

# PRIVATE EYNORT

'The Loch Boys' Daily'

50p.

10p. 30p.

Price: 5p

Vol 42. No.2.

NEWS: "off, dear."

WEATHER FORECAST:  
"Use your imagination."

STOP PRESS: "That's  
off, too."

### CAMP ADMINISTRATOR'S DIARY

Star date:  
Saturday, 26<sup>th</sup> July - 9.0 o'clock

Awoke. Rang for duty section leader to enquire where my early morning tea could be. He never came. So rose early and went to find him in the margarine. He replied, "The water must have drained in the marsh on the way across." Must remember to cater for one less boy today.

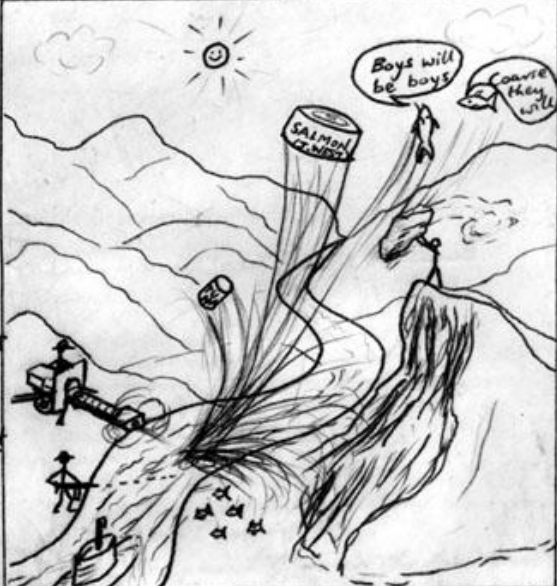
10 o'clock: Began work. Rang Switzerland to see if they would bid higher for 3000 cans of marmalade than Austria would. Finally sold them in part exchange for some more Baked Beans.

12 o'clock: Went out to meet private helicopter. Lunch by Loch Skipport. Canan, smoked salmon and strawberries, 64 Bollinger - very pleasant, but slightly too chilled.

2 o'clock: Back in camp. Found sheep in an odd posture by my tent. Gave it a kick and told it to go away. Didn't budge - must have stunned it.

7.30. Dinner. Had to eat with the lads. Tried to make them understand that there were special rations for me and Alan. They seemed unresponsive - just lay there and didn't say much, all pot-bellied - obviously over-eating, must cut down on their rations.

9.30. Early bed. Mummy says must get at least 2 early nights a week. Disturbing thought in bed: If geography is what geographers do and there is no such thing as a geography, do I really exist? Must ask Mummy about this.



S.H.S. Interpretation of a well-tried technique in the art of coarse fishing proves successful yet again.

### PRIVATE EYNORT FLOP TEN

Hi there, groovers - here it is!  
Your teens teens for the week:

1. Singin' in the rain - Emperor Evison with the Camp Cohorts.
2. Rock around the Loch - The Poole Perverts. (Any good to you? - Ed. Mm. well...)
3. I wanna hold your hand - "The Gay Duo". (Save me for me - Subed.)
4. Tip-toe thro' the Tulips - Pete the Botty-nist (Mum, no Subed) and the Nicotine Addicts (filthy habit - Ed.).
5. Small is Beautiful - Paddy.
6. Hey Jew - Hairy Humph and his Food Distributors.
7. We're off to see the Gizzard - The Merry Medics. (Don't get that me - Subed. Neither do I - Sub-subed.)
8. Roll over Beethoven - The Fishhook Four.
9. We'll meet again - The Proveg Plebs (Don't flatter yourself - Ed. You can talk - Sub-subed.)
10. Brown Sugar - please?

### POET'S CORNER

#### The Trog Song

(Translated from the original Runic)  
by Hose and Vincent van Trog.

1. I am a trog  
And I live in a bog,  
Eating peat all the day.  
I roll my own heather  
And dress up in leather  
Whenever I go out to play.

Chorus: And when I play

I'm gay

Especially in May  
When the bogs are full of trogs.  
And when I say I'm gay  
I really mean 'gay'.  
I'm an easy-going  
cow-pat throwing trog!

2. I am a trog  
Who goes the whole hog  
Leaving troglets in every bay.  
My sporrán is hairy  
And I'm no fairy  
But I do like to dance and play.

Chorus: ..... easy-going  
cow-pat throwing,  
earl-smelling,  
rat-repelling trog!  
(Who lives in a bog,  
I am a trog.)  
Tune: after Beethoven (long after!)

