



continued*

An unexpected aerial journey has prevented the author making the strides he intended in his researches, so the following is, as it were, the prelude to what would have happened. Last week we reached that enigmatic word "lurk" - if time permits we will consider it further at the end of this episode - and, as promised, the storey is now taken up with:

pain (descriptive noun) This is employed as a word of exclamation or consolation. For instance:

"The bog's full to the brim"

"What a pain!"

or to indicate sympathy for, understanding of, or stating the banality of a situation.

"My splodes are stuck"

"What a pain."

There is little doubt that ⁱⁿ this second use lies the derivation of the word. It is not, as some scholars have stated, contracted from the English word pain, as in:

"I fell off the IH during an arabesque."

"What a pain." - or "It must have been painful."

No, it is the banality - the ordinariness - of the situation that is basic and I am convinced that the word comes from the French word for that most ordinary of foods - bread. Used in this way how better could the explorer show his utter disdain for the ordinariness of:

"Me splodes is stuck."

shit, shat (verb, noun)

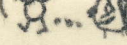

As the noun shit,

"I must have a shit." (Not here; in the bog)

"I must have a shit?" (Yes you have? just under your arms)



"Shit"

* What a pain.†

Ancient Egyptian word () the sacred excrement of the Sphinx - never seen, only smelt. Once smelt it conferred on the smeller eternal pleasure. Cleopatra herself, would go on nocturnal sorties to replenish her drained reserves; she would whisper to Anthony "I must have a  " and would be gone to return more radiant than ever. It was a wrd, an ethos, which spread around the Med. and came into common use in the Royal Navy - degenerated to shyte, and now refers to certain biological products. Its use here is highly questionable.

The verb shit is most usually used by the explorer in its past tense: shat
e.g. "You have shat it." or occasionally, in a more submissive moment:

"I shat it."

"You shat it." - you have failed, bungled, missed theseat, if the Sphinx had curried eggs he overdid it, the devotees of  shat on it or, in the Egyptian ().

penguin: aquatic avian anthropopseud

type of chocolate

next years "in" word

splode: item of Early English underwear, worn particularly by young ladies in court (and let it be whispered, out of court and in and out of other places). Hence the immortal lines:

"Forsooth, the lady's delayed. Why so, my boy?"

"Sire, she hath yet to tie her splodes on and what gentleman would be seen with a splodeless mistress?"

The explorer, in his confusion, forgets this and the term has come to mean:

dhoobry

thing

whatsit

doings

Perhaps it is his way of sublimating unsatisfiable fantasies into a simple reality.

Piss Dillon Hence:

How to Erect an aerial in 52 weeks

By - S.I.C.K. (Surveys International Communications
Kompond)

First read last years report on how to do it in three attempts.

Ignore last years reports. As following method can be done in two attempts.

Beg, borrow or lurk 6 aluminum tube type splodes as only four are needed and anything else that looks useful, from the dumps Leave parts on the bondu so they can be buried by a blow (for best results this should be done at least twice)

Dig at least three large holes, but only use the last one.

Join sections of tube together prefably with a sledge hammer as this bends them nicely.

Cut your eight stays to variuos different lenghts to complicate things further.

For the actual erection it was found that a foxtrac does not develope sufficient power. We , therefore, recommend that the winch on an i.h. be used.

