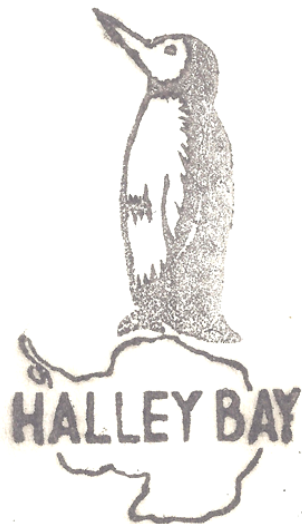


MIDWINTER  
FEENix

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ON BEHALF OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF I SHOULD LIKE TO WISH ALL READERS, WHETHER REGULAR OR NOT A VERY ENJOYABLE AND MEMORABLE MID-WINTER.

I SHOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY SINCERE THANKS TO ALL OF YOU FOR HELPING TO PRODUCE SUCH A BUMPER ISSUE OF THE 'FEENIX'. I HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY READING THE ARTICLES. I HAVE NOT READ THEM ALL YET MYSELF BUT THOSE THAT I HAVE ARE REALLY EXCELLENT AND IF WE CAN KEEP YOUR MIND OFF THE DRINK FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME SO THAT YOU CAN KEEP IN CIRCULATION LONGER I THINK THAT WE SHALL HAVE ACHIEVED OUR PURPOSE.

AS THIS IS A SPECIAL ISSUE CERTAIN OF THE REGULAR FEATURES HAVE NOT BEEN INCLUDED. THESE WILL REAPPEAR, I TRUST, WHEN PEACE AND QUIET AGAIN DESCENDS ON HALLEY BAY.

THAT'S IT,  
ENJOY YOURSELVES,

THE EDITOR.

---

This article is written in an attempt to help identify members on base. Quite often one hears someone asking who So-and-so is and what he does. It might also serve to remind the people concerned in what futile task they are attempting.

No preferential order is taken and the list is compiled as I think of the people. Any complaints should be sent to B.A.S. Office, London.

Skid: One time geologist. Now turned woodworker and artist.

Rocky Pete: Another geologist. Also out of work and has turned his hand to amateur decorating and professional stirring.

Harry: Climber in U.K. Only climbing done since leaving was into bed in Montevideo.

Judith: Chief Auroral observer and switcher off of outside lights.

Ham: The "owl" of the base except that he can't see in the day or the night.

Abdul: Only genuine Black Man on base. A great man for starting projects.

Doc: Job obvious. No work on humans so far, but does a good job on the dogs. Experience in U.K. appears to be pissing it up with the patients.

Mac: The sadist of the base, spending many happy hours constructing guillotines and gallows and other instruments of torture. Cook by trade.

Sideways: The good and glorious Base Leader whom we all love and get at at every possible opportunity.

Keifers: "The Little Ball of Evil." Enough said.

Chey: Redundant W.O.P. Now chief chauffeur and film developer. ~~vast~~<sup>S</sup> ~~waist~~ developing a speciality also.

Frizzle: Base vampire.

Dad: I/C Black Gang and biggest gin drinker this year.

Smet: The editor of the Feenix. Yet another who is only here to write newspapers.

Wullum: Chief Nutty eater. Oh! and scientist.

Golly: Base carpenter. A fine upstanding fellow. Intelligent and good looking as well. Also writing this article.

Clive: The cider drinking twit from The West Country.

Neon: Tester of electrical circuits. Gash gash hand but worth keeping in with as he has the key to all the sledging goodies.

Pop: Doubtful honour of being oldest on base. Also ensures Beastie continues to interfere with radio communications.



pity perhaps, to donate this garment to a struggling and traditionally poverty stricken artist of the left bank.

Meanwhile, the sister of Wendy Mo, in pursuit of further education at the Sorbonne, was discovering the education covered a field that Mum had not told her of. Enter artist; and again change of hands.

Later, after further education, sister of Wendy Mo returned home and finding the constant reminder of the grief of parting altogether too much to bear, begged Wendy Mo to remove it far from her sight.

Now the current custodian, who hesitates to admit ownership and who claims that history does not repeat itself, has ensured that for 1968, at least, Wendy Mo's sister will be spared this distressing sight.

\*\*\*\*\*

More Kultural Kwestions:

Shakespreare:

1. In which play, other than Hamlet, does a ghost appear ?
2. In which play does the stage direction exeunt pursued by a bear occur ?
3. Name the other members of Bottom's gang in 'Mid summer Night's Dream'.
4. Who's left lieing about all over the stage at the end of Hamlet ?

General Knowledge:

1. What do the initials GKN, SGB, Bicc, IBM stand for?
2. How many lines are there on a) BBC-1 b) ITV c) BBC-2 television picture ?
3. What steam propelled machines hold the road and rail speed records and at what speeds ?
4. How many notes is it possible to play on Scottish bagpipes ?

## Antarctic Exploration and Human Physiology.

---

The Antarctic is geographically and ecologically a well defined area, and is in many respects unique. It was the only remaining land mass that had no inhabitants up to the start of the 20th. century, and today it still has no settled population. Man himself is a newcomer, and only a short term visitor. Only a few men have spent more than four years of their life on the continent, which was first sighted by Fabian von Bellingshausen in 1820, two days before Edward Bransfield discovered Graham Land. Bransfield was the first to chart a part of the Antarctic continent. The Antarctic Peninsula, Graham Land, was also seen at this time by Nathaniel Palmer and William Smith.

The first people ashore on the main Antarctic continental mass were two Norwegians, Captain Leonard Kristensen and Carsten Borchgrevink, who jumped ashore together from a small boat in the struggle to be the first one! This landing at  $71\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  S at Cape Adare was made in 1895, although Captain John Davis visited the Hughes Bay area of Graham Land in 1832 and made the first recorded landing on the Antarctic mainland. Borchgrevink was the first person to make a planned wintering on the continent with nine other men at Cape Adare in 1899. In 1898 Adrien de Gerlache had unintentionally wintered on board his ship, S.Y. Belgica, when trapped in the ice at  $71\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  S  $85^{\circ}$  W in the Bellingshausen Sea. Amongst his staff were Roald Amundsen and Frederick Cook, who were destined to play major parts in the discovery of the geographical poles. Thus the age of man on the Antarctic continent began less than seventy years ago, although much the same situations and problems that man encountered in this region had been faced by Arctic explorers, and to a lesser extent by sealers in the more northern latitudes of Antarctica.

Although the climatic environment seems at first sight most unfavourable to human life, it does not present a serious obstacle to civilised man with his present knowledge. He is fast learning how to surmount the difficulties and is now establishing himself more permanently on the continent. The aspects of men living in Antarctica have changed considerably since he first arrived at this distant and desolate place, which is often difficult to approach. Great advances have been made in science and enormously increased technological resources have made possible an invasion of this area to an extent that was probably not foreseen by even the most imaginative of the early explorers. The hazards have not decreased, they are still there, although they have changed.

It is possible to trace three different eras in the history of Antarctic exploration. The first period which ends with the unsuccessful but epic expedition into the Weddell Sea by Shackleton in 1914-17, could be called the heroic era. The dominating health hazard of this time was that of vitamin deficiencies—the risk of scurvy (lack of vitamin C) and beri-beri (lack of vitamin B) was constantly present on expeditions and the cause of repeated tragedies. Living on sledging rations completely devoid of vitamin C whilst undertaking hard physical work for many months broke down the health and endurance of many field parties and seriously hampered exploration of the interior. Not all were able to master the swift and efficient polar travel of Amundsen.

The main feature of this period was geographical exploration with a strong element of natural science. Only a few medical studies were carried out in connection with health control, and consisted of simple investigations such as blood counts, measurement of blood pressure, body weight, rate of nail and hair growth and some bacteriological studies. The results of some investigations were never published,

though Ekelöf published an account of his work on medical aspects of the Swedish Antarctic expedition of 1901-1904. The bacteriological and haematological research carried out by McLean on the Australian Antarctic expedition of 1911-1914 were also published, as were these reports on the general health of the Deutsche Südpolar expedition of 1901-1903. Similar reports appeared as an appendix in Mawson's "Home of the Blizzard" and in various works on Shackleton's expeditions to the south.

The second era starting with Byrd's first expedition 1928-1930, can be called the Byrd era. Byrd showed the ineffectiveness of mechanical transport on Antarctic expeditions and both British and Norwegians helped to develop the technique. Aviation had finally entered the continent. Although unknown land was still explored and mapped, much of the effort was concentrated on investigating the scientific secrets of the vast untrodden area. The use of modern techniques to study the upper atmosphere of the continent and its covering ice sheet were still more advanced by the Norwegian-Swedish-British Expedition of 1949-1952. The scientific results achieved by this first truly international expedition were regarded as outstanding, but also showed the need of a much more comprehensive attack on the scientific problems of Antarctica.

During this period, the first attempts to conduct planned physiological research on members of the wintering parties were made. But such efforts were still hampered by primitive working conditions and were set back by the priority programmes of the natural sciences. They were often carried out as side projects by the medical officer who also took turns in assisting the other programmes going on at base. Pioneers in the field were Lockhart and Frazier (Little America III 1939-41), Butson (Stonnington 1946-48), Sapin-Jaloustre (Adelie Land 1949-51) and Wilson (Maudheim 1949-52). The latter was the first person to conduct tests in the field (blood counts, blood sugar) during strenuous sledging in the interior. Only fairly simple investigations could be carried out at a wintering station, and these included blood counts, haemoglobin determinations and blood sugar and measurements of blood pressure, basal metabolic rate, body weight, rate of nail and hair growth, collection of faeces and urine for analysis and studies of micro-climate and atmospheric cooling. More complex and delicate laboratory work was doomed to fail as a consequence of the limited resources and the difficulties that prevailed on polar expeditions at this time. The paucity of published results from the early studies is most certainly due to experimental deficiencies and insufficient data.

Transition into the third era of Antarctic exploration, that of expansive exploration was marked by the Norwegian-Swedish-British expedition of 1949-52, with its spirit of international cooperation. With the Antarctic phase of the International Geophysical Year in 1957-58, a gigantic invasion of the continent has taken place. Twelve nations dispatched expeditions to the south and some forty stations were manned on the mainland and islands at its fringe. It was soon recognised that the important work of I.G.Y. was bound to be carried on, so the occupation of many of the bases has continued. Today nine nations maintain some thirty stations in the Antarctic. The number of stations varies because many are seasonal or temporary. During winter the Antarctic population amounts to several hundred men, but when the austral summer comes there is an influx of several thousand people, including those engaged in work at sea and in supply and support functions as well as scientists carrying out short term projects. The summer population is not normally subject to the problems of the winter parties, though traversing parties and air crews may encounter cold and adverse conditions on the central continent.

The rapid advance of scientific work in the Antarctic has encouraged an

increase in medical studies, but unfortunately the efforts in this field have been rather sporadic and uncoordinated, and have not reached the importance of other sciences. This is in part due to the fact that physiological research still receives rather low priority. It is up to the individual to undertake such work, and there is no organisation for international coordination in planning and implementing medical research as is the case with other sciences. There is also the well known difficulty of persuading the ~~human~~ subjects to cooperate in what might ~~some~~ sometimes be rather unpleasant experiments, especially in the face of a stress that is expected to be considerable in this extremely cold climate.

Taken together, all the physiological investigations conducted in the Antarctic have not yet produced any convincing evidence that a definite process of physiological adaptation (i.e. acclimatisation) will take place in man residing in Antarctica. With the help of artificial protection and innumerable contrivances, man has successfully broken through the impressive climatic barrier of this forbidding continent, and has ventured far into the interior of an extreme environment. It is important to keep in mind that the most valuable aspect of physiological investigations in this region is not just to demonstrate whether acclimatisation takes place or not, but to study many other processes going on, over an extended period, such as diurnal rhythms, sleep patterns, endocrinological shifts, energy balance, activity studies, bacteriology and virology, stress factors, effects of isolation and related factors. The level of energy expenditure has been estimated in most cases from detailed time and motion studies, using information available from the literature of the average energy cost for different tasks. However direct estimation has also been made, measuring the volume of air breathed and analysing the composition of the expired air. From Wilson's studies at Maudheim it is fairly clear that the resting or basal metabolic rate does not alter significantly--so that the high energy cost of sledging and the moderately high one at base are due simply to the fact that life in Antarctica involves hard work! There may however be an additional heat production due to alteration or modification of metabolic pathways. Time and motion studies have pointed out that the pattern of activity at a polar station is not very different from that of comparable groups in the United Kingdom. Even in the Antarctic man is a sedentary rather than an upright animal. Diurnal or daily rhythms including urine constituents and output may be modified by the changing pattern of light and darkness, but information concerning such effects is still limited. There have been opportunities on polar expeditions to study changes in sleep rhythms, and it has been shown that in periods of 24 hr. light or darkness, men used any of the 24 hr. for sleep. Where men were at liberty to sleep almost as long as they wished, the mean duration of sleep was about 8 hrs., which is near the normal proportion in 24 hrs. Associated with sleep are the daily variations in other physiological functions, such as temperature and urine output. These can be effectively studied for an unbroken period in an isolated group of men where environment, food and other factors can be controlled. In fact the investigator is able to live with his subjects throughout the whole investigation. An Antarctic expedition offers an unequalled opportunity for controlled long term studies. Polar expeditions are indeed human laboratories. A wish for the future is that some day a physiological research station will be established on the continent, where problems in this field may be attacked with greater resources and advanced methods, and the work conducted in international co-operation. A step in the right direction has been made by the Americans at McMurdo, where a complete biological and medical laboratory has been set up, supplied and operated by Stanford University. May this be an incitement to greater activity in the study of man



A MORNING IN THE LIFE

Disturbed 8.45

Woke up

\* Dragged a comb across my head \*

Put my head outside and took a view

What I saw I couldn't tell

So dark it was there was nothing to see.

Headed for water that's hot

Brimmed a cup, coffee to drink.

