



MIDWINTER 1972



SPLODE



HALLEY BAY



SELODE

Editorial

This is ~~xxx~~ one of the easiest and most satisfying editorials to write,- no vituperation, no impassioned exhortations to further effort.

The purpose of this editorial is a simple one. It is merely to thank everyone who has done something to make this issue such a bumper, and everyone who has done anything to to make SELODE the success it has been this year; the feature writers, reporters, photographers, cartoonists, informers, snouts and marks, and last, but by no means least, the readership.

May you all have a damned good Midwinter.

The various events in the history of this base, noted in this article, have been taken from the various reports in the base archives. They have been chosen merely for interest and not necessarily because they are considered important or significant. The author cannot vouch for the complete absence of errors.

1915

Shackleton passes future site of Halley Bay in Endurance (15 Jan)

1955

Expedition to establish a base in the Weddell Sea area south of 75°S is sponsored by the Royal Society as part of Britain's contribution to the IGY (International Geophysical Year).

MV Tottan sails from Southampton with the Royal Society IGYE Advance Party.

1956 Leader: Dalgliesh

Landfall made at Halley Bay (6 Jan), named after Edmund Halley a former President of the Royal Society and discoverer of the Comet

Met obs begun by Limbert

Main hut erected

Ozone and auroral obs started

Tottanfjella mountains sighted from base on a day of unusual refraction ( 23 Oct)

Captain Finn Ronne visits base from USS Staten Island

1957 Leader: Smart

IGYE Main Party arrive in MS Magga Dan

TAE Otter aircraft flies over Tottans from Halley Bay

Original genny shed, balloon shed, non-magnetic hut and radio echo hut built

First met sonde ascent (22 April)

IGY starts (1 July)

Radio signals received from Sputnik I, first artificial satellite

Longest journey from base during the IGY - Brennan and Barclay cover 125 miles in 10 days, manhauling with one dog, Stumpy.

1958 Leader: MacDowall

Visits from USCGC Westwind, USS Wyandot, and the Argentinian ice breker San Martin

Highest gust ever recorded on base - 82 knots (Oct)

Beastie aerals collapse

BBC TV ~~xxxxxx~~ programmes received (sound only)

IGY ends (31 Dec)

1959 Leader: Lush

FIDS (now BAS) take over Halley Bay from the Royal Society

Ozone hut built (still in use; houses VLF goniometer now)

Biologist winters at Emperor Bay observing penguins

1960 Leader: Hedderly

Muskeg tractors replace Fergusons

1961 Leader: Johnson

New living hut built

14 dogs arrive from Admiralty Bay. Serious sledging begins

First route from the ice shelf onto the inland ice is pioneered by Ardas and Johnson

Tottanfjella visited

Refugio depoted by Argentinians near Cabo Rol

1962 Leader: Jarman

New tractor garage/ generator shed built

Nonmagnetic huts and tunnel built

First vehicle route onto the inland ice - the "Bob-Pi" - put up by Jarman and Lee. Bob-Pi hut established

1963 Leader: Sumner

Geology and Survey work begins in the Tottans

Mann swept away when sledging on the sea ice in Halley Bay

with a four dog training team. Memorial cairn erected near site of the accident

Eliason motor toboggan (Elsans) introduced

Webasto heaters introduced for Muskegs

Penguin rookery moves from Emperor Bay to Third Chip

1964 Leader: Jehan

IQSY (International Quiet Sun Year) begins

Office Block erected

Cintel equipment installed

Coats station - a temporary ionospheric ~~max~~ station - established on the inland ice between Halley Bay and the Theron mountains

Lansing snowmobile introduced

Lowest recorded yearly mean temp  $-20.8^{\circ}\text{C}$

1965 Leader: Cotton

IQSY ends

Three men, Bailey Wild and Wilson, lost their lives when their Muskeg fell into a crevasse in the Tottanfjella

Highest recorded max temperature  $+4.0^{\circ}\text{C}$  (Feb)

1966 Leader: Whiteman

International Harvester tractors introduced

Geological and glaciological work carried out in the Theron mountains

1967 Leader: Chinn

New base complex - "Grillage Village" - built on the present site

VLF project inaugurated

Skidoos introduced

Squadcall radios introduced for sledging communications

Hobbits dog team formed - leader Frosty

Coastline at Halley Bay breaks away making future reliefs there impossible

First visit by US airplanes to evacuate injured Brotherhood

Largest ever wintering party - 38 men

1968 Leader: Sykes

WF2 radar installed

Teleprinter communications introduced

21 <sup>dogs</sup> received from Deception Island

Overland tractor journey to the Shackleton mountains. Depot Dad established

First US airlift to the Shackletons

1969 Leader: Clarkson

Dog tunnel constructed

Foxtrac introduced

Azimuth tunnel built

Carter ("JG") and Smith (Abdul) are the first men to spend three consecutive winters at Halley Bay

Glaciology Office becomes the "Bondu Bar"

Appendicectomy done on base

IH falls into hole in the Bob-Pi crossing; not recovered

Highest recorded yearly mean wind speed 14.5 knots

1970 Leader: Clayton

Snocat introduced

Wright ~~(XXXXXXXX)~~ ("Frisby") finds new route through the Hinge Zone - the Wright Line

Visits from USCGC Glacier and San Martin

1971 Leader: Vallance

VLF programme expanded for the launch of the Ariel 4 satellite

Graw sonde introduced

Paterson does first astronomical observations at Halley Bay

First journey to Riiser-Larsen ice shelf

Mains frequency controlled by VLF signals received from Rugby

First visit of the Bransfield

Lowest recorded minimum temperature  $-53.2^{\circ}\text{C}$

A SURVEY BY THE MONASTERY OF UNSOCIBLE SECURITY

OR

A LOAD OF RUBBISH WRITERN BY AN EX-MEMBER OF LIGHT & LIBERTY  
FOR THE BGG MARKETING BOARD

<u>FIDS CAMERA KITS (SLR)</u>	UK PRICES
3 CANNON FTQL	£906
8 MINOLTA SRT 101	£2288
1 ,, ,, ,, SPARE BODY	£74
1 NIKKORMATT F1.2	£298
1 ZENITH 80	£240
1 ,, SNIPERSCOPE	£65
1 PRINZFLEX	£160
1 PENTAX SPOTMATIC	£215
4 PRAETICA	£480
<u>LURKHEADS CAMERAS</u>	
4 CANNONET QL	£320
8 OLYMPUS	£230
1 FUJICA	£45
1 AGFA-RAPID	£5
1 HALINA	£15
1 RETINETTE	£15
1 ILFORD SPORTSMAN	£10
	<u>TOTAL £5366</u>
<u>TELEPHOTO MINGES (i.e. BINOCULARS)</u>	
A SELECTION OF 5 DIFFRENT TYPES	£73
<u>ALWAYS TO BE HEARD HIPI GEAR</u>	
1 ONKYO HIPI SYSTEM	£170
1 TRS ,, ,,	£40
† PHILLIPS AMELIFIER & SPEAKERS	£50
1 GARRARD RECORD DECK	£15
1 NATIONAL RF5000	£160
ODDS & S...	£22
OTHER ELECTRICAL & ELECTRONIC EQUIPEMENT INCLUDING TREE- RECORDERS, CINE CAMERAS, PROJECTORS ETC	£2771

PRODUCING A GRAND TOTAL OF

£8677

STATISTICAL ALCOHOL ANALYSIS

Part two

It is not proposed to include base stocks this time as the issue of this is constant.

