

S

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EGGS OR SKI-DOGS, THAT IS THE QUESTION.

I have heard so many variations on the subject of crevasses and the crossing powers of the above Σ so much hot air that I have decided to try a mathematical approach which can be seen on the next page.

27 MARCH 1971

A few basic assumptions have to be made.

1 The respective modes of trans-:ED:- are at rest on the crevasse bridge.

2 the load distribution is even along the length L .

Many thanks to Hwfa for looking after last week's edition.

3 That λ dogs only will be on the bridge.

It must have been a slow news day or something. Still, let's hope all the physical properties of the snow are constant in the section the old favourites are back again this week and some new ones too.

considered.
Considering the standard of articles that miraculously appear out of

thin air, there must be some hidden talents around somewhere. You

It has not Σ been thought necessary to prove from first wouldn't think it looking around. What I want to know is who keeps principles the formula used as being PDS you would not understand putting those articles in that I have to censor. I didn't know a cat any better if I had done so.
could write anyway.

A. E. Stone

DOGS OR SKI-DOGS. THAT IS THE QUESTION.

I Have heard so many variations on the subject of crevasses and the crossing powers of the above ~~EM~~ so much hot air that I have decided to try a mathematical approach which can be seen on the next page.

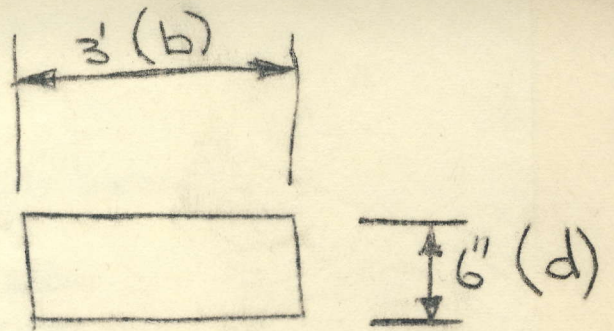
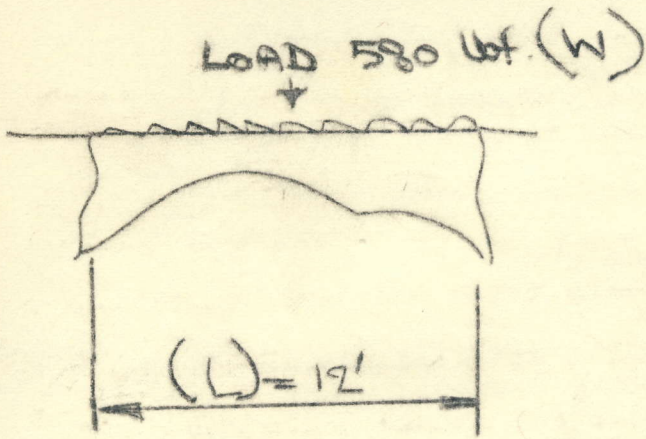
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- 1 The respective modes of transport are at rest on the crevasse bridge.
- 2 the load distribution is even along the length L .
- 3 That 4 dogs only will be on the bridge.
- 4 the physical properties of the snow are constant in the section considered.

It has not ~~EMEMX~~ been thought necessary to prove from first principles the formula used as being FIDS you would not understand any better if I had done so.

A. Ernestine

CASE A. SKI-DOO



FOR ABOVE CROSS SEC.

Z (SECTION MODULUS)

$$Z = \frac{bd^2}{6}$$

$$= \frac{3 \times 5^2}{6}$$

$$= .125$$

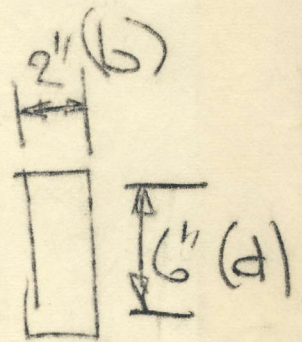
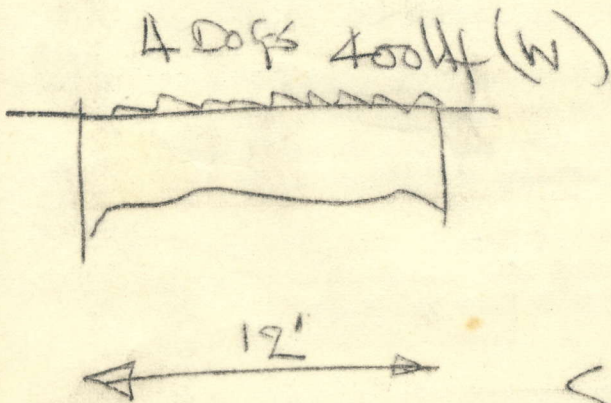
S = MAX. STRESS.
FOR ABOVE.

$$S = \frac{WL}{8Z}$$

$$= \frac{580 \times 12}{.125 \times 8}$$

$$S = \underline{\underline{6960 \text{ lbf}/\text{in}^2}}$$

CASE B. DOGS



SIMILARLY, $Z = \frac{bd^2}{6}$

$$= \frac{.166 \times 5^2}{6}$$

$$= .008$$

$$S = \frac{WL}{8Z}$$

$$= \frac{400 \times 12}{8 \times .008}$$

1.2

29
THE ANCIENT DOGGIE-MAN.

Part I.

