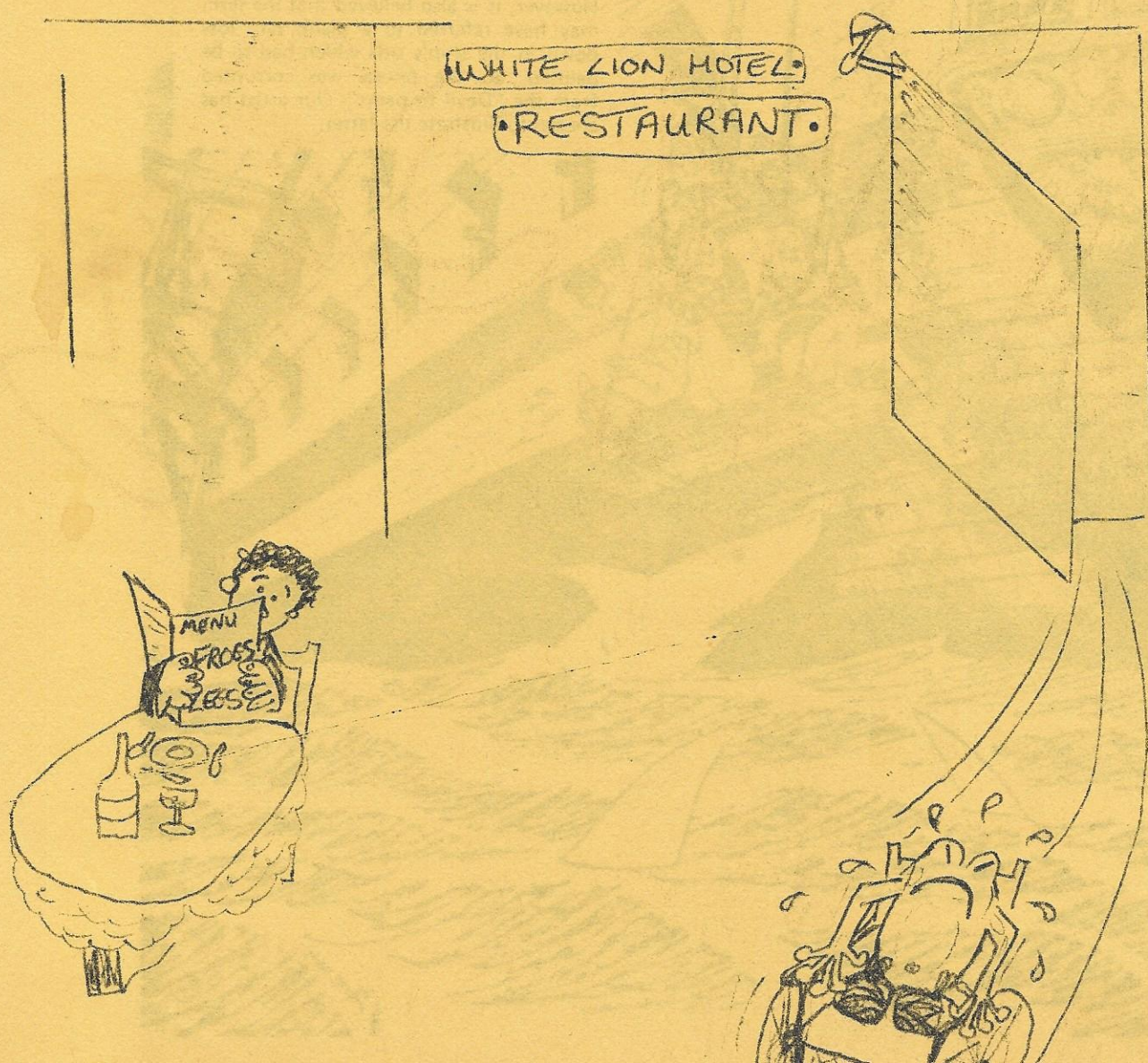


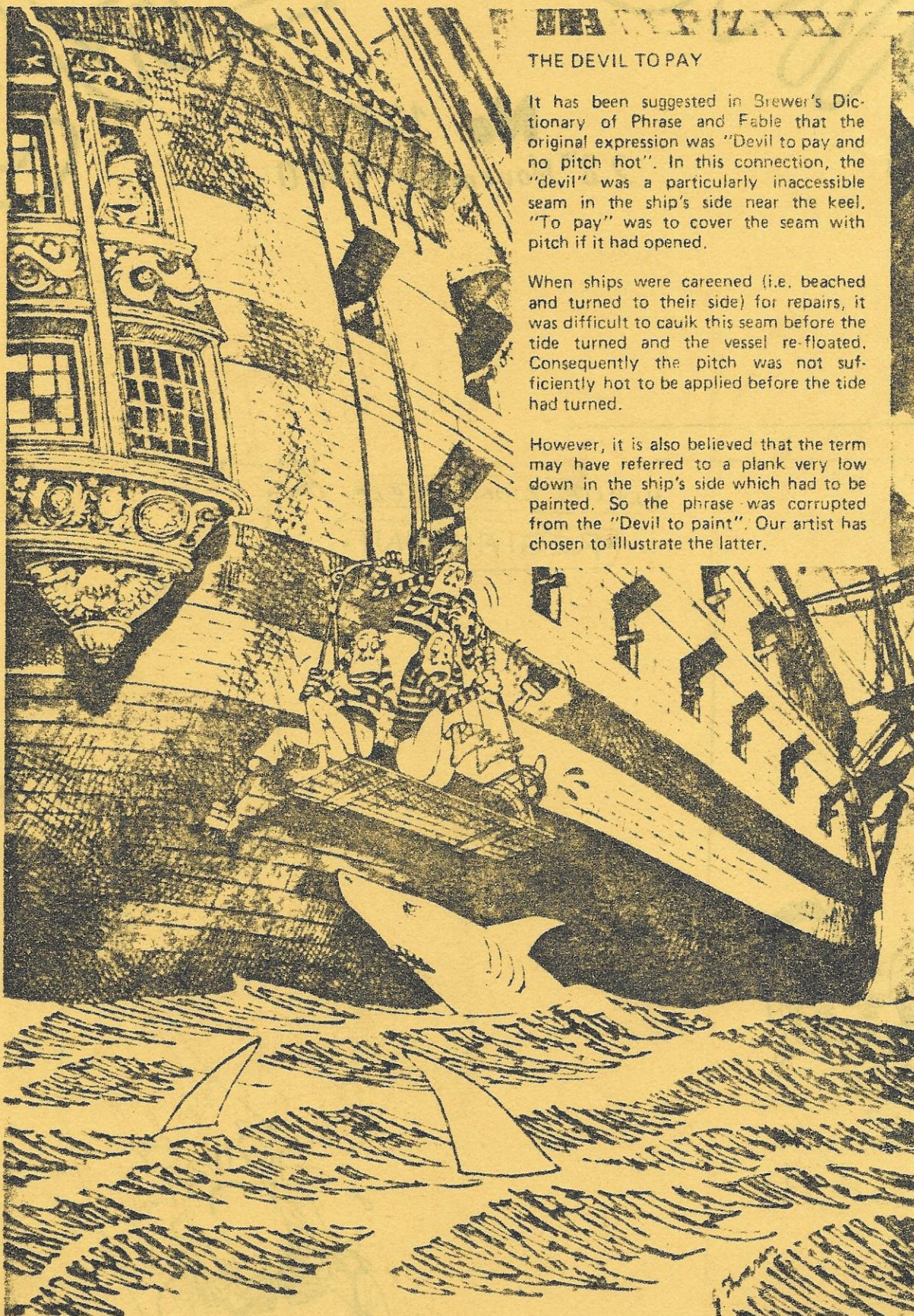
MNC NEWS

No 127
28th November 1980



NAUTICAL TERMS

Produced below is the second of a series of six artist's impressions with brief descriptions of how some well known sayings may have originated. *This series is published by courtesy of P & O (Passenger Division).*



THE DEVIL TO PAY

It has been suggested in Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable that the original expression was "Devil to pay and no pitch hot". In this connection, the "devil" was a particularly inaccessible seam in the ship's side near the keel. "To pay" was to cover the seam with pitch if it had opened.

