

GUILD NEWS

No. 571 Wednesday, May 4, 1960 Threepence
The Guild of Undergraduates—University of Birmingham

PRESIDENTIAL
ELECTION (See pages 4 & 5)

CHAIRMAN WITH NO

EXTENSIONS EXTENDED Gasworks for University?

A SEVEN-STOREY circular block will form the main part of the new buildings for the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science which has just been commissioned by the University. The new building will be sited alongside the new University Ring Road to the north of the new Arts building, and will house 565 students and

staff. The building is scheduled to start in January, 1961, and be ready by September, 1962.

The circular part of the building will be linked by an entrance hall to a two-storey block of lecture and seminar rooms.

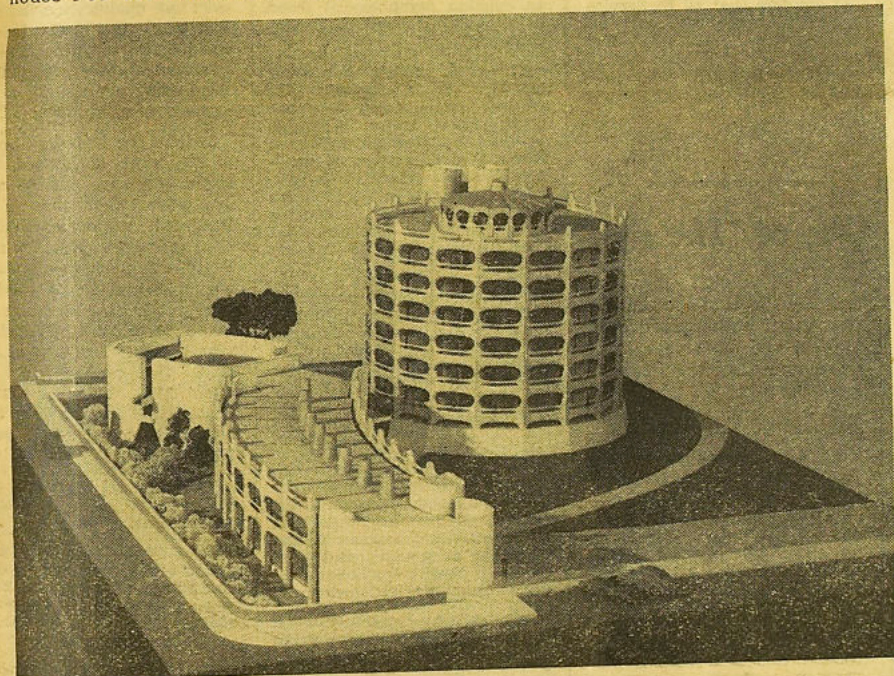
The ground floor of the circular block will contain a student common room and cloakrooms and on the second floor a central foyer will rise through six floors to a roof lantern. The staff rooms will lead off galleries

round this central space, and will include a Statistics Laboratory, a Library and Senior Common Room.

The two-storey block will include a large lecture theatre, a reading room and small lecture and seminar rooms. These rooms will open off a curved corridor overlooking the Arts Court, and will themselves overlook a quiet garden screened from the road by a high wall.

The noisiest rooms will be at some distance from the staff rooms and the most used rooms, will be as near the main entrance as possible.

The Architect is Mr. W. G. Howell, of Howell, Killick and Partridge.



CARNIVAL?

AT the end of last term Mr. Roger Tiley, a member of last year's Carnival Committee, was elected Carnival Chairman for 1960-61. Other officers elected to Carnival Committee were Mr. P. Whitehead as Vice-Chairman and Mr. M. Veitch as Treasurer. The election of the Secretary was deferred as there were no nominations.

In spite of these elections the actual date of next session's Carnival remains in doubt, if there is to be a Carnival at all.

STUDENTS BANNED!

IT would be laughable to ban Welsh or Scots students from Birmingham University, but in accordance with South African Apartheid policy, non-Europeans, despite the fact that they are nationals, are banned from the premier South African Universities of Cape Town and Witwatersrand.

This means that vital education is denied to the future leaders of Africa. Students everywhere, must surely feel strongly about such an important issue.

The World University Service in South Africa is appealing for funds to enable those no longer allowed to enter Cape Town, and Witwatersrand to register as external students of the University of London.

Apart from the cost of the course, estimated at some £100 p.a., there is also a tremendous shortage of books.

Accordingly, the President's South African Society is launching an appeal THIS WEEK to raise funds for this purpose. Not only will there be collections, but it is hoped that many people will join the Society.

The funds which you can help to raise, will be an invaluable aid to a country which needs strong, educated leaders.

The P.S.A.S. appeals to all of you who are concerned not only for individuals, but for the whole of Africa, to give your strongest support to the appeal.

