



ISSUE



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE ... BRICKET WOOD, HERTS.



Vol. 12, No. 1.

Sept 24th, 1970.

*As We Enter a New Decade*

*Thank You, Mr. Armstrong*

Ambassador College—a school that is different, vastly different from any other college or university in the country. A young college, a distinguished college, and an astoundingly successful college.

Just ten years ago Ambassador College, Bricket Wood was founded. Since that time it has flourished and grown at a rate that would *stagger* any outside educational expert. You could almost call it a phenomenon — a miracle — if

you didn't understand the secrets behind the success.

Ambassador College is a college of contrasts — contrasts which provide one of the very essences of its success — BALANCE. Here the courses range from Archaeology to Agriculture, from Computer Programming to Domestic Science, from History to Hebrew. And what is more, we students are required

to cover a wide range of these courses in our *complete* education. Specialization is out — *way out* for any Ambassador student aiming for executive qualifications!

So now, in this special feature issue of the PORTFOLIO, let's take a look at the development of Ambassador College throughout the past ten years. Let's take a look at success!



**FACULTY ADVISOR**  
Robin G. Jones

**EDITOR**  
Neil Earle

**ASSOCIATE EDITORS**  
David Hulme  
Orest Solyma

**SPORTS EDITOR**  
Bob Gerringer

**STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Dennis Parkes

**REPORTERS**

Richard Elfers                      John Meakin  
Bob Gerringer                      Pat Nelson  
Peter McLean                      Barry Short

**CIRCULATION MANAGER**  
Colin Cato

Published fortnightly by Ambassador  
College, Bricket Wood, England

Copyright © 1970 Ambassador College

## Opportunities

by Pat Nelson

1961 saw the beginning of the Grand Tours — a la bicyclette. That first year 12 bicycles were purchased and in the next few years dozens of Ambassadors pedalled from Flanders Fields to the Black Forest.

In 1963, fifteen Ambassador men had the opportunity to take a bicycle tour through many European countries: France, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, etc.

A three-day excursion to Paris in 1965 for the entire student body gave a new outlook — and organized trips are now traditional. Lasting from three days to three weeks, they are enjoyed by three students, or as many as thirty.

And of course, there's the Senior Trip. The "pioneer" trip in April, 1966, paved the way for future knowledge-giving adventures!

These journeys abroad are wonderful opportunities used to give the students a broader education. And they add enjoyment, fun and variety to an already full and productive life.

# EDUCATION FOR A KING

by John Meakin

Is Ambassador Education first rate?

Does it give sufficient depth?

Let Prince Charles unfold the answer . . .

The Prince of Wales and heir apparent to the throne of England, has followed a *unique* path in his education. It closely parallels *your* life at Ambassador College.

Let's draw back the curtain on a King's Education.

The first school he attended was chosen for three major reasons. It provided the best *general* education available, a tight family atmosphere, and an international environment due to the varied foreign backgrounds of the pupils.

Then, at Cheam Prep School, emphasis was laid on practical skills and sport. During this time he developed an enduring interest in music, and learnt to play the piano.

Gordonstoun, his next school, was founded in 1934 when Dr. Kurt Hahn purchased a 17th century mansion with 300 acres of Scottish Moorland. It opened with only *three* boys and a handful of lecturers. Now one of Britain's foremost Public Schools, its major aim is to develop the whole man — "a balanced man — fully developed in physical and intellectual capacities and dedicated to the common weal".

Great accent was laid on service, the development of self-reliance and self-control. Gardening, emptying dustbins, making beds, janitorial work and waiting at the meal tables were essential parts of the curriculum intended to develop this idea of service. Even an "early-bird" system functioned to wake up students in the morning.

Before his final year at Gordonstoun, Charles became a "transfer student" for a year at Timbertop in Australia. There the principles of a King's Education were continued. He himself said . . . "The most wonderful part was the opportunity to travel . . . and also the chance to meet so many people . . . The happiness of Timbertop is the kind that comes to people whose time is so fully occupied they never have a moment to consider whether they are happy or not."

