

FRIDAY 23 APRIL

C - : END :-

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GORDON

REMEMBER MONTI. ??

A B. L. s. Lament.

Ze vind on monday vos in ze vest.  
And ze B. L. deed complain,  
Ze cook said ze fire eet vill not draw.  
Eet's sending me eensane.

Ze men reefused to vork outside.  
Zo zee B.L. just for fun.  
Proposed zis new legeeslation.  
Today ve vill av zee gash run.

Zee men zey deed not like zis.  
And zey made it clearly known.  
By pointing een lees direction. their asses.  
And letting reep a mighty groan.

Boot ze B.L. had zee last laff.  
A madgestrate vos hee.  
And ir NEX I do so vish eet.  
You vill all pees in zee sea.

Ze men zey new zeir places.  
So a gash run zey deed do.  
Boot ven zey deed ze burning bit.  
Zey burnt ze B.L. too.

Gordono Benettesky.

## DOGGYFRONT

Inga's pups are just becoming mobile. They started to open their eyes during the week.

Luqa was of this morning. He was feeling very pleased with himself having picked fights with Changi, Lobo and Jock- nothing serious.

Elsa and Lassie have both taught themselves to slip their collars in the dog tunnel so we may have a scrap there soon.

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### Sanae Sked

They have 16 dogs, 12 dogs, 2 bitches and 2 6m.o. pups. Louie their Doc looks after them, apparently a traditional Doc's task. They don't use their dogs as such being basically a vehicle base and they've been busy building their new Base so jollies have been few. They are treated more as an emergency reserve.

They don't have the luxury of a dog tunnel, and a pretty ignorant of basic things like feeding even. They don't stay down for 2 years and call themselves Antarctic Virgins, so are ~~wikking~~ interested to get any advise going.

One of their dogs Viking fell down a crevasse in the mountains the other day. At first they couldn't see him but 2 days later they spotted him. A bloke was lowered on a vehicle winch down the sheer ~~xx~~ crevasse and at the bottom 110 ft below was Viking unhurt and very glad to have company!

2 or 3 of their dogs died during the winter of '69 when they were spanned outside.

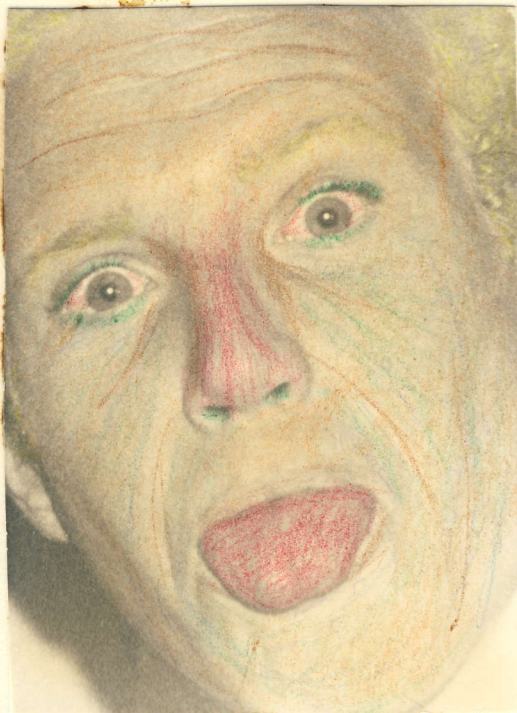
That's it for now.....

AND NOW A WORD FROM THE DOGGIE-MAN.....

DOGGIES ARE EXCELLENT ANIMALS. GO ANYWHERE. DO ANYTHING.

EXCELLENT

SO



TO ALL YOU TRACTOR MECHS.

Since it seemed to be the in thing Trudy decided that it was time she found herself an analyst to straighten out some of her problems. The psychiatrist, Doctor Fraud, peered over his glasses at her as she was shown in.

"Hello my dear. Sit down," he said indicating vaguely in the direction of the waste-paper basket. Trudy decided the couch would be more comfortable and spread herself out. He was exactly as she had imagined. Elderly, balding and the hint of a foreign accent. What happened to the young delicious types she read about in books? Perhaps they all emigrated to America. Oh well....

"What can I do for you? You have problems, no?"

"No," said Trudy. "Well nothing serious. Now and again things get a bit on top of me ("Why do I always speak in double meanings?" she thought. "Perhaps I should ask him about that.")

"Yes, yes," he said leaning forward.

"It's not much," she continued. "You know, the pressures of modern living and all that."

"What is your job?"

"I'm a, well I travel."

He wrote down : 'career girl'.

"Married?"

"No."

"Sex life happy?"

"Adequate, thank you." For just a moment Trudy could through the veil of his eyes right to the back of his skull.

"Pity," he whispered huskily, Or was it sadness in his voice?

