

THIS IS SPLODE? YES.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE
USUAL MAGNIFICENT
COVER DESIGN ?

Sorry, all our design
Staff are on gash.

SPIODE

Editorial

God damn and blast my bloody old lungs and liver! The contributors to SPIODE have begun to revile the editor! You will find this disgraceful vile calumny somewhere in the publication, - and I can assure you that if I could afford to reject anything that is offered, I might just have been tempted to exercise excision (a term used as a euphemism for that appalling blasphemy CENSORSHIP). However, as the man said: "Publish and be damned!" We do not fear these despicable jibes. SPIODE cannot be mussled.

Talking about jibes reminds me of GYBES, as Toby might say. Yes, fans, that indefatigable mariner has been at it again, according to one of our correspondents. Come to think of it, there was a long, and to your ed., incomprehensible argument of how a yacht could accelerate with the wind in front of it or something in the BONDU BAR this very aft. It sounded a bit like the answer to the impossibility of perpetual motion. I can't at the moment remember who else was involved.

To reiterate an old device..... Talking about the Bondu Bar, who has seen it lately? The place was stolen on Friday morning, and some concrete gnomes paradise of wishing wells and pet shops was substituted. They tell me you're not even allowed to take camels in there any more!

For the benefit of the huge numbers of philologists who have suddenly appeared on base giving and attending language classes, we have a special feature this week. One of our articles is written in a completely unknown tongue. Anyone who can supply a viable translation, backed up with a satisfactory grammatical structure, will be rewarded, the prize being an 8 ft. cardboard replica of the Base Leader. This is the biggest opportunity since the decipherment of Linear B. The editor's decision is final.

DAVY FLETCHER.

Being the history of the bold "Stag of Berkshire", the notorious leader of the Berkshire Freedom fighters, or B.F.'s as they were later called.

(A prize of a half-ender between the beepers for anyone who points out the slight chronological error towards the end of the story.)

The year be 1484 and young queen Bess be on the throne. That be young queen Bess as was the daughter of Tom Wurzel, the landlord of the "Spotted Grumpet" down in Little Coxwell in the county of Berkshire. Young Bess had been smit by a strange disease what gnawed at her vitals, and she spent much of her time on the throne. But our tale do not involve yon buxom hussy, nay, it is a tale of adventure and romance. Our story be about young Davy Fletcher, freeman of the city of Pokingem-on-the-Noddol[†]* and later styled "The Great Stag of Berkshire".

'Twere a bright July morning, and the snow were beginning to melt on the high passes o' the Berkshire Downs. Young Davy had just finished ~~feeding~~ feeding the pigs and his mind turned to the cows in the next field, when the peace of the arfternoon were shattered by loud yells of "Town, town."

"Hulle," thought Davy, "It must be the town crier." (Jesus wept - comment by the author.) So he hitched up his trousers and began to run towards the road.

Suddenly out of the fevered mind of the author, Old Fred Uffington galloped round the bend on a white horse.**

"Flee for your lives," he yelled to young Davy, " a marauding horde of wogs be pouring over the border from Hampshire."

Young Davy stood firm. Here was a lad who didn't know the meaning of the word fear. This appalling ignorance was due to to spending too much time in the "Greensleeves Billiard Saloon" when he should have been studying at Squire Plugugly's Comprehensive school. But he weren't completely uneducated, for he knew the

/cont.

** see Dave F., for ingenious explanation.

(continued from the previous page, that's assuming the bloody idiot who calls himself an editor has managed to get everything in the right order.)

expression "shitting himself", which be what he were doing at that moment.

"Step for a minuet, Fred," he called gallantly, " And tell I why they be a coming of." **

"They be in high dudgeon about the attacks of the B.F.'s last midsummer day, when thou and thy merry band were filled with mead and didst go a wassailing. (Wassailing was an ancient custom handed down from the pict^s. Every midsummer's day, the young people went round the local hospitals saying "Wassailing you, Jimmy ?" Hence the expression. ~~EM~~ Author's note.)," said old Fred, and then continued to give Davy a few details. "There be talk of hangings and drawings and quaterings. And that be for them's as innocent. Them's as guilty won't get off as light."

