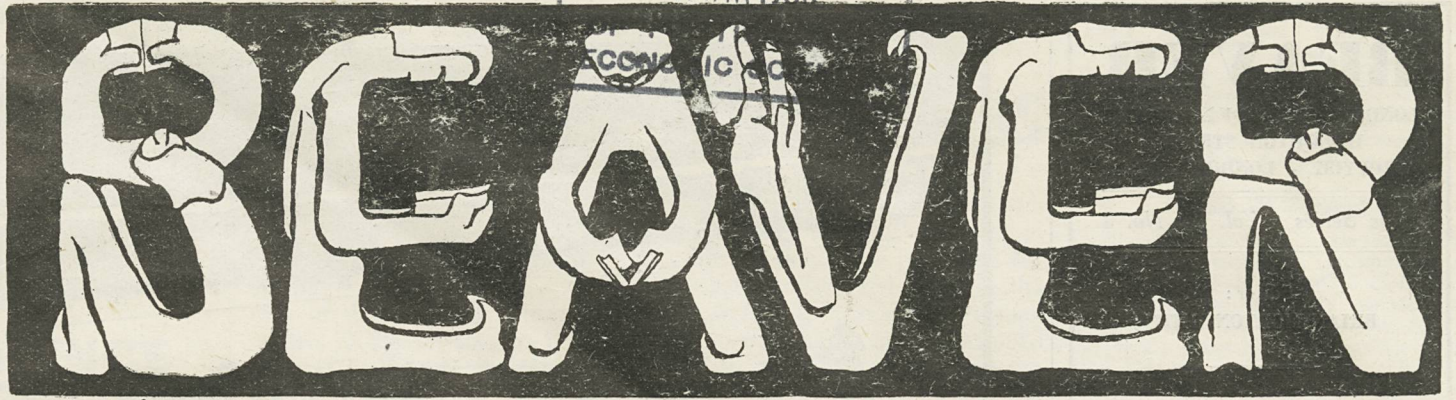


CONTENTS

Editorial ... Page 2
 Marginalia ... Page 2
 Letters ... Page 2
 Controversy ... Page 3
 Jobs for the boys ... Page 3
 Profile ... Page 4
 Reviews ... Page 4
 Sports Report ... Page 4



LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

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N.U.T.S. TO I.U.S.

I.U.S. — "Antithesis of Democratic Ideals"

By B. MORTON-SMITH

COMMUNISM has many ways of spreading its creed of racial hatred and class warfare, but few can be more unsavoury than the so-called "International Union of Students." This body, nominally dedicated to a policy of bringing together the students of the world, is in reality one of the least subtle of the Moscow controlled organisations designed to cause the maximum possible amount of discontent and unrest in any country which its loathsome roots succeed in entering. The I.U.S. does not hesitate to follow the lead of the Politburo, as witness the recent expulsion of Yugoslav students from the Union, and it is difficult to imagine on what grounds the N.U.S. continues its membership of this completely undemocratic organisation.

* * *

Anyone who believes that I have exaggerated the destructive influence of the I.U.S. should take a good look at one of their newsletters, which come, by a strange coincidence, from Prague, well behind the Iron Curtain. Let me give you a few examples from the issue of February 4th. After a brief spasm of trumpet blowing and back slapping over the so-called "Day of Solidarity," it launches straight into its hymn of hate. "In London there will be a demonstration . . . asking for an end of the war in Malaya and the terror in Britain's African possessions." They conveniently overlook the fact that the "war" in Malaya was started by Communist guerillas who think nothing of murdering unarmed planters and their families, and that the "terror" in Africa was caused by a small minority led by Communist agitators, which endangered the lives and property of innocent people.

* * *

Later in the bulletin, the I.U.S. lets out a bleat about the conscription programme in Australia. Do they really believe that any intelligent student will fail to notice the fear of suppression of the Communist policy of expansion by the democratic powers behind the thin veil of "war against South-East Asian liberation

movements?" Then again, the baby "Pravda" announces gleefully that thirty-six students were recently "murdered" in Saigon. It forgets to give details of the Communist-inspired agitation which caused the rioting responsible for the death of these unfortunate students; while a slight feeling of nostalgia for the late and unlamented Doktor Joseph Goebbels was occasioned by references in the newsletter to "police hiding numerous corpses."

* * *

The same theme is maintained all through the bulletin. Vicious attacks are made on the various Governments who have expressed their determination not to be intimidated by rowdy manifestations of Communism in its most unpleasant form, while any flouting of authority by misguided students is positively drooled over. Finally, the bulletin prints a three and a half page paean of praise on life in Russia.

* * *

It is a mistake to assume that membership of the I.U.S. "can't do any harm." The International Union of Students is the antithesis of democratic ideals, and it can only contaminate those who come into contact with it. The N.U.S. has decided to suspend affiliation for six

months. Let the L.S.E. give a lead to the other English Universities by demanding that the N.U.S. permanently severs its connections with the I.U.S. as soon as possible.

Carnival

As you may or may not have gathered from the notice appearing on the ground floor of the main building, the L.S.E. has been allotted a lorry in the London University Carnival to be held on Saturday, March 18th, starting at two o'clock.

The lorry will carry a tableau on the theme of the Carnival, which this year will be "A.D. 1950-2000." The committee are only allowed to spend one pound on preparing the tableau, so Uncle George Dowdall will be positively delirious with joy if anyone with any bright ideas will get in touch with him as soon as possible. Remember, the honour of "Beaver" is at stake and there are only sixteen days to go!

SPORTS RESULTS

SOCCER	
L.S.E. 1st XI—3	Oriel College, Oxford—0
L.S.E. 2nd XI—3	Peterhouse, Cambridge—5
WOMEN'S HOCKEY	
L.S.E. XI—6	Institute of Education—2

TRAVEL NEWS

The Travel Department of the National Union of Students recently announced details of a special scheme, to be operated in conjunction with the big airlines, whereby students who are contemplating travelling to the United States of America for educational purposes this summer, will be able to make the trip by air more economically than by any other means. Further details of this useful scheme can be obtained from the Travel Director, National Union of Students, 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. Telephone number, Euston 2184.

Let's analyse the constituent elements, then perhaps we can decide on a method of tackling it systematically." The goop removed his spectacles, and holding them by one hinge, waved them up and down with the satisfaction of a lecturer concluding sixty-two minutes of Economic History with the most impressive epigram. "If, by indoors, you mean confined within walls, irrespective of ceilings, one may discern an analytic distinction between that and the literal interpretation, which would imply incarceration within a swing door, eh what?" There was no point in arguing. Seven hours later when I escaped and left the fragments of his body in the "Three Tuns" pigeon holes, where they'll never be found, I still didn't know why people wear scarves indoors. I appeal, therefore, to our readers. Any reader who can help should send ten pounds to the Editor and will achieve an honourable mention.

SMARTY.



