

GUILD NEWS

Thursday, Feb. 4,
1960. No. 566

3^D

The Guild of Undergraduates—University of Birmingham.

THIS PAPER THINKS

Solomon's Column

It had to happen! I couldn't stand it any longer! There was I, taking my well-earned siesta, having been well and truly squashed by my adversaries for my comments and innocent little remarks in last year's *Guild News*, when all of a sudden like, I was rudely awakened from my grave by the sound of a hydraulic "Jack" and the stench coming from *Guild News* office—or was it from the University Refectory?

Whatever the cause, here I am again to the consternation of God, Guild and garbage collector, but for Executive members of a nervous disposition there is always the Personal Column.

Why is it that a student newspaper like *Guild News* should be hard-pressed to find material? The world is a big enough place, so I'm told—surely there must be something of interest if we take the trouble to look for it!

Things are pretty grim when *Guild News* has recourse to such a headline as appeared in last week's issue.

One seriously begins to wonder what a University is for—are we really positively-thinking students, with a real contribution to make to Society, or mere sponges which imbibe information, robot-like, and thereafter join the ever-increasing brigade of zombies and mediocrities of which the world already has a surplus?

HAPPY JAPPIES, ETC.

Many of us do interest ourselves in the outside world, because we find it exciting and fascinating.

We may have noted the activities of students in other lands—in Japan, for example, where a considerable shemuzzle was caused through the visit of the Japanese Prime Minister to the U.S.

DEBATING SOCIETY

DEBATING
TOURNAMENT FINALS
5.15 p.m. To-day - Mixed Lounge

Followed by
WINE & CHEESE PARTY
at 7.45 p.m.
6s. (from Committee Members)

The airport was barricaded to prevent the kind gentleman from making his proposed trip, and hoards of students ran around yelling and screaming blue murder.

● Continued on Page Six

THE HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN

"A SAD comedy (with some songs)" is how Bernard Kops described his first play to storm London. And so it is. Any similarity to Shakespeare is purely coincidental, for there is but one death, a ghost who never leaves the stage, and no real tragedy.

In fact the death of Sam, the father of mad Hamlet who wants to be a crooner, is a merciful release, and his "revenge" is subtle and surprisingly happy.

The production stars Moshe Kelman as old Sam Levy of Stepney Green and Monty Bogard as Davy his son. His nagging, wanton wife is Carmel Cohen and the female lead, Jackie Harris, is the Ophelia of the play.

Solly Segal, her father, is played by a Fresher, Rodney Klevan, and the cast includes such old favourites as Derek Sampson, Brian Benjamin and Len Liebling. Jewish Society presents this play on Wednesday and Thursday in the Union.

Come and see this fine play, regarded as one of the best modern plays in years.
C.P.H.

S.G.M. BACKS BOYCOTT

A PACKED Deb. Hall listened last Tuesday to the arguments for and against a boycott of South African goods at the Special General Meeting of the Guild called in response to a petition by 50 members of the Guild. The president, who took the chair, reminded the House before the meeting began that Guild Council is the supreme body in the Guild and any decision taken by the S.G.M. would have to be ratified by Council before it could have any effect upon Guild policy.

The motion before the meeting, proposed by Mr. B. Faulkner was as follows:

This general meeting of the Guild of Undergraduates of the University of Birmingham:

- Protests against the action of the South African Government in its policy of segregation in higher education.
- Regards a boycott of South African goods as a means of expressing its disapproval.
- Urges Guild members to participate in such a boycott, and
- Urges the Guild to refrain from buying those goods listed by the N.U.S.

NO POLITICAL ISSUE

In proposing the motion, Mr. Faulkner emphasised that this was not a political issue, although it has recently been taken up by the political parties.

We are protesting, he said, against an infringement of academic freedom which must affect us as University students. He went on to outline the provisions of the new Bill, passed last year to close the two "Open" Universities to non-white students and to place the control of Bantu and Asian education under the Minister of Native Affairs, instead of the Minister of Education.

This meant, in effect, the complete loss of academic freedom in that Universities would have to accept students for reasons other than academic merit and that there would be serious restrictions on the political freedom of students and of staff. Already staff from Fort Hare University College, which has recently been taken over by the Government, have been dismissed.

In conclusion Mr. Faulkner asked the House to support the boycott as a practical way of expressing our disgust for the educational policy of the South African Government. He ended by quoting "There is nothing that touches man that is not my concern."

MINORITY INTERESTS

Opposing the motion, Mr. J. H. Gunn asked the Guild to maintain its impartiality on an issue of this kind and safeguard the interests of its own minorities. He compared the motion to attempting to sup-

port the Aldermaston marchers or the Government's policy in Central Africa, questions upon which the Guild would not, and should not comment.

He suggested that the proper course for those in favour of the boycott would be to organise the members of the Guild who agreed with them, but not to try to make the boycott a part of official Guild policy.

Seconding the motion Mr. B. Piper reminded the House that the Union of South African Students had asked us to support this boycott as a specific protest against the curtailment of academic freedom.

He said that the President's South Africa Society is already collecting funds to aid sufferers under the new education bill. The boycott would however focus world opinion on Apartheid even more strongly and might perhaps prevent its being enforced strictly.

VIGOROUS DEBATE

In the vigorous debate which followed the proposition and speeches, Mr. B. Stacey questioned the effectiveness of the boycott and said that we should not attempt to compel members not to buy South African goods.

If each individual refused the goods the Guild catering departments would eventually find that it was uneconomic to stock them.

In reply to a suggestion that the boycott is bound to be considered as a political measure another speaker said that to attempt to be a-political is the very worst kind of politics.

We must take a definite stand against racialism, and as the

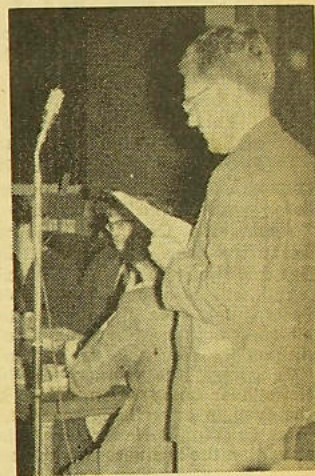


Photo: John Gunn

Mr. Barry Faulkner proposing the motion.

Declaration of Human Rights was being treacherously ignored in South Africa, the sufferers under Apartheid have no means of representation so it is up to outsiders to protest on their behalf.

A speaker who said that he was the only person in the room to have visited South Africa, made a courageous attempt to justify the policy of the Nationalist Government, but was given a stormy reception by the meeting as a whole. In reply, a coloured student said that the natives are bound to suffer whatever we do, but we must ensure that South Africa is as isolated by world opinion as Nazi Germany was before World War II.

One of the last speakers suggested that to risk causing unemployment in South Africa might very possibly lead to unrest and precipitate a bloodbath.

In summing up, Mr. Faulkner said that the boycott may not be as effective as we would wish, but that this was no reason not to protest. We should be able to express our opinions through the Guild and especially show our concern at a terrible situation.

The vote showed a majority for the entire motion.

M&B
It's
Marvellous
Beer

BIRMINGHAM
-9 FEB 1960



GUILD NEWS

THE UNIVERSITY NEWSPAPER

THE UNION
EDGBASTON
Tel. Selly Oak 1841

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editorial

ALTHOUGH it is not our policy, we had to revert to sensationalism last week in the form of the headline "This Paper Stinks?" This has not been without success. We have literally been inundated with Press Post during the past few days. This week's edition may therefore be more the reflection of Guild opinion and comment.

What future lies open for this newspaper? Until recently, censorship has been the bugbear of these columns. May we draw your attention to the letter on this page entitled "Aspersions Cast." Only recently have members of the Executive been able to contribute articles as members of the Guild without involving the Executive policy as a whole.

