



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Vol. 11, No. 13

19th March, 1970

Bricket Wood's

3rd. GENERATION COMPUTER

by Peter McLean

"The computer. Aerospace. Micro-circuits. The Sixties were technology's Golden Era.

"By the early years of the decade, second-generation computers were able to perform 10 times as many calculations in one second as the first-generation computers of the 50's. From 1965 onward, a third generation of computers could solve 1 million calculations per second, or 100 times as many as second-generation computers."

And now Bricket Wood has a Third Generation Computer — the I.B.M. 360 Model 25.

The capacity is tremendous!

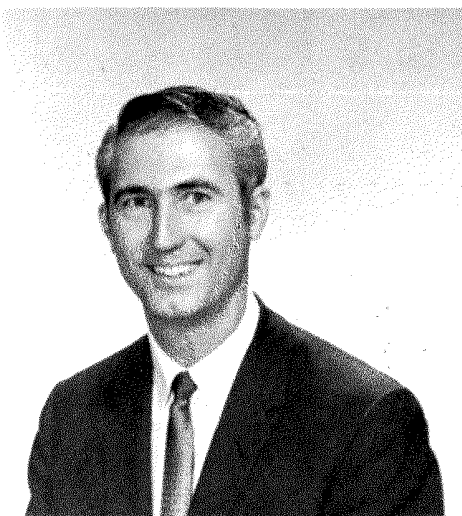
The mailing lists of entire major nations are now handled by the Bricket Wood I.B.M. Department. Britain,

France, Holland, Germany, India, South Africa, and the West Indies. The system is completely independent of Pasadena. And the time and cost of

(Continued on Page 2)



Mr. Tagg operates the 360 Model 25.



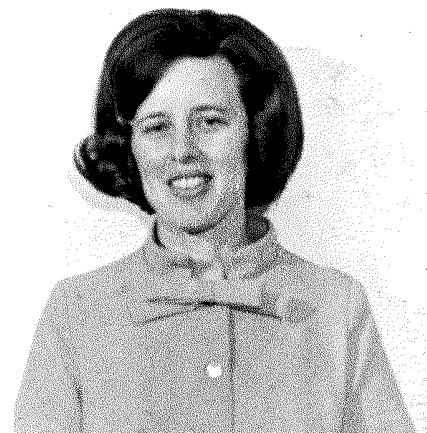
Mr. Kelly

Welcome to Bricket Wood

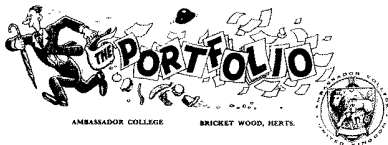
FROM OUR SISTER CAMPUS IN TEXAS, WE WELCOME THE DEAN OF STUDENTS AND HIS WIFE.

While Mr. Hunting spends three weeks in Big Sandy, Mr. Ronald Kelly will take an active part in Bricket Wood college life.

A Pastor rank Minister in God's Church, we all look forward to hearing from Mr. Kelly in classes and sermons. Like Mr. McCullough's visit last year this will bring a taste of Texas to the campus.



Mrs. Kelly



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3rd GENERATION COMPUTER

(Continued from Page 1)

processing the mail lists has been greatly reduced.

The Model 25 prints names and addresses at a staggering 1,100 lines per minute — compared with 350 lines per minute on the Model 20. Yet, even at this rate, it still takes four hours to print labels for the British Mailing List alone.

The need for the new Computer is obvious!

D.P.C. will feed into the Model 25 the Co-Worker lists, the Payroll, the complete budget control system, student and employee billing, and stock control.

And there is scope for a new project — the Department now serves the Press Complex with its "Data Collection Equipment" — a computerized system of works-study and stock control.

As this Work continues to mushroom, the Model 25 — with its increased speed and storage capacity — has become an extremely valuable asset here at Brickley Wood.

Another Look at You

by Dr. McCarthy

At Ambassador College *you* are one of a collection of special people. A host of highly distinctive inborn characteristics are within. The sum total of these make you an individual. This individuality is a significant factor in your life that cannot be obliterated.

If you, then, are an individual and have an individuality which is yours, what do people mean when they say a person should be *treated as an individual*? Treating someone as an individual is an empty expression unless you know many of the characteristics that make him so.



Student President McCarthy

Are you aware of your own individuality? If you are, don't be blind to the individuality of others.

