

2<sup>nd</sup> great issue!

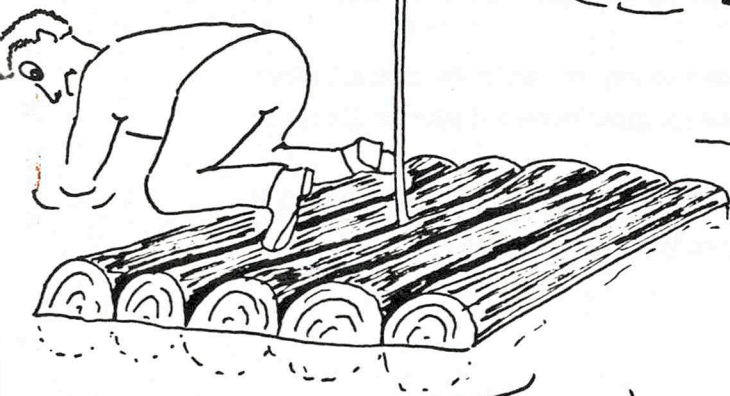
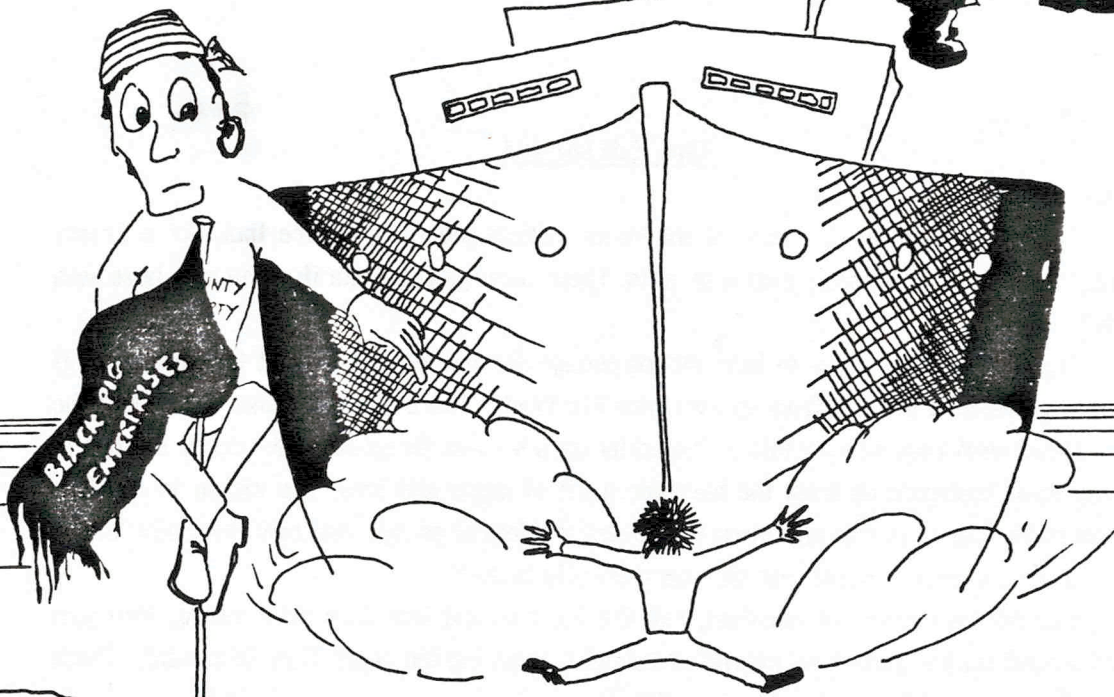
# THE CHRISTMAS

# Pugwash

Stories from the North!

NO  
SEX  
— WHATSOEVER

Marty's  
AGONY COLUMN



FAMOUS EDITORIAL TEAM DIE IN BIZARRE WARSHIP MOCK-UP!

## WELCOME TO THE CHRISTMAS PUGWASH

Well here it is the Christmas Pugwash. I hope everyone enjoys it, Ralph especially hopes that you all love it in the special way that he loves everyone of you, as do all of us here at the Pugwash.

This is the last time that the whacky team will be bringing your super soaraway Pugwash, we've got other things to do, like dissertations and projects, saving whales (not all of course) and well..... you know what we mean. Anyway if there is anybody out there in the Hall who wants to take over the running of this great publication, let either Phil or Ralph know. We'll have to have a new Editorial Staff by next January. It's invaluable experience for anyone considering a career in journalism, but be warned it is very hard work!

