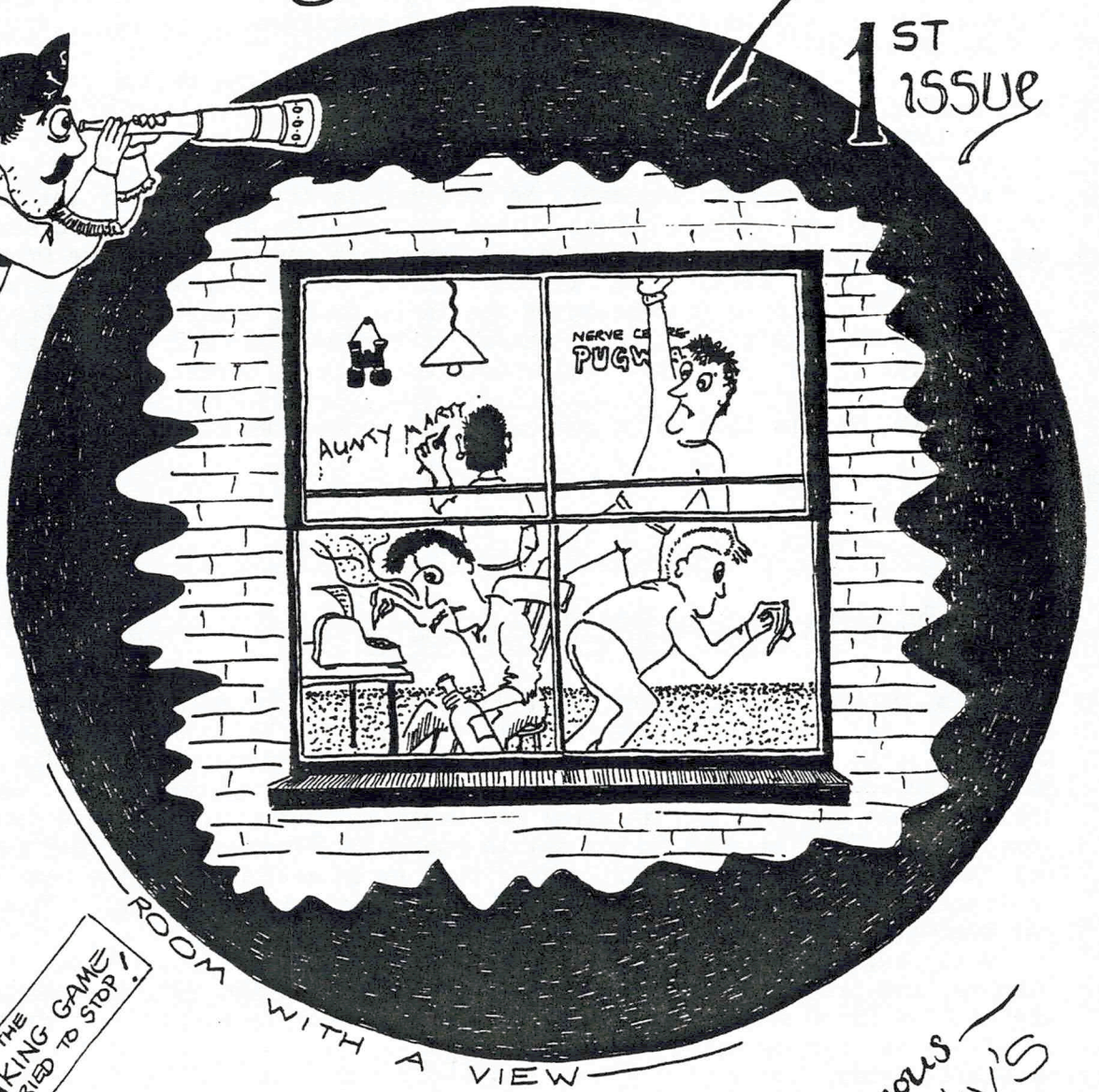


THE MANSFIELD

Pugwash

1ST ISSUE



IN DEPTH
FOOD REPORT
TELLS ALL

THE GAME
DRINKING THEY TRIED TO STOP!

RAUNCHY
SEX ROMP!
Expose-

the infamous
aunty marty's
AGONY
COLUMN

THE EDITORIAL.

UNION DISGRACE.

What is wrong with the Union? Too much. Since this term began the Union has come to resemble a chicken shack! Have you ever tried buying a drink, or finding somewhere to sit? If you have then you will have been sorely disappointed. You may wait half an hour to be served your desultory half of Watneys, whilst being pushed, jostled and altogether man-handled. Your nose and hair drip sweat, you need to wash your clothes immediately afterwards. Once you have got your half, is there anywhere to sit? No there is not. Is it worth it? No, of course it's bloody well not.

We ask you, the people of Mansfield Hall, is this your idea of what you want to do "of a Friday night?". If it is then you have our greatest sympathy, because you are obviously stupid, and easily satisfied.

We hate you.

