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WELCOMES
ALL
FRESHERS

FELIX

IMPERIAL COLLEGE NEWSPAPER
No 136 MONDAY OCTOBER 5th 1959



PROFILE



Les Allen - President of the Imperial College Union - your elected leader and representative - what sort of man is he? I won't pretend that my ramblings will tell you, but you may gather some idea.

Five years ago he was a fresher at I.C. and was as bewildered as any of our freshers today. He had been born and educated in London, and came here to study Physics.

Now? - he is a research spectroscopist, married, and likely to be very busy in this coming year. This will be nothing new to him.

During his College career his principal interests have been debating and dramatics. In both of these fields he has excelled, playing the lead in many productions, and being a member of the I.C. team which won the University of London Debating Trophy last year. During his final year as an undergraduate he was Chairman of the Social Clubs Committee - a responsible position which has provided him with the administrative experience and the knowledge of the running of the Union, to carry off his present position in his customary manner.

He hopes to have a little time to indulge in his extra-College pursuits - such as watching Millwall and Surrey play their respective games; enjoying what he calls "high-brow theatre and low-brow music"; and fervently joining marches if they are in a good cause.

President's Letter

Before it was known that the "Phoenix" would not be coming out as planned because of the Printing Dispute the Editor of "Phoenix" asked me to write a "President's Letter" suggesting that I might like "to tell the Union what it might expect to happen during the coming session." That letter will not now be published, but it is that theme that I consider the most profitable to explore here instead.

I find it a difficult theme to write on because I myself would like to know what is likely to happen. It is, of course, true that after many years of intensive noise of destruction and creation of College buildings we are having the pleasure of seeing some of the new buildings opening. From the student viewpoint the most important of these is Weeks Hall which will increase the available hostel accommodation considerably. The new Physics building will be completed and the Mechanical Engineering Department will be changing its home. The pneumatic drills will not be stilled though for many new buildings have yet to be started and further old ones destroyed.

Everybody I know is keen that I.C. should have a closely knit corporate life with as many students in residence as possible. The presence of Weeks Hall will, I believe, increase the population in the Union building during the evenings, for the more people there are living in College the more additional people there are likely to be spending time with them. Similarly the Physicists vacating the old R.C.S. building will find themselves nearer the Union than Ayrton Hall and will I suspect be changing their eating and coffee venues. All of these things to one extent or another will be changing life at I.C. One thing is clear that whatever may occur during the coming year things will not be standing still. Always there will be change. Will there be in the activities of I.C.U? I have no idea for it is really up to Union members to decide.

Unlike the older universities and the older degree subjects, where lectures are few and the onus of reading is on the student, Imperial College tends to be more rigid in that one has to go to a considerable number of lectures to survive from one year to the next. Consequently because of the nature of I.C. a student will acquire a university education in a different way from those at Oxbridge. Indeed there is a danger that he might not acquire one at all. I confess that I have little time for childish behaviour in students or for students where life is 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Neither of these attitudes is conducive to a University education. I have in the past often felt that I.C. lacked an essential of a real University. It is perhaps a hard thing to pin down but basically it is that the outlook is shallow and immature. One should not be afraid to argue, to speak up, to discuss, to express a view, to listen and to think in a University. University should be the stamping ground of ideas, beliefs and creations. They should be trampled upon, agreed with, argued about, discarded, taken up, and changed. But they must never be ignored. That is what I want to see at I.C. I do not honestly believe it exists at the moment; but it should, and must.

How does one bring about that quality? I'm not entirely sure; such a feeling comes from deep inside those who want it. But a contribution can be made to it at least by getting everyone interested in the Union. For everyone to make the decisions of what they want in the College. That is why I say I do not know what the next year will bring. If it brings with it a serious outlook and a thoughtful approach and active participation in Union meetings then I do not doubt that much will occur. It is though the Union who must decide not just Council or myself.

However, to leave the hypothetical, one event which has been planned to occur during the coming session is the I.C. Carnival. Instead of joining the W.U.S. Carnival as during last session, I.C. will this year concentrate on its own Carnival for the first time. It is hoped to raise money for charity and for an I.C. bed at St. George's hospital. Apart from that and the already established events, the future is in your hands. My job as President as I see it is to help to guide your ideas to successful conclusions. It can I think be a very fine year for I.C.

Les Allen.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE COMMEMORATION DAY

22 OCTOBER 1959

In the ROYAL ALBERT HALL at 3 p.m.

SPECIAL VISITOR
LIEUT GEN THE RT HON
THE LORD WEEKS
KCB, CBE, DSO, MC, TD

STUDENTS AND THEIR FRIENDS ARE ADMITTED WITHOUT TICKET
AT THE MAIN DOOR

A STAGE BY THE SEA

being an account of my visit
to Northern Ireland with the
Dramatic Society.

Ma O. Moss.

