

SPLODE

THE

THIN

MAGAZINE

Have you noticed our new gash shaft gantry? This elegant piece of goods, the creation of the Steneham and Associates Gash Shaft Gantry Creation Company Unlimited, adds a definitely nautical touch to the base area, much more acceptable than the atmosphere generated by the old one, which was a design no doubt by Judge Jeffreys in one of his leisure moments. Unfortunately, the new gantry doesn't lift the drums out as well as the old one did.

Advertising Feature:

Due to the departure of one of his principal right hand men into the kitchen during the coming week, our courteous and responsible neighborhood dog man invites applications for the post of Seal Chop Operative. Fids! This is your chance! You too can smell like Fletcher! Learn a useful trade,--chain saw cleaning!

Midday meal provided in delightful surroundings of considerable Olde Worlde Charms.

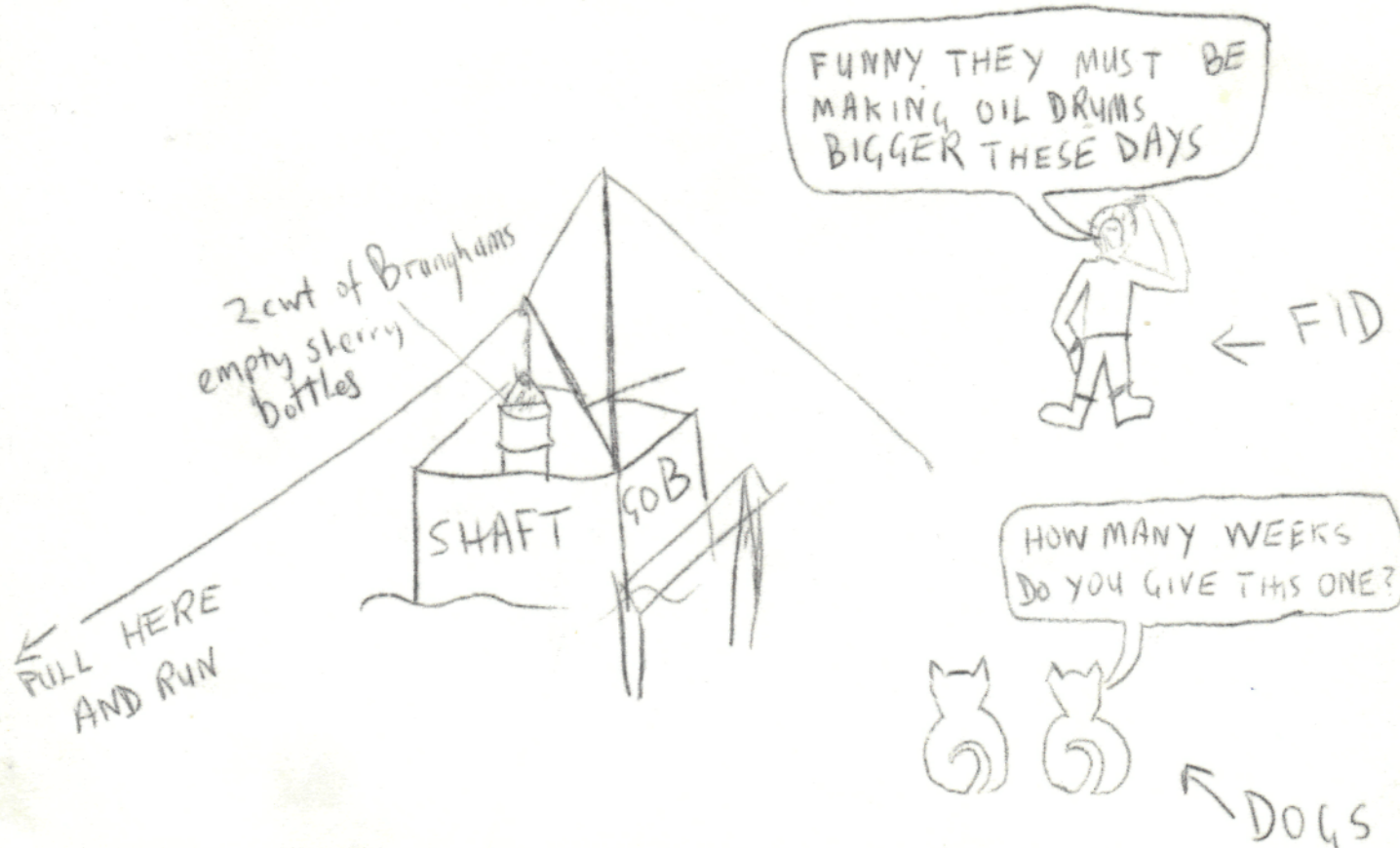
EXTRACT from The Police Gazette (Halley Bay 1972)

