

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION
PRESENTS

FELIX

FRIDAY 20th JANUARY
1950



EVERY FORTNIGHT

3^d

EDITORIAL

We were extremely gratified by the reception given to our first issue; it was, it seems, a success. 600 copies were printed and all were sold before 10 a.m., and it was reported that some sportsmen were offering their copies to the latecomers at 4d, and finding plenty of takers. The cure for any black market is to increase the supply, and so 1000 copies of this issue will be printed, and we hope that this will meet the demand. However, first affairs are axiomatically never entirely successful in the light of further experience, and we hope steadily to improve the quality of FELIX with each succeeding issue. Any suggestions and criticisms are very welcome, and if you cannot be bothered to put a note to the Editor in the I.C. Union rack, you probably know some members of the Board, at least by sight, and can mention your suggestions when next you meet.

In this issue we are starting two feature series which we hope to continue in each issue. The first is a "Profile", a feature copied unblushingly from a leading Sunday newspaper. In it we shall present personalities of whom we think you would wish to know more; students past or present, staff, and institutions. We wish to avoid making this a mere catalogue of Professors and Union officials, and shall strive to give as much variety as possible. For this reason we are starting the series with a Profile on the Union bar, for few would deny that this excellent institution has great personality, and few know it in all its varying moods.

The second new feature is "The Drinking Man's Guide to London". Those who do not know London are often beset with the problem of where to go when they want a drink, for, of the thousands of pubs in London, so few are really pleasant. In this series, then, we shall introduce you to some of the better hostelries in town, and try to indicate the features of each, the type of person who frequents them, whether they be quiet or convivial, the kind of beer, closing time and so on. We trust that the starting of this series in the same issue as a "Profile" on the bar will not be held to give it too much of a beery bias, but the latter is a non-recurring factor and so the bias will be temporary.

In our next issue we intend to start an Agony Column in which we shall print any small advertisements you may wish to insert. No charge will be made for this, but the available space will be limited and so we cannot guarantee to print every advertisement which may be submitted. To save space, advertisements will be numbered, and replies should be addressed to "Advertiser No....." Felix" and placed in the Union rack. Advertisers must note the number of their advertisement and collect the replies themselves, but they must submit their names and Colleges to the Editor with their advertisement.

For the benefit of those who cannot be sure of buying their FELIX on Friday mornings, we are prepared to reserve a number of copies which may be collected from the bar. Those who wish to have their copies reserved should give their names to the Editor.

Contributions must be in by the Monday preceding the date of the next issue, but it will be appreciated if they are submitted sooner. They should be addressed to The Editor, Felix, I.C. Union. Contributors must supply their names and colleges with their contribution, though they may write under noms de plume if they wish.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Much Ado from the Dramatic Society.

Reviewing the I.C. Dramatic Society's last effort, "Much Ado about Nothing", performed on Friday December 9th, the outstanding success was Mr. John Prigmore. Of course he was helped by an appreciative audience but perhaps Shakespeare might even have smiled at the sight of a stooping bearded Gentleman shuffling forward to the accompaniment of "chuff-chuff, chuff-chuff". This chorus from the audience undoubtedly signified Mr. Prigmore's interest in railways, British or otherwise.

The choice of Shakespeare for a Comedy led the audience to make its own laughs, and this they did until temporarily checked by the arrival of the Rector at the end of the second act.

Regarding other distinguished performances: Joan Spencer's Beatrice was very fine; Briscoe's Don Pedro excellent (especially in the use of his hands); Derek Howe's Benedick was very competent, as was Chris. McKoen's Dogberry. Now for the brickbats! I hope these remarks won't ruin the careers (dramatic or otherwise) of the players concerned.

It was unfortunate that some of the supporting cast were not up to standard; Hero in particular was a mistake in casting, and the Messenger might have been better employed in scene-shifting. It was felt that only the breeding in the more expensive seats and the Rector's presence amongst the "shillings" prevented violence from actually breaking out on two occasions.

At times this performance was not up to the usual Dramatic Society standard. One remark heard from the cheaper seats as the audience dispersed, "If I had known the play was by Shakespeare I wouldn't have come", shows what a wonderful job is done by our schools.

Much Ado from the Mines.

