

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

Let's go to the
GAIETY"

The Cafe to suit the
student's pocket

149 Strand, London, W.C.2

Restaurant and Snack Bar

BRITISH LIB.

25 JAN 1958

OF POLITICAL
ECONOMIC SCIENCE

BEAVER

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

JANUARY 23rd, 1958

THREEPENCE

SIMMO

University Book

3

YEAR

Our shop is not the best
London, but it is among the best.

And it's a place where you can obtain individual attention.

We stock most of the books on your syllabus, and we deliver them in minutes from L.S.E.

16 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4

(Opposite Chancery Lane)

BUILDING PROJECTS

The scaffolding around L.S.E. at the moment is evidence of only one project which the Works Manager, Mr. Godfrey, has on his drawing boards.

The intention is primarily to build a new floor on what is now the roof garden in the Old Building, and to add a corresponding floor in the New Building directly across Houghton Street. Naturally a preliminary examination of the foundations will have to be made, and some "underpinning" may be necessary to strengthen them. The builders hope to be finished before the end of the summer vacation but much depends on any complications which might occur.

Bridge Over Street?

The proximity of the two new floors makes rumours of a bridge over Houghton Street more likely, but since discussions on the project have been going on since 1930, one can only guess that it is more likely to be built now.

Bar and St. Clements

The School hope to start modifications of St. Clements' Press in 1960: more pleasing for non-poker-players will be the removal of the present 3rd floor bar to one corner of the Students' Common Room. The wall separating this room from Room 301 will be knocked down and a combined common room and bar will result.

BEAUTY PARLOUR



LUBNA ISLAM

Whilst the Miss L.S.E. Contest was in progress, a young lady in black walked in, followed by an uproar of whistles, shouts, exclamations, and general pandemonium. To satisfy the feeling expressed by the general public, Lubna Islam adorns our cover.

From East Pakistan, she was educated in a series of convents, starting from Darjeeling to others in this country. Her hobbies are reading, music, and dancing. But boys, BEWARE, this young lady is reading Law, and she knows all the legal aspects of self-defence.

URGENT

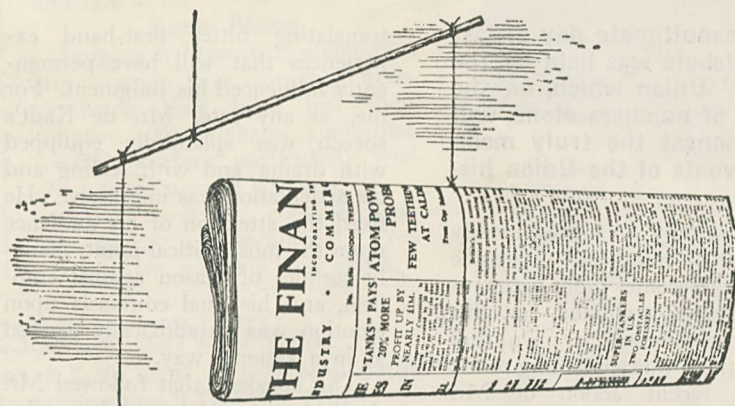
An L.S.E. student witnessed a fatal car accident around midnight on Christmas Eve on Highgate West Hill.

Would he please contact Mrs. Robertson, Shaw Library, immediately.

BAR EXTENSION

By courtesy of Fremlins the Three Tuns Bar has been extended to provide a more spacious and convenient area of indulgence. At the Opening Ceremony Mrs. Charlie spoke a few delightfully appropriate words and the event was suitably christened with six bottles of champagne. The Three Tuns facilities for food, drink and entertainment are now even more easily attainable than before.

CROSSBOW, the new political quarterly, is at your Conservative Society bookstall. It is contemporary, stimulating and highly critical. The second issue contains articles by Randolph Churchill on Hailsham, by Geoffrey Howe on Tory Candidates and by Angus Maude on Foreign Policy. Price 2/6.



Balance theory with practice
by reading

THE FINANCIAL TIMES

At the University you have a unique opportunity to obtain a valuable, practical insight into industry, commerce and public affairs. THE FINANCIAL TIMES is now available at the specially reduced rate of 2d. (half the published price) to all students who are taking a full-time course of education in Great Britain. In its pages every day you can read of the influences that affect business decisions—market reports, trends, production techniques and many other topics—a useful 'preview' of problems you will ultimately have to face. Whether you are inclined towards the Arts or Sciences, THE FINANCIAL TIMES will help you to get ahead more quickly when the time comes.

Now at Students' Concession Rate

Price 2d.

Write to us for a special order form, complete it and hand it to your newsagent.

Look to the future, read
THE FINANCIAL TIMES
today



WRITE TO:
THE PUBLICITY MANAGER, THE FINANCIAL TIMES, 72 COLEMAN STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

WILL YOU GIVE THEM A HOME?

For years we have been accumulating a collection of unwanted, unloved, unsaleable books. We can always sell standard works, but what about the books we can't sell?

Will you give them a home?

(All are redolent of the solemn air of learning, and many are suitable for supporting rickety furniture.) They will be on sale at ridiculous prices from

Monday January 27th.

THE ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP LIMITED

Clement's Inn Passage - Aldwych - London WC2

SPOTLIGHT ON JIM ACKERS

the peculiar tasks of an People soon commander is to activity report on the demobiliz-sport any soldier from his pla-... He is, however, denied the right to comment detrimentally upon the soldier. Thus the worst thing he can report is that the man—who may be lazy, dishonest, dirty, unintelligent and insubordinate—is "SOBER," and say no more. This has been the position of previous "Spotlight" writers, to paint in glowing colours with no shadows, the character reviewed. The real problem comes when one has to look at the outstandingly good, rather than at the outstandingly bad, for in the latter case, brevity usually denotes some silent criticism.

James Ackers

James Ackers arrived at L.S.E. looking for all the world like a waxwork artist's conception of "the Tory" on October 3rd, 1956. He was at that time twenty-one, and had just been adopted by the Conservatives in Walsall North, as their parliamentary candidate. Since the news of his adoption was received on his twenty-first birthday, he can justifiably claim to be the youngest candidate ever proposed for parliament.

Past

Educated at Oundle, a relatively modern Public School in the Midlands, James began there to take an interest in debating. His political instincts were aroused in his family, for although his father, a Birmingham business man, has steadfastly refused to become involved in the dog-fight of local politics, intelligent discussion of a wide range of political issues has always formed a background to James' life.

On leaving school, and preferring

to enter industry rather than one of those other Universities to the North of London, he started a studentship with the Rootes Group in Coventry. It was during the two years that followed that he be-



came involved in politics and in the Conservative Party in the Midlands. From being a most successful treasurer of Walsall Young Conservatives, he rose to become Midlands Area Chairman of the Y.C.'s, principally by virtue of his dominant personality and his mature outlook.

Present

The connection of politics with economics naturally attracted him to the L.S.E., despite the abiding reputation of the School as the home of socialism. Such a reputation could scarcely deter him since unlike many of his fellow students he believes in hearing and seeing for himself before drawing any conclusion. In this respect he shows a breadth of view which does not fit in with his appearance as "the waxworks Tory" of Mr. John Greve.

It was in part from this curiosity

and desire for personal knowledge that he attended the World Festival of Youth in Moscow last summer. His decision to attend created great surprise among those who knew him only superficially. It was a decision which some of his party in Parliament regarded as ill advised, and it was against the expressed wish of Central Office.

Future

During his second term at L.S.E. he was elected Chairman of the London University Conservative Association. He claims that "he has never lost an election," but that one was closer than most, for he only narrowly defeated a King's College candidate for the position. With a ten thousand majority against him at Walsall, he has little hope of sustaining his claim, but his candidature is the first step on a path which must lead at least to the back benches of the Commons.

