



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

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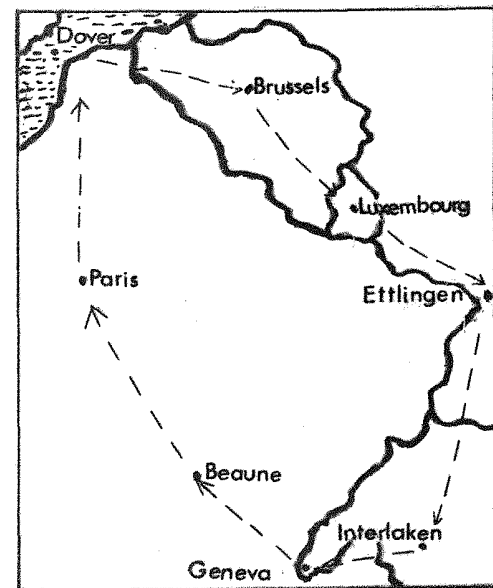
# SENIOR TOUR '70



The Return!

- Brussels
- \*\*\*
- Luxembourg
- \*\*\*
- Ettlingen
- \*\*\*
- Interlaken
- \*\*\*
- Geneva
- \*\*\*
- Beaune
- \*\*\*
- Paris

Tour Route.



## INVALUABLE EXPERIENCE

The Class of 1970--Americans, Britons, South Africans, Europeans, Australians--all look back on the week of 28 April - 6 May 1970 as a unique highlight in their Ambassador College careers. After nine *full* days of recreation, fellowship and camaraderie through the historic heartland of Europe they have already settled into the final home stretch of their four-year course. Now only memories remain. And to show their appreciation for this refreshing educational opportunity, the PORTFOLIO, on behalf of the whole Senior Class, takes this space to say "Thank You" to those who made it possible.

(See also pages 3, 4 and 8)



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## NIGHTLY NOCTURNAL NONSENSE

by Dave Odor

Ever consider studying the nocturnal habits of *Canis Lupus*? *Dullsville!*

To discover a really fascinating facet of nocturnal nonsense, I suggest you probe the secret chambers of Lakeside after 10 p.m. some night.

Picture this:

You're lying peacefully in bed, asleep. It's 3:30 in the morning. Pitch black in the room. As you roll over in your warm cocoon, a low moan rises from the blackness next to your bed. A bad dream? A hoarse mouse? No, you strain your weary eyes to vaguely discern a crumpled human form on the floor within a few feet of your bed. But you don't care — you need sleep! You roll over again and go back to pleasant dreams.

Next thing you know, it's morning. The sun's up. The room is bright and you feel GREAT!

But there, standing by his bunk, rub-

# SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Several months ago, in the 18th December, 1969 Issue, I took the opportunity of briefly explaining how the PORTFOLIO is produced.

Since then there have been dramatic changes in the production, and in the appearance of the magazine — especially beginning with Issue No. 16.

Let me explain to you *why*.

The PORTFOLIO is a valuable magazine. It gives a class experience in magazine production, and presents students eager to write with an opportunity to *express* themselves. It also provides a history of College activities which would not otherwise be recorded.

But it is not an *essential* magazine.

Consequently, while circumstances prevail which necessitate the bi-monthly production of the PLAIN TRUTH and TOMORROW'S WORLD Magazines — *why* should publication of the PORTFOLIO continue?

And *that*, a few weeks ago, was the exact position the PORTFOLIO was in! Per capita it was an expensive magazine to produce. Temporarily the College could not afford it. Either a way had to be found to publish at a fraction of the cost or — *the ANE!!!*

So we set to work to cut costs. We had to find a way to eliminate almost completely the work undertaken by the College Press. With the co-operation of Mr. Beardsmore and the Photographic Department a new system had to be devised to produce acceptable pictures at minimal expense. And finally, we enlisted the valuable assistance of Mr. Froiland and the Services Department to print the magazine from Bruning paper plates on the small Gestetner Press.

Tentative experiments proved amazingly successful. We produced a sample eight-page issue. It was approved. *The PORTFOLIO was still in business!*

Obviously the operation has necessitated a cut in quality. But this is *minimal* in proportion to the cut in cost — a cut within the region of 80 — 90%! And, of course, the standard of writing has not suffered one iota!

So, we do not apologise for the new appearance of the PORTFOLIO. In the circumstances we ask you to *appreciate* it more. Meanwhile, we will do all we can to improve the new format.

