



## COMMENT

Do you care about Union, or do you only care about the fact that there are Bar Socials every Friday, that Beaver comes out and that you can play chess, drink and eat at Florrie's?

Don't you care about the work of the Union in other fields, and about its future?

The Union Structure Reform Committee needs the help and ideas of ordinary students. It has repeatedly asked for this and got no response—not even criticism.

The responsibility for the future development of the Union lies with this Committee, and although they have repeatedly called for suggestions, they have had none. Members of staff and Union officials have come forward—but NOT ONE SINGLE ordinary student.

Yet this is only one aspect of the appalling disinterest that infects the student body. Attendances at Union must continue to improve or the Union's rights will be endangered.

## MINIMAL

For the School seems to feel that the Union is not a democratic institution unless meetings are well attended. And if attendances are minimal, the Union is in danger of being ignored.

Union is asking for autonomy from the School. Once we have the new structure, more money will have to be allocated. There has been a suggestion that the Union should merge with the Athletic Union. Is it really enough for decisions as important as these to be taken by a few people? There are not even enough people willing to help to fill all the available spaces on various committees. And then we have the nerve to clamour for student representation on Appointments Committees and similar bodies.

Do you care? Do you WANT a Union? If not, then say so. So at least the Structure Committee will know where it stands.

*A woman in the court of King Arthur? Not quite. But our reporter was the only woman among five hundred men at the election of the new Lord Mayor. An interesting and disturbing experience for both sides. See centre pages.*



# It's time to say goodbye

**"THIS** Union disaffiliates from NUS and instructs the External Affairs V.P. not to pay the £750 subscription due for 1967-68. The Union will keep the disaffiliation under termly review and send the President and an elected observer to all NUS Councils."

This is what Union has to decide tomorrow when this motion will be presented by Council to Union.

The motion was passed by Council by five votes to two last Wednesday, when those in favour kept their arguments strictly financial.

The total income of NUS is £77,000. NUS state that the richer Colleges must finance NUS' efforts for the poorer ones. But only £2,700 is spent on visiting colleges, and this is the only item which could be said to be directly aiding the poorer colleges. The main item on the NUS budget is salaries, which accounts for £39,000—over half the annual income.

## LAUNDRY AND CLEANING

Anyone who has had dealings with NUS may well question where the money goes. Other minor items in the budget also seem excessively high. For example, the estimate of £1,400 for 'laundry and cleaning'. Even 20 guinea suits don't cost that much to clean.

The total income of LSE Union is £6,688. Now that the cost of NUS cards has doubled to 5/-, LSE is faced with a bill for £750 for NUS membership, and additionally £350 in fees for the two conferences per year. Again, anyone who has been to a conference of NUS may well question the use of this.

It is the contention of those supporting the motion that LSE does not get value for money in their subscription, and furthermore that we cannot afford such a large percentage of our budget in 'aiding poorer institutions'.

Union President Peter Watherston was one of the two members of Council against the motion. He said disaffiliation was "an abdication of our responsibilities. NUS is about the only body able to speak for a large number of students. Whatever people say about the politics of the executive, they are listened to in government

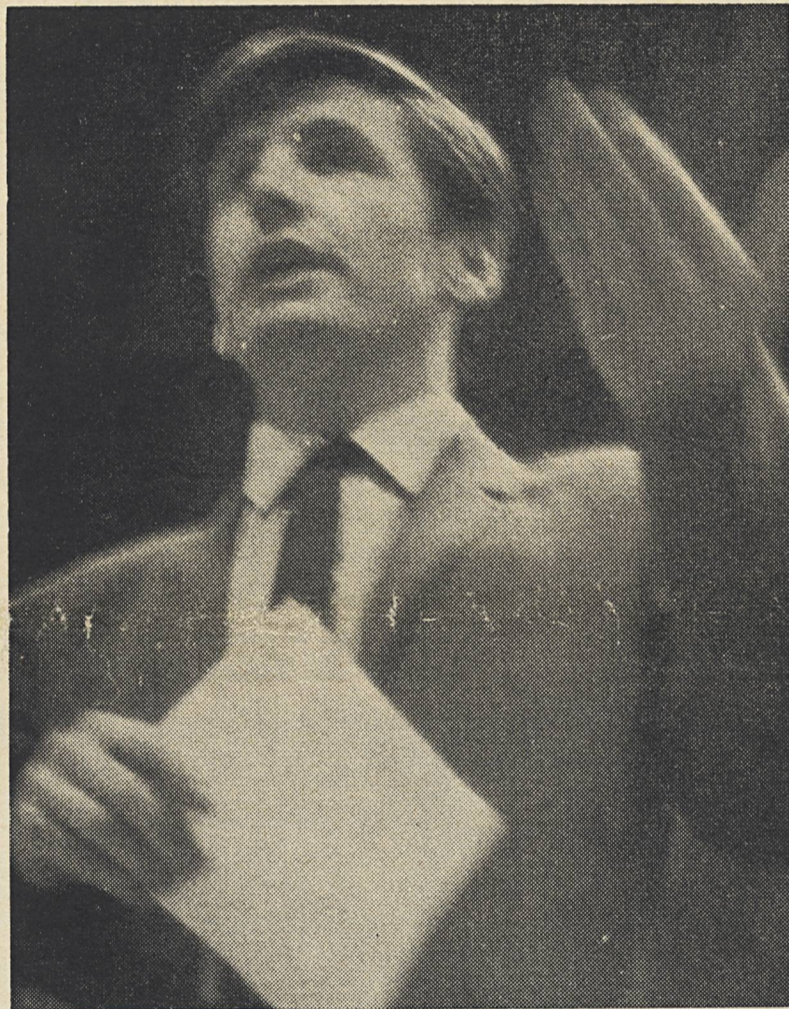
● Back page col. 1

## XMAS BOX?

IF Harold Wilson makes a success of his new job at the DEA the Union are likely to get an increase in their grant from the school at Christmas.

The school has been told by the UGC that depending on the economic state of the country there may be more money available in the new year.

Once again we must pin our hopes on Harold, and this time our prayers are with him.



It looks as though we may have seen the last of him. Who is he? Alan (I wouldn't trust you further than I can throw Agitator) Evans. President of LSE Union two years ago and now on the executive of NUS. The man who bit (Ugh!) Steve Jeffries, and threw Agitator over a wall. "The man LSE loves to hate" seems to be losing his grip.

Goodbye Alan, we'll miss you. Nobody's got a scapegoat any more.

# Victory for Vietcong

A NEW spirit of impatience and even violence characterised the demonstration against American policy in Vietnam this Sunday. And LSE students were among the most militant.

Beginning with a rally in Trafalgar Square of about 4,000, addressed by speakers on every issue in the radical spectrum, including "Black power" and "Che Guevara lives", the march moved off around three o'clock, going via No. 10, and the Australian and New Zealand embassies to Grosvenor Square. Banners ranged from "Support U Thant" to "Victory for the Vietcong".

Around the embassy a cordon of foot police reinforced by others on horseback, intended to keep clear a wide space, but, much surprised, found themselves borne back by the wave of demonstrators. Some of the insurgents reached the steps though none penetrated the building.

## HORSES

In the scuffle that followed between police and the front line, there were casualties on both sides. While demonstrators threw clods of earth and insults at the police, injuring thirty according to one estimate, mounted police charged groups of demonstrators at a canter. Complaints were made of being kicked by horses and certainly LSE sported some fine black eyes on Monday morning.

This attack was not unpremeditated, according to a Socialist Society student who styled himself "one of the moderates". During the Trafalgar Square rally, he said, the word had been passed round to rush the cordon at least and if possible to have a sit-down inside the embassy.

Thwarted in this, around 200 demonstrators proceeded to stage a sit-down in Oxford Street which lasted nearly a quarter of an hour before it was broken up. And a little irrelevantly,

● Back page col. 6

## CONTENTS

How the Economic History Department works ... p.8	A nice piece of Danish blue ... p.10
The Lord Mayor's elections—picture story— ... p.6-7	What does Cavanagh think about modern fashions? ... p.9
Confessions of a Fascist Public School hockey player ... p.11	Simple Simon or Bruce Kemble? ... p.4
Democracy in Germany ... p.5	Seen near Piccadilly Circus underground .. p.4
Dr. Adams writes .. p.2	Who Dunnit? ... p.4
Rebels in Frankfurt too? ... p.3	Quote of the Week Award ... p.4
	Dobbyn turns anarchist ... p.4

**L.S.E. DANCE**  
Sat. 28th October  
**L.S.E. REFECTORY**  
**Crazy World of Arthur Brown**  
Tickets 7/6

## EDITORIAL

UNTIL SUCH TIME AS NUS pulls itself together administratively this Union cannot continue its membership. At present we get a grant of £6,688 per annum from the school, £1,100 of which has to be paid to NUS. Of this £800 is lost, for the maximum we can hope to get back on NUS cards is £300.