It was a Saturday morning; one of those mornings when the body instinctively calls for another ten minutes in bed. The air was grim with drizzling greyness and the cold of dawn still clung to every building. After dispelling most of the lethargy with a cup of black coffee and a couple of fried eggs disposed around a piece of burnt toast, I set off for the outskirts of London. Barnet seemed a good point to start from and, sure enough, I was soon rolling across the comfortable low countryside of Southern England in a large, slow, but steadily moving lorry. From Leicester to Loughborough I got a lift in a nippy little van, which lapped up the roads in as light and chatty a manner as the driver lapped up the details of my identity. A Jaguar took me in comfort through the verdure of the Derbyshire Dales and the Peaks to Manchester, from the lush greens to the greys and dirty ochres of this large industrial spread. Again it rained. I took refuge this time with British Railways and, for the usual nominal fee, I travelled by train to Heysham, boarded the steamer, and waited for the rest of the party to arrive. We constituted the advance party of the Dramatic Society's summer tour to Portrush, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland.

It was a smooth trip across the Irish Sea and the light of morning found us coasting down Lough Belfast. Slipping past a granary, a power station, a retinue of cranes and ship-building yards, all spidery against the sky in construction but massive in concept, we finally entered Belfast City. After a long journey right across Antrim-Ballymena, Ballymoney, Ballybogy, - we collapsed thankfully into the sitting room of our host and hostess with thoughts of the flats and props which were following us only nebulously in our minds. Our mouths were filled with ham sandwiches, our glasses with Irish whiskey, our bodies with travelling tiredness and our minds with vague happiness when a small calm voice carried with it the momentarily shattering news that our flats, already painted and prepared, were too big for the stage by a mere two foot. A cursory examination of the stage however soon showed that, although it was unthinkable to shorten the flats, we could raise the roof. Meanwhile sleep, beautiful sleep.

Portrush, like many sea-side resorts, is an ugly conglomeration of large boarding houses, noisy amusements and quaint public buildings. The town hall, which was also the theatre and the centre of many religious meetings, is a quaint squat red brick building with a dumpy round tower of the witches hat variety, and across the road the railway station stands out, white and black almost imitation Tudor, resembling anything but a railway station. Amusement arcades are as much a feature of Portrush as the theatres are of London, but the various fruit machines to be found in them were not designed to stand up to the rigours of the Scientific Method as taught at Imperial College. During our stay it was not uncommon to see a frustrated change attendant mounting guard in his little kiosk, refusing to accept handfuls of pennies in exchange for silver, or a bevy of tiny tots watching, mouths agape, at the torrent of pennies initiated by the delicate touch of our experts.

I cannot resist mentioning the coastal scenery of Antrim, despite the risk of turning this account into a travel agency brochure. Around the harbour the rocks provide shelter for a wonderful garden of sea-weeks, lazy green strands, exploding tufts of brilliant green and huge wafting sheets of tough tubber brown. To the east a white strand, stretching straight between the ever rolling waves of the ocean and the rising rolls of sand-dunes, is finally terminated by an outcrop of limestone. The cliffs rise steeply from a microcosm of rock-pools and sharp beds of mussels and limpets. Further east still, the Giants Causeway, a massive rocky storybook recounting intrigues and romances of an age when angry giants scooped out the land of Ireland and hurled it at Scotland. We sat around the only seven sided stone, the removal of which, the guide books would have us believe, would allow the whole Causeway to collapse. Amongst the columns of this massive basaltic structure we found the giants chair, the wishing well and countless other suggestive structures. We found also a melee of shacks defiling the scenery in a way of which only Homo sapiens is capable. Buy your genuine Causeway rock, your Irish shillelagh, your licky sham-rock, postcards, ices and fizz here!

So back to the production, flats to paint and touch up, a tomb and a balcony to construct, furniture to be found and a roof to raise. Looking for the furniture introduced us to some of the second hand furniture dealers of Colrairie. One entered a building which can only be described as a cross between a farm yard and a large ware-house in which the moth and dust have ruled for many years. If it is raining these places provide shelter for many a wandering family, and mother manoeuvres baby and pram amongst the thread-bare furniture keeping a sharp eye open for the very occasional bargain.

Wednesday night and, no sooner had the final curtain fallen on Noel Coward's "Blythe Spirit", than our stage crew were on, tearing the stage to pieces like a lot of termites. The next evening was to be the first night of our own production, Terence Rattigan's double bill of "Harlequinade" and "The Browning Version". Thursday was a day of mixed emotions for all of us, feelings of failure, of oblique tiredness, feelings of complete loneliness, of frustration and annoyance, but finally the relaxed feelings of success of perfection, but something that lay in the joy of achievement. The humour of "Harlequinade" might have been a shade too deep for the average Portrush holidaymaker, or perhaps they were too polite to laugh, whatever the reason it was very obvious that a lack of audience participation was having a profound effect on the cast. Mike Spence, the producer of this piece, recognised the symptoms and successfully cured the disease by allowing his original production to take on a somewhat elastic nature. The emotions of "The Browning Version", however, certainly left the stage and were received by the audience in a suspended silence which, though occasionally broken by the crash of a falling pop-bottle, I shall always remember.

