



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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Agriculture Department Plans

RECLAMATION OF 34 WASTE ACRES

by Peter Butler

Recently Ambassador's Agronomy Department has been presented with an *exciting* and *challenging* opportunity. 34 acres of land adjacent to the boundary have been offered to the College — *free* — for an extension to our Agricultural Programme.

The land is owned by the Inns Gravel Company Ltd., and is situated opposite the junction of Drop Lane with Smug Oak Lane. The Company has offered us the use of the land on an annual basis at *no cost whatsoever* in the first year.

Why such a beneficent offer? Herein lies the challenge! The same land has previously been offered to other farmers in the area on a similar basis — *yet they turned it down!* The Company's experts claim the "soil" is *virtually dead*, and would take at least 12 years to restore to fertility. The Agriculture Department have themselves taken tests and the results show an *acute* need for the

Waste and rubble like this is buried only inches deep



introduction of organic residues, available phosphate, potash, earthworms, and bacteria — all so *vital* to the life of any soil.

Yet, Mr. Sutcliffe is prepared and *eager* to meet this challenge. He believes fertility can be restored within perhaps a third of that time. And he expects to see progress — even "spectacular results" — after just *twelve months*.

But *why* is the soil so depleted? It forms the site of a disused gravel pit since used by London and local borough councils as a tip. It is *filled* with rubbish and urban waste — ranging from wrecked cars to discarded kitchen sinks! Certainly a layer of surface soil now covers the area — but this is *very thinly strewn* and consists of a poor mixture of clay and gravel and broken bottle.

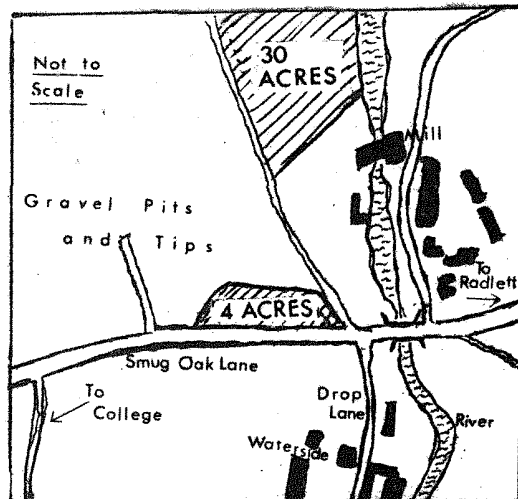
Yet this in itself could prove significant. Across the length and breadth of Britain are many such "reclaimed" pits and tips — all equally infertile. If the Agricultural Department can lead the way in restoring the fertility to such land




Shards and debris protrude through thin layer of soil

in the shortest possible time it will be a *momentous breakthrough* in a country where good agricultural land is at a premium and could form an important contribution by Ambassador College to European Conservation Year 1970.

SITE PLAN: showing the situation of the 34 acres which comprise the separate plots





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LONDON TOWN - A NEW ASPECT

by Rod King

As we rounded the corner at Billingsgate Fish Market, "The Monument" loomed ahead.

"It has been built right on the spot where the Great Fire started in Pudding Lane," Mr. Anness informed us. This was just one of the many things Mearl Bond and I were to discover when we took this exciting tour of London Town with Mr. Paul Anness recently.

What are the big advantages in taking a trip to London like this? A trip with someone who really knows his London?

Apart from not ending up in Surrey, you will be sure of having a much more educational tour of the city. You will soon begin to "feel" London. After all, few cities offer such a wealth of historical and cultural fascination. It is almost bursting at the seams with such treasures.

History will jump to life as the gruesome details of "the Princes in the

Tomorrow's Entertainment Today

by Peter Butler

Why?

Why go to all that trouble? Why spend so many exhausting hours in preparation for two comparatively simple, meaningless events?
Meaningless!

Would any of us claim that either the Second Year Dance or the Bricket Wood Dance were *frivolous, trivial, meaningless* events? That too many man hours were spent by the Second Years in embellishing the Gymnasium with the finest decor yet? In providing quality entertainment for an audience of hundreds?

Then let us examine our attitudes toward College entertainment and toward entertainment as a whole.

