

THE CHRISTMAS

7th Super
ISSUE

Pugwash



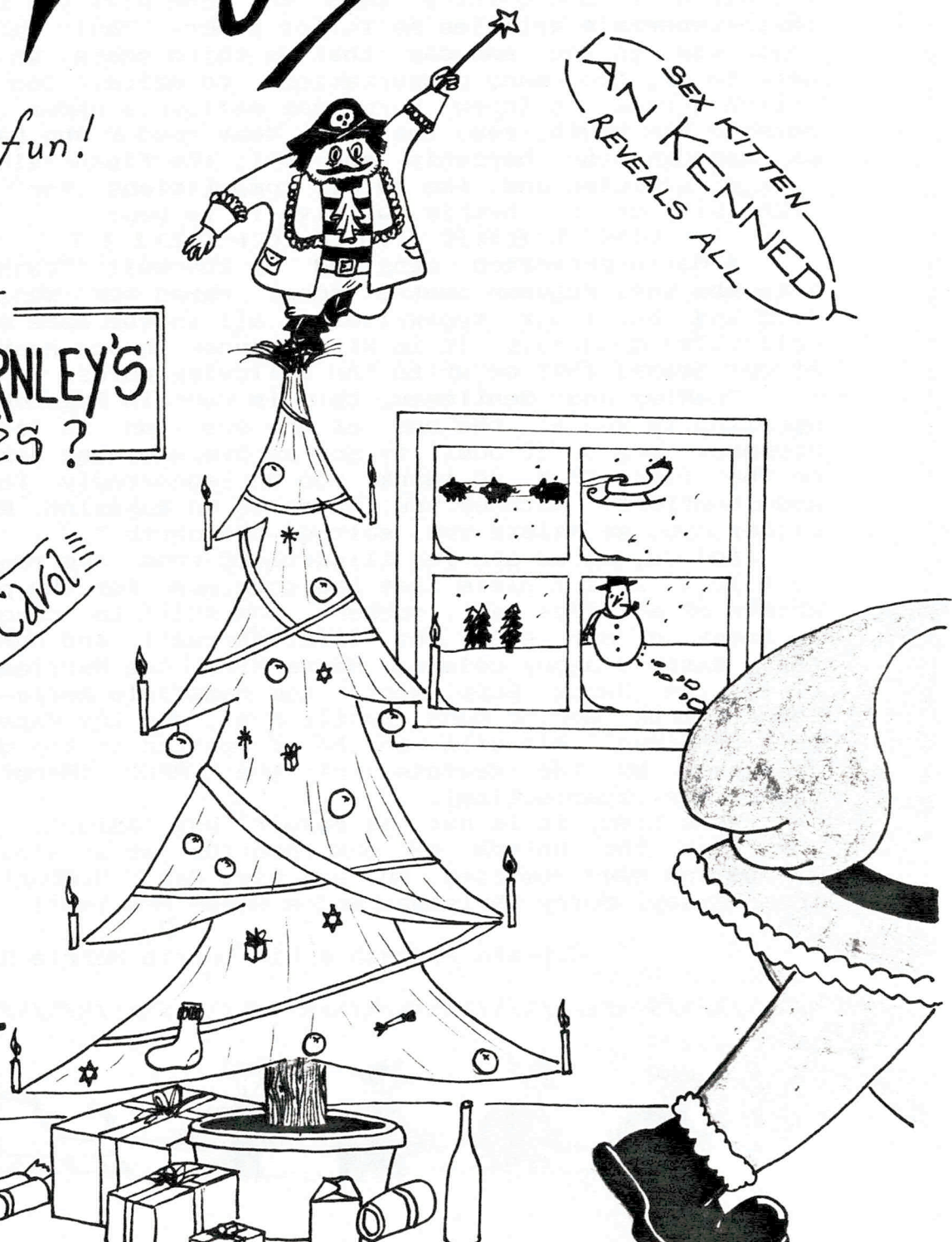
bumper
full of
festive fun!

SEX KITTEN
IAN KENNEDY
REVEALS ALL

THE END OF
HARTWALL & CORNLEY'S
SEXPOSES?

A Christmas Carol

Aunty
Marty's
PROBLEM PAGE





THE EDITORIAL



So this is it. The Christmas Pugwash. Our final edition in its present format. What? I hear you cry. This cannot be true! But unfortunately, it is. This is the last time the whacky Oxtan team will be bringing you Pugwash. No more will you be able to savour the delightful taste of their witty style. No more will you be able to chuckle at the subtle features brought to you by the Hartwall and Cornley team. No more will you be able to use their venerable articles as toilet paper. Their race is run. We could lie to you and say that as third years, we have too much work to do, too many dissertations to write, too many harmless police horses to throw ourselves callously under... but no! You deserve the truth, you, the dear, dear reader who has stuck with us through the hardship and toil, the financial problems, the lack of articles and the awful competitions. For you, only the truth will do. So, humbly, we give it to you:

WE WERE HIJACKED!!!


A Mafia-supported gang led by the evil 'Crusher' Loz burst into the busy Pugwash control room, raped our men, pillaged our loot and burnt our typewriter - all in the name of an anarcho-collective democracy. It is with sadness in our hearts (and a gun at our heads) that we write the following words:

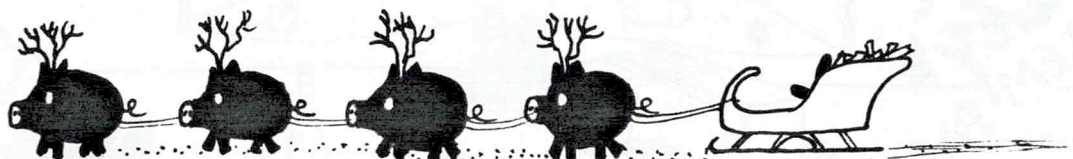
"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is Captain Pugwash and his team speaking to you at the end of an era. And it is with a deep, desperate sense of humility and an overwhelming desire to cringe on the floor that we thank you wholeheartedly for reading our modest effort. Without you, there is no magazine. With a tear in either eye, we salute you, salt of the earth."