The NUS spend £41,000 of their annual income of £77,000 on salaries. Nobody would grumble about this figure if the staff at Endsleigh Street were efficient. But the plain truth is that they are not. Time after time Conference registration forms are received on or after the closing date for entries. Motions for the November conference had to be in by Septem-

ber 15th making it impossible for Colleges to submit detailed, useful and topical motions to Council.

The result is that petty political motions go forward and important educational issues are left on the sidelines.

In the estimates for this year items such as £1,400 for "Cleaning and Laundry" appear. Well, nobody could accuse them of dirty politics but the figure does seem somewhat excessive. NUS claim that in their "two five-storey Regency blocks" with 85 staff this figure is realistic because of the regulations for keeping clean premises. Not that the NUS offices are anything but scruffy in any

case. At the same time they say that the figure of £1,000 for maintenance of the premises (heating and lighting are budgeted for separately) is necessary because "Tiles do fall off the roof and walls do get damp. It also covers things like mending holes in the floorboards." Where are their famous Regency blocks now. Sounds more like condemned premises.

This is where our money goes. This Union cannot at this time afford such luxuries. Many of our own societies have had their budgets cut because of it. If NUS ran their affairs more efficiently and this Union had more money we could and should stay in NUS. But at the present time we simply cannot afford it.

# Any graduate who joins the police should have his brains tested.



Don Smith is a top executive in the Metropolitan Police. A Superintendent at 34 he now commands over 200 men and women, including C.I.D. men, administrators and civilians. Today at 36 his total income is £2,855.

And believe us,  
he does.  
Many times  
a day.

There's a quiet revolution going on in the police service. You may have noticed it. But it's not just things like new equipment or better pay. It's a whole series of fundamental changes aimed at meeting the challenge of the next decade.

The intellectual demands of a police career begin from the moment you join. You need to be something of a lawyer. A psychologist. A quick thinker. And very often a diplomat. The first two years are vital preparation for the time when you could command hundreds of uniformed police, detectives, fingerprint-experts, technicians — and equipment worth many thousands. It's a world of new ideas in which the man of ability is expected to take executive responsibility much earlier than in industry. And you'll get job satisfaction of the kind few people experience.



### New deal for Graduates.

For the first time the police have introduced a special scheme of entry for graduates. It aims to attract young men who have the education and character to rise quickly to command-level with big responsibilities — and pay to match. You can find out before you commit yourself to join whether you have the potential to rise above the rank of Inspector *early in your career*. Two-day special interviews

to select up to 20 such graduates will be held in the second week of January 1968. We should expect you to gain your first promotion in your third year, spend a year at the Police College, and become an Inspector in your fifth year.

If you are leaving university in 1968 think about a police career now. Join at 21 and you step into the £1,000-a-year class right away. Post this coupon today.

To: Superintendent P. C. J. Price, M.A.,  
University Liaison Officer, Home Office,  
Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London S.W.1.

Please send me your booklet "New Opportunities for Graduates in Today's Police".  
Note: Closing date for applications for the January Interviews is 20th November 1967.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AGE .....

GG96

Join Britain's Modern Police

## Director says: "use the Union"

AFTER a spate of receptions at the opening of the session, especially for new staff and students, the older inhabitants have reassumed their accustomed positions and freshers like myself are beginning to have time to get some things into proportion. Among the many receptions I have myself enjoyed was a meeting with the Students' Union on Friday the 13th, with a free-ranging discussion on topics as disparate as the University College of Rhodesia and the status of occasional students at the school.

An open forum like that provided by Union meetings is an essential feature of any university community. I hope that freshers in particular will make full use of this forum and help to ensure that it is genuinely representative of the views both of majorities and minorities.

The quality and maturity of any democracy are measured by its respect for the views of minorities, and in a university there can never be a single "student view", only views, all of which must find expression in hard-hitting debate. The only unanimity can be on the observance of the rules of free discussion, such as the non-attribution of motive, the rejection of distorted or partial evidence and some acceptance of the possible fallability of one's own opinions. **Among many others I shall watch with interest the record of attendances at Union meetings and hope that the numbers present at the first of the session augur well for subsequent ones.**

### HOUSING

The publicity campaign on the problems of residential accommodation for students



was well-timed at the opening of a new session. It was disappointing therefore that the press gave a rather unbalanced coverage of such a well prepared case, concentrating on "sensational" items and repeating such misleading statements that 16% of our own students had no permanent address at the opening of last session.

The real gravity and urgency of the problem, particularly in London, requires continued public discussion and I hope that the students of the school will take a lead in maintaining both the campaign and those self-help initiatives in finding solutions, which are so encouraging a feature of the present efforts.

*W. W. Adams*

## BEAVER

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# Demonstrations by the hour

**EVEN** the "Hippie" flank of Soc-Soc were outdone in idiocy by German students at the International Book Fair in Frankfurt last weekend.

On Friday afternoon about a hundred students arrived at the Fair and announced that at two o'clock they would be demonstrating against German press baron Axel Springer.

Springer owns fifty per cent of the Berlin daily and Sunday newspapers, and the circulation of his papers is more than double that of all the other Berlin papers.

At the time of the student demonstrations during the Shah of Persia's visit to Berlin earlier this year the Springer press vehemently opposed the students.

The way in which things were handled was ludicrous and only served to bring the demonstrators and their cause into disrepute. They assembled outside the Halls and waited until one of the leaders came out and told them "You can go in now, the television cameras have been set up." They then entered the halls and made a lot of noise at one of the Springer stands for exactly an hour.

## RAMPAGING

At three o'clock, as previously announced, they departed to demonstrate for one hour at the Greek stand. More noise for an hour, and then they departed for a final hour's rampaging before tea at the South African stand.

On Saturday morning one of their number telephoned the police to say there was a bomb in the hall. Business was seriously disrupted while the police searched for the bomb, but naturally it was a hoax.

## Students in third degree grilling

**HAVING** been utterly disgraced in University Challenge, LSE refuses to accept defeat, and is now entering for the radio programme "Third Degree". "Third Degree" is an Inter-University knock out quiz, of a rather lower standard, we gather, than University Challenge.

The request for contestants in LSE was well received, with 30 applications for the team of three, one to be from each of the years of undergraduate study. The final team will be chosen by Union Council at their next meeting.

The team will meet Swansea University in the first round at LSE on Wednesday November 8th, and specta-

They announced that they would be returning on the Sunday afternoon, but never turned up. Why? Because the weather was too nice for them to spend their time demonstrating for their "principles"!

Moreover, having demonstrated at one of Springer's stands a number of them were seen to be admiring books on the Propylaen Verlag's stand. Who owns that firm? Springer of course.

## PROSTITUTE

Some may see this episode as funny. But for supposedly intelligent people, as students are believed to be, to prostitute themselves in this way is both sad and alarming.

Many people do not agree with the demonstrations at the Barbican, but at least those involved believe wholeheartedly in what they are fighting for. In the Greek Embassy case the judge agreed that all the defendants were motivated by conscience. But the German students cannot really have believed in anything except making a noise.

It is this sort of behaviour which brings all demonstrations into disrepute, however just the cause may be, and destroys the effect of true protests motivated by genuine principles.



At midday it looks like Blackpool on bank holiday, but this is the reason why a loss is made in the evenings.

## REFECTORY SERVICE — EVENING HOURS CUT?

**"IS THE PRESENT evening meal service in the refectory what is required?"** asks Mr. Diserens, the Catering Manager. He suggests that the system of full meals, like those served at lunch time might well be replaced by a system of snacks, like bacon and eggs or hamburgers, more on the lines of the service in the Robinson Room. Evening meals, it appears, account for a large proportion of the decrease in turnover of the refectory, at present running at a rate of about £100 per week less than the corresponding time last year.

He also suggests that if the present service is the type required, then the evening opening hours could be cut. "People tend to come in two peaks," he says, "just after we open, and just before we close. That means that those coming at the end may get food that has been cooked for some time, and in the hour between six and seven we do little business. If the hours were cut down,

where prices have gone up by as much as 30% recently."

The troubles in the refectory in fact are basic ones. The running of a student refectory mainly used for thirty weeks of the year, with the staff paid for the full fifty two, the general shortage of staff in Central London, the list goes on and on.

There is however a brighter side to the problem. The 'new look' Robinson Room, greeted dubiously by some students last year, in fact showed a profit, and anyone who supports the Observer, who last year quoted our refectory as the 'worst North of the Thames' should just try eating at ULU for a day or two. If you do wish to do this, though, you would be well advised to arrange for a search party to follow you in case you do not return.