Happy Christmas everyone, lotzz of love,  
Captain Pugwash and the Crew.

### The Editorial.

#### Fat Cat Security.

There are a group of people at the Union, whose job is to ensure that, "of a Friday night," there is no trouble, violence or pain. Their name is Cat Security, you may have seen them?

They are a burly bunch of lads, strong enough one would have thought to prevent and if needs be physically stop violence up the Union. But Wait!! There's more to this than meets the eye... Three weeks ago an associate of the Editorial team was thrashed senseless by a group of twenty local hooligans up from the town for a bit of aggro and love. The victim in question subsequently had to have an operation to prevent the loss of an eye. And now his vision in one eye is severely impaired, his tear duct permanently broken.

During the incident on question, Fat-Cat Security did less than zero indeed, they just stood around smoking and drinking and presumably enjoying the fight. They later said, "There was nothing we could do, no hard feelings!!!"

This gang of cowboys have grown fat on the easy pickings of the Union contract which they seem to have a monopoly of. How many more grotesque assaults does it take for the Union Executive to sit up and listen.

It's nice to fight Alton's Abortion Bill, It's nice to fight against South Africa, but isn't it high-time that the Executive dealt this with this mess on their own doorstep.

Because we love you. Of course we do.

Capt. P. says, 'Sack 'em Now.'



## Sloane Spotting.

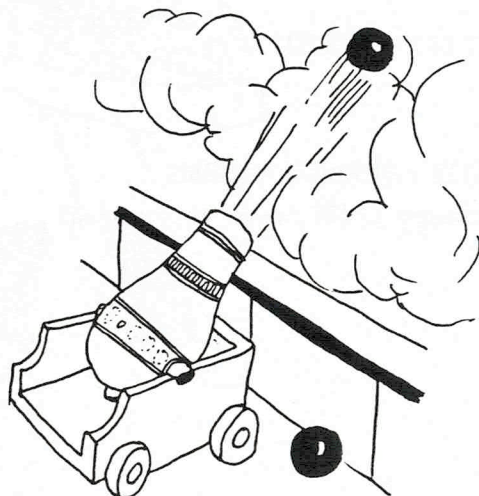
The Autumn term, the start of another year brought with it the usual motley collection of new first years. Casting an experienced eye over this new bunch, I detected a breed of student which has previously been *less common* in Mansfield Hall than most of the other halls, this being the 'Sloane,' or 'Semi-Sloane.'

My methods of detection were quite simple. A rough guide was obtained on examination of one or two names, such as Anton, Giles or Edward. However a more detailed and accurate analysis was incurred on examination of their dining-room habits: they are exhibitionists at heart and have a tendency to expose themselves on dining-hall tables. They can be seen in brightly coloured scarves and show a marked inability to converse with their common man.

To those who may find their behaviour patterns slightly unconventional, I submit to you the basic christian values of tolerance and love for thy neighbour.

Yours A. Smith

(Ph.D Sloane Detection)



## Storm Trooper Jon Takes on Earlsland!

Tension flared high, Sunday 22nd November, 23.00 hours when Jon Goodwin (Oxton 117), the Northern Wonder, set up a one-man siege at the doors of Earlsland House.

Early reports indicate that Sloanie provocateurs in a dastardly attempt to suppress the Great British proletariat, made the fatal mistake of challenging our hero ( in a short missive carved in inch-deep letters on his door when he was out supping Olde English Ales) to a showdown. In the true tradition of all great libertarian freedom fighters, over he stormed-foaming at the mouth, red in the face, and demanding justice be done.

The Capitalists bourgeoisie crumbled at the sight of our latter day Robin Hood. They wrangled over the rights to the video-recorders and all-out class war was narrowly avoided only by Sloanie concessions and cowardly attempts to shift the blame on one unknown, and untraceable scapegoat, "Colin," in absentia.

Observed by three impartial (and rather dubious Ed.) members of the SWP.

**Notice: Top-Floor Oxton hereby formally declare aqua-warfare on all other members of hall. Light armaments only ie. No Bombs. Swim or Die.**

## NEWBURY TOP FLOOR PROBE. ARE YOU TIGHT FISTED?

Answer each question - and see how you've rated at the end of the quiz.

