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BEAVER

NEWSPAPER OF THE STUDENTS' UNION, LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL
SCIENCE (UNIVERSITY OF LONDON)

FEBRUARY 28th, 1958

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Students Fight Police

Inspired by the oratory of A. J. P. Taylor, and filled with an urge to do something *immediately* to end the real and awful menace of the Government's nuclear policy, L.S.E. and other students joined in the crowd that surged into Downing Street on the night of Monday, 17th of February.

They had come hot and elated from the mass-meeting of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and although they were good-humoured, the cries of "Sack Mac!", "Ban the Bomb!", and "1, 2, 3, 4, We don't want Nuclear War!" which bounced off the unresponsive walls of No. 10 were nonetheless serious.

At the start, a large part of the crowd was pent up at the entrance to Downing St., until two L.S.E. students took the lead, and breaking through the police cordon, started a rush to join the other demonstrators outside No. 10.

The police used very rough tactics to clear the street, after being initially baffled by the crowd's trick of sitting passively on the ground. Police dogs were out; eight people were arrested.

But questions were later asked in the House, and Mac must have had an uneasy night.

(Note: the U.N. Society announce a campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT. Anyone wishing to give active or passive support for the campaign is invited to place their names on a register: they should contact a member of the society.)

Extract from "Beaver," 1954

A motion in Union on Sir Oswald Moseley was carried by 144 votes to 105, with 8 abstentions:—

"That this Union is of the opinion that the proposed debate for Nov. 23rd organised by the Liberal Society is contrary to the spirit and interests of our Union and calls on the Liberal Society to refrain from giving a platform to acknowledged Fascist speakers".

THE OBSERVER MACE

In the N.U.S. competition for the "Observer" mace the L.S.E. team of Mr. Patrick Eavis and Mr. Campbell-Johnston has entered the National Semi-Finals, an achievement which has only been equalled twice before in recent years.

Two L.S.E. teams went into the last round of the competition against Reading University and the Inns of Court Society but only one was successful—Mr. Wolf and Mr. Whitehouse being eliminated.

Next Round

At the time of going to press we had not heard the result of the semi-final held at Q.M.C. on 27th February. L.S.E. was drawn against teams from Birkbeck College London, University College Dublin and the University of London Union. The Debates Committee wishes them all success. Glasgow University has monopolised this trophy in recent years and it is encouraging to see an L.S.E. team challenging their record of success. Whether we win or lose L.S.E. has shown that its standard of debating is as high as any other college, and the team's performance should encourage all future debates in the School.

THREE TUNS

(in the Union Building)

THE STUDENTS' OWN BAR

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Take your lunch in the

THREE TUNS

Rolls and hot dogs

and

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and spirits to wash them down

PARTIES CATERED FOR

SOME INFILTRATION TECHNIQUES



HUSTING HIGHLIGHTS

Without a doubt the honours went to Mr. Alan Hale. Complete with banners, beautiful women, and Jim Silver, Alan ticker-taped and red rosetted, stole the show.

Mr. Hale said that he had no intention of getting up and making promises which he would not have a chance to keep. He deplored the fact that the School went dead at the week-ends and wanted to make sure that when the new buildings in St. Clement's Press are opened, Union accommodation will not be confined to the basement. To improve Union meetings, Mr. Hale wanted to limit the time of speakers so that more people could speak and that speeches would perforce be concise. He also wanted to improve the Freshers' Reception because he did not feel that it reached enough people or integrated them into L.S.E. life.

Bob Adams

Mr. Bob Adams opened the hustings in comparative calm. Standing as an Independent candidate, he said his aim was to banish the concept of a ruling élite and to preserve the democratic nature of Union. Minorities, he said, had a part to play in a united Union, but one minority should not rule. As he was not affiliated to any societies he said he had no prejudices to influence him. He wished to expand social activity and he felt that the Union could play a much larger part in National Student affairs. He concluded by saying that the President's job was 90% routine and 10% initiative, and that if he were elected he would try to use his initiative to the utmost.

John Ashbourne

Mr. John Ashbourne was not greeted with the calm of his preceding opponent. Pandemonium broke loose and the lights went out and it was with great difficulty that Mr. Ashbourne made himself heard. It was unfortunate that a poster held by his proposer, Mr. Norton, and declaring "coloured women

want white lovers" was misunderstood by coloured people in the audience. Mr. Ashbourne went on to say that he had had plenty of political experience at L.S.E. which would enable him to cope with political situations that might arise without actually being committed to one Party and its policy. He hoped for a strong Union, a strong debates policy, and after the move to St. Clement's Press, a bigger bar and better common rooms.

At the time of going to press we cannot give results unfortunately, but after these hustings, the candidates will certainly provoke the interest of many and we can hope for a high percentage poll.

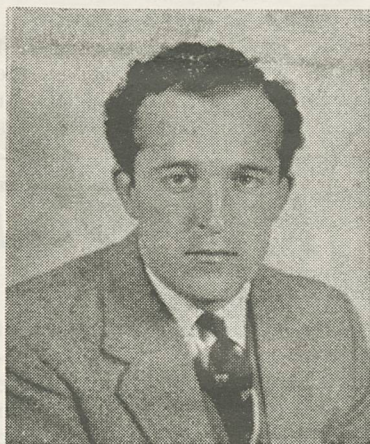
PRESIDENT FOR THIS YEAR

JIM CHAFFEY had a majority of 63 in the elections for this year's President of the Students' Union over John Goss. The closeness of voting showed that both candidates were equally well known in Union affairs, Jim as D.P. last year and John as Senior Treasurer.

There was no party issue at stake, so this may have accounted for the low vote of 668 (Jim Chaffey has something to say about it in his column) but the most disturbing feature was the lack of knowledge on the part of some of the voters about the candidates. Many asked the Returning Officer whom they should vote for, and others were easily persuaded by canvassers.

Voting Hours

This surely is an argument that voters should have to play more of an active part in voting: for example, only those students keenly interested in the election would trouble to climb the stairs to the



Union Office, if the Ballot Box were placed up there.

In the other extreme, all students could be given a ballot paper (evening students included) and one can imagine how high but how false such a vote could be.

Five voters abstained, showing that they were at least interested in using their vote, if not in supporting either candidate—all credit to them.

WEEKEND CONFERENCE, MARCH 7-9

Beatrice Webb House, Dorking

Hear:

Mr. GEORGE SCHWARTZ on "Current Economic Crisis in America"

Mr. GEORGE WOODCOCK on "Trade Unions in the Social Structure"

PROFESSOR OAKESHOTT on "Modern Philosophical Thought"

Dr. MCKENZIE, Dr. RALPH MILIBAND, DAVID BUTLER,

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE, LUDOVIC KENNEDY on "Political Parties and the Future of British Democracy"

The Weekend Conference is a rare occasion when students can get together and enjoy three consecutive social evenings as well as listening to speakers of academic and examination interest.

The price is £2/10/0, inclusive of return transport from L.S.E.

There are still vacancies for male and female students.

Payments accepted at Union Office

Don't leave it too late

THE PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Whenever a new President takes office, there are a number of tasks which appear to demand much thought and attention. On this occasion, my concern is centred round the Week-end Conference.

On March 8th and 9th one hundred students will go down to the Beatrice Webb House, and taste the convivial amenities that are normally absent from a non-residential college. An equal number of males and females will provide the ideal social backcloth, and an impressive schedule of lectures and seminars will stimulate discussion on an academic level, while providing useful glimpses into possible examination problems. All this sounds fine! Where, then, you may ask, is the trouble?

The answer, quite simply, is that the response from the School has been very disappointing, and so far less than half of the tickets have been sold. Without minimising the difficulties of finding £2 10s. at this time of the year, it is, nevertheless, a most reasonable amount to pay for the privilege of enjoying what has always been a highly successful week-end. So to all of you who still feel "out of it", this is an opportunity to make new friends (and new conquests!), while hearing different and capable views on interesting topics.

Apathy

The big problem at L.S.E. (over the week-end conference and numerous other topics) is the same as that which Mr. Henry Brooke has found in Local Government—the problem of apathy. Nothing new in this; everyone knows that there is apathy, everyone deplors it. It is true that attendance at recent Union Meetings has risen to above the 200 mark, but what percentage is 200 of the total number of students? Still more important,

how many people did not vote at the recent presidential election? The answer is well over four fifths of the total membership!!!

This "apathy" is nothing new. One can largely discount the eulogising of older students, but that does not mean that one should ignore the problem. Because it is recurrent, there is all the more reason for asking the question, "how can one combat the discontent of most students in the Union?"

Solutions

Several formulæ have been proposed. For two consecutive years John Hipkin preached the "personality" approach, and more recently we have witnessed the "sensation" approach, which has met with some success. However, both these ideas tacitly assume that the normal Union routine is dull, and will never have popular appeal, without the aid of controversial issues or personalities. On the other hand there are many others who find plenty of interest in the organisation and presentation of student affairs. They agree with John Stuart Mill, who asserted that a vote is as much a duty as it is a right. They assume that there must be active participation in student affairs, if those affairs are to be worthwhile. The problem is what to say to those people who, on being canvassed, claim to have no knowledge of Union affairs, and no interest. Often they are persuaded to cast a vote, without even knowing who the candidate is, or for what he stands.

One suggestion that has come forward, is that membership of the Union (and the right to vote) should be open to all, but only on the payment of a subscription, small enough to permit the interested to join, but large enough to deter those who might be persuaded to join solely in order to vote at an election. The argument is that although decisions of the Union affect all students, nevertheless many students do not care about their interests, and are content to let others decide for them. The "subscription idea" is realistic, if not completely desirable.

Another idea, that follows the same line of thought, is that voting should take place during hustings, and only those sufficiently interested to come along will then vote. This, of course, excludes those unable to attend for a good reason, but some proxy system could be effected here. One good feature about both these systems is that candidates might be spared the arduous and totally undesirable practice of spending seven or eight futile hours standing around the ballot box. But the list of suggestions is far from complete. There are many other ideas and this article will have succeeded in its purpose if it helps to extract them.

Tribute to Dai

I would like to conclude, where perhaps I should have begun, by paying a personal tribute to Mr. Dai Watkins, who has carried on the leadership of Council for the past three weeks. His task was unspectacular, but most essential. His method was unspectacular but most efficient.

SPOTLIGHT

ON JOHN GREVE

It can be said that John Greve was born in Cardiff of a Norwegian father and an English mother. He was educated at primary and Grammar School, went to sea in a Norwegian tanker to U.S.A., returned and was adopted by Cardiff Labour Club and was elected to Cardiff County Council in 1955. Then he came to L.S.E. and was Chairman of our Labour Club. He has written for "Manchester Guardian", had short stories on the B.B.C., been married seven years, and specialises in Sociology.