And so, as we are led blindfolded from the room, we take a last look at the place that has been home for the past year. The ghosts of articles past, present, and still to come flit briefly in front of our eyes: the first Hartwall and Cornley sexposé, Auntie Marty's agony column, Madam Sin, the Marriage of Jon and Bill, the Gancz Supplement, the Mansfield Merry-Go-Round, the Competitions, Doctor Dong, Mystic Moni, and the Page 3 pin-ups of Dave Berridge. All will now be forgotten in the mists of time, destroyed by the zealots of the MPLO (Mansfield Pugwash Liberation Organisation).

This time, it is not 'au revoir' but 'adieu'.

From the bottom of our hearts, as we stoop to kiss the ground you have vomitted on, we say: Bah! Humbug! Who gives a toss anyway? Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Captain Pugwash & His Verrie Merrie Crew 



THE MANSFIELD
Pugwash
1st ISSUE

DEPTH REPORT TELLS ALL
RAUNCHY SEX ROMP! expose
the infamous aunty nancy's AGONY COLUMN

THE CHRISTMAS
Pugwash 2nd issue!
SEX

SEX
Marty's AGONY COLUMN
PROUD EDITOR, TEAM DE BY DELIVER WHOOP FOCK-UP!

THE VALENTINE'S
Pugwash 3rd ISSUE
HARTWALL & CORNLEY'S - Sexposés

A VALENTINES ROMANCE
BIG BINGO
BONANZA BINGO
PUGWASH IS SAVED!!!

THE BLACKMARKET
Pugwash 4th ISSUE
LIMITED EDITION
SEX-FREE!

NEW! Dr. Doves' CRAB BOOK...
GUIDE TO EXAMS
A CAUTIONARY TALE...
60p

THE VACATION
Pugwash 5th issue!
Kneezles & the Flying Pencil!

Kneezles & the Flying Pencil!
Aunty Nancy's PROBLEM PAGE
Boneshill!

THE - MANSFIELD
Pugwash 6th ISSUE
WELCOME

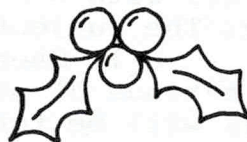
WELCOME
Aunty Nancy's PROBLEM PAGE
PAGE 30

THE CHRISTMAS
Pugwash 7th issue
THE END OF HARTWALL & CORNLEY'S sexposés?

THE END OF HARTWALL & CORNLEY'S sexposés?
Aunty Nancy's PROBLEM PAGE
CHRISTMAS CAROL

ADVERTISEMENT

Neat, eh? The covers of Pugwash's first seven issues are now available as posters. The charge is 10p for an A4 size, 12p for an A3 size. Orders please to Gareth Bicknell, X105. All proceeds go to RAGS.



The Kennet Water

1 measure Bailey's
1 measure Barley Wine

This cocktail will definitely change your views on what will hurt you in the morning. WARNING: Take care of the lumps

The JCR Megadeth

1 bottle Vodka
2 pints Jeyes Fluid
2 gallons Bleach

A punch with a punch. WARNING: Very explosive. DON'T!

The Green Death

Every White Spirit in the Bar
2 measures Creme de Menthe

Drink two, find a nice quiet gutter, and pass out peacefully

The Hartley's Special

1 measure Carrot Juice

Better than Guinness any day.

The Wrath of God

1 measure Vodka
2 measures Vinegar
2 pints Battery Acid
add salt to taste

Don't let it touch the sides on the way down.

The Morning After

2 gallons Vomit

Don't redrink.

The Orgasm

1 measure Cointreau
1 measure Bailey's

For those who have to get theirs from a bottle or those who've forgotten what the real thing is. Will leave a sticky mess in the glass!

The Tequila Slam

3 measures Tequila
lemonade

Put in a tall glass, cover the top with a beer mat, shake and slam on the bar. Drink while frothing. Take care:- i) of the bubbles getting up your nose, and ii) drinking from a shattered glass is dangerous.

Richard's Own

1 pint Guinness
no ice, no umbrella

Perfection.

The Warden's Dinner

1 glass Austrian Antifreeze

This is what the Warden supplies for his cozy dinners in the SCR, but it's free so you can't complain.

The Early Nite

1 cup Ovaltine

- OR -

1 measure of Vodka injected direct into a vein. Advantage: you won't fail a breath test.

Another Poetry Contribution! ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ Two Little Rooms

There are two little rooms on the top of Ashfield
49 and 50 are their names
One has a permanent lodger
The other is not quite the same.

The blonde girl has got a fiancé
And most of the time she's not in
But since she spends all her time at his house
The same can't be said about him

The other girl likes to play rugby
And she can hardly control her glee
At the thought of tackling, scrummage and mauling
With a welshman on crutches (tee hee)

So young men let this be a warning
When you are on Ashfield top floor
Ignore the moaning from one room
And the cries for help from next door!



Dear Auntie Marty,

MANSFIELD
Feb. 10, '88
Dear Auntie Marty,
My life is so lonely.
I am so, so lonely.
I am studying for
my F.U.E.'s in
Psychology, Law, C,
and Typography.
I am destined to fail.
What am I to do.
Love her
a 1FT YR.-XX-

Hello, readers, it's so nice to be back again. I've been away too, too long, but you see, I've had some problems of my own. I am now convinced I am two people, one of whom has had a sex change. And my problem is that I am also convinced I am two people. So down to the problems. Thanks to all those who sent none in - if you don't have any, PLEASE write to me, and it can be rectified. Love as always, Marty XX.