VALENTINE BALL

A Moss Bros. - Ents. Comm. Triumph

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY being Tuesday, February 14th, the L.S.E. Valentine Ball was held appropriately enough on Friday, the 17th. Invitations had been extended to many other London Colleges, and both the Refectory and Barley Sugar Room, almost unrecognisable beneath the masses of decorations, were pleasantly full. Evening dress being the order of the day (or night?), it was obvious that both Kritz and Moss Brothers had had their services tested to the full and that profits were booming. The poorer members amongst us, forced to rely on father's cast-off, entered in a sanctified aroma of moth balls and carbolic.

Any antiquarian present would have been pleasantly surprised by the observance of one of the old pagan rites. St. Valentine's day was the one upon which the youths of the village would draw from a hat the names of their mistresses for the coming year. A latter-day version of this was performed early in the evening in the form of that time-honoured heathen ritual—the Paul Jones.

Women . . .

All males present received a delightful shock upon seeing the quantities and quality of the female talent, who, unseen by light of day, must have come forth from their retreat in the inner archives of the Sociability Dept., only to return there later to await with eager anticipation the arrival of the A.U. Ball. Get your tickets now! (Advt. kind permission of "Beaver" Editor.) Traces of Schiaparelli, Chanel and Woolworth's No. 5 filled the air; dresses ranging from Molyneux to the original 1925 look caught the eyes of the innocent and unprepared male population, many of whom could be seen doing impressions of the man with the sex-ray eyes.

. . . Wine . . .

Music was supplied by the Peter Goodman Sextet, obtained after much

trouble from their last pressing engagement in Archer Street. The high quality of the music was well worth the extortionate price paid—a bob a nob and a flagon of beer!

. . . and Song

M.C.s Al Bernel and Martyn Davis, immaculate in dinner jackets, brown boots and cycle clips, dangled prizes before the dancers in a tantalising manner and either had the girls proposing to the men in front of the mike, or, when in search of "Mr. Cupid 1950," had the men marching in a circle round the room with trouser legs rolled up. The winner, selected by a panel of co-opted girls, was presented in due pomp and ceremony with a toy bow and arrow. High spot of the evening was the Cabaret turn by John Hutchinson and Len Freedman, who insisted upon appearing in spite of the M.C.s heroic attempts to ward them off. They actually sang an entirely new selection of verses and well deserved their rousing reception.

It was agreed by all, especially those with complimentary tickets (Ents. Comm.) that a vote of thanks was due to the Ents. Comm., in spite of whose determined efforts, the Ball was a success.

SCARF-ACE RIDES AGAIN

"Why on earth do you wear a scarf indoors?" I asked him.

"Why? Well, because I sort of more or less—er—what's wrong with it anyway?"—this last remark followed by a glare of defiant pride at the skinny length of dessicated celery across his shoulders.

Somebody else had a more positive answer: "It keeps my neck warm." "What about a collar and tie?" I went on. "Never wear 'em!" Egregious, indeed, but fair enough.

A third interviewee was diffident. He fidgeted awkwardly, and adjusted to a calculated asymmetry the excerpt of pyjama-flannel hanging limply round his neck. "It's like this: when you come in from the cold outside—it is cold today, isn't it? Might even be a chance of snow if it decides to snow. What do you think? God! that'll mean another traffic hold-up, just like last year. I'd better go home and get my coat. Good-bye."

The girl

"No," said the young lady, "it isn't the colours or the pattern that I like, in fact they're somewhat dreadful, aren't they? I've always said so and I do still, no, it's certainly not that, it's simply that I like people to know what college I come from. It must be a sort of patriotism really though I can't say for certain, maybe it's pride, swollen, bulging pride—as my tutor said this morning in relation to something else—but as every-

body else wears them I might as well. It can't do me any harm can it and if I can only manage—" I interposed firmly: "But if you're inside the college, surely everybody else inside the college can see that you belong to the college?" She hadn't stopped speaking. "—even Sandra says that if you inhibit an inhibition you get inhibited because—" She was by now addressing herself to a newly arrived, sinister, masculine hanger-on. I retreated.

The guy

"It's depressing," droned the lugubrious. I could see that. The weight of the gaudily tasselled sackcloth that spiralled around his epiglottis had dragged his head almost down to the level of his shoulders. "I wouldn't care if they called it cotton or linen or rayon or wood-pulp, but no!—'genuine silk' the salesman told me." He unravelled himself from the undecorous object and held it out to me. I stepped back involuntarily. "You'd never think I'd paid forty-five bob for this, would you?" "Of course not," I agreed cordially. "What do you mean? I bet you'd like to have one like it, though I dare say you haven't got the forty-eight bob." "Forty-five?" I muttered shuffling away, impecunious.

The goop

"Why am I wearing a scarf indoors? Now that's an interesting question. Hm, very interesting.

BEAVERLONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
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New Series Vol. 2 No. 3

Editor:

BRIAN MORTON-SMITH

Sports Editor: M. Thomson
Business Manager: J. Malloy
Photographic and
Film Editor: P. E. Burke
Art Editor: Ronald Moody
Theatre Critic: A. C. Bernel
Film Critic: J. H. Smith
Photographer: Alan Kingsbury**WOMAN
WANTED**

The first issue of the rejuvenated "Beaver" is now a matter of history, though its historical significance may not be recognised by the General Public for some time to come. The general impression it has made on the student body encourages us to continue this paper with a view to supplying its readers with information rather than literary pyrotechnics. "Beaver" will continue to be primarily a newspaper, but we will always hold our columns open to any individual, or group of individuals, who feel that they have a point of view worth expressing, since it is part of the function of any newspaper to further the diffusion of opinions. Thus it is all the more imperative for an impartial newspaper such as "Beaver" to devote as much of its space as possible to the printing of all points of view.

* * *

One of the major criticisms which we have heard levelled against "Beaver" is that it completely ignores the feminine angle of life at the L.S.E. We wish to make it quite plain that nobody regrets this more than we do, but there is little we can do so long as contributions from the fairer sex are not forthcoming. Any applications from our readers for the vacant post of Woman's Editor will be gratefully received.

