

S F L O U D E



WANTED !

THE POLICE WISH TO SEE THE ABOVE PERSON, AS HE MAY BE ABLE TO ASSIST THEM IN THEIR INQUIRIES INTO AN INCIDENT IN A GRAVEYARD LAST SATURDAY NIGHT.

HARD TO SAY, IT MIGHT RAIN ?

EDITORIAL.

First of all an apology for last week's insults in the editorial (will not be forthcoming, so get stuffed you illiterate bums.)

Last Thursday's debate by the Halley Bay Debating Society on the motion that "Paul J., is an excellent fellow, and ^{should} be given twenty pounds by every base member" was carried unanimously (the opposing speaker having been shot earlier in the evening). Money^l transfers should be arranged through Toby.

During the course of the week (according to the latest met report it was the coarsest week since 1984) a discussion was started on how one could tell whether one was sober enough to drive or not. My old grandmama had the perfect solution. Before getting into her I.H. to drive home from The Dirty Duck she would recite the following verse to herself.

I'm not the gonker bonker,
I'm the gonker bonker's son,
And I'm only bonking gonkers,
Till the gonker bonker comes.

Needless to say my old grandmama spent the last eighty seven years of her life in a lunatic asylum.

If you are unable to recite the above rhyme, and are still unsure as to your state of sobriety, have another bottle of whisky, and try to say the word "cat", very slowly. Now try to get up off the mat.

Oh my, what a whimsical sense of humour you have, Jonesy boy.

How about this one then :-

Round the rugged mother-in-law,
The ragged Ramage ran.

What next ? What next ? You cry in admiration .

Well I cannot disappoint you, my heart is too soft (it matches my head).

The Leith police is after him,
And it doesn't surpriseth us.

Enuff of this .

Any backstabbing and vicious stories about other base members which are sent in to the editor, will be treated with the contempt they deserve, and printed gleefully.

The Devine School of Ettikwet.

Now see some of yous fellas has been down here a long time, and when yous get back to the U.K. yous'll probably need a little bit of smoothing down around the edges. Not that I think that yous all ignorant bums, but most of yous come pretty close.

When you go to some posh do, like Anny Fanny's birthday party, or the Lord Mayor's banquet or something, yous'll find that there's a lot of high class kife knocking about. You can't just walk up to some tart, slip six inches of mutton dagger into her hand and say, "Drop 'em, Blossom, You're on next", cos if she's a lady, she'll give you one right between the beepers with her handbag.

Not on your life fella', what yous got to use is a bit of finesse. Tone it down a bit, see. Here's an example of a posh society broad being chatted up by an upper class stud.

"Oh Daphne, isn't the garden wonderful in Spring?"

"Yes Rodney, and the Cherry tree is in Blossom again."

"Talking about blossom, Daphne, drop 'em you're on next."

Note the clever way he has engineered the conversation so as to be able to slip in his request subtle like. At a posh do, you can't just act like you would anywhere else, like Wookey Hole, f'rinstance.

Most of you probably think that breeding is something you do in the back seat of a battered old jalopy. Well it isn't see, breeding's what makes the difference between slobs like you, and a gentleman, like me.

Breeding's the thing what stops you from going up to your hostess at a party and saying "Christ I need a piss, where's the bloody shithouse in this joint?"

A well-bred fella would disguise his request by saying something which would ~~DISGUISE~~ not use such unpleasant words. F'rinstance :-

"Excuse me, my dear, I should like to wash my hands, where's the bloody shithouse in this joint?"

Well that's the end of your first lesson, which is free of charge.

Next week's lesson will come a little more expensive.

