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22 may 1971

Yet another financial crises is sweeping the world which no doubt we'll be told, ~~it~~ means more money for England from the W.M.F. Who didn't expect it though after the present government was elected.

But from home comes news far worse than this. News of unequalled gravity since it was found out that Heath took the pill. Yes, The price of a use of a public bog is going up a penny. A new penny at that. What more retrograde step can a government take. Alarm at this news is spreading all over the country.

Already with thousands of members is the newly formed S.P.I.T.C , the Society for the Prevention of Increasing Toilet Charges, which is seeking a royal charter.

"This is ridiculous, I want to go for nothing at all" said a worker in a baked bean factory. One enterprising firm is setting up a 'go now, pay later' scheme. News comes too that S.P.I.T.C may soon amalgamate with S.C.E.B.B.S. , the Stop Curried Eggs Before Breakfast Society.

Said a government spokesman today
"It's all a lot of hot air"

TIME OUT WITH DILL.

SS
You're not getting it, I'm still not getting it. What a life. I'm really getting very frustrated these days, in fact I may even pack up and go off myself to somewhere else where a young virile tom-cat is appreciated by she-cats. I suppose I should face up to it though. She just doesn't fancy me. I haven't even mastered the basic mating position yet, as some of you saw. (I was not amused by some of your remarks either. I consider them to be in bad taste) I must practice, but where? I'm becoming a nervous wreck. Still I can depend on love and affection from you lot.

It's nice to see you have a sense of humour. If someone put bicarb. in my water I would be flaming. Pretty funny though. I must try it on Puff some time.

It's not a bad idea Mike had about up that flashing light, though depending on which side you are it looks either like road repairs or a brothel. It is a great help when I'm trying to find my way back from the Beastie hut after a night out with the Beastie. Sometimes I think that he is the best friend I have on base. I remember one night when I had had a jar or two with him and was staggering along that hand-line that John so kindly erected and it was blowing so hard that I lost my way and nearly fell down the bog hole. Gave me quite a turn. Now I can get as pissed as a newt and still find my way to the genny shaft. I usually spend the day after a binge sleeping it off so next time you see mesnoozing keep the noise down please.

Knocker, now that you are back on mags. how about a thought for your old friend Dill. I finished the present lot ages ago. Not a single 'Cats Weekly' among them. Any chance of something with a little porn. I wouldn't mind finding out how humans do it.

Inga's pups are now named Strider, the black dog, and Beorn, the brown dog. All would be grateful if you kindly referred to them as such, except of course collectively behind their backs.

I'm afraid I shall be asking for quite a bit of help this coming week because I hope to put the dogs down the tunnel on Friday. There's a pile of bondu which has to be hauled out; a gang of 5 or 6 should manage this in just over 2 hours. There's also the pre-fab shaft top to haul up the gash shaft and erect. There's plenty of small jobs such as repairing some of the kennel dividing walls, kennel corner posts to put up, pickets and chains to put in, a 10 ft ladder to be built and a new 20 ft ladder to be erected, yes when the shaft top is on it'll be a 30 ft shaft, and of course there's the dogs to be put down.

If anyone still wants a ballon box take them now as Hoof will be clearing the area outside the met office and converting it into living quarters for Strider and Beorn~~xxx~~. Once this change over is done all hell will be let loose in the pup tunnel to try and re-instate it to it's former grandeur.

I am also asking for volunteers for the dog tunnel roster. If you want to get to know the dogs this is the best (and one of the only chances of doing so). Anyone can do it regardless of their job and it is very un-time-consuming. It entails visiting the dogs morning and evening to see all's well and to turn the lights off; feeding the dogs and keeping the tunnel clean (a max of an hour a day) ~~whi~~ with a big clean once a week, usually Friday which can be done by smoko. Two people do it for a week at a time. All aspirants see me as soon as possible, whether first year, second year or don't know.

Winter is with us, but in 4 months the field season will be here. If within this short space of time one or two people are not acquainted with the dogs fairly comprehensively a lot of experience gained the hard way will be lost. You can draw your own conclusions.

People staying here next year have had over 3 months to get settled in and must start thinking about next year. For instance Doggyman is a Baseism; next years B.L. is duty bound to be clued up on the dogs because in London's eyes he's the doggyman. We are a field base and a bloody fine one. Let's keep it that way. A totally ~~xxxxxxxx~~ static base in this god-forsaken area would be a nightmare. Even if your job is base bound, we'll do everything possible to give you a good holiday.

Sorry to sound like an angry young man, Muff.

Trudy sang in a voice like the B.Ls spelling, viz bad, but the chance to make a pop record was something else. It came about at one of these parties that seem to produce surprises and this particular surprise was a groover in bangles and beads called Cecil Crabtree—changed to Rock Storm by his record company. Rock drifted around in the shadow world of pop, playing with group after group until each one found out how bad he was. He had started life with a rattle which never seemed loud enough and had only achieved satisfaction on discovering the electric guitar. His one regret was not finding it earlier. He gradually extended his repertoire till it encompassed seven chords and stopped there since he reasoned that any bloke who knew that many was set up for the rest of his life. His philosophy was proving remarkably correct. His other talent lay more in the field of language, the Anglo Saxon sort. He came perilously close to arrest at one time when he used obscene, profane and provocative language towards two young fifteen year-old girls who were using various parts of his body for target practice, throwing remarkably accurate jelly babies. He was on stage at the time and eventually even his peaceful ways were stretched to the limit. His intricate variations on a theme by Bach were abruptly halted—the group were on a classical kick and he lost his cool as well as his train of improvisation. After that the fame of the group was assured.

