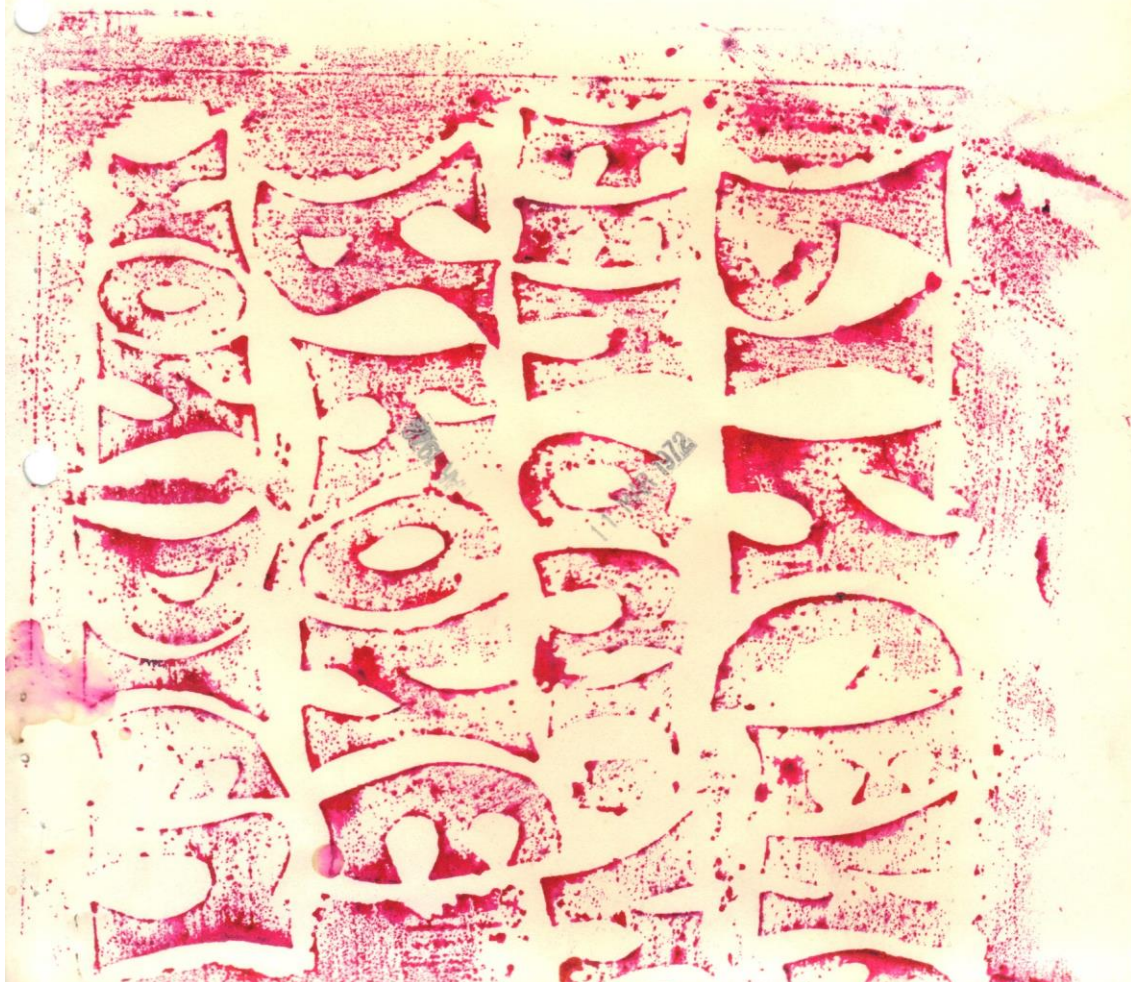


S P L O D E .

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EDITORIAL.

WHAT about having a limerick competition to start the edition off. (A limerick competition only differs from a limerick itself in that the editor hasn't got time, or brains, enough to think of the last line).

A prize of apunch in the mouth for the best last line to the following limerick (the punch in the mouth being supplied by Paul B.,)

There was ayoung chippy called Brangham,
Who said "Give me some screws and I'll bang'em,
It's a fourteen pound sledge,
What gives you the edge,
.....

Right then, that's a third of a page gone. Now for the weekly moan. Is everyone so tied up during the week that they haven't even ten minutes to spare to write something? Especially the first years, who so far have contributed one article. Of course I could be wrong, and half-amillion articles may turn up after smoke, like hell.

It was Wednesday night at old Halley,
And the fids to the bar had come,
All eyes were on Tony Jackson,
My God how he hit the Rum.
And not many hours later,
This is the sight they saw,
All eyes were on Tony Jackson,
My God how he hit the floor.

'Nuff.



