

26 th Feb 1972

SPL O D E

Religion, Politics, Ethics,
you name it, we haven't got it.

EDITORIAL.

First of all, the result of the competition. I bet you all thought it was a joke, didn't you ?

Well the judge has unanimously , without outside interference, chosen a winner. Unfortunately the contestant omitted to sign his article (Ho, ho, chuckle, chuckle, fall about) so the editor is unable to award the prize. What he has done, however (at this point sing one chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow"), is to place a case behind the bar for general consumption. (If , as is the present situation, no bloody articles come in he is going to take the case back).

Poemtry..

On the snow of the old Brunt Ice Shelf,
By the edge of the Weddell Sea,
Where the wind blows all through the cold night,
You can picture this scene with me.
How thirty feet under the surface,
In a room where the lights burn low,
There's some booze ridden fids talking loudly,
My God, how the bullshit does flow.

(for the last nineteen verses turn to page 69)

Fucking rotate, it's hard to fill a page , without resorting to profanity.

I think I'll insult somebody. That seems to be the way everyone gets material for their articles. I'm not saying Paul B.'s queer, but.... (that should start the rumours). Is it true that Norman killed the last litter because one of the pups had a beard and talked with a Scottish accent.

Seriously though chaps, how about a few more articles, what.

I think it is fair to say that "It wasn't like this
LAST YEAR."

It seems that the creative and literary talent of the
base as a collective entity has indeed sunk to such an
unprecedented ebb, or should I say nadir, that the present
acting assistant sub deputy editor of this once
distinguished journal has been obliged to offer alcoholic
inducements to currently aspiring or nonaspiring as the
case may be journalists. Pity about the a on this typewriter.
Like a certain Mr Brangham who shall be nameless it
sometimes seems to have trouble getting up. Ah well I
suppose that in the words of our great and illustrious
leader "You can't win them all."

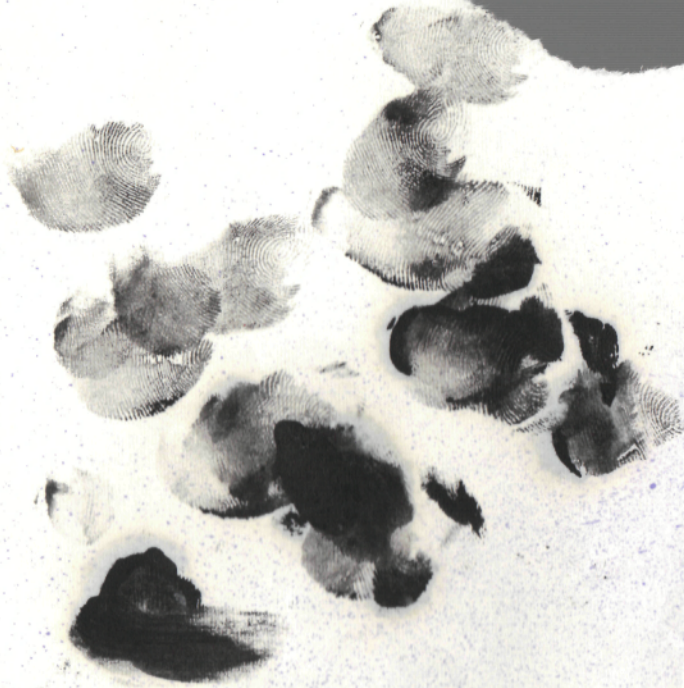
Have you noticed what a bloodthirsty lot these doctors
are. Bob had a few vampire sessions last year but at
least he didn't choose ridiculous times like the middle
of the graveyard watch. And those sheets of Os done by
someone else with a wonky typewriter are almost as bad
as those adding up splodes.

Only another eleven months to crack now.

Pity Kevin's only here for a year or he would be a good
bet for next year's successor to Gordon D as holder of
the Golden Shovel award.



it's the design criteria that counts Old Boy".



Twas a dark and a cold morning. The three heroes trudged to their goal, heads bowed to the biting air.

"It's the Tractor Dump," their leader moaned over and over. "How can they do this to us. We're too young. Anything but the tractor dump" But his words of consolation were all in vain; tall, debonair, All Braggum, 44, (chest), could not raise their spirits.

"It's all right my trusty men," he joked, "together, with my help, we can beat this thing."

"But the tractor dump," they whined. ~~xxx~~ "I'm only a fizzicist," cried (literally) their fizzicist, "and those tracks are bigger than both of us." Wiping his eyes he clutched the golden haired third member of the trio, hand picked by the commandant, Brain, Pee Aitch Dee, r.u.m. specialist in everything, who was doing press ups to overcome the intense emotions brought on by the sight of the dump. "Whee, Ahh. Whee, Ahh, I can do it, I can do it, Whee, Ahh. Won't be a moment fellas, just getting my breath back after walking across. Whee, Ahh, Whee, Ahh." Undaunted by the evil omens and the sly shite-hawks wheeling over head the worked solidly for the next three hours. Then, having got the drums in place, they had a rest.