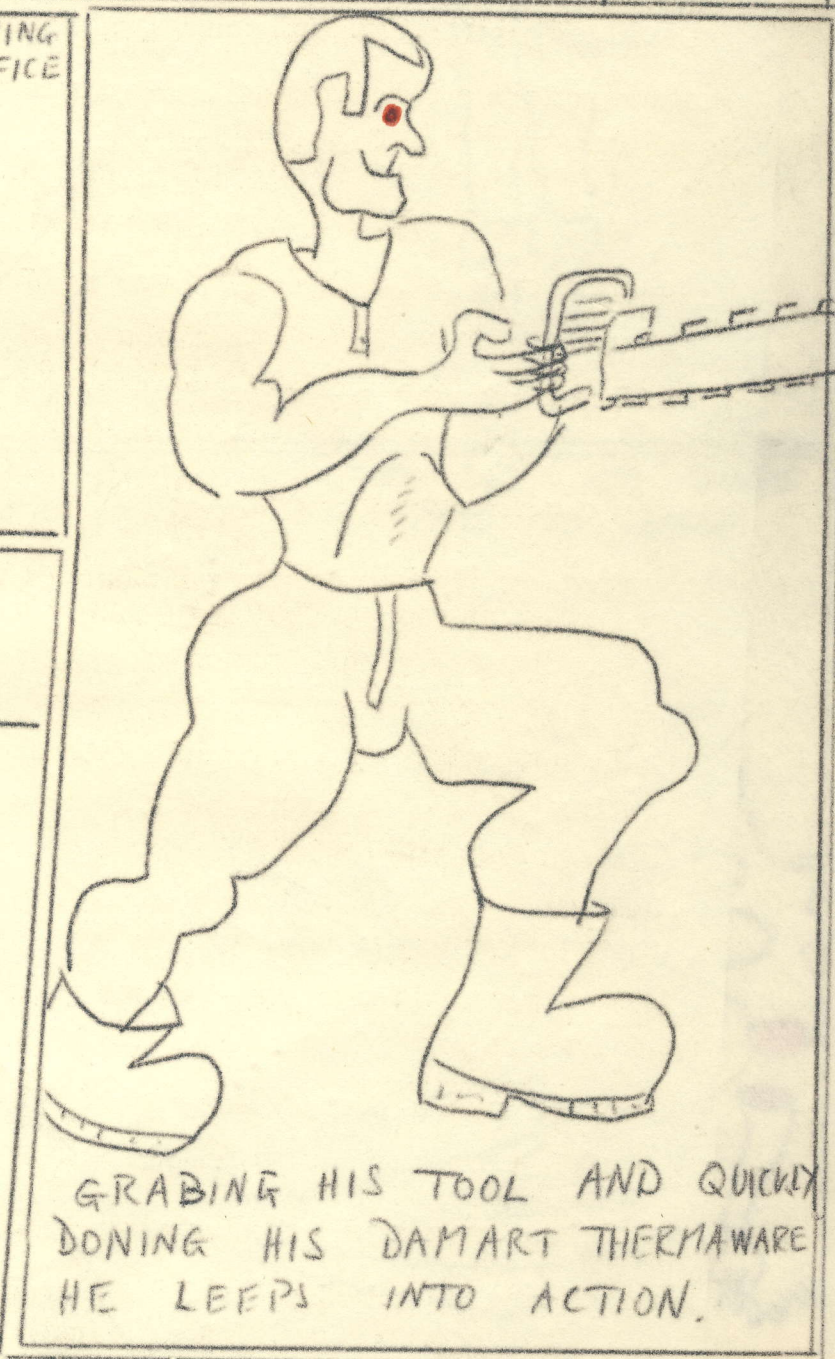
When the aerial mast is in place one should find that it has at least one kink in it. If this is so PLEASE do not panic as the whole mast can quite easily be brought down by using a long rope and a Foxtrac.

0) Now that the aerial is once more on the deck. begin again this time trying to avoid any kinks.

1) If the above steps have been followed properly the second mast should be prefectly upright with a five degree slant to the south east.