The next step in the Prince's education was University — Trinity College, Cambridge. The primary reason for this choice was the comprehensive character of the Undergraduate body.

"The Prince would have the chance to mix with and make friends among all ranks and classes of his future subjects. *Nothing could be more essential to the development of a 21st century king.*"

The point is this. The Queen and Prince Philip preside as sentinels over a King's education. For the future king of England, they searched the world over for an upbringing suitable for his calling.

Yet the Ambassador education embodies all that the Queen could desire.

Nowhere on the face of the earth can all of these principles be taught together under one roof except at Ambassador College.

Personality and character development, a broad-based general education, the fully developed balanced man — these were seen by the Queen as basic prerequisites for a future king.

So is Ambassador College first rate?

Some scorn a broad-based education and say that it lacks sufficient depth.

They say it cannot be compared to today's specialised Universities.

But is this true?

Let Prince Charles' education speak out in answer.

(continued on page 3)

# SPECIAL ASSEMBLY



“... in commemoration of ten successful years.”

by Peter Butler

Flash-back — Spring, 1970 — the Assembly came to order. And the students tensed, silent and expectant! Mr. McNair was to make an announcement.

He seemed more solemn, more secretive than ever. But he was going to take us into his confidence! Yet, even then, only in vague references and veiled hints. The matter was *top secret!* “Don’t whisper it outside these four walls, don’t even *dream* about it!” he admonished.

And then — that unforgettable Special Assembly on June 11th. School was out! Why an Assembly *now*? Were we to be addressed by Royalty?

No! Finally the time had come! The secret could be told, the mystery unveiled.

And Mr. McNair, beaming with smiles, presented to Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong, our Chancellor, that *special* gift! The gift which the Faculty and students had guarded so closely for two whole months.

It was *beautiful!* The emblem, from the College Seal, of the lion, the lamb, and the little boy of Isaiah 11, cast in solid silver by C. J. Vander, one of the foremost silversmiths in the world today.

Inscribed in the plaque — “June 1970. Presented to Herbert W. Armstrong, Chancellor, by the Faculty and Students of Ambassador College, United Kingdom — in commemoration of ten successful years.”

## EDUCATION FOR A KING

(continued from page 2)

“In *General Knowledge* the Prince was *decidedly* ahead of most boys of his age. He had an interest in a great variety of subjects... If this meant he was expanding his range of interests at the expense of depth in the subjects he was studying — it was no bad thing in a boy who would in later life have to be *all things to all men.*”

And that’s the *essence* of a King’s Education!!

To produce a *complete* man, armed with sterling character and equipped with a *balanced* personality, having a comprehensive general knowledge. A man fully capable of taking a *productive* place in Society *now*... and in the case of Ambassador Students, in the World Tomorrow — as kings and rulers.

AND THAT IS FIRST RATE!!

(Quotations throughout from “*To Be A King*” by Dermot Morrab)

## Pacesetters-

# THE FACULTY OF 1960-61

by Neil Earle

Let’s go back. Let’s explore. Imagine yourself a pioneer student in that fledgling first year at Bricket Wood. Who are your instructors? Who comprised the 1960-61 Faculty?

Freshmen might get a shock in Church History. Mr. Hunting? *No.* Memorial Hall resounded to Mr. Roderick Meredith’s vigorous survey of the four Gospels. Vigorous indeed! For Mr. Meredith was our able Athletic Director that first year, and all the men met him yet again in our one and only speech class.

Mr. McNair was already the Guidance Counsellor for men, a responsibility that blended in with his main concern as Pastor of the British Churches. But in addition to these demands he found time to teach Bible classes as well.

Then, as now, mainly upperclass students registered for International Relations. All 8 of them! The instructor? Dr. Benjamin Rea. Dr. Rea also lectured in Geography, Spanish, and Fourth Year Bible.

