



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.

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# THE "BIG DIG" 1970

## UP TO THE MINUTE REPORT ON PROGRESS SINCE 1969; WHAT THE DIGGERS CAN EXPECT

by Neil Earle

"The eyes of the world are on Jerusalem. It is regarded as a holy city by three great religions — Jewish, Moslem, and Christian. It is the chief geographical centre of Biblical interest for both Jewish and Christian religions, and also to some extent for Moslems."

And for almost two years now Ambassador College has been in joint participation with Hebrew University and the Israel Exploration Society on

the most significant archaeological project in Israel.

Last summer 50 student volunteers spent nine weeks excavating the region adjacent to the South Wall of Solomon's Temple. This year 75 Ambassadors have the opportunity to uncover the area south from Robinson's Arch on the very border of the City of David — the original Mount Zion.

But there will be a few changes.

Students ask "Where will we live this summer?" Ambassador College has exclusive rights to the New Orient Hotel in the Old City. This hotel has three floors, 30 rooms, and is only three quarters of a mile from the site of the excavation. The manager is a friendly Palestinian, Mr. Kem.

And at the Dig itself? *Earthshaking changes! Literally!*

Remember the "L" shaped building housing the Rabbinate and the offices of Professor Mazar? Well, it is now *on stilts*. That's right, on dirt stilts! Professor Mazar's workmen have been digging all winter, now they have eaten around the whole building.

The goal? The very bedrock of the ancient Tyropean Valley which once skirted the western side of the Temple

on Mount Zion.

At the site excitement and anticipation grow daily. And here in England 75 Ambassador students eagerly await D-Day — June 16th.

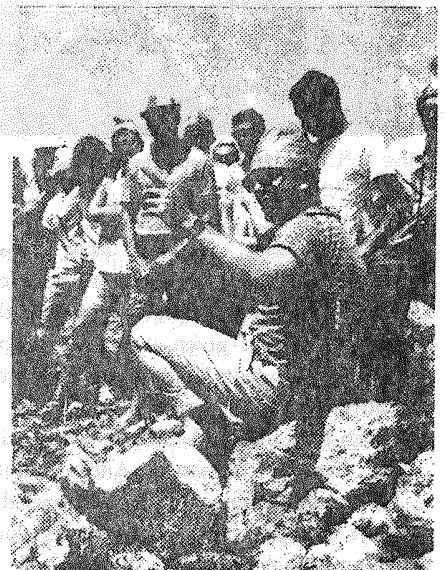
The prospects are exciting. There is always the hope that, in the words of Professor Mazar, "as we dig deeper we shall encounter remains of the Royal Citadel of the Davidic Monarchy."

*Shalom Jerusalem!*

Israel — here we come!



Mr. Armstrong acts as guide.



Dr. Martin acts as guide.



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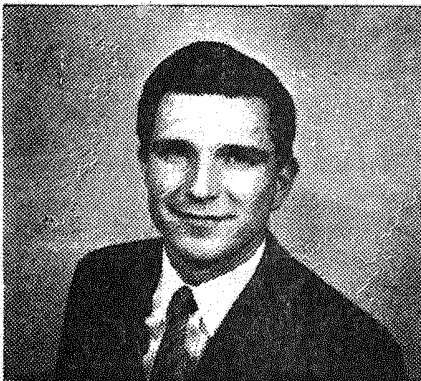
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## SENIOR RECITAL



Helmut Levsen.

by Virginia Howell.

On Tuesday, 26th of May, guests were invited to a concert with a difference in the Music Hall — probably the first of its kind given at Bricket Wood.

Senior student Helmut Levsen entertained with a talented virtuoso recital in which he took us around the world with his theme of romance. And certainly, his accomplishment as a baritone displays the advantages of four years' voice training at Ambassador College.

# Education for Executives

by Tony Morrell

"The Inn on the Park Hotel."

Newest luxury hotel in London; magnificently furnished and poised proudly alongside the Hilton.

I stepped out of the escalator onto the sumptuous second floor, then stopped. For the first time, the realisation hit me of something that before had been just an idea—a concept. I glimpsed a few of the tangible, very visible benefits of the training we are privileged to receive.

"Executives" were what the company were looking for.

"Men with personality, capable of managing and motivating people" they had advertised.

I had been surprised even to be accepted for an interview. But now here I was, strangely at home within the finery of one of the world's top hotels. I knocked confidently at the heavy wooden door of the Mayfair suite.

Suddenly the dream dissolved!

I was being ushered into a richly furnished room, the air heavy with the aroma of Castellas. Through the bluish haze I could see the very clear figures of seven other men. I was not alone in my reply to the advertisement.

Seven men. And the youngest a good ten years older than I was. I was discouraged. It seemed impossible.