O.K. YOU STAY HERE FOR SINGLE MAN GASH
I,M GOING TO SOUTH G. IT MAY BE FOR A
WEEK AT A TIME BUT AT LEAST 2 OF THEM
ARE ON IT.

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT.

Ah, there you are dear reader. I didn't notice you, I was so engrossed in this new putty. I'm going to talk to you about art. Possibly the best way is to describe some of the things that make me happy. I once saw a man-act called "Arthur the happy Hippo." Arthur did balancing tricks, a spot of comedy, tight-rope walking and finished with "Mr. Fantasy" accompanying himself on the xylophone. His voice was dreadful but his outrageous costume was utterly beautiful.

Speaking of bathroom cabinets, The other day I went to London Zoo. To the Aquarium. Where I am often to be seen. I started talking about w snails and the attendant invited me "backstage" (as we say in the profession) for a sitdown and a cup of Rosie Lea. I can't remember his name, but we'll call him "washing-up-liquid" if you like. Anyroad, Washing-up-liquid showed me great wooden tubs where tiny crabs and mussels are kept as food for the larger crustaceans and anenomes. I witnessed how a crab will voluntarily throw off or reject its own leg, if it is being held by a larger antagonist. All crabs do this, apparently except the Boston-crab who just gives up. There are gloomy hospital tanks where invalid fishes swim in plaster.

I was pleased to see that a full grown Plecostium is 18 inches long. I have one at home. He is only 2 inches at present and is called Blinky. I also have two bullfrogs called Roly and Poly that I intend to amplify. And a hedgehog.

Well that's all we have time for. Last weeks winner was Mrs. Madge Burlap for her entry "Cabbage & homemade pickle happening" and her sensational escape at a recent bazaar. She receives a free supply of linoleum trousers. Say this as quickly as possible, 12 times quickly "Does this shop stock socks with speckled spots"

BBB?-UU- rr-PP!!!!

Limericks

There was a young girl of Aberystwyth
Who took grain to the mill to get grist with.
The miller's son Jack
Laid her flat on her back and
United the organs they pissed with.

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her toes in a doorway.
She said to her beau:
'Just look at me Joe,
I think I've discovered one more way.'

There was a young man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born:
And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of his rubber was torn

There was an old man of Dundee
Who molested an ape in a tree:
The result was most horrid,
All arse and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There one was a young man of Greenwich
Whose balls were all covered with spinach;
So long was his tool
That it wound round a spool
And he let it out inach by inach.

Dear editor.

I feel I must protest strongly about the blatant LIES published in last weeks magazine. In an article criticising the gash system the authour states that he does not know of any second year that supports the one man gash system. This is a LIE in the course of a conversation with the authour a few weeks ago I made it quite clear that I was in favour of the one man gash system.

I am sure that this LIE was published unintentionally as the standard of the articles published is usually high.

Yours Protestingly

Toby.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~



"I wonder if the Scots will have a go this week"

TOBY DICK.

A gripping story of the hunt for the great white winter whale.

Call me Ismell. Well I'll tell ~~XXXX~~ 'ee ship-pastes, a ghastly tale of the Southern Ocean. Of how, whilst yet a little kipper, I didst run away to sea. I joined up as a harpooner on a Cantfucket shrimp boat, way back in '71. Captain Andy "Ahab" Smith were her skipper, a mountain of a man, with a wooden head. They said he had lost the original one in a grim fight with the great white winter woolly whale, by the name of Toby Dick. Aghhh !

For the first few weeks out of port, and down to the last bottles of sherry, the kipper were never seen on the bridge. Just the endless sound of chewing, coming from his cabin. Then suddenly one stormy day in the flapping twenties, when the wind were force nineteen off the Beaufort scale, and the seas were breaking green over the Crow's nest, he appeared on the bridge.

"Bosun," he says to the first mate, one Tobias Stonedup of Shatten, "Pipe all feet on deck. Chew, chew, gnash, gnash."
"Aye, aye, Sir," young Tobias replied smartly (I mean you've got to be smart to think up a reply like that). Picking up his violin he played the opening eight movements of Bach's 68th unfinished cacophony in A flat intermediate.

We, the crew, being a well-disciplined, sober, god-fearing bunch of sods, panicked. With the exception of the Chippy, who fainted in his sleep.

"Avast there me hearties," roared the skipper, "ye be shivering the timbers. The first landlubber amongst ye that lays a hand on the boats, I'll have spliced up the mainbrace. Chew, chew, gnash, gnash."

"Now, me hearties," he roared, "I want ye all to keep yees eyes skinned for a whale, see. But it baint be no ordinary whale, see. No me hearties, see. It be the great wicked white winter woolly whale, it be seee. And the first of 'ee as sees it at sea, see, well he be getting this see."

And with a blood curdling yell, he pulled from his pocket a card board replica of an imitation plastic Shackleton medallion. Picking up a fourteen pound sledge-hammer and a six-inch coach screw, he nailed his left hand to the mainmast.

