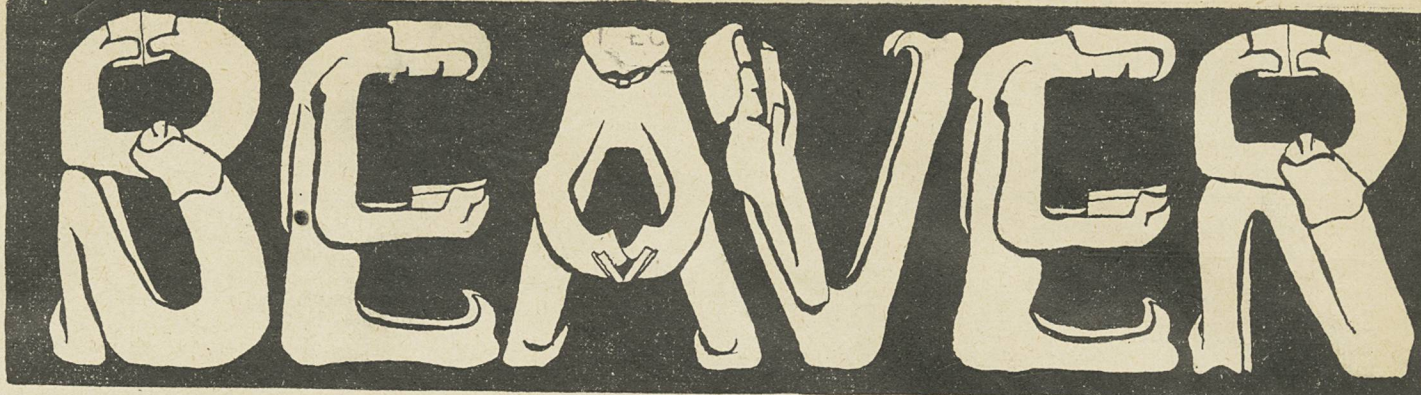


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LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE

New Series. VOL I. No. 1.

Published Fortnightly—THURSDAY, MAY 5th, 1949.

Price 3d.

BERNARD SHAW GREETES BEAVER

N.U.S. Bangor Congress —TOTEM AND TABOO—

SHOULD 600 university students in Congress have a licensed bar? This, the crucial problem of the Congress, was resolved in the accepted and traditional Welsh manner. Mr. Lloyd Jones, representing the Free Church Council, opposed the Bangor students' application, stating that "It is alien to the traditions on which the Welsh University was founded." Yet another Free Church Council member said that he viewed the idea with "surprise and horror," and the magistrate, adjudicating in favour of tradition and dignity, refused a licence.

Yet perhaps the most intriguing part of the Congress was the journey from Euston to Bangor. Standing at the entrance to platform No. 12 a very solemn ticket collector gravely informed me as I bundled through the gates with but a few seconds in hand, "Yus, mate, that's them big schoolkids' train." And the journey, at least in my compartment, proved how very near the truth he was. At a glance it was apparent that we were in "big schoolkids' and kitesses" bound for Bangor—although no college insignia were visible—yet there was an atmosphere of dubious hesitancy: no one dare risk a frank question—just in case. . . . We sat, read, fidgeted, looked out of the window, pretended to be asleep; we went, in fact, through the whole gamut of tricks at the disposal of the conventional British traveller, without his easy grace of maturity, in a pseudo-dignified attempt to avoid mentioning the questions which were racing through our minds. At Colwyn Bay, 200 or so miles from London, the ice was broken. "It's raining," someone remarked—and, of course, it was. But this conventional incursion into conversation ended there, and at journey's end we dispersed, doubtless embarrassed by our social inhibitions, into Bangor's rain-swept streets.

discussion groups, in which the morning plenary subject was more thoroughly debated, or any one of the college faculty meetings or student society discussion groups. It was, in fact, extremely difficult to pass through any one day without finding a personal interest, if not in the theme of the plenary, at least in one of the extraneous groups meetings; indeed, it may well be a valid criticism that too many interesting people were allowed to dilute upon their divergent faiths at one and the same time. To preserve a proper balance between mental and physical effort, the Congress relied upon the conventional methods of social intercourse. Several dances were held; a sports programme was arranged; and on Sunday evening a magnificent concert, in the true Welsh tradition, was provided. Sunday was indeed a full day for many. Motor trips to various parts of North Wales were arranged, while the more adventurous spirits undertook a safari to Dublin. Throughout the Congress students indulged in spontaneous, if sometimes embarrassing, community singing.

NAOMI AND RENEE

The first plenary session, on Wednesday morning, was devoted to an examination of "The Student and his National Economy." The Rt. Hon. H. A. Marquand, P.C., M.P., who introduced the subject with what was later described as "the best talk that I have heard in the three Congresses which I have attended," traced the development of the expansion of higher education and exhorted students to partake in their local organisations—youth clubs and study groups—in an effort to secure what he termed "neighbourhood democracy." The L.S.E. was very effectively represented at this session by the contributions of Joe Ball, Naomi Greenburg and Renee Nathan. In reply to one particular point made by the L.S.E. representatives relating to graduate unemployment, Mr. Marquand expressed the opinion that students were inclined to regard this matter with undue apprehension. "One should," he said, "utilise the first year or so after graduation 'knocking about the world' in order to gain experience."

THE ITALIAN PROBLEM

The afternoon sessions were a mixed bag. The place of Science in Upland Farming; English Studies and the Individual; and meetings held by the history, social sciences and education faculties. Concurrently, the local cinema, in deference to the aesthetic tastes of the student world, sponsored a series of continental films of the "Vivere in Pace," "Four Steps in the Cloud" vintage. This external competition proved far too seductive for many of the Congress students and one of the few rainless afternoons was spent in anxious tension as student-Italian chased its limited vocabulary across the flickering lights.

"Socialism will abolish classes :
Beaver should organise the sets"—G.B.S.

*Socialism will abolish classes; but it will replace them by sets.
The Beaver, whilst accepting this as natural and inevitable, should organize meetings of all the sets to save them from stewing too long in their several juices and live by taking in their own washing.*
Ayot Saint Lawrence,
Welwyn, Herts.
3/4/1949

The second day of the Congress was primarily notable for the fact that there was no plenary session. The normal procedure was reversed—faculty and group discussions were held in the morning and the afternoon was intended for sport. Unfortunately, all outdoor sport is at the mercy of the weather, and the Thursday afternoon programme became the test case. The hockey pitch was waterlogged and the boat race was cancelled because of choppy water in the Straits. It was possible, however, to hold the table tennis tournament.

The Cultural Forum, designed as an introduction to the following day's plenary session, was regrettably cancelled as the participants were unable to make the journey to Bangor. In its place the Congress organisers improvised a Rag Debate on the motion that "Scientists are not quite nithe," a debate that was notable more for its farce than its sophistication.