"Aye," says Davy, " Old Squire Titecruch of Turdis Green weren't too happy when we dynamited that new flyover on the M 4 motorway."

"Nay, Davy," chuckles old Fred, " But likeaways his archers will be peppering thy overbroad target if thee does not flee with I. Here jump up behind me and let the white horse of Uffington (Jeeeesus) carry thee accross the downs."

And young Davy jumped up ~~his~~ behind him and they rode off into the sunset. (That last phrase being put in to keep Eeee happy).

** This grammatical construction has not been brought up to date by the author, who wishes to conserve the authenticity of the speech. There are many examples in old literature of this kind of construction c.f. Spenser's Fairie Fucking Queen.

Advertisement Feature

FREE..... FANTASTIC BONDU BASHING OFFER

Due to consistent overgonking and hence backlog of work, Trev T. is unable to make the Gin Bottle this month to do the routine measurements.

Is anyone interested and willing to do these measurements ?????

Should still be manageable in a day trip.

~~N&K~~ WORK ON BASE GETTING YOU DOWN ??? Take a day out in the countryside and get some fresh air in your lungs.

The Gin Bottle's the scene, man.

WINTER HOLIDAYS AT KNOCKER CARAVAN SITE

The levelling at knocker is now also due.

Anyone got a few days to spare and fancies the outdoor life ????

Now's your chance.

INCREDIBLE TWO IN ONE OFFER

See the Gin Bottle and Knocker in one stupendous trip.

LAST WEEKS TOP TWENTY I.E. NOT THIS WEEKS TOP TWENTY

1	AMAZING GRACE	ROYAL SCOTS DRAGOONS GUARDS BAND
2	WITHOUT YOU	NILSSON
3	BACK OFF BOOGALOO	RINGO STARR
4	SWEET TALKING GUY	THE CHIFFONS
5	UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO	ELVIS PRESLEY
6	BEG STEAL OR BORROW	NEW SEEKERS
7	THE YOUNG NEW MEXICAN PUPATEER WITH TWO P'S AND AN E	TOM JONES
8	HOLD YOUR HEAD UP	ARGENT
9	RUN RUN RUN	JOE JOE GUN CHA CHA CHA
10	ALONE AGAIN NATURALLY	GILBERT O'SULLIVAN
11	HEART OF GOLD	NEIL YOUNG
12	DESI DERATTA	LES CRANE
13	CRYING LAUGHING LOVING LYING	LAB; SIFFRE
14	COME WHAT MAY	VICKY LIANDROS
15	DEBORAH	T. REX
16	FLOY JOY	THE SUPREMES
17	OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN SINGING 'WHAT IS LIFE'.	
18	'THE DANCER' SUNG BY MARSHALADE	
19	'STICK IT UP' OR 'SLOW IT UP' OR SOMETHING	JOHNNY NASH
20	COULD IT BE FOREVER	DAVID GASSIDY

Weel, at last a richt decent record up ra top. Never mind ~~nae~~
a' that awfy modern stuff when ye can hae guid bagpipe music.
Ah wis wondering when it wid happen an' noo the scots Dragoons
hae 'Amazing Grace' up the top o' the stairs an' lookin as though
they may bide ~~xxxxx~~ richt there a when o weeks yet. smashin'
ah calls it.

Twa or three yuch records in the noo. Vicky Liandros was an
awfy record what wis the winner o' the 'Eurovision Song Contest'
is at 14 an' that galoot Elvis Presley makes an awfy mess o' that
nice old record 'Until it's Time for You to go'. It's murder.

Neil young is dropping oot, an thats yun o' ma ain favourites.

Aye it's fair amazin' me the noo the number o' queer records
fichtin their way up but the Scots Dragoons are givin' them aw
a lacin'.

AT HOME WITH TOBY IN THE DONDU BAR.

