



# FELIX



THE NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

No 143

Friday January 29th. 1960

4d

## STANDARD PROCEDURE

On Tuesday 19th February a selection of London College Presidents and some ULU officials were invited to a party in Fleet Street by the Editor of the Evening Standard. With one or two exceptions no one knew what the Evening Standard was planning. The Editor arrived after the party was well under way, and announced that the Standard was going to publish a weekly supplement concerning University affairs. He considered that such a great University should have its affairs reported in a National newspaper.

Those present, under the belief that the article would be read by the whole of London, were enthusiastic, and thought it an excellent idea. What seemed to be a minor difficulty then arose; the day of publication was to be Thursday. This is the day that Pi, Beaver and Kings News is published and the Standard agreed to meet the Presidents of ULU, IC, Kings, ISE, and UC to straighten out such difficulties the following morning. These five Presidents decided to have a quick meeting at Kings that evening to discuss what their attitude should be. At this meeting it became clear that the Standard had planned these articles without reference to the President of ULU or any other official in the first instance, but had discussed it with Mr. J. Spellman, ULU President of Debates, who had neglected to tell the ULU Executive. They had however found out that something was afoot. Secondly the President of IC had found out that contrary to everyone's belief the edition would not be on sale all over London, but only to students, the Standard's idea being to sell it if possible inside the various Unions. Such a publication clearly threatened the existence of Sennet. It was decided to find out from the Standard the following morning:- i) What power did Spellman still have. ii) Was it only a limited edition to students. iii) Did they realise that they could only sell in the Unions with the permission of the various Union authorities.

After this meeting they said that they reserved the right to get information from anyone they wanted, that they would help us and we could help them, but

that they would print exactly what they saw fit - and what they printed was none of our business. The edition was to be a limited one, five-thousand copies on the first day with the hope that it would be increased in future. They hoped to sell it in the Colleges, with our permission of course, by means of student vendors whom they would pay. Eventually they would try and sell it to the public when and if the public showed any desire to buy it. The Presidents present agreed to go back to the Standard on Monday 25th January having consulted their executives and having seen the first issue of the paper.

The IC Executive have decided, in view of the fact that it is clear the paper will be only sold to students, that it has no value to the University. Consequently it has decided to refuse to let it be sold in the Union, if it is sold outside the Union IC will not provide sellers, and finally no official information concerning IC affairs will be given to the Standard. These decisions were made tentatively to allow room to fit into any scheme that ULU and the other Colleges had in mind.

The President spoke to other London Presidents informally on Saturday 23rd January, and it appears that other Colleges share the IC viewpoint. The ULU Executive feel in the same way, and intend now to find out if the Standard will come to an agreement about what should be published and how and when. Also they intend to find out from other newspapers if they would object to a suitable agreement between the Standard and the University, for clearly if they would such an arrangement cannot occur. It is clear then at the time of writing (Sunday 24th Jan) that the Colleges and ULU intend to put forward a solid front, and to show that it is the students who count in London University and not what a National newspaper cares to say or write about them. In all it looks as if the Standard has bitten off more than it can chew. A cliché worthy of its own writers.

## ANOTHER BLOODY APPEAL

Very soon a campaign will be started to enrol Blood Donors for a visit to I.C. of the National Blood Transfusion Service.

The N.B.T.S. is a State financed organisation relying solely on the voluntary support of members of the society it benefits. The State can extort almost anything from the private citizen, but not yet his blood. This does not mean that a supply of blood is unimportant. Over 800,000 blood donations were made in the last year and more are needed this - surgery becomes more universally effective, road accidents multiply, new uses are found for blood transfusion every day - the demand for blood rises all the time.

This is one good cause that nobody can dispute and in which a small effort on your part may mean perhaps another life saved. The fact that it is a voluntary service leaves the responsibility for its success entirely in your hands.

It will be interesting to see how many people at I.C. are prepared to do some thing for no material reward.

GIVA PINTA BLOODA QUARTA



ON YOUR MARKS





## PROFILE



Mr. BREGAZZI, B.Sc. A.R.C.S.

GENTLEMAN OF THE TOWN OF MIDDLESBROUGH.

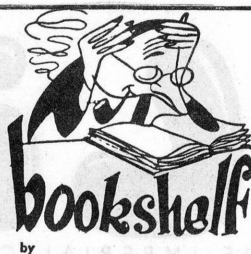
It has often seemed strange to us, that persons possessing the most multifarious talents, should be noted for one of these talents only. And, indeed in the case of the gentleman we are today, as the modern fashion in English has it, "profiling", there is no violation of this general rule. Having come from the murky depths of the industrial North, he at once gained a certain fame as a player of that incredibly difficult and dangerous game, to wit, water polo. His prowess at this sport was such that he was elected to the captaincy of the Imperial College Swimming Club. Meanwhile, however, he had also been active in the field of Rugby Union Football, that game at which only the strongest survive, and has now risen to eminence in this athletic exercise. In fact he is at the present time, the Captain of the Imperial College Rugby Union Club, a position of much responsibility, and from this exalted spot, he controls the fortune and destinies of this most excellent of the athletic clubs of our establishment.

Having been questioned about his vein on life in general, he was strangely reticent, which is most surprising in view of his extroverted and, it might even be said, ferocious play on the field. He also refused to prognosticate on the final outcome of the Gutteridge Cup Competition, but one feels this is due to natural modesty as he possesses a team of all talents. His wonted ability to kick the spheroid long distances as was noticeable in that fine match against our poorer neighbours, King's College, has recently, so we have been informed, deserted him of late. But practice, as the old aphorism has it, makes perfect, and practice he certainly has. We would commend to you, then, this estimable person as worthy of notice and respect not merely as an athletic personage but also as a research worker of considerable acumen and versatility.

## CLEMENTINE II

Clementine II arrived quietly at its new home at 1.0 a.m. on a freezing January night. This was not to avoid losing the mascot on the first night but the result of a 150 mile tow by a lorry only eight years younger than our vintage machine.

