PROBLEMS

The first and most pressing problem is that of whether the inestimable SPLODE can be dragged to its feet once more for the few weeks remaining of the season.

In spite of the uncertainty about this, I would like to suggest that a special issue be once again prepared, this time for Christmas. I do not have a huge 23-copy issue like Midwinter's in mind, but if there is any demand for a Christmas issue, let there be one. There must have been a multitude of cockups during the summer, and it would be a crying shame if they were to go uncommented upon.

The second problem was one presented to me by one of our most devoted readers. It arrived under a sealed plain cover, and at first I thought it might be feelthy postcards or an advertisement for johnnies, but it was the following touching request, which had eluded the vigilance of Prodnose:

deer edditer   hu is me dad ? wen i wos in the feeld with bos donilsn he sd i woz as daft as mi dad an he sed me dad wos a blakfase fuker lick me wen i ast im hu mi dad waz hi sed it woz that litl runtt knutchi an it woz a wis chyld wot noo its one faver i sed i du not unnerstand that bos he sed idont supos yu duyu R tu thik wulfi now bos edditer yu no everithink an yu no i am not litl an ugerli lick that litl runtt i am hansum wiv a nise cote an teef i am the bigest dogg of the lot it is not orl fat lick wot bos kambl sed i am 40kg of sollid mussel yor luvin wulfi

The sooner Prodnose gets back the better.

SPLODE REASEARCH.

First patent for communication by the use of electro-
magnetic waves was granted on the 22nd June 1896 to
one MARCONI.

The first pemenant wireless station was sited at the
Needels on the Isle of Wight in 1896

First advertised broadcast made on the 24th Dec 1906
by Fessenden in America

Earliest transatlantic signal was the letter 'S' in
morse. Sent by Marconi using a 10 Kilowatt transmitter
sited in cornwall.

First speach sent in 1919 by Ditcham from Ierland to
Canada

First begular broadcasts in britan were begun by marconi
in feb. 1922

Appoliges for the spelling it should give you a clue
to who looked this information up in the Guinnes book
of records.

HINTS TO CROQUET PLAYERS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

Remember that it is vital to keep your balls well oiled, to prevent them from cracking in the cold, especially when they are banged together. During play, the mallet may either be swung alongside of the body, or between the players' legs. Swinging the mallet between the opponents' legs is considered to be a foul stroke.

In starting, a great advantage can be gained by standing close to one's opponents. If one of them is an elderly player, you may be able to maim him, with the back swing of the mallet. (A few protruding nails, on the non-playing face of the mallet, are a great asset.)
One of the major objects of the game, is to drive your heavy wooden ball into your opponents balls.

If preceeding opponent through hoop, on successfully negotiating the obstacle you gain a free shot. Whilst playing this shot, it is advisable to stamp heavily in front of the hoop, thus ensuring that the other side have a great deal of difficulty in getting through the hoop. If, however, you do this and your partner has not yet come through this hoop, you will have another mallet on which to keep a wary eye.

If you are doubtful about playing a shot from close to the hoop, welly fuck*out of the ball. This way nobody will be able to see whether or not the ball has gone through the hoop. Releasing your mallet at the right time whilst executing this manoeuvre, may also distract the opposition, in fact it may even cut it down by half

*To welly fuck out of a ball is an ancient vicarage term for a
    firm shot.

An article for Splode to write
I wonder what to do
I8ts probably a load of shite
and certainly not true

The éditor has been away
just where is hard to tell
To Stancomb Wills? of Christmas Box?
November 9 as well?

With ne'er a drop save melted snow
Oh what a dreadful fate
Pity we've drunk all the beer
He's just come back too late

And now at last I8ve reched the end
Of this my little verse
You'll all agree, for poetry
It couldnt be much worse

(WASN'T LIKE THIS LAST YEAR)