Dear Aunty Marty, Mumsie potty trained me at least 18 months ago, but it seems this is not enough in Mansfield. Please don't print my name as toiletry problems are rather embarrassing in legal circles.

Yours, Insanitary

Marty Says: Dear Howard, so you're the one who puts the sanitary bags provided (eventually) in the bin (in selected WCs only). Well, never fear, to prevent any further confusion, we are reverting to the original plan - providing just the notices and removing the few offending bins. Adoringly, Marty XX

Dear Aunty Marty, I have a problem. All the biggest plonkers in Hall are lusting after my nubile body. Firstly, there was Snot (Chainsaw Enema Disco) Lewis, but I couldn't bear this one-man walking toiletry. Then came malignant Chris Daly, but his nose kept dripping in my coffee. Finally, there was Paul (Sigmund Freud is God or Would Be If There Was One) Traub, but I felt offended that a man with a reputation of trogg-slaying should have the the gall to woo a paragon of womanhood such as I. When and where can I meet a charming, suave, sensitive Englishman?

Yours, the Tall Blonde Fräulein

Marty Says: I myself am pretty good. Many people have called me charming, suave and sensitive, amongst other things. Pop up to Newbury Top anytime and I'll show you what a Frankfurter really is. Kisses and hugs, Marty XXX

Dear Aunty Marty, I'm infatuated with this six foot tall Adonis who keeps following me around Hall like a creeping dose of herpes and gazing longingly at me from mirrors. Should I say hello to him or let him make the first move?

Yours, Snot Lewis

Marty Says: I'm pretty sure if you say hello, he will say hello in return. Your well-versed narcicism is heartening as it proves someone in this world loves you. Marty X

Dear Aunty Marty, how do I get laid at Mansfield Hall Formal?

Yours, the Tall Postgrad with the Strange Taste in Bowties

Marty Says: Drink a couple of Tequila Slams (see Dickies Cocktail Guide) then try the broad with the drawl on Oxton Middle. Wishing you luck, Marty XX

Dear Aunty Marty, Why does my head get stuck in every door I walk through? I have enclosed a photo of myself.

Yours, J. Herman Fearn

Marty Says: (nothing)



**THE LONE FINALIST RIDES AGAIN (& again... & ag
Ian Kinky Kennedy & His Luscious Love Train**

Sensation strikes Sherwood: a harem of harlots and a man that can't get enough! Last year we all wondered why Ian had chosen voluntarily to isolate himself from everybody he knew by moving into Sherwood alone. Had he caught a socially awkward disease? Did we smell? Little did we know that he had done a deal with the Warden: in return for one month's hard labour and grime in the kitchens ("Too hot to handle, man!" he tells us) matchmaker P.J. was to fill the rest of Sherwood with eager, virginal, first year girls, fresh from school, ready for adventure and discovery, wide-eyed and innocent. Our Ian has never looked so happy, surrounded constantly as he is by a little entourage of keen women, and he rarely ventures out of Sherwood (and do we blame him, living as he now does in the lap of luxury). Asked to comment on the fortuous situation by one of our Oxton reporters, he confided, "They just came into my room one night and bounced up and down on the bed with me. I never stood a chance." First there's Lascivious Liz, then Charlotte the Harlot, then Sizzling Sarah, and so the list goes on. This is why he smiled so cheerfully whilst gruelling away in the kitchens. It wasn't his free supply of oats from the Hall caterers. It wasn't the joy of Pam's behemoth buttocks. Neither was it the intimacy of his relationship with Suzanne or the satiation of his Lillian fixation. No, it was the thought of returning to his love-nest of beauties for another night of raunchy romps. And if all those women weren't enough for Ian-the-Active, Rosie has returned to the scene. Open up a whole new story, perhaps?

It's a hard life being a finalist, Ian.
Happy humpings.



In yesterday's JCR meeting, Dave (it's none of my doing) Berridge answered a few questions and suggestions about food in this beloved Hall. The turnout could only be said to be representative of the apathy which is such an integral part of life in Mansfield, and nobody actually made the suggestion most appropriate here: what say they start providing some food - that would (methinks) be as good a starting point as any. But anyway, our caterer made things sound quite positive and the next day I went to lunch feeling a tad under the weather, hoping for something at least halfway edible. But no, to my complete surprise...!

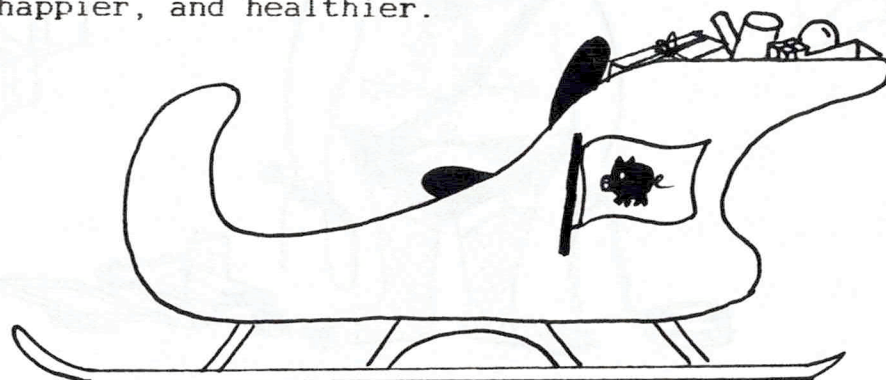
Just jesting. If anyone had a glimmer of hope that I was going to say it was as good as a school dinner, fresher, you have much to learn. It wasn't even worth the walk, especially considering it was raining at the time. One might have thought, before arriving at University, that no-one could really do so much harm to fishfingers, peas and mash. But here in Mansfield, there are no bounds. The wildest imagination could not have dreamed up such disasters as we witness daily. The mash was closer to hard-boiled, the peas were multicoloured (though admittedly, mostly brown) and the fishfingers! Well, the best thing that could be said about them is that they were everything Findus aren't. Needless to say, I felt worse than I did at 12.30. Thank Heavens for the Physics Society dinner that night, and if only I could have found the money to get a ticket for Grease.

