

Union hits set - Lectos 25 & 29

FELIX

FRIDAY DEC. 9th.



EVERY FORTNIGHT

30

The need has been felt for some time for a frequently published journal to comment upon the affairs of the College whilst they are still topical, and to bring to the attention of its members the activities of Clubs and Societies of which people at present know little, and knowing little, tend to care even less. This is a function which clearly cannot be performed by THE PHOENIX, particularly since that estimable bird is now to appear only twice a year, and so FELIX has come to meet the need. We do not intend to encroach upon the literary field covered by THE PHOENIX; rather do we intend to be complementary to that journal, even if not always complimentary. Neither are we in any way connected with it, nor are we its offspring. (In any case, this unfortunate bird is presumably unable to produce any offspring, since only one bird exists at any one time, rising from the ashes of its predecessor. Perhaps this accounts for its doleful appearance). No, THE PHOENIX will remain an essentially literary magazine, whereas we shall content ourselves with providing a commentary upon events and personalities.

The success or failure of this paper depends principally upon you, our readers. In the first place we depend upon you to produce many of our articles and reports, since our staff cannot themselves attend and report every College event. Secondly we depend upon you to maintain a lively correspondence in our columns. Here is an opportunity for you to air your opinions, ideas and grievances to the whole College instead of just to those within earshot at the bar, and replies can be published before everyone has forgotten what the original letter was about. Thirdly we depend upon you to buy your own copy of FELIX, and not just to read somebody else's copy. We do not think that 3d is beyond the financial scope even of a student trying to live on a F.E.T. grant, and copies for a term cost less than a pint of beer.

Any profits made by the paper are to be devoted to Sports Day, since it appears that the Union is now so impecunious that it may be unable to subsidise coaches and teas on that important occasion.

Any contribution will be welcomed, whether it be a full article on the marital customs of the Watussi or a chance remark heard in the bar. Contributions and letters should be addressed to:- The Editor, Imperial College Union, Prince Consort Road. Contributors may write under nems de plume if they wish, but must supply their names and Colleges with their contributions.

A debt of gratitude is owed to F.C. EWELS for his suggestion of a title. He shall be rewarded with a saucer of milk.

We note with pleasure that Dinner in Hall is steadily gaining support as a regular College function. We learn that 40 Dutch students are attending next Tuesday's dinner. If every member of the College makes a point of attending this function at least once a term, its success will be assured.

Celebration with Repercussions.

For centuries men, women and children, connected in the smallest way with this country, have taken it to be their joyous and inalienable right to rend the silence and blackness of the November night, for one night only, with loud explosions and vivid flames and fireworks.

The men, women and children of this College differ little from their predecessors in this respect, and on November 5th 1949, many hundred students with escort emerged from the merrymaking at the "Hop" to gambol and caper, - indeed to celebrate in the way that Guy Fawkes so unwittingly initiated. Know this, friends; these merry-makers were indeed worthy of that title. The appellations of organised trouble-makers or hooligans ring as untrue as apologies in the ear of one who has been crippled in the Scrum. Imagine, therefore, the consternation among these revellers at being greeted in the shadow of the Albert Hall by our blue-coated brothers in inflamed mood. Report after report was passed around of he who had been punched in the kidneys, she who was pushed in the face, and others worsely handled.

This treatment, one may conjecture, was designed to quell any merrymaking and fireworking, and in fact force a hasty retreat by all to the Union. The design was bad; there are probably few other bodies in the British community who value their freedom and their rights as much as Students. The rough behaviour of the Law aroused indignation, but apart from urgent expostulation, no departure was made from the practice of Bonfire lighting, the creation of Mighty Explosions and the indescribable whirl and turmoil attendant upon the Festival Spirit. Indeed 4 students (one at least of whom comes from The Bush) were defying the flames and flying fireworks in a dance of delight round the fire. Meanwhile The Prince Consort looked down benignly, and reassured himself, we are sure, by telling himself of the safety of the structure around his head.

Others seemed to disagree, albeit reverently, with the measured opinion of the Prince and more blue helmets were seen to bob their way (usually accompanied by a constable) towards the fire - harmless as it was. In an instant there was a spurt of water; a loud hissing and an uprising of angry steam marked the dousing of the friendly flames. But, friends, this was not all. The jet of water having done its deed was then directed on to those who hitherto, had been enjoying the pleasing warmth and happiness exuding from the fire. Only one outcome could there be; students bore down upon the unpleasant hose in an attempt to maintain the dryness of their clothing. The further outcome was unexpected, for in an instant some of our numbers were linking arms with policemen and walking in some haste towards the mobile police vans.

