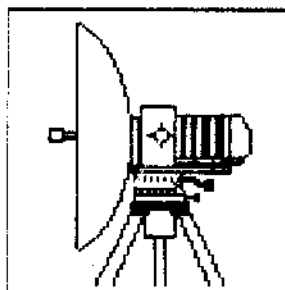


THE SNORTY LAUGH

INCORPORATING FISH FINGER WEEKLY AND BIRDS EYE EXAMINER
SUMMER 1986

PHEW! What a letdown!

...and there's more
on the way say the
MAL-men...



A Mark III "link"

TEMPERATURES inside control units soared to almost 70 degrees Celsius today, as OB's were deluged with unwanted

microwaves. The source of the sizzling sub-units appeared to be in the Dunstable area but the MAL men are flummoxed by the unusual conditions they cause - deep depressions associated with areas of high pressure. Hopes that the downpour of links might abate were scotched by the arrival of scattered fault reports and advice notes. One expert said, "Why on earth are you asking me? - I know nothing

about them as we have n't any handbooks-you're not going to print this are you?". A DOCTOR WRITES: Such phenomena generally have an adverse effect on people's temperaments, a condition we doctors call 'duffgearitis mallitus'. However, there is a cure, and it can be easily treated by liberal application of one's fists onto office desks. Adam Keelan is 97 and wears tights.

IN YOUR SUPER SNORTAWAY LAUGH:

GUESS THE WEIGHT OF
THE NEW MARK III GEAR

1st Prize...1 week at
a Wembley Stadium of
your choice.

2nd Prize...4 weeks at
a Wembley Stadium of
your choice.

3rd Prize...6 weeks
acting C.M.S. at a
well known test room.

Afghan hound in love triangle probe

Bob Forsberg, under
the influence of large
amounts of cash talked

frankly on behalf of
his stupid dog in
answering (cont. P 96)

MARK III DESIGNERS
REVEAL THEIR SAUCY
SECRETS IN BARE P.C.B.
SHOCK...page 93.

Supervisor shrugs off overspending claim

A Communications Supervisor based in Acton, today dismissed claims that he had recently been spending too much money. "It's all nonsense" he said as he left his home with his resident Securitor guard, who looks after his wallet and loose change. He also denied recent press reports that the letter 'E' in his initials stood for Ebenezer. He looked pale and ashen faced as he paid for his morning newspaper, but brightened on reading that the T&OE rates had gone up a tiny amount. There is speculation that legal action will soon be taking place following 'a tissue of lies' being printed in this edition of SL.

We are unable to print this picture due to industrial action

The Supervisor "It's nonsense"

SNORT SPOT

Southern Region has cancelled its Awayday Campaign after the only big response was from Engine Drivers.

Linksmen in 2 am jam session

Yes, it was "You And The Night And The Music" when two linksmen went on a drunken binge in Butlitz during Turnberry week.irate residents of the camp were awoken by the joyous sounds of a revelling Steve Clifford and Stefan Kasprzyk. When the i n d i g e n o u s entertainment had run out they decided to create a bit of their own, forming an improntu skiffle band of bongos and guitar. Lacking electric amplification, they opted for maximum acoustical noise by striking their instruments extremely hard, which had the

desired effect of awakening a well known UT editor, whose interpretation of the piece rendered was not wholly sympathetic. The Pete Townshend of Comms also succeeded in getting a large metal splinter as he hopped out of bed the next morning - this was a guitar fret that flew off during the traditional smashing of instruments at the end of the "gig". Unfortunately for the two "trendies", the whole 'concert' was watched by a stout Butlitz security man who liked neither skiffle bands, Poles, or people North of Watford. The case comes up two weeks Wednesday.

"Bury the Hatchet, not my bones" says Pooch

Regan, The Afghan hound with a name that is not pronounced like the President of the United States of America, woofed forcefully about its owner a well known Communications Supervisor, at a hastily called press conference earlier today. In particular, Regan wished to quash speculation about any love (cont. P 97).

