



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

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## Preview- ELIJAH '70

by Richard Elfers

History repeats itself at Bricket Wood!! For the second time Ambassador College sponsors the inspiring ELIJAH Oratorio, for the enjoyment of 1,700 people.

ELIJAH was first performed when the soon-to-be-graduating Seniors were only Freshmen. The year — 1966.

But the first public performance the Chorale gave — the “Coffee Cantata” — was held *outdoors* on the lawn in front of the Music Hall with no more than 20 students singing!

Since that time the Chorale grew until Mr. Armstrong agreed to an oratorio. The idea bore fruit in 1964. An oratorio was presented, combining the Ambassador College Chorale with other singing groups in the area. This practice has continued with one performance every year.

This month the voices of 200 singers plus orchestra combine to make the evening one that few will soon forget. The Chorale sings with the Luton Choral Society, as well as the Chipperfield, Amersham and Chesham Bois Choral Societies. Their experience combined with Ambassador enthusiasm makes a finely balanced evening.

Accompanying the Chorale? The Bedford Symphony Orchestra! Ambassador College has never worked with them before, but as Dr. Abbott com-

mented, “They are a very keen and enthusiastic group.”

Expect a packed house at Watford Town Hall on Sunday evening, March 15th!



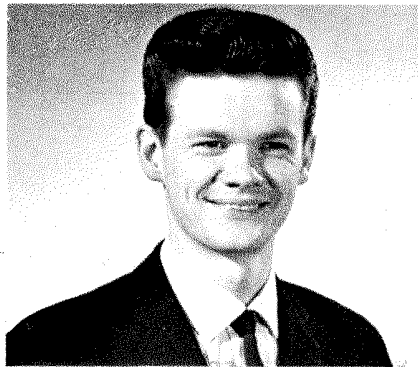
Rehearsals — the Chorale aims for perfection.

## Jerusalem Bound

by Staff Reporter

“Do you know who’s going to the Jerusalem office?” asked Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong.

Sitting in the spacious office of the Chancellor, Mr. Richard Frankel was surrounded by Mr. Dart, Mr. Albert Portune, Mr. David Antion, Mr. Rader, and Mr. Ted Armstrong.



Mr. Richard Frankel

What was Mr. Armstrong hinting at? The answer is now history. But where did it all begin?

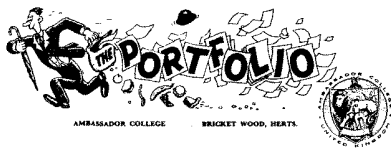
Ambassador College, Bricket Wood, 1961. The second year of the College was about to begin as young Richard Frankel stepped on Campus.

Like many of us, he started on the gardening crew, where he worked for over three years.

In 1965, it was up to Glasgow to assist Mr. Bob Fahey for a year.

When he returned to Campus as

(Continued on Page 2)



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Colin Cato

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## JERUSALEM JOURNEY

(Continued from Page 1)

Student Vice-President he continued to work on the visiting programme.

Graduation, and it was Mr. Bedford's Manchester-Leeds area with Mr. Martin Watson assisting him.

Later he visited people in the London area before assignment in Washington D.C. and then to Richmond, Virginia.

Eight months later, Mr. Frankel married a Bricket Wood graduate, Joyce Kester.

Mr. Frankel was ordained a local elder by Mr. McNair and Mr. Westby after the 1969 Ministerial Conference.

That next October found him and his wife visiting in India and Ceylon. Two months later they returned to Pasadena via Hawaii where he assisted Mr. Dart in compiling reports for the Ministerial Conference of 1970.

As Mr. Dart's personal assistant, he began apartment hunting. Finally a lease was signed. But three hours later Mr. Frankel was told that he was going to manage the Jerusalem office!!

## "There's Room for Writers"

Quote: Mr. Gene Hogberg

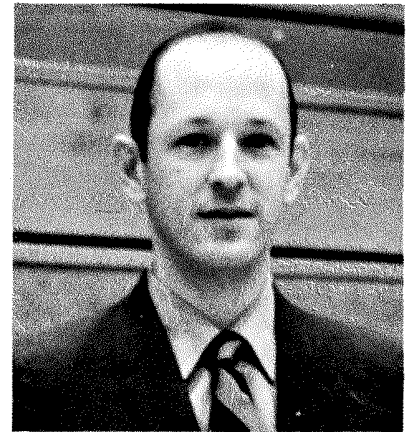
by Peter Butler

Abruptly, Mr. Hunting interrupted himself.

