

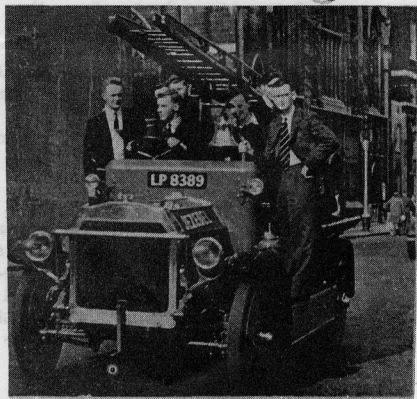
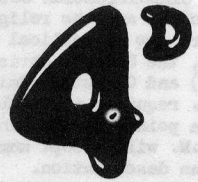


# FELIX

## PACKS PUNCH

Oct 14th. 1960.

No. 148.



## JEZ WINS

Dominant among the entries were eleven Model "T" Fords, and a 1922 de Dion roadsweeper. This fine vehicle was complete with de Dion rear axle and with all attachments in working order.

The Concours d' Elegance was followed by a driving test. In this the President of the R.C.S. Motor Club, Jim King, incurred the least number of penalty points and consequently won first prize. One of the photographs on this page shows Jim receiving the prize from the president of the H.C.V.C. The other photograph, for the benefit of those new to the College, is an older picture of "Jez." in Prince Consort Rd.

After securing the prize money we made a hasty getaway. On the return journey we stopped only twice, firstly to quench our own thirsts at a pub, and secondly to quench Jez's when she ran out of petrol.



### FIRST PRIZE FOR JEZEBEL

During the vacation the R.C.S. Motor Club took Jezebel, the fire-engine mascot of the Royal College of Science Union, down to Basildon near Southend, to compete in a rally organised by the Historic and Commercial Vehicles Club.

Setting off early in the morning of Sunday 11th. September in bright sunshine we soon ran into heavy traffic and were delayed in several jams. As a result of this we arrived late in Basildon and missed the start of the parade. However, by judicious use of the accelerator we managed to catch up along the route. Appropriately enough the parade ended up at a commercial vehicle repair station where the competing vehicles were lined up for the Concours d' Elegance.

## SAILING

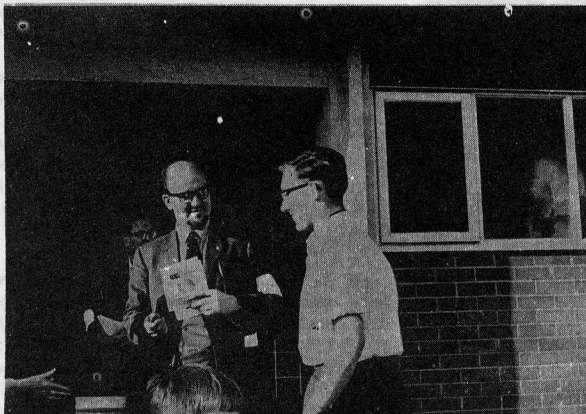
### A WARNING

There are, in this college, a large number of inoffensive people who are variously called yachtsmen, sailing-types, etc. They may look inoffensive, but I can assure you that when they get afloat, or whatever the technical terms, they are devils incarnate.

Once, and only once, have I ever been sailing, and it was the most incredible affair. The gentleman started by telling me all about haliards, rudders, sheets and a lot of other stuff that I didn't understand.

We set off. "Steady!" he cried, "We're going about!" "About?" I said. "About what?" And then it happened. With a sudden swing the boat attempted to turn a right angle, the thing that hangs from the mast hit me, and I was hurled into the water. I clambered back. It was some time before he stopped laughing. Of course we repeated this process a little time later. That was it as far as I was concerned.

Last week, a sailing club man asked me to go sailing with him. I declined the offer. Wouldn't you?





### SCC MEETING

The Union's social clubs can be roughly divided into three groups: national clubs, religious clubs, and political clubs. In the former category come the Arab, Chinese, Indian, Pakistan, and Polish Societies. The general aims of these societies seem to be the strengthening of morale among their own members, who are essentially resident in a strange country and to act as ambassadors to the rest of the College.

