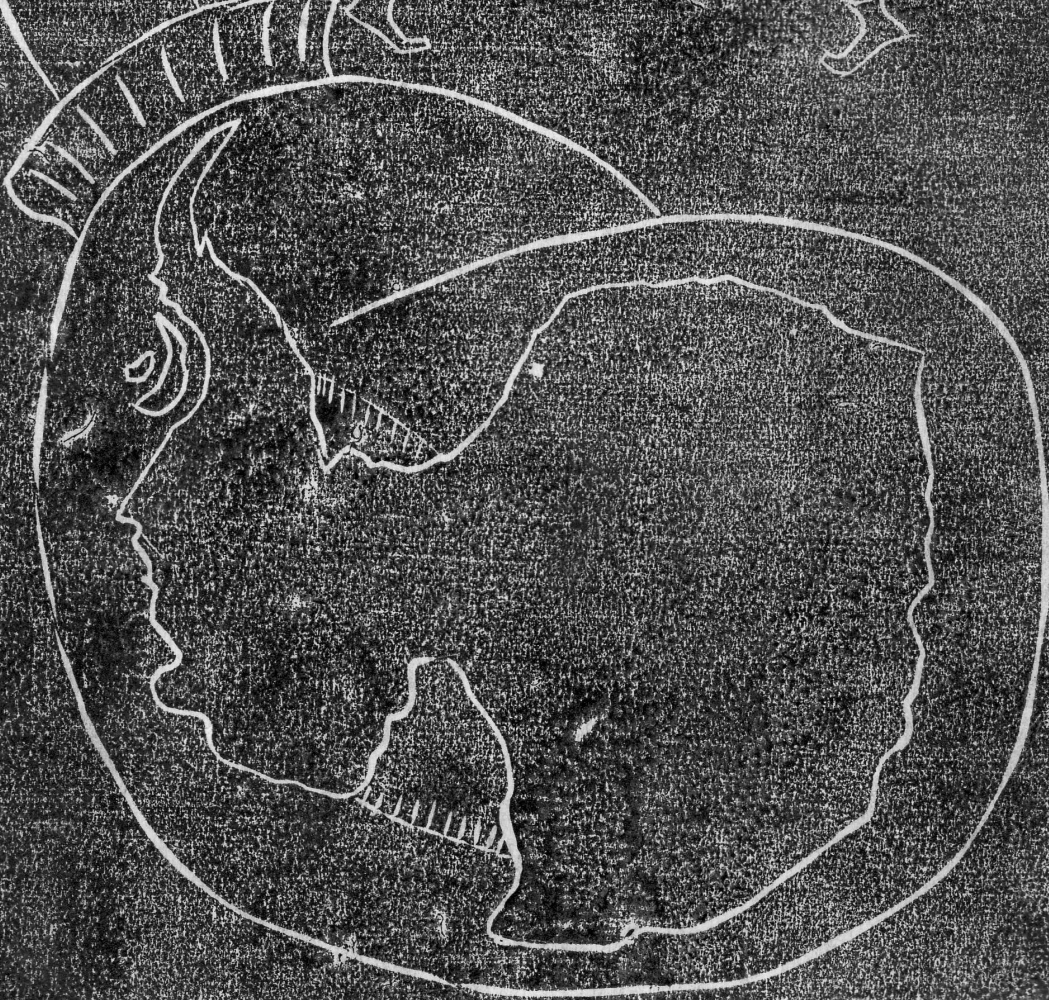
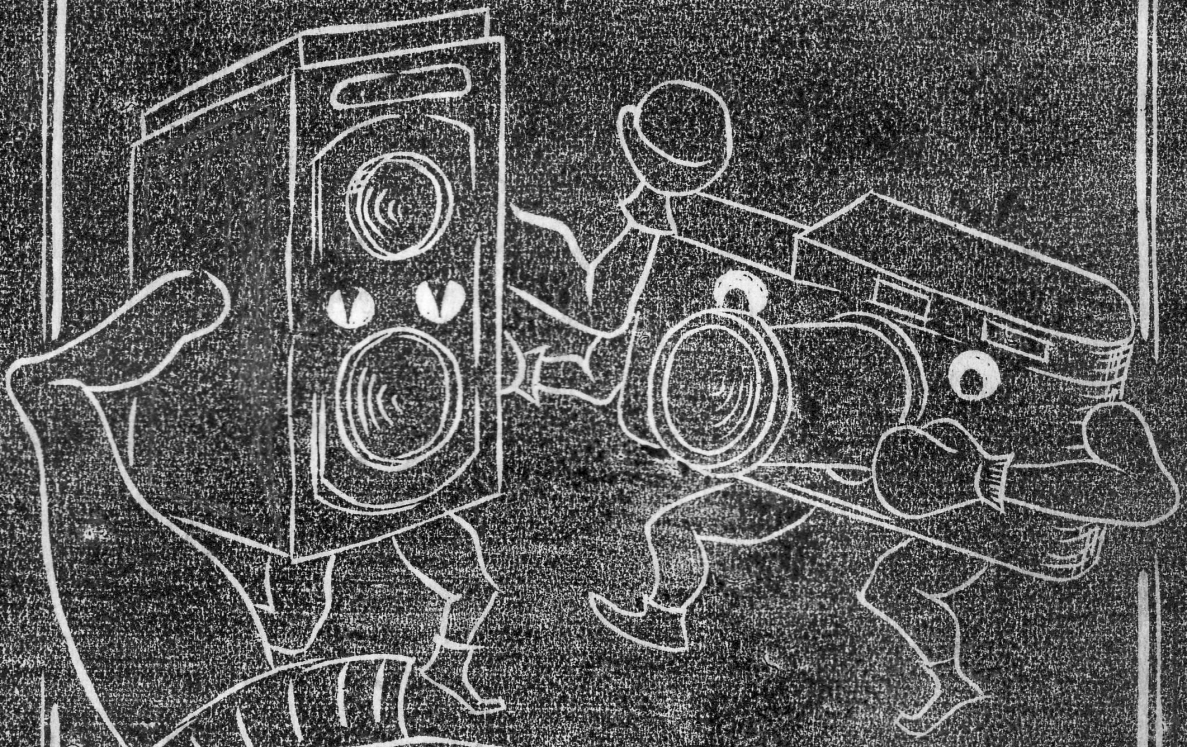


MIDWINTER 1960



HALLEY COMET

June 21st, 1960.