Took a stroll along the way

Reached a red door and poked inside

Bodies eager for work, all around

Energy bubbling o'er their heads

As rushing sound drown'd all noise.

Clicking and drawing, machine went fast.

Coffee down and anorak on

With two persons headed out there,

Some white fridge to start

Some white rubber to fly.

Alas, the end too soon

Brave Jim flew and one heart sighed

Another rubber to fill

Another silver can to try

Trudg'd back across desert white

Coffee to drink,

Sat doz'd to wait for more.

At last away they flew

Circles before the eyes appear

Moving fast and slow

Kept in view by wheels

Numbers juggl'd on paper write.

Seconds and fifty minutes go

'Burst' a cry above the head.

One quick minute then quiet reigns.

Trudging, head down, to table

Course plotted, rule and pencil

Markers make.

OYO 14, and others ring out

Find way to sheet and further

Flung out into ether, distant lands to be heard.

Smoke, tea bids welcome

Morning is O'er.

\*dragged.....head\*  
copyright Lennon/McCartney.

---

There was a man named Chas

Who went for a job to BAS

No G's they said so please

Be a photoman and get everybody to say cheese.

---

Cosmo and Kista were lovers

Until they had a big fight

Now Kista sleeps without covers

and Cosmo has fur to delight.

---

FIDS TERMINOLOGY 1968.

Scradge	Every meal on base.
Tea-up	Enjoyed in the Black Gang office between smoko and meals.
Salad Days	Best record on base.
Meat bar	Building blocks supplied by Andrew Lusk for leveling primus boards.
Breakfast	A lonely meal.
Smoko	Official breakfast.
Bonza	Cooks right arm.
Andrew Lusk	Supplier of Hunters bacon and other goodies.
Pias-can	Supplied and tested by Andrew Lusk.
Brew	Life-giving blood of Fids.
Glaciologists station.	Fruit cake dump.
Balloon shed	Where the met people retire to every morning.
Smet	Senior Meteorologist Officer employed by Her Majesty to let us know when it rains.
Met-man.	Chas.
Met-office	HQ of Feenix - takers in of stray cats.
Radar	Boudoir of the ball of evil.
Can	Antique.
Maggie Clewes	Sweetheart of Senior scientist and Smet.
Judith D.	Sweetheart of the Black Gang.
Radar Mech.	Highest paid member on base.
Tit	Jonny Carters fuel.
Sideways	A new way to ride a motor cycle perfected by Base Leader.
Kip	Similar to 'gonk' but used in better circles.
Black Gang	The 'Elite' of the base.
Burk	Anyone not in the Black Gang.
Judith	Auroral obs.
Aurora	Things visible to Judith and Judith alone.
FIDS.	Explorers.
Field	Where the explorers go to.
36	Recouperation centre.
White-out.	State of mind the morning after.
Geologist	Unofficial gash-hand on base.
Rock	A sweet with the name right through it.
Shovel	Fids friend.
Night-met	Chamber maid.
Slide show	Sunday night at the London Palladium.
Normal Working Day.	Base Leaders term of unknown meaning.
Weds.	Could be any day Mon-Fri.
Gash Day	Day off.
Back to the drawing board.	Cock up.
Cock up.	Back to the drawing board.
Blood on the saddle.	Exit.
Governors Cocktails.	Glory hour.

Gin	One of the causes of White-out.
Plonk	Jim's Saturday night drink.
Gonk	FID speciality calling for concentrated sleepi
Wim-Wam	Thing for ducks to peek on.
Good-o	A term used for expressing pleasure, rarely us
Twit	An affectionate word used by Dad.
Twatter	A lightweight instrument for 'Persuading' things to move.
Keg	Muskeg tractor made by Bombardier of Canada-- Now in short supply.
I.H.	Used for harvesting from the fuel dump.
Lounge	A lonley place.
WOP	Knower of secrets.
Queer	A lovely member of the same sex.
Cintel	Handy for sticking pin-ups to.
Glacio office	Unemployment office
B.C.	Abbreviation for befor Chris, Usually resulting in a bollicking.
Fids back	An ailment which comes on just before dump raising.
Darkroom	Chas's hide-out.
Ski-doo	Vehicle of great versatility.
Black Gang office	Piss house
Fid proof	Nothing.
Lancing	Last seen hibernating for the winter.
Perla	Taxi to museums etc.
Monte.	Recreation centre.
BAS office	The mythical HQ of the establishment rumoured to be somwher in London.
Flag 19	Cash & Carry wholesale groceries, Prop. H Cosse
Knackered	Not applicable on base as there is no yard for old horses.
Skid Marks	Usually found in shreddies, man of same name, so beware he may be in your shreddies.
Indents	Orders for this <del>nexts</del> goodies boxes.
Supp, indents	Orders for this years goodies boxes.
2-6	All pull together, not often heard this year.
Camera	Anything over £50
Gash hand	Experts in all things.
Mid-winter	Frame of mind from Jan 1st--Dec 31st.
Grauch	Knackered.
Abdul	Out of work and hungry.
Pin-up	Black gang wall paper.
Neon	Always lit up.
On your wick	Abdul on gash day
Fin	Golly.
Anti-magnetic	Doc's delight.
FIC	Robbers
Mod	All things new.

Monk -on                    A mood taken by J.C. the morning after.  
Churches & Museums.    The places all good Fids go to get there VD  
Dhobi                        Method of spreading the dirt around your clothes  
                                 and water around the floor.

QUOTES.

Taken Monday night at Black Gang piss-up.--- Yes another.  
Golly to Dad. Its all diluted it is.  
Golly.                    I'm enjoying it.  
Golly                    I'm going to bed.  
Mac                        F\*\*king hell Ham.  
Ham                        Sorry Mac I'll move a little.  
Golly                    I'm very quiet  
Golly                    I'm going to bed.  
Golly                    I've had old Chey more undressed than that.  
Ham 0300                I suppose I'd better hit the Mac.  
Chey                        I'M beautiful. Its only self praise but someone's  
                                 got to give it.

.....

Kultural Kwizz:

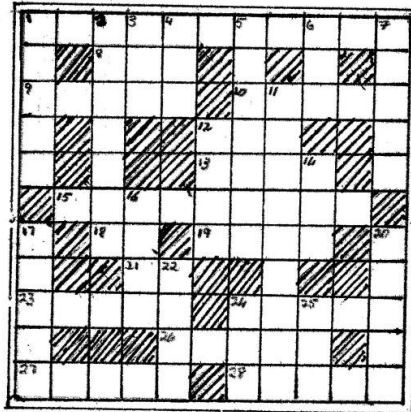
**Music:**

1. How many symphonies did a) Beethoven b) Mozart write?--
2. Name an orchestral work in which a wind-machine is used?
3. Do you know of two-composers who have-written variations on the same theme of a different composer?-----
4. Which piano concerto features an important cello passage?
5. Where would you find a stopped diapason?

**Poetry:**

1. What did the owl and the pussy cat take with them ?
2. Who balanced an eel on the end of his nose ?
3. Why did misfortune overtake Henry King ?-----
4. How many tales are there in the Canterbury tales and who tells them ?

(The answers to these and other questions will appear in the next edition of 'Feenix' if I can discover the answers myself).



ACROSS

1. Ten pens rite confusedly, foreseeing. (11)
8. Male Homo Sapiens. (3)
9. Deluded. (5)
10. This taster is soft. (5)
12. And this was scarcely odd, because they'd eaten every \_\_\_\_\_  
(Lewis Carroll) (3)
13. Attendant found in books. (5)
15. Do they eat T.V. sets and washing machines too? (9)
18. Gunners, initially. (2)
19. Double this for an Oxford river. (2)
23. Cunning! (5)
24. Sailor initially helpful becomes derogatory. (5)
26. Confused lives can lead to these. (5)
27. A wandering dog, perhaps. (5)
28. Means. (5)

DOWN

1. Is this where Irish rice comes from? (5)
2. Antarctic potentate? (7)
3. Look! There's the Bishopric! (3)
4. Conclusion. (3)
5. ~~XX~~ A! I'm nuts to wave in the Pacific. (7)
6. Dromaeus Novae-Hollandiae (3)
7. This ragged fellow walks a lot! (5)
11. Edible plant (9)
12. Musical composition. (4)
14. Before. (3)
16. 'And Dick, the shepherd, blows his \_\_\_\_\_ (Shakespeare) (4)
17. Crystalline 'magnetic' substance. (5)
20. Squeeze the newspapers! (5)
22. Is he described by 1 across? (4)
24. Endeavour. (3)
25. Home of the 'Glacier' (3)

Once upon a base.

Everyone was sad for today they were leaving the old base. Even the little red keg was looking sad as it waited to take them down to the village. But saddest of all was Kath the Yellow Skiddo. Now it is well known that when a skiddo is sad everybody concerned with it is sad, but on this day Kath was particularly sad and, naturally, so was everyone else. For today was the last day that all the men would be at the Old Base.

The last ballon had floated away and Archie, the old grey radar, had managed to follow it all the way, which pleased the men very much. Archie did not know if he was sad or not because he was going to the village too. But, and he knew this for certain, he was annoyed. And the reason he was annoyed was because "they", the men, had gone and bought a new blue and white radar. But what made it worse was that when the newcomer had been towed past the Old Base to the village, by the big grumbling International, it had just kept its antennae in the air and ignored Archie. Now Archie was not a snob but he did think that the least the newcomer could do was say, "Hello". Anyway what did it matter because next year he would be packed up in one of those nice red ships and sent to the Islands of Argentine where it was nice and warm.

He would certainly miss the Old Base and all his wooden, steel and furry friends in, under and on the ice. There were, to name but a few;

Stanley, who was his closest friend but who only opened his mouth in the mornings when Archie did not feel like talking anyway.

And, Walter, who was rather deep and always groaning; and Alice, who was the absolute limit the way she kept herself to herself.

But secretly he loved Valerie, who was one of the most beautiful and delicate things he had ever seen but he never seemed to be on the same wavelength as her at all.

Yes, it was all coming to an end and as Wilfred had said to him the other evening;

"It's about time too, what with all this amateur ski-joring back and forth. And as for the gennyshed roof, well! I once knew a dog who -----", but he would be seeing Wilfred down in the village which was, as the men said, "Goodo".

Anyway there were the men lined up below the flag and his little friend Ernie had been started up which was a certain sign that the big engines would be shut down soon. And, sure enough, the light at the top of THE SHAFT flickered and with a final sad "Beeeeeee B ooooooo", went out.

The little red keg was boarded by its noisy crew and burbled away down the drum line. Kath screamed into life, the last dog team was harnessed, and together they went to their new home while the grey silence of dusk took over the old base.

#### Postscript.

Archie was rather disturbed some months later to see the lights again at the Old Base, and when the wind was in the West, which it rarely is in those parts, he could hear Ernie struggling away as of old.

~~with the engines going~~  
" However", he thought, " if they havn't got the big engines going they can't be serious and, as Wilfred said the other day, " They never will either if The Word of Abdul is anything to go by".





2 1/2 square Cameras:	No.
Microcord	1
Minolta Autocord	1
Yashicamat	1
Half Frame Cameras:	
Fujica half	1
16 mm Cameras	
Minolta	1

The above information may be of interest but the following could well be of use. Of use that is if you can find out who owns the particular items in which you may be interested.

Lenses other than standard.		No.
	<del>Exxxex</del>	<del>No.</del>
Canon Mount		
28 mm		1
55-135 mm Zoom		1
Exacta Mount		
30 mm		1
35 mm		1
100 mm		2
135 mm		1
200 mm		1
Hasselblad Mount		
150 mm		1
Leica Mount		
32 mm		1
35 mm		1
90 mm		1
135 mm		1
155 mm		1
2X converter		1
Minolta Mount		
35 mm		1
<del>135</del> 200 mm		1
Nikon Mount		
135 mm		2
Pentax/Practica Mount		
18 mm		1
28 mm		1
30 mm		1
35 mm		3
135 mm		6
180 mm		1
Voigtländer Mount		
135 mm		1
Yashicamat		
Wide angle converter.		1

In addition to these accessories there are also 'available' other goodies too numerous and diversified to note here.

However I can include the more expensive and popular items which we all try to scrounge at some time.

Tripods:

There are 4 on base varying in quality from "rock solid" to those invalid types which require another tripod to hold the first up.

In addition there are four 'clamp pods' and a table top tripod.

Flash guns:

22 flash guns are in our possession, again varying in quality and also in light output.

The Metz range is the most popular accounting for 10 of the 22. Six other electronic guns and six bulb guns make up the total.

Exposure Meters:

Weston certainly have more than their fair representation with 10 out of 24. This does not however, include the 21 meters built into various cameras of which four operate on the 'through the lens' system. The Canon FT has an attachable 'booster' to increase the sensitivity of the TTL system in poor light. In general it can be reckoned that the CdS meters are ~~xxx~~ a minimum of two stops more sensitive than the selenium. Why all the selenium controlled meters? Perhaps they look more professional!