Hopes

John wants Time for research; Time to write whimsy sketches, satire or criticism, as well as social tracts; less hypocrisy in public life; an end to colour discrimination; the end of belief in inherent English superiority; a republic; the House of Lords as a Museum of British aristocratic institution; a Radical revival; a long holiday in Norway; disarmament.

These are wishes rather than hopes. "I hope to enter a further period of academic study and teaching, to expound what I may find in examining society, and to be rational in the hope that counter-argument will also be rational."

"I believe that the general attitudes of students at L.S.E. are much more progressive than the Conservative Society realises, and more than the Labour Society allows itself to hope. If this is true, the loyal Conservatives should not be too blind, cocksure or intransigent; and the aspiring Socialists should be more thoughtful, confident, and evangelical."

All this John Greve believes.

For him, L.S.E. is somewhat disappointing, not because it isn't a turbulent centre of Socialist discussion and thought, but because the pressure of work is too great. The place resembles a cotton mill in appearance, is too noisy, crowded, too examination conscious, and under-staffed. It has too many signs of a factory for professional qualifications, but, nevertheless, it is a stimulating college.

Politica in L.S.E.

He says, "Unfortunately, we have allowed political discussion in the Union to become sterile and too partisan. I believe profoundly in the freedom of individual expression through Socialism—Liberals and Conservatives believe in self-expression by their methods—but this is NOT what we argue about. There is an abundance of uninformed brawling about parties' policies and very little objective examination of whole party concepts in relation to backgrounds or context. I have considered the purpose of the Labour Society, for example, to be that of discussions, analysis, criticism and education. This is what student political societies should be doing. Debates based on a quick reading of the latest party handout are intellectually degenerative. I am not struck dumb with awe for M.P.'s or leaders of great organizations... what have they got to say?"

HARRY'S VOTE

Once more unto the vote, dear friends, once more
And resurrect the council's head again.
In the interim of election days
There is nothing so becomes the student
Than virtuous study in the library.
But when the voice of presidents' elect
Blow in our ears, then imitate the action
Of the British voter.
Stiffen the upper lip, sharpen the pencil points,
Disguise gentility with hard-favoured rage.
Glare at the rival with an eye so full
Of rancour that you are deceived yourself.
Hold hard the breath
And paste up pictures of your candidate
Above the bed. On, on, you noblest electorate,
Who roar on Friday afternoons at four.
Dishonour not those Fridays, emulate
Now the leading spirits there.
Show us now
The colour of your party, for I see
You stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining on the leash. Take heed! Follow your spirits!
Let not the Wine and Food Society your orgies inhibit.

(With apologies to Will Shakespeare.)
NORMA V. RAYNES.

BEAVER

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

HOUGHTON STREET
ALDWYCH - LONDON - W.C.2

Vol. VI No. 7

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COMMENT

What is Beaver's Policy?

A motion was tabled in Union some weeks ago criticising *Beaver's* report on the resignation speeches of ex-President Maddox and the speeches which followed—the main argument being that members of the Union who were not at that meeting would not have a full picture of what actually occurred. A fair criticism: but if one takes it to a logical conclusion, then *Beaver* would be obliged to print word for word, speech for speech, the minutes of the meeting.

Even if we had the space for such copious script, the resulting edition would be tame and lifeless. Moreover, while a reputable National newspaper should endeavour to report events accurately, since its readers have no other means of testing these reports, a college newspaper can afford to add a little punch and spice to its articles, for readers are themselves a part of the event. Take the Union Meeting—if *Beaver's* report was biased, then any active Union member (who naturally attends such important debates) would be aware of it. Alternatively, if illness or work had kept him away, he would judge from the views of friends who had attended.

Admittedly, the apathetic students ("Where is the 3 Tuns?" one asked in his second year) might take *Beaver's* report as the gospel truth, so are we to head every article "This may not be true"?—for such is certainly the case.

The greatest sanction against biased views in *Beaver* is the weapon of reply. If a society or Union member feels an event has

been wrongly described, then *Beaver* guarantees him space to reply. In this way a balance of opinion will be obtained over two editions, while assuring that each one contained some life and controversy. By this method *Beaver* can use the wealth of literary talent in L.S.E. to produce reports, however biased they may be, instead of relying on the efforts of 5 or 6 staff journalists.

Tool of Council?

Is *Beaver* the voice of Council? Nothing could be further from the truth, for its only connection with Council is through the D.P. His job usually consists of asking the Editor before an edition: "Is there anything I should see?"—for, after all, he is responsible to Union for the paper. At most he can ask for features to go in—he never demands it. Apart from him, Council members neither censure nor write articles for *Beaver* in their official capacities.

STEALING

Last year, about this time, ten sets of notes were stolen as examinations came near, and there may have been more. *Beaver's* job is to warn students of this danger and thus prevent it, but it can give 3 points of advice: (1) Do not put temptation in the way of potential thieves by leaving notes unattended; (2) Never bring a whole set of notes to School; (3) The most important: by being aware of the danger and by watching out for thieves, make it unprofitable for anyone who attempts to steal.

★ POST BAG ★

Dear Sir,

It has come to my attention that there is a certain amount of controversy concerning a poem by Rilke which was recently quoted in *Beaver*; I feel that I can make some contribution to the mystery surrounding this work. The recently published correspondence of Mikulka Gyula, Bulgarian nationalist poet, intimate friend of Rilke, contains references which lead to the following conclusions.

While taking the cure at the Bulgarian town of Negotin in 1908, Rilke is known to have had several mystical experiences with a local seaweed girl, as a result of which a cycle of poems was written. This subsequently seemed to disappear, for, partly because of the strict German obscenity laws of the period, Rilke did not wish to have the poems published. But, as Mr. Bezodis states, the one in question, "Umtausch Bitte Diesen", was in fact included by some oversight in a collection of unpublished works printed in 1912. The remainder of the cycle, while never, to my knowledge, published in Germany, were set to music by the emigre composer Friedrigge and, fantastically enough, the complete cycle was broadcast in the short wave service of the Voice of the Arabs, Cairo, during late 1953.

Yours, etc.,

Z. T. JENKINS,

Secretary, L.S.E. Bulgarian Society.

Sir,

At the latest count, my name appears in various forms in the last issue of *Beaver* TEN times.

Is this a record?

Yours, etc.,

SAM WOLF.

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Are Women Students Oppressed?

We welcomed the visit of the American debating team of Messrs. Stokes and Popovski to L.S.E. to discuss, with the able assistance of Messrs. Norton and Chaffey, the motion "That women's suffrage was a mistake and should be revoked."

What a pity the L.S.E. representatives seemed primarily concerned with entertaining the male students of the school. For this I blame, not Mr. Norton or Mr. Chaffey, but the apathy of the women students of L.S.E. If there had been one woman at L.S.E. interested in making herself competent at debating, she would have been asked to speak against this motion which required, ideally, to be opposed by a member of the sex at which it was directed. It would have insured in the first place that the motion would have been treated with a little of the seriousness due to it and, secondly, the presence of a woman on the platform might have mitigated some of the rather-more-crude-than-subtle innuendoes which characterised the general tone of the debate.

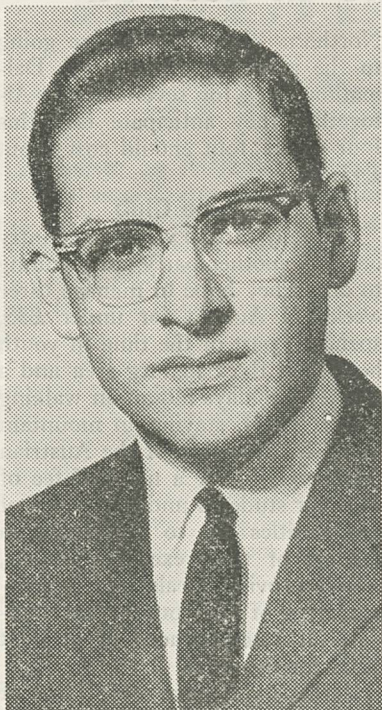
Female Statistics

The fact that the motion was carried was due solely to the numerical male superiority in the theatre. But according to the L.S.E. Calendar, the number of women day students at the School is 546, and the grand total of women at L.S.E., including evening, inter-collegiate and occasional students, is 859. Surely the courageous little contingent of frail females bearing up bravely against the crushing onslaughts hurled at them in the name of hilarity should have mustered better support than this!

Unfortunately, it is only too clear a reflection of the feminine indifference and resulting male autocracy which is creeping up menacingly, silently and almost unnoticed upon the Union and the School (registrar's office and Mrs. Ellis's department excepted). Make no mistake, women have been as effectively barred from the third floor common room as the Queen is from the House of Commons. We probably haven't any desire to enter such a scruffy establishment anyway, but unlike the Queen, we have no alternative place in which to nurse our frustration.

It will mean exclusion from the Three Tuns and the Founder's Room next; and who knows where male tyranny will lead from there?

At Cambridge women students are still endeavouring to gain admission to the Students' Union, but at L.S.E. women students have always possessed this privilege; and should prove their worthiness of it by playing a proportionately greater



Mr. M. L. Popovski
Courtesy of NUS News.

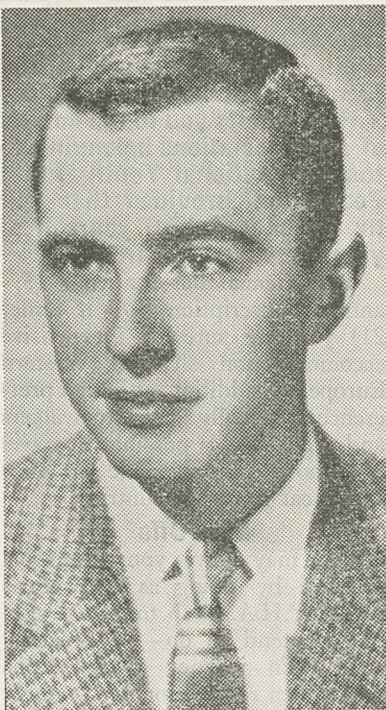
part in Union activities. If this had been the case the other Friday, the motion before the house would neither have been treated so frivolously nor carried so forcibly. In fact, I should like to take this opportunity of apologising to our newly elected president for being under the impression that he was speaking for the motion. He was, in fact, opposing it.

Fortunately there are some women representatives doing an enormous amount of work, ensuring the smooth running of many Union committees and societies. But these are the exceptions. For the most part the political life of the women students at L.S.E. consists of sitting and simpering at Conservative Society tea parties or discussing the merits and demerits of a particular vice-president's ex-girl-friend.

Serious Problem

In all earnestness, I should like to point out the serious implications of this situation. If the women of the L.S.E. cannot show any interest in politics, how can we expect the women of Britain to do so? If we cannot look to the women students of the Political and Social Sciences to uphold the principles and preserve the privileges that women have fought for and won during this present century, then to whom can we look?

