

# PRIVATE EYNORT

OF THE LOCH BOYS DAILY

Vol 42 No 3

## SODOM AND GOMORRATH YOU CAN HAVE ANOTHER ONE.

Life in camp took a dramatic turn today, as leader, Field Marshall Eison Walked Out. At 10.27 Eison, his face near strained and laden with mud cake left unobtrusively followed by a small band of despondent disciples. Within minutes the visage of the previously converted school-boy camp had changed radically. The well-entitled, future broke down as Humph rolled an enormous joint in his trousers, setting the tone for the day. From then on no boy was seen without his trousers on and the atmosphere was filled with smoke. No flies as yet, with up the cry from inside the bridge pole, de Gyles, his face in shreds wearing only a band and a detached smile, his gum boots filled with Heronme (a related food parcel from his mother) made a desperate bid to save his feet sheep's clothing.

## DAHLIA'S

Pupils debated as Steve Pele and Jeremy were seen blotting gently clumping up an inflated plastic replica of Dave Gregory's (goose) lemming. Careening we can fly, we can fly and Clare was seen obviously spaced out and then film over the white of Loch Eynort.

## GRANNY SMITHS

Andrew meanwhile withered unattractably in the seat of the inflatable with a sack of old and Golden Cocks, a truck sack and Alex Bradles. Typical subad/Bitch' subad.

## NASTURTIUS

Our political correspondent (what me? SW-V) (no-sub ad) reported that the members of section six we seen skipping naked through the heather holding Hums and bottles of whiskey and singing - "Send me, Skip the day you love about me" and "Tut and Shuck".

The police are looking for an eight foot tall, bearded octogenarian wearing a goat skinned jacket and dressed as a clown from the worst...



THE 07.30 CRANE FROM LOCH EYNORT.

ALL GOOD THINGS COME TO AN END NO MATTER HOW SMALL

## A REAL CLIVE HANGER

The 730 from Loch Eynort drove into the margins at 731. The hissing steam down with a squeal of brakes and rustling of plastic bags as Clive ground to a halt, flipping down onto the bunch (fully needing fuel to get to Paris, only boys cannot reach). A scream from his whistle ripped through the lock and his ebullient breakfast twenty minutes later the plastic bags rustled into life as he sawed off the thick piece of bread and largest bit of porridge. His face set in a grimace as he flipped into the lunch and more and with his last burst of energy screamed lunch. His shoveling spat (like into his furrow) and black coffee (no sugar, his sour like that!) into his brother "to get to work" asking him to clean out the boys. His reaction was calm calculated and expected as he exclaimed "Balls!" (sorry but that was the term he used) (what ad- away- subad) He then proceeded to explain the irony of a hair-sprung and hairy lamp (as if a man could sit on a hairy lamp) (the point of a hair-sprung and hairy lamp) (to hear a man use such phraseology, what one shudders) (an misadventures in the life of a this awful time was raining and Clive clumped (puff) tumbled a better Graham (shinslap) wondered whether Graham was on the map as he wanted to do something with him. His own faithful and industrious duty section set about a delectable meal consisting of a 50p 2 delectable stew or curry, 50p soup & sloppiness, stew or curry, 50p veg, 50p and plumb with unspiced mustard, mustard and served by a Gore (also named Clive) This was too

(CONT BACK PAGE Col)

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR SEPTEMBER IN EXCRETA



Sir  
We, of the officers corps feel there is much to be desired in the standard of maintenance of this strong hold of the British Empire. We, the bastion of the tradition, arrived here to be met, not by sheep and a guard of honour. No, the pub- Sionger and the local, robe- digger formed our only recep- tion committee. Moreover, furthermore and notwithstanding there was no taste and no get (or food). Just baked beans on toast prepared by the other ranks.

On arrival at the barracks we were to our amazement and disgust not that they liked, but - they, around which to erect (dead) boy - check it down with a bone (I'm sorry but honestly - but) and hebble about; neither were the trenches for the other ranks prepared.

After enduring the humiliation of actually having to erect our own quarters we undertook an inspection of the other ranks. My God Sir! Their living conditions were on a par with our own. The standards of dress and discipline were ABOMINABLE. The other ranks were actually cleaning openly instead of cleaning their muddy uniforms. This sort of slovenly behavior should not be tolerated in a British Regiment.

Sir, I pray thee, how can an officer and a gentleman be expected to uphold the traditions of the Empire without recommitting such an. Camp followers, Tut Gins, sticky boys, Barrack spirits and cigars.

We feel that you, together with Her Majesty will see fit to alter the positionment in which we find ourselves. We remain, Sir, your faithful and obedient servants,  
Gen. S. Macmillan CBE.  
Lieut. Col P. Forster MBE, VD and bar.