* * *

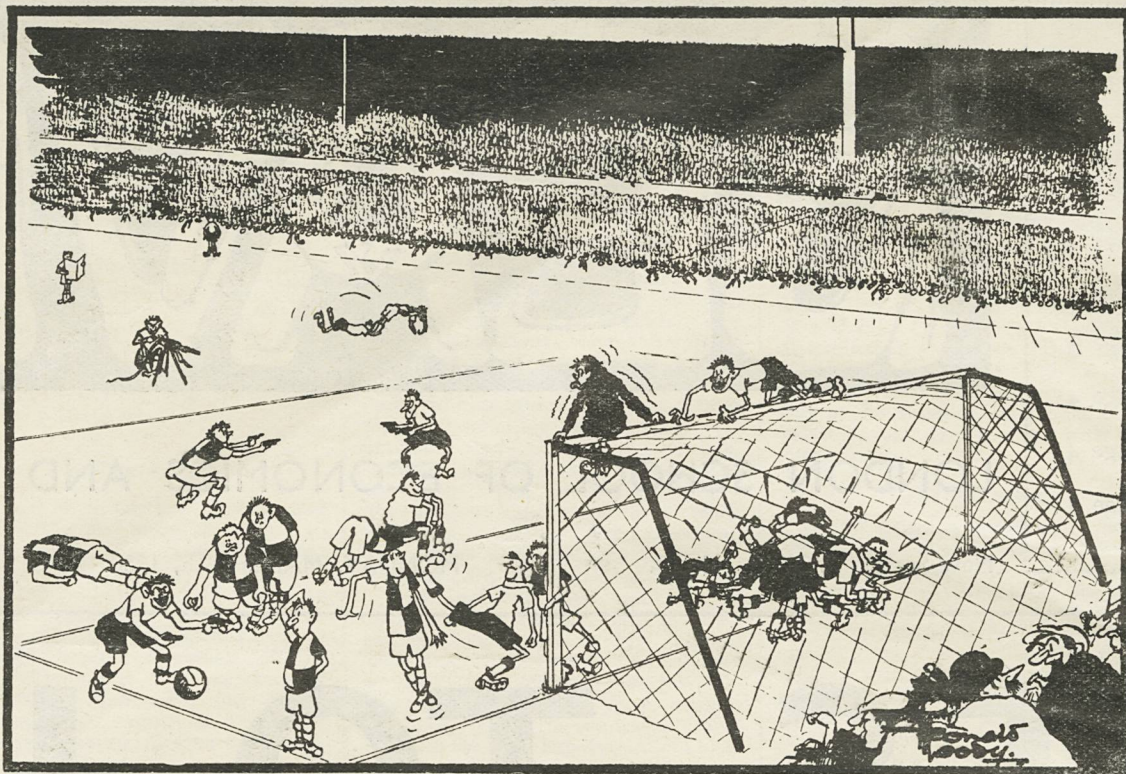
Included in our "Readers' Letters" column is a lament for the passing of the Union meeting. There is a real danger of people preparing so busily for the funeral that they omit to look for a remedy. Mr. Propper puts forward two practical suggestions in his letter which we feel should be given due consideration by the Council. The problem of increasing attendance at these meetings is the most vital of all, since it is intolerable that matters affecting the whole of the Student Body should be decided by some sixty people. Attendance has fallen so consistently that the greatest difficulty is experienced in obtaining a quorum—and this in a University! At a time when the whole country is asked to register its decisions upon the administration of the nation, is it then too much to ask of an educated student body that it should participate in the organisation of its own affairs?

THE EDITOR.

OVERHEARD IN "BEAVER" OFFICE

The General Election is the continuation of British sporting activity by other means.

Either the B.Sc.(Econ.) course should be extended to five years or the life of Parliament reduced to three years. A General Election during a degree course is the inalienable right of every L.S.E. student.



STOP THE FOULING? GARN, THAT'S ARF THE SPORT.

LETTERS**The President writes**

Dear Editor,

It was interesting to note in the article by Elder Statesman in the last issue of "Beaver," that a proper emphasis was put upon the fact that "A Union which rarely attracts roo out of over 2,000 regular students is no Union at all." In the absence of a greater participation in Union affairs by the majority of the student body, the Council can only be a small "mutual admiration society," making decisions on a University, national and international level on the assumption that their necessarily limited views are representative of those of the entire student body.

We are inclined to assume that L.S.E. students are more aware politically than students of other colleges, which may excuse the laxity in Union attendance in the period immediately preceding the General Elections; but it is too easy to find excuses for doing other things on Thursday nights, leaving the business of student affairs to the handful of die-hards who in the absence of more pressing business can always be counted on to show up for the pleasure of baiting the Refectory or Library officers with questions. As a result such important business as whether L.S.E. shall pay its full affiliation fee to U.L.U., express its views on the I.U.S. suspension of contact with the elected leaders of the Yugoslav student movement, indicate its position re the discontinuance of F.E.T. grants and the provision of accommodation for all students or other matters on which the broadcast possible discussion is essential, is decided instead by a half-dozen people on Council because a quorum fails to turn up at Union Meetings.

The Union can be an instrument for effecting the will of the students on all matters affecting them, or it can be an instrument for imposing the opinions of a few on the rest of us. Which it shall be can only be decided by the students themselves. The officers and Council of the Union are not a special kind of student, they merely act on behalf of the students when and as instructed by them. It would seem clear to me that in their own self-interest as well as in fulfilment of their responsibilities as members of the L.S.E. Community, students would see to it that Council's instructions are clear.

Democratic action is not guaranteed by the form of a society; the form only indicates the potential. The members of the society must themselves work to fulfil that potential.

KAY DANIELS,
President.**Propper Remedy**

Sir,

On two Thursdays of this term, Union meetings have had to be cancelled because a quorum of 60 members had not attended. On at least one other Thursday, the meeting lived in fear of constant dissolution at the hands of people who were only too eager to count us out.

I will not occupy your space with a long lamenting account of the seriousness of this situation. Rather would I confine myself to the two remedies that are open to this Union: The first is to reduce the quorum. The second to increase attendance.

Let me, in well-ordained tidiness, deal first with the first of these remedies. A suggestion of this nature

was the subject of a motion before the Union recently. Two comments suggest themselves. There has been no reduction in the number of students at the L.S.E. to warrant a reduction in the quorum. There would therefore be no assurance that in a few weeks' time we shall not again be faced with a demand for a further reduction of the quorum. The prospect then opens up before us, Sir, of you, the Madam President, and myself, sitting in solemn conclave and deliberating the affairs of several thousand students. A meeting of that sort might, without malice, be termed unrepresentative; it would also be worthless.

The Students' Union does not exist in spite of the students. It exists—or succumbs—because of them. It is, need I say it? our means—our only means—of acting collectively as students of this College. It is our only means of making our voices heard with the school authorities as well as the outside world. It is, finally, our only hope of welding this shapeless, uncohesive, chaotic crowd of Babel builders into something approaching an organic body of students, such as is boasted by many Colleges in this country and abroad.

This brings me to my second remedy, increased attendances. Who are the wreckers? There is, I think, no doubt about the answer. The responsibility must lie with the first and second year students of the School. Their indifference to Union affairs is only matched by the maniacal eagerness with which they throw themselves upon their textbooks. No doubt they will pass their examinations. But someone really should tell them that the possession of a striped-trousers mentality is not the only, and perhaps not the best, way of achieving such distinction.

Yours, etc.,
HEINZ PROPPER.**"Beaver" Competition**

Dear "Beaver,"

We know that we state with a definite degree of confidence that the vast majority of your readers will have never heard of our Society.

The Society of Beasts, occasionally known as the Sons of "Beaver," (conveniently abbreviated to S.O.B.) was formed to be beastly in a very English manner at Union meetings and in all affairs where the "student body" (to use the current jargon) tries to make itself prominent. The Society is opposed to the use of lists at Union Council Elections and completely and utterly opposed to any attempt to introduce the insidious game of Rugby League Football into L.S.E.

The membership of the Society is strictly limited and admission is by invitation only—new Beasts are occasionally called to the White Horse to join the Beasts. "The Beast in Me and Other Animals" by James Thurber (Hamish Hamilton—12/6) has been adopted as the Society's handbook and is recommended reading for potential members.