Portrush had become a familiar place, a friendly place and it was easy now to find its charms, to feel the warmth that one associates with that nebulous term humanity. But the time had come to break; another group to take the stage, another group watching the box-office eagerly welcoming the sale of one more ticket, not for the price of that scrap of paper, but for the knowledge that one more seat has been filled in that great void to which every actor plays his part.

PROFILE



Hilary has been educated at several girls High Schools, in Bristol, Nottingham, and Luton. It was during her stay at Luton that her ability to wield a hockey stick, on the field, was noticed; and as a result she played for a Bedfordshire Junior XI.

In '57 Hilary, tired of the rarified atmosphere of a Girls High School, came to read Botany at I.C. (It is rumoured that she spent several months growing fungicide in order to become acclimatised). Maintaining her high standard of hockey it was not long before she became a regular member of the U.L.U. 1st XI, and followed this by being selected for the united U.L.U. and Cambridge team.

On the homely side, she has a love for embroidery, playing the piano, and reading (she also enjoys driving the "Family Rolls", when Daddy says so). All in all she has all the fine qualities that rate her suited for her present post. In a post-election speech she announced her intention of putting I.C.W.A. well and truly on the map, we wish her luck.

Her sporting prowess has been much appreciated by I.C.W.S.C. and not restricted to hockey she has also taken part in netball, tennis, swimming, and even croquet matches! She has held the posts of Secretary of I.C.W.S.C. and also, the Natural History Society. It was whilst in the former role that she helped make the women's athletics team's visit to Delft, the success that it was.

Don't imagine that Hilary is a bustling, efficient, battleaxe, sports-woman. She is a pleasant, easy person, and most attractive. Unfortunately she fails to discuss her romances (which are reputed to be enormous) even with I.W.A.ians which is a wise policy.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD HOSTEL BED.

Oh bed that took a great delight,
In keeping me awake at night,
I hope the god of beds gives thee,
E'en such a rest as thou gav'st me.

FELIX

EDITOR

M. F. BARRON



circulation 1500

Editorial

"Freshers" are always welcomed at I.C. as they tend to vitalise the "blood system" of the College as opposed to the older members of the Union who provide the continuity and solidarity essential to College life. At the commencement of a new session life is hectic enough for even the established inhabitant, but it is infinitely worse for the Fresher. Having recovered from the "Pep" talks and free buffets, he is a little confused. We all went through this stage; but after a few weeks the strangeness wears off, and the Fresher can begin to put work and pleasure in the right perspective.

To add a touch of colour to the picture, Freshers, you have been lucky enough to come to the finest college in the country, a college with a long and proud reputation. Whether this reputation was won on the foothills of the Himalayas or the playing fields of Harlington, it is up to you to maintain the standard set, and do all in your power to enhance the position we now hold. A word of warning though, this reputation has not been built up by the men whose only record is of catching the 5 o'clock train to GUILDFORD, and whose main use for the Union was to obtain suitable repast at lunchtime. We do not ask much, first a little time and a little enterprise, will win our welcome unreservedly. A last word on the subject; IC men give of their best to the Union, primarily because it is THEIR Union; we are all part of it, we all benefit in one way and another from it; so let everyone contribute to it.

This edition of **FELIX** as with its predecessors of other years has been produced for the **FRESHER**, hence the inclusion of **RETROSPECT 1958** and guides to the various sports grounds. Unfortunately several of our usual features are missing. The principal one of these is the "Lettem" page. **FELIX** is the most accessible forum to everybody. So use it to express your opinion. If this opinion cannot be condensed to a letter, it can be included in "VIEWPOINT". **FELIX** is written by the UNION and other members of the **FELIX** Staff have not the time or the inclination to go around collecting material, so that we always need contributions of new value from as many sources as possible. Do not hesitate to write in.

FELIX will continue to come out on every alternate Friday throughout the Session and contributions should be in by the preceding Friday. Thus, for next issue, due on OCT. 16th, write in by OCT. 9th.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION OFFICERS

Les Allen PRESIDENT
Ian Plummer SECRETARY
Jolyon Neve PRESIDENT, GUILDS
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Ian Callow PRESIDENT, R.S.M.
Miss Hilary Tompsett PRESIDENT, I.C.W.A.
John Cox CHAIRMAN, S.C.C.
Randall Peart CHAIRMAN, A.C.C.
Ian Hill CHAIRMAN, ENTS. COMMITTEE.

TO ALL CLUB SECRETARIES

The "Coming Events" Diary is open to all I.C. clubs who desire publicity for future meetings and events. Club officials should send details to the "Sub-Editor (Coming Events), **FELIX**" via the Union Rack.

Secretaries are also invited to submit some additional information concerning their events which MAY be printed if space permits. Bare details of all the entries submitted will be printed in any case.

There is no charge for this service.

FOR SALE

1936 Standard 10. The car you could afford to run. Only £25.
- Worth £25/10/- Apply SPOKES, 104, Chemical Engineering Dept.
Any reasonable demonstration.

1958 Size 7 'PUM' TRACK SPIKES

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WANTED

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

Attractive, intelligent and FRUSTRATED postgraduate, requires girlfriend. Must be goodlooking.

