

"THE PENGWINGE"

SKIP

THE HALLEY BAY WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

HALLEY BAY. SATURDAY, MARCH 26th 1966.

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EDITORIAL by "Skip"

C.J. was supposed to have gone, and Tony wouldn't touch it with a Barge pole, so they let me do the Editorial. Nothing to it, I said, just trying to pick up odd scraps of conversation and working like hell the rest of the week: what a week, though, two fire practices in the same week, same day in fact. I noticed only four people knew what to do, and that was because they were sleeping in the other hut. Anyway, we were caught with our pants down, both literally and metaphorically. Thought we'd got rid of Ron and Allan, but that was obviously too much to hope for. Still, they've gone now. Saw them leading the dogs away from Base yesterday afternoon. Notice the other four haven't gone yet, though, even though they're doing it in comfort. Did you like the cream we had on Tuesday? I didn't have any, I saw Mac making it. It would be easier for me to concentrate if someone would take that record off; I mean, who wants to listen to "Henry V" anyway. (by Wordsworth or Longfellow, I can't remember which) Have you noticed, with all these plays, that they go something like: "Oh Pater, where art thou, Oh tell me" "Turn that ***** thing off" "You mean he's gone and....." at this stage someone politely turns it off. I'd be up and at 'em but they always seem bigger than me. Hold it, Tony has just come in, spitting, you know. Well, he's got to write something. I don't mind, really, he's promised me a raise if I don't hurry up and finish this, a big one. Did you know Tony has a black belt, uses it to hold his trousers up. Actually it's not, it's blue to match his beard. What about our new telephone system, it's going to be a subscriber system, just like in England, you know. One bar of Nutty per call. Tony, got any Nutty? You promised me a bar if I did this for you, and I've finished now.

Tony's Bit. Just to fill up a gash bit of space.

Now I know what C.J. must feel like, bashing out a dozen or so pages every week. Hope I don't make too many typing mistakes.

THE ART OF COARSE SLEDGING. PART TWO.

(Or, How We Went Out, Laid Up For Five Days, Then Returned To Base.)

Unlike Part One, this is an actual account of a fantastically intrepid sledging journey.

Last Friday, Allan and Ron, more through frustration than boredom, at last decided to set out on their Great Southern Journey. It was a dark, eerie, misty morning with a hint of something sinister in the air which saw our two heroes wrench themselves away from Base. Half an hour later Dick the Senoir Met vainly waved after them a Cintel report of a 700mph wind which was on its way to Halley Bay with consequent Bad News, but his cries fell on deaf and distant ears.

As we raced across the snow at half walking pace we decided that the positions of the dogs should be changed and this was done. With a new leader we could now move at three quarter walking pace. On we went, Hell bent, and succeeded in planting two flags before camping for the night. The highlight of the evening was to be the radio sked with the Master Witterer at Base, C.J. This was not to be however, as it proved to be a one way conversation- rather like going to the dentists. The provisional diagnosis was a flat battery due to the cold and we decided on the next sked (Tues) that we would warm it up.

The next day dawned on a roaring blizzard, the like of which living mortals have never seen and the telling of it will go down through the ages. We were forced to adopt a supine position for five days with only the occasional relief of various organs punctuating the monotony.

Come Tuesday we cooked the battery for a good 4½ hours and succeeded in raising the voltage a little. However again no success despite tinkering the following day.

Wednesday was again cold, windy and misty but by this time our two heroes, maddened by an insatiable craving for Rum, made a moon - light (?) dash for Base and broke all records in getting to the Bar from the Gin Bottle. Bottle to Bottle, in fact.

What a welcome they got; it made their hearts swell with gladness to realise how they were cherished and beloved.

The radio trouble was masterfully diagnosed by C.J. (no trouble at all, he said) as a duff battery and fortified with this knowledge our two heroes hope very soon to get the hell out of here.

Any persons desiring tips on how to enjoy lying on one's back for 24 hours at a time should consult Ron or Allan. (Or Bill, or possibly Stu, or again Mik)

This is the true account of the state of affairs. Take no notice of Doug, he's only jealous anyway.

Doc Ron.

As we all know, Sledge Ron managed to get the hell out of here at last. We shall probably have a further account of his travels to print for you on his return.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR SALE: Cuisine Lodge has recently taken over Gash Boxes Ltd. and now offers both wooden and metal boxes, empty, with or without lids in all sizes and shapes. Ideal for cupboards, shelves, etc.

Browse a while in our Grotto Showrooms.

SITUATIONS VACANT: Telephone operator, good pay and opportunities for the right man. Comfortable office, though Met men sometimes get in the way. Hours reasonable, only 24 per day. Pay, one bar of Nutty per year. Apply in writing to Box No. 13.

