

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Vol. 11 No. 15

April 16th, 1970

# AND NOW IT'S GLOBAL POLLUTION

by Neil Earle

Suddenly, global pollution is the *nightmare* of the new decade! In his State of the Union Message, President Nixon warned, "Through our years of past carelessness we have incurred a debt to nature. Now that debt is being called."

But Europe too is reaping this penalty. From reports of decimated caviar sturgeon on the Caspian . . . To the pronouncement of Lake Zurich as *biologically dead* . . . Europe's rivers and streams stagnate in the wasting ravages of pollution.

1970 is Conservation Year in Europe. Scientists, diplomats, ecologists and agronomers from 20 nations convened in Strasbourg recently for top-level talks on the tie-up of natural agriculture, weather patterns and conservation.

The Strasbourg Conference aimed to focus Europeans' eyes on the Pollution Crisis. Prince Phillip, for years a keen supporter of Britain's Countryside Commission, and Prince Charles, added the prestige of the British Crown to the proceedings. Jacques Duhamel, French Agriculture Minister, and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands were also delegates. Representing us were Mr. John Portune and News Bureau Chief Mr. Gene Hogberg.

On our own doorstep--gravel pits scar once green fields in Drop Lane.



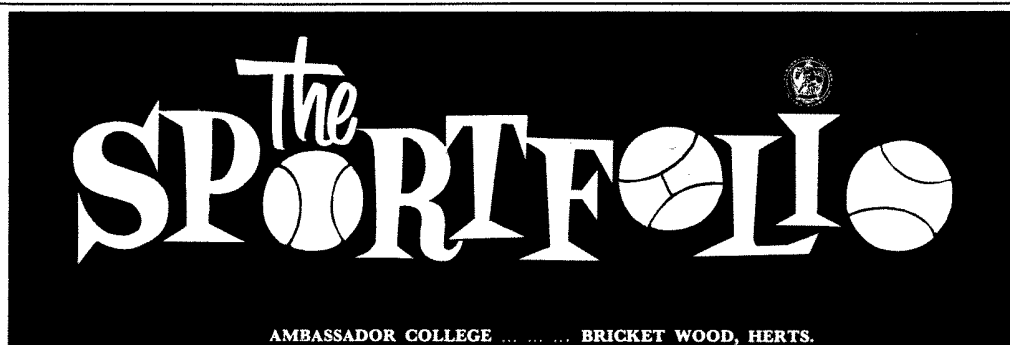
Why?

Today, our "POLLUTION" booklet deals mainly with North America. Mr. Hogberg needs to *update* the material to include Europe and Britain.

As early as 1968, Ambassador College released the "POLLUTION" booklet to an apathetic world. Now, with the 70's upon us, Ambassador again displays its unique capacity to report tomorrow's world news *today!*



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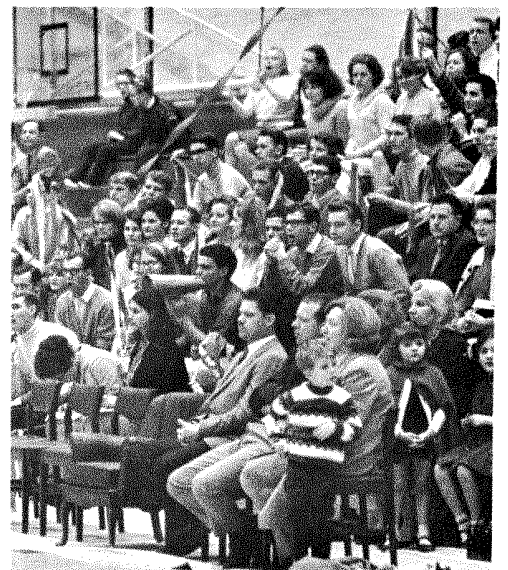


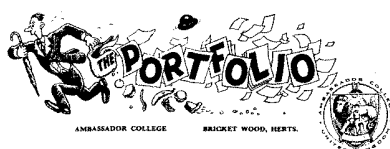
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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**FACULTY ADVISOR**  
Robin G. Jones

