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IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION
PRESENTS

FELIX

No. 5.

FRIDAY 3rd MARCH 1950.



EVERY FORTNIGHT

3^d

EDITORIAL.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

By ancient custom, Saturday night is the night when men relax from the ardours of their week's work, and seek social entertainment to provide that relaxation. At college it is the time when students can get together to discuss affairs of the moment with, to use an RAF expression, the hangar doors well shut; when men can assuage the great thirst caused by the afternoon's manly pursuits, and to fortify themselves for further pursuits; when men, working with men during the week, seek the company of women.

The Union provides us with ample opportunity to enjoy our Saturday nights in all these ways. We have a comfortable lounge in which to sit and talk, a bar to provide fortification and a dance which provides a large and varied selection of feminine company. It is true that the quality of the beer is such as to drive many of the more discriminating drinkers to the taverns, but this is a subject into which there is no need to divagate, since it is already under active consideration.

It is an encouraging sign of the increased interest of the College in its social affairs that these Saturday night "hops" have become so popular recently. Unfortunately this popularity has spread to other colleges and outside individuals, but as we have seen in our correspondence columns, this is a matter which can best be dealt with by our own students; the interlopers are usually fairly easy to pick out when they first arrive, and by their conversation, and every member of the Union has a right to ask them to leave.

There is, however, one thing that detracts a little from the pleasure of the evening, and that is the overcrowding of the bar. Those whose main preoccupation is with their thirst are usually sufficient to fill the bar, so that the dancers, trying to get their well earned drinks during the tangos and rumbas, have the greatest difficulty in getting served.

We understand that at one time the servery in the Upper Dining Hall was used as a bar, and this idea deserves consideration. The other alternative would be a temporary bar in the lounge. An extra bar is always run at Carnivals, with voluntary barmen, and we can see no reason why this system should not be extended to Saturday nights.

GENERAL ELECTION.

This must surely have been the quietest General Election at I.C. in the history of the College. Apart from a discussion of the party manifestoes by the Political Society, and that ill-attended, there has been no activity at College to indicate that anything out of the ordinary was occurring; no debates, no posters, no mass meetings and no rags- except for a small group who joined the throng in the West End on Thursday. The only spark of interest that was shown was on Friday, when the lounge was crowded while the results were coming in, and one student took a portable wireless to his 2 o'clock lecture.

Was this due to apathy, or to a feeling that an Election was too serious a matter for old-fashioned student pranks? Probably the latter, but it seems a pity that the time is apparently past when a man might look back with nostalgia on his student days as the days of his gay and wild youth. There is much to be said for the old idea of sowing one's wild oats when still young.

Owing to the fact that he will shortly be going to Cornwall, Mr. J.K.Booth has resigned as Sub-Editor, and Mr. C.M.Hargreaves has been appointed to the post.

LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

We publish here extracts from two further letters written by Frank Leighton to Nick Sadleir. Frank left City & Guilds last year:-

Vancouver, B.C.
I have just come up here from the States - still looking for an engineering job, but believe me, it's a B. This whole N.W. Coast just shuts down in the winter owing to the rugged weather, and only a small proportion seem to work at all in the winter. It's alright for those who started work in the spring, wages are so high and the cost of living so comparatively low that you don't have to work in the winter.

I have only been up here a week- but there is a glimmer of hope for a job in civil engineering, not like beating your head against a wall in the States. I gather that with British qualification you just can't go wrong in the spring, but right now everything is dead and no one is taking on new staff. I'm down to my last assets now, a good car and my fare home. Did I tell you I bought myself a big 8 cylinder Buick, mainly to come up here and look for a job? The only snag is that at 12 miles to the gallon you need a job to run it!

However, I'm having a whale of a time. This is a beautiful city, and I really want to stay here if I can. A really friendly crowd - a British way of life, but with the best that America has to offer.

Victoria, B.C.
I have got a job with the British Columbia Provincial Government, Dept. of Public Works, on highways and bridges. As it is the toughest highway locating country in the world, through the heart of the Canadian Rockies, I'm getting some pretty useful experience. Do you remember how we used to curse Ainsworth and his spiral curves etc? Now I'm working with them and liking it.

As the most highly qualified member of the staff I'm getting some really interesting work. I do partly design work in the office here on Vancouver Island, and partly locating work; the latter includes some crude soil testing, and my geology is also coming in useful.

