


HALLEY BAY

SLUSH

1

27 FEB. 1971

WELCOME TO THE FIRST F.I.D.'S YEAR ISSUE OF **SLUSH**. LETS HOPE THAT THIS YEAR IT WILL BE OF AN EVEN 'LOWER' STANDARD OF LIBEL AND WIT THAN PREVIOUS YEARS .

BUT FIRST WE MUST GET OUR PRIORITIES RIGHT

AH , THATS BETTER !

RIGHT, WHY CALL IT **SLUSH** ? GOOD QUESTION - FIVE POLAR MEDAL POINTS.

DID YOU KNOW THAT TODAY IS THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY PRINCESS MARGARET WAS PRESENT AT THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE IN AID OF CINEMA AND TELEVISION BENEVOLANT FUND AT THE ODEAN THEATRE LEICESTER SQUARE.

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE FOR **SLUSH** ?

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE IN **SLUSH** ?

CAN YOU WRITE **SLUSH** ?

DO YOU THINK YOUR WITTY ?

DO YOU THINK YOUR GOOD AT WRITING PROSE ?

ARE YOU GOOD AT SKETCHING ?

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN DRAW CARICATURES ?

DO YOU THINK YOUR GOOD AT DRAWING A CARTOON FEATURE ?

CAN YOU WRITE SERIOUS ARTICLES ?

CAN YOU WRITE FUNNY ARTICLES ?

CAN YOU WRITE **SLUSH** ?

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE PROSE THAT WOULD MAKE FLOWERS GROW OUT OF SHAKESPEARES EARS ?

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN WRITE POEMS ?

DO YOU THINK YOUR GOOD AT MAKING UP LIMERICKS ?

DO YOU THINK YOUR THE RIGHT MAN TO WRITE FOR **SLUSH** AND TURN IT INTO THE BEST MAGAZINE EVER ?

COCKY LITTLE DEVIL ARENT YOU .

THANKS TO ALL WHO HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO THIS FIRST ISSUE . MAY THE BIRD OF PARADISE FLY UP YOUR NOSE AND MAY THE **SLUSH** GET DEEPER AND DEEPER AS THE WEEKS GO BY .

FINALLY DONT FORGET THAT OLD FIDDISH SAYING :-

'HELP DIG THE BOG EVERY DAY
KEEPS THE CONSTIPATION AWAY'

P.S. WHEN I GROW UP I THINK I'LL BE A POSTMAN .

SATURDAY NIGHT IS PARTY NIGHT

today we are celebrating -

THE NEW FIDS

NEWS a pay rise NEWS NE a new magazine E PL the wide screen

the end of the beginning of seal cutting - half out

dress will be formal

SOUTH VIETNAM

SOL 6.30 pm. DRINKS in the lounge bar SOUTH LAOS AND

CAMBODIA. 7.00 pm. DINNER WERE INCURRED BY BOTH SIDES.

NORTHERN IRELAND

cream of mushroom soup

IN NORTHERN IRE corn on the cob with melted butter

MACHINE GUN FIRE, DURING THE CAPITAL BELFAST, FOUR

OTHER POLICEMEN AND NINE WERE INJURED. THERE WERE A

THREE BOMB ATTACKS STATIONS IN THE CITY.

buttered cabbage carrots

LONDON AIRPORT.

Charlotte Russe

ONE TON OF HARI... 750,000, WAS DISCOVERED

AT LONDON'S HEATHROW AIR... INSIDE ONE THOUSAND TIN S.

coffee

PERTAINING TO CONTAIN MEAT TENDERIZER. TWO TZANIANIS ARE HELPING

POLICE WITH THEIR INQUIRIES. the wine will be a 1964 'tinto'

liqueurs

ISRAEL - Toasts: The Queen Mark

The New Fids Hwfa

ISRAEL HAS TENTATIVELY ACCEPTED EGYPT'S 67TH NEW PEACE PROPOSAL

BUT ONLY IN PRINCIPLE. SPOKESMAN FOR ISRAELI GOVERNMENT SAID

Reply Andy

to break in the new screen there will be a showing of that great epic

TALKS... The four horsemen of the apocalype

staring Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin, Lee J Cobb and a cast

of thousands.

+ + +

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS AND MORE FLAMING NEWS

SOUTH VIETNAM

SOUTH VIETNAM REPORTS HAVY FIGHTING IN SOUTH LAOS AND
CAMBODIA. HEAVY CASUALITIES WERE INCURRED BY BOTH SIDES.