When ships were careened (i.e. beached and turned to their side) for repairs, it was difficult to caulk this seam before the tide turned and the vessel re-floated. Consequently the pitch was not sufficiently hot to be applied before the tide had turned.

However, it is also believed that the term may have referred to a plank very low down in the ship's side which had to be painted. So the phrase was corrupted from the "Devil to paint". Our artist has chosen to illustrate the latter.

Question - If young men think about love, etc. in spring-time, what do they think about during the winter?

Answer - Where they are going to go on holiday.

Question two - Where do you stay if you want a cheap holiday in this country?

Answer - Y.H.A. (for those who do not know - Youth Hostels Association)

Well, these were the thoughts as I received my Y.H.A. handbook, and request for £3.00 membership fee. With over 250 hostels in England and Wales alone there is a pretty good chance there is one where you want to go. For those who are interested there is a handbook in the Library. By the way, costs vary between about £1.50 and £2.30 per night (if you are under 26), depending on the hostel. Please note that this is for a bed only. A meal can, at some hostels, be provided at extra cost. Pretty good really.

Some more articles this week, however, as far as I know, still nothing from any Engineers. How many are there? Do they do absolutely nothing all week?

ED

P.S. Thanks to everyone who did put something in the box. Keep it up.

NOTE FROM THE PRODUCTION STAFF - Apologies for any change in the standard and lack of cartoons. We have been obliged to adopt a different printing method, which makes it difficult to scatter illustrations through the text as freely as we could hitherto.

MNC 1st XV v ERITH INVITATION XV

Sunday saw yet again a display of talents by the College Rugby side, the scoreline had no relation to the team's performance, which was nothing less than 'brilliant'.

The Invitation XV had a few individual heroes from top clubs and included two England 'B' Under 21 players: but realised after the 1st five minutes it would be a hard, tiring match, which it turned out to be.

Both sides played with great urgency and the game started at lightening pace, with both sides putting on a great deal of pressure.

The M.N.C. side had two new cops, Eric (Wack) Froude, and Brett Metcalfe, who both made their presence felt with tremendous debut appearances.

The half time score was 9-0, after the M.N.C., so strong in defence, gave away 3 penalties.

The Second Half started on a new note for the College side, who with a great deal of continuity and pressure raised their game and produced some promising play from the three-quarters.

A ball won just inside the Erith 25-yard line from a scrum was quickly passed along the College 3's with Phil Shrimpton to Dave Rees beautifully sending a dummy and passing it to Tony Hayden, to Brett Metcalfe, and on to Steve Jones, who scored a terrific try right in the corner.

The College were now giving 100% of "blood and guts" and really applied the pressure in the best way they could, by attack, which is certainly what they did. They made every tackle look as if they wanted to eat the opposition for breakfast, but the scores just didn't come, though injuries struck.

Tony Hayden, the College's inside centre, badly twisted his ankle and moved into full back, where Taffy Walters once more showed his substantial capabilities in his new role. Eric Froude and Paddy Shrimpton both took bad knocks whilst felling Erith's incredible hulk, and during this period Erith scored again. The final ten minutes showed the character and determination of the College's rugby side. From their 25 they ran and rucked and ran and rucked, and there was no way anyone was going to stop them scoring, which they did with a great try, a team try in which the whole team had a part, where Eric "the Wack" did the honours, Tony Hayden converted, bringing the final score to ERITH 15 - MNC 10.

The support was tremendous, apart from one particular person who's remarks were completely out of order and who could find himself playing against the college side in a completely different game. (Pause for thought!)

Thanks again to the true supporters and to the team - T. Walters; S. Jones; B. Metcalfe; T. Hayden; J. Thomas; D. Rees; Ph. Shrimpton; M. Hubbocks; Pa. Shrimpton; B. Baldwin; C. Erotockritu; J. Cabey; E. Froude; M. Whittaker and D. Weston, also the Ref., L. Miller - who showed beyond a doubt there certainly is some spirit and

ON AILMENTS OF CARS AND OTHER UNRELATED SUBJECTS by MS

In common with Jerome K. Jerome, my car can categorically state that it has not got housemaid's knee.

