



SLUSH

midwinter '71

MIDWINTER 1971

-:ED:-

21 JUNE 1971

MANY THANKS TO EVERYONE FOR THE MARVELLOUS  
NUMBER OF ARTICLES AND TO ALL THOSE WHO  
HAVE HELPED IN PRODUCING THIS SPECIAL  
EDITION. MUCH TIME HAS BEEN SPENT BY ALL  
AT THE TYPEWRITER BUT I HOPE THE FINISHED  
RESULT IS WELL WORTH IT.

HAPPY MIDWINTER

THE MAN OF HALLEY BAY IN THE YEAR OF 1971

MARK VALLANCE BASE COMMANDER AND G.A.

WEST END, <sup>GREAT-</sup>BUCKLOW, NR. BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.

MUFF WARDEN G.A.

23 PARK STREET, THAME, OXON.

GORDON DEVINE NET.

38, BUCKLESHAM ROAD, IPSWICH.

TONY GANNON NET.

76, BREAKHOUSE ROAD, OLDBURY, WARLEY, WORCS.

RON LOAN NET.

104, CUMMING DRIVE, GLASGOW S.2.

HWFA JONES NET.

66, SANDY LANE, WALLASEY, CHESHIRE.

JAY RUSHBY RADAR MECH.

36, KENT ROAD, STOWMARKET, SUFFOLK.

ANDY SMITH GEOPHYSICIST.

20, IVY ROAD, SUTTON COALFIELD, WARWICKS.

NORMAN EDDLESTON GEOPHYSICIST.

120, MEDLAR ROAD, ABRONHILL, CUMBERNAULD, DUNBARTONSHIRE.

PAUL JONES GEOPHYSICIST

39, GREENLANDS ROAD, REDCAR, TESSIDE.

BRIAN CORNOCK GEOPHYSICIST

6, MANOR CLOSE, CHEADLE HULME, CHESHIRE.

JOHN FLICK RADIO

19, SHERWOOD ROAD, ANDELL, LYTHAM ST. ANNES, LANCASHIRE.

RICK LEE RADIO.

27, GEORGE STREET, SCUNTHORPE, LINGS.

JOHN HOCKELS IONOSPHERICIST

LINESIDE, STEVENS ROAD, CROMER, NORFOLK.

TREV THOMAS IONOSPHERICIST

18, WHITE LEDGES, EALING W.13.

STEVE BEAN TRACTOR MECH.

2, ALLINGTON ROAD, GILLINGHAM, KENT.

TOBY STONEHAM TRACTOR MECH.

7, THE CRESCENT, LEA, MALMESBURY, WILTS.

IAN BURY CATERING

HALL BANK, HARTINGTON, BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.

KEITH STEWARDSON CATERING.

33, WILDWOOD, LANE, STEVENAGE, HARTS.

MIKE TAYLOR ELECTRICIAN.

1, FERRLEIGH, LONG WOOD, HUDDERSFIELD, YORKS.

BOB PATERSON DOCTOR.

MEADOWBANK, HAMELS LANE, BOARS HILL, OXFORD.

BRACE BLACKWELL DIESEL MECH.

BIRCHES, BARTON LANE, BERNYHARBOR, NR. DIFRACOMBE. N. DEVON.

PAUL BRANCHAM BUILDER.

39, HEOL ISCOED, CARDIFF, CF 46PB.

ALSO MEMBERS OF THE BASE ARE :-

MR AND MRS FUSSYCAT, (DILLON AND PUFF)

BAS,

FORTSTANLEY,

FALKLAND ISLANDS,

SOUTH ATLANTIC.

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# HALLEY BAY 1971



*John*



*Robert King*



*John*



*John*



*John*



*John*



*John Robinson*



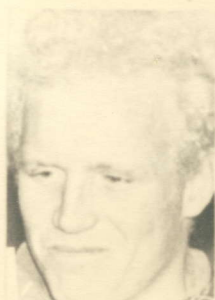
*John Robinson*



*A.J. Smith*



*John*



*Muff Warden*



*John Robinson*



*John Robinson*



*John Robinson*



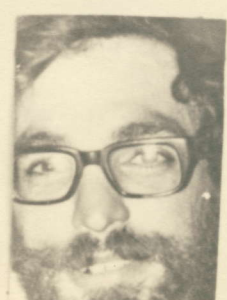
*John Jones*



*John Jones*



*John*



*John Jones*



*John Jones*



*John (John) Statham*



*John Jones*



*Paul O'Connell*



*John Jones*

THE CAST

from top row, left to right :-

SCRADGE KEITH STEWARDSON	CHEF
GUNS IAIN BURY	CHEF
GONKER JOHN FLICK	RADIO OP.
SKIER RICK LEE	RADIO OP.
LEGS JAY RUSHBY	RADAR MECH.
PORT PAUL JONES	GEO.
WRITER NORMAN EDDLESTON	GEO.
SINGER BRIAN CORNOCK	GEO.
CHEWER ANDY SMITH	VLUFF
GONKER TREV THOMAS	BEASTIE
MIXER MIKE MUFF WARDEN	DOGGY MAN
BLACK MARK VALLANCE	BASE LEADER, G.A.
ASTRONOMER BOB PATERSON	DOC.
GARDENER JOHN NOCKER NOCKELS	BEASTIE
PUPS HWFA JONES	MET.
WRECKER GORDON DEVINE	MET.
FLIER RON LOAN	MET.
LURKER TONY GANNON	MET.
WELDER BRUCE BLACKWELL	GENNIE MECH.
SAILOR TOBY STONEHAM	TRACTOR MECH.
SAFETY STEVE BEAN	TRACTOR MECH.
PROJECTS PAUL BRANHAM	CHIPPIE
DECORATOR MIKE TAYLOR	ELECTRICIAN

M IS FOR MUTT.....??

A.....

AHH OR ARR NOW, THE SOUND TO BE MADE WHEN APPROACHING A MAJOR ROAD OR TRAFFIC LIGHTS, I.E. APPLYING THE BRAKES, STOPPING.

ANGRY, WHAT ONE BECOMES IF THEY DON'T OBEY THE COMMAND.

AXE, THE BASIC TOOL OF THE TRADE, TO BE USED TO CHOP SEAL MEAT.

B.....

BEAST, THE DRIVER WHO FORGETS THE FIVE MINUTE BREAK IN EVERY WORKING HOUR.

BOO BOO, THE OLD MAN OF THE SPANS.

BANJO, RESTRICTED, NOT TO BE DONE, EXCEPT ON HUMANS.

J.....

CHAIN SAW, THAT LITTLE MECHANICAL THING THAT DOES ALL THE WORK IN CUTTING UP DOGGY DINNERS.

COW CATCHER, THE COMPLETELY USELESS PIECE OF EQUIPMENT, NOT A COW BEEN CAUGHT FOR YEARS, WHAT ARE THE G.A.S DOING ABOUT IT.

D.....

DOG, WELL WE ALL KNOW THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE OF THESE ON THE SPANS.

DEAD MAN, USED TO PREVENT THE TEAM FROM WONDERING AT NIGHT, SOMEWHAT LIKE A HAND BRAKE.

E.....

ERRA ENRRRRR-----RA, A ROLLING OF THE TONGUE SOUND MAKING SURE THEY, THE MUTTS FOLLOW THE PROPER TRACKS, OR YOURSELF IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE RUNNING IN FRONT WITH A LEFTHAND BIAS.

EVIL, WHAT MOST MUTT MEN BECOME AFTER TWO YEARS IN THE SADDLE.

F.....

FLAG, THE BE ALL AN END ALL IN MUTT NAVIGATION.

FLOG, WHAT IS DONE ALL DAY SKI-WALKING ALONG WITH THE SLEDGE.

G.....

GREENLAND, A PLACE WHERE HUSKIE DOGS LIVE.

GOBBLE AND GRAB, GRAB AND GOBBLE, THE ART OF SCRADGE, OR HOW TO UNWRAP NUTTY IN THE FIELD.

