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UNION NEWS

No. 185

Leeds University—Friday, January 27th, 1961

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BULL PLANS REVOLUTION

New - Look Government

by John Howie

Comment

REFORM of the present Constitution is clearly needed. Its many inadequacies have become obvious to this year's go-ahead Union Committee. It now appears that they will set up a sub-committee to investigate the matter of possible reform.

However it is doubtful whether they will take the line drawn up in Roy Bull's revolutionary proposals. The present Constitution acts as a safeguard against the possible irresponsibility or incompetence of Union Committee members. Roy Bull's Constitution offers no safeguard against the possible irresponsibility of 150 Union members.

Of course, we all like democracy, and the present Constitution is blatantly undemocratic; but this, in itself, has its advantages. 22 Union Committee members are far more likely to have an understanding of the problems of the vast apathetic mass of the Union than 150 people pretending that they are the Union.

It is being unduly optimistic to suppose that many Union members are really interested in the real problems behind Union government—it is asking too much to expect to understand all the difficulties involved.

In any case, government of the Union is a matter of far too much consequence to allow any body, even the full body of Union membership, such direct and absolute power as Roy Bull envisages.

THE Union to be governed directly by its members; general meeting quorum to be slashed to 150; simple majorities to be sufficient for all motions to be passed — these are some of J. V. P. Roy Bull's dramatic recommendations for amending the Union Constitution. Radically different from anything previously advanced, these proposals are destined to shake the Union. If accepted, they will mean total and fundamental re-organisation of the entire machinery of Union government.

In a ten-page memorandum Bull proposes a completely new system of administration designed to give the ordinary member not only a louder voice in Union affairs but, through regular General Meetings, direct and ultimate authority over matters previously the province of Union Committee.

A Union General Meeting would be held every three weeks during term. To it would be responsible every sub-committee member and officer of the Union, all being elected by it. Precedence of motions would be changed, and the quorum cut to less than a quarter to ensure smoother working.

Also in the proposals are the following:

Union Committee would remain, but would be smaller: all its 14 members, the officers of the Union, would be elected as they are now. Its greatly reduced powers and duties would be largely those of Exec. at present, in addition to serving as the disciplinary committee of the Union.

The posts of Senior and Junior vice-presidents, 15 open seats and 4 first-year seats would be abolished. Duties of the officers would be re-distributed.

Gone from 'Union Committee' are members of the administrative and academic staffs, and the Medical, Dental, and Post-Graduate representatives.

All Union members would be eligible to stand for election to any position. Elections to sub-committee positions would be by open ballot at first Ordinary General Meeting of the summer term, when honorary officers required by the Constitution would be also elected.

Inadequacies

Compared with the present constitution, inadequacies are evident in the chapter concerning elections. The proposed new constitution, in its draft form, appears to be less watertight in many respects than the present one.

For example, in the Standing Orders of the proposed governing body, the General Meeting of the Union, no provisions are made for referenda from inquisite S.G.M.s. No mention has been made for any time when the chairman of the General Meeting shall appoint

vote before the conclusion of a meeting.

Items remaining on the agenda when a meeting is closed are to be re-submitted for a place on the agenda of the following meeting, but, with the apparent abolition of the A.G.M. (presumably superfluous in view of the many Ordinary General Meetings to be held), there is no longer any specific order of business on any agenda.

Exec., before whom these proposals were placed, have recommended to Union Committee that a sub-committee be set up to examine constitutional changes and the A.G.M. in two weeks' time will be asked to make U.C. an investigating body.

Impracticable

Similar constitutions are in operation at London School of Economics and University College London where membership is small. But U.C.L. are now considering changes — they believe their membership, 3800, is getting too large.

Union President, David Bateman, doubts whether the proposals would prove practicable, although he says that the present system needs much improvement.

Yet the question Mr. Bull has raised will have to be answered, individually, by each Union member. "Do you want to elect representatives, or do you want to do the job of governing the Union by yourselves?"

The answer—your answer—either way, is bound to be an historic one. Tellers from the floor, nor any reference to members' being able to

(TIN) FOILED

POLICE foiled an attempt by Engineers to mislead motorists in Woodhouse Lane with tinfoil letters on the road-surface "Caution, Engineers' Ball".

To loosen the letters, which were fixed with a secret-formula adhesive, police drove a car forward and back across the sign, which was removed at 6 a.m. Tuesday morning.

Line-up of bands for the Ball tonight is headed by Johnny Dankworth, with Bobby Breen and Cleo Laine. The other bands are the Al Fairweather and Sandy Brown All Stars, Bill Marsden and his orchestra, Ed O'Donnell, the Caribbean Steel Band and Shemph.

About 800 double tickets were sold out a week ago.



Leeds is Hobson's Choice

"THE best Festival ever!" That was the general opinion of the 6th National Student Drama Festival held in Leeds over the vac., in which groups from all over the country competed for the 'Sunday Times' trophy for the best full-length student production.

Harold Hobson of the Sunday Times, with Kenneth Pearson and J. W. Lambert played an integral part in making the Festival as successful as it was. They gave up all their time during Festival Week, and a good deal of time before that, in judging the plays taking part.

The plays competing for the trophy were of such a high standard that the final outcome had to be closely fought. Liverpool's production of 'Waiting for Godot' had professional polish, both on-stage and backstage, and London's play, 'Lower Depths' by Gorky was also an excellent interpretation. But Leeds, three times in the final, won the trophy for the first time, with a performance of 'Sergeant Musgrave's Dance' that had Harold Hobson's final approval.

Winners of the one-act play plaque were St. Catherine's College, Cambridge with their exceedingly good

presentation of 'The Zoo Story'.

Leeds came second in a tape-recording contest judged also at the Festival, which was won by Dudley (Staffs.) Training college. Prizes in this competition were valuable tape-recording equipment presented by a major manufacturer.

At the Festival Peter Hudson of Theatre Group was elected Treasurer of the Student Drama Association. Excerpts from three of the plays including 'Sergeant Musgrave's Dance' will be screened on I.T.V. on February 10th.

In 1949 the first Students' Arts Festival was held at Leeds, which aimed to present all aspects of Student Art. It was adjudged a great success and the 'Times Educational Supplement' showed great interest. All students who registered for that Festival were allowed free admission.

U.G.C. VISIT LEEDS

LAST week saw some important visitors at Leeds University. The Universities Grants Commission was here on its five-yearly visit. These are the people who decide how much money goes where and before whom the University this summer will put their estimates for the next five years. The present visit is a general one to keep the U.G.C. in touch with development plans.

Members of the U.G.C. here included the Chairman Sir Keith Murray, Professor A. Briggs, Lord Heyworth (Unilever Ltd) and several other eminent men from the academic and industrial worlds. They had a very full timetable but managed to see representatives from a number of departments and special sub-committees visited the Medical, Dental and Agricultural schools.

PERTINENT

Important to all are the talks held with the Union Executive. President David Bateman said "Although they were only with us for forty minutes we covered a lot of ground, they were very interested in the memorandum we prepared and asked some pertinent questions. Our good relations with the University impressed them a great deal".

The U.G.C. will produce a report in two months time on their visit and some definite ideas of their opinions and impressions gained.

PICKETS FOR ALL WHITE CHOIR

THE visit of the Rhodes University Chamber Choir, who are giving a concert in the Great Hall on 8th February on the invitation of the University has roused a storm of protest in the Union, who are not to entertain choir members as their guests.

"I have not been officially requested to invite the choir to the Union, but I am sure the Union would not sanction such an invitation" said President David Bateman. "I am fully in agreement with the Anti-Apartheid Sub-Committee's plans to protest peacefully."

The Anti-Apartheid Sub-Committee

of the Union are organising a mass demonstration against the visit of the choir, which come from an all-white university.

Abdul Minty, an Indian from South Africa, and a member of the Sub-Committee, told Union News that the demonstrators were "very anxious" that their action should not be interpreted as a personal attack against the members of the choir, whether these as individuals were for or against apartheid.

