

FELIX

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

NO. 162

FRIDAY, 19th MAY, 1961

Price 4d.

CARNIVAL IN RETROSPECT

by a member of the Carnival Committee, who prefers to remain anonymous. This is true story. The names have been changed to protect the others.

Friday, 5th May. — D-Day, and the Ball was set rolling. And what a Ball, the May Ball of course, whose merits must have been anticipated, since there was almost a complete sell-out of tickets. Apart from the fact that the weather was good, that Chris Adams produced a most excellent cabaret, and that the Jazz Bands were able to play on unflaggingly into the early hours of the morning, congratulations must go to Tony Miller and the Entertainments Committee, whose work in producing the May Ball was surely appreciated by everyone. One slight criticism that might be made is that the lower refectory was expected to hold twice as many people as there were seats for the buffet supper, but besides this, the evening went without any serious mishaps. During the course of the evening the Carnival Organiser, Si Lyle, introduced the Carnival Queen, Krystina Bragiel, and presented her with a crown and a bouquet of roses.



The Dominoes Marathon in progress



The Carnival Queen,
Krystina Bragiel

Then on to Monday, when the Carnival Committee took over, presenting a Barbeque dance in Prince's Gardens. As during the rest of the week, they were favoured by good weather. The Carnival Grand Balloon Race, sponsored by Guinness, made its debut while owing to a last minute technical hitch in the Jazz Band, dancing was done to gramophone records under floodlight. Food was provided on entry and was cooked on a fire on one of the paths. Tuesday night was Quad Nite. The Quad was turned into a miniature fair-ground for the evening, and Beit Hall residents were treated amongst other things to the fairly unusual sight of a tortoise race by several comatose tortoises. Various other attractions such as skittles, darts and ball-throwing all brought the infallible, unbreakable coconut as a prize. The Jazz Band were again playing, while in a corner of the Quad, a new record was being set up. Yes, believe it or not, and most of the College must have wondered what was going on if they didn't already know, Tony Biggins was putting on a Twenty-Four Hour Domino Marathon, in the form of a non-stop game of dominos, starting at 11.30 a.m. on Tuesday, and ending at the same time on the next day. Congratulations Tony!

On Wednesday, there was the Gala Film Night. Many thanks to the Film Society for showing 'Lavender Hill Mob' and 'Gunfight at the O.K. Corral.'

Thursday evening saw the production by the Dramatic Society of 'The Black Storks Light', and of a small concert by

the Musical Society. This was unfortunately very poorly attended, which can only prove that culture, even in the very worthwhile form of this particular presentation, is not appreciated by Imperial College.

Another dance on Friday, the Carnival Dance, with music from the Les Layton's Band, and the I.C. Jazz band. About 120 couples were present, and Finlay McPherson compered a 'Jive for a Prize' contest. Unfortunately the winning couple must remain anonymous, since he forgot to ask them their names.

And finally Saturday, when a very weary Carnival Committee presented the Carnival Fete, preceded by a procession of floats, and followed by a Jazz Hop. Stalls started to appear in Prince's Gardens fairly early in the morning, and by the time the procession set off at 1.30 p.m. preparations were almost completed.

The procession was headed by the Fete Organiser, Jon Bareford, in his 'car' with a hunting-horn-blower. Then came the Carnival Queen standing on a Landrover, followed by the three Constituent College Vehicle Moscovits. The Mines lorry made it to the end of Prince Consort Road, but was not able to complete the route. However, Bo and Jez were in fine form and made up for this. These were followed by nine or ten departmental floats, including one on which the Jazz Band were again playing. The procession was only marred by the fact that one of the floats fell onto a car, but no one was hurt. The route, to the great delight of the police, covered Kensington, Fulham, and Chelsea as comprehensively as possible, and most people who took part seem to enjoy themselves except the Public (especially those standing in bus queues).

At about 2.45 the procession arrived back at Prince's Gardens, now with the addition of a Black Maria (picked up, it is thought, somewhere in Fulham), and shortly after this a second procession arrived consisting of the Carnival Organiser and Secretary with the Rector and his wife, Sir Patrick and Lady Linstead; the Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington, Councillor and Mrs J.G. Rawle; the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster; Councillor and Mrs. R.L. Everest, and Miss Vanessa Redgrave, who at the last moment, when the Committee were in despair, kindly agreed to open the Carnival Fete. Miss Mary Ure, with her husband John Osborne, was originally to open the Fete, but is now unfortunately in hospital.

Then, just after 3.00 p.m. Miss Redgrave opened the Fete by letting off a cluster of

gas-filled balloons, and then she, Lady Linstead, and the two Mayoresses were each presented with a bouquet of flowers by the Carnival Queen. The Fete then went into full swing, to the music of the band of the Coldstreams Guards, with help from the Musical Society while they weren't playing. Altogether, there were about 50 side shows, and a refreshment marquee. A particularly popular attraction was "Ducking the President" which in fact included most of the College officials.