But suppose you had a class conflict? Imagine if English class, taught by Mr. David Wainwright, clashed with Mr. Leon Walker’s typing class. The Registrar — Mr. Ernest Martin — could help. Mr. Martin, like Dr. Rea, doubled as administrator-lecturer. His teaching schedule included Theology and Speech. In addition, he was Bricket Wood’s Professor of History.

Need some help in research for Mr. Boraker’s *Journalism* class? Check with the librarian — Miss Shirley Engelbart — now Mrs. Robin Jones.

And for balance? The Music Hall was always available even in that first year. Dr. Abbott diligently drilled the Ambassador Singers as Instructor in Voice and Music. This, then, was the ’60-61 Faculty — the pioneer instructors who set the *pounding pace* for Bricket Wood’s first decade!

# Ambassador College in Switzerland - THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

Why an Ambassador College in Bricket Wood? How did the original *idea* for a European College materialize?

To answer this, let's go back over 20 years, for it was in 1947, before the College in Pasadena opened its doors, that Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong first realized the eventual need of a college in Europe.

Mr. Armstrong tells the story best in his own words in his *Autobiography*. "It may come as a surprise to many readers, but the conception of a second college abroad actually was generated in late December, 1946, or early January, 1947."

Mr. Armstrong was concerned about the College's future. He knew we had to have people trained in many languages to serve in this great educational work throughout the world. "I felt the average foreign language course, as taught in most colleges, inadequate. I wanted our young people to be taught to speak these languages as the natives of those countries do — without a foreign accent. This is almost impossible, as taught in an American classroom. I felt students needed to actually *live* in these foreign countries, learning the languages there."

About that time a business associate drew Mr. Armstrong's attention to a fine, modern five-story villa in south-eastern Switzerland on beautiful Lake Lugano.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong left New York aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* on February 19th, 1947.

Early in March Mr. Armstrong wrote: "We took a boat trip down the lake, east, to the very end of Lake Lugano. About two miles east of here is the Italian border. . . . This afternoon, for the first time, we saw what we have come 9,000 miles to see — 'Heleneum' — the possible future seat in Europe of Ambassador College. . . . On arrival, we stepped into the most beautiful and elegant interior we had ever seen. It *far* surpasses what we expected! It is the ideal home for Ambassador College in

Europe. It is adequately designed to house forty or fifty students, besides supplying six classrooms, library, lounge, and dining hall. Its atmosphere would automatically breed culture, poise and refinement into students. . . . I am now convinced we must have our European branch. Switzerland appears the only place for it."

However, before the final papers were signed, economic problems forced Mr. Armstrong to temporarily postpone definite commitment, and in the meantime the owners decided not to sell "Heleneum", after all.

But Mr. Armstrong did not give up his hope of a European College. After arriving in London from Switzerland, he wrote to the office staff in Eugene, Oregon, on March 18th of that same year, "I have been shown a fine large building. . . right on this fabulous Park Lane boulevard, just a half block from our hotel — the Dorchester — here in London. . . . I was advised that we very likely could purchase, with use permit for a college. . . .

"If it were not for the foreign language angle, I believe I would prefer to have it here. . . . It might ultimately work out that we would have *two* European units — one in London, one in Switzerland. We are the *first* to have the vision of such a college. It is something entirely new in the world of education. It's something big! It will be accomplished. But it will take time."

In his autobiography Mr. Armstrong continues: "God did guide and lead — *not* the way I then planned. But He *did*, in His due time, which was the year 1960, establish His college overseas.

"He did not establish it in Switzerland, but on the outskirts of London. NOT in that fine but very old stone building in congested down-town London, but just outside, in the scenic Green Belt, with a 180-acre campus, beautiful and colourful gardens and lawns, adequate buildings, spacious grounds. . . . And instead of a maximum of 40 or 50 students, we already have around 250 students on that campus."

