



FELIX



NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

No. 190

Wednesday, 8th MAY, 1963

PR. CE 4d.

SOUTH SIDE OPENS MAY 11

The first student inhabitants will move into two of the Halls of Residence (Falmouth and Tizard) on South Side on May 11th after what can only be called a "take-over bid" by the College to remove the contractors. It is surprising that, at this late stage in the year and with exams imminent in many departments of the College, the majority of students originally offered places have opted to move in. However, being a resident for the remainder of this term in no way affects their application for residence in the next academic year.

Each hall consists of three floors of single study bedrooms with a general circulation area first floor. The study bedrooms are arranged in groups of eight round a central staircase — three staircases to a hall—whilst horizontal connection is by means of the gallery floors. This design was originally stipulated to the architects by the College in the hope that it would improve communal living. Unfortunately, the gallery floors now resemble a dumping area for all the necessities which couldn't be fitted into the design elsewhere — one has never seen such peculiar shaped lounges (and when will they be able to design buildings again without protruding pillars which festoon the facade with mocking dignity).

Kitchen facilities, laundries, subwardens' flats, house-keepers' offices and cleaners' rooms are among the list for rooms required for modern hostel living. The detail has been adequately planned with the exception of power sources for electric razors and kettles and each room is excellently furnished. The jamming window problem of Weeks Hall may have been overcome by the insertion of smaller sliding windows.

Underneath the Halls of Residence are situated the new refectory facilities and common rooms,

designed on virtually an open-lay-out plan. The basement cafeteria opened on Monday, but the remaining refectory facilities will not be available for student use until next session. The kitchens have been excellently equipped and the main refectory can be adapted for self or waitress service. The whole area possesses a tremendous potential as a social centre and relaxing area.

The finish of the whole building is in slatted concrete which the architect, Mr. Richard Sheppard, claims "represents modern materials in their true light," but which the Guardian expounds "reflects barbarism." But if architecture is taken as representing the methods and materials available at the day in their best form, then along with the new Commonwealth Institute building, South Side ranks as one of the better examples in London.

Marion Chosen as Carnival Queen

ORDEAL IN THE QUAD

Lunchtime on Friday 26th in a sunlit quad, saw the annual parade of Carnival Queen candidates before a large assembly of expectant males. A carnival atmosphere pervaded the air, partly due, no doubt, to the over-amplified strains of the Carnival Record (Oi fink itsa hit), and to the fact that the bar was open.

Finally the long awaited moment came, the Executive, armed with millihelen metres, took their seats, and after a long series of fanfares, the six contestants were introduced, and persuaded to walk the length of the quad. At first sight, it looked like a field day for RCS, with two entries from Physics and one from Maths, but in the end, the prize and the title went to petite Marion Ponman, a secretary from Electrical. "On points," we should say, though she is a "regular knockout," the judging being done in terms of millihelens per candidate: Helen's face launched a thousand ships—how many could yours launch? Answer in millihelens. Mike

Cont on page 5

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COMMANDOS STRIKE AT FESTIVAL HALL

See page 5

FELIX

NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION

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quoting this journal.

Graduates who may be going abroad, but will be available in
1964/65, may apply now.**Letters to the Editor**

Dear Sir,

I am a member of Imperial College staff at 178 Queens Gate, and I will be getting married in June. Because of bad weather, our accommodation will not be ready till the end of August, and since this period falls during the College Summer vac., I was wondering whether any students would be willing to rent us their furnished accommodation while away on expeditions or holidays. Period required is 23 June to end of August.

Yours sincerely,

PENELOPE M. NICE.

LETTER OF THE WEEK!
Occult Science Exchange Bureau,
London, S.W.3.

Dear Sir/Madam,

I shall be much obliged to receive details of your magazine "Felix."

Yours faithfully,
S. MENAHENY,
Secretary.**EDUCATION EDUCATION
EDUCATION**

Just out in your racks last week is a questionnaire devised by a group here at I.C. investigating the advice system in schools. With the help of Tyrrel Burgess of "New Society" and of advice from a research student at the L.S.E., the questionnaire is going out to a 1 in 3 sample of all Freshmen at I.C., U.C. and L.S.E.

Breaking fresh ground, this survey is large enough to determine the quality of advice given by each different type of school, State-Maintained, Direct Grant and Independent.

In a pilot survey, conducted last December, Maintained schools were found to be best; but even on such an elementary point as availability of Careers Masters, in only half of the schools was he freely available for discussion.

English Electric have loaned us computer time free, so long as the information is transferred to punched cards by the end of May. So if you have received a questionnaire, help us by completing it quickly and returning it in good time. Thank you.

SMALL ADS

1954 500 cc Norton Dominator No. 7 with Avon shield and leg guards. Good condition, needs MOT. £50 ono. Contact R. Claridge via Union of Mech. Eng. Rack.

FURNISHED ACCOMMODATION wanted for married couple from 23rd June to the end of August. Any digs vacant during the long vac. ? Contact Penelope Nice, 178, Queen's Gate.

WANTED exchange visits with engineering and chemical faculties, male or female students between the ages of 18-23, the University of Split, Yugoslavia. Write to Mrs. Maja Pervan, Hectorovica 1, Split.

WANTED — 2 presentable young men to share a flat in the Earl's Court area, June onwards, please contact David Sumner, Physics II, via the Union or Physics rack.

Flat for the Summer Vac? Excellent s/c flat in Fulham for 3/4 students, wonderful value at £9 p.w. Six rooms, fridge, cleaner, etc. Contact:— M.C. Clavell, Civil I.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Just you stay here while I go and collect some of the others.
(Lone policeman to Festival Hall Commando).

