

THE
LAST
EDITION
OF
SPLODE

THE NEXT WORKS



SPLODE Editorial

Well, folks, it's Saturday again, to coin a platitude. They seem to be coming round more and more often these days. Sometimes I think we must be getting them at the rate of one a week. What a pain! What with Saturday gashes, films and so on, what a pain! And on top of it all, it is one's duty to consume Strong Drink, and someone's duty to pour away the strong drink that others have opened and not consumed. In itself this is a task to make strong men quail.

We have, for a change, a bumper SPLUDE this week, full of good solid entertainment. I do not think that you will meet with better until you are diverted with the spectacle of seeing the Base Commander torn to pieces by a hunger-maddened Arkid. I do not look forward to seeing this soon, however.

There is a rather distasteful story about a colonel in this issue, so to leap on the bandwagon, I also will give the military a dig.

It appears that a certain colonel in the Indian army just before the last war was about to be married. Now colonels in the Indian Army used often to have native personal servants with whom they had established a very good working relationship. I don't know whether you've noticed the fact, but the introduction of a wife into the menage upsets a household such as that to no little extent, and often results in the manservant going off in a huff. It is no light thing for an Indian Army colonel to loose an old and valued servant who knows all his little whims. Therefore the colonel warned the manservant of the impending change, and told him strictly that there was to be no change in the regime as far as he (the servant) was concerned.

The morning after the marriage, Abdullah, following his usual custom, took the colonels cup of tea into the bedroom, murmured respectfully, " Eight o'clock, Sahib. Your tea;" then stripped off the bedclothes, slapped the bride on the behind, and cried, "As for you, wench, back to the village!"

NIGHT MET'S LAMENT OR THE LAMENTABLE NIGHT MET.

You crawl out of bed at half nine. Almost ob time, but there's always time for a quick brew. Stumble through to dining room, only one eye open yet. 'What's the weather doing then?', you hear. Sounds like a Welsh accent coming from one of the armchairs. For once, truthfully, you reply 'Hard to say really!' Come to think of it, that must always be truthfully said. Your eyes are a little more open now because you've found a cup and the milk, filled the kettle, but where the hells the sugar. It's in your hand all the time. Shouldn't be long now. Really great the first cup in the morning (?) Have to hurry though - put plenty of milk in to cool it down. Almost feeling human now! Kettle's taking its time though - might help it if it ~~was~~ were switched on, you dunderhead. That's crapped out on the tea then.

Stumble down to the met office, get your windproofs on, up the ladder, down again to switch the lights off and up again, (its a up and down kind of existance) get the ob done and take the obs book down to John in the bar. Its just as well the bar is near the radio shack or the radio shack near the bar, one of the two, for ~~John's~~ the sake of getting the ob out at night.

You've now got time to think about the situation. Perhaps it might have been better to sleep in and let the day met do the ob for you. Anyway you are committed now. What's next? That's it, inner comforts, get the dinner in the oven. Hell, no, you've forgotten to time mark the instruments at ten. By now it becomes clear that its going to be one of those nights and you are going to have to be very careful not to touch anything that could possibly go wrong. Might as well do a fire check then. After all you cant start a fire simply by opening doors and looking around. You could fall over in the corridor though, so be careful.

Back in the met office now. Hallo Dillon. Proceeds to do a head stand on your foot. Must be food he's after. He scoffs nearly half a tin of sardines - just as well he's not meeting his best friend tonight. What do you mean? you're his best friend for the rest of the night! Show him where his box is. He uses it and you sigh with relief that he's at least not going to crap in the corridor for another few hours. What's this then? Norman's put a board up to fox him scratching the filing cabinet? He didn't seem very happy with that, the way he jumped out of his box scattering sawdust and chased off down the corridor. If only he'd forget to put the brakes on before reaching the door. Still, you think, let him scratch the filing cabinet if he wants to - and you take the board away, feeling rather good natured towards the animal. What's he scratching in the corridor for? You have a look -----

cont. on next page if Ed. not asleep.

The puddle on the floor tells its own tale. Self control, that's what you need now. Of course, if Norman hadn't put the beard there, Dillon wouldn't have been upset and could have had his customary scratch. The whole thing's very unfair because he could have pissed on geophysics' floor - he obviously doesn't know who his friends are.