It is a weathered doggie-man,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy greasy windproofs and curly locks,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The lounge bar doors are open wide,
And I am after gin,
The fids are met, the glasses wet,
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his grimy hand,
"There was a sledge," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, blond-haired loon!"
Eftscons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his bloodshot eyes,
The thirsty fid stands still,
And listens like a three years' child,
The G. A. hath his will.

The thirsty fid sat on a chair,
He cannot choose but hear.
And thus spake on the doggie-man,
The B.L. says is queer.

"The sledge was packed, the whip was cracked,
Merrily did we go,
Beyond the huts, beyond the spans,
And out across the snow.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the ice came he.
And he shone bright and on the right,
Went down into the sea.

Farther and farther every day,
Towards the ice-shelf brink -- "
The thirsty fid here beat his breast,
As he heard the glasses chink.

For Mark hath strode into the lounge,
Black as pitch is he,
Wagging their tongues the fids lead on,
To where the drink is free.

The thirsty fid he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on the doggie man,
The B.L. says is queer.

"And now the storm blast came, old boy,
And it was cold and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With taugt stretched trace, and straining team,
Black Changi 'twas that led,
The sledge drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold,
And ever out in front of us,
The doggies' arseoles rolled.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen.
Aragged crew behind us flew,
The doctor and Steve Bean.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
It played some gruesome tunes,
It cracked and growled and roared and howled,
Like bowels after prunes.

At length did cross a tabby cat,
Through the drift it came.
As if't had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had ate,
Meat bar and some fritters,
And other highly spiced vittals,
That gave us all the squitters.

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The tabby cat did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came at the G.A.'s hello!

In cloud or mist, on sledge it pissed,
And perched for vespers nine.
Whilst all the night, thro' blizzard white,
On lilo's we'd recline."

"God save thee, ancient doggieman,
From the fiends that plague thee thus! }-
Why look'st thou so?" "Does thou not know?
I fucked that tabby puss!"

Samuel Taylor Snowbridge.

THE FALLAD OF "WRECKER DEVINE".

When a fidd grows old, and his toes get cold,
And the end of his nose turns blue,
And his cross to bear is his second year,
He'll string you a line or two.

So stand me a drink and find me ^a seat,
And a tale to you I'll tell;
Of the working day at Halley Bay,
And the fids who work, like Hell !
Down in Wet, Hefa Jones has been working day and night,
For over a year he's been making his share,
Of cock ups during the flight.

Now Hoof and Tone at the end of the year,
Thought they were doing fine,
But Uncle Bill had had his fill,
So he sent down Gordon Devine.

Have you ever seen a bull at work,
In a china shop in Kew,
With breaking powers of several hours,
Then you know what bulls can do.

Ah you think you do, but I'm telling you,
That's only a very small sign,
Of the barn that's done on a non-stop run,
By "Wrecker Ginge Devine".

He hit the shores of Monte Leon,
The place where the harlots are,
And to quench his thirast and do his worst,
He headed for the Ancla bar.

With no time to loose he hit the booze,
And round the bars did roam,
He poured the dregs into hollow legs,
Till someone carried him home.

★
At the Bransfield bar he hit the jar,
As it "oped" on its journey South,
He didn't stop 'till he'd drained the last drop,
In fair Stanley's harbour mouth.

In the Upland Scese they let him loose,
The drink went straight to his head,
With heartfelt cheer, Fids bought him beer,
And helped him back to his bed.

With this problem with drink, he couldn't think,
No solution at all could he see,
Of how to cope whilst on the tops,
So he decided to turn TT.

Then he arrived at Halley Bay,
To his work with the gill he sped,
Then he's out there, there's nobody'll dare,
Approach the bloody shed.

On the frozen waste in his little hut,
Jay waits for the start of the show,
The balloon's away, but not for Jay,
Gordon's forgotten to let him know.

And where he'll die and become divine,
I could perhaps foretell,
Making T.N.T. with Brian C.,
Taking the whole f-----g base as well.

In years to come, when the wind blows cold,
And tides in the warmth do wringe,
When things go astray, with a smile they'll say,
That's the ghost of Wrecker Ginge.

Alfred Lord Jarrycan.

