

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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TOWN HALL TRIUMPH

Inspiring! Thrilling! Majestic!
Apt description of the performance of ELIJAH promoted by the College and presented in Watford Town Hall on the 15th March?

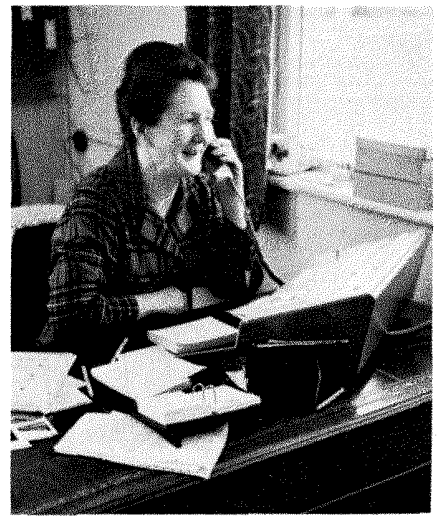
Very apt, for this rendition of Mendelssohn's masterpiece was magnificent! The 200 voices of the combined chorales excelled as they blended with the Bedford Orchestra under the superb direction of Dr. Kenneth Abbott.

Audience, soloists, local press — *agreed* that, from the opening bars of the Overture to the stirring closing chorus of this imposing Oratorio, *this* production surpassed all previous Ambassador presentations in the Town Hall.

(See also article from the WATFORD OBSERVER on Page 5)



Combined Chorales entertain capacity audience.



"It's ringing for you, Sir."

DIAL GARSTON 74074

by Peter McLean

On Sunday, 15th of March, a new era began in telephone communications here at College. A completely modern system doubling the switchboard capacity has been installed.

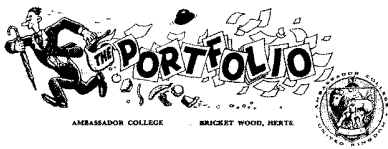
The outdated black switchboard, which had 10 outside lines and 50 extensions, gives way to the latest type exchange — a compact, stylish grey master panel with 20 outside lines and 100 extensions.

New phones have been installed throughout the Campus. Lakeside, for example, now has a phone in each wing and one in the proposed Common

Room. The whole system has been renumbered into the two hundreds.

With these extensions the switchboard in Memorial Hall is obsolete! And there is another convenience! It is now possible to phone direct to the Radlett complex from *any* extension on Campus — on an **INSIDE** line!

One final thing. The new College number is Garston 74074. That's worth remembering!



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NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

by Mark Ellis

18 nations! That's how many different ways of life centre in Bricket Wood!

But how are we different? Are we really distinctive? What are the characteristics of the other seventeen?

Remember the story of the Senior student who after *three years* of loudly lauding the healing properties of peanut butter and hamburgers, was told by a classmate, "I always thought you were an Irishman!"

Can you avoid these major social blunders? You can?

How do you know?

Try yourself in this short quiz:

Which nationality would you place against each of the following:

- | | |
|---|---|
| They laugh before the joke is completed | 1 |
| They laugh at the punchline | 2 |
| They <i>force</i> a smile to appear | 3 |
| They laugh after a three second delay | 4 |
| They laugh after a translation | 5 |
| They never laugh | 6 |

(Answers on Page 6)

THIS is Right Education?

by Neil Earle

"Students Demand Ban on Pot Laws" screamed the headline. Nothing new about that. Yet I was stunned! This paper was the campus organ of my former University.

"Pot? *There?*" I couldn't believe it! Interest perked. I read on.

"A moratorium on the laws governing the use of cannabis will be recommended to the federal government... If the holiday on pot laws is accepted" continued the report, "Cannabis would still be 'technically' illegal but *users would not be prosecuted.*"

This was the "brainstorm" of the Student Council's new Drug Committee! I thought, "A Drug Committee? At my old *alma mater*? Ridiculous!" Yes! but true just the same.

Suddenly the articles in the P. T., the News Reports, the lectures and broadcasts came *alive*. It struck home! This was not happening in some ultra-liberal nest like Berkeley or Columbia but *my* University, in *my* home town, in *my* country.

As I skimmed the pages the pattern unfolded!

Photos revealed the long hair, the dangling side-burns, the same washed-out down-and-out faces that I had seen in Piccadilly, LSE and Soho. Discouragement. Disillusionment. Disdain for the "Establishment" was burnt into every page.