In the Union last year he was met by a house which had grown inured to a Socialist vocabulary, and a fine flair for the truism earned him, at first, an erroneous reputation for shallowness of thought. In his approach to the house he has become less pugnacious and rather more convincing. His method of debate, while still forceful, is rather more moderate, and coincides more exactly with his views. Above all he can be relied upon to speak with commonsense in the face of emotionalism and irrationalism.

He has played rugger for the College first—with great vigour, but rather less skill, and follows soccer with avid interest. His attempts to emulate Stanley Matthews—whom he admires almost as much as Mr. Thornycroft—are more terrifying than convincing.

DAVID M. CRATON.

THE MOSELEY DEBATE

On the penultimate day of last term a debate was held by the Students' Union which, on the grounds of numbers alone, will rank amongst the truly memorable events of the Union history.

But it was by no means merely a question of numbers. True the atmosphere becomes more pregnant as the benches are filled, but this in itself is not enough. On that occasion there was something more, and the recent action of Mr. Teitelbaum in "Sennet" has dramatically re-energised the "greater feeling" that was so evident.

Let me try and illustrate what I mean by recalling some of the contributions on that day. First of all there was Mr. Maddox, whose rough and regional tones had an impressive sense of honesty and purpose. "This is a School of Political Science not partial science" he proclaimed, and the point was well made. But although Mr. Maddox was deeply moved himself, I was left with the impression that he was fighting a personal battle and a battle fought with such translucent integrity that the result was not long in doubt.

Moving Speech

However, the real feeling of the debate was not aroused until Mr. de Kadt took the floor and proceeded to sweep aside the cold rationalism of those who were supporting the motion and the vague polemics of some political harpies who were against it. Mr. de Kadt was not always logical, indeed he argued, he did not intend to be. He was fired with the emotion of one who believed what he was saying, not because it was the outcome of much patient research into the problem but because a voice was

translating bitter first-hand experiences that will have permanently influenced his judgment. For me, at any rate, Mr. de Kadt's speech was splendidly equipped with drama and with feeling and his articulation was impressive. He fixed the attention of his audience upon the most critical point, namely conflict of reason against emotion, and his final emphasis upon emotion was paradoxically arrived at in a rational way.

The speakers that followed Mr. de Kadt were ready to take up his challenges or support his premises with courage and unshamed emotion. To Mr. Norton fell the unenviable task of speaking immediately subsequent to Mr. de Kadt and Miss Shulman and Mr. Schuldenfrei the task of exemplifying him. All these speakers and many others were assisted but not overwhelmed by the greater intensity, the new feeling, of the debate. It was no longer a question solely of one school of thought against another. It was one person against another with a deep trough between them and there was no room or so it seemed for indecision.

In Conclusion

When the final count was made, of course, there were many who felt genuinely incapable of deciding the issue for themselves, perhaps because they felt that there was no "right" answer to such a conflict. And of the rest there can be few who would deny that in this case a simple majority indicates only the horizontal division of numbers and not the vertical extent of the individual beliefs. Unfortunately in our society it is the only recognised way of deciding such an issue and we must abide by that decision. But it is completely wrong for any-

one to suggest that the result represents victory or defeat. In fact it is probably nothing more than expediency and the broader issues that Mr. de Kadt and Mr. Norton so eloquently brought out must remain unsolved.

FIVE DAYS ONLY?

My opening weeks at L.S.E. were, I suppose, similar to those of most people, leaving a mass of impressions—half impressions, cross-impressions—surprise the constant theme. As I came here with a completely open mind—open to the extent of being blank, you might say—I therefore suffered no disillusion; that is—only one.

The background to my life had always been one in which Christian principles had been implicitly, if vaguely accepted; Sunday school, church and youth club, coupled with Scouting, filled my spare time. Theology as such at once still daunted and bored me, but one conviction I had—that Christianity was unchristian if it was divided; how could a divided world accept the gospel of reconciliation from a divided church?

Hence my disillusionment. Here in L.S.E., with its tradition of radical movements in thought, here among energetic and intelligent students, was a Christian community, thriving—yes, but divided into not only the "R.C.," "C. of E." and "O.D." camps, but containing two avowedly non-denominational student Christian bodies.

This is dirty linen washing I know; it's also not really the purpose of this article and I shall get rapped severely over the knuckles; but the fact remains that none of

continued on back page, column 1

BEAVER

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

HOUGHTON STREET ALDWYCH - LONDON - W.C.2

Vol. VI No. 5

Editor: DAVID WATKINS

Associate Editors:

BRIAN STEWART, DAVID CRATON

News Editor: DAVID FRANCIS

Art Editor: PETER DAVIES

Sports Editor: MALCOLM SCHOFIELD

Business Managers: BRIAN ROPER, ROGER UPSON

Sales Manager: JACK LONDON

Photographer: PAUL SITHI-AMNUAI

Secretary: JULIE BELL

EDITORIAL COLUMN

The proposed presentation of the sanctity of our Old Theatre platform to Sir Oswald Moseley raises the question of the desired purpose and nature of our public speakers.

We should ask what is the value of this man? What are his opinions? What has he done? What does he represent? And the very pertinent question—what can he contribute? These should be posed and the answers should be seriously considered for such an important and dignified occasion.

The Need

Public speakers should present the profound and not the profane. The value of such speakers is that they have something worthwhile to say. That their valued opinions fulfil ideals and ideas inherent in our society; the constructors and contributors whose ideas and experience we can respect.

What is Offered

Sir Oswald Moseley merely reiterates an adapted philosophy of pre-war Fascism and Totalitarianism. His vision of an Aryan Master Race dominating and utilising so-called lesser beings paralleled in its European crystallising stage of the 1930's. The idea has been seen and presented in action, but the answer has been given. Countless thousands perished in that Wagnerian fantasy. He himself has taken no concrete action and merely expounds what he

considers a palatable re-hash of the idea. Interned during the war by the British Government, he previously was associated with various political groups until he decided on this present "Big Brother" dream.

There is a world of difference between giving this person freedom to speak and an invitation to speak. His presence can serve no purpose save that of satisfying morbid curiosity. Through inviting this person, we are his hosts, to be a host has a prerequisite of respect. With his view already known, and not only seen with dismay and tasted with repulsion, but unanimously rejected; he would appear to be rather unworthy of the occasion offered to him.

What is needed is not to look back and snigger, but to disinherit such woodworms of society and invite people who have something worthwhile to contribute to our ideas and knowledge. People who not only think, act, and strive for our mutual benefit, but who realise that what was good enough in the past is not good enough for the future. A person who can be aware that when he speaks at L.S.E. his views will be heard and considered by an international audience of political science students, on an occasion pertaining not only to the best in public speaking, but at a place desirous of a less antagonistic world.

The prospects before you

On Monday, January 20th, the Manchester Guardian began its fifth successive 'Careers' series. This series of full-page announcements made by leading industrial and commercial organizations is by now a standard guide to the selection of a career.

Monday to Friday, for the length of the series, you may read of the opportunities that exist for you. Certainly, even if you are not quite on the threshold of professional or business life, it is a useful exercise to put oneself into perspective in the light of requirements and prospects.

New Year resolutions are not yet unseasonal and to resolve to take the Manchester Guardian from this week may well begin a genial association that you will choose to continue throughout your career—and into the retreat of contemplative retirement.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Increased academic activity among students at this time of year is usually fairly noticeable even this year in the term. This usually has repercussions in a diminution of social activity and participation in social events. This is the price which exams demand and, indeed, the difference between now and exam time is that many people do most of their work. It remains to be seen, however, whether the fantastic increase in interest in Union will suffer as a result of things more pressing. We shall see.