Now, I'm one of those hundreds who go home almost every weekend, but my reason is not boredom or that I love home so much I can't bear to leave Mummy for more than five days. It's simply that after a week here, I've forgotten what food is. I suppose when the only creative thing on the menu is the names they dream up for the desserts, there is little hope really. I therefore make the two hundred mile round trip exceedingly regularly (this, by the way, includes the Heathrow-Gatwick section of the M25). Anyone with a car must know the insanity involved in that.

The most depressing and disturbing point to be noticed about Hall food is that by the time you reach the second year, most people's taste buds have become so dormant that they no longer even swear about the lasagne, and by the third year, there is a sizeable percentage that really eats the stuffs. I dare not contemplate the levels of insanity that might prevail amongst fourth years and postgraduates [yes, there are certain members who have been here for a quarter of their life! - Ed.] But please, don't anybody consider enlightening me, I don't want to know. I'll stop there as I have to eat out now. Happy mealtimes, readers (though I'm sure mine will go down better and is certainly less likely to come back up).

Taken from Readers' Indigest by our food correspondent

P.S. hot tip for the week - dine out or starve: you'll live longer, happier, and healthier.





Dear Sir,

I wish to apply for an operation to make me sterile. My reasons are numerous, and after being married for seven years and having seven children, I have come to the conclusion that contraceptives are totally useless.

After getting married, I was advised to use the "Rhythm Method". Despite trying the Tanga and the Rhumbo, my wife fell pregnant and I ruptured myself doing the Cha Cha, apart from the fact that, where do you get a full band at 5 'o' clock in the morning? I've even tried Bongo Drums, but the neighbours knock on the walls out of time and the rhythm goes to pot.

A doctor suggested we use the safe-period. At the time we were living with in-laws and had to wait three weeks for a safe period when the house was empty. Needless to say it didn't work. A lady of several years' experience informed us that if we made love whilst breast feeding we would be alright. It's hardly Newcastle Brown Ale but I did finish up with smooth skin and silky hair and feeling healthy but my wife was pregnant. Another old wives tale that we heard about was that if my wife jumped up and down after intercourse, this would prevent pregnancy. After constant breastfeeding, including my earlier attempts, if my wife jumped up and down she would finish up with two black eyes and eventually knock herself unconscious. I asked the chemist about the sheath. The chemist demonstrated how easy it was to use, so I bought a packet. My wife fell pregnant again, which didn't really surprise me since I fail to see how a Durex stretched over the thumb, as the chemist showed me, can hardly prevent babies.

My wife was then supplied with the coil, and after several unsuccessful ... attempts to fit it we realised we had got a left hand thread, and my wife is definitely a right hand screw. The Dutch Cap came next. We were hopeful of this as it didn't interfere with our sex life at all. But alas, it gave my wife very severe headaches. We were given the largest size available, but it was too tight across her forehead.

Finally, we tried the Pill. At first it kept falling out, but then we realised we were doing it wrong. My wife started putting it between her knees, thus preventing me from getting anywhere near.

This worked very well for a while, until the night she forgot it.

You must appreciate my problem. If this operation is unsuccessful I will have to resort to oral sex, although talking about it can never be a substitute for the real thing.

Yours desperately,

Hugh Janus



Mystic Mon! & THE Witch Bitch

MESSAGES FROM THE AETHER

DP & PT: You thought it hadn't been processed but it has and we nearly printed it...

MR & HB: Just because H & C are dead, it does not mean the walls are not still listening...

WM: HB & PS warn that unless you stop lobbing eggs in their windows, they will rearrange your face...

LP: Are you really so desperate that you have to build yourself a man? And ten foot high is a little extravagant, isn't it...

It has come to light through diligent research by our intrepid reporters 'Sexy' (?) Stanton and 'Bionic' Bayliff that there are strange goings-on in Newbury, the new decor having obviously had an effect on several of the top floor occupANTS. The chief offender appears to be Maid Moni, closely followed by Chris 'Loadsadosh' Daly, Pete 'The Pisshead' Horsefield, and Dave 'Do I Live Here?' Michaelovitch. This merry band seems unaware that polygamy is illegal in this country.

It all started in October when Maid Moni contributed her toaster to further the group's late night enjoyment, and in return expected other such selflessly generous offers to be made. It appears Chris has the greatest assets - we are, of course, referring to the car, TV, stereo, and aftershave (no, Chris doesn't shave yet, it's just there for the effect - which is what the pheromones appear to be having on Moni - or is Chris really that irresistible?), Pete has shamelessly offered his body for Moni's pleasure and enjoyment, and Dave appears to provide the entertainment for those insomniac nights.

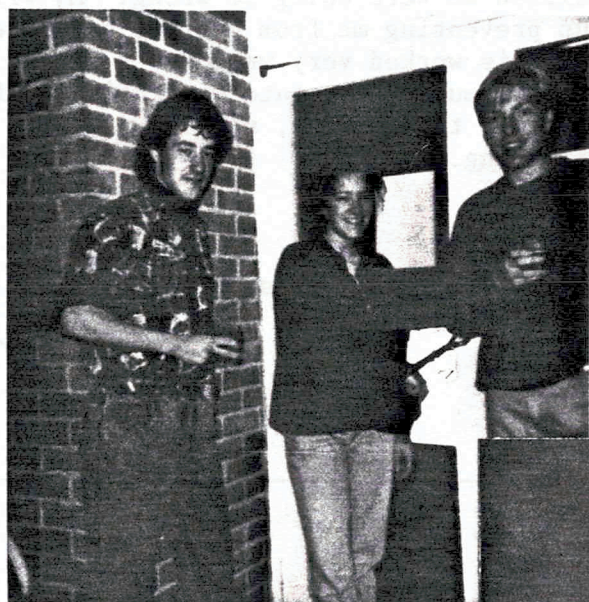
We apologise to other residents of Newbury top floor for the noise during communal bathing - has anyone noticed the blisters? However, what we are unable to reveal is what they do with all that curry sauce bought on the pretence that Mansfield food is inedible (but then, so is Sea Spray curry sauce).