**EDITOR**  
Peter Butler

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**  
Neil Earle

**SPORTS EDITOR**  
Tony Morrell

**STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS**  
Barry Short  
Dennis Parkes

**REPORTERS**  
Richard Elfers                      John Meakin  
Bob Geringer                      Pat Nelson  
Peter McLean                      Barry Short  
Barbara Wilson

**CIRCULATION MANAGER**  
Colin Cato

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# REPORT FROM ULSTER

by David Odor

The blackness of night had already enwrapped the County Armagh countryside as we headed home after a night of visiting in Inniskillen. The Eire-Ulster border drew closer. And right on schedule we passed the armoured car bearing the markings of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. Two tough-looking Celts sat astride the turret fingering miniature carbines. Suddenly two constables appeared from the underbrush. A torch shone blindingly in my face:

"Where are you from?"

"My name is Dave Odor from the States."

"What? You mean the State of Eire?"

No. The United States.

"Oh . . . you mean America!"

They waved us on. Further up the road we passed two more officers — both fondling Thompson submachine guns. Just in case someone got past their men back at the border.

Ulster is a tinderbox. An armed camp. But in my two weeks there, most of the hostility and antagonism was below the seemingly calm surface. It permeated the place with a pall of tension, carefully suppressed.

Some Protestants, motivated partly by fear, partly by guilt feelings, seem eager to appease the demands of the Catholic minority. One member told me of an incident where six Southern Irishmen were caught smuggling an arms cache into Ulster wrapped inside a carpet. When the arresting officer brought them in, he was told by his superiors to forget about the incident — the six Catholics escaped scot-free.

But it takes more than well-meaning liberalism to smooth over the resentments, the hatreds and injustices of centuries. Neither Belfast, nor Dublin nor Whitehall has the solution to the *facts* in Ulster. The fact that religious hatreds lie as deep as *any* enmity known to man! The fact of distinct national and racial differences between the Ulster Protestants and the Irish Catholics themselves! Only a handful of people who meet every Saturday in Belfast have that answer.

Pat 'n Barb



## THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS!

Remember it?

### Sunday Night:

My better Half (Pat) had a Men's Night. A *great* success! Ask her about the bee Mr. McMichael tried to decapitate with his knife during the secretary's report.

### Monday Night:

Couples everywhere! Budgets for *Family Relations* are due soon. How did yours go? Cutting corners can prove to be funny — like deciding to go to Park Lane for the honeymoon or handing out a bag of chips to each guest at the reception! If it wasn't budgets, they were studying into Hebrew marriage customs!

### Tuesday Night:

For Sophomores, a crucial time — costumes, lights, ceiling, floor — all in preparation for the ball in Colne Castle. For Pat'N Barb, PORTFOLIO class (snicker, snicker!)

### Wednesday Night:

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Court Jesters, fair damsels and spectacular entertainment! Colne Castle, after years of dungeon-like quiet, came alive for the Second Year Ball! Sophomores — it was all worth the effort — believe us, it was great!

### Thursday Night:

Another dance? For Seniors, yes. Our last opportunity for a

social gathering with the Bricket Wood members. "Need any help with the drinks, Mr. McMichael?"

### Friday Night:

Bliss! The weekend is here once more — early to bed because all too soon, the pace starts again.

### DINING HALL ETIQUETTE

After Mr. McNair's forum on etiquette, I was pleasantly surprised when I started to sit down — *Bo and Lebold*, a man was pulling out my chair, gallantly rushing to take my tray and jumping up at the slightest mention of "Oh, I forgot my spoon." It was wonderful and we girls really appreciate it, men!! — Barb.

# A Night of Nights at Colne Castle



The Damsels of the Keep

by Tom Harrison

"Welcome to Colne Castle and a chivalrous night of knights!" This was the theme of the Sophomore Dance, 1970.

But what could the Sophomores do to the Gym that hadn't been done before? How many ways can a building possibly be converted?

Answers to these questions were dramatically revealed as guests traversed the natural moat and descended into eerie and winding secret passage-ways strewn with 15th century relics to be taken back to the time of the War of the Roses. The under-water dungeons were dark, foreboding, authentic!!

