

BRITISH ANTARCTIC SURVEY

NEWSLETTER No. 60

MARCH 1972

ADELAIDE ISLAND

Weather: Warm conditions, often with overcast skies and precipitation falling as rain. There were 48.6 hours of sunshine.

Mean Temperature -1.4°C .

The month started with the last call of the JOHN BISCOE when we said goodbye to Ron Smith, Bob Cook and Dave Williams on their way to the UK. Steve Vallance, our doctor, arrived from Stonington where he has been helping in the seal hunt. Aircraft finally arrived back from Fossil Bluff on the 4th after the engine change, bringing in Ron James the builder who has spent the last three months at Spartan Cwm. BRANSFIELD also arrived the same day, so life was quite hectic, what with off-loading, loading and a visit to base by H.E. the Governor and his wife, Bill Sloman, Paul Whiteman, and Doctors Adie and Piggott and outgoing Fids rushing round for last minute goodies-boxes. Things finally quietened down the following day when the BRANSFIELD sailed, taking out our guests and Charles Swithinbank, Mike Walford, Paul Burton, Dick Scoffom and Arri Apps all for the UK; we would not be surprised to see a few old faces back here again next year! I nearly forgot to mention the arrival here of Mex Merson from South Georgia, also Jim Whitworth who will be wintering at Fossil Bluff.

Last call to the Bluff was made on the 8th when Jim went in and Roger Wilkins returned to Adelaide. From then on we had the air Fids preparing for the long trip north back to Canada. Dave Brown's birthday was well and truly celebrated on the 9th; he did tell us how old he was but I've conveniently forgotten. Mike became an early riser to listen-in for weather forecasts between here and Punta Arenas, but it was not until the 20th that the weather cleared up enough for them to go, and towards the end of the morning we said farewell to Dave Rowley, Bert Conchie, Dave Brown and Rob Campbell-Lent; we all here wish them a safe trip north. Weather permitting they should arrive in Toronto about the 29th. Mike now has a chance to relax for a bit until the aircraft arrive here again in December.

Colin has readily taken over looking after the dogs, and between his daily trips to see them we managed to celebrate his birthday on the 18th with an excellent spread being provided as usual by Allan, and a T.V. personalities night, cast as follows:- Colin - go-go girl (complete with earring), Harry - Nauseous (Up Pompeii), Steve - Jimmy Saville, Roger - Ivanhoe, Ron - Batman, Mike - Man With No Name, Mex - Arab newsreader, and Allan - Galloping Gourmet and television salesman.

Steve has completed his first experiment with our blood which proved very successful, and he is now looking forward to every six weeks when our blood again goes into the test-tube. Ron has been very busy working outside on the buildings while Mex is working in the garage making up new tracks for the Foxtrac tractor.

Colin and Allan had a day out, giving the dogs a much awaited run, but conditions proved to be very soft and slushy, and they seemed loth to go past the airstrip (the dogs that is), and returning to base in the early afternoon. We are all very fit here and settling down to our respective jobs, plus the usual base "gash" jobs which have to be done, and looking forward to (for some of us) our first winter in the rugged south.

Best wishes to you all at home from Adelaide.

Written by Harry Lines

ARGENTINE ISLANDS

Weather: Generally cloudy conditions with precipitation on most days; gale force winds and fog towards the end of the month. There were 26.8 hours of sunshine.

Mean Temperature -1.4°C .

Today's tale opens on 25th February, a beautiful sunny day. Tony H. was imitating his Irish relations by mixing cement; he used the cement to good purpose by building a patio at the front door, and later he laid a lawn on it. The lawn consists of about four blades of grass found growing round the base. It is a pity he will not be here next year when they need cutting.

Meanwhile, Dave O. and Ron were building a path to the coal shed, and Rasputin (Tony K.), with wet assistance from Keith, Bob and Buttercup, was frimbling. That is, moving all the rubbish that accumulates at the high water mark into deep water. This is done with a drag on a long piece of rope pulled from some offshore rocks. Stu was improving the appearance of the "Genny" shed by painting the windows orange, and Bob, that night, tried to improve his own appearance by pouring a gallon of white paint over himself.