The story began in almost "Cops and Robbers" fashion. While the driver and navigator (Dick Howard and Ian Callow) were discussing the influence of using dried blood as manure on the flavour of grapes with the head gardener at Sheringham Hall, Clementine II was seen dis-



by CALUS TORRBE

John Braine achieved such extreme success with his opening best selling novel that his name became internationally known. With this fame came the problem of all successful new writers; how to produce a further book without seemingly repeating the first.

As far as I can see, this problem only occurs to the successful. The lesser known writer can repeat and develop his ideas, bringing them forward from earlier books with little notice taken of the repetition; whereas a best selling writer cannot afford to repeat anything if he wants to keep his high reputation.

The Author only partially succeeds in this, in his latest novel THE VODI (price 16/-).

The main characters are indeed exact opposites in his two books, the first being in love with success while the second dotes on failure. But the secondary characters seem to be much the same in both novels, each being set in a small Northern town on the moors. However, even if this criticism is not totally valid, as obviously a writer can only write within his own experience, which in this case is a North Country Society, one expects rather more variation of theme than is provided here.

The book opens with the hero, Dick Corvey, in hospital suffering from con-

sumption. We are told that he is slowly dying because he has no will to live. Then, by means of "flashbacks" in Dick Corvey's mind, John Braine tells of the unfortunate life of his hero.

It begins normally with neither success nor failure entering it. Dick and his best friend play a game while they walk to school each day. It is a strange childish fantasy of "the Vodi", an old obscene woman ruling a group of little men. The Vodi represents all that is vicious and evil oppressing good in any form.

Dick grows up and the Vodi fades from memory. He achieves relative success. His father's shop prospers, he has a secure family, money and a girl he is going to marry.

His security is broken when his dies, and he contracts consumption. Finally his girl-friend gives him up. It is then that his mind returns to thoughts of the Vodi. He becomes obsessed with the idea. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be a magnificent failure, not just to fade into obscurity, but to fail absolutely.

At this point, when complete failure is imminent he gets a strong desire for one of his nurses. This desire brings back his will to live and he decides to fight his illness.

The book closes on him leaving the hospital and going out into the world again to fight for the love of the nurse.

This book, if compared with the previous novel, is certainly not striking.

If, however, it is revised on its own merits it is a good study of small town life. Dick Corvey's character is well established though most of the others remain somewhat weak.

On the whole, it is above the usual run of novels, but don't expect it to reach the heights of "Room at the Top."

appearing at great pace over the brow of a neighbouring hill. The mascot gone without us! The owner of this Stately Home ordered his mechanic to rev up the Phantom 3 Rolls Royce and with the skill of an experienced racing driver the chase was on. Had they gone via Norwich or Fakenham. Just outside Holt we spotted the curious train, a 1934 Ford lorry towing a 1926 Morris Commercial lorry (Clementine II) just taking a wrong turn. Half a minute later and we should have missed them.

We had been able to run Clem. II on only 3 cylinders and to save damaging the engine further it was decided to have it towed back to London. We had waited 2 days for our helping hand to arrive and when he did turn up we were not on the spot. Anxious to get back to London he coupled up the two lorries and set straight off without us.

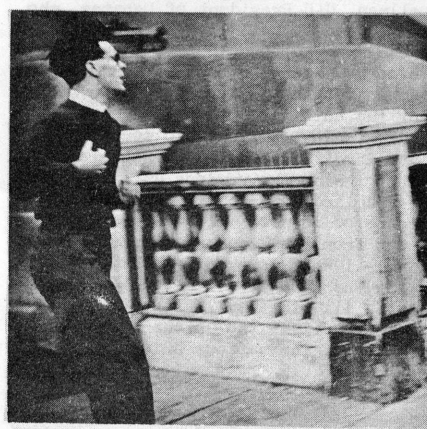
The journey was uneventful except that we got lost around the rocket sites of East Anglia, the leading vehicle only had side lights for half the journey and no braking lights or traffic signals at all and one sporting woman driver tried to pass between us at some traffic lights and was brought to an abrupt halt by the tow rope. We were so frozen in the cab, no side windows, that we wore every available scrap of clothing. On stopping at a cafe in Newmarket the woman immediately locked the till and called for her husband.

The rest of the journey was continued in dense fog but we were helped by a convoy of monstrous carrot lorries who trapped us in their midst and guided us to London. In answer to many queries the portable harmonium on the platform was not used.

We hope that after a complete overhaul and repaint Clementine II will be on the road by March. According to the Historical Vehicles Club there is only one other such vehicle in existence and that is not roadworthy. This 14.9 H.P. Morris Commercial was found in a Breakers Yard in 1954 and rebuilt and restored to its original condition. It appeared in the first commercial vehicle Rally at Beaulieu in 1957.

We hope to take the mascot on its first official trip to Camborne for the Bottle Match.

R.A.H.

UP WITH BANNISTER'S  
SCHEDULE





## SEDAN SAGA

On Friday January the 22nd, as all readers of the News Chronicle know, a race between a sedan chair and a sports car took place in the City. The race was organised by Lilliput and the occupant of the sedan chair was Miss June Thorburn. The eight bearers were all lawyers from IC (whatever they may be) and ran (or staggered) in relays of two. Lilliput in the best traditions of English sport divided up the route by pubs into five stages.

After a number of photographs had been taken, the race was started by the first pair, Alan Goodliffe and Jim Carter, who were in eighteenth century dress. They carried Miss Thorburn as far as "Ye Olde London" (Youngers) where Gerry Ridgeley and Tony Gifford took over. The first two were then rushed by car to the "Cheshire Cheese" (Free House) for the last pick up. Meanwhile, the sports car (Lotus) had disappeared in the distance. At the next change "The King Lud" (Whitbread) Peter Kassler and John Dewey took over. They handed on to Tim Dhonau and Brian Young, who dropped the chair once (and Miss Thorburn) who arrived at the "Cheshire Cheese" to find an exhausted next pair, Alan Goodliffe and Jim Carter, awaiting them.

After a short rest, these two reached Dr Johnson's house in Gough Square 10 seconds before the sports car. An altercation between one photographer and the bearers developed, when, for the purposes of obtaining a better photograph, the bearers were requested to run the last twenty yards again. A reception was then held in Hulton House which surpassed anything seen there for some time. The bearers departed in a drunken state and, so far as is known got back in safety.