Even after the numerous wrangles which have taken place in Guild Council, Carnival Committee remained in suspense with regard to the decision of those in ivory towers, according to information gleaned from the local press. It would be a great pity if there was any lapse after last year's Carnival which raised a very respectable total in a fortnight.

Carnival has come to be regarded as an October institution by Birmingham people who have supported it in the autumn term for the last ten years. A break in continuity might be an additional break with the city, especially in the same year as the death of Ed. St.

The Editor wishes to announce that contributions for Carnival Magazine should be submitted to him at contributors' earliest convenience via Carnival Pigeon Hole.

N.U.S. Debating Tournament THE END OF THE ROAD

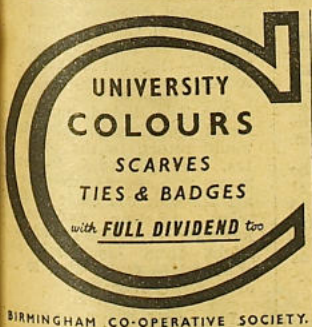
ON the last Tuesday of last term at King's College, Newcastle, the Birmingham 'A' team took part in the last semi-final round of N.U.S. Debating Tournament, seeking to join the teams from Glasgow and Nottingham who had already won a place in the final to be held at the Mansion House in London on May 20th.

The motion "that there is a stage at which nations are not fit for parliamentary government" did not produce such a lively debate as in previous rounds, perhaps being of too specialist nature for the essentially amateur political theorists involved.

Mr. Robert Wreford and Mr. Arthur Large, who were Birmingham's team, spoke first and third for the opposition, but were unable to make the most of the position which could have been advantageous, since they spoke after the eventual winners, Cardiff. Our team were,

however, official runners-up to a Cardiff team who were clear winners and who should enhance the final round; Trinity College, Dublin, and Leeds University were also represented.

Mr. Bob Bryant, of Nottingham, also passed into the final as an individual speaker, and Nottingham have therefore three of the eight speakers and a fine chance of carrying off at least one of the honours. As their near neighbours we wish them good fortune, as also the Cardiff team, who defeated our representatives.



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MURISON SMALL, Travel Organiser
11 BEAUCHAMP PLACE, LONDON, S.W.3
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11 MAY 1960



GUILD NEWS

THE UNIVERSITY NEWSPAPER
THE UNION, EDGBASTON

Tel. Selly Oak 1841

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EDITORIAL

AS the Guild of Undergraduates prepares to elect a new President, it is perhaps an opportune moment to raise the issue of University expansion.

Each year we see at this time a sad picture of the amount of interest that is taken in matters that ought to concern the whole student body; if 30 per cent of the total Guild membership bother to cast a vote in the Presidential elections and exercise their right to have some say in who is their ambassador in public life for the next twelve months, we consider we have had a high poll.

There are several causes for this, most of which like the lack of residential accommodation and the spirit it breeds, have been discussed in these columns at length. One reason for apathy, however, which has not received so much publicity, is the size of the University and its over-rapid expansion.

Now we are told that the number of University places which are likely to be required by the end of the '60s will be between 180,000 and 200,000, or almost twice the number now available. How are these places to be provided? Certainly the projects at present either in the building, planning or discussion stage to provide University Colleges at Brighton, Norwich, York, Canterbury and elsewhere will provide some of these places, and the existing Universities must be prepared to welcome the newcomers as equals.

The remainder, we are told, must be provided by the existing Universities and University Colleges. As far as this concerns our own University, the plans envisage an enlargement that will bring the student population to over 7,000 by the early '70s. These figures were placed before Guild Council late last term and the resulting discussion revealed a certain malaise. Could the University as a non-collegiate body, absorb such an increase in numbers, without becoming an intellectual sausage-machine and a landladies' delight, with the whip even more firmly in the hands of those who have rooms to let? Equally important, could the Guild of Undergraduates increase and not lose any semblance of corporate spirit that it may now have? Shall we be able to enlarge further our Union facilities in a building erected for 1,500, now being enlarged to cater for 2,500 but with a membership of 4,000 already? The answers to these questions cannot be known yet; next session with the transplanting of the Arts Faculty will give some guide perhaps.

Meanwhile we should be aware of the problems and be prepared to state our views as to the probable outcome of such increased membership, perhaps through these columns. The University Senate with the best will in the world, cannot know what the life of the Guild is like, or is likely to be, unless we are prepared to tell them our views. Maybe one day the University Grants Committee will see fit to take notice of such views.

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PRESS POST

23178587
REPORTING

Sir,—As a member of the "dying race" of Ex-National Servicemen I am wholeheartedly in support of Mr. Luby's opinion ("Guild News," March 3) that a slice of financial aid from the government would be some compensation for two years of no responsibility (every minute of which was extremely enjoyable).

