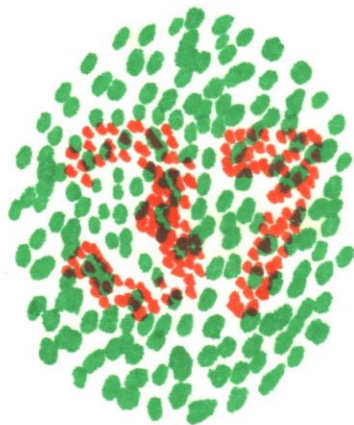


THIS WEEK'S FABULOUS GIVE AWAY OFFER
TEST YOURSELF FOR COLOUR BLINDNESS **FREE**



SPL0DE

SPLODE

SPLODE - Editorial

As I was just remarking to the assembled company in the Bondu Bar,- how the hell do you write an editorial when you don't have any copy? The same bloody old moan every week, the same people writing the bulk of the articles (if any), and the same ones not writing them. That's my SPLODE!

By the way, the current rumour on the grapevine is that the Biscay coast is alot further east than Toby thought it was. And I quote, "You idiot! We're four thousand miles off course!"

Having taken this very laboured method of introducing the subject of quotations,-the more discerning revellers of the Lounge addicts will have noticed that a book has been provided for writing down their verbal indiscretions. I feel that this is excellent news, and can only provide the best in entertainment. I approve of it to such an extent that I have provided the first entry.

The whole business reminds me of one Doyle, of evil repute, who, on being accused of apathy on board the old "Shackleton" (ARK (Ah, those were the days!) replied "Apathetic? Who the hell are you calling apathetic? If I wasn't fucking off to bed I would smash you!"

I have also been asked to mention that Mr. J. Flick, our courteous and popular neighborhood radiotelegrafista (remember that one,- bring it out and surprise your Spanish tutor) is about to mix up an Ekykit, if he can find those of like mind who will help him to use it all up. Applications to take part in this great endeavour should be addressed to Mr. Flick personally.

And finally, don't forget the catchphrase: Ena Sharples for Playmate of the Month!

To whom it may concern and anyone else for that matter. This is to announce that there has come into existence a book which shall henceforth be known by the title of the "Halley Bay Quotes Book". Any person uttering or allowing to issue from his lips, any saying quote aphorism expletive or other word or group of words shall be liable, if this be deemed desirable by some other person or persons present at the time in question, to have said saying, quote, aphorism, proverb, epithet, innuendo or other word, words, and/or groups of words, inscribed in the appropriate place within the aforementioned book. Always providing that any entry shall merit inclusion by virtue of its wit, humour, cutting sarcasm, out and out vituperation or some other quality rendering it worthy of preservation. You have been warned.

Quiztime.

All you have to do is put down the person associated with the following wellknown phrases:

"Its a long way to Tipperary"
"You stupid bastard"
"FAGS!"
"You can't win them all"
"Fair wind"
"It all happened at Wookey Hole"	3.....

SPLODE

SAY SPLODE EVERY DAY
THAT'S WHAT GORD.D USED TO SAY
IT KEEPS AT BAY URUGUAYAN FLU'
AND BOTH YOUR ELBOWS FREE FROM GOO
SO SAY SPLODE EVERY DAY
THAT'S WHAT GORD.D USED TO SAY.

DON'T SAY IT IF YOUR SOCKS ARE DRY
OR WHEN THE SNOW GETS IN YOUR EYE
NEVER SAY IT IN THE DARK
THE WORD YOU SEE EMITS A SPARK
ONLY SAY IT IN THE DAY
THAT'S WHAT GORD.D USED TO SAY.