The following evening the BRANSFIELD arrived. Everyone, except Dave O., who was on night met. observations, went onboard to watch a film show. Next morning the Governor, Mrs. Lewis and a party of HQ reps visited the base. During the afternoon Neil, the Johns G. and Z., Ron and Dave C. transferred to the ship. They were back that night, accompanied by almost the entire ship's complement, including the Governor, for a party on base. The BRANSFIELD sailed off into the muck at 11.00 the following day leaving behind Pete F. and, fresh from the sub-tropical delights of South Georgia, Mac our new cook.

The rest of February passed quickly and quietly with everyone catching up on their work and sleep. It was even rumoured that Buttercup stopped talking between 04.00 and 04.45 on the 29th but we who know him well knew this to be untrue.

The BISCOE paid its last visit of the season at the beginning of March. The ex-base members who had transferred from the BRANSFIELD while on their sight-seeing tour in Marguerite Bay paid a return visit. They left just before lunch time much wetter than they had arrived. Just retribution for turning our water supply yellow. Rob was so overcome by emotion at seeing them go that he went for a swim. It must have been cold because he kept his clothes on.

The following day dawned bright and crisp, with a fresh coat of snow over most of the ground. Skis were brought out and new bindings fitted. So much interest was aroused that Kenny, Mac, Rasputin and Tony H. re-erected the ski hut at the top of the hill. It had been lying on its back since the ice it was sitting on melted out about two months ago.

On 6th March the BRANSFIELD stopped on its way north to collect Tony H., Pete K. and our last outgoing mail. Dave B. started to remove Pete's skua trap the very next day. He got it partly into the sea but gave up when he discovered his Wellingtons would not keep his knees dry.

With more snow falling almost every night that week, some people spent their time wisely by skiing, and others less wisely by working. Bob and Stu did most of the skiing, joined occasionally by Buttercup or Dave O. Pete B., Rob and Pete F. were the most notable workers. Dave and Buttercup did quite a lot of canoeing, usually accompanied by Kenny or Keith in a motor boat. On Saturday we could suddenly see much more of Pete B. because he had a much needed haircut. It is a pity that his bald patch now looks worse.

This month has seen what we hope will be the last flurry of outside painting this year. Kenny and Dave B. were busy painting window frames as quickly as Rasputin replaced the old ones. Rasputin did some painting as well but finished looking as if he had been using his beard as a paint brush. Dave O. and Stu were at this time recovering the ski hut. Some said (untruthfully) that this was only to escape the window painting.

On 15th March Mac had his finest hour. He started by launching a radio sonde into the sea while assisting the met. men with their morning flight, and continued by setting fire to some cooking fat in the oven. The remainder of the week passed quietly, being noticeable mainly for the strong warm north wind which blew most of the time. It blew so strongly that on Friday night it moved one of the boats from the slipway and extinguished the hydrogen generator. Everyone went out to feel the full force of the wind except Rob and Dave B. who have seen it all before, and Pete F. who was continuing his marathon on the radar. He eventually finished on Saturday night.

On the 20th the aircraft flew north, much to Bob's relief. He had had to get up at the ungodly hour of 08.00 for eight days to pass weather information to Adelaide while they were waiting for suitable flying conditions. During this period his opinion of aircraft, aircrew and aviation in general dropped by large daily steps. We were pleased to hear on the 22nd that Keith had got his equipment working and was just waiting for clear night skies so that he could test it. On the 23rd we had our coldest day so far this year, but even so those rugged men Rob, Bob, Pete B. and Buttercup went out boating.

We hope that you are all in good health and enjoying life as much as we are.

