

BUSH TELEGRAPH



1963 HOLIDAY EDITION



BUSH SEPTEMBER 1963

vol 9 no 9

TELEGRAPH *news bulletin of the bicc athletic & social club wood lane*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Derek Berry (Editor)
Geoff Holder (Features)
Eileen Bell
Keith Elder
Ted Morrison
Dennis Cooper

Editorial

Pen and Penury

Of all the features run by a regular publication with any editorial content, the most revealing is the one which can be put under the general heading of - Letters to the Editor. Even more than the all important editorial. For the letters section of, that publication is, at the same time, *its* pulse, its reflection and conscience. And more. It is also an accurate guide as to the responsiveness and awareness of the readers.

How does the Bush Telegraph measure up in this respect? Miserably! Four letters in twelve months is our tally. Does this mean we are running a dead-on-its feet, dull - but somehow impeccable magazine?

Or, - are all the Club's functions, activities and facilities, perfect; needing no criticism (or praise)?

These being unlikely, it must be you, the reader, who is causing this penury of letters. By all means use the magazine (having first read it) to line your plastic cheese roll containers, but also use it to EXPRESS YOUR VIEWS AND SENTIMENTS AND IDEAS ABOUT THE CLUB AND ALSO ABOUT THE BUSH TELEGRAPH ITSELF. It is your best way; it is your ONLY way.

COME

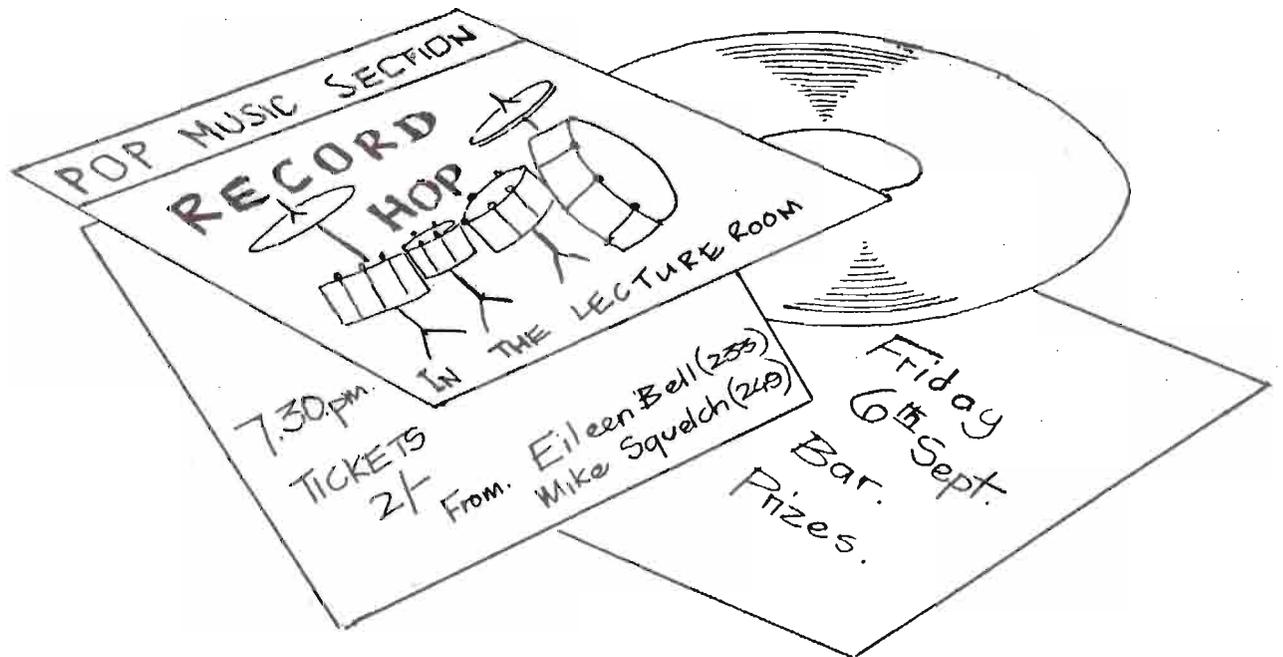
SWIMMING

IN THE LUNCH HOUR EVERY WEDNESDAY

LIME GROVE BATHS (small pool)

or Bloemfontein Rd. if there's a heat-wave!

Details from ROGER CARROLL (280)



HOCKEY

On Tuesday, 13th August, B.I.C.C. raised a team at very short notice to play our old rivals J. Lyons at Sudbury Hill. Four matches had been played against J. Lyons, and the record stood at 2 wins in favour of J. Lyons, 1 for B.I.C.C., with 1 drawn. This was an important match in the series, so much so, that it produced the best win for B.I.C.C. so far by 3 goals to nil, thus levelling the series. There will be much interest in the next fixture against them, which will be on Tuesday, 20th August, at 7 p.m.

