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UNION NEWS

Vol. XIV, No. 2

LEEDS UNIVERSITY FRIDAY, 17th OCTOBER, 1958

Price 3d.

WHERE E'ER
 YOU WALK
 TAKE
 'UNION NEWS'

Panic in the Parkinson

ENERGETIC PREPARATIONS FOR ROYAL VISIT

"Union News" University Correspondent

DURING the past fortnight, the University Buildings have been subjected to a programme of washing, cleaning, painting and polishing, of a more exacting nature than any in the whole of its History. Behind locked doors, the Great Hall has been given a major clean-up, and the fever has spread down the adjoining corridor to the Parkinson central court. Drove of workmen moved in, took possession of the place, and began erecting what appeared to be gaily painted carousels or ice-cream stalls for a Saturday Bazaar.

All this fuss and preparation is part of the vast 'Operation Her Majesty' which seized the University long before the present session began, and culminates in the visit of the Queen, and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to-morrow morning. The University is determined that the queen will see it—or part of it—at its best. Despite the chaos and confusion of last week, we are assured that everything is running smoothly to plan.

The Queen is expected to arrive at the Great Hall entrance shortly before 11 a.m., when the concert is scheduled to begin. The Royal couple will be greeted by the Vice-Chancellor, and it is expected that the Princess Royal will also be present to receive her Majesty.

It is fortunate that the extensive re-decorating and modernisation of the Great Hall should be finished in time for such an important occasion. Older students will doubtless shudder at the thought of the Queen and the Duke picking their way through the medieval dust, cobwebs, gloom, and creaking wood of the Hall as it was. No-one could fail to be impressed by the Hall's 'New Look'.

The piece-de-resistance of the new scheme is the magnificent organ, which cost £12,000, and holds the centre of the stage, while its massive pipes flank the walls on either side in orderly rows—on specially constructed platforms. The curtains are new and uniformly patriotic, and the new leaded windows add to the general atmosphere of light and air.

The concert should finish at 12.30 p.m. Then the Royal party will proceed down 'Pneumonia Corridor'—now tastefully decorated in contemporary grey and lemon—and continue to the Central Court.

It is expected that the Queen will spend about 20 minutes inspecting the Exhibition of Yorkshire Industries which has dominated the Parkinson for the past week. It is mainly an exhibition of Textiles and Wool production. In the absence of guides, clear concise notices instruct the casual observer as to the purpose of the various cloths, machines, and processes.

After viewing the Exhibition, the Queen will leave by the Main Parkinson steps, and proceed to her other engagements in the Leeds Festival.

Footnote—A stray reporter observed a workman surreptitiously washing down the inside wall of the building. Judging by the vast amount of good Yorkshire muck which floated to the floor—this could do with a clean more often.

Leeds Vac Work Best in Country

NOW that most weary students have returned from a hard working Vac for a brief 'holiday' in this quiet backwater, it seems an opportune moment to review the activities of Vac Work during the past year, and to outline plans for the present session.

The Vac Work Committee of this Union has gained the reputation of being the most efficient in the country, since its total of over 2,000 jobs was bigger in proportion to the number of students than that of any other University. (So amazing was this achievement that it merited an inspection of the files during the Vac by the Leeds City police to make sure that no payments, bribes, etc. were received by the Staff). Vac Work want to maintain this reputation and would be grateful for addresses in his or her area from any student, (and also of some enthusiastic Freshers to help with the work).

The N.U.S. scheme (Union News June 13th, 1958) is still under discussion and the Secretary, Marguerite Liveridge is travelling down to London to-morrow to represent Leeds at an N.U.S. Conference. At the moment Leeds is the only Union not in favour of the scheme. Thus some compromise or capitulation is expected.

'FRESHERS SQUASH' said the notice on the board outside the Riley-Smith. For comments on the Conference see page three.
 Union News Photo



RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

Afro-Asians Decry British Imperialism

(U.N. Religious Correspondent)

THE hundred and twenty people who attended the meeting on "Racial Discrimination" last Friday were indebted to Afro-Asian Soc. by whom it was sponsored. They were addressed by a panel of four staff speakers who spoke with authority, clarity and no little conviction.

Speaking first, Prof. Asa Briggs stressed that we, in particular, who live within the multi-racial structure of a University should try to understand the basic economic, social and psychological problems which had caused recent racial troubles, and to follow understanding with action.

Often, he said, older people too-were badly orientated and this created an unhealthy background for the situation.

Dr. Henriques of the Department of Social Studies referred to a latent prejudice against anything 'different' to which, he said the British seemed particularly susceptible. When something such as the recent violence occurred, many people in this country were prepared for the situation with previously acquired, distorted views. He attributed these to ignorance and emotion.

In Dr. Arnold Kettle's opinion the situation was to some extent a result of a century and a half of 'British Imperialism', a view shared by Dr. Henriques. We had been left with a Chauvinist attitude of which the colour problem was only a part. He pointed out that we had to make people equal with ourselves before we could treat them as such. To stop violence such as had recently been organized by the Fascist 'British Union' Dr. Kettle advocated amendments in the Law rather than the imposition of restrictions on immigration. This latter would, he thought, be a triumph for Segregationists.

The fourth speaker was Professor Toulmin who reminded the meeting about the psychological factors involved; for instance, personal insecurity which, he claimed, nearly always led to an insistence on irrelevant differences and often to violence. He emphasized that the enforcement of the Law rather than the Law itself was at fault.

The contributions from the floor endorsed the view held by all the speakers that the most pressing need was for better education on the subject of race relations.

October Lectures

THERE are to be three public lectures held during the month of October. The first takes place on Monday in the Riley-Smith at 3 p.m. when the Bishop of Bradford will speak about the "Wholeness of Man."

The next will be held at 5.15 p.m. on the same day in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre. The speaker is to be Professor Walsh, and the subject, "Autobiographical Literature and Educational Thought."

On Monday the 27th October, the first of a series of lectures on British Agriculture and World Markets takes place in room 216, Parkinson Building, at 5.15 p.m. The title of this lecture is "Developments in British and World Agriculture since the War."

DEBATE LOCK-OUT

WITHOUT the familiar beard, a well-known member of Debates Committee was refused admittance to the Freshers' Debate. Explaining the absence of this distinguishing feature the gentleman in question is understood to have replied that he found the wearing of a beard and bathing trunks had caused him to be somewhat conspicuous while motor-cycling in Italy, so he had, after serious consideration, decided in favour of sacrificing the beard, valuing his modesty more than his vanity.

L.U.U. COMPULSORY MEMBERSHIP

IN the recent edition of 'Student News', on sale October 2nd, there appeared a letter from R.D. Somers of Leeds complaining about 'arbitrary' regimentation regarding the compulsory membership of certain University Unions.

On enquiry it was discovered that Leeds is one of the very few universities in the country to have compulsory Union membership for all students. Moreover, in 1904 the numerous independent bodies already in existence within the University, such as the students' Association, the Athletic Union and the Student's Union, were united under the present name and constitution of the Leeds University Union. The Union is directly connected with the University authorities, as distinct from the independent 'Students' Unions at most English universities. In Edinburgh for instance only about 40% of the student population belongs to the 'Students' Union, and membership is restricted to male students. The remainder of the students are served by a Student Representative Council.

In many of the cases where Union membership is restricted, where there are separate bodies for athletics etc., and where the Unions are controlled entirely by students and independent of the University Authorities, arguments have arisen about respective rights which have often resulted in the dissolution or decreased efficiency of one or another of the bodies concerned.

Compulsory and total membership of a single Union in direct contact with the University Authorities is thought by Officers of the Leeds University Union to be advantageous to both the students and the university.

CORROBORREE

Anthropological Society's Freshers' Corroborree was held in the Riley-Smith on Friday evening. It took the form of a film-show. The audience seemed strangely subdued—perhaps because the background noises usually associated with Union Cinema were absent. Even the announcement of Peter Finch as narrator aroused no comment.

The film was a documentary on the life of a wandering tribe of Australian Aborigines. We soon learnt that these people still light fires by rubbing two sticks together and thrive on a scanty diet of potatoes, lily doots, turtles' eggs and honey, with savoury kangaroo or fish—as often as they are caught.

Hunting was shown in detail. One native, who had to mimic the movements of the kangaroo for the benefit of the spear-throwers, could earn thousands in the Variety Theatre (if only he knew such things existed).

The final scene was a funeral ceremony which culminated in wild rejoicing, or a 'Corroborree'. Perhaps the Freshers present began to have misgivings at this juncture?

CYPRUS CRISIS

Protest March Postponed

(U.N. Political Correspondent)

ON Tuesday the Socialist Society held a meeting to discuss the trouble in Cyprus. Speaking first Dr. Rex stated that discussion of the Cypriot problem had become very dangerous in that it tended to make people overlook the really important issues in the melee of childish squabbles. He gave a brief resume of Cypriot history from 1931, when self-determination was first withheld from the Cypriots, until the present day tragedy of bloodshed and violence. His sympathies were, without doubt, with the Cypriot people in their struggle for Independence.

The second speaker, a Cypriot, recently returned from Cyprus, spoke quietly, slowly, and bitterly about the situation there. He described the Cypriots as slaves fighting for their freedom. Slaves, he said, could not be held responsible for their actions.

The third speaker called for the carrying of the resolution that her Majesty's Government should be forced to negotiate with Makarios for a cease-fire or to suspend the Macmillan plans and to allow the Cypriots Self-Government.

The resolution was carried by 33 votes to 5, with 4 abstentions. All three speakers called for some decisive action by the English people to curtail the activities perpetrated in their name.

The speakers from the floor were very orderly, and no heckling took place. All, except one, were in agreement with the main speakers in deploring the Conservative Government's Imperialist policy. When the one dissenting speaker questioned the democracy of Grievans and the Eoka members he was answered by Dr. Rex, who demanded "How much democracy have we taught Cyprus?"

The Socialist Society had hoped to hold a march to protest against the Government's colonial policy, but owing to the arrival of the Queen on the same day, it has had to be postponed. One member of the society was heard to remark that Her Majesty's visit was a reactionary plot to sabotage their march!

Record Sales In Book Exchange £2,000 Topped

(By our Special Correspondent)

IN their eagerness to impart the glad tidings of the reaching of the £2,000 mark in the Book Exchange, four drunken members of the staff, spurred on by injudicious celebration, unhappily curtailed by Fred's relentless call, invaded our digs one night last week, in their efforts to find a sympathetic female—to wit a Union News representative—to tell of their success. Fearing the reaction of the landlady, one enterprising member of the 'studenthold' raised the alarm. Thus the party was intercepted at the gate by the residents, all almost fully clad.

Having informed the neighbourhood of their success, and expressed their appreciation of the work of all the Freshers on the Book Exchange Committee, these gentlemen tottered merrily on their way, rejoicing and heartily congratulating each other.

Information that emerged from their incoherent mumblings was that during the first week of term, beginning with the Freshers' Conference, over 4,000 books passed through the Book Exchange and receipts so far received have totalled £2,300, beating the highest amount received in previous years by £500.

'LUCRETIA' ASSAULTED

NOT so hot leaving 'Lucretia' in cycle shed for Vac.

Mr. Blood up and earnestly request remove. But owner sleeping at the time on rubbish tip in Dover (he says this not exactly hot either), so does not have delivery of request. Then Sherpa Jones wasting across trek of Leeds with son (apple of eye) met by grubby infant bowling wheel towards Tonbridge St. 'Aha!' say Sherpa to apple of eye, observing wheel and pump and tool and wire all bowling to Tonbridge St. 'Aha, this does not look so hot, Apple of eye.' Scuffling with grubby infants. Spare wheel and pump retrieves! "Now," say Sherpa, "Parent of owner of car please, moving Lucretia," and parent with two garage men towing away. (Owner of car engaged upon espionage like ace-hot-number-one capitalist behind iron-curtain).

Coming home and inspecting 'Lucretia.' Oh boy, some mess! Tools gone, jack gone, Lucretia's love-letters gone. Children showing considerable mechanical know-how in felonious activity. Kiddy's little knife have made L-shape slit in roof. Cutting wires. Clock have gone. Tonbridge horror now tell time. It is an ill wind. Ahem. Forgiving snigger please.

Diligently rummage in junkyard, refit. Car now legal, goes, and carry Top Union People—U.N. Staff (hah) all over. Thank you.

News in Brief

The new Campanology Society has obtained permission to use the Emmanuel Church for hand-bell practises. Strenuous efforts are now being made to acquire a ring of bells for the church, which at the moment has only one small bell in 'A,' not hung for ringing.

Our observers report the arrival of large quantities of rhubarb in the Refectory Stores. Members are warned...

The Houldsworth Society has recently been endowed with a new Common Room, Coffee Lounge and Society Office. It is the only recognised Society with an office of its own.

At the Freshers' Hop, many people who had been turned away at the door were observed entering the building through a window halfway up the Refec. stairway. They had reached the window by means of a ladder placed 'conveniently' against the rear of the Union building.