Dear readers, or should we say "Well Chaps",

As was once remarked in the back row of the Cine Hindu, "The FIDS are here". We realise that in fact Base Z was under F.I.D.S. administration last year, but not until this year has the full force of that fine body been felt.

Time passes quickly, and though there would appear to be only a day twixt waving goodbye to the "Jolly John Biscoe" (and Jim Blackie) and now, 5 months have in fact gone by.

It can truly be said, we think, that a happy stay is being had by all; should anyone begin to feel miserable, it would be appreciated if they could keep it to themselves.

Work has been carried on and in some cases extended, as is the case with the Ionospheric programme, now in progress in that famed beauty spot "George's Contemporised Hut" and the Radio Echo programme restarted in the "LairdsDen". The C.S.O. has valiantly tried to convince one and all of the value of records and in differing degrees, G/A and A/S (Amateur Scientist) have responded. There have been one or two discussions too as to our being understaffed and undertrained (and underpaid), as if F.I.D.S. would do a thing like that!

The madly gay life of the base has carried on with the ever popular film show and the innovation of the music soc. on Sunday nights. Also worth mentioning for their entertainment value are Strom and Ness who have endeared themselves to everyone with such antics as, upsetting ink, paddling over Stat forms after just attended toilet, and eating anything that belongs to anyone else.

We only hope that this edition of the Comet gives as much pleasure as the magazines kindly 'slipped in' by the Royal Society packers.

Yours sincerely,

The Co-Eds.

(Don't get us wrong boys)

DISCUSSION

Using the word in its now almost obsolete sense of unusual the E.P. is certainly queer. Bizarre and unique as many of its habits undoubtedly are, closer examination reveals a logical adaptation to an antarctic environment. The Emperor's life is dominated by the sea; not only does it use this unattractive substance as a courting ground and maternity

As Base Z is situated only a few miles from one of the largest, if not the largest, rookery in the world, it is felt that a few words will not be out of (breeding) season. Owing to a predilection for the Southern waters of Antarctica, the Emperor penguin is rarely encountered. It is probably not a rare bird however and future surveys of this coastline will almost certainly reveal many more communities. Although this article is written in a non-technical and it is hoped, humorous vein, we have resisted the temptation to romantacise and the following is strictly factual.

### HISTORY.

The E.P. was first recognised as a distinct species in 1844. However, it was not until Dr. Wilson (who later died with Scott) investigated the rookery at Cape Crozier that anything was learnt about its natural history. Dr. Wilson's paper will always be regarded as the classical description of the species and indeed, for 50 years it remained the singly most important study.

### LIFE CYCLE.

On first examination the Emperor would seem to have a penchant for doing things the difficult way. One is reminded of the individual who preferred to make love in a hammock standing up. The salient features of this extraordinary bird's habits can be briefly summarised. The adults arrive at the breeding grounds in late March and early April. Gestation takes place within about twenty five days and the majority of the eggs are laid during the first two weeks of June. Within 24 hours of her confinement, the female has handed over the egg to her consort and is pressing away for the open sea. For the next two months the wretched male incubates the egg on his feet, and the gorged female does not return until just prior to the hatching. Then the husband flees of to the feeding grounds where presumably he enjoys his first square (or any shaped) meal for four months (yes four). The gentlemen return in about three weeks and thereafter, both parents take turns in rearing and feeding the chick.

Unlike the inquisitive, aggressive little Adelie, whose life is spent in one long brawl defending his territory, the Emperor is a very peaceful, community-minded sort of chap. During the very cold weather they huddle together for warmth, with considerable success judging by the melting of the ice in the centre of these gatherings. An even more unusual trait is the immediate adoption of dropped chicks by childless birds of either sex. While this mothering instinct is the obvious provision of nature, to ensure that the chicks are not left to die of exposure, it apparently sometimes gets out of control, the unfortunate chicks being severely mauled in the scummages between competing, prospective nurses.

### DISCUSSION.

Using the word in its now almost obsolete sense of unusual the E.P. is certainly queer. Bizarre and unique as many of its habits undoubtedly are, closer examination reveals a logical adaption to an Antarctic environment. The Emperor's life is dominated by the sea ice; not only does it use this unattractive substance as a courting ground and maternity hospital, but also as a means of transport. Therefore it is only by breeding in mid-winter that independent chicks, fit to catch the North-bound midsummer ice-floes, can be produced/

produced. (The authors hope to publish timetables later). Moreover by staying immobile during the incubation period the bird conserves its blubber which is its only source of food and its main protection from the cold. (It will be observed that, unlike the N.R.C., the E.P. knows exactly what to do with its fat thicknesses.) Until the end of the breeding season, when the breaking up of the sea ice allows access of killer whales and leopard seals, the E.P. has no predators, apart from ornithologists and of course, and has, in effect, changed natural enemies for climate.

#### CONCLUSION.

The fossil evidence is small and literally fragmentary, however, the penguins, including the noble Emperor, are generally regarded as a dying race, In fact, palaeontologically speaking, they are so much dead meat. In case any of the base decide to go into mourning they should know that this will not occur for several millian years or so.

M.H.T. and C.R.F.

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#### THE THEORY OF RADIO ECHO.