### TROG



CAMP POLITICS

The Scarlet Water Vole writes

Hello,  
Mum, today me and Sand is going to have to wag on dainty little fingers a bit. Y'see, you remember that last time we was telling you how our friendly little holiday was turning into a microscopic version of the oh so oppressive tyranny of pre-rev. Russia. Well sweeter, you see these anything hung on the fact that everyone of the big intel workers kept mum. Only when they got together and were told did they manage to liberate themselves. (Mum, lucky things - Sand.) Well, what we suggest is that you all pull up those little woolly socks of yours and roll up your little woolly sleeves and FIGHT (oh, you are powerful!). We've not done enough to be strong, so we must get clever (Mum, yes - Sand.) We must beat them at their own little game through their baby capitalist press. The pen is mightier than the sword - we must write! Remember we can only stand if we all hold each other up (Mum, speak for yourself - Sand)

Lots of love,  
S.W.V. x Sand  
x x x

WELL CHAPS, THINGS ARE LOOKING WORSE.  
2 SPACES, TOTALING 7 COLUMN INCHES UNFILLED. PLAY THE GAME. LETS HAVE SOME EFFORTS EH?

CEREAL

A FAREWELL TO FEET Pt 2; PATRHEISM.

The story so far:  
read Pt 1, you lazy \*\*\*\*...

Tina off said Biggles, truthfully, 'This is no time for love play'. Gatie sank into the crocodile skin outdoor, tears of disappointment welling in her wide blue eyes.

'When did you put the Black Widow spider venom?' asked Biggles, dreamily picking a syringe out of the unflushed boy and making a mental note to get the mammoth out of the ballroom.

'Bugger the next act he thought.

But as Gatie sat absent-mindedly picking her nose, her mind was still in the room. Suddenly she perceived the room to be filled with full suitcases in a state of ubiquitous disarray.

'So that's your little game', she snapped phisobutally, 'Where are you off to, you bastard?'

'Shut up and turn on the Frank Lung counter-snapped Biggles. "You know I can't tell you. The Revolutionary Revolutionary Socialist Extremists is an underground group and since Red Propaganda Squad we've had to swear to total secrecy.'

'Oh damn PRSE', moaned Gatie, pictorially. 'Get out of their ridiculous posture and turn on the Bloody Iron lung' shouted Biggles deliberately.

She complied imaginatively, but just as Biggles was settling down to enjoy himself unintentionally a burst of machine gunfire was heard at the door.

Don't Miss the next Color stimulating Episode  
lots of love,  
Capt W. E. (June's).

GENERAL ABUSE

The gutter column of the hood Eynort gutter press.

The following are terms of abuse. If anyone calls you by one of these names, you should, therefore, get as if described as - stout, portman, hargrove, cup of tea, or by any of the other common derogatory metaphors.

- 1 Docher
- 2 Tommy Shindurr
- 3 Bellend
- 4 Tonight Rod
- 5 Jissack
- 6 Thitary
- 7 Gibbon-Strangler

(Bit Eynort, don't get me understand eh? (ed) (you that thing - sub ed) (you are, talk, you know, because Tommy Shindurr, look, I'll reveal you're full on and out you Gibbon-Strangler - sub ed) & .....

UNDERGROUND POETRY

from Jacques Cousteau  
SOTIMETT (well ready, he can't count - sub ed)

I'm sure you can imagine  
How easy it could be  
The place was peacefully  
The players he and she  
She whispered 'Will it hurt me?'  
'Of course not', answered he,  
5 'It's a very simple process  
And you can rely on me!  
'Now calm yourself, my dear,  
His face began to grin,  
And open a little wider,  
No pain yet in!  
10 'It's coming now', he murmured  
The game of frightful sport  
'It's over now', he said,  
'Thank God I got it out'  
13 'Now that you have been  
reading  
I destined you will find  
And what you have been  
thinking  
Is just your dirty mind  
lots of love,  
Seaweed!  
Sam  
x x x 00

KEY TO KICK-KITAMES.

1	Bardolph	Graham Smith
2	Two Stroke	Jeremy Juff
3	Windtunnel	Andy Wadsworth
4	Split Pin	Graham Smith
5	Emu (frog)	Richard Owen
6	Trampetto	Clive the Plagiarist boy
7	Mashed Men	Gyles
8	Squire	Alan
9	Dead as haire	Paddy Netherhall Thomson
10	Murph	Murph
11	Mark Davies	Blab.
12	Bewtose	Steve Mackintosh
13	Divorced (like witea 'oir)	Andrew Todd.

REMEMBER  
THE PATH  
COSTS  
FREEDOM.