"Say, that's Gene Hogberg over there isn't it!"

And immediately after the Weekend Lecture Session, a picket of students rallied around the Pasadena News Bureau Chief.

Questions were fired at him from every angle and on every subject. What did he expect to gain by attending the conference on pollution in Strasbourg? How long would he be in Europe? What were the latest developments in the Pasadena News Bureau?



Mr Hogberg at Bricket Wood.

And quickly the discussion focused on the role of the News Bureau in the ever-expanding, ever-changing publications programme of the Work.

The Ambassador College News Bureaus face a challenge!

Policy has changed. *The PLAIN TRUTH* magazine now emphasizes current events and world news. And more than ever before the Bureaus must ensure that *up-to-the-minute* and *significant* information is constantly available. Much more research is essential — research into aspects of world problems vital to the Magazine's readers — the Arms Race, a resurgent Europe, the population explosion, famine, crime. And the Bureaus' staff undertake much of the writing for *The PLAIN TRUTH* as well as the preparation of special publications, such as the booklets on Crime and Pollution.

Yet, who is to handle the precipitous surge in the work load?

Mr. Hogberg pointed out that *The PLAIN TRUTH* is a *specialised* News Magazine, requiring *specialised* contributors — contributors with a good understanding of the *meaning* behind world events — able to comment honestly and objectively on the news — *and* able to give realistic answers to the world's problems.

Suddenly, the need for *writers* and *researchers* is *acute*. The News Bureaus must increase their staff. They need capable men — and women — to assist them in their *essential* commission.

Already Pasadena has taken steps to train students for the job. A new course commenced this year — in Advanced Journalism and Research Techniques.

But how can *we* qualify to fill these positions?

How did Mr. Hogberg qualify? "I learned my journalism by writing for *The PORTFOLIO*!"

And yet Mr. Hogberg didn't become a consistent contributor to the College Magazine until his Fourth Year — when he wrote a regular news column.

Why don't *you* get a head start? In a sense, the Bricket Wood *PORTFOLIO* faces the same problems as *The PLAIN TRUTH*. We need *articles* — regular contributors outside of the Class Reporters to ensure the publication of quality eight-page issues.

Why not start writing for *The PORTFOLIO* now — and continue to write next year, and the year after that. You never know where it might lead.

As Mr. Hogberg said, "There's room for writers."

# JUMBO AT HEATHROW

by Peter McLean

## Anticipation!

"Here she comes!!" The reporter pointed excitedly to the Northwest. The rest of the reporters clambered to the plane—glass windows enclosing the observation deck and strained their necks. I joined them.

A large black speck had suddenly materialized out of the grey London skies. Soon its silhouette could be seen. It was a plane. A GIANT PLANE! A super-jet!

It seemed to hang motionless for a moment, then suddenly, smoothly it lost height and came down to caress the runway as if it had been polished glass. Those automatic pilots are good!

This was the first Jumbo at Heathrow! The Boeing — the first of a gener-

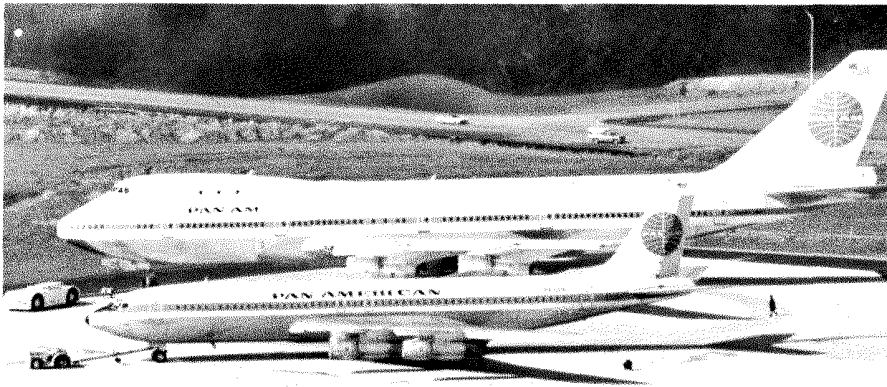
ation of superjets — is an incredible machine. The 355-ton ship is 231 ft. 4 in. long — longer than the Wright brothers' first flight.

