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BEAVER

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

FEBRUARY 6th, 1958

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MOSELEY THE OCCASION AND NOT THE CAUSE

PRESIDENT RESIGNS

I would invite him again, says Maddox
Reports on other speeches in our "Comment"

The recent resignation of Jack Maddox, ex-president of our Union, has caused widespread controversy and speculation. Being a non-political President at an institution so deeply involved in political affairs is an extremely difficult task for even the most experienced public personality.

In his speech to the Union last Friday the large gathering listened avidly to a speech which was controlled emotionally and discreet in its application. Outlining the term of office which he held, he pointed out the increased difficulties under which he had been labouring: difficulties influenced by his enforced supply teaching "which was essential to keep body and soul together" and which further accentuated by his becoming involved in a political situation. Whereas the administration of Union affairs ran smoothly, social duties as a representative of the College added greatly to the already large number of his commitments.

His chairmanship of Union meetings, whereas they had been criticised in many quarters, was a matter on which he thought there was room for opinion. He considered the duties of a President to be very wide in scope, being not only head of the Students' Union administration but their representative in outside affairs. The conducting of Union meetings is but one-twentieth of the work entailed in being President and whereas it may have been the only time when he came into contact with some of the student body, the essential work that was done in the background ran smoothly, and effectively.



ANN SCRUTON

Ann's sweet smile has cheered up many a Monday morning, but, alas, she is due to leave us this year. As a second year social scientist, she has graced L.S.E.'s walls for 18 months. Her interests are dancing, the cinema, the theatre . . . and her fiancée Peter. So who cares what her interests are?

COMMENT — THE DEBATE

The occasion and content of last Friday's debate brought forth material and criticism both constructive and destructive on the condition of our present Union.

The standard of debating was one of the highest heard at our meetings. The occasion was used for the airing of past grievances, present interests and future hopes. The speeches of Mr. Jack Maddox, our ex-President, Mr. Whitehouse, Mr. Hale and Mr. Ackers brought forth the underlying conditions on which our present Union stands or falls. Mr. Maddox drew on the experiences of the past year, pointing out the strengths and weaknesses of a non-political President in our Union.

Mr. Whitehouse dwelt at some length on possible changes in the composition of our Council to counteract the present difficulties. These problems are brought about through the difficulty at student level of combining good administration with good chairmanship; both facets so rarely found in in-

experienced undergraduates. But whether our present difficulties justify such radical changes is open to doubt, but the idea of a separate chairman apart from the President has at present some justification.

Mr. Hale, the ex-External V.P. of this Union, in an unprejudiced and well-received speech, pointed out the difficulties under which Council carries on when the floor is hostile, and that a perspective must be brought to these matters and it should be realised that the inexperienced must be allowed time to mature.

Mr. James Ackers, President of London University Conservative Association, called our attention to the often overlooked principle of loyalty; in good times it is not difficult to be loyal to one's fellows, but under stress the politician is invariably among the first to abandon principle for expediency. He urged us all in our Union relationships to recognise the importance of loyalty and suggested that if we did this we would go a long way towards overcoming the problems of the recent past.

EUROPE IN L.S.E.: PROGRESS REPORT

The L.S.E. European Society was started almost a year ago with very broad aims of drawing together students interested in Europe, and organising meetings, discussions and talks on subjects concerning Europe in general or any European country in particular.

This does not exclude Eastern Europe and last term the well known president of the Hungarian Writers' Union, Paul Ignotus, addressed the society in an open meeting on the Hungarian Revolution. This interesting subject, treated in a fascinating and brilliantly intellectual way by Mr. Ignotus, was introduced by a Hungarian member of the society Laszlo Huszar. The series of talks on Eastern Europe will be continued this term with an open meeting on Poland Today, at which the speaker will be a counsellor from the Polish Embassy, on the 13th of February at 4.15 p.m. The series will be concluded on the 27th, when Mr. Schapiro, of the school and an expert on Soviet affairs, will address members (only)

on "Recent trends in Soviet Russia".

Much is being said today about the Common Market and the Free Trade area, both in favour and against, though little is at present known about the ultimate effects of them. Nothing at all, for example, has been published on the possible effects on the under-developed countries. With a view to gaining more information on this vital subject, the society has organised a joint meeting with the school Bandung Society. It is believed that this is the first time that this subject will be discussed in public, and three outside speakers have been invited for Thursday, February the 6th.

Members and non-members alike are interested in travel in Europe and an information bookstall will be up in School during the week starting 17th February. Films will also be shown and travel, Y.H.A. and work camps representatives have been invited to answer questions at a Forum on Thursday, 24th.

FUTURE EDITIONS

The next edition of *Beaver* will be out on Feb. 20th. It will be a special travel number and will coincide with the travel week organised by the European Society. It is hoped to publish articles on travel which are of particular interest to the student body: mainly on how to get round Europe "on the cheap".

The following edition will be specially devoted to careers in order to help those sturdy few who have survived a course at L.S.E.

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R.A.B. BUTLER AT L.S.E.

The School's Conservative Association reports the appearance of two prominent Government speakers in the near future.

On Monday, 17th February, at 4 p.m. the Rt. Hon. Henry Brooke, M.P., Minister of Housing, is to give a public address on "The Future of Local Government".

Even more important is the news that the Home Secretary, Mr. R. A. Butler, has accepted the Honorary Presidency of the Association. Those of us who were among the packed O.T. audience which heard Mr. Butler's erudite exposition of Conservative principles, and were moved by the obvious sincerity with which he defended his Party's policies, will all look forward with enthusiasm to his Presidential address early in the summer term.

Attention must also be called to the appearance of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Peter Thorneycroft, who is to speak on March 11th, under the auspices of the European Society.

THREE TUNS

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THREE TUNS

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and

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PARTIES CATERED FOR

SPOTLIGHT ON DAI WATKINS

BY VIC JONES

Contrary to the expectations of many freshers, L.S.E. turns out to be not a hotbed of communism but appears rather to be the incubator of the Welsh Nationalist Party. This, too, they quickly discover, is wrong, for although patriotic, very few, if any, of L.S.E.'s Welsh contingent entertain visions of an independent Wales. Numerically the Welsh community of the School is quite small but it has the ability to make its presence known and felt in every facet of College life.

David James Watkins is one of those Welshmen. Although born in London in 1933, no one who has had any contact with him can doubt for a moment that his origins can be traced to the land of hills, coal tips, towering black castles of industry and surprising paradoxical green valleys West of the Severn. Those with greater knowledge know that the district that suffered his childhood and youth is centred around the little village of Rhiwfawr, near Cwmtwrch, in the Swansea Valley. Rhiwfawr, with its community of part-time farmers and the rest of the time miners, who consider a first degree the minimum qualification of an "educated" man, supplied the environment that helped to create Dai—the friend of many and the enemy of few-if-any.