The plenary session on Friday was the most eagerly-awaited session of the whole Congress. "The Student and his National Culture" is the ideal basis for casuistry. Culture was proclaimed national, international, an absolute, an ultimate, a synonym for civilisation, the antithesis of civilisation, and, finally, incapable of definition. At the end of this most enjoyable discussion, two inescapable conclusions emerged: that the student who "grew suspicious" of any attempted definition of culture did so for very sound reasons; and that the originator of the phrase "we murder to dissect" was, whether he knew it or not, a very able prophet.

RENEE AGAIN

During Friday afternoon the National Social Science Students' Association held its Annual General Meeting. As this is being dealt with more fully by Miss Renee Nathan in a special article, may it be sufficient to say that the delegates from the L.S.E. appeared to be more tolerant, amenable and knowledgeable than those from other colleges.

In the evening, students of Goldsmiths' College gave two performances of Andre Obey's play "Lucretia." This was apparently very well received, and "Congress News" contained an appreciative criticism of it. The size of the audience was necessarily restricted by the accommodation available; but for this, the play would have been more widely appreciated.

Saturday passed in much the same manner as the previous Thursday; the morning discussion groups, "the common round, the daily task," merrily ambled through their allotted time, and the afternoon was again devoted to sport. This time the weather was in more engaging mood, and the tennis tournament was allowed to reach the semi-final stage. Only one member of the L.S.E. detachment—a girl—took part in any of the recognised sports, although two members of "Beaver" Staff were seen with their jackets off furtively kicking a football.

In this, the first edition of "Beaver," we asked George Bernard Shaw if he would care to contribute. Despite our intimation that we were really after an article, Mr. Shaw sent us one of his inimitable postcards. We are, however, grateful for such recognition and would like to take this opportunity to thank him for his major contributions to provocative thought.

NAOMI AGAIN

In the evening the L.S.E. came into its own again. The Student Political Forum contained two of its members:—Naomi Greenburg, representing the Student Labour Federation, and Ken Watkins representing the Communist Party. Although it is impossible to report the Forum more fully, this quotation from the subsequent issue of "Congress News" is an admirable summary. It was . . . "altogether, a most most enjoyable evening, resulting from that rare mixture—politics and good manners."

As a relaxation from the political tension, the Congress then dissolved into what was described as a "Blazer Dance." "Beaver," not possessing a blazer, toyed idly with the idea of wearing a striped silk pyjama jacket, but its natural sensitiveness triumphed, and it became distinguished as one of the few sedately dressed dancers.

The most serious administrative failure occurred on Sunday. The Lord Bishop of Bangor had very kindly consented to lead the Congress service in the Cathedral, but had apparently not been informed that the majority of the students would be leaving Bangor for Snowdonia shortly before lunch. Unwittingly, he retained the full service, and his sermon was delivered to an almost

empty church—some of the students rather disgracefully, and certainly unnecessarily, leaving before the collection! It is to be hoped that the N.U.S. Executive expressed their regret to the Lord Bishop for such an unfortunate incident.

Continued on back page.

STOP PRESS

The Council motions on the U.T.C. and the Refectory Report will be presented to the Union tonight, Thursday, 5th May.

The Union Council Election Results — R. Moody 201 votes
I. Strong 143 votes

F. Rudd 85 votes
Invalid 1 vote
Total papers cast—232

R. Moody and I. Strong are thereby elected to Council.

Miss Jeanne Stillaway has accepted the post of Publicity Officer. We wonder why!

Write for

THE SPECTATOR

THE SPECTATOR believes that there are plenty of undergraduates who have a talent for writing. It is backing its belief by devoting a page of its space each week, to articles contributed by undergraduates of any university or university college in Great Britain. A fee of eight guineas will be paid for each article published.

WRITERS may take whatever subject they like—broad or narrow, political or literary, social or autobiographical. The best article received each week will be published. Even the second-best possibly may be.

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BEAVER

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

New Series Vol. 1 No. 1

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Music Editor: Cyril Ehrlich
Theatre Critic: A. C. Bermel
Photographer: Alan Kingsbury

The first part of the venture has succeeded: "Beaver" has gone to print. In its new form it has inevitably lost some of the character of the older version—the "mural Beaver," as Val Sherman calls it elsewhere—but in some respects such a loss is not to be regretted. Articles which now appear should be more thoroughly prepared and more discriminating than was previously the case; it should be possible to interest far more students in the diverse activities undertaken by their fellow students; and the physical strain incurred in reading the paper no longer exists.

It is on the second count that "Beaver" will be most severely tested. If it fails to induce a more cohesive atmosphere among the students, if the same appalling lethargy prevails despite the appearance of "Beaver," then it has not justified its existence. We hope that it will justify it.

One essential to all activity—be it only perfect competition—is readily available knowledge. In this respect the various Society Secretaries in the School can help considerably. If they will inform any member of the "Beaver" Staff (in writing) of their Society's activities during the current month, we will do our best to print them. In this way the average student will more readily appreciate the interesting events which take place daily at the L.S.E., without having to rely upon inadequate and unaesthetic poster advertisement which, in most cases, is seen only when the event has taken place. In short, "Beaver's" task is to prevent students from "stewing too long in their several juices," as Mr. Bernard Shaw remarks on the front page.

In order to achieve this we propose to continue the column entitled "Controversy," to which, although articles will normally be by request, anybody may contribute simply by pointing a gun at the Editor. We further propose to invite Societies to report the more important meetings which they hold, particularly those to which eminent speakers are invited.

In case, however, we appear to be in danger of taking ourselves too seriously, Jon Blot, our roving Marginalist, will continue to probe secluded corners and disclose furtive desires which might otherwise escape notice.

"Beaver" has changed its face and at the same time it has changed its procedure. Letters must now reach "Beaver" office by 4.30 p.m. the day after each issue if they are intended for publication in the next issue. They should be short and to the point; normally no letter of over 200 words will be accepted, although for an important subject it should be possible to reshape the contribution in the form of a special article.

