



-: ED :-

8 MAY 1971

ON THIS AUSPICIOUS OCCASION OF THE OPENING OF THE
NEW BOG ALL I CAN SAY IS AAAHHHHH EXCLAM.
I SEE THAT ENGLAND ALSO DECIDED TO CELEBRATE THE
OCCASION BY HOLDING THE CUP FINAL ON THE SAME DAY.

TEAR DROP

Oh grand and most noble structure
You're finished, dead. Good luck t'yer.
An epitaph with so few words and harsh meaning
Would not be suitable for one upheld so esteeming.

In days of old, when Fids were bold,
They did their biz out in the cold.
Until they conceived a master plan
to build a monumental pan.

A wise old sage with pick and spade
(A local symbol of the Chipoy's trade)
Forsaw the age of "ara-chair" Fids - the folly
To live in fear of a fresh air shit -
His name, he who started off the pit,
Was Golly.

After three whole days and nights of work,
Others helping him, but some who shirked,
His mortified body aching, he said with a moan,
"Stuff this for a lark, they can build their own."

They knocked it on the 'ed to grab some sleep.
No star twinkled in that gorge so deep.
And when dawn lurked up, its mantle grey,
The huskies sang their song to herald day.

When the sun had compassed twice around,
The Temple of Relief stood on that ground.
Quickly t'was erected; Golly said it never fails,
When it's speed that counts build with 6 in nails.

The tale now in time moves on.
Those sturdy giants from here have gone.
The earth has encompassed the sun thrice.
We softies find those mod-cons very nice.

Ther's heat, mags, even wooden seats,
(One chap uses tissue sheets)
But woe is us, alas, alas.
All good things must come to pass.

Man, the most destructive beast,
Requires a touch down after every feast.
The herald of what lay in store,
A turdiclerose through the floor.

That chamber of pleasure and light relief
had tempted tarricers, hard on, in their belief
to give those extra drops of life. Imagine the sting
when they found they'd filled the bloody thing.

It's taken eight months of blood, sweat and tears
To make another to last hopefully for years.
Though not yet complete, we can do our thing in there,
God bless all those who in her.

Heavy heart, eyes misted with tears;
Our haven of bliss for so many years;
Comforter, shelter, where we did our biz.
We say "FAREWELL OLD YER 'TIS".

SLI

This commemorative edition is not on sale (tough shit). It is in memory of all the good things and times that have passed or spewn. It's a tribute to Paul's staying power that he will be adjusting the size of the crappers hole which is fast growing faeces crust. (Tip - bake in oven for 2 days, licks of with dry tongue) Hoof complains of suffering a bruised elbow from twats recieved on crapper. Finger stools any good? Should there be a sieve to catch radio pills, false teeth, prolapses? Muff wants a thief proof place for his "pleasure paper". M.T. has nippedStall too High. Seen Mark's grin? - he had it off with the turicle. Seen in radio shack: P.B.'s application for Design Centre Award. He already holds Wolf Cubs Fire Lighting Badge. Toby's got to get his finger out to beat a colapsed roof. Why wasn't bog designed on double-decker principle? And remember if you want the bog to last (roof excepted) treat yourselves to micro-shits. Shit is healthy. Keep laying it. Sli loves it. Push the Eds face in it. Keep up the good work Dill.

		weeks in chart
1 - 1	Double Barrel	Dave + Antholl Collins 5
3 - 2	Knock Three Times	Dawn 4
4 - 3	Brown Sugar	The Rolling Stones 2
7 - 4	It Don't Come Easy	Ringo Starr 3
4 - 5	Excerpt From Mozart	Waldo Deos Reos 4
2 - 6	Hot Love	T. Rex 10
9 -7	Remember Me	Diana Ross 4
8 - 8	Love Story (Where do I Begin)	Andy Williams 6
16 - 9	Something Old, Something New	The Fantastics 3
6 -10	Bridget The Midget	Ray Stevens 8
15 -11	Rosetta	George Fame + Allan Price 3
20 -12	Indiana Wants Me	Ardine Taylor 2
14 -13	Funny Funny	Sweet 5
11 -14	If Not For YOU	Olivia Newton-John 6
* -15	Jig a Jag	East of Eden 1
10 -16	Walkin'	C.C.S. 8
12 -17	Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson 10
* -18	It's a Sin to Tell a Lie	Gerry Munro 1
* -19	Sugar Sugar	Saccharin 1
18 -20	My Little One	Marmalade 2

