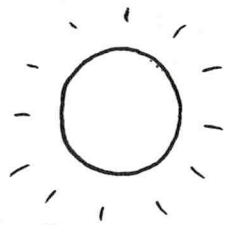


Very Thin.



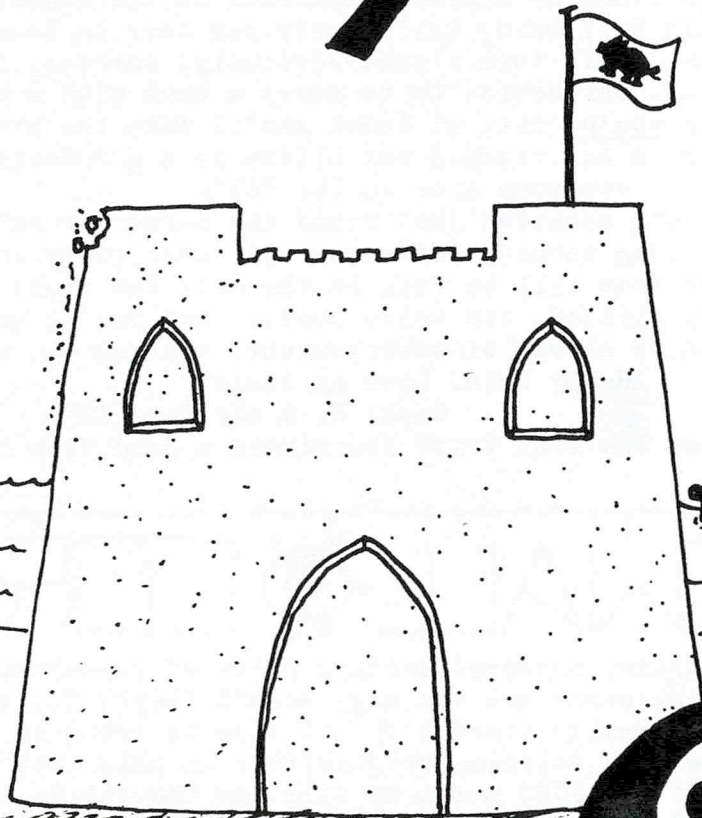
# THE VACATION Pugwash

our  
5<sup>th</sup> fab  
issue!

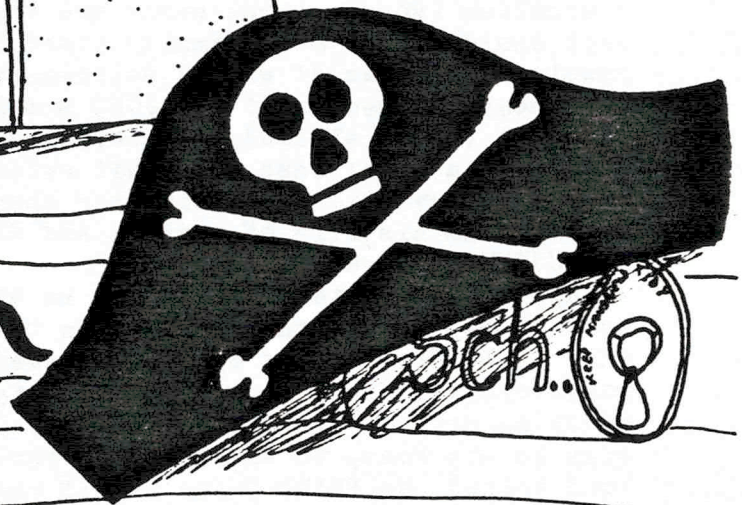
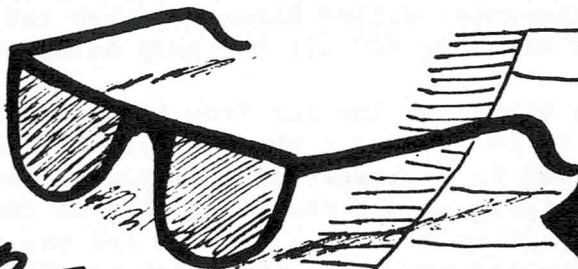
YOUR  
HOLIDAY  
READING

free at last!

THE  
MANSFIELD  
MERRY-GO-ROUND!