If Shakespeare's bones remained inert the night the Mines attended the Dramatic Society's production of "Much Ado about Nothing" then there is no force within them, and the resurrection of the body is not for William.

Sixteenth century audiences were reputedly hard on the players, but these miners would have been outstanding in a meeting of Communists being addressed by Churchill on 'Private Enterprise for the Masses'. Lest that create an unfair impression it should be added that the barracking was witty, seldom vicious and borne most manfully by the actors. Penetrating questions were asked of Don John's villiany, Balthasar's manhood and Antonio's make-up, and the speeches on Hero's chastity were subjected to a most rigorous examination.

Benedick received great acclamation for twice answering queries from the mob with complete nonchalance, and further distinguished himself, whilst looking in the arbour, by quaffing two pints of beer handed out from backstage by an anonymous stage-hand caught up in the spirit of the occasion. And Balthasar's rendering of "Hey Nonny No" so fired the audience that they could not be restrained from joining in the chorus; the fact that the result sounded more like "Old McDonald had a farm" could doubtless be attributed to over-exuberance.

Those who accuse miners of being hard-bitten materialists, immune to the finer feelings of man, would have been agreeably surprised at the point when Beatrice finally submitted to Benedick's embrace and love was triumphant. The audience was so overwhelmed that it insisted on an encore and the whole Theatre shook with emotion, bosoms were filled to overflowing with goodwill and tenderness; the open-heartedness of that moment was recorded for all time by a great generous cry from the back of "Now let Priggy have a go! "

This was slapstick at its best and both casts, the miners and the actors, deserve equal mention; the first for their wit, the second for their dogged determination, and both for their good-humour throughout. It wasn't Shakespeare, but it must have been the best bobs worth of intelligent lowbrow entertainment in London that night.

Much Ado

As the curtain fell for the last time, a feeling of great relief filled the cast and lusty voices sang in joyous unison the "Song-hit" of the Play. Make-up was pulled, rubbed and squeezed off; crumpled costumes and tinwear were flung aside, and stage-hands proceeded with gay abandon to clear their hitherto valuable sets, aside.

In a short time the Society, in mixed but not unrespectable attire, was attacking the masses of food; speeches were made, of exquisite shortness (Roland Cox said goodbye yet again!) then the cast, quaffing good ale, bellowed lustily to the piano playing of Old Leonato (David Greenfield), while the stage hands prepared their one-act farce. By this time almost anything was funny, and this proved to be almost anything. The farce over, individual turns revealed much hidden talent; Bob Gigg sang a fine Cowboy song, despite the fact that he knew few of the words; Spike Briscoe compensated for lack of words by rendering at great speed Gilbertian words to something resembling Sullivan's music, and a fine Irish sketch. By this time the party was made, and sat for many hours. The exuberance lasted well into the night, and the mood softened pleasantly as Reg. Gill presented his Record programme in subdued lighting. As pangs of hunger began to be felt the remaining stalwarts sought breakfast at Joe Lyons' - and began to think of the next Play!

GENERAL ELECTION.

We would like to remind those who are living away from home that if they wish to vote by post they must fill in a form obtainable from the electoral registration officer in their constituency, and this form must be returned by February 3rd. You have a fortnight.

THE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB.

The I.C. Mountaineering Club held its winter meet in the Lake District, three nights were spent in Borrowdale 'A' Y.H. and six in the Fell and Rock Climbing Club hut in Langdale. The weather was not kind to those optimistic members who had carried ice axes all the way from London much to the displeasure of employees of public transport. It rained continuously on all but one of the nine days of the meet.

The weather however did not damp the spirits of members who set out regularly to climb a particular crag; the weather often thwarted their intentions and they returned wet, hungry but forever cheerful to the hut to start thinking of preparations for supper. The food can be considered as one of the successes of the meet, for members excelled themselves in the gentle art of cooking, no doubt learnt in the college laboratories.

Profile: THE BAR.