Editor.

bing an ominous lump on his head, is...

"What happened?" you cheerily ask.

"Oh, last night I had this wretched dream! I thought I was in the top of a runaway double-decker bus. The driver had fallen out and we were rolling faster and faster down a hill — about to *crash* into a building. So... *I jumped out the window!*"

But that's not all!

How about those infamous twins (they shall remain nameless!) who actually carry on *conversations* in their sleep! One of them was recently heard carrying on an absolutely unintelligi-

ble, yet rather heated discussion with another sleeping member of his room.

Yet another sleeping beauty, one the *older* men among us, was overheard to yell out at the top of his lungs one night, "I WANT MY DUCK

Waking up can prove very interesting — ask the Early Bird. One gentler (no names please), sat up quickly when his alarm rang and said, "Gymnast Orest Solyma speaking!"

Yes, studying the causes of nocturnal aberrations can be both fascinating and revealing. How fortunate that those of blackmail are above "Lakeside inhabitants."

## The Political Atmosphere in -

# EUROPE '70

by Peter Butler

The Senior Tour 1970 presented the opportunity of a life-time to the Graduating Class. Covering a distance of approximately 1,500 miles, the Ambassador coach spanned five key continental countries and visited leading cities and industrial centres.

Senior eyes were constantly alert to trends, to developments, and to the political atmosphere in this seething European heartland.

The plains of northern France and Belgium — Arras, Veurne, Dunkirk, Ypres — the Menin Gate. Here, between 1914 and 18 countless young men fell victims to the cruellest, most costly form of warfare yet waged by man. Trench warfare! They called this the "Great War". And where the blood of millions dyed the earth red, thousands upon thousands of headstones and crosses now pattern the horizons of the plains as the traveller passes cemetery after cemetery of war dead. They built memorials "of repentance" — and had to add to them or complete them after the tragic years 1939 — 45!

Next, Brussels — hub of the European Economic Community. Prosperous, vibrant Brussels — symbol of new Continental Power even now preparing to challenge the nations in a bid for — *world dominion*?

And by the time we reached scenic Switzerland and peaceful Interlaken another bombshell had shattered upon an already chaotic world to sweep it into further turbulence.

American troops were marching into Cambodia to oust North Vietnamese Reds!

What was the attitude of the Continentals to this latest turn in world events? The Head Waiter at the Hotel Du Nord, Interlaken, echoed unofficial European opinion. "Who is this Nixon? What fool game does he think he plays? He involves the whole world in his crazy war



The trenches of the "Great War"

game! Now, within four years there will be another World War!"

Southern France, Beaune, The Cote D'Or — wine country — an opportunity to forget the resentful anti-American opinion of the Continentals — until we reached Paris!

And here the writing on the walls shouted loudest of all "NIFON — ASSASSIN"!!!

No — the Senior Trip did not encompass Berlin this year. Yet perhaps we observed even more the political atmosphere of Europe in terms of current world events!

Les Invalides — home of Napoleon's tomb. He too plunged Europe into war.



## Morning Mission

by John Elliott

Early one morning, as darkness yet enveloped the campus, a shadowy figure slipped from his bed and stole toward the door. A muffled *click* and the door closed behind him. Quietly, he made his way down the dimly lit corridor.

He stopped by a locker — opened it — and took from it the necessary gear for the successful completion of his *vital* mission. Again, he made his way down the corridor and disappeared through the swinging doors at the end.

Dawn threatened to reveal his furtive venture as he emerged into the early morning night. He sped along like a phantom, closely skirting Loma Hall.

He reached his destination, stopping directly in front of a door. Quickly he produced a set of six keys, and was soon inside a small, unlit building.

Now his work began in earnest! Before him, a control panel; all around him, knobs and dials and a ganglia of wires.

What was his mission — *sabotage*?

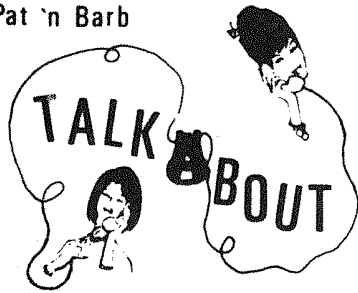
Suddenly he swung into action! He threw a switch and two panel lights *stabbed* the inky blackness. He switched on a selection of thirteen circuit breakers, and turned to face three large machines. Three more switches contacted. Instantly lights flashed and the machines whirred into action. On the first machine, labelled "master", he placed a spool. A few final adjustments and all was set!

