

Swiss

Handwritten scribbles at the bottom of the page.

3 APRIL 1971

-: ED :-

A GREAT MAGAZINE LAST WEEK AND LOOKS LIKE BEING SO THIS WEEK AS WELL.  
GLAD TO SEE OUR CARTOONIST(S?) BACK IN ACTION AGAIN. MANY THANKS TO ALL  
THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN CONTRIBUTING THESE PAST FEW WEEKS AND IF YOU HAVEN'T  
DONE SO WHY NOT HAVE A GO ? BRIGHTEN UP SOMEONES LIFE AND LET OUT A SCANDEL  
ABOUT THEM. WE NEED MORE SLUSH.

SLI

With 50% of the people here, their primary concern is the maintenance of equipment and the gathering of scientific knowledge, but did you know.....

That the Beastie hasn't been running properly for 6 months  
That met stats are either not done or fudged because important data is lost.

That more alignments will have to be done by the geophysics, as well as repairing the araura clock.

That Andy's multi-channel recorder still has a few faults.

What have these people been doing? Naturally we held the B.L. as responsible.

Have you noticed how tidy the important half of the Bondu Bar is? (No thanks to the B.L. who forgot to put anyone on it for Sat.Gash)

Friday night is piss-up night. ARE YOU DEAF?

What cunt threw a sledge wheel bracket down the bog?

Kieth will soon be publishing a book called simply "50 ways to cook ~~garbage~~ & still make it taste the same"

We congratulated Hoof last week on arranging his departure, it must have been sheer brilliance timing his return.

Has anyone seen the Gin Bottle Beacon recently? WHY NOT.

Quoteeeee

Toby: "I don't know how reliable Shadowfax is."

Will this be the second month you haven't weighed yourself.

Do you feel depressed; is everything getting on top of you?

You need a change, change of air, change of diet, change of everything.   
I will make a new person of you.

The Fortport states that doggy health generally good but that doesn't tell anyone anything so.....

ARKID has a corneal ulcer which has resisted various forms of treatment. We have just started him on a course of Betsolan eye ointment to be given 3 times daily. If anyone would like to try his hand at playing vet I'll willingly show them the ropes. COLIC contracted a corneal ulcer in the dog tunnel last year, but after nearly 8 months we've managed to cure it. So you see we can do something for them and it's my ambition to do everything possible to cure Arkid's eye.

APRIL may pup in the next 2 weeks. She was served by Naff just before the relief. I'm afraid these pups will have to be put down.

DAD has got very soar feet due to balling of snow when he was out with Hoof and Rick, so he'll have to be rested for a couple of weeks. He's always suffered from this. It may be worth trying booties.

FIN was taken for his first trip with the Mobsters and clocked up 105 ml - he's only 10 months old.

As for the graft, we've got 3,000 feeds to cut and store down in the tunnel as soon as possible. Any assistance will be very well received. There is plenty of fettling up to be done in the Dog tunnel and Pup tunnel. We've got just over a month to do this. If anyone fancies a bit of chipping there's one, perhaps two, shaft tops to make for the dog tunnel and some hardboarding to be banged round one of the existing extensions to make it drift-proof. I think we'll leave the new ladder to the Chippy.

Hopefully, on Monday Mark and Paul B are off with the Beatles to Depot 19 and east down the J line raising Mob Hill as they go. As soon as the seal is done I hope to go for a few days jolly with the Hobbits, with whom and to where is undecided.

Don't come rushing in to tell me dogs are off. At present BooBoo, Freckles, Woolfe, and Arkid are loose.

Touche Beastie,

Part II

Being the continuing story of a fid from Halley Bay. In the last episode anyone who had nothing better to do may remember that the ancient doggie man, believed to be one Michael Shattem, citizen of old Gloucester town, left Halley Bay in the company of an intrepid explorer called Paul (not mentioned last ~~XXXXXXX~~ week for reasons of false modesty, not to mention insignificance.). Also present, though in a very minor role, were a ragged crew of doctor and grease monkey. At the end of the episode, the dastardly doggie man had perpetrated a heinous crime on a passing pussy. The sex of the cat was not revealed as the author does not intend to stoop to the lowest level of slander....Yet.