"... and it appears that the defendant was a high ranking officer of the British Antarctic Survey. Nevertheless, the charge of breach of the peace was found proved, the defendant having been seen to indulge in two drunken brawls, on the same evening and in the same premises. When cautioned, Smith is said to have replied....."

God, this must have been a Hell of a week. It appears that the only newsworthy subjects have been brawling and the gash gantry. I hereby announce another fundamental tenet of Splode's editorial policy. This week I have written half the magazine. On the day I have to write more than half, Hey presto! No more SPLODE.

The Halley Bar brawling Club now seems to be in full swing with the founder members taking a leading part in the regular sessions which are held late at night in the lounge. Some of the more temperate readres of this magazine may possibly be unaware of the activities of this fine organization except in ~~sex~~ so far as they manifest themselves in the form Obvious injuries to the feet and eyes of the president. The rules of the club are quite strict and no member is allowed to participate in any contest unless he has consumed in the same evening more than a certain specified quantity of alcohol. The bouts are limited to three minutes as at the end of this time both contestants are normally in a state of complete and utter knackeredness with monstrous puffs and pants rippling through the room. One is allowed to remove ones shoes and socks to obtain a better grip on the floor though in some cases (I won't mention John Flick's name to avoid embarrassment) this privelege may be withdrawn on account of the possiblr pollution of the environment which could result from such an action. It is rumoured that the editor of this very journal is to no little extent involved in the doings of the above mentioned society.

They say a picture is worth a thousand words and what's more it helps to fill up the rest of the space on this page so here goes.



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY AT DURHAM BUT, AS ALWAYS HAPPENS, SOME BLOKE HAS TO FALL IN TO MAR THE OCCASION. THIS TIME HE WAS LUCKY. HE WAS HAS NOTICED AND DRAGGED TO THE SIDE BY A CLEAN? LIMBED YOUNG STUDENT WHO PROCEEDED, AS HE HAD BEEN TAUGHT, WITH ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

THE SCENE WAS PATHETIC, THE STUDENT WAS GOING "PUSH", TWO, THREE, FOUR: PUSH, TWO. THREE, FOUR", AND WATER WAS POURING OUT OF THE PATIENTS MOUTH.

AS USUAL A CROUD GATHERED, AT THE BACK OF WHICH WAS A SCRUFFY YOUTH WHO REMARKED IN A LOUD CLEAR VOICE, "WATCH IT'. THE STUDENT PAID NO ATTENTION AND CARRIED ON REVIVING THE DROWNED ONE .""I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE,MATE, WATCH-IT' STILL THE STUDENT PAID NO ATTENTION.

"I'LL NOT TELL THEE AGAIN LAD, WATCH IT ' THE STUDENT COULD STAND NO MORE, AND STICKING HIS NOSE IN THE AIR, TURNED TO THE OBNOXIOUS INDIVIDUAL AND ANNOUNCED, "I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW MY MAN , I'M A FOURTH YEAR DIP TECH AT SUNDERLAND. I SHOULD KNOW WHAT I'M ABOUT" " AYE, I'LL HAVE YOU' KNOW THAT I'M A THIRD YEAR CITY AND GUILDS STUDENT, AND IF YOU DONT TAKE HIS BACKSIDE OUT OF THE RIVER YOU'LL PUMP THE BLOODY THING DRY".

Q _ WHY DOES A HEN LAY EGGS?

A _ BECAUSE IF THE EGG WENT UP THE OTHER WAY THE HEN WOULD CHOKE.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE NEW INSECTICIDE. IT DOESNT ACTUALLY KILL FLIES, IT MAKES THEM SO SEXY YOU CAN SWAT THEM TWO AT A TIME.

"HEY, BROKEN_NOSE, PLAY THE PIANO'."

.."I AINT GOT A BROKEN NOSE".

"CRUNCH"

*****PLINK-A-PLONK -----KA-PLINK-----A PLONK..."