H.....

HOWL, THE CURRENT HIT TUNE AS SUNG BY THE MUTT CHOIR.

HUSKIE THAT MARVELLOUS, STRONG STEADY WORK FOUND IN THE NORTH, THINKS THEY MIGHT TRY SOME DOWN SOUTH ONE OF THESE DAYS.

I.....

INTEREST, WHAT IS NEEDED TO RISE EARLY EVERY MORNING TO KEEP THE MUTTS IN CHECK.

IDIOT, THE PERSON WHO HAS THIS INTEREST.

IDLE, THATS MORE LIKE IT.

J.....

JOLLY, DONE ALL SUMMER LONG WITH MUTTS.

JEALOUS, NO NOT AT ALL.

K.....

KNOT, OR HOW TO GET TIED UP HARNESSING UP THE TEAM.

KNOWLEDGE, VERY MUCH OF THIS NEEDED ESPECIALLY IN EVERYOTHER SUBJECT BUT DOGS.

L.....

LUCK, ALL THATS NEEDED TO GET THROUGH CREVASSED REGIONS.

LUV, ALL YOU CAN GET TRY MICHELLE.

LOST, NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS.

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

MUTT AND MUFF

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

SHALL WE SING A HYM.

N.....

NUTTY, THE FOOD OF THE NIGHT, MIND YOU DON'T LOSE YOUR MITTS.

NUTCASES, EVERYOTHER DOG ON THE SPANS.

O.....

OLD, ITS A HARD LIFE WITH THE MUTTS AND IT TELLS, ADDS YEARS.

ORDERS WHEN YOU GOT TO GO YOU GOT TO GO.

P.....

PICKET, A FORM OF PITON, USED TO BELAY THE SLEDGE.

PUNCHUP, A MUST FOR BOXING FANS, VISIT THE LOCAL COLLASIIUM THIS COMING SPRING, FREQUENT EVENTS NEAR THE SPANS.

Q.....

QUESTION, IF YOU NEEDED ANY HELP PLEASE WRITE TO D IS FOR DOG FRANK MANOLSON, 33 BEAUCHAMP PLACE, LONDON, SW3.

QUICK, NOT HALF THERE AND BACK IN NO TIME AT ALL.



R.....

RUNNER, POSITIONED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SLEDGEMAKING FOR EASE OF SLIP OVER SNOW. ( MUCH SPEED )

RUGGED, A YARN TO BE TOLD IN THE UK, IT STARTS LIKE THIS WHEN I WAS ALAD I SPENT A LITTLE TIME WITH MUTTS ETC ETC.

S.....

SPAN, THE PARKING LOT, DOUBLE PARKING NOT ADVISED AS IT LEADS TO ALL SORTS OF BOTHER.

SEAL, FOUND AROUND THE CHIP BUT NOT NEARLY LARGE ENOUGH, SOUTH G VARIETY BY FAR SUPERIOR.

T.....

TRACE, THE LIVE LINE FOR THE MUTT, AND THE PERPETUAL TANGLE FOR THE DRIVER.

TUNNEL, A IN DCOR PARKING LOT, RARELY USED IN SUMMER.

U.....

UNDERSTAND, THE BIGGEST PROBLEM OF ALL, WHY IS THERE ANY OTHER FORM OF TRANSPORT.

UN-TANGLE, ANOTHER ONE OF THE TEETHING PROBLEMS IT WILL SOON BE OVER COME.

V.....

VET, DOC IN DISGUISE.

WXXX

W.....

WASTE, A SECOND MEAL FOR THE MUTTS.

X.....

XRAY THEM BONES THEM DRY BONES.

Y.....

YAWN, YEA I'M A BIT TIRED, BUT NOT AS MUCH AS HAD I BEEN WITH MUTTS

Z.....

ZOMBI, TWO WEEKS IN THE FIELD WITH MUTTS AND YOUR BE ONE.

LONGEST, SHORTEST, GREATEST, THINNEST, HEAVIEST, LIGHTEST, OLDEST,

YOUNGEST. \* FACTS ABOUT THE FID.

OR THE FIDS VITAL STATISTICS.

We'll weigh in first with the heaviest of the facts, which takes little guessing, and is of course Andy at 199lbs. Whilst the lightest is Mike at 127lbs, a difference of 72lbs. so watch it Andy ( the lbs that is ),

The Lampost of the Year award goes to Ian who stands(?) at just over 2lbs per inch. The opposition in the person of Toby is not very far behind, so a little less eating will keep you the title, Ian

The greatest length must of course go to the man ,who, head in the clouds can't see the pans are burning, our beloved scragge mechanic Keith at  $6' 1\frac{1}{2}"$ , just that  $\frac{1}{2}"$  above the rest.

I again take the biscuit for smallest at  $5' 4\frac{1}{2}"$ - well that's what it says in my passport.

Our dad this year is that old man of the hills Bruce, weighing in with his 28 years of experience (of what I wonder ). Granny Bob chases close behind at 27 years and showing every year of it

The Nappy-Fin of the Year goes to Keith with his blue-eyed 21 years under his belt.

To look at the totals we have 515 years of experience and 3,602lbs of fat on base - no wonder it creaks and groans. Both of these are spread over 1,609". So if we all laid out in a line we would stretch from the radio shack to the kitchen.....

If you have been quick at your arithmetic you will have worked out the averages which are:- 22.4yrs ; 156lbs ; and  $5' 10"$  and hence the prize of Mr Average 1974 goes to none other than one-stripe Lee of Scunthorpe.

Doesn't seem right really, still we can always fall back on that saying - there's lies, damn lies, and statistics!

The midwinter film is a surprise. I wonder what it will be and who will be in it.

A new version of that old favourite, packed with thrills and spills and entertainment galore. Yes, The Wrecking Crew. The portrayal of 'the wrecker' is nothing short of brilliant and he has been nominated for the Raspberry Award for his part. Two of the stars are straight from their box office success in Come Fly With Me. One of these plays a stunt man nicknamed the Glasgow flier. Then theres the gay playboy caught in the web of the gangster who is only after his stats. Watch out for the leg pulling twist at the end.

Daily Lurker :- A great flight of fantasy.

The Six Inch Nail, the latest release from British Mouse. This is the story of how the first Canadians used to build their homes with the six inch nail and a smile. The star is known as Deadeye because he's always shooting the shit.

Daily Lurker :- Itbrought the house down.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Lacore Hut. There's nothing like a good comedy and thats what this is, nothing like a good comedy. It could have been a tradegy. But it has a happy ending. One of the stars sells all the publication rights for his articles, one finally gets his boat and sails it round the serpentine and 'the crooner' gets to sing on Folk in Focus, his big words being Wa Wa Diddy Diddy Wa Wa.

Daily Lurker :- An intricate plot with the winds of fortune bl  
blowing many ways.

The Oldest Proffesion Cert X. The star is a man of character who travels rough with his 40 dancing dogs. The climax comes when he is spanned by a hoard of marauding wolves. Will he escape the clutches of the dreaded Michelle ?

Daily Lurker :- Horrifying.

Beauties and the Beast, and what a pair of beauties with a left nocker and a right tit. Will the beast overcome them before it is put to sleep for ever. Will they wake up in time ?

Daily Lurker :- An absorbing film.

The Flying Doctor, an all American film of an English doctor in the great white outback. A story of those early pioneers of medicine. Who said Florence Nightingale was dead ? Don't fall asleep.

Daily Lurker :- Rib poking fun.

This centuries greatest who dun it, yes, Who Put the Lights Out. Who was there when the lights went out, who is the poison dwarf ? Five minutes silence at the end, with only a bell ringing, for you to decide.

Daily Lurker :- A masterpiece of who dun it that explains the generation gap.

Showdown at Scragge Point. A spit happy gunslinger is finally tracked down by the Marshal of Kw-ugh, but who wins ? See it all at the buffet for the next week, it all happens at Scragge Point.

Daily Lurker :- A true western in the Clint Eastwood style, watch guns rolling his own.