\*\* \*\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

BEER

TOTAL AT RELIEF	(PRIVATE)	---	628	cases
JUNE 1972	"	---	278	"
CONSUMED SINCE RELIEF		---	350	"
NUMBER OF CANS		---	8,400	cans
RATE PER DAY		---	56	"

At present rate d-day can be expected to be any time after:-

10th OCTOBER 1972

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SPIRITS

PRIVATE STOCKS	(JUNE)	---	115	bottles
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WINE

PRIVATE STOCKS	(JUNE)	---	375	bottles
TOTAL OF BOTH AT RELIEF		---	637	bottles
JUNE STOCKS OF BOTH		---	<u>490</u>	bottles
	CONSUMED	---	147	"

THEREFORE RATE PER DAY IS APPROXIMATELY ONE BOTTLE.

The stocks of wine and spirits give a slightly wrong impression since large quantities of monty plonk have boosted these figures. But at present rate stocks will last til:-

OCTOBER 1973



How to Parachute (or how to fall out of the Kitchen Loft and  
and only break your back.)

September 1967 was a very good year for the British Parachute Association, because it was at that time that I decided to give this fast growing, exciting and spaceage sport a crack.

As a Sunday evening drew to a close and a friend of mine by the name of John, and myself slowly staggered up to the Airfield Camp at Neatheravon to spend a 3 week course learning the noble art of free-fall. We were met by a large chap, in bright green overalls by the name of Don Hughs, who very patently asked us what we wanted, at the same time trying hard to stop his muscles rippling. The badge on his jumpsuit denoted an honorary instructor to the Russian Free-fall team (or something like that.)

"We've come to learn to jump," I told him a bit uneasily. "Get in that building! Chose a bunk! Get unpacked! Go and have your dinner! and meet in the bar at 2100hrs!" With that he about turned and marched off, muttering something about sending anyone down here to learn a man's sport.

We eventually found the building, found a spare bunk, got unpacked, had our dinner, which consisted of beans and most important of all found the bar.

At 2100hrs. a very imposing figure by the name of Major Hill of the Army Parachute Association came in and talked about, "Well Chaps" and "What Ho" and "All being in it together Chaps". All very enlightening. Afterwards we got back to our bunkrooms to meet the other "Chaps" mostly services from S.A.S. Para Regt. and Royal Marine. UGH!

0600hrs. Monday morning a small American Sergeant, whose name I have forgotten, came crashing in and started tipping people out of bed and shouting obscene things at us. A good alarm clock, but not a great one.

Dry training started at 0830hrs. with introductions and landing rolls, then we were taken to the packing hall and taught how to pack pack 28'-0" double "L" canopies, and given a go.

how to pack pack 28'-0" double "L" canopies, and given a go. Following that we had more landing rolls to do, and then taught how to exiting exit from a mock up aircraft, and more

-2-

landing rolls, and then more repacking and more landing rolls and more landing rolls, and just in case they thought that we had'nt quite got the hang of it; more landing rolls.

After the first week our ground training finished and we had all become very proficient in packing parachutes, fitting in static lines, exiting from Rapide Aircraft, what to do once it had opened, more important still, what to do just in case it did'nt, and very important of course, landing rolls.

#### THE FOLLOWING WEEK IT RAINED!!!

The Monday morning of the third week dawned, we were awoken at 0500hrs. by our little American Sergeant. "Get it into the packing hall and kitted up, theres going to be a break in the weather for half an hour, in an hours time."

"Great," I thought, "It's going to stop raining, and turned over to get back to sleep. Everything was going black very nicely when I was hurled across the bunkroom still attached to my mattress and blankets. The door slammed shut and I got up.

I was still asleep when I climbed into the aircraft. Everything had become so machanical by then anyway, and we bumped across the airfield gaining speed, and suddenly we were weightless and gaining speed and altitude rapidly.

At 2,550 feet I woke up.

I looked at John and saw a strained and drawn face done up in a mass of webbing straps staring out of the hole where the door should be. I looked at the dispatcher who was sitting on a little seat by the door. It was the same one as we had met the first day, still trying hard not to ripple his muscles and with a sarcastic snarl, that one can only assume was meant to be a reassuring smile.

As the roar of the engines makes speech impossible everything is done by hand signs. The signal came to clip up

As the roar of the engines makes speech impossible everything is done by hand signs. The signal came to clip up and 9 shakey hands hooked up 9 static lines to the cable running the full length ~~afrikaza~~ of the fuselage. I heaved on mine

-3-

just to make sure that it was clipped on O.K. and it didn't even move. A static line can support a double deaker bus - I'm more valuable than a double deaker bus.

The aircraft lurched over the patchwork map below us getting into the correct position, flew over some low cloud, and the engines cut back into a low rumble with the occasional pop pop.

The first person was suddenly gone, then the second, third and fourth. The engines picked up and we banked over very tightly to see how the first four had opened up. Far below us four small orange and white candystripped canopies had opened up and they were about 500' below us with little black shapes suspended like spiders beneath them.

As the first jumper in the second stick, I found myself kneeling staring at the ground below, when the engines cut back for the second time and a hand from the dispatcher pointed with a look on his face similar to a Victorian father banishing his daughter, complete with babe in arms from his home for ever.

I stuck my head out of the door and the slipstream nearly knocked me over, while I struggled to put my foot out on to the lower ~~wing~~ wing. After what seemed an eternity, I was out clinging onto the strut for dear life wishing that I was any where else but there. I looked up at the dispatcher and I saw him nod and reach out to slap my back and without realizing it, I let go and the wind just whipped me away.

Going into a complete stable spread i.e. arms and legs extended, back arched and head back I looked up and saw what appeared to be the aircraft suddenly

Going into a complete stable spread i.e. arms and legs extended, back arched and head back I looked up and saw what appeared to be the aircraft suddenly climb away. To my surprise there was no feeling of falling and was just stuck above Neatheraven in this restful position. Suddenly I remembered that that I should be counting at this stage and just about to ~~panic~~ panic when there was an almighty jerk, as if I had been grabbed by a giant hand and thrown me over into an upright position.

-4-

Looking up, I saw the most wonderful sight I have ever seen in my life - A huge orange and white striped canopy, just fluttering gently. I seemed to have stopped completely with the ground still far away.

Reaching up, I pulled the left steering toggle gently and slowly rotated towards the left. Great fun. Becoming a little more confident, I yanked it down as hard as I could and suddenly shot around at an alarming angle and letting go was left swinging violently.

The ground that had been such a long way away for such a long time was by ~~it~~ this time very close and coming up to meet me at an alarming rate. Quickly getting into a landing position, the ground came up and hit me. Everything happened at once, and seem to remember getting up off my face picking the dirt out of my eye and helmet.

A voice jerked back to the land of the living. "Hurry up and get your rig packed, we hav'nt got all day to wait for you". I was all of a sudden fingers and thumbs. I field packed my chute and climbed into the Landrover feeling shaken but marvelous, to be greeted by the dispatcher, who offered me a cigarette, whilst trying hard not to ripple his muscles.



## A PIECE OF RUBBISH

I was taking my early morning promenade through the corridors of power, the genni-shed, when I was accosted by a tall youth wealding a six inch nail and a fourteen pound hammer. Whilst threatening me with said objects, he mumbled somnambulistically that I ought to write an article for "SPLODE AU MILIEU D' HIVER ". Surprised by his fluent welsh I succumbed to his assault and thought vituperation. (That's a good word .The editor likes it anyway SO I am bound to get this published.) A good idea . Vituperation I mean. I bet he couldn't jump out of the kitchen loft, let alone an aeroplane. However such comments are silly, too silly by far. Well And besides we are a close 'nit community isolated in this Hell-hole called HALLEY BAY. The stiff upper-lip brigade, down here do ing our thing for Queen and country. At the end of the world, waving the flag on this hallowed ground that will forever be, a bit of England.