For the rest of you who look for something less derivative, and more stimulating...

We love you.

You're good people.

6,500 people cannot reasonably be expected to fit comfortably into a space smaller than your average cinema. Other universities do not seem to have this ugh yuk! problem. What we demand is the immediate conversion of the Orange and Blue rooms into bars. This is our first step. Then we shall demand the overhaul and complete renovation of the Union in its entirety. The Union is a place students visit in order to relax. In Reading they are confronted with a struggle far harder than they will encounter in their normal activities in the week.

We ask you to join us in our campaign, because we love you. Of course we do...

Capt. P.& the Crew.

Captain Pugwash's guide to Mealtimes. Part 1. WHAT TO DO IF YOU FORGET YOUR MEALCARD!!!!!!!

It's dinner-time, you've just dashed through the rain at half past six, thinking that you'll be able to walk straight in. The queue is still twenty minutes long; but it's your favourite: vegetarian rissoles, in a rich turkey sauce. As you approach the cutlery you reach for your dinner-card... and then there's that dry feeling, an awful emptiness in your pocket. You've forgotten your card. "Act normal," you say to yourself, "look calm and they'll never notice." Then all too soon it's your turn to be served. You give your order, faltering for a moment. Then come the words that make you tremble: "Ave y'got yer mealcard luv?"

Well no, you haven't have you? And where is it? It's underneath a pile of clothes and records somewhere behind your wardrobe, and it's an awfully long way back to Oxton when it's raining. Well mateys, not to worry. Here's what to do. There are six options:

1. Start to cry.
2. Tell them you were mugged by the sub-warden whilst waiting in the queue.
3. Whip out your revolver and shout, "One false move and the sweetcorn gets it!"
4. Do a little dance!
5. Take out your rubber face mask of the warden, (available at most good chemists) and say, "Hello. I'm Pippy Giddings, and I'd like some more sausages."
6. Or if all else fails, just reach over the counter, pinch a chop and do a runner. But be warned Lil has the fastest pair of spoons in Berkshire!

Hall Food

NICE OR HORRIBLE ?

Hi! You might call me a food expert. I've been eating for most of my life. I have feasted from the platters of kings and presidents, and from the same dustbins frequented by tramps and beggars. It was with this in mind that I ventured into St.Pancras Hall, to ask the question "Hall food: nice or horrible?"

I went to sample the tastes, sights and smells of a hall of residence dinner hall. I got them. And a lot more besides.

Dateline: Wednesday, 19th October 1987.

It was a cold, wet, windy day and I was looking forward to some hot food to warm my cockles. I entered St.Pancras Hall discretely through a side entrance. I wanted no interruptions. I crave anonymity and demand complete discretion. Any mistake could be fatal.

I joined a queue of people. There was the usual assortment; bespectacled squares, foreign students, Sloanes, trendies (Sloanes are in no sense trendy), and various others not so easily categorised. That held no interest for me - it was the grub I was after! The queue moved slowly, but at last it was my turn to take a tray. Having no dinner card I was persuaded to part with a pound coin or else be physically removed from the dinner hall. A pound is a small price to pay in the cause of truth, and I was willing to pay it.

I plumped for the Chicken soup, Lasagne and Spotted Dick.

I sat down at a sparsely populated table and tucked in. The Chicken soup was okay, nothing out of this world. The Lasagne was at first taste not bad, but then suddenly a strange taste and texture entered my mouth. I spat the food out. There was something dark, and round, and small in it. I picked it up. I smelt it. I tasted it. My God! It was a rat turd! (I knew it was because I had encountered many during my term as a Health Authority hygiene inspector). I could not tolerate this. I went to the serving hatch and told them what I had found. The dinner lady looked stunned. The whole dinner hall fell into silence. Later I discovered that I was the first person to have dared to complain about the food since 1974, when a fussy overseas student from Toulouse called Xavier Cucat had complained about finding a cats head in his soup. Everyone knew what had happened to him...!

The Warden had got word of my complaint and stormed into the dinner hall with two burly henchmen. "What id this!" he screamed, and looked as if he were about to have a heart attack. "Get him!" I was dragged to the Warden's office. I shall not go into details. Suffice to say my trousers were removed and I was strapped face-down onto his table and thrashed with a baseball bat, peppered with rusty nails. As I write this from my bed in the Royal Berkshire Hospital, I can only say that investigative journalism is a dirty game. I knew the risks - I'd take them again. Hall food: nice or horrible - I'll leave that to you.

J. Arnell. The Elgar Road.

Are you bored with life? Are you disillusioned with the grant system? Are you still taking the Alka-Seltzer after that party last Saturday?

THEN THIS OFFER IS FOR YOU!