The leading question from all this is which one of the three musketeers is the father of her unborn child - or was it a team effort, guys?

From Two Rooms.



caught in the act! our undercover photographer disguised as a blowup rubber doll snaps these saucy scenarios of blatant bondage

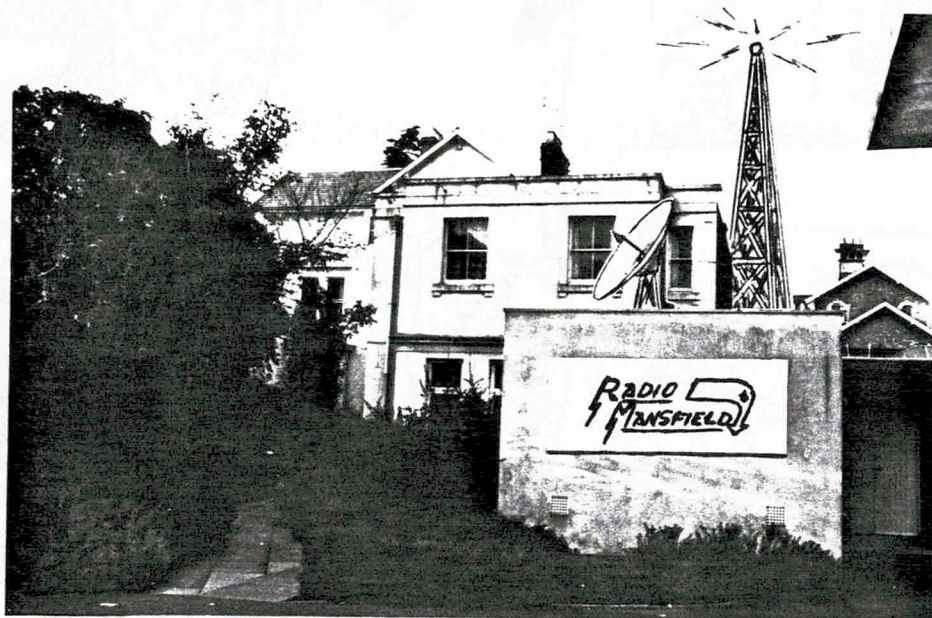


Victim Sarah is handcuffed to the door before Dave & Paul strip off for action. Meanwhile Veer the Queer looks on.



RICHARD HINE MAKES YOUR MORNING....

BOFFO!
(A GOOD ONE)



ALL THE HITS! You'll find lots of good things when you tune into Rich's programme with that 'special' taste in music. Hear the best records around today and your favourites from the past. Each Saturday morning features a special one-and-a-half hour selection of headaches in "The Where Did Friday Night Go Show"

START THE DAY with Roy and Pete's happy half hour, introducing bands like "Where's Yer Deposit" and classic songs like "Get to me the mail on time". Also featuring the "Pub Club" with Suzanne and "Video Nasty" with Chris Gilbert
SMILE with Dave Berridge's Breakfast Show over sausage and eggs. Ruminant over "The Porridge Spot"

PROBLEMS? Monday evening is your day. Problems solved "The Goddings Way" with the Reverend Dr. 'Crazy Cassocks' PJ. A kindly look at why you didn't go to the dinner last week

SUPASAVERS! Find out about today's best shopping buys with Heather Williams, our housekeeping expert

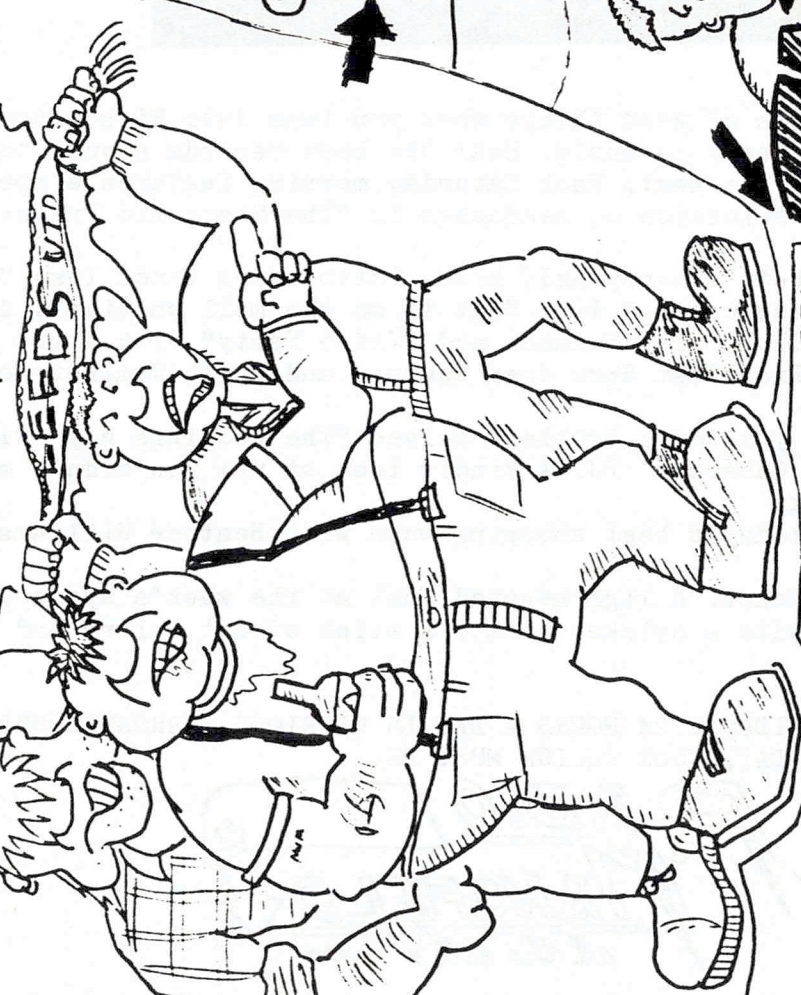
BAR SPORT BLUES with Simon Gancz. A lighthearted look at the week's sport plus tips on what to do with a cricket stump, a stick of wet celery and a pair of leather gloves