Its 20-foot-wide cabin is almost twice as wide as the largest passenger planes in service. And it can seat up to 490 people in super-comfort. That's the Bricket Wood student body twice over.

Its staggering size makes conventional jets look like toys beside it. And its tail — as high as a six-storey building — dominates the skyline at Heathrow!

Its four jet engines — each worth more than \$1 million — exert 170,000 lbs. of thrust. That's equal to the power of a hurricane.

Next time you see the white contrail of a cruising jet, check to see if it is a 747. They are the beginning of a new era in aviation.



Big and little brothers

## FLYING 747 STYLE

by Fred Martin

*Are you studying more now but enjoying it less? Is there too much for you to do and too little time to do it in? Now that I have your attention, let me explain what it was like to fly on a Boeing 747 system of the 70's.*

*Even a Rolls Royce engine can't measure up to this machine! If you're wondering about buying one from the nearest car dealer, forget it!*

*This bird is so gigantic that the captain has to give separate weather forecasts for every part of the plane.*

*"Weather report: Fog is expected*

*around the tail section, giving way to bright periods later in the day. The fuselage should be warm and humid, but scattered hail storms may affect the starboard wing towards evening."*

*Some outstanding features about this Superjet are: Extra-large seats with more leg room, overhead luggage rack, smoother and quieter flying, boarding (and disembarking) quicker and easier, and what is most important, from my point of view (biased), more stewardesses per passenger. Wow!*

*Yes, I flew on the seventh (significant) Boeing 747 Pan Am Jumbo Jet.*

Dining in Style—

## SENIOR HIGHLIGHT



Polished conversationists

by Bob Geringer

At six in the evening, 14 formally attired Senior couples gathered in the exquisitely furnished and tastefully decorated Faculty Dining Room. Along with Mr. and Mrs. McMichael, and Dr. and Mrs. Wainwright, they enjoyed a delicious meal served by the Third Year girls on the best quality china available on Campus. Only the finest cutlery was used, and sturdy, gold-plated goblets held glistening Mateus Rosé.

However, when dinner ended, the evening had just begun. This formal group then proceeded to the International Lounge where they were joined by most of the student body for the film, "The Colonel and I" starring Danny Kaye.

After this relaxing interlude, our Seniors made their way to the Loma Hall Lounge for the high note of the evening. Many of the Faculty were there including "Guest Bartender" Mr. McMichael. He added spark to the evening with his specially concocted martinis and manhattans. And Dr. Wainwright balanced everyone's appetites by serving a variety of food.

This was a memorable occasion for all concerned and the Senior women enjoyed sponsoring it as much as the men appreciated such a delightful and rewarding evening "at home." Our only hope is that this first has set a precedent for Senior classes to follow.

# Hansard - PORTFOLIO Fashion

"Wanted: Eligible young men to work in Rabbit Warren. Applicants must have:

1. Ability to speak.
2. Broad general education.
3. Ability to get on with people.
4. Extensive knowledge of Local Government.
5. Experience in the Political Party Machine.

Enquiries should be addressed to Mr. Victor Goodhew M.P., House of Commons, London."

Shades of the Mad March Hare? No, just some potted thoughts on the guest-lecture by Mr. Victor Goodhew at Assembly on Thursday, 19th February.

Our local Member of Parliament told us in an hour of captivating description, liberally peppered with parliamentary quips, about



The Honourable Member for St. Albans

life in the House. From the tedious door-to-door attempts to solicit votes to the glory of winning an electoral seat, Mr. Goodhew brought home to us some of the pros and cons of parliamentary life. The Maiden Speech of the quaking, newly-elected member, heard in "ghastly silence"; the subtle tactics of the debating chamber -

"Half the Cabinet are asses" - *Unparliamentary Language* - "Excuse me, Mr. Speaker, half the Cabinet are not asses!"; and the member for St. Albans wove an intricate tapestry of days (and nights) in the "Rabbit Warren"!