You will also notice this week the return of an eight-page spectacular. We should like to thank herewith the persistent efforts of the Advertising and Business Managers, who have financially returned us to our feet. We recently heard that "Gongster," the winners of the 1958 "Daily Mirror" Student Newspaper Competition, issued a duplicated edition to counteract the drop in advertising revenue. If the standard of the contributions in "Guild News" could be inspired with the same gusto shown on the business side the paper would be in a much healthier state. Sensationalism would be unnecessary.

The Birmingham Police, who are still making searching investigations into the Y.W.C.A. murder, have asked us to appeal through these columns to any students, particularly women students, who have any information which is possibly relevant, to come forward as soon as possible.

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Press Post Boycott Rebound?

THAT GUILD VOTE

Dear Sir,
The Constitutional mangle is beginning to sound like "my-dox, orthodoxy, heterodoxy, yourdodoxy" but your correspondent on "More Rights, etc." has so confounded fact and fundamentals as to be in need of correction.

His insinuation—that Exec. gets its way on Council as a result of the Constitution is like surveying a steaming, stopping old car and saying that it was designed not to go.

It may be a fact that Exec. gets its way on Council. This follows from two reasons, (a) Exec. having considered a matter thoroughly, quite frequently are suggesting the right decision and (b) if they push a bad case through it is because Council is inept or asleep.

The fault

The chief aggravation of the Guild's complaint lies in the quality of the Council. If it is alive and keen the Guild will run smoothly. If it is anything else, the fault lies squarely on the shoulders of the ordinary member.

Less than 30 per cent. of the Guild vote at elections and many Councilors get in unopposed.

Without competition Council is almost bound to be bad. But why should the average person vote or stand? It is not a call to duty, as has been advocated in these columns, that is wanted but a few good reasons for voting or preferably standing.

Standing Committees

Your correspondent also became involved with Standing Committees. They are necessary for two reasons.

1. The Guild exists for students to get practice in committee work and administration.
2. A committee, e.g. Catering Committee, attends to student needs far more effectively than the bureaucracy he suggests would. Two instances: Was it not he who provided ash trays for the Founders' Room? 2. How does Catering Committee compare with Refectory Committee in looking after students' needs? No, sir, your correspondent is worried about the workings of the Guild and quite rightly. But I feel the chips on his shoulders have become blinkers.

Not corrupt

The Guild is not stinking and corrupt but is run by students for students. If the majority of them do not like it, they can (a) stand, and (b) vote at the next election. I hope it is a fiery one.

JACK BETTERIDGE.

"GUILD NEWS" PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY

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FAREWELL FESTIVITIES

Dear Sir,—As the black assigned to the death of Street draws inauspiciously nearer, I feel it is high time proposals for its last flourish put forward and discussed. The English Dept. achieved some success on Carnival Day in their presentation of a rather grim reminder. Surely, however, the end should be on a gay rather than a morbid one, perhaps on an E flat.

The obvious answer is for a farewell party that would put the beatniks of Chelsea to shame. It could not be booked for such a rendering of the "Last Post" as probably dispense with the necessity of paid demolition gangs. If all fails, I should imagine that Bitter could provide a "Bass relief."

The Founders' Room would be the obvious abode for such an orgy, if it were held in a lecture theatre, people would probably be too worried about "one-up-manship" to enjoy themselves. Might I suggest that with the esteemed authority of Executive all posters put up in Founders' Room might remain there to create some sort of atmosphere, only one of confusion. This may also save a great deal of time and labour nearer the day. Beer, cigarettes, cigars, smoking machine and a few Orientals put into the room the night before, might add something for the nez to taste at.

Any suggestions would be greatly appreciated; please send them through this medium.

Yours et hoc modus omne.
J. T. SPANN.

This week in The Listener

(ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 4)

A NEW DECADE FOR DEFENCE

Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor

SCHOLARS AND ARISTOCRATS

Francis Haskell

THE GREAT SPIRAL

Patrick Moore

PAINTING OF THE MONTH

1.—Uccello's "St. George and the Dragon"
Sir Philip Kendy

LUDWIG WITTCGENSTEIN

(The second half of the recently broadcast symposium)

Norman Malcolm, Rush Rhees

FRANCE AND ALGERIA

Paul Johnson, David Thomson

INDIA v. PORTUGAL

Louis Blom Cooper

and other features

A BBC PUBLICATION
EVERY THURSDAY
FROM NEWSAGENTS & BOOKSELLERS

6

Press Post - contd. Aspersions cast

Dear Sir,
My reflection on offering a valuable threepenny bit to an attractive member of the English Department, was one of disgust when I had digested the three words "This Paper Stinks."

The first thing that struck me was that to date, I could not recall the "Paper" using such sizable type before.

If such can only be dug up for the purpose of casting direct aspersions on our newspaper and thus upon every member of the Guild, I suggest firstly that the Editor should be lynched (possibly in the Great Hall) or falling such Western removal techniques, be sent for jibel, no doubt council for the prosecution could be found among the portly chambers of the Law Faculty. I trust that the Editor, being so eloquent a type, can match it in oratory and thus conduct his own defence. "May the Good Lord have mercy on him!"

As for the problem of insufficient material for Guild News—I can hear his sob—I would suggest that the rigid censorship prevailing like an impenetrable black spider's web be removed completely, then sales of the newspaper would potentially be in excess of the capacity of the printing office.

All students have views, invariably radical, but these cannot be expressed poignantly through the medium of this newspaper, when such a censorship exists. Once this is removed and the genuine opinions of all reach the printer's ink, the tide of replies—left wing, right wing, prejudiced and shocked would constitute a colourful progressive student newspaper.

Everything should be printed and discussed, from the Apartheid policy the proposed stand of a Nationalist M.P. for the Orkneys and Shetlands and mixed halls of residence, to the movement by the City Council to pull down the "Tatler." Let us have all opinions, uncensored, except for the genuinely libellous, defamatory or just plain crude remarks, and perhaps ensuing editions of Guild News could justifiably be called a University Newspaper.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN R. HURDLEY,
Law Faculty, 1.

The Features Editor assures us that it was a member of the French Department who served the above-mentioned and not the English Department.

JOLLY WEEKENDS

Dear Sir.—It is both strange and a little worrying to read Mr. Heseltine's remarks about External Affairs and N.U.S., especially as he quite obviously knows nothing about either. My worry is that anyone should perhaps believe him. It is with this in mind that I set pen to paper to record a few of the necessary facts.

Firstly, I must go straight to his point about the Anderson Committee which will soon be reporting to the Government. Mr. Heseltine suggests that they are not so out of touch as to take notice of the N.U.S. Survey.

This seems to contradict the truth, which is that this committee actually asked N.U.S. for the details of student expenditure.

To continue with a further example of N.U.S. acting for the welfare of the students in this country. The University Grants Committee have asked N.U.S. to prepare student bodies for their quinquennial visits; indeed I attended a conference on this sub-

ject, organised by N.U.S. a fortnight ago. It seems that Mr. Heseltine wishes to turn a blind eye to the splendid achievements of N.U.S. in becoming accepted as a responsible negotiating body on behalf of students in this country.

Time wasting

We are also told that Guild Council spends too much time discussing motions and that Guild administration revolves around N.U.S. What nonsense! Twice a year the administration is asked to discuss N.U.S. motions so that responsible opinions may be raised at N.U.S. Council, and these meetings are usually long. The rest of the time External Affairs keeps very much to itself. The boycott of South African goods, although discussed at N.U.S. was not OFFICIALLY anything to do with External Affairs Committee at Birmingham. What was said, was said by individuals and not on behalf of the committees.

Is this a crime?

The jolly week-ends spent by the delegation from this University to N.U.S. Council might prove too much for Mr. Heseltine, for in spite of what he would like to believe they are very tiring, and the only pleasure is that of meeting old friends, and in taking an active part in the debating and discussion that goes on at the time. Yes—we do enjoy the work—but is this such a crime?

