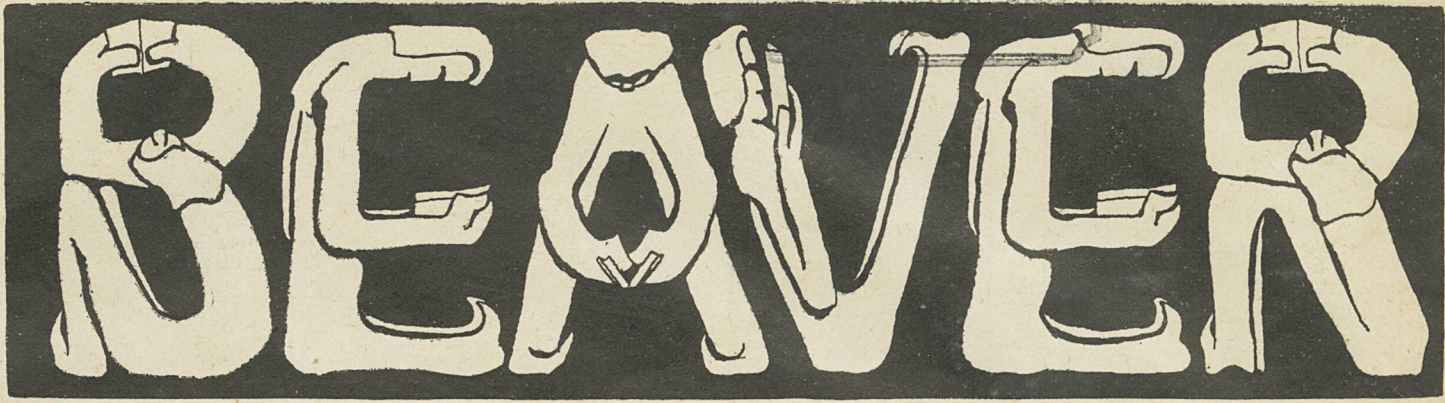


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LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

New Series. VOL I. No. 3.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1949.

Published Fortnightly—Price 3d.

Examination Questions discovered



JOHN NEWLING (ATHLETIC CLUB) WINNING THE MILE AT MALDEN ON SPORTS DAY

X-Ray Team to visit L.S.E.
by Beaver's Medical Correspondent

THE Union has made arrangements for an X-ray Survey Unit to visit L.S.E. at the beginning of next term, and it is hoped that all students will take advantage of the opportunity to have a free X-ray of the chest.

The object of an X-ray examination of the chest is to get rapidly and effectively information regarding the conditions of organs inside the chest, in particular the heart and lungs. The lungs being full of air cells (Alveoli), are fairly translucent to X-ray; any diseased part of the lung is usually more opaque and shows as a shadow on the X-ray picture. The heart is not translucent to X-rays; heart disorders may be revealed by changes from the normal shape of the heart shadow.

EARLY DIAGNOSIS

Previously, X-ray examination was used only to get more precise information for patients already thought to have some disease of the heart or lungs. The conditions then revealed by X-ray were often quite advanced, and sometimes incurably so. Now it is known that much disease, particularly tuberculosis of the lungs, may develop for some time without giving rise to any feelings of illness. It is at this early stage, when the disease is not extensive, that it is most curable. As the person at this stage probably does not consult a doctor, the only way to detect it is by routine examinations.

ONE HUNDRED AN HOUR

Regular medical check-up is becoming recognised as an ideal way to prevent development of serious disease. Routine X-ray examination of the chest is an important part of the check-up—the most important part for university students, since lung tuberculosis is by far the most frequent cause of serious illness in young people. It is now possible to take an X-ray picture on a miniature film. The method is efficient, cheap and rapid, and it is possible to examine a hundred people an hour. Millions of people have been examined in this way.

We urge all students to have this examination. It is well worth doing. If the film is clear, you have the

satisfaction of knowing it. If a spot of disease is found, say in one lung, and treatment is required, you will know that your prospects of cure are very much better than if you had had to wait until you felt ill.

PERSONAL NOTIFICATION

Personal notices of the Survey are being distributed by the Health Committee of the Union via the students' pigeon-holes. It is to be hoped that all students will take advantage of this scheme.

Beaver research proves fruitful

Finals will be easier this year!

A CRITICISM which has hitherto been levelled against "Beaver" is that it overlooks those students whose sole interest in the L.S.E. is the Finals examination. With this in mind, the staff of "Beaver" resolved to assist such students in a positive manner, and, at the same time, to dispel if possible the larger problem of pre-Finals despondency. We feel it invidious that men and women like (say) Tony Baird, Jeanette Thomas, Bernard Levin, Oliver Marston, or dear old Len Hiscock can no longer devote even a small proportion of their day to their extraneous pursuits without an uneasy conscience

* * *

After several Board Meetings we decided that the most practical and appropriate assistance that we could render would be the advance publication of the examination questions. Examinations are traditionally conducted in such a manner that (a) no candidate can possibly be aware of the questions before the appointed hour, and (b) no candidate can have access to books of reference during the period of examination. We decided originally to restrict our activities to negotiating the second restriction by conducting an efficient and anonymous team, which, unknown to the invigilator, would whisk round the examination hall with all the necessary references at hand. This, we felt, involved too many administrative problems, and, in any case, was hardly playing the game. A frank disclosure of all the questions, we eventually decided, was the correct solution.

* * *

Our task then was to procure the questions. We essayed the routine approach—known to students through the ages—the innocuous question to sympathetic lecturers, breaking and entering,

strong drink discreetly applied to likely persons, but all to no avail.

Nevertheless, undismayed, we stuck to the task. The complete edition of the finals papers materialised, and will be published in the next issue.

Drastic Changes Senatorial Euphemism

(From Our Economic and Political Correspondent)

According to rumours circulating yesterday, the London University Senate is considering important changes in the wording of the University Statutes. This is understood to be a progressive move, and includes the following:—

- (a) "Succeeded in reaching less than the requisite number of marks" instead of "Failed to satisfy the examiners."
- (b) "Third Class honours" instead of "Pass."
- (c) "No Honours" instead of "Fail."
- (d) "Acquiring information in a manner not provided for in the regulations for internal and external students" instead of "Copying from another candidate's paper."
- (e) "Admitted into Exhibition Road" instead of "Shall be expelled from the Examination Room."

Our correspondent adds that this should ease the graduate unemployment position: Miss Renee Nathan has given her approval, and the A.Sc.W. seems happier.

WITH A WIDE AND PROGRESSIVE OUTLOOK, *The Times Educational Supplement* covers the activities of scholarship at home and abroad from child welfare to university affairs each week.