Great annoyance is often occasioned by the old boy who will say "I remember when this was Green fields--", but it seems we have few in our midst who have the mental span to bore us with tales of holly hock where now seats are warmed at the window radiator. However, by much patience, perseverance and long service, the tale of The Bar, of the Union built around it and the History connected with it have enabled this writer to say: "I have met people who remember when---"

Queenie's father, Jim Peacock, was the first barman, standing in a stall outside the present Union building - with grass and no buildings in front of him - selling sandwiches, rolls and bottled beer. This was the first College Bar in the Country, and in a few years its place in history was assured by the formation of 4 clubs closely connected with it and by its firm installation next the lavatory. The 21, 22, Chaps & Links Clubs made the Bar a congenial meeting place, a good talking-shop, a place for warriors to return to tell the tale and lick the odd wound (from rag or honest game), and of course a place in which to liberate great exuberance - for such is the joyous outcome of bibulation.

Such it was made, and such it remains. Ted Smith, joining Jim Peacock in 1927 (just after I was born), soon became steeped in the great traditions of the place. He tells with obvious joy of the days when women were not allowed in the Union precincts except for the Upper Entrance Hall - any infringements being firmly dealt with by the President of the Union. In 1930 Ted served Lawrence of Arabia with a mild and bitter, with as little fuss as when he gave General Smuts a large whiskey when that Worthy was invested with two chains of office in one day (the other at the Guildhall).

The Bar is ever changing in character; in half an hour it can change from a quiet place to have a chat, to the most hilariously ear-shattering concentration of humanity this side of Wapping. Long may its rafters ring in rousing tuneful song.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB. HOLLAND TOUR.
December 1949.

"Honkers in Holland"

After much preparation dating back to August, Wally Goss, armed with 17 of everything necessary for a Continental Soccer tour, including players, replaced his shoes after counting the boys past the barrier at Liverpool St., and eventually got through himself, only to find everybody in all but the seats reserved for us. The tour was launched! Similar procedures ensued at Parkeston Quay, and the boys eventually settled in the saloon, that is with the exception of two from Wales and a Secretary who unanimously agreed that for more than one reason, the Saloon Bar provided the best assurance of a healthy crossing!

Following ham and eggs for breakfast at the Hook, where some embarrassment was caused upon encountering a female slot machine to gain entry to the "Heeren", we betook ourselves to Amsterdam, and after lunch, to our first encounter with the Dutch students. An interesting innovation here was the use of canals for touchlines, and Arthur Briscoe was the agreed representative of I.C. for testing the depth of same - he found them knee-deep. The game opened in fine style, at least all but the photograph of the kick-off which never materialised, and after two passes Spud Hayter promptly decided that he had had enough football (22.25 secs.) and was removed to the "pavilion", where he slept for the rest of the game, nursing a watered knee. Eastland Minor later decided that he too had had enough, and was carried off with a twisted sense of humour, which remained twisted for the rest of the tour.

After each team had scored two goals, and divers descents had been made to retrieve lost balls from the surrounding canals, we returned to ballot for the order of washing under one cold tap. Eventually arriving at the Societeit in Amsterdam, Taffy Williams settled himself between two of our three teetotallers (shame!) to ensure himself of a fair supply of anything that was going. Such low cunning! Needless to say, this had the desired effect, and soon we were to see Taffy and Don. Bowtell trying to decide who scored our other two goals, having baffled completely our opponents by repeatedly assuring them that we had won 4-1! Taff's constitution later stood a heavy meal, but Don. was content to slumber in the Billiard Room, though later he was resurrected and frequently had to be dissuaded from putting his head in the fire. Other members of the party toured the night life of Amsterdam and returned with enough material to write a Kinsey report!

Next morning we travelled to Delft, where again a match was to be played the same afternoon. This took place on an excellent ground in the suburbs of The Hague, which was reached by means of a car evidently constructed before the Industrial Revolution. Of the original 18 cylinders only two were said to be in operation, one of these failing fast. This carried 9 inside, with seating accommodation for two more on the rear bumper, whilst kit for both teams was carried on the numerous projections outside. Seated in this and driving on the right (but wrong) side of the road, was a somewhat harrowing experience. This game we lost 2-0, to the strongest team put out against us - the 12th man being sent off some minutes after the start! At least one referee of our party would prefer to forget incidents of this game. The evening was a complete honkers session (5 p.m.-5 a.m.), the highlights being a beer race in which John Houghton surprised us all with his lightning despatch of half of Pilsener, and Derek Hand's knowledgeable exposition of the pro's and con's of the married state. As a result, on Friday morning we were all split up because of staggered hours of rising, though it is known that some took the opportunity of seeing Delft - unfortunately Buckroyd was unable to get into motion in any sense of the word, probably due to a surfeit of fried eggs. However, the last match was to be at 2.00 and between 1.45 and 2.15 most of the party gathered on the Delft mud-flats for this last encounter. By this time everyone was far from fit for football, and all credit is due to those who played here, some for the third time in 4 days. The match was eventually drawn 1-1, though it is said that had Taffy Williams used the right pair of hands and caught the right ball when he was suddenly confronted with (he says) 18 multicoloured spheres flashing goalwards, the game might have been saved! Later to the accompaniment of "Come on the 10 men and the Captain" a very tired Pete. Vessey was spurred to intercept a pigeon moving fast down the left wing. Needless to say he did not catch it!