I would personally welcome it (naturally), but more than anything it would be a "sock in the eye" for many, who scold at "us who have done our time." They don't realise what they have missed. Apart from free board and lodging, clothing, holidays with pay (6d. per hour day and night) and free rail travel three times each year thrown in for good measure, two years service offers a wonderful opportunity for broadening the mind. How many people, I wonder, have ever listened seriously to Radio Luxembourg; explored the hidden depths beyond the "end, or played Tombola into the very small hours? Very few I think.

For those who are passing their finals, or merely leaving, I would recommend the forces as the answer to all their uncertainties of the future. Two years to meditate in luxurious and secure surroundings. If nothing else you will have a great fund of experiences with which to fascinate(?) your friends.

I am sure that all Ex-Servicemen will agree with me that the Services "ain't what they used to be." It's an easy life nowadays. But don't let me put you off, there's a place for you in the regular army.

Yours very sincerely,
23178587.

One of 'The Few'

Sir,—Far and few, far and few indeed are the students that have served their Queen, and each year there are fewer than the year before. As one of "the few" that have relinquished their freedom for two years, I felt that Mr. Luby's letter of 3rd March deserved a reply.

I like to think that those years were not entirely wasted and that we "the few" are one-up on those more fortunate "others." We do, at least, have the advantage of being able to understand the numerous war and army comedy films that invade the cinemas these days, though this is a doubtful advantage.

No doubt most of us managed the difficult art of foot and rifle drill and many, I know, even succeeded in mastering that finchish piece of machinery, the typewriter.

Like Mr. Luby, I received, as parting gifts, various items of clothing, and carry with me a vast collection of memories and stories, but lack any pecuniary compensation that I would find most welcome at this time.

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A reluctant soldier, I now tend to glorify the army as the years pass. I hated every minute of the army life and regarded it at the time as an extreme waste of two years. Even looking back with proverbially rose-tinted spectacles I find that National Service had nothing to offer that could not have been obtained elsewhere during the same period.

I do feel, however, that a transition period between School and University is a necessity and in making this transition the two years spent in uniform does have a good side to it. I have always thought that University would be a better place if everyone had not come straight from the "sixth form," and I, therefore, bewail the suspension of National Service.

"It is not everything, I fear, that has changed for the better."

Yours, etc.,
23174004 (Geography)

C.N.D. Again

Sir,—Though a more fundamental and realistic analytical appraisal of Brian Piper's stimulating dissertation on the nature of apathy must necessarily await the completion of his series, it may not be out of place to emphasise the context of the problem.

The danger to be avoided is an abstract consideration—a metaphysical exercise, if you like to put it that way—of this phenomenon as a static occurrence in an isolated system, as an existing psychological trend in a strictly defined University campus.

Thence to proceed, howsoever logically, to "non-apathy" as another, possible and desirable, psychological trend, realisable in time by gradual induction through manipulation of available variable factors (to wit, Union activities in sex, religion and politics), may constitute agile intellectual acrobatics, but that would surely be missing the whole point.

Apathy is a vector characteristic; dialectically, its processes must possess its twin attributes of direction and degree. That fictitious-and-yet-not-so-fictitious entity, the student community, is not apathetic towards each and everything, nor is it equally alive to all aspects of life it does care about.

For instance, though the damn-it-all attitude is painfully evident in our angry section, the heartening response to the Boycott campaign and the C.N.D. is hardly symbolic of an inborn I-am-all-right-Jackism.

The existing apathetic trend in some fields, which Brian Piper and I find so regrettable, is but a reflection of the lack of social consciousness on a larger public scale, with all its ramifications of inter-relations and inter-actions with the cultural, intellectual, moral, political and social complexes involved; these, in turn, are a product of material conditions, being, indeed, incapable of independent existence outside them.

It is, hence, evident that the problem, if it is to be capable of a solution, cannot be considered solely in the context of an insulated University atmosphere in a social vacuum, but only as an integral part of a socio-economic malaise.

Mentally, I am a rather lazy individual, and so I would much rather have a reformist approach within the University confines, but I suspect that, if the cure is to have even a relatively permanent validity in a notoriously transitional student population, it will have to be revolutionary; whether it is to be national or not, I leave you to decide. I am a foreigner, anyway.

Yours, etc.,
D. VIR.

The long,
hot summer
Somebody in
the City

By MONTY BOGARD

DOWN from Birmingham for the summer vac. I was determined to put my natural talents to some good use, hoping they would be appreciated by a city gent.

The Sanitary Department refused me but the Corporation of London Electoral Survey considered that a young man of stout heart and shoes would be ideal for joining the team of five to register every voter in the City for the municipal elections.

The team's office was in the Old Guild Hall under the supervision of a local government official called the Secondary. My work involved calling on every resident in the City and after taking their names off a list, presenting them with a form bearing Her Majesty's crest.

