



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

Vol. 11, No. 18.

5th June, 1970

SMOKE SIGNALS

by Peter Butler.

1970 - year of transformation - for the College Gymnasium! And the latest success in a long line of subtle disguises - FORT CHEROKEE - Wild West frontier location of the Freshman Class Dance.

And what a dance!

By 8.30 p.m. gunslingers from all over campus had been "run in" - and the band was swinging! A rip roaring western festival - almost rodeo style - was underway. And one of the most popular spots in this remote frontier town of adventure - "The Crazy Horse Saloon" - where hard drinking, hard dancing cowpokes "whet their whistles" before hitting the trail to the dance floor.

But soon - silence!

Sheriff Rod Dean and his Deputy - M.C. Mr. Ray Wright - were clearing the floor. Why? Was there to be a duel - a *gunfight*?

No. Time had come for the entertainment - introduced by Mr. David House.

Half-hour of rollicking, rousing fun accompanied by roof-raising applause! There were the Fort Cherokee Dancers, the Fort Cherokee Singers, and the Fort Cherokee Combo! Beth Prouty and George Henderson sang "Gentle on my Mind", and Mrs. Linda Wright thrilled the audience with "Can't Help Loving that Man of Mine".

But then! "INJUNS! INJUNS!"



"Wagons role!"

Was Fort Cherokee under siege? Nope! Just Rod Gowland, Ted Mann and Berry Burgess making a vain attempt to reach the stockade before the redskins took their scalps! - "Three Wheels on my Wagon!"

Time to dance again. And the Freshman Dancers took the floor to demonstrate that old Western favourite, "The Virginia Reel".

But soon the moon had risen and the coyotes were howling out along the desert trail. Time to saddle up, head back to the ranch, and hit the sack!

Thanks for all the fun, Freshmen!

Bettering the Blackboard

by Barry Short.

New on Campus!! Two trail-blazers for Ambassador Education. From now on, lecturers can save time in class preparation, and banish twisted necks and chalk-white fingers at the same time. And students can enjoy the benefits of much enlivened presentations in the classroom.

How so? How are these miracles performed?

The technology of the Fresnel lens and a high-density quartz light-source combine to produce the Daylight Overhead Projector. These devices are not new, but only recently have developments made daylight use possible. Operation is simplicity itself. The lecturer writes on a transparent plastic sheet, and a view of this is projected onto a large screen at the front of the class and behind him. This means that eye contact is maintained between the lecturer and the class all the time.

Specially prepared sheets, maps, and even moving diagrams may also be projected. And - a further feature - with our new Episcopa Projector even opaque pictures, maps, sketches and pages from books

(Continued on page 2).



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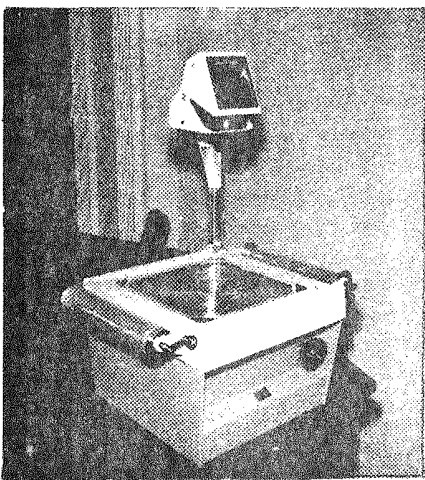
Published fortnightly by Ambassador
College, Bricket Wood, England
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Bettering the Blackboard

(Continued from page 1).

may similarly be shown to all the class.

Watch for these new developments in your classes - they are something to look forward to!



The Daylight Overhead Projector.

A Successful Year

College year 1969--70 is drawing to a close. Activities Week and Graduation Ceremonies are almost upon us. And soon, the work of this year's PORTFOLIO Class will be curtailed as each of us goes his way.

But the PORTFOLIO itself will continue! And that is the reason for this editorial.