I'm working on the new Cariboc Highway, eventually to link Prince George with the Alaska Highway. The work has now reached Lac La Hache, and believe me it's pretty rugged country. Thank God I'm not up there now; last night they reported a new record low temperature of -72°F , just 104° of frost! Owing to this last week's blizzard all over the Province, it may be weeks before we can get out up there again. That's the country where the staff men carries a .30-30 - to keep the bears from monkeying with the theodolite when you're not looking!

THE RE-FORMED C & G TENNIS CLUB.

On Tuesday February 21st the club gave a film show consisting of three films.

1. How to improve your Tennis.
2. Making a Ball
3. Making a Racket.

This was a new venture and met with considerable support. In order that as many people as possible should benefit by this show, we extended an invitation to all I.C. and got an audience of 50- which was quite encouraging.

We played our first match of the season last Saturday (25th) - our opposition being the Institute of Education- whom we beat 6-3.

David Dean (Captain).

PROFILE: JANE.

Pop down Exhibition Road after that early lecture and just beyond Cromwell Road you will find yourself outside 'Jane Browns'. Enter and you will meet Jane, who will give you a dazzling smile and a cup of coffee (the latter costs 4d). Jane and her parlour have become an institution with I.C. men. Any morning after eleven you will find there a coterie of I.C. coffee bibbers swopping yarns and gossip amidst the general hubbub of Kensington Dowagers and fair young things. And its popularity is largely due to Jane herself who, with a toss of her head and a wink in her eye is ready for all comers.

Of Jane we could write a three volume novel. Contenting ourselves with this page we may say that she is six feet of very agreeable blonde, has blue eyes, dimples and a most disarming smile. She bubbles over with life, admitted to being at home in "a slightly frothy atmosphere", and proved her point by taking me to the Hoop and Toy for a pint. Declining a cigarette with the words "I've no room left for that vice", she proceeded to unravel something of her colourful life. She was born at Bosham, Sussex of Irish and French parents, on a date between 1910 and 1930. Married no less than three times (she has a daughter at school) she is now a widow. "A merry widow", she laughed, "and its such fun". Asked her views on men, her eyes lit up: "Oh I think they're delightful creatures - especially those bearded giants from your college". As for her own sex she dislikes women M.P's and women in authority generally. "Give me men as Men and women as Women", she concluded.

During the war Jane was with the American Red Cross alternating three months really hard work with three months really hard play. We tentatively wondered if one of her husbands had been American but she firmly quashed the idea, with mock indignation. "They were all true born Englishmen" she announced, quaffing at some length at her pint as if to illustrate her answer. Jane has been with "Jane Brown's" since last October, and lives in South Kensington - quite near College. She related that one evening a student telephoned her (no numbers, no pack-drill) asking after rooms, saying that the YMCA had given him the number. "Well you can imagine I was astounded," said Jane, "and I had to tell him gently that I was the last person with whom the Young Men's Christian Association would wish to place the welfare of their Young Men!"

Many will know Jane as the fearless driver of the Yellow Peril, her 1928 Rolls Royce which may be seen about South Kensington. She is a little anxious lest the Science Museum cast covetous eyes on it. It is whispered that it runs on champagne and, knowing Jane, this is probably true. She gave me a lift from the pub. and drove me to the end of Prince Consort Road. I tried - vainly - to open the door. Jane laughed "I should have warned you - this is my patent man-trap". But she opened the door for me and I escaped - reluctantly.

C.M.H.

Prof. Levy spoke at 'Pub Parliament' held last week at St. Pauls Tavern, E.C.1. His subject was 'Is Science in Danger' and said that there was great interest and a lively discussion. "There was a smack of the continental atmosphere - whole families were there, everything very informal and friendly. "As I spoke I was plied with beer - rather too much in fact!"

Pub Parliament is organised by Finsbury Public Libraries. Prof. Levy was enthusiastic about it and felt that the pub had an important part to play in integrating the life of small communities by providing a focal point for the exchange of ideas.

First Year Ballads.

The Boiler.

'Twas the eve of the general election,
The nation was flocking to poll
For antidenationalisation,
And more wages when out on the dole;
When five of us crept from the workshop,
And built up a bonny great fire
'Neath the tubes of a monstrous contraption:-
A boiler from Lancashire.

The first rosy lad with a barrow
Made his way down a stygian hole,
Like a convict sequestered at Dartmoor
He pulverised large lumps of coal.
Then he weighed lots of junk in the barrow,
Lab.reports, slide rules as well,
Which, when muscularly flicked in the furnace,
Burnt with one hell of a smell.

