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OF POLITICAL
ECONOMIC SCIENCE.

IN THIS ISSUE

- ALLIGATOR?
- HUNGARIAN PROTESTS
- THE WEBBS
- SEX AND LAW
- INDIA ON £36
- BOLD BRASH
- BRILLIANT

Beaver

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE - UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
NOVEMBER 20th, 1958
THREEPENCE

BEAVER ROBBERY



"Beaver" photographer, Y. C. Yu, was on the spot to capture part of the atmosphere of the surprise attack. The photo shows a few gallant defenders in action. Faces were blacked out to protect the innocent.

NEWS EDITOR REPORTS

On Monday, the 10th of this month, the peaceful mid-day siesta of the L.S.E. was rudely disturbed by the intrusion and eventual expulsion of a band of students who can only be presumed to have been a backwash of the Lord Mayor's Show. Their attempted robbery was ill-disciplined and a complete failure, and to-day Beaver sleeps on unknowingly within the confines of his distempered lodge.

First inklings of trouble were given when a concentration of assailants, some seventy strong, massed in front of the new and pristine main entrance, and commenced a spirited if futile rendering of some little-known scholastic aria. This was followed by considerable anti-climax while the tacticians decided on a course of action, followed by a dispirited withdrawal.

Many were of the opinion that this would be the end of the raid but that was by no means the case. A determined charge down Houghton Street heralded a real threat to Beaver's security, some of the opposition actually gaining access to the Union Building, but meeting an impregnable defence, for although someone had forgotten to light the gas under the oil cauldrons, considerable use was nevertheless made of sand, water, and the inevitable fire extinguishers to repel the strangers.

Gradually the mob dispersed, and late-comers and the riot police could only stroll down Houghton Street musing as to how the pavement and road by Clare Market could have become so soiled during a Monday

lunchtime—a freak storm perhaps? Their puzzlement might have been dispelled to a certain extent if they could have seen the jettisoned appearance of the trouserless and wet personage who manifested himself in the environs of Piccadilly at about this time.

It is unfortunate that the attack was carried out in such a rowdy, unorganised way, and not by the same scientific method which enabled the staff of this journal to remove Beaver silently, almost clinically, earlier during the week. However, students will be students, and while some may deplore the actions of the L.S.E. partisans—when interviewed their statements are in accord in that they were only protecting Beaver as best they could.

One must sympathise with the President, who was assailed with a bucket of cold, dirty water when he courageously attempted to stop the disturbances and, with those unfortunates who had to clear up the mess.

BEAVER CIRCULATION UP 30%

Demand for *Beaver* has reached an all time high. Our last two issues were sold out within six hours, despite the late arrival of the November 6th issue. Increase in sales is 30 per cent. Lunch queue reading of the paper has become a favourite pass-time.

The increase is due, not only to the efforts of the editor and staff to produce a "brighter" *Beaver*, but also—in fact particularly so—to debonair Jim Denny, our Sales Manager, and his assistant, Roger Witherington.

STOP PRESS
THE COST OF THE RAG

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Cleaning up, and filling extinguishers, 26 hours @ overtime rate of 5s. 6d.	7	3	0
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C. O. TRIBUNAL UPHOLDS L.S.E. H-BOMB OBJECTOR

Neil Coburn, July, 1958, graduate, appeared last Friday before the West London Conscientious Objectors' Tribunal to explain his opposition to serving an army equipped with nuclear weapons.

In his statement he said, "Prior to the advent of nuclear weapons our army had a rational role to play . . . in which its destructive powers . . . could be limited to strictly military targets . . ." With the West and Russia armed with H-Bombs, an entirely new situation had developed, he stressed, since we fought justifiably against Fascism in World War II. He went on, "The Hydrogen Bomb . . . is a weapon of indiscriminate destruction". The Government Defence White Paper stated that there was no defence against The Bomb.

He had no objection to performing civilian work and the Tribunal granted Neil Coburn's request to be a C.O. He told *Beaver* that he will be working for the next two years delivering milk which, he hopes, will be uncontaminated by radiation.

COMMEN. BALL

There are still a few tickets left for the Commemoration Ball, to be held on December 5th. The double ticket of 45/- includes all the fun and frolics of the evening, the superb buffet, and the cabaret of Stage, Screen and Radio Personalities. Dancing will be to Eric Winstone and his Orchestra. The place? The Royal Festival Hall, of course.

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CLEMENT'S INN PASSAGE

"COLONIES SHOULD BE FREE" UNION DEBATERS MOVE

On November 3rd, the motion, "That this house believes that all dependent colonial territories desiring independence should be granted it immediately", was supported by Dr. D. Valentine, and opposed by Dr. Lucy Mair.

Opening the Debate, Dr. Valentine's main theme was that European civilization had no right to impose itself upon other peoples. He drew attention to European records; the British educational standard and wholesale murders of the Jewish population. Listeners did not have to wait long before colonial exploitation, Cyprus, Algerian torture, and Notting Hill, were all brought to the fore as examples of European civilization and culture.

A country had the right to contract out of a colonial empire, continued Dr. Valentine. "A country belongs to itself; as a man cries for water so a country cries for freedom."

For the opposition, Dr. Mair, speaking in clipped tones, accused Dr. Valentine of arguing from "inference and illusion". Taking her opponent up on the questions of economic aid to colonial territories, she pointed out that aid without strings was a post-war development, that had arisen with the United Nations and Truman's Point-Four.

Another important fact which is to be considered, she concluded, was who desired to be independent? Was Rhodesia, with a ruling white minority, to be allowed sovereignty? She hoped not.

Mr. Kabaki, of Kenya, seconding the motion, attacked "paternalism" formulated by the opposition. This, he said, had no moral basis in accordance with democratic principles.

Speaking for the opposition, Mr. Place, of the L.S.E. Conservative Society, cited the Commonwealth as an example of Britain's honourable intentions towards her colonial empire. Rather hesitantly, he admitted errors, even Cyprus being a-knowledged, but this he buried under a "big happy family" idea.

The speeches from the floor transpired to nothing new in delivery or idea. The complications of the problem were enlarged by Mr. G. Edwards, while Mr. P. Kapadia, in his usual funeral manner, emphasised the motion's seriousness and gave reasons for his abstention. Mr. G. Norton joined the previous speaker and stated that the "leaves of Wilsonism" had been dead for thirty years.

The house carried the motion with 64 votes to 26 against and 31 abstentions.



The camera (manned by Y. C. Yu) caught Miss Eva Lee practising her Chinese writing with a brush. A graduate of Hong Kong University, she is doing a course in Social Science. Her attitude of Britain: weather—cold; people—cordial; the school—no complaints.

"I'm dying for a coffee . . ."

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BEAVER

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
HOUGHTON STREET
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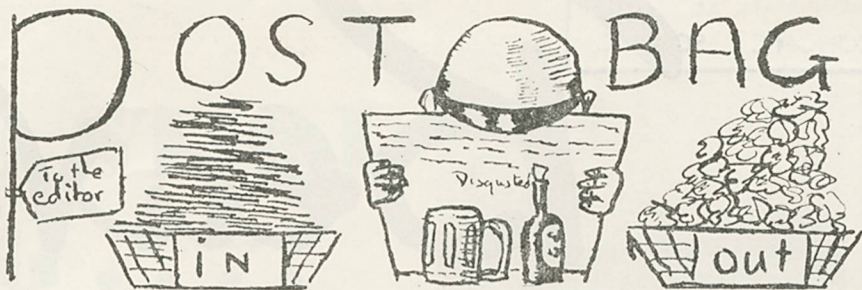
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"SENNET" DEGENERATING

First of all I must emphasize that this article represents the opinions neither of the Labour Society, nor of the Students' Union, but is merely a personal view.

It should not be beyond the bounds of possibility to produce a newspaper of a high standard with the large resources so obviously available in the University. The general standard of *Beaver* as reflected in the previous two issues is far above that of *Sennet* in content. Not being filled with insignificant college gossip, *Beaver* devotes space in proportion to importance, while the material of many articles in *Sennet* is trashy.

The blame for this must largely fall upon the Editor, and I can quote two instances of his exclusionist policy already this term. The first was the report of the visit of Mr. Gaitskell to L.S.E., which, together with the visit of Mr. Macmillan to U.C., were probably one of the biggest events of the year in the University, yet the total space devoted to both meetings was hardly more than a report of the disappearance of a mascot. Moreover, little was reported on the content of the speeches, but rather where they were held, etc., which was surely of lesser importance, this, apart from the fact that the article devoted considerably more of the limited space

to the U.C. meeting.

The second instance was in the report of Charlie's resignation at L.S.E., where, by cutting the completely fair report submitted by the Deputy President (which appeared in *Beaver*), completely failed to represent the Union's side of the picture, with the result that a so-called "official" statement which began as a fair comment, ended as one biased against the Union.

I wrote to the Editor on the former issue, criticising him, but instead of printing my protests, he wrote back in an insulting manner. If his policy is to stifle criticism in this way, and abuse those who criticise, then apparently the only way in which to make these protests heard is to use the medium of my own college newspaper, and that is why I have written to *Beaver*.

A University newspaper should set a standard, and I would advise Mr. Smith to study *Beaver*, for talent abounds. He should also be prepared to answer criticisms openly and not descend to personal attacks against perfectly sincere points of view. This is a trend, which I hope to see reversed, so that London University may have a paper which does its status and traditions full justice.

DAVID LINDLEY.

CHARLIE RESIGNS

... This bland statement is so inaccurate that I can only wonder at the effrontery of the person responsible for the article! All meetings of the Bar Committee which took place while I was serving on it were minuted. The extra bonus mentioned was never passed, nor even discussed by the Bar Committee... No financial statement was made at a Committee Meeting for at least two months, despite my repeated requests that one should be made... I still maintain that Union can make no decisions on the Bar...

Yours, etc.,
J. A. BODLENDER.