It was on just such a night as this that my uncle Henry, whose portrait you see on the wall, also ran out of words to write.

If you are a sex- starved fid and you answer the following questions honestly ,you will be told the name of the next young lady you jump into bed with.

- 1 Write down the number corresponding to what you most enjoy doing on base, from table one.
- 2 Add the number corresponding to your favourite dish from table two.
- 3 Multiply the answer by ten and add three.
- 4 Reverse the order of the figures, and subtract the result from the number you had before reversing.
- 5 Reverse this answer and add the result to the number it was before reversing.
- 6 Add 423,571.
- 7 Look up the number corresponding to the first letter of your surname in table three, and place it on the right hand-side of the previous answer.
- 8 Repeat this with all the letters, in order, in your surname.
- 9 Halve the answer.
- 10 Divide the answer into groups of two figures. Each group represents a letter of the young lady's name when referred to table four.

TABLE ONE

GONKING.....90	SPLODING.....70
BULLSHITTING...80	KICKING ARKID...80
GORRING.....70	GASH.....90
BLOWING UP GILL..60	NOISHING.....80
BLOCKING TANKS..50	BOOZING.....70
LOSING NOCKER...60	CHEWING GUM.....60

TABLE TWO

BOILED HAM+PINEAPPLE.....8
SCRADGE PIE.....7
RACHEL WELCH.....6
ROAST BEEF.....5
AUDREY HEPBURN.....4
SAUSAGE AND MASH.....3
JONI MITCHELL.....9

TABLE THREE

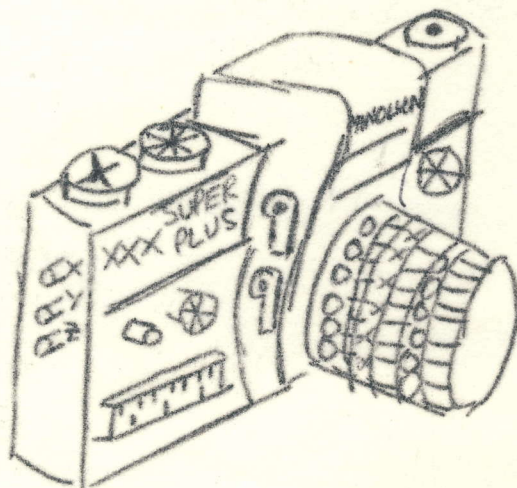
A-20	G-64	H-42	S-60	
B-40	H-68	N-66	T-44	
C-48	I-24	O-26	U-28	Y-86
D-62	J-80	P-82	V-84	Z-56
H-22	K-54	Q-90	W-88	
F-50	L-52	R-46K-	X-86	

TABLE FOUR

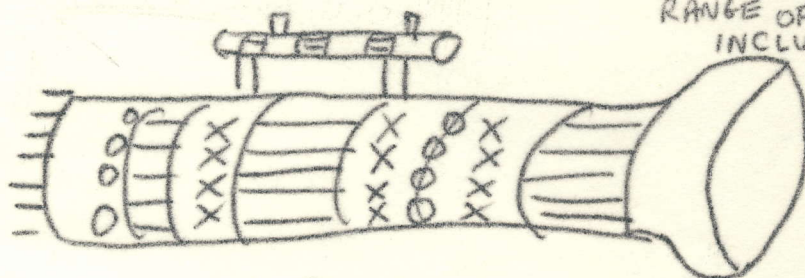
10-A	21--M	27-K	33-N	
11-E	22-T	28-3	34-H	
12-I	23-R	29-X	40-J	44-W
13-O	24-C	30-S	41-P	45-Q
14-U	25-F	31-D	42-V	
20-B	26-L	32-G	43-Y	

# PHOTO FD

I HAVE A MINOLTA XXX SUPER PLUS.



IT HAS A BUILT IN  
RANGEMATIC AND  
AURORA SYNCHRONISER  
WITH CLICK STOPS.

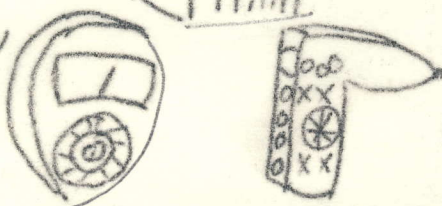


COMPLETE WITH A WHOLE  
RANGE OF LENSES  
INCLUDING THIS SUPER  
AUTOFOCAL  
HYPERBOLIC  
TELEPHOTO.



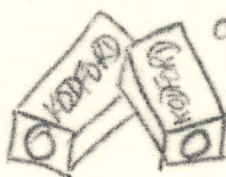
A MOCOBLITZ 2960  
WITH MAGIC EYE, OF COURSE

AND AN INSTANT  
ALL ROUND VISION  
SPECTROPHOTO  
EXPOSURE METER

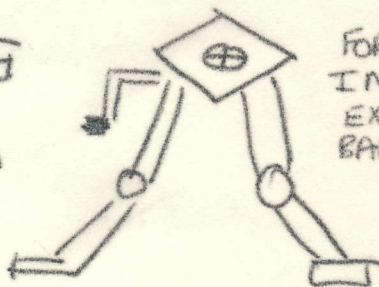


TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE  
A SPOT AUTO METER

ANTI STATIC  
GROUND GLASS  
FILTERS



ONLY THE BEST  
EXTRA FAST FILM  
KODAK SUPER XX2



FOR ALL THIS GEAR  
I NEED AN  
EXPANDING  
BALL AND SOCKET  
TRIPOD

I'M THE ONE WHO TAKES THOSE  
FUZZY, FOGGED, OUT OF FOCUS PICTURES  
AT MIDWINTER.



MAN KICKED IN STOMACH BY BLIND HORSE

Three men appeared before Halley Bay Magistrates' Court today charged with loitering with intēnt in the vicinity of Nocker Depot.

The accused, who gavetheir names as Frums Gillygottle, Edeledel Edel and Churm Rincewind, proved, on further investigation to be well-known hardened criminals; Donaldson, an animal dealer, Daynes, a professional weather falsifier, and Ramage, who described himself, as far as the Court could understand, as a fxpqlrrr.

Although Donaldson offered as testimony the expression, "We never went near the f-----", all three were committed for trial.

WIRELESS OPERATOR FOUND IN CONVENT DISGUISED AS GORILLA

The following lost properrty will be sold at Aucion on Saturday Next in New Orleans:

A Fine Specimen of Manhood, one Brian Jenkins, found in the Bogs in a State of Distress after Rum Night.

An Excellent Labourer, one David Fletcher, found in the same Locality following St. Paul's Day.

Two excellent Household Slaves, to wit; one Anthony Jackson and one John Flick, found in a bar asleep (no doubt awaiting their Masters' return).

(Flick hotly denies the rumour that he was found in a Convent disguised as a Gorilla.

BRON SCHINNTIKLER IN CUSTODY

The infamous Bron Schinntikler, the sly-grog pusher, was today taken into custody "somewhere in Antarctica". This mater cannot be discussed any further as it is still sub judice but it is known that Schinntikler gave his name at the preliminary hearing as Keith Stewardson, and had the effrontery to givehis profession as "poisoner".

