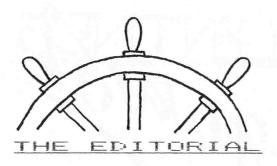
ugha tought Brethes Manty's MGONY COLUMN HARTWALL & CORNLEY'S -SONAN A WIN DINGOTT THE PRESIDENT. " ROWWIE O PUGWASH IS SAVEDIII STOP PRESS - CORNUALL IS PRESIDENT - STOP PRESS - CORN



Well, well, me hearties. Pugwash survives the ordeal of losing its founding editorial team and rears its ugly head once more in the general direction of the less intelligent parts of your brain. All the old favourites are still here: Aunty Marty, the Wordsearch, the Horoscopes, and of course the gripping exposes of Hartwall and Cornley. Plus we have the all new Bingo game, where everybody has a chance to win BIG MONEY. All you have to do is cut out and keep your exclusive Pugwash Big Bonanza Bingo card, and fill in the numbers revealed in each edition of this magazine. There are only 21 numbers to get, and at one number per issue, it will only take three and a half years to win!! We notice that some of our readers have already had a head start - glad to see you've got six more points than the rest of us, Stu! The first number is two fat ladies, 88.

You may be interested to find out that the struggle for control of Pugwash was both bloody and fierce. A huge response materialized in the face of Phil Pitt's untimely demise, and his minions were eager to snap up the vacancy, employing every dirty trick under the sun to oust each other from the running. But honesty won in the end: the people's hero, Careth Bicknell, bravely strode onto the scene with his campaign for truth and the Mansfield Way. In his attempt, he has tried to make Pugwash more dynamic, appealing, and representative (unfortunately, it is - of the Editors).

So welcome Once again To the Pugwash.

We hope That it is Even Retter Than the last One.

That is Highly Probable.

I was asked to write an article on apathy at Mansfield Hall.

From our special correspondent.

# DRAMA REVIEW

Those of us lucky enough to witness Mr. Martin Jarman's performance of Romeo & Juliet last month cannot fail to have realized what a truly great and innovative actor this man really is. He is, without doubt, this country's leading exponent of Shakespearian street theatre. He brought with him a new drive, excitement and dynamism to the role of Romeo. His drunken ravings at the foot of the balcony hide a subtle mystic symbolism - lines such as 'Wendy, hold on a minute, I'm coming up,' and 'I'm so pissed' are just pure gold.

The daring climb up the drainpipe is on the one hand loaded with ecclesiastical imagery, on the other, unbelievably stupid.

And then here, for me, was the line of the performance:

"But soft, what light through yonder window breaks? It is the pale, tell-tale glow of Wendy's sunlamp..."

The final scene is almost apocolyptic in its finality - the hero, in only his boxer shorts, falls asleep under the sunbed and is eventually evicted by a bemused Juliet, superbly played by Ms. Rogers. He exits swaying in a drunken frenzy, and here is the paradox of the entire piece, for it is quite obviously an appeal for greater chastity and sobriety in late twentiethcentury life.

Final score: Ashfield 3 Newbury

> From our Resident Critics Greenfield, Pitt & Thornton-Wood

\*\*\* MORE ABOUT THIS IN THE SCANDAL COLUMN \*\*\*

# LIFE OVERLAPS

This was manifested by the Mansfield Hall Christian Union on Sunday 31st January, inviting overseas students to a Sandwich and Cake Party. It was hoped that this would be an oppurtunity to get to know them in an informal, relaxed atmosphere, and I realized this to be an aspect of developement which implies changing the attitudes of people so that they are prepared and eager to help themselves and their neighbours, and so that they can understand and improve their environment.

For life overlaps. It is based on relationships, in all dimensions of time and space. One thing is certain when we reflect on Life: it implies sharing. We would not be alive without the support of innumerable beings (micro-organisms also) around us, with whom we are more intimately linked than we are, perhaps, aware of.

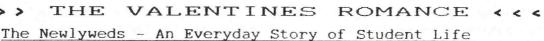
\_\_\_\_\_\_

Kitch Augustin

Dear Captain Pugwash, do I always hear funny thumping and banging noises coming from Hartley's room when Cornwall is nowhere to be found? And are these rumours about Howard and

his cleaner true?





