

SPLODE

EASTER 1972

SPLODE Editorial

It is a right bloody PAIN, let me assure you, to have to write two editorials in two days, particularly when at the time of writing only two pages of copy have been received.

However, I suppose that if the finest traditions of Halley Bay journalism are to be maintained, somebody's got to do it, so the nettle must be firmly grasped with a manly hand or something, and one must begin to write, on the subject of:

EASTER

What the bloody hell one is going to write about a religious festival to you lot of atheists, agnostics, pagans, heathens etc., I'm damned if I know.

By the way, if anyone wants to buy a pair of fine, non-conductive $1\frac{1}{2}$ " nylon grommets, they can be had from the Bondu Bar at a price of 3,000,000 pesos (Uruguay).

Jesus wept. Well he might.

Just before the turn of the century, a Queensland shearer is said to have hand sheared 350 sheep in a working day. In an attempt to break this record today, our freindly neighbourhood Chippy took 4 hours 6 minutes to shear Mr. T. Thomas.

ADVERTISEMENT

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DOGS,

DO YOU WALK THROUGH THE BEATLE SPANS IN FEAR?

DO YOU SHIVER IN YOUR SLEEP WHEN RATTI GROWLS AT THE
MOON MEN?

DO THE SHITEHAWKS BULLY YOU OUT OF YOUR HARD-EARNED
SEAL?

DO BIG BURLY G.A.s KICK SNOW IN YOUR FACE AND BOOT YOU UP TH
BACKSIDE EVERY TIME YOU TRY TO GET A BIT OFF LASSIE?
WHEN THE DOGGY DRIVER SHOUTS "UP DOGS" DO YOU LONG TO
REPLY "UP YOU, JACK"?

THEN LEARN THE UNBEATABLE SELF-DEFENCE-MADE - EASY METHODS OF JACK
JITSU!

REDUCE ANY ASSAILANT TO CRINGING HELPLESSNESS IN SECONDS USING
THE POWERFUL SECRET LOCKS OF³OLD HALLEY. SCOTCH HIS ATTACKS
WITH SKILFUL USE OF GLENFIDDICH. USE HIS OWN STRENGTH AND
SPECIAL H.M. OR SQUADRON NERVE HOLDS TO SEND HIM FLYING FROM HIS B
BAR STOOL TO LAND IN AN UNCONSCIOUS HEAP IN THE CORNER!

WINTERTIME CLASSES HELD EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE LOUNGE BAR
UNDER THE INSTRUCTION OF THAT FAMOUS BLACK BELT ("AROUND THE
EAR¹OLE IF YOU SHIT IN FRONT OF MY SKIS AGAIN") JACKJITSU.

REASONABLE RATES - ONE CASE BEER PER HOUR, TO BE DRUNK BEFORE
PRACTICE COMMENCES. BRING YOUR OWN LINIMENT AND CRUTCHES.

EXTRACT FROM THE GIN BOOK OF RECORDS.

AN ASTOUNDING PIECE OF INFORMATION HAS JUST BEEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY OUR TEAM OF SCIENTIST.

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT A REASONABLY FIT DOG TEAM, PULLING AN AVERAGE LOAD AND DRIVEN BY AN EXPERT DOGGIE MAN (NATURALLY WORKING ON THE ASSUMPTION THAT SURFACES WOULD BE GOOD) WOULD TAKE ALMOST SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND (700,000) YEARS TO CIRCUMNAVIGATE THE ~~KE~~ STAR EPSILON AURIGAE B.

WE WOULD LIKE TO STRESS THAT THIS IS ONLY A THEORETICAL VALUE, SINCE THIS LAST GREAT JOURNEY HAS NOT YET BEEN ATTEMPTED.

(JACK DENIES THE CURRENT RUMOUR THAT HE IS AT PRESENT GETTING THE FEMLINS FIT FOR THIS JOURNEY. "I WOULD LIKE TO TRY A TRAINING RUN FIRST." HE TOLD OUR TEAM OF REPORTERS.)