Written by Stuart Urquhart

FOSSIL BLUFF

With the Twin-Otter successfully air tested, both aeroplanes flew from the Bluff on the 4th taking Dave Rowley, Dave Brown, Bert Conchie and Rob Campbell-Lent back to civilisation at Adelaide. Ian also left to join Andy in the Cwm, and allowed Ron James to return to Adders, so from seven the base complement was reduced to two and a dog, Rasmus still enjoying his holiday. The final visit of the Otter came four days later bringing a whole load of goodies fresh meat, slide projectors, two new Skidoo engines and Jim Whitworth. Roger Wilkins, who by this time had become an almost permanent resident, left us to go to his real home at Adelaide.

Jim with a seemingly never-ending supply of full goodies boxes, spent his few days at the Bluff recreating his world around himself, whilst Martin looked on, at times bewildered. The next two weeks saw Jim and Martin attempting to instil order into the vehicle spares, and putting new life into one of the Skidoos in the form of a new engine. Meanwhile in Spartan Cwm, the newly arrived resident was attempting to make the place super tidy. However, this meant that Andy couldn't find anything so the enthusiasm soon stopped. Expecting a new Skidoo engine with the last flight, they were surprised when only a loaf of bread arrived. Ian was quickly driven to Origami.

Life continued at Fossil Bluff and various outposts until the 19th when the Spartan Cwm personnel decided to return to the parent base. After a rugged journey, in a Nansen sledge towed by a M skeg, they arrived late afternoon, just in time for the party. Preparation for autumn travel filled the rest of the month. The major task was the design and construction of a radio echo sledge, whilst on one of the fine days Ian, Andy and Martin journeyed to the top of Pyramid, leaving Jim and Rasmus each doing their own thing at base. But any thoughts of early travel were lost in the evil weather which seemed to characterise March at the Bluff. Snow seemed to fall most of the time, not the usual fine snow, but the wet, large-flaked variety.

That and temperatures up to $+4^{\circ}\text{C}$. made the place quite tropical. It seems to be cooling off again now though.

A happy Easter to all our readers - see you again next month.

Written by Martin Pearson

SIGNY ISLAND

Weather: Mainly overcast, wet and warm conditions, with precipitation on 16 days, often falling as rain. There were 22.8 hours of sunshine.

Mean Temperature 0.8°C .

Yup it's greetings from sunny Signy once more, bringing you news of the rugged white south. The JOHN BISCOE arrived early in the month on her last visit of the summer, bringing with her much sought after mail and not so popular cargo - many cries of "Ow me back". After the unloading the base was treated to two film shows on board, after which the BISCOE departed these shores for the last time this season, taking with her Ian R. and Albert, both U.K. bound.

Base has been the scene of frenzied activity, many Fids to be seen toiling over typewriters producing their reports. The clacking of typewriters has filled the air interspersed with the occasional muffled curses - typewriters don't spell as they used to. Despite all the hustle and bustle, Dick managed to find time to organise an expedition to the wind-scoop on Coronation Island to botanise with Tim. Also along for the trip went Rick, Paul B. and Dave T. on their return there were tales of huge crevasses and forging a way through the pack.

Our resident bird man, Jan, has also been active this month. With his band of trusty ringers Jay, Mike and Dave T., he managed to ring 700 giant petrels which, as their name suggests, is no mean feat. Pete T. and Bill have been off on their hols at last. They returned from a weekend at Foca with their tales of The Great White South captured on miles of cine and still film.

This month as witnessed three 'comings of age', those whose birthdays were celebrated in true tradition being Brian, Clive and Dave T. For Clive's birthday Mike and Paul S. decided to have a splash of creative cooking. Aided and abetted by the gash-hand of the day, Terry, not only a superb meal was produced but also an alcoholic cake in the shape of the base hut, accurate to the subsidence at one end. The meal was served by the dynamic trio resplendent in Union Jacks and ski hats.

Kris and Rick have spent an energetic time scouring the island looking for stakes of all things, and then photographing them for mapping. During their travels they

were the first inhabitants of the new Cumming Motel. They reported it not too draughty. With the recent and imminent departures the last of the base jobs have been allocated, Don taking over as Doc, eager for customers to practice on. Paul B. is now to be seen every day cultivating in the greenhouse.

