

MNC NEWS

No 120

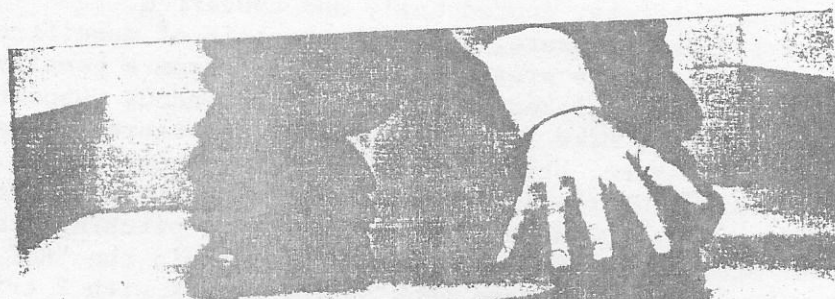
10th October 1980

MAN VS

(THE WORLD)

THE CAMPAIGN
FOR SOFT TOILET
ROLLS INCREASES.

ED



FILM REVIEW "The Shining" (Gravesend, etc., this week)

Stanley Kubrick's films have a reputation for having long-term effects upon the minds of film fans. "Dr Strangelove (or how I learned to stop worrying and love the Bomb)" remains for many people the best (i.e. funniest, most disturbing, most memorable) film on the nuclear holocaust. "2001, A Space Odyssey," and "Barry Lyndon (Clockwork Orange)" have their supporters as being among the best films of their type. Now he's turned his attention to the supernatural, filming his version of Stephen King's horror story, "The Shining", X 117 minutes.

Kubrick's most apparent "theme" (if you can forgive such crude terms) might be the gloomy view of human beings ability to see logic or sense in the world. Consequently, the "Shining" film version is more interesting in the long term because the characters are vulnerable to the supernatural forces. The book, a good horror-story bed-time read, eventually is less satisfying because once you close the covers you stop believing in the supernatural forces.

The effects, especially the floating camera that itself seems to haunt the scenes, are as interesting as one might expect from a master film-maker. Up to now my favourite Kubrick image of all his films has been the ending shots of "Dr. Strangelove": the hero cowboy-flier, riding rodeo style down the atmosphere on the bomb, whooping and waving his stetson. "The Shining" may replace that - but you see it and pick your own.

PS N.M.E. this week has a review of "The Shining"

MNC 1st XV v. GRAVESEND GRAMMER SCHOOL

The days grew nearer and tension was high, rugby balls were flying through the college gyms, fields, cabins, halls, toilets, and even, in the extreme cases, "beds", as in some sacred changing room in Twickenham.

Two days before the Match the 2nd Row severely broke their legs and got run over by a steamroller, or could it have been something else?

Oh well! Lads, we can only do our best. After all, we are only a bunch of guys who love to represent the college, and do it proudly.

The convoy left at 1.30 pm and amazingly enough we actually found our destination by kick-off.

The start was somewhat confused. In fact we didn't know what had hit us, being so used to unopposed rugby practices. Both sides attacked confidently, but Gravesend, employing a very fast three-quarters, scored early and converted.

The M.N.C. withstood further pressure, and with the help of magnificent support from our spectators, managed to apply pressure ourselves. From a penalty just inside the Gravesend half Phil Shrimpton picked up, and with tremendous support from the pack, the ball was eventually passed to Mike "Yorkie" Hubcaps, who scored a tremendous try, being well converted by Tony Hayden, bringing the half-time score to 6-6.

The second half was started as the 1st ended, full of beautiful powerful attacking by MNC, who could be accused for the next fifteen minutes of pitching camp on the Gravesend try-line. But scores in this match seemed to come via the "Ref." or "Gravesend Coach", as the case may be. Gravesend came back on the attack with 2 tries, one of which was converted, bringing the score to 16-6.

MNC were now finding their own in the way of working together, and after a solid onslaught of MNC pressure, Phil Shrimpton ploughed through for a try. Gravesend kicked off right into the hands of "Blondie" Whittaker, who churned holes through Gravesend with a 50 yard run, tearing the Gravesend defence to pieces and scoring an absolutely fantastic try.

The whistle was then blown, and the final score, 16-14.

The support was very much appreciated, and we need as much as we can get when we play Poplar on Sunday, 19th October.

"ED"

PS Anyone interested in playing BASKETBALL, preferably over 6'2" (that's a little bit smaller than Tiny and a little bit bigger than a Guard at Buckingham Palace), don't hesitate to contact our PE Teacher, Paul Doyle.

Also we are hoping to have a Gala against Poplar, so if anyone can do an elaborate Doggy Paddle or a Walrus Stroke, please do contact P.D.