The first buildings we visited were the great banking houses of the City. Naturally the directors of the banks and their employees were not entitled to vote, as they did not have a residential qualification, but the caretakers and their families could. The greatest difficulty was finding them. They either lived under the vaults or on the seventh floor of the bank.

Besides the impressive facade of the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange and the modern office blocks were the dilapidated slums, the tenement houses and the pubs. The residents were publicans, bartenders, the poor and the prostitutes.

The publicans and the gaming house proprietors valued their voting rights for their own representatives at Guild Hall. The poor usually mistook me for a housing official and complained about leaking roofs and poor cooking facilities; they were not really interested in the mechanism of representative government.

The City's temporary residents, often Indian wholesalers and small business proprietors, were unaware of their voting rights. The women were oblivious to universal suffrage.

Working for the Corporation of London also entailed tramping through Leaden Hall and Smithfield Markets where the butchers of the City were cutting up carcasses and plucking poultry—they did not have time to vote.

Our lists ticked, our forms distributed, the voters would return to the office for tea. One got used to seeing mace and sword-bearers striding through the office in their robes, smoking and telling jokes. Or seeing the Lord Mayor alight from his coach and shuffle into Guild Hall to address his Corporation.

I was paid £7 a week and the Corporation so appreciated my help that each year I received an invitation to work for them again.

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OUR CURRENT DILEMMA

by Brian Piper

Who is awake?

LAST issue I outlined the general pattern of Guild life as many of its critics and observers see it. I mentioned some of the usual complaints and pointed some of the brighter aspects. Now I want to see how far this is a sign of revival or just a series of outbursts like bubbles in boiling custard.

The existence of societies and their posters does not necessarily mean a thriving society—ask any heartbroken and exhausted committee member. Often attendances are low or fall away as the year progresses. A closer look at the publicity reveals about half-a-dozen that are really active, mostly political and religious or Deb. Soc., and many posters are for plays and dances. A closer look at the front of Guild diary shows that many are departmental societies and the others cater for specialised interest and a small membership.

Another point to bear in mind is that often a society or club flourishes because of the enthusiasm of one or two members and goes down when they go down. I feel the same may apply to Guild life and that some of its recent signs of volcanic activity are due to a few members throwing bricks rather than a general eruption in the offing. Whilst I would not claim to be a member of any special "inner set," I would suggest that with the exception of Exec., most of the push and initiative and original thinking in the Guild comes from about a dozen people, the majority of us assenting, or dissenting only mildly.

Well, what about the rest of us? Are we just dead from the neck up? Is there no one with a good idea to put up? Exec. members are accessible enough, and there's "Guild News," "Mermaid" and "Wall."

The Meat of the Problem
I cannot accept that intelligent and relatively articulate students have no opinions whatever on politics, religion or the social sickness of our age, be it the local or more general malaise; or if they're a bit hazy, that they cannot be stimulated into clarifying their position.

Here I think we are getting to the meat of the problem (at last!) and I suggest two fields

STUDENT FILM FESTIVAL

If you'd like to visit Amsterdam—now's your chance. An International Festival of student-made films is being held there this autumn—September 30 to October 6. The festival has a competitive character and is meant to review progress in the field of student-made films since World War II and to encourage student film production everywhere.

Held in conjunction with the Amsterdam Student Union, this festival invites entries from all institutes of higher education. Students who accompany their entries are more than welcome.

Regulations, entry forms (which must be submitted by June 13), and all further information can be obtained from:

Cinestud 1960,
Roetersstraat 34,
Amsterdam, Holland.

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"MY OLD MAN"

OUR SONG, as devotees of the telly or the steam radio may have noticed, has been at the top of the Hit Parade, during the vac. In a slightly adulterated version in which the celebrated Birmingham fireman has been translated into a dustman (surely it should be refuse collector in this day and age) and our dignified hymn tune has been swung to a skiffle beat, Mr. Lonnie Donegan has taken "My Old Man's a Fireman" to the top of the Top Twenty. Lonnie told the Press that he learnt the song, which has been sung here since before the 1914 War, at school in the thirties when "the words were unprintable." At a loss for a song to record recently he decided to use it. For the benefit of any students who may have missed our version which is traditionally sung at the end of all University functions from a Hop to Guild Ball, here are the words:—

My old man's a fireman,
Now what d'yer think of that,
He wears gorblimey trousers
And a little gorblimey hat.
He wears a something muffer,
Around his something throat,
For my old man's a fireman,
On an Elder Dempster boat.

If you read
THE OBSERVER
you are
probably witty,
charming, athletic,
large-minded,
learned, halfway
to a halo...

(Or, of course, you
may be just an ordinary,
perishable slob
who wants to know
what's going on.)