The car pulled up with a jerk, the distinctive purring of the engine halted with a final turn of the key. Opening the door, he stuck a long, slender, athletic leg into the chill night. Leaving the car wholly now, he locked the driver's door and made his way in that distinctively bright manner towards the spacious boot. A single twist of the knob and the boot flew open to reveal a single box with the inscription:

'ACME Costume Co. Ltd. - Animals a Speciality'
He smiled wistfully as he thought of the night ahead...

Within, she had already heard the car parking, and was having difficulty containing her excitement, giggling profusely. They had been married only a month, and the sparkle was still well and truly in their marriage.

Upstairs, two conscientious students were settling down to a night of revision, quietly they hoped that they would not be disturbed by the antics from below - there was only a large 'suspended floor' between them, and the slightest noise was transmitted up into the sensitive students' room. Once they had been kept up until a quarter past three in the morning!

Back below stairs, package under-arm, he turned the door handle with his masculine fist and strode into the kitchen.
"Darling," he called, "are you there?"
Only chilling silence returned his call.
"Darling," he repeated, "it's me, your very own Tarzan, Lord of the Apes"

of the Apes.

Still no reply. Secretly he had hoped for this - it meant tonight they would play their special game. Fertively, he for the bathroom, still with the mysterious package under his arm

In the wardrobe, pillow in hand, she waited. Oh yes, she had heard his call, his voice thrilled the very marrow in her bones. It was all she could do to stop herself from jumping out from her hiding place and running into his arms. But no, it would be so much sweeter this way. Fleetingly, she thought of the 'children' upstairs. She knew that her playful antics disturbed them, but what did they expect? She was a newlywed student in the prime of her life. She didn't want to have to be quiet after 10 pm, not in her own room. Then all thoughts of others were dispelled as she heard that noise, that very special noise that excited her so much... much...

Upstairs, the students, too, heard the noise. One looked at the other with that despairing, exhausted look which his companion knew only too well. Both knew the significance of the noise - a sleepless night for all, both above and below the suspended floor ...

# 

# Mansfield's Ten Unanswered Questions

 Does the Royal Berks supplement our meat supply?
 Has Hartley got myxomatosis?
 Why is there so much student incest in Sherwood?
 Why does J.R. get the best treatment at mealtiment at mealtiment at mealtiment. at mealtimes and always

get seconds? Why does K. does K.Y. and Co. make monkey noises in the middle of the night?

What do the C.U.s <u>really</u> do in Bible Studies?
Is Chris B. still a virgin?
Does Howard wear a cravatte to hide his lovebites?
Can Phil really crack it with Jane?
. Why has Steve E. moved his bed? Is he hard of hearing?
Talking of beds, why has Debbie got a double in her ro

Talking of beds, why has Debbie got a double in her room?



MOLES

# COMPENION VIME! S

I 5 R R В C U R E B 0 0 E 0 0 J I. D T 0 B F I S T E C S E 5 B W N E 0 P P 5 N W T Ţ E Y E T F 5 H C P I C T G F F I I T F N E I 5 D T R E S E N T S J I 5 D R 0 0 L S D

Well here we are your very own Valentine's wordsearch, compiled by the one and only Tracy Morris, who assures us that this time you can find every word. Out of the thousands of entries for the previous edition's search, the winner proved to be everybody's favourite cook, Lilian. A round of applause and a bottle of Asti Spumante. Anyway, the first correct entry to be pulled from the editor's bin this time will receive a similar accolade. The words you must find are listed below. Send your efforts to the Editor or to Tracy Morris (M23).

