

# MNC NEWS

No 128

5<sup>th</sup> December 1980



'Toilet roll  
rope'

"ropes" of  
plaited lavatory paper...were  
found in police station cells.

The information was passed  
on to the chief officer's  
association and many police  
forces changed from lavatory  
rolls to packets of single sheet  
paper.

Then, this month, police at Connah's Quay, near Shotton,  
found a rope made of the North Wales, who was making

'Er, nothing, officer!'



## COLOURED LAMENT

What man grins, lets out a sigh,  
Balls and chains around you lie,  
Praying for something, sleep or death  
You gasp for air, you need that breath.

Beads of brine grow and flow,  
Bye and bye, the day goes slow,  
The Sun burns through your battered skin,  
white man sips his cool pink gin.

The sounds resolve as darkness comes,  
the Sun retires, the stillness hums,  
The stars so distant, small, so far,  
You're just the jam locked in his jar.

It is always worth-while going through  
the 'Small-Ads' and 'Personal' columns  
of a newspaper. The following are some  
typical gleanings:-

Literate, adaptable male, 20's, will do  
anything in the sun...

Naturist's Motor Cycle for sale. Fur  
saddle and vacuum flask holder. Solar  
heated crash helmet. Will exchange  
for clothes.

Offered in exchange for 1973-80 Porches:  
'Cash or bangers draft'

For sale - Ugly grandfather clock belonging  
horrologist with loose screw, purchaser  
also taken away. Max's stall, Maltings,  
Saturday.

Due to let down - Reliable country loving  
girl required to look after 15 hands 3 in  
Thoroughbred mare and help with cooking  
ponies etc.

Five-speed racing bike - new, just needs  
putting back together.

Shoot your family this Christmas - and  
keep those memories for ever on film.

Massage by qualified male masseuse, from  
10 am till 9 pm.

For sale: Exercise Bike as new. Please  
ring Mrs Stout.

For sale: German Linguaphone Course.  
Unused wedding ring.

Luxury flat to let, sleep four, no beds..

the ship runs free, - the way to be,  
wind blows strong upon the sea,  
Satan rides the deathly night.  
Casting shadows where once was light.

Darkness fades, out comes the Sun.  
today has gone, tomorrow's come,  
Cascades of colour diffuse the sky,  
whips crack loud! let out that cry.

You sweat, you bleed, your body subject  
to the aggravation the white rejects,  
You pray to a Saviour you thought existed  
Your hands, your head, your feet are  
blistered.

Neptune holds his hands up high  
trying hard to stop the dry  
of voices sobbing from the deep,  
for them the night will bring no sleep.

You lived, you loved, you tried to forget  
the pain, the toil the white man set,  
The freedom gained was heaven sent,  
all in all - a coloured lament.

(D.M. '80)

## OCEAN SWELLS

There's some nautical scruffs at our  
College,  
Who must spend most their time at the  
bar.

You can tell by the mess on the carpet,  
And smashed glasses, a-near and a-far.

Sometimes they visit the lounges,  
with a Chinese nosh or a roll.

But what they can't stuff,  
Down their great north and south,  
They plaster all over the floor.

Now I plead with these scruffy young  
students,  
Please endeavour to mend your bad ways.  
Think deep of the distress to others,  
And remember that cleanliness pays.

P.S:-

So much for rubbish,  
Verse or pig.  
Search each ourselves,  
Do we fit the rig?

JM

A man who wrote to a computer informing it that it was unnecessary to sandwich his  
name between a 'Mr' and an 'Esq', received his next letter addressed to "Dear Mr. Esq."  
Fred Balcombe gets letters addressed to Frad Balco MBE  
Horace Cutler is addressed variously, 'Sir Horace Cutler The Greater, London Council'  
and 'Sr. Horace C. Obe'



"There is, apparently, a legend which brings to light a quaint custom and ritual which takes places about 3 weeks before Christmas." Or so I read in A.C. Cluck's new book. "This ritual has been observed only 'x' times in the history of....."