"And ever on the dogs did run,  
But no sweet cat did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play,  
Came to the sledgers' hollo.

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe.  
For all said that I'd screwed the cat,  
That caused the sledge to go.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious sun uprist.  
Then all said that I'd fucked the cat,  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such cats to lay,  
That on the sledge had pissed.

The fair breeze blew, the dog team flew,  
Onward the sledge did roll.  
WE were the first that ever burst,  
Into every bloody hole.

Down dropt the sledge, but not too far,  
The intrepid Paul, he rants,  
"I must remember, when we camp,  
To change my underpants."

All in a cold and darkened sky,  
The bloody sun at noon,  
Was hid by clouds that ever grew,  
Ablow was coming soon.

Day after day, night after night,  
We stuck, laid in our tent.  
The doctor gathered samples from us,  
Until our piss was spent.

Water, water everywhere,  
But still from thirst we'd groan.  
Water, water everywhere,  
'Twas frozen hard as stone.

The very snow did rot: O Christ !  
Such as you'd ne'er believe,  
And slimy things did crawl with legs,  
I called them Bob and Steve."

"I fear thee ancient doggie man,  
I fear thy gramy hands.  
Thy clothes are spread with greasy stuff,  
Like Monte maidens' glands.

I Fear thee and thy bloodshot eye,  
And thy groping hand, so hot."  
"Fear not, fear not, thou gin-so'd fid,  
This body did not rot.

About, about did reel and rout,  
The Primus danced at night,  
The glare-ice, like a G.A.'s suit,  
Was brown with doggies' shite.

And every tongue through utter drought,  
Was withered, as with lime,  
I couldn't shout the doggy calls,  
Nor curse Paul all the time.

Ah ! Well a day ! What evil looks,  
Had I from old and young.  
Instead of my cross† the tabby puss,  
Around my neck was hung."

\* From research into his murky past, the author has reason to believe that Michael Shatten, G.A., was a practising left-footer.

Samuel Taylor Snowbridge.

OVERHEARD IN DORM 2 .....ANDY AND GORDON .....FREQUENTLY

5 BY 9 PLUS TEN. 100 PERCENT COPY

Darling Rachel, come home soon all is forgiven. Apply BOX 432

FOR SALE :- one brown paper parcel containing another brown paper parcel,

one mahogany bedside cabinet with flowered porcelain nature recepticle  
one imitation marble washstand with purification dishand fish attachment  
one anti-burglar selfpresovater head bludgeon in sand filled and hand  
sown brown leather, two cleverlyinquandrate hand operated brown  
candlestick holders with additional string and computer, one stuffed  
Golapacus turtle on wheels with clockwork revolving eyes, one  
engraved fcapoc filled Arctic tea cosy, one brass ironbound bedstead  
with springhead manipulator and foot mallet, and haircord antitick  
mattress, one collection of high altitude eagle studies, two volumes  
on how to wean vulchers, one volume on how to leave vultures alone,  
one kilnfired clay hairy alsation answering to the name of Tom, Dick  
or Harry and in that order, one early X-ray photo of Florence  
Nightingales teeth facing East, one child hangman's kit once used,  
three pairs of domestic knee protectors, one throat mallet,

Apply Spike M.

The red hand is at four and the black hand is at six, by the fountain BOX 71



AND AFTER THE ODD GLASS ..... THE ODD BOTTLE ... THE PICTURE  
OF DORIAN GRAY.



MECHANO-CANINE STATISTICAL GLACIOLOGY.

by Dr. Bullshit Baffles-Braynes, B. Sc., Ph. D., P. M. ?, K. P. & nuts.

our science correspondent in the Sahara.

Take one Skidoo (or two if nobody's looking) fully laden with fid, who has been constipated ever since he left the base.

App. Weight =  $nx + W$

where  $n$  is the number of meat bars of weight  $x$  eaten since leaving, and  $W$  is a constant which varies depending on whose side you're on, or how pissed you are.

( All weights are in units unless otherwise stipulated. )

Consider a snowbridge across a crevasse of width  $y$ .