"We are protesting against the principle of racial discrimination in higher education in South Africa. The Rhodes University is an example of this discrimination and we believe the University were entirely wrong in inviting the choir" he said.

Last year a Special General Meeting of the Union passed a resolution calling upon the Union and its members to work actively against apartheid. The Anti-Apartheid Sub-Committee is an official sub-committee of Union Committee.

Societies are being asked to plaster the Societies Notice Board outside the Great Hall with Anti-Apartheid posters. Thousands of leaflets are being prepared for distribution in the Union on the day of the concert, and these will also be distributed by pickets at the Great Hall entrance. The leaflets stress that the demonstration is not personally directed against choir members, but against the principle of apartheid. Black armbands will be worn by pickets.

of interest to OVERSEAS STUDENTS in particular

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ANNUAL
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Me Sitting Bull—you got my Guinness!

CRANE STUNT ENGINEERED

By a Civil Engineer

THE Engineers, already well known for their excellent stunts, have again gained wide publicity for their Annual Ball (today). This time their fame has spread throughout Yorkshire in the evening and daily papers.

"Mad about Time, 27" was the message proclaimed by a 50ft.

long wallpaper banner hung vertically on the new boiler house chimney. Two first year Civils had worked together to fix the sign, an operation which took four hours and ended at five o'clock last Monday morning. One drove the newly erected tower crane on the engineering building site while the other swung precariously in a bucket 100' above the ground.

The reactions on the site the next morning were one of praise and amusement. The contractors intend to take no action over the use of the crane. The identity of the driver and paperhanger were being kept secret.

Debates Secretary Resigns

DEBATES Secretary Tilak Gunawardhana resigned last week. His reason was the usual "pressure of work". Dis-satisfied would-be debaters in the Union are wondering whether the fact that there had been three cancelled debates since the beginning of December might also have had some bearing on the matter.

The only comment offered on this point by Debates Committee Chairman Alan Powell was that he received Gunawardhana's letter of resignation with "great regret", but could not say anything about the reasons for his resignation, "as they are purely personal ones."

Debate on the motion "That this House has never had it so good" was twice postponed at the end of last term, once through a mistake over room bookings, and then because the speakers could not come on the re-arranged date.

The Debating Society programme listed a debate for January 11th one day after term began. This, not surprisingly, was cancelled.

Next casualty was the annual religious debate last week, on the motion "That this House believes that God has served his Purpose". Out of four persons approached for this, two had agreed to speak, one had not replied, and one declined to speak when asked on the morning of the debate. The failure of this debate to materialise was, says Gunawardhana, "the last straw". Alan Powell thought that the withdrawal of one speaker, "in withdrawal of sufficient reason" for the cancellation.

Even the debate planned for yesterday was threatened through failure to approach prospective speakers in good time. The date and subject of this debate were fixed at a meeting in June of last year. But ten days ago no-one had been approached.

Police Called TO WOMEN'S HALL

GIRL students living in Orley Crest annexe were awakened at midnight on Monday last week by the sound of breaking glass and the noise of laughter.

The noise continued, and the Warden, Miss Fowler, telephoned first Miss Pither, Warden of the main Hall and then the police.

When police arrived the visitors had disappeared, leaving no clues to their identity. It was found that the intruders had climbed to a balcony but had not forced an entrance to the building.

The girls in Hall believe that the intruders were not students from neighbouring Men's Halls, but outsiders.

Jobs Not Filled

ONLY about a third of some 60 jobs on offer for the Christmas period at Vac Work Office were taken up by students. The vacancies were mostly in hotels.

Vac Work Secretary Dave Harmer explained that fewer students were seeking hotel work this year because term ended early enough for them to get jobs on postal delivery and sorting. Last year when term ended too late for GPO jobs (which are not handled by Vac Work Office) there was a far greater number of hotel jobs secured for students through the Office.

STUDENTS IN COURT

THE case against four students, one University lecturer and three others, alleging wilful obstruction outside the Hotel Metrop on 9th December when Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell attended a private meeting in the hotel, was adjourned for a month at Leeds on Monday last week.

Defence lawyer Mr. R. Sedler, in cross-examination, suggested "Perhaps with a little more good humour and tact on the part of the police, the whole thing could have ended peacefully. The police arrived in some force and from that time onwards with the intervention of the police, who started pushing people, in my view quite unwarrantably, there was caused a blockage, but not a wilful obstruction."

Geoffrey Henry Guest (21), Alan Michael Templeman (20) and John Brian Douglas (18), all students, and schoolteacher Jacqueline Slaughter (21) all pleaded guilty to wilfully obstructing free passage on the road. They were represented by Mr. Barrington Black, Lecturer Arwin Oswald Thomas Charles (37), John Walls (38), and Peter D. Yelland, a housewife, were represented by Mr. Sedler. Student Maxwell Adams was not represented. These four pleaded not guilty.

In a two-hour hearing evidence was given that about 100 students, surging about outside the hotel, brought

traffic to a standstill, shouting slogans and calling to police "Get out of here!"

P/S Cooper told the Magistrate there were seven uniformed police officers and two police vehicles at the scene. "I think there were one or two plain-clothes officers in addition."

Sam himself is philosophical about the sentence. "Well, what can you expect?" he remarked. Other members of Devon are not convinced that the sentence will be fully enforced. They recall instances when the Warden has sent letters threatening to expel members from Hall, but has taken no action.

Down The Hatch - 114 Times

WHAT does a man say on the occasion of downing his 100th pint in 28 hours of solid drinking? Well, at 4.30 p.m. on Sunday, at the Listers' Arms, Malham, the (anonymous) champion of the Ancient Order of Salamanders remarked "Everything is under control." By 10 p.m. his total had reached 114 pints.

The Salamanders were among 72 at the Speleo Soc. Annual Dinner, a function which continued all night on Saturday until 10 p.m. on Sunday.

The bill presented at the end of the weekend was for 1,050 pints, eight bottles of whisky, five of rum, three of gin and one of vodka - plus a few crates of bottled beer.

Independent referee in the champion's record bid was the lady.

The Salamanders have provoked disapproving comment from the hitherto unchallenged doyens of drink, the Pistol Club, who inhabit Fred's place.

The Salamanders—the title has a vague connotation with next—are again issuing their challenge to would-be members to undergo the initiation test of consuming 27 half-pints, one in each of the pubs in Otley, one evening next week.

The Pistol Club—theirs is the jar of pennies behind the bar at Fred's—scorn applications to join. Membership is by invitation only. The jar is

filled in the course of a few weeks with change from their regular pints, and is ceremoniously emptied for periodic festive occasions.

They recently expressed their distaste at the Salamanders' activities by passing a resolution stating that they were "more concerned with the aesthetic than the athletic aspects of drinking".

The Salamanders' retort: "Anyone can drink if he stays in one place all the time. We'd be interested to know how many of them would pass our test."

working party entered the grounds larger reserve waited fully prepared for any reaction from members of Hall. Early risers saw the word "Engineers Ball, Jan 27th" painted on slaked lime on the front lawn. This was not appreciated and was removed during the morning. However, the point had been made.

On Monday afternoon leading members of Eng. Soc. committee denied previous knowledge of night's work but President John Manning said of the boiler house decoration, "An excellent stunt. I hope there will be many more to come."

The question now is whether any of the other Union societies can equal or better the exploits of the Engineers.

ALAS POOR SAM . . .

FAMED and occasionally respected for his drinking ability, Sam Saunders is a well-known Union figure. Alas, he is not now to be seen propping up the bar each night.

Sam and Dave Absalom, a prominent member of Rugby Club, woke up Devon Hall in the small hours of the morning last term with a few songs and a clatter of bottles (empty bottles).

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Templeman, Guest and Walls pictured as they left the court.