Happy Valentine's Day,

Love and Kisses,

Cpt. Pugwash

VALENTINES
LOVE
FLOWERS
CHOCOLATES
INFORMAL
RED ROSES
SLOPPY CARDS

MASSACRE
FEBRUARY
PRESENTS
BOYFRIEND
GIRLFRIEND
SWEETHEART
EDITORS BIRTHDAY





# MANSFIELD HALL

# MENU

# WEEK ENDING 28 FEB 1988

# Breakfast

# Lunch

# Evening Meal

M 0 Pork & Bread Economy N Sausages (Max 0.1% Meat) D Bacon, cold; A Cold beans: Y Cold Tomato; Very small egg (please specify as to whether you would like it raw. even rawer or completely over-cooked); Thimble of Orange Juice you are a (unless student who works parttime in the kitchens in which case you may help yourself to two large cups to accompany any meal you like).

Carrot or Tomato Soup;
Fish in breadcrumbs or
Fishcakes in breadcrumbs
or Fish Fingers in
breadcrumbs or Cheesey
Fryits in breadcrumbs;
Potato Croquettes;
Carrots and any other
orange savoury food
(suggestions, please, to
David Berridge).
Oranges;
Mandarin Orange Yoghurt;
Orange Mousse.

Chicken Whiskas Birhiani;
Rabbit Whiskas Birhiani;
Vegetarian Kit-E-Kat
Birhiani;
Sweetcorn,
Rice, Rice or Rice;
Rice Pudding or
Banana.

We have come to know Mr. David Berridge (Hall Caterer/ A.D.B.) from the menus he has prepared week after week with diligence (regrettably), since October 1987. Yet, these few months seem like years to food-lovers and hall vermin, alike. For instance his favourite colour is orange and he is a fascist who detests freedom of choice. I hear that when approached about the incredibly low standard of food in the Hall, Mr. Berridge states that "it went wrong", or "it's the cooks". Is this really good enough?! Come on Dave, even you look as if you need a good feed!!

# SUGGESTED READING:

DUCHESS OF DUKE STREET - "HOW TO COOK" 1903, Drury Lane Press.

PADDY FIELD - "RICE IS GOOD FOR THE FEET" 1979. A humorous if futile study.

Sceptred Isle Presses. Revised Edition by Lisa Spence.

ANONYMOUS - "WHY ORANGE FOOD CAN BE REGARDED AS PSYCHOLOGICALLY DISTURBING" This informing publication which investigates the finer points of catering management and food presentation was written by a former student. For further reference contact Fairmile Mental Hospital.

The next items can be found to be on permanently renewed loan to Mr. Berridge:

"HOW TO MAKE THIRTY DISHES HOMOGENOUS"

"HOW TO MAKE THIRTY DISHES THE SAME"

"HOW TO MAKE FIVE DISHES"

"HOW TO MAKE CUSTARD VOL. 1"

"HOW TO MAKE CUSTARD VOL.2"

"HOW TO FAIL AT DARTS, COOKERY AND STILL NOT INFLUENCE ANYONE"

ROBRIE &
FERRIE &
JONRN
FEARN



\*\*\* THE EDITORS WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT THE FOLLOWING LETTERS DO NOT NECESSARILY EXPRESS THE VIEW HELD BY PUGWASH \*\*\*

Dear Sir,

Reluctant as I am to spread malicious or underhanded rumours about another member of our great hall, I feel that your esteemed readership deserves to know the truth about this person.

The man in question - for he is a man - is not an academic member but our beloved Hall Caterer, Mr. David Berridge. Although I am willing to accept that he has an extremely difficult jobtelling people what to cook and when to cook it - I feel that this latest indiscretion is inexcusable.

The incident concerns Wednesday 20th January, and in particular, that day's lunch arrangements. Now, Mr. Berridge receives all his meals from the Hall, free of charge, including Wednesday lunches. Why then, Mr. Editor, was Mr. Berridge seen by an independent witness partaking of a large plate of Burger and Chips in the 'Burger King', Reading town centre? It seems to me that someone should choose to pay exorbitant prices for junk food when there was a hot meal waiting for him, free of charge, at our place of residence - a meal, incidentally, which that person was resposible for. One can only assume that Mr. Berridge knows something that we do not. Is a not-so-meaty-whopper-burger-with-added-fat and chips more nourishing, wholesome and tasty than Mansfield food? So much better that he is willing to pay cold, hard cash for the privilege? Come, come, Mr. Berridge, explain yourself! I, for one, will be interested in your reply.