Times *have* changed!

The revolution on campus *has happened!* The spoiled effete *are* in control!! In 1962, when I began as a College Freshman, the campus was still a reasonably quiet place. An ivied retreat for a few philosophic old soaks to pore over their "knowledge."

Who heard of Danny the Red, Berkeley, or the New Left in 1962? Yet the rising winds of anarchy now threaten to topple the fragile structure of organized education. The "system" doesn't have anything to offer its intelligent, articulate, and still idealistic youth. They have been *betrayed* — betrayed from within, by a Fifth Column of distorted history, meaningless science and unsound philosophy. These bright young men accept designation as the "switched-on ones." They resort to pot and the various hallucinogens to satisfy what the college curriculum couldn't.

But at Ambassador there are no pot laws. And why? Simply because *there isn't any pot!* Students are *challenged* to *prove* the curriculum sound.

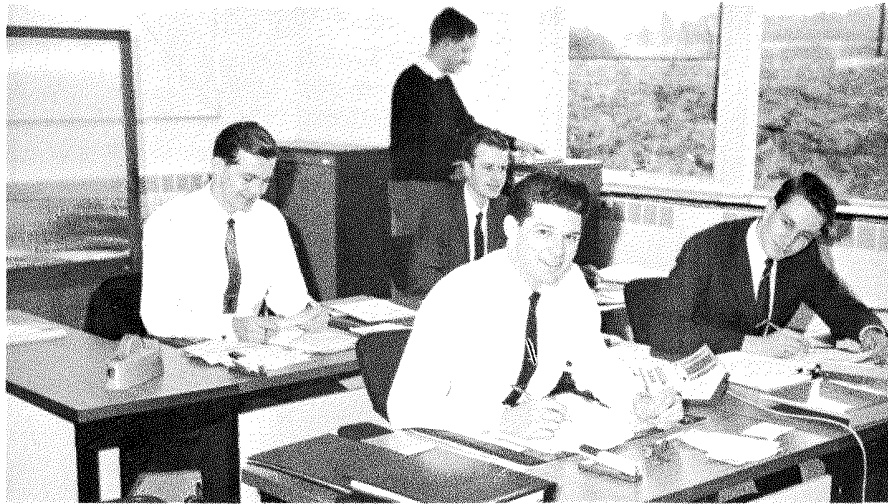
There isn't any room at Ambassador for the dissenter, the drop-out, the "acid head." But there is plenty of scope for the *activist* — the involved — the man who's *switched-on* to the dynamic education of the future!



YOU TOO can have your articles published! Did you realize that whether you are in the PORTFOLIO Class or not, you can write articles for your College newspaper? And actually see them published!

Do you want to develop your writing skill? Here is your golden opportunity! Why not set yourself a goal — maybe write one short article per month. Keep your eyes and ears open for news. Just present any ideas to your smiling editor. He will be *more than happy!*

MEET THE MAIL READERS



Bright new premises for the Mail Readers.

by Owen Willis

Reading other people's mail? Yes, and *paid* for it too!

The twenty men of the Mail Reading Section pore through 25,000 letters a month. 25,000 letters! A cold statistic? No! Each Mail Reader has to realize that behind every letter is a *person*. A Reader has to "see" the person who wrote it and analyze *why* he wrote it. For this vital task an efficient system has evolved over the years.

The Department is divided into two sections — the British and the Afro-Indian Sector.

The British Sector receives letters from every nook and cranny of the British Isles — from the Wirral to the Wash, from John O' Groats to Land's End. In addition, this unit handles reader response from thirty overseas countries — Afghanistan to Antigua, Sweden to Saudi Arabia — all these areas are serviced by the British Sector.

The Afro-Indian Sector is the other major division of Mail Reading. Here is a veritable avalanche of mail — just ask Owen Willis and his trusty readers who wade through the deluge of responses from those outlying areas.

But how does a reader "read" a letter? What is his daily routine?

His principle task is to note the literature requested by the writer. Light relief comes with the occasional humorous letter asking for the "Plane Tooth", or the booklet entitled "Gratis", or even "How was I Born?"

A reader strives to answer any question as far as he can by means of form letters, booklets or back issues of the P.T. Special questions or requests are usually sent on to the Personal Correspondence Division.