Ystalyfera

The details of his primary education are somewhat obscure but this is not true of his secondary education. At the age of eleven he was inflicted on the staff of Ystalyfera Grammar School, a school that, in a country where rugby is as much a family institution as chapel, produced men of such international renown as R. H. Williams and Claud Davy. Nor is it a school lacking in academic reputation. In recent years five old boys have been appointed to professorships in the University of Wales and at one time the chairs of the Welsh faculty in all four colleges of University of Wales were held by men who could trace their academic evolution back to Ystalyfera Grammar School.

Following in the school tradition, Watkins duly played in the school's

junior XV's, when his talent as a Wing Forward was noted and earned him an exalted position in the first XV at the age of fifteen—a team he eventually captained.



Dai Watkins

The Interim

Whether or not he has supported the academic reputation of Ystalyfera is open to dispute but no one can say he's disgraced it. After outgrowing his school he went to Aberystwyth and although he read Philosophy, Geography and Economics for a year, his real interest lay in satisfying the University of London Matriculation Board so that he could utilise his Entrance Scholarship to L.S.E. He did not confine himself to academics for the year though, and besides playing rugby, took a full and active part in those activities for which "Aber" is notorious. At the end of this year he entered on his period of national service with the Royal Air Force.

There is a peculiar shortage of information about these two years but it is known that a large part of them was spent in the Suez Canal Zone.

On to L.S.E.

In October 1955 he arrived at the portals of L.S.E. He lost no time in working up a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Once more his sporting ability carried him rapidly into the first XV, where he still has his place; into the athletics team in his first and

second years, and on occasion, into the cricket XI. He didn't neglect the indoor activities of college. A former member of the chess team and of the Socialist Society, he was a well known figure in the common rooms, tea rooms and bars of the college—and, indeed, still is.

At the end of his first year he visited Helsinki with the aid of A.I.E.S.E.C. and returned with the belief that the Finns were very much like the Celts, although he'd think them a great people even if they weren't.

The Pinnacle

In his second year he didn't deviate from the paths he had chosen in his first. Many did, for they had Part I hanging over them. Watkins kept a wary eye on the academic course but many rumoured that he was going to run into trouble. Eventually he negotiated Part I with apparent ease but not, it is true, with brilliance.

This is now his third year and he is studying—so we are told—International History. Early in the year he was appointed as editor of this paper and fulfilled his function more than satisfactorily. If his recent accession to the post of Deputy President involves his resignation from "Beaver", a good organiser and skilled manipulator of human and public relationships will be lost.

Beaver's loss, however, is Union's gain. Returned unopposed as D.P., Watkins was thrust unprepared into what was, to say the least, a difficult meeting. The fact that he was unopposed must have meant he was thrust into office at least a week before he expected it. Under these circumstances he controlled the meeting quite competently. Running into trouble within minutes from the end over an issue that would have upset the most experienced chairman. The fact that he was moved out of the Chair left him unruffled and cool. An unemotional chairman has been sadly missed from the platform of the Old Theatre this session. Watkins, now a member of the Conservative Society, has political convictions which can be offended by neither the right nor the left of the house.

NEW GEN. SEC.



Brian Roper

WHITHER BEAVER?

Apart from an all too prevalent attitude of "couldn't care less", the most popular theory on Beaver's whereabouts seems to favour University College as the purloiners.

What is the Beaver Defence Committee doing about this lamentable state of affairs? Must we wait until some college invites us to collect our property? Or can we assume that L.S.E. is no longer violently interested in its mascot? Of course imminent examinations and the unsettled state of the Union draw most of one's attention, but surely we cannot merely pretend Beaver does not exist and that it has not disappeared anyway?

DAVID MELVYN HANDO.

BEAVER

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EDITORIAL COMMENT ON FRONT PAGE

★ POST BAG ★

Rowdiness

Dear Sir,

While Friday nights are traditionally used for our relaxation in the Three Tuns, it is rather disturbing to see small elements expressing themselves in such a peculiar manner. What possible relief they can obtain from spilling valuable beer on the floor, while groaning aspects of their basic loves, it is difficult to imagine.

To make matters worse, on retiring to the Ship I find that some cannot even confine themselves to their territory for action, being nuisances even there. This caused the venerable landlord to request their absence, and to look with suspicion on their more appreciative fellow students.

Is it not possible for someone to teach them how to hold and appreciate a good drink, and point out that they look utter fools, and are not admired or appreciated?

Yours, etc.,

P. RINEHART.

Reply to Sam

Dear Sir,

As one who attempts in his own humble fashion to apply our motto of "cognoscere rerum causas", I sympathise very much with Sam Wolf in his "disappointment" with L.S.E. and may assure him that it is not his own inadequacy, as he tentatively hints, which is its cause.

I suggest, however, that he would benefit from an attempt to understand why L.S.E. is not a place where knowledge and provocative thought are offered to students, hungry for the answers to the profound and urgent questions of our time.

It is not, as he assumes, simply a question of apathy or complacency. It is rather the result of the large majority of students, who are here solely by virtue of their ability (thanks to the 1944 Education Act) seizing upon the one thing in this uncertain world which is tangible and attainable in the near future—that is a degree.

When a degree becomes a necessary symbol of superiority in a society of enforced uniformity, then it becomes a worthwhile objective. It cannot be denied that there is much to be admired in this laborious devotion to an immediate task. It may lack the glamour and ostentation of extremity, philosophy and profundity, but the ability of specific application to a task should not be mistaken for "smallness of mind", for this would be a crude distortion of values.

A further explanation of L.S.E.'s "failing" in this respect is to be found in the almost total absence

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of any outlets for the practical application of any ideas which might take realisable form. Thus where the possibility for the effective execution of one's own ideas is sunk in the mediocrity of the "slough of despond" called "democracy", there is no incentive for profound or original thought.

Again, in this age of materialism with its repressive movements towards uniformity, the individual is still, paradoxically, the dominant focal point of thought. Hence it is up to the individual to resolve these problems for himself, perhaps by recourse to religion, to politics, or by burying his head in the sand.

Nor is idealism, as the projection of the individual's philosophy into the universal sphere, a compensatory factor. Idealism, at the moment, wrongly no doubt, is for hypocrites seeking to bemuse the gullible with fantasies. "The benefit of mankind" becomes simply an intellectually desirable object while everything continues to be judged in relation to its effects upon the individual.

I therefore suggest to Sam Wolf that we seek to understand rather than to solve, to sympathise rather than condemn, and when he has amassed sufficient understanding and sympathy, to return and only then begin his proselytising movement. Perhaps he will then come to appreciate the really fundamental problems of the nature of life itself rather than to regurgitate the transitory and ephemeral petty political problems with which we are already satiated.