MANIFESTOS (continued)

GUY RASTALL ROGER SUTTON

(Continued from Page 5)

lized its standing orders of conduct to better advantage.

They are in fact a key to a higher standard of debate which is so necessary in such a policy-making body. This, coupled with a firm lead from the Chair and more executive recommendations concentrated in memoranda, would mean that decisions would be reached with more speed and assurance.

Such a new attitude is vital when you realize the great increase of responsibility that Council must bear next session. I hope the time will come when there will be intense competition in all departments to become a Guild Councillor, and believe that when this is

(Continued on Page Eight)

THE Guild of Undergraduates has a difficult year ahead. The complicated and delicate problems facing the Guild can be divided simply under two headings—firstly, those resulting from University expansion and secondly, those arising from our relations with external bodies.

The rapid expansion of the University next session will create many headaches, mainly centred around over-

crowding. Drastic measures must be taken if the catering service is to operate efficiently, under the severe pressure that it will receive. The Union extensions are not a solution to all problems. I am not breaking any new ground in summarising the problems ahead, but I am in advocating concrete and feasible modifications to the present system.

In order to control a large organisation, the machinery for running it must first be put in working order. At present a Committee is at work reviewing the Constitution in preparation for the difficult job ahead; this work must be speeded up and

the modifications must be enforced by the middle of next year.

If Guild internal organisation is not satisfactory, student life will be handicapped as a result, and it will have to be doubly efficient when the move from Ed. Street is completed.

Deliberate steps must be taken to integrate all members of the Guild; thus enabling and encouraging them to use all the facilities offered by the Guild and Union buildings. There must be some encouragement offered to Societies to grow and become ambitious. This must be the major way to increase the social and cultural life of the Guild.

Consideration is needed in respect of the Guild's relations with the University, City and National Union of Students.

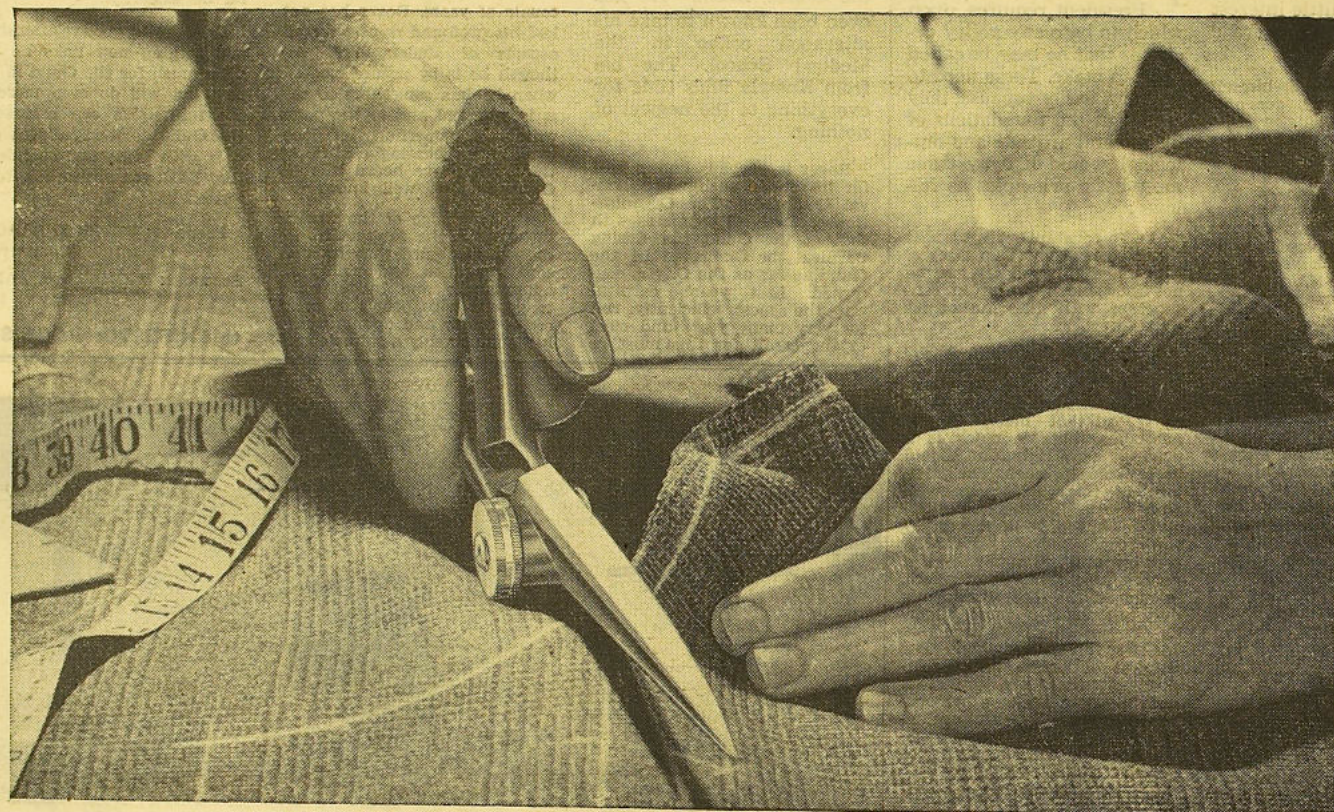
Good relationship with the University is essential and it would be desirable that the Carnival problem be successfully compromised, because at present Carnival is the only

