

3^dEVERY
FORTNIGHT

No. 53.

IMPERIAL COLLEGE

30 OCTOBER 1953

HERE'S TO THE FRESHERS

FRESHERS GUILDED

It isn't often that I gatecrash places where free beer is to be had. Usually I'm in on it, and if not the stuff's probably guarded too carefully anyway. However, the Guilds Freshers Buffet is characterized by the wit of the speakers and the wealth of ale and song that always follows in the bar. Also, I wanted to see what the freshers were like, because if all they say about 2nd year exams is true, I'll be rubbing drawing boards with them next year. So I went along.

At first, there seemed to be a great number of suspicious-looking committee members around. Suspicious in the way they seemed to be nodding inside my coat pocket to see if it held an invitation. After a while I did see some freshers. They had been hard at work on the tables of food, which were some ten or eleven officials distant from the barrels, and I hadn't noticed them. Talking to them I found them in much the same state that I was in when I arrived, i.e. bewildered by the 3 dimensional maze known as Guilds.

This cultural stuff couldn't last for ever, and neither could the beer, as Tony Gill, Guilds Vice President, opened the show by explaining the sad absence of the Guilds President. However, he soon put his audience into a cheerful state of mind before introducing Capt. A.M. Holbein, an ironmaster member of the Council of The City of Guilds of London Institute, who was even bluer. He ranged from ditties about leaden spheres to the august history of Guilds, and the advantages of having the world run by Guildsmen. He was called an immoral gentleman by the next speaker, Professor Pippard who however was in agreement on the subject of brown-baggers. The Dean pointed out that the number of freshers, about 400, was a record. Mr. Voelcker, secretary of the City and Guilds Institute followed with some very amusing tales.

By this time, all the barrels were empty, and while this meant it was almost time to move downstairs into the bar, it also meant that the freshers were ready for their first Boomalaka, and that the committee, visitors, and others were able to give it the true power and quality of tone it merited.

My memory of what happened in the bar afterwards is not too clear. Tony Gill as M.C. introduced one by one the Captain of this, the President of that, the Vice of something else, all of whom entertained with two jokes or a song, or more. So it went on till the cows came home, and while they were pretty funny looking cows, it all went to convince the few remaining freshers that Guilds were the finest crew on earth.

Horace.

MINES U.G.M.

The R.S.M. Union meeting on Tuesday 20th ran off smoothly and according to schedule. The main business was certain alterations in the system of electing year representatives to the Union Committee. Post-grads, gradually increasing in number, received special consideration and debate. An interesting ruling here held that all post-grads be considered to constitute a 'year', i.e. no distinction should be made between @'s of different years as at present understood. This raised some debate, as did the fear of some people that their P.G. group might be in the minority and hence never get representation.

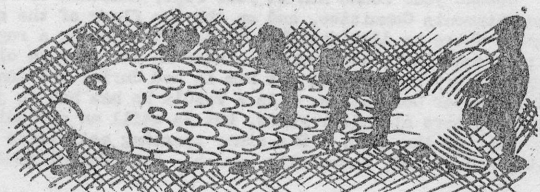
The old matter of a plaque to honour those who fought so valiantly to get certain amenities for students on the top floor came up for the fourth successive Union Meeting; and was again left pending. Metallurgists, apparently, had made a plaque towards the end of last session but it cannot now be located. (It melted, perhaps.) Other matters touched concerned the Mines Ball, Morphy Day (Nov. 18) and Freshers' Dinner (Oct. 24)

A certain official is responsible for brightening up the Mines Union meetings by visual aids. H.A.G.S. with his first attempt demonstrated conclusively that he knows (and enjoys) his job perfectly well. H.A.G.S. and Guilds of course have nothing of the sort, which is perhaps all for the best.

MINES LAND A FISH

The Mines Freshers are not treated with a mere buffet like the other one. They get a full, big dinner as a welcome. This year's dinner, on Friday, the 23rd, was as good as ever. Warming up parties were held in various pubs nearby, though mainly in the Queens Arms and of course the Union bar. There host and fresher got together, met others and generally got into shape for the evening that lay ahead. At 7.30 sharp, they went up, saw to it that the barrels of beer were not neglected, and ate an excellent meal. The speeches that followed were short and sharp. The stories, told by students and elders alike, were a severestest of how far to go and no further at a dinner. Luis took care of the comparatively formal part of the evening. Then the exodus started -

Down to the bar for drinking the Yard. A new member of the staff very sportingly drank it like the ~~same~~ miner that he is. The student freshers then had a go, punctuated by such selected personalities as the other College Presidents, two Guildsmen that were found in the bar (shandy for one and orange squash and water for the other). Crackers kept going off throughout the dinner and the Yard, and finally the culprit, a prominent hockey player, was debagged and made to stand on the bar. The Guildsmen at this stage got a miniature beer bath - thus sanctified, they were allowed to stay on. Thus the evening drew to a close, an epic was recited and the party moved out. Before we go, congratulations to Mr. Hopwood for winning the Yard in 10.8 secs. and to the Hon. Pornographer for drinking his nearly 3-pint pot at one go.