The past few weeks have been noticeable for several events, not the least being the acceptance by Wolf Mankowitz of the Honorary Presidency. In a delightful but short letter he expressed his pleasure at being offered the position and expressed delight in accepting.

Hard Work Done

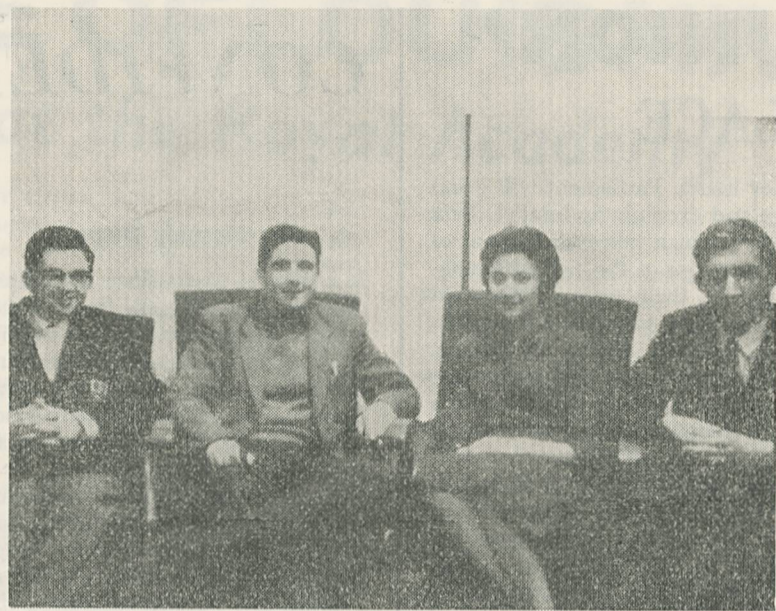
We have at this time on Council our four new Vice-Presidents who, I believe, will do work as excellent as their predecessors. I would here like to thank the four Vice-Presidents who have just retired for the energy and care shown by them in their work. It was on occasion a ministry of all talents, hence the reason for occasional four-hour Council meetings. They did a fine job and at most times attempted to work together, even though it meant some personal sacrifice. To them I would say "thank you" on behalf of Union.

The public business programme for this term is rather full. Beside Moseley, we have another author, traveller, diplomatic correspondent, Bilainkin; the American Universities debating team and the possibility of Christopher Shawcross and several top-line intersarsity debates. This will, I hope, provide a feature of the Union which has hitherto been lacking this year.

In closing, I would just like to wish all members a happy, prosperous and "successful" New Year on behalf of myself and Council.

THE OFFICIAL SPORTS & COLOUR OUTFITTERS

JACK HOBBS LTD.
 59 FLEET STREET, E.C.4
 FLEET STREET 2139



UNION COUNCIL

New Appointments on Union Council—Left to Right: DEREK DAY, BRIAN MORGAN-EDWARDS, SUSAN VINEY, JOHN GOSS. The three males are at Passfield Hall and all in their third year. The girl is in her second year at L.S.E. and only part-time at Passfield.

DISAPPOINTMENT

by SAM WOLF

My second term at L.S.E. has just begun. Not long ago I was told that in a few years I'd change. I have. Perhaps in a few terms from now my present emotions will also change. Let me say it at once—L.S.E. is not what I had hoped for. I am a disappointed young man.

I suppose it's all my own fault, for I had created for myself a mirage of the "Well of Wisdom" from which I might drink deeply. I'd been nourishing my hopes on a legend of reputation.

L.S.E. is not a place where knowledge and provocative thought are offered to students, hungry for the answers to the profound and urgent questions of our times—"What's it all about?" "What's wrong?" "Can we do anything?" Instead of demanding to know where we are going, no one seems to want to go anywhere except to

see the Careers Adviser. It takes an exotic extremist to arouse any interest in the Students' Union, anything less quaint died long ago, stifled by mindless apathy. Or are we all waiting for another Suez or Hungary, when we shall be well over the brink before we can get our placards painted?

L.S.E. has sunk into the smug idiocy of that complacent swill,
continued on page 6

WINE AND FOOD

Little over two years ago the L.S.E. Wine and Food Society was no more than a name in the Students' Handbook. Its activities were negligible and the officers could only be found after exhaustive enquiries.

Then just twelve months later, an enthusiastic young man hit the society and a renaissance began. Since Jonathan Bodlender became Secretary the society has become one of the most active in the school, with a membership of almost 80. The fact that its functions are becoming more numerous and attractive, and that a U.L.U. Society has recently been formed with Jonathan as its President, reflects the growing interest in this type of event.

Poland This Year?

The U.L.U. President, Tom Dale, went to Poland over Christmas and he brought back with him news of an offer for exchange visits between English and Polish students. These would either take the form of a direct exchange, the students staying in each other's homes, or say twenty students from London University can go to an international students' camp in Poland. As the Polish students cannot get foreign currency, they are not usually able to travel abroad. This is the only method by which they may leave the country.

The cost of the exchange visits will be only the fare, which is £23 return, whereas travel and accommodation at the holiday camp, from which visits will be arranged around Poland, is £40 approximately.

"I SHALL HIT THEM OVER THE HEAD"

Editor of the "New Statesman" Addresses Africa Society on his recent visit to Ghana

Krobo Edusei was reported by Dr. Kingsley Martin as saying in reference to those people who criticize the Ghana Government—"I shall hit them over the head".

This infamous Minister of the Interior was the most disturbing feature of Dr. Martin's visit since he embodied the rule of might instead of right. In an interview afterwards Krobo was unrepentant and expressed his wish that an act should be passed under which any person, hostile to the government, could be deported. On being pressed that such powers would be undemocratic, Mr. Edusei explained that since the National Assembly had passed the Act, it must be democratic.

Nkrumah's explanation was that the opposition (N.L.M.) were ready to use violence and Edusei had been appointed to frighten them. On the question of deportation, he said it was a weapon only to be used in an emergency, and which the British Government itself always had in readiness.

Interviews Nkrumah

Kingsley-Martin found Dr. Nkrumah, the Prime Minister, much more reasonable, and he asked him why he had appointed such a Minister as Krobo Edusei.

Shawcross Fiasco

The banning of Sir Hartley Shawcross was a precedent on which Kingsley-Martin argued that the Ghana government, by appointing a man who had been punished by the "Daily Telegraph" to prosecute the Prime Minister, had set a precedent for other leading politicians to prosecute their own court—surely a precedent which could not take place.

In Conclusion

Summing up the points pointed out Kwame Nkrumah's difficulties in governing still instilled with the traditions of chieftainship, but he has a bright future if a definite programme were put before the country in this case the opposition must make counter proposals for a democratic government to be formed. Otherwise, the present party (C.C.P.) would maintain unity amongst its members only by "hitting the opposition over the head".

SPEAK UP—

and Say Yea or Nay

The elusive "they" argue that the golden days of rhetoric oratory and invective have gone. No longer can the apathetic student be aroused. The sausage-machine reigns supreme and debating has reached its nadir. But reminiscence of past glory is a live sign of the need of what our sociological colleagues term geriatric care.

Easy to Start

However, the Welfare Committee need not worry. The above assumptions are not true. Debating at L.S.E. is neither dead nor dying. It is a flourishing and increasing interest, with its own Debates Committee set up last year to encourage latent talent. It tries to give people the confidence and opportunity to speak in public. The atmosphere is friendly, and debates are held every fortnight on Monday evenings, in Room 2. So if you feel the need, take a walk and talk to us.