As a Class we have enjoyed producing the PORTFOLIO this year. We feel it has been a *successful* year. Yes, we have encountered problems and difficulties, but each of these has been met and overcome. And, above all, we have been able to *double* the size of the magazine from four to eight pages.

But in this, students, *you* played an important part. So, let me *thank* you for the tremendous interest which you have shown in the magazine throughout the year -- especially those of you who have taken time and effort to contribute articles. We appreciate it -- *YOU enabled* us to double the size *and* the *effectiveness* of the PORTFOLIO.

Yet, even now, I can hear some of you saying, "But what about that article I submitted -- you haven't published *that* yet!"

This, in itself, indicates how the PORTFOLIO has flourished this year -- and can *continue* to flourish. We have been able to collect a "bank" of timeless articles from which we can draw at any time for any issue.

Soon, another Editor will take over "the sceptre". It will be *his* responsibility to continue Volume 11 on into the summer producing two or three issues during the break. There are usually "sparse weeks" for there are so few people around to call upon for articles. However, *this* summer the new Editor will be able to "take courage" -- he will have a bank of articles to draw on. And *your* article *will* be published!

Meanwhile, although this is not our final issue of the Semester, the Class thanks you again for your continued co-operation.

But, above all, *keep writing* -- the PORTFOLIO is as much your production as the Class's.

Let's keep the eight-pagers going!

Editor.



At the Dance -- entertainment -- Western style.

THE WHEELS OF THE WORK

by Brian Orchard



The Troops of Unit 5B

The screeching bell resounds throughout the barracks. The troops of Unit 5B mobilise and form a tight defence.

Is this the vivid impression the name Unit 5B conveys to your mind?

What is Unit 5B — and where is it?

Unit 5B is the code name for the College Garage in North Watford. Here Mr. Joe Jones leads a team of six men in an offensive aimed at keeping the wheels of Ambassador College turning.

The keynote is on SERVICE for SAFETY.

Weekly, the battle-scarred cars are put into Mr. Jones' capable hands to be nursed back to complete health. Panel beating, spray painting, engine reconditioning are just a few of the cures administered to the 100 patients in his care.

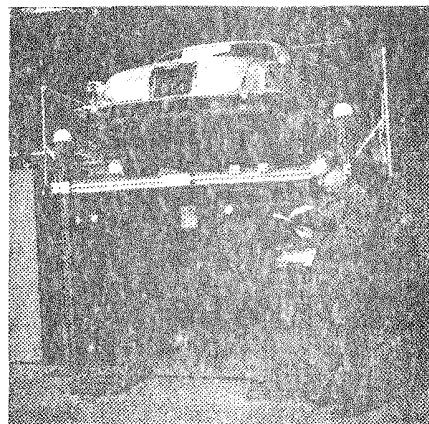
College vehicles total a distance equal to *five times* around the world each year. Field vehicles average close to 1000 miles each week. Road tax for these vehicles eats up more than £2000 a year.

Nobody can accuse this Work of standing still.

From punctures to fractures, the silent men in green from Unit 5B keep Ambassador College mobile.



Mr. Joe Jones.



Mr. Kemshell and 129 GTA

Photographic Mishap

by Adrian Botha

"Who, *me?* Make a movie of my flight to Ambassador College?" The words *echoed* in my ears. I left South Africa with a borrowed movie camera, rolls of colour film and high hopes. I was not disappointed! Faces focused, scenes centralized — and I pressed the button for my first takes.

Soon majestic Mt. Kilimanjaro filled my viewfinder. With this inside my lens how could I lose?

Jerusalem! And Arab guides cleverly tried to bait us through the narrow streets of the Old City. By now I was really keen. Bazaars, mosques, minarets — I shot them all!!

Time to change the film. Stepping into a darkened alcove, I gingerly opened the camera. *Oh, NO!* Horror came over me! I stared at the film — *twisted! entwined!* laced all over the camera case. This was the start of my new education!

Why We Never Read the PORTFOLIO

by Palle Christophersen

The reason is simple.