Yes, you can blow away those First Term blues with your very own FREE

EWAN PAGE MODEL KIT

Impress your friends with this attractive 1/24th scale model of everybody's favourite Vice Chancellor as you proudly display it on your mantle piece or lavatory. Suitable as a normal ornament, for warding off vampires and all those prospective students, or just throwing darts at, this model of the cuddly, handsome and witty Dr. Page — complete with fully functional deeds to the London Road site — will look great whatever you do with it. Alternatively, all you have to do to obtain a ready-made version is to send a cheque for £498.32 + 3 years subscription to the Health Centre to:-

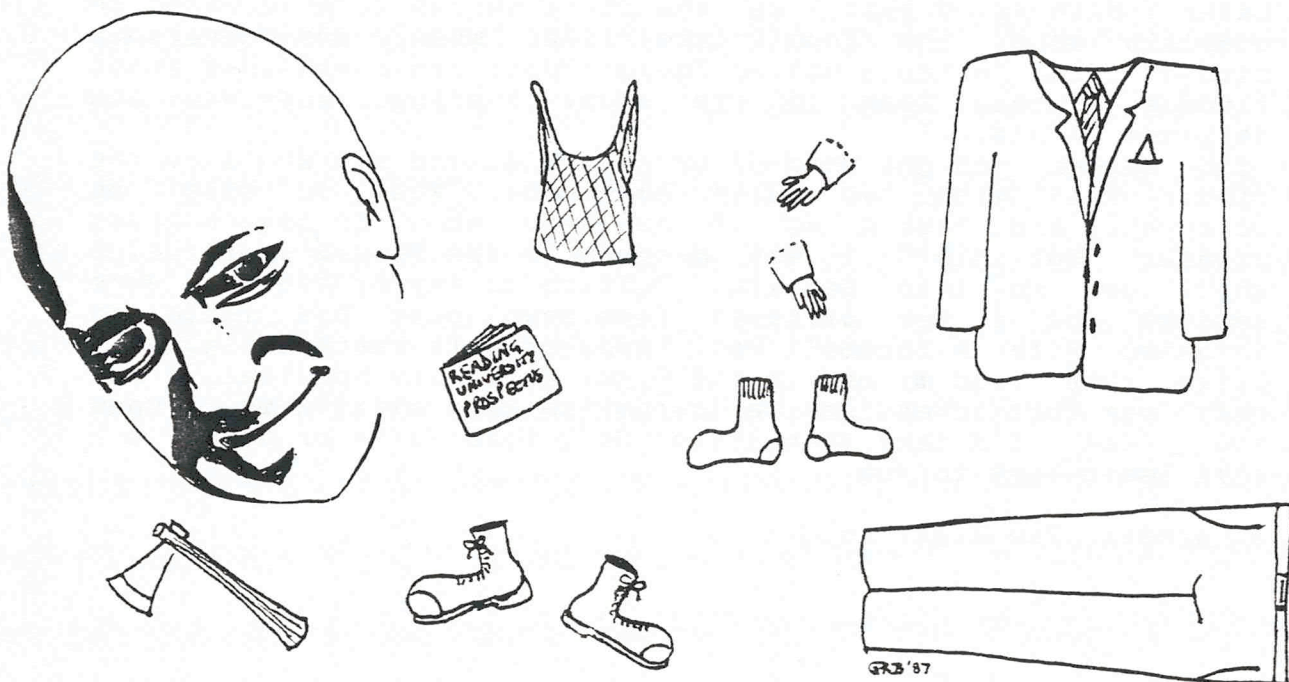
I. Swindlem
38a Newbury Avenue
Queenstown
The Bahamas
R-U-1-2

The following models are also available: Nicolai Holt, with free ice skates and optional "lost" RUSU car keys; Vicki Phillips, with additional loud-speaker and pineapple; Kenneth Baker, with 8 Bulmershe protestors; Simon Church, with 110 fluffy chickens; Jeff Middlebrook, with free Janet & John.

Instructions for assemblage: (you will need a toilet roll, a squeezey bottle and a grocer's box)

1. Cut out shapes and glue to cardboard (from grocer's box)
2. Take the squeezey bottle and cut in half
3. Throw away both halves
4. Stick shapes to toilet roll and colour as required

WARNING: KEEP REFRIDGERATED AND WELL AWAY FROM THE REAL THING



SHOULD THE LAST RITES BE READ ON RELIGION BEFORE THE END OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY?

Religion: simply a system of belief in, and worship of, some supernatural power or god. Would someone kindly enlighten me as to the attainment of this! If I close my eyes, can I with my mind's eye and subconscious being construct a mental image of this illusory omnipresent, nay omnipotent, god, and talk with him? Why not talk to an effigy of myself, analyse my failings and fears through a dialogue with my alter-ego, or reveal my frailties to an equally illusive astral body? What is the point?

From allegations of it being fatuous twaddle, to that favourite argument of the "true christian" that it is not simply an 'emotional crutch' (which frequently it is), the archetypal atheist cannot see the validity of religion, in whatever guise or form it wishes to cloak itself, being relevant to the present day. How can a rational man believe in, and resort to, that asexual agony aunt in the sky, that intangible quantity (intangible because no such being exists!). Who through the history of man has effected the aggrandizement of his presence in the conscience of the weak, and never manifested an intention or action to display its supposed existence.