But upon entering the Banquet Hall friendly damsels and sturdy heralds greeted the guests with drinks "fit for a king."

Sir Dennis and his Lady at Colne's wine cellar



So this was Colne Castle! Prince Valiant and the Knights of the Round Table would have been impressed. Even "Anne of the Thousand Days" would have been at home.

Complementing the exquisite decor was ye olde Dance Band, under the masterful direction of Mr. Leo Bogdanchik. Soon, host Tony Goudie and his cohort Sir Lancelot Spicer introduced the programme for an exciting evening. And then, waltzes, foxtrots, sambas — time passed quickly as the band and Peter Hovey and his chorus played a melodic selection of numbers.

The entertainment sparkled with variety. Chuck Zimmerman and Marcia Keith opened with a taste of romance singing "If Ever I Should Leave You". And "Jake the Peg" Janssen literally had the audience in stitches with his unorthodox three-legged routine. King Arthur's two famous steeds pranced before the assembled throngs and the damsels of Colne Castle displayed nimble footwork in an umbrella sequence.

Too soon the drawbridge was lowered and the guests of Colne Castle had to leave. The Night of Knights was over. Thank you, Sophomores.

# A PROBLEM OF COMMUNICATION

by Robert Fox

Excitement mounted as I raced down the corridor. A question burned in my mind. "Where is No. 5?" I had to find him. The job was urgent. Nos. 3 and 4 brought up the rear. I turned a corner and No. 5 strode into me.

But there was a problem. No. 5 was German. "I say, No. 5, could you rush to assist No. 1 *immediately* please," I asked.

A short silence ensued — broken by...

"Ya, I will see — Ya? Gut!" At this moment No. 1 rang up to ask in urgency...

"Where is No. 5? I need him *immediately*." No. 5 relaxed, smiled beautifully, and took out his pocket German-English dictionary.

"Vas is das vord "imm-edi-at-ely?" he inquired. Exasperated I responded, "Ach du meine guete... schnell kaput du bist schimmell fumphtargen!!!"

I stopped. I had exhausted my German speaking vocabulary.

"Please go now," I implored.

No. 5 flipped one more page in his dictionary. "Ah, *Immediately!* Ya! I go!" he declared, snapped the book shut and left.

Another job of co-ordination was accomplished — another janitorial day had begun.

All in the course of a day's work!



# PORTFOLIO PRESENTS PRIVATE DOS



"Quick Hazel!! Before they get me in this apron!"



## At Work...

"Hey fellas--sign up! Ken Aime's having a sale!"



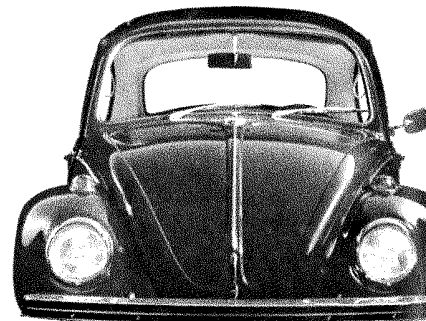
Only top people read the Portfolio.



"Get that camera out of here! This harem is private!"

## Club 'E' is ...

## TOOTING ITS HO

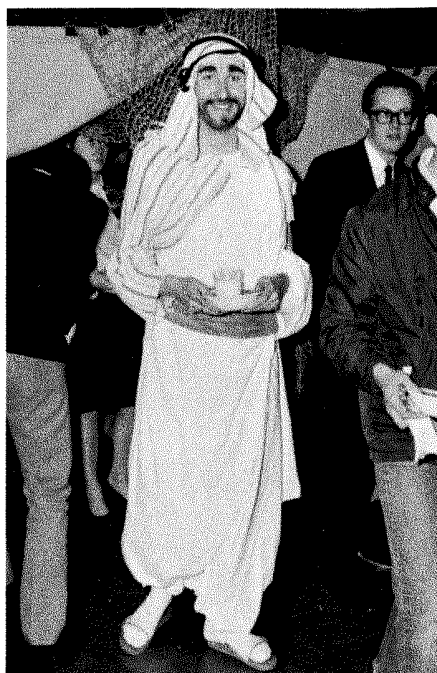


We can't give you a shiny new  
But we can give your **W** a new

Sunday 19 April

FOR ALL THE MARRIED STUDENTS

"You want fresh camel milk--cheap!!"