The Jewish Society seems to fall midway in classification between the national clubs and the religious clubs. There are two evangelical Christian societies, the Student Christian Movement (S.C.M.) and Christian Union (C.U.) The C.U. requires its members to accept ten points of doctrine, whereas the S.C.M. will accept members of any Christian denomination. To cater for specifically denominational interests there are the Catholic, Church (Anglican), and Methodist Societies. There is also the newly formed Islamic Society. Humanists are represented by the Huxley Society.

The political societies have representatives of the four main parties in the Conservative Society, the Socialist Society, the Liberal Society, and the Marxist Forum. In addition there is the International Relations Club (I.C.R.) which acts partly in the role of hosts to overseas students and partly as a forum for the discussion of international politics. Lastly there is the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (C.N.D.)

The activities of these societies are controlled, co-ordinated, and promoted by the Social Clubs Committee (S.C.C.) on which a representative of each society has a place. The S.C.C. administers grants to the societies, disbands the moribund societies and approves the formation of new ones.

As a reminder to members, the next S.C.C. meeting is at 5.45 p.m. on October 17th. in Committee Room "A".

The Recreational Clubs Committee has been formed in order to ease the administrative burden of the S.C.C. Last year the S.C.C. ran forty clubs. These clubs have now been divided into two roughly equal committees.

The first meeting of the R.C.C. will be convened in the near future and the officers for the year will be elected.

The R.C.C. is now responsible for the co-ordination and finance of the following clubs:-

- |                     |                   |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Billiards & Snooker | Railway Society   |
| Gliding Club        | Wine Tasting Sec. |
| Ice Skating Club    | Dancing Club      |
| Mountaineering Club | Exploration Sec.  |
| Riding Club         | Film Society      |
| Rever Crew          | Jazz Club         |
| Bridge & Chess Club | Debating Society  |
| Ski Club            | Musical Society   |
| Underwater Club     | Photographic Sec. |
| Y.H.A. Group        | Dramatic Society  |

The committee is formed from the senior student members of each society.

# JAZZ NEWS

Doc Fritchard, late of this column, is now blowing really way out in Canada. His Prof. wears a grotty old T-shirt, and plays tenor. Sounds like an absolute gas. On the local scene, Miles Davis has been giggling around town. Reports I have received, state that Chambers and Stitt were a gas, in fact really way-out, but the rest of the fellers spent most of their time blowing off-stage. Not having seen the show, I must rely on the monosyllabic vocal delivery of the Hammersmith Gaumont ice-cream vendors. They were disappointed.

The Imperial College jazz scene looks all set for a blistering year. Notable new ventures are the new hard-bop group, a funky piano-less quartet, an outfit featuring two trombones, and a seventy-five piece rock band. Jazz club chief Mike Smith is expected to blow hard-driving skins, with the odd skull and Chinese block thrown in. Nut-boy bass player, John Farnsworth, will be bending that big-toned fiddle. I am told he was last seen heading south from Glencoe, on the road with bass, trombone and five crates of Scotch. Like Nut-boy is itinerant! He carries his Chinese dictionary with him at all times.

Since the end of last session, the Jazz club yak-harness has disappeared. This is going to make things difficult for the Jazz club yaks. I am hoping to introduce standardised jazz uniform for all the fellers this year. Green shades, beat white duck trousers, smock and rope sandals. Like, dig those swing threads, Dad. I am also compiling a beat dictionary, packed with swinging phrases straight from infinity. A must for anyone hoping to make the scene.

We end, this week, on a political note; I mean, Khrushchev's a sweetie, but let's face it, he just doesn't swing.

RIMSHOT.

## FROM OUR RAVING REPORTER

Now that the President and Secretary of the Union are both Roman Catholics, the time may have come to consider the suggestion of one Union member that the bar be closed during Lent. We also hear that the Union office is to be used for lunch hour confessions. Charges will be modest, and a pay-as-you-confess scheme is to be introduced.

Overheard on the ICWA corridor; "I don't think I shall have to get married."

We hear that Bob Finch's sister is besmirching the family name by joining the C.U. Perhaps the college's leading infidel will soon renounce Scrutiny and start wearing holes in his trouser knees in the Union office.