The Society of Beasts is non-constitutional and we need hardly add that in the light of the Students' Union Constitution it is completely Un-constitutional. It is our intention to keep it that way. As a Society growing in size and importance, we need a distinctive tie in order that a Beast may recognise his fellow-Beasts. Here we are handicapped as our members have so far been unable to design a distinctive enough tie (we fully recognise that creative genius and English beastliness do not go hand in hand) and so we are obliged

to appeal to your readers to design the S.O.B. tie. The designer of the accepted pattern will be made an honorary life member.

Before we close, we ought to put on record the offer made by a foreign member of the L.S.E. Soccer Club that we should use the Club colours. Whilst we appreciated the spirit in which the gesture was made, we were obliged to decline the kind offer for very good reason that an Englishman (or a Scotsman for that matter) would rather die than wear a tie of a Club of which he was not a member.

We are, dear "Beaver,"
Yours fraternally,
THE BEASTS.**The Debate Continues**

Dear "Beaver,"

Although it may seem improper for one of the main participants to discuss the matter, I think that Mr. Waghorn's letter about the Labour v. Tory debate in the Union on February 2nd calls for some comment.

In the first place, a statement that "contributions from the floor were little better" means, does it not, that previous criticism refers to the principal speakers? Yet reference to Mr. Bevin's sartorial shortcomings came not from the Tory opposers but from the floor. Again, we on the Tory side restricted ourselves to "far too few aspects" precisely because we considered that the economic crisis was the overriding issue of the election. Subsequent Tory speakers from the floor each dealt with a different aspect of the election—defence, housing, food, etc.—as adequately as the three-minute limit allowed. Above all, I would stress that "Madam President, Mr. X, Ladies and Gentlemen" is not and was not intended to be what Mr. Waghorn rightly called "that witless chestnut: Ladies, gentlemen and Mr. X."

As for L.S.E. debates generally—if our debating standard is low, is the reason further to seek than the fact that we have not had a political debate, apart from the abortive Tito v. Cominform affair, for about 18 months?

Judging from the attendance on February 2nd, more debates would get people to the Union, if started early enough in the evening, and improve our debating.

Yours sincerely,
NEVILLE BEALE.**The Miracle**

My dear Editor,

In fairness to the writer I would point out that the review of the Italian movie *The Miracle* in the previous issue was written by John Lloyd, who has recently joined the "Beaver" staff as a film critic. Owing to the omission of the signature both John H. Smith and myself have been credited with its authorship, as our names appear on page two as film reviewers and because we have regularly contributed on film matters in the past.

May I take the opportunity of stating that the "Beaver" Film Department always welcomes articles and criticisms of films? However I should add that for reasons of space we cannot attempt to review every current production.

Yours faithfully,
P. E. BURKE.**Down with Women**

Sir,

As you are no doubt aware, a series of letters have recently appeared in the National Press, dealing with vital

Marginalia

Most people I spoke with seemed quite pleased with the last issue of "Beaver" and it certainly had more meat than some of the previous ones.

L.S.E. ought to have a good newspaper, there are a lot of people with a lot of talent and it should be remembered that students are an important section of the community whose opinions deserve to be aired.

So we hope that "Beaver" will gain in prestige as time goes on, there is no reason why we should leave the field to "The Times," the "Worker," and "Pi."

Overheard

Some time ago I attended a dance and, during a lull, I overheard one fellow say to another fellow, "Do you think girls go after fellows at L.S.E.?" The second fellow looked at the first fellow and in surprised tones said, "Of course they do." This struck me as a little odd, for my own experiences lead me to believe that the responsibility is not all on one side.

The interesting problem is whether male undergrads have a special predilection for female undergrads. Some learned young gentlemen indignantly repudiate the suggestion, they say "No!" I only want one crank in the family, others talk longingly of the communion of intellects and waggle their fingers at you derisively if you suggest that many clever young ladies, with great knowledge of the social sciences, are not so successful at making places of habitation comfortable. This leads to a long polemic on pressure cookers, vacuum cleaners, refrigerators and patent washing up machines, and ends with sarcastic comments on starting salaries and the exchange of such pleasantries as suppurative somatist, which indicates that they consider me a moribund materialist.

Stats. Problem

Perhaps some specialists in the statistical department would be interested enough to collect some figures on the unions which have taken place between students. They might even discover if sociologists are particularly addicted to chemists, economists to Latin scholars; of course they might receive a shock and find that historians are only happy in the conjugal embraces of insurance agents ("Tea for two and two for Pru, or is it Mu?").

Tame Politicians at L.S.E.

At the time of writing these matters still wait upon the flowering of the immediate future. Despite the significance of the issues facing the electorate, there is not I feel any sense of impending doom, of great events developing with startling rapidity. Even our own tame politicians at L.S.E. seem to be simmering as usual, with little indication of any revolutionary climax developing as a result of hectic meetings behind locked doors. Is this quietude due to the fact that for years now, we have been faced with matters of life and death, and been poised on the brink of many abysses, that we have become cynical and indifferent?

Floater

By the time you read this, you will know that the floating vote is once more at rest and the producer of "Castles in the air" will have been relieved of the worry that has beset him in considering whether he will have to alter the script of the play to cater for the peculiarities of a Conservative, National, Liberal, Unionist Government.

Those Liberals

Anyway should a revolution break forth and the Liberals try to bring off a *coup d'état* and assassinate the union officers, the staff of "Beaver" will be prepared. One sandbag has already been filled. Something about making a point with the Editor, I think the sports writer said.

ESQUIRE.

issue of votes for women. May I take this opportunity of congratulating the "Evening Standard" on its unusually progressive attitude in this matter, and also of advocating the disenfranchisement of women, through your columns, on grounds that are too well known to need re-iteration.

One particular change that I would like to see at L.S.E. is the introduction of an all-male common-room, where we could sit and smoke or talk in peace, with our feet on mantelpiece. I am not, sir, a confirmed misogynist, but I think I speak for most men at L.S.E. when I say that at times one wishes to seek seclusion from the torrential stream of Amazonian femininity that threatens to devour us.

For obvious reasons,
ANONYMOUS.

Controversy

THE PRESS:

"REJECT UNWARRANTED GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE"

THE charge that needs to be answered, in regard to financial control of the Press, is that a few people controlling or owning the Press, can by propaganda and the distortion of news, exert an undue influence on public opinion—an influence unaccompanied by responsibilities to present news fairly.

In April, 1946, the National Union of Journalists passed a resolution urging the appointment of a Commission on the Press to inquire into the "ownership, control and financing of national and provincial newspapers, news agencies and periodicals; influence of financial and advertising interests in the presentation and suppression of news."

These demands were taken up successfully by Labour M.P.s, who persuaded the Government to set up a Royal Commission. Its report has since been published and in it there is no evidence of any individual or group of individuals controlling a dangerously large "monopoly" of the national Press.

people, a very mixed bag, are all to a greater or lesser extent controllers of the Press: G. B. Shaw, Lord Astor, Prof. Cole, Col. Crosthwaite Eyre, Prof. Laski, Brendan Bracken, Prof. Haldane, Jennie Lee, and Lord Beaverbrook.

