



EDITORIAL

THE EDITOR DECLINES TO ACCEPT ANY RESPONSIBILITY OF ANY SORT,
KIND OR DESCRIPTION WHATSOEVER FOR THE CONTENTS OF THIS
MAGAZINE, PEOPLE'S FEELINGS , LIBELLOUS STATEMENTS, OR FOR
ANYTHING ELSE WHATEVER CONNECTED WITH IT. HE ALSO WISHES
TO STATE THAT IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT AT HALLEY BAY WERE IT
NOT FOR.....

(THE EDITOR HAS BEEN EDITED. SIGNED, PRINTER)

DEPPITY EDITOR

MICKY B JARMAN

ARTYCRAFTY EDITOR

MICKY B BETHELL

FOTOGRAFFIC EDITOR

MICKY B TAPLIN

GRAND OPENING

THE HALLEY BAY HOT SPOT NIGHT CLUB

INTIMATE REVIEW FEATURING

THE HALLEY BAY HOTSPOTTERS WITH EDDY THORNEYCROFT+ ON THE TRUMPET, DENNY ARDUOUS ON THE TUM-TUM AND TONY MIDDLESTUMP ON THE BASE ANVIL.

THE ESCAPE RUMBA. π JARMAN & HIS NAKED PENGUIN DANCERS. FABULOUS SHOW.

DOC EASTY AND HIS PERFORMING CENTRIFUGES+ MAKES YOUR BLOOD WATER.

DANCING BY CANDLE LIGHT, BY KIND PERMISSION OF CHARLIE CHARLIE-JOHNSON AND HIS MUSKEG.

THE BIGGEST MONK ON THE CAIRD COAST. NUN BETTER.

PUBLIC NOTICES

CHIPPANTODD HALL

MONDAY

2015 Z

26th. JUNE 1961

ACKER SCHWEITZER

vibe recital

accompanied by the

MUSKEG MOTORWORKS BAND

Conductor OTTO LUPTSHAFFE

TOCCATA & FUGUE

Opus VP8CC in A flat minor - Gabriel J Suliemann Bach

RECORDS

A COUSINS RECITAL - MALCUZYNSKI. (Ace of Clubs $E = Mc^2$)

The recent Transport & General Workers Union centenary has induced the Ace of Clubs record company to pay tribute to a composer who, hitherto has been poorly represented in their catalogues. Movements like this, designed to furnish the minds of the workers with great music at small capital outlay, albeit entailing slight loss in quality must necessarily be unanimously applauded.

This range of works by Frederick Françoise Cousins makes much use of the block chord, and despite his great technical ability (somewhat obscured by the poor reproduction) Malcuzyński has great difficulty in hiding the glaring schism which is apparent throughout.

Recorded at Scarborough, October 1960.

There was a young fellow from Mull
Who found Whitaker's Almanac dull.
He threw it away and most strange to say
It turned up much later in Hull.

MUSIC CORNER

NEW WORKS Johann Amadeus Beethoven - Intermission for Riffs.
Ella Fitzkleiber & the Kentonia Orchestra.

An important aspect of the "Intermission for Riffs" is the tonal centre, unambiguously focussing on B flat; in contrast with all previous works by this composer, which show his inclination to work towards this centre by devious and varied changes. The key of B flat is, at the beginning of the intermission, arrived at obliquely by dramatic enharmonic harmonies scored for tenor saxophones and cor anglais. The resolution of these two bars is upon the closely related key of E minor, but this is soon seen to be the subdominant of B flat minor when it supports a harpsichord phrase, the contours of which are clearly in the latter key. The section thus begun is in the nature of a long, slow and cumulative introduction to the main allegro.

From this point the music increases in urgency, duple and triple rhythms, which were used simultaneously near the beginning of the Allegro, are now used in a texture of greater complexity, culminating in a section in which all three voices are different rhythmic versions of the basic material. The mounting tension leads to a climax on the supertonic pedal (C), which finally settles, by way of the augmented fourth, on to B flat major. The coda consists of five bars of the serene Adagio section (heard just before the Allegro) rounded off by a poignant reference by the harpsichord, to its first phrase. The eight bar theme in D major of the second movement (Allegro Moderato) is announced by unaccompanied scat voice. Its diatonic contours, arranged in such a way that the simple note-successions occur in varied rhythmic positions, has the "feel" of a folk-dance theme, but its derivations are found in some aspects of the first movement. After its initial statement, the theme, or patterns derived from it, are never absent. It is heard in all twelve keys (including one minor), becomes truncated, elongated, augmented and turned upside down. At one point, after a general silence of two bars beats, it seems as though the old subject matter has been dropped, but closer inspection reveals that the triplet pattern heard on harps

is a rhythmic metamorphosis of the last two bars of the old theme, while the slower moving Bach trumpet part is an augmentation of it. At the climax, the theme, in B flat minor (flugel-horns and bassoons), is heard moving against an augmented version of itself (violas, castanets and vibes). After ten bars, this augmented version reverts to its uninverted shape, and is surrounded by triplets derived from the tailpiece of the theme. There is now a recapitulation beginning in D flat major, the theme being played by oboe with derivative counterpoint on the harpsichord. When, by a process of key change analogous to those of the first part of the movement, the key of D flat major is reached, the music ends with a very sketchy reference to the theme.

In keeping with its title, this piece of music was played in the interval.

TO MUSIC LOVERS EVERYWHERE

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it!!!

How true to life these words do ring,
But brothers please remember,
The Musicians' Union of that day
Had no Kenton as a member.

And Armstrong too with all his skill
Would not have got a card.
Though we enjoy these lilting lines,
At his word take not th' Immortal Bard.

Not only these, but classics too,
Call me not a snob,
May wear a little thin you know
So shall we take our bob

And spend it on some other sport
Or pastime we hold dear,
Instead of records wearing out,
And also, Sir, my ear!!!

TWIXT SUN AND WATER

South and west from Miami there are two roads. West-a-ways lies the Tamiami trail, straight as a die for forty miles, and then straight again to the west coast, always with the Tamiami Canal at its side. US Highway No. 1 runs south from the city then leaps from key to key, like a silver thread in a string of emeralds, ending 150 miles away at Key West.

Twenty miles south of Miami on US Highway No. 1 lies Homestead, a small village, dominated by royal palms, sixty and seventy feet high, which line the roads and are scattered among the buildings. Here on the thresholds of the Everglades, a small road leaves the main highway and plunges into the swampland. The signpost reads 'Flamingo'. It is a narrow road, built on a low causeway, with drainage canals on either side. Although the surrounding land is flat, Homestead is soon hidden behind clumps of swamp cypress and long-needle pine which dot the landscape like islands in a sea of reeds.

A small swamp deer emerges from the shelter of the reeds, hesitates on the grass shoulder of the road, then minces across the tarmac and leaps away over the drainage ditch and through the reeds, which rattle drily at its passing. Gradually the trees become more numerous and close in on the road, the occasional small clearings visible. Along the road, the occasional car-killed animal is picked clean by the vultures, who stagger into the air at another car's approach, and sit croaking angrily in the lower branches as it passes. High in the sky, their fellows continue the search for the dead and dying.

The road winds on for miles and miles among the drab green of trees hung with Spanish moss, and the grey-brown of reed-beds. As the miles pass, the hot, humid air becomes hotter and more humid. The monotony of passing time is relieved a little by a change in the vegetation: the swamp cypress and pine giving way to thick, tangled growths of mangrove, broken only occasionally by small pools of still, black water.

Finally, beyond a last screen of mangrove, and an almost

imperceptible rise in the road, Flamingo comes into view. The rise of a foot or two raises the ground level a little above that of the water, and supports a few buildings, mainly for the rangers but including a curio shop, selling stuffed Cuban alligators and western Red Indian jewellery, as a concession to tourists. The ground here is dry underfoot, covered thinly with short wiry grass and shaded by many imported palm trees. The air, too, is cooler, for beyond a fringe of mangrove crowned islets lies the sea. Under its influence, the dead smell of the swamp is banished, but not so the mosquitos, which form little hazy clouds in the shade of the palms. They are dispersed abruptly for a while by the passage of a lorry trailing a great whiteplume of insecticide. A few choking moments, and not a mosquito remains. Overhead, a frigate bird hangs motionless in the breeze, its cruciform shape pointing out the Gulf of Mexico.

During the afternoon, a motor launch leaves the small landing stage carrying a dozen people and a guide. Under the awning, with the boat moving, the air seems a little cooler, but several passengers still wipe faces and necks with large damp handkerchiefs. The guide, short and bull-necked, sits impassively at the boat's controls with a light rifle at his side. The launch heads up a man-made channel, paralleled at first by a rough track, but soon overhung at each side by tangled growths of red mangrove. Very soon, all signs of Flamingo are hidden, and the only sounds to be heard are the noise of the engine, and the splash and lap of water.