I feel that female suffrage which



Mr. H. S. Stokes
Courtesy of NUS News.

springs from the recent recognition of feminine equality, is still regarded by many as a concession on trial, rather than an inherent right. Bear it in mind, and the debate has forewarned us, that men are only too anxious to seize upon the first opportunity of sweeping away female suffrage. But if we have no use for it, either let us not stubbornly play bitch in the manger but let us yield to the would-be male retriever voluntarily, and with a good grace.

Ulterior Motives

But if, as I believe, women do value their privilege, they must not be allowed to fall into such abeyance through lack of exercise that they can only be redeemed by resorting to militant, undignified and unfeminine methods. I emphasise strongly the social undesirability of open warfare against the male species.

No! We should maintain our position as it is now, by recognising the co-existence of a cold war and by attending to the necessary vigilance and strategy. A defensive situation, indeed, but because of its essentially peace-keeping purpose, it would facilitate relationships between the opposing combatants (i.e., cultural, diplomatic, etc., etc.), and thus afford ample opportunities of fraternising with the enemy.

SALLY JENKISON.

POLISH DIPLOMAT VISITS L.S.E. EUROPEAN SOCIETY

At the last meeting of the European Society a member of the Polish Embassy came to the School to give a talk on recent developments in Poland. The meeting was most interesting and informative; and those who came along got a fairly clear-cut picture of the Polish situation, provided they did not take all the statements made by the Polish diplomat at their face value. However, the questions that followed the introductory talk proved that students in L.S.E. are not in the danger of swallowing everything, even if it is said by a respectable member of a legation.

At first we heard a summary of the development of Poland since the second world war, in which attention was paid mainly to the successes achieved in building socialism and to the changes in the social and economic structure of the country, that has become—we were told—a socialist one.

The questions that followed tried to make the diplomat get down to facts and to less equivocal statements. Obviously enough, people wanted to know more about the unique position of Poland, attained within the Communist bloc, about the changes that have taken place since the summer of 1956, about the differential features of the Gomulka regime, about the latest reforms introduced, about the possibility of further improvements both in the political and in the economic field. Although our speaker willy-nilly admitted some "shortcomings" in the Polish-Soviet relations he was most reluctant to point out what these were, until some fairly hostile and impatient questions from the audience—notably from Sam Wolf—did make him give some more definite statements. We learnt, then, that Soviet-Polish trade relations were not always based on mutual equality and also that too much stress was laid on the heavy industry, at the expense of commodity production.

Revolution

Being most interested in the Polish response and in the present evaluation of the Hungarian Revolution, I wanted to know: (a) has there been a shift of official appraisal of the Revolution—as in the other Iron Curtain countries, where from the concept of a partly mistaken, partly justified popular uprising they have arrived at the conclusion that it was a Fascist

coup d'etat fomented by a handful of Western agents and Hungarian landlords; (b) I also asked his view on the Revolution and on the possible parallel between Polish and Hungarian developments.

I was told that it was a "great national tragedy", but neither I nor other members of the audience could get out of him anything slightly more factual or relevant.

He declined to answer a question about the evaluation of the role of Imre Nagy, Prime Minister of Hungary during the revolution. He declared that it is possible to disagree in Poland with the present regime, even with the principles of socialism. However, when the problem of "Po Prostu"—the banned Polish student newspaper—was raised, he completely failed to explain why this weekly constituted a mortal danger to the regime, that could not be parried short of banning! We were told in this context, that the freedom of the press does not allow the misrepresentation of facts, but he did not disclose in what way the criticism of "Po Prostu" amounted to the "misrepresentation of facts".

Wary Diplomat

There was no doubt that the guest-speaker was in a difficult position, being a member of the Polish Embassy, and some of the audience did not realise this, by demanding such a degree of unlimited sincerity and informality that could not be expected from any government official. This explains a sort of psychological anticlimax on the part of the audience, who came with too high expectations, anticipating an entirely trustworthy account, untinted by propagandistic undertones. However, we should not have expected so much.

Great European Statesman Accepts Honorary Presidency

During the European Industrial Conference held 19th-21st February, 1958, one of the greatest living European statesmen graciously accepted to become the Honorary President of the L.S.E. European Society.

He sent the following message of good wishes to the Society, of which here is an English translation:

"I am particularly happy to find here in London amongst young people, this desire to join around a common idea, namely that of a European Union. I know that Europe can cause disquiet and anxiety to our British friends, but I should like to assure them that for the French there will be no Europe without the English, as there will be no Europe without France and without any other country of the Continent.

"It is for that reason that there must be an understanding among Europeans to make a common effort in the cultural, economic, social and political spheres. And for me it is a very great thing that young people should make it the object of their studies.

"My most ardent wishes accompany them."

ROBERT SCHUMAN,
President of the European Movement,

and former French Premier. Robert Schuman, together with Sir Winston Churchill, De Gasperi and Chancellor Adenauer was a founder President of the European Movement, and his name will be associated with the practical results of this, achieved by the setting up of the Schuman Plan for a Coal and Steel Community in Europe. M.G.

★ COMING EVENTS ★

★ Dramatic Society

Will present two plays on March 13th and 14th:

"Twenty-seven Loads of Cotton," by Tennessee Williams, and "The Avenger," by Chekov.

★ Film Society

Forthcoming attractions: "Diary of a Country Priest" "Red Balloon," and "The Woodpeckers," all on March 3rd, at 6.30 p.m.

On March 17th at 6.30 p.m.: "Smiles of a Summer Night," and

"Trois Femmes".

Members free, guests 1/6.

★ Jewish Society

On March 13th, in Room 8 at 4.15 p.m., Dr. Rabbi, Dr. A. Altmann will speak on "Reason and Anti-Reason in the Modern World". Prof. Morris Ginsberg will be in the chair.

On March 15th, at Holborn Assembly Hall, Jewish Society will be holding their end of term dance.

★ Y.H.A.

Have a week-end at Kensing Hostel on March 7th, 8th and 9th.

★ The Debates Committee

Announce the forthcoming debates: On March 3rd—"This House would Relinquish the H-Bomb".

On March 10th—"The Public House has done more for the Education of this country than the Public School".

★ The European Society

On March 4th, Sir Edward Hailton, David Pryce, M.P., and a Labour M.P. will take part in a Brains Trust. Questions may be submitted to the secretary through the pigeon holes.

On March 11th, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, M.P., Topic to be decided.

★ The United Nations Society

On March 4th, at 4.15 p.m., a speaker from the French Embassy will introduce a discussion on "The Algerian Problem". The meeting will take place in Room 8.

Societies wishing to advertise their forthcoming meetings in these columns, please contact Norma Raynes via the pigeon holes.

! CARNIVAL !

We want to make L.S.E.'s contribution to the U.L.U. Carnival on May 3rd our best ever. A Carnival Planning Committee is being formed to design and organise a float and stalls. One or two societies have already undertaken the responsibility of a stall. More societies and individuals are needed NOW! Please help your fellow-students all over the world by making this Carnival a success. W.U.S. is not a society. It depends on YOU. The Planning Committee are holding a meeting on FRIDAY, 28th FEBRUARY, 1 p.m. in the Union Offices.

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VOLUNTEERS WANTED Are You a Talented Student?

Talented and uninhibited students are required by the Edmonton Borough Council to brighten up their streets. They have implied that there is a preponderance of such talent at L.S.E., by asking for a float of any description (?) to be designed and manned (or womaned) by L.S.E. students in their carnival, which is to be held on July 5th.

LAST RESORTS

—of the idle rich—
America's answer

Of all the many resorts along the East coast of the United States, Fishers Island, New York, and North Haven, Maine, must be the most remarkable. Both have been labelled by North American egalitarians "the last resorts of the idle rich", and at both one sees the rich enjoying themselves by no means idly.

Fishers Island is some ten miles off the coast of Connecticut, and owned by one of the most exclusive country clubs. As one of its members recently said, "we don't mind who belongs so long as they're the right type"—of which money is an almost indispensable attribute. But something more is demanded. One can scarcely imagine an American George Dawson being accepted in the Island. Among those who do belong are the present U.S. Ambassador to London, the Du Pont family, the Rockefeller family, and the family of John Nicholas Brown, recent Commodore of the N.Y. Yacht Club.

Luxurious Life

Life is lighthearted: if the British take their pleasures seriously, the Americans take them energetically. Consciousness comes at nine, breakfast at nine-thirty. Perhaps tea until eleven, then a swim before lunch on the beach. The afternoons are usually given to sailing or gold, although some flying and riding take place. Sun-down and cocktails coincide just before dinner, and the parties starting at the end of the meal, may last until the early hours. It

is just conceivable that one might relax on the Island, but with so much to do this is unlikely.

The atmosphere is overwhelmingly friendly and carefree and it was with more than a touch of regret that I left this resort, which has no hotels, to go to North Haven, off the coast of Maine.

Nothing but Boats

In this gadget age, many Americans yearn for an escape to the primitive—avoiding, if possible, the uncertainty of the primitive existence. North Haven helps to satisfy the urge. It is accessible only by that Valhalla of American rolling stock—the Boston and Maine R.R. Its nearest port is Rockland, squeezed between the pines and the sea. North Haven lies in the Fox Islands group in Penobscot Bay. Its wooden houses stand along a rocky shore, smart, white and few. Its anchorage offers sanctuary to sailing boats ranging in size, while I was there, from 110 feet schooners to local dinghies, which are the oldest class of racing boats in America. I had the privilege of racing the oldest, whose past was doubtful and whose present was dismal. Sailing is the "raison d'être" of the resort. It was here that the New York Yacht Club ended its cruise in 1953—when the anchorage each evening was packed with a great flotilla of beautiful yachts (each flying a cocktail flag).

Parties are superseded by lobster picnics, and the cinema by square dances and night boat-races. Here is part of the United States that is strongly un-American, unaffected by the juke-box and commercial television.

I regret that you can't get there from here.

Cheap Travelling in Germany

by Ulrich Flegel
Guenther Schoeneis

This article is for the advice of those who have already decided to visit Germany, and for those who have not decided, it is an invitation. We do not purport to extol the beauties of Germany as a vacation country; tourist bureaux are more than willing to supply this information. We just want to give students some vital facts of the cheapest way to visit the country.

First two important addresses:—

German Student Travel Service (GSTS),

43, Parliament Street, S.W.1.
Tel. WHI 6688.

German Tourist Information Bureau,
6, Vigo Street, W.1.
Tel. REG 2600.