POLITICO

... During the past few weeks I have endured with considerable forbearance the false surmises and bigoted assertions of your correspondent "Politico"... but I feel bound to point out that a considerable proportion of the British electorate do not agree with his views... Might I suggest that he takes a leaf out of Colin Wilson's book and call himself "The Outsider".

Yours, etc.,
B. H. P. TURNER.

BEAVER APPRECIATED

... As a Fresher may I say that I have found *Beaver* enjoyable reading.

Yours, etc., J. C. COWLEY.

GAITSKELL'S VISIT

... Mr. Gaitskell produced the old political trick of avoiding the question by making the questioner look ridiculous. He gave us what we at L.S.E. now expect of politicians, a spate of verbiage smothering the question... Mr. Wolf asked Mr. Gaitskell a question about the Victory for Socialism group. The Leader of the Opposition answered, "They are a lot of old men who haven't yet grown up"—hardly the argument needed to convince its members of the righteousness of Mr. Gaitskell's position and the folly of theirs...

"Feeble," "pathetic," "pitiful," "lacks aggression," "doesn't even believe it himself," "insignificant"—these I heard on leaving the Old Theatre... I congratulate Mr. H. H. Marks, being so easily pleased he must have the pleasantest of lives.

Yours, etc.,
C. D. RICHARDSON.

OTHER LETTERS

The editor regrets that several other letters which he has received could not be published as space is limited. Please try to send your letters in early if you want to see them printed.

THE PRESIDENT'S C-O-L-U-M-N

Sooner or later during their stay at L.S.E. most people are drawn to consider whether the study of the social sciences involves them in special responsibilities towards society; whether the outcome of such studies is a compulsion to social action.

There is a view which maintains that the social scientist, like any other scientist, should be an abstracted observer concerned only with the accumulation and analysis of objective data, and any further responsibility is a matter of personal choice.

Another view, characterized perhaps by the growing use in some circles of the word "commitment", accepts the social responsibility of intellectual and creative activity and is therefore engaged in establishing its boundaries. We may hear something of this view from Alex Jacobs at the Week-End School.

The reason why I raise this is that in debate and in discussion, L.S.E. students often show a great willingness to accept social responsibility in principle but, perhaps for want of outlets, their attitude is often not translated into practice. But the fact is that, even if they are limited, there are opportunities for social action here at L.S.E.

Examples are: the forthcoming N.U.S. conference where we can exert influence in national student welfare policy; the activities of W.U.S. which are being publicized this week and to



Alan Hale

which we can contribute; the week-end work camp scheme, and not least, the appeal for blood donations which is to be made shortly. These may not be particularly spectacular ways of discharging our social responsibility, but each does to some extent meet a social need; and in the case of the last, the effect is out of all proportion to the effort we put in.

RAGGING

To defend *Beaver* and to repulse the attack on the Union last week were the natural reaction of any live Union member, but in the confined spaces of the Union and Houghton Street, there is always the possibility that damage may be done to property or to the public and this can have unfortunate consequences. I think Union members recognise this and will bear it in mind, although our "rag" was like a parson's garden party in comparison with the regular large scale Nov. 5th riots at Oxford and Cambridge, when both towns are in a state of siege.

ENGAGEMENTS

Beaver congratulates Gwyn Lewis on her engagement to Viv Davis, an L.S.E. Graduate, now a Naval Instructor; Jack London, the Welfare

Vice-President, on his to Terry Galt. Another member of Council who took half the oath was Jim Silver, to his Anne.

SPOTLIGHT on

ARTHUR VICKERY



When I met Arthur Vickery for an interview, his expressionless face reminded me of the stony faced Molotov, but by the time our discussions were over I certainly did not feel like a Western diplomat who had just finished a conference with the Russians. He has recently resigned from the Senior Treasurership of the Union, "due to the pressure of academic work", having held office for some ten months.

Leaving Hardye's School, Dorchester, in October, 1956, Arthur came to London to take up articles with a firm of Chartered Accountants in the City. He came to L.S.E. in 1957 as part of the combined Accountancy and degree course for which he is studying.

On arrival at the School, he says, he had no particular interest in student affairs and certainly no thought of ever being on Union Council. But, partly in order to get to know people and partly because he thought to be in the one place where he might be of some use, at the Freshers' Reception he applied for the vacant post of Junior Treasurer. He was appointed, and began to get increasingly involved in the Union's financial affairs, so that by the end of his first term he had become Senior Treasurer.

His previous experience in practical accounting came in useful. He was able to recommend that a completely new and simplified system of book-keeping be instituted for the Union. Later he concerned himself, at the request of the Senior Treasurer, with the affairs of the Union Shop. It was largely due to his failure to organise the records in the form requested by his superior officers, but by doing the work in a way which seemed to him most accurate, that the failings of the shop at the Freshers' Conference were discovered.

The increased centralization necessary was in part achieved by making the Treasurers of the Shop and the Three Tuns Junior Treasurers responsible to the Senior Treasurer. He and this year's Council have been the first to benefit from his own plan to extend the period of office of the Senior Treasurer to cover the budget and the auditing of accounts.

Out of the encouraging results of this reorganization has been that this year, for the first time for many years, the accounts and auditors' report were ready at the appropriate time.

On the office of Senior Treasurer, he says, "It would seem to be one of the most onerous posts in the Union. It takes a lot at first. In fact, when I took over, it took more time than a student should expect to spend on Union affairs. It is because of the need to redress the balance between time spent in the Union and time spent in the library that I have found it necessary to resign".

Although rarely seen at social functions, and perhaps not well known outside those who frequent the Union office, Arthur will have left his mark on the Union in one of the most important departments.

A. MARFATIA.



The editor says —

"Why is it," several people asked, "that 'Beaver' contains such an abundance of mournful and angry articles?" "Is there not a single student here who is satisfied with his lot?" "Has 'Beaver' become a Wailing Wall?"

What can I say to this? ... Perhaps the answer lies partly in you yourselves, or partly, because those who are satisfied do not write in to tell us that "they have never had it so good". As one of our founders said, we have come here because we ourselves wanted "to know the reason why"; and if there is this constant sorrowful refrain, why do you accuse "Beaver" for being the agent of your own dissatisfactions? And what better place than "Beaver" is there to voice your opinions, be they sparkling with joy or burning with anger?

"All the world's a stage, where each man plays his part, and mine a sad one." Sad we are, because we realise that our society is far from perfect, and it is the duty of all of us here to ask questions—to be sad—and maybe even write to "Beaver".

Leonard Lyle

86 Kingsway, W.C.2
Holborn 2240

**BLAZERS BADGES
OFFICIAL SUPPLIERS TO
THE STUDENTS' UNION**

OUR LEADERS

by David Hamilton

Recently students have had the opportunity to cure any excessive admiration they may have had for either the Prime Minister or the Leader of the Opposition by going to hear both of them. I went to U.C. to hear Mr. Macmillan, naively expecting that he would be distinguished, impressive and God-like; I came away reflecting that he was extinguished, depressive and cod-like. Mr. Gaitskell, I thought, would be epigrammatic, catholic and jocose; in fact he was pedantic, fanatic, and morose. Such is the gulf between illusion and reality.

Despite their parallel parades of yawn enforcing notions, their niggling and petty partisanship and the almost gruesome predictability of their diction, some differences in approach and technique reflecting disparate political attitudes and personal predilections, could be discerned.

GAITSKELL DISTANT

Mr. Gaitskell, pedagogic and precise, tended to flatter his audience by treating them as his intellectual equals. Mr. Macmillan, more subtle, implicitly assuming his role of Father Substitute, attempted to enter into a paternal relationship with them, thus securing their respect and admiration.

MACMILLAN INGRATIATES

Mr. Gaitskell made no attempt to ingratiate himself with his audience. Mr. Macmillan, by dragging in irrelevant quotations from Bentham, Mill and Crahan Wallas, so that he could mention U.C., King's and L.S.E. respectively, fanned the sultry embers of college partisanship, and this, when combined to a sly reference to his own "reasonably decent" student days, was enough to initiate a process of Mac-directed, sub-conscious self-identification with him by the less subtle of the students.

Mr. Gaitskell's subject matter, the history and application of the

principles of democratic socialism, was one that appealed, if at all, to the intellect; Mr. Macmillan, by speaking on the "British Spirit" could titillate the impressionable emotion of his audience.

DICTION AND CLARITY

This distinction in subject matter was reflected in the quality of their respective phraseology. Mr. Gaitskell's worst enemy could never accuse him of deviating from cogency, clarity, and logical vigour; Mr. Macmillan's best friend could never deny that his speaking was turgid, affected, mannered, prolix and disjointed.

Mr. Gaitskell spoke fluently for forty minutes without using notes; Mr. Macmillan read every word, even his "jokes", for thirty. In handling interruptions Mr. Gaitskell displayed considerable acuity and intelligence; Mr. Macmillan was content to squeeze out a cheap cheer, and avoided the point.

In short, the impression I gathered from Mr. Gaitskell was one of respect for his intelligence, knowledge, high principles, sincerity and matchless devotion to tedium; whilst the third rate emotive waffle rapt in cant, the hot pursuit of the platitudinous, and the cheap party political touting of Mr. Macmillan caused me nothing but nauseated disgust.

"THE STRONGER SEX IN LAW"

"A law husband and wife are one person, and the husband is that one", so said an illustrious Chief Justice of the early 17th century. In the sphere of property this statement was manifestly true. A married woman in those days could own no property, and all she owned became her husband's on marriage. This rule was not without its disadvantages; thus, if a married woman committed a civil wrong against a third party, her husband was usually joined in the action in order that damages might be awarded against him. As between husband and wife, however, no action in tort would lie; obviously you cannot commit a wrong against yourself! Further, by an extension of the same reasoning it was held that an ante-nuptial tort ceased to be actionable once the parties had married.

POSITIONS REVERSED

This state of affairs did not survive the passage of time. The great landmark of change was the Married Women's Property Act 1882, which for property purposes put married women in much the same position as their unmarried sisters.