Knickerless  
Bike-Riding Report!!



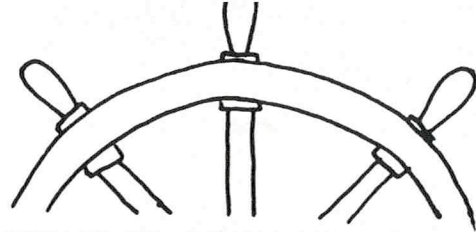
Aunty  
Marty's  
PROBLEM PAGE

your stars with MYSTIC MONI & THE WITCH  
BITCH

full of fun and good old fashioned spectacularness...

PRICE:..  
BOOGERALL





## THE EDITORIAL

Well, well, here it is at last, your FREE (for once) copy of the Mansfield Pugwash all nicely wrapped up in love. Sorry about the typeface, but the access to the normal machine has been restricted for some unearthly reason, so we're typing this on one of those ancient steam-driven things. Not that it seems to matter anyway - a sum total of three articles was sent into our bustling offices this time - what's wrong, have you all forgotten to write or something? Anyway, if anybody's interested, the job of Auntie Marty is up for grabs again due to the imminent retirement of Rob Ferrie. Anybody who fancies a bash should get in contact with Gareth Bicknell soon.

On a more serious note, we would like to express our sincere sorrow at the news that the Warden has banned certain students in Main from going to the toilet. All we can say in the way of advice is HANG ON.

The crew has also noticed an alarming increase in the number of honest, upright members of this Hall being maliciously run over by Townies. Three serious accidents have happened this term alone. Obviously, someone, somewhere has a bad vendetta against us. Our advice is to carry a bomb with a tremble switch wherever you go - when you're hit, at least you'll take the b\*\*tard with you!

A happier item of news has reached us: Lilian is a grandmother! Congrats from Captain Pugwash and everyone else in the Hall.

Finally, with the long vacation just round the corner, romance is undoubtedly in the air. Handsome young tanned blonde men will meet gorgeous young tanned bikini-clad women, the moon will be full in the sky, the night will be sultry, the wine will be ready chilled, the water cool... and you'll be sitting in a corner like a small white sliver of embarrassment, wishing you were part of it.

Happy Hols. Love as Always.

Capt. P. & the Crew XXX

(PS - where were you at the boat trip? You missed a good time of epic proportions)

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# HARTWALL CORNLEY

Phoar! Here we go again, readers! Another piece of gargantuan investigative journalism (sorry, those words are too big, aren't they?) You are looking at what could be the most damning scandal of all time to break in Mansfield Hall, causing the likes of wicked Welshman weightlifter to pale into insignificance. It concerns a member of the JCR, a man up till now thought to be simple and innocent (well, almost), a cyberneticist (robot-maker) who, while we are sub-judice in a libel case, we shall refer to as Mr. Chrastopher Diley. It concerns also the perversion of a sinister character called Sasha, who has led Mr. Diley astray from his life of purity. And WE bring YOU all the gory details in a story EXCLUSIVE to Pugwash.

Apparently, late one night in an alley not too far from here, Sasha and her accomplice, Chrastopher, were seen to be meeting a shady underworld figure known only as K. Misst. This man is believed to be involved in a massive black-market porno ring, and on this particular night, he was selling crates of condoms. Our snooping devices discovered that Mr. Diley ordered 17 crates for use at a wild orgy in his room, to which he had invited the whole of Christchurch Green (in a loud voice). We HEARD Sasha ask if there were any fruit-flavoured ones, and when she found there were, 2 crates of those were ordered as well. The meeting was interrupted by a passing police car, but we managed to follow Chrastopher to his den. The orgy was depraved in every sense. Innocent young girls such as Sarah Bolter were lured in, Helen Bayliff's lampshade was broken by her lover in his crotchless superman suit, and Chris York and Mark Buckingham were found in each other's arms. Madam Sin was heard to say "I'll give you 6 of the best" to Zaf Khan and Paul Traub asked Katy Race "Do you want my column?" We tried calling the vice squad, but they were already there, enjoying themselves. What could we do?

What else? We joined in! Cheers!



## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

\*\*\* WARNING - THIS ARTICLE IS HIGHLY OFFENSIVE, BUT THE ORDER \*\*\*  
 \*\*\* TO PRINT IT CAME FROM ABOVE \*\*\*

1/ Thou shalt have no God before thy Puwash editor, who will deliver thee out of the state of Fresher to Mansfield Dude. Thou shalt harken to his words and tremble, for thine iniquities and transgressions shall be writ for all to see.

2/ Thou shalt not take unto thee any rules but those of the Lord Goddings, nor shalt thou bow down before any likeness thereof.

3/ Thou shalt not take the name of thy President in vain, nor that of any committee member, for they will not hold them guiltless that doth so.

4/ Five days thou shalt labour, and do thy work diligently - but remember thee the weekend. Get thee to the party on time, and bring all that which is needful with thee. Thou shalt buy thy round in thy season.

5/ Thou shalt not let thy confidence exceed thy ability and experience; for verily I say unto thee, therein lieth the path to destruction. Honour thy lecturers else thy sins will find thee out, and there will be no children even unto the third and fourth generation of them that disregardeth their teachings.

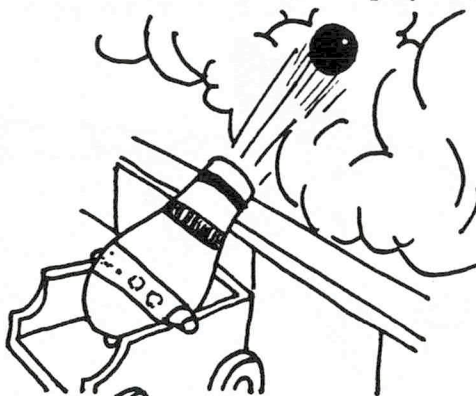
6/ Thou shalt give passage to all that dwelleth in the kitchen, and thou shalt not kill - even though you be sorely tempted at times - except when the Lord smile upon thee and thou chanceth across something tasty that conformeth to the words Cockroach or Vermin or Orange Curry.

7/ Thou shalt not commit adultery with thy fellow students lest you be discovered; for then there shall be a murmuring via Hartwall and Cornley, and the name of thee and thy consort committed to the hall of fame.

8/ Thou shalt not steal from thy fellow student lest he grow wrathful and rise up and smite thee; and thou shalt watch over all things of thine lest thy fellow student nick from thee.

9/ Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy fellow student; for then shall there be dissention within the JCR, and a great wailing and gnashing of teeth; and thy name shall be unsanctified before all.

10/ Thou shalt not covet thy fellow student's drink, thou shalt not covet thy fellow student's spliff, nor anything that is of thy fellow student, for therein lieth envy and unhappiness, particularly on Tuesday - except that thou hast the shekels to buy it, wherefor thou shouldst first pay thine JCR fee and Pugwash subscription.



The Mansfield Merry-Go-Round  
 - a university phenomenon, otherwise entitled -  
WHO'S HAD WHO, WHO WANTS WHO, & TRUE LOVE

It all began last September when a new crop of first years entered our hallowed portals. Although some touching relationships date back to last year and beyond...

Take the long standing relationship between PP and TM which has recently become complicated with PP's philandering ways with WT, who previously was presumed to be with MPJ, who in turn has conquered many a female heart. The list is endless, but notables include ES, and everyone is aware of his dream girl WR - "Wherefor art thou, Romeo?" - but do many people know of his fruitless quest for JU, who just wasn't interested in the sex-starved rantings of a mad man, who also turned down PR in favour of true love with JI? He in turn had a close "friendship" with JR. JR's paramours include PY, HP, DR, and latest love, the beloved poisoner of our Hall, DB.

Leaping back to WR, everyone has heard of her leather-clad nights of passion (!!!) with TC. And that brings us very nicely we think to Oxton and Earsland where it's share and share alike.

TC - no context with WR (MPJ would be) - has wined and dined SS and AC who have shared GG and PY. In turn, GG has been seen with DC, SS has also accompanied MD and SG. AC was a happy girl until she met and fell for the robust charms of RG, who is currently undergoing a period of self-inflicted celebacy after a series of traumas with ES and AS, whose room mate MAD is pining after her lost love NF.

And whither to go for the thorough hotbed of passion, where steamy nights are passed in desperate clenchings? Some first years have been drawn into this den of inequity, poor innocent wretches like MB and CN, flung together earlier this year before CN was charmed away by DM and possibly MPJ (again).