Travel to and from Germany is best done through GSTS according to the summer programme of the GSTS, which will be published at the end of April. Here are some boat train prices:—

approx. Single

London-Cologne £3/8/0
London-Munich £4/18/0
London-Hamburg £4/15/0
London-Mainz £4/0/0

One must book at least a fortnight in advance. GSTS has also flights to Hamburg (£6/10/0), Berlin (£8/5/0), Munich (£8/0/0), Frankfurt (£6/0/0) approx. It is very important to book these flights as early as possible. However, we must mention that the above prices will be slightly increased.

It is useful to know that the fares on German railways can be calculated at the rate of 2½d. per mile, or 0,069 DM per kilometer. Now this price is slightly increased. Groups from 10 to 24 people can

get 33.3%, 25 and more get 50% reduction. There are also weekend return tickets, valid from Saturday noon till Monday night, at 33.3%; and during the week normal return tickets are up to 33.3% cheaper than two singles.

Hitch-Hiking

Of course, all students know that it is cheaper to hitch-hike. Generally it is easier for foreign students than for Germans, especially if they are obviously foreign. A good tip is to mark yourself as a foreigner; national flags on rucksacks, for instance. People travelling in this way can be sure of getting a lift. Officially it is forbidden to hitch cars on the autobahns; the only way is to stop cars on the Autobahn-auffahrt—the junctions where minor roads from the towns join the autobahns. It is pointless to attempt stopping cars on the autobahn itself because the speed at which they are travelling makes stopping dangerous and, indeed, it is illegal for cars to stop on these roads and illegal for pedestrians to stand on the autobahns. At any rate, if there are difficulties with the police, it is advisable for foreigners to immediately forget all their German, but unfortunately most Policemen speak English!

July is the best month for hitch-hiking. This also refers to lodging in Youth Hostels. There are more than seven hundred Hostels in Germany. The cost of one night's lodging is about 1/-, and, of

course, meals are provided at cheap rates. A full list of German Youth Hostels can be obtained from the YHA Travel Bureau, 29, John Adam Street, W.C.2.

Reduced Rates

Students possessing an International Students card (obtainable from NUS, Endsleigh Street, W.C.1) can get reduced tickets (50%) for most theatres and operas in Germany.

Work Camps

There will be, as usual, international working camps in Germany during the summer vacation—work is in industry or in forests. Details from the GSTS, and it is advisable to apply immediately.

Berlin

It is possible for foreigners to visit Berlin, but a visa is needed unless one flies from a Western airport. It is not allowed to hitch-hike in East Germany, but all cars must stop at the frontier and 95% of these are going to Berlin (Germans, too, without visa, may not move off the prescribed road to Berlin in the Eastern Zone). Visas for foreigners for crossing the Eastern Zone can be obtained for about ten shillings, from the Interzonal Facilities Bureau, 32, Elsholzstrasse, Berlin W 35.

No visa is necessary for visiting the Eastern part of Berlin which does not belong to the Eastern Zone of Germany. No one should worry unduly about visiting Eastern Berlin (unless one is on the black list).

If anyone has any further queries, they shouldn't hesitate to contact one of the many German students in L.S.E.

1958 TRAVEL

YOUTH HOSTELLING IN EUROPE

Interested in European travel? Well, why not youth hostel then? Membership of the Y.H.A. admits you to the hostels of all Associations belonging to the International Youth Hostel Federation, provided that you fix a photograph of yourself to your membership card.

This means that for your 15/- annual subscription (7/6 if under 21) you are sure of inexpensive accommodation all over Western Europe. In addition, although preference is usually given to walkers and cyclists, it is possible to travel by scooter, motor cycle or even motor car in most countries.

Stop-Offs

You may solve your transport problem by doing as this year's L.S.E. Y.H.A. Club tour to Yugoslavia intend to do—by breaking your train journey at numerous points "en route" for two or three days of sightseeing and walking. They plan to stop at Cologne, Munich and Salzburg on the outward journey, and at Trieste, Milan and Paris on their return route. They intend to walk in the Julian Alps and around Lake Bled in

Northern Yugoslavia before going to the island of Krk on the Dalmatian coast for several days. Altogether they anticipate that this four weeks' tour should cost about £45.

Alpine Club

You may care to visit one country only, as another party are planning to do. They hope to manage three weeks in Austria for under £35, spending part of the time in youth hostels in the Salzburg area and a further ten days mountain walking in the Tyrol, staying in mountain huts. Membership of the Austrian Alpine Club, for a nominal fee of 11/- for students under 25 years of age, entitles one to preference in the use of these excellent chalets, which provide meals and accommodation of the country inn standard at rates reduced by at least 50% for members.

Perhaps you have other ideas of European travel demanding less energy, but if you wish to see Europe cheaply you cannot beat youth hostelling. Don't forget that it is usually compulsory for parties of more than four or five to book in advance.

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How Many L.S.E. Students Will Make Moscow?

How many L.S.E. students will make it Moscow? For those with Moscow in mind, here are a few memories of my visit last year and some hints that may help you to decide. The occasion was the Sixth World Youth Festival—an elaborate "Peace and Friendship" jamboree. Mr. James Ackers, defying the party line, went to the Festival as a Tory, but didn't return as a Communist. I didn't go as a Communist, nor did I return as a Tory.

Now for some sights. Go to Dzerzhinsky Square. You'll see an ominous building on one corner with barred windows, a heavy port-cullis gate, brass studded oak door. Don't try to enter. I did, and was pushed down the steps by a Hollywood-type Slav thug—blonde hair, square jaw and beefy fists. This is the Ministry of Interior Affairs.

Visit, of course, the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum (if you like to see embalmed bodies—or are they wax-work dummies?). Don't jump the queue, but wait in line as I did. It took me three and a half hours. You'll get to know a lot of friendly and curious Soviet citizens.

Don't keep to the main 7 traffic lane wide thoroughfares. Wander through the narrow side streets to see the slums, crowded crumbling stone buildings or wooden shacks, standing on bare earth.

HERE IS A

As I put pen to paper and ponder apathetically for a new opening phrase since I acquired a typewriter, I take a long draw at my genuine Bavarian Fuldenbieder, souvenir of two riotous weeks in Somerset, and ruminate upon the content of this minor literary masterpiece, my first donation to the literature of Travel. Methinks Travel has suffered enough at the hands of lesser fry. Not for *Beaver* the usual dreary lists of views, monuments and museums. No! The virile inhabitants of Houghton Street need a more practical mentor if they are to derive the utmost benefit from their investigations of the habits and customs of Europe. And so I begin to drag back from the dim recesses of a besotted memory the valuable facts which I

have at my command concerning the Beer Festivals, Wine Festivals, Schnapps Festivals, and all the other quaint excuses which the inhabitants of the regions across the Channel use as pretexts for indulging in the most monumental feats of intoxication and general civic merriment.

A drinker's tour of Europe is most advantageous during the drinking season—June to October—and such a tour can start at the top or the bottom of the continent. Despite the appearance of the maps it is no steeper from South to North than from North to South, and with the vast number of suitable functions which are available it matters little at which part of Europe such perigrinations commence. The problem is to ensure that one's travels eventually lead back to the general vicinity of England.

"DO IT YOURSELF" DIPLOMACY

Eight L.S.E. students plan to travel across Europe and Asia this summer to the Russian port of Vladivostok on the Pacific. Their 15,000 mile round trip will be made in private vehicles through the Soviet Union and will, they believe, be the first of its kind.

They plan to complete it within 10 weeks, returning with diaries, written observations, sound recordings, photographs and a colour movie.

Besides a natural desire to travel, one of their motives in planning the trip has been the conviction that the cause of international peace is better served by this kind of "do it

yourself" diplomacy than by the volume of words which roll daily from the mouths of statesmen.

Incidentally, the Expedition is still short of a camera-man, and anyone who has some cine and general photographic experience and would like to join us should contact C. L. Hewitt through the pigeonholes.

SUPPLEMENT

HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIA

What makes an Austrian holiday particularly pleasant is the fact that it is something almost anyone can afford. Austria has always been, and still is, one of the most inexpensive countries on the Continent. The ratio between money spent and value obtained is very sound indeed.

That becomes obvious when you look at Austrian prices and make your calculations in the light of the extremely favourable exchange rate. The Pound Sterling is worth almost 73 Austrian Schillings and there are hundreds of hotels, pensions and inns where the equivalent of £1, or slightly more, will buy full board and accommodation for a day, service charges and local taxes included. Good value, isn't it? Yet, if you go to less-known districts or more remote places, you can do even better than that: you might find a room and three hearty meals in modest but quite adequate inns for as little as 15/- a day. On the other hand, some luxury establishments in Vienna and Salzburg or in the top-flight resorts, may charge you £3 for your room alone, but such hotels are few and far between and, on an average, you should get by at £1 or so per day, all in.

Where to Go

More and more people are nowadays going south in search of warmth and sunshine which they find in abundance in Austria's sun trap, the province of Carinthia. One of the various ways to reach Carinthia is by crossing the Grossglockner Pass on one of the most amazing Alpine roads ever constructed. This trip takes one up to almost 10,000 feet and from those heights one descends softly into a

land of a hundred lakes where a truly southern climate makes for long summers with steady good weather. The average water temperature of the Carinthian lakes is 75 degrees F.

Austrian hospitality springs from the inhabitants' age old cosmopolitanism and is, therefore, a very genuine thing. The Austrians are really eager to make their visitors feel at home and they do go out of their way to prove it. They take pride in their spotlessly clean and attractive hotels; their cooking is as wholesome as it is tasty; and Austrian wines, although not so well known abroad, are excellent and quite inexpensive.

True to their philosophy of gaiety, the Austrians provide (and indulge in) entertainment on a lavish scale. From the zither players and yodellers in their national costumes whom you will find in every Alpine village inn, to the sophisticated night spots in the fashionable resorts, there is plenty of amusement wherever you go and you are not likely to have a single dull moment during your stay in Austria.

How to get There

Rail and air connections to Austria are manifold and speedy and the motorist has a wide choice of routes, either through France and Switzerland or through Belgium and Germany. Petrol, by the

Incidentally, take your own toilet paper, or be prepared on occasions to tear up "Pravda".

The tourist exchange rate makes the rouble cost about 10d. A good buy is cigarettes: there are about twenty different brands; the best are 25 for about 2/11, and some cheaper at 1/-. Also, for the most delicious ice-cream I've ever tasted (New York - London - Paris - Brussels) buy a cone or wafer from a scrupulously hygienic street ice-cream stall, price 2 roubles—well worth 1/8.

For the souvenir shopper, go next to Red Square and visit G.U.M. (pronounced "goom"), a mixture of Selfridges and the

Memories of Moscow by Sam Wolf

Crystal Palace. Here, amidst fountains and glass domed galleries, you can buy well over 5,000 items: women's shoddy stockings that even a confirmed spinster would sneer at, Icelandic cod, elaborate accordions, excellent T.V. sets.