During the last five years this theory has had many changes. You may ask 'What changes?', and I shall reply "The many changes that occur when one lives in any unchanging variable routine. No one has done more than that person who has attempted to destroy the belittlers of achievement in the aforementioned field. If one cares to notice the variables which occur and their occurences he will notice that they follow no regular pattern as such, but tend to follow more sporadic occurences with regular peaks and troughs, which, when viewed by the enlightened reader of previous papers, will indicate the necessity of a clear mind not biased by previous papers or knowledge of the subject. Meqning one has to strive to achieve the ultimate distinction of living in an unchanging variable routine.

Elliot.

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DEBIT.

(Who's Who at Halley Bay.)

ARDUS, Dennis. Minister of Mines and Smoke Abatement Officer. and Stake Watcher to the Earl of Prong. Famed for introduction to Halley Bay of the SHAMBLES method of ski-ing which is performed with odd skis, a ski-stick and a measuring stake.

Res: 5, The Loft, Upstairs 1, H.B.

BLACKIE, James. Auroralums to the Earl of Prong, Astronomer Extraordinary, Controller of Customs and Excise (Spirits Division). Noted for his retiring habits, a seldom seen member of the community.

Res: 5 & 6, The Loft, Upstairs 2, H.B.

BRITTAIN, Michael. Keeper of the Strobe, Chief Windfinder Driving Examiner for Antarctica, O.C. The Canon Brigade, Halley Bay Artillery Company, Radar Fuse and Bottle Blower.

Res: i, The Loft, Upstairs 1, H.B. ii, The Cabin, Balloonian, H.B.

DEAN, Colin. Perpertrator of the Pun Vile, Scaler of Magnetograms. Halley Bay-wide acclaim achieved as a result of his work in breeding a magnificent herd of Oerstedts in the torrid Magfield area.

Res: The Magroom, 2, The Loft, Upstairs 2, H.B.

FORREST, Charles. Surgeon-at-Arms to the Earl of Prong, Inspector of Weights and Measures, Taker of the Pulse. Decorated for collecting B.P.'s in the face of heavy enemy attack and occasional skilful evasion.

Res: The M.I. Room, Halley Bay.

HEDDERLY, Norman. EARL OF PRONG. Dictator-President of Halley Bay. Magistrate, Postmaster, Immigration Officer etc., etc., etc. Used experience of three intrepit-type seasons to sieze power from the dreaded ex-Dictator-President Lush in a slave driving campaign in early 1960.

Res: The Office, Caird Cottage.

HORTON, Christopher. Controller of the Guesstimating Department, Chairman of the Hally Bay Recording Company. Awarded C-inC's Commendation for his brilliant navigation of the Ice-Shelf-Yacht "Halley Bay" through the Weddell Sea in pursuit of another ship belonging to a rival concern. Also well known for proving by a fix that we are not here.

Res: Scoff Ice, Halley Bay.

JOHNSON, Colin. Better known as Johnson of W. Minister of Communications and Transport. Stirrer-in-Chief. Achieved distinction through his blazing of the Base-Dump Tractor Trail. Exploits at W too well known to need repetition.

Res: The Hothouse, Halley Bay.

LEWIS, George. C-inC and all other ranks The Halley Bay Rifle Brigade, Controller of Clangers, Aerialist, Master of the Beastie. Emminent protagonist of the "Square" theory.

Res: The Outstation, Halley Bay.

MacDONALD, Elliott. President, Secretary, Treasurer and Member of the Halley Bay Branch of the Scottish Nationalist Party. President of the Pit Workers Union. Other activities classified Top Secret.

Res: StarHouse, Scintillation Zone, H.B.

MILLAR, Alexander. Principal of the Halley Bay College of Languages and Professor of the Spoken Word. Comper Extraordinary (very). Has occasionally been known to make intelligible remarks, each occasion having been carefully noted in the Records Department.

Res: Home for Distressed Sonde Men, Halley Bay.

MOORE, George. Minister of Food, Master (only) Chef, Master of Seal Hounds, Sonde Statistician, Controller of the Kitchen Clock. Due to become famous as a result of the interview he recently gave to a Comet reporter.

Res: i. Cheap-and-Nasty-Aluminium Grille, Downstairs, H.B.

ii. 1-6 The Loft, Upstairs 3, H.B.

TALMAGE, Graham. Rum Taster to the Earl of Prong, Chief Engineer, Minister of Fuel and Power. Celebrated for automatic veto of all requests for more power.

Res: The Power Station, Down-the-ice-Tunnel, H.B.

TAPLIN, Michael. President of the Noise Abatement Society, Lecturer in Music, Chief Battery Filler. Estate Agent to the Earl of Prong.

Res: The Music Room, Caird Cottage, Halley Bay.

THURSTON, Michael. High Commissioner for Emperor Bay, Permanent Undersecretary, the Minister of Munitions (Explosives Division). Currently engaged on research into the problem of how many FIDS and Gennies can be worn out in a season at Emperor Bay.

Res: Town 6, The Loft, Upstairs 1, Halley Bay.

Country, The Lodge, Emperor Bay, Coats Land. (Cables:Eggbound).

TOWNSEND, Walter. Lord High Taker of the Obs, Minister of Raw Materials, Proprietor of Townsend's Weather Bureau. Chiefly famed for his public and broadcast admission that he is responsible for the weather at Halley Bay.

Res: The Metroom, Halley Bay.

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CAT + A - COMB

Hi there! I'm the latest addition to the motley staff of this 'ere magazine. I've not played this game before, so you must excuse a certain paw-city of words.

When I found out that the "big ones" had decided I should go to the "Big white south", I didn't find the idea a bit a-miew-sing. However I didn't have much choice so here I am.