Suggestion to end the eternal refectory queue; Ban undergraduates from the Union.

We are pleased to note that the 1 latest issue of Phoenix is the best for some time. The lay-out was especially good. The Phoenix board are disappointed with the sales, however. 1/6d isn't very much to pay, really. Shame on you all!

Sight for sore eyes on the Christian Union printing machine; a notice which says "Pray before you Print!" We now presume that our editor will dash out and buy some second-hand capscocks, whilst the staff busily clean out the Felix collection plate.

Congratulations to Mooney on the opening of the Buttery in Queensgate, for evening meals for postgraduates and members of staff. The quality of the food here is very good. One improvement to all the refectories which would cost very little in terms of time and money, is the provision of paper table napkins.

We have heard that the takings in the Bar during the last session showed a record profit. The profit made in the bar has, for some years helped to reduce the loss made in the refectory, but last year, the refectory also made a profit. Surely it is not Union policy to run the bar at a profit, at the expense of student's hard-earned grants. Then why doesn't the refectory committee reduce the price of beer?

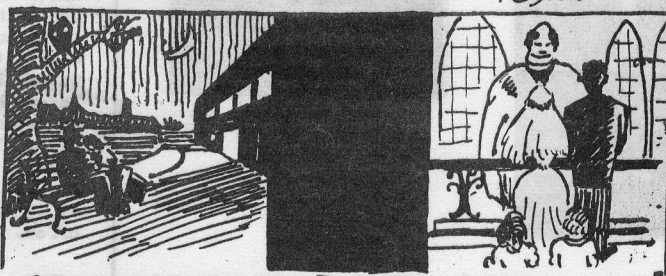
It is to be hoped that in the immediate future the antiquated magic-box in the reading room will be replaced by a more reliable model. The present one suffers from severe fatigue. Strange buzzing sounds are continually heard and mysterious white lines occasionally whizz across the screen. The Union can certainly afford the extra 4s per week (out of bar profits?) for a new super-de-luxe model. This would certainly satisfy the most illustrious and overworked gentleman at I.C. Indeed, an inspired President could go further and arrange for a gigantic screen to be fitted into the wall, as at ULU. The sight of beautiful ICWArians acting as usherettes and selling popcorn and ice-cream would soon make the reading room the most popular in the Union.

With the start of a new session, refectory queues have once again become quite intolerable. The trouble is that nothing can be done about them. The kitchen, in fact, seems to have been designed in order to defy all attempts to improve it. With refectories on three floors to be supplied from one small kitchen, the standard of meals is inevitably low.



JIM

### TECHNICAL TRENDS





## THE STATUS SEEKERS

It will be obvious to more other-directed among my readers, that not all the future leaders of industry who come to I.O., achieve the status of, say, President of the Union. It is desirable that Freshers should appreciate this sad fact ab initio and, in attempting to become orientated Unionwise, should accordingly modify ambition to match ability. Remember, in the Union organisation there is a niche for everyone!

The task, then, which faces each and all of us, and some more than others, is to consider objectively in what way, however humbly, we can best fit into the general pattern. Having achieved this, it merely remains to establish oneself unambiguously by acquisition of the appropriate status symbols. The object of this guide is therefore, to analyse the main levels of Union organisation, and to point out some of the more obvious symbols other than the Colcutt tower.

Basically, members of the Union, by which term I mean those who have paid the stipulated fees (or rather have them paid), fall into three categories, which for ease of identification I will designate: Top Men, Keen Types and Brown-Baggers. The latter form an overwhelming majority and are essential to the smooth running of the organization. By voluntarily foregoing their legitimate rights, they free the finances and facilities of the Union, which are, in any case, quite inadequate to cater for all potential customers, for the use of the less-academically fixated. Brown-Baggers are usually smartly dressed and have the appearance of harbouring incipient ulcers.

By no means are they to be confused with those other smartly dressed men of hurried step and preoccupied expression, whom you will find are going not to lectures but to committee meetings. These are Top Men (or Union Officials) and really are harbouring ulcers, in spite of the tennis. Such men will often be seen wearing curious ties on Thursdays; this is definitely the ultimate status symbol sartorialwise.