Don't be afraid to criticise freely in private conversation, but also give praise (e.g., the beautiful underground: "Metro: ochin korosho"). Don't boast too much of Western superiority but give honest facts. Take along picture post-cards and other small souvenirs of your home town to offer as gifts to anyone you visit.

Follow these rules and you'll be pleasantly surprised to find out that ordinary Soviet student or man-in-the-street has similar hopes and fears as yourself.

BEAVER BACCHANALIA

To begin . . . Germany, land of Rilke and Schmidt, produces the Beer Festival in its finest form, that of Munich deserving the highest praise and the longest stay. It has earned an outraged article in the *Daily Sketch*, and so can be thoroughly recommended. Many similar events take place throughout the country, and the German penchant for *austag* is shown at its finest. France is noted more for its wines, and participation in the grape harvest is sometimes regarded as a way of passing the vacation. It is not. Work is involved. Nevertheless, complete oblivion is speedily attained during the festivities which attend the Normandy cider harvest, and the inhabitants of many small French towns do spend a few weeks during the harvest behaving as foreigners fondly imagine the French behave for the whole year.

Let us now turn to Scandinavia,

noted for many things which are not within the province of this article. Among musts for devotees of the esoteric is the annual Schnurrskap at the Swedish hamlet of Otterlo, deep in the heart of the pine forests a few hundred miles south of the Arctic Circle. The native liquor is a type of brandy derived from the local turpentine, so beginners are advised to sample instead the battle which takes place each summer in Copenhagen between Danish lager giants Carlsberg and Tuborg; supporters of the rival brews, driven to a pitch of screaming frenzy by drink and the airs of baroque-inspired wandering musicians, roam the streets seeking destruction in an interesting demonstration of oligopolistic competition at its most extreme.

But I must stop. My thirst has been aroused by this chronicle of drinking experiences yet to come. I hope that these notes have served to remind the public of the benefits

to be derived from travel, and shown how backward the United Kingdom is in these matters. Nowhere in this country is there an event to compare with the highly esteemed Continental festivals. The English take their pleasures too seriously, and their drink too much in licensing hours only. But for readers who are unable to journey abroad I can advocate one substitute—form a Union Society. Then contact all the breweries in the London area. Tell each brewery that the members of your society have expressed an interest in the technique of brewing, and arrange an educational visit. Brewery tours become tedious after five or six visits, but the joys of the sampling room remain. As I say, this is but a poor substitute for the spontaneous gaiety of the Continental festivals, but the beer is free.

P. E. BRYAN.

Visit Prague

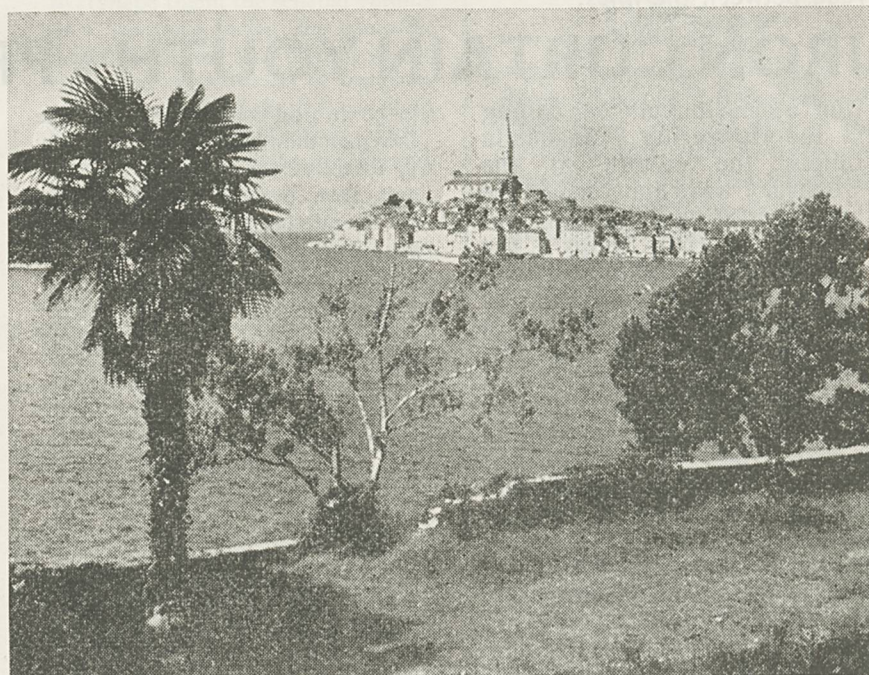
An international group of London University students are planning a trip to Czechoslovakia during the first fortnight of the Spring Vac. They are travelling as a tourist group and will stay at one of Prague's leading hotels, for about £14 for the two weeks. Highlights will include the University of

Prague, and an Int. Music Festival. Miles Wolpin, L.S.E. organiser of the trip, says that return rail tickets, £11, and hotel accommodation had already been booked for 15 male and female students. He said that the group would remain open until Sunday for others wishing to join.

The Staff

Let it not be thought that the staff are behind the door on this. So far their planned travels include America, Mongolia, Scandinavia, and a trip round Europe on a Lambretta.

YUGOSLAVIA



Students' Party to Rovinj via Venice

A party will be leaving during the Summer Vac. for Rovinj, a small fishing port in Northern Yugoslavia. In the bay of Rovinj is the small island of Katherina, where accommodation has been booked. There is dancing every night and wonderful bathing in the clear Adriatic.

The Rovinj festival of music and drama, organised by the Zagreb State Theatre, lasts from the 7th July to 30th August, and the programme includes opera, drama and

comedy, orchestral concerts, chamber music, intimate evenings and folklore performances.

The cost of the holiday is 29½ guineas for 13 days. By air, this includes transport to Air Terminals; a seat on the aircraft, Blackbushe to Venice return—refreshments on the journey; a seat on the coach, Venice/Rovinj return, and transport to the Island; full pension, taxes and service charges.

Anyone interested is asked to contact Box 123, *Beaver*, as soon as possible.

way, is unrated in Austria and it will not cost you more than about 4s. 8d. per gallon for super grade.

Many travel agents operate fully inclusive rail, coach, or air tours to Austria and will be glad to help you with your arrangements.

Another helpful source of information and advice on all matters relating to travel to and in Austria is the Austrian State Tourist Department at 219 Regent Street, London, W.1.

From an article by Johannes von Kleeman.

THIS IS THE WAY To a wonderful -

CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY!

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YUGOSLAVIA 16 DAYS by air to Venice; one week in comfortable lakeside hotel at Bled, and one week at Opatija "the noblest pearl of the Kvarner Riviera," delightful Hotel 50 yards from the sea. Y.T.C. representative throughout. 45 gns.	AUSTRIAN TYROL 11 DAYS by luxury coach with individual reclining armchair seats; full week at Zams, typical Tyrolean village 50 miles west of Innsbruck; homely Hotel, good food, comfortable rooms, Tyrolean evenings, concerts, dancing, lake swimming, climbing. Overnight stops at Ulm and Aachen on return journey. Resident representative. 27 gns.
RHINELAND 9 DAYS by air; in the heart of "Romantic Rhineland", Bacharach is a quaint town more than 1,000 years old. A wonderfully gay holiday centre with accommodation at the delightful Rheinterasse Hotel, famous for its "cellar". 21 gns.	SEEFELD (Austria) 16 DAYS by air from Manchester. Direct flight to Dusseldorf, continuing by luxury Pullman coach to Seefeld. Thirteen days full board at excellent Hotel. Music, dancing, swimming, tennis, Tyrolean evenings. Resident representative. When comparing prices consider the saving with direct flight from Manchester. 39 gns.
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Here is a comment on only one of the many Communist periodicals which reach "Beaver" Office. They all speak of a happy, thriving Student world — but there is always luckily someone who can read between the lines.

IRON CURTAIN YOUTH - PRESS REVIEW

Due to some inexplicable calling of the Hungarian Propaganda Chiefs, the editors of the "Beaver" have for a long time been flooded with the copies of the "Hungarian Youth", the weekly newspaper of the Communist Youth Organisation of Hungary. It is probably safe to say that, until we (I mean this counter-revolutionary-bourgeois-capitalist-fascist lot, i.e., Hungarian students in L.S.E.) have arrived, the editors of the "Beaver" had some difficulties to understand fully the eloquent articles of the above paper. However, I realised very soon, that at last my chance has come to render a humble service to the Communist Youth Organisation of Hungary, here amidst the dreariness of the western-capitalist world.

Before giving some (inevitably distorted and falsified) samples from this newspaper (such is the nature of the wicked fascist refugees like myself), let me say a few words about the paper itself. It testifies to the sense of reality of its editors that at present they call it "Hungarian Youth", whereas before the Revolution it was called "Free Youth".

For me, the first striking feature of the paper was its desperate attempt to reduce the deadly tedium which prevailed earlier in the whole Hungarian Communist Press, following faithfully the traditions of the Great Soviet Press (Crossword, chess, fashion and the like used to be the most widely read columns of the Communist press, although I admit that when people wanted to have some fun they read the foreign news and also, when they were in an absolutely desperate frame of mind, they cast a glance at the news about the latest over-fulfilment of the respective economic plans. But this happened only when they needed a very strong stimulant to cheer them up.)

Contact with the People

One can immediately realise the futility of the attempts of the "Hungarian Youth"—aimed at presenting a readable and absorbing newspaper—if he looks at the front page of the 4th of January issue (1958), from which Comrade Münnich, the present Prime Minister, smiles at the reader, and sends his best wishes for the New Year (mind you, he is the liquidator of the workers' councils, organised during and after the Revolution in the factories and also the sometime head of the reorganised Security Police). On the next page we can, however, find something that proves that the Hungarian sense of humour is indefatigable and that it crops up, even when embedded in party-jargon and wholesale propaganda. The heading of this report: "Visit at the course for youth-organisation secretaries—In close contact with life." It has been the persistent and monomaniacal claim of the Communists in Hungary—and elsewhere—that they are in "close contact" with life. This fantastic obsession always seemed

to be an odd compensation for the fact that they have failed so utterly to establish this contact with life and have become completely cut off from the masses. The same desperate craving for popularity and for the lost roots in the masses was expressed—and is still—in the "99% in favour" votes at the sham-elections, the same efforts are manifest in the countless "spontaneous" actions, protests, petitions, greetings, etc., of the "workers, peasants and progressive intelligentsia", all extracted virtually at gunpoint.

Still, there must be some improvement: I can read in the January the 25th issue that young people in Hungary will be able to travel this summer! Splendid. (I feel like apologising for having mentioned the Iron Curtain, this

by PAUL HOLLANDER

rusty piece of western propaganda.) The countries to be visited by 4,000 lucky ones are: "East German Democratic Republic, U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria" (What about Albania?). However, the editors might have felt that in the year of the Brussels Fair, at least some mention should be made of it. They think that: "It is quite natural that in the year of the exhibition some people will rightly ask: 'will it be possible to go and see it?' According to the plans smaller groups might be able to visit the exhibition." (My italics).