Let's look at some hard cases on the "admirable" justification of religion, or rather how they are used to inflict misery and suffering. Sure, religion has been the backbone of great causes even to the present century: witness Martin Luther King, Ghandi and Mother Theresa. Their profound magnanimity would have had an effect even without the banner of religion. Who could deny this on even a cursory examination of their achievements, yet look to the Middle East or Northern Ireland and where does the humanity of religion appear there? These are not unfair examples, but a crying, shameful indictment of the expected purposes of religion and shows that its burden on the more easily led intellects easily outweighs its benefits.

So to the future. Why are millions of people in our world content to switch off reasoning and logicality (when education has given them that choice) and follow slavishly some pretentious, sham faith. Can someone please open their eyes for them? There are no gods. There is no singular, all-powerful God. I could brainwash myself through the pitiful rigours of prayer into believing some superior presence guides me, or simply passively oversees the shaping and running of my fate. But why? One can talk to a friend or themselves. These are tangible, physical entities that have a provable meaning. They do exist.

The exit of this century should be proclaimed by an obituary notice which reads "Religion is dead! Long live the physical, human condition!"

That is life - there is no more. Stop fooling yourselves!

Have you ever...?

Have you ever thought about life, I mean just what is it all about? We are born and spend the first twenty years or so being educated - for what? Maybe it's just to earn a lot of money, and enjoy an easy life. But what does it serve? Thirty years work to earn enough to have a pleasurable retirement, and then what? Death! - What utter futility! - Eighty years, nothing, compared to the eternity of time! For it just to end there, perhaps senile, helpless in an old peoples home. What a waste, how pointless!

CS. Lewis once wrote that, "A thinking man, when contemplating life and its purpose must arrive at one of two conclusions. Either the existance of God, or suicide!" If we are honest with ourselves we too would arrive at this conclusion. Either we are born to come into relationship with God, or we deny the existance of God, and so we live our eighty or so years, pleasing ourselves alone, and then that's it, nothing - for eternity! Why waste these eighty years waiting to die, when the end result is the same?

People throughout history have sought to find the answer to this question. This has manifested itself in many forms, but its answer, apart from one, has involved God, "or Gods!" who actually relate with those who worship him. So people have continued worshiping things that can neither hear a prayer, answer their questions or meet their needs. There is one answer however, from one who has, from the beginning of the ages, been making himself known to mankind.

When someone breaks a law, they must face the consequences. We call this justice. So mankind, who through his own disobediance to God's law, has had to face the consequences of his own action. This has manifested itself openly in rape, mugging, theft, fornication, adultery and murder - the product of a society refusing to accept God's laws. On a small scale this is worked out in every persons life: hatred, jealousy and resentment - which tears marriages apart and deals mortal blows to the emotions of those involved - husband, wife and children. Bitterness, envy, lust for sex, money and power which tramples over others, hurting and wounding and yet still fails to satisfy even when attained.

The result is a society becoming increasingly violent, and people becoming increasingly damaged both mentally and emotionally, physically and spiritually. So what is the answer? The love of God is the answer. God would have been quite entitled to let mankind's disobediance work its own punishment out in society. The fact is, he didn't! He appeared as Jesus Christ to bear that punishment - which through out disobediance is rightly ours. He bore the pain of every divorce, hatred, rape, murder, when he had six inch iron nails driven through his hands; every broken heart, when a spear was thrust through his own side. When he died he paid the price of our disobediance, so that now God holds us blameless if we accept for ourselves what Christ has already done. When Christ rose from the dead he no longer had the pain of death, and so when a person truly enters into a relationship with God, he heals the pain of all our past disobediance and makes us, as it were, new people.

Have you ever..?

Many people have judged Christ on what they see in a church, and why not, after all, it's supposed to be God's people on earth. Unfortunately many people who call themselves Christians refuse to accept God's word. He says that those who commit wrongful, ungodly acts have no part in him. So for those whose lives fail to meet what they confess to be, don't judge as being pictures of Christ - as far as Christ is concerned they have no part in him.

Since Christ's life many have stated that it is no longer relevant, that it does not apply or that God does not exist. Voltaire, who throughout his life, adamantly refused the existence of God, on his death bed cursed and swore his last breath against the God he had spent his life denying. What a sad way to die. It doesn't have to be like that for you! Jesus Christ is just as alive and as able today to mend our broken lives as he was two - thousand years ago, when he walked on the earth. He invites you, now, to enter into relationship with him. So why not..? What is there to lose, but your pain, fear, bitterness and hurting.

If you want to know more then come and see me - Alexander Viickers, Main 15; or Graham South, Oxton 55 or Angus Culverwell, Oxton 53, or failing that come to the Music Room, every Tuesday at 7.30pm, and find out more about the God who really does care for you!

Thanks for reading this article.

I pray that God will bless you.

Alex Vickers. Main 15.

It should be pointed out that the views expressed in this article and the previous one do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editorial staff.