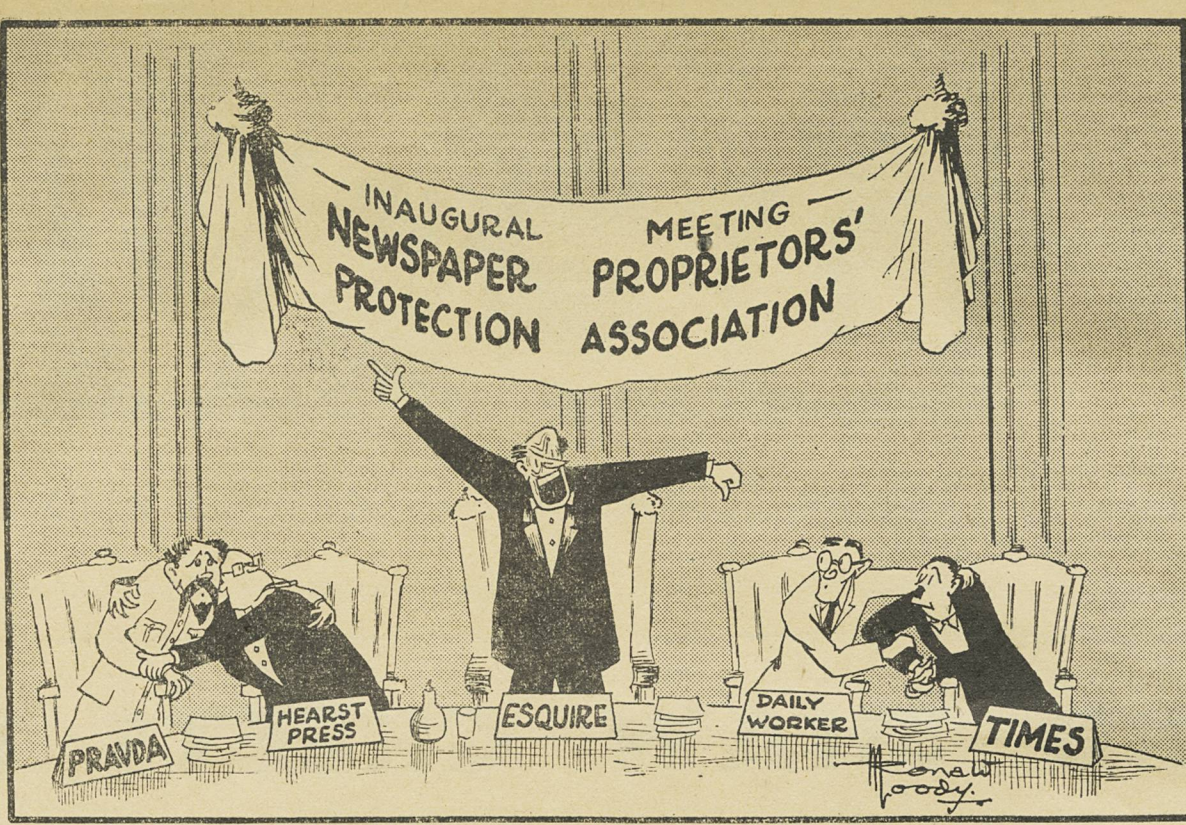
And now we're keeping our fingers crossed.

EDITOR.

The Review—

CLARE MARKET REVIEW

—Your Review



"AND SO GENTLEMEN, EITHER WE SINK OUR DIFFERENCES AND STAND TOGETHER OR THIS NEW PUBLICATION 'BEAVER', WILL PUT US ALL OUT OF BUSINESS!"

Marginalia

AT THE OSTRICH

Mr. Leo Pheasant, the Ostrich Club's dynamic chairman, leaned back in his chair, puffing at a foot-long cigar.

"The Beaver County Council Elections?" he said to the dense crowd of reporters. "Obviously the writing in the sand for the Moles. For 15 years they have swindled, oppressed, underfed and undereducated the people of Beaver County. Enough is too much; now the Ostriches, carrying the banner of democracy, free rights, enterprise and cheaper mansions, have won the day. We have stormed the ramparts; we have routed the enemy; we have

"Eh? Our programme? Well—er, hrrmph, ugh, glug, tsk—of course we cannot commit ourselves in advance, but I can assure that the matter is under the most active consideration. Economy, of course, is the thing. Without economy we can do nothing. In fact, without economy, we should be forced to throw up schools, hospitals, clinics, playing fields and other awkward things at the same indiscriminate rate as the Moles have been doing—and that, Sirs, would not be British. Economy and fair play—that's our motto. First things first is our faith.

"What are the first things? Well—er—perhaps you'd better ask Sir Hersey Paris."

SHERMY RIDES AGAIN

Shermy, the smooth Serb, cantered slowly into the frontier town of Biva. Heading for the Rue du Rideau, he drew up his horse in front of Charlie Staines' place: Charlie, as you know, is the local undertaker, and Shermy's best friend and counsellor.

"How's things, Charlie?" asked Shermy, edging shyly round the door.

"Bad, very bad," said Charlie. "Up in the West End the Plebs are being exploited right and left by those Cappies from across the water. Working as regular as clockwork, they are, and what are they getting? Food and high wages, that's all. No sense of proportion, some folks haven't."

"Yeah, no sense of proportion," echoed Shermy, idly kicking the cat. "And how are you doing this end of town, Charlie?" he asked.

"Fine, just fine," said Charlie. "Course we don't eat that much and lots of folks is drifting up to the West End—they don't know no better—but we're down to the fifteen-hour day now, and in no time at all we'll be getting a day off."

"That's great," said Shermy. "Well, I'll be getting along. Anything you want, Charlie?" he asked.

"No, can't think of anything right now," said Charlie. "Cept I'm running short of corpses. You might bring a few in some time."

"Sure thing, Charlie; anything you say. So long," said Shermy, leaving the room on his stomach.

TOBY IN PARIS

Mr. Toby Braid, L.S.E.'s most eligible bachelor, has been on a world tour for the British Sartorial Association. His latest call has been to Paris, where he gave an address to the Chamber of Deputies on "Profiles in Politics."

Speaking in gorgeous French, Mr. Braid said: "We two countries have a great common cause. We must slowly create between us a proud heritage, a more perfect union; and this task must be a labour, not only of necessity, but of love—a marriage of true minds with but a single purpose."

And the little blonde in the front row stood up and squeaked: "Oh oui, bravo, oui, encore, bis, trop vrai, vous êtes me disant, oh la la. . . ." She was carried out immediately, foaming at the mouth, crying: "Vive L'Entente Tobienne." Mr. Braid was visibly moved but managed to continue his address.

Later there was a special performance at the Folies Bergère in Mr. Braid's honour; and after the interval he was persuaded to sit alone on the stage while the chorus screamed and stamped in the stalls.

There were no casualties.

Beaver's

Hansard

17.3.49 — 21.3.49

The meeting, which was continued on Monday evening, was one of the best the Union has seen; what a shame that attendance was comparatively small. For once we ceased to be divided into two "camps," the advancing proletariat and the irremovable capitalists, and became students, discussing our affairs and those of others with reasonable sincerity, seriousness, and a sense of humour. The level of discussion was high, the atmosphere was less soap-box than University.

Our "Greek" motion of the previous week, protesting against the further atrocities by the Greek government, was discussed and ratified, two leading L.S.E. conservatives, Colin Beale and Mr. Grouse, supported the motion. Spain was deferred until the Monday, when that sword of the spirit, Mr. Dobeson, led an attack on the motion. Mr. Dobeson thinks highly of Franco, and therefore feels that when Franco executes someone they deserve it. Mr. Marston, well known for his objectivity, pointed out that communists were being shot, so that when Mr. Sherman asked the union to protest on the grounds that they and the victims were anti-Franco, he was being dishonest.

