

Pre-hop Debate
That this House has
firm faith in
BLUE BLOOD
Saturday, 6.30:
Council Chamber.

GUILD NEWS

No. 597

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4th, 1961

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University rejects Guild's suggestion

NEW PARKING RULE STARTS ROW

A NEW "No Parking" Rule by the University to improve the traffic flow has meant the closure of the Union Car Park. The reason: a new University Ring Road on which work is to begin in January.

The closure now, the authorities say, is to get students used to the idea.

Protests by the Executive, which says the plan is impracticable, have been rejected, but a promise has been given to review the situation at half term.

The new ring-road is to be built because the University wish to eliminate cars from the central area. As it will run across the present Union car-park—between the Physics block and the new entrance to the Union—an extra park for 250 vehicles is to be built below the tennis courts.

Tickets have been allotted mainly for car-parks nearest the student's department. Parking facilities behind the library will remain.

It will close at 10.30 p.m. except on nights when the Union is open late; then it will stay open until the Union closes.

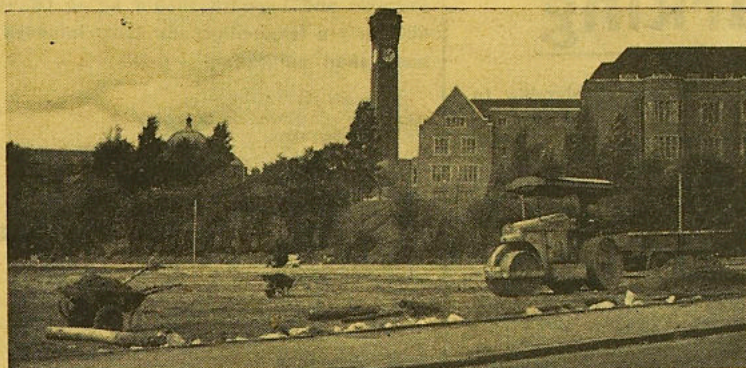
The Barber car-park is still open, but will close soon when the new ones are ready. Tickets have been allocated to students for specific parking areas. They may not use any other park during the day.

No ban

The University maintain that it is not worth keeping a car-park free in front of the Union, especially as it will accommodate only 40 cars when the new road is built. After 6.0 p.m. the new car-park becomes the property of the Union.

On completion of the ring-road, the University Road will become the main entrance and it is said a car-park in front of the Union would be unsightly. The assistant Bursar, Mr. F. Otts, stressed that the University was not trying to put a ban on the ownership of cars by students.

A 10.30 p.m. closing time had been arranged for two reasons. It was intended to lock the whole of the campus perimeter to facilitate security arrangements. Police and local authorities were concerned about theft and immorality in open car-parks.



Exec. complaints shelved

AFTER the Executive Committee had discussed the matter last Friday, the President, Mr. Arthur Large, the Guild Treasurer, Mr. Rodney Klevan, and the Union Secretary, Mr. John Gunn, went on Saturday to the University to see its representatives, Messrs. Thompson and Otts, the Bursar and his assistant, respectively.

The Executive agreed that as new facilities were being provided the Union car-park should be closed, but upheld the idea that the ticket system was inconvenient and unnecessary. The new facilities would give ample parking space, and a student would use the most convenient whether he had a ticket or not.

Exaggerated

No provision was made for students who worked in different parts of the campus on different days. Fears that a mass movement of cars around the University site would occur at lunchtime were exaggerated, they said, and would be eliminated when the new Refectory opened.

Supervision of parks was welcomed by the Executive but they said the 10.30 p.m. closing time would be very inconvenient.

Renewed

The deputation made every effort to persuade the University to rescind those new regulations which would cause Guild members difficulties. The University rejected the Guild's alternative plan so that the system could be tried for at least half a term. The Guild's protests and alternative suggestions may then be renewed if members still feel strongly on the subject.

The President's suggestion that the parking space in front of the Maths. building should be left for visitors was also rejected. It will be used for staff vehicles not entering the semi-circle.

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STUDENT REACTION

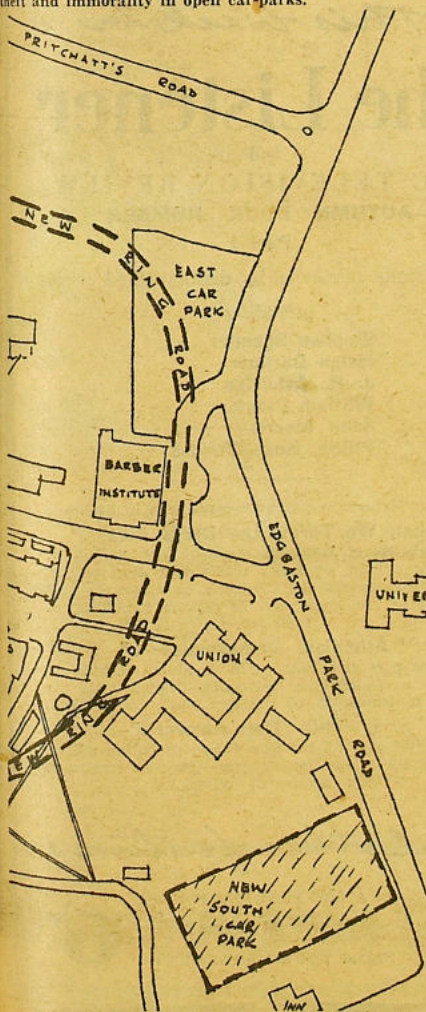
VERY few people in the University had a kind word for the new parking regulations.

Professor E. K. Waterhouse, Barber Professor of Fine Arts, described the whole scheme as "foul." The new road would isolate the statue of George I. and hinder visitors to the Barber Institute. He conceded that some steps were necessary.

Many students said they were annoyed at the way the regulations had been enforced without prior notice. One commented: "I nearly piled into the barrier when I first arrived back."

Others felt the remaining space in front of the Union could have been left open on a first-come, first-served basis.

Students who left their vehicles in the Union car-park while attending away matches felt one "free" car-park would solve their problem arising from the 10.30 p.m. closure.