time that the Guild has an opportunity to help the City. The departure of Ed. Street adds to the loss of contact with the City. The National Union, at present very much the poor relation, must be fostered because it has the ability to help everyone a great deal.

If you will give me your support, I will do my utmost to further the interests of both the individual member and of the Guild as a whole.

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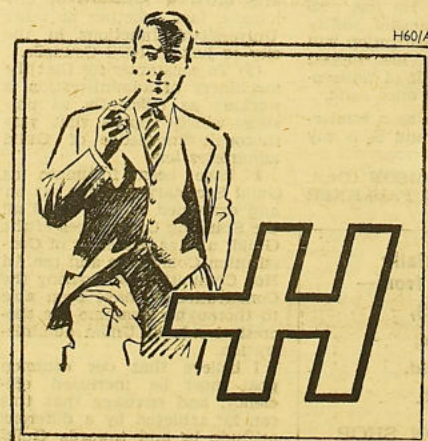
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Sports Editorial

RACIALISM IN SPORT

FIRST the Boycott—now it is the South African cricketers who are the object of attack from unthinking and misguided people. W. G. Grace must be turning in his grave at this introduction of cricket into the dirt and intrigue of world politics.

These young South Africans have come over here to play cricket—not to defend their government's policies. For all we know every one of them might be violently anti-Nationalist. Anyone who has thought about this matter at all must have grave doubts as to the effects of a protest against the South African cricketers. Why should they and their cricket suffer because of the intolerance and prejudice of others? Why should they be condemned simply because they ARE South Africans? They may be less guilty of racial prejudice than many landlords in this city who refuse to take in coloured students.

So let us forget where these sportsmen have come from; let us simply remember that they are here to play cricket as our guests and that as our guests they should be treated with courtesy and kindness.

I am not condoning the South African Government's policies for one moment. I realise too, that it was South Africa who actually started this question of racialism in sport in the first place, but that is no excuse for us to join in. Some day in the future, cricket teams will come over here from South Africa with Bantu and Asian mixing freely with their white team-mates—but until that day let us, at least, keep racialism and world politics out of our sport.

Our sporting relations with Russia were quite unaffected by the results of the Hungarian revolution—why should the situation be any different now?

The Sports Page welcomes the South African cricketers and wishes them a happy, untroubled and successful (though not too successful!) tour.

D.S.

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Athletics

THE OLD HANDS LIMBER UP

NEVER before have so many cross-country runners turned up to give support to the Athletic Club Trials as on Wednesday last. Looking resplendent in best clean kit, they ran a few laps of the track, had their photographs taken, and disappeared.

Although well supported, the trials produced nothing to enthuse over, mainly due to a lack of competition for the already established athletes, and a worrying dearth of middle distance runners was exposed. Davies being the only athlete to break 5 minutes for the mile.

Only in the quarter-mile were freshers prominent with Mills, Olliff and Humphries to the fore. For the rest it was left to the old hands, the residue of the boom season of 1958, to set the standards. However, the large number of those present who are in their final year does not augur well for the future.

FOOTBALLER OF THE YEAR

The Presswriter's Association recently made their annual choice of the Footballer of the Year, and they caused no surprise and much satisfaction by deciding on Bill Slater, of the Wolves, England AND Birmingham University.

Not long ago Bill appeared in one of our Sports Profiles and we suggested that another England cap would be his before the end of the season. Congratulations, then Bill, on gaining that cap and on being elected Footballer of the Year, 1959-60—both have been well deserved.

TRIALS RESULTS

High Jump		Lake	5ft. 4in.
Shot		Medhurst	126ft. 9in.
H.S.J.		Medhurst	39ft. 5in.
Long Jump		Norsworthy	38ft. 5in.
100 yds.		Gibson	20ft. 7in.
(1) Jarvis			
(2) Murray			
Pole Vault		Hutchings	10ft. 6in.
880 yds.		Horwell	2.4.7
1 Mile		Davies	4.43.0
440 yds.			
(1) Humphries			53.8
(2) Mills			52.3
220 yds.		Eastwood	24.4
120 yds. hurdles		Walker	16.3
3 miles		Shaw	15.29
		J.J.	