The rites start with a great consumption of a queer brown liquid. Then a great noise is issued forth by men wielding weird objects of unknown origin. As this noise is being made many of the spectators dress in the traditional costume; ties, jackets, dresses, etc (some of them even look possibly human), move onto the dance floor, for such is the central area called, and gyrate themselves in time with the beat. This carries on until late in the night.

"The M.N.C. Christmas Ball", for such is the name of this spectacle, will start at about 8 this evening (as if you didn't already know). Do come and enjoy yourselves.

NEXT WEEK IS THE LAST ISSUE OF THIS TERM, SO ANY ARTICLES RELEVANT TO THIS YEAR AND NOT NEXT, GET IN BETWEEN NOW AND NEXT THURSDAY (As Friday is the last day of term for many of you, it is proposed to bring out the Magazine a day early, that is, on Thursday)

Have fun ED

The Mother of our Chairman of Governors celebrated her hundredth birthday on November 20th. Amongst many greetings, including one from Her Majesty the Queen, was a card from all at Merchant Navy College. Mrs Russell telephoned her thanks and asked that they be conveyed to all at the College. She was obviously thrilled by the event, on top of the world, and well prepared to enter her second century. It was nice to hear an expression of the joy of living instead of the all too frequent whinging about the difficulties.

#### LIBRARY

A copy of the HMI REPORT ON ILEA is now in the Library.

Full title: "Report by HM Inspectors on Education Provision by the Inner London Education Authority, Summer 1980"

Staff and students are reminded that all books etc. must be returned to the Library, or renewed, before the end of term. Books may be borrowed for the Holiday period.

#### R.N.L.I. CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

The Bazaar Committee wishes to thank all who contributed goods or time to making the Christmas Bazaar a success, and also those whose custom made it all worthwhile. The splendid total of some £155 pounds was raised by the sale of cakes and fancy goods, with another £197 worth of souvenirs being sold; however, as these latter have to be purchased from the R.N.L.I., this second sum is not all profit. Even so, a splendid effort for what is, essentially, an internal affair.

#### ADVERTISEMENT

##### SHOPPING SPREES TO BOULOGNE

Special offer - only £11.00

Office/Club parties by arrangement.

Going this coming Wednesday

Contact P. Sermol by putting a note in letter rack.

Depart here 7.30 am

Return approx 10.00 p.m.

##### NEXT WEEK

Bumper Christmas Edition - out Thursday.

Puzzles, poems, stories.

Special PRIZE competition.

Dont't miss - M.N.C. NEWS

Last with the news - every week!

The secret of success is Sincerity. When you can fake that, you've got it made



## THE GENTLE ART OF CAVING

Caving can be defined as the outward expression of subliminal suicidal urges. My involvement with this lunatic activity began in the army, much as anything begins in the army.

"I want a couple of volunteers .... Minns and McKay, you've just volunteered. Today you are going caving and you're going to enjoy it, aren't you?"

And so it was. Myself and McKay found ourselves on some desolate mountainside dressed in overtight rubber suits. While I wriggled about in an attempt to adjust things the cave was pointed out to us. What looked like a solid wall of water was bursting out of the side of the mountain.

"Ha, ha, ha, you're not serious, sergeant?" He gave me the sort of look that feels like you're looking down the sharp end of a double barrelled shotgun. I began to get a very bad feeling about all this. At this point McKay had turned a delicate shade of putrescent green. I hasten to add that McKay was a young lady, a wee bit butch, but female none the less.

But to continue. We began our entry into the cave. Words fail me to describe the bitter cold of the water; our wet suits felt quite useless and every little drop that found its way down our necks resulted in a strangled yelp and frantic scrabbling to prevent a recurrence. We then spent twenty of the most miserable moments of our lives with only eight to ten inches of airspace between the water and the ceiling of the tunnel. It is at moments like this when one begins to appreciate the little luxuries of life; like being warm and not in imminent danger of drowning.