"Well, folks, I've bin workin' round here fer best part of nine years now, so I guess I know a little about this place." The guide broke the silence in a side-of-the-mouth and seen-it-all-before voice. "If'n y've got any questions, jus' call'em out, an' I'll try an' answer 'em." A pause. "This canal was dug 'bout eight years back so that we c'n git up to Whitewater Lake, which is where we're goin' now. All the rest of the channels are natural."

The channel continues, still barely thirty feet across, but winding more now. On both sides there are areas in which the main growth has died and only a few layer of greenery persists. Dead trunks and branches

stand gaunt and grey against the glaring sky.

"These here dead areas were caused by a hurricane way back in '36. Wind blew solid fer three days, an' held the tide in. Whole place got drowned in salt water. Now, mangrove can't stand too much salt, so a lot of it got killed off. Only bin a year or two since 'nough of the salt got washed out fer the mangrove t'git growin' agen."

Among the topmost twigs and branches of the mangroves, the big sun spiders have built their webs - huge cartwheels four feet and more across. Their owners sit, vast and long-legged, at the centres. Birds, too, are more obvious here; two vultures sit, dark and barefaced, on a dead, grey branch; a small vee of ibises, black-tipped wings beating steadily, flying to the as yet invisible Whitewater Lake; and a snowy egret, disturbed at its fishing in the canal, flapping slowly away from the approaching launch. Suddenly a black and white flash swoops from nowhere right under the bows of the launch, splashing up a flurry of foam, and flies off fast, albeit somewhat laboriously, clutching a fish in its talons .

"I guess y're mighty lucky, folks. It ain't often ya'll see a fish-hawk ketchin' as close to as that."

The osprey disappears round the next bend. The guide, leaving the launch to its own devices for a moment, picks up his rifle, and shoots an unoffending spider out of its web, fifty feet away. This draws a protest.

"Sorry ma'am, but it's one of the safety rules: all the guides gotta carry a gun an' keep in practice with it."

Around a bend, the canal widens and the launch heads out into open water.

"This is Whitewater Lake, folks. Ten miles long, five miles wide an' five feet deep. An' most places it ain't even that deep. Water's brackish. Don't taste it, son, it ain't very healthy. Y've gotta maze of lakes and channels like this all through the one an' a half million acres of the Everglades National Park, an' then some more beyond. This lake's the biggest of 'em all, but there's others nigh on as big."

Up in the sky, swallow-tailed hawks quarter the lakesides in search of food. Ahead, the mangrove gradually draws nearer, apparently impenetrable.

"If y'look at the slyline, folks, y'll see some purty big trees stickin' up outa the mangrove. They're white mangrove; different species t' the red y've seen up t' now. If y' take a look over there on the right. That big white bird. He's Ol' Henry - a great white heron. Guess there ain't more'n five or so in the whole of the United States north of the Keys. He's bin around a couple of months now. Always in the same place. Guess he must like it round here."

The launch slows, turns slowly to starboard, and probes into a narrow winding channel lined, inevitably with thick tangled growths of mangrove. Progress is slow, and occasional jars and bumps announce contact with underwater obstructions. Hanging branches brush against the launch and a mixture of leaves, twigs and the odd insect fall inboard. A bittern, materialising from nowhere, flies a few yards, brown against the darker water, settles, and immediately disappears into the shadows.

After half an hour, the guide cuts the engine. A sudden stillness falls. Everything is quiet. The guide's voice seems overloud.

"There's enough water all through this country, folks. If y'wait long enough, it'll all git down t' the sea. It might take quite a while, but it'll git there. We'll drift back down t' Whitewater, so as t' give you a chance t' see what it's really like in the 'glades."

A pause.

"This is tough country, folks. Y' wouldn't last twenty minutes out there if y'got stranded in it. If the 'gators didn't git you, then the mocassins would, an' if they didn't git you, then the 'skeeters'd eat y'alive. That is, if y' didn't go plumb crazy first. Why, only three years back, a couple of guys came down in a light plane 'bout five miles north of here. We knoo purty well where they were, but it took us three days to find 'em. When we finally did git to 'em, they were dead, 'bout a

coupla hundred yards from their plane. They were unmarked. Guess they must just died of fright."

The silence is overpowering. After a short while, ears become attuned to the little sounds on the edge of hearing. Water dripping; suckings and gurglings among the roots of the mangrove; the whine of the mosquitos; and the many small, stealthy sounds above, below, and all about. The launch drifts slowly, slowly on through the ink dark water. Faint ripples from the mangrove shadows disturb the mirror calm of the water. They spread slowly across the channel, lap against roots on the other side, and die away. Everything is still again. Time passes slowly. The muted grunting and chattering of a distant colony of birds impinges on the silence. More ripples on the dark water, but still their origin is hidden. Time continues to pass slowly. A small vee of ripples cuts across the surface of the water, at its point, a little, flat, evil head. The water mocassin slips on to a root, and coils its twenty inches smoothly and silently. The bird sounds are quite close now. Silhouetted against a darkening sky ibises and egrets stand on their untidy nest platforms, dazzling white sentinels in the treetops. Below, the water is dark, and momentarily disturbed as an alligator eases one foot on to a root, and slowly blinks a tawny eye.

"Time t'go, folks."

The overloud voice of the guide is followed by the deafening crescendo of the engine. The alligator has already disappeared. Soon the launch is cutting across Whitewater Lake, lit by the rays of the evening sun. Down the canal to Flamingo all but the treetops are in shadow. The tide is flooding, rolling grey, silt-laden water up towards the lake. The launch bumps gently against the landing stage, and is made fast. People get stiffly to their feet and climb the step on to the stage.

"Goodnight, folks. Thank y' ma'am. Thank y' sir. Glad y' enjoyed the trip. So long, folks. Come agen, sometime."

High overhead, five flamingos, doubly pink in the evening sky, fly slowly into the darkening night.

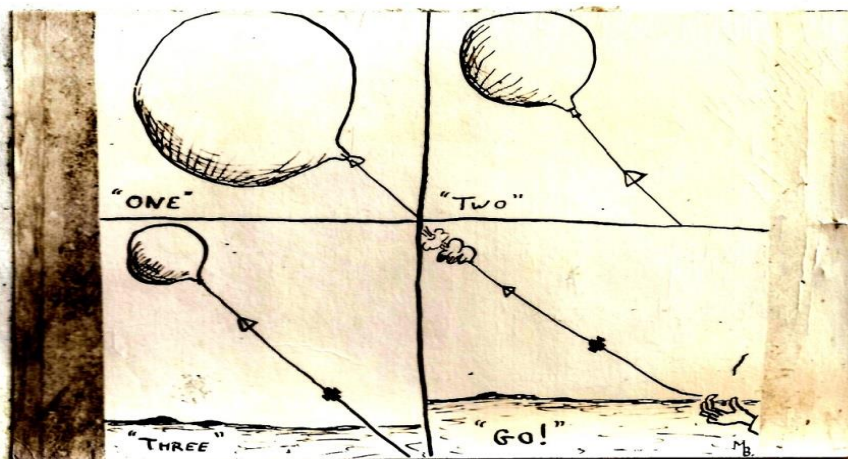
KONTEMPORARY KUBLA KHAN

In Halley Bay did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-hut decree;
Where snow in frozen rivers ran
Past windows, sightless, blind for man
To watch the icy sea.
So fifty yards of flattened "ground"
With walls and girders girdled round,
Were set aside, the plans were drawn
And made most clear for all to see;
The wood was picked, marked, stacked and sawn
And shipped down south with joy and glee.

But O, the scorning chasm deep that slanted
Athwart the base as crates were broke!
A savage search! The southern men were haunted
By fears that drove and demon thoughts enchanted
Minds and voices, rough words were spoke!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing
The idea spread and faces paled, at first
The words were cautious then at last they cursed;
A meet was held at which they listed faults,
They'd sent the hut and plans, ----- BUT NOT THE BOLTS!
Rivers of words were formed and set in motion,
On coded morse the dreadful message ran
And reached the caverns measureless to man
Where drop by drop they spread and formed an ocean:
And mid this flood the Kubla heard from far
Frustrated voices prophesying war!

The shadow o'er this pleasure-dome
Was sped as cables flashed the air;
The southern men could make their home
With agile brains, let ideas roam
With too few bolts and lots of care.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
As this sad saga nears its end
The dome is built and standing there;
To those whose lot it is to spend
The future there, and make and mend
The troubles, I do say --- "Beware"

(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)



THE ISLE OF SKYE

The Isle of Skye, largest island of the Inner Hebrides, is situated off the coast of Ross-shire and Inverness-shire, and is part of the latter county.

It is often described, not inaccurately, as a mountainous island. In the south a range of jagged peaks, the Cuillins, cluster round Loch Scavig and on the eastern side of the island are the Red Hills. In the north is the lofty summit of Storr, below it is the 160 ft. high needle-shaped rock known as the "Old Man of Storr" and further north still are the extraordinary crags of the Quiraing, a green, rock-encircled hollow in the heart of the mountain. In the centre of the hollow is a plateau known as the "Table", which is covered with fine green turf and is very like a bowling green. To the south the cliffs narrow to form what is known as the "Prison" and from this place a path leads to the needle, a rocky pinnacle, and then on to the Table.

