



--:ED:--

Four years ago today Mr. Frank Cousins, general secretary of the T.G.W.U. , said that his union would not report wage claims to the Government nor would it heed decisions of the Prices and Incomes Board if legislative wage restraint was extended.

On this great anniversary, I'm sure those immortal words of Arlo Guthrie, immemorably imprinted on all our memories, are brought to mind :-

'Santa Claus wears a red suit, must be a communist'

I wonder how many parents, when telling their children to go, hang their stockings at the end of the bed for it's Christmas eve and Santa is coming, realise that they are contributing to the most successful Communist propoganda trick ever. Presents and nice things for ~~all~~ everyone, all are equal. Equal, that is, unless you've been naughty. Then there will be no presents, nothing for you, ~~the-state-~~ (sorry) Santa Claus will leave you nothing.

He lives in the cold lands of Siberia (pardon) the North. He comes at the dead of night when your not looking. He flies through the sky, drawn by his four reindeer, believed by some eminent authorities to represent the four horsemen of the apocalypse. When it's not Christmas he works all day with his hammer and sickle making toys and good things for everyone.

The second line of those immortal words goes :-

'He's got a long grey beard, must be a pacifist'

We see better now how the plot was to work. To be brainwashed at an early age into being peaceful. To hate violence and war, thus extending to the natural solution, to surrender when attacked. What a pain he must be for the F.B.I.

A secondary target being perhaps, to make us think that anything red or in red is kind and all giving.

Where did this great piece of propoganda fall down? Has it fallen down? The story continues to be told and more and more of the world becomes communist every day.

Finally, the last line - the unanswerable :-

'What's in the pipe that he's smoking ?'

(or guess where that smell's coming from.)

Here we are again at the end of another week, a little older, not much wiser and still no Yo Ho Ho. The week started off with great promise when I took Puff to the local cinema. We settled down on a comfortable back seat, Mike Taylor I think it was, and I decided to try a little wooing. Then things started to get out of hand. I think I lost control, and I've certainly lost the Knack - well you saw what happened didn't you? Still you must admit things are bad enough without twenty-three leering, jeering fids to make matters worse. You'd think the B.L. would try to maintain a certain standard of conduct throughout the base, but he's as bad as the rest. (If I ever meet Jan....). Anyway all this seems to have cooled Puff off even more. If you fellows decide to shatter my peace of mind again, could you at least bring me a little raver.

Things are very quiet in the Met Office at the moment, I think that people are afraid to come in here in case Hoof, call me Big Brother, slanders them in Slush. Very few people are popping in to ask Jay how the radar's going or, other arbitrary questions. I wonder why? Gordon and Hoof have made earth shattering improvements to the exit shaft door. The insulation seems to rely on the fact that it is now virtually impossible to open the door, thus stopping the occasional blasts of cold air. Though I can't say that I notice any difference in the temperature. Every so often our day is brightened up by the phantom flash, who lurks outside the door, waiting for an unprepared Muff or Steve to photograph.

Haven't seen much of Mr. Chips this week, but I gather he's been feeling a little under the weather. I like the occasional saucer of cream myself, but I think that a bottle of Harvey's Bristol Cream might make me a little unwell too.

Well I'll just pop off and pee on the Geophysics room floor, don't want to embarrass the little lady do I. I'm not really worried anyway, she doesn't look strong enough to stand the pace.

Who fixed the light in the tunnel outside the lobby. Jay could do with some technical advice, or so we are told.

Where have all the proper mops gone? There's only one good one on Base, and that's past its prime, or did you miss that one to? Sponges on sticks are only good for crucifixions - perhaps that's the idea.

Have you noticed the Bondu Bar is still immaculate.

After the unanimous decision in the Autocusturd Survey (the result ~~XXX~~ we've forgotten) how about a Crispy Bacon Survey.

Seen on the Bondu this morning:

One large cine-camera driving one small hairy Fid.

An I.H. blade impaling a B.L. on an A-bar (he missed the Bastard)

A multitude of strollers taking their cameras for a walk.

A flue explorer.

a speliological group exploring Dorm 2 shaft (who was that diver)

Notice the subtle bullshit campaigning. Next week there'll be 2 more floor-boards painted white. Incidentally will the "White Foot" leave both left and white prints for the guidance of the less sober members of the community.

Beware these dim-light meals - it may be more corn dog.

Remember Met men, You STILL need the Exercise , if only to flee from the gill.

O.K. Bruce. You've proved it. Now the winter fuel runs are all yours. It'll keep you warm especially without that Webasto.

