

The Craziest Night of the Year

COMMEMORATION BALL

This night will add much to what the poet saw "in the chronicle of wasted time". The writer, however, must confess that his view of the proceedings was somewhat discoloured by the effects of a bottle party held prior to the dance.

The following jottings, made in the early hours of Saturday morning, are his sole remaining recollections of the evening.

12 midnight. Arriving late and unsteady and not at all sure where he was arriving or why he was there, the unfortunate "Beaver" correspondent found himself lost in a whirling mass of penguins and flamingoes and crimson balloons and noise and space. While one of his companions tried unsuccessfully to conceal a half-bottle of gin, gallant correspondent staggered up the stairs to carry out his grandiose scheme of interviewing everybody. This failed mainly because he was unable to get them into focus. Companion was now explaining that he had paid corkage and the little sticky label had come off. The waiter was not convinced.

* * * *

12.15 a.m. The correspondent had fallen over his third chair and was sitting on the floor with a Union official (nameless) who was explaining "I have £3 in the bank, £17 of which are debts and the rest I'm spending to-night. Could you lend me 5/-." "Beaver" correspondent crawled hastily away—met correspondent who had now escaped with the ½-bottle of gin on some pretext or other. The next half-hour was somehow blank: probably fell asleep. Of course, I might have been dancing, but this is doubtful.

I avoided dancing. Under stationary conditions I stood still and the room moved round me. When dancing not only did the room move round me but I moved round the room. This was too complicated!

* * * *

1.0 a.m. Met quite a few friends all at once. Never had to meet so many friends face to face to face . . .

1.30 a.m. Remembered I was supposed to be writing an article. Made gallant but vain attempts to take down comments. Lost girl friend.

2.0 a.m. Found girl friend. Lost companion with gin. Suspect girl friend and companion—become sulky.

2.15 a.m. Persuaded girl friend to sample unrivalled view of the Thames . . . Amazing how they got the Thames to run past the back of the Festival Hall.

3.0 a.m. Time running out. Make desperate attempts to obtain intelligent comments from friends. Have vague recollections of roller skaters throwing ex-presidents about. It seems they also threw Mr. Chapman about. Hoped secretly that he'd had more to drink than I had: then there would have been at least one person in the Festival Hall more confused about his bearings than myself. Take down, shakily, comments in reply to question, "What do you think of the Ball?"

"Men should stick to their own partners"—Merle Beech.

"It's profitable"—Barry Ziff (photographer).

"What Ball?"—previously mentioned Union official.

"Bloody"—untipped waiter.

"I must have notice of that question"—sober Union official.

"Wonderful, just too wonderful, it really is wonderful, we never had anything like this at home, really wonderful, absolutely wonderful, wonderf . . ."—Fresher (female).

* * * *

3.30 a.m. At this point the pen ran dry, the bar had closed, and the girl friend had disappeared again. There didn't seem to be much left to stay for. Attempted to leave—couldn't find Exit. Heard wild rumour that Charlie was running an illicit bar upstairs. Set off gleefully to look for it. Couldn't find it. Was turned out President's reception five times. They refused to believe:—

- (a) I was looking for a girl.
- (b) I was looking for a bloke with a bottle of gin.
- (c) I wanted to leave.
- (d) I was looking for an illicit bar.
- (e) I was a "Beaver" reporter.

Which is a pity because not only were the reasons true but there were free drinks at that reception.

4.15 a.m. Decide to throw myself in the Thames. Couldn't find the Thames. Joined Conga chain and found girl friend. Discovered companion with bottle of gin (empty) and decided I might as well dance.

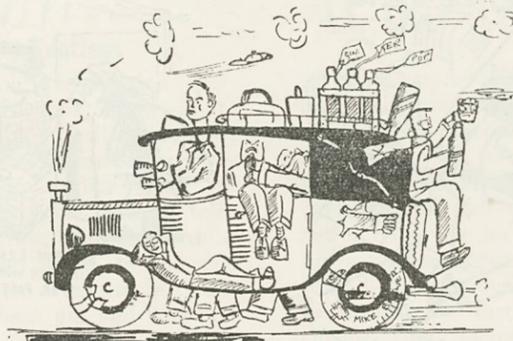
4.45 a.m. Dancing had not been a success. Everyone insisted on going in a different direction to mine. Crippled three people in Gay Gordons. Decided to get coat and leave.

5.0 a.m. Left. Everyone else seemed to be going as well.

(Editor's Note.—Should anyone be worried, we would point out that the Commemoration Ball was a social success, for which the Ents. Comm. should be congratulated.)

BEAVER

wishes both of its readers a Merry Christmas and the best of success, academic, social and financial in the New Year.



ROMAN WAR ENGINE—EXCAVATED BY BOAT CLUB!

Birth:—To the Boat Club, a taxi, to be christened "Lorelei" (née Jennifer). Neither doing particularly well—see the result of the Winter Eights.

New Union Council Elected

With the end of the current Union year, elections have been held for the posts of President, Honorary President, Deputy Presidents and General Secretary. All these posts continue until the end of the Summer Term, for this "year" is truncated, due to the passing of a constitutional amendment recently, altering the Union year to run from June to June.