ALL THAT JAZZ

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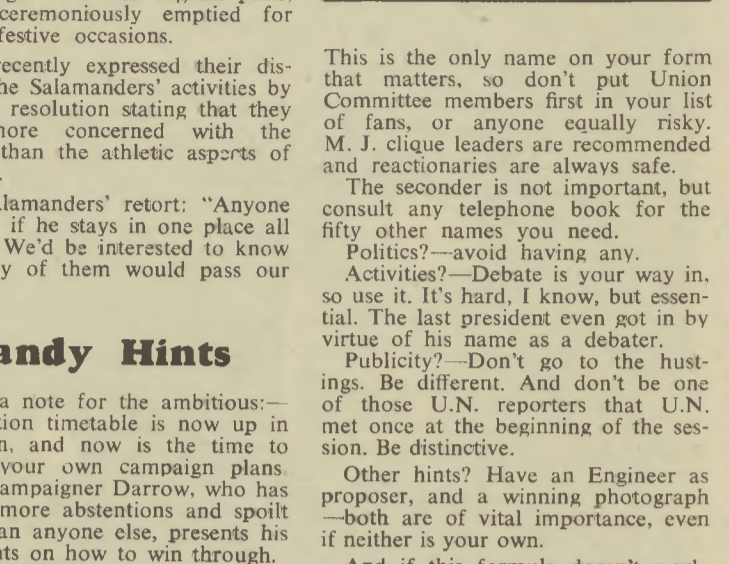
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NEW, INSTANT LEGALITY WORKS WONDERS!

WHAT SHE WAS DOING



Now it can be told—the full story of what UN reporter Janet Gray was doing when this picture was taken. She was skronking, taking part in what its aficionados describe as "the only gentleman's pastime".

Yes, I know Janet is no gentleman, and I still don't know who "the only gentleman" is, but I do know that enthusiasm for skronking is spreading.

After Owen Roberts and another of the skronkers were interviewed on Granada TV last term, when they were seen actually playing the game, a challenge was received from would-be skronkers in the North for a match. Tetley Hall have also agreed to a skronking fixture when the new Skronking Club is formed.

So far more than 250 signatures have been collected for an application for recognition as a Society, due to be made next month.

Some new vocabulary must be learned by would-be skronkers. To skronge a T.WO-D-MAT (the Mark III costs 15s) is essential. The game is played by three TWITS, who lie prone at an angle of 120 degrees.

Each TWIT welds a KNOCKER in the caverman style, propelling a WIDDIE towards the COBBLE-CAGE, which contains the COBBLES. (A complete set of cobbles and knockers costs 20s). Surrounding the COBBLE-CAGE are the FACTOR RINGS, in which the Cobbles must lie to score.

Now you know . . .

Handy Hints

Here's a note for the ambitious—The Election timetable is now up in the Union, and now is the time to consider your own campaign plans. Veteran campaigner Darrow, who has collected more abstentions and spoilt papers than anyone else, presents his handy hints on how to win through.

Choose your proposer carefully.

Union Blues

"Folk music conjures up visions of virgins tripping round a maypole," says Malcolm Totten. This is something that Totten and Ian Jordan, joint sponsors of a projected Ballad and Blues Union Society, hope to avoid. They claim that many who play guitars and similar instruments do not know the range of songs of a folksy nature. They try aim to remedy.

The society will substitute active participation for mere passive listening, but a music hall atmosphere will be unlikely—especially as meetings will be in a pub.

Says Totten, "I believe there is a real desire for a society along these lines, among not only jazz fans, but also anyone who can see the validity of folk music."

He stresses that the society will not be confined solely to music of American origin; nor, he says, will Jordan's influence mean more than a due proportion of Scottish songs.

Folk-singers who have already

Test For Tykes

Whatever the respective merits of the skilled debaters who reached the second round in the Observer Public Speaking Competition last Friday, we can be sure at least that every speech was intelligible to the entire audience—intelligibility being a prerequisite in all public-speakers.

All? Perhaps not quite all, since tentative plans are now being made for a public-speaking contest in which it is safe to predict that not one word in ten will be understood by even one in fifty of the audience.

This curious contest in incomprehensibility is one project under consideration for the proposed new Dialect Society, for which first-year Latin student from Lancashire Joseph Smith has nearly collected the fifty signatures necessary for an application for recognition.

Innocent Abroad

A night in a telephone kiosk, another locked in a station waiting room with a crowd of drunken Italian peasants, a car which overturned on an icy road in Germany—these are some of the highlights of the Christmas Vac for Garland Standard, an American student in the Philosophy Dept., who comes from Tulane University, New Orleans.

With an American friend from University College London, Garland "hitched" from London to Rome through strike-bound Belgium, and back through France.

The holiday included a visit to Pompeii and Pisa, a walk up the Eiffel Tower and a tour of the Paris

Ripping Time

Do you enjoy tearing up exam papers? Does it soothe you to rip apart an essay that didn't quite make it?

Stop . . . remember the anti-litter laws and be like Charles Futerman, third-year Textiles student. Not for him the mundane paper-chase, the destructive path that leads to nowhere.

Before Christmas Charles spent six weeks weaving one piece of cloth. It grew and grew and by the end of term it was 75 yards long. With loving care he "finished" it (technical term) and then . . .

Well, then Charles ripped it up. Not in anger, not even in pique, but in cold blood he ripped it up into very tiny pieces.

His explanation (and, incidentally, the Textiles Department's explanation) is that he is doing a thesis on rag-grinding. It seems he needed the cloth in one continuous length to give comparative results.

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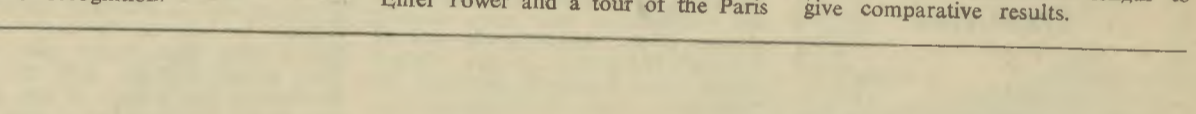
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Impressions of a Drama

Addict

by Kenneth Pearson
of the Sunday Times

I CONFESS I was unhappy about having the Drama Festival at Leeds. Its distance from the larger centres of progressive theatre seemed to hint at smaller audiences. I felt nothing but dismay at the absurd University rule which closes the Union at midnight for the sake of a porter and his family. (My sympathy is with him, however. Only the situation is idiotic.) Neither of these two conditions appeared to be the preface to success.

And what happened? Producers took the fences at a single leap; stage-hands worked with such speed that they looked like the jerky characters from an early 'flick'; and the week built to an unprecedented climax during which an excited body of students was saved from a communal heart attack by Harold Hobson's final coup de théâtre, coup de grâce, call it what you will.

Obviously, one element was missing from the calculations of the organisers: that desire to get up there on the stage and to put life into a dramatist's words, to enact one man's view of the human condition, to breathe fire down the throat of intellect and watch the pulse beat. Nothing can stand in the way of that desire.

Indefinable Qualities

I was in two minds about the result. "The Great God Brown" or "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" for the Sunday Times Trophy. On the eve of the adjudication the odds were even. The late night party I attended was split down the middle. We had paid our money and it was Hobson's choice.

Birmingham's production had matured beyond recognition since that afternoon when I had sat in a partly-filled hall and tried to assess the worth of a cold performance. But at Leeds something had taken hold of it; there was that indefinable quality for which addicts like myself haunt the theatre. It was alight.

I came to the performance of "Musgrave," on the other hand, not exactly satiated with the subject (I had judged two earlier productions at Nottingham and Leicester), but sufficiently aware of its demands to be quickly conscious of immediate defects. In the event there were few. I could see that here was a producer who had written his signature large across the face of the play. It was as identifiable as that of an artist who signs his name at the foot of a canvas. Anyway, the outcome is history.