STAN. GOODMAN,
2nd Year B.Sc. (Econ.).

TEITELBAUM TELLS ALL

I am obliged to the Editor for this opportunity of clarifying my position with regard to apologies which have been suggested in connection with the article in *Sennet*.

President's Council have passed a motion to the effect that I should apologise to Mr. Maddox for the inaccuracies contained therein.

I have already apologised for the one inaccuracy I admit, and wish to explain why I intend to take no action on this motion.

When this motion was discussed, Mr. Maddox had left the meeting, after his urgency motion for an apology in *Sennet* had been rejected, and I—as an observer—had been asked to leave. Thus neither of us was present. Mr. Maddox had spoken earlier: I had been afforded no opportunity to do so.

I do not wish to quibble, but I am not willing to obey the directives of any body which will not hear my case. If President's Council is willing to hear me, I am willing to reconsider my position. As the motion stands, I will not.

IRVING TEITELBAUM.

THREE UP, TWO TO GO

By the time you read this, assuming, of course, that you do read it, our Campaign will be half over.

And what a battle it will have been—to inject into this multi-morass of intellectual striving and

CARNIVAL AHOY

1. At a meeting of W.U.S. Secretaries at U.L.U. last night plans were launched for this year's combined London Students' Carnival and Garden Fête which will be held on Sat., 3rd May, in the grounds of BEDFORD college. Fog didn't stop college representatives from turning up in full force. Tom Dale took the chair.

Cup Final or no Cup Final, London students are going to hit the town on May 3rd. Suggestions for a theme ranged from Hell to the Sputnik age. A special committee set up by U.L.U. Executive will make the final decision. It is hoped that colleges will parade their mascots in the floor procession, and that each will organise stalls, stunts, competitions, etc., at the fête. To round off the day many colleges will be organising Special Carnival Hops in the evening.

strutting, political pondering, pandering and play-acting, rational achievement and idolatry, called L.S.E., some realization of the will of God. What barriers of stupidity, ignorance, man-worship, I'm-alright-jackness and couldn't-carelessness have stood in the way of Truth.

The Truth being that my will conflicts with God's will and that ultimately I can do nothing about this; but that God in His mercy has discounted my sin, on Calvary; and that now I am called upon to accept this Salvation, and to tell everyone that the same way lies open to them; and that having in faith accepted, I should try to live a life as near as possible to that of my Saviour, in His name and in His strength.

To proclaim this truth has been the purpose of this week. Today Professor Coulson will tell us what the truth means in his life, and tomorrow Christopher Hollis will round off the series. The theme is Re-think, and that means you.

TRIBUTE TO A HERO: TRUE STORY

The escape of an L.S.E. Hungarian Student

He has no identity . . . he has no country. He is a "refugee" in our vocabulary . . . and a forgotten hero in his land. But he will live as long as the flame of liberty burns in the human heart.)

* * * *

It happened on the morning of 24th October, 1956. I had just driven into Szekesfehrvar, town 73 kilometres from Budapest, when news came over wireless that students in Pest had demonstrated against the government. Little did I realize then the seriousness of the broadcast, and, proceeding with my daily task of driving heavy lorries, finished my day's work. When evening came, I too joined the growing crowd that had gathered at the square of Szekesfehrvar. From there, I shall continue from my diary.



Forty of us Killed . . . Forty !

with the Russians, but we have heard instead news of his arrest. We must not lose heart, for most parts of the city are in our control, including the broadcasting station. I came back here after driving the General to his fate. How ironical life is. He went in sincerity headlong unto his captor's hands, while I am still free.

November 3rd

We have won! We have won! FREE.

The Russians with their families evacuated today, and even left their arms unattended all over the city. Hungary, my motherland . . . you're safe.

November 4th

At 4 a.m. this morning, H.Q. instructed me to proceed to --- to fetch General Maleter. I could hardly believe the news! But, alas, when things are too good, they never last. For 15 minutes later, while driving to our rendezvous, I came upon a fleet of tanks, and even though I reversed and turned back, other tanks cut short the route. There seemed no escape, for the tanks wedged in both ends of the road. The end was near. Had it not been for the Danube, into which I dived, I would certainly not have lived to make this entry.

The Russians are back. More tanks, more men, and more planes than I have ever seen. The shells, the fires, the cries of agony, all these penetrate the air. But we are fighting as courageously as ever, and certainly more fiercely. The streets have been dug up to prevent the tanks from advancing.

November 5th

We are losing heavily.

November 7th

The Russians are looking for us. I went back to my flat, but it was burnt out.

November 14th

For the past week, I have done nothing except hiding from place to place. It is impossible to leave Budapest, as all the roads are sealed. The end cannot be far off.

November 14th

Perhaps the end is not so near. Fate seems to have been my guide. For an AVH man is to lead me out of Budapest.

This afternoon, P--- came and told

me of a plan. The Red Cross need many drivers to man their trucks for Celdomoldk, which is near the border, as there is food and clothing there from the West. P--- asked me if I was brave enough to give this a try. I would have tried anything! So we went to the Red Cross and showed our driving papers, which were passed unnoticed. And what's more, the leader of our convoy will be an AVH man! What luck!

November 15th—Vasvar

I am now writing by candle-light . . . 4 a.m. . . . and perhaps for the last time in Hungary.

So far, everything has gone according to plan . . . The road checks we passed without difficulty, for the AVH man assured the sentries that we were his men, and when we reached Celdomoldk a short while ago, we persuaded him to let us come here to Vasvar, even nearer the border, and in P---'s mother-in-law's home. He gave me one lorry for the three of us, and made us promise to return by 6 this morning to Celdomoldk. P--- has decided at the nineteenth hour not to abandon Hungary, and he has driven back. I hope all goes well for him. As for us, we shall leave in half-an-hour's time, for there is a fog this morning. If I should not succeed in crossing the border, I hope at least in giving it a good try . . .

* * * *

That was indeed my last entry made in Hungary. I shall continue the story from here.

Having expressed our gratitude to P---'s mother-in-law, Al--- (who was the only one with me now) and I headed for Kormend, a village at the Austro-Hungarian border.

The fog indeed was an advantage, for it disguised our movements in the darkness even more. We kept to the forest, and by 9, reached a clearing where a farmer was working. He directed us N.W. to contact the border, which, he said, was 9 kilometres away. But whether he was an agent of the AVH or merely because of his sheer ignorance, N.W. brought us smack into a Russian Barracks! Luckily we heard the barking of the police dogs inside. We quickly ran Westwards.