Between these elegant extremes slouch a variety of oiks, odds and sods, clean-limbed, clear-eyed quick-thinking British Youths, etc., who alone provide the administrators with something to administrate. It is to them, the very backbone of our Glorious College, that these remarks are primarily directed. Who else reads Felix any way; it is no substitute for the Times, Wool, etc.

These Keen-Types can be sub-divided into Beerdrinkers and Others. This distinction tends to become rather indistinct especially around closing time. Nevertheless one should point out the official object of Freshers Dinners is to locate the obvious supping talent as early as possible with a view to grooming it for future stardom. Prospective Sporting Types should bear this well in mind especially when not really first team material; it can make all the difference.

Those who don't happen to like beer (especially the southern varieties derived by degradation from de-natured dish-water) should, in general and along with the less energetic beer drinkers head for the lesser glories and greater comforts offered by the numerous Social Clubs. Should you be Executive material this route to the Top is not unduly disadvantageous.

The main objective of joining any club is to get elected to the committee. This is simply a matter of getting proposed and seconded by other prospective committee members in return for similar favours. Having thus become a democratically chosen representative on as many committees as possible you will then stand some sort of chance of getting in to Hostel. It is of course true that some Freshers are already in residence. We can only hope that the Union will survive this fundamental blow to its structure. The optimum position is to have been in residence as long as possible and then to move into a flat in Queen's Gate; but this takes time. Meanwhile, you should acquire a motor bike or battered old car, which will be dead cheap in view of the advent of Vehicle Testing, and park it in some prominent place. It is an advantage to be seen working on it at intervals, since it will not then be necessary for the thing to actually go and money can be saved on petrol.

On the academic side it can be a good thing to repeat a year but this is tricky and, in any case, you will want to get a sufficiently good degree to do a I.G. course. This is essential if you are to fulfill your Union potential. In general, do not make the mistake of pushing too much; it rubs people up the wrong way. For example don't go jumping Refectory queues, however long, just to be seen with the right people; it is much better to buy them a drink in the Bar afterwards. They may buy you one some day and then you are in - after a fashion. A policy of conformity with in your chosen group always pays off best. The fact that this group may hold radical opinions; pro-N.U.S., down-with-Council, etc., is neither here nor there provided you are consistent. By all means air your views in Felix and at Union Meetings, then everyone will know where you stand. That is the essential point.

I have, of necessity, had to generalize extensively in this short treatise. Never-the-less it is my hope that a careful appraisal of my remarks will assist the new comer in adapting himself to this novel environment.

And the best of British luck!

Diogenes.

FOOTNOTE: Any lack of mention of ICWA, ULU etc., is fully premeditated.



BRIGHTON

And that was all - for a moment nothing happened, the cigarettes glowed on, the smoke rose upwards, then:

"Okay, Lights" - the director slewed round in his chair. "I think you'll agree, Nicky, that was pretty hopeless. We'll have a re-shoot, but if you can't do better - well, we'll have to get someone else. Damn it all, the script says 'terror in the eyes'. Yours were as terrified as the herrings."

I stood at the back of the projection room and watched the falling star.

## FALLING STAR

I stood in the dark and watched, Nicholas K. Housman had had this coming to him for a long time, the egotistical swine. So I stood in the dark and smiled.

The American diplomatist pattered down the stairs from the Embassy. Briefcase under arm, carnation in buttonhole and the immaculately clean suede gloves gripping the elegantly tapered cane, he swung off down the road into the dusk. The confident stride of the man who controlled the destinies of hundreds of states, thousands of towns, millions of lives, could be heard long after he had disappeared into the failing light.

The tread of his follower was the very antithesis. Furtive, skulking, the swarthy foreigner kept the Ambassador in sight.

They threaded their way through the Belgradian News country, through the thickening yellow gloom, over the glistening cobble-stones. They were in the heart of the maze now. They passed the pink and yellow doored flats and the long lines of dirty garages. The foreigner knocked on a garage which instantly opened on well oiled hinges. But we followed the striding American along the foot of the ravine formed by the towering flats, passed the battered dustbins, their lids askew, with the emaciated kitten gnawing at the rotting herring with the phosphorescent flesh.