Extension tubes and bellows:

Tubes to fit Exacta	3 sets
" " " Pentax	2 "
" " " Leica	1 "
Novoflex bellows; Exacta	1 unit
Kopil bellows; Pentax	1 "
Pentax bellows I	2 units
" " II	1 unit
" slide copier	1 "

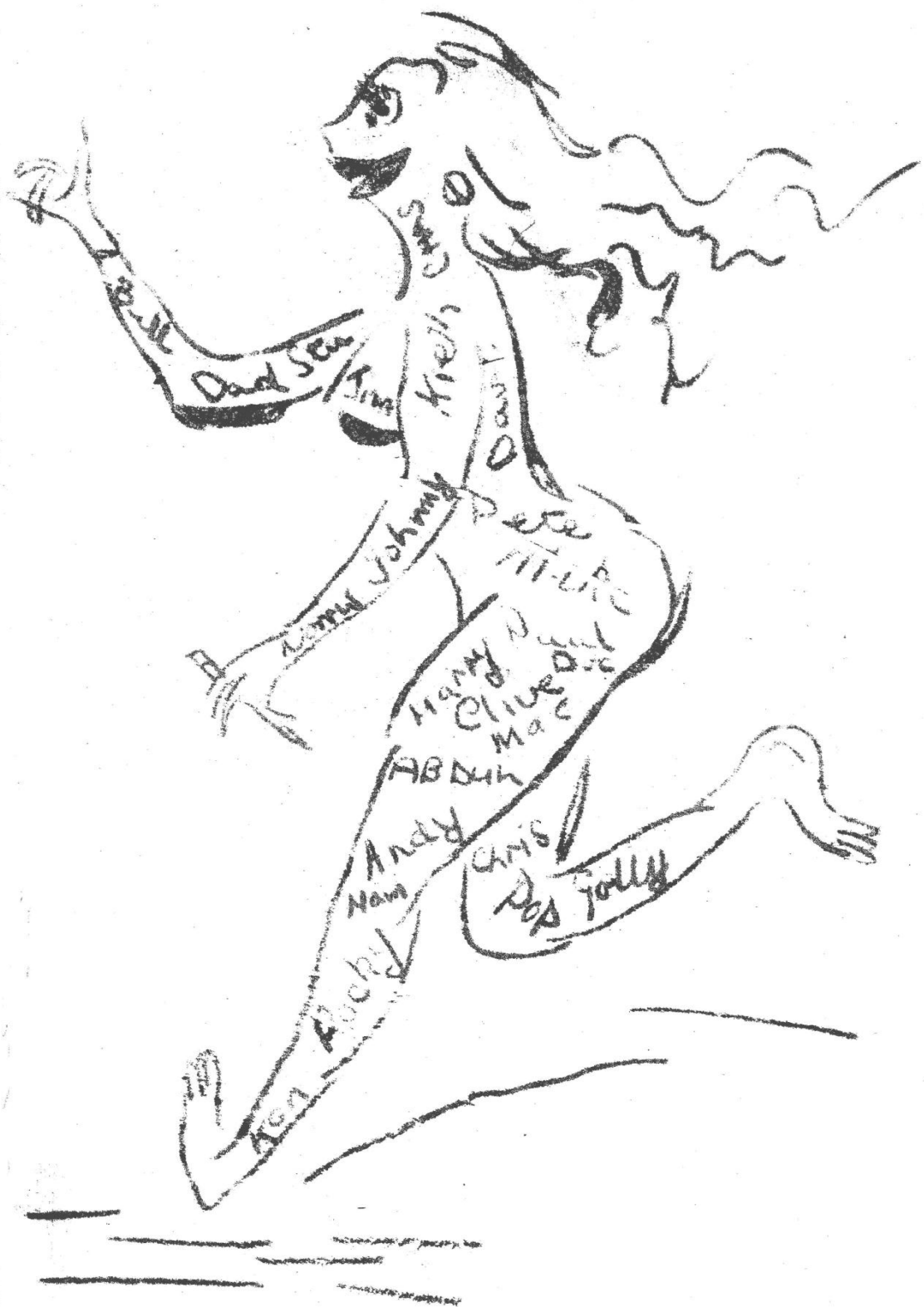
Well there you have it. Together with the sundry lens brushes, cloths, cable releases, flash extensions etc, etc, etc. we are quite well equipped to meet any photographic requirement.

One question still remains: ....What are we worth?

The grand total which covers everything from Hasselblads to lens brushes and which also includes an approximation for camera cases comes to somewhere in the region of £6,400.

This is the new UK value which gives us an average worth of £213.....

Neon.



FICKLE.

MORE BAGPIPE MUSIC

(not too plaitive, humourous)

It's no go the exploring lark, it's no go the dauntless,  
All we want is a nutty box and a Dunlopille mattress.  
Our shreddies are made of cotton, our boots are made  
of canvass,  
Our huts are washed with emulsion paint and our bog has  
even varnish.

Murray Roberts caught a penguin, put it in a cage,  
Waited till it domiciled and served him like a page,  
Fed it fish on Fridays and as a special treat  
Took it to the garage and X-rayed its horny feet.

It's no go the blowing snow, it's no go Maggie Clewes,  
All we want is Monty nd a night with a girl or two.

The Americans have come; hooray. The Americans have  
left.  
The bar has only empty bottles standing on the shelf.  
It's no go magnetic sugar, it's no go anti-magnetic,  
All we want is green cheese that doesn't taste of  
plastic.

Chris Hodson spent a night in the bog declaring he  
was sober,  
Walked up the dorridor to bed and nearly toppled over.  
Kista had another pup, looked at the job with  
repulsion,  
Said to Michael "Take it away, I'm through with over-  
production".

It's no go Salad Days, it's no go Tex Ritter,  
It's no go the radiosonde when it's howling bitter.  
It's no go the doggies, it's no go that medal,  
Lie on your back in the orange tent and crank the  
bloody pedal.

It's no go the aeroplane, it's no go magnetics,  
Give or take one hundred years, the ice-shelf will  
have melted.  
The earth is tilting hour by hour, the earth won't tilt  
for ever,  
Far if we wait just half a year we'll get some sunny  
weather.

## AN INTRODUCTION TO RALLYING


International rallying is today, a sport which attracts the cream of the world's top drivers and navigators, as well as big money for the more successful. Financing such an entry in an international event means that it is limited to the works' teams and a few private wealthy individuals. However one can, as I did, have a lot of fun competing and organising many privately sponsored events such as those run by local car clubs and firms.

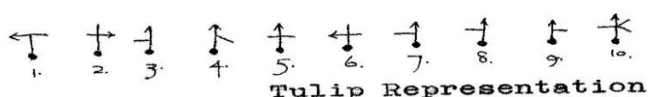
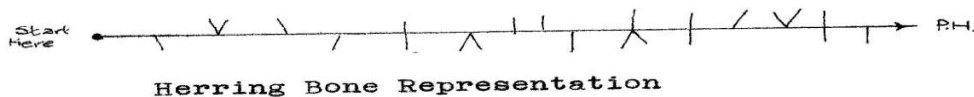
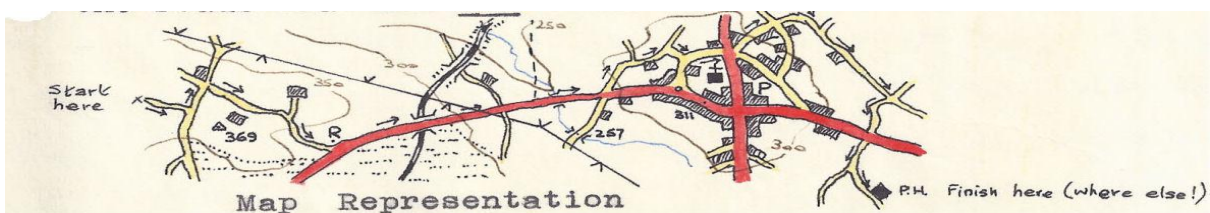
The first essential is to have the car in tip-top running order; that is everything functional without being tuned to do a 2m. 40s. lap at Le Mans. There are however, one or two desirable accessories that could be added. The most essential item is to fit a pair of seat belts. This is just as necessary for the navigator as the driver, unless you are fortunate enough to find a navigator who can see through the top of his head whilst being buried in maps. For this kind of rally the navigator need not be able to drive, his tasks being essentially to navigate rather than those of a Co-driver. It would also be helpful if he knows his right from his left (as I once found out to my cost), although the best policy is to regard each turn related to a clock face, e.g. a sharp right turn just ahead would become, "Fifty yards four o'clock".

Other items required include a fairly comprehensive kit of tools with a dumbel wheel brace, a spare tyre already inflated to the required pressure saves time after that unexpected flint. If a lot of night driving is expected, and this is usually the case, some extra driving lamps are invaluable. For the navigator there are O.S. maps to find, these can be bought or borrowed from the local library (best idea!), there usually is a list of the sheet numbers on the entry form. Also needed is a 'romer', (for grid references with a smile), a map measure or pair of dividers, and the usual set of writing instruments.

The big day has arrived and you will want to the start at least thirty minutes before the 'off', not forgetting, of course, to fill up with petrol and to check the oil and coolant levels. During this time you will be handed any last-minute instructions which must be

fully understood by both members of the crew, as it is typical of some events for the 'last-minute' instructions to be a re-written version of the rules ! You should also <sup>use</sup> this opportunity to synchronize a watch with the marshall's clock (a time limit has probably been set for each stage). Once you are given the OK from the officials drive off smartly and let the navigator worry about where the heck you are! If you start worrying the poor chap right at the outset he will probably tell you what to do with the rally! After about half of an hour he will probably welcome some advice.

You will be given an answer paper and direction sheet combined and be expected to stop occasionally to look around solving any clues that have been set. At the start directions would be given in the form of grid references, but later on the plot thickens, and then the cunning organisers come into ~~there~~ their own with devilish methods to foil the unwary navigator. The two most infamous are Herring Bones and Tulips. The latter form a series of directions given by arrows in the shape of a tulip, thus  signifies 'turn next left'; the 'bulb' at the bottom of the tulip tells you that is where you are. Herring Bones however, are much more complex and are very difficult to compile mistake-free, (one set was checked four times and still one small road was omitted). The principle of the herring bone is to represent the route travelled as a straight line, and the 'bones' are the roads that are not used.



If herring bones are used it is advisable for the Navigator to plot out ahead to find the eventual destination. As a check the herring

bone can be plotted in reverse direction and it should arrive back at the start.

Points are a thing that the already hard-worked navigator should watch. Most events use a positive points system unlike the international events that work on a penaltyonly system. Speed is not the only primary objective, but accurate map reading is the key to success, thus points are gained for rigidly following a pre-arranged route. Any detour due to a wrong instruction given by the navigator or wrongly interpreted by the driver will increase the final speedo reading. Before arriving at the first check point see that the answer sheet is as complete as possible; even if half of them are guessed, as this is handed in and a fresh set of instructions are issued. Be careful to arrive at the control from the correct direction, failure to observe this rule may result in lost points, apart from the fact that controls are usually sighted where it is convenient to pull off the road; e.g. Pub car park.

Most rallies use coloured roads, this means coloured on O.S. 1"maps, although white roads or even the dreaded muddy 'three ply' roads may be ~~thrown~~<sup>slipped</sup> in, (excuse the pun!). Some sections require the driver to stop, say in a village, and then dash around madly on foot to solve the clues, much to the amazement of the local inhabitants. There is one advantage in stops like these - it gives both members a chance to stretch thier legs.

Another method giving directions is to list out what the sign posts along the route have written on them together with the mileage to the next sign post clue. A typical set of instructions may read as follows;

Starting from SHERE, Surrey:

1. 0.0m. Dorking 11m.
2. 2.7m. Abinger 2½m.
3. 3.5m. Cranleigh 10m.
4. 1.2m. Leith Hill 1½m.
5. 0.8m. Ewhurst green 3m.
6. 2.5m. Capel 5m. etc, etc.

First you look for a signpost in Shere that says 'Dorking 12m.' then follow its direction for 2.7m. where you should see another sign post saying 'Abinger 2½'. Following this brings you to another saying 'Cranleigh 10m.' and so on . . . . .easy isn't it! The



mileages between each signpost can be read directly off the speedo, a somewhat difficult task for the navigator, it being placed directly in front of the driver in most modern cars. In events where destinations are given in clue form or through a series of directions, the unhappy misfortune of getting totally lost is not outside the realms of possibility. To this unfortunately end the marshalls supply a sealed get-you-home envelope, containing inside a location of the final control point. If this is brought back intact a 50 point bonus is given.

Basically the differences between this and the international rally scene are in cost and preparation. B.M.C. may spend upwards of £20,000 on just one rally, and for many weeks before the event crews will be hurtling round the course making precise notes on the speed and gear for each bend in the road. In rallies like the Monte the driver has the most important role to play, although perhaps it is a bit sad that the navigator never seems to get any of the limelight.

Best of luck Paddy! ..... Good map reading.



East African Safari - the toughest of them all.

- 'RUMOURS' - - - - - 'RUMOURS' - - - - - 'RUMOURS' - - - - - 'RUMOURS' -

THERE WAS AN OLD G.A CALLED NICK  
THE MATING OF DOGS WAS HIS TRICK  
THOUGH HE SAID 'COME ALONG!'  
HIS SYSTEM WENT WRONG  
AND LATELY HE'S SOMETIMES FELT SICK.  
( )

THERE WAS A RESEARCHER CALLED FRIZZLE  
WHO THOUGHT IT A BIT OF A PUZZLE  
THAT, WHEN STABBING A THUMB  
HIS PATIENT LOOKED GLUM  
INSPIRE OF HIM HONEING THE CHISEL.  
( )

THERE WAS A BASE-LEADER CALLED CHRIS  
WHO FELT THAT HE NEEDED A PISS  
BUT HIS BUTTONS WERE CAUGHT  
PULLING SIDEWAYS HE THOUGHT  
THAT THOUGH REALLY HE OUGHT TO  
HE COULD NOT,  
HE MUST DO - - - - - YET FINALLY FAILED  
WHAT A MESS!'  
( )

THERE WAS AN OLD G.A CALLED JACK  
AT RAMBLING & DRIVING QUITE CRACK  
HE WAS ALSO A COOK  
AND AT ENGINES HE'D LOOK  
BUT ON RUNS HE TIPS DRUMS OFF THE BACK.  
( )

THERE WAS A YOUNG MENDER CALLED DAD  
WHO WAS SOMETIMES A BIT OF A ~~Ø~~ LAD  
WHEN SOMEONE SAID 'GIN'  
THEN HE STARTED TO GRIN  
AND THE PLUGS HE WAS HOLDING ALL FIRED.  
( )

- 'RUMOURS'- - - - - 'RUMOURS'- - - - - 'RUMOURS'- - - - - 'RUMOURS' -

THERE WAS AN OLD BOFFIN CALLED BILL  
OF NUTTY HE'D MORE THAN HIS FILL  
T'WAS HIS ANNUAL WASH WHEN HE SPOTTED 'THE RASH'  
AND HE SWORE 'I'LL NO MORE',  
BUT HE WILL.

