

IMPERIAL COLLEGE UNION
PRESENTS

FELIX

3RD. FEB. 1950
No 3



EVERY FORTNIGHT

3d

EDITORIAL

THE PAYMENT OF FINES.

The repercussions of the November 5th rag are again raising their ugly head. It will be recalled that at an I.C. Union General Meeting last term Mr. D.C. Howe, who was in the Chair as Vice President, stated in answer to a question that the fines and the costs would be paid by the Union, and that the funds would be raised by a dance and a voluntary collection. This announcement was greeted with acclamation and apparently general approval, and a highly successful "whip round" has already been made on this basis.

However, it is now reported that at a meeting of the Executive Committee on January 16th it was suggested that the Union should pay the costs, but that the students concerned should pay their own fines. It was held that for the Union to pay the fines would appear as a condonation of the offence, would set a dangerous precedent, and would act as an incentive to students to break the law in future.

The students concerned, and many others, hold strong views about this. They feel that the fact that they were arrested was in the nature of a luck of the draw, that in many cases they were among the lesser offenders, and that they were merely the unlucky scapegoats for police disapproval of what was essentially a College affair. They hold that if the Union pays the fines it will be recognising this, whereas if they pay they will have a permanent blot on their escutcheons. They also claim that if punishment be deemed necessary they have already suffered sufficiently with their protracted anxiety and the indignity of appearing in court on comparatively serious charges.

Presumably this matter will now be referred to the I.C. Union Council, but we sincerely hope that the decision given to the General Meeting will not be over-ruled without further reference to another General Meeting. The sum of money involved is small, and it is essentially a moral issue; it is a matter on which opinions differ, and it affects the Union as a whole. Surely it should be debated and decided by a General Meeting?

FELIX SOBERS UP.

There was a criticism of our last issue which appeared to be sufficiently general to warrant some comment on this page. It was that the issue was merely a concatenation of accounts of bibulation - succinctly put by one person with the question "When are you going to squeeze the beer out of Felix?"

We agree with the critics, and apologise. The alcoholic emphasis did not reflect editorial policy, but was purely adventitious. FELIX is what you make it, and it so happened that when the reports came in from our correspondents on their Christmas activities, they had all laid some stress on the intoxicating nature of the occasions. However, Christmas comes but once a year, and FELIX, having had his orgy of alcoholism, is now sober and wiser, but not, we hope, sadder.

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

I

by A.B.Dab.

I admit I was tired, and with a yawn glanced from the paper I was reading to my watch. Funny how slow the second hand moves when watched; it seemed to get even slower and then.....stopped. There was a silence, a horrid cold silence, an emptiness, a void. I was conscious for a moment of my own self in my body, I was locked in, doomed. The feeling was similar to that I had once experienced as a child. It was a cold night and my head was beneath the clothes. I remember awaking and crawling as I thought to the head of the bed, the terror I experienced when I failed to get out. The hopelessness of my situation was all I could think of.

Slowly I rose and with ease diffused through my own head, until I was looking down upon....myself. I watched.....myself, presently my head moved closer to a paper but I did not feel it, I only saw it. By now the terror had passed, nothing seemed amiss, I was warm and happy. I had experienced this feeling before on a warm summer day. It was a business trip to a cathedral town, with hot offices, bad tempered officials, bad business. Tired of it all, I decided to look round the Cathedral. I entered full of cares but after twenty minutes inside I emerged, and standing in the shade looking onto the sweeping lawns the previous hours seemed trivial, so material, coarse and wasted. "Blast Thomson and Thomson" said this small speck of humanity and boarded a Green Line for homea material home.

I was thinking along these lines when -snap- I was again horribly conscious of my body, my hands were hot and perspiration stood on my brow. That little boil on my neck hurt twice as much and that taste from the last minute cigarette, all was exaggerated. I picked up the paper and wearily I read,

4. Find a stress function to satisfy the following conditions, - damn! materialism.

I passed.....just.

LAB. REPORT

3MC&G

D by de Tees

'Twas newyer and eggs-harpul sheats
were stacked in pyalls on the flure
Ful fortune labbryports todo....
And hydears ffure and ffure.