My biggest difficulty was finding the time to write this for all you readers. What with counting and home building, and of course, doing a bit of exploring on the side, the time has simply flown by. But that's enough of my personal affairs, I expect you are all dying to know what it's like down here. Well, for a start, it's very big with lots of lovely dark corners and simply oodles of dangling wires to pull at and chew. I must say though, that it's not nearly as white down here as I was led to believe, in fact, it's rather dusty! It's sort of divided into three layers; the bottom one is the busiest with lots of comings and goings and is the place where I get my food; and also where the "big ones" are apt to maul me around, - most degrading, I've found, however, that it pays to let them do it a bit, 'cause I then get little tit-bits of food. The second layer is where my wife and I (oh yes, I've decided to settle down afterall!) have scrambled together a bit of a home out of some delightfully soft and comfortable greyish material. (I had some initial difficulty in getting the "big ones" to let us have it) At the end of this second layer is a vertical tunnel which is very difficult to get up. At the top of it is the third layer which, at present, is very dark and cold; I haven't been outside there yet, but hope to do so soon. I've tried once or twice but the "big ones" have stopped me.

I've also tried to find out what the "Big ones" do down here, so far with little success. Each time I climb up to have a look, I get pushed down again, which is annoying as it's very seldom I catch them actually working. I don't think it can be important work, as they're always playing silly games, particularly in the room that makes funny "beeping" noises in the mornings.

The other thing I particularly wanted to tell you about was, - - - - - but hang on, that sounds like the food-man; I must dash, so will seal this missive. Cheers for now!

Strom

The day met takes the box from off the shelf,  
He takes the tube he takes himself,  
To the little hut that Walter made,  
At least he helped, while others stayed  
In bed, or doing other work,  
We none of us are like to shirk  
The hard work, when it comes our way  
And if we should we'd never say.  
But back in the hut the met man prays,  
For this is it his day of days,  
He looks in the hole, expecting to find  
Ice or water, that will likely bind  
The outlet valve so it wont shut,  
Unless persuaded by an oversize foot.  
If it's water there that doesn't show,  
The mix poured in will make it go  
POP ! and shoot straight in your face,  
HALLEY BAY OH WHAT A PLACE.

But you cannot beat a caustic burn,  
To make you very quickly learn,  
Don't stand in front but swallow your pride,  
And pour it in while standing aside,  
Then when it blocks and you have to poke,  
You wont get burnt, but simply choke  
With caustic powder that tastes, quite good,  
Almost as good as the flowing blood,  
That shoots from finger red and raw,  
Which you caught going down through the big trap door,  
Where you make your fill to carry upstairs  
To shake and think he's stupid who dares  
To come down here, and show his face  
AT HALLEY BAY, OH WHAT A PLACE.

There now remain only two more things,  
The one is snow, that the met man brings  
From outside, where its cold and dark,  
He's even too frightened to strike a spark,  
But it doesn't take much to fill the tank,  
And when it's done he can stand and thank,  
The Lord, for sending him to this base,  
TO HALLEY BAY OH WHAT A PLACE.



The fill is over, the balloon is full,  
And it only takes a gentle pull,  
To free the neck, from filler and wight  
To tie in comfort. But he's just to late  
To miss that caustic trickling down,  
To burn his wrist and make him frown.  
Still he's made it at last he floods the gill,  
And thinks four days 'til another fill,  
And I've three good days to get through first.  
But in the morning, the ruddy things burst.  
So he does it again, this time it's a race  
HALLEY BAY OH WHAT A PLACE.

### THE DOOR

The phone rang. From the comfort of his bed Major Pettigrew reached out for the receiver. "Yes, Pettigrew here, who is that?" It was the 'Old Man'. At the other end of the line General Forster Pettigrew said, "You haven't forgotten what day this is Keith?" The Major thought 'if only I could,' "No Sir," he replied. "Right then, it's your show from now on, and the balloon goes up at 0900 hrs." replied the general and hung up.

The Major swung his feet out of bed and sat on the edge thinking. 'The 'OLD MAN' was getting on a bit, too old for his job in fact. Why couldn't he get one of the juniors to do it?. No, 'The Old Man' would not like that. It was strictly a family affair and he was a stickler for tradition'. The Major sighed and commenced to prepare himself for what the day would bring.

As the Major swung the car into the main road he thought of all the previous times the 'Old Man' had done what the Major had to do to-day. He was confident he could do as well, but the 'Old Man' was a tough old nut and would take some living up to. The drive to the rendezvous was uneventful and he was thankful that he could drive fast. He realised that he had reached the controlled area and could take the car no further. At that time of the morning there were plenty of places to park a car, and as the site was only two hundred yards from his target he decided that the short walk would clear away the last remaining cobwebs.

The building itself occupied a whole block, but unknown to most people the opposite block was connected by underground offices. He was glad of that. More so when he turned the corner and saw that the building was completely surrounded. He estimated the numbers at around 7,000. He felt a twinge of conscience that in a little under fifteen minutes he would be unleashing that host on his underlings. Quickly he entered a door and descended to the offices and thence through to the surrounded building.

They were waiting for him. He thought how resigned they all looked. As if they understood/

stood that what he was about to do was not his fault. The ground floor of the building reminded him of lines of landing craft manned by crews of two. He smiled grimly as he noticed the nurses preparing for the inevitable casualties. Like D day all over again. He could feel the tension in the air, and looking at his wrist watch say that it was two minutes to nine. Any last minute decisions must be made now! He turned as a hand was placed on his arm. There stood the 'Old Man' "Make it a good clean fight" he said, and smiled wryly.

Nine O'clock. Zero hour. He squared his shoulders and walked towards the door. He could see them through the large glass windows and realised there could be no mediation, no half measures. It was all or nothing. He could see from their bright eyes and fevered expressions that they knew what they wanted, and what's more, intended to get it.