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Why are all the phones out of order when British Telecom live just nextdoor?

Now that sounds crazeee to me!!!!iiii????zzzz



NAVIGATE YOUR COURSE TO SUCCESS
WITH CAPTAIN PUGWASH'S GUIDE TO
THE STARS !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!iiiiiiuuuuuu????

ARIES (The Ram): The sun ascendant in Venus means that Oxton corridor parties should be avoided at all costs, especially on Friday. Special areas to be avoided - Oxton 112 and 114!

TAURUS (The Bull): Your constellation is dangerously close to a dark, bottomless cusp, so beware of a small, ginger-haired, obscure anarcho-rocker. His cute fringe and boyish good looks may tempt you into further things but it will only end in tears!

GEMINI (The Twins): You won't know which way to turn this week. Should you spend your last 10p phoning home or use it on the Gauntlet machine? Beware of difficult decisions!

CANCER (The Crab): Uranus rampant in the Vindaloo system means that you should avoid a strange salesman from Newbury top corridor. Underneath his smooth exterior lies a heart of pure greed. Yellow rubber trousers give it all away!

LEO (The Lion): Everything for all Leos is great. Lots of love, fun and laughter ahead, coupled with fantastic exam results. (The fact that the Editor is a Leo has nothing at all to do with this!)

VIRGO (The Virgin): If your star sign is still uniquely applicable to you perhaps a quick note to Aunty Marty wouldn't go amiss!

LIBRA (Scales): The balance between Mars and the Galaxy could be upset this week. Perhaps you should avoid chocolate for a while!

SCORPIO (The Scorpion): The Sun in Pluto highlights an exciting week. Perhaps you should take the opportunity to join the hang-gliding or parachuting club, but beware of ripping or tearing noises!

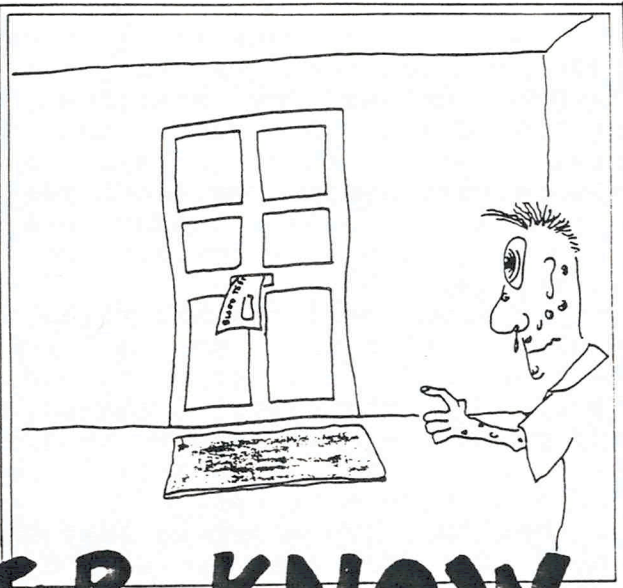
SAGITTARIUS (The Centaur): Cold sweetcorn salads bring evil omens. Stick to the rice or Kan's Kitchen, but avoid the Sweet & Sour pork at all costs if you're fond of the hall cats!

CAPRICORN (The Goat): It could be all gloom and doom this Friday. It may pay to accept your fate and dress darkly for the occasion. Happy Hallowe'en!

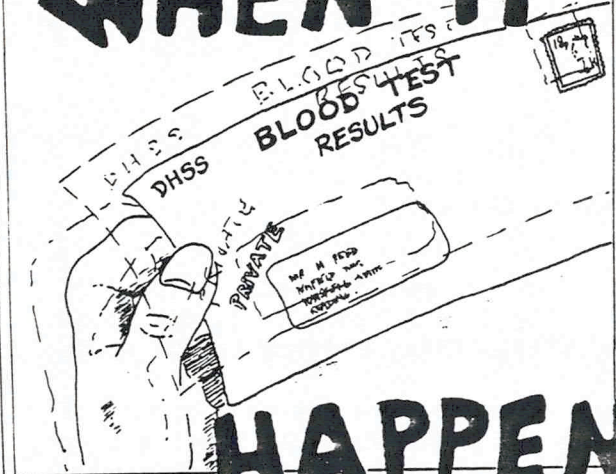
AQUARIUS (The Watercarrier): You may be experiencing financial difficulties this week. You should avoid the bankmanager at all costs, even if it means emigrating to Iceland until the New Year.

PISCES (The Fish): The Moon in Jupiter means that you don't need to bother checking your mail-hole until the end of November at the very earliest!

Mademoiselle Morriz & Signeurita Eklezz!!!



**YOU NEVER KNOW
WHEN IT COULD**



HAPPEN TO YOU

WELL MICHAEL; WE'VE HAD THE RESULTS - AND WE'VE FOUND ANTIBODIES WHICH SHOW YOU'RE HIV POSITIVE



Savour that Hamlet moment...



©

Sport for all!