Unexpectedly the Rolling Stones appear to have run out of steam after entering at no.4 last week. Fastest mover is 'Indiana Wants Me' by Ardine Taylor, brother of James Taylor who has had minor success in Britain in the past. The East of Eden^{record} is surprising in that it features a violin heavily and is in fact a jig, while Gerry Munro also uses an old formula in reviving yet another song from the dim and distant. Saccharin is also recording an old Archies number in 'Sugar sugar' - but with a much heavier beat than the original.

Since Gordon never reads this page I would just like to take this opportunity to say that I think he is a great clumsy carrot headed twit. So there. Blahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

THE EMPEROR PENGUIN ROOKERY.

The total number of birds are now present for the previouslyⁱ observed influx has ceased. The main body of penguins are in a cluster of huddles some 800 yards from the mouth of Mobster creek, whilst the remainder are strung out towards the eastern headland were they are tending to huddle. This distribution has varied with the increasing population and with wind directions.

As far as been possible to ascertain, I believe most of the birds have come straight to Mobster but, sadly, I cannot be sure as coverage of their arrival was inadequate (not least through the acquisition of my wings).

At this moment they are pairing and what I take to be courtship behaviour is being exhibited. So they have begun what is the most extraordinary breeding cycle in the world and, with luck, this can be observed until they leave next summer. What is essential as a baseline to any study of an animal population is a fairly accurate estimation of the total number, so that (not known, only guessed) is the first task and I shall use a sampling method, based on photography of huddles.

The route from the caboose to the sea ice is clear and there are no obvious dangers but Mark's warning must still apply. If you do visit the penguins at this particular time be sure to approach them gently and try not to break up huddles or pairs as we are intruders and they have a pretty hard time surviving, the least disturbance the better.

8th May 1971.

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Hiya, cat lovers. Afraid I missed the last few weeks but all this typing lark has been giving me sore paws. My future secretary still refuses to do these sort of chores for me but I'm working on it. Come to think of it, she hasn't done anything for me yet though she nearly did when she got stuck on the V.H.F. ladder earlier this week. Got your knickers in a twist that time, didn't you?(She reads this you know.) I nearly had it then I tell you. I got so excited that I had to go and sit in a bowl of milk to cool off. It fairly solved her constipation problem though.

I had a most embarrassing experience with Jay which really gave me the shits as you might say. Last week it was. And it wasn't really my fault. You can't expect a chap to go and empty his own toilet box when it's dirty, and it really was. Mucky. Not wishing to soil my feet I was quietly having a crap behind the door, where nobody would step ~~on~~ on it and have a nasty accident, when I was caught- by Jay. Well; the indignity of it. I mean, have you ever had your face rubbed in it? It's not an experience I can recommend, especially when you are built in such a way that the only way to get it off is to lick it. Ugh! Just wait till I catch Jay having a crap in the corridor. He won't know what's hit him.

Getting back to old sour puss & there's nothing magic about that old dragon) have you noticed that she now has the cheek to sleep in my box? Still when the pups are running about I'm sure one of them will do me a favour and have her for a quick snack. I had a word with old Arkid about popping her off but he was a bit groggy at the time and I don't think he got the whole idea. He seemed to think I wanted him to eat old shit when I distinctly said 'old shit face' .

Lastly; I offer a reward of half a tin of stewed steak and my eternal friendship to anyone who can answer ~~me~~ one simple question that is rather bothering me at the moment - For Gods sake, how do cats mate?

THE HALLEY BAY OBSERVATORY.

Astronomical history has been made by the installation of a 6in. reflecting telescope near Andy's new hut. As far as is known no astronomical observations, other than star fixes and certain occultation work, have been made from Antarctica before now. There are no accounts of the existence or use of astronomical telescopes on the continent.

This telescope is a Newtonian reflector, after Newton's design, and uses two mirrors to focus the light. One is curved concave (Like a shaving mirror) and the accuracy of this curve is good to the nearest few millionths of an inch. The other mirror is perfectly flat and deviates the converging light from the first through a right angle to the focus outside the telescope's tube, where it is magnified. The main mirror is 6in. diameter and the whole thing can give powers from $\times 34$ to about $\times 170$.