Map of Campus showing new ring road.

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GUILD NEWS

The Birmingham University
Student Newspaper

No Parking

THE new parking regulations, though unpalatable to those who resent any interference in their lives by the University, are greatly needed. The new system should assure every person holding a parking ticket of a definite place in which to park each day, and also of a certain amount of surveillance of his property during his absence.

It is estimated that, within five years, the number of vehicles owned by students will be over the 1,000 mark and still climbing steadily. Unless these rules are applied now, the situation will soon become unmanageable and, short of building a multi-storey car-park at great expense, the University could not have taken any other course than that which it has adopted.

TACTLESS

All these circumstances do not alter the fact that the University has carried the whole business off in an extremely tactless fashion. Let us illustrate what we mean by reference to the official notices about the University buildings.

"Students' vehicles must . . ." "Students' vehicles must not . . ." "Students' vehicles are not allowed . . ." Is this the happiest way to announce any novel regulation—particularly to students, a body of people notoriously quick to take offence?

Why could not the University have stated, in the preamble to their notice, that "The following rules will, in future, apply to the parking of vehicles and we would be obliged if students would take note of them"? As the University is bound to have its way, it could be a little more gracious to us.

OTHER QUESTIONS

Other questions occur. Must the new park behind the "Barrels" be locked at 10.30 p.m.? Is security a good enough reason? What will happen at formal dances with the Union park closed? Must our partners walk some 20 yards through wet winter nights to the Union entrance? Is it really essential to close the two old parks three months before work starts on the Ring Road?

We shall await with interest the first few weeks of the University's experiment.

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Left-wingers' complaint about G.N. WE'RE AGAINST THE BIAS!

DEAR SIR.—With reference to the article on Politics, "Some of the People," by B.A. in your last issue, we protest against the bias and superficial account of the Socialist Union and Communist Society in comparison with that given of the Conservative Association.

As this article was intended to acquaint Freshers with our societies we feel that their time would be better spent in attending the meetings of our societies and/or speaking to our members rather than reading obviously prejudiced "reporting."

If this is going to be the general political bias or attitude of G.N. towards our societies we feel obliged to advise our members to boycott "our" paper. We understand that last session the C.N.D. also made a similar complaint about your biased attitude and we had hoped that the new session would have brought about some change. Alas, this does not seem to be so!

We are, Yours fraternally,

M. I. CARLOWE (Sec. Socialist Union).
B. E. LEONARD (Sec., Communist Soc.)

Our political correspondent replies: It is a pity that Messrs. Carlowe and Leonard should be so tetchy about what was obviously a tongue-in-cheek essay intended rather for amusement than edification.

Publicity is the job of the Societies concerned. Even if bias is detected (truly or falsely) in a political editorial—not a report—it does not alter the fact that equal space is allotted to all political societies which care to make their presence known. C.N.D. had far more than their fair share of space last year, not too little.

Come, come, gentlemen, neither of you is old enough to be so pompous—let's have a sense of humour.

B.A.

A PROTEST

DEAR SIR.—In this year's Guild Diary, it states that I am treasurer of the Communist Society. I wish it to be known that this is not in fact so. I have no connection whatever with this society.

Yours faithfully,

NINA HOWARD.

OBJETS D'ART

DEAR SIR.—On returning to this seat of learning, I made my way to the Union. Imagine my surprise when I found "horrible things" had been stuck up round the New Hall.

Are these pictures, sir, meant as a permanent eye-sore, or have they merely been put up to frighten the Freshers? Is there any hope that some enterprising art-thief may be persuaded to steal them too?

I am, yours etc.,

STARTLED MEDIC.

NEWS BRIEFS

CONTRARY to the report in last week's edition, "Waiting for Godot" will be performed on Sunday, 15th, instead of the Sunday Film. Tickets will be available in G.T.G. office beforehand or at the door.

Sunday's Motor Club results: 1. T. Baker, Sprite, 174 secs. (External). 2. Mr. Wilkinson, TR3a, 174.4 secs. (Hagley). First full Univ. member, Dr. Dallas Ross, Mini, 202.8 secs.

PRESS POST

THE BODY BOUNTIFUL Them and the Meal Ticket

DEAR SIR.—At the Special General Meeting called last Session it was argued that by the same logic that gives Entertainments Committee cut-price tickets for Balls, Catering Committee should have cut-price tickets for meals.

That argument against perks for the power-elite is no longer valid, if it ever was, for although the Guild did not know it, it was "host" last July at a Dinner given for Catering Committee and other organisation men.

Catering Committee filled their honorary posts, they were provided with a truly splendid repast (seven courses, wines, cigars). The cost was obviously in the area of pounds per head. I suppose that the next step will be for Finance Committee to vote themselves free membership of the Guild. One wonders not only where this thing will end, but also where it began. Yours etc.,

TERRY STAPLES

This week in The Listener and BBC TELEVISION REVIEW AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER Part 1

New books, reviewed by distinguished critics

including—

Stephen Spender
Helen Gardner
J. R. Ackerley
William Plomer
John Morris
Philip Hope-Wallace

Other features in this extra-large issue include—

"Shall We Throw the Dregs Away?" in which David Holbrook discusses the neglect of children without academic ability and describes his own efforts, successful he believes, to encourage such children to use words and to express something of their selves.

"Athenian Demagogues—1" The first part of a talk, by M. I. Finley, lecturer in Classics at Cambridge University, dealing with the Athenian democracy of the late sixth century B.C.

"Is This The Answer?" Sewell Stokes, a former Bow Street probation officer, enquires into Detention Centres—the new treatment for adolescent offenders.

and other features

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6"

Speechmaking on Saturday

WELCOME LITTLE FISHES

TRUE to tradition, the Freshers' Conference opened last Saturday with a marathon run of welcoming speeches in the Great Hall.

The Pro-Chancellor, Mr. S. F. Burman, addressed the Freshers on behalf of the University. He pointed out the different attitude to work they would now have to cultivate. He congratulated the President on the excellence of the conference.

