



IMPERIAL COLLEGE

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

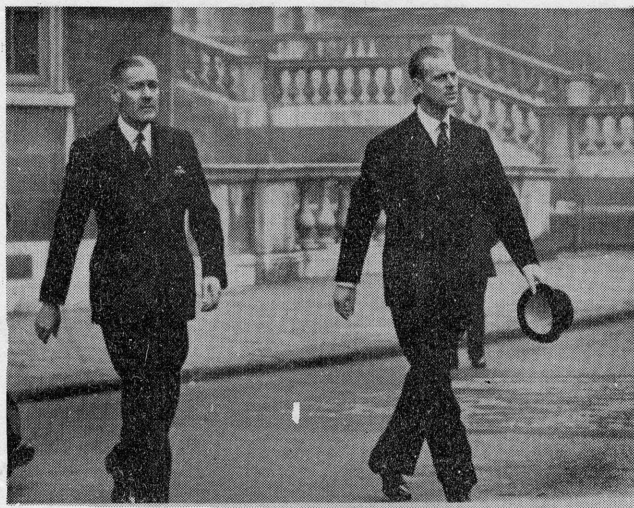
As had been planned, the visit of H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh did not disturb the work of most of the College. His gleaming black Austin Princess NGN 1 arrived a few minutes late at the Union Entrance, where the Rector and Viscount Falmouth, Chairman of the Governors, were waiting to greet him. Lord Falmouth moved forward to open the door, but almost as soon as the car stopped it was thrown open by the Duke, who stepped briskly out. After posing for our photographers, the party moved to the Rector's Room in the Union, where Prof. Read and the three Deans met the Duke.

The first visit was to Chem. Eng. where exhibits of flame propagation in gases, explosion pressures, high pressure research and work on the extension of the Callendar Steam Tables (a product of the College) were on show. The party then drove in three cars to the Mines, where our correspondent reported: "Despite the efforts of a miner who arrived after motoring all the way from Chem. Tech. Assistant Prof. Sheppard met him at the door. Asst. Prof. Pryor was unfortunately ill after arranging some excellent work. The Bessemer Lab., recently painted and rebuilt was spick and span without much special "bull" needing to be done to remind the Duke that the service atmosphere pervades even academic establishments. The Duke, after confessing ignorance, was able after his tour to ask some very pertinent questions. He was easy to talk to, and eager to find things out, except in the assay lab. where he is understood to have summed the scene up in one terse phrase, and hurriedly turned away. At the expiry of the allotted half hour, the Duke was politely but firmly urged away, regardless of what he may have really wanted to do. Perhaps there are advantages in being an impecunious student."

After lunch in Queenie's, the party went to the Guilds, where, in the Civil Engineering Department work connected with the design of a new dam was on show. Later, in the Mech. Eng. Dept. a gas turbine development project was viewed. It was here that the small failure occurred, about which the Duke expressed concern in his letter via General Browning, his aide, to the Rector after the visit. On the way through the Goldsmith Lab., His Royal Highness suddenly stopped in his track, turned, and went over to a heap of rubbish which was lying on the floor. Several students were working on it. He spoke to them, asked about it, and described it as a "wonderful contraption". This was Bo's Finest Hour.

Then, over to the R.C.S. where an exhibition was staged showing the history of the dyestuffs industry, founded by William Perkin, discoverer of mauve in our laboratories, 1856, and later developed in Germany following the death of the Prince Consort, who always had an eye on British science. Research on chlorophyll-type colouring matter was also shown.

Our impression, gathered from several people who came in contact with the Duke, was that he was keenly interested in what he was shown. He is known to be alive to the scientific world's problems, and to be sympathetic. The other week he spoke about the need to make Science "a little more fashionable". He could not have been referring to our being out of date. Perhaps he meant that it is remote from national life; that it is tucked away in dark corners. Maybe his visit, unofficial and so little publicised as it was (Lord knows why!) will help to do something about it.



ICWA DINNER.

As reported in the Evening Standard, the annual dinner of the Imperial College Women's Association was held on Friday, 6th March, and as on past occasions was notable for several amusing speeches. In proposing the toast to the Association Mr. de Reuck stressed the importance of minorities, especially such minorities as I.C.W.A. Replying to this toast the President, Miss Turnbull, apologised for her lack of linguistic capacity and hoped the gentlemen would excuse her if she spoke in English rather than in French. In her welcome to our distinguished guest, Mrs. Helena Normanton Q.C., Miss Entwistle made it clear that the College is vitally interested in the bar, she also cleverly contrived to persuade the men of I.C. that we think they are wonderful, as of course we do. These speeches were a fitting introduction to that of our distinguished guest, whose flow of witty remarks and sound common sense will not soon be forgotten.

After the dinner the company moved to the gym for dancing, to find there a gift to the Association. We should like to record here our appreciation of this extra guest who was so beautifully displayed then and on the following night. Among the spring-like decorations and with such distinguished companions we feel that Percy must have enjoyed his change of air and have forgotten for a while his body-less state.

* A huge germ mascot stolen from Bart's.



Above: The Duke and the Rector pose with Prof. Briscoe outside R.C.S.

To Left: The Duke with the Rector on the way to Chem. Tech.

Photographs by P.K.N.Ward.

ELECTIONS

In the Elections held by R.S.M. last week, (traditionally held early, as so many people are away on field work during the Summer Term), Dick James was elected President. Derek Hughes is Vice President and Mike Woakes Secretary.

