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

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MAY 23rd, 1957

THREEPENCE

# FURTHER ACCUSATIONS ON COLLEGE AUTHORITIES

## Restrictions on Free Speech?

Oh what frustration. Has the time gone when students are no longer free to meet under the shadows of their own College walls? The latest frustrated moves by students to organise outside gatherings must surely be a culmination of a growing feeling against rules and regulations. Students are now forbidden to meet in numbers within the College and they are also refused permission to do so outside. Where are they to go? On Friday, 10th May, an orderly outside meeting was arranged for Lincoln's Inn Fields, a place where speakers have held forth for 250 years. What happened? The police, after three hours discussion on the subject, decided in the interests of law and order, that the students should not proceed. Still determined, the organizers moved to a cul-de-sac nearer L.S.E. The same thing happened. The last straw was the episode in Houghton Street. Not only was any sort of meeting forbidden, but the police even claimed that the College authorities had given them permission to prohibit any speaking from the College windows.



**DOOMED TO FAILURE**

The situation cannot get much worse. On the one hand we are expected to appreciate the men who work in the interests of law and order, while on the other there seems to be no appreciation of the students' point of view, and students are merely considered as a necessary evil—not even to be tolerated. Some arrangement has to be found where students can "speak", not in violation of the law and in opposition to those who carry it out, but under the law and with their co-operation. At the moment, the laws and regulations seem to give the students little room. Instead of this there must be mutual appreciation of the problem and out of this a solution smacking of understanding and co-operation. Students have an obligation to make sure that the laws which they are bound to abide by, are just, and not merely an efficient damper and a means of keeping students quiet.

## PEKING COMES TO CHARLIE'S BAR

Continuing our tradition of friendly contacts between students from the Republic of China and L.S.E., Union were hosts on Tuesday, 14th May, to a part of the Youth Delegation at present visiting England. Our guests were the General Secretary of the All-China Students' Union, and a very attractive damsel who is an Associate Professor of Music, accompanied by their interpreter.

A cup of Mrs. Ellis's tea was provided to fortify them for the long tour of Britain, and Mr. Woldge led a tour of the catacombs beneath the library. The interpreter remarked that many cases of pilfering had occurred from such libraries during her years in a university in the Kuomintang era—the subject of study room

stocks was not broached. Our Chinese visitors got lost amongst the shelves, and it is believed that one or two may still be entombed near the Government reports.

Many students gathered in the Three Tuns to talk to our guests at 5.30, and Charlie's trade had an off-peak boost. Invitations were extended to them to visit W.A.S.U., and also a Friday night social, both of which will be accepted if time permits. Questions centred mainly around freedom of thought in China, and the replies were encouraging. When we in turn were asked what we thought about China, Mr. Maddox retailed a lengthy anecdote, the gist of which, although partially obscured by attempts to procure documentary evidence of the tale, was that the strong Socialist traditions of L.S.E. endeared it to the Chinese people. It was also agreed that as yet there were far too few contacts between our two peoples.

The overall impression was that the Youth Delegation, as with all its predecessors, had come with a genuine and sincere desire to learn about our institutions, foibles and follies, and that the greeting expressed by our visitors and ourselves were equally motivated by a genuine and sincere spirit of friendship.

It is to be hoped that such contacts with Chinese, and other students, will become more numerous in the future.

D. JONES.

**BEST OF LUCK!**  
to all readers suffering from examination fever, but don't let it stop you reading your BEAVER.

**BEAUTY PARLOUR**

**No. 3 — EWA WYSLOUCH**

Our third customer in the "Beaver" Beauty Parlour is an interesting personality in more than one way alone. Besides being quite a wow to look at, Miss Wyslouch has had an interesting and varied existence. Born in Poland, she escaped to this country during the Russian seizure of Warsaw. Anyone interested in her exciting biography should contact her for an appointment. Studying for her Social Science Certificate, Miss Wyslouch will be going into Business Management on completion of her course this summer.

## The Wild One

This first London showing of Laszlo Benedek's film, as expected, created tremendous interest in the college. Long queues for guest tickets appeared on the Monday night, while there was also a packed house for the Tuesday showing. Over a thousand saw the two shows.

In view of the fact that the Film Society distributed excellent notes on the film and that it would be difficult to improve on them, it is hardly worth elaborating on the film itself. As a dramatic piece, most found it enthralling, though a few found it terribly slow. The direction and acting were generally thought to be of a high class, and the use of music skilful.

Of course everyone was interested in seeing why the film had been banned, and one presumed it was because the essence of the story was unmotivated malice which would entice impressionable and weak-minded people to violence. But then, how many films don't depict sex and violence in some degree? Where, indeed, do we draw the line?

In the supporting programme was a Norman McLaren "mathematical" cartoon — "Rythmetic" — which sounds ridiculous when described, but seen, was a most intriguing business.

The initiative of the Film Society has again shown that it must be one of the best of its kind in the country. Bernstein & Co. have had a good year.

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# CONFIDENTIALLY . . .

by **Satiricus**

Throughout the year this column has attempted to be a topical, witty, Way-of-the-World sort of contribution to what has been described as a "straight-laced" publication. From the fact that "Beaver" takes a week to print, and by dint of the multifarious insults that the pseudonymous writer picks up in Refectory queues, this intent has not always been entirely successful.

I have, in this twilight of the year's volume, decided not to abandon attempts at topicality, despite dismal failures in the past, and to again rely on what feeble wit can be summoned up. In the light of this manifesto may I recall the delightful words in April of a Mr. Weaver at the Annual Association of Schoolmasters' Conference, who said: "After the miscellaneous collection of morons, nit-wits, careerists, comedians, and inconsequential nonentities who have graced or disgraced the Ministry of Education for the last 30 years, it is at least a pleasure to salute a man—nay a Daniel—in the new Minister of Education, Lord Hailsham." This indeed is good news for State Scholars who

are hoping that the Minister is conscious of the meteoric rise in fees for the coming session. Incidentally, why aren't the Libertarians doing something about this? Herman could, at the very least, threaten to blow up the Registrar's Office.

### No Lather

It was a pity the soap-box oratory was such an egregious flop. Still, the workers across the way enjoyed hurling insults inter alia at the would-be demagogues. When the crowd moved to Houghton Street there was quite an amusing scene when a certain gent mounted some planks. The dialogue went something like this:—

Gent: "Ladies and Gentlemen . . ."

Friend in Crowd: "'Ere comes the Law."

