

1972

After the vigours of another boring three months at College, Killerton finds itself thrown, once more, into its annual Christmas Dinner. How about taking a few minutes off from boozing and looking at a description of House members as they appear to others:-

Jack Goodall. Has passed some of the burdens of being House Warden onto the shoulders of the students which is a good sign, but it's a pity we don't see less of him in the bar. Done some good work for the House this year, thank you and merry Xmas Jack.

Martin Underwood. Known to many as Englands answer to Carwyn James, his knowledge of rugby is equalled only by that of a Welshman (or woman). A great chance for the P.E. boys to creep, and certainly a welcome quest.

Jin Norman. A man with quite a reputation for joke telling. In fact he's so good at telling jokes he runs a rotten vegetable stall on the side. Thank you very much Mr. Norman for filling in at short notice.

NOW we come to the baddies: .....

John Brand. Made famous by his two phrases 'Hey man that's great' and 'Isn't there another proctor in the House'. Tendency to glance at Times.

Poker Face Nation. A born loser and a proctor in the Pye Jones mould (you couldn't get much mouldier than them). Respected by many for his filthy, shy dock-bar manners.

Hayvercotver Hatton. One of the two Pompey lads in the House (I thought it was buried?) and an armless chap if ever there was one. Did an excellent job of making a mess of the bar last year, seldom seen without a tool in his hand.

Dick the Milk. Seldom drunk, but permanently tight, but he does try to improve Anglo-French relations for the Common Market. Everyone who knows him says 'A dieu'.

Snowy George. Perhaps one should put a 'queerie' after his name but it's Claire what he's been doing this term. A violent pufts who plays bowls with the local pub-goers.

Maggot. After his recent fall he was offered lead paint in little women because they were short staffed. It is not true that he's a mad driver but Mrs. Thomas does use him as a cure for constipation.

Captain. Tries to get something cheap at a sail but is not averse to pulling an oar. His capsizes is regular and it keeps his ears warm. Is still heard practising for South Pacific

Cow Herd. Welsh with a permanent limp; perhaps this can be accounted for by his recent engagement. Very popular for his 21st birthday party where Killerton choir was auditioned and Roger was shown up.

Leonardo da Kitchen. Is responsible for the Grand Killerton Drav and his two mentions in the Longford report. A noisy outspoken young man who is prone to violent outbursts.

Isaac Morrey. Star of the bar last year and somehow rich this year. Always willing to buy anyone a drink if they are willing to pay compound interest on the debt.

Sheik Maggiabarachmanf. A quiet local village idiot who is admired for his incredible appet for sex and drink. His star turn is getting needled at parties for which he holds the record

Bullfrog Robins. A drinker renowned for his outspoken manner and high driving act. Took a break near the end of last term and probably fell out with cider. A polite, charming, well mannered hoodlum.

Taffy Thomas. Always gives a good impression, just like that. Famous for his magic moments and his jock strap piercing dirty laugh. His physique is like his name backward. Known to his friend as Taf but everyone calls him an illegitimate Welshman.

..... Now for the 1st year Grebo's: .....

Paddy Barrett. Has confessed to like Mr. Priestly and is a genuine pussy washer. Half-Irish half civilised Paddy likes to Rome (I tally with that). Has a job as a postman for the I.R. over Christmas.

Bartzav Blewett. Some Bod men must come to Killerton, but lets hope their not all as thick as this one. Strange customs include taking young gentlemen outside. A fast thinker.

Trevor Byne. Stays in his room despite being heavily outnumbered. He said he passed his driving test with his eyes closed and he certainly hasn't opened them since.

Roger Clitworthy. Found college girls eR 'ANDY but was a little jumpy with her. Likes the Spartan like with late night walks and plenty of cold baths.

Tiny Tim Cottle. Gives us a load of bull from Hereford. Had a few daus of illness earlier in the term, much to the amusement of others. His hobby is frightening serving wenches and bullying Trevor.

Tony Curtis. We saw through his disguise straight away. A mixture of Jokers Wild, Tony Hancock, Frank Howard and the Tiller girls in oje. Speaks very shankly and is always on the side of Mersey.

Dainty Davies. Has a ticklish problem but he overcomes this with his sporting behaviour when he loses. Has climbed the drain pipe of success. (ASually down Rolle. A cockney I think.

Rob Dobson. A Jasper type, P.E. boy whose quiet on the surface but a devil between the sheet. Is fond of boxing and won his last bout against his father but lost the purse.