Secretary Wanted; must be good at typing. Apply in person to the "Pengwinge".

CHARACTER REPORT by The Editor.

I was to-day faced with a most difficult, and some might say distasteful, task, well outside my normal routine - the 'interview' for want of a better word, of one of, nay our only, blue blooded aristocrat - to wit one Hon. Johnathan Skipworth Esq., Heir to the 13th Baroncy of Schypwe de-Estourville Skipwith of Skipworth. Herewith is the account verbertum.

"Good afternoon, Sir, please take a seat. Are you ready to begin?"

"Yes, chocks away as one might say, chocks away".

"I take it you've never served in any of the armed forces, Mr Skipworth?"

"No. Actually, my Brother-in-law is in the RAF, and I've seen what it's done to him, and I don't fancy it".

"When do you expect to be taking over the command of the family?"

"Not for quite a long time. I am as yet only second in line to the title after my father, and I don't want to see him pop off just yet".

"Could you give us a bit of the family background, Sir?"

"The title was created in 1622, we were rather friendly with royalty, and, well, friends stick to-gether as it were. We've always been Lords of the Manor though, ever since the Conquest - in fact William the Conk's sister married into the family."

"Quite a tracable ancestry Mr Skipworth".

"Oh, we go far further back than that - Saxons you know".

"Did any of your family ever fight for the country?"

"Well, one of the family was a personal friend of Richard I and he actually fought in the Crusades. I'm actually only the fourth member of the family to travel further than Europe since the Norman Conquest".

"You have recently taken up a post with one of the National Weeklies, is this a tie up with the Beaverbrooke empire, or with any of the other national press syndicates?"

"Yes. It's a tie in with one of the lesser known, but most popular syndicates, the C.J. Pengwinge Inc."

"You're not interested in becoming a newspaper magnate in your own right?"

"No. I leave the running of the paper in more capable hands - F... writing three copies every week!"

"I see. How do you find the press business?"

"Ooooooh, well". Long pause, "Well, interesting, and not lacking in hard work".

"That seems to be an astute observation, yes, well, it's very difficult to know how to talk to a man of your sphere, Sir, I seem to be groping around and getting no place fast!"

"OK, kiss my boots as you go out!"

"What were your reasons for this large break in family traditions in leaving the United Kingdom for such a large length of time?"

"Natural desire to see the world, and as the means of travel are now open to us, and I had the privalage of being accepted for this job, I had no reason for not comming".

"Why the Antarctic?"

"One could say 'why not'. It's as good a place as anywhere to get away from it all and to do some sketching and painting in ones spare time, if one has any - also I enjoy the community spirit which I was sure goes with any expedition!"

"What are your views on the idea now you've had time to settle down here?"

"How many more gash days til the ship comes in! Seriously, though, I rather like it, and with such things as C.J.'s Pengwinge comming out it makes it all the more interesting".

"Good. You have recently been dabbling in telecommunications, has this been sucesful?"

"On the whole very sucessfull".

"Have you any more projects in this field lined up for us?"

"If I could take enough loudspeakers out of peoples tape recorders I'd like to fix up a Tannoy system, but there seem to be so many objections that the idea seems to be impractical".

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AROUND AND ABOUT. News provided by Dick Keyte.

SANAE. Van tells me that most of this week he's been the only one around, because most of the others, just as at Halley Bay, have been rotting in their pits recovering from all the parties they've been having. They had a Schooner Race, Using Brandy! One of their Geologists is missing all the fun, as he's away on a trip to the mountains. For the Chess match they have a real expert at their end. Skeds this week have included "talk ins" between Sanae and Halley Bay Geophysicists, and Met. men. Next week will, I hope, include conversations between our and their Auroral bods.

GEF and TONY. This week contact was successfully established between us and GEF for most skeds and conditions were fairly good considering we are just on the tail end of a Magnetic Storm. The two lads are gradually approaching Base on their return journey from the Tottans but are running a bit short of food. All going well weather-wise, we should see them in about a fortnight's time. Progress has been very slow this week as the weather has been too bad for sledging. Less than ten miles have been covered this week altogether. Last message from them said "Hurry up, Kegs".

Sledge BOB. Contacts have usually been very good and all seems to be O.K. At one time they were buried in the Bob Pi hut, but they are now on the move again.

Sledge RON. Well, as you all know, Ron and Allan appeared back at base (as expected by a few base members) the day after their Gash Day and also on Rum Night. If I remember correctly, this very thing occurred on Ron's previous trip. Extraordinary! They have now set off again to have another try. They'll probably get as far as the Met tower and back in this weather.

Social Notes.