With the recent abundance of fresh elephant seal meat on base, Clive has produced seal meals in about every possible form (we're looking for new recipes, any offers?). The results have been very appetizing and a welcome break from tinned meat. This month also saw half the base participating in a sport peculiar to these parts known as ice floe hopping: Mike, Paul B., Brian and Tim getting wet in a big way. The others, despite the efforts of Dave W. and Paul S., got at least slightly wet. The whole scene was gripped by Jerry equipped with a very necessary underwater camera.

The Signy survey trio (Pete J., Paul B. and Ian C.) have once more been doing their own thing with a theodolite, creating yet another map of their favourite moss banks. There is no truth in the rumour that they are doing a third year at Stonington! The last of this year's departing Fids, Jerry, Mac and Dick have been burning the midnight oil in the chippy shop packing all manner of things. Folks meeting them at Southampton are advised to bring a three ton lorry. In readiness for the winter, John has been making extensive modifications to the Hyde-Clarke weigh-a-seal apparatus. All overwintering Fids now eagerly await the formation of the sea ice, when once more Signy will be in the grip of winter - it's hell in the Antarctic.

Written (on back of a cigarette packet) by Ian Collinge

SOUTH GEORGIA

Weather: Conditions generally warm, dry and sunny, but wet and windy during the last week. There were 132.7 hours of sunshine, but the shadow of Mt. Duse has begun to interrupt the recorder.

Mean Temperature +5.1°C.

March has been a month of sudden weather changes, from calm days to howling gales and from hot sunny days to sub-zero temperatures, the minimum being -30°C. One activity which involved nearly all base members was a mock accident designed to test our knowledge following talks on first aid by Dave, and mountain rescue by Jo. Both were highly informative and we felt that we had learnt a great deal until the rescue came, and then various deficiencies were realised. The mock accident was created by Fanny lying at the bottom of a dam wall about two miles away feigning a broken leg, while Jerry rushed to Shackleton House to raise the alarm and direct the rescue. An Oscar to Jerry for acting his part, but the fact that it wasn't the real thing became all too obvious when Al was seen peering round a door post, and later Ricky round a tussock hump both with cameras at the ready to photograph Fids in action!

A first aid party of Andy C., Keith, Mervyn and myself, set off in the rubber boat with Brian G. as boatman, while the stretcher party of Brian C., Ian, Garrey, Dick W., Tony and Jim Jam, went in KUMBAYA and the rowing boat. On arrival at the beach below the dam hut the most astonishing sight was to see Brian C. rushing up the hill with the complete stretcher on his back. He now holds the record for covering the distance from King Edward Point Jetty to the dam hut in the shortest time, which only the week before Garrey had so proudly claimed in six minutes and three seconds and he didn't even carry a rucksack!

Nevertheless Fanny was duly strapped to the stretcher, while Ricky and Jo looked on taking notes, and carried down to the boats with a bit less haste. He arrived at the surgery where Dave, who had been kept informed of patient's symptoms by a walkie-talkie - not too much the worse for his ordeal. The following verbal debriefing gave rise to many useful points.

Later a building party comprising Al, Fanny, Dick W., Terry and Brian C. went to the Barff Peninsula to erect and fit out a hut for the future geologists and botanists to live in while working over there. They were kept company by stampeding reindeer, and shoemakers. The camping was organised by Terry, and "Smoko" goodies by John K. The party were taken to the Barff in LILLE KARL and KUMBAYA, with Ricky, John B., Mervyn, John K., Tony, Garrey, Ian and Bob, who intended to have a reindeer hunt, but conditions did not permit and they had a fairly rough trip back to base after a strong wind got up. Ian and John B. proved their worth as helmsmen.

During the early part of the month the Hamberg Glacier seemed to have more than its usual share of visits, in fact Jo, Terry, Andrew J. and myself went there three weekends running, with Andy C. and Jerry on one occasion and Dave, Geoff and Andy C. again on another. Yes, believe it or not, Geoff has at last been out of sight of base and all the way to the Hamberg Glacier, even if it was in a boat. Other walks have included another attempt to reach the Geikie Glacier, this time by Bob, Ian and Dick W. who rose at 5.00 am in order to make the most of the day. They were stopped by the same difficulty as the last party encountered, namely the sea.