Yet, two hours later, and a job available whenever I want it, I resolved *never again* to sell short Ambassador College.

Listen. Do you realize that business men by the score like those I encountered at that interview are spending hundreds of pounds every year in a desperate attempt to be more like *you!* That's right. And yet all the Dale Carnegie courses in the world would never give a man the priceless opportunities that even the Freshmen speech classes enjoy. Where else would you ever have such opportunities to learn to communicate and develop the right kind of confidence? There simply aren't any speech classes which can compare to those we take so much for granted.

Not only that. Add to this, years of living in a cultural environment, the appreciation of fine things, the social graces. And you know, we've only *begun* to scratch the surface of all the countless benefits.

Build these onto an understanding of psychology and people — a deep realisation of what life is all about — and what do you have?

The end product is a training unparalleled in all the world. Yes, YOU have something to *offer!* YOU have something to *give.* Your Ambassador College training has *given you* something that any employer would be keen to hire!

We heard "Der Neugierige" by Franz Schubert and "Caro Mio Ben" (Dear Love of Mine) by Giuseppe Giordani. We learned "Love Has Eyes", by Sir Henry Bishop and were enchanted by the melody of "My Lovely Celia" by George Monro.

The second half was opera time by Mozart and Giovanni. Carol Ince joined Helmut in the duet "Two foot, Three Foot" from "The Marriage of Figaro" illustrating the brief frustrations of a

newly wed couple over hats and pictures — of all things! The next number was dedicated to the Seniors, "Say Good-bye Now to Past-time And Play, Lad". Then Helmut again pleaded with Carol as she joined him in the duet from "Don Giovanni", "You'll Lay Your Hand In Mine, Dear."

This delightful evening came to a close with a stirring Jewish number displaying the glory of Jerusalem, Naomi Shemer's "Yerushala'im Shel Zahav."

# WINE AND OIL



Dr. Stewart.

by Barry Short

Nothing but wine and oil! That's how the First Aid Department started.

In those days the fighting force comprised just one midwife. But soon reinforcements arrived. Dr. Stewart became Campus doctor and joined the Faculty as a lecturer. Then about three and a half years ago Dr. Clements took her place as resident nurse. And last year Miss Firman began her duties as midwife. Together this efficient medical force now provides a three-pronged attack on College ills. They deftly handle anything from sore throats to gardeners' and janitors' skin irritations. And although student health is rated generally good, these are two of the major problems. But the very worst ailment around Campus is — yes . . . way ahead of me . . . the dreaded, highly contagious, yet much-disregarded Athlete's Foot. But be of good cheer, for a solution has arrived! Those tingling tootsies can now become vibrant with new life. A special cream has been issued to all students. And this, coupled with some common-sense care, should keep our old foe at bay. For the future, an infirmary would be a useful addition to the Department. But for now the First Aid room is the centre of activity. There, tests are typed, wounds are stitched, and babies are weighed.

And they *still* use wine and oil!!!

## ESAJH calling WAZYXH

by Charles Owen

Did you know that the Big Sandy campus is now much nearer Bricket Wood? In fact it is no further than the Science Lab, which houses the modern amateur radio equipment.

Every Wednesday at 3 p.m.—8 a.m. Big Sandy time — the aerial on top of Memorial Hall begins to transmit signals which flash instantly across the Atlantic to the Big Sandy campus.

"This is GSAJH calling WAZYXH portable 5 on schedule, go ahead please" . . . and the transatlantic conversation between Mr. John Portune and Deane Koeneke in Big Sandy, Texas begins.

Recently *your* personal messages to *your* friends across the Atlantic were summarised and transmitted to Big Sandy where they were recorded and

replayed later to the students there. Similar news was received and recorded at this end.

This event could mark the beginning of a new era in which the campuses are brought even closer together by direct instant personal contact.

In Pasadena, Mr. Dart is working on obtaining his amateur license and hopes to join the ring to make it a trio. If Mr. Frankel in Jerusalem is able to get his license, then the trio will become a quartet and we will have a direct link, a hot line, to Jerusalem itself. South Africa may be next on the list as the snow ball begins to roll.

So if you have a message you would like to send to Big Sandy, write it on a 3 x 5 card and drop it in at the Science Lab before next Wednesday.

## SURFING WHERE?

Flying spray, tangy sea, the thrill of a wild, wet experience, the exhilaration of one of the hottest, coolest high performance sports the world can offer!

Surfing has taken the world by storm. The rage of Californian and Australian beaches, it is now breaking on the British shores. And Newquay, Cornwall, where the great Atlantic crashes unchecked onto firm golden sands, is fast becoming a surfer's city! Bronzed bodies bustle about the streets; wet swim suits wander towards the ocean: and everywhere car roofs sprout boards!