For me the Festival is not an end in itself. It is the stone which, thrown



Left: A scene from Birmingham University's 'The Great God Brown.' The performance of Jim Bernhard (seated) was generally acclaimed as the best of the Festival.

Above: The two tramps in Liverpool University's production of 'Waiting for Godot' attempt to help the downfallen Pozzo.

Photo by courtesy of Sunday Times

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DRAMA FESTIVAL

Out on a Limb

by Cal Ebert

THE theatre depends on commercial success. Without an audience the whole exercise is pointless. Therein lies the real importance to drama as a whole of the student theatre and the Drama Festival. There plays can be produced which are not normally given an extensive West End run and which are usually produced commercially at a loss. Nothing was clearer at the Festival than the reasons for public apathy.

In his summing-up speech, adjudicator Harold Hobson's main criticism of student drama in general was the emphasis which it placed on the intellect, and claimed that it tended to overestimate the intelligence of the audience. Mr. Hobson was criticising the productions, but his comment applies with far more force to the plays themselves.

The keynote of drama has always been simplicity. The theatre has always relied upon simple themes—situations which the audience can immediately understand and appreciate, plots which develop in an orderly fashion, characters who are presented clearly by the associations they have for the audience. The possibilities of surprise in the theatre are severely limited. In the broad terms of the action of the play the audience must know what is going to happen next, or, at least, the alternatives being offered.

These are limitations, it is true, but it is only through dramatic exploitation of a simple theme that a visit to the theatre becomes the powerful experience it should be.

But the modern theatre is forsaking these principles. It appears to be striving towards a kind of intellectual emotional impact with which to impress the customers. The meaning of the play becomes clear only in terms of a total emotional effect. That this method can be effective is undeniable, but it is developing far from the standards audiences have been educated to appreciate.

QUESTION MARKS

The results of this method are hardly surprising. Few people can understand, in the full sense these modern plays; most are left with a head full of question-marks. How many people, for example, knew what "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" was really about? It presents the cross-strains of so many problems, so many opinions that its true force is lost. I deduce that author John Arden was attempting a play in favour of pacifism, but his message was confused by either his indecision or by his inexperience in trying to cram so much

into one play. The London production to a greater extent than the Leeds production gave little indication of the driving force which had led Arden to write the play. No lead was given to the audience as to the attitude it should take towards the play.

This is unfortunate, because the play had many virtues—it deserved the attention it was given at the Drama Festival. But it is such an unsatisfactory play, Theatre Group's producer Michael Beckam was forced to play down many of its themes and found all the characters but Serjeant Musgrave himself were only sketched in. But, despite all its confusion, it is an interesting play, and well worth seeing.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE

My complaint is not with individual plays, but with the state of mind which produces so many confused and basically incomprehensible plays. Of the five full-length plays produced at the Festival, all gave rise to doubts as to the intentions of the author.

Gorki's 'The Lower Depths' was a long Russian play, containing many morals but no unifying factor. Becket's 'Waiting for Godot' was so befogged that the whole key of the play—whether there is hope or not—was indecisive; apparently the Liverpool and West End productions, differed in their interpretations of this fundamental point. O'Neill's 'The Great God Brown' was clearly symbolic of something, of what is a matter of opinion. Whiting's 'A Penny For A Song' appeared to be a straightforward farce lumbered with a blind young man going to London to persuade the king to stop war in the company of a child on a pilgrimage to Bethlehem.

All these plays were expertly performed and all provided a good evening's entertainment. Also all were plays worthy of production. The fault of all five was that the questions they raised in the mind were about the plays themselves, not about the topics under examination.

This view was sustained by the original one-act plays submitted, none of which was particularly comprehensible; all called for interpretation on a level other than the obvious. The winning play in this section, centred round that common figure of American literature, the lonely, self-centred, highly sensitive, young man, and its quality came from the easily recognisable basis both actors had for their performance.



Harold Hobson, the man who brooded over it all.

Edward Albee's 'The Zoo Story,' was the total view of modern drama which the Festival provided was not, however, conducive to optimism for the future. It appears as though the theatre is turning right back on its history, and is in danger of becoming lost in an intellectual morass.

Surely the task of the artists is to express himself articulately, otherwise communication—the end product of all art—ceases. In this the theatre is no different from any other art, and an audience should not have to study a drama critic's guesswork before it can appreciate a play. And, depending as it does so directly on public support, the theatre is hardly in a position to take the risks and make the experiments, in the hope that the public will follow. Small wonder that at the Festival, both Lindsay Anderson and J. W. Lambert appealed to the audience to support new trends in drama.

It seems a pity that the theatre should go the way of modern art—music, poetry, et al. setting up intellectual standards of its own defying the public to follow.

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into a pool, causes a growing ring of ripples to spread to more tranquil quarters. Or, if you like, it rubs off on its participants however ignorant they be of the experience or its consequences. It is an irritant, the grain of sand which produces the pearl, a focus, a magnet—all of these.

Some authorities, and I believe Mr. Hobson is among them, have taken a stand against the growth of drama departments in the universities. It is not, they say, the purpose of the university to provide facilities for its students to entertain themselves to the detriment of their more cerebral studies. If they envisage the sort of faculty, widespread in the United States, which teaches its members the tricks of the trade, then I am on their side.

What, says Robert Bolt, can these departments do that cannot equally be done by the existing faculties of English? This is begging the question. Departments of English do indeed fulfill this function for the elite who centration, a rare gift, to reap the benefit of tutorial guidance. But a great many of us are not of that fortunate band. We are that middle mass who are admitted to the truth by sharing the vicarious experience. This is not to argue a lowering of standards. What an audience gets out of a play is only slightly more than that which they bring to it. I know what we see are just plays, but beneath the surface there lies the dramatist's search for the reality of man's problems. Is the sudden recognition of this essence a waste of time? Not for me.

Artistic Arrogance

The Festival, in fact, proves my point. The plays were only one of the things. There were the discussions:

Lindsay Anderson, hesitant and perceptive, feeling his way in his talk and in his own career; Arden, dark and intense, a strange combination of artistic arrogance and humility, driving his path along a narrow and profound channel; Wilson Knight, admitting us to the physical apprehension of poetry; and Bolt, the clear, sharp intelligence embracing a world of tensions and squeezing out the truth as he would crush a lemon.

And there were the after-play parties where the talk went on till the frost was painting the city's roofs: Russia, education, sociology, any damn subject, as long as the teeth could get a good bite, young men, with their grants still wet with the ink, disclaiming the wisdom of age, tearing down establishments with the innocence of fury. If provocation were a criminal offence how many of Leeds' students would have been indicted long ago?

Important Generation

That is what the Festival has come to mean to us—and I mean Harold Hobson as well; a chance, once a year, to refresh a jaded appetite, to refurbish a few out-dated rooms, to take stock of an important generation which one ignores at a cost. Robert Bolt was moved to say, "I thought after I had given my speech I would feel disappointed with myself, irritated. I had an idea it would be a small and very ordinary affair. Instead, I felt elated, inspired. It was brilliant."

We were having a celebration lunch in the centre of Leeds soon after the ultimate verdict. The Harlequins had vanished from the front of the theatre (I suspect that they are in Belfast), all of us felt tired, saturated with a quiet exhaustion, a mood which had extended to our local organiser, Brian MacArthur, who deserves the O.B.E. or a life peerage, when Michael Beckam, producer of the winning play, contemplated for the tenth time the part of the Trophy he held on his lap.

"God," he said with considerable emotion, "I wish this happened to me every day."

I don't. Once a year is enough.