Gent: "I'm off."

### Appalling Hovel for Sale

You will no doubt be surprised to hear that my favourite page of "The Observer" is the property page. Not all of it, but just that part which resides under the name of E. H. Brooks & Sons. Brooks makes "Oddly Enough" look like "The Times" leader. He tries to

sell houses, but realising that no one believes a word of what an Estate Agent says, he goes about the job by being completely frank and completely fascinating. I've no doubt he revels in dingy tenements beneath the shadow of Transport House. As examples I draw from this week's offering: "This undesirable property . . ." "3 best bedrms & a 4th for the Dwarf . . ." "Let us be Realistic: many of our more fertile readers cannot afford the mortgage repayments unless there is a decent modern primary school at hand". I hope I have whetted your appetites for this unusual sales talk. I, for one, know who to see when I have the wherewithal to rise above my station and desire to breathe the genteel air.

### "The Daily Beaver"

In view of this silly rumour that "Beaver" and "The Daily Herald" are going to merge, I put the matter to the Editor here. He is a reticent sort of chap and the reply was as non-committal as expected. However, he did say that arrangements had been made for the "Beaver" business staff to give the "Herald" a help out during its difficult period.

## SPOTLIGHT ON THE STAFF

Everyone wonders why "Beaver" is published; some even get as far as wondering how it is published. This particularly applies to those who produce the thing, and for them it is one of the delights of life that from a tangled mass of papers, photos, and nerves, eventually, magically, there on the requisite Thursday morn, is the newspaper.

All that then remains is to try to sell the thing, but that in itself requires yet another miracle. David Laidler, the sales manager, is the man responsible for this particular act of prayer and penitence.

However, the production side is the more compelling story. A fortnight before "Beaver" is due to appear, mysterious notes sneak into unsuspecting pigeon-holes warning the Staff that they are wanted to attend a preliminary meeting, at which the rough policy is conceived. David Lee—news editor—summons his sleuths (all one of 'em) and they proceed to hunt news, or, if necessary, invent it. Thus the period of gestation begins. Daddy of the enterprise is, of course, John Stevenson, the editor. "Beaver" indeed he regards as one of his children, and this explains why he takes such a fatherly interest in the staff.

As deadline day approaches the Business Managers, Tes Foster and Jim Silver, are hard at it trying to persuade people to advertise in "Beaver" (a near-impossible task). The latter is, of course, one jump ahead of all agents in this respect. When an advertiser complained that we were advertising Christmas Books in January, he assured them that it was essential to start early before others entered the field.

This is the period of labour, and chaos reigns supreme in the "Beaver" office. The commanding voice of Stevenson rises above the mighty roar of molten typewriters, issuing a flow of curses such as one normally only hears during a seminar. Ted Simpson, as Associate Editor, is doing battle with that confounded machine that keeps jumping. Is there one in the Union that doesn't? However,

Maureen Brodie is around to give the place a semblance of efficiency, and her speedy typing in part makes the creation of the newspaper understandable.

Of course, "Beaver" has a sports page, produced by that man from the hills, Dave Watkins. If there were more Welshmen like him then people could have no doubts as to the idiocy of home rule for Wales.

Cynics may laugh when "Beaver" suggests that it is in any way cultural. However, how could it be otherwise: we have an Art Editor. He is Mike Heppner . . . Actually Mike is a very hard worker and has a particular talent for artistic layout.



The "Boys" in a more optimistic mood.

Gathered together on a wet Friday afternoon, reading from left to right: David Lee, news hound; David Watkins, sports man; Tes Foster, money man; Michael Heppner, artistic type. Bottom row, sitting smugly, left to right: David (Chips) Laidler, Houghton Street journalist; "Daddy" Stevenson; Ted Simpson, Assistant Daddy; and Michael Silver, also money man and master of persuasive technique on advertisers.

## BEAVER

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS

HOUGHTON STREET  
ALDWYCH - LONDON - W.C.2

Vol. V No. 9

Editor: JOHN STEVENSON

Associate Editor: EDWARD SIMPSON  
News Editor: DAVID LEE  
Art Editor: MICHAEL HEPPNER  
Sports Editor: DAVID WATKINS  
Business Managers: TERENCE FOSTER,  
MICHAEL SILVER

Staff:  
David Laidler, Michael Kusmirak,  
Maureen Brodie

## FRUSTRATED ORATORS

There seems to be some dissatisfaction amongst the oratorical members of L.S.E. in their abortive attempts at self-expression during recent months. At the end of last term the highly publicised "March on South Africa House" was rendered impotent by swift reactions of the police, who acted upon strict instructions to dispel the meeting.

Now, in the past fortnight a similar incident happened on our own ground, as page one will tell you. The question now arises, have the College authorities put a

secret memorandum upon the instruction booklets of our obedient Bobbies stationed around the Clare Market, allowing them to break up and interfere generally with the harmless meetings of our ardent speakers? People with vivid imaginations might possibly portray L.S.E. as the 1984 of 1957. What with tutors reporting on our political activities, and now having the police curtail our precious free speech . . . where will all this lead to? However, fear ye not, our new and Glorious Leader, Winston Bruce, will break this chain of oppression, and lead us into our hate chant against Big Brother, that is if they still will allow him to remain standing on his ale barrel in Hyde Park on quiet Sunday afternoons . . .

## New Pastures

Getting away from College matters for one brief page, we have devoted the whole of page three to the question of emigration as a means to better living.

The ever-growing queues outside Canada House show the extent to

which the general feeling of "let's-find-a-new-life" is spreading. It is evident that the Government is becoming slightly hot around the collar at the sight of so many of its technicians, scientists, economists and professional classes as a whole gradually drifting from its shores, but what incentives will it offer to make them stay?

## POST BAG

### "Think Donkey, Think!"

Dear Sir,

Is it possible that "Non-Believer" of the last issue of "Beaver" is a Non-Thinker as well?

I find nothing incredible in the fact that there were students of the L.S.E. who wish to foster an interest in a Christian campaign. For the L.S.E. is what it is today simply because students here have taken an active interest in what they believe, instead of, like so many people in this country today, sitting on their backsides doing sweet F.A. . . .

If "Non-Believer" had taken the trouble to do a little thinking about Christianity, he would have realised, whatever his conclusions as to its truth, that it consists of far more than "a system of morals, drawn up nearly two thousand years ago", which have no meaning in the second half of the 20th century.

Sincerely hoping that "Non-Believer" will now at least think before he replies.