BROADCASTING TO OVER 240 RESIDENTS 24 HOURS A DAY IN GLORIOUS SURROUND SOUND ON 666 MHz FM... ALL DAY EVERY DAY, YOUR CHOICE MUST BE:

RADIO
MANSFIELD
all the hits & more

IT'S A NORMAL FRIDAY NIGHT IN SCUMCHESTER AND FAT BOB AND FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE PUB...

'ERE WE GO!
'ERE WE GO!
'ERE WE GO!



CHIPS 30
LARGE CHIPS 30
VERY LARGE CHIPS 40
FUCKING MASKS 20
OF CHIPS 30
GRAVY 30

SHURP!



FUCK ME!
WHAT'S THAT?

... OUT OF THE DARKNESS OF AN ALLEYWAY STALKED THE REPUSIVE DEADLY FIGURE OF BRIAN MIGGLING WREHIPPPO OF SCUMCHESTER...

GROMP!
GUZZLED!

SHIT! IT'S
BRIAN MIGGLING...
... RUN!

A SHYRETING QUANTITY SURVEYOR BY DAY, BRIAN MIGGLING HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO BE BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE HIPPOPOTAMUS AT WHIPSNADE ZOO AND NOW HE STALKS THE STREETS EVERY FULL MOON IN SEARCH OF BLOOD

KILL!
KILL!
KILL!

WREHIPPPO

CURSE OF THE WREHIPPPO
PART 1

GRIPPED WITH FEAR, THE FEEDBG BRAIN OF FAT BOB GRASPS A SOLUTION

FLEE!



ARGH!

PUGLY NIPPLE, FRIEND OF
FAT BOB, FEEL EASY PREY
TO WEREHIPPOS
BLOODLUST



SLURP!

CALL THE
BASTARD
POLICE!



THE BASTARD
POLICE, NOTORIOUS
SCUMCHESTER GUARDIANS OF LAW &
ORDER, ARE QUICK TO ARRIVE ON THE
SCENE . . .

GET THE
BASTARDS!
-BEN-
RIGHT NOW
SEEMS TO
BE THE
PROBLEM!



IRRELEVANT PICTURE
OF A LATE 60'S ~~ORDER~~
CENTRIST ACTIVIST

...AS USUAL, HOWEVER, THE INITIAL BRAVADO
OF THE BASTARD POLICE SOON DISSIPATES
INTO SHEER BRICKSHITTING APATHY . . .

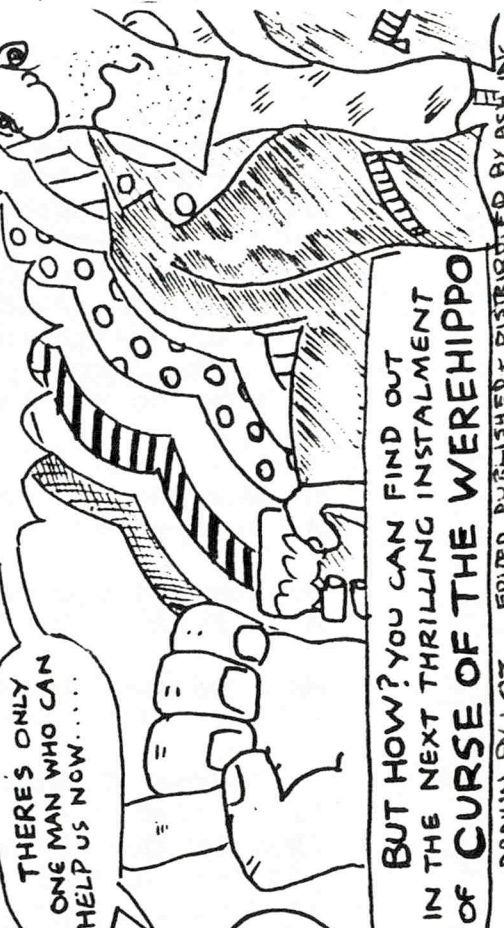


ER... PERHAPS
NOT!

...ONCE AGAIN THE PERCEPTIVE
MIND OF FAT BOB UNCOVERS THE
ULTIMATE SOLUTION . . .

THERE'S ONLY
ONE MAN WHO CAN
HELP US NOW . . .

ROGER
RAZZGUTS!



BUT HOW? YOU CAN FIND OUT
IN THE NEXT THRILLING INSTALMENT
OF
COURSE OF THE WEREHIPPO

AND NOW...

The new talent of Mansfield Hall...

Risen from the ashes of a Mansfield meal, there comes a literary triumph for modern-day humour! Our cause: to increase public awareness of the plight suffered by the innocent and lowly donut, persecuted daily by millions.

So now, read on and discover the donut in its true form (and find no enlightenment whatsoever).

The Jokes

Q: What do you call a donut in a Range Rover?

A: A sloanut

Q: What do you call a donut with wings?

A: A crownut

Q: What do you call a donut with legs?