It became evident that strong measures were being taken by the Law to discontinue the customary celebration; and even more so when student after student was flung into a black van and removed to custody. It was an uneven contest, for the umpire was not on our side. However, the student body is not one to say goodbye before the final whistle, and their attentions having been distracted from the Albert Memorial Steps (oh, bad strategy, sir!) some students were seen to have difficulty in crossing the road towards the Hall without lifting a vehicle or two out of the way. Finally, conscious of the fact that the best activities should not continue after the climax, cries of "Come on I.C." and the chanting of the I.C. Boomalaka brought an enjoyable - but disappointing - evening to a close.-

- For some, but others, languishing in Chelsea Police Station, were not wholly appreciative of the humour of the occasion. These 16 unfortunates appeared before the Beak on the Monday, to be remanded for a fortnight, since this was considered to be no mere display of "the exuberance of youth" but a serious incident. In the interim police helmets were sought among the student body with little success: many hearts, however, were

gladdened by the apparition on The Houses of Parliament of a similar object. Far be it from me to speak sub judice regarding those yet to be tried. However, let us wish them god speed in returning to us from the Court and, moreover, let us dig deep in our pockets to help pay their fines.

TAURUS.

A Policeman's Lot.

There's murder, rape and arson, and a little larceny.
The Nation cries "Where are the police, the guardians of
the free?
Where are our blue clad bobbies -Chelsea B and Hyde Park A?
Protectors of our property, do you earn your new-raised pay?"

But wait - our brave Commissioner is planning in his den
With batteries of telephones and full two thousand men
To summon up when need arise - the time is close at hand.
The Law may move so slowly, but its majesty is grand.

His spies are working night and day - disguised in a Wolseley
car

Why at this very moment two are in the bar.
They bring a tale of a dreadful plot, the Commissioner's brow
is stern,
His Order of the Day goes out -"The Memorial shall not burn!"

(At Hendon College in '22, the Commissioner learnt a thing or
two
He learnt to twirl a truncheon and developed quite a thirst
But forgot to learn that of things that burn stone statues
are the worst.)

Now the Welfare State cannot tolerate the old fashioned
student pranks
But will guard Sir Moswald Osley and his dirty shirted ranks
For brains are at a discount and Students stocks are low
Model prisons for our felons, but the students rag must go.

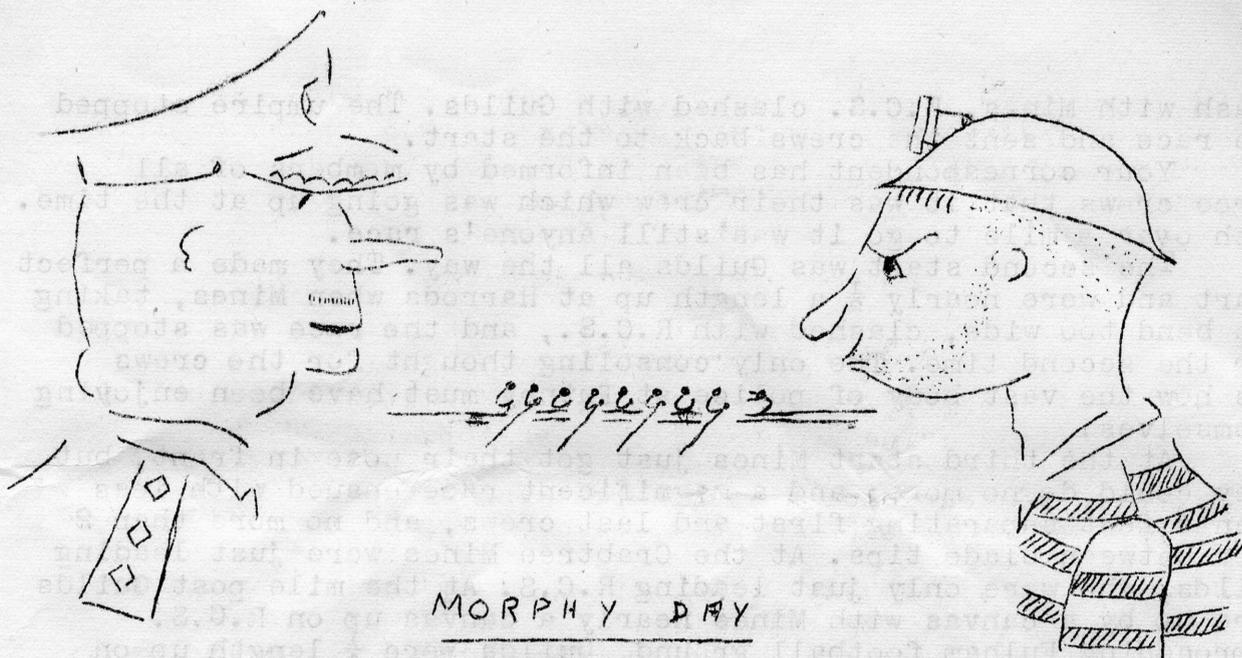
Guy Fawkes night is over - the Commissioner's feeling smug
He's saved what was never in danger - what a story the papers
can plug