NEWS IN BRIEF

ACTON WEST: The well known resident of the Hanger Hill Estate today denied rumours that he is acting his age, but he's not sure. SOUTHALL: Dave Ladd the reincarnation of John Belushi went to the doctor today for treatment of inflamed sinuses.

DID YOU KNOW...

that most people who join the Foreign Legion join to forget something.

It Happened to me...

Everything was much as usual as we sat in the "Isle of Skye" bar one evening. We were all on holiday in Butlins and because the Isle of Skye is in nearby Ayr not, it must be pointed out, in Butlins, we were beging to enjoy ourselves.

The plan was to have a couple of pints of Guinness before moving down the road to try out the local curry house for the first time. Needless to say, in time we all had a bit more than a couple of pints of Guinness and so it was no surprise that when the £18 whip came around again, a small group of 'moderate' drinkers, not wishing to get too squiffy decided to form an advance party and nip off to the Indian before it got too late. The rest of us stayed put and tried our best to speak properly and not to dribble down our shirts. We staved off the growing desire for curry with a few packets of spring onion flavour crisps.

Eventually we'd had enough of the boozier and just made it to the curry house before it shut at midnight. By now we were all graving hot ones and I made no secret of the fact I was going to go for the Vindaloo.

When we got to the restaurant, the others, having been there some time were just finishing and the word from their table was that the grub was good but disappointingly mild. Like a fool I was taken in completely.

The waiter arrived and took our order, raising his eyebrows as I asked for Cauliflower Vindaloo, and advising a Madras if I liked hot curry. By now of course, I was'nt going to listen to that sort of talk and insisted on Vindaloo. The waiter went away with a puzzled look on his face.

Presently generous starters appeared, and we tucked in. Meanwhile the others were paying the bill. As they headed for the door behind our table our main course was being served up. They spotted this and instead of leaving, began to form a crowd of grinning faces around where I was sitting. It was beginning to dawn on me.

I took a mouthful. Not too bad at first, but then..Oh No!, my mouth was on fire! The others left, still grinning, and we had our meal to eat. Brian Keylock had the Vindaloo and pronounced it at least as hot as a phall which we had shared in Brighton. Neither of us had ever forgotten that phall.

I knew what I had to do do though, and started in earnest on the bright red florets of cauliflower on the dish in front of me. With help from a mushroom bahji and a nan or two I got through about two thirds of it, while the rest was put with mountains of other left over curries, into take away containers for consumption on site during the following afternoon.

The journey back was smooth enough and in no time at all I was tucked up in my luxury Butlins chalet sound asleep.

The real trouble started at about six the following morning. I woke up and my poor stomach was going round like a washing machine. I was all blown up like a barrel round the middle, and I did'nt know why, but out of habit I suppose, I got up and started to put my jeans on. Without realising what was bound to happen, I pulled them up and tried to fasten them. Of course, the button would'nt fasten and in finding this out, I exerted extreme pressure round my waist.

The effect was immediate ans do I rushed for the door of the Butlins luxury en suite facility whilst at the same time trying desperately to get out of the jeans which I should never have tried

to put on in the first place. I threw myself onto the bog and what happened next made a horrible smell and a lot of noise. My bulging stomach shrank before my eyes. It made my eyes water too. In the end though there was no real harm done and in a peculiar way I felt better for it. Later I told my friends about my experience that morning and we all agreed that a return visit to the same curry house would have to be organised.

THE END

by Steve Clifford



Nathmull's Tea Exports International

Sole: 21, Chohan Mansions, Laxmi-La Road, Derpeling-734101 (India)
 Cable: TEARXPO Phone: 2327, 3052

Mr. J. Cooke

17, Laxmi Road

Chennai

Madras

TELEGRAMS: 212

Dated July 1, 1988

Dear Sir,

We thank you for your enquiry dated 12-6-88 and have noted its contents.

