.

"Okay, Gordon, let 'em have it!!"

And for twenty minutes Dr. Muir harangued his mushrooming audience about the evils of cigarettes, pipes and cigars.

His barrage was having an effect — the audience was responding!

"But," snapped one irate partisan, "the Bible says God created every herb and it was good. That *included* tobacco!"

"Madame," replied the Doctor, "are you also in the habit of consuming deadly nightshade?!"

The crowd *roared*. And as the heckling intensified, our demonstration reached a climax.

Advancing ominously toward us was the same old battleaxe we had already warded off. But this time she was escorted by two policemen. The crowd jostled to get within earshot.

"But Officer, it was only a gag — we've already apologized to her."

"You chaps are new here, aren't you?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

The wrath of our female nemesis was appeased. The fickle crowd melted away to seek out other excitement. Our once-thronging multitude reduced to a trickle. The speaker's "coronary" was over.

Wearily we shouldered our soap-box and shuffled towards the tubes. To Euston. To Bricket Wood and (gratefully) *home!*

From Tennessee To Tottenham

by Barbara Wilson

I took wings. I soared high above the marshmallow clouds and left New York, left my country, left home.

It was raining and grey, but not foreboding, not sad when I arrived. And there was a cheerful crowd to meet me at my new home.

And now as a Senior, I look back on those first few weeks and then on the fleeting years, and think, "What have I learned from England?"

"You look like a *beatnik*!"

"Oh, I do? *MARIE, HELP!*" And I learned to comb my hair.

"You *must* plan a more mature wardrobe!"

"But I've *never* bought my own clothes before!" But that was three years ago.

"Scuse me, suh, could ya tell me whar *TOTTINGHAM* Court Road Station is?"

"Certainly, my deah — what part of the States are you from?"

"Aw, *hou'd* ya know?" I learned that an American can't hide!

"What? Rain again?" And I bought my first umbrella!

I met David Hulme, Neville Benwell, Hazel Drown, and David Gunn and I learned that English people can be fun.

"Fasten your seat belts, ladies and gentlemen, we are now approaching Lod Airport." Jerusalem! The Golan Heights! Eilat! A trip to Israel — *never* would I have had this opportunity if I had stayed in Tennessee! "Hey, Barb, wake up, We're in Paris!" I learned to travel.

"It's raining again!"

"Oh, I hadn't noticed. Look the sun will *soon* shine! I sure do miss American milk shakes. But someday I'm sure I'll miss English beer too. It's so cold. But then — Memphis got *awful* hot in the summer!" And I learned something about British optimism — and how to look on the bright side.

But above all, I have learned to appreciate opportunities!

TIP-TOE THROUGH THE WINDOW

by Ron Stoddart

"Walked through any glass doors lately?"

"How's your hand, Ron?"

"Hey — your nose looks better like that."

Such were the caustic comments hurled at me when I returned from my "Europe-on-as-little-as-possible-per-day vacation."

It all began when this glass door hit me . . . well . . . let's begin at the beginning.

Italy '69. It had been one of those sweltering Mediterranean days. So oppressive that Tom Crawford and I had made the most of the veranda to our hotel room during our stay at Bordighera.

Now it was time to leave. In a jiffy everything was packed.

"Let's have one more quick check to see if we've missed anything. Aha! Out there on the veranda — those chairs. We must bring them back into the room."

Everything happened so quickly! The *impact*. The *shatter* of glass. And then . . . the Catholic hospital! I had

walked through the veranda door!

At the time it was horrific. But now as I recount the incident, it really seems quite amusing. There was blood, the splintered glass, the fainting maid, the excitable hotel-attendant . . . and me!

Dazed, I stood there gazing at my lacerated wrists. It would be no good phoning for help. The Italians wouldn't understand. And if they did, they wouldn't believe me.

There was only one thing for it. I charged down several flights of stairs — leaving a trail of blood behind me.

And then, that *hair-raising* dash to the Bordighera Hospital in the "ambulance" — a hotel employee's car. For the entire journey he leant hard on the horn *and* the accelerator whilst Mr. Jack Martin clung on frantically with one hand and, with the other, vigorously brandished an emergency towel out the window.

They stitched my wrists — and my nose. And Connie Anderson nearly fainted when she came to visit me.