"Police Save Famous Statue", "Calm in the Face of Fire"
Don't mention they lacked any vestige of tact, or the blows
in the Black Maria.

The Commissioner draws up his balance sheet, two columns - one
profit - one loss
Debit - helmets for twenty policemen, one sergeant who took
a bad toss
Credit - ten students arrested (victory of brawn over brain)
One statue saved for the Nation, and the grateful Nation's
acclaim.

But his premature mirth was strangled at birth the crowning
joke was to come
Soon the Nation's cheers are changed to jeers, "The Students"
they cry, "have won".
For a helmet adorning a bobby's head is a thing of beauty
and grace
But a helmet atop of a Commons spire - Oh Commissioner!
look at your face!

J.K.B.



MORPHY DAY

1949

ROWING.

By our Rowing Correspondent.

(J. F. ~~Levy~~ Levy.)

MORPHY CUP.

Before the day, although opinions were divided as to who would win the Morphy Cup, all were agreed that it would be a coxswain's race. It was! For the first time in living memory a clash occurred, necessitating a restart, and this happened not once, but three times.

In view of this, perhaps a few words on steering the Morphy would be helpful. The Laws of Boat Racing state that the proper course for a boat to be steered is that which will take it to the finish in the shortest time. This means that the coxswains must try to keep their boats in the fastest flowing part of the stream. Thus, in the Morphy, the first battle for position comes at Harrods bend, where a wide turn means the outside crew losing the stream, and the second at Fulham football ground where, if a wide turn is made, the inside crew can gain $\frac{1}{2}$ a length in a few strokes.

Mindful of the way in which, by superb coxing, Guilds had won the Morphy last year, the coaches of the R.S.M and R.C.S crews spent much time in telling their coxes that they must on no account be pushed out of their courses. As it turned out, the coxes, for once, had listened only too well, and mistaking injunctions against being pushed for orders to force their way through, they made a fiasco of what would probably have been the finest Morphy ever.

So much for explanations. What of the race itself?

As the crews drifted under Hammersmith Bridge the sun came out and made conditions for the race as perfect as could be wished. R.C.S. and R.S.M. made excellent starts but Guilds appeared slightly rushed, but even so rowed stroke for stroke with R.C.S. and completed the first 10 in just under the quarter - a phenomenal rating for heavy clinkers. R.C.S. had their nose in front from the second stroke and proceeded to take it away well, blades being really solid in the water. As the crews approached Harrods, R.S.M. began to decrease the inches lead of the R.C.S., and at the lower end of Harrods wharf were about 2 feet up on the R.C.S., with Guilds a further 2 feet behind. Mines, on the inside of the bend, were a little wide and a slight clash occurred between R.C.S. and Guilds, which they were able to clear without difficulty. All three crews were rowing well, particularly the Mines, who with real heavyweights in the middle of the boat were making best use of them by rowing at a slightly slower rate of striking. As the crews approached the Crabtree, Mines were leading by $\frac{1}{4}$ length from the R.C.S., who were slightly up on Guilds. All three crews were very close together, and, in trying to avoid a

clash with Mines, R.C.S. clashed with Guilds. The umpire stopped the race and sent the crews back to the start.

Your correspondent has been informed by members of all three crews that it was their crew which was going up at the time. With over a mile to go it was still anyone's race.

The second start was Guilds all the way. They made a perfect start and were nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ a length up at Harrods when Mines, taking the bend too wide, clashed with R.C.S., and the race was stopped for the second time. The only consoling thought for the crews was how the vast body of police at Putney must have been enjoying themselves.

At the third start Mines just got their nose in front, but they could do no more, and a magnificent race ensued with less than 4 feet separating first and last crews, and no more than 2 feet between blade tips. At the Crabtree Mines were just leading Guilds, who were only just leading R.C.S. At the mile post Guilds were up by a canvas with Mines nearly a canvas up on R.C.S. Approaching Fulham football ground, Guilds were $\frac{1}{4}$ length up on Mines, who were a canvas up on R.C.S. The Guilds cox, on the inside of this bend, began to take it on a long turn, and the R.C.S. followed him round. The Mines cox appeared to think that the other two were making a short turn, came round too far and too fast, and hit R.C.S.