The Flying Doctor Service has taken on two new approaches. One is Dave on water skis (what better way of reaching a drowning person?) and the second is Dave on a motorbike, but I think since his first few attempts the motorbike has needed more surgery than all the base members.

The BISCOE arrived from Stanley on the 16th bringing large quantities of mail which was much appreciated. She left later in the afternoon with Garrey, Andy C. and Brian G. to carry out a trawling programme along the east coast. The BISCOE left us several films while she travelled, so the projector was working overtime to get through them all before she took them away. Needless to say breakdowns occurred on nearly every reel, but with the vigilance of Dick R. and Jerry, and the aid of a rubber band and some Canada balsam, we managed to get through almost one a

night. This meant that there was much frenzied letter writing on nights without films. In on the BISCOE were Phil and Eric from Bjornstadt Bay having completed their geology programme. They are now bathing in the luxuries of Shackleton House (washing and all that).

The meal of the month was one that won't be forgotten for a long time. It was a fresh salad made by Roger and Mervyn from the produce of Dick and Jerry's greenhouses. There were such delicacies as lettuce, mustard and cress, onions (Ugh! - sorry Jerry) and carrots.

Up the glacier, Ian, Bob and Andrew J. now have the luxury of electric lights, the power derived from a wind generator which has fairly whizzed round recently. There are reports of Bob doing splendid "gash" duties on Thursday evenings when a special supper is enjoyed. They come down for the Saturday night do on base as well, so they've nothing to complain of.

Abdul has spent the last two weeks wiring the new wet lab, with Mervyn as electrician's mate during his week off cook duty. The chicks are thriving under Abdul's watchful eye but further efforts to hatch eggs in the incubator have so far failed. Dennis, Dave and Terry have been helping Jo paint from time to time. There are just a few window frames of Shackleton House left now before Jo finishes this mammoth task. Jim Jam, John K., Keith and Roger B. have also been brandishing paint brushes. Roger painted the oil tank and the genny shed door during his week off duty, while Jim Jam, John K. and Keith have been painting the endless line of their huts, including the met. office, with help from John B. on that part of the roof that covers the radio shack. Mervyn spent all his spare time during his recent week on cook duty preparing a highly decorative cake in the shape of the BISCOE, ready for a party to be given for her when she finally leaves for the UK.

It is very difficult to give news of Bob, Mike and Pete on Bird Island except to say that they are continuing their work on seals and albatrosses, which has probably been said in as many words in the last few newsletters. However, they are all well and working hard. They had an unusual visitor recently in the form of a Magellan penguin which they have been feeding on salmon and sardines.

Towards the end of the month the BISCOE returned with Garrey, Andy C., and Brian G., all full of stories about crabs and killer whales. The crabs, which were not generally thought to exist in these waters, were there for us to see, but we will have to wait for photographs to be developed before we can see "killer whales surrounding the BISCOE".

A big surprise on base was to learn that Al, who was to have been our wintering Base Commander, is to return to the UK to help organise the Halley Bay re-building project, and Jerry has been given the post of Base Commander. We will be sorry not to have Al wintering with us, but congratulations to Jerry on being landed with a difficult task. Roger C. and Tony were deposited

on the Barff when the building party were collected, to spend their remaining few weeks geologising in comparative comfort using the new hut (mini-shack) as base.

That seems to leave only three base members unmentioned. The first, Dad, is rarely seen outside the genny shed except for meals and a quick one in the bar, but a rumour has reached me that he went to Grytviken one weekend. Secondly, Graham claims to have done nothing but work in the Botany Department ever since he arrived on base. However, he is frequently seen playing Dominoes in the evening. Lastly, one base member who is rarely mentioned is Bunny, our husky. Apart from taking a dislike to a few people recently, he is quite happy, especially when there's some fresh snow (and food) around.