Come Along

Judging by events, it seems that since women have won their independence, they have lost their tongues. The debates committee would therefore particularly welcome more women speakers.

"Have you no confidence in Her Majesty's Government?" Yea or nay—we welcome your views.



Photo: A. Malagodi
 Miss Isobel Allan

L.S.E. GIRL SUCCESSFUL ON TV. . . .

Telephone Message—Union Office—A.T.V. want a girl who could look like a Calendar Girl for their programme "Tell the Truth" on New Year's Eve. Fee £100! "Would you like to do it?" "Would I like to do it? At the end of term, with Christmas and its accompanying expenses looming up, I would have done (almost) anything for £100. I telephoned A.T.V.—"Oh yes—come and see me on Monday."

"Tell the Truth" is a panel game in which three people pose as something in particular. One of them is the genuine article and must tell the truth and the other two have completely different occupations and must naturally lie as hard as they can. For a week, I was the only person taking part, as they didn't have a Calendar Girl and they didn't have another imposter.

Value of Truth

My hopes began to fade and my temper was not improved when I heard that the £100 was the stake—not mine. Each of the panel has a stake of £25. If he guesses wrongly his stake goes to the competitors and if correctly it goes to the panel, so that if they all guessed correctly I should only get five guineas for going along. Nevertheless, £5/5/0 is £5/5/0—and it should be good experience. I went to see the editor: "And this is the dress you will wear," she said, and I stared with horror at the photograph—a strapless creation with a

slit up to the waist on one side and a train on the other. "Oh God!" I said.

Anxious Moments

On the day before the programme we had a rehearsal and I met the other two "Calendar girls", which made me more despondent than ever. Here were girls who knew how to wear that hideous dress—and could keep it up. I didn't sleep very well that night.

On New Year's Eve I had to be at the Hackney Empire at 3.30 p.m. At 3.30 I was sitting, mulling over a cup of coffee in Hanover Square. Time suddenly caught up with me and I arrived in a flurry in the make-up room at 4. My face was studied—pulled to pieces and put together differently.

"Rehearsal darlings" screamed the Stage Manager, and we were dragged across to the set, where the mock panel awaited our arrival (it seemed to me by now) like hungry lions. Down the steps we

had to go, and I had visions of myself falling flat on my face in the evening, to the delight of viewers and to my lasting degradation. "Smile" they had said—so I smiled—only succeeding in a miserable leer.

"Vision On"

Two of this panel guessed I was a real girl. Things were not looking up. "We'll have to do something to your hair" screamed somebody so I was given lots of grey curls. "Come and have a drink," and all trooped into the Manager's Office, where I ate a plate of tomato sandwiches and drank neat whiskies one after the other. I began to feel better.

Perhaps things weren't so good after all and these dresses were funny more than anything. (I was bound to fall down the steps now.) "Darlings—you're on," declared the Stage Manager. With gay abandon I stated to the viewers that I was the Calendar Girl and started waltzing rather unsteadily down the steps—the other two following suit. Oh dear! he wasn't waving us on, and so we had to go back and start again. At last we were sitting down, and the panel began.

continued on page 4, column 3

The Assistant Masters' Association

THE INCORPORATED ASSOCIATION OF ASSISTANT MASTERS IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

Founded 1891. Membership over 20,000. Incorporated 1901.

Membership of the Association is open to Assistant Masters teaching in Secondary and Public Schools. The Association is represented on the Burnham Committee, and on every important Educational Body.

To INTENDING TEACHERS who enrol as STUDENT MEMBERS the Association offers CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION and ADVICE

on conditions of service in secondary schools of all types and many other benefits. The JOINT SCHOLASTIC AGENCY, the Appointments Board jointly controlled by the Headmasters' and Assistant Masters' Associations, offers special terms to Student Members of the I.A.A.M. The Association's works on the teaching of Science, Modern Languages, Geography, History, English and Classics are available to members at reduced rates: other books in preparation.

For full details write:

SECRETARY, I.A.A.M., 29 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.

"THE STATE OF THE UNION"

—AND THAT OTHER PLACE

A recent correspondence appearing in *The Times* seems to suggest that Gresham's Law works as strongly in Parliament as it seems to work in the Union.

From this series of letters one gathers that Parliament is all too full of "little minds" and lacks figures of a calibre which it should demand. The suggestion has been taken seriously and has attracted the attention not only of a Mr. Robson, of the National Liberal Club, of Mr. Herbert Morrison and of Mr. Clement Davies, but also of many of the minds to whom, one believes, that the original correspondent was referring.

Procedure or Status

out of mediocrity was by many of the writers complicated, rigorous and inconvenient procedure by the Commons. Some say that there was no such correspondent ventured that the root cause of the lie in the politicians' in this country, as much nature of his task.

the Union Council Mem-

ber is unrewarded, and open more to blame than to praise, so is the position of M.P. grossly unremunerative, and today one which calls for less respect than the average T.V. personality receives.

I would be the last to advocate payment of Vice-Presidents, but until a tradition of respect and support grows up around these positions, they will not attract any more than the extrovert or the mediocre.

David and Goliath

A similarity between the two cases exists in an apparent feeling that, just as the Union can effect little of import, so can the private member achieve comparatively little in the face of party opposition. We may pass our motions and decry our governors, but their whim is worth a hundred votes and their intention swamps any majority. We are forced to resort to a petty battle of insignificant verbage on topics which could more effectively, and quite safely, be left in the hands of the elected council.

Swamped with local, and offer

minor issues, Parliament will grind large and exceedingly lumpy. Paid a salary which takes no account of insecurity nor of the increased magnitude of their tasks, Parliament will continue to attract the petty, while industry skims the cream. This attraction has now been made even more apparent in L.S.E. by a recent adoption and rumours of an adoption of candidates by constituencies. Perhaps it is not without point that Mr. James Ackers, the prospective candidate for Walsall N., has had some experience in Industry, and seems to be an exception to prove the rule.

While this is so, the emphasis of truly national government will devolve more and more upon the Cabinet in power and upon the senior civil service.

Meanwhile we, diverted from major issues, will presumably continue to waste our energies and our time upon such matters as the dress permissible at the Commemoration Ball, and the Union will realize even less completely its great potential as a debating chamber.

CONFIDENTIALLY...

by Satiricus

The Moseley Dispute

It is several weeks since the heated dispute over Moseley took place, amid a charged atmosphere reminiscent of Suez-Invasion/Hungarian-Revolution days. However, it is far from a dead issue, especially since Moseley will be coming to speak in the Union later this term.

I was reminded of the main issue when I saw that the B.B.C. had decided not to renew Mr. Muggeridge's T.V. contract. As far as I could see, no one has raised the cry of suppression of free speech, although everyone knows why he has not had his contract renewed. The answer is that Muggeridge has no inalienable and inherent right to appear on T.V. It is up to the B.B.C. to choose whom they want, providing they do not violate their Charter. Similarly, many people failed to see that Moseley has a "right" to come to L.S.E. We may invite him—as we have done—but by not inviting him we would in no way diminish his freedom of speech.

Thus the issue was simply one of to invite or not to invite, and I was far from certain that the issues of free speech and the Presidential vote of confidence were not red herrings.

Stevenson's Rocket

Many will be grieved to hear that the ex-Editor of this renowned newspaper, John Stevenson, nearly became the late ex-Editor. Reliable authority (John Stevenson) reports that he entered a study for an unknown reason and went to swap over two reading lamps. Apparently, there was a blue-green flash, a vivid and tumultuous explosion, and yelps—the shock of which made local residents wonder if an H-bomb carrier had not crashed. J.S. it seems did a most original rock-and-roll between ceiling and floor before finishing up by wrenching one lamp out of its socket and crumbling in an electromagnetic heap on the floor.