Yours Faithfully,

Concerned (Mr.) E12 Mansfield Hall 21st January 1988

Dear Sir(s),

It is rumoured that Hartley has said, "I den't call Richard 'Dickie' for nothing". Is this true?

Yours,

JB007

EDITOR'S REPLY: No, it isn't

Dear Sir.

At the end of term 2, rooms at last became vacant. The accommodation crisis this year has been of phenominal proportions - it has even been highlighted in the popular press. This is still evident in the circumstances prevailing within Mansfield, for three first years are still sharing in Ashfield 42. This was meant to be a temporary arrangement, but because they failed to complain strongly enough, the Warden believed they had acclimatized to normal communal living.

Meanwhile on Oxton Top, revolution was afoot. It seemed that two <u>second</u> year students were exhibiting extreme sensitivity towards normal student life. They faced the wrath of the whole corridor, and the sympathy of the hall rested with the majority. However, the most articulate and obtrusive party was that of the

minority who voiced strong displeasure to our Warden, Dr. Giddings. As a result, above all others, they were allocated the vacant rooms in question, one in Main and one in North. Surely the question that arises from this outrage is that second years who occupy their own single rooms should have the least priority in such circumstances. Dr. Giddings was motivated it seems by the need to satiate the obstreptuous pleasure of Mr. Cybernetics and Ms. Psychology rather than the gravity of other students' dire circumstances.

We hope this will be published as a refection of strength of feeling over the matter and to prove articles regarding certain members of Hall are not censured unduly.

EDITOR'S REPLY: I am not sure as to how many of the claims above are still true - I seem to recall a whisper that the three desperados have since been granted new accomodation. However, I and the rest of the Pugwash team resent the cute little paragraph at the end, which we regard as being tantamount to a threat. We would just like to state that Captain Pugwash, and Captain Pugwash alone has control over what goes into the magazine and what does not. The esteemed Dr. Giddings has no control, as these hallowed pages are presented, published, and paid for by you, the JCR. So there.

AND NOW . . . The Poetical Delights of R.A.

"The Rabbits Revenge" or "Watership Down - The Sequal"

1

If you go down to the woods today, Your're sure for a big surprise. you go down in the woods screams, today, You'll never believe your eyes. For if Tarquin's there, You'd better beware Of a secluded glade -Concealing a masquerade Of passion, sleaze and leather.

A tall blond woman wearing boots thigh high Blows his mind with ectasy, pain and pleasure, hungry silhouette dominates the sky Beating him at her leasure.

His cries of "Hit me! Beat me! Be rough with me!" Fill the air with rapturous (Whips and chains being the source of delight) Waking rabbits from their heavenly dreams.

As dawn rises through the trees And Tarquin rises from his knees, Bondage-Woman fades away, And Tarquin contemplates another day.

Well, I mean, what can I say? With the epitome of world poetry writing right here on our doorstep, so subtle in its meaning, so carefully crafted, so beautiful in its deceptive simplicity, how could I ever have refused to put this in? No points for guessing whom the poem is written about. (Ed.)

# TRIBUTE

TO PETER YORK



" LING-A-LONG - A -PETE"



NICE TRY PETE
BUT WE ALL KNOW
ABOUT THE TOUPÉS
BUT WE WONT TELL
ABOUT THE TEETH.



CHEEKY RABBITS !"



GOING ... GOING ... GONE ? -NO THERE'S A FLY IN MY PUDDING!

# Mystic Moni Mitch Bitch

AQUARIUS
The third person who you meet on Valentine's Day will bring you new meaning into your life as they are a screaming pervert, probably a piscean, who has obscure but obscene intentions towards you. Avoid communal bathrooms and the Valentines Formal.

 $\approx$ 

Avoid all aquarians as they are unreceptive to your unusual ideas. Avoid dating under a full moon as you are likely to turn into a werewolf. You're lucky number is 666. Pisceans are keen but lousy lovers.