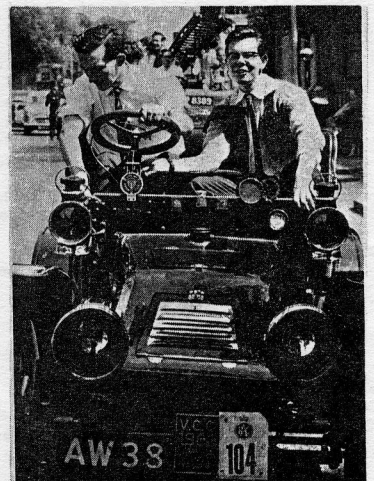
In the evening, when the Fete had died a natural death, the Jazz Hop started, again in Prince's Gardens. Large numbers turned up, and thanks go again to the Jazz Band for providing the music. The Carnival Committee then went to bed. (Only one is so far reported to have recovered just for long enough to write this article.)

Finally, the Carnival Committee would like to sincerely thank all these in the College, staff and students alike who worked to make the Carnival possible. They would like to thank especially the Jazz Club, who gave up a large amount of time to play during Carnival Week, and also the International Relations Club, who were able to raise a considerable amount of money by running a number of Carnival Lunches last term and this, and who were extremely active in the preparations for

Carnival Week. They would like to thank Viscount Hailsham, the Rector, and the Mayors of Kensington and Westminster for kindly acting as patrons, and Miss Vanessa Redgrave for giving up her time to open the Fete. Lastly, they would like to thank the American School in Exhibition Road for supplying power for the Fete; the numerous firms who contributed to the Carnival; the landlord of the Queen's who provided the bar licence and the drink to go with it; and finally the long-suffering Police, who, besides being most helpful to the Committee, exercised their usual calm and patience in particularly trying circumstances.

At the time of going to Press, it was not possible to estimate the total profit made by the Carnival, but, I, speaking as a member of the Carnival Executive, am sure that no donation can be too small for the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief.

THANK YOU EVERYONE



In Immaculate Bo at the start of the procession.



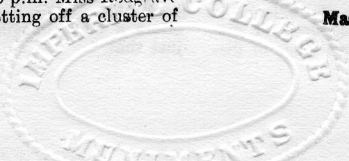
Mascot and Rocket

**UNION
A. G. M.
TODAY**

Friday, May 19th, in the Concert Hall.
at 1.15 p.m.

A G E N D A

1. Minutes.
2. Matters arising.
3. Correspondence.
4. Elections:
 - a) Council Representatives.
 - b) Entertainments Committee.
5. Annual reports.
6. Any other business.



THE CARNIVAL MAGAZINE

The very high standard of recent issues of "Phoenix" led one to expect that the Carnival issue would be something really special. This, and the amount of painstaking work which has been put into the magazine, make it all the more unfortunate that the standard is a little disappointing.

Obviously the content of a Carnival Magazine must be of a light nature, but the Carnival has its serious side too — the work of OXFAM is hardly a laughing matter — and a little more emphasis on this would have resulted in a better balanced magazine. An article surveying, in a general way, the work of the Oxford Committee would have been well worth including. No doubt the inclusion of two reprints was necessitated by a shortage of new material, for which the student body as a whole must take the blame (this includes the present writer). In any case, both items were worth reprinting.

It is in the presentation that the usual Phoenix excellence seems most lacking. The cover is a mess, and the hideous "old-fashioned print" on the title page heightens the bad impression. More of these rather tasteless things appear in the centre pages — one of them can only be described as revolting. The James Bond skit would have been better all together rather than split up by advertisements. These are small points, but the impression they give is cumulative.

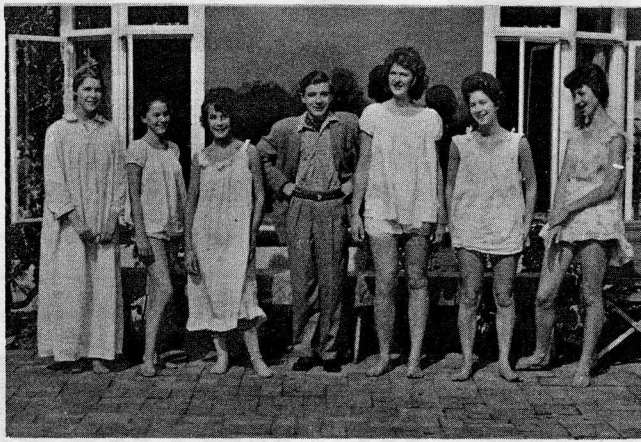
On the credit side there are some very witty articles and a few really good cartoons. John Reason comes up with some very sound advice to those who find London a difficult place in which to move around. John Galvaston comments on our slotmachineocracy and Tony Musgrave warns us all that gambling and women don't mix. Despite its shortcomings, this Phoenix is worth buying. All the proceeds remember, go towards our OXFAM effort.