Remember, it's really nice to represent the college sportingly as much as academically (?) The Merchant Navy College has the facilities and capabilities to do almost anything; all it takes is motivation in the right direction.

EDITORIAL

Dear All, Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls: well it's the MNC News yet again. This week we are swamped with articles. Well, after yesterday's entertainment by the Lewisham Mobile Dracula service I'm sure everyone's in need of some literary stimulation.

I don't know if I'm speaking for the male contingent of the College, but I only went into the mobile van to see the gorgeous female doctor who duly strapped my arm up and took my blood. I was still gazing into her eyes when she gave me my cup of tea. "Where's my biscuit?" I said. "They have all gone," she replied sweetly.

So, own up, "WHO ATE ALL THE BISCUITS?"

Well, I got my sticker and then waited for the pubs to open so I could get my pint back. (Only trouble was, I had to pay for it.)

The new extension was opened (?) this week, but Mrs McGregor will have to do something about the scissors, which almost failed in their ordained duty (i.e. cutting the ribbon).

AND THE DISCO'S TONIGHT - -

Remember to wear your hat or mask, and have a nice time.

Lots of Love - ED.

POEM SECTION

DON'T HIDE by P. SHRIMPTON

When the Sun knocks off
and the stars turn to,
and the sea has changed to grey,
I put on my light
and drink out the night
with the thoughts of another day.

I've seen the depths of loneliness,
And tasted a night of lust.
I've met some girls with locks of gold
whose memories have turned to rust.

I've seen the sights of poverty
and the same of riches, too.
I've seen a body floating,
And there was nothing I could do.

I've seen a woman sell herself
to a sailor the same as me
for food and clothes for her starving child.
He gave the money free.

I've seen a thing with a plate outstretched,
No legs that I could see.
It couldn't speak and couldn't hear,
Instead it stared at me.

When I'm Home I drink a lot,
and I'm quiet with a silent sigh.
My friends look up and look amazed,
but they never dare ask why.

Their world is black and white,
and home they will always stay,
but with the sea, I've seen the world,
And I know the real grey.

TOMORROW by "ED"

Long days I thought,
And for longer nights I cried,
But tomorrow brings new hope,
Even for those with troubled mind.
With tomorrow's sunrise shine,
New beginnings form on the horizon
of time
Eternity holds true for those who
believe in tomorrows,
And only fools linger on times gone
by.

Searching along earths. boundless
oceans,
Destiny leads my life of solitude
In search of peace and promised
dreams
and a new fulfillment in life's
endless passage.

Time alone can tell
As life is but a book,
The pages there within span one's
life,
So with another leaf of "Life's
Book"
we are led to venture into
tomorrow's Beginning.

FILMS FOR THE REST OF TERM

Oct. 13th	Jaws
Oct. 20th	The Gauntlet
Oct. 27th	The Medusa Touch
Nov. 3rd	Capricorn One
Nov. 10th	Death on The Nile
Nov. 17th	Midnight Express
Nov. 24th	The Rescuers

The College News, so widely read,
Is compiled, it seems, by a chap named, "ED",
He probably uses the nom-de-plume,
To keep complainants from his room.

CRUISING ALPHABET

Air conditioning is something cruise lines wish hadn't been invented. What with complaints either that it isn't working, or that coming in off the gale-swept sun deck into the shelter of the public rooms is like trying to find comfort in a butcher's refrigerator, they'd like to leave the customers to sweat and lump it: especially those who keep prodding the cabin installations with smuggled cutlery and setting off the sprinkler-valves by mistake. But it looks great in the advertising.

Boat drill. Don't turn up for it. No one will miss you, and if this is alarming it isn't half as bad as seeing big men ploughing through the women and children in a frenzy of self-preservation - and this is only an exercise, in peril-free conditions, anyway.

Captains are notable for their Tables, which tend to accrete eminent drainage authorities, the Lady Mary Stiggins, and you if you don't watch it; also for their professional pig-headedness, which makes them sail, bang on time, in weather that would have kept Francis Drake tied up at the Hoe with extra hawsers.

Duration should be as long as you can afford. Eight Dalmation resorts in a fourday whiz means an unbroken roar of anchor-chains, followed by a year's marital debates on whether it was Split or Dubrovnik where you saw the eleventh century fresco with Ron Smith, Leeds, scratched across it.

"Entirely Reconverted" is a bit of brochure talk designed to suggest trendy decor, reassuring radar equipment and top-grade seaworthiness, but it can also mean that when you open your cabin wardrobe you find it's mostly occupied by a big raw girder, giving you the unreasonable but persistent feeling that you're personally holding the whole ship together.

Flying may be the way you have to reach the port of departure, and it's as well to check.