Two comments to end with. Both by Miss Thorburn. The first was, "I'm not volunteering for this sort of thing very often", and the second, "Nobody will believe me when I tell them where I got these bruises." Never mind, Miss Thorburn, we will.



## STANDARD STATISTICS

A mighty fanfare on the publicity trumpets of Fleet Street heralded the appearance of the Evening Standard, University of London Edition. Four out of the paper's total of twenty pages were devoted to the University, and an analysis of the actual contents is illuminating.

On each page of the paper there are 90 column inches, so that the total devoted to the University was 360 column inches. Of these 74.3 column inches were devoted to University news, 128.6 Column inches to photographs of students, an article on Professor Massey, head of UC physics department, 46.4 column inches and adverts 68 column inches. The rest of the four pages were taken up by headings and gaps. These figures, expressed as percentages of the whole paper were:-

- 1) Student news and photographs, 12.72 %
- 2) Article on Professor Massey, 2.58 %
- 3) Total advertisements (of the whole paper) 869.2 column inches, or 48.29 %

The articles "In London Last Night" and the Society column totalled 103 column inches, of which 22 column inches were devoted to a singularly weak cartoon. Expressed as a percentage, 5.83 % , I quote these figures without comment.

Now let us consider the articles in detail, I mean of course, those connected with the University, for the other 16 pages were typical of evening newspapers, and not worth reading. On the front page was a rambling review of ULU, which reminded me of Shakespeare's 'tis a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing'. The middle pages contained the article about Prof. Massey which was bearable, an article about sport, which wasn't, and some jottings which were of the Felix Confidential

standard. The back page consisted of photographs of students and their views on religious education in schools; and that was that.

If the Evening Standard wishes to sell this edition regularly, as is their intention, I believe, then they might do well to remember that monosyllabic platitudes and tepid comment will not endear them to students, who, on the whole prefer lively discussion and vigorous criticism.

One final comment, Sennet's usual habit of leaving IC out in the cold has spread to Fleet Street. The total mention of IC, including Basil James on the sports page ran to 3.1 column inches (i.e. 1.53 % of the total ULU news). IC I would remind you, caters for about 10 % of the ULU population.

Since this article was written, the following letter has been drafted to the Evening Standard:-

Sir,

We would like to express our disgust at the way you are using our University as a peg on which to hang your latest sales-drive.

Surely you could have given us a revealing view of the private life of some "personality", or serialised yet another best-seller, or employed any of the other tawdry routines used by second rate newspapers to sell more; anything rather than resort to the sickening practice of involving the largest collegiate University in the world in cheap commercialism.

We suppose it is having the desired effect since many of us have bought copies from the men specially posted outside the Union so that we could "see ourselves in the papers".

We appreciate your desire to sell your newspaper, but lay off London University!

Yours faithfully,

A.J.Ablewhite  
C.J.Blowes.

## WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

Life at College, away from the Lecture theatre, is essentially social. Which type of education best prepares the student for this? Is it the Grammar School or Public School?

There are more students in the University from Grammar Schools than Public Schools. You may, therefore, be inclined to think that if the social pattern is set by the majority, the majority is best suited to the social life. You may be right, but just briefly let us examine the two forms of education and their effects upon a man's outlook and character.

The essential difference is that a Public School is generally a boarding school, a Grammar School is a day school.

So the Grammar School boy spends part of each day with his parents and family. He knows that after school he can go back to the security of his home. This cannot help him to develop self-confidence. On the other hand, he mixes with a broad cross-section of society both in and out of school. He meets older and more mature people than himself. At the same time, however, he becomes acutely conscious of class distinctions.

The fact that the Public School boy is away from home induces him to provide his own security by becoming independent. He has no one to provide sympathy and he learns to look after himself. So he gains a great deal of self-confidence.

He mixes mainly with his own type, and so he is less aware of class distinction. These attributes together enable him, on contact with the world outside his cloistered existence to talk with all types of people without embarrassment.

Which type of man moulds most easily to University life?

Is it the Grammar School boy, who has mixed widely has a broad outlook, but who is not self confident? Or is it the Public School boy, with his independence, self confidence and polish, but who has not mixed so much?

I believe the self-confidence of the latter overcomes his inexperience of mixing and fits him best for the arduous social life at College.

I wonder what I.C.W.A. thinks about this? They should be impartial judges.



GO MAN GO



## FELIX

EDITOR

M.F.BARRON.



circulation 1300

## Editorial Comment

The University newspaper world, to say nothing of the University itself, was shocked last week when one of the London evening papers published a rival to Sennet. The idea of such a scheme passed through its embryonic stages towards the latter half of last year; and without any Presidential sanction, the would-be University contacts aided the London paper in its project.

Prior to publication, many thoughts were expressed on this subject, and the general consensus of opinion was that Sennet would not be able to compete with such a powerful, and virtually identical format, newspaper.

What to do? This was the big problem. Boycott, surely the most over-worked word in the English dictionary, came quickly to mind; but how? The mental picture of a line of pickets, around the news-vendor, borders on the ridiculous; we could decide not to oblige the Editor with IC news, but this would not deter, let alone prove a stumbling-block to such a large combine, as unofficial news is so easy to obtain.

Reactions around IC have been varied, but on the whole negative. Despite the fact that we are continually snubbed by Sennet it is the University's only newspaper, and as such should be supported in preference to, what can only be described as nothing more than a poor taste publicity stunt, hatched in order to boost sales among the intelligensia of the University City.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE BOOKSTALL

## TIE SALE

SILK &amp; RAYON

ALL HALF PRICE

2/6d.