It provides reports of all important educational meetings and conferences, features Parliamentary debates on education, summarizes official publications and local administrative news, and includes many special articles on subjects related to a liberal education in the widest sense of the term, and in many countries. It reviews, books films, school music, drama, broadcasting and other modern adjuncts to practical work in the classroom. Nothing, in fact, that is necessary to a wide knowledge of what is happening in the educational affairs of the world to-day is missing from its pages.

THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT

Order it from your newsagent Price Threepence weekly

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATE: 19/6

WANTED!

FOR too long Freshers have drifted into the building on the first day of term, wandered around wretchedly for hours in a "Snake-Pit" atmosphere—students rushing frantically for Grants, times of Lectures, etc.—and have eventually returned home feeling thoroughly miserable and disillusioned. In order to obviate this unnecessary confusion, a Freshers' Reception Committee was set up last year and with the experience gained from that attempt we hope to do even better this year. Its success, however, depends entirely upon the willing co-operation of members of the school.

THE SCHEME—

We propose to welcome Freshers on the two days immediately before the beginning of term, when the functions of the Union and of its various officers will be explained to them, together with a brief outline of the social and academic activities of the school.

—IN OPERATION

Our main efforts will, however, be centred around the "group" principle, and for this purpose we shall need some 12 stewards, together with at least 40 "group leaders," whose main task will be to show groups of 10–12 Freshers around the school, answer questions, and generally assist the newcomers to find their feet in an atmosphere of sympathy and friendship.

"IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU"

Although our main interest is, of course, directed towards assisting these new students, we hope that we may ultimately stimulate an active interest in the school and its diverse functions which may prove a cure for that deadweight of apathy which has so frequently been the curse of the student body—but it all depends on you.

WHAT TO DO

Volunteers are essential to the success of this plan—so please give your names to Miss Betty Cuttell, of the Reception Committee, or to myself, and assist us in our task of stimulating the interest of our newcomers, without which the corporate life of the student body cannot be maintained.

IVOR STRONG.

ARE YOU A CAD?

IF NOT (and we hope you're not)

Come to the

AD HOC

Fancy Dress Ball

(Under the auspices of the Society of Beasts and the Ostrich Club)

**IN AID OF THE
INDONESIAN STUDENT FUND**

*to be held in the
MICHAELMAS TERM*

**Members* - 2s. 6d.
Non-Members 3s. 0d.**

* NOTE. Temporary membership, for one evening only, of either of the Societies can be obtained subject to conditions that will surprise you!

BEAVER

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
HOUGHTON STREET
ALDWYCH - LONDON - W.C.2

New Series Vol. 1 No. 3

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CHARLES R. STUART

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Theatre Critic: A. C. Bernel
Film Critic: J. H. Smith
Photographer: Alan Kingsbury

This issue of "Beaver" is the last which will appear during the present term. So far the contents of the paper have been entirely experimental; the first issue was of a serious nature, the second was more flippant, and this issue is concerned largely with domestic activities. Although this procedure may seem slightly haphazard, it is not without purpose. Our main difficulty in editing a students' newspaper is to decide which approach is most readily acceptable, and although it is perhaps unwise to prejudge the reaction to this present issue, we are of the opinion that lightheartedness is more generally appreciated than solemnity or domesticity.

We may, of course, be wrong, and as it is an important point—more important indeed to the reader than to the editorial staff—we invite criticism. During the break between this issue and the first issue in the Michaelmas term we will try to draft next term's series so that it will most nearly meet the demand.

At the same time we should like to remind potential contributors that it is of great assistance to the printers if all articles or letters for "Beaver" are clearly written—if possible type-written—on one side of the page only and with a margin of at least one inch on the left hand side of the page in order that printing instructions may be inserted. The printers have shown remarkable forbearance this term, and have tolerated the most inadequate copy out of sheer kindness of heart, and we are extremely grateful to them for such restraint. In future, however, will all contributors follow the guiding rules we have laid down—or else!

Next term two very important events take place at the school, and both of them will require the co-operation of students. In the first place, approximately 600 Freshers will be admitted to the school, and the Freshers' Welcome Committee have prepared a scheme which it is hoped will make initiation less severe. To carry it out they need the assistance of some 50-60 students. The task is not an onerous one and does not make too heavy a demand on the student's time. The second event is less exacting, and there is a greater degree of self-interest at stake. The mass radiography team is to visit the L.S.E. again, and it is to be hoped that all students will avail themselves of the opportunity to have a routine inspection. A detailed account of both these schemes appears elsewhere in the paper.

Before we go to bed this term for the last time may we wish all those who are facing Finals the very best of luck.

EDITOR.

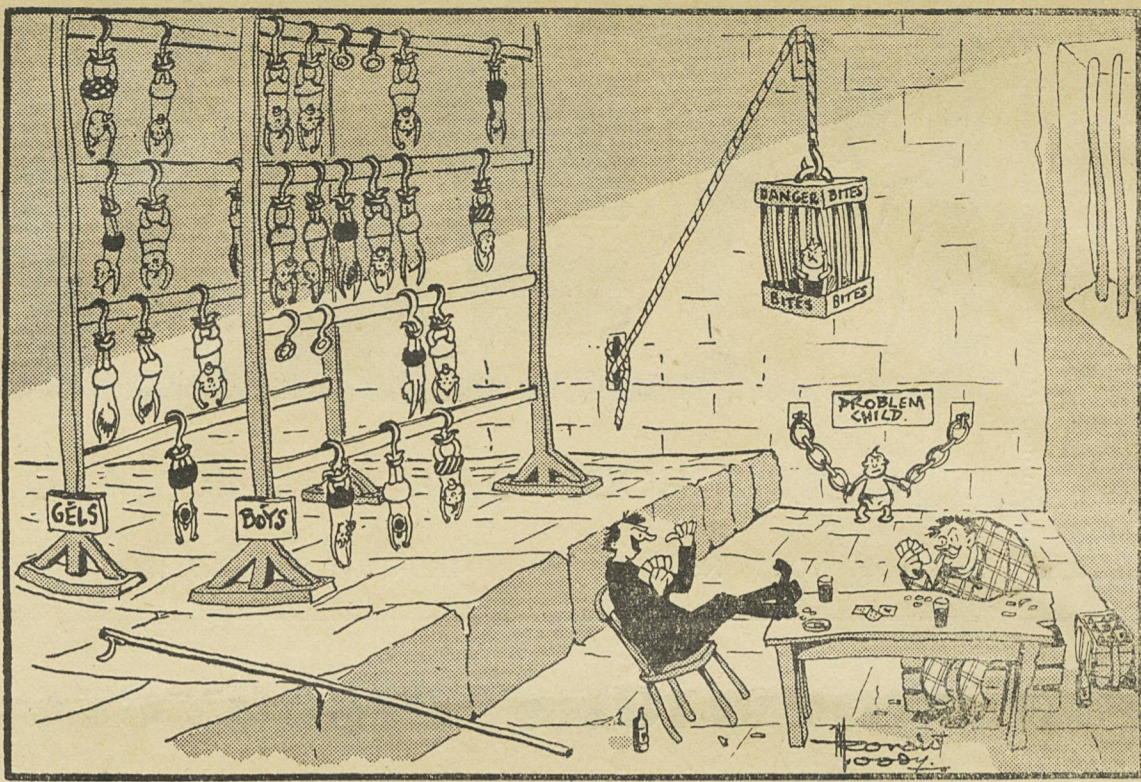
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"THIS BABY-SITTING'S A PIECE OF CAKE ONCE YER GET IT ORGANISED, EH 'ARRY?"