Ten minutes later, we were convinced that the farmer had betrayed us, for we were being followed by faint footsteps. Believe it or not, we managed to climb up a tree. The footsteps approached, nearer and clearer, and revealed themselves as two pairs of black rubber boots, ones that I have seen a thousand times before. Jumping down, we greeted two of our fellow workers of the factory. And what luck too, for one of them knew the border well. The farmer, perhaps, did not betray us.

The Point of No Return

So we staked our fortunes together. Four now, and 11.30 a.m. Moving between the trees, there was little chance of being spotted, although there were watch-towers at the frontier. We made good time, reaching the frontier before long. The watch-towers looked formidable then, stretching high into the sky, and standing as menacing giants, all-powerful and all-knowing. Even the harmless, inert notice-boards, painted red and white, did not seem so ordinary, for they emphasised the purpose of the towers—warning everyone not to approach. But there was no return. The AVH man must have known of our escape by now, while no explanation could have convinced the Russian sentries of our presence there. It was then or never. Clapping hands, we bade farewell—and went forward . . .

Perhaps it was coincidence, or more likely a miracle—for as I crossed the frontier, it was exactly noon. And church bells, like twin echoes, rang from both sides of the border. From Hungary, it sounded like a Credo for freedom, a Requiem for the departed, and a farewell for me. From Austria, the bells bade me go forward—into a new world—into a new life . . .

(As told to our Correspondent.)

THE ART OF QUEUEING

Did you have to queue for a long while during lunch time yesterday? If so, you don't have to queue that long today. Just try one of the following methods, guaranteed successful, genuinely fool-proof, and completely up-to-date.

1. If you are a respectable looking type (that is, not wearing a blazer or corduroy trousers), try this one. In the queue at the place where it is "Members of the Staff may join the queue at this point". But it is that you put on a dead-pan face, make sure no one recognises you.

2. A highly successful one. Thanks-for-keeping-the-queue-moves-faster. All you have to do is stand near the head of the queue, and exclaim "Thanks for keeping the queue moving". Then stand him.

3. If you can't find a queue, then attempt this. Stand at the telephone booth in the Bar, and pretend to be intently reading one of the notices. When the queue has moved on, join the ranks unconcerned. You were merely left behind when the notices were posted.

4. Another method is to walk in the "Men's Room" (at the corner facing the entrance of the Refectory) and walk out again, joining the queue. Girls should not attempt this one, it would be too obvious.

5. If you see a friend at the head of the queue, then you need only bother to queue-barge. Just go to buy for you the things you need. But, not to make the request embarrassing, it is suggested that you keep your voice down . . . just in case your friend replies "Sorry boy, but I'm busy doing it for someone else".

6. For those with acting talents, with a nerve of steel, try this. Look out a kind looking girl, and say, "So sorry, but I've got a class minutes time. Would you mind terribly if I joined here?" Apparently, her finer intuition, she is busy saying, "Certainly not".

7. If you are a girl, then same method, but flashing your "friendly" smile.

8. When queueing at the canteen, this. Walk right in and sit preferably at a table that is empty with cups. After a few seconds, go to the counter with an empty in your hand, and pushing that say "May I have another cup of coffee, please". No one would think that you have just walked in.

9. Finally, if your moral code vents upon from jumping the queue because you lack the courage, here's a tip to make your queue-jumping more pleasant. Start a conversation with these words: "Long queue, isn't it?"

Excerpt from the Book of Queue-jumping shows how to queue and a lack of self control.

P. SITHI-AMNUA

THE JUNGLE LAW

The following letter, from a friend in Africa, will explain the phenomenon on the left.

" . . . on our third day of safari we came upon a village where the boys told us that on the previous day a crocodile had capsized in the river. Two of the local boys along with us. We therefore went down to the river to see if there was any sign of crocodile. All we found there were a few lazy crocs, sunning themselves happily on the mud banks.

Picking the fattest of the crocs, I shot through him. One of the boys soon slit its stomach and fully displayed a few teeth, and a gold necklace. Sooner had he done this, the searching hands came up from the mud! You should have seen that went through him!"

MICHAEL G.



What is it? Who is it? Read "The Jungle Law"

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In the Name of Democracy

by Emanuel De Kadt

One of the main Fascist arguments against democracy is that it just does not work. We ought, perhaps, to cast a glance at the hallowed concept of democracy, as this might shed some light on recent controversy in the college and in the London University Press.

It would be absurd for me to start here on an analysis of the nature or proper significance of democracy. For this I have but to refer the reader to some textbook on political thought. What does concern me to the point here is to examine the implications that an idea such as majority rule has for the running of a Students' Union, i.e., for a body which is normally responsible for the running of the college. I do not feel that of all the forms of democracy the democratic is the best. The Union policy is self-defeating. We normally find ourselves interested in some one's point of view. This is a good thing. The democratic is a method which would fail to show any sign of disagreement and with its elected members would be it heat-tempting to influence those with whom one's point of view conflicts. There comes a time when a decision must be taken. Then the majority carries the day and we proceed to the next item on the agenda. The minority has the right to dissent. But it will have to accept the majority vote, because the discussion of the views of the minority will have been adequately brought forward and con-

sequently everyone present will be able to take these views into consideration when voting. This is, I believe, the crux of the matter. It is plain nonsense to regard a Union meeting as a collection of people completely divided into two blocs, the ayes and the noes, even before a matter is brought up. Some members will put the different aspects before the floor, and the "majority" and "minority" then come into being through (as far as possible) the rational decisions of a number of individuals who take into account the attitudes and feelings of those who defended the opposite point of view. But here may lie the weakest link in the democratic process. Let me explain by applying this to our position.

In a Students' Union with compulsory membership it is impossible for a dissentient member to withdraw. Clearly in such a case a "minority" should be entitled to even more elaborate safeguards. One of these is the Union's incapacity to communicate with certain outside bodies. But this cannot and should not be the only one: the main protection of those who hold minority views must come from the attitude of the membership itself. And this is what has been sadly lacking in the Mosley affair.

I shall not rake up the whole controversy again. I merely deplore that, when voting, seemingly very few members were mindful of the above fundamental assumptions governing the working of a democratic Students' Union with compulsory membership. It was blatantly obvious in this instance that some of those present had very

strong feelings against the invitation—whatever their reasons might have been. Feelings, which might well have prompted them to leave the Union could they have done so. For they felt that they would not want the platform of the Union to which THEY belonged to be given to this particular person, who had associated himself in the past with so monstrous a philosophy of arbitrary discrimination and extermination. They felt, too, that hardly any positive reasons for this invitation had been brought forward by those who did not share their feelings; that they had all the more right to press their case, as the benefit to others of the disputed address could be presumed to be practically non-existent, unless of course we chose to equate sensationalism with benefit.