With two strides he paced the room to throw a final lever. *COUNT-DOWN! All systems go!* "...4...3...2...1...ZERO" The mystery man plunged a shielded steel button and suddenly, *urgently*, a vital message boomed out and penetrated the Campus.

"...Greetings friends around the World..."

7:00 o'clock — time for the **WORLD TOMORROW Broadcast!**

Pat 'n Barb



## THE SENIOR TRIP

Yes, it was a fine trip; enjoyable, relaxing, entertaining, and very educational. So share with us now just a few of the incidents which helped add spice to the adventures of each day.

### THE TIES THAT BIND.

Brussels may be a somewhat dirty, sprawling city, but it has its redeeming factors – *ties!* Stripes, plaids, designs, plain and expensive! Take the one John Meakin bought for his . . . er, father (*snicker, snicker!*)

Bob Vischer and Dave Fraser are avoiding one another! Great minds think alike – even when at opposite ends of the city!

### INTERLAKEN

Not only did we cross one Swiss border but two! Oops! Wrong way Mr. Osgood – we're back in Germany!! But soon the Alps loomed ahead, breathtaking, beautiful and awe-inspiring. What better place to announce an engagement? Congratulations to Mike Ghourdjan and Connie Coates, Bruce Tyler and Sonnie Schare!

But that night all was not so peaceful in one of the hotel rooms. Pleasant dreams were interrupted for both Bob Vischer and Bruce Tyler by their room-mate, Jim Wiseman. He could contain himself no longer! "Hay fellas, wake up! - - There's an *Alp* out there!" ('alp, 'alp! !!).



Bar-B-Q – Swiss Style

### PICNIC IN THE JURAS

"Bone-jur, como-tally vus?" And I guess the Geneva brethren were shocked at A.C. perversion of the French language! But even though their words were hard to comprehend, their warmth certainly wasn't. And they made us most welcome to that continental picnic in the Jura Mountains. The day was beautiful and sunny, and we had a Volley Ball Net, a Football Pitch, and a Baseball Field! And there was lots of fresh air, welcome exercise, good food (*real milk!*), and enjoyable fellowship!

### "WATCH ALONG THE WINE"

How would you like to be among *one million* bottles of wine? Tremendous! – you say? Well, maybe; but it was a bit cool down there deep within the dungeons of Beaune's medieval fortifications where they store the precious liquid which flows from the Cote d'Or. However, it was very interesting to see how the wine is bottled, and even the jokes came through the translation! Well done, Mr. Shenton! And, what's more, there was plenty to taste afterwards!

Speaking of wine – Chris Hunting considers himself somewhat of a connoisseur – or at least he did! In Luxembourg he ordered "dry wine" from the waiter and got "drei" wine - - *three!*

### A BOAT RIDE ON LAKE GENEVA.

"Hey, Barb, did you have fun on the trip?"

"Naw! No freedom whatsoever! You know, when we got to Geneva we couldn't even have a free night. We were *forced* to have dinner on a boat of all things! And it was windy too, because we were moving down the lake. As I ate delicious chicken and drank all the wine I wanted, I was wondering why we don't have a choice in these things! *Then*, as it got dark and the stars and moon shone bright . . . well, we were *forced* to enjoy ourselves!"

And you ask, "Did we have fun?!!!"



Connoisseurs

### GAY PARIS!

"Let's go to the Folies Bergere!"

"No, I wanna see a movie!"

"You *always* want to see a movie, Chris. Let's just sit on the Champs Elysee and drink Martinis."

And so three separate minds started off for a night in gay Paris!

After walking down St. Germain Street for what seemed like 20 miles we finally made it to a park, shade, and a coke. Then it was down to the Champs Elysee to the . . . *Drugstore!* . . . for a genuine *American Hamburger!!!*

How does that old saying go? "When in Rome do as the Romans do!" Oh well!!!!

# MEET MR. ZERNICHOV



by Dick Elfers

German-occupied Norway, 1942. In Oslo's Frogner Park, Christian Diedrik Zernichov took a casual afternoon stroll wheeling his infant son in a pram through the beautiful grounds! *A casual stroll!* Concealed in the pram was a map pinpointing German troop displacements in Oslo. That map had to reach Allied Intelligence, London.

The plan was simple. Pass the map to an agent who would relay it to England via submarine, or even a Norwegian fishing boat.