Winter life at Vostok

The daily routine at Vostok is generally similar to that at American stations. A seven-day week begins at 800am with a hearty breakfast of porridge and cheese. Lunch at 100pm is actually dinner and the largest meal of the day. Soup is always a major course, followed by a staple supply of meat and potatoes or rice. A stewed fruit compote is served throughout the day in preference to melted snow water. Supper at 800pm is substantial. Following supper is a general conversation hour and then the nightly film. Between 11 and 12 pm there is often a broadcast from Radio Moscow especially programmed for the antarctic expedition of the USSR. Occasionally, an individual Soviet station will be featured with special news from home including messages from loved ones. On festive occasions, such as birthdays or state holidays, most of the station personnel dress in suit and tie (and heavy antarctic boots) for a special dinner at 300pm in place of the normal dinner and supper.

The work of the cook at Vostok should not be underestimated, if only for the fact that water boils at 86°C instead of 100°C. Almost all preparations of food at Vostok involve boiling (the use of pressure cookers is not advocated). It takes 5 - 7 hours to cook beef, 3 hours to boil potatoes, and 10 - 14 hours to cook beans and peas. Foods sensitive to boiling point changes, such as tea and coffee, do not retain their normal flavours.

Housekeeping chores

CONT.

Housekeeping chores, shared generally by all, include dish washing and sweeping up after meals. This biweekly assignment is usually followed by a shower and personal laundering. Water is obtained by melting snow blocks, cut and stockpiled during the summer. Once a month the entire station complement forms a human chain to replenish the supply maintained close to the snow melter.

During the winter, the game of dominoes generates a great deal of enthusiasm. Chess billiards, pingpong and table hockey are played also.

Authority at the station is supremely vested in a leader who has absolute control in every situation and who has no other

"One article!" he said, "That's all we've got so far! He said 'One article!'"

unusable looking article. You'd think with all the money we've got in this place we'd be able to do a bit better than that. I'm not saying we could come up to "South Polar Times" standards or even ordinary "The Times" standards and we can at least get by with less printing errors than that. I don't think you're going on in this horrible after all who the hell wants to know what you're doing in this horrible box world anyway - you only read the Mirror for the chance of seeing the odd nipple or small patch of pubes even if they are short black and very curly. I'm sure don't have public hair for you know. Do you think Japanese do sorry that should read Japanese.

As well only for a page to go and I haven't seen what I'm going to write for the rest of it, after all what do you want to read in this broad sheet any way. What are you thinking of it or expecting when you walk into it the door on a Saturday night smelling of Old Spice and clean articles. What do you really think when you light for your copy of apologetic or whatever it is? Do you want stories, love stories, adventure stories, articles about this and that or do you want to read about your selves either in a derogatory (I don't think that's quite right) or an entertaining fashion. How about some educational treatises Paul D. on roofing materials Kevin on food, Ian or Keith on how to boil an egg - only another 1/2 page or so to go. Think I'll start double spacing.

As I can't actually think of anything to mean about it, anyway there seem to be plenty of people who do that here in very adequate without me joining the merry throng. Why do they do it anyway. If you've got a cringe against somebody or against their habits such as picking their toe nails at the supper why not tell him you don't like watching him sitting in the pond bar. Instead of writing stupid things about it in this way thereby embarrassing him in front of all his colleagues. By God it's tough in the Antarctic. In one recent foray into the ice scientific analysts showed the members of the expedition spent 20 minutes lying in minutes sitting and the remaining 3 he probably went for a crap. So what? You say and well you may say so I but at least it fits in another two words lines Merry Christmas.

"The articles!" he said, "That's all we've got so far!" he said, "One miserable fucking article. You'd think with all the ~~winn~~ educated and/or artistic people we've got in this place we'd be able to do a bit better than that. I'm not saying we could come up to "South Polar Times" standards or even ordinary "The Times" standards and we can at least get by with less printing ~~error~~ than the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ but then that's what makes the paper interesting, after all who the hell wants to know what you're going on in this horrible penguin world anyway- you only read the Mirror for the chance of seeing the ~~an~~ odd nipple or small patch of pubes even if they are short black and very curly. Eskimos don't have pubic hair you know. Do you think Japanese do sorry that should read Japanese .