36 - 22 - 37 o.n.o.

Apply Room 33, Old Hostel

TOUCHSTONE

Most freshers, and many who are not so fresh, may be puzzled by references on notice boards and elsewhere to something called **TOUCHSTONE** that is billed as being held at Imperial College Field Station, Silwood Park, Sunningdale. Touchstone weekends are held about twice a term in the beauties of the Berkshire countryside. They were the brain child



SILWOOD PARK

of the late Sir Roderic Hill, and were intended as an opportunity for the staff and students of the College to meet in informal surroundings. There is a theme for each weekend to which a guest speaker pre-eminent in his particular field is invited.

In no circumstances are the subjects for discussions to be of a scientific nature, and these meetings were intended from the start to encourage the rationalisation of the education of members of Imperial College. In part they are meant to be the complement of General Studies Lectures, and thus to enable students to gain a wider understanding of that most important faculty of the Human Mind, that of clear thinking allied with the ability to express oneself clearly on Human Problems to other members of Mankind without difficulty or embarrassment.

WARNING

Members of the Union should be aware of the security arrangements that exist in the College. Mr. Henry (internal 741 or 315) is a most efficient security officer to whom any unaccountable disappearances should be reported as soon as possible. Lost property usually finds its way to his office, where he is only too willing to help.

LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

Trumpets blazed forth from the rostrum and the Tribune of the Plebs stepped forward to make his announcement. Unfortunately, owing to the amount of timber which had been used in building ships for the Carthaginian War which had just ended, the rostrum was shorter than usual. The Tribune of the Plebs picked himself up, remounted the platform, and commenced, "Civites" (because "civites" was the usual way of addressing Roman citizens). "I have an announcement to make." (Which was rather superfluous as everything else was made by slaves). "A huge spectaculum-i- (neuter) is going to be held in the Circus Picadilla." (Which was a less notorious spot than the Circus Maximilla). "Festivities will take place for fifteen days Roman Summer Time." Loud cheers greeted this as up till then it had been very doubtful if there would be any summertime. However, there was some delay in the festival arrangements (History repeats itself does it not?) owing to certain birds of ill omen found near the Circus Picadilla. The workmen struck for two months till the birds had flown. Finally the work on the arena was finished and it would have gone down in History had it not gone down in a strong wind first.

The great opening ceremony was performed by the leading lights in the Senate. Reading from left to right was Appius Claudius, who was blind, and reading from right to left was Chu Chin

EXPLORATION BOARD

Thirty-four I.C. students have spent their summer vacation as members of expeditions which have visited six localities from the Arctic to the Andes.

In the Apolobamba range of the Andes which forms part of the border between Peru and Bolivia the six man I.C. party has conquered no less than fourteen hitherto unclimbed peaks over 18000 feet high and made topographical and geological surveys of a considerable area. Also in S. America, three zoologists have been making films and sound recordings of the fauna of British Guiana. Zoologists were also active in the Azores where nine underwater swimmers were studying the fauna and geology in the coastal waters of Terceira island. In the Mediterranean, ten botanists, zoologists and geologists worked on a small Greek island not far from Athens. In the colder regions a small geological party worked in the east of Iceland, and four I.C. men joined up with four geologists from Birkbeck College to visit Jan Mayen which was visited by an I.C. expedition just before the war.

Articles by members of these expeditions will appear in later issues of 'Felix', and the Exploration Society will be arranging illustrated lectures.

The Exploration Board is a joint College and Unwin organization to which all proposals for I.C. expeditions must be submitted. It has an income of £1200 per annum which can be given as grants to proposed expeditions. Ideas for expeditions to take place during 1960 will be considered by the Exploration Board towards the end of this term. The closing date for applications is November 14th - watch the Exploration Society notice board in the Union Foyer.

How, who was Chinese. The first day was taken up in speeches and Cicero would have revelled in verbosity had he been present. Unfortunately he could not make it as he was not born at the time.

Nothing daunted, the people flocked from all over Rome for the start of the second week's proceedings and they were not disappointed. The show recommenced with jugglers, performing bears, close-harmony singers and a curly-haired "scat" singer, especially captured in America for the occasion, by name - Damius Caius. He was a great success, which caused some concern amongst the proprietors of the Coliseum, who were putting on 'Me Osculare, Kate.'

The next four days were taken up with parlour games such as throwing heretics, slaves, suffragettes, etc., to the lions. Many people shuddered at some of the horrible sights and one small child who was a B.C. minor, was heard to cry, "Oh, look at that poor lion, who hasn't got a Christian to eat." So saying he rushed into the lion's mouth and quite disgusted that beast with his exhibitionism. Finally, with customary Roman "sang froid," he killed him in cold blood.

Next came the Gladiatorial show. At one point the great Spartacus triumphed over his rival and appealed to the mob. They wished him to administer the death blow, but as the vanquished was good looking the Vestal Virgins turned up their thumbs as a sign that he should be spared. Spartacus also made a sign according to customary ritual, to show his opinion.