**SEEN AROUND CAMPUS:** The notice under the number plate reads: KEEP CLEAR  
--Machine falls over when tipped at 15°.



"Oh look! There's a tiger in the..."

"No of course I did it all myself.."

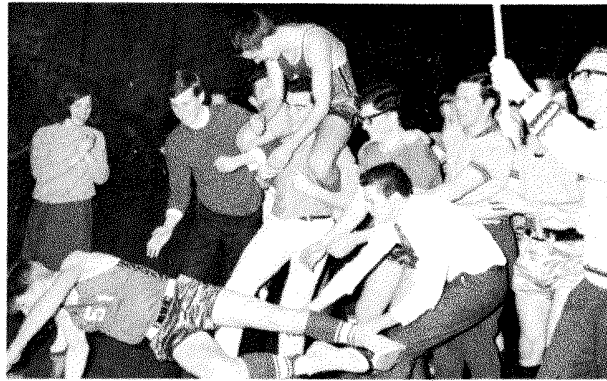


# IER OF CAMPUS CANDIDS

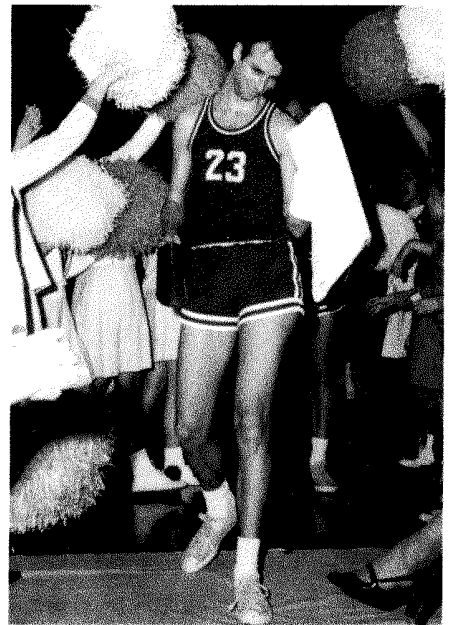
and at play!



ly top (CHOMP) people (CHOMP, IOMP) read the Portfolio, John!"



"Oh! Don't drop him! He's wonderful!"



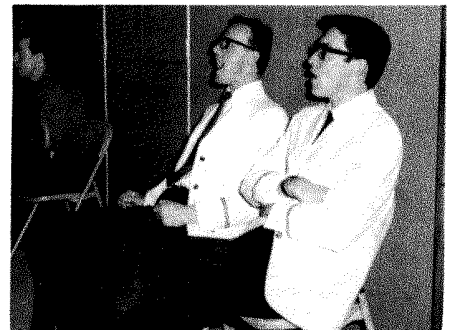
"Aw Shucks! I'm not really that good!"



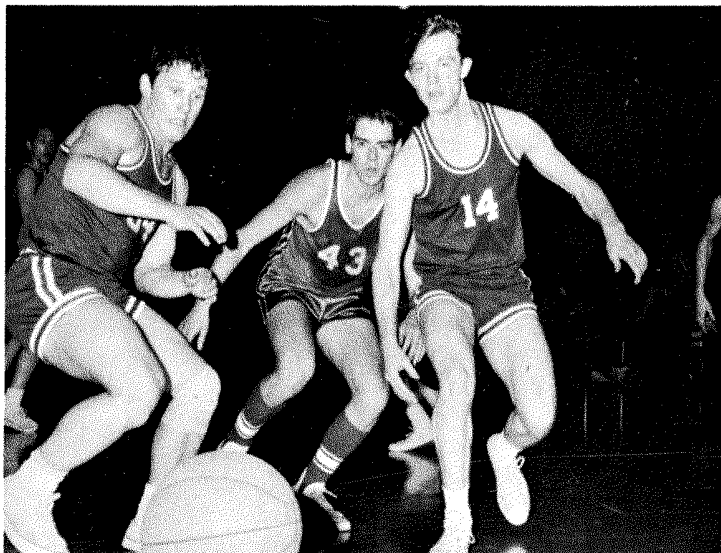
Guess who's on the floor!