In the search for true love, ES has been betrayed by ZK (now deceased) with numerous police women, nurses and most recently the charming influence of SB. And take HP, whose kinky tendencies would put anyone off their bacon in the morning - is JM now the sweatheart of her dreams? Or could she be lusting after STW?

Yet the course of true love is still present, even in these disgustingly perverse times. Witness the eternal flame burning between NB and WP - you'll never get this one - although it could be true that he is harking after M. Take also the newlyweds PD and AD, the CU's leading lights JF and JT, Main's BK and GR, SM and AP, Oxton's CG and SSi, CH and LM, JW and AT, and DP and JB.

But do you really want to know what the two JCs have been up to?

If you believe you are one of the people mentioned in this article, then it is purely a figment of your imagination, and we suggest you take your problem to the gorgeous and wholly capable Auntie Marty.

Also bear in mind that the merry-go-round is never-ending...

written by AS & Co. (aka A.N. Other)  
 originally typed & misspelt by SPB  
 decoded/included in Pugwash by GRB





## THE UNIVERSITY OF READING

Final Examination for BA, Course in  
Organisational Studies, or Organisational Studies and  
Psychology, or Organisational Studies with  
Statistics.

## MANSFIELD HALL

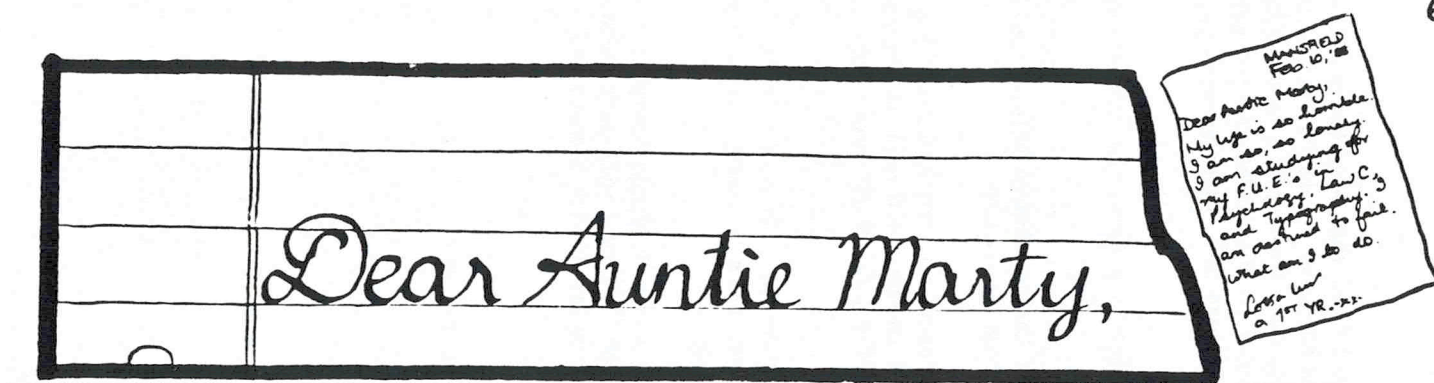
Three hours

Answer THREE questions

1. "Every year, it can be seen that within Mansfield Hall, there develops those relationships which become known as 'Hall Couples' ". Discuss with particular reference to any three of the following:
  - a. John Ireton and Jane Upchurch;
  - b. Stephen Earle and Andrea Gilbert;
  - c. Jonathan Goodwin and William Mason;
  - d. Laura Nairn and EITHER, Jon Dunnett  
OR, Mark Dobson.
2. It would suggest that the volume of Leticia Rodriguez de la Fuente's voice is based on the incorrect assumption that everyone in Hall is totally deaf. Discuss.
3. Why is it that Jonathan Chin is particularly prone to wearing short trousers in the winter months, whilst when the summer season begins he sports an array of proper trousers?
4. "Purile." Assess the strengths and weaknesses of this description of Julian Hurford's brain.