I am,

Yours faithfully,  
JOHN GOSS.

After many ounces of blubber have been shed, "Beaver" goes off to the operating theatre and is left in the hands of the printers. Apart from occasional gaffes, this usually means partial relief for the staff. They pace up and down the narrows of Houghton St. and hope. Thursday comes, "Beaver" is successfully delivered, and Stevenson drinks light ale with the staff. They look into each others' eyes and whisper: "Our last-born".

Dear Sir,

As Christians we were glad to read (from the letter "Atheist Attack" in the last issue) that L.S.E. can still express a need to be aware of the problems of this world. But what a pity that this attitude had to be linked with an anti-Christian viewpoint.

For, contrary to the general opinion in L.S.E., Christianity has been, is, and will be one of the driving forces in any movement to tackle the problems of this world.

However, though Christianity does provide a system of morals and culture which has formed the basis of Western Civilisation, and is still relevant today, we feel that the writer of the letter has completely missed the boat in his conception of Christianity. Its primary concern is man's personal relationship with God, both in this world and in the next. With this force behind us, we Christians know that religion cannot "die a quiet, natural death".

Even though your correspondent himself feels that there is nothing to offer in Christianity, we would like to point out that interest in Christianity is shown in the universities today by many who are not actually committed Christians. Therefore, for the benefit of their enquiries, and for our own, we feel that we were justified in holding our "Any Questions on Christianity" campaign last term.

Yours faithfully,

"BELIEVERS."



# GRADUATION and EMIGRATION?

Without wishing to denigrate the opportunities which Britain offers graduates, it must be noted that many prospective graduates of this and other Universities are looking away from Britain for their future lives. The general attitude seems to be that though Britain is far from stagnant, the potentialities of a prosperous career and happy life seem obviously to be greater in a younger country which is expanding and has scope for almost unlimited expansion. It was in this frame of mind that "Beaver" approached the Publicity Departments of the High Commissioners for Canada, Australia and New Zealand as being popular "immigration" countries, and invited them to supply articles describing what their countries offer to graduates, particularly social science graduates. We had a fleeting suspicion of what would happen—and it did. The Editor was besieged by reams of material about Canada and Australia, in the form of pamphlets, maps, books and treatises, all in glorious technicolour. So persuasive is this material, that the whole of the "Beaver" staff have become "emigration-minded".

We are disappointed at not being able to print articles by "natives", and that the New Zealand authorities have not been forthcoming. However, our staff have prepared résumés of the fascinating material received about Canada and Australia.

## CANADA

Non-government sources estimate that Canada must have a population of 30 million by 1975 (present population 16 million) to meet responsibilities of defence and to fill a framework of government four times too large for the country. Present government policy appears to be based on the assumption that Canada will need a population of 25 million by 1975, to be achieved by natural increase at an annual rate of 18 per thousand, supplemented by not less than 125,000 immigrants per year.

Economists point out that the Canadian standard of living can be improved only by an immigration policy that will quickly raise the country's total population. The arguments that immigrants increase competition for jobs is countered by the fact that jobs are created in filling the need of immigrants' families for farm products, manufactured goods, housing and all consumer goods and services.

What can the graduate expect to earn when he arrives? Obviously a great deal depends on the locality and the profession involved, but graduates in most circumstances can expect to start somewhere around the national average for wages and salaries of \$62 per week or \$3,624 per year. A word of warning: there is provincial legislation in regards to practising the professions and intending immigrants must make absolutely sure where they stand on this score.

The single person is more able to get over the initial settling down period, but for married couples prospects are nevertheless favourable. Building programmes are ex-

panding; Canada since the war constructing more houses per head of population than any other country. Social security has been inaugurated on a large scale and education is free up to university level. If you are prepared to "rough it" for a while then the expanding industries in the northern regions would appear to offer opportunities on an unparalleled scale for all. New communities are appearing overnight, communities which require more than skilled technicians as they expand to assure permanence and stability.

Fuller information is available from the Department for Citizenship and Immigration, 61, Green St., W.1. It should be pointed out that regulations for British immigrants are practically non-existent and providing you are medically fit there is nothing to stop anyone from going.

Canada is a new country and it needs new people—those who have the courage to take the initiative will be amply rewarded, for without doubt the latter half of the twentieth century will belong to that richly-endowed land.

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PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA

In 1927, the Federal Houses of Parliament were opened at Canberra, in Australian Capital Territory. The national capital, which is about one hundred and forty-five miles south-west of Sydney, has a population of over 28,000 people, a large proportion of whom, naturally, are members of the Civil Service or overseas diplomatic and trade representatives.

(Photo. Australian News and Information Bureau)

## AUSTRALIA

The most striking thing that one notices on perusal of material intended to tempt possible immigrants is that Australia is really desperate to do just this. She particularly wants British migrants. In fact, the Australian Government hope to maintain a proportion of a half British of all immigrants.

The seriousness of their aims is demonstrated by the existence of a Minister for Immigration and a very positive attitude to the question.

The objectives at the inception of the immigration programme remain constant. These are: firstly, the need to acquire quickly the skills and sinews of more people who are willing to join unreservedly with Australians in working together to build a new, strong nation. Secondly, the need to speed development of material production so that Australians shall enjoy within the lifetimes of living adults the fruits and progress that otherwise would take twice as long. Finally—and most important of all—to strengthen the nation's security, which means, in effect, building up numbers.

Australia began the absorption of her second million migrants under infinitely more favourable circumstances than she enjoyed at the beginning of the first million. The immigration machinery is efficient and well organised overseas and in Australia. The £10 assisted passage for British migrants has attracted over a quarter of a million Britains. About the same number have paid their own full fares.

It is generally agreed that immigration has been largely responsible for the dramatic post-war

increase in Australia's manufacturing industries. It is in this field that there is tremendous room for immigrants, especially skilled workers and administrators. Where industry and commerce are expanding there is obviously scope for the economist, for example.

An important consideration is the developing scheme of sponsoring by employers. One can leave these

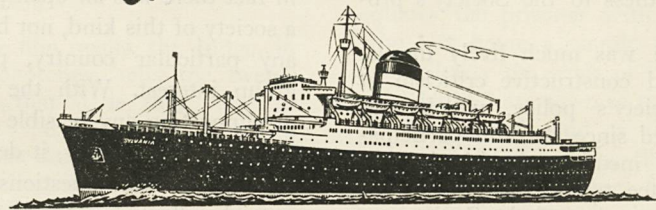
students  
seek  
chances  
overseas

shores with the comforting knowledge that a good job awaits you on arrival. Earnings vary, of course, tremendously, but, even allowing for the high cost of living, compare very favourably with what one could expect in England. Taxation is almost laughable compared with British rates. A single man, for instance, pays only £376 on £2,000. In some circumstances visiting executives and technicians are exempted for a period as long as two years, which is helpful to the man who is not anxious to commit himself fully.