The American paused on the corner and fumbled for his gold cigarette case. We caught him up here beneath the cone of feeble light emitted by the street lamp with the dramatically broken pane. Its rays slanted his well-nourished face and deep-set eyes. The rumble of West End traffic could be heard in the distance and was now joined by the purring of a large car as it crawled up the mews.

He tossed the match away and stepped on to the cobbled road. The Renault's headlights poked him out. The roar of thirty horses, released simultaneously, ricocheted up the mews. Housman threw himself desperately backwards, blinded by the blazing lamps. He slipped on the wet cobbles. His legs waved grotesquely in the air. The silver buffer reared over him, the on-side tyres soythed towards his body. Frantically he rolled into the gutter. The next second the cold gritty rubber appeared to pass over his elegantly creased trouser-leg. The car jolted and swerved and Housman must have felt the heat of the exhaust beat on his face. The car skidded to a halt.

The American lay there writhing in a pool of iridescent oil-stained water, writhing amongst those beautiful colours. That expression on his face - it was damned funny really, I could hardly stop myself laughing. The doors slammed. Housman made a desperate struggle to avoid the iron bar which flashed down on his close-cropped skull - but it's difficult to move fast when both your legs are broken. That part was done well enough. The now filthy suede gloves feebly warded off the blow, but it landed neatly on his temple. His head dropped back into the oil-stained water and the blood, trickling from his ear, added its lustre to those beautiful colours.



# FELIX



## EDITORIAL COMMENT

Ave atque vale! No sooner here than gone again. Our editor takes leave of us to take on a rather higher position, and the editorship falls to Rob Cheeney. We wish both past and future editors luck in their new jobs. Both we feel will need it.

## FELIX BOARD

Editor.	J. Carter.
Sub-Editor.	D. Wilbraham.
News-Editor.	R. Cheeney.
Sports Editor.	M. Crawley.
Production Manager.	D. Gilbert.
Secretary.	Pam Gregory.
Business Manager.	P. Young.

## COUNCIL MEETING

At an extraordinary meeting of the I.C. Union Council on Friday last, J. Carter was elected Hon. Sec. of I.C.

Council authorised the ROC to act in accordance with its proposed constitution and to proceed with the election of officers and other required business.

Council authorised the Union executive committee to appoint a Carnival Organiser so that he might start his work as soon as possible.



BLOOD

Dear Sir,

I am writing to express my amazement and disgust at the childish drivellings of R.T.L.Fotheringham. I must assume that he comes from RSM, as only there can one find such immature expression of the old White Sahib cult.

Mr.Fotheringham objects to the interminable wranglings encountered at Union Meetings. Surely the whole point of a Union Meeting is to allow each member the opportunity to express his views on the running of his Union. Perhaps Mr.Fotheringham forgets that the Union belongs to all its members and not to the sheltered few - even the slimy left-wingers pay their fees.

As far as the propagation of new societies is concerned, Mr.Fotheringham neatly twists the facts to suit his distorted argument. Despite a Union meeting resolution supporting the Boycott, there has never been a Boycott society, and there has never been any suggestion of a Pacifist Society.

Mr.Fotheringham objects to the logical suggestion that the President be elected by the Union General Meeting. Obviously, the only hope of having a President supporting his violently reactionary views is to have the election done in camera by a few sycophantic cronies, purporting to represent the more responsible elements of the College.

I suggest that Mr.Fotheringham returns to the home of the gentleman and exercises his venom by whipping a few wogs.

Yours Faithfully,  
J.Watson.

Dear Sir,

In reply to certain remarks about the nomenclature of the business manager of Felix, I must tell you that he is P.Young, and, as far as I know, Young is the bearer of the name P.Young. If P.Young wishes to dissociate himself from Felix, he will have to either alter his name or adopt the title P.Q.R. S. Young himself. I suggest he has invented the name for himself. Is P.Young, sir, a non-de-plume? or is it a wild freak of P. Young's imagination? I, sir, am P.Young, and refuse to disappear merely at the whim of an anonymous preparer of mineral waters, who has assumed my name.