Finally, a few words about N.U.S. Council this Easter. So far there has been little response to my appeal at Council for motions. I am, therefore, once again inviting anyone with an idea or a grievance, which is not just a solitary case, to bring it forward before Saturday. It is essential that the Guild Council should discuss the agenda so that the delegation, before it goes, realises the feeling in this University. Ask your Councillor to make his views known. A copy of the agenda will be posted on the External Affairs notice board when it arrives.

In conclusion, if anyone wants to write an article in your paper about N.U.S., I will, Sir, be very pleased to supply truthful and complete information.

Yours, etc.,
FRED BLADER,
Chairman, External Affairs.

Your filth in danger

Dear Sir,
As a great fan of yours, I have been sadly disillusioned with my hero and shocked beyond all measure to read the nonsense you have published about Ed. St. Typical of this putrid imbecility, is the letter in last week's "Guild News" entitled "Guild Club Goodbye." Dear Boy, even Evelyn Home could not have been so cruel.

You scientists may enjoy attending a glorified technical college but I came to a University, therefore I WANT FILTH.

Being a beatnik is preferable to being a bowler-hatted and white-collared moron. I want to be a pseudo-intellectual like my friends in the English department.

I want to be crowded and cramped, suffocated and stifled. I WANT EXPERIENCE. I want all my women queerly garbed. I want my coffee lukewarm. I want to be one of the apathetic enthusiasts. I want to speak my mind and do the same as the other Ed. Streeters. I WANT TO BE INDIVIDUAL. I want to get on committees, lots and lots of them. I want to be somebody. I want to get my profile in "Guild News."

I WANT TO BE A SOCIAL CLIMBER. I want to sit in Founders' Room all day and talk about things I don't understand. I want to stay at Ed. Street because at the Union I'll be an extraordinary nobody.

Please, Mr. Editor, help me with my problem. I'm all confused but I think I know what I want.

I remain your faithful and obedient servant,

J. J. PSMTIH,
(Alias Justicar).

Book Review

"DAWN IN NYASALAND"

by Guy
Clutton-Brock

STUDENTS to-day, perhaps more particularly in this University, are condemned for their lack of interest in politics and world affairs, but when the line is overstepped (if such a line exists) between politics and morality and ethics, then students do get roused.

South Africa is a case in point, and another of a similar nature but a little less attended to, is the Central African Federation and its difficulties due for review this year.

Guy Clutton-Brock, one of the few white members of the Southern Rhodesian African National Congress and imprisoned during the Nyasaland emergency last year, has written his book with the sole intention of stating why Nyasaland should secede from the Federation. It is not in the same category as "Naught for Your Comfort," in power, style or intention, but it has certain parallels.

Close contact

Here is a European who has lived in close contact with Africans for more than 10 years and come to understand, appreciate and

respect them for what they are and what they want.

Some people may disagree with his views and his belief in the selfless dedication of many of the Congress leaders; but no one can dispute the facts that he gives to show why Nyasaland is 100 per cent. against Federation.

If this book achieves nothing else, it makes the power of African Nationalism, the political consciousness of the African, especially the literate African, and his fear of white domination, inescapably clear.

Devastating comments

So much for the main message of the book, but it has interesting sidelights which make it a good complement to the Devlin Report (which he discusses in his final chapter). His Christian faith permeates the book and he is confident that, given the opportunity, the African people can show the world the ways of true living.

The book is not well written and shows signs of "bittiness"—not so surprising considering the busy life he led. It tends to be repetitive and clichéd, but this is a "must" for any student of world and African affairs.

Footnote: Guy Clutton-Brock will be addressing a meeting of the newly formed United Nations Students' Association in St. Francis' Hall at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, February 10. His topic will be closely related to the above.



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PROFILE: ALEC SCHOFIELD

IT'S not often that the radical fringe gets into these columns, possibly a more frequent occurrence might prove interesting. The people we usually find in the profiles are like you and me, except that they are possibly exaggerated, emphasised but still recognisable all the same in ourselves.

The radical fringe is, however, different. What differentiates it from the rest of us is the time spent considering and discussing the more basic and serious aspects of University

life, of society, of politics—in all, those subjects on which most of us churn out preconceived notions to order.

I don't suppose most of us would like the radical fringe, but they're part of the Guild, at least for three years.

Alec Schofield is one of this fringe. Average height, well-covered with auburn beard and long wavy hair, Alec might be taken for an unemployed poet; I don't suppose he would complain if you said so, he'd look at you quizzically from those grey eyes, and you'd know what a puerile remark you'd made.

Alec comes from a socialist background from which he derives his intense individuality; but an upbringing in an industrial town in South East Lancashire has given him that solid, cloth cap way of thinking—here is no eclectic. From this background he also gained the idea of being a technocrat, hence his appearance at this University in the Chemical Engineering Department.

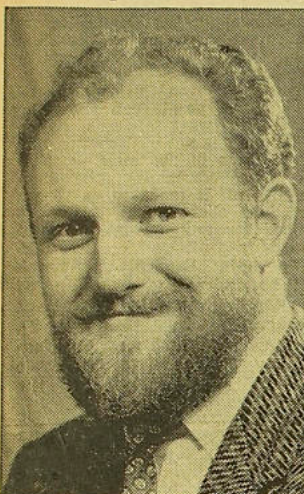
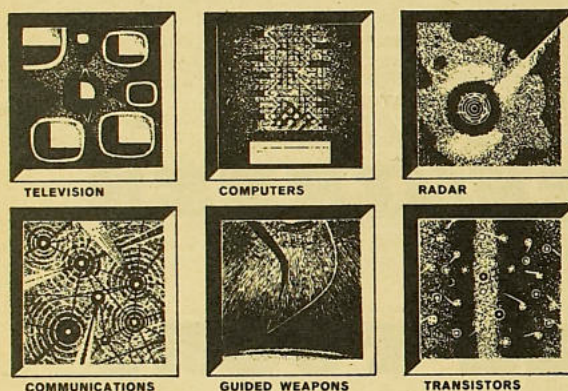


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"To see life clear and see it whole" might be Alec's motto, though he'd take issue with Matthew Arnold over such a woolly way of expressing it. In his radical way Alec's chief concern is with the style and quality of life for the masses in the future.

To understand society involves for Alec the derivation of those fixed concepts in the arts of the past, concepts which he projects into the future, weaving around them the culture of to-day.

As treasurer of the Rhythm Club, Alec does his best to inculcate into the Guild the idea that jazz is the music most descriptive of and most widely appreciated in the twentieth century.

As chairman of the '56 Society he tries to bring the visual arts to his dozen followers.

The fact that the '56 Society has such a small membership is one of Alec's disappointments (in addition to his receding hairline), demonstrative, he thinks, of the lack of student interest in an integrated view of our society—a view which utilises that basic intelligence which enabled all of us to enter this University in the first place. Apathy is.

Sometimes he has a game of bridge with a few beers in the bar, but in general, he's no mad gay dog lost in the social whirl. Hard to get to know, since he's quiet and unassuming, wary of sharing his opinions with any but close friends, he's interesting, honest and likeable and possessed of exciting ideas. K.R.C.

Cookery Corner

CONTINUING in the fine tradition set by my old friend Philip Harborne last week (Please contact c/o The Buffet, New Street Station), I offer this further recipe for the succour of those flat-dwellers among our number.

Curried Porridge (or porridge) et l'Oeufs, with French Fried Potatoes a la Vernon.

Ingredients:

Oats: 2 bushells.

Eggs: 4.

Curry powder: To taste.

Spuds: Numerous.

Method: Hack the potatoes into strips and fry in yesterday's bacon fat. Break the eggs into a basin and beat in the oats. Add a little milk and a pinch of salt (any kitchen waste which cannot be disposed of through the proper channels). Add the curry powder to (hide the?) taste. Cook the lot slowly in a saucepan.