We couldn't care less! We couldn't care less about other students, College news, activities.

It simply doesn't CONCERN us. Besides — *we have no time.* "Why, don't you know that it's much more important to review your Molads than to keep up with what's going on around College?"

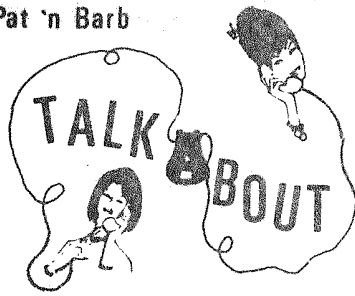
We may have time for "reading the pictures." But the actual articles? File them in the W.P.B.!

Who wants them? Who wants a College paper of glossy print and quality writing — a paper the College deems important enough to devote an entire full-credit academic course to — a paper about you and me.

Who wants to read it?

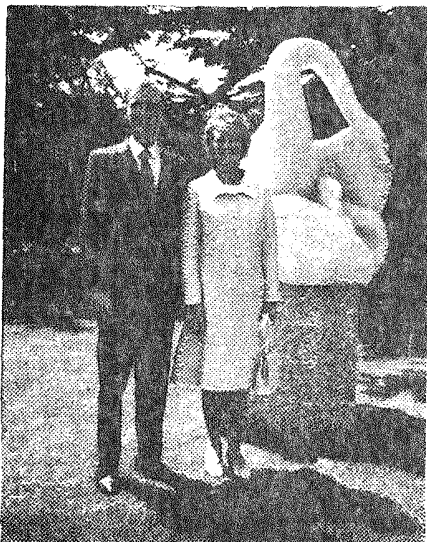
I do. Don't you?

Pat 'n Barb



WELCOME!!

A hearty welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tupper! After leaving Sydney, Australia four weeks ago, the Tupper's have finally arrived. They will be taking classes for a semester or two in Bricket Wood.



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tupper.

RING! RING!

"This is the time of year when a young man's fancy . . ." and with that Mr. Armstrong announced the engagement of Russell Johnson and Faye Bronkar. But that wasn't all -- soon followed the surprise announcement of Russell's assignment to South Africa!

Speaking of South Africa -- congratulations to Bob Vischer and Sharon Phillips on their recent engagement! They will be married in Bricket Wood on June 21.

And Heather White? . . . well, she will be leaving for Canada before too long following her engagement to Danny Banham.



"Good crack!!!"

HUNG UP!

"Memorial Hall, Face Lift?"

"Why, I thought they just painted it!"

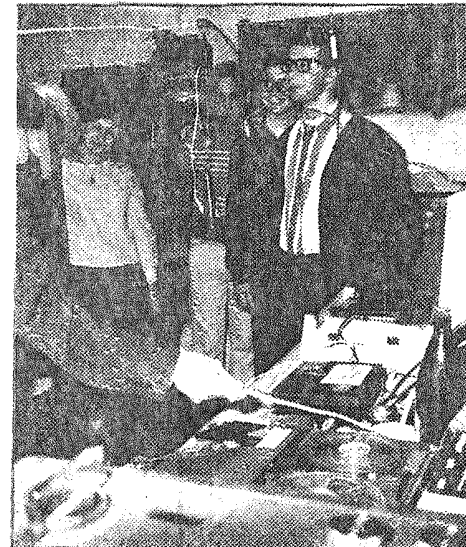
"Oh, well, you know what happens to the Golden Gate Bridge!" Yes and the painters are at it again -- this time with a difference. These painters are special craftsmen. Their specialty? Why, hanging from windows -- it's just the Tarzan yells that we're worried about!

DE JAGER'S LAST STAND!

As the year comes to a close, Seniors prepare for their last speeches in Club. The tension mounts as the time for Club creeps on. At last -- the dramatic moment! Gary DeJager stands . . . and instantly the picture behind him falls! Oh no -- £££ down the drain -- but wait. Mr. Robin Jones deftly catches it. Yes, Gary finally got "the big picture"!!