A few fireworks in the quadrangle, a little 'Charcoal', and then we decided that the Royal College of Art hadn't learnt its lesson a couple of years ago and needed another. They very thoughtlessly had decided to hold a 'Red Rose Social' this evening, to which the Miners invited themselves at 11 p.m. The people there very courteously or so it seemed - offered the Miners some refreshments - as if any offer was necessary. Glancing around the big Hall, a big bright fish hanging proudly at the Hall's end caught the eye - presumably the result of countless man-hours of work by R.C.A. carpenters and artists, and hence worthy of attention. After due apologies, it was taken down, as was a large paper head, and the owners thanked for their generosity. The trophies were then marched in procession back to the Mines and deposited for the night. This is the first time in recent history that any members of I.C. had 'liberated' anything from another College. As was implied by one of the Dinner speakers, there might be 850 Guildsmen and 650 R.C.S. students, but it is the 150 Miners that do things in I.C. - keep it up, Miners!

DON'T NEGLECT THE ZEBRAS

Last week the news hit I.C. that at last the gap between the Royal College of Music and the Union had been bridged. For some time the more deep thinking members of I.C. had felt the need for some safe means of crossing Prince Consort Road; and on Tuesday before last one McKenzie of Mines decide to remedy the situation. Taking a brush and a pot of whitewash he started to daub a zebra crossing opposite the Royal College of Music. Unfortunately a passing policeman happened to smell a rat (no libel intended, Mr McKenzie), and indicated that in his opinion zebra-crossing painting at four o'clock in the morning was a highly illegal practice.

The magistrate was inclined to agree with the aforementioned policeman, and so it was that McKenzie left the West London Magistrates Court ten shillings lighter in pocket.

PROFILE

J.M.
HATHAWAY



Great confusion reigns in the Union Office this year - when Mrs. Robb. shouts "John!", both the President and Secretary answer. The only solution to the difficulty has been to label them John Willy and John. Last week FELIX profiled John Willy; this week it's John.

John Murray Hathaway spent his school days at Felsted school, where he rose to the position of school prefect and head of his house, at the same time gaining a lively interest in various sports, including rugby, squash and swimming, and (!) Physics.

The nation then requested his services for eighteen months. He entered the Royal Artillery, and later, Lions officer cadet school, gaining a commission as second lieutenant. After four idle months in an army pigeon-hole at Woolwich, he was sent off to Gibraltar in charge of a maintenance battery. A many-sided job was this - it included supervising regimental sports, paying off the keeper of the apes, (whose presence is the traditional guarantee of continued British possession of the Rock), clearing the wreckage of an exploded ammunition ship, and appearing as witness in a Spanish court. John's National Service seems to have given him a love of big guns, which may explain his present position as Union Sec. But as yet no blast or rockets have issued from the Union Office.

John flew back from Gib. in August '51 to become a very green R.C.S. fresher. Rumour has it that he even mistook Dai Nicholas for the Rector! At any rate he was one of the quiet few at R.C.S. union meetings, and studied hard to remove the mental rust of unlettered Army life. It was not long, however, till the Rugby club discovered him, and he became a member of the I.C. "A" team - one of 'the boys' who kept in shape by continual elbow-bending exercise in the bar.

Second year found him as year rep., Chairman of R.C.S. Entertainments Committee, and on the top floor of the Old Hostel, where he distinguished himself by kicking a rugby ball through the glass doors. Later in the year an old rugby injury recurred to put him in bed during Whitsun and shortly after Coronation. As a result he has had to join the spectators at rugby games, but is still an enthusiastic supporter of the club. His other sporting activities continue unabated, especially squash - "the Hostel game".

When this year he became Secretary of the Union, he was strongly urged to move from his perch atop the Old Hostel to a more accessible room, but firmly refused, saying that five flights of stairs would lighten his work by eliminating all but the most serious visitors. Actually, it has not worked out that way - John himself uses the room only between the hours of 12 p.m. and 8 a.m. - but he still manages to be extremely elusive.

Like most science students, his extra-curricular interests are non-scientific. They include the reading of classical literature and poetry, music (not quite to the Mozart stage yet), and ballet. He is keenly interested in other people, and enjoys watching their antics on tube trains and city streets. Since the summer of '52 John has become a keen Christian, and is a committee member of the Christian Union. His practical faith finds expression in all his activities and attitudes. On executive matters he tends to have definite opinions which are expressed with clarity and a certain restrained forcefulness. He finds Council meetings tiring, because "one has to think like mad if one is to be of any use to the Union."

Sensitive, expressive, yet controlled, he can be easily hurt by a friend who lets him down. Indeed this is possibly his greatest fault - if fault it is - that he expects the same high standard of dependability from his friends as he does of himself. But it is rather difficult to find fault with him, and his acquaintances sum him up as an all-rounder, well-worth knowing.

A Grand Eviction Party was held by Mr. J. Douglas and Mr. E. George at their Sydney Street residence on the night of Wednesday 21st Oct. Guests provided their own entertainment in the form of beer and wine. Other entertainment was provided during the evening by a large police sergeant, an enraged landlady, furious neighbours, and a piano full eight feet high.

CASUAL COLUMN

Rags went out years ago, but we like to do something for the freshers. One of the happiest things about them is their capacity for being retold; for the Rag in progress is often rather dull and longwinded, and always very artificial.