This month's newsletter was written by Fergy.

STONINGTON

With the sailing of the BRANSFIELD from Stonington on 3rd March, we saw the last of the ships for another year. On board were this season's Arrowsmith party, who were dropped off on the Jones Ice Shelf later the same day. Of the Arrowsmith party's first month in the field Malcolm McArthur writes:

"After a final ridiculous rush on base to meet the BRANSFIELD'S deadline we were landed on the Arrowsmith Peninsula. Once ashore much time was needed for consolidation. Bad weather proved to be a problem. We had only three travelling days in the first 16, and so new drivers, Neil McNaughton of the Admirals, John Hudson (Rock) of the Players and Graham Wright of the Komats, didn't get much practice. In the following eight days of fairer weather we set about the task of transferring our depot to the work area on the west side of the Peninsula. Thor, of the Players, died on the Heim Glacier after a few days illness. Brother to Odin, he was one of a pair of strong dogs and a sad loss to Rock Hudson's team.

Of the other dogs, the new pups have been staggering along on shaky legs and wondering, like the new drivers, if it's always like this. Elephantine Spartan is pregnant again, the outcome of an illicit love affair on base during relief. However the father, Kim, having been just five months old at the time, is still blithely unaware of his misdemeanour. At the time of writing Rocky Wyeth is chaperoning a heated Ada night and day.

Now, after a poor start, the two geology units, Sledge Echo with Miles and Rock Hudson, Sledge Tango with Rocky Wyeth and Graham Wright, plus Sledge Bravo, the geophysics unit with Malcolm and Neil, are ready to commence work."

On the 17th, and after two weeks of preparation, the parties doing local survey on the plateau left base. The day was fine, and after ferrying sledges and equipment up the ramp and onto the glacier to where the dogs were spanned, Brian Hudson and Nick blazed a trail with Skidoos

up the Northeast Glacier as far as Walton Peak. This was to give the teams a track to follow (actually this ploy was more for the benefit of the new drivers than the dogs). The Skidoos were closely followed by Drummy and the Huns, with Dave Singleton and the Ladies. The surface was excellent and all crevasses, revealed during the summer by an exceptional melt, were well bridged.

On their way back to base Brian and Nick met the remaining teams - Mick Pawley and the Debs, Denis McConnell and the Picts, Brian Jones and the Terrors, Paul Finigan and the Vikings - following the track like confused worms. Surveyors Paul Gurling (PG), travelling with Paul Finigan, and John Yates travelling with Mick Pawley, having no teams of their own, found it easy to laugh at the predicaments of the new drivers. Back on base and keeping a safe distance from the scene of all this chaos, was Ali Thomson our builder, minding the radio for any "distress" calls.

All the sledgers arrived safely somehow (the dogs know the way if the drivers don't) at Walton, and camped there for the night. During the next ten days or so the plateau party went through a period of hard slog up. After some initial difficulties they managed to locate their work depot and they are now ready to start surveying (code word for "jollyng").

With the departure of all the sledge units, we three on base breathed a sigh of relief. Whilst the sledgers prepared meat bar for the first time, Brian, Ali and Nick tucked into a meal of roast lamb. In the evening we broke open a case of ale and generally made a lot of noise just to celebrate the peace and quiet.

During the month Ali has been busy putting down the floor in the new extension. He was out of action for a week with a cut hand, but it has healed well and all is now OK. Brian's month has been spent sorting out his generator shed and spare engine parts. During the course of the next few weeks he has a new generator to install. Nick has spent March just recovering from relief; he has taken over from Bill Keith as pup man and is busy erecting some new pup pens.

Well folks it's a grand life down here and we don't envy you at home. Until next month take care of yourselves, and as they say in Antarctica, "Cheers for now."

Written by Nick Meades.

HALLEY BAY

Weather: Often overcast conditions with high winds and gradually falling temperatures. There were 149.3 hours of sunshine.

Mean Temperature -16.1°C.