( )

THERE WAS AN ICE-PRICKER CALLED ANDY  
WHO PERIODICALLY FELT RATHER RANDY  
SO HE GOT A BALLOON  
TO TAKE OFF WITH SOME MEN  
I BET THEY DON'T ARF COME BACK BANDY.

( )

THERE WAS A MECHANIC CALLED JOHN  
WHO JUSTLY DIVIDED THE RUM  
THOUGH HE WATERED IT DOWN  
HE STILL KEPT IT BROWN  
WITH A SECRET DEVICE OF HIS OWN.

( )

THERE WAS A YOUNG BOFFIN CALLED JIM  
WHO FILLED UP HIS PLATE TO THE BRIM  
WITH POCKET'S OF GEAR  
HE'D SAY 'NEVER FEAR'

'I'VE A SLEDGE FOR MY LUNCHEON TIN!

- - - - -

Segovia Pete told me about this bloke called Dick:-

THIS IS THE TALE OF DEADWOOD DICK

THE ONLY MAN WITH A CORK SCREW NOSE

THEY SAID HIS LIFE WAS ONE LONG HUNT

TO FIND A WOMAN WITH A CORK SCREW EAR

WHEN HE DID HE DROPPED DOWN DEAD

COS THE ONE HE FOUND HAD A LEFTHAND FRED

(very subtle)????££ yer whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa cops,hic !

### CAPTAIN KIDD AND I.

The advertisement read "Expedition to South Chinanseas wants men with suitable trades and experience to join party to hunt for Capt. William Kidd's treasure following authentic charts".

My application was in the post that day and the forthcoming telegram summoned me to the Rock Channel shipyard Rye for an interview by Capt. Blackson. This gentleman, an ugly brute, looked a pirate himself (he was jailed soon afterwards) and told me "all found except women wat yer pays for yerself."

The organiser had a misguided notion that I would be of use and gave me a briefing also referring me to a book "Captain Kidd's Skeleton Island" by H.T. Wilkins which describes the finding of the charts. Evidently a Mr. Palmer, a solicitor of Eastbourne, collected old ships' furniture and quite accidentally, in a desk owned by Kidd, found a hidden compartment containing a chart. Palmer found yet another chart behind a mirror which although brief in themselves were of great value when used in conjunction with two others. The total information detailed the location of treasure on an island in the Gulf of Siam.

War prevented the first proposed expedition and Palmer died leaving all to his housekeeper, Mrs. Dickens, who was willing for the charts to be used.

The first vessel considered was trawler, the 'Rek Rap' but was quite unsuitable. Then the Lacontenta came over from Jersey. An ex-navy Fairmile with engines converted from petrol to paraffin. She was very seaworthy but would need a refit and extra water and fuel tanks fitted. We undertook the work completing the topside at Rye and then sailing to Ramsgate to use a slipway for a prop-shaft change and work on the hull. All this work took a considerable time and we were eating through the cash and more was needed. We moved to the Thames eventually mooring at Richmond. At this stage the owner-skipper had a disagreement with the organiser and a writ appeared nailed to the mast. So back to the old firm. A few weeks later I had a caller "Would I like to, join a new vessel, a sailing boat?" This

WOULD MAKE the fourth time leaving the firm. However I joined the 'Lamorna', a beautiful two masted converted ocean-racer complete with a Greek captain and German engineer and wife. She wanted to be cook but after women experience on the 'Lacontenta' we had to decline the offer.

The month November, cash very short, the skipper, although reluctant to sail inexperienced at this time of year, decided we better had or we never would. Only a few of the original crew joined the 'Lamorna'. One camera man had been drowned whilst attempting to make some extra cash filming ' Shark Island' for television. However we sailed with two camera men and a total compliment of 13. The Perkins diesel powered us smoothly out of Camper Nicholsons past the ack-ack forts towards the open sea. A passing navy boat hove to and by loud-hailer wished us 'good hunting' whilst we struggled to dip a flag. After eight months of preparing we were in high spirits. A head wind necessitated tacking to France and back and the following day wind increasing and a squall forecast with reduced sail we hoped to maintain steering but with sails ripped new ones were almost impossible to raise. The engine running we again headed into the wind unfortunately sea got past an exhaust valve and blew the head gasket. An attempt was made to repair the engine but without success. The following morning the deck wreckage was considerable and one derrick hung lifeboat a danger being full of water. It was cut adrift.

The frigate 'Redpole' came out to give us a tow, first circling us with oil making the deck doubly tricky to manoeuvre on. When just ahead of us the 'Redpole's' prop thrashed water as the stern rose. The crew hanging on her rails suddenly all disappeared, we were mounting a wave our bow bearing down on the 'Redpole's' starboard side. With a mighty crash our bowsprit, 18 inch diameter, snapped like a match. On parting a line was fired aboard followed by a rope and hawser. The 'redpole' at distances allowed some water spring action but the captain either had no knowledge of wooden ships

or bloody annoyed at the crash. Speed increased, we swayed through an ever increasing arc, putting strain on the masts, the foremast being 96ft tall. The 'Redpole' would not heed our urgent request to reduce speed. With just the helmsman at the wheel we waited below. Now the mainmast passed right through the ship down to the hull and, in my ignorance, I visualised the deck acting as a pivot the mast tearing up the rest. We did not have to wait long, the foremast first, followed soon after by the mainmast, with a crack and a thump the vessel shook as we were demasted leaving the 'Lamorna' a floating hull. By now the lifeboat could be seen between the waves. Then the tow parted, orders were given to abandon ship. The lifeboat got a line aboard whilst a hopeful tug shone searchlights and by loudhailer yelled 'This is not a bloody picnic get a move on.' As the lifeboat bumped our hull we jumped two at a time. That trip was not to be forgotten, the helmsman's constant action remarkable, somehow evading and riding waves of, at least to me, considerable height.

The 'Lamorna' came ashore and was never refloated, a beautiful vessel lost, one of several during those few days.

The charts have<sup>never</sup> been followed, so when you win the pools and if you have nothing better to do, perhaps you will try your luck against the curse of William Kidd.

P.S. A small portion of Kidd's boat was recovered from Gardner's Island just outside New York. On the eve of his execution in 1699 he offered to direct the Crown to his cache in return for his life. Unfortunately poor Kidd knew too much and consequently his offer was refused.

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## Sketches.

### I

A rust coloured moon  
Obliquely lighting a silent landscape,  
From scarcely the height of Orion's  
Inverted waist.

An intense white disc on a field  
of blue  
Lighting a white plane; with only  
sledge  
And a pyramid of subdued red.

### II

Sliding along the horizon's rim  
The eye cannot hold the point,  
Stops.  
Reverses, Concentrates and fixes.  
And loses again.

### III

The track behind; the only  
impression on the landscape.  
And before; on the rust snow  
of the Sun's last day,  
The shadow of the intruder's.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the editor

Feenix.

Dear Sir,

I am unable to understand where your correspondent 'Kijiko' has found his definition of a Fid. According to the Shorter Oxford Dictionary a Fid is defined as follows:

FID (fid) Sb. chiefly Naut. 1615 (?)

1. A conical piece of hardwood, used to open the strands of a rope in splicing.
2. A square bar of wood or iron, with a shoulder at one end, used to support the weight of the topmast 1644.
3. A plug of oakum for the vent of a gun; also (? transf) a plug or quid of tobacco 1623.
4. A small thick piece of anything. 1838. ~~(quid)~~. (dial).
5. A wooden or metal bar or pin used to support or steady anything (Webster).

Hence FID (verb): To fix (a topmast, etc.) with a fid.

I would particularly draw your attention to the use of Fid as a verb.

Yours most truly,

Pandita.



### B.A.S.

As we are all personnel of the British Antarctic Survey, it might be an idea if something were known generally about surveying. The first quantity to be measured is distance. The Survey department received notification last year from DOS, when the Tellurometers went home, that it could measure baselines with a sledgewheel, which even if it did not give an accuracy of 6 inches in 20 miles, was adequate.

Spurred on by this to see what other measuring techniques were available, I consulted 'Higher Plane and Geodetic Surveying', the most recent surveying book to arrive on base, fully revised in 1963, and found the following:

#### Measurement by pacing:

If the surveyor is mounted, distances may be obtained by counting the strides of the animal; the value of a pace should be ascertained by riding a measured distance, the number of strides of one of the forelegs being counted.

#### Measurement by Time:

Note is made of the times at which the beginning and end of each traverse course is reached as well as of the estimated rate of march between. The method is useful for work on horseback.

#### Measurement by Sound:

This consists in firing a gun at one end of the line and noting at the other end the time which elapses between seeing the discharge and hearing the report, and multiplying by the speed of sound. When the two stations are not intervisible, two observers A and B take up positions at either end of the distance to be measured: each is provided with a revolver, and A has a stopwatch. A fires, and observes the time. Immediately on hearing the report, B fires and A notes the time at which the sound reaches him.

#### Rope and Sound Traverse:

This method of traversing is much used is much used in certain parts. Distances are measured with ropes 310ft long and bearings are observed on small compasses to a sound made by a whistle or shouting three rope lengths away. The extra 10ft length on the rope is supposed to make allowance for av. twist in path so each length counts 300ft. It has been found that a fairly experienced observer can estimate the direction of the sound signal within 2 or 3 degrees. Rope and sound traverses are usually not allowed to exceed about 6 or 8 miles in length.

It is hoped that this introduction to the exact art of surveying has been of benefit, and that, when members of the survey dept., when there are any, are seen counting the strides of a dog, or joined together by a rope 310ft long, shouting at each other and firing revolvers, no alarm for their sanity will be felt, but only respect for men doing their job.

A useless Miscellany to fill up a page or so.

A Seasonal Verse.

Midwinter  
In the bleak midwinter  
Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood as hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak midwinter,  
Long ago.

Not so long ago!

A Verse for Pop And Sideways.

IX I    An Old Man's Wish

If I live to be old, for I find I go down,  
Let this be my fate in a county town.  
May I have a warm house with a stone at the gate  
AND A CLEANLY YOUNG GIRL TO RUB MY BALD PATE !'

No harm in hoping !

Advice to Nick.

That young man ..... is very thoughtless. Do not tell his father, but that young man is not quite the thing. He has been opening the doors very often this evening ( and all day! ) and keeping them open very inconsiderately ( and then banging them! ). He does not think of the draught ( or the noise! ). I do not mean to set you against him, but indeed he is not quite the thing.

from EMMA by Jane Austen.

Point taken ?

A compliment to the Physicists.

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman  
but what was a man of sense. I believe everybody of  
that country that has any, leaves it as fast as they can.

Francis Lockier, (1760)

And so say all of us.

A Midwinters toast.

Here's to the game of twenty toes,  
It's known all over the ~~World~~ town:  
The girls play it with ten toes up  
And the boys with ten toes down.

Poignant epigrams.

Veni , vidi , vinci.

--Julius Caesar on his Pontic victory.

Vidi , vinci , veni.

-- A Fid in Montevideo.

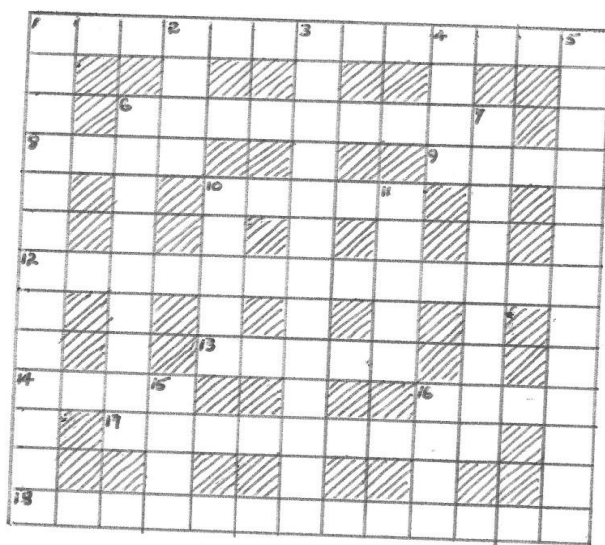
A cautionary tale for the Manxman.

There was a young lady at sea  
Who said, "God how it hurts me to pee."  
"I see", said the Mate,  
"That accounts for the state  
Of the Captain, te Sparks and me."

-----oo00oo-----

Absolutely none of the above rubbish is original.

AN EXERCISE FOR MIDWINTER



Clues Across

1. Ham's rescue may be needed for this. (13).
6. Was the Queen's Congratulatory Telegram .....?  
No, surely he's not that old. (4,2,3).
8. He may have fed his ponies on these. (4).
9. Most of the Village huts are this. (4).
10. Montevideo was the most notorious of the ones we visited. (5).
12. Stuart has one in bits. (6,7).
13. The most evil items after shreddies. (5).
14. To 'L' with this genny? (4).
16. ---- Nordenskjold. (4).
17. Finding these has been my main problem. (4,5).
18. By 1967 Halley Bay had seen these in darkness. (6,7).

Clues Down

1. Where not to go for twist drills. (4,3,6).
2. Our bitches may be shaggy, but they can't chase these woollies.
3. It's just as white as that in Greenland. (9,4). (4).
4. Golly has several 'fid' screws of this type. (4).
5. The Geologists' Privilege! (4,3,6).
6. A 1 across does not do this. (5,4).
7. The <sup>Doc</sup> is a bleeder when it comes to doing these. (4,5).
10. Although they're spare, we often have not got them. (5).
11. The Halley Bay Dogs' Home. (5).
15. Without an 'E' you could ---- this clue. (4).
16. Change into above. (2,2).

A REAL CAR → or A TALE FOR THE ENTHUSIAST.