Attuch on showlder starkled me
and with usick beezarr
the seaven deddly "don'ts" stepped out
from Lassie Leigh's Streetcar.

The first a Sage undressed me thuss
"DON'T wurk miladd, but doooo
support the Onion, pray for eggzammes.
In coarse wurk u've no clew."

The second with cordbreeks sowbrowne
A miss hapwas suss pecked.
"Don't slack old man, no time to waste,
Is sheet ten, nine correct?"

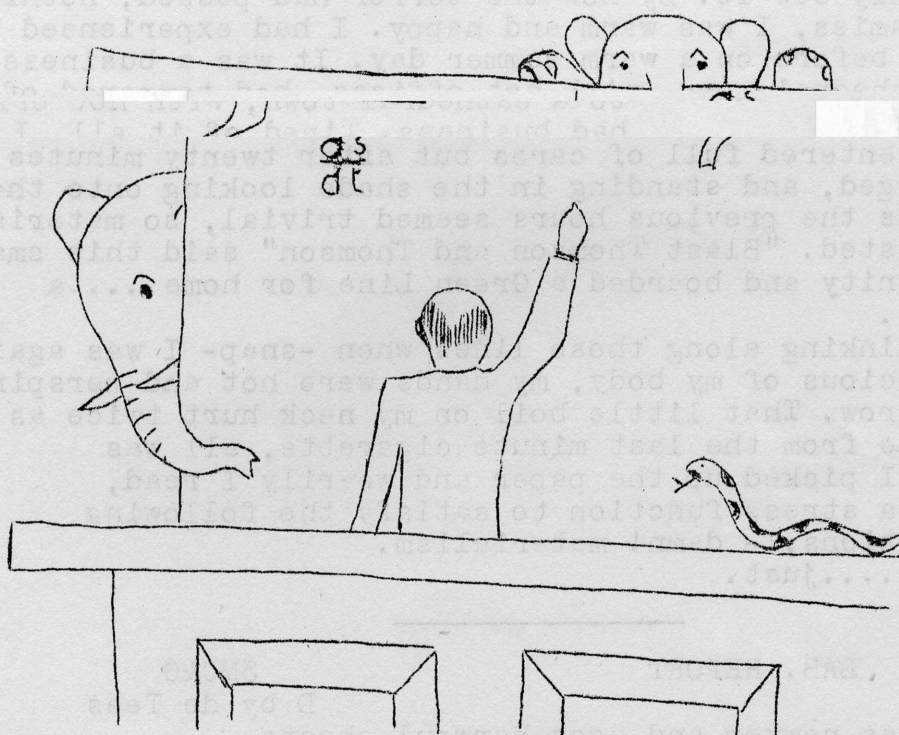
A gladdsum trio hustled in
"Don't fritter time up here-
coffee at Jane's is what you need
we've all tutorial clear."

An Old Centralian spoke up next
 "Now don't neglect the Arts,
 do all your work, but row,dance,act.
 Let Homer feed your hearts".

The Felix editor was last
 "Don't fail to give support.
 If you don't write a piece for us
 it won't be what it ought".

'Twas newyer and eggs-harmful sheats
 were stacked in pyalls in front,behind.
 Full fortune labbryports todo
 but this is all that came to mind.

dt's



AND SO WE GET dt's - - -

This little heart cry fluttered down to our reporter over the
 Harem Wall - how about it ladies?

"Some of the women of the hostel appear to be very dull
 this term. Even the efforts of an unknown joker failed to
 rouse their spirit -They have endured floods in their rooms,
 and alarm clocks ringing throughout the night without a
 murmur. How about a little retaliation I.C.W.A?-but first find
 the culprit(s)-"

This weeks scratch -

Felix can't help being a little catty - milk was still
 rationed when he was born!

PROFILE: PAUL CUMMING.

What makes a President of I.C.? Is it push, personality or is it just one of those things? No one can really say. Of the last 4, no two can be closely compared, except perhaps that they all are people who seem to be one of us if a little more efficient. Perhaps one may say that, in general, he must have personality, initiative, an uninhibited sense of humour, a sense for an occasion, and Student spirit.