Visitors to his bedside—hushed by the shocking news—were prone to draw morals from John's experience. The Americans took it as yet another example of English inefficiency—poor wiring; others suggested that John should never enter the study again, while me, I says it was a foretaste of the 'ell-fire to come.

Danger, Men at Work?

Everyone has noticed the mass of mighty metal, viz.: the scaffolding outside L.S.E. these days. Yet have many questioned the purpose of this visitation? School authorities are very reticent about this, but have dropped hints to suggest that it's there to prevent candidates from throwing themselves to a messy death before their finals. Others have suggested that it is to enable us to have a good view of the annual procession of the Printers & Victuallers' Literary Association, which this year has been arranged to pass through Houghton Street. But the real answer: just another hoax by Kings.

Busking in Glory

Buskers are rarely entertaining and frequently embarrassing. It's most unlikely that they will be amusing. Yet that, accidentally, is what happened when I was waiting in a queue outside that Cameo-Poly. The cheap queue was firstly submitted to the "comic-songs-of-the-good-of-timers", and subsequently to the strains of cat gut being done to death. During the course of a particularly excruciating rendering of "Come Back to Sorrento", I noticed a little wizened old man coming up on the inside of the queue, chinking his little chintz bag. I was about to drop in a metal button that I keep for such occasions when the maestro noticed him too, and let out a blood-curdling curse. Contrary to all we had been led to believe, the two were not part of a syndicate, and this was vividly demonstrated by the ensuing argument, which was as thrilling as it was violent. I couldn't help thinking that if the little man had chosen to take the obloquy of the queue on his own shoulders, that should have been a matter of gratitude not violence from the violinist. But I suppose it was a question of Union regulations or something. Anyway, it was the first time I'd been really amused by street performers, and it set me wondering. Could I make a living at that job?

Overheard

Little Boy: "I want to be an aid when I grow up." "What sort of aid?" "No sort, just an aid—A.I.D."

ADDRESS TO DRINKERS—No. 5

In winter or in summer, in the old year or the New, the enjoyment of drink is perennial. So, I reflected, as I tried to stroll through the bustle of the not too salubrious district of Oxford Street—that someone will no doubt want to know of somewhere new to drink, and that, therefore, they would expect an article telling them. Suddenly I realised that Long's Wine Bar was nearby—at 42, Hanway Street, behind The Corner House (the one by Tottenham Court Road Underground).

If you want an interesting, an even fascinating hour of drinking I advise you to try it. The establishment is made up of two quite distinct bars, completely different in atmosphere and character. The original bar dates back to the foundation of the establishment in 1894, and until a few years ago was the only one. It has a great number of regular devotees, including one, a Mr. Bradley, who

has frequented the place for nearly 60 years, and is still often to be found there. There is no pretence at decor and seating accommodation is provided by a bench which goes right round the wall, for the emphasis is on what you drink.

Downstairs the Spanish bar is of completely different character. It is tastefully decorated with the emphasis, quite naturally, on Spain. The reason for this is that many Spanish wines are sold there, particularly sherries, in which the firm specialises, the Amontillado, for example, being excellent. It is the only bar in London at which you can obtain a glass of Vintage Sherry—and I mean vintage sherry, although until yesterday I thought that that was a contradiction in terms. It is also one of the few establishments at which Champagne is sold by the glass. I do recommend you to go to Long's and sample these drinks yourselves.

J. A. BODLENDER.

THE SLALOM THOUGHTS

by Walt Albrecht

ing with 30 or 40 other L.S.E. ents, the Aga Khan, and Mr. ffry Redford, of Twickenford, ts, we went ski-ing over istmas. The L.S.E. contingent, gather, spread all over Central

ope; the Aga Khan settled at ad; Mr. Redford, a vacation- onmonger who sat next to us e B.E.A. Viscount, was headed Kitzbuhl; we went to Crans.

ans is a little resort village hed 4,000 feet above the Rhone ley in the lower left-hand ner of Switzerland, only about iles from Zermatt as the crow s (assuming the particular crow is wing high-altitude oxygen equipment. To set the record straight, w should point out that Crans is ir the heart of French-speaking witzerland and the natives take a dim view of visitors who pronounce the name of their town "KRANZ". It's "KRA-'n" naturally, and the local Tourist Syndicate proudly boasts that it's the sunniest ski resort in the

There are two approaches to ski-ing. The first goes by many names, the most descriptive being the "Bar-Stool" School. Its chief spokesman is columnist Art Buchwald. Adherents to this approach, when they arrive at a ski resort, usually jump down violently from the top step of their train, grab ne leg with both hands while dancing around on the other, and cry: "My leg, my leg—it's broken!" They then settle down for two weeks at a hotel bar, venturing out only to buy ski-badges, which they sew down the length of one arm.

The second approach is often called the "Whothell-let's-give-it-a-whirl" school. To belong to this school you need only do a few deep-knee bends in advance, lay down three pounds to hire some

equipment, ride to the top of a slope, point your skis down the hill, and push gently.

As we said, we belonged to the second school.

There is really nothing frighteningly complicated about ski-ing. Basically, there are only three things to learn: (1) how to ski straight down a slope (called *schussing*, which can be translated freely as "making like a cannon ball"); (2) how to stop (called *stopping*, an archaic Anglo-Saxon term still used occasionally on signs at road intersections); and (3) how to turn (called *making a christie*, in honour, we are told, of a young Austrian fraulein of doubtful repute named Christiania, who used to vend her wares alongside the Tyrolean trails and caused many a young male skier to develop a technique of turning sharply in her direction). We might point out that this last manoeuvre is further broken down into the "zig" and the "zag", depending on whether the skier is turning in the direction of a tree or towards a cliff.

There is still one final element about ski-ing that we've avoided mentioning up to now: snow... and this brings us back to our holiday at Crans. There wasn't any. Well, almost none, at least when we arrived. As in most of the ski resorts of Europe in December, the hotel keepers at Crans were weeping into their cash boxes and blaming the Christmas Island Tests, the Sputniks, and even John Foster Dulles (we had difficulty in following the logic at this point) for lousing up the normal meteorological pattern. Anyway, there was just about enough snow at Crans to cover the grass, if not the rocks.

The morning of our third day we got up, gingerly shaved our sunburned faces—at least we had had plenty of sun—and looked out of the window. It was snowing!

And it snowed and snowed. For four days we skied in blizzards and fell in snowbanks up to our necks. And still it snowed. On the worst

days we just stood around the piano in the bar, easing the pain of frostbite with Hennessy Three Star, and sang an old Swiss drinking song which went:

"Both my skis I'd gladly scrap,
For some Chateau-Neuf-du-Pape."

The day before we left Crans, the sun came out. But we couldn't get out on the glistening slopes or glide through the snow-covered firs: we were flat on our backs. The *artichaud-vinaigrette* the night before had been too much. We failed, in the midst of Swiss culinary delights, to respect our English-trained stomachs. And, like Napoleon's Army, a skier travels on his stomach—unless he's a complete novice, in which case the anatomical reference is inaccurate by 180 degrees.

And so we left Crans.

There's just a short epilogue to our little story. We don't know what happened to the Aga Khan or to Mr. Geoffrey Redford, of Twickenford, Hants. But we do know that of the 30 or 40 of us from L.S.E., only one chap is sporting a cast on his leg. We suspect that he zigged when he should have zagged.