Have you ever thought "one day I'll get myself a real car?" You have? so have I. It was one day late in May of last year. I'd had a quick bust up with one of the local fillies and so had some cash in hand. Thumbing thro' the motoring coloums of the local press I suddenley spotted the advert, my pulse raced, for ther in black and white was described the vechicle of my dreams. I was out of the door and into the family car hurtling thro' the lanes to the local market town befor the 'paper had hit the deck. As I reached the showroom my heart dropped for I couldn't see that enthusiasts dream. But a quick eagle eyed look showed it behind a series of gleaming modern goodies which crumpled to the touch. I reached the back of the showroom and ther it was in all it's majesty. At once I was struck by the air of quality and yet sportyness of the machine. Machine, yes that's the word for it, not just a car a machine. It was finished in a color of maroon red trimm~~ed~~ with white wooden bumper and <sup>h</sup>chrome mirrors and lights. The seating was a deep shade of purple offset by a basicaly camel shade carpet. Instrumentation was sparse but to the enthusiast with an ear for revs intruments come second. At last the miment came I hopped in and twisted the starter. Mein gott what a noise full of echoing power from the lusty four stroke engine. At that moment a cheap looking BURTON dressed salesman approached and asked if I'd like to try it on the road. My heart leaped, to be able to drive this machine would indeed be an honor. We drove around the block and "I was convinced I would buy the machine right away. Next mourning I arrived after sorting out the nausiating little details of insurance. Just after smoko time on a warm sunlight day I headed the machine towards the country for a real try out. The four speed stuby change had a smooth yet positive action whilst the braking was hairy. The clutch tended to drag (a few days later I had to strip it due to a stipped clutch rod) but was quickly mastered. But most of all the steering action ~~x~~ was the one thing that realy took some beating. Never was there such a more

positive system developed to give one that expensive G.T. feeling  
Indeed all round this was a tremendous machine. The top speed  
leaping up quickly by the power provided from that ~~an~~ superlative  
four stroke air cooled 300cc. B.M.W. engine giving a top speed of  
56 m.p.h. My vehicle was, of course you will have guessed by now,  
a '59 Isseta bubble car. A machine for fun, a real car, which never  
ceased to give one enjoyment. Its road holding was sensational  
one could almost say unbelievable. With the sunroof open the purr  
of the engine (some people liken it to a barge) brezzing in I  
spent many an hour challenging the might of the motoring industry  
and sometimes winning. Yes folks the G.T. bubble car is the machine  
for me.

#### A LIKELY STORY

A unique experience, they say, always gains in the telling, and I  
am not one to deny this: nor am I the one to let pass the chance  
of relating it.

You see I am one of seven, who, at sea, have run aground  
on a Thames lorry. There is, of course, a perfectly sound, logical  
and even reasonable explanation.

The "Seafarer", a 60ft. ring netter (i.e. herring boat)  
was about to come alongside at Brodick Quay, and we seven were  
her crew. We were just trickling along, about to pass by a Puffer  
already tied up to the quay, for we intended mooring at the head of  
the quay so as to be near the freshwater tap, for it was for freshwater  
that we had come in, on what was a superb, still summer's evening.  
We were just about amidships of the Puffer when there was a  
terrible graunching noise and our bows rose about 4ft. into the air.  
We stopped. Holiday makers strolling on the quay stopped. People  
on the beach stopped, and looked up.

An air of expectant settled on the place. I suppose that to the people on the beach it must have looked rather like a painting. The harbour and the glass smooth sea and the holy Isle beyond flooded in the orange wash of a summer sunset evening. A Puffer at peace at the pier and beside it a fishing boat with its fore-foot poised above the mirror and its bow pointing to the mountains. It was as if all were waiting with bated breath for the Seafarer to slip back into the sea. But she hung there. She swayed slightly in the slow swell. A saith jumped for a fly, and plopped back into the water ....and broke the silence.

Before the silence could re-crystallise and hold us still it was mightily shattered by Andra', our Skipper. "Jesus Christ" he bellowed. (They must have heard him in Oban) "If you're up tae ye're auld tricks again, McCrindle," he snouted at Sammy the cook who had been at the wheel when the incident took place, as he had been at the wheel, I might add, during certain other unfortunate occasions; "If you're up tae ye're auld tricks again I'll have ye off this boat right now."

Stirred to action people began to gather from all over the place eager to watch and listen. The Peir-Master was seen to abandon a game of bowls, rush along the road and pausing only to pick up his official bunnet at the office continue on his way down the quay.

Before he could reach us, Bash, who had been peering over the Seafarer's bows uttered a cry. "On my Goad! Wud ye look at that. There's a bluidy lorry down there." The other members of the crew, myself included gave cries of misbelief, or words to that effect and he was advised by many to cut down, by a drop or two his intake of "Jonny Walker"; to which he replied that most of us, he had the goodness to excuse myself, had not much room to talk.

But it was a lorry ;there was no denying it.

Andra was quite amused, but suddenly became thoughtful. "Christ," says he "if we're damaged the insurance'll never pay oot. Not after that last claim when that eediot drove his motor bike aff the quay at Ayr, and him and his B.S.A. crashed doon through the hold covers and right intae five nunner' baskets o' best nerrin'."

"Still", said Bash, ever an optimist, of a sort, "If it hadna o' been for the herrin'ne might o' gone richt through the bottom, and then we'd a' been sunk". Our reverie on that most excellent tragedy was interrupted by a cry from the breathless peir master.

"Andra<sup>i</sup>, Andra<sup>i</sup>. Could ye go astern, but slowly, for its a new lorry."

When we were tied up the Peir master explained, ...over a drop of healing agent, for as it turned out he had had a very trying day.

It seems that the Puffer had brought in the new lorry, but during the hazardous operation of unloading it, the boy on the small winch had made a slight error and instead of the derrick swinging over the key and dropping the shining new lorry into the loving arms of its new owner, it had swung out over the sea and lacking the support of the peir on that side, the Puffer had started to neel over. Rather than have his puffer overturn the mate had taken the powere of his winch and dropped the precious cargo to the sea bottom twelve feet below. What is more, the strops had come of the hook and they were unable to haul it up again, so they had been waiting for low tide.

The old Seafarer seemed unarmed so we set off for the fishing before the owner of the lorry could be informed of this fresh disaster.

Aye, the Seafarer was a really sturdy boat. She came away unscathed from the collision at Oban. Now that was a magnificent incident. For a start it was the Skipper Andra<sup>i</sup> himself who was at the wheel, and there was such a good audience. The Seafarer never misbehaves in private. She is a born player.

We had had a good catch the night before, and we were in such a haste to get to the market that Nylon, the Engineer (his real name is Lionel) had made a little adjustment to the throttle linkage to give us that half knot more. That is to say he had taken the return spring off. It normally operated quite satisfactoraly like this.

The main peir at Oban, you see, is a T shape and the McBrayne<sup>i</sup>'s steamers lie along the top of this T.



We were lying in the Basin, with our bows pointing to the inner harbour wall, where the front road is, and the left hand top of the tea was a little to port of directly astern, so that if we were to go directly astern, we would miss it by an easy 20ft. and be out in clear water in the sound.

This particular evening, and a nice one it was too, the steamer was at its place and the holiday makers were flocking aboard for a short evening trip.

Andra<sup>1</sup> decided it was time for us to be going, so we cast off, the old Kelvin lashed itself into a stately frenzy, and we were off.....fullastern. It can really only be classed as a quirk of fate that the steamer should choose this moment to go astern too, and directly into our path. Andra<sup>1</sup>, noting this went to pull the lever to give us full ahead (these boats can stop on a sixpence) The lever wouldn't budge. The throttle linkage had chosen this time to jam. Lionel, as he rushed past en route for the engine room hatch, was heard to cry that he had forgotten to replace the spring.

There was still about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches of his 6ft. 4 inches to disappear down the hatch when we hit. As luck would have it we struck almost directly below the bridge. The Kelvin was actually winning and slowly pushing the steamer broadsides on when Lionel snut it down. An extremely angry face topped off with peaked cap, liberally strewn with scrambled egg appeared above us. The argument started.

Andra<sup>1</sup> and the Captain knew each other well enough to make it really interesting, and many references to previous incidents on both sides were made. The passengers on the steamer and people on the quayside were so engrossed that it reminded me of Wimbledon. All eyes would be uplifted to the bridge where the Captain would serve some insult. Eyes would swing down, eager to see now Andra<sup>1</sup> was going to return this one. Return it he would. Out time and time again with the same reference to the Captain's inability to command a rowing boat. Eventually the Harbour master intervened and took them off to settle it in private, rush to the

disappointment of all the spectators.

There is, by the way, a deep significance in Andra's repeated references to rowing boats. Rowing boats are to Andra<sup>2</sup> much as a red rag is to a bull. They enflame him. They are a hate symbol for Andra<sup>1</sup>. According to Lionel, who has been sailing with him for many years, it all dates back to some unfortunate incident in Tarbert when Andra<sup>1</sup> and Lionel and the Seafarer, of course, and an old fisherman known as the Dipper, because of his habit of falling in the sea at odd and inconvenient times, managed to destroy a Tarbert boat-builder's entire stock of 30 rowing boats at one fell swoop.

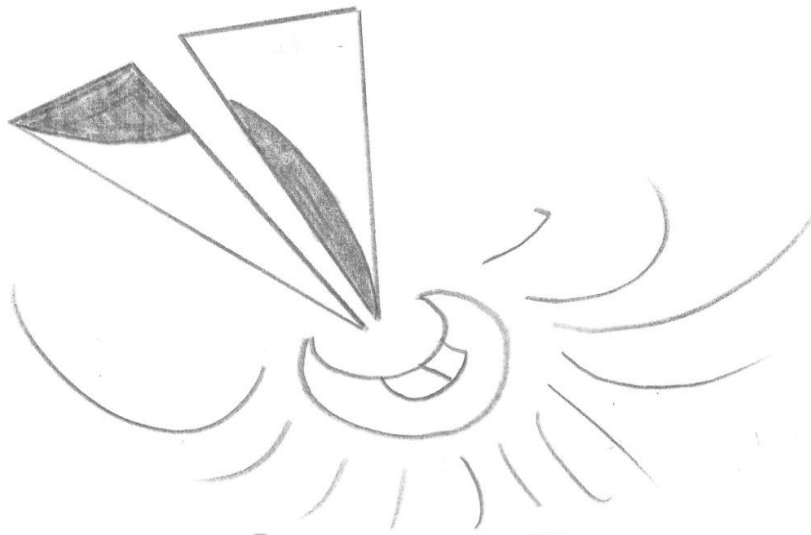
Lionel would give no details, "out of loyalty to his skipper and his friend" he said; more likely it was his fault that time.

A LITTLE SOUTH OF CHILE & A LOT MORE SOUTH OF AFRICA.

The snow, below, around us treads about, beyond our feet wrapped  
and often drags the eyes across its range to leave the sight  
one moment with the sky,  
but sight returns too soon to comprehend  
and bends with labours lent to keeping mind with body latched  
- - - - to linger there would freeze our living ways and end  
the throb that keeps us from the wind.

This wind that feels throughout each crystals form and lays it  
down to make a moulded mound but one  
mids't endless snowy dunes around and stretched out far  
from places boxed within the packed-ice ground  
where but a few men pass their willing while.  
Yet sudden-softly sweeps the moving breeze  
and builds its wildness on the frozen planes  
into a spitting frantic thing, a violent wave to freeze the  
ice-pricked flesh  
and drum its shrinking skin on acheing bones when faces dare  
to know its bitter wail.

Here life is in the airy flight  
and character crystalline spins pelting on its way,  
for human kind this tune does not allow  
and cares not for the huskies hairy howl but likewise  
bites its time away across the shelf, out to the warming sea.





DOGS (AND OTHER ANIMALS) VERSUS VEHICLES

During the past few months we have been treated to various forms of the old argument of Dogs Versus Vehicles. Just to throw a different light on this subject, here are a few extracts from 'A Record of Motor Racing, 1894 - 1908.'

1895, Paris - Bordeaux - Paris. 12th June.

"Levassor drove straight on, in spite of having under gone the strain of driving all night long. Behind Levassor came Nos 8, 6, and 15 all close together and passing and repassing one another, reaching Ruffec at about half-past six. Shortly afterwards No 6, a Panhard, ran over a dog, and, breaking a wheel, was put out of the race."

1896, Paris - Mantes - Paris. September 20th.

"To add to the list of casualties, the Bollee No. 21 was charged by an infuriated bull, and damaged so much that it was unable to continue."

"Up to this point the Panhard No. 5, driven by Levassor, was leading, but on the next stage he ran into a dog near Orange, and the car overturned. Levassor was thrown out and badly shaken, however he managed to finish the run into Avignon."

Not all the accidents in this race were caused by animals;

"The Rossel car was labouriously assisted to the top of the hill by its occupants, who then sat down exhausted by the road side to recover from their efforts; but a violent gust of wind started the car off backwards down the hill again, The unfortunate driver saw his car smashed before his eyes."

1897, Marseilles - Nice - La Turbie.

This race included motor tricyclists as competitors.

"Bussac, one of the intrepid tricyclists, came off down the steep decent at Ollioules, but the only resultant damage was the complete destruction of his nether garments."

Later in the same race. "Prevost, on a Panhard, ran over a two dogs, and Thibault, also on a Panhard, over his mechanic."

1899, The Tour de France. 16th July - 24th July.

Third stage, 19th July. "The day was full of incidents. Jenatzy smashed a front wheel not far outside Vichy, and did not get in until the control had closed. Dogs were very troublesome, and the motorcyclists were much worried by them, several falls being due to this cause."

Later in the same race. "The hill up La Baraque to the top of Le Col de la Moreno was the last straw to some of the weary cyclists, whose powerful mounts were far from comfortable to ride on, and whose low gear made pedalling on hills a frantic exertion. Beset by dogs, tired and shaken from the previous stages, the lot of the Tricyclist was far from a pleasant one."

In 1900, a race from Paris to Roubaix was run mainly, it seems for motortricycles. I include this extract for Gollys benefit.