The U.L Elections were held the previous week. Next year's U.L. President is M.M. Clark of Sir John Cross College, and Jennifer Copeman of Bedford College Vice President.

PROFILE

MR. McDOWALL.



Secondary to your elation at sudden wealth you may when collecting your cheque at the Registry each term, give a thought to the people on the other side of the counter. They are part of the administration, the people occupying the eastern part of the Beit building who direct the smooth running of the college. Since he's one of our administrators who more closely affects you, Mr. C.K. McDowall, the occupant of one of the small offices in this block, is today's subject for Profile. He is the man who does the backroom work of finding speakers for your edification in General Studies Lectures.

Like most of us, Mr. McDowall has been connected with education most of his life; the difference is he likes it. His father was a schoolmaster at Eton, where he was a classical specialist, which means that he could translate the school motto (shade of a notorious I.C. President). From then to Balliol where he led the normal undergrad's life, which means that all the incidents you'd be interested in are unprintable.

After attaining the rare distinction of a 4th class in Modern Greats he spent three years with Lever Bros. soapboiling and clerking in Market Research. This period contained his greatest concentration on "embarrassing moments." "Have you had your free packet of Stork margarine, Madam? Do you use it as a substitute for butter in cakes?" As commercial traveller he convincingly displayed the superiority of Persil; he can tell you why it washes whiter! During this time he had a 'harem' of 60 girls in Birmingham - not polygamy though, merely a Persil education campaign.

A visit to Germany disillusioned him about National Socialism, after which he was for a period acting unofficial unpaid sub-editor of 'The Times'. Six years as a teacher of Modern languages in two different schools brought him to the War and the conclusion that a schoolmaster's life is too narrow. In the best undistinguished fashion he slowly rose to rank of Major at which he was demobbed to spend three interesting years in helping to reorganise German education being in charge of the Teachers' Training Colleges of a Region. Serving as chairman on a committee of German Education Officers he took great delight in curbing the loquacity of each speaker to a five minutes allowance, loudly ringing a bell when time was up. This job was essentially transient and back in England he was almost 'on the dole', but by now he was used to relying on himself, and spells as L.C.C. clerk reporter of The Times Educational Supplement and teacher of English to foreigners only served to fill a view already of considerable breadth. This brings us to his appointment as Administrative Secretary at I.C. three years ago; while recently he has donned a gratifying mantle with an odious title: he is now Touchstone Secretary.

Mr. McDowall has the easy unselfconscious assurance which is the essential product of our public school system. His wife, who teaches French to Society beauties, says that he always goes "where angels fear to tread". This doesn't mean that he's one of the fools who rush, but gives a picture of his nature: a little impetuous and overconfident but quick to learn by his own mistakes. His aim with General Studies Lectures is that they should be always interesting - he himself is always interested.

And then as part of his interest is Social Welfare. Taking part in the Allotments for the Unemployed scheme in South Wales during the depression he corrected his erroneous impression of the characters of the recalcitrant Miners, and at Oxford he organised a party of undergrads to help in relief work for the Rhine floods. A Second Violin in I.C. Orchestra he is also fond of music and he reads widely in several languages; he even reads Science for laymen but doesn't understand Hogben! First year chemists (and those who didn't pass first time) know him as their science German teacher.

Fascinated by his work at I.C. which includes public relations, organising Commemoration Day and Touchstone as well as General Studies, he is keenly aware of the higher demand in industry for the engineer and scientist with liberal interests. He thinks it will be a pity if I.C. develops into a University for Technology alone, believing also that if I.C. became completely residential it would be the best thing that could happen. Mr. McDowall cherishes hopes of greater facilities for liberal studies for I.C. students in the future based on their freewill and interest and not bound to a rigorous curriculum.

- childrens - mind your backs - jumpers here - where's the sack for hats - . . . until the evening ended.

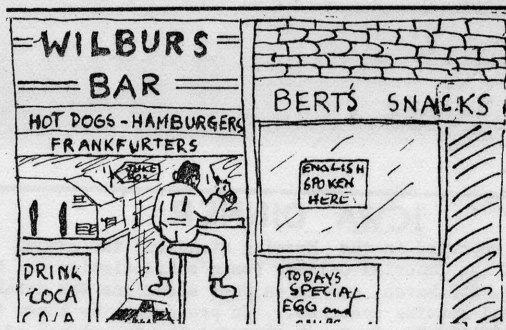
Such work does not receive the acknowledgement it deserves; for we learn that sorting of clothes will have to be continued all day, including Saturdays and Sundays, for another month before the warehouse is cleared.

THE FELIX CHARACTER TEST.