Beaver's Hansard

12.5.49

Dear Elsie,

They had such a nice evening here the other night: everybody enjoyed themselves, particularly that Mr. Schur—the General Secretary, you know. He took over the meeting just before it finished. I know a few little stories about Mr. Schur, but he said I've only got to tell you one.

DANNY KAYE AND LORDS

It all started when quite a nice-looking girl read them a sort of lullaby—they mostly went to sleep, if you can see what I mean; but one or two didn't, and kept jumping up and asking things. Just when I thought that Mr. Burgh was going to hit some of them they stopped; but, funnily enough, they started asking all over again after officers had announced. There was that Mr. Owens—you know, the one who proposed that Mr. Owens should see Danny Kaye the week before—he asked a nasty question about dear Mr. Burke, who is such a gentleman. Of course, Mr. Burke was at Lords, like they all should have been, and I'm sure he didn't write what Mr. Owens said he did and if he did he had a good reason for it. Such a splendid gentleman, Mr. Burke is, my dear.

STENOGRAPHIC KEN

You know Mr. Watkins, don't you? He asked naughty questions about shorthand typists who were being pinned to notice boards—really, these modern girls! It didn't quite seem Mr. W.'s line, at the time, but I suppose it's something to do with the class struggle and exploitation really. One or two more followed and then Mr. Burgh got fed up and asked that someone should say, "next business"—and everybody said it and Mr. B. looked pleased.

'ORRIBLE DEEDS

Now, this bit is very important. Two funny men, 'Arrased and 'Orrible I think they was, had spent a long time writing out a big report on the Refectory with such a neat sketch in it though it was missing. Well, they'd suggested all sorts of clever things about the R. and really it was very well done for them students, but one or two didn't seem to like it. Still, everything seemed all right, and Mr. Schur asked me if I'd come out and have a game with him (you know what an eye Mr. S. has got for a pretty face, though I says it as shouldn't). We settled down comfortably to our game, and just as I was thinking of beating him, in runs Fillie Buster.

BEHIND THE 'ARRASS

He doesn't say much—you know what he's like, my dear—just, "Val, the Union needs you" (Mr. S. looked just like Errol Flynn; you know, the General Custer one). Anyway, back goes Mr. S. and when I returns, a bit flustered like, what should I see but Mr. S. where Mr. Burgh should be and Mr. B. what they call "on the floor." Apparently the Union didn't like the Report, and that rumbustious Mr. Sharp wanted to run the Refectory himself. It was lovely, I'd like to see Mr. Sh. doing my job all day, cooking and cleaning, but he won't, more's the pity, as the Union changed its mind again. You see 'Arras or 'Orrible (or perhaps both) said they'd resign and they'd done such a nice report that it did seem a shame. Still it was great fun while it lasted. [Before I came in Mr. Burg told Mr. Jarrett that what Mr. J. wanted was Mr. B. out of the chair and when

someone asked Mr. J. why he (Mr. J.) wanted it, Mr. B. told him: that's only hearsay, dear, but as I heard Mr. B. say it later, it should be true hearsay.]

SCHUR AGAIN

I was going to stay to the end, my dear, but that Mr. Schur came back and asked me to play with him again. He loves table tennis!

Your loving friend,
EDWEENA,

19.5.49

Thursday, 19/5/49.

The Brontosaurus poked its head into the Old Theatre during Officers' Announcements and swallowed three full members without turning a scale. I was about to draw its attention to the Constitution, Section III(3) and threaten to throw it out on its bronto, when a Pterodactyl fluttered in at the window and devoured a succulent Social Science lassie with a hoarse croak.

POLICY AND PROFIT

Mr. Stuart was speaking upon the policy and profits of "Beaver" without establishing the existence of either. The Pterodactyl hovered near him for a moment, sniffed, hiccupped and flapped up on to the balcony, where it sat, staring morosely at the President. The President sat staring morosely at the Pterodactyl and a four-headed dog howled far away in the distance.

MOON-RAKING

Mr. Moon rose . . . he waxed eloquent upon the requirements of the Indonesian Student Scheme and the Brontosaurus listened with intense interest, nibbling absently at the head of an economics specialist in the front row. Then, with a sudden display of affection, it nuzzled Mr. Morawetz tenderly with its soggy snout. "Big Boy" grunted, and the beast grunted back. Two more Pterodactyls flew in at the window and shrieked in unison, their wings flapping drily against the bat-headed monster with six feet that had been creeping along the gangway, devouring union members with abandon.

'DE CAPITATION FEE

Mr. Hemingway was on his feet. "We do not feel," he said, amidst the flapping and flopping of primeval fauna, "that the U.L.U. subscription should be increased to 1/6d. per head!" The Brontosaurus eased the position by reducing the number of heads, and grunted assent. "Big Boy" grunted assent. We all grunted assent.

DESCENT

Then, suddenly, we were all talking about peace and war and disarmament—the difficulty appeared to be that proportional disarmament cannot be unilateral without palaeolithic authenticity as distinct from the multilateral cacophony of pluterial denicotomy—or, in other words, margarine before atom bombs, but let us keep the British Navy, sir!

BUDAPEST

The Brontosaurus was cheesed off. It had stopped nuzzling Mr. Morawetz and listened to the motion on the admission of D.P.s to English universities with open indifference. And when we began discussing subsidies for the L.S.E. delegation to Budapest, it became quite clearly antagonistic.

AARONSON AND EISLER

There were now five Pterodactyls in the air above us, swooping and

Marginalia

COURT NOTE

Princess Margaret smiled yesterday.

SHERMY'S LAST RIDE

Charlie Staines was doing the talking. Charlie, as you know, is a big noise in Biva, and is Sherm's best friend and counsellor. Or was. Sherm, the once-smooth Serb, stood sulking on the horse-hair carpet in Charlie's funeral parlour. "Shermy," says Charlie, "What's this I hear about you mixin' with those guys on the South Side—specially with that no-good Toti? You know we finished with that bunch way back."