# MEMORIAL HA



Sir David Yule's Library — our Reference Room

by Bob Gerringer

The centre of academic activity on the Bricket Wood campus of Ambassador College is the Richard David Armstrong Memorial Hall. A showpiece of Georgian architectural design and beauty, Sir David Yule's family house was easily adaptable for use as a functional college building. And since its change of name in 1960, "Hanstead House" has seen many other changes in its first decade of valuable service.

Let's highlight the activities of the past ten years in the Hall.

During that time students have slept, eaten, worked and studied here, attended lectures here; and used the library facilities here. But today it seems our ever-expanding library is making a powerful bid to take over almost all of the ground floor.

Sir David Yule's library room was originally the sole domain of our fledgling library. But then it only housed 1,000 books. Soon there were 6,000 and the shelves were bulging. The library was on the march! It annexed territory after territory until today, with 30,000 books on the shelves, it occupies four of the ground floor rooms, and continued expansion still threatens "ominously."

The Yules' Lounge (now housing our religious references) was the first to fall before the library's onslaught. Lady Yule had this room equipped for rapid conversion into a private cinema,

# L REVISITED

complete with two film projectors and a wide-wall screen.

Where next will the Library reach out its ever-grasping tentacles? The Science Lab? Can you imagine a Library room situated in the butler's pantry? That's what it used to be! Perhaps we had better let the Science Department remain here. At least the lecture room is used for Nutrition class.

And the Domestic Science rooms? Once a kitchen, always a kitchen! Mrs. Abbott hopes so anyway. For the "Hanstead House" kitchen occupied the same area where our girls now learn the culinary art! And for a while Mrs. Horn cooked all the College meals on one old stove in there. The Sewing room? For a few months before the College opened, the entire British Mailing Department used to work there. Then it became the Faculty Dining Room. And all this before it was extended with the addition of the new vestibule in 1967!

Meanwhile upstairs! Here the Faculty march in! At least they did in 1968 when Loma Hall was completed, for then the girls moved out and gave up their dormitory space in the "Servants' Quarters" to the Faculty for administration offices. It had belonged to the girls for four of the first 8 years of College.

And the lecture rooms? Room 1 used to be Sir David's Master bedroom. Lady Yule favoured Room 2, and Miss Gladys Yule slept in Room 4. Room 3 — the Language Laboratory — was their breakfast room, and guests stayed in Room 5, now a library office. Mr. Silcox lived for awhile in Room 1 when he was working on the grounds before the College opened. He can remember elaborate decorations, fitted cupboards and closets, built in beds, and bathroom annexes with marble panelled walls in *all* the bedchambers!

Back down the stairs now to the Reception Hall. This alone has the same use as in the days of Sir David. But before we leave this lovely mansion, how about a drink? Hey, wait! No wine cellars! No, sorry, the wine store is now the Library's "Stack Room" and Book Store. Try the Common Room!

# GRADUATES



## THE GLOBE

by Neil Earle and Barry Short

From Durban to Düsseldorf! From Pasadena, California, to Jerusalem, Israel! Bricket Wood graduates span the globe. Ten years of surging activity have made the English campus the Sandhurst for the Overseas offices and areas of the Foreign Work. Dedicated, productive young men and women take their places alongside graduates from Pasadena and Big Sandy in a furious effort to disseminate the TRUE education amongst all nations. Here then are some of the graduates, the products of Bricket Wood's first decade. Meet a few of those who have set the *pounding pace* for the Graduates of the Seventies!

1) *Mr. and Mrs. Colin Wilkins* — the first native Englishman to complete four years at Bricket Wood, Mr. Wilkins now plays a key role as our Area Representative in Geneva, Switzerland. Little did he realize that his undergraduate French courses at Ambassador College helped prepare him for vital service to the French-speaking peoples of Europe!