This is a message of encouragement for all of you to get involved in hall sporting activities. We have hall football, squash, hockey and skittles teams. If you're not already participating in these then please write your name and room number on a piece of paper, and pin it on the notice-board in the Cattery naming the sport you are interested in,

Also a squash ladder will begin in November, and I hope this will add a competitive spirit to intra-hall squash activities.

If you really don't think that, 'Sport is your bag,' then please reconsider, as I believe sport is an invaluable way of getting rid of frustration and anger in a constructive way. A 'Sporting attitude,' gained at university (where sports facilities are probably cheaper and more available than they will be at any other time in your life) will be a great asset for your future career.

One of my hopes is that many more people in hall will at least try to take regular exercise, and in Mansfield where, 'cliques,' are so prevalent, at least sport provides a common interest for, 'all-over hall,' friendships to develop.

Mansfield have had an excellent start so far in terms of sport, here are the results;

SOCCER vs. Georges. 3 - 3
SQUASH vs. Childs. 4 - 1
HOCKEY vs. Wantage. 3 - 1

David Berridge: Hall Caterer!

David Berridge is a man on the front line. Everyday he lives in fear of hearing discontented grunts and groans from the dining-room, cries of, "That looks like puke!" and whispered warnings to people still waiting in the queue of, "Don't have the lasagne!"

However he, and his staff have to prepare three meals a day on a budget of £1.15 per person, per day, or if you like the price of a Big Mac! It is a question of trying to please most of the people most of the time, providing a healthy, balanced diet and ensuring it is eaten on clean plates in a pleasant environment. It is a balancing act which he would be the first to admit sometimes goes wrong. The chewy lasagne, a salad selection that is reduced to tatty lettuce leaves and tired looking rice... and perhaps even the sweetcorn!

But he is not deaf to criticism, or to suggestion. "If people have a favourite recipe or meal then I'd gladly consider it as long as it's not for eight ounces of steak every night. However if a meal goes wrong, I'd rather people complained to me rather than having a slanging match with the serving ladies, because it's not their fault anyway."

If he has any niggles about students, the biggest is the practice of taking a glass of orange juice at breakfast, gulping it down and then secretly refilling it. But what do most students think about the meals, in a poll exclusive to the Pugwash, we reveal the shocking statistics that tell their own story...

We polled fifty people;

Nice: 10%

Satisfactory: 39%

Not very nice: 31%

Take your pick!

Horrid: 20%

! COMPETITION TIME !

All but one of these "Mansfield" words can be found in the grid. Words may read upwards, downwards, backwards, forwards, and diagonally too! "MUSIC ROOM" is marked to show you how it works. Write down the word that cannot be found, along with your name and room-number, and send it to me, Tracy Morris (Main 23), by noon on Mon. Nov. 16th. The first correct entry opened will be the winner. The prize is a bottle of champagne, so get searching!!!

ASHFIELD
 ASHFIELD BASEMENT
 BAR
 CATTERY
 DINING ROOM
 EARLSLAND
 GAME'S ROOM
 HAZELWOOD
 J.C.R.
 LAUNDERETTE
 MAIN
 MEALCARD
~~MUSIC ROOM~~

NEWBURY
 NORTH
 OXTON
 PORTER'S lodge
 RECEPTION
 S.C.R.
 SERVERY
 SHERWOOD
 T.V. ROOM
 WARDEN'S OFFICE
 WELBECK
 WELBECK LIBRARY



E A S H F I E L D R V E R Y E T R O P
 C D S V T O R O T O H A R A B O U S O
 I N Y H H R V T N V T A R O O Y C C R
 F A R S F F O O O O R J Z M O R J U T
 F L E A K I I N I B J O U E Z U N O E
 O S T E C T E E I A O N O V L B H N R
 S L T M P E L L L M N X A M E W D A S
 N R A E R B K R D O T E E L H E O P L
 E A C S E C C J T B U Z Y A K N R O O
 D E M A E N J X A M A I J R C O T S D
 R S A B E (M O O R C I S U M) E R E L G
 A L L O L E N T S V F L E I B V R R E
 W E R T D I N I N G R O O M L O R A J
 W A O P A N T B E C K R O R E O A E C
 T R D M E A L C A R D C M O W N M Z S
 H A Z E L W E L A U N D E R E T T E E

Fiona's Famous

Four!

Word may not have reached

Fiona's Famous

Four!

Word may not have reached first years or those tucked away in the farthest reaches of Mansfield about the Famous Four. Who are they?

Well nobody actually knows, except... Miss Fiona McCreddin

Asked for more details on the subject, Fiona at first said, "No comment." She further enlightened me by insisting, "No comment at all!"

At this point your roving top floor Newbury reporter was knocked for six by the announcement that Lisa was going to have a night in - Yes honestly!! After that exclusive, a cup of coffee was called for and viewing of the snooker recommended.

Alison Creasy. Newbury Top (and that's not all!!!)

'Things that go

bump in the

Night!'