The first week-end in October sees the start of the winter hockey season. A full season's fixtures have been obtained for Saturday afternoons, the home matches being played at Wormwood Scrubs park. The section hopes to arrange a number of practice evenings in September, and anyone interested in attending these or playing during the winter should contact D. Davies (Ext. 293).

PHOTO-COMP.

The result this month is a tie between our cover picture and the rather unusual shot below. No problem, however, as to how to split the prize money - both are by the same author, Graham Wills, who therefore receives 15 shillings. May we hope, however, that intending future competitors will not be put off by this, nor if we comment that this month's entry was of rather lower standard than usual. We had hoped for better things from such an all-embracing subject as "Summer Holiday", but perhaps we should after all have left it until after the end of the 'Holiday Month'. This, however, would have meant publishing it in October. (Summer ?)



Next month's theme is "Harvest" and there have been murmurings in some quarters that this subject is limited in scope. Surely not! With a little applied thinking any number of possible subjects will present themselves. Obviously, the sheaf of corn is first on the list, but why not try to be a bit different? Even the humble spud has to be harvested - and what about fruit-picking. The seeds of almost every plant constitute a harvest of some sort, the "harvesters" being numerous birds and animals.

Your local church is bound to have its "Harvest Festival" service, when there will be a wide assortment of produce on show. Or a photo taken in a canning factory would be an unusual slant on the chosen theme. If all else fails, 'arf-a-pahnd-o'-ripe-termarters on a market stall might make a masterpiece, even if we can't (yet) print it in full colour! Entries should reach the Editor not later than 12th September, please.

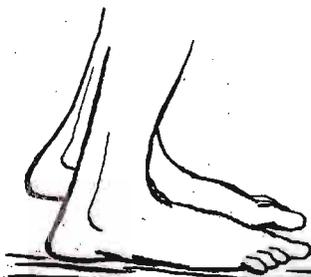
November's subject is "Feet" - think what could be made of that! Anything from a policeman's beetle-crushers to a close-up of a centipede. May we add that we expect, but will not necessarily be influenced by a predominance of comic treatments! Anyone contemplating entering a long, thin photograph of a carpenter's 2-foot rule had better be warned that it won't fit our pages!

For December (not the Christmas/New Year issue) we widen our sights so far as the subject matter is concerned, but restrict the locale to within 100 yards of the Gatehouse. Apart from that, anything goes, but we wish to make it clear that the subject, not just the camera, must be within that radius.

badminton

The 1963-64 Badminton Season will begin in mid-September. An announcement will be made on the notice boards giving full details.

The Club will be entering a Men's Team in the Middlesex Badminton League this season, and it is hoped that this competition will improve the standard of play here at Wood Lane. Friendly fixtures will also be arranged as often as possible. Any enquiries should be given to J. Phillips (316) or K. R. M. Elder (274).



Ladies Keep Fit

EVERY TUESDAY AT 5.45
Any lady who is interested please
contact Miss Shirley Murfitt (233)



The Bar

The Bar is open on Thursday evenings. Tuesday evening opening will recommence on 10th September. For Bar facilities on other evenings, contact Alan Thomas (272).

OFF-SALES

| | <u>Usual Price</u> | <u>Bar Price</u> |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Whisky | 41/6 | 36/5 |
| Gin | 39/9 | 34/8 |
| Dry Martini | 18/3 | 14/11 |
| Sweet Martini | 17/6 | 14/3 |
| Celebration Cream Sherry | 20/- | 16/6 |
| Cyprus Sherry | 9/6 | 7/9 |
| Tavel Rose | 11/- | 9/- |
| Spanish Sauternes | 6/6 | 5/11 |
| Minerals (per doz., split size) | 8/- | 5/6 |
| Pale Ale (per doz., small) | 12/- | 8/11 |

etc., etc., etc.,

SAVE MONEY NOW

Buy your drinks through the bar

'Phone Alan Thomas (272)

Letter to the Editor:

Dear Mr. Editor,

Hope I'm not too late with my entry for the "Holiday Photo" competition. It has taken me a little while to learn developing techniques.

I did develop this myself, and I think this should be taken into consideration by the judges.