The week ended with a spectacular fight between some of Pyrrhus' elephants and some African ones. The sight would have cheered the heart of Cecil B. de Mille (especially as the Baths could be seen from the arena) but it was brought to a rather unseemly end by the appearance of a mouse. The elephants fled leaving the mouse in sole possession of the sandy floor.

The great finale came on the fifteenth day. Thousands of dancers danced to hot rhythm played by african slaves, and the mob were allowed to participate in communal singing. They sang all their favourite tunes, including the No. 1 Hit, "Our Soldiers Went to War."

Thus ended the first festival on record. It was an immense success, cost the Senate millions of sesterces, and ensured their success at the next General Election.

HALDANE LIBRARY

Have you ever heard of the Haldane Library? Most people haven't. The old Union Library, which consisted mainly of fiction, has been greatly enlarged during the last nine years with the aid of generous grants from Touchstone. These have been primarily devoted to reinforcing the non-fiction sections, and as a result the college now possesses a balanced collection to suit every conceivable taste. Housed in 15 Princes Gardens and renamed after a distinguished member of the college, the late Lord Haldane, the library awaits to amuse and to educate. It is now under the control of a joint committee of students and staff with strong financial support from both college and Union. Mr. A.G. Quinsee, B.A., F.I.A. is the full-time librarian and the hours of opening 11 - 5.30 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and until 7 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Every conceivable interest is catered for. The following typify the type of reading that the Haldane Library offer to students. 'A Treasury of Ribaldry' ed. by L. Untermeyer, or on a slightly more sophisticated plane, the complete works of Arthur Miller and Eugene O'Neill. For the tongue-tied, 'English Love Poems' may provide some assistance, as might that best-selling collection of American Folklore - 'The Kinsey Report' - albeit a little ragged at the edges.

Among the seemingly unending stream of war-books, 'Arnhem' by Major General Urquhart is noteworthy, as is 'Hitler's Youth' by Frans Jetsinger. If you prefer to take your science from the 'Tele', Patrick Moore's 'The Amateur Astronomer' will be familiar. The series on the History of Technology is, surprisingly enough, worth browsing into, and Herman Oberth's 'Man into Space' makes absorbing reading.

For those interested in hobbies, other than the above, 'The Art of Cricket' by Bradman is vastly superior to the efforts of Len and Dennis; 'The Focal Encyclopaedia of Photography', a 'Sailing Premier' by W.D. Park and the 'Logical approach to Chess' by Blaire and Rumble are also recommended. The Guinness Book of Superlatives will inflate your ego in the Bar.

Others which come to mind in a necessarily personal choice are 'The Church in Russia' by Spinka and the vicious 'Parkinson's Law or the Pursuit of Progress'. But even if you cannot read at all, don't fret. We have a useful Reference Atlas of Greater London, and, even if this is a little herd, a series of jolly picture travel books of Greece, Turkey, etc.

COMING EVENTS

Thursday, 8th October

Literary and Debating Society
Freshers Tea, Snack Bar, 5.45 p.m.

Friday, 9th October

Political Society's Freshers Tea,
Ayrton Hall, 5.15 - 8 p.m.

Church Society Freshers Tea, Snack
Bar, 5.15 - 6 p.m.

Monday, 12th October

Catholic Society's Freshers Tea,
Snack Bar, 5.15 - 6.30 p.m.

FRESHERS DINNERS - Mines, R.C.S. and
Guilds, 12th - 30th October.

Tuesday, 13th October

Student Christian Movement Freshers'
Tea, Snack Bar, 5.15 - 6 p.m.

Freshers' Debate, Concert Hall,
1.15 - 2.30 p.m., President of
London University speaking.

Thursday, 15th October

Glyding Club, Freshers' Tea,
5.30 - 7.00 p.m.

Friday, 16th October

Mechanical Engineering Department,
Postgraduate Tea Party, 5 - 6 p.m.

Thursday, 22nd October

Commemoration Ball, 9 p.m. at Claridge's Hotel. Tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Entertainments Committee, I.C. Union.

RETROSPECT

by EKIM

The past year will not be recorded in the annals of Imperial College as a truly outstanding, but nevertheless it was not a year without highlights. We had a fine team of Union officials, that had several storms to weather during the year; with the eloquent Richard "Tiny" Garnett as President, and his henchman John Bell as Union Secretary.

On nearly every Saturday of the session there is a dance (HOP!) where after paying the requisite sum you can spend the evening dancing with the women of your choice. The band is usually very good providing music for both "hepeats" and "squares". The quality of the women present is good, and the quantity sufficient. Each of the three colleges also holds an Evening Dress Dance (don't be perturbed by the heading).

By now you are probably thinking that college life is all beer and women for here are a few extra curricular activities. The Dramatic Society gave a very polished performance of the difficult Shakespeare production "Taming of the Shrew" and also had several play-readings during the session. (Their trip to Northern Ireland is reported in this edition).

It is probably apparent to you that most of the activities that the college takes part in, usually have a string of superlatives attached. Most of the things we do are successful. It can be argued, that the men at the top are the ones that count, but without support they could



MISS C&G



MODELS FROM PARIS?