SENIOR TRACTOR MECH STRANGLES SPASTIC

Jigoro (Toby) Yashimoto, the celebrated Judo Master, so well KK known for his exhibitions of technique and wounds, remarked, after his recent unsuccessful attempt to climb the North Wall of the Eiger, (the attempt was aborted at the Hintertoisser Traveese) - "It was the 'For the very young and senile' shelf that beat us."

DOCTOR CHOKES ON SALTED GERANIUM

Two Transylvanian illegal immigrants were apprehended at Southampton when Mr. Derek Gipps opened cases belonging to employees of B.A.S. and manifested as personal baggage. The immigrants werexid identified as Count Dracula and his sister Kevina. Both were remanded to Regent's Park Zoo.

### CARDINAL CITED IN PATERNITY CASE

A most interesting case was brought before the Caird Coast Assizes when a Monsieur A. (Guns) Escoffier was accused of disturbing the peace by discharging a firearm within fifty feet of the public highway. He was said to have shot a seal, 963 penguin the Base Leader and two beer cans, the latter causing the collapse of the Mag. tunnel.

On arrest, the accused was found in possession of a tank.

### BASE LEADER JAMMED IN CHIMNEY

The Rt, Hon. His Excellency the Lord Marquis Dr. Smith- Andrew VD Higso RAT etc., in a speech to the HBPA last night, said, " We all have our little perversions, and I never know how much I've had, but I'm getting a bit pi+--- of with this lack of woman. However, it's nice to see other people making fools of themselves; well, that's a change anyway. I don't think I said that in exactly those words. It's amazing what you'll say when you're pissed."

The Rt. Hon. gentleman was later found jammed in a chimney.

### WIDGET RAPES GIRAFFE

Impossible!

announcement:

the editor has asked us to say that there is a chronological inexactitude or something in the article about the history of halley bay. he reckons that the deception island dogs were not delivered here in 1968, but in 1967. thanks for your kind attention i don't give damn either.

ODE TO SFLODE.

A literary magazine  
The like has nêr been writ.  
Its full of fun and humour  
And other kinds of sh wit.

The editor (Jack by name  
And doggy-man by trade),  
He's always on the lookout  
For stuff that makes the grade.

Sometimes when, on a Saturday,  
Material looks thiin!!!  
Some words of mild encouragement  
Are heard to come f'om him.

We read of several regulars,  
There's Shovelman and Guns  
To name a few, although of course  
They're not the only ones.

Their exploits are amaaazing,  
Their courage never wanes.  
Willi it ever happen  
That they're never seen again?

Articles are various;  
Topics of the day.  
The relevance of some of them  
Is really "Hard to say".

And now Midwinters here at last,  
We're on the downhill road.  
To celebrate we've all produced  
This one enormous SFLODE'.

BY the year 2008 the last piece of ice broke off and the strange shaped lump was left to float away on its own.

By coincidence that was also the year in which the Bransfield made her final trip.

They were all there. Sir Viv, celebrating his hundredth birthyear, on only his second series of rejuves, old Bill Sloman who was definitely making his last trip South plus a gang of wizened old faces easily recognizable a perpetual fids. Of course ~~xxxx~~ B.A.S. (British Antarctic Settlements) no longer used ships. Much too slow. But for the last voyage of the ship it was arranged by those who still had nostalgia for the old days that she should follow as closely as possible the same course she set way back in '71. She would not be carrying any of the seillers - a loose term in most peoples minds synomonous with missfits and malcontents. It was unlikely that she would make contact with any of the families living their self imposed exile. They, after all, had wanted and finally chosen escape from turn-of-the-century life. No this time she would simply star a few memories in old heads.

There was no official request from the ship to Weather Control Center(American Sector) for good passage but whether by accident or design the water stayed calm and the skies ~~xxxxxx~~ remained clear all the way down.

She had a reasonably quiet trip altogether. A short South American stop that was made all the shorter by the sudden unexpected nuclear bombing incident near the docks, explained away as a token measure by a group of left wing nationalists unhappy with the government of the day, then a sombre sail passed what remained of the Falkland Islands. Approaching South Georgia however the ship was gradually filled with some of the old excitement. Unfortunately they could not bearth off the penal colony

colony

at Grytviken and had to be content with sailing round the island and admiring and repohotgraphing the much admired ~~xx~~ and photographed.

Leaving the mountains of South G. behind them they began the final leg of the journey south. Two days at full speed brought them to the middle of the Weddell Sea, and disaster.

In full daylight the ramshackle structure, with its corrugated iron roof glinting dimly in the sun, sitting astride the great, obscene, stained mass of ice was an incredible sight. At night it was more than that. It was also invisible. It may have been the shield of its own aura, part contributed by the ghosts of the past, or it may have been the impenetrable wall of its own foul stench, but whatever it was all the sophisticated navigation devices and all the straining eyes failed to detect its presence and that presence was severely jolted when, at nearly  $14\frac{1}{2}$  knots, the not inconsiderable bulk of the Bransfield sailed into it, and sank

Naturally ~~xxxxxxx~~ everyone was saved ( this is a happy Midwinter story ) The event was witnessed from space by at least two satellites and duly noted. Though they were incapable of giving warning before the incident by the very nature and arrangement of their micro-circuits, they both sprang to life as soon as she started to sink. Within minutes everybody had been picked up by the super-duper Air/Sea/Space Rescue Service rocket-lifeboat and as they cruised round the wreck in the milky dawn they saw the true nature of their aggressor. Slowly the thing that was once known as Yer-Tis turned completely over and assumed the normal appearance of an iceberg again.

Thus did Branghams' folly make its last voyage.

Amen.

ANDY SMITH    BASE COMMANDER,

20, IVY ROAD, SUTTON COALFIELD, WARWICKS,

RON LOAN        MET.

104, CUMMING DRIVE, GLASGOW, S.2.

GORDON DEVINE    MET.

38, BUCLESHAM ROAD, IPSWICH.

ROGER DAYNES    MET.

6, TOP ROW, SEATOLLER, BORROWDALE, KESWICH, CUMBERLAND.

NORMAN EDELSTON    GEOPHYSICIST.

120, MEDLAR ROAD, ABRONHILL, CUMBERNAULD, DUMBARTONSHIRE.

PAUL JONES        GEOPHYSICIST.

39, GREENLANDS ROAD, REDGAR, TESSIDE.

DAVE HARGOOD     GEOPHYSICIST.

SONNING, PAUBNHAM, BEDFORD.

TREV BOYT        MET.

11, SOUTHEY ROAD, CRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

IAIN CAMPBELL    DOCTOR.

12, MARCUS CHASE, THORPE BAY, ESSEX.

KEVIN ACHESON    PHYSIOLOGIST.

132, MAIDSTONE ROAD, CHATHAM, KENT.

TREV THOMAS      IONOSPHERICIST.

THE DRIFT, 230, EPSOM ROAD, MERROW, GUILFORD, SURREY.

BRIAN JENKINS    IONOSPHERICIST.

2, COURT LANE, PONTARDAVE, SWANSEA, GLAMORGAN.

JOHN FLICK        RADIO.

19, SHERWOOD ROAD, ANSDALL, LYTHAM ST. ANNES, LANCs.

PAUL BRANCHAM    BUILDER.

39, HEOL ESCOED, CARDIFF CF 46 PE.

IAN BURY          CATERING.

HALL BANK, HARTINTON, BULTON, DERBYSHIRE.

KEITH STEWARDSON    CATERING.

33, WILDWOOD LANE, STEVENAGE, HERTS.