Kevin



TENNIS

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

In the quarter-finals of the handicap tennis tournament, two of the matches were won fairly comfortably in straight sets, but the other two were long three-set matches. In the second quarter, Keith Elder beat Norman Carpenter 6-0, 6-3, and in the bottom quarter Gerry Dawson overcame Alan Ogilvie by 6-2, 6-1. In the third quarter, Dai Davies had a long drawn out match with Gordon Couch. Dai won the first set 6-4, dropped the second by the same score, but came back to win the decider by 7-5. In the top quarter, Mike Hagger, with his seemingly unquenchable thirst for marathon stamina-sapping encounters, found a lively opponent in the shape of the ever delightful Mari West. It seems that Make paid more attention to short shorts than sharp shots and eventually paid the penalty by 8-6, 4-6, 6-2. In the top semi-final Mari played exceedingly well to take Keith Elder to 6-4, 7-5. Keith went to a 4-0 lead in the first set, but he really had to struggle very hard to win through. The other semi-final between Dai Davies and Gerry Dawson will be played on Thursday, 22nd August, and it is hoped that the final will be played before the end of the month.



**Book
The Date
NOW!**

Tennis Festival

On Saturday, 17th August, the tennis section organised a tennis festival. The section obtained the use of Latymer Upper School's tennis courts for the afternoon; for which we were most grateful. The games were run in the form of a drive which meant that after each round the competitors changed partners. There were 27 players who participated, but unfortunately there were more men than ladies so Eric Chawner, Brian Thompson, John Crumpler and George Gunn played as ladies. To the disappointment of all, they did not appear in white frilly tennis dresses! All competitors played at least four rounds, each keeping their individual score. The final was played between the 2 men and 2 ladies with the highest number of games. Keith Elder partnered Mrs. Jean Carpenter and beat Peter Mills and Ann Kemp 6-3 after trailing 3-1. Four booby prizes, which were miniature tennis rackets, were won by Dai Davies, Mike Squelch, Heather Grant and Elizabeth Brindle.

In the evening a social was held in the Lecture Room with dancing to gramophone records. A total of approximately 50 people attended the social which was enjoyed by one and all. First class sandwiches and tea were provided by Mr. Fuller. During the evening, Gerry Dawson, last year's tennis champion, presented the prizes.

The tennis section would like to thank all those people who helped behind the bar and prepared the tea.

NOTICE

Nominations are invited for the Post of Club General Secretary.

Please fill in the form below:

NOMINEE..... DEPT.....
SIGNATURE OF NOMINEE.....
PROPOSER..... SECONDER.....

Please send the form to Mrs. Harwood before 15th September, 1963.

TENNIS FESTIVAL PHOTOGRAPHS



Eileen Bell and Eric Chawner take a rest while
Mike Squelch serves in the background



Twisting the night away

12 Angry Men

12 Angry Men

HENRY FONDA

12 Angry Men

12 Angry Men

12 Angry Men

ED BEGLEY

12 Angry Men

12 Angry Men

LEE J. COBB

12 Angry Men

E.G. MARSHALL

12 Angry Men

12 Angry Men

12 Angry Men

12 Angry Men

JACK WARDEN



6.30

Thursday

19th September

W H I S K Y
G A L O R E

John Gregson
Joan Greenwood
Basil Radford

On Sculpture.

I had had Jonah and the whale on my mind for months and in order to exorcise it I drew a picture of a hollow whale, with large thick lips, and ribs that stretched like rainbows over his back. Inside I sat a man wearing a top hat and reading. Having finished this minor masterpiece I decided to translate it into clay and preserve it for the nation. I bought 7 lb of clay and staggered back to the flat with it - only the thought of the nation's loss kept me going. I unwound the polythene from the clay and stood it on the table, put a macintosh on back to front, and then stood back to admire the effect. In my mind's eye it was already transformed into a gigantic, powerful beast, its head butting through gargantuan waves, and its tail threshing a creamy, bubbling wake, while all the while inside, serene and calm, his top hat barely moving, Jonah sat, quietly reading. I was already hearing cheers and whispers in bated breath as I passed by on my way to collect just one more Oscar. . . . "That's the woman who created THAT magnificent WORK. . . I believe it's even being translated into another language. . . ." All this before I'd even pressed my thumb in the sticky mass.

You should have seen my whale. You should have seen his taut ribs stretching in vibrant, strong arches across his back, guarding the man crouching in his belly. You should have seen the man.