A.L.B.

NOTED...

Smoking causes nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in the stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, enervation, lassitude, lack of ambition, falling out hair, baldness and many other disorders.

From the blurb to a smoking cure of 1912. Now we know what's wrong with the President.



The President-elect of the Royal College of Science, London, and friends

(Exclusive to Felix)

MASCOT ON HOLIDAY

by Finlay McPherson

It was at the beginning of the vacation that I first met her. At a discussion meeting it was: she was a Chelsea-type blonde who asked me the incredible question: "Did I go to Dublin University?" After explaining that it was the haggis country that came from not the hooch country I left. Of course not knowing what every good student knows I completely forgot to find out her name, address or telephone number. Quel bel fool. However, I found out by discreet enquiry that her name was Mary McPhee; with the aid of the telephone directory I was thus able to send her a letter inviting her to the theatre, mentioning who I was since I had forgotten to tell her my name, and generally praising her to the skies.

I never got a reply, and had almost given up the whole business as a bad job when she suddenly appeared in the drive on a red bicycle; I nearly had a fit and the next-door neighbour phoned to ask who the blonde was. I recovered my senses and arranged to pick her up the next day in a suitable vehicle.

The day was fine. I collected her and we drove into town; on the way she suddenly thumped her hand on the dashboard and said:

"There's one thing we'd better get straight." My respect for her rose, she was so very shrewd.

"Yes."

"My name's not McPhee, it's Watson." Stone the crows, I thought to myself, who is this woman anyway? "You see, my father was killed in the Second World War, my mother's a commercial artist in South Kensington, and I live with my aunt called McPhee."

"I see," I replied as if this were a commonplace occurrence. We drove on in relative silence, I was feeling a trifle stunned but after all it's not really unusual.

Just after we reached town she turned to me. Wait for it, I thought.

"By the way," she said, "There's another thing. Soon I'm going to stay with my mother in South Ken, and she always calls me by my second name." I did a double take and said:

"Well, do you want me to call you by your first name or your second?"

"You might as well get used to the idea of calling me by my second name." Was this woman mad, or what?

"Well, what is your second name?"

"Esmeralda, and I hate abbreviations." This would take more getting used to than I could manage. I had taken out a girl called Mary McPhee, and was now taking back a girl called Esmeralda Watson. The crazy thing about this story is it's true.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

We wish to inform you that John White and John D. White are not related physically, mentally, or in any other way.

The first of us is Carnival Competition Organiser, 1st Year Aero and Weeks Hall, the second is President of the Huxley Society, 2nd Year Physics and Wormwood Scrubs.

Your separately,
John White
John D. White

Dear Sir,

Loath as I am to have to complain about the results achieved by the faithful few who organised the Carnival Ball, the arrangements for the buffet were a disgrace!

How on earth is one supposed to enjoy a salad at 10.20 at night standing in a corner of the middle refectory surrounded by dirty plates, trays of glasses and squeezed in between the entrance to the kitchen and one of the staff cleaning glasses? Surely arrangements could have been made to increase the number of "sittings" (I hate to use the word) so that one could at least sit down in reasonable comfort to eat the most attractive food I have yet seen to appear from the middle refectory. Considering that even in Joe Lyons one normally can sit down, although the food is much inferior, surely for £2.2s. it is not unreasonable to hope to sit down to enjoy the food.

I do not know who was responsible, or even if the Entertainments Committee were concerned with such details about the buffet, but it seemed to me to be spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar.

Yours sincerely,
A.S. Chalmers, R.S.M.

YES, UNILATERALISM IS THE ANSWER

Dear Sir,

I enclose a short article which I wrote immediately after reading Mr. Finch's contribution to *Scrunity* entitled "Is Unilateralism the Answer?" It represents an impulsive reaction, not a carefully planned answer to Mr. Finch's article. I have not altered it because in its present state it conveys some of the urgency which I feel is very necessary in this matter.

It is due to this sense of urgency which I feel that I am submitting this article to you and not to *Scrunity*.

Yours,
Peter Young
(P.G. Mineral Dressing)

"Since both Russia and the U.S.A. have enough nuclear weapons to destroy civilisation", writes Mr. Finch in the latest issue of *Scrunity*. "I do not believe that unilateral disarmament by this country can improve the prospects of world peace." I disagree entirely. Since America has enough nuclear weapons to destroy Russia our bombs can make little difference to the situation except to increase the danger of nuclear war, so why waste money on them? If we must have nuclear protection we can have America's.

But another argument is more powerful; France, Sweden and probably China are working towards their own A-bombs and are thus increasing the danger of nuclear war. With the U.S.A. and Russia only armed with H-bombs we have a relatively simple situation but when neutrals and allies have them the balance is more complex and the chances of disarmament are less. The first stage of dis-

armament must be the prevention of the spreading of H-bombs and this can be done if France, Sweden and China are stopped in time. The only argument which will stop them is the renouncing of nuclear weapons by one or more of the three nuclear powers; Russia and the U.S. will not do it so the onus rests with Britain to take the lead, to tell these countries as forcibly as possible that they are wasting their time and money and clinch the argument by getting rid of all our nuclear arms, all our radiological and bacteriological weapons and cutting down our conventional forces to the minimum. Half the money thus saved could well be spent on an enormous propaganda drive to turn world opinion against nuclear arms and the other half could be used for direct gifts to poor countries.