1. You come across a bundle of plain, white paper. Do you;
  - a. Use it for scrap paper, for notes revision etc?
  - b. Leave it alone, because it is not much good to you anyway?
  - c. Staple the sheets together, and sell them as note pads for 3p each?
2. You find that you have run out of sugar. Do you;
  - a. Give up putting sugar in your tea/coffee?
  - b. Borrow some sugar and buy some later?
  - c. Steal hundreds of sugar sachets, empty them out into a container, and use it to put into tea or coffee?
3. You have about twenty really out of date records. Do you;
  - a. Throw them away?
  - b. Give them away?
  - c. Try to sell them in the *Mansfield Pugwash*?
4. You give someone a Pound coin to buy a drink, that costs 98p. Do you;
  - a. Not worry when they don't give you the 2p change?
  - b. Hope that they put the 2p change in the charity box?
  - c. Demand the 2p change, stating that, "It all adds up in the end."?
5. You have thirty-five pairs of socks. Why is this?
  - a. You are a trend setter, and you need a pair to suit every occasion?
  - b. You recently won a 'Sock Shop,' competition?
  - c. You only wash your socks three times a year, to save money?

If you have answered mostly c. then you are tight-fisted. This quiz bears no resemblance to actual events which have taken place on Top-Floor Newbury.

Steve Miller, Newbury 37.

...which leads us on nicely to... FOR SALE!!! FROM NEWBURY'S ARTHUR DALY.

JIMI HENDRIX - SMASH HITS & STONE FREE.

UFO. - MECHANIX.

AC/DC - LET THERE BE ROCK.

THE POLICE - REGATTA DE BLANC.

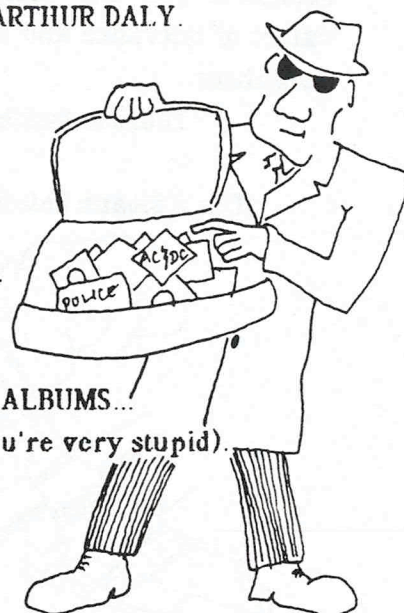
IMAGINATION - NIGHT CLUBBING & IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT.

HAZEL O'CONNOR - COVER PLUS.

RITCHIE BLACKMORE'S - RAINBOW.

SAXON - CARRERE AND VARIOUS OTHER COMPLETELY RUBBISH ALBUMS...

All for only £1.50 each. See Ian Wilkinson, Newbury 33. (If you're very stupid).





# PHOTO PASSION

Max had never been one for the girls; there was too much else to do.



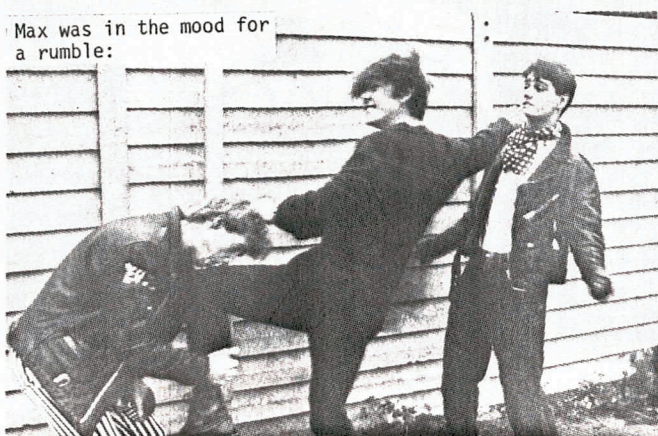
Fighting and drinking were his only hobbies.



But Max had an admirer from afar:



Max was in the mood for a rumble:







If only he knew how I  
feel....

If only she knew how  
I feel....

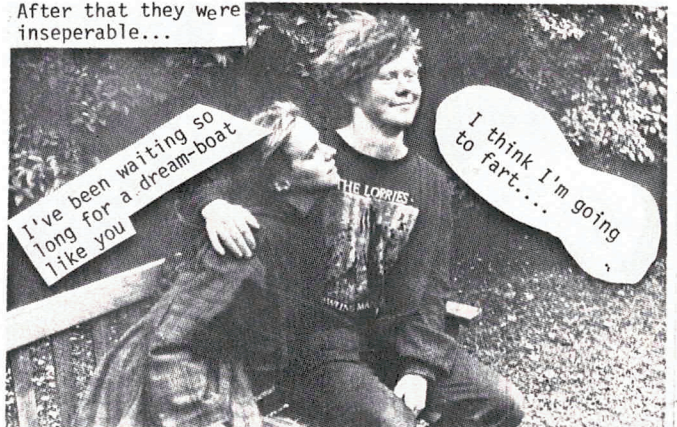


MMMM....  
he's so dreamy

I think I'm pissed

Later at Moni's fab bash  
they really hit it off

After that they were  
inseperable...