Scene: Halley Bay

Story so far: Trudy has been sent to the rebels of H.B. after they unapologetically declare U.D.I.

Trudy stared at the small group of Fids. trudging up and down on the ice-shelf bearing placards declaring their newly asserted independence. Her gaze fell upon a particularly evil looking character at their front ~~***~~ and she shuddered involuntarily. With his crew-cut bullet shaped head and his cruel bloodless lips leering at her she felt her blood turn to ice.

"He's the one," she decided. "I've got to win him over." She elected to leave them to their own devices while she went below and had breakfast. She never liked too much action on an empty stomach, she always said.

Within two hours our heroine was stepping ashore down a hastily put together gang-plank. At the bottom she stopped and gazed back in admiration at the name of the ship blazoned on the ice where it had come off as the captain made valiant, but fruitless, attempts to dock in a bay of his own making. On the bow of the vessel stood the hastily gathered snow sample for the U.K., glinting proudly in the sun.

The group of rebels stood in front of her looking rather uncertain as she walked towards them in her sexy windproofs with the polka-dot pattern. She decided to take the initiative.

"Hello," she purred, "I'm Trudy."

They picked up the chippy and the diesel mechanic who had passed clean cut on top of each other and carried them away.

The B.L., for indeed it was he who had organised the dastardly plot, stepped forward and smiled at her evilly, keeping an eye on her deadly karate foot.

"Well? Won't you invite me to dinner, or something?"

And so it was that in every short time Trudy was sitting in the dining room savouring the apple soup, fried apple omelette and apple crumble which were on the menu that week. In fact they had been on the menu for the last fortnight.

She quite liked the place, once she accustomed herself to the smell. They sat around her staring in awe (or so it seemed to her (She was dead right-Ed)) So this was The Trudy, of whom they had heard so much. Trudy stared back at them but it was a little disconcerting to have someone gaze at your chest muttering 'Gordon Bennet' every few minutes. And which of the Met. men had his hand on her knee under the table. She ignored that for the moment with a commendable show of effort.

"So basically," she was saying, "you object to the lack of interest shown in your efforts by the British Nation as a whole. As I understand it, you would like more mention of your exploits on radio and television, Polar Medals for every winter down here and an official reception on your return to the U.K. Is that correct?"

"Well, yes," said the B.L. "But there are one or two other things." He grinned at her sideways.

She rose without a word and smiling sweetly took his arm and led his not unwilling body towards his office.

When they emerged one and one half hours later Trudy was still unruffled but the B.L. looked a little gazed.

As he left on the ship Trudy picked up a copy of the Base magazine she had been given and started to read it with interest.

"What a load of rubbish" she said turning over a page entitled "TRUDY DELIGHTFUL".

Walton Belshazzars feast

Williams Symphony No4
English Folk songs
Fantasia on Greensleaves
Norfolk Rhapsody
Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis
Sinfonia Antarctica

Bruch Violin Concerto in G

Haydn Creation

Trumpet Concerto

Elgar Cello Concerto

Sea Pictures

Enigma Variations

Cockaigne Overture

Holst Planet suit

Offenbach Gaite Parisinne

Brahms Hungarian Dances

Debussy Prelude to the afternoon of a Faun

'Toscani conducts Overtures'

Cherubini Ali Baba

Cherubini Anacreon

Rossini Seige of Corinth

Cimarosa Secret Marriage

" Marriage of trickery

Gluck Iphigenia in Aulis

Mozart Magic flute

'Seranata Albinoni Concerto in B flat

Paradis Sicilienne

Boccherini Minuet

Rosini Sonata No 5

Corelli Sarabanda

Rossini Sonata No 6

Haydn Serenade

Delibes Coppelia

Pentifical Liturgy of the Russian Orthodox Church

Gilbert & Sullivan

Mikado

Pirates of Benzance

Sorcerer

Pinafore

Gondoliers

Overtures of Mikado, Pirates, Pinafore, Iolanthe

An excerpt from Mrs Beans Diary.

Ian. 6 My rooms a mess.

Keith - Think you got troubles mine's been
Condemed

Ian - well thats the escape shaft finished
and certified.

Keith- Certified ???

Ian - Yes certified compleatley and utterly
impossibly escapeable. from .

Advertisement.

All persons wanting to get seven foot
cabooes into six foot armco's
Apply now to bondit Bury's Driving school.
Also gaps in armco closed instantly.

South Berbyshire Ditty.

As I was walking by St. Paul's
A lady grabed me by the — Shirt tails
Now you look like a man 'of pluck
Come inside and have a — cup of tea,
It may be a penny it may be a bob,
It all depends on the size of the -cup,

Wwwkly Quote from The Pengwinge 9/9/67

The apple of the average playboy's
eye is usually the prettiest peach
with the biggest pear.