OPEN HOUSE

The Court was -- well, The Court! The food was great. Loma Hall was feminine and educational (?) . . . for the men! But Lakeside!?!*! Ghastly! One of the rooms which interested me was Lawson Price's -- with binoculars and a



"Surely the rooms aren't always like this!?"

chart of the girls in Loma Hall! Poor John Meakin -- his room is full of Aussies. Then there was Peter Bacon and his jail, Gary DeJager's room with zoologists and botanists, and, oh, so many surprises in each and every room!

The occasion? Open House! I'm glad we only do *that* once a year.

SENIORS' NIGHT OUT

"Hello, my name is Cleopatra."

"Oh, yeah? I'm Jack the Ripper."

"Well, look out, I just saw Sherlock Holmes eating peanuts next to the record player!"

And the Seniors played the Name Game with the help of Mr. McMichael at the McNair's. On May 17, after the Open House, all of us trooped off to an evening of games, jokes, food and beer and just general fun and conversation.

Mr. McNair as host gave the Seniors a number of riddles to work out while we ate hot dogs and sauerkraut. Mr. McMichael and his "brains-trust" -- consisting of 7 or 8 Seniors -- had them all figured out!! -- with all the wrong answers!!

"But our answers are funnier!"

And at about 12:30 A.M. we walked back to the dorm to sleep and dream of a tremendous evening out!

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE

by John Elliott

Do you feel tired and sluggish as you sit there? Are you passive toward lectures? Towards your job? Is your mind tense, tired, unentertained? One proof is the fact that you are sitting, and leaning on both arms!

Read on!! In the next few minutes you will see *why* — and *what* you can do about it.

But first realise that as you are reading this your body is DYING and you are at fault! How? Why?

To understand why, you must realise that you are a mass of cells. Cells into which life-sustaining blood should flow freely. But in 95% of Britons and Americans today, the blood only reaches those cells in the close vicinity of the blood supply. The remote cells are starving for blood. Corpuscule corpses! They are *useless* — DEAD!

What does this mean to *you*? Simple! Dead cells contribute nothing! In effect you are carrying around pounds and pounds of "dead weight". No wonder you are slowing down!

What can you do about it? The blood *must* reach those isolated cells. Get your heart pumping hard enough to *force* the blood through the sluices and tissues.

Doctors and physical education authorities all agree on one point. *Long distance running* is the fastest and most effective way to get your heart pumping, to increase blood circulation and drench those dying blood cells with life-giving plasma.

Mr. Michel agrees wholeheartedly that, in addition to four hours of "sport" a week, every student in Ambassador College needs to run a *minimum* of a mile a day. No, sport class is not enough! Running a short distance doesn't create the pressure needed to force the blood through. You must run to stimulate your "pump" to its *maximum* and for this the mile is set as a *minimum*.

But, of course, you and I know running four or five times around the track is enough to *bore* anyone to tears. Besides you have to do it *alone* in most cases and it *hurts*!

But . . . that is the price for dynamic health.

If you were running six days a week, do you realise what benefits you would be receiving? Imagine, better *vocal power* by increased lung development, radiant health, restful sleep, and alertness on your job, just to name a few. Not only that, but think of the time you'd save by preventing sickness!

So, what are you waiting for? Now is the time to truly, "run for your life!"

(And don't forget — Field Day is not far away now — Ed.)



Second Years in training.

Get to Know -

MR. BUZZARD

by Ken Aime

Naval officer — graduate of Oxford AND Ambassador — proficient linguist — professional musician — keen sportsman — language lecturer . . . meet Mr. Anthony Buzzard.

Mr. Buzzard is a tennis enthusiast who started playing at the age of four with his father, a Wimbledon contestant.

He has teaching diplomas from the Royal College of Music in oboe and piano. While performing Dvorak's "New World Symphony" he met Dr. Wainwright, another oboe player.