When it begins to seethe, strain to remove foreign bodies and serve with the potatoes (now reduced to a charred mass). Telephone for an ambulance BEFORE you tuck in, and the best of British luck. Well, it's better than starving.

GASTRIC SHELDON.

FRENCH CIRCLE

FOUNDER'S Room resounded last week to the sounds of the French Circle being entertained by the acrobatic antics of one of their hostesses at a combined 21st party given by Mesdemoiselles K i n d e r, Narburgh and Clarke.

They were also pleased to welcome three members of the academic staff to this gathering. Earlier in the week the sum of all past meetings packed the French Seminar to partake of a FREE tea, admirably prepared by the first year.

Patrons are reminded that recent dramatic activities will culminate in Geoff Hutchings' production of Moliere's "Le Tartuffe" on February 9 to 11.

ED. STREET COLUMN

In the dark and dreary city
Stands a fountain gushing water
Icy grey spasmodic water
From the monumental fissure
Dropping cold upon the tile-work
Splashing all the docile pigeons
Crowding on the muddy flagstones
In the sad and sober city.
In the dimmest rearmost distance
Lurking Ed. Street sports a building
Uninspiring mass of building
Flat and unattractive standing
Streaked with soot and apprehending
Gaunt and ghoulish, most offending
Awkward overhangs the pavement
Overpowering half of Ed. Street.
Black beyond the falling fountain
In the centre of the city
Famous big industrial city.
Came the student thin and haggard
Overloaded with his briefcase
Dangling a black umbrella
From the outskirts of the city
Goes into the yawning cavern
Up the wide eroded stairway
Past the porter gazing bleary
Down the passage long and winding
To the much-frequented Guild Club
To the land of Trad. and Mainstream
To the fields of good and plenty
To the warmth of central heating
And the smell of Guild Club cooking
Mighty powerful smell of cooking
Floating down the left-hand stairway.
Staggers on the student bravely
Heading for his morning coffee
Strength to carry him to lectures
Should he have the inclination.
And they follow, other students
From all corners of the city
Each one makes his way to Ed. Street
Why he does it not quite knowing
Never dreaming expectations
That he'll get a First or Second
Only always hoping, praying
That he'll stay there 'mid the squalor
With his comrades haunting Guild Club
His sole respite 'mid the thralldom
Of the confines of his calling.

BLOODY MARY.

BRIDGE COLUMN

North		
S.	H. KQxx	
D. xxxx		
C. xxxxx		
West		
S. Jxxx		
H.	D. KJxxxx	
D. KJxxxx		
C. xxx		
South		
S. xxxx		
H. Jxxxxxxx		
D.		
C. A		

While playing in the Montenegrin International Bridge Tournament with my partner, Bongo Seagoon, the above did occur at game all. Bongo and I were sitting North and South with dealer East. Our Spanish opponent, Guido Rastato, opened Two Spades and I made the pre-emptive bid of Five Hearts. Miguel Stanelli, sitting West, raised to Five Spades and Bongo put me in Six Hearts, which was promptly doubled by Guido. The Jack of Spades was led and trumped on table. I then proceeded to make the contract on a cross-ruff.

The score of 1,970 (which Bongo wrote on his shirt cuff) enabled us to win the Archduke Otto trophy by a wide margin. At the other tables, Six Spades was bid and made.

Now I will set a problem for our readers (if any!). At love all, your partner has bid Three No-Trumps over an opening bid of Three Hearts.

You are holding:

S. KQxxxx
H. A
D. KQx
C. Jxx

What do you bid? Please send your attempts to me via the "Guild News" pigeon hole. The answer will be given next week, if the Editor allows this column to continue.

A. NURK-BID.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

ON Friday, January 29, Birmingham Town Hall was packed to capacity to witness one of the most exciting performances ever seen in this city. The occasion was the visit of the "Don Cossack" chorus and dancers, led by the "great" Serge Jaroff.

The platform was quite bare except for two soapboxes; suddenly with no introduction on marched the "Cossacks" all gigantic men dressed in sombre navy blue tunics and baggy trousers, brightened by a broad red stripe, and of course the traditional Russian boots.

The balding, middle-aged giants, the inflexible impassiveness of the Russian much in evidence, stood and waited for their "mighty" leader. Then from almost beneath their feet stalked this "mighty" man; also balding; also middle-aged; but no giant; Serge Jaroff appeared to be just about up to the elbows of his chorus. With a back so straight that he must have put an inch on his height of 4ft. 10ins. by the gaps between the vertebrae.

He climbed on to his soapbox and they began. The effect was breathtaking. These tough-looking men could sing like something out of this world, from feminine falsetto to the richest bass.

The first part of the programme was solemn, mostly religious music. The arrangements were of a strange to Western ears, but the only strange thing about the singing of this choir was its magnificence. The walls of Birmingham Town Hall reverberated to an unparalleled performance. After each piece Serge

Jaroff descended from his soapbox to receive the applause, bowing solemnly and then suddenly marching behind his chorus, very quietly giving them a note then appearing at the other end of the line from behind, to take the rostrum.

Every piece ended in a slight hush from the audience who were so enthralled, followed by tumultuous applause, which the Russians received solemnly and impassively.

After a short interval they returned in slightly gayer mood, Serge Jaroff now smiled to his audience, and they sang some student songs, only one of which was recognisable as the familiar "Gaudeamus igitur" sung in such a way as to make the usually drunken tones in which this is sung seem obscene. A couple more songs in light vein followed, one of which was a charming love song. Then on came the dancers, two lithe young men in Cossack uniform with a difference. Gone was the sombre blue, instead white satin tunics and red boots flashed about the stage. The dancing was as active virile and magnificent as Russian dancers always seem to be. They danced to a pounding rhythm sung by the chorus in the background and although the audience shouted for more none was forthcoming.

The interval proper followed and when the Cossacks returned the mood had lightened even more and joviality prevailed. Marching and Cavalry songs which would be more familiar to the Cossacks came thundering out with the whistles and shrieks of a hilarious Russian Chorus. Now they smiled at our applause and Serge Jaroff laughed. The audience loved it and hands and feet clapped and stamped until they were sore. Encores were shouted for and given. Then came the dancers who excelled themselves in masterful leaps and turns with the inevitable frog-dancing. This was officially the end. But the audience kept on shouting and stamping for more, and they gave us more ending with a beautiful rendering of "The Song of the Volga Boatmen." A subtle hint to get the audience on its feet and really appreciate that the concert had ended was the singing of the National Anthem. After which, we the audience, regretfully left a memorable concert.

C. A. CHAUDOIR.

M.R.D.S. and Me

IT may seem to our readers that reports of the continued orgiastic activities of M.R.D.S. must be inventions, since it seems doubtful whether one person could stand such a pace. "Surely," I hear our readers mutter, "such a student cannot still be sullying the precincts of this ancient establishment of learning. His moral tutor would have corrected his wild tendencies long ago." Yet I have sadly to relate that tutors may come and tutors may go but M.R.D.S. goes on forever. A case in point occurred last week-end when M.R.D.S. persuaded his fatmates to supply him with beer for the evening, offering as bait a car (not, needless to say, his own) and a bevy of lovely females.

The long monotonous journey to the remote and flooded hostelry which M.R.D.S. had chosen was enlivened by a never-ending stream of reminiscences and arch comments from my friend and yours. On the return journey however, being under the influence of at least two pints of bitter, these unwelcome remarks were interspersed with the occasional imitation of Al. Johnson, and pathetic bleatings of "Oh my head." At midnight M.R.D.S. woke up enough to insist that the whole company adjourn to a wild party that he had heard of and after a number of deviations the address was reached, the party consisted of four people eating toast in a room the size of a telephone box on end. Having settled in an arm-chair he then proceeded to eat pickled onions until he was carried home and put to bed, "pickled."