I sincerely hope that "the majority of the majority" had not given these matters all the consideration they deserved. For we could then interpret what happened (in the words of a Sennet letter-writer) as the exercise of the right "to make the wrong decision". If on the other hand they acted in full consciousness of the above assumptions, and if we rule out the possibility of altering the Constitution as either impracticable or undesirable, we are only to expect that similar cases will happen again. Other fundamentals will crop up, and we shall once more, in the name of Democracy, disregard the feelings of our friends to whom we deny the right of dissociation.

L.S.E. Bulgarian Society

Incorporating Anarchist Soc., Republican Soc., Rationalist Soc., Peace Assoc., Mid. East Soc., Polish Soc., Yugoslav Soc., Commonwealth Soc., Anglo-German Soc.

Dear Sir, 28-1-58.

I have been instructed by the President of this Society to protest about the imputations of non-existence which an official notice on the Union notice board directs at certain of our subsidiary societies. These societies are most certainly not defunct. I presume that typical Union inefficiency has resulted in the loss of all record of these bodies, but the fact remains that they are all currently carrying out full and active programmes at the School. Some confusion may possibly have been caused by Bulgarian Soc's policy of amalgamation and incorporation, but, while our policy of acquiring weakened societies in order to revive them has resulted in the transfer of their funds to the central control of our own Society, these associated societies still have a large degree of autonomy and freedom to direct their own policies. They are, I repeat, by no means dead.

As a further point, I wish to protest at the lack of notice board facilities available for our associated societies. When we are granted no freedom to display our publicity material and programmes it is perhaps not surprising that the ignorant are given the impression that certain societies are not functioning.

Yours faithfully,
Z. T. JENKINS
(Secretary Bulgarian Society).

CONFIDENTIALLY...

by Satiricus

Coup d'Union

Marx and Spencer, those two eminent thinkers, would doubtless have something profound to offer in the way of prediction as to the course of future events in the Union. The present state of turbulence augurs the inevitably inevitable revolution.

And how right they would not be. Before the beginning of last week a select group of left-wing neo-dynamicists met in an attic of Passfield Hall to lay the groundwork for a military coup. Leader of the conclave is said to be the notorious Colonel John Grivas, aided and abetted by his bosom friend, Wing Commander Ali Sabrina, known to readers of the *Mirror* the world over as the dancing Major. This inaugural meeting of the junta was overheard every word by our reporter disguised as a number 16 bus.

Their programme is as follows:
1. To liquidate Sam Wolf.

Now is the time to build a new union society. Trample upon the mistakes of the past. Too long have our backs been to the wall as we put our noses to the grindstone and shoulders to the wheel. The

time has come, my friends. In the immortal poetry of Stevenson: Eggheads of the Aldwych unite; you have nothing to lose but your yokes! Eclecticism is the opprobrium of the commissariat!

Cult of the Personality

Mr. Teitelbaum and Sennet have been under fire recently, but perhaps the most nauseating thing has been this penchant for eulogising Miss Allen's every facet to such an extent that everybody is tired of reading about her. *Beaver* too was infected with the passion. Don't make the girl notorious before she's had a chance of making herself famous.

Viewing Session

The Film Society will be having a Viewing Session at the Old Theatre on Saturday, 15th. The programme consists of war-time Ealing comedies, explanatory information and a French film. It will be held at 8.00 p.m. Tickets are available from the Film Society membership list.

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THE STATE OF THE U

It is not within the prerogative of this paper to attack the President and Council of the Students' Union. Since the present condition of the Union seems to the writer, "Jon Cassius", to demand only

such an attack, the series of letters under that *nom de plume* continued during the period of the office of this council.

JON CASSIUS

THE UNION

A Fresher's View

During the past weeks in *Beaver* and elsewhere, there has been a great deal of heated discussion concerning the condition of the Union and also the standard of debating in this college. It must, indeed, be blatantly obvious that both matters are inextricably connected. The Floor of the Union should undoubtedly be the training ground for our Debates Teams but unfortunately this does not seem to be the case, for our speakers of note generally steer clear of speaking in the Old Theatre. Indeed, who may blame them?

Those who rise now possess no powers of oratory and seldom any powers of reasoning, relying solely on their garbled appeals to popular prejudices. The speaker, to the accom-

paniment of howled inanities from his fellow members, can only hurl insults or feeble witticisms, seldom producing a creditable performance pertaining to the motion.

This may seem a harsh criticism, but speakers of note, but speakers of note, but speakers of note and when they do speak are seldom given the uninterrupted hearing they deserve.

L.S.E. is reputed to have possessed a fine Union, but at present members do not appear to realize that they should be capable of co-operative as well as individual effort. They should try to obtain some semblance of restraint and clear-sightedness, which alone will transform Union affairs from childish games into the sane interests of the students.

BRIGID GREEN.

LOOK AWAY by EDWARD RAYNER

...me that Mr. Sam Wolf who wrote with what he no doubt imagined to be the nouveau eloquence of disenchantment—in *Beaver's* last issue, usually works himself up into such tame frenzies, trying on his bed with the pen between his toes. His rather pained description as a "disappointed man" sums up in my imagination someone who watches television with a sneaking feeling of disgust at television programmes, then to relieve his frustration, jumps to jump over a wall—only to find his hands because there is no wall there. He admits that he doesn't know what he is looking for, then complains because he can't find it.

...ould seem that Mr. Wolf is full of the most exaggerated expectancy imagining how he came from the East. I came up in the East, but I realised that a student would be far more than myself. This proved to my satisfaction the first term, I have had my sojourn here. I expect anything from the East, but after encountering some of the candidates for office. Those who are eloquent are also unintelligent and the rest either scream and bleat their laboured banalities and themselves elected with a

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STOP PRESS

17th Jan., 1958. London.
Deputy President, Gen. Sec. re. L.S.E. Students' Union resign reportedly because of inefficiency of the President.

28th Jan., 1958. London
President resigns reportedly because of inefficiency of remain members of Council.

29th Jan., 1958. London
Remainder of Union Council have decided to remain in office the interests of the smooth running and efficiency of the Union.

The Theatre Workshop

I think it was the poster in U.L.U. more than anything else which persuaded me to delve into London's East End last week in search of the Theatre Royal, Stratford. I had never heard of the play they were producing, "Man, Beast and Virtue", and knew little of the author, Pirandello, but I had a feeling that nothing performed at Stratford, even if it be "atte Bowe" and not "on Avon", could be a failure.