"Not for me," murmured Trudy.

"Hmmm ?"

"The real reason I'M herē," she said changing the subject, "is this." "I have a silly dislike of diamonds. Can't touch one without breaking out in goose pimples all over and feeling shivery." She had had enough of this and decided to have a bit of fun. "Good heavens," she thought, "I'm more normal than he is."

"Really?" he asked appearing interested again.

"Yes," she said, leaning back and letting her imagination run riot. "It started when I was working as a belly dancer in a night-club in Cairo. I was friendly with this young German industrialist, Worth millions he was, yauchting round the Med., throwing parties, that sort of thing. Anyway he decided to have this orgy on board the yaucht, with all the big names in Egypt invited, even old Nasser himself though he couldn't come of course. I was there \*\*\*\*\* and as the night advanced a must have had a little to much to drink for before I knew what I was doing I was on the floor doing a striptease. I think I was using a snake or something and I had got down to the last couple of coils if I remember correctly, when suddenly the lights went out. A cloroform rag over my mouth and that was it. When I awakened I found myself in a Harem somewhere in North Africa.

"Uh huh."

"I had been kidnapped by this big dirty old Arab who had taken rather a fancy to me for some reason. To obtain food or water I had to please him in any way he suggested. Well I mean. What's a girl to do?" He was well and truly hooked know.

"Not only that% but when I di please him he used to give me diamonds and other trinkets. I had a great pile of them. But the experience did something to me as I said. Any suggestions?"

"Well" began Fraud, "I think it shows repressed hostility in a manner of speaking. Not to put to fine a point on it you probably hated your father, thus a substitution, unconscious that is, took place. The Oedipus repression concordant with certain overt frustrations probably \*\*\* the root of the trouble. Do you dream of flying, falling, going on is long journeys or being unclothed in a public place?"

"Of course. Everybody does."

"Ah. That proves it. By the way," he added, "how did you escape?"

"I didn't," said Trudy waltzing out the door with a laugh.

ALL

APLOGIES TO ALL OUR READERS. WE CANNOT MAKE SUCH

ADVANCED DEADLINES.

HO HO

THIS IS THE GENUINE HALLEY BAY VERNACULAR YET AGAIN.

Pretty bad news that . Fancy , someone stealing my pitch.  
The same title too -did you notice that the content was lousy,  
not to mention the execution of a dull copy of the shining  
original.Bad ents. altogether....may it never happen again.

Welll ,now we can get down to business and this week the  
great study of the vernacular continues with a revelation of the  
true basis of:

"Pain in the arse" or "Pain in the ass" depending on<sup>i</sup> the origin  
of the explorer.Pain is a word which has already been dssected.  
So it is not necessary to study it further .For those who are a  
little uncertain about the meaning of Arse a slight digression is  
in order.ARSE is an outmoded anatomical term used by old surgeons  
in Ireland and refers to the tiny orifice between the cheeks or  
buttocks(mouth?-no,anus )out of which comes all manner of rubbish  
and into which goes ever<sup>v</sup>thing when you have discovered that that  
is where you are supposed to "put it!Did you hear the story about  
the man who .....No! Curiously,the explorer regards ~~ix~~ his arse  
as that area~~ax~~ of his anatomy chiefly used for sitting on which  
is hardly the same as a small gash shaft ;still he may use his  
bottom for purposes other than sitting.....Next year's physio.  
will look into this.The fascination that the explorer has for his  
a\*\*\* is entirely understandable inthe light of the highly critical  
state of affairs in the refuse pit....you never know what might  
happen if it gets any fuller.Ass is a small horse or donkey,a beast  
of burden,and when you get pain there it is very painful indeed  
as any good explorer knows.

But ,pain in the arse or Protalgia fulgax is a condition of  
a desperate nature ,for in order to allay the pain it is best to  
hold on tight or tosit in a bath of great hotness and to attend  
to simple daily tasks(once for most ) is a major triumph.My res-  
earches have led me to the belief that the explorer~~ex~~ has such a  
high regard for this ill defined but vital appendage that any  
event of ~~pathos~~ pathos or a disappointment is likened to the  
dreaded Black Fire or Pokers in Hell..otherwise ,P.fulgax.A singular  
state of affairs.

Knock it on the head.....by this the explorer means STOP I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH.A very useful expression and one which has been used in  
many highly delicate situations You may see what I mean when we  
consider the key words.1.It;i have often heard people say"put it  
away";you can get nip(frost)onit; I could~~at~~ get it up; I could,nt



VERNACULAR.....(continued).....more.

get it down; I put it away.etc. I just have not been able to find out exactly what is meant by it in this/these situation(s)but I feel certain that one of the better educated explorers will help me out of this dilemma.I have it on good authority that it has a head ,so i feel safe in making the assumption that the head refered to here is its head .Now,it starts to make sense for to knock(does that word need a little research too?) the head of it is a fairly conclusive state of affairs a d I am forced to conclude or stop.Neat is'nt It?