The well-known chronicler of an equally well-known Thames boating holiday, having dipped by chance into a medical dictionary, emerged displaying symptoms of every disease it contained save one. I, having dipped with equal folly into a 'car doctor' on my car's behalf - being Czechoslovakian its English is not very good - with the laudible desire to be able to recognise a Symptom should one appear, now find that it is already displaying every symptom in the book and that, moreover, cars have as many diseases as horses, creatures whose impossibly delicate constitutions probably drove man to invent the motor car in the first place! In fact, it is quite astonishing that any car ever manages to complete a journey at all, what with overheating; sooty-plug; dry radiator; petrol starvation; over-rich-mixture; blocked/flooded carburetter; failed brakes; slipping clutch; various gear-box troubles; 'foot' troubles such as bald tyres, blown tyres, tracking problems, loose steering, weak suspension, failed shocks (caused by too-high garage bills); plus a host of electrical problems culminating, supposing the unfortunate vehicle has survived everything else, in a short circuit and Fire.

It is amazing that any cars survive to die of old age in the scrap yard!

Anyway, that was last Saturday, and at the time of writing Mike (MKE) Skoda is still holding together, so perhaps he will recover if I only keep away from 'car doctors' in future.

Also, on Saturday, I watched 'Dallas' and so did my mother, and thereby we ceased to be the Eight Wonder of the World, the only household where the 'Ewings' had not been seen. I don't think we were entranced enough to let the slip-up recur - 'Dr. Who' is far better - but about one thing I was left wondering. far more intriguing than the identity of who just failed to do TV's greatest Good Deed since they abolished Doc. Kildare, and that is, is it a rule that actors who wish to get on TV in America must naturally have impossibly, rather madly, blue eyes, or are they permitted coloured contact lenses? (Another possibility - perhaps their eyes are left quite blank, and someone goes through the film painting them in afterwards)

Altogether, I had a fairly enquiring sort of a weekend, since I ended up, in connection with what I cannot remember, studying a map of the northern part of Scotland, and so realised what an astonishing number of place names there are in that part of the world that incorporate a sneeze in their midst - Achranich; Achiemore; Achdacherranmore; Achnahannet; and, a real hanky-ripper - Achinduich (Bless you!). One can only conclude it has something to do with the weather.

Finally, I wonder if the Kremlin has realised, yet, that Moscow is in Ayrshire, quite close to Kilmarnock!

THE FRIENDS OF MY COLLEGE DAYS by a MANIC DEPRESSIVE

"They are the best days of your life"
My Mother said.

Fair enough, some days you're happy,
Others you'd rather be dead.

It all depends on your friends,
What they do, what they are,
Sometimes I feel I am just a centre of
ridicule,
I know they don't really care.

They're friends to your face, but
behind your back?

They use you to impress the girls.

"Look at him, who'll ever want any-
thing like that,

I mean, look at those stupid curls."

When you're not there they snigger and
sneer,

"What can we say next to make him sulk?
We'll get him all made, then, when he's
gone, drink his beer,

It'll save him getting even a bigger bulk."

But I'm happy now, I'm glad to say,
To get over this depression, didn't need
no dope,

'Cos I've ended up the final winner,
Swinging gently on this piece of rope.

MUSINGS

It seems to be the Season of Assessments: Dictionary - n. 1. Levy; tax:
2. Evaluation of property for taxation.

Taxing they certainly are, both to giver and receiver. (No, that can't be right, can it?). A "valuation", ah, that's it: of "property". What property is that, do you think? Knowledge? Bit crude, that, isn't it. Knowledge is a property? I thought this education was something to do with "active pursuit of understanding", rather than crude possession of blocks, like loose bricks on a building site: you only have something worth-while, and worth measuring, when you "create", using your intelligence, kill, build a house.

Still, I don't suppose you can find a better way of measuring what a student knows than to Assess him Property by counting his bricks (what a good job we don't build in marble any more). Does he know the Notes. That's it! You can measure that all right.

Wait a minute; wasn't there some definition of A Lecture as "a process by which material is transferred from the notes of the lecturer to the notes of the student, without passing through the minds of either"? Is that what we are Assessing? Well, there's a fortune at M.N.C. for the fellow who is selling lapel badges to students elsewhere in London - they read:

"I used to be a Parrot but I'm better now.

I used to be a Parrot but I'm better now.