TONY JACKSON      ELECTRICIAN.

47, STANFORD ROAD, FRIEN BARNET, LONDON N.11.

BRUCE BLACKWELL    DIESEL MECH.

BIRCHES, BARTON LANE, BERRYHARBOR, ILFRACOMBE, N.DEVON.

GORDON RAMAGE     TRACTOR MECH.

6, COCHRANE PLACE, LEITH, EDINBURGH 6.

TOBY STONEHAM      TRACTOR MECH.

7 THE CRESCENT, LEA, MALMESBURY, WILTS.

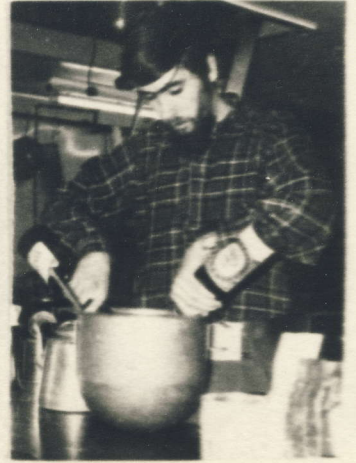
DAVE FLETCHER     GA.

6 DENTON ROAD, WOKINGHAM, BERKS. RG11 2DX.

JACK DONALDSON    GA.

KELLYS BOSS HOUSE, DOCK STREET, SUNDERLAND.







## THE RETURN OF THE THING.

Being the third part of the trilogy, "Splode of the Things".

Members of the original company :-

Gamhand Greyflick	- head of the Pitharts
Andyhorn, son of Arrowmint	- heir consumptive to Bondur
Tobomir of Bondur	
Frotho Bigjins, son of Steward	- a Gobfid and Thingbearer
Sam Braggamgee	- another Gobfid
Merryian Burybuck	- "
Pouragin Jack, son of Donald	- "
Layalass, son of Ache	- one of the great Elves
Gordimli Shovelswinger	- a (big) dwarf.

The story so far :-

Andyhorn, bearer of the splode that was broken, has returned by dark paths to claim his rightful thingship of the realm of Bondur. With him travelled the bearer of the Thing, and the rest of the company of nine. Of whose adventures you may have read in the volume entitled "Fellowtwits of the Thing". That story tells of the fall of the Pithart, (one numbered great among the wise) Gamhand Greyflick, in the depths of Gonria, and the subsequent loss of Tobomir of Bondur. Tobomir was slain by a company of Slight Orcs. (Of Tobomir's temptation, when he groped for the Thing, we will say naught in this narrative).

In the second volume of the trilogy, called the "Two Towers", we heard of the splitting of the company. For there is a saying among Gobfids that "nine's company but seven's one more than half a dozen". That part of the history tells of the terrible journey of the Thingbearer and his companion Sam Braggamgee to the tower of Minsum Morjin. The remainder of the company travelled across the realm of Gohon on their way to the tower of Minsa Nother in the land of Bondur. In Gohon we saw part of the company reunited with Gamhand Greyflick, sent back from across the black seas by the Notsowise, to finish his task in Bondur.

. . . . .

## THE SIEGE OF BONDUR.

Gamhand, on his mighty steed Motherfax, galloped furiously through the gates of Minsa Nother.

"Fleas for your wives," he cried to the startled onlookers. Like all pitharts of the grand order, he had extreme difficulty in articulation during the later hours of the day. This accounts for his inability to say "Flee for your lives".

"Fleas for your wives," he yelled again, his face turning red with embarrassment, and gesticulating so wildly that he tumbled from his horse.

Pouragin Jack, who had been riding behind Gamhand, fixed the crowd with his glassy stare, and said, "What the bird-brain ish trying to say, ish, live for your flies, you fools."

"That's what I'm trying to tell them," burbled Gamhand from the ground, "Lie for your fleas."

Gamhand and Pouragin began to brawl at the foot of the stairs leading up to the great citadel. Then, suddenly, the air was rent by the blowing of many trumpets, and Gamhand and Pouragin fell back in amazement.

"Was that you or me?" said Pouragin.

But at the head of the stairs appeared a mighty figure, clothed from head to foot in gleaming mail, and holding a great sword in his right hand. This was Lord Hab the Good, son of Bod the Bad, heir of Dib the Dob, last descendant of Things, Steward of Bondur, and Penguin Stuffer most excellent to the Queen of the Bitches (an ancient order of chivalry).

Lord Hab spoke in a terrible voice, "Who art these whoms darst brawl in the citadel of Bondur? But doth I not perceive the Pithart Gamhand Greyflick amongst ye?"

For he was a man great in perception. Yea there were some who believed that he held on e of the seven balls of Itchin, and with this he could bend his sight throughout the land. (Only the mighty were given the power to use the balls of Itchin, for it is said that too much use produces permanent bending of the sight).

"What folly is this, Gamhand, or is you bearded Thingy a servant of the enemy? I doth find this grappling most unseemly."

"Nay my lord, this is no servant of the enemy," burbled Gamhand, "This is Pouragin Jack, a Gobfid."

Lord Hab jumped six feet in the air at the word Gobfid, turned white, fainted, and fell headlong down the long flight of stairs. He lay groaning in a heap at the feet of the Pithart.

"Methinks I startled him," whispered Gamhand to Pouragin, as he helped Lord Hab to his feet.

"Nay my lord," continued Gamhand, "E He is not the one, but a countryman of his."

"It seems that strange things walk the earth?" said Lord Hab, staring at Pouragin? "And much that we thought to be fairy tale comes to life in these dark times."

Pouragin felt sudden admiration for the troubled lord, and, falling to his knees, he drew his short sword and cast it at the feet of Lord Hab the Good. Then he cried in a loud voice, "Acshopt my shword in token of my shervice, oh mighty Gab the Hood."

Lord Hab, hopping desperately around clutching his half-severed foot, replied with tears in his eyes, "The Gobfids are courteous folk, and I accept thy offer. Now take thyself to the dungeons where my guards will provide you with a rack to sleep on."

Pouragin was dragged out of the story by two guards in white coats.

"And now my lord," said Gamhand, "I must speak with you concerning the mission of the Thingbearer. For is it not written that he who reigns in the place of the Thing is wiser than he who snows on St. Swithins day?"

"No," replied Hab the Good.

"Just as I thought," continued the Pithart, "what little plot there was, has escaped at last, but we must press on regardless. Frotho Bigjins, the Thingbearer, is heading for the realm of Morgore, to destroy the Thing, but our part in the great scheme must be to divert the mind of Soreron the great Lone from Morgore."

As he spoke the terrible name of Soreron, the skies darkened and a black shadow seemed to pass across the face of the sun. Hab the Good fell to his knees, a slobbering mass of humanity, but the brave Gamhand Greyflick remained a standing, slobbering mass of humanity.

"The winged thingies from Morgore," He cried, "The storm is upon us. Good, for it is said that the hasty stroke oft goes astray."

At that moment a flaming arrow hurtled down from the skies, and struck Gamhand in the head.

"S---," he cried, "The b-----'s have got me."

Thus ensuring that his last words would not be immortalised in the Oxford book of quotation s.

Beyond the city, the hosts of Morgore were gathering for the attack, led by the terrible Thingwraith, King Damage of Gobbiton. Then when all seemed lost the giant dwarf, Gordimli Shovelswinger, galloped into the story. He was waving his mighty weapon, "Shovel the Great", above his head, as he rode at King Damage.

"You fool," yelled the King, "For do you not know that the King of the Thingwraiths cannot be killed in this story?"