Well, I next decided my metier lay with a modern design of some kind - full of significant holes and soft gentle curves. I managed something resembling the atom bomb explosion - came to the conclusion that its significance was a bit hackneyed and then moved on to a cave-man's-tea-cup-made-out-of-a-dinosaur's-vertebrae. By this time I'd got clay stuck to the mantelpiece, the floor, my ear, and the newspaper which was guarding the table had got torn and mixed up in the clay itself. Remembering that every genius has to have struggled in their lives at some time, I persevered. For the next three hours I worked in silence, utterly lost in my work. The gas in the fire died down and the room grew cold, the light outside faded as night drew on, still I laboured. At last, exhausted, I stepped back, dusting my hands. Do you know anyone who would be interested in acquiring a 7 lb newspaper-flecked grey clay moustache?

GILL MASKELL

NOTICE

THE LECTURE ROOM IS CLOSED DURING THE LUNCH HOUR FOR
ONE MONTH.

The Council regrets that members have chosen to disregard appeals to keep the Lecture Room tidy. Dirty crockery has been left in the room, games equipment and magazines, etc., have been left about. If a significant improvement does not take place immediately, the room will be closed in the evenings as well.

SOME IDLE RAMBLINGS in a definite direction.

By "Nepos."

Science grew up with the help of dozens of Persians, scores of Greeks, hundreds of colleges, thousands of ologies, and most of all mathematics. The influence of maths is incredible, especially when one realised that there are more women in this branch of science than any other. This is grossly unfair and leads to

Class Distinction

Class distinction is a nasty phrase invented by evil-minded Socialists who try to make the gullible public believe that they will abolish it when they come to power. Fortunately, statistics prove that if support for the Tories continues to rise at its present rate of knots (nots, noes, don't knows, etc.) then young Harold W. will only get a look in if old Harold M. decides to hold a General Election before 1974. This forecast is, of course, purely mathematical and makes no allowance for the unpredictability of

The Liberals

The Liberals are a group of people who have no policy, but believe that because they are somewhere in the middle they must be right. This is probably O.K. in the Shetlands but holds no water in

Westminster

Westminster is on the District and Circle Lines between St. James's Park and

Charing Cross

Charing Cross is noted for its regular hordes of commuters (Mon. - Fri. 5 p.m. - 6 p.m., Admission Free), who cram their umbrellas, brief-cases, pots of emulsion paint, bunches of droopy looking flowers and smelly bodies into minute railway compartments provided, at enormous expense, by

The Management

The Management is Dr. Beeching. He is a happy chappy with a big chopper which he uses to cut off the dead branches of the rambling railway tree. He has to do this to save money, and he has to save money to pay his salary. This is called

Progress

Progress is the art of making people realise that if they release a little of their hitherto dormant literary talents then the editor would not be forced to use tripe like this to fill up space in

The Bush Telegraph

The Bush Telegraph is the lively, uninhibited, thoroughly readable, magazine of

The B. I. C. C. Athletic and Social Club (Wood Lane)

The B. I. C. C. A. & S. C. (Wood Lane) is your club and it needs your support. Don't let it founder on the rocks and finally sink to the bottom of the goldfish pond. Come along on club nights; bring your friends; bring your enemies; make the most of your 2d. a week subscription. You've never had it so good.

urgent URGENT urgent URGENT

New single releases are urgently required for the next Record Hop on 6th September. If you have any suitable records to tape will you please contact Mike Squelch as soon as possible.

"RULES FOR VISITORS"

Found displayed in a Spanish Hotel:

".....AS A RULE NO MANIFESTATION OF IMMORALITY OR LUSTFUL SITUATION WILL BE ALLOWED NOR ANY ACTION OR EXTRALIMITATION WHICH COULD LESSEN THE PUBLIC HONESTY....."

Had any lustful situations lately?

ONE ORIGINAL BITTY

There was a young man named Len Johnsons
Who went for a walk Sunday next,
When he got back to bed
He found himself asleep;
There's no rhyme at all, it's just nonsense.

ANOTHER ORIGINAL BITTY

My case,
Is full of space;
But it's no use
'Cause it's all loose.

THE LAST ORIGINAL BITTY

The snow lies cold and thick and green,
The sun shines out of a clear red sky,
The trees are gold and ultramarine,
I'm colour-blind, aren't I?

LEADERGRAM

Solve the clues and fill in the panel opposite, then transfer the individual letters to the square below, according to the numbers. The first column of the panel, reading downwards, will then contain the author and title of a famous book, and the square below a quotation from it.

A prize of 10s. 0d. is offered for the first all-correct solution opened by the Editor. (Send in your completed square and panel by 13th September).