The meeting, however, agreed that communists should not be shot, and Mr. Sherman, who can hardly be accused of keeping his political affiliations a secret, explained that he felt very strongly when communists were killed, since they were struggling, according to their lights, for the good of mankind, but that he hoped that the Franco terror would remain anathema to the overwhelming majority of students, in keeping with their fine traditions of 1936-39.

BACKSTAIRS PEACEMAKING

Then a Naomi-sponsored white dove flew around, hoping to be let in, but the majority said no. This does not mean they are not for peace; but it was rather short notice and many seemed suspicious. The President gave an assurance that the Conference would be discussed in the Union during the coming term, and sat on Mr. Grouse, who seemed to equate peace with high treason. Many people were annoyed at the way certain people dragged up the Peace Conference on three occasions, hoping, as numbers dwindled, to put forward a proposal, twice rejected, which would have resulted in a delegate being sent to the Conference from L.S.E. These backstairs methods help nobody; a delegate elected by about thirty votes can hardly speak for three thousand. Many L.S.E. students certainly lack a responsible attitude on problems of war and peace, but this can be set to right only in their presence, not in their absence.

Since Lady-killer Len Knight was sent to the Conference by Holborn Trades Council, where he represents the L.S.E. A.Sc.W. Society, no one should remain very long in suspense.

Mr. Grouse moved a motion condemning Chuter Ede for allowing the Mosley March, protecting it, and then using the result as an excuse to ban all political processions, but numbers by this time having fallen to 38, the motion will have to be reintroduced again this term.

JON BLOT.

FRENCH POLITICS FROM THE INSIDE

L.S.E. at Lille (and Paris)

NOT even Jeanne was smiling that grey Friday morning on Victoria Station. We, the Government Department, looked more like a contingent for Dachau than a party of bright British students about to visit a foreign university. Perhaps it was the time: 7 a.m. is a beastly hour to be alive on Victoria Station. Heavy eye met heavy eye and no hearts sang.

But then we boarded the train; and as it chuffed merrily along, as the sun got warmer and as we were not entirely to be outshone by Moosh Jarret (who, to be sure, was in continuous session), we began to talk to and even to smile at each other. By Calais we were positively hilarious and excited.

It was a good crossing. By a curious anomaly, most of us travelled First, but, like good democrats, we slumped with our humbler comrades in Second (or was it even Third?), and broke bread with them. And was it Ogg himself, when a rather superior female student asked whether we were having lunch on board, who said: "Yes, have a sandwich?"

We got to Lille around tea-time, and after a short reception at the Faculté de Droit (whose guests we were) we met our various hosts. (I stayed *en pension* in the old Rue Colbert.) There was a dark, long-haired madman there, wandering silently round the house all day, laughing to himself. But Madam was old and charming, and sat with me at breakfast every morning, knitting and telling me how the British and the French must be good friends for the peace of Europe.

WORK !!!

The next day we started work: that is to say, we attended the first of a series of lectures, given almost every morning in the Faculté, on French economics, administration and law. I hear they were very good.

Then almost every afternoon there was an excursion to some place of interest. In turn we inspected the ancient Citadel, the Canal Port, the Prefecture, the Tribunals, the "Mairie," a newspaper office, a wool factory and a coal mine.

After the visit to the factory, the local Chamber of Commerce gave us a magnificent lunch at the Grand Hotel, Roubaix. It was a regal occasion: chair taken by the President of the Chamber; British Consul in attendance; speeches right and left; Jarrett barely misbehaving; and our first real opportunity to make friends.

Hospitality, we thought, could go no further—and indeed it could not. But it went just as far, in a slightly different direction, the day we went down the mine. Our party (we split into two for the day) were entertained to lunch by the district "Cercle des Ingenieurs." It was a stag party, and the Barbary Coast knew nothing finer. Space, fortunately, does not permit a detailed account of the proceedings. It is sufficient to say that for spectacle, France has no more to offer.

BEING BRITISH AT TEATIME

Nor was that all. We also had tea with the British Consul (an illuminating experience, this: who said the Blimp was dead?); cocktails at the Faculté de Droit and the Faculté des Lettres; and of course innumerable evening tours of social observation. I hear the Jamieson did some useful research.

It was soon over. On the Tuesday night (we left on the Friday morning) we gave a small party for our French hosts. They had been very kind. It is a thankless job, coping with a heterogeneous and not too well-behaved bunch of foreign students. L.S.E. has its work cut out when the French come here in October.

The following evening the French students gave a dance in our honour, and on Thursday evening we had farewell cocktails with the Rector before going on to another dance at the Faculté des Lettres.

That night we bade our fond farewells. Some of them were very fond.

And so to Paris. Here most of us stayed at the impressive Cité Universitaire (why can't we have one?). Guided by the fair Françoise, we visited the Chambre des Députés, the Conseil d'Etat, the Conseil de la République, and the Palace of Versailles.

So came Tuesday morning, the gloomy 12th. Most of the party went home. A few stayed behind, drifting back across the Channel one by one. I stayed as long as I could.

Her name was Annette. . . .

VICTOR.

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

Controversy

As the formation of the University Training Corps—and allied to it the general question of National Conscription—became an important domestic issue at the close of the Lent Term, we invited two of the leading protagonists to express their views. We must emphasise that the opinions expressed are personal ones and do not in any way commit the political societies of which our contributors are members.

CONSCRIPTION: WE SAY NO!

As one who publically expressed disapproval of the recruiting visit to the L.S.E., I am glad of the invitation from "Beaver" to explain the fundamental reasons for my opposition. Of course, political opponents will take the opportunity to attribute the Communist attitude to lack of patriotism, and this charge by unending repetition in Press, radio and elsewhere has taken in many people. Yet a moment's reflection should show that this charge is groundless: why should we Communists struggle so hard and so devotedly if not to improve the conditions of our country? Of course, we feel strong bonds with our comrades in other parts of the world, be they already successful or no, but this is precisely because they are trying to do for their country what we hope to do for ours—build socialism to ensure peace and well-being.

We believe that there is a distinction between patriotism and irresponsible jingoism; most members of the L.S.E. Communist Society, it should be added, saw service in the recent war, and are, therefore, all the more determined to prevent another.

THREATS TO THE U.S.S.R.

Our opposition to the Government's recruiting policy and extended conscription is based not on abstract and impractical idealism, but on opposition to the policy which has led the Government to an unprecedented increase in the provision of finance and man-power to the armed forces. Theory, practice and common sense all lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the word "defence" in the mouths of Mr. Bevin and his accomplices is a euphemism, hiding the ugly reality of threats to the U.S.S.R. and the other countries where capitalism's hold has been weakened or sloughed off, and unprincipled aggression against the colonial peoples, either directly, or by the hand of the Dutch stooges.