2) *Mr. and Mrs. Carr Catherwood* — Northern France is the present bailiwick of Mr. Catherwood. One of the original pioneers at Bricket Wood, Mr. Catherwood graduated in 1961.

3) *Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fahey* — A transfer student to Bricket Wood in 1963, Mr. Fahey was Student Body Vice-President in 1964-65. After a stint in Scotland it was off to Melbourne, Australia. Climax? No! Mr. Armstrong approved his appointment as our representative in South Africa last year.

4) *Mr. and Mrs. Richard Frankel* — Mr. Frankel was the youngest student in the Freshman class of 1961. Yet he went on to become Student Body Vice-President in 1966-67. Two and one-half years after that, Mr. Frankel was assigned to the Jerusalem office, a top-priority!

5) *Mr. and Mrs. Reg Platt* — Melbourne is the latest post for Mr. Platt. Student Body President in 1963-64, Mr. Platt was soon sent to America to handle responsibilities in the New Hampshire area. Now he represents us in a prolific part of the Work.

6) *Mr. and Mrs. Keith Crouch* — Mr. Crouch has set a furious pace since being Freshman Class President at Bricket Wood in 1964-65. He graduated from Pasadena after being transferred there as a three-year student. Now he handles a key post under Mr. Wayne Cole in the Sydney office.

7) *Mr. and Mrs. Graemme Marshall* — Our Office Manager at Auckland graduated in 1966. While at College he was both Freshman and Sophomore Class President and climaxed his undergraduate career as Student Body Vice-President. A busy four years? But today's responsibilities in a growing area are even more so.

8) *Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown* — A man who needs no introduction to any of us. Mr. Brown came here in 1962, was President of his class the first three years and climaxed his undergraduate career in 1964-65 as Student Body President! Now he assists Mr. Albert Portune with the worldwide business affairs of the Work.

9) *Mr. and Mrs. Colin Adair* — Manila — far flung outpost of the Ambassador Extension Programme. Yet even this office is staffed by a Bricket Woodite — and an Irishman at that! A former Student Body President in 1965-66, Mr. Adair was sent to the Philippines Office in July of this year, after representing the College in Northern Britain and central Canada.

We could go on and on! An Ambassador College education spells success for zealous graduates. This is clearly proved by simply taking a quick glance at the lives of these nine former Bricket Wood students.

# Home Sweet Home?

by Barbara Wilson

Ten girls living in the News Bureau! Four in Mr. McMichael's office! P.C.D. rooms, Faculty offices — all were host to Ambassador ladies — barely two years ago.

Now the men didn't *really* live in a horse stable before Lakeside was built! Lakeside *was* a stable those first few years — but the men weren't there. They resided in the Imperial School building, Nigh House, and the house next to the "Fox and Hounds" (convenient, huh?)

Before Loma Hall was built, the women had been on the move too. When the College opened, the servants section of Memorial Hall was the only dormitory area for girls. The debut of The Court in 1962 heralded a brief period of luxury only to be outgrown with the rising number of students. Once again every corner was pressed into use. I remember as a Freshman living with 19 other girls in Memorial Hall. We had two study rooms, 2 showers, and easy access to Lectures. We could make a cup of tea between 9 and 10 o'clock classes (and use the same tea bag in the afternoon!)

And of course, Nigh House. If we ignored the mice and the wind in the winter it was just like home! But, oh how we hated it when the gardeners would park the manure tractor on the street right in front!

Since my Freshman year we haven't really had any "hardships" like the earlier students did. Mr. Paul Suckling used to enjoy telling us all of the experiences the men had while living at *the Bothy* (Imperial School). They had to run down to College for morning exercises, then back home, change clothes, clean up the room, and be back here for breakfast at 7 sharp (none of this come-when-you-feel-like-it breakfast.)

But whatever the problems, those students can look back on fond memories of using every nook and cranny for a bed or desk or p.c. We certainly have plenty to be thankful for now.

(I always *was* afraid of mice!)