NORTHERN IRELAND

IN NORTHERN IRELAND TWO POLICEMEN WERE KILLED BY
MACHINE GUN FIRE, DURING A RIOT IN THE CAPITAL BELFAST. FOUR
OTHER POLICEMEN AND NINE CIVILIANS WERE ALSO INJURED. THERE WERE A
SO THREE BOMB ATTACKS ON VARIOUS POLICE STATIONS IN THE CITY. L

LONDON AIRPORT

ONE TON OF MARIJUANA, VALUED AT £750,000 , WAS DISCOVERED
AT LONDONS HEATHROW AIRPORTWN, INSIDE ONE THOUSAND TIN S
PERTAINING TO CONTAIN MEAT TENDERIZER. TWO TZANIANS ARE HELPING
POLICE WITH THIER INQUIRERS .

@ISRAEL

A-----

ISRAEL HAS TENTIVELY ACCEPTED EGYPT'S 67TH NEW PEACE PROPOSA
BUT ONLY IN PRINCIPAL. SPOKESMAN FOR ISRAELI GOVERNMENT SAI
TO ME YESTERDAY THAT IT WOULD MAKE AN IDEAL BASIS FOR MORE DETAILED
TALKS . GGD

HBNS LTD.,

SPORT SPORT SPORT NOT INCLUDING SEX

=FOOTBALL

RESULTS TO FOLLOW BY FORKED STICK LATER.

LEEDS UNITED NOW HAVE A SEVEN POINT LEAD OVER ASSNIL AT TOP OF
DIVISION ONE .

CRICKET

NEW ZEALAND 65 AND 212 FOR 8

ENGLAND 231 IN FIRST INNINGS.

MATCH IS FIRST IN SERIES OF TEST AGAINST NEW ZEALAND.

NOW MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL - GOLF

JACK NICHOLAS , ON 138 , TWO STROKE LEAD AT HALF WAY
STAGE IN UNITED STATES RYE P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP. TONY JACKLIN
IS SEVERN STROKES BEHIND THE LEADER.

~~XXXXXXXX~~ HERE ENDETH THE NEWS, AMEN.

ADVERT

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ A CHURCH SEVICE WILL BE HELD IN THE MET OFFICE
AT 08.00 AM TOMORROW. THOSE WISHING TO PARTAKE IN COMMUNION
ARE ADVISED TO BRING THEIR OWN BOOZE AND BUTTIES.

~~XXX~~ IN FUTURE THIS SPACE WILL ALWAYS BE RESERVED FOR ADVERTS
ANYONE WISHING TO PLACE AN AD IN PAPER PLEASE COTACT EDITOR.

SLISLISLISLISLI

GET YOUR PRIORITIES RIGHT - Quotee by Mack

There's no shortage of H₂O in the Antarctic, but water's a bit scarcer. There's no point in washing; wait until it rubs off on your clothes and fling them in the machine or dustbin on your gash day.

What does "Jan" mean to you? The month for relief perhaps, or...
you'll find out soon enough.

Who made that parabolic curve at the bottom of the genny-shed door? - brilliant.

WANTED.

One Base Bat Man. Suicidal tendencies useful.
Cloak will be provided for suitable candidate.

A REMINDER

To the person with one of the most expensive watches,
Breakfast starts at ~~xxx~~ 0800 hrs local time

ADVANCE NOTICE

The B.L. will be giving a public defaeciating ceremony
for the official opening of the new bog-hole as soon
as it's ready.

TA TA for now

The radio shack's run by Rick,
And a man by the name of John Flick;
Working to skeds,
When they're not in their beds,
And at typing that 'printer, they're quick.

Mike Taylor's the base electrician.
(Take note: he's no ordinary technician.)
Mending the fuses
Is one of his ruses,
Performed like a skilful magician.

Paul B. is the resident chippie
A bit of a raver and hippy.
He's stopping thaxxkaxx the base
Being squashed out of place,
And I think he had better look zippy.

HALLEY BAY HALLELUJAH

And Andy (the old) is the Pluffman.
To do, I've got the material for this
The old survey room
Has now started to bloom
With all sorts of electronic stuff, man.

Bruce is our deisel mechanic.
His gennies are megalomaniac,
Churning out lots th radar but radar?
Of volts, amps and watts.
If one stops, there's two more, so don't panic.
He's really hot stuff at his trade (ah!).

Now Hwfa, Tony, Gordon, and Ron
Meteorologists are - everyone.
They send up balloons,
Tied to sondes which play tunes
(When they manage to fasten the string on).
He's got small cassettes to put datas on.

The beastie of Trev and John Necker,
She works (just about) so don't knock her.
Ionosphere sounding talents.
Is given a pounding
In each quarter hour of the clocker.
But he's still a fine BL on balance.