I.C. CHOIR

The performance of Verdi's Requiem by the I.C. Choir at the end of last term was a pleasant surprise for one who has had little to do with this society. It is reputed that the I.C. students attempt to broaden their outlook outside the realms of science and one tangible proof of this lies in a creditable college choir.

Few amateur choirs in the country would choose to perform such a difficult work in one of the leading music colleges knowing that during the Easter period at least one professional choir was attempting this work. The soloists, all from the National Opera School rose to the occasion and the charming Ruth Little gave a warm interpretation of the mezzo-soprano part. David Read, the bass, was reminiscent of Christoff as Phillippe in Don Carlos, maintaining his tone throughout the range of his part. Gabriel Trujillo clearly appealed to the ladies around me and his rather thin tenor voice carried through the full choir and orchestra surprising well.

Full credit must be given to the conductor, Eric Brown, who devoted most of his energies during the performance to the orchestra, for training the choir to such a high degree of accuracy and reliability. The choir tended to be dominated by the female voices particularly during the Dies Irae and Sanctus. The basses lacked the sonority essential to the harmony of the Lux Aeterna but they did succeed with the fine Lacrymosa which ended the first half. The tenors fared well but were short of numbers.

The performance was not technically perfect but the overall effect was very pleasing. It was obvious that members of I.C. Choir enjoy their singing and the audience was not slow to appreciate this.

FIRE AT I.C.

At lunchtime on Monday, a fire was discovered in the 'inert' part of the Nuclear Technology Lab., just behind the Colcutt tower. The fire brigade was called out and rapidly put out the blaze before it could spread to the hot lab where small quantities of radioactive materials are kept. Three firemen were hurt when a cylinder of compressed gas exploded, and were taken away by ambulance.

It is thought that the fire began when liquid oxygen came into contact with some inflammable material, though the exact cause is not known. What is more to the point is that fire engines have visited the College at least three times within the last few months. *In a College where all manner of inflammable materials are precautions do not seem to be stocked in large quantities, fire quite up to scratch.*

POSTS VACANT

Anyone interested in the following for next session please write to the Secretary, I.C. Union c/o the Union Office:—

1. Editor of Phoenix
2. Advertising Manager of Phoenix
3. Sales Manager of Phoenix
4. Hon. Treasurer of Phoenix.

Where is this man
Going?

See page 10

I.C. BOOKSTALL

*a few bargains
in ties*

RSM, C & G, RCS, IC full and half colours, 22 and Chaps Club ties, all at 5/- each.

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AN OPEN INVITATION

The idea that having an account with a nation-wide bank like the Midland is something reserved for people of substantial means is a fallacy. So also is the belief that banks are interested only in those who are older and already established. The Midland Bank is interested in YOU — and *all* young people like you. You would find a bank account extremely useful for, besides the convenience of paying bills by cheque, you will find that it helps you to keep track of your expenditure.

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FRIDAY

8pm

**Carnival Review
TRIPLE CHARGE**

2'6

SATURDAY

2.30pm

**THE GARDEN FETE
Princes Gardens**

ALMA COGAN

Sideshow

Bar

4 bars

clyde valley stompers

barbecue

**jed stone and
the raiders**

GRAND MASKED FESTIVAL

**stanley bloomfield
and his dance band**

SATURDAY 8 to 12 p.m.

7'6 single

masks provided

CARNIVAL PAGE

Cont. from front page

Harris brought all the weight of his superior postgraduate technique to bear on the problem, wielding a slide rule with great abandon.

The winning contestant was handed a ticket for the May Ball, and then congratulated by the Executive in the usual manner—see photo. All in all, it was quite an ordeal, and it might perhaps be an idea if the form of the competition was changed so as to make it less formidable for the girls taking part. The fact that out of an ICWA of well over a hundred, only a few girls could be persuaded to appear on the day underlines the necessity for this. The idea of walking the length of the quad amidst cheers and cat-calls, or worse still, grim silence, is enough to discourage most men, never mind the more timid members of the fair sex.



AT THE MAY-BALL

Quick Takes

The films at the Film Festival will be "Romanoff and Juliet" and "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

To celebrate the selling of 250 copies of "I.C. Sings" Norman Price and Stan were presented with Silver Discs by the Carnival Queen at the May Ball.

Don't forget the Juke Box in the Snack Bar in the evenings.

Stynx has sold 2,500 copies so far.

The Carnival Stall in the Union Quadrangle will answer all your queries.

COMMANDO RAID

Now the full story can be told.

On the evening of April 30th, the South Bank was the scene of a planned assault, of an unprecedented scale, on a national edifice.

20.15 hrs. The raiding party assembled at Charing Cross Underground Station — all was quiet except for one policeman who appeared to have vision of another Trafalgar Square episode as he disappeared in an easterly direction at high velocity.

20.20 hrs. The first assault group crossed the Hungerford Bridge and took up positions to the south of the target. The atmosphere was tense, every man feeling that tugging at the nerves, that moment of truth that comes to us all before we "go over the top."

20.30 hrs. Cigarettes were stamped out, hand shakes were exchanged, and, with muttered words of encouragement the rest of the troops were on their way. You reporter was approached by a man in a dark suit and offered a "Players." One receiving the password "I.C. Carnival," he spat out the words "Daily Express." Since the operation was well under way by this time it was deemed safe to reveal the outline of our plans and, when he had heard them, the Daily Express man phoned for an aide.

21.00 hrs. Except for a few minor skirmishes all our troops had penetrated the heart of the target.

21.08 hrs. At a pre-arranged signal the attackers unleashed their weapons. After a moments surprise the defenders capitulated and indeed welcomed our invasion with a round of applause.