Bridge Column

THE following deal occurred during a duplicate match played at the Pine Hotel, Hadgley Road:

NORTH

S—A, 7, 2
H—10, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3
D—A
C—A, K, Q

WEST

S—
H—A, J, 2
D—10, 8, 7, 6, 3, 2
C—J, 7, 5, 3

EAST

S—J, 9, 4, 3
H—K, Q, 9, 7
D—Q, J, 9, 5
C—4

SOUTH

S—K, Q, 10, 8, 6, 5
H—
D—K, 4
C—10, 8, 8, 6, 2

When the board was played at table one, Flash Luby (North) was playing against my team with his new, unknown partner, D. Strube. After some brisk bidding D. Strube was declarer in six Spades. West led the Ace of Hearts which declarer ruffed. D. Strube continued confidently by drawing four rounds of trumps and cashing dummy's two top Clubs. When East showed out on the second Club, he had his first shock. The position was then:

NORTH

S—
H—10, 8, 6, 5
D—A
C—Q

WEST

S—
H—J, 2
D—10, 8
C—J, 7

EAST

S—
H—K, Q, 9
D—Q, J, 9
C—

SOUTH

S—8
H—
D—K, 4
C—10, 9, 8

D. Strube played off the Club Queen and Diamond Ace and had to return to hand by ruffing a Heart. He made the Diamond King but lost the last two tricks to West's Club Jack and Heart Jack, to go one down.

When the board reached the table where Bongo Seagoon and I were sitting North and South respectively, we also reached Six Spades, the only difference being that I made the contract which enabled my team to win the match.

Details of how I made this contract will appear in next week's "Guild News," but if my readers have any suggestions, I will be pleased to receive them c/o the Editor.

A. NURK-BID.

Per Ardua Ad Altar



"WAS I ALRIGHT, LUV?"

"Guild News" staff would like to congratulate the President of the Guild, Mr. Mike Stanley, on his recent marriage to Miss Jill Harris during the vacation. The photograph shows the couple at their wedding reception.

Med. School Column

WHILE the rest of the university were away sunning themselves over Easter, great upheavals have been taking place in Med. School's social circles. The third year have graduated to the ranks of clinical students and will soon be exploring the mysteries of the Q.E. and the General. The fourth year have been fragmented and dispersed to the four corners of Birmingham and further. During the course of the aforementioned division of the fourth year, yours truly, NEB, has been literally sent to Coventry. Thus it is that this part of Med. School Col. is being laboriously composed to the accompaniment of squawks of the new-born in a certain maternity hospital "n" miles from the Med. School. So reluctantly I find I must hand on the pen of this little-read corner of "Guild News" to someone who will be more in touch with Med. School affairs during the coming exam-packed term, and hope that the feminine touch of me dear M.O.L. can rescue the column from being a dialogue between the fish pond and the cigarette machine (both of which are doing very nicely, thank you).

NEB.

Once again the faithful return to their Mecca of rubber-floored corridors and peeling paintwork. The thoughts of the Anatomists turn reluctantly to June, and unpleasant events approaching, although the canteen is as full as always from opening to closing time. We had hoped that the partial disappearance of the third year would mean more Hot Dogs left for the sustenance of the second year: this does not, alas, appear to be the case.

The Med. School shows little change, though I notice we have been welcomed back by an assortment of variegated flags which adorn a strange piece of apparatus. This being a long polythene tube leading from somewhere towards the stratosphere down to the lower regions. It was hoped this was to aid weary students in their descent from the upper floors, but it appears that this is not after all, the case. Nor perhaps, were the flags erected as a token of goodwill. However they add a little brightness to a corner which would otherwise remain dismal until the sun condescends to shine and illuminate the cobwebs.

On receiving a whiff of a Med. School fish sandwich today, I fear for the well-being of our goldfish: can it be that he has given his life in the cause of feeding the starving thousands?

MOL.

GUY RASTALL

—Continued from Page 7
achieved, it will greatly benefit the Guild in general.
It is also the President's prerogative to tentatively plan ahead—a number of ideas spring to mind. Firstly the examination period, so long the anti-climax to the year, next session will be enlivened by Carnival.

I think that it is time that we considered having a large formal social event at this juncture and encouraged at the success of the small formal balls I would suggest a large June Ball, utilizing the whole of the new Union—the inner courtyard being of particular importance—a number of bands.

Secondly, with few hopes of ever overcoming the overcrowding, to investigate the possibility of getting the University to extend the existing small club facilities—the Air Squadron and St. Francis Hall meeting facilities.

I shall be honoured if you should elect me as President, and guarantee that I should undertake this high responsibility vigorously and sincerely.

The founding of a political club might also be considered. It is also time to consider if a small subsidy clubroom could be obtained in town to replace the loss of +Ed. St. and the Mermaid Tavern. All this would imply a diversification of facilities, but NOT a decentralization of overall administration. The dictates of space prevent me from elaborating further, but I hope that I have expressed the progressive attitude that the President should have.