But all wounds heal in the end, and only the scars remain. And I'd rather not be reminded about these — PLEASE!

Israeli Intruder!

by Richard Elfers

It was 5:00 a.m.

The curtains fluttered as the balmy Israeli air lapped in at the window. But nothing else stirred.

I glanced sleepily across to my roommate's bed. What was that!? There — in the half-light? A *furtive* movement — almost imperceptible!

Yes! *There* it was! *Stealthily* it crept from the covers, oblivious to my gaze. Softly it *stole* across the bed and disappeared in the folds of the curtain.

I *leaped* from my bed and dashed for the door!

"Mark, Mark — here — quickly!!!" I hollered to Mark Kaplan, my roommate.

Mark *rushed* into the room — full of consternation!

Then began the hunt for the mysterious intruder. *Careful* now — it could be dangerous! A lizard, a spider — or even a *deadly* Israeli scorpion! With trepidation we searched the floor under the beds and behind the cupboards. But to no avail!

. . . *until, there*, from under a large cabinet in the corner of the room — *two beady eyes* — *peering* at me out of the gloom! A *snake*?

They disappeared! I strode to the cabinet, and Mark reached for a broom. I forced the cabinet against the wall. *Something* dropped to the floor. We drew the cabinet away. A small, dark object lay motionless on the floor. Twice Mark dealt it cruel blows with the broom.

Then we moved in on our kill!

What *was* it? The remains of a little furry creature — a harmless, and now hapless *mouse*!

ORDEAL AT SEA

by Rebecca Knowles

The sky was crystal clear. The breeze gentle and refreshing. The ship rocked gently from side to side in the calm, warm sea. Passengers basked in the sun.

A pleasant day this — hardly lending itself to disaster.

And yet, what was this — mutiny? Here, striding along the deck, came

a wizened old man, his long, white hair flowing in the breeze. A strange entourage followed him — and trudging despairingly in their midst, a group of forlorn prisoners, roped together!

Quickly a crowd of passengers gathered — bewildered, intrigued, expectant! Tension mounted as eyes eagerly followed the strange band along the deck. Soon they stopped and the prisoners

were untied — but closely guarded. An austere-looking individual stepped up to them and began to read from a scroll — began to read *accusations* against them!

All the while the white-haired old man and his cohorts remained solemn-faced and motionless — as if waiting to pass sentence!

What was happening? Surely they weren't going to make them walk the plank — not in the enlightened twentieth century!!

Two burly sailors *seized* one of the prisoners. *Something* stirred below the tranquil blue surface of the water!

But now, what's this? The prisoner's face is daubed with a foamy white substance? Animal fat? — to attract *sharks*? And here is a barber — flourishing an ugly-looking cut-throat razor? *Sharks like blood!*

A roll of drums — a shrill whistle — and suddenly the unfortunate captive is hurtled into the dim, dark depths to meet her fate! And Old Father Neptune, cunningly disguised as some great sea-monster, rose cheerfully to break the rippling surface of the *Ship's pool!*

The crowd of passengers could contain themselves no longer. They burst into shouts of laughter — and so did the reluctant victim!

So it was that the *Edinburgh Castle* "crossed the line"! And the traditional ceremony over, she peacefully continued her voyage — now south of the equator.

I was that victim!

Serving in the Pink

by Pat Nelson

Slowly the dining hall door opens — a flash of hot pink streaks by. In a few seconds, you see it again and as quickly as it had come, it's gone. No, this is *not* the Pink Panther. It's lunchtime and the Faculty girls are hard at work.

Just what do we do? What goes on up there in that secret corner, that "demi-kitchen" adjoining the Faculty dining room?

We serve the Faculty their lunch in various courses, starting with soup, then the main plate, then the sweet and cheese and coffee. It sounds fairly easy — but wait! You would be surprised at the snags we run into.

First of all, a good memory is a must. Sometimes, you may be serving eight people different courses, each with different preferences. Some want potato, some don't. Some want meat, some



"Oops! I forgot the cheeseboard"

more vegetables. Some want orange juice, some coffee. Oops! I forgot the cheeseboard. Oops! I forgot to put the lemon on the fish.

Everything takes extreme concentration, efficiency, and above all — a smile! And those aren't always easy!

SUPER STUDENT by JDS

