E J.

## SPLODE Editorial

It is always a sad, though historic occasion when a great newspaper dies. It was so with the Evening Standard. It was so with the Daily Herald. It looks like being so with SPLODE. I can only hope that all the contributors are saving up their best efforts for the Midwinter issue.

I hope to publish a copy for each member at Midwinter, plus a hardback to leave on base, so I would appeal to everybody to produce at least something, and to produce 23 copies of it. The brains of the design staff should also be cudgelled with a view to creating a magnificent, never-to-be - forgotten cover. Memo ends.

Ballsover Day went very well, much better than the Nocker levelling, and I would like to extend thanks to all those who helped with it, and especial the bloke who left the can of Brown Ale which has so materially aided the composition of this editorial.

While I was listening to "Hamlet" this afternoon, I came across a rather apt quote, for the time of year:

SOMBODY: The air bites shrewdly,— it is very cold.

SOMEBODY EISE It is a nipping and an eager air.

(He goeth to the dog tunnel)

## SPECIALANNOUNCEMENT

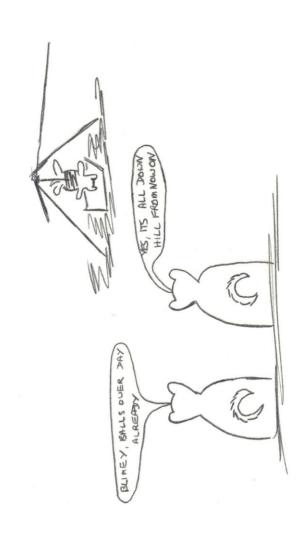
At the request of Bruce, we publish this message from the power house:
"WE ARE NOW APPROACHING THE MAXIMUM LOAD CAPACITY OF THE GENERATORS, AND
IF PEOPLE WILL BE SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS AND CO-OPERATE BY SWITCHIEG OFF
UNNECESSARY HEATERS ETC., WE WON'T HAVE TO MAKE ANY HARD AND FAST RULES
ABOUT WHAT MAY BE SWITCHED ON OR OFF:

IT IS AN UNFORTUNATE FACT THAT THE OUTPUT OF THE GENERATORS IS LIMITED,
AND EVERYBODY WILL HAVE TO PUT UP WITH A LITTLE INCONVENIENCE OVER THE
COIDEST PART OF THE WINTER."

Thanks.

This week's cover designer was Dave F.

When the temperature drops below minus fifty then it's starting to get as rugged as last year, which was really pretty rugged I can tell you. Yes it certainly is a man's life in the Antarctic. There I was; it was a long way from Tipperary. Some may try to tell you that life in the Antarctic is some form of escapism from bedsitters in Earls Cort but there can be little doubt that this point of view is a complete and utter load of balls. Still Midwinter is only just around the corner and then of course as we all know it's all downhill then to relief. Yes folks it never rains but it pours though every cloud I suppose has its own, little silver lining. Every dog has his day balls up ballsup ballsover legover legup cockup shttup. Not content with building a horizontal tunnel it is rumoured that a certain station in the British Antarctic territory has plans to erect one in the vertical vectorial direction. To be welded together k in the form of oil drums by one of the highly skilled craftsmen (known in the local parlance as "gobbers") this gigantic phallic symbol will tower over the eternal southern snows like some vast collossus of old to a height of some twenty or thirty meters. Should we allow this desecration of our fair and beautiful land one asks oneself in a flash of vituperative clairvoyance. In fact as my old grandpappy used to say if youve never had it you wont miss it. It must howver be remembered that omelets cannot be constructed without the concomitant necessity of fracturing a certain amount of ovoid material and this is perhaps above all the way in which this scientific and technological world in which we live today progresses forward into the increasingly advanced and ciclized state. As this is a scietific base I feel that it is perhaps fitting to end be reiterating that muchquoted epithet of J. McSplode Snurdley IT'S ALL IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE FOLKS.



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