But wait, parity was not to be achieved between husband and wife. The scales were tipped in the wife's favour, as married women were not only vouchsafed rights of property but such further rights as were necessary to protect their property. And what of the men? There is no Married

Men's Property Act so that their position remains unaltered at common law. Consider the implications:

WIFE MAY SUE

A man may not sue his wife in tort under any circumstances. A woman may now sue her husband if this is necessary for the protection of her property. Thus in a case in 1930 the Courts had to decide whether a woman might sue her husband in libel for alleging that she was an immoral woman. Was the action necessary to protect her property? The woman kept a garage, and in the words of the trial judge, "Chastity is not a necessary qualification for the management of a garage". Her action failed. Of course, the decision might have gone the other way if she had been, say, the headmistress of a school!

What of ante-nuptial torts? A man is still unable to sue after he has married his tortfeasor. But a woman may bring an action. Judicial reasoning is to the effect that a woman's right to sue is a proprietary right, which by virtue of the 1882 Act survives her marriage and remains unimpaired.

All this is an anomaly, but anomalies abound in the law. There is no danger provided all parties concerned are aware of their rights and liabilities. Men in particular, when contemplating a certain legal tie, may wish to consider its effect upon other legal ties. L. A. W.

STUDENT SALON OPENS IN SOHO

BRIAN LEVY REPORTS

Last month saw the opening of a coffee-house with a difference. Its name is the "Partisan", its address is Carlisle Street, Soho, and its manager and guiding force is an ex-L.S.E. graduate student—Ralph Samuel.

NOT FOR TORIES

Whether you are pleased or not that L.S.E. has a hand in the "Partisan" largely depends on your politics, as the house is sponsored by a group of Left-wing intellectuals, and run on behalf of the *Universities and Left Review*. The "Partisan" is not a club, however, and all are welcome, although I would not recommend L.S.E. Con. Soc. to hold their meetings there.

STAY FOR HOURS

What makes this coffee-house an important addition to the student's diary is that it makes a complete break with the usual phoney atmosphere of the ordinary espresso bar. The "Partisan" is an honest attempt to recapture the spirit of the 18th Century coffee-houses, and in

this it definitely succeeds. Customers are encouraged to stay for as long as they like, and chess-boards and periodicals are provided. The decor is bright and satisfying, and there are several interesting and provocative paintings which adorn the walls.

GROUPS AND GANGS

The same might be said of the patrons of the "Partisan", although very few adorn the walls. There is an L.S.E. gang, which sometimes dominates the proceedings, although on Saturday nights they have strong competition from a Zionist group singing tuneless kibbutz songs, and a group in the left-hand corner celebrating the granting of Nigerian independence.

The "Partisan" has its serious overtones as well. There is usually at least one stimulating discussion going on around you, and the general atmosphere of the place makes it a coffee-house to be noted.

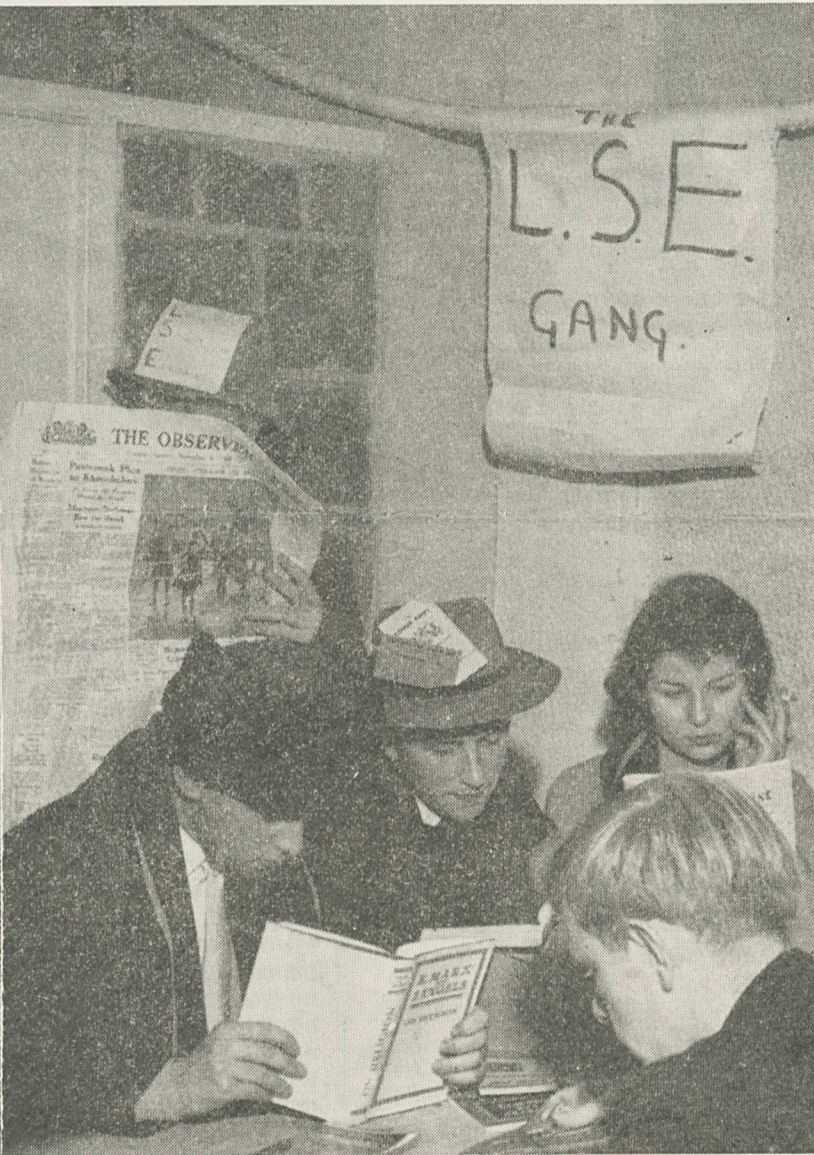


photo: Y. C. Yu.

Members of the Central Sub-Committee of the Laski School of Extroverts recently met in secret conclave at the "Partisan" coffee-house to discuss the use, by the "Table Talk" column in the November 2nd issue of the *Observer*, of the expression "the L.S.E. gang" to describe part of the clientele of the aforementioned "Partisan". An attempt to kidnap an *Observer* reporter by luring him to the scene of the crime with a false news tip unfortunately failed. Members are seen here studying the appropriate texts as a guide to further action.

U.N.S.A. ON NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

In common with many other bodies of the same degree of enlightenment, U.N.S.A. is pressing for unilateral nuclear disarmament. The need for this is obvious: the hazards of testing, the certainty of complete annihilation should war break out; and the deadlock in disarmament negotiations, which at present provides nations with an incentive and an excuse for arming themselves.

Britain's contribution to Western nuclear power is negligible; this country cannot afford to make nuclear weapons; the money could be better

spent on the ideological combating of Communism. The need for economic assistance is insistent enough, and worthwhile for its own sake. The purpose of nuclear disarmament is this: if Britain was to put herself at the head of a group of nations which has forsworn nuclear weapons, the chances of world-wide disarmament are greatly enhanced. We are not proposing that Britain and America should disarm simultaneously, regardless of Russia—it is proposing a new diplomatic initiative and a breaking of the arms deadlock.

by WILLIAM CRAMPTON.

WAR AGAINST WANT

Now that the activities of the International Students' Week are in full swing, many members of the School are probably asking questions about the World University Service and why they should contribute to its funds.

To put it as briefly as possible, W.U.S. is an international organisation concerned with the welfare of students everywhere, regardless of race, colour, or creed. It provides for the basic material needs of students, and by its educational programme, seeks to bring students together to discuss their needs.

Both these aims can best be illustrated by one specific project, the South-Eastern Asian Workshop Conference to be held in Madras in March, 1959. Thirty representatives from S.E. Asian W.U.S. committees will listen to talks by experts on how they can develop their limited materials and cash resources to the best advantage. W.U.S. will contribute the materials and finance the projects undertaken as a result of the conference. The students themselves will supply the labour.

Their Future is Our Future

Your contributions will aid such schemes, and show the students concerned that their fellows in other parts of the world realise that their future is our future. We need your help, so please assist us in our fight to get better living conditions for thousands of fellow students. A.J.H.

APPLIED ECONOMICS QUIZ

Q: What is the connection between: Lucozade, Ribena, Quosh, Murray-mints, Morton Peas, Brylcreem, Silvikrin Shampoos, Amami Wave Set, Vosene Shampoo, Macleans Indigestion Powder, Eno's Fruit Salt, Beecham's Pills, Iron Jelloids, and Coca-Cola that is sold in the North of England?

A: All made by the same company—Beecham Group Ltd.

* * *

Q: Who can you associate with the following limited companies: Bell & Howell, British Optical and Precision Engineers, Taylor, Taylor & Hobson, Gaumont-British Picture Corp., Bush Radio, Odeon Cinema Holdings, General Cinema Finance Corp., British and Dominions Film Corp., Winter Garden Theatre (London), South of Ireland Grain and Transport Co., Shannon Silo Co., Dublin North City Milling Co., Thomas Bell & Son, H. L. Groom & Son, British Bakeries, Odeon Associated Theatres, Irish Cinemas, Odeon Properties, Overseas Cinematograph Theatres, Denham & Pinewood Holdings, A. Kershaw & Sons, Cork Milling (Holdings).

A: Lord Rank. He is either directly Chairman of the Board of Directors of these companies or is Chairman of companies which own these companies.

* * *

Q: What's the link between the following: Cornhill Insurance Co. Ltd., James A. Jobling & Co. Ltd. (makers of "Pyrex" brand oven and tableware), Stratstone Ltd. ("holding the Royal Appointment as suppliers of Motor Cars to Her Majesty the Queen"), V.W. Motors Ltd. (sole U.K. Volkswagen dealers), Walton Hosiery Ltd. (makers of "Ballerina" nylons).