## INCREASES

Mr. Diserens would also like something done about the one o'clock rush in the refectory. "Cannot some arrangement be made for the staggering of lunch hours?" he asks. "I can do nothing about the queues in the present situation, it is up to students who have no lectures from twelve till one to come earlier." He also disclaims responsibility for the recent price increases. "The prices have only gone up by 2%, and the recent increase electricity prices, the imminent increase in those of gas and a rise in the staff National Insurance contributions is much more than this. In fact we at LSE face much smaller increases than, for example, Bedford College,

of gruelling interrogation. Here L.S.E. students have an unrivalled record.

## Mrs. Carter

ON page four of our last edition a column appeared under the heading "Mrs. Carter Writes", concerning the services of the School gynaecologist.

We wish to make it clear that no reference was intended to Mrs. Alice Carter, Chairman of the Staff-Student Health Service Committee.

We also wish to apologise for any inconvenience or embarrassment caused by this article.

## IGNORANCE IS NO DEFENCE

**WHATEVER** you may think about drugs, if anybody is in possession of them in your house you are liable to prosecution, if you know that there are drugs on the premises.

In the case of public, or semi-public premises, like the confines of LSE, the owners are liable to prosecution whether or not they know that persons are in possession of drugs.

Turning a blind eye to the situation does not help. In the eyes of the law "wilful blindness" is counted as actual knowledge.

The Dangerous Drugs Act 1965 sets all this out, and covers the possession, use, buying, selling and exporting of drugs. There is no distinction between hard and soft drugs. Penalties can be as great as a fine of £1,000 or ten years' imprisonment.

## NO FAULT

In fact London Magistrates Courts tend to fine offenders a minimum of £20 for merely being in possession of drugs, even though the carrier may have come into possession through no fault of his own.

This is a warning to those who go in ignorance of the law (which is no defence to a criminal charge) and who think that by turning a blind eye to what goes on at parties they are safe from prosecution.

It is also hardly surprising that University authorities take a tough line over drugs in the Colleges. Professor Griffiths told Beaver "If a student is convicted of smoking or dealing in cannabis on School premises, those concerned in the management of LSE might well be prosecuted also. This might make more likely the taking of action by LSE against such a student — such as sending down."

**THE UNSA Teach-in on "Aid and Development last Thursday suffered, in the event, due to the lack of 'immediacy' in the issue — its all been hacked over before — and only some 60 people came, — in the last section (Oram Purly, Secretary O.D.M.) only 24.**

This reflects the degree of apathy which an issue of vast potential explosive power is subject to if it does not fulfil the criteria of "Importance".

## PREGNANCY TEST SERVICE

Results by return. Reliable method. Fee £2. Phone Portsmouth 23366. (After hours answering service) or write Department 525. Bell Jenkins Laboratories Limited, 4, Charlotte Street, Portsmouth (PO5) 23366.

# Magnus Carter

DOBBYN TURNS ANARCHIST  
DALEKS IN HOUGHTON ST.  
ACROBATS IN PICCADILLY

## OPEN LETTER TO THE DIRECTOR

DEAR Walter,

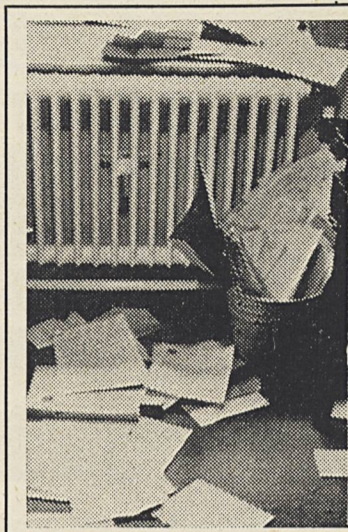
Your old mate Magnus here again. Sorry to keep on at you like this, but it's still not good enough you know. Anyone would think that you were addressing the Institute of Chartered Confectioners. Not that we really mind listening to an exposé of the problems confronting the University Grants Commission Darts Club, or the revolutionary idea of opening LSE to Flower Arranging Classes during the vacations; and we are even quite interested in what brides and grooms do after the wedding, but somehow our own little problems keep buzzing through our tiny undernourished brains. In May you said "I rejected the idea of addressing the union when I was asked to do so, because I first wanted to learn a bit more about LSE and about student problems here." Well, sad to say, the long awaited descent from the ivory tower has not had a happy landing — in fact it was one big yawn. Even we can distinguish the difference between policy and prattle.

Dear, dear, Walter, we want to love you really. But on your present showing you're just warm and cuddly. The love affair has yet to begin.

Yours ever,  
MAGNUS.

AFTER all the fuss last year —NOBODY has had to sign a copy of the Regulations this session. So the argument that David Adelstein had agreed to abide by the rule not to communicate with the press because he had signed the Regulations no longer holds water.

Which regulation shall I break first?



YOU'VE heard the rumour that Francis Dobbyn has turned Anarchist? It's true, he wrecked the President's office. All because his Debates dinner money was cut. Francis's comment, "I did it to protest against his moral degeneracy."

Well, he never has liked Peter since the latter's recruitment into the new left at the time of the Sit-in. Never mind, Mr. President, there are plenty of people willing to wreck Francis for you, especially our transatlantic contingent anxious to prove their ability to fight, even if it isn't in Vietnam.

boosted their circulation).

## SIMPLE THOUGHTS

I DON'T understand why Bruce Kemble is the pet hate of this place. He's a sweetie compared to Peter Simple II, who sometimes decorates that insidious blotting paper, The Daily Telegraph. Magnus had the unfortunate experience of stumbling across the following little ditty, whilst lying serenely on a beach in Italy. (Sorry, it was the only newspaper I could get—I pray no-one else has

"Farce, tragedy and melodrama (N.B. 'War and Peace' must now be read, to set mind in correct lofty vein) are so blended in the extraordinary performance outside the Chinese Legation that I really don't know how one should respond. The performance (This passage requires great visual imagination, only those who have seen 'Zulu' may proceed further.) of those mindless blue ants swarming out of their building,

waving their little red books and shouting 'Thoughts of Mao', 'Thoughts of MAO', was mirth-provoking certainly; but to laugh at them seemed as indecent as laughing at the inhabitants of Bedlam."

After carrying on in a like vein for several hundred words, with which, dear reader, I shall not bore you, he finishes with the following inspirational thought, which is surely a prime example of the brilliant understanding of the current feeling of youth which has given the Daily Telegraph its present reputation among the thinking people of this world:

"And (wait for it) there is another reason why we should be better advised to shudder (note the word) than to laugh. Are the young fanatics of Portland Place so very different, or are they different only in degree not in kind, (here it comes) from our own young fanatics who barricaded the London School of Economics, who disrupt Liberal Party conferences, who shout slogans and wave placards in Trafalgar Square?"

(Stand back, breathless with awe at the acute brilliance and intellectual awareness of this wonder brain of our age).

QUOTE of the week award reawarded to Stephen Krepel, Chairman of Con. Soc. (infiltrating Soc-Soc party): "I am here to smash capitalism." It's true, folks, but I think he was only trying to get another half-pint out of Steve Jeffries!

## WHO DUNNIT?

I WOULD have thought that Houghton Street is narrow enough without the Metropolitan Police dropping their horrible daleks all along the pavement.

After all during the sit-in they spent half of their time moving people along, on the grounds that assembly of more than three constituted an obstruction — so how about somebody moving their flashing monstrosities along on the same grounds.

Seen near Piccadilly Circus Underground:  
'EX-Female acrobat seeks interesting positions'.



Some might call him a zebra. To me he's Socrates. Matches the scarf, too. Difficult in the digs. But not at Martins. They understand. They're so friendly at Martins—especially to students. Martins have an especial knowledge of a student's need to budget grants and allowances carefully which is why so many students find it worthwhile to open an account at Martins. Ask for a copy of the leaflet 'About a Bank Account', specially written for students.

Martins go to extremes to be helpful

Africa House, Kingsway WC2 Tel. 01-405 2206 & 1681 Ask to see Mr. Ravenshear

**MARTINS  
BANK  
LIMITED**







Disapproving glances at a woman in the Hall . . .



The new Lord Mayor — and the first of many spe

# Democracy in action

"OH, gee, you're a woman!"— it was with these words that I was greeted by the Guildhall public relations officer when I arrived for the annual election of the Lord Mayor of London.

## 1967

The reason for his exclamation became apparent later — no woman is allowed in the body of the hall, and the press table is between the ranks of the Liverymen of the Worshipful Livery Companies of the City of London and the Aldermen and Lord Mayor himself. So thus it was that for one hour I was the only woman among five hundred men.