"Increasing each year in power and speed, by 1900 the motor tricycle had become a formidable machine, with a two cylinder engine of 6 or 8 horse power, with huge tyres, spring front forks, drooped handle bars, and upon which the daring rider crouched on a tiny saddle."

Also for a warning to Golly, I quote an incident that occurred in this race at a right angled corner know as 'Croix des Noailles'. "Being a good coign of vantage point from which the competitors could be seen. Spectators some two or three hundred strong gathered there to enjoy the spectacle. The majority had arrived on ordinary bicycles, which for want of a better place were laid flat on the grass at the outside of the bend. All went well until the arrival of one named Martin, who was closely followed by another competitor named Dorel. The former came at the corner very fast, and ran wide; whereupon Dorel endeavoured to slip past on the inside, collided with the other, and both crashed straight into the bicycles.

Also in 1900, the First Gordon Bennet race was run from Paris to Lyons, on June 14th. The winner was Charron on a Panhard but not before having a rather hairy experience.

"Ten miles before the finish Charron collided with an unusually big St Bernard when going down hill at nearly 60 mph. Somehow the dog became wedged between the wheel and the steering arm, completely jamming the steering gear. The car dashed off the road, across the ditch, between two trees into the neighbouring field, and thence between two more back onto the road, finally coming to rest facing the directing of Paris, with its two occupants too startled to say anything. Fournier (the mechanic) just got down and restarted the engine, and in a minute the car was speeding on to Lyons as if nothing had happened. But the pump had been smashed off its support in the manoeuvre, and to keep the water circulating Fournier had to lean right over and hold the pump on the flywheel until the finish was reached."

"The bane of this race were dogs, and it is said that every single driver hit five or six."

Again in 1900. Paris - Toulouse - Paris, July 25th, 27th, & 28th

"...some of the small cars had to race far into the night to get in at all. As it so happens, the night was a very dark one, and both Cottereau and Marcel Renault were put out of the race through this fact. The one colliding with an unlighted cart, and the other with a heap of stones by the roadside; while the Baron de Turkheim ran into a cow."

1901. Paris - Berlin, June 27th, 28th, and 29th.

This incident does not involve any other animal, but conjures up a splendid picture of misplaced confidence.

Degrais on a Mercedes was racing in the wake of Hourgieres Mors. "The dust and mist combined into a fog so thick that Degrais, not being able to see the sides of the road any distance ahead, was compelled to steer by the tree tops. Unluckily, at one place the trees went straight on and the road turned sharply to the left. Gazing confidently upwards, Degrais charged the ditch and plunged into the field beyond."

So long as races were run from town to town on the open roads accidents with dogs, and other animals were bound to happen. The last great town to town race was the Paris - Madrid race of 1903. This race was stopped at Bordeaux after a horrifying number of accidents. "...Barrow, (driving a 45 hp De Dietrich) in an endeavour to avoid a dog, went straight into a tree at 80 mph. The mechanic, Pierre Rodez, was killed on the spot. Barrow was hurled into a ditch ten yards away with the engine, the car being telescoped into half its length, and the right dumb iron being driven into the tree right up to the frame."

\*In general, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which the race was held took the temporary invasion of their territory in good part, and looked on the speed of the cars as an excellent entertainment. The wholesale destruction, however of their straying livestock by unrecognisable personages who did not seem to notice any request to stop, and who were quite beyond any hope of recognition, somewhat altered their view."

Well this doesn't prove anything at all. We still have dogs and we have vehicles. Some folks like the one and some the other, and we will probably continue to argue about the relative merits of each, but the conflict is as you see by no means a new one.

A TOUR OF CHURCHES AND MUSIUMS IN MONTEVIDEO  
SPECIAL FIDS ISSUE.

FIDS RETURNING TO THE UK , IM SURE WOULD APPRECIATE A LITTLE INFORMATION ON PLACES OF INTEREST IN MONTEVIDEO. PLACES WHERE ONE CAN RELAX AND ENJOY THE THRILLS OF WINE WOMEN AND SONG AGAIN. TO ENJOY THE SERVICES OFFERED YOU BY THESE WONDERFUL PEOPLE.

IF THE SHIP DOCKS NEAR THE ADUANA (THE CUSTOMS DEPT. WITH THE CLOCK ON) YOU WILL USE THE MAIN PORT GATE SITUATED ON ~~THE~~ LEFT HAND SIDE OF IT. IF YOU ARE DOCKED FURTHER DOWN THEN THE ADUANA YOU WILL PROBABLY USE A SMALLER GATE ( A SMALL REVOLVING GATE) WHICH IT SITUATED IN A MORE CONVENIENT POSITION.

THE SMALL GATE LEADS YOU STRAIGHT ON THE THE STREET "JUAN CARLOS GOMEZ". THIS STREET WILL BE OF GREAT INTEREST TO ALL FIDS, ~~AS~~ THIS IS THE STREET WHERE THE ANKLA BAR IS POSITIONED. ALSO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, YOU WILL SEE SUCH NAMES AS THE "RECREO" (VERY GOOD CHOMPING HOUSE) "LIVERPOOL BAR" AND A LITTLE FURTHER UP ON THE SAME SIDE YOU WILL FIND THE "TROPICAL". ALL THESE PLACES ARE OF FID DESIGN, AND HAVE <sup>BEEN</sup> TESTED BY FIDS OVER A PERIOD OF MANY YEARS. YOU WILL FIND VERY ATTRACTIVE LATIN AMERICAN TYPE YOUNG LADIES, WHO ARE WILLING TO OBLIGE IN MOST, IF NOT EVERYTHING. THE DRINKS ARE RATHER EXPENSIVE, AS THEY USUALLY ARE IN THESE TYPE OF PLACES. GOING UP THE HILL FROM THE ANKLA YOU WILL COME TO A CORNER IN WHICH THE STREET RUNNING EAST WEST IS CALLED "PIEDRAS". ON THE CORNER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, YOU WILL FIND THE UNIVERSAL BAR. VERY CLEAN AS A RULE, WITH ATTRACTIVE SERVICE.

GOING WEST ALONG PIEDRAS, ON THE RIGHT HAND SIDE, ONLY TWENTY TO THIRTY YARDS FROM THE UNIVERSAL, YOU WILL FIND THE LIGHTHOUSE BAR. IN MY OPINION THIS BAR HAS ONE OF THE BEST DUKE BOXES IN MONTE, AS IT HAS ALL THE LATEST HIT RECORDS ON. (-AT LEAST IT DID WHEN I WAS THERE) . CARRY ON WEST UNTIL YOU MEET THE CORNER, THEN TURN RIGHT, HERE YOU WILL FIND THE FOLLOWING ON THE LEFT HAND SIDE OF THE ROAD. BY THE WAY THIS ROAD IS CALLED ITUZIANGO. THE PLACES ARE "OSLO BAR" "FLORIDA BAR" "VIKING BAR" "NEW JERSEY BAR" WHICH IS SITUATED RIGHT ON THE CORNER. ON THE RIGHT HAND SIDE RIGHT OPOSITE THE OSLO, YOU WILL FIND THE ST. PAULI BAR.

GOING BACK TO THE NEW JERSEY, ON THE CORNER, TURN LEFT ALONG THE 25 DE AGOSTO. HERE YOU WILL FIND ANOTHER LOAD, NOT CERTIAN WHAT ORDER THEY ARE IN BUT IT GOES SOMETHING LIKE THIS. "RIO BAR" "SCANDINAVIA BAR" "SWEDEN OAR" AND SEVERAL OTHERS, ALSO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD ARE A FEW OTHERS OF WHICH I DO NOT REMEMBER THE NAME. SOMEWHERE AROUND ABOUT THE SCANDINAVIA BAR YOU WILL FIND A VERY GOOD EATING HOUSE, ALTHOUGH IT IS USUALLY FULL OF WOGS, IT IS VERY CHEAP AND THE CHEF IS EXCELLENT, HAVE HAD SOME VERY GOOD T BONE STEAKS AND CHIPS THERE, THE NAME OF THE PLACE IS "PISCADERIA" (I THINK THAT IS HOW YOU SPELL IT) IT IS EASILY IDENTIFIED BY THE NEON SIGN OF A FISH IN GREEN.

IF YOU CARRY ON ALONG THIS ROAD ON THE LEFT HAND SIDE, TURN LEFT AT THE FIRST CORNER, WALK FOR ABOUT ~~THIRTY~~ THIRTY YARDS SOUTH YOU WILL FIND THE TEXAS BAR . THIS IS A VERY LARGE BAR BUT THE CRUMPET WAS NOT UP TO MUCH DURING THE PERIOD I WAS THERE, NO DOUBT THINGS HAVE PROBABLY CHANGED BY NOW. I THINK THAT PRACTICALLY COVERS THE MAIN BARS IN THIS PARTICULAR AREA. IF YOU WALK FROM THE TEXAS TO THE FIRST CORNER, YOU WILL MEET PIEDRAS AGAIN, NOW TURN WEST AND WALK ABOUT FIVE BLOCKS UNTIL YOU MEET THE CAN CAN BAR, ON THE ~~RIGHT~~ RIGHT HAND SIDE OF THE ROAD, THIS IS FOLLOWED BY LONDON BAR, AND CUBA LIBRE BAR (THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED ITS NAME THREE TIMES WHILE I WAS THERE SO GOD ONLY KNOWES WHAT IT IS CALLED NOW). IN THE LONDON BAR, YOU CAN EAT, AS WELL AS HAVE HORIZONTAL REFRESHMENT.

CONT/



PAGE TWO

FOR THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED, BETWEEN THE CAN CAN AND THE LONDON EAR THERE IS A PLACE WHICH HAS A NUMBER , I DONT THINK THEY WERE ABLE TO FIND A SUITABLE NAME FOR IT, IT IS NUMBERED THE 284. THIS IS A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN HAVE THE CHEESE CLEANED OUT FROM UNDER YOUR FIVESKIN WITH THE AID OF A TONGUE FROM A SIXTY YEAR OLD TOOTHLESS HORRIBLE FEMALE, I BELIEVE YOU CAN AMUSE YOURSELF WITH THEM AFTERWARDS, BUT I THINK YOU HAVE TO BE BLIND DRUNK TO TACKLE ONE OF THESE. I HAVE HEARD FROM SOME PEOPLE THAT IT IS A VERY ENJOYABLE EXPERIENCE, AND COSTING LITTLE. THE LOW LECTUROUS ENGLISH SEAMAN CALL IT THE GOBBLE SHOP FOR SOME REASON. ON THE OTHERSIDE OF THE ROAD. AGAIN I AM NOT CERTAIN IN WHAT ORDER THEY ARE IN BUT IT IS SOMETHING LIKE THIS. ''TICO TICO'' ''BOSTON'' AND ONE OR TWO OTHERS WHICH I AM NOT FAMILIER WITH. ON THE SAME SIDE OF THE ROAD WALK EAST UNTIL YOU COME TO THE FIRST CORNER, THEN TURN LEFT AND WALK DOWN COLON. HERE YOU WILL FIND THE GOLDEN EAGLE PERSONAL ON THE DARWIN CALLED THIS PLACE THE COW SHED BECAUSE OF THE BIG HUDDERED AND BIG GUTTED BIRDS IN THERE, THAT JUST ABOUT COVERS THE MAIN BARS OF MONTEVIDEO. I NO DOUBT EXPECT THAT YOU WOULD APPRECIATE SOME INFORMATION ON SOME OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST AS THE ABOVE MENTIONED ARE NIGHT HAUNTS ONLY, THERE ARE OTHER PLACES IN THE CENTRAL SUCH AS I HAVE MENTIONED ABOVE BUT IM AFRAID THEY ARE RATHER EXPENSIVE AND BEYOND MY FINANCIAL HACKING.

YOU NO DOUBT WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE BEST WAY TO WALK UP TO THE MAIN PLAZA(PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA) THE QUICKEST WAY I FIND IS TO TAKE ANY OF THE STREETS GOING NORTHSOUTH AND KEEP GOING UP UNTIL YOU REACH CALLE SARANDI, THEN TURN LEFT AND KEEP WALKLING AND YOU SHOULD COME OUT IN THE CENTRE OF THE PLAZA, AND IF YOU WALK DIRECTLY ACROSS THE PLAZA, YOU WILL COME TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE MAIN STREET(18 DE JULIO) HERE YOU WILL FIND MAJORITY OF THE CINEMA HOUSES AND SHOPPING CENTRES AND VERY GOOD RESTAURANTS.

ONE OF THE BEST CINEMA HOUSES IS THE ''CINE METRO'', THEY SHOW MGM FILMS AND HAVE A TOM AND JERRY CARTOON AT BEGINNING AND END OF EACH FILM. THE FILM IS SPOKEN IN ENGLISH, AND SUB-TITLES IN SPANISH. THE MAJORITY OF BIG CINEMA HOUSES ARE THE SAME. THIS PARTICULAR CINEMA HOUSE IS SITUATED JUST OFF THE MAIN STREET , IT IS ON THE CORNER JOINING CALLE CUAREIM AND CALLE SAN JOSE.

THE BEST WAY TO FIND OUT IF THE FILM IS IN ENGLISH OR NOT IS TO READ THE SMALL CHIT OF PAPER THAT THEY PIN UP ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE CINEMA HOUSE TO INFORM YOU WHAT TIME EACH SHOW STARTS AND FINISHES. LOOK THROUGH IT THOUROUGHLY AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE WORDS ''EN INGLES'' IF SO YOU ARE OK, IF NOT, IT IS POSSIBLE THAT IT MAY BE IN FRENCH OR SOME OTHER LANGUAGE.

AS FAR AS EATING IS CONCERNED , THERE ARE NUMEROUS RESTRAUNTS AND THEY ARE ALL REASONABLY CHEAP, ONE IN PARTICULAR IS ''MORINIS'' WHICH IS SITUATED ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE MAIN PLAZA. HERE YOU GET A FANTASTIC MEAL, FAR BEYOND YOUR NORMAL CONSUMPTION AS A RULE. THE PLACE DOESNT LOOK MUCH BUT IT IS VERY POPULAR.