The great beauties of Skye lie in the mountains and on the sea coast; there are few inland lochs to speak of and little or no woodland, but the coastline is well broken up by lochs Snizert, Dunvegan, Harport, Eynort, Brittle and Peeltiel in the west, by lochs Hapin, Eishort and Scavig in the south, and by lochs Sligachan and Ainort in the east.

The old Gaelic name for Skye was "Isle of Mist", an apt name, for the island is frequently wreathed in mist and rain, but when the sun shines there can be few more magnificent sights than the heather-clad hills and the nearby sea and rocks.

Most visitors to Skye travel by ferry from the Kyle of Lochalsh to Kyleakin, from which point most parts of the island can be reached by means of coastal roads.

Skye was occupied by Norsemen in early times and many signs of their influence on the island can still be detected. The great Clan Macleod arose when Norse power was on the wane and was strengthened when allied by marriage to the Mackinnons. The Macleods lived in the west of the island and their chiefs have resided in Dunvegan Castle for many centuries. Among the

many treasures in the castle are Rory Mor's drinking horn and the Fairy Flag. According to legend, the Fairy Flag was given to one of the clan chiefs by his fairy wife and if waved in time of trouble, will bring victory to the clan.

For many years, the chiefs of Clan Macdonald, peers of the Scottish Kings, lived in a castle at Dunscaith. This castle is in ruins now, and a modern one has been built in its place at Armadale.

From 1490 until the late 17th. century wearers of the red tartan and those of the yellow could never agree. Skye history is made up of conflicts between the Macleods and the Macdonalds and for generations the claymores were never out of use. A terrible massacre took place when, with one exception, the entire population of the Island of Eigg was suffocated in a cave by the Macleods. In revenge, the Macdonalds crossed from North Uist and burned a church with its entire congregation, but a survivor brought help and the raiders were slaughtered as they struggled to launch their boats on an ebbing tide.

Another clan, the Mackinnons, occupied the district around Strathaird and Kyleakin. When Bonnie Prince Charlie was being pursued through Skye in 1746 it was a Mackinnon chief who was instrumental in making his escape possible.

REWARD !! REWARD !! REWARD !!

WANTED, DEAD OR ALIVE, THE SONDE GODDESS NAUSEA; A REWARD OF TWELVE KNACKERED SONDE CANS IS OFFERED TO THE PERSON BRINGING THE ABOVE MENTIONED GODDESS TO JUSTICE.

DESCRIPTION: HEIGHT, WEIGHT AND APPEARANCE VARIABLE. HAS ABILITY TO LAND ON A BALLOON AFTER A STANDING JUMP OF 200 FT. FAVOURITE METHODS OF ATTACK, TRIPPING UP AND / OR TYING A SONDE TRACE AROUND ONE'S NECK. SHE IS DANGEROUS - YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

FUTURE EMPLOYMENT

Once again the Comet offers suggestions for the future employment of FIDs who are soon to leave these shores, for it is assumed that, as is usually the case, their former employers will want nothing more to do with them.

Alan Film Star. ("Scott of the North", Nanook of the Antarctic", Major Bill of D" etc.)

Colin D. Id.-a-peep telescope attendant at a south coast resort.

Colin J. Manager, Battersea Dogs Home.

"Doc" Dave Chairman, Channel 2, Associated Bloodiffusion.

"Chippy" Dave Father Christmas at a large (very) dept. store.

Dennis Motoring Correspondent, Benwell Times.

Dudley Courier, West Didsbury Motor Coach Company.

Eric Painter (of green dragons) to Cardiff Corporation.

Ernie Mattress demonstrator.

George Busker. (Liecester Square Odeon)

Graham 4th. Projectionist. (Balham Odeon)

John Card sharper.

Maurice Fairground Balloon Salesman.

Mike B. Concrete Mixing Operative.

Mike Ta. Street Photographer.

Mike Th. Master, of any south coast plankton trawler.

Pete Television salesman.

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SPRING PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

The Spring Photographic Competition and Exhibition will be held in the Halley Bay Salon sometime in 1961. Readers are invited to submit not more than three entries each to The Judge, Magistrate's Office, Caird Coast. not later than August 15th. Subject type is unlimited, but only entries photographed since the "Kista Dan" left will be considered. Print size is unlimited to 24 15/64 sq. ins. ($4\frac{1}{8}$ " x $5\frac{7}{8}$ " = 24 15/64 sq. ins., for the uninitiated and the idle). The best n prints in the opinion of the judge, where $0 \leq n \leq 75$, will be exhibited. There will be small prizes

The Editor doesn't know much about this, but he assures his readers that this offer is the only genuine one in this year's Comet. So, GET CRACKING, CHAPS.

WHO'S WHO AT HALLEY BAY

(DEBIT)

ARDUS, DENNIS Minister of Mines and smoke abatement officer. Glaciologums and Stake Watcher. Registered Ice and Snow Agent. Chief Cushion to Base Z. Famed for introduction to Halley Bay of SHAMBLES method of ski-ing, which is performed with odd skis, a ski stick and a measuring stake. A well rounded out personality. Motto: PER ARDUS AD CONK.

BETHELL, MICHAEL. Art Editor, Halley Comet. Off-beat photographer. Writer of the Queen's Speech (and all who sail in her). Climber of Crevasses. Goon Supreme.

BLUNDELL, GEORGE Auroralums and Astronomer-Extraordinary Heavyweight champion, Halley Bay, 1961. Owner, Halley Bay Bridge Club. Ins omniac. (Unable to sleep when crates are being opened or gramophone being played full blast in his near vicinity - most unus ual for a FID) Professor of Mathematics, Halley Bay University. Holds Dip. Math. Id. FID.

BRITAIN, MICHAEL. Chief Windfinder Driving Examiner, Antarctica. Sometime keeper of the golden strobe, O.C. Canon Regiment etc. Master of the upper winds.

DEAN, COLIN. Another well-rounded personality. Caird Coast Area Sales Manager, Norty Nitewear Unltd. Chairman, Oersted Breed Society. Lord High Keeper of the Synchronome.

DOCCHAR, ERNEST. Known as "Black Dan" Docchar. Holder of the Yippee Yi Yay Kyu Judo Award. Lecturer in judo, Halley Bay University. President, Pit Workers' Union, 1961. Monkmaker to the chef.

EASTY, DAVID. Surgeon OF Arms. (If you haven't got an arm, your ankle will do.) Bottom Bodger. Taker of the pulse (and other pieces of you too, if you are not careful). Inspector of Weights and Measures. M.Vamp. Soc. Joint patent holder (HB/60123/Z) Recording Docmeter.

EDWARDS, DAVID. Minister of Materials. Conglomerator of Useless Information. Programme Secretary, Halley Bay Cycling Club. Friend of a friend of a friend of a friend of a friend of a

brother of a friend of a friend of someone who won some cycling race or other. Pass stormer. Vice president, fumigation committee.

JARMAN, MICHAEL Post Laureate to Big Chief W. Inspector of Emptemps. Inventor and joint patent holder (HB/60123/Z) Recording Docmeter. Only known owner of an indoor penguin ranch.

JEHAN, DUDLEY Minister for Channel Islands Affairs. President, Halley Bay Sartorial Committee. Chief Met. Office Constructor. Member, Antarctic Swimming Club. Nocturnal FID. Bill Preston's Chief Pencil Sharpener. Five Star Man. Friend of the Feline Institute. Muckenbrunn's alter ego.

JOHNSON, COLIN Graduate of Kenwood College. Keeper of the Black Book. Boss-in-chief. Not quite so widely known as Johnson of W these days.

JONES, ERIC. Minister of Communications. President, Halley Bay branch, Welsh Nationalist Party, 1961. President, Deceptive Sailing Club, 1959. Reputed to have had something to do with saving of Johnson of W. Chief Druid. Befriender of Cats, Dogs and little Puppies. FIDS liason officer with Z8. Passed driving test in Stanley with leetcherous intent.

LEE, ROBERT Graduate of Kenwood College. O.C. Canon Regiment, Halley Bay Artillery Brigade, 1961. Minister for Muskegs.

MARSDEN, STUART Mast - err builder. Lecturer in Elementary Electricity, Halley Bay University. Aerial Farmer.

MIDDLETON, TONY Awarded his PAT HIS EAR Medal for punishing punch balls. Innovator of local version of Brutus Hair Style. Local Representative for Charles Atlas Ltd. Adjutant, Canon Regiment.

MOORE, GEORGE Minister of food. Chef in Chief. Controller of the Kitchen Clock. Past Master of the Seal Hounds. (1960).

NOBLE, PETER Keeper of the Golden Strobe, 1961. Canary Breeder. Horn Blower.

PETERS, BARRY Master (or slave?) of the Beastie. Known to his friends as "Uffa". Has made close contact with the Duke. Collector of Summicrons. Cyp-riot Causer.