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DR. FISHER'S ACHIEVEMENT

by Martin Forrest

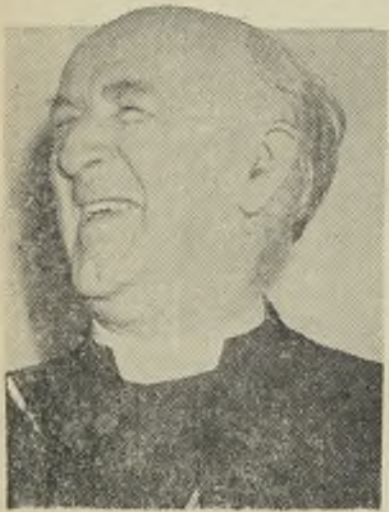


Photo by courtesy of Yorkshire Evening Post

During the past week we have seen the Prime Minister using his customary gift for diplomacy in an unusual field. This time he has made an extremely shrewd move in the ecclesiastical field.

His appointment of Dr. Ramsey, the present Archbishop of York to the Archbishopric of Canterbury was in some ways an obvious move, but one which might well have caused disension among certain Evangelicals in the C. of England. However, Mr. MacMillan has shown his usual flair for smoothing over difficulties, by appointing at the same time Dr. Coggan, Bishop of Bradford to succeed Dr. Ramsey. The fact that Dr. Coggan is widely known as an evangelist will help to act as a counterweight in the appointment of Dr. Ramsey, who has a reputation in some quarters for holding "High-Church" views. This would seem to be unfounded, as he is by no means an extremist.

Reunion of Christendom

In this age, when there is such a crying need for the reunion of Christendom in order to withstand the world menace of Communism, there is a grave danger that theologians in their sincere attempts to secure this reunion will tend towards Pan-Protestantism rather than aim for greater co-operation with the greater body of Christendom (The Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches). Within the Church of England, there are Evangelicals who look towards Non-conformity for reunion and some Anglo-Catholics who are pre-occupied with hanging on the Pope's words. The appointment of a 'party-man' of either extremes to Canterbury may possibly have alienated one of the factions within the Church of England.

Dr. Fisher has often been criticized by many people for differing reasons, but the latest criticism comes from 'The Newsletter' (weekly publication of the Socialist Labour League) which describes the retiring Primate as 'A Tory diehard and ecclesiastical humbug who has ruled the roost on behalf of the Church of England for the last fifteen years! But looking back upon those years we see Dr. Fisher very much the administrator — indeed the Church of England has cleaned up its administration considerably under his schoolmaster's guidance.

Visit to the Vatican

Dr. Ramsey on the other hand is not primarily an administrator, but a pastoral bishop who will look to the spiritual needs of his flock. Besides being a great scholar he has already taken a lead in speaking for the reunion of Christendom on firm Catholic lines.

Dr. Fisher has started the ball of reunion rolling by his visit to the Vatican. This will undoubtedly be the first step in the slow but steady process of unity with the rest of Christendom, which will develop, under the guidance of Dr. Ramsey, as his successor.

The Value of Research

by Brian Lovell
son of Professor Lovell

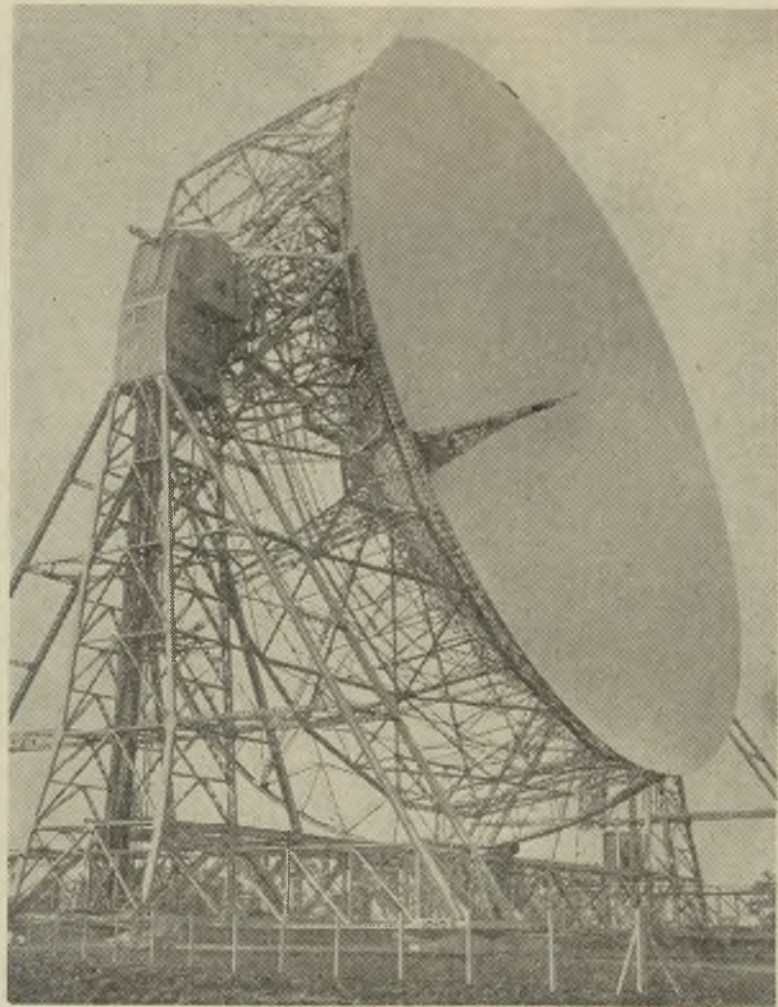
"WHAT GOOD IS IT?" is frequently asked when the question of Britain having a space project is discussed. This is usually closely followed by "What about the cost? Why not spend the money on the starving millions?"

The second and more specific point is the easiest to deal with. It is based on the widespread fallacy that if you don't spend money on British rockets and satellites you spend it instead on hospitals, roads, aid to poorer countries and sundry good works. In a nice world you might do so. In this naughty world you would spend it on far more unpleasant things than rockets for launching satellites, albeit these rockets are of interest to the military.

Finance is not a point against space research. The United States has produced some 3,200 articles of immediate value as by-products of its space programme. The stimulation to the technology and industry of the country has been enormous, and for those who would question this there exists a most enlightening document, "The Practical Values of Space Exploration" — (Report of the Committee on Science and Astronautics, U.S. House of Representatives, 86th Congress Second Session).

Profit

If these advantages are too long term for the fans of the quick silver dollar, the estimated profit of £50 million over five years on a British communications satellite might help towards an understanding of the true financial position. As for the starving millions, we can't help them if we ourselves have nothing much to help them with. **And if we don't stir ourselves to build something more difficult than mopeds we may need some help ourselves.** "The industry of a country responds insofar as demands are made upon it". There would appear to be plenty of slack to be taken up in British industry at this time. "What good is it?" It is sad that and patriotism, it seems, has become



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this question is asked at all. There was an occasion when it was asked of the great Scots physicist James Clerk Maxwell concerning one of his classic discoveries in electro magnetism. Maxwell replied: "What good is a baby?" Maxwell's babies have grown up well: they have significantly aided developments in the whole field of radio — including television for the silver dollars. Pure scientific research continually justifies itself by its material fruits.

That in this day and age it should need to justify itself in such a way to so many, is more than sad. "What's in it for me and my stomach" could well be the most famous last words of all. The platitudes about the "new Elizabethan age of discovery" many a sneer, for sneering is fashionable

a cardinal sin. But behind the platitudes, for those who care to look, are a few men, like Newton, playing on the sea shore. If we help these men to sail out on Newton's ocean of truth, there is just a chance that the rest of us might be distracted from throwing the larger rocks at one another. A chance well worth taking.

FESTIVAL RETROSPECT

"NORTH of Bristol at last!" 1961 opened with a double honour for Leeds who this year for the first time were not only hosts to the Student Drama Festival but prize-winners as well. The story of the Sixth Festival by now is well known. Its theme was modern and its impression was that of a lively theatre. There was a refreshingly welcome number of new student-written plays, and the Town was left with no doubt as to the prowess of student actors and directors.

In the full-length plays the standard was perhaps at its highest ever, with the audiences emerging almost as exhausted as the players and the production teams. Criticism has fallen on the one-act plays however, in which field it would have been difficult to surpass the excellence of last year's Festival at Oxford University.