Simple process? Yes, but a vital one. Many people need help desperately — help which a reader *can* give. This is the *real* reward of the job!



Welsh mail, Owen?

AUCTIONEER: A man who looks forbidding.

I think I can say I had as unhappy a childhood as the next braggart.

If you don't get everything you want, think of the things you don't get that you don't want.

Newspapers

Can Lie!

by Malcolm Heap

"BLAIBERG'S WIDOW TELLS OF 'DOUBLE LIFE' TORMENT", blazed the headline in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The paper revealed the "hidden facts" of Blaiberg's life after his heart transplant. It asserted that he had lived in agony, gulped between 30 and 100 pills a day, and wasn't the man that he appeared to be in front of the photographers. It was as much as he could do to get up, wash and dress, let alone play rugby.

It was sensational news all right. And gained full coverage. But something was wrong.

What?

It was all a hoax!

The following day a small, unobtrusive apology appeared in the same paper on a middle page. It explained that the startling facts had merely been gleaned from an Italian news magazine, "Bellazza". But Mrs. Blaiberg later denied every one!

How do *you* treat the material *you* read? Ever question the articles you digest? Ever ask yourself if they are biased?

"But why should I?" you may protest.

Because all newspaper material is biased or slanted! Some of it — strongly; some, mildly. Much is blatant falsity. Much isn't. A lot is exaggerated, but a lot isn't stressed enough. Rare is the newspaper that reports 100% accurately!

Yet, how often do you stop and think about the news as it is reported? Do you ever consider that it's written by people and that people have opinions — often strong opinions?!

The writer will tend to flavour his article HIS way — the way that will gain HIM the largest readership!

You can't gullibly accept everything you read.

I did with the Blaiberg story.

Did you?

Don't didn't

Introducing

Mr. H. G. Smith

by

Peter Butler

Want to learn something about Nuclear Physics? Then go and talk to Mr. H. G. Smith, newly appointed Engineer at the Radlett Press.

You shouldn't have any difficulty introducing yourself, because you have probably met him before. In fact, to many of us, he is an old acquaintance. For Mr. H. G. Smith is Mr. Mick Smith of the London Church.

You may remember he has shown groups of us around Imperial College, and the Radio Carbon Dating section of the British Museum and University of London on various Field Trips. For before joining the Press, Mr. Smith was a Lecturer and Chief Technician at the Nuclear Power Section of the Department of Mechanical Engineering, Imperial College.

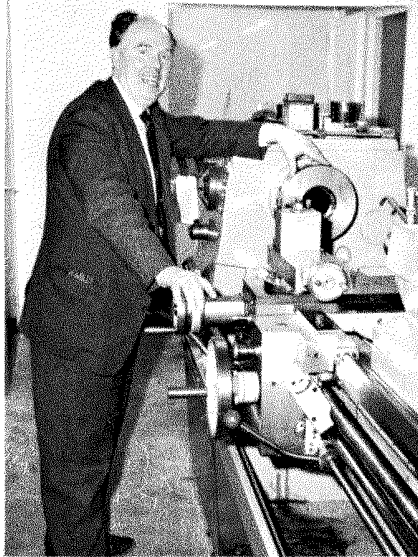
There he worked under Professor Grant and Dr. Besent, leading scholars in this field, and was involved in research in splitting atoms with a 2½ Million Volt Proton Accelerator — along with post graduates who were studying for their Ph.D's.

One interesting phase of this work included experiments with fast and slow neutrons to develop pressurisation up to 25,000 lbs. per square inch — enough power to drive a small car around London for six years! This research was commissioned by Rolls Royce, and ultimately could be utilized for interplanetary atomic engines.

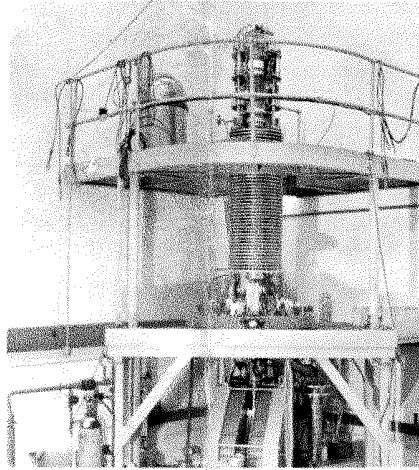
Yet Mr. Smith never had a college or university education. He began his career as an apprentice toolmaker before joining the R.A.F. and completing a course in Engineering.