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1 D | 2 P | | 3 Y | 4 N | | 5 U | 6 L | 7 S | 8 B | 9 V | 10 G | 11 C | 12 W | 13 H | 14 J | 15 I | | 16 Y |
| I | T | | I | S | | I | N | T | E | R | E | S | T | I | N | G | | T |
| 17 Q | | 18 O | 19 A | 20 D | 21 N | | 22 A | 23 G | 24 V | | 25 M | 26 W | | 27 J | 28 A | 29 S | | 30 X |
| O | | N | O | T | E | | H | O | W | | A | S | | T | H | E | | T |
| 31 A | 32 E | 33 R | 34 J | 35 I | 36 P | 37 F | 38 E | 39 H | 40 Y | 41 I | | 42 X | 43 A | 44 G | 45 H | 46 N | 47 P | 48 L |
| R | A | N | S | M | I | S | S | I | O | N | | V | I | L | L | A | G | E |
| 49 V | | 50 N | 51 B | 52 J | 53 X | 54 O | 55 T | 56 G | 57 D | 58 D | | 59 J | 60 B | | 61 F | 62 I | 63 T | 64 Z |
| S | | I | N | C | R | E | A | S | E | D | | I | T | | B | E | C | H |
| 65 P | 66 E | | 67 A | 68 S | 69 Z | 70 G | 71 J | 72 F | 73 B | 74 F | 75 N | | 76 T | 77 X | | 78 G | 79 U | 80 W |
| M | E | | N | E | C | E | S | S | A | R | Y | | T | O | | R | E | D |
| 81 B | 82 E | 83 X | | 84 R | 85 G | 86 M | | 87 M | 88 W | 89 R | 90 A | 91 V | 92 I | 93 E | 94 I | 95 B | 96 O | |
| U | C | E | | T | H | E | | D | I | M | E | N | S | I | O | N | S | |
| 97 O | 98 Y | | 99 F | 100 N | 101 J | | 102 L | 103 A | 104 E | 105 H | 106 I | 107 K | | 108 D | 109 C | | 110 E | 111 D |
| O | F | | T | H | E | | C | A | B | L | E | S | | I | N | | O | R |
| 112 A | 113 X | 114 C | | 115 U | 116 B | | 117 A | 118 H | 119 E | 120 S | | 121 G | 122 J | 123 F | 124 D | | 125 W | 126 K |
| D | E | R | | T | O | | K | E | E | P | | T | H | E | M | | W | I |
| 127 M | 128 G | 129 A | 130 B | | 131 Z | 132 A | 133 Y | 134 G | 135 B | 136 X | 137 N | 138 V | 139 K | | 140 Z | 141 R | 142 T | 143 G |
| T | H | I | N | | P | R | A | C | T | I | C | A | L | | L | I | M | I |
| 144 C | 145 I | | 146 J | 147 X | 148 S | | 149 G | 150 B | 151 C | 152 B | 153 I | 154 P | 155 X | 156 H | | 157 D | 158 G | 159 V |
| T | S | | F | O | R | | H | A | N | D | L | I | N | G | | A | N | D |
| | 160 L | 161 I | 162 G | 163 E | 164 B | 165 J | | 166 B | 167 A | | 168 H | 169 E | 170 D | 171 Y | 172 J | 173 J | 174 Z | |
| | L | A | I | N | G | | I | N | | A | M | E | R | I | C | A | | |
| 175 D | 176 X | 177 I | | 178 V | 179 Z | 180 U | 181 G | 182 F | 183 E | 184 H | 185 R | 186 F | | 187 B | 188 G | 189 L | | 190 I |
| T | H | E | | N | E | C | E | S | S | I | T | Y | | W | A | S | | O |
| 191 A | | 192 Y | 193 O | 194 P | 195 J | | 196 S | 197 I | 198 A | 199 Y | 200 E | 201 J | 202 D | | 203 T | 204 X | 205 E | 206 B |
| F | | E | V | E | N | | G | R | E | A | T | E | R | | S | T | R | I |
| 207 E | 208 G | 209 I | 210 P | 211 H | 212 V | | 213 Y | 214 R | 215 H | 216 A | 217 C | | 218 P | 219 L | 220 C | | 221 E | 222 F |
| N | G | E | N | C | Y | | C | I | N | C | E | | T | H | E | | C | A |
| 223 G | 224 E | 225 X | 226 S | | 227 X | 228 N | 229 H | | 230 D | 231 R | | 232 A | 233 X | | 234 V | 235 Y | | 236 M |
| B | L | E | S | | H | A | D | | T | O | | B | E | | F | O | | S |
| 237 Y | 238 O | 239 E | 240 E | 241 D | 242 B | 243 V | | 244 G | 245 I | 246 I | 247 A | | 248 J | 249 B | 250 N | | 251 Y | 252 D |
| U | I | T | A | B | L | E | | S | I | Z | E | | F | O | R | | D | R |
| 253 E | 254 C | 255 S | 256 G | 257 X | | 258 T | 259 Y | 260 J | 261 J | | 262 C | 263 D | 264 V | 265 Y | 266 W | 267 G | 268 H | 269 R |
| A | W | I | N | G | | I | N | T | O | | E | X | I | S | T | I | N | G |
| | 270 U | 271 J | 272 G | 273 K | | 274 O | 275 Y | 276 V | 277 D | | | | | | | | | |
| D | U | C | T | | R | U | N | S | | | | | | | | | | |

LONELY MAN by Peter Corbett.