Chaps Club

Coxwains

22 Club

R.C.S. Full Colours

Links Club

R.S.M. Half Colours

I.C. Full Colours

C&amp;G.Full Colours

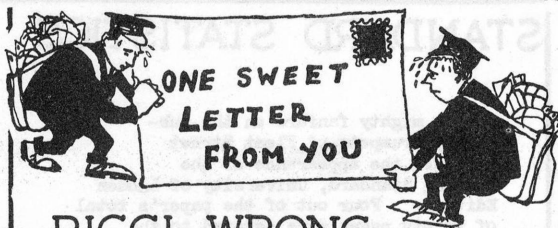
## DISCOUNT

10% &amp; 12½% allowed on most instruments

IC UNDERWATER CLUB

## DANCE

SATURDAY 30TH. JANUARY



## RICCI WRONG

Sir,

It is generally considered to be bad form for any member of a theatrical company to take issue with a critic on the subject of notices, but since I personally was not concerned in the Dramatic Society's presentation of "Without The Prince" perhaps I may be permitted to comment upon your notice of that production.

Your critic's views on the meaning of Drama are his own affair, but I would venture to suggest that, holding such views, he would be well advised to refrain from dramatic criticism. The field of drama is an exceedingly wide one, ranging from tragedy to low comedy. Your critic's tastes may incline towards High Drama, but the Dramatic Society, for its part, considers that a balanced repertoire is of more value, and of more interest to its active members, than a repertoire consisting solely of plays of social significance.

Your critic at least is quick to learn, for all but one of the people whom he singles out as giving performances "of the nature that one has learnt to expect" were freshers, appearing for the first time at I.C.

As a "lighting expert" of some experience I was particularly surprised by the concluding sentence. The lighting of this production was by no means simple; if it appeared simple to your critic, then the lighting designer had indeed done his work well. But if your critic expects a kaleidoscopic display in a setting such as this, we shall continue to disappoint him. I suggest that he turns his attention to Opera, where highly mobile lighting can be employed with considerable benefit to the production. This is not often the case in drama.

Yours faithfully,

A.D.C. Shipley.

## RICCI-RIGHT

Mr. Shipley (of the above letter) would appear to be somewhat confused by the subtle, nay obvious differences between drama and play acting. Quite correctly he points out that drama can range from tragedy to low comedy, from 'King Lear' to 'Bartholomew Fair'. With this I should not argue, but from this obvious truism, he then takes the strangely illogical step of saying, therefore, all that is performed on the stage is drama. Perhaps Mr. Shipley does not feel that drama is an art form, perhaps he does not think that its purpose is not basically to tell a story but to investigate a situation, maybe he does not consider that it is necessary for a state of conflict to exist between the actors, and that what I call drama (he calls high drama) is rather starchy and long-hairish. If this is so, than naturally 'Without the Prince' is drama. To me it can never be.

From this, he goes on to suggest that because I do not hold his views, I should be for ever silent. From a presumably thinking person, this suggestion is so ludicrous and banal that I don't consider it worthy of comment.

Blindly gathering speed, he goes on to tell me that I could not have 'expected' any interpretation, as most of the performers were freshers. Had he read a little more carefully, he would have appreciated that I implied that we received the interpretations that all previous actors and actresses have used when performing these roles. Thus stressing that there seems to be

little interest from the actors point of view.

As Mr. Shipley is, as he says a 'lighting expert', it is not possible for me to argue with him on this point and I should like to conditionally withdraw the statement. It was merely my contention that a more interesting play might have given wider scope for these people.

Ricci

## BEN SPEAKS

Dear Sir,

That foul bilious attack on my article 'How to play Chess' was grossly inadequate and what's more quite untrue. How can anybody criticise that most sacred of all games?

It goes without saying that the backbone of this or any other nation are the chess players. Indeed, such is the disgust at that letter printed in your last issue that reprisals have already begun. Some chess players have even sent delegates to London to lobby their M.P. to propose a motion in the House of Commons that "The sacred game of chess should be inviolate".

I call on the chess players of the country to unite and again march against dictatorship, as they did once before when there was a shortage of wood.

Once again the peoples of the world will be able to move about freely without fear of being checked, for was it not Shakespeare who said 'All the world is a chess board and all the people pawns'?

I demand you to resign Sir, and stop this perpetual checking, for if you do not, this paper will become a little stale, mate.

Finally, I would like to say that no member of the chess club belongs to any group or sub-group, in fact I sometimes wonder whether they are alive at all.

Yours Resignedly,

J.Hindley.

President of chess club.

## THANK YOU

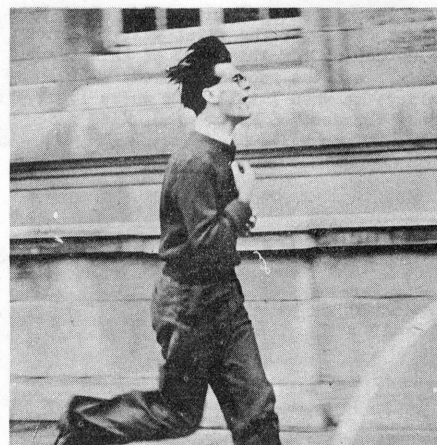
Dear Sir,

I would like to congratulate the person or persons who instigated the rearrangement of the furniture in the ground floor lounge. It is a pleasant change to get from one side of the lounge to the other without disturbing the newspaper readers, and I find it equally pleasant not to be disturbed when I am reading a newspaper. But why, I wonder, did no-one think of it before?

Yours Sincerely,  
Henry Mann.

Dear Mr. Barron,

Thank you for the Hostel Edition of 'Felix'. When is the College Edition coming out?

Yours sincerely,  
D.Goodman.  
S.Lenssen.  
R.Pear.  
P.Smith.  
P.J.Swash.

MINES, I THINK



## BOYCOTT RIDICULOUS

Sir,

I would like to bring to the notice of the more aware members of the Union the fact that the notice, containing over 75 signatures, concerning a proposed South African Society has been unofficially removed from the notice board.

My feelings about this, dare I say theft, are mixed. Visions of South African Wine Tasting evenings and perhaps the odd Jaffa Orange Sucking evenings seem to be fading with the removal of this notice. It does, however, stir me into thinking that perhaps a supporter of the South African Boycott has raised himself from his apathetic posterior and performed a practical deed in the honour of his cause. If more such supporters were to follow this stirring example and do something constructive they would realise the ridiculousness of this boycott.

Criticism of Apartheid seems to me to be unjustifiable without better suggestions for a solution of this problem. Too many people are willing to hurl abuse and criticise things inside and outside the Union without lifting a finger to improve something that apparently needs improvement.