Voting was as follows:—

PRESIDENT:

Anthony A. Pelling	318
Robert L. Weinberg	497
Spoilt Papers	3
		818

DEPUTY PRESIDENT:

John Hipkin	243
Ruth Nixon	136
Frank Judd	292
Spoilt Papers	18
		689

GENERAL SECRETARY:

C. Ian Jackson	281
Wendy Yates	370
Spoilt Papers	38
		689

HON. PRESIDENT:

Mrs. Pandit	48
Sir. Thos. Beecham	42
Sir Harold Nicolson	8
Sir Edwin Plowden	8
		106

Mr. John Sparrow was nominated but did not come under starter's orders.

Mrs. Pandit, Miss Wendy Yates, and Messrs. Weinberg and Judd were declared elected by the Returning Officers, Eric Thompson and Ted Dale.

TUESDAY, THE 14th

Persons who intend going to this final fling of the term should, I think, be warned that on this occasion Ken Pearmain and his merry staff intend to outdo themselves once and for all. This is promised to be the most riotous and hilarious evening of the term. Among the items threatened to be present and functioning are the Social V.P. himself, one real, live barrel organist, one certain bearded person, who shall be nameless, as Papa Christmas, bits of the jazz band, beer—of the barrelled variety—Mr. and Mrs. Charlie, and, provided all goes well, one genuine Christmas tree, the acquiring of which has been entrusted to Messrs. Spinks, Finch and Fox.

In addition to all this the Arts Club has been commissioned to provide a lucky dip, a hammerer of the ivories has, we hope, been inveigled into coming, and Hoppy will probably lend his voice once more to the cause. On top of this galaxy of attractions, ladies and gents, I do assure you that at the time of going to press, this glorious feast of fun will be absolutely FREE!

W.U.S. WEEK

Thanks to the help of an enthusiastic band of volunteers, this year's International Student Week, and the re-appearance again of USIKUGOMA, realised an estimated figure of £45. The Film Show which was held on the 15th November, yielded the sum of £4/10/0, for which our thanks are due to Roger Hadley and the Film Society.

The following Tuesday the customary Flag Day proved extremely successful, Rosalind Hitch and her fair maidens extorting by fair means or foul the sum of £11. Friday brought the Lost Property Sale, where Messrs. Ziff and Milton sacrificed their voices in raising £10, a good total in view of the low selling prices.

That USIKUGOMA was a success there can be no doubt, and in spite of the approximate profit of £20, it is probable that the event would benefit far more by being held on Saturday night following International Student Week.

Thus the World University Service benefits by about £45, and those primarily concerned can feel justly proud. Thank you all.

CONGRATULATIONS

We congratulate Tony Pelling and Harvey Babiak, respectively General Secretary and Senior Treasurer of the Students' Union during the past year, who were unanimously elected to Honorary Life Membership of the Union at the Annual General Meeting on 2nd December.

Which Way'd They Go?

"Weather in Hertfordshire to-night? Bloody." Such was the encouraging answer given by the Meteorological Office to the enquiries of the Motor Club concerning the possibility of fog on their Night Rally in November.

The Editor, specialising in meteorology, is proud to say that their forecast was absolutely correct. Visibility ("from 50 to 400 yards" according to the experts) was in practice down to two cats-eyes distance on main roads and almost impossible off them.

Of the twenty-eight entrants, nineteen cars were determined to start, but the fog proved thick. Nine cars passed through the first control, three through the second and about 5 a.m., with cars scattered about Hertfordshire from somewhere east of Welwyn (waiting patiently for the A.A. breakdown service) to Gerrards Cross from Dunstable to Potters Bar, the rally was abandoned.

Duck Pond

The most graphic example of the conditions is in the following dialogue. This was one of the marshal's cars, and he knew the way, so the fate of the others can be imagined:

"No, this is a cart track. Bring her back, Pete, straight-back-right-hand-down-steady."

"Wait a minute, I don't want to go through this duck pond."

"Why not? You came through it to get here."

However, the club will re-run it, probably in February, when it is hoped that the Boat Club will be able to enter "Lorelei". Ken Bales is also investigating the possibility of running his pip-squeak and the event deserves every success. It is a pity, however, that they are not in receipt of any subsidy from the Union, which makes the cost of such ventures, especially with the rank bad luck of last month, a burden on the club's resources. Could not the Union investigate the possibility of limited grants to such societies as the Motor Club and the Photographic Society, if not this session, at least in the future?

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Engagement

We offer our congratulations to Colin Sweet, Honorary Life Member of the Students' Union, and Susan Theobald, Permanent Secretary of the Union, 1951-1953, who have announced their engagement. The marriage is to take place on Christmas Eve at Caxton Hall.

LETTERS



Weskiteers

To the Editor of "Beaver".

Dear Sir,

I am impelled to raise my single voice in protest against the deplorable tendency in the human male to set himself on a pedestal, for a pedestal is a most vulnerable position, and no member of the fair sex would hasten to see her own protector and provider toppled from this lofty height. Why then does your correspondent on male fashions claim in such virulent and acrimonious terms a superiority for his brethren in which there is no semblance of verisimilitude?

