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BEAVER

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

OCTOBER 6th, 1955

THREEPENCE

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27% FAIL PART 1; WHY?



1954 MODEL

Jill was a fresher in '54. This year's model will have difficulty in improving on the design or performance; but we can only hope. In order to find out "Beaver" is offering the prize of one guinea for a suitable photograph of a fresher. The prize will only be given in respect of the photograph printed and the Editor's decision is final.

COMMEMORATION BALL, 1955

"Never before in the history of entertainment has so much been offered to so many for so little."

No—this is not a description of the L.S.E. Film Society's latest epic, but a forecast of the most hardened cynic's comment on the forthcoming Commemoration Ball—assuming that he remembers enough about it!

To those fortunate enough (?) to be in their second or third year nothing more need be said than that

Revels is December 9/10th, at the Festival Hall from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. But to those who have yet to taste the delights of six hours of permanent inebriation, appended below are a few tips on the technique of "Commem. Balling".

1. One's enjoyment rises proportionately with the amount of alcohol consumed. A special Wel-

Notorious slackers pass! Hardworking syllabus stickers fail! Is this desirable? If not, what is the cause of this situation? Is the syllabus too vast, is the exam wrong or are the facilities for studying inadequate?

Just over 27% was the failure rate in Part I this year, as given by the candidates numbering. This raises several vital questions. Should this many fail? Is the exam system wrong? Are the arrangements for studying inadequate? Are these figures accurate?

The figure for this year by no means provides an isolated case. Last year's failure rate calculated by the same means was 25% plus. What is the cause?

Why Mislead?

In all fairness we must say that these figures are no doubt inflated by chronic failures and those who never reach the exam room at all. But surely these additions cannot make so much difference and if people are going to be worried by misleading appearances is it not time the University reconsidered its secretive attitude towards exam results?

Accept Less?

Nevertheless, any figure in this neighbourhood gives cause for deep thought. Should the College take in so many students and weed them out later? Obviously if everybody passed the exam would be pointless but excessive wastage cannot be condoned. It means that each individual student receives less attention in his first two years than would otherwise be available. Secondly, it is extremely unfair to

those who suffer any ill effects. The Thames is very handy.

2. Partners are desirable, preferably male or female—although L.S.E. is well known for its lack of prejudice or discrimination.

3. Those desiring to make their presence felt on this occasion are advised either to pose as a reporter for the *Evening Standard*, let loose nine white rabbits on the dance floor at 1.42 a.m. precisely, or, best of all, not to drink a drop all night.

4. Those sweet young things who are by now protesting that they

throw out students after two years, leaving them with an aborted education and many with no further hope of starting a decent career. It is far better to accept less entrants in the first place.

Low Standard

The system might be defensible if it resulted in a high standard, but it does not. This is bound up with the type of exam and the facilities provided for studying. One student complained that Part I was only a glorified Sixth Form exam whilst the lectures, etc., were on the more general lines expected at a University. This gives rise to the dichotomy that whereas one should read deeply at one's discretion in conjunction with lectures, one is in fact forced into superficial swotting by the nature of the exam. Especially the number of subjects.

Too Many Subjects

Whilst the possibility of taking one referred subject in October has been broached with the School the general feeling is that eight fairly unrelated subjects at one go can only result in low standard. The normal suggestion one encounters is that the exams should be split so that four subjects are taken at the end of the first year.

No Inspiration

Criticisms of the facilities provided for studying range from the

stringent to the resigned. Summarised they give the following perturbing impressions: lectures are often irrelevant to the exam and some, especially in Economics, are too far advanced; classes only benefit the person giving the paper and Tutors are chosen for their academic brilliance rather than their ability to guide students.

Many students complain of being "lost" in L.S.E. and of the staff providing little or no inspiration. Students who do well in Part I often aver that their success is due to shutting themselves up at home and getting down to elementary text books. One stoutly maintained that a correspondence course was far superior to the provisions made by the College.