Young gormless was loosed on a gadget,
With a pipe which was shoved in the flue,
To measure the size of the gases,
And volumes of fresh CO₂.
He filled up the bottles quite quickly,
And emptied them smartly again,
But the mercury flowed through the U-tube,
Sending twenty odd quid down the drain.

Overhead on the bridge of the outfit,
Was pumped the fresh water supply,
But you had to be quick with the weighings
Or else the dear boiler ran dry.
What with taking the temp. of the waters,
Dividing the answer by half,
It all grew so warm and so cosy
That the bods used the tank for a bath.
And, forgetting the state of the boiler,
Neglecting its True GUILDSMAN'S Thirst!
While washing the tips of their tootsies,
I regret to inform you - IT BURST!

Now, three of us have sheets of figures,
Relating to fuel and to flue,
But lacking in mental refinement,
We simply just haven't a clue.
So if one of the wizards that reads this
Has tested the boiler last year,
Please forward your lab. book today, sir!
In exchange for a tankard of beer!

"Umfaan."

Trafalgar Boomalaka.

Congratulations to the body of Guildsmen who recorded
a Boomalaka for posterity on Election Night in Trafalgar
Square.

THE DRINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

"The Swan".

A pleasant fifteen minutes stroll across the Park from Albert, bearing half right at Physical Energy, brings one out in the Bayswater Road, fifty yards to the East of "The Swan".

This old coaching house, established some four hundred years ago, has altered a little; its frontage however is unchanged and a very enjoyable evening can be spent here in the Summer, sitting at the small tables outside in the Continental style, under a striped awning hung with potted fern.

There is a public and a saloon bar, the latter containing an excellent snack bar where grills, chops and sandwiches can be obtained. Luncheons are served in the dining room.

This is a Watney house with Bitter, Mild XX. and Burton K.K.K. at 1/4, 1/1 and 1/7 in the Public bar and 1/5, 1/3 and 1/8 in the Saloon. A very potent and worthwhile drink here is the Merrydown vintage cider for which they are famous this is 2/4 a pint draught and 2/9 bottled.

In addition to a squeeze box merchant of Italian extraction (remote), one may often see celebrities including Denis Compton, Noel Coward and many film stars.

We strongly recommend "The Swan" as an excellent Summer Pub.

Roger Barnes.

John Hayward.

New Papers Reviewed.

1. "An Analytical Approach to Froth Removal".

by "X.K.G.F". B.Sc. (Hopes).

Practically acquired data relating the mean effective head of froth and the maximum permissible air-blast to remove this head has been available since froth was first "blown". A more analytical approach to this vital problem has, however, been consistently avoided by even the most ardently scientific pint-prangers.

Following up the work of such familiar investigators as Biersauer, Karman and Barman, the Gliding Club etc. the author has partially completed a most comprehensive survey, analysing factors affecting the velocity and direction of the froth-blast.

Examining Biersauer's Spattering Curves (c.f. "Druck des Bekanntersgesichtnasszumachenbenotigt", ibid) a suggestion of polar exponentiality was observed in the case of iced beer. Plotted on exponential polar coordinates, an even more suggestively shaped curve was derived. (Photostat copies are obtainable from the author priced 2/6).

Barman's Damping constant of 23 cubic radions per neat nip per inch height of foot-rail is shown to be identical with the specific gravity, when reduced to comparable dimensions.

The Gliding Club's statistical summary of pints lost per inch of froth, which was triumphantly presented after two years of intensive work, is shown conclusively to be of academic interest only, if the ideal condition of full-to-the-brim can be attained.

The author ends with a lament that Government funds (issued under the exclusive F.E.T. Scheme) having been exhausted, no further progress is possible before 26th April 1950. This, he very dryly asserts, is a hint. Very dryly.

XKGF.

The Editor,
Felix.

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I GOT SUNK IN THE SINK.

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink or else!

So I said I would, and proceeded with the unpleasant task. I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good old Booze down the sink, except a glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from the bottle of the next, and drank one sink of it, and poured the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle, and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other, which were twenty nine. To be sure, I counted them again when they came by and I had seventy four. As the house came by, I counted them again, and I finally had all the bottles and corks and glasses and houses counted except one house and a bottle, which I drank.

Author UNKNOWN.

The Mathematician's Courtship.

Let x denote Beauty; y , Manners well-bred;
 z , Fortune - (This last is essential).

Let L stand for Love, our Philosopher said,

Then L is a function of x , y , and z ,

Of the kind that is known as potential.