5. "It seems particularly strange to behold that when Cathy Williams [resident cook] feels hungry, she may gain access to the kitchens and choose whatever she desires to eat. However, it is the case that students have restricted access to the foodstuffs and may only eat what is provided ..." Discuss and, where necessary, explain.
6. Why is it that when Alan Delaney enters a room, the inhabitants decide to go to the SPAR?
7. Discuss the covert implications of Carmine Bianco helping Laura Nairn to revise for her F.U.E. Economics re-take.
8. "Mandy Clark [former Mansfield Caterer] is sorely missed." Why should it be that a former Caterer to Mansfield Hall be regarded as such? To what extent is it a reflection of the poor state of Mansfield Hall food?
9. What are the main factors that influence: (a) Nicola Flint's poor timekeeping especially when one wants to change one's linen; and (b) Heather Williams' Scottish accent.
10. "It is particularly obnoxious that a couple should marry to satisfy the norms of an organisation." Discuss with particular reference to ex-members of the Reading University Evangelical Christian Union.

[End of Question Paper]



**DEAR AUNTY MARTY,**

People are laughing at my haircut. Why?

Alex V.

MARTY SAYS:

Dear Black Adder,

'Tis because it is bloody stupid and short about the ears and neck. I suggest for the next 'trim' you go to a professional salon and not rely on Jill 'scissors' Hill or Carmine 'Bic Razor' Bianco.

Loads a luv

MARTY

- xx -

**DEAR AUNTY MARTY,**

It is that I am sad. For no girlfriend I have. Brief encounter Jo Mason I suffered - but high turn-over rate meant early satiation.

Sarah Wood: I tried and failed.

Even got to thinking of asking Letty to the bateau trip. Help is needed I thank you for it.

Blönde Bömbshell.

MARTY SAYS:

Dear Mr. Bombshell,

I think the reasons behind your failure to succeed where women are concerned is not for the want of trying. For, as we all know, you exude raw sex. However, after your encounter with Ms. Mason, girlies think that you are a bit of a 'good time boy'. In order to succeed where you have otherwise failed I suggest you clean up your image i.e. do not be seen with Guy Glover. You may also like to read Simon Gancz's publication: "Make yourself attractive to women - the moody look".

Even more love, you sexy hunk,

MARTY

- xx -

**DEAR AUNTY MARTY,**

I have a dreadful, dreadful admission to make. For some time now I have eluded to being a competent horsewoman. However, it is becoming increasingly difficult for me to live in Hall as this is an excuse only for my perverted sexual activity. For my crop does not lash the flesh of horses, but that of my amours. Over time, the need to beat has even been so great that even Steve Earle has experienced my nifty wrist action and what a relief it was for him (to leave the room). Marty, I need your advice.

Omar...



MARTY SAYS:

Dear Omar,

What can I say - except BE CAREFUL. Your perversions are minor compared to those of others in Mansfield who will only seek to capitalise your weakness e.g. Guy Glover. Make sure your sado-masochistic urges remain clandestine; and beat eggs only in the company of others.

Adoringly yours forever,

MARTY

- xx -



## THE BOOK REVIEW



Well folks, the long vacation is upon us once more, and the one thing you're all going to need is plenty of light reading material to while away all those long plane and train journeys abroad. We asked ten popular Hall personalities to recommend their favourite books...

- 1) "Coming to Power: A Complete Guide to Lesbian Sado-Masochism"  
- recommended by Aaron Davis, who says:-  
"It's so perversely compulsive. I just can't put it down."
- 2) "How to Come to Terms with Homosexuality"  
- recommended by Richard Hine, who says:-  
"I wrote it myself, actually - another great ego trip. If you missed the talk Chris and I gave in the JCR, catch up on the facts with my book."
- 3) "Wuthering Heights"  
- recommended by Howard Phillips, who says:-  
"I just love the bits about sheep. I like to sit back and fantasize."
- 4) "Getting Around the World"  
- recommended by Martin Jarman, who gets around so much he has to take a year off for it.
- 5) "The Complete Martyr's Hand-Guide to Survival in Hell"  
- recommended by PJ Giddings, who says:-  
"The Anti-Christ lives in Oxtown. You elected him President. I need all the help I can get."
- 6) "Tarzan of the Apes"  
- recommended by Al Delaney, who says:-  
"Pam is always happiest with me in my jungle gear."
- 7) "Love Story"  
- recommended by Jon Goodwin and Bill Mason, our newlyweds, who say:-  
"We just like being together."
- 8) "Forever Searching"  
- recommended by Chris Gilbert, who says:-  
"PLEASE may I have the video recorder back. Everybody thinks I've lost it and nobody can find it anywhere."
- 9) "Pride and Prejudice"  
- recommended by Sarah Bolter, who admits:-  
"I don't know why people think I'm stuck up."
- 10) "Goodness Gracious - Great Balls of Fire"  
- recommended by Scott Lewis, who says:-  
"It gets you right where it hurts."