Some Distortion

Politically, we may be influenced by the Press from all angles and that I think is fundamentally important—anyone should be free to propagate their ideas. And what of the distortion of news? The Royal Commission proved its occurrence; however, such distortion cannot be too great in a country where most people can listen to impartial news over the wireless.

"Unwarrantable Interference"

The British Press for the most part has set itself a high standard and one of its finest acts has been the establishment of "trusts," defined by the "Daily News" as "voluntary agreements of owners to limit their own sovereignty in the public interest."

A distastefully radical reform was suggested to the Royal Commission—that individual or joint-stock ownership be prohibited and papers be owned by government licensed corporations. The Royal Commission stated, "This we reject. To forbid any individual or group of individuals to publish a newspaper would, in our view, be an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the individual and the freedom of the press."

I hope you agree!

DUNCAN VAUGHAN.

Political Bias

Criticism of Press control has come mainly from the Left and has been directed against newspaper owners such as Lords Camrose, Kemsley, Beaverbrook, and Rothermere, whose publications are so often miscalled "the Conservative Press." Indeed, the gibe so often made of Central Office influence on "the Conservative Press," for which there is no evidence, is very much of a boomerang for the Left. The articles of the "Daily Herald" provide that "the political policy of the paper shall be that laid down from time to time by the Conferences of the Labour Party, and its industrial policy that laid down by Conferences of the Trades Union Congress." The only other political party with a daily newspaper attached to its interests is the Communist Party. However, Lord Beaverbrook said of the "Daily Express" before the Royal Commission, "I run the paper purely for the purpose of making propaganda and with no other motive."

Mixed Bag

The inference that the British Press is the tool of a few Conservative press barons is false. The following

LET'S NATIONALISE THE PRESS

THE whole debate over the nationalisation of the Press boils down to one cardinal point. Will nationalisation damage the right of Free Speech which the newspapers of this country have possessed for so long? The question of technical efficiency does not arise in the case of the Press as it does with other industries, since the wartime control of the newspapers in Britain has proved that a State-controlled network is more efficient and less costly than Private Enterprise. Nationalisation wins "hands down," as it has always done, when it is a matter of technical efficiency.

Lack of accuracy

Those who at present control the Press are wholeheartedly in favour of its "Freedom" from any Government interference, but Freedom of the Press as they see it consists of the right to report what they like and to interpret these reports in any way they see fit. With the profit motive as the measuring rod, it is hardly surprising to find that accuracy in interpretation, and often in straightforward reporting, apart from the "Man bites dog" type of story, is the exception rather than the rule. It is regrettably true that at the present time most papers are noted for their permanent bias and deviation from the truth than for their accuracy in reporting. The main reason for this is that the "Press" is made up of dozens of separate newspapers, varying in circulation from a few thousands to several millions. All these papers base their opinions on the political tendencies of the controlling shareholder. This is not unnatural, but while such a state of affairs is allowed to continue, there is little hope of this country developing a Press capable of discharging its basic duty to the community, that is, of presenting an accurate and unbiased report on all the major issues of the day.

Ruthless Combines

Plunging into the modern history of the Press, one is faced by the combine building machinery of the famous, or infamous, Rothermere-Northcliffe-Beaverbrook brotherhood, which exercises complete control over a very large part of the entire newspaper circulation. This control was gained by the ruthless forcing out of those newspaper proprietors whose conceptions of the Freedom of the Press did not coincide with their own. The mighty few who sit on the boards of the newspapers, and it is amazing how frequently the same

names crop up, having eliminated most of the effective competition, decide the policy to be followed by each paper and the area within which it is to be sold. On occasions, they have even been known to dictate the number of copies which each may sell. This stranglehold is even extended to the Associations upon which the newspapers depend to such a large extent for overseas news, since many of them are co-operatively owned by groups of newspaper proprietors who place restrictions on the entry of newcomers.

The whole position of the British Press today can be summarised in a few short words. It is a close monopoly of news, dedicated primarily to the service of its financial interest and using its influence to safeguard this interest.

To Safeguard Democracy

Nationalisation of the Press would only involve taking over a close monopoly and placing its control in the hands of the State, but what would be gained by such a step? Obviously, it would free the Press from its monopolistic outlook and it would also do much to lift the Press from the plane of vulgar sensationalism to a higher intellectual level. Nationalisation would liberate the newspapers from the dictates imposed, directly or indirectly, by the pursuit of advertising revenues, it would make them fit instruments to safeguard democracy and create that so badly needed distinction between news reporting and editorial interpretation.

Mythical Freedom

But what about the "Freedom" of the Press in all this? What if the Government suppress or persecute ideas? A quick glance at European history should convince anyone that dictators were helped into power by a "Free" Press, never stopped.

Society Notes

Apart from the L.S.E. Anarchists who sweep on regardless of the election results (or perhaps because of them), by holding an inaugural meeting next week, most of the other societies seem either to have temporarily suspended their activities, or else, like Dram. Soc. and the Middle East Society, to have exhausted all their energies in one stupendous performance, and to be now resting on their laurels.

This, coupled with the continued reticence of some Society Secretaries, accounts for the somewhat emaciated nature of this column. The only thing that seems to be happening, apart from a Soc.-Soc. film show and

talk on the Colonial question tomorrow, is the Sociology Departments visit to Stevenage next Wednesday. Also, the Conservative Society is holding two lectures on Public Speaking on Fridays, at 4.15 and next Tuesday Lord Hawke will address the Society on "Reform of the House of Lords."

Last week's Middle East Society films were poorly attended, which was a pity since all the films stressed the idea that the building of dams and irrigation works, and the general increase in productivity and the standard of living of the Middle East peoples is slightly more important and more sensible than the continuous squabbles over barren stretches of desert. This an idea which need not necessarily be confined to the Middle East.

L.L.

MUSICALITIES

By far the most interesting event of election night had in fact nothing to do with the election, despite its political associations. It was the first performance in Europe, outside the U.S.S.R., of Prokofiev's latest Symphony, given at the Albert Hall by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. The conductor was Edouard van Beinum.

To write that the first movement, "allegro moderato," was in E flat minor; that the second movement, "largo," was in A flat; and that the third movement, "vivace," was in E flat major, would be quite meaningless. For this work was hardly one which bears the mark of intentional scoring. What most people would call a "proper" symphony, begins as a rule with some noble introduction, before breaking into an ordered schedule of themes. This is the bourgeois symphonic form.

Prokofiev wrote this work in 1945-6 in Russia and it was first performed in 1947. The Symphony begins with sombre crashes of brass and percussion as if the gates of Hell were opening, and indeed this atmosphere prevails throughout the work. Moments of hard-won lyricism afford but a brief respite from the savagery that swiftly returns and sweeps one on with incredible force, leaving one finally, abruptly, as the gates close again behind one.

The exaggerated use of brass and one or two other sound effects were not in the best of taste, but the resulting performance was tremendously alive, colourful and exciting.

P. H. S.

EGO-NOMICS

(With pallid apologies to Paul Jennings.)