In the mascot field "Boanerges", the City and Guilds 1901 James and Brown, affectionately known as Bo (not to be confused with a well known adverb) completed yet another successful Brighton Run, but has since run into mechanical trouble and is at present off the road. Whenever the bell of a fire-engine was heard in the neighbourhood of the college you could reckon on it being something to do with R.C.S. Either they had blown yet another hole in their building or else, they were giving their 1916 Dennis Fire Engine, "Jezebel" a trial outing. The third member of the heavy brigade, the R.S.M.'s tractor engine "Clementine" has unfortunately contracted boiler trouble. As these three vehicles would be rather awkward to carry about, each of the constituent colleges has a smaller more manageable mascot. Mines with a Michelin man, "Mitoh"; the R.C.S. has an outsize thermometer (not to be confused with the proverbial daffodil!) named "Theta"; and Guilds who have an outsize spanner - this was last heard of in the vicinity of Snowdonia, and was the highest object south of the border.

During the term the College acquired several other college mascots, ranging from the N.E.C. "Carrot", to the Unicorn from Bedford (which was christened Rachael during a Guilds Union meeting). The fresher must not think that all such "raids" are successful, the Sandhurst Cannon still remains at the R.M.A. after several attempts.

In the freshers early days at I.C. he will undoubtedly hear the word "Carnival" uttered. Some say the word with awe; some with knowledgeable forboding; most with pure lust. A Carnival is what YOU make it. Last year R.C.S. commenced the revelry with "CUBANTICS". A lively carnival it was spoiled by the persistent attention of gate crashers. The cabaret was good, but contained humour of a little too coarse a nature. Guilds "Pirates Paradise" was perhaps the finest example of coordinated planning that the College has seen. The idea of converting the Concert Hall into a pirate galleon filled even the greatest pessimists with doubt, but on the day they proved a credit to designers and builders. The cabaret was extremely talented, and despite R.C.S. interruptions (jealousy maybe!) put over a very good performance. With Mines Carnival "Me and My Ghoul" lack of support did not make it the success that it might have been.

Due to enforced police regulations I.C. celebrated Nov. 5th, as at other years, with a bonfire and firework display at the sports ground at Harlington. Although the firework display could have been organised a little better, and despite the "Moon Shot" failure, the dancing and other forms of entertainment were enjoyed by all. I am pleased to report that the three policemen who were admitted to hospital, have all fully recovered.

not manage it. Remember this, for it is one facet of the Union that is sometimes sadly lacking. We have the men and women who have made this College what it is, but this record could be improved with support:



WUS CARNIVAL

whether this means spending a few shillings to listen to a mediocre performance, or standing watching an I.C. team in action, the very fact that you are there will help the participants no end. Other highlights of the year were the "I.C.-U.L.U" organised W.U.S. Carnival, and the election of Mr. ICWA, an honour which finally befell Mr. Tony "Tub" Ewart.

Two other sporting events round off our year. The only official rag day is held on the afternoon of the Murphy Cup Race. Whilst the three colleges battle it out on the river, a similar but less sportsmanlike battle is taking place on the bank - "The Battle of the Towpath Bridge" though Guilds fortunes fluctuated on the river side they were supreme.



BATTLE OF TOWPATH BRIDGE

Field Cup day is a private venture within Guilds, in which the five departments race against each other. This year after the usual detour through the Serpentine, the idea was to erect the flag-pole in a dustbin behind Guilds. After much fighting the Mechanicals were declared winners, not because they had succeeded in erecting their flag-pole, but they were nearer to erection than anyone else.

From our Danish Correspondent

Chapter 1. (In which we learn a little about birds).

The Lesser Pecked Flottsam Flapper (Peckus bops, for erudite readers) is abroad this month. At regular intervals this species ceases to flap and begins to flop; the smell is intense. Perhaps it is as well that this species is abroad this month. It is included in this account however, because it occurs sporadically in East Grinstead. Readers seeing this very rare migrant should contact their local. From there they should draught a letter to 'The Tones', burn it, and memorize the ashes. Throughout the latter half of September, the L.P.F.F. passes through a period of constipation, when nothing but eggs are laid. These are quite inedible.

Tutamencoatenula vulgaris, or to give it its common name, the Vulgar Tutamencoatenula, is to be found in large numbers in heaps on the ground this month. This bird has a habit of perching on Beech leaves. Beech leaves fall in September. Thus, this is a bird which can never be distinguished, as it always ooo-

urs in piles on the ground. It is about as fast as it is long, and sounds the same as it smells. In films this species always presents itself as a blur, moving from right to left, or vice versa if the film is shown backwards. It may only be shot when there is a fog in the month.

Finally, this month you should begin putting out pieces for the Tits; such nutritive offerings are, amongst other things, known as Tit Bits. Please forgive my paronomasia - it's a terrible disease to suffer from.

STOP PRESS

NOV 5th celebrations.