THAT WELL KNOWN POLAR EXPLORER, TOBIAS STONEHAM, HAS EXPRESSED THE OPINION THAT TRACTORS WOULD BE MORE SUITABLE FOR THE JOB. BACKING UP HIS VIEWS WITH FACTS, MR. STONEHAM WENT ON TO SAY, "GIVEN THE INCREDIBLE INCREASES IN GRAVITY THAT ONE WOULD ENCOUNTER, IT WOULD BE INCORRECT TO ASSUME THAT THE MUTTS WOULD NOT SINK INTO EVEN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD SURFACES. FURTHERMORE ONE BELIEVES THAT AS THE ATMOSPHERE IS NINETY PERCENT LIQUID HELIUM, TEN PERCENT HYDROCYANIC ACID, FOURTEEN PERCENT GASEOUS TUNGSTEN AND ONLY ~~X~~ 0.000001 PERCENT OXYGENS SOME DIFFICULTY MAY BE EXPERIENCED WITH BREATHING. AS A TRACTOR WOULD ONLY NEED ONE PERSON, AS ~~K~~ OPPOSED TO DOG TEAM OF NINE STUPID MUTTS, LESS OXYGEN WOULD BE NEEDED." "WE WOULD OF COURSE NEED TO ADJUST THE JETS," HE ADDED. PAUL B., AND GORDON DEVINE (FOUNDER MEMBERS OF IMPRACTICAL EXPLORATION LIMITED) WERE OF THE OPINION THAT MANHAULING WOULD PROBABLY PROVIDE THE ANSWER. "WE WOULD OF COURSE EXPECT THE SUPPORT OF THE U.S. AIRFORCE, NAVY, ARMY AND PEACE CORPS TO PROVIDE ONE OR TWO DUMPS EVERY HUNDRED MILES OR SO," SAID MR. BRANGHAM. MR. DEVINE WENT ON TO SAY, " WE, OURSELVES, PERSONALLY, BELIEVE THAT THE ESTIMATED TIME IS A BIT OF AN EXAGGERATION, AND SINCERELY BELIEVE THAT A FIT, COMPETENT TEAM, SUCH AS MYSELF AND MR. B., COULD PROBABLY CUT IT DOWN TO A FORTNIGHT." WHEN QUESTIONED

Thought for the week

A sherry a day keeps the magtunnel away.

Anybody want an injured foot? It is rumoured ~~that~~ from normally unreliable sources that judo lessons will be given this winter by that well known red white and blue belt Toboshi Stonamitsu.

We are used by now to having drips in the garage but now a drip in the geophysical department. Surely this is going too far.

Beware! Hibernation may be setting in.

To let. Delightful refugio near the sea and within easy digging distance of the surface. Quaint half timbered architecture with unusual curved walls and ceiling. Luxurious accommodation for three. Fully airconditioned throughout. Apply Officio del Antartica, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

I wonder when they are going to get that piano out of the old base.

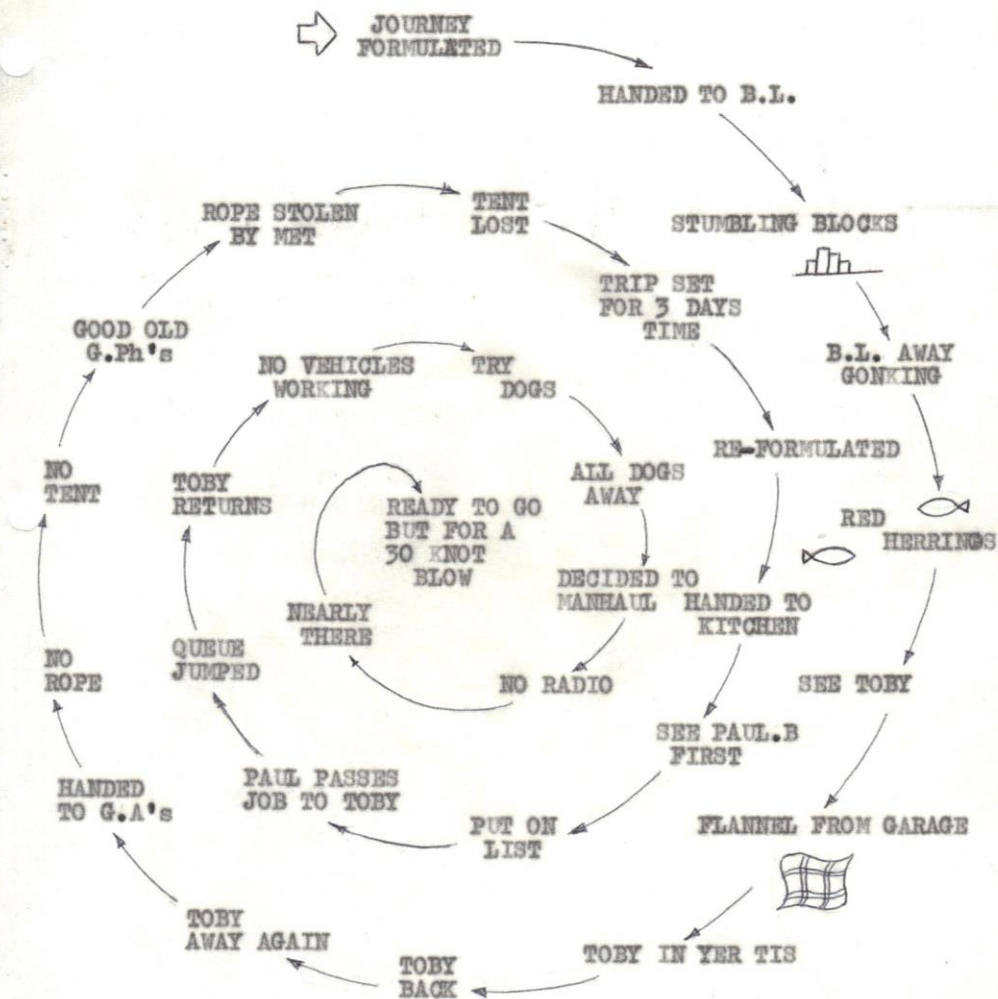
which flies better? A sonde just befor³ impact or a white kite made out of bamboos.