Question time, and in reply to a question put by Mr. McNair, Mr. Goodhew informed us that in his opinion Britain would gain no economic advantages by joining the Common Market. And now that Germany had emerged victorious in the duel with France for domination of the Market, he even doubted the usefulness of a British role as a political intermediary. But he did still consider that, in the E.E.C. or not, Britain still had a role to play as link between Europe, the Commonwealth, and the North American Continent - the role originally emphasized by Sir Winston Churchill years ago.

## Room 18 Presents

### A "PRICELESS" OUTING

Five fifteen a.m., February 2nd, 1970. The shortest room outing in Ambassador History began.

Room 18 lay empty, deserted - the door ajar swinging slightly in the light breeze of an open window.

Unique? - absolutely! Incredible? totally!

Forty-five minutes later the fearless

members of Room 18 would return having re-enacted for the first time in four years - morning exercises!

Amazed observers looking toward the gymnasium saw silhouetted against the soft lighting eight masculine figures vigorously engaged in calisthenic contortions.

A brisk, energetic, hectic mile-run

round the neighbouring lanes followed immediately.

Startled onlookers took note of Room 18's determined efforts in this gruelling excursion. Passing the "Gate" Public House the striving runners were tormented in the heat of their pace by visions of pint shandies cooled on ice.

But now, bounding down the home stretch, they stormed back into "Lakeside" exhausted, yet elated by a profound sense of achievement, a ruddy glow in every cheek.

Everyone voted it a most successful room outing and looked forward to next year when Room 18 - under new management - may once again go to morning exercises.

It can safely be assumed, however, that all those who did not see the present Room engage in this singular feat have missed their only chance of ever doing so.



Winners of The Most Virile Room Award, 1970.

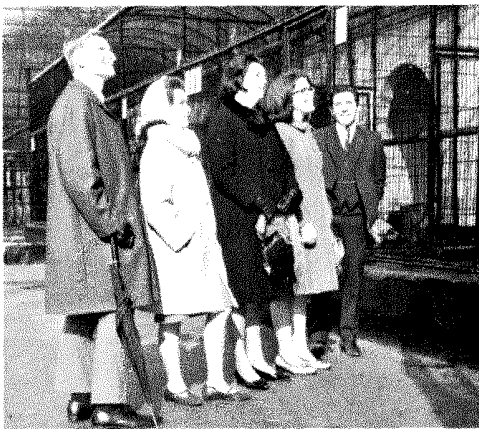
Pat 'n Barb



## THE FIELD TRIP

Armed with packed lunches, xeroxed maps and – phrase for the day – “Kirby Coaches are the ones to look for!” students and Faculty headed for London.

Here is Pat 'n Barb's on the spot report:-



Watch the birdies.

### COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE.

What a maze of countries! One school party were being tested by their teacher on Australia. *Who* slipped them the answers? *Helen Matthews!* And why was Mr. Croucher side tracked by the African display? To add efficiency to his Reading Section? And who protested loudly – “No Yorkshire Exhibition!?” *Denys Fell!*

### NURSERY SCHOOL LUNCH.

That kindergarten set enjoying lunch in a glassed-in room!!?! Heather watched them sling jell-o and peanut butter sandwiches and muttered, “It’s a wonder there aren’t college students in there!” She spoke too soon! There – in a corner – were Roger Meyer, Gary Lock, and their dates!

### THE POST OFFICE

Don’t worry about your next letter – it’s in good hands – unless you used a 4d stamp! Ambassadors were able to see first-hand just what happens to that hastily scribbled aerogramme. We also found that putting “please” on a fragile package gets more attention! That West District Post Office alone handles 1 1/2 million letters every day. Better write now to avoid the Easter rush!

### TRUE STORY – SURREY BOUND?

A funny thing happened to Robin Stow and Berry Burgess on the way to Marble Arch. They took a wrong turn in the Underground and ended up in Heathrow Airport! That must have been difficult for a Londoner and an English girl! Even Pat 'n Barb can find their way around London’s Underground (snicker,snicker)! *What a chop!*

### MOVIE TIME

From north,east,south and west – they came! Destination: Leicester Square and Marble Arch. From taxis, double-decker buses, on foot or from holes in the ground – they emerged. It was time to relax and cap off a great day! For Tony Goudie though, it was difficult. Wine and cocktails for dinner can have a dazzling effect! He turned to his date and asked. “Are we going to *Hello Mr. Chips* or *Good-bye Dolly?*”

“Well – we just can’t afford to eat out!”