PRECIOUS, ALAN Chief Dog Psychologist. Master of the Seal Hounds, 1961. One of the Hope Bay base members during the rugged 1954 season. A very ferocious fellow - always looking for a fight.

SKILLING, JOHN President, Halley Bay Branch, Scottish Nationalist Party, 1961. Chief Gamekeeper, Brunt Ice Shelf Nature Reserve.

SUMNER, MAURICE Lord High Taker of the Obs., 1961. Chief Balloon Filler. Known to his friends as "SMO" (pronounce it how you like)

TALMAGE, GRAHAM Minister of Fuel and Power. Chief Engineer. Rum Taster. Chief Assistant to the Assistant Chief. Lecturer in Motor Mechanics, Halley Bay University. Member, Fumigation Committee.

TAPLIN, MICHAEL Jo' ker. Controller of the Nutty and Hooch. Known as "Splice-the-Mainbrace" Taplin or "Tappers",

THURSTON, MICHAEL Chairman, Fumigation Committee. Ex High Commissioner for Emperor Bay. Promoted to Ambassadorial Rank when the Emporanas declared their independence of the Emperor Territories earlier this year.

THORNTON, EDWIN Chief Balloon Emptier. Gadgeteer. Gadgetthere. Gadgeteverybloomngwhere. Member, Fumigation Committee Chairman, Sulphurous Subsection.

There'll always be the workers,
There'll always be the boss,
No matter how the state is run,
Good odds on general 'chos'.
The unions are not satisfied,
The boss has all the cares,
But the one who makes the money
Is the one who holds the shares.

THIS "RUGS" BUSINESS

I suppose that at some time or other we have all been involved in a discussion concerning the relative "ruggedness" of various FIDS bases. Perhaps some of us have even, though I shudder to think of it, discussed the relative ruggedness of various individuals on base. I say that I shudder to think of it because the discussions invariably end with an "It is" - "It isn't" type battle of words, besides causing untold quantities of puke to be showered around indiscriminately.

How much simpler and less frustrating it would be if the evaluation of a person's or base's ruggedness, or "rugs value" were based on hard and fast mathematical principles about which there could be no argument. For instance, we could write down all the factors governing the "rugs value", and assign a symbol to each of them, e.g. R = Total "rugs value", E = Exposure index, L = Latitude Index, N = Length of service Index, S = Special Feats Bonus Index, A = Anti-Rugs Penalty Index. Thus the "Rugs value" could now be determined according to the formula:

$$R = (E + L + N + S - A) \text{ rugs units};$$

the unit of ruggedness being the HALLEY.

We must now determine how to calculate each of the various factors in turn.

Exposure Index

E is the sum or integral over the year of the wind speed v (in knots) and the number of degrees of frost F (measured on the Fahrenheit scale) experienced by the individual, integrated by the time t (in hours) during which he is exposed to those conditions.

$$\therefore E = \int_{t \text{ out}}^{t \text{ in}} (F \times v) dt \text{ mH} \ominus \frac{\int_{t \text{ out}}^{t \text{ in}} (F \times v) dt}{1000} \text{ H.}$$

Latitude Index

This is very much easier to calculate, since we just take the latitude l to the nearest whole degree, multiply by ten, and add the t number to the score.

$$\therefore L = 10 l \quad H$$

Length of Service Index

This index is calculated at the rate of one thousand Halleys per year of service with FIDS squared. Thus if a man spends n years on FIDS, where n is any integer between 1 and 50 (the latter usually applies only in cases where the ship did not get in) he can add a thousand times n^2 Halleys to his score.

$$N = 1,000 n^2 H$$

Special Feats Bonus Index

This quantity is rather more interesting, because the value of the award of bonus Halleys depends entirely on the discussion group or base concerned. However, as a guide to the value of awards we might reasonably expect, some examples of

special feats and their suggested values are given below:-

| | |
|---|------------------------------|
| Solo ski trip to the Gin Bottle..... | 500 H |
| Solo ski trip to the DL..... | 2,000 H |
| Riding on the back of the Muskeg.....
(R.L. driving) | 100 H / mile
(Posthumous) |
| Sledging out of W..... | 10,000 H |
| Making daily trip to R.E. hut..... | 10,000 H / year |

Finally, we come to the anti-Rug Penalty Index, A.

Basically, this is the same as S. It is determined in the same manner, the only difference being that all Halleys scored under this heading subtract from R. It has been found necessary to include this index because certain actions, such as gonking all day, are definitely of an anti-Rug nature. Some typical Anti-Rug actions and suggested penalties are given below:-

| | |
|--|------------|
| Refusing to go outside just because of 90 kt. winds..... | 3,000 H |
| Gonking all day..... | 50 H / day |
| Not jumping for joy when told to travel
in fo'c'sle of Kista Dan..... | 2 H |
| Omitting to send this month's minimum temp in A/L.... | 5,000 H |
| Admitting to friends in U.K. that
"Actually we saw very little of the pack at all"..... | 10,000 H |

So there it is, a foolproof rugs calculation system; no more arguments, no more puking. When next asked how rugged you were

just say "Oh, I was

$$\frac{\int_{t \text{ out}}^{t \text{ in}} (F \times v) dt}{1,000} + 101 + 1,000 n^2 + S - A \text{ Halley's rags"}$$

followed by a quick mental calculation to give the actual value.

We have therefore built up a sort of mathematical language in which to describe our ruggedness; and while we are on the subject, if mathematics is a language,

$$\int_0^1 \left(\frac{1}{1-t^2} - \frac{(-1)^n (xt)^{2n}}{2n!} \right) dt + \frac{\Gamma(n+\frac{1}{2}) \Gamma(\frac{1}{2})}{\Gamma(n+1)} \quad "$$

to you all.

DOGS CALLED TROGS

This is an account of a dog team at a FIDS base in which only the names remain unchanged. The nine characters have now assumed a composite nature to illustrate the typical behaviour of Huskies in the field.

From the various ways of arranging the dogs to pull the sledge, the main trace method was inherited from previous years. The dogs work in pairs on short side traces, with the exception of the leader who runs alone at the head of the team. A potential leader may run alongside the lead dog while being trained.

Unlike humans, who can select their company according to their taste, the dogs, like FIDs, are happy enough living their normal lives, but are thrown together, and cannot get away from one another. This unnatural environment can cause a dog (and perhaps a FID) to change completely, bringing out either the best or the worst side of his character. This makes the selection of pairs an important task, for some dogs get on well together, while others cannot tolerate their neighbours. Occasionally, dogs will gang up together on other dogs within reach, while some have been known to develop a persecution complex. One look from another dog, and the victim may fall prostrate, with four legs in the air, whimpering piteously.

Other factors besides friendships control the arrangement of the pairs. It is necessary to have a strong element of the pulling power, made up of experienced dogs, at the head of the team, in order to counteract digressions on the part of the younger or more wayward members. These digressions are usually caused by objects in sight but not on course, such as small hills and rock outcrops, or penguins and seals which are often seen when sledging on the sea ice. Only the leader, obeying the driver's commands and backed up by an experienced first pair, keeps the team on course. Some dogs are big and strong but totally lacking in brain power, and it is common practice to place two of this type in the rear of the team, just in front of the cowcatcher. Here their limited capabilities are put to full use, as they are able to pull the sledge alone at times while the others attend to more urgent business. The continual defaecation and eating, urinating and smelling, must never allow the sledge to come to a halt, as stopping and starting and stopping requires much more effort than continual running, on the part of both dogs and men. Youngsters in front of this pair are often encouraged to work harder when they know that a bigger dog, on the look out for a fight, is travelling behind.

The characters of a typical dog team will now be described. Their names are derived from the "Troggs", a team now working at Hope Bay. There were no bitches in this team.

THE TROGS

| | | | |
|-----------|--------|--------|----------|
| Leader: | | Bodger | |
| 1st. Pair | Rikki | - | Scott |
| 2nd. Pair | Jed | - | Teviot |
| 3rd. Pair | Ranter | - | Ringwood |
| 4th. Pair | Murphy | - | Flock |

Bodger A big dog, (Over 1 cwt.) with a special welcome for all newcomers at base. When approached by a stranger, he rose, shook himself and wagged his tail slowly, and after being patted, proceeded with a mukluk inspection. He was readily convinced that they were lamp posts.

The policy of letting dogs roam freely when not working is not allowed by FIDS, therefore there are no "king" dogs, leaders being chosen for their intelligence and ability.

Although the biggest dog in the team, Bodger would never start a fight, although he would fight if forced. If a fight developed elsewhere and he thought that he could avoid being hurt, he would often join in. He was very tolerant with young dogs, but they always had a great deal of respect for him. He also had occasional off days when he thought he knew more than the driver about the route to be taken. On being told to turn, he did not bother, or sometimes even went the opposite way.