$y$  increases with time and gullibility of the audience.

Now if we assume that the snowbridge is pivotted at each side ( if we assume this every time, however, our life expectancy is likely to be low enough to make afterbirth famous for its longevity ) and take the shear stress  $S$  to be (greater than)\* the applied stress  $S$ , one can prove (less than)

that the chance of the bridge breaking is given by

$$U = \frac{S(nx + W).R}{R.S(W + nx)}$$

all stresses must be given in terms of blows with a 14 lb sledge, unless removed by Horlicks, the food drink of the night.

The  $R$  has been introduced and needs no explanation.

There are those (there usually are) who will argue that the constipated state of the fid (medically speaking *Fidus Hymnosquat*) is irrelevant, owing to changes in this state under stress or pressure.

The author will not reduce their arguments to absurdity in this dissertation as he is sure that they will not understand the relative interdependance of viscosity and diffusion in the passage of shit through shreddies.

The above argument proves nothing and is therefore valid, especially to tractor mechs and G.A.s.

Now, if you haven't discovered whose written this yet, consider a dog team of (9 intelligent dogs)\* each of (stupid mutts)

weight  $z$  lbs. If the sledge weighs  $M$  lbs. after loading, then the total average point stress (or strain if you're still constipated) integrated over the coloured population of Halley Bay is probably inthe order of something or other, give or take a few.

We leave it up to the reader to decide on the advisability of training the dogs to push the sledge instead of pulling, and having a tractor mech in front carrying a skidoo as extra protection for the dogs.

Ref : Genesis Ch. 3 Verse 28  
Kama Sutra pos. 59  
Jeyes Toilet roll--used.

MUFF

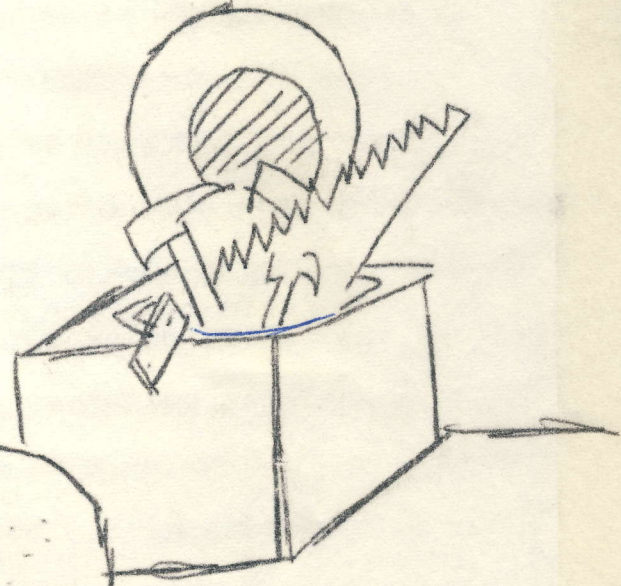
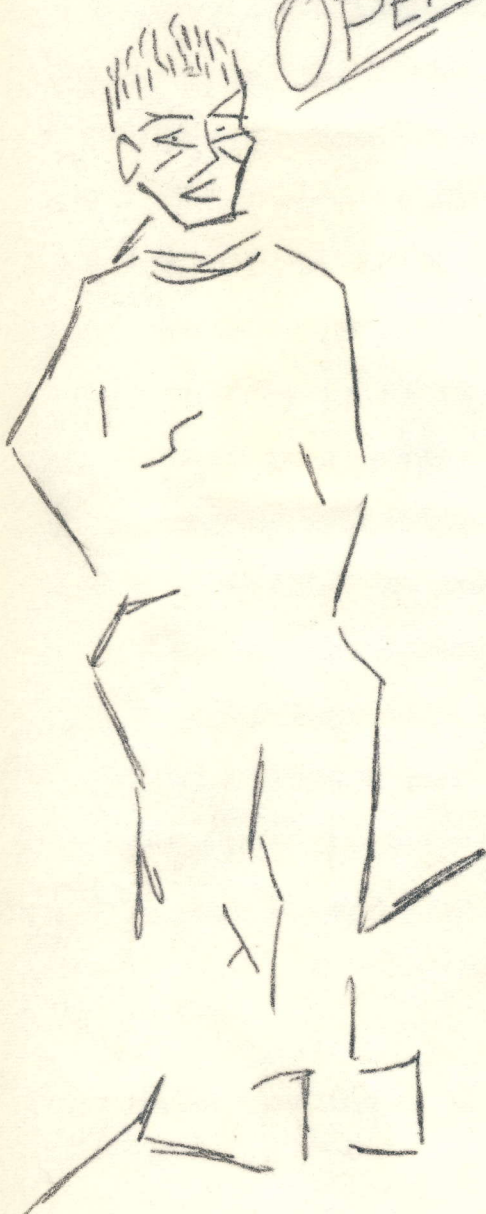
\* DELETE @S NECESSARY