Across a clear sky, Night's canopy focussed its flecked scintillae to pointed brilliance and cast the moon, splintered over the ruffled sea; the dying day, drawn finely across the crescent of the shore, edged the closing eyelid of the night.

The man had been standing alone on the side of the quay, an arm around a rusted bollard, staring out to sea, absent from the evening and the chilling air. But now the keen wind cut into his face, snatching at his hair, piercing his clothes, awakening his senses. He shrugged involuntarily, drew himself into his jacket and, leaning into the wind, slowly walked off the quay, the movement making his legs tingle. He felt angry and afraid - afraid of the silence, afraid of the inanimate that surrounded him, the oppression it caused him; angry because he had fallen into the trap Night constantly set for him, the trap that magnified his inner agony, loneliness. The awning of the night had isolated him from the sight and sound of the living, the echo of town life; the town, where his loneliness subsided to a bearable level, where he could pretend to belong, to be part of, where the cycle of his thoughts were kept from turning inward, away from his inner cry, his inner need.

He passed a nest of small tugs pulling on their hawsers, their garish super-structures now divested of colour, their dents and scratches erased by the night. His imagination could not bring life to their cold, silver decks or sunlight to the germinating shadows. God knows he wished it could. He looked up, and diminished to a speck under the delicately laced, silent infinity. The moon made a canvas of a sculpture, its silvery reflection replacing a dimension with an illusion - a monochrome, characterless facade, whose only depth was its blackness. The probing edge of the wind, revealing the thinness of his jacket, prodded him on.

The man came to a desolate windswept square, formed by towering silhouetted warehouses. Sheets of old newspaper swept noisily, curling and scraping, chasing a cloud of dry leaves, eddied in twirling, scratching columns. He felt magnified in the geometric pool of white beyond the wall of building shadow. The nausea of fear began to rise inside him, even the warehouses, ominously pressing their presence on him, seemed to watch him. His white square became an arena, flanked with a silent audience. A hum of anticipation. They dared him to attack the dark palisade, to penetrate its suffocating mire. He moved on. A flurry of sand peppered his face, stinging his cheeks. The onlookers broke into a roar. The arena filled with paper, cartons and flying dust - fight - who? - there was only himself. The roar rose to a shriek, a metal lid bounced across the arena, passed him, and vanished into the blackness with a stunning crash. He stumbled and crashed to his knees, fighting to release his hands from his pockets. The noise crushed him with its intensity, its shrieking derision, then... the silence hung around him, drew his ears to an acute pitch; the crowd had gone, the arena was silent.

The man pushed himself to his feet and turned slowly around. Emptiness; just the warehouses frowning down on his, emptiness inside him, just a hollowness, an ache.

He started to walk, pushing through the stifling silence, his legs broke into a run; faster, faster, the air hissed in his ears, whistled through his clenched teeth, giving edge to his uncompromising fear. Panic gripped, galvanising him into furious action. Stones ground under his sliding, diverging feet, his arms and legs threshed, driving him frantically towards the covering darkness of a distant refuge.

The man bullied his way through a black tunnel of bushes; twigs lashed, jabbed, scratched; spider web laced his face, cold damp air rasped his burning throat. He ran blindly towards the distant light, crashing through a narrow alley of brick. Ahead lay his escape, the town. Would it soothe his loneliness now, take him in? He burst out into an eruption of light and colour and sound. Neon strip winked and flashed under an awning of sodium yellow. Red, blue, white, green, pink; point, circle, square, shoved, pushed, craved attention; here, there, spiral, vanish. Trumpet-tongued sound encircled him, exploding in his ears, twisting his very being. He staggered three paces and a cacophony of sound converged on him, screaming, squealing, dwarfed him, spun him round; his world, inverted and smashed, was silenced. They came to him, gathered round him, whispered to him, felt for him, cried for him.

Like a grotesque, broken doll, the man lay, without dignity, lifeless on the black road, under a mosaic of light; no longer alone.