I remember howling with laughter on being told about THE Rag of all time: how some students dressed as labourers unloaded a heap of road-mending tools in Piccadilly Circus, then dug up the road, diverting all the traffic, and then went home.

A while ago I heard about the smart, courteous, well-spoken student who approached a gentleman strolling in Clubland, and asked him if he "would mind holding the end of this tape, while I carry the other end round the corner. Surveying, you know." The gentleman was very obliging, but, twenty minutes later, grew restive and went round the corner to register a well bred complaint. He was astonished to find a similar gentleman standing a few yards away, patiently holding the other end of the tape.

However neither of these unfortunate victims of student humour was quite so surprised as a Birmingham student who, returning to College after a doubtful week-end, found that his car had been dismantled and reassembled in his bedroom. It is also rumoured that a friend of his, who complained at the uncomfortable quality of this joke had occasion to go home a few weeks later, leaving his car in Birmingham. His return to College was greatly accelerated by the arrival by post, at his house, of sections of his car.

Our own "29" Club has an increasing reputation for work with paint and footprints. Nevertheless, looking into the past, it seems that it is not original. Birmingham again. Two years ago dawn broke on a public square where stood statues of the mighty dead. A set of footprints in white paint were seen on the square. They led down off one of the pedestals, into a urinal, out, and back up to the pedestal. On another occasion a fountain in the same square poured froth all over the road. The water had been treated with detergent.

The yarns are endless. Most old students could tell you half a dozen, all much better than these. The London Special is to kidnap somebody else's mascot, and send it to Edinburgh, or round the Inner Circle. "Reggie" of King's College is said to have spent several days on a tube train a couple of years ago. Imperial College generally has no Rags at all

Except Bonfire Night. Four years ago the I.C. Annual Bonfire was held on the road behind the Albert Hall. Naturally enough, the road, which is made of tarred wooden blocks, caught fire. There was a memorable struggle with police and firemen. Hose pipes figured in tugs of war, and were turned on the crowd. Eleven students were carried away in Black Marias, and were fined.



I.C. was in disgrace: the Authorities clamped down. Any student arrested the following bonfire night was to be sent down. A grave President laid down the sepulchral law in funereal tones. We had a quiet bonfire on the Rector's lawn (the then waste land opposite the Union), and then went en masse to Piccadilly, blocking the roads, and lifting up cars. More grave Presidents and we spent the following two years relatively quietly at Harlington.

Rags went out when the Income Tax went up; when the wealthy could no longer send their sons to College for fun. We have our occasional letting-offs of steam, but they are not the real thing. Purgatory and the Army, and June examinations are always too near.

Still, things are not too bad. Morphy Day is racing towards us. Bonfire night is almost upon us, and looking at FELIX, I note that three years ago this week one of our students climbed the Albert Memorial and left a red lamp on top. He was carried away, of course.

In a Maria.

KATT.

Felix



THE NEWSPAPER OF IMPERIAL COLLEGE

Editor: D.C. Kale.

Circulation: 1200.

A letter was published in the last FELIX complaining about the breakfast regulations at present in force in the Union refectory. Several people have pointed out that Hostel residents are firmly opposed to these regulations, and do not ask for more privileges as suggested by the author. Some - very few, admittedly, - argue that breakfast is a meal meant expressly for Hostel residents and not for the Union as a whole. Throughout this controversy, the Refectory has kept quiet, without expressing views one way or another - at least, that is what we thought.

We now find that Mr. Baty has received a reply from somebody who is connected with the running of the Refectory. What the letter says, whether it is an apology, an explanation, or a rebuttal we don't know and in fact that is besides the point. It is the accepted rule that all accusations made in any letters to the Editor are replied to in the same columns. Writing personally to the author is just not done. Why then was FELIX left out of this question? People write letters to newspapers because they concern something that is of interest to the general reader, because they feel that more people should know about it. Many letters to FELIX originate in the discussions going on in the Bar or the lounge, when somebody thinks that more people than those within earshot should know the views or complaints or suggestions that he has to put forward. Well and proper. Now if another person feels differently, or feels that he is responsible for replying to that letter, immediately puts pen to paper and sends it to the newspaper for publication. This is normal practice.

The Refectory on the other hand seems to have different ideas. The question of breakfast for Union members is not a remote one, or one concerning a very limited number of students.

Furthermore, it is a principle, and not merely breakfast, that is involved. Surely if they have to say something on the matter FELIX is the place to say it. They might have an explanation regarding those regulations, in which case it should be put forward frankly and squarely before the student body. They might have an apology, which again should be tendered similarly. Or they might be angry with a student poking his nose where, in their opinion, he shouldn't. Whatever it might be should be made public, or if they so desire kept entirely quiet - not a word to anybody. To send a reply to the author of the letter is very strange indeed. Have they something to hide? Something which they would rather not see being published? FELIX protests strongly about this occurrence and hopes that some light is shed on the matter by people concerned. It is as near an insult as was ever received by us and we do not like it one bit.

We apologise for the terrible production standard of the last FELIX, and fervently hope that this one is better produced. Hurried typing and checking and bad lay-out can be blamed on a real shortage of production staff, but that cannot possibly explain the bad photographs. These were due to dislocation at the printers.