The standard of living is among the world's highest: a very high proportion of families have motor cars: most families own their own homes or are buying them. However, housing the immigrants she so desperately wants is a big problem, but is being tackled energetically and with some success. A comprehensive system of social services is in existence.

Newcomers will find in Australia that it is not only a country which offers a prosperous material life, but also that they are easily absorbed and welcomed by Australians. In his capacity of Minister of Immigration, Mr. Holt said: "Immigration—in addition to being good sense—is good business for Australia". It is this philosophy of enlightened self-interest which makes Australia seem the ideal place for those who wish for happiness abroad.

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from June 17th).



# HERMAN'S HYPERBOLE

L.S.E.'s Libertarian Society, whose leader, Herman Bruce, hit the front page of "Sennet" a short while ago, issued its own "Newsletter and Hyperbole" on April 28th. Its main content is a report of the Hyde Park meeting held on that day when (to quote) "the masses, so long fed on the degenerate diet of the present diet of the lies ranted by the connivors of the present social system, were at last to hear the TRUTH". It tells how Herman mounted an Ale-barrel "to be long preserved in the Libertarian archives as a silent witness to the soul-stirring events which it witnessed on Glorious Sunday".

The Libertarians claim that the crowd which gathered was not "drawn by the possibility that the barrel might yet contain a portion of its original noble contents". Rather it was the oratory of Mr. Bruce which, according to the "Newsletter", left Dr. Donald Soper without an audience.

In a letter to the Editor of "Sennet", Herman attacks the paper for misreporting this meeting, and misrepresenting his views. We hope this is not because "Sennet" (to quote again) "is an hireling of the hated oppressors who strive so blackheartedly to prevent any public expression of the mighty TRUTH".

## "All Lies"

Herman apparently thinks so. In an exclusive "Beaver" interview he said: "I suspect 'Sennet' of anti-anarchism. It must be under strong control by the forces of law and order".

Interviewing him is like meeting a hair-dryer in full blast. We asked him about the report of his meeting on April 28th. "The 'Sennet' story was all lies, the Libertarians have for some time been having meetings in Hyde Park. Why don't you come along?"

He then alleged that the photograph on the front page of the issue of "Sennet" in which the report in question appeared was not of himself, but of a Mr. J. P. Barrington, who, according to Herman, is Editor of a publication called "The University Libertarian".

## REEL PROGRESS

The Annual General Meeting of the Film Society was held recently and proved to be a lively and extremely well attended meeting underlining the popularity of the Society. The Chairman, Michael Bernstein, pointed to the increased membership together with new developments in film presentations, lectures and discussions, which bore witness to the Society's progress.

There was much lively discussion and constructive criticism of the Society's policy, which was welcomed since the full participation of members is felt by the Committee to be the key to the smooth running of the Society.

The Film Unit is now completing its third and most ambitious production and may look forward to a bright future. Allan Ward was elected as Chairman for the coming year. The meeting was altogether very successful and animated, showing the very great interest taken in the Society by its members. It is to be regretted that the A.G.M.'s of some of the other cultural societies have not revealed a similar keen and active trend.

## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENT

For Sale: 1956 Hermes Motor Scooter: 200-240 m.p.g. Cruising speed 35 m.p.h. Only £70: easy terms available. Apply: Editor.

## Exaggeration?

Obviously, either little Herman is telling tarradiddles in order to satisfy a perverted sense of humour or else "Sennet" is engaging in some form of journalistic malpractice.

The leader of the Libertarians

claims that there is a great deal of "serious political thought" behind their activities. "People have a wrong idea of anarchism," he says, "We are the counter attack on Government. We are not fighting the battle to win it, but to fight it." That is why on "Glorious Sunday" they joined a Trade Union May Day Parade, singing "Lloyd George knew my father, my father knew Karl Marx", whilst as they went they distributed Premium Bond prospectuses.

As for the "Sennet" story, is Herman exaggerating a little piece of misreporting? Is the Libertarian bulletin less of a "Newsletter" and more of a "Hyperbole"?

## YOM HA'ATZMAOT

Last term in this space on the News Page we featured an article by a member of the Africa Society to pay tribute to the coming to independence of Ghana. Today, we pay tribute to the independence celebrations of a small and controversial nation whose people and friends are equally enthusiastic by giving an account of the Israeli Independence Celebrations of L.S.E.'s Jewish Society.

On Tuesday, 30th April, L.S.E. Jewish Society celebrated Yom Ha'atzmaot (the ninth Israeli Independence Day) by acting as hosts to representatives of many countries and several London Colleges, at a function combining serious reflection and lively entertainment. The celebrations started in the afternoon with films in the

Old Theatre, having as their theme Israel's struggle against heavy odds and her great development and achievements in her short life.

The evening's programme began with a résumé of the Jewish people by Jack Kenton, the Chairman, interspersed with readings from the Bible and other original sources, by members of the Society. In this sketch of the wanderings of the people of Israel, it was shown that scattered as they were, the Jews still kept the memory of their homeland fresh in their hearts, ready for the time when the Divine Promise would be fulfilled and the exiles would be gathered in from the four corners of the earth.

The declaration of the State of Israel was read in Hebrew and English, after which Gershon Avner, Counsellor of the Israeli Embassy, related how the State came into being and the story of the nine years since its inception.

## Away with Conservatism!

by John Goss

... and in case readers have a fit I mean it with a small "c" (for L.S.E. without Conservatives would worry me nearly as much as L.S.E. without Communists—I would wonder where they were hiding and what they were cooking up next!). For some time I have had a suspicion that L.S.E. is becoming staid, "respectable," and just too, too nice for words.

I hope every worthy member of the college considers that it should be different from every other institution. It should strive to be unique.

The thoughts and arguments of its students should be completely their own and (especially in the case of political issues) not hashed up from men often two generations back towards the grave. I venture to support my contention by pointing out that the best debates which we have had since I have been here have been those on the Refectory Boycott, and on the Suez Crisis—the former because it was our own special problem, and the latter because the issue took us by surprise and we voiced our own thoughts before reading and hearing the various party lines.