# FACULTY REFLECTIONS

by Mr. G. Marx

The most successful invasion of Britain ever attempted occurred on June 13, 1960, when the first contingent of 7 American students reached the shores of this ancient Island.

Captained by the Faculty, an ideal area three miles south-east of the ancient Roman town of Verulamium was earmarked for settlement. But *recruits* were desperately needed. A call went out and soon 24 reinforcements were added to the battalion.

But these foreign *invaders* encountered enemies, one of which was the innate English characteristic of gossip. A report in a London newspaper had warned of a *spy ring* operating in this area. For the English — always suspicious and apprehensive of foreign elements — it was inevitable that their eyes would focus immediately upon the new settlement.

The drama intensified. In the fledgling College, work opportunities were scarce. Some students searched the neighbouring vicinity. One Ambassador College woman telephoned Handley Page. Did they have a secretarial vacancy? An uncomfortable silence followed. The Personnel Manager had his

suspensions aroused. Why the *foreign* accent, where are you from, how did you know we had a vacancy, what do you mean "college student". There's no college near here!

Then there was Jose Antonio Casado Olmo, an unforgettable character from Spain. Before coming to Ambassador College Jose had already added to his illustrious career a complete study of Spanish love songs.

Working as a janitor in Memorial Hall, "Caruso" Casado's voice permeated every nook and cranny.

No one ever did find it difficult to locate our Spanish *recruit* — the 1960 voice of *Muzak*. Our minstrel from Spain certainly added flavour during that first year.

On a different note, the first Sport's Day was a highly exciting event. Since the Olympic standard track was not even in the planning stage then, an instant all-grass (all-field) running track was created overnight. Ironically, our fastest runner — in attempting to qualify for the finals fell into a hole in the grass. But it didn't stop every event producing a new hay-field record!

Such was life . . . then!

## THE HOME FARM

by Peter McLean

A herd of cows slowly plod their way home in the failing twilight. Up the path from the woods, through the big, rustic gates, into the farmyard. Beside the gates is a single-storied generator house throbbing away to light the Estate as evening draws nigh.

From the middle of the quadrangle comes the clatter of churns and cattle gently lowing in their milking stalls.

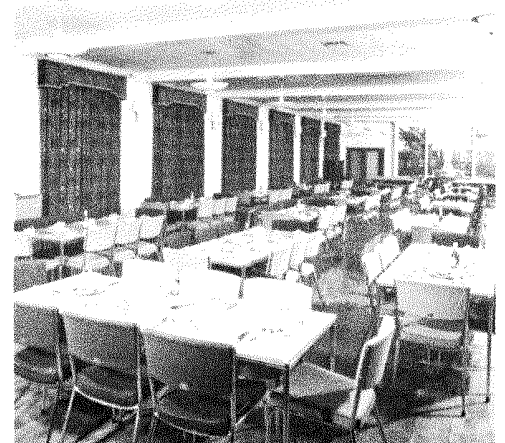
Look around the square. On one side is the generator. At the western end is a battery house and electrician's workshop. Across an archway is the farmer's garage. Cattle stalls enclose the square on the North and East. And the milking shed is in the middle of the quadrangle.

The place?

The Home Farm of the Hanstead Estate. Today it is the Dining Hall-Radio Studio-Court complex!

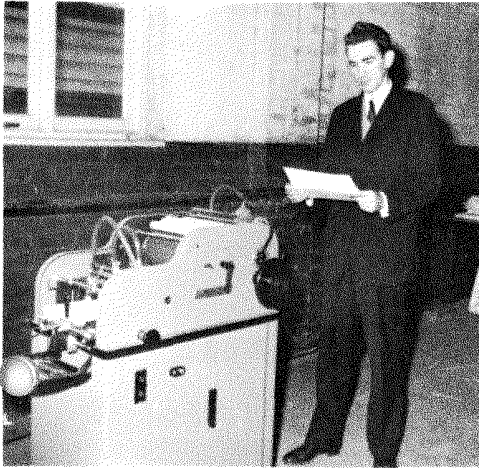
That's right! Cow sheds! That was the Court less than ten years ago!