Jem Edwards. A posh sort of chappie really. 10-1 on favourite to replace Nation as Killerto Maverick.

Pete Fielden. A hard nut fresher hooker whose really King Kongs uncle. His last job was a lion eating Christian in Ivor Bachabits production ~~Skinned G~~ of the Lions of Longleat (or Killerton).

Skinned G !!! A boot boy sexpert soon to go on 1st year T.P. to Bovey Tracey. Has mugged up his work and braced himself for the onslaught. His trousers are a half-mast in sympathy with his knackers.

A.R.S..Hall. Has shagged some horrible pieces on the hole, one of whom would have turned Casanova queer. A complete agnostic who believes its possible to play soccer at Cardiff Arms Park.

Shagger Halford. Started the term as the Beast of Belfield but recently became engaged in other activities. His ambition is to grow a bit and become a dwarf.

S. Hocking. Acts the baboon and seems a mate for Miriam. Likes to get things off his chess studies pawn and rooks revellry. Believes once a King always a King, but once a Knight is enough.

Letcherous Horace. Always eager to get his teeth into a woman, young Horace is another intellectual Irishman (could someone tell him what language French Canadians speak?).

Sterno Letts. Got off with a cracker match before last and has developed into a great singer (only when he talks). Another berk from Berkshire.

Lukey Lewis. Leader of the Jesus revival, he reads W.R.U. handbook and Penthouse. He buys a round (one a term) but indulges in the sin called work.

Fairy Marsh. Mr. Universe (1972) and Best Actor award winnder for his collapse and scream whilst playing soccer. Likes a fight as long as he doesn't have to indulge. One excuse, he Cornish.

Flat-nose Shipp. Has been ribbed about his rugby injuries and a finger of doubt he's over his fitness. A quiet, good drinker who came straight to Killers from the Last Supper.

... and for the Second Year creeps who make the House look like a low  
school criminal's .....

Ben Fling, Ben, spit Elizelli he says! vice-captain of rugby who does most of his vices  
down Rolle - seems to have a strange shadow.

Teatrh Drivers, Partner in crime of the aforesaid. Glossed over the bar decorations.  
Behaves like a good dog but seldom gets bitchy.

Prince of Poona, Came over on his surf board with the last tidal wave and has settled down  
to the famine of this place very well. Gets carried away with his Black looks sometimes.

Wanker Ford, An engaging person to meet if he's ever there to be met. Never mind we hope  
your hands are better soon.

Foxy Foxy, Often seen walking round with six inch nails in his hands drinking vinegar and  
chanting 'if its good enough for Jesus its good enough for me'. What can be added?

Fuzz Godwin, Likes to have a meal during his phone calls, has also expressed a wish to take  
up Scottish subsistence farming in the North Sea. Don't worry the ring in his nose doesn't  
mean he's a cannibal he doesn't eat humans, only Lynne.

Makarim Hamant, Newly crowned porn King of Killerton. Likes acting the goat (it's the  
only part they'll give him) and sings like a bird (ostrich).

Bonzo Harris, Chopper Harris what were those screams Sunday night? Has expressed a desire  
to become a lay preacher but suffers terribly from guitar. Has several hangovers which  
explain the sore heads he gets.

Ronis Reath, Head of the maximum film club. Holds people hypnotised when he talks and  
his ambition is to become a man when he grows up.

Martini Hoopng, Despite offers from the Royal Ballet Co. Chris has remained at Killerton.  
A professed cook and exhibitionist giving a sweet or dry tooth. Does his best to poison  
folk.

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pro-nesses, an aspect with a scottish one (we all have our disabilities).

Basty Jackson, Has an I.Q. equalled only by that of a 3 year old Irish B.I.M. He writes  
music and is infra-mental in keeping the place lively.

Sticky Leash or Ugh! Never ceases to amuse everyone when its time to sing, sticks always  
snoozy-leg around and has a fetish for bar men who he has on a row (what a position).

Joan Page, Has been seen burning around Killerton recently John says "Weirdo I eat" all the  
time. A firm believe that the place for pot is not under the bed.

Hosny Fudger, Nicknamed Budgie because of the way he spreads his seed around. (The  
black spit has more mouth than a cow's got cunt(my sense)).

Strawny Phillippa, Got as pissed as a Newt on About 3 days ago and nearly found something  
for his scrap book. A typical wasuk - by the way did anyone like his tash).

Min-juice Phungny, Does well on the organ, I say Jean connected with indoor games. One  
can always get a lift in his car, at a push.