Mr. Anthony Buzzard and Barbara

### TEACHER’S PET

Question: How do you get good grades in French?

Answer: Marry the teacher! Right Barbara?

The PORTFOLIO is very pleased to announce the engagement of Miss Barbara Arnold to Mr. Anthony Buzzard.

### NBC NEWS.

Goodnight, Pat! Goodnight, Barb!



## STAMP OR



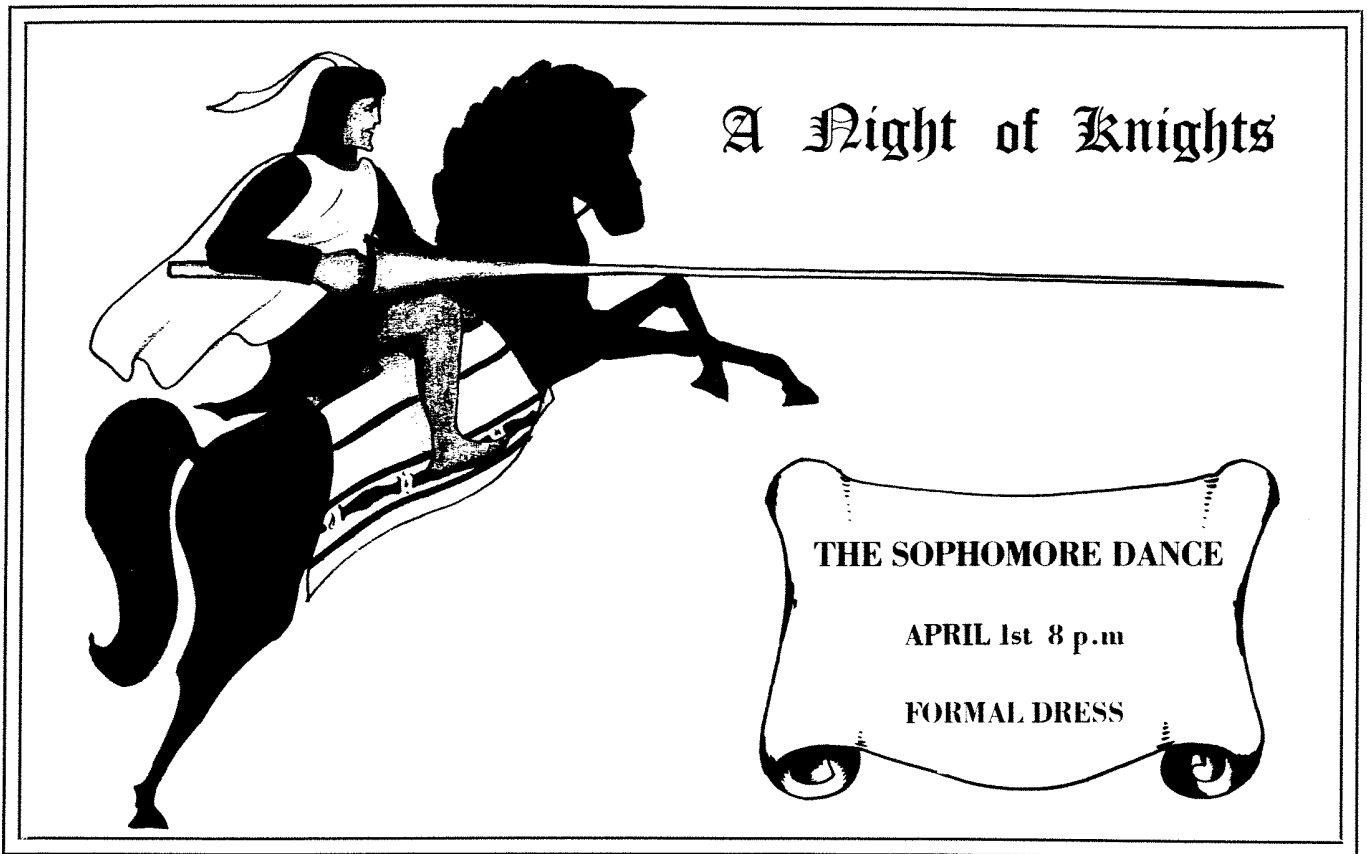
by Tom Crawford

Did you know that scrawling “First Class” on the top of your envelope will do you no good at all?