Answer the following Truthfully:

1. Your girl at the dance is fond of gin. Do you:-
a) Buy gin for her.
b) Pretend you're an abstainer and buy nothing.
c) Buy something cheaper?
2. Your socks have large holes in them. Do you:-
a) Mend them yourself.
b) Send them home.
c) Wear them just the same?
3. You are 20 minutes late for the lecture. Do you:-
a) Tiptoe timidly to a back seat.
b) March in, looking defiant.
c) Cast a surprised look at the clock, shake your watch and take a central seat?
4. Your experiment gives funny results. Do you:-
a) Put them down as they are.
b) Cook the results.
c) Copy from a friend?
5. Someone calls you an ass. Do you:-
a) Accept his statement.
b) Tell him what you think of him.
c) Pretend not to hear?
6. You have just passed through a swing door and your Professor is behind you. Do you hold the door open for:-
a) Ten yards behind.
b) Never hold it.
c) Five yards?
7. Ditto, with a pretty secretary:-
a) Ten yards.
b) Fifty yards.
c) Five yards?
8. You find a worm in a restaurant meal. Do you:-
a) Eat it.
b) Make the manager eat it.
c) Complain, and demand another meal?
9. You feel strongly about something in a Union Meeting. Do you:-
a) Keep quiet.
b) Make yourself heard at all costs.
c) Tell a friend who has more speaking confidence?
10. You are presumably a reader of FELIX. When you disagree with the Editor do you:-
a) Do nothing.
b) Write a strong letter under your own name.
c) Write under a nom de plume?

ANALYSIS. Anybody with more than 3 b's is a raving extrovert and should start taking bromides. Those with more than 3 a's are silent introverts, probably secret socialists plotting major revolutions. Any with more than 3 c's are too average to be of interest to any except the manufacturers of those many products which appeal to the average man. Those with more than three of two types (e.g. 4 a's and 4 c's) suffer from schizophrenia, and will probably be of inestimable value to their relatives who will be able to sell details to the Sunday newspapers.



by Our ICWA Correspondent

When I.C.W.A. found that their services were not required on Canvey Island, steps were taken to help the Flood Relief in other directions.

Thus one evening certain young ladies were to be seen wandering in a disreputable area of the East End and might have been seen disappearing into the hidden depths of a huge warehouse. They were not allowed in unchallenged, however, being stopped by large bulks of policeman. The young ladies were only allowed to continue their mission when the police were convinced that I.C.W.A. had "a pass" (This was a letter signed by one of the party) Up a cold stone stairway they found their destination. There they were met by a scene of chaos - tables piled high, boxes of shoes, sacks of clothes, and members of the W.V.3. They reported for duty, once more producing the magic pass, and then they joined the chaos.

ons - third table on the right - overcoats straight ahead - what happens to stockings? - are these men's or women's

Felix



THE NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE

Editor: A.R. Bray 20th. March 1953. Circulation: 1200.

Springtime in England, and lovers are straying
O'er the glad green and along the bright lanes,
Sparkling with laughter and carelessly playing,
Youth in its glory, young blood in its veins.

Sing of the Springtime, the time of the morning;
Days when the dawning of living seems bright.
Sing of the Springtime; too soon comes the yawning,
Yearning for peace in the blankness of night.

Sing of the Springtime; come join the mad caper.
Sing until time calls a halting for breath.
Softly they'll sing then, entombed where a taper
Casts a cold gleam on the dull mask of Death.

The storms continue, but the Editorial column emerges for an Easter respite, scarred with traces of the old wars. Though the Spelling Controversy, the Carnival Controversy, the General Studies Controversy, the University Controversy, the Hostel Controversy, all have had their place in this column, we leave them alone and let peace and the joys of meditation fall from our weary pen on to our faithful readers.

While those who have developed the habit of turning straight to the Editorial to find the latest howl will be disappointed, there must be others who will sigh with relief now that FELIX, after so turbulent term, has curled up in front of the fire to dream of the vacation, while Viewpoint and Letters continue the conflicts.

We have heard it said lately that FELIX is much more serious than he used to be, and far less funny. We can only lament our lack of humour, and pray for gifted writers, but on the other point we make no apology at all. As a responsible servant of the College, FELIX must act in an adult way concerning student life and any matters which may influence the conditions in our College. In particular coverage of the new expansion programme deserves as much space as we can supply, and far more facts than are made known to us. It is our business to act in accordance with the students' interests.

But we are wandering from the Springtime philosophy of the poem which heads this Editorial, and which has not yet justified its appearance in this column. It was written as a reminder that there are more things in this world, Mr. Syllabus Setter, than are dreamt of in your philosophy, and that the vacation which is even now surging towards us is one of the times for finding this out.

Finally, to degenerate from a lofty Editorial "we" to a very personal "I", I wish in the last paragraph of my final Editorial to thank all the members of the FELIX staff for their fine work during my term of office. While I should not in fairness mention any names without mentioning them all, I feel that the work of the Production Department is particularly worthy of the highest praise. We have several people who never achieve (or even aspire to) the glamour of print, but who work consistently and quite admirably to ensure that FELIX appears. Thanks also to several other retiring members: Secretary Mary Lister; News Editor Louis Cohen; Photographers Peter Clower and John Andrews. The new Editor, D.C. Kale from India, a Minor, will have a great deal of work taken off his shoulders if their successors are as helpful as the above retiring staff have been.

The second issue of next term will be FELIX No. 50. We hope to run something of a bumper number. If inspiration comes to you over the v.c., please let us have the results.

Dear Sir,

After some years of research, I am now able to present you with my suggestion for a long needed I. C. war cry.

"ALBERT, HERBERT, I.C. KEN
ALBERT, HERBERT, I.C. KEN
WHO ARE WE
WHO ARE WE
I. C. S. & T.
WHO ARE WE
I.C.
WAAAA.....A."

Yours Hoarsely,
Rafe.

