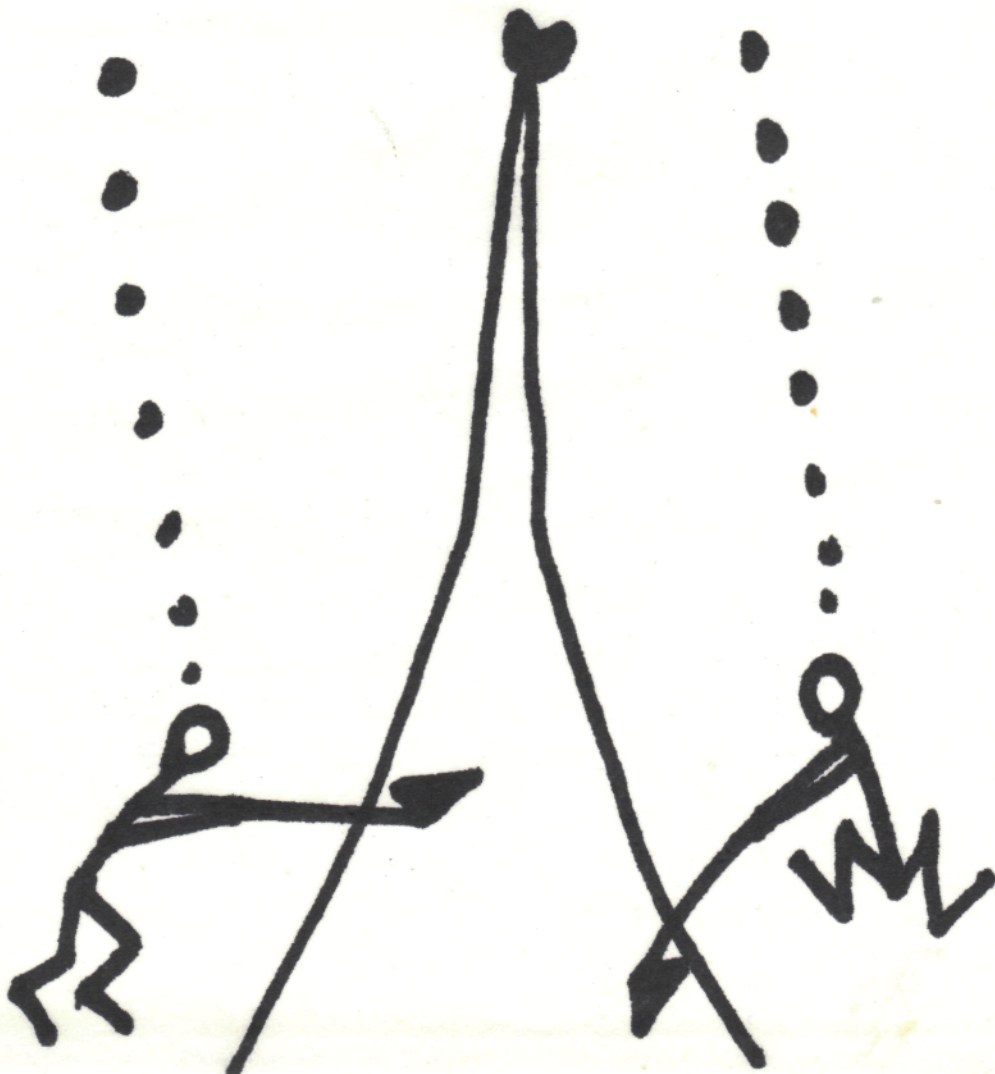


THINKS:

SPLODE



I think the time has come to go back to one of the old titles of Halley Bay journals, for in this issue, SPLode has arisen like the FEENIX from the flames, "refulgent on the morrow" to quote the poet. (I would quote his name as well, if I could remember it). By the way, there is no point in asking what refulgent means, as I am not too clear on that point either.

Pornography, one of our stronger points, is also well represented this week, in a little lyric that has the effrontery to accuse the editor of buggery. I hope the writer can prove this, although I understand that libels and slanders are outside the jurisdiction of simple magistrates. On second thoughts, SPLode has lived on them up to now, so I suppose we must overlook the matter.