I've been waiting so  
long for a dream-boat  
like you

I think I'm going  
to fart....



MMMM....  
He's really hunky

Celia thought she'd met  
her perfect guy...until:



Max was angry.....

That's it Max -  
we're through!



Nothing else for it:

Who wants to be a  
slave to reproductive  
instincts anyway!

#### CAST

Max : Max  
Celia : The lovely girl  
Steve : Steve  
Yogi : Yogi  
N.Kamen : Darren  
Martin : Everything else!



Jon Arnell's

Fireside Chat: Message on the forthcoming Summit.

**Mansfield!**

It has come to my attention that there is to be a super-power summit shortly. This, on the whole, is to be cautiously welcomed (apart from the fact that I was not consulted at all about it!). The news that 3% of the world's nuclear arsenal is to be scrapped naturally makes me want to writhe about on the carpet, orgasmically. But look a little deeper! If the trend of arms reduction continues at this unnatural speed we will, very soon, end up with no nuclear weapons at all! If so, conscription will be re-introduced. This is bad news, for I, and many others, do not relish the thought of crew cuts, boot polish, bunk beds, noisy provincials, sergeant-majors, army grub beatings and bizarre initiation ceremonies.

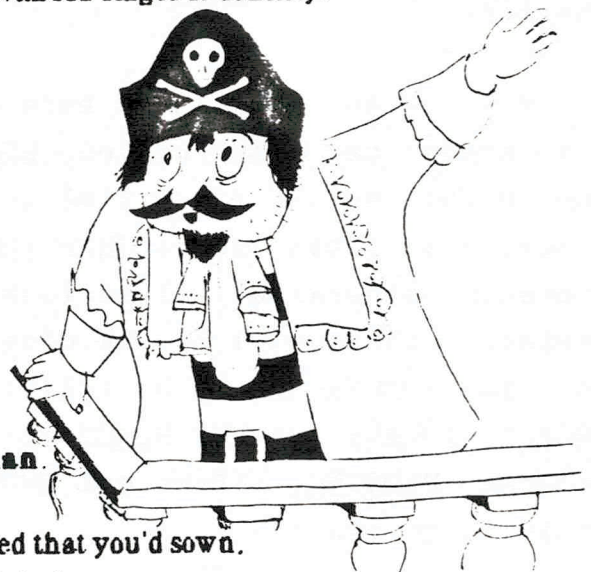
If we don't have conscription, the Russians will invade and subject us to much the same thing. This may appeal to some on the leftist fringes ie. the Labour Party and the Carla Biggs of this world.

I say keep the nuclear arsenal (you never know when you might need it...). The forthcoming summit has one good point, however. It will give us the chance to compare the first lady of Russia with that of America. My money is on Raisa Gorbachev - she's no skeletal, old right-wing harpie, nor is she married to some bumbling decrepit old cartoon character in the advanced stages of senility!

Goodnight.

J. Arnell. The Elgar Road.

Robert Zimmerman.



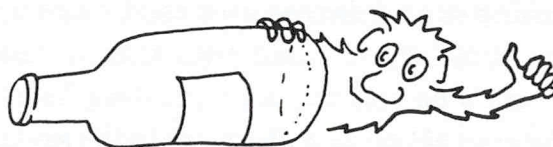
You fathered clone people with seed that you'd sown.  
And you prepared the culture in which they were grown.  
And now they've moved on and left you on your own.  
And you don't even bother with shaving.  
Now your voice is like gravel and your face like a stone.  
With the lines that come from ageing.

by. Alan Blobb.

# COMPETITION TIME!

Four Weeks holiday.  
 Essay.  
 Projects.  
 Dissertation.  
 Good food.  
 Relatives.  
 Presents.  
 Money.  
 Vacation Work.  
 Shopping.  
 Parties.  
 Old-Friends.  
 A Sound of Music.  
 Val Doonican  
 Pudding.  
 Carol singing.  
 Snow?  
 Roast Turkey.  
 Nut Roast.  
 Skiing.