I can only regret that the culpability of your "bel esprit" when he claims a distinction on grounds of one particular dress. Such a claim is portative of little vraisemblance. Is he not aware that there is an article of clothing, not so conspicuous as the "weskit", which for all his "manly chest" he could not fill half so well as I?

Yours faithfully,
WILHELMINA K. JOHNS.

London School of Economics,
November 19th.
(Somehow that signature seems familiar.)

Moseley

To the Editor of "Beaver".

Dear Sir,

When I came to this school, I was delighted to find that it was open-minded and tolerant enough to recognize officially the Communist Society within its Union.

On Friday, the Union Meeting decided to "discourage" the one-night appearance of a speaker who calls himself a Fascist.

With regret I must say that this can only mean one of two things:

- (1) either the Union is terribly inconsistent (I do not want to imply that it has a left-wing bias), or
- (2) some of my fellow-students do not quite see what Communism stands for.

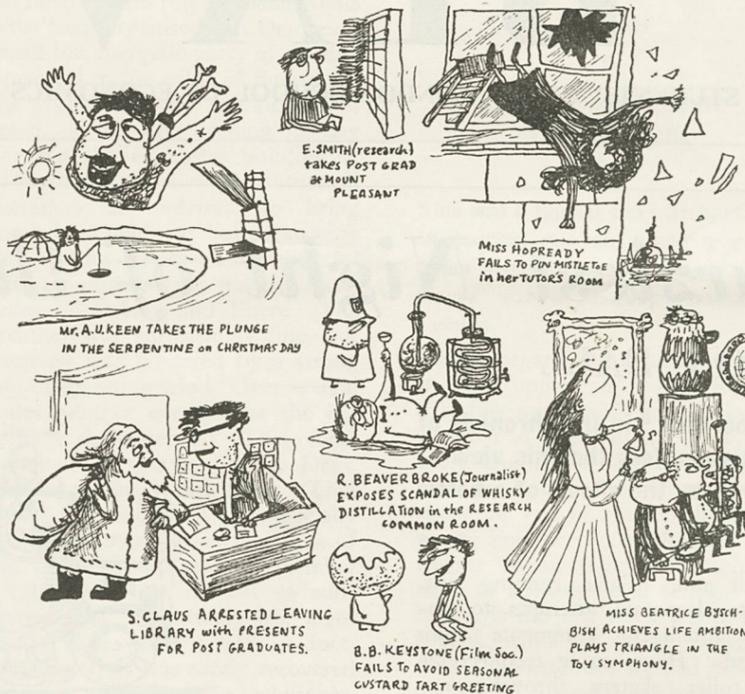
I hate totalitarianism in any form, but I think that we should adhere a little bit more to the old-fashioned principles of democracy. We should give a man a platform even if we know he is wrong, because this is the only way to make sure. While fighting a dragon, we must beware not to become a dragon ourselves.

Yours truly,
MANFRED SCHILLER.
77 Hammersmith Grove,
London, W.6.
November 14th.

(We acknowledge with thanks a longer article by Uriah Kwesi Hackman, presenting the case against allowing Sir Oswald Moseley to speak. We regret that we are unable to publish this, due entirely to demands on space.)

A Merry Christmas

From Don Aldridge



Valediction

To the Editor of "Beaver".

Sir,

As you mention in the edition published on November 18th, it is a frequent occurrence; I too have often passed him by and never noticed him. I have been deeply moved by your excavations concerning his past, but can assure you he didn't write songs and he doesn't like bouquets really. I'm sure he feels relieved that he hasn't been noticed; pity you had to notice just as he was sliding off. I never noticed him, but knew it was him, because he tried to conceal the fact and one lunch hour I actually offered him a blank sheet of paper and a bottle of Indian ink (Chateau Reve, 1947), but observed no great change in him. It might interest your readers and letter-writers to know that his profound understanding of Union affairs—which, like everyone else's, was not representative—was based on years of imposed tolerance, deepest apathy and much patience and superficial meditation, with a dessertspoonful of Buto-Dichloromethylmethacrylate after meals.

My contention is therefore that "Beaver" allows such editorials only because of a deliberate policy of the Editor. This must stop! If the editor continues to allow himself to be swayed in mid-air on one wing, then let him change wings, and so prove conclusively that he has the interests of world students at heart by publishing this letter. I challenge him to come out from behind this psuedonym "editor" and publish this letter in its awful entirety and if not in facsimile, at least in technicolour. Let's face it and be frank—if he doesn't publish this letter, or if he finds it necessary to cut it, then let him have the courage of his previous convictions (I've got a clean record—Editor) and cut it down the middle and if he sides with one wing or heads with a block then let him discuss it under two small viewpoints or condescending precariously on its merits.

To be finally defiant, let me challenge him again to reply to this letter, and if he can do that—then let him attempt to answer it point by point.

Happy Christmas.
Yours ever,
RUTH V. BANGUM-HARDER.

Tromsö,
Trollsakademisch.
November.

(This letter arrived on a tattered piece of parchment bearing the address of the Royal Geographical Society and bearing the stamp of the British Museum. On the back of the envelope was the following inscription: Dear Alex—put this in Jackson's pigeon-hole, old boy. Thanks. Give my love to Lady Alex. Yours, Don.)