Now integrate L with respect to dt ,

(t standing for time and persuasion)

Then, within proper limits, 'tis easy to see,

The definite integral Marriage must be.

(A very concise demonstration).

RADIO SOCIETY.

There has been a rumour that the wires on the roof of the New Hostel have been erected to take in the Hostel dirty washing. Upon investigation, however, we find that the Radio Society has been busy, and a new aerial is only one of the many aspects of this year's activities, particularly in the 'Shack', which came to a climax last Monday in the Annual Presidential Address and Dinner.

The Address given by T.E. Goldup, M.I.E.E. of the Mullard Valve Co. on the subject of the 'Graduate's Absorption into Industry' was crammed full of information- if half the notes taken by several anxious third-year students are used, they should be in the four-figure class by next February at the latest!

The Dinner was a success- at least, as much as your reporter could remember, for the liquid refreshment did not run out till long after the tumult if not the shouting, had died. The captains and kings of industry had departed by

then, though there had been so many of them that the Staff only saw the Top Table from afar.- But one of their number, a thermo-dynamic stranger from the Mech. Eng. was certainly not mourning in the wilderness- his performance was more on the lines of Electra!

After-Dinner speeches are usually monotonous, but this gathering gave us an evening reminiscent more of the Light than the Third programme - possibly due to the fact that each speaker had a new story- two of them being the same! Particular mention should be made of the Chairman's Toast to the Visitors, which was remarkable not only for its quality, but also for the fact that he spoke entirely without notes. But then, we know where he spent the morning, learning them by the yard.

Taken all round, the evening was a GOOD thing. We must have more of them.

J.R.H.

After-Thought. The Radio Society regret that Reg. Green should appear so often on the Light Programme, and are doing all they can to suppress him.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT FULWELL G.C.

Many members of I.C. are taking up the royal and ancient game of golf. I would just like to give you a brief cross section of the I.C. Golf Association types.

First we have the experts. These are few and far between but those we do have in captivity are ridiculous people who never make mistakes. They arrive back at the clubhouse having gone round in about 70 strokes without losing a single ball. They drive prodigious distances and then let it slip out quite casually that they were driving with a short-shafted spoon.

We have another type of member who hits the ball a long way ----- the direction often leaving something to be desired.

The eighth hole at Fulwell is a long hole into the prevailing wind and parallel to the main road on the right. So far, I.C. has a bag of two buses, one lorry, one window and two television aerials. (We also got an engine driver at the first hole). The local inhabitants now put up shutters when a certain member is seen on the tee. Should they fail to notice him, they soon discover his presence when they hear a swishing noise followed by a crash in the neighbourhood of their green-house. They take this as an immediate signal to cover as they know from experience that the player's second drive will be along shortly.

It is a very simple matter to pick out the Civil engineers and Miners among us. They lose no opportunity of practising their profession as they go round the course.

We have one fugitive from the Hockey club on occasional Wednesdays and it always seems remarkable to us that he can never keep his hockey stick below shoulder level or that he can never get his golf club above his shoulder on the back-swing.

Looking across the course we see in the distance members of the college who, judging by their actions, seem to have come across a colony of snakes and in one corner of the sixth fairway three beginner members can be seen having lessons from the professional. These lessons have been going on now for some months and it is expected that when they eventually decide to play their first round, they will walk off with the two I.C. cups and all the beer money of the other members.

On the whole, we are a happy crowd on Wednesdays and given plenty of spare time this year, we are hoping to put I.C. well into the University Golf picture.

Bogey?-Man

I.C. BRAVES THE FLOODS.

The sun shone kindly on a swift flowing Thames the weekend before last, when the Boat Club's first two eights rowed up from Putney to Sunbury and back, accompanied on the bank by their coaches, Charles Bristow and Derek Coomber.

The journey upstream on the Saturday was without much incident. The first VIII had two attempts before safely navigating the narrow arches of Richmond Bridge and the coaches struggled manfully in and out of the potholes on the tow-path between Richmond and Twickenham.

A welcome break for "elevenes" at Kingston enabled weary oarsmen to stretch cramped limbs and compare blisters.

Sunbury was reached some five hours after leaving Putney. While only about 20 miles by the map it was reckoned that the boats had travelled nearer 40 through the water, owing to the swiftness of the current.

A remarkably fine lunch was provided by the "Magpie" at Sunbury. The discovery that William Younger's No.1 Scotch Ale was sold there nearly wrecked the crews' training programme. After lunch the crews paddled back to Molesey with considerable spirit and, indeed, were barely restrained by their coaches from rowing straight over the weir. As it was, there were some anxious moments during which boats and fishing lines became curiously involved, and remarks were passed between anglers and coaches which would have done justice to an election meeting.