It is well known that people have distinctive fingerprints and that the natural perfume which each of us carries is singular enough that a bloodhound can trail and identify us. These differences are trivial and rarely important for you and me!

If you could look at the "insides" of your friends and neighbours, you would be startled by the very large number of internal variations. Some of these are tremendously important affecting your longevity.

Nerve receptors in your skin, ears, eyes, tongue, throat and elsewhere pick up the stimuli of heat, cold, touch, taste, and pain. These receptors vary in responsiveness — hence the great variation in reactions. People judge heat, cold, sweetness, etc. by degrees. What is semi-sweet for one is too sweet for another. It's surprising how people differ in their reactions to the temperature of coffee or food. Sharp reactions are often voiced when hardness or smoothness of a mattress is discussed.

How do you react to a person who is too quiet, too talkative or too noisy at the wrong time? What is your reaction to someone who is too fidgety and "antsy" or too complacent? How about your feeling toward someone with no money sense? Or one who is too money conscious?

And so it goes!

No person is generally inferior to another. Even a feeble-minded person may have a better liver than you have! Each individual has his strengths and weaknesses. *Recognise* your handicaps; *admit* your limitations.

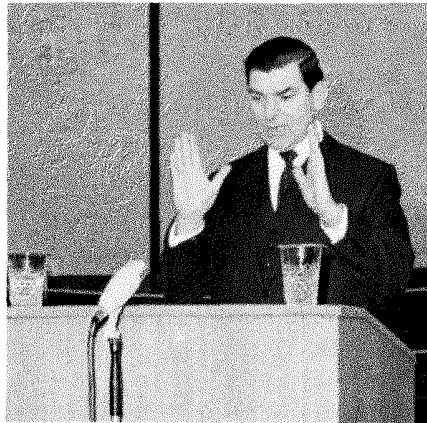
Remember, people are not only different because they have been moulded by their own particular environment, but primarily because each is built in a highly distinctive manner. Did you know that body temperature, rate of heart beat, fluid and food intake, vary with each individual? So if you have a particular sleep rhythm and it works for you, don't impose it on others.

Most of us are clever and stupid in a large variety of ways. A person with an average I.Q. may be sharp in some ways but quite dull in others.

How do you then treat a person as an individual? Be aware of the differences in people. This will help you to like people more, and to get along without friction. These differences may be small — but they do count. Don't be like the workman trying to be a skilled carpenter without any perception of the characteristics of the wood.

Take another look at your fellow Ambassadors.

SHADES OF JUSTICE



Daily Mirror Crime Reporter
— Mr. George Glenton

by Don Engle

"In 1969 there were 1,300,000 serious crimes committed in Great Britain . . . Today we are reaching the stage where the *victim* receives less justice than the criminal!"

The speaker — Mr. George Glenton, crime writer for 20 years and presently reporting for the *Daily*

Mirror. The occasion — Assembly, Thursday 5th March.

Mr. Glenton's past experience in this field of journalism has made him a perceptive analyst of a crisis that is *plaguing* our society.

"Never in the history of this country has human life been so dis-respected."

"Brutal beatings and cold-blooded murders are a daily occurrence. We can't report them all.

When did this trend begin in the British Isles?

"1957 was the turning point — since that year crime has *tripled!*"

What is the result?

"The entire British economy is being drained! Petty theft alone cost the country £41,000,000 in insurance claims in 1969."

In his closing comments Mr. Glenton emphasized: "Crime is an *explosion* in this little island of ours."

Strike Zion

by Bob Gerring

Everyone of us is acquainted with the "Six Day War", but do we really know what transpired and why it turned out the way it did? What were the immediate national and international repercussions? What were the strategies involved? What gambles were taken?

Strike Zion! will give you a complete and thorough resumé of this war. This on-the-spot story of the spectacular six-day battle is suspensefully action-packed, and is complete with a 64-page portfolio of photographs.

Described vividly are Israel's lightning mobilization, her strategy against overwhelming odds, and her seizure of air supremacy. Herein are facts on the largest tank battle in history, as well as the feminine touch — Israel's fighting women.

This paperback is a must for everyone's literary vocabulary and it's so enthralling it will be hard to lay it down.

The inside story of

THE ESTATE DEPARTMENT

Squeezed between Mr. Finlay's paint shop and Mr. Sutcliffe's Agricultural Office is a place hardly known by most A.C. students.