The Lord Mayor of Birmingham urged the Freshers to take an interest in the city and local government during their stay. He described the people of Birmingham as warm-hearted and stout.

Rebuked

Canon Brian Green had been asked to speak for only ten minutes—a wise precaution, he said. After an irrelevant anecdote about a woman who was unable to conceive, he delivered a sermon on personal relationships. He told students to be enthusiastic over everything they did.

He advised them to put the world right every evening, and to be fanatical now or they would be terrible bores in old age. He was advocating sit-downs in the city centre when the Lord Mayor rebuked him. He finally appealed to all students to study religion well before adopting a definite view.

The prize for Freshman of the Year was pressed on Mr. Kamaruddin. Professor Waterhouse, Barber Professor of Fine Arts, announced that he represented the ornamental part of the University. He had no students, no degrees to offer, but he did have a building a little less prison-like than the others surrounding it. He implored students to use it, and deplored its Trust regulations.

The University Librarian arrived just in time to read extracts from his pamphlet. Finally Mr. Large, the President, welcomed the students on behalf of the Guild. He urged Freshers to explore their interests and exploit their friends while they were here.

Badgered

From then on the Freshers spent the day being badgered into joining societies, finding food, and taking part in athletics trials. The stalls in their new position in the Concourse Lounge were better frequented than usual. The information desk underwent spasmodic siege and satisfied its customers—even the gentleman who wanted turpentine. The meal time-table worked well in both Refectory and Union. Queues were much shorter than usual.

THE WEEK WHAT'S ON

Thursday, 5th:—
Methodist Soc. Social, C.N.D., Presby-Cong. Soc., Riding Club.

Friday, 6th:—
W.U.S. Dance, Circulo Hispanico Social, Socialist Union Discussion, "Why I am a Socialist," Africa Soc. Freshers' tea.

Saturday, 7th:—
Hop, Debate "That this House has firm faith in Blue Blood," Jewish Soc. Dance, Arab Soc. Freshers' tea.

Sunday, 8th:—
Sunday Film: "Carrington V.C." (Provisional).

Monday, 9th:—
Circle Franciscan Social, Commerce Assn. coffee evening, Anglican Council, Scout and Guide Club.

Tuesday, 10th:—
Biochem Soc. Social, Chem. Eng. Soc. Freshers' Dinner, Pakistan Soc. Freshers' tea, Open Lecture "The Cocktail Party Problem."

Details of future events should be sent to the News Editor.

INTRO TO ENGLAND

Overseas Conference a success

THE annual conference for Overseas Freshers at Manor House is the University's main contribution to help the 2,500 foreign students at present studying in the West Midlands. In addition most religious and welfare bodies attempt to help the overseas student adjust himself to our way of life.

The British Council, whose local office is situated in Easy Row, take an interest in students from the time they decide to come here. The main job of the Council's representatives abroad is teaching English and about the British way of life. There are representatives in

Overseas Students," which is attended by members of about 50 religious and welfare organisations with the object of helping the overseas student. Mr. A. H. Totonji is the Guild representative.

Students comment

To find out the opinions of students themselves our reporter paid a visit to Manor House. Mr. A. O. Boyo from Nigeria is going to study Law. As he has already spent a year in Manchester getting his "A" levels, Birmingham came as no shock; he thought the course very worthwhile. Miss Izzat Ali-

bhai, here on a Kenyan Ministry of Education grant, found the lectures a little heavy, but was enjoying herself. She will take a combined Arts course, having obtained "A" levels in Latin and English at Exeter.

Captain Nawab, an instructor in the Pakistani military academy and who has already got a higher degree in Physics at Punjab, is here on a British Council grant. He had never heard of a conference of this type before and thought it a wonderful idea. The lodgings problem was inevitable, he felt, and Birmingham not nearly as bad as everywhere had described it.

The most impressive feature of the conference is the enthusiasm of the students to learn all they can while they are here. We hope that they may be able to teach us something as well.

A note from Mr. Totonji MANOR MAKETH MAN

THE Overseas Freshers' Conference was held in Manor House from September 19th-28th. It was opened by the Vice-Chancellor at a Staff-Student Dinner and it is unfortunate that his excellent speech was heard by only a few students.

It was pleasing to see students from many countries mixing at the conference. Kenya met Brunei, Greece shook hands with Trinidad, and Norway spoke to Japan.

Programme

The object of the conference was to ease the difficulties faced by foreign students coming to study in this country. There were private study periods for English language and lectures were given on aspects of the

British way of life. These were augmented by visits to Cadbury's, "The Post and Mail," and the Royal Shakespeare Theatre. The Stratford visit provided first-class entertainment, especially when five students fell in the Avon.

In general the morning hours were devoted to lectures and tutorials, the afternoons to visits and the evenings to entertainment. On the lighter side a Brains Trust, Balloon debate and folk-dancing display were held.

The students were met at the station and well looked after during their stay. Many have expressed a wish to become Freshers again next year. The overseas students would like to express their thanks to Mr. Hathaway, the Manor staff and all who helped to make the conference so pleasant and useful.

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Steve Goddard in County Kerry

A DROP OF THE HARD STUFF

DURING the Long Vacation a group from Birmingham furthered the cause of science by spending three weeks in an extremely remote corner of the Republic of Ireland. In order to study the Brandon Mountain, its climate and its geomorphology these stalwarts encamped themselves, miles from civilisation, around the foot of an impressive mountain massif and lived a life of great simplicity.

The expedition was based on the Dingle peninsula. All the official guide books tell you that it is the main centre in Ireland today where the old Irish language has managed to survive.

Here Guinness is not "Made in Dublin," it is "Lionn dub Dubhra," (it is also, or so the labels say, "Teara san seamuis at Ciar" but they did not man-

age to find out what that means).

Policemen here are no longer so called, they are "gardai," and when walking on the mountains one often meets signs that read "Aire, knock guare!" This last example is particularly puzzling as it would appear that not one of the local inhabitants has any idea at all as to what this really means.

TYPICAL
But, really, this is typical, for despite the fact that the Irish

Government insists that Irish be taught in its schools and that it gives an annual bounty to children who can prove that they speak the language at home, they are really beating their heads against a brick wall.