The Rag Committee are very interested in the creation of an I.C. War-Cry. I.C. has always been lacking in this essential complement to student high spirit. Felix will print any promising suggestions it receives, and the Rag Committee will call a meeting to decide on the I.C. cry. Here is a chance for a student to make history, so let the efforts pour in.

VIEWPOINT

WHAT IS GOING ON?

It is very easy to criticise decisions which have been taken, and it is singularly useless. Imperial College has been asked to submit plans for its expansion, based on the assumption that we are to have priority over other claims for land and buildings, as they become available. We have a chance of influencing decisions before they are made, and this makes the absence of any official news or views deplorable. We students might possibly be able to make useful suggestions; we may even have one or two good ideas.

Rumour has it that the post graduate departments are to expand most, and indeed, if we are to provide the best men rather than the merely very good men, it is necessary for us to have an unequalled post graduate department. Such a department deserves to be filled with the best graduates available, irrespective of their original University or College. Yet personally I should like to see a goodly proportion of them ex. I.C. undergraduates. What about them?

Are our undergraduates as highly qualified for their jobs as they ought to be? Wander round any finals year, listen to the Staff, talk to the employers, not one of these groups is satisfied. Yet the present syllabus is a good one. The Board of Studies and the External Examiners are both conscientious bodies. Nevertheless, on the whole, Imperial College produces, say, the chief chemist, rather than the head of department, the technician rather than the managing director.

Much money is to be spent on expansion. Please spare a little for improvement. We have the opportunity, let us take it.

I have two suggestions to make. First I should like to see hostel accommodation expanded and to make it compulsory for undergraduates to spend the first two years in a hostel. Secondly, whilst I have no quibble with the award of B.Sc's, I should like there to be some non-academic qualification required before an A.R.C.S., A.R.S.M or A.C.G.I. were awarded. What form this takes is not essential, but, for instance, because ability to persuade others that you are right is so essential in life, attendance at a minimum number of Dinners in Hall would be reasonable.

What annoys me most is that no suggestion can be constructive until we have some information. Please, will someone tell us what is going on?

J.W.Saunders

OUTRAGE AT VICTORIA STATION.

A fellow I know, once remarked that in his opinion journalists and lower primates had two things in common: big ears and wide open spaces between them. Now this rather unkind statement may have been made in a fit of depression, but judging from the reports of the rag in the newspapers, it was entirely justified.

For instance, take the "Star's" account of the afternoon's proceedings: - "Meanwhile a free-for-all developed, with policemen's helmets flying over the platform. Passengers became mixed up with the scramble, luggage was upset, and policemen were knocked over hundreds of students stood behind the closed gates, shouting slogans including "Down with France".

The above quote, in any lesser journal than the "Star" would probably be preceded by such a headline as "Ugly scenes at Victoria Station", or "Anti-French Demonstration by Students". The fact is that Fleet Street has some sort of grudge against students in general. Any student escapade always meets with the disapproval of Lord Inky way; in his columns the student always appears as the vicious half-breed, the fellow with the cosh, the destroyer of law and order. Nothing could be further from the truth; we are all for law and order (in small doses), and the very sight of a cosh makes us positively shiver. The article quoted is one of many articles in a similar vein, all containing similar distortions of the truth. How many policemen were knocked down? - None, but one slipped. How many helmets rolled? - One, which eventually ended up on a most distinguished head in Kensington Gardens. Who shouted "Down with France"? - Probably a police inspector who couldn't dodge a flying flour bag.

However, the Press Lords didn't seem to take a dislike to the female students from Reading, who after throwing their caution, clothes and blue-stockings to the wind, posed so prettily outside No. 10. I suggest that the next time we feel like making a bad name for ourselves, we dress the President in a Bikini, and take him for a walk along Fleet Street.

Samuel Peeps.

The Editor's last fling :

SPRING LIMERICK COMPETITION

Complete the following:

There was an old lady of Tring,
Who heard the first cuckoo of Spring.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Our Union and Hostel are far from being adequate for a college of the size of I.C., and on this count alone extensions to the present facilities are highly desirable. With a hostel of such a size as to accommodate a far higher proportion of students than the present one is capable of doing, the corporate life of the College would be increased.

It does not follow, however, that such an increase will necessarily transform the "I.C. sausage" - pardon my use of your metaphor - into whatever desirable type it is that you may envisage. Rather it seems that the general result will be to produce a person who in addition to having been well-stocked with technique has imbibed a certain amount of a social atmosphere in a society which, by virtue of its closed nature, will smother somewhat of a ghetto. In fact it does not appear that the improvements you demand, and which I assure you I am far from deprecating, will greatly improve the qualities of personality in our future technologists. To those who have these qualities it will be a boon perhaps, to those who have not it will be a social amenity; the 'sausage' I fear we shall always have with us. The best hope is that by improving the environment the far rarer man of personality will be fostered thereby.

Yours sincerely,
M.H. EDSER

Dear Sir,

While agreeing with the bulk of your editorial in the last issue of FELIX, I feel that your idea of a large hostel in a single unit calls for some comment. Surely one of the things wrong with I.C. now is its size. To exist as a real university with the "well-bred club atmosphere" requires a College size of not more than about 500 students (The size of most 'Oxbridge' Colleges).

Nothing will be gained by building a gigantic hostel to house 1200 or 1500 students - the only atmosphere will be that of a dormitory. I believe the answer is to plan for a number of hostels, in this district if possible sufficient in all to give each student at least one year's residence, but one small enough to exist as a compact unit in itself. Each should have its own lounges, refectory, etc., and should cater for students reading as wide a range of subjects as possible.