Could you tell what goes on in the cramped quarters behind those stable

doors in the corner? Who works there? How many work there?

Read on!

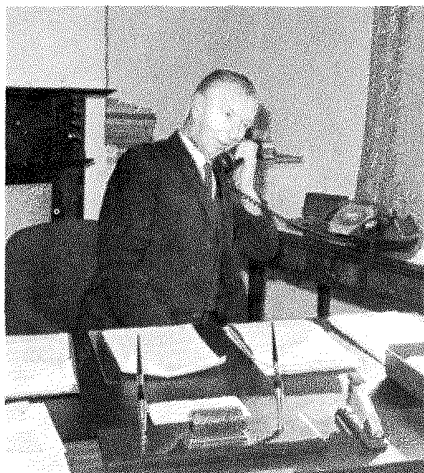
This innocent looking structure is the H.Q. of Mr. Bowden's repair crew — a celebrated elite core of men — the core that makes the College run smoothly.

Let's meet:

Mr. Don Ackem, who ensures that you and I have water to shave, shower, make coffee and wash clothes.

Mr. Derek Wright — campus electrician. James Leigh and I are his "accomplices".

But who else? If you don't know, you have missed two of the most colourful characters on Campus: Mr. Albert Knight and his son, Kenneth — more popularly known as "Ken and Albert"! They are jacks-of-all-trades — invaluable to Mr. Bowden. They can handle almost *any* work given them. Their latest project — landscaping behind Loma Hall.



Mr. Bowden



Mr. Ackem — Mr. Wright at work

Exclusive interview

THE MAN AND THE VAN



"Delectable dainties lovingly stored tray upon tray."

by Jeff Moss

The air was chilly. I stood shivering — kept warm by a flicker of hope — "Maybe he'll serve me first." But it was more than an hour before the crowd dispersed. We were alone! The most important man on Campus... and I!

Mr. Laurence, the baker, then left his "little green van" (now disguised in white) and came to give me this exclusive interview — the inside story of the man and the van!

Those delectable dainties lovingly stored tray upon tray are produced at the family bakery in Lye Lane. From this home base the Laurence family has catered to Bricket Wood since 1926. In that year his father began with four customers and delivered bread on a push bike! And the shop grew as Bricket Wood expanded.

And then Ambassador College was founded! Mr. Ron Howes and Mr. Simons became the original Campus customers, served with two small brown loaves three times a week. But soon the regular run grew as the College developed. "But it was nothing like a College in those days," said Mr. Laurence, "just a big house (i.e. Memorial Hall)."

His best day here at College is Friday. On the Friday of the interview,

there was a continuous stream of customers for over an hour. And he estimated that he had taken at least £10-£12. The most important and popular product? "Oaties, always Oaties!"

I asked him about the special bread his Bakery produces for the College. "Well, I eat it myself. Would that answer the question?" In fact it has a terrific appeal throughout the 3-mile radius served by his Bakery. "White bread? I think it's a load of rubbish — absolutely full of chemicals to preserve it. When the public get that bread it is often four days old. There's nothing FRESH in it although it 'keeps soft for weeks.'" And then he added a key comment: Good things go bad and GOOD bread *should* go stale.

With that we closed the interview — and I left triumphant, clutching my packet of chocolate biscuits and waving back to the most important man on Campus — at least between three and four p.m. every Friday!!



Chief shareholder Stow

A MODERN GIRL: One who dresses fit to kill, and cooks the same way.

Steve Fallaw, experiencing his first winter in England, was heard to remark: "Stamp out sun-worship — move to England."

Pat 'n Barb



TRANSFER TRANSFERRED

The students of Bricket Wood (and especially the Data Processing Department) welcome the Americanised Yorkshireman Stuart Foster back to the sunny (*snicker, snicker*) land of England!

EARTHSHAKING NEWS

Is it a tremor in placid Yorkshire? Or a tidal wave off Greenland? Or has Tasmania sunk into the ocean depths? No! More important than that! The students can now view the "Andy Williams Show" in dynamic, living colour! Thanks to Dave Stirk's bootlegging on Shandy, Heineken and cider the Common Room was able to foot the bill for two new COLOUR T.V. sets. But students, keep buying peanuts and raisins or we may be back to black and white!