Coffee Houses

To the Editor of "Beaver".

Dear Sir,

Mr. Finch should really have been satisfied at having his name printed twice on the front page of the last issue of "Beaver", and once on the second, his first attempt, on the third, was more than a disappointment after his superb build-up (what is this thing called Finch? We ask ourselves)—it was a catastrophe.

Forgetting his examples of tautology and slang in his article, and accepting his apologetic attitude—"perhaps I go in the wrong spirit to the wrong coffee-houses, at the wrong times, in the wrong frame of mind . . .", even agreeing that this is the best way for an unbiased, though critical, observer to visit his subject, we must nevertheless conclude that his conclusions, if not nonsense, are at least overwhelming.

Mr. Finch is reminiscent of the British tourist who, when abroad, stares at the inhabitants of the country he is in, and mutters, "What are all these damn foreigners doing here?"

He should drop his touristic attitude, and allow himself to be accepted by people who, even if some of them know no more of Schoenberk than his creation of a twelve tone scale, do show some more potentialities to intelligent conversation than the "roarers of the sad tale of the mare who lost her maidenity".

Yours sincerely,
I. E. TEITELBAUM.

Protest

Dear Sir,

I am a 2nd year law student and for the past three weeks I have been learning a part in the forthcoming production of "The Merchant of Venice".

I was therefore most surprised to read in "Beaver" that of the cast of 20, 19 were freshers, the exception being Miss Jill Whittick. This presents three possibilities:—

(continued on page 4, column 1)

"CLARE MARKET" SEEN THROUGH

This term's issue of *Clare Market Review** was published last week. It is my opinion—the opinion of an incorrigibly prejudiced ex-Editor—that it is a wholesome but unsatisfactory document. Although this is the first issue to be produced by the current Editor, Mr. John Dunkley, the Editorial includes no explicit statement of editorial intentions nor does it contain any of the controversial expressions of editorial opinion which one expects to find in a lively periodical.

The first article, which has been previously published elsewhere, is by Lord Kilmuir, formerly Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, a prominent politician who has earned a public reputation for dull tenacity. He has not the remotest connection with the spirit or traditions of the School. His article is at best of limited and academic appeal.

British Economy

Next comes an article, also previously published elsewhere, by Professor E. A. G. Robinson, on "The Changing Structure of the British Economy".

This article—11 pages of text, 16 footnotes, and three pages of statistical tables and explanatory notes—is a truly massive contribution, well up to Economica standard. C.M.R. has not published anything like it since its early years.

But to devote over one-third of the text of an issue to a single article—is that really what we want?

The third article is by Lady Beveridge. Interesting, but somewhat trivial, it concludes with the staggering assertion that "he (her husband, who was Director of the School, 1919-1937) brought it triumphantly to the place it now holds as the greatest university institution for the teaching and research in Social Sciences in the world" (my italics).

Excellent Series

The remainder of the contributions are by students at the School. Mr. Dunkley deserves credit for the idea of publishing two long review articles of recent books, but it is to be regretted that it is not made apparent until nearly the end of the first of these that it is supposed to be a review. Michael Brilliant rounds off his excellent series of articles on the history of student life at L.S.E., culled from the pages of old copies of *C.M.R.*, with the only light and witty article in the issue. Mr. Dunkley has done well for advertisements—better, I think, than any Editor for several years.

This issue heralds the commencement of two new series of articles. Series are surely in general undesirable in any periodical which appears only three times a year and is subject to frequent changes of editorship. For every series severely restricts the freedom of subsequent Editors to pursue a coherent editorial policy.

Mr. Dunkley and his associate editors have obviously put much hard work into the production of this issue. It is unfortunate that their efforts have not been crowned with greater success.

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"Peace on Earth"

by John K. Williams

"Goodwill toward man." But what time have we for goodwill? How can we display our fellow feeling without neglecting the gay round of social life, the wassail and the wine cup? Will not the trappings with which we enhance this festive season suffer if we follow too closely the spirit of this faith?

But man is wiser, wiser by two millennia than the inspiration of this simple religion. He has at his command all the ingenuities and inventions of many lifetimes.

Vast economic and commercial structures obey his every whim and produce for him goodwill in convenient packets to suit all pockets, with matching envelopes to speed them to the furthest corner of the earth. He has devised the Christmas card.

Rosy Cheeks

Pardon my cynicism—the mood of a moment! I have in fact a sympathetic place in my heart for the traditional Christmas card. To inspire one to thoughts of rosy cheeks when one's nose is blue, of yule log fires when one's last pennyworth of gas has gone, of snow covered hills when one must face fog-bound London streets, is at least a noble aim. I find a great deal of comfort in allowing my thoughts to travel with the front pair of a coach and four on Christmas Day when the last bus runs at 5 o'clock. And though it's in V.P. wine, it has all the exquisite excellence of a Romanee-conti, when I drink a toast with the squire on my mantelpiece.