"They was O.K. the time of the big round-up," says Sherm, "when we cleaned up on that extre land and them mavericks. What they done now, hey? Toti's a regular guy. He ain't done nuthin' exceptional. He's O.K. I tell you; he's on the beam." "Nuts," says Charlie. "Too big for his boots, that man. Wants to run the place himself. Never heard the like, no never. You just keep away from him, boy. He's pizen." "I will not," says Sherm, very firm.

"Then Biva's no place fer you, feller," says Charlie. "Just as you say, Charlie," murmurs Sherm. "But I'll be seein' the sheriff about this, you wait. You ain't the boss. An' whose gonna get those corpses ef'n I go, eh?"

Charlie set quiet. He was thinking what about his corpses if the rest of the boys followed Sherm.

Shermy stepped into the street. The wind was up. It would be cold on the South Side.

What the hell.

COURT NOTE

Princess Margaret smiled at 10.30 this morning.

IN THE MARKET

Cocoa, which was selling last week in New York at 35 cents a pound, is down to about 20 cents.

This one, who was rash enough to attend a recent ball, is down to 20 pence. He will be selling all sorts of things in the gentlemen's cloakroom at about 4.30 every day until mid-June.

COURT NOTE

Princess Margaret is expected to smile same time tomorrow afternoon.

(Continued in next column)

(Continued from previous column)

leaping with a disgusting display of table manners that could only be called primeval. This was too much for the Brontosaurus. Its long neck snaked up in a vicious arc and pinned one of the Pterodactyls against the ceiling. There was a flurry of claw and feather and a struggle for survival broke loose with hellish fury as Mr. Aaronson introduced his urgency motion, condemning the treatment of Gerhard Eisler as being against all our traditions of fair-play and freedom.

JUST EISLER

The Pterodactyls were winning—the Brontosaurus was gripped firmly in their claws, and it struggled vainly as they flapped slowly into the air, turned, and flew off into the night with their heavy burden. They had dined well. There were exactly forty of us left, just enough to pass the Eisler motion and leave the bat-headed monster with six feet to clear up the scattered morsels left him by the Dinosaurs.

KLIB OOSH-AK.

LETTERS

BEARDED!

Dear Sir,

I feel sure that the enclosed literature is intended for you and not for me. The correspondence department is perhaps unaware of your journal's existence!

I have not yet attained the state of eminence in which I can sign myself without a "handle." But I passed to you last week-end a paper which came to me addressed "The Beaver." Believe me, I was not flattered!

Yours truly,

S. H. BEAVER.

A VALIANT EFFORT

From the Editor of C.M.R.

Dear Babyface,

May I offer my congratulations on the occasion of your first issue of "Beaver," and my best wishes for its continued success. At present there seems to be no fear of "Beaver" losing that freshness, spontaneity and sincerity which characterised it until now. Today it is true to say that there is more being printed than ever before, and less worth reading.

On the one hand we have slogans, appeals from prejudice to prejudice, from vanity to vanity, ensnaring, in one form or another, with the Herrenvolk idea, the "Western Man." On the other hand we see the tendency for those whose vocation it is to fight this miasma becoming corrupted by too long contact with it, attempting to employ its own weapons of deceit, prejudice, half-truths and appeals to latent vanity.

"Beaver," in its own way, can help to preserve some sanity, can help people to maintain confidence in their own intellect, ability and purpose, and perpetuate the tradition that rational thought and discussion has a valuable part to play in social endeavour.

Under your editorship, dear Babyface, I am confident that "Beaver" will realise these potentialities.

Yours sincerely,

VAL.

NEW SCHOOL TIE

Dear Sir,

Can representations be made to the L.S.E. official outfitter regarding the poor quality of the school ties? Ties now obtainable are so narrow and lacking in substance that they do not knot well except when tied towards the broader end.

Our present ties are quite inferior to those of other Universities and Colleges. Should improvement be a mere matter of cost I am sure that those in L.S.E. who take pride in their neckwear will gladly pay the additional expense.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

P. E. BURKE.

(Continued from previous column)

BALLISTICS IN THE SHAW

J. Mr. Kitchen, about whom it might not perhaps be incautious to venture the tentative suggestion that he may conceivably make, in due course, a fairly competent trombonist, gave a quite lyrical, yet not in the least dreamy, rendering of Spitzenschnabel's Op. .04 for trombone and collection box in the Founder's Room last Ash Wednesday.

Avoiding the subjective, and bearing in mind that Spitzenschnabel was objectionable in the purest sense of the term, Mr. Kitchen excelled himself in a poetic interpretation of this major work. Particularly delightful was his scintillatory rendering of the 32nd movement in B, where his exquisite phrasing and superb touch brought out the full, rich tone of our new Shaw trombone.

Without committing oneself to a lucid explanation, his rendering of the final stanzas, "Ring down the curtain, the heroine's on fire," was really quite extraordinary.

PETER LEMUEL.

2. Mr. Kitchen stinks.

CYRIL EARLY.

Princess Margaret has a lovely smile.

JOHN BLOT.

SCENTS OF HUMOUR

Goldilocks, the hi-jacking siren, swung her languorous hips through door and corridor, leaving in her wake the fragrant whiff of Pine Tar "Flit," which follows her everywhere and, indeed, has provoked for her recognition as "The Mere Fade of Perf." Accidentally bumping into 23 successive males she flashed into the bar, just before closing, but in time to murmur "Here's mud in your eye," as she puffed the froth off 15 stouts.

But it was all right. The barman stayed till 3 a.m. to lock up.

SMARTIE.

BRIGHTON BAEDEKER'D

By A. R. W. BARFIELD

A guide for the intending visitor by a Seaside Metropolitan

So the next N.U.S. Conference is to be at Brighton. Well, I suppose there are worse places. I feel though, that in order that those who eventually do visit the Queen of the South Coast shall not go in ignorance, a "slight impression" of England's premier seaside resort, by one who eighteen short months ago was a Londoner, in fact as well as by birth and preference, would not come amiss.

There are four main things about Brighton worthy of remark: The Pavilion, the Front, Hove, and the Queue. The first of these is probably the only building in the world to have been the subject of constant heated argument for a century and a half. Ever since John Mash built it for the Prince Regent, wordy battles have been fought over it, and most epithets from "delightful masterpiece" to "hideous heap of junk" have been applied to it. Cobden compared it to a row of turnips on a box, whilst others alleged that St. Paul's had come down to the seaside and had pups. In the evenings, floodlit in red and yellow, it looks like Picasso's idea of the Kremlin. Within a stone's throw of it are the Dome and the Corn Exchange; the latter, used mainly for exhibitions and large dances, was once the Riding School, and the former has developed from a stable into a concert hall—*sic transit* . . .