Individual Bible Study
The next fellowship was held on Saturday, January 23. In Founder's Room the members of B.U.E.C.U. discussed "Individual Bible Study." The

We're not the only ones!

DURHAM TEA PARTY. At Durham they prefer to drink tea in their pint pots instead of beer, or so it seems. Recently one student waded a friend that no one could drink 15 pints of tea in less than an hour. His friend decided to take him on, so a battery of kettles and the usual tea brewing equipment was procured and a number of stewards armed with thermometers to check on the temperature of the resulting brew. Battle commenced and after 52 minutes of what I should call sheer hell, the victor arose triumphant and even had the audacity to defy anyone to better his time. Any offers?

BRISTOL UNIVERSITY EXPEDITION. Starting next August Bristol University are undertaking a trans-Continental expedition which will travel across Europe, India, thence across Australia and South America. They intend to study, film and record cultural, dramatic and artistic activities, in India and Peru. The agriculture of the two countries will be studied and zoological specimens collected. Altogether the trip will take about a year, and will collect much useful scientific and other information.

"A BIG FIDDLE — ARE COUNCIL DUPING US?" This was the headline of "News Bulletin" (Manchester University Union) last week. It appears that last term £250 was granted by Manchester Union to go to their M.U.S.A.S.A. (their equivalent of our President's South Africa Society) and this term collecting boxes were placed around their Union saying that the money collected would go to the South African students. But it leaked out that instead of being added to the £250 already given by the Union it was going to Union funds to help fill the gap left by the donation. There was a storm of protest and phrases such as "a reflection on council's honesty" and "fiddle" were being banded about. But haven't we heard all this somewhere before?

BACK TO BRISTOL AGAIN where they are having trouble with a magazine called "Anacrap" which was being sold around the University precincts and which certain people claimed was pornographic. The magazine was duly banned and a general meeting called for the expulsion from the Union of all concerned with it. On the following day the Union Council met to consider the decision— and adjourned so that its members might read it! Ah well, "Mermaid" will be out next week.

B.U.E.C.U. forges ahead

THE numerous activities of the Birmingham University Evangelical Christian Union have continued as usual this term. The first fellowship was held on Saturday, January 16, the subject being "The Work of Prayer." The Rev. R. Taylor informed us that prayer should be the spiritual breath of the Christian. Also it should be a duty. We should not neglect to pray for others, that they too might come to know the Lord Jesus Christ.

Live nearer to God.

On Wednesday, January 20, a Bible reading from Corinthians was held in the Lesser Hall of the Union. This time the subject under discussion was "The New Life." The Rev. J. Bourn pointed out that a person trying to live a better life, nearer to God, by his own strength alone, was like a fish trying to live out of water. First we must have faith and ask for forgiveness. Only then, when we have the new life, can we walk with God.

Individual Bible Study
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SPRING WALKS

IT isn't easy to realise how early spring comes, especially when most of us spend term-time in the narrow confines of Birmingham's suburbia. A short trip on any bus to the Lickeys, however, secures clear air and a really refreshing change of scenery.

The Lickeys are best enjoyed if approached from the south and crossed in a northerly direction. You leave the bus at Lickey Hill, the Forest, and strike out almost at once into National Trust property.

The hills, partly grown with conifers, which give a pleasant touch of greenery, even in late winter, slope away fairly steeply on the

north-western side, presenting some rather lovely views of the distant Clents and Malvern. There is a specially constructed observation stand on the highest point of all.

For the really ambitious there is the possibility of combining both the Clents and the Lickeys in one walk. Leaving the Lickeys near Rubery the traveller should follow the public footpath to Chadwick Manor and from there across the ridge of the hills once more to Romsey.

Those who haven't already worn the soles off their town shoes can leave the others to catch the bus back while they cross the hump of the Clents towards Clent village. On the very top of the Clents is a convenient resting place.

On this fairly even plateau is another observation stand with an accurate guide to all the points visible on a reasonably clear day. There are also several rude stone pillars, on one of which some wit has scrawled "Romans go home—Adruil."

Clent village itself straggles down the steep western slopes in a manner reminiscent of a Cornish fishing village, so that one almost expects to find the sea at the foot of the hills.

Instead of the sea, however, there are some of those excellent little hostels which form the natural conclusion to almost any walking tour. They bear the signs of exotic brewers and contain those rich country characters who will talk of anything from darts and turkey-farming to their experiences in the "wide world" outside Worcester-shire.

C. BEARNE.

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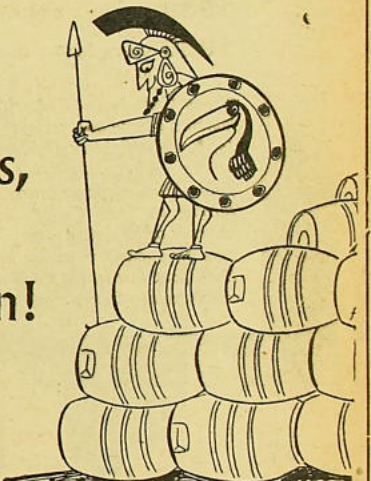
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NEWS

THIS PAPER THINKS

Albeit these students were of a decidedly suspicious political persuasion, I have no doubt that their Honourable Student News was not wanting in interesting reading as a result of the fracas. Let us compare ourselves, also, with the African students who greeted Mr. Macmillan with pleasing little expressions of goodwill, such as "Mac the Knife," etc.

Or the German students who created a merry rumpus when swastikas appeared, or the Spanish students who decided they didn't love General Franco any more, and were tried on trumped-up charges in secret session; or the Hungarian students, or the Latin American students, who are invariably behind each take-over bid for power, and frequently finish up as Ministers of Cabinet. What a contrast with us anemic lot!

OUT OF ORDER

Small wonder nobody is interested in "Guild News" if its prime concern is to print details of the last Guild Council meeting, with all the nonsense about Mr. So-and-so proposing this and Miss What's-a-name proposing that, and what Executive thinks, and what the President thinks, and what Guild Council thinks.

No one is interested in Guild Council, and that's a fact! Being a Guild Councillor myself, I am bound to say I don't blame them.

If less time were spent discussing amendments and more time spent on imaginative action, we might see some results.

The Guild is run by a group of committee maniacs, whose sole excitement in life is in the discussion of dots and commas, and whether they should be deleted or inserted. (Witness the fiasco last term, when the N.U.S. proposals were discussed at length until the early hours!)

Let's face it—we need a shot in the arm, something to wake us up. How about a bolsky revolution?

I am not going to suggest that we have a meeting, designed to kick out Guild Council, although I might if I thought I'd still get my free ticket to Guild Dinner.

But I do say that decadence and bureaucracy has set in with a vengeance, and we shouldn't be afraid to stir things up a bit.

What have we got to lose? Most of us are here for only three or four years, and most of us are not interested in Guild Council, and until we change the whole structure of it, Guild News would do well to boycott the whole ghastly business.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

A shot in the arm... How can we put some life into the Guild? That is the major problem. I have my answer, which I do not expect everyone to share, but it may be food for thought, as the Union Secretary said the Catering Supervisor.

Why not introduce some permanent system of organised opposition on Guild Council? By this I do not mean Party politics as such, but some system of operation, whereby members who wish to join the noble and illustrious band of Guild Councillors should be permitted to join some authorised "Guild-political" Association, acknowledged by and within the framework of the Guild.

I do not suggest Labour, Liberal and Tory, as this would be confusing, for how would we know what the Labour, Liberal and Tory policies would be with regard to the Refectory? But we might have the "Penguin" Party (for those who like to clad themselves in white tie and tails); or the E.S.R. (Ed. Street Revivalists, with hot gospel instead of cold gravy); or the "Boycott" Party, or the E.R.U.A. (Edgaston Refectory Users' Association). What's in a name? Then each Party would have its own attitude towards Guild politics, and members would

know what they were voting for. I do make this suggestion in all seriousness—I believe it would bring colour and variety into Guild life, as well as into Guild catering.