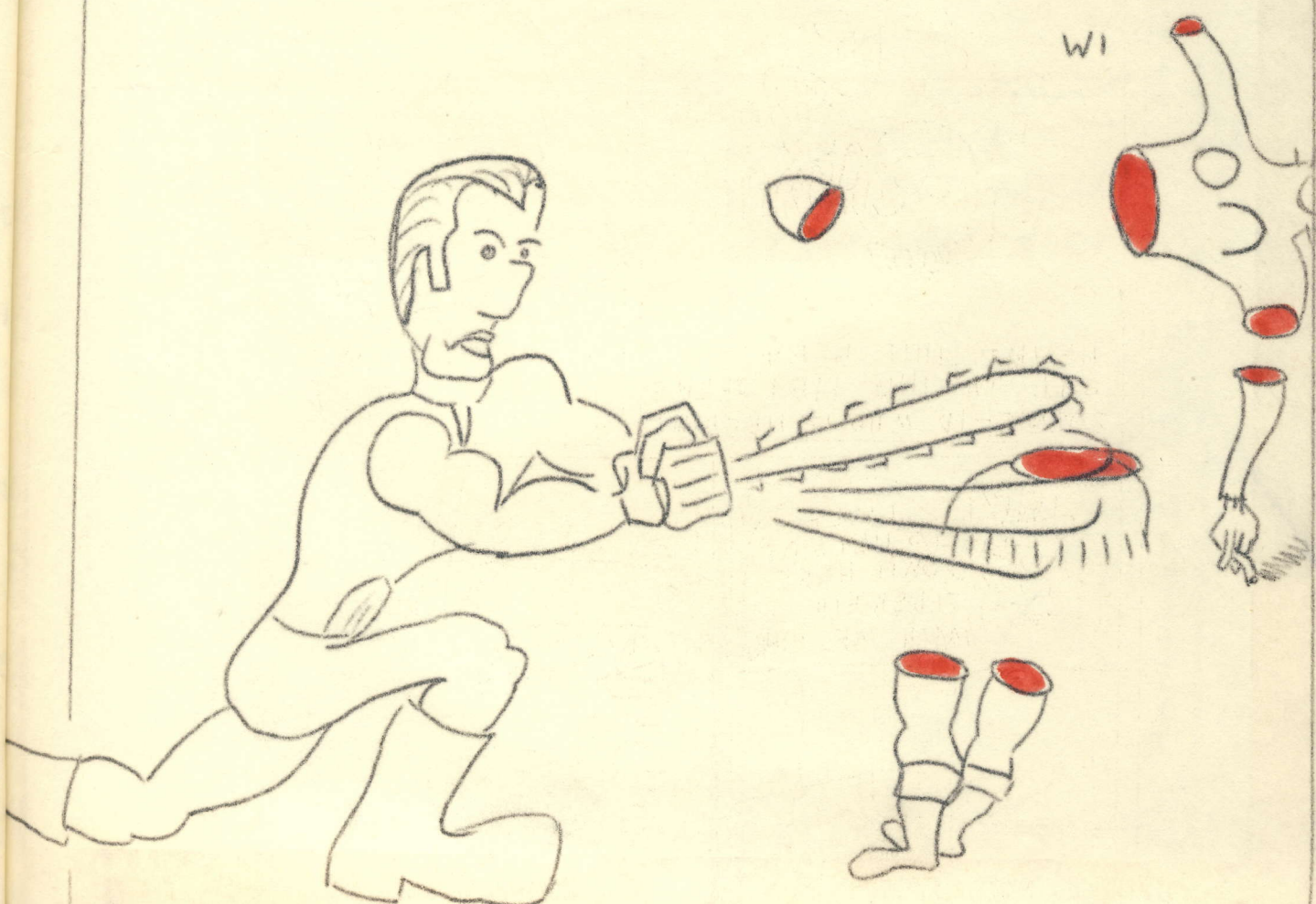
2) Congratulations and felicitations students your new aerial shouls now be nice and loosely in place and should remain so until the first blow.

3) First blow. Return to step one and start again this time.....



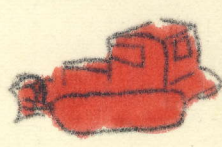


SENSING A TRICK AND KNOWING WHAT SHE HAS DONE TO THE HEROIC RL., SUPER FID SETS TO WORK, WITH HIS POWER TOOL.