Where does Doc hide on weekdays, or rather which loft is he gonking in. Beware his sleep charts too. They could be a subtle time and motion study.

The chippy may have a weak head but he's got a very strong stomach. He was hitting the "Red Arrow" at 5 feet. And he says there's a lot more where that came from, hence the rush on the new bog.

It's lucky we're now on smokless fuel. Imagine what the cooks could do with coal.

Trudy lay in bed, staring at the ceiling and trying to ignore the snores coming from the inebriated body lying at her side. She idly wondered what his name was, but eventually had to admit defeat. Just another person picked up at a party, soon to be lost in the general throng of lusty males trying to get back through her door.

She knew so many men. What a bore. This one was about as athletic as an athritic elephant.

"Cats knickers," she thought, "I must be getting old."

Her thoughts suddenly stopped wandering. Something was wrong and she could not quite place what it was. Then it struck her. She moved her gaze back across the ceiling to the ornamental light and fixed her attention on it.

There was no doubt. As she stared at it she saw the large brass knob at the bottom of the main support slowly turn.

She blinked and looked at it hard.

"It's not," she thought. "Can't be."

As if in answer to her doubt it gave another turn.

It had always struck Trudy as a bit of a disadvantage living in a house permanently to its neighbours. Part~~ies~~es for one thing.

Now she had the distinct feeling that she had been right all along.

Upstairs there was only the attic but it occurred to her that there was no wall separation between her and her neighbours up there.

In her line of work that was just not on.

And the house on the left was empty.

She rose from bed but did not bother to put anything on.

Her bed-mate slept on in bliss.

Quietly, she crept along the hall to the attic ladder. Cat like she raised herself, slowly, one rung at a time to peer over the rim of the trap door.

Crouched with his back to her was a man. That much was unmistakable, he had trousers on. She had learned that particular mark of identification at a very early age. What was not so obvious was the exact nature of his call.

Then Trudy saw the gas cylinder at his side.

She understood.

She raised herself onto the attic floor in perfect silence. Her training had taught her that, and she found it the most useful weapon she had.

When she was within three^{feet} of her visitor, she paused and then let out a polite cough.

He turned.

It was difficult to tell whether he was more surprised on being caught or being caught by a naked woman. He seemed to be having some trouble in deciding which part of her to look at. Having eventually settled on her face as the most important point at that particular time, he was rewarded by a flying blow from Trudy's right~~h~~ foot which was the prime cause of his immediate lack of interest in the proceedings. He should have looked at her legs after all.

"Poison gas" Trudy murmured to herself. "The cheek~~s~~, and probably a voyeur as well."

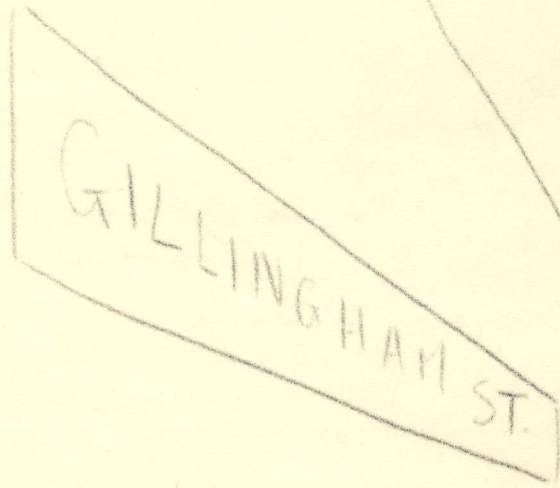
It was the work of minutes to inject him with enough of the right amount from her special kit to keep him quiet for many hours.

She deposited him in the entrance hall between the front and storm doors, phoned 'N' to tell him to send someone to pick up the body, then went back to bed.

The oblivious body still snoring at her side left the following morning, totally unaware of the action of the night, and probably uncaring. He left as he had arrived~~d~~, bemused and not quite sober.