M.R.D.S.

(Most Readers Dig Sex)

Now to tackle Guild News. My sympathies are one hundred per cent. with poor old M.R.D.S. But why does he say he objects to sensationalism? Recent editions would not bear this out—what could be more sensational than "This Paper Stinks"? What's wrong with a little bit of sex? Why not have a cut-out—either a "strip" cartoon (e.g., Patti) or, alternatively, a Vicky-style cartoon, portraying the President eating his South African spaghetti in the Edgaston Refectory?

There must be many an artist in the Guild who would be competent to handle this sort of thing.

VAC. WORK

FOR those unable to accept a temporary managing directorship of father's firm in the vac, I should like to give a few hints on how to obtain vac. work.

There are two methods of doing this. Method "A" is by the familiar coloured bulletins published by N.U.S. These should be carefully read and the instructions followed. In some cases applications should be made to the employer concerned.

In others applications should be made via the N.U.S. Vac. Work Dept. In the latter case a yellow application form should be obtained from your Vac. Work Sec., filled in, and sent with the appropriate fee (usually 6s.) and a S.A.E. please, to N.U.S.

You should also send your N.U.S. International Identity Card, obtainable from your N.U.S. Sec., or the Stewards' Office, or alternatively have your yellow form stamped at the Stewards' Office when completed.

Method B is via the bulletin issued by External Affairs Committee in which application should be made direct to the employer concerned.

JEFF BAIRSTOW, Vac. Work Sec.

MED. SCHOOL COLUMN

IT is the season of universal bedraggled. Outside drops of water hang from trees where the leaves used to be, and lakes form by the sides of erstwhile parched highways. Even the most hardy of us have now forsaken the "fish-pond route" and have gone underground on our trips 'twixt Med. School and Q.E.

Inside the hospital patients snuggle down into their beds and listen to the wind howling along the deserted balconies and around the straggling scaffolding poles which are spreading, ivy-like, over certain parts of the building.

Late-comers are unable to slip into ward-rooms and pretend

they've been there all the time, they stand betrayed by the trail of their sodden shoes and their dripping hair. It is the season of depression and of shortened tempers. Maybe this explains why the glass front of Med. School's newest toy was shattered so soon.

Outwardly the thing is a cigarette machine, but beneath the chrome exterior lurks a monster, a hoarder of florins and a bender of cigarettes. The machine is a dictator too, by releasing but one of its drawers each time it decides—not you—the brand of cigarette you are to smoke, and, if you are not quick enough in finding which drawer will yield to your pull, there is a click and your two-bob is gone for ever. Let us hope that the eagerly awaited coffee machine is more generous in its dispensations than is its smaller brother.

Unhealthy breed?

It would appear that medics are becoming an unhealthy breed. From one year alone seven people have recently received treatment from the hospital in which they work, and only the other day one young medic was to be seen being dragged unconscious along a corridor by two other doctors-to-be. It seems to be the fashion to complain about eating facilities. Though the Med. School canteen caters reasonably well for its hungry customers there is room for improvement in its efficiency. N.E.B.

Our girls fall at the last fence

LACROSSE

NEAR MISS IN EXCITING WIVAB SEMI-FINAL

Manchester 9, Birmingham 8

ALL chances of winning the W.I.V.A.B. cup for the second time went to the winds on Saturday. A close and exciting game... of course in the rain and mud again... gave Birmingham the lead at half-time when they were 5-3 up. Some neat passing between the attacks had led to quick goals by Susan Andrews and Sheila Ward; while the defence backed up well, although Jane Shaw had some difficulty in keeping on the pitch! Special mention must be made of Lisa Westcott, whose stickwork and play in general has much improved over the season. During the second half, however, the Birmingham team slowed down somewhat and Manchester scored several goals in quick succession, putting them into the lead. After that it was a ding-dong affair, with Birmingham vainly trying to score an equaliser. The final score, 9-8 to Manchester, was rather disappointing to a team which had won that elusive cup for the first time for many years last season, and had high hopes of a repeat performance this year.

Goals were scored by: Susan Andrews (5); Charis Folland (1); Ruth Allpress (1); Sheila Ward (1).

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Sweeping changes ineffectual

1st XI still lacks punch

Birmingham University 0, Liverpool 1

BIRMINGHAM took the field against a supposedly strong side, having made sweeping changes from the team that had failed so miserably in three of the four previous games. J. Wharf and P. Boddy, both making their first appearance in the team, were introduced into the forward line with the aim of producing a "ferocious" of goals through sheer cohesive attacking football rather than the individual approach, that had been so apparent in previous games and which had achieved so little. The result was a disappointing one on paper, but remembering that a reshuffled side always takes time to settle down as a team, it was perhaps encouraging in that the occasional flashes of determined and thoughtful football were seen.

Again, the game adopted its customary pattern, when Birmingham immediately seized the initiative and were still hammering away at their opponents' goal when the visitors' left back was carried from the field, suffering from concussion, after 20 minutes. This then was the signal for the Birmingham side to force home its advantage against the ten Liverpoolians. But as is so typical of Birmingham's game, they did just the opposite and allowed Liverpool to "crowd" out the home team's attacks and even to build up their own spasmodic but dangerous forays into Birmingham territory. From one of these, the centre forward scored, following a defensive blunder.

But the blame cannot be placed on an overworked defence which has had so often to stand agape at the feeble scoring attempts of the forwards this season. The match was notable, if not for the entertaining and skilful football and class I refereeing, for a virile and powerful display at right half by Tony Fay and a demonstration of clever, direct attacking play by "super" Bill Roper at outside right.

The inconsistency of the University side is indeed bewildering... ranging from its "Everest" performance against the talented West Brom side which earned such high acclaim, to the "molehill" performances of recent weeks.

Birmingham University 1, Cambridge Falcons 0

A WEAKENED University side showed more spirit than of late and managed to overcome a rather inexperienced Cambridge XI in an entertaining match at Bournbrook on Saturday. For long periods Birmingham held the upper hand, but the winning goal was long in coming.

Roper was outstanding in attack and fully justified his selection as reserve for the Birmingham A.F.A. XI. It was through his skill that Birmingham scored the decisive goal; after beating two men on the edge of the penalty box he calmly chipped the ball into the net over the outstretched hands of the goalkeeper. As the game progressed the University side gradually got on top and Cambridge were rather fortunate not to concede more than one goal. Birmingham's forward line, though still

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Liverpool's deserved win

DESPITE rather wet conditions, which we understand even defeated the Rugby Football Club this week, the Women's Hockey team played their W.I.V.A.B. semi-final on Saturday against Liverpool University. Under these conditions it was rather remarkable that the game was of such a high standard with both sides initially being quick onto the ball, and consequently play was fairly equal.

However this condition, although promising much produced little, and by half-time nothing spectacular had happened, with both defences successfully holding any attacks by the opposing forwards. In fact had it not been for the consistently good play of the Liverpool defence, Birmingham would have scored at least twice during the first half.

The second half saw Liverpool well on top, and Birmingham became obviously disheartened. When Liverpool took the lead about five minutes after the break. Following this, the home side never quite found the sparkle necessary to win the match, and although the Liverpool attacks were persistently broken up by our defence (exceptional play once again being shown by Doreen Hall in goal) the forwards did not manage to control the ball sufficiently well to initiate

Frost bite sailing

IN such an individualist sport as sailing, success in team matches is invariably dependent upon the amount of practice that helms and crews are willing to put in. The demand for sailing facilities throughout the winter has been quite large compared with last year, and since teams are principally made up of "all-year-round sailors" there should be no lack of talent when this year's experts leave. The Sailing Association now has five racing dinghies, thanks to the University grant in enabling two further boats to be bought, so that future helmsmen may be trained, while ample sailing is still available to those who sail "for pleasure."