If you're sweeping the Aegean with Epirotiki Lines, for instance - and there's nothing like Greek sailors for relaxing you in Greek waters, whereas you feel the Yugoslavs could collide with Naxos any time - it's no good hanging around Southampton expecting the ORPHEUS to sidle up. You'll find her at Piraeus: unless you forget, when directing the cab at Athens airport, that Orpheus and Peraeus both rhyme with revs.

Groovy is what few ship's bands can be dubbed, but they make up by using enough amplifying equipment to put the generators on the blink, and even "Tea for Two" can crack a glass at twenty paces.

Horse, Wooden. Just a mention, for the souvenir-crazy, that the trinket-stalls outside Troy are selling pieces of this. Or they were last year. It could all have gone by now.

"Immediate" is traditionally used in the daily programme of events to describe disembarkation for shore excursions, causing the deck to be packed from rail to rail, half an hour before the gangplank goes down, with a fighting mass of passengers tangled up in each other's light-meter straps and terrified of being left behind. As it's an hour after that before they're all off, bar the dead and wounded, you, who wisely aren't going, have an early choice of empty chairs. One of the finest cruise experiences is to spread out at leisure and watch the herds on the quay being sheep-dogged into their buses by the barking guides, or see the dutiful, dwindling crocodile as it disappears Hamelin fashion into the Old City of Rhodes, or toils, at the end of your binoculars, up the punishing pumice of Santorini.

"Just Darling" The unvarying verdict of American ladies on all shore excursions. Also on the Captain, the squeakers issued free on Gala Night, the freighter unloading cement at the next berth, and indeed anything. Americans should get a good PRO to kill their image as fussy travellers.

Korcula One of the chief places where no one can remember what happened there when they get home.

Library Though universally well spoken of in the cruise literature, ship's libraries aren't wholly to be relied on, partly because of eccentric opening hours, partly because there's often nothing to open but a locked metal bar across a glass fronted shelf containing five paperbacks. In German.

"Multi-Lingual" A courtesy adjective used of the crew, meaning that when you ask for an extra pillow they say, "Sure, OK," take away your drinking-water carafe and don't come back. This is your own fault for not speaking Croat or Albanian. And are stewards on QE 2 cruises, it's worth wondering, any more helpful at getting extra pillows for Turks? Roll on Esperanto.

Navarone, The Guns of This film, thanks to the sensibilities of the organisers, doesn't get many showings in ships' cinemas in the Aegean. The scene where a tempest rips up out of nowhere, reduces the ship to barrel staves and damned nearly drowns David Niven, could put thoughts into nervous heads. Bob Hope's early vehicles are more favoured, though cruise-goers of long standing avoid even those. It isn't only that it seems wrong for Hope to be up there clapping when their seats are sideslipping down a juddering trough; they

October Go before then because of the weather (see above). You can miss a lot of meals when you've paid in advance.

Photography is the cruiser's curse. For real enjoyment leave all cameras at home, and see Naples through your actual wide-angle human eye, instead of a little smeary viewfinder. Picture-postcards do a better job anyway, and if your friends won't believe you've been there unless you're grinning in the foreground with your shirt done up on the wrong buttons, change your friends.

Queues These are mainly at the Purser's office, and he usually stays in his room at the back until they've gone. This doesn't apply on the last night out, when you have to keep queuing if you want to pay your bar chits. Not that you do want to, but if you don't they won't let you have your passport back. Clever.

Romance, holiday Girls, remember that a tanned, sinewy officer gets upwards of six thousand melting looks per season; boys, that cute cruise hostesses are apt to be married to a tanned, sinewy officer on the sister-ship that keeps tying up alongside.

Submarines A spell of service in these is ideal of adapting to average cruise cabin dimensions.

Turn-Round begins as soon as journey's end is sighted. You are then obsolete as a passenger. You've had your fun. Go. (Provided tipping has been executed)

Umbrellas, sun It isn't surprising, perhaps, that there's always one socket without one in. What's surprising is that it's always by the one empty chair you thought you were so smart to spot. Calomine lotion is a good substitute.

V-Form Looking back on it all, the places you saw, the fun you had, what really lingers as sheer enjoyment is the smart way the organisers somehow managed to scrub round this.

Wake, Ship's obsession with movies of See Photography, but if you've been fool enough to bring the cine, make a resolution to keep out of the stern. You've enough wake footage from last year to last Robin Knox-Johnson a lifetime. Or do you think this one's different?

Xenia Name of Greek hotels on practically all the Islands. They don't get you around like ships, but they're lovely and still. Planning for next year yet?