The Post Office has an ingenious method of separating the slower second class 4d letters from the faster 5d letters.

Take a closer look at the stamp you just licked. The answer will soon become obvious.

Tilt a 5d stamp sideways and you can see two transparent strips, one on each side, running down the edge. But if you look carefully at a 4d stamp you’ll see that there is only *one* transparent strip running down the *centre!* These strips glow under the ultraviolet light in the post office letter-separating machine. A light-sensitive electronic eye can then separate the sheep from the goats!! A step of efficiency for one of the best postal services in the world!



## The Men Who Almost Broke

# THE BANK OF MONTE CARLO

by Paul Pels

At last, the *true* facts can be revealed!

Exactly what *did* happen that hectic, action packed, catastrophic night in the gambling mecca of the world? The night when Benwell, Engle, Silcox and Pels HIT Monte Carlo and *stormed* the Casinos?

Rumours travel fast at College. Facts get twisted, distorted, *perverted!*

"They hit the jackpot!"

"They won a *bomb* — *broke the bank.*"

"And then lost the lot!"

"*All in one night!*"

But NO! It wasn't really like that! *Here* are the facts!

Our hotel for the night? The *best* — on the sea front — select and secluded! The Monte Carlo Beach is deserted by night!

But unfortunately, we couldn't foot the bill, and the Police moved three of

us on to the French sector! And all the time Neville Benwell slumbered soundly in our hired Fiat 850 — totally *oblivious* of the sneak intruder in the night. The thief snatched wallet, passport, travellers cheques and Bible — *all Nevilles'!*

Neville did *not* lose his money in the Casinos!

But what of the rest of us? We too came home broke!

*Catastrophe* struck again in Italy! We parked our car and went to explore down-town Rome. . . .

The authorities wouldn't believe us! They wouldn't accept Andrew Silcox as a loyal British subject! *Yankee* — they insisted! As *Yankee* as they come!

And we were *stranded!* Again our car had been pillaged. *Gone* was Don's new Ferguson Transistor Radio! And *gone* was Silcox's briefcase, and with it his *passport* and *money!*

The British Consulate were not interested in my passport — *Aussie!* Nor Engle's — *Yank!* And Benwell? They wanted to *confiscate* HIS! *He* should never have been granted a temporary one at Genoa anyway! No positive identification! To them, we were vagabonds and vagrants — the four of us!

Neville's initiative saved the day! We had a College Prospectus with us — and there was Andrew's face smiling out of the midst of the College Band.

The Vice-Consul was reluctantly convinced. And we arrived back in England, *weary* of diplomatic negotiations — and BROKE!

*No*, we did *not* lose our money in the Casinos of Monte Carlo.

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Did you know that . . . . .

Nutrition can only be taken on *intercalary* years?

Hitler planned: Pincers from Sussex to St. Albans.

## OPERATION SEA-LION

by Neil Earle

*Brighton, Sussex.*

The choppy grey Channel water swirled angrily past the rusting iron supports undergirding Brighton Pier. This prosperous pleasure resort, exposed to the rigorous gales which sweep in from the North Atlantic and rake the English South Coast, was bathed in mist and turbulence.

No chance to see the French coast today! Yet, standing there, peering across the narrow straits, the realisation struck home — how close this island is to France! — to Europe!

Similar thoughts pulsed through the excited minds of the German General Staff in the fateful year 1940. Flushed with their stunning victory in France, the Nazi Warlords contemplated the final blow — the invasion and submission of Britain.

This was Operation Sea-Lion! Code name for the Nazi version of a dream that had eluded all comers since the Conqueror in 1066.