A: All are owned by the same investment company—Thomas Tilling Ltd.

(Information for this quiz taken from the 1958 Stock Exchange Official Year Book (HG 4507, Room C in the Library.)

THREE TUNS
(in the Union Building)
THE STUDENTS' OWN BAR
Eat at Charlie's
Take your lunch in the
THREE TUNS
Rolls and hot dogs
and
a large selection of beers, wines
and spirits to wash them down
PARTIES CATERED FOR

EAT CHEAPLY
EAT WELL
at the
SOMERSET CAFE
115 Strand, W.C.1

EXCLUSIVE! to INDIA on £36

I have always wanted to see India, but I knew that such a journey would take time, and time has been at a premium for the past year.

At last, however, I found myself with three months free and decided to set off towards the rising sun.

Since, after buying the necessary kit, I knew that I would have only £36 left for a journey of some 15,000 miles to the east and back, the only course open to me was to hitchhike.

For two weeks I visited various hospitals and embassies for visas and injections against cholera, smallpox and yellow fever. When I set off I had visas for Jordan, Iraq, Iran and Afghanistan.

EN FRANCE

I set off from my flat at 11 a.m. on Saturday, July 15th, and went down to Dover by tram.

My rucksack weighed 47 pounds, and I had equipped myself with a large Australian bushwacker hat and a pair of enormous boots. I had grim forebodings of being weighed down by my pack, but by the time that I had hitched from Calais to Paris I had become accustomed to the weight.

After several lifts in everything from a side-car to a bus full of children returning home after a day on the French coast, a fish truck drove me through Paris at midnight.

I decided to call it a day after walking about two miles out of Paris on the road to Fontainebleau and I eventually spread my sleeping bag and came to rest in someone's back garden.

Lyons is two thousand years old this year and it was celebrating the anniversary with a giant firework display. Every ten seconds rockets shot into the air with a roar and then exploded to light up the river and the

city with a thousand stars of silver and green, blue and gold.

The city might be celebrating, but it was one o'clock in the morning and one visitor at least was extremely tired. That night I had reason to be grateful that my jockey friend was so small for I shared the driver's seat with him.

GENEVE ET TOUT CA

At six o'clock in the morning I was up and on my way to Geneva. I wanted to buy my Yugoslav visa there and I knew that the consulate would close at one o'clock.

When I was driven into Geneva some 150 miles away at 12.40 p.m., I thought I had lost the race.

I hastily changed enough French money to make a telephone call and then phoned the Yugoslav consulate from a nearby café.



Ray Cauchman

Yes they closed at one o'clock and in any other town it would take two days to obtain a visa because the consulates were rather busy during the summer months. If I could present myself to him at the consulate with two photographs and 4½ Swiss francs during the next ten minutes he would grant me a visa on the spot.

I slammed the receiver down, ran back to the exchange office, bought 4½ Swiss francs and boarded a train that was just

Press Officer's Personal Account

pulling out. Those two minutes saved me a wait of two days.

I cannot claim to have seen much of Geneva this trip because 45 minutes after entering Switzerland from France I was back in France and again on my way south towards the Alps and Italy.

TURINO

When I left Lyons that morning I had hoped to reach Turin in northern Italy, but despite several good lifts, one with a French theatrical producer and another with a lady judge for example, the evening was approaching and there was a very slim chance indeed of anyone offering me a lift on a difficult road over the mountains after dark.

I need not have worried, however, for I had only just finished thanking the lady judge when another car stopped and I was told by two young Frenchmen that they were going to Turin and would be there that night if the customs post at the frontier were still open when they arrived.

The frontier was still open when we arrived, and soon we were on our way again down the winding passes to Turin. The French boys breathed a sigh of relief.

A Quoi Bon, M. de Gaulle?

Since de Gaulle took over, the French have not been allowed to take any money out of the country. My two companions had been saving for their holidays for months and were determined to get their French money out.

When we stopped in the streets of Turin one of the Frenchmen pulled off his shoes, rolled back his socks and pulled out two wads of thousand franc notes. He then looked at me, smiled and said, "A good holiday to have, the money it is necessary".

(To be continued in next issue.)

THREAT of a NEW GERMANY? asks Dave Childs

Quite apart from the academic considerations, studying in Germany is, for the foreigner, usually a pleasant experience. Germans often jokingly comment that if one speaks their language with a foreign accent one is bound to be a hit at a party. German officials are always correct and often very friendly when dealing with a British student. Generally speaking, one can say that there is a strong desire among the Germans to be accepted back among the community of nations.

Duelling or Discussion Groups?

One of the principal centres of discussion at German Universities in recent years has been the branch of the League of European Federalists. Surprising to many then, that the *Manchester Guardian* (27.10.58) could devote a leader article to the duelling corporations of West German Universities. Unfortunately, to the student of German affairs, the contents of the leader are by no means surprising. The duelling that goes on at German universities in order, incidentally, not to efface a blot on one's honour, but to acquire the scars of a superior social class, is but symbolic of the state of affairs in West Germany generally. In the economy the old names—Krupp, Thyssen, Mannesman, Flick—are back and doing better than ever. Hitler's former occupiers of Europe are, as *Der Spiegel* (5.10.58) put it, the Federal Republic's only (possible) contribution to the N.A.T.O. H.Q. and, despite protests from Germans, ex-SS men are allowed to enlist in the Wehrmacht's child, die Bundeswehr.

Political Skulduggery

In the political field the law limiting the representation of small parties and the resounding victories of Adenauer speed up the drive towards what might become a quasi one-party state. Adenauer seems to stop at nothing to get the required results. At the election of 1953, to

take one example at random, he accused Socialist officials of getting secret funds from the Communists. He withdrew the charge after the election when faced with the possibility of legal action. Although one may be of the opinion that a case can be made for banning the Communist Party in a land which is in the front-line of the cold war, any liberal must be disturbed by the continuing arrests of so much Communist small fry (37 in the latest round up, *Manchester Guardian*, 4.10.58).

Censorship

As for the German press, one must be worried by the frequent attempts of Adenauer's ex-SA man, Minister of the Interior Schroeder, to muzzle the journalists and by the fact that so many mass periodicals find it necessary or profitable or desirable to bring large features on Hitler's top brass (Doenitz and Speer in *Quick* for example). One must deplore the failure to compensate the victims of Nazism (*Manchester Guardian*, 4.10.58) and the relatively good pensions of such people as Rudolf Diels, Goering's first chief of the Gestapo (Helmut Hamerschmidt in "Der Kurs ist falsch, Verlag Kut Desch") and Herta Ehlert, former guard at Bergen-Belsen (Hamerschmidt).

Apathy of the Intellectuals

One must lament that many German intellectuals, as expelled C.D.U. member Professor Walter Hagemann recently pointed out, aware of what is happening, stand aloof from politics. Most of all, as Britons, must condemn any British contribution to the restoration of German authoritarianism. *And let us not forget that much of what has happened and will happen in Germany is the result of Allied policies.*

Niemöller's Humiliation

The recent harassing and humiliation of the internationally known and respected freedom fighter and pacifist, Martin Niemöller, by British immigration officials must, therefore, be strongly condemned. This has happened many times to Niemöller. It makes one wonder. Would certain circles in our Establishment sooner welcome the representatives of the German "Restoration" than ex-concentration camp inmate Pastor Martin Niemöller, and if so, why?

A. MARFATIA interviews

Professor PHELPS-BROWN

At about 5 a.m. on a rather chilly day in Mogal Serrai, India, Professor Phelps-Brown was changing trains when a clear Indian voice asked, "Haven't we met before? I think you used to lecture at the London School". With astonishment he turned to the smartly dressed former L.S.E. student, who is now Personnel Manager of the Electric Supply Corporation at Kanpur, and settled down for a very interesting conversation. This happened again in Bombay, when he was strolling in some crowded streets. These incidents indicate his immense popularity with the students and what memories they cherish about him—and of the L.S.E. too.

After finishing school at Taunton School, Somerset, Professor Phelps-Brown went to Wadham College, Oxford, where he had a brilliant academic career, obtaining firsts in History (1927) and P.P.E. (1929). He then joined New College in 1929 as a Fellow in Economics. In 1930/31 he visited Michigan, Columbia and Chicago for studies in Statistics. In the Thirties he wrote "Framework of the Pricing System" which teachers across the Atlantic particularly recommend for "it's exposition of the mathematical theory of pricing which does not use too much mathematics".

He served in the war as a gunner and he says he saw a world so different from anything he has seen before or since. In 1947 he joined the School as Professor of Economics and Labour and has been with us since then.

In 1953 he lectured on the Economics of Labour at the Delhi School of Economics for two months. Touring India he was struck by its pictorial quality and



the grace and beauty of its people. He says that no country has stimulated his imagination so much.

Labour and Trade Unionism

An expert on Labour problems, he considers it a fascinating subject—a mixture of Economic Analysis, Human Nature, History and Institutions. We discussed the role of Trade Unions in a democracy, and he had some very interesting comments to make.

"In the past Trade Unions have been given what is in some a privileged position before the law in the West, because it seemed they could not be fruitful otherwise. Today the standard of living of the wage earner is so much higher and the inequalities of income effectually smaller, so that the justification of righting the balance is no longer so strong, and when instances occur of union power being used obstructively or oppressively, they are more questioned.

"What matters most is not the formal extent of their powers, but the good sense with which powers are used. I think whether there is any great change in the legal and economic framework within which the unions operate will depend on what unions do in practice and most trade union leaders are as reasonable and public spirited as the rest of us.

"There are abuses which if they became more frequent would lead to reaction—the power of Trade Unions is not an abstract principle. If Unions bear in mind the public interests and the rights of individuals they may continue to perform the same role as now in much the same setting. There is one way in which their influence is decreasing—in the growth of the technical, administrative and clerical occupations relative to manual labour.