At times his superiority over the human members of the team became apparent. Once, when ski-ing over rough sastrugi, a driver fell and crossed his skis; Luckily, the dogs stopped when he called, but Bodger turned about with an expression saying clearly: "These amateur explorers."

Rikki and Scott

Rikki, a dog of deceptive appearance, was exceptionally strong and fast despite being so thin and stringy. He was both physically and mentally mature, facts well displayed by his ~~app~~ down to earth approach to bitches. There was a job to be done, and he did it! His brother, Scott, often referred to as Twinkle-Toes, was just as strong, but did not have so much speed or stamina. He was called Twinkle-Toes because of his white toes, which contrasted markedly with the rest of his black coat. The effect of this colouring was enhanced by his tendency to dance and play while supposedly working. These two dogs were great friends and despite the fact that Rikki was an excellent fighter, feared by most of the other dogs, they often frolicked together. Their great love was to stand side by side and provoke one of the other dogs, particularly Jed. Jed hated to be intimidated and would snarl back, but retaliation was out of the question, as these two were capable of thrashing any of the other dogs. At night this continual baiting was only prevented by threats shouted from within the tent, or, in more urgent cases, by judicious use of

the "thumper" (a piece of heavy rope thickened by ornamental splicing, prepared with loving care. - a most important item) Scott liked to play with penguins, and, most unusually for a husky, he never killed them.

As both of these dogs displayed a fair degree of intelligence, they were each tried as leader. However, so much of the team's pulling power was lost that they had to revert to their original positions. Generally, a leader is expected to stay out ahead and to turn when told without necessarily pulling hard.

Jed and Teviot

Jed was the oldest dog in the team, big but not tall. He was unable to keep his trace taut when travelling at speed, but he made up for this when hard pulling was necessary. He tolerated other dogs, but had little to do with them, and as long as Teviot, his partner, did not try to steal his pemmican, he did not give any trouble. They stayed on their own sides of the main trace both night and day, keeping themselves to themselves.

Five dog teams operated from base, and consequently it was impossible to have all the best dogs in one team. Teviot was one of the undesirables, not worth his daily pemmican. However, there were times when it was necessary for every dog to pull its weight and, to give Teviot his due, he pulled when driven hard. Occasionally, he collapsed through pulling in the summer sun, only to be dragged along in his harness by the rest of the team. As he had little stamina, he perfected the technique of pulling with his trace just taut, giving the impression that he was working. However, one soon learns to detect defaulters. His other main trouble was his quarrelsome nature. The two youngsters running behind encouraged his quick temper by giving him a quick nip if he had his back turned, not forgetting to get out of range immediately. This trick would cause Teviot to fly into a rage and growl and snarl at them. Eventually, it was only necessary for another dog to look at him and he would be growling, baring his teeth or whining. He caused a lot of trouble at night, and, as offenders can usually be recognised from inside the tent, he paid the usual penalty if anyone was forced from the depths of their sleeping bags. Luckily, one sleeps fully clothed except for windproofs and mukluks.

Ranter and Ringwood

These two dogs were the second pair of brothers and the youngest members of the team. They were only one year old, the minimum age for long journeys, and this possibly afforded some excuse for all their mistakes and the trouble they caused. They were both big dogs, very affectionate and very dirty, their coats being matted with seal blubber, in which they loved to roll. For this reason, one tended to be careful when handling them, for the smell becomes permanent. Luckily, one soon gets used to it, and it passes unnoticed until the noses of newcomers at relief time show signs of twitching. Although they came to know the thumper very well, they soon forgot it, and would be playing again, probably annoying Teviot again. Ringwood also had a habit of trying to steal Teviot's pemmican, the perfect way to start a fight.

Being young dogs, they were not consistent workers, and they probably pulled hardest when they saw seals or penguins way off course. Then they would nearly exhaust themselves trying to pull against the rest of the team.

Ranter once managed to get off his trace and he went for a penguin which was in sight, but instead of killing it, he only wanted to play with it. Ringwood was just the same. On one occasion he got off at base when Carol, one of the bitches, was on heat, but, judging from the perplexed look on his face and his uncertain behaviour, he was not sure what he should do. This is most uncommon with huskies, or, presumably, with pampered Pekingese.

These two always excited the rest of the dogs when we were breaking camp and loading the sledge, so that they would all try to start before we were ready. The sledge and dogs were secured by deadmen or pickets, but it has been known for a team to move off unattended while the drivers were putting on their skis. On one occasion, the dogs ran eight miles before being caught. This was undoubtedly due to carelessness on the part of the driver for one expects the dogs to be eager to pull away. The first start of the day is always an exhilarating dash for the first few hundred yards, occasionally ending in a catastrophic free-for all.

Murphy and Flock.

This rear pair were both big strong dogs, and despite their lack of intelligence, they were ideal backbenchers. Neither possessed the ability to travel at speed, but they were both good steady workers, pulling hardest when the sledge showed signs of coming to a halt. Flock had a curious gait when trotting quickly, putting his two left legs forward, then his two right ones. Although this looked peculiar, he seemed to pull just as well as the other dogs. Flock's bad habit was to urinate at every conceivable opportunity upon any lump of ice, pointed sastrugi, or other dog's "rissoles in the snow". Luckily, running at the back of the team, he did not cause the other dogs to become disorganised by his regulars' visitations. He was said to have a high pH value. All the dogs get hungry when on journeys, and coprophagia, whether stationary or on the move, is a common practice. Physiological research into this has only proved that dogs do it because they like it, food value being negligible. Perhaps like All-Bran, it provides bulk! Murphy and Flock suffered most from this complaint.

Their behaviour contrasted markedly if they got off their traces at night, the usual cause being an ice-jammed clip-hook. Generally the result is chaos as the dogs make for the pemmican box, while the others give the game away. This was typical of Flock, and one had to be careful not to leave anything lying about, as he had once managed to eat a medical kit and a binocular case when he found that the pemmican was not readily accessible. In contrast, with Murphy, peace continued to reign, for he would never move from his place, and only when transferring the side traces from collar to harness when breaking camp would it be discovered that he had been "off" all night. Luckily, the dogs never cause trouble when it is blowing. It is on the calm nights, especially in bright moonlight, that they became restless. It was fortunate that none of the Tregs were harness or trace chewers.

The following glossary lists the commands used when driving a dog team. These vary slightly from one individual to another, and are often supplemented by a further varied selection, used at the driver's discretion, which, in many cases, is

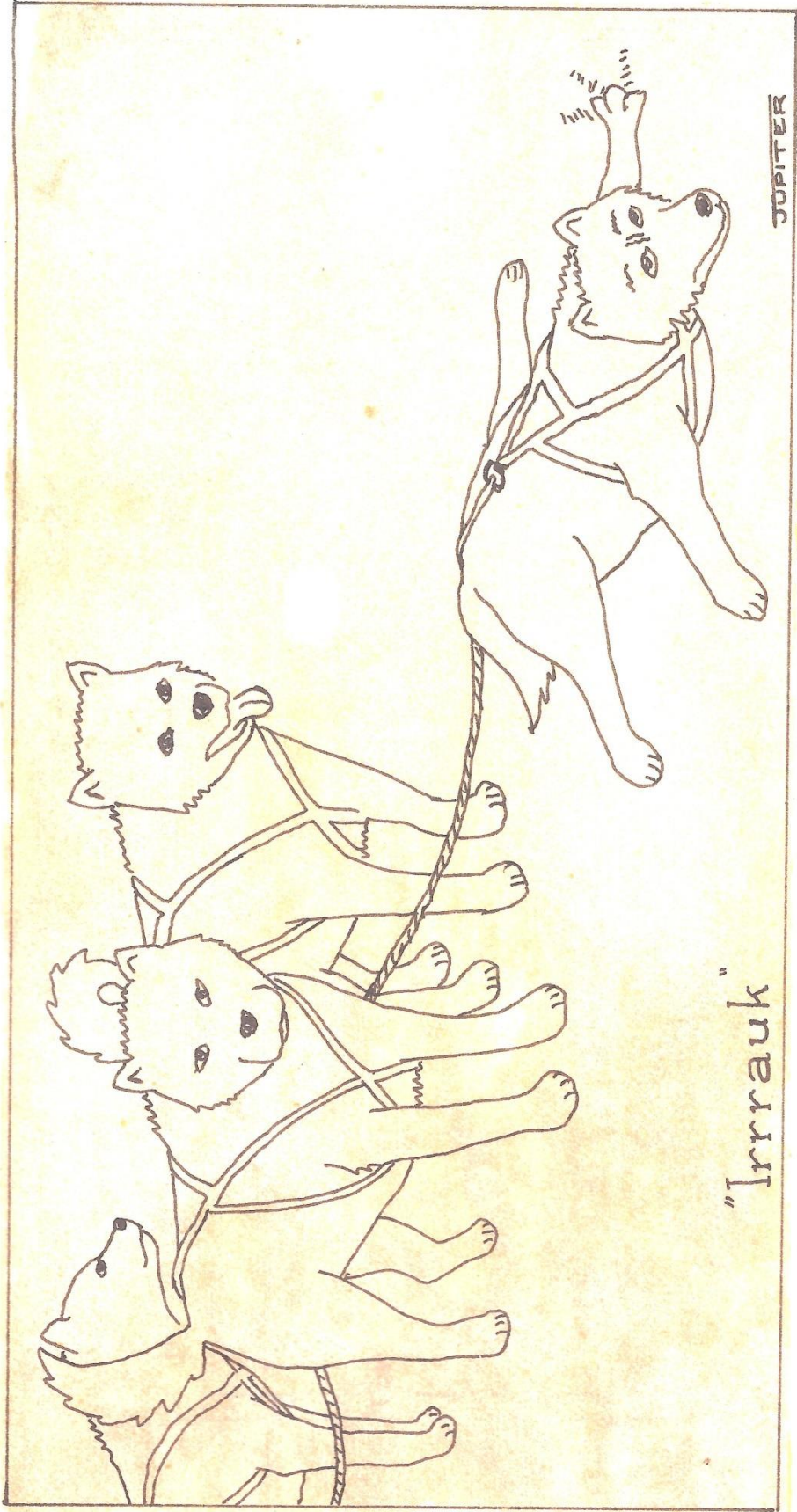
unprintable.