88

ARIES
You appreciate piscean behaviour but are unlikely to receive it.
A paper bag over the head could be advantageous to your Formal attire. Try leo and capricorn, but preferably not at the same time.



Male taureans, ever popular at this time (why?), are usually to be found flopping their beer guts seductively around in time to Wham records. Female taureans, on the other hand, favour the more subtle approach - look out for pink stilletoes and ever-present handbags.



You are probably schizophrenic, but don't worry, you will both find happiness in love this month. The 71st person you meet in the coffee bar on February 16th will feature in love. Take sugar - you will need the energy.



CANCER
You are so precocious I'm surprised anyone ever talks to you. We all know your hair is dyed and it doesn't suit you. The Zoology department is missing the hamster - put it back before it becomes psychologically damaged. You do not have a lucky number.



You are the shy, retiring type who plagues us with problems for the Agony Aunt. No-one will listen to you. You are boring. I suggest a new image or a course of hormone injections. You will probably be elected for Union President.



YOU have many hidden talents, which are unfortunately very, very well hidden! The passionate side of your nature will come this month. Insert a rose between your teeth and visit the person of your dreams (if you are not arrested first!) You will probably receive 10 Valentines cards, but none of them are worth following up as you only attract boring plebs [except one - Ed.]



LIBRA
Don't wear green this month, everyone thinks you are a vegetable already. The person sitting 3rd to your left in your next lecture is very boring, but has a cute friend, who unfortunately does another subject and you will never meet. Love lines say that you should give up and go to bed with a good book.



SCORPIO
You drink too much and have wind. Gorillas find you attractive.
Scorpios are renowned for committing unnatural acts with small furry animals. I suggest you have a lot in common with cancer.



SAGGITARIUS

Take the bin from outside the door - you're fooling no-one. Valentine's Day will be a disaster. Don't get out of bed. After getting over the initial repulsion, people usually find it wasn't worth the effort.



CAPRICORN
Stupid is the first word that comes to mind. I'd be very surprised if you could read this. If you can, there's hope for you yet. Advertise in Pugwash Lonely Hearts. Do not go to



breakfast - people are trying to eat, and frankly, the sight of you first thing in the morning is nauseating. Always turn the light out.

# MYSTIC MESSAGES

1. Oxton Ground Floor, put it back - the warden will find out.
2. G.B., she understands why you needed another woman, but the porno films were too much for her.
3. Newbury Top, keep your curtains shut - we know what you've been up to. 4. R.H., nobody believes the story about the 'climbing gear' - we know why its really there! You are a disgusting old pervert.

# SPORT SPOT

After struggling to raise a team (thanks, Dobs, how's the stomach?) we arrived at Marsh Farm to take on the French Department.

The game soon got underway with a great start from 'Curly Early', who floated into the opposition's penalty area and was knocked over by a freak breeze. The ref had no hesitation in awarding a penalty which Steve 'Oscar' Earle finished clinically.

# An Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for One of Pete's!

The referee, a member of the opposition, tried to play above himself, fell over in our box and then had the audacity to award himself a penalty. Fortunately, his team members saw sense and no penalty was awarded. However, although the opposition swept forward with much gusto, the Mansfield defense contained them ably. Alas, disaster struck when a tame shot was fired at the goal, and there seemed to be no threat, but the rest of Mansfield had not counted on Julian 'I thought I had it' Hurford and his total lack of co-ordination as the ball travelled through his hands unopposed into our goal.

# Enter the Iceman!

The Mansfield midfield sprang back from the upset with Carmine 'I would have passed to Costa' Bianco spraying long balls forward to Ice Ireton. Howver, the customary cannon-balls from Ice's lethal left foot gave way to powder-puffs from his right.

Due to Guy's ineptness down the right flank, 'Rambo' Redington went on a mesmerizing run before putting in a great cross which Steve cushioned beautifully on his instep before shimmying past 2 people and firing in a spectacular shot. shot.

Graham, confronted by an opponent quicker than himself, scythed him down brutally. A penalty was awarded - their best player against Julian??!! Score: 2-2

Again, Mansfield bounced back with a 10 yard strike from Carmine. This was shortlived due to Julian's inadequacy as the ball went through his legs and into the goal. Mansfield went in at half-time trailing 4-3 after a quality header was scored.

