



SPLode - Editorial

This issue of SPLode has been the subject of considerable interference. Far too many of our correspondents have been putting ~~in~~ their efforts into futile attempts to change themselves into wogs of one complexion or another, and neglecting to produce good literature. No wonder the Empire has crumbled! It is a bitter sight to see a man with the glorious words "Citizen of the United Kingdom and Colonies" on his passport cudgelling his brains for the best manner of passing himself off as a nigger or a chink. There is ~~are~~ no truth in any rumour that SPLode is to be taken over by a fair and unbiased journal of race relations called Flog the Wogs.

Incidentally, if you do fancy impersonating a member of an emerging or submerging nation, it's a help if you have a bit of notice.

Thank God for the language lessons! In the course of the last Spanish class our Mr. Ramage was heard to utter sounds not unlike a form of human communication, and that without prompting. All we need now is a programme of education to teach Spanish to everyone else on base, and we'll be able to talk to him.

On the subject of race relations, it is hoped that we will be able to negotiate for an article by the well-known South African humanitarian Pieter Coetzee, affectionately known to the natives as 'Baas Sjambok'.

SNIPPET

"Charles, darling, I only have eyes for you!"

"Myrtle, darling, I only have eyes for you!"

They fell over a cliff.

A RESIDENT OF SEABURN ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON WAS DIGGING HIS FRONT GARDEN, AFTER ONE PARTICULARLY VIOLENT STAB WITH HIS SPADE HE WAS AMAZED TO SEE A SMALL FOUNTAIN OF OIL ARISING FROM THE GROUND. NATURALLY, HE THOUGHT HE WAS LOOKING AT A FUTURE FORTUNE THE NEXT DAY HE CALLED IN THE CONTRACTORS AND A SHAFT WAS SUNK TO FIND THE SOURCE OF THIS 'LIQUID GOLD'.

WITHIN THE NEXT WEEK THE SHAFT REACHED A DEPTH OF 1,000 FEET WITHOUT ANY SIGNS OF OIL BEING FOUND. UNDAUNTED, THE GENTLEMAN ORDERED THE CONTRACTORS TO CONTINUE DIGGING. UNFORTUNATELY HE HAD TO ADMIT DEFEAT WHEN THE SHAFT FINALLY REACHED A DEPTH OF 10,000 FEET AND SEVERAL HUNDRED POUNDS OUT OF POCKET HE WAS LEFT WITH A SMALL DEEP HOLE IN HIS GARDEN. AFTER PONDERING OVER WHAT TO DO WITH IT FOR SEVERAL DAYS, HE FINALLY DECIDED HE WOULD BUILD A SMALL NON-FLUSH BOG OVER IT.

SOME TIME LATER THE VICAR AND HIS WIFE CAME TO TEA. AFTER A VERY PLEASANT TEA THE VICAR EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO GO AND RELIEVE HIMSELF. PROUDLY THE HOST SHOWED HIM HIS NEW BOG AND THE VICAR TROTTED OFF TO TRY IT OUT.

THE HOST ON RETURNING TO THE HOUSE JOINED IN THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN HIS WIFE AND THE VICAR'S WIFE. AFTER SOME TIME HIS WIFE EXPRESSED SOME MISGIVINGS ABOUT THE VICAR'S RATHER LONG ABSENCE.

'IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR, HE LIKES TO TAKE HIS TIME', SAID THE VICAR'S WIFE.

A FURTHER HALF-AN-HOUR PASSED AND NOW EVEN THE VICAR'S WIFE HAD BEGUN TO WORRY AND TO ALLEVIATE HER ANXIETY THE HOST WENT TO SEE IF THE VICAR WAS OK. TO HIS DISMAY HE FOUND THE WORTHY GENTLEMAN STONE DEAD, SAT ON THE SEAT WITHOUT ANY SIGNS OF INJURY

HE RETURNED TO THE HOUSE TO IMPART HIS SAD NEWS AND, ON ASKING THE DECEASED'S WIFE IF SHE COULD THROW ANY LIGHT UPON HIS DEATH, SHE, AFTER LONG DELIBERATION, REPLIED 'WELL, THERE IS JUST ONE THING.

HE ALWAYS LIKED TO HOLD HIS BREATH UNTIL HE HEARD THE SPLASH'.

The thoughts of chairman Flick

Fid who lose shovel, shat it.

Fid with hair round face not necessarily cunt, but probably

Chairman Flick cribs all his quotes from the library.

In the library you say?

Jones left the room "To do smoke" he explained with a
knowing smirk.

Give them the cold steel boys. (cribbed from Lewis Addison
Armistead 1817-1863)

As a jewell of gold in a swine's snout so is a fair woman
which is without.

To les jours, a tous points de vue,, je vais de mieux en mieex.
Ruoghly translated this means "Every day, in every way, I
I am getting better and better." attributed to Paul Brangham
on building a magtunnel.

I have been five mñutes late all my life (Flick)

A man of infinite resource and sagacity (referring to the
base commandër)

Slow and steady wins the race. (a good piont for b.c.)

There were things which he stretched but mainly he told the truth
(Flick was reffering to his shreddieas)

They were expendable (referring to the last field trip)

Assassination is the extreme form of censorship (Not we trust
part of the editorial policy of this magazine. I Dunno tho.

It must be the beastie of Loch Ness (Brian)

The insupportable labour of doing nothing (attributed to Paul J)

Voila la commencement ~~du fin~~ de la fin

END

latest extra

Drama at halley bay

THE ELSON KID WATCH OUT !

THE BOGROLL BANDIT ISSUES A

CHALLENGE TO A DUEL! AT DAWN!