Negotiation within the U.N. is all very well but it is subject to all manner of delays and technical hitches and is used by the various governments as a political tool like any other. Discussions are not very far advanced and no party to the discussions has yet conceded something definite without retracting or denying it. And all the time the urgency becomes greater. It is a matter of months now, not decades as it was when the talks started, before another country builds an operational bomb and still the political bargaining and lying goes on. It is not the fault of the U.N., it is the fault of all the parties to the disarmament conferences for not being more willing to come to agreement. The deadlock must be broken and the C.N.D. offers a bold, imaginative plan for doing just that.

Peter Young

The innocent at the films

We don't even know what the film's title is yet, but it's the usual sequence; a man and a woman in a double bed, and it's obvious to all but the more immature under-nines in the audience that they are not married. (Married people don't behave like that, they sleep in matching twin beds with a contemporary bedside table in between, on which are the sleeping tablets, the sedatives and the Reader's Digest Bedside Companion.) Sometimes these bedside films are really good, as was "Room at the Top", that carefully drawn caricature of the industrial West Riding, but as the craze catches on it looks as though we are going to see some really bad ones.

Occasionally one feels, as the man in the bed lies back and reveals a chest hairy enough to make gorilla green, occasionally it would be pleasant to get back to Buchanesque thrillers: those breezy stories full of Ruritarians fixing some clean-shaven all-British hero in the telescopic sights of a rifle, somewhere in the Scottish Highlands. It seems incredible to think, as the woman slides out of bed at last, to reveal to the steaming audience that she is not quite naked after all, though one would thought so from all that sly pulling up of the bedclothes, that there is only one woman in the 'Thirty-nine Steps, and that she was at least middle-aged. It takes a rare writer these days to write any sort of novel without including at least one sexually attractive woman in the characters. This is not to say that Buchan's stories have more literary merit than say Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, they have not, but the innocent would have thought that since it takes a writer of some calibre to centre a story round the man-woman relationship and since film scriptwriters are rarely of any calibre at all, the film makers would be providing more satisfactory entertainment if they concentrated on other themes. Westerns for instance.

Consider the advantages of the Western. The innocent's recollections of the American Middle West, drawn exclusively from Westerns, can be combined into one scene. In the middle of a vast plain lies a town consisting of a few matchboarding houses and a saloon with those peculiar swing doors. If we are lucky there is a railway station without platforms, and in the background is an ancient locomotive, hissing gently, while in the foreground cowboys lounge in the dust, occasionally tilting back their hats and getting up to shoot each other. The characters in this bucolic scene communicate by bullets or monosyllabic grunts, thus solving the scriptwriter's problems right away. They also appear to be wearing their oldest jeans, so one can assume that the costume bill has been considerably reduced. The scenery is free to any film company prepared to drive a few hundred miles into the desert. As for the buildings, they look fairly portable, and in any case the same sets appear to have been used in several different films so that there is no danger of the company being left with a life-size plywood Coliseum, or anything like that, on its hands if the stars get dysentery from eating unhygienically merchandised vegetables.

Thus it would appear that a film company with mediocre resources would stand a better chance of making passable entertainment out of a Western than out of a film with any other theme. The combination of impressive scenery and the exciting action of a gunfight is a good one. And when a film company hires not only a scriptwriter of some ability but also one or two good actors as well, the result is often outstanding. Of the purely gun-fighting Westerns in recent years, *The Law and Jake Wade* and *Warlock* were excellent entertainment. Another theme has been the rootless gunman who wants to settle down, and there have been many variations on this. *The Gunfighter*, *High Noon*, and *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* all had this as one of their themes. Others of note were *Shane* and *3:10 to Yuma*, both rather different from the usual run of Westerns in their emphasis, but still including the same basis ingredients.

But of all these, *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, which the Film Society had as one of the pictures on the programme of the Carnival Film Festival on Wednesday, must rank as the finest. *Burt Lancaster* and *Kirk Douglas*, a script that is only rarely corny and that final vendetta, all go to make up two hours of really excellent screen entertainment. When it comes to bedside melodramas and those incredibly corny epics, just pass me my long-barrelled Colt.