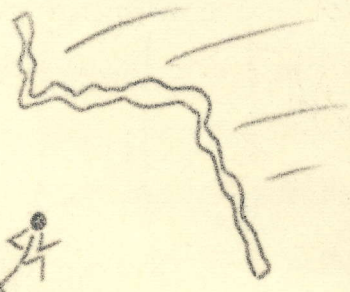
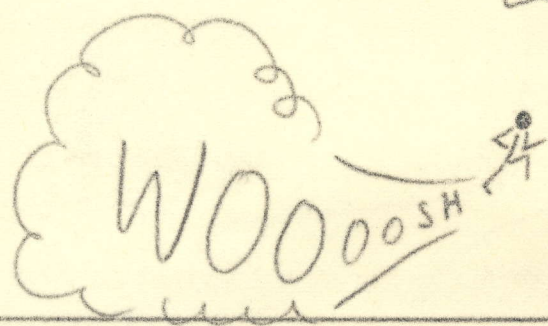
IMMEDIATELY SUPERFID SEES
DISASTER STRIKING ON
ANOTHER FRONT

BIT MORE, MORE
RUN FOR IT

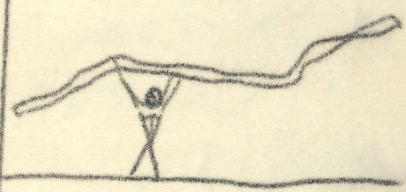


IGNORING THE CRUMPLED BODY
LYING OVER THE IH BLADE

SUPERFID LEAPS INTO
ACTION



BUT ONLY JUST
IN TIME.