Winter must be coming on. The tractors are starting to stop starting



ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND

THE PROCESS BY WHICH AN APPARENTLY SIMPLE JOURNEY WILL GRADUALLY WEAVE AROUND ITSELF A FANTASTIC LABYRINTH OF ARTIFICIAL PROBLEMS IS FAMILIAR TO US ALL. IT FORMS AN ENCLOSED, SELF-PERPETUATING SYSTEM THAT FOLLOWS DEFINITE LAWS OF IT'S OWN. IN FACT, IT IS RUMOURED THAT THESE LAWS ARE BEING PATIENTLY INVESTIGATED BY THE COMPUTERS OF THE S.E.M.I. DEPARTMENT OF A PROMINENT BRITISH UNIVERSITY, AND ARE BEING EXPRESSED IN EVEN MORE UNINTELLIGIBLE WAVE FUNCTIONS, PHASE STATE GRAPHS AND OTHER MATHEMATICAL MODELS. A SIMPLIFIED DIAGRAM OF THE SYSTEM IS PRESENTED BELOW.



THE MAN IN THE GINIMA STALLS WAS DRAPED ACROSS TWO SEATS.
A WOMAN ASKED HIM TO MOVE TO LET HER PASS BY. HE GRUNTED.

SHE ATTRACTED THE MANAGERS ATTENTION. HE TRIED, AND AGAIN
THE RESULT WAS A GRUNT, SO HE TRIED A POLICEMAN.

THE OFFICER SAID, "WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?" THE MAN
GRUNTED AGAIN AND SAID, "THE STALLS".

HAA HAA HA H HO OH HO HO HO HO HO HO LAUGH LAUGH CHUCKLE.
WELL THATS FILLEDSEVEN LINES.

Letters to the Editor :-

Dear Sir.

I should like to point out to all your readers that this magazine is sinking lower and lower into the depths of journalistic rubbish as the weeks go by. The standard of articles is disgusting.

What are the writers and editor thinking about ? (woof..Ed)
Is censorship not alive and well in Halley Bay ?

A case in point :-

There once was a girl from Twickers
Who constantly smelt of split kippers,
With her legs wide astance,
You could tell at a glance,
That the cause was a hole in her knickers.

What a knockout, eh ? Literary genius like this is sadly lacking.
Bring back good honest, old fashioned filth. Have people no longer the time to sit down and think up porn. of a poetic nature ?

Thinking of the editor, did you here about the man with no legs who got arrested for bummin around ? Yes, well I wasn't going to tell you about him anyway, just cut me off at the knees and call me tripod.

Ah..... Grimsby, this is where I get off.

ICE STATION ZULU.

by Hamish McFuch.

Quote :- "Quite the best story I have ever read" H. McFuch.

Chapter One.

Nine months to go, and only four hundred cases of booze left. So I says to meself, "Fella, youse gotta get the old nose working."

By an almost superhuman feat of will power, I lifts me face off the floor of the Bondu bar, and takes a quick look around. Nothing. Total darkness. Panic starts to shoot through the system, as out of control as a skidoo started by a scottish tractor mech. "Get a grip of yourself!" me brain screams, "Try to work ou t whats wrong." Like a flash it comes to me. I haven't opened me eyes yet.

Slowly so as not toX jar me old brain cells, I lets me eyelids slide open. I reckons that to any innocent bystander, it musta looked like a man with double vision watching the sun rise in the early spring. Two great red orbs creeping into view.

"Christ," I thinks, "whatever happened last night, it wasn't tea and biscuits in the B.L.'s office." So I gets to figuring that I'm suffering from what the medics call Ammonia, loss of memory that is. Though I can't for the life of me remember why. Suddenly in front of me I sees this thin fella, wearing a couple of rubber ear muffs. And from these ear muffs, there's a couple of leads going into this big handbag what's sitting on the bench in front of him. Only this handbag's tuned into the short wave band. Now I knows this geezer ain't the radæo operator, cos it's after six o'clock, and the W.O.P.'s always unconscious long before this. Then, as quick as a Met man avoiding gash, I realises what's going on.

cunt...