First, let's quickly scan entertainment which the world revels in today. It's *crass, lewd, promiscuous!* Liberal, "intelligent" critics hail the loosening of the shackles of censorship as a great step forward—a tribute to the progress of civilization.

And so the masses flock to vile and meretricious stage shows like "Hair", to maim their minds with sensuous scenes of sexual perversion. The "esoteric" call it "freedom"!!

Colleges and universities laud this kind of entertainment loudest of all. At the Edinburgh Festival and all over Britain, young student actors and actresses appear *naked* on the stage—slaves to this perfidious trend. Even "Rag Weeks" have become a masquerade—an *excuse* for depravity. Folk Festivals attract youths by the thousands and entice them to share the delights of lasciviousness—to become ensnared in *public orgies*—in festivals of fornication!

The descent into degradation has hit rock bottom. And there it bounces—soon to *grovel yet lower*—in the very *basement* of loathsome abandonment to corruption and vice—*outright licentiousness!*

Is *this* the kind of entertainment that we want?

Or do we prefer *wholesome, uplifting, balanced* entertainment—Ambassador style? The kind that will set the trend for the future beyond the age.

The decorations were too lavish? The Sophomores spent too long in preparation? No! I don't really think *any* of us thought so. But it is well to bear in mind—those involved in this world's entertainment are at it full time. *It is their life!*

We have much more to live for—and we can enjoy our kind of entertainment much more!



Tower" are revealed. The old taverns will take on more of their 17th century charm and Westminster Hall will reverberate again with the shouts and singing of Henry VIII's banquets.

How much do you want to get to know London, that mother city of the great British Empire, the centre of world culture and history for hundred of years?

Next break, find someone at College and there are many, who would love to show you around the old metropolis and reveal its hidden history and charm.

BRITAIN

Page

SURVEY OF ARTS CLASS

VISIT STOWE SCHOOL

by Nick Ursem

"Look, a Corinthian Arch!" and Survey of Arts students caught their first glimpse of Stowe Public School.

This was the second educational excursion the class had made this year.

Stowe Public School in Buckinghamshire once formed a magnificent Country Estate with architecture of the Classical Era of the 18th century. The estate originally belonged to the influential Temple family. From 1715 to 1790 an ambitious building and landscaping project was completed. The glories of ancient Athens were recaptured. Names like "The Temple of Venus", "The Temple of Concord and Victory" and "The Elysian Fields" abound throughout the grounds!

The family planned a variety of temples and monuments — all in the original Greek style.

As our group trudged and skidded through the thawing carpet of white snow, we were told of the famous gardeners and architects who worked there. And one name in particular rivetted our imagination — "Capability" Brown, the originator of landscape gardening — here at Stowe.

But young Matthew Wainwright's interest was elsewhere. "All this snow and you can't eat it!" he exclaimed to his escort Peter Bacon.

And Robin Stow had far more important things to think about. The Estate was converted into the now famous Stowe Public School in 1923, and although there is no direct connection in the name, both Robin and his father were students here. But unfortunately his search in the College chapel for the chair inscribed with his father's name proved fruitless.

But, for all the glory of this ancestral estate turned school, all of us — including Robin — can now appreciate even more the bright, spacious and comfortable quarters of Ambassador College.



"Stowe-aways!"

LEARN ABOUT POTTERY

Just a week after a unique outing to Stowe Public School, Arts Survey students were privileged to see a highly skilled potter — Mr. Basil Matthews — at work.

Mr. Matthews — from the Birmingham Area — lectured to the class for two hours on the production of high-quality porcelain figurines. He has been in the industry all his life, and is one of the few left in the country to specialise in this particular field of pottery.

After a brief introduction, Mr. Matthews took us through the many stages in producing figurines. The clay was pummelled, beaten and hit until it was malleable. Then molded and shaped into a perfect figure — baked — coloured — glazed — re-heated . . . and back into the fiery oven! Enamels were added — the final touch.

The result? A beautiful piece of workmanship highly prized (and priced) by Harrods and in hot demand in the U.S.A. Throughout the demonstration we passed figurines around, noticing the delicate work involved.

It helped to really crystallise in our



Mr. Matthews demonstrates

minds all that Mr. McNair recently told us during a Saturday afternoon lecture.