Why did Captain Ahab nail his left hand to the mainmast ?

What was he doing with his other hand ? For the answer to these questions don't read the next thrilling instalment.

ELI

III Well, well, three weeks since the first article was wrote and not a whisper of even a fart from high places. Yes, Jim, its support two man gash time again. Three seperate people have now written articles on how lousy one man gash is and how badly its being done but noone in a position to has taken steps to find out EXACTLY and FAIRLY what base wants. The suggestion was put forward last week of arranging help for washing up the evening meal at least. Although not the complete answer, it would be a step in the right direction. Why should gash be a complete pain when it can be made so much easier ??? ACTION is what is wanted. So come the revolution brothers, it'll be two man gash for the winter and perfect heaven.

'there's never a hash with two man gash' yuch !

Let's hope someone does a sword swallowing act soon before he gets garotted on his own cutlass

It seems that the Wright line is to be the site of a special project, with the first accumulation measurments at the sides of crevasses being taken with proper glacie poles. Of course, thats if we can borrow the accumulation measuring pole when its not being used as an anemometer pole.

Looks like you pays yer money and takes yer chances when going into the field these days. But please, don't drop the Snocat down Hobster crack or any other for that matter, its a great jolly vehicle.

A serious article

FOR SALE

One R.C.A. Transmitter commonly known as 'Marty's', modified for d.s.b. operation. Will give hours of endless fun and enjoyment in finding out how to use it and how to connect it all up again.

FREE with the above :- one excellent stabilised power supply for use with the transmitter.

With this, you too can become a radio ham in your own office.

One rotatable drum, on mounting, complete with handle. Suitable for grabbing.

One film drying drum complete with bath. Suitable for keeping a monkey in.

One cylindrical container made of steel mesh. Suitable for keeping a small monkey in.

A number of skillfully connected bits of scaffold pole, use unknown, but looking similar to the ends of bedsteads.

Other oddments of metal etc.

Anyone interested in the above !!

PRICE ? the taking of them away.

See Trev. T, beastie (not for your monkey).

Otherwise they'll be dumped below the bondu for ever and ever and ever.

At last ! At last !.

Amen.

SOME CORN

THE MISSIONARY WAS REALLY WARNING TO HIS TASK. HE KNEW HE HAD THE NATIVES WITH HIM.

„.....AND WE SAY THAT ALL MEN ARE EQUAL , AND WHITE MEN SHALL LIVE WITH COLOURED MEN IN PEACE’,,

„BITSADA’ BITSADA’,, ROARED THE CROWD ENTHUSIASTICALLY. „ AND NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION’.

„BITSADA’ BITSADA’,, CRIED THE DELIRIOUS NATIVES. AH, THOUGH THE MISSIONARY, THEY WERE REALLY WITH HIM NOW.

„WE COME, NOT TO CONQUER, BUT TO BRING PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP AND HEALTH . YOU ARE ALL MY BROTHERS’,, HE FLUNG HIS ARMS WIDE IN A GREAT GESTURE OF FRIENDSHIP AND TRIUMPH.

„BITSADA’ BITSADA’ BITSADA’,, CAME THE TUMULTUOUS CRY AS HE STEPPED FROM THE PULPIT, A TIRED BUT HAPPY MAN. AH, WHAT IT WAS TO KNOW YOU HAD THE CROWD WITH YOU, EVEN IF THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND EVERY WORD. THE LANGUAGE OF BROTHERLY LOVE WAS INTERNATIONAL, AND HE KNEW THAT THEIR ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE HAD BEEN A DEMONSTRATION OF THEIR MUTUAL FEELINGS.

„AN CHIEF’,, HE SAID, “I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOME CATTLE. MAY I SEE THEM?”

“OH, SURELY.” SAID THE CHIEF. “COME THIS WAY. BE CAREFUL NOT TO TREAD IN THE BITSADA.”

HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN YOU’VE PASSED AN ELEPHANT?
YOU CAN’T GET THE TOILET SEAT DOWN.

THE TWO HOMOSEXUAL GHOSTS ___ THEY PUT THE BILLS UP EACH OTHER.

RUSSIAN CONTRACEPTIVE” ___ LITTLE RED HIDING HOOD.

DILLON

DON'T FORGET MY BIRTHDAY ON ^{Monday} ~~Wednesday~~ YOU SHIT FACED BASTARDS OR
I'LL PISS ALL OVER YOUR STUPID FUCKING BASE AND PUT A BLOODY
CURSE ON YOUR LOVE LIFE SO THAT EVERY CUNT YOU TOUCH IS POKED
AND ROTTEN. SO THERE.

THANK YOU.



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF SUPERGASH

GET UP nice and early, just in time to watch night net.
putting the breakfast things on for you.