POOR OLD SHACK TOOK HIS ADVICE
HE SAID IT ONCE, HE SAID IT TWICE
HE SAID IT TILL THE DAY HE DIED
AND EVEN AFTER THAT HE TRIED
TO SAY SPLODE EVERY DAY
JUST LIKE GORD.D USED TO SAY

NOW FIDS AROUND DECLARE IT'S TRUE
THAT EVERY NIGHT AT HALF PAST TWO
IF YOU'LL STAND UPON YOUR HEAD
AND SHOUT SPLODE FROM YOUR BED
YOU'LL HEAR THE WORDS SO CLEAR AND DEEP
FOR FUCK SAKE SHUT-UP AND GO TO SLEEP

SO IF YOUR PASSING THROUGH THE DORMS
WHETHER PAST JACK OR WHETHER PAST NORMS
MAKE NOISE TOGETHER IN A BUNCH
TO SEE WHO'S STILL IN BED BY LUNCH
PLEASE SPLODE QUIETLY WITHOUT FUSS
JUST LIKE GORD.D ALWAYS DOES.

THE 1972 GRAND NATIONAL

- RESULT: 1. WELL TO DO G.THERMER.
 2. GAY TRIP. T.BIDDLECOME. F.RIMEL%
 3. BLACK SECRET
 GENERAL SIMONS.
 5 ASPREY.
 6. SPECIFY.
 7. BRIGHT WILLOW.
 8. MONEY BOAT.
 9. ROUGH SILK.

42 8 tarters only nine finished.

Starting Prices L'EScargot. 10/1
 Gay Trip 12/1
 Well To DO 14/1

Rugby Union. England 12 France 37
 Newbridge 9 L.Welsh 30 --- Saracens 13 L.Scottish 3 -- Bath 20
 Sale 8 --- Bedford 19 Blackheath 13 --- Bridgend 28 Moseley 6---
 coventry 26 HARLEQUINS 20 -----Neath 8 Bristol 21.

League Cup Final Stoke City 2 Chelsea 1

Div 1. Arsenal 2	Wolves 1	Scot DIV †
Chelsea 2	Palace 1	Clyde 1 Rangers 1
Huddersfield 1	Ipswich 3	Falkirk 3 Motherwell 0
Leicester 2	Man Utd 0	Aberdeen 7 Ayr 0
Liverpool 3	Coventry 1	Kilmarnock 1 Celtic 3
Man City 3	West Ham 1	Hibs 7 St. J. 1
Notts F. 1	Newcastle 0	
Sheffield 0	Derby 4	
Stoke 0	Leeds 3	
W.B.A. 1	Tottenham 1	
Southampton 0	Everton 1	

GOLF: T.A,Jacklin 7th in the queensboro Open. -- Masters starts next week.

LITTLE JOHNNY SOMEFUCKER AND THE PENGUINS.

Fred Splinge, the half-caste one armed snot putter from Undergoolie-on-the splode had just escaped from the clutches of mad Dan Skwitter, by shaving the hair from under his armpits and plaiting it into a rope. Last weeks episode finished with madDan saddling his Kangaroo and preparing to chase after the unfortunate Fred. Now read on.....

Once upon a time in the land of Effinsno, dwelt a little people by the name of Thingcalledfid. And every year on the day before the day after Picklemass Eve, Thingcalledfid didst hold sacrifices to the Greatgobber, whomst they didst call bigG. Then one morning on the day after the Onetoomany feast of the Plonker, bigG appeared in a wide-awake dream to the chief Thingcalledfid. And he gave nim "the Word". Then the great Thingcalledfid didst rise from the floor and didst smite himself^a mighty smote and didst snout out "the Word". And lo, "the Word" was spread througout the land, and yea verily the use of "the Word" didst produce an strange effect.

People didst say unto people, "Lo, if thou usest "the Word" unto me, verily will I smite thee a mighty smote between the beepers with an half-ender."

And bigG became angry with his chosen people, who were numbered great amongst the unwashed, And he called upon his ally, the war god Blatter, or the Greatpenguin fucker as he was affectionately known to the Thingcalledfid and said "Oh mighty maker of noises, thou qnaker of earthses, raise me a great wind that shall terrify the miserable worm of a % Thingcalledfid, and that shall make nim cower under the ground."