English is the language of commerce, it is the language of the radio (there is, of course, no television) and the language of the cinema. Most of the young people spend several years in either England or the

U.S.A. and consequently English becomes quite definitely their language. The attempts to foster this old Celtic tongue, for patriotic reasons, have met with very little success.

SOCIAL
One would hardly expect to find a hectic social life in the remotest corner of County Kerry. But the life of the village of Cloghane near which a section of the expedition camped, can hardly be described as anything other than hectic. To serve the local community, which could not possibly have been more than one hundred strong, there were no less than seven public houses, each selling draught Guinness, Irish whiskey, and very little else.

As well as this there were dances about twice a week somewhere in the vicinity and a film show was held weekly in a small converted barn in the middle of the village. But the pièce de résistance of the village's social round as far as the visitors were concerned was the series of shows put on by a group of touring performers known as "The Baileys."

MELODRAMA
Something should be said about this group of minstrels, for they provided the visitors with a theatrical (used in a somewhat qualified sense) experience that would be difficult to find in this country.

After an introduction of patriotic songs (sung from the Sinn Féin handbook) and one or two conjuring tricks performed by a gentleman in a rather old dinner jacket, the company would get down to the serious business of the evening—the Drama. One would then witness a play such as "The Father's Curse," "The Blind Girl of Paris," or "The Orphans of the Storm."

As these titles suggest, the plays performed were pure, unadulterated Victorian melodramas. The wonderful thing about them was that they were played and watched with complete sincerity, the "Never darken my doorstep again" line of the wicked father expelling his daughter who had strayed from the straight and narrow did not bring a smile to a single face. If anything it brought tears.

BUT SERIOUS
From the few remarks made here, readers will get the impression that this expedition did very little scientific investigation. This would be a very false conclusion, and in fact a considerable amount of valuable information was collected, both about the climate of the area and also about its recent geological history.

There is not room here however to go into this, nor is it the place, and a scientific account of the trip will be published in the next edition of the "Kinivig Geographical Magazine" which should be available sometime before Christmas.

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MOROCCO

Peter E...

MUCH of Southern Morocco lies in the Sahara desert, but there is nothing romantic about it or its inhabitants.

The terrain is usually barren, sometimes mountainous, and more often a monotonous dirty red except where the winter torrents have cut their way down through the top soil to form "oases." Here the green of the date palm grows along the banks stands in sharp contrast to the rest of the landscape.

Climate
My first impression of the people was one of overwhelming poverty, and, in time one becomes accustomed to the plight of the and almost ignores it.

If only the do-gooders in this world who run bazaars and who raise money for the undernourished half-clothed would realise that of no use to these people, who spend it on hashish and drink they do need is food and clothes.

Friendly
And yet for all their poverty people are friendly and hospitable. They welcome one into their homes, and they receive the French for the malice of the colonial era, but the Germans are not only for defeating the

during the last war, but also, for their persecution of the Jews. In a country predominantly Arab and Jewish, there is also a sizeable Jewish population, and no love is lost between the Jews and the rest. To the English the Americans have been utterly indifferent. The Americans cannot decide which to

Lorries, laden with American goods were a not uncommon sight, the

'True patriots all, this understood,
We left our country's good.'

PERS TO

Holidays in various countries



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Chris Mackie in Norway

SQUARE IN THE POLAR CIRCLE

WHILE we in England are enjoying the benefits of the monsoon season in August and September, many Englishmen try to forestall the rain by going abroad in search of the sun. Having heard that Norway is swept by the "Gulf Stream," I decided to go North for a month in search of warmth, beauty and companionship. The fact that I spent five days near the Arctic Circle while London was enjoying a heat wave could not damp my spirits. Sitting on the back of a motor bike in the bitter cold one could not but enjoy oneself, being in a foreign country!

To take a motor-bike to Norway, where the roads are not surfaced, one must be either an experienced scrambler rider or just stupid. Our first mishap involved a car and from then on, more occurred at fairly frequent intervals.

No doubt the insurance company will be very lenient in dealing with our claims. They always look such charming people when you are taking out a policy.

RUGGED
Contrasts abound in "the land of the midnight sun." The south offers a rugged land-



A Berber woman trudges through the desert. A scene near the Sahara.

And Zoologists at THE UNHOLY LOCH

A FAMILY of Loch Ness Monsters is not scientifically impossible. This is one of the conclusions which a group of students and lecturers from the zoology department have drawn from the results of an ecological survey of the loch, which they carried out during the last three weeks of last session.

They were camped by the Loch not in the hope that a monster would arise from the depths and present himself for inspection, but, as one of the students put it: "Had the Loch Ness monster poked its head out of the water, we should not have looked the other way."

By means of echo-sounders, hydrophones and a motor-boat loaned by an aunt, they took readings and soundings by the score and as a result were able to get a pretty clear idea of the living conditions of the loch's residents.

Population
One of the many purposes for which they required this information was an attempt at assessing whether or not there is in the loch a sufficiently large piscatorial population to support a brood of monsters. The answer they got was a qualified "yes"—qualified because if one has no precise knowledge of the size and eating habits of a particular monster, it is not possible to be sure how many fish would be needed to support it.

The loch has a surface area of thirty square miles and an average depth of 430 feet; the positions from which any sizeable part of the lake is visible are not easily accessible and the new road round the loch has only been open since 1932. So there is a reasonable explanation of why the monster has been

scape with forbidding fjords cutting deeply into the land. Here high mountains and deep channels go side by side—one can climb 3,000 feet, covering 12 miles of road, while only moving half a mile horizontally.

The people here enjoy to the full all the amenities of civilisation—refrigerators, television, fast cars, crime and punishment. Further north, television becomes infrequent, the cars are not so fast, and the amount of crime is far less—juvenile delinquency is heard of only in the newspapers.

The people live simpler lives and must toil longer. Almost all get their living from farming and fishing—but this does not prevent them from living comfortably. The girls, of course, are very lovely; but then every Englishman admires the girls when abroad—it is the done thing.