Later, he organised and directed his own business — N.T.C. Ltd. — which specialized in producing precision-built TV tubes. Over the years Mr. Smith has studied privately to obtain several qualifications.

And now, with these years of experience behind him, he is able to fill a valuable new position essential to the efficient operation of Ambassador College Press.



Mr. H.G. Smith



Imperial College's Proton Accelerator



Mr. Fred Lawson Sr.

Mr. Fred Lawson, Sr.

by Nick Ursem

“Wanted! Overseer for Engineering Department at Ambassador College Press, Radlett.”

And Mr. Fred Lawson Sr. was the man for the job!

Plant maintenance has now become a major project.

In the Watford plant only one fitter and one electrician were employed. But with the move to Radlett and the installation of additional equipment demands steadily increased.

And so an entirely new department — the Engineering Department — was founded.

Many of us are already well acquainted with Mr. Lawson. A long-standing member of the Church, he is the father of Mrs. Boraker, of Mr. David Lawson — also working at the Press, and of Mr. Fred Lawson Jr., ministerial assistant in Australia.

The new department — soon to consist of three fitters, two electricians, one carpenter and a welder — will be responsible for an increasing amount of maintenance on the Presses and other machinery. They will also service all heating, ventilation and electrical work throughout the entire building. A sizeable new machine work-shop is being installed in a partitioned section of the Web Press Room.

Mr. Lawson's experience more than fits him for the position of overseer. After completing an apprenticeship as a Marine Engineer at West Hartlepool, Durham, he served on ocean-going vessels and was in charge of the engine rooms for a “watch” of eight hours a day.

From ships to planes. Mr. Lawson next spent eleven years inspecting component parts for aeroplanes — from the engine to the wings. During the war years he was responsible for examining and certifying dive bombers.

Following the war, Mr. Lawson worked for several different companies, including I.C.I. until eventually he became a fitter at the Tilbury Power Station. Within a year of the appointment he was made supervisor, and left . . . this time for Ambassador!

John K

Pat 'n Barb



WILD AND WOOLLY EVENING

"Yas Suh! We sho' nuf had ourselves a fine evenin'!" A fit tribute to the "Barn" Dance – or was it a Square Dance? – the Juniors treated us to recently. There was fun, relaxation, and excitement for all as the Gymnasium rocked to the rhythm of the high-kicking Salty Dog Rag and the foot-stompin' Virginia Reel. New faces featured in the entertainment! Dave Stirk displayed a vein of hidden (snicker, snicker) talent in a duet with Lockietta; Tom Lapacka "maimed" Johnny Cash's number – "Ring of Fire"; and even "Dave and Neil" had a new twist – a serious song! All too soon it was time to climb into the saddles and hit the "Sawdust Trail".

ARABIAN NIGHT

Mosques, Minarets and Mohammedans – in our own Dining Hall? So the Arabian Empire reached Britain after all!!! No! Just an "Arab Evening" sponsored by Dave Fraser's and Pat Nelson's Wings. But what an evening! There was the "El Fatah" trio with their version of the "Three Arab Stooges". Linda and Beth entertained with lilting folk songs. And finally "Colonel" Gordon "Ataturk" Muir had us rolling round the minarets with his briefing session of a squadron of inept Arab pilots!! "Mob Su" "Mob Su . . ."



"You want Mig 21's – real cheap?"

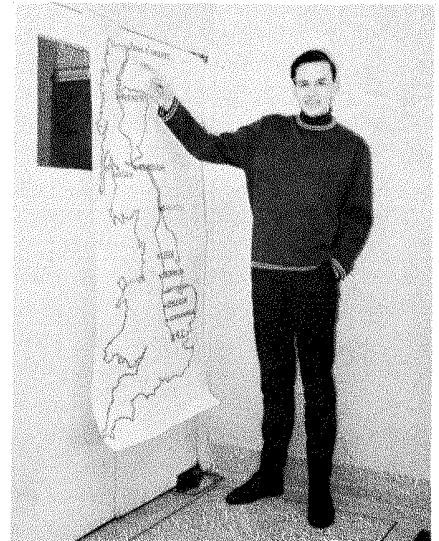
REINFORCEMENTS

Work at the Jerusalem Dig must be really gruelling! Why – it is even necessary to send reinforcements this year. But at present minds aren't on the work. It is the thrilling anticipation of a Summer of exciting adventure that fires the imaginations of Faye Bronkar, Connie Coates, Andrew Cookson, Bob Fox, Marceine Gourlay, Tom Harper, Brian Hickson, Anne Hughes and Marcia Keith. Bet you can't wait to get *down to earth*, folks!