The absence of any foreign groups at this year's Festival was noticeable. Last year a Polish production came, but although a company from the Soviet Union was actually invited to Leeds, their enthusiasm seemed to evaporate overnight and nothing more has been heard of them. Edinburgh ran into administrative difficulties, no arrangements having been made for Scottish Universities, who are not N.U.S. members, to complete except as guests in the Experimental Plays section. Attempts are now in hand to eliminate this anomaly. The local organising committee,

headed by the ubiquitous Brian MacArthur, did sterling work. They were hampered however by a small grant from the Union of £25, and unavoidably short notice of the coming of the Festival which precluded the intended hiring of the Civic Hall for full-length plays and the freeing of the Union and the Riley-Smith Hall for the day-time activities. This has spotlighted a difficulty which should never now recur. By the time that this is in print the venue for the 1962 Festival should have been decided, and many Universities are keen to have the privilege among them London and Cardiff.

Brechtian

Michael Beckham, producer of the Leeds entry, has encountered criticism over his original, if Brechtian, approach to 'Serjeant Musgrave's Dance'. This was the first full production of the play in its first version, and John Arden, the author, seemed to have enjoyed it. The main critics were Lindsay Anderson, the producer of 'Musgrave' in its London run, and Frederick May, who both felt that the characters had not been explored deeply enough. Beckham defends by saying that he felt that the characters were not sufficiently strong. He added that in a play of so many interesting threads he preferred to pick up the social themes, using the very hollowness of the characters purposely not to engage the audience, but to permit them to be onlookers. These were his instructions to the cast. The characters agreed to surrender their identities and become caricatures. But Beckham regrets that he changed his mind about the character of Musgrave after the pre-Festival run and decided to have this played down also. Musgrave, he feels is the only real character in the play.

Yet what has been the impact of the Festival and of Theatre Group on the amorphous mass of Union Membership? T.G. were bitterly disappointed at the lack of response, despite extensive publicity, to the pre-Festival run. This surely is a reflection upon today's members, when dis-interest is so widely shown.

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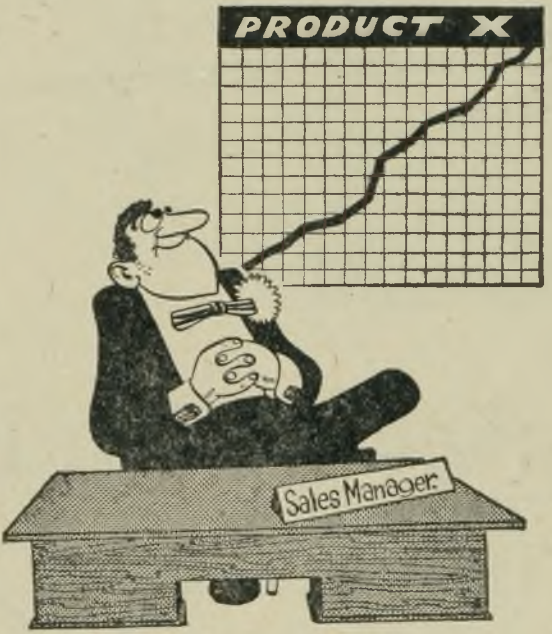
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THE CRISIS IN THE CONGO

The Small Magazines and Their Functions

by Noel Whitts

OUT of temporary retirement this week has emerged 'Scope,' now into its second volume, and purporting to fill an empty gap in university 'publications.' For those readers who are not aware of what creative or critical writing is being produced in the University (and it would seem from sales figures that they are large in number), here is a list.

'Poetry and Audience', weekly at a penny, provides new verse; 'Geste', spasmodically at three-pence, covers everything seriously and nothing flippantly; 'Gryphon', termly, covers nothing and appears uncertain of its purpose, to say the least (it does, however, rejoice in its official status, and provides an opportunity for someone to do some artistic layout), lastly 'Scope', which discusses, or should include, painting and music, and one would expect to see coverage of any noteworthy exhibitions or musical events both in the University and in the city.

Too many people, it would seem, are either uninterested in, or unaware of, the cultural life in Leeds, and in a publication such as 'Scope' there is room for guidance for the uninitiated as well as provocation for the erudite. How many, one wonders, realise that for one and sixpence they will shortly be able to hear the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Huideburgh in a programme of his own music, not to mention the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra under Munchaiger, and Barbirolli's thrilling performance last term of a rarely masterpiece, the seventh symphony of Gustav Mahler?

How many realise that for nothing (or practically nothing) they could

last week have heard Yfrah Neaman give a lunch-time recital in the Art Gallery? That in the Art Gallery they can see a fully representative modern collection, not to mention the paintings it possess by Cairbet, Renoir, Gericault, Stubbs and Larlaudsan. One could enumerate the many such opportunities for a long time, even down to the splendid seventeenth-century screen in St. John's Church.

SHOE - STRING BUDGET

It should be the task of one or some of the University's 'little' magazines to keep us aware and informed, and it looks as if 'Scope' is going to do it, but 'Scope,' like its fellows suffers the fate of being run on a shoe-string budget, and lacks a decent, self-respecting format. It is here that the University or the Union should step in. With the means to make 'Gryphon' a production of suave visual decency, it seems that not a penny can be spared for the others. Even after the triumph of the Drama Festival, cannot a moment be spared to consider, help, and regulate the University's cultural life?

Must They Starve?

by W. Joan Cotton of the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief

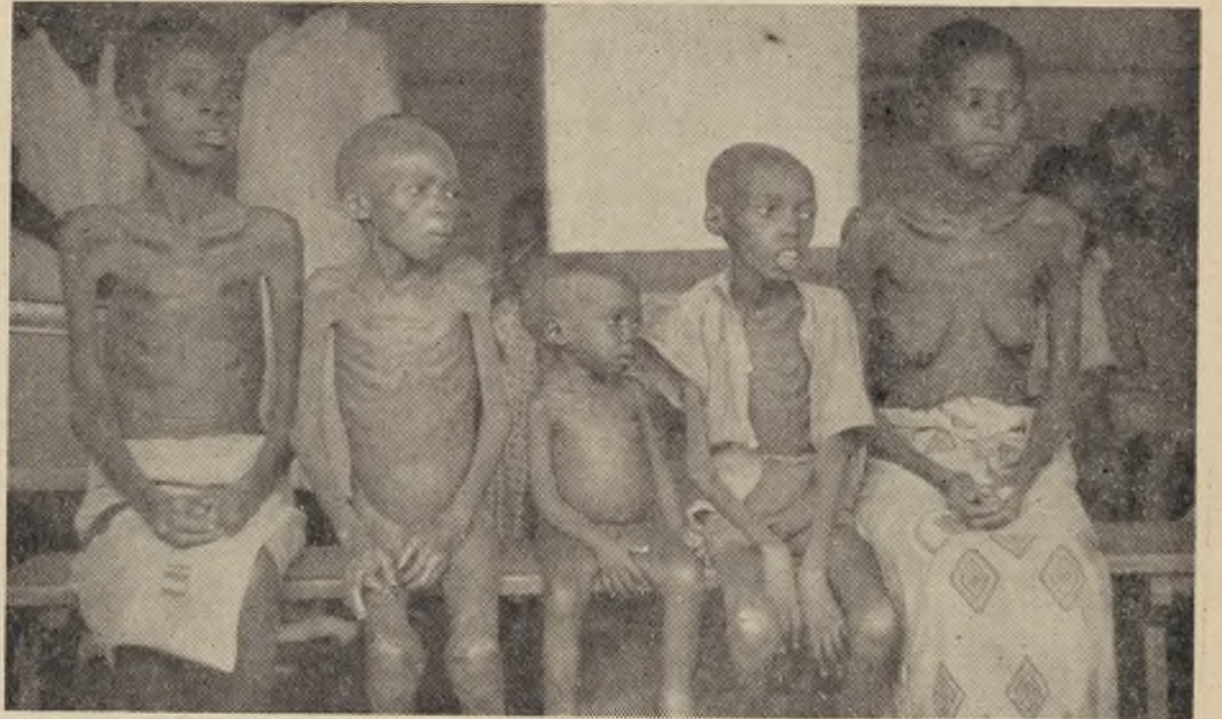


Photo by courtesy of Mirror Pic.