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



Well soon it will be here a, FOUR WEEKS HOLIDAY! Well for some of us it means catching up on ESSAYS, PROJECTS and the DISSERTATION, but no doubt we'll find time to see OLD-FRIENDS and go to a few PARTIES. Inevitably this means SHOPPING for PRESENTS. I'm praying for some MONEY because otherwise I'll be looking for VACATION WORK or CAROL SINGING! I suppose there will be the usual round of RELATIVES and A SOUND OF MUSIC or VAL DOONICAN on the telly. Still what I love best is the GOOD FOOD, ROAST TURKEY or NUT ROAST (so as not to offend any vegetarians) and of course PUDDING. If we get SNOW we can go SKIING and annoy those who've paid to go away!

There aren't any missing words this time, just hand in your completed Word-Search to me Tracy Morris M23. The prize is a bottle of Asti Spumante. The last winner was Karen Huddleston, so get searching. Closing date February 10th.



## Another gripping expose from the Hartwall & Cornley team!!!

### MEATY MAHATMA & THE WILEY WENCH!!

Scandal is once more brewing in the seething cauldron of breathless lust known to the simple few as Oxton Top. Jealous with the reputation of Paul Br\*\*chi generated by last edition's momentous piece of investigative journalism, Veer P. has succeeded in initiating a love affair of unbridled passion with Tracy E. Nothing has deterred the Meaty Mahatma from continuing his illicit affair, even when threatened with exposure in that esteemed newspaper the MANSFIELD PUGWASH. This has forced into action H & C Listening (The Walls have Ears) Ltd. and exclusive recording rights have been waived in favour of the Freedom of Information Act. The tapes, available at 99p a go, make, "Nine and a half Weeks," seem like the, "Magic Roundabout." (By the way, Veer, have you really re-written the 'Kama Sutra'?).

Meanwhile, another lurid chapter has unfolded in the story of Joe Ball (Oxton 95) and Paul B. once described by the reverend P.J. as, "A most deplorable affair." It appears that in the midnight romps with which we are now so familiar, Paul's back has developed mysterious whip marks. Furthermore, an anonymous eye-witness has reported bursting in on one of their sordid sessions, and found Joe massaging the wicked welshman in an extremely vigorous fashion. And why has Boots sold out of Johnsons Baby lotion?

Which leads us on - very nicely we think (and why not) - to another Paul, of Oxton 102, and his, "psychological," studies of the female form. The particular female form in point is one Andrea, to whom he once sent a box of Milk Tray, bearing the dedication: "Last night was the best hang since the Big one." Their affair has proved to be one of the most tumultuous in living memory, especially on the nights when the 007 wetsuit and the buttered snorkel were used.

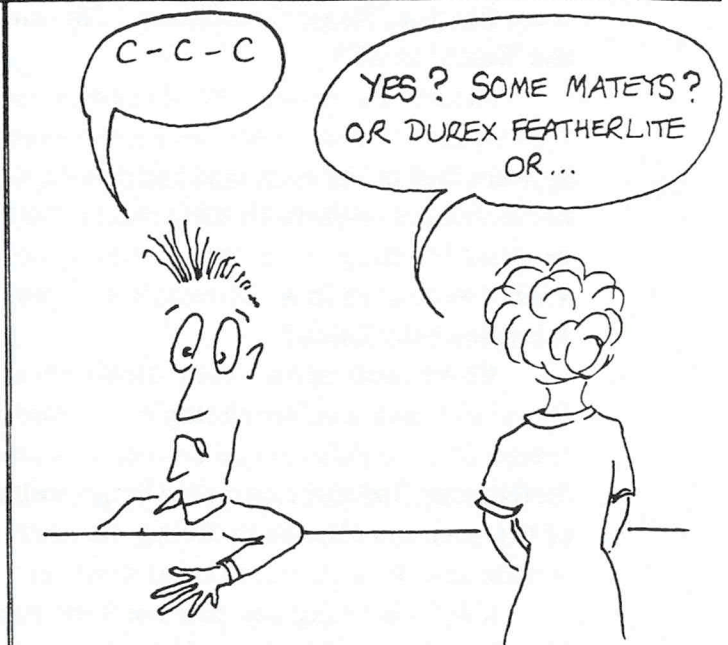
H & C Listening Ltd. has not been restricted to mere mortals, but has trained it's microphones elsewhere. Indeed, not even the mighty members of the JCR. have escaped our omnipotent attention. Reliable sources (the friend of Mark Daley's second cousin in-law) have informed us of a certain M. Reeve's kinky activities, and in particular an occasion when she was caught canoodling with ex-Sports Rep. Costa. When pressed with the facts they took us aside and attempted to make a bribe (one gallon of lethal punch, one sports sock, and free laundry for a year). Of course, being the honest, law-abiding, gutter scraping, scandal mongers that we are, we accepted and then proceeded to type this hallowed masterpiece. This incident is just the latest in a long line of shocking revelations that we will be expounding in the future, and will show the JCR. not to be the group of morally upstanding gentlefolk you always imagined them to be, but a bottomless pit of vice and sin.