Ian and Keith cook the food here,
And in my opinion it's good here.
'Skrajj's what we call it;
The name, you recall, it
Is Swedish for steak kidney pud here.

The doggy man Muff's not a scruff,
But he's tough, 'cos he's done quite enough
Of cutting up seals
To make doggy meals.
He's a diamond - perhaps somewhat rough.

Brian and Norman and Paul,
They are geophysicists all.
La Cour magnetometers
And spectrophotometers -
Such gadgets they keep on the ball.

Toby and Steve in the garage
Run various species of carriage.
Looking after the tractors
Is one of the factors
That makes their work hard to disparage.

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And a man by the name of John Flick;
Working to skeds,
When they're not in their beds,
And at typing that 'printer, they're quick.

Mike Taylor's the base electrician.
(Take note: he's no ordinary technician.)
Mending the fuses
Is one of his ruses,
Performed like a skilful magician.

Paul B. is the resident chippie
A bit of a raver and hippy.
He's stopping ~~thaxpaxx~~ the base
Being squashed out of place,
And I think he had better look nippy.

And Andy (that's me) I'm the Vluffman.
To do, I've got more than enough, man.
The old survey room
Has now started to bloom
With all sorts of electronic stuff, man.
magazines.

Jay is in charge of the radar.
Oh, what rhymes with radar but radar?
He'll track a balloon,
But it gets lost quite soon.
No, he's really hot stuff at his trade (ah!).

Our medical man is Bob Paterson,
Researching 'fast cycles' he natters on.
He's making us keep
Little charts of our sleep
And he's got small cassettes to put datas on.

Strange that the garage have swiped all the new scalectric cars.
Our noble base leader, Mark Vallance,
A man of incredible talents.
He calls 'Rise and shine' as the garage doors.
At a quarter to nine,
But he's still a fine BL on balance.

On a Bunk-room survey @ 9.30 am. this morning we found:

- Mike in bed with a cup of tea.
- Jean-Flick hiding 4 cups.
- Only 2 in Chippy's room (he was asked to remove 5 two days ago so he's stock-piling again.)
- A complete armoury in Iain's room. (Is he safe?)
- But the scope of the day went to... Heeef. He only displayed 2 cups (still $\frac{1}{2}$ full) by his bunk with 2 glasses and a dirty tankard. But hidden lurking were no less than ...11 cups in a pile two high - there may be more.

If you see a Beasty man before Smoko, it's a afflictment of the imagination.

Wascokism - reading mags on the plastic seat.

Poor WOOF; he's treated more like a tumble drier these days

Someone tell Ron "this isn't Brighton beach". Ballons here are meant to rise into the upper atmosphere, not lead round the parish on a piece of string.

Sparks - all they can raise is a QSA 1

Only 335 days to Relief. Yippeeeeeee

Judy walked slowly down the stairs to her front door.

The crash of the milkman dropping a half empty crate at the bottom of the steps made her wince.

"Shit," she thought in a way she would never say out loud. "Next time I go out with Mike I'll stick to lemonade."

Her head made complaining sensations and the usual rushed breakfast left her mouth sawdust dry. Still, getting washed, dressed and having breakfast, all in twenty minutes, was not bad even by her standards.

Why couldn't somebody invent an instant pre-packed breakfast? Toast marmalade and half a cup of too-warm tea just did not do. She always ended up throwing half the tea away because there was not enough time to.....

Her train of thought was interrupted by Mrs Morris next door.

"Morning, love. Nice morning again."

"Yes," Trudy replied, wishing her in hell. "Very nice."

She managed even less conviction than usual.

The sun glancing off the tarmac made her squint, as she glanced across the road to see who she was queuing behind at the stop this morning.

The usual nondescript crowd. She took her place, seventh in line, and added another brick to the wall off urban drabness. Her mind started to wander.

Suddenly, with a squeal of brakes, a car skidded to a halt beside her. "Get in," shouted the tall good looking driver, and before she knew where she was, she was beside him.

"Hi," she said easily. He smiled grimly. "Operation Z?"

"Yes."

She nodded, half expecting the reply.

"You have the weapons?"

He nodded, keeping his eyes on the road. "We may need to use them."

She smiled calmly.

They drove in silence for several minutes, he pushing the car as fast as it would go, and she sitting alert at his side.

Were here, he said suddenly.

He had swung into a cul-de-sac and he pulled quietly to a halt behind a green sports car.

Opening the glove compartment he drew out a small pistol and threw it to her, taking a sub-machine gun himself.

She took the gun easily and dropped it into her coat pocket.