Future activities of the Engineering Society are phrased in terms of technical tortuosity or veiled in some other cloud of evasion. Nevertheless we are assured by one enigmatic engineer, that a raid on the Pud School might be described as 'imminent.'

It is rumoured that the old tradition of lunch-time socials is about to be revived. It is hoped to begin these socials today, and the entrance charge will be 6d. per person. The support of Union members will guarantee their continuation and success.

Over 20 members of the University O.T.C. including a number of W.R.A.C. will be lining the route for the Queen's procession through Leeds today. On the same day the O.T.C. are holding their Jubilee Dinner Dance.

The lecture entitled "Western Non-Conformity" to be held in the Union on Thursday next is not a religious meeting but a talk arranged by the Railway Society. They also intend to hold a photographic competition.

Hi-Fi enthusiasts will be interested to know that the Amateur Radio Society is holding a demonstration and lecture about such equipment on October 30th.

French Society sets a startling fashion—each committee member is guaranteed brand-new. This we learn is an enforced change, as all the former committee members appear to have fled the country.

Italian Society has planned a programme to captivate all lovers of Italian films, paintings, food, wine and music. For those who love Italian men we have no solution—there are none in the Society.

The syllabus of recitals to be given in the University this month includes: Thursday, 23rd October, 1.20 p.m.—piano recital, Kenneth Layton. Wednesday, 29th October, 7.30 p.m.—Chamber Music, Mozarteum String Quartet.

FILM FOR OVERSEAS STUDENTS

THE manager of the Tower—the cinema which is presenting the Mike Todd spectacle, "Around the World in 80 Days" next week—has approached the Secretary of the Union, offering complimentary tickets to a party of students from overseas countries—to represent as many nationalities as possible. The Secretary has circulated a letter to all the 'Overseas Socs.' in the Union, requesting nominations. It is hoped that the party will attend Monday evening's performance of the film.

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UNION NEWS

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Adverts Manager—BILL AVERY

Photographer—PETER ALLEN

Sales Manager—ALEX JACOB

Subscription Sec.—CHRISTINE TWIGG

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AS WE SEE IT

Since his death on October 9th, there has been world-wide mourning for one who must rank among the greatest men that ever lived. During his nineteen years as leader of the Catholic Church, Pius XII had become one of the most loved and respected Popes that Christendom has ever known. Nearly 450 million Catholics regarded his fatherly figure with respect, awe and implicit trust.

He was a man in a unique position but he never abused his authority to further his own ends or for worldly gain. He was a paragon of behaviour as the Vicar of Christ, a man worthy of his high office.

It is a rare thing, especially in these times for a man of power to be beyond reproach. Although Stalin and Hitler held millions in their sway, a brief comparison with Pius XII must soon demonstrate to even the most anti-Christian that power without sanctity is a pernicious asset. A man who seeks the welfare of the individual's soul and not the progress of some hypothetical state, will always be guided by the warmth of human affection and so will always be a power in peoples hearts. Such a man was Pius XII. **Requiescat in Pace.**

A Year Ago

Union News hoped to have a regular issue of 6 or occasionally 8 pages in place of the usual 4.

Ten Years Ago

The J.C.R. (now the Mout-Jones) was fitted with a streamlined counter and non-jittery tables, so turning it into a comfortable cafeteria. Hopes ran high among thirsty members of the Union for a bar in the near future.

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Carlton Hill, Leeds 2

CIRCLE 2/- STALLS 1/3

Sunday, Oct. 19th Cont. 4 p.m.

WILL ANY GENTLEMAN

THE BLUE AND THE GOLD

Monday, Oct. 20th Cont. 5.20 p.m.

It's Sensational

PEYTON PLACE

CinemaScope—Colour

Screened at 5.25 and 8.10

Thurs., Fri. cont. 4.0 Sat. 4.15 p.m.

DAVID TOMLINSON

PETER SELLARS VERA DAY

UP THE CREEK

also JOHNNY BRAYO

Sunday, Oct. 26th Cont. 4 p.m.

ROAD TO MOROCCO

THE RUNAWAY BUS

Monday, Oct. 27th Cont. 6 p.m.

TARZAN AND THE

LOST SAFARI

CinemaScope—Colour

also Robt. Taylor, Richard Widmark

THE LAW AND JAKE WADE

Thurs., Fri. cont. 5.50 Sat. 4.15 p.m.

MICHAEL REDGRAVE

ROBERT MORLEY

LAW AND DISORDER

also Tony Wright in

THE SPANIARD'S CURSE

COTTAGE ROAD

Headingley, Leeds 6

CIRCLE 2/6 STALLS 1/9

Sunday, Oct. 19th Cont. 5 p.m.

MAD ABOUT MEN

WAR ARROW

Monday, Oct. 20th Cont. 4 p.m.

A daring and unusual murder

THE SNORKEL

also Brigitte Bardot in

HEAVEN FELL THAT NIGHT (x)

Thurs., Fri. cont. 4.15 Sat. 2.0

DEBORAH KERR DAVID NYEN

BONJOUR TRISTESSE

CinemaScope—Colour

also CRASH LANDING

Sunday, Oct. 26th Cont. 5 p.m.

AS LONG AS THEY'RE

HAPPY

also WINGS OF THE HAWK

Monday, Oct. 27th to Fri. Cont. 4-0

Saturday cont. 2 p.m.

STEWART GRANGER as

HARRY BLACK

The tiger (and woman) hunter

CinemaScope—Technicolor

with ANTHONY STEEL

BARBARA RUSH



Left to right: J. Shelley, P. W. B. Hall, T. Webster, A. R. Woodhouse, H. France, J. Smirfitt, W. F. Avery, Christine Twigg and A. F. Jacob

Meet the management

THE TOP PEOPLE OF 'UNION NEWS'

UNION NEWS, your favourite reading, is produced by a mixed bag of students who work part-time to give this Union the most successful undergraduate publication in the country. The issue is in the capable hands of the Editor, HUGH FRANCE, a second year Mathematics student.

A truly remarkable organisational capacity which stood him in good stead in the R.A.F. now keeps U.N. airborne. His shirts, hand-cleanser (surplus to his requirements as commercial traveller during the vac) and red corduroy jacket are a familiar sight on the top corridor. Hugh devotes ferocious energy to the paper and possesses prodigious powers of persuasion when furthering the interests of the paper amongst the Top People of both town and gown.

The Sub-Editor, ALAN R. WOODHOUSE, graces the Law Faculty when not struggling with a large, inflammable pipe in the U.N. office. He hails from Essex and claims a distinguished list of personal injuries extending from a broken arm at the age of two, to being blown up whilst in the Royal Marines. A bus recently ran over his foot.

The News Editor is TREVOR WEBSTER. Born in Leeds, he spent two years working as a Customs Officer in Darkest Africa. Gryphon endows him with — "a Daz-white shirt and well-creased trousers." Although he neither smokes nor drinks, he includes running the U.N. car, 'Lucretia'.

and studying for a Law Degree amongst his vices. He succumbs readily to seduction by nurses and Bavarian princesses. Strong, silent men these Empire-builders, with great organising ability. He claims to have a spy in every camp.

PETER W. B. HALL is Features Editor and has served in Germany during National Service — this involved being hung on a coat-hook in a Mulheim bar fight. He once fought with a wild cat in Westmoreland; the outcome was disastrous for the cat. The experience comes in handy when dealing with Lucretia — quite a responsibility! Peter is Sub-Editor of our literary journal, Gryphon. He was born in Kingston, Surrey, was bombed out of Surbiton, brought up on a farm near Stoneyhurst and now lives in Nottingham. More healthy activities: travel and fencing.

The all important financial fiddling rests in the safe hands of BILL — the adverts — AVERY and JACK — the business — SMIRFITT. Jack, with his ledgers and terse notes to advertising agents, is the Grand Old Man of Union News, he has worn out many of his special cut-price suits in the service of the paper. Jack tells us when we can afford expenses and deals with sordid monies. In his spare time he knits and shrinks in the Textiles Research Dept. Bill Avery is an embryo accountant, on being asked whence he came, the reply was: "I am itinerant." His hob-

bies include, carrying an umbrella, playing rugger, and studying accountancy.

CHRISTINE TWIGG is the only woman to rise to the heights in the present hierarchy and occupies the post of Subscriptions Secretary. U.N. relies on Christine to make its name known to the outside readers of the paper. When not dancing, sailing, driving, knitting, cooking or Mout-Jones, she studies General Arts, third year. She is the only person (so far) to have slept in the U.N. car, Lucretia.

ALEX JACOB, our third year electrical engineer is responsible for sales. He is seen for about four hours every other Friday and spends the rest of the time in tucks of laughter, 'doing it himself' in his flat. He rows with great enthusiasm and a certain amount of skill.

Not in the picture, for obvious reasons, is PETE ALLEN, official U.N. photographer, also medic and rifleman, Pete is new to the job; his predecessor having retired to take full-time Presidency of the recently-formed Society of Idiots, but examples of his work in this issue show that the worthy tradition of medical photographers is being well maintained. Older members will recall that Frank Carter, famous U.N. photographer, combined this and medicine for many years.

JOE SHELLEY, back to do Edu. has long been connected with the paper and this year he will write the Jazz Column.

Readers Write

Drama critic under fire

With reference to the criticism of Light Opera Society's 'Cox and Box' and 'Trial by Jury':

Sir,

It was with some disgust that I read the carping criticism by your so-called reporting of the Light Opera Society's productions at the end of last session. I would like to point out (a) that I am not a member of the above society, and (b) I am a music-lover and have had some acquaintance with Gilbert and Sullivan operas over a number of years, much to my personal enjoyment. In this light perhaps my remarks will not be misunderstood.

The whole approach of your reporter was wrong. He mentioned trivialities such as cost of entry, difficulties of the examination period etc. in an effort to prove his point before he began his actual criticism. With this somewhat biased introduction he went on to fault the members of the cast for 'singing flat', 'lack of confidence' and accused the producers of attempting to 'palm off the audience with a try-out'. What rubbish! I and my wife spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening and would like to congratulate the society on their productions. Not only was the cast labelling under the difficulty of having a very small audience, but also having, I thought, an unappreciative one to judge from the last night.

When will your reporter learn that Gilbert and Sullivan's 'Victorian' humour is still highly amusing? Above all, I defy him to point to any part of the 'Cox and Box' production to back up his stupid and unwarranted criticism! And if, as he did, he found 'Trial by Jury' so praiseworthy was it not perhaps that he was, and is always will be, no music-lover, but merely a rather upstart young man doing his best to make his mark in a student paper that was, up until last session, a pleasure to read? I suggest, dear Editor, that in future you send not a person to find fault, but to give an honest, balanced report on productions in the University.

May I thank all concerned for giving at least two among their audiences an enjoyable evening, and especially for staying behind after the end of the session to do so. Every success for your coming ventures—and please, Mr. Editor, no more stupid and rather unpleasant articles such as the one in question!!

Yours sincerely,
Allan E. Bacon.
(3rd. year History)

Sir, You are no doubt, aware that there exists in this Union an organization (?) known as the 'Society for Women in Lodgings' or, less formally, as 'Ghost Hall'.

This Society exists to confer some of the benefits, whatever they may be, of Hall life, on 'diggers'. As I have never lived in Hall, and never will, I applied at the Ghost Hall bazaar stall for membership, but was refused, the reason being 'SEX'.

An offer to curb my natural enthusiasm was met by an explanation that the refusal was on grounds of my being of the wrong sex. (I am male—'they' were female and quite definitely so).

According to the Union Handbook, membership of Union Societies is open to all Union Members, irrespective of sex. Even the Engineers had a woman member last year—why should Ghost Hall constitute an all female clique?

My threat of exposing this situation via your widely-read columns resulted in an offer of honorary membership. Despite an attempt at bribery in the form of a Ghost Hall badge, I felt it my duty to broadcast the truth to the Union. If I could make an appeal through your columns, I would cry:—"Men of the Union! Join Ghost Hall! Break down this sex barrier and show these militant feminists that a determined male can bring something into their sordid, spinsterish lives that no female dig-mate could ever hope to!"

I remain Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Norman D. Lorimer.

P.S.—I wonder if my application would have been accepted if I were not a married man?

Sir, We feel compelled to congratulate Mesdames Lucretia on their excellent self-portrait (col. 3 of their article, lines 23,24).

Perhaps Mesdames have at least heard of that useful article of feminine vanity—the mirror!

May we suggest that this deplorable caricature of the Lady Fresher is not to be welcomed as a suitable encouragement to those embarking on a University career.

We remain, yours faithfully,
Tarquinus Superbus.

(Rex).

Dear Sir, May I use the columns of your newspaper to express the gratitude of the organisers of the Freshers' Conference to all the Group Leaders and Assistant Group Leaders and all those who helped in so many ways to make the administration of the Conference so smooth?

I have in my time raised my voice against apathy in the Union but am now pleased to admit that I have modified my views on that subject; although it is well known that many males have reasons other than altruistic for attending the Conference. I know that a large number of people given much of their time with only a cup of coffee as material gain.

May I in conclusion hope that your correspondent 'Perspex', if he attended the Conference, found it, after all, worthwhile?