CLIVE THURICK  
 much for the rest of the camp  
 (concord made in one day) and  
 they went away with their things  
 wondering and did their thing  
 than while back at the garage  
 the popover-type BSA tankam  
 was prepared to wash up for  
 so it seemed. The shopfully  
 named bike (would you believe  
 it? Yes you would!) rolled up  
 its mudguards, squeezed a  
 solution of 20/1 into the  
 wester and took a spin round  
 the motorbike. When asked why  
 he was not washing up he  
 replied "The engine is not  
 attached to the frame, the  
 pack starts to broken the  
 head, motor does not work."  
 "I'm not enough for anybody  
 you would think, but they  
 were because ten minutes  
 later that great human  
 being was found streaming  
 here and there, screaming  
 smoke out of his nostrils  
 and waving the water with  
 and out of the water, resembling  
 movements strangely resembling  
 those of a crane. Working  
 up was completed with  
 drive the crane - hair-frying  
 type motor cycles, anger and  
 willing help. In fact when  
 asked what he thought of  
 it all he replied "WOOLIE COO"  
 (all in one breath) after  
 which he settled on the  
 bench (his favourite slumping  
 ground) in fits of laughter.  
 "Oh Goody Goody (Gee  
 time, BRRRRRR... I was his  
 next remark when he found  
 that his faithful and  
 diligent daily speed had  
 prepared the evening drink.  
 Apart from the fact that  
 he wanted a black with  
 two lumps (Gent we all,  
 sub sub sub ed) (sorry  
 but if you go away but  
 this is what happens - sub  
 ed) the crane faceted the  
 drink with open and  
 willing arms.  
 "So beware! if you  
 see a gracie funny person  
 walking around with  
 arms moving in definite  
 steps (a rare form of  
 Cerebellar dyskinesia -  
 med coma) smile coming  
 out of his back side and  
 uttering both wrenching  
 squeals, keep out of his  
 way its dangerous!"

These 2 Willing Assistants  
 will aid you in the search for  
 the correct package for you  
 6 Free Snowy Owls given away  
 free with every order of more  
 than £10

CEREAL.  
 A farewell to feet  
 173; 7marvianis.

The story refers: Read 16.112.  
 I'm off! Mind Biggles doubtly,  
 feeling more intensely than for a long time  
 (and since the Rhododendron Unilateral  
 Declaration of Independence) the Bourgeois  
 technician of his life here is mid 20<sup>th</sup> century  
 Carl Court. The name of a wealthy resident  
 his next door neighbour District (the only  
 Bartok, returning from the Saturday after-  
 noon chess game. The end of the party  
 result. If the howl had been a  
 burst of machine gun fire blew open  
 Biggles' door, if they had been it was a  
 head-on collision, and if a door he just  
 killed the hall porter. But this afternoon  
 was different. Even as Biggles returned  
 the fire with his .45 colts. Biggles  
 his mind was no longer on the stereo-  
 phylax and the carb register which  
 usually preoccupied him during his  
 black and white trips. He had to get  
 rid of Gatie. Deftly, almost before  
 she had had time to change into  
 her wet suit, he grasped her round  
 the throat. Delightfully she raised  
 both arms and spat into the Christmas  
 tree, she had played this game  
 before - but no - he did not let go,  
 the next moment he overbalanced  
 her and tipped her into the portable  
 grooming machine making mad  
 She had so ingeniously disguised as  
 a scanning electron microscope.

Pausing only briefly to feed  
 173 lbs of chipolatas to the halloague  
 Monkey (he was trying to starve the  
 Marmoset out), Biggles, thanking  
 the fates that District had had  
 not a brown, ran for the hall porter,  
 and went to the door. He picked  
 up the parachute lying on the mat  
 and began to open it.

B.F.H.G.  
 Don't miss the next Bile curdling  
 installment,  
 Lots of love,  
 Capt. W.E. (June's).



CAMP ADMINISTRATORS  
 PHILOSOPHY COLUMN  
 MUMPH WAITES.

Is it? Or what? Are  
 we really here, or in the bar of  
 Hook Island Hotel? These  
 questions have been haunting  
 me since the beginning of  
 consciousness, I have had  
 enlightenment through the  
 use of hallucinogenics - Ma  
 honora - but yes (N.B. strict  
 of consciousness technique -  
 rather than good and bad - red  
 sed) - Based beans, smoking  
 heather (at this point assuming  
 that his nurse had left him for  
 pissed off - but what, all is not  
 lost indeed) -  
 My nurse returns - yes,  
 Carny, Sator, U.E. (cher-  
 through the work of the  
 men, man has come to know  
 himself more completely - some  
 nurse gone again - must ask  
 Mumphy to find new cook  
 book.  
 (With which profound utterance  
 he left us - but not).

PERSONAL COLUMN  
 Births: As for only quite a bit  
 of immaturity - mainly  
 a reaction to - listed  
 shape this is not what  
 we want at all. We  
 want constructive things  
 born - so far we have  
 even had any projects,  
 you decided to (but don't  
 stray - don't you think  
 that's a bit strong - but  
 - Wellnight 1 x 2 ed)

Marriages: At last, the couple in tent 3, had  
 you to Wile's soup there, that mood was more  
 downy sweet.

Deaths: None so far, none.

ADVERT: Murderball, next Thursday tonight,  
 midnight, all members obliged to produce  
 nominations for captain to tent 3 or 6 (or PE)  
 WANTED: Nurse to wash and feed young  
 children. Apply to nearby tent 3.  
 (Not sure) (What validity of Feb '68)  
 BLACKMAIL (black male)  
 Three PRICE !!!  
 I am a spy and I 6 paces shorted (over red  
 line in a tent under lid of middle tent)

FOOD FORN SHOP  
 - come into tent 4 and browse around  
 All orders in desiccated bread, paper packets  
 containing any of the unshockable, malted, all  
 STOP PRESS  
 Today, Clive put an abrupt stop to all these  
 food numbers, by collecting dirty washing up  
 without being asked, only issuing a gentle  
 jab. However, his latest charge of competing  
 against Daily Oswald is rather painful  
 to the ears.