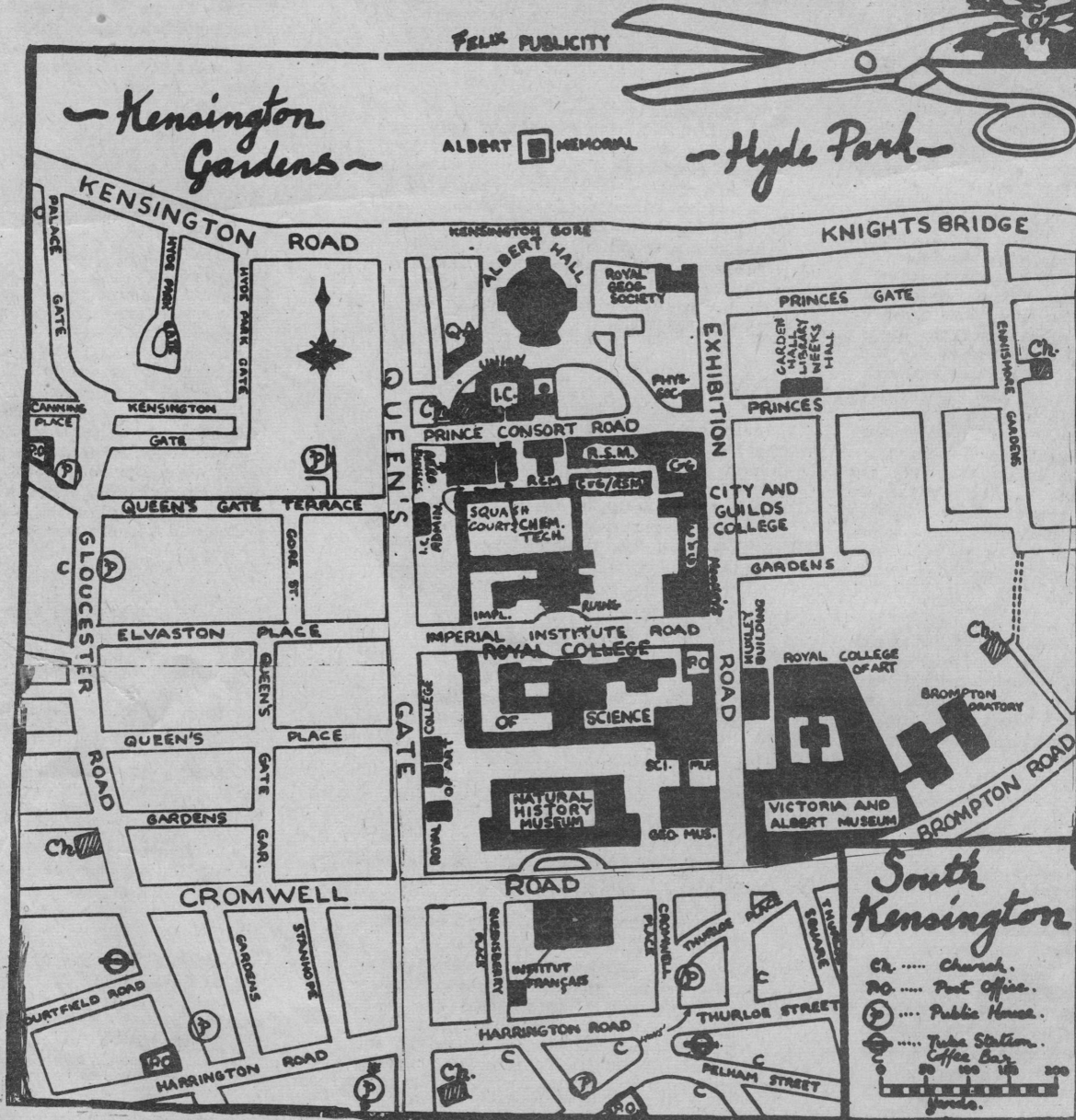
Keep an eye on

for full details.

notice boards

XELIX DUD

FRESHER'S PULL OUT & THROW AWAY SUPPLEMENT



SPORT

ATHLETIC TOUR OF GERMANY

On Sat. June 20th the ICAC departed from Victoria on a fourtenn day tour of Germany. The after effects of the President's Ball held on the previous night were apparent on at least five members of the party who staggered bleary eyed from train to boat to train in quick succession. The party travelled through Germany in two mini-buses which proved an enormous success through time saved and added convenience.

The first match was a triangular fixture between Mannheim University, Mannheim Club and IC resulting in the narrowest of victories to the Club with 77 points followed by the University (76) and IC (75). Curtis (100m), Ludlum (400m), Smith (HSJ) and Connolly (Jav.) all won their events whilst Collins did well to finish second in a very fast 1500m.

After spending two days in Mannheim the party travelled on to Heidelberg for probably the toughest match of the tour. Here we lost the match by another narrow margin despite fine sprinting by Curtis and Ludlum. The stay in Heidelberg proved to be delightful. Visits were paid to the local beauty spots as well as the famed night clubs. A party held in our honour proved an enormous success though some of the party were still groping for form.