It was with expectation that I followed the directions—first left, first right—which the ticket collector gave me. What would the Theatre Royal be like? Would it be a converted Musical Hall or a warehouse? In less than two hundred yards, I found out. It was a small, shabby theatre in the back streets. From the doorway, a long hall led up to a bar which had a definitely Victorian atmosphere about it and, incidentally, served a very good cup of Cona coffee for sevenpence.

At five minutes to eight the bell sounded, and a small but enthusiastic audience quickly found their seats. There were no late arrivals: that was a good sign. Inside, the theatre was quite small and every seat from 1/6 unreserved to the 7/6 front stalls had a good view of the stage. Admittedly, there was an air of decay around, but this merely added to the atmosphere.

Simplicity

Nevertheless, a first glance at the set removed any feeling of antiquity. The walls of the room were represented by a skirting board, a brightly covered canvas sheet—the colour of which was changed in each act to make the set look different—represented the carpet. The other furniture was delightfully simple and, though ample to the action, left the stage entirely uncluttered.

The plot was fairly simple. Man, beast and virtue are represented by three characters, a professor, a sea-captain and his forsaken wife.

The former coaches the sea-captain's son and it is not hard to imagine that his activities are not always confined to tutoring during the captain's long travels abroad. Therefore everything depends on the captain's natural instincts, during his one night's stay at home, to make the situation possible if not legal. I will not disclose how the professor and the captain's wife achieve this but I assure you it is very entertaining.

Success

And now just a word about the Theatre Workshop Group. Since 1945 they have produced well over 50 plays and have toured almost every country possible. They must have suffered many of the setbacks that our own Dramatic Society has in its summer tours. For instance I see in their log—"Lorry broke down, actors hitch-hiked to complete tour". Another interesting insert is "Edinburgh Festival (un-invited)". However, their hard work has been rewarded and they have had several successes in the West End. In 1955 they represented Great Britain at the Second International Theatre Festival, and, believe it or not, actually managed to get grants from many Local and Arts Councils.

The introduction to their programme sums up everything. "Theatre Workshop is a company which survives critics and crises by having the courage of its convictions." But an audience is essential as well and the standard of acting and production deserves a far larger audience than Stratford can provide. A Central line tube train will get you there in no time.

D. FRANCIS.



The Good Soldier Solweik

Photo: Theatre Workshop

Two Sides Seen: Kardinsky

by P. H. Baker

This exhibition, in its preoccupation with form, inevitably invited speculation on the materialistic bases which activated Kardinsky and his kind. This artist's obsession with humanly constructed shapes seems paradoxically to lack humanity.

The early Kardinsky gives rather weak "Chondas-like" impressions of Rappalo and Amsterdam developing into Fauvist Landscapes as in "Composition 1910". Before 1914 his failure as a colourist was magnified by the lack of dominant lines to integrate the pictures. It would seem that Kardinsky had not absorbed Cezanne's lessons in colouring and structure. The genius of "Paysage aux Rocheux" and the irony of "Mont St. Victoire" is the integration of colour and form: in Kardinsky's work, they fall into opposition.

On entering the Bauhaus in 1922 form becomes definitive to his art, Klee's influence is obvious in "Pointed Accents" of 1926. I think his colouring technique improved in "Obstinate" and "Two sides red" of 1928-9, the colours helping to determine form, not merely being ejected onto it. "Accompanied Contrast" of 1936 (oils and sand) to me stood almost alone in carrying depth, formatic and colouristic technique.

After this formalism, deep wash backgrounds with sharply defined objects take command, reminding me rather irreverently of space fiction.

To an unexperienced observer of this Abstract artist, Kardinsky is occasionally subtle, always arresting but rarely touches the emotions. The intellect is more than satiated, the heart never.

by J. Ashbourne

The Other View

Wassily Kardinsky is little known in this country for an artist of his standing and hence the present exhibition at the Tate is especially welcome, despite the sparsity of the selection, which gives a disjointed impression of the artist's work.

Kardinsky's early work is derived from the "Fauves", "Landscape with a Tower" (1908), and develops, 1910-16, into the wild, undisciplined Expressionism of "Painting 1914". The clarity and precision of "Light Picture", 1913, foreshadows the swift and deliberate development of the decade 1916 to 1926 which culminated in a long stay at the Bauhaus with Klee and Walter Gropius. This latter period is dominated by the mechanistic approach typical of the Bauhaus and exemplified, in this exhibition, by "Three Sounds" (1926) and "Levels" (1929).

Examples

There are many influences apparent in his later work—Klee in "Painted Accents" (1926); Miro in "Pronounced Rose" (1932), Mondrian in "Yellow Painting" (1938), but they are absorbed completely and the result is all—Kardinsky.

It is as a colourist that Kardinsky excels. In the early Expressionist period his use of colour is often crude, generally immature, but always dynamic. This dynamism continues during the Bauhaus period but matured and somewhat formalised, and was retained, as virile and restless until his death in 1944.

The gem of the exhibition for me is "Obstinate", closely followed by "Three Sounds", "Two Sides Red" and "Accompanied Contrast". These particularly are indescribable—go and see them.

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Aims of the Writer

What does D. Laidler (in the article printed last term concerning the "Aims of the Writer") mean by "social education"? If he means education which will enable one to live a little more easily in any society, I am inclined to agree. But if the term means—as it would seem—education which will enable the reader to see faults in a society and possibly to remedy them, I could not disagree more. Prospero speaks of "art to enchant" and here, I believe, is the answer: the primary purpose of the writer is to entertain—to entertain not necessarily as the present London stage entertains, but to entertain both mind and emotions.

Dickens Not Reformer Now

It seems to me that if the writer is to confine himself to the task of social education, he will limit his scope—and fifty years later what he has said will be valuable only as historical evidence. Dickens provides a good illustration of this. As a reforming social writer he is often dull, unnecessarily verbose and pompous, and the relevance of his remarks limited almost entirely to the nineteenth century. As an entertainer his appeal is unlimited.

Shakespeare Also

Does Shakespeare go as far even as to imply what is undesirable? I think not. He merely shows how people tend to behave and what tends to happen as a result. He does not imply that Egeus is wrong any more than he implies that Lear is wrong: he is simply showing a situation which may be resolved in two different ways—by reason and commonsense which will result in happiness, or by emotion and passion which will result in suffering. If we are going to say that the writer should concern himself with a picture of his society, what relevance have Lear's ravings on the heath in the storm, Hamlet's soliloquies, or even the witches in *Macbeth*? For these do not belong to any one society: they are universal. The fact that the plays can be performed in modern dress which adds to their force, may suggest that Shakespeare is something more than a social education.