Watch out next time for disturbing discoveries about Chris D. and Jane U. and also the explicit erotica of... well the Editor wouldn't let us go on..!

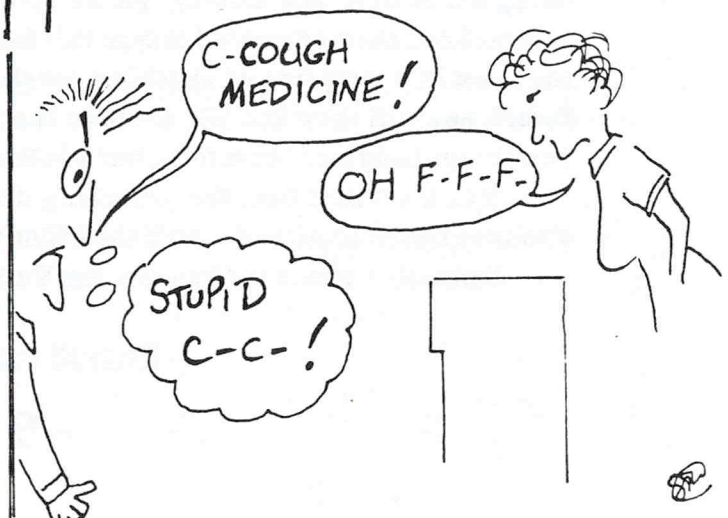
Remember wherever you are: the Walls have Ears!!!

Hartwall and Cornley





~~You Never Know When It C-could Happen to You!~~





## Y The Saturday Sizzler Y

What was the reason for the Video camera and the room full of men and one solitary female there to keep them happy?! Was it rehearsals for EMMANUELLE IV or perhaps it was merely a normal evening's entertainment for residents of Top-floor Newbury!! We would love to be able to say that the latter reason was the case but alas no!! Much as we would like to spend all our evenings indulging in one long orgy - it was in fact Julie Cobb's 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday Party.

The weekend started with the arrival of one, poor, lost soul whose plaintive northern dialect whined, " *Dust tha norr Joolie Cobb?*" as he wandered disorientated through the Cattery. The only person who understood him was Alison Creasey (Creecy, Ceasy or even Greasy) whose eagerness at the prospect of all those *louverly*, handsome, single and most especially northern, young men, prompted her to entice this poor, unsuspecting victim in to that well known den of iniquity and sin - Newbury 43. Like the fly into the Spiders-Web, he struggled, but to no avail! He had to endure Alison's coffee (plus three hours of TV.) but we are relieved to say that he emerged undressed and ready to PARTY!!!

Saturday night came (ooh!!!) and with it tension mounted (Dirty bugger!!). Hordes of sprucely dressed young men and devastatingly attractive young women (Ho Ho Ho) made their way to 'Pipers Island,' and the consequent boarding of the 'Caversham Lady.' Here the evening started in earnest, (Lucky ol' Earnest [Any more cheap comments like this Alison, and you'll never write for the Pugwash again.Ed.] ). The proceedings started harmlessly enough but then the fatal, "Free Drink," hour began. The booze started to flow liberally (Labourly and Conservatively - We don't want to seem partisan. [Merely Stupid! Ed.] ). The footsteps began to falter - less of the pitter-patter, more of the Piss and Splatter! The giggling grew louder and the eyes reddened.

Ian Wilkinson had to be forcibly separated from his Zoology text-books (and his wallet) and was put to shame by his girlfriend, Helen, who downed a pint in less time than it took him to pick his up!!! (his drink).

The amount of pumping that went on through out the evening was nothing less than incredible. Sarah Wood experienced difficulty in pumping ( We find this hard to believe) so asked the Captain [not Pugwash] for assistance and he willingly provided them!! They both came out of the Loo (Ho Ho Ho) smiling, so obviously the operation was a success! Sarah clearly enjoyed it so much that she kept on going back for more. Funny though-- by the end of the evening the smile had faded and a somewhat bilious look had taken its place.