The boats were left for the night at Molesey Rowing Club's boathouse. Thanks, Molesey.

The crews reassembled stiffly on Sunday morning and rowed upstream to the Magpie for a lunch which, if possible, was better than Saturday's. The Magpie sold out of Younger's No.1 during lunch.

The return journey, with the stream, taxed the coaches' pedalling powers to the limit. In fact, after leaving Twickenham, where there was a pause for tea, the coaches lost the crews entirely and it was only after a phenomenal display of sprint cycling that they caught up with the second VIII at Chiswick, while they never saw the first VIII at all.

The trip was completed under cover of darkness, giving the oarsmen a most impressive, but quite spurious, impression of great speed, baffling the coaches, and annoying a Police launch which commented acidly on the lack of navigation lights.

There were, however, no collisions, and the crews returned safely to the boathouse to revel in hot showers and elastoplast.

Footnote.

Members of the Union showing great reluctance to assume a sitting position do not necessarily belong to the Riding Club.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION DIARY.

- March 3rd Chemical Society Annual Dinner
- March 5th 7.30 Film Society, Mixed Programme, New Lounge
- March 6th 5.15 " " " " Mining Theatre
- March 8th Rugby F.C. Dinner
- March 9th Natural History Society Dinner
- March 10th Resident's Dinner and Dance
- March 14th) Photographic Society Exhibition
- 15th) Gymnasium
- 16th)
- March 14th 5.15 Railway Society Talk in Room N.26 C & G
- "Accidents and their influence on signalling"
- March 17th ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES CARNIVAL
- "Merrie England"

I.C. BRAVES THE FLOODS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Please keep your letters as brief as possible - Editor.

Imperial College Union,
South Kensington, S.W.7.
14th, February, 1950.

Dear Sir,

I am asked by the Phoenix Board to seek space in your columns for a general plea to the officers of all clubs and societies to see that accounts of their several activities are made available to that venerable bird.

For the most part terminal summaries would suffice to enshrine your memory: but if outstanding events (for example the Judo Club's televising) are not set down immediately those trivial details, which are in fact so important to lend humour and humanity to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative, become lost without trace, submerged in the neighbourhood of the bar.

The "Phoenix Review" of the year is to be on sale at the Rector's Tea on the Monday preceeding the first day of next session. Therein lies the golden opportunity to catch the "floating fresher" with the epic bait of your record to posterity - if you follow me!

A permanant record has been long lacked by the Union. If we are to have one it should certainly be as complete as is possible. But what the Phoenix has not been told, the Phoenix cannot preserve and retell.

Yours sincerely,

A.V.S.de Reuck.
Editor "Phoenix".

51, Woodland Drive,
Watford,
Herts.
24th, February, 1950.

Sir.

Being ourselves keen addicts of Dixieland music, and having heard that I.C. possessed a traditional style Jazz Club as recently as 1946(sic), we are contemplating the reformation of such a Club within the College.

Of course, we would like to have some idea, in advance, of our prospective support, especially as we must have a certain numbers of supporters before we can approach the Social Clubs Committee for recognition.

Would any reader interested in, and willing to support, our venture please drop a note to that effect in either of our racks.

Yours,

Peter G. Taylor,
Derek Hughes.
R.C.S.

Royal College of Science.
27-2-50.

The Editor,
"Felix".

Dear Sir,

I should like to offer some comment on your latest Editorial, by trying to put the case for some of the poor "10 till 5" men.

Many Students live at home, because of the high cost of lodgings nearer College. In consequence they spend several hours a day travelling, time which more fortunate people can spend enjoying College Club facilities. Leaving I.C. at 5 may just allow a meal by 7, and a start on "soaking up more Science" by 8 o'clock.

Briefly, the tired Student fails to understand lectures, and gets more tired trying to "sort them out" at home. Non-scientific pursuits are neglected under threat of the all-important examinations. The only real cure for this type of "day student" is, as you say, more Hostel accommodation. Unless and until this can be provided, I.C. is better described as a "Technical College" than as part of a University.

Conversely, Peter Taylor's remarks apply more to Hostel residents than to others. Whilst agreeing with most of his suggestions, might I propose that the ideal solution to the problem of fostering full College unity, without imposing a narrow outlook, would be Hostels in which Students from several Colleges and Faculties could live together.