# TOP TWENTY

(1)	1	Hot Love	T. Rex
(9)	2	Bridget the Midget	Ray Stevens
(3)	3	Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson
(2)	4	Another Day	Paul McCartney
(4)	5	Baby Jump	Mango Jerry
(10)	6	Jack in the Box	Glodagh Rodgers
(12)	7	Power to the People	John Lennon
(19)	8	There Goes My Everything	Elvis Presley
(5)	9	It's Impossible	Ferry Como
(20)	10	Walking	C.C. G.
(16)	11	Strange Kind of Woman	Deep Purple
(-)	12	If not for you	Olivia Newton-John
(8)	13	Sweet Caroline	Neil Diamond
(7)	14	My Sweet Lord	George Harrison
(11)	15	Pushbike Song	Mixtures
(-)	16	I Will Drink the Wine	Frank Sinatra
(15)	17	Rose Garden	New World
(14)	18	Tomorrow Night	Atomic Rooster
(6)	19	Amazing Grace	Judy Collins
(-)	20	Love Story	Andy Williams

Three newcomers this week reflect the return to softer ballad type material. In for a second time in three weeks, at no. 16, the Frank Sinatra record continues to haunt the charts. Meanwhile, fellow American Andy Williams sings the theme from the new film 'Love Story', which by all accounts has a plot that makes 'The Sound of Music' look joyful by comparison. Fresh in at no. 12 is 'If Not For You' the Bob Dylan song written especially for the George Harrison L.P. and now recorded by the extra dishy Olivia Newton-John. There are two recordings of the George Harrison version on base which are far superior, for despite the other obvious attractions of the girl, she can't sing.

NEW BOG  
BL TO PERFORM  
OPENING CEREMONY



I'M AFRAID THIS ONE'S FULL, MARK. IT WAS GOING TO BE A CLASSIC BUT.....

PUFF HITS BACK

Don't look now but while Dillon was away I hid the typing paper and he has been going mad ever since looking for it. I'm fed up reading his - I'm-a-big-smarty-cat - articles. Actually, I have always fancied myself as a bit of a Jilly Cooper ( She is good. Isn't she? ) We women have a greater understanding of the things that matter in life you know. Have you noticed, there are some very chic hairstyles going around this week. Paul B's is nice, rather in the style of Dillon I think. Talking about Paul, did you see the way he lowered these plywood sheets down the gash-shaft? Free fall I think they call it.

They are a right boozy lot in the Met. Office as you will notice any time you happen by that way. I'm not used to this sort of ~~粗鲁野蛮~~ vulgarity. I had a proper upbringing in the Falkland Islands, not like some cats I could name. Gordon loves me though. He is always telling me even if he puts it the other way round. But I'm not anybody's; most of all I don't belong to that big grey sex maniac who keeps sniffing my private parts in a most embarrassing fashion. If he tries it on again I'll clobber him somewhere he won't forget in a hurry. But I mustn't go on about him, despite his disgusting urinating habits and his filthy language.....

There I go again. He really curdles my milk.

Well I'm glad that I managed to get my bit in this week so that you will know that all the things he has been saying about me are just a pack of lies. I expect he will be back next week, but first he has to find the paper. He-He I can't wait to see his face when he reads this.

By by for now

Puff

P.S. Watch your ears, the B.L.'s tuning his guitar up again.