We then branched off into a quieter but smaller tunnel and crawled along for twenty or thirty yards until we came into a smallish chamber wherein was a shallow pond. Our lights cast a dim glow around, reflecting off the still, black water and giving rise to most horrible imaginings. I could almost feel that sinuous writhing tentacle of some unspeakable monster reaching towards me with malevolent intent (rather like being caught in the dark with Ena Sharples). But worse was to come.

Once more our "beloved" sergeant dived forth into some wretched little mousehole expecting us to follow. There was no water in it, but the ceiling showed evidence of having been flooded not a long time since. My imagination ran riot and I had visions of being trapped by a flash flood and such ghastly death as may follow. G-, I was cheerful! Sheila McKay wasn't too happy either. The poor girl was muttering a selection of Anglo Saxon expletives with an impressive lack of repetition. I got the impression that she was not a happy person. A little further along the tunnel we came to a 'thing' called 'the Cheese Press'. The tunnel dips and then rises again. Nothing wrong with that, except that the roof comes down to nine inches clearance. In situations like that it's always a good idea not to breath too deeply. How Sheila got through is a mystery, even for Arthur C. Cluck. But as I said, worse was to come. We emerged from the tunnel onto a ledge. There before us was a cliff dropping away from our feet into total blackness which our lamps were unable to penetrate. It dawned on us that there was a reason for the absailing kit we had brought with us. Our 'beloved' sergeant belayed the rope on fittings put there by previous expeditions and talked blithely of an interesting exercise in absailing. He casually mentioned that it was only about fifty feet and that we'd been down much more than that in Cumbria. That, however, had been off the side of a viaduct in daylight and was not quite the same as far as we were concerned.

And so it came to pass, rather sooner than I had anticipated, that mummies little treasure found himself dangling over the edge fifty feet above damn all. You know, it never ceases to amaze me that these experienced cavers have this naive and quite touching faith that that apparently bottomless and pitchblack pit contains nothing more menacing than the odd stalagmite. As I edged down I had more visions of an abrupt and messy end and the words of a familiar song came to mind -

"Look on the bright side of life."

Once both myself and McKay were down your man came down using some peculiar technique that enabled him to bring the rope as well. Standing there, for one fleeting, glorious moment I hoped he might fall, but suddenly began urgently hoping that he wouldn't. We still had to get out of there. Once organised we located a tunnel across the far side of this cavern and eased into it. Again we crawled for ages in this confined space until at last there was a spark of daylight up ahead. We emerged into the air. It was like stepping into a heat wave, the difference in



### The Gentle Art of Caving - concluded

Well, truth to tell, we did enjoy it, several pints later. I am inclined to recommend anyone to try it .... once. Don't be put off by what might seem a trifle extreme, there are easier caves that a beginner will get taken into. We just got unlucky, or maybe it was lucky, depending on how you look at it.

### JUBILEE SAILING TRUST

Think of a sailing ship; think of square-rig; think of 135 feet - you've got the picture of the biggest square-rigger built under the British flag for over 75 years. And that's what the J.S.T. intend to build.

Now, think of it with all-round wide decks, hoists and lifts throughout and an audio-compass as standard equipment, and you've got a puzzle - why?

The answer is one of those "makes-me-proud-to-be-British" type things: stunningly simple idea, breathtakingly brilliant: it's a vessel specially designed to enable the handicapped to crew in her. The wide decks, etc, allow wheelchairs to operate (even along the plank-like bowsprit), the hoists and lifts allow the disabled to go from one deck to another without difficulty. The audio-compass allows the blind to steer. And they are only part of the picture.

Those many people who probably never even thought about the disabled crewing ships probably don't know any disabled person. Pilot schemes aboard square-rigged ships in the Channel in 1979 produced comments such as,

"I get a great feeling of independence...."

"From the disabled point of view, sharing actual work to be done is better than merely sharing each other's companionship."

"The challenge to each crew-member irrespective of disability .... comes from the sea ..... from discipline imposed by the ship's requirements; from the disciplines and rewards of team membership, from fellowship created by living and working in close quarters with one common aim...."