Hangover

Nevertheless, the emerging feature of the copies I have read (of four successive weeks) is something more serious. They cannot conceal that the aftermath of the Revolution coincided with a severe crisis of the Hungarian Youth. There is a series of reports written by one of the correspondents who took a job in a (nationalised) pub and he paints an alarming picture of spreading drunkenness, of the swelling number of young offenders and young underworld people, as seen from behind the counter. The heading of another article—similar in content—is "Young people of the Budapest night-life". The reporter describes his experiences of Budapest night-life (booming since the Revolution!) as he accompanied a special police-unit, searching for criminals in the bars and night clubs (nationalised, of course). To his shock and horror, these places were full of school children, apprentices and students, and especially packed with schoolgirls, intending to pick up helpful elderly gentlemen, and with elderly gentlemen, showing an almost paternal interest in the helpless young girls. There is another more ambitious article analysing the psychological dead-end which so many young people have arrived at. It says: "How many selfish boys and girls, indifferent to others, can we meet nowadays in the factories and schools, in town and country . . . We hear more and more about the drunkards, the hooligans, the de-

bauchees, the irresponsible ones, all those who deride our humane (!!!) society." The writer must admit that all this moral laxity cannot be attributed entirely to the remnants of "capitalist morals", since most of these youngsters have had the fundamental experiences of their life during the new era, and still, something is wrong. The new type of the fully conscious, muscular Communist hero is somewhat reluctant to appear on the scene! (Small wonder.) There is another plaintive account of the spreading "offences against public property". "Who is embezzling the public property?" the question is raised, though everybody in Hungary knows the answer despite the articles that appear very often on the same subject. The answer is that everybody embezzles the public property who is able to get access to it, because it is not public, because the workers and peasants have less control over the means of production than ever and if they want to improve their standard of living and want at the same time to express their malice toward the State and Party, they steal and sabotage.

Soviet Philosophy

"Why do 30-50% of the students fail their philosophy examination at the Technical University?"—asks the heading of the last article I propose to comment upon. First of all, it must be clear for the readers of the *Beaver*, that philosophy as a subject taught at the universities, means Marxism-Leninism, or to be more precise, the invincible weapon of the proletariat, the infallible tenets, the shield of the workers, the inexhaustible source of wisdom, the ever-applicable, ever-ready prescription for all situations. (I am sorry for the simplification; there is not enough space for every epithet.)

"At the Technical University"—I quote—"it used to be a practice for years, that the students went to their Marxism exams thinking: 'let's hope that we can talk some rubbish and get through.' The examiners themselves nearly begged the students to say something at least, to let them pass." I myself felt a great concern about the situation, but there is nothing new about it. Compulsory Communist indoctrination at the universities invariably produced the greatest possible hostility and the students of the Technical University were notoriously defiant, being in a better position than other students, whose future skills and services were not as badly needed as those of the engineers and scientists, who consequently could take greater liberties.

I think this was more than enough to fulfil a treble purpose: (1) to make, partly at least, available the "Hungarian Youth" for the readers of the *Beaver*; (2) to prove that the *Beaver* is not the greatest curse of journalism; (3) to revive some dear memories for myself which will add significantly to my vigour and relentlessness, when fighting homesickness.

L.S.E. QUEEN?

This year U.L.U. is having its first Carnival Queen. Each college will choose its own queen, voting to be by money. The three queens with the highest ballot will then take part in the final. Watch the notice-boards for further news of L.S.E.'s Carnival Queen Competition. Nominations now open.

PAULINE JACKSON.

CONFIDENTIALLY...

Confessions of an Unsuccessful Opprobrium-Eater.

by Satiricus

At a Union meeting a few weeks ago, somebody got up and complained that I had been insulting. You have no idea how glad I was to hear it, until I realised it was a misplaced complaint.

When first I was badgered into writing this column some eighteen months ago I thought it would be great fun. "Make it full of chit-chat, witticisms, and rapier-like satirical shafts of innuendo," said the paternalistic Editor. So I did; regularly. But I suffered from the fear that all true artists suffer from. Would my inventive genius suddenly depart as quickly as the wings of inspiration had first alighted upon me? My life soon became unbearable. Every fortnight I had to produce chit-chat, witticisms, and rapier-like satirical shafts of innuendo. My dreams became terrifying miasmas: always being chased by that huge editor whose bellowing voice constantly demanded chit-chat and rapier-like innuendos of satirical witticisms. Every fortnight! I soon began to have fantasies even in my waking hours—*satirical chit-chat and innuendous shafts of satirical witticisms*: the words drummed through my head.

And all along the lack of recognition. Pearls before veritable swine. I insulted, I cajoled, I hinted, I innuendoed, and what happened? Nothing. Occasionally something did happen though. I severely lambasted *Mr. B. Morgan-Edwards*, who was my pet hate at the time, only to be congratulated by him. Then last week someone complained: could this be fruition? I had made an unjust and ungentlemanly attack on Miss Allen, which was a caddish thing to do. Unfortunately what I had written was a tilt at Teitelbaum which I imagine the complainant

hadn't spotted. So you see the difficulties. Not only is it difficult to find anyone to insult, but people just refuse to be insulted. Apathy is eating away our minds. Has democracy come to this? What with my complaint and the lack of a continuous supply of roller tows (that's a dig at Sammy Wolf—surely he'll take umbrage) it certainly seems so.

So I'm a failure. And what is more my haunting fear has at last caught up with me. I can't think of an opening paragraph to my column for next week's edition, and that big, brute of an Editor is bearing down upon me. . . .

Qualifications

The recent elections have once again shown how queer are some people's ideas of what constitutes a qualification for a potential President. For example, I fail to see how being a member of Film Society—admirable though that may be—necessarily makes anyone either a good or bad President. Also, having had a particular post means very little, it's what one does in the job that matters. Someone might have as one of his qualifications a job from which he was asked to resign because of inefficiency and irresponsibility. But having been it is what impresses—so slap it down.

I say, chaps

The "Guardian" of this week carried a report of Oxford's Shrove Tuesday pancake race. It all sounded very exciting for apparently the rules were "that each man should toss the pancake four times and each of the four women twice." I know Oxford are a bit anti-feminist and all that, but don't you think this is going a bit far, what, chaps. It is noted that an American undergraduate won.

NO PLACE TO HIDE

by Sam Wolf

I accept with as much grace as possible the criticisms of fellow-student Rayner. I feel however that his judgement was a little too harsh and his conclusions false.

I enjoy TV, especially the commercials.

In the first place I did not arrive at L.S.E. from the U.S.A. although I confess I once lived there (if you call that living) for almost five years. I dislike the expression "came up" for it stinks of Oxbridge lout language. I merely moved from Camden Town to Tavistock Square.

I don't admit that I don't know what I'm looking for. In fact I stated it quite clearly and I shall quote: "I'm trying to find the answers . . ." I don't expect to do that in one term.

My disappointment stems not from the diversity of student attitudes towards study but from the all pervading mental smog that encourages infantilism in the Union and defeatism. Unity by uniformity would be a nightmare, but a common understanding of the need to think implies no more lack of individuality than the universal need to eat and excrete.

No Escape

Edward complains about much, but his mournful advice is to pretend it isn't there. The basic mistake he makes is in thinking that he can run away. He can't. No one can. Stan Goodman in his letter mentions the understandable seeking after security in a decaying society and an unstable epoch. I feel this is a very short-sighted outlook. A degree, which is something I too hope to get at L.S.E., is no shield against atomic radiation

nor any guarantee of a job in a private enterprise depression. Whether we like Chris Barber or Beethoven, read Tribune or Reveille we can all die the same unpleasant Hydrogen Bomb death. It's the peanut politicians whom you want to forget who may start it all, or rather, end it all.

Forget with bitter cynicism the concept of social ideals if you wish but plain selfishness dictates our urgent concern for that 80% of the students whom you stupidly dismiss as stupid. Even if I am only an alarmist crank like Bertrand Russell, our society, if it survives, is going to be moulded by the majority you despise and unless you're going to become a self-righteous hermit, that society is going to impinge upon you in ways both obvious and subtle.

The Minority

Do you really think the members of the minority will be able to make themselves felt in the wide world, or even in one country, after they have left L.S.E. if they are helpless and hopeless amongst a few thousand intelligent young people? That's the tragically wishful thinking of the chronic smoker who's going to give up smoking "tomorrow." With us there may well not be a tomorrow.

The tiny minority will always be ineffectual if it cuts itself off with a cowardly sneer from its only reason for its existence—Humanity.

From what you write, Edward Rayner, I'd rather associate with the 80% than dwell in your frustrated solitude.

BUDDING JOURNALIST?

N.U.S. are holding a Conference for Student Journalists from Monday, 31st March, to Friday, 4th April.

The programme will include: visits to the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Mirror*; a visit to the London School of Printing and Graphic Art, talks by experts on Layout, Illustration, Features and the Business side, and informal discussions on Journalism.

Students who are interested should see the Editor. The fee is £3/10/0, to include accommodation and all meals at the N.U.S. Hostel. It is an ideal and cheap way of entering either Student or Professional Journalism.

STATE OF THE UNION IS POSTPONED UNTIL THE NEXT EDITION.

Antigone at L.S.E.

Without apology and, presumably, without regrets, the Drama Society have again thrown a piece of Anouilh at our unsuspecting heads. Not the tired old sex-jokes this time, nothing so suitable for keeping the "sophisticated" English audience in the aisles; nor, indeed, the nauseating obsession with old men and sex to titillate as *la vice français*; instead we have a softened, weakened ("modernised" would be the vogue term), version of one of Sophocles' greatest tragic plays. For his selection of this less-than-acceptable version of the story, producer Michael Webb must answer the jury of his peers. He himself spoke the disembodied chorus; his sepulchral tones and clipped reading could not disguise the flabby writing of the speeches.

A plain, vaguely classical set by Mr. Michael Eastham proved a suitable background for the action of this one-act-er, which moves from scene to scene with the curtains open, but the small stage seemed to oppress the actors and force them into attempting an impossibly fast pace. They scampered on and off like people in those legendarily unconvincing Shakespearean battle scenes.