Grave Doubts

There must necessarily be some very grave doubts, at least among students but the authorities will be very hesitant to review the position after such recent drastic changes. Nevertheless, a bold attitude may be necessary.

Your Chances

An authoritative source states, however, that the proportion of internal students who pass Part I has been increasing over the last three years, so do not despair. It is very easy to slack in the first two years. Don't!

usually takes a term at L.S.E. to break down inhibitions) can take heart that such bourgeois affectations as dancing are indulged—this year to the music of no less than *Nat Temple* and his Orchestra. Would-be debutantes, and those in search of a husband, are advised that the Commem. Ball is universally recognised by all the best people (Social V.P. and Chairman of Ents. Com.) as providing an extremely glamorous background for the display of sundry talents. Wacko!

So far, so good. Right now all

ticket) and you'll be all set to go "slumming" with such people as Bernard Braden, Barbara Kelly, Benny Lee and Pearl Carr, who are just some of the personalities who will be present. Moreover, if you are still shuddering at the thought of 37/6 (it will be a mere flea-bite, anyway, when that girl of yours decides she's going to make a night of it!), you might be interested in the "hire-purchase" terms that Ents. Com. are now offering.

See you on the 9th!

P.S.—The free buffet is superb.

COLLEGE OR MARRIAGE

BUREAU?

"They only come here to find a man." "But don't you find it better to have a few girls around for, er, companions?" I persisted. "Humph!" He pushed his glass further on to the bar. "Companions? Mantraps more likely." A gloomy ordering of another pint interrupted, "Anyway, their places could be put to better use."

I went away pondering the truth of this complaint. Of course this term will produce the usual crop of engagements. I had bumped into one only that morning; one whose growth had been carefully fostered over the past years. I asked her why she took the course. "Oh, I shall be able to discuss D**'s interests with him." I agreed, blankly, only to realise later that she had not known D** when she came here. There was only one thing for it. I borrowed a tie, hid my money and embarked on a first-hand survey.

Slush

Veering sharply away from a girl reading a magazine open at the page entitled "How to make the most of your first date," I found a less carnivorous looking specimen and asked her out for the evening. Did I get away from the "Women's Magazine Mentality?" Did I heck! The film of her choice was "slush," and her conversation was confined to clothes, crooners, College romances and enquiries as to my future career. "What are you

going to do when you graduate?" (Big strong man look.) "Just hitch-hike around a bit . . ." This was greeted with a blank "Oh!" followed by a smiling recovery, "but I am sure you will settle down when the time comes. I certainly want to settle down and have lots and lots of children." Let's face it, I just ducked and ran, murmuring something about going home to feed my seven white mice.

In all fairness I must say that this type of woman, although setting the general pattern, does not always predominate. But the alternative in slacks, a fringe and an intense expression terrified me with such remarks as "Don't you think it wonderful that there are two sexes?"

A more extensive study of the field revealed real cause for alarm. The correct nail varnish was more important than the correct text book. Women apparently expect men to provide the money for dates so that their own money can go on clothes. The ironic touch was provided by the student who explained that he had to relinquish his girl to an outsider for the Commem. Ball as he could not afford a dress suit to go with her finery.

Iron in the Soul

Continuing to sacrifice myself on the altar of knowledge I asked a girl if she would like to sally forth for a drink. I realised later that the

look in her eye as she accepted was due to visions of a cocktail bar complete with handsome, interesting people. Little suspecting, I trundled her down to the local. Here she ignored my hopeful suggestions of a half of bitter and soaked up a week's money in gin. However, this did not diminish her lack of appreciation of the evening, which she did not trouble to correct.

There are a few at the other extreme who have thoroughly assimilated the characteristics of the silver dollar, and are not happy unless they re-enter circulation at least once a week. To these, men are of clay, and they consider it their rightful prerogative to make mugs out of them.