Yardarm No licensing laws, and not even the need for the sun to be over this before breaking out the duty-free Tom Collins? You could come back an alcoholic. Don't worry. Though ships' bars are plentiful, and look open all the time, they're only open if the man behind them is a barman, and not some other indistinguishable white-coat on mere swabbing and pistachio-sorting. No English, but a master of the mime that sends you to the bar on another deck, which mimes you back to where you came from. Cuts the liquor costs, tones the system with lots of exercise, but doesn't mean that everyone else you see hasn't managed to get a drink somewhere. A mystery of the sea.

Zurich, Gnomes of Only to say that if Roy Jenkins is continuing the fifty quid limit to keep them happy, as it's widely bruited, they must be pretty miserable, the way we British tourists manage to line up at the ship's shop and clean it out of crocodile handbags and tape-recorders the moment we're out of the three-mile limit.

Mountbatten lifeboats

From Air Marshal Sir PETER COMPSTON

SIR—Shortly before he was murdered the late Earl Mountbatten of Burma agreed details of an appeal to the public to provide funds for a lifeboat to bear his name.

The response has been extremely heartening. Men and women who served under him in various parts of the world contributed readily. The Burma Star Association gave the appeal its whole-hearted support. Members of the fund-raising branches of the Royal National Life-boat Institution worked enthusiastically.

As a result of RNLI will be able to put into service two fast lifeboats of the Medina class, designed and built in the Isle of Wight.

Your readers will agree that this will be a fitting tribute to a great man. It

is one which his family warmly welcome. The second of the lifeboats will, at the family's request, bear the name "Countess Mountbatten of Burma."

As the Medina lifeboat is a new type, further work has to be done to ensure that in all respects it conforms to the extremely high standards which the RNLI imposes.

For this reason it is not yet possible to state exactly when and where the Mountbatten lifeboats will come into service.

PETER COMPSTON
Dep. Chairman, RNLI,
Poole, Dorset.

So, a Reading garage is giving away free nuclear fallout shelters with new XJ12's. Of course, our fair-haired cousins in Sweden have been offering a similar deal for years. But they mount their girder-reinforced, lead shelters on wheels and call them Volvos.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK:

Mentioning no names, a certain Robert James Payne, 18, of TEC II (eventually) said, quote, "When I was a lad, they called me Cas at home." Cas being short for Casanova.

Letter from last Monday's 'Daily Telegraph'

MNC Branch of the RNLI helped to raise this money

'ORRIBLE CROSSWORD

Clues Across

1. (6) Position for desk worker.
3. (7) Got pere? - Gives one under protection.
9. (7,5) Too good to be real? Could yet be driven to drink?
11. (5) Black in heraldry.
12. (3-4) Brown holes? For the curing of raw skins.
13. (6) Elevation, of a cheering kind.
16. (12) Young lady, probably, accustomed to being dictated to.
17. (9) Agreed - deranged corn cured.
18. (6) Repetitive little plague-carrier in Africa.
19. (7) Hard case to account for constituent of -
27. (7) - colourless paint, perhaps to cover painting.
30. (3) Harden for complete collection.
31. (4,3,5) As cowards may not, but conductors must.
32. (4) Night light for lovers.
33. (3) Ethereal song.
34. (10,4) Dream house, no doubt, for aging employee.

Clues Down

1. (7) Not contained within.
2. (4,3,4) Play cloak (& dagger?) in bovine circle.
4. (5,2) Appears to fulfill Mr. Micawber's expectations.
5. (7) Catch hold of King George with fruit.
6. (9) Knowing by instinct, no need to tell.
7. (4,4) Wide entrance to store, or, alternatively, close northern one.
8. (9) Sign of respect, and perhaps, homage.
10. (4,3,4) Bad news for investor? Held at Waterloo.
14. (4) For face in sylph I zealously search.
15. (5) That is, rodent in, gets angry.
17. (8) Buyer keeping up with tradition, maybe.
18. (6) Fine fabric for cold sufferer.
20. (4) Meat demanded by Jack Spratt.
21. (6) Against, poetically speaking?
22. (3) Fireside companion with one tail harder to bear with nine.
23. (6) St. Vera made to go without eating.
28. (5) Poetic convention giving sameness at ends.
29. (5) Imposition - could it be done by gardener?
30. (5) Climb in measured steps.
31. (4) Leg end is probably metrical division of 28D.

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

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

TRELLIS PUZZLE

Four-letter words hidden in the sentence below fit into the grid as shown "STOP you PEST, it's OPENING"



Though pledged to pay what was owed for the property leased last year, Earl John, knowing what it was to want for comforts, jibed at extra outlay from an income geared to purchase a minimum, at best spartan, lifestyle.



Last Week's Trellis: While under arREST for the gRAVE offence of plotting to reVEAL the correct pITCH to which a LYRE should be tuned if it is to STEM the warlike tide EMITted from the savage breast, I found a surprising ALLY who CHEWEd gum while playing his mandolin.

To help, one word is given.
Find the other eight.