UNIQUE EXPERIENCES

No, it's not Gordon Muir's escapade at Hyde Park, nor Peter McLean's daring dash on the 747! This was really *unique*! Who but a staunch Ephraimite would attempt a hike up the entire length of England? And that was Neville Benwell's experience. His initial goal – to John O' Groats and back in 50 hours – was not successful but he did make it to his destination, eventually. And how many of us can boast of having slept a night in a Scottish cell?

From Dan to Beersheba – Benwell style



BULL SESSIONS

"Could you make some Mint Coconos for our Bull Session, Carol?"
 "Well . . . er . . . sure . . . when is it?"
 "Tonight!"
 And you wonder why co-eds get grey!

Extract from . . . Watford Observer, March 20, 1970

National Anthem was treat to hear

THE annual presentation by Ambassadors College, Bricket Wood, in Watford Town Hall, is the major and most generous event of the local musical year.

On Sunday the choice was Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," which was given a magnificent performance. Members of the audience are guests and do not have to dip their hands in pockets or purses for tickets, the glossy programmes designed and printed by the Ambassador College Press, or even cloakroom facilities for hats and coats.

The massed choir of hundreds of voices included the college's

own chorale, and the Chipperfield, Luton and Amersham and Chesham Bois Choral Societies, while the Bedford Symphony Orchestra provided the instrumentation.

Characteristically, the production was well organised, efficient and polished, and was offered as an expression of the college's appreciation of English hospitality.

Deputised

It was a rare pleasure to hear the National Anthem sung and played in full, to Elgar's noble setting, and soprano Iris Bourne's solo role gave pre-emptory proof of her excellent singing to follow. John Dethick (bass) achieved a notable feat in singing the long Elijah part without resource to score or words.

Maureen Lehané sang the solo contralto parts admirably, and Ken Woollam (tenor) must be specially congratulated for deputising at short notice for Gerald English who was indisposed.

His rendering of the "Then shall the righteous shine forth" aria was outstandingly fine.

The great chorus was in splendid voice and volume, notably in the familiar "Be not afraid" passage, the dramatic invocations to Baal, and the mighty final chorus.

Particularly delightful were the small vocal ensembles of "angels" in the lovely "Cast thy burden" and "Lift thine eyes."

The orchestra acquitted itself well, and Dr. Kenneth Abbott, the Ambassador College's musical director, conducted with unflagging verve, skill and inspiration. It was all a wonderful and highly appreciated musical treat.

W.R.V.

HOLD YOUR HORSES!

by Peter Butler

A Riding School — at Ambassador College!

Who's the instructor? Will there be regular class hours or is it extra-curricular?

Whoa!

Wait a moment! Don't let's latch on to the wrong end of the reins! There isn't exactly to be a *riding school* on campus, but it *is* true some students will have the privilege of riding two horses soon.

How come?

Well, it all began when Mary June Fulford asked Mrs. Hubbard if she could ride their two horses occasionally. Mrs. Hubbard agreed — and June enjoyed the opportunity so much that she decided others ought to be able to share it.

So after seeking Mr. McNair's approval, she approached Mrs. Hubbard again with a proposition. If enough students were interested in looking after the two horses would they be allowed to ride and exercise them?

Mrs. Hubbard agreed, and a number of students responded eagerly. So, by the Spring Break, the Hubbards' two horses will be available for the students to ride — providing they feed, water, and care for them well!

But — a word of *caution!* They are not *our* horses. Those students who have committed themselves should realize they are now obligated to fulfil

their part of the bargain and take their turns in attending the steeds. And those students who cannot ride and have shown no interest in the plans should not expect to automatically share the opportunity.

"Easy, Mickey, Easy!"



Mrs. Hubbard wants the two horses properly looked after by students who know how, and not mishandled by beginners.

This is the responsibility which goes with the privilege!