The Lord Mayor's election and subsequent Show are perhaps the greatest of London's annual pageants. This year, it was pouring with rain, and the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, officials of the City Council and High Court Judges with their black and scarlet robes and posies of spring flowers, relics of the time when the stench of the London streets was too much for any gentleman, were processing under enormous umbrellas to Divine Service in St. Lawrence Jewry as we sought shelter in Common Hall itself.

In this huge hall, its dim roof hung with blazons and banners, we waited while the Liverymen took their places, coughing, spluttering and looking acutely embarrassed. In front of us was the Hustings, the herb-strewn dias on which were Aldermanic chairs, each emblazoned with the arms of the city, while above us was the tiny gallery in which sat the Lady Mayoress and the Lady Mayoress elect.

The rustling of the rising Liverymen announced the arrival of the first of many processions, of Sherriffs, City Officers, Guild Masters, Aldermen, and finally the Lord Mayor himself. It also signalled the start of a solid hour, during which the main activity for us was standing up and sitting down again as the various processions wended their way in and out of the Common Hall.

STORY  
CATHERINE LIEBETEGGER  
PHOTOS  
PETER NETTLESHIP

The Court of Common Hall was declared open, and I sat quaking in my seat as the Serjeant at Arms called upon all those who were not Liverymen to "depart this hall on pain of imprisonment." However, I was not immediately grabbed by the ushers and hauled off to the Tower,



depart this Hall on pain of imprisonment . . .



The procession arrives . . .



but every five minutes they all disappear . . .



ny speeches ...



Bellinger — retiring gracefully ...



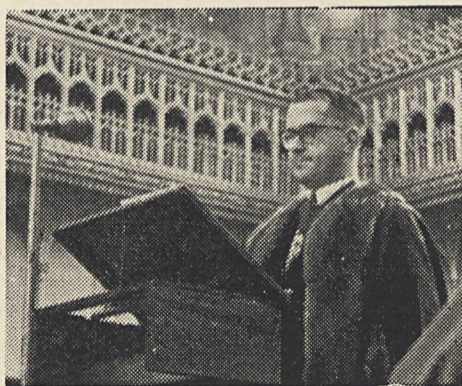
Well somebody is listening to the speeches ...

so, trying to look inconspicuous, I watched the actual election begin.

I've got news for you — it's all fiddled! There was a great pretence of fairness, with those who had already been Lord Mayor leaving the Hall, and a long list of nominations read out, but as to the election itself, the Liverymen in the Hall unanimously cried "All" to the first name on the list—that of Sir Gilbert Inglefield, and when the Aldermen who left the Hall to go and make a secret ballot finally returned — the fifth procession for which we had all to rise — their announcement confirmed, again unanimously, the same result.

A chain was placed on his shoulders, not even the Mayoral Chain, and so began interminable speeches of thanks, speeches of thanks for speeches of thanks, etc., etc. and I began to wish I had followed the example of most of the other pressmen and crept out before they began. The only amusement during this was when a noble Peer of the Realm, reading his speech verbatim from notes, was upset by a loud click from a pressman's camera and lost his place.

At last it was all over, and they all processed for the final time into the London rain and dispersed—presumably to think in whose favour they should rig the next year's elections.



A vote of thanks for a vote of thanks for a vote of thanks ...



They all disappear for the final time.

# Debates — worth their grant?

SINCE THE PRESENT Chairman of Debate's violent protest last week, (at the expense of the President's office) against the admittedly drastic cutting of the Debate's budget, its about time that someone asked "is the Union getting value for money out of Debates"? "Could its annual budget be better spent"?

For the organisation of a Debate is consuming both a great deal of time and money. On an average there are about 11 debates a year. Each one may take 50 letters and 2 days of solid phoning to arrange, and together with the expense of sending delegates to debate at other colleges, debates cost the Union somewhere in the region of £250 p.a. Not that anyone would mind if the Old Theatre was packed every time that there was a debate, but as it is, attendances at Debates have hit an all time low; a good average attendance now being about 25.

Such a poor record prompts the question, Are debates, at present, catering for the wrong needs, or is there just no longer any need or demand for debates at all? Are students at L.S.E. just not interested in the subjects debated, or are they just not interested?

Howard Godfrey, a former Chairman of Debates, thinks that the former is true. He says that "so many of the good speakers here are unable to debate for the sake of debating, they always have to believe 100% in what they are saying".

Francis Dobbyn, the present chairman, agrees, "The major problem in L.S.E. is that everyone must be committed before speaking on a motion. No-one is prepared to treat a motion as an intellectual exercise and a joy in itself. People's interests are not sufficiently wide, beyond the realms of politics and the social sciences".

Such opinions seem to be borne out by the fact that the political debate is the only debate of the year that commands anything like a respectable attendance.

participation and more eye-catching, psychedelic publicity.

Surely such proposals are unrealistic. Good speakers are hard to get hold of, unless a College has a good debating record (which L.S.E. has not), for one good speaker will speedily inform others that L.S.E.'s debates are just not worth attending. Likewise, visions of student participation are equally futile as the students have already proved themselves quite disinterested in the whole affair.

## ART OF SPEAKING

So why not have a purely political debating society? But to this Godfrey rightly points out that Debates should encourage the art of speaking, rather than being an education in toeing the party line".

## APATHY

Nevertheless it can't be denied that the whole idea of debating in this College is being greeted with ever increasing apathy. This is clear from the total failure last year to set up an internal debating society, and from the fact that fewer and

Meanwhile this huge budget (£248 in 1964, £222 in 1965, £270 in 1966) is continuing to be spent on arranging debates and dining speakers, who come to entertain fewer and fewer people.

## DIRTY TRICK

Surely such expense cannot be justified, Mr. Dobbyn,

## by John Wellington

fewer delegations are being sent out to represent this College elsewhere in the debating world.

What, then, is to be done? Dobbyn, who believes that Debates have been dying ever since the chairmanship of Geoff "Grill-Room" Jordan, mainly owing to lack of co-ordinated and effective leadership, and "absurd motions", has several proposals. He advocates that debates should be better prepared with better speakers, more student par-

and a cut in the Debates budget cannot be called a "Dirty trick". There must be plenty of good uses to which the Union could put this wasted money, even if, as Howard Godfrey suggests, it is sent to help "the lazy, bloody communist puppets at the Barbican building site." No, Francis, if Debates are to be allowed to survive at all in L.S.E., it must be on a considerably reduced budget, until such times as they can prove that they warrant greater expenditure.

## chairman replies ...

A University education is concerned above all with the exchange of ideas and their development by students in discussion. Debates are a significant part of this. Undergraduates should be prepared to be interested in, and have ideas on, questions of religion, morality, politics and culture. Only in the setting of debates with outside speakers can this be developed.

That is why debates are needed at LSE. There will not always be sit-ins and Union in-fighting to occupy LSE undergraduates. Unless there is a lively debating society LSE will suffer intellectually.

## CUTTING

Unfortunately debates have got a bad name for over-expenditure in the last few years. In collaboration with the Senior Treasurer I endeavoured to do something about this by cutting our budget by £70 to a figure lower than 1964-65 which, taking inflation into account, is a very significant cut.

My present situation is caused by the further cutting of the budget by £75 making a total of £125, without anyone consulting me. Not only does this budget have to cover dinners for speakers but the expenses of debating competitions which are essential to inter-university communication.

Debates at LSE can be revived but the present committee must be given a chance, which means that Union must be willing to come forward with money for activities within LSE as well as Myton strikers and NUS subscriptions.

# "Our origin was distressingly conventional. The School in their arcadian innocence believed that Economic History was an integral part of Economics"

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SOME STUDENTS express surprise that the School, concerned as it so obviously is with good causes and useful arts, should maintain within it a department of economic history. Some seem to imply that since historians deal only with the dead — i.e. with people whose consumption functions cannot be altered and whose output per head cannot be increased — their very existence needed some explanation. They would, I think, have been even more decided in their views had they known that within the economic history department there exists a small group of pure historians teaching pure history to pure students who are reading for the B.A. Honours degree in pure history.

Whereas the department of international history was the fruit of a rich man's whim, our origin was distressingly conventional. The founders of the School, in their Arcadian innocence, believed that economic history was an integral part of economics and that historians were competent to teach it. In this professional age the naivety of that view needs no stressing. Nowadays it seems occasionally to be argued that economic history is no part of economics but only economists should expound it. Yet we have not quite achieved the status of a historical monument, testimony of a graceful but vanished age. It is still widely held in the School that, since many social scientists appeal to the past to support their arguments, students of the social sciences should acquire some knowledge of that past to which appeal is so often made.

