

Enter the Machine Age

with



SPLODE

Editorial

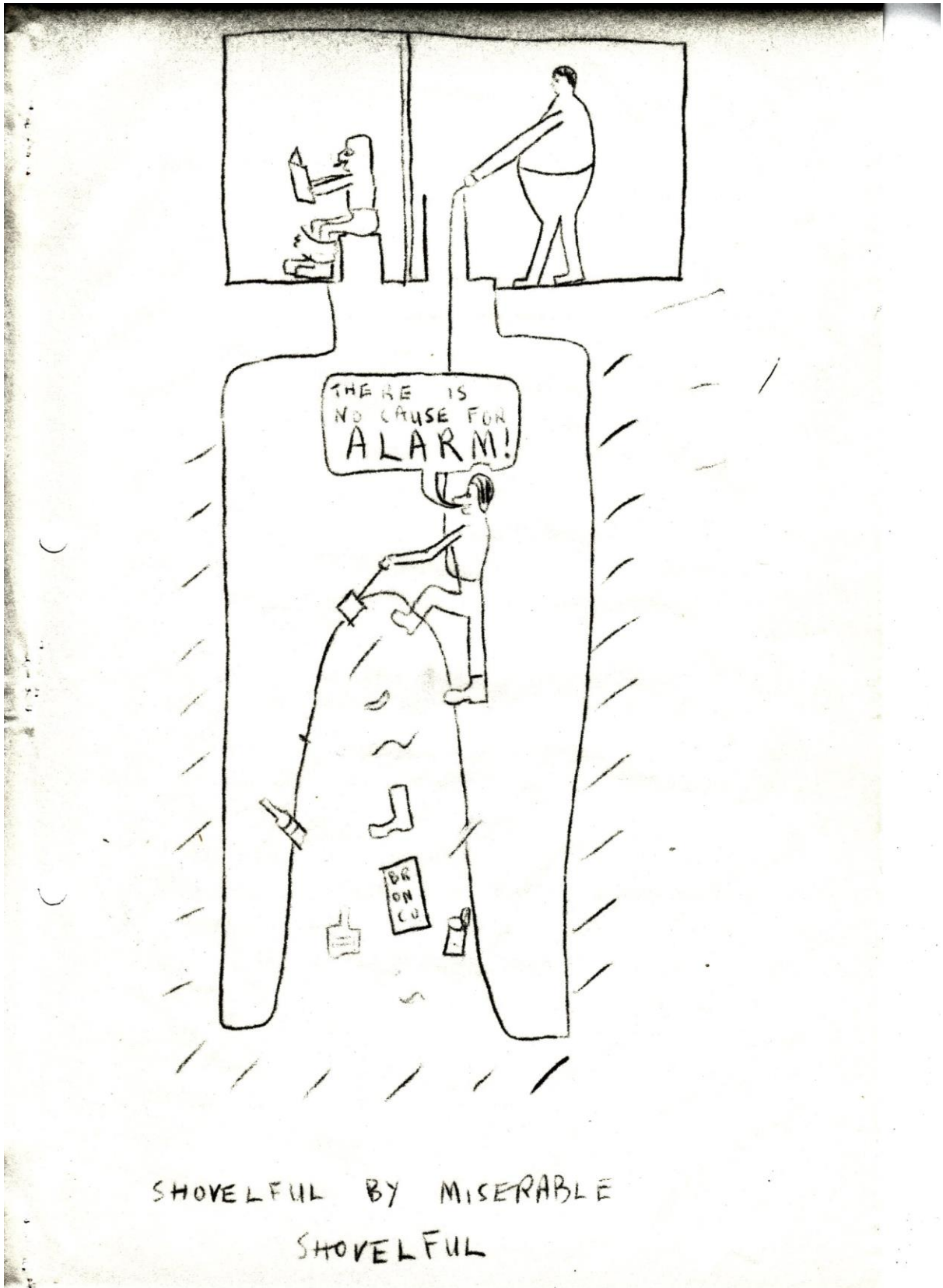
Once again, we have a very THIIIN Splode to offer. It is a rather defeatist attitude to say that one expects the thing to wind up after Midwinter, and I'm quite sure that there is a fair amount of life in the old dog yet.

This issue contains a certain amount of current social criticism, but the overall tone is lavatorial. Strange how Fids become fascinated by shit, no matter in what form it comes.

Will SPODE survive for yet another week? To find the answer to this enigma, rearrange the following into a well-known phrase or saying:

REALLY TO HARD SAY.....

This weeks covers by Mr D. Fletcher. Ta.



SHOVELFUL BY MISERABLE  
SHOVELFUL

WE ALL KNOW WHY  
IN DAYS GONE BYE,  
THE BOG WAS NEVER EMPTIED,  
BUT NOW IT SEEMS  
THAT CHIPPIYS DREAMS  
ARE ABSOLUTE-CONTENTED.

... (PR)

MACHINES WERE MICE  
AND MEN WERE LIONS  
ONCE UPON A TIME  
BUT NOW THAT ITS THE OPPOSITE  
ITS TURD UPON A TIME

... (OD)

IN DAYS OF OLD  
THE COOKS WERE TOLD  
A DAY-OFF EVERY SUNDAY,  
NOW HERE'S THE CHEEK  
ITS A FIVE-DAY WEEK  
FOR NOSE AND COOK AT HALLEY.

... (NO)

RIGHT, WHERE'S THE BOOZE  
AND WHERE'S THE WOMEN,  
SEE JOHN AND BRUCE  
TO GET YOU GINNIN.  
.....A GREAT NIGHT HAD BY ALL. CHEERS.

... (SE)

OH DEAR

I

SEEM TO

HAVE

RUN

OUT

OF

ROOM.