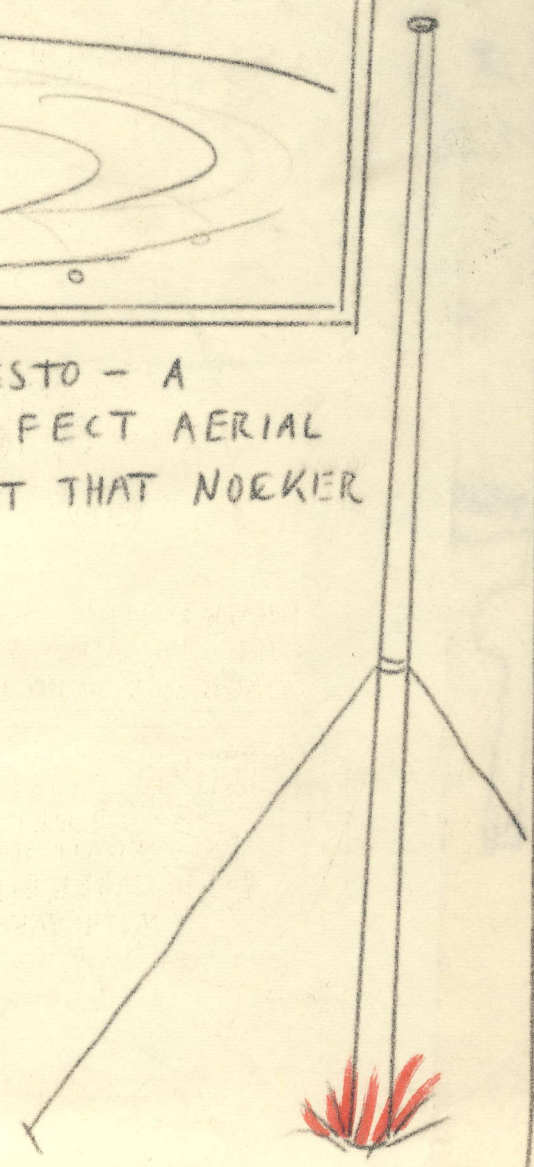
WITH A FEW TURNS HE STRAIGHTENS IT OUT

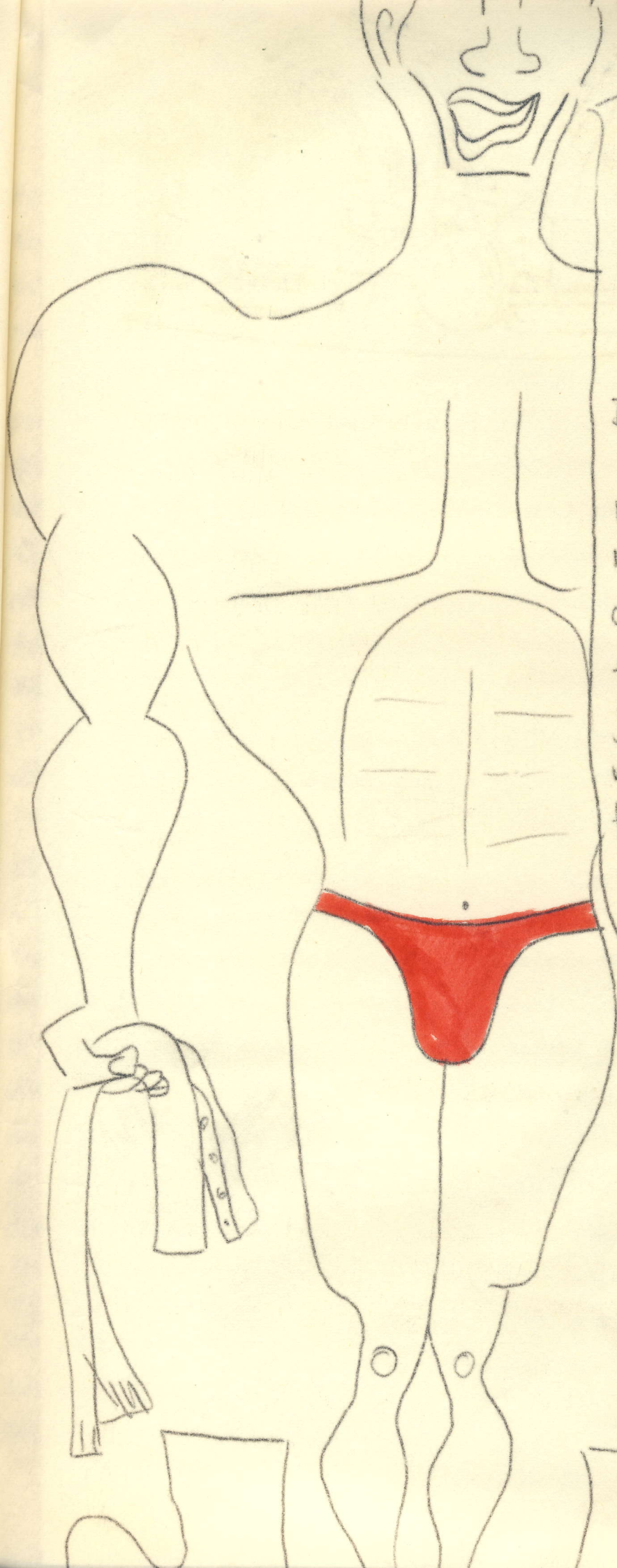


FLICKS IT INTO THE
AIR



RRESTO - A
PERFECT AERIAL
BEAT THAT NOEKIER





WELL YOU'VE
PROBABLY REALISED
BY NOW THAT THIS
STORY IS NOT TRUE
BUT THERE IS STILL
A LOT OF WORK TO
DO AT HALLEY BAY
'SPECIALLY AS YOU
HAV'NT GOT ME TO
HELP OUT ~ I
cant think of anything
else to draw and
just hope that you
will help to keep the
flag flying etc. and
continue to read
SLUSH.





- | | | |
|------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| (1) | 1 Hot Love | T. Rex |
| (6) | 2 Bridget the Midget | Ray Stevens |
| (3) | 3 Rose Garden | Lynn Anderson |
| (2) | 4 Another Day | Paul McCartney |
| (4) | 5 Baby Jump | Mungo Jerry |
| (10) | 6 Jack in the Box | Clodagh Rogers |
| (12) | 7 Power to the People | John Lennon |
| (19) | 8 There Goes my Everything | Elvis Presley |
| (5) | 9 It's Impossible | Perry Como |
| (20) | 10 Walkin' | G.C.S. |
| (13) | 11 Strange Kind of Woman | Deep Purple |
| (-) | 12 If Not For You | Olivia Newton-John |
| (8) | 13 Sweet Caroline | Neil Diamond |
| (7) | 14 My Sweet Lord | George Harrison |
| (11) | 15 Pushbike Song | The Mixtures |
| (-) | 16 Where Do I Begin | Andy Williams |
| (-) | 17 Double Barrelled | Dave and Anthony Collins |
| (19) | 18 Amazing Grace | Judy Collins |
| (17) | 19 Rose Garden | New World |
| (-) | 20 Funny Funny | The Sweet |

DON'T ROCK THE LADDER? I'M STUCK ON THE FIRST RUNG.