Seen friday morning ( early )

A lone figure lurking on the bondu with a chain saw of huge dimentions , prosceeding to cut  $\frac{1}{2}$  a dogs dinner followd by a wierd clanking and muffled curses , figure then seen to be jumping up and down on what appeared to be a peice of mangeld machinery , figure then seen returring to bed disgusted.

It has been observed that several ov the gash buckets have been dented as though flat edged objects have been droped on them from a great height . Foul play is not suspected .

Receint romours about the intimate r elations between a certain Mr. Dillon and Miss. Puff were hasely denied today ,Statement to the press, We are just good friends.

Very little gossop this week owing to 'how it is said in latin' Blowers numourpus continous. So here is a little something to fill in space.

The Polish world war ace fighter pilot was telling his experiances to a groupe of spell bound primary school children and a young school mistress,

One day I took of inmy Breeteesh Speetfire I vent oop too ten tousand feet and come out of dis patch of cloud ,and saw to zee right of me dis squadreon ov fockers and to zee left ov me anoder squadreon ov fockers , zen I look oop and zee yet anoders squadron ov fockers.

The concientious Schoolmistress broke in :.. Er I would like to<sub>a</sub> point out er a Focker is the name of a make of \Gerran airoplane is ! nt that right comander.

Yar boot dease fockers vos Mershershmitts.



This info was received from Frisby on an R/T sked with the Biscoe.

Though Sir Viv was pumped for info he lurked nothing of interest out; he was still too full of the new ship and the possibilities she offered to say anything else.

However Frisby spent 4 days at Stonington and these are some of the things he noted -, I apologise for the lack of continuity but this is roughly what he said as it came in.

They run their dogs on the centre trace as we do but their C. trace sections are 11 ft (ours are 8ft apx) and their side traces are 3 ft (ours 2 ft) so the dogs are more spaced.

They have a strange way of packing their night trace. They have a clip at the front of the sledge and one on the handle bars and they litteraly wrap the trace round the sledge. Frisby thinks our method superior using a dead-man to wind it round.

Each sledge carries both a pyramid tent and a Mountain in case they're caught in a catabatic and can't raise the biggie.

They use much thicker string to lash the runners to the outside stringers, apx 12 ozs (ours 6ozs)

They carry their sledgebags on the inside of the handlebars

One dog is claimed to have covered 3,800 mls this season. This seems very dubious as it averages over 10 ml/day.

They have very good pup facilities with pup pens on rock and a shed with 4 pupping boxes inside.

Strangely it seems that we get given all the better equipment while they get the shit and we get more of it for our dogs than they do with double the number; this is certainly the case with rope and collars

Their best ~~mix~~ leader is a bitch called Amber sired by Whiskey . Whiskey and Balasuaq are Ex ~~mix~~ Greenland dogs who were both crack leaders here and sired Seletar and Changi. Suaq is now pensioned off at Argentine Is. and may well be used to sire further potential leaders.

Stonington took 400 seal this year ( S.G. was cushy by comparison!)

time they hitch up a team to a special sledge with sides, take it across to one of their dumps, cut the feeds, and then drive round the other dogs who are spanned all over the island. When on base they feed their dogs about 10 lb of seal. The dogs are spanned mostly on rock at this time of year which means giving them a bucket of water.

A tel arrived at Stonington while Frisby was there stating that BAS intended flying 2 Otters to H.B. this coming season.

They use two types of sledges, the Nansen of course and a much more rugged one for work around Base where there's a lot of exposed rock over which they have to sledge.

There's a v. crevassed region close to the Base through which they have to sledge as a matter of course. In crevassed country they trail a 60 ft length of knotted rope, No 3, as a life-line for both sledge and man.

They ( a marvelous word) put a collar round both front ~~axles~~ bridge uprights to which the centre trace is attached when traversing steep slopes. They also carry a loop of rope tied round the bridge and kept off the deck by tying to the cow-catcher as a speedily emplaced rope brake.

They have just got a McCulloch saw 2 sizes up from ours which looks much more manly for the job.

On the standing lash line loops they put a dog clip without the spring clip to speed up lashing.