Once again, Felix makes student press history!
Here for the first time is

A BEDFORD



SUPPLEMENT

SOUND AN ALARM

There can be little doubt that Bedford College has the most pleasant and exclusive situation of any of the London colleges. The bustle of town is held at the bay on the one hand by a strategically placed moat and on the other by the breathless hush of the Inner Circle. Here, as nowhere else in the Metropolis, peace and tranquillity reign and while less respectable establishments now admit the dubious influence of men, Bedford College

This is not to say that they falling behind the times however. The sciences are, we believe, studied there; the departments of Chymistry and Physiks are among the most advanced of their kind. Teaching methods are also highly advanced, so that one should be surprised, for example, to observe English students re-enacting some of the more interesting incidents from Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight as an integral part of their studies.

There has been considerable building and improvement round the College lately, such as that to the Union and Reid Hall. A notable innovation in the latter has been the installation of a burglar alarm system. If this has caused the residents to be more diligent in obtaining the proper late night passes then we must suppose that it is a good thing. However, rumours that the bridge that one crosses to reach the main entrance is to be converted to a drawbridge and fitted with a portcullis are unfounded. The road is a public right of way.

PORTRAIT GALLERY



Angela Cowgill, the new Athletics Chairman has two interests — SPORT, and is as one can see from the photo not a typical black-stocking product of Bedford. Perhaps this is due to her luck in having a sister who was President of I.C.W.S.C. The family's connections with I.C. do not appear to have been broken completely as Angela claimed to be a member of I.C. Photographic Society in her election manifesto. This was difficult to corroborate; the treasurer said she had not paid a subscription, the Vice-president referred to me to the Secretary who said that she appeared in the minutes as "supplier of coffee to the Portrait Group leader." The Portrait Group leader was however, in North Wales for the weekend with the Y.H. Group.

Among Angela's other activities she is a committee member of the Bedford Y.H. Group.

WHITE ELEPHANT SALE

Many yards of green, purple and silver blazer cloth available at bargain prices. Suitable for curtains, cushion covers, scarves, dresses, short shorts, tapered trews or brief bikinis. Not to mention blazers. All reasonable offers considered. Enquires and suggestions to Bedford Union Society.

CARNIVAL (OTHER ONE)

From our Bedford Correspondent
Once again this College is helping with the U.L. Carnival, unlike I.C. Even though the I.C. Carnival will probably raise more money than the U.L. one, we feel that the University should come first, and anyway some of the boys one meets from Kings are rather sweet.

NEW PAPER

OF BEDFORD UNION

The old handbook assures Bedford freshers that "Bedford News" appears every fortnight throughout the first two terms. In fact it has only appeared once or twice a term. For those who never saw one it looked much like "Felix".

This year it has been decided to make a completely new start. Miss Harvey Webb, a first year philosophy student, and past editor of St. Hilda's (Whitby) school magazine, is co-operating with Miss Colquitt-Craven to give Bedford a more professional looking newspaper on the lines of Sennet. This new paper must have a large circulation and a lot of advertising space must be sold at about ten shillings per column-inch. Apparently it is intended to produce it about three times per term, so that it can hardly perform the function of a newspaper, but will be equivalent to a cross between "Phoenix" and "Felix" (horrible thought).

UNION ELECTIONS

This year six of the nine posts were contested, this being the highest proportion for the last four years. However, the increased interest was not reflected throughout the Union as a whole, and the usual apathy prevailed. The advance publicity showed little originality, except that of one candidate who produced very professional posters with large photos surrounded by stencilled lettering. The usual lack of respect was shown by those who stuck ideas to Vote for — on the inside of all the lavatory doors. I.C. is fortunate indeed to be spared this indignity.

It became apparent at the hustings that the increase in the number of candidates was not accompanied by an increase in their quality. For example, the post of Athletics Chairman was contested for the first time in nine years, but of the three candidates only one had ever been to the College Athletic ground.

It is to be hoped that the new officers can arouse more interest in the Union, and that we will be able to raise our quorum of eighty at Union meetings more often.

MARITAL BLISS

You're trapped, you're engaged, to a student from Bedford College! And you're loaded, late uncle has made you considerably richer, or your skill with permutations and combinations has finally proved its worth, or perhaps trap three came up at the White City. Her parents consider that you should marry her, and you are only too keen to fix an early date. There seems no escape but to live happily ever after.

There remain but the formalities at College; your fiancée goes to inform the Bursar of the impending change of name and address, since Reid Hall does not yet provide married quarters.

The questions begin, what of her course? Will she leave early or see it through? Can she work, keep a flat and a husband, all at once? What about money? Doubts start to arise in the poor girl's mind. After this talk with the Bursar, an almost identical questioning must be endured from the Registrar.

Now comes the academic side — cross-examination from her tutor followed by an interrogation from the head of the department, and she still persists in wanting to marry you. But now comes the final inquisition from the Principal, and going against her refusal may mean a sudden end to the Bedfordian's academic career.

Don't let this raise your hopes, you have had it in the long run, and really it is your own fault; you should never have let her father lend you the money for the ring.

The Editor would like to thank Roger Henson, Ian Gibson, Duncan Gardner and our Bedford correspondent, who are largely responsible for this feature.