Thank-you, Mr. Matthews.



WRONG AGAIN

"Hear Ye, Hear Ye!" No, we're not the town criers but we thought the TRUTH should be made known! Richard Davey has a bone to pick with the students. Rumour had it (snicker, snicker) that he fractured his ankle while playing soccer with the girls. NAY! "I fell on myself while running track!" he protests.

Oh, and by the way, now that he's off those crutches, did you ever hear the names he got called — like "The Fastest Crutch In the West", or "The Flying Crutchman", or "Have Crutch Will Travel". But perhaps the most humorous comment was the sage advice given him by some knowing seer — "Don't forget to depress crutch before engaging foot!"

Anyway — it's good to see your leg mending so speedily, Richard.

TELEPHONES, TELEPHONES

Rings resound in every nook and cranny of Campus! No one can escape now! This may sound "phony" but it's TRUE. Each Dorm has five phones and a different number for each one. Maybe it's hard on the ears, but it sure saves the legs.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Men's Nights and Ladies' Nights are indeed profitable. But many times — in normal clubs — all is not rosy. Take for example, the Secretary's Report! When Pat asked her Club for New Business, Heather jumped up and demanded to know if her minutes were approved. Or the time Sonnie forgot to even ask Lexie for her report! In spite of the faux pas made, enthusiasm and friendliness always overcome "technical difficulties".

Problem: How to ask a date to Ladies' Night in a UNIQUE way.

Solution:

John Meakin rapped the table: "Attention! There's a policeman here to see Heather White!"

Eyes focused on the *astounded* lass as she crept to the door. "Miss, I have here a summons to the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey," barked the Constable, "for breaking Richard Davey's ankle!"

"But...I...er..."

"Your fine is: one date for Ladies' Night on Monday in the International Lounge."

You know, some guys will do *anything* for a date!

CLUBBIN' AROUND

Well, we've had combined clubs, men's nights, ladies' nights, clubs in barns, clubs trompin' through the woods and just plain clubs! Now — Gary De Jager's and Margaret Bond's clubs combine for a ...WHAT?!? "Listen, it gets cold in April in London! Especially on the Thames — I CAN'T SWIM!" Well, it looks like ANOTHER combined club, a club on *water* this time. Table Topics takes on a new name — Water Topics and the answers better not be all wet!



"Help! Toastmaster Overboard!"
--another successful trip?

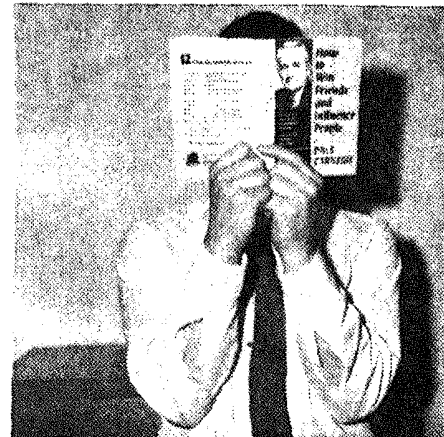
QUESTION: "What's black and yellow and gray and prevents arguments?"

ANSWER: "I give up."

QUESTION: "Here's a hint — it can change your whole outlook."

ANSWER: "Ah, I'll never get it"

That's why you need to read Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. The little black-yellow-gray manual is a veritable gem of inspiration; a helpful addition to your library ... and your life.



Reading the chapter on Camera Shyness?

People Live Here

by Rita Campbell

Third hour on the road.

I wiped the fog in front of me. I looked out. But what a sight! Instead of a land smiling with its original beauty and freedom, an urban sprawl confronted me — a land shackled by monstrous chains of smoke stacks, chimneys, and concrete. This was the "great" manufacturing area of Sheffield, Yorkshire.

People live here. Children grow and die here. Where was the open field to play in, the tree to climb, the brook to follow? Where was the light and hope in the young faces?

Slowly the window fogged again as the warmth on the inside contrasted with the coldness outside.

Our van rolled on.