An excerpt from the biography of Field-Marshal Sir Richard Lee.

With a shiny new stripe tattooed on his left bicep, Lance Corporal Lee marched into the B.L.'s office. "Yes, Corp.," said the B.L., coming smartly to attention, and knocking his whisky over his black lists. "Damn !," he said, "And there's not enough paper left on base to re-type them."

"Never mind about those, I've something more important for you to do." said Lee, "I want you to get in touch with M.O.D. and tell them to pull their finger out about my promotion. Those chinless wonders who call themselves officers, spend so much time sitting on their asses, they've probably got piles on their piles. I don't suppose they know anything about my hidden qualities," he sighed, absent mindedly blowing a kiss across the room.

"Yes, Sergeant," said the B.L., saluting with both arms and keeping a wary eye on this paid killer of mankind.

A few weeks later, with two glistening pips sown on his vest, Lieutenant Lee strolled up to the B.L. "I say, old bean," he said "would you mind having a word with Rushby about his dumb insolence. I don't think it's good for base discipline if non-commissioned officers are seen talking to me."

"Yes, my Captain," the B.L. shouted, raising his right arm stiffly in salute, as he goose-stepped out of the room.

When he returned, Major Lee was lounging in his chair, jackbooted feet resting on the table top.

"I won't be needing you any more today, Vallance, you can get a few hours sleep if you like."

The B.L. crept out of the room, breathing a sigh of relief, and walked wearily out to the new Bunk room in the dog tunnel.

Colonel Lee sipped his drink daintily, and smiled to himself as he thought that only a few weeks ago he had received his first promotion. Suddenly the door burst open and in rushed John Flick, a grubby piece of paper clutched in his hand.

"It's arrived at last," he shouted excitedly.

"My promotion to D.R.S. I suppose," yawned Major-General Lee.

"No," said John, looking puzzled, "King's pawn to Knight's pawn sixty-nine and check, mate."

"Get out of here Flick, you bumbling oaf," said Lieutenant-General Lee menacingly

John left the room hurriedly under his murderous stare.

Back in his office Lance-Corporal Lee cried himself quietly to sleep.

The sound of the doorbell and the clunkety-clunk of milkbottles bouncing their way to the bottom of the steps told Trudy that she had a visitor. A distant crash told her she was one milkbottle less.

That sounded like Albert. No one else for miles around could make that sort of entrance. She opened the door. Beaming at her from behind his horn rimmed spectacles was her cousin. Trudy tried to look as happy at seeing him as he obviously was at seeing her. At the back of her mind she was wondering if she had cleared the main rooms of breakables.

"Hello cousin Trudy."

"Hello Bomber."

Trudy used his old nickname, referring to an unfortunate incident in his childhood when an experimental bomb he had nursed lovingly for weeks exploded, demolishing all but two rooms of the house, flattening the greenhouse, 16lb prize marrow and all, and giving his dalmation Roger a nervous twitch which stayed with it the rest of its life. As luck would have it Alfred was not present at the time. Some wished he had been. His father never forgave him for ruining his chance of taking first prize in the giant vegetable section at the local horticultural show and the fire chief nursed a grievance about the loss of his fire engine which made him a bitter man indeed from that day on. It was just unfortunate that the fire station happened to be next door right in the path of the blast.

Albert brushed his feet carefully on the doormat and walked in, or rather he tripped over the step and was halfway up the hall in a horizontal run before he regained his dignity, and the vertical.

Trudy closed the door to his retreating back her sense of foreboding increasing. She followed him to the living room.

"I'm so glad you came," she lied. "My how you have grown."