Another ob at one and you settle down in the rocking chair and doze. You look around absent-mindedly, the way one does. Your eye is caught by something moving. It's that picture of Ron's by the radiator. 'I'm sure that left nipple twitched!' you think, and you are suddenly quite awake and get up to have a closer look. Funny, the things that happen on night net!

Another climb up to the bondu at four, after which you test a sonde and prepare for the days flight. you hear Dillon coming down the ladder. Christ what an epic he makes of it this time. He could be in a circus if he was putting it on. Ten minutes later when he's on terra firma (for want of a better phrase) and the show's over, you ~~think~~ pick up the loose threads of what you were doing. Dillon's upset though; he's shaking his paws, though not all at once; perhaps he might even manage this if he were really annoyed.

The next big event after the ob of seven and when the responsibility really begins to weigh heavily is making the tea. You put Kevin's sugar in Keith's cup - well, there was a 'K' on each box, or was it Dave's milk that got Kevin's sugar. Take away half your grandmother's age and you've cracked it. The next operation's a bit delicate, and with the tray full of cups balanced on the palm of the left hand you pad gently along to the dorms. The floors are as near to wet as they will be till Saturday! What was that you said? not when Gord's on? Faul B. must be going for the record this week. Ten points for each full cup of cold tea and one point for an empty cup. That makes fifty-two in all! The serene smile though dispels

cont on next page if Ed still not asleep

all thoughts of substituting a cold cup for the hot one. Still fast asleep though. You wake John up but he doesn't want tea. Don't really know what he'd do with it anyway if he feels the same as he looks. Dorm 2 now with a lighter load. Dave H's cup is received with a shaky hand at the top and underneath you keep your fingers crossed that Tony doesn't look out during this hazardous transfer operation. He might even make breakfast if he did and it happened!

Another night over, an ob after a leisurely breakfast and so to gonk.

Number of men wintering at British stations in the Antarctic
1944-1971

Station	Deception	Port Lockroy	Capetown	Stonington	Argentine	Singny	Admiralty	Arthurs	Horseshoe	Halley	Shackleton	Detachable	Dance	Prospect	South	Adelie	Fossil	Total
1944	4	10																14
1945	4	4	13															21
1946	4	4	8	4	10													30
1947	5	9		11	4	4												33
1948	4	5	7															
1948	4	5	7	11	4	3	5											39
1949	4	4		11	4	4	5	6										29
1950	4	4			4	5	5	4										21
1951	4	4			5	5	5	5										19
1952	6	5	11		4	5	5	5										36
1953	5	5	10		5	5	5	5										35
1954	5	5	12		10	5	5	5										42
1955	6	4	12		9	7	5	5	6	8								57
1956	6	5	12		9	8	6	6	10	8	8	6						94
1957	6	6	12		11	8	8	5	9	21	16	10	6	6	3			127
1958	7	5	14	6	11	6	7	9	7	20		9	5	5				102
1959	6	5	19		11	9	9	6	6	12								77
1960	5	5	17	6	20	6	8	4	4	16								87
1961	11	5	14	11	13	5				25						6	3	93
1962	13		9	10	13	8				21						11	4	89
1963	10	7		11	14	8				24						12		86
1964	10			11	15	11				30						21		98
1965	8			13	14	11				32						9		87
1966	9			12	13	13				28						7		82
1967	8			13	11	11				38						10		91
1968				13	12	14				30						10	5	84
1969				15	12	13				29						14	4	87
1970				15	12	10				26						11	4	78
1971				11	12	11		4		23						12	4	77

Data for 1972 not available

MOTHER OF ELEVEN BRINGS CANICIDE CHARGE

I WANDERED OFF TO HAVE A SHIT
PAST THE SNOW, SO WHITE IS IT
NEAR THE GASH-SHAFT TALL AND DEEP
CHRIST, ITS NOT HALF PISSING DOWN THAT OPENING

I SAW THE LID APPEAR QER ME
PUSHED AND HEAVED BY YOUNG PAUL B.
I FEEL 'TWILL NOT OCCUR AGAIN
UNLESS SOME TWIT LEAVES THE TOP OFF, OR IT BLOWS AWAY? OR ..
SO ON MY WAY I WENT TO STRAIN
TO PUSH AND HEAVE, MY BOWELS TO DRAIN
BUT FIRST I HAD TO WALK RIGHT PAST
ONE PAIR OF MUKLUKS, ONE PAIR OF GLOVES AND A BLOODY
GREEN THING LEFT BY PAUL B. (AGAIN) AND COVERED IN - CHRIST-
EXCRECEA.