# Mystic Mon! & Witch Bitch

## GEMINI ✂

What a nice soul you are, fun loving, easy to live with - in fact quite sickening. We're happy to say, however, you will not succeed in romance. You will bore everyone to death with your inane (or insane) drivel. Try to keep your body as covered up as possible, you could be prosecuted for possessing an offensive weapon. Male geminis are known for their egos, but lads, you haven't got much to back it up. Females on the other hand are stunningly beautiful, amazingly witty, and persued incessantly by horny studs (Goodness me, Helen, you couldn't possibly be a gemini could you?)

## CANCER ♋

I suppose we should be wishing you a happy birthday, but as you are a tight-fisted - not to mention obnoxious and unpleasant - we won't. You will probably only get a naff card from your granny. Holiday romance will be few and far between (just like good-looking cancerians). The opposite sex is put off by your hairy nostrils and ears, and more worryingly, the unnatural preference you appear to have acquired from the aquarian problem for small furry animals.

## LEO ♌

We would like to point out that picking your nose in public is not a very endearing habit and if you wish ever to succeed with the opposite sex, we suggest you stop now. The third person you meet on the bus on Thursday will be the key to business success (providing you're a mugger). Looking into the crystal ball, we see they are also phenominally good in bed. Holiday romance will come your way - but remember, designer stubble and raybans are out, sunburned nipples and peeling noses are in, so grin and bare all.

## VIRGO ♍

A Hall member who wishes to remain nameless (Helen says it's MM) reckons all virgos are stunningly beautiful and tan evenly, and would also like to point out that one twelfth of the population, who are born between August 24th and 22nd of September, cannot possibly be virgins. Well how nice and thankyou for that very informative comment. However, having consulted with our colleague, Fiona Wright (SS), we believe most virgos are well into three-in-a-bed sex romps (please consider your neighbours). Holiday romances: you should meet a nice couple on the beach, but avoid the dog.

## LIBRA ♎

Nets cast, fins up, you should be in for a good summer, but get that little problem checked out at the Health Centre first or you could be in for embarrassing disappointments. The Heavens forecast that you should start sun twingo bingo for a windfall. However, we have noticed your wind falls rather too regularly (cut out the syrup of figs) so this could be the game for you.

## SCORPIO ♏

Stress shadows your life at the moment, but as the old saying goes, "out with the old and in with the new" and holidays are here. Unfortunately, you will find it difficult to find anything new unless it has four legs. Still, you can keep trying can't you? We expect you'll get completely pi\*\*ed and throw yourself at the nearest object on Tuesady, but try and avoid all social events, and don't open your mouth; your nasal squarkings are quite nauseating.

## SAGGITARIUS ♐

Dull, dull, boring, frigid, square, boring again, and more dullness - this sums up you, your life, your parents and other members of your family, your pet hamster and your sex life (if you're one of the lucky saggitarians to have one). You will have a dull and boring holiday. It will rain. Dull, dull, boring, boring.

## CAPRICORN ♑

Male capricorns are outstanding for their little willies which are usually found to be upstanding rather than outstanding, especially when Kylie Minogue appears on screen during Neighbours (this phenomenon can be seen at 5.30 in the TV room Monday to Friday). Female capricorns fancy something a little meatier, and have a tendency towards 'club 'em and drag' techniques (often found to be sporting a



large sack at rugby club dinners - Fiona says this is quite normal) . Holiday romances: male capricorns should become pseudo-australian beach bums, females should buy a large net and trawl the beach.

#### AQUARIUS ♒

You're so slimy I'm surprised you don't leave a trail. Beware of large hedgehogs - I believe they eat slugs like you. However, with the summer sunshine you should dry up, so get out into the heat and flaunt your body. We could all do with a few laughs - a slug to a white whale is, after all, quite a transformation. However, now the slime has gone, your sex life could dry up too. No more wet patches for you.