We are pleased to furnish herewith the current prices of our top brands, alongwith the relevant mailing charges:-

TEAS:- Tippy FINEOP1 (Puttabong) @ Rs. 400/- per kg.
 Special FINEOP1 (Badamam) @ Rs. 250/- per kg.
 Classic FINEOP1 (Puttabong) @ Rs. 280/- per kg.
 FINEOP1 (Tukker) @ Rs. 180/- per kg.

The mailing charges are as under:-

QTY. (KGS.)	1 Kg.	2 Kgs.	3 Kgs.	Delivery
Postage	100-50	244-50	308-50	2 weeks.
Packing	4-50	8-50	8-50	
TOTAL Rs.	88-00	250-00	319-00	
QTY. (KGS.)	1 Kg.	2 Kgs.	3 Kgs.	3 1/2 months.
Postage	100-50	144-50	184-00	
Packing	0-50	10-50	12-50	
TOTAL Rs.	151-00	155-00	196-50	

All payment should be made in advance either by a Credit Card or a Cheque drawn in our favour, in any foreign currency and should be posted directly to us under a Regd. Envelope to ensure safe delivery.

Thanking you and awaiting your valued order, which shall receive our prompt attention.

Yours faithfully,

Mr. J. Cooke

FOR NATHMULL'S TEA EXPORTS INTL.

Careers Advice



"Nothing will ever happen to you"

PLEASE REMEMBER in your will the beasts of burden who have given a lifetime of unreliable service to their masters. We will give them a dignified ending (and dodgy MOT) at The Terrier Sanctuary, Stonehenge Peace Convoy.

ADVERTISEMENTS Remember that taste of the orient you discovered earlier on this year? Well here it is again! A selection of the finest Puttabong, imported especially for you from that distant land of the Bombay Duok is now potentially available for your own teapot at the ridiculous price of Rs. 44/- per quarter pound. Contact: Maharajah Nobby. (approx. Rs. 17/- = £1) Also: One oriental rug for sale.

TARTAN TATTLE



SCOTLAND 1986

Compiled by Mick the Mole

Temperatures soared in the MAC as pictures from the boggy, received via a jolly-copter mid-point, broke up yet again. The decks were cleared in the overcrowded vehicle as staff and chairs alike were thrown out of the door. With only weeks to go before the dress rehearsal nerves were starting to snap. The short sharp comments from the man in the chopper became even shorter and even sharper as a voice demanded to know just how good the up-link was.

"The signal is O.K. he replied shortly. For a few seconds transmissions from the MAC fell silent. The staff could feel the steam rising until, like an exploding pressure cooker the radio-jellybone silence was broken with a loud burst.

"Jollyon, can you tell me if the signal is adequate, poor, good - or is it good enough for a VERY IMPORTANT PROGRAMME INDEED?". Silence returned for a few seconds. Shortly, there was a sharp reply from the Jolly-copter; -"NO !".

The problems involved in planning such a programme have been

immense. No help has been received from Mother Nature in that the trees between Kurk o' Shottz and the Broadcast Centre have unaccountably burst into leaf SINCE THE TEST!!.

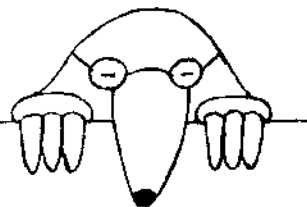
In the madness that is Edinburgh, even those involved in THE TEST refuse to admit any knowledge of it. Indeed, someone seems to have gone round shredding every scrap of paper that might incriminate them. These are nail-biting times.

Luck was in hand in the form of local planning assistance. The mob from The South stood back as the circuit was re-engineered in a way that would pierce through the most bloody minded of leaves. Hoorah for the Mark Three !!!.