I used to be a Parrot but I'm better now.

I used to be"

Gandeamas Igitur (At least, I think that's what it says - typist)

FILM TIP OF THE WEEK

Watch BBC 9.25, Monday. "The Valiant Warrior" Recommended (better than comic book "Kelly's Heroes" on the other channel.

Cynical thought of the week: BR's plans to build a North-South railway tunnel under London to connect Euston with Dover, etc., if it is ever approved - will be too late to do for World War III Londoners what the Tube did for World War II Londoners.

Feel grotty about your accommodation - see front page of today's Reporter.

Laugh a line! - New million pound library for Gravesend approved - but, "The present financial climate has meant no date can be put to the plans." You can approve what you like, brothers!

While falling over in the bar, a student thought of a great joke about the Pres. M. Simms, VD & bar. He thought Michael had not yet passed his Corona fizzical. I told him that he shouldn't print it in the mag. as Simms carries a lot of weight round here.

Wednesday night, in a certain G. Kemp's room, where we were mindlessly watching the Goodies, who should burst in but ***** ***** Hair flowing wildly about her shoulders, eyes red from the wind (??), breast heaving, and her breath coming in short, jerky gasps.

"Geoff," she panted, "I want you (gasp) for half an hour."

We diplomatically left them to, well, to whatever she wanted him for. I assume it was the same reason that left the corridor and stairwell full of half-naked and semi-recumbant bodies.

Haven't seen Geoff since, either!

Sticker on "Beetle" "This VW is really a pregnant rollerskate"

Grandson of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Terence Lewin, hearing he had never been in the Ark: "Then why weren't you drowned, granddad?"

THE ROBBERS' TAILS

It was a dark and stormy night and 3 robbers sat round a fire. One said to another, "Tell us a story Joe," and this was the story that Joe told.

"Once there was a farmer who had 3 sons. Two of the sons were very lazy, while the other son worked hard and paid his way on his father's farm. He was clever, witty, articulate, sophisticated, debonair, modest, muscular, true of spirit, keen of eye, fleet of foot, and his greatest virtue was that he had perfect teeth. Although his brothers were alcoholics, villains, physical wrecks, full of spots and diseases, stank, were coarse and smutty, and, worst of all, had blackened teeth that were full of fillings, he still loved them dearly, as, after all their faults, they were still his brothers.

"One summer's afternoon the three brothers were out in the fields harvesting the crops. The two drunken brothers lay about in the hay, drinking, until eventually they fell asleep, whilst the remaining brother laboured hard, forking the hay into a cart. But, alas! he failed to see his two sleeping brothers, and unwittingly pierced them through the head with his fork and killed them.

"And the moral of my tale is," said Joe the robber, "Don't trust a hard-working brother any further than you can throw him."

Joe moved closer to the fire, and turning to his half-brother's cousin's aunt's best friend twice removed, called Joe, said, "Tell us a story Joe," and this was the story he told.

"Once upon a time, in days of old, there lived the meanest, biggest, cruellest ogre that ever there was. He lived on a hill in a land which has long been forgotten, and every day he strode to the land of goblins, pixies and fairies and devoured them ferociously to satisfy his raging appetite. It came about that a friendly wizard heard of the plight of these helpless little people and he set about inventing a spell which would rid them of this terrible tyrant. And after many moons he presented them with the most powerful spell that any wizard had ever made.

"How the little folk rejoiced, and they settled to await the ogre's return. Come morning, sure enough, the ogre returned, and the wisest, cleverest of the pixies stood on a tall rock, and as the giant strode by he sprinkled the magic dust over the monster's head. Unfortunately, the silly old wizard had been careless in his measurements, and before the eyes of the astonished little people the ogre grew to ten times his size and went on to devour ten times as many of the people. And the moral of the story is, never trust a wizard any further than you can throw him.

"There ends my tale," Joe concluded.

The two other robbers, disgusted, picked Joe up and tossed him on the fire. After sitting back down, the last of the three robbers, whom some called Joe, began his tale.