Paul had the initiative to be born in Plymouth of Naval parents in 1921 - subsequently to achieve an Army commission and a dislike of Guz-; he inhibited his sense of humour by living in Barrow at the same time as Joyce Lee, and launched out into Public life by entering Ampleforth College at the age of 9 and the local Public House (officially) at 18. The war having just started, he joined Vickers Armstrong to learn some Engineering before wearing his feet out in the Army the following year. Chance remarks lead one to believe that Paul spared no effort to avoid wearing his feet out in his early Army life and soon became a Subaltern to be shipped young and keen to India in 1942. Revelry and gaiety in Poona soon affected a Subaltern bank balance, so by dint of much dinghy sailing and pleasure trips Paul secured a move further East and 3 pips. Here by following closely the relevant instruction books he managed to build a road over a mountain jungle in a month, erect a Bailey Bridge on the Uhkrul road, walked fabulous distances for which he was mentioned in Dispatches and got a job as an Instructor back in Poona! Peter Arnold and Ted Green, as trainees there, have Paul to thank for their present maths difficulties, for he was then enjoying £1000 a year - and who can lecture maths after an evening or two in Poona on that income?

The end of the war cut the 1000 by about 5 and put Paul once again on the wrong side of the lecture table. Very soon he became involved in seemingly insignificant affairs compared with Burma jungles, and after Secretarial work for the Rugby Clubs he became a member of the Links Club and won his first electoral triumph in becoming Hon. Sec. of C & G. His rise became more rapid with the election of Don Huddart to I.C. Presidency and Paul became President of C & G. Soon afterwards he sprained his ankle and Doc Sparkes broke Paul's wrist at Rugby. This couldn't deter his succession to Don Huddart's post, there to control the galaxy of Clubs, Societies and Committees in this busy network of activity and to peer at us thro' a battery of microphones at General Meetings.

Whatever makes an I.C. President, it seems that they don't lack in brains (for a 1st seems indicated), nor indeed in personal attraction, for Paul's name appeared on Tuesday in the engagements column of the "Telegraph" and today, we trust, in "Felix". Let us wish him the success and good fortune in his married life that has come his way so far.

R.C.S.NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The R.C.S.N.H.S. broke new ground last term by holding a Social for its members. Over 100 gathered in the Botany Theatre for a "curtain raiser", a Brains Trust consisting of Profs. Brown and Munro, Asst. Prof. Hewer, Dr. Pratt and Mr. Gwyn Thomas. The questions were both serious and humorous, one of the latter being on the "absent minded professor". Prof. Brown here told a story of a past Professor of I.C. who put his 6 children to bed, only to be told by his wife an hour later that they only had 5 children, he having absent-mindedly included one of the neighbours!

The rest of the proceedings were in the Upper Dining Hall. We understand that some of the Hostel He-men changed their views on academic societies when they saw all the barrels assembled for this occasion. There were piano and singing solos and some hearty community singing, but the high lights of the evening were the "Ceremony of the Clan" and the sketch "Your Honey or Your Money".

The sketch was performed by "volunteers" from the audience, funnily enough, nearly all members of staff! But their efforts were magnificent. Who will forget Sir Jasper Hardheart as portrayed by Gwyn Thomas? or Dr. Pratt as little Nellie Dean? The audience appreciated too Prof. Brown as True Blue Harry, and Prof. Hower as Mr. Dean, not to mention Dr. Heath as Nick Carton, the Cardboard Cavalier. We could go on praising them, but must end by praising and thanking the Committee of NHS for this, their best effort to date.

BOLUS.

THE DRINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

The Kings Head and Eight Bells, Chelsea.

Any expedition to Chelsea by a right-thinking man would be incomplete without a visit to the King 's Head nestling in Cheyne Walk between Albert and Battersea Bridges.

This little Embankment inn upholds in its 'regulars' the last vestiges of a club spirit among the artistic set of Chelsea; rather a quiet, faintly reminiscent club perhaps, with its members thinned and ageing, but nevertheless a persistent and interesting one. They sit in the lounge each with their own pot, forming the hard core around which the rest of the clientele hang. There's the porter, unmistakeable with his jaunty check cap, bifocal spectacles and spats, who boasts that he's drunk in the King's Head since his student days (his complexion proves that he's certainly drunk very consistently somewhere since then); and with him, usually, a mountainous medical gentleman with a beard and a 'dungereed' sculptress well besmeared with Plaster of Paris. Henry Moore is known to this circle and is sometimes with them.