#### PISCES ♓

You are all obnoxious and have bad breath, especially after a trip to that most holy place, the kebab van or possibly to the temple of 'ye bab am ye' which the majority of pisceans seem to frequent. You are bad in bed and male pisceans have a very poor sense of measurement (6½ inches seems rather too much!) Basically you should give up on the opposite sex. I believe the chimp at London Zoo is looking for a mate. Female pisceans have a strange affinity for gold fish with or without batteries. Still, we all have our problems, especially you pisceans).

#### ARIES ♈

You think you're the arty type, but give up on that image - flares definitely are not coming back in and that puffball skirt makes you look like a fairy elephant! Don't take this to heart - underneath it all, we all know what a complete pleb you actually are (as 90% of Hall members are plebs you should fit in well!) Holiday romances: males may with luck eventually find a female who finds those hairy legs and puffball skirt a turn-on. Females should resort to the club 'em and drag 'em technique favoured by capricorns. Rather rewarding.

#### TAURUS ♉

Well, we've all heard those rumours about bulls, no-one is fooled by it for one minute. Your tackle and behaviour is rather un-bull-like, however a few female taurians behave in a rather bovine manner. On the romance front this summer, it will be wet and windy with a few broken spells of sunshine. Take a tip from Ermintrude and only frolick in daisy-covered meadows - we foresee some very interesting "gnat" bites!

## MEMORIES OF THE BIERFEST

This story opens in 1988 on June 15th, Wednesday afternoon, about tea time. I am standing in an offie in the middle of the grand centre of ye olde towne of Reading, buying loadsa vodka with two esteemed members of Hall, one with a large car and one with a BIG credit card. The bill comes to about £380 give or take a bit.

The next time I need to take up my pen is Friday morning (being two days forward, not five days backward of the above mentioned, not below mentioned date that I started, not finished, writing this article - or thereabouts). I am going to the cash 'n' carry with Geoff from the Grog Shop (by the way, Geoff, if you're reading this, thanks for all your help). The cash 'n' carry seems to be wall to wall drink with crates stretching high into the sky - you know, the student's Heaven! Having purchased lots of mixers for the cocktails, I spend the rest of the day carrying over a hundred gallons of beer to this big, white thing that I find on the grass outside Hall a bit like an albino cowpat.

As all true leaders should, I lead from behind and bravely volunteer a friend to sleep the cold night out with the beer, having first tapped the kegs, a job which entails getting half a gallon of froth sprayed six foot up my nose.

The BIG DAY dawns, the weather is good, and the day rushes by in a blur of frenzied exhaustion (thanks to all the JCR Committee). Six o'clock arrives - unlike the band, the disco, and the PA system - and my life flashes before me. Will it be crucifixion on the canvas or electocution on the ten mega-amp cables? I ask myself as I foresee an angry horde of unamused students charging for my throat. But no! For yonder in the distance there steameth towards me the likes of Steve, Robbed in Rome, and several large black boxes - the entertainments.

Um... the rest of the night is good. I can't really remember it, but it's good. ... I think...

- Richard Hine



# DOCTOR DONG

## CASEBOOK OF PART TWO

THIS WEEK THE DASHING DOCTOR EXPLORES THE SHAMEFUL DOUBLE LIFE OF "ICE" IN  
SHERWOOD 1

In a recent group therapy session, Iceman Ireton revealed that he is a mixed-up victim of schizophrenia. He told the group:-

"To my friends I am a macho blond football hunk, and I'm my girlfriend's dreamboat. But when the sun goes down, I change totally, and my other self runs wild.

"I indulge in sordid transvestite fantasy sessions with my boyfriend, a Brighton "wide boy" who likes to be called Nicola.

"We love each other very much and plan to move into married quarters next term. But first we have to come out of the closet, and we're finding it difficult to indulge in our fetishes publicly. Also, I'm not sure whether or not the University Health Centre will give me a sex-change operation."

Dong analyses:

Ice's problem is actually very common and he is not alone. Every year at Halloween, then the Bonfire Hop, then the Rocky Horror Show, then the "Short and Naughty" party, then Rags Day Parade, hundreds of young men take to dressing like horny tarts - suspenders, lipstick and all. As Freud would have pointed out, it is a perfectly natural way of expressing oneself in a sexual manner. Sadly, most boys suppress their true affinities most of the time - Ice at least has been able to face up to what he is. He shouldn't believe his friends when they tell him he is mentally disordered and he should not bow to social pressure - just do his own thing with Nicola - it will make the both of them much happier in the long run.