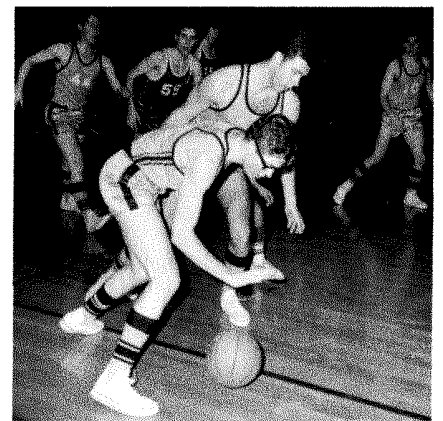
"Don't look now, but er...!"



"Good show chaps!!"



"Its... its coming for us!!!"



"Can I play too?"

**Beware this Break - the Camera may focus on you!**

shine  
ict J. Toews

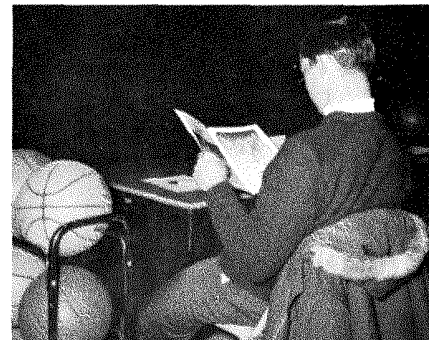
really is  
ok!!"  
drink them  
!!"

# The Season

SENIORS	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	R.	T.O.	A.	Pts
Elfers	3	0	4	20	4	3	6
Hunting	67	15	16	91	33	14	149
Meakin	7	1	1	11	2	1	15
Morrell	11	5	13	83	19	14	27
McNeese	35	8	15	28	32	11	78
Odor	64	16	33	113	31	11	144
Smylie	24	5	33	98	24	10	53
Vischer	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
Watkins	131	25	35	142	92	37	287
Totals	342	75	150	588	237	101	759

JUNIORS	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	R.	T.O.	A.	Pts
Chirnside	27	10	24	84	41	1	64
Fallow	127	29	31	169	45	10	283
Farr	22	7	23	66	33	5	51
Gerringer	26	12	11	51	26	5	64
Harrison	19	3	8	50	14	9	41
Justus	0	2	4	10	7	3	2
Lapacka	0	0	1	3	3	0	0
Meyer	22	3	16	34	27	4	47
Lock	2	0	3	3	4	0	4
Martin	18	3	4	20	40	9	39
Zimmerman	17	3	10	25	46	6	37
Totals	280	72	135	515	286	52	632



### FINAL STANDINGS

		P	W	L
FACULTY	(1st)	8	8	0
SENIORS	(3rd)	8	6	2
JUNIORS	(4th)	8	3	5
FRESHMEN	(2nd)	8	2	6
ROYALS	(5th)	8	1	7



ROYALS	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	R.	T.O.	A.	Pts
Albrecht	79	21	27	55	56	7	179
Benwell	38	12	14	151	33	12	88
Buck	0	0	1	2	0	0	0
Cato	24	21	19	87	28	9	69
Crawford	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Engle	20	4	7	22	15	1	44
Gardner	0	0	2	3	4	1	0
Pels	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Ricchi	5	2	5	12	20	1	12
Silcox	26	5	20	102	21	3	57
Totals	192	65	95	436	178	34	449

FRESHMEN	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	R.	T.O.	A.	Pts
Bond	41	7	11	45	53	12	89
Dick	50	6	15	62	25	8	106
Elliott	3	0	0	3	2	0	6
Hunting	119	34	34	146	87	36	272
Mann	1	0	6	7	6	1	2
Northnagel	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
Potratz	76	13	39	177	53	11	165
Root	9	1	3	27	13	1	19
Tenty	30	8	15	77	44	9	68
Totals	329	69	123	546	283	78	727

# at a Glance

## FACULTY PLAY LIKE CHAMPIONS

### 100% Record Maintained as All-stars Stumble

by Tony Morrell

Ten titanic victories lay behind them. The Trophy; the undisputed championship was already safely in Faculty hands.