CLUB NEWS

What other college could offer its cedes the opportunity of dining in elegance? Ambassador women are now privileged to hold one club night this semester in the Faculty Dining Room. The sterling-silver splendour, the fine bone china and carefully cut crystal will help set a new standard of tone and atmosphere to Women's Club. This once-in-a-semester opportunity should inspire some scintillating comments on topics ranging from "Budgeting" to "Poise and Personality".

FUNGUS AMONG US

"Tinea Pedis is back!" — and the infection inspection began!! One by one the victims of the Lakeside Infirmary laid their feet on the line... er, *table!*

In spite of Dave Fraser's repeated exhortations a few Ambassador men still held out till the last minute before answering Dr. Stewart's summons. But now war is being waged in earnest on Freddie the Phantom Fungus!

(I hear they've opened a second front now, girls!!! — Ed.)

Something Unique

by Barry Short

If you *had* to do something unique. Would you. . . ?

O-pen a stall in a street market and make a loss. But then have a sell-out back at College!

H-old a rapt rabble audience of lively Londoners at Speakers' Corner as you deprecate the devilishness of smoking.

G-rab your seafaring gear and hip boots to ride the bucking timbers of a trawler hunting offshore prey.

H-ear the coloured peoples' spokesman Malcolm X give his views on race relations as *you* interview him.

A-mble down the corridors of science to probe the latest developments in the sky above-and-beyond from Mr. Keerstocket, eminent Space Scientist.

S-erve behind the bar in a pub whilst "drinking in the atmosphere".

T-ake on the guise of an oriental gentleman and wander the London streets with a pocketful of cash to see how honest Englishmen are in giving change.

L-isten intently as the Vice Chancellor of Cambridge answers *your* questions concerning modern education.

Y-ield to the good life as you take Scotch with nation-famous news-readers and then watch from the production gallery as the top rated "News at Ten" goes "live" on the air.

You would? Sorry, you're a little late. You see — it's already been done!!

Dr. Martin in World History Class. . . "What do we know about the Phoenicians?"

Zenda Shankles: "They were the people who invented blinds . . . weren't they?"

Book now at Ambassador's own

TRAVEL BUREAU



Mr. Shenton — Travel Office Manager

by Anthony Goudie

Behind the rural ivy-covered facade of the Travel Department, a jet-age operation is in progress.

News teams to the Hague; diggers

to Jerusalem; Ministers to the Conference — and numerous other flights — totalled over £50,000 in air fares *alone* last year!

Many *are* running — and flying — to and fro as this Work goes worldwide.

Whether it's a short internal flight — like David Fraser's to Glasgow to assist Mr. Sanderson — or intercontinental sending Mr. Osgood, our driving instructor, all the way to Pasadena to sing in ELIJAH, Mr. Shenton handles the bookings. And often at short notice!

The massive autumn exodus to Minehead; the Senior coach tour through Europe; cross-channel ferry and hovercraft tickets: an endless stream of business and pleasure!

Have you ever wondered where your next tickets will take you??

Species Earlybird

by Mearl Bond

Earlybird is an enigma. Why? Because all too few people are up early enough to observe his nocturnal habits!

But a few enthusiastic birdwatchers have gathered together some rudimentary facts on this strange species.

Just as there are all types of birds, the same is true of Earlybird. We can classify the species in five categories.

In the first category there is the "ONE-HAND-SHAKE" Earlybird. He gives the chap one good shake and if he doesn't wake up, it's his hard luck!

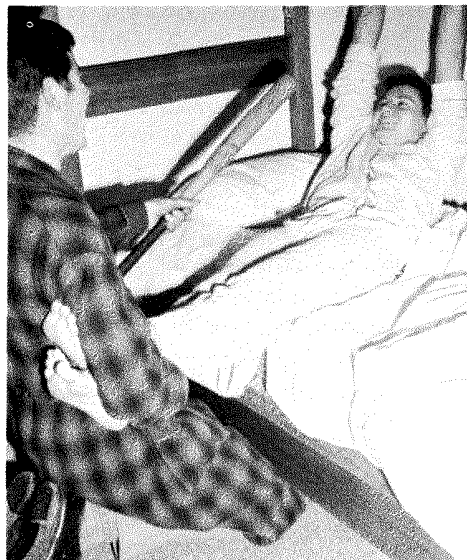
The second type — the "HIT OR MISS" — is the bird that disturbs your shuteye mistaking you for someone else.

Then there's the "COCK OF THE FLOCK", otherwise known as the "ROLLER-OUTER". He's the individual that stomps into the room and literally *pounces* on his drowsy and unsuspecting victim.