Oh well only $\frac{1}{2}$ of a page to go and I haven't a clue what I'm going to write for the rest of it, after all what do you want to read in this broad sheet anyway. What are you thinking of $\frac{1}{2}$ or expecting when you walk into ~~it~~ the bar on a Saturday night smelling of Old Spice and clean shoddies. What do $\frac{1}{2}$ you really think when you fight for your copy of splough or whatever it is? Do you want stories, love stories? adventure stories? articles about this ~~and that~~ or do you want to read about yourself selves either in a ~~corregatory~~ (I don't think that's spelled right) or an entertaining fashion. How about some educational ~~xxxx~~ treatises Paul E. on roofing materials Kevin on food, Ian or Keith on how to boil an egg- only another $\frac{1}{2}$ page or so to go think I'll start double spacing.

We can't actually think of anything to mean about , anyway there seem to be plenty of people who do that here ~~as~~ very adequately without me joining the merry throng. Why do $\frac{1}{2}$ they do it anyway. If you've got a grudge against somebody or against their habits such as picking their toe nails at the supper why not tell him you don't like watching him ~~shitting~~ in the bondu bar. Instead of writing stupid things about it in this rag thereby embarrassing him in front of all his colleagues. My god its tough in the antarctic. In one recent foray into the ice scientific analysis showed the members of the expedition spent 720 minutes lying, 717 minutes sitting, and the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ he probably went for a crap. "So what?" you say and well you may ~~sode~~ I but at least it fills in another two ~~parid~~ lines Merry Christmas.

EDITOR,
SPLODE,
HALLEY BAY,
18.3.72

DEAR EDITOR,

I FEEL I SHOULD POINT OUT A SLIGHT
INACCURACY I DISCOVERED IN SPLODE OF LAST WEEK
IN THE SLANDEROUS LETTER YOU PUBLISHED BY TOBY
IT STATED THAT THE "AUTHOUR" WAS A LIAR, THIS
IS STRONG LANGUAGE ESPECIALLY SINCE THIS MR
TOBY (NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD BY REQUEST)
OBVIOUSLY DID NOT READ THE ARTICLE HE WAS TALKING
ABOUT VERY CAREFULLY, OR HE WOULD HAVE SEEN HIS
MISTAKE. AT THIS POINT I FEEL A DIRECT QUOTE
OF THE PHARSE IN QUESTION IS CALLED FOR. IF MY
MEMORY SERVES ME CORRECTLY IT WAS

"I DONT KNOW OF ONE (SORRY KNOW OF ONE)
SECOND YEAR WHO ETC"

NOW WHILE I WILL ADMITT THAT IT COULD APPEAR TO
BE SLIGHTLY AMBIGUOUS IF YOU STUDY IT LONG ENOUGH
TOBY I AM SURE YOU WILL SEE THAT "KNOW OF ONE
i.e, MEANING ONE PERSONXE" REFERS TO YOU. THEREFORE
YOUR FOLLOWING COMMENTS WERE TOTALLY UNFAIR.

HOWEVER MR EDITOR I SHALL CONTINUE TO READ
YOUR MAGAZINE, IT IS USUALLY VERY GOOD BUT I WX
WOULD LIKE TO SEE A LITTLE MORE PORN PARTICULARLY
GIRL IN LEATHER BIKINIS ETC..... STILL I APOLOGISE
I WAS GETTING CARRIED AWAY HA HA.

YOUR FRUSTRATEDLY

"AUTHOUR"

(NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD
BY REQUEST)

YOU
THOUGHT I
WAS
SERIOUS
DIDNT
YOU

.
. .
. .
. .

THEY ARE COMING TO

TAKE
ME
AWAY
HA
HA

A SAD POEM.

TWO LITTLE DOGGIES WENT FOR A WALK ONE DAY,
BUT IT WAS WINDY WEATHER.
FOR FEAR THE WIND WOULD BLOW THEM AWAY,
THEY TIED THEIR TAILS TOGETHER.