The Dining Hall in 1968



## Bricket Wood Press-

# A DECADE OF DEVELOPMENT



1960

by Richard Elfers

British printing began in 1960 with an idea of Dr. Benjamin Rea, then Dean of the Faculty at Bricket Wood. As head of the Spanish Department he queried whether the Spanish articles and correspondence course could be printed by the College. Such a facility could be used for College purposes too. To Mr. Walker, then Dr. Rea's assistant, fell the task of operating the first small photo-offset press. Mr. Walker varityped articles, laid out pages, made plates and turned out the product! A few hours of one man's work. One primitive machine.

This was the beginning of the printing department.

In 1961, Mr. Jewell entered College, and his student job assignment was this fledgling press. College items, exams, forms and programmes were added.

Mr. Jewell landed the job mainly because of his past experience in the Navy, running off his own office work on a small spirit duplicator kept in the radio room of the ship!

A hand saddlestitch was next added to speed up stapling. That printing office stood in the few square yards where the I.B.M. programmers now work. Wind whipped through the converted garage. Dust flew and papers scattered. But the work went on. At this time many major booklets and articles

were being printed in a commercial plant supervised by Mr. Butterfield. This was proving too expensive for the meagre budget. Something had to be done.

Mr. Walker and Mr. Jewell decided that the College could do its own plate-making. They bought a combination vertical camera and plate-maker.

Hammering and sawing — neither were carpenters — they salvaged an old sink from a junkyard and built a camera room. Mr. Crabtree's office stands there today.



1962-63

The Work began to grow more rapidly with the purchase of the 1250-W multilith. Now two pages could be printed instead of one. An old hand-operated guillotine was purchased, as well as a plate-maker. Finally "The Chief," the first of the "real" presses arrived, together with an automatic gatherer-stitcher and folding machine. Mr. Butterfield was hired by the College as head press-man. The old guillotine was replaced by a more efficient electric cutter. A second folding machine was added and Bricket Wood now began to print the German *Plain Truth*.

By 1965, the campus press facilities were bursting at the seams. The big

shift was made to Watford. Once settled, a two- and a four-colour Roland, a Heidelberg two-colour and a Heidelberg four-colour press, and two other folding-machines could be accommodated. English *Plain Truth's* finally rolled off our own Ambassador College presses!

The vast floor space at Watford seemed ideal. "We could even print runs up to 1,500,000 in a plant this size," people speculated! In those days, with a total mailing list of 75,000, such talk was thrilling — if not wild!

Yet unthought of and unplanned — out of the blue — came the word of tailor-built factories, made-to-measure premises — brand-new facilities to be erected barely a mile from the Campus.

Overnight, the truth dawned . . . the Watford premises were becoming wholly inadequate.

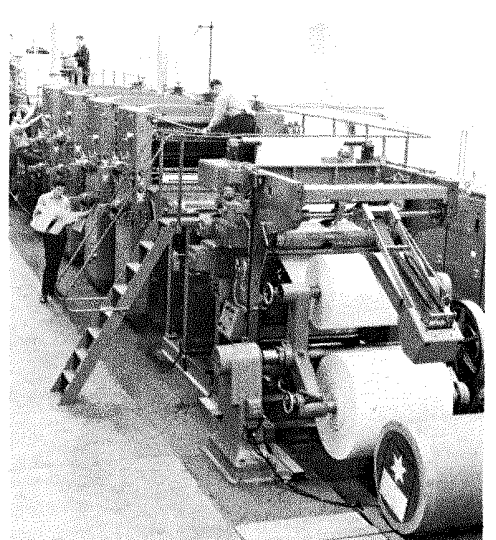
The negotiations with Percy Bilton, the construction of the Radlett Press Complex and the subsequent move are now history.

