

# THE - MANSFIELD

6<sup>th</sup> issue

# Pugwash

freshers' mini-edition

COMPETITIONS!



"WELCOME"

NO  
Aunty  
Mary's

PROBLEM PAGE

PAGE 30  
PUGWASH '70

our 1st anniversary  
number



Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more.

Aha, me hearties, it's that time of year again! That extra special week of the term when your beloved Pugwash comes out, the magazine once described by Orson Welles as "Probably the best read in the world". This is just a mini-edition, we're afraid, because it had to come out very quickly for the freshers' benefit (you seasoned veterans remember what freshers are - those people who wander round the Hall with their noses buried in maps, babbling incessantly about which FUEs they're going to do). To all such individuals, Captain Pugwash and his crew would like to extend their heartfelt WELCOME - you've had that said to you a million times already, but once more won't hurt that much, will it?

You'll notice that this magazine is again in the "steam-driven typewriter" format - this time by choice. We think it's rather attractive in its untidy sort of way, but rest assured, the next edition will be back in the old familiar printed style. Talking of the Christmas Pugwash, the editorial team would like to point out that we need an Auntie Marty for it (again, for the freshers' benefit, Auntie Marty is our regular agony aunt). If anyone is interested, please contact His Wretchedness, Gareth R Bicknell the First, and he will be delighted (well almost) to tell you what is required. This post is available after the sad departure of Rob Ferrie, who has been poached from us by the TV Times following the retirement of their Katie Boyle. He is currently writing under the pseudonym of Dr. Mariam Stopped.

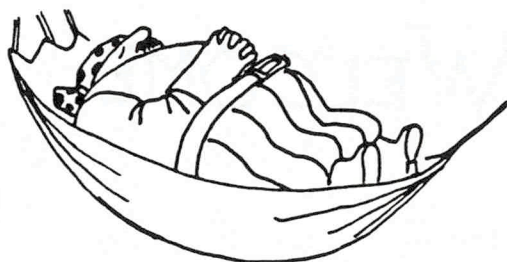
It is perhaps a sign of the ascending morality of our times that we have to report nothing scandalous happened over the summer vacation (another valid reason for the thinness of this issue). Indeed, such was the cleanliness of the holiday period that in this Pugwash, there is no Hartwall & Cornley column - a first in the history of our respected journal! However, the good news (?) is that in the next one, the lid is going to be blown right off the greatest scandal of all time, a situation involving two of Pugwash's most feared contributors themselves...

The Hippy Night was quite a success. It was surprising the amount of decent 70's gear people had laid their hands on - anybody would think it was part of their normal garb. Dawn Halton won a bottle of vodka - for wearing exactly what she usually does. QED. In the opinion of the editors, a prize should also be given to Guy Glover and Safia/Sophia (I don't know which) Sharif for their beautiful, nay wondrous, "Come Dancing" routine at the end of the evening. Whether it was the ChaCha or Swan Lake, we don't know. Still, that and Jon Fearn's flares made the event a most enjoyable one.

Anyway, that's enough incoherent babbling for this issue. If you want any more, come up to Oxton 105, where it is in no short supply... but we can see you're all dying to get back into the academic fray, so until the next issue, Luv & Big Ones,

Capt. P. & His Rabble

XXXX





## DASHING DAVE IS A SUPER SAUCY SUPPER TREAT FOR ALL THE MANSFIELD MAIDENS!

Desirable David Berridge has decided to quit life at the top, and concoct himself a sure recipe for future success. The debonaire lad, 25, has become the cream of the modelling profession, and with his subtle hint of wit and soupcon of shyness, who could wonder why? He was already the top chef at an exclusive home for students, but his prospects of fame and fortune have gone all crispy and golden since he was spotted with his ladle by a woman with an eye for sultry blonds. Dave says: "She told me I had the potential to pose in front of the camera. I thought it was a joke, but it turned out she was a photographer on the lookout for male models." Dave has no illusions about his saucy success. He intends to have his cake and eat it, as tomorrow he wants to win the Best Looking Cook of the Year show. Says Dave: "After all, I'm no mean piece of crackling, am I?"

# THE HOTEL COSTÁBOMB

THE STAY OF A LIFETIME FOR EVERY STUDENT!!