Inter-Varsity matches have continued throughout the winter, and the results of recent matches are as follows:

v. King's College, Newcastle, tied 22-22;
v. Bristol University, lost 42-65;
v. Aberystwyth, won 23-16;
v. Bangor, lost 31-34;
v. Leeds, won 36-35.

The club has suffered in the past from lack of boat storage and changing facilities. But the University intends to develop a site and clubhouse at the Reservoir, for which work will be started this term, and thus winter sailing for our successors will be relieved of some more of its acute discomforts. The benefit will almost certainly be borne out by an increase in the standard of sailing, since regular practices in the winter with inadequate facilities are not popular.

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CROSS-COUNTRY

CLOSE TUSSLE WITH LEEDS

THE Cross-Country Club travelled to Leeds on Saturday for a South Midlands, North Inter-Club match between Bristol, the Home University and ourselves. Although without the captain (indisposed en route) and Peter Saville, unluckily dogged by injury, the team performed very creditably to lose by the narrow margin of half a point, scoring 41½ points to Leeds 41. Bristol were third with 88½ points. The second team, however, lived up to its reputation by winning the match which was held in conjunction.

The race was run over snowbound country and was not very well marked. The Leeds runners Stan Duckworth and Bob Tristram, took full advantage of the course and our leading runners were definitely hampered by this fact, as they always had to rely on Duckworth and Tristram for directions. However, Dave Spence, Dai Davies, Mike Down and Dave Fiddes were always with them in a group, swapping positions throughout the race, until the pressure was put on in the last mile. Then Dave Spence, determined to regain his lost form, stuck to his task and duly finished a close second to Duckworth. Tristram, Davies, Down and Fiddes followed in quick succession and Dave Royle was ninth. Bill Harvey ran very promisingly to close the score card in 16th position. Ian Milne, Glyn Jones, Cliff Harris and Brian Jeffrey formed the nucleus of the second team win.

The race gave us some illuminating thoughts, for at the front the team packed very well indeed and it is only by this sort of team effort that we will gain any success in the British Universities Championships at Bristol two weeks hence. M.G.D.

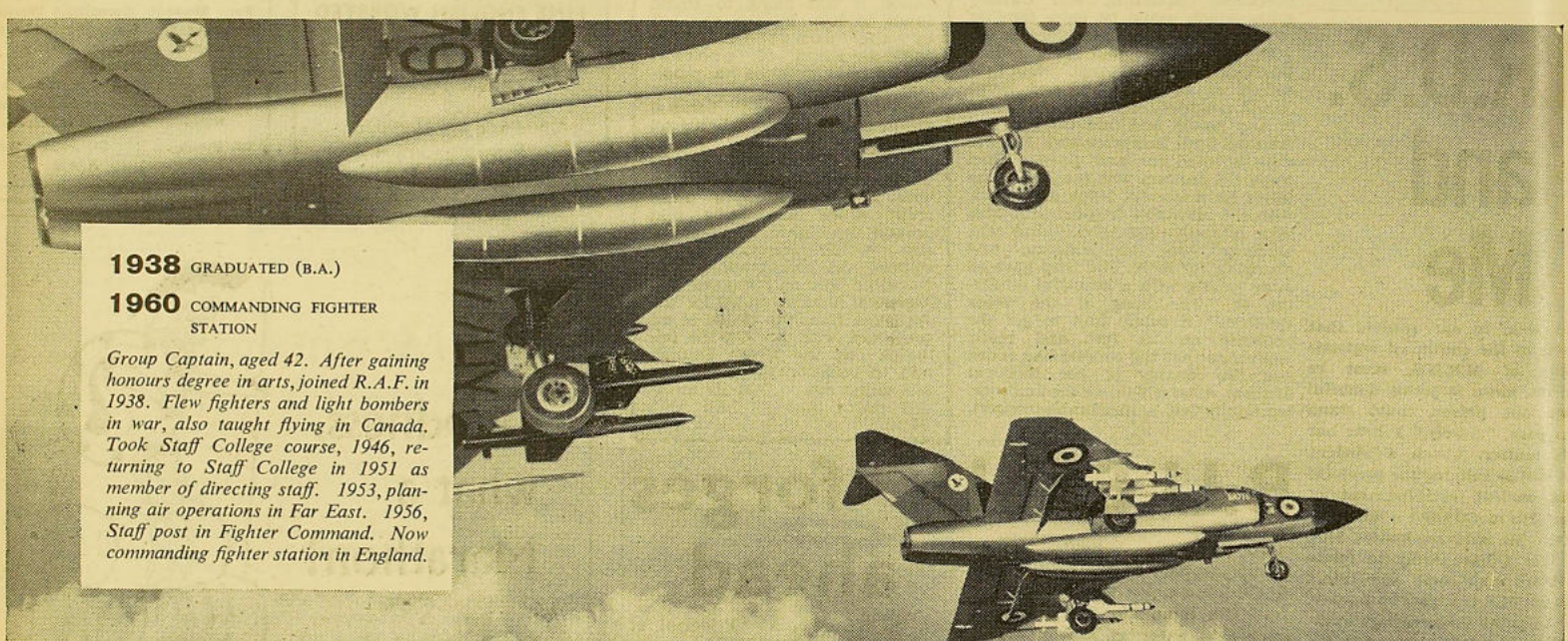


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MOST REVEALING!

Film Crit.

WOLF MANKOWITZ' stage show "Expresso Bongo" was a great success recently in the West End; now inevitably it appears as a film (to be seen at the Forum, New St.). It is a film that has roused a certain amount of controversy, on the one hand being praised as a genuine British musical, on the other, being damned for what is called in certain circles, lack of taste.

A would-be theatrical agent, Johnny Jackson (Laurence Harvey) and his stripper girl Maisie (Sylvia Syms), discover a prospective teen-age idol Herbert Rudge (Cliff Richard) whom, renamed Bongo Herbert, they build up to be a sensation, only to see him taken into the patronage of an ageing American singer (Yolande Donlan). Into this framework are inserted several songs in the modern idiom, which are more or less pleasing, if at times contrived, and one excellent number, "Nausea."

At times the film successfully pokes fun at the pop-singer racket, at times it fails to put the joke over; one such incident was the number "The Shrine on the Second Floor," which has been the cause of the fracas; at least one person known to us walked out in disgust at this point. Generally though the film can be enjoyed by anyone who is broad-minded enough to stomach its suggestive touches and slight irreverences.

Laurence Harvey in a fine performance is an excellent central support for the film, whilst Sylvia Syms, if a little less brash than one would expect, presents an appealing portrait of the stripper. Cliff Richard is hardly a top-rank actor, yet fits his role here well; one is tempted at times to wonder if he realises that the joke is largely at the expense of himself and his like.

This may not be the perfect British musical, divorced at last from the G. & S. tradition, yet it is a beginning. For the rest, see it yourself; at worst it will provide you with a good Coffee Room controversy. B.R.K.

Pillow Talk

WELL, the Hollywood meringue was found at the Gaumont last week. Rock Hudson, song-writer, and Doris Day, interior decorator, took us through the gay, mad life of Madison Avenue, revealing a world where no one does a stroke of work, and everyone appears to spend their time hugging a glass of bourbon.

This rather witty film admits no other values than those involved; the bourgeois prudery of the all-American clean-minded heroine and the well-bred debauchery of the elegantly clad hero. The plot consists in the bringing together of these two views via the medium of a shared party telephone. In consequence, the attention of the audience is divided between the two halves of the screen on which hero and heroine appear. The fighting of verbal battles over the telephone from their respective corners makes picture composition and the rhythm of each sequence difficult to create and maintain. Needless to say it is not attempted.