## INCONCLUSIVE

There are still people who see some value in the historian's methods of reflecting on human behaviour by comparing how that behaviour has manifested itself at different times and in different places. And, to lower the argument to a level on which I feel more at home, it can still be held that some training in the historian's art of making up his mind on the basis of inconclusive evidence, and with the aid of theories that he

only superficially understands, is no bad preparation for the imperfect world in which we live. It is true that economic historians command no lush fees as expert advisers; but they make highly successful journalists, civil servants and politicians. Only modesty forbids me pointing out the number of former economic historians in the present government.

In the academic world at large, I suspect that our image is somewhat old-fashioned. We do not subscribe to the fashionable belief that the world was created in the middle of the eighteenth century, and we still take our study of economic history back to the fall of the Roman Empire. We do not yet treat a Ph.D. as a union card without which employment is impossible. We still believe that someone without a degree in Economics may have something useful to say on economic history

## VIRTUE

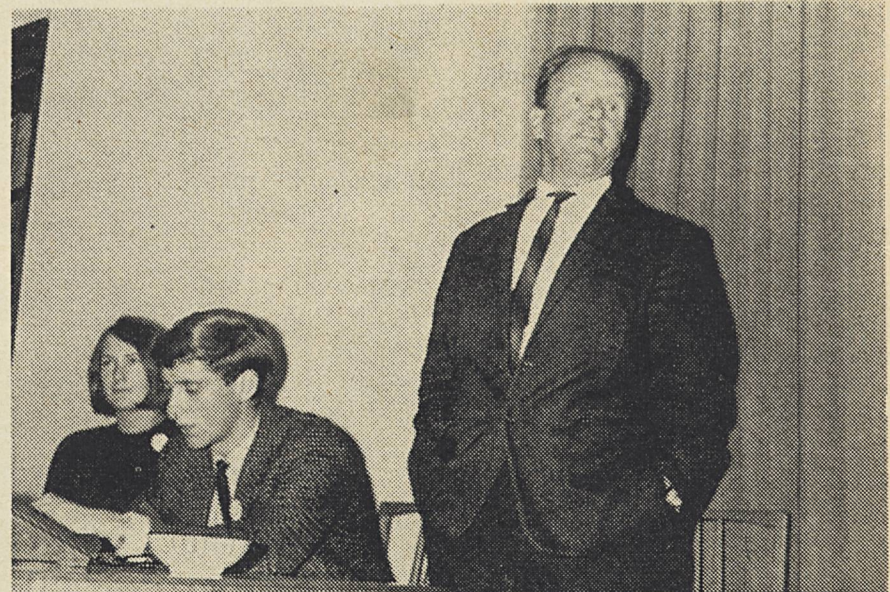
And we have not yet begun to offer courses in what is variously known as econometric history, cleometrics, or 'the new economic history.' This last fact, however, arises from circumstances rather than from policy. My colleagues seem to share my view that econometrics, like humility, is an admirable virtue—in other people. No one of them has yet made any heavy intellectual investment in that subject in the highly problematical hope that adequate dividends would be earned. And the forces of the market have prevented our buying an econometrician ready-made; econometrics is an art that is much more profitably applied to the living than to the dead.

Continuing our Departmental series, Jack Fisher, Professor of Economic History, attempts to justify the teaching of history at University level and explains the intended objects of turning out Economic Historians in the imperfect world in which we live.

The changes in the School in recent years have not left us unaffected. As the number of special subjects in the B.Sc. (Econ.) has multiplied, the number of students choosing to specialise in economic history has tended to decline. For the state of the world is against us. Historians are like the clergy in that the demand of their wares is at its most brisk when disaster threatens. When, in the inter-war years, the world seemed threatened with economic disaster students flocked to economic history to discover what had gone wrong. Today, when it seems that the economy can be saved by mathematics alone and that disasters threaten mainly in the shape of war, it is natural that the flow should be towards international history.

## EXPANSION

But the increase in the number of students has meant a great expansion of our non-specialist teaching, and here we have gradually swung to accepting as our main theme the history of economic growth. In a sense, I suppose, we are cashing in on distress and exploiting the current interest in the differences between those economies that have grown and those that have not. But it seems to give our subject some meaning to those who might otherwise be content to let the dead bury the dead, and does something to repair our links with the economists. Should the underdeveloped countries ever become prosperous—a possibility that does not seem to be imminent—we might well be left teaching our subject only to those genuinely interested in it. But perhaps that is an additional reason for making every effort to bring prosperity to underdeveloped countries.



Professor Fisher fulfilling his usual function of Chairing Freshers' Conferences



# THE ADVENT OF COLOUR

LONDON MAY BE SWINGING, and the fashion centre for the young. But in the field of haute couture, Paris still leads. London couturier John Cavanagh said rather dispiritedly, "There seems to be something odd about this country. English houses are a damp squib in the international market."

Even so, the whole pattern of the fashion world has changed. "For the last six or seven years there has not been any real fashion. Almost anything goes. The designers can no longer dictate to people: they can only suggest."

The fashion dictators of today are the young. In general, this is a wonderful movement. People think young and make the world stay physically young. "People have a horror of being thought not with-it." The uninhibitedness of the young, and the unconventional clothes they wear have been given the seal of approval by the Paris Houses.

"But Cardin went too far. We are not yet ready for space suits." The more conventional trend-setters have come into line with young people's ideas: "the only trouble" Cavanagh said with a grin, "is that while young people know what they want, they look best in."

## SHACKLES

Praise is often given where it is not one hundred per cent due in order to be



John Cavanagh with Princess Margaret at the showing of one of his collections. At least somebody buys British!

John Cavanagh, the head of one of Britain's top haute couture Houses, discusses today's non-fashions.

thought with-it." The shackles are down. Parents are more relaxed, and more relaxing. The young have the courage to dress as they want.

The changes are also due to the speed at which the modern world moves. Clothes must reflect the pace at which everybody moves today. Mini-skirts, trouser-suits and, for men, tight trousers, give the necessary freedom of movement for the pace of the modern world.

But clothes fall into two categories—for work and for leisure. "Girls dress for practicality during the day but are apt to become much more feminine in the evenings. This trend is a natural result of the emancipation of women. The sexes are growing closer together".

## SEXIFYING

Similarly the advent of colour for men comes from the preponderance of males: "the male must decorate himself to attract the female. It is simply an extension of the process which goes on throughout nature. The colour movement amounts to a sexifying of the male. The

barriers of older men are weakening, as can be seen by, among other things, the ties and shirts that they are now beginning to wear.

What is the next trend likely to be?

"Skirts may go back to knee-length, but not below the knee. Thighs are almost certain to be covered. It would be impractical to return to long skirts. Bosoms seem to be coming back, as the trend in skinny sweaters indicates. "Just a little flesh is very sexy. Belly dancers with merely a naked midriff and the rest of the body covered or the suggestions of transparent dresses are far more exciting than the naked human body."

## SIBERIA

Hats are definitely out, and clothes must be practical as well as decorative: "fur-lined skirts are OK for Siberia, but not for this country."

Modern designs and bright colours for both sexes are a very welcome trend: "everything must be adapted to the individual by the individual. It all depends how much you care."

## "A spark of optimism"

The Young Meteors  
by Jonathan Aitken

I, like many of my colleagues find the first weeks of the Academic year frustrating ones. Much is due to the fact that often, after a long, lazy, warm summer, it is difficult to get one's mind back into gear for something as concrete as Economics, or Law, or what ever. Additionally, it is also a bleak period for those who, (after three months of romanticism or abroad-ism) begin to think matters over (we call it weighing the assets and liabilities) whether or not it is worth a grant, to burn yet another year or so of one's life within the LSE.

At this demoralising juncture, allow me to offer a little spark of optimism in Jonathan Aitken's "The Young Meteors". Though it might seem unfair to add yet another book to your lists, I assure you that Mr. Aitken's intellectual - cum - humorous

review of the lives of young Londoners, each successful in making an impact in his or her own fields, does provide rather refreshing reading.

He carefully combs through the hunting ground of personalities in the art, theatrical, film, pop, photographic, and fashion worlds; the lives of individuals in the area of politics, journalism and business, and finally not forgetting the underground of drug-addicts, prostitutes, and criminals.

It is a frank and interesting portrayal of the finesses and tribulations of London's so-called "young-elite". Because the field is so wide the approach is technical, but

one spots the Aitken humour and wit in-between the lines: eg. a reason given for the delay in the homosexual bill was "...MP's vote against it because they get worried about their seats".

The overall conclusion though, is a serious one, and one which turns out trumps as a morale-booster during this aggravating period. J. Aitken's optimistic advice to any half-disillusioned student is: "In reality there is a desperate shortage of young people prepared to train and work for the really big responsibilities in tomorrow's Britain and this is potentially the greatest danger facing our country".