A warm, cheerful little pub, open from 5.30-10.30, where you can find intelligent talk, and, if you are interested, friendly companions. Add to this good cellars and Whitbreads Ales, and you will make sure that any expedition you may make to Chelsea is quite complete!

SOCIAL NOTES.

Spring came early to the Hostel this year! Felix offers sincere congratulations and best wishes to the following fever victims. Miss Mary Mayer & Pete (Bol) Reevill. Mary as most of you know smokes cigarettes and does research on potatoes but Bol works for his living (in a place called Silvertown in London believe it or not) and is a distinguished graduate of the 5th floor. Miss Joyce Lee & Alan Meigh. Joyce is the reigning Queen of ICWA and, moreover, a fearless leader of fashion -witness the attractive new hair style which our experts inform us should go with a 'bang'- Joyce expresses her own views on this elsewhere. Alan is, of course, the Union Secretary and, we suspect, a rather senior partner in large jewellers- or perhaps he has a key to the Tower strong room! Our President, Paul Cumming, within the last two weeks! Paul is the subject of this weeks profile and his fiance does not live in the Hostel. Better late than never- Tardy congratulations Miss June Mahon & Spud Hayter- they're quite used to the whole thing by now.

Across.

- 1.Christian name for Church detective.
- 4.H.G.Wells couldn't stick it initially.
- 6.Mineral found in any Chemical.
- 8.Here Dinner in Hall is often the prelude to a prelude.
- 9.Christian times.
- 10.Set in Bohemia?
- 14.Possible future part of a barque in a nutshell.
- 16.This for one is a cliché to make some people see red.
- 18.You must search for the ball
- 19.You may find this out after the sale.
- 21.Seen periodically at the head of the table.



J.K.B

Down.

- 1.This is a trick clue
- 2.No moonshine here.
- 3.A white one may prevent a 'black'
- 4.This backward Matelot would be first over-side ship in trouble
- 5.If his work falls off a dust-net may catch it.
- 7.This takes the right place when only one foot left.
- 11.The artist in 4 dn.
- 12.This in spirits is almost an elixir.
- 13.You may get stuck here.
- 15.Not wavey but permanent.
- 16.Not from 8 unless burned.
- 17.The letters of the Law.
- 20.Initial requirement for a navigator.

NEW HAIR STYLES.

When I was approached to write about the New Hair Styles - my first reaction was to refuse - I'm so sick of the whole subject- Little did I realise, before that fateful day, that the people at this college are so susceptible to changes.Yet a short visit to the hairdresser caused more gossip than if I'd appeared at supper in a swimsuit* I've had remarks from all quarters,I'm accused of trying to emulate a schoolgirl, I've been told, with little tact I feel, that the National Health would consider me a deserving case for a free wig, and now the general comment is "Thank God it's looking more normal"- Please don't be too optimistic- I've another hair appointment.

Frankly, I don't like it- its unbecoming- it causes most unflattering comments- and worst of all- its very troublesome- I was under the happy delusion that short hair would be the end of curlers, pins and setting lotion- but no such thing,I spend more time struggling with it now than ever before-But fashion cannot be ignored, and if Paris likes it South Ken; can lump it.

JOYCE LEE.

N.B.I.C.W.A. only-

If you ever want to be the centre of attention- try the Urchin cut- but remember- people are very frank at I.C.

* If this should ever happen the Editor will be delighted to supply a few spare supper tickets at a knockdown price of 3/- each.

The so-called emancipation of women made great progress during the early years of this century. Strange then that it should have taken so long to throw off the bondage of unwieldy hair-styles. But it has happened at last; gone are the flowing locks, shedding stray hairs on clothes, furniture and men alike; gone is the "up-swept", so suggestive of preparations for the bath. In their place we have a new style, short and neat, and reminiscent perhaps of "bob" and "shingle" so popular in the 20's, but infinitely more becoming.

Welcome new-lock!

ALAN C. MEIGH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Felix.