YHA GROUP IN NORTHUMBERLAND
EASTER 1961

Three exiled Northumbrians, tired of extolling the virtues of their much maligned country, decided to visit the homeland in the Easter Vacations. So after much cajoling a mixed party of six from Bedford and IC made the trip, though only on one day were all six members present together. One young lady, who joined the party a week late arrived wearing an engagement ring, which caused doubts to be expressed about her excuse of having had measles.

The party set off from Alnwick in a blinding snow storm and after a few derisive remarks and aided by some completely unintelligible directions from a local farmer, made their way to Rock Hostel. Fortunately the weather improved and the next two days were fairly dry and were spent in exploring the coastline northwards as far as Holy Island. I think we will all remember for a long time the impressiveness of Bamburgh Castle, rising sheer out of the sand dunes, and flanked to the east by a vast expanse of golden sands left clean and smooth by the falling tide, and the whole mercifully devoid of people.

After dumping the camping gear used in the first two days, the party made its way westwards over the moors to Wooler from where, after a night's rest at the hostel, we set off into the Cheviot Hills. Luckily

the weather was fine and clear, but the party was quickly made to realise that distances are vast in the Cheviots and that the lack of conspicuous landmarks makes navigation difficult.

The summit of the Cheviot was reached at about 1.30 p.m. and the party lunched by the cairn, completely surrounded by a peat-bog and huge peat-hags. That evening was spent at Wholehope Hostel, one of the smallest and most isolated belonging to the Y.H.A., where the party learnt some of the history and traditions of the Border Country from the Warden.

After the first few days time seemed to go very quickly and three more days of rough walking, in part along the Pennine Way, brought the party to the Roman Wall, which we then proceeded to patrol in true Roman style, walking along the top in a single file. By now we were in more gentle country and were able to admire some of the lovely scenery along the banks of the North and South Tyne before striking north again across the moors to Rothbury in Coquetdale. From here, those who had not fallen by the wayside departed to their respective homes, feeling perhaps physically tired but all the more able to face the mental rigours of the Summer Term.

CRUD FOR PRESIDENT



The obvious choice for next year's president is Crud. This is born out by the photograph of Crud in his "going to committee" stance. This is familiar to, and well practised by, everyone who has ever sat on a committee but note the elegant way in which Crud does this; obviously a past-master at it.

You have met him in Felix already inviting a boid to flit into Weeks Bar, this fact combined with the fact that he is

a permanent resident of the bar shows that he would make an admirable president.

Everyone knows him, or will do when his present Crud for President Campaign is over, and he knows nobody, again perfect for president.

All these virtues and no vices, that is, in the purely I.C. sense of the word, point him out as the only possible President.

SPORTS DAY

by John Collins

Sports Day, although fine was slightly marred for the spectators and officials by a chilly wind. This wind, however, considerably helped the sprinters but was against the long and triple jumpers.

With the University track at Motpur in its usual excellent condition it was unfortunate that all three colleges were fielding depleted teams. Mines had lost some members to a field course, Guilds were without Macdonald (University Captain) who is College recordholder for the sprints, and R.C.S. had lost Clifton (Half-mile Champion, 1960) and Wenk (440 yd. recordholder). The last three were at Loughborough with the University team.

The team result was an overwhelming win for R.C.S. with 174 points to the 128 of Guilds and 81 of Mines. Although this was R.C.S.'s second win in succession it should be noted that Guilds have won 23 times in the last thirty years. R.C.S. had the individual winner in thirty events as well as winning the Tug o' War and Half Mile Relay, while Guilds won the 4x110 yd. Relay and had Wigginton first in the Pole Vault. Mines honour was upheld by Fairfield and Nicholson who were first and second in the High Jump.

The R.C.S. captain, Spicer, set his team a good example by winning the first event, the 120 yd. Hurdles, but the outstanding individual was Harrison (R.C.S.) who besides running in the Relay won the 100 yds in 10.2 sec., the 220 yds in 22.7 sec., the Long Jump in 20 ft. 3 in., and the Triple Jump in 42 ft. 8½ in. — the latter being a new Sports Day best performance.

The trophy for the best Field Events performance was retained by Connolly (R.C.S.), who again won the Shot Putt (40 ft. 9¼ in.) and the Javelin (162 ft. 8½ in.).

The College record to be beaten was the 1,500 m. steeplechase where Cleator, who had already easily won the 1 Mile in 4 min. 19.9 secs., broke his own record with a time of 4 min. 26.9 sec. Last term Cleator had also run the 3 Miles in the excellent time of 14.05, which besides being a new College record was the fastest time in the country this year.

Mines are to be especially congratulated on their performance as they only had nine competitors (including their President, Paul Buet, who took sixth place in the Long Jump) for all fourteen track and field events.

The Staff Race, in which the Presidents also competed, was won by a surprise entry, Miss Anne Mathews of the Civil Engineering Dept., who easily beat Messrs. Hill, Greaves and Buet and three male members of staff! The handicap system so ungallant as to beat the lady even if ensured that none of the men could be he so desired.