They don't use soft bindings on their skis. (I believe they use their Greenlanders quite a bit for sledging)

Generally their dogs seem much shorter in the leg though the same weight. They are much more controlable. They are used for everything, gash, relief etc and they can run 6 teams in very close proximity criss-crossing, overtaking etc. Their dogs are much more submissive. The thumper is still used. Advancing up the team menacingly is enough to pacify them. Frisby thought they'd lost some of their willing spirit and guts because of this and thought our system more satisfactory.

Well that's the gist. Mull it over. But remember that as long as I'm here the thumper or any other instrument is OUT. Bare or a gloved hand is quite sufficient.



Trudy sat on the floor staring with rapt attention at the fires glow as it took effect. She became lost in the intricate design of the flames and allowed herself to be carried, spinning over and over far away and above, as her brain became intoxicated in new waves of sensation.

She was a voyageur through the seaways of time, a time-traveller with the Universal Clock at her fingertips.

She floated above the fireball that was the Sun, seeing Creation as it unfolded, not in a day, nor in seven, but in aeons of time. Each second added to the slow painful progress of Evolution, made each hour mark another step towards the primeval state of Earth.

In the chaos and disorder of the steaming swamps and forests the surface bubbled in a way that would have made the alchemists turn green with envy. The soup was on the boil and the heating fire prepared the spark necessary for the period which was about to unfold.

She sat above a valley and watched the seas breaking down the rock to form rock anew far below their storm blown surfaces, and she saw the vegetation grow and die in a never ending cycle.

Life had arrived, its nativity almost unnoticed its potential unseen. Slow and yet sturdy enough to take all the obstacles before it, life advanced, stopped, gathered its forces then advanced once more, never giving up never losing hope. In the path of this relentless progress from disorder to order the Earth gathered Her forces and prepared for battle.

New permutations of the basic form gradually through slow modification gained the upper hand. Before Trudys gaze the emergent life developed over a time span so long that the change from plants to insects, reptiles and mammals seemed to flash by faster and faster. In the paths of the retreating glaciers the new invader flourished on the debris and started again. In the rear of the roaring flames the bones of the dead became the food of the new life and that life was becoming confident with every victory.

She blinked and almost missed the pre-dawn that foretold the coming of man. The trial and error that produced the myriad billions of cells, each in itself independent, made them dependent on the whole in such a way that this new creature showed the mastery and dominance which made its continued existence more certain than that of any previous combinations.

Now she found herself watching as the creature fought tooth and nail to maintain his foothold on existence. At first the Enemy was Nature but once that was held in check to a tolerable degree he turned to a more equal opponent, his own kind. As Nature retreated under the onslaught the battle between the factions, rather than lessening, reached new heights. With a fiendish ingenuity unknown to any other species he channeled much of his short time into intense effort to produce a cleverer and more impressive way to die. And die he did, no matter how much he prayed or pleaded, in every conceivable way up to and including the natural. The honours of single combat became the long distance terror of the innocent. War became more impersonal.

Nonetheless, between the battlefield and the grave the green of the subdued environment still resisted assault.