This is a long-term plan, but if we are determined to create a real Technological University, some such arrangement is the only one possible.

Yours etc.
R. Berenbaum

Several other letters express similar sentiments. My idea of a large hostel in a single unit was an idealised rather than a geometrical notion. The fundamental underlying idea is that there should be a large number of students living within a stone's throw of the College

Dear Sir,

Your two recent correspondents overlook entirely the cunning design of the English system of spelling.

It ensures that the Englishman takes a sufficient time learning his own language to prevent him learning any other. Moreover, as the only person capable of comprehending the English system of weights and measures, he is indispensable to the technological world. It is incumbent upon all foreigners, therefore, to learn English.

The Englishman may thus enjoy the tolerant indolence befitting a superior being as those less-favoured inhabitants of his Earth strive to achieve the culture which has been his from childhood.

Yours faithfully,
Alan Duffield.

Dear Sir,

I have it on the authority of the B.B.C. ("Listener" of March 5th.) that, in the old days when English beer was renowned all over the world, discriminating customers "would pour some of their beer on to their chairs, sit on it in their leather breeches, and if they stuck they would know that the beer was of good quality".

May I propose, Sir, that the chairman of the Refectory Committee be provided with a pair of leather breeches in order to make proper tests of each consignment of beer as it is delivered to the bar.

Yours faithfully,
Peter Rowe.

Dear Sir,

The success of the Union Debate held on Thursday, March 5th, has led to many requests for another, to be held at the beginning of next term. A Union Debate sub-committee has been formed for the purpose of choosing a motion and inviting outside speakers, and their task would be greatly facilitated by suggestions from members of the college.

If anybody has any ideas would they please pass them on to me or to a member of the sub committee.

Yours Etc.
N.F.E. Blackmore
(Pres. Lit. & Deb. Soc.)

I. C. DEBATES

Owing to a surfeit of dances, the annual debate with Bedford on Friday was rather smaller than usual, but those present enjoyed a debate of unusually high standard.

For Imperial College Mr. Spriggs proposed "That Music be the Food of Love" in a quick firing, well illustrated speech. He was ably countered by Miss Ruth Meadows of Bedford, who analyzed the proposer's Freudian tendencies and her own in unequivocal terms!

Mr. Pocock and Miss Wendy Dwyer seconded for their respective Colleges, with speeches which although good both suffered a little from nerves.

The floor speeches, which followed, were witty and cogent and led to an uproarious informal debate. Phillip Allsop led the opposition attack with an attempt at "impartial" analysis, while Mike Rich convulsed everyone with an innocent story of the Ladies of Spain.

The Motion was defeated by 14 votes to 4 with 4 abstentions, but the debate continued furiously over coffee and sandwiches in the Lower Dining Hall.

A New Departure in General Studies.

One of the most persistent criticisms of the General Studies Lectures has been of the passive part taken by those attending. Possibly as a result, a debate was held in the Union on March 5th on the motion "This House considers social welfare may reduce individual responsibility".

Proposing, Mr. Alan Peacock, M.A., of L.S.E., stated that it was not social welfare itself that he was attacking, but the method by which it is being carried out. Individual responsibility means having the will and the opportunity to conduct one's own affairs and to take important decisions. The increase in state organisation is related to the decline in local governmental control and efficiency.

Opposing, Mr. Michael Stewart, M.P. and one-time President of the Oxford Union, agreed that local government badly needed overhauling, but declared - with what seemed to the writer rather doubtful logic - that as a crowd is less responsible than the individual, so the state can be more virtuous than the citizen. It was to be expected that in a civilised community those with advantages in health or wealth should help those at a disadvantage. People only appear to be less responsible than their predecessors because of improved standards of behaviour.

Seconding for the proposition, Mr. N.F.E. Blackmore, President of the Lit. and Deb. Soc., considered social welfare in its present form was "the thin end of the wedge" and that causes and remedies have become so obscured that individual responsibility has had to be replaced by nationalism - which can be strongly objected to on ethical grounds.

Mr. S. Ruhemann, President of the Political Society, seconding for the opposition, said that much of today's social welfare was really state charity; only when it is the result of collective individual action - the contradiction is only apparent - is it permissible. He concluded the principal speeches by asking if the actions of unemployed or uneducated people could be considered responsible.

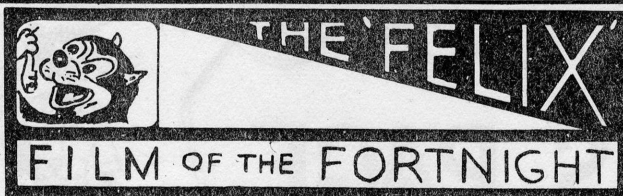
There were only 10 minutes left for speeches from the floor, the two best points being that the welfare state sets a maximum on human endeavour and that the individual today is not freed from responsibility, but feels separated from it.

The voting was close; 100 for, 92 against and 21 abstentions, and it would have been better to have cut the speeches from the platform, none of which showed outstanding debating style, to give speakers from the floor more time to discuss ideas as they came up. Such a procedure, although not in the best debating tradition, would have been closer to the aim stated by the Chairman; but perhaps the organisers of Special Studies do not consider undergraduates capable of intelligent discussion.