"I thought it would be nice to see you again," Albert answered righting the coffee table with his right foot while he tried to extricate his other leg which had unaccountably become entangled in Trudy's favourite Kashmir shawl.

"How is uncle Brian?" Trudy asked.

"Oh, quite well now. They let him out of hospital last week."

"Nothing serious I hope?"

"No. Just mild concussion and a few bruises. It was the old piano we had upstairs. I was helping him take it away and we were halfway down the stairs when....."

"Yes," cut in Trudy quickly not wishing to hear the gory details, "would you like a cup of tea?"

"Please."

"I'll make it if you could look out a couple of cups- no don't bother just sit there. I'll do it." That was close.

She went to the kitchen and stopped. "Oh no," she gasped, "the oven. I forgot all about the cake." She threw open the door and was met by a thick cloud of smoke. "My cake!" she screamed in anguish, throwing a most un-Trudylike tantrum.

"It's all right Trudy," came the voice from the next room accompanied by a crash as the coffee went down yet again. A ball of action burst through the kitchen door wildly spraying the little fire extinguisher. The first blast caught Trudy full between the eyes and she staggered back. The air turned blue as she went over the ironing board.

And so it was that Trudy spent the next few weeks recovering from her broken arm. She suffered more damage at the hands of cousin Albert in five minutes than she had in five years from the entire espionage forces of the world.

She resolved to recruit him to the organisation at the first possible opportunity.

BELOW ARE SOME EXAMPLES OF SNOW CRYSTALS. EXAMPLES CAN BE PRESERVED
INDEFINITELY AND PHOTOGRAPHED QUITE SIMPLY BY A STANDARD LENS (PROVIDING
THE CAMERA IS MINOLTA

EXPOSURE THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE IS AS INDICATED BY T.T.L. METERING
SYSTEM (PROVIDING YOU HAVE LIGHT COMPENSATED CONTRAST ((A MINOLTA
SYSTEM))

ON THE OCCASIONS OF COLLECTION NON MET MEN WERE UNAWARE THAT IT WAS
PRECIPITATING. THE SIZE OF PARTICLE IS GENERALLY LESS THAN ONE
TENTH OF A MILLIMETER

IF IT IS SNOWING AND YOU THINK OH, GIVE US A SHOUT IN THE MET
OFFICE AS WE WISH TO COLLECT SAMPLES THIS YEAR

NEGS ARE AVAILABLE FOR COPYING IF ANYONE IS INTERESTED. THESE
BELOW ARE ONLY EX CONTACT PRINTS.

ONE THANKS FELLOWS.

Rime growth
↓ ↓

Hexag. Plates assoc
with op
phen.
↙



Ice
Prisms.



Great Thundering
Pass Leaders Toby!
Not you Again.

and the tools of the 1941-42 campaign

Limericks

The limerick's an art-form complex
Whose contents run chiefly to sex.
It's famous for virgins
And masculine urgin's
And vulgar erotic effects.

A widow whose singular vice
Was to keep her late husband on ice,
Said, 'It's been hard since I lost him -
I'll never defrost him!
Cold comfort, but cheap at the price.

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty the men craned their necks at her;
And one was so brave
As to take out and wave
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

I met a lewd nude in Bermuda,
Who thought she was shrewd; I was shrewder;
She thought it quite crude to be wooed in the nude;
I pursued her, subdued her, and screwed her.

On a maiden a man once begat
Bouncing triplets named Nat, Tat, and Pat;
'Twas fun in the breeding
But hell in the feeding:
She hadn't a spare tit for Tat.

There was a young girl of Baroda
Who built an erotic pagoda;
The walls of its halls
Were festooned with the balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrode her

Mrs. Beans Diary. Part 3 .

And it came to pass that the B. L. left base for the first time. He was only away for two days and look what happend, We have a fire alarm a genny burnt out Doc breaker half his ribs and my wooden spoon broke.

The Loré only knows what would happen if he left for a week or more.

Toby has finely maneged to clear the garage ramp after weeks of trying. Every time he gets the I.H. started the wind startâ to blow again,

Perhaps someone up there is displeased with him?