Cornwall offers fire surfing — some say the best in the world — especially

for beginners. The surf runs high but not too dangerously. And although the water is warm, the Gulf Stream has no shark danger. So if you'd like a thrilling athletic summer, why don't *you* try the foaming surf of east Cornwall!

*Feel the pace* — the finger to toe-tip sensation! Experience the thrills and the spills for yourself!

## Dr. Carruthers

by Tony Morrell

Liverpool-born Dr. Don Carruthers has returned to his homeland. But only temporarily! He is still officially a member of the Pasadena faculty. And it is to the Headquarters Campus that our visitor will return in a year's time.

For the present though, Dr. Carruthers is a key figure at the Radlett Press. In addition to his technological responsibilities there, he is also furthering his studies into air pollution in one of London's universities.

Even though he's probably only with us for a short while, we'd like to take this opportunity to welcome Dr. Carruthers home to Britain.

Barry and Surf-board.



# THE CLASS OF '70

*Here's where the Senior men are headed -*

North America

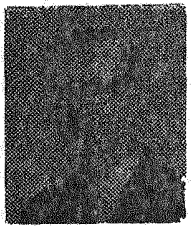
Britain.

Germany

Helmut Levsen -- Niebull

U.S.A.

- Chris Hunting -- Pasadena
- Jim McNeese -- Texas
- Tony Morrell -- Texas
- Dave Odor -- Miami, Florida
- Ken Smylie -- Washington D.C.
- Jim Wiseman -- Tennessee



*And the Senior girls -*

**Europe, and South Africa**



Bricket Wood

- |               |                    |
|---------------|--------------------|
| Peter Butler  | John Meakin        |
| Alan Corrie   | Mr. Gordon Norling |
| John Dunn     | Mr. Charles Owen   |
| Gary De Jager | Bob Speer          |
| Dr. McCarthy  |                    |

- David Gunn -- Glasgow/Newcastle  
 Lawson Price -- London

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| Bricket Wood  |               |
| Margaret Bond | Wendy Millman |
| Jean Bristow  | Kathy Searls  |
| Connie Coates | Cheryl Tupper |

- U.S.A.  
 Judy Foster -- Camphill, Pennsylvania  
 Pat Nelson -- Tennessee  
 Donna Shonyo -- Miami, Florida  
 Barbara Wilson -- Texas

- South Africa  
 Faye Bronkar -- Johannesburg  
 Sharon Phillips -- Natal

- Australia  
 Sonnie Schaer -- Sydney  
 New Zealand  
 Margaret Larkin -- Auckland



**Australia**

- Sydney  
 David Fraser  
 Mr. Rex Lehmann  
 Bruce Tyler



**South Africa**

- Russell Johnson -- Johannesburg  
 Bob Vischer -- Natal



Sydney

# Senior Scramble



Pat 'n Barb



### CONGRATULATIONS!!

Exciting news and opportunities for four of our Junior men! Mark Ellis, David Stirk, Peter Bacon and Bob Geringer have been added to the Visiting Programme.

Others have been given opportunities, too -- the trip of a lifetime -- a transfer to Pasadena. Jon Buck and Linda Eagle are "California bound" for next year and Bill Farr is going back to his ol' stompin' ground too!

### WELCOME!

--To you new Diggers of 1970! On Wednesday, Bricket Wood welcomed 35 Diggers from Big Sandy and Pasadena just in time for Field Day, the Graduation Dance, and (whew!) Brunch this morning! Shalom!

### SPEAKING OF THE DIG. . .

Loma Hall's own Wailing Wall has been demolished. The wall outside the Men's dorm blocking off our lovely view has been removed permanently! All a part of landscaping the beautiful gardens behind Loma Hall. Hard work? Yes, but ask Jim McNeese and Fred Martin, who helped Mr. Silcox's crew, how much fun it was! (Just like old times in "J-town," huh?)

### ENGAGEMENTS!

"There's something mathematical about this one, right Pat?"  
"Right, Barb!"

You see, Pat and I lived together the first semester and wrote our column together. And now -- we write up our own engagements. See if you can figure it out:  $X+Y=Jim^2$   
Patis X and Barb is Y. The answer? A solution for happiness!

# STRANDED AT CALAIS



Gordon demonstrates his powers of persuasion.

by Thomas Harper

Stranded! Six Freshmen in a van on the beach at the Calais Hoverport. In front of us loomed the wire gate of the French Customs. Our passports had been taken. Entry into France had been refused.

Visions of a wrecked holiday rushed mockingly through six disappointed minds.

Surely after all our preparations we couldn't be turned back now! The hours spent in planning the route, the money carefully scraped together, the weeks of anticipation, the packing -- was it all to be in vain?

Surely our holiday wasn't going to be wrecked by two careless little slips? Surely forgetting to pack one little card -- a piece of cardboard that showed we

were insured on the Continent -- and mislaying the van's logbook, weren't going to wreck our holiday?