Climb Every Mountain, the story of a black man who roams the world in search of fortune and fame and the loved one he leaves behind. For his performance he has been offered a part in televisions Magic Roundabout.

Daily Lurker :- Punch by punch climbs up EVERY hill.

Whistle While You Work. It's here at your local, a happy chewing lad thrown into torment. Will his hut blow away in the great gale ? Will he make it in time for his fourth rum ?

Daily Lurker :- A pleasantly plump film of great magnitude.

The Spiders Web, a great who dun it with a trick skier stunt man who falls all over the place. Will the victim escape the clutches of the dreaded Gonk ? Will they get in touch in time ? Who gets the clap ?

Daily Lurker :- On your wavelength.

You've heard of it, talked of it, seen it advertised, well here it is, Road to Third Chip. A great new comedy, see them stuck half way up the ramp. Will they ~~make~~ make it to Third Chip before relief. It's all at your local armoo

Daily Lurker :- Great entertainment for the whole family. One star just opens his mouth and puts his foot in it.

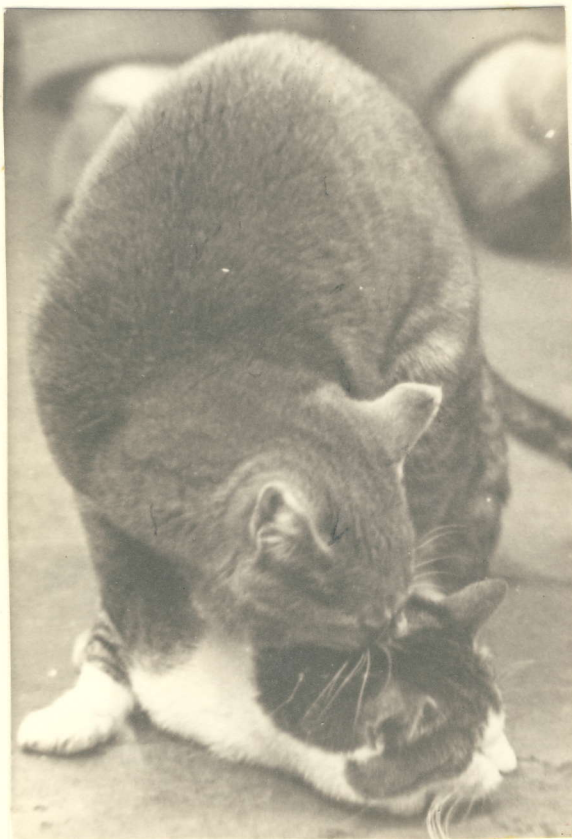
HALLEY BAY COUPLE TAKE PLUNGE

At long last the engagement has been announced between eligible bachelor Mr. Dillon of Halley Bay and well known society deb. Miss Puff. The young couple, photographed below after the announcement, are expected to have a short honeymoon 'somewhere quiet', before returning to normal duties with the Meteorological Office.

Mr. Dillon, when asked by our reporter why he had taken the big step, said,

"Well man, I bin sussin this cat for a long time. Dig?"

Miss Puff was not available for comment.



LITTLE(PISS)POT-BOILERS.

I hear the role of thunder,  
The judgement day has come.  
But no. It seems I'm wrong again,  
It's Andy chewing gum.

They told me Doctor Paterson,  
On your death bed you were laid.  
But a head that's been through Oxford,  
Can go through an I. H. blade.

One Muff's enough,  
This gruff old Muff,  
Is rough to say the least.  
It's tough the stuff,  
That makes a Muff,  
A Muff's as good as a feast.

Paul Brangham's found his feet at last,  
He's run a tricky course,  
From the murky depths of a new shit-house,  
To the arse-end of a horse.

For theory our new tractor mech,  
Has really quite a brain,  
But Toby, dear Toby,  
Will it ever work again ?

He's really a happy young diesel mech,  
As anyone here can see,  
But when Bruce has a couple of drinks on a Saturday,  
He's bombed right out of his tree.

The British had their Churchill,  
The Boers had their Smutts,  
But everyone has had their chips,  
When Rick Lee drops his guts.

There's a deathly hush in the base tonight,  
And people are walking in fear.  
Is it the wind, or is it the cold?  
No. Steve Bean's on the beer.

The relief arrived one stormy night,  
The shelf was barren and bare,  
With dread in their hearts, they rushed to the base,  
Not a soul was stirring there.  
So to the bunk rooms they hurried along,  
And they found much to their surprise,  
Twenty two stiffs were lying around,  
With lunatic stares in their eyes.  
One question burnt strong in everyone's mind,  
What drove the base over the line.  
The answer they found was the one fid left,  
You've guessed, it was Gordon Devine.

Oh bury me out on the sweet prairie,  
For Brian is playing with T.N.T.

Whenever, Mark, you leave this place,  
And pay your social calls,  
It's not polite in company,  
To scratch one's itchy balls.

As the likelihood of a fire is much enhanced during midwinter celebrations we proudly present , at no little expense , the appropriate drill below , for the benefit of our safety conscious member(s) .

### FIRE DRILL

- (A) ON DISCOVERING A FIRE (delete as inappropriate)
1. Keep perfectly calm and stay where you are . Over 30% are now cremated .
  2. PANIC . Scream . Dance up and down . Lash out with an axe.
  3. Go and have a cup of coffee .
- (B) ON HEARING THE ALARM ♯ (your choice)
1. You were dreaming . Go back to sleep .
  2. 10x8 colour glossy photographs may be required as evidence so seize your camera . Better shots may be obtained if you light a real fire .
  3. Play tagboard for ¼hr in the lobby .
  4. Lurk over to the beastie hut to test the emergency sleeping arrangement in the loft .

### FIRE-FIGHTING TASKS

1. Fight the fire . ) A three part harmony chant to be sung
  2. Fight the fire . ) to clapping hands and stamping feet
  3. Fight the fire . ) followed by a bumps-a-daisy .
  4. Throw lots of water around - it's good clean stuff .  
For those not on gash only .
  5. You name it .
- Ⓔ

### GENERAL POINTS

1. May lie on a straight line .
2. May not lie on a straight line .
3. To ensure the optimum amount of fun for all concerned choose unusual times of day to play at pyrogenesis .
4. Always have an implement of destruction at hand to help relieve pent up feelings in times of stress .
5. Remember that while there is no-one in the field 99.9% of accidents occur on base .
6. A firefly is an insect , usually a beetle , that emits light in the dark .
7. In the immortal words of K. Beastieman-Chappell . . .  
'O fuck off do '.

Please realise this is no laughing matter , but a very real danger . Another danger - of no lesser magnitude - which may become apparent at this time of year is if your friend :

1. Shows unexpected and apparently unreasonable behaviour .
2. Fails to respond to , or to understand directions .
3. Slurrs his speech .
4. Has shivering fits .
5. Becomes unusually energetic in language or action .

for this means his inner CORE temperature has dropped . In such a case :

1. Throw him into a hot bath .
2. Provide blue plastic bowl or alternatively clear a runway to the (as yet unfinished) bog .

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO OVERSTRESS THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS if you are on gash the next day .





TRUDYS REPORT ON THE HALLEY BAY  
INCIDENT

This is not a pretty story. But the facts have to be revealed so that the whole despicable (see CORNOCK B.) episode may be seen for what it is - fiction.

It follows that much publicised event in the life of Trudy (Delightful, Intrepid etc etc) when she visited Halley Bay. As a result of that visit, as you may remember, the rebels were crushed and a potentially nasty situation averted. However the ring leaders were still at large and in view of their imminent return to the U.K. it was thought expedient to check on past histories of the main characters in the plot and to look at other parts played. Since Trudy was an expert in removing information from people, with the least effort and the most pleasure (both for her and the giver) she was asked to do the research. Personal spying of this nature was not really her favourite scene but she realised the necessity in this case and besides 'N' ordered her to do it.

The following is an abridged extract from her report :

Subject VALLANCE M.