"I do not think our Trade Unions are a danger to democracy. The great test was in 1926, when they were committed to a broad sympathetic strike on such a scale that they were in practice resorting to economic blockade—to by-pass Parliament and to coerce the government. But they left that course and realised that their economic power must not be used to impose their will on the government and the community.

"Trade Unions do provide funds to the Labour Party, but do not act as a bloc within the party. The Labour Party is not dominated by the T.U.C. and the Trade Union leaders who become ministers (they would be wide awake to the responsibilities of their office and take decisions inherent in the nature of the case) are governed by their responsibilities rather than office.

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TRADITION

THE PARTNERS . . . THE WEBBS

Although they came from different backgrounds (Beatrice from the "Best" people, i.e., the rich and socially acceptable—and Sidney from the anonymity of the lower middle class), the similarity of their approach to life made barriers of class look silly. An attempt to separate evaluation of Beatrice and Sidney Webb is thus impossible.

It has been said that their life was dry and austere: Beatrice herself said that they were "Too damned intellectual". But this is to judge uncommon people by the common standards of the age of the common man: certainly they seldom caught the "mass mind". Brilliant though they were, their metier was not the sparkle of wit or the thunder of oratory, but the "... Silent use of their knowledge in the unperceived transactions of law and government by men and women of goodwill". Their aim was to find out the actual facts and embody them in a more or less scientific form.

Research was their Speciality

The Webb's quarried a staggering amount of factual material for the use of "men of goodwill", digging into local records, combing through manuscripts, analysing the structure of trade unions and local government, interviewing, and attending meetings all over the country.

Nevertheless, Beatrice would say, "The worth of our work will be only temporary: all our hypotheses will be truisms of fallacies in a generation's time". They believed that the scientific study of Socialism would further the society which was their aim—but they were not smug about it.

The Webb's influence, although limited at any one time, was steady, pervasive and consistent. They took care to know the people with power and influence, and were past-masters at the art of wire-pulling. Whenever a study of the

factual background concerning new social legislation was required, it usually transpired that the only accurate material available was that provided by the Webbs. During the period 1900-1909 this was particularly important, because this enabled them to ensure that the stirrings of social conscience were expressed along lines which they had already prepared.



Photo: by Hollyer from "Our Partnership"

Courtesy Longmans

A Kind of Judgment

Included in their circle of personal influence was a positive galaxy of great names, including George Bernard Shaw, Balfour, Graham Wallas, Winston Churchill, Bertrand Russell, and H. G. Wells. Of Churchill, Beatrice said "... he is egotistical, bumptious, shallow-minded and reactionary, but with a certain personal magnetism and great pluck". Lest this damn her in the eyes of posterity, let it be added that she later thought one of the most brilliantly able and progressive members of the liberal cabinet was—Churchill!

Among all their other activities they found time to start the *New Statesman*, and help in the founding of the Labour Party. Nationalised railways, mines, state secondary education and the National

by W. J. MONEY

Health Service are yet other of their plans which have been realised.

As Founders

But the biggest single enterprise of The Partnership was the initiation of the London School of Economics. The idea of some such institution had been in their minds for some time, for, as they said, reform was to be brought about "Not by shouting, but by hard thinking". In 1895 L.S.E. was founded at 10, Adelphi Terrace, and the top floor was let to Shaw and his wife. Shaw was so exasperated with the narrow outlook of most students that he donated a strictly non-academic library as an antidote. He was an optimist.

The Webbs were well aware of what Beatrice called "... the narrow, sectarian view most socialists take—binding themselves hand and foot by a series of shibboleths ..."—the implicit faith in a sort of creed which has been "revealed" to them. It was perhaps because of this, and other similar dangerous prejudices, that Sidney wrote Article 28 into the Articles of Association of the School, guaranteeing the academic staff freedom of opinion and speech.

The School expresses better than anything else the determination of the Webbs that their aims should be achieved only on the basis of an exhaustive and impartial study of the facts. If we, too, would preserve the integrity of our intellect, whatever our race, religion, or politics, it behoves us to follow this example.

FREELANCE WOLF

(The Editor accepts no responsibility for this column)

Someone asked me why so much about Gaitskell in the last issue and nothing about Macmillan's speech the same week. Answer: We are a college, not a university paper and Mac platitude at U.C. On the other hand, if someone had handed us in a report it would have probably gone in. The Conservative Central Office propaganda machine sent "Sennet" a photo of Britain's would-be de Gaulle and the complete text of his speech, but, alas, "Beaver" was ignored. As for the puerile mess that passed for a report of the Gaitskell and Macmillan meetings in "Sennet", you can blame the Editor of that rag, King's College Post-Graduate student, Doug Smith. If you want to see him I suggest that you try the University of London Union Bar rather than "Sennet" Office.

A question to the Welfare V.P. at the Union Meeting two Fridays ago raised the issue of the extent to which the students at L.S.E. have any say in administrative decisions made by or under the authority of the Director. Need I hasten to add that the relations between the Union and the Director are most enlightened and cordial, which is as it should be—but everything can always be made better. A particular sore point is the Refectory. Another is the syllabus of the B.Sc. (Econ.) degree course (not altogether L.S.E.'s own fault, as this is determined by the University, but I would imagine that representations by the School would carry great weight). Another blister is the teaching methods for this degree which are within the scope of the School. Of course things would be easier if there were more staff, more money, more accommodation ... which leads us right into politics because the government, through the Treasury, uses its social philosophy to determine priorities.

Just one point about the Gaitskell reply to my open letter in the last issue. He naturally thought that I was a member of the L.S.E. Labour Society—just for the record I am not. So far I am still a member of the Labour Party. And that's what I like

(continued in previous column)

MINTSZENTY

The last point I wish to make is about the slightly exaggerated emphasis—purely in terms of screen-time—given to Cardinal Mintszenty. We all know that he courageously opposed the Communist Regime and was one of the outstanding victims of it. But was he the only one? Certainly not. And it may well be asked that if this film of the Revolution aimed at portraying the figureheads of the movement (which in any case had comparatively little leadership, being a spontaneous mass-movement), should it not have been justified to see and hear more about Imre Nagy? Had he not deserved the honour of being seen and heard in a film of the Hungarian Revolution? All we saw about him was a figure in the background in a couple of pictures, neither did we hear his voice. Surely, in the context of the Revolution in particular, he was at least as important as Cardinal Mintszenty. This is perhaps understandable when we realise that the version we saw came from the Hungarian Roman Catholic Chaplaincy in London, according to the performers. A fact that provides a clue to the understanding of some curious undertones of the film.

* * *

P.S.—Even so, we are thankful to the Union for attempting to provide the members with more information about Hungary. No Union Official had the chance to see the film in advance and make a judgment of it. And the preceding talks were excellent, the questions and answers stimulating (including the one asked by a young lady from the gallery about "what is meant by free world". To supplement the speaker's reply let me tell her: It means, amongst other things, that she can ask questions, the equivalent of which she could not ask in the part of the world she believes to be free).

about my Party—free discussion (you ought to hear what we say about Gaitskell at our Ward meetings if you thought my letter was sharp!). Ideas and a vision, plus a lot of hot air on all sides, that's my Party. And Mr. Gaitskell, I like you too—though not so near the top.

PASTERNAK & Dr. KETTLE

Moscow has spluttered violently at Pasternak; he is a pig; he is a mangy sheep But now Dr. Kettle has written from Leeds University to the "Manchester Guardian" to defend the Soviet position in more rational language. Kettle travelled to L.S.E. two Fridays ago to a meeting sponsored by the Communist Society.

HIGHER HUMANITY

The fundamental points at issue are two: (1) The Soviet Communists consider the State (as they interpret it) far more important than the individual. No rubbish about "human

Mike Fores

dignity" here. (2) The End justifies the means. An attack on Pasternak can be as rude and as misinformed as it likes. (One wonders how many Soviet critics have read Dr. Zhivago.) Dr. Kettle suggests that Pasternak doesn't want the destruction of the U.S.S.R.—he wants something impossible—a Soviet society with bourgeois values. But according to Kettle, the effect of Dr. Zhivago is deeply "anti-Soviet" and in this context he asserts that this means opposition to a society which in the period of Pasternak's own lifetime has enabled countless millions to rise from servile degradation to "dignity and a higher humanity".

What of the mass impact of Dr. Zhivago? According to Kettle: "It is naive and irresponsible to pretend that the effect, as opposed to the intention, of a work of art is irrelevant Books are things that do things to people." Kettle claims that it is not a matter of distortions or inadequacy but simply that Dr. Zhivago is anti-Soviet. He ended by saying that one cannot conclude that censorship is a splendid thing but "that to put at a particular moment the interests of humanity, however imperfect, above those of a particular artist, however talented, is not necessarily ignoble."

LIBERAL HUMANISM

So we return to the two fundamental points at issue. To the Soviet Communists (and Dr. Kettle, a British one), the state is more important than the individual and the End justifies the means. As a liberal humanist I must make clear my differences with the doctor on censorship. If we have any faith in our political system then we should allow criticism of it from artists and politicians, and in this competition of ideas public opinion will freely emerge—this is democratic liberalism. Of course some censorship may be necessary on the grounds of personal moral corruption but never for reasons of political morals.

I believe that Dr. Kettle's case was reasonable if you accepted the assumptions upon which it was based. Personally I do not accept them.

HUNGARY MISREPRESENTED AT UNION FILM SHOW

PROTESTS PAUL HOLLANDER

My first and maybe over-sensitive reaction to the recent film show was to get up from my seat in the Old Theatre and tell my visibly disappointed fellow students: "Don't think that all this was true! Don't think that Hungary and the Hungarian Revolution looked just like this!"

THE OBJECTIONS

Let me explain what exactly Hungarian students objected to. To begin with, those who put together this film and made the commentary grossly underestimated the intelligence and general disposition of any, and in particular an educated western audience. Crude propaganda, incessant repetition of adjectives and moderately abusive language cannot fail to impress. (Even if we think that all the hackneyed phrases are true.) "Freedom" is not going to become more meaningful if we mention it 50 times in an hour; neither will Communists seem to be more wicked if we call them such with a similar frequency, nor, for that matter, will the audience be more convinced about the heroism of the Hungarian people if this word is thrown at them in every minute. So much for the method and general approach.