Yours sincerely,
Derek L. Cook,
Student Secretary,
Freshers' Conference, 1958.

Dear Sir, Can anyone give us an explanation as to why certain students continue to show an irresponsible attitude compatible with that of a new born babe? Vac Work Committee (Baby Sitting Branch) exists to help students who find it difficult to budget on a small allowance. An irate letter has been received from an employer because his babysitter did not appear as had been arranged through Vac Work. No apology was given to the employer by the student.

This type of behaviour earns a reputation among the Public that is harmful to the student population at large and does not assist us in obtaining part-time employment.

Yours etc.,
Marguerite Liversidge,
Vac Work Secretary.

Dear Editor, Your first edition of 'Union News' this term must have been of great assistance to Freshers, apart from the article on the front page, 'We can't all be Atheists' which, I feel, gave rather a misleading impression of Christian Societies in the Union. Much of this was, indeed, factually incorrect.

However, on behalf of the Committee of Christian Societies may I

THIS IS MY
VIEWBy
'PERSPEX'

SITTING in Fred's place one evening I realised how rarely in this place one has a chance to sit down and be peaceful. It is admittedly very pleasant to watch the hive swarming with activity, or to go into the Mout-Jones and watch the drones lounging with their honeys, but one does sometimes long for the quietness of the Vac. again. I realise that last time I was complaining that the Union was dead during the Summer, but I am already a little weary of queueing for even the most personal of needs, and the publications situation has reached such proportions that every day one is accosted by someone selling some specialised magazine.

Mud Slinging

To return to the bar, however, I was delighted to see on the evening of which I speak, Mr. President Lee and his charming 2 i/c quaffing at one of the tables. I hope this indicates, as I think it does, that Jim, if I may so call him, will prove to be a personality rather than merely an executive machine. Unlike some of my colleagues on this paper, I am a little tired of slinging mud at Union officials, though I have no time for them when they cross the line between being official and being officious. Time will soon tell if we have elected a bunch of bureaucrats or a team of useful and imaginative people.

Oliver Twists

I must apologise to any teetotal readers for taking the bar as the starting point for another remark. It seems that this institution is rapidly proving too small to satisfy Union thirst in adequate comfort and with sufficient speed. It has often been voiced that the Furniture Store opposite should be opened as a bar extension, in space though unfortunately not in time. Hopes may have been fostered by the recent activity in the late luncheon room, but they will be dashed by the news that it is to be converted into a soup-kitchen. Appropriate though this may be with the crypt-like Caf next door (will it, like St. Georges, see queues of down-and-out students, like so many undergrad Oliver Twists, grasping their emptied bowls of Green Pea or Brown Windsor and stuffing their duffle coat pockets with hunks of bread?). I feel that this space should be given over to elbow-bending rather than soup-sucking. Where did all the furniture go to anyway?

Lucretia's Vitriol

It may be that familiarity has bred contempt over the Vac, and that the men around the place, after seeing the same faces and figures all summer (several of them clad in unbecoming Corporation clipper's slacks), are inclined to over-exalt the virtues of this session's influx of women, but I feel that we have been blessed with a very fair selection. I can feel the vitriol of Lucretia dripping down my neck as I write, but keeping her at broomstick's length I will disagree with her usual views and congratulate the female Freshers (and the old hands) upon their appearance. In fact there are so many charms this year that one wonders if perhaps some members of Staff count vital statistics more important than G.C.E. results. Or perhaps we have a very susceptible Vice-Chancellor?

Lilies by all means

Of course, some well-known ex-Group Leaders have taken advantage of the Conference and, being first come, appear to have been first served. The reverse situation has arisen in some instances; at least one prominent flower-girl is seen without her usual escort this year and other lilies of the field have left fourpenny Caf for the outside world where there are other things than wild oats to reap and sow. Not that I am anything but in favour of the lilies—they at least make the extra penny on coffee worthwhile.

thank you very much for bringing to the notice of your readers the presence of Christian Societies in the Union and may I also briefly, on their behalf state their view of the purpose of all Christian Societies?

Every Society exists to provide Christian Fellowship and a means of deepening our knowledge of Christ and His Church. In some projects, especially those of service to the less fortunate members of the Community, we fully cooperate with one another. It is usually found that people first join a Society to which they are by their background inclined but despite this most of us find that meeting people from other traditions stimulates us to seriously rethink our personal beliefs and with God's help emerge with a stronger faith.

Yours sincerely,
Denis H. Hoyle,
Secretary of Committee of Christian Societies

Sir, I challenge the authority of Lucretia to comment on the inability of a Lady Fresher to accommodate a man in her room.
I remain the unfortunate result of her inexperience.
Son of Tarquin.

FRESHERS' SQUASH

A post mortem on the Freshers' Conference, 1958

A STRAIGHT-FORWARD account of the events of the Freshers' Conference in our columns would serve no more purpose than a lecture on "Simple Arithmetic," delivered to an assembly of Mathematics Professors. All members of the Union must by this stage in their University careers have experienced, read or, at least, heard, much of the goings-on at this year's or a previous year's Conference.

Thus it is not intended to 'murder' already well-worn topics, but rather, through the views of different people—variously involved in this year's Conference—to shed fresh light on the subject.

To this end "Union News" sought the opinions of a Member of an Organising Committee, a Group-Leader and, of course, a Fresher (all incidentally, members of U.N. Staff).

Their spontaneous accounts from their three different viewpoints differed in many ways, but were similar in one respect—all were deeply critical of some aspects of Conference organisation.

Believing that "Criticism is the mother of improvement", we publish their statements below.

Organiser Saw

Inadequate Organisation

Committee members take a solemn oath, "All for One and One for All," and if one is approached with a view to taking yet another minor office, he is duty-bound to say, "I will, but only if my good friends who assisted so capably may come too." Within 48 hours a "Rag Queen Measuring Committee" might appear as a "Committee in charge of coloured labels for Freshers' Conference Helpers." It soon becomes obvious that the members know even less about labels than they did about vital statistics, but so long as you are on the committee, you can afford to laugh. You are not having to queue while the inept bunglers at the table hunt for labels which should have been ready an hour before.

This subject of Committees and queues leads naturally to the doors of the Refectory and the people who controlled them during the Freshers' conf. For the sake of those who stood and suffered, I will make the following points. The queues were controlled by a group whose only qualification was that they had worked together in a minor department of last year's Rag. Obviously, it was not queue management. Their "Rag Revue" wit might have been appreciated by the citizens of Leeds, it was not appreciated by those who chafed under their officious stewardship.

On mature reflection, one cannot altogether blame those senior students who adopted an officious and overbearing attitude. A small minority of the young gentry tended to be most unhelpful, throwing out that over-worked cliché "no compulsion in Union life" whenever they were requested to go anywhere or do anything. This always happens. The remarkable fact was that this year the miscreants were NOT Engineers.

One is prepared to forgive a certain amount of non-co-operation on the part of the Freshers. Nobody likes being pushed around on his first day in an institution which prides itself on the "freedom of the individual". It is a pity that certain groups of senior students set such a bad example. Caddling extra coffee, and refusing to leave the dining room when meals have been eaten is not the way to make a Conference run smoothly.

Group Leader calls it

"Chaotic"

My impression of the Freshers' Conference was that it was chaotic and hot. This chaos was reflected even in the initial organisation. It was a surprised fresher on the train coming up

who lent me a copy of the handbook which could surely have been forwarded to me. Only on the actual conference day did I obtain my copy along with my meal-tickets, whilst my group, with ninety-nine others, waited impatiently.

Even in the preliminary introductions I found my group too large and in following discussions two conversations developed independently. Fifteen people cannot talk informally—surely the purpose of the division.

As for the conference talks, they were so repetitive that I missed as many as possible. If speakers all talk on the same topic, why not cut down the number of talks? "Any Questions" discussions seemed merely to echo those held in groups. Amidst this disorganisation it was cheering to see the catering arrangements running smoothly.

Is the personal touch lost in our University? I was proud and honoured in my first year to shake hands with the V.C. Tradition and dignity in the University were here personified for me. The lack of dignity in this Freshers' Conference was symbolised in the Debate when impressionable Freshers followed the appalling bad manners of older students towards the speakers.

I sympathise with the organisers in dealing with a now unmanageable number of people. Might it help if the programme were not so ambitious, and cut to two days.

Fresher Criticises

Higher Years

"We have been preparing for this conference for nearly a year" one of Perspex's "budding executives" proudly informed our eager group. After three days of chaotic wandering in and out of Refec, and the Riley-Smith, we wondered where the devil all the effort had gone. Apart from a little geography and a large collection of poor jokes about Vice-chancellors and 'Rogues Gallery,' we gained nothing from the lectures or discussions.

"But you did get to know the people in your group?" Well—apart from the four who never turned up, the two who were never seen after the first day and the literally dumb blond—I suppose that the discussions did do that for the other half of us.

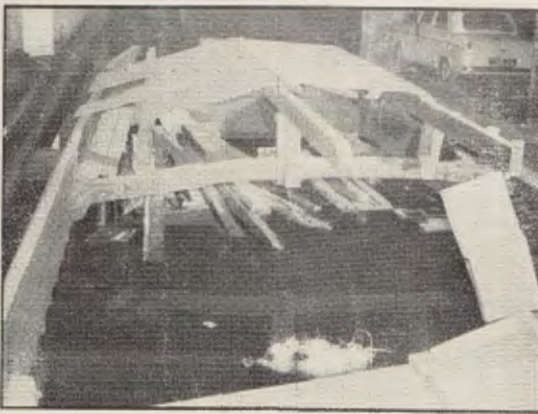
"And the Hop?" That WAS fun, wasn't it? Oh yes, definitely good fun if you could push through the unsatisfied gigolos of higher years. Still—the bar was open.

"You went to the debate?" Ah, that tempting foretaste of the higher intellectual pursuits of the Union. It has been said that a debate can be no better than its principal speakers, so that was a bad start. As variety acts three of the speeches were first-rate, but as debate speeches they had only one saving grace—when the Freshers braved the extraordinary bad manners of the back row members, and made first-class fools of themselves, they were in good company.

But I did learn something—I won't walk into the Mouat-Jones again without buying coffee, and of course it was a great help on Registration Day to know where the Parkinson Court was.

Comment

In fairness to the organisers it must be pointed out that those holding views similar to the ones in this article are in the minority. Most people, particularly newcomers, interviewed by the Union News, agreed that the Conference served its initial purpose in introducing them to the University and their fellow-students.



H.M.S. Elvira moored under City Station Union News Photo

Elvira does a Nasser

WATERWAYS SOCIETY
BARGE SUNK IN CANAL

'ELVIRA,' Waterways Society's recently converted coal barge has been ransacked during the long vacation and now lies submerged 'on the bottom' of the Leeds-Liverpool Canal under the Dark Arches directly beneath City Station.

At the beginning of term a committee member of the Society made immediate enquiries at nearby Ryder's Boatyard.

It appears that Elvira was ransacked several times despite precautions taken after the first incident. The trouble occurred at night and investigations have been complicated by the popular belief that the private road from Swinegate to the boatyard is a public footpath. Meanwhile the boatyard-men, finding Elvira's holds alarmingly full of water, slowly infiltrating through several split seams, towed her to her present position in shallower water. There she was allowed to sink.

The plight of Elvira is particularly deplorable since the process of conversion has hitherto formed the basis of Social activities and members have devoted their week-ends to the work. A new cabin, constructed last session, has been seriously damaged. Although only a rough estimate can be made, damage has been assessed at £10.

Plans for refloating Elvira are under way. The level of the water between the two locks within which she lies will be reduced by 2' 6". The water will then be pumped out of the holds, spilt in the seams will be patched up and Elvira, it is hoped, will soon be afloat again.

Casey's Foreign Tour

This story is true, only the names have been changed to protect the Musicians Union.

THIS September—by courtesy of the Daily Express and the Rolls Royce Car Co.—a splinter group from 'Casey's Hot 7' carried out a riotous 'tour de France'.

Starting from Dunkirk they travelled in the protesting, over-loaded Rolls via Orleans and the Rhone valley to the West Coast.

The general mode d'emploi was to descend on a town, play in the market-place, pass the hat round and retire to drink the proceeds.

The French received the Leeds musicians with open arms (and in some cases, with open doors). They often passed pleasant hours holding verbal conversations with bereted fishermen, one-man bands and 'France Soir' sellers.

In Caen they were invited to play at La Maison des étudiants for a thrush being held there. They spent the afternoon distributing posters from open cars, advertising the band as 'la formation sensationnelle—le Yorkshire dixieland Jazz Band'—they didn't know how near they came to the final insult.

The return trip to Paris was, of course, memorable—(full details can be obtained from the Daily Express).

Dr. Routley Visiting Leeds

DR. Eric Routley, B.D., M.A., D.Phil., is the Chief Assistant Missioners for the Leeds University Mission, 1958. He is a Congregational minister, Mackennal Lecturer in Church History, and Chaplain at Mansfield College, Oxford. He was educated at Lancing, the same school as Dr. Huddleston, and Magdalen, Oxford. He is married with three children, and is the author of "The Gift of Conversion," "The Wisdom of the Fathers," "The Church and Music," and "Hymns and Faiths." He is also the Music Critic and Fiction Editor of "British Weekly" and was a visiting lecturer in 1955 on the St. Andrew's Foundations at Victoria University, Toronto, his subject being Liturgies.