The evening's entertainment commenced in a local "pub.", complete with dinner and speeches, after which, the Delft version of the "Yard" was introduced. This comprised a glass boot (stiefel) of capacity about 5 pints. For emptying this at any stage of its journey round the table, the poor unfortunate preceding the winner had the doubtful pleasure of paying for a refill. After a token sip by the Dutch President, who started the stiefel on its journey, Spud Hayter did likewise, thinking it very safe so to do with all but 5 pints still remaining, whereupon a Dutch student seized the article and drained it! This was the hard luck story of the tour. This evening finished comparatively early, at about 4 a.m.

Previously arranged, almost all met next morning to visit The Hague for shopping, where immense quantities of all kinds of sustenance, both liquid and solid, were purchased. Due back at Delft later in the afternoon, we duly arrived and were taken by the Dutch boys to Rotterdam, where we ended up in a Chinese Restaurant for a farewell dinner, which all ate but Arthur Briscoe, who had good reasons of his own for not partaking. From here we journeyed back to Rotterdam station, where many disposed of

remaining Dutch currency by buying large amounts of chocolate. Hence to the Boat, and farewell Holland. But oh what a crossing awaited us!

Memories.

Don. Bowtell's "life size" toy soldier (and its rattle) the object of much speculation at the Customs.

Eastland Minor's never ending succession of "blacks"- Danny would have been green with envy!

Pete. Vessey's speeches and accompanying facial contortions.

Techwyn Jones' temporary promotion to Captain to facilitate Anglo-Dutch relations.

Arthur Briscoe - under the influence- searching the Delft Union for some lost jewellery (a ring we believe).

Gordon Lodge to Bernard Buckroyd "For Petes sake keep quiet, you're always talking!"

Wally Goss always to be seen multiplying or dividing by 17, also his collection of tickets of all kinds, in batches of 17.

Brian Collinson (frequently) "It's a good job Pat can't see me now!"

4 men searching The Hague for a sweater for a certain fiancée.

Our thanks are due to:- (a) all Dutch students, footballers or not, who gave us such a wonderful time.

(b) Davies Turner, Travel Agency, whose service was most efficient - future tours please note.

(c) Wally Goss whose untiring energy in organising the tour, made its success a certainty.

(d) Pete Vessey, untiring in his efforts on the field of play at all times.

THE INFERNO.

Having searched Guilds, Mines & R.C.S. for someone to say how good the Carnival was, but finding people who could remember only that it was good, in fury and desperation I have had to say it myself. Unashamedly I avow that, a) never have I had such a good time, b) never have I seen so many people both drunk and happy, c) never have I found so many people who remember so little about a night they enjoyed so much.

Half an hour after the advertised start, Frank Shepherd and Geoff Fishwick put in the last drawing pin and sank their first whiskeys. By ten o'clock the Inferno was a most tempting encouragement for merrymaking - if Hell is like that! Hostel rooms emptied and filled (I imagine) and towards 12.30 DCH with only half a fancy dress left was frantically searching for cabaret performers. Just in time Pete Hayward floated up the stairs, with every appearance of calm. A far too lively audience was brought into slight submission by Peter Foster (in the chair as usual) and the show was on. Apparently it was good, apparently people laughed and sang - somehow the cast remembered where they were at the right moment.