The first part of the film—which had nothing to do with the Revolution—in endeavouring to give a "characteristic" picture of inter-war Hungary, presented us with precisely those

stereotypes of which, we hoped, people in the West tend to forget gradually. We had here all the real and relevant facts of Hungarian life and people—all the most important and representative features, intended, no doubt, to emulate the tourist propaganda of the bygone days. All this supplemented by the enthusiastic commentary could only be interpreted as an implicit (?) glorification of a regime, which, even if better than the following Communist one, does not deserve a great deal of romanticising.

SOVIET PROPAGANDA

The way in which the film tackled the problem of Western help for the Revolution was unfortunate, giving the impression that nothing but naked military help was what the Hungarian people expected. (We know that the Hungarian people did expect much firmer steps than those—and there was plenty of scope for them short of war.) This is not to deny that there was a section of the population favouring armed intervention or at least a degree of firmness, Mr. Bulganin, for example, did not hesitate to exhibit when threatening England and France with missiles in case they don't quit from Suez. Even so, it was misleading to imply that the majority of the Hungarian people wanted armed intervention, an accusation also made—in a very similar way—by the Soviet propaganda.

ALLIGATOR

ORGAN OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ANIMAL ECONOMY & ZOOLOGICAL SCIENCE

FROM STUDENT LIFE RUMANIAN MAGAZINE MY PARTY'S SONG

A tune rooted in oak so strong,
That's what it's like, my Party's song;
No wind can ever drive it astray,
No rain succeed in washing it away.
The axe cannot to its strong body
cling
While in my heart I hear it strongly
ring;
It is a song that has no beginning nor
end,
And was handed me over from a fet-
tered hand.
The song has grown and grown and
grown,
Well fed with hatred of the many and
my own;
And when fulfilled, it other ears will
reach,
To whom of labour and pure love
t'will preach.
I'll go on spreading in the way it came
to me
A song of sweet remembrance for
those to be.

by Teofil Balaj
Student at the Cluj Faculty of
Philogy and History.

FREELANCE FOX

I see that the Home Office reports an
increase in crime amongst adolescents.
My solution—deport them! Even if
they are British.

Have you ever realised what the
country has come to—we're going
down, there's no doubt about it—we
used to have a King, and now we only
have a Duke.

The Fox Plan for Prosperity or How
to Beat Mr. Butskell's pension schem-
ings:—Old Age Pensions for every-
one under 35, and expense accounts
for everyone else except directors and
salesmen.

Overheard in a well known preserve
of the over-privileged: "Of course we
ought to bring home some of the boys
from Cyprus—station them in
Brixton."

Definition of a Conservative:—
Someone who thinks "Rule Britannia"
is still a pop hit.

My plan to simplify Part One
Government questions:—Abolish the
House of Lords, and then abolish the
House of Commons.

Young son of a well known statistics
lecturer on a street corner recently:—
"Can you spare 7.43 pennies for the
Guy?"

Definition of a university lecturer:
"Someone who makes speeches in
which he tries out new ideas and old
jokes".

New version of an old joke:—
"L.S.E. is the Commonwealth in
which the reinforced ferro-concrete
never sets".

A survey of the audience of a well
known London cinema revealed:—

97.6% read the *New Statesman* &
Observer;

2.4% are illiterate;

17.0% wear rope sandals and are
strict vegetarians.

When the Royal Hymn is played:—
42% walk out and trip over the
43% who remain seated.

Question: "What is the name of
cinema?"

My "Unpolitico" prediction:—
The British people will lose the next
election.

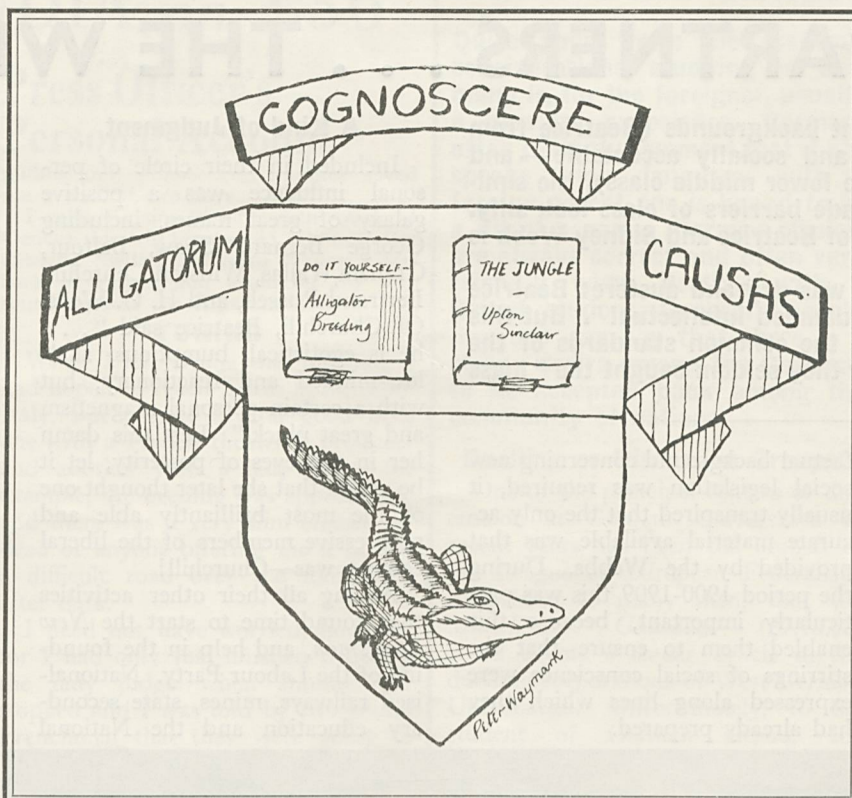
It is reliably reported that a bank-
rupt aquarium in West Piddlycombe
Regis has offered a hungry octopus to
the Students' Union. M**ke S**xer,
who has made an on the spot investi-
gation reports: "It was love at first
sight". But will the students be
suckers enough to fall for it?

Anti-Royalist comment censored
by the Editor.

SHAME!

LOST...
and Found

ONE BEAVER



PUBLIC MEETINGS

Earl McButtskell of Aldwych speaks
soon to the Society of Toilers on
"How to Float a Voter".

Sir Percy Blackshirt to address The
Zionist Society on: "Some of My
Best Friends".

FORTHCOMING LECTURES

Prof. Poppun will discuss "The
Poverty of Poor People".

Dr. Willybond will consider "Revo-
lutions I have known".

Prof. Sir Roger Bush's subject is:
"Monopolistic Practices amongst
University Lecturers".

Prof. Harrassed-Hillson will talk on
"The Medieval Alligator Trade".

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CENSORED



I know it's 3 a.m. but you said "Nopetty Restrictions"

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After the Vice-Chancellor of Leicester
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to be torn out of the Rag Magazine,
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deserved. It is only because Bertolt
Brecht was a notoriously bad writer
that we now publish his poem, just
to show that vice and Communism
are not easily spread:

Orge's Song by B. Brecht,
tr. J. Witham.

*The dearest place to him on earth
And that which had the greatest worth
Was not his mother's resting place,
Nor where his father, by God's grace,
Was finally at peace.*

*The dearest place to him, said he,
Was a well upholstered lavatory,
And emperors could come and go,
But with stars above and dung below
He was quite content.*

*A place beyond all hopes and fears,
Where those who have reached adult
years
Can sit and meditate alone,
That they are human, flesh and bone,
And can keep nothing back.*

*A place where, physically at rest,
The human brain is at its best.
Where softly, yet with full intent
On self improvement one is bent,
And yet the soul's at peace.*

*A place of wisdom, where your guts
Are eased for whiskey, gin and sluts.
But there is something still to mention
That draws the maximum attention,
Calls forth a certain awe.*

*For a truly Bacchanalian fellow,
Of customs ripe and habits mellow,
Is he who sits there at his leisure
Indulging in the ultimate pleasure
Of eating with his trousers down.*

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THEATRE DRAMA SOCIETY
THE FIRST STAGE



Last Tuesday in the Old Theatre, the Drama Society revived the four medieval mystery plays that they took to Spain last summer. The text of **The Last Stage** was taken from the recent series in the Third Programme—a series devised to show the first flowerings of drama in England, which was so soon to reach maturity in the work of the great Elizabethan dramatists. The vigour and emotional impact of primitive painting and poetry are generally accepted, especially when the subject is a religious one—see, for example, how much more moving is the **Expulsion from Paradise** by Masaccio, compared with the depiction, infinitely superior technically, of Michelangelo. Or even **Piers Plowman** with **Paradise Lost**, though this is obviously a more personal judgment. In drama this is little known, and the plays which were mounted with such success last week are often regarded as no more than historical curiosities.

BRILLIANT DIRECTION

The components of piety and rough comedy were interwoven and directed brilliantly by Bill Martin. The tempo throughout was brisk, movements fluid, and the style of playing, costumes and set were as simple as they must have been in the original gild productions. This was making a virtue of necessity, for, while the externals must be cut to a minimum on any amateur tour, the essential naivety and simplicity of these plays would have vanished had the production been more elaborate—whether naturalistic (with a real apple tree and life-size sheep), neo-primitive (with musique concrète and cubist décor), or stylised (like Guthrie's awful Oedipus). The effect upon the audience may be gauged from the fact that, for the first time in my experience at L.S.E., it remained quiet from beginning to end.

ACTING

In the acting there were some shortcomings. Considering that the production was hastily rehearsed

after finals, played to non-English speaking audiences, and then revived three months later with some changes of cast, there could scarcely fail to be. As a result of unevenness of delivery and awkwardness of movements, the crowd scenes of **Noah and the Flood** were the least successful of the evening.