Affairs in the City

NOTHING is so calculated to create havoc in a suburban town as a Royal visit, especially when it coincides with a Centenary Music Festival, and in consequence of the forthcoming visit to Leeds of H.M. the Queen the Town Hall has suffered a face lift. Innumerable cloth-capped men have been observed vanishing into the labyrinths with paint, plaster and pots of tea, all eager to ensure that the Town Hall is 'fit for a Queen.'

Pastel shades dominate the Victoria Hall, whilst it can be seen that the corridors resplendent in a new coat of paint do lead somewhere. Even the organ has been overhauled, and in general the age-old layers of grime have made way for the new layers which will appear after the 18th of this month.

Booking Office for Music Festival
The sudden appearance of a gaily painted booking caravan outside the Town Hall during the last fortnight caused little comment. Meanwhile it has proved its worth to people who welcomed the plush seats to ease the strain of a morning's shopping and in the hustle and bustle of preparations it was the only place where Lord Harewood could find someone to take notice of him. It was accepted in the true Leeds spirit, especially by one earnest soul who, believing the booking clerk slept there, earnestly enquired about the amount of noise at night.

Shorter Hours For All Nurses
At last some attempt has been made to alleviate the lot of the nurses; it was announced that from October 17th that the hours of day-nurses in the Leeds Group of Hospitals which includes the General Infirmary, St. James and the Dispensary, have been reduced

from 48 to 44½ hours. Similar reductions have been made for night nurses. This follows an earlier announcement concerning shorter hours for nurses at the General Infirmary, and it is generally supposed that this increase in nurses leisure time will be welcomed by many at the University.

Chelsea Comes To Leeds
Leeds Art College has announced its intention to hold a Bohemian Ball in the Jubilee Hall, Chapel-town on December 18th.

'Hula Loop' Here
Ladies, are you too plump? Are your nether regions looking too much like nether regions? You will be interested to know that the latest American slimming and keep-fit craze, the 'Hula-Loop' is to be made in Leeds by Yorkshire Imperial Metals, a firm which specializes in tubes and pipes for passenger-lines, atomic power stations and industry in general, but which has finally decided to produce something of a different nature.

NEW JAZZ CLUB IN FULL SWING
It is impossible to stroll down New York Street in the evening nowadays without hearing the strains of Jazz descending from the heavens above. It is not the Angel Gabriel blowing his horn up there, but someone in the Club Columbus, a new Jazz Club on the top floor of a dilapidated office-block. The source of the music might be a gramophone playing a King Oliver or a Miles Davis number, local, traditional or modern groups performing, or even a "National Jazz Band" such as Sandy Brown's or Mick Mulligan's, showing the locals how it should be done. Club Columbus cater for all tastes, and all types of Jazz addicts can be found there. Refreshments are available, and—very important—there are reduced rates for students.

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Greying Hairs

ONE in every ten of the Union Members is a 'greying' Post-Graduate Student. Many people, especially Freshers, think that this select group remains apart pursuing obscure researches in dark secluded corners or hidden laboratories. In fact, they play an active part in the Union, both in Societies and the Union Committees. During the Freshers' Debate, one or two genuine 'old-age' Post-Graduate Students (5 + years) were heard to raise their voices.

Post-Graduates naturally want to meet people of their own age and the Post-Graduate Students Representative Council provides a means for this. Freshmen Post-Graduates will this year meet the 'old stagers' and the Vice-Chancellor at the P.G.S.R.C. Reception held on October 21st. Other "get togethers" for the Post-Graduates are the annual P.G.S.R.C. Dinner on November 20th and the Supper Dance later on in the term when the Post-Graduate lets down his greying hair and remembers that the 'Best is yet to be.'



See you in Caf!

Lucretia to visit Ghost Hall

EARLY in the term the secretary of Ghost Hall—the society for Women in lodgings—approached the Editor requesting a talk by Lucretia later in the term. The U.N. leading feature writer, who has hidden successfully behind the pen for nearly a year now, has agreed to deliver the talk, and is at present preparing it. The subject is to be "Women". The talk will take place sometime in the near future.

Life begins when you're a . . .

Gregory Fellow

by Bill Laughey

SHOULD YOU picture this year's aspirant as a romantic fellow; nebulous, pro-coterie, and Chelsea-ish, allow me to correct—you are wrong. Jon Silkin, horse-shoe beard and poetic ability apart, is an ordinary fortuitous chap, with a generous overflow of charm and personality—singular qualities which rarely combine in one person.

His responsibilities as Gregory fellow present few problems. Obligations for Mr. Silkin are threefold: regular attendance, frequent advice, and occasional lecture. Coupled with this is a reserve on Poetry and Audience, with the boosted ego of Mr. Mortimer.

Yet the primary aim of the fellowship, instituted by a Bradford director, is to foster the artist's work by providing an annual grant. Mr. Silkin beamed at his prospects with the air of a nouveau riche. For a married man whose interest centres on human activity and human relationship two years of poetic opulence are as mollifying as royal ties.

But if Jon Silkin's achievements are many, the road to success has been a cobbled one. Educated at Wycliffe college he began his literary career in journalism. For twelve months he worked supplying news to an agency, admittedly "hating every minute of it." Then his work began to make an impact.

Mr. Silkin explained—"The B.B.C. began to broadcast some of my shorter poems. I am greatly indebted to them for much of my early success. They fol-



lowed this with a complete collection of poetry before giving me an opportunity to edit a programme of new verse. A documentary on Coffee houses was my next assignment and the material it provided proved invaluable. After this I worked on a collection of Anglo-Jewish poetry which was broadcast for the Hebrew section."

His two books to date: *The Peaceable Kingdom* and *The Two Freedoms* were warmly greeted by critics in *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian* and *New Statesman*. Though he quickly emphasised that poetic reviews are never infallible—"with poetry, the critic's interpretation must be strictly personal. This accounts for the variety in their conclusions."

Jon Silkin has a balanced self-discipline—the medium between routine and inspiration. He works for varying periods each day, writing two or three drafts of the same poem in long-hand. The pulse of his poetry stems from subjects he can see or feel; things which move him naturally to expression. His wide range of interests provide ample material. Recently, for example, he began a radio documentary on factories.

Mr. Silkin is just beginning a two year stay in Leeds. We hope it proves both pleasurable and profitable.

No Impact

GRYPHON REVIEWED

THE advent of a new term heralds another edition of "Gryphon." Remembering the last edition of the magazine we reached for this term's copy with misgiving.

Our apprehension was largely unjustified, for this edition shows promise of a far better all-round standard. The scientific article indigestible to the arts student, and it must be admitted that its conclusion was incredible to those with any scientific knowledge. Alan Andrews' dissertation on the art of Public Speaking began ponderously, and ambled towards a gentle conclusion without managing to say anything really constructive. The title was hackneyed.

"Life on the Mozambique Border" provided interest of a very general nature—rather like a third form geography lesson with the appropriate anecdotes. We wished the author had confined himself to describing the outstanding features of his story in Central Africa instead of attempting to survey the whole period.

The two outstanding features were the Forum on Education and the book review. The former, while original, was well presented, and the usual problems were thoroughly sifted and discussed. An article by John Pick on screen idolatry made a stimulating comparison between Valentino and Dean.

The book review earns praise. An original theme, coupled with an easy style made very enjoyable reading, and contributed something of value to the issue.

The cover design would have been more effective on a lighter background. The dull red destroyed the impact. The new format is an improvement.

Sir Donald Wolfitt

We hear rumours that Sir Donald Wolfitt, Dame Sybil Thorndyke and other leading figures in the theatre world are contributing to the December Gryphon. If true, we look forward to another 'step in the right direction' by the new board of the magazine. It is high time we had an official organ with bite and real stature.

IT'S A MAN'S LIFE

NOTHING pleases the administrators of our halls of residence and the 'captains of industry' more than to read glowing accounts of a full and varied, memorable and stimulating two years under the heading *Details of National Service*. On the other hand, nothing puts the finishing touches to a rejection of your application so soon as the simple truths, Enlisted . . . Date . . . Drafted . . . Date . . . Released . . . Date . . . Dreadful.

What in fact do we mean by 'Details of National Service'? The smoothing out of deliberately manufactured zug-pimples in what had been weather-proofed War Department boot-leather? The scraping and polishing of the tins polish is sold in and about which we heard so much in the National Press a year or two back? Pressing garments of all shapes, sizes and textures into nine by nine inch squares? The stuffing of inadequate packs with boxes to make them look square? Surely not. All this is initial or basic training like the pitifully few shots you fire from a rifle which was superseded by a smaller bore automatic weapon on a Belgian pattern some four years ago.

And after training you ruin your boots, stuff packs, and press your clothes into geometrical shapes as though it were all quite in order—like brushing your teeth or falling asleep at night. If you should have a lucid interval during which you realise that boots are best when they are for carrying things, and clothes are better without eccentric crease-systems, fear of the unwelcome and individual attention of your superior—or peers—urges if not enforces conformity. You may fire another fistful of the obsolete ammunition meanwhile—an infinitely comforting consideration in the age of thermonuclear weapons and the Sputnik.

Many improvements are said to have been made. There are units in all arms of the Service where combat training is thorough and up to date; bull is reduced to what is considered to be the acceptable minimum. But this is not the general rule if ex-servicemen's conversation can be relied upon. The man usually makes a rigid distinction between National Service and the benefits of two years in a new environment where new experience has brought extra strength

by William Bruce

We ourselves do not consider that the German students we befriended and hit the high spots with, or the family we used to stay with round the fire on nights off, or the Dutch and Belgian girls and youths we met on leaves and off-duty travels were any part of service life. The articles and stories we submitted to magazines in U.K. were part of an attempt to free ourselves from the humdrum coils of barrack life and regimental conformity. We wished to remain capable of managing our own affairs and to have affairs of our own to manage. It would be strange indeed if the very things we did despite National Service were made to represent the fascinating character-building details of service itself. But we are in no position to argue—the Administrators and Captains hold all the trumps and you must tell them what they would like to hear or lose the trick.

The fact is—and it is as plain as the schnozz on Mr. Durante's face—those two years were an almost complete waste, soul destroying, not character building, tedious not varied, destroying, not encouraging, initiative and the spirit of adventure. How should we call it a man's life when making any kind of life of it at all involved an uphill struggle against uniformity. Sheer strength of character directed us to make the best of things, take measures to avoid loss of identity; civilian circumstances now force us to say we enjoyed every minute of it by listing the purely civilian virtues which kept us human and ignoring the mean details of squalid drudgery which most fairly represent National Service.

Undoubtedly, there are those who enjoyed it. They have a series of unfortunate remarks about developing incipient powers of leadership and generally rally round with the bit about having to accept orders in order to give them. How fooli h it is to talk like this. Unquestioning obedience, implying as it does deficiency of intellect, is naturally repulsive to a person with normal powers

of reasoning. Stupid orders do not, it seems to us, deserve to be obeyed and unless we are entirely satisfied that the man in command is not one of those who has been taught to obey orders blindly, in accordance with the old maxim, we cannot be sure of his competence to give thoughtful, sensible orders. That it is necessary to obey an order to issue orders is like saying that the blind are best equipped to lead the blind. We were bound to admit that for all our procedural know-how, drill and instructional courses, in the field, it was experience that mattered. Older N.C.O.s and officers who had long ago given up barrack-life bull and were scarcely able to take a parade could not be taught to suck eggs by eager young 'leaders of men'.

Be clear, therefore, in the expression of your belief in the value of National Service; do not so much as hint that you account yourself lucky to have retained your individuality and strength of purpose. You are supposed to have enhanced whatever good qualities you possessed before conscription and developed one or two you thought you never had. Convince 'them' that you are a sound fellow and by foisting their illusions you may influence a decision in your favour.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"I must say—without groups it would have been bedlam!"
—*Freshers on Conference.*

"We had a tea swindle in the army!"
—*Corporal France, late R.A.F.*

"The toll for the Campanology Soc. is 3/- a year!"
—*Member.*

"Discussion is an exchange of intelligence, argument an exchange of ignorance!"
—*Overheard at the Freshers' Debate.*

"Isn't it fun being immoral—with other people's morals!"
—*Christopher Robin.*

"No we can't go into the Riley-Smith. Groups 1—49 are dancing in there!"
—*Female Freshers at Freshers' Hop.*

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Eye on Women

Well, well, you second and third year types will really have to do something to yourselves won't you? Here we are with the usually dowdy Freshers now outshining the old staggers. Is it that the latter are too complacent after their years of success? or are they just too lazy? or—shall we whisper it—too disillusioned to bother about themselves any more? The third year comes back facing the grim prospect of finals and perhaps it is inevitable that the poor thing looks as bad as she feels.