Before he reached the door he glanced back to see last second frantic preparations to hold the first wave. Then he was at the door. His actions were unhurried, just as his father's had been, and it seemed to him that he had done this thing many times before. A whisper had spread through the crowd as he had made his approach and a small movement had rippled away and back again by the time he reached the door.

He heard the decorous chimes of the clock above his head striking nine and flung wide the door. For a moment, a split second, the crowd hung on the brink. Then like a torrent released, it surged forward in all its power. The veneer of civilisation dropped from them as their murmurs became a roar. He was swept to one side, battered and bewildered, by the stream of human bodies. As he went down bruised and shaken, he thought, "I've done it!"

Pettigrews Mammoth Annual Sale had started.

N.A.H.

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I'LL tell you everything I can;  
There's little to relate,  
I say an aged ancient man,  
A hoggin all the grate.

"How do you earn your hundreds Jack?"

"And what's your name?" I said

"And why two U's upon your back,  
And scant hair on your head".

"I sledge with dogs," the old man said,

"That thrive upon the snow,  
And venture into places cold,  
Where other men won't go."

"But when the sun goes down," he said

"Tis when I take my ease  
I lie in bed between each sched,  
A trifle if you please!".

But I was thinking of a plan /

Cont.

But I was thinking of a plan  
To build a monstrous shelf  
To carry every single can,  
And even me myself.  
So having no reply to give,  
To what the old man said,  
I cried, "Come, tell me how you live"  
And beat him on the head.

His accent mild took up the tale,  
He said, "I go my ways,  
And when I see some virgin snow,  
Across it trails I blaze.  
I often fuel the gennys up  
With Esso diesel oil  
Yet half a thou is all I get  
to pay me for my toil."

But I was thinking of a way  
To paint the Pussies green  
With lovely luminescent paint  
So they'd be always seen;  
And so I turned him round and round,  
And stood him on his head  
"Come tell me how you live", I growled!  
"Else you're as good as dead."

"I sometimes do a beat or two,  
Or dish the nutty out,  
To those whose clothes are on by nine  
The others do without!  
And in this way (he moved in close)  
I earn my hundreds Jack,  
"So belt up! or I'll have," he said,  
"To knock you on your back."

A.M.

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This issue brings the first news of models to be seen at the forthcoming "Prongs Court Show" where the largest number of exhibits will be in the medium transport lines. In addition to the Fergie, well known to many, (to their sorrow) is a new luxury model which, we hear, has such innovations as cabs and heaters. The suspension is still a little on the firm side, but with the tremendous speed increase, which is rumoured, the discomfort will not be suffered for such long periods. From the stables of 'Stumpy & Co.,' comes a completely new model to the show, the single seater 'Mech. Dog'. This will be sure to please the outdoor type as we hear a cosy tent, and sleeping bags, are to be given away with the first models to be delivered in January. On the accessories stand is a remarkable doityourself (or get the neighbours) kit, which is for converting existing engines to the new 'Dog' system. The comprehensive kit contains special measuring cylinder, bubble chamber, and the special ig. cork, with sharpened pin. This is used for pricking the bubble which releases the tremendous energy which will give your car that zoom performance. Well, this is all I was able to learn of that wonderful display before the custodians caught up with me, however, I hope to be able to give you a fuller report in the next issue.

V.I.

Editors Note:-

Since going to press it has been learned from 'Stumpy & Co.,' that the new 'Mech Dog' has caught Distemper and dies while visiting the F.I.D.S. Treasury, as do so many good ideas. Also the popular 'Fergie' has fergied off, as the saying goes, and will not be seen again this Spring.

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THE LAST CONTINENT.

Antarctica thou serene untrammelled wasteland,  
Distant, pure, and wholly serene.  
Little thou carest for man's timorous courtship  
Yet still thy cold beauty enticeth him on.

Fatal thy charms to many proud wooers.  
Humbled, broken, rejected were they  
But still do their offspring, with spirits undaunted  
Come to thy gates their homage to pay.

Alas, icy queen, last of the continents,  
Man, the indomitable has sworn to take thee.  
Though thou spurn him and crush him, in the end he will conquer,  
Earth's last great adventure for him will this be.

I. S. Pugh.

THE LIBRARY

The absence of so many of the alluring distractions of civilised twentieth century life in our present residence makes this a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to indulge at length in that old-fashioned pastime of reading. Our library may not be all that one may desire but its range is surprisingly wide. What was that book that you had always intended to read when you could find the time? To paraphrase our worthy editors, "Don't be beaten by apathy, dig it out now!"

READERS.

Coleridge, by the way, gives us this thought-provoking classification of readers:-

- Sponges who absorb all they read and return it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtied.
- Sand-glasses who retain nothing and are content to get through a book for the sake of passing the time.
- Strainbags who retain merely the dregs of what they read.
- Mogul diamonds equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read and enable others to profit by it also.
- 

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I am having trouble from the birds who are building their nests in my thatch. They not only make it look so bedraggled, but also cause leaks in my roof which is very irritating when it rains.

The dampness which is very unhealthy has now started to give off a very unpleasant smell, this in turn attracts insects which have started to breed in this ideal spot, my thatch.

I have approached a local man who advised me to put up wire netting and to spray the thatch with insecticide, this I do but to no avail. I still have my birds and their young, and the bugs. I wonder if any of your readers can advise me on the matter.

Worried or Guess Who.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am pleased to see that the Halley Comet will once more be published and on sale at Midwinter. I am keeping with tradition and am pleased to be able to take this opportunity of wishing you all a very pleasant stay at Halley Bay.

As you know, I am the oldest member of the staff, having been here for over three years and have seen many changes. One of the biggest has been the building this year of four new kennels. I have inspected two of them and found them to be very large and draughty, albeit no doubt you homunculus complicatus will fit heaters etc., and make yourselves warm.

