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### EDITORIAL

Well, I says to meself, it's getting round to that time of the week when one must put pen to paper, and produce an earth shattering literary splode. Then I turns over and goes back to sleep again.

But folks I think we all ought to get together and give a rousing cheer to good old Paul J., for working so hard in the editor's absence in keeping up the standard of this magazine. WE all ought to say "Good old Jonesy boy just help yourself to my share of base gin whenever you feel like it." If you don't feel like doing this, stuff you then.

More articles that's the same old cry. Fingers out, kiddies. The muse has just dried up, which considering how wet it was at the start, ivery surprising. But I refuse to reduce myself to obscenity this week (Basically because I'm not tooo sure of how to spell it.).

A good clean editorial I says to meself. Jonesy, old boy, no more of the shit this week, let's keep it clean.

So here I am, stuck for anything to say.

What ho, old bean, I see the blacks are getting all over the place out in Africa, won't be a respectable country for a white man soon. And what about our women folk, eh? How's that (not out and no balled as well). Not much good really. It's clean but it's no substitute for obscenity. Of course if there were a treble spacer on this type-writer, that would solve the whole problem.

This is cheating.

Oh dear I've run out of space.

RETURN OF THE BROTHER OF THE SON OF THE BRIDE OF THE  
CURSE OF THE FATHER OF THE WIFE OF SHOVELMAN.

"Only eight tons of flour left, and winter coming on,"  
The tall thin man with the Van Dyke beard (he had spent  
the best part of a day digging up Van Dyke to get it)  
shook his head as he spoke. A can of beer fell from  
behind his ear.

The person to whom he spoke, nodded and said, "Fine, fine,"  
and then continued cutting his nails with a flensing  
knife..

The rugged looking explorer, lying on the floor by the  
empty sherry bottle, wretched quietly to himself. Paul  
Shaggem, Shaggem <sup>of</sup> the Pole, as he was known to his  
friends, was a mean kind of hombre who hailed from the  
East (blew from the west and rained from the south) side  
of Tiger Bay. He was the sort of bloke you wouldn't turn  
your back on (twice). His right arm twitched and moved  
closer to the lump hammer by his side.

In less than an hour, "Guns" Bury was on his feet, a  
knife in each hand, and two between his teeth.

"Agh, gargle, gobbley gook, ugh, ugh," he said.  
Take those knives out of your mouth when you speak to  
me. Haven't you got any manners, c--t," came back the  
steely reply, from the slobbering mass of humanity on  
the floor.

"Guns" spat out the knives, nailing a passing tabby cat  
to the floor.

"Nobody, but nobody, talks that way to Guns Bury, without  
ending up in the scradge," he said menacingly. At the  
mention of that word, the "Nose's" eyes lit up.

"I'll drink to that," he said, opening up four cans of beer  
at once and drinking them down in one. The tension in the  
room increased until it approached the elastic limit, where  
Hooke's Law ceases to apply and beyond which..... but  
I digress.

"Looks like a job for Shovelman," said the Nose.

Bang, Crash, Kerpow, Zowie. The wall disintegrated, and  
through the wreckage stumbled a walking advert for the M  
horrors of syphilis.

"Shit," said Shovelman, "I missed the f-----g door again!"  
"Who left this pile of old rags on the floor?" he asked,  
kicking Shaggem in the groin with his boover R. B. L. T. s.

For the next thrilling instalment read

THE TOP 20 AND OTHERS

		weeks in chart
1 - 1	SON OF MY FA THER CHICKORY TIP	5
3 - 2	AMERICAN PIE DON McCLENNAN	6
5 - 3	WITHOUT YOU NILSSON	3
4 - 4	LOOK WHAT YOU DONE SLADE	3
8 - 5	SOME SAY BIG GORD IS A POOF MICHAEL JACKSON	1
6 - 6	HAVE YOU SEEN HER THE SHYLITES	TOO LONG
17 - 7	MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION PAUL SIMON	2
7 - 8	BUT I TH INK HE'S SWEET THE FORTUNES	5
15 - 9	BLUE IS THE COLOUR CHELSEA FITBA (OCCASIONALLY) CLUB	1
10 -10	EVEN IF HE IS A GOBBER BADFINGER	3
14 -11	PAPA JOE THE SWEET	2
* -12	BEG STEAL OR BORROW THE NEW SEEKERS	1
* -13	TUM TE TUM DA DA DUM DE DE DE PAUL J. (UNACCOMPANIED)	1
2 -14	TELEGRAM SAM T. REX	6
13 -15	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING THE NEW SEEKERS	about - 11 (is this a record?)
16 -16	MY WORLD KEVIN SNORES	
L7 -17	BUT BRIAN TALKS - UGH COLIN BLUNSTONE	1
11 -18	ALL I EVER NEED IS YOU SONNY AND CHER	5
19* -19	STUFFA-NADALIE-PENGUINA-DAY ADELIE PENGUIN STUFFERS ASSOC.	2748
20 -20	LET'S YOU AND I STAY TOGETHER AL GREEN	6

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At no. 1 for the 2nd week the strangely titled 'Son of my Fa Ther', by British group Chickory Tip, who use electronically generated music in the form of a Moog Synthesiser in this record. Nilsson has his first big British hit with his own song 'Without You'. He wrote 'The Puppy Song' on the Mary Hopkin L.P. often to be seen being listened to by all you secret Heavy Music fans. They don't write 'em like that any more comes the cry from Blob Gobber, friend of Shovelman who is no doubt featured in this weeks mad, sorry mag. A strange, evocative, somewhat sadly titled song by Michael Jackson, makes us all sit down more squarly in our seats and swear never to walk alone near the Balloon Shed these chilly, dark nights.