However, the Mouat-Jones Glam. Set present a slightly more cheerful picture. Here we have rejuvenated young ladies with New Looks going wholesale. Straight hair has become delightfully curled, auburn tresses of varying intensity abound, short hair has become long, long hair has come down or gone "swept up," little ash blonde streaks have appeared in black hair; altogether the effect is quite bewildering and one finds it extremely difficult to recognise people any more. The situation can be a little awkward at times, but can also prove very useful when recognition would only produce distress or annoyance. Yes, Registration Day was certainly a day of surprises, not to mention unending patience. We feel an unwritten rule for Registration Day should be that young ladies are not expected to wear shoes; we think that this would relieve a great deal of strain as well as providing a somewhat unusual picture.

The Freshers have indeed surprised us. The number of short skirts is quite incredible as is the number of varying lengths; we are of the opinion that some of these garments would be considerably improved by the gentle letting out of a dart here, and by the lowering of a hem there, dears. This easy lessening of strain in vital parts will be kinder to the majority of figures and legs, as well as less embarrassing to the male beholder. We see that long lengths of chain and ropes of beads dangle from fair necks everywhere like reminders of some medieval prison. This may be the latest fashion but we would prefer not to see such dangerous affairs swinging at hops; they are not really a very effective

lassoo you know and are more calculated to keep a male out of range of this somewhat lethal ornament.

However, we must be thankful that the perennial arrival of a colony of camel coats does not seem to have taken place this year. True the odd camel wearily wanders into the Union at times but we feel that at last people are realising that Leeds, although it is the centre of the woollen industry, is not quite the centre of sheep-shearing and moorland gales. It would appear that the oh-so-useful-camel has been reserved for the trips to Ilkley along with the tweed skirt and brogues. We sincerely hope so.

We notice with approval the gay abandon with which ladies here are sporting Eliza Dolittle bandeaus. Many look most attractive and considerably enliven the appear-

by Lucretia

ance of the wearer—a much needed thing in many cases. There are unfortunate exceptions, of course, including the natural redhead who looks as though her headband is keeping the hair out of her eyes while she does the housework. Her experiment with a "My Fair Lady" fashion was a success in comparison with a sight we saw last week. This was a pair of shoes which appeared to have been resurrected from great-grand-mama's chest of clothes. True, we did not catch a delicate aroma of mothball, but we felt that these good brown shoes, with indeterminate thick heel, high vamp, and discreetly pointed toe, were unfairly masquerading as up-to-date fashion when they were obviously the genuine "My Fair Lady" period. We would recommend the young lady who owns them to discard them immediately as they only succeed in making her look more "Arsenic and Old Lace"-ish than she did before. Later we heard without surprise that she was a Hall girl . . .

We felt that a fair cross-section of females presented itself at the Union News meeting last week. A dazzling phalanx of bright young things eagerly climbed the stairs and poured into Committee Rooms A and B. The mere sight of them all ascending the stairs was exciting enough. Blue stockings, ever

shorter skirts displaying a vast amount of knee, crazily-unbalanced high hair styles, tight sweaters, swinging pendants, clever make-up: all these forged steadily upwards and almost overwhelmed the Editor who was, of course, sorely tempted to employ them all there and then. The ones with looks and ability and keenness will be the chosen ones; this is the general rule for 'getting on' in the Union if that is really your ambition.

Some disastrous sights were noted at the Freshers' Hop. Two young ladies jiving self-consciously together in the Social Room were rather too blatant; a more subtle way of being asked to dance is to be praised. The performance of very mediocre jiving merely served to draw attention to the fact that no woman looks attractive dancing in stocking feet when her legs are not perfect and she wears a most unflattering sack dress. More obnoxious visions appeared in the Social Room, namely a plump creature in a brilliant flame sack which gave every indication of what she was wearing underneath—a most unpleasant sight. There was also a tall, thin, wraith of a girl who would have looked lovely in the flame sack but who completely ruined her appearance by appearing in a skin tight blue affair, belted in the middle, and of no particular style.

These all looked as though they would be capable of replying to the abominably impertinent notice pinned up in the Women's Cloakroom which informed us that there was an available male in the Union who would be willing to take a girl out providing she had certain measurements, specified interests, and such such characteristics, and never looked for the possibility of marriage. It seems to us that any girl who answers such a ridiculously rude and guileless advertisement is throwing herself into selfish and unpredictable hands. But perhaps that is what some of you want . . .

We would just like to remind you all that pink lipstick of the very pale variety is definitely out this year. We have seen only one person wearing this colour who did not look like a girl coming to a bad end and she had the distinct advantage of lovely blonde hair and a splendid tan. She did not team the lipstick with a vivid green eyeshadow as one unfortunate creature did; the effect was lurid and uninviting despite the obvious good looks of the wearer.

What DOES it all mean?

THE Exhibition of Modern Sculpture indicates clearly the aims of the contemporary artist. The five contributors were all students at the Leeds Art College — whilst Mr. Kenneth Armitage held a Gregory Fellowship from 1953 to 1955.

The outdoor sculptures are rather dwarfed in their setting. This is almost inevitable in an exhibition that has to be placed centrally so that the greatest number of people will see it. This makes a serious disadvantage as many were designed to be placed within a particular setting. Without it they are a little self-conscious and awkward. They become



Miss Hepworth says: "This curved form was conceived... where Cornwall ends... at this point... where sky and sea blend with hills and rocks. The forms seem to enfold the watcher and lift him towards the sky."

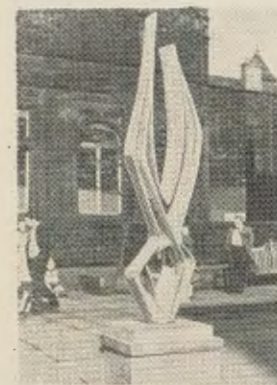
"Winged Figure" (exhibit No. 36) has less freedom of movement. It is not in flight, but is poised, balanced and waiting. Hard, sharp, thin, cold metal is contrasted with the delicate web of interwoven wires.

"Hieroglyph" (exhibit No. 24) is a monumental work in concrete. The modern, practical medium has been transformed from the concrete of our gaunt angular buildings into a massive shape with a gentle silk-like texture.

The pleated up-stretching elegance of "cantate domino" (exhibit No. 42)

more exhibits in an outdoor museum to be scrutinised closely rather than to be seen in a relevant landscape.

It is, then, unavoidable that one examines these sculptures. Illustrated are four non-representational works by Barbara Hepworth. Do not look for a naturalistic image, but let your eyes 'feel' the surface. See beauty in shape, structure and texture. Use the forms as frames for air and space.



Miss Hepworth's "curved form" (exhibit No. 32) is sheer delight. It excites, pleases and satisfies. Of it,

shimmers like a grass-hopper. The wings are folded—the surface is translucent in white and gold. Here there is the angular beauty of an insect, with the delicate arching of a folded wing. Space is penetrated and enclosed, whilst the light throws ribbed regular shadows disorienting the surface. The gossamer of the wings leap and flicker upwards like a flame.

In all, an exhilarating and challenging exhibition.

Photos courtesy of Y.E.P.

Misfits and Mink

LEEDS ART THEATRE PRODUCTION

WINTER season began last week with N. C. Hunter's "Waters of the Moon."

A Rolls-Royce is caught in a snow storm on the edge of Dartmoor. Its occupants — Helen Lancaster, a vibrant woman of forty-five, with her second husband and teenage daughter Tonetta in tow, erupt into a residential hotel in a country backwater.

Their coming upsets not only the routine, but also the monotonous existence of those living in the "communal nest." Then, as one of the inhabitants remarks in a moment of bitterness, it is "Boots, saddle to horse and away." The residents are left to gather together the disordered fragments of their existence and carry on living.

The play is termed a comedy, nor indeed is the underlying theme without hope.

The production by Harry Hags was excellent throughout. Grouping and movement in particular were well used to emphasise the varying relationships, family, emotional and antagonistic. The accumulated detail of the box set, entailed a high standard of technical proficiency in the acting. We were only rarely disappointed.

As the worn-out spinster, daughter of the household, confronted by the easy familiarity of the socially assured, Elizabeth Stewart gave an exceptional performance, remarkable for its restraint. Unfortunately Joan Waugh did not always show a similar refusal to overstrain effects. This marred an otherwise admirable comic portrayal of the hotel's vulgar misfit, all flowing pink and fur tippets. Nor did Marion Walker or Joan Farrar bring quite large enough personalities to the playing of Helen Lancaster and the widow Mrs. White. The latter, though good, was unable to dominate the action by her stillness. The play was seriously thrown out of balance

by this inadequacy.

As the son of the household, Michael Dickens, third year dental student, contributed a good performance of repressed excitement. This actor who has improved tremendously in the past two years, was making his first appearance with the Art theatre.

Talking with him afterwards he said he enjoyed acting with the company. The nucleus of the players have been acting together for some years. This, he told me, gave a professional efficiency to their rehearsals, difficult to attain in a society with a shifting membership. Michael was asked if working on bare stages with a minimum of sets had been a liability or an asset when confronted with rigid realism. He replied that on the whole his difficulties had been increased. This is one opinion on a topic that often brings heated discussion among amateurs.

HOWLERS

The following half-dozen quotes are a selection reproduced from the columns of the 'Manchester Guardian.' They appeared as answers in 'O' Level G.C.E. exams.

"Archbishop Makarios is the leader of the underground gorilla gangs."

"They carried geiger-counters to map out the cosmic rays which are fatal to man."

"Huckleberry Finn was the son of a village drunkard and has no known mother. As such, he is what every boy dreams of being."

"The first state to be founded by the English colonists was named after the 'Virgin Queen,' Elizabeth I, but the historical evidence to support this belief seems extremely slight; rather it points the other way."

"The insurer can either pay in quarter sessions or per annum."

THE NORTHERN TRADITION

Music and the Chapel

IT is by no quirk of fate that a Musical Festival of the size and excellence of the Leeds Music Festival takes place in the North of England. The North has long been a far more enthusiastic and financially encouraging training-ground for musicians than has the South. One has only to list the excellent, professional Symphony orchestras of Birmingham and Liverpool; the Halle at Manchester and the now unfortunately extinct 'Yorkshire Symphony,' and then search for a comparable orchestra in the South to bring the point home. Even the amateur orchestra finds a place in the North!

The theory has been propounded that local characteristics and history have engendered this fervour. The attitude of the Northerner to his annual "Messiah"—an institution sacred to the chapel-member, and entered into with jealously intense enthusiasm—typifies his attitude to music in other idioms. The strength of the Non-conformist denomination in the North was, and still is, incomparably greater than that of any other sect, and certain of the aspects of this sect may, on being transferred, plausibly account for the liveliness of the musical tradition.

Non-conformity encourages the participation of the individual member of the congregation in every aspect of the worship. Only in non-conformist chapels can one see a lay-preacher, or hear congregational singing. The tradition of the woman-chorister so long a feature of the chapel choir has become an innovation in the smaller Churches. The Non-Conformist is taught that no office is sacred or limited; and it is certainly the teaching of the Non-Conformist which produces an interest and participation in subjects otherwise specialised. This, when projected into music, does not necessarily produce a lower standard of performance. Interest is divided equally between oratorio and the symphony—to the detriment of neither. Interest in and knowledge of music of the man-in-the-street is phenomenal and by no means limited to Stainer or Maunder. The commissioned work by Racine Fricker in this year's Festival would seem to point to this.

Disregard of specialisation also creates a heterogeneous concert-going group. In the South the concert-going population is self-consciously segregated into groups—professional and academic. The contrast of a Saturday evening audience in the Town Hall is

first startling and then encouraging. The crowded concert hall is packed with a crowd, including tired news-jellers clutching tattered shopping bags, Old-Age Pensioners, clerks and students—all present solely because of a genuine interest. The restlessness and shifting of a Bristol audience never mars a performance here. There is no sense of duty or social obligation, and the result—devotion and inspiration.

UNION CINEMA

Sunday, 16th Oct., 7.30 p.m.

"THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE" Focuses on the moral disintegration of man. Shunning romance and glamour it tells the story of the search by three men for gold—Humphrey Bogart, to whom it signifies eternal leisure and the unlimited enjoyment of wine, women, and song; Tim Holt to whom it signifies a peach farm; Walter Houston who alone realises the danger in every golden nugget.

Meeting in a doss house in Tampico, they set out on a tortuous trek through burning countryside. Mistrust and suspicion grows among them, mounting to a tragedy of greed and fear. The background of the film—the threatening might of the desert—plays an important part in the expression of the idea. John Huston (Director) has caught with a relentless eye both the exigency of man and the power of nature.

This film has no sops for the romantics. There is the usual complement of scruffy desperadoes, ambushes and fist-fights.

Sunday, 23rd Oct., 7.30 p.m.

"Sunset Boulevard" is a witty but cruel commentary on the Hollywood of bygone days. Gloria Swanson plays the part of an ageing, has-been star and captures the pathetic delusions exhibited by the character with unerring skill. William Holden as the gutless young script-writer whom she adopts to patch up a horrible scenario she has written is credible. Cecil B. de Mille as himself is quite convincing too. The film is very depressing but it gives our generation the chance of seeing the legendary Miss Swanson's emotional fireworks.