"My tale is a tale of treachery, of blackheartedness, and of man's lust for gold. Once there lived a ferocious band of pirates who struck terror into the hearts of those who sailed the high seas. From a dark island in the Caribbean they carried out their grizzly trade, sailing in skull-flagged ships to butcher and main honest sailors, who lived constantly in fear of their lives. The British Government could do nothing to stop them and their barbarous crimes, until one day they sent into the pirates' midst a fearless young chartered accountant named Roger to sabotage their ships and breed discontent. He became a trusted member of the evil band, but at every opportunity strove to make the pirates argue and fight amongst each other. At night he would steal from one and plant the gold in another's cabin, till daily fights and deaths began to rise dramatically, until one day, many months later, as Roger stood gazing out across the water towards the island, he saw the pirates laughing, drinking and having a good time. He saw the vast piles of gold and jewels stacked in secret caves. He saw their shiny boots, tight trousers, shaggy beards, and heard of rapings, lootings and butchery. Then he turned and gazed across the seas towards England and thought of the boring monotony of life in his father's business, thought of fat Priscilla, his betrothed, thought of sixpence a week (with overtime) - and then he realised he wanted to stay and become a pirate. That night he slept contentedly and dreamed of his new life to be. Unfortunately the pirates, for the first time, noticed his pinstripe suit, bowler hat and briefcase. Noticed too his identification tag with 'HM Secret Service' written on it. They suddenly realised who Roger really was. In a rage they stormed his room, lashed him to a flat rock, stripped him, whipped him, stuffed him with savoury rolls, cut

The Robbers' Tails Concluded.

later they killed him, and sold his body to the BBC to be used as a panelist in 'Blankety-Blank'. And the moral of my story is," Joe concluded, "Never trust a pirate any further than you can throw him."

After he had finished speaking he turned to the other robber, who was just sitting staring at him. Suddenly he was picked up and tossed on the fire.

It was a dark and stormy night, and one insane robber danced madly round a dying fire.

JOHNNY AND THE GOBEYMEN Part II

Recapping of Episode I - Alligator has been killed by the fizzy flier rays from the Gobeymen's rugby-ball ship and Johnny is gazing at the Gobeymen as they come out of the ship, under the cover of some magic mushrooms.

Through the entangled undergrowth and between the symmetrical lines of magic mushrooms, young Johnny could see lines of Gobeymen marching in a colourful array of scarlet (with black socks) out of the rugby-ball ship.

His immediate thought, as they neared his position, was to run and get help so that the Gobeymen invasion could be stemmed, but being a brave little boy he decided to find out more about them before raising an alarm.

"I must get close," he thought untactfully, and then he dressed up in a great pineapple skin, chewed the stem of the magic mushroom and rolled over to the feet of the advancing Gobeymen.

The first Gobeyman was quite old. He had scars all over his face and his ears had obviously been worn away; all his teeth had been knocked out by aggressive crusades in the past and only two canines were left. He picked up what he thought was a pineapple and smiled. This Gobeyman liked pineapples. So he said to the others, "I've found a nice fruit!"

What will happen to Johnny?

Will the power of the magic mushroom help?

What about the fruity pineapple skin?

Part III next week.

Last week's reference to a "convoy" in Maidstone was a little misinformed. To start with a march of supporters of Citizens Band Radio on 27 MHz was to take place, as and when the police gave official permission. The march is now postponed until a later date as official permission had not been received within a week of the proposed march, and it would have clashed with another in Birmingham.

So there you go, not everything written in the world famous Kent Messenger is true!

OBITUARY

This weekend sees the departure of the Riff-Raff. He learnt a little, drank a lot; some of us even passed an exam or two (Thus proving that bribery is far more effective than swotting).

And so we leave you; no doubt our absence will be conspicuous by the lack of noise and the drop in the bar takings.

Remember us by the Riff-Raff's philosophy: We feel sorry for people who don't drink, because when they wake up in the morning that's as good as they are going to feel all day.

"Dad"

From one Geriatric to another. Robbie, Desolation can be fun if you do it with the right person.

B -

R.N.L.I. RAFFLE

7th Prize - a rag doll. Ticket No. 439, code GM 3847, Pink, is, as yet, unclaimed.