Shreddy.....It took me a long time to crack that one and its still a bit of a mystery.Shredded wheat is like a tatty doormat with holes ~~ix~~ in. Rather like those tatty underpants with holes in ...I don't know.

Long Johns .....well I hardly dare consider that .....I leave it to your lurid imaginations.....

P.S.Do oyu not t ink my typings getting better?

- 1 - 1 Hot Love T. Rex
- 4 9 2 Double Barrelled Dave + Antholl Collins
- 3 - 3 Rose Garden Lynn Anderson
- 6 - 4 Love Story-Where Do I Begin Andy Williams
- 3 - 5 Bridget the Midget Ray Stevens
- 14 - 6 Excerpt-Mozarts Symphony  
No 14 in D Minor Waldo <sup>1</sup> Deo <sub>R</sub> Reos
- 8 - 7 If Not for You Olivia Newton-John
- 9 - 8 Walkin' C.C.S.
- \* - 9 Something Old, Something New The Fantastics
- 5 -10 Jack in the Box Clodagh Rogers
- 7 -11 There Goes My Everything Elvis Presley
- \* -12 It Don't Come Easy Ringo Starr
- 18 -13 Remember Me Diana Ross
- 15 -14 Funny Funny The Sweet
- \* -15 Rosetta Georgie Fame + Allan Price
- 10 -16 Power to the People John Lennon
- 11 -17 Another Day Paul McCartney
- 20 -18 Knock Three Times Dawn
- 17 -19 Strange Kind of Woman Deep Purple
- 12 -20 It's Impossible Perry Como



As three ex-Beatles leave, Ringo the fourth of the much famed four enters with a song very reminiscent of old Del Shannon hits. Notwithstanding that he has got hold of an excellent record and should do every bit as well as the others. I don't know whether the number is self-penned or not.

The new no. 9 is typical Tamla Motown i.e. rubbish.

The other new record this week has Georgie Fame and Allan Price together again and is a good-time record lying midway between both of their normal styles.

HALLEY BAY CALYPSO (TO THE TUNE 'SHAME AND SCANDAL')

Woe is me, shame and scandal in society CHORUS  
Woe is me, shame and scandal as you shall see

Now in Halley Bay base there is a doggie man  
His job to keep de doggies on de doggie spans  
A doggie came in heat of this he did not know  
Before you say Jack Robinson old Fin he have a go.

CHORUS

Yes de Doc he always did want to fly through de air  
One Monday he have quick look round when no one there  
He climb on I.H. tractor, spread his arms and go  
Do a belly landing- battered Medico.

CHORUS

Now Toby is a well respected Tractor man  
He drive de I.H. tractors just as no one can  
Every ssecond week he clear away de snow  
And every other week we have another blow

CHORUS

There was a big fire down in Halley Bay  
de  
You read it in ~~the~~ paper just the other day  
Everybody got up thought it was a bad dream  
But it was only just a generator letting off steam.

CHORUS

De boss man of de Weather men goes by ~~the~~<sup>de</sup> name of Hoof  
And  
And what I's going to tell you is de honest truth  
He wakes up every morning to a cup of tea  
He own biggest set of cups that you ever did see

CHORUS

De B.L. man go by de name of Mark  
He come round every morning in de cold and dark  
But all he ever do is cause a pain in de head  
De Halley Bay fids ~~is~~ **like** to lie in de bed

CHORUS

Big Ron is de Scottish lad he come from Glesca toon  
He's another Met man deres lots of dem aroon  
De'll tell you in de Met office dat he's infallible  
Den who's dat hairy Highlander who just blew up de Gill?

CHORUS

Keith is de cooking man, he like his jar or three  
Ian is de gunner chef, Dead Eye Dick is he  
I don't know what dey put in stew, it tastes like evil stuff  
And while we're on de subject, has anyone seen Puff?

CHORUS

De wrecker of de base we shall now discuss  
His name be Ginge Devine, he known to all of us  
Everything he touch stop working dats what we all mean  
If he ever touch de Gennys we'd better all go home.

CHORUS

John is de Radio man dat is what I said  
But he don't like radio half as much as bed  
He get up every morning but here is de crunch  
His early morning breakfast starts round about lunch.

CHORUS

De ~~SPB~~ Base Leader man go by de name of Mark  
He come round every morning in de cold and dark  
But all he ever do is cause a pain in de head  
De Malley Bay fids just like to stay in de bed.

CHORUS

Of all de other people nothing shall be said  
Dese bound to get a mention, something dey all dread  
Just do a silly action make it really lush  
Next week it's almost certain to appear in Slush.

CHORUS

END