L.S.E. Girl Successful on T.V.

continued from page 3

Profit of Truth

The real girl was No. 1, and I was No. 3. We were asked questions on netball, Siamese cats, a revue we had appeared in and the calendar we were on. Of course we knew the answers almost better than Pat, the real Calendar Girl. Voting time came. Sir Robert Boothby put up his card—No. 3. "£25" I thought. The first woman put up hers—No. 3. "£50" I thought. Bill Owen stated sadly that he had had lunch with the real girl a week ago and couldn't vote. "£75." The other woman voted for No. 2. £100! We'd won the lot—and so temporarily I was richer by nearly £40.

ISOBEL ALLEN.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV

Exhibition at the Royal Academy

The idea for this article arose from the current exhibition of seventeenth century French paintings at the Royal Academy of Arts. That it was actually written (or am I being optimistic, with only one sentence completed?) was a near miracle.

The writer and a friend knew the exhibition was being shown somewhere vaguely west of Trafalgar Square . . . that was all. There must be some subtle Freudian significance in the fact that the only firm directions that could be elicited from passing strangers were to the tea exhibition in Jermyn Street. This was indeed a fine showing and well worthy of the attention and interest of the eight or nine million tea addicts and experts in the Metropolis. Every path seemed to lead to it, and passing opinion was unanimous in confirming it as the only exhibition where the spectators' (and participants') physical and intellectual capacities could be exercised to the full.

Tea

All of which was, of course, not for us, and after an hour or two's fruitless wanderings in W.1, we retired to a coffee house . . . from where we were once again directed to the tea exhibition. Anyway, the Art exhibition is at the Royal Academy in Piccadilly—the tea centre organizers actually knew where it was—and all those who have not yet visited it, whether interested in painting or not, will find it a rewarding experience.

In the words of the catalogue—"not only was the reign of Louis XIV the longest recorded in European history, but it covered a period of exceptionally rapid and fruitful development in France in the field of politics, religion, literature and the arts. It is therefore not surprising that the painting between his accession in 1643, at the age of five, and his death in 1715 should be characterised by an unusual vitality and variety, and that the Age of Louis XIV should always have been regarded as one of the greatest ages of French art." It is not the province of this article to criticise or analyse the attraction of the masterpieces that

are shown, but certainly the nine works of de la Tour are amongst the most moving, profound and complete that the writer has ever had the privilege of seeing. The reproduction shown here can only do much less than justice to the serene beauty and spiritual insight of the original, as only indeed can any reproduction or description. It is contact with the original creation alone that can bring satisfaction with, and understanding of, such a work. Only about fourteen paintings can be attributed to de la Tour with certainty (catalogue again) and the opportunity of seeing nine of these together in one gallery is one that should not be missed.

Individuality

The despotic system of Louis XIV demanded conformity in painting as much as in affairs of state and the artists of Versailles subordinated their own personalities to collaboration under the direction of a single mind—that of Le Brun—the style being strictly classical. In spite of this, independence was shown in the work

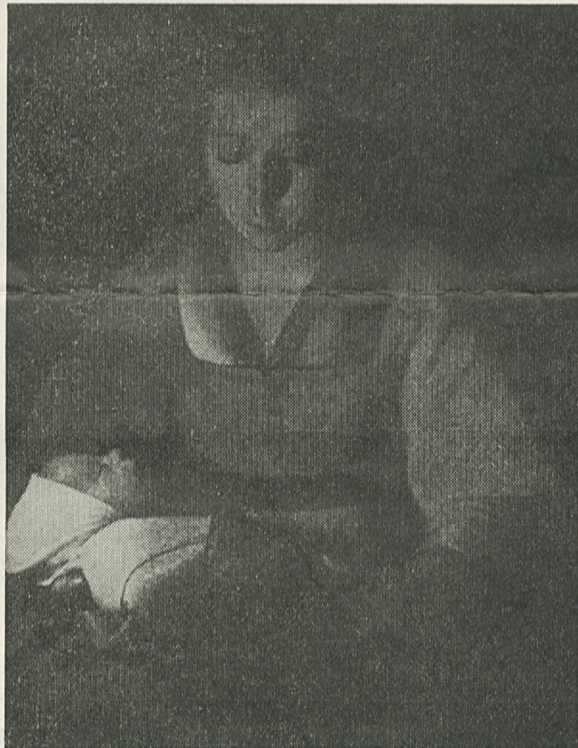
of many artists such as Antoine Rivalz and Jean Jouvenet.

None of the painters shown are popularly recognised as great masters. Nevertheless, this does not imply that they are any the less rewarding, even if only in throwing sidelights on a fascinating and vital period of French history. In fact, they are much more than this—they constitute enduring works of art.

Unique Opportunity

The pictures for this exhibition have been gathered from over seventy French provincial museums, apart from churches and state chateaux. Even the visitor to France can never hope to see in his wanderings such a complete and representative collection of 17th century French painting, and in this respect the opportunity offered by the Royal Academy is probably unique. My advice is—don't miss it. The attractions of the Tea Centre are not to be lightly scorned, but then the tea tasters are with us always, whereas this exhibition closes on March 9th.

PETER DAVIES.



Georges de la Tour.

Madonna and Child

BAGATELLE PLAYS PRINCE TO SLEEPING REVUE ORGANIZATION

After playing "Rip Van Winkle" for four years, the American revue, "Bagatelle", has come along and revived the dormant University of London Revue Society.

J. Meyer, the New York born author, has concocted a delightful semi-intimate "pastiche" of fun, having no qualms in lampooning such typically American subjects as Tennessee Williams and the hilarious reaction to "My Fair Lady".

Fresh Approach

Importing the well known Television Director, Steve Pepper, whose work on Canadian networks has already earned him the plaudits of critics, who praise his originality and freshness of approach, "Bagatelle" is reported to be fast whipping into shape. Frank Smith, a member of the cast, had this to say: "We could not start

rehearsals until the second day. The first day we were too busy laughing."

Brilliant Show

Mr. Meyer, whose association with Mr. Pepper is only as old as "Bagatelle", said this of his director: "I never saw one guy take so many coffee breaks." In a more serious vein both Pepper and Meyer agree collaboration has borne fruit. "Meyer sort of grows on you" says Pepper. "Like a fungus."

At any rate, the University of London Revue is to be congratulated on several counts; first, it has lifted itself, after four years, from the Slough of Despond and, secondly, it has had the foresight and taste to select, as its comeback production, this brilliant and amusing little show. Good luck Revue Society and welcome back!

LETTER TO A SOLDIER

July 30th.

My darling Johnny,

God what have you done to me! Ever since you left I have felt as though there were nothing left to live for.

I have been to almost all of those places where we were together, just to try to re-awaken that same wonderfully happy feeling, but it's no use.

I don't know whether I should say thank you for a wonderful 3 weeks—only 3 weeks, and yet I feel as though we'd been together always. You know how happy I was, and perhaps you have some idea how grateful I am.

I will write as often as I can, I feel I want to write to you all the time, it's the only time that I feel close to you during the day. Darling, you will write soon, won't you? It seems years already since you left, but it's only a few hours, and it will be days yet before I can expect a letter to reach here.

I love you Johnny,

Connie.

November 10th.

My dearest Johnny,

Thank you very much for your letters. I really am sorry not to have written before this, but you must remember how busy I am at work, and I get home almost too tired to do anything.

I changed my job last week and I am now working for that estate-agent I told you that I had met at Susan's party.

I haven't done much since I last wrote. London is terribly dull just now and I almost wish that I was back in Cornwall.