The only other notable competitor was Mike Barron, who not only played for the Basketball Club, who beat ICWSC 3-1 at netball, but also ran for his old College in the Half-mile Relay and the 440 yds. The latter event was won by Meade (R.C.S.) in 51.09, while the Half-mile gave R.C.S. yet another victory, Wood winning easily in 2 min. 4.3 sec.

Results:

1st R.C.S. — 174 points
2nd Guilds — 128 points
3rd R.S.M. — 81 points

TEAM EVENTS

3 Miles:

1st — R.C.S.
2nd — Guilds
3rd — R.S.M.

Tug o' War:

1st — R.C.S.
2nd — R.S.M.
3rd — Guilds.

4x110 Relay:

1st — Guilds, 46 sec.
2nd — R.C.S., 46.4 sec.

220-220-440 Relay:

1st — R.C.S., 1:43.7
2nd — Guilds, 1:54.2

INDIVIDUALS

100 yards:

Harrison (R.C.S.) — 10.2
Soubry (Guilds) — 10.6.

220 yards:

Harrison (R.C.S.) — 22.7
Spicer (R.C.S.) — 23.0.

440 yards:

Meade (R.C.S.) — 51.9
Spicer (R.C.S.) — 52.6.

880 yards:

Wood (R.C.S.) — 2:4.3
Hammonds (Guilds) — 2:5.8.

1 Mile:

Cleator (R.C.S.) — 4:19.9
Hammonds (Guilds) — 4:34.3

1600 metres s/o:

Cleator (R.C.S.) — 4: 26.9
Wilkins (R.C.S.) — 4:45.7.

120 yards Hurdles:

Spicer (R.C.S.) — 16.2
Nicholson (R.S.M.) — 19.1.

High Jump:

Fairfield (R.S.M.) — 5 ft. 5 in.
Nicholson (R.S.M.) — 5 ft. 3 in.

Long Jump:

Harrison (R.S.M.) — 20 ft. 3 in.
Butler (Guilds) — 18 ft. 0 in.

Triple Jump:

Harrison (R.C.S.) 42 ft. — 8½ in.
Soubry (Guilds) — 39 ft. 9 in.

Pole Vault:

Wigginton (Guilds) — 9 ft 6 in.
Smith (R.S.M.) — 9 ft. 0 in.

Shot:

Connolly (R.C.S.) — 40 ft. 9¼ in.
Wigginton (Guilds) — 37 ft. 2½ in.

Discus:

Connolly (R.C.S.) — 124 ft. 10 in.
Alcock (R.S.M.) — 123 ft. 10 in.

Javelin:

Connolly (R.C.S.) — 162 ft. 8½ in.
Hunt (R.C.S.) — 152 ft. 9¼ in.

ICWA

At the U.L. Athletics Championships. I.C.W.A. not only won the Sherwood Challenge Cup for the first time for several years, but also came second to St. Mary's College for the Imperial College Challenge Cup. The members of the team were:

Beryl Milner — 440 yds, 220 yds, 100 yds, 80 m. hurdles, long jump.

Carole Bedingfield — 440 yds, high jump, discus and javelin throwing.

Hilary Lear — 220 yds.
Carolyn Russell — 880 yds.
Janet Hiscox — 880 yds.
Pat Ridout — 100 yds.
Madge Pleaden — long jump.

In the U.L. Women's Swimming League, I.C.W.A. came third to Bedford College and the Royal Free Hospital; defeating Goldsmith's, Middlesex Hospital, U.C., Westfield, Chelsea and Q.M.C. It is the first time that I.C.W.A. have done so well, and thanks are due to the untiring efforts of Janet Hiscox and Ruth Oldham.

ATHLETICS

I.C. were narrowly defeated by St. Mary's Hospital in the U.L. Championships at Motpur Park on Saturday 13th May, despite some fine individual performances.

On Wednesday, John Cleator easily won the 3000 m. steeplechase in the good time of 9 min. 25.8sec., with Ted Wilkins running well to gain second place. We also picked up points in the triple jump through Jim Harrison (3rd) and the two-mile walk, with John Collins finishing 4th, in his first serious race in his new event.

We had a fine start on Saturday, with John Cleator winning very well in the one-mile from Spelyn of St. Mary's, a very fine performance. Paul Potter and Archie MacDonald also achieved good performances, winning the pole vault and 220 yds respectively. G. Wenk dominated the 880 yds, leading the whole way, and winning in 1 min. 55.5 sec., for which he was awarded the trophy for the best track performance of the afternoon. Ian Linklater excelled himself in the 440 yds hurdles, achieving a personal best performance in 5th place.