CREATING INCIDENTS

We cannot believe that our huge expenditure in equipping and training the Dutch was a significant contribution to the defence of our Western way of life, or a satisfactory use of men and resources; we oppose the lavish use of man-power and materials on an Air Force when planes are sent and shot down over the Sinai desert inflaming public opinion and creating a convenient "in-

cident"; we cannot believe that our conscripts sweltering in Akaba are defending any real interests of the British people; our opinion on the use of "defence" (sic) forces in Malaya is well known to readers of the mural "Beaver." Troops maintain a corrupt black-marketing regime of ex-Mussolinians in Trieste against the wishes of the Slavian and Italian workers alike. Battleships are sent blundering into Chinese battles to "show the flag," and create yet more incidents. And yet people have the cool cheek to use the word "necessary."

U.T.C. MILITARISATION

With the increase of scope and the time-limit of conscription, the formation of the University Training Corps is the thin edge of the wedge—a step towards the militarisation of our Universities. The Officer who spoke at the L.S.E. admitted that all those who came up after their conscript service will be forced to attend compulsory parades. Like the pioneers of the slogan, "Christian Civilisation and Western Culture," the Military and their abettors will eventually turn the Universities into barracks.

BLIMPOCRATIC

The peevish threats of a Pecksniffian puppet at the War Office and the insatiable greed for toy soldiers of the anti-socialist blimpocracy are already too obvious to be ignored; once they lay their paws on the Universities nothing short of a cataclysm will pry them loose. We had better fight back now, following the lead given by the Aberystwyth students and by the N.U.S. Council.

ARROGANT AMERICANS

I insist that real security for Britain lies not in the direction of endless military expenditure, nor in satellite status to arrogant American psychopaths who alternately boast about atom warfare and hide under their beds, but in the strengthening of our economy, the achievement of real independence, friendship with the Soviet Union and the socialising countries of Eastern Europe and China, and by making it plain to the Yanks that if they want another war they would have to fight it themselves.

Meanwhile, let us tell the Brass-hats, "Hands off the Universities."

A. V. SHERMAN.

CONSCRIPTION: FAUTE DE MIEUX

In Great Britain today various voices are being raised against conscription. Some people oppose it because they are, in reality, against our maintaining any armed forces at all. Fortunately, these are only a small proportion of the population. Some are Communists, who would like to see this country unable to resist an attack by the U.S.S.R. on ourselves or our European allies. Thorez, Togliatti and Pollitt have confirmed that they would help the Russian invader. The Communists know that their party will never come to power by constitutional means in a country like Great Britain, where the result of elections cannot be "rigged" in advance. Their only chance would be a Russian occupation, as in Poland, or an armed insurrection against the government, as is being tried in Greece. An insurrection could only succeed here if our forces were very much weaker or already engaged against an external enemy, as was the case in Russia in 1917.

SINCERE PACIFISTS

The other people who oppose the maintenance of armed forces are usually quite sincere pacifists. They remember the Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." But that same God of the Old Testament gave mighty support to his prophets on earth and to the armies of his chosen people in their battles with the ungodly. Isn't Communism—in its applied form, with concentration camps and religious persecution, like Nazi-ism—the false god of modern times against which defence at least is justified?

Those who accept the need for armed forces must be asked to excuse the foregoing digression. But the questions arise, "What forces do we need, what forces can we afford, and how are we to raise them?" The 1948 White Paper on Defence recognised that "the basis of defence is a strong and sound economy with a flourishing industry." It is obvious that we must seek a balance between maintaining such large forces that the economy is dislocated and so reducing the forces that every man is productive—in the narrow sense—but the country is defenceless. The solution dictated by this and other considerations is that firstly, we should maintain fully-equipped forces just strong enough to meet our commitments; secondly, there should be a trained reserve ready for immediate service, principally for home defence; and thirdly, we should maintain cadres of men and equipment ready to absorb and train in a minimum period the three or four millions who would be mobilised in the event of war.

BRITAIN'S COMMITMENTS

Our commitments, actual and potential, may be summarised as follows:—1, Defence of Great Britain; 2, Keeping open the sea lanes; 3, Occupation duties in Germany, Austria and Trieste, including the Berlin Air Lift; 4, Treaty obligations for regional defence under the Brussels Treaty and the Atlantic Pact; 5, Treaty obligations to Greece, Turkey and Middle Eastern countries. These may soon be extended and formalised under a regional defence pact; 6, Strategic commitments for defence of the semi-circle of Commonwealth countries bordering the Indian Ocean, from Africa to Australia. This and the Pacific area may soon form part of new regional defence pacts. Such pacts are provided for in Articles 51 and 52 of the U.N. Charter. Their extension should provide some net relief to us when other countries take their share of the burden. Only then could we consider reducing our own duties in these areas without risking invasion or the resurgence of former enemies.

The methods of recruitment and the estimated size of the forces needed to meet these commitments have varied over the last three years. In 1946 it became apparent that the end of war-time conscription would leave the forces short of several hundred thousand men. Even if regular recruiting had been continued during the war, modern military methods require many more men than before. A heavy bomber in 1939 carried a crew of four or five. Today, as a result of technical advances, it may need 10 or more. And it now requires a very much larger ground crew to service it.

LABOUR'S POLICY

In order to make good the shortage of recruits, a Bill was introduced into Parliament in November, 1946, providing for a system of conscription till 1954, extendable by Order in Council. There would be 18 months full-time service and 5½ years on the Reserve, with part-time training. On March 31st, 1947, in the Committee Stage of the Bill, the Minister of Labour defended the 18-month period on the grounds that an adequate period of training was essential and that the trained conscripts would afterwards be needed to help meet our commitments. On the following day, April 1st, the Minister of Defence endorsed these arguments. But on April 3rd the Government tabled an amendment reducing the period to 12 months. They had yielded to political pressure, but tried to save face by claiming that the Chiefs of Staff had revised their

estimates. By November, 1948, the steadily worsening international situation had convinced the Government of their mistake and the 18-month period was restored. What was needed, however, was not so much extra men as the retention of serving men for longer periods. Future intakes would be reduced by means of stiffer medical tests and deferment.

VITAL FOR PEACE

In 1945 there were five million men in the armed forces; in 1946, two million; in April, 1949, 793 thousand, and in March, 1950, the estimated total will be 750 thousand. This does not look like "preparation for an aggressive war." It is now held that conscription is only a method of filling the gap until the regular forces come up to strength. But at the probable rate of recruiting the regular army alone would take 17 years to do so. Even if living and working conditions could be improved, the services would still be an unattractive career in a period of full employment and an inflated currency. For present pay rates are a positive deterrent to recruiting. Privates' pay is supposed to keep pace with that of semi-skilled workers in industry but has not done so. In some cases regulars are actually receiving less now than they did before the introduction of the much-vaunted new pay code in 1946.

FAUTE DE MIEUX

At the same time, nobody likes conscription. Civilians dislike it because of the arbitrary social and economic dislocation and the curtailment of individual liberty. The services themselves very much dislike conscription because it forces unwilling and often unsuitable recruits upon them for a period of service which is still quite inadequate for training and experience in the technical arms; and "technical" is coming to mean nearly all branches. All the evidence points to an overwhelming case for regular forces with adequate pay. But if for political and other reasons, the Government cannot agree to higher pay—Great Britain has always over-economised on her armed forces in peace-time—conscription will stay, *faute de mieux*.