Whipped

Further anguish suffered in the course of duty will be mercifully concealed. The story of the girl who cracked walnuts between her knees in the cinema will not be told. Neither shall I bare my horsewhip scars to the public gaze. Let it be said that replete in the knowledge of a job well done I returned to the bar. There was propped the student who had started the whole thing. I staggered up and clapped him on the back. "You were right about the women. Have a drink?" He looked apologetic and merely stroked his beard. "Not just now, old man . . . I must meet my fiancee."

■ SOPHIA SO GOOD

■ I.U.S. 1955 BY ROLAND FREEMAN

This was expressed specifically in a renewed proposal for a Conference of Co-operation between the two rival student organisations, I.U.S. and the Internal Student Conference. It is doubtful whether such a Conference would do much to help while the character of the two organisations remains so different.

Volte Face

By far the most striking event of the Council was the complete retraction on the Yugoslav issue. Shortly after Yugoslavia left the Cominform, their student movement was expelled from I.U.S. and many of their leaders were arrested in Budapest and Sofia. Following Stalin's death in 1953 and the beginning of overtures to Marshal Tito, the I.U.S. offered to "forget and forgive" the Yugoslavs if they would return to the fold! They had no success. Finally, a few months after the visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Krushchev to Belgrade, and the new understanding revealed between them and Marshal Tito, the I.U.S. Executive report stated that "their decision of 1950 was incorrect". In the face of this record it is extraordinary, even a little humorous, that the report should also blandly assert "we have never agreed, however, with the opinion that we should wait passively for developments in the international situation". Significantly only one member of I.U.S. in the subsequent discussion referred to this "volte face" and no one

queried the reasons on which it was based. It is hard to feel respect for a body which changes its policy so abruptly and with so docile and obedient a reaction among its membership.

The great value of the Council at which we had of course, as non-members, only observer status, was the opportunity of meeting other delegates and arranging direct with them new exchanges of students. The British delegation has agreed to four exchanges with Russia, Czechoslovakia (2) and Roumania, and I completed plans with the Chinese for the visit of their two students to L.S.E. and opened negotiations for a new exchange visit.

New Spirit

Hospitality was on a lavish scale and one cannot praise the facilities afforded us too highly. Nevertheless, it does no service to the ideal of world student unity to conceal the very real differences of outlook and method which exist between us. For the time being it may be wise to pursue a policy of wider practical co-operation in travel and exchanges without raising once again all the contentious issues involved in formal membership. The present attitude of I.U.S. will be seen in better perspective a year or two hence in the light of the practical experience of the new spirit of co-operation and national understanding which was the theme of this year's Council.

BEAVER

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CRISIS!

Unfortunately the editor is indulging in his favourite hobby of leaping from aircraft over unsuspecting continental countries. Consequently this issue has been left in the hands of those two arch incompetents, R. Fox and myself.

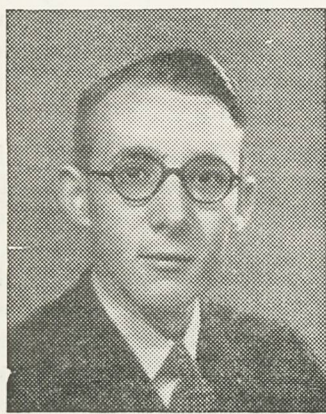
We will first cover ourselves by stating that any resemblance to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental, adding that I have always wanted to head an editorial "Crisis". This occasion no doubt warrants it not only in our eyes, but in those of anybody who is aware of what is likely to be foisted on the credulous public.

We have tried to cover all the most important activities of students and to give freshers some idea of what they are likely to encounter at L.S.E. If we seem to be lacking in reverence let it be clear that it is not because we do not think that reverence is due to some people and institutions but because we think that such an attitude is out of place in a college newspaper. Ours is the art of the distorting mirror hoping that by this means we can persuade people to take a second look at themselves.

If there creeps in here or there a slight tendency to be critical of the College let it be said at once we believe it to be our duty to reflect the attitude of the students in these matters. But at the same time we are more than pleased to be able to print the acknowledgment, which you will find in these pages, of the help and co-operation we have received from the authorities in many spheres of union activity.