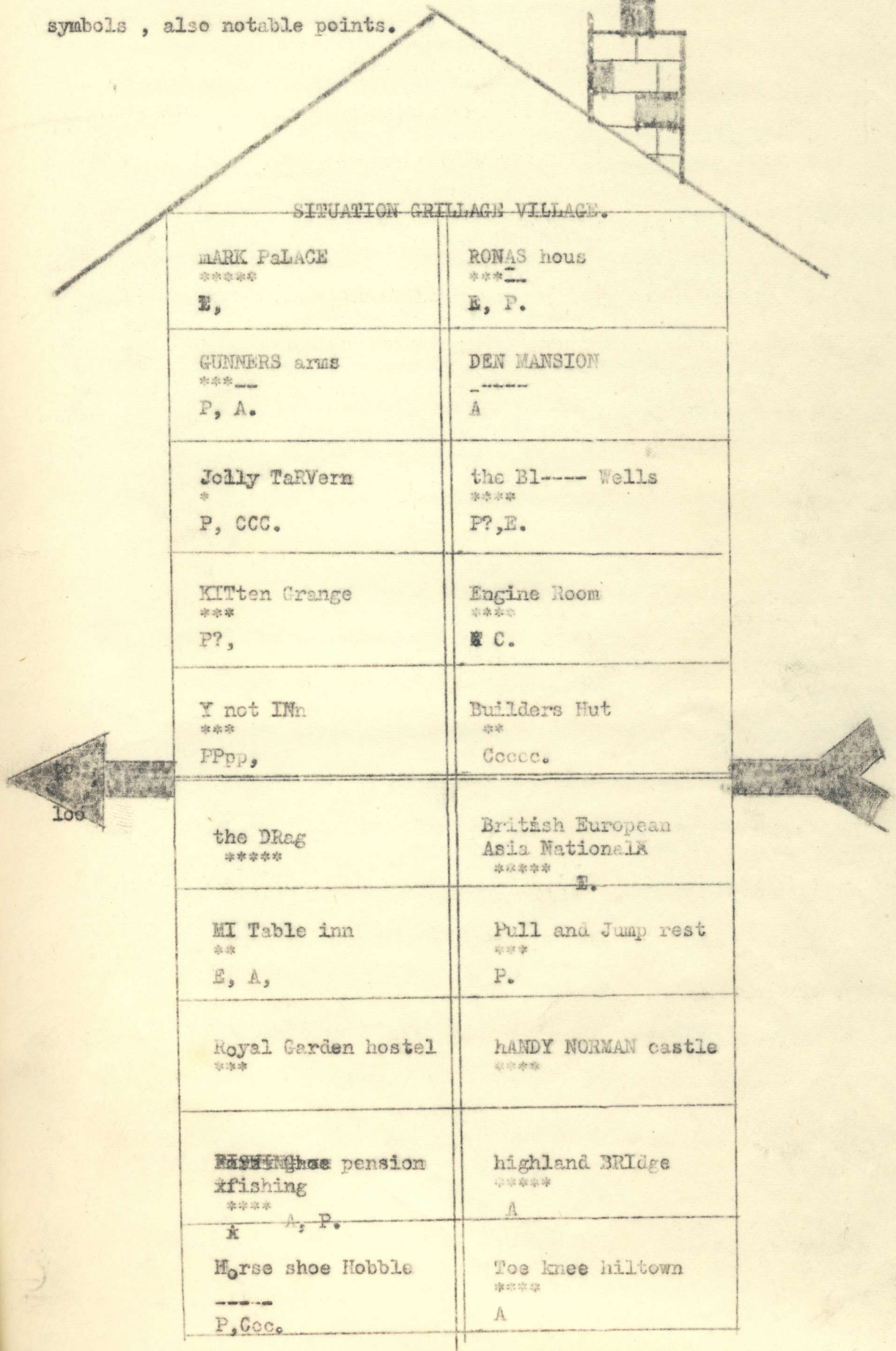
Faster and faster the hands spun round and suddenly Trudy was beyond the Earth and the stars, beyond the trivial dimensions of Space out ahead of all imagination and traces of awareness. In growing alarm she whirled higher into the cosmic innards, not now an observer but an unwilling participant.

Then she was through the temporal storm into near sanity. She took a deep breath and had another puff.

THE B & B GUIDE TO LOCAL ACCOMODATION.

Every establishment in our guide has been visited.

How to use this guide, look on the plan for siting of accomodation you are interested in. Note its name and rating symbols, then turn to the explanation of symbols, also notable points.



THE B&B EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS.

GRADES OF COMFORT (&tidyness)

*****	de luxe
****	plush
***	standard
**	cleanish but soiled
*	hygenic just
-----	Becoming Rather On The Hellishly Evil Level

OTHER COMMENDING FEATURES

A	atmosphere
C	catering facilities (cups in stock)
E	emergency lighting (torch)
P	picturesque (pin ups and/or pornographic)
P?	picturesque rather douteful ( picture other than women)
CCC	cleanish catering
Cccc	catering standard deteriorating

To be noted all but one of the 5 \* accomodation is lacking in atmosphere and is rather plain(un cluttered).

This guide does not judge these accomodation but just shows the different standards.