And now — the *supreme* test!

Faculty versus student All Stars. The champions bravely laying their 100% record on the line; risking battle with an explosive conglomerate of talent from all four student teams. In this, the final game of the season, had the Faculty taken on more than they could handle? A thrilling contest told the story.

Traumatic — taut with tension — packed with suspense — exploding with excitement and action, this was basketball at its best!

For not until the last seconds of extra time drained from the scoreboard was the verdict certain.

The game unfolded with Mr. Mitchell clipping a crisp two points off the backboard. Seconds later two more points came Faculty's way as Mr. Michel danced his way goal-wards.

First blood to Faculty. But the game was still young. The All Stars came alive. They clicked. The Faculty basket loomed large before them as they snatched the lead.

Six shots in 45 seconds sliced through the loop. And a four point Faculty lead had suddenly, dramatically become an eight point deficit!

The All Stars were riding high — but for how long? Could they succeed where so many before them had failed so frustratingly?

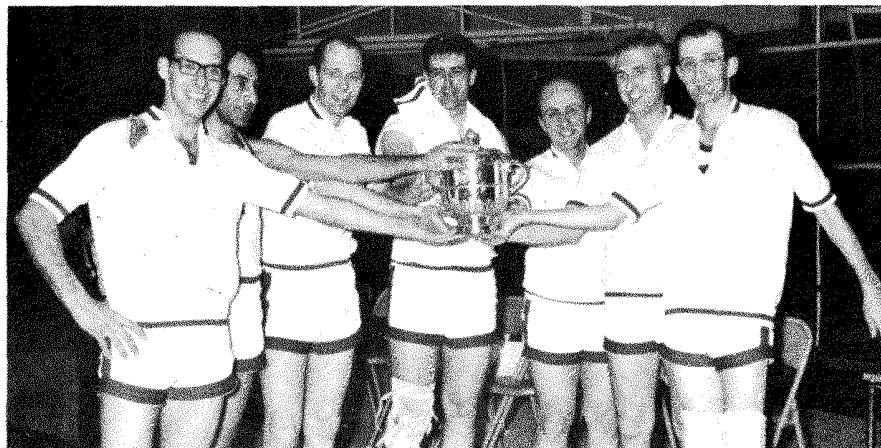
The answer came decisively.

Mr. Michel in top form is virtually impossible to bottle up. And it was his tenacious leadership that jumped and jostled Faculty back to a 35 — 30 lead at half-time!

Five flimsy points separated the giants as they ripped into second half action. Faculty maintained their slender lead; inexplicably lost it! Then scrambled it back

FACULTY	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	R.	T.O.	A.	Pts
Gould	24	3	24	56	22	5	51
Haroutunian	9	0	1	14	6	10	18
Hunting	17	5	11	49	37	15	39
Jacobs	23	9	23	74	20	11	55
Michel	135	60	20	115	70	42	330
Mitchell	63	16	14	137	31	12	142
McMichael	68	4	26	50	26	6	140
Nadim	14	2	7	19	9	2	30
Kelly	4	0	1	7	4	6	8
Totals	357	99	127	521	225	109	813

THE FORM THAT GAVE FACULTY THE TROPHY



THE UNDISPUTED CHAMPIONS

FACULTY 71								STUDENT ALL STARS 68							
	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	R.	T.O.	A.	Pts		F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	R.	T.O.	A.	Pts
Gould	3	3	3	8	7	3	9	Dick	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Jacobs	4	0	0	8	5	1	8	Fallow	11	2	2	20	5	0	24
Michel	12	10	1	13	8	2	34	Hunting C.	4	0	0	8	2	1	8
Mitchell	8	0	4	17	2	0	16	Hunting P.	5	0	3	7	9	2	10
Nadim	2	0	1	5	7	0	4	McNeese	1	0	2	2	5	0	2
Totals	29	13	9	51	29	6	71	Odor	3	0	2	10	4	1	6
								Tenty	2	0	0	4	2	1	4
								Watkins	7	0	5	16	4	0	14
								Totals	33	2	14	67	32	5	68

again!!