The Union, which I consider to be the centre of L.S.E. life, is reeking of conservatism; does it have to be so? Is it because it has a large and usually efficient bureaucracy?

The answer is "NO" to both questions. Union can live and thrive, if those who believe in it are a little more adventurous, a little more heated over what they believe in, and above all, continually trying to shake off any set practices which begin to get us in a groove.

Lest readers should think I am merely throwing stones, may I suggest open-air hustings, which would in my opinion prove to be a more accurate measure of a candidate's ability than facing a riot in the Old Theatre!

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## UNITED EUROPE

A steadily increasing number of new members, as well as its establishment as one of the most attractive societies in L.S.E. justifies the considerable trouble we have had in reconstructing the old Free Europe Society into the European Society.

Europe was the only continent not represented at our College, and in fact there was an open place for a society of this kind, not bound to any particular country, party or group interest. With the purpose of supporting any feasible ways to final European Unity, it deals with highly political questions which strongly affect our day-to-day life.

But, not only in the field of high politics does the question of integration arise. The dangerous situation of European civilisation demands a complete re-thinking of our present, and the spiritual integration of what is considered worth while carrying on. It is the answer we have to find to what Toynbee called "the double provocation of our civilisation". We have to begin in the smallest communities—this college is one of them. Although the European Society is open to people with all kinds of ideologies it excludes the extreme ideas, and regards itself as a necessary supplement of the well-known political movements of the middle.

WOLFGANG JESSERICH.

## Plastered in Paris

by John Orrock

the cheese he had at dinner had not agreed with him. The cheese had such a startling effect on Dave that he could not take part in the football match the following day.

Sunday evening was spent in a cinema watching a French film of a somewhat fruity variety. Half the party were hard put in holding off an Apache-type woman from Pete Strutt, whom she seemed to have taken a fancy to, whilst the other half had to spend their time holding Wally Barnes down. After the film show, some of the team found themselves rather thirsty, whilst others with more fleshy desires went night clubbing. Fred Smith kept up the good work by rolling in (quite literally) at 5.30 a.m., but just didn't see the joke when he found his roommates had locked him out.

## Helpful Hostesses

Monday night was the grand finale. First to the Folies-Bergeres, after which even Brian Ward had to admit that Rita Cadillac had something that Peaches Page at the Finsbury Park Empire just seems to lack. After the Folies-Bergeres it was night clubbing in the Place Pigalle for some of the more high spirited of the team. The hostesses

The trees along the boulevards were just blossoming into their spring loveliness when the 13 stalwarts of L.S.E.'s football club arrived for their annual fixture with the French team, H.E.C.

On the flight to France, Pete Howarth came to the fore as chief entertainer: his imitation of a chameleon was really something, his complexion matching perfectly the delicate off-green of the upholstery.

Three members of the team crawling up the six flights of stairs at the hotel at 3.30 the following morning could have assured you that the first evening in Paris had been well spent. Yet strangely enough, their good humour had vanished after a night's sleep, as the young woman who phoned their room at 8.30 to tell them that breakfast was ready no doubt gathered from the tone of the answer received.

## Cheesed Off

In the evening, the team were entertained by their hosts, H.E.C. After dinner, which went very well, both teams retired to a nearby café, where, after his fourteenth or fifteenth cognac, Dave Thom found

were most helpful and the lads were getting really excited when the young ladies told them they wanted to "buvez" with them, until Fred Smith, the master mind, told them it only meant "drink".

On the journey back several of the party were intent on outdoing Pete Howarth in the chameleon stakes, but three members of the team had been unable to tear themselves away from Paris and stayed on; the rest arrived back in London just in time for the end of the term, which was rather convenient, and all were agreed that the trip had been well worth while.

By the way, we lost that match 2-1!

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# THE HAPPY DECEPTION

## Successful Home Product

That this breeding ground of manifestos and polemics should give birth to any sort of cultural offering is surprising, but that it produced in the shape of a light opera a work both pleasurable and musically mellifluous, is little short of miraculous.

"The Happy Deception", an opera comique in one act, presented by the Music Society, is the work of an all-L.S.E. team, and is unusual in that no less than three composers, Professor Alan Peacock, Geoffrey Stern and Norma McLeod, collaborated with the librettist, Raymond Chapman, to produce this appetising pot-pourri of ballad-style numbers, linked by dialogue.

Based on Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer", the action of the opera involves a simple deception whereby a country house is mistaken for an Inn, and the various occupants become involved in romances which are complicated by mistaken identities. Within this frame the cast disported with exuberance, resplendent in really well-chosen costumes, and aided always by a libretto which was geared exactly to the timbre of the production, being always facile and occasionally brilliant.

With a work of this nature it is impossible to speak generally of the whole, as it was probably conceived and certainly appeared as an agglomeration rather than an entity. Thus one must pick out those morsels of particular appeal.

The music displayed a bewildering diversity of style and melody, ranging from the serene beauty of Miss McLeod's "When I was a simple lass" to the sprightly and amusing "Bookworm's Solo" of Mr. Stern. While other numbers such as the final "Drinking Chorus" were suitably boisterous, giving the ample chorus a chance to show their paces, too many were mere "crambe repetita" out of character with the action and often dispirited.

The orchestra unfortunately provided the main demerit of this production. In spite of some first class individual instrumentalists (Mesdames McLeod and Baker impressed with cello and flute respectively), they were ragged and inaccurate too frequently for a production of this class. Hearing painful noises from the wind section, one could not resist the thought that the courageous conductor, Mr. Stern, should have been armed with a weapon more lethal than a baton.

The outstanding singer was Patricia Ellis as Aspasia, a warm-voiced contralto, whose only solo was deservedly acclaimed and repeated. Elizabeth Ash, a pretty soprano, lacked the stage-sense possessed so abundantly by Messrs. Davis and Bernstein, borrowed from the Dramatic Society. Though vocally mediocre, these two provided a highlight of the evening with a hilarious dance which drew appreciative noises from the gallery.

Of the three main men singers, Eric Ashton was the best, having a pleasant voice particularly in the low register. Michael Sabel managed his songs competently, while Mal Crawford produced a not unpleasant sound in the manner of speech of classical heroes "ab imo pectore" or even lower.

Shirley Griffiths produced and directed the opera, seriously depleting the population of the Law

Study Room in so doing. While her enthusiasm and ability in management and in co-operation with the highly efficient back-stage crew resulted in a smooth-running production, her presence among the cast was badly missed.