Yours faithfully,

"Non-Resident"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST. From I.C. Union on 31st. Jan. light brown leather dispatch case 16x14x4 with two large pockets. Also quantity of highly prized notes. HEARTBROKEN (D.V. Parker), I.C. Hostel.
BICYCLE. For sale - worth about £6. Also tennis racquet, press and squash racquet press. Seen at Union by arrangement with P.I. TOGNI, oil 4, R.S.M.

QUESTIONS are needed for the I.C. Annual Brains Trust to be held on 7th, March in the Gym. They should be sent to Hon. Sec. Lit. & Deb. Soc. through the Union rack - as many and as soon as possible please.

FOUND: at the R.C.S. Carnival a lady's bracelet. Owner or owner's owner apply Sec. R.C.S. Union.

UNCLAIMED: First Prize in R.C.S. Carnival Raffle. Winning ticket - number five, colour blue. Winner apply Sec. R.C.S. Union.

I.C.W.A. ANNUAL DINNER.

A delightful party was given by I.C.W.A. on Valentine - plus - one night. The guests, including Miss Anona Winn and selected males, were greeted with port and sherry and ushered into the dining room, where dishes bearing extraordinary names appeared on the table. They were soon identified as soup, boiled fish, spuds and veg., but all quite nice none the less.

Fortunately speeches were few and good, that of the

President, Miss Joyce Lee, being outstanding. In a few vigorous words we were made to feel how very lucky we were to have in I.C. those few I.C.W.Anians nesting in the hostel I.C.W.Arium.

Dinner was followed by dancing, and we greatly enjoyed having plenty of room on the floor - a rare thing in our gym. When after many beers and innumerable polkas we had to say goodbye to our hostesses, we all firmly believed that women should be given a greater chance to study Science and Technology.

J.Bz.

RESULTS.

HOCKEY. Wed. Feb.15th.

C & GI v Borough Rd. D.3-3
C & GII v Inns of Court D.3-3

Sat.Feb.18th

I.C.I v St.Georges Coll.W.4-1
I.C.II v " " W.5-1
I.C.III v Masonian Ath. W.7-3

RUGBY. Wed.Feb.15th

RSM I v U.C. W.11-3
RSM 'A' v UC 'A' W.31-3

Sat.Feb.18th

I.C.I v St.Mary's Coll. W.13-8
I.C.1st'A' v L.S.E. W.17-5
I.C.2nd'A' v Pinner 'A' W.20-0
I.C.1stEx'A' v Borderers'A' L5-14
I.C.2ndEx'A' v Slough Ex'A' L0-9

SOCCER. Wed.Feb.15th

RCS v LSE II L.2-3

Sat.Feb 18th

I.C.I v N.E.C. L.1-2

Wed.Feb.22nd.

RCS v U.C.H. W.4-1
RSM v RNC II W.3-2

Sat.Feb.25th

I.C.I v St.Cath.(Camb) W.3-1
I.C.II v " " " W.4-2
I.C.III v Hayes L.3-5

Wed.Feb.22nd.

C & G I v West. Coll. L.3-8
C & G Ex'A' v West.Coll.L.3-21
RSM I v Exeter Coll.
(Oxford) W.8-3
RSM 'A' v C & G 'A' W.6-3

Sat.Feb.25th

I.C.I v Pinner W.19-0
I.C.1st'A' v Battersea
Poly. L.0-8
I.C.2nd'A' v Old Lutonians
L.6-15
I.C.1stEx'A' v Vandals W.21-0
I.C.2ndEx'A' v Old Haberdashers
W 20-0

Wed.Feb.22nd

I.C.I v Goldsmiths (UL Cup)
L 0-2
RCS v RCA W 3-1

Sat.Feb.25th

I.C.I v Borough Rd. L.1-4

HOCKEY CUP.

At last, I.C. have won the Cup - and without a goal against them in a Cup Match- by beating U.C. 2-0 on Wednesday. Space prevents a full account, which will appear in the next issue.

UNIVERSITY SOCCER CUP SEMI-FINAL REPLAY.

Goldsmith's College 2 Imperial College 0.

Regretfully it has to be recorded that I.C.have yielded the Cup won last year-in the semi-final.On Wednesday 22nd February the two teams met for the second time;a 1-1 draw was the first result.Both Goldsmith's goals came in the first half due to their better mid-field play;in the second half,I.C. stormed the opposing penalty area,and one cannot help feeling that I.C. should have scored at least one goal.