May Lin U

## Slums

Cities - A Scientific American  
Book — Pelican — 7/6

AN immediate criticism of this book is that while rec-

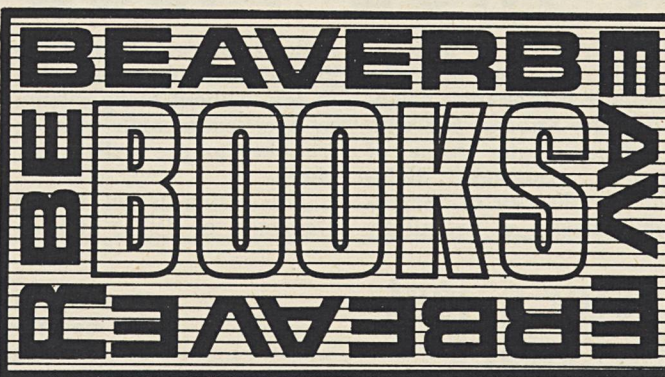
ognising that the biggest problems may arise where overcrowding and poverty meet, the book gives sketchy consideration of the problems of the developing countries. The author of the first article recognises the basic problem as population and sees control as the only cure. Others who discuss provision

of amenities in cities, simply acknowledge that developing countries have problems then discuss in depth those of America.

Concerning transportation problems of major cities, conflict between the demands of individual and community increases. But here, like the case of urban renewal and regional planning, there is the impression that America lags behind in solving the problems since her system of governmental responsibility primarily safeguards the property rights of the individual.

What emerges from the book is that government involvement in community activity will increase, for only state intervention can solve the problems thrown up by technology.

Peter Lane



Alison Barlow reviews  
**Jean-Paul Sartre's WORDS**

FOR those who already dislike M. Sartre this book will convince them from the horse's mouth what a detestable person he is, or at least was in childhood.

This is a slim volume of early autobiography, dealing with Sartre's childhood in Paris

prior to the 1914-18 War in the home of his grandparents 'Karllemami' Schweitzer. He evidently thinks, and leads us to think, he was a detestable infant who should have been soundly walloped.

He basked in the adoration of doting relatives

whilst playing at being an infant prodigy. He would sit in his grandfather's library with volumes of the major French and German classics, reading, without digesting what was written there amidst great admiration. This was but sham, his real pleasure was derived

from the works of such as Jules Verne, emulating Verne's heroes in his play, and in his first attempts at —plagiaristic—writing. Meanwhile his formal education was largely neglected — the teachers at the various schools to which he was sent refused to

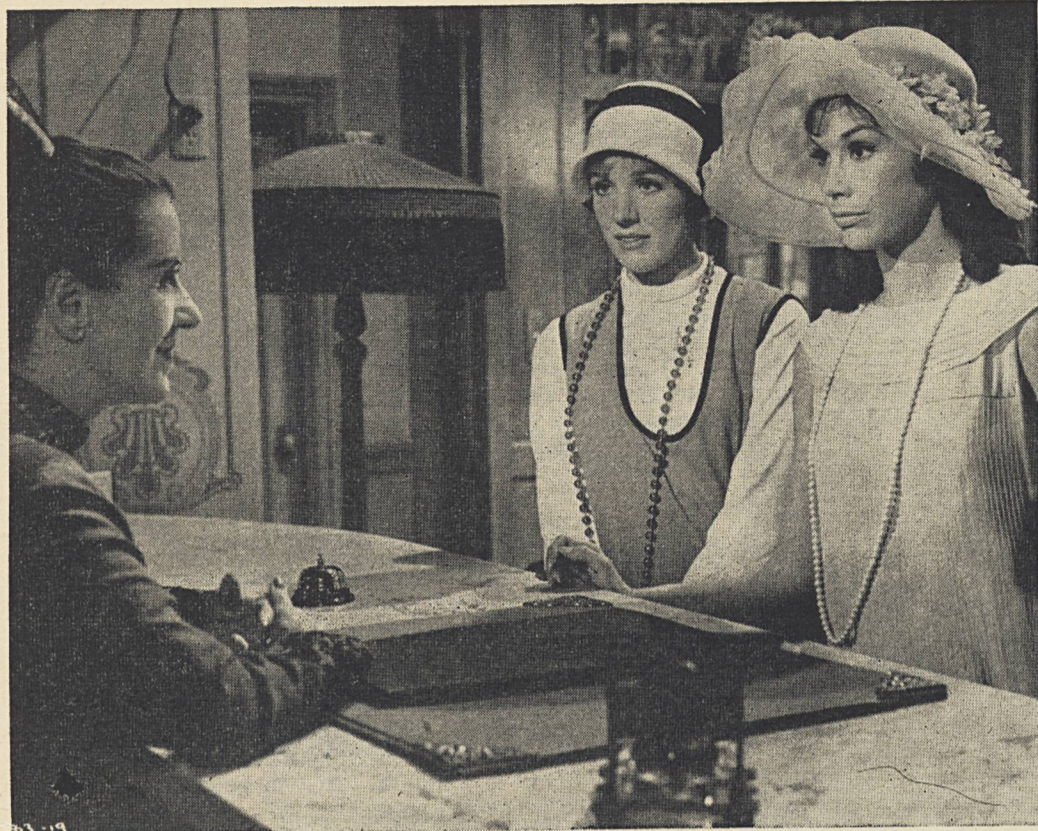
accept him when they found the "prodigy" could not spell! He says he eventually became a writer in revolt against his grandfather's efforts to turn him into an academic. One gains a strong impression that the con-child is here turned into a con-man.

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# Kiss me Hardy in Colour

Far from the Madding Crowd Odeon, Marble Arch

NEVER having read the novel I cannot comment on the faithfulness or otherwise of this adaptation by Frederic Raphael. But having seen the film it has made me wish to read the original. The director, John Schlesinger, has found a visual style to match the excellent dialogue. The story unfolds in marvellous technicolour, leisurely, evocatively and entrancing in

its portrayal of early Victorian England.

The bare plot outline contains considerable melodrama. But this is not emphasised, instead the film concentrates upon the development of character. The assorted rustics who comprise the supporting characters, are uniformly excellent and authentic. There are no typical country stereotypes

and clichés. Nor are there any would-be evocative slow-motion romps in the fields, one effect that has been recently worked to death. The music too, is just what is required.

## INADEQUATE

Of the major players, Alan Bates impresses most in his part as the shepherd who is first to love the girl, and first to be rejected. Peter Finch convinces as the progressively more obsessed older man. Terence Stamp as the feckless, swash-buckling Sergeant buckles a very good swash. Julie Christie in the central role is what is mercifully described as inadequate. One more point about her is that her make-up is quite visible. The film contains some of the best set-pieces in a period film that I have ever seen.

## Fields revisited One Born Every Minute Rialto, Leicester Sq.

THE support in a double feature, it stars George C. Scott as an elderly but still spry and talented con-man. A pretty good imitation of the late W. C. Fields, better than mine anyway. The script is similar to the many Fields wrote for himself. The whole thing suffers however from the sad fact that Fields is dead, and Scott, good actor though he is, is no substitute.

This weakness shows the thinness of the whole film. It is too slight to be built up to feature length. However it is fairly amusing, with one really wild sequence where a car chase wrecks a whole town. And Henry Morgan as a much put upon hick sheriff, relentlessly, yet despairingly chasing a crafty moonshiner as well as Scott. Morgan gives a very fine comic performance.

## Pinter's ham

AN adaptation of a play called "The Meter Man", it tries to look as though it was written by Harold Pinter; and doesn't succeed. Full of nastiness, enigmatic menaces, weird allegories, all very promising. But it is told mostly in close-up with most of those concerned overacting in the worst way. It seems

The Penthouse Curzon, Curzon St.

that Pinteresque ham is the hammiest.

The camera sticks close to sweaty grimacing faces, but it cannot hide the fact that this is not a suitable play for a film adaptation. The best thing in the film is Suzy Kendall, very good to look at in her nightgown, or without it.

THIS is the latest of the recent revival of musicals. Like most of the others it stars Julie Andrews, strangely enough she is pretty good in it. The film is an attempt to revive interest in the twenties, from the look of this film it might be worth doing.

The plot is little more than an excuse to have the

marvellous Beatrice Lillie as a white-slave trafficker who swears in Chinese, and very good she is too. Others worth mentioning are, Mary Tyler Moore as an old-fashioned becurled girl, and Carol Channing as a dizzy, free-spending millionairess.

### FAIRLY GOOD

The music is fairly good and all very gay, and amus-

Thoroughly Modern Millie. Odeon St. Martin's Lane

ing. The songs, whether old or new, are usually good fun. Of the Jewish wedding sequence the least said the better. The film is gay, beautiful to look at, funny and altogether well made. It is also too long. Still you can't have everything.