ATTRACTIVE

Inside the Arctic Circle the landscape becomes flatter, but remains equally attractive—large pine forests and lakes reminiscent of North Canada. Habitations are few and far between and one can enjoy the beauty of complete silence.

Fellow travellers are rarely seen on the one road leading north and it must be easy to become oppressed by the loneliness, yearning for the bright lights of the south.

But both inside and outside the Arctic Circle the people are always cheerful, courteous and overflowing with English—one never has a chance to practise Norwegian.

ON THE HOP

THE new Saturday night regulations will probably come into force two hops hence. All that remains to be settled are the minor details.

The Union will be divided, the old wing being used for the hop while the new wing will be available to other members. The television will most likely be transferred to a room in the new wing for Saturday evening.

To avoid the need for two checks it is likely that only the new entrance will be used.

These regulations will enable the Union staff to comply with the licensing technicalities much more easily. They will also eliminate any trade in pass-outs.

ON THE HOP
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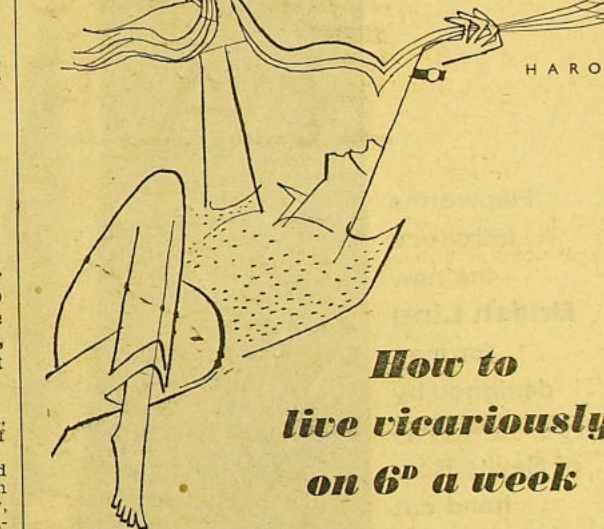
The search for the sun ends in failure on the edge of the Arctic Circle.

Back in the south again we lived it up in both Oslo and Copenhagen. We rented a room in preference to enduring the strict regulations of youth hostel life, and went out to meet the people.

The Scandinavians, particularly the Norwegians, seemed to like the English and we liked them. Everyone was very help-

ful and gay and we enjoyed ourselves to the full.

On returning home, we finally found the sun in Dover. And so we ended the excursion and commenced the process of exaggeration, degeneration and ro-manticising, turning to untidiness that will last us for the next twelve months.



How to live vicariously on 6p a week

How to live vicariously on 6p a week
THERE are so many things going on these days, such vast quantities of news and views being flung around the globe, that it becomes increasingly difficult to take it all in. We have to rely on what others tell us. What we know, though by no means what we think, depends very largely on the accurate perception and judgment of the professional commentator and critic.

That's why The Observer is such a good sixpennyworth. Here is a newspaper written by a collection of talented individuals—one would hardly call them a team—who hold no brief except to present the facts, and write provocatively and comprehensively about them. The rest is up to you. You may not personally have read that book, seen that play,

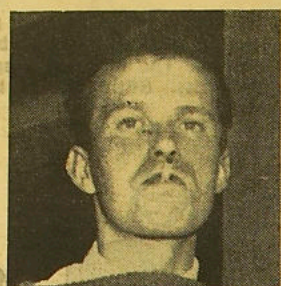
still less have witnessed that revolution (you haven't got that much time!), but you will at least be reliably and well informed. You still may not know what to think when you have read The Observer, but you'll have plenty to think about.

Read The Observer and you won't miss much that matters. It's even got a university page, though that's probably the last page anybody actually at University wants to read! It's there all the same.

Apparently more graduates under 40 read The Observer than any other Sunday newspaper. Just what that implies about The Observer or, even more, about the graduates, you must work out for yourself, but there must be a recommendation there somewhere.

Presidents gather in the Union PRESSURE GROUP FORMS

SEVERAL distinguished figures of the student world visited the Union last Tuesday, for the first meeting of a completely new type of informal conference. Those attending were Tom Evans and Sally Aubin, President and External Affairs representative respectively, of L.S.E.; Wally Greaves, President of University College, London; Brian McArthur, President of Leeds University; and David Owen, student secretary of the Birmingham College of Advanced Technology.



Sam Hiron, Chairman of External Affairs, but for whom...

Initiative

Sam Hiron, our External Affairs Chairman, on whose initiative the conference was

called, and who acted as host to the conference, said: "The conference is mainly concerned with

the National Union of Students, and we shall be discussing our respective attitudes to its work and policy, and ways in which we think we could make the Union more effective. I have arranged nothing in the way of a formal agenda—I just intend to let discussion flow, centred on the theme of our contributions to the work of the National Union."

Report

The discussions lasted all day, and were generally agreed to have been most successful. Brian McArthur told our reporter afterwards: "Our topics ranged from the International policy of

NOT TAKEN AS RED

Monarchists at it again

FRIENDS of Mr. Powell-Smith will be interested to learn that, as a result of his Monarchist League activities, he has been attacked by the "Daily Worker."

The Worker's "correspondent" writes, in "Scottish Diary," a paragraph headed "Royalist Romp." This, after a few lines about the tenant of Inverary Castle inviting various nota-

bilities to dinner, goes on to say:—

"It will be nothing to the motley collection of petty princelings and Pretenders, tuppence-a-penny royalists and added aristocrats who will gather in their cobwebbed glory in Edinburgh next September."

Callow

... (The secretary-general) is a callow 23-year-old Birmingham law student, Vincent Powell-Smith, who has delivered himself of the regal pronouncements:—

"The greatest need of the modern royalist movement is not only for increased international co-operation but a basic study of the principles and philosophy of monarchy and an examination of its problems in the 20th century."

One problem, if only one, they will share with 60,000 Scots: no jobs and a shrinking market.

Honoured

Interviewed by our reporter, Mr. Powell-Smith claimed that he was honoured to be singled out for attack by the "Daily Worker," adding: "This only goes to show that nothing frightens the Bolsheviks so much as the perennially undimmed appeal of governance by their betters."