A Message from the Chairman

Now that Carnival Week is in full swing I should like to express my personal thanks to all those who have, and are, helping to make this event a success. Should anyone feel that they would like to help, especially next Saturday, they will be more than welcome. If anyone feels that they cannot give of time then any donation will be gratefully received.

The money that we raise will be financing the building of small earth dams in the Northern provinces of Nyasaland thus bringing life to millions of acres of hitherto arid land. Thus it may be seen that our money will not be simply going into the vast maw of Asia but will be doing real good. The aims of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign are best portrayed by the adage: Give a starving man a fish and you feed him for a day, teach him to cast a net and you feed him and his family for ever.

I hope that everyone will enjoy themselves.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN R. MADDISON.

21.15 hrs. The jubilant invaders left the target and reformed nearby to count the spoils. The troops then made off towards the West End and proceeded to sack it.
The Result—£130.

RAFFLE TICKET
COUNTERFOILS

to be handed in by
SATURDAY morning

to the Carnival Stall
or Weeks Hall porter



Presentation of Silver Disc

FELIX PROFILES

FRANK IRVING Beit's Warden



Among the number of brilliant young men who arrived at Imperial College just after World War II, there came to the department of Aeronautics one F. G. Irving, Esq. A graduate of Liverpool University (whose finery he dons for Commemoration Days), Frank's transfer of allegiance from the Mersey to the Thames has proved a considerable enrichment to the College scene. His activities as an academic worthy are not of wide general interest, though the supersonic wind tunnel with its attendant storage cylinders and giant vent pipe is evidence of his technical expertise; but he has a remarkable range of other interests and achievements.

He is perhaps best known in his role of Warden of Beit Hall. The Irving stature is not overpoweringly massive, but for years, the appearance of his aquiline profile, blue eyes glinting ironically behind their glasses, the preliminary "Hmmm" and the subsequent verbal astringencies, have quelled the most turbulent of residents. His encounters with amateur steeple jacks, nocturnal bell ringers, Christmas tree removers, phantom instrumentalists and miscellaneous convivals have made him immune to astonishment, without diminishing his sense of humour. Heads have sometimes been lopped after particularly outrageous incidents, but Frank's rule is notably undespotic. Year by year, the Beit Hall photo shows him surrounded by residents, some even smiling and very few in attitudes of terror or supplication. His calm and efficient administration has set a difficult standard for the coming multiplicity of wardens.

Frank is also a leading figure in the gliding world and has contributed greatly to the present high standing of the IC gliding club and to the development of the gliding centre at Lasham in Hampshire. A highly accomplished pilot, holding the gold "C" with diamond, and co-author of a book on unpowered levitation, he still holds, with Lorne Welch, the British two-

seater distance record. This flight from Lasham to Belgium also proved that his persuasiveness, armed with only a driving licence, is at least equivalent to a full set of international documents plus current passport. He is the chairman of the technical committee of the British Gliding Association, and he has been a member of the British team at several world championships. Functioning usually as retrieving crew, he is adept at this hazardous form of motor sport in which an enormously long trailer is towed furiously over any type of road which happens to lead in the general direction in which the glider was last seen. Any time not spent in retrieving, dismantling, reassembling and renovating the machine is customarily devoted to fostering international goodwill. This admirable cause has taken Frank all over Europe, and in February '63 to the Argentine pampas. The European Championships at St. Yan aided him particularly in his study of burgundies, and he has acquired some interesting bizarre recordings of Eastern European music from an excursion in the vicinity of the Iron Curtain.

Somewhat regrettably, one must record that Irving is grossly deficient in his appreciation of ball games, except for a moderate competence at squash.

He is also an indifferent performer at the air-water boundary, but weighed down with a lead belt and equipped with flippers, etc., he manoeuvres as skilfully as if he was airborne. Frank accompanied the very successful Underwater Club expedition to Malta, and an amphora of about 200 B.C., one of many recovered, adorned his flat before being presented to the College. His lofty eyrie at the top of Beit Hall also contains a large collection of gliding mementos, an imposing stereo player, and a multitude of colour transparencies illustrating his quaint extramural activities.

Although his domain includes the College's residential accommodation for ladies, Frank seems determined to remain the only unmarried warden. It is not a little surprising that this expert dancer, former Union cabaret star, and in private life, benevolent uncle, should have contrived to retain his eligibility. His recent purchase of an electric blanket for overnight stays at Lasham is said to have caused even the single ladies of the gliding community to lose hope.

There is no space to enlarge further on the Irving characteristics (the taste for Elizabethan song, the highly idiosyncratic vocabulary — the Metropolitan police are always "the gendarmerie," the consuming interest in "Which" craft). His purposeful commuting across Prince Consort Road—longer journeys require a car—is part of the College scene: he has contributed much to our corporate life, and we trust that he will do so for much longer yet.

K. E. WEALE.

MINUTES OF A MEETING..

President: Gentlemen, you have all been circulated with mini-recordings of the last meeting. I regret to say that as the recording machine has broken down you will in future have to do without any records of the previous meeting. The grave financial state of the Union renders the cost of a new recorder prohibitive.

Treasurer: A sensible decision.

Carruthers: Hear, hear!

Asst. Secretary: I entirely agree.

Standley: Now wait a minute! (All eyes fix on the speaker. Secretary smoulders; Treasurer grits his teeth; President takes out a packet of government issue cancer-free cigarettes and calmly lights one. Standley ignores them.) At the last meeting we sanctioned the Bowling Club's application for an atomic powered paint sprayer for their bowling balls. Well, I mean to say, that cost 750 nobles, didn't it? I really don't see why we shouldn't spend a mere 40 on a new recorder. I think it would be just as useful.