The umpire stopped the race and restarted them in the relative positions before the clash. The row-in past the boat houses was no reflection of the racing that had gone before, and it was decided that the result to be recorded should be that at the time of the last clash. Guilds, $\frac{1}{4}$ length, Mines, a canvas, R.C.S.

The time taken was 1 hour 20 minutes, a record for this $7\frac{1}{2}$ minute course.

Crews.

C & G. Bow T.Gilbert, 2 S.Peerless, 3 J.C.Howe, 4 J.Shaw,
5 L.Clare, 6 A.Dawe, 7 P.G.Alliston, Str. P.Arnold,
Cox D.North.

R.S.M. Bow C.Barwise, 2 W.Brendum, 3 J.Gordon-Smith, 4 A.Fleicher
5 L.A.Hill, 6 J.Taylor, 7 L.Webb, Str.J.McKay, Cox A.Fable.

R.C.S. Bow D.Ives, 2 R.Hughes, 3 J.Lamerton, 4 D.Nowell,
5 R.Smith, 6 D.Coomber, 7 H.Pushman, Str. F.Moriarty,
Cox C.Bracewell.

LOWRY CUP.

The race for the Lowry Cup which followed, in gathering darkness, was a lesson in coxing. Starting from the mile post, all three coxes showed how it should be done. The Guilds crew, an excellent one, made no mistake and showed that the way it had harried its first boat in training had made it unbeatable. They went ahead to win easily, leaving a most exciting race for second place between R.C.S and Mines, in which both crews lead several times by a foot or two only to be pulled back by sheer fighting spirit. The result, justly so, was a dead heat for second place.

Crews.

C & G Bow R.Clark, 2 A.Waterfall, 3 P.Moffat, 4 B.Davis,
5 W.Bergwerk, 6 P.Sharpe, 7 C.Baines, Str. P.Watson,
Cox J.Lewis.

R.C.S. Bow B.Baldwin, 2 R.Measures, 3 J.Midgeley, 4 G.Benson,
5 A.Davies, 6 J.Bray, 7 T.Embleton, Str. H.Metcalf,
Cox J.Holmes.

R.S.M. Bow M.O'Connor, 2 J.Harbord, 3 W.Stevens, 4 M.Holt,
5 R.Penny, 6 K.Chandler, 7 H.Morris, Str. T.Hulme,
Cox B.Hester.

THE BOAT CLUB DINNER.

Your reporter apologises for any omissions and misstatements he may make, and wishes the fact that he had had several in the boat house, several more in the Star and Garter, and a few for good measure in the I.C. bar before the dinner started, to be taken into consideration.

His rather whisshled condishon assisted in his enjoyment of a - hic - very enjoyable evening, but did not help him to write very intelligible hiero-hic-glyph-hics on the back of his ticket to the Resident's Dinner - he had forgotten his notebook.

Having no statistics at his disposal, he can only hazard a quiet guess that this years dinner, like the Morphy itself, was one of the longest on record, if it did not actually create a new high. It was, however, a very happy function, and the food was excellent.

The King's health having been drunk, the club captain, Len Webb, on behalf of all present, congratulated the chef, who accepted his first offer of a glass of brandy, but bashfully declined the second - the ears of the assembly.

The captain next asked Col. Lowry to present the Morphy and Lowry Cups to the day's victorious crews, both from the City & Guilds, and to the winners of this years Senior, Junior and Novices sculling trophies, won by C.H.Barwise, H.Pushman and R.Brook respectively.

Charles Bristow, the first speaker, proposed the health of the club, in a speech which lasted the surprisingly short time of 34 minutes, first prize in the sweep being won by H.Pushman. It is difficult to make notes on a speech even of this length on the back of a ticket to the Resident's Dinner, but your reporter is quoted as saying that it was as good as Charles' speeches always are, and embraced the aims and history of the club.

In reply, the captain must definitely have set up a new record. He spoke for 5 minutes longer than Charles! Your reporter cannot help but feel that this was not a good precedent, as Charles is not one who can take a slight of this nature lightheartedly, and will most certainly take steps to see that it cannot be repeated. (Next year's reporter is advised to buy two tickets to the Resident's Dinner).