JEESSUS

FILL A PAGE WITH POEMTRY
FILL A PAGE WITH SHITE
LEAVE A SPACE AT BOTTOM
MY NAME NOT THERE TO WRITE NO THANKS
SLANDER GOOD OLD CHIPPY
SLANDER THE B.L.
SLANDER GOOD OLD TOBY
HEY. THATS NOT A BAD IDEA. WHERE'S MY PEN?

DID YOU HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE CHIPPY, THE B.L. AND TOBY WHEN THEYW E

SPORTS REPORT

Soccer ;

European Nations Cup Final ;

ENGLAND) 0 W.GERMANY 0

W.Germany win 3-1 on aggregate and go on to meet either Belgium or Italy in the semi-final.

Rugby League;

Rugby League Challenge Cup.

Leeds 15 St Helens 16

Conlett the St Helens captain and Full Back scoring 12 of the points.

Cricket; Benson and Hedges Cup.

LANCS 116-4 innings closed

Sussex 224-6 innings closed

Minor Counties N. 116-3

Middlesex 47-2

Sarwick

WARRING 130-6

Essex 166 all out.

Leic. 327-4 innings closed.

Kent Rain Stopped Play

Australia 160 all out G.Chappell 58 Marsh 56

Surway 10-1

Tennis;

Bournemouth. Hard Court Championships

Mens Doubles Hewitt - McMillan bt Nastase - Tiriac 7-5 6-2

Womens Singles E. Goolagong beat some W German 6-2 6-2.

Golf; A.Jacklin won Jacksonville Open by 3 strokes.

With 9 to play in the Bournemouth Penfold Tournament G. O'Connor leads by 5 strokes from N.Coles

ANY WAY, AS I WAS SAYING..

....YES, ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAING, (SITTING IN THE BONDU BAR ON MY OWN TALKING TO EACH OTHER) ITS GETTING ME DOWN, WHAT IS, I SAID, NOT REALY INTERESTED IN WHAT WAS GOING ON AT THE TIME, BUT IT WAS 2430HRS AND GETTING NEAR SMOKO SO I CARRIED ON WHITH THE THINGS I WASN'T DOING BEFORE. WHICH REMINDS ME, OF NOTHING REALY BUT IT SEEMED A GOOD IDEAR AT THE TIME, SO I DID.

"THINKS", I WONDER IF I'M GOING TO BRING A CASE OF BEER OUT TONIGHT, I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SUPRISED, BUT IT DOES DEPEND ON TWO THINGS, AND THAT WAS, COULD I GET ON WITH MYSELF OVER THE PAST THREEWEEKS. "UNTHINKS". THE MIND BOGLES, SO MUCH IN FACT, THAT I BROUGHT OUT A CASE INSTEAD THE TROUBLE I HAD GETTING DOWN THE GARAGE RAMP WAS NOBODIES BUISENESS, I KNOW I SAID, ITS GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH ANYBODY ELSE. DON'T LOOK AT ME IN THAT TONE OF VOISE I SAID, SO I RETALIATED BY ROLLING UP MY SLEEVES AND RUNNING LIKE HELL TO HIDE IN THE BONDU BAR AMONGST THE CONVERSATION I WAS HAVING WITH MYSELF. YOUVE GOT TO LAUGH ABOUT IT, WHAT I SAID, PARDON, WHO DID, AH, ITS NEARLY 2060HRS I SAED TO ME, WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT, TO DO WITH WHAT, YOU KNOW, OH YES THE, THAT'S RIGHT, OR IS IT LEFT, ANYWAY, AS I WAS SAYING....