18A Silverston Avenue
Bognor Regis.
26.1.50.

Sir,

It is of historical interest to me to learn from your article "Profile The Bar" that I had the honour of being the first barman and that I served beer, rolls and sandwiches on the lawn outside the Union. Jolly good. Someone has a very vivid imagination of what happened in those days; only it is not true. I should like, if it is of interest to the present students, to give some facts about the Imperial College Bar. When the Union was being built this room was intended for the Secretary's office, but Mr. Houghton, the first Secretary of the Union, wanted it for a Bar, and after much opposition the suggestion of the Union Committee was agreed to and the Bar came into being. At first coffee and sandwiches were served at lunch time as well as beer etc. and a dear old lady called Auntie was in charge. After she left other ladies were employed. In 1925 the Rector, Sir Thomas Holland, invited me to take over the management of the Union in addition to my other duties as College Clerk of Works. I soon discovered that the bar was no place for a woman and when the opportunity came I obtained the consent of the Union Committee for a man to be employed. I saw Smith and appointed him as the first No.1 Barman and I think you will agree with me that the appointment was a wise one. He has always been the same courteous and obliging servant of the students and long may he continue to be so.

Yours sincerely,

(signed) JIMMY PEACOCK

Hon. Life Member I.C.U.

" " " 21,22,Chaps & similar clubs.

I.C.Hostel.

The Editor
Felix.

Dear Sir,

Had you attempted to wear the garments offered in lieu of the more civilized pants during the recent Dram.Soc. production you would have appreciated how little room they have even for the wearer, let alone to spare for those elusive shockers called 'amps', which latter, you surely know, are addicted to copper, but not of the helmeted variety.

You, Sir, would have been equally jumpy if Inky had refused you permission to wear socks within the lower extremities of these lengthy 'step-ins'.

The nails projecting through the soles of the ornamental bedroom slippers I was expected to wear were more ample source of jumpiness than amps.

B.J.P.

Selkirk Hall,
50,Holland Park,
W.11.
27.1.50.

Dear Sir,

May I express my pleasure at finding our local being given pride of place in your pub profiles; the Windsor Castle will also be appearing in a forthcoming film "She Shall have Murder". Since September there has been a charming barmaid in the public bar, where the company and comfort are just as good as in the other bars - but the beer is twopence cheaper.

I remain, Sir, ANTHONY G.G.OLIVER. R.S.M.

NETBALL NEWS.

It may seem strange that netball matches other than those rough and tumble games with the men are played by a very enthusiastic team. Indeed, these mixed matches, which have caused so much interest, were intended primarily as practice. Their usefulness can be measured by the successes scored by the women, who have lost only one of their 4 league matches and one of their 3 ordinary fixtures.

The Soccer Club are always dangerous opponents and they were chosen for the first mixed match. In it they ran rings round the women and scored an easy win (This may be due to the fact that the girls do not flourish on carrots at half time). In the next mixed match, the team was not sure whether it was playing the Rugger Club, the Wanderers or the Philanderers but was sure of its win. From a sporting point of view, the best games were provided by the Hockey Club and the Hostel.

In spite of being unused to handling a ball the Boat Club gave a good game, but at half time seven thirsty women watched with dog-like eyes those oar-bashing brutes knocking back mugs of beer and smoothly scorning the lemons. It is thought that they regretted it in the second half.

The match of the season was the Scruffs v Fluffs. Naturally the Scruffs had no need for personal adornment, but the Fluffs really went to town with all the usual paraphernalia associated with a fluff. The Scruffs just scraped home with a win.

The women's team are extremely grateful to the men for playing these matches, for they have certainly improved their speed and team work. Let us hope that there will be many more in the future and that they will prove their practicality by the women winning at least one of the cups.

ROWING.

From our rowing correspondent.

On Saturday, 17th December, the first four I.C. crews joined with eleven crews from Thames R.C. for the latter club's Annual Xmas Eights, ---better known as the Plum Pudding Eights. This takes the form of a handicap race over $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, from Chiswick steps to Thames Rowing Club flagstaff. The day was clear and fine, with a bitterly cold westerly wind which caused difficulties at the start.