With this instrument observations have been made of the surface features and satellites of the planet Jupiter. The Martian "antarctic" can be seen together with the famous areas of "vegetation" and the deserts. Both these planets are well placed for study during the coming months and will be observed along with a number of stars which undergo large erratic variations in their total light output.

The southern skies possess many fine "celestial bodies" which are well worth seeing and you are very welcome to brave the elements and be shown these planets and other celestial wonders.

Astronomer in Residence.

1971 May 8.

Widdies' (or B.L.'s) guide to English.

A is for 'Alley and B is for Bay,
The C's all around us, you can't get away.
D is for Dillon who lives down in Met.,
E's after Puff for what E can get.
F off to all those who don't like my rhyme,
G Bob you talk this way all of the time.
H is the Hell XX that they've had in past years,
I am the greatest but nobody cares.
J's in the radar, day after day,
K is the kunt who spells in this way.
It's L without women, but everyone knows,
M is for Masturbate, that's how it goes.
N's lay the goodies, that all the base begs,
O what a pity that dogs don't lay eggs.
P is the pisshead who Q's for a job,
R you quite sure you're the man for the job.
S is for Sooth, no doubt, you'll agree,
That on Saturday night nobody drinks T.
Away from all labour you think U can lurk,
But V have vays of making you work.
W's the water, the doc makes us pass,
And X, Y, and Z you can stuff up your ass.

Traditional.

Ode To a New Bog

Of all the places I like best,
The closet is the cosiest.
Sitting there in the endless bliss,
Listening to the trickle of piss.
Then suddenly a fart comes down,
Spreading yeukey odours all arround.
When at last all is quiet again,
Ixx wipe my arse and pull the chain.
Ding Dong.

Ode to an old Bog.

Gone But NOT Forgoton.

Trudy felt a proper idiot sitting on the edge of the circle of chanting bodies dressed in her white smock like the rest. At least she did not have to carry a candle. 'N' had told her to investigate the strange sect so there she was. She had heard of Amalgamated Incorporated Religions (AIR) before, everyone had, but had not paid much attention. At their head was Gerry 'Hallelujan' Higgins, a well known and respected figure in the Manchester area when he worked as a gas fitter before he formed his own pop group. On the crest of an immediate wave of success he became number one heartthrob in the land with such self written songs as 'I Love You, Oh OH Oh' and 'Gas Fitters Blues'. It was not long before he made it big in America. He had soul. His first trip abroad was a new experience since he had never been further west than the end of Blackpools south pier before, but he took it all in his stride. It was while he was in the U.S. that he met his Holiness The Maharishi Foni Guru who showed him the falseness of his ways and pointed him along a new path. He immediately ditched the group (who went on to release two more records-both dismal flops-then dropped back to obscurity) and set out on a world tour 'to find myself man' on the not inconsiderable proceeds of his few months in show-business. He saw that all the religions of the world had so much in common and it became obvious to him that the closest he could come to God was to take a part of each faith and mould it into a whole. So A.I.R. was founded. The fact that most of his followers were under twenty years of age could have been put down to the fact that they still worshiped him in his old pop-star image rather than as a Child of God, but if he noticed he turned a blind eye. Unfortunately, somewhere along the line, Astrology had got into the works, perhaps because one of his aunts on his mothers side was an Original Gipsy Rose Lee on the Golden Mile, and he tried his hand at predicting the future course of events. By sheer chance he did predict the result of the General Election, surprising even himself, and followed it with the correct score in the Cup Final. Flushed with success he predicted the End of the World on June 6th, at midday.

This is where Trudy came in, For 'N' wanted him watched. Questions were being asked in Parliament about his effect on the minds and morals of the younger generation. He did not advocate the taking of drugs or pre-marital sex or anything of that sort, but he had dabbled in both and found he rather enjoyed a bit of light sin. So Trudy had joined the sect and worked her way up to a position of trust.