SATUDAY NIGHT AT HALLEY BAY

It was a night like this when it happened. Perhaps the person sitting next to you will remember. It started as a typical Saturday night, the bar opened at 6.45 sharp and we sat round it. We were talking about Hovercrafts at the time so it couldn't have been the conversation that caused it. Someone thought they would open up as many crevasses as an I.H. and someone else disagreed. Most people gave a definite may be. I think most people were aware something had happened when Gordon stopped in mid sentence while trying to explain to Paul the subtle differences between pressure and force. He went so pale that we thought he was ill until I realised what he was looking at.

Everyone present acted abnorm^rally. Gordon tried unsuccess^Afully to cover up the hole in his jumper. Toby ceased uttering gems of wisdom and Jack and Paul J. forgot to get another drink in before lunch. Dinner. Afterwards we were all a bit quiet but then things gradually returned to normal, but what could we say? Who would believe a woman had just walked out of the lounge.

Note: This is a story in the series "what it was like LAST YEAR".

QUOTES AND THE PEOPLE WHO MIGHT HAVE SAID THEM.

BEWARE OF THE CONVERSATIONALIST WHO ADDS " IN OTHER
WORDS " HE IS MERELY STARTING AFRESH.

GORDON D .

I DRINK FOR THE THIRST TO COME

KEITH .

THOSE WHO MAKE WORST USE OF THEIR TIME MOST
COMPLAIN OF ITS SHORTNESS .

CHIPPIE ♀.

(FOR LINGUISTS ONLY)

L appetit vient en mangeant .

(FOR NON LINGUISTS)

APPETITE COMES WITH EATING .

J . FLICK .

BUT ANSWER CAME THERE NONE .

BRIAN (stuck in tank)

PERCHED ON THE LOFTIEST THRONE IN THE WORLD
MAN IS STILL SITTING ON HIS OWN BEHIND .

A. SMITH ASQUE .

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT WOULD BE THAT YOU HAVE
FREEDOM WHEN YOUR'E EASY IN YOUR HARNESS .

ARRKID .

BOOT FACTS ARE CHIEFS THAT WINNA DING AN'
DOWNA BE DISPUTED .

GORDEN . R .

NOT BLOODY LIKELY .

P . JONES .

I USED YOUR SOAP TWO YEARS AGO SINCE THEN
I HAVE USED NO OTHER .

EEEEEE (UNWASHED) .

IT WASN'T LIKE THIS LAST YEAR

THE SUMMERTIME HAS GONE, BECAUSE,
THE JACK WAS LOWERED BY JACK OF COURSE,
IT WON'T BE LONG FOR MID-WIN DAY
AND ALL GET PISSED IN THE USUAL WAY.

WILL PROBABLY LAST FOR A WEEK OR MORE,
A WEEK OR MORE OF HEADS SO SORE,
BUT IT'S A MUST FOR ONE AND ALL
GONKING AT THE BAR AND FALLING OFF YOUR STALL.

MID-WINTERS OVER, WHAT WILL THEN,
THE TOUGH, THE RUGGED, THOSE HALLEY MEN,
WILL PROBABLY GROPE AROUND INSIDE
COS IT'S TO DAMN COLD TO GROPE OUTSIDE.

BUT DON'T FOGET THE SUN WILL COME,
AND LOTS OF JOLLIES WILL BE RUN,
THE WRITE LINE, CAPO-ROL, INLAND ICE,
OR CHRISTMAS BOX HILL, THAT'LL BE NICE

SO WHEN THE DOGGIE TRAININGS OVER,
FOR JACK AND DAVE THER'S NO GASH ROTOR,
"LOOK OUT SHACKLETONS HERE WE COME",
McALPINES FUSILIERS HAVE WON.

THE SHIP DOTH COME WITH "THE BLACK HAND GANG"
TO FIND A SITE IN THIS WILD MORaine,
IT COULD BE HERE, IT COULD BE THERE,
BUT WHO AT THE MOMENT KNOWS JUST WHERE.

THE SHIP HAS LEFT, THE SUN HAS GONE,
AND TAKEN FIDS THAT WE HAVE KNOWN,
BACK TO THE YUK FOR MID-SUMMERS DAY,
JUST TO GET PISSED IN THE USUAL WAY.