As everybody knows, John Harding is in reality much more handsome and well-groomed than the last 'photograph' showed. Those who don't know it can now see for themselves. (If it comes out bad this time as well, some drastic measures will have to be taken - strychnine for instance.)

WANTED.

Copies of FELIX no's 23 (Skylon-Race, June 1951), 25 (Long Vac Travels, October 1951) and 29 (Christmas 1951), to complete a set of the First Fifty, for reference in the Union Library. Offers to Union Librarian, c/o I.C. Rack.

TO LET.

Cheerful back-room in Queens Gate Terrace including Bath, electric fire, limited use of kitchen, - £2. 6s. Phone WESTern 8414.

FOR SALE.

A houseboat which would be suitable accommodation for five students. Apply R.B. Peachey, Shenandoah, 105 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea S.W. 10.

VIEWPOINT.

Last week, Guilds held a union meeting. Most people would have called it a fireworks display. Not so long ago, a union meeting was an occasion for witty debate; if a subject was up for discussion a fellow was expected to persuade the union by the logic of his argument and not, as is the case nowadays, by blasting out the other persons views with 'penny bangers'.

The new session seems to have brought forth a great many of these incendiaries. We hear of them at the hops and at the Mines freshers dinner where they treated the one they caught as all such hooligans should be treated. Too many of our 'letting-off steam' activities are little more than hooliganism. Too seldom do we hear of incidents which display some originality.

The worthwhile rags are usually those with some fore thought and as organised rags are frowned upon at I.C. perhaps it is to be expected that our outbursts of student exuberance should tend towards hooliganism. But events in the past few weeks show that some members of I.C. have reached a new peak in rowdiness. It was only last year that some misguided character was made to apologize for throwing part of a lavatory cistern at the president of Guilds during one of their union meetings. Yet nowadays, it seems to be considered the thing to throw as many fireworks as the duration of the meeting will allow.

This sudden decline in behaviour seems to indicate that much of the blame lays with the freshers. The freshers seem to think that I.C. is the place to continue their schoolboy pranks of the sixth form which they have recently left. Hence it is up to the second and third year men to show the freshers how to behave at a university - and if example doesn't teach them, perhaps the Mines method will convince them of the folly of their ways.

Never let it be thought that explosions, in general, are to be deplored. Used occasionally, and with some thought, an explosion is an excellent thing. And this applies to the cacophony of horns, bugles etc. that often drown the words of those who do attempt to give some meaning to a union meeting. On occasions, such diversions are very useful but continually to blow or operate these instruments detracts a lot from their effect.

A union meeting is to discuss any matter that concerns the members of that union. Such matters are the provision of items on the top floors of the various colleges (Mines have got theirs; Guilds are still waiting). All of us will reap the benefits of these installations which would not have been possible if the conditions at our present union meetings had prevailed in the past.

Fusilier.

FASHION CORNER

HOW TO BE SMART AT I.C.

Whilst agreeing that most of the people you see at I.C. closely resemble walking rag bags, I will say that there are some whose appearance at least does them some credit. You may be able to stand that greasy pair of corduroy bags up in the corner at night, but there are certain other aspects to a pair of trousers that to my mind are a little more desirable. Of course, if you are in the habit of rolling about in the gutter, or maybe sleeping in Council dustbins then you might as well not read this article, because a greasy pair of bags will be far better for you anyway.

To be smart in I.C. as in all civilized societies, you have to conform to certain patterns of dress. The average chappie at I.C. conforms to a general pattern in that his everyday wear is some kind of sports coat; however, if he wishes to be really in the fashion he wears a smartly cut Bookstall Blazer together with some brightly polished brass buttons and some sort of college insignia on his top pocket. Invariably he wears a pair of trousers, partly for decency's sake in summer time and for warmth's sake in winter time. English Worsted and Gaberdine seem to be the new season's trend, boys; and by the way note the Edwardian trend in imitation drain-pipes; they seem to be all the rage at the Royal School of Arts, where it is becoming increasingly difficult to distinguish between the two sexes. The female members have not succeeded in cultivating beards yet, so at least we have one yardstick to distinguish the lambs from the goats.

For shoes, the best type to wear are the felt-top crepes, which not only require little or no cleaning but also do not need to go to the cobblers until you can feel the pavement under your tootsies. To look pretty round the neck wear one of the college ties, but a silk square of some loud and garish hue will do just as well. Headpieces of the trilby type are rare in I.C., but if you do really suffer from colds in the head, a little corduroy 'flat 'at' will do. Duffles are fairly common in I.C., but raincoats generally fit the issue for the average bod.

Thus in this brief survey I have given you, as the Anne Edwards of I.C., a brief resume of current foibles in dress. Not that I expect any of you to take a great deal of notice of what I have written, because you've probably been attached to that sports coat you've been wearing now for a few years, and althoether time, fashion or leather patches on the elbows will change the high mutual regard that you have for each other.

From Your Saville Row Spy,

Samuel Peeps.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I feel that some comment is needed on the letter from the Chairman of the Rag Committee which was printed in your last edition.

Firstly, I am not sure that I. C. needs a standing rag committee, since the most successful rags are those which are more or less spontaneous, and which were under the direction of their author.