During their University life students should not found families recklessly, says the Central Board of the Free German Youth, an organisation in East Germany. Leaders of the various institutions have been called upon to "Provide for the students ways of spending their leisure time in an interesting fashion".

(European Students news)





LE PLAISIR

Studio One, Oxford Street

"More daring than La Ronde" the advertisements in the tubes say. Hm . . . Well, perhaps. If you find the interior of a mid-Victorian French brothel daring it certainly would be. But if you look forward to this film as an aphrodisiac you may be disappointed. The film is based on three stories by de Maupassant, "Le Masque", about a dance tragedy, "Le Maison Tellier" about the visit of Mme. Tellier's "young ladies" to one of her country relatives, and "La Modele" about the tribulations of a young artist's love for his model. I should like to say nothing at all about the first, it was almost ruined for me by reading a critique before I saw it; it is really far more subtle than most of the critics realized, and should preferably be seen with an open mind. Also don't be surprised if the emotional impact doesn't arrive until some time later. The "Maison Tellier" episode has been highly praised, but frankly it is both inept and tactless, something of which one would hardly have thought Max Ophuls, the director, capable. I fear that he has turned de Maupassant's delicate, sensitive, atmospheric little story into a slickly suggestive tale about the sex lives of the roués of a kind of Clochemerle-sur-Mer (and how dull it was - Oh for some really sinful doings on the films!) It may be box office, but I'm sick of films which, in the worst American tradition, promise to be pornographic and then fail to deliver the goods. The last story I found far the best; anybody who has been in love long enough to know the queer growth of a deep intimacy, of a kind of compassion, which is still there in the midst of the worst rows, will recognize the real thing and will be glad because it too is all too rarely seen in the cinema. See the film for this alone, although the first episode too is worth notice.

In all, the film is not as good as "La Ronde". Perhaps it is Max Ophuls' attitude to sex which is the trouble. He is fascinated by it, of course, but at the same time if you look closely you'll see that it also frightens, even horrifies him. The only people in this film who don't, in some way, suffer for their sexuality are the prostitutes. This is almost pathological, and it niggles.

Please, please go and see this film (despite the half-hour queue) but don't think you're going to remember it along with "Les Enfants Terribles" or "Miracle de Milano". It's not really in that class.

Shewing with this film is a new U.P.A. cartoon "Sloppy Talopy" featuring the short-sighted Mr. Magoo. Although it is not as good as "Rooty-toot-toot", which is fast coming to be recognized as a classic, and was produced by the same company, this cartoon is so beautifully drawn and is produced in such an adult manner that I should run out of words of praise if I tried to describe it.

H.W.G.

LATE NEWS - COUNCIL MEETS.

Wednesday, 18th March.

Statement issued to FELIX after the Union Council meeting held last night.

UNION EXPANSION

History: Plans for two extra stories on present building were drawn up in 1927 as desirable accommodation for the student population of that date. This was reviewed in 1950 by the student Presidents in the light of a population of 1500. When the Govt. announced their approval of a new expansion we were asked to approve plans. We sent to the Rector & Governing body a report stating: that the plans were totally inadequate for the final population; that for what will be in effect the nation's "Technological University" there should be full & comfortable club facilities, together with halls for meetings, concerts and the like, and WITH A DESIRABLE MINIMUM OF 1000 IN HALLS OF RESIDENCE (capitals inserted by FELIX). Alterations to the 1950 plans were necessary to provide interim accommodation.

The case was stated to the Governing Body on Friday 13th March & a reply was received that the building would be enlarged, but that this would not prejudice in any way the larger & adequate plan which would be given all practicable priority in relation to the general plans to be produced for the expansion of the college.

Plans: Council decided to obtain a large scale map of a suitable site & produce with the aid of an architect plans and models of the Union as we wish to see it.

Coming Events.

TUESDAY 24th MARCH.

I.C. Swimming Club. The Colleges will compete for the Foster Trophy, last awarded in 1905, and recently disinterred from the bar. Guilds are hot favourites. Come along to Buckingham Palace Road Baths at 6.30. The programme includes water polo and a demonstration by a national champion.

UN PETIT PACQUET

on the Underground. It is not a habit peculiar to those of a particularly Social turn of mind, nor to the especially observant. It is in fact common to all those who, for various reasons have nothing to read or smoke, and don't feel inclined to sleep. Which usually fits me.

That is the paragraph which in essay plans is called Introduction, and is just a verbose way of introducing the fact that I too watch people. Not very much watching is necessary to enable one to classify passengers into Types, and to gauge their incomes within ± £100; the whole thing really becomes a bore unless one starts applying some imagination. It is quite easy to guess whether one's victim is married, or what is contained in a tool bag or brief-case or suitcase; moderately easy to guess what a C. & A. carrier conceals; but what of brown paper parcels?

Observe how that second paragraph brings me round to the main subject of my thesis. Brown paper parcels know no barriers at all; neither of country or creed nor class. A remarkable property is their indistinguishability; thus if they were all jumbled up on the floor of the carriage it would not be possible to estimate their quality and price and decide on their owners on a class basis as it would be with shoes or hats. Their other remarkable property is the mesmeric effect they have on their owners. A brown paper parcel is placed reverently between the feet, or rests in the lap with its owner's hands gently, yet slightly arrogantly clasped over it. It is not put behind the legs, as is a brief-case, or left by the door, as is a larger case, nor is it slung onto the luggage rack, like any old umbrella.