Poor Opening

But only a closer look at a full performance can convey the genuine pleasure that was to be had from this production. The opening scene between Antigone (Miss Wendy Millard), Nurse (Miss Sally Shulman) and Ismene (Miss Isobel Allen) is one of those awkward, "poetic", eyes-up-to-heaven affairs, into which Antigone tried hard to inject some feeling. Ismene, though, and the Nurse, were distinctly ill-at-ease during these passages. Miss Shulman's nurse was a good creation, with a manner alternating between the sharp and the brusquely tender. Ismene's performance was not "felt" at all: an extra push to the voice and an unblinking stare do not add up to a conception of a character; her movements were stiff and uncomfortable, especially the mannerism of standing rigid with her shoulders pulled back. Next it was the turn of the guards, who established themselves admirably as rough, joking and completely detached

A changed Anouilh

characters, as they were supposed to be. In particular the first guard, Mr. Leonard Ross, distinguished himself by artful timing. Mr. Martin Dyas, as Hæmon, although the part was under-written, seemed unsure of himself, while Mr. Dick Jacobs, in his single speech as Messenger, carried off well the hideous drama of his words.

Miss Millard, as Antigone, fared exceedingly well; she succeeded in conveying the essential sense of stubborn and naive idealism, and for most of the central duologue she compared favourably with Creon, and seemingly withstood his barrages well. The strength, and the fatal flaw of Antigone were both clearly discernible in a well-thought-out performance. My only criticism of Antigone is her tendency to pitch some lines on too hysterical a screech.

Creon's Mastery

It was Mr. John Poppleton's entry as Creon which really set the play on its feet, however. His stature and conviction formed a nodal point of the performance. The curtains parted and a uniformed figure snapped to attention as Creon curtly returned his salute. His figure was erect, his manner abrupt: the guard babbled to no avail: this was obviously the King! As the limply decaying actor in *Point of Departure*; as an uneasy and rather hearty Frank in *The Browning Version*; as the scheming, suspicious detective in the forthcoming film *A Toast to Tradition*, Mr. Poppleton has managed to establish himself as the best and most versatile actor the society has. His timing is masterly and his stage presence frighteningly good and now he has climaxed his previous roles with this latest, really moving interpretation of Creon as a humane man, thrust into power, and forced to destroy those he loves around him.

Mr. Webb's direction was considered and inventive, although, again, not quite an integrated whole. Mr. Poppleton's grip on the central part held the texture together as soon as he appeared. Otherwise the pace was too fast, lines were occasionally gabbled yet the production has proved a real rewarding one. I.C.J.

DOUBLE BILL

The Avenger

The Drama Society is putting on a performance of "The Avenger", by Barry Thomas, adapted from a short story by Chekov, as the first part of the double bill on March 13th and 14th at 7.30 p.m. As in most Chekov plays, the interest rests mainly in the dialogue rather than in the action.

A large, pompous Russian is told of his wife's alleged infidelity, and the play follows this "Othello"-like theme—ending with an unexpected twist in the tail. Vincent Shepherd plays Fyodor Sigaev—the supposedly wronged husband. Alan Dare plays Istan Lazanich, his friend, who nobly reveals the wife's deception. Len Ross plays the Gunsmith. ISOBEL ALLEN.

Baby Doll

Since 1940 the career of Tennessee Williams in the Theatre has been one of meteoric success, and his major plays have become well known to the contemporary theatre goer. "27 Wagons full of Cotton", a one-act play, is perhaps less known, at least in its original form. In 1955 Mr. Williams was persuaded to weld together in its original film story two of his early one-act plays, which were roughly concerned with the same characters and situation. With some changes this was filmed in 1956 as "Baby Doll". "27 Wagons full of Cotton" was one of the plays from which the film story was formed. The story is set in the state of Mississippi, it is of a middle-aged man married to a young girl and of his jealousy and hatred of a young Italian who, as manager of the Syndicate Plantation, first steals his business and then alienates his wife's affection. It has the author's power of depicting the rawness and passion of human nature. The clear cut, distinct characterization and the real situation presented by Mr. Williams should certainly provide excellent entertainment for an L.S.E. audience. MARTIN DYAS.

THE PICASSO MYSTERY

"Je ne me suis jamais intéressé au public." Surprising that this should come from someone who owes his wealth to the public. Picasso can be arrogant now, but was he so aloof when an impoverished Beaux Arts student?

His first sketches seemed to reflect this attitude of chuckling at the public. These were mere play with colour and line, and were more like Giles' cartoons than the Picassos we expected. As such they were delightful, but one could feel that the frustrated audience were trying to find some deeper significant meaning. How unnecessary. The certainty of his lines had spontaneous brilliance. The lines flowed into figures, the figures into patterns, building a construction of perfect balance and harmony with the addition of ingenious daubs of orange, green, yellow and blue ink. Those who were looking for intellectual and emotional satisfaction were to find it as the film progressed. As soon as he shed his playful attitude Picasso became lost in the genius of his expression: the stage by stage development of the powerful majesty of a bull's head, the will to pull objects to pieces and then

to reshape them, the sensual volume of a woman's limbs, the complete mastery of line and form and the triangular construction of the parts of the picture to make the eye jump from one part to another. However, we must criticise not Picasso but the film of him.

Film Technique

The technical achievement of photographing the stages of painting a picture without actually seeing Picasso, is very fine. But the continuous view of a white canvas was too much of a strain on the eyes. Picasso himself was only shown for a brief moment, which might have been very effective had it not been for a ridiculous effort to try to create some drama into the film. He was given five minutes in which to finish a painting. To bring the "drama" down to a Texan level the camera alternated between shots of the clock and the canvas. This seemed an unnecessary annoying addition to an otherwise satisfactory production. But then, how can any film about Picasso fail to be a success and to stimulate the amateur and professional?

SALLY ANN STEPHEN FEIN.

THE ARTS CLUB PAINTING GROUP

Beaver asked me for an article on the Painting Group. " - - Arts Club, isn't it? Just hand it in at the office - - we'll see to it."

"Alright," I said, "leave it to me."

Then I walked away, wondering what had stimulated his curiosity in such an insignificant group of people.

It was in the Michaelmas Term that we embarked upon our new venture. Funds had been provided by the Authorities, so we found ourselves surmounted by stocks, rolls, wads—even scraps—of paper, bristling with the purest of zeros, number ones, twos, and there were those shiny tubes, cylindrical tins, charcoal sticks, and great mahogany boards. Such glorious equipment for so few undeserving students! We realised the need for work, constant practice, tortuous mental concentration, and pitiless self-intrusion. And so each Michaelmas Friday evening we continued our struggle towards perfect self-expression: we made untiring effort, inspired by the crimson cloth, chess board, violin and water jug, the vase of flowers, or, occasionally, by the living model.

Return to Reality

It is in the Lent Term that we are becoming more conscious and less dazed by our former dreamland. Each session reveals further our inadequate materials. Those ever-needed drawing pins, which the daring of us must steal from the notice boards, that water tap which is two floors below art room level; our hands seem incapable of expressing the subtlety of our thoughts—thoughts, perhaps, that have never been revealed before. Much as we try, progress seems unrecognisable: endless discussion shows that evaluation of our work is impossible. The glory is wearing

thin, but the initial spirit remains . . . we continue in hope of more worthy realisation.

An Intimate Group

Yes, we are feeling the newness of our venture. As a group we are small; at the most twenty people, and usually only six or seven regular painters. Although we welcome everybody, whether an experienced artist, or a complete novice, enthusiasm seems to remain only among the few regular members. There are those who might well make use of our free equipment, but who prefer to paint alone, and those who claim no ability without having tested their talent. Members of the Arts Club Painting Group find it easy to ignore, but more often enjoy each others company. Without obligation to follow the suggested subject, there is a great feeling of freedom and individualism, each person must decide for himself the best course for his own development. If there were need, we could extend to include both Friday evening and Wednesday afternoon. At present we are contemplating a sketching weekend at Windsor at the end of the summer term, and shortly an exhibition of our works.

Newcomers Welcome

The intimacy of our group seems quite unique; we do not wish to lose it. But let it be clearly understood that all newcomers are welcome; we do not wish to guard the benefits for ourselves alone. Even the Beaverman, who asked me to write this article, is invited. What a thrill it would be for him to squeeze his first paint tube, for him to anoint his jersey with purest linseed oil—and how proud he would feel when he could balance the palette and paint both handed.

R. C. TANSLEY.

Aims of the Writer

While agreeing with Miss A. North ("Beaver", February 6th, 1958, p. 5) that the aim of the writer is not necessarily social education, I feel uncomfortable at her suggestion that "the primary purpose of the writer is to entertain".

Entertainment, even of mind and emotions, is not a sufficient criterion for a work to become art or literature. Surely, there may be a hundred and one other things which may have high enchantment value but which do simply fall short of being any work of art. In point of fact, it is frightfully difficult to set down in words exactly what we understand by the aim of a writer, an elusive concept as it is. Nor is it something very definite and determinate: it is, by its very nature, a process—a ceaseless quest for truth and perfection. To the artist, indeed, every poem is "an epitaph," every painting an experience, and each venture—

"Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate, With shabby equipment always deteriorating In the general mess of imprecision of feeling, Undisciplined squads of emotion."

Enlightenment

In the last analysis, the aim of a writer is to reveal men and things in their true perspective, to bring out the interaction of various impulses in human beings, and to throw light on the dark and bright aspects of their characters. There is something unpredictable in the whole human drama as in the perpetual struggle between the spirit of man and the elements. It is the writer's life-long task to unfold it both for himself and for others. For this, he has to get himself involved in the dynamic of life (it may well be affairs of heart or political movements), but only to come out of it to be able to become sufficiently detached. Or, even, he may have to attempt, as Rimbaud once did, a complete derangement of the senses!

Enchantment may be a sheer consequence, but it cannot be an end in itself, at least for the writer. A piece of writing may equally elevate our mind or even move us with anguish and torment. The writer is there to help us to take part in an experience and to look at life a little differently from what we are accustomed. SANTI KUMAR GHOSH.

WHERE TO DRINK

It is always bemoaned at L.S.E. that there is no wine bar with good but reasonably priced wines near the college. This, however, is not the case, as the few who have visited the establishment run by the El Vino company, at 47 Fleet Street, will well know. You may not realise that there is a wine bar behind the rather materialistic looking structure of the entrance, but it is most pleasant to leave the crowded pavements of Fleet Street to enter it.

Here the manager, Mr. Francis Bower, has served customers drawn largely from the legal and journalistic professions for the last 44 years. Indeed, the firm was established at these premises by a relation in 1879. His family, as befits the family of eminent vintners, can boast a Lord Mayor amongst its members—Sir Alfred Bower, 1924-1925.

Mr. Bower finds that in contrast to the general trend his sales of port, both vintage and non-vintage, are rising, also the sales of Madeira. You may, by the way, obtain here Vintage Port by the glass.

J. A. BODLENDER.

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CROSS COUNTRY CLUB

We are pleased to report that the Cross Country Club is continuing in its winning mood. During the past few weeks it has enjoyed a number of notable successes, culminating in the Trophy Race.

Victory at Mitcham

An easy victory was gained at Mitcham in a triangular match against King's College and Southampton University. M. Batty was 1st; M. Ryan 4th; Kid Shillito 6th; A. Tite 7th; G. Roberts 9th.