After serving two years in the navy, Mr. Buzzard studied French and German at Oxford till 1960, when he received his B.A. and entered Ambassador College, Pasadena. As a student he directed the Pasadena Church choir and taught Freshman Composition. After graduation he assisted Mr. Apartian and wrote for French PCD.

Mr. Buzzard now teaches French and Hebrew. Last summer he studied Hebrew in Israel under Mrs. Reem, the daughter of Ben Yehuda — the man responsible for restoring the language in Israel.

Right now Mr. Buzzard is making every effort to help his favourite student, Barbara Arnold, get her M.R.S. degree.



Mr. Anthony Buzzard.

NO HOPE LEFT

by Lloyd Drover

The waters of the river frothed and bubbled like the boiling lava of a volcano — a mass of churning whirlpools and rip tides ready to suck a man to his death. This was the mighty Churchill and no man could fight its waters and survive.

Had it claimed the life of our companion? We couldn't be sure but the thought was awful! Right now, however, the stifling darkness and drenching rain prevented us from searching further. We were forced to return to camp.

In the warmth of the tent light, we recounted the events of the day.

Three of us had started on this trip. We had anticipated a relaxing weekend — now it looked more like a tragic one. Neil — yes, your old friend and mine, Neil Earle — had been gone since dark. There was no sign of him even after scouring the banks.

Despair pervaded the small tent. Thoughts of a horrible fate haunted us. To relieve the tension, we switched on the radio. Reception was bad, barely audible.

But wait! What was this! What was the announcer saying? A message? For us? *Incredible!* Neil had arrived home safely! *HOW?*

We lay speechless on our beds. How on earth could Neil have covered *thirty miles* of wilderness? Down the river? At night? In a few short hours?.

Next morning we found out.

Neil had walked a good distance downriver, then turned inland, got lost, and stumbled out on a recently constructed highway — the only link with civilization in the formidable wilderness. A construction truck had taken him home.

What a night!

INTENSE: Place where Scouts sleep.

HORSE SENSE: Stable thinking.

Blotches Abolished

by Rod Matthews

Ever stopped to give a thought to that ball point pen you wield daily? Miles of ink stream from it as it constantly labours under your sweaty clutch. It's the student's companion hour by hour, in class, out of class, during assignments, at exams.

But what an obscure and curious history the common biro has!

War demands much of technology. During World War II, Air Force navigators struck trouble at high altitudes — their fountain pens *blotched* maps and charts. Why? Air pressure inside a fountain pen filled at ground level exceeded that outside during high-altitude flight. So exit the ink!

Intensive research resulted in our everyday biro. The ink didn't need a closed chamber because the open-ended reservoir allowed equal pressures on either side of the ink — hence no leaking.

Necessity, as usual, became the mother of invention.

PRUNE: Plum, tuckered out.

The Story Behind -

THE MET CLASS

by Richard Eifers

"The rain in Spain falls mainly on the plain" could well be the theme song for the Meteorology Class. But why does Bricket Wood teach Meteorology? Who was the instigator? Dr. Martin. He had been a weatherman with the U. S. armed forces! So when the College purchased a radio teleprinter in 1967 to gather data from the broadcasts of the British "Met" office, he was eager to incorporate Meteorology into the curriculum.

That next year Dr. Martin and Mr. Portune attended a World Met Organization meeting in Geneva. On display

Students Visit Mecca

by Andrew Silcox

Could we gain entry into this great religious centre? Was it possible for three Ambassador College students to observe and *take part* in the devotions of such an awesome group?

Treading gingerly up the grand marble stairway, our steps brought us to the richly carpeted, pillar-lined foyer. Huge chandeliers glistened like giant raindrops, flinging coloured beams to all corners of the room.

Passing into the salons ordinaires, the lavish richness of the scene staggered us. Again, plush carpeting and gleaming chandeliers. Added to this glory were magnificent vaulted ceilings decorated with frescoes and gold carvings.