Despite its inevitable shortcomings, "The Happy Deception" should be regarded in the spirit in which it was written and performed, that is, carefree enthusiasm, and as such it provided an enjoyable diversion. D.S.M.

## Films:

# Amici per la Pelle

Occasionally it is the lesser known and unheralded foreign picture which outstrips many of its more long awaited and prematurely hailed companion pieces. The current double feature programme at the Academy Cinema is a particularly good example of this. There the big attraction, "The Lost Continent"—the brilliance of which had been mooted for many months—is completely overshadowed by its supporting feature, "Amici per la Pelle" (Friends for Life), a picture which is undoubtedly one of the very best ever to come out of Italy.

"Amici per la Pelle" is a film of complete charm and sincerity, and tells the story of the friendship of two thirteen-year-old schoolboys—Mario and Franco—whose first clash, due to the fact that Franco the new boy has been given Mario's desk in his absence due to illness, is in fact the prelude to a deep friendship.

Mario, cheerful and popular, comes from a happy, bustling family; whilst Franco, sensitive and shy, lives with his diplomat father in hotels and still feels deeply the loss of his mother, despite his father's obvious love for him. These two boys, of completely different character and background, are drawn together, and it is the story of their friendship, and its final complete strengthening, that forms the basis of the picture.

Detailed analysis of direction, camera work and acting, is superfluous in the consideration of such a complete delight of a film. Let it be sufficient to say that Franco Rossi has directed with a wonderfully firm yet delicate hand (and to him indeed must be accredited the final triumph of the picture); the film flows smoothly with not one scene out of key with its development. Here there are no tricky artificial camera angles, the smooth camera work underlies, not dominates the action, as does Nino Rota's wholly charming musical score. As for the acting, it is impeccable throughout, headed by the quite wonderful performances of the two boys. Of them, Jeronimo Maynier as Mario is the more

memorable. Here is a performance which is surely the best of its type ever seen on the screen.

Despite the relatively sad ending, and certain wistful notes, it is essentially a happy film. Indeed, one of its main delights is that it is an Italian picture of childhood which, although realistic, is untainted by scenes of degradation and poverty, set as it is in the comfortable middle class world of fine schools and delightful homes.

As a study of childhood, of schoolboys' lives and habits, their affections and unconscious cruelty, their joys and sorrows, a complete study from all angles, "Amici per la Pelle" is a moving, charming and utterly delightful piece of scenecraft. It is a film which I personally will enjoy seeing many times and I do urge you not to miss it.

As for the titular head of the programme—"The Lost Continent" (a record of an Italian expedition to Bali, Borneo and Java)—despite individual scenes of ferocious excitement, many of rich and moving beauty in fine colour, this film suffers from triple disadvantages—a superfluity of running time, disjointed continuity, and, worst of all, an abysmal American Commentary which does its best to sabotage the whole thing. My final advice is—see the complete programme, but make "Amici per la Pelle" the main object of your visit.

MICHAEL BERNSTEIN.

# CECILE

**As the main item in a double bill of greatly contrasting plays, Emanuel de Kadt produced for the Dramatic Society Jean Anouilh's recent work, "Cecile, or School for Fathers", this being its English première.**

Totally dissimilar from what one usually expects from the author, "Cecile" is a light, frothy and rather inconsequential early 18th century frolic devoted entirely to the amorous philanderings of four characters, which become confused by the simplest of subterfuges. Yet despite the absence of subject matter, the play is redeemed by lines of sparkling wit and a touch of the ridiculous, reminiscent of the comedies of Molière.

The cast chosen to perform this far from easy work were necessarily subjected, by the simplicity of the plot, to the closest scrutiny, which soon revealed a mixture of wheat and chaff in almost equal measures.

Peggy Owen and Michael Bernstein brought to their roles the polish of performers who have long since mastered the rudimentary facets of stage-craft, and who are thus enabled to devote their thoughts to the interpretation of "petites nuances" rather than more elementary considerations. This is a play of rapier-quick badinage, with verbal thrust met by lightning riposte, and entering into this spirit with so much more than their voices, this pair delighted with performances whose assurance was matched only by their ability.

This column begins, after nearly three years, to run out of words to describe Mr. Bernstein. He is always just a little larger than life, and by good fortune, his character and that of M. Arlas, his role in the play, coincided perfectly. The result was a fitting climax to his acting career in this college. Opposite him, Peggy Owen played an Araminthe of subtly intermingled modesty and frankness. Whether the tips of her fingers or her entirety were being sought, depending on which was her admirer for the moment, she responded with just the right combination of

"Come hither!" and "No, No!" to sustain interest in the rather frivolous affairs.

Though this production doubtless proved a good "bleeding" for Judith Fairston and Murray Smith, it is a little unfortunate that their first stage appearance should be in the company of such highly proficient actors, and in a play which, as mentioned previously, has nothing to divert one from the stark realities of the performers' capabilities. With this background, it will be understood why these two were not impressive.

While Judith, playing the title role, has a pleasant voice which she uses well, her knowledge of deportment and lack of experience generally let her down. One could not miss the abounding enthusiasm of Murray, which almost took the place of what are usually considered to be more essential attributes. Curiously enough, his voice production, which is often one of the last acquired abilities, was good. With more experience, they will both doubtless prove an asset to the Society.

Michael Davis must have a special niche reserved for him. So successfully has he graduated from villain to comic, that his services were requested for a very different production reported elsewhere. Playing a doddering old man complete with ear trumpet and a brace of hirelings of incomparable gaucherie, he blundered about the stage to great effect, and his hiding behind an orange tree (itself a thing of wonder which Nature would promptly disown) brought some of the most sustained laughter of the evening.

Praise must go to the producer, Emanuel de Kadt, who did his best to ensure a success even before the curtain rose. He saw that the countless incidentals which go to make up a theatrical production, such as settings, lighting, costumes, and make-up were faultlessly executed by the persons concerned, and, most important of all, his players were well drilled.

A producer's skill is an art which conceals an art—Mr. de Kadt knew his job. D.S.M.

# TWELVE ANGRY MEN

**My trips to the cinema perhaps number half a dozen per year but if the Hollywood quota contain more films of the calibre of "Twelve Angry Men" I can see the Treasury taking a large slice of my meagre grant in the form of entertainment tax. I am quite sure this film will be one of the most outstanding of the year and I find it an extreme difficulty to fault it on any point.**

Reginald Rose, who wrote the story and co-directed with Henry Fonda, who in turn played the lead, must get much of the credit for the way in which intense in-

terest was sustained throughout, chiefly through brilliant use of the camera, when save for a couple of minutes at the beginning and the end, the entire action is played out in one room.