Secondly, if we accept the need for such a body, I feel that although it may well remain unofficial, the members of the Union should in some way have a say in its election. I believe that I was not alone in being surprised at the sudden appearance of the present committee last year, and a little short of amazed at its composition.

The Committee has done little to justify its existence, apart from the production of a mascot which, on account of its small size, and the extremely tame method by which it was obtained, is an insult to a College of the standing of I. C.

Surely the Chairman's phrase "...glad of fresh inspiration" should read "...in need of inspiration" or better still "...in need of extermination".

PS.. Tuesday 26th: Yours faithfully,
Today's meeting did
nothing to alter E. J. Guthrie.
my opinion. E.J.G. Botany 3, R.C.S.

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read in the last FELIX a letter from a member of the I.C. Rag committee, and I feel that freshers may have obtained an unfavourable impression of this committee's work. During the last year, many words were written and spoken telling us that 1953 was to be 'truly Imperial year!' However only one rag, other than the annual events, took place. Even this had to be saved from becoming an anticlimax by the 'Guild's March'.

It is thus obvious that, so far, this committee has failed in its self-allotted task. Before the Rag committee can succeed it must be supported officially by the Union. Alternatively, a new committee should be formed, preferably made of those who have not lost the art of acting without an unnecessary amount of discussion. The sadly deceased "29" club was well-versed in this art, and the Rag committee would do well to co-operate some of its former members.

It may be said that rags are impossible at I.C. due to the high proportion of non-combatants (i.e. to brown-baggers) and the relatively small number available for evening rags. The test of this pudding is obviously in the eating.

So, I suggest the I.C. Rag committee should organize a rag, and I believe even then, in the glass tower, will be surprised at the willing and ready response from the Members of the Union.

Yours sincerely,
Siluria.

Sir,

In the depths of Central Africa, a language known as Kitchen Kafir is sometimes spoken by Europeans to the natives. On my arrival there, I was presented with a phrase book of the language and found that the term Iowa meant, when translated, ice. Sir, I leave you to draw your own conclusions.

"Traveller"

777, Lanestreetavenue Road,
London, S.W.8.
16.10.53.

The Curator of Granville House,
c/o The Editor,
Felix.

Dear Sir,

Chair of Pantagamy.

In reply to your advertisement in Felix of 16th. October, 1953, I would like to submit an application for the Chair of Pantagamy tenable at the University of London.

I was born a good deal later than 3 p.m. on June 15th. 1887, about 4.30 p.m. to be precise. I have had pantas for 15 years, am proficient in the use of a pantograph, and pantagruellism is a speciality of mine. With these qualifications I am sure you will find me unfitted for any post.

The opportunity has not yet arisen for me to discover my teaching abilities (in the Academic field), but I am sure you would be interested in my experiences! (in other fields.)

My knowledge of English is panegyric, but I am willing to learn. English, I mean. I consider £241 salary totally inadequate, but would be willing to accept £242.

Yours fitfully,
Hieranimus Bosch.

Silver Collections for Lunch-hour Concerts

Dear Sir,

There has been fairly widespread criticism of the practice adopted by the Musical Society, of making a Silver Collection at Lunch-hour Concerts. The committee would like to reply to these criticisms as expressed in Felix, by first outlining the policy of the series of recitals, and secondly explaining how this policy is conditioned by financial restrictions.

It is the aim in giving these concerts to firstly encourage the performance of music at a high standard within the college, and secondly to encourage the appreciation of music, by providing a few concerts (two or three per term), at the highest possible standard, given by professional musicians. The services of the latter are given for a nominal sum; a sum in fact to cover expenses, but this is still by no means a negligible figure. Even to give a recital involving only students, the cost is by no means zero, for there are always incidental expenses.

Hence, the decision that has to be taken with regard to the cost of these concerts, is 'How much money from the S.C.C. grant can be voted for them, without curtailing any of the other equally valuable activities of the Society; activities such as the choir, orchestra, and the library. If the cost of the recitals draws too heavily on our resources, then the subscriptions paid by other members of the Society, for example the choir members, becomes unreasonably high. It is deemed unfair that these other members should subsidise the recitals with which they have no direct connection. The committee believe that a fair balance can be achieved by covering about half the cost of these concerts from the S.C.C. grant and asking the concert-goers to contribute the deficit. In this way the standard of the recitals can be maintained, without any undue strain on the Society as a whole.

However the committee would like to make it quite plain that to give or not to give to the collection is left entirely to the individual's discretion. There is no moral obligation to give 'something to the pot', if you have been to one of the concerts. But the concerts cost money, and we believe that we may fairly ask that the half cost of them be provided by the concert-goers. In spite of this it is better that the Council Room should be full, and the pot empty, than that both should be half full, the missing half of the audience having been put off by the thought of yet further financial demands.

Finally may we say that we are the first to regret to have to ask for even a voluntary collection; to us the freer the music in Imperial College, the better.

Yours faithfully,
A.J. Fry, President, Musical Society.

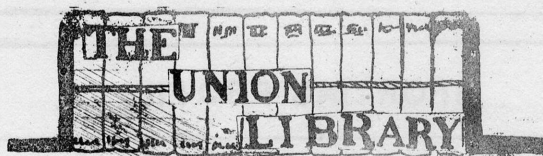
Dear Sir,

It is with great emphasis that I wish to refute the allegations of Mr. Michael Baty, published in your last issue, that Hostel residents in general are opposed to the serving of breakfast in the Refectory to non-residents.