CAMPUS COMMANDOS

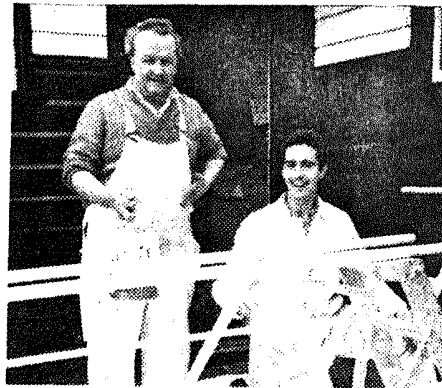
by Randy Dick

Every morning, Campus Commandos — mysterious figures in clever disguises — glide through the rosy dawn to HQ. There this select few gather in Council of War to plan a new campaign! Strategy decided, they emerge in white uniforms — suitably camouflaged — and begin to move out . . . to take up their positions.

Sometimes they attack en masse with a "Blitzkrieg"!! Other times, just one or two will concentrate on a small target. Yet, they are as beneficent as can be. Everyone loves them because wherever they go, they leave behind brightness and colour.

Their job is to fight ugly scars, the wear and tear of time and weather, to combat deterioration . . . they are the Paint Crew!

Led by Field Marshall Finlay, they renovate tired and dilapidated homes and offices. The storm troopers advance with conventional weapons (scrapers,



Field Marshall Finlay and Adjutant

sandpaper, and plaster). Dust, dirt, old paint and wallpaper scatter in every direction. Then chemical warfare is unleashed. Glistening new paint is glossed onto bare surfaces. Walls live again in shimmering colour and new wallpaper graces once drab rooms.

So if you are losing the battle against deterioration, don't despair . . . send for the paint crew!!

Triple "P" Plot Exposed at Last

by Melvin Schuetz

As discerning as they are, the Ambassador College Paint Crew have unknowingly been a participant in a conspiracy as large as Britain itself.

I stumbled upon this scheme several weeks ago, when our corridors in Lakeside were being repainted.

"Why," I asked, "why are you using pink paint in a men's dorm!?" This remark was aimed at a brush-wielding fellow on a ladder.

Oh, this isn't pink," came the spontaneous reply, "it's Zephyr!!"

And that is the basis of my allegation. Pink Paint Producers (abbreviated P. P. P.) have resorted to Mafia-like techniques in order to sell their goods. It is sheer deceit to manufacture pink paint and market it under a false name.

Scotland Yard — you're not doing your job!

WOMEN'S CLUB TEA

by Pat Nelson

Coffee, tea, warmth, hospitality, and a host of "royal dainties" set the pace for the annual Women's Club Tea.

In Loma Hall Lounge, the theme "Getting To Know You" came alive as Faculty wives, special guests and co-eds conversed informally. Sondra Schaer, as Co-ordinating Committee President, was our friendly hostess for the afternoon.

The show table with its brilliant shades of pink set off the ornate silver tea and coffee sets. Not only could the beauty of the Lounge be enjoyed, but bright sunshine and warm winds made the balcony available for splendid scenery!

A special thanks to the Junior girls who worked so hard at making the Tea a success!

Heathrow International

by John Elliott

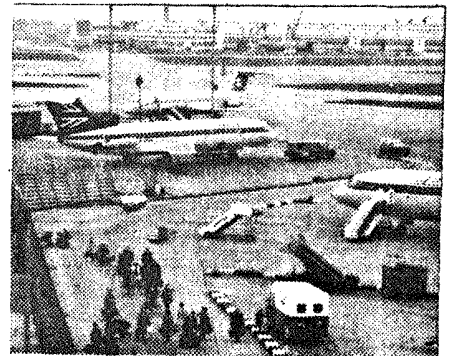
A VC-10 taxis onto the runway a hundred yards away. Engines whine to fever pitch. Motors "rev up" for take-off. Suddenly, an *ear-splitting* roar. The long sleek bird speeds down the runway and soars into the sky.

Something you'd like to see? Then visit Heathrow International Airport. You will be astounded at how much you can learn. There's much more to it than mere aeronautics! Doing an article on Greece for Geography class? How about a speech on India or Pakistan? Interviews with visitors from foreign climes will enhance any international topic and they can be had here by the score.