PERFORMANCES

The **Creation** brought the most impressive portrayal of God by John Allison and, in **The Fall**, more than a hint of bliss cast irrevocably away. The third play gave us the virtuoso performance of Bill Martin as Abraham, which filled out the least substantial of plots. Finally, before the **Nativity**, a near-farce, in which three shepherds catch a sheep-stealer: a scene that was played with tremendous aplomb. There were several other outstanding performances: notably the splendidly sinister Satan of Martin Dyas—almost a Romantic villain, with cloak and bristling moustaches and lacking only the side-whiskers, a bustling and nagging Noah's wife by Joan Budgen; and, in the **Creation**, Hazel Sterne's coy Eve.

M.D.P.W.

defined school, fast superseding outmoded and decadent forms of wit, and making conquests in that hallowed intellectual field where robust humour was formerly excluded as being non-U and uncultured. Now however all top people subscribe to it.

EAVILLE TIMES

Tom Lehrer's songs follow the traditions of this school of humour: they are surrealistic, with sinister and macabre elements well to the fore, and deflate the pomposities and innate ridiculousness of the world. They are anarchic, anti-social, and extremely funny. The cover of the record portrays the front page of the "Eaville Times", the weekly journal of the fantastic cosmos in which the tales have their being. Murder, arson, orgies, dope-peddling, and the gruesome pastimes of the deep South, are the main activities reported in this

THEATRE
SHADOW OF HEROES

At the Piccadilly Theatre

This new play, which has aroused so much interest and comment, uses a novel and unforgettable method of presentation. The subject matter of the piece is the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 and the events leading up to it. The author, Robert Ardrey, is an American, now domiciled in Geneva, but during the war he was engaged upon propaganda work for the Allies; and in this play he makes this training appear all too obvious. For while the play is supposed to be a documentary, it nevertheless contains throughout a constant stream of anti-Communist invective.

Peggy Ashcroft, as Julia Rejk, the wife of the Hungarian Resistance leader who, after attaining high office in the post-war Communist Government, is executed for alleged counter-revolutionary activities, gives an excellent performance. At all times in complete control of the part, she reaches occasional heights of brilliance.

SADISTIC SCHEMER

The only character to rival that of Julia Rejk is Erno Gero, played by Stephen Murray; Gero is the head of the workers' party, the real power behind the scene. Mr. Murray's powerful performance completely overshadowed the rest of the cast. As the suave, chain-smoking, sadistic schemer, he, to quote the words of the author, "makes one tremble and fear by his every gesture". His machinations and scheming to keep power, tend to make the audience despise him, yet throughout the play his powerful character holds together many a scene which would otherwise flop.

JANOS KADAR

One other character is worthy of mention in detail. This is Janos Kadar, played by Alan Webb. Kadar, the man who begins the play as the deputy of Rejk the Resistance leader, and who at various times holds office or is incarcerated, finally emerges as the Prime Minister of the regime which results from the crushing of the 1956 rebellion by the Red hordes.

PRESENTATION

Not an excellent play, nor I fear will it be a popular play; nevertheless, it should be seen if only for the new scheme of presentation. The main feature of the presentation is the presence of the narrator, on the stage throughout the action. The narrator is played with Emyln William's customary skill and vigour, indeed Mr. William's prowess is so well-known that one has come to expect his high standard of acting as a right, rather than a privilege. In this play he is impeccable, a little older, more mature, yet he still gives that virile electrifying performance which has thrilled audiences for over thirty years.

A.J.S.

LONDON LECTURES

The purpose of this short article is to review the first three London Lectures and to advertise the last—this afternoon, November 20th. The description on the poster reads, "A series designed to tell students something of the resources of London": a description that may well be off-putting to students already satiated with lectures on resources of one kind or another. If, then, you have not yet been to one, it is worth knowing that these lectures provide an extremely interesting afternoon.

LONDON AROUND L.S.E.

The series began with "London around L.S.E.", in which the late director, Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, discussed both the obtrusive and the little-known buildings and streets within easy walking distance of the college.

The following week, Mr. Harold Rosenthal gave an illuminated history of Opera in London—concentrating, naturally, on the Royal Opera House, but giving details of past enterprises and present alternatives.

OLIVER MILLAR

Mr. Oliver Millar, deputy-keeper of the Royal Collections, spoke of the magnificent collection of paintings assembled by Charles I, on their subsequent dispersal, and on the present Royal collections that are open to the public.

To-day's lecture, the last of the present series, is called, "Early Foundations of London", and is to be given by Professor W. F. Grimes, London University Professor of Archaeology and adviser on the recently discovered Roman Temple in the City. It will be held in the Shaw Library at 4.30 p.m. and all students and their guests will be very welcome.

NOT TO BE MISSED?

There are some jazz discs which are musts for every jazz fan whose interests go further than Chris Barber or George Lewis. I have only space here to review two, and as jazz is to a large extent a subjective art, many readers will differ in their choices, as they will no doubt disagree with mine.

MODERNS CHOICE

Contemporary have just released what must be to many a revolutionary development in the jazz field. Its title is "Massachusetts Style Vol. 1.—The art of Louis Andrews". The empiric approach to jazz, as fostered by the experimental ideologists of the West Coast idiom, has led to a nihilistic dichotomy between the beat and the innovative urge. The problem has to a certain extent been solved by Mr. Andrews, whose innovations have removed these 19th century idiosyncrasies, as his music is different from the West Coast's style as is the ragtime of George Lewis.

TRAD WINNER

Vogue have come out with a new LP of Peg-Top Blosh and his New Orleans Satellites. This, too, has its points, and mention must be made of the swinging tuba which literally rocks the rhythm section along its hectic path. Fryer Savories' trumpet playing is out of this world! The trombone and clarinet are both adequate. On one number George Lewis and Kidd Howard come in as guest stars. Dr. Lenard Feather and Dr. Edmund Souchon have both warmly recommended this disc. This, too, must not be missed. B.L.

LUST FOR LIFE - - - VAN GOGH

Last summer, we visited a small house on the outskirts of The Hague. The house was a blessed one, for here, long years ago, a poor artist had his small studio. The artist was a Brabantine who read Michelet and Renan. His name was Vincent Van Gogh. When he was at The Hague, he had just "found himself". Though London, the Borinage, and Etten were behind him, Paris, Arles, St. Remy, and Auvers were yet to come.

Vincent was regarded as a good-for-nothing, an eccentric, as a boorish, disagreeable man, one who had no position in life. Even his father, a minister of God, regarded him so. Vincent was an outcast largely because he saw very clearly the hypocritical contradictions of the Calvinist Society and refused to accept them. But he was determined to show in his work just what there was in the soul of such an eccentric. In dirtiest corners, in poorest huts, he saw life; and, in rebellion against a whole civilization, he lived among the disinherited, understood and painted them. For Vincent loved Nature in all its manifestations; the miners of Borinage and the peasants of Brabant were one with Nature. Well-to-do people did not interest him, because "they've all had such easy lives that they haven't anything interesting carved into their faces". He thought happiness to be bovine. In the poor, ordinary folk he saw a seasoned melancholy which gave them depth, substance and character. He felt hidden poetry in them. "From out of pain, beauty."

His art brought van Gogh a momentary satisfaction and fleeting happiness. But he needed to sell his paintings and no one would buy them. He needed love but no woman would have him. "Lack of love can bring infinite pain, but can do no harm; lack of sex can dry up the well-springs of art."

Life of Desperation

Most of the time, Vincent went about with an empty stomach and a broken heart. All his life he was subject to nervous crises. Chaos, pitfalls and dark despair were his eternal lot in a cold, uncomprehending and hostile world.

His suffering made him express himself most forcibly. Van Gogh had to keep going, and paint with fury and passion. This explains the characteristics of his work—the violence in expression, the conscientious study of character, the deep and almost childlike love of truth and Nature, the profound urge to be one with the good Earth, and the insolent desire to look at the Sun face to face.

Van Gogh measured time by the number of paintings he produced. He wanted to justify his existence, to be simply honest, to be of use to humanity. The worldly failures made him work in the hot Arlesian sun and in cold, biting nights. Whether sick, hungry or weary, he kept on painting, working himself up into feverish passion. This was his "lust for life". And in nine frantic years he created canvasses which so utterly express the essence of Nature and himself.

The decline and ultimate fall had to come. He began having seizures. After his seclusion in the asylum at St. Remy, Vincent's lust for life began to fade away. No more had he the strength to paint all the time, nor did he have the urge to. The passion to paint left him. He was burned out. The weary—unspeakably weary—soul felt it had said everything it wanted to say. Vincent van Gogh began to feel that his life was simply a burden on the world. He fell martyr to his inordinate passion. "A more resilient earth returned to the womb of its mother."

In spite of his inner torment, the fact that he could paint Nature, and the people who were one with Her, made the world a good one for him. He had expressed himself, and expression justified his life. P.K.

LEHRER'S STYLE

Lehrer's style, presentation, and excruciating rhyming are also perfectly admirable.

Americans are often castigated for having no power of self-criticism, no ability to see themselves as others see them. Tom Lehrer refutes this as gross calumny. His propensity for social criticism may lighten the hearts of many who despair for America. W.C.

able character in this old-fashioned, friendly community is

"Dan, the druggist on the corner, he was never mean or or'nerly, he was swell!

He killed his mother-in-law and ground her up real well, and sprinkled just a bit over each banana split!"

Dan, in common with the other inhabitants, is an ordinary unpretentious fellow.

MY HOME TOWN

For me, the basic, beautiful parody is seen at its best in song, called "My Home Town," described in the blurb as "One of those exercises in nostalgia in which the singer tells you what a great place his own home town is". The subject of this ditty is the Eaville mentioned above: the most memor-

RECORDS

MACABRE MATHEMATICIAN

Songs by Tom Lehrer: Decca LF 1311: 21 shillings.