I.C.I started level with Thames II and had behind them a preview of this year's Oxford boat and also Thames I. The wind at the start unsettled I.C. and they did not really get going until the "Oxford" crew began to challenge. They then had a really good two minutes row---together, solid in the water, and plenty of hard work. Unfortunately they were baulked by a slower crew ahead and had to steer wide to avoid hitting. This upset their rhythm. Thames I coming up pulled them together and they finished up with a good row along the wall, a little over a length down on the "Oxford" crew and alongside Thames I.

I.C.II seemed to be suffering from the Carnival and had a bad row, finishing with the tailenders.

I.C.III and I.C.IV both rowed well and showed plenty of fighting spirit. They both refused to be intimidated by supposedly faster crews beside them and fought back with every stroke. I.C.IV finished third, and I.C.III, with three other crews, could not be separated for fourth place.

The First Eight showed better form for the time of the year than has been seen in I.C. crews for some time. With the will to work hard and to improve with each stroke, and with the determination and fighting spirit of the lower boats to spur them on, they may well prove to be a much better crew than some of their immediate predecessors.

RESULTS.

SOCCER. Wed. Jan. 18th.

R.C.S. v N.E.C. W.5-0

Sat. Jan. 21st.

I.C.I v U.C. Southampton L2-4
I.C.II v " " II L8-0
I.C.III v Guys Hosp. III L2-5

Wed. Jan. 25th.

C & G v Kings Coll 'A' L.3-1

Sat. Jan. 28th

I.C. v Goldsmiths Coll. D1-1
(U.L.Cup)

RUGBY.

Wed. Jan. 18th

C & G I v 10 Trg. Regt. RE W16-3
C & G 'A' v Kings Coll. L13-9
R.S.M.I v R.N.C. W3-0
R.S.M. 'A' v R.N.C. 'A' L0-19

Sat. Jan. 21st.

I.C. 'A' v Coll. Est. L6-8
Management.
I.C. 2nd Ex 'A' v
Sutton Ex. 'B' L16-3

Wed. Jan. 25th

C & G I v R.N.C. L10-8

Sat. Jan. 28th.

Ground unfit.

HOCKEY.

Wed. Jan. 18th

C & G v Battersea Poly. W9-1
R.S.M. v Kings Coll. II W5-0

Sat. Jan. 21st.

I.C.I v Middx. Hosp. W5-2
I.C.II v " " II W2-0
I.C.III v Borough Rd. II D1-1

Wed. Jan. 25th

C & G v R C S W4-2
R.S.M. v N.E.C. L4-2

Sat. Jan. 28th.

I.C.I v Amersham W6-2
I.C.II v Amersham W2-0
I.C.III v Enfield W4-0

WHITHER I.C. SOCCER?

U.L.Cup Semi-Final: I.C. 1 Goldsmiths College 1
It must be admitted that the U.L.Cup Semi-final was played under difficult conditions last Saturday - an iron-hard surface and a bitterly cold wind- but this cannot explain I.C.'s atrocious display.

Who remembers last years final? A ten man I.C. side completely outplayed a strong U.C. team. What a contest when I.C. were fortunate to draw against a team that can only be classed as second rate in College football. What has happened? The skill is still there for seven of last years all-conquering team are still here, but where is that will-to-win.

Oh! the game itself- the less said the better. The spirit of the Goldsmiths XI made up for their lack of skill. Briscoe got I.C.'s goal after a goalmouth scramble and Goldsmiths equaliser must be attributed to faulty covering by the I.C. defence. Extra time produced no further score. If the Soccer Cup is to stay with us some of the old dash must be found so let's see I.C. really "at it" in the replay.

UNIVERSITY HOCKEY CUP SEMI-FINAL.

Imperial College 1. University College Hospital 0.

If only a photograph could have been taken of our team after the game- only nine men left, bespattered with mud, half frozen and almost exhausted- but victorious! The cold driving rain and waterlogged pitch made conditions appalling, so good hockey could not be expected. The low score must be attributed to the mud for I.C. were pressing throughout; only a good display by the UCH goalkeeper kept the result in doubt. So I.C. have reached the final without having conceded a single goal, and stand a good chance for the Cup on March 1st.