Subject carefully studied during the incident and many personal details noted. (e.g. scar on right thigh) Shows climbing ability developed at an early age when separated from neighbours young daughter by nine feet high spiked wall. Hence scar on thigh. Shows some artistic talent and thought to have been involved in the outbreak of obscene graffiti in the Falkland Islands in '70. (q.v.)

Habits : Claims to be wine expert, pipe connoisseur and playboy.

Subject BEAN S.

Accomplice of Vallance. Possibly the brains behind the plot. Believed to have been given job of blowing up the Bransfield with gelignite (hence nick-name Jelly Bean) while covering fire was to have been provided by BURY I. (Six-gun) (q.v.)

Halley Bay Incident cont.

Subjects BURY I. BRANGHAM P.

Dangerous characters. Don't turn your back on Bury when he gets that mean look in his eyes. Shoots well with either hand.

Brangham was the one chosen to parachute aboard the Bransfield, if all else failed, using a bunch of met. balloons. (See JONES H. and GANNON T.) Had the wind not changed direction they could have succeeded.

SUBJECTS DEVINE G. PATERSON R. CORNOCK B.

Almost certainly the ones who provided the explosives for Blaster Bean. They were also rumoured to have developed a highly effective chemical warfare system as a back up.

All those mentioned above, with the help of heavies LOAN R., FLICK J. and SMITH A, the military know-how of ~~KN~~ RUSHBY J. and LEE R., the diabolical cunning of JONES P. and the electrical and electronic devices of KNOCK J. , TAYLOR M. and BLACKWELL B. , could have proved difficult to overcome. Had they failed they still had the ultimate weapon - STONEHAM H.G. Of this I shall say no more except that we must praise God the STONEHAM-STEWARDSON K. baked apple device did not achieve full working potential.

Further, ~~xxx~~ had the WARDEN M. trained dogs been ready in time it might have been a different story. Had the THOMAS T. plan not run into difficulties anything might have happened. There are many ifs.

Conclusions : All members of Halley Bay are high risk cases.

Paranoia rampant ; schizophrenia apparent - especially noticeable in the base magazine (see reference to particular article - 'Trudy'-mind of author discussed)

Recommendations : All the people involved be left where they are so that they may do no more harm.

WINTERTIME MOAN or The Time May Come

In the middle of wintertime  
When greyness hangs upon your mind  
You'd better start praying for the sun to shine  
Before you become the bitter twisted kind  
But the time may come

O the time may come  
When you might think you're about to die  
With the wind a-screaming across the sky  
But if breath ain't liquid in your lungs  
You might just manage an extra rung  
But the time may come

O the time may come  
When pretty colors change their hue  
The roses red look brown to you  
And when aman starts seeing things as dark  
He pierces your mind like a poison dart  
But the time may come

O the time may come  
    pause for breath   aah   aah  
You realise the sands have run out  
Bullshit's made the fungus sprout  
O your prime time you could have used well  
But this darned hole was too like a cell  
And now the time has come  
O now the time has come . . .

For a cup of tea .

IT WAS LIKE THIS.....LAST YEAR 1970/1971

- FEB 2 PERLA ARRIVED VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING.  
5 " SAILED AFTER A RECORD RELIEF.  
10 RESERVE COAL DUMPED IN THE OLD BASE.  
12 ICE CUT BACK IN GARAGE RAMP READY FOR ARMCO.  
18 PROGRESS ON ARMCO SLOW BECAUSE WRONG SECTIONS ASSEMBLED!  
19 TEMPORARY COVERING OVER RAMP COLLAPSED DURING A BLOW. ALL HANDS RIGGED UP NEW ONE IN "HELL CONDITIONS".  
24 GONK SIGHTED MYSTERY CHOPPER OVER BASE. KEG LOADED WITH FIDS SPED TO MEMORIAL AND SAW MYSTERY BOAT FLASHING A MYSTERY MESSAGE. SPOT LAMP ON KEG FLASHED BACK A MESSAGE, BUT NO-ONE COULD READ MORSE!  
28 FIRST GOODIES RAID ON OLD BASE.
- MAR 8 CHOPPER VISIT FROM GLACIER. (B.O. NOT SUSPECT AFTER ALL) TOOK MANY FIDS FOR JOLLY OUT TO THE SHIP.  
12 PROF CORNOCK SIGHTS CORNOCKS COMET.  
13 A QUIET DAY !  
14 RADIO-SHACKS FIRST ATTEMPT AT MAST RAISING. MAST BROKE AFTER SEVERAL CRASHES.  
19 SECOND FATAL ATTEMPT.  
21 THIRD " "  
23 SNO-CATS FIRST AND ONLY FIELD TRIP.  
28 W(RO)NG ACCIDENTLY PULLED DOWN THE GASH SHAFT.  
31 BEASTIE-MAN AND HIS SLAVE ERECT THAT FATAL MAST.
- APR 4 R.C.A. TRANSMITTER RECOVERED FROM OLD BASE.  
9 BLOW, MAX GUST GREATER THAN 60 KNOTS.  
16 FIVE FIDS ATTACKED THE KITCHEN STOVE WITH WIRE WOOL, ELECTRIC-DRILLS, BRASSO AND SOAP. THE STOVE LOST AND HAD A DEATHLY SHINE ON IT. THE COOKS NEARLY DIED ASWELL!  
18 A FLOCK OF SEVERAL HUNDRED SNOWY PETRALS FLEW AROUND BASE. WELL IT WAS QUITE A LOT.  
24 ARMCO FINISHED. A BIG RELIEF.  
28 LOWEST TEMP FOR APRIL -50.5, TEMP IN TUNNEL -40.

- MAY 2 A GREAT PARTY NIGHT. PROF CORNOCK SHAVED HIS HEAD, TWO WOMEN APPEARED.
- 11 DOC'S EMPEROR PENGUIN PARTY LEFT FOR MOBSTER
- 13 LAST FUEL-RUN AFTER SUN DOWN !!!
- 15 LAST FOOD-RUN " " "
- 16 PROJECTOR BLEW UP WHEN "HOLIDAYS" WAS SHOWN BACKWARDS.
- 22 SNO-CAT AND TWO KEGS MOVED INTO GARAGE FOR WINTER. PUPS TRIED TO DO  
THE SAME.
- 23 BIT OF A PARTY. MARK FOUND HIS BEDDING IN THE TOILET. DR. PEEL  
THOUGHT IT WAS THE BEST PLACE FOR IT!
- 24 LAST BAD EGG EATEN.
- 28 RELIEF FOR THE COLD ROOM FIDS AFTER FOUR DAYS OF IT.
- JUN 6 PAY RISE
- 20 FOOTBALL MATCH FOR THE HARDY AND THE FOOLISH.
- 21 BEER MACHINE ASSEMBLED IN THE LOUNGE IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING  
MID WINTER DINNER, SHOW AND FILM IN TRAD STYLE. MARK AND STEVE AND  
MUFF BECAME SKIN-HEADS!
- JUL 6 DOC MADE SEVERAL ABORTIVE ATTEMPTS TO FIND THE BEASTIE-HUT IN A BLOW  
HE DISCOVERED THAT THE BALLOON SHED WIND SCOOP WAS NOWHERE NEAR IT.
- 21 BOG REDECORATED.
- AUG 10 FLAG RAISED TO THE TUNE OF THE BEATLES "HERE COMES THE SUN".
- 16 RECORD LOW TEMP OF -52.8 C.
- 22 SHEER HELL -48 AND 25 KNOTS!
- SEP 4 A FROZEN CAN OF FRUIT JUICE WAS ACCIDENTLY LEFT IN THE OVEN TO THAW  
OUT....A FEW HOURS LATER THE COOK FOUND THE OVEN DOOR OPEN AND CRACKED,  
THE CAN WAS FLATTENED. WHY NOT TRY AN OVEN FULL?
- 16 BASE PHOTOGRAPH.
- 19 FIELD SEASON OPENED.
- 26 NOCKER DISLOCATES SHOULDER. HELP! HELP!
- 27 " RETURNS TO BASE. SIGH! SIGH!
- OCT 13 MAIN FIELD PARTY GOT AWAY AFTER MUCH HANGING ABOUT.
- 20 MUCH SPECULATION AFTER NEWS OF BISCOES BREAKDOWN
- NOV 11 HOLE CUT IN SEA ICE AT THIRD CHIP. MUCH SURPRISE AT THICKNESS OF 10 FT.
- 17 FIRST BOTTOM SAMPLES OBTAINED WITH GRAB