THE U.T.C.

If you oppose armed forces in general, because you are a sincere pacifist or because you would like to see this country defenceless, you will oppose also the U.T.C., Sea, Army and Air Cadets, etc. If, on the other hand, you agree that Britain must have armed forces, you will support the U.T.C. as a useful voluntary organisation in which the future soldier can obtain pre-entry training that will enable him to make the most of his Army service.

NEVILLE BEALE.

GERMANY and its STUDENTS TODAY

By Klaus Herborn

Klaus Herborn, aged 23, was educated partly in Gt. Britain and partly in Germany. He served in the Luftwaffe during the war and is now in his third term as a student of English at Heidelberg University. He was invited to attend the Bangor Congress as a representative of German student youth, and he gave a most impressive account of conditions in Germany. At my request he has contributed the special article to "Beaver."—ED.

In trying to assess the conditions of students and their universities in Germany today, one has to bear in mind three things. First, that the real state of the students has only become apparent since the separate currency reform in the West of Germany last summer; secondly, that the development of the universities in Germany is being pursued on different lines in East and West; and thirdly, that all these problems are closely interwoven and overshadowed by the occupation policy of every one of the four occupying powers.

As in every other country, the number of students in Germany has greatly increased since the end of the war. Before the currency reform the main difficulty for German students was to procure sufficient food—legally or illicitly—to maintain a minimum standard of subsistence. Textbooks and notebooks were practically unobtainable. The term's fees could be paid by selling 40 cigarettes on the black market, and one pound of coffee went a long way towards paying a month's board and lodging. The housing situation was very acute and this in many cases prevented students from taking up their studies as no digs could be had in the respective university town. Now in Heidelberg, where I study, the students' council took up this matter with the local authorities, found them very unco-operative, and decided after some discussion to call a general meeting of protest. This was billed widely throughout the university, a representative of the local authorities invited to attend, but those who did not turn up were the students. Apart

from a handful, none of them seemed to have any hope of achieving anything through organised, concerted action. The habit of isolated action acquired during Fascism is still a great hindrance to any democratic movement in Germany.

CURRENCY REFORM

Then came the currency reform. It was found that quite a large percentage of the students in Heidelberg had to leave the university immediately, though they returned again at the beginning of the next term with the money they had earned during the vacation as miners, bricklayers, handymen, etc. The student body was bravely concerned with the instability of the university's finances, since all the assets of public bodies—and in Germany the universities rank as such—had been annulled as a result of the currency reform. It was found in Heidelberg that only 5.1 per cent of the students received grants from local authorities towards their keep and 20 per cent had been granted a reduction in fees. These figures, one must remember, apply to a time previous to the currency reform, since when all funds for this purpose have been annulled or greatly decreased.

In Western Germany at present there is virtually no system of grants for students at all. This, of course, largely goes to make education a privilege of the rich, though I would not say that only the children of wealthy parents study at our universities. Many students are working their way through college, and will

do so long as sufficient vacancies in industry and commerce remain to be filled by part-time student workers. Indeed, this system is presented by some West-German papers as the way of studying.

SOVIET DEVELOPMENT

University education in the Soviet Zone has developed on entirely different lines. In the initial stages it had to cope with great difficulties. Apart from material needs there was a grave shortage of staff, since the Soviet authorities refused—very rightly to my mind—to sanction the appointment of any professor or lecturer previously a member of the Nazi Party. There was agreement amongst the authorities concerned that it would be impossible to achieve a democratic outlook at the universities without admitting sufficient numbers of working-class students and subsidising them according to their representation in the community. This measure was met with fierce criticism and attack by reactionary circles, branding it as communist infiltration and destroying the freedom of learning. Differences on this matter led to various crises in Soviet Zone universities and resignation of oppositional professors.

Every student admitted to a university in the Soviet Zone is, on application, entitled to a Government grant, varying according to his personal abilities and the income of his parents. In addition to that he is allowed a substantial reduction in fees. These grants are awarded on merit only. Attached to every university are pre-university study centres, at which boys and girls, who have not had secondary school education, can qualify for admittance to the university by a two-year course. The standard at these institutes is high.

The currency reform carried out in the Soviet Zone subsequent to that

in Western Germany had no substantial effect on the finances of the universities, since their assets were not devalued. It was thought that the greater flow of currency in the Soviet Zone after the reform could be met by ever-increasing production.

DIVERGENCE OF METHOD

The wide divergence of university education in East and West Germany is significant of the political situation. In the Western half the *laissez-faire* policy is steadily restoring the old capitalist system, restrained as yet from becoming imperialist. While ever-increasing profits flow into the pockets of capitalists producing luxury goods and their taxation is modest, the government's pockets are empty. Hence the student goes without. From the diminishing governmental assets, however, sufficient money can be drawn to provide ex-Nazi permanent officers—now happily jobless—with a pension, as done in Bavaria (U.S. Zone).

Fascism could only arise at a certain stage in a capitalist society. Therefore to do away with capitalism means destroying fascism at its roots. A capitalist economy being rebuilt virtually on the ruins of a preceding one will mean toil and privation to the majority of the people, the students among them. Once we German students have grasped this, we have gone half-way to alter our somewhat desperate situation.

COMMEMORATION BALL

FRIDAY 13th MAY

8.30 p.m. — 4 a.m.

— TWO BANDS —

MIDNIGHT CABARET

Running Buffet

Breakfast

TICKETS ON SALE SHORTLY

BRIDGE TABLE No.1

A nice easy problem for a start. Solutions should be sent to the Editor by May 12th—the first three correct ones will be rewarded by a pat on the back.

N.—S. are to make four out of the five tricks; South has the lead and Clubs are trumps.

NORTH		
S — A		
H — K		
D — J97		
C — —		
WEST		EAST
S — 235		S — —
H — Q		H — 7
D — —		D — AKQ
C — 9		C — 8
SOUTH		
S — 468		
H — J		
D — —		
C — 10		

DUMMY

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MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION

REVIEWS

CYNIC'S NIGHT OUT OF THE FOLLIES AIN'T FASHIONABLE

"Très excitant," said the man, nodding for emphasis, and pointing to the entrance of the Follies. He had slithered, this small, grimy individual, from somewhere below the kerb, and was now standing with a small cardboard packet clutched in one hand, which he brandished and flapped to make us realise that *absolutely* everybody who went to the Follies purchased samples of his pornographic photography. But, moral faith and ethical codes, etc., unswerving, etc., we again refused, saying that we might be on a B. Com. course, but that accounting and acoustics were not popular in leisure hours. Smut-vendors, as we found to our cost, are terribly persistent, however. We turned round to ignore him—he still faced us; we looked at, and spoke to, each other—he bobbed up between us, still gesticulating with the wretched packet. In lame French we said that we were not interested in dirt; we were normally inhuman theatre critics, representing a very staid English journal. Our purpose, we said, was twofold: to seek a new "L.S.E.—er d'Amore," and to discover whether Josephine Baker looked better in lizard-skin tights than her American counterpart, Dino Saur. Having said our piece we fled through the entrance doors—and, in any case, his pictures were very poor!