Mission successful! *Or was it?* Twenty minutes after Mr. Zernichov had made contact, the agent's house was surrounded. Gestapo torture is *brutal* yet the agent chose to *die* rather than reveal Mr. Zernichov and betray the Resistance.

Now, almost three decades later, Mr. Zernichov is here in England — a welcome addition to the Scandinavian Department and a helpful advisor on College architecture.

Mr. Zernichov has acquired a rich background of knowledge in his lifetime. In addition to being a Resistance Fighter in his homeland, he has travelled extensively throughout America, Europe and even Israel. At the age of 55, he resigned as Director of the Royal Norwegian Council for Scientific and Industrial Research for religious reasons. At long last the door has opened for him as a Norwegian translator to supply the response from the *Norwegian Reader's Digest* this summer.

Velkommen til England, Mr. Zernichov!

# How do you Know?

by Karyl Coates

How do you *know* you can't write? Did you flunk your short story assignment when you were twelve? How do you *know* you're not able at research? You're probably more able than you think — but then you'll *never* know unless you try, will you? It's probably a whole new world that you've never explored.

Where's your spirit of adventure? Where's that young, daring attitude of stepping out to new horizons? Are you wasting entire areas of God-given talent?

Writing *may* be your field of study. Do you like to delve into the unknown? Do you have a deck of interesting facts in your pocket that you'd like to deal out? Is research your "thing"? Can you interview experts and get details out of authorities who would normally pass you up as a young whipper-snapper? Can you dig around in dusty old manuscripts and pick out the 2+2?

What about photography? Are you willing to scramble through the brambles to get that "just right" scene of grimy pollution? Or perch precariously on the edge of a 25-foot Israeli hole in the dusty, stifling heat to record that immemorial temple sewer system soon to be destroyed? At the same time, are you taking mental pictures and filing picturesque words away to sub-title the article or caption the picture?

Ambassador College students have the opportunity to contribute to a glossy, quality magazine that is read around the world. Yet, how many pass up that chance; that once-in-a-lifetime chance to have your own byline?

Will you take this opportunity to write and research for the PORTFOLIO? It might give you a head start in writing for the PLAIN TRUTH or researching for Mr. Hogberg.

Do you have the foresight to turn over that stone now?

# OOPS! - I DID IT AGAIN

by Marceine Gourlay

The thunderous roll of drums! The echoed *twang* of a steel guitar! And enthralled couples whirl off around the dance floor in ecstatic joy.

The place? Ambassador College gymnasium.

The occasion? A typical student dance.

The music churns out. The couples gyrate to an intoxicating Latin number.

But wait a minute!

Is it as perfect as it seems? Is the outward harmony only a façade? Take a closer look at those students — listen to the bursts of conversation that filter to your ears.

"Sorry, my fault!" a coy young lady whispers to her partner after piercing his foot with her barbed, spiked heel. He knots himself up in agony! The pain is excruciating! 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 . . .

"I just can't dance! I keep doing the

wrong step," one senior whimpers frustratingly.

A flippant young man astonishes his date by clumsily kicking her ankle. Ladders rocket up and down her new stockings. She bursts into tears.

In the centre of the floor, a floundering dancer stomps his rugged orbit. Elbows bending, arms pumping . . . he could take off any minute! His attempts are suddenly cut short! He collides with a gay blonde and sends her reeling into her startled partner.

"Oh, I'm sorry," the flier exclaims as he scuttles to help the quivering young lady to her feet.

Could this be you?

How many times have *you* had to apologize for *your* poor dancing? Or for treading on your partner's toes?

Isn't it *embarrassing*?

Well! — Why not do something about it? Try *learning* to dance!

# Operation Success - IN THE HEART OF THE B.B.C.

by Peter Sidlo

"Bush House", London — Centre for the Overseas Services of the B.B.C. Just what goes on behind those imposing, heavily guarded doors? That question formed in my mind and stirred me to visit the city determined to find out.

I had made no previous appointment, but only a few minutes after crossing the threshold I was sitting inside the Czech Department. My accent paid off — I was welcomed and given a guided tour.

A quick look around revealed a crowded and antiquated office. Six clerks translated behind battered desks. Not very impressive perhaps, but offices like these are the homes of European-wide broadcasting.