A critical, as distinct from carping, approach should be part of a student's make-up. We hope that students will use this faculty in the Students' Union. Dramatic denunciations aimed at the gallery may satisfy the egoist, but the man, or woman, who counts is the one who takes a post in the Union and carries out the improvements. This applies especially to this newspaper. It will be as good as the articles you write.

Union affairs are not controlled by a mystic body nor by a closed group. Your say and your vote are as important as those of anyone else. You will probably learn far more about the subtleties of democratic government at the Thursday Union meetings than you will elsewhere. We would remind freshers that a number of Union posts are reserved for them and that it is never too early for future Council members to start learning the ropes. Remember, this is not a school nor a City office. If you think the college day ends after lectures and reading in the library you are wasting your time at a University. You have the privilege of participating in the life of a University community. Exercise it. It is your Union and this is your newspaper. Both will be *what* you make them. ACTING EDITOR.



Attendance at a Council Meeting of the International Union of Students is a unique experience.

It is quite unlike any other student conference I have seen. There is no series of motions debated and voted upon as in our own National Union; indeed, there is very little real discussion at all.

"Oppression"

After a two-hour speech from the General Secretary, Jiri Pelikan, three days were spent in listening to "interventions" by leaders of the various delegations. Few had any direct relation to student affairs as such. The Ecuadorian discussed political and social conditions in his country, the Greek delegate attacked the armament expenditure in the Greek budget, the North Korean demanded the withdrawal of troops from South Korea, the Indian condemned the "brutal oppression of the people of Goa by the Portuguese Imperialists", while the Japanese spoke of "his people's sufferings during the war".

U.N. ?

Whatever one's views on these matters, they are surely out of place in a student organisation of this kind. But for the similarity of views expressed it could have been another United Nations Assembly. For example, the Russian, Chinese and Eastern European delegates, all of whom made almost identical speeches, on the need for greater co-operation and mutual understanding.

QUOTE NOTES

- "Statistics are like the bikini on a bathing beauty's figure; what they reveal is suggestive, what they conceal is vital." Mr. L. Gamage.
- "Studying Anthropology is like doing an 'Observer' crossword; it's fun to do and you acquire a lot of new words to baffle your friends." Mr. R. Fox.
- "I left the studio clutching my bust to my bosom." Miss S. Livingstone.
- "The difference between an English and continental Sunday is that in France they go to bed in the afternoon, in England they go to sleep." Anon.

CO-SEC.

A report of the 5th International Student Conference which was held in Birmingham this year, and at which 52 national unions from Western Europe, America, Africa and the British Commonwealth took part, will be given at next week's Union meeting.

Our observer to the Conference was Charles Pitt, former A.I.S.E.C. Officer of the Union.

RATIONALE

The newly re-formed L.S.E. Rationalist Society will arouse the envy of many college, and even University organisations, by its good fortune in securing Earl (Bertrand) Russell as its first Honorary President.

Earl Russell, an octogenarian, is one of the worlds most sought after men of learning. With this preliminary boost to their activities the Rationalists intend to go ahead with a militant programme, so their secretary tells us.

NINETEEN IN A BED

Travelling by a battered London Green-Line coach purchased for £250 by the 19 members of the group, we set off from Ostend in the direction of Aachen, where we were due to give our first performance.

Surprisingly enough, we arrived on time, surmounting such hazards as a derelict youth hostel at Louvain, a boiling radiator—eventually cured, but not before we had had our quota of embarrassments in the centres of busy towns—and a savage offensive by swarms of horseflies among the fir forests of Malmedy.

Having set up stage in an attractive little theatre lent by the British Centre, the theatre group of the London School of Economics gave its first performance.

Our next appearance was to take place in Cologne, and how we gloated over the thought of a mere 50-mile journey! Surely this would be pleasantly uneventful. But Josephine, our coach, was now showing canvas on two of her four rear tyres, while her self-starter was steadily developing an actress's temperament. Because of the wetness of the road Josephine developed the somewhat unnerving habit of doing "a back-wheel shuffle," or, in motorists' parlance, a severe tail-wobble.