And what I have suggested is not, I think, true only of Dickens and Shakespeare. Does one read *Paradise Lost*, or Donne's love poetry, or Wordsworth's *Lucy Poems*, or Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*, or Keats' *Odes*, or Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, or Browning's *The Statue and the Bust*, or Dylan Thomas's lyric poetry, or Yeats' later poems depicting so clearly his ability to build from the ruins of his previous refuge? Are we to throw away the "desolation of reality" for social education? And are we to keep only the dull mumbings of the Poets Laureate? Do we care about the summer's evening when old Caspar's work was done in comparison with "the sleep that is among the lonely hills"? If we do I suggest that we forget all about the writer as an artist and tell him to twist his talents to eulogise the Welfare State—or something equally socially educative.

Surely no great writer has a preconceived notion about what he will or will not expose, or whom he will or will not portray? If he has, the chances are that he will be either pompous or satirical—the former quality appealing to very few, and the latter mainly to his contemporaries. Immediate appeal probably depends simply upon his ability to bring his characters to life, but immortality depends upon the truth of his vision of humanity. Or have I missed D. Laidler's point?

A. NORTH.

(Any further contributions to this series (?) gratefully received—Ed.)

THE MUCK-RAKERS

—SOCIAL REALISM COMES TO BRITAIN

At last *vice* has hit the British screen! Corruption in high places, the seamy side of Society are shamelessly, daringly, splashed across the screens of Britain—in "THE NAKED TRUTH" and "BARNACLE BILL". The British film has picked up the torch of social responsibility laid down by the G.O.M.s of pre-war British Documentary and presented the Top People to the People.

Alec Guinness as "Barnacle Bill" represents the exploited individual fighting desperately against the vested interests of Sandcastle Town Council. An idealist—but quietly efficient—he foils one bureaucratic assault after another. For the first time, the Police are shown in their true despotic rag-busting ferocity.

Maurice Denham as the calculating Mayor who proposes a new Marine Drive so that his firm can secure the building contract, brilliantly depicts the incipient trends

to dictatorship in a small seaside community. Surrounded by whining, self-seeking lackeys and with the aid of a crooked lawyer, the Mayor attempts to wreck Guinness's plans to provide cheap sea-going holidays (on his pier) for hard-up £2,000-a-year families and their disowned sons. Charles Frennd, the Director of this film, deserves the highest praise and police protection for his efforts to clean up Britain's racket-racked Local Government.

A Farce in the Crowd

Mario Zampi, the Director and Producer of "The Naked Truth", has cast his net wider to include "doctors, politicians, Scout-masters and many other members of our Power Elite." The evil and salacious activities of the Insiders are here revealed by Terry-Thomas, Peggy Mount, Peter Sellers and Dennis Price. As the noble Lord who is blackmailed into paying "£10,000 for a ruddy quarter-of-an-hour" in Hyde Park, Terry-Thomas leads his anti-social gang through a number of bungled attempts to murder Dennis Price. But the high mark of this film is undoubtedly the brilliant portrayal of a phoney television Personality by Peter Sellers. This pocket version of "A Face in the Crowd" shows that Britain can produce damning social criticism. For the first time since the war, the British Film Industry has admitted that there are slums in the East End of London.

Naturally, both films are continuously and uproariously funny.

IAN WOOLF.

U.L.U. PRESS CLUB

The inaugural meeting of the U.L.U. Press Club promised well for its future. A large number of budding journalists turned up to listen to Susan Cooper, of the *Sunday Times*, who talked about her experiences in our counterpart at Oxford.

It is hoped to invite well-known journalists along to give an insight into writing for newspapers and also editors who can give more factual talks on producing a paper and how to get into Fleet Street, in fact anyone who can further the Club's aim "To encourage Student Journalism".

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Do You Read This Page?

How Popular is Sport in L.S.E.?

Recently I have noticed a growing apathetic attitude towards sport in L.S.E. Many have never participated, but what is more disturbing is the decrease in interest amongst those who have played. Surely the black examination cloud, distant but in sight, is not entirely responsible for this exodus.

I could preach a sermon upon the value of a strong college spirit as portrayed through its sporting activities, but would this alleviate the situation? I doubt not, for this is hardly relevant to the recent lack of interest; it has in fact never really existed. I suggest there is no obvious solution at present and therefore propose to gather some "statistics" in the hope that, if there is something lacking, or something unsatisfactory, the Athletic Union can seek to find a remedy.

I might point out there are approximately 500 paid members of the Athletic Union, of which at present little over half actively participate in sport. This is a poor response to a college which caters so well for a large variety of sports. £10,000 per annum is allotted to this aspect of college life, and allied with it must be the initial cost (£18,500) of such a first class ground as Malden and its annual upkeep (£5,000). The other facilities are well publicised, so there is no need to elucidate further.

I therefore draw your attention to the questionnaire which will be distributed concurrent with this *Beaver* issue. It needs your serious consideration for a few minutes only so please respect its intention.

M. P. SCHOFIELD.

SOCCER NEWS

by Bob Peach

Wednesday's league games brought mixed results for the Soccer Club. The 1st XI obviously missed the experience of Ward at wing-half and King's quickly gained control of the mid-field, which they held throughout the game. Although L.S.E. played with determination, there was no co-ordination in their play and King's had little difficulty in repelling any attacks. King's were leading 3-0 at half-time and although L.S.E. played better in the second half and Carter scored a fine goal, King's ran out easy winners by 5-1.

In contrast to this disappointing result, the 2nd XI beat King's II 3-1, in a hard fought match between the top two sides of the division. This was a particularly creditable result as right-back Beaumont was taken to hospital just before half-time, when the score was one each. The reorganised defence, backed up by the good goalkeeping of Jowett, held out determinedly and a second goal by Bailey, plus Mellor's usual, enabled L.S.E. to complete the double over their rivals and match a 4 point lead at the head of the table.

The 3rd XI, with a fine 4-2 win over Goldsmiths' II's, maintained their challenge to C.E.M., and if they beat U.C. III's will undoubtedly finish at least 2nd and so gain promotion. Oliver 2, Paterson and Jones scored the goals.



Climbing with L.S.E. M.C. in Borrowdale, Lake District

THE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

Fine Vacation

Over the New Year, the Mountaineering Club held their annual meet in North Wales. In all, 12 members of the club were present over the 11 days of the meet, the majority having hitch-hiked from home and arriving at odd times of the day and night. Although the weather was not all that could have been desired, a certain amount of rock climbing was accomplished. Hardy members braved the rain and achieved several good routes on Tryfan, which was very handy to the hut occupied by the Club. Over the latter half of the meet good snow conditions were encountered and some practice in snow techniques was possible. In addition, several parties did some walking over the Carneddys, on one of the few really sunny days. The New Year was welcomed in with traditional ceremony.