Mick the Moles brother, watching the scintillating coverage of the opening ceremony on his telly at home, actually found the audio more interesting. At the end of a piece of enlivening Coleman 'commentary', there was a distinct breakthrough of his talkback conversation with Stewart Morris. Suffice it to say that

'advice' was proffered in both directions, with the predictable amounts of charm and tact. Rumours that Stewart Morris suggested a ITC Lighting Director instead of the resident Deity were quickly denied, in order to fend off accusations of blasphemy by the more extreme members of The Church of Scotland.

A source tells me that there are more TV Technicians than athletes in Edinburgh at the moment. "One Commonwealth, One Nation" - and its getting more like this by the minute.



WOT
NO
SCANDAL?

AERIAL DIARY

AERIAL DIARY - A Journal of little consequence by people of no consequence. This week: Famuel Jobsworth - communication of engineer. MONDAY: Up betimes, whereupon I did spy my breakfast upon the table. This was unfortunate, methinks, as I had just finished consuming it. Resolve to drink fewer glaffes of porter than usual tonight. This I succeed in so doing - however, I have twice as many glaffes of beer than usual at lunchtime. Did puff through the Left Room during the day, but did little of consequence. TUESDAY Up betimes, awakening to the oriental aroma of cold curry. Resolve to be fick whilst awake in the future. Did glance at my diary, whereupon did discover that I was at Wembley. Did joke to myself that I feel a trifle Wembley today; upon chortling did find that more than laughter emanated from my mouth. Did travel by Hackney carriage to the Athens of the West; did note, that in addition to a "Thank You For Not Smoking" sign in this vehicle, there was also a "Thank You For Not Interrupting" sign. The driver, a most base man, did become more base when I ventured that I had

only a Florence with which to pay. We departed on terms of endearment, he offering me a cheery wave with two fingers when I had given him a tip, which I pass onto you also; the tip is "Never whiffle with a mouth full of blancmange". On arrival at the venue, I did notice that there was but little work to be done and thus did most thoroughly organife my peers from a recumbent posture. At a most hearty lunch, did find them strangely efficient in conversation even though I allowed to them the privilege of plying me with ale. In the afternoon, despite frenetic activity by my colleagues did succeed in achieving a deep doze. WEDNESDAY Up betimes, and looking about did find it cold and wet. Resolve to draft a memo suggesting that piffpots be provided for those who spend the night in radio link carriages. Upon looking from the

window do espy the leafy glades and dales of the North Circular. I contemplate that the road is certainly North but not circular, although in truth a certain annularity is reflected in the sphincter-like nature, not neecessarily pyloric, of my destination. Am disturbed from my philofophical reverie by a crash of barrier and what I interpret to be the dull thud of sleeping policeman as my driver, ignorant of his human cargo, doth manoeuvre the 4 wheel-ed beast with skill and fortitude thrown to the wind. I, myself, am thrown to the ground while throwing with the wind. Hear a most fearful commotion outside the vehicle. A cautious glance doth reveal that the crash was of a fence of pickets and moreover, the thud was of not a sleeping policeman, but of a wide awake policeman guarding against that most evil of purfuitf, secondary picketing. My bald pate, inadvertently reflecting the morning



And to consider a fair and equal distribution of the fruits of government, must be a free will and a government of the people and a free will of the people.

sun with blinding intensity, is espied by the vexed and injured ruffians at the gate. I try to make them in good humour on seeing their fractured limbs: "In the land of the legless" say I, "the one-legged man is king". Seeing the joke, they playfully call me a scab. I suspect later on that I am the only person in the building - even my driver does not stay, - as he cannot successfully park our transport he is obliged to drive it until he doth run out of diesel whereupon he can safely abandon it. I retire to the gangrenous gloom of the bar therein to discover it is full of toads actively engaged in the metamorphic activity of becoming newts. Thenceforth doth engage in heavy alcohol abuse, and indeed abuse of my corporeal health. THURSDAY Up betimes, and am much concerned that I have fallen asleep in a pool of green vomit, and have become deaf. Am much relieved to find that the former problem is attributable to the natural state of the Club carpet, but am concerned that that the latter problem is attributable to my ears being used as ashtrays whilst I have been temporarily indisposed in a horizontal position on the floor. Resolve to wear a balaclava on visiting this place again. A muffled jangle doth indicate that I am summoned by Bells - the