- NOV 18 IN EARLY HOURS TWO U.S. PLANES ENCIRCLED HALLEY BAY, UNKNOWN TO ALL THOSE SLUMBERING, SUFFERING AND RECOVERING FIDS BELOW. THE PLANK DID NOT LAND BECAUSE OF LOW CLOUD.
- 21 VERY SOFT SNOW, COULD SINK A FEW FEET INTO IT AROUND BASE.
- 29 TWO U.S. PLANES LANDED, WERE GREETED WARMLY BY FIDS AND THE SIGHT OF ALL THOSE FLAGS FLYING FROM THE FLAG MAST. HIGHER UP WAS THE JOLLY ROGER FLYING FROM THE AERIAL MAST TOGETHER WITH BOBS BIKE!
- DEC 3 FRED WENT FOR JOLLY DOWN TO THIRD CHIP ON DOC'S LAP ON SLEDGE.
- 10 MAIN FIELD PARTY LIMPED BACK TO BASE,
- 15 DINING ROOM DECORATIONS COMMENCED.
- 18 TEMP ROSE TO +2 C.
- 19 ARGY CHOPPER LANDED DURING A GASH RUN. GREAT JUBILATION. BROUGHT EGGS, TURKEY AND BOOZE. (IN THAT ORDER OF IMPORTANCE)....
- 20 RIFLE SHOOTING COMPETITION RUN BY COL."W(ROB)G"GILL WHO EVENTUALLY WON IT. SO KEEP CLEAR OF SECOND YEARS WITH RIFLES!
- 23 B.B.C. "CALLING ANTARCTICA" WAS HEARD.
- 25 XMAS, REPEAT OF BEST FILM OF YEAR, "CAT BALLOU".
- 26 SKI-JORRING COMPETITION, WON OF CAUSE BY BEAUTIFUL. (?)
- JAN 5 DRANK TOAST TO BRANSFIELD, STILL DOUBT THAT SHE WILL MAKE IT.
- 6 AWOKE TO FIND ARGYS IN THE LOUNGE! BROUGHT THE BEST STEAK HALLEY HAD TASTED FOR A LONG TIME. PROF CORNOCK TIED HIS JOLLY ROBERTO THE CHOPPER TO GET RID OF IT. (THE FLAG THAT IS!).
- 7 GREAT SADNESS. FRED LOST HIS HEAD DURING THE NIGHT. THE HIPPY CHIPPY WAS AN UNHAPPY CHAPPY AFTER FALLING 25 FEET DOWN THE BOG HOLE IN  
A BOX.
- 14 SUPERB DAY, SEA-ICE BROKE BACK LEVEL WITH THE THIRD CHIP HEADLAND.
- 15 OUTSIDE GASH COMMENCED JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT AND WAS FINISHED 45 MINS  
LATER.
- 20 QUEBEC FELL DOWN THE BOG HOLE, BREAKING BOTH FOREPAWS.
- 23 PRINCESS ANNE BERG SAILED AWAY. EMINENT SCIENTIST PROVED WRONG.
- FEB 1 U.S. PLANES RETURN BRINGING BACK THE JUBILANT FIELD PARTY.
- 2 PACK-ICE IN THIRD CHIP BAY MOVING WITH TWO FOOT SWELL.
- 4 SEA-ICE BROKE BACK TO THE RAMP, LEAVING A 6 FT. DROP.
- 8 NEAR PANIC AND LAST MINUTE RUSH WHEN LEARN'T BRANSFIELD ARRIVING  
TOMORROW..

THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT TO CHANGE ANY OF THE ABOVE FACTS.

## HALF YEARLY SURVEY

Without doubt the four biggest hits of the year were :-

- a) Rob Paterson with 'Flyin''. A big hit with I.H. drivers everywhere.
- b) Ronnie Loan and 'Balloon Shed Jump'. Another thumping great hit.
- c) Jay and the Radar Mechs - 'Wind Scoop Hop'. A break in Jays usual routine. Possibly the biggest hit of the year.
- d) Paul Jones and the Chart Changers - 'La cour Hut Blues'. Amateur pilot Jones takes flying honours here. Not a big hit but a definite moover.

Compiling the charts in the time honoured fashion, that is awarding 20 points for a no.1, 19 for a no.2, etc. the top records for the first half of the year are :-

- 1) 200 points      MY SWEET LORD                      GEORGE HARRISON  
Released from the L.P. 'All Things Must Pass' it went to no.1 almost immediately. Best record of this period.
- 2) 188 points      HOT LOVE                                      T. REX.  
British two man group led by pixie faced Marc Bolan. Their second record in the charts after umpteen releases.
- 3) 160 points      KNOCK THREE TIMES                      DAWN  
American group. Also their second hit in Britain.
- 4) 155 points      PUSHBIKE SONG                              MIXTURES  
Australian group who copied Mungo Jerry and had an even bigger hit.
- 5) 152 points      BABY JUMP                                      MUNGO JERRY  
British pop-jug band who increase popularity by releasing 8min singles. A good year for them.
- 6) 147 points      IT'S IMPOSSIBLE                              PERRY COMO  
A come-back by the singer of 'Catch a Falling Star' and other ditties in the charts again with his follow up.
- 7) 146 points      ROSE GARDEN                                      LYNN ANDERSON  
Canadian girl who had a minor hit with a pretty little song called 'Snowbird' immediately before releasing this. Tremendously popular record with two versions in the charts at the same time.

- 8) 129 points    DOUBLE BARREL                    DAVE + ANTHOLL COLLINS  
Reggae with the usual sound. A surprisingly large hit.
- 9) 124 points    BROWN SUGAR                    ROLLING STONES  
Never made no.1 but spent three weeks at no.2. Not their best.
- 10) 123 points    BRIDGET THE MIDGET            RAY STEVENS  
One of ~~the~~ several novelty songs out this year but the only hit amongst them. Using all the electronic tricks available he produced this pleasant but slightly sick record himself.
- 11) 122 points    ANOTHER DAY                    PAUL McCARTNEY  
Another ex-Beatle makes it solo. Good record this but like all Beatle records it sold in one quick burst.
- 12) 109 points    INDIANA WANTS ME              ARDINE TAYLOR  
American singer/composer from a talented family. The most successful of the three Taylor brothers to date.
- 13) 108 points    RESURRECTION SHUFFLE        ASHTON, GARDNER and DYKE  
Highest placed instrumental. British group.
- 14) 107 points    EXCERPT FROM MOZART        WALDO DELOS REOS  
Another instrumental by person or persons unknown. The name is a joke but the record wasn't.
- 15) 94 points    IT DON'T COME EASY            RINGO STARR  
Creditable performance on this self penned number showing that he can stand alone.
- 16) 88 points    STONED LOVE                    THE SUPREMES  
Not a very great record from early on in the year.
- 18) 81 points    HEAVEN MUST HAVE SENT YOU    THE ELGINS  
Surprise re-release and hit. Tamla-motown again.
- 19) 71 points    MY BROTHER JAKE              FREE  
Still selling. Happy record from a normally heavy group.
- 17) 84 points    LOVE STORY(WHERE DO I BEGIN)    ANDY WILLIAMS  
Ahuge ballad production from the film of the same name.
- 20) 70 points    SWEET CAROLINE                NEIL DIAMOND  
He's been trying for years with the same tune, different words. Finally found the right lyrics for a hit.