The fourth grouping is the "LATE BIRD". He can be identified by his plaintive cry: "Sorry fellows, I slept in

this morning!"

But the fifth and most common classification of Earlybird is the efficient individual who always does his job well! May they thrive and propagate!



Species "Cock of the Flock" otherwise known as "Roller-outer"

In search of THE MEXICAN OFFICE

by Alan Dean

It could have been the East End of London!

The streets were narrow, dismal, dingy and grey. All around us were bleak tumble-down slums — vibrating to the cacophony of congested city traffic. There was even a slow drizzle to dampen spirits.

But not *ours!*

This was Mexico — the most beautiful city in the world? So we had been told!

But what had brought us here — Shayne Cox, Rodney Dean and myself? A *detour* — at no extra expense — in our flight from Pasadena to Europe. An *opportunity* to visit Mr. Ruiz, Manager of the Mexican Office.

But surely he didn't live in this depressed area! We had his address

— but *where* to find it in this sprawling mass of Central American urban conurbation!?

We had only one day in that city — no time to waste. We hailed a taxi.

"How much to this address?"

"One American Dollar."

"Oh! That's cheap — pile in!"

But already we were in trouble. Our excitable new friend was booked for double parking outside our hotel! *That* put another dollar on the fare!

We roared through the winding Mexican streets — our unpredictable chauffeur leaning on his horn at every opportunity, or in Mexican — all the time!

But suddenly — transformation! A glorious contrast! Before us — a vista of beautiful tree-lined boulevards, stately and spacious villas, verdant and expansive parklands, jewelled with

sparkling artificial lakes and bubbling fountains. And — visions of a bygone age — Aztec temples, symbols of the era of ancient Inca Empire builders.

Here the city planners had spared no efforts! This truly is the most beautiful city on earth.

And it is here, in this eminent area of the city, that the Mexican Office is situated — overlooking the main boulevard.

Beyond, in an exclusive affluent suburb, we were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Ruiz in their elegant home.

Then came an unforgettable tour of Mexico by night — the most beautiful — according to Mr. Ruiz — restaurant in the world, symmetrical Aztec temples, illuminated in incandescent splendour, and an exciting visit to a breath-taking flamingo restaurant — a fitting end to our whistle-stop tour of a fabulous city!

The Musak Makers

by Tony Morrell

"The halls are alive with the sound of Musak; with songs we have heard for a thousand times!"

There are many opinions on the omnipresent phenomenon of Musak — many unfavourable. It affects us all, but we don't all realise its purposes.

Why?

Yes, why has Ambassador College been so completely invaded by this electronic intruder?

Some feel its existence is solely to build character! It is there to be *endured* — albeit reluctantly.

But such is not the case.

Musak is background music specially tailored to help us relax while we work or study. And — here comes the surprise — it is *NOT intended* for listening! That's right!

Background music is intended to help us concentrate on the job at hand. And that is why the decision was made in 1965 to install it here at College.

International in scope, Musak is piped through private telephone lines

rented from the GPO.

Specially selected orchestras record light music onto giant fourteen-inch tapes. Each has a staggering 4-hour playing capacity. Despite accusations of repetition, Musak have enough of these tapes to be able to play continuously for a week without using any tune twice.

Have you noticed how these tunes are

arranged to serve us? In fact Musak changes its tempo throughout the day. It is never continuously dreamy. In the midafternoon when eyelids flutter heavily Musak peps up. The tunes become brighter. In the evening it's more relaxing. Whatever the mood, whatever the hour, Musak is there to help us. Let's appreciate it more!



Progress Report: Development proceeds apace on the new Transport — Janitorial — Gardens Complex behind "Gate Lodge".

A Yorkshireman in Pasadena

by Stuart Foster

Los Angeles International Airport!

The Pan Am 707 taxied to a standstill. After a 36 hour day — a day in which we saw the sun rise twice — we had arrived! America — the “Big Country” — and before us a new way of life.

Before long, Sam, Russ, Bob and I were whisked off to Pasadena — American style — our Chauffeur, Wayne Pile, driving a sleek Plymouth Station Wagon.

But those freeways! A maze of concrete, interlacing soaring skyscrapers. Fly-overs everywhere — looping the loop — seemingly going nowhere yet leading everywhere!