Chairman of Athletics: (apoplectic after last remark) Mr. Standley, you have an extraordinary sense of values, if I may say so. In fact, I very much doubt whether you have any sense of values at all. Are you seriously advocating that we spend 40 nobles on a recorder? Why, we could buy four bowling balls for that price, or two electro-magnetic golf clubs, or (practically exploding at the thought) at least six weeks supply of radioactive muscle liniment for the rugby club! Do you realise...

President: (interrupting) Yes, well we all agree with that. (To Standley) We are all aware of your radical views, Mr. Standley, but now is not the time to state them, I feel. We have some serious business on the agenda, and I think we must get on with it.

Standley: Now look here, that's a little unfair! I... (drowned by cries of "Oh, shut up!" "Do shut up!" "For —'s sake, can't you keep quiet!" etc.)

President: I would remind you, gentlemen, that we are constitutionally bound to break for exercise every 30 minutes, and we have already wasted 10 arguing about trifles. I suggest we move immediately to item 2 on the agenda: correspondence. Is there any correspondence?

Secretary: We have a letter from the London School of Economics challenging us to a debate.

Carruthers: What's a "debate"?

President: You have a bad memory, Mr. Carruthers. You were present when this Council disbanded the Debating Society two years ago.

Carruthers: Oh yes, that's right!

Couldn't afford to run it any more, or something.

President: No. Besides, there wasn't sufficient support.

Standley: (sarcastically) I should say there wasn't. Not after you converted the debating hall into an extension of the bowling alley.

Chairman of Athletics: Well, the old bowling alley wasn't big enough, you must agree.

President: (to Secretary) Write and tell them we challenge them to funicular road racing instead. Is there any other correspondence? There isn't? Then we pass to item 3, the Bar. Mr. Smallpiece to report.

Smallpiece: The alterations to the Bar are now complete. A further 10 metres have been added to the counter, a new refrigeration plant installed. . . .

Standley: Costing 1,000 nobles.

Smallpiece: 920 nobles, Mr. Standley. As I was saying, a new refrigeration plant installed, and two additional barmen engaged. The old committee room B has been utilised to alleviate the overcrowding in the bar, and suitable seats have been provided. As Council suggested, ladies are now excluded from the whole of the ground floor of the Union building, and notices have been erected proclaiming this. We should not have to suffer any longer the embarrassment of ladies wandering into the bar and well, overhearing, you know. . . . Oh, yes!! The President will be pleased to hear that a big improvement has been made in the serving-hatch scheme between his office and the bar; the whole wall has now been removed, so that the President's office now forms, in effect, a small corner of the bar itself. I'm sure this will be appreciated by those members of the College who have been complaining of the President's isolation. Finally, gentlemen, my own pièce de résistance! A private supply of Flowers Synthetic Bright is now available at a tap on the President's table. (Cries of "Lucky beggar!") "B — y favouritism, that's what it is!" etc.)

President: Excellent, Mr. Smallpiece, I can hardly wait to move in. A most ingenious idea. I mean the private supply. Very commendable (pauses in reflection.) Yes. Well, we now pass on to, oh dear! (Catches sight of the clock.) It's time for our exercise break.

(At this point all the committee members rise—Standley rather reluctantly—and go into the next room. It is a lavishly equipped gymnasium. They strip off the track suits they are already wearing, revealing trim black shorts, and start lifting weights, running on the spot, etc. One suspects that Standley's obvious dislike of physical activity is in part, at any rate, due to his not being very

good at it. In fact he is miserably incompetent.

After 15 minutes a bell rings. They all stop, put on their shirts, and walk underneath an electronic de-sweater. This instantly relieves them of the sweat of their exertions, and they resume the council meeting immediately.)

President: Item 4: estimates. Treasurer to report on the deliberations and recommendations of the finance sub-committee.

Treasurer: Gentlemen, you all have before you a copy of the preliminary estimates for the next session. As you see, our total income is estimated to be N50,000. There are two main items of expenditure, namely, Athletic Clubs, N40,000; and Recreational Clubs, N4,000. Both these estimates are slightly increased over those of last year, but not substantially so. I shall not run over any of the other details, unless there are any questions.

Social Chairman: I can't find the Social Clubs estimate.

Treasurer: Two from the bottom sir. 250 nobles.

Social Chairman: That's 100 nobles less than we got last year.

Treasurer: Well, you have 3 fewer clubs. You can't very well expect the same grant.

Standley: If they'd had a bit more money they might not have had to close down.

Treasurer: Come now, sir, that's not true, and you know it. These clubs just didn't receive sufficient support. Not enough people turned up at their A.G.M.s, right? Right. You can't blame us for that. We're quite prepared to support clubs which are active in the College. But the dead ones, no—that's just a waste.

Carruthers: Hear, hear!!
Asst. Secretary: I entirely agree.

President: Are there any more questions to the Treasurer? (Pause.) Well, I think we can take it then that these preliminary estimates are acceptable and pass on to the last item on the agenda: Felix-Scrutiny-Phoenix. As some of you are no doubt aware, there appeared in the last issue of F-S-P a certain letter which, it might be said, does no credit to the good name of this college. I think it would be appropriate if the Secretary read out the letter.

Secretary: Felix-Scrutiny-Phoenix. 12th May, 1993. Page 4. (Reads) "The Editor, F.S.P. Sir,—In my humble opinion this college is going to the dogs." (Cries of "Shame!" "Disgusting!") "In fact, if I may say so, it has already gone." (Hushed silence.)