Len Webb ended by presenting a portable typewriter to Charles, on behalf of the club, in recognition of his services as treasurer, which post he was relinquishing, Brian Thwaites taking over. Your reporter was very hazy by this time.

Peter Alliston next proposed the health of Thames Rowing Club, and also proposed that the sort cut to T.R.C. bar should go down in posterity as "Charles' Cut", Charles having been the master mind behind the idea and design.

Mr. Kirkpatrick, T.R.C., replying, said, inter alia, he was glad the I.C.boathouse was such a fine new building, as it helped to support Thames boathouse.

Brian Thwaites proposed the health of the guests, which included the representatives of several clubs - London, Reading University, Vesta K.C. etc., the first captain, Col. Lowry, Paul Cumming and Spud Hayter.

Col. Lowry, in reply, quoted freely from the classics; these quotations were very amusing, and your reporter apologises for only remembering one - "This ghastly crew" from the Ancient Mariner:- one of whose members he was beginning to resemble, as he tottered into the bar for a quick one for the road.

He was last seen steering a Morphy course past the tennis courts, muttering "I'll teach these cockshwine to shteer", and wondering what he'd done with his ticket to the Resident's Dinner.

THE ESCAPADES OF BOANERGES IN THE LONDON -

BRIGHTON RALLY. NOVEMBER 13th.

The weather forecast on the Saturday evening was not very promising, cold with scattered showers. It was only to be hoped that the showers would not scatter themselves on the London-Brighton road. It meant an early start for all concerned and the very sleepy crew of "Boanerges" rolled up at the College at 7.15 a.m.

In the greyness of the morning "Bo" certainly looked rather dispassionate but after the addition of a few gallons of the essentials the old boy seemed a little more perky. At last after innumerable adjustments had been made to the too numerous controls Bo arrived in fine time at the "Magazine" in Hyde Park, where the noise and smoke seemed to grow in volume as did the spirits of the crews of "Bo and the tender".

The "Guilds" veteran was superior in that it arrived under its own power; for most of the veterans had been carried - not just towed - on quite massive constructions which devotedly followed their charges. In the Park it was discovered that "Bo" had not enough water to last the journey; so what could be better than to fill the spare cans from the Serpentine. The veterans were started in order of age at intervals of thirty seconds. "Bo" was number 48 and was soon off to a fine start, with the tender following watchfully.

Through London went the procession; past most of the noble buildings and almost all London was taken in gallant stride; Brixton Hill caused a little trouble for some veterans but not so for the mighty "Boanerges" - at least not after he realised he would have to go up, so he stopped banging and smoking and went up in triumph, but when he had collected his cheers he flagged and had to be revived by some Serpentine water.

Perhaps it was imagination but "Bo" seemed to have more vocal support throughout the journey than the rest of the entrants put together. "Boanerges" had one misfortune, but quite a minor one. The nut came off one of the chain joining links, but it gave the crew time to stamp their feet, and someone experience in the use of a hammer.

It seems that the "Guilds" is not very willing for a truce with the "Gentlemen" in blue, for they flaunted an acquired taxi-horn at every aforementioned "Gentleman" they encountered as well as going a little too close for comfort. This was perhaps unfortunate as the Police on that Sunday were really co-operative, allowing staggering veterans to rattle across against the lights. It was true that manners were not lacking in the crew of "Boanerges" however, for all gestures whether from on-lockers or Police were acknowledged if only by the taxi-horn. After a while it was realised that "Bo" was speeding, this being prohibited by the rules of the R.A.C. for this run and at one point "Bo" was actually to be seen doing 40 m.p.h. (although it was downhill).

"Bo" eventually arrived in Maderia Drive with much cheering and waving whilst steam issued from the various pipes of other veterans.

After lunch "Bo" was moved to the pavilion where the Mayor's tea was to be held. It was here that further preparations were carried out for the return journey. This tea was the high spot of the day and perhaps it was not strictly true to say that all "Bo's" crew and followers were invited, but all attended in the true Imperial College fashion.

During the tea it was learnt that "Bo" had been disqualified for indulging in excessive speed. The day was drawing into evening and the return journey had to be faced. This was quite uneventful except that "Bo" was very reluctant to forego further refreshments, as were the crew.

The taxi-horn was used to full advantage whilst the crowds in "Piccadilly" were given a fine exhibition of circular motoring with Mr. Carruthers in the chair. Finally the commissionaire at the Dorchester was allowed to use his voice in order to stop "Bo" entering, so "Bo" reluctantly returned to college, decidedly hot under the bonnet.

City and Guilds Union.