Here on the top floor of Oxton a very worrying situation has arisen: we are surrounded by hypocrisy! Readers may be aware that all of the top floor recently received cordial little notes from our beloved leader, PJ. Giddings. These notes concerned the level of noise upon the aforementioned corridor. Secret sources, (the Porter) divulged the origins of these complaints. We can reveal that the two Supergrasses are: Alison Peyton and her Sugar Daddy Stuart (2nd Year Cybernetics). Apparently Alison has been unable to sleep. However, upon a trip to the bathroom at 7.45 one morning, your intrepid reporter was somewhat surprised to see bleary eyed Stuart leaving Alison's boudoir. Four other people upon this corridor have also seen these events occur, on at least half a dozen separate occasions.

As recently as last week Stuart was found dragging his mattress out of Alison's room. I am very concerned that this could be the real cause of Alison's, 'insomnia!'

Paul. Oxton 104.

TEN THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT HOWARD PHILLIPS!

1. He is your hall Welfare rep.
2. He doesn't give a shit about welfare, apart from his own!
3. He wears brown cords, a cravat, and green wellies.
4. He lives on a farm in Devon and thinks that it is still the 15th Century.
5. He enjoys the gratuitous slaughter of animals. He keeps a shotgun under his bed.
6. He was expelled from the Conservative Society at their first meeting for being too right-wing and totally obnoxious. "They are a bunch of limp-wristed, pinko, stripy-pyjama wearers."
7. Howard hates anyone who doesn't come from Devon, (Bloody foreigners), feminists, lefties, (ie. Norman Tebbit), his friends and anybody who lives in the 20th Century!
8. Howard is a pratt.
9. Howard offends everybody.
10. Howard has managed to survive a month at university without being expelled, ostracized, beaten up or garroted!

Cheeky Champion
in Raunchy
Sex Romp!!!

Would you believe it, folks? You'd think that in these days of kiss and tell people would be much more careful about their exploits, but no: latest reports Reuters and our own correspondents (thanks lads) indicate a scandal is about to break that will make Cynthia Payne and Jeffery Archer seem like, "Behind the Bike-sheds." And WE bring YOU all the details in a story EXCLUSIVE to The Pugwash.

It concerns the idol of the weightlifting club, the strongest welshman in Britain, a man who by his own admission is as innocent as Ronnie Biggs. Apparently on the night of Wednesday, 14th October he SEDUCED a pure and undefiled girl (from Oxton 666) and LURED her into his room (Oxton 104). The acts which followed were unprecedented, even by the standards of the House of the Rising Sun.

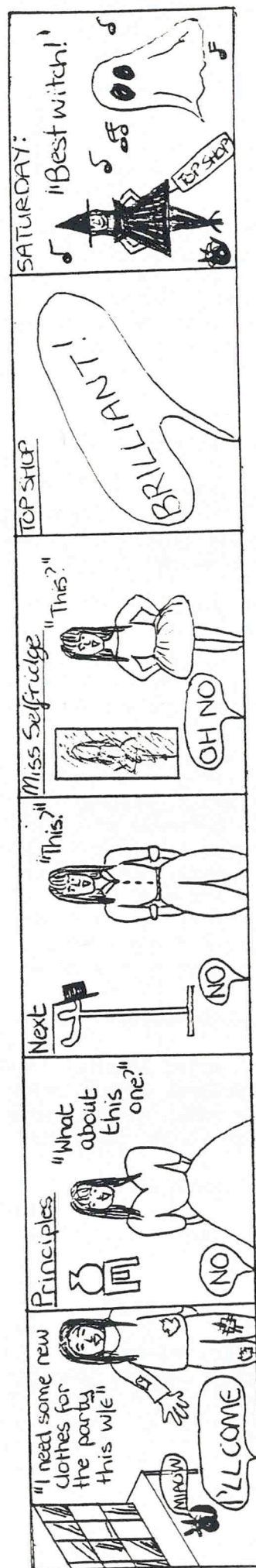
The Vice-Squad were notified but did not arrive in time to stop this blatant deed of VULGARITY and SIN! Unbeknown to the occupant of this room, we bugged the bedsprings and the coloured condom and obtained recordings that would SHOCK the CIA. When the Vice-Squad aka. Roy, finally managed to break down the door, the poor girl emerged with RUMPLED hair and HALF-TORN clothing, closely followed by the welshman in boxer-shorts and vest (just).

He denied claims that he had been "bonking like a (Welsh) rarebit", but we later found suspicious STAINS on the girl's lecture notes. We were assured they were Pineapple, but in that case, what were they doing with a Pineapple?

We leave it up to you, the Reader to decide what went on!