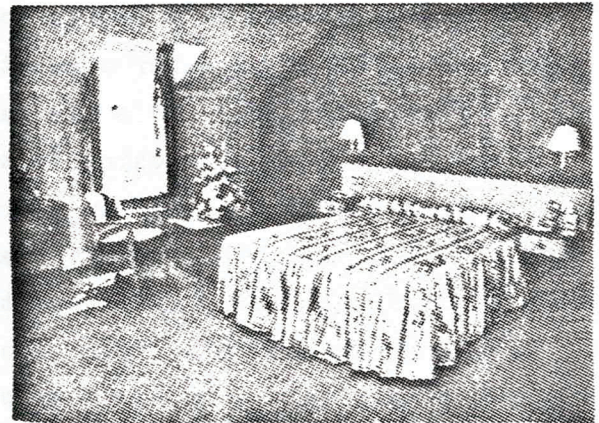


A TYPICAL VIEW OF THE MAIN ACCOMODATION AREA

For many visitors to Reading, the happiest times are as a student, and so the Hotel Costa Bomb must be one of the happiest hotels in Reading! This is certainly true for Mr. Richard Hine and his wife, who have said, "We would tell you how great this place is, but we can't be bothered, and anyway you're all bored stiff, so there's a disco over there." The hotel's JCR (Jolly Cracking Room) has been specially created after minutes of design work by all the top designers in Parkhurst Jail to include a play-room, video experience, LazySonic discotheque, and other attractive and stimulating activities. There are also special JCR outings to nearby pubs, all under the supervision of qualified personel (Suzanne) - so important for giving a student time to relax after a hard day's drinking. And the management of Costa Bomb never forget who is benefitting from the bills! Special Supercharge rates are available to anyone wearing a cravatte or driving a Polo, a service laid on free for only £193.87 a week more! Extra facilities include sun terraces, bars (on all windows), lounges, bistro, swimming pools, cabarets and the Six o'Clock News every night. The hotel is within easy reach of the Town, and on weekdays there is a daily Ride-It-Yourself pushbike service at a nominal charge. The hotel has its own underground cellar.



The JCR



A typical room



Our master-chef-suprême, Monsieur Davide Berrège creating one of his international renowned (feared?) nutritional climaxes, Breaded-Chum-and-Carrot-Roquarde-Soufflé-Surprise



# LETTER FROM HOME

\*-\*-\* NOTE O PUBLIC, THAT THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT IS FROM A REAL LETTER \*-\*-\*

Dear Jenny,

Just a few lines to let you know that I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you come home. We've moved.

It was a lot of trouble moving. The most difficult thing was the bed. It wouldn't have been so bad if your father hadn't been sleeping in it at the time. Your father has a lovely new job with 500 men under him - he's cutting the grass at the cemetery.

Our neighbours, the Rowlands, have started to keep pigs - we got wind of it this morning.

I heard yesterday that Gloria got herself engaged to that fellow she's going out with. He gave her a beautiful ring with three stones missing. You probably remember him - he's the one from Scotland.

There was a washing machine in the new house when we moved in, but it is not working too good. I put in your lab coat, pulled the handle, and haven't seen them since. At this point, I am pausing for a cup of tea, as I know it will be difficult for you to read this letter all in one go.

Your brother came home from school yesterday crying. All the boys in his class have new suits. We can't afford to buy him a new suit but we're going to get him a new hat and let him sit in the window.

Kate is doing well as a policewoman in Hendon. She has been there for six months now. I'm sending her some clean underwear as she says she's been in the same shift since she started. Everyone has a high opinion of her she says.

It only rained twice last week, first for three days, then for four days. Monday was so windy that one of the chickens laid the same egg four times.

Your Uncle Hendrick (the one with the wooden legs) had a fire in his house a few days ago. He was burnt to the ground. He tried to claim on the insurance but was told he hasn't got a leg to stand on.

Your sister Hendrika Susannah Beatrice etc. (the fat one) had a baby this morning. We haven't heard if it's a boy or a girl yet, so we don't know if you are an uncle or an aunt. Uncle Jim was drowned in a vat of wine at Breaky Bottom last week. Five of his mates dived in to save him, but he fought them off bravely. They cremated his body and it was three days before they put the fire out.

I must finish now because the plumber is coming to repair the washing machine and there is a terrible smell. Don't forget to send your socks home at the end of the month to be washed. All my love,

Mummy

# CASEBOOK OF DOCTOR DONG PART THREE

THIS WEEK, IN WHAT MAY BE HIS LAST COLUMN, DR. DONG GIVES ADVICE TO ALL THOSE FRESHERS OUT THERE

Well, dear freshers, here you are in the great liberal university, where it all hangs out, digs in, flaps about and gets around. Time to break the chains of sixth-form repression. The days of adolescent fantasy are over. THIS is reality. But how do you cope? Dr. Dong admits that in the first year there were many problems for him, too. So here he has compiled a short list of solutions to help you out.

**Problem One:** A crush on Hall President, Richard Hine.

Dong Says: True he's gorgeous, powerful, manly and strong BUT this is just a classic symptom of the sex-power syndrome, and would you really have still fancied him if he had failed the SUE?

**Problem Two:** A crush on the tall, blonde, Oxton Top fräulein.

Dong Says: I share this problem, but I got there first. For you, she remains in the realms of fantasy. Relate to problem 7.

**Problem Three:** Your tutor comes onto you.

Dong's Experience: Hang loose and stay cool. He may be old and wrinkly, but by God, is he good for your grades! Also, at plus-40, he's burnt-out and well past the undergrad pace, so you can easily two-time him and get away with it.

**Problem Four:** You fall for Lilian the Cook.

Dong's Advice: Yes, she's lovely - the mother we all miss. Clearly you are homesick. Perhaps you should follow the usual apathetic fresher trend of clearing off home every weekend. Give it a couple of weeks and you'll see what we mean. But isn't it really time you broke away from clinging to your mother's skirt?