There is a minor problem: construction of vessel, plus operational gear, inflation, etc., expected to cost about £2m. Every little helps, and the Newsletter would be glad to help your personal pre-Xmas donation on its way. But, beyond personal contribution, how about a Challenge to the Students Union - sponsor a Berth on board this boat in our own name - the first Student Union in the country to specifically help the handicapped to sail - Merchant Navy College S.U. We do well for the R.N.L.I., how about adding to that in time for the Year of the Disabled, 1981?

### JOHNNY AND THE GOBEYMEN - Part III

Recap. Little Johnny dressed in a pineapple skin is held firmly in the clutches of the Giant Scarlet-shirted Gobeyman.

The Gobeyman brought the fruity pineapple to his pursed lips, ready to sink his canines into the fleshy skin, when a voice from the back of the ranks cried out, 'Gareth, Gareth, 'ave you brought me 'ome a pineapple?' in a Gobey Welsh dialect. This was Bernidete, the most beautiful Gobeywoman in the whole of Gobeyland. She was the heartthrob of all the Gobeymen, especially Gareth, who had been courting her for years.

She was of composite form, with two mini-rugby balls attached to her chest, long flowing muddy grass on her head, and legs the length of rugby posts themselves, she even had a full set of teeth.

Gareth was devastated and he passed the pineapple over to Bernidete with a trembling, somewhat excited right hand. The excitement of her smooth 'pylon' legs was too much and he dropped the pineapple, splitting it in two and leaving Johnny exposed on the ground with a broken right ear, and frozen with fear.

Bernidete picked little Johnny up with a sigh and an evil twinkle in her eye and asked Johnny his name. Johnny replied, "My name is J.P.K. West, and I play rugby for the All Oranges."

Has Bernidete found her real man (J.P.K. West)

What about Gareth who spit the pineapple and B.'s smile?

What is to become of the invasion?



# 'ORRIBLE CROSSWORD

## Clues Across

1. (4) Tear asunder.
3. (9) Stand to it, and pay it mentally.
8. (7) Friendly sounding parts of wheel-rim.
9. (6) Mounted warrior goes at right-angles across the board.
10. (4,3,6) Non-slip device for torturer to learn secrets and maintain security?
13. (4) Red stone.
15. (& 18A) (2,3,5,2,3,4) Riding high - surfing no doubt!
18. (See 15A).
20. (4) Clothes - changing them is bugbear of L-driver.
23. (6) Reach stage of lacking a square meal, or any food at all!
25. (9) They are devoted to unreal gods.
26. (5) Cold dish, with lettuce maybe.
27. (6) Bed curtain employed for trial.
28. (7) Top bird, no doubt inclined to IID.
32. (3) - is - and all alone.
33. (5-5) Peter's land where nothing is paid outright.
35. (4) Little parasites found in real ices.
36. (4) Initially, place egrets lose feathers, for money.
37. (8) Dog thus cannot bite.

## Clues Down

1. (6,7) Bowling along without power for unsettling ride at the fair.
2. (6) Are dry - and becomes dismal!
3. (3) To make a hole, that's the drill!
4. (3,4,4) With six gone, it will reveal all!
5. (4,4) Choose, from growing fruit?
6. (5) Could be brought from Breton cyclist.
7. (5) Old god becomes a town.
11. (4) Triumph. Jim -, sainted Jackdaw of Rheims.
12. (8) Rude on the way to Southampton.
14. (9) Tan at boil, it produces military force.
16. (3) Go on, old horse!
17. (8) Pain up top, it's a worry.
19. (6) Abandon an empty place.
21. (3) Otherwise a pole or perch.
22. (8) Pa vet men, fit to make a path.
24. (7) Distilled, perhaps, the absolute vital part.
29. (4) Seep mud.
30. (4) I
31. (4) Shaken by wind it makes music.
34. (3) Groove carter stuck in.

## LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

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

## TRELLIS PUZZLE

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

"STOP you PEST, it's OPENing"



The last absolute king to rule erred in crediting his modern, Everyday people with the logic he wished they had, the power for stable reasoning they had never before needed and so did not have, and, pitched into the future, crippled by their past, they followed reaction and turned him down.

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



Last week's:- 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