THIS IS YOUR LIFE

AN AUTOMOBILIST

IT happened that early this term I managed to capture an Automobilst and subject him to analytical scrutiny. I was leisurely crossing the private courtyard of the Union Building when my ears were battered by the sound of a large animal in the last extremities of agony; the noise grew louder and louder and was interspersed with coughs and grinds. Suddenly a Bolide painted in some garish mixture of yellows and greens hurtled round the entrance to the Union at the furthest-most limits of the Chauffeur's controllability.

As I am equally entitled to the use of the courtyard having had my seven guineas paid for me, I resolutely stood my ground. The machine grated to a halt and I was able to determine the nature of the being who was able to exist under the fantastic physiological stress imposed by the velocity of his carriage.

The gentleman was clad in an all-enveloping leather jacket with a large furry collar and a Korean peasant hat. I endeavoured to question him on the nature of his business and character but I was overwhelmed by his gusty enthusiasm for his machine. To me, it looked but a rather dirty and uncomfortable vehicle with little space for the occupant. It also dripped black oil on the ground. But it was, he assured me, a genuine Clinger Six, an exact replica of the model which was last in its class at Le Mans in 1937. Naturally, if this was an historic vehicle then I would have expected it to be in pristine condition. I was sorry to observe that the number-plate was tied on with string, the seats consisted of sponge-rubber on flattened biscuits and that the manufacturers had been unable to accommodate all of the engine under the bonnet for vast pieces of mechanism stuck out through various holes. The tyres, however, were splendidly kept; every-one having been highly polished to a uniform smooth surface.

I was obviously dealing with a person of considerable wealth and importance. The badge-bar of his vehicle showed him to be a member of the A.A., the Reddix Car Club, the Clinger Register, the Club Automobilst de Puerto Rico, the Bermonesey War Veterans Car Club, and the California Ruffriders. He was also a Veteran Driver of 17 years. I gathered from the gentleman that he was in fact a second year Mechanical Engineering student who seemed to live only for

the pleasures of fiddling with his greasy conveyance. His sole interests in life were centred on the vehicle. He related at great length its history, the number of times he had been caught speeding, the number of times he had avoided being caught by 'the Bogies' (vernacular for Constabulary) and also his many half-raising trips on which average speeds well in excess of 40 miles in the hour were obtained over impossible terrain in blinding fog. I realised that his claims could well be influenced by inaccuracies in the vehicle for, consulting the dashboard, I found that the vehicle was travelling at 85 mph, with engine at 230 degrees Centigrade whilst the road wheels were not even turning.

I despaired of finding from the daring terrorsome reason for his passion and slavish devotion to 'Rufus,' as the vehicle was named. Moreover, in the middle of the interview several like-minded gentlemen approached and I was totally unable to penetrate the tight-knit conversation which was centred on gudgeons and 'Big Ends' and doing something called 'The Tun.'

I feel, however, that I can offer a summary of this very interesting product of Modern Times. Whilst we may question the value of elderly vehicles as a means of reliable and safe transport; I personally have yet to find the equal of Mr. Griley's locomotives on the London and North-Eastern Railway, one cannot deny the powerful emotions and nostalgia aroused in certain persons by antique machinery. Provided only that the owners maintain and use their vehicles so that God-fearing citizenry can use the Queen's Highway without going in peril of life and limb, then by all means let Youth have its fling. However, I doubt that Grant Authorities would consider the maintenance of genuine Clinger Six of sufficient import to warrant the prodigious expenditure which is entailed. Unfortunately there seems to be an element of Der Krieg about car drivers around the Union; at times I feel that the court of the building might resemble the jousting-lists of an Ancient Castle with horrible little beige and blue beetles in place of fiery steeds and 'Deep Note' exhausts as weapons instead of lance or bludgeon. It would be a more daring man than I who would dare prophesy where this mad quest for speed will end.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN.
Social Observer, U.N.

"All resemblance to any person etc..."

REAL MODERATE

Duke Ellington and his Orchestra, paying their first visit to these shores for 25 years, inaugurated the jazz world's contribution to the Leeds Music Festival last Monday. The visit of Ellington had been eagerly awaited since it was first announced some months ago and large audiences greeted his appearance at the Odeon Cinema. Not all of these were young people; a considerable number of the older generation were present to see and hear a man whom the late Constant Lambert regarded as being in the forefront of contemporary composers.

The concert itself was unsatisfactory in some respects. Those of us who expected to hear the band as a whole rather than a collection of soloists were disappointed. Vocalist Ozzie Johnson sang 'Autumn Leaves' with a lush string accompaniment from Ray Nance and the inevitable drum solo occurred.

As a piece of showmanship and entertainment Ellington's concert would take some beating. The incomparable trumpet section of Clark Terry, Shorty Baker, Cat Anderson and Ray Nance must surely be unsurpassed even by the Basie and Kenton groups. Lead trumpet, Harold 'Shorty' Baker, held the audience entranced with his interpretation of 'Mood Indigo,' dis-

playing perfect control of his instrument. Anderson was in direct contrast with his high shrieks obviously played to the gallery whilst Terry on whom the main burden of the solos fell was equally at home on flugel horn. Last but not least mention should be made of Ray Nance, that versatile trumpeter cum violinist cum singer cum eccentric dancer who contributed not a little to the humour of the show.

The old stalwarts in the band performed creditably. Harry Carney gave his usual solid support to the reed section and his solo on 'My Funny Valentine' was pleasant listening if not particularly inspiring. Johnny Hodges in 'Jeep's Blues' and 'All of Me' proved that advancing years have not affected his performance. His deep, soulful tones are in direct contrast to that other exponent of the alto-saxophone, Mr. Paul Desmond, who seems to be much in favour today.

Paul Gonsalves earned his fee with his prodigious solo on Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue reproducing his famous solo of the 1956 Newport Festival. The trombone section, Quentin Jackson especially, though not featured a great deal in ensemble work, played in the Ellington tradition which began with the fabulous 'Tricky Sam' Nanton (whose real name was Fred or something equally mundane). And finally we must mention bassist Jimmy Woode who could actually be heard all the time.

Note: Duke Ellington is appearing again at the Odeon tomorrow (Saturday) and is well worth a visit if your pocket can stand it.



Whatever your interest

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The Daily Telegraph

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FOR REAL NEWS

QUAINT CUSTOMS—1

DEANHUNTING

An old sport still popular in the North

IN the old Deanforests of the North of England a rare survival of medieval times is embodied in the Great Deanhunt in which members of Leeds University indulge at the beginning of the Academic Year. Some three or four days before academic studies commence a course is set up in the old Parkinson Building. This consists of a number of obstacles labelled by tradition:—"Student Health Department," "Fees Section," "Registrar," and so on. Many little fortified knolls are manned by Academic staff in undress. Two large forts are established; one is the home of the Red Queen, the other that of the White King. Modern research has revealed that these are the Tutor of Women Students and the Dean of the Faculty of Science.

When the great hunt starts a large body of students are gathered in a throng on the steps of the Parkinson. By a devious route the crowd is sorted into a long line which filters into the vault where the ritual form-filling is completed. From the North end rises a torrent of determined students bent on completing the ancient ritual. The details of the complex manoeuvres employed vary from faculty to faculty but, by and large, the object of the Hunt is to carry each knoll by storm and wrestle autographs and papers from its occupant. The climax of the whole event appears to be a frontal assault on the White King. Fighting is at its bloodiest here, some students having to wage furious battle for two days or more. The average time for the whole operation seems to be about four hours, but a few Titans, generally with years of experience and careful forethought have been known to complete the course in just under an hour.

The tourists can do no better than spend a little time studying the style adopted by the principal players or mummies in this ritual. The role of the White King, for instance, is an exciting one calling for cunning and guile together with stamina and deftness to cope with the thrusts and parries of the many attackers.

The ancient ceremony comes to its climax for the participants with the final assault on the Dean; for few manage to carry off the necessary signatures at one attempt. The battered but triumphant student turns from the front-line, cheers his less fortunate colleagues by waving his papers in the air and retires for the ceremony of "Paying the Fees"; this

altogether a less picturesque procedure involving haggling and cheque-writing. After this the competitor has only to clock on at the Student Health Department before retiring to the Casualty Clearing Stations in the Union Building. After this terrifying ordeal a student is said to have "registered".

The origins of the ritual are lost in the mists of antiquity but it is certain that, as a test of stamina, it must rank high on the list of National Sporting Events. There are some places where the custom has died out. Students at one University have only to post a form to the University Authorities to "register". Some persons have suggested that the whole ritual



Mounting up for the great hunt

—Union News Photo

could be broken up and that the battles could be fought privately in the various departments during the first week of term, but naturally we have no wish to see this primitive survival so conveniently abolished. All those who enjoy the hectic, blood-stirring scramble to hunt down live Deans should resist all attempts by faint-hearted Bolsheviks to abolish or curtail this ancient ceremony.

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WINDOW ON THE WORLD

SCANDINAVIA

In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark a new campaign has been undertaken to provide University places for all Hungarian students in Yugoslavia. Denmark has already found sixty places.

GERMANY

An inherited revulsion against Nazi terrorism was shown in the refusal of Munich students to allow the restoration of an iron gate bearing the motto "Duce et decorum pro patria mori". During the Hitler regime two students were executed for distributing anti-Nazi propaganda leaflets.

HUNGARY

Hungarian students have demonstrated for the withdrawal of the Red army from their country. The Budapest Communist newspaper "Nepszabadsag" was at a loss to understand "counter revolutionary" ideologists who "prefer independence" to strong ties with Russia's working classes.

Students have also boycotted

courses in Marxist-Leninism at the University.

U.S.S.R.

N.U.S. Deputy President Peter Pryor visited the Soviet Union during the summer at the head of a 25-man delegation. Students from all over England together with Commonwealth students studying at British Universities were included in the delegation. The visit, arranged in conjunction with the British Council, included a month's tour of art galleries, educational institutions, factories and farms in Moscow, Leningrad and other cities.

U.S.A.

An exchange of Russian and American students, financed by the Ford Foundation has been arranged for this autumn. The special grant covers tuition and expenses for the Russian students at seven American universities, including Yale and Harvard. On the Russian side money provided by the foundation will enable American students to study at the Universities of Moscow and Leningrad.

NEW PROGRAMME FOR W.U.S.

OVER 120 students and professors from 33 countries assembled in La Maison Montmorency, near Quebec, Canada, for eight days during August for the annual meeting of the General Assembly of World University Service (WUS). WUS is the unique international university organisation devoted to relieving the major needs of university communities throughout the world, through a carefully planned programme of projects of mutual assistance. During 1959, WUS, which has national branches in 41 countries, will enter its fortieth year of service to students and teachers in need, always on its traditional basis of providing aid without discrimination as to religious, political, racial or social background.

In accordance with the decision of this year's General Assembly, the major emphasis of the WUS Programme of Action in the coming year will once again be on meeting existing urgent needs in the sphere of student health. Malnutrition and disease undermine the health and abilities of thousands of students in Asia; many universities still suffering from war damage, floods, and epidemics lack adequate medical equipment, drugs and other supplies. In addition to simply supplying these items, WUS organises a concerted effort to meet basic needs, particularly through the development of preventive measures. In 1959, medicaments and equipment, including X-Ray apparatus, will be provided for students in Egypt, Greece, Hong Kong, Lebanon, India, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Pakistan, Vietnam and Yugoslavia. Special assistance will be given to WUS student sanatoria and Health Centres in France (Combloux), India (Hyderabad, Madras, Sagar, Utkal), Japan (Fukuoka), and Thailand (Bangkok). In addition, steps will be taken to meet student mental health problems through the organizing of a pilot European Regional conference of experts.

Apart from indirectly destroying a student's present efficiency and future potentialities through undermining his health, the cramped and unhygienic conditions under which many students have to live, especially in Asia and the Middle East, have an immediate effect on his study. Under this heading therefore, in 1959 W.U.S. will give specific aid in Greece (Athens Hostel and Salonika Student Centre), Nepal (Kathmandu Hostel), and Pakistan (Hostels in Karachi, Sind, and Rajshahi), as well as to various co-operative common-room and student-centre projects in India, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, and Vietnam. Particular emphasis is being given within W.U.S. programme planning to the encouragement of co-operative student endeavour as the most effective means of helping students to help themselves.

To this end a new major venture—the W.U.S. South-east Asia Workshop on Co-operative and Self-help Techniques within the University Community—will take place in Madras in December, 1958, and January, 1959, with the participation of students, university administrators and teachers from all countries of the region, together with a number of outside experts.

As a result of the experience gained through teaching and discussion in the Workshop, subsequent regional

pilot projects are envisaged to include co-operatively established, organised, and operated book-stores, stationery and other shops, mimeographing or printing projects; student centres, day-hostels, clubs, common-rooms, reading rooms; canteens and cafeterias; emergency aid, loan funds, and part-time work schemes.