Soon we were motoring along South Orange Grove, plush residential area in high class Pasadena. John Ursem greeted us on Campus and before long we slumped into bed in Grove Terrace Dorm — exhausted!

The next day our new life began. But we had the three keys to success (all three of them)! Mr. Albrecht had clued us in before we left Bricket Wood.

So I tried wearing a suit! *Always?* I was soon Americanized! Open-neck,

short-sleeved shirts became the fashion.

Rule 2. I challenged all-comers to *Hearts* — and soon discovered, contrary to popular opinion, that only 1 in 4 Americans can play the game!

But Rule 3 was a roaring success! I *kept talking* — and the more I talked, the more they wanted me to talk. The girls loved it! My Yorkshire accent won me date after date to “Gwinn’s” — the “Pasadena Pub”.

“Hey — try some peanut butter, Stuart! Never get it back in England, I guess!”

“Say, how come you limeys only drink warm beer?”

Our Pasadena partners have some whacky ideas about us Bricket Woodites!

But Bob and I did manage to dispel a few of them! And we grew to enjoy their company and way of life. After all — there’s not too much difference between Ambassadors wherever they are.

But it’s good to be back home in Bricket Wood. And by the way — if you think my accent has been Americanized, they just wouldn’t believe you back in Pasadena! To them, the day I left it was as English as the day I arrived!

Switzerland, 6000’

by Bob Elliot

What an idyllic experience it was! Our campsite rested at 6000 ft. far above the Swiss ski resort of San Moritz.

Thick juicy tender steaks sizzled on an open pinewood fire. The aroma of fresh coffee wafted upwards through the tops of the towering conifers standing sentinel around the camp. Behind the dark forest, jagged white peaks thrust themselves into a clear blue sky. And we sat hungrily gazing into the embers, waiting for the moment our teeth would sink into those succulent fillets of beef.

Far below, a mighty torrent of water thundered into the valley, where the giant glacier lay sleeping. Early in the morning, we had stood within the jaws of that mammoth ice box, gazing up at the tumbling waterfalls cascading down from craggy heights.

And now! Evening was on us, we sat devouring our long-awaited repast. The fire glowed warmly. It would soon need building up again. In the background Mantovani’s strings lulled us towards sleep, while just below the campsite two young deer gazed quietly on with self-conscious interest.

What a day it had been! A special day! Our first Sabbath in the Swiss Alps.

RIDE THE BUCKING BULLOCK

by Gordon Graham

Steak! How do you like it? It sure beats porridge and it’s easier to cook.

In Australia’s cattle country it is about the only thing that is cheap.

Once a year at Brunette Downs on the Barkly Tablelands of the Northern Territory the local cattle stations get together for a race meet and rodeo. It is the only big social event of the year, and it is approached with gusto.

This is no Ascot! This sport is for *men*, with every station entering their best stock horses. And a rodeo where *everyone* can try to ride the bucking bullock.

I was glad to be invited up. I looked forward to getting into country where the horse paddock would be considered a fair sized “ranch” elsewhere.

After days of camping and travelling on the road we finally set off on the last leg from Mt. Isa. There is a turn-off the road about 100 miles inside the Northern Territory border. We agreed to meet there for lunch. “First to arrive boils the billy!”

Then off to Brunette. The first station we pass close to is “Alexandria” with its big white gates clearly visible from the road — the world’s largest cattle station with an area twice the size of Wales.

Beautiful country.

Rich, black, well grassed.

Not a tree for miles.

But the “bull dust” lies thick on the road and swirls around the Land Rover in great clouds. You have to be careful not to bog down in it. It gets into everything. Lucky the beer is in cans!

At last we are there. All the stations have their individual camp sites. Hastily erected tents and booths accommodate the guests. “Alroy”, “Brunette”, “Cresswell”, “Eva Downs” — we are staying at the “Eva Camp”. We get a rousing welcome and soon meet lots of old friends. It’s a small country, Australia, population-wise.

Who comes to this meeting apart from the locals?

