

WALLEY BAY

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"SPLode" - EDITORIAL or whatever
you like to call it.

I have been spending some time lately sitting in the Bondu Bar. During one of these sessions it was suddenly borne in upon me that the weekly Splode would be very soon due, and that there was an editorial to write. At the same time it was similarly borne in that I hadn't the ghost of an idea what to write it about. I still haven't, but, sweeping aside the impedimenta of the editorial desk, dog harnesses, unidentified THINGS, beer cans and three empty South African sherry bottles (Old Kruger Voortrekkers Rotgut), I have addressed myself to the task.

You will probably have noticed that the Magazine now has a name. The choice was probably inevitable, but was adopted at the suggestion of Paul J., who forfeits the prize offered last week because he didn't pay the entry fee, or perhaps did. It has slipped my memory, so he probably did.

Were you ever out in the Great alone,
When the moon was awful clear,
And the icy darkness hemmed you in
With a silence you'd almost hear,
With only the howl of the Husky dogs
As you crouched there in the cold.....? *

No ? A pity, I was hoping you could tell me what it was like.

If you can, tell SPLode. There's nothing like a good lie, full of myth and bullshit to give the troops a laugh. ("I too was gripped" said Sir Vivian.) * I offer my most sincere apologies to Mr. Service.

THE WEEKLY SPODES RECEIPE

INGRIEDIENTS

- | | | | | |
|---|-------|-------------|---|--------------|
| 1 | fresh | complection | | |
| 2 | large | eyes | 1 | choice rump |
| 1 | small | nose | 2 | tender loins |
| 2 | juicy | lips | 2 | long legs |
| 1 | best | neck | | |
| 2 | plump | breasts | | |
| 1 | lean | waist | | |

METHOD

take body and remove allexcess fat, clean thoroughly and marinate for one hour in asses milk , if your out of asses milk bath salts will do , pat dry and rub all over with almond oil. Place body in front of sun ray lamp and lightly brown all over under a low heat, takeing care to achieve that golden delicious colour . when done remove from heat and season liberally with deodorant and perfume . garnish with falce eyelashes , and for that professional touch add artificial colouring to lips and eyes . The dressing should be simple and kept to a minimum , perhaps a little french con coction . If your guest would appreciate some sauce why not try a see through top

SERVE ON A FRESH HOT BED .

ACCORDING TO REPORTS. . . .

The following technical glossary compiled from various sources may be of value in the writing and interpretation of MET reports.

<u>STATEMENT</u>	<u>INTERPRETATION</u>
It has long been known that...	I haven't bothered to look up the reference
...accidentally strained during mounting.	...dropped on the floor.
...handled with extreme care	...not dropped on the floor
I It is clear that much additional work will be required before a complete understanding	I don't understand it.
The equipment operates in accordance with theory.	I don't understand it.
After checking the circuit...	Without checking the circuit...
...Allowed to warm up for 45 mins.	...smoko.
The machine was allowed to reach full speed, which was then reduced to zero.	The supply was directly switched on then the fuse blew.
The load on the transformer was progressively reduced.	Two terminals worked loose
The equipment was found to be temperature-sensitive.	Three transistors burnt out.
...adjusted for full-scale reading.	Meter needle wrapped around end stop.
...using another instrument for the highest values.	Meter needle wrapped around end stop.
Three of the samples were chosen for detailed study.	The results on the others didn't make sense and were ignored.
The resulting graph was linear...	3 out of 10 points lay on a straight line...
...passing through the origin.	...using another 3 points
Results were obtained without delay.	We finished half an hour early.
There was some discrepancy...	A completely worthless set of results...

WITTER.

WHORE

SHE. What were they like?

HE. Who?

SHE. The women you slept with before you met me.

HE. They were just women, it's not important.

SHE. There were five were'nt there?

HE. Five or Six, I don't remember.

SHE. I think about them sometimes.

HE. But darling, that's all in the past-it doesn't matter
or affect us at all. It's you I love now and nobody else matters
I never ask you about the men you had before you met me, do I?

SHE. Why not?

HE. Because I'm not interested. The past is past and besides
I was the first man you slept with.

SHE. No.

HE. What?

SHE. You were'nt the first.

HE. How many?

SHE. What do you mean?

HE. How many were there before me?

SHE. Only One.

HE. WHORE!!!

Once again it has been a quiet week apart from the obvious bit of misfortune.

At the present rate of progress, you've only got enough teams for three more training runs, before you have to become a tractor mech to get out in the field. (Come to think of it, if Gordon Ram. continues as he started, we'll all have to start walking.) Now that you're even in the two departments perhaps we'll get some of the old tractor versus dogs arguments.

Let's hope the mass assault to recover Toby's camera costs no more than the petrol used.