Economics
Is the science that seems to flogics
Even the most ardent and prudent student
Hudent
Ertain thoughts of being a powerful business magnate.
But to stagnate
In lectures of Meade's
Neade's
An ability to appreciate the fallacies
In anallacies
Designed
To bligned
The dense;
And as an inevitable consequence
You may spend hours reading Hayek
And Sayek
Specting
To unravel a great truth
Like the such
Sayers, such as Robbins,
Who emphasise the fact that a good Jobbins
Ide industry can't be reckoned
On without at least a good upper-seckoned.
So the only chance for you is to make a thorough perusal of Stigler and Boulding,
Houlding
Tight to precious sanity
Through inanity.
But I still can't make out why anyone should want to study
Anything so bludy
SMARTY.

JOBS FOR THE BOYS

... and girls, too

DO you find yourself wondering if you can really afford that second cup of coffee? Do you see pound signs floating about in front of your eyes? If so, you need a job, and "Beaver," ready as always to deal with any emergency that may arise, is going to help you find one. Our highly trained staff has been making the rounds of the potential labour markets for the long vacation, and this article is the first of a series on this subject of vital interest to all our readers.

Since we are concerned primarily with holiday employment, what could be more fitting for this first discourse than a preview of the opportunities offered by that king of holidays, William Butlin, Esq.

Can you wait?

"Sits. Vac." at the five Butlin Holiday Camps are as varied as they are numerous, and you will have to be a fairly unusual person to find that there isn't a job available to suit your particular temperament or experience. For the female of the species, there are a large number of clerical jobs open, entailing an eight-hour day with good rates of pay. Or if you fancy something of a less routine nature, you can try your hand as a coffee bar assistant or waitress, though some previous experience in this field is necessary. A waitress is on duty during the three meal periods, that is at breakfast, lunch and dinner, but she is free during the intervening hours. Rates of pay in these jobs are well above the minimum laid down by the Catering Wages Act.

... or skate?

For men also, there are some clerical jobs open, but most of the part-time office staff will consist of women, so you had better try something else chaps. How about becoming a skating rink attendant, or a swimming instructor? Then again, you could hang around the boating-pool, though this is not recommended for people who are liable to succumb to sea-sickness.

The length of employment varies during the season, which lasts from about the middle of June to mid-September. The usual period is eight weeks, with six weeks as the minimum, though towards the end of the

season a minimum period of four weeks is allowed.

Work and Play

Students will be expected to pay their own fare to and from the camp, but they will receive free food and accommodation in addition to their wages. The accommodation provided will be of the same standard as that of the full-time employees, and where possible, efforts will be made to ensure that all students are billeted in the same part of the camp. All work will be on the six day week basis, and when off duty students will have exactly the same recreational and amusement facilities as the campers.

Make it soon

If you wish to apply for a job, or want any further information, write to the personnel manager of the camp of your choice, giving full details of your qualifications and any previous experience you may have had. There is just one exception to this. If you wish to take up something in the entertainments line, you should apply direct to the London office in Oxford Street. Copies of the application forms are available at the enquiries desk of the London office for the benefit of those students who lack either the time or the stamps to write to the camps for them.

Finally, if you do decide to apply, make it soon, because although the camps like to have students if they can, it is a case of "first come, first served." You have been warned!

But there is more to it than that. There is no such thing as the "Freedom of the Press" in present-day financial power groups, just reading the newspapers should be enough to convince anyone of that. The newspapers much vaunted "Freedom" is no more than a myth.

Trust Parliament

The real problem is therefore, in whose hands can this "Freedom" be best safeguarded? By nationalising the Press the responsibility would be placed upon Parliament, who could be relied upon to act as trustees of the public interest. We trust Parliament in matters of such vital importance as the declaration of war, surely we can trust them in the far lighter responsibility of running the Press. As for the Press itself, it would at last have the opportunity of showing what it can really do.

PHILIP GARIGUE.

BRIDGE TABLE

New Series

No. 2

The solution of the problem in the last issue depends on preventing a Spade ruff by East. South, therefore takes the 2nd round of Spades with the Queen and leads back its singleton diamond. This is taken by dummy with the Ace and the Queen of Diamonds returned. On this South discards its singleton Club and West cannot now be put in to lead a Spade. Thus only the Ace of Spades, the King of Diamonds and the Ace of Hearts is lost, and the contract is safe.

NORTH

S — QJ
H — 10987
D — KJ
C — K10982

WEST

S — A
H — 6543
D — 109876
C — J43

EAST

S — K10
H — AKQJ
D — AQ
C — AQ765

SOUTH

S — 98765432
H — 2
D — 5432
C — —

W—E are in six Hearts. South leads the two of Spades. How should East play?

DUMMY.

FILM SOC. ACCLAIMS "ALL AMERICAN" SHOW

Members of the L.S.E. Film Society rose to a man in their appreciation (in spite of the 13 breaks) of the silent horse-opera, *The Covered Wagon*. The "All American" programme included the silent *Shoulder Arms* and the applause for the hero, Charlie Chaplin, would have caused the ears of members of the Un-American Committee to turn red.

In quieter mood, last Monday, the audience was moved by the fine acting of the children in the Soviet film, *Lone White Sail*. The programme also contained the now classic scything sequence from Sergei M. Eisenstein's silent, *The General Line*. Opinions of the members seemed to differ as to whether this extract represented the height of silent motion picture technique or merely showed up the need for the sound film.

BE SURE NOT TO MISS THIS YEAR'S A.U. BALL

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9 p.m. - 4 a.m.

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AND HIS TWO BANDS

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PROFILE :

ERNIE DIDN'T WANT HIM

Neville Beale was born at Whitchurch, in Oxfordshire, on the 6th of August, 1925. He went to a Prep. School in Stevenage, and later to Marlborough College, which he left in 1942. Lazy by nature, he managed to do quite well, and passed the G.S.C. and Matriculation examinations at the age of 14, but he failed to gain any similar distinction in the field of athletics. After taking G.S.C., Neville studied modern languages until he volunteered for aircrew duties with the R.A.F. in 1942.

Per Ardua . . .

For the first 14 months of his five years in the Forces, Neville was on deferred service with the Royal Observer Corps in the Watford and Uxbridge area, working both at Headquarters and on the "spotting" sites in the locality. Joining the R.A.F. in November, 1943, Neville found that the aircrew trade for which he had volunteered, that of Radio-Observer, had been abolished, and his eyesight prevented him from taking up any other aircrew jobs. Undaunted by this setback, he proceeded to Staffordshire, where he spent the next four months guarding and servicing mechanical Transport. In April of 1944, however, he remustered to the trade of Meteorologist, and it was in this capacity that Neville landed in France in June, 1944, with the Reconnaissance Wing of the Second Tactical Air Force.

. . . Ad Astra

In the months that followed, Neville travelled with the 2nd T.A.F. through France and Belgium to Holland, from whence he returned to this country in October, 1944, to begin his training as a Meteorological Air Observer. After becoming proficient in this new trade, he was posted in January, 1945, to a Halifax squadron stationed in the Hebrides, to carry out weather and anti-submarine reconnaissance flights. Apart from a short period spent in Northern Ireland, Neville stayed with this squadron until the beginning of 1946, by which time he had flown in 46 sorties. The low temperatures at high altitudes, which had been a feature of almost all of these sorties, resulted in Neville being grounded for four months with fibrositis, and to



add insult to injury, he found on reporting to his new squadron in Lincolnshire, that his medical documents had not arrived, so that he had to work in the Met. Office. The elusive documents never did arrive, and Neville was a penguin until his demobilisation in August, 1947.