Chris York (Oxton 101), an expert on these matters (did you attend his talk on "How to come to terms with homosexuality" in the JCR? You might have found it helpful) advises people such as Ice to:-

Quote: "Let everything go. Stop trying to fool yourself. Come out of the closet completely and don't get caught in the door on the way."

- Dr. York, Oxton Top Surgery, 26th June '88

Dong concludes:-

The anxiety over the sex change operation is simply a symptom of Ice's general confusion at the moment. Of course the Health Centre can help him. Look what they did for Alan.

IF YOU HAVE A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM, DON'T HESITATE TO WRITE TO THE DOCTOR





THE REPORT THAT BLOWS THE LID RIGHT OFF...

Death  
Knickerless Bicycle Riding  
Anglo-German Relations  
Max Bowers Celibacy

We have the facts that **challenge** the fiction!!!

Phil Pitt writes:

Today, I speak on one of Mansfield's last great taboos-death! The very word conjures up a thousand images, but in warm, safe Mansfield Hall, in every corridor, in every kitchen, and in most fridges, death is lurking. It seeks us here, it seeks us there, it seeks us every b\*\*\*\*y where. I picked on one case of living death, Mr. Jorgen S. McKernon. This man has been dead for over three months and yet he still walks around, eats lunch, and plays the guitar - sheer stupidity. He has been given thousands of chances to die, but still he won't lie down, still he persists in shuffling on this mortal coil...

Half-time score: Ashfield 5(2), Newbury 3(2).

As if this isn't enough, bizarre sex is everyday life in Mansfield Hall. An innocent walk around Mansfield Hall taken by any reasonably alert reporter reveals that Mansfield is a knickerless den of vice! A brief glance up at Oxtan's second floor reveals a frenzy of sexual activity and disease, hastily drawn curtains concealing chirpy saxon types and fumbling doorkeys.

Our own beloved ex-Sub-Editor has just returned from an intensive skin recouperation session after being viciously assaulted by the most offensive pair of probing choppers in the Hall; first year historians with weight problems are being questioned by the police (aka Khan Motors Plc.). Miss A Smith has, with her terrifying sidekick, conducted a running battle with the ex-Pugwash crew [remember them? Nah, nor do I - Ed.] the concluding chapter of which will be revealed this Thursday.

Even the sacred Ashfield Kitchen has been violated by the original flapper, M Smith. The strictly-observed code of "no sex in the kitchen" was broken in a bizarre photo session last Saturday night. Not content with killing one boyfriend, she happily romped through a legion of other Hall members (left-footers, even) spreading dispair, fear and loathing wherever she slumped.

Max Bower... the celibate legend???

Love is dead, it is only a superficial byproduct of the evolutionary process - this is what MB would have us believe, but the photograph below shows our hero on his wedding night with Ms. J McKernon RIP.

Love is dead... C'mon Max, you're only human!

Final score: Newbury 4 - Miller (2), Wilkinson (Pen), Wood  
Ashfield 5 - Pitt, Greenfield, Jarman, Bower,  
& McKernon



and now...  
Cue the drum roll...

# COMPETITION TIME!

my idea is:-

This is a momentous event in the university year: the final competition of the session. Congratulations are in order to Paula Quazi, who still has not received her prize from last time. Hearty salutations are also awaiting Matt Bower, who was the only person in the whole wide world to solve the last problem. Some of you will remember it was an inkblot. The solution is to fold it down the middle... ask Matt for further details if you dare, suffice to say rumour has it that it is a photo of Zaf (Loadsamoney, Look at My Wad/Volvo/Porsche) Khan, Sarah Sin, Jane Rivers and Dave Berridge. Anyway, moving on to this issue's little voyage into the land of the neurones, "What have we here?" I hear you ask. It is none other than the Pugwash's very own Dot-to-Dot-Design-a-Competition Competition. All you have to do is join the dots by number to make a nice box for your entry. Couldn't be easier, could it? Send your completed attempts to room X111 (this term) or X105 (next term), and you could win your very own bottle of suntan oil. Happy Vacation.



## The End