Mary June of the Canadian Mounties



HYSTERICAL SURVEY No. 2

HOW AMERICA RULED ENGLAND 1000 YEARS

Yes, that's right. Americans did rule in England.

"Ridiculous!" you say. "Impossible!" you scoff.

No! Not at all! Wade with us now through the forgotten facts hidden in the cloakroom of history. Modern research *proves it — irrefutably!*

Go back to the glorious year 1648. We've all heard of Oliver Cromwell. He led the Parliamentary forces against King Charles and *won*.

With Charles beheaded one power dominated England — the Roundhead Army commanded by Oliver Cromwell.

But who made up that army? Where did the average Roundhead soldier come from?

The answer is as astonishing as it is unknown! The *key* to the American domination of England! The rank and file of Cromwell's soldiers were from the fens and forests of East Anglia. Ah-ha! Did you catch it? EAST ANGLIA!

When the New World was secure enough for settlement who do you

think comprised the great bulk of the emigrants? Which district do you think sent the greatest proportion of settlers to form the nucleus of the Thirteen Colonies? Why, of course — EAST ANGLIA! Have you never heard of Nor(th)folk and South-folk?!

So the ancestors of the original Yankee stock formed the backbone of Cromwell's sturdy militia. The future Americans did exactly what their progeny were to do in 1776 — "get rid of the Monarchy, set up a Republic!!"

From 1648 to 1660 there was no king ruling in England. The Puritan Republic (historians' jargon for the Yankee Millennium) was settled on the English populace. Cromwell and his Roundhead, crew-cut G. I.'s were in control.

So there is it. The Americans ruled England for 1,000 years... well... *nearly!!!*

But don't fret Ephraimites — you *bounded* them out of the Country in the end!!

National Characteristics

(Continued from Page 2).

ANSWERS:

1. Females (American)
2. The balanced majority
3. Freshmen (European variety)
4. Those who never listened anyway but realize you have ended.
5. French, German, Dutch, Belgium, etc.
6. Orientals, Slavs and those not affected by "sick" western humour.

All correct? Then you're well on the way to becoming an experienced diplomat. Anything less and you need to read Dale Carnegie again! If all else fails, check Morgenthau!

LOST - IN THE BRICKET WOOD OUTBACK

by Alan Dean

LOST! Incredible — impossible — yet true! There I was — ALONE and lost — within five miles of Campus!

It all began as a casual Ambassador Club "D" hike across the English countryside — a hike which took a *dramatic* turn! — a turn which led my 30 companions off the beaten track and into a thicket alongside. And at that crucial moment I wasn't watching! I didn't see them go!

One minute I was bringing up the rear — the next I was alone — deserted! A second or so ago the murmur of many voices — now, *silence!*

What to do? Keep straight ahead! Soon, I thought, I must catch them up. I started to run — no one in sight! Over the brow of a hill — still no one in sight! Time passed and eventually I found myself crossing a large field toward a huddle of houses. There was a highway! A sign read "Radlett". Where was that? I had forgotten my local geography—lost my sense of direction!

Here was a resident. I asked him which way to Bricket Wood. "That way — but it's a long walk from here!" he replied, pointing directly back into the hedge from which I had just emerged!

And I set my eyes on a high beacon in the distance — the only landmark! I began to run, to jump, to storm my way across the fields and hedgerows toward that beacon. But suddenly it was gone! My life line was snapped!

Where to go? What direction next? A decision — a blind stab — and I charged over a muddy field — encouraging myself with thoughts of the fine PORTFOLIO article this would make!

By now night was fast gathering. Rain clouds encroached ominously overhead. My umbrella might be useful after all!

And then — *there* it was! *Memorial Hall* — way off in the distance! In a few minutes I would be home. But then the cold reality of my distress hit me. *I was on the wrong side of the river!*

Desperately I ran along the bank in each direction seeking a bridge — but my hope was vain! No bridges — just swirling water! So near yet so far! Hunger pangs were gnawing at my stomach. Was I to meet the same fate as Scott of the Antarctic — so close to the goal? *No!* I decided to ford the river. Off came shoes and socks. I WADED ACROSS!

Confidently I prepared for the final dash home. But — *horror* — here was the river again! I was on an island!

Growing colder by the minute I doffed shoes and socks to walk the waters again. I made it! But one sock was missing! Where was it? Had it drowned? I looked back — and there it sat — *mocking* me from the far bank!