| | |
|----------|---|
| Up dogs! | → To start |
| Huit! | - For a special effort (used sparingly) |
| Arr now! | - To stop |
| Auk! | - To turn right |
| Irra! | - To turn left |
| Down! | - To lie down |

When a sharp turn is required, or if the leader is having an off-day, a rawhide whip, thirty to forty feet long, is laid out alongside the team to encourage them to turn; individual chastisement on the run is never carried out with the whip, indeed in the whole of FIDS history there have only been two or three people able to wield one with sufficient accuracy.

In conclusion it might be added that sledging with dogs can be the most enjoyable, exhilarating and, at times, the most tiring form of sport imaginable. Above all it is certainly more reliable than any form of mechanical transport under the same circumstances.





"Irrauk"

JUPITER

THE VAMP MAN

Early that morning awoke at dawn
But slept again without a yawn.
Later awoke with a frightful start
And clambered out to play the part.

With equipment at the ready,
Flapped up the corridor ~~slowhand~~ steady.
Sharp to the left and then to the right,
Sighted victim while still in flight.

While he was sleeping he turned all askew
And was heard to murmur "Dubble Yew"
Then as setting down to the floor
Felt strange nausea right at the core.

His arm was exposed and there was a great vein,
But hunger touched like a bad, bad pain
Attempted a stab in a tentative way,
But failed to enter, to utter dismay.

Once more did try, with similar result,
So finally gave up with mind in tumult.
"It is too tough" was the angry thought,
And quickly retired before being caught.

Flapped away, with ego feeling sore,
For such had never happened before.
So up the passage flew towards
The room where there might be greater rewards.

Thus in that unhappy state
Failed to notice an oversize crate.
This blocked all flight towards the prey
And the wing was hurt in a painful way.

As from a haze regained consciousness,
Sweating as though from some great stress.
"It can't be true" while struggling from bed,
But noticed that shoulder was bruised and red.

Then away I went with tray all set,
Unsure of my human status as yet.
"Sleep well?" I asked, dreading the reply,
"I dreamt about bats!" He answered, "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," I said, "Pump your hand hard now"
And felt the sweat break out upon my brow.
The vein was huge but I failed to gain
The sample which had been my aim.

To my room I returned, feeling quite shaken
No more samples would that morning be taken.
I rallied myself, "Perhaps it's indoctrination."
My cheek twitched, the indication.



A PIECE OF CAKE

"How do you do? I believe you're the chap who threw a cake at someone when you were at Hope Bay!" So spoke a burly Halley Bay FID to whom I had just been introduced.

"Oh! Um, er ---- yes" I replied, somewhat taken aback by this reference to an incident which I had long since forgotten. I was puzzled, too, to know how he came to know of it, but he quickly enlightened me by saying that he had read about it in Ellery Anderson's book "Expedition South".

One or two other people mentioned the cake and, intrigued by the large amount of interest, I found myself thinking of the cake and looking back to the day in 1954 when I had thrown it.

I borrowed "Expedition South" and read there, in a paragraph about Richard R. Kenney's habit of teasing, the following: "...for an ill-timed remark about Alan's cooking Kenney collected a recently made birthday cake full in the face."

In essence I suppose that is what did happen. Yet, I asked myself, was it as simple as that? Certainly I threw the cake, but it was in no blind fit of fury that I threw it. It was, in part at least, a calculated act.

I was provoked, of course, but the provocation was something I had been waiting for in just the same way that the German Empire, in 1914, waited for provocation so that it might start a war.

If it were not an impulsive act then, why did I throw the cake? To many people it may seem, besides an unnecessarily belligerent act, a rather ill-mannered thing to do.

Every student of sociology knows that customs and manners change from century to century and from country to country. In some Arabian countries for example, it is good manners to belch loudly, as loudly as possible, when rising from a meal, though such behaviour would not, of course, be considered polite in most western countries. To put it another way, what in one place and time is considered "the thing to do" in another place and time is considered "infra dig". Though it might not have received

approbation in Golders Green or Balham, throwing a cake at someone (always provided that it was done in a friendly spirit) was well within the accepted code of good manners at Hope Bay.

Still, granted that throwing a cake at one's fellow was no social crime, surely it was an odd thing to do?

The answer is this: it was an act in tune with the mood of the time; it belongs to its period as surely as the assassination at Sarajevo belongs to 1914.

Looking back to those days at Hope Bay I can recall that for several weeks some of us had taken great delight in discussing slapstick comedy situations. Particularly were we enchanted by those films in which comedians throw custard pies at one another; indeed we talked about baking a quantity of pies and holding a battle. It was a subject of great interest to us and more than one chap at that time realised that to throw a custard tart was a thing which, deep down, he had always wanted to do. Other activities claimed our time, however, and the light-hearted plans for a custard pie battle faded out and were half forgotten, but about this time it chanced that I had to take my turn as cook for a week.

One of the lesser sports in which base members occasionally indulged was that of cook baiting. This was a difficult game to play, the baiter's object being to raise the cook's temper gradually until finally he would give vent to his feelings in a violent (and therefore comic) outburst. At this point the baiter moved off and hoped that the cook would forget who had been plaguing him. Cook baiting, though not a particularly attractive sport, was a legitimate pastime, since every baiter knew that sooner or later he, too, must take his turn at being baited, and it probably helped to ensure that the base cooking was of a reasonably high standard. Nevertheless it was a risky and dangerous sport, as all forms of baiting must be, for no one has written any rules, and there is always the risk that the baitee be he animal or human, might turn out to be a bit of a cad who will respond to the goad too violently or in the wrong way.

Richard R. Kenney, as has been briefly mentioned, had a habit of teasing people. His wit was of a most curious kind; a strange blend of sarcasm and feeble punning which left his victims speechless and helpless. Kenney was a precisian, and much of his teasing was directed towards showing other people how much better off they would be if only they would strive to be as meticulous and punctual as he was.

In Richard's eyes that day there was a wild gleam which his spectacles did little to conceal. By lunchtime he had shot half a quiverful of his peculiar shafts and that they had driven home the glazed, unhappy eyes and tormented features of my companions testified only too well. Richard was drunk with the power of his words. It was inevitable that he should turn to cook baiting, but it was unfortunate that he should choose this moment to begin.

I was primed with all our excited talk about custard pie ~~th~~ throwing and the fates had provided me with a large soft fruit cake which simply would not cook properly in the oven, though the same recipe had behaved perfectly for me on numerous other occasions. The cake was unfit to eat and there was only one thing to do with it.

I walked into the living room with the cake and the other things which I had prepared for the afternoon "smokoe".

"You're two minutes early" said Kenney.

"Take that, you foul monster" I replied, and hurled the heavy cake at him. It struck him on the left shoulder and shattered into a thousand pieces.

I must confess that I was a little shocked by the dreadful efficiency of the cake as a weapon and I felt a slight twinge of remorse at seeing Dick in the middle of all the debris. I think that he would have retaliated in some way but for the fact that steam from the hot cake had condensed on his glasses and he could not see through them. By the time he had cleared his glasses and refitted them to his nose his natural urge for revenge had cooled and his strongest urge was to get rid of all the currants and crumbs which were everywhere about him. I brought a

dustpan and broom and helped him.

Dick soon forgave me. I accompanied him whenever he went sledging that year and we were on the best of terms, as indeed we still are.

I have said that the cake throwing act was one which belonged to its time, yet I hope that I may also claim that it was not altogether out of line with FIDS tradition.

During the year before I went to Hope Bay two water fights had taken place. One of them began quite simply when the duty met. man, armed with a Humphrica tor* - a rubber bulb with a nozzle used for squirting water at the wet bulb thermometer - had been unable to resist taking a squirt at the duty cook when on his way out to make an observation. The cook, who had been slaving away in a hot kitchen, retaliated by throwing a panful of water. But unfortunately, it hit not the met. man, but somebody else. Before long almost everyone on base was involved.