The tractor and doggie parties arrived back on base with the usual crop of rugged tales, greeted with the usual derision. . . They had been away to salvage the wreckage of the Hobbits dog sledge, returning with most of the stuff. The first Saturday of the month was party night, with fancy dress. Theme - the sea, producing a few classics such as Ron's complete Blackpool holiday maker, handkerchief headed, rolled up trousers, pipe smoking with genuine Glasgow type northern accent. Another was Kev's pun: he waited as an ancient, stooping, old man-senile - (sea Nile, get it?)

Toby and Gord R. settled down to work digging out the ramp into the garage. Both bulldozers made short work of it, and enabled us to get vehicles in for maintenance. Paul B. is building a new non-magnetic tunnel and managed to insinuate himself plus a sledge load of bits into the garage too, so that he could build the frames in the warm (a sly one our "chippy" - he likes his comfort).

Brian has been renovating a caboose for the riometer, tiling it and installing a sleeping bag (for night runs and day "gonking", like the Base Commander has in his). Brian also on Saturday "gash" showed effete second year men how to raise dumps. Ropemanship is popular these days. The first requirement for a successful ropeman is a Marlin spike. Not having a rolling mill with which to make one Paul J. went at it with hammer and anvil (this produces a nice temper, ho ho!).

A trip to Depot Knocker for glaciological levelling gave Rog his first field experience. He and Paul J. set off with the Beatles, and returned two hours later, the doggies not wanting to go. Next day off they went with Skidoo Blod, which disintegrated at Knocker. Never fear, Tony and Kevin came to the rescue with the Snocat. Much sneering by rest of base at levellers plight such is comradeship in the Antarctic.

Trev B., Jack, Daves F. and H., Brian and Bruce returned from the low shelf after checking depots and doing glaciological work. Iain our doc (a right leech) has been blood letting at vampire hours. He also operated on the pup Brae, clearing an eye infection.

Trev T's birthday (celebrated in the "beastie" hut) went so well that Keith decided to have a matinee performance a week later. He has, however, been driving the radar and after paralysis set in to the turntable, he and Gord D. gave it a quick service, clearing the trouble. Norm has built an electronic "anti Paul B. marshmallow thieving

detector", while John F. and Tony have been rewiring the rhombic aerial. Tony, also in the electronics field, is building a timing device for Andy's goniometer. Andy has been struggling with his VLF amplifier, which works with a big jolt of volts or not at all.

Written this month by Gord D. and Trev B.

NOTE FROM LONDON OFFICE

It has recently come to our notice that the extraordinary jargon in which the newsletters are often written is confusing to a number of families, despite the editing we do here to try and make them understandable! The following list of Fids slang may be of interest:

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| FIDS | When the Survey started in 1944 the bases were established within territory then known as the Falkland Islands Dependencies. It was therefore called the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, commonly known as FIDS. The men who served there inevitably became known as Fids (or a Fid) and this has stuck. |
| GOON SHOW | Every evening during the summer season a time is set aside when all bases, both ships and the Stanley radio station tune into the same frequency, and anyone from anywhere may discuss anything they like - semi-official matters, local gossip, or arrangements for future radio scheds between bases and so on. The session lasts until stations gradually fade out as they lose interest in the conversation - or get hungry! |
| GASH | This is naval slang for rubbish, introduced by the original Fids, many of whom came from the Services. At a base the "gash man" is responsible for domestic chores like washing-up, sweeping and dusting, bringing in sacks of coal, ice blocks for water and so on. Every one takes their turn and it is known as "being on gash this week". |
| GONKING | Slang for sleeping during the day. |
| THE BRABRIE | This is the ionospheric equipment. |
| THE 'DOO | A Skidoo motor toboggan. |
| THE 'KEG | A Muskeg tractor. |
| THE INTER-NATIONAL | A heavy diesel tractor made by the International Harvester Co. |
| MANK | Heavy, sultry, overcast and sometimes foggy weather conditions |
| GENNY or GENNY SHED | The generator, or generator shed |

If there are yet other expressions which baffle you please let us know and we will continue the compilation of this glossary!