The innate silliness of the situation of hero and heroine is clearly pointed out by a dipsomaniac charlady, Thelma Ritter, in her flat voice, wickedly underlines the ineffectual attitude adopted by her heroine employer. Indeed Thelma Ritter and Tony Randall do their best to alleviate the utter drivel of "Pillow Talk." K.R.C.

Here and There

WE stood (hand in hand?) amidst the tumult of Founders Room and pondered: what shall we write this week. The Editor is getting a bit free with his blue pencil. Stop castigating the few personalities the Guild has got left, he said, but we had only to buy him a pint of Arthur's best beer to persuade him to let us write what the heck we like. And that in spite of the comments of R.W.B.S.

Should we write about all those horrible beetle-like lawyers scurrying backwards and forwards in our vicinity clutching their libel briefs? Or what about the Ed. St. female freshers who have at last settled down to University life with the realisation that they can be students and still be respectably dressed; in fact, minus black stockings and other equally hideous forms of adornment. No! Those are hardly subjects for Guild News after the Editor's plea for better material.

Of course we could be disrespectful and mention those old soldiers who make a final appeal to their fol-

lowers to reform the Guild before they crawl away and die. Take our friend Mike, for instance, who with his dying breath gasps, "Your rights are in danger." Beware the Ides of March!

Another Old Contemptible, Jolly Jack, is devoting his oratorical ability to his own personal committee (as if there weren't enough). It has even been said that meetings of this committee commence with a tape recording of the speech to Council which started all the fuss. Cicero, would thou had heard this.

But perhaps it is time the new recruits were given a chance. If there are any!

Perhaps we might even devote a spare inch or two to our fellow columnists; the inanity of Coffee Talk (does anyone talk like this?), the avant-garde erudition of our film critic, the pathetic pleas of Press Post (devoted to plumbing or the Constitution), and the mediocrity of that murky miscellany entitled M.R.D.S. and Me. Lastly, and thank goodness least, the Editorials upon which we hardly feel competent to comment. Could we stoop so low? If we had a little imagination we could visualise the Editor in his pantomime pantaloons waving his fairy godmother's wand above the seething corruption of student life.

It is a great pity that J.1 will never make a Hickey, nor J.2 a Tanfield. O! If only we could hear some gossip.

J. and J.

Personal Column

WINE AND CHEESE PARTY, 7.45 p.m. to-day. But first listen to the finals of the DEBATING TOURNAMENT at 5.15 p.m. in the Mixed Lounge.

TQ-DAY. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURE, AT 5.15 p.m. IN ST. FRANCIS HALL.

WANTED—Interesting photographs and cartoons for Guild News. If you have any, SEND them in to: John Gunn, Guild News. The Union.

"OUR ECONOMIC POSITION." Hear Denzil Freeth, M.P., at the Conservative Association meeting at 5.15 p.m. on Friday, February 5, in the Men's Lounge.

DEBATING TOURNAMENT FINALS to-day at 5.15 p.m. in the Mixed Lounge.

SCHOLARSHIPS ABROAD, 1960-61. Apply immediately to the British Council, 65, Davies Street, London, W.1.

ICELAND, EAST GERMANY, AUSTRIA; W.U.S. has vac courses there and elsewhere during the long vac., 1960. Further details from Miss Juliet Humphries, W.U.S. secretary, via the pigeon holes at the Union.

WHETHER YOU'RE SHORT OR WHETHER YOU'RE TALL, DON'T FORGET GUILD DINNER AND BALL.

UNION LIBRARY. Open Monday to Thursday, 12.30-2 p.m., Friday 4-5 p.m., is constantly buying new books of general interest.

Universities Federation for Animal Welfare is to hold its Annual Easter Congress at Salfrey College, Birmingham, from April 8-12, 1960. Reduced rates of £2 for students. Further details may be obtained from Mark R. D. Seaward via the Pigeon Holes.

WHAT'S ON

February 4, Thursday: Debating Tournament Finals. Mixed Lounge, Union, 5.15 p.m. Followed by Wine and Cheese Party, 7.45 p.m.; S. Francis' Hall, 5.15 p.m. Robert S. Van Atta, C.S.B., of New York, will give a lecture entitled, "Christian Science"; Jewish Soc. play, Deb. Hall, 7 p.m.

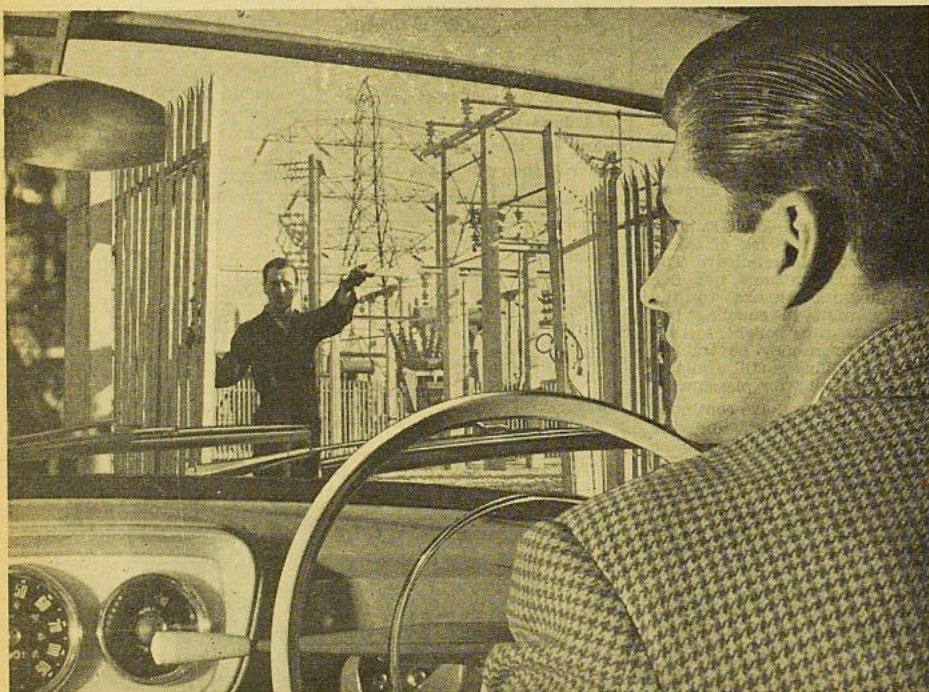
February 5, Friday: G.T.G. Celebration Ball.

February 8, Monday: The Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R. presents a lecture in English, "The Conquest of Space," with film of Soviet sputniks and space-rockets, 7.30 p.m., Town Hall.

February 9, Tuesday: Open Lecture. The Intimate Opera Company, Deb. Hall, 1.45 p.m.

February 9, 10 and 11: Centre Francais presents "Le Tartuffe." Deb. Hall, 7 p.m.

Swan cuts off power supply—



Smith gets it going again

When a swan uncharacteristically flew into the power lines and blacked out the village of St. Anne's, Assistant Charge Engineer Derek Smith got it started again within half an hour. He's twenty-four. Joined Electricity Supply straight from school and qualified while training. Coping with the odd swan is the sort of emergency that satisfies his brand of imagination-plus-competence. He got the call while playing chess in his digs. Within minutes he was at the substation, had isolated the relevant section of the mains and organised repairs to it. Then he went home and finished his game. Won it, in fact.

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The Education and Training Officer,
The Electricity Council,
112 Winsley Street, London W.1

Young men get on, in Electricity

OXBRIDGE

The best articles, stories and poems written at Oxford and Cambridge during the last six years are to be found in **LIGHT BLUE, DARK BLUE** (15s.), an anthology edited by John Fuller and Julian Mitchell (Oxford) and Robin McLaren and William Donaldson (Cambridge). The contributors include: Alan Brownjohn, Michael Frayn, Ted Hughes, Christopher Levenson, Dom Moraes, Sylvia Plath and Reynolds Price.

MACDONALD

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