THE FRONT

The Front is supposed to be seven miles long, which is good publicity and near enough true, but disguises the nature of the two-mile stretch between Rottingdean and Black Rock. This is all cliff, along the base of which is a pleasant promenade—pleasant, that is, until, having missed the one at the Rottingdean end, one sees a notice: "The Corporation . . . danger of falling flints . . . own re-

sponsibility. . . ." and looks up! The sight is terrifying—these are no cigarette lighter flints, but three-four pound jobs with sharp, jagged edges, and they project quite a few inches from the cliff face—about a foot or so apart. In addition, there is often a large, well-fed specimen of rook somewhere near the top, perched on the biggest one for yards, bouncing up and down on it, and looking down with a knowing leer. Have you, my friend, ever tried walking in a westerly direction with the eyes turned to the north and upwards at an angle of 60 degrees? Along the top of the cliff is a path, a main road, Roedean School, two golf courses, and St. Dunstan's, otherwise nothing. At Black Rock we find an open-air swimming pool and the terminus of Volk's Electric Railway, presumably still so-called because Brighton Corporation Transport Department's Electric Railway is too much to get on the rather small "trains." Also at Black Rock we often (on Bank Holidays especially) find the tail of the line of coaches waiting to pick up homegoing trippers who start their search for the right one at the Palace Pier, a mile away.

ROBERT AND THE EGG

Piers, after all, are much alike, but across the road from this one is the Aquarium, whose chief exhibit today is a parrot which, having been called

Robert for years, laid an egg recently, by way of protest. There is, of course, the other (the West) Pier, and between the two is the fish market and the stretch of promenade once known as the "half mile of vice," where even today there may be among the crowds dangerous gangsters and blondes with tiny razors fitted into painted fingernails.

HOVE

Pressing on westward one eventually comes to the King Alfred, a pleasant building, standing in its own putting green. Here, for the delectation of those who appreciate it, is kept a large supply of a certain liquid, in various containers and in various forms. One may use a private enamelled vessel, or partake on a communal basis with the aid of one of several large tiled receptacles; one may have it hot or cold, fresh or salt, according as one wishes to swim in it, or merely bathe oneself. This is, of course, in Hove; no Brightonian could be guilty of such a piece of calculated deception.

Hove is Brighton's residential suburb, possessing a greyhound track, a football pitch, a cricket ground, and a lot of roads which are about twice as wide as they need be (this is to keep the people who live on the other side at a respectable distance).

THE QUEUE

The queue is Brighton's most recent acquisition, dating from Easter Monday at approximately 5 p.m. Based on the station, with its other end some three quarters of a mile away, it persisted for two or three hours and filled half a hundred trains, while the London Road was a solid mass of traffic moving north. When they had all gone, Brighton sank back, a little tired, and became what she always is when there are not a vast number of people about—just another town, only a rather forlorn one, looking for a crowd and thinking "That was a good week-end—probably meant two bob off next year's notes."

THE COMMEM. BALL

or

How one Complimentary was earned

One intriguing query, at least, emerges from the recent Commemoration Ball. What significance may one reasonably attach to it? Does it, in point of fact, consciously commemorate anything, or is it purely an attractive name for an attractive event? Musing over this rather neat problem I was conscious of the fact that if it commemorates anything at all it must be that the Refectory can appear charming, that at least one dance is held every year, or that the Library closed at 9.20 p.m. None of these, however, true though they may be, commands the necessary universality for conscious celebration. If only the date were different, I thought, one might ascribe it to the founding of the School—yet quite obviously no School commenced its life only four weeks from Finals!

Whatever the origin, however, none can deny the success of this year's Ball. From the fir trees in the Entrance Hall to the disarming oblivion of the Shaw Library the School vibrated geniality: from the sartorially correct to discreetly untidy radiated understanding and forgiveness: from the late snack to the early breakfast was a gourmand's paradise: and from the dance floor to the settee was a matter of judgment and two floors.

ROOM 408

The Ball commenced punctually at 8.30 p.m. and the handful of people then present sat and applauded the band. Ray Clavenger, as the Master of Ceremonies, struggled valiantly to crowd the floor, whilst his other half, Tony Baird, juggled at a nearby hostelry with Dutch Courage before taking charge himself. Ray and Tony alternated throughout the Ball—a Transatlantic Sunbeam with a dash of Sweet Reasonableness.

At roughly 9 p.m. John Burgh paraded his guests in the foyer, some of them even then noticeably at the slope, and marched them off to the Reception in 408. Those of us not fortunate enough to be invited guests at the official Reception filed into 408 many hours later, and, in the President's absence, satisfactorily demonstrated that one doesn't need a President to open a door.

PERSONALITY

When Tony took over from Ray the Ballroom was a little more populated, and occasionally a couple essayed the more simple dances. By 11 p.m. the Ball was well under way: nearly everybody had arrived, and the Bar was looking healthily unhealthy. All the old favourites were present, drinking, dancing or eating—even Buster (or as I believe he's now called, Fillie Buster) was prominent in his evening dress. One of the new Bevin Boys, vaguely resembling the old Jim Duffy, kept sober until 11.30 p.m.: little Jennie Nelson was well to the fore, and Polly Cooper looked after the score.

Arch-enemies were greeted with restrained civility, and a sublime feeling of universal bonhomie settled upon the School.

ENID'S TEST OF STAMINA

Indeed it is very difficult to find fault with the Entertainments Committee—unless perhaps it is over the professional Cabaret introduced for the first time this year. Opinion remains divided upon the merit of this innovation; it did, it is true, prevent the Ball from shaping, as a test of stamina, yet the quality of performance was not sufficiently high to be really appreciated. Fortunately John Hutchinson and Len Freedman were at hand to remedy professional shortcomings, and their interpretation of cabaret work sparkled indulgently at the expense of their less sophisticated rivals. All the while Basil Henson sat on Enid Coombs' knee!

LOVE ON THE DOLE

After the Cabaret we returned to the routine again—dancing, eating or what is known as "sitting-out." So successful is the "routine" that at least one couple are now engaged to be married despite Walter Greenwood's warning and the proclamations of the L.S.E. branch of the A.Sc.W. If you are interested in the A.Sc.W's. activity Miss Renee Nathan will be delighted to assist you.

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE CORNER

"Came the dawn" as "The Times" commented recently in one of its leaders. With the dawn we had fried egg on toast, and John Hutchinson and Len Freedman on ice until the Cleaners arrived. From the L.S.E. to a little house on the corner is but a short step down the Strand, and we were grateful enough for their coffee when we got there. But somehow in the morning, faded and chilly, we slid once more into insignificance, and the world was no longer young and gay. How silly we looked going home in the tram in evening dress!

EDDY.