But — getting back to Aeronautics, do you know what's involved in pre-flight aircraft maintenance? What it is

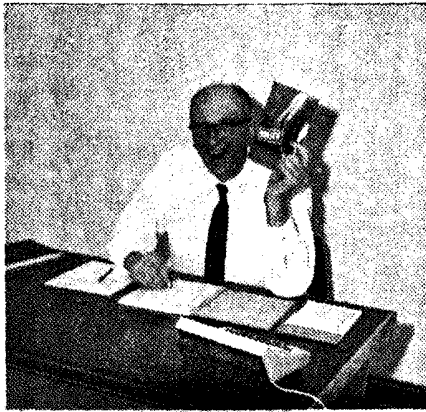
like to actually pilot the big jets? You can find out the answers by mingling with the pilots, navigators, maintenance crews, and hostesses in the cocktail bars.

Nuggets of priceless knowledge await your eager prospecting at Heathrow.



Passengers of BEA and Cyprus Airways at Heathrow during recent air strike

Introducing Mr. Fred Smith



by Bob Geringer

Fire is a destroyer — a *killer*. It can gut premises within minutes, and suffocate or burn to death occupants unable to escape its raging fury.

But fire *can* be prevented, and at Radlett every precaution has been taken to ensure the safety of the Press Complex in a country where, in 1969, fire damage cost £120 million.

Heading the campaign against the fire hazard is Mr. Fred Smith, newly appointed Fire and Security Officer.

Mr. Smith, from Birmingham, is one of the most qualified men available for this kind of work. He became a professional fireman back in 1936, and subsequently took many courses on fire fighting and fire prevention. During the Second World War, he led a group which fought fires all over south-eastern England. This group — “Smith’s Scrubbers” — battled the conflagrations of war. Constantly they were at the ready to rush to stricken areas fallen victim of enemy air raids, flying bombs or downed planes.

Following the war, Mr. Smith gained ten years of further experience in the civilian branch of the Army Fire Service. It was here that his field expanded to encompass the aspect of Security.

Some years later while serving night duty with the fire brigade of Associated Electrical Industries, Mr. Smith tuned into the **WORLD TOMORROW** Programme on Radio Luxembourg. His interest sparked. And now he is playing a vital role in ensuring the literature offered by the Broadcast reaches those who request it.

“Germophiles” - ON CAMPUS

by Brian Hickson

Entschuldigung bitte, would you like to spend an evening in a German restaurant? To sample German wine, converse with genuine Rhine maidens, sing the beer songs with real Munich gusto??

You wouldn't? Read no further, on pain of death!

But did you realize that one can do all this without leaving the country, without even going as far as Leicester Square... or Bricket Wood? And the cost? Less than 2/-!

But where?

Follow the band of dedicated “Germophiles” who gather in an upper room every fortnight. They consume *delectable* food and wine. They engage in *enthusiastic*, if limited, German conversation and zestful song. They hear talks on the Fatherland. And all leave happy!

You're interested? Then come along to German Club sometime. Bring a date!

SCAN THE SKIES

by George Henderson

“A Field trip? Right here on Campus?”

Yes, that is, if you're prepared to brave the rigours of a brisk, clear evening. But after all, aren't Mars, Pluto, and Venus worth it?

Come along some night to the Observatory — a visit every student should make at least once. Learn to zero in on our Universe.

Scan the craters of the moon; stop to appreciate the staggering fact that man's footprints are in its dust. Behold Saturn spinning like a giant top out in space. Focus on the moons of Jupiter, the endless stars winking through the atmosphere.

And beyond — nebulae and galaxies, brilliantly illuminated — the nurseries and graveyards of the stars.

Truly “The heavens proclaim God's splendour,

The sky speaks of his handiwork.”

IN LONDON

by Gary Hopkins

“Achtung! *Schnell!* Hurry!” came the guttural-voiced command of my German comrade — Gotthard Behnisch. We dashed for the coach eager to reach our London destination — **THE HOLSTEIN BIER KELLER!**

Fuhrer Cato led the charge. The “blitz” had begun! The troops filed in, quickly occupying awaiting tables.

“Alles ist in ordnung!” was the report to Mr. and Mrs. Marx as they arrived to join us.