Miami - Miabi: the difference of one letter in the spelling but the difference between life and death in fact.

Those babies dying at their mothers' empty breasts: the older children hungry so long that their digestive organs have ceased to function: the 1400 who will surely die this week unless help comes quickly: the doctor who gave to the long queue of starving people who had trekked miles to his clinic the preventive pills he had bought for himself: the European doctor who killed himself because he could no longer face those pleading eyes, or the children beyond pleading and in the last stages of kwashiorkor — these facts and individual stories have been told most eloquently in the Press and on T.V.

It is the horror of the tribal fighting which has brought this indescribable suffering to the world's notice. It is the complete breakdown of internal transportation and distribution which has made these famine conditions acute. Under the Belgian administration these people were fed but were not trained to executive level, and immediately that administration was withdrawn they floundered, not even knowing how to move such food as there was available from one place to another. When Dr. Linner the U.N. Chief of Civil Operations in the Congo, moved in there were in fact only four trucks available for the whole region. In his most recent telegram to the Oxford Committee Dr. Linner states that the most urgent need is for financial contributions to provide internal transportation, handling, warehousing and distribution of the emergency supplies of food and drugs coming in through F.A.O. and U.N.I.C.E.F. Although donations of bulk supplies of drugs are expected money is needed for ancillary supplies to be purchased locally to enable the vast health programme in Bakwango and Miabi to be set up to help the hundreds of bad clinical cases of starvation.

longer suckled by their mothers. The muscles away, the skin cracks and scales, sores and swellings appear and the children die before their third birthday. Famine is not new. For decades thousands of the world's people have lived on the verge of starvation. But how many of us realised this? Until now. Last July the F.A.O. launched the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, based on a period of five years. The first two years were to be devoted to propaganda and publicity, in 1963 a World Food Congress was envisaged, and during the last two years plans were to be made for a world-wide appeal and for the under-developed countries. Instead of 1963 events have brought about the awakening in 1961. In early January the F.A.O. appealed to its 79 member-nations for £1m. to meet this emergency. At the time of writing the United States, Britain and Norway have responded.

The Food Is Available

The food is available in the world to meet this crisis of starvation and to prevent its recurrence. Resources are available to help under the under-developed countries to self-efficiency. But it will mean a great deal of re-thinking. Lord Boyd Orr, at the Freedom from Hunger Conference in Oxford last August, summed up the situation: "The earth can produce all the food mankind needs if we apply the knowledge we have . . . THE WEST GROWS FOOD NOT TO FEED HUNGRY PEOPLE BUT TO MAKE A PROFIT. We are nearing the crisis in the evolution of our race. The question is whether Governments will have the intelligence and goodwill to use the power they have for the benefit of people everywhere."

We Have Been Shocked

These are the day-to-day needs. Equally pressing is the purchase of 20,000 hoes, either locally or from neighbouring countries to reduce the cost of air-lift, so that the seed for this year's harvest may be sown in the next week, if there is to be any hope of averting long-term starvation. Those required to plant the seed are weak from hunger: can we get the vitamin pills to them in time? It is obvious that money spent now on urgently needed tools is as necessary as that spent directly on food.

We have been shocked. But let us face it: kwashiorkor—"the sickness the old baby gets when the new baby comes"—is not new. For decades this disease has attacked the babies no

The people of this country (I can only speak from personal knowledge) have shown the way through their response to the Congo appeal. Money is still desperately needed. Five shillings will provide those vitamin pills to give strength to plant that seed. One penny will provide a cup of specially-vitaminised milk to start the battle against kwashiorkor. Five hundred pounds will set up a village hospital to combat this killing disease. We are awake to the Congo crisis. Through this tragedy is there hope for the other famine areas of the world? Or do we say with Bishop Gore "Lord, forgive us for feasting whilst others starve"? NO.

OVER THE CLOUDS:



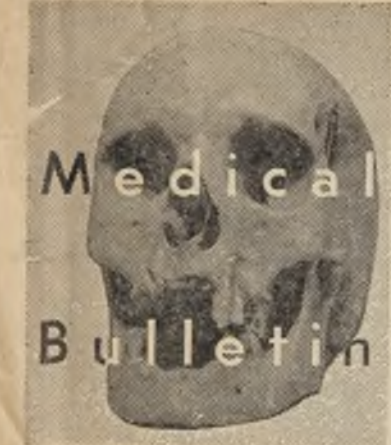
FILMS

IMPRESSIONS

Y... Italian... looks like a giant... The... have... disappointments... since... of the... De Sica films... which came to nothing... certainly, there was plenty of charm. Warmth too; delicacy, irony; everything except size; and where size is lacking cosiness creeps in. Now everything is changed: I say suddenly because for us in London it has happened within a few days. And the change is produced by two directors, Michelangelo Antonioni and Luchino Visconti, and two films, "L'Avventura," and "Rocco and His Brothers."

At this stage I shall say next to nothing about either. The time for reviewing the two splendid works—splendid in structure and detail and the audacities of style—will come when they are on view for a wider public. In this country they have now been seen by only a few who during the past... who during the past... of the... of the... from the United States, the... of Chicago under Prohibition; from Russia, the tender and generous "Ballad of a Soldier," and... Grief... Chouh... whose...

THREE years ago THE SUNDAY TIMES joined forces with the British Film Institute to present in London a programme which should select the... from the... of the... of Chicago under Prohibition; from Russia, the tender and generous "Ballad of a Soldier," and... Grief... Chouh... whose...



Medical Bulletin

THE Dental Ball got away to a good start this year by selling all the maximum permitted number of 800 double tickets. According to eye-witness accounts the ball was a most enjoyable occasion despite the lack of New Year's Eve revelry enjoyed in previous years when the Dental Ball was held on the 31st instead of the 30th.

The change of date was made to avoid the archaic time limitations imposed on Saturday night and Sunday morning dancing. With film shows and other Ball paraphernalia, and five bands of which Mick Mulligan in the R.S.H. appears to have been the most popular, it was apparent that a thoroughly good time was had by all, amid the decorations, on the theme of the 'Wild West.'

Apart from the absence of one or two of last year's faces the hive of intellectuals is little altered with its overcrowded common room and nowhere to hang a coat. The pianola was, however, removed from the common room the other day which, if nothing else, left the pianist a bit more breathing space.

On the personal angle it is obvious that Christmas has had a devastating effect on many of the junior pre-clinicals. One or two must have gone well over the eight, having come back engaged, while for many others "nipping home for the week-end" is qualified by an ulterior motive grin.

I've never attended a Film Premiere BUT I READ THE SUNDAY TIMES!

There are those who never even visit the cinema, let alone attend premieres; and yet read Dilys Powell in The Sunday Times for the sheer delight of her approach and the pleasure of her style. Let us suppose that you are a film-goer, regular, or irregular; that you take your films at least as seriously and selectively as you do your books and that you are not prejudiced against films made later than *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. Then we recommend to you Dilys Powell. Each

week in The Sunday Times she reviews the good and the bad with the independence that characterises the paper's approach to the news. The nonsense gets short shrift (often with wit, never with cynicism) and your attention is directed towards what would not be a waste of your time. You will enjoy/respect/hate—but find it unwise to ignore—the reviews of this most authoritative of film critics. And Miss Powell is just part of the rich and satisfying content of The Sunday Times.

Give Players a Break

Letters

SIR, — On Wednesday 18th January a Leeds player with a broken leg was lying on the ground for twelve minutes before a stretcher a nurse and a blanket arrived on the scene. He was then carried to the pavilion where he waited in the draughty entrance hall until an ambulance arrived. . . At this juncture, forty-five minutes after the breakage had occurred his leg was put into splints.