They were two hours away from the predicted catastrophe and the sermon was working up to a climax. In the middle of the ring Higgins stood chanting something known only to himself, but most definitely not English or Latin. Trudy could have sworn as she heard the odd Hail Mary now and again along with other vaguely familiar phrases. Eventually he sat down suddenly on the floor in a Lotus squat. It looked good but was due mainly to his sudden loss of ideas and energy. They sat in silence for a further hour contemplating their big toes. Then he looked up and said, "My children, the time is near. Go your own ways and may the Gods be with you." He sounded convincing. ~~Everyone~~ Everyone left until only he and Trudy remained. He regarded her.

"I will stay with you!" she said touchingly. To her surprise he nodded

Together they watched the clock creep towards noon.

One minute to go-fifty, forty, thirty, twenty, ten -Trudy saw him close his eyes and screw up his face in anticipation- nine, eight seven, six, five, four, three, two, one-Trudy shivered-ZERO.

Nothing happened. Somewhere a door banged.

He opened his left eye and looked cautiously around, then his right eye to see if that side of the room was still there, "Oh" he said. Trudy laughed lightly annoyed at herself for her show of weakness at the last moment. She had a feeling that A.I.R. was going to lose a few followers.

As she left she heard him mutter, "If I take account of precession of the equinoxes and the effects of the minor Planets then perhaps..."

DEAR SUE,

HAVING A GREAT TIME AT HALLEY BAY. WISH YOU WERE HERE THOUGH I DOUBT IF ANY GIRL COULD SURVIVE THE RIGOURS OF ANTARCTIC LIFE. I SOON GOT USED TO THE FROSTBITE AND THE EIGHTY KNOT BLIZZARDS, BUT LAST WEEK WHEN I WAS LEADING AN EXPEDITION TO THE DREADED CREVASSE RIDDEN THIRD CHEP MY TWO MEN COLLAPSED WITH THE COLD AND SINGLE HANDED I CARRIED THEM BACK TO BASE ON MY BACK. I SUPPOSE THEY WERE NOT AS FIT AS ME.

ON BASE I'M A BIT OF A HERO REALLY AND EVERYONE CHEERS WHEN I WALK INTO A ROOM(WHICH I FIND VERY EMBARRASSING) SIMILAR TO THE SKYDIVING CLUB I SUPPOSE. EVERYONE HAS STOPPED WORKING OUTSIDE NOW EXCEPT ME. THE DOGS STILL NEED SEAL CUTTING AND I AM PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SURVIVE OUTSIDE FOR MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR(THAT IS ONE REASON I CHOSE TO STAY HERE INSTEAD OF GOING TO STONNINGTON. SECRETLY I FEAR MY FRIENDS CANNOT MANAGE WITHOUT ME , THOUGH I GIVE THEM FULL MARKS FOR TRYING~~SOEKEKOTMSEBEXXMXGEMERKXAREX~~ OF COURSE

SO FAR THINGS ARE OK PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING. WE HAVE ONLY ONE ALCOHOLIC (HOPE X OUR NAMES ARN'T CONFUSED) AND APART FROM AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE WHEN RON THREW HIMSELF OFF THE BALLOON SHED ROOF NOTHING OF REAL IMPORTANCE.....OH YES, MARK WENT A LITTLE QUEER: HE WAS FOUND TRYING TO BUGGER THE CAT IN THE GARAGE EXTENSION. I DO HOWEVER MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR THAT SORT OF THING AS IT IS NOT REALLY HIS FAULT., THE CAT LED HIM ON . THINGS WILL BE A LOT HAPPIER NEXT YEAR WHEN I'M BASE LEADER.

ACTUALLY ONE DOES NOT LIKE TO CRITICISE ONES BASE LEADER BUT HE HAS MADE RATHER A BROUHANA OF THINGS RECENTLY ESPECIALLY THE GIN BOTTLE AFFAIR

AND THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT YEAR, BUT THEN IF PEOPLE DONT TELL HIM.... THEN...

THATS ALL FOR NOW THEN SUE TRY NOT TO MISS ME TOO MUCH ALTHOUGH I

UNDERSTAND YOUR PROBLEM

LOVE POOL BRAGGHAM

PS TODAY I OPENED THE BASE LIBRARY EXTENSION I BUILT LAST WEEK. QUITE A PERFORMANCE

.. WHAT%.....