Similar water fights sometimes occur on FIDS ships, where they develop naturally from deck-scrubbing and hosing parties. It might be thought that the man who holds the hose-pipe has the whip hand in a battle of this sort, but this is not always the case and more than one hoseman has been clobbered by a crafty bucketeer. However, that is by the way.

It is the second of the Hope Bay episodes which I think provides a link with cake throwing; a culinary link it might be called. One of the chaps entered the bathroom and shook a bottle of toma to sauce all over one of his comrades who lay in the bath. No doubt the man in the bath "had it coming to him" as the saying is, but at least he had a good supply of water to hand.

Some of the people involved in these water fights later took part in the Trans-Antarctic Expedition and I doubt if they would have had time for water fights then.

Strangely, I little thought, as I mixed flour, butter and fruit in the kitchen at Hope Bay, that seven years later I should be writing about the abortive cake which those ingredients produced.

Should anyone wish to know more about the cake which I made the recipe can be found in Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book. Headed

"Fruit cake", it begins "Of currants, -sultanas, -candied peel.....take half a pound of each."

*HUMPHRICATOR. This term is not to be found in the Meteorological Glossary; nevertheless it is used throughout the Meteorological Office to describe what is, in effect, a highly efficient water pistol.

Who said:-

"I ha ve got a reputation, haven't I?"

"As a matter of fact....."

"One feels...." "You never have milk on semolina."

"Hello darling"

"I'm not.....kidding, y'know."

"I'm not really interested in cooking."

"I think that I owe it to FIDS...."

"The records come before table tennis tables."

".....and always remember that....."

"Daddy wouldn't give me a bowwow."

"You should have been here last year."

"I think I'll go to E for my third year."

"Uuurrrrrrrgh"

"May I have some blood, please?"

"Good Lord"

"Hallo pumblings"

"Is there an air letter for me - yet?"

"Cor! Who was down there last?"

"Turn tha tracket off, Dennis."

NOISES IN THE NEW HUT

Many strange things happen at Halley Bay but none so strange as those lately practised by a few dedicated men; namely the mystic art of judo.

Judo is a comparatively new sport to western world and, I am sure, even newer to Antarctica. It originated in Japan many centuries ago and has had various names, such as Ju-Jitsu, Kempo, Yawara, etc., but it is only since the beginning of this century that Judo has become widely known outside that country. Today it is practised in nearly every country in the world and is recognised as a first class sport.

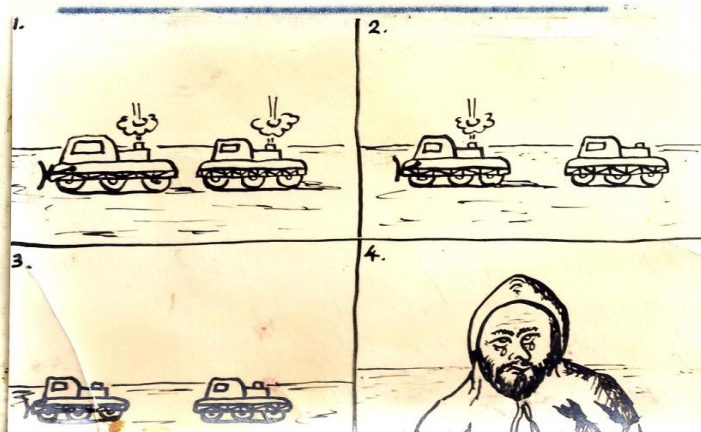
Judo has been practised at Halley Bay, since early this year, under very awkward conditions due to lack of indoor space and such items of equipment as "Tatami" - or Judo mats - and canvas jackets; but no matter, where there are difficulties to be faced there are always a few who are willing to face them and when spring comes again to the Antarctic we hope to be able to show a few tricks to the non-Judoka of the base, outside on the snow; and then they will be able to see who the dreaded "Harry Goshi" is - I hope.

I am sure that it will be making history in the Antarctic for I very much doubt that Judo has ever been practised under such conditions before. Since the classes began, the boys have ~~learned~~ learned tremendously quickly, and now their instructor has to be careful what he says, or Eric "Ogoshi" Jones, George "Seonage" Moore, or Tony "Ostogari" Middleton may start systematically to take him to pieces.

Judo is an exhausting sport, which is why the instructor is known as "Gonker", and no doubt the Judoka will agree with this statement, indeed, they are most unlikely to disagree as their own records point to that fact.

Well I had better depart while the going is good or certain people will be after my blood, and I do not mean Dave "Vampire" Easty either.

Should anyone wish to know the meanings of the Japanese names quoted, any member of the class will be delighted to give a practical demonstration.



THE IONOPEDE

The development of mechanical transport, especially the early forms of locomotion, has long been of interest to many people. The authors here describe the Ionopede, one of the earliest of all known forms of transport.

Little is known of the early Ionopede, which is believed to have first been used during the building of the Great Pyramid¹. Glimpses of it have been caught through the passing ages², but few relics have been preserved to the present day. A few can still be seen however, notably one in its original state at Slough museum, and a number of others, generally in poorer condition, in widely separated parts of the world³. Two have recently been unearthed (uniced?) in Antarctica.

As the internal machinery is unusual, indeed unique, the authors have thought it worthwhile to include a short description of the working parts and the method of propulsion.

Essentially, the ionopede is a four-wheeled vehicle, able to turn through a full circle in its own area by means of freely-rotating, vertically mounted king-pins. The power unit is thought to derive from an internal but primitive type of Van der Graaf machine, outwardly resembling a present-day television tube, which produces a green glow as visible evidence of its being in working order.

This power works a very early type of electric motor⁴ which drives four separate toothed drums connected to the Ionopede wheels by chains⁵.

The great disadvantage of the Ionopede is its inability to function at such times as its driver wishes due to energy output fluctuating throughout the day, with maximum energy bursts occurring once an hour⁶. These outbursts are unfortunately accompanied by radio energy oscillations which have been known to cause interference to other electrical machines in its vicinity.

To enable new drivers to familiarise themselves with the sporadic power output, the original designers⁷ thoughtfully incorporated a clock, known as the timing mechanism. This however is not an entirely reliable guide as to the Ionopede's
[startability]

due to its design, which closely follows the sundial pattern.

Located close to the timing mechanism are five independently operating throttles, these being directly coupled to the energy source to give an increase or decrease of intensity of tube glow, thereby giving an indication of speed in conditions of "Terra Obscura"⁸.

In IGY models⁹, a camera is fitted. This presumably has some useful function, though the authors have been unable to discover one which has anything to do with locomotion. The imaginative driver could no doubt put it to good use as an aid to navigation.¹⁰

The Ionopede is, in short, a simple machine, if of somewhat crude construction; though one must continually bear in mind the primitive, if brilliant, minds of the original designers and the great antiquity of the existing models.

To the prospective Ionopedicist,¹¹ this machine is somewhat erratic in performance and needs constant attention, especially to the energy supply, and is not, therefore deemed suitable for domestic use.

In our next edition the authors¹² hope to present a short paper on a flying machine of the same family - the Helibeasty.

NOTES

1. Ramases, Battle of the Nile.
2. Boadicea, Ber Hur (or him), etc.
3. Singapore, Ibadan, Port Stanley. Reference Volta, Ampere, Ohm etc.
5. Exact chain path between drive cog and wheels is not known, details lost circa 1789.
6. Some models, known as IGYS, quarter hourly.
7. They were very original.
8. Ground fog, inebriation, aviating etc.
9. See note 6.
10. It is nice to know where you have been, whom you have hit etc.
11. Authors' term.
12. Paranoic depressives.

ODE TO THE ZEDDITES

Why is everybody always picking on me?
I only want to please.
I seem to get in other people's way
If I do more than sneeze.

My obs I do with diligence
But SMO gives praise with reticence.
Could I have given him some offence,
Or is he like that always?

My trousers I have changed to pleasē,
And braces keep them up with ease
So do not stretch them to the knees
Or else my ----- is sure to freeze.

My trombone I blow outside these walls
But still I hear their jeers and calls.
I'd like to blow their blinkin' -----
Oh, gramophone play on.

Clothes I wear to keep me warm
And not to give myself more charm,
For that way I may come to harm;
There's no policeman handy.

Society, as I can see
Has got it in for little me,
But I will win, for I can be
As thick as you can, anyday.

Oh to be at Halley Bay
Now that winter's here.
I wish to hell we need not stay
To finish off our final year.

The wind does blow and aerals fall
But there it does not end at all.
Cables are cut and left so short
That all one hears is an angry snort.

The Muskeg stops and will not budge
And back to base the chaps must trudge
While the driver tries in vain
To get it going once again.

Balloons are filled, three or four
And amidst a mighty roar
Success is gained with one away
But that is after half a day.