HOME AGAIN

THE first University Service of the term has been arranged to take place in Great Hall, on October 18th. The service, which will commence at 8 p.m., has been returned to the University site after being held in town for the past two years.

The preacher will be the Rev. G. B. Caird, Senior Tutor of Mansfield College, Oxford, which has many close associations with Birmingham. Mr. Caird is also Principal of a Canadian Theological College and is the brother-in-law of the University Chaplain before the Rev. Keith Wilkes, the Rev. Jack Newport.

Speaking to our reporter, Keith Wilkes said, "I hope very much that the service will be well supported by members of the Guild as it is through their concern and sustained pressure that the service has been returned to its proper place—the University."

25 YEARS AGO

CRYING OVER SPILT COCOA BLOCKS DRAINS

THE drains in University House have been blocked for several days. The spilling of cocoa at cocoa time (10 p.m. G.M.T.) has become so great that the Warden has threatened to stop the cocoa ration unless this menace ceases.

Whether there is any connection between the two events is at present unknown.

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE

Autumn Dance DEBATING HALL

FRIDAY, 8.0 p.m. to midnight

GUY RICARDO'S ORCHESTRA

BAR & COFFEE

SPORT FROM ABROAD

THE first British plane to land in Sofia since 1939 carried the British team to the World Student Games. The team was greeted by flowers and embraces from friendly peasant girls, who spoke a delightful pidgin English, but one sensed an immediate air of formality, which was confirmed by the carefully-worded official speeches of welcome.

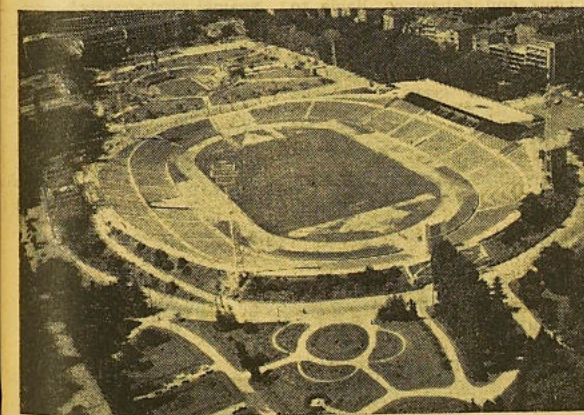
We were taken to the newly-built Student village, where there were five or six large residences, with austere Stalingrad façades, to accommodate over a thousand competitors from fifty or more nations. On the campus was the fencing salle, restaurants, shops, a practice running track, and several arbours where students could sit sheltered from the heat of the blazing Bulgarian sun. It was because of

by
Martin Warner

the heat that our medical adviser issued us with salt tablets daily, to avoid stokers' cramp, and we were to learn how wise a precaution this was.

SYMBOLIC SPIRIT

Because of the intense heat, the opening ceremony was held at night. Preceded by hundreds of waving banners, the competitors paraded around the huge stadium, with the crowd waving and cheering the teams of their choice, whether Cuban, Indonesian or Irish. The flame, the symbolic spirit of the Games, was then lit. After prolonged



An aerial view of the impressive Vassil-Levski Stadium in Sofia, just one of many stadia used for the Games.

A CAREER IN THE SERVICE OF CHILDREN

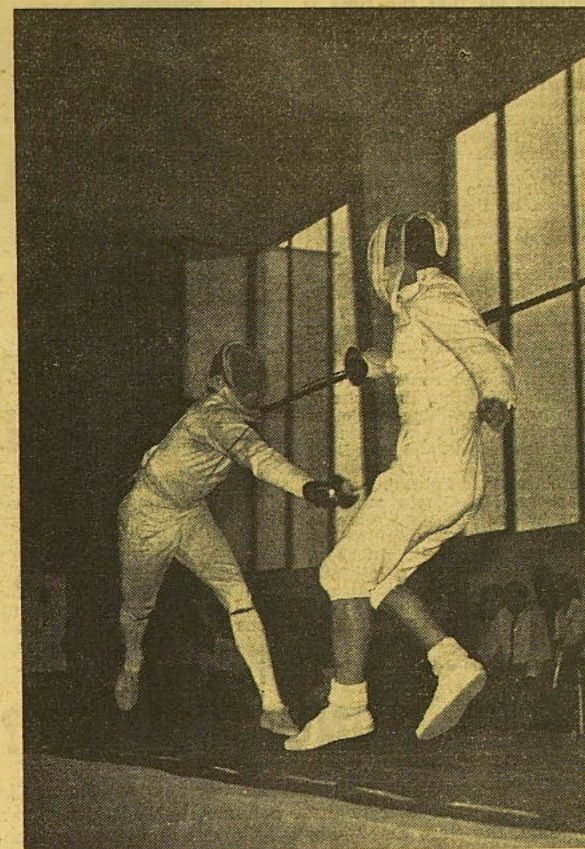
THE CHILD CARE SERVICE offers careers for men and women in social work which are satisfying and worth while. CHILD CARE OFFICERS play an important part in the care of the many thousands of children and young people who, for various reasons, cannot live in their own homes. Most child care officers are employed in the Children's Departments of local authorities; they consider applications for children to be received into care and arrange for them to be boarded out with foster parents or cared for in children's homes. They also help parents who have difficulty in looking after their children and try to keep families together or to reunite them so that the children can return home.

TRAINING COURSES are provided at a number of universities, including general courses in social casework and special courses in child care. Candidates for the one year courses beginning in October each year must have university qualifications in social science. There are also somewhat longer courses specially designed for graduates in subjects other than social science. More applications from men would be welcomed.

GRANTS are available during training. SALARY on appointment by a local authority after training rises to £275 per annum. There are opportunities for promotion to more senior posts.

WRITE TO: The Central Training Council in Child Care (G 10), Home Office, Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, S.W.1.

World Student Games a Success SOFIA SO GOOD



On the fence! A Bulgarian contestant (left) goes for his Russian opponent with a fleche attack.

of the Epee, and reaching the semi-finals of the Sabre.