Its a good job Mike T. and Bruce got back when they did , Just in time to start rebuilding there chargees.

Personel

Whoever put there TROCKENMITTELBEUTEL type NA Vt1 6850 - 008 / MIL - D - 3464 C. in the oven please remove at erliest convenience as it is done to a turn .

SHI.....

Does anyone know anything about stills. Ian obviously doesn't.

We all know Steve has a full set of tools, but where did he pinch them from.

On discovering a fire, panic. Do NOT sound the alarm, we'll only shamble along thinking it's another fire practice, and it wakes people up in the bunk-rooms. Lob the biggest powder extinguisher into the room (If necessary indent for 56lb ones). ~~JMK~~ To add to the confusion turn the genny off...just in case. Evacuate all beer stocks that might be or become engulfed, that's what the breathing apparatus was sent down for. Inform everyone there is a piss up in the Beastie hut - please take a case or two. hey presto one fire dealt with no problem using all the new fangled gadgets except that thing on a trolley - foam or CO₂?

I see the annual pastime of tassing the ariel is with us again. Notice it's always a WOP.

The escape shaft in the armco should prove fun. Apart from making "your own exit", the entrance is practically letter-box size.

Who tried to bend the I.H blade? Ha, Ha.

Did you know Rick had a thaw finger.

Strictly non-union, Coates Station, work your passage.

D
O
G
G
Y
I
R
O
N
T

Well I suppose the news of the week is Inga's pups. I didn't intend to start pupping until just after midwinter. However just before the relief Changi escaped and got one jump ahead. Changi is out of Frosty by Balasuaq, who was a superb leader giving his talents to both Seletar and Changi. It is most important to keep this line going and Inga is sufficiently distantly related to Changi to make it worthwhile.

The best thing for pups is to let them roam free outside as early as possible and to span them when their sex instincts become undesirable at about 5 to 6 months old. However these pups won't be able to roam outside until they're about 5 months old in September, so we'll be wanting plenty of tireless helpers to take them for walkies later on.

Elsa and Freckles are on heat and are isolated down the Dog Tunnel.

Jeck who curtailed Mark's and Paul's holiday (sorry about that) got some nasty puncture wounds which will take some time to heal. Had I been able to get to them earlier he would have had a couple of stitches, but they were filled with Sulphanilamide powder and he was given a 2ml injection of triplopen i/m.

Nerman has taken over the nursing of Arkid's eye, but if anyone else wants to have a go your welcome.

We now have 2,150 dinners stacked in the dog tunnel. The target is 4,000 which ~~xxxx~~ should see us through to mid october. In the spring we'll have another session to cut enough to take us through to the relief. These we'll stack in the Dog Tunnel to try and stop both the dogs and the seal getting into such a gungy state.

For anyone whose interested, In the Bondu Bar we have all the Dog Cards of present and past H.B. dogs, a file of doggy info, an H.B. family tree etc. These are open for anyone to read.

Samuel Taylor Snowbridge

Sam Taylor Snowbridge down South did go
A new science to reveal.
So they rumoured who were in the know
A brainbox filled with shpeel.

This rotund chap with boxes huge
Filled with electronic gear,
Ingratiated himself in another's room
And imbibed their stock of beer.

When the new dawn broke, he resolved
to erect a mighty spire.
A simple task we thought, but it evolved
Further brain and brawn it'd require.

We all set to with willing hearts
Laying cables and drilling holes,
Wiring his caboose, excavating shafts
And tying guiding string to poles.

When this was done everyone
Returned to their own labours hard,
Expecting Sam their aid to come.
But up his sleeve he held a card.

His fill he'd drink, his breath'd stink.
With malicious pen in hand,
Sam, it seemed, had another kink.
Slandering the ancient doggy-man.

His patience tested to the last,
This doggy-man of high repute,
Reminiscing the good times of the past,
This cuckoo he'd dispute.

A duel was called, in printed word,
Bare hands or weapons if preferred.
The doggy-man determined, peace flag furled,
To bury that slanderous turd.