The newspaper reports of our first performance were encouraging, notwithstanding the fact that one of the players was unable to perform owing to an attack of glandular fever and a local substitute had to be brought in who suffered from such an attack of stagefright that most of his lines were inaudible.

And so to Freiberg through the Black Forest. Right in the middle of the forest the coach let us down and we were obliged to sleep the

night—all 19 of us—in one communal bed in the married quarters of a *Naturfreundhaus*. But our spirits were not dampened when we reached Freiberg. There we gave two performances, the best of the whole series to judge from the audiences' response. And on the next day we embarked for Paris.

Josephine never completely recovered. She just managed to crawl back to Ostend with an eccentric gearbox, and is now spending the evening of her life recuperating in a London car park.

JOHN CLEMENTS.

RAGTIME BLUES

"Ours is the Responsibility to be Irresponsible"

Last October the Director sent everybody a letter, warning no rags or else! The contents of the first few opened became known; the rest of the buff envelopes were left in the racks to be cleared by some underling. But it worked. Students realised that a City such as London could not tolerate being reduced to disorder at their whim.

I say disorder. When the University went to work on the previous

November 5th, it was the nearest to a riot the police have had to cope with for generations.

Harmless Fun

All too few outsiders realised that this carefully organised chaos was not a rag. It was a protest at the manner in which, by a process of chicanery and bluff, the police prevented the holding of the traditional fairly harmless celebration. It was in fact a last defiant gesture, but it does not alter the fact that anything on a University scale is out.

What then is a rag? What then can the authorities tolerate or treat with the "blind eye"? The first thing is that rags should be conducted with a sense of humour, tact, and discretion. Above all, no damage should be done. Last year, it seems a small party from L.S.E. returned a visit paid by Northampton Engineering College, retrieved Beaver and carried off not only the resident mascot but several others the "Tech" had collected. No damage was done. Is this the

model for a rag? A further visit by N.E.C. certainly was not. This involved a mass attack and breaking down a door. With no result, one may add.

Will L.S.E. return to the older, wittier form of ragging or brave the authorities' wrath and the contempt of the public? There seems little choice.

Nevertheless, let us not forget the Delphic Oracle as conveyed by Professor Oakeshott—"Moderation in all things, especially in moderation".

Envoi

The above was written before the recent letter from the Director on this subject was sent out. I believe most students would have found a large measure of agreement with the opinions expressed, but what the reaction will be to this latest move is hard to say. To me it appears an unfortunate approach, but then I am indoctrinated with old-fashioned ideas of British justice, freedom and tradition. K.C.P.

Charity Browns Column

Dear Charity Brown,

Last term my tutor became very friendly. One afternoon in his study I let him hold my hand. Did I do wrong?

Yours, etc.

FRECKLES, Sociology.

Can't you remember, dear?

Dear Charity Brown,

My mother has bought a washing machine. I am worried as to whether I should use it for my undies or continue to give them that hand cared for appearance. Could you advise me on this?

CLOTHES CONSCIOUS, Ealing.

This will depend upon the circle in which you move. I suggest a straight talk with your boy-friend.

Dear Charity Brown,

A boy at college has been particularly attentive to me lately and has now asked me to his flat for

coffee. As I know he has spent rather a lot on our dates, I would like to take along a small gift or contribution, appropriate to the occasion. If this is the right thing to do, could you suggest something suitable?

DIMPLES, Law Dept.
Handcuffs or a Police Whistle?

Dear Charity Brown,

I am twenty-three and unmarried and all my friends tell me I am attractive. I have a vivacious personality and get on well with people, but somehow I cannot find a nice boy to whom I can give myself wholly and with whom I can share my life. Can you help me?

ANXIOUS ARTS STUDENT.

You do not make it at all clear whether are are a man or a woman. If the former, look out! If the latter, try chlorophyll.