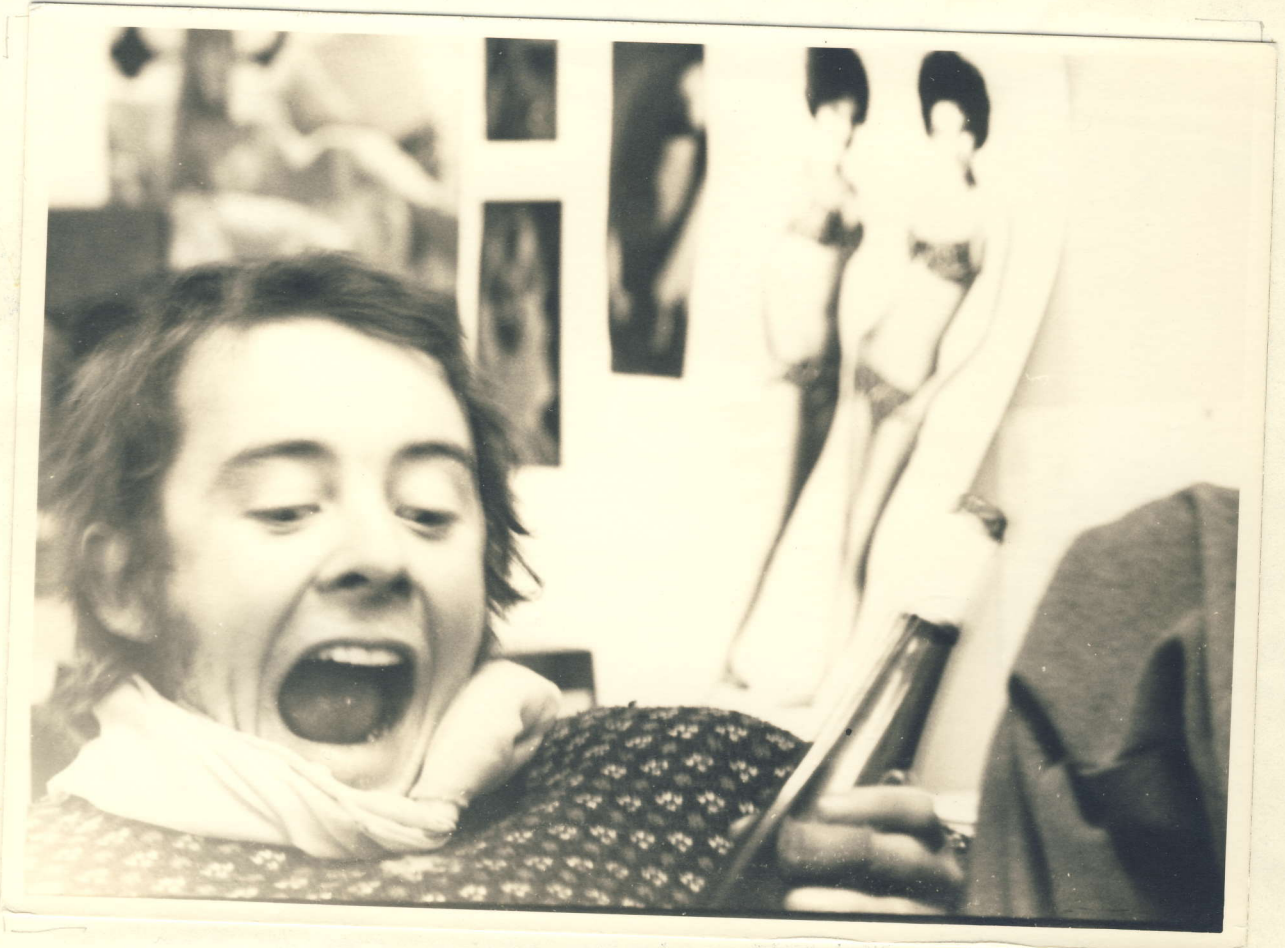
COMPETITION FOR TIRED FIDS

This is it, people ! The competition is none of your usual rubbish such as :-  
Rearrange the following into a well known phrase or saying -

( PAIN WHAT A )

No, this competition requires a high degree of perseverance, skill, subtlety, literary talent, etc. the answers are therefore given below.

What you have to do is this... Invent a caption for the ...  
" cartoon? " below.



- Answers; 1) "It's hell in the Antarctic! All work - no time for wine, women or song. "
- 2) " Hooough - Who put the potato powder in my wine ? "
- 3) " Metmen are the only ones who do any work. "
- 4) " Whaaat do you mean, I shouldn't be drinking the wine ? - The wrong cal. sheet was used ? The sonde didn't reach five millibars ? "

The plan was for the Americans to bring geologists Rocky Clarkson and Bob Wyeth here, collect Gengis and myself, 3 dog teams plus gear and drop us in the Shacks for 2 months. Our pick-up date was to be 15th November but due to poor radio conditions and weather it was delayed a fortnight, which cut us down to a planned 6 weeks instead of 8, which caused a bit of pruning of the program.

However on 1st February we were standing in the Stratton Gl. with our gear in one big mound. We left it like that, pitched the tent, had a brew and gonked. Next day we tidied up, sorted out, and then took 2 teams to Williams Ridge to show Bob and myself the ropes. The view of the western Shacks was impressive and almost alpine. I envied Gengis and Bob who were to spend their whole time doing a detailed work in this area. They had superb weather and while Bob plodded round doing a record number of geology stations, Gengis climbed most of the peaks and was only deterred on some by the heat.

While with trepidation and flutterbyes in the tummy, I led out of the Depot with the Beatles over the head of the Stratton, Rocky following a discreet distance behind. However the dogs behaved themselves and settled down in the first day, and Rocky had time to enjoy the scenery. It took us 2½ days to get to the Recovery Gl. Air Depot of 2 years previous calling in at 2 bits of rock on the way. The Recovery Depot was only showing a few feet of the marker poles. It's stuck 8 miles out from any feature in a bad area of sastrugi. We passed it within 400 yards and missed it the first time. We picked up more grub and with sledges loaded 2 boxes high set off for the Reed Mts. only rolling a sledge once and losing a climbing rope on the 2½ day journey to survey station Jay.

Originally it was planned to spend 40 days in the Reeds but due to the delay in pick-up it was cut to 30. But in the next 52 days of our trip we only had 5 clear calm sunny days which further trimmed the work to be done in both the Reeds and Herberts. On sked nights it was sickening to hear Gengis complaining of the heat.

We took a 5 day load and worked out the western part of Reeds leaving a small depot to be collected on our return a fortnight later. We galloped back to Jay in 40 knots with empty sledges. Then we worked ~~east~~ along the south side of the Reeds and were the targets of a constant catabatic waft, mostly in white-out - exciting at times. We climbed up to the top of the scarp edge at the east of the Reeds, depo'd

Mt Halley in quest of dolerite that didn't exist. Anabertive 2 days ever had sastrugi which capsized both sledges 3 times.

We'd hoped to do a lot of geology along the top of the ridge but the weather was so bad that we achieved hardly anything. It was deep softens up and down steep slopes - the sledge bridges acting as snow ploughs. It was mid-shin deep on skis and crutch deep off them. We even had to run a compass course to a large mass of rock only 3 miles ahead. We were also embraced by a blow at one of the highest points in the Reeds and had to push to our little depot with only  $\frac{1}{2}$  a days grub in hand. It was then a 3 day flog with heavy loads and softens round the Fuch's Dome back to the Depot for Rogzany - max speed  $2\frac{1}{2}$  mph - but a good piss-up with gengis and Bob and a rest for the dogs.