I.C. also did well in the 100 yds, once again Jim Harrison and Archie MacDonald (3rd and 4th). Dave Hammonds and Ted

Wilkins worked through the field in the three-mile, and were lying a very comfortable 2nd and 3rd behind Mitchell (U.C.) at the end of two miles. Wilkins then opened up a 40 yds gap on Hammonds, and was going well until the last lap, when he very surprisingly cracked up, probably due to the hot weather. Hammonds pressed on to take 2nd place, and Wilkins gamely finished in 5th place. The final track event in which I.C. was represented was the 440 yds. Archie MacDonald, in his 3rd event of the afternoon, very nearly pulled off a surprise by winning, but had to be content with 2nd place, in a new College record time of 49.2 sec. Bill Wood hung on well to 4th place in 51.3 sec.

Once again in the throwing events I.C. were carried along by two people, Connolly and Alcock. Colin Connolly waded through all four throwing events, and finished with two 3rds and two 4ths. Tony Alcock finished 4th in the discus, despite his efforts in the 120 yds hurdles on Wednesday.

I.C.W.A. must be congratulated on winning the Sherwood Cup, which was well deserved for their enthusiasm if not their skill.

We are now looking forward to our next annual battle with St. Mary's and a reversal of Saturday's result.

HOCKEY TOUR OF HOLLAND

At 9.15 on Thursday April 6th a train left Liverpool Street Station bound for Harwich, containing an eager band of fit young men, and in the same carriage was the fourteen strong party of the Imperial College Hockey Club bound for Holland. The North Sea crossing was uneventful with a calm sea and blue skies providing a good omen for our stay in Holland, and it proved to be for the weather remained perfect throughout the tour.

We arrived in Groningen at 11.00 p.m. after a long and tiring journey (during which we achieved the distinction of drinking the train dry in one-and-a-half-hours) and were met by a large crowd of the hockey club "Forward" of the University.

There followed a somewhat heavy reception at which the menu consisted of beer, beer, gerewer, brandywin and more beer, all of which proved a little too much for several members of the party but which was a foretaste of things to come.

The following day, having spent the morning recovering, we played the Forwardiens (a team drawn from the touring party which came to England two years ago) and thanks to two fine goals by Clarke, some judicious use of feet and able umpiring by the secretary, whose range of vision had been rendered somewhat restricted by the previous night's festivities, we managed to draw a most enjoyable game 2-2.

On Saturday we were guests at a reception given by the town Hockey Club on the occasion of their 35th anniversary; this was followed by a thoroughly enjoyable dance, and as a result of which very little sleep was had by all. This also resulted in our arriving at the Mixed Hockey Tournament next day a little late though still in time to learn that we had lost our first match. Both our teams continued in this vein with the result that we won a share in a bottle of cinjars as the strongest teams in the tournament. This was followed by a tea dance at which the only beverage was beer! During the day bicycles were introduced as a means of transport with chaotic results, and several members of the team learnt some new Dutch words.

On Monday we played a match against the University team, and the whole team really excelled itself. It was a very clean, fast game and the standard of hockey shown by both sides was very high: the fact that we won 4-1 speaks well for our performance. The goals were scored by Phillips (3) and de Brockert. That evening we were given a farewell dinner in their Union which proved a most riotous event, putting recent events in Algeria and Cuba very much in the shade; the mortality rate amongst plates, glasses and diners was very high. The whole evening was a very fine conclusion to a memorable visit to Groningen, but proved yet again to be too much for some.

Next day we moved on to Amsterdam where we spent a recuperative 24 hours in sight-seeing which included a trip round the canals and docks on the Wednesday morning and a visit to the Amstel Brewery at which the tour of the works was cut down to a quarter of an

hour — our guide proved to be a Dutch international hockey player. We moved on to Delft that day and after being very well received we played indoor hockey at a fabulous new sports centre. The game is played six-a-side with substitutes, on a pitch 30 yards by 40 yards, and is rather like ice-hockey in that the side walls can be used. Despite the fact that the English style of play is not very well suited to the game, we won one and lost one game against two teams which had had considerable experience.

Thursday was a free day and was spent sight-seeing in Rotterdam, The Hague and Hilversum. On Friday we played S.V.H.C., the Catholic section of Delft University, and were well beaten 4-1 in a very hard, fast game on a rather bumpy pitch. We were entertained that evening by the S.V. gin-drinking club to a somewhat unusual dinner where the food was served mostly on the walls of the room. The company then proceeded en masse to the cinema, which seemed to be a regular Friday evening occurrence, as the public very wisely stayed away. We then returned to their Union, where the bar remains open until there are less than five people present: as a result 5.00 a.m. seemed to be the average closing time during our stay.

On Saturday we moved to The Hague where we played against Groenel H.C., one of the many hockey clubs in the city, and won deservedly 2-1 in what proved to be yet another enjoyable game. That evening we were entertained to a meal in a Chinese restaurant and there followed a round of some of the night-clubs which proved highly educational.

We left The Hague at 10.20 in the morning for London, all very tired, nearly all very broke, but having had a most memorable ten days in what we all agreed was a very pleasant country and amongst wonderfully hospitable people.

C. MacRae

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