Though hardly a term old, this session has already made secure its place in posterity. The Union has been fortunate in acquiring amongst its new members enthusiasts in all spheres of Club activities, with the pleasant result that, as the Arab said during dinner, the pressing problem is expansion.

The Rugger Club now has a membership of about 80 and is running three teams, the 1st and A teams having been defeated only once each. The Hockey Club is 37 strong and provides most of the I.C. 1st XI. The Soccer Club has made a flying start in what looks like being a most successful season, beating the Mines 12-2 in the first round of the Technology Cup, and providing 8 of the I.C. 1st XI.

The Rifle Club are happily shooting away in the mysterious back labyrinths of the Guilds underworld, and the Radio, Chemical Engineering and Engineering Societies all have full and well supported programmes. The Athletics Club and the newly formed Tennis Club are reserving their energies for later in the session.

A new field of competitive industry is being opened by the institution of an inter-college Darts Trophy, which it is hoped will be successfully darted for by those members possessing the advantage of a mis-spent youth.

The highly successful activities of the Motor Club and the Boat Club are reported elsewhere. However, it is felt that Guilds supporters on Morphy Day showed a reprehensible lack of College spirit in failing to carry in their victorious crew from the stools.

As a conclusion to the term the Carnival will, it is hoped, prove the most successful yet.

G.CARR.

Hon. Sec. C & G Union.

R.C.S. Union.

The session started very well with this Union running a very successful fresher's buffet quite early in the term. It was noticed that the freshers seemed much more lively than usual and this liveliness has, so far, shown no signs of wearing off.

The various Athletic Clubs are being supported a little better than usual and hopes are high of Inter-College success in several fields of sport.

This year there is going to be an Inter-college Darts Match, for which a trophy has been purchased, and those players of high standard are asked to contact any Union official as soon as possible.

Congratulations are extended to those members of the Union who were present at Morphy Day. When the Lowry crews came to the stools after their race 95% of the spectators who had remained were R.C.S. men. Well done!

Let us see as many of you as can make it present at the other Inter-college Cup Finals, (Engineers Cup, Technology Cup, Sports Day, Tug-o'-war, etc.)

D.COOMBER.

President, R.C.S. Union.

R.S.M. Union.

The freshers have been welcomed and the old guard are now back from furrin parts to show them how to repeat our former triumphs.

One record broken already is the beer consumption for the Fresher's Dinner - one hundred and fifty Minesmen and staff may feel justly proud of the achievement. Special praise to W.S. Robinson on winning a very clean Fresher's Yard - and to the potential muckers who deposited a most suitable receptacle on the steps of the R.C.M.

R.S.M. Union contd.

As usual there is ample support for the Rugger Club with more than enough players to fill the three teams. Soccer and Hockey are also thriving and our Squash players once again top the College ladder.

It was not a Miner's Morphy this year but the hard hatted stalwarts on the bank had the right spirit and showed that they at least had not forgotten the traditional chairing of their crew to the boat house. At least one miner showed his disapproval of the Police ban with a very neat bit of blasting.

The success of the Mine's Dance could be judged from the general resolve, at the last general meeting, to have the Little Black Man announce another get together in the near future - perhaps this time more of the Staff will be able to attend.

For those who can read Chaucer, posters have already announced the Mine's Carnival in March - remember there's a double ticket "for free" for the winning theme.

Sic Transit Spider Brandish!

R.S.M. Union.

The Mines Dance.

On Wednesday, November 23rd, many past and present members of the Royal School of Mines and their partners were involved in a large scale Judo (or Yogi) practice in the Gym. This notable turnout of over 170 people distinguished themselves even more by continuing from 8.30 p.m. until 12.0 midnight without failing - all this without a Judi (or Yogo) mat!

Mr. Peter Hayward was presented with a washing machine which he later converted into hard cash - as opposed to paper money.

Mr. Jimmy Booth - after some South American Jogo (or Yudi) was heard to remark, 'Yes, it shook me too!'

Buffet and prizes went off and down smoothly and many graduated from green to yellow to red yodi (or Jugo) belts during the evening.

Thus ended the R.S.M. Dance for 1949 - next year Yugo - or Jodi.

I.C.W.A. Dance.