Since my own residence in the Hostel dates only from this term, I do not presume to represent Hostel opinion; but in my conversation with both residents and non-residents since last term when the matter was first raised, not one man or woman has voiced the opinion that the rule at present in force should remain. Further, no clause in the rationing or catering regulations can be advanced as a reason for preventing any Union member - or his guest - from buying a proper meal in the Refectory at any time when it is open. The present rule has no basis either upon law or upon opinion: let us then have it removed without delay. It is offensive to our sense of fair play, and it is a skeleton in our cupboard which I for one would rather not hear being rattled by my friends from outside the College.

Finally I wish to thank Mr. Baty through your columns for blaming the affair on the Hostel residents: it was that prick which spurred me on to write in support of his cause. I firmly believe that not one resident deserves Mr. Baty's remarks, and I earnestly hope that Mr. Baty will have the right to treat himself and his partner to breakfast at College after the Commem. Ball. It is a right which should not need to be fought for.

Yours faithfully,
Roger Goodley.
(Old Hostel.)



All members of I.C. Union are entitled to have two free tickets for the Union Library, but only a fraction of them take any advantage of it. The Library is admirably secluded: it is approached through the Guilds Library, which is above Queensies and it has a few (too few) easy chairs, plenty of light, and a number of good books. Most new books are bought by the Library Committee, which consists principally of students, though a number are provided by a grant from Touchstone.

Touchstone specialises in providing books which are unlikely to be bought ordinarily by the Committee on account of their expense and limited appeal. The section on Philosophy has recently been strengthened in this way, and scientific biography will receive the same treatment fairly soon.

As for the books bought by the Committee, all the reviews are diligently scanned, and recommendations made. All suggestions received from readers are also carefully considered. As a result, the first batch of new books for this session, eleven works in all, available any day now, will include Esther Costello, by Monserrat. Too Late the Phalarope, by Alan Paton. Musical writings, by Vaughan Williams. The short stories of Conan Doyle. Hanged, and Innocent? by S. Silverman, etc. More for Timothy, by Victor Gollancz. Boldness be my friend, by R. Pape.

And a full supporting programme which I cannot remember offhand.

Among the new Touchstone additions are three of the most powerful of all novels: Madame Bovary, All Quiet on the Western Front, and Bubus of Montparnasse. All are successful essays in realism, and they succeed because each author was writing from the depths of his own experience. Flaubert knew the tragedy of love; Remarque fought in the Great War, and did no more than record his experiences; Louis-Phillipe was a student in Paris, and knew the suffering and degradation of life on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. Their characters are not novel-dreams; they are very real, and we recognise much of them in ourselves. Let me recommend any of these books for an unquiet weekend.

DEBATE AND DANCE

This fascinating combination was served on the evening of Friday the 16th by the (Lit. and) Deb. Soc. The fascination was due equally to the presence of Westfield College, and the motion: "That men should be granted equal rights with women." After a thoroughly enjoyable and lively debate, the motion was defeated by 12 votes. The speakers and audience then went for a buffet and came back for a couple hours' dancing. The floor (almost bare by hop standards) was comfortably full and the chairs hearteningly empty. Guilds freshers in the Upper Dining Hall tried very unsuccessfully to disturb both the debate and the dance - so much so, in fact, that a Westfield member was heard to ask, "Why is that room closed? Are there people in there?"

This form of debate-and-dance should encourage more people to come to debates and realize how enjoyable they can be. Once this is done, future audiences will be assured. I dare say a pleasant physical exertion after a mental exertion is good for body and spirit, and can't understand why more people don't try.

LANGUAGE & MATHEMATICS

Once upon a time there were three philosophers. And they had the extremely common names of X, Y and (of course) Z. Their names were written with capital letters, for, as everyone knows, Names are Proper nouns.

One day - the 25th of March, I believe it was - they were walking in Kensington Gardens. The day was very hot and they chanced to rest - and incidentally admire the Albert Memorial. "What is gravity?" said Z (the youngest, who had not read Plato). "Why, it's the force of attraction between two masses", said Y. X (the eldest) said nothing, but took out pencil and paper and wrote simply $W = mg$, adding as an afterthought 'where m is in slugs'. "But you two have merely defined it", cried Z, "I want to know what it is!"

Two months later Z was found stark and utterly dead in the potting shed at the bottom of his father's garden.

This sad end, brought about not even by horror at a page of mathematics but solely by pondering on the nature of a symbol, is quite sufficient to tell us what we ALL know, viz that Z was NOT AN ENGINEER.

GOODBYE THE SUN

The innate deficiencies of the establishment were not evident on first inspection and we, direct from the lodgings bureau and unskilled in the art of 'digging', decided that the place could be 'done something with'. Admittedly, not every bed-sitter has a piano full eight feet high nor a fire bucket, full of tea leaves, beside each bed nor yet an enormous C.....ode beneath. Nevertheless, said we, it had possibilities as a 'den'.

It took about a week for the full horrors of the place to reveal themselves.