telephonic, rather than the spiritual, invention which dwells behind the bar. On lifting a languid arm, do find that I am engaged in an equally torpid conversation regarding my useful engagement at a location of dubious character. Careful interpretation of the cryptic facts doth indicate that I am expected at Wembley again - it seemeth that today a programme is expected from this place but, because of matters industrial, none but my good fellows are available. My employer plead with me to exercise my duties normally - I readily comply and thus immediately adjourn to the forty Grin for some quarts of ale and a platter of pifcean digit. Do remark that the fauce if not up to its usual standard and so manage to ingest with a degree of success not normally associated with this delicacy. Resolve to pass on this recipe to an acquaintance of mine. And so to Wembley by foot. On arrival, a pause to tie my shoelace in the car park doth incur a demand for a waiting fee of six guineas from a simian creature lurking in a wooden hut. Decide to opt for fiscal evasion by running away - unfortunately piscal exhalation results. Resolve to personally castigate Captain Birdseye and NCP. Am surprised that I myself

am subject to chastisement by my colleagues on arrival at the gates of the stadium. They physically prevent me from entering my place of work. A deft blow to my left temple doth aid my power of recall but not alas, my facility to remain upright in the physical (and in sooth, moral) sense. All become misty as ambulancemen do vie with pickets for the deciding majority of my epidermis and its contents. FRIDAY Awake betimes to find I am in hospital. Decide that les doigt du poiffon must have been more potent than I originally surmised. Sitting next to me in the adjacent berth is a jovial extrovert who seems mysteriously tired and emotional. I attempt to make polite conversation with him but I am greeted with a torrent of abuse. Am most grateful that such uncouth individuals are not employed in the television industry. In the bed to my other side is a parachutist who had a close shave with a patriotic canopy which wasn't safe. She seemeth keen to talk to the jovial extrovert. I avoid the crossfire by feigning death, a useful habit of which I have acquired the practice through constant attendance at meetings called by my superiors.



POETS

Edinburgh
 dinfortheboozer
 dinnepint
 dinfortheindian
 dinmecury
 dintheclouds
 dinforsite
 dinyerhands
 dinthesand
 dinforoblivion
 Edinburgh.

By Clifford
 Jarvis-Thripp
 (Age 17)

A RIGGER DRIVER WRITES....

Each issue a rigger driver is invited to comment upon an issue of topical interest.

THIS WEEK: Overloading Comms Vehicles.

Did yer see the gear wot they 'ad in the back of that tender they was throwin' on tripods, boxes of stuff, cables, more 'ead boxes, more cables, dishes, an' all sorts cor blimey they even 'ad a fridge. Wot gives me the right ache though is when I turns up in the mornin' to drive it away they've 'oked a genny on the back 'an all I ask yer.. I'd 'ave been done up like a kipper if the boys in blue 'ad er spotted me and there's enough riggers out of a job now as it is I give that Dave Miles a lift to site once.

Comms Supervisor Lashes Out At SL News Hound But Not At Afghan

Bob Forsberg, of no fixed abode, today accused a reporter for the Snorty Laugh of gross detraction of character. However, he failed to fully deny his participation in (cont P 104).

ITV Should Take Adverts Says Prof. Peacock.

The myopic Professor Peacock in a shock revelation today accused Col. Mustard of using an ITV franchise in the conservatory.

For that authentic taste of the polluted Mediterranean Sea, get your Greek Gunge from Ricka the Bubble: Retsina, Demestica, Olives, Fetta, Halloumi, Tsatsiki, Taramosalata, Houmous, Takini, Pitta Bread, Bastourma, Loukanika, Warty Melings, Spices, BBQ's. All at special prices if BBC id shown (N.B. No profit made) Supplied with Kosher U.A.T. bill.