W. G. RASTALL

GUILD CHAPEL in ST. FRANCIS HALL

Daily Prayers:

9.30 - 9.50 a.m.

5.05 - 5.30 p.m.

Holy Communion:

Tuesday, 7.45 a.m.

Thursday, 12.15 p.m.

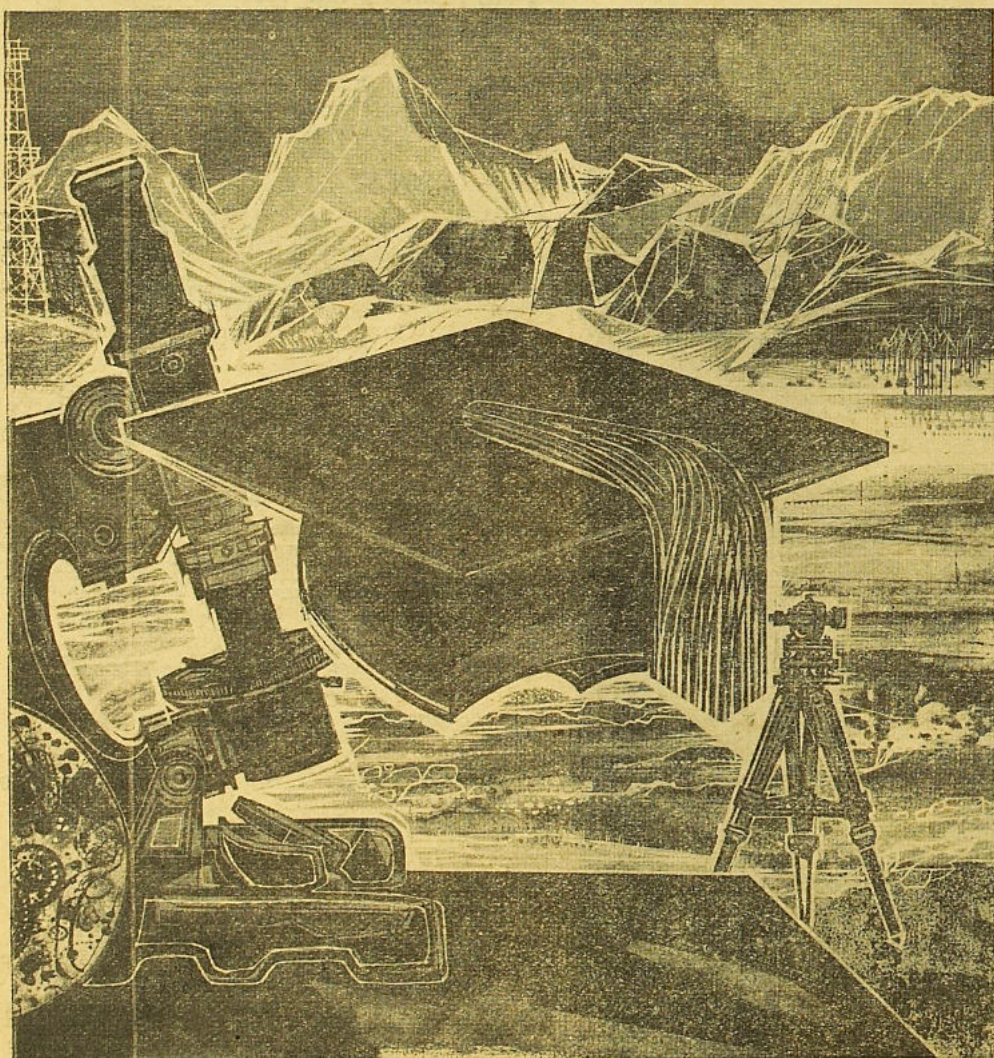
SUNDAY, MAY 8th—

GUILD SERVICE - 6.30 p.m.

The Rev. Dr. R. K. Orchard

(London Secretary, International Missionary Council)

"THE CHURCH'S MISSION"



Mortar boards, a shortage of

BRAINS ARE ONE THING. Trained minds are another. Brains abound, but industry has a responsibility for providing facilities to train them.

This is why The British Petroleum Company has evolved a farsighted training scheme. The Company has each year, both in Britain and overseas, some 2,000 salaried young men in undergraduate courses at universities or in student or craft apprenticeships at technical colleges or in its own training centres and workshops.

In addition to its extensive training activities in this country, BP is at the moment training apprentices in Aden and West Africa, plant operators in Canada, marketing specialists in Australia; to quote but four examples of a worldwide operation.

BP thinks it particularly important to train today the minds of tomorrow's team. BP believes in 'hats off to tomorrow.'

BRITISH PETROLEUM