You remember my leader on the subject of vituperation, of course. I am glad to see it has borne fruit. One of our correspondents has learned how to deal with Prodnose. This can lead to nothing but good.

SPLode is not yet dead. Keep writing.

THE LAST GREAT STEAMING TRAIN.

"Casey Fletcher's the name. Driver of the old Pride of Burks, a 397 class steam locomotive. Well we were doing the run from Temple Mead's to Paddington, through God's chosen country, see. Making good time we were, only four hours overdue at Swindon, when we ran out of coal, just west of Didcot.

Guns Bury was fireman, riding the hotplate as we call it in the trade. He'd shoveled thirty tons in at the start, but it weren't doing no good rattling around inside the boiler, especially not with all that water in the firebox. So we'd started off a little short, see, 'cos I didn't like to say anything to the station master, not with it being only a couple of days since the other incident. Anyway we couldn't sit around there all day, so I says to Bury, "Bury," I says, "Get theeself out and find something to burn, quick like."

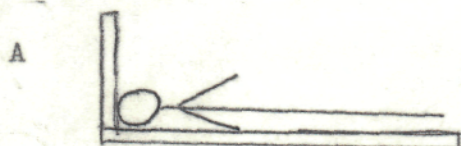
Well it didn't take him long to fill up the tender with good class timber. A good lad to have around in an emergency is young Bury, and seeing as how he causes most of the emergencies ~~XX~~ I've ever seen, he~~X~~ usually is around like. Anyhow, as I was saying, I didn't think to ask him where he'd got all them railway sleepers from in such a short time. Nasty business that about the South Wales express. It's a pity they don't fit these new fast trains with better brakes, still that's the price of progress."

A STUDY OF THE WAKING HABITS OF THE PB.

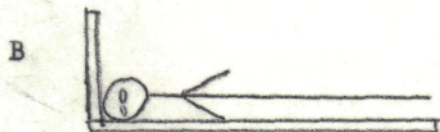
By Prof. Screwballs senior lecturer in biology at London University.

As most people know the PB is a rare primitive mammal found only at Halley Bay Antarctica, the last habitat of this species. The PBs live in chambered burrows in the ice, these burrows usually have one or more vertical ventilation shafts. I would like to thank the Corset Foundation for making a large grant towards this valuable research.

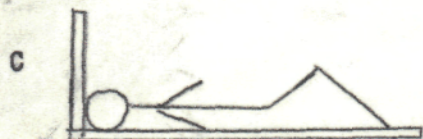
POSITION 1 The supine position.



This position is often maintained for many hours even days without any apparent signs of movement.



After a cup of stimulant and many violent jostlings had been administered a groan was admitted and the two optics were observed to open slightly.



After further even more violent jostlings the knees are raised eighteen inches above the horizontal. This is thought to be to convince himself and others of the species that he about to enter the Semi-Erect phase.

However at this phase a frequent relapse to position 1A was observed.

POSITION 2 The semi-supine position.



After much effort and time this position is eventually attained and held for many hours. The optics have usually closed again by this time.



A natural development of position 2A.

POSITION 3 The semi-erect position.



After many mutterings about mag tunnels and fings from others of his species and two perlins have snapped with rifle like cracks above his bunkroom, the legs are swung down and the semi-erect phase has started and can continue for a long time. The optics may or may not be open at this stage.

POSITION 4 The erect position.



Very rarely observed.

I've made it again fellas!

Tose days were Hell, I remember well
On the trails of seventy-two.
You could see no mark in the terrible dark
And the howling blizzards blew.
There are strange tales told in the Polar cold
And very few told twice,
For the secret tales of the frozen trails
Would turn your blood to ice.
I remember when two mining men
Went down in a bloody great pit,
But all they found was a festering mound
Of solid frozen shit!
Yes, it isn't all a luxurious ball
In the land of mist and snow,
But the grizzliest wood I ever heard
Was the hunt for the ghost depot.
The first that went lived in a tent
With the temps at forty below,
And day after day they forced their way
Over the endless snow.
When they came back, Roge, Gord and Jack,
You could hardly call then men;
They had been through Hell, and a man could tell
That they'd never go again.
But when one has bother, there's always another
Prepared to stand the test
For never a cunt would give up the hunt
While he thought he was the best.
For a palace grand in the snow does stand,
Or so the old tales tell,
With goodies fine, and bottles of wine,
And cases of beer as well.