I learned startling new facts about the broadcasts — dismaying facts for our Communist neighbours! For despite jamming, obstructions, and competition from the communist countries, the B.B.C.'s voice is becoming more and more popular. The programmes are truly a thorn in the flesh of the Brezhnev and Titos of this world!

And finally — the goal of my visit — the Radio Studio. As many as a dozen programmes are on the air at any moment, but we managed to find an empty studio. It was smaller and older than the one at College, but the seats, panels and announcer's desk were identical.

And it was here, in these very studios that Churchill's rugged voice brought hope to millions of Europeans suffering under the jack-boot of Nazi oppression.

Yes, the B.B.C. Overseas Service continues to play a key role in world affairs — an image of the Western Democracies to many in Communist Europe's satellite nations.

# A Toast to the Hunt



The Old Fox

by Mearl Bond

"Where did you chaps go last night, Andy?"

"I'll give you three guesses and the first two don't count!"

But... the pilgrimage to the pub — popular though it is, often helps to quench the thirst for new knowledge.

Our locals have a vast wealth of interesting history.

Have you ever wondered how these pubs acquired their names?

Let's start with the "Fox and Hounds". Why would anyone name a pub like that?

But was it a pub, originally?

No! The site of the present pub was the personal property of a country landowner. It was a handy focal point for one of England's oldest sporting events — the fox hunt! And it was here, at the "Fox and Hounds", that the landowner's guests met for a quick drink "in the stirrup" in preparation for the

hunt.

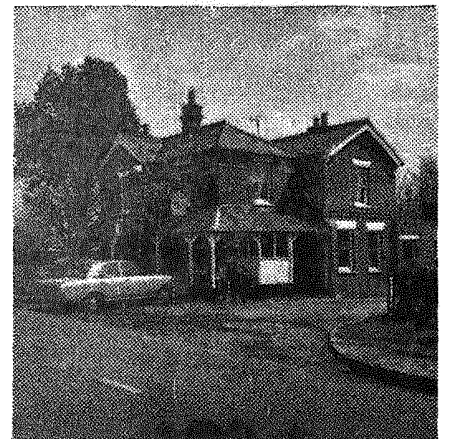
But what about the "Old Fox"?

You guessed it! That's where the fox was taken and turned loose. After all, it's only "British" to give the fox a head start!

The "Old Fox" was conveniently located in the woods. At a pre-arranged time the fox was turned loose. At the same time, the hunters and hounds pounded from the "Fox and Hounds" and soon swept up to the "Old Fox" in a blaze of dust and scarlet!

But *whoa!* At the "Old Fox", the hunters again had a quick drink while the hounds were given a chance to pick up the scent. The fox hunt was now truly under way.

In the end the fox was either killed and its bush (tail) taken as a trophy, or the wily creature "went to ground" — *escaped*. With the hunt over — it was back to the "Fox and Hounds" for — you guessed it — *a toast to the hunt!*



The Fox and Hounds

# Jailed at Last

by Neville Benwell

"I'll have to lock you in!" said the "bobby", as he bolted the cell door. The shattered wreck, slumped on the bed, could only nod in resignation.

Jailed in the Wick "Cop Shop!" 700 miles from College in the bleakness of North Scotland! At 2:30 in the morning! Jailed!!

My crime? A unique experience!

My punishment? A soft bed and a steaming hot cup of coffee. I was just a hungry, haggard, hitch-hiker hoping for a night's sleep. The cheerful officer O.K.'d the proposition and that night an "extinguished explorer" dreamt of the tale of a jail he could tell his friends.

# THE LEADMAN - THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

by Fran Ricchi

"Hey, Northnagel . . . you're late again!"

"Late!? Why, it's only sixteen minutes past!"

"That makes five times this week and it's only Tuesday."

A routine exchange on the Garden Crew!

At about this time another long lost soul slyly slides around the corner and furtively blends into the mass of faces so as not to be noticed. He hopes!! Finally the entire Crew is present — having surmounted all the obstacles that lie between bed, breakfast and a delayed arrival to begin work.

"Well, boss . . . what are we doing today?" one gardener excitedly asks in

hopeful anticipation of a reprieve from his three-week ordeal.

"Well, fellas . . . there's still a few more stones on the football pitch that need to be picked up. Another three or four days just might do it." Dennis Fell's animated countenance drops. Thoughts of frost-frozen fingers, numb knees, and burdened backs stab into half-awakened heads. But as they trudge to their tortuous task it is quite evident that their faces mirror their deep *devotion*, their lasting *loyalty* and dogged *determination* to fulfill the *wishes* of their loving leadman.