Chairman of Athletics: (foaming) I refuse to listen to this rubbish.

President: I think we must hear the letter in full. Continue, Mr. Secretary.

Secretary: (continues reading)

"Over the last 30 years we have steadily isolated ourselves from the University of Greater London. We are the only College which does not have representation on the Greater President's Council, the only college which fails to send a delegate to the United Nations (London University Branch), and the only college which does not have a Debating Club. I could list more. I think that worthy activities are being neglected. This year is my last year at college, and I can't say that I'm sorry. Your truly, M. H. Smith." (Prolonged silence.)

Standley: I don't think it's a very good letter, but I think he's got a point."

Treasurer: (glaring at Standley) I think it is a disgusting letter, a shocking letter. It should never have been published.

President: Well, you know, we can't tell the editor what to print and what not to print. That would be censorship.

Secretary: What we can do is to ask him to publish a reply. I could probably draft a suitable one. That shouldn't be very difficult.

Carruthers: To be published under the much respected motto

of the College, "A Sound Mind in a Sound Body." I forget the Latin equivalent.

President: You also forget, Mr. Carruthers, we decided a month ago that that was much too long, and shortened it to "In a Sound Body."

Chairman of Athletics: (still choking) I don't see how anyone can write letters like that when this College has for the last 10 years, without exception, won the Alwyn trophy, the National University Bowling trophy, the Peabody Cup, the . . .

President: (interrupting) Yes, quite. Well, of course, we shall continue to do so, I'm sure. Nobody really takes these letters seriously, you know. So I shouldn't worry about it. (Sorts his papers.) It seems, gentlemen, as if that concludes our business for to-day. I therefore declare this meeting closed.

(Whereupon he presses a button on the table; a quiet whirring sound is heard, a flap in the centre of the table falls back, and a tray carrying a pleasant load rises slowly from below: five cellulose bitters, a couple of Wigmore's browns, and a large Flowers synthetic bright.)

DONALD PEARSON.



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DUTCH TOUR

Exhausting but enjoyable—this sums up the ICWSC Tour in Holland over the Easter vacation. Twelve members of ICWSC left London on 24th March for Groningen, laden with a huge bulk of equipment to play five different sports.

On arrival, we were met by our hostesses and taken to our digs, to discover that we had quite a variety of accommodation. First in the sporting calendar was a swimming gala in Groningen on the first evening. Although our swimmers were tired after a sleepless night, due to a rough crossing, they made an admirable effort, resulting in a win for Kate Tait in the breaststroke and runner up in the freestyle. The gala was conducted in a very light-hearted manner, with lots of clown diving and racing. It was followed by a party till the early hours: we started the week as it was meant to go on.

The following day was taken more gently, and spent sight-seeing, though the keen table tennis team managed to get in a practice for their match next day.

The badminton match which was planned for Tuesday turned out to be organised in the form of a singles tournament. As we had not played anything but doubles, this was an amusing experience. However, Jackie Brown reached the finals, being finally beaten 2 games to 1.

After this peculiar arrangement, we were ready for anything in the table tennis match. As this too was made into a tournament, it ended with the majority of the ICWSC team taking part just for fun. We were very pleased to have a win in the match by Janet Brownlee, who won the whole tournament and was presented with a silver spoon.

Although the individual winners in the sports were presented with prizes, we were all given decorated Easter eggs as mementos of our visit to Groningen. We replied by giving them an IC plaque. The Easter eggs didn't remain mementos for very long, as they were consumed on our journey to Utrecht the same day. There, a huge meal was waiting for us, to start us off on yet another series of matches beginning with Table Tennis.

The opposition here was considerably stronger than in Gron-

ingen and we lost this match 7-3, though our team enjoyed some first class games. The next day was our busiest as far as sport was concerned, as we had three matches to play—hockey, swimming and badminton. As they were all held at different places, the day went at quite a hectic pace.

Before the matches, we were taken to an excellent place which served huge savoury and sweet pancakes. These were so popular with the team that for the rest of our visit we inevitably made for there as soon as food was mentioned. We managed a full team from the people on the tour, and considering this was not the regular college team they played very well. The Dutch team proved to be rather fitter than us, and their teamwork was slightly superior, so we were beaten 5-0, though the game was by no means as one-sided as the result score may indicate. Incidentally, the Utrecht team went on to win the Dutch University Championships.

The badminton doubles match was won by ICWSC very easily and we finished off by playing some friendly mixed matches. In the swimming match, Kate Tait came second in the breaststroke.

Our programme for that day also included a party in a cave at the side of the canals which started at midnight. By this time we had got accustomed to the Continental habit of living the clock round, so with a mixture of Dutch boys and English law students on tour, we were entertained very well.

On Friday, we had our last match—squash. Although the Dutch team tried to convince us that squash was a new game in Holland, the match turned out to be very close, 2 games all, ICWSC winning on points.

We finished the tour, after playing no less than 8 matches in 5 days by a trip round Holland in a car and a hired minibus driven by two members of the men's sports committee. We were taken to Amsterdam for a tour of the canals, then on to the Hague for lunch, and to Scheveningen, the seaside resort in the suburbs. On to Delft for evening meal, thence to the Hook for the midnight steamer to Harwich.

This last day really capped a most enjoyable tour and we hope that maybe next year we will have the pleasure of entertaining a Dutch team in England.

BERYL MILNER.



THE U.L. SOCCER CUP FINAL

At Motspur Park on Saturday, 16th March, Imperial College won the U.L. Soccer Cup for the 5th successive year. Their opponents on this occasion were St. Mary's Hospital, rather unexpected finalists, who were defeated by 3 goals to 1.