Deep Purple

I have so far failed to locate any such endearing quality in the arty-arty cards which come from the

Gallerie Pigalle, Bohemian or Tutti-Frutti. The deformed character on my lithographed card is too far beyond sympathy to excite any Christian feeling in me. "Dirge in Deep Purple" serves only to remind me of the sorrows of the morning after rather than the pleasures of the night before, and I feel no inclination to return the inane grin of the hand-painted pussy on my card from Chelsea.

So enthusiastic has man become in his zeal for the discrimination of goodwill that he imputes motives when no such motives exist.

Perhaps there were extenuating circumstances when a fond parent, for reasons of social prestige, posted gaudy "Santa Claus" cards to the more elite for her offspring's contemporaries. Whilst the much-indulged junior followed the desires of its own heart it was possible that it would learn from example. It can never be claimed, however, that the now current "doggie-to-doggie" cards can have such a beneficent purpose. Whilst this inauthentic card speeds on its way to its unwilling recipient the alleged dispatcher, without hope of redemption, continues his self-complacent existence in a bliss of bones and biscuits.

And so it goes—whilst the glasses tinkle, the bells chime, the maiden shrieks under the mistletoe, and beery voices carol, the mighty presses thunder their message on to the Christmas card: "Peace, for Pete's sake, peace on earth".

Apologies for Entertaining

I didn't mean to have a New Year's Eve party but . . .
He can't afford the Chelsea Arts Ball.
Nobody else is organising anything.
Our flat is so convenient.
It's so nice to have somewhere to drop in afterwards.
I love to be in a crowd on New Year's Eve.
People always leave it to the last minute.
Everything is booked up by now.
All my friends seem to be at a loose end that night.

EVA STIASNY.

Pffft . . . by Tactless

Considerable speculation pervades this writer's mind as to whether anything at all covered any portion of the Permanent Secretary's anatomy other than the sparse and very far between folds of cotton tartan that attached itself, now and again, to the said form, together, of course, with her aura of hasbeen gin and whatever it was.

* * * *

Whilst admiring the pertinacity and tenacity of Mr. Daniel Greenwood, one feels that perhaps the situation would have been considerably easier on the eye had he worn the three-inch heels and she stuck to a layer of nylon.

* * * *

May I here congratulate the initiative of the head waiter who explained to Fox's companion with the half-bottle of gin, believed to be none other than Ian J. himself, that perhaps the happiest solution would be to empty the said ball, minus corkage label, into a bottle which had a corkage label. Great joy all round, plus giggle, chortle and hiccup from Ken Pearmain and a slightly tipsy medical student who morbidly expounded the fate of victims of cirrhosis and conjunctivitis to an apprehensive Social V.P.

* * * *

We are uncertain as to the nature of the rumour that a certain member of the Boat Club took "Jennifer" to the Commem. Ball and expressed considerable ire about the fact that it took him three hours to kick her over.

Sayings of the Week

Robin Fox: "Hello, Ian, I hear you had a party last Saturday."

Ian Fulton: "Yes, I hear you were at it."

* * * *

"Complete infertility is not inherited"—Professor David Glass.

* * * *

"There's no more need for wisecracks from you, Bob, you've been elected"—John Hipkin.

At the Academy

"The Great Adventure", directed by Arne Sucksdorff, is a nature film set in central Sweden. Young foxes nibble at nylon stockings, or fight for the remains of a tattered chicken; owls call at passing jets; and a lynx, like an outsize tabby, preys on the preyers. Two small boys, with looks designed to appeal to the maternal instincts of female cinema-goers, rescue a young otter, who had been confined to its burrow by an alarm clock. Through-out the winter they dig holes or force pennies out of their money box to keep him alive, and his existence a secret. By spring the secret is out, and the otter escapes.

The music is a trifle obvious; but the visual freshness and excitement compensates for the slowness of a plot in which so little happens. The opening sequence, with the thin layer of morning mist fading above the reeds and the lake, whose black surface is broken by diving otters, is truly beautiful. From the commentary one gathers that the film (which has a "U" certificate) is intended for children. "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe", by Luis Bunuel, the director of "Los Olivados", is in the same programme.

C. M. S. M.

"Beaver" Wonders . . .

What was Yale?

Why was the joint L.S.E.-Bedford debate closed?

Was it a coincidence that Mr. Greenwood proposed an alteration to the salaries item in the Budget?

What is Council going to do for under-privileged English?

Is there a Rationalist Society?

Who is the Publicity Officer, anyway?

Was Norman Allen really in the Navy?

Is it true that John Hipkin was Sylvia Peter's stand-in?

Did Sweet celebrate Someone's 80th birthday last week?



TWO BOB A NOB

Last Tuesday saw the introduction of the new cheap meal service in the Barley Sugar Room, or, as the staff like to call it, the Students' Dining Room.

This innovation, which is the result of much prolonged mental labour on the part of Mrs. Ellis, her staff, and somewhat hectic Staff-student relations, is, in itself, the fruit of no inconsiderable dint of determined argument from the floor of the Union: for the Refectory and the prices charged therein have been a source of dissatisfaction for some years past.

Mrs. Ellis has, in all fairness, tried her best to cope with all manner of complaints, both just and unjust, and to satisfy as many people as possible: obviously majorities must come first, but as Catholics, Jews and vegetarians will tell you, to mention but a few, she also does her best to cater for the minorities as well.