One should mention here that audiences, at the Follies do not consist entirely of English visitors; one or two Americans are to be heard at most performances, and notices are posted everywhere: "Ici on parle français," in case any foreigners drop in. For the first half-an-hour we were interested in the wonderfully glittering spectacle of costumes; in the gaily artificial atmosphere; in the bright colours and the catchy tunes, and particularly in our neighbour, who three times in succession screwed the end of his opera glasses while trying to bring the chorus girls into focus. Even to us frigid critics there was great interest in speculating on the cubic capacity of the costumes which, we're given to understand, were fashioned and held in place by a Mr.

Will Power (no relation to the "Razor's Edge"). The décor changed swiftly and frequently; colours glowed richly and girls passed across the stage in smooth, endless pageants. There were "diseuses" singing, and a droll little comedian who clowned and cracked unintelligible French jokes in front of a fluttering backcloth. Then, unexpectedly, and to the accompaniment of a loud crash from an overwrought pair of cymbals, Josephine arrived. She waved confidently to the crowd, some of whom nearly took off from the gallery in their enthusiasm. My vigorous clapping covered effectively the scraping of my feet as I kicked my neighbour's opera glasses (dropped accidentally) three rows forward. From that point onward, Josephine Baker *ad nauseam*. The curtain ascended to reveal a long flight of stairs, and at the top—Josephine Baker. Did she fall, or would she swallow-dive? No, she descended step by single step, bowing and crooning *en route*. The next scene consisted of a ballet of sorts danced to the (revised) accompaniment of "A Night on the Bare Mountain," although we failed completely to understand how the mountain came to be involved. Everything apart from the mountain was... well, not over-dressed. Who was the leading light—apart from the Chief Electrician? J.B., of course. The interval was heralded by the most un-Scottish rendering of "Vieux Lang Syne" and "Just a wee doch et dorris" that we remember.

You may be interested in the new light thrown upon history by the Follies scrap-writer. Who really was Mary, Queen of Scots? Not J.B.? But, yes, J.B. it was. Who did Napoleon fall for? Three guesses! By the time that the climatic and melodramatic strip-tease took place we were honestly not interested in Jo. any longer, and by the time that both Ave Marias had been reset to fit in with her dances we were distinctly yawning. There was a final ballet about Adam and Eve and the Devil. No names, no mud-packs necessary, but we do feel that the Devil and Eve might be recast into the opposite parts. If we might suggest further, it would be to add that if you happen to visit Paris, you might take the kiddies along to the Follies if you want a quiet but not too tame time, and if they become bored during the three-and-three-quarter long hours, let them trot up to the gallery and see who can count most wrinkles on Miss Baker's face.

SMARTIE.

ANGELINA

Directed by Luigi Zampa.
Photography: Mario Craveri.
Script: Piero Tellini.
A Lux Film production released in the U.K. by Film Traders.
Academy Cinema.

The Academy Cinema in its hand-out makes the claim that the current Italian film "Angelina" ranks with the Jaques Feyder motion picture classic "La Kermesse Herioque." This, however, is mere film traders' sales talk and must be dismissed as such. Feyder is acknowledged as one of the great creative minds of the cinema and a number of movies ably demonstrate that fact; on the other hand, Zampa has so far directed a competent film on the impact of war on an Italian peasant family ("To Live in Peace"), and an opportunist, aid-begging quickie. His current offering, "Angelina," is based on a trite script given a social twist as it has the slums of Rome as its setting.

Angelina (played by Anna Magnani, Italy's leading movie actress), the strong-minded, sharp-tongued wife of a police sergeant (Nando Bruno), leads a successful looting of a spaghetti store and then a squatting incident in a block of luxury flats. As spokeswoman of an Italian equivalent of the Housewives' League, she turns to politics, becomes the local Mayoress and candidate for Parliament only to land herself in prison for three weeks following a clash with the police.

At this point the mood of the film changes with almost, but not quite, the same speed as the Italian conversion from Fascism to Democracy. On her release the scheming capitalist (Armando Migliori), magnanimously hands over his block of flats to the workers, his son becomes engaged to Angelina's daughter, and Angelina herself forsakes politics for *Kirche und Kinder* (the third K—*Kirche*—I assume, had partly influenced the decision). All my sympathies were there and then with her husband. Needless to say, this attempt to please all political masters, both domestic and foreign, is completely unconvincing and makes a mediocre film so much worse.

This film is slackly directed, loosely constructed, and unduly repetitive; it is technically appalling, even for an Italian production, and weighed down by an excess of dialogue. Italian is shouted at one from beginning to end and those who have learned the less volatile languages will be obliged to spend almost all their time reading sub-titles—with the consolation that they will be missing some of the poorest photography for many a long film. Credit, however, must go to the wardrobe department (unnamed in the credit titles). For once actors look working-class—Signora Magnani appears in worn-out skirts and ill-fitting cotton blouses, which do absolutely nothing to flatter her figure; this is so sudden a deviation from the wardrobe policy of the current cinema that it demands mention.

P. E. B.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB

Women who play hockey are usually thought of as hardened Amazons. Ordinary folk shudder to think of them, these immensely strong and amazingly hearty females. Nor, indeed, is their effortless wielding of that dangerous-looking stick at all calculated to put the onlooker's mind at ease. But the L.S.E. Women's Hockey Team hardly conforms to this standard. Its members err, if anything, in the opposite direction. Yet it has, this season, achieved a considerable measure of success and this is certainly not due to any muscular superiority. It is much more a product of quick, aggressive play, neat stickwork and passing and considerable enthusiasm. It has won many more matches than it has lost, and it has travelled as far afield as Oxford and Southampton.

In the Intercollegiate Tournament, in good measure a test of hockey prowess, it had the misfortune to be drawn against Bedford College in the first round. Bedford, who eventually emerged victorious, traditionally produces first-class hockey. If recruits to the L.S.E. team are many next year, however, the results at Motspur Park may perhaps take on a different shape. The most disastrous handicap this year has been the limited number of members in the Club and its consequent inability to raise two teams.

N.U.S.S.A. — continued.

regarding the suitability of present training." Another resolution concerned the teaching abilities of University lecturers and their salaries. It is in this way that we hope that N.U.S.S.A. can do something which will be of real value to all of us, and it should be given our wholehearted support. We must not worm our way out of our responsibilities, and if you have any helpful suggestions for reform of the curricula send them to Fred Jarvis, at Liverpool. George Marlow, the L.S.E. representative, is responsible for the collection of information concerning the employment prospects of social scientists.

The success of N.U.S.S.A. will depend on the interest which you and I take in it and on the amount of work and thought we put into it.