Rocky then headed east again for the Herbert Mts picking up more grub at Lewis Air Depot on the way, again with heavy loads in the hope that we'd get 2 weeks extension of time - we got it. The Herberts is a beautiful, compact group, steep and high with interesting rock - even garnets. We picked strategic campsites so that rock was never far from the tent. Rocky needed a thaw and a brew after every sortie out. There's only one way into this somewhat circular group. The middle is mostly glare ice and it was possible to skijore in boots at times. But the dogs can't drink and hate to shit on it. Campsites were usually in the lee of moraine where a little drift collected usually only a few inches thick. While Rocky struggled, working in gloves, I climbed the ridges or gonked. After 2 weeks working from the inside of the group we came out and worked our way down the western side. Mt. Absalom west ridge was climbed. The first attempt 2 years ago cost Mike Skidsore a stitched lip when he slipped on the final bit. Pretty quartz crystals outcrop on its summit, and it gives the best view in the Shacks from the western to eastern end, and across the Slessor to Mt Faraway and the Therons. Rolling sledges was almost a matter of course; The 2 teams once got badly entangled but forgot to have a fight; Rocky's jackaw instincts had to be curbed - he was collecting more than the dogs were consuming; trundling became a hobby too; but the weather was foul.

Still, all too soon it was time to flog back to the depot and await our pick-up - we waited 5 days.

However the geology of the Eastern Shacks, and the Morris and Benney nunatacs still has to be done - a season for 2 geologists. There's some geophysics to do as well. But if, and when, it's still doggy country.

A MIDWINTER'S TALE, OR THE TRUE STORY  
OF  
HUSKISPLEX HALLEIBALLI'S PRIVATE  
LIFE

Are you comfortable? If not, have another beer.

It is appropriate that I tell this tale at Midwinter for it speaks of jolly Midwinter spirits of creatures that dwelt in these parts long ago.

They are always to be seen at this time by those who imbibe great volumes (if I did not tell them, well I hate to think what they would do).

Centuries ago, when Antarctica was a warm and pleasant land, a large number of furry animals grazed on its pastures green. One of these was the fierce and wooly quadruped, Huskisplox halleiballi, whose descendants walk the land even now, presumably because of their tenacious and friendly disposition towards that migrant species *Hominis* *fid.* Noted for his lust and zest for life, Huskisplox (H.) was a lumbering sort of fellow who liked the sensuous of the lush splode grass on his nethers as he sidled over the land in great herds. In fact you could say he was a passionate brute, easily aroused and the devil to stop. It is not known to this day exactly what Huskisplox's intentions were, but it was not unusual to see him gently stroking the splode grass with his nose, an act which seemed to excite him for after such a contact he would rush madly about singing and sowing (oats).

Anyway, he multiplied and covered the land until there was no room for anyone else and it became necessary to curtail these rabbit like activities. *Felinis dilloni*, a fearsome and arrogant creature, took a hand in this and a terrible war ensued. Herds of Huskisploxes were decimated by the ravages of *Felinis*' legions who not only were agile and subtle warriors but had the aid of a fearsome air force with that powerful amphibious flier, *Pengwinge Imperial*. Pairs of this notorious fighter would come red hot out of the sun at the unsuspecting herds of H., making low level runs and with incredibly accurate fire destroyed the splode grass. Poor H.

H. was forced underground where neither *Felinis* nor the aerial monsters could find him. Both took to the land, in chase, but were unable to match the sheer doggedness of Huskisplox who could now make as much noise as he liked without being spotted. What was more he took to living in hutches-like rabbits—and made hay while the sun shone. In fact, great warrens were evolved where Huskisplox multiplied undisturbed. The curious thing was that he did this without the aphrodisiac splode grass—every

year about Midwinter time (like the now grounded Pengwinge Imperial). We know in this age of science that he retreats to his underground refuges and there with the symbiant help of his chaperon Hominis Doggyfid (a sub elite in the order H.fid) he went through the elaborate courtship, displaying to his mate across the bones of a seal from the confines of his hutch. To this day, so we are told, the descendants of this noble breed can be found on a barren and isolated coastal plain where a similar ritualis still observed.

So, if you see a ghostly figure flitting across the bondu this Midwinter you can be sure that it is the spirit of Huskispalex halleiball and spare a thought for his descendants whooping it up in their nuptial subterranean cavern.

Happy Midwinter.

MIDWINTER MADNESS

Midwinter's a beautiful season  
With festivities groovy and pleasin';  
We've wined and we've dined  
And we've just blown our mind;  
Like I said: Midwinter's the reason.

Halley Bay is just kinda real cool man  
Under M.V.'s benevolent rule, man;  
Of bases the coldest  
Mark's larks are the boldest -  
Oh, brother, that cat is no fool, man.

Our radio op name of Rick Lee  
Handles the traffic so slickly,  
When he's not in the shack  
He'll be knockin' it back;  
At the bar the Bacardi goes quickly.

John Flick is the other op'rator;  
He's getting up later and later.  
If Rick is the slicker,  
John Flick is the thicker -  
If Flick was a chick, would you date her?

A meteorologist's Gordon,  
His head's always having scorn poured on;  
He'll tug at his beard  
Gee, it really looks weird,  
Like some old rag the doggies have gnawed on.

Halley Bay's juice man is Bruce, man -  
A spruce, not a loose or obtuse man;  
Through his skill and his cunning  
The gennies keep running.

A juice man like Bruce has his use, man.

Fair-haired and rugged and tough  
Is the G.A. and doggieman, Muff;  
He's put up a shaft  
But the first little waft  
Blew the whole thing away like a cream puff.

Base builder's a chap called Paul Brangham;  
Big nails and a hammer to bang'em  
Is all that he needs  
To perform mighty deeds  
Like his new bog whose praises - we sang'em.

Steve is in charge of the garage  
Looking after all manner of carriage;  
Maintaining the tractors  
Is one of the factors  
That makes his work hard to disparage.

From Huddersfield town hails Mike Taylor  
Who no-one can say is a failure:  
He chooses the fuses  
And oozes the boozes -  
'lectrician and goodies retailer.

A lurking geophysicist named Brian  
Is known as Pi-G although why in  
The world this should be  
Is not easy to see,  
Though that's not for the want of the tryin'.

Ian(the cook)'s nickname's Guns;  
Crack shot with a rifle, my sons.  
And Bury the Hatchet  
There's no-one can match it  
The way that that fella makes buns.

Toby's a tractor mechanic,  
An engineer young and dynamic;  
If you're short of spanners  
For peeling bananas,  
Phone Stoneham - he'll loan 'em - don't panic.

Ionosphericist Nocker,  
We think he's a bit off his rocker.  
Splodes electronic  
Not to say telephonic,  
He'll fix in two ticks of the tocker.

Hwfa's in charge of the Met work;  
Three minions do aid and abet work.  
The Met Office scene,  
Like a well-oiled machine,  
Is the heart of the intercom network.



Now Keith also works in the kitchen  
With the scradge that his meals are so rich in;  
He's been known in the bar  
To consume the odd jar -  
If there's beer there, he's itchin' to pitch in.

Ron Loan's a Glaswegian so strange as  
To support neither Celtic nor Rangers;  
A net man is he -  
Two black eyes and a knee,  
He received from the Antarctic dangers.

Jay(radar mech)'s done his foot in  
By jumpin' without parachutin';  
Oh, what a disaster!  
So now it's in plaster  
And crutches are what he looks cute in.

A geo man name of Jones, Paul  
Was caught out one day in a squall;  
He used scissors and string,  
'Twas a very close thing,  
But he got back all right after all.

Tony we call Antonioni,  
Don't confuse with his colleague Gordoni;  
He projects the film reels  
To the sounds of our squeals  
And our sighs and our cries of 'Baloney'.

Norman's a quietish fellow  
Who's never been yet known to bellow;  
Geophysicist Ned  
When all's done and said,  
Clicks his shutter before saying hello.

And that VLF chap called Andy  
We think he's a bit of a dandy;  
Still he sure knows his stuff  
When he's speaking of Vluff,  
But he's too fat and too fond of candy.

Trev's given those whistlers a bash  
And hash't made too bad a hash;  
He'll play you John Mayall  
Each time without fail  
That groovy old hooker's on gash.