Emergencies facing students vary from specific individual misfortune to natural and political calamities involving hundreds of thousands. Scholarships, loans, free accommodation, food, clothing, counselling etc., can enable such students to continue and complete their studies.

W.U.S. will also carry on and develop its new programme of aid to Algerian students, whether those obliged to discontinue their studies in France and seeking study opportunities in other European countries, or those at present refugees in Tunisia and Morocco. To stimulate greater interest and action concerning the needs of Algerian and South African students, W.U.S. will establish Special Funds to supplement its budgetary provisions. To meet various unforeseen and unforeseeable large-scale and individual student needs which may arise during the coming year, W.U.S. is also increasing its emergency reserve funds.

At the Quebec Assembly, Sir Keith Murray, Chairman of the University Grants Commission of the United Kingdom, was re-elected International Chairman of W.U.S. The three Vice-Chairmen are Mr. Patrick Deigh, a student of Fourah Bay College, Sierra Leone; Dr. Buell Gallagher, President of New York City College; and Dr. N. K. Sidhanta, Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University. Mr. John M. Thompson continues as International Treasurer of W.U.S., and Mr. Bernard Ducet as General Secretary. The 1959 General Assembly will be held in Nigeria.

COPY-SKETCHING

HAROLD was a thoughtful boy—Sending cards expressing joy To all his friends and all relations On all the properest occasions; Sending without hesitation Every kind of felicitation; Birthday, Christmas, 'Wish you Well's, Congratulations, Wedding Bells—The list grew long, his pocket light, Economize as best he might—Till someone whispered in his ear, 'COPY-SKETCHING sets are here—'

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BAZAAR DAY SCENE
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—Courtesy Yorkshire Post and Yorkshire Evening Post

Medical Bulletin

(U.N. Medical School Correspondent)

A BANNER WITH A STRANGE DEVICE

THROUGHOUT the past two years I have been constantly pained by the abysmal ignorance displayed by the Student Body upon matters pertaining to the Medical School. At the end of last session (i.e., when every person interviewed had been here at least 9 months) I conducted a survey—a random sample which included students of all years—and asked certain questions. The answers horrified me. Two people could not say where the Medical School was ("Isn't it behind the 'Tonbridge'") and no less than seven out of twelve interviewed could not recognise the M.S. Crest. The correct answers are given below, and I advise all to note them carefully.

- 1—The Medical School is situated in Thoresby Place—at the bottom of Tonbridge Street and opposite the West Wing of the General Infirmary.
- 2—The Medical School was established in 1831. The University received its charter in 1904 (Yorkshire College, 1874)—We are your seniors by a good seventy years, and would be grateful if you would remember it.
- 3—The Medical School Crest. This—which is to be seen on at least three blazers—was approved in 1888. It has been variously assigned to the Army Catering Corps, The Pioneer Corps, and the University of Rhodesia and Nyasaland (I do not include various Old Boys' Associations). It consists of a chevron—or two roses and an irradiated argent bearing a coiled serpent, with a golden fleece in

base. The whole is surmounted by a red Greek spinn upon a red and gold scroll. The motto 'Et augebitur scientia' is thought to be taken from Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" in which a variant of the "Vulgate Version" of Daniel is used. (I can neither confirm nor deny the rumour that in the Authorised Version the verse in question appears as "confusion abounding". I have never looked it up—it seems a shame to spoil the story).

A re-examination in the above subjects will be held in the Cafeteria in two weeks time. Candidates presenting themselves for re-examination are warned that the penalty of failure will be the Degree of Pedal Appendage, P.R. awarded at the examiner's discretion.

HOSPITAL NEWS. As I have heard no hospital news worth repeating this week I can only assume that all staff and inmates have been placed under an Interdict (*vide* 1066 and All that) and are therefore forbidden to be born, to marry, or to die—except in church porches.

LEUKEMIA CORNER

Leukemia, although confined to her bed with flu, sends good wishes to all her old enemies, and hopes to have made some new ones before the next issue appears. She congratulates all those who conveniently missed trains or caught flu on Friday last, and trusts that their subsequent visits to F.C.M. were fruitful. She hopes to be back in circulation soon, and may be found in 'Charcot's Joint' at any time during the coming weeks.



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AGRIC.'S BALL, Friday, October 31st

Chapter one of

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

(Based on the novel by Fedor Dostoevsky)

SOUNDS of merriment came from the house, a spacious old two-storey building that stood in a plot of several acres. The sounds were familiar—music and laughter and the din of debauchery—unmistakable trademarks of the house of Karamazov. In the library, Fyodor Karamazov, a bathrobe over his trousers and undershirt, lay on a divan. Attending his every wish were two girls, their faces flushed with wine and excitement. Gypsy musicians played a tremulous obligato to the drunken revels.

With a feather, Fyodor tickled the bare feet of one of the girls. Her body writhed, sending Fyodor into howling convulsive laughter. The music played faster

Moving quietly among them was Smerdyakov—serving drinks to the revelers. He was the only sober member of the group—a perfectly groomed man in his late twenties, curiously detached and aloof, a half-smile always on his lips. He saw the servant, Grigory, come in and look around for Fyodor. Smerdyakov pointed him out and Grigory announced to his master that his son, Alexey had come and was waiting to see him.

Fyodor rinsed out his mouth with cologne water, dashed some of it over his face and head, and patting one of the girls affectionately, he left the room.

Before two oil paintings of lovely young women, Alexey Karamazov waited in the living room for his father. In his monk's robe he looked at peace with the world—and with himself. Fyodor entered the room, a sanctimonious look on his face.

"Ah, my boy," Fyodor said, "I asked you to spend the night at the monastery."

"I can see why," Alexey said, indicating the library.

"You're not angry with me?" Fyodor asked genially. Alexey shook his head. "Excellent," Fyodor went on, "You never judge me."

"God will judge you," Alexey said. "God will understand me, too. Which is more than I can say for my sons."

"It's late, father. You promised to send a carriage and money."

"Money? What money. You're a monk. You should be dreaming of angels and pink cherubs instead of filthy money."

"For Dmitri. You promised him ten thousand roubles."

"I did?"

"He needs the money tonight," Alexey said. "Please father, he's waiting."

"He's always waiting for my money," Fyodor brooded, "like a vulture." He went to an ornate ikon and removed from behind it an envelope.

"No one ever thinks of me," he muttered. "Has Dmitri ever come here



"Goodnight Katya"

except for money? Year after year—every visit—every letter—for money."

"Dmitri swears by God it's money coming to him."

"Then let God give it to him," Fyodor said angrily.

"Let me have the money and I'll take it to him," Alexey said, offended at his father's tone.

Fyodor opened a drawer in the bureau and took out a note. "Make him sign this," he told Alexey. "It's all made out."

Alexey glanced at the note. "But this is only five thousand . . ."

"He'll never pay it back," Fyodor said. "Isn't it better he owes me five thousand instead of ten?" He picked up a fistful of notes from the drawer.

"Look . . . signed by him. He's borrowed thousands already."

"Against the money left by his mother," Alexey said.

"Lies, all lies," Fyodor said. "His mother . . . he looked at one of the paintings. 'God rest her soul.' He crossed himself and looked at the second painting, crossing himself again. 'And your mother, Alexey,'

He turned to his son. 'Dmitri's mother left the money to me,' he said craftily. 'But why bother your head with business? It'll only contaminate you.'"

He escorted Alexey to the door. Alexey went out without a word. Grieffully, Fyodor hurried back to the library.

As fast as his carriage could take him, Alexey drove to the tavern where Dmitri was waiting. His fellow officers with whom he had been gambling were growing restless for the money Dmitri owed them. When Alexey told Dmitri that Fyodor had only sent him five thousand roubles, Dmitri was bitterly disappointed. His gambling debts amounted to almost that. And he needed money for another purpose. The important thing was to delay paying the officers. On pretext of being angry with them for not extending him more credit, Dmitri started a brawl. Chairs and tables were smashed. The innkeeper raged at Dmitri. "Who will pay for the damage?"

"Put it on my bill," Dmitri remarked with a smile, and hurried out with Alexey. They went at once to Dmitri's apartment.

"Why do you have private lodgings away from the barracks?" Alexey asked him.

"For private reasons, brother," Dmitri said, preparing his shaving things.

"And why didn't you pay them the five thousand?" Alexey wanted to know.

"I've got another use for it," he patted the pocket where he had put the money Alexey had given him.

Alexey gave Dmitri the I.O.U. his father had prepared. "Papa wants you to sign this first."

"To hell with him first," Dmitri said heatedly. Alexey looked at him passively. "Aaah," Dmitri said, "he'd only hold you responsible." Dmitri took the note to a desk and signed it.

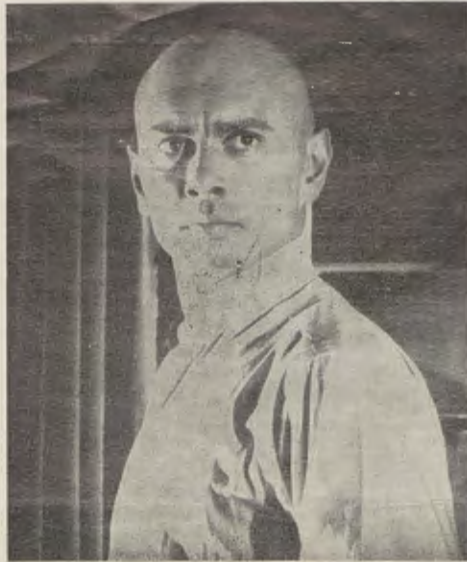
"How can you hate your own father?" Alexey asked.

"There are fathers and there are animals," Dmitri said, "who only sire you. He was never a real father to me—or to you—or to Ivan, either. What do you expect me to do, love him?" He shaved his face with long hazardous strokes.

"We all need love," Alexey said simply.

"You blame him for nothing?" Dmitri asked, looking out the window.

"Nothing," Alexey said. Dmitri's eyes were on a young woman who had just stepped from a carriage in the courtyard. He moved away from the window and began to walk Alexey toward the door. "Tell me, brother, does one spider prey on another spider? I see in myself the same depravity and sin as there is in



Dmitri Karamazov the chief character in the story

our father. In short, I'm a Karamazov." He picked up a shirt and began to put it on. "But then you are, too. Only you're a saint. As long as there's a Fyodor Karamazov there's evil. But as long as there's you, there's God." They were out in the corridor now. "Pray for me, brother," Dmitri said, wiping a frown from Alexey's forehead with his forefinger.

Alexey went down the stairs, passing the young woman as she came up. She hurried to Dmitri's room and knocked. Dmitri admitted her eagerly. "You're very prompt, Katya," he said.

"I'm desperate, Lieutenant," Katya said coolly. She opened her cloak. Dmitri drank in the soft rounded features of her body. She wore her beauty proudly like a mantle. In her face there was hauteur—and fear. The combination excited Dmitri oddly.

Katya's father had taken 5,000 roubles from his regiment's accounts. In the morning the theft would be discovered and her father disgraced. She had come to Dmitri—prepared to buy the money, herself as the price. There was no need for words. Both understood the bargain that had been made.

Katya began to unbutton her dress, Dmitri watching her carefully. "And tomorrow?" he asked.

"Our bargain concerns only tonight," Katya said coldly.

"But what if I came tomorrow with a proposal of marriage?"

"That's even more degrading," Katya said with a smile that cut Dmitri like a knife.

He took the money from his pocket, gave it to her, and offered her the cloak she had discarded. She took it, staring at him, puzzled. He went to the door and opened it.

"Good night, Katya."

She tried to speak but could not, awed by this sudden turn in Dmitri's behaviour. She looked down to avoid his eyes, drew the cloak around her and hurried out.

Now Katya knew she was in love with Dmitri. It did not matter what he was. She knew only that he had thought enough of her not to disgrace her. Whatever was responsible for the change, she did not care. And the money Dmitri had given her had saved her father. She could pay it back now, she told Dmitri whom she visited in the guard house where he had been sent for wrecking the tavern. Her grandmother had died suddenly, leaving her a dowry of eighty thousand roubles.

"I want to share my good luck with you," Katya said. "Your generosity changed our lives."

"You don't owe me anything," Dmitri said.

"Only everything," Katya said. "You've awakened me. I feel alive. I love the feeling." He made no response. "Perhaps you don't love me yet," she continued, "but you will—you'll see. I'd like to be married in your town. I'm going there now. My aunt lives there. Will you write to your father and brothers? I want to know your family. They belong to me, now, too."

Her eagerness overwhelmed Dmitri. She was wealthy now, and beautiful. Why then was he doubtful?

In response to Dmitri's letter, Fyodor arranged to meet Katya and her aunt, Madame Hohlakov at the railroad station. Fyodor had a companion with him in his carriage. This was Grushenka—soft—voluptuous—all woman.

"He caught this rich girl," Fyodor told Grushenka. "How he managed it I don't know. Eighty thousand for a dowry. Maybe Dmitri is more of a Karamazov than I thought."

Grushenka was only interested in Dmitri paying off his debts to Fyodor, so there would be more money available to her.

