

SPLZODDE

The literary event of the week:

SPLODE EDITORIAL

The keynote of this week has been the weather, and its side-effects, one of which has of course been the filling up of the Met. office shaft. I consider this to be an obvious judgement on our Met. staff, since there is no doubt that they have been slipping lately. The quality of the weather over relief was up to the highest standards of the Service, but, once the pressure is off, or even down, what do we get?

Having looked at the two meagre articles received before the writing of this editorial (plug) it seems that if the trend of their content is to continue (if there are any more), this will be a bit of a grousing edition. I shall therefore add my quota. First of all, SLI: Let us agree to preserve the polite fiction that no one knows who writes it, and appeal to the Author to send in his copy with a decently wide margin. Let that be a consolation to those who this week smart under the lash of SLI's eloquence.

My other complaint is of those who don't write anything.

When the Spanish Conquistadores entered South America, they brought with them the benefits of advanced European society, as a contribution to the development of savage peoples. These benefits included the steel knife, gunpowder and the Spanish Inquisition. An extra gift was venereal disease, and the whole process is known as the syphilisation of the Heathen.

Most of these benefits are still widely used by the natives, although the third has now passed into the hands of the Secular Arm, so do not shed too many tears over the Chilean Tourist Levy. Harm can come to a young lad there. If what we hear be true, however, even worse fates can lie in store in Stanley.

## BRAGHAM'S BRAVE BID

from our special reporter at Halley Bay

This icy windswept and desolate spot nestling among the bastions of the Brunt ice shelf will shortly be the scene for the last of the great epic journeys in the world. For it is from here that ragged explorers P. "Gobber" Bragham and Gord "Wrecker" Divine are setting off for their bid to the North Pole in the great tradition of Spott, Shattapon and Fukks. Undaunted by the many millions of miles of sheer white hell awaiting them, these two heroes have been busy for the past few hours gobbing their splodes together in preparation for the undertaking. They are indenting to travel light carrying only a few boxes of sixinchnails and one or two fortyfive gallon drums of sherry for emergencies. "Wrecker" is also carrying a big shovel and a spare foot. The pair are reported to be being sponsored by the "Lose a fid" campaign, and expect to be - as "Gobber" put it - "gone for some time". What can one say except good luck and goodbye; or is it au revoir. No goodbye.

IT WASNT LIKE THIS LAST YEAR

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THE STORIES OF THE MET OFFICE SHAFT GETTING  
BLOWN FULL OF SNOW AGAIN WAS HASTILY DENYED TODAY  
A STATEMENT BY PROFESSOR GORDONIONI SAID  
IT WAS A MALITIOUS ROMOUR PUT ABOUT TO GET CHIPPY TO PUT  
UP A NEW EXTENSION .

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YOU TO COULD BE SENEOR MET

ALL YOU HAVETO DO IS TELL US WHEN THIS  
BLOODY BLOW IS GOING TO STOP AND BRING OUT A  
CASE OF BEER EVERY NIGHT UNTILL IT DOSE .

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QUOTE FROM IAN , I LIKE BEING A FIELD MAN  
I HAVENT DONE ANYTHING BUT GONK FOR THE LAST  
TWO WEEKS .

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EDITOR , WHATS THE QUOTE OF THE WEEK  
JOHN , I HAVENT SAID IT YET .

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE THE CIRCUMFRANCE OF OUR  
BASE COMANDER IS EQUAL TO THAT OF DAVE F .

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LETS FACE IT FOLKS ITS BEEN A DEAD WEEK .

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Tales of Halley Bay

1 The Yon Prick Story

Once upon a time in the land of Nod there slept a Radio Operator. Now Radio Operators are a sparse but useful breed and Yon Prick, for that was his name, was no exception. However his usefulness was expendable and the people of Nod did realize this and great was their realization. For though he did work hard as did all the people of Nodland, he had many vices. Great was his thirst and vile his smoke. But far and above these was his one great Vice. One day (for so it is related) he did neglect his duties as dispenser of the Goodies and thus did he meet his doom. The natives of Nod were driven to wrath by his great idleness, and being in need of the Nutty and the Chuggy, did take him by his long locks and did hang him from a tall mast (there being no trees in Nodland) and threw things at him, unpleasant things, and did make him drink of the bitter wine unto his great discomfort. And the people cried, "Let this be a lesson to you, Yon Prick, for you have taken your duties for granted and followed the path of the Devil. Repent unto us and give us the Goodies which are rightfully ours."

1st Ending

But he saith unto them, 'Fuck off', and their anger was great and they smote him a mighty smite and he did operate the Radio no more.

Alternative Ending:

And he saith unto them, 'Forgive me for I have been slothful and wrong Cut me down and I will give to you the goodies.' And they cut him down and he did give them the Goodies, just as he had promised, and he lived happily everafter.

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Where have all the Goodies gone?

Long time no have seen

Where has all the Nutty gone?

Long time no chew

Where is all the Nutty then?

In Yon Pricks fucking Goodies loft

When will he cough it up?

When will he cough it up?

S L I .

Well, Keith's cracked at last, it's downhill all the way to the embankment now. We'd better take the meths cans out of the U-boxes. (The other half of the department didn't do too badly earlier in the week either.) Still what do you expect with a B.L. WHO SETS THE example by starting off his boozing early on a Saturday morning.

Looks like the first thing that's going to go by the board in one man gash is the lounge. I was going to mention Paul B., and Gord's name in connection with that, but to quote Gord "It's wrong to mock the afflicted".

Toby must have been making a big effort this week, I can't think of anything to say about him. Except that even if his gear in the crevasse isn't buried, the stuff he intends to take with him certainly is.

For those of you who reckon that Jonesy boy writes this shit, do you think he's been out of bed long enough this week to write anything.

Has anyone shown the doctor how to close a fire door? It's quite simple really.

Now for our bedtime story....

Once upon a time there was a met man called Trev and a geophysicist called Dave. One breezy day they went for a walk to do the accumulation measurements.....

I would like to make a final plea for material. We have enough bullshitters, bodgers (talking of Paul B., that new tunnel's sinking fast, why didn't the dump raisers do something about it?) and bunglers (does anyone in the met department know the difference between steel and ice) to supply us with amusing incidents, why are they lying low.

The Cuckoo Clock

My Grandma has a cuckoo clock  
That ticktocks on the wall;  
One day she had an awful shock,  
The bird refused to call.

My Grandad whose a handyman,  
Said he'd mend it quick,  
Alas the ~~misshapen~~ bird now says "oo-cook"  
The clock itself, "tock-tick."

A FEW NOTES ON THINGS.

**FIRE,** Why was the fire practise held at 8am ?

If fire practices have to be held at that early hour. Keith should be informed beforehand so extra food can be prepared for the ensuing rush.

It is still not clear that,

Fire doors should be kept closed even during a fire practice.

People should not leave the fire point to ~~not~~ find outside clothing unless told to do so by the fire chief in command

**A CHANGE OF SUBJECT,** Please put the base records back in there sleeves after YOU have listened to them. If you can strain your self it <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ even better to put them back in the rack.

**THE FOLLOWING SPACE IS FOR YOUR PERSONAL GROUSES**