The highlight of the week was the reception held in the Officers' Mess on Tuesday, to greet the Commanding Officer who paid us a short visit. Owing to the importance of the occasion, and the uncertainty as to his exact time of arrival, several rehearsals had been held to ensure that everything went smoothly. The presence of the CO was announced by ringing a bell, which was the signal for all Officers to gather in the Mess, where they were greeted by Lord John standing at the door. Refreshments were arranged by Lady Bebe Douglas, who looked most charming in her loosely fitting, glossy black gown. All Officers wore evening dress, despite the fact that the reception was held so early in the day.

There seems to have been very little else happening this week, although I did notice some people who appeared to be suffering a bit on Thursday morning.

Ed. comment: Nit, it was in the Meteorological Office, it's not a Mess.

On second thoughts, I don't know, though.

Hon. J. E. Skipworth, Continued from previous page.

"Nothing more, Sir?"

"Nothing".

"Anything else you'd ~~likes~~ like to add that you think our readers might find interesting?"

"No. Accept that you're a bloody slow writer!"

And with that last comment the Hon Skip was escorted from my office leaving me looking wonderingly behind him, and thinking it must, after all, be very difficult to be an aristocrat and live amongst normal mortals like Fids. I'm glad I'm not you Skip. I really am!

PRESENTING OGG AND HIS WEEKLY TOP TEN RECORD REVUE.

1. Today-My Way. Nancy Wilson
2. Little Boxes. Nina and Frederic
3. Blue Gene. Gene Pitney
4. Rolling Stones, Vol. 2.
5. Help. The Beatles
6. Beach Boys Concert.
7. Life's too short
(Don't you ever) Tell on me. Tony Rivers and the Castaways
8. Overture "Karelia" Sibelius with the London Symphony Orch.
9. Australian Ballads.
10. Scottish Choice. Robin Hall and Jimmy MacGregor
Music from "Peer Gynt" Greig.



Watch out for Gene Pitney, who has suddenly jumped in at No. 3. Nancy is still increasing in popularity and is at the top of the pops for her 2nd week. How about Ruth Wallace and her saucy hit parade-looks as though Ruth might make a bid next week. The Beatles seem to be slowly dropping out now, after their record three weeks at the top. The American group, The Beach Boys, are still right up there and look as though they're still climbing. Sibelius is holding his own with that great number of his (have you heard the other side?) Out go the Swingles and Cooke and Moore. Heard that Chet Atkins is releasing his new L.P. today. Keep listening. Top of the Pops to one and all. OGG.

Mac's Jottings.

Smoko, and time for a quick dash of the hand. Nothing much to say this week except that Dora returned and started faffing about again. Actually managed to squeeze an afternoon's outing this week, thanks to Brian (who apparently knows something I don't) Stood in Tony's alleyway for a while, supervised some oil drum lifting in the garage, had a short Chauffeur-driven tour of the Gash dump to see how the other half of the world lives. Tried to meet everybody, shook hands with no-one. Beautiful afternoon which was only marred by an 'orribly Brian-like mess in the kitchen which he'd thoughtfully left behind for me.

An extra-pointless sitting of breakfast this morning!

Here comes Tony for my manuscript - Hold on a moment.

Monday Gash: never a full complement, come to think of it never a compliment. Two of them are leaving our midst for a while; that leaves two; one of them I haven't seen on gash yet! That leaves one-dear, dear Mik, such a sweet, lovable character, sucking and puking all day, with a yen for Strudels. Have you seen his wife at all? I'm beginning to wonder if he's really married at all. As for Chris, well I've said my share already- the shuffler. Dave Brook- well I think he's happy just to be doing something!

Well, people still have to eat, so I'd better get on with it. See you next week

Mac.

Report on the International Rugby match between Wales and France,
by Skip.

An exciting finish, after 4 minutes of injury time. A Welsh winger threw the ball into touch, a penalty to France with the score Wales 9 France 8. Upon the result of this kick rested the result of the match and the Championship. The kick was from the Welsh 25yd line, with the wind, but it missed by inches. Final result was Wales 9 points, France 8 points.

To go back to the beginning of the game, Stuart Watkins forced Wales into the lead after 23mins, of the second half. He ran 20 yds, and intercepted a pass between the Boniface brothers; he then ran a further 20 yards and went over in the corner. Bradshaw scored two penalties in the first half, but missed one penalty and a conversion in the second half. The game, which was played at Cardiff Arms Park, was a very open one and only the Welsh lack of finishing touches saved the French from being beaten by a much greater margin.

SORRY ABOUT THIS, STARTED WORK ON IT TOO LATE TO DO IT ALL. WORLD NEWS AND SPORTS ARE ON TAPE BUT NO MORE TIME TO WRITE THEM UP FOR YOU. MUST START A BIT EARLIER NEXT WEEK.

TONY.