Trudy met Slick Dick Danty, Rocks manager, and agreed to have a recording test. Slick Dick saw potential in the lass and persuaded her to make a record. Despite a feeling of caution Trudy agreed. Slick Dick was no youth but tried to keep up the appearance of vitality by dressing even more flamboyantly than his glossy artist. The bald head spoiled the image a bit but what refused to grow on his skull flourished on the front of his face. He liked Trudy, well she was a good looking chick, lets face it, and in the business good looking chicks could go one way only. The song he found her was dragged up from god knows where but it had potential or so he kept claiming. A beaty rock-a-cha-cha tear jerking ballad it had everything. Not much vocal talent was required. All that was needed was plenty of vocal power. At the first take Trudy became giggly at the sight of the group of session musicians all blowing scraping or banging away with dignified aplomb. Not one of them was on the best side of forty. Another take had to be called for. After nine abortive attempts Trudy was becoming a little exasperated though Slick Dick still kept his cool.

"Trudy baby," he crooned, "You're a natural, a natural. You've got more soul in you than the entire footwear of the London fuzz. Now like feel the good vibes all around and cool it; all the heads through there are grooving for you."

Trudy looked at the tired looking musicians at one end of the studio and then at the hip crowd sprawled over the panel at the other side of the glass. "Can't we put my voice on top of the instruments, there are too many influences around."

"You mean dub it baby. Sure, sure."

The studio was cleared and Trudy tried again. On the third take she felt she was getting somewhere.

"Great, lay it on me one more time," shouted the excited S.D. She layed it on him and he liked it. "A monster, a monster." It was good no doubt about it, certainly as good as it could ever be. Slick Dick became even more ebullient, "Baby you and me got us a real good scene. This wax is gonna strike gold."

For once he was correct. The record made the charts in four weeks and was not in a further three.

Unfortunately at the bottom of her contract Trudy had a clause forbidding her from any form of publicity. 'N' was adamant. She could get the money but had to remain anonymous under the name 'Trudy Delightful' which was a pity. I think she would have been a great success, don't you?

THE APPROXIMATE U.K. TOP TWENTY

| | | |
|--------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| (-) | 1 Kama Sutra Theme | Trudy Delightful |
| (2) | 2 Brown Sugar | Rolling Stones |
| (6) | 3 Indiana Wants Me | Ardine Taylor |
| (4) | 4 It Don't Come Easy | Ringo Starr |
| (3) | 5 Double Barrel | Dave + Antholl Collins |
| (5) | 6 Excerpt from Mozart | Waldo Deos Reos |
| (8) | 7 Jig a Jig | East of Eden |
| * (13) | 8 Funny Funny | The Sweet |
| (16) | 9 My Little One | Marmalade |
| * (7) | 10 Remember Me | Diana Ross |
| (20) | 11 My Brother Jake | Free |
| * (15) | 12 XXXX Malt Barley Blues | McGuinness Flint |
| (17) | 13 It's a Sin to Tell a Lie | Gerry Munro |
| (9) | 14 Hot Love | T. Rex |
| * (10) | 15 Where Do I Begin ? | Andy Williams |
| (-) | 16 The Arsenal Song | ?????????? |
| | 17 | |
| | 18 | |
| (19) | 19 Rosetta | Georgie Fame * Allan Price |
| (-) | 20 Listen to the Rain | Jose Feliciano ???? |

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Apologies this week for an incomplete twenty but reception was difficult. Records marked with an asterisk are still in the chart but these are their probable positions. Nos 17 and 18 belong to one of 'Sugar Sugar' by Saccharin, 'A Bench, A Tree, A street' by Senoline 'Heaven Must Have Sent You' by the O-Jays and a new entry from Neil Diamond, title unknown.

The no. 20 is 'Listen to the Rain' certainly and is probably The Jose Feliciano version in which case it is a re-release.

No. 16 is sung to the tune 'Rule Britannia' that is ~~xxxxx~~ - 'Rule Old Arsenal', and gives a good indication of the number of Arsenal supporters in the world. Too many.

FANNY SMITH IS BACK .

Dear Fanny,

I live in the Antarctic and the other day I was out being rugged in a blow and it was rather cold, I was bursting for a pee. I had to go then and there, no choice. It was so cold that I froze solid to the ground, try as I might I couldn't get free. We are all good friends down here and one of them cut me free with an axe. Unfortunately it was the first time he had used it and, worse he was not a G.A. My problem is simple; what difference will it make when I get home? I am worried about how my girl friend will take it and Anyhow the new bog only has a small hole. With nothing else to think about down here it sort of, well you know.

Dear Rugged,

Yes, certainly I can imagine your dilemma though I have to tell you I have no direct experience of this problem, you will understand I am sure. Couldn't your friends have used a blowlamp? Less final I should say. Still, mustn't cry over spilt milk. It is said that after a time you can be quite accurate and length is not a problem. Again, this is just hearsay. Don't worry about that, just remember people like me manage very well without a great length of tubing. The other matter is very serious. I would take the axe to your friends. Ghastly trick. A word of advice. Get it seen to before your girl does. They say that they can do wonderful things in plastic these days—surgery of course. There is quite a range of sizes these people offer. Oh, and all sorts of styles too. Get it done, that way both you and your girl will be satisfied. By the way I assume you are married.

I could tell you a lot more but the editor stopped me. Blue pencil you know old boy.