As the film opens, the Judge, in tired monotones, tells the twelve jurymen that it is their duty to consider the case and reach a unanimous decision of either guilty or not guilty; if there is any reasonable doubt then a verdict of not guilty must be returned. The jury file into the room which, with the thunderstorm threatening, is like an oven. But they won't have to stay there long—the kid obviously knifed his old man, the women across the L track saw him do it—what do you expect from these slum hoodlums—why he's been up on a couple of knife charges before—and the old man downstairs heard him threaten his father—come on, let's take a vote now, the ball-game starts at 7.30 . . . I declare the vote to be eleven guilty and one not guilty . . . there always has to be one guy whose different, do you honestly think he's innocent—I don't know, I just want to talk about it.

Henry Fonda, who plays the part of the architect who takes his duty seriously and considers a man's life to be worthy of some

discussion, has you almost praying for him as he battles against seemingly conclusive evidence, racial and social intolerance, ignorance and stupidity, and above all, a man who equates the prisoner with his son who left home a couple of years ago. Slowly the seeds of "reasonable doubt" are sown in the minds of the jurymen and as this process is carried out the film takes on an interesting aspect from the sociological point of view. The naturalised American from Central Europe; the man who has bettered himself after a slum upbringing; the honest American working man and the aged jurymen are all shown in the most favourable light. Opposed to these you have the flashy, loud-mouthed, baseball loving, unthinking American; the calm, self-satisfied businessman; the guy who hates foreigners and people from the slums; and the man who drove his son away from home because he wanted him to be tough—all these are the men who refuse to see the truth and are content to let prejudice blind them.

In conclusion, do watch for the last sequence of shots as the twelve men are leaving the building: this part is particularly well done and finally sets the seal on a film which will surely find a place amongst the best ten for 1957. T.F.

## Leonard Lyle

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# CRICKET CLUB START WELL

L.S.E. 1st XI opened their season with an away victory over Imperial College. Having lost the toss, L.S.E. were put in to bat on a wicket that left much to be desired and were dismissed for only 52 runs. When Imperial reached 39 for 2 the position looked hopeless, but fine bowling by Jowett, 7 for 30, and Mellor, 3 for 5, clinched the game for L.S.E. and the opponents were all out for 51.

## Good Win

In their second match L.S.E. won the toss and elected to bat on a firm wicket against Croydon Municipal Officers. The opening pair, Barlow and Hopkins, found runs difficult to get, but nevertheless scored 47 before Hopkins was out for 33; shortly afterwards Barlow followed. After this the scoring rate fell and wickets collapsed at regular intervals due mainly to mistakes on the part of the batsmen rather than to good bowling. Greenwood held the middle of the innings together, making 26 very valuable runs. The innings ended with a hard hitting knock of 39 by Jowett, enabling L.S.E. to declare at tea with 151 on the board.

On the resumption, Mellor surprised everyone by opening with a slow left hander, Asher. The wisdom of this move was shown when in the second over Asher completely deceived the Croydon opening bat and had him LBW. He followed up this success by obtaining another wicket in his third over. Craton, our pace merchant, bowling at the other end, obtained a valuable wicket in his opening spell. When Hopkins and Sagar replaced the opening pair it appeared that L.S.E. had broken through the Croydon innings, but however suffered a set back, Asher had to leave the field owing to a nose injury. Sagar, however, rose to the occasion, bowling excellently to obtain 3 for 17. Meanwhile Mellor replaced Hopkins, and bowled with little luck. But Croydon fought back, and by 7.15, with 2 wickets still to fall, a draw seemed imminent. As a last resort, Sagar was replaced by Beaumont, who in an erratic but effective spell, managed to get rid of the last 2 batsmen with minutes to spare, and L.S.E. won by 59 runs.

## Beddington's Folly

Our next match was against South Beddington, who rather surprisingly had the courage to put L.S.E. in to bat. At tea L.S.E. had proved the folly of this move by having 201 runs on the board for the loss of only 5 wickets. Barlow and Hopkin opened the batting, and when Hopkin was out for 24, the score was 60-1. Mellor and Beaumont rattled the score along for half an hour, in which they scored 70 runs, 58 and 23 respectively, and after Woodham and Greenwood had also scored freely, the innings was declared. The innings of Barlow,

who fell, only 4 short of his half century, must be put down as the finest innings of the season. The visitors were soon upset by an impressive spell of pace bowling by Williams. Slow left arm Asher took two valuable wickets, and Williams, recalled for a second spell, polished off the innings for 83, his final analysis being 6-2.

## First Defeat

The following day, Greenwood skipped the side but was unfortunate in having very few bowlers at his disposal. L.S.E. were beaten, after scoring 169-7, by 5 wickets. Addington, the opponents, we must add, had all the luck that was going, and thus we suffered our first defeat of the season.

We must express our thanks for the keenness and ability of our freshers, Barlow, Beaumont, Craton, Weakley, Jowett, Harris and Ishmael, who have consistently tried their best, giving nothing away, especially when facing the odds. Old stagers, Hopkin, Greenwood, Asher, Sagar and Woodham, who together with Williams have helped to knit the team into a potential Cup winning combination, have also proved their worth.

## 2nd XI

Our 2nd XI, which is so often forgotten, has also proved itself to be a side capable of taking on several good London clubs, and we appreciate the keenness of its members.

We must also pay tribute to the captain, who by his astute knowledge of the game, has forced wins where in previous seasons draws would have resulted. But, here again, the never-say-die spirit of the team has facilitated his task. Unfortunately illness has prevented his appearance lately, but we hope to see him with us again soon. On this optimistic note we leave you, with the hope that in the next edition we will be able to boast of our securing the London University Cup.

NEXT EDITION  
(due to lack of cash)  
NEXT TERM

## OPEN DAY 1957

The annual Open Day will be held this year on Saturday, 15th June, at the college Sports Ground, New Malden. To older members of the school the attractions of Open Day, L.S.E.'s social event of the year, will need no introduction. We hope, however, to make this year's Open Day better than before.

After the opening ceremony, performed by Sir Sidney and Lady Caine, the "politicians and administrators" of the Students' Union will attempt to shine in the cricket field against the Athletic Union. Two tennis sixes representing the School will play against the Staff and an Oxford College. These matches, together with the cricket match, will continue throughout the afternoon.