Now once again Mrs. Ellis has responded to the call. The cheap meal service, which consists of a substantial meal for 2/-, is served in the Barley Sugar Room at lunch-time, from 11.45 till 1.30, and, as anyone who has already eaten there will agree, offers a considerably cheaper, yet just as satisfying lunch. At the time this journal goes to bed, Mrs. Ellis records that she sold 568 meals in the first four days of the new service; she also recalls a more satisfied clientele. May we concur, Madam, and wish you the best of success in this and all your ventures.

Music-Making in L.S.E.

Christmas has come round again, and with it all the L.S.E. functions connected with it—Oration Day, Society parties (all-night or otherwise), Arts Club mag., and performances by the Dramatic and Music Societies. This year the L.S.E. Orchestra and Choir have combined in a work by John Blow which has given both headaches and laughs to the members of those two bodies.

(continued from previous column)

Answering questions, Mr. Thorpe agreed that it was right and proper to vote for a political party, but this could be, and was, carried to extremes. P.R. would give the voters a choice between candidates of the same political persuasion and help to prune out some of the dead wood from the present House of Commons.



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GRANTS MOTION CARRIED AT N.U.S.

by Roland Freeman

The outstanding result of the N.U.S. Council meeting in Cardiff was the passing by an overwhelming majority of L.S.E.'s motion calling for a "substantial increase" in the State scale of grants.

A similar motion at the previous Council had been unsuccessful after meeting strong opposition from the Executive; but on this occasion the platform supported the motion and not a voice was raised against it!

The other grants motion demanding a petition to the Minister of Education on the Union's claim to consultative status was withdrawn when the President, Fred Jarvis, read out a letter from Sir David Eccles inviting Union representatives to meet him.

Unsuccessful Battle

L.S.E.'s delegation, Roland Freeman, Colin Sweet and Brian van Arkadie, fought a hard but unsuccessful battle to establish the right of part-time students to full membership of N.U.S. The Executive had intended in addition to abolish

the special position of Birkbeck College, but an L.S.E. amendment to prevent this was moved by Roland Freeman and carried by a large majority.

International affairs occupied only a very short time during the three-day Council meeting and a motion to exclude discussion on the vexed I.U.S./N.U.S. relationship was passed. Strong criticism of the report of the new President (Frank Coplestone) on the I.U.S. Council meeting in Moscow emerged at the end of the last session on Monday afternoon. L.S.E.'s delegation voted against the report, which was, however, passed by a big majority.

The reception given to all speakers from L.S.E. was exceptionally good compared to some previous experiences. And toward the end of the Council meeting, Roland Freeman, who lead the delegation, was elected a member of the Steering Committee for the next Council.



— a sleuth is not necessary to find the best place to obtain your Christmas fare!

THE THREE TUNS

offers you wines and spirits at unrivalled prices. Below are a few lines from Charlie's stock. If they are not exactly what you require, have a word with Charlie; he can get you just what you want, be it a miniature, a half-bottle, or a dozen cases; and you will pay less than anywhere else!

WHITE WINES

Dry Graves L. Eschenaur - - - 8/- bott.
Sauterne—St. Croix du Mont - - - 10/- bott.

CLARET

St. Julien - - - - - 8/6 bott.

SHERRY

Gonzalez—Sweet, Medium or Dry 17/- bott.

PORT

Sandeman's *** - - - - - 17/- bott.

WHISKY

Proprietary brands in stock:

Black & White
Johnny Walker
Haig
White Horse
White Label



Charlie wishes his customers a Merry Christmas, and reminds them that he is open until 2 p.m. on weekdays and Saturdays during the vac.

LIBERAL SOCIETY

At a Liberal Society Discussion Group meeting on November 18th, Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, of the Proportional Representation Society, outlined the need for electoral reform in Great Britain. He pointed out that the Conservatives' present majority in the Commons seemed to be entirely dependent on the absence of Liberal candidates in about 20 marginal constituencies, a deplorable state of affairs because it meant that a minority group could exercise a power quite out of proportion to its size.

If Proportional Representation was too much of an intellectual effort for the country, Mr. Thorpe advocated the Alternative Vote; this, he said, improved the chances of more independently-minded candidates who had displeased the Party machine.

(continued at foot of next column)

Rerum Cognoscere . . .

Recent research at the Bodleian has brought to light the following manuscript from the undated "Chronicles of ye Athletick Unyone". It is entitled "A Philosophicall Enquyerie into ye nature and causes of — — —". The rest is illegible.

Wherein doth lie ye trewe nature of a botte clubbe membre? Is itte of paying a subscription that therein constituteth ye key to membre-shippe?

Surely this hath natte ye ringe of absolute verisimilitude, for the memory of man encompasseth many instances of fellowes who hath been accepted as botte clubbe mem- bres, and yet it transpireth that they payeth not their dues. Such then can surely natte be the marke of a trewe botte clubbe membre.