Lighting up his first fag since his last one five minutes before Braggum said matter of factly,

"That's the worst part over fellas. Lets knock it on the head till tomorrow."

"But," the other two cried together, "what about the track?"

"Oh dear. I was hoping you had forgotten about them. Now we will have to do them," Braggum replied, his sly look giving way to one of intense disappointment.

"All together now. Two, six, pull. Two, six, pull. Brain. What are you doing lying down there?"

"Sorry, sir. Just having a short rest. Be with you in a minute. Whee, Ahhhhhh. Whee, Ahhhhhhhhh."

Using methods handed down from the dim and distant forgotten, they tirelessly bent their backs to the great task before them.

"If it was good enough for the Egyptians it is good enough for us," said

Sergeant Braggum as he flayed his men with a handy steel hawser.

"We'll never do it. It is just too much," screamed the fizzicist as inch by miserable inch they hauled the half ton tracks up onto the new dump.

"We've had it?" Brain conceded, "we had better go back and get help."

But their blood was up now. "No, no," cried the other two, "let us carry the thing through to the bitter end. Only one two ton track to go."

Filled with new resolve the three worked on bursting muscle and sinew to carry out the wishes of their great ~~leader~~ leader, The Commandant. Inch by inch they moved the great five ton track.

Two weeks later three bodies crawled down the garage ramp and collapsed into the Chippy Shop

"I got to have a fag and a cup of tea."

"Oh, hello, You're back," smiled The Commandant. "Finished? Did you remember to do the heavy metals dump as well. Men. Men? ..."

UP THE B.L.

Hello cat lovers everywhere. Sorry about the title but it is just to catch your eye. Nothing personal me old cuddly friend. Yes you've guessed it, Billon's pinched the Met Office typewriter while they are all at smoko

Well, hasn't it been all go since Relief? I tend to get a bit excited at big occasions like that and my bladder doesn't get any more controlable as the years pass. Never mind the grey hairs on your head Paul you want to have alook at my tail. It is my third birthday next month. Three years is a long time for anyone to spend down here and still no word from London about relief for ME. I expect you all know my birthday date so I won't tell you that it is the 13th (T-H-I-R-T-E-E-N-T-H)

I'd like to take this opportunity to apologise for all the puddles in the office corridor but it is all Kevins fault. One minute he wants urine samples (piss to you) and the next he refuses to collect them. Really. I can hardly complain though with Rog building me a new home - complete with toilet drainage through the floor. That meets with my approval straight off. I'll be able to gonk 24 hours of the day now no bother. We elderly cats need looking after. Thats why I had a go at prussacing up the Met shaft this week. It's all right saying 'Oh yes, we'll save old Dill', but in a fire it's every man for himself. I'll be up the gash shaft rope like lightning. There are no flies on me. Naturally.

I'm so glad that my friend Yoni Prick finally got his nutty out. I was down to my last bar of whole nut and if there is one thing that really pisses a cat off it is not getting his nuts. Thats why I wrote that scathing little piece last week. Yes,

I admit it. It was me, or should I say I. Aren't I a sly puss.
He's not a bad lad really old Johnny, but I had to do something.

Any time you are passing the Met office John drop in and we can
share a tin of salmon and forget old grievances. I might even
forgive the night you through me about in the lounge. I said
maybe, but I'm not promising anything.

Oh oh. Smokes over and I hear someone coming. Bye for now.

SLI.

For reasons beyond the past editor's control, this column is under new management this week.

For a start let's cut out the pleasantries of the past, and get down to the real purpose of the column.

Whoever decided to have one man gash from the start of the year, must have had a brainstorm at the time. It is almost excusable to have tried it, but to continue is just sheer slovenliness. Up to this week the gash has been almost as bad as it ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~XXXX XXXX~~ at the end of last year. This week it has been infinitely worse. For the people who have just arrived, it is understandable that their gash should be bad, considering the example they have been set. But there is no excuse for those who have been on base a year. If it is impossible to do a reasonable gash with one person, then let's go back to two man gash for the winter. It's no real pain during the winter, since everyone is on base anyway, and I for one would prefer not to live in a sty.

I think that if everyone were asked, the second year's at least would agree with me.

Right, that's finished with the really serious bit, I hope one or two people are feeling uncomfortable. Maybe it will stop the boasting about which bits of gash you have managed to avoid doing.

Having been through all that, I don't feel like putting on the comedy bit, so I'll leave it as a SLI campaign week.