The first shock came when we inspected our beds. The covers, we found, were old carpets, worn very thin and very dirty. The sheets were of a material resembling sugar sacks and bore numerous dark stains whose origin we dared not surmise. Little did we know that those coverlets concealed the most hideous assortment of filthy rags ever sold by a Ukrainian beggar to a Chinese seaman for the purpose of cleaning boilers. We deposited these rags outside the landlady's door, whence they disappeared overnight. On subsequent days we likewise disposed of two washstands, complete with jugs and basins, one beaded fire screen, the remains of a draught screen, two tapestries in huge gilded frames, one hundred and fifty-four old and dirty novels, a cracked urn, a large sheet of asbestos, an enormous spittoon and one small brass watering can.

Our anger rose further as we discovered the wretched nature of the chairs, the filth beneath the ragged carpets and the fact that the piano was so out of tune as to be unplayable. It didn't help matters that the oriental gentleman upstairs would fry garlic on the landing every night. We relieved our rage by filling the dear lady's keyhole with fish, glue, putty, rag and a proprietary yeast extract.

Safety first was the rule of the house. Besides the fire buckets (q.v.) a trip to the bathroom revealed a large handbell tied to the tap. This was only to be used in emergencies, ever imminent from the leaking sink, overpowering odour and ominously bulging ceiling supported only by an ingenious arrangement of posts and brown paper.

The 'DEN' was soon renamed 'THE PIT' but having removed the above-mentioned offending articles, scrubbed the walls and installed a chlorophylliferous deodorant, it was, thought we, at least habitable until something better came our way. And then . . . we saw . . .

Ours was not the only room in the basement. There was another. It was here that SHE lived. It was from here that SHE emerged every day with a jangling of keys, a crashing of locks and (Oh! Horror!) the outlet of such smells as are only rivalled in a Tibetan yak market. What was it like in there.

The chance of inspection, so long denied us, came one morning when, going up to pay the milk-man, she left her door unlocked. We peeped in and by the dim light of her solitary candle and those rays filtering through the forgotten window at the end of the room, we saw a mingled mass of jaded treasures heaped against the mouldering walls. Not one article was recognisable as furniture. Between the piles of rags, picture frames and chinaware meandered a little pathway towards the piece de resistance - a large black boiler. Cobwebs hung from every niche and the smell of unwashed humanity and captive felinity was overpowering.

Although the immediate result of this revelation was a fit of helpless laughter the more lasting sensation was one of horror and disgust. Shame to say, we determined to stay just long enough to make our landlady repent her ways. A demon was unleashed that night. Doorhandles disappeared, flies arose in the waste-bin, the front door bell frequently rang itself, rude words appeared on walls and furniture was shifted around, music roused the household nightly, newspaper soaked in kipper oil appeared in odd corners and the landlady was invariable locked either in or out of her boudoir . . .

Oh sing me a song of the open road,
Where the gutter is inviting,
And the landlady's hands are far away,
(The gutter IS inviting!)

J. Douglas and E. George.

ART

Entries for the Exhibition of drawings made by members of staff and students should be handed in to the Union Office on Nov. 6th. All entries submitted would be exhibited. They should be mounted or framed, of any size or shape.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. H.J. Blackham, the philosopher and author, will be the speaker at the next Touchstone weekend on November 21st - 22nd. His theme will be "Science and Responsibility". Notices will appear in due course. Mr. Blackham is speaking on the same subject in the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, this term.



RUGGER

On Saturday for the first time in its history, the Rugby Club fielded six XV's. The results were a creditable reflection not only upon the keenness of the club members but also on the club playing strength.

The first XV were the only unsuccessful side, but their narrow defeat at the hands of Wasps Vandals team did them great credit. The forwards played valiantly against a heavier and more experienced pack and the backs tackled hard and relentlessly.

The second XV beat Q.M.C. 2nd XV by 27 points to nil. The A XV, after a late cancellation and fixture rearrangement which led to much confusion, won 12-0 and against Old Grammarians and the Ex A and B XV's were winners by 9-0 and 16-3 respectively.

The dauntless C XV scored a resounding victory by 15 points to 14. The two prominent members of staff belied their ages with spritely interpassing which completely baffled the home team.

THE SABIN TANKARD

An early start was made this season in the Invitation Sabin Cup for clinker eights. The race being held on the Saturday after term started meant that, as usual, only a few days training could be enjoyed.

In the first heat, the crew, starting badly due to floating debris, found themselves two lengths down but were well stroked to beat Westminster Hospital. Racing again almost immediately a tired I.C. eight lost to a very neat and deserving Lenabury crew.

Although this means the loss of a pot whose only virtue was its capacity, with last year's performances (see Phoenix) and the keenness exhibited by this year's Freshers (God Bless them), the College looks forward to a outstanding season.

The Sabin Crew:

M.D.G. Garner (Bow), J.C. Hendy, K.W.H. Johnson, D. Cooper, C.K. Newhouse, R.A. Saunders, M.B. Clarke, M.B. Hoare (Stroke), L.P.R. Harding (Cox).