Although I.C. were somewhat fortunate to survive some of the earlier rounds, it must be noted that they were forced to turn out against St. Mary without the club skipper Dave Hunt who had a leg injury. Furthermore the team's performance was bound to be affected by the semi-final replay on the day before when University College were defeated 3-0. Nevertheless, in the final, Imperial once again pulled out all the stops to gain a very creditable victory.

Bas. James was captain for the day and, as usual, he marshalled the defence brilliantly. With the wing half-backs, particularly Austin, taking midfield control, the opponents' attacks were invariably nipped in the bud and, as a result, St. Mary's defence was kept very busy. The I.C. forwards, however, found things difficult against quick-tackling defenders and the only way through appeared to be centres into the goalmouth. Thus, after half-an-hour, came the first goal, when a corner-kick, taken by the I.C. left-winger, Vaughan, was scrambled into the net.

Five minutes later, however, St. Mary's surprisingly equalised when their inside right shot from 30 yards. Ingram, who had advanced to cut off the expected through-ball, dived too late to prevent the ball rolling into the corner of the net.

On the stroke of half-time, Imperial regained the lead, deservedly, with the best goal of the match. Casemore, running in from the right to meet a Fisher free-kick, nodded the ball back across the goal for Wilcox to head into the roof of the net.

In the second half the pattern of play was very much the same. A gusty wind and a pitch that was cutting up rapidly made ball-control difficult and not many goals appeared to be in the offing. On the other hand, it seemed as though the I.C. forwards had resolved to shoot more often and shots from Wilcox, Crawford, and Austin, in par-

ticular, had the St. Mary's 'keeper groping.

A megaphone and a coach-load and a half of I.C. spectators were now doing their bit, and with Flynn's witticisms and Carter's bawlings floating across the pitch, Imperial's third goal just had to come. With 15 minutes to go, a shot by Wilcox found Casemore who flicked the ball, between two defenders, into the net.

And so, for yet another year, the U.L. Soccer Cup Trophy is to take its place in the trophy cabinet in the Union lounge.

After the match, the victorious team was led to receive their medals by the non-playing skipper. It was a worthy tribute!!

MIKE COX.

Team: Ingram, Loftus, Fisher, Austin, James, Huxtable, Casemore, Crawford, Wilcox, Preece, Vaughan.

The Soccer Club moved quietly and discreetly into Paris on March 25th. Except for washbowls, cupboards and wardrobes the Cite Universitaire had everything, including a blackboard in the bedroom for tactical plans and a nearby field to train on.

Once settled in, Wilshaw produced a "yard" and the vin ordinaire was soon flowing freely. Munday as "Adult in Charge" then established his superiority by downing 1½ pints of the red stuff in 12 seconds. Flynn, however, saved the face of the young ones by a ten second effort, without a drop being spilt. He spent the next day in bed.

Rayner was quiet on his twenty-first! Austin, however, made one acquaintance in a Montmartre cafe and a robust Auld Lang Syne plus a run to the Metro was too much for Olding whom, we later found leaning out of the fifth floor window. Directly below (the wind had abated) windows clattered shut, but not even the ensuing polylingual

Cont on page 9

LAMLEY'S

TECHNICAL & GENERAL

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DRAWING INSTRUMENTS

STATIONERY

PAPERBACKS

1, 3 & 5 EXHIBITION ROAD, S.W.7.

Sailing Club retain Championship

The college again won the Castaways Cup, and this time in very convincing style.

In strong winds that remained throughout, nineteen teams took the water on the first day. Among these were strong U.C. and London Hospital teams, both of whom were knocked out in the early rounds giving I.C. a rather easier passage to the final than expected. Lost form due to the long ice-up was no longer evident in the semi-final and I.C. had to fight hard in the early stages of their match against a C.E.M./S.E.O.S./Bedford combine, while Chelsea were beating N.C.L. in the other semi-final.

The first of the two races in the final gave I.C. a lead of 5½ points. The second race initially produced the closest racing of the week-end, the six boats being

bunched within as many boat lengths for the first round, crossing tacks with each other and avoiding collisions by no more than a few inches. The Chelsea fight died later in the face of superior teamwork; and the I.C. helmsmen—D. Pentz, R. S. Vines and E. Twiname—drew closer to give I.C. the first three places and the Championship.

The college second team were knocked out by Chelsea, whose more experienced team was happier in the heavy weather that dominated the racing.

The teams were:—

First team: D. Pentz, R. S. Vines, E. Twiname, T. Clarke, R. Henson, and T. Podmore.

Second team: A. Thomson, H. Tothill, Miss P. Howard, B. Allsopp, A. Hunter-Henderson and J. Riley.

A career is what it's worth

If you divide the population into two groups—those who take THE TIMES and those who don't—you find this: those who *don't* take THE TIMES are in the great majority. Those who *do* are either at the top in their careers, or are confidently headed there.

THE TIMES both by its seniority in experience and by its incomparable prowess as a modern newspaper, naturally commends itself to successful people. There is no high level conference, no board meeting, no top executive's private office into which THE TIMES is not apt to be taken.

This choice of a newspaper by people who get on is indisputable.* In which of the two groups do you place yourself?

Read THE TIMES

* STUDENTS AND THE TIMES: As a student you can have The Times for 2½d. Write for details to the Circulation Manager, The Times, London, E.C.4

teen. A few die-hards, however, stayed till 3.30 a.m., during which time the Captain had gone to sleep, and Price had unsuccessfully tried to fool a crummy mind-reader.