Review with Prospects

At this, the middle of the L.S.E.

climbing year, it is convenient to review the activities of the past term and the future plans of the Club. The freshers have now settled down and proved themselves to be of good stock. Two meets have been held in the Lake District and innumerable visits paid to Harrison's Rocks in Sussex. The John Jones Memorial Lecture, delivered in mid-January, was concerned with the Alpine Meet of 1957, and was well illustrated with manv slides taken by the two L.S.E. expeditions. And what of future plans? This term there are two visits to North Wales, and the Easter Meet will be held at Glencoe, where it is hoped to find good snow conditions.

At the Annual General Meeting, held on January 23rd, the officers for the year 1958/9 were elected. Ken Brannan, the new President, proposed a vote of thanks to the outgoing committee for all their efforts during the past year.

HOCKEY TEAM STICK IN THE MUD

Unlike the musical hippopotamus, the first eleven have no liking for a delectable wallow. King's, in fact, won a very poor game by three goals to nil. This column has in the past been criticised for confining reports to games which are won: it must be admitted that this report is not so much a vindication as a compelling piece of evidence that we have not won a match since the last issue.

It was indeed a dreadful display by the L.S.E. side. The forwards spluttered around as if they had no idea which way to go and the gaps in the defence were so wide that if the hippopotamus HAD been playing he would probably have scored a hat-trick. What went wrong? It was not just the captain's new stick; it was a total lack of confidence leading to wild or careless passing and a woeful amount of people miles out of position. In fact, some—possibly psychological—reason caused us to imitate the King's technique of bunching and bustling. The imitation failed miserably. Consistent pressure by the opposing forwards was bound to bear fruit in the end and, after some twenty minutes, they scored a very silly little goal, but a goal nevertheless. This seemed to knock all the remaining fire out of L.S.E. and there was an unmistakable air of inevitable doom in everything that they did. Another goal followed before half-time despite some "pressure" by Beaver.

Credit to a Few

The second half was fairly even in territorial play but the third goal arrived at the wrong end to seal off any further hope. Perhaps two reputations were saved: Frank Daly kept his head and played a fine game and Spence Thomas tried everything he knew to get the team moving. For everyone else the mud proved too much.

The Other Sex Women's Hockey

Last Wednesday, in very muddy conditions, we played Q.M.C. The game throughout was very close and especially in the second half the ball spent most of the time in the opponents' half. In the first half Q.M.C. scored two goals whilst Beaver, in spite of some good opportunities in the circle with a half line backing up well, failed to score. The defence for the most part played well throughout the game, though they must in future clear more accurately from the circle and tackle opponents with more determination and persistence than they showed on Wednesday.

On Saturday we are entertaining Southampton, and if the co-operation and team spirit which existed during the matches against Q.M.C. and King's College can be regained—in spite of the defeat by Q.M.C.—then we should have an exciting and (we hope) successful match.

PASSFIELD TO 2nd XI's RESCUE

Scratch Team Triumphs at Ashford

Three regular players were available for the 2nd XI's match against ace club side Ashford. Former Passfield bar operator Philip Bryan returned in desperation to his former spiritual home in Endsleigh Place, and fortunately the bonds of alcohol remained strong and true. Eight hardened drinkers were persuaded to play hockey, and three of this valiant band had wielded clubs before.

It was a ragged convoy that roared past the Georgian portal of L.S.E.'s baroque hall of residence and ultimately, and more than somewhat late, entered Ashford, little known centre of the wire staple industry. The time for the bully off was past and there was no time to introduce the new players into the rules and techniques of what Rilke, in a famed mystical poem, termed "the sport of the pharaohs". After a few minutes one of the burly Ashford men retired from an encounter with Bryan, his shoulder broken, it seemed, by accident. The men of Passfield realised that the opposition were not invulnerable. But Ashford must have heard rumours concerning the L.S.E. team, for they had a 12th man available, and the victim's place was soon filled. L.S.E. were thus forced to play against a side with an unfair advantage.

Heave Ho!

Despite the weight of numbers pitted against them the team played with a spirit and coherence rarely shown by an orthodox side of clean living sportsmen. The new

players, Chapman, Whittington, Bage, Clark, and Shepherd all mastered the rudiments of the game in a surprisingly short time, but the style of the rest was somewhat hampered by their familiarity with the rules. If the ball was rarely in the centre of the field, and many dangerous attacks were broken by a defence nobly held together by captain Briston and reformed soccer player Yeomans.

In the Mind

In the second half Bryan, inspired by the valiant endeavours of hard-playing forwards Bruce Keens-Soper, Mangham and Bage, outran the Ashford defence and managed not to miss an open goal, thus defying past form and the hallowed traditions of the second eleven.

After this the heart went out of the fast tiring Ashford attack, and their deep superficiality became clearly apparent. The last desperate assaults were battered into the mud, and the game drew to a close, a true moral victory for the sportsmen of the Passfield Hall bar, who have discovered a new and socially approved means of creating a massive thirst.

Team: Briston, Bryan, Bage, Mangham, Chapman, Yeomans, Shepherd, Bruce, Clark, Whittington, Keens-Soper.

P.S.—Owing to having to cut this severely to fit the cramped pages of *Beaver* I seem to have omitted the score: Ashford 10 L.S.E. 1. P. E. BRYAN.

CROSS COUNTRY

Varying Fortunes

The form displayed by the team at Bristol at the end of November augured well for the University Championships. In a triangular match L.S.E. were only narrowly defeated by the strong Bristol Athletic Club, and in turn scored a resounding victory over Bristol University. Perfect conditions resulted in a very fast race and, in winning, M. Batty beat the course record by 39 seconds. Shillito finished 5th and Davis 6th.

After such a fine performance the University Championships were a great disappointment; L.S.E. finished only 4th behind I.C., U.C., and King's, each of which had been defeated at least once prior to this race. The absence of "Kid" Shillito, and M. Ryan running under the influence of 'flu, proved insuperable handicaps, and the remainder of the team were not up to the form expected of them—Batty 4th, Davis (only ten hours after the Commem. Ball!) and Tite 14th.

Early this term a rather apathetic performance led to a defeat by Reading University, although the team was without Batty. Only Davis (2nd) and G. Roberts (6th) ran with any enthusiasm.

End of Hangover

However, as Christmas and the 'flu and cough season recede into the past the performances of the team improve. This week an easy victory was scored over Q.M.C. and Westminster College: Batty, Davis, and Dave Sutcliffe (a valuable acquisition to the team) plodded through the Essex mud into first place. It is to be hoped that this winning team is maintained throughout the remaining heavy fixture list.

Three members—Batty, Davis and Shillito—are included in the University team to compete in the British Universities Championships at Nottingham on Feb. 15th. Cambridge (the holders), Loughborough and London will be the chief contenders for the team title.

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