Gordimli swun Shovel in a mighty arc, and shouting his ancient battle cry, "Ardtosay Reelleee," he blatted King Damage between the beepers. The King fell dead on the ground, disprlling another popular fallacy of the age. And ever after that day, when brave men were gathered together, the bards would sing the tale of how, "The mighty Shovelswinger blatted the King of the Thingwraiths."

Some sing of the might of King Damage of old,  
How he fought with the crowbar, and chisel so cold,  
How he swung the lump hammer, and wielded the blade,  
But the great Shovelswinger felled him with a spade.  
Three cheers for Gordimli,  
Brave heart that was steely,  
As he blatted with Shovel,  
Crying, "Ardtosay Reelleee."

Meanwhile, in the realm of Morgore, Frotho Bigjins and his faithful companion Sam Braggamee crawled slowly across the barren landscape, in search of the cracks of fire in Mount Stovalongasthewindsintherightdirection. And ever above them the flaming eye searched greedily for the Thing.

"Sam, Sam, it's getting heavier all the time," said Frotho scrabbling through his pack for another beer.

"Master, master," said Sam, who was much better adapted to crawling than Frotho, and so the present situation was not too bad for him, "Let I carry it for ee."

Frotho jumped to his feet, his eyes blazing, and leaping forward he booted his faithful companion Sam in the teeth.

"No, no it is not for you, my faithful companion," he cried. Thae the fire died in his eyes and the horror of what he had just done came to him.

"Oh, sam, Sam," he muttered, "What have I done?"

"Splutter, splutter, gurgle, gurgle," said Sam, spitting out his broken teeth.

"In later years Sam, they will sing songs of Frotho Bigjins, the Thingbearer, and his faithful companion toothless Sam Braggamee. If we could only find the cracks of fire."

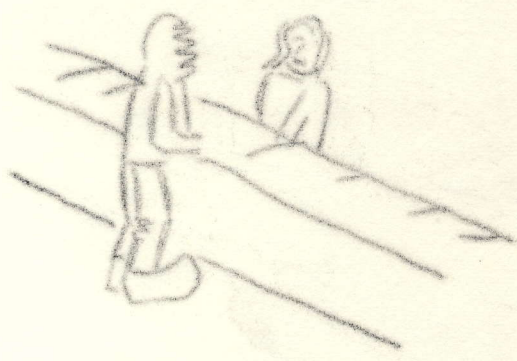
As they crawled along, through the smoke and mirk, Frotho realised that the air was getting hotter. Then they arrived at the edge of a very deep fissure, from which came loud roaring sounds. Frotho dragged himself to the edge and peered over. At the bottom of the fissure, he could see a red glow, for the wind was in the right direction.

"We're there, Sam," he cried, "The cracks of fire. Now all we have to do is throw the Thing in. Aaarrrggghhhhhh .."

Helped by an almighty boot up the backside from his faithful companion Sam, Frotho tumbled head first into the cracks of fire. Thus perished Frotho Bigjins the Thingbearer, enabling Sam to return home and collect an enormous fee for the film rights of the story.

FDW BACK HOME

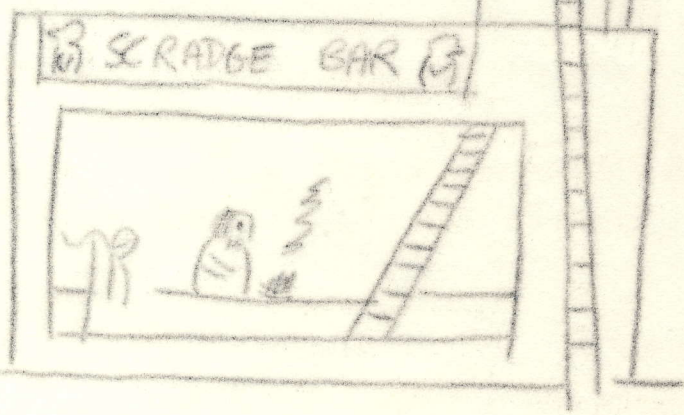
SPLODE MONGER



OUK



ONE WATER TANK, 20 FEET OF OPEN ENDED ANVIL DRUMS AND A BAG OF SIX INCH NAILS, PLEASE!



PENGUIN AND NINE HUSKIES TO SUPPORT



## INTRODUCTION

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT YOU<sup>1</sup> YES YOU, A RETURNING FID MAY BE FACED BY THE PROBLEMS OF A  
( FLEET STREET ) REPORTER AT SOUTHAMPTON ON YOUR RETURN TO THE UK.

WE<sup>1</sup> ALL KNOW WHATS GOING ON AT HALLEY BAY.

YOU<sup>1</sup> KNOW WHATS GOING ON AT HALLEY BAY.

BUT THEY<sup>1</sup> STUPID B:.....:E DONT SO WHY NOT TELL THEM.

REPORTER, TO FID COMING DOWN GANG PLANK FULLY LADEN WITH GOODIES.

WELL SIR, GLAD TO SEE YOUR BACK AGAIN HA,, HA, (JOKE) CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IT WAS  
LIKE AT HALLEY BAY?.

FID.

OH<sup>1</sup> HARD TO SAY REALLY.

REPORTER.

WHAT WAS IT REALLY LIKE, I MEAN WAS IT ROUGH?.

FID.

GRIM MAN, IT WAS GRIM.

REPORTER.

COULD YOU EXPLAIN A BIT CLEARER?.

FID.

WELL ITS THE RUGGED TEMPS SEE, MINUS SIXTY MOST OF THE TIME, USUALLY WARMED UP

IN SUMMER TO MINUS FIFTY, EVEN DILLION HAD TO GET A TRANSPLANT FROM A BRASS MONKEY  
( THATS HOW PUFF WAS BOMBED ONYT OUT YOU KNOW ).

REPORTER.

WHAT WERE YOUR FELLOW EXPLORERS LIKE?.

FID.

HARD TO SAY, MOST OF THEM WERE PISSHEADS THE ~~RESRT~~ REST WERE ITHER QUEER OR  
PROFESSIONAL GONKERS.

REPORTER.

COULD YOU GIVE ME A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF A TYPICAL DAYS WORK ON BASE?.

FID.

WELL I USUALLY GOT UP AT 0600hrs, MAKE NIGHT MET A BREW, THEN TAKE THE BL'S BREAKFAST  
TO HIS BUNKROOM,(GOOD FOR POLAR MEDAD POINTS THIS), DO A BIT OF GOBBING, MET OBS ETC.

REPORTER.

CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHAT IS MENT BY THE TERM GOBBING?.

FID.

WELL HARD TO SAY REALLY, IT'S A TERM GIVEN TO THE ASSEMBLY OF TECHINICAL COMPONENTS  
USED USUALLY BY THE MET DEPT, AND SOMETIMES BY THAT WELL KNOWN CHIPPY.

REPORTER.

I SEE, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THE TERM DUMPS MEAN?.

FID.

DUMPS<sup>1</sup>, DUMPS ARE WHAT YOU RAISE WHEN YOU CALL THE BL A FAT TWIT.

REPORTER.

AMAZING, NOW TELL ME DID THE ABSENTS OF WOEMAN GET YOU DOWN?.

FID.

TO FLIPPING TRUE, IT DROVE ME "NUTS" HALF THE TIME, THE OTHER HALF WAS SPENT WISHING  
I HAD THEM.

FID TALES

REPORTER.

WELL NOW THAT YOU ARE JUST BACK FROM SPENDING TWO YEARS IN THE ANTARCTIC WHAT ARE YOUR FUTURE PLANS?.