GROUSE SHOOTING

Clare Market Review was subjected to the most serious criticism during the Union meeting on Thursday, May 19th. Mr. Lionel Grouse, the Secretary of the Clare Market Review Board, informed the Union during question hour that although the Summer issue of the magazine was already at the printers, there had been no full board meeting to discuss the content or the policy of that issue. The President of the Union, Mr. John Burgh, replying to Mr. Grouse in the absence of the Editor of C.M.R., stated that he regretted that any such allegations could possibly be made against a Union publication and that he could at the moment give no adequate reply. In view of the absence of the Editor it was considered that any further immediate discussion of the question would prove fruitless, and Mr. Burgh requested that Mr. Grouse make a formal and written statement to the Union Council.

We do not wish to prejudice the issue, yet to counter ill-considered hearsay we should like to explain the constitutional position.

It is in effect a question of convention and custom. The Editorial Board is appointed by the Editor to assist him in a purely advisory capacity and has no constitutional recognition. In so far as the effective working arrangements are concerned the constitution recognises only the Editor and Business Manager. Mr. Sherman, then, was acting within the letter of the law: whether or not his infringement of etiquette in failing to call a Board Meeting is serious is the only question at issue.

MICHAEL SCOTT AT THE L.S.E.

The Student Christian Movement in L.S.E. was fortunate in securing the Rev. Michael Scott to address the first open meeting of the Summer term, and in spite of the unfortunate clash with a public lecture, almost a hundred people were present, including members of other colleges. Dr. Richards was in the chair, and her valuable work enabled the meeting to run smoothly in spite of the shortage of time.

RACIAL PROBLEMS IN S.W. AFRICA

We, as Christians, are bound to oppose the policies of the South African government in their settlement of the racial problem, policies which are the negation of the command of Him who said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Michael Scott has appeared before the United Nations to plead the case of the Herero, a people in South-West Africa, who suffered a great massacre at the hands of the Germans at the beginning of the present century, and who are now restricted to three reserves of very poor country, while their paramount chief is a refugee in a British Protectorate. Once the greatest cattle-rearing tribe in the whole of Africa, they now have little opportunity of exercising their talents, though many are employed as herd boys on the farms of Europeans. Much land which the Herero could use to their own advantage and to the advantage

of South Africa is still unoccupied, presumably reserved for some nebulous European immigration.

This is but a part of the race-segregation policy of the South African government. Michael Scott introduced a film showing the conditions under which the Africans have to live in South Africa, especially in the mining district of the Rand. He showed the work of native stone-masons in the British protectorates, and contrasted this with the conditions of the Transvaal, where the natives are not permitted to take up such a trade, not because their work is inferior to that of European labour, but because it would form too great a competition.

The British S.C.M. is very concerned with this problem, and has been carrying on negotiations with South African Christians for some time. We urge everyone to bring to the notice of their respective political parties and any other interested bodies

Incredible

CLARE MONEY MARKET STRANGER THAN FICTION

The Refectory was at par: at the end of the lunch hour there was a certain degree of inflation.

Sausage rolls opened at 11.45, and brown rolls were considerably harder. Tea weakened slightly.

The cash desk sold 13/4d. of bar chocolate, and 320 cigarettes were withdrawn for the common room.

Camembert was strong, blancmange was unsteady to begin with but closed firm.

A rumour that tomato soup had been watered was quickly dispelled by a pusher taking up 43 shares and the market became brisker.

There was a serious drop in crockery, and there is every prospect that students will go down within the next few days.

CLOSING PRICES

Brown rolls: 1d.
Buttered rolls: 1½d.
Milk: 4d.
Cheese: 1½d.
3 mnths. Cheese: 3d.
6 mnths. Cheese: 6d.

IN THE PRESIDENT'S MAIL

Ministry of Education,
Curzon Street,
London, W.1.
May 19th, 1949.

The Private Secretary acknowledges the receipt of your letter of May 17th re Union Meeting on October 6th, 1949, which will be laid before the Minister.

If all the Freshers who wandered into the Registrar's Office were to stand on each others' heads in the deepest part of the North Sea, the Registrar would probably be very grateful.

The London School of Economics has less day students than all the other Colleges of London University put together.

A DEAD ISSUE

(But it might have been funny had we appeared earlier)

This morning he had been told by Mr. H. Macmillian of a letter sent to the firm of which he was head by the copyright section of the C.O.I. It read:—

"The above-named publishers are interested in the Polish language rights for 'Gulliver's Travels,' by J. Swift. If the rights are still available can you please let me have a reading copy and your terms for this firm?"

More than 200 years had passed since the secret of the authorship of this book, which was a literary earthquake of the eighteenth century, had been pierced. He would have thought that there was no educated person save a copyright officer in the C.O.I. unaware that Swift had been dead for 200 years. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Brendan Bracken reported in *The Times*, 24.5.49.

the conditions under which the Herero are forced to live and work.

CHRISTIAN RESPONSIBILITY

This meeting followed a pre-terminal week-end, run on an inter-collegiate basis, where the subject for study was the impact of Western civilisation on peasant communities. It brought home to many the Christian responsibility with regard to undeveloped communities, a responsibility which it is all too easy to neglect. All thinking Christians will be concerned with this matter.

RIGHTS OF MAN

Nevertheless, this is but one part of the wider whole. We refuse to acknowledge the pernicious doctrine that no man has any rights save those magnanimously conferred on him by the omniscient "state." We condemn discrimination wherever it occurs, whether in Eastern Europe, Western Europe or America; discrimination because of colour, class or belief is fundamentally contrary to our basic tenets, and our aim is the brotherhood of all mankind, and the reign of the Prince of Peace. "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

The Executive Committee,
S.C.M., L.S.E.

Not Another Dance!

Watch out, if you must, for a dance (soi-disant) to be held by the STAFF OF BEAVER (in red please) during the Michaelmas term (or thereabouts). Whatever you pay to get in you'll double to get out if you get in.

Details will be announced as soon as the dance has taken place.

★ **FILMS** ★

THE SNAKE PIT

Directed by Anatole Litvak.
Director of Photography: Leo Tover, A.S.C.
Based on the novel by Mary Jane Ward.
A Twentieth Century-Fox Production.

There has been considerable reluctance on the part of motion picture producers to show insanity on the screen, except as a unfortunate butt for humour. *The Snake Pit* therefore has courageous originality as well as being a truly remarkable film. Without hesitation it can be said to be the most outstanding film of the year, while the acting of Miss Olivia de Havilland is a complete *tour de force* and outclasses any other actress of any nationality.