Also at the station to meet Katya was Smerdyakov and Ivan. Fyodor introduced them to Katya. Ivan was the 'intellectual' of the family. He had written, "There's nothing in the world to make men love their neighbours . . . If there's no God—then nothing can be immoral. Everything becomes lawful . . . even crime . . ." As for Smerdyakov—Fyodor presented him almost apologetically. "He claims to be my bastard son," Fyodor explained charmingly to Madame Hohlakov. "I deny it, naturally. He's worth much more as a cook and valet than he is as a son. Much cheaper, too."

Ivan could not take his eyes off Katya and offered to take her and Madame Hohlakov home.

"Do you believe in fate?" Madame Hohlakov asked Fyodor.

"I believe only in what I can touch, feel, hear, smell or taste," Fyodor said.

"You're a wicked man," Madame Hohlakov laughed.

"Yes, Madame," Fyodor said, bowing gallantly.

Read Chapter Two of this exciting serial in the next edition of Union News on Friday, October 31st

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The Brothers: Dmitri the tempestuous troublemaker. Ivan the serious intellectual. Alexey the peaceful monk.

"UNION NEWS" INVESTIGATES

THIS IS TODD A.O.

The Revolutionary Cinematographic Method

TODD A.O. is a new method of cinematographic projection which has been demonstrated with great success in London and Manchester. The system has now been installed at the Majestic cinema, and is proving a big attraction to the cinema-going public of Leeds.

The Majestic was closed for three weeks during which several of the existing front rows of seats were removed to make room for a new curved screen of immense dimensions. Exits were redesigned and the projection room was completely refitted with two giant Todd A.O. projectors. Altogether the alterations cost over £30,000.

The Todd A.O. system was invented by Professor Brian O'Brien of the American Optical Co. with financial backing from the late Mike Todd. (Hence Todd A.O.). It consists of a special camera, and film, a large screen and a new-type projector. The camera has four interchangeable lenses

and one of these, the 'bug eye' can fully record a 128 degree view thus encompassing the whole field of human vision. The film as used in the cinema is 70 mm. wide and extremely thick. It carries six sound tracks; five of them feed loudspeakers situated across the screen to localise sounds on the picture. The sixth track produces such effects as augmented celestial choirs and rampaging railway engines, from twenty loudspeakers situated around the auditorium. The screen is slightly concave and has an aspect ratio of 2.2 to 1. Only one projector is needed but two are installed as films normally consist of more than one reel and continuity must be maintained while reels are changed. One of the difficulties which had to be overcome was the cooling of the projector since a rather strong arc lamp is necessary to fully illuminate the large screen area. Hence the projector is water-cooled at the arc and also at the 'gate.' This tends to make the projectionist rather nervous because the wire to the carbon arc carries about 130 amps from a rectified 3 phase source and there is only 1-16th of an inch of insulation between the wire and the water . . .

Those are all the technical aspects of Todd A.O. but what is it like, seated in the Auditorium, to be subjected to this latest wonder of the silver screen? Well, things do tend to look a bit big; it is almost like watching giants at play; but the clarity of the picture is truly remarkable. That such an immense area could be filled with one picture from one projector without the slightest sign of distortion or haziness is a sure enough tribute to the effectiveness of this new system. Thus it has unmistakable advantages over 'Cinerama' with its 3 'synchronised' cameras and 2 wavy lines and also over 'CinemaScope' which is subject to picture distortion on a really large screen.

Everyone on the staff at the Majestic is enthusiastic about their new toy and they think it presents an answer to Television on account of the realism it brings to the cinema, "dissolving the screen into the scene" as the handout says. They expect that every suitable cinema in the country will, before long, be fitted with this system thus heralding a new era of prosperity in the cinema industry. With some good films to help it along, there is no reason why Todd A.O. should not do just this.

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RUGBY

Promising Prospects

Team selection will take time

HOPING for their best ever season, the University Rugby Club are fortunate in that most of last year's successful side will be available. R. Whitaker, the Captain and G. Hazell, vice-captain, both very experienced players, will have a great deal of talent from which to select the best side, including some promising newcomers. W. Feather has returned to the University from the Army for whom he played in top-class rugby, and R. French, a forward from St. Helens, should make the fight for places in the pack all the keener.

All of last year's backs will again be available, although this is not to say that selection has already been made. There is every opportunity for freshmen and other members to make the first XV if they are good enough; but as there will be five teams it is hoped that everybody will get a game. Particularly at the beginning of the season, there is bound to be some kind of sorting out process, and if you were school rugby captain and you find yourself selected for the 4th or 5th team do not be discouraged. It is not very pleasant to find yourself in such a position but a week or two in the season will suffice to sort out the wheat from the chaff and a player of any ability will quickly be recognised. Everybody has to start off this way and it is just one of those unavoidable circumstances of joining a new club. There is a well-known example of a winger who was picked for the 5th XV for the first three or four matches and within the year was playing for the U.A.U. and the English Universities.

H. Clasper, last year's regular outside half has unfortunately broken his ankle and will be out of the game for six weeks, but D. Collins at full-back, D. Rees and G. Hazell on the wings, H. Tolly and F. Hawkins in the centre, and scrum-half and captain, R. Whitaker are all available, but will be pushed by promising backs. M. Russell, E. Brand, G. Quirke, P. Leeming, D. Jones and W. Williams. Last year's props, B. Wrench and T. Jones, back row men D. Jennings, P. Hinchliffe and C. Nash should ensure that the backs get plenty of the ball, while D. Roberts, G. Clews, W. Feather, R. French, I. Hampton and A. Johnson are all forwards with top class experience.

Therefore, the Rugby Club look forward optimistically to a highly successful season. The club has a first class fixture list and the talent to win the U.A.U. and the Christie, so it is up to everybody to get fit and particularly freshmen, to fight for positions in the top teams.

H. Clasper and D. Jennings are to be congratulated on being picked for the first Yorkshire Trial, C. Nash for being selected as travelling reserve for the first Lancashire Trial, G. Hazell for being chosen as reserve for Lancashire v Ulster, D. Wrench for playing in the first Cheshire Trial and F. Hawkins for playing for Bucks. v Berks.

SAILING

Club wins Christie

After their better-than-expected performance at the British Universities Sailing Association meeting at Easter, the Sailing Club entered the hectic season after the exams, with high hopes. But they were too confident and it was decided to experiment with the teams to see who could replace those leaving.

The Leeds team showed signs of overweight. Barnett and Lowe had difficulty in stemming the current, whilst Birch and Milns being lighter got a second and a third but the Nottingham Featherweights had two firsts and a second. However at Burwain S.C. the next day Stork and Milns, Gibson and Birch, and King-Cox and Moon convincingly reconquered them.

That the team was not fully up to form was shown at Sheffield the following week-end.

Saturday, 21st June was a wet day with little wind when Barnett and Birch and Stork and Miss. Thornley arrived at Moor Hall Reservoir. In the first race Barnett got well away but in trying to force the Sheffield team the wrong side of the mark, to let Stork through to first position, he was pulled up and later disqualified. In

CRICKET CLUB LOOKS BACK

THIS season's cricket has been ruined by the bad weather as in the rest of the country, and many matches had to be cancelled or postponed. However, the club had a good chance of winning the U.A.U. competition until they were beaten at Manchester, after Manchester a few days previously had just managed to hold the Leeds side to a draw.

The batting was not particularly strong; the recognised batsmen not being consistent, with the exception of Wilman, who many times had to play a typical Captain's innings. However, each batsman came off at least once, Lashkari scoring 116 not out at Hull.

The strength of the side probably lay in the bowling which was always hostile whatever the state of the wicket. Hazell and Bedford, the fast bowlers, bowled very well under trying conditions but probably the best bowling was that of T. T. Brown who could be relied on to get wickets and keep an end closed. The slow bowlers, Webber and Lashkari, also bowled well on wickets

not susceptible to spin and had to rely on accuracy and flight. The club were fortunate to have the service of J. J. F., a freshman who kept wicket extremely well throughout the season.

R. R. B. Lodge made a welcome return to the side this season and made his runs quickly and in the first part of the season was very consistent. P. Cunningham and D. Slater, who were new to the side, batted very well and should do even better next season.

A batsman who added much needed stability when he played, was unfortunately not available until the latter part of the season. G. Hazell not only bowled but batted well on occasions, and M. Bedford is to be congratulated on playing for the U.A.U. side this season at Lords.

The club hopes with good reason to have an extremely strong side next season, not only in the cricketing aspect but also socially, starting off with the Cricket Club Dinner in February to which all Club members are invited.

the second race Leeds had a second and a third so that Sheffield won on aggregate.

The Christie match was held in strong winds, at Burwain on 25th June, Leeds decided to field its top team. Each team sailed two races against each other. Barnett and Milns, King-Cox and Birch, and Stork and Gibson took on Liverpool first and soon beat them, one of their helmsmen being very inexperienced. Manchester were another matter, Michael Henry caused concern by grabbing a second. However Barnett proved his worth in some very subtle rear-end excluding of the remainder of the Manchester team, whilst Stork was as consistent as ever with a second and a third.

Meanwhile adding to his two Liverpool wins King-Cox who was on top form went on to win both these races too, and as Liverpool had been beaten by Manchester by a smaller margin than by Leeds, and Leeds had beaten Manchester, the Christie (which incidentally needs a trophy for sailing) had been well and truly won by Leeds. So a fine years sailing which leaves great hopes for this session came to an end.

Lacrosse team triumphant

THE University 1st Lacrosse team, in their first fixture of the season, gained a resounding victory over Offerton last Saturday by 13 goals to 6.

The standard of play, like the weather was very mixed, but considering that the opposition were playing their third game the home team gave a creditable performance. On this display more practice is obviously needed, and the attack will have to learn not to crowd the goal area. Generally the defence held the Offerton attack well in check, although the covering occasionally broke down.

However the game was won convincingly enough and this is an encouraging start to the season.

SOCCER

DISAPPOINTING START TO NEW SEASON

Leeds Univ. 1st XI—0 Carnegie—0

Hopes of a bright start to the season soon faded at Weetwood on Saturday, 11th October, when the University 1st XI held Carnegie to a goalless draw. Neither side deserved to win.

Terry Clift, the new Captain of the Club, was not pleased with this display, but there was no need for despondency. This team is potentially strong and talented. Cohesion will come when all are fit.

It was painfully obvious that both sides were playing together for the first time this season. Some players might have been taking their first exercise since last April. The game was devoid of intelligent or interesting incidents and proved disappointing as entertainment.

Carnegie, playing towards the Pavilion, looked aggressive in the first ten minutes as they attacked with the long ball down the University left flank. Hodgson showed astonishment as his winger beat him for speed on the outside, to centre dangerously, and Glanville at centre half did well to scoop the ball away to relieve pressure.

The University soon replied and Rolls and Devey both went near. The latter in bull-like rushes showing plenty of spirit at centre forward.

This was not a forwards' day, however, as both defences were keeping a tight grip on the game. Glanville and his Carnegie counterpart both defending courageously. The forwards seemed pathetically out of tune. Goodyear, having been away from the Club for a year, moved sluggishly down the right wing. On one occasion he passed over a centre to Roll in a scoring position but was surprisingly offered a second try as the left winger's first-time shot strayed back to him across the penalty area. Occasionally a pair of cherry pink socks flashed a shot through a gap to indicate the presence of inside right Taberner, but little was seen of the inside forwards. They had long periods of frustrated endeavour.

Dyson, the goal-keeper, was rarely seen in action. Just before the interval he saved in fine style at the feet of a charging Carnegie forward, but otherwise had a quiet game.

The second half started fiercely as Devey broke away from the centre to shoot strongly again at the bar from an oblique angle. But immediately the ball was whipped back down the field and Carnegie forced a corner. Exchanges were frequent and both teams enjoyed periods of attack. It was

noticeable that neither side could take a chance to gain the initiative. Rolls exploited the crossfield ball in an endeavour to open up the game but too often the whistle went for offside.

It would be unfair to judge the performance of the University on this showing, the first of the season.

RESULTS

FOOTBALL

University 0; Carnegie 0

LACROSSE

University 13; Offerton 6

HOCKEY

Wed., Oct. 9th

1st XI 2; Grimsby 3

(Kirkpatrick 2)

2nd XI 4; Grimsby 6

(Patel 3, Cawkwell 1)

Sat., Oct. 11th

1st XI 0; Scarborough 2

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Special University entry

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Flying...

Some graduates want to fly. If you can add to your academic qualifications an aptitude for flying, and perfect health, you may control some of the finest aircraft in the

world. Hunter, Canberra, Valiant — the names and achievements of these aircraft are world-famous. And there will be even more advanced aircraft to succeed them.

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Is your age right?

Age limits for University entry are normally 20-24, but for pilots, navigators and air electronics officers the upper limit is raised to 26 and in certain ground branches to 30. If you are within these limits, it is well worth your while to find out more about a career in the Royal Air Force. Complete details are given in Air Ministry publications. Write for them now to the Air Ministry (U.Y.321a) Adastral House, London, W.C.1.

In your letter give your date of birth, your educational qualifications, and the branch in which you are interested.

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