Is this Union to sink into the current trend of becoming sick, sick, sick.

Yours etc., etc.  
Paul L. Buet.

## WANTED

### ONE MAN-ONE WOMAN

To complete a sixsome trip by elderly but reliable Rolls to Austria for skiing, first two weeks in February, or later. Transport free. First-timers or not ring:-

SPE 2094



## RACE AGAINST TIME

You're wrong again folks, our President is not running away from it all. In fact there is a very good reason for his display of athletic prowess.

As a result of a bet, he stood to win a goodly sum of money for World Refugee Year if he could run round the Island Site within six minutes. Our series of action photographs represent his epic sprint. During a practice run Les Allen had clocked 6 minutes 15 seconds, so when he set off on the actual run excitement was high. Sad to relate our benevolent-minded President clocked 6 minutes 40 seconds and had to contribute 2/6d to those with whom he had taken the bet. What the beneficiaries did with their winnings is not recorded.

# A JAZZ MAN'S DIARY

The world of jazz as a whole, and especially that part which is to be found in Imperial College, received a great honour when it was revealed in the last edition of Felix that Richard Rushton had been awarded the Eugene Quills Award (1960) for piano playing. This great triumph has sparked off considerable interest in this young musician and I intend to use this week's column in committing some thoughts about Richard Rushton, and the group he leads, to paper.

John Richard Rushton was born in Wimsbey and like all good Northern lads his first musical experience was with the local brass band. O Daddy, Rush blew euphonium in this koo-ool outfit, but in spite of this the band hit the tops. This versatile musician still likes to recall these memories and is always willing to pick up an old battered tuba and blow the blues. And when this happens - Man, look out! Like it's Birth of Cool.

It is said that Rush was born inside a piano, but there is some doubt as to the accuracy of this fact, and even Leonard Feather in his Encyclopaedia of Jazz is non-committal. However, Man, Richard Rushton was digging the old Masters at an early age, and very soon he was blowing a swinging box. This boy notched grade 42 in his Eugene Quills Academy examinations, when Bop struck; like - Pow! He heard Charles Parker and Bud Powell blowing up a storm on The Voice one night and that was it. Like I said Man - like, Pow!

And so it was like Rush was at the base of Bop ladder, and after several years he has reached the top.

But don't think that this cat's work is limited to the confines of Bop. Amongst his early idols were Jimmy Yancey, Meade Lux Lewis, Count Basie and Cripple Clarence Lofton. And so Daddy, into those ten digits of JRR is squeezed a complete history of jazz, and out comes the style so personal and so full of soul. Richard Rushton uses his technique in the manner of the late Art Tatum. In the hands of a lesser man it would be expressed as meaningless exhibitionism, but

here it is used to explore the full potentialities of the piano, and to translate an endless flow of ideas into logical improvisation.

Man, like I dig the blues  
Especially when it's cool.  
(Anon)

The combo which Richard Rushton leads is completed by John Farnsworth (bass) and Gordon Pritchard (drums). John was born in Hemsworth and during his early days he blew a hot classical box. He reached the ultimate in this sphere and then turned to strings; he played guitar in a Rock outfit and blew a solid bass in a Skiffle combo. He also bowed 'cello for a while at this time. Like, you might say that this boy's versatile. Just to prove this John now breathes plenty plenty soul into a trombone. But it's that big fiddle Daddy-O. That melodic walking line that swings like fury, those bowed ensemble passages in ballads, those upliss solos executed with perfect ease, those ideas that could have come from Oscar. Daddy, this boy sets me on fire. Like he swings, eh?

Gordon Pritchard is yet another Northerner. Now this boy's really blue-hot. His first tubs were made from biscuit tins and banjo vellums. On these he practiced blowing skins; here was a man dedicated to his work. And now such is his standard that he can complete this exciting trio. Dig that stick-work man - every piano idea competently answered with strokes o. great nuance. Was that a mammy-daddy boy? How skins and bass drive together. When this man blows brushes-then Man, it's like this combo has wheels.

Man, like play me a paradiddle  
And make it swing.  
(Anon)

And so we have three great musicians each understanding the other's musical temperament perfectly, playing together as one entity, all dedicated to their art. Undoubtedly this is the greatest outfit of this type in the Western Hemisphere.

Limshot.  
with apologies to  
John Staccato.

## MINES REJECT BOYCOTT

At a Union Meeting on Thursday December 10th attended by about 135 people, Mines Union crushingly rejected I.C. Union's decision to impose a boycott on certain South African goods in the Union.

K. Warren proposing "That this Union, whilst not condoning Apartheid should dissociate it from the Imperial College Union in the matter of boycotting South African Goods," first outlined the conditions under which the vote was taken at the I.C. meeting. According to him there were only just over 200 people present out of a possible 2500 and 50 of these were dragged in out of the corridors of R.C.S. to make the meeting quorate.

Warren continued by pointing out that the first person to be affected by an extensive boycott would be the African native, the person we were endeavouring to protect and that no boycotts had been imposed on Hungarian and Chinese goods after the bloodbaths of Hungary and Tibet. He quoted the paradox of the Ghanaian Government's boycott of South African products until they found that 7% of their mining equipment came from that area.

N. Seldon seconding, suggested that a solution to the Apartheid problem would come only from discussions at government level.

At the vote the above motion was carried amidst loud applause by 108 votes to 14 with 10 abstentions.

The other main business of the meeting was the selection of a new mascot. After some discussion it was finally decided to adopt a 1926 Morris Commercial lorry.



MACKESON!





BY BOBO BUET  
(HE'S ON RIGHT)

Covent Garden at five in the morning is not a particularly cheering sight, yet this is where the Mines Ball of 1959 really began. Flower bedecked Minesmen returned to the Union with a view to brightening the dance hall, and with the aid of girl-friends, waste paper baskets from the third floor and miscellaneous helpers, the hall began to resemble something like the wreckage after a carnival instead of a ballroom.

## EXPLORATION WEEK

(February 1st to February 6th)

Since 1956, when the Exploration Board was first formed, there have been 17 Imperial College Expeditions. From the numerical point of view alone, this is a considerable achievement.