IN CHANGING MONEY, IT IS ADVISABLE TO CHANGE ALL THE CASH TO WHICH YOU REQUIRE ON BOARD SHIP, THIS WAY YOU WILL GET FULL EXCHANGE , SOME OF THE CAMBIOS ARE REASONABLY FAIR BUT YOU HAVE TO WATCH SOME OF THEM, THEY ARE INCLINE TO DIDDLE YOU, ESPECIALLY IF THEY KNOW YOU ARE A GREENHORN. IF YOU HAVE SOME GASH FALKLAND ISLAND MONEY ON YOU, THE BEST THING TO DO IS TO CHANGE IT AT MACLEAN AND STAPLEDON, YOU WONT GET FULL EXCHANGE BUT YOU GET BETTER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE AS THEY SELL IT BACK TO THE DARWIN. TAXIS ARE UAUALLY PLENTIFUL EXCEPT WHEN I STARTS TO RAIN. THEY ARE EASY TO DISTINGUISH BECAUSE OF THEIR YELLOW NUMBER PLATES, AND LIGHT IN THE WINDOW AT NIGHTS. THE MAJORITY ARE MERCEDES BENTZ.

I HOPE THIS WILL BE USFUL AND HELPFUL TO YOU ALL.

HAVE A GOOD TIME AND KEEP YOUR WICK DIPPED

KELP.

YOUR PROBLEMS SOLVED

By that well known idiot Mrs B castile-  
Raggs

The first letter this week is from Mr Nickers Mathis who  
wrights:-

Dear Mrs Raggs

I have had a lot of trouble with my shreddies  
lately. The skidmarks being terrible to get out, even con-  
sidering the drastic steps already taken. Such as flying  
from flag pole for a considerable length of time.

Dear Mr Nickers

Well whak, you are not the only ones with this  
complaint. I was only talking to a rather distinguished M.P.  
last week, about the dirty skidmarks in the HOUSE. I can only  
recommend an old eastern method of dealing with this problem.  
First place shreddies in a bath of Caustic Soda 7-1 mix and let  
simmer for 24hrs. If finding a bath a problem, place in JILL.  
Be very carefull when doing this or shreddies liable to end up  
in balloon.  
P.S. Do not recommend A.F.D. shreddies.

Dear Mrs Raggs

On my return to UK, I will be getting married.  
Unfortunately we pass throo Monty on the way heme, and my will  
power is very weak. I do not want to go a stray, are there any  
pills on the market to boost my will power.

Dear Shhhh House

Here we have a problem most people have when  
passing throo Monty. My dear fello your lack of moral fibre is  
certainly distressing. You know being a government employee,  
the stiff upperblip must count at all times. just a few methods  
that might work:-

1. Have oneself lashed to ships mast
2. Buy chastity belt fit throw away key (ask black gang to  
mod it)
3. Go ashore with two respectable explorers (this method is  
just about impossible due to the lack of them)
4. Throw ones betrothed into touch and let fate take its  
course (like the rest of us).

Dear Mrs Raggs

My problem is not my self realy, but the way other people treat my programme. I wonder around finding people brushing teeth, drinking after eleven and the rustleing of none mag nuty paper is driveing me mad.

Dear WE know Who

I recommend the practice of an old Chinese custom KOTOW.

Dear Mrs Raggs

Since I joined B.A.S. I constantly get the feeling what ever I do is bloody futile. If I am not releaved of this feeling soon, I feel that I may do Something desperate.

Dear Cosmo

I understand your feeling of futility, but dont we all at times. I can only suggest that you talk to your local Quack about this. I am told he has a flair for this kind of work.

Dear Mrs Raggs

I beleive that I have found a queer on base, and I would like a sure way of finding out his intentions, so that I can tap him up.

Dear Anonymous

There you have me or do you ? Seriously keep him to your self. Failing this let me know, we may be able to make a fast bob or two. The only way i can think of at the moment, is to jump into his bed. Trouble being that if you are wrong, you are liable to a bunch of fives. Good hunting.

Dear Mrs Raggs

My men take no notice of my commands. I try to be fair to them. I am afraid its know bloody use though.

Dear Scientist

Use a bloody great whip if that fails, ask boss for loan of gun. The latter may be the best way out, but as you say trying to be fair.

Dear Mrs Raggs

I find that nobodyloves me in my Dept. I have tryed most of the under arm dehdorments, from Old spice to Airwick Mist. I think I am handsome too.

Dear Mrs Chas

You had no need to sign your letter, I could tell whom it came from. Please do not forget that old eastern proverb. (HE THAT LOVES HIMSELF NEVER HAS ANY COMPETITION).

Dear Mrs Raggs

I have received word that my wife is paying my National Insurance. Not that I mind that, but to the best of my Knowledge I am not married.

Dear J/C

Lucky Sod, but seriously I would ask your local branch (National Insurance) to send down a photog of this bird. Then decide wether or not shes worth it or not. After all thats what they are there for. (The National Insurance I mean)

P.S. Must have been a good last night in UK.

Dear Mrs Raggs

My bunk mate is very rapidly becomeing a piss head. What can I do to prevent him going the hole hog and turning into a DIPSO.

Dear Troubled

The best thing to do is join him in his main ambition in life. If your morals prevent this, try moveing to another bunk room. This may be a little difficult due to rest of base trying to become DIPSOS.

P.S. Unfortunately the booze may run out before we succeed.

Dear Mrs Raggs

I find that saterday scradge is turning my body pimply all over. What can I do to prevent this ?

Dear Pimple

You have caught, what is known in the trade has Wim-Wamsky disease. This being caused by cooks hairs plus soggy suet pastry boiled, then served luke warm. The only way to get rid of this disease is to shoot the cook. Failing this daily applications of Bog scrapeings all over, then a good rub down with wet and dry sand paper. This should do the TRICK.

Dear Mrs Raggs

I have just finished completeing a rather large off-ice. It was hoped to use this for Survey etc. Now I am stuck with it.

Dear Surveyer

Well chopper, you are not the only one left holding the baby. This apparently is happening all down the line. Of course if you have the grog you could turn it into a Bar, or table tennis room, may be even a ~~salidar~~ cafe Jo Lyons type. The best idea is to kip in it all day, can help you there.

Don't forget your own problems fellas, just wright to Aunt Flossy or

just get DRRRRRUNK ??????::?:????.

THREE DIMENSIONAL NOUGHTS AND CROSSES

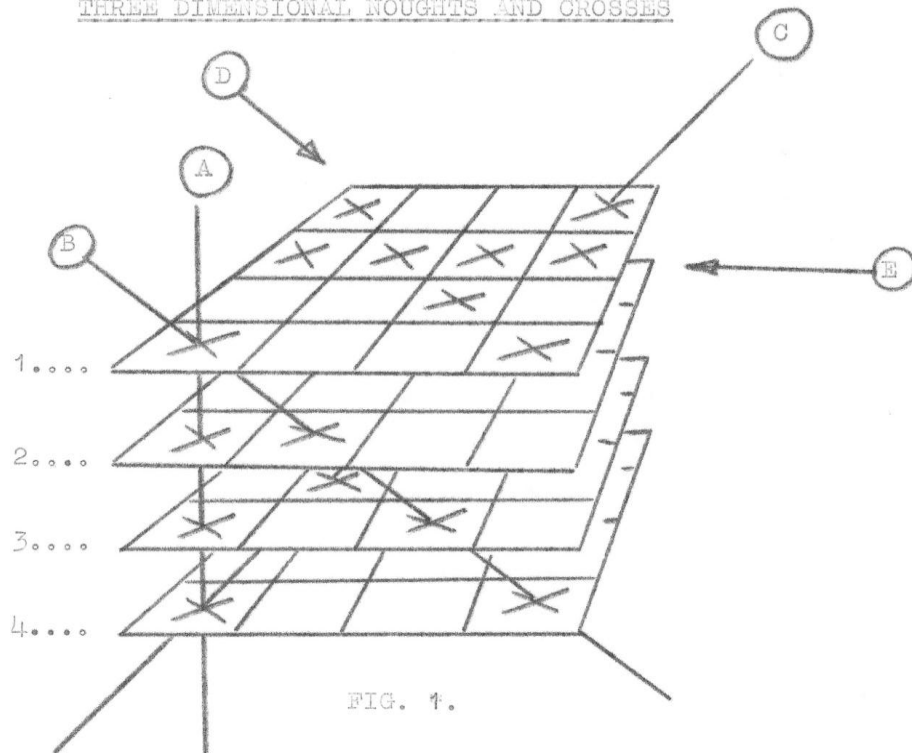


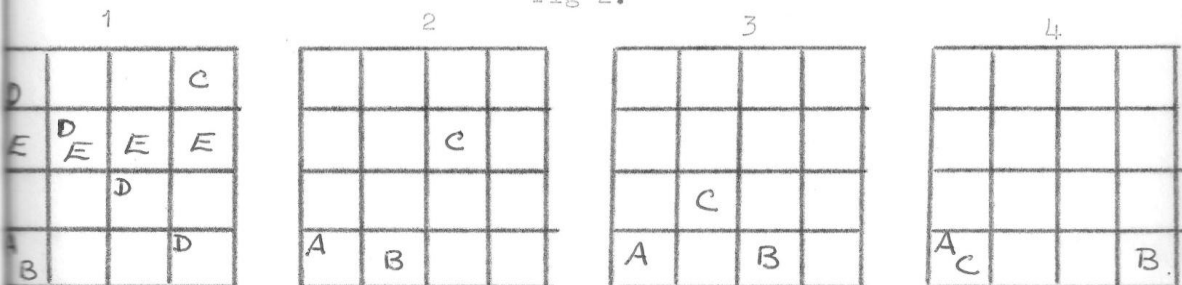
FIG. 1.

An interesting variation on an old theme. The rules of the game are simple but an agile mind is required to follow the moves.

The game is played on four boards of 16 squares each. The boards are numbered, and are to be imagined as being stacked as shown in fig.1. To win the game, rows of four noughts or crosses must be gained either vertically A, diagonally B & C, or horizontally D & E. To play the game the boards are drawn as shown in fig. 2, where the winning rows A,B,C,D & E are shown. Since there is more than one possible row of four, a score must be kept by each player, of each separate row won. The same nought or cross may be used in different rows, as at A/B and D/E on board 1, and A/C on board 4. The winner is the one with the greater score at the end of the game.

Hope you have fun trying it out.

Fig 2.



REPORT OF A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT OF SECRET AGENT 006 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

Having stumble for some considerable time through the dimly lit, grot encrusted backstreets of East London I suddenly came upon the object of my investigation; the secret headquarters of a fiendish organisation, which for the sake of argument I shall call Hunters Processing Plant. Access ~~to~~ the premises was quickly accomplished, the night watchman being asleep. Once inside I ~~made~~ for the shadows. Suddenly I halted in my tracks as I heard the slow clip-clop of a horse. After a short silence a shot rang out followed by the agonising scream of the dying horse. Creeping round ~~the~~ corner of the building I was just able to see the carcass of the horse being dragged inside a shed. Moments later, having gained entry to the shed via a skylight, I could witness the appalling sequel to this event. The horse was flung whole into a vast vat seething, stinking and simmering with the remains of I do not know how many horses. Beyond this loathsome vat cooked carcasses were being put through a mincing machine. The minced meat left this shed by one of three routes. Through one of these doors could be seen a mountain of turnips. Several workers were shovelling veg. from this pile and mixing it with the horse-flesh. In a second room a soggy mixture, which was reminiscent of saturated sawdust was being mixed in a concrete mixer prior to being used for S&K pudding mixture. In the third room I thought I had discovered a quality control man but on closer inspection he was found to be using his microscope to enable the kidney sections for addition to the 'steak' to be made small enough. The whole of the factory did not seem ~~at~~ all concerned about the amount of meat etc. that fell to the floor. The reason for this soon became apparent because every so often an operative came round with a broom, shovel and bucket. On discreetly following this character I found that these droppings were fed into the sausage machine whence they were canned.

Hastening to escape this nauseating scene I passed through another building as I tried to make a hasty getaway. As I passed through I noticed that wild boar, or some such creature, were being carved; the leaner looking pieces for cans marked ham and and the rest of the animal, including tail, trotters, ears etc. into cans labelled bacon.

Passing quickly along a corridor I overheard an interchange of voices, "Right you are, Andrew Lusk, we'll make sure you get sufficient of our first quality rubbish".

Hurrying on I made the factory gates and just got out of sight round the corner where I suddenly and violently vomited.

006<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>

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A MID-WINTER POEM  
DEDICATED TO  
RADIOSONDOLOGISTS  
OF HALLEY BAY

I launched my can into the air  
going to land I knew not where .....  
until I turned round and saw the bloody thing  
  lying in pieces  
a couple of yards away !

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DO YOU REALISE WHAT YOU ARE GOING THROUGH ?

Or the myth revealed.

The time is appropriate

'In the bleak Mid-winter  
Frosty wind made mean,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
In the bleak Mid-winter  
Long ago.'

Rossetti

so we should examine our motives in coming down

'There is a great deal to be said for testing oneself to the very limit,  
under tough and primitive conditions, with only oneself to rely on,'

Staub

and see our part in the greater scheme of things

'Ten nations ... are in Antarctica. The place is full of starry eyed  
scientists who make good Press stories.'

Pape.

We have the right equipment

'Avoid cheap glasses, and especially celluloid, which passes ultra-violet  
rays and produces snow blindness; the cheap Japanese goggles sold in Indian  
bazaars come apart almost immediately. ....If goggles are broken use strips  
of unplaited horsehair or of mesquite curtain.'

Tips to Travellers.

'.... a monocycle is of great use. It ~~has~~ has one wheel, fitted with a  
motor cycle tyre, and above it a comfortable seat; the frame is extended  
into handles in front and behind for two natives, who can balance the  
machine and on the level convey the passenger at about 4 miles per hour.'