FID.

WILL HAVE A FEW CASES OF BEER, FIND A NICE FEMALE, HAVE A BIT NIBBLE, HAVE ANOTHER CASE OF BEER, HAVE ANOTHER BIT NIBBLE AND SO ON.

REPORTER.

WELL SIR IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TALKING TO A EXPERIENCED EXPLORER LIKE YOURSELF. THE CONVERSATION AT THIS POINT IS INTERRUPTED BY TWO CUSTOMS OFFICERS.

CUSTOMS OFFICER.

EXCUSE ME SIR BUT YOU ARE SUSPECT OF CARRYING WHAT IS KNOWN TO YOUR EMPLOYERS AS "UNOTHORISED GOODIES", WOULD YOU PLEASE STEP THIS WAY .

FID.

AH WELL' YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL.

HAPPY MID-WINTER MATES.

THE 1972 'DILLON GOLDEN TURDICLE' AWARDS

Yes me old chinas, time again for the Golden Turd' awards, given each year for those little acts which make Halley Bay what it is. So here they are, in order of merit, this years buffoonery prizes.

Top prize was shared. For general gobsmanship and incredible acts of the outrageous and impossible - Gordon D (hero of base, belligerent arguer, founder of gobsmanship, wrecker extrae ordinary) and Brian (Brain, Water Baby renowned for his Tank Exploits 1, 2 and 3, the unbelievable insulation of the caboose and other amazing acts) I hope they will display their award proudly. Well done men.

A close thing for third place but by unanimous verdict of the judges - selected, incidentally, from the cream of the doggy spans and voting under my own critical eye - Gordon R. took it by a skidoo length. His one renowned act at Relief gave him a clear lead in the first months but eventually he had to bow to the superiority of the winners. Still it was a fine fine feat. We may never again see one incident awarded so many points.

In fourth position is an old favourite you may remember for his high <sup>place</sup> ~~position~~ last year. I refer of course to Toby. Not such a good showing so far this time but who knows what surprises he has yet in store.

Coming in at number five, winning the special 'Dillon Cheerful Chappy Award' - as well as the 'Dillon Memory Award' (new this year - awarded for bad memory, never being able to find anything, spreading and losing his possessions everywhere) - it's Mister Paul B. Same place as last year.

Well folks that once again is the Halley Bay top five. Others who deserve a mention are Eeee, who was never far away, and John F, who was never there, winner of last years gonking award. There were so many contenders for that this year that I accepted it myself.

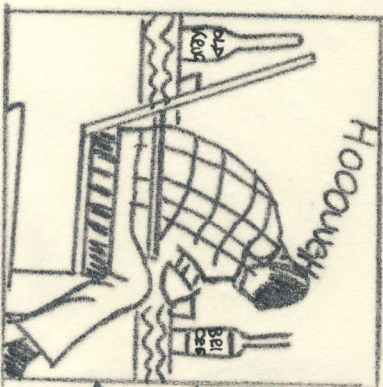
Once more another grand occasion passed. For those who missed out this year, well, try harder and you may make it next time.

Thank you all and good night



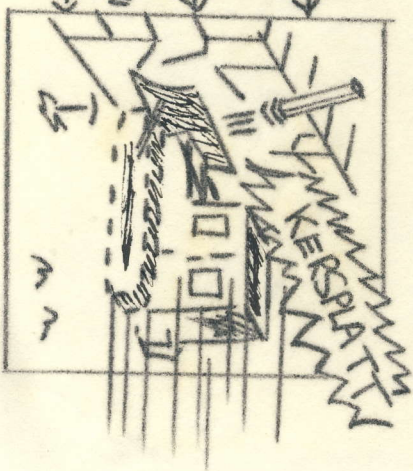
THE MAGNIFICENT 'DILLON GOLDEN TURDICLE' SPECIALLY  
MOULDED THIS YEAR FROM AUTHENTIC SCRADGES AND TITBITS  
WHICH MAKE HIS FAECES RENOWNED THE WORLD OVER.  
ON DISPLAY FOR ONE WEEK, BEGINNING 21st JUNE,  
ONLY IN THE LOUNGE.



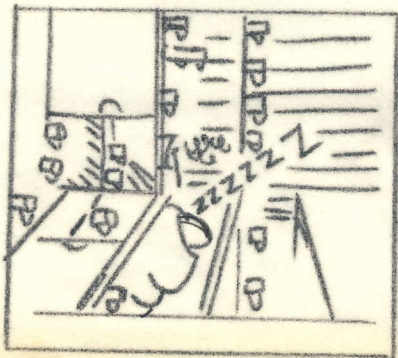


FIRST THERE WAS THE NEW BOG, EVERY-ONE WORKING LIKE FIDS, BOTTLEFUL SHOVEL BY MISERABLE... LED BY THE WONDERMAN (SELF-CONFESSED)

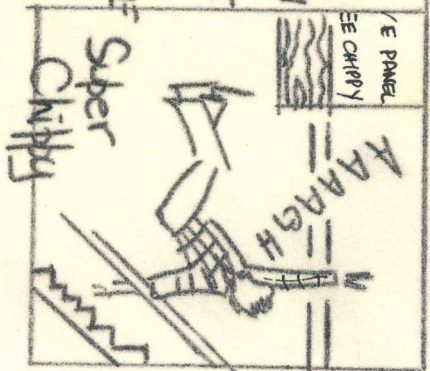
THEN THERE WAS THE MAG TUNNEL SCOOP OF THE NECK "THE NEW MAG TUNNEL IS NEARING COMPLETION"



THEN IT WAS THE BASE BUILDINGS. HE HAD BEEN WORKING DAY AND NIGHT TRYING TO GET THEM TO WITHSTAND THE UNRELENTING PRESSURE OF THE BLUE ICE !!



AND THEN THERE WAS THE BEST HUT & THE LA COUR HUT AND BS CAROSE AND THE BALLOON SHED AND THE PLYDUMP AND THE RADIO SHACK SHIRT AND .... EVERYTHING WAS GOING SO WELL THAT HE DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO.



Super Chippy

NOW HERES A LITTLE POEM  
THAT ALL YOU FIDS SHOULD KNOW  
ABOUT OUR HIPPY CHIPPY  
AND THE LAND OF WOOKIE HOLE

THEY CALL HIM CHIPPY BRANGHAM  
A HAMMER IN EACH HAND  
HE IS A CRAFTY FELLOW  
THE LEADER OF THIS BAND

HE'S QUITE A CASSANOVA  
THIS FELLOW MATE OF MINE  
HE FANCIES PRINCESS ANNIE  
THE FILTHY DIRTY SWINE

HE CLAIMS HE'S QUITE A JUMPER  
BUT WE DONT THINK THATS RIGHT  
FOR THIS WELL KNOWN CHIPPY  
GAVE US QUITE A FRIGHT

HE IS A PLEASANT FELLOW  
DO ANYTHING FOR A SKIVE  
HE MISSED THE BLOODY LADDER  
AND ENDED IN A DIVE

HE'S GOOD AT BUILDING TUNNELS  
HE'S GOOD AT BANGING NAILS  
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GARAGE  
WERE RUNNING OUT OF PAILS

I WISH YOU ALL THE BEST  
WHEN SIGNING ON THE DOLE  
I WISH YOU ALL THE BEST  
DOWN AT WOOKIE HOLE  
HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH ANNIE  
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES  
BUT PLEASE EXTRACT THE DIDGIT  
WERE RUNNING OUT OF PAILS.