Our medical man is Bob Paterson;  
It's amazing the way that he natters on -  
As doctor, physyologist,  
Veterinologist,  
Astronomer, Chandler, he batter's on.

Dillon and Puff are the moggies,  
And also there's quite a few doggies;  
The latest addition ~~taxXitixyXt~~  
To Halley's tradition,  
A brand new luxurious bog is.

Midwinter will come and will go,  
But after the fun and the show,  
To carry back home  
You will still have this poem  
That was written by me - Gilbert Snow.

### THE NEW BASE SCENE

SEVERAL NEW REDACORATION SCHEMES HAVE BEEN ~~EXPERIMENT~~ CARRIED OUT IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS. NAMELY THE BONDU BAR, IN BRIGHT SHADES OF SNO-CAT, MUSKEG, AND TARPAULIN . THE LOUNGE HAS ALSO BEEN REDACORATED AND NOW BOASTS OF A RED BRICK WALL. OVER THE PILLARS IS NOW A NICE SHADE OF, AGAIN, SNO-CAT. THE ~~EX~~ CEILING A FRESH MUCKLUCK, AND THE OPPOSING WALLS IN BRIGHT ONITSUKA TIGAR.

### NEW SPORT OVERWHELMS ANTARCTIC BASE.

THE NEW TRENDY WITH THEME AT THE MOMENT SEEMS TO BE FLYING THIS HOBBY APPEARS TO BE GATHERING MORE PARTICIPATANT EVERY WEEK OR SO. UNFORTUNATELY DUE TO THE HIGH RATE OF CASUALATIES OUR PROMINANT B.L. IS TRYING WITH LITTLE SUCCESS TO SUBDUE THE SPORT.

### HAVE FOOT WILL TRAVEL

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH, WHAT IS THE NEW MEANS OF TRAVEL ON BASE ? ONE MEMBER OF BASE WHO TOOK PART IN ONE OF THE NEW BASE GAMES IS TRYINY TO CONVEY HIMSELF AROUND FROM PLACE TO PLACE BY WHAT IS CALLED " JAYHOP" . ALTHROUGH I HAVE BEEN IMFORMED THAT ONE DOES NOT HAVE TO BREAK ONES ~~KNEE~~ ANKLE TO PARTICIPATE.

## SHORT STORY 1

### A MET OFFICE FANTASY

Sonde 70502 looked no different from all the other sondes in the met. office, outwardly at least. True it had calibrated on the morning of its launch as an almost exact fit to the calibration curves on its data sheet, a most unusual occurrence but it whirred and squeaked in the same way that all the others tend to do, and it was launched without difficulty on a calm August morning. But as the flight progressed it became obvious that 70502 was slightly special. For one thing it did not jump ten dits at the end of every decade, a common fault, and when the traces were looked at after the flight they were noted to be remarkably smooth and continuous.

To the ditter however it was just another morning wasted, while the comper next to him, none to awake after a more than excessive Friday night, was hardly registering the fact that the flight had begun, despite the fresh air he had encountered launching the can. It would take more than that to waken him up. 'Why were sondes always so bloody noisy in the morning?' Any other time of the day you were hardly bothered by the morse. To make matters worse it had all the ill omens of along flight. 'Jeese, another scramble to get the message away.'

70502 took 10mbs. with ease after 82 minutes. At 5mbs. the ditter was beginning to squirm, partly due to discomfort and partly because he had never before been on a flight that got this high. He even started to become a little excited. The mood was not shared by the other who received each fresh sheet of almost vertical traces with growing anguish. Devils were marching about inside his skull.

Smoko came and went.

The last three dits between them took precisely 17 minutes. The sonde claimed to have reached zero pressure. The ditter sat back and wondered what would come next, ignoring the oaths from his left. The sonde continued triumphantly to dit zero.

"I wonder what height it has really reached," the ditter mused

"Too bloody high," came the unimpressed voice next to him.

Suddenly the note from the speakers changed- dit-dit, dit-dah dah-dah, dah-dit-dit dah-dit-dah-dah dit-dit dah-dit dah-dah-dit

"What the ..... Some of these don't exist," the ditter said puzzled. "It's gone crazy."

dit-dit, dit-dah dah-dah ..... It repeated the phrase over and over.

"They don't exist in the sonde code. That's morse, real morse."

The comper had suddenly wakened up.

dit-dit I dit-dah A dah-dah M .....

He wrote down :- I-A-M-D-Y-I-N-G

They looked at each other in amazement. "Cant be. It must be coming from somewhere else."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Anywhere."

They same phrase again and again, and then .... .-.-. .-.-. .-.-.

"Help me!"

"Oh come on. That's just not possible."

"It's definitely the sonde," the ditter mumbled as he tuned the signal. "And its batteries are going. Listen."

Sure enough the signals were coming further apart, but still the same thing came through I-A-M-D-Y-I-N-G-H-E-L-P-M-E.

Two minutes later there was silence. The batteries had failed.

Nobody ever managed a satisfactory explanation for what happened.

Some put it down to a practical joke or even just plain lies.

But there is one bit of evidence which cannot be denied. The

flight tape was running from beginning to end and there for

anyone to hear is the record. Go in and hear it some time.

They never erased that tape.

The night man sat back and yawned. Then he looked at his watch. Soon be time to go in and have something to eat. He put the book down on the table, lifted his feet from where they had been comfortably resting on top of the boxes, and painfully stood up. And the lights went out.

He stood for a moment, surprised. It had to be the hut circuit. Groping in the pitch black he found his torch and opened the door. No, the whole base was in darkness. As he pulled on his windproofs and gloves he heard the first dog begin to howl, then another and another until they all howled in perfect unison, forty muzzles pointing heavenwards into the heavy sky. That sound was all that could be heard he suddenly realised for the generators had stopped. Total night, no moon, no stars and excepty for the dogs, total silence. For the first time in a long while he felt that icy dread which comes with total isolation.

Gripped by the first feelings of a quiet panic he stumbled through the door and ran ponderously towards the top of the shaft. Breathing heavily he covered the last of the one hundred and seventy eight yards - how many times had he counted them? - to the ladder. Awkwardly, torch in one hand, holding on with his other arm, he descended. The Met. Office was deserted. Not a sound, not a breath. He felt a strange prickling begin at the back of his neck. Of course, the met man would be investigating. In the unnatural silence he reached the fire door and stepped into the main corridor. There was no movement there either, nor was there a torch to be seen. Strange. The prickling increased. Half stooping he ran along to the generator shed and swung open the door. Empty. The place was hot enough and the first generator looked as if it had been running recently. He touched it and burned himself. This is ridiculous he thought. What am I supposed to do now? The other man had to be around somewhere. Try the dining room.

In the corridor there was vapour hanging thick and still in

the beam

the beam of his flashlight. Someone had been through the door of the dining room recently. In the lobby the clothing hung like parchment on a long rotted skeleton. He shouted the met man's name but the only answer was the sound of his own voice reverberating back at him from the unhearing walls. There were unwashed plates lying about but no other signs of life.... no wait there was something else. The cigarette burned on the edge of a table, its long ash drooping and about to break. Get a grip man he has to be around somewhere. But where? Try the dormitories. Running again he reached the door of the first dormitory. He pushed through it and threw the second door open so that it hit the wall with a dull thud and then closed behind him. He came to a sudden halt as he noticed all the curtain doorways open. The feeling at the back of his neck became a spasm of pain running down his back as he shone the torch into the first room. It was empty. He swung round and looked into the one opposite. Deserted and still but for the shadows cast by his shaking torch. In blind panic he ran the length of the corridor swinging the light from one stark room to another. All held the same terrible emptiness. His stomach knotted and turned as full realisation of what ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ was happening ~~x~~ swept across him. He had to get out. That was his only thought as he felt his grip on reason slip. Long shadows cast by the light seemed to give his movements dreadful exaggerated proportions, but he dared not switch it off now. Suddenly he heard a swishing gurgling sound from behind the door. He crouched down in terror and shone the beam unsteadily at the slowly widening gap.

Then he screamed.