ENVOI

And so the hero left us.
Will we see him ever again?
The final part would break your heart,
So I'll keep it to mysen.

Snowbridge

PRODNOSE That last rhyme is very cāntrived, isn't it?
SNOWBRIDGE Get Stuffed!

BOOK REVIEWS

LACK OF PLOT WEAKENS NEW PHONE DIRECTORY

"DISAPPOINTING" IS THE ONLY WAY TO DISCRIBE THE NEW metROPOLITAN DIRECTORY, WHICH CAME OUT YESTERDAY.

AFTER READING JUST A FEW DOZEN OF IT'S 1800-ODD PAGES, ONE IS ALMOST SURE TO TIRE OF THE BOOKS CUT AND DRIED STYLE. TRUE, THE AUTHORS HAVE POPULATED THE WORK WITH A VARIETY OF FASINATING CHARACTERS, BUT THEY NEVER SUCCEED IN DEVELOPING A PLOT TO HOLD THE READERS INTEREST,

IN THE OPENING PAGES, ONE IS IMMEDIATELY CAPTIVATED BY SUCH INTERESTING CHARACTERS AS ANNA AAB, ALBERT AACH, ARNOLD AARON AND AA OFFICE EQUIPEMENT RENTAL SERVICE. BUT JUST AS SOON AS THE BOOK INTRODUCES ONE ENGROSSING CHARACTER, IT MOVES ONTO THE NEXT AND ONE NEVER GET'STHE FEELING OF HAVING ACTUALLY KNOWN ANY OF THEM VERY WELL.

IT IS CERTAIN THAT HARDLY ANYONE WILL BE READING IT A YEAR FROM NOW.

SPIRAL NOTEBOOK LAUDED FOR "INSPIRED" CONTENTS

ONLY ONCE IN OUR LIVES DOES A BOOK COME INTO OUR LIVES THAT IS SO NECESSERY, SO UTILE, AND SO REWARDING THAT WE KNOW IMEDEDIATELY IT IS A CLASSIC.

SUCH A BOOK IS THE H.M.S.O.s LATEST No 33-508 SPIRAL NOTEBOOK. FROM THE MOMENT THE READER TURNS THE HANSOME BEIGE CARDBOURD COVER TO THE FIRST HORISONTAL-BLUE-AND-VERTICAL-RED-RULED PAGE, HE BECOMES A WILLING CAPTIVE TO THE DELIGHTS OF THIS INSPIRED AND ATTRACTIVE VOLUME.

I CAN SAFELY SAY THAT THOSE OF YOU WHO BUY THIS BOOK WILL NOT WANT TO PUT IT DOWN, AND THAT YOU CAN BE SURE OF PICKING IT UP IN THE MONTHS AHEAD, AND ENJOYING IT AGAIN AND AGAIN.

THE BALL OF HALLEY BAY

TWO

~~Four~~ and twenty Fids ,
Came down to Halley Bay,
And when two years are over,
They'll be coming to take us away.

Keith was in the kitchen,
Poking with all his might,
But he wasn't using a poker,
And he set his ----- alight.

Gord was in the balloon shed,
With the filler up his ----,
And when he switched the gill on,
He blasted off to Mars.

Jack was in the dog tunnel,
His ----- as hot as hell,
He couldn't think of what to do,
So he stuffed it up Michelle.

Toby was in the garage,
Feeling very randy,
He had to use a hand start,
'Cos we'd lost the keg called Mandy.

Doc was in the surgery,
Whistling happy tunes,
And moulding contraceptives,
From the rubber met balloons.

Dave F., was in the library,
Playing chess is what we mean,
But every time he made a move,
He tried to mate the Queen.

Paul B., was in the chippy shop,
Thinning it with a file,
They found him stuck up Dillon,
On his face a sickly smile.

John F., was in the radio shack,
Singing festive hymns,
And moulding balls of plasticine,
Into artificial -----.

Chorus :-

Balls to your bunkmates,
Don't let them get to near,
If you ever get shagged on a Saturday night,
It's cos the B.L.'s queer.