There will also be demonstrations by the Judo, Fencing and Riding Clubs, an inter-club tug-of-war and a hockey match. Perhaps the event of the afternoon will be the long-awaited rugger sevens match between Wales and The Rest.

In the athletics sphere there will be an invitation race over two miles, and inter-collegiate and inter-club relay races. The prizes will be presented by Lady Caine.

This will be followed by a six-a-side soccer match and country dancing. In the evening there is a dance at which Tommy Shaw and his Band will play. Non-dancers will note that there is a bar extension.

Arrangements have been made for three coaches to travel to Malden and to return after the dance. Railway tickets at reduced rates will also be available. A very cordial invitation is extended to all.

D. E. GOODMAN.

## RUGBY TOUR OF S. WALES EASTER, 1957

A successful tour in all respects is as fair a description as any of the Rugby Club tour in South Wales. Three matches were played in four days, resulting in a decisive victory and two drawn games. The outcome then—an unbeaten record, was, to say the least, unexpected. All players must be congratulated for the fine spirit shown, for it was teammanship alone that brought about the downfall of stray Llanelly Wanderers' side and held the equally strong Carmarthen to a hard fought draw. It is significant that the standard of play, especially at Carmarthen, brought laudatory comments from many spectators. Appreciation was shown in the very acceptable "frothy liquid" form.

## True Spirit

The success of the tour, as might be expected, was not limited to the field alone. Socially it proved to be very enjoyable, a feat made possible through the hard endeavour of the Welsh Boys, who conceived the tour and made all the arrangements. The social highlights—an entertaining evening with one opponent in Llanelly, two dances at Carmarthen and Cefneithin "in our honour", and, as a contrast, a tour of the "Gower", and a visit to the Great Mountain Colliery. As might be expected, the latter were in themselves quite a contrast—the beauty of that famous stretch of coastline within close proximity of the Colliery with its usual sombre surroundings.

A final word of thanks for the hospitality shown to the team throughout. This cannot be echoed too often and the impression made upon those "foreigners", who made up the touring party, will certainly outlast the other highlights of the tour.

M. SCHOFIELD.

## "BROAD" MINDED SAILING CLUB

"Oh my lads, you should have seen us sailing—  
All the local savages were ducking down and quailing:  
We hit this bank—we hit that bank,  
We pretty near turned over;  
But when we reached the pub that night,  
Then we were all in clover."

This, the first verse of a ballad written to describe the eventful week the L.S.E. Sailing Club spent cruising on the Broads in the Easter vac. contains in essence the most important features of the trip.

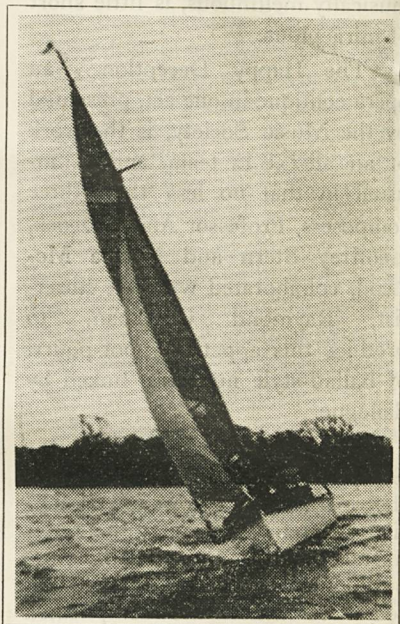
The course, carefully planned over numerous conferences in the Three Tuns, steered a somewhat erratic path along the Broads from one mooring place to the next—all conveniently situated just a stone's throw from the "local". Our efforts to keep to this course grew even more erratic as the week progressed and the heady and potent "Winter Brew" for which the Broads pubs are renowned and which became our staple tipple, began to have a pronounced effect.

## Initial Snags

Our fleet contained ten boats, nine four-berth Perfect Ladies and one Fine Lady. Our boats really were perfect ladies though one can't forget trying to stow away wet and flapping sails in a rainstorm, and being moored one night in a soggy marsh, heeling over at a perilous angle in the howling gale, and the times we rammed the bank. By the end of the week, most of the skippers had moderated their language a little, and crews had stopped offering useful suggestions at crucial moments and started pulling the right ropes at the right moment.

The attitude to accidents seemed a little paradoxical, for as soon as we moored, skippers would emerge like houseproud wives and jealously clean off evidences of lashes with the bank, trees and other boats, yet in the pub that night they would strive to outdo each other in the length of their yarns.

We all had hair raising moments—an erstwhile deputy president nearly lost his pipe and his placid calm when the bowsprit of another boat neatly spitted him through the porthole. One crew found themselves anchored up a tree: their skipper was dragged behind the boat through the water while an enraged swan bore down on him. One of the American gentlemen with us capsized one of the



dinghies each Perfect Lady towed. His would-be rescuers searched for the body for fully ten minutes before discovering him safe and sound and being ministered to in his own boat. We nearly had a lynching. There were some types from Sandhurst having their last wild fling before going to bring law and order to Cyprus. They were nearly flung into the river when the enraged and intoxicated owner of a boat quietly removed and moored on the other side of the river returned late one night to find it gone. He contented himself with hurling empties and abuse at them.

## Happy Memories

We were on the Broads a week, and as it came to an end, were all reluctant to surrender the boats and leave Norfolk. Memories of sunny days spent tacking up and down the tree-lined rivers and sailing across the Broads; of rowing a wavering path back from the pub to the boats at night, after another riotous party; of the sleepy little villages we ravaged for provisions; and of the beauty of the boats in full sail, have made us all determined to return some day. Plans were discussed at the Broads reunion party held a little time ago, and already arrangements are in motion for further cruising this Autumn.

## QUOTE NOTES

"Money is merely a veil and an illusion"—the Senior Treasurer.

\* \* \* \*

"I find this place too hot"—Stan Broder.

\* \* \* \*

". . . and in this case, a son murdered his mother, and she died . . ."—Mr. de Smith.

\* \* \* \*

"It's a lie!"—Herman Bruce.

\* \* \* \*

Young couple at counter in Registrar's Office: "Please, we want to get married."

\* \* \* \*

"The French have a respect for a certain rotundity—in the right places"—Mr. Pickles.

\* \* \* \*

"In my opinion the standard has gone zooming up"—Editor of "Beaver".

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