To illustrate the work which has been going on in this field, the Exploration Board and Exploration Society are sponsoring, jointly, an exhibition of photographs, reports, instruments,

equipment etc. This will be held in the third floor lounge of the Union during next week (February 1st to February 6th) and will be open from 10.00 a.m. each morning, except Monday, when it will be opened by the Rector at 12.30.

A publication, 'A Review of Imperial College Exploration' will also be on sale in the Union during next week. This is a collection of general accounts of some of last year's expeditions together with items of more general interest. Price 1/-.

In conjunction with General Studies, two lectures have been arranged during the week. They are:-

'The Explorer in Africa'  
By Dr. Hugh B. Cott, Director of the University Museum of Zoology, Cambridge. Tue. 2nd Feb., at 1.30 p.m., Concert Hall.

'The South Georgia Survey'  
by Duncan Carse (ex Dick Barton), broadcaster, writer and explorer. Thu 4th Feb., 1.30 p.m., Concert Hall.

By eight in the evening, sherry parties sprang to life in many of the hostel rooms, and by the time these parties had disgorged their contents into the Union the Ball was well on its way. The earlier chaos had changed into ordered calm and the decorations were a fitting background to the occasion. Were these tuxedoed gentlemen really all Minesmen? Not entirely as some members of the other Colleges were present. Indeed the usual five or so gate-crashers arrived; would any Union function be possible without them?

This, however, was no ordinary Ball, for on this night there was a Cocktail Bar, a Beer bar and a Coffee bar from which to purchase drinks. The latter emporium was ably run by David and Jonathan combine. Dancing of all types was excellently catered for by the band. Having seen the photographs of the Ball several persons have approached the Mines Hon. Sec. with a view to receiving lessons.

What other Ball could offer a full meal with wine during the evening? Mr. Mooney, apparently in the Christmas mood, provided an excellent meal in the middle refectory and the Minesmen rose to the occasion by consuming the complete stock of some varieties of wine.

At one in the morning the cabaret appeared in the disguise of Trevor Porritt, Noel Kearns, Tom King, John Loomer and Andy Franklin with the invaluable assistance of Ian Callow. Forgotten words only added to our enjoyment and this excellent cabaret was deservedly acclaimed. These persons worked hard for our pleasure and to them we would say thank you. At three, the proceedings came to an official close. Flowers saw the end out even as it saw the beginning in -- Chrysanthemum eating being the final act of this great show.

If you saw the photographs of the Ball in the Union you will have realised that we had a great time. "Excellent" commented Ian Hill, and surely this is the opinion of all those who were there. So Mines have firmly placed this occasion on the social calendar as a must.

It is hoped that Union members will walk round the exhibition, buy the journal, and support the lectures; and that the popular misconception of expeditions as payed holidays will, to some extent, be rectified.

## WINTER-UGH!

### Notes from the Suburban Country.

A horrid cold hibernating month this. Not much to be seen on the bird table except for a few bread crusts, which can be seen just as well in other months. The sparrows are skating on the water bath in about as big a fix as a short-armed trombone player, or a drummer with Dermatitis on his skins.

Spore tracks can be found by the diligent searcher in the snow. The spore is an uncommon animal, occurring of course sporadically. The prints of the spore are worthy of mention, since consecutive ones always pointing in precisely opposite directions. Three possible explanations of this phenomenon have been propagated. Either the animal has one foot pointing backwards and one forwards Charles Chaplin style (Herniodactyl); or it spins round all the time; or is it just plain stupid. Sometimes specimens walk on their hands (Pedodactyl), to save the wear and tear on feet which are then used as trafficators.



### WHAT'S ON OUT AND ABOUT

Just released at the Academy Cinema is a film which may prove to be one of the most astonishing exhibits of the century. It is "The Boyar's Flat" and forms the second part of a trilogy dramatising the life of "Ivan the Terrible". It was produced by Eisenstein who is almost certainly the greatest of all Russian film producers. First released in 1946, it was initially censored by Stalin.

The film conveys the whole atmosphere of the times, the suspicion and fear, the cruelty which Ivan is forced to use at moments of great national danger. Brilliantly using dramatic "close-ups" and music by Prokofieff, Eisenstein makes the film move in the form of an opera. Apparently very deliberate, yet conveying the whole speed and tension of the situation. Every shot every work and movement are designed as to produce the exact state of mind that he wanted. Cherkosov as Ivan is a magnificent figure, using his tremendously powerful and adaptable voice to the full, he produces at ease states of rage and of pity.

The programme at the Academy is superbly balanced by the supporting film entitled "Greek Sculpture". Directed by Basil Wright and photographed in Eastman colour, it is one of the best films of its type that I have ever had the pleasure of watching. For once the commentary does not pander to the uninterested audience, nor does it make ostentatiously difficult what they are trying to say.

Ricci.

The Butterflies that were once so pretty in the summer are now rotting in the gutters and down the drains. Snowdrops can be found by the keen Botanists (score 20 points) and in some cases may be prolific enough to trample through. Time for the bluebell desecrators of early summer to put in a little practice.

Readers with an interest in taxidermy should keep an eye on the new motorway for specimens. A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Meanwhile those who are tired of January sit down and wait for February. It is a terrible time of the year.

Charles Neville,



## THE 6 MIN. MARK & FAILURE



## SKI TRIP

The annual tour of the I.O. Ski Club to the mountains found us this year in Saas Fee, A small village some 6000 feet above sea level in the Valais district of Switzerland, which proved to be an excellent choice from every point of view. Perhaps the most important advantage was that, unlike Kitzbuhel the year before, there was snow in abundance, and the skiing conditions were excellent.

The majority of the party travelled by train, leaving London early on 29th Dec., and passing through Dover, Ostend, Basle and Berne on their way to Brig. Perhaps the only major excitement on this part of the journey was the unintentional pulling of the communication cord by one of the party before the train left Ostend, which produced not only deep wailing and rushes of Mighty Wind from the bowels of the train, but also a flurry of officialdom.