Paul J. makes a surprise entry this week after his secret trip to the world famous Nocker Country and Western Recording Studios where it is rumoured he was offered a huge sum(2+5+8+9+5+8+4+3+0+1+5+4+876+876+5432)£ never to hum again. He told our reporter 'Fook Off' when asked if he would accept the offer. It is believed that his musical advisor, who accompanied him on the ill-fated v<sub>g</sub>nture, is recuperating in seclusion somewhere.

Lastly this week, pop fans, there is a prize of one empty case of beer for the first person to spot my deliberate mistakes. Display it in your bunkroom to show what a heavy secret drinker you are.

The first two private aircraft to land at the South Pole arrived by curious coincidence on the same day, 19 January 1970. The first to land was a twin-engined Piper Aztec flown solo by E. Conrad, and the second a twin-engined Cessna 421 piloted by T. Tjontveit with E. S. Pedersen as navigator. Conrad, whose ambition it is to fly solo round the world over the two poles, had reached Adelaide Island in 1969 and turned back there. On this occasion, he flew from Invercargill to McMurdo and six days later flew on to the South Pole. Unfortunately his aircraft crashed while leaving on 23 January and the flight to Punta Arenas had to be abandoned. Conrad, though shaken up, was not injured.

Tjontveit and Pedersen also left from Invercargill and, after re-fuelling at McMurdo, continued on to the South Pole. After a brief stay there, they returned to McMurdo where they were delayed for two days because of radio trouble. On January 23 they set out for Punta Arenas flying over 'Byrd' station and Alexander Island and reaching their destination after a flight of 19hr 12 min. For good measure, the flight was continued to Point Barrow, Alaska, and thence over the North Pole to Tromsø. The aircraft was equipped with a Bendix Polarpath gyro and two radio compasses, VOR and DME. A Collins single sideband transceiver and two VHF transceivers were carried and the temporary failure of the former was the ~~only~~ only mechanical trouble experienced during the flight.

S L I.

Gotchered. That's what I've been. Cock-ups galore, and no means for the writing thereof. Gotchered, and only a young un too.

All donations to the "Save a penguin and sleep better" fund will be gratefully accepted by bodger Brangham. Couldn't let it starve could we.

Who's been breaking wire ropes?

Quite a piss up ~~WXXX~~ last ~~WXX~~ night. All this high living doesn't seem to agree with the radio.

Tough luck with your cameras lads, but was it really worth all that time.

If the Sno-cat was quickly mended to go out and "rescue" the levellers, why couldn't it have been used to go out there in the first place.

It's about time we had a help the WOP campaign, poor John's having to take to the drink, to solve his problems.

I don't agree with this keep the fancy dress splode quiet till the Saturday. It's all very well for most people, but it does disturb the night met man, with everyone rushing around to make costumes.

Tempus has fugited. Gerdamm.

VICIOUS AND NASTY

The original title to this missive was going to be nasty vicious, nasty and bitter. but that is not really true .

i am feeling fucking horrible \_ not might i add as normal.

This is the first time that, fuck it.

This as it name suggests is suppose to be nasty..... right serious; moreover and how fucking ever :-

I agree hole heartedly with last weeks article about gash anonymously ritten by splode features it raised the right points BALLS to the splode that those second years who favour one man gash are in the minority - I've yet to find one (sri know of one ) second year who is in favour of it. The bloody first years gash while i admit is a bit better for the most part is still fucking shocking. Roger, roger i know mine is bad not the point gash could and should be improved or we are going to have a hoooooocribe last six months OK there is a saying "take the plank out of your own eye first then out of your birds" i am aware of it . Gash could be improved by more effort but surely the easiest solution is too have two men on it, dont like that idea how about just one man but the next days gash helps in the evening this apparently is the worst time it can be made enjoyable with two men with one cunt getting no help the whole thing is a pain i fer one have very little time to get say a decent amount of washing done.

Anyway i had my mean now that is my opinion have even offered a comprise to the whole arguement. now lets have a base meeting and sort out an agreeable system we can all enjoy after which bloody gash should improve fer time being anyway. The following article has nothing what ever to do with me and i deny all knowledge of it ..

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of "Splode":

Dear sir,

As a Doggie Man, one receives a certain amount of correspondence from one's charges. I refer this to the interest of those who know the correspondent concerned:

dear bos donilden

plees do not think i am complaninbut i feal yu shud no mi pont of vue. i lick been in the bich teen were orl the bichs is orl rite but i do not thing yu ar been fare to mi wen i was getin on the job with lasy yu give me a belt in the Chopps it is not fare bos it is crool yu wud not lick it bos if yu was getin on the job an sumboddy give yu a belt in the Chopps. i lick lasy she is nise an slimm. orlso i do nto lick been with that Knoochy bos yu ar rite wen yu sai hi is a Kunt eksep bös a Kunt is yoesfull he is orlwais groulin at mi an yu no bos it is not gud for me nervs bos i am not strong lik that wai bos. Orlso hee is a secsmay niack and wil not let mi get at dusti wen she is on heet orlso i do not lick mi dongler bos it is to hevy yu wud think i got owt mi harnis on perpus bos but i donte i just forl owt i am not lasi an idol lick yu sai bos i lick werkin reely Hopin for simpathettick yur fathfull Ridd