MARATHON ROW

Several sponsor forms regarding the recent Marathon Row are still outstanding

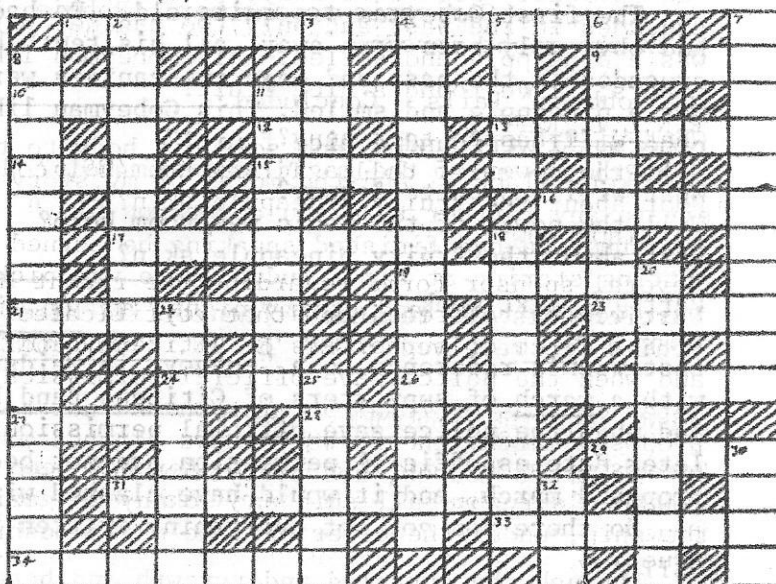
'OKRIBLE CROSSWORD

Clues Across

1. (4,8) Non-capital penalty ensuring one is 'in at the death'!
9. (4) New star? Dying one!
10. (5,6) Could be booked, maybe, for being 'inquisitive in charge of a car'?
12. (2) We are American perhaps.
13. (6) 'Three way' makes things of little account.
14. (3) This fish is difficult to get hold of.
15. (4) Non-metric transporters.
16. (5) Antarctic chill for to tell off.
17. (7) Tiré, of waste gas.
19. (6) Repetitive musician makes Heavenly music.
20. (9) Telling all about it for the Editor -
21. (6) - and said it again!
23. (4) Give cards to Kent seaport.
24. (4) Recipients of scandal in the cornfield.
26. (3,5) Sources of pack, maybe, in the Arctic.
27. (4) One that 'Cromwell knocked about a bit'?
28. (3) Knotted under collar.
29. (4) Put away, probably for the voyage.
31. (4,3,3) Tramp who is not up by ten?
33. (6) Made no fuss about, but complained.
34. (4-3) Peddlar, or hiker, with a lot on his shoulders.

Clues Down

2. (9) Broke, and undergoing process of liquidisation.
3. (5) S. Area? Rub it out!
4. (4,2,3,6) Leave the road, and accept a pastoral life.
5. (5) 'Up' in the world.
6. (9) Ringed about and cut off, for emphasis, maybe.
7. (3,3,5) Somewhat inadequate attire for jester!
8. (8,7) Religious habit assuming descent from gods?
11. (4,5) Venomous source of inflated figures?
18. (9) Figure, four-sided but not four-square.
22. (4,4) Easily read - more easily than closed.
25. (6) It suggests hard work, and possibly falls on St. Swithin's.
30. (4) Splash out and get in deep!
32. (3) Summit.



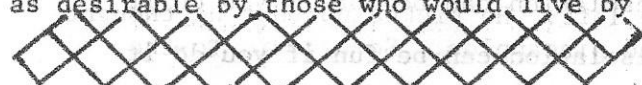
TRELLIS PUZZLE

Four-letter words hidden in the sentence below fit into the grid as shown:-

"STOP you PEST, it's OPENing"



The first steps to becoming a slave to the credit companies are without doubt to develop an itch to own nice Desirable goods for which you would not have the purchase price were you to pay at once, then to find hire purchase saves the time needed to gather the money, and the need to eschew meanwhile the pleasure of ownership, something always depicted as desirable by those who would live by your debt.



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

Last week's trellis: I well remember MY Native land, the PLACE where the NAME of my family is known, a place MADE Empty by my departure, a PLACE DESerted since was wrenched up the STEM IT had once nourished, which stem, PITCHed so unkindly into the ARMY life has yet proved to have a CHARMed power to survive all

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

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