On Saturday night Fletcher and the shifty-eyed Pick came in randomly raving about "Le Sexy" only to find Wilshaw not quite himself. Eight of the lads were walking him around with their hands on his head, as he thought it was coming off. This was followed later by Munday running down the road in his underwear trying to photograph the Eiffel Tower.

Thus, on April 2nd, the lads, clad with signs, perfume, Parisienne nightwear and various other souvenirs, left Paris. Cox, unfortunately was short of one of his sketches due to the notoriously ill-equipped Parisian toilettes.

The steamer was packed with hordes of French schoolgirls, putting Cox and Price in their elements. They entertained on deck with songs whilst Pick slunk about the gathered crowd looking for someone "of age." The Captain again went to sleep having earlier that morning experienced that (quote) "Le sexy est le plus joli strip-tease à Paris, toujours servis par un prétexte spirituel ou galant."

quickly degenerated. The final result was a two all draw, Nick Walker and Kerry Peters scoring for I.C. In the evening the bad taste of the match was quickly replaced by the more pleasant one of the local brews. No matches played on Sunday and this was all to the good as a few individuals required peace and quiet in which to recover from the evening before. The day was spent in a variety of ways. Several players enjoyed competitive rounds on the nearby putting green and a short walk to the Pier Bar to see if the beer there still tasted the same. Others preferred to practise Hockey on the front. Initially they played on the lawns but were soon informed that there were some "Keep of the grass" notices which had been officially removed to prevent them becoming souvenirs. The promenade then became the practice pitch but their efforts were frustrated again, the ball frequently going in the sea, so they also retired to the Pier Bar.

The visit to the Festival was brought to a conclusion with an enjoyable match against Kijana on Monday. The match was strongly contested and ended in a one all draw, Chris. Hennessy scoring for I.C.

Five matches were played in all. Two were won, two drawn and one lost, with ten goals scored by the team and eight against.

B. N. PERRIN.

P.S.—The Landlord, Mr. Payne, would like his front door keys back.

Cont from page 8

abuse could wake Preece, for whom it was a weird night.

Much sight-seeing was done—the walking kept everyone fit for the matches. The team visited the Louvre, Notre Dame, Musée d'Art Moderne, and an evening at L'Opera to see Don Carlos was organised. To finish off one evening in Montmartre everyone ended up at Les Halles for onion soup in the true Parisian style. However, a fragrant odour soon diverted many nostrils and it was fish and chips 14 times.

One day we played football. However the game (against L'Ecole Centrale) was not as enjoyable as had been hoped. The main difficulty was language and as the referee was Russian "O" Level French didn't help. The result of a rather scrappy game was a 2—2 draw.

After the game the destination was "Le Jockey" to which fourteen were admitted at a reduced party rate. The cabaret was a little corny to say the least. Finally, at 2.0 a.m. with Rayner still holding the record (no drinks from his ml. of Champagne) a young lady dressed as a Bunny Rabbit came on, took her clothes off and walked out out followed by most of the four-

The Lowestoft Hockey Festival

Fifteen members of the I.C. Hockey Club attended the Twenty-ninth Annual Hockey Festival at Lowestoft over the Easter week-end. The players were: John Skinner (Captain), Frank Allen, Mike Butler, "Ned" Castell, Tom Creer, Tony Evans, "Rick" Heading, Chris. Hennessy, "Ossie" Hunter, Chris. Packard, Derek Painter, Kerry Peters, Colin Smith, Mike Stenning and Nick Walker.

The Festival as always was very enjoyable, the matches were played on good grounds with skill and determination, and in a good festival spirit. The first match of the five played was against Manchester University Lions who were defeated 4—1, "Ossie" Hunter in his usual form scoring two, and John Skinner and Tony Evans getting one each. However this initial success was tempered by losing 3—0 to Kettering in the afternoon, the forwards squandering chances left, right and over the top. On Saturday, another two matches were played. In the morning the I.C. forwards recovered their form and the Greenshanks were defeated 3—1, Chris. Hennessy scoring one goal and "Ossie" remaining consistent scoring two. The afternoon produced the first drawn match. Our opponents were the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester who started playing with the determination to win at all costs. Their sportsmanship and knowledge of the rules were often in doubt and the game

THE SQUASH TEAM TOUR OF IRELAND

	(24th-30th March)	
Monday	Irish Bankers Club, Dublin.	Lost 5-2.
Tuesday	Cork Squash Club.	Lost 6-1.
Wednesday	Guinness Brewery, Dublin.	Won 4-3.
Thursday	Royal Belfast Golf Club.	Lost 5-2.
Friday	Crawfordsburn Country Club.	Won 5-2.
Saturday	Queens University, Belfast.	Lost 4-2.

When our last two courts went up in flames, it was clear that only one course remained open to the Squash Club: emigration. Consequently, a team of seven was mustered to tour Ireland during the last week in March. The competent part* of the team consisted of one Internationally-famous

Egyptian insect-hunter one other Squash player and the Captain of Tennis.

Endeavouring to support them was a mixed rabble:—

one Irishman (to speak to the natives)
one born Guinness-drinker
one Army Deserter and
one former Naval man, whom everyone hoped would be sea-sick.

In order to keep natural enemies apart, the team was shipped out in separate boats. (2 to Belfast, 2 to Dublin and 3 to Dun Laoghaie). By some miracle, all managed to rendezvous at the girls' hostel in Dublin where accommodation had been arranged.

During the course of the next 6 days, we drove 700 miles and played 6 Squash matches:—

The insect-hunter won all his matches (naturally), and the other Squash player won 3 out of 6. The remainder won either 2 matches or one. Hospitality after the matches was in accordance with the best Irish traditions, and led to many interesting episodes.