## Numerous Special Effects

Dr. Faustus, Cameo Poly.

THIS is a film version of the production Richard Burton did with the Oxford University Dramatic Society. I hope all concerned enjoyed it, then it would not have been a complete waste of time. It is a photographed play, and could not be anything else. It would have been better not to have gone to the trouble of trying.

The numerous special effects are all damned irritating. The acting is not overly impressive, and neither is the play. Burton's own oft-stated infatuation with the part seems to have obscured his judgement. The colour is indifferent, the numerous appearances of Elizabeth Taylor as everywoman are diverting, but not worth eternal damnation. Andreas Teuber as Mephistopheles is the best on offer.

## BEAVER REVIEWS

# A NICE PIECE OF DANISH BLUE

Royalty Cinerama

THE DANES, it appears, are all bundling into the cinematic bed of their neighbours, the Swedes, but with a rather greater sense of humour. Anneliese Meinche, the director of "Seventeen", tackles a potentially

difficult subject, seventeen-year-old Jakob's introduction to sex, without being solemn or over-sentimental; with, in fact, her tongue well in her cheek.

The action is set in the Denmark of 1913, and an

atmosphere of summer and youth is soon firmly established, as much by the excellent Eastman Colour photography as by also generally good characterisation by the cast. This does not mean, however, that the film is unvaryingly humorous, or a youthful idyll.

Ole Solto, as Jakob a solely sexual "Billy Liar" type, portrays an often red-faced, flat-footed, or bent-doubled adolescent in a sympathetic, though accurate manner. Jakob's erotic fantasies are presented by means of thoroughly eloquent facial expression, combined with expert cutting and use of double-exposure, and are quite convincing.

### UNCONVINCING

The plot, though imaginative, is less convincing: it is hard to believe in such quantities of nubile and acquiescent, nay, positively encouraging, Danish chambermaids.

It would be almost worthwhile to assess the film solely on the basis of the excellently-handled minor incidents: Joseph's attempted se-

## Lester's lost the knack

JESUS Christ! John Lennon's a popular bloke.

The all-student audience at the special preview of "How I Won the War" giggled like school-girls at some of the feeblest lines I've heard in many a film: "Sergeant, me feet are wet" (sic) was about the standard reached.

But the fact that the Beatle's acting ability doesn't really stand up to exposure alongside professionals' is not the greatest of the film's worries.

The now famous Dick Lester production technique (you know, jumping around the scenes, and high speed slapstick) which was very good in "The Knack", and brilliant in "A Hard Day's Night", has just about played out.

The film attempts an off-beat argument for pacifism, interspersing scenes of calculated sadism in the mass of comic action. But it just

doesn't work. Anyone who has seen the classic "Bonnie and Clyde" will know what I mean.

But if you ignore what is supposed to be the main concern of the film, and concentrate on the acting, which with one exception is superb, then the film is just about bearable.

Good acting, bad production. It's a frustrating combination.

How I Won the War Pavilion



duction by a pedantic homosexual apothecary, or the intimidating eagerness of a female railway traveller for Joseph to come and get it.

## DOUBLETALK

But one, admittedly minor piece of doubletalk between a couple of railway workers, though undoubtedly slaying funny in Danish, fails to come across via the subtitles, and should have been cut out of the English version. This is, however, practically the sole complaint about the subtitles, which, in other films, are often a very heavy cross for an audience to bear. The "Seventeen" titles are pretty good, with occasional undertones of "Oh, Sir Jasper". One example, from a supine heroine, was "Did you really think it was all that marvellous?" I leave the reply to your imaginations.

Overall, the film is well worth going to see; unusually so for a film of the "lust in the dust" genre. Go and see it, but don't be tempted to take Auntie Ivy.

# STILL TRYING

THERE WAS plenty of good rugby in evidence in the first half of the game against Richmond. The pack lost nothing in the scrums and lines, and for the most part play was in the opposite half. A tackling demonstration was supplied by the smallest man on the field, Les Foster, reducing the opposition to fourteen men. Despite near misses there was no score at half time. The final score of 18-5 gave little impression of how close the game really was, but only of the summer activities of Team.

## Fitness

The game against the Royal School of Mines gave the team the opportunity, despite greasy conditions, to move the ball about. With Tony Bilton intelligently putting the ball through onto the floor for his three-quarter a score always seemed likely but the only try came in the last minutes when Garrett ran through to touch down a kick ahead by Cliff Pickup.

Against London Scottish the team did well to keep the score down until near the



end of the game when the superior fitness of the Scots took its toll. The (comparative) respectability of the score, which was built up to 17-3 before the end was largely a tribute to the capable second half performance of Andy Peerson at full back.

## BROADS ON THE BROADS

ONCE MORE two weekends ago the Norfolk Broads were swept by L.S.E.'s drunken singing and all night carousing.

The large motor-cruiser travelled incognito without flag—the red ensign having been used as a dishcloth. However, when Bill McDonald had drunk too much Dublin Dynamite, which for the uninitiated connoisseur is whisky and cyder half and half, the inhabitants around the river Burre were awakened with such a song that we had to raise the Irish Tricolour.

One cannot describe a Broads cruise without mentioning the female element enjoying the advantages that the L.S.E. sex ratio affords them. After one excellent lunch time session—need I say in which English institution—many of the male crew were left shorebound: after many nautical miles, the boat returned to pick us up. An elopement?

Full credit must go to the club's cruising captain, Bill McDonald, for his organisation and courage in skipping the boat.

## Bloodstained

When playing here in the 3rd XV, my only match last season, I could no more have arranged the features of the

# confessions of a fascist public school hockey player

ON ARRIVING at the palatial rabbit-warren of LSE not, figuratively, from the playing fields of Eton, or any other public school still existing in the unilluminated late 19th century, one is struck by the friendliness of sportsmen here. Games here are altogether more friendly—I take Rugger first.

I played at school in a league team, each house having one team; these were needle matches, and for my performance in my team, Played 12, Won 12, points for 163, points against 3, I was known as the dirtiest player in the school.

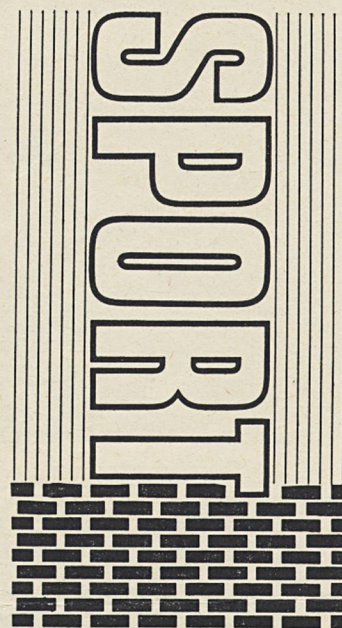
opposition by foul means, than fly round the moon. The mollifying effect of LSE was all too evident, for a year before I would have had no qualms about putting my bloodstained boot in.

My hockey experiences

were shortlived. Having a physique which, if combined with Jimmy Beck's might equal Fred Emney's, I was the automatic choice for Goalie. Dear Reader, have you ever spared a thought for that unhappy man? He spends most of his time, if he is lucky, leaning against a goal post, swathed in scarves, pullovers, pompon hat. When, however, an attack eventually comes, the goalie must watch a ball, white at the start of the match, now an identical colour to the pitch, come hurtling at his face with considerable velocity, and, assuming that he has some agility, he has to knock it down with his hand.

## Viciousness

This is not how games are played here, the viciousness of public school sport is not present, which certainly, while making the game more aesthetic, robs it of that essence of ruthlessness which leads to great rivalry. "Come on chaps—pull your socks up, and let's have more team spirit!" is a cry fortunately not heard on the verdant grasslands of New Malden, but, alas, is heard all too often on the mud patches of the English Public Schools.



# Injuries galore!

A LOST friendly and two league wins away from home have been enough to show that the potential of the first eleven to go far this season could well be realised.

A promising first half at Southampton was marred by an injury to Lander, and after turning round on equal terms with a strong Wessex side LSE collapsed in the second half. Despite a brave display from stand-in goalkeeper Gray the final result was 7-2 in favour of Southampton. LSE's goals came from Gordon and skipper Firth, from the penalty spot.

## Weakness

The weakness in midfield evident in the first game, was to some extent remedied in the first league match at Woolwich, but LSE's 2-1 victory was more due to the elimination of the opposing goalkeeper by Collins than by any constructive teamwork or skilful football. Collins and Gordon got the goals.

More encouraging was the 4-0 victory over Guy's hospital in the second league match at Guy's. Despite the fact that Clarkson and McDonald boarded the wrong train and didn't arrive until half way through the first half LSE soon took the lead when a Guy's defender left

his own goalkeeper standing with a crashing right footer.