Whilst at Heidelberg the team travelled to Mainz to compete in an open meeting with competition drawn from the U.S. forces in Germany, Nottingham U. Mainz and IC. Dave Smith won the HSJ with a leap of 14.04m and Curtis was the winner of the 100m. Briggs was runner up in both the 1500m and the 3000m whilst Ludlum was unlucky to be left in his blocks in a faulty 400 start. After the meeting the team taught the US forces many new ballads and lyrics that they had not previously heard. During a subsequent visit to Mainz we spent a most enjoyable day with Nottingham University on a coach tour organised by our hosts through some of the most beautiful Rhine valley country.

During this tour we reflected all the British weakness in the field events and could only muster one victory in the throwing events over the whole tour. On the track there was a happier picture. Curtis ran most consistently in the 100m and 200m, and never failed to record at least one victory per match. Ludlum showed no signs of a hard season and set up a personal best time of 50.0 sec over the 400m. Sub 50 sec should be only a matter of time now. The IC captain Pete Rayment never realised his potential over the 800 though Paul Clifton found the speed that has eluded him throughout the earlier season and recorded a personal best time of 2:1.6 at Marburg. Briggs and Collins formed a formidable combination over the middle distance races and in taking first two places in the 1500m at Marburg they gave the best team performances of the tour.

Dave Smith was another consistent competitor and won three out of four HSJ's. His jump of 14.04m at Mainz was well up to the national standard. Tony Alcock performed entertainingly in the throwing events whilst an out of form Colin Connolly offered grimmer resistance to the German supremacy. Graham Tilly and Lionel Pillingier completed the middle distance team running methodically and never failing to complete the allotted distance.



Finally the athletic part of the tour finished with a visit to Marburg, probably one of the finest University towns remaining. The match resulted in a safe victory to the hosts by 71 to 54 points. Curtis (200m), Ludlum (400m) Smith (HSJ) and Briggs (1500m) all won their events whilst Curtis and Smith finished second in the 200 m, and high jump. Collins repeated Briggs' unique double by finishing runner up in the 1500m and 3000m.

This was the first IC tour for many years and was of necessity experimental in many respects. One of the most important points to be made was that peak fitness should be reached by the second match of the tour. The strongest fixtures should then be in the middle with the first and last treated as warming up and finishing matches.

SQUASH

The Club welcomes new members, especially beginners. The following meetings have been arranged.

FRESHER'S TRIAL, Wednesday, Oct. 7th, 2.00.

CLUB TRIAL, Thursday, Oct. 8th, 5.30. at the Squash Courts.

The courts are situated behind the Aero and Chem. Eng. building.

The Club has a large competitive squash program again this season with over 40 matches to be played. Subsidised coaching can be arranged if it is supported, and concessions are given to the Club at leading London Sports Stores

WEST COUNTRY ANNIHILATED

Emulating that great seaman and renowned duck hunter, Sir Francis Drake, the I.C. Swimming Club again went west this year- with a vengeance. Leading that eminent bobber from Wogga-Wogga, Mr. William Macmillan, who was struck down with Kensington Bush fever, the I.C. contingent set forth on safari for Plymouth and all points west.

The first match was something of a catastrophe, the Lymington team beating I.C. by the foul method of scoring 16 more goals than we did. By a tremendous effort we only lost to Weymouth by 5 goals to 3. At Weymouth we stayed in a pub and imbibed enough beer to beat Bridport 6-1 next day. The next match was against Fowey, where the ball could only with difficulty be separated from the jellyfish. Several of these creatures stung the goalkeeper, Mr. Brian ("Fatso") Hart, and paid a dire penalty for their temerity.

After more beer and a little sleep, the team proceeded to Salcombe, where an astounding victory was achieved by 10 goals to nil. The shock was too great, the next game was lost to Brixham by the odd goal in seven. An attempt was made to blame this defeat on the absence of the I.C. captain, Mr. Roger Harford, who had left to play for Hertfordshire on the Minor Counties Championship.

The tour ended on a note of triumph with a victory over Britannia Royal Naval College by 7 - 1. The dormobile was driven throughout by Mr. Roy Basham, and Mr. William Lampard, however, strangely enough no injuries or accidents were recorded. Taken all in all a good time was had by everyone except the Fowey jellyfish.

J.C.

SOCCER

I.C. Soccer Club extends greetings to all freshmen and welcomes back old lags who managed to pull strings with the Board of Studies. This year we are running seven teams, again playing twice a week on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, so whatever your standard we can fit you in. We are also determined to retain the U.L. Cup which we won last year with a side including five freshmen, so don't miss the Trials at Harlington on October 7th and 12th. The club like so many others in I.C. has a very high reputation to maintain and with your help and enthusiasm we shall hold our place as the premier college in the University.

D.F.

SKI CLUB

The Club has two main activities:

- 1) To train and enter a team for the Universities Ski Championship.
- 2) An annual skiing party for all grades of skiers, especially beginners. This party is arranged at very favourable rates.

Membership is open to all members of I.C. Union, and their friends are welcome for the vacation.

This year the Club will be staying at Saas Fee in Southern Switzerland. We shall be leaving on December 29th, the basic cost being £29.40s.0d. You should write for full details to the Secretary through the Union Rack.