When I arrived at Halley Bay from the Norwegian Base I had a definite scientific programme to carry out, a close quarter study of homunculus complicatus which necessitated my sending reports to Secfido Psy. Last year I commented on the vanishing of two of your tribe to the land of the penguins, presumably for fighting and I am most concerned to see the same occurrence this year - if you come to the Antarctic your motto should be "You gotta love everybody" (Oscar Wilde) I should also like to state, quite emphatically, that I was very annoyed by the treatment I received at the hands of the fighters. They had captured four of the natives of the land, bound paw to paw, to their second kennel. Thinking I could be of some use and also that I would obtain some flesh of the natives (which I advise you to try), I proceeded to give the chief Hom. Com. a willing paw or two, his reply to this was a box about the ear. I would have you know however that I have filed a strong protest to the Governor His Excellency Coms. Major.- Whilst on the subject I would like to enquire into the power failure in the canine scientific workshop. Would the DEM please note that I am still carrying forward my programme and would strongly urge the return of full power to my workshop as my records must be maintained.

And now to something a little more pleasant, I would like to thank the four Hom. Coms. who went sealing in Halley Bay and allowed me to accompany them and also to partake of the catch, this friendly gesture on the part of the Hom. Coms. does much to further better understanding between our two races.

Mr. Editor I must now ask advice of you. I have noticed a new species of animal life since you arrived. It has four legs and to my mind it is something like a Marcion hound, which as you may have read I have had the pleasure of meeting since I've been here. If you would be so good as to enlighten me I shall include a paper in my yearly report to H.Q. Battersea Dogs Home for their perusal.

Before I end this short letter I would stress that I am here as the OFFICIAL observer, at the express desire of Sir Spitz Barking and am therefore entitled to go with any field party. With this in mind, I trust that I might count on your fullest co-operation.

I would like to wish every success and many more Halley Comets to come.

Yours etc.,

STUMPY.

ODD ODE

I'm dreaming of a DECCA RADAR,  
Just Like the RADAR used to be,  
With the spinner spinning, the motors dinning,  
And time pips going one, two, three.

I'm dreaming of a DECCA RADAR,  
And who knows perhaps one day,  
If the scopes not dusty, the magelips rusty,  
We may wake up to hear Mike say,  
Oh what a beautiful morning, Oh what a beautiful day,  
I've got a wonderful feeling the set MAY be going to-day.

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ITS THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER (from SENAE)

Immediately after lunch.

HANNES: There is a small job to be done outside, I want two of  
you to help.

NICK: Ah well, time for my sched., with Halley Bay.

BLACKIE: What is the time, better go and do my OBS.

GEORGE: Where is my hammer.  
(suddenly automatic timer alarm goes off)

Vic: Disappears into the darkroom.

MARTIN: How is that relay now (the lights fade)

CHRIS: The engine is running hot, excuse me.

THEO: Oh dear I am so tired.

DICK: Have you tested the radio sonde for to-day's flight? No,  
never mind I'll go and do it.

DOCCIE: Seeing that my arm is still giving trouble I'll do the  
dishes.

You can never win Hannes.

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ROUND THE COURTS.

On a charge of obtaining money under false pretences the accused opened  
his defence with the plea "This is not true, however".

When council for the defence opened in the case HORTON v The CROWN (HOTEL)  
he remarked "This I believe" (The Judge did not.)

There was a young man from Halley,  
Who in going to bed used to dally,  
He annoyed the night met,  
Who said I'll get you yet.  
You little gnomon calling tally.

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BRITTLE QUIETLY

It tries to talk to me you know. I'm sure it does. I can hear it all around me if I listen, but I don't know whether it means me to hear. It's strange really because, you see, it always sounds so lonely; but then, that's quite natural isn't it? I mean, I'd be lonely too wouldn't I? I've tried so often to make out what it wants to say but I can't understand a word; all those sighs and whistles and groans. And yet do you know, if I don't concentrate I'm sure I know exactly what it means. I wonder if it talked to me right at the beginnin, -- but that's silly because obviously it would be too shy. I think it wants someone to look after it and to make it feel it's wanted, it must be a terrible life for it. I said it was always lonely, but I remember one day I heard it and it was running around quite quickly, I'm certain it was chuckling to itself. I wish I knew what had made it happy because I'd like to make it happy again. I'm awfully sorry for it, you know, deep down inside me. Sometimes I can hardly hear it, other times it is so loud I have to put my hands over my ears, because it hurts. Yet I feel what it's saying more than I hear, as though it fills me right up until I'm nearly bursting. I wonder if it minds me being here, I don't think so because it tells me all kinds of secrets. Do you think if I try really hard I shall be able to understand the words? I hope so, as then I shall be able to talk back to it, in all it's colourless, gaunt beautiful; I know it needs me, this silence of the night.

Would the anonymous donor of this article please  
report to the surgery as soon as possible.

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Go to sleep kiddies, and sleep quite well,  
Here's th e NUTTY BARON to waft you into hell,  
But there's no need to worry he can't do much,  
And if he stops your nutty then kick him in the ,  
Any place will do but please take care,  
For without either kneecap, you'd look rather spare.

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## SKIING.

Best described as getting from A to B over snow and/or ice. I should be mentioned here that the author accepts no responsibility whatsoever for any accidents that may ensue as a result of this article, as he has no experience of skiing at all; The following being based on conversations overheard on ski trains. Ski trains are special trains run by continentals for people who want to eat, sleep and dance, whilst travelling, cheaper than ordinarily. It should be mentioned, however, that skiing on these trains is not possible so why they should be called ski trains at all is not clear.

It is assumed now that one is already at, or even on a slope of a reasonable standard, and is attired in such a manner as to deceive all but an expert that you are no beginner.