"Oh, wisest of the wise, Oh greatest gobber and puppyfucker par excellence," said the smooth tongued war god, "I shall follow thy every whim, bar one, and I shall raise this mighty wind, and I shall call it Blowinabastard, after my nevertobeneardof-again father."

What could Blatter do to save Fred from mad Dan Skwitter?

DEAR EDITOR

I AM A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN AND STILL A (VIRGIN), YOU SEE I HAVE THIS PROBLEM, LIKE WHEN I GO OUT WITH BOYS MOST OF THEM LIKE TO TRY THEIR HAND ON ME (PLEASE EXCUSE THE STRONG LANGUAGE) I HAVE TRIED MY BEST TO PUT THEM OFF THE SUBJECT BY SEWING STRONGER ELASTIC ON MY NICKERS, EVEN THEN THIS HAS ONLY A SLIGHT EFFECT ON THEM, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO PUT THEM OFF. ONE CHAP I WAS OUT WITH GOT PASSED THE NICKER STAGE AND STARTED TO PLAY WITH MY TWAT MUCH TO MY DISGUST, AFTER FIFTEEN MINUETS I COMPLAINED TO HIM BUT HE PAID NO ATTENTION AT ALL THEN THERE WAS THE CHAP WHO TOOK ADVANTAGE OF ME IN THE BACK OF HIS CAR ON A LONLEY COUNTRY ROAD FAR AWAY FROM TOWN, JUST BECAUSE I WOULD NOT PERFORM FOR HIM HE SAID IN A FRUSTRATED VOICE DO YOU WANT TO LIE BACK OR WALK BACK, SO AS WE WERE FAR AWAY FROM HOME I HAD TO DO WHAT HE WANTED. SO PLEASE EDITOR CAN YOU HELP OVERCOME THIS PROBLEM AS I CAN'T GO ON WITH IT MUCH LONGER IT'S DRIVING ME POTTY

THANK YOU
YOURS

ALDA DILDO

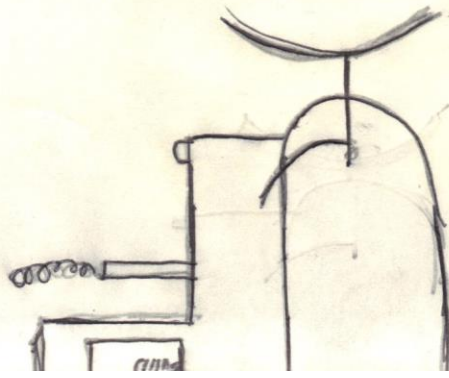
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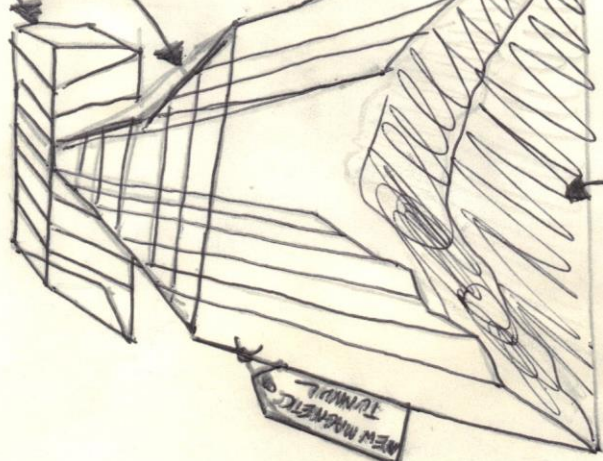
HUDDIT,

TILLIT, WILTS.

WANT SEE A THING,
+ WAYS THE
OLD BASE?



2 BY 4
4 BY 2
20 BY 30



20 TONS NONMAGNETIC SNOW

NICE OF THEM TO BUILD US
A NEW TUNNEL FOR WINTER



AW COME ON FELLAS,
IT'S NOT THAT BAD,
REALLY



WHERE DOES THIS
BIT GO?



LEAD
BALLOON

IT WASN'T LIKE THIS
LAST YEAR
GUARANTEE!