Walking among coloured marble columns and gaming tables were richly dressed aristocrats, bronzed playboys and successful businessmen from all over the world. To three Ambassador students, the world-famous Casino of Monte Carlo, the gambling Mecca of the world, was a breathtaking sight to behold.

was a satellite facsimile machine which reproduced photos of cloud patterns from circling satellites like Nimbus and Tiros.

Dr. Martin liked the machine so much that he suggested buying one. The purchase made, Mr. Portune set about to build accessories needed to get the machine functioning properly. The project was completed and we have been getting high quality weather pictures for over a year now. This, combined with our fully-equipped weather station, is another unique feature of the Bricket Wood Campus.

THE CLASS OF 1971

Invites You All To



*The Graduation Ball
June 11th 1970*

BUT WHERE ?

CALAIS IN A DAY

by Mearl Bond

"Hey Pete! Where are you going during the break?"

"Oh, I thought I'd spend a day in St. Albans."

St. Albans!!! Is that the *limit* of your imagination? Or do you have something more exciting planned for *your* next holiday?

How about a trip to France? What! Don't have time? Can't afford *one day*? Yes — one day — that's all it takes!

Don Engle and I made this trip last January, so let me tell you how *you* can do it too.

You don't need to get up too early — six o'clock will be fine. You'll need to eat a good breakfast, though, because you are planning a *full* day of excitement.

The second easy step is to hop on a train to London where you catch a coach or another train bound for Ramsgate.

From Ramsgate you set off for the coast, for Pegwell Bay and . . . the Hovercraft. Then you *skip* the waves in this mechanical marvel, the Hovercraft, at a racing forty knots.

40 minutes later you're in Calais — with as many as two or three hours to discover how good your French really is. You can compare French Club with the real thing. Plenty of time to see the sights and get a good French meal!

But *remember*, you have only *one* day! So you board the Hovercraft again and are *whisked* back across the waves

to Ramsgate. Finally you arrive home at Bricket Wood — *safe and sound*. Back in time to get a good eight hours of sleep!

And think, all this for only £5!!

You don't think it can be done?

You don't believe it's possible?

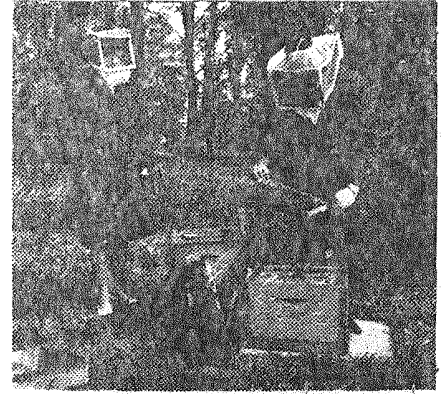
Then hear this! French housewives do it almost *daily*. *Eagerly*, frugal mademoiselles hover across to England to take advantage of lower prices. For them it pays! Britain undermines some of the Common Market costs of living.

If French housewives can make the trip so regularly why can't *you* do it for one special occasion? After all I'm only suggesting you go to Calais by Hovercraft for a holiday. It's an ideal opportunity to broaden the horizons of your education.



. . . or you can cross by ferry.

Liquid Gold



"Bee-ware" or "Bee-wear"?"

by Paul Pels

Beat that tired, worn-out, fatigued feeling! Build energy for the hustle of another College day! How?? Take advantage of that pot of gold on the breakfast table.

Honey, often shunned by students, is the best natural sweetener there is. Protein-packed, honey gives you that extra energy! It gave Sir Edmund Hilary the strength to sheer the heights of Mount Everest.

One pound of honey is equal to 30 eggs, 6 pints of milk, 10 lbs. of green peas, 12 lbs. of apples, or 20 lbs. of carrots. The cleverest chemist cannot come close to this *bee-utiful* food.

Why not substitute honey for those harmful white sugar cubes in your morning cuppa?

Honey is not the elixir of youth or a panacea, but it is a valuable addition to *your* daily diet.

(I hear tell that it also has certain healing properties when applied between the toes! Ed.)

SUPER STUDENT by JDS