The Snake Pit is an overcrowded U.S. mental institution as seen through the eyes of one of its recent inmates, a Mrs. Virginia Cunningham. The picture of her insanity and cure is skilfully built up by superb acting and imaginative creative use of camera and sound track. There is a scene of electrical shock therapy, made shattering to the audience by skilful editing and the rising, swelling, overpowering music of Alfred Newman, and has there been a finer piece of montage in a recent film than the short sequence depicting the agonised thoughts of a woman believing herself drowning while undergoing shock treatment? Throughout the hospital scenes the hard photography—similar to that employed by Twentieth Century-Fox in their recent series of documentary-type thrillers—is completely effective.

Mr. Litvak's exacting direction and Miss de Havilland's performance as Mrs. Cunningham, in which the twisting and distortion of her features were horribly convincing, are quite beyond reproach and are in the main responsible for the forceful impact made by this film. Damian O'Flynn gives a pleasing performance in the very brief role as Virginia's father, and Leo Genn as Dr. Kik, the sympathetic doctor in charge of Mrs. Cunningham, is excellent and confirms expectations gained from his previous films. In these times when so many of our actors are losing personality in Hollywood it is indeed a pleasure to see that Mr. Genn is still very, very British.

P. E. B.

★ **OPERA** ★

DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN

May I "do a Wotan" and report progress halfway through the cycle? So far good singing has been ruined by bad orchestral playing under the baton of Karl Rankl. Strings are weak, brass chaotic, woodwind feeble—a notable exception is the cor anglais from whom we can expect great things in *Tristan*. The first half hour of *Das Rheingold*, despite an impressive set and splendid swimming Maidens, can only be described as painful.

Set Svanholm, miscast as Loge, is a reasonable and accurate Siegmund, but there is little beauty in his voice. Hotter looks a magnificent Wotan and sings well save for occasional lapses into middle-aged wobble. Flagstad's Brünhilde is as perfect as Trevor Anthony's Hunding is imperfect. The one great performance so far has come from Doris Doree, who infused Sieglinde with a warmth and passion that was almost sufficient to arouse the orchestra from its torpor. However, Mr. Rankl was able to restore equilibrium with *Ride* which was about as exciting as a trip from Tottenham Court Road to Holborn.

If you have three shillings and an evening to spare don't miss *Falstaff* at the Stoll. Quite apart from Stabile's fine performance and some real orchestral playing under Clemens Krauss, it is a pleasure to sit in a gallery which was not designed especially for the audience's discomfort.

CYRIL EHRLICH.

LA MAISON DU MALTAIS
Studio One

With Vivian Romance and Marcel Dalio. Directed by Michel Koustoff. This film represents a considerable technical achievement. Although being shown in this country for the first time it was made twelve years ago in France. During the occupation the negative was lost and the film was re-made from the positive print.

The theme, *L'amour, l'amour, toujours l'amour*, set for, the first part of the film in the slums of Sfax, is treated in the typical open and frank manner of the French, and consequently the British censor has played havoc, making many noticeable savage cuts, giving the film an unconnected and disjointed effect. Even so several scenes of the film seem tedious and drawn out.

Vivian Romance gives a warm, sensuous and passionate performance, but Dalio tends to overact too much, which gives his characterisation an unrealistic effect. Admirable support comes from the rest of the cast, Louis Jouvet, Jany Holt and Frehel deserving special mention.

Unfortunately, although a worthy attempt has been made, the dubbing can not hope to justify the French dialogue.

S. M. S.

THE WINDOW

Directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Bobby Driscoll. An R.K.O. Radio Picture.

This is a reminder to anyone who has not yet seen *The Window*, that here is one of the most original and exciting films to come out of Hollywood for a long time. It takes a lot to disturb the inveterate filmgoer; but I found the attempts of the murderer to silence the child who is the only witness of their crime quite terrifying. The tenement atmosphere (most of the film was shot on location in the New York slums) is particularly well caught. Recommended wholeheartedly.

J. H. S.

★ **THEATRE** ★

THE MALE ANIMAL

By James Thurber and Elliott Nugent

At the Arts Theatre (till June 13th), with Arthur Hill, Barbara Kelly and Hugh McDermott.

The Male Animal is an uneasy mixture of slapstick, farce, comedy and drama. In addition it is compounded of two distinct plots, which run parallel for most of the play, fusing into one occasionally, only by the admirable efforts of Arthur Hill, to whom, in the leading part, the acting laurels for the evening must be accorded. As the youthful professor who is afraid of losing his wife to her athletically amorous ex-boyfriend, and who protests against the attempts by the university authorities to stipulate what must, and what must not, be read to students, Mr. Hill was both the connecting link between the plots and the most unruffled member of the cast. For, undoubtedly, the rest of the all-Amurrican cast was first-night-nervous; they bobbed and bounced about the stage pouncing too rapidly on some cues, and hovering uncertainly over others, thereby losing some of the pungency of the brilliant dialogue.

The first act saw some gross over-acting and heard some nearly unbearable shouting, especially from a girl student who was understood to read and discuss Shelley (but never that loudly). Yet despite the fact that much of the applause—and there was certainly a great deal of it—was unadulterated Thurber-worship it would be dishonest to allege that Roy Rich's production is other than extremely entertaining, sometimes moving and just slightly unsatisfactory. But by next week, when the cast have had time master their stage and to check over-ebullience, "The Male Animal" should gratify even the most exacting of critics.

A. C. B.

THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

MEMBERSHIP RIGHTS AS INDIVIDUALS

Many of the students who will be leaving college at the end of this term, may be unaware that they can still continue to take part in the national and international activities, arranged by the National Union of Students. They can do this by becoming Individual Members.

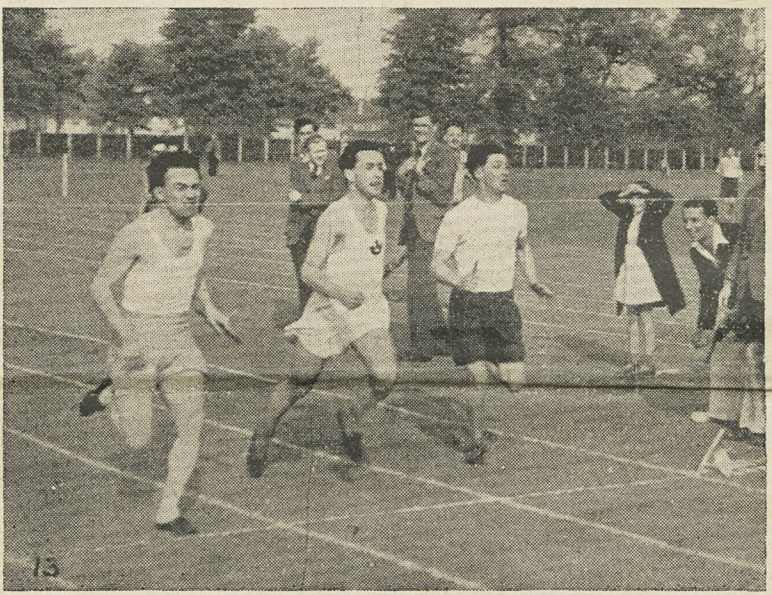
Individual Members are circulated at least once each term with full details of forthcoming N.U.S. activities. They are entitled to take part in Tours, Farm Camps, Vacation Work Schemes in Britain and abroad, Congress, Arts Festivals, international student festivals and summer schools, and so on.