If you feel that the world is too serious to be taken seriously you will enjoy this collection of assorted playful ditties. These songs have for a long time been played in secret covers of devoted admirers of this witty teacher of mathematics, but now the veil has been lifted and the songs are available to all who can afford the modest price of one guinea.

The humour of the Marx Brothers, The Goons, and of Danny Kaye now represents a formidable and well-

RIDING

EQUESTRIAN?

"Ever ridden before?" they ask nonchalantly. You answer, "No," and smile: they smile too, only with more reason.

It appears that the Riding Club is embarking upon another successful year and novices are nothing new, indeed they are welcomed with the nearest thing to emotion that a riding-club type can manage with regard to human beings. Of course, they say, you'll be classified as "advanced" in a couple of weeks.

The frustrating experience of having your horse controlled by another rider using a leading-rein is something every novice must bear with good humour. Nevertheless, few members of the club are capable of qualifying for the more rigorous definition of the horseman . . . "he who has been thrown more than nine times". The lack of aspiration to this qualification becomes increasingly obvious—for it is possible to see, every Wednesday afternoon, some paid-up member struggling to regain his left stirrup or taking an unseemly but necessary interest in his horse's neck. The relationship between Wimbledon Common and L.S.E. has become less tenuous in other ways since breeches have at last gained dominance over jeans, and the daringly cut blouse has given way to equally attractive sweaters.

Despite the Treasurer's weekly insistence on our good fortune, as he distributes the 60% rebate of 5/6, it is not unusual to hear, as one strides out of the library past the club notice-board, the traditional novice's lament: "Well, it was all right until the thing moved".

MENS' HOCKEY

OH DEAR!...

There can be no excuse whatsoever for the defeat of L.S.E. at the hands of Goldsmiths' College. As so often previously this season, there was little to choose between the teams in individual ability, but, once again the lack of cohesion in the L.S.E. side was most apparent.

The forwards, particularly, should realise that individually clever stick-work, even if it succeeds in beating two or three men, usually culminates in the loss of the ball, and so can never be as valuable as a well executed pass.

If the team will realise the potential of an unmarked man and so attempt constantly to take advantage of any open space, the defence would be able to distribute the ball to better effect.

Alternatively, the XI can ignore this criticism and continue to suffer similar defeats to that suffered from Goldsmiths' College.

Result:

L.S.E. 0, Goldsmiths' College 5.

GOLF

HEALTHY?

The Golf Club goes from strength to strength, for, after its excellent start last year, it has continued to add members, all of whom appear mustard keen.

What is there to be keen about? Is it the marvellous air and scenery of Sundridge Park, or is it the crisp, clean shot which brings occasional elation amongst the depression of slices, pulls, and bad putts? Whatever the attraction, many (including the paid-up members) will say it is the well-appointed bar at the Club-house: the number of members has nearly doubled so far this year.

Matches are a feature of the Club's activities, with fixtures against such teams as London School of Printing, Imperial College and King's College. The fixture against the last named proved somewhat frustrating, as will no doubt be appreciated. King's had



SAILING CLUB

VICTORY OVER KING'S

L.S.E. Sailing Club recently held their first race of the season against King's College Sailing Club; two unpractised teams sailed two races each with remarkable success.

The first team won convincingly, coming second, third and fourth in their first race, where Ratcliffe sailed extremely well to gain second place after a very poor start. In the second race, L.S.E. improved on this, and secured first, second and third positions. The final points gained by the first team were:

L.S.E.: 45½. King's College: 33½.

The respective second teams were more evenly matched, and the combined result of their two races was a tie. The L.S.E. second team finished second, fourth and fifth in the first race, and first, third and retired in the second. The final points situation was:

L.S.E.: 38½. King's College: 38½.

Team I—

Helmsman: Ruttman (Capt.), Thorpe, Ratcliffe.

Crew: Nuki, Pickles, Forsyth.

Team II—

Helmsman: Ball (Capt.), Hale, Wain.

Crew: Harris, Winchester, Parkes.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

L.S.E. REACH LAST EIGHT

L.S.E., including three University players, easily reached the quarter finals of the University Cup by trouncing the Royal School of Pharmacy by ten goals to one.

Due to unfavourable conditions, twenty-five minutes had passed before Torevell succeeded in scoring the first goal. By half time this newcomer to the first team had improved this to a hat trick, and ended the game with five goals to his credit. His full "supporting cast" in this goal spree consisted of Thorne, Howarth, Nuttall and D. Goodman.

Against St. Clement Danes, L.S.E. wore down the opposition to win by three goals to one. However, the XI were well beaten by University College in the League by seven goals to three.

The second team have continued on their winning way by beating Battersea two to one in the League, and the Cherubs and Borough Road in friendly matches by eight to two and three to nil respectively.

A very interesting result was the win by the Freshers' XI over Sir John Cass II by fourteen goals to two.

1st XI: Jowett, Beaumont, Tackley, Nuttall (captain), Weakley, Cohen, Thorne, D. Goodman, Torevell, J. Goodman, Howarth.

Results:

1st XI v. St. Clement Danes Won 3-1
v. University College Lost 3-7
v. School of Pharmacy Won 10-1

2nd XI v. Battersea I Won 2-1
v. Cherubs Won 8-2
v. Borough Road Won 3-0

3rd XI v. Guy's Hospital II Won 5-1
v. University College Hospital Lost 2-3

v. Birkbeck College II Won 5-1

4th XI v. Imperial V Lost 1-4

v. Northern Poly. Lost 3-4

Freshers' XI v. Sir John Cass II Won 14-2

been let down on two consecutive occasions previously and, desiring to seem à la mode, they proceeded to leave half of their team behind.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

CAPTAIN SCORES

L.S.E. reached the second round of the University Cup by beating Sir John Cass' XV by one goal to nil. The result indicates the character of this match played under heavy conditions against negative opponents.

Nevertheless, the superiority of the L.S.E. pack, and the effectiveness of the half-back combination, allowed the backs maximum opportunities under such adverse conditions. These conditions, however, and the spoiling tactics employed by the opposition counteracted the potential of L.S.E.

The try was scored by Seaman, the Captain, after a cross-kick from Barlow, and converted by Taylor. Although there were several further opportunities, they were wasted by hesitancy, bad handling, and inaccuracy in kicking.

Although this was the second consecutive victory for the 1st XV, it was also their second victory this season. The impression gained was that considerable improvement is still needed if L.S.E. is to have a chance of reaching the third round.

The initial success of the season was gained on the previous Saturday by 14 points to 3 over the Royal College of Estate Management, and must have been of great psychological value in the following cup match.

Team:

Phillips, Barlow, Hilditch, Savage, Taylor, Wrightson, Knott, Sinclair, Kingston, Cornwall, Clifford, Cooke, Seaman (Capt.), Miller, Gale.

Results:

1st XV v. College of Estate Management Won 14-3
v. Sir John Cass' XV Won 5-0

2nd XV v. Birkbeck College Won 16-6

v. Royal Veterinary College Won 5-0

However, the match was played, in a fashion, and the result was a draw, each team winning one and a half games. J.A.M.E.

LEGAL INJURY

(or, An Enquiry into the principles of Rugby Football)

Hitherto this defence has been limited to actions in the Law of Tort, but it was with a view to widening its field of application that fifteen intrepid members of the Law Society set out, clutching, in hands more accustomed to wielding the quill, bags containing Rugby gear.

Mitcham was the place of action and it was the King's College Law Faculty who provided not only the large expanse of greasy mud and a specially weighted, strange-shaped ball, but also fifteen brave young men to sacrifice before the altar of justice. No doubt your minds, as those of the reasonable man (or woman) in the street, are already thinking along the lines of "How unfair"; "but it wouldn't be worth playing"; "surely they were no match . . ."

Indeed, you are right, and with that sense of fair play and sportsmanship for which the legal profession is noted, we decided to handicap ourselves by allowing a King's Soccer player, naturally agog at the honour, to join us in the fray.

The Preparation

Thus was the scene set for an historic occasion from which not even the howling winds and driving rain of the Eastern Mitcham plains could take away the sense of pageantry. The serried ranks faced each other, witticisms passed up and down the lines, spoken with the easy nonchalance of battle scarred veterans. (Unfortunately the scene was a little spoilt by the man who broke down and was carried away sobbing.) Wisely, both sides had taken the precaution of including a few who had actually played the game before and so, after a basic explanation of the rudiments to the rest of us, battle was enjoined.

Intricacies of the Game

It seemed all very simple. Based on the premise that he who can swal-

low the most mud gets the last laugh, the object of the game was to bury one's opponent as deeply as possible, stand on the feebly struggling mound and scream "Ref."; at which a rest was taken until he had been dug out. If you could manage to do it without anyone else noticing you yelled "Heel" instead and the whole team was allowed to run over the mound. Points for "heeling" are, of course, awarded on a higher scale than those awarded for the first gambit which is known as a "try", as the player buried is recovered in this case. I never did quite work out what the ball had to do with all this, but I imagine it was provided to keep those who were not very keen on playing happy, as some of both teams seemed to spend most of the game just throwing it to each other and running around in circles on the other side of the field.

Barbarian

At first it was all good, clean, wholesome fun, reminiscent of those many happy hours I have spent banging my head against a brick wall, but I think it was the fourth time an extremely large gentleman, who, by pure coincidence, happened to be on the same side as myself, lifted my muscular form above his head and thumped me on the ground with a wild cry of "I've scored", that my enthusiasm began to pall. I took the referee aside and quietly discussed the position and consequently, the complexions radiant from the many mud packs each player had applied, we moved off into the gathering dusk, supporting those not too seriously injured. The other twenty-six followed by ambulance.

The only remaining point at issue was on the purely theoretical matter of score. With deference to their hosts L.S.E. decided to settle by allowing King's to claim 18 points to our 6. There is a rebuttable presumption that the referee agreed. Costs were awarded to L.S.E.

F. L. DALY



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