Unfortunately everyone thought the same at the I.C.W.A. dance which was held on November 18th. They saw that the dance began at 8.30, and so decided to arrive at 9.30ish, when it had "got going" - They failed to realise that no dance - however well organised - can begin to show any life until at least half the people are there. As a result, the one criticism was that it was slow to start, and that at 12 p.m. everyone could have happily continued for another hour or two. Perhaps I'm prejudiced - but I hardly think that I.C.W.A. should be blamed for this. Everything else was up to the usual high standard, with the gym attractively decorated with travel posters and flowers. Even the balloons came down from the ceiling at the appointed time - though I believe that I.C.W.A. co-opted a few friends who kindly took charge of this. Most of the evening was occupied with straight dancing, but a few novelty numbers were introduced; a hat excuse-me dance being one of the most successful. A happy idea was to ask Mr. Sandy Hill to be M.C. for an elimination dance, by means of which he chose his "Ideal Girl" - He surpassed himself. Pity it stopped at 12 o'clock.

M.J.MAYER.

Letters to the Editor.

Sir,

In view of the ever increasing popularity of Saturday night "hops", and the impossibly overcrowded conditions which are resulting, I feel we should tolerate no longer those men from outside the college who seem to regard our Union as a Palais de Danse. Officials of the Union should ensure that a responsible person is stationed at each door of the Union, not the dance floor, who shall ask for the Union card of everyone who is not personally known to him, and members of the College should evict with the utmost vigour and loss of apparel any uninvited guest who does succeed in entering.

Yours etc.

Wallflower.

Sir,

It appears that there is a strange race in our midst. This body of men apparently find it necessary to operate pneumatic drills behind the Albert Hall, whose neighbouring buildings do nothing to muffle the shattering noise, at the ungodly hour of 7.30 a.m. when all right minded people are abed. When the disturbed sleepers are eventually forced out of their beds by thoughts of breakfast or the 10 o'clock lecture, a strange silence envelops the Hostel precincts and the drills are stilled.

This, Sir, is beyond my comprehension. Can it be they bear us some malice?

Yours etc.

D.C.Howe.

Dear Sir,

In a mild sort of way I would like to register a bitter protest about the Union beer.

Perhaps one of our own tame entomologists could recommend to our so called Brewers a more virile type of Gnat.

Ulcerated.

Dear Sir,

The publication of Felix provides a long overdue opportunity for Union members to express their views on many day to day items which would not normally find their way into Union Meetings, and even for this alone it promises to be a most valuable organ.

Among many minor irritations a case on which I feel strongly is the price of sandwiches in the New Lounge. That cakes should cost 3d is perhaps excusable. For those who desired a less extravagant tea there were at one time many sandwiches at 2d and excellent jam sandwiches at 1½d. Now the sandwiches are as dear as the cakes and to choose a "cheap" tea is to face starvation.

In any case, Sir, can a charge of threepence really be justified for two thin half slices of bread with a thin smear or ersatz compound between them?

Yours etc.

S.C.M.Taylor.

This years Dramatic Society play will no doubt afford an excellent opportunity for the solution of the age old controversy 'Bacon or Shakespear'.

A quicky check up in their respective graves after the performance should clinch the matter.

A rumour reaches us that Spud Hayter may this year be awarded the coveted half colours by the Women's Netball Team.

DIARY OF FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Friday 9th December.

- 1.20 Fencing Club Meeting,
5.15 Conservative Group Meeting, Cttee. Rm. "A"
5.15 I.C.U. Athletic Clubs Committee, Cttee. Rm "B"
7.00 I.C.D.S. production.
7.00-10.15 Chem. Eng. Soc. Dinner, Upp. Dining Hall.

Saturday 10th December.

- 7.00 I.C.D.S. production.

Sunday 11th December.

- 7.30 Film Society, "Metropolis", Mining Theatre.

Monday 12th December.

- 1.15 Musical Society Recital, Cttee. Rm. "B"
6.00-10.00 R.C.S. Nat. Hist. Soc. Social.
5.15 Film Society, Mining Theatre.

Tuesday 13th December

Wednesday 14th December.

- 5.15 Dramatic Society General Meeting, Cttee. Rm. "A"

Thursday 15th December.

- 5.00 I.C.U. Council Meeting, Cttee. Rm. "A"
6.00-11.00 Chemistry Dep't. Party.

----- End - of - Term -----

Friday 16th December

City and Guilds College Christmas Carnival

" The Inferno "

It is customary to blame cats for many antics on the rooftops and tiles, but we beg to report that Felix was not the "japer" responsible for the utilitarian adornment on the Q.A. Dovecot on Morphy night.

It is reported from a thoroughly unreliable source that the Astronomer Royal has been asked to be timekeeper in next year's Morphy.

A pile of A.Sc.W. literature was recently found in the R.C.S. lavatory. No comment.

Overheard at Mines Dance: I.C.W.A's Ideal Girl declares "Mine's a Miner".