And already plans are being made to increase the floor space to over 75,000 square feet!

Ten short years have witnessed phenomenal growth. From a mustard seed beginning to the gigantic M.A.N. press.

Who knows what the next ten will bring!

1970



# A MECHANICAL MIRACLE

by Tony Morrell

Visitors to our campus are unanimous. It's *beautiful*. To outsiders, looking over a peaceful vista of verdant meadows and valleys, Ambassador seems to be a dream. It's unreal. What a contrast with nearby Piccadilly Circus — grime encrusted, traffic-scarred heart of the Commonwealth.

Yet almost incredibly the centre of London is a mere 16 miles from Memorial Hall. That's why we can enjoy all the social and cultural advantages of the capital without being shackled to its shadier side.

Bricket Wood is beautiful; London dirty! No one would deny that. But did you know that officially Ambassador College is a part of Greater London? The Encyclopedia Britannica says so.

How is it that we have escaped being engulfed in suburbia?

The answer is — a miracle!

A *mechanical* miracle.

The reason — believe it or not — is the railway!

Around 1900 like a giant octopus, London's boundaries began to drift. Blackened tentacles grasped silently, dirtily into the unsuspecting countryside.

Nerve-jangling traffic and shorter working hours allied to squeeze London's clerks and shop-keepers into a mass exodus from the city.

They moved as far away as possible.

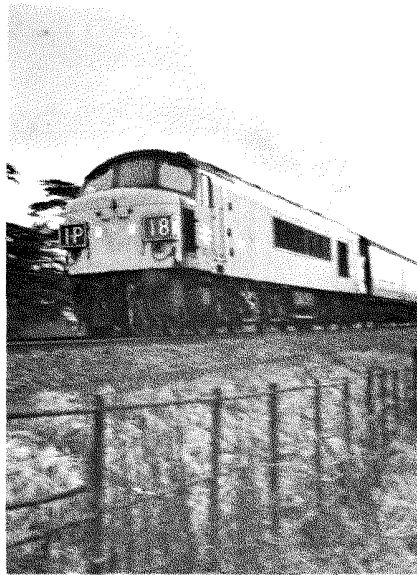
But not too far!

Time was the limiting factor. Commuters asked, "How far can we travel in an hour and still be open for busi-

ness at 9 a.m.?"

The Southern Railway smiled; and stoked up its engines to cater for the lucrative onslaught. Then reconsidered; scrapped the lot; electrified their entire rail network — and the populace!

Overnight distant Brighton had come within easy range of London. The system was so efficient that even the



North to the Midlands

renowned London Underground Railway could not compete. They built only 26 of their 257 stations south of the Thames.

The Southern Railway had come of age. And the drift south had begun.

While patient Northern businessmen

dragged homewards; while clattering, hissing steam engines battled the gradients, the modern commuters were being whisked smoothly southwards in comfortable electric trains. But the railway companies serving our area simply were not interested in them. Instead their eyes gazed greedily northwards. The rich prize of the industrial Midlands and the North was theirs for the taking.

Their attention turned north.

So the Londoners went south!

And by the end of the Second World War government planners were forced to put a stop to speculative southern builders. Their solution? Create a green belt waisting the city. A gigantic check to corset the ever-expanding drift outwards. Towns were allocated controlled growth. But to build on farmland — out of the question!

So it was that Bricket Wood remained. A green oasis, safe even from the urban sprawl of Watford and St. Albans. And safe from London Town!

Today the steam-engine has gone. But next time you hear a fast-moving train *streaking* through the night — Stop, Listen!

That diesel drone is persistent, unrelenting. The wheels continue clattering. There is nothing to deposit here. No teeming human cargo.

Ambassador sleeps serenely, peacefully. That train is speeding northwards — thanks to the policy of a railway company!

## SUPER STUDENT by JDS