In principle skiing is quite simple and any suggestion that it is not should be viewed with suspicion. Such a remark could only come from a non-skier. All the basic movements such as kick-turns, running in a single track, the snowplough and stopping are far too elementary to discuss here and are not for the good skier anyway. We can, therefore, go straight on to the Stemm-Christiania, a foreign word used to mean Stemm-Christiania. This is an interesting turn and is a must. Nobody's repertoire is complete without it. Stemm-Christianias come in any number of forms and there is one to suit everybody's purse. There is, of course, a number of risks in trying such a turn but this is all part of the fun. The basic idea is to run, on skis, as fast as possible without actually falling over, until enough courage has been mustered to attempt the actual turn. This consists of placing all the weight on to the inside ski splaying out the other then leaping on to it. Believe it or not this is very simple action will cause you to change your direction of motion faster than you can imagine. Do not let the utter simplicity of this deceive you however, as many alarming positions can be achieved if great care is not exercised, the worst of these being a ski-salad. This is a remarkably uncomfortable position in which the skier and his equipment are made to look like a German salad. Those with no taste for German salads should avoid this turn. If the splaying out of the outside ski is made less and less obvious, and the whole movement speeded up, the turn can be made with the skis parallel, it may then be termed a parallel turn at speed or a pure Christiania. If this is indeed a pure Christiania why people bother with the others is a mystery. It is suggested that one starts, therefore, with the real thing in the first place. There is no point in spending one's Hols doing 'imitation' turns. Having mastered the Pure Christiania then the pupil may go straight on to the Telemark. This requires the bindings to be in the uphill position although one attempts to go downhill. The whole thing sounds extremely suspicious and should be avoided at all costs. In any case it can only be done in deep snow which can never be found at the time of the year or resort of your choice.

Reuelschwung is a nasty foreign invention and does not really concern us anyway.

The Skating Action is very useful especially if you have your own skates.

Turning through 180° means going back to the beginning again. This seems rather pointless as no skier, not even an expert, can go very far if he keeps turning through 180°, and no progress can be made this way. Turning about one or even two sticks does not improve the turn either it only adds to the risks in skiing causing a sprained wrist.

There are many other novel ways of amusing oneself on the slopes, perhaps the most amusing being cross country leaps. These consist of temporarily leaving the ground so that a sense of "being left in the air" is felt. Very amusing, but nothing to compare with the flight to and from the resort. Ski trains you will remember did not offer quite so much as you thought they would.

If you think this is all there is to skiing, you are, of course, quite mistaken. The business of cleaning and drying your skis before waxing can afford many hours of fun.. The furniture and carpet are only two of the things that can be waxed at the same time, and if the landlord complains of your treading wax, hundreds of little bits, into the carpet, tell him not to be such a Spielverderber as you are sure he did the same 20 years ago. This goes down particularly well if he is not a day over 30 and does not hold with skiers anyway. (it is his fault for taking in skiers in the first place). If, having done all this, it is still not too late to go and have something to eat why not try a little Sauerbraten with Sauerkraut. It will help keep you awake while you dream of the wonderful hot bath you could have had, had it not been for the fact that your skin has been burnt to a cinder by the blistering sun and the sun lotion, has found its way into your eyes to cause an incredibly painful sting. I would add that the old saying "skin off your nose", when drinking you wine, is not so funny now as it usually is.

To sum up then, skiing is a silly sport which will cost you a lot of money and, cause you no end of pain and discomfort with nothing to show for it but a very burnt face, dislocated leg, sprained wrist and a broken ski stick to your credit. It is far more intelligent to spend your money on a good camera and take up photography. A hobby which can cause nothing more serious than a few bad prints about which I shall write later.

Ski Heil!!

George Lewis.

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TIP BITS.

Norman Wisdom Teeth advises you on every day problems in the Antarctic.

PROBLEM.... My feet keep on getting cold.

SUGGESTION. Stay away from the dogs. If this is not possible, because the care of them rests on your tender shoulders teach them to welcome you by offering you one of their frontlegs instead.

PROBLEM.... I don't like the food.

SUGGESTION. Ask your leader to remove you from cooks duty. This should help to improve the quality.

PROBLEM.... As soon as I show my face somebody asks me for a hand.

SUGGESTION. Always go around with a hammer in your hand, a spanner protruding from your pocket and a preoccupied look on your face, if this does not help use the hammer!!

PROBLEM.... I always receive sexy curves on the radio sonde receiver. Is this bad?

SUGGESTION. I should say so. Be true to your dear ones. Remove the pinups from your bedroom walls.

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QUESTION..... What is the difference between an abominable snowmand and an abominable snow woman?

ANSWER ..... (to follow on a later page) Snowballs.

QUESTION ..... What is the difference between the North and the South Poles?

ANSWER ..... The whole world of difference.

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Two honeymoon couples by chance arrived in a hotel. There rooms were on the second floor and next to each other. The men after getting acquainted decided to go down for a night cap before retiring. Much later just as they arrived back on their floor the light went out. They bid each other good night. The one gent walked into the bedroom got undressed put on his pyjamas and kneeled and prayed. As he opened his eyes the light came on again and he saw to his horror that he was in the wrong room. He quickly explained and apologised and went to the other room to find that his chance acquaintance did not pray.

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Free Translations.

Noblesse Oblige.

Her ladyship will oblige.

Per Ardua AD Astra.

Fatigue party will proceed to the cinema.

Mens Sana In Corpore Sano. If you have any sense you will keep it clean.