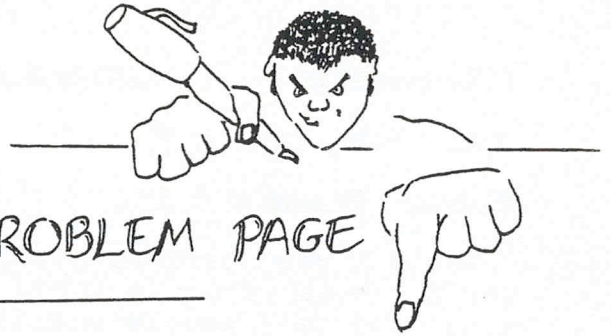
Your Intrepid Reporters
Hartwall & Cornley.

TOP(-ICAL) SHOP



Aunty
Marty's

PROBLEM PAGE



Dear Aunty Marty,
I have been going out with my girlfriend for three years, but have never been able to bring her to orgasm. What should I do?
Worried, from Wokingham.

Dear Steve,
The Young Ones book is extraordinarily funny, but try to be original mate!

Dear Aunty Marty,
I suffer from excessive flatulence which is causing me a lot of social embarrassment. I have tried taking more bran, but this only makes it worse. What else can I do?

Yours toxically, Oxton 121.

Dear Toxically,
Sit back and enjoy your flatulence. Try and develop new ways of letting wind. A whistle placed carefully up the anal passage will lighten your performance and increase your popularity in hall. Who knows with a lot of practice you may yet be able to join the JCR. team.

Dear Aunty Marty,
What shall I do? I have admired someone from afar, across a crowded diinig-room. For ages I didn't even know his name. Then one day, after throwing up in the hall bar after a formal, we gazed at each other and I realised it was love. I didn't care about his false teeth and toupé; to me that made him unique. I invited him back for coffee and we ended up making love. But now, weeks later my dreams are shattered. I have discovered he is my long lost twin brother. He was kidnapped by Trappist monks in Luton when he was only three months old and taken to lead a monastic life in Amsterdam. I am now expecting his alien baby. HELP!

Yours anonomously,

Dear Anonomously,
If I was paid a pound for every time this problem was sent in, I would be able to buy the hall. Unfortunately young girls in your present predicament don't seem to follow my advice - don't sleep with a boy who looks like you, shares your surname, and calls your Mum, "Mummy". However, this advice is too late now, so... get rid of the bastard!

Dear Aunty Marty,
I have a strong crush on the Editor of, 'The Pugwash.'
Ever since I first met him I have been unable to sleep at night.
Yours searchingly,

Dear Searchingly,
I think that it's very brave of you to write to me in braille, however it's also very difficult for me to read. But don't lose hope, because they do say, 'Love is blind.'

Mansfield Hotshots
nearly roast St.
George's Dragon!

St. Georges (2) 3. Mansfield (1) 3.

Late Arrivers!

Mansfield were robbed of a magnificent opening victory by dubious refereeing decisions. The day began badly for the beautifully turned-out, 'Green & Yellows,' as three key players got lost on the way to the ground.

Balding!

The problem was worsened by George's balding (but remarkably not quite as bald as last year) Trev! who tried to insist on starting promptly. Mark (I want to be Captain) Hydes managed to delay the proceedings sufficiently for Slatter, Earle and Reddington to arrive.

Hurricane Winds!

Mansfield kicked off into a gale-force winds and blinding sunshine, and were under early pressure suffering from the adverse conditions, not to mention the large helpings of stodgy jam roolly-polly consumed moments before at the pre-match meal.

Bananas!

They were soon two-nil down, not helped by some poor refereeing, but these early set backs just spurred the courageous; Parrots, Budgies, Bananas, Green & Yellows, Damn Flies etc. into action.

Dazzling!

Jon (I'm so butch) Stephens, edged the Bananas back into the match with a superbly taken goal which screamed into the bottom corner. He then proceeded to expend his energy on a celebratory run, rendering him useless for the rest of the game!



Oranges!

In the second-half, Mansfield, greatly refreshed by the oranges (thanks to 'Dodgy knees' Brooks) swarmed over the opposition, despite the gale-forced wind changing direction! The pressure paid off and two quick goals by Steve (I'd mortgage my house to pay my JCR. Fees) Pearce put Marvellous Mansfield back into the lead!

Blindsman!

Shots then rained in on the George's goal, but unfortunate bounces and the linesman, accompanied by his guide-dog waiving his white stick at random, proved too much of an obstacle for the sharp Mansfield team. Late in the match any doubts about the referee's allegiance were dispelled when he danced with glee as George's scrambled, unearned, very dubious, fortunate, 'I'm sure the keeper was pushed!' equalizer hit the back of the net.

Jekyll & Hydes!

With seconds ticking away, Mansfield were saved from a completely unjust defeat by the previously static MJ. Hydes springing back stupendously to clear off the line.

Pears!

Good performances were turned in by all, but a particular mention must go to the pairing of Marcel and Hydes, who performed magnificently together, and Steve Earle who looks like a quality winger. Thanks must go to all those who turned out to support the team, and I hope there will be more than the substitute next week!

THE MANSFIELD PUGWASH IS AN INDEPENT PRODUCTION
BROUGHT TO YOU BY BLACK PIG ENTERPRISES :-

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That's all Folks!