### Stuffs Headless Butcher Chicken with Bananas!

The second half started with Marcel in goal and Pete as ref.. The ball soon went out of play with an unfortunate opponent claiming "Our ball?", whereby "Mutton Geoff" Hurford did a swift turn (without the ball) and exclaimed "What? 'And ball?"

The opposition soon added

The opposition soon added fifth. Mansfield thoush The opposition soon added a fifth. Mansfield though unfortunately had no time to pull back the 2 goal deficit as Peter "Butcher" York cut down a feeble opponent who had run around like a headless chicken. The game went on for a couple more minutes with Simon coming close with a brilliant banana shot. The game ended with the injured headless chicken being preened by Mother Hen, who deemed it neccessary that they both go to hospital. to hospital.

There is to be a reply on Saturday 6th February.





# \_\_Let Madame Sin \_\_Bestow her Gift\_\_\_ \_\_Upon you\_\_



# An Interview with Madam Sin Herself

Q: What made you go into the massage trade?

A: Well, I've always said the best place for a man is in bed and I have this wonderful gift to help them. I'm really skilled with my hands. I'm not doing it for money, my only aim is to please.

Q: Is there a market for your services?

A: Oh yes, I've lots of steady customers - there's the merry men from Sherwood. One of my regulars is a Christian, you know, looking for peace and fulfilment. I soon solved his problem, he's fine now. Funny boy, named after that Judean Prince who raced chariots - Ben CENSORED

Q: Is this your first venture in business?

A: Oh no, I have been doing it for years. I'm an experienced girl. Back home in Wakefield I ran a mobile car service. Right good it was: cushioned couch, red-hot porno movies, the works. Mind you, I was conscious of health and safety,

I always had a supply of a 100 free condoms in the back seat.

I provide all this and more on my new premises.

Q: Finally, can you keep up with the demand?

A: It's a labour of love, but I've got assistants and a receptionist - S\*r\* H., J\*n\* R., D\*bb\*e, and many others, all of whom live around me. Of course, they're not as good as me yet, but they're getting plenty of practice, and they're eager and willing. They cater for all tastes.

0: Including leather and group sessions?

A: Yes.

Q: How much?

A: Tell you later, love.

So there you have itthe girl you came to university to meet - S.B. alias Madam Sin lives in the middle of Oxton. Book early to avoid disappointment!!!

Interview by H.H. Phillips



Dear Aunty Marty

i am at my wits end. I wanted Wells but i didn't get in. ther wasnt a party this afternoon + i am mixed up and board? also I have a really norzeating capasity to mutter Scottish phrases even though I am Irish.

Can you help me!

Distrort,

Mansfield hall, XXX

# MARTY BAYS:

Dear Lisa Distraught,

I know of such a person quite well. I suggest you do not turn your repressed energies to vandalism of C.U. posters but to try to attend to a few lectures and remember to finish dressing with those seasonal essentials, e.g. jumpers and coats. Go mad, comb your hair!! The Linguistic Science Dept. has a Speech Therapy Clinic that you may wish to attend in order to iron out those language problems. However, I hold out little hope for you.

Love, MARTY -XX-

Dear Aunty Marty,

am very down. My life is valueless. Since October I have been subjected to moronic attitudes and values: I share a room with one of the most depressive, defensive, offensive individuals ever handled by U.C.C.A.. She is a manic-depressive, a Devil-worshipper, a Christian-beater, a boyfriend-beater, and an egg-beater. Worst of all, she has befriended some very strange people who have severe language difficulties. Help me!

Sad,

# MARTY SAYS:

Dear Pippa,

We all sympathise! Stick it out 'til July!!

Love, MARTY -YX-

Dear Aunty Marty,

It's pretty hard to talk about. You know what's like! But just recently, it I've found it won't stand up, even when I've had nothing to drink. I've tried tieing it up with a hankerchief, but the effect is just not the same. Have you any advice/addresses for me to contact fellow sufferers of this embarassing ailment?