I. S. PUGH.

With all due respect to the struggling Mr. Pugh, there has been little poetry of any merit on the subject of Antarctica. When one considers the high proportion of men of strong imagination, and intellectual powers among those who have gazed on the awe-inspiring beauty of the continent in recent years, this is both surprising and disappointing. Indeed it is a sad reflection on the articulacy of these latter-day heroes, who have seen it all, that one has to go back one hundred and sixty years before finding any inspired poetic description of the shores of Antarctica. Even then this was not written by an explorer but by a man who had heard only the vaguest descriptions of these inhospitable shores, an ailing drug-addict who had never ventured beyond the boundaries of Europe. The man was Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the description is that oft' quoted passage from his last known poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner":-

"And now there came both mist and snow  
And it grew wondrous cold  
And ice mast-high came floating bye  
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen;  
Nor shapes of men or beasts we ken  
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!"

Another passage from that poem will be of particular interest to those who have watched a bright auroral display blaze across the sky:-

"The upper air burst into life!  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
And to and fro, and in and out  
The wan stars danced between."

Incidentally this great poet would seem to have anticipated our views on a subject dear to our hearts:-

"Oh sleep! It is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole."

J.R.B.

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At the end of the year at least two of the present company will be making their way, via drunken parties, to the Argentine Islands. Having made the journey in the reverse direction I think a brief description of the holiday camp of the South seems indicated.

As the finale to a spectacular journey at full speed, with cameras firing down the La Mere Channel and Penola Strait, the John Biscoe will suddenly take a suicidal plunge towards a barren, ice-capped group of islands lying some four miles off the mainland. Provided Captain Johnson manages to avoid Corner Island and Channel Rock, he will drop his anchor into calm water some seventy yards from the base hut on Gallindez Island.

The ex Halley Bay man, basking in the warm sun, will cast a professional eye over the establishment. The base is sited on one of the larger islands of the group and the four main huts can easily be seen from the ship. The base hute is at one end, some thirty yards from the shore: about eighty yards in the direction of the mainland stands the balloon shed and launching tower, beyond this and just visable in a small valley stands a store hut and two hundred yards from the main hut ~~next~~ by the shore, is an aluminium painted magnetic hut. The large hut by the base is the deisel shed and the small one, in the cove, houses the tide gauge. All the huts stand well clear of the snow and in summer are usually surrounded by exposed rock. The island curves towards the South beyond the huts and rises slowly to its maximum height on the ice-cap of one hundred and seventy feet. From the summit ski runs radiate in all directions, but only the more difficult ones are visible from the ship, not <sup>to</sup> be recommended for the inexperienced Halley Bay type.

Three days will usually see the stores unloaded, unpacked and stowed, then there will be time to appreciate the considerable amenities available. In summer the most enjoyable recreation is boating, the base is ideally situated for this, and trips can be made, in perfect safety, to the shag rookery on Uruguay Island, to the terns nesting on Grotto Island and to the Three Little Pigs. Outboard motors are available for trips further afield and it is normal practice to make at least two trips to Peterman Island, seven miles to the north, to find out if the Argentinians have re-occupied their refuge hut. Skiing is not very good in summer except for night met who can get up the hill when the surface is hard, but by the end of March conditions will improve and an hours skiing on a fine day will provide a welcome break from routine.

By the beginning of May the sea ice will normally be strong enough to travel on, from then on, quite long trips can be made. Ten miles to the North is Hovgaard Island, one thousand feet high with good skiing slopes; four miles across Penola Strait to Cape Tuxen where an impressive two thousand foot peak can be climbed. Numerous short trips can be made to photograph ice-bergs or measure sea ice thickness.

The winter is short and not unpleasant, there is always four hours of reasonable daylight. By ~~the~~ far the best time of the year, however, is the end of

August and September when the sun begins to have an appreciable effect on the temperature and animal life begins to reappear. The first to arrive are the seals, which come up on to the ice to pup; the skuas are not far behind and quickly settle on their nesting sites. Later the penguins return to their rookeries, the gentoos to Peterman Island and the Adelies to the Jalour Islands in Penola. Towards the end of November their eggs provide a welcome change of diet. The latest arrivals are the terns and shags; the latter nest in a rookery at the north end of Uruguay Island and are edible.

" A stay at Argentine Islands need never be dull, but the acquisition of two items of equipment will help things along considerably. The first is a pair of long skis from South Georgia as the standard F.I.D.S. skis are short and limited in their application. The second is a good camera, a coupled rangefinder and eye-level viewfinder are ideal for skiing and bird photography. Colour film will be needed in vast quantities, but monochromework provides more amusement at the time.

Work is much the same at both the F.I.D.S. scientific bases except that the sonde team has to be on the job by eight o'clock at Argentine Islands and outside work is easier most of the year. Base work is not heavy, although gash and snow for the tanks have to be carried some distance. A weekly roster is, or was, worked for meteorological and gash duties. The bedroom will be rather cold after Halley Bay as the ventilation is bad and no fire is lit except in extreme conditions, but one soon becomes adept at getting in and out of bed quickly.

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### WIRING IN THE ANTARCTIC

By B. A. Fled, N.I.T. Ph.D.U.P.

This is a subject greatly misunderstood by newcomers to the Antarctic, who, quite naturally, think that wiring should be neat and functional. What they fail to understand, however, is that wiring, which at first sight appears to be haphazard and intricate twisting and twining is, in fact, the product of a fertile and imaginative mind.

The lack of what-we-all-feel-the-need-of-most is mainly responsible for the inspired wiring to be seen about this base, as may be illustrated by a frequently repeated motif (Fig. 1), the correct name for which is "iggyamus syentificus". This motif can only occur in an unsupported wire, but a more advanced form is to be found in wiring attached to a wall or ceiling. The actual form of this depends upon whether the wiring is affixed vertically or horizontally, but always the same emotional feeling is behind its conception and birth. The example shown in Fig. 2. bears the name "roylsec syensrunamukid" and is taken from that great store-house of wiring wealth, the Meteorological Office (which is open daily for public viewing, between the hours of midnight and midnight).