THEATRE VISITS

On Friday evening, 9th August, a party of 25, consisting of Wood Lane-ites, their relatives and friends, visited the recently opened Cinerama film "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm". This film is now being shown at the Coliseum Theatre, which has been drastically reconstructed to house the very large screen.

What a wonderful evening it turned out to be. Eileen Bell who organised this outing excelled herself by booking what must have been the best seats in the stalls - at reduced party rates. For 12s. 6d. we enjoyed the luxury of 17s. 6d. seats. To add to this, the programmes were of superb quality - stiff covered and only 2s. 6d. each!!

And the film? Well, apart from seeing the marvel of Cinerama, which incidentally has improved considerably in technique, we were treated to three hours of a happy, colourful story, with catchy music and picturesque locations in the vicinity of the Rhine in Germany. It is the type of film that is enjoyed by all ages, from seven to seventy. As someone remarked in the interval "We're all young at heart". It makes a nice change not to be bombarded with neurotics, murderers, etc. In fact, the film cheers you up and puts you in a thoroughly good mood.

That conclusion was unanimous.

I understand that visits to Cleopatra and Lawrence of Arabia are contemplated in the near future. If they're half as enjoyable as "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm" I, for one, shan't complain.

On behalf of all who went to the Coliseum, thanks for organising this outing, Eileen. Keep up the good work!

News in Brief

MOTORING

The Motoring Section Secretary has resigned. Watch the Bush Telegraph for further news.

Congratulations to Miss Maura Morrissey on her marriage in Dublin on Wednesday, 21st August.

Mike Pater came to the Whist Drive that wasn't!

To Nepos...

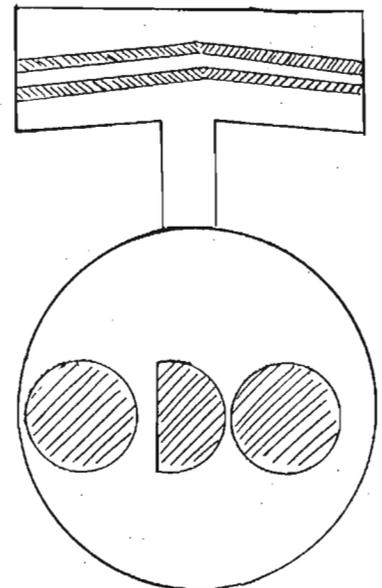
The "Rubbish Section Triplicate Committee"

send you cordial greetings.

After due consideration of all qualificants, we beg you to accept the highest honour that it is within our power to bestow :

THE ORDER OF THE
DILIGENT OBSERVER

The medal, a facsimile of which appears alongside, is moulded from the highest grade of cis 1-4 polybutadiene - suitably compounded for cheapness.



Signed:

NSL
MQ
WBL

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE PROGRAMME SUMMARY

| SEPTEMBER | | | | | | OCTOBER | | | | | |
|-----------|------|------|------|---|-----|--|------|------|---|-----|--|
| 1 Sun. | 4.00 | 6.15 | * | Good Morning | EST | 29 Sun. | 4.00 | * | Celebrity Lecture: Maxim Stravskii | EC | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Early Spring (prog. ends 11 p.m. approx.) | EST | | * | 6.15 | Maniwa Elegy | EC | |
| 2 Mon. | * | 4.30 | * | The Birth of a Nation | PA | 30 Mon. | * | 6.15 | The Navigator | PA | |
| 3 Tues. | * | 6.15 | * | Good Morning | EST | OCTOBER | | | | | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Tokyo Story | EST | 1 Tues. | * | 6.15 | Ivan The Terrible, part II: | EST | |
| 4 Wed. | * | 6.15 | * | Women of the Night | EC | | * | 6.15 | The Boyars' Plot | PA | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Late Autumn | EST | 2 Wed. | * | 6.15 | The Battleship "Potemkin" | PA | |
| 5 Thurs. | * | 4.15 | * | Good Morning | EST | THEATRE CLOSED | | | | | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Early Spring (prog. ends 11 p.m. approx.) | EST | 3 Thurs. | * | 6.15 | Strike | PA | |
| 6 Fri. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | Late Spring | EST | 4 Fri. | * | 6.15 | The General Line | PA | |
| 7 Sat. | 4.00 | 6.15 | 8.30 | Women of the Night | EC | 5 Sat. | 4.00 | 6.15 | The Battleship "Potemkin" | PA | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Late Autumn | EST | | * | 8.30 | October (prog. ends 11.15 p.m. approx.) | PA | |
| 8 Sun. | 4.00 | * | * | Late Autumn | EST | 6 Sun. | 4.00 | * | Lecture by Alexandrov, followed by the | PA | |
| | * | 6.15 | * | The Loyal 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era | EC | | * | * | Study Film (All seats bookable, 10/- each) | | |
| | | | | (both parts) | EC | 7 Mon. | * | 6.15 | The Last Laugh | PA | |
| 9 Mon. | * | 4.30 | * | Intolerance | PA | 8 Tues. | * | 6.15 | The General Line | PA | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Utamaro and his Five Women | EC | | * | 8.30 | October (prog. ends 11.15 p.m. approx.) | PA | |
| 10 Tues. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | The Loyal 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era | EC | 9 Wed. | * | 6.15 | Alexander Nevsky | EST | |
| | * | 6.15 | * | (both parts) | EC | 10 Thurs. | * | 6.15 | Thunder Over Mexico | PA | |
| 11 Wed. | * | 6.15 | * | Sketch of Madame Yuki | EC | 11 Fri. | * | 6.15 | Time in The Sun | PA | |
| 12 Thurs. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | Women of the Night | EC | 12 Sat. | 4.00 | 6.15 | Ivan The Terrible, part I | EST | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Life of a Woman by Saikaku | EC | 13 Sun. | 4.00 | 6.15 | Ivan The Terrible, part II: | EST | |
| 13 Fri. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | A Story from Chikamatsu | EC | | * | 8.30 | The Boyars' Plot | PA | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Life of a Woman by Saikaku | EC | 14 Mon. | * | 6.15 | Long Pants | PA | |
| 14 Sat. | 4.00 | 6.15 | * | New Tales of the Taira Clan | EC | LONDON FILM FESTIVAL | | | | | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Utamaro and his Five Women | EC | (Separate Members' Booklet to be issued at a later date) | | | | | |
| 15 Sun. | 4.00 | 6.15 | * | The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari | PA | NOVEMBER | | | | | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Women of the Night | EC | 3 Sun. | 4.00 | 6.15 | Evergreen See "Stop Press" | PA | |
| 16 Mon. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | Sketch of Madame Yuki | EC | 4 Mon. | * | 6.15 | The Passion of Joan of Arc | PA | |
| 17 Tues. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | A Story from Chikamatsu | EC | 5 Tues. | * | 6.15 | Edouard et Caroline | EST | |
| 18 Wed. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | New Tales of the Taira Clan | EC | 6 Wed. | * | 6.15 | Title to be announced in the evening papers and | | |
| 19 Thurs. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | The Loyal 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era | EC | | * | 8.30 | "Times" on August 16th. | | |
| | * | 6.15 | * | (both parts) | EC | 7 Thurs. | * | 6.15 | Greed | PA | |
| 20 Fri. | 4.00 | 6.15 | * | Utamaro and his Five Women | EC | 8 Fri. | 3.30 | 4.00 | The Private Life of Henry VIII | PA | |
| | * | 8.30 | | New Tales of the Taira Clan | EC | 9 Sat. | 4.00 | 6.15 | Blackmail | PA | |
| 21 Sat. | 4.00 | 6.15 | * | A Story from Chikamatsu | EC | 10 Sun. | 4.00 | 6.15 | The Private Life of Henry VIII | PA | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Life of a Woman by Saikaku | EC | 11 Mon. | * | 6.15 | Stagecoach | PA | |
| 22 Sun. | 4.00 | 6.15 | * | Foolish Wives | PA | 12 Tues. | * | 6.15 | The Good Companions | PA | |
| | * | 8.30 | | Naniwa Elegy | EC | 13 Wed. | 3.30 | 4.00 | Greed | PA | |
| 23 Mon. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | The Loyal 47 Ronin of the Genroku Era | EC | 14 Thurs. | 4.00 | 6.15 | The Good Companions | PA | |
| | * | 6.15 | * | (both parts) | EC | 15 Fri. | * | 6.15 | The Threepenny Opera | EST | |
| 24 Tues. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | Gion Music | EC | 16 Sat. | 4.00 | 6.15 | | | |
| 25 Wed. | * | 6.15 | * | Life of a Woman by Saikaku | EC | 17 Sun. | 4.00 | 6.15 | | | |
| 26 Thurs. | * | 6.15 | 8.45 | Sketch of Madame Yuki | EC | 18 Mon. | * | 6.15 | | | |
| 27 Fri. | 4.00 | * | * | Gion Music | EC | | | | | | |
| 28 Sat. | * | 6.15 | 8.30 | | EC | | | | | | |

EC denotes earphone commentary; some of the Mizoguchi films may be sub-titled in a European language, but this information is not available at the time of going to press. EST denotes English sub-titles. PA denotes piano accompaniment by Mr. Arthur Dulay.