AWAY AND AWAY LIKE KITES IN THE AIR,
THOSE TWO LITTLE DOGGIES FLEW ABOUT
TILL ONE LITTLE DOGGY GOT BLOWN TO BITS,
AND THE OTHER TURNED INSIDE OUT.

SNOWBRIDGE JUNIOR.

I HAD A DREAM LAST NIGHT THAT I WAS BEING SEDUCED BY
A BIRD FROM WOOKIE HOLE WHO HAD BIG TITS AND KINKY BOOTS
AND USED UNDER ARM DEOUDERANT? WHEN I AWOKE THE ONLY
THING RESEMBLING BIG TITS AND KINKY BOOTS WAS ANDY
PLODDING OVER TO HIS VLUFF HUT.

KINDLY NOTE THAT I AM NOT IN ANY WAY INSINUATING THAT
ANDY IS A BIG TIT, BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT RAISE A TITTER.
(I BET HE DOE'ST USE UNDERARM DEOUDERANT ANYWAY)?

STOP PRESS!!!!!!

CHANGE OF EXPRESSION.

DUE TO THE CHANGE ~~OF~~ MONETRY SYSTEM IN THE YUK. THE
PRACTISE OF USING THE EXPRESSION "UP YOUR FLUE FOR
ONE^{RE} AND TWO" WILL CEASE IMMEDIATLEY, INSTEAD IT WILL
BE ^{RE} PLACED WITH THE EXPRESSION (SPOKEN WITH GUSTO)

"UP YOUR FLUE FOR SIX NEW PENCE"

ANYONE FOUND USING THE NØW OBSOLETE PHRASE WILL BE LIABLE TO
A FINE OF NOT EXSEEDING ALL THEIR NUTTY RATION AND
DONATING IT TO THE CHIPPY DESARSTER FUND. HE'S FINISHED
HIS RATION ALREADY. YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HEY FELLA'S ITS MUCH MORE FUN TYPING IN RED.

DURING A BIG SURGICAL CONGRESS IN LONDON, TWO OF THE SURGEONS WHO WERE ATTENDING MET IN THE BAR OF THEIR HOTEL. THEY GOT CHATTING, AND ONE SAID TO THE OTHER:

"TELL ME, WHAT BRANCH OF SURGERY ARE YOU IN, OLD BOY?"

"EYE SURGERY" HE REPLIED.

"EYE SURGERY" HOW FASCINATING. THAT'S A BRANCH OF THE PROFESSION THAT HAS ALWAYS INTRIGUED ME. I'VE ALWAYS ADMIRER THE DELICACY WITH WHICH WE YOU CHAPS PERFORM THESE INCREDIBLY INTRICATE OPERATIONS. TELL ME, JUST HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO DO SUCH MINUTE MANIPULATIONS?"

"OH, IT'S NOTHING REALLY," SAID THE EYE SURGEON MODESTLY.

"IT'S NOT ALL THAT DIFFICULT. I MEAN, TAKE A CORNEAL GRAFT OPERATION, FOR INSTANCE. YOU JUST CUT A BIT OUT HERE, RAISE A FLAP THERE, PUT A BIT IN HERE, SEW A BIT THERE, AND THERE YOU ARE. BOB'S YOUR UNCLE. BUT TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU SPECIALISE IN?"

"OH, I'M IN SEX-CHANGING SURGERY, MYSELF".

"HOW INTRIGUING! NOWHERE SOMETHING THAT I HAVE ALWAYS WONDERED AT. HOW DO YOU CHAPS MANAGE TO DO THESE OPERATIONS? IT MUST BE TERRIBLY COMPLICATED".

"OH, NO, THERE NOTHING MUCH TO IT REALLY. TAKE AN OPERATION TO CHANGE A MALE INTO A FEMALE, FOR INSTANCE. YOU JUST CUT A BIT OFF HERE, CUT A BIT IN THERE, RAISE A FLAP HERE, SEW A BIT UP THERE, AND THERE YOU ARE.....BOB'S YOUR AUNTIE."