I.C.W.A's attractive President (personal opinion) has we hear developed quite a tender spot for the Riding Club.

It was noticed that Curly Prigmore the New Hostel Noise suppressor was a trifle jumpy in the current Dram. Soc. production - amps in his pants?

SPORTS REVIEW

With this first issue of "Felix" it has been decided to show readers the present position of the Colleges in the sports field by giving a summary of the results of the three principal winter games played throughout the Michaelmas term. In subsequent numbers it is intended to detail the previous fortnights activities in the whole range of college sport - hostel residents will note with relief that the Sports Editor is not himself a hostel-dweller!

Both the I.C.Hockey Club and the I.C.Soccer Club have played matches in their respective London University competitions within the last week, both being victorious from the I.C. view-point. By the time this has reached its public the I.C.Rugby Club will have also played its Second Round tie, with, it is hoped, equally satisfying results.

Results:

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Points	
						Against	
I.C.1st XV	9	8	0	1	138	25	
I.C.1st A XV	8	3	2	3	64	64	
I.C.2nd A XV	7	3	0	4	69	51	
I.C.1st Ext.A.XV	8	2	2	4	38	112	
I.C.2nd Ext.A.XV	5	3	0	2	29	35	

C & G 1st XV	4	2	1	1	29	12	
C & G A XV	5	4	0	1	44	33	
C & G Ext.A.XV	3	1	0	2	12	19	

R.C.S. XV	4	2	0	2	39	54	
R.S.M. XV	7	4	0	3	37	64	

HOCKEY.

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Goals.	
						Against	
I.C.1st XI	13	9	1	3	48	27	
I.C.2nd XI	8	6	0	2	22	13	
I.C.3rd XI	7	7	0	0	35	6	

C & G XI	6	3	0	3	19	11	
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R.C.S. XI	5	2	1	2	13	6	
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R.S.M. XI	3	0	0	3	2	10	
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SOCCER.

I.C.1st XI	8	6	1	1	26	11	
I.C.2nd XI	7	4	0	3	23	17	
I.C.3rd XI	8	2	3	3	19	27	

C & G XI	4	3	0	1	18	7	
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R.C.S. XI	4	2	0	2	9	12	
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R.S.M. XI	3	0	1	2	3	23	
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Club officials are invited to contact the Sports Editor of "Felix" if they wish to take advantage of the publicity afforded in these pages.

University Hockey Cup (2nd Round)

November 30th: Imperial College 2 v Battersea Polytechnic 0.

Having defeated Chelsea Polytechnic in the first round by the substantial margin of 7-0, I.C. were fairly confident of their ability to win against Battersea. Had they known the determined qualities of the opposition beforehand, their equanimity would have been rather disturbed. The whole game was well-fought with finally the rather better hockey of an I.C. team well below form overcoming the drive of their rivals' keenness. The final score was a true record of the play although perhaps Chelsea were unlucky with two shots which hit the posts. The first goal by I.C. was the result of a penalty bully following an infringement by the Chelsea goalkeeper; Gillett made no mistake and the ball was in the net in seconds. The second goal was scored by Howe with a shot that gave the goalkeeper no chance.

The highlight of the match was the magnificent hockey played by Gillett; in attack or defence he was always master of every situation. To him, mainly, I.C. owed their victory.

University Soccer Cup (2nd Round)

December 3rd: Imperial College 4 v Westminster Training College 3.

A strong wind blowing along the pitch imposed limitations upon the football, but in no way was this match marred by the "cut-throat" attitude so characteristic of many cup-ties. Within a few minutes of the start Westminster scored twice, a lead which they held until the interval. With the resumption however, Imperial had the wind in their favour whereupon they scored four times without further reply. Undaunted, Westminster continued playing with very commendable spirit and in the closing seconds increased their tally to three.

Somewhat Wet Ode to Felix.

Say, look what Santa's brought with the whisky and the port
To fill once more a "literary" gap;

It's a sort of half pint Phoenix but is known as just plain
Felix,

And all you need to do is turn the tap,

Out comes mild and bitter
That will surely raise a titter
Or even p'haps a postcard from afar;
Let's hope the Albert Hall
Will stand up through it all
When the Editors make whoopee in the bar.

So I'll lay my pint apart; take up my pen and start
Just a little welcome word to wish it well;
Let's hope this newborn cat will wax both large and fat
And in no uncertain fashion "ring the bell".

And in the coming year
When the cat is in high gear
And the Editors make whoopee in the bar;
My final hope is this
They'll remember my kind wish
And oblige by filling up my empty jar.

Derek Norris.