GERTIE IN GONDOLAND

BY GERTRUDE WEISROSE

Among other phrases (including "no—please, no!" and "But really I must go home now"), I find that one of the most essential for a young girl in Venice for the first time is "Kindly help me to shove this bl**dy gondola to the British Consulate!"

That discovery was made about ten minutes after we'd arrived, when my "friend" and the gondolier trotted off to find our digs, leaving me abandoned on the gondola at the mercy of the mid-day sun, without water. Small boys grinned from the bridge above; big boys leered. No one had come back after half an hour and I was wondering why, amongst all the other warnings we'd received, none

had mentioned the white slave trade.

Our room turned up eventually: large, airy, and charming—they'd even perfumed it with the Venetian's own speciality (Canal No. 5) and filled it with mosquitoes and ants—those charming little beasties that get into literally everything.

Then there was our first real spaghetti—that Italian delicacy that winds round upon your fork and up your arm, then slithers down your throat and round your uvula, while the tomato sauce is busy blinding your eyes and freckling your face.

As for the dances—there one has to learn how to cope with Italians in striped suits, pointed toes, greasy hair and in great need of Amplex. You blithely try out your Italian—brightly say "si, si", to things you should never have said "si, si",

and find out your mistake almost too late—so you console yourself by calling them dirty rotten **!!

As for the gondolas—I believe there's a world famous legend which says that nothing is as romantic as a gondola ride through Venice at night. All that happens is a gondolier who doesn't stop talking to your escort in a language you can't understand, as he steers you through all the narrowest, dirtiest, smelliest canals—and then—just when he's stopped for a few moments . . . out of the blackness pops a photographer with a flash and you realise that if the police see it you'll get a week's gaol—so you yell at him—the gondola sways precariously, the gondolier shouts some more—and above you someone decides to throw some dishwater into the canal!

Then my friend's adventures—her boy-friend's name blazoned across the Venice Sky-line; her bikini that didn't fit and the people who kept teaching her to swim; her adventures on top of a mountain when pursued by an ardent Italian, she skipping nimbly in and out of goatherd's huts screaming "my financé . . . my financé".

Suddenly, one morning it was all over. We turned our faces and their painfully acquired tan northwards to Paris, and bade a nostalgic ariverderci to all the hotels, museums, glass-works, and palazzos along our route, saving a special ariverderci for the dear old British Consulate.

THRO' A GLASS DARKLY

ROBIN FOX

A certain national temperance society recently organised an undergraduate essay competition on the vices of drink. The two first prizes, I am delighted to record, were awarded to students of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge respectively.

If I seem to announce this with a measure of cynical delight let it not be thought that I imply any disrespect towards our two older provincial Universities; they do, after all, have their pyjama parties

Clerihew, at his best, wrote: "After dinner, Erasmus, Told Colet he was 'blas'mous', Which Colet, with some heat, Challenged him to repeat."

The Etruscans, Alduous Huxley informs us, called the God of Wine "Fufunk". I challenge Alduous Huxley, Colet, or even Ken Pearmain to pronounce that after an L.S.E. bar night. The Etruscans surely had to carry their wine remarkably well to be certain of avoiding impiety. But they were a great civilisation.

Probably no more sophisticated gesture has been institutionalised by our civilization than the greeting of a barman. There is dignity and urbanity in the familiar sound of "Evening Sir", that lifts bone from the sordidity of Houghton Street to the realms of clubs, of long Nash windows and Adams fireplaces, of quiet armchairs and silent waiters . . . Not that L.S.E. bar at its wildest provides any of these, but Charlie's greeting and quick-fire humour are a tonic that many work-weary (or just weary) students can look forward to with

the best of London's club society. (Don't forget the gambit, "Oh yes, I belong to the Three Tuns Club, you know, two minutes from Drury Lane, etc., etc., etc.)