From then on, responsibilities shed, my memory is vague - fortunately perhaps! Hilarity continued until 5 or so (I think) when ham and coffee settled pleasantly on violently ill-treated stomachs. I gather Reg Gill played some records from 4 o'clock - thanks Reg! Thanks also to all who helped in the masses of work - a lot of you were Miners & R.C.S.- to Mr. Seers for the inspired piano playing and thanks to the Carnival Sub-Committee which spent so many enjoyable evenings in my room.

Footnote: Who pinched my pot?

D.C.HOWE.

THE DRINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

1 - THE WINDSOR CASTLE

The Windsor Castle, which the irreverent sometimes refer to by its initials, stands at the corner of Peel Street and Campden Hill Road in Kensington. Peel st. is a turning to the left half way up Church Street, and may be reached from College either by 52 bus or via the Goat and the Prince of Wales.

The Windsor is a quiet pub; soft lighting, dark oak panelling, polished copper cans and excellent scenery. There is always a cheerful fire in winter, and being one of the best Kensington pubs is frequented mainly by the Right sort of people - *ici on parle anglais*. In the summer, drinks are served in the walled garden behind the Sherry bar, and this makes it the most popular rendezvous in London at lunchtime on a fine Sunday, and the groundwork may be laid there for many an excellent Sunday afternoon. A word of warning here - one needs to be there by 12 o'clock to be sure of a seat in the garden, and it is almost useless to expect lunch before 2 o'clock.

Other essential data:- Charrington's beer, very well kept, the I P A being 1/8d and the bitter and mild 1/4d a pint. Closing times are 3 p.m. and 10.30 p.m., and on Sundays the usual 2 p.m. and 10 p.m. No barmaids, but the head barman's name is Maurice - small, dark and slightly deaf. No meals are served, but one can usually get a roll of one kind or another.

Full marks for this excellent hostelry.

HEARD IN COURT.

It was a tiny court room, used only when the main one was full. The magistrate, prosecutor and defence, accused and witnesses, two reporters and one spectator filled it to capacity. Mr. Guest, the magistrate, wore a black look.

"Call D.C.H.," said the Beak, - and the case was on. This miscreant had tried to interfere with the apprehension of a colleague. "He took the law into his own hands. Twenty Shillings fine and twenty shillings costs", said the Beak. Things looked bad.

The fate of the next culprit was much the same. "You have been very silly and this is a most unfortunate affair", was the comment. There appeared to be no case against Clegg and he was asked to leave, taking all his money with him. George was not so fortunate; Mr. Guest just didn't believe him and fined him £1 with similar costs. Carder was accused of striking an officer. He insisted, despite counsel, that it had probably been intentional and he had been "under the influence" at the time. This pleased the Beak who said, "But for the honest way in which you gave your evidence, I should undoubtedly have sent you to prison. I shall therefore fine you £1 for obstruction and £1 for assault with £1 costs". I.C. sighed with relief. Thus with the other fines the Law was £11 richer.

The magistrate refused to say he thought the matter was not too serious, saying "I will have no further hand in this affair". We all left.

Guilds Boanerges devotees suffered considerable shock this term on discovering that the 4th yr. Miners had a rival of unquestionably greater antiquity. This is on view outside the Union - the proud owners biggest problem is how to get it away again with minimum loss of dignity or life. Suggestions to Messrs. Hill, Norris, Hayward and Barnes.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Editor of Felix.

Sir,

I would like, as Chairman of the I.C. Union Entertainments Committee, to reply to the letter from "Wallflower" printed in the last issue of Felix.

We agree entirely with the sentiments expressed and while we view with some satisfaction the increase in popularity of the Saturday night "hops", we do nevertheless wish to overcome as much as possible the overcrowded conditions. I would assure Wallflower that much time has been spent recently, both by my Committee and by the I.C. Union Council, in trying to find a solution. As a result, a different arrangement is to be tried this term so that the Upper Dining Hall can be available as well as the Gym. during the whole of the evening.

At this point, I wish to make an appeal. The arrangements will not operate satisfactorily unless we have some co-operation from the people attending the "hops". My Committee consists of six people only and with all of them on duty every Saturday night, we have only just enough people to keep things running. We have no spare persons to station at each door of the Union checking membership cards. Nor have we surplus energy with which to evict uninvited guests either with or without loss of apparel. If Wallflower, or anyone else, can find sufficient people willing to stand by all the doors during the whole of every Saturday evening, then maybe we can carry out the suggestions.