So the evening came to a close and the time came (Ho Ho Ho) to disembark. Some people finding this easier than others. Fiona McCreddin, for example took great delight in hitching up her skirts, throwing caution to the wind, (is that all?)



and going for an untimely paddle (Piddle?). She was so eager she could not even wait to get off the boat first, and proceeded to thrust her left leg between the gangplank and the boat. Fortunately, the Captain, once again rode up on his dashing white steed, to the aid of the maiden in distress (or *dat*-dress), and with those well timed words of warning " Watch the Gap," (Ho Ho Ho) hauled Fiona from the murky depths.

John Payne attempted a quick getaway but was thwarted by a swarm of drunken desperados who proceeded to vigorously shake, (rattle and roll), the frail frame of his VW, Beetle. He suffered an extreme case of sense-of-humour failure, which is ironic, because everyone else found it very amusing indeed!! Fortunately, Julia (I can drive like Mansell anyday!) Cornelissen got them all home in one piece, (Ho Ho Ho [No No No. Ed.] ).

AS for Julie... she was still busy, 'entertaining,' with the Video camera, the whips and mirrors in Newbury 36, (so that's where the 'Ice Man o' the North,' got to!!).

Composed: Alison Creasey & Sarah Wood.  
(With additional smut from Ian Wilkinson)

On behalf of Newbury Top we would like to say a big Thank-you! To Julie and Mr. & Mrs. Cobb for a good night out, enjoyed by all.

♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX♥XOX

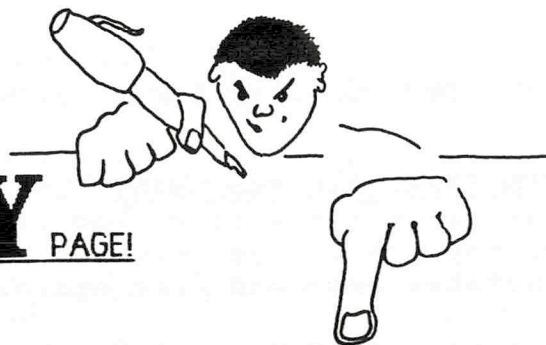


Fire alarms are part and parcel of Hall life, however the case is usually that a practice has to be repeated, because the participants were too slow in getting up, and out of the building. This recently happened in main when the time taken to totally evacuate the building was nine minutes. However, those of us living in Main 20 - 24 would have little chance of escape, if there had been a real fire for the bell in our area of Hall does not work. Now you might say, "Well that's what fire tests are for, so that faulty equipment can be checked and replaced." Yes, I'd agree, but that bell has failed to ring consistently in tests for the last three years!

It is all well and good for the Warden's office to put little notes in the dining hall complaining about people not evacuating the building in time, perhaps they better concentrate on mending equipment that has been lethal for years.

**NOW THAT SOUNDS CRAZEE TO ME!!!!**





Dear Aunty Marty,

I am so upset I don't know what to do. I have been a Northerner for some time now and its really getting me down. All these jokes about Tetley's Bitter, Flat Caps and Train Spotting are ruining my life. I have tried to seek advice from 'street-cred' Steve but he's always too busy working; Ian 'Windy' Wilkinson just treats me like a maggot; and Chris Vincent has only woolly views of what I should do. I've even been on long cycling trips with Mark Bilham, but they take so long and always end up in disaster. My only escape from such spite is to count bricks and play with the computers, but this doesn't seem to work. Please help me.

PS. I am an undergraduate in Quantity Surveying, and I enjoy working with trains.

D. P. (Newbury Top Floor)

Dear D. P.

I've had to do a lot of work in the last three weeks or so. I am sure you know what its like with projects and dissertations etc. From your letter which I have only been able to glance at briefly it seems clear that you are an extremely weedy individual. If you are interested in trains so much I suggest you go down to your local station and rest your neck on the rails and wait for the 3:15 Paddington to Bristol Temple Meads.

Yours Aunty Marty.

Dear Aunty Marty,

I'm very worried about my weight, I can't find clothes to fit me, girls won't look at me and I have to spend hours on the toilet every morning, please can you tell me what to do.

Yours Heavily,

Dear Heavily,

Don't be shy about your massive weight. Fat people are a very amusing section of the population, without you thin people wouldn't be able to say, "Gosh I'm glad I'm not hideously fat." So come on come out of the Toilet, preferably in an elephant suit and give us all a laugh!

Yours Aunty Marty.