The following Saturday found the team at the U.C. invitation race, on Hampstead Heath. Conditions were cold, wet, and cheerless as the nine teams, constituting a field of over eighty runners, lined up for the start at the base of Parliament Hill. None of the L.S.E. runners adapted themselves very successfully to the heavy going, but sound packing—Batty 12th, Shillito 13th, Sutcliffe 15th, Roberts 24th, and Tite 28th—placed the team in third position, behind Oxford "Tartaries" (1st and 2nd team members) and Southampton University. I.C., Bristol University, U.C., Leicester University, King's College and R.A.F. (Halton) were all defeated.

College Race

For the London Colleges Trophy race, organised by the South-West Essex Technical College, the team was at full strength for the first time this season. The coincidence of this and the fact that the race was televised in the I.T.A. newsreel, provides some food for thought, especially as the team dominated the leading positions (nearest the T.V. cameras) and were easy team winners, from I.C. and nine other teams. B. Davies was 3rd; D. Sutcliffe 4th; M. Batty 5th; G. Roberts 7th; A. Tite 11th; and Kid Shillito 13th.

WATER POLO

On Tuesday, February 11th, the L.S.E. Water Polo team contrived to score a resounding success in thrashing St. Thomas's Hospital by the wide margin of nine goals to two. The player who contributed most to this grand total was Holborn, who amassed no less than six goals. We hear that Malcolm Schofield made a brilliant debut at, theoretically, right back, but in fact right under: a watery baptism. At the time of going to press Malcolm is in bed with a heavy cold.

FENCING CLUB MATCH

The optimism expressed in these columns last term seems to have been justified. The fencing team, with a none too encouraging record behind them for the term, touched great form to score their first victory against a fairly strong Birmingham University team last year. This came as a great surprise to many, because half the members of the L.S.E. team were theoretically not experienced enough to fight in matches, let alone win them, while the other half—three new additions to the club this year: Raymond Fife, Rolf Hunkeler and Joseph Halmi — though experienced enough, had not had very much match practice. As it turned out, however, these handicaps were forgotten and might not have existed for all that it affected them.

Raymond Fife secured a sound psychological advantage for the L.S.E. by winning the first bout of the foils quite firmly and authoritatively. With the initial fight in their favour, the other three in the team—Bob Love, Ted Rashley and

RACING DINGHIES

To say that men are constantly striving to prove themselves better than their fellows is a truism. It is also a platitude. But it is, nevertheless, true. And so it is that the enormous increase in the popularity of dinghy sailing discussed in "Beaver" earlier this term has inevitably led to a tremendous increase in the number of races held for this type of boat.

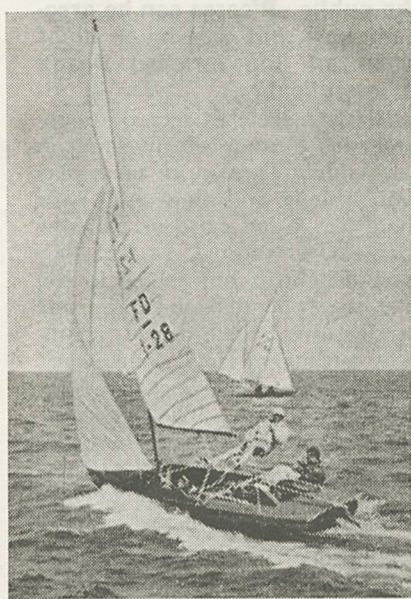
For, as with most competition, it is only in racing that one can learn the finer points of sailing on the water, instead of in or under it, but it is not until one begins racing that one realises the vast gap which separates it from ordinary sailing.

The whole subject of dinghy racing is obviously too great to be at all adequately discussed here, but one or two points of general interest can be raised. The photograph shows a modern racing dinghy sailing close hauled, i.e., with its sails pulled in as tightly as possible, and with the bow pointing as much into the wind as possible. It is a Flying Dutchman, member of the class which has recently been arousing a lot of interest since it has just been chosen as one of the classes to be sailed in the next Olympic Games. It is one of the largest dinghies, 18 feet long, and thus has a very large area of sail. It is this fact which accounts for the seemingly peculiar behaviour of the gentleman in the photograph, who is hanging over the side of the boat on what is technically known as a trapeze, in order to keep the boat upright.

Even Keel

This notion of using the crew to keep the boat on an even keel is, of course, one of the principal differences between dinghies and other boats. Normally the weight of the crew makes little difference to the amount which a boat heels, but dinghies contain no ballast apart from the people inside them. The more effectively this ballast can be distributed the better can the boat be kept upright and consequently the faster it will sail. One of the big problems of dinghy racing is the correct positioning of the crew.

This fact has led to the evolution of various technical devices in the larger dinghies to enable the crew to use their weight more efficiently. The trapeze in the photograph is one such device, fitted to a number of other boats, such as the 50's; another idea, used on such boats as



CLOSE-HAULED

Hornets, is the sliding seat, a plank which slides across the boat in accordance with the wishes of the crew. Both these ideas, of course, work on the normal lever principle and are nothing more than an extension of the basic idea in dinghy sailing of having the crew lean as far out as possible over the side. Thus he uses his own body to preserve the balance of the boat instead of some mechanical contrivance. All the more popular classes of dinghies, such as the Fireflies, National 12's, International 14's and Cadets, to mention only a few, use this idea.

But it may be asked, why bother to keep the boat so absolutely upright? Why not let it sail along as much as possible on its side without actually letting it capsize? And it must be admitted that for sheer pleasure there is much to recommend this idea. There are few things in life more thrilling than the feel of a boat as she starts to heel under a strong gust of wind, and the excitement of keeping a boat sailing along with water pouring in over the side so that she is very nearly, but not quite, capsizing is tremendous.

Leeway

This is to forget, however, one important factor—leeway. This describes the amount a boat moves sideways through the water while

DOWN TO THE RIVER

This year witnesses the emergence of the L.S.E. Boat Club from the obscurity of the past years to take its rightful place as the foremost London college in the rowing world.

Because of the drive of the Club's captain and the enthusiasm of its members, L.S.E. are worrying the threshold to great achievements. The weekend following the official launching ceremony of the 2nd VIII's new clinker boat, "Sir Alexander", the 1st VIII were guests of the Amateur Rowing Association at Henley. Here they spent a very useful week-end, being coached by former rowing heroes on the merits of styles and training. They were also allowed to boat in the Cornell University VIII, which incorporates a revolutionary and more efficient rigging than English boats. One of the consequences of the week-end was the immediate collaboration of the Amateur Engineers of the Club, as a result of which, the first boat became transformed into the sister of the Cornell VIII.

With the aid of the remodelled boat and the additional services of Mr. Tunstall, the regular coach, together with Geoff. Page, the former England oarsman, the crew has greatly improved. This prompted the captain of the University Purple Eight to ask if his crew might pace L.S.E. during an out-

HOCKEY REVIVAL

There is a new spirit abroad in L.S.E.'s much maligned second Hockey XI. The introduction of lying, but encouraging, match reports into the pages of "Beaver" has boosted team morale to an all time high. For the first time in years full teams are being fielded. No longer do a handful of stalwarts have to struggle to drink the beer for eleven which is provided at away games. A few hardened veterans deplore the decline in available ale per capita, but the fact that the annual photograph will at least show more than nine players is a welcome change.

On the blood-soaked turf of Berrylands the side recently made one of its most significant contributions to the record books. Last term saw U.C. surprisingly massed 1-0 by a prototype of the new style L.S.E. team; the score, like most second eleven scores, fails to convey the immense superiority of the Beaver team. As the date of the return match drew near rumours leaked from Gower Street that intensive training sessions were being held in the U.C. bar so that their players would be at the same peak of fitness as the L.S.E. men, most of whom seem to be either past or present Passfield bartenders, or dogged occupants of that and most other sordid drinking establishments.

U.C. Humbled

On the afternoon of decision the opposing sides faced one another grimly, clubs gripped hard in readiness. The referee blew his whistle, and battle was joined. There followed a spectacle never before seen in the history of the team. L.S.E. swept into the attack, as they occasionally have done in the past, but stayed there throughout the game. For once the novelty of being in the opponent's half failed to induce paralysis, and U.C. suffered

at the same time attempting to move forward. Here the difference between the average and skilful sailor becomes very apparent, for it is when a boat is being sailed close-hauled, as in the photograph, that it is most likely to heel over, and the more it heels, the more leeway it will make. Very often, in racing, the difference between being highly-placed or nearly last, lies simply in this ability to keep the boat as upright as the wind will allow while sailing close-hauled.

This is only one of the difficulties involved in sailing. The old adage that the more one learns, the more one needs to learn, applies in sailing at least as much as in any other activity.

TONY WAIN.

a heavy battering from the new generation of forwards, whose style is best described in the words of Rilke: "vigorous to a degree of unsurpassed extremity". In the first few minutes of combat Rugby-reformee Bage opened his goal tally, moving into a high place in the list of the season's scorers. In the second half Briston dealt with a short corner in a manner not calculated to induce long life among those responsible for attempting to stop such shots, and against these two supreme manifestations of the goal scorer's art, U.C. could muster but one very low grade goal.

Modesty, prompted by lack of space, prevents payment of full tribute to the universally brilliant play of the other members of this inspired team, but all rejoice in the long awaited glory of a victory in the technical as well as the moral sense.

Shortly before *Beaver* went to press L.S.E. made the long journey to Strawberry Hill, battered Old Thamesians into the mud 3-2. Briston, Bryan, and newcomer Amey scored superb goals, and the poor state of the pitch accounted for the opposition's tally. 2nd XI inferiority complexes are now being replaced by something a great deal more satisfying. P. E. BRYAN.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

The Rugby Club First Fifteen beat University College the other week. This is a praiseworthy effort, when one considers the strength of the opposition and the fact that L.S.E. Rugger has not exactly been in a winning vein over this season.

The First Team are off to Paris this week-end. We wish them every success.

The Y.H.A. Club, under the guide of Doug. Campbell, have been out on several jaunts recently. A fortnight ago they went to Box Hill and last week a party climbed Snowdon.

Do you realise that this is practically the only page in *Beaver* on which you won't find the name of S - m W - lf?

SPORTS RESULTS

Rugby
1st XV v. C.E.M. Won 8-0
2nd XV v. Royal Vets Lost 3-11
Soccer (Paris)
1st XI v. H.E.C. Won 4-2
Hockey
1st XI v. Battersea Won 4-2

NOTICE No. 1

Will all Club Secretaries please hand in their reports to the "Beaver" office by Thursday, March 6th, or leave them in the "Beaver" pigeon-hole. If you don't let us know about your Club we can't publicise it.

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G.D.J.C.