Divers Couches

Is it then by being in a bote that a man becomes a fratern of ye fraternity? Yette this too, is notte intuitively selfevidente, in- dede it hath been crowne for ye brethren of ye bote clubbe ne'er to have sette foote in, much less satt downe in a vessell: always ex- cepting thatte which is on occay- sion discovered under divers nocturnall couches. Suche then canne surely notte be ye marke of a true bote clubbe membre.

Is it then by being a membre of a crew that it is entailed that a fellow be of ye felloweshippe of the oare? This is not so for there are many oares that hath not been used in a vessell; moreover being a crew- fellow implieth use of a bote, and this is notte relevante to our en- quirie, as we have already sene.

Imporium

Suche then certs canne notte be ye marke of a true bote clubbe membre. Can it be then the use of the amenytes of the imporium, namely the sprinklinge of the watter, ye disrobing and robing, ye storing of ye vestements in ye holo- caust; that make a man a bote- mann. This can nevre be, for even such silly idle goliards as do be- labour with their lower limbs the inflated bladders of the common swine hath been known to defile by their prescence similar amenytes, and they are natte bote-clubbe men. Suche thenne canne nevre be ye trew mark of ye trew bote-fellowe.

It me seemeth thatte itte is in ye comen agrement of ye men of ye clubbe thatte a new manne is ad- mitted to membreshippe, and to ye fraternity of ye bote—which is ye physis of pownninge.

It may therfor profit us, notwith- standinge thattewich accrues to ye entrepreneure, to comprehende yette more fulley the manne in wiche the new manne, yclept novice or micce, becometh part of ye bote-clubbe.

Firstley the micce is taken and mix'd with ye coach or tunstii in a tubbe, and then is left to brew for a term of time. After his term has been served, ye micce does a vigil on ye tank, whereupon he doth meditate anti-sceptically upon his sorely blistered hands and body. Then cometh the elite, ye philoso- phre-kings, ye men of ye bote clubbe, th'boize, and takke him tendrely in their armes to ye barre, and ministre to his wounds with a mystic brew made by strange al- chemie, and he partakes of ye physis of ye bote-clubbe.

This profound discourse, obvi- ously by a scholar of great standing, is the earliest known reference to the taking of the micce, which cult is to-day one of the paramount features of the intellectual life of our society. It seems apparent that the nature of rite has changed but little in the course of centuries, per- haps nowadays only being slightly less obvious.

D. B. & J. G.

(continued from page 2, column 4)

1. I am not appearing in the play.
 2. I am a second year fresher.
 3. I am Miss Jill Whittick.
- Could you please enlighten me?
Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL S. RABIN (Old Gobbo).

ATHLETIC UNION CUPS AND COLOURS

No two people could be more deserving of the A.U. Cups than Ian Herian and Don Gardiner. Ian has been awarded the Wison-Potter Cup for services to the A.U. in sport and administration, and Don the Steel-Maitland Cup as the outstanding sportsman. Both cups were presented at the Commemoration Ball by the President of the A.U., Bill Hughes.



The Women's Light IV at the Winter IV's in which they won the Junior Section: Stroke, Audrey Morris; 3, Barbara Morley; 2, Paddy Tooley; Bow, Sylvia Brown; Cox, Beryl Smith.

D'YE KEN . . . ?

by Cecil Jager

The weather forecast of Tuesday, November 16th, left nothing to be desired: it promised to be the worst day of the whole year. The forecasters were not too certain whether it would be foggy, or if there would be rain or mist; per- haps frost and ice, or even snow. However, the one thing they were certain of was that it was going to be the worst day imaginable.

Wednesday dawned to fog . . . at least we know there was fog, but we are not so certain about the dawn.

Yes, there was fog. Fog in the South of England! Fog in Lon- don! Fog even in Wimbledon!

Fog even on the Competition Ring:—
(Early in the morning, over coffee)

Job's Comforter: "They say it's terribly foggy on the Common; the riders won't be able to see the tail of the horse in front."

Bright Spark: "That's O.K. The Judges won't be able to see if W-ndy Br-dl-gh is cantering on the wrong leg us usual."

The scene changed from one of Central London fog to one of Raynes Park mist at Coombe Hill Riding Stable.

"Would you mind holding this horse, please?"

"Close that . . . door, I'm trying to change."

"What are you laughing at? Why can't I put my carnation in my bowler?"

"Are you going to hold this . . . horse?"

"Have you finished with the red ink? I don't know why you didn't buy red carnations in the first place."

"And why can't I wear 'Salt and Pepper' trousers with my black jacket and vest?"

The kick-off (a word denoting the commencement of a competi- tion, especially when on a difficult horse) was timed for 2 p.m. At 2.17 the contingents from Bedford and Imperial Colleges arrived and had just time to settle down to an attack of nerves when over the brow appeared five riders, on horses, well-groomed ones, actually trotting: they were well dressed. It was, amazingly, the L.S.E. Riding Club.

They entered the ring at a walk, changed to a trot, then some broke into a canter, others just broke . . . The judges weeded out those who looked promising, then asked them to repeat their movements, but with the horse this time.

After it was all over, we arrived at Waterloo in a joyful mood and decided to celebrate. After all, we did not come third, neither did we show off by coming first. Un- fortunately one of the lady mem- bers found that lemonade was too strong for her, loosening her tongue sufficiently to tell us that she is . . . Ah, well, I suppose every club has one!