So it was that I walked into the Dining Hall *one sock missing*, cold, weary and hungry — to be greeted by the raucous laughter of my fellow hikers!

(*Only an Aussie could get lost so close to home! Ed.*)

History - in one Quick Brew



A picture of contentment!

by Mearl Bond

Working on the Gardens can be *hard* work — *gruelling* work — work for men! But even the strongest men need a break from time to time — a Tea Break!

So, if you take a stroll past the Tool Sheds alongside the Greenhouses at 10 A.M. any Sunday, you'll find the Gardeners absorbed in the intricate art of brewing their mid-morning "cuppa." In fact, it's a well-known custom throughout the land!

But in Britain today many abuse the Tea Break. They use it as an opportunity to idle on the job. That is why it has become a much maligned custom — a byword throughout the world!

But the Tea Break is a privilege! It is not to be taken advantage of! History proves this. For whenever men have attempted to manipulate their Tea Breaks in the past for ulterior motives, the result has always been disaster!

For instance — they used to hold Tea Parties! You've all heard of them. Take the Boston Tea Party as an example. A score or more "ne'er do wells" boarded a boat moored off Boston and bust in on the deck party. Their behaviour was quite unforgivable. They threw *all* the tea overboard into the sea!!!

And that one simple event helped change the whole course of history in the western hemisphere!



Alan leads the way — not for long!



"If we wait here long enough he might turn up!!!"

HIMALAYAN HOLIDAY

by Kerin Noller

Everest — solemn sentinel of the mighty Himalayas — soaring high above the clouds in majestic splendour — monarch of mountain peaks.

My breath caught!

Gary Lock gasped at the magnificent sight and Lorraine Nelson stifled a cry of excitement. It was awesome!

My mind was alive! What a unique

experience! What tales we would have to tell — the three of us!

And our twin-engined Fokker Friendship droned on.

We had flown past Everest!

Soon after we landed in Nepal. Lonely Nepal — set in its own far-flung corner of the globe in the nether regions north of India.

We drove the rugged road into Kat-

mandu, cradled in the lower Himalayan slopes — loneliest capital on earth.

What had brought us here? To this remote, almost inaccessible country? A whim to boost their ailing tourist trade? No. The opportunity for adventure! The opportunity to experience firsthand a primitive society.

Nepal! Land of contrasts! Home of the aggressive Gurkhas and of the Gautama Buddha. Peaceful, beautiful. A land of verdant, undulating hills and rugged mountain peaks. Yet a land where poverty is rife, where peasants and penury predominate, where decadence and disease are rampant. A land of friendly people steeped in pagan religion and ignorance — desperately in need of help and re-education.

That evening, in the seclusion of the hotel I wondered how long a land like this could live on.

How long before savage Communist hordes would sweep across the border to rape and pillage Nepal — to annihilate it as a nation — even as they had annihilated Tibet a decade earlier!

Would it be better — more humane — though ironic — if that lofty, towering Himalayan peak — *Everest* — ominously overshadowing this tiny land, should shake and tremble and *quake* and *CRACK* — and *thunder* in upon its towns and villages, upon Katmandu, to *crush* them into oblivion — into *Nirvana* — in the mightiest avalanche the world has ever witnessed?

Then — society in Nepal could begin anew.

Perfidious London

by Thomas Harper

How is the foreigner in our midst treated by the inhabitants of perfidious London?

I decided to find out!

My disguise? Camera, tourist map, Flemish magazine and heavily mutilated accent! London bound, I wondered — would people give the right change? How would I be treated?

From morning till late afternoon I prowled the streets of London testing people's honesty and cataloguing reactions.

From street markets to Harrods. From pubs to Wimpy Bars. From Stationer's shops to self-service cafes. None escaped! *All* were forced to undergo a rigorous examination by my analytical brain!

Were people honest — or unfair? Were people hospitable — or hostile?



... but where's the heavily mutilated accent?

Honest they were! Yet alas! At sight and sound of a foreigner the Englishman's traditional superiority complex leapt to the surface. Hours of sardonic smiles, leering sneers and snickering giggles were my lot!

After a day of such traumatic psychological experience I had had enough! Feeling not a little peeved at my countrymen's reactions, I leapt aboard my train at Euston, discarded my disguise, and headed home!

SUPER STUDENT by JDS