“Half pint bier,” gestured Gotthard, remembering the gigantic German half-pint of the Fatherland.

“No,” explained the perplexed English waitress as she used her hands to indicate the smaller British measure.

Despondently Gotthard turned to us and exclaimed, “In Germany a half is bigger!”

He quickly assured us that the *food* was authentic, “but the **PRICES** are English!”

Gulaschsuppe, Wienerschnitzel. Sauerbraten. Und Bier!

With our meals finished we were ready for our next objective — the movie “Marooned” — a space odyssey of not-so-impossible proportions.

Mission accomplished, we boarded our coach back to “base”, content in the knowledge that operation “Blitz” had been a “lightning” success!!

Germophiles clamour outside Bier Kellar



Epitaph to an Era

By John Meakin

Nestling mysteriously in the field south of Memorial Hall, lies mute testimony to a once-thriving Hanstead Estate. We know it today as "the dog graveyard", but let's look at its colourful history.

The Hanstead property 30 years ago, was far different than the College grounds of today. Once a prospering country manor, it was owned by multi-millionaire, Sir David Yule. Horse buyers the world over were familiar with the Hanstead Arab Stud. Even today, students travelling to the Radlett Press Complex still pass a gate whose emblazoned sign boldly proclaims... "Hanstead Aberdeen Angus Herd." Yes, the Yules maintained a pedigree herd and this too became well known up and down the country.

In common with many other estates, it was the custom to keep many dogs around the grounds. The animal-loving Yules reared a pedigree line, the memory of which still lingers on today.

The widely held tradition of burying these valuable animals in a common graveyard was followed. There were three locations: the bottom of the Japanese Gardens; the end of the South lawn; and the only surviving place today — that innocent clump of deep-



John intrudes

hued evergreens south of Memorial Hall.

Go there sometime. What used to be a common sight on estates... a wind-break for cattle... was modified and a fence thrown around it. There each dog was "laid to rest" in a diminutive Lilliputian tomb, replete with gravestone. Marble was used, silently attesting to the opulence the Yules enjoyed.

Go there and read the poignant epitaphs. Peer at the loving phrases etched indelibly in the mildewing stonework. Now overgrown with brambles and creepers the scene bears witness to a bygone age. A forgotten age of landed gentry and the English Country Estate.

AGES OF THE RING

by Barry Short

It's that time of year again! Seniors may endeavour to remain aloof to "Spring fever", but they cannot evade underclass speculation!

Yes, we are in the middle of the season known to the esoteric as the "annual age of the ring!"

But every day we see rings on the hands of their owners. Some are fine and delicate and others rough from heavy toil. Why do we go round with our fingers stuck through loops of metal? Is there any purpose to it?

What is the origin of the ring? Let's go back. Let's explore.

Ancient Egyptian dignitaries used seals as symbols of office. To prevent losing their precious emblems they tied them onto the finger by a cord. Hence the signet ring evolved. Well... that's how the story goes.

The Romans were more practical. They formed bezels in the shape of a key. This could be attached to the finger. The result? The key ring.

In the Middle Ages rings pandered to the superstitious and the mercantile class. Cramp Rings were worn to guard against cramp — but were only effective after being blessed by the king. Merchants inscribed their trademark into their signet rings — an easily recognizable stamp of authority. Thumb rings were popular 500 years ago in England. Falstaff boasted that in his youth he was slender enough to "creep into any alderman's thumb ring."

Getting back to our introduction — what about wedding rings? They appear to go far back into Hebrew culture. Even now an elaborate ring of exceptional proportions is used in the Jewish marriage service. Why so special?

Because on the bezel is a large relief model of the Temple.

And what could be more appropriate than that!

JUNK: Something you keep ten years and then throw away two weeks before you need.

LOMA HALL LANDSCAPING

by Fran Ricchi

The old brick tea shed and the vast jungle of weeds are gone. Only two archaic greenhouses and a crumbling wall still stubbornly resist the elements. But their doom is imminent. These battered relics are soon to be a part of the forgotten past. Their survival is impossible on the ever-expanding, ever-improving grounds of Ambassador College. No longer will they mar the beauty of Loma Hall.