Intent on entering the Foreign Service, he sat for, and passed, the qualifying reconstruction examination, but was not accepted by the final interviewing committee. All else having failed, Neville turned to the L.S.E. In April, 1948, he sailed through the entrance examination and came to the School at the beginning of the 1948 Session. Soon after beginning his studies, he joined the Liberal Society and at the annual elections was returned as President. After some serious thought, however, Neville decided that Con. Soc. offered the only true resistance to the assembled forces on the Left, so he quit the Liberal fold, taking care to cause as little disturbance as possible and joined the Conservatives. In the summer of 1949 he became Secretary of Con. Soc., and in the Michaelmas term, Neville was returned as President of the Society. By the time he handed over to Leslie Redgrave, the membership of Con. Soc. had risen from 30 to just under 100.

To his surprise, he succeeded in passing his Inter examination, but he claims that he still doesn't know the meaning of the word "marginal." At the moment, Neville is relaxing, comparatively speaking, but the spectre of Finals in 1951 is beginning to make itself apparent. EX-ERK.



Rugger : L.S.E. 1st XV — 3 pts.
KINGS COLLEGE, LONDON — 14 pts.

Undoubtedly King's deserved their victory of a goal, two tries and a penalty goal to nil, at Malden last Saturday. It was a hefty beefy sort of game, played on ground still heavy from election night rain.

Within a few minutes it was obvious that with the packs evenly matched, the result would be determined by the two sets of backs. A few minutes later it was obvious that the King's centres had the more dash and enterprise and their full-back did not hesitate to join a three-quarter movement.

The first score came after a quarter-of-an-hour, when one of the King's centres took advantage of a defensive lapse and ran right through from the 25. Ten minutes later Beaver made a forceful rush down the left wing and MacSweeney was sent over by the corner flag. Keith Russell found the kick against the strong wind too difficult. The forwards now had the bulk of the play, then, just before the interval, L.S.E. was penalised for obstruction 35 yards from their goal-line and the King's full-back regained the lead with a perfect kick at goal. The score 6-3 at half-time was a very fair reflection of the play.

After the interval Tug Wilson gained a superiority in hooking in the set scrums, however, this was constantly negated by the practice of the Beaver threes, of passing the ball as rapidly as possible along the line, even to the extent of losing ground while their opponents readily took their opportunities and raced for the corner flag. Before long this method had given them a try wide out. Beaver forwards fought vigorously and kept the play well in their opponents' half. Ralph Harvey reached the King's line only to be flung back forcibly by the King's defence. A few moments later an anonymous Beaver had crossed the King's line in the company of half-a-dozen of King's heaviest players—not unnaturally the referee decided for a five yards scrum. L.S.E. had now tired and the last fifteen minutes saw King's dominate the play, L.S.E. being lucky to escape the slaughter which had earlier been inflicted on the Liberals. King's final try between the posts originated by failure to tackle the man with the ball when he was at the 25. The subsequent conversion merely emphasised the L.S.E. defeat.

R. F. U. GENT.

CHEVALIER SINGS AGAIN

LE ROI. Adapted and directed by Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon.

Director of Photography: Robert le Febvre.

A Films de France Presentation at the Rialto Cinema.

IT was the middle thirties which saw the remarkable rise of the quality of the French film, which in the brief space of a few years had established such a high reputation for the industry that French producers seemed to exist on it for the next decade. In those years the French were supreme, were the realist drama and the witty comedy of situations, which as often as not involved cuckolded husbands.

In the latter category a unique service has been rendered to the world of motion pictures by the much filmed play *Le Roi S'Amuse*, a satire on French politics, which rather surprisingly the French seem to find almost as amusing as do the English. Though the current *Le Roi* starring Maurice Chevalier and the 1936 version *Le Roi S'Amuse* have little in common except the same comic opera plot, both are examples of the French cinema at its best—of the French cinema, that is, before it was taken over by the dreamy poets and sordid existentialists of the forties. After a whole host of films like *Les Portes de la Nuit*, *Les Visiteurs du Soir*, *Les Jeux Sont Fais* and *L'Aigle a Deux Tetes* it is refreshing to view these two movies. One gets the feeling that the people who made these delightful satires were more concerned to entertain (a hideous word to the cineasts) than with displaying the innermost putrid corners of unpleasant souls. *Le Roi* therefore comes as a welcome gleam of light breaking through a skyful of oppressive cloud. Now that the Montparnasse cineasts have worked off the neurosis of the Nazi Occupation and French collaboration, and now that the highbrows look to Italy the French industry may once again give us films of the calibre of *Le Roi S'Amuse*. *Le Roi* is a very promising renaissance.

Le Roi—Jean IV of Cerdania or Maurice Chevalier if one prefers it that way—arrives in France for negotiations for a trade treaty. However not unnaturally his interest in commerce wanes when he renews his acquaintance with an old flame, the actress Therese Marnix, now the mistress of the up-and-coming *nouvelle riche* Radical Deputy Bourdier, and it disappears entirely on the discovery of Youyou the attractive young Mme. Bourdier. One's imagination can fill in the details. As is so often the case history is made at night—the King enjoys the hospitality offered by France, the ladies are delighted, the husband awarded a high Cerdanian decoration for his understanding and promoted to the cabinet, Jean IV is converted to the French point of view by the "Voice of France" and the trade treaty receives his signature.

SWIMMING CLUB

Though some people appear to be ignorant of the fact, and a good many others indifferent to it, there is a swimming club at L.S.E. Nor is it merely a group of footling splashers, who like to impregnate themselves with chlorine on occasions. The swimming club of today is a truly progressive society, under the leadership of men who know what they are after and have broad views on mixed-bathing. Any lady or gentleman who feels in need of some healthy exercise to release the accumulation of repressed energy, which grows with every fresh visit to the library, should contact the secretary, Mr. A. O. Collinson, who will be please to reveal all the delights which the club offers.

Suffice it for me to say that there is a subscription of only thirty-six pence per session, to which sixpence must be added if the member should be induced to enter the baths which the club has secured at Finchley Rd. These baths offer almost every facility known in the swimming world, and are situated opposite the underground station at Finchley Rd. The club goes regularly each Wednesday at 6 p.m., and any newcomer who wishes to increase in proficiency will find people fully qualified to assist with the latest techniques of life-saving at their finger-tips. Anybody having had experience as a water polo player will be particularly welcome as the club has a water polo team, which has already distinguished itself by defeating Guy's Hospital by six goals to two, and has every hope of gaining fresh laurels in the forthcoming battles of the inter-college water polo league. So don't forget, fellow Beavers, don't let your swimming slip, come along and have a dip.