A: A frog

Man: Doctor, Doctor, I feel like a donut

Doctor: Don't worry, I've got one here!

Great Donuts in Literature

"What light from yonder donut breaks?" - Romeo & Donut

"Now is the winter of our donut." - Richard Donut III

"Is this a donut I see before me?" - Julius Donut

"A donut, a donut, my kingdom for a donut!" - Richard Donut III

"Oh, Charlene, I know we're young, but we love each other. Let's run away and get a donut!" - Neighbours

Surreal Donut Jokes

Q: What do you call a donut?

A: Jim

Q: What do you call a donut that isn't there?

A: Nothing

Q: What do you call a donut disguised as a lamp-post?

A: Nothing unless you're mad and usually talk to lamp-posts

Q: Why do all psychiatrists look like donuts?

A: They don't. Everybody knows that all psychiatrists are really anchovie pizzas called Colin

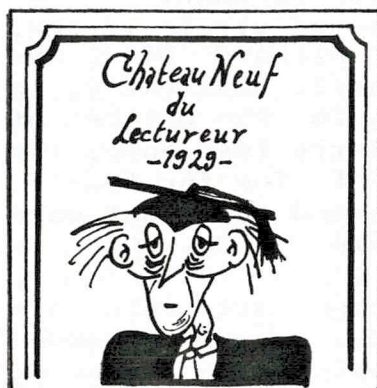
Written/Sent in by Jon & Ash Inc.

[What's with this sudden fad of spelling the word 'donut'? The true spelling is 'doughnut'. Cut the americanisms! This is England! We're British! Didn't fight in the War for this, you know! Chorus: There'll always be an England... etc., etc. - Ed.]



Wine List

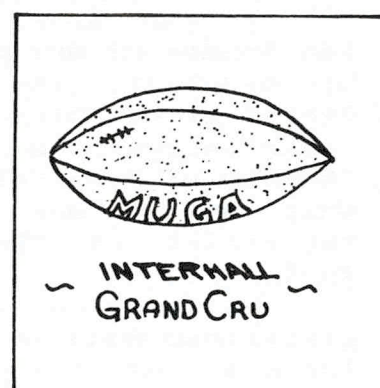
for the Christmas Formal



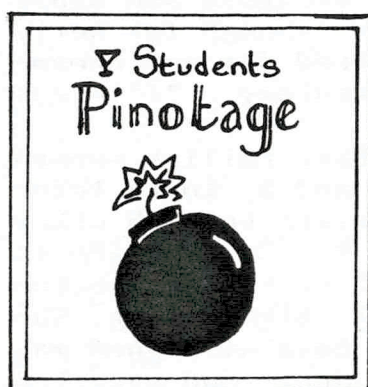
A classic wine which often, but not always, improves with age. Carefully wipe the dust off before serving.



A young, but fully rounded wine which will probably only be worth the effort after maturing for a couple of years. Well worth laying down.



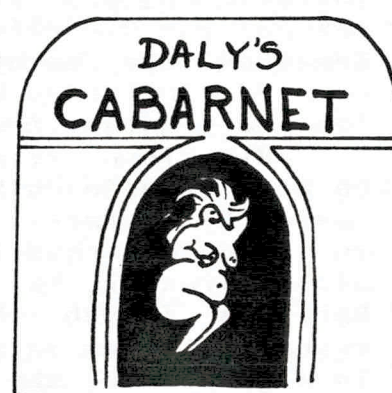
An unpretentious little vintage for everyday drinking. Possesses a distinctive bouquet. Serve well chilled to accompany a fistfight or small riot.



A rough red wine guaranteed to put a final year student out like a light in less than half a bottle. Extract cork, light blue touch paper, and stand well clear.



The delightful wine of the Hall bottled especially for the Servedy. The perfect accompaniment to a curried bread and butter pudding or anything orange. Serve lukewarm in a paper cup.



This deceptively smooth red wine has lured many a young fresher to her doom. Drink at bedroom temperature.

Would you believe it folks? You'd think that with H & C Listening (The Walls Have Ears) Ltd bugging every bedspring and condom that people would learn to be a bit more discrete now, but no: scandal is once more brewing in the seething fleshpot of breathless lust called Mansfield Hall. Hartwall and Cornley, those two reporters who dare to poke their noses into places where others wouldn't poke their lavvy brushes, have done it again. Another piece of momentous investigative journalism has been sent in that shows once again this Hall to be an endless source of carnal capers and unbridled passion. And WE bring YOU all the lurid detail in a story EXCLUSIVE to the Pugwash.

At the heart of the scandal is a paragon of virile virtue, the leader of our gang, our very own President Richard Hine, and his sidekick, the equally pious Gareth Bicknell. Apparently, on the night of Saturday 26th November, contrary to the notices of cancellation, the two chartered a channel ferry love boat, the "Herald of Free Sex", and set sail with a select few for France. What followed were acts of debauchery and frenzied lust that make the script of "Personal Services" seem like "Noddy Goes to Toytown".

While Rich left to rub scented massage oil into his girlfriend Maja in a nearby sauna, Ian Kennedy, a man renowned for his sexual appetite, blew the starting whistle on events by performing a steamy striptease in front of Jo Ball in his cabin. Jaunty Jo, no longer the innocent, undefiled schoolgirl of "Cheeky Champion" fame, revelled in every minute of it. Her cries of unrestrained pleasure were heard throughout the ship, causing the Captain to remark that her bow doors were definitely open. We tried to get an interview with Ian, but when he finally answered the door, breathless and dressed in a pair of hurriedly donned boxer shorts, he told us to go away. The door slammed shut, and despite it being a calm night, the boat began to rock suspiciously.