Yours Faithfully,  
P.Young. (Business Manager)

## ADVERTISEMENTS

WITH? I.C. and Bedford college & Y.H.A. group.  
WHERE? The Lake District, Buttermere Y.H.  
WHEN? 19th-21st November.  
WATCH the club notice-board.

College Evening Chapel is held every Friday in Holy Trinity Church at 5-05pm. The Rev.D.W.Gleaverley Ford gives a short address.

FOR SALE: Musical slide rule, plays "I'm counting on you" when log-leg scales are operated. Cheap. Box No. 2

BARGAIN OFFER O.S. Yak-harness for sale  
PRICE 17 Grats OR Consider Exchange for Chinese Dictionary.

Dear Sir,

I demand an apology! Your infamous rag has (inadvertently) committed a gross slander on my name and lowered my reputation from next-to-nothing to nothing-at-all. But perhaps I should explain the situation.

It all began last Wednesday when I bought a copy of your latest issue and turned in a desultory fashion to the Editorial page-I was curious to see who was producing the paper this year. I was electrified to see, at the bottom of the list, that I was business manager. I didn't remember being appointed to this post, but that is not surprising since I usually forget a whole pile of junk - science for instance - over the summer vacation.

But then it struck me that I was holding a copy in my hand without anyone having told me to get on with the business of managing - I mean the managing of the business, or whatever I was supposed to do. That was most odd; how the hell would you have produced the wretched thing without my assistance? I was beginning to get really worried - was I suffering from a Peculiar Case of Amnesia? Had I imagined the whole thing? Was it really Felix I was holding? Where was I? ... Who was I? ... What was I? ... A light dawned, - it wasn't me at all, but someone else; there is another P. Young in the college.

Now Sir, you can understand my feelings about this matter and you undoubtedly see the reasonableness of my request. If - as I suspect - this "P. Young" is really P.B.Young, or P.Z.Young, or even P.Q.R.S.Young, would you please print his full complement of initials; if he has just one name would you bring it to the notice of the whole of I.C. that I am not your business manager.

Yours Faithfully,  
P.Young.

To Mr.R.T.L.Fotheringham.

Dear Sir,

Due to the cloak of anonymity that surrounds you, there is no record of you being at I.C., I am forced to communicate with you in this fashion.

You state that last year there was an attempt made to form a South African Boycott society. It is true that there was a South African society proposed, but its aim was to counter the boycott and it very soon failed due to lack of support. However, you may be referring to the Boycott sub-committee of the International Relations Club. I would point out that this is an established committee and not a proposed society. Moreover, to my knowledge there has been no attempt to form any other group to deal with this subject. What then were you referring to in your letter in the last issue of Felix?

If you were referring to the IRC sub-committee, then, as founder of this committee, and as Hon. Sec of the IRC, I would appear to qualify as "a person in charge of a society and trying to form a South African boycott society." Thus, I am described by you as "a slimy left-wing Footnik" or communist. My main occupation, I discover, is either dragging out Union Meetings by interminable wranglings, or insidiously sliding myself into command of societies.

In reply, I would say that before your letter, I thought I was a relatively normal MACMILLAN TORY. I genuinely thought that I had been democratically elected to my office and I felt sure that my speeches at Union meetings never lasted more than a minute.

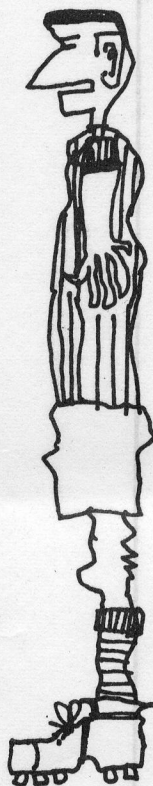
Thus I would ask you to help me. If you are not mistaken, then, can you explain how, overnight, I have turned into the evil monster you describe.

I eagerly await your esteemed reply.

Yours Faithfully,  
D.S.Mercer.



**SOCCER**



On the first Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of term the College Soccer trials were held at Harlington. About 70 freshers attended, and I should like to take this opportunity of welcoming them to the Club. The standard of football amongst the freshers appeared to be high, and as a large number of last years' players are still in College, I think we can look forward to another enjoyable and successful season. It is inevitable, however, that it will take one or two weeks before the teams settle down, and freshers should not become too impatient if initially they find they are playing in a team whose football really does not suit their own ability.