What do they contain, these mysterious packages? This workman's is neat, but clumsily tied - has he stolen some tools from the workshop to try and make ends meet at home, where his wife, a neurotic creature lashes out money on frozen vegetables and quarter-pounds of real ham, impervious to mentions of economy in the household? The soft, kind, wearily resigned look about his eyes suggests he is a dreamer, which is confirmed by the half grime-hidden yet undefeated sensitiveness of his fingers as they worry that knot . . . that knot; that knot symbolical of the bond between him and his wife.

It is a bond which he is loath to cut. He knows that a cut is his only way to escape; and he knows that he has not the hardness in him to cut it. And the children? How could he leave them with Her, knowing as he does that they live only for ten to six to come round and bring Dad home. No, this is the only way out. He started two months ago, when he got some taps out, and sold them to an ever-so-slightly shady plumber friend, and this is the second lot. He knows that Jim down the road is in the trade and would give him half price and no questions asked; but where is it all going to end?

Baker Street, that's where I get out, and my dream has to stop. But you see how it works, and even if you haven't been terribly interested in my pet hobby or my tiny story, you won't be able to help thinking about it when you next see someone on the train with a brown paper parcel. You'll think up a little story, probably poignant and you'll wonder if perhaps it is their first set of poems, even now being carried preciously to a publisher who will probably reject them; but there I go again. I know though that you will imagine, and that's just what I want you to do. This paragraph by the way is what they usually call Conclusion, which means The End.

B.R.E.

SOCIAL.

COMING EVENTS

FRIDAY, MARCH 20TH. FELIX No. 48 on sale. I.C.U. 9.00 p.m. The Mines Carnival "Gold Rush". Tickets price One Guinea.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21ST. I.C.U. Entertainments Ctte Hop, 8 - 11 p.m. Tickets, price 1/-, from the Union Office Annexe during the preceding Friday lunch-hour.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22ND. I.C. Film Society Show, the New Lounge, 7.30 p.m. Tickets, price 1/9, may be obtained from the Entrance Hall before the show. Films: "The Passion of Joan of Arc", "Our College".

MONDAY MARCH 23rd. I.C.S. Smoking Concert. 7.30 p.m.

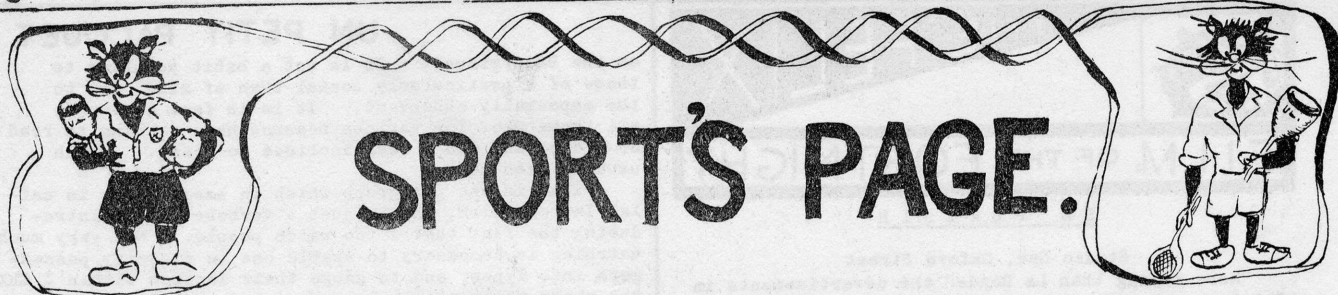
TUESDAY, MARCH 24TH. First night of the I.C. Dramatic Society production "Thieves Carnival" by Jean Anouilh, the Gymnasium, 7.30 p.m. The production will also be given on Wednesday and Thursday. Tickets, price 1/-, 2/-, 3/- and 4/-, from the Business Manager, I.C.D.S., I.C.U.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25TH. Annual General meeting of the I.C. Cross-Country Club will be held in Committee Room 'A?'. Election of Officers.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26TH. I.C. Mus. Soc. Lunch-hour recital "Music in Miniature". Members of I.C. Mus. Soc. are taking part.

C&G Engineering Society Annual General Meeting, Room 15, C&G. Election of Officers, etc. I.C. Orchestra Concert, 8.00 p.m., Board Room, C&G. Britten "Simple Symphony for Strings", Beethoven "Coriolan" overture, etc.

Cricket Club trials will be held at Harlington April 25th and 27th, old members 11 a.m., others 2 p.m.



I.C. WINS THREE U.L. CUPS.

Rugger-

I.C. Spts. Kings 60 legs 6.

Perhaps this was not rugby in the grand manner, but it was an exhilaratingly hard match, played at a furious pace and full of life and incident. Brilliant sunshine and a bone dry ground favoured open play, and neither side was able to begin passing movements. Good intentions, however, failed in the face of fierce tackling, or from over-eagerness on the part of the attackers.

Play stayed in mid-field for the first ten minutes, and then moved to the region of the Kings 25. At this time Kings were actually heeling the ball better and more often but I.C.'s defensive covering was so quick that our opponent could rarely gain ground. I.C., in turn were unable to make a decisive penetration. Twice our forwards were held on the goal line, while Knox, hindered by a stiff diagonal breeze, could not land either of the two long shots at penalty goals. The first half, temptingly very much I.C.'s, ended without any score.