On July 13th, 1940, the Army Chiefs submitted their plans. Thirteen Infantry Divisions would land in the first three days. There were to be two main assaults — the *first*, hitting the beaches between Ramsgate and Eastbourne; the *second*, from Brighton to the Isle of Wight. There was even to be a follow-up stab further west in Dorset.

But Brighton was the pivot. It was the planned base for a raid on all the main channel ports — Southampton, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. Once the Wehrmacht was established in Brighton, the Fuehrer himself would arrive. This cheerful resort would be his winter H.Q. From the Brighton Pavilion, Hitler expected to direct his troops inland. The Panzers were to by-pass London and sweep in on *St. Albans* in a double pincer movement!

All this in a *week!* The rest of England would take a fortnight. After mopping-up operations in London and the North, Britain would lie prostrate under the Jackboot.

This was Operation Sea-Lion.

But even in Berlin, the plan had its critics. Army Chief of Staff Halder raged that landing troops on the South Coast was like marching his army "straight through a sausage machine!" Yet the General Staff clung to their blueprints and waited for Goering's Luftwaffe to finish the first step — the obliteration of the R.A.F.

*But that never happened!* As Summer wore on, the R.A.F. went from strength to strength — the Spitfires were still flying — a deadly menace to any invasion force! The Battle of Britain was lost. Operation Sea-Lion was postponed — *indefinitely.*

## North to Norway

by Richard Elfers

Newcastle, the first leg of our 600-mile journey.

That evening we boarded our boat for destination Oslo, Norway. The cruise took 36 hours. Neither of us had been on an ocean-going ship before. Just past breakwater Tom's attitude began to change. Seasick!! I kidded him about being a soft landlubber! One hour later, however, I began to regret my joking as I too grew greener around the gills. The next twelve hours found both of us flat on our backs in our berths — too sick to move. I began to have more compassion on Jonah's ride in the belly of the fish!!

Finally the agony ended. The sea smoothed out. By the time we reached Oslo we were able to eat again.

A foot of snow covered the ground and more was falling fast as we disembarked. We asked directions from a soldier. No luck; he didn't speak English. Tom's German came to the rescue.

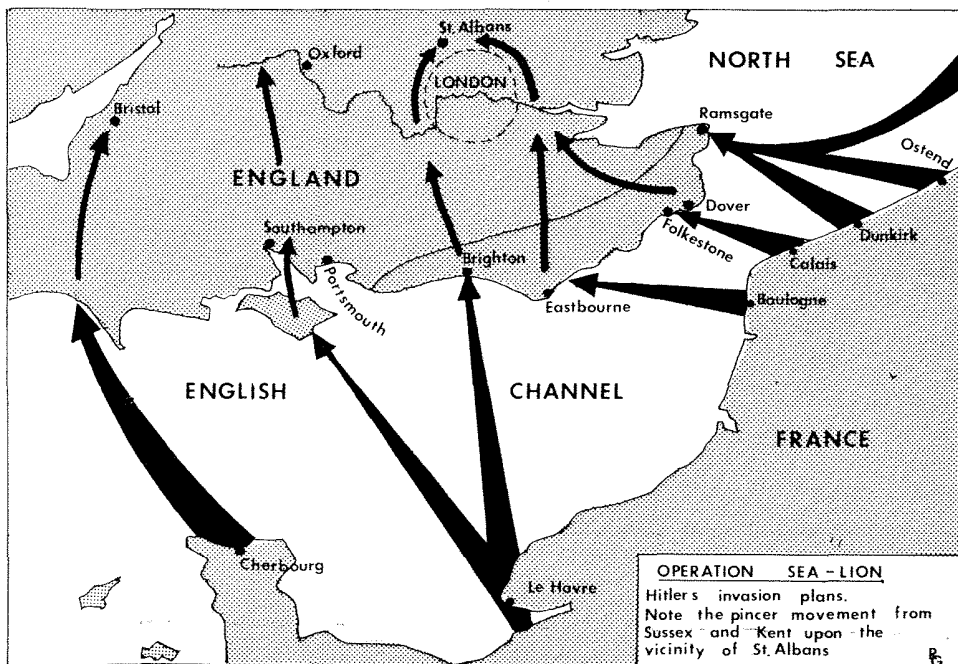
In the biting cold we made our way to the nearest bank, and changed our pounds for Norwegian *kroner*. Next we began the search for Mr. Zernichov's home, our host for ten days. And what a beautiful place!! Complete with stereo, TV, and an electric dishwasher!!