"Follow me," he said "and keep your eyes open. They may be in there."

She followed him to the door in a crouching run.

He rang. No answer.

He rang again. No answer.

He rang again. No answer.

He rang again. No answer.

He rang again. No answer.

He rang again. No answer.

"I'll take upstairs, you look around down here," he said, as he started up the stairs.

She looked around. A living room, kitchen, dining room.

Typical

Empty.

She turned around as he entered the living room, still cradling the gun.

To his enquiring gaze she shook her head.

"We missed them. Must have got wind of us."

He walked towards her, throwing the gun on the couch.

"You get more beautiful," he said huskily.

The scent of his aftershave flowed over her and through her.

He took her in his arms.

"Say that again," she whispered, deep in her throat.

His hand went to the zip of her dress.

The bus pulled up, late as usual.

Fred. J. Shakepep

To be continued.

POEMS.

There was an old Fid of the Bondoo,
Who said;"There's nowt radio 'l do,
When with me own dogs "
I can sniff out them obs.
That funny old man of the Bondoo.

An Emperor penguin, wise bird was he, tosses?
Said:"What's that there thing ~~away~~ away out
"It's the R.R.S.Bransfield",all did they say
Going backwards towards old Halley Bay".
"Foolish queer people!"old penguin grinned.
"Don't the gits know it's half falling in?"
"No not just yet",came the awesome reply.
"But with good luck soonx will they fry
Up bacon and eggs and make the place hot
So the snow will all melt until they have got
A massive great flood up in their loft,
Which will fill up the bog right to the top!*

BIANNUALS' LAMENT.

OR

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE
FIRE.

Look what we've got ,
Another mad Doc.
Last year t'was Drac,
This it's a Quack
Who's playing with kipp
And all sorts of ~~*****~~!

MUFF.

I know two things about old Muff
And one of them is bad enough.

Fred. J. Shakespra

TO MR AND MRS JONES 66 SANDY LANE WALLASEY CHESHIRE.

CK 100 WORDS

DEAR MUM AND DAD ,

JUST A SHORT NEWS LETTER THIS WEEK. WITH ALL THESE NEW ~~KKEX~~
~~FACES~~ FACES ON BASE I WAS SO IMPRESSED THAT I FELT I HAD TO WRITE SOMETHING.
IT REALLY GRIEVES ME THAT I DONT HAVE THE SPACE TO WRITE ABOUT ALL MY NEW FRIENDS
HERE AT HALLEY BAY, MIND YOU I PROBABLY WOULDN'T ~~SEE~~ HAVE THE TIME NOW THAT RON
AND GORDON ARE HELPING IN THE MET OFFICE.

HOWEVER I WAS SO THRILLED WITH THE NICE RADIO OPERATOR : RICKY, THAT
I FELT I HAD TO TELL YOU ABOUT HIM. TO BEGIN WITH HE JUST HAPPENED TO MENTION TO
ME THAT HE IS A SUPER SKIER , AN EXPERT IN FACT. MIND YOU HE IS SO MODEST ABOUT
IT THAT HE HASNT TOLD ANYBODY ELSE YET. APPARENTLY HE IS SO GOOD AT LANGLAUF SKIING
THAT HE BEAT AN OLYMPIC SKIER ON ONE OCCASION. THAT WAS WHEN HE WAS SKIING FOR THE
DIVISION OR SOMETHING ^N LIKE THAT IN THE ARMY (RICKY IS A KERNEL HE SAID) OH, IF I COULD
_k
ONLY QUOTE HIM, BUT AS I SAID HE IS SO MODEST.

I ASKED HIM ABOUT 'APRES - SKI' BUT ALL HE DID WAS TO LOOK AT ME WITH
THAT KNOWING LOOK WHICH ENDEARES HIM TO ALL OF US . ANYWAY WE ARE SO LUCKY TO HAVE
HIM ON BASE THIS YEAR ESPECIALLY AS HE HAS OFFERED TO HELP US WITH OUR TECHNIQUE.

WELL THAT'S ALL FOR THIS WEEK. I MUST END NOW AS RICKY HAS PROMISED TO
LET ME POLISH HIS GREENLANDERS IF I HURRY UP.

LOVE

XXXXXXXXXX



NUMBER 1 IN ENGLAND THIS WEEK

MY SWEET LOVE

GEORGE HARRISON

BBC TIP FOR THE TOP

BABY JANE

MUNGO JERRY

(fantastic group all right all right)

Santa Claus comes home from a hard days (nights) work and finds he's only got one match left . He's got a candle , a paraffin heater , and a stove which he wants to light . Which should he light first ??

(think about it)