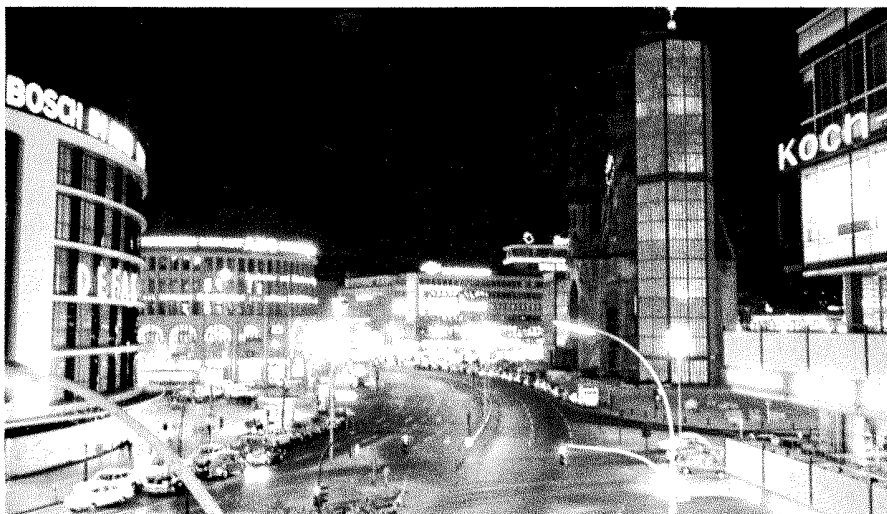
A few like us from the smaller holdings back east. An odd tender-foot from the city to see how the other half lives. And the occasional Texan, who drawls, “This is what Texas used to be like before they struck oil.”

It’s a wonderful feeling to be out in this vast open country. And the steak is not only plentiful, it’s good.

I liked those steaks for breakfast.

BERLIN-

THERMOMETER OF THE COLD WAR



West Berlin — city of opulence — by night.

by Orest Solyma

The Polish train slumped to a halt. I stuck my head out the window. Potsdam! Next stop — West Berlin!

After the depressing effect of watching East German misery whip by, we looked forward to West Berlin — teeming oasis of prosperity and freedom. Thermometer of the Cold War.

Soon we were searching for a hotel. A kindly landlady on the Kaiserdamm took us in — right on the road leading to the historic and triumphal Brandenburg Gate.

That sunny Saturday morning, Neil Earle and I strolled the two miles to the Arch. We were at the very heart of the former capital of the Third Reich. *Berlin!* Once a powerful cultural centre for Europe and the world. Our minds were alive with thought. Thoughts of the present — and the future!

That Saturday night we explored glittering West Berlin.

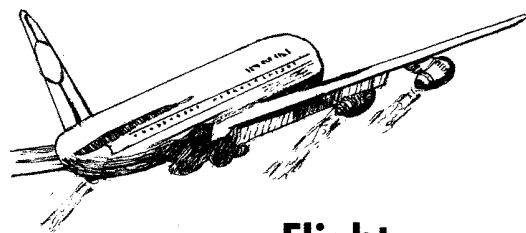
People were everywhere — they milled over the pavements, across the roads, and through brightly lit, opulent arcades. Hundreds of window-shoppers. Goods galore. And reasonable prices! The whole atmosphere of the city throbs with life and vigour.

Berliners actually appear happy, contented. But their smug self-satisfaction is largely a facade.

The pretty young woman from Hamburg, the sharp Munich doctor, the chain-smoking Berliner landlady, the nonchalant guard at Checkpoint Charlie — they all believe *the Wall* will remain.

And if the Wall remains, Berlin will not again become the pounding heart, the *symbol* of a powerful, united Germany.

Cockpit



Flight

by Nick Ursem

Last summer at Amsterdam's ultra-modern airport I boarded a BUA Vickers Viscount in high spirits — partly because of the ridiculously cheap liquor I had bought at the duty-free shop. But would my plan work?

"Could I have a look in the cockpit during flight?" was my query to a friendly hostess. Suspenseful minutes elapsed. Then success!

Halfway through the flight I squeezed into the magical nerve-centre of this rather old plane. What a magnificent view! Down below the deep blue North Sea; ahead — ever more clouds as we approached the "Misty Isles". Britain!

Suddenly a tilt! Something hit us? "Merely changing course," the co-pilot reassured me. Then he explained the air chart — showing the two adjustments to be made on this flight. Soon the instrument panel was converted in my mind from a dazzling array of dials and meters to logical groups and patterns.

"But why aren't you steering the plane?"

"No need to. The automatic pilot keeps us at a certain altitude and course."

Fifteen minutes fled like the clouds by the windows! Time to land and for me to leave the tiny cockpit. Next time you fly, why don't you *try* it?

SUPER STUDENT by JDS