I'm sorry to hear that you've had dysentery. That's not very nice is it? I hope you're better now. I must close now because it's time to have my dinner.

Love from Constance.

February 3rd.

Dear John,

I was pleased to hear that you are coming home.

There is however, something which I think you ought to know.

From your letters I think that you feel that you are in love with me. I'm sorry, but I don't love you, and I don't think that I ever have. Last summer I was very fond of you, but since you left I realize how unsuited we are for each other.

Feargus—the man I work with—and I have been going out together for a long time now, and he wants us to become engaged.

I'm sorry not to have told you all this before, but somehow I didn't think that you felt that way.

I hope that when you get back to England the dysentery gets better. I don't think that we ought to meet. Believe me, John, I have your own good at heart.

Constance.

by D. M. CRATON.

'Antigone'

At the end of the month the Drama Society are putting on one of the most important and stimulating plays in modern theatre. "Antigone," by Jean Anouilh. This play uses the legend which inspired Sophocles and other great playwrights since, to present the clash of ideas between Antigone and Creon in a wholly modern setting.

To enjoy this play it is not necessary to know the myth nor to know anything of Greek drama. Moreover, if you have seen and loathed a local production of a Greek play, dressed throughout in crêpe hair and bath sheet togas, you need not be deterred from seeing this version of the legend. It has a contemporary setting in Southern Europe, and the action turns on the absorbing conflict between Creon, the dictator striving to bring order and peace to a war-torn state, and his niece Antigone, motivated partly by a Freudian death wish, partly by his insult to her brother, lately a rebel. Your sympathies will be engaged by first one and then the other and if you

have no great interest in theoretical principles you can enjoy this as a fascinating study of two complex characters.

The play was first produced in Paris during the last few days of the Occupation. In such a situation association of characters with Germans, collaborationists and the Resistance was natural; we can watch the tragedy with a considerable sense of involvement but with the advantage of it not appearing in black and white terms.

Antigone is played by Miss

Wendy Millard, a post-graduate new to the L.S.E. stage. Ismene, her gay and sophisticated elder sister, is Miss Isobel Allen, fresh from her recent triumph on a million fire screens. The rest of the cast, which includes Mr. John Poppleton as Creon and Miss Sally Shulman as the Nurse, is a mixture of the new and the experienced.

Production is in the Old Theatre on Thursday, 30th, and Friday, 31st January, at 7.45 p.m. Tickets, which are cheaper at this time, are on sale now from the stall outside Room 8.

MICHAEL WEBB.

LAW BOOKS

NEARLY 2,000 LATEST EDITIONS SECOND HAND

Special Announcement

After 123 years at our present address, we have now extended our premises, which include a Showroom of nearly 2,000 latest edition Text-books; also a large collection of trials, Criminology and Legal Biographies. Inspection invited—correspondence welcomed

WILDY & SONS LTD.

Law Booksellers and Licensed Valuers since 1830

Lincoln's Inn Archway, London, W.C.2

Telephone: Holborn 5160
Telegrams: Wildy's, Holborn, London

EAT CHEAPLY EAT WELL

at the

SOMERSET CAFE

115 Strand, W.C.1

Leonard Lyle

86 Kingsway, W.C.2

Holborn 2240

BLAZERS BADGES

OFFICIAL SUPPLIERS TO

THE STUDENTS' UNION

Rowing

Good Performance

In the University Winter VIII Regatta in December, the L.S.E. Boat Club 2nd VIII put up a very creditable performance. No members of the boat had had any rowing experience before the beginning of the Michaelmas Term and to win a heat of the Regatta before being beaten by the eventual winners was a reflection on their keenness and determination. As they are all first year students, this performance augurs well for the future of the Club. This term the 2nd boat is being stroked by a former 1st crew member and is already showing signs of even greater improvements.

Chiswick Ceremony

On Saturday, January 11th, Lady Carr-Saunders officially launched the 2nd Crew's new clinker "eight". It was named "Sir Alexander", after the former Director, who had always shown an enthusiasm for rowing and for sport in general. Sir Alexander and his daughter, the President of the A.U. and many former members of the Club—both pre- and post-war—were also present. Lady Carr-Saunders performed the ceremony with the traditional champagne and called for a toast to the new boat, saying, "May she gain many victories". She was afterwards presented with a bouquet.

This term the objectives of both crews are the Thames Head of the River and the University Head races. The 1st crew also hopes to enter the Head of the River at Reading. The University race is for London University Colleges, whilst the Thames Head attracts the leading crews from all four Home Counties. G.D.C.

FIVE DAYS ONLY?

continued from page 2

the five societies can deny that essentially they are one, being parts of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, preaching that man (that means you, him and me) is sinful in that he disobeys God's will, and that his salvation lies in God's hands through the sacrifice of His Son Jesus Christ. There are still plenty of differences—but by the Grace of God these five societies in L.S.E. have resolved that their man-made skeletons shall stay in their cupboards when the Master's around.

Events

For one week, February 3rd to 7th, they are united for the specific purpose of pointing out the relevance of Christ to L.S.E. Together they have invited five men prominent in different spheres of public life to come to the Old Theatre during the lunch hour and say just what Christ and Christianity means to them in their lives. We might get some peculiar answers—we risk that because we all know what Christ means to us; we might get some peculiar questions—that we risk because Christ is the answer.

On the Monday, Alderman Cyril Black is coming along. He is a J.P. and an M.P., a former Mayor of Wimbledon, and Chairman of Surrey County Council. Tuesday will see Walter James, the editor of the *Times Educational Supplement*, on the platform. He left Keble with a First Class in Mod. Hist., and is a former member of the editorial staff of *The Manchester Guardian*. On Wednesday the Professor of International Relations at L.S.E., Professor Manning, will speak—he needs no introduction to you—his academic distinctions abound. Incidentally, he was mentioned twice in despatches. He will be followed on Thursday by Professor Coulson, Rouse Ball Professor of Mathe-

LAST MINUTE DEFEAT

KING'S WIN AGAINST THE RUN OF PLAY IN U.L.U. CUP

After defeating U.C. by four goals to two in the 2nd round of the University Cup, L.S.E. were themselves beaten by King's in the semi-final.

Early Setback

On a pitch in perfect condition the King's combination soon settled down and their centre forward headed home a cross from the right wing. Within minutes the same player scored an almost identical goal. Poor covering by the L.S.E. defence had led to this two-goal deficit within 15 minutes of the start. However, Beaver began to fight back slowly but very determinedly. The half-backs, Weatly and Ward, began to dominate the mid-field play and managed to set their forward line going. Pressure on the King's goal continued, five corners in succession were scrambled away by a harangued defence. With almost the last kick before half-time Cohen slipped the ball past an advancing goalkeeper, only to see it go inches wide of the post.

Second Half

King's opened well again but the L.S.E. rearguard of Peach, Strutt and Packley gave their opponents no quarter and L.S.E. regained the initiative when Harris broke away from the King's defence and drove the ball home from the edge of the penalty box. L.S.E. continued to press, and from a pass by Harris, Thompson following up his first shot which was blocked, stabbed the ball into the net.

Against a tiring King's defence the L.S.E. forward line tried desperately to get the vital goal. From a corner by Holden, Carter

headed against the bar. The bar was to save King's yet again, when Harris headed over goalkeeper Stone, only to see the ball bounce on top of the bar.

King's were by no means finished, however, and were dangerous in several breakaways, each of which was countered by a determined L.S.E. defence. A well placed cross from right-half Ward saw Thompson lob just wide of the far post, as time ran out at the end of 90 minutes exciting play.