It is hoped, as for last season, to run seven teams. As well as matches in the London University Leagues many friendly matches have been arranged so that most people will be playing in two matches each week. Trips to Swansea, Oxford, Cambridge, Southampton, etc. have been arranged and it is hoped that each team will make at least one trip during the session.

This season is particularly important in as much as we hope to complete a hat-trick of London University Cup Final wins. In the 1959 and 1960 Cup Finals, respectively, Kings' and Goldsmiths were beaten and this session we must again start as favourites. Nine of last year's winning side are still in College.

The College Club has, in the past, supplied a large number of players to the University XI's, and it is probable that this tradition will be continued. Basil James, the Welsh Amateur international, has again been elected captain, while Colin Casemore is fixtures secretary.

I was sorry to see John Ereece

walking about College with his arm in a sling. I hope John makes a speedy recovery, and that we will see him in action again after Christmas.

Fixture cards are now available and can be obtained from officials of the Club. Training sessions are held on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 12.30 p.m.. Finally I should like to remind everyone to tick their names off on the team sheets as early as possible.

**CROSS COUNTRY**

At the Freshers' reception, twenty freshers signed on for the club. On Wednesday 5th October, ten of these accompanied by a similar number of old lags, went to Peter-sham for a training run. Although this run was officially not competitive, two freshers, Ted Wilkins and John Young, showed excellent form.

Despite the absence of captain Jim Bernard, I.C. runners were very much to the fore in the UL trials held over 6 1/4 miles at Parliament Hill Fields on Saturday 8th

October. John Collins and John Cleator finished 6th and 7th, while Pete Warren was 9th. The last named followed by Ted Wilkins, Dave Hammonds and John Young. Ted Wilkins and John Young were the only freshmen from any college to be placed in the first twenty.

**JUDO**



Last year the Club had a most impressive season, bringing off several rather surprising victories. Perhaps the most pleasing result of the season was a win over a rather large and hefty Met. Police team after some vigorous and spirited fighting.

We are hoping to have a fairly extensive programme of matches again this year and I would once again like to appeal to members of I.C. to allow the police team to come safely to the gym. as we would like to have a bash at them first.

Last year the Club had three members, J. Sheperd, M. Butler, and N. Ramsbottom who fought regularly for the University team and represented the combined South East England Universities team. John Sheperd also fought his way into the English team and is now reserve to the Great Britain team.

This term we are holding a course for beginners on Wednesday evenings in which we are hoping to teach the art of break-falling and some of the basic throws of judo. Why not come along and be secure in the knowledge that you will be able to defend yourself wherever you go, whenever you are fit to go out.





## SPORT



## A.C.C.

## MEETING

On Thursday, 6th October, twenty members of the ACC assembled in the Snack bar and the chairman, Mr. F. Davies, opened the meeting with characteristic efficiency at about 5-30 pm. The minutes of the last meeting were read and passed as a true and correct record, there being no alternative, since of the assembled company only the Chairman and the two secretaries had been at the last meeting.

Under the "matters arising", Mr. MacCrae asked if the fence which the hockey club had asked for had been erected. The Chairman replied in the negative, but said that as an alternative the grass had been allowed to grow and he hoped this would provide a suitable solution. He added that he was still in consultation with the groundsmen about this.

In reply to a polite question from the chair, the Hon. Sec. said that there was no correspondence.

Elections followed. For the vacant post of Vice Chairman, there was one candidate only, Mr. Brough. He was duly elected. N. Ramsbottom and C. MacCrae were elected to the Executive. Mr. Kealey was elected to the colours sub-committee and was also appointed gymnasium organiser.

On the question of finance, the Chairman emphasised the importance of the accuracy of the estimates, so that the necessity for asking for supplementary grants at a later date might be avoided. This is important because the ACC budget is worked out at the beginning of the session and supplementary grants tend to upset the balance.