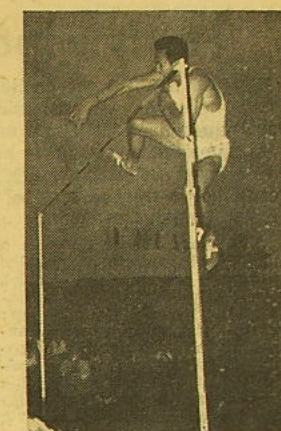
The seriousness with which the various nations approached training and the actual events, was very noticeable. The Iron Curtain countries were outstanding for their military discipline, but perhaps the Italians and Irish were the most natural.

Facilities for expert training in Britain are more or less confined to the Metropolis, and it is always a debatable point whether half-hearted practice is worse than none. But I can remember with a certain warm glow inside, how, after returning early in the morning from one of Bulgaria's most luxurious and capitalistic night spots, where dancing was held on the terraces, buffets were crammed with caviare, exotic fish and meat dishes and motor boats speeded across the mountain lake, while fireworks fell from the black sky criss-crossed with search lights: how one world champion fell to my rusty sabre and was eliminated from the contest.

THE NEW UTOPIA

Decadence, arrogance, materialism and the canal life are planned by the Soviet for the immediate future. Planned for the tourists though, is the Black Sea at Varna which is a paradise comparable with the architectural wonders of Brazilia. For the people of Bulgaria there is the ubiquitous and constant reminder that Communism is the answer to all. Banners proclaim it in the streets, placards in the buses, notices in the stores. The production of oil steel and chemicals is constantly assessed and the people informed by posters in the city streets. In the factories there are proud photographs of those who have exceeded their assessed production, proud men indeed, proud of their reward of a sojourn in one of the beautiful rest camps high in the mountains.

Hidden away in the Balkan mountains is the ancient monas-



Brumel, the young Soviet competitor, achieving his world record-breaking high jump of 7ft. 4ins. during this summer's World Student Games.

Our companions in Sophia were mostly students of English philology and seemed friendly and sincere; yet we were to find that the non-official acquaintances were less guarded and from them we learnt much of the true nature of Bulgaria.

POOREST NATION

The countries from behind the Iron Curtain sent large, well-equipped teams. The British Universities Sports Board, with the aid of undergraduate donations, and the generosity of industry, financed a team of forty. It is hoped in future that each university will allocate a lump sum from its government grant for the advancement of British sport. This is important as the next World Student Games will be held in Brazil, and financing a team on the present system will be virtually impossible.

It is probable that British sportsmen with a strong chance of gaining gold medals will be able to go; but the invaluable experience gained by those who this year came third or fourth surely justifies their inclusion in the team. It needs support from the members of the Athletic Unions throughout the country to put the organisation of British sport in line with the rest of the world.



My Bank?...

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FILMS

Hollywood Molasses

MUCH donnish cerebration goes on in the posh Sundays these days in assessing the tragi-comical oeuvres of such quasi-neo-realist film makers as Visconti and Antonioni (to name but a few). Two hours in the company of "Tammy Tell Me True" (Gaumont) persuades me that the time is come for a treatise on the pastoral-mellifluous tradition in the American cinema.

The story has to do with a plump pubescent ingenue called Tammy (played by Sandra Dee, a plump pubescent ingenue) who, owing to her lack of delicate nurture, is in danger of the sack from her boyfriend at the agricultural college (sic). She remedies this parlous lack of education by invading one those liberal arts palaces, where she is taken with, and up by, the public speaking instructor (John Gavin), a handsome stripling much smitten with her spontaneous translation of his academic sophistries into the natural idiom of her own Kentucky language, or so he would have us believe.

Plagiarism

From the first one hears, in this exposure of olde-worldie innocence to the mordant materialism of the artificial college ambience, distance echoes of parallel situations in the Bard's better-known comedies. And when Mr. Gavin later cites a sizeable chunk of "As You Like It" it is plain where the producers pinched their inspiration from.

But any hope of a spark of similarly penetrating satire is quickly submerged in Tammy's honeyed words and sentiments which truly flow as hugely as the sea. In quick succession she preserves a rich widow from crabbed old age and a gold-digging niece, patches up the foundering marriage of the women's dean—a lady of Vogue-like and improbable glamour; convinces her fellow students of their undignified hypocrisy; and dispenses sweetness and light liberally in all directions.

Fallacy

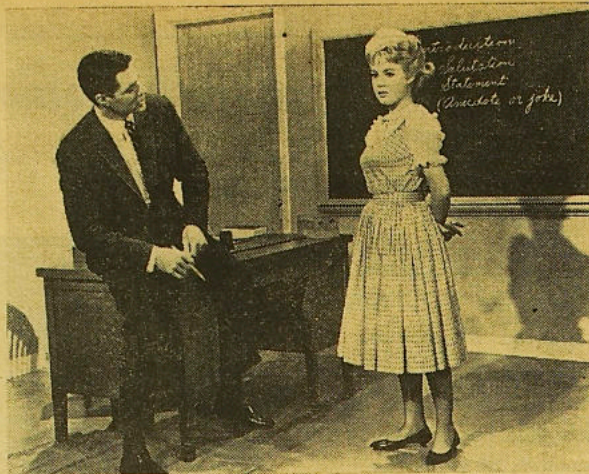
At times when she asks how people fell in love before the Lifebuoy soap adverts, for instance, this film seems on the verge of saying something; but the irony is soon swallowed up

in the pastoral fallacy. Shakespeare's green and happy garden state becomes, under Tammy's sway, less glaucous than glucose; the ethos stays candied, the world's diseases dulcet.

Still, since religion is the opium of the people, and the theatre, as we were assured last week by a typically enlightened Conservative councillor from Nottingham, nothing but a pulpit for Socialist propaganda, it would be unreasonable to expect the cinema to make the welkin ring with anything controversial.

As it is, this confection does rather well within the limits of its neither-one-thing-nor-two intentions. There are innumerable lines of wit, and Miss Dee's performance, in film magazine verbiage, is delightful. As it happens, Mr. Gavin can't act but he has the good sense to remain as unobtrusive as expedience will admit. In short, nourishing fare for sweet-teeth, but if you are diabetic give it a miss.