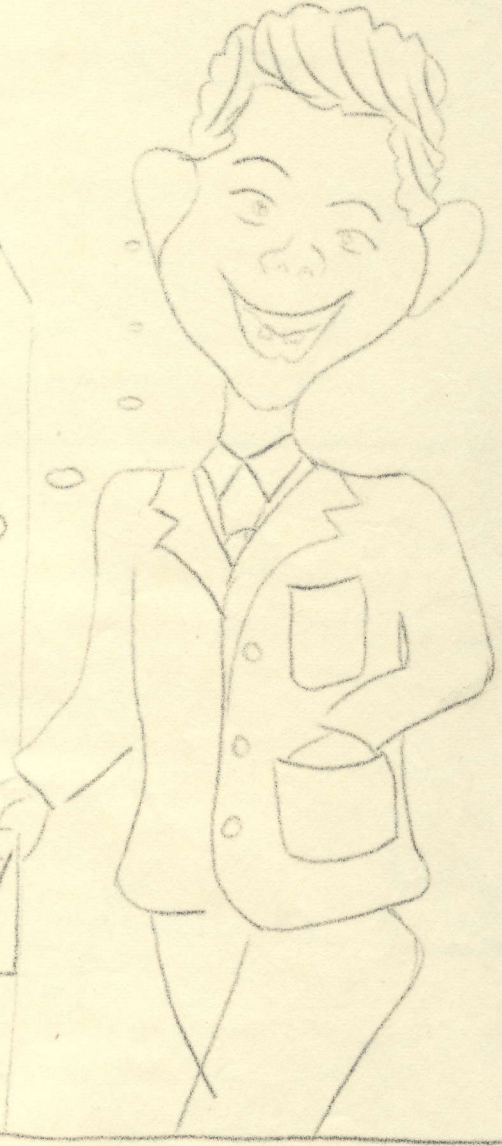
WAND

MANY A BRIGHT YOUNG
MAN HAS THOUGHT -

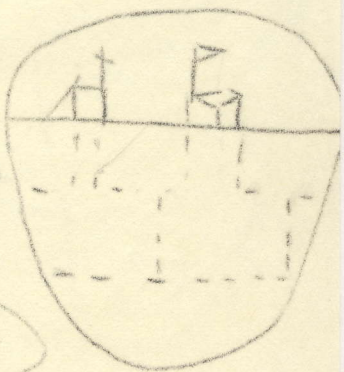


TWO YEARS IN THE
ANTARCTIC - JUST
THE JOB

UNIVERSITY
PASS

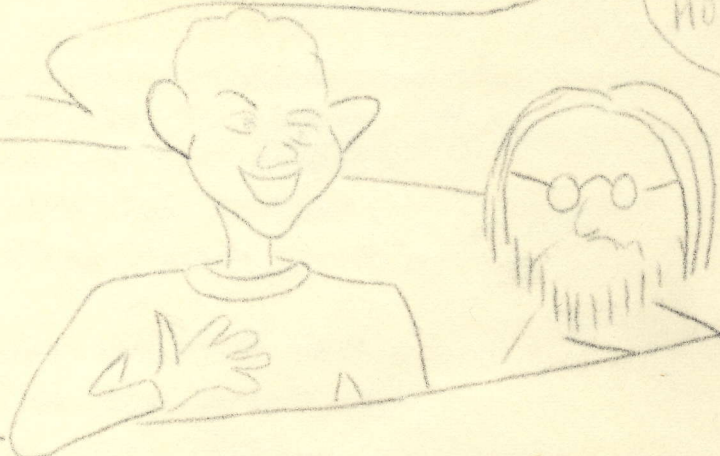


YES, ITS A
FINE OUTDOOR
LIFE



I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING ALL THOSE RUGGED EXPLORERS AT HALLEY BAY

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MONTEVIDEO



BRANTUB



How to avoid a days bog building .

The party was in the bondu bar ,
And Paul was on the sherry ,
He polished off two bottles ,
And was getting rather merry ,

The rest were drinking beer ,
And I was on the Brandy ,
They were of good cheer ,
And I was feeling randy .

Randy did not like it ,
And loudly shouted out ,
I said O stop complaining ,
And have a can of stout .

The time was getting late now ,
And muff ~~was~~ looked rather queer,
He surveyed the scean with dissbelief ,
And said: heavens were out of beer .

Finely at last had come ,
The time to go to bed ,
Next day for Paul no work was done ,
He said ; something to do with his head ? ? ? ?

v

Signed

Machine Gun Jake Magraw .