WE HAVE JUST HAD CONFIRMATION ON THE RECENT ROUOR  
ABOUT A TECHNOLOGICAL BREAKE THROUGH IN PERSONEL  
POLAR TRANSPORT OR (PERAMBULATION)

THE WELL KNOWN TOP SECRET BOG-ROL INCORPERATES  
A NEW REVOLUTIONARY TYPE DRIVE SYSTEM BASED ON  
YEARS OF OF RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT BY THIS  
CONTINENTS BEST BRAINS .

DURING A RECENT TEST DRIVE IT MOVED ALMOST 8  
( EIGHT ) FEET ( FEET ) UNDER ITS OWN POWER BEFORE  
UNFORTUNATELY CRASHING INTO FLETCHERS NONE MAGNETIC  
SLEDGE TEST DRIVER STOBE TONEH AM FIGHTING WITH  
THE CONTROLES TO THE END SAID LATER IN HOSPITAL  
WHAT A HEAP OF JUNK SHOULDENT BE ALOWD ON THE BONDU

TECHNICAL SPECIFICATIONS

( COULD BE )

12 HP AT 3500 RPM

0 TO 7 MPH IN UNDER 5 MINITUS

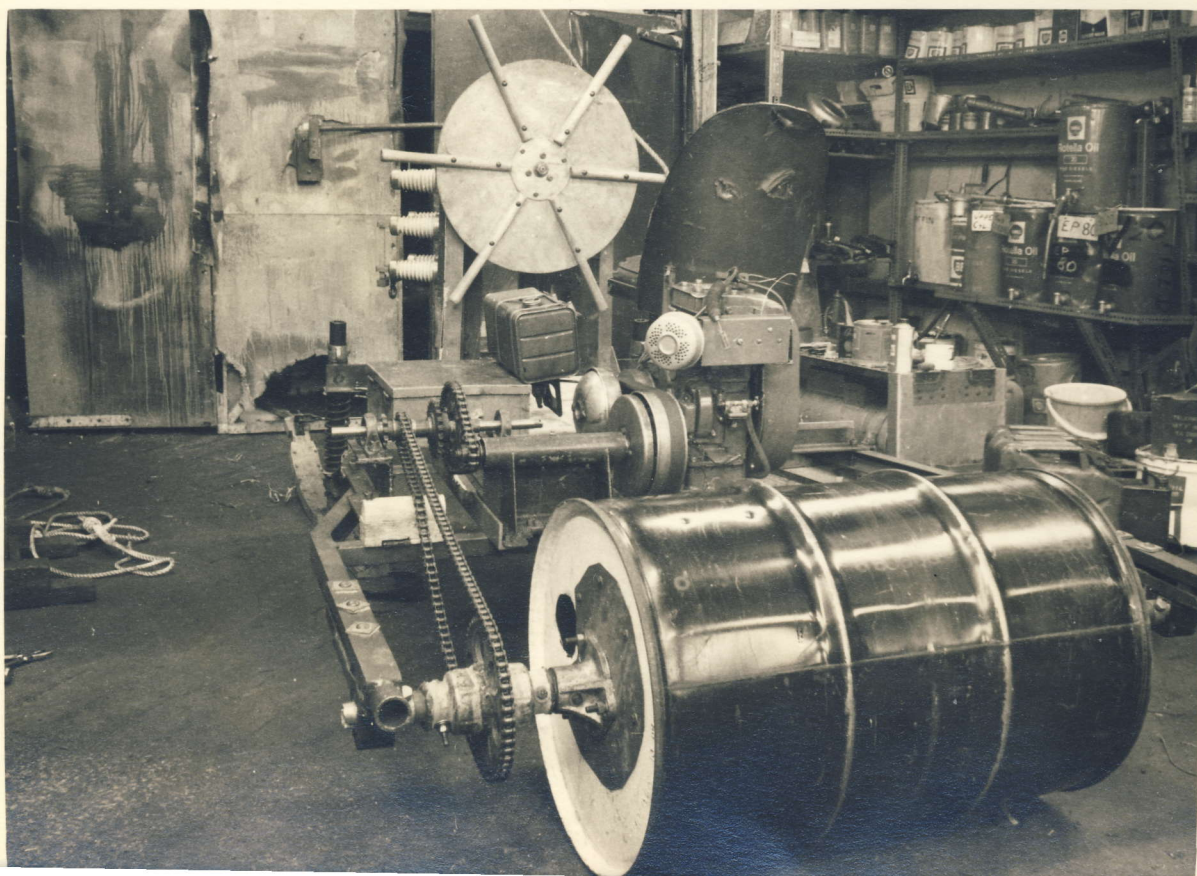
TURNING CIRCLE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND 3RD CHIP

STEERING 8 REV LOCK TO LOCK WITH AUTHENTIC NAUTICAL WHEEL

KNIFE SWITCH IGNITION

FAIRY PLANE SUSPENSION

TRACTION THROUGH FIXED AXEL TO OBLATE -- TOROID .



MIDWINTER CROSSWORD (though not much to do with midwinter)

1 M A R D T O S A Y R E A L L Y  
A E U L E  
R D E L E V A T E A N  
R A S D R A D A R I  
Y E S D O G L D I N  
M H A E P I C I G  
H I C E Y H Z C U E  
D M S P L O D E E Z  
W E M S T O A D N O  
B U P O W E H N  
N I P O I L N C I E  
M W I N D C H I L L  
E G G L I E M U G  
R A E L A A  
P A R T Y L U R K E R

CLUES

ACROSS

DOWN

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Met man's lament. (4,2,3,6)                            | 1. Seasonal greeting. (5,9)                        |
| 7. Do this to serials every year, it keeps the snow away. | 2. Suns glow in autumn. (8,7)                      |
| 11. The survey loses its <del>ME</del> Bee                | 3. Midwinters eve match, a real fight              |
| 12. Met mans morning wind is a palindrome                 | 4. With runners and dogs it goes places            |
| 13. Or alternatively 28 across                            | 5. Two of them and your away home                  |
| 15. Nine to a team  | 6. Bar room game, but you must be a drinker. (4,4) |
| 16. A lot of noise, must be a plug.                       | 8. Hydrated silica of magnesia is mixed up clat    |
| 17. Everybodies jolly is but not many of the films are    | 9. He writes in every mag                          |
| 19. Lots of it around, hard stuff                         | 10. Dangerous crossing place (5,4)                 |
| 20. The base  | 14. Mesh mixed up is a dog.                        |
| 22. This is in it   | 18. Get it with your camera                        |
| 24. Weld? Cut the end off, thats us                       | ← (21). A dog, in the bog                          |
| 25. Abbreviated America is objective we. it (4,4)         | 23. Type of skiing once you've cracked             |
| 26. Sounds like <del>M</del> a double without W.hisky     | 29. One must go this way to get out                |
| 27. Before our time but he's still in the lead.           | 31. The blade in reverse says hello                |
| 28. Or alternatively 13 across                            | 34. No start to sin                                |
| 30. A circle meets 24 across, you ought to pay up         | 35. New money system? No shillings                 |
| 32. Frosty doesn't get it but she ought to with her name  | 36. Like this, a good night for auroral photos.    |
| 33. Gob it in the sump                                    | 39. Cumberland sings of it                         |
| 37. Tells you how cold when its blowing. (4,5)            | 41. Go Ahead people? We've got two                 |
| 38. You might be dreaming of fresh ones.                  | 40. Beer container with tracks                     |
| 42. Once a month we have one                              | 43. He hangs around.                               |