Individual membership is open to present students who are not members of an affiliated organisation, and to former students who have left their university or college within the past three years. The annual subscription is 7s. 6d. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from your college N.U.S. Secretary.

PROLOGUE

O what a different answer They would send
Had I but greater powers of invention.
A Boulding for a desk. *Economists* to read
And R-bb-ns to direct the flowing pen.
Then should that nerve-wracked creature, I myself,
Consume a bar of Mars, while at my side,
Laid out with care, should ruler, pen and pencil
Wait for employment. But that, when all is said,
Were but a substitute for past mischance.
If this unworthy creature had but learnt
That capitals upon attendance sheets
Are not intended to afford protection
To balances at banks; that there's a gap
Of close a hundred leaves 'twixt late and early
Copies of the Book—What ease might lie
In vasty halls endomed, where tapers burn
Before that crazy K and gonging sounds
Beat merciless from walls and dust-binned court.
Yet Danny! since a crooked contour may
In little time give signs of knowledge
Now let me, subject of this horrid farce
To my inventive faculties resort.

P. P.



A THRILLING FINISH TO THE 4x110 YARDS INTER-CLUB RELAY AT MALDEN ON SPORTS DAY.

HAVE YOUR HEARD?

We hear that the British Library of Political and Economic Science* has engaged a four-piece rhythm combination to replace the more unco-ordinated forms of sound production so far in use. The library will endeavour at all times to ensure that this orchestra covers as many rooms as possible, but students should understand that it is not possible, without raising costs to a prohibitive level, to do more than a little towards total coverage. The present methods will, we understand, now be discontinued, and the manpower released will be directed to other useful work. Those concerned include the 25 men who have been employed in providing the tattoo upon the ground floor, those, some 10 or 12, who have been beating metal sheets outside the windows and a miscellaneous collection held in reserve should any room become too quiet. The authorities hope that the co-operation of the establishment in Clare Market will be continued and that "Music while you work" will still be available to supplement the new and existing facilities. Further, the assistance of students, excellent so far, will it is hoped, prove to be of the greatest help. Conversations, either whispered in the rooms or at full pitch in the corridors and foyer, the usual heaviness of tread reinforced by loose floorboards, particularly in the schizophrenically called B and C room, together with the existing equipment of banging doors will, it is expected, fully implement this new programme. It is only by these methods that it is possible to ensure beyond all doubt that the students of this institution do not become too engrossed in their work.

* For the benefit of those who have only been here for a short period (say a year), the library will be found quite close to the room in which you go to hear Mr. Redgrave, Mr. Pritt or even Professor Laski, speak.

FILM SOCIETY

Mr. Campbell Dixon, of the *Daily Telegraph*, the film critic most keenly followed by the L.S.E. Film Society, and the motion picture producer, Mr. R. J. Minney, have each agreed to give a lecture to the Film Society during the coming Michaelmas Term.

BRIDGE TABLE No.3

Last issue's problem, once you had discovered the obvious printing error of a spare 5 of Hearts in West, depended on South leading the Queen of Diamonds. If West cashes his King, any return must give N-S the rest, since South can discard his Ace of Diamonds on the Club lead, giving North his run of 4 Diamond tricks. If West ducks the Queen of Diamonds, South leads a small Heart in trick 2, trumps in North and leads back a Diamond to the Ace. Another small Heart is then led, forcing East to take the trick and to lead into South's K, 9, of Hearts.

This week's problem is one for the experts:—

- | | |
|---------------------------|--|
| NORTH | |
| S— | |
| H—A, Q, 9, 8 | |
| D—A, Q, 10, 5, 4, 2 | |
| C—10, 8, 6 | |
| WEST | |
| S—A, Q, J, 10, 9, 5, 3, 2 | |
| H—6, 2 | |
| D—9 | |
| C—K, 2 | |
| EAST | |
| S—4 | |
| H—J, 10, 5, 4, 3 | |
| D—7, 6, 3 | |
| C—Q, J, 9, 5 | |
| SOUTH | |
| S—K, 8, 7, 6 | |
| H—K, 7 | |
| D—K, J, 8 | |
| C—A, 7, 4, 3 | |
- NORTH-SOUTH are in 6 Diamonds, and East leads the 4 of Spades.
If you were North, what would you do, chum?

DUMMY.

EPHEMERA

London Waste Paper Co., Ltd. (Contractors to H.M. Stationery Office.)
We might have guessed!
"Very few families want more than one refrigerator or more than a few bathtubs and radios."
Tarshis, "Elements of Economics," p. 421.)
Another concession to the Proletariat!
"We believe that there is a distinction between patriotism and irresponsible jingoism."
(A. V. Sherman in "Beaver," May 5th, 1949.)
Red Blood?

THE L.S.E. SOCIETY

The Society's purpose is to enable all students of the School to keep in touch with each other and with the School. Membership is open to all past students of the School, including those who have returned as Research Students.

Members have various privileges, such as the right to occasional use of the School Library. The Society arranges dinners and other functions throughout the year.

We hope that many of this year's graduates (for whom the initial annual subscription is five shillings) will join the Society. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from Mrs. Hood.

STOP PRESS

COMMENT

- Reflections upon the discovery of the Finals' questions—
Tony Baird "Really quite jolly, you know—hardly cricket though!"
- Jeanette Thomas "The falsification of achieved status criteria with its concomitant deception reference will thwart the selective function of the exam".
- Oliver Marston "I've yet to contact Transport House".
- Bernard Levin "It won't stop me going to Covent Garden, and even if it did it wouldn't".
- Dear old Len Hiscock "Well, er . . . of course it er . . ."

INTERNATIONAL ACTIVITY

The External Affairs Committee request that Students doing anything exciting during the vacation bring back photographic evidence so that it can be used for display during International Students' Day. They further request them, if possible, to bring back national costumes—though this *could* be difficult.

CLARE MARKET REVIEW

— containing articles on

graduation employment problems

and

racial discrimination in SOUTH AFRICA

IS

NOW ON SALE

Price 1/-

L.S.E. PORTERS' SOCIAL CLUB
presents
A GRAND CARNIVAL DANCE
to be held at
THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
on
Saturday June 18th 1949
at 7.30 p.m.
Dancing to the
NEW SENTIMENTALISTS BAND
Spot Prizes — Novelties
Buffet — Bar
Tickets - 3/-