RENEE NATHAN.

JOAN OF ARC

Directed by Victor Fleming, from the play "Joan of Lorraine" by Maxwell Anderson. With Ingrid Bergman.

"If ever an actress seemed destined to portray a given character," says the publicity blurb handed to "Beaver" at the Press showing, "that actress is Ingrid Bergman. And the part is that of Joan of Arc."

Well, here is Miss Bergman, face to face with Destiny, and in a pretty distressing situation, despite the support of a £1,250,000 production, 10 months' research, and a script from a play—Maxwell Anderson's "Joan of Lorraine"—in which she herself had starred with great success on Broadway. The result of two years' production, the film as a whole, and Miss Bergman's attempt at Joan in particular, is timid and disappointing. The dreary and pretentious script proves too much for most of the cast, and must take its share of the blame, but surely the greatest handicap is Miss Bergman herself, who is far too attractive to play a sexless mystic. "She's just a pretty girl in armour," observes one of the more astute bit players, and this is almost the last word on the Bergman Joan. As Joan the Martyr she does well enough, but as Joan the Warrior—who was, after all, the pre-condition of Joan the Martyr—she never convinces: the suit of armour (a delightfully fetching little creation in aluminium by the New York Metropolitan Museum) is an obvious embarrassment to her although, the blurb tells us, it is only one-quarter the weight of the real Joan's battledress.

Joan's trial is given a conventional Hollywood treatment, being represented as a struggle between "the wicked Bishop and the entrapped maiden," which means that "Joan of Arc" will probably give a new lease of life to the legend which Bernard Shaw tried so hard to destroy. In this picture the political and religious forces which made Joan's martyrdom inevitable are never given anything approaching their true significance: the one aim seems to be to get that technicolor blaze going in the market place at Rouen. This in an epic, however, so there are two-and-a-half hours to crawl through before that: the result is one of those lavish "pains-takingly accurate" and completely tasteless historical pageants of which it seems that Hollywood will never tire. Indeed, the production is sufficient proof that, even in these days of crises, Hollywood still believes that Big subjects need Big budgets.

Out of the cast of thousands which always goes with such things, Jose Feuer stands out as the Dauphin and Francis I. Sullivan as usual, is considerable: the honours, however, go to J. Carol Naish as the villainous Duke of Burgundy, who manages to convince, despite some gruesome make-up and such medieval idioms as "to get the boot" and "what's in it for me?"

"This," the blurb solemnly assures us, "is how people lived and ate and walked and rode horses, dressed and talked in France in the time of Joan"—which clearly shows that there are no limits to Marshall Aid now that it's got going.

J. H. S.

THE N.U.S. SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The first Annual General Meeting of this new faculty association was held in Bangor during the N.U.S. Congress and after several false starts it was decided to call it the N.U.S. Social Science Faculty Association — which abbreviates to N.U.S.S.S.A.

The main business before us at Bangor was to introduce N.U.S.S.S.A. on a firm basis, and to give it a useful programme of activities to be carried out over the coming year. The Committee which was elected is widely dispersed over the country, having representatives from Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Nottingham, Newcastle, Oxford, King's H. & S.S. (London) and the old faithful, L.S.E. We spent a lot of time ironing out loopholes in the draft constitution. There seemed to be a widespread fear of L.S.E. domination, which we, of course, could not understand, but we managed to live this down—and no one at any time suggested the introduction of veto powers!

There was a lot of discussion on financial matters. N.U.S.S.S.A. needed £100 per annum and the original plan of a *per capita* rate of 6d. meant that the L.S.E. would be providing £90. Finally, we settled on a sliding scale, in which L.S.E., if the Union affiliates as a whole, will be paying roughly £35. It starts at 6d. per head for the first 250, then 4d. per head for the next 500, and then 2d. per head for the remainder. Most of the other faculty groups fall into the first group—having under 200 members: it is abundantly clear that the L.S.E. will be by far the largest constituent body.

The work of the association for the coming year is embodied in this resolution:—"N.U.S.S.S.A. shall undertake a survey into the curricula of courses and schemes of practical work undertaken by degree, diploma and certificate by social science students, in relation to the whole employment problems facing social science students, and to make recommendations

BANGOR CONGRESS

(continued from front page)

LYSENKO and 'VINTAGE KEN'

After five days' concentrated listening, it was a pleasure to hear the human voice in its pure harmonic form. The singing of the Welsh Choir that Sunday evening was undoubtedly the most appreciated single item of the Congress: of it "Congress News" remarked, "We thank those who gave us the experience—the hush of the student audience while it listened, and its amazing applause after each item..." provoked the exclamation, "... Who said that the 'Common People' had no culture!"

On Monday we were jostled back to reality and commenced with a plenary session, at which Mr. John Lowe, of the Conservative Central Office, delivered a weighty address on "The Student, his Nation, and Peace." An amusing diversion followed when one student indignantly declared that Mr. Lowe had underestimated the intellectual attainments of his audience, and Mr. Lowe, in return, claimed that he had not consciously thought of it and that he "spoke as he always spoke."

In the afternoon, Professor Jenkin, a noted Welsh biologist, confounded the members of one of the faculty meetings with a most learned exposition of the contentious factors in the present Lysenko controversy; so learned, indeed, that very few of those present understood more than his opening remarks. In the debate which followed, however—"That Lysenko and his followers are acting in a manner detrimental to the cause of Science"—the proposer, a Cambridge research worker in plant breeding, explained the position in elementary terms and the general debate took the form "As an engineer interested in biology..."

In the evening students from many parts of the world participated in an International Youth Concert, and it was followed by a traditional "Student Sing-Song" and a sort of informal dance.

VINTAGE KEN

The last plenary session was addressed by Mr. C. R. Morris, the Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, and was perhaps the most interesting from the student's point of view. It was, in effect, an introspective examination of the aims and conditions of student life, and the contributions, particularly those from students at training colleges, made one realise how easily one accepts the near-autonomy allowed in the older colleges without fully appreciating its value.

The main event in the afternoon was the discussion held by the Communist Society, in which Ken Watkins gave an analysis of Britain's Economic Crisis. This followed a discussion held the previous Wednesday entitled, "The Communist Alternative," and it is true to say that many who came to jeer stayed to listen. Indeed, this tolerant attitude among divergent views was general, although one could not resist the impression that the Communists as a body displayed a standard of objectivity which might well have been copied by some of their opponents.

The Congress concluded with a Farewell Carnival Dance. Student ingenuity is rarely taxed to a better purpose; male women and female men disturbed our normal equanimity; and pirates, cowboys, Indians (comic-opera) and other motley students pranced or danced their way through the evening to the general amusement of all.

Thus it ended. Our gratitude (and sympathies) are due to those students and paid officials whose tenacity made the Congress a reality.

And so to Brighton—in 1950.

ATHLETIC UNION

SPORTS DAY at Malden

Saturday May 7th

To be followed in the Evening by a

DANCE

in the

Sports Pavilion