"Did you know that Lieth Harbour in Scotland is 110 miles further North than Leith Harbour in South Georgia is South?" he said, looking up from his Norries Nautical Tables, published by Inray, Laurie and Wilson Ltd. of Saint Ives, Huntingdon in 1969.

"Yes" he said, "Their positions are 55 59'N 3 10'W and 54 08'S 36 41'W respectively".

"Do you mind if I put you on gash on Monday Jack?"

I brought him back to the point in hand. "How do you know that". I asked disbelievingly.

"Oh its quite easy really. Take 5408 from 5559. Is it 151?"

I agreed with him after taking 10 minutes to write it down on paper and work it out. "Oh sorry then its 111 miles further North, only you can bet some bright b.....d will subtract 2."

"Would you like some other nautical gams" ? he looked reprovingly out of the side of his glasses and plunged back into his Norries Nautical Tables, published by Inray, Laurie and Wilson Ltd. of Saint Ives, Huntingdon in 1969. "Would you like to quote from section 428 of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894.

"It is the duty of the owner of every ship to see that the vessel is provided with such appliances as is best adapted for securing the safety of all on board. I'm afraid I can't find much on the collision at sea regulations".

"Hey" he said, his eyes as large as organ stops at the same time shifting in his seat, he took a deep breath, cleared his throat, "From this date 8th April 1968 it was high water in Narvik at 0107hrs. GMT. and the height of the high water was 4.6ft" he took another deep breath. "Hey" I've just given you the low water mark, the high water mark was at 0748 hrs. and was 7.3 feet, very interesting though."

"They could have done with that information in 1942" cautioned Dave F."

"Blas I've got a torn page here, What a bastard Christ. Its a very important book . Ah oh no its not ill I'll probably gob it when I get home. Its a very important book." so saying he carefully put away his Norries Nautical Tables, published by Inray, Laurie and Wilson Ltd. of Saint Ives , Huntingdon in 1969.

EIGHTEEN BOTTLES

I HAD EIGHTEEN BOTTLES OF RUM IN MY BUNKROOM
AND WAS TOLD TO GET RID OF THEM OR ELSE.

SO I EXTRACTED THE CORK FROM THE FIRST BOTTLE
AND Poured THE CONTENTS DOWN THE SINK WITH THE
EXCEPTION OF ONE GLASS, WHICH I DRANK.

I EXTRACTED THE CORK FROM THE SECOND BOTTLE
AND Poured THE CONTENTS DOWN THE SINK WITH THE
EXCEPTION OF ONE GLASS, WHICH I DRANK.

I EXTRACTED THE CORK FROM THE THIRD BOTTLE
AND Poured THE CONTENTS DOWN THE SINK WITH THE
EXCEPTION OF ONE GLASS, WHICH I DRANK.

I EXTRACTED THE CORK FROM THE FOURTH BOTTLE
AND Poured THE CONTENTS DOWN THE GLASS WITH THE
EXCEPTION OF ONE SINK, WHICH I DRANK.

THE FIFTH BOTTLE CAME EASY.

THEN I EXTRACTED THE CORK FROM THE SIXTH GLASS,
Poured THE CONTENTS AND DRANK THE GLASS.

HOLDING THE BASE STEADY WITH ONE HAND, I PICKED
UP THE SINK OF THE SEVENTH, Poured THE GLASS AND DRANK
THE CORK, WHICH I DRANK.

I AM NOT UNDER THE AFFLUENCE OF INCOHOL AND I'M
CERTAINLY NOT AS DRUNK AS TINKLE PEEP I IS.

IT WAS THEN THAT SOME TILLY SWAT THREW THE FLOOR
AT ME AND I NEVER SAW HER AGAIN BECAUSE THERE WAS
AN EAST WIND BLOWING IN THE GOODIES LIFT AND DOLLAN
HAD MATCHED ON THE PISSES.

"The Gobber" strikes again



"What do you mean 'On the skunt!'?"

or write your own caption here

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