Without the Green Card we couldn't get into France! Without the logbook we couldn't buy French Insurance! All seemed lost!

Suddenly the spritely figure of Gordon Muir came tearing out of the Customs building. Into the van he leapt, scrambling desperately for his suitcase. Frantically he outlined the situation to us -- the French Customs Officer wasn't going to sign the insurance unless we produced the logbook.

But we had no logbook! Could Gaelic Brain outwit Gallic brawn?

We were desperate. Audacious last-ditch measures were called for!

A triumphant shout and a bottle of whiskey emerged from the suitcase!

This was our last resort. Would the Highland dew melt the Gallic stubbornness? Tensely we waited. The minutes ticked by.

At last Gordon came from the building. Not a flicker of emotion showed on his face as he climbed into the van.

It was unbearable! Had he succeeded or hadn't he?

Suddenly, with a laugh, he pulled out a piece of white paper -- *our French Insurance!* Whiskey had triumphed over stubbornness!

### OBITUARY.

The Editor, Associate Editor and Sports Editor dedicate this space to Karyl Lynne Coates. Her efforts on behalf of the PORTFOLIO during the past year have always been above and beyond the call of duty. The Egyptology Department of the British Museum is pleased to award her an honorary degree in deciphering hieroglyphics, and she is also highly commended for her handling of typographical errors.

Late nights, early mornings -- Karyl was always there to help ensure the articles were typed to get the PORTFOLIO and SPORT-FOLIO out on time. Thanks, Karyl --

without you we couldn't have made it!!!



Miss PORTFOLIO, 1970

Exclusive Interview with -

# STUDENT DRUG PUSHER

by Robert Fox

It was a heavy, clammy day when we arrived. The overcast sky was beginning to break up into patches of bright blue. So this was Amsterdam — city of contrast.

The city was clean looking compared with London. Its unique interlocking canal system seemed to prevent the usual swirling helter-skelter rush of traffic found in most cities. The sun was glinting on the bobbing water ripples. The occasional creak of timber could be heard from passing barges. Here was a city with built-in tranquility.

We walked along gaily coloured streets past numerous cafes, heading for the main city square. At this stage you could hardly help but think the best of the city. After all, the last thing I was thinking about at this time was a social menace such as *the drug problem*. Far less did I realise as I turned a corner, that I was now looking upon a scene of *potential tragedy!*

Suddenly I was confronted by 100-150 Hippies sitting around a statue in small groups! I climbed a flight of stone steps and walked once around this motley gathering. A stranger beckoned me.

"Hey! Which part of the States are you from, Friend?"

"I, er, well actually I'm English," I replied.

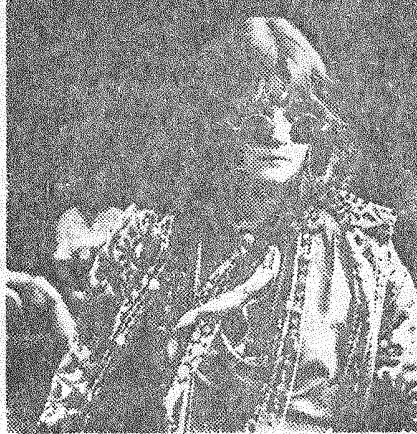
A few opening gambits — and then came the bombshell!

"£10 an ounce!" he said.

"An ounce of what?" I asked naïvely.

"Finest quality Hash!" he retorted.

I responded to this potential news scoop. Here I was interviewing a *professional drug pusher!*



Hippies in England.



"Just how quickly could you make it available if I paid you now?"

"Immediately!"

"Are these other people here smoking marijuana?" I pointed to a small group of people who were passing a single cigarette around.

"Sure! I would say the majority of those here have tried it!"

"But that's incredible!" I said. "How come you are allowed to use drugs in public? What about the city police?"

"Oh, them! They just can't cope with the situation. In fact it is so bad that they refuse to consider us as a realistic problem. They *compromise*, and turn a blind eye to us here on the square. If they arrested every one of us there would not be enough jails in Holland to accommodate us all!"

"But, look, do you take these drugs yourself?"

"NO!" (emphatically)

"Yet you push them?"

"Sure... it's a free world!"

"What are your reasons for coming to Amsterdam?"

"Look, I need cash. I can make nearly £20 a day here. It's enough to pay my way through college!" (He's a sophomore at Pittsburgh University.)

He had a cool, calculating manner, which made it all sound like a fairy tale. The inactivity of the whole scene numbed me. I asked him what his plans were for the immediate future before returning to University.

He replied, "I think I'd like to spend a few weeks in London — near your famous centre — yeah, that's it — your Piccadily Circus!"

## SUPER STUDENT by JDS