Before leaving Cork, we all went to kiss the Blarney Stone, during which operation one turban fell off into the bushes far below. Our programme left little time to spare, but the golfers in the party managed to fit in 3 rounds of golf, much to the delight of the sailor who thus avenged successive squash defeats at the hands of the "other Squash player".

Members of the team were:

Sherif Afifi
Michael Combes
John Richardson
Peter Schofield
Adrian Erskine
Peter Riding
Uppi Anand

Identification of the characters in the story is left as an exercise to the reader.

P.D.S.

Bottle Returns

R.S.M. 11 pts. C.S.M. 0 pts.

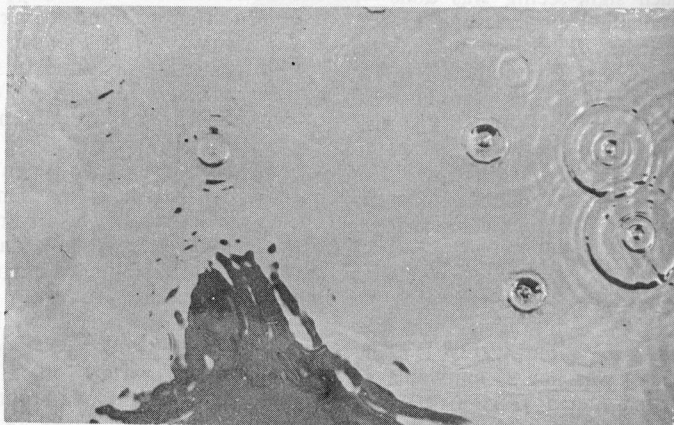
This year it was the turn of the Camborne School of Mines to come up to London to contest the "Bottle." The Bottle, a Trophy competed for annually between the R.S.M. and the C.S.M., was last held by Mines in 1958 and after a narrow defeat by 3 pts. to all last year the Mines were raring to go.

A goodly crowd of 100 or so saw Camborne kick off with the advantage of a blustery wind and the sun at their backs. The play was lively from the start with Mines using their backs very early on in the game, but it was evident that the Camborne backs were strong in defence. After about a quarter of an hour's play Mines went into the lead through a penalty-try awarded as the result of some obstruction by the Camborne full-back when caught behind his own line by Jeff Thompson; Cast converted. The Mines pack was more than holding its own in the set pieces and territorially seemed to have the game well in hand. The second half saw Camborne playing against the wind and their tactics in dealing with this situation was to prove to be their eventual downfall. Rather than kick their way out of trouble they preferred to run with the ball and as a result they never left their own half for the rest of the game. The Mines back-row of Thompson, Turner and Coxall continually flurried the Camborne backs into mistakes and the whole pack played with great fire and enthusiasm, particularly in the loose.

Midway through the second half, a quick heel from a set-scrum just inside the "25" gave Wakelin enough room for a break and with the full-back Gardner coming into the line to make the overlap Forbes-Jones had an easy run in for a try which was not converted. Shortly afterwards, from a set-scrum on the Camborne 5-yard line the scrum-half, Marshall, made a blind side break and passed to Forbes-Jones who scored in the corner to make it 11-0.

So the Bottle returns to the Mines and on this showing it looks as if it is here to stay.

SPORTS DAY



It was the wettest Sports Day ever. Most of the Motspur Park track was covered in half an inch of water, and the conditions caused many of the events to be cancelled. The hurdling events, tug of war, staff race, Presidents' net ball match, and the programmed National Anthem did not take place. This year the bad weather was particularly disappointing as a match between IC and Gottingen University was held in conjunction with the intercollegiate competition. The result of the "International" was never in doubt, Gottingen winning by 86 points to 56. It must be remembered, in all fairness to IC that Gottingen is a large University of some ten thousand students, many of whom specialise in physical education: the slaughter of IC was perhaps excusable.

The RCS victory over Guilds was in doubt up to the last event, the high jump, which was eventually won, ironically enough, by Nicholson, the Mines captain. The final result—RCS 124 points, C&G 118, RSM 57.

The first event, the 100 yards, started almost half an hour late, the handful of brave supporters shivering in the stand. Harrison (RCS) managed to come second between the two Germans, his time of 10.5 secs. was but a yard slower than the winner, but this was no day for records. Woods the IC captain, achieved the best IC performance, winning the 440 in 50.2 seconds, one of IC's three victories over Gottingen. Clifton (RCS), won an exciting 880 yards by a couple of yards in the comparatively poor time of 2 min. 1.6 secs., and Wilkins, the RCS captain, led nearly all the way, to win the mile in 4 min. 27.6 secs. The 1500 metres steeplechase was an all IC affair, and was won by the Guilds captain, Colvin, in 4 min. 42.6 secs. The field was unfortunately weakened by the withdrawal of Mike Harris RCS, who slipped and hurt his leg while practising on the wet grass.

The first IC men in the other events were:

220 yards, Wood, RCS, 23.2 secs.
Long jump, Wade, RCS,
21 ft. 6 ins.

Triple jump.
Pole vault, Asekun, Mines,
9 ft. 6 ins.

Javelin, Martin, Guilds.
Discus, Williams, Guilds,
105 ft. 6 ins.
Shot, White, Guilds, 36 ft.



GOLF

That little college off High Street Ken. who knocked IC out of the UL Rugby and Hockey Cups has been at it again. Last Wednesday, they thrashed a weakened IC Golf Team by four matches to nil, halving one. Its QUALITY that counts.

(For 'weakened' read 'ACC chairman was not playing'—ED.).

STOP PRESS

I.C. WIN ATHLETICS
BY OVER 20 POINTS