## Controlled

The LSE defence easily controlled the Guy's attack, as did the referee who waved play on when John Hollis retrieved the ball from the back of the net, after an intelligent back pass from Firth. Kirbell added another goal after Gordon beat four

men and then, as usual, tripped over the ball.

In the second half LSE played some of their best football this season and should have had a hatful of goals but the lack of effective finishing was highlighted when Gordon scored the third goal AFTER he had broken his ankle, Clarkson added the fourth with a stunning header from all of two inches.

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**Two methods of entry:**

Method 1: Qualifying examination; interview; written examination in academic subjects.  
Method 2: Qualifying examination; Civil Service Selection Board tests (lasting 2 days); final interview.

If you have a degree, with 1st class honours, or a higher degree awarded after post-graduate study or research, you are exempt from qualifying examination in Method 2.

Qualifications and methods of entry are the same for:

**Clerkship in the House of Commons:** (3 posts). Age: at least 20 and under 24. Salary range £996 — £1,659.

**Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service** (3 posts). Age at least 20 and under 28. Salary range £926 — £1,574.

**Tax Inspectorate** (60 posts). Age at least 20 and under 28. Salary range £986 — £1,959 (Inner London).

# BEAVER back page

No. 74

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Five weeks in the Caribbean at £180 per head

# Geogass. members to visit W. Indies

## School denies 'Times' report

**MR. JOHN Alcock**, Academic Secretary, denied a report in the *Times* last week headed "College may act on Posters".

The report said that posters had appeared on noticeboards at LSE inviting students to join mass picketing at the Myton's site at the Barbican and credited Mr. Alcock as saying that "it is quite possible" that action will be taken on the posters.

When asked by Beaver to amplify this statement, Mr. Alcock said that this was a misunderstanding. "I have discussed this matter with the Director and Professor Edey as Pro-Director", he said, "and I can confirm that the posters on Union noticeboards are a matter only for the Students' Union. Only in very extreme cases would we consider taking action."

## NSU Council Elections

Whether we leave NUS or not, delegates will be sent to the November Council. Elections for the three delegates will take place in the first week in November.

These posts have traditionally been the preserve of ambitious first years and failed Vice-presidential candidates. For those who know little or nothing about NUS this may be the last chance to see the vagaries of their Councils.

Want to see LSE's Third Degree team make fools of themselves over the air? Free tickets are available in the Union Office now. The recording is on November 8th at 8.00 p.m.

## N.U.S.

● cont. from p.1  
circles. If we withdrew, we will be incapable of influencing their decisions."

If the motion is passed, disaffiliation will take effect from November 2nd. Until that date NUS cards will be available at the Union office at a cost of 5/-. After November 2nd students will be able to join NUS as individuals at a cost of £2. Cards will still be available at the Union office.



**SUMMER IN THE CARIBBEAN**—that's the prospect for eleven undergraduate members of the joint LSE-Kings Geography Association. They are organising an expedition to St. Vincent in the Windward Islands next summer to conduct a land-use survey.

"Banana production on St. Vincent is apparently far less than it should be", explained 2nd year geographer Alan Prockter, "and we hope to find out why this is, and make recommendations about how things can be improved."

## Opportunity

The expedition will cost about £180 per head, and at the moment, it seems that the members will have to contribute the great majority of the money themselves. "It will certainly be quite a strain financially," expedition member Dorothy Hayward, another 2nd year Geographer, told Beaver, "but it is a marvellous opportunity, both to travel and to take part in something really useful."

Gerald Hughes, Dorothy Hayward, Alan Prockter (left to right). Three 2nd year Geographers off to the Caribbean.

## Ex-Manager Fiennes talks on British Rail

**"BRITISH RAILWAYS not only can but should break even in the next three years". This is the opinion expressed by Mr. Gerard Francis Gisburn Twistleton-Wickham - Fiennes, better known as 'Gerry the Pace-maker' before he was fired from his position as Chairman of the Eastern Railway Board and General Manager of the Eastern Region of British Railways, when he spoke to the Acworth Society at LSE last week.**

Mr. Fiennes was less outspoken at this meeting than he is reputed to be, but in one hour he gave a comprehensive breakdown of the economic position of the British Railways Board. He said that commuter services, denounced by Lord Beeching as hopelessly uneconomic, are in fact on the verge of paying for themselves."

## Profitable

Much has happened since the 'great and good Doctor' first started to wield his axe, and Mr. Fiennes informed us that in fact rail closures are almost at an end. The concept of the 'basic railway' involving reduction of costs by cutting down station staff and facilities had made many

lines, previously thought of as beyond hope, profitable.

In the field of express passenger working, where the railways are expected to make a considerable profit, Mr. Fiennes said that the services were still not fast enough. "The speed to Newcastle must be at least half-an-hour faster to compete

with the airways", he said.

Mr. Fiennes impressed the meeting as a person knowing and believing in what he was talking about — a rare feature in a railway officer. Perhaps the reason for his being sacked at the height of a distinguished career lies in the old adage that the truth hurts.

## Student protests— Labour responsible?

Student protests have become more vocal because of general political disenchantment, says Union President Peter Watherston in an article in 'Crossbow', the Bow Group quarterly.

Peter combines his LSE activities with being a member of the radical Tory splinter group the Bow Group, and he is treasurer of Bow Publications.

He amplifies this statement by saying that when the students escape the protection of schools and come to University, this is when they first become politically conscious.

In the past, students have turned to the Labour Party to fulfil their radical ideals, but many have been so disillusioned with the policies of the Labour Party when in power that many have left and are now looking round for something on which to base their idealism.

Some have gone further left, some have joined the

Young Conservatives, and some have joined Terry Lacey and his psychedelic Young Liberals.

He tries to relate this general disenchantment with the hippies, using drug-taking as a method of opting out of society, but says that most students react from this situation by ignoring national politics and concentrating their efforts on internal University politics, and hence the concentration on seeking greater autonomy of Unions and participation in college life.

The expedition has the enthusiastic approval of the St. Vincent Government, but they are unable to give any financial help. They will, however, provide the team with accommodation and other facilities on the island. The Caribbean Banana Research Centre will also help with facilities. "But the big drive to get support is only just beginning," expedition treasurer Alan Prockter commented.

The team will spend about five weeks on St. Vincent. If time allows, Dorothy Hayward hopes to be able to carry out research into the structure and organisation of the settlements on the island. "But I've no doubt that the land-use survey will take up most of our time."

The LSE-Kings College Geography Association has organised two previous expeditions—to Iceland in 1965 and to Yugoslavia in 1966. The latter received financial help from Kings College and LSE, and from the Ford Foundation.

## Draft card return snag

**THE LOST** and Found department of the American Embassy now has eleven Draft cards among its stock.

For after refusing to accept the return of the draft cards by American students, because they claimed that they would be abetting a criminal offence by so doing, the Embassy staff removed the cards from the front door of the Embassy, where the students had pinned them, and put them in the lost and found department.

The Chairman of the Stop-It Committee, Harry Pinkus, said, "The suggestion that the staff could not accept the cards is nonsense. The war is itself unconstitutional."

## PETTY THIEVING

**A MINOR** wave of petty thieving seems to have hit LSE. During the last fortnight at least six wallets and purses have been stolen.

Welfare VP Pippa Jones had her wallet containing ten pounds stolen from the bar, and a purse and a wallet have disappeared from Beaver office.

Three other cases have also been reported.

At least one case has been reported to the police, but they are almost powerless to do anything owing to the enormous number of possible suspects.

## VIETNAM

● cont. from p.1  
someone threw a brick through a C & A window.

Forty-seven arrests were made in the course of the demonstration, including a student from LSE and an LSE lecturer in economics, Mr. Lawrence Harris, who said, "I don't think violence against the police was justified this time". But when he saw police man-handling his wife who had resisted the advancing cordon, he felt bound to defend her. The next morning he was tried for obstructing two policemen in the course of their duty and fined £10.

The demonstration was originally organised by the Vietnam Solidarity Campaign, which specifically supports the NLF. But it was associated with the corresponding Washington demonstration and the American "Stop-it" Committee played a prominent part. Apparently an alternative demonstration was organised for Saturday, catering for those such as Communists and CND not prepared to support the NLF. But its existence was badly publicised. Any many marchers on Sunday were displeased to find themselves part of such a violent demonstration.

The police were surprised too. A constable told Mr. Harris that there had originally been relatively few police allocated to the embassy, until coin-throwing at No. 10 suggested the need for reinforcements.

In this instance the inevitable complaints of police brutality appear to have some justification. Even a Daily Telegraph reporter complained in his article the next day of being roughly handled by the police.