After breakfast, swill some water round dining room floor.
Put a record on, either :- (a) play same record all day
(b) stack records after playing in one big pile. HINT :- three
records or more, out of their covers, on top of each other
give much better scratches.

If magazines particularly tidy, throw in heap on table.

Stop for a smoke :- its hard work on gash. Drop fag ash on
floor.

Smoke, either (a) put coffee on in time then leave for
someone else to look after, (b) put it on late, everyone will
have tea so the coffee will do for lunch, (c) dont put any
on at all.

Lounge :- attempt to completely fill waste bucket with
cardboard boxes and leave behind bar. If in a fit of depression
you mop floor, leave stools etc. littered around the room.
When throwing out remains of soup from lunch, make sure to
spill half down side of gash bucket onto floor. Do not clean
after.

Washing :- wash a few shreddies in a plastic bowl and leave sta
standing in the washroom for a few weeks.

If bothering to fill water tanks, fill in one in the
evening till theyre blocked.

After dinner, wash all pots and pans that have accumulated
during the day in one big spree.

If in a fit of hysteria you remember to empty gash bucket,
empty into nearest drum in gash shaft so they fill up first
and back ones cant be reached.

Go to bed, having had cup of hot chocolate or cocoa (- they
leve best mess in bottom of cup), glad that youve struck
another blow against old fashioned, bourgeois, imperialistic,
CLEANLINESS.

PRIZES PRIZES PRIZES PRIZES AND PRIZES
ANNOUNCING
THE
GRAND GASH COMPETITION

HERE IS WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR ?

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO - OPEN TO ALL HALLEY BAY FIDS AT HALLEY BAY
(IN FACT COMPULSORY SEE B.L.)

ONE CASE OF BEER AND A BOTTLE OF SHERRY WILL GO TO THE
WINNER AND ALSO A WEEKEND FOR YOU AND A FRIEND AT THE
FAMOUS 3RD CHIP RESORT

RULES

STARTING MONDAY 13TH EACH PERSON WILL BE GIVEN 100 POINTS
THE ORGANISERS WILL DEDUCE FROM THIS TOTAL FOR SLOPPY GASH
UNTIDY OR LATE GASH.

POINTS DEDUCTED WILL BE IN PROPORTION TO THE OFFENCE
I.E. LOW TANKS MEANS LOSING ABOUT TEN POINTS WHEREAS
FORGETTING TO PUT OUT MUSTARD WILL ONLY COUNT FOR ONE POINT
THINGS LIKE NOT HAVING COFFEE OR TEA READY FOR SMOKOS
WILL ALSO BE PENALISED.

EARN EXTRA POINTS BY DOING SOMETHING EXTRA SUCH AS CLEANING
THE CUPBOARDS OUT OR THE LOBBY ETC ALSO BONUS POINTS WILL
BE AWARDED FOR HELPING ANOTHER PERSON ON HIS GASH DAY
HELP OF THIS KIND WILL NOT MEAN THAT THE OTHER PERSONS
GASH WILL BE PENALISED FOR RECEIVING HELP... CLUB TOGETHER
SEE IF YOUR SYNDICATE CAN WIN THE TITLE OF THE BEST GASH

FIRST RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK IN SPLODE

SPONSORS NOTE

THE PRIZE WILL BE GIVEN ANONYMOUSLY TO AS THE SPONSORS
ARE SHY QUIET SORT OF PEOPLE

THAT IS IT THEN STARTING MONDAY SEE IF YOU CAN DO THE
PERFECT GASH.

GOOD LUCK



SPONSOR CHAIRMAN

S L I.

A bumper edition this week, folks. Dat bum editor is going to have to eat his words. Though I says as maybe shouldn't according to some. One thing though, there may be quantity but I can't guarantee the quality, since I didn't write all the articles for a change.

Hey, Iain, how about an emergency optorectomy on Gordon D., ? An optorectomy is of course the cutting of the nerve which joins the eyeball to the rectum, thus stopping the person having such a shitty outlook on life.

From behind the bar today, there were removed some forty-six empty spirit or sherry bottles. I know there are a lot of alcoholic sods on base, but that is ridiculous. Once upon a time the bar was tidied up every day, then things slackened off, and it was only tidied up every week. Now even that habit seems to have slipped. Still it can only improve.

Gordon D., made something that worked this week, hang on to your cans of orange, chaps, I expect he'll be celebrating tonight. Hear that Tony's got water on the brain, in that case the alcohol must have evaporated out of the rum. Him and Brian are going to make a right pair.

Somebody (was it Paul B.,?) once wanted to modify the handles on the gash drums to make them easier to remove. Now it's got to the stage where poor old Kev had to struggle for some time with a handleless one before he could get it out.

The main shaft hasn't been cleaned out properly for some time, and it wasn't today either.

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