In a suburb of Geneva, on payment of a small sum, a document can be obtained which, if shown to the police when one is in a state of intoxication, will ensure a safe return to one's residence. We have not achieved, in this country, such an enlightened outlook, even as a tourist attraction, but our backwardness in this should deter no one from risking the hazards of an L.S.E. bar night. Strategically placed at the end of the week, they act as an adequate alcoholic safety valve to seven days' frustration. The magistrate may not accept this as an explanation, but cells, so they tell me, are very comfortable . . .

I cannot help feeling that the arch-poet of all imbibers committed an unpardonable error in choosing to drink his wine in the wilderness with a solitary (if interesting) companion. Drinking has always been a communal affair, whether savage orgy, religious ecstasy or civilized escapism. Bar nights (and even occasional lunchtimes) have a flavour of the pre-literate about them: an age of reason needs its periodic injections of savage madness.

Remember the Bar as your second home. As the Persians sing in memory of their greatest poet, "Omar, I miss your apple cider,"—let us hear you roar your approval of the condemnation of the honest girl's seducer, or the conduct of the keeper of the Edystone lighthouse, and remember, on rainy days you can always take your cue from Old Noah, "I don't care where the water goes if it doesn't get into the wine."

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MAPS AND IMAGINATION

During the middle of September ten members of the L.S.E. Y.H.A. group were unravelling some of the mysteries of the Roman civilisation in Britain by following Hadrian's Wall from Newcastle to Twice Brewed Inn near Housesteads Fort.

They then headed south-west to start the second part of the tour in the Lake District. On the way to Alston, two laggards furtively "hitched" a lorry whose driver turned out to be the warden of the hostel where the group was due to stay.

Using imagination and a map produced by a private enterprise firm, the party made some extremely interesting ascents of some of the peaks. Skiddaw (the Lake District's Box Hill in terms of accessibility) was climbed by scrambling up scree and then up a spur to Grey Crag. Conistone Old Man had a cloud base at 2,000 feet and a gale at 2,600 feet. Nevertheless, three students in search of a footpath climbed to the top of the mountain, where the view and the track proved to be non-existent. A compass course through rock-outcrop and bog brought the group miraculously down to Wrynose Pass. This experience led finally to a strong desire to use reliable tracks, and the viaduct over the Kent estuary provided a fitting climax to the tour as the group walked along the railway lines,

L'AUTO EST MOBILE

The forthcoming session marks the third year in the life of the L.S.E. Motor Club. Created and fostered by a small band of fanatical enthusiasts, it has continued to attract a growing membership made up of people who look upon their vehicles as more than merely a means of transport.

Even more important has been the membership made up of people who possess neither a car nor a motorcycle, but merely a great deal of enthusiasm. So no fresher should be deterred from joining by lack of mechanisation.

The programme for the Michaelmas term is still being formulated, but at this very moment two Committee members are fiendishly racking their brains to devise methods of making people chase all over Essex in a Guy Fawkes Rally. Other projected events include a visit to the factory of A.C. Cars at Emerbrook in Surrey, a programme

DIVIDED WE STAND

by A.U. President Lionel Simons

The question has often been asked of me why the Athletic Union should be a separate body from the Students' Union.

People point out that in other colleges the sporting activities of the students are organised within the framework of the S.U., and at times even our own Students' Union does not fully appreciate the significance of this "division of labour".

The S.U. is essentially a body that attends to the general welfare of students. It is the centre of administration of student affairs and caters for those aspects of student life which the various societies cannot fulfil. The link between the S.U. and societies, where such a link exists, is mainly one of finance. Its purpose is to provide many things that societies cannot.

However, the problem of organising sporting activities is quite different. Here the A.U. is dealing merely with one aspect of student life—sport. It serves to co-ordinate

the activities of nearly 30 different sporting clubs. It attends to the problems concerned with the use and upkeep of the sports ground at Malden. The sporting facilities at the college come under A.U. control; we allocate their use and deal with improvements and additions. Equipment for all the clubs passes through our hands. In fact, the A.U. may be likened to a central pool of resources that must be allocated to the many different clubs. The A.U. cannot exist without its clubs, the clubs cannot exist without the A.U.