Tips to Travellers.

and have survived the journey down

'It is impossible to describe adequately this forceful butting of the ice.  
The ship runs through crowded brash, forcing three or four foot plates of



ice many yards in extent, beneath the keel, or upending them alongside the hull. Then with a shuddering bump the bows rise up on a floe - up and up we seem to go - when suddenly she subsides and cracks go shooting across the ice.'

The Crossing of Antarctica.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around;  
It cracked and growled and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound.'

Coleridge

but

'Beyond this flooded a frozen Continent  
Lies dark and wilde, beat, with perpetual storms  
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice...'

Milton

so eventually we reached the Base

'.....the small dark speck which denoted the abode, alas how frail ! of living men imprisoned amidst this abomination of desolation.'

Back

only to face untold hardships

'.....a feature of Antarctic weather is that winds blow almost continuously. Air, which is cooled by the ice cap, flows ~~downhill~~ from the elevated inland plateau much as water flows downhill. It whips up the snow into raging blizzards, before racing out to sea to create gigantic waves.'

Pape

'The uprear of it all was indescribable. Even above the savage thunder of that great wind on the mountain came the lash of canvas as it was whipped to little tiny strips. The highest rocks which we had built into walls fell upon us, and a sheet of drift came in.'

Cherry-Garrard.

'There is something extravagantly insensate about an Antarctic blizzard at night. Its vindictiveness cannot be measured on an anemometer sheet. It is more than just wind; it is a solid wall of snow moving at gale force, pounding like surf. The whole malevolent rush is concentrated upon you as upon a personal enemy. In the senseless explosion of sound you are reduced to a crawling thing on the margin of a disintegrating world; you can't see, you can't hear, you can hardly move. The lungs gasp

after the air sucked out of them, and the brain is shaken. Nothing in the world will so quickly isolate a man.

Because of this blinding, suffocating drift, in the Antarctic winds of only moderate velocity have the punishing force of full fledged hurricanes elsewhere.'

Byrd.

The work is fraught with danger

'The leopard seal, ocean carnivore, is as dangerous as a tiger.... one snap would take off a man's limb, and the animal will attack human beings without provocation. It is one of the most fearsome beasts of prey known.'

Pape

'Of course we have known well that Killer whales continually skirt the edge of the flees, and that they would undoubtedly snap up anyone who was ~~unfortunate~~ unfortunate enough to fall into the water.'

Penting.

'It is exceedingly dangerous for scientists to visit the few known rookeries to study breeding habits and domestic life of Emperors. Unfortunately this takes place during the time of greatest darkness, when blizzards and temperatures are at their worst, when conditions are paralyzing.'

Pape

but never fear, for

'It is evident that explorer-scientists in this new age act in the same tradition as did the pioneers of earlier Antarctic expeditions. The experience of common hardship in the face of great elemental force inspires more than a fortitude born of the necessity of self preservation.'

Pape

\*x

'We detachments steady throwing,  
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,  
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go, the unknown ways,  
Pioneers ! O pioneers !

Walt Whitman

There are however, advantages

'Polar exploration ....is the only form of adventure in which you put on your clothes at Michaelmas and keep them on until Christmas and, save for a layer of the natural grease of the body, find them as clean as though they were new.'

Cherry-Garrard.

special comforts

'Any kind of alcoholic stimulant is forbidden in Antarctica. A man's mind must always be as crystal clear as the atmosphere. Only the Medical Officer is entitled to prescribe stimulant.'

Dufek quoted by Pape.

and Other Rewards

'My readers will perhaps understand that one cannot live for a while amidst the vast, lonely and yet magnificent scenery of the Antarctic, dependent on a slender supply of stores, without feeling dwarfed by the scale of everything one sees and in the hands of a Providence or Power.'

Debenham

'Antarctica is also the Silent Continent; for though Nature's voice is louder here than elsewhere, it is more often perfectly still. Its 'vast and Godlike spaces' are seldom invaded by other sounds than these of the eternal songs of Nature: the hiss of the snowdrift, the roar of the hurricane, the moan of wind and wave, and the boom of avalanche or glacier.'

Hayes.

We have modern communications

'That afternoon I may have been close to going out of my mind; the strain of preparing for the (radio) schedule had raised Cain with me.'

Byrd

special objectives

'Icy mountains high on mountains piled  
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar  
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of cloud;'

Thomsen.

and transport

'...last spring, people were awaiting the visit of daring aviators from the other side of the globe. And from my heart I bless the fate that allowed me to be born at a time when Polar exploration by dog sledge was not yet a thing of the past.'

Rasmussen (in 1927)

'To drive by dog team over the frozen sea, in the crisp Polar air, is one of the most exhilarating experiences imaginable. The yelping of the excited creatures as they are harnessed up; the whining and howling in pleasurable anticipation as they strain at the traces, impatient to be off; the mad stampede with which they get away, when the driver gives the word

to go; the rush of the keen air into one's face; the swish of the sledge runners, and the sound of forty paws pat-a-pat-a-patting on the crackling snow, is something that cannot be described. It must be experienced.'

Penting.

'To stop a wholesale fight take a running jump into the mass of dogs, who immediately disperse.'

Tips to Travellers.

though there are those who maintain there are better ways

'In my mind no journey made with dogs can approach the height of that fine conception which is realised when a party of men go forth to face hardships, dangers, and difficulties with their own unaided efforts and by days and weeks of hard physical effort succeed in solving some problem of the great unknown.'

Scott.

Soon the time will come, however, when, work completed, we will depart

'....from the wilderness, the vast and Godlike spaces,  
The stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the Pole.'

Service.

and say with Roger Banks

'We were sad to see them (the icebergs) go, as they represented a part of our lives, the Antarctic experience, a deep contentment of spirit, which lay behind us. But it was only a transient regret. We were alive and young and the real adventure, had we known it, that of living in the world, was just ~~begin~~ beginning.'

while looking back on our experience

'Far off

It seemed, now seems a boundless Continent,  
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night.'

Unknown

but remember

'Never sign a paper or express views .....you may be quoted as a "famous explorer" .....before you get home.'

Tips to Travellers.

Kijiko.

# TOP WENTY

19th June 1968

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1	(2)	Jumping Jack Flash	Rolling Stones
2	(1)	Young Girl	Union Gap
3	(6)	Blue Eyes	Don Partridge
4	(7)	Hurdy gurdy man	Denovan
5	(3)	Honey	Bobby Goldsboro
6	(5)	This wheel's on fire	Julie Driscoll
7	(12)	Baby come back	The Equals
8	(8)	You know the way to San Jose	Don Warwick
9	(13)	I pretend	Des O'Conner
10	(4)	A man without love	Englebert Humperdink
11	(9)	Rainbow valley	Love Affair
12	(18)	Loving thing	Marmalade
13	(21)	Son of Hickory Hollock (?)	O.C. Smith (?)
14	(10)	I don't want our loving to die	The Herd
15	(11)	Joanna	Scott Walker
16	(15)	A-lolay a-lolay	Tremeloes
17	(14)	What a wonderful world	Louis Armstrong
18	(16)	Simon says	1910 Fruit Gum Co.
19	(17)	Sleepy Joe	Herman's Hermits
20	(25)	Boy	Lulu

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**New entries**

- 21 My name is Jack by Manfred Mann
- 26 Yesterday has gone by Cupid's Inspiration (??)(?)
- 25 Yummy yummy yummy by the Ohio Express.

\*\*\*\*\*

YOUR FATE IN THE STARS with Felix Petulengro

Leo (July 23rd to Aug. 22nd) Governing influence - the sun

☺ This will be a happy week for you with lots of your staple diet, booze, food, and gonk. These should not be overdone however as Leos tend to have oversize guts.

Virgo (Aug 23rd to Sept. 22nd) Ruling planet - Mercury

♍ A busy time of the year for virgos. A lot of you tend to become moonstruck at this season (the moon is now passing through Ger-vus the crow) gazing into the sky aimlessly. Observing aurera provides a good excuse for this, Others with werwolf-tendencies miss the blood which they have begun to think is a common recurrence. These Virgos would do well to maintain strict self control during any festivities.

Libra (Sept. 23rd to Oct. 22nd)

♎ Midwinter is an ideal opportunity to relate your war stories, popular ones for this year are anything in the vein of; - 'How I was cast adrift in the shark infested South China Sea'

Libras dish of the week; cats tail soup.

Scorpio (Oct 23rd to Nov. 21st)

♏ This is a romantic time of year for most Scorpios. Unfortunately, this year it can be safely said that no conquests in love will be achieved for at least another seven months, at least not with the opposite sex.

Scorpios song of the week :- Yellow submarine Beatles

Sagittarius (Nov. 22nd to Dec. 22nd)

♐ With the season of festivities upon us you might like to exercise some self-restraint such as the restriction of a pleasure giving habit with which people under this constellation seem to abound. A good way of doing this is to place yourself under a pair of interragation photofloods whenever you feel the urge coming on.

Record recommended to help you:- Smokestack Lightening  
Howlin' Wolf.

Capricorn (dec. 23rd to Jan. 20th)

♑ As all goats like a chin wag, the present abundance of long-nights provide ample scope for cornering unsuspecting victims to whom you can relate your experiences, Try to get out into the open air more often. A popular way of doing this is to cultivate an allotment, in season at the moment are watastand and cress.

Books all Capricorns should read:-  
The town at the end of Wigan pier (Macmillan & Whiggans)  
Electricity made for beginners Ranjit Singh  
Beacon building the easy way Eddy Stone

Records you should hear:-  
Sugar in the morning (mouldy oldy) Willie Evergrow  
I've got plenty of nothing

Aquarius (Jan. 21st to Feb. 19th)

♒ Aquarians who practice culinary arts would do well to try and excel themselves this week as an overwhelming success will almost certainly result. The reason being that Mars is now passing.

(contd.)

Your fate in the stars (contd.)

Aquarius (contd.)

through Cygnus (what else). This will be appreciated most of all by other aquarians even if haggis is not on the menu.

Records you should buy:-

If I had a twatter Trini Lopez  
I like a clean shaven man Olive Oil (Popeye)

Pisces (Feb. 20th to Mar. 20th)

This is the season when you should start planning ahead for expeditions in the spring. Places have always been the adventurous sort, and what better way to start off the season than the trip advocated in the current edition of the Junior Explorers Weekly namely "Flip over the Grahamland mountains by balloon". A course of lessons outlining how this can be achieved can be bought from the magazine in one of two forms:-

Ten easy lessons.....10gns  
Five hard lessons..... 5gns

The former is provided complete with a parachute.

A record you should not be without:-

Come fly with me Frank Sinatra

Aries (Mar. 21st to April 20th)

Aries is the constellation under which most of the great but neurotic men of this world have been born. If you are one of these, a good way of working off the effect of midwinter's gut ache is to play football out in the bondu. the following day. This also provides innumerable opportunities for candid fotis. More moral men under this constellation might amuse themselves with the book:-

'Introduction to the problem of phase balancing by vector analysis', complete with colour plates of holed pistons and bent con rods.

Taurus (April 21st to May 22nd)

Generally very resourceful by nature, you should try your hand at writing a book about your exploits. Subjects to which you might apply your mind are:-

'Photography without a camera body'  
'The distilling of mead from cloves, snow and AFD cabbage'.

The more elderly under the sign of the bull tend to be dependable and reliable, however, as Jupiter will soon be moving into your constellation great care should be taken over potentially dangerous situations.

Books most bulls will enjoy:-

'High speed winching for beginners' Casanova  
'4-stage tune up for kegs' Boxer Billy Weals

Gemini (May 23rd to June 21st)

Just as the symbol for gemini are the twins Castor and Pollux so people born under the sign tend to attract one another. The great abundance of stone statues of the twins can have a strong effect on the formulation of ones vocation, a great number turning to the noble art of stonemasonry or some such profession. However overenthusiasm can lead to disaster, witness St. Peter who had a church built on top of him.

At least one of you will have aspirations to undertake a long arduous journey to some mountains named after a great explorer. You should follow through this desire even if it means travelling alone should the other members of the party decide to go elsewhere.

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/OVER.

Your fate in the stars ( contd )

Gemini ( contd )

Some geniuss like to try their hand at model building from time to time, however this should be avoidedat all costs as it is doomed to failure from the start, especially Rolls - Royce specials.

Records selected for geminis :-

Rock around the clock      Edmund Halley

A book you should read :-

' Timing Hot Rods '      Ranknovismacdougai.

Cancer ( June 22nd to July 22nd )

Contrary to popular opinion this constellation does not take its name from the similiarly named lung disease. There are some cancerians who do not believe this and indeed consider it their duty to contract the said disease. If you are one of these then the least i can do is to recommend to you a tobacco which i saw amidst the Southern Cross only last week -- Balkan Sobranie.

Recommended books :-

'How to sire a pup '      Ivor Toole.



YOU WILL HAVE PROBABLY NOTICED THAT CONTRIBUTORS  
HAVE FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER REFRAINED FROM PUTTING A  
SIGNATURE AT THE END OF THEIR EFFORT. HOWEVER THE  
FOLLOWING HAVE MADE A CONTRIBUTION OR IN SOME CASES  
MORE THAN ONE:

JOHNNY CARTER  
JIMCHALMERS  
PETE CLARKSON  
PAUL COSLETT  
MIKE DURRANT  
DAD ETCHELLS  
DAVE FRENCH  
JOHN FRY  
KEITH GAINNEY  
JOHN GALLSWORTHY  
DAVE GROOM  
KEN HALLIDAY  
JIM JAMIESON  
BILL LAIDLAW  
STUART MACQUARRIE  
NICK MATHYS  
PETE MOUNTFORD  
PETE NOBLE  
POP PITTS  
CHAS PLATT  
NORRIS RILEY  
MURRAY ROBERTS  
CHRIS SYKES  
GEOFF SMITH

(I HOPE THAT I HAVE INCLUDED EVERYBODY)

ONCE AGAIN THANK YOU ALL VERY MUCH.