Psst. ~~Atmos~~ atmosphere can mean both ; spheroidal gaseous envelope,  
and mental or moral environment.

WELSH HAY VERBACULAR  
It's as easy as ABC

- A is for Antarctic where men are men and women aren't (worse luck)
- B is for BAS who run the whole show, though you wouldn't think so sometimes.
- C is for Chippie; where would we be without him? Right in the sh...
- D is for Dillon who does his bit by giving the Net corridor a regular sluice down.
- E is for Editor of this magazine who had better not cut, censor, expurgate, bowdlerise, or otherwise mutilate this article or he may live to regret it.
- F is for Fire Practice (liable to occur on 1st April).
- G is for gennies. You can tell the winters coming because the power cuts have started.
- H is for Halley Bay (ski resort on the Caird Coast).
- I is for Intercom which has a stop-go policy all of its own.
- J is for working the Radar.
- K is for kennels which must be raised. The dogs keep growing.
- L is for Lurk which most things do from time to time.
- M is for Muff - nuff said.
- N is for No Smoking, as in dormitories.
- O is for Order, as in the phrase "I order you to do it." much used by base commanders.
- P is for Pee, as in bottle every two hours.
- Q is for Queen whose portrait graces our banqueting hall.
- R is for Radar; a fiendish device for gumming up VLF records (see V)
- S is for Sode. We stand a pretty good chance of winning this year's Eurovision Sode Contest.
- T is for Tanks; who blocked them up this time, then?
- U is for Underwear which has become the latest fashion.
- V is for VLF. What the hell's that? That's a good question.
- W is for ~~Whistler~~ Whistler which is like VLF but sounds better.
- X is for XE2. You don't need a mirror to work that one out!
- Y is for Year, ~~yk~~ (It was hell last).
- Z is for ZHQ/169/71.

OR

HOW TO SPEAK PROPER.....

In my innocence I thought the rugged inmates of Britain's most southerly outpost would enunciate their thoughts in clipped, precise syllables, or at least the BASE COMMANDER would. Instead, to my utter confusion, they employ words and sounds which will never be encountered anywhere else on this planet. Apart from the anthropologists (it won't fit in) logical importance of the following compendium I felt it was my duty to help my unfortunate comrades in adjusting to their new environment-its the least I can do. I have, in the short time available to me, carried out an enormous amount of research into this matter and I must take this opportunity to thank all those people, too many to number, who have given me help and encouragement in the work.

Here it is:

Bondu A term used by the locals for their immediate surroundings. In fact, this is a S. African word for holes made by the Bantu in their villages used in the unique DEfeacation rites. They dance around the bhondoos hole at the first full moon after the rains and take a mixture, Potionus Hyper Crappii, made by the womenfolk and each man retires to his own bhondoo in ecstasy.

Crack This a term used by the artisans of the outpost and, roughly translated, means; complete, finish, or it can mean; I understand. No doubt the derivation is taken from the Latin root Fisis-, entis, :Fissure or crack an exclamation rather like; Eureka. The artisans are very emotive about their successes, a by-product of the isolation.

Dhooery (whoops) used to indicate that they have seen a new object which they cannot name like a spoon, (See splode) Of

Excellent:an utterance of joy ,satisfaction.

F\*\*\*\* as an adverb,noun,or anything,This is the word used by the old Cornish fishermen to describe their pots-of clay and ~~x~~"to f\*\*\*\*"your pot was to fill it full with shrimps and whirl it about your head(would you believe?) Quite how it came to be used here is not known but the B.L. is shortly to undertake a sea voyage on an oil drum to prove the idea that the Cornish came to the freezing south in coracles.

Lurk(verb) to bring,to take ,to do,to to hide(would you believe?) to reveal.I have not yet completed my investigation into this fascinating usage and I hope to make it the subject of a further article .Of course it commonly refers to the behaviour pattern of the mating secret agent.

(adjective ,noun) more next time.

Pain;

Splode;

Shat;

/p  
and the expressions:

Godg ents; bad news; would you believe?;penguin

are all being actively investigated at this time and I propose to cover them NEXT TIME.....

P.S. I've only just learnt to type ;isn't it good.