BUNNY REED.



A scene in the romantic comedy, "Tammy Tell Me True." Sandra Dee is encouraged by John Gavin when she stands up in class to make a speech.

BOOKS

Miller Revived

HENRY MILLER'S books are practically unobtainable in this country. Therefore the publication by Heinemann of "The Best of Henry Miller," edited by Lawrence Durrell, will mean that many people will be able to read him for the first time.

The most immediately striking thing about it is that it is full of unprintable words; this is why, of course, that Miller's literary reputation has suffered. But the more one reads Miller the more one likes him, the more one knows him.

It is almost impossible to describe Miller adequately; he is unique. Loosely, he might be described as part Whitman, part Rabelais, part Robert Graves. One gains the impression that he is a happy man.

The quarrel

This is probably the quarrel that a lot of people would have with Miller. He never condemns the pimps, the tarts, the spongers he lives with; very little is heard in his pages of the contemporary political situation.

That is not to say Miller's writing is continually good. Some of it is appallingly bad (and one is glad that Durrell has included some of this). And some of his literary criticism degenerates into complete incomprehensibility. "Squashy verbiage," as Orwell called it.

Naughty words

In this selected edition the naughty words are, of course, few in number, and only indicated by discreet initial letters and dashes.

Miller does not use them merely as technical words, like D. H. Lawrence did; he also uses them as abuse.

Writing is, after all, a very special form of communication; when one chooses a word one also chooses an attitude. In, for instance, describing sexual intercourse one has to choose between the obsolete "quaint" expression like tugging, the Bible expression, the nursery expression like "making a baby", the cold scientific expression, or the obscene one. There is no neutral way of saying it.

It was Miller, after all, who said, "I am for obscenity and against pornography."

But one day the world will have to come to terms with this wayward genius Henry Miller—as it had to with Rabelais, with Lawrence, with Boccaccio and many others. Meantime this book will give you "the forehead and vantage" of that day.

T.A.B.

T.V.

THE GALLED JADE

AS someone, regrettably not myself, once said, "Ars brevis, ITA longa." These words, unfortunately, were brought to mind when, as part of a study of current serials on radio and T.V. for this paper, I spent a few weeks watching I.T.V.'s Emergency Ward 10.

I have seldom seen anything quite so consistently bad. Millions are supposed to watch

this programme every time that irritating music introduces it. Well, good luck to them!

"Doctors and Nurses" and the tight-lipped drama of the operating theatre, have always appealed to the "velvet guards and Sunday citizens."

It is a world of glutinous emotion, peopled by, of course, handsome doctors and, of course, nubile nurses and, of course, grateful patients. Dirt and death are kept far from it.

The series has been running for a long time now; invention seems to be flagging. Every situation, every plot, seems a little more impossible, a little more hysterical. Before long, no doubt, one of the doctors will turn out to be a Russian spy, or a love-nest be discovered on Men's Surgical.

But the really frightening thing is the praise given to the series by the medical and nursing professions. Instead of roundly condemning it as pernicious and dangerous, liable to attract the wrong recruits to nursing, and the source of many firmly-held half-truths, some of them actually recommend it. Great and grave physicians praise it; staid matrons, who would be most surprised if "that sort of thing" went on in their hospital, praise it. Amazing!

T.A.B.

POLITICS

HOW LONG HAROLD?

THE pros and cons of joining the Common Market are to be debated later in these columns, but whatever one's opinion, the stars that guide the Government are not especially propitious.

Harold Macmillan's Government is at the moment in no position to bargain, being both the bad boys of the Commonwealth, the scapegoat of the "Daily Express" and the poor relations of Europe. Unflappability is now almost synonymous with inertia, and unless Britain shows a more positive attitude both to the electorate as a whole and to The Six in particular, we are going to find ourselves in not so splendid isolation.

Implacable

France is perhaps the most implacable opponent Britain will have during her negotiations. Whoever conducts them will have to do a lot better than Selwyn Lloyd did at the recent International Monetary Fund in Vienna. There, the French delegation proved both tough and skilful in forcing their own terms, and there can be no doubt that the French, whatever their motives, are now a power to be reckoned with.

Ironie

True, the Germans have proved to be more favourably disposed towards us, but the recent words of Erhard, to the effect that "if Britain is supporting us over Berlin, then we cannot refuse to help her in her economic difficulties" has an ironic and bitter tang.

One can appreciate the difficulties of the Government, and full judgment must be reserved until after the Conference, but Macmillan will have to step firmly in the future, more firmly than he has done in the past. We are uncomfortably aware of how long; soon the refrain will go up, "Too long."

B.A.

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1/3

Seea Pinter Drama Now

SOME reviewers have seen in "The Caretaker," a Cain and Abel allegory; others have called it "a study of loneliness and frustration"; at least one has come to the conclusion that it is a polemic for Zen Buddhism; and the producer of the presentation currently running at the Rep (Station Street) tells us in a programme note that "we are grateful to Pinter for... his compassionate illumination of the business of living."

It is difficult, even after seeing the play twice, to be sure which of these opinions, if any, approaches truth, but no one who goes to see it need ever be in any doubt about what is actually happening on the stage, even if it is not apparent what it's all in aid of.

The setting is a room in London, a room piled high with such articles as a lawnmower, a sink and a Buddha. The characters are Davies, Aston and Mick, a tramp and two brothers with whom he stays.

What there is of action is triggered off by the first arrival of the tramp; he by turns likes and dislikes each of them; and by them he is alternately welcomed and told to get out. The brothers never actually speak to one another; the dialogue is, as in other Pinter plays, composed mainly of non-sequiturs.

Briefly, it seems to me that "The Caretaker" is simply a piece of pure theatre, at times beautifully written, at other times gimmicky and artistically dishonest. Everyone who cares at all about the theatre ought to see it to find out whether it is a desirable pattern of things to come.

T.A.S.



Arthur Pentelow as Davies, the tramp, in "The Caretaker." (Photo: Lisei Haas)