In another part of the ship, Paula Quazi took to cavorting in front of Paul Traub's camera, as did raunchy Rebecca of Oxton 99, a fruity fresher if ever there was one. But nude photo sessions weren't enough for Paul, who later disappeared into his cabin with three busty beauties, Michelle, Charlotte, and Phil, there to conduct perverse experiments with them. The feisty foursome enjoyed it all so much they tried it again and again (except for Michelle - one sordid session was enough for her). Remarkd the horny harem-master as he placed jam and cream-covered electrodes on various parts of their anatomy, "I've got 'em now - mating season!"

His close friend and bed partner, Dirty Dave Philips seemed to have trouble curbing his libido, too. He and a lusty lover called Clare Parker resorted to chaining themselves to each other in an incident similar to that shown on page 9. Curvy Clare is also a fresher, but well experienced in the art of Bondage in the Bath - a fetish she enjoyed with Dave all night long. She revealed to us later that when she can't get hold of a good man in a good bath, she likes to be chained to a door and squirted all over with ice-cold water.

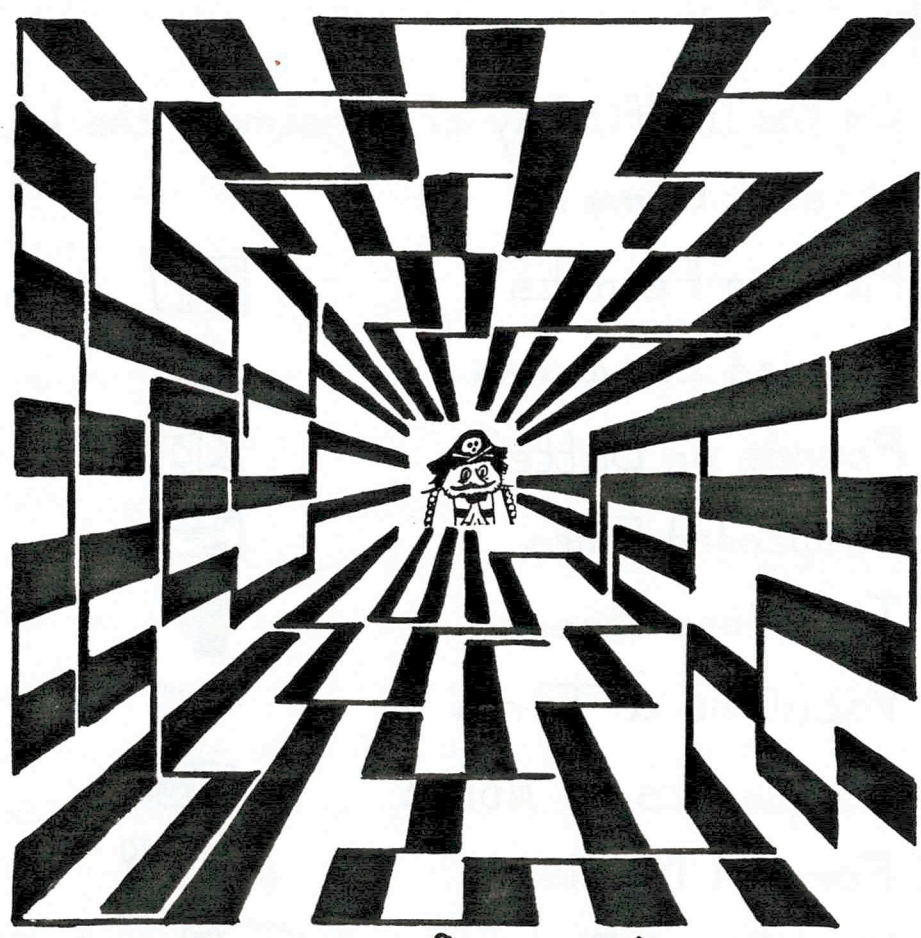
Back to the bonking boat trip: after overhearing a chance comment from Jenny Petro to the effect that her favourite position was on her knees, Ziggy gave her her room keys and arranged to meet her when he had finished with Charlotte. Meet they did, and meet his meat she did. But the amorous american was obviously too much for Ziggy - he was found by French police ten hours later under a tree in a state of delirious pleasure, waiting (he claimed) for a girl called Sue...

STOP PRESS: DURING RADIO-TRANSMISSION OF THIS ARTICLE, HARTWALL AND CORNLEY WERE MOBBED BY THE CROWD AND THROWN OVERBOARD. THEY WERE LAST SEEN CLINGING TO A LUMP OF WOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN...



THE END OF
HARTWALL & CORNLEY'S
SEXPOSES?

DYNAMIC DUO DEATH PLUNGE
OVER SEARING SEX-BOAT SECRETS



you can not start on one like this →



Here it is: the last competition of 1988, the final offering this year for the more cerebral areas of your anatomy. And for once, it's just a bit more challenging than usual. This time it is in two parts.

Part One: What you have to do is find the single continuous route from the first Captain Pugwash to the second.

Part Two: Then answer the question - which of the Captain Pugwashes is the real one, ie the one drawn by his creator?

Send your solutions to Gareth Ricknell, X105 (this term) or His New Editorialness, the Right Loz, wherever he lives (next term). The winner will receive a free set of Pugwash posters, whether s/he likes them or not (this term) or something else (next term). Bye.



A Christmas Carol - *the Twelve Days of Christmas*

... On the Twelfth Day of Christmas, the Warden sent to me :-

12 Parking Permits



11 Curried Lasagnes



10 Pounds on Battels



9 Suspended Fines



8 Tasteless Beers



7 Vacuums a Term



6 Complaints of Noise



5 Formal Meals



4 Knackered Phones



3 Bar Extensions



2 Moaning Porters *(SORRY PETE!)*



And a Clean Sheet plus Set of Room Keys



The Christmas Pugwash '88
was brought to you by

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SUB-EDITOR
AGONY AUNT
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