There's a rumour out that the physio programme is a BAS plot to keep an eye on Keef's beer consumption. Talking "the nose" does anyone know why he's exempted himself from the "no boots in the lounge" rule.

For all those stirers who say that Andy has delegated all the jobs that used to be the B.L.'s, I would like to point out that he still has overall responsibility. For example if someone makes a bad job of gash, it is he who will ultimately carry the can. Also he has been heard to say that he will not delegate the actual post of B.L., as BAS are paying him to do the job.

Quote from Gord :- "I like to see something big and thick -"

Full marks to Brian on safety, whilst taking out a blowlamp to melt a trench in the bondu, he also took out a fire extinguisher in case he set the ice-shelf alight.

RACING NEWS

Once more, after extensive overhaul, that dreaded machine has burst into life again.

After much technical knowhow and head scratching by all these involved, the final adjustments were made and the big engine sprung into life.

The Kid, complete with all his racing gear managed to break all speed records in this great machine, tearing across the bondu to the tractor line, where the great machine will spend the winter.

(Rumour has it that the owner wants a fucking Webasto fitted so that he can make a dash for the Pole in time for the 4th. July.)

So look out folks, and stand clear,-

The Elsan Kid rides again!

Returning to last weeks mag., and I hope this criticism is is unnecessary this week, the whole of the bloody mag was written by the office block, bar ShLit and one bit of cooking. Well I say chaps that not good enuff, let's pull our fingers out and instead of having a wank or however you pass a Saturday afternoon role out some shit from elsewhere.

(The editor denies any connection with the writing of the above coarse and uncouth effusion.)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

In view of the unhealthy interest shown by certain members of the medical and physiological professions into the composition of our staple sledging diet (some things are best left unknown), the decision has been taken to lift the veil. From one of our contacts in the shady world of scradge mechanisms:-

Scradge for Idiots, or The Halley Bay Cordon Bleu Gobber Course: In the field, it appears that some people go out of their way to produce the most revolting scradge possible. Anyway, next time you're in the field, don't try this. 4meat bar (its been said that '65 was a good year), Marmite, garlic, mixed herbs, curry powder, tabasco, salt and Avtur to taste; gob it in a billy with about 4 pt. water and boil it stupid. Leave for an hour to ferment. Serve with about four gallons of tea.

Dear disgusted,

I am not accustomed under normal circumstances to write to such low magazines, but I was so nauseated by your obviously perverted views, that I felt some sort of reply was required.

I am a young, attractive au pair girl, working at a large establishment in Notting Hill Gate. Needless to say, like most young ladies in my position, I am still a virgin (please excuse this use of bad language but we have a saying in Sweden that, "Den stiki tupya as81", which being translated means that strong feelings call for strong words) and also remain innocent of the sort of practices to which you allude.

To further negate your argument that sexual promiscuity is rife in this day and age, I would like to describe several incidents which came to pass between my fiance and myself just recently.

Firstly I would like to point out that my fiance is a social worker, of Greek origins, who takes care of young, unattached French girls involved on professional assignments in Soho. He himself has led a remarkably sheltered life, and I was very careful not to let him see your letter as I knew that he would not understand it.

The first of the incidents happened last Saturday, whilst we were cosily lying in front of a blazing fire, drinking cocoa and watching magic roundabout on the television. My fiance had been absent-mindedly adjusting the seam in my tights, and his hand had inadvertently strayed well up inside my mini-skirt. While I was trying to think of a way to tell him, without upsetting his sensibilities, that what he was now trying to adjust was not a seam, I noticed a large bulge of cloth in the front of his trousers. When I asked him what had been the cause of this, he became acutely embarrassed, and muttered that it was due to indifferent tailoring on the part of the Jewish gentleman who had made his trousers. By this time, however, I had seen that with his hand placed in side his trouser pocket he was trying to smooth down the protuberance. His efforts increasing with time, until after a climatic effort at smoothing, he rushed from the room, saying that he would now have to change his underwear.

From this I deduced that the badly tailored article must have been his underpants, but that he had been too shy to mention such an intimate article in front of a young lady.

Later that week, I came upon Basher, as his friends cutely nicknamed him, on his knees examining the keyhole of the water-closet (once again I must apologise for the vulgarity). When I questioned his seemingly strange position, he explained that he thought I may have been in the W.C., and wished to ascertain whether or not the door was locked, without embarrassing me. When I told him that I would not have been unduly put out had he knocked, he was over come with tenderness and pulling me to him he kissed me passionately. I noticed with pleasure that he had got over some of his shyness, and was now wearing the badly tailored underwear that he had removed earlier that week.

If you need any more examples of the innocence of modern youth (complete with illustrations) please send me a cheque for £20, you will receive the correspondence in a plain envelope.

Yours,

, Miss Connie Lynkos.

P.S. I can put you in touch with young ladies in various positions willing to give you Swedish lessons.