Penguins are caught but will not stay
They do not seem to want to play.
The hut is up despite the jolt
Of being without so many bolts.

The DL lures us all to see
The beauty of its majesty
And when the sea ice begins to melt
We would not change with the banana belt.

With mid-week films and lots of beer
To keep us all in real good cheer
One in truth must say
I enjoyed my stay at Halley Bay.
(With apologies to Rupert Bear)

POLAR TRAVEL

(The great advantages of mechanised polar transport)

Ever since man first set foot on the Antarctic continent he has had to enlist the aid of dogs. If they were not available his only alternative was to manhaul his food, clothing and equipment from one point to the next, but now all that has changed.

Now we have a host of vehicles capable of pulling heavy loads across the great white wastes. The three which immediately spring to the mind of the experienced polar traveller are the Sno-Cat, the Muskeg and the Weasel. One feels that it is almost impossible to draw any comparisons between the two forms of polar transport, but there are, nevertheless, still a few members of the old school who will persist in using dogs; dogs which, at best, can only pull a load of a hundred pounds each.

The vehicles on the other hand can pull from two to two and a half tons each with comparative ease, and then in conditions in which dogs would be almost completely unable to move. Proof of vehicular superiority lies in the fact that "Sir" used mechanical vehicles for his epic journey across the continent, and took dogs along merely as a secondary means of transport; which, when all is said and done, is their rightful position.

It should not be necessary to list all the advantages of mechanical transport for those who already have experience of polar travel but for those who have not let them be assured that this form of transport and this alone will assure them of success in the quest for knowledge of the vast, unknown hinterland of Antarctica.

IT IS WHISPERED THAT :-

Glaciology is a way of processing cherries.

The ionosphere is a spherical iron and therefore no use for pressing anoraks.

The aurora is caused by rockets launched from Mirny.

Radio Echo is an American Early Warning Device.

The sonde goddess does not appreciate the new balloon hatch.

The Muskegs will go again - sometime.

Fred will be on the Kista Dan again next year.

So will at least seventeen other people.

Lloyds have not got enough capital available to insure all the cameras on base.

The Dawson-Lampton will not be crossed in our time.

BY DOG SLED ACROSS THE DAWSON-LAMPTON

(With apologies to Punch)

(A series of articles on polar exploration by someone who is not an explorer and who has not been there anyway.)

After a short, peaceful journey in the good ship "Krappa Hard" our party arrived at Emperor Bay in the great southern wastes. This is the home of a few thousand penguins, all of whom were out though notice of our arrival had been given. As soon as our luggage had been put ashore we set off for Halley Bay, our intended arrival point. Few difficulties were experienced on this first leg of the journey, though a slight re-arrangement of the dog teams was necessary owing to the lead dog not being bi-lingual.

The town of Halley Bay was soon under our feet and we prepared to sample the hospitality of the natives. Little should be said of these strange people who see so little of the light of day.

From here our route lay over the miles of uncharted snow lands floating in the southern oceans. For days, or maybe weeks, we travelled on into the setting sun. On we went into this strange land which no man had ever seen before (the dogs were not very sure of the way either - necessitating many detours before the great ice lump called the DL was in sight). Up to this time we had been out of touch with the outside world, but now that our goal was in sight we made an all-out effort to get the news through on the pedal modal steam radio. Many were for celebrating but the need for an early start meant turning in early to get enough gonking time in before the sun rose next noon.

Rising to the cheerful tones of the "gash" man we were soon dressed and running up on to the glacier to see the sun rise in all its glory. This little chore over, we set about carrying the dogs across the north wind, - sorry, glacier. This was necessary to save their feet from being cut on the hard ice of the DL.

Once on the other side camp was soon erected, ready for the big job of planting the flag. That night a large meal was specially cooked for the dogs, those great lumbering beasts who had been our constant companions on our trek.

Next year: "How we got.....out."

BASE LIFE

While standing in the lounge I said
It's cold outside, my feet are lead.
Cold! they replied It's nothing near
As cold as what we had last year.

The wind's getting up, it's starting to blow,
It's nearly fifty knots or so.
Blowing! they said, It's really clear
That you should have seen it blow last year.

I may be wrong, but still it seems
To be quite queer, as in most dreams,
That what they saw while living here
Could all be crushed into last year.

But then I had it in a trice!
The answer's simple, Liar Dice!
Play once or twice and have no fear,
You'll compete with those who were here last year.

REMINISCENCES OF A BLEAK MIDWINTER

(By one of our temperance correspondents)

Gin
Grin
Whisky
Frisky
Beer
Queer
Rum
Bad tum
Stout
Out
Bed
Sore head
WISH DEAD!



LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

I have been asked to contact you on behalf of my very good friend, canis Stumpy, who at this moment is, I hope enjoying his honeymoon with his beautiful wife, Debbie.

Since your last edition many changes have taken place at your station, notably in the additions to the Canine Research Department. It was agreed at the last general meeting of the Battersea Dogs Lodge that our representative at Halley Bay, our devoted Stumpy should have the services of a team of our scientists and it was decided that we should send a trusted member of our department, Shep Herd, who has just completed a tour of duty at our northern stations in the Palmer Peninsula, together with his team.

I will not deal with the scientific work as I am sure that Stumpy will do that so much better than I could. There are however, two small items which we in London would like to comment upon. Firstly, the presence of "ye little men in ye magnetick hut"; do not fear, Muk is here. Nine of our personnel have been specially equipped and will deal with these intruders in a suitable fashion. Secondly, the wretched sonde goddess; we hope to send our expert in mythology, Canis Dachs, next year for the express purpose of investigating this phenomenon for you. We hope that your sonde team will be able to see their way to signing on for a third year in order to assist him with his investigations. Your C.S.O. might perhaps remain to assist him for his full tour of two years.

I have been asked to convey to you the very best wishes of His Excellency Sir John Bulldog and Lady Bulldog for an enjoyable Mid-Winter celebration, and, in closing, I should like to add my own good wishes.

Yours forever,

Mary Poodle, B.A.R.K.

Secretary, C.R.D.B.D.L.

AUNTIE ROTTER'S ADVICE COLUMN

Dear Auntie Rotter,

Since my arrival at Halley Bay, many years ago, I have striven to understand the behavioral patterns of Homo Sapiens, sub sp. antarcticus. Late in 1960 I felt that at last I had discovered the significance of their activities and had observed them in all their moods. The one problem I completely failed to solve was their method of reproduction, which I can only presume to be asexual and rigorously controlled by the seasons.

However, these apparently benevolent animals suddenly developed a brutal side to their character, and I was captured and chained. This was a preliminary to an upheaval in which I was joined by fourteen other dog scientists sent down to assist me this year, eight of them females. It might be mentioned at this point that the two Felis Domesticus antarcticus, with only one year's service to their credit, were not only allowed to remain free, but appeared to have attained an exalted rank in the community.

My fellow captives and I were formed into two working parties under a cruel taskmaster, for the purpose of pulling rudimentary wooden vehicles called sledges. Why we were required to do this when two new mechanical beasts, expressly designed for this purpose, had also been captured, I could not understand. It now appears that their uncertain temperament, confining them to safe areas around the base, was the reason.

My comrade brothers had apparently been accustomed to this life of drudgery and felt no inclination to revolt. On my own I could not fight my cruel captors, but by skilful deceit in feigning work I found life tolerable once more. Unfortunately I became careless and my misdeeds were repaid with cruel vengeance.

The thumper and whip are hard to bear but the cowcatcher is a torment to one's soul. One instance of the agony imparted by this barbaric instrument occurred when I hesitated at a crevasse on a fast descent. In no time the cowcatcher flung me to the ground and I was hurled beneath the sledge.

Now we are chained in individual cells in the awesome

dungeons of Caird Castle. I would end my life but for the presence of my beloved betrothed, a widow whom I rescued from the advances of our comrade McNab of McNab, an acute manic depressive.

Do please give me your advice as to how I should escape my present fate.

Yours etc.,

Canis Stumpy.

Dear Stumpy, Revolt, savage your taskmaster, free your companions and march on SANAE to free still more of your brothers who are held in captivity there. A.R.

I sat at the Met Ob desk one night
And approached the land of Nod.
I saw before me the age old sight,
A balloon, a can and a bod.

But what was wrong, what was astray?
There should be more men, surely.
"Two are enough" I heard him say,
And saw him smile demurely.

"Hold on to this, don't let it go"
He cautioned me severely.
I held that string in fear and woe
While he looked at me most queerly.

I recalled his words "Don't let it go"
As I rose through the air like a bird
But I always obey my superiors, so
I held on, not saying a word.

I rose to the welkin, elated and free,
Till my boss was a pinhead below.
(In truth a permanent pinhead is he,
The silly old so and so.)

But all good things must come to an end
And surely this one would.
Yes, faster and faster did I descend
And arrived back at base with a thud.

I looked all around when I got back there
And reality came back confused.
I had leaned back too far in my Met. Office chair
And awoken much battered and bruised.