Herein lies the reason why the two unions should follow their own paths. The one exists to fulfil what individual societies cannot provide. The other exists in order that its clubs may function at their best and to create further interest in the sporting aspect of student life.

Sheets in the Wind

by Halyard

Five members of the Sailing Club ferried a yacht from Falmouth over to Ireland and thus left the Club's two Fireflies undamaged and prepared for another session's sailing on the Welsh Harp reservoir.

After ensuring a winter's employment for the Guinness brewery in Dublin, the crew managed to get back to Falmouth, where two berths were secured on a yacht sailing in the Gibraltar Race; next-of-kin and creditors have been informed.

This year the Club will be regularly sailing the Fireflies and will also do some sailing in larger craft. A week-end's sailing has been arranged for October 14th to 16th at Maldon, Essex, on a sixteen-berth cutter. In the Easter vacation, the Club will pay another visit to the Norfolk Broads and take advantage of out of season charter rates. The Club welcomes new members provided they can swim well and the Bursar, Mr. Alan Rose, will be very pleased to receive subscriptions.

(continued from previous column) dodging trains and then slipping down on to the sands to avoid the station-master at Arnside. IAN MCCREERY.

Water Babies Welcome

The Boat Club weathered the academic storms of last term and has survived almost intact to brave the hazards of the coming session. Only one of our members fell before the dreadful onslaught of the examiners, and then only because of his high principles—

the thought of some unimaginatively orthodox examiner rudely handling his delicate knowledge of statistics was so repugnant to him that instead he spent the morning perambulating on the Thames Embankment. The rest got through by sheer will-power alone—for obviously they, too, could not compromise their integrity by revealing just how gentle was their grasp of their subjects.

Old and New

The result is that we now have the bulk of the members of last year's eights to form the nucleus for this year's rowing; and it does not seem unreasonable to expect that the club should be able to boat four or five eights this term, for I understand that quite a large number of freshmen will be joining the club.

This is going to involve very complicated arrangements to teach them all how to row, but we managed that last year when about forty freshers descended upon us, so I expect we will muddle through again.

Debauched Freshmen?

The Boat Club greets all those fortunate newcomers to the L.S.E. and congratulates them on their luck in being presented with the opportunity of a life-time. Not only are they on the threshold of academic acclaim, not only may they enter on a life more debauched, more impecunious, and more wasteful of time than ever before, but in addition, theirs also is the opportunity to join the most distinguished fraternity in the School, and consequently the whole university—theirs is the chance to join the L.S.E. Boat Club. (You lucky people!) Brethren! We will take you, we will teach you, all the cunning of our art, all the love of the river; and more—we will show you all the pubs of Chiswick and the opium dens of Mortlake, and even (Oh Clophos! Oh Jupiter!) the Royal Botanic Gardens of Kew and the Gasworks of Brentford. Gentlemen, the choice is yours, we have rolled back the shutters of the Boat-house, we have rolled out the Red Carpet, and retired to the Boat-house bar.

Join us, and we will drink your health with the inaugural beers that you buy us. We can do no more than this—until our grants come through and we are able to return the compliment with traditional Boat Club courtesy. DENNIS BIZERAY.

LE SPORT

Huntin', shootin' and fishin'. In the L.S.E. this usually consists of hunting for women, shooting a line and fishing for money.

Dear fresher, you too can have a lot of fun but do not forget the body beautiful. That is where the A.U. comes in. If you are a woman it will be headed by the whole of the boat club.

If you are feeling out of condition the A.U. is just the thing to revive that zest for life. If you are a woman, improvement of your running is assured.

We attempt to cater for all sports enthusiasts. I will not try to enumerate all the clubs, but if you have a new game we are prepared to consider providing facilities.

Throw off the shackles of decadence, leap into a new life!! Jump from your bed in the morning and grasp all your opportunities for physical exercise. Think of it. Healthy endeavour, fresh air and a—ah, er, good night everybody.

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