(1)	1 Baby Jump	Mungo Jerry
(4)	2 Another Day	Paul McCartney
(2)	3 My Sweet Lord	George Harrison
(10)	4 Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson
(5)	5 It's Impossible	Perry Como
(3)	6 Pushbike Song	Mixtures
(17)	7 Hot Love	T. Rex
(9)	8 Sweet Love	Neil Diamond
(7)	9 Amazing Grace	Judy Collins
(8)	10 Stoned Love	The Supremes
(6)	11 Resurrection Shuffle	Achten, Gardner and Dyke
(19)	12 Everything's Tuesday	Chairman of the Board
(19)	13 Tomorrow Night	Atomic Rooster
(-)	14 Who Put the Lights Out	Dana
(11)	15 Forget Me Not	Martha Reeves and the Vandellas
(18)	16 Grandad	Clive Dunn
(-)	17 Rose Garden	New World
(15)	18 I'm the One You Need	Smokey Robinson and the Miracles
(16)	19 No Matter What	Badfinger
(13)	20 Your Song	Elton John

Last weeks positions in brackets. (-) :- New entry

Mungo Jerry keeps the top position this week but still faces the Paul McCartney challenge. Also very near to entering the charts is the new John Lennon single, "Power of the People" which is being held up by a dispute with the record company over the content of the lyrics of the 'B' side, "Open Your Box". This could result in three ex-Beatle recordings in the top five.

"Rose Garden", is in this week, the American original by Lynn Anderson taking top honours while the cover version by New World, an Australian group resident in Britain, makes its debut.

Surprise of the week is the return of 'one-hit-wonder' Dana, the prize Irish winner of last year's 'Eurovision Song Contest', who is doing very well with a song written by Paul Ryan, ex of the Ryan brothers. He also composed the current Frank Sinatra record which is lurking just outside the charts.

This weeks chart consists of :- Ten British artists
Eight American acts and
Two Australian groups.

QUOTE MUSHROOM 1970

" THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF ANNOYANCE CAUSED BY THE ACTIONS OF YOU, NEW FIDS. THIS IS NOT YOUR FAULT, IT IS DUE TO AN OVERSIGHT THAT YOU WERE NOT TOLD WHEN YOU ARRIVED. SEVERAL OF YOU HAVE EXPRESSED CONCERN THAT YOU ARE NOT DOING THINGS RIGHT AND WISH YOU ~~X~~ WRE BETTER INFORMED. THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION , THEREFORE WILL BE OF USE TO YOU.

1) IF AN OLD FID TELLS YOU HOW TO DO SOMETHING OR WHAT TO DO , LISTEN TO HIM, DO AS YOU ARE TOLD. HE IS GOING ON A YEARS EXPERIENCE OF LIVING DOWN HERE. YOU WILL HAVE WHAT SEEMS A BETTER IDEA. DO IT HIS WAY FIRST, LATER YOU CAN DO IT YOUR WAY WHEN YOU HAVE SOME EXPERIENCE - JUST AS WE HAD TO" ETC. ETC,

IT WAS HELL LAST YEAR I TELL YOU !

JAY'S SONG (or the mouths lament)

(Sung to the tune of the green ~~ies~~ leaves of summer)

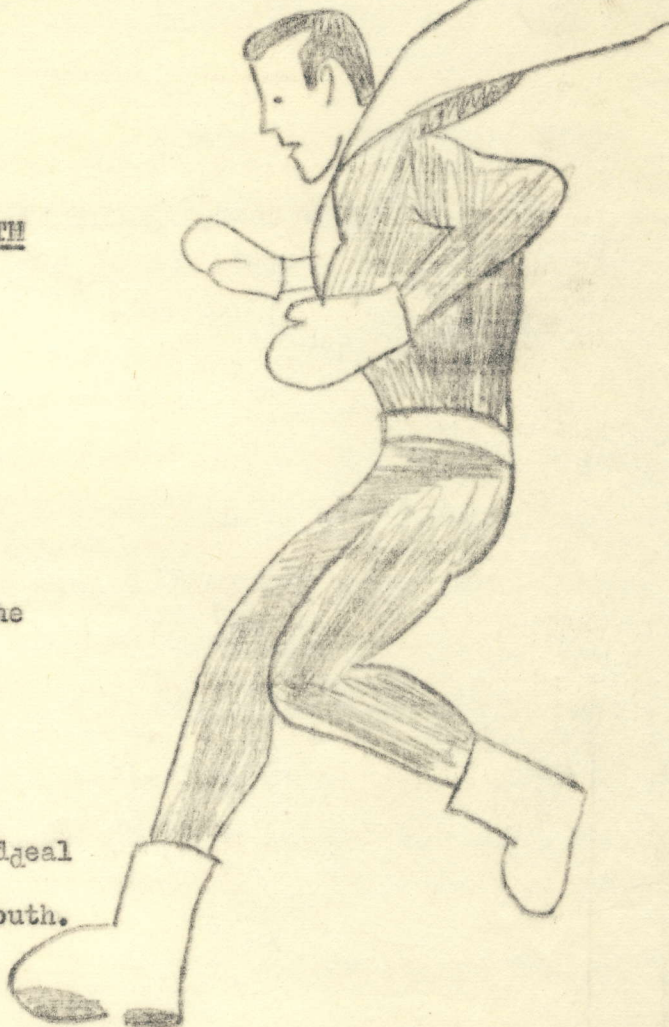
Once my scope was filled with a ring of delight,
I held it close but it faded in the light,
like the radar mechs a a ..really great guy.