Plans emerging for this area absolutely guarantee a transformation into Bricket Wood's finest formal garden. The exact plans are classified. But, shortly, velvet green lawns, flowering fruit trees, shrubbery, and splendid arrays of flowers will reveal their long-

awaited magnificence. This spring will see Loma Hall adorned with a fabulous new garden of true Ambassador quality.



Ricchi and Hickson —
Landscape Gardeners

TWO GENTLEMEN IN VERONA

by Neil Earle

Verona! Sweltering city hugging the Italian Alps. After an all-night train ride Orest Solyma and I were looking forward to the balmy Mediterranean weather. And Verona was our first BIG stop on the road to Rome.

"As soon as the train stops I'll get the bikes, you get the gear."

"Right! See you in ten minutes."

So the usual grab-the-bikes-before-the-train-goes routine was on again!

I ran to the baggage car. The Italian guard and the Swiss Conductor were both adamant: "Sorry, no bicyclettes here."

"But there *must* be. We put them aboard in Munich."

"Sorry. Look for yourself."

He was right. Our bikes weren't there. In five quick minutes Orest and I had scoured the whole train, *but they weren't there!*

"Oh, no! Can you believe it? I thought Jesse James was dead long ago."

"And I *told* the girl in Munich to mark 'Verona' on the tickets."

Off we marched to the Platform Commandant. He appeared strangely nonchalant about our situation. "Don't worry," he purred, "they probably came on a later train."

So we trudged on to the canteen. Breakfast seemed to cheer us up. And soon we were ambling out into the main street.

"Strange people, these Italians. Twelve o'clock and this place looks like a ghost town."

"But look at that Roman theatre — let's run through it."

And for two hours we climbed the

well-preserved remains of what had once been a throbbing civic centre. We marvelled at the technique of those ancient Romans — from the very centre of this theatre sound waves bounced 300 yards up to the open air. An acoustical marvel!

"But — what about our bikes?"

Back to the Station. None seemed willing to help. Neither Orest's mutilated German vocabulary nor my hasty diagrams made any impact. What a dilemma! Two unknown students, trapped on the other side of the Alps with little money, less "Italiano" and *no bicycles*.

That night we snaked through the winding Verona alleys looking for a place to sleep. A cloistered arcade of bars and restaurants sheltered the tortuous stone steps of a cheap flat. In spite of our excitable landlady we slept soundly. Dreams of bicycles, trains, spaghetti and Mussolini danced through

my head.

Next day — a BREAK! The Station Commandant was at work! We barged up to him — a friendly, burly Italiano — more a British type than a Latin.

"Look, Sir, we've lost our bikes and..."

"Yes, I know. They were taken off at Brenner Pass headed for Austria. But it's all right. I've wired Munich. Your bikes will be on the 4 o'clock train."

Whew! We felt like the sun had just broken through and every crazy cuckoo bird in Verona was singing. And we *still* had four hours to wait. Another quick tour. Good-bye to the friendly land-lady, the helpful cafe owners, the Station barber!

Four o'clock! The train careened to a halt. *There* were our bikes.

And as we cycled towards Milan to catch the train back over the Alps we gave more than one fond glance back over our shoulders — "Arrivederci Verona."

LOST PROPERTY PROSPECTS

by Bob Fox

"LOST PROPERTY IS EXPANDING, BUSINESS BOOMING! FOX ESTIMATES CASH DEPOSITS NOW EXCEED £100 p.a. PROJECTED TRENDS SHOW A 30% INCREASE FOR NEXT YEAR."

But the lost property business is *your* business. We can help *you*.

Within the realms of just one of the Lost Property offices you could expect to find anything from a rare viola to a pair of gum boots.

Japanese umbrellas, expensive camera attachments, mohair suits, electric heaters and kettles, choice of multi-coloured sweaters, silk ties, watches, clocks, radios, leather goods, camping

equipment. Books??? We could start a library!!

"Fit you out for a fancy dress ball, Sir?" No problem! We sport anything from sailors' uniforms to a Roman gladiator's outfit (netting included).

Did you know that we have a sale once a month? Watch the bulletin boards for our next extravaganza! Why not come along? P-L-E-A-S-E??

SUPER STUDENT by JDS