A. Sloane Esq.

# MARTY SAYS:

Dear Mr. Sloane,

May I thank you for breaching this most sensitive topic with such openness. Not so long ago, many in Wantage Hall also suffered such problems. They overcame these by group therapy. However, if such theraputic activity fails, I suggest the application of spray starch to the offending collar and follow this with an immediate ironing. Good luck, lovey, we'll have it standing up in no time!

Lotsa Luv,

MARTY

Dear Marty,

It all happened on Monday night when I went to the phone in Newbury. Lying on the floor was a shiny brown object with a foul smell. I found it was an immitation leather Jesus sandal. Next to it there was a meal card. The sandal had obviously had a rough time finding the main building, but I was too self centred to take it over to dinner and face the ridicule of being seen with it - just because it was different. Now I feel so guilty that I am losing sleep every night. If only I'd have had the guts to give it a square meal it could have become my friend. I should have accepted it for what it was. Now it's too late. What can I do? Is there any charity specifically dealing with less fortunate sandals I could help?

Worried,

# MARTY BAYS:

Dear Worried.

I can see that you do indeed have a problem. Luckily for you, there is a group you can join. If you write with your story to the Head Nurse, Broadmoor Hospital, I am sure they will be interested.

Love,

MARTY -XX-

# 

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# HARTWALL & CORNLEY'S: BABY BOOM IN JUICY JCR SCANDAL!!!

lumme, would you believe it, readers! Have we got a steamy scandal this week! None of the usual boring stuff, such as the likes of Dave B\*rr\*dge and his kinky canoodling with Jane R. in a vat of custard, not even a leader involving our raunchy regulars, Jo and Paul - no, it's something much better. To give you a clue, we could say that we'll soon be hearing the patter of tiny feet, the crooms, the laughter, and the cute little gurgles as it throws up over your shoulder. Yes, we at Mansfield Hall are going to have a baby! "But who is the mother?" we hear you cry. Well, an anonymous witness called Moni (we shall call her Ms. Reeve for the sake of her continued non-identity) has tipped us off about the presence of baby lotion and oil in the room of none other than our beloved Social Sec., Helen Bayliff. When we approached her, the jocular JCR member slammed the door in our faces, her own face as red as a beetroot. From this moment, we knew that she had to be hiding something. So, posing as meter the next day we entered her room while she was out canning her vegetables, and what did we find? Not only was there the oil and the lotion, but there were several tins of baby food, a cot, and a number of HappiKrap Nappies. We presented this evidence before Ms. Bayliff, and she tried to fob us off with a story about her perverse sexual practices, but we would not be thrown off the trail; after all, we know she uses yoghurt for those sorts of things. We then confronted her with the fact that her sister, Jo, had admitted to being pleased she was going to be an aunty, and that she had seen Helen suffering from morning sickness (not due to the previous night's drinking, as thought by so many till now). Eventually, Helen broke down under the hail of questions and confessed the whole story. She is going to have a baby girl by the name of Jessica Louise. The baby is healthy and to be born in May, she has been assured by her Harley Street doctor. However, the father is a mystery man. No-one knows who he is, but we suspect he is the man wearing the crotchless superman suit who has to be let in by Moni every night (why else would she need the fire escape and the red light?) So there we are, folks, everybody get buying a pressy for Jessy.

Our awesome antennae have again not been restricted solely to one person. We can now reveal a story that will devastate the lot of you, and probably get us a Pulitzer Prize to boot. We have dug up some scandal about that icon of purity, that seemingly most gentle of people, our very own Aunty Marty! Up till now, many in Mansfield Hall has assumed that Aunty Marty is a woman. Not so. She is, in fact, a man. A man who craves and lusts and naughty things like the rest of us. We have obtained exclusive pictures and sound recordings, courtesy of H & C Listening, of his antics with a certain Wendy Rogers. One night, after a particularly heavy party, Marty suddenly realized that the one person he wanted most in his life was Wendy. Hence the serenades under her window, the lusty calling, and the romantic quotes such as "Wendy, Wendy, wheretofor art thou, Wendy?" and "Meet my meat my love!"