I WILL BE APPEASED IF THE GRAPHITIST REMOVES HIS GREENLANDERS FROM THE POSTER MY MOTHER LOVINGLY SENT TO ME. PERHAPS HIS BOGROOM TALENTS COULD BE PUT TO BETTER USE IN THE MAGAZINE.

FLASHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE _ PAUL JONES WAS SOBER ON THURSDAY
_ GORDON IS ON NIGHT MET NEXT WEEK .HE WILL BE
SLEEPING IN DORM 2 DURING THE DAY
MARK VALLANVE WRITTES SLI.
THIS IS WRITTEN WITH THE TYPEWRITER THAT DOSENT
WORK

?_ last week it was a crystal set
where are Ricks (pongo's) splodes
why are the cups always upside down
where is Mike ts flag

BOY BLUNDER GOES SOUTH



T'was a dark and dismal nite, the
wind a blowin, the sea r^{ag}iⁿg,

ZOWY, KAPOW, FLUNK.

Not long after The Good Ship Baddeal
set sail for the Rugged wooly South.

On board disguised in
fidishly cunning disguish

was that All US. kid, BOY BLUNDER. Sent south by B.A.T. to clean out the
Black power and make fings all white again.

Mean while in livin HELL that Black Villain THE
BLACK SHADDOW, was Markin time waitin for the sun to set and the dark, dark
nite (black even) to descend. UN bekown to him ~~KIKI~~ BLATMAN was already
in his midst, tryin, yes trying hard to over come this Black Plague.

The plot thickens.

The dreaded Black Plague spread by the Black Shadow.
First he enticess nice clean white boys off the good ship Baddeal to live with
him in his underground Kingdom. This he does with promises of Free Booze, Free
food, Free time. Once in the Dark Kingdom he goes around depriving the Poor boys
of their beauty sleep. Each Day he walks the corridors shouting black hypnotic
cry of Wakey, wakey, rise and shine. Then throws them out into the pure white
white waste land to slowly but surely turn them against it.

Dont panic folks,,,,, the dynamic due 'O' has a master plan.....

NEXT WEEK THE SECRET OF SCHHH....

Sunset and Sunrise times for week ending March 20

Calculated by our pet computer Fred

<u>MARCH</u>	<u>SUNRISE</u>	<u>SUNSET</u>
13 SAT	4 57	18 40
14 SUN	5 4	18 34
15 MON	5 11	18 28
16 TUES	5 18	18 22
17 WED	5 24	18 16
18 THURS	5 31	18 10
19 fri	5 37	18 04
20 sat	5 44	17 58

SPACE TO LET

He walked with a pronounced limp L I M P pronounced limp.

ANOTHER SPACE TO LET

How to survive in the Antarctic without really trying.

Lesson 1: How to build a new bog

1. Wait until the old bog is nearly overflowing; then there will be plenty of incentive to get on with the job.

2) Dig a dirty great big hole - at least 60ft and preferably nearer 80ft. You will have no trouble getting lots of volunteers for this exciting and stimulating work.

3. When this is finished, hang some long ropes down the hole and enjoy yourself jumaring and abseiling up and down them. For a real thrill try the new Paul Jones method of abseiling.

4. Get some four by fours, four by twos, two by fours, two by twos, tongues and grooves, old railway sleepers, telegraph poles and any other wooden bits and pieces that take your fancy.

5. Saw the above into varying sizes and lower them down the boghole.

6. Drink a couple of bottles of sherry and go to bed for 24 hours.

7. Be careful not to fall down the hole.

8. Get a few thousand SIX INCH NAILS and a hammer and nail the wood together to make the bog.

9. Repeat steps 6 to 8 until the job is finished.

10. Finally fill in the old bog with the snow that has come through all the roofs which have collapsed while you have been making the new one.

11. Gordon Bennet! A piece of piss really.

Lesson 2: How to build armco

1. Get the armco.

2. Bolt it together.

Lesson 3: How to build an RC oscillator

1. This is not a job which should be tackled by the amateur. Get expert advice - ask a Met man.