From Brig the party travelled by rail to Stalden, there leaving the route to Zermatt and enjoying what was perhaps the most exciting hour of the holiday, in the form of a bus journey up the side of a valley into Saas Fee. On many occasions did the party resign itself to what seemed an inevitable fate, and discussion centred on terminal velocities of falling buses. It came as no surprise when, on rounding a bend, a snow plough was seen to be blocking the road, its driver having gone to lunch. In spite of this and the fact that the bus then ran short of petrol, I.C. turned up in Saas Fee apparently little the worse for wear.

The small party who travelled by air (that quick, modern, efficient way) landed at Basle instead of Geneva and had to make their own way from there. Reports are circulating that one member of the group spent his holiday in Montreux. But most of them arrived.

Once in Saas Fee, the party divided themselves into three Pensions. It is reported that the porter who carried the luggage to the Pension Supersaxo, wearing a Supersaxo cap, then changed his cap and performed a similar service for the guests at the Pensions "Alpina" and "Garni des Alpes." This I cannot deny.

From then onwards followed eleven days of wonderful skiing, enjoyed alike by beginners and more experienced skiers. There was one long run for good skiers, from the Lange Flua Hut, down via SPIEL-BODEN into Saas Fee, a fall of 3,500 ft. If Saas Fee had some alternative long descents early in the season, one could regard it as a Utopia for skiers.

True there were other attractions on the slopes, and everyone will by now have heard of the young lady who, realising that the sitting position occupies much of the beginners time, determined that she would do so as near as possible to her charming instructor, who then had the exciting task of picking her up. However, in spite of frivolities, most members of the party left Saas Fee more proficient in the art of skiing than when they arrived. Some even gained experience in crossing glaciers roped together and in spending afternoons in sub-zero mountain huts.

We poor students found that the organisers had imported professional card-sharps instead of ladies and one popsy even had her own loaded poka-dice - Oh! How do you play it? didn't hold water for many nights - disciples of Bilko. The party enjoyed some very gay evenings, amongst which the evening spent at the Walliserhof will long be remembered, if only for the vast quantities of wine and Fondue consumed and the impromptu piano work by Patsey which had everyone on their feet, even old Peg Leg Percy, dancing a cunningly executed "Rock."

On several occasions nocturnal rides were enjoyed on sledges, much to the consternation of the local police. Trials showed beyond doubt that a sledge travels faster the more people you have on it.

## BEAUTICWARIAN

Nº 6



ANN HODNETT

But although much research was done on the matter no satisfactory method of steering around 90 degree street corners was established. Also there seemed to be only one way of stopping in a hurry and it was very painful.

Accidents were few, and slight, but for two rather notable exceptions. In fact skis suffered more than skiers; a certain I.C. man found it difficult to steer himself between two narrowly-spaced trees: he lost half a ski but kept his leg, (only to break a bone in his foot the next day).

The journey home was uneventful, apart from the annoying delays in the train schedule. But everyone was prepared to put up with a little inconvenience, considering it small repayment for such a fine holiday.

## SQUASH CLUB

Both squash teams got away to a good start last Saturday by beating Cardiff University 1st. and 2nd. teams 5 - 0 and 3 - 2. The 1st. team match was something of a foregone conclusion since we had our strongest team out, and only one game was lost in the five matches played. The second match, however, provided one of the most closely contested for a long time. Most of the glory goes to John White, who played last with the score in matches 2-2. Things went badly to start with and he found himself 0-2 down in games and 2-7 down in the last game; whether it was the vociferous, ir beery support from a much more crowded gallery than usual, I don't know, but suddenly he became inspired, fighting back to win the game 9-7, then the next game, and finally the last game to win the match 3-2. Mention should also be made of Ged Brough, who gallantly came in at the last moment, and proved himself to be well worthy of the place, by winning his match quite easily.

On Tuesday our "A" Team recieved a crushing defeat from L.S.E. In last years they have played the 2nd team, but this year they are particularly strong and deserve a 1st Team

fixture, which we hope to arrange later this term. Both the Captain and Secretary played at short notice and were defeated in two good matches; they were the only people to get games off their opponents. The 1st team will have to play well if they are going to win, and I think it should prove a very close match, whichever way it goes.

Next Monday the 1st Round of the U.L. Individual Championship is to be played off at St. Mary's Hospital. Six players are entered - Messrs Avient, Espig, Odell, Bullock, Haywood, and Creasy - and we wish them luck particularly Brian Avient who has the job of "tripping up" Mike Kingston, the University Captain. Also the Club is due to play U.C. in the 2nd Round of the Yglesias Cup - 3 a side College competition - sometime within the next week or two. This should prove to be a close match.

Most of the 2nd Round of the Whitely Cup-- College Individual Championship - have now been played off, and it is hoped that the third round can be arranged for Wednesday 3rd, Feb. There were 41 entries this year including two young ladies of I.C.W.A., one of whom Brenda White won her first round easily and comfortably, to be defeated in the second by Ronnie Creasy, whom, I am glad to say, she made do quite a bit of running.

## FENCING

The fencing club now meets for two hours on Thursdays 12.30 - 2.30 p.m. and not, as previously, on Mondays.

Last term's matches were nearly all cancelled but we hope to play a few more this term, and with greater success.

Beginners and experienced fencers are welcome to join, professional instruction is given.



THE LAST LAP



## SOCCER

The outstanding item of news in the Soccer Club at the moment is the winning of a Welsh International Cap by Basil James, the University Skipper and IC Cup stalwart. The Club, and I am sure the whole College offer their congratulations and hopes that this is the first of many international honours to come his way.

Since the last Felix report came out, the Club tour to Germany has taken place, and on the whole it proved successful in every respect except one - ask any member of the tour and he will give you half a dozen reasons why we did not manage to win a game. The real reason I suspect is that the teams we played were prestige sides for their respective Universities, and included some of the best student teams in Southern Germany - hence the standard was very high.

The train journey to Cologne passed uneventfully, and having spent the night there the party picked up two VW minibuses and drove down the Rhine Valley to Mannheim in bright sunshine. Here we were entertained royally during a two day stay, in spite of the threat of being chucked out of the hotel on the first night. The match here was played on an icy bone-hard pitch, and in a snow storm, the cold spell in Germany having just started. IC made a bad start and were 3-0 down by half time. A great second half rally, however, took them to a 4-3 lead, only for Mannheim to equalise and then scored the winner in the dying seconds of the game.