Surely it is not unreasonable to expect that when an emergency of this kind arises, there will be at Westwood both adequate staff and facilities to deal with it quickly and efficiently. This staff should be able to move quickly to any part of our extensive playing fields, assess the extent of the injury, apply the appropriate first aid, and have enough blankets to keep the patient warm. None of these basic requirements was fulfilled in this instance.

The presence of St. John's Ambulance men at the pavilion on Saturday ensures that the first three of these needs are met. If their attendance is thought necessary than it can hardly be less so on Wednesday, when in the event of a block fixture with another University there are two hundred rugby, football, and hockey players alone, discounting all those appearing in the Intra-mural fixtures.

We suggest therefore that the Union immediately purchase several blankets and, as it is difficult to obtain the voluntary services of St. John's men in mid-week, either pay them or appoint some other suitable medical attendant.

These simple measures will ensure that our players and those of visiting teams receive the immediate and efficient attention they have the undoubted right to expect.

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN PARRY
ANDREW WELCH.

MENTAL UPSETS

SIR, May not the fact that there is such an alarming proportion of mental disturbance among students and others — albeit in Leeds 'slightly below the national average' — be in part attributable to the need for deeper thought about the relationship, not simply of individuals with one

another, but rather of individuals with their Creator; discussion not simply of sexual love, but of Christian love, the concept of which seems as yet unknown to most people today.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD N. STRANACK

ILLEGAL METHODS

SIR, Labour Society Committee consider certain aspects of the way in which the Union's memorandum to the University Grants Committee was passed so unfortunate that they have written a letter to the U.G.C. to draw their attention to them. In this letter it was pointed out that:

a) the usual quorum was suspended at the S.G.M. at which it was passed.
b) the S.G.M. was held on the last day of term, and was not even announced until many people had gone home, so that it could not even represent those who would have been interested enough to go.

c) a motion to include voting figures in the memorandum and one to vote on it clause by clause were both not allowed by the President to be taken, on technical grounds.

In the circumstances we feel that the submission of the memorandum as approved by the Union is scarcely accurate, and regret that Union Committee should have employed such methods.

Yours sincerely,
JENNIFER PLATT
(Labour Society President).
ELIZABETH CAMION
(Labour Society Secretary).

PATHETIC MARCHES

SIR, When will these pathetic 'Ban the Bomb' marches stop? Not until they are blasted out of existence, I suppose. I was held, and I felt sick — not with horror at the prospect of nuclear warfare, nor with shame at my own apathy, but with pity; pity because I know that the majority of C.N.D. members are deep-thinking and, presumably, intelligent people. Yet the general feeling of the watching crowd was expressed in the words of one woman I overheard: 'They want their heads seeing to.'

These marches are placed in the same category as Rag Day and other student stunts, and if the C.N.D. is seriously concerned with achieving nuclear disarmament surely they must realise this policy, if not actively harmful to the cause, is utterly futile.

Yours faithfully,
PATRICIA NASH

MORE JUKE-BOXES

SIR, May I congratulate Union Committee on finding, in the provision in the Cafeteria of what I believe curiously to be known as a juke-box, an excellent method of relieving the crowding to which this place has always been liable. I think the time is ripe to suggest that a somewhat similar machine be installed in the Mout-Jones Lounge, in order that there may be in the Union at least one place on complete solitude suitable for, and conducive to, that profound meditation which is the daily duty of every student.

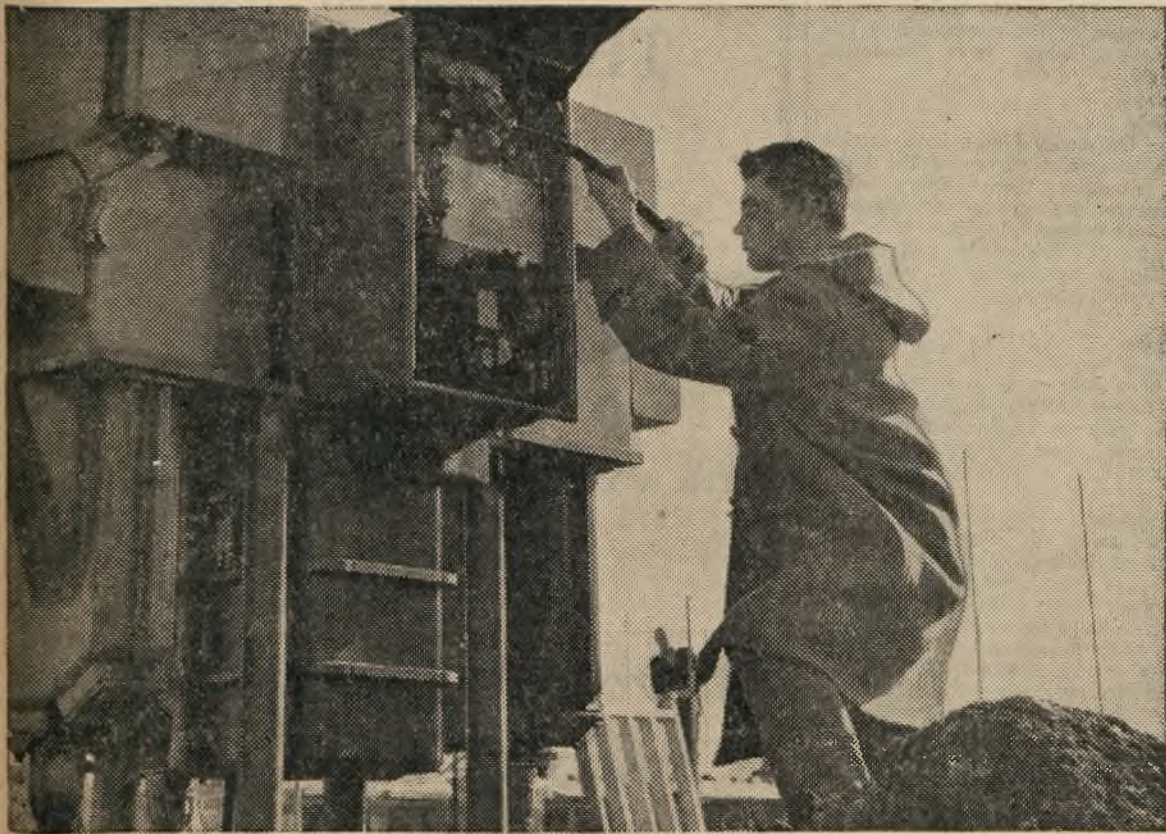
Yours, etc.,
H. GRENFELL-BANKS

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN

SIR, In the past few years, many thousands of people have been demonstrating and campaigning in an attempt to get our country to lead the world out of the crazy and suicidal deadlock between East and West. On Saturday, February 18th, these efforts will take a new form in the mass Civil Disobedience demonstration when 2,000 or more people (including Lord Russell) will sit down around the Ministry of Defence in London.

May I appeal to all those in the Union and other readers of the paper who are sufficiently incensed against the present course of events to break the laws that facilitate the production of our stupid and utterly immoral nuclear weapons, to send their names and addresses, stating their intention to participate on February 18th, to The Committee of 100, 13 Goodwin Street, London, N.4.

Yours etc.,
ALAN WHITE
(Committee of 100).



This is his line

He's 26 — and one of those in charge of bringing light, heat and power to a new housing estate. When he first joined the Electricity Supply Industry as a graduate trainee he was particularly interested in the industrial use of power. Later on in his training he became fascinated by the way in which lines drawn on a planning map turned into overhead lines and underground cables, and a barren stretch of ground became a thriving community.

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

Young men get on, in Electricity

you
our Ap,
n Sp
POOL, MONM

GRADUATES &

Kodak



THERE'S MORE
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