

Pete, relinquishing the responsibilities of his vocation, managed to escape from his motley crew of met. men, and likewise retreated to Wordie for a week. With all these visits the Rabble (huskies to you) have been put to work to ferry stores. John Z. is developing new muscles and a yet larger appetite with all his sledge pushing. John D. is also playing upon the wild enthusiasm of Dave B., the new assistant doggy man now that Colin is off to Adelaide next year; for John is making use of the dogs and sledges to ferry food to the "maggy" hut and from the maggy hut and past the maggy hut. If he knows why this is being done no-one else does!

Even the woeful tale of Francesca, a two-year-old bitch who was worked over by Mia, an old Greenland dog ten years her senior, has not dulled Dave's enthusiasm! If he is not in the doggy room attending to Fran, he is hard at work building a super-ladder for the loft. His birthday party was not the most relaxing of evenings, for a water fight developed. No water pistols here, but instead stirrup pumps, buckets of water and soda siphons! Rob was in his seventh heaven but not so those who had cleaned and polished and washed the base earlier the same day!

In more peaceful times, Neil has busied himself with the painting of the corridor, or making up the team of Scottish stalwarts to attack the gentle wee slopes on the islands. Even John G. has been dragged into their struggle but still Tony looks upon them with disdain as he glides effortlessly down the ski slope day after day after day. Even Dave C. has taken to rising in the early hours of the morning - this is so that he can get all his work done and go out ski-joring with the dogs - a real speed merchant is this lad. It's three and not two dogs for him, or, there again perhaps two dogs are not strong enough to pull him.

Mike, however, gets all the exercise he needs by erecting and dismantling his aerials so that he might get in touch with the radio "hams" in Bonny Scotland again. One piece of news Mike has gleaned without the use of his extra aerials is that the BRANSFIELD will be setting off south again in about six weeks - all too soon we shall be shaken out of our comfortable winter lethargy. The lucky second-year men (and Tony, one year only) will be returning to running water, unlimited electricity, draught beer and other comforts of civilisation, whilst first-year members will take on a new stature for having survived a winter here.

Well, that's all, take care of yourselves, hope your coming winter will be as mild as ours has been,

* the magnetic hut

Written by Colin Kynaston

HALLEY BAY

Weather: Precipitation occurred on 16 days, with six days of gales. The sun returned briefly on the 12th.

Mean Temperature -25.3°C

The event of the month was undoubtedly the return of the sun on the glorious 12th August, although it was obscured by low cloud. Keith carried out the flag-raising ceremony to the clicking of many cameras.

Trev, Rick and Paul J. manhauled to the Gin Bottle (an area of glaciological interest eight miles from base) to measure ice movement. They were gone three days, but two days after their return Steve, Andy, Tony and Nocker were again on the scene to retrieve a measuring tape that had fallen into a crevasse. After lowering a magnet and Tony, down 80 feet into the crevasse, they lost the magnet and returned to base unsuccessful.

Paul B. is still working hard, would you believe it, strengthening the base roofs with the help of Gordon, Tony, Mark and Rick, who discovered the mains cable to the 'beastie' hut with the tip of his shovel. Steve and Toby finished work on the bulldozer and Muskeg, which were then taken outside and replaced by 12 cargo sledges and three Skidoos. Many hands soon made short work of overhauling the cargo sledges and Toby, Tony, Hwfa, Ian and Johnno were soon tinkering with the Skidoos, one of them renamed Supermutt, much to the consternation of Mutt-man Muff.

An enormous ice-berg appeared from the north and is closing in on us, causing major disturbance of the sea ice. Many penguins have left Mobster Creek, presumably to fish in the open water. Jay assembled his new Yagi aerial in the lounge for testing, disturbing the 'Riska' players. This new world winning game, introduced by Trev, Rick and Ron, takes four players many hours (sometimes days) and is a great success.

Norman has been assisting Bob with his enquiries into our sleep patterns, and Bob and Muff have completed two successful entropion operations on two of the dogs. Mike T., Gordon and Keith have helped Mark and Muff inspect and mend all the tents. Ron is busy trying to get money out of everyone for the £600 worth of photographic gear he has ordered on our behalf.

Brian has perfected a stereo record player system from an old met. balloon reflector for the geophysics department, while Bruce has built a mains frequency regulating device for the generators and organised another fuel run with characteristic efficiency, and willing volunteers.

Nocker and Trev threw an excellent party in the 'beastie' hut which was survived by all.

A prolonged blow has confined everyone to base, causing drifts in and around some of the shaft tops, putting a temporary stop to local day trips, and giving the two 'Scradge Mechanics' or 'Food Technicians' as they prefer to be called (Ian and Keith) time to write this letter.