Kings resumed with some strong attacks, but were gradually forced back into their own half. Then, during an I.C. forward rush, they were penalised for obstruction. Kicking from a fairly easy position, but straight into the wind, Bill Robinson safely landed a goal. Kings came back spiritedly. A break-away from midfield was held just short of our line. Next Porter, the University wing went through at top speed on the left and was only bundled into touch on the corner flag. Play came back towards the posts, Kings heeled from a set scrum, and Tarry's drop at goal went wide to the right. At this crucial stage the I.C. pack resettled itself and steadily gained ground along the touch-lines. King's attacks became more sporadic, and then ceased as they were forced over to the defensive. In the closing minutes, I.C. were attacking strongly, and very nearly scored again.

I.C. deserved this narrow win against powerful challengers. The margin was gained by the splendid efforts of a superior and better-led pack, supported to the hilt by the fine defence of the backs. In this year's cup games we have conceded only 6 pts, while scoring 62.

The large crowd gathered afterwards to watch the presentation of the Cup and tankards by Prof. Sir David Hughes Parry.

Table Tennis-

I.C. were conspicuously successful in the University Championships this year. Three of the four semi-finalists of the Men's Singles were provided by I.C., namely Miller and Cooper, the finalists, and Bates. This is unprecedented in the history of U.L. Table Tennis; no two players from any one College having ever reached the last four. Miller, who was in magnificent form, beat Shoaib, of Paterson, who has played for Pakistan in the Swaythling Cup, and then Cooper to become U.L. Champion for 1952-53. This provided the unusual event of the current University captain winning the Championships. Bates and Cooper reached the semi-finals of the Men's Doubles, and Miller and partner the semi-finals of the Mixed Doubles.

The achievements of the Club in the U.L. Table Tennis League have been generally successful, and have been marred only by the second team, who were evidently out of their class in the Premier Division. The first team did very well to become League Champions for the second year in succession while the third team tried out several new players and finished comfortably in the upper half of the Second Division.

In view of the general enthusiasm apparent throughout this season, and the relatively high playing standard, it is hoped to enter a fourth team in the League next season.

SPORT'S PAGE.

RUGGER - SQUASH - SAILING

Sailing-

The Sailing Club has won the U.L. Sailing Cup for the third year running. This cup is awarded to the Club scoring the most number of points throughout the whole season and the I.C. Club are to be congratulated on a very fine performance.

Squash-

The Squash Club defeated London Hospital in the Final of the U.L. Cup by 2 games to 1.

Unfortunately no further details of this match have been received.

Soccer-

Goldsmiths 2. I.C. 2.

On a beautifully sunny afternoon with a slight downfield breeze I.C. took the field against Goldsmiths College, knowing that the outcome of the match would determine which team played in the 2nd Division next season. Before the game I.C. was one point ahead of Goldsmiths on the League table so that I.C. only needed a draw to make sure of staying in Division 1.

The game began and I.C. settled down immediately with the wind at their back and it wasn't long before they went ahead through a goal by Browne after a goalmouth scramble. After this goal the 'needle' began to creep into the play and it was unfortunate that the state of affairs was allowed to continue throughout the remainder of the game.

The Goldsmiths' attacks were rather spasmodic and they had several near misses but it was T.C. who scored the next through a beautifully executed goal by Hitchen, who rammed the ball into the net from a perfect ground pass by Clenshaw. I.C. was now well on top but the do or die efforts of the opposing defence prevented any more goals being scored.

In the second half the roles were completely reversed and Goldsmiths were the better team; the I.C. defence was at sixes and sevens trying to cope with an attack which knew that goals had to be scored if the team was to survive. It was not surprising then that Goldsmiths scored but when they equalised about a quarter of an hour from time things became desperate, and the whole I.C. team were extremely relieved when the final whistle went.

Although the Club has not had too successful a season there has been a certain amount of team building and things look quite bright for the future.

Judo-

On Saturday February 21st, the I.C. team visited Oxford and out of the seven matches played, won one lost three and drew three. Oxford turned out a much stronger team than was expected and this combined with the fact that the present I.C. team is much weaker than in previous years resulted in Oxford's victory.

One bright spot on the horizon was the promise shown by the lower graded members of the I.C. team in their matches against much higher graded members of the Oxford team. The lowest graded member, J.D. MacPherson (6th Kyu) fought a pointless draw against a 4th Kyu as did D. Monro (5th Kyu) against another 4th Kyu. In his match against a 2nd Kyu, J. Tomlinson (5th Kyu) was twice caught with Kouchigari (a minor inner reaping throw), and consequently lost. A. Putter (5th Kyu) did extremely well when he held a 1st Kyu to a draw.

I.C.'s lone victory came when D.D. Dove managed to overcome his opponent with a sweeping ankle counter to a sweeping ankle throw. I.C.'s captain N.W. Pakes (2nd Kyu) was twice caught by variants of Orotogari (a major outer reaping throw) in the contest with the Oxford captain M. Woodbridge (1st Kyu). In the final match N.W. Woodbridge, the only I.C. first Kyu, lost to J. Over (1st Kyu) by two points to one. The first throw was Ukigochi (floating hip) and five seconds from the end of the contest Woodbridge was thrown by a very fine Okuru-ashi-karai (a sweeping ankle throw).

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