The Chairman also said that all club income must be paid directly to the Hon. Senior Treasurer (Dr. McCoubrey) and that

this money must not be used as a source of petty cash. This was to be obtained from Dr. McCoubrey.

Two tour reports were read. The cricket club gave an expurgated version of the Devon tour, and the Lawn Tennis club gave an account of their tour in Holland.

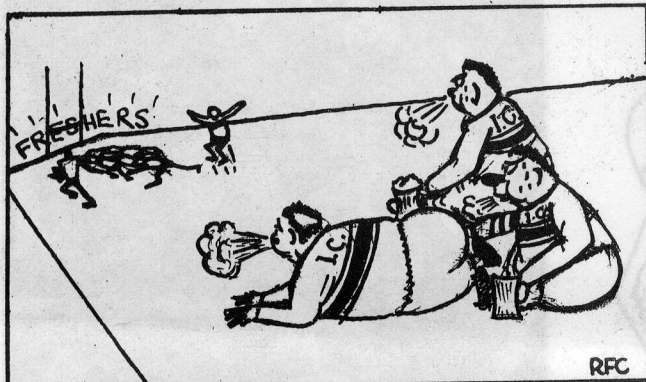
With regard to the matter of colours, several observations of note were made by Mr. Hill (Fres. I.C.U.).

When the gymnasium timetable was discussed, the Chairman asked if the Athletic Club provides facilities for people who wanted to do circuit training for the sake of circuit training. Mr. Cleator said that such "brownbaggers" would be welcome to train with members of the Athletic Club. Mr. Yorke said that these people were quite welcome to train with the Boxing Club.....(?)

N. Ramsbottom drew attention to the untidy habits of certain weight-lifters in the gymnasium. In reply, Mr. Hill said that the a Union rule existed which empowered the Gymnasium Officer with the right to forbid people to use the gymnasium without his approval, and that this rule could be invoked in such cases.

Since there was not much other business, the meeting was closed "somewhere about 6-45".

## RUGBY



The Fresher's reception proved once again that the game is increasing in popularity. This year 100 freshmen or thereabouts have expressed the wish to play. Attendance at the constituent college trials on Wednesday and the I.C. trials on Saturday (despite the terrible weather) were excellent.

UIU also held their trials on Saturday, and 11 I.C. men were there. Two I.C. freshers, F. McCormick on the wing, and A.T. Butler, at centre, are playing in the university's first match. Congratulations to these two and the "old lags" who managed to keep their places, including Kris Wronski, captain for the second year in succession.

This season, every Monday evening, the club will have the use of the gym, from 5 p.m. onwards for circuit training. This training is in addition to the usual Tuesday and Thursday outings in the park.

One last word, please TICK OFF as soon as possible.

## LAWN TENNIS

A team of seven left London for Rotterdam on Wednesday 29th. June for a ten days tennis tour of the Netherlands.

Unfortunately we were not able to send as strong a team as we hoped, and only two of the touring team were regular members of the 1st. VI. When the tour was first proposed most of the College's better players had been enthusiastic, but at later stages found themselves unable to come for various reasons. Thus our hosts were inevitably left with a very erroneous impression of our standard of play.

Our first day in Rotterdam was spent in sightseeing, and the following day we travelled to Delft, the strongest of the Dutch Universities, for our first match. Roger Haycock's first singles was against Wilhelm Maris, the Holland No. 1, who had just returned from Wimbledon, having been beaten by Neale Fraser. Needless to say, Maris won all his singles

and doubles matches, and our only victory was in the bottom doubles, where Ian Cameron and Tim Martin won narrowly. After the match we were entertained magnificently by the students at their club.

From Delft we travelled to the Hague. After a day's sightseeing in the Hague, we played our next match against Leiden University, which was also lost, but only by a narrow margin. The most exciting match was between our first pair, Roger Haycock and David Glasser, and the Dutch first pair. I.C. just won 8-6, 9-11, 13-11.

Next day we went to Amsterdam, and played against the students on the covered courts of the Amsterdam Lawn Tennis Club. The match was drawn 4-4, Micheal Bottomly and Alan Nethercott, each winning two matches.

The last match was a friendly affair against Haarlem Lawn Tennis Club, and the following day we returned to London via Rotterdam.