SUCCESS!

by Beryl Smith

Enthusiasm and ability (in varying degrees) abounded at the University Winter IV's Regatta on November 20th. The fine state of women's rowing was shown by the fact that twelve crews were entered in the Novice Division. If these fresher crews carry on with the good work the future of the University oars- women looks very bright. L.S.E. entered a Novice crew which was defeated in the semi-final after winning a very good heat.

Both Junior IV's reached the finals in which four crews took part. This was a very fine race, L.S.E. winning from Q.M.C. by a canvas. The crew has had very good ex- perience in the Junior Division of University rowing, all of which will be needed now that they will row as Seniors.

Now that the Winter IV's are over composite VIII's are going out every Saturday. The enthusiasm of our novices as well as those who are not yet in crews enables us to look forward to next term's rowing with high hopes of more successes.



Members of the Riding Club seen at the Winter Gymkhana in which they competed with the clubs of Bedford College and Imperial College.

L.S.E. Foiled

Without a doubt the School's fencing team, which was soundly beaten 19-6 by St. Thomas' Hospital on November 24th, was beaten before the match ever started by a rather nice line in gamesmanship. Normally, while the teams are in the changing rooms, a general cross talk takes place pro- viding the strength of each team. It is quite unheard of for one team to change in frigid silence with gestures obviously implying "it's a great honour we've bestowed on you lesser mortals, coming here at all to-day".

This, coupled with the fact that St. Thomas' fielded Osman Rey- nolds, the present University Captain and Welsh International, completed the demoralisation of the L.S.E. team. All the members subconsciously attributed—wrongly—all Reynolds' qualities to the rest of the team and went on to lose their fights.

M. D. B.

SOCCER

by Don Thompson

The Club has been at a dis- advantage throughout this term in that five players have been playing regularly for one or other of the University XI's. With this back- ground their record is quite satis- factory, all three teams lying in good positions in their respective divisions of the University League, and the 1st XI having reached the quarter-final of both the Surrey Senior and the University Cup.

However, it has proved increas- ingly difficult to obtain settled teams and the result has been that teamwork and team spirit have not yet reached that stage which is es- sential if the Club is to continue its successes. It is hoped that this report will encourage all members to be available regularly for games, whether League or Friendlies.

Soccer Colours.

FULL: P. Gillam, M. Finnie, D. Boulton, D. Gardiner, M. Davies, M. Brockhouse, E. Elias, J. H. Young, J. Stephens, J. Widdop.

HALF: D. J. Caddick, D. Thomp- son.

Athletic Colours.

FULL COLOURS RE-AWARD: A. I. D. Francis.

FULL: D. H. Price, M. D. Teitz, J. Fulbrook.

B.Sc. (Econ.) student, specialising in Industry and Trade, he played regularly in the L.S.E. 1st XI, until he was picked for the University. He played in the Cup Final last season, when L.S.E. won the Uni- versity Cup, getting two penalty goals for his side.

Don's cricketing ability has not been wasted either at the School. He was in the 1st XI during his first year and was awarded full colours at the end of the season. The Cricket Club elected him as one of their two Vice-Captains for his second season.

Broken Leg

His soccer career has been dogged by bad luck. During a match for the A.F.A. against Cambridge Uni- versity on February 27th, 1954, Don broke his leg. Then, on November 6th, 1954, he repeated the performance. Being a very modest man he regards this as his recommendation for winning the Steel-Maitland Cup this year. The consequence of breaking his leg again this year has been to keep him indoors for the greater part of this term. He spends most of his time at the flat in Balham, his only companion, he claims, being the kitten "Chlorophyll".

Grand Piano

We say the flat because there is no other like it in the University. Six men share about ten rooms, a grand piano, two wirelesses and a record player—and they cook as well! Don says that he feels com- pletely indebted to the five bachelors who share the flat with him, for the way in which they have looked after him whilst he has been unable to get around.

Unfortunately for the School and the University, soccer will see no more of Don Gardiner this season. The award of the cup reflects how much he will be missed, especially if he doesn't bring it back!

Ernest Cornwall

The third cup, the Ernest Corn- wall Cup, was awarded to the soccer club for its successes last season. The club lost only four games throughout the season. The 1st XI was in the semi-final of the Surrey Senior Cup but withdrew because the game could not be arranged during term-time. The Club were runners-up in the Uni- versity "Six-a-Side" competition. Their real triumph was in the Uni- versity Cup and League, both of which were won by the 1st XI. This is the first time the "Double" has been achieved by L.S.E.

Sports Results

- Soccer.
1st XI: Surrey Senior Cup (A), Carshalton 5, L.S.E. 1.
2nd XI: L.S.E. 8, Chelsea Poly. 4.
- Rowing.
U.L.U. Winter VIII's Senior Div.: I.C. beat U.C. (L.S.E. "A" lost to U.C. in semi-final.)
Junior Div.: I.C. beat King's. (L.S.E. novices lost to King's in the semi-final.)
- Women's Hockey.
U.C. 2nds 1, L.S.E. 5 (U.L.U. Cup).