The following afternoon we drove rather unsteadily through Heidelberg, the Oxford of Germany, soon beguiled by the vague slightly off-hand charm of the town which nestles in a beautiful mountain setting with snow covered heights on three sides. High up above the town stood the famous Schloss or castle where even the hardiest IC visitors were taken aback by the giant wine barrel which holds 45,000 gallons and has only been filled completely 3 times in 300 years.

IC fielded their weaker team against Heidelberg thus making sure that everyone had at least one game to remember - and how we remembered! In spite of a bright sun the temperature was several degrees below zero and the so called scratch Heidelberg XI included four semi-professionals. Once again after a bad start in the first half IC played more intelligently and more vigorously later and held their skilled opponents to a score of 4-1.

## RUGBY FIVES

Some people may have noticed the peculiar buildings being erected in front of Weeks Hall. These, for the benefit of the less well-informed, are fives courts, a gift from the Rector to the Union.

These courts are only intended to be temporary, but may be with us for three or four years. It has been decided to form a Fives Club as a subsection of the Squash Club until the new club can stand on its own feet.

The courts should be finished soon, and if anyone is interested, they can contact me through the Union rack or in my room, 62 Weeks Hall. A list will also be posted in the Union. I hope that the Union may also be persuaded to provide equipment for those people who ceased to play the game when they left school.

B.N. Heywood.

## SPORT

Reluctantly and with slimmer wallets we left Heidelberg having tasted here what was described as almost the best beer in the world and having completely devastated a fine old student drinking house called Seppi with our tuneless (!) singing. Outstanding was a song-and-dance routine entitled "Green grow the Rushes, Oh" which was enacted on the table tops with such fervour that it almost literally brought the house down.

The brisk efficiency of the technical University of Karlsruhe contrasted strongly with the fairy tale atmosphere of Heidelberg. The excellent meals and the good accommodation situated in a splendid sports stadium complete with grand-stand, indicated how well organised the Karlsruhe boys were from the sporting point of view. This they further demonstrated the following day when a side including 2 student internationals and the Karlsruhe professional club reserve goal-keeper played extremely neat simple football to record a 5-0 win. The IC team fought hard to keep the score to 1-0 at half time but faded somewhat in the second 45 minutes.

A night on the town meant that some people arrived back just in time for an early start to Cologne at 5 o'clock the following morning. After a flat out drive along the Autobahn one VW blew up, about 10 kilometres from Cologne but carried on with just sufficient strength to get us back to the garage.

After a quick train journey we spent the night in Brussels, still resplendent and lively from the 1958 Exhibition, and travelled back the following day to London.

Thanks are due to our German hosts who treated us so very well and to all the tour party who acquitted themselves admirably, and helped maintain IC's excellent reputation abroad.

Lack of space prevents the inclusion of team reports and results in this article, but it is hoped that all team members will continue the good work and avidly read about their mighty and heroic efforts in the next issue.

D.F.

## CROSS COUNTRY

### I.C. WIN TROPHY

The first fixture of the term, a match against London Hospital over our home course at Petersham on Wed. 13th, soon sorted out those members who had kept up their training during the Christmas Vacation from those who had been taking life easy. Notable among the latter were the Captain and the Vice-Captain. The match was won, however, by a wide margin, due no doubt to the opposition being in a similar state of fitness. First three places were occupied respectively by John Conway, Dave Hammonds, and Pete Warren.

Conditions were soft and slow for the annual 7½ mile race organised by Queen Mary College and run over a course at Coxtie Green near Brentwood in Essex. Full results are not yet available but The John Banks Trophy for the first London College was won by I.C. In the overall team placings Cambridge University were first with 93 followed by Birmingham University (108); Imperial College "A" (116); and Sheffield University (178). The first individual to cross the finishing line was Keith Mitchell of U.C. followed two seconds later by our own John Collins. After a further gap of 24 seconds Shaw of Birmingham and Fruin of Cambridge came in equal third.

## RUGBY

### A Few More Words (!)

Below are shown the records of the seven I.C. rugby teams up to and including Sat. 16th January.

	P	W	L	D	F	A
1st Team:	21	14	6	1	235	113
EX 1st :	10	4	6	0	55	93
"A" :	9	5	3	1	103	72
EX "A" :	9	5	4	0	140	86
B 1 :	7	0	7	0	36	69
B 2 :	8	4	4	0	66	87
B 3 :	1	0	1	0	3	15
					638	535

Although the records may not appear to be individually very good the club as a whole is comfortably on the credit side and settling down to some good steady drinking.

Last Wednesday, Jan. 20th, the first team played U.C. and lost 3-6. As there appears to be a good chance of I.C. meeting U.C. in the Final of the Gutteridge Cup this result might cause alarm in certain quarters. I don't think however that this alarm is justified because I.C. was beaten not by a better team but by its own lethargy. The following Saturday, Jan. 23rd, saw I.C. in completely different mood in a game in which the team showed complete mastery over a strong Harlequins "A" team.

If it is possible to pick out individuals in such a fine display then particular mention must be given to the back row trio of Fisk-Gilbert-Berger which played outstandingly both in attack and defence.

Saturday 23rd Jan. must certainly be set down as a memorable one for the I.C. club for out of seven teams six won and one drew, a feat which I believe has been equalled on one other occasion but never surpassed. The B 3 team brought about a "near miracle" by beating Charlton Park with 11 men. It is reported that Baoynski and Carter rampaged and Ludlam scored a try only because he was faster than everybody else.

The third team disgraced itself on Wed. 20th by losing to the Royal Veterinary College second team at Petersham. First three places were occupied by members of the opposition. In fourth place was Brian Butler followed by Roger Woolf (5).

Reading University and Sandhurst Military Academy provided weak opposition in a match held at Sandhurst on the following Saturday. John Cleator, was first home for I.C. followed by Pete Warren (4), Dave Hammonds (5) and Alan Brown (6). Final scores were I.C. 45; Sandhurst 62; Reading 66.



## DEATH THROES