HOCKEY

This year should be a successful one. Many new players, particularly Heppard, Harris, the Lewis Bros. and Warren show much promise. The 1st XI with six of last years team forming a nucleus is rapidly blending into a well-balanced side. The 2nd and 3rd XI's need a few more matches to settle down but having once achieved this should do well. As in other years several members are playing regularly for U.L. and are only available for cup matches. With such a regular occurrence, the fact that we are able to maintain, and in fact, strengthen our fixture lists, speaks well for the general standard of hockey in the club. The U.L. Cup has been absent too long from its rightful place but we hope to regain it this year. The 1st round is Wednesday 11th November at Harlington and any supporters would be welcome.

I.C.H.C.

Results:	Saturday Oct. 17th	v	O. Dunstablians	Lost 2-3
	Wednesday Oct. 21st	v	St. Barts Hosp.	Drawn 2-2
	Saturday Oct. 24th	v	Ashford (Midx)	Won 2-1

For coming fixtures:

Saturday Oct. 31st	Vickers Armstrong (A)
Wednesday Nov. 4th	Royal Vet. College (H)
Saturday Nov. 7th	St. Catharines (Camb) (A)
Wednesday Nov. 11th	U.L. Cup 1st Round v Battersea Poly.



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SPORTING PRO FILE

JIM TAYLER

- CAPTAIN I.C. HOCKEY

As Captain of I.C. Hockey Jim Tayler finds himself at the head of one of the most popular and successful I.C. Clubs. The standard of Hockey is very high, when we consider that no less than five I.C. men played regularly for the University last season. True this does have an adverse effect on I.C. hockey since it is never possible to field the best team available, but it is nevertheless a great compliment to I.C. hockey that this is so.

Jim Tayler himself ekes out an existence in the Chemistry Dept. of the R.C.S. At the moment he is engaged in a little research into "The Insecticides obtained from Natural Products" with the accent on "Isobutyl amides" (Whatever they may be!) Jim is a quiet kind of cove, who rigorously denies that he is in fact a secret extrovert. He came to I.C. from Chippenham School in the October of 1950, having there also held the position of captain of Hockey.

He arrived just in time to miss the Hockey Club's Holland Tour which takes place every four years; However he does hope to go on the next tour.

On the field, his usual position is at inside forward, but so far this season he has played in the centre position. He works the ball well, and is very apt at finding breaches in the opposite defence. At the moment he is the principle scorer for the I.C. first team, having cured a slight slowness in shooting which he acquired last season. His other interests range from "Hops" to Tennis, Cricket and Squash, a pretty normal selection for anybody at I.C.

Jim Tayler is popular both in the Hockey Club and in the Union. As a captain he may seem a little slow in congratulating his men on their play, but they know that any praise they receive from him on the field really means something and is not to be mistaken for the hollow compliments which so often fly around the field of sport.

This page wishes Jim Tayler and the Hockey Club the best of luck in the coming season.

COMING EVENTS

A 'Coming Events' Diary is now kept in the Union Porter's Office. Officials should enter their events for the next fortnight in it at least a week before FELIX is due to appear.

FRIDAY OCT. 30th. 5.15 p.m. Committee Room A., Fr. Briffe, S.J. - "The Development of Character" arranged by I.C. Catholic Society. 11p.m. - 5a.m. Commemoration Ball.
MONDAY NOV. 2nd. I.C. Christian Union open Meeting. 1.15p.m. G.S. Cansdale "Biology and the Bible" Botany Lecture Theatre. 1.15 p.m. R.C.S. General Union Meeting. Large Chemistry Lecture Theatre. 5.15 p.m. I.C. Rifle Club. A lecture on "Small Bore Shooting" by the Captain, Wimbledon Rifle Club. Small Physics Lecture Theatre. TUESDAY NOV. 3rd. 1.15 p.m. I.C. Union General Meeting. Gymnasium. 1.30 - 2.20p.m. Student Christian Movement. Mr. E. Baker on "Christianity in the Factory". C. & G. Room 15. WEDNESDAY NOV. 4th. I.C. Railway Soc. are arranging a visit to Neasden. Details on Union Board. THURSDAY NOV. 5th. Engineering Society. "With Guy Fawkes to the Moon." Lecture by J. Humphries, B.Sc., A.M.I. Mech. E. FRIDAY NOV. 6th. 7.30 - 11.45 p.m. U.L.U. Jazz Federation is holding a "Jazz Hop" in the U.L.U. Assembly Hall, Russell Square. Admission 2/-. Bring your instrument to play during the interval session. MONDAY NOV. 9th to NOV. 15th inclusive. An exhibition of Drawings and Paintings made by staff and students of I.C. during the vacation is to be held in the I.C. Union Offices during College hours. Sending in day Fri. Nov. 6th. MONDAY NOV. 9th. I.C. Christian Union Open Meeting. 1.15 p.m. Canon Bewes. "Can we be certain about anything?" Botany Lecture Theatre. TUESDAY NOV. 10th. 5.30 p.m. I.C. Railway Society. Dr. A.A. Tuplin on "Locomotive Performance". C. & G. Room 161. THURSDAY NOV. 12th. I.C. Rifle Club General Meeting in Committee Room A. Engineering Society "Building a Tyre." Lecture by R. Hill (Wirestones Tyre and Rubber Co. Ltd.) FRIDAY NOV. 13th. FELIX on sale! I.C. Ice-skating Club. An "Arise Meeting" in the Sportsdrome, Richmond. Open to all I.C. and guests. Admission 2/-.