**Problem Five:** Frustration.

Dong Laughs: So you're the ugly one that no-one fancies! Never mind, Howard, as every good psychologist knows, there's an old sock for every old shoe. Go to the Friday night Union disco. You may not get to the bar, but you're guaranteed to meet at least a hundred other "ugly ones", all too pissed to know better. And it's so crowded in there, no-one cares WHAT you do! Go for it! After all, drink was invented so that ugly people could have sex too! (I myself am an alcoholic.)

**Problem Six:** Exhaustion.

Dong Envious: So you're the one with a different partner in your bed every night! Nothing to worry about, mate! Keep up the good work!

**Problem Seven:** Fantasy.

Dong Analyses: This indicates an underlying lack of satisfaction. This is the place to let yourself go, big boy! Come to one of my orgies and see what the real thing is all about!

So there you have it. Worldly advice from our very own resident psychoanalyst. In the words of the immortal Mr. Spock, Live long and procreate, Jim.



Over the years, it is common to find certain figures within the hallowed portals of dearest Mansfield (holiday resort for the mentally insane), figures that become personalities. Those of us who have dim memories of when our minds were stable and our stomachs full recall with a tinge of sadness the recently departed, much beloved founder of this magazine, Phil "The Amazing Technicolor Jumper" Pitt, (Aunty) Martin "Romeo" Jarman, and Zaf "I've Got Four Passports And a Girl in Every Town" Kahn. Who could ever forget them? (Me, me, me - Ed.)

But do not despair, because for our entertainment, the Warden has admitted more than the usual number of lunatics, sloanes, squares, etc., who have already clocked up notable firsts, e.g. getting thrown out of the Turk's for rowdy behaviour, reconnecting Newbury's phone in Sherwood's fridge, and so on. But one man stands above all this with a personality (disorder?) that makes all the others fade into obscurity.

I speak, as all freshers who stirred out of their apathy or drunken stupor to attend the formal will know, of the Man in the Green Jumper, a.k.a. Nick.

He can lay claim to one of the fastest times ever taken to lose any vestiges of intelligence once possessed, but the charm and witty chat-up lines were the attributes which quickened the heart of many a female that magical (yawn!) night.

With such nifty phrases as "I want to fill you up" and "Can I have sex with you?" he had the girls falling at his feet, hearts (and stomachs) heaving. Gems such as these beat into the ground others overheard, for example, "How about a quick cup of coffee?" and "Would you like to see my large collection of English books?"

Taking the prompt that actions speak louder than words, a quick hand up the skirt or down the blouse did wonders to break the ice.

Even Fiona fell prey to the sexy Cassanova, and after much difficulty (but great relief) she dragged herself away from the witty one-liners. Many of the freshers were intrigued to know how she managed this staggering feat!

Romance is not dead. I look forward to the re-emergence of the club over the head - it beats a red rose every time!

From Our Love Correspondent

CAUGHT IN THE ACT!!!

Howard Phillips before... (left)

... and after: the 88 Remix

(below)







Right, folks, this week we have a goodie for you - all you have to do is guess the owner of this face. He/she is alive and kicking somewhere in the Hall, and likely to be a bit surprised when they see this. Anyway, entries should be sent/brought in to Gareth Bicknell in Oxton 105 (and bring a bottle of wine with you while you're at it). The person with the largest amount of booze wins fame, prestige, glory and abuse in the next Pugwash. It's the easiest one yet, so get thinking!



Strage Creatures of  
the World No. 107

Hinus dux-egomanica is a small, always tanned creature who likes to roam the secluded corners of pubs and bars. Although a hard worker at times, it often can't be bothered, preferring instead to lie in its hole all day, brewing beer, listening to Eric Clapton, and above all, mating. Its love-call sounds like "Boffo, a good one" or "Bloody editors!" If you see it, approach with caution, avoiding comments to the effect that Cornwall is a crap county, & always have a pint of Guinness to feed it with.

An afterword commits itself to a very dubious and insecure existence in the literary echelons. It's simply this: it is eternally damned to appear very discreetly on the last page of a publication, and is invariably ignored, scoffed at, and thus need not have been written in the first place. Who in the name of Ewan Page ever reads the back of Pugwash? Hartley thought he'd finally cornered me and would get a positive contribution to this edition out of me - how grossly did he underestimate my powers of evasion. I've decided not to write this afterword. Perhaps the aeons of insomnia and the irrevocable damage to my ego (back page - I ask you!) have played some small part in my reluctance to comply. As the great Sir Winston Churchill once barked:

"This is the sort of afterword up with which I will not put."

*Rich*

co-editor

**\*\* EDITORS AFTERWORD ON THE AFTERWORD \*\***

Bless him. May the bird of paradise fly up his  
(the co-editor in question's) nose.

-X-



Thanks Are Due To:-

- Editor - Gareth Bicknell
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- Sports Reporter - Simon Gancz
- Agony Aunt - ???