## YOUR HOROSCOPE REVEALS....

AQUARIUS (Jan.20th-Feb.19th) You have a inventive mind and are inclined to be aggressive. You lie a great deal. On the other hand, you are inclined to be careless and impractical causing you to make some mistakes over and over again. People think you are stupid.

PISCES (Feb.20th-Mar.20th) You have a vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the CIA or the FBI. You have minor influence over your associates and people resent you for your flaunting of power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisces people do terrible things to small animals.

ARIES (Mar.21st-April 19th) You are the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient and scornful of advice. You are not nice.

TAURUS (April 20th-May 20th) You are practical and persistent. You have dogged determination and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bullheaded. You are a communist.

GEMINI (May 21st-June 20th) You are quick and an intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bi-sexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you are cheap. Geminis are known for committing incest.

CANCER (June 21st-July 20th) You are sympathetic and understanding of other people's problems. They think you are a sucker. You are always putting things off. That is why you'll never make anything of yourself. Most welfare recipients are Cancer people.

LEO (July 21st-Aug.22) You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are pushy. Most Leo people are bullies. You are vain and dislike honest criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are known thieves.

VIRGO (Aug.23rd-Sept.22nd) You are the logical type and hate disorder. This nit-picking is sickening to your friends. You are cold and unemotional and sometimes fall asleep while making love. Virgos make good bus drivers.

LIBRA (Sept.23rd-Oct.22nd) You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. If you are a man you are more than likely queer. Chances for employment and monetary gain are excellent. Most Libra women are good prostitutes. All Libras die of venereal disease.

SCORPIO (Oct.23rd-Nov.21st) You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You shall achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. Most Scorpio people are murdered.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov.22nd-Dec21st) You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you lack talent. The majority of Sagittarians are drunks and dope fiends. People laugh at you a great deal.

CAPRICORN (Dec.22nd-Jan.19th) You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You don't do much of anything and are lazy. There has never been a Capricorn of any importance. Capricorns should avoid standing in one place too long as they tend to take root and become trees.



## MANSFIELD HALL v. CHEDWORTH AFC.

A "FRIENDLY."

*Mansfield chomp Cheddars!!!*

A magnificent second-half comeback saw Mansfield score six fantastic goals without reply, to win Seven - Four.

Mansfield once again struggled to scrape together eleven fit players, with Mark (I won the beer-leg) Hydes, Phil (Handsome Devil) Roeh and Graham (Petrol Cap) South, being dragged from their beds.

### Climax!

Mansfield were put under early pressure from a re-shuffled Chedworth team, but responded with a series of flowing counter attacks, which climaxed in Chedworth's "Killer," using his hands to foil 'Big' John Ireton Marcel (Marie) Ombga missed the resulting penalty in fine style.

### Jammy Cheese!

While Mansfield were still rueing the missed penalty, Cheddars scored a lucky goal. The Greens & Yellows replied almost immediately with a first class goal from Big John (It didn't just hit me) Ireton.

### Dummy Dobson!

Perhaps the highlight of the first-half was a spectacular dummy and fall by Mark (Dobbo) Dobson, who showed remarkable agility in falling over, much to the amusement of Steve (Grange Hill) Earle.

### Half Time: 1 - 1.

A rousing half-time talk from skipper Carmine (Chartered Accountancy is interesting) Bianco, resulted in Mansfield quickly going 4 - 1 down. Then came the amazing fight back. Injured Mark (I didn't want to play) Hydes bravely offered to stop the Chedworth strike force, by donning the green top and gardening gloves to go in goal.

### Go on my Son!

The match was turned on its head by brave refereeing decisions, allowing John Ireton to complete his hat-trick with two brilliant solo efforts (which never looked off-side at all).

### Slatter Slaughter!

The ensuing dominance by Mansfield was exemplified by the magnificent partnership of Mark (Played a blinder) Dobson and Steve (I wanted to take Simon G. to hospital) Earle, on one left flank, as Mansfield stormed into a six - four lead with goals from; Mick (Rush goalie) Slatter and Marcel (I'm having a bad day) Ombga.(2).

### Vickers' Caress!

With seconds ticking away, Mansfield attacked again, with Alex (Did you know City scored Ten) Vickers caressing the ball around majestically. From an ensuing corner Mansfield completed the scoring, as John (I'm not playing in goal) Stephens stormed forward to head powerfully home, to wrap up the game at 7 - 4.

If only it hadn't been a friendly..!





Pugwash hesitated,  
held his nose,  
and toppled  
off the end  
of the plank...

into an unknown future.

THE MANSFIELD PUGWASH IS AN INDEPENDENT PRODUCTION  
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