I hope we shall find conditions somewhat better with the new arrangements. It's up to the people who attend to help to make them work. If they don't - well the next step will have to be admission by ticket only with a limited number of tickets and I for one don't want to see that state of affairs brought about.

Yours etc.,

R. GILL.

My dear Felix,

I'm very glad to meet you!

As your Editor went to some chivalrous pains to make clear I am serenely incapable of having kittens (except perhaps, between ourselves, around the time of my flaming publication) so "no one kain't pin nuthin' on me". Thus my pleasure on your birthday was strictly avuncular, yet I hope to stand you a pot - of milk - Felix on your future anniversaries, and many of 'em.

Believe me, you're very welcome to I.C. old Man. So welcome indeed that I have thought it prudent to arrange with your Editor to get hold of you through him if your public again monopolises you completely.

I trust to see you wax old and wise, grow into a strong and virtuous but withal a merry Cat. Being yet young you may have some trouble with bits of Dog-Latin, but your Editor will translate for you "Nil illigitimus carborundum" Felix!

Bless your fur and whiskers.

Yours,

"PHOENIX"

P.S. You might mention to your Editor that mine is fond of beer.

SPORT

Owing to extreme shortage of space in this issue we regret that we shall have to defer until our next issue the reports on Netball, Rowing and the 6 a side Soccer which we had hoped to print this time.

UNIVERSITY CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

Five I.C. teams ran in the University Cross-Country Championships held at Roehampton last term. The conditions for the course were fine but rather windy. From a field of 168, comprising 28 teams, Watts (I.C.) and Ede set a fierce pace at the outset but soon relinquished the lead to Griggs, Barrett, Short and Whitlock (I.C.) Griggs maintained his lead to the end thus being the first man home for the fourth year in succession; his time of 25m.24secs. was a record. Whitlock ran a very fine race finishing second in 25m.56secs to set a new I.C. record. The next eight I.C. runners to finish were Gigg, Watts, Sadler, Bagley Simpson, Hessling, McKechnie and Fawcett but unfortunately I.C. (50 points) lost the cup to Q.M.C.(49) with Kings third (70).

In the inter-college Championship Mines were victorious for the first time in many years. It was a well deserved success and Guilds were the runners-up.

UNIVERSITY SIX-A-SIDE.

On December 10th the matches in the London six-a-side Soccer contest were played at Mootspur Park. The I.C.'A' side reached the final, only to lose in extra time to University College.

SPORTS RESULTS.

<u>HOCKEY.</u>	Wed. Jan. 11.		Sat. Jan. 14.	
Guilds I	v Lond. Distr.	W.4-0	Imp.I v O.Creigtonians	W4-0
Guilds II	v L.S.E.	L.2-3	Imp.II v " II	W4-0
R.C.S.	v R.S.M.	W.5-2	Imp.III v Broxbourne	W3-0
<u>SOCCER</u>				
R.C.S.	v Ealing G.S.	L.0-6	Imp.I v Borough Rd.C	L3-1
			Imp.II v Kings Coll.II	L0-3
<u>RUGBY</u>				
Guilds I	v l.Dist.Police	D 8-8	Imp.I v L.S.E.	W22-3
Guilds A	v S.E.Essex Coll.	W 8-0	Imp.1st.A v R.A.Est.	W3-0
R.S.M. A	v 4 Dist.Police	L 0-12	Imp 2nd.A v Bor.Rd.Cola	L4-11
			Imp.1stExt.A v Vickers	W11-0
			Imp.2ndExt.A v O.Gravesend	L6-8

We have been asked to print the names of the Felix Board. They are as follows:-

- Editor: E.M.Hughes (C & G)
- Sub Editor: J.K.Booth (R S M)
- Sports Editor: G.Sim (C & G)
- Advertising Manager: R.K.Smith (R S M)

Members:- Mary Mayer, J.Midgley (R C S), J.S.Burton (R C S)
P.G.Taylor (R C S), J.Taylor (R S M),D.C.Howe (C & G),
D.J.Powell (C & G), R.G.Dalton (C & G), C.M.Hargreaves (Chem.Tech.).