

PRIVATE EYNORT

(The Lochboisdaily)

"Consists entirely of synthetic spun yarns, but tastes like a real newspaper."

CAMP ORNITHOLOGISTS SIGHTED MATING URNUS OVER LOCH.

The pound fell dramatically today when it was announced this morning that the petrol to oil ratio of the outboard motor would be 10 to 1, as opposed to the previously predicted figure of 20 to 1. Following the announcement, panic selling caused a sensational

SEX

4 point drop as the pound slumped to reach an all-time low of 450 grams. Shares changed hands (and Humphrey changed shirts) throughout the afternoon, as

DRUGS

a result of falling confidence in the pound and Humphrey. The only unaffected commodity was tobacco, demand for filter-tipped shares remaining high.

BEAUTIFUL...

Our Southall correspondent said that while there was no immediate cause for concern we would all jolly well have to knuckle to it and tighten our lips and to really shiver our upper belts - after all, we were British - Love, Reuter. x x x.

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CAMP ADMINISTRATOR'S COLUMN

POET'S CORNER

An Hebridean Rhapsody
or
Fingal's Shave

by Colonel Anthea 'The Great Tit' Millhouse McNixon

When cares of life get heavy,
And I feel I need a boost,
I like to get away from them,
And come and stay on Uist.

I love to see the bracken,
And heather on the ground,
The singing of the chaffinch seems
To ease my weary mind.

I sit upon the loch-side,
I see the waves so bright,
Trying for my supper
To catch a rainbow trout.²

My little daughter Sarah,²
Thinks it is very nice
To walk across the moorland
And bring for tea a grouse.

And so I try each summer
To go just once or twice
To spend a blissful fortnight
In my little Scottish house.

1. He, of course, fishes in the traditional Sandhurst style with hand-grenades.
2. Who is 3 and likes late Tolstoy and water-skiing. Ambitions: to be a Chartered Accountant. Current Market Value: 4 large marbles or a couple of pink girls.

(Sorry, he forgot. - Ed.)

THIS SPACE IS EMPTY
BECAUSE (IN SPITE OF NOT
HAVING BEEN WARNED) NO-
ONE EXCEPT A FEW WHO
SHALL REMAIN NAMELESS
CONTRIBUTED. Remember -
Apathy casts freedom-Garicha.



CAMP POLITICS

The Secret Narrative's column

Hello Brothers all,

Mum, this week, no and my friend Sandy, is going to my and show you how the social infrastructure of our little cardboard, parallelogram that is pre-revolutionary Russia.

Well, y'see, here, you had your protests and you'd heard (Wacey, I never did, said.) being exploited partly for paid, by your great big wolly bear, Nicky Z. whereas here, in our little microcosm, we've got our own baby Piddanah - small you, sweeties, being exploited by our own little big you Tsavere - you know who.

Well, what we say "I shot cold and got fog then and fight for our lib! Not bit conserved - what it's said was - Remains, were behind you - but of course we couldn't include anything as naughty as that - never did sit's more love classes)

** Es collapsed again, hope much more, said: S.W.V x 200 0/3

PERSONAL COLUMN

Births: none.

Marriages: no real ones (excluding officers)

Deaths: So far one sheep.

E.T.D - well, quite a while ago.

No flowers, trees only (you know a nice little autumn with a rocking of one and)

By request (no, not the sheep, it was dead)

If you have any other deaths, please tell Andrus or Gyles, go on, don't be selfish.

Wanted: 1. Food 2. Seriously - a Medical Correspondent, please.

Love, Sheila X

Abuse: If you have something really abusive which you don't dare to say to someone's face, just write it on the back of a P.C. (anonymously) and send it to Humphrey. Right on

THE CEREAL - (keeps you going all day).

A FAREWELL TO FEET.

Part I - Amputation.

Biggles* missed definitely over the still writhing body of his fallen victim Count Otto von Seebenberg, a weary smile illuminating his well-kempt, much loved square jaw, with his stiff lips up, then, licking the blood off his still seething fingers, and putting it back into his holes, he lit himself another joint.

"Go, Johnny," he muttered at himself, "that was a close one."

Not quite close enough. He'd Biggles would be swayed round to face the unexpected visitor * was his old put-arch-arming yomud 'the measant' shaving.

"Oh, Johnny" whispered Biggles to himself, the smile now absent from his still white features. "How the hell did you get here? You're supposed to be on a camping holiday with Algy in Morocco."

But darling, it was too dull, and you know as well as I do that Algy's as hot as a corkscrew.

Biggles reddened indignantly. Did she know where Mein she said? Algy had promised never to say anything, but well - after a few vodkas, he was mighty, and after all, that had been the unfortunate accident with the messers, and the distinct postmaster, while he had been on a Scout camp.

Does your husband still not respect, Gene? queried Biggles firmly, wiping the jacket of his gold tooth mackerel, to reveal the well known chest method with a road map of Birmingham.

Lady Gertrude advanced a pace towards him, and as he read intently, to draw the curtains, she plunged her rusty pocket knife, between his teeth and his ears, in a most unbecoming line.

[Dismiss the next speechmaking episode]

love from

Capt. W.E. Hunt

x x x

(* + Es collapsed. Subadmit)

STOP, PRESS! (please).


There ARE plenty of baked beans love, Biggles

Medical column, by our Ballet Correspondent.

Hello again. This week it's cloudburst of dysentery, in lay terms an ossification lesion affecting several elements which ossify intravascularly. Tony's knowledge, no member of the Royal Ballet, or even of the more avant garde Ballet Rambert (whose performance of the watercolor suite as macabre looks most surely have silenced all but their most vituperative critics) has ever suffered from this singular disease* which occurs in less than 1 in 100,000 live births, so I can't think why I had to write a bloody article on it when I'm not even being paid - not even the minuscule rates that junior hospital doctors get. There, is that all right?

Lots of love,

Sheila. xx.

* Sided collapsed  back of foot probably

CAMP AGONY COLUMN

Uncle Roderick writes:

Hello campers! Quite a selection this week -

1. Dear U.R.,

My girl friend won't hold my hand any more. Does this mean I've got leprosy?

Worried (4th Tent from left)

Dear Worried,

Well, I think I can reassure you to some extent. Of course, this could be leprosy and I would advise you to go to your doctor if you're in any doubt. But it may just mean that you should change your deodorant or shave your legs, or stop eating protovog, or something like that. U.R.

2. Dear U.R.,

I'm running an expedition on South Vist and we've run out of food. What should I do?

Signed Ana (the little tent just near the latrines)

Dear Ana,

Don't worry. This is a phase we all go through at this awkward age. You'll grow out of it. Love, U.R.