Play swept dizzyingly from end to end. Scorelines see-sawed; and once again it was the All Stars who snatched the lead — 4 points.

This was anyone's game!

Tension escalated.

Three minutes to go — a one point student lead. Mr. Mitchell rose high above a tide of green shirts; shot. The one point lead was Faculty's!

Chris Hunting to brother Paul — 2 points — and the lead had returned to the All Stars.

And then — even-steven! Mr Michel fouled outside the key. With 30 seconds left the ball flew sweetly through the loop. The last seconds ebbed away in an agonising nail-

biting stalemate.

With hearts pounding, and the scoreboard proclaiming a tie, overtime was called.

The battle raged on.

Then — at last — the exhibition we'd all been waiting for. Faculty gripped the game firmly by the throat. They slowed it down. They crushed it into their own mould — played it at their own pace — and the tide turned!

The All Stars had no answer to such coolness. Mature, seasoned play had won the day. A 71-68 victory spelled the eleventh consecutive win of the season.

The champions had underlined their undisputed right to the 1969-70 basketball trophy!!

# THE CONVICT CULTURE

by Jeff Moss

Convicts! Aborigines! Australians! Birds of a feather?

Read on for the truth of a story buried under the myth and legend of decades!

Did convicts form the superstructure of today's prosperous Australian nation? Is Pam Mortimer the only Australian student among us with some "Convict Culture" in her genealogy?

Australians! You need to know — it happened to *your* nation!

Englishmen! You need to know — it was *you* who sent them there!

Americans! You need to know — it was *you* who caused them to be sent there.

Let's focus on the reign of James I. During his era Exiles and Convicts found a haven in the Yankee Colonies. There, the so-called scum of British Society were sold into slavery. But, in 1776, the rebellious Manassites in those far-off colonies seized independence.

This spelt tragedy for the British penal system. Jails were already overcrowded. There was *nowhere* to hoard the excess of criminals! Rotting hulks were anchored in the Thames off Gravesend and used as floating dungeons. Conditions were deplorable!

So bad, in fact, that in the face of rising public indignation the authorities were forced into a momentous decision of vital consequence to the emerging "land down under." Send them to Terra Australis, the Great South Land!

Starving men and women — deported — for stealing a loaf of bread!

But what was the lot of the outcasts? Severely and cruelly treated? Worked to death? Dragging a ball and chain from their emaciated members and living on the meagrest of rations? Hardly! In fact, Australia meant to these poor wretches a new lease on life. They were hired out as workers, not slaves. They were adequately clothed, properly fed, and punished only by the government for obvious infractions. Some were even taught to read and write.

In fact, they lived in *better* conditions than those they had left behind in England! Soon the news reached home and some ambitious Englishmen even became petty criminals to get free transport to this new-found paradise! Full advantage was taken of this philanthropic boon!

And so from a pitiless penal system evolved this far-sighted and successful colonisation system which gave birth to the prospering nation of Australia.

Australians — it is not a beginning to be ashamed of!

Englishmen — thanks for the free transport.

Americans — Be proud that you caused it!

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TELEPHONE BOOTH: A chatter box.

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Conversation between Adam and Eve must have been difficult at times because they had nobody to talk about.

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Drawing on my fine command of language, I said nothing.

## Ambassador's Market Garden

by Ken Aime



Market gardeners Templeman and Aime.

Attention Smug Oak Lane travellers! Have you noticed a strange pungent odor accost your nostrils as you walk past the Smug Oak Cottages toward Imperial School?

It comes from decaying vegetable wastes from the new farm garden!

This project started in November, 1968. Mr. Bill Templeman and his son Brian converted an old five-acre pasture into a productive vegetable garden in six short months — no small job! Now 1970 sees two more acres and two new men to assist Mr. Templeman in this expanding department. Mr. Bert Loveridge and I step into Brian's shoes as he moves on to animal husbandry.

Our goal is to provide College needs wherever possible. There's a long haul ahead but a pounding pace has been set!

## SUPER STUDENT by JDS