FENCING

Fencing Club activities are continuing in the normal way and new members are still being enrolled. Individual instruction is given to all by Monsieur George. At present, the foil is being mastered in true Errol Flynn fashion, and it is hoped that epee and sabre classes will soon be started. A match for four foils has been arranged for February 28th with Acton Technical College, with many more in the offing.

Cineasts with memories of Raimu, Popesco, Gaby Morlay, and the G.O.M. of the French cinema, Victor Francen, tenderly lingering in their minds, will no doubt go to the Rialto anticipating the worst and prepared to make the inevitable comparison. Happily no effective comparison can be made—each has its own purpose and each has its own distinctive merits. Viewed now *Le Roi S'Amuse* the very witty satire of French politics with a setting of the thirties, seems very much a product of that period very heavily date-stamped both by the risqué sort of naughtiness and by the women's figures of the decade, bleached hair, plucked eyebrows and heavy liprouge. *Le Roi* is a musical comedy fit for Chevalier. Though both are extremely enjoyable my personal preference is on the side of Chevalier. The producers of the current version have chosen the turn of century as the setting for the Franco-Cerdanian negotiations—a time when kings could afford time to have love affairs while on state visits abroad without endangering their thrones. Their production gains considerably in authenticity" by this wise decision. Only the delightfully synthetic Cerdanian national anthem of the former film is missing.

The very fine adaptation and direction by Marc-Gilbert Sauvajon brings forth some excellent performances from the new cast. Alfred Adam, labouring under the shadow of the late lamented Raimu, must have had the most unpleasant task of all in the role of the *nouvelle riche* Radical Deputy. It is to the great credit of his fine acting ability that his Bourdier, which is surprisingly successful, is entirely of his own making and not a pale copy of the character created by Raimu. M. Adam is charmingly accompanied by two young actresses Mles. Sophie Desmarets and Annie Ducaux, who seem very much more natural to the delightful roles of Youyou and Therese than did Mles. Morlay and Popesco.

Maurice Chevalier—bowler and military helmet replacing the familiar straw hat—as Jean IV of Cerdania is the kingpin of the film. He is as charming as ever, though perhaps a little plumper, and makes up for any disappointment he may have caused his admirers (and the cinema managers), by his non-vocal appearance in his previous movie *Man About Town* by singing no less than four songs just tailor made for him. The Chevalier in *Le Roi* is the Chevalier of *The Love Parade*. Need I say more? To write on about *Le Roi* after saying that may perhaps seem something of an anti-climax. However it would be less than generous to fail to mention that I have yet to see le Febvre's interior photography and lighting equalled in any French movie or for that matter any current production originating at points east of Culver City.

P. E. BURKE.

"DECADENT" SKI-ING

How can we judge one sport superior to another? Surely, it depends upon four things: (a) the skill required, (b) the physique required, (c) the character-building elements, and (d) the fun afforded.

Lord Montgomery recently called modern ski-ing "decadent," yet in which of the above criteria does the older ski-touring exceed "piste" skiing? Certainly not in skill, for a ski-run can be made just as difficult as one likes; nor in physique, for here again the skier can arrange his day according to his ability. In character-building, too, there is little to choose, for if the old sport is rather more of a "grind," so the new calls for more daring.

The two sports are as different as rowing on a river and rowing in the sea, yet who would call modern river rowing decadent simply because the conditions chosen are those most conducive to gracefulness and speed? Modern "piste" ski-ing is not decadent, as will agree all those thousands of people who have raised the sport to its present peak of popularity. The view expressed by Lord Montgomery was, I believe, a prejudice of the type with which elderly Army officers are traditionally associated.

M. THOMSON.

FRY BY NIGHT

"RING ROUND THE MOON."

At the Globe.
Written by Jean Anouilh; translated by Christopher Fry.

Though it calls itself a "charade with music," *Ring Round the Moon* must, one feels, have some meaning. Trying to peer behind the word-façade of any play at the interior structure of ideas, one can normally unearth pretty well any message that one wishes. But everybody knows, and those who know better than anybody else tell us repeatedly, that the drama of Sartre, Camus and Anouilh is significant, so we continue to sound for hidden layers of meaning. And what does *Ring Round the Moon* yield? Precious little, and even that is a little precious.

The arrogant, rich young man (Paul Scofield) invites the relatively poor young lady (Claire Bloom) up to his castle, where she is supposed to fall in love with his equally rich—but gauche—twin brother (Paul Scofield again) which she does, to the amazement of the audience (anonymously), who had thought that something interesting might happen. Also involved are a fabulously rich merchant (Cecil Trueman), late of the Kharkov tailoring trade; a wheelchair-ridden, swing-jawed Margaret Rutherford, two garrulous ladies and etceteras.

The direction is swift and fascinating; the décor (by Oliver Messel) ingenious and novel; the music (by Richard Addinsell) unimaginative but sufficiently sugared to please most palates; the acting cleverly overdone, excepting the sincere performance of Miss Claire Bloom, and yet . . . satisfaction is somehow incomplete—that little wisp eludes us. What was the point of the play? Perhaps we shall have to content ourselves with reflection that Fry's translation of *L'Invitation au Chateau* into *Ring Round the Moon* implies that there was no point, only inconsequential moonshine. Still, it was rather delightful moonshine.

A. C. B.

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

A 20th Century-Fox picture. Directed by Henry King.

Twelve O'clock High is the latest of the "if it hadn't been for Joe we might have lost the war" pictures. Last year produced Sam Wood's *Command Decision*, which was an illuminating study of U.S. Air Force politics, and it seems likely that Hollywood will give up a considerable proportion of screen time in the near future to a disclosure of the wartime difficulties and emotional crises of misunderstood generals and admirals. But however long the cycle may last, it seems unlikely that it will produce a better film than this.

Mr. Gregory Peck has a penchant for difficult situations: you may remember that in *Gentleman's Agreement*, he discovered how tough it is to be a Jew; here he finds life equally trying as an American general. His performance as Savage, who takes command of a demoralised bomber group at a vital phase in the daylight bombing offensive, and proceeds to restore its efficiency by enforcing a discipline so ruthless and uncompromising that it alienates almost his entire command, is a remarkably good one even for this actor. But the success of the film is largely due, one feels, to Henry King's direction. Mr. King has an eye for telling detail and no time for irrelevancies; the emphasis is never misplaced, and when he does introduce sentiment (I use this for want of a better word) he does it so deftly and naturally that only the stiffest of upper lips dare object. Altogether a satisfying and encouraging film.

J. H. S.

FRENCH WITH TEARS

Never have I seen our rugger players so dejected. After waiting a year to avenge their defeat in Paris last spring, their opponents from Haute Ecole Commerciale have at very short notice cancelled their visit here. Arrangements for their reception had been made and funds had been squeezed out of the A.U. vaults.

All of which is a great pity, because that defeat certainly needed avenging. I recall how the French postponed the game from the second day of our team's stay to the fifth and last—as if any English team would still be fit after four nights in Paris. The match was a dismal brawl and although our team fought hard they were outrun. The trombone leading the French supporters sounded victory all too often, and by the time our players trooped off the field, sweating cognac, the two lonely L.S.E. supporters had lost count of the score.

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