Well, I mean, what can we say? Can we allow this to go on? No we can't. We took this disturbing information to the new Editor, His Right Honourableness, Gareth Bicknell, who summoned Marty and without further hesitation sacked him/her. So you have us to thank for the new, decent Agony Aunt.

We like to think that we are just honest, upright citizens serving our fellow men (sorry, persons).

Coming up next issue:-

- The sordid secrets behind Dave Phillips jumping out a second floor window.
- 2. The raunchy reasons for Paula Q. slapping Jon G. in the face after a night of perfect passion.
- 3. The saucy story behind Jo Ball's brothel in Georges Hall.
- 4. The exclusive exposé of Paul Br\*\*chi performing indecent acts with <u>three</u> sisters on video, followed by the highspeed coach chase encounter with the police.

He picked the ball

LAST OF THE SUMMER WINE!

Mansfield's final game in this year's campaign ended in undeserved defeat for the formidable Green and Yellows. Mansfield entered the match as rank outsiders, Bridge's reputation preceeding them, and was so it no surprise when they took the lead midway through the period, first thanks in the main to confusion at the near post between Dave 'Sorry, It Was My Fault Lads' Mumford and keeper Mick Slater.

# EXTRAORDINARY!

This blow did not dishearten the Lads, Mansfield indeed it strengthened their resolve even further. Mansfield began to get on top and controlled proceedings for the next ten minutes. This sustained pressure finally resulting in a goal for Steve 'I Don't Want to Play for the Firsts Earle, Anyway' obviously out to impress.

# UNBELIEVABLE!

up on the edge of the box, and beat two players before blasting into the top corner. Mansfield's jubilation was short lived however, as the referee, who completely was partial towards Bridges, promptly awarded a penalty to his side for a perfectly harmless challenge by Marcel 'Iron Man' Omgba.

ER... ER... LAST OF THE SUMMER ELDERBEERY JUICE!

person The nominated to take the kick obviously did not have the cheek of the ref placed his and kick wide of the mark. The second half Mansfield Saw regain the upper hand territorially and John 'Ice Man' Ireton came close on a couple of occasions. It seemed as though Mansfield must at least gain an honourable draw, but ten minutes from time, after

completely dominating the second half, they were dealt a cruel blow.

## CRUEL BLOWS!

A poor clearance from Slater in goal saw Rob Wilson. our beloved President, with the ball, twenty five yards out. An accurate shot found the 'onion bag' and it was felt that Mansfield guffed while Bridges were over the moon. Special mention must go to Mark 'Platini' Hydes whose antics in defense led to a much more exciting game, and to Andy 'Rambo' Redington whose tireless sorties down the right flank led to many a clearcut chance, missed with remarkable consistency by 'Ice' and Earle. As a final word, congratulations to all those that represented Mansfield this year. Better luck next time. Final score:-Mansfield 1 Bridges

# THREAT

Dear Gareth,

If the article/photo on Jon Goodwin and William Mason appears in Pugwash, I will mash, nay f\*\*k your bike beyond recognition, blow torch your door, smear deep heat on your b\*11\*cks, extract your molars with a monkey wrench, cut your festering Medusa-style locks, and mash, nay f\*\*k you personally. Please do not ignore this letter of friendly advice if your plankton-like unicellular brain can comprehend it.

Yours intensely, seriously pissed off, etc.
Bill & Jon

EDITORS REPLY: That's funny coming from a pair whose sole occupation is ripping the Michael out of others!!



Pugwash hesitated, held his nose, and toppled off the end of the plank...

to be saved by:-

GARETH BICKNELL - EDITOR

JOBALL -ASSISTANTS RICHARD HINE -

CHRIS YORK -THE

PAULTRAUB -EDITOR

DAVE PHILLIPS -

ROB FERRIE - AGONY AUNT

TRACY MORRIS - SPECIAL FRATURES

GARETH BICKNEL- GRAPHIC DESIGN

THANK TO PHIL PITT FOR ALL HIS HELP (?!)

AT KALL KWIK PRINTING (CHEAPLY!)