We made ourselves comfortable and waited for our host to return home from his skiing trip in the mountains.

Mr. Zernichov told us of the dangerous days when he served in the Norwegian underground during the War; about his profession as a civil engineer; and his plans to come to Bricket Wood to translate booklets into Norwegian.

He took us to see the Viking ships which once dared the Atlantic rollers; and the famous *Kon Tiki* whose courageous Norwegian crew pitted their lives against the elements.

When the time came to leave we took no chances — we *flew* back to London. And we were sorry to say "Far Vel" to Norway and our gracious host.



# SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE A DIGGER!

by Ken Smylie

Jerusalem! And for *you* who are going—*you* have the prospect of a fabulous summer! The work; the experiences; the *work*; the sun; THE WORK; the history!

Let me give you a few tips so you make the best of the chance of a lifetime.

Israel is known for its unbelievably warm welcome—the burning sun! Oh, is it hot! You arrive a tender, lily white but return a seasoned golden brown—if you're careful. Be smart. Take plenty of sun-tan oil and use it often. Three or four days in bed with an Israeli sunburn is no joke and *can* be prevented. You'll find long-sleeved cotton shirts the best protection—and they're easy to clean.

What about other clothes? Many students nearly paid excess weight charges for items they never used. Certain things are a must. For example, the men should take a light-weight suit for Sabbath and the occasional cocktail party at the Knesset. (Who knows?) The girls should choose cooler light-coloured, light-weight non-iron dresses.

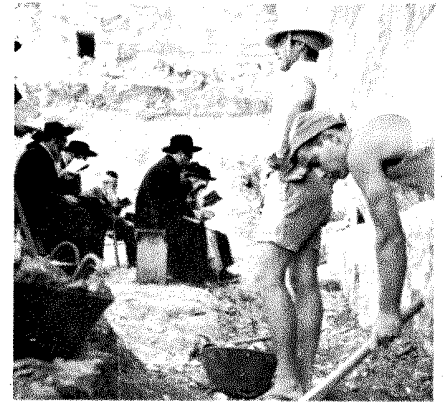
There was no prescribed work outfit. Both men and women found shorts the coolest, topped with a cotton blouse or T-shirt. Short shorts and sleeveless blouses for the girls will raise vocal objections from Orthodox Jews. And remember, bare-backed men are offensive to the Arabs!

Footwear? Anything from bare feet to tough old cowboy boots. The less you wear the cooler it will be. But a small cut or scratch can easily become infected—and this can happen frequently. The safest and sanest choice is work boots. But tennis shoes will do.

Everyone should use their head as a hatrack. The sun's too tough on the "noggin" and eyes without a cap of some kind. Kibbutz hats are cheap, colourful, and cool. But be sure you get a big one—they shrink!

Food? Snacks? Everybody likes to experiment with exotic foods and I'm sure you all will—for the first week! But soon Pharaoh's Revenge will take its toll! It did last year! If you want extra food, the "Superso!" supermarket is the best. The Old City? It may be cheaper—but it's not the wisest! Steer clear.

A summer in Israel is a rewarding experience. So grab your work gloves, money, and passport, and — happy digging!!



"Hmm! Should I lead songs?"

## THE CHOSEN FEW

Suddenly . . . Silence!

Mr. McNair was going to make an announcement! We half expected what was coming! We tensed! And the Deputy Chancellor sped through the list of names — punctuated only by 28 gasps of excitement!:-

*Connie Anderson; Jon Bowles; Carol Burman; Rita Campbell; Colin Cato; Bob Cloninger; Linda Eagle; Neil Earle; Robin Elliott; Bill Farr; Mike Gbourdjian; Locky Greene; Sandra Hansen; Jackie Harrison; Ginnie Howell; David Hulme; Chris Hunting; Sam Kneller; Tom Lapacka; Judy Pincombe; Elisabeth Rau; Zenda Shankles; Bob Speer; Alan Tattersall; Darrell Watkins; Heather White; Laura Wright; and Chuck Zimmerman.*

Congratulations and happy digging folks!