(P.S. Any names used in this article are for the express purpose of illustration. Any relationship between names mentioned and possible defects in character is purely coincidental.)

# The Kosher Kill

by Bill Farr

The smell of death was in the air! Panicky, jostling cattle vied for position in the crowded corral!

Muscles twitched, breathing became heavier as the animals emitted pitiful helpless cries. This congested corral scene was the first step in the modern meat packing process at Canada's largest slaughter house.

One by one the ignorant and docile beasts struggled up the gang way, periodically jabbed with electric prods to drive them forward.

Before them lay a steel door. From the other side came the sounds of a sharp crack, a sudden heavy thump, the rattle of pulley and chain all in rapid succession.

Suddenly, the steel door rose like a guillotine awaiting its next victim. A lone steer squeezed into the small, rectangular, enclosure. Only one way out — through a small hole at the end of the 10-foot barricade.

The steer bolted! A *desperate* charge!

But in vain. This hole was the TRAP!

Its head through the hole, an automatic clamp snapped over the animal's neck and forcibly stretched it to a taut and vulnerable position.

At that precise moment, an accurate, quick and deadly slash bit into the animal's throat from a razor sharp machete. Blood gushed! The animal's eyes rolled back into its head and its jaw lowered.

The clamp was then released and the carcass fell to the floor, kicking spasmodically in paroxysms of death.

Within five minutes the animal was hoisted up by its hind legs to drain the few ounces of blood that remained. The last stage was near. In an instant it was disemboweled and well on its way to be butchered into segments.

From this efficient slaughter-house in the Canadian West, transport carried it to our modern restaurants where thick, juicy, tender steaks are the order of the day.

# REWARD

 \$FUN,000 

Will be paid by the  
FRESHMAN CLASS

to all who come to their dance

at

# FORT CHEROKEE

Thursday, May 21st, 1970.

ROD DEAN

Major, 8th Missouri Cavalry

CADILLAC: A shortage of cattle.

## Senior Trip Saga Continued



On the coach



On the boat

# FONDUE FOR TWO

By Michael Linacre.

Two miles out to "sea", and eating a sumptuous chicken banquet! This was the Senior Trip that memorable Sunday night in May.

But my mind kept nagging me - "Here you are in Switzerland, and you've never tried the local speciality - *Fondue*" - "a yummy concoction of Gruyere Cheese, diced, melted and skilfully mixed with a hint of garlic, flour and kirsch".

Our idyllic passage across Lake Geneva (Lake Lemon to the locals) continued. The white wine flowed freely and the sun sank unnoticed behind the horizon. We docked at the little French village of Yvoire, and stepped into the

medieval atmosphere of the lakeside hamlet. Then after a hasty coffee off we set again.

The lights of Geneva were reflected in all their rainbow hues in the gentle ripples of the lake, as we smoothly glided back.

But now *the hunt was on!*

Although it was already late, Wendy and I hit out on our search for Fondue. Restaurant after restaurant was shut. But at last two gallant Italians took mercy on us and guided us to one where we supped contentedly of the steamy hot "goo".

And we both agreed wholeheartedly that in Lake Geneva and Fondue, the Swiss have two of the wonders of the world!

# EASTER MADNESS

by Rob Elliott

It was early in the morning. *Good Friday*. Glasgow City lay gray and quiet. I hitched my rucksack farther up my back and trudged on out of Dockland towards nearby St. Enochs Station. In an hour's time the train would deposit me at Ardrossan Harbour, where the little ferryboat would be waiting to cast off for the Isle of Arran, set like a jewel in the Firth of Clyde.

The weather was now warm and sunny, for Easter was late this year. The scent of honeysuckle and wild heather wafted across from distant blue hills, on the salty air. Over the firth wild hills beckoned. Arran looked glorious - Scotland in miniature.

At the end of three full days of camping and hill walking I was back in Glasgow again, tanned by wind and sun, full of the joy of life.

THE CITY WAS RED WITH BLOOD! During those three days, 50 young men and women were stabbed with instruments ranging from flick-knives to specially sharpened screw-drivers and car dip-sticks. Some subsequently died while another 200 lay battered and broken in hospitals around the city.

The Police were unable to find any motive for the attacks. It was all JUST FOR KICKS. This was Easter in western Europe's most violent city.

THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

## SUPER STUDENT by JDS