Final Struggle

Extra time disrupted the rhythm of the L.S.E. attack, although the left flank continued to combine well. However, the L.S.E. forward line and both half-backs soon pinned the King's defence in its own goalmouth, yet could not score the

decisive goal. Ends were changed for the last period of extra time, with two very weary sides engaging forces for the last few minutes. Play swept from end to end; then with a minute to go and a draw almost a certainty, misfortune struck L.S.E. A defender handed the ball a yard outside the penalty area and a tragic misunderstanding between goalkeeper Hopkins and the rest of the L.S.E. defence which had formed a wall in front of the goal, allowed the King's half-back to drive the ball home into an empty corner of the net, and secure for King's a place in the final.

L.S.E. were beaten but not disgraced; as the King's skipper said after the match, "you dominated two-thirds of the game and never deserved to lose."

HOCKEY VICTORY OVER VETS

Beaver Triumphant

The first eleven finally emerged victorious against Royal Vets on Wednesday, 15th January, in a game which began promisingly but developed into a grim struggle on a very heavy ground. To everybody's astonishment, Beaver found themselves two up in some ten minutes. The forwards swung the ball about very pleasingly and moved at a good speed. Mike Smith scored a characteristic opportunist goal after an attractive piece of dribbling by Peter Charles; and John Day added another from a short corner.

After this, however, things began to go wrong. Angelo Faria was involved in a nasty collision and had to leave the field for hospital. And then, despite the philosophic study of half-back technique by Pete Charles, the Vets battered their way through for two equalizing goals.

The ten men resumed battle in the realisation that only a quick goal could give them victory. Fortunately, the goal arrived. Dick Aspa found himself all alone with

the Vets' goalie and, after debating for some moments where to put the ball, finally pushed it through his legs and trotted back to the centre. Occasional flashes were seen from the forwards, especially individual sorties from Geoff. Harris, but it was all to no avail.

The final whistle sounded very welcome. A makeshift defence had, however, proved themselves to be quite competent. Spence Thomas is filling the role of centre half in Brian Goodall's absence with great skill and effect. Frank Daly vacillates these days between wing half and back, and, although he sometimes grumbles vaguely about the unsettled life he has to lead, everything is done with a perfect legal calm. Our only worry about Bob Pickering is that one day we will lose him to the University side.

Thus the second half of the season has begun with a loss and a win—two matches which the team's oracle had predicted as a draw and a loss respectively; which bodes evil for the seven matches in a row which we are expected to win.

L.S.E. RUGBY WIN

With great pleasure we are pleased to announce that L.S.E. have won a game of Rugby after having suffered 9 consecutive defeats.

At Malden the redoubtable opponents were Southampton University. The L.S.E. side was strengthened in the forwards by the inclusion of the University Captain, Ron Greenall, and their lock-forward, Jim Clifford. Their presence provided the necessary

initiative, weight and experience which helped to infuse far greater confidence both in back and forward play of the L.S.E.

The game itself was confined mainly to the Southampton territory and L.S.E.'s superiority was marked throughout. Over-enthusiasm caused many dear mistakes for the three-quarters once having gained the openings failed to consolidate their advantageous positions. Scoring was opened by a well taken penalty by Greenall in the first half and the L.S.E. left wing scored an excellent try in the second half. The six points victory was not a true measure of L.S.E.'s domination of the game.

matics at Oxford. His research work, especially in the fields of quantum theory and theoretical chemistry, place him high in the esteem of scientific folks. Finally, on Friday, the speaker is Christopher Hollis, who is an M.P., a member of the Board of *Punch*, and who had the distinction of touring the U.S.A., New Zealand and Australia as a member of the Oxford Union debating team.

These men are well known, they are also Christians. Come and hear what these men have to say, and think again. Each day at 4.15 we will hold a sort of coffee-get-together in the Barley Sugar Room, so bring your questions and your problems along.

There is, then, a spirit of Unity among the Christians of L.S.E. I pray that it will last longer than just five days. This is a very important step, co-operation has replaced hostility. That alone merits your attention.

DAVID MELVYN HANDO.

DISAPPOINTMENT

continued from page 3

whose economic expression is the "mixed economy", whose political form is the "Welfare State" and whose emotional ecstasy is the hushed, reverent words, "And now smiling gracefully, she is waving to the cheering crowds..."

It may well be that I'm a most ungrateful wretch who doesn't realise his good fortune; who has too easily forgotten the trembling anxiety with which he opened that fateful letter from the Registrar.

The glamour hidden behind the mysterious veils of entrance requirements, G.C.E. examinations and interviews, has been rudely shattered. The honeymoon of the Freshers' Reception is over. Reality removes the false illusions of student life (an impossible mixture of reckless rags and profound thought). From the inside, famili-

arity has produced its proverbial contempt.

L.S.E. appears as an impersonal degree factory, churning out glorified clerks with comfortably small minds—the logical result of our inhuman industrial age. The buildings, so appropriately, are ugly anonymous grey stone slabs, sandwiched between Television House and the Law Courts.

The Answers

But please don't think that I'm lost in despair. I'm trying to find the answers (or maybe I'm looking for the right questions to ask). It's all part of the struggle to get an education, and to grow up into a human being. I'll try it all alone if needs be, but I think there'd be a greater chance of happiness and success if some of us could attempt it together.

What about you?

Sailing

The Ups and Downs of Sailing

The recent Boat Show has emphasised a trend which has been apparent for several years, namely that of a great revival in sailing. This revival is coupled with a decline in the fleets of Ocean Racers. Whereas before the war most of the sailing in this country was done in boats of this type, small dinghies now outnumber the larger ocean-going yachts by 9 to 1. The general levelling of personal incomes has been largely responsible for this, and for the disappearance of professional crews. Even in such a tough race as the Fasnet, many of the crews will be amateurs, particularly University Students.

These are the people who go to sea. However, more than one-quarter of all sailing clubs are from tidal waters. People sail anywhere: on reservoirs, old quarries, gravelpits, rivers and lakes, in fact they sail wherever there is enough water to take a few small boats. In 1947, the Royal Yachting Association had 373 affiliated clubs and 336 individual members. By 1957 these figures had risen to 909 clubs and 5,177 members. A further indication of the rise in popularity of sailing is shown in the truly remarkable increase in Racing Fixtures from 20 in 1945 to over 1,500 in 1957.

Messing About

Why this sudden increase? Various reasons have been suggested, such as motoring congestion, ease of transport of small boats, cheapness of maintenance and the Englishman's love of "messaging about in boats". Probably the most important factor in the increase in the sport is the practicability of building one's own boat.

Championships are held annually in all the major classes and London University representation in the Firefly Championships is noticeably high, both in quality and quantity. These Championships are usually held on the sea, proving the seaworthiness of these little boats and bringing out to the full their excellent sailing qualities, such as speed and liveliness. Besides being a boat for the expert (on the event of the 1948 Olympics we sailed in Fireflies), they are equally suitable for novices, being unsinkable.

And finally, one delightful aspect of the increasing use of small boats is that girls can sail on equal terms with men, skill and judgment being more important than strength. Men usually prefer them as crew and when they can be persuaded overcome their natural lack of confidence, they make, surprisingly enough quite reasonable helmsmen!

A.U. ANNOUNCEMENT

A standing committee of the Governors have approved of the appointment of M. Bricknell, former student, as Hon. Treasurer to the Athletic Union.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

★ ★ FOR BOOKS ★ ★

Foyles is an experience—the largest bookstore on earth. If you're a lover of books, large or small, modern or rare, here's Paradise

—Fielding's Guide to Europe

STOCK OF OVER 3 MILLION VOLUMES

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (incl. Sats.)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road.