Romour has it that amet man
was heard to say
Quote. "I have thort of something". unquote.

Week Ending 20th March.
THE ADVENTURES OF DILLON (Complete and unpurgated)
... again this week after a short rest.

Mrs. Beans Diary. (cent)

Andies Problem.

Andies problem of snow blowing into his caboose was quickly solved ~~with~~
By the instant action of our gallant B. L. whome promptly issued him with A new spade.

Paul J. has added to his fame by again attempting to reach terminal velocity down a hole with no help from a rope this time .

Unfortunately his glove harness got caught on the handle bars of the sledge at the last moment .

Never mind better luck next time,
~~Its~~ It's true spirit and undefietable attitude that makes F.I.D.S. what they are today.

Tip for the top of the HIT Parade.
this week is ,

Has Anybody Seen My Blade.

By

Bruce Blackwell and the Bulldozer Bender

Hello again. I am back again this week after a short rest. That is not to say I have not been keeping my ears open, but it has been so quiet this last fortnight with everyone away and all. I am glad that Tony is back; it keeps the Met. Office on its toes having a second year man who knows what he is doing, unlike some I could mention.....

I do think that blister on his nose suits him. Don't you?

That power cut we had last week was good ents. , as they say. For those of you who were wondering what I got up to in the darkness, all I can say is that I have'nt enjoyed myself so much for years. And neither has Miss Puff I bet. Notice the gleam in my eye and the spring in my step these days.

I do wish Gordon would get one of his confounded contraptions to work. I'm sure that then he would be a different person . I am very worried about him you know. It cannot be good for you being a self confessed idiot. What is going to happen when he starts building difficult circuits?

I hope you are all enjoying your apples. Fancy making a mistake like that. It's not true what they say you know. There you all were, eating apple crumble, apple pudding, apple sauce and all sorts of combinations day after day, but you still did not manage to keep the Doc away. (That was my little joke for the week by the way. Miss puff simply roared with laughter when I told it to her.)

So, with the Met. men launching balloons in gales, the Madmen of Geophysics making nitro-glycerine and Andy playing about with voltages and things , life is not so easy along at the end of the corridor.

And on top of that we have the fiendish experiments in the ~~phye~~ ~~sey~~ (I can't spell that one. I can't see that high on the door)

Bob's place, I can tell you, I keep well away from that place.

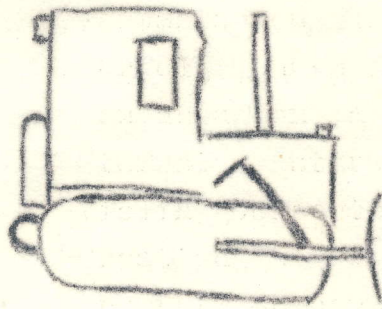
I don't have very much in the way of ~~of~~ titbits of information about the B.L. this week - he has been more careful about keeping his door closed of late- but watch it Uncle Mark, I've got my little green eyes on you.

(1)	1	Hot Love	T. Rex
(3)	2	Another Day	Paul McCartney
(4)	3	Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson
(2)	4	Baby Jump	Mungo Jerry
(5)	5	It's Impossible	Perry Como
(13)	6	Amazing Grace	Judy Collins
(6)	7	My Sweet Lord	George Harrison
(9)	8	Sweet Caroline	Neil Diamond
(14)	9	Bridget the Midget	Ray Stevens
(-)	10	Jack in the Box	Clodagh Rodgers
(7)	11	Pushbike Song	Mixtures
(12)	12	Power to the People	John Lennon
(18)	13	Everything's Tuesday	Chairman of the Board
(11)	14	Tomorrow Night	Atomic Rooster
(15)	15	Rose Garden	Lynn Anderson
(13)	16	Resurrection Shuffle	Ashton, Gardner and Dyke
(16)	17	Who Put the Lights Out?	Dana
(8)	18	Strange Kind of Woman	Deep Purple
(-)	19	There Goes My Everything	Elvis Presley
(20)	20	Walking	C.C.S.

New to the charts this week there is a fairly predictable record from Clodagh Rodgers, this being the British entry to the Eurovision Song Contest, with a foul effort from grandad of pop, Elvis Presley, singing a recent Englebert Humperdinck release. Apart from these disappointing entries the rest of the chart is very much as it has been for the last few weeks. After dropping several places last week, the Judy Collins hymn takes the upward path again while the Deep Purple single drops out again almost as fast as it entered last week. The John Lennon single, a gospel style chant in a similar vein to 'Give Peace A Chance', stays put at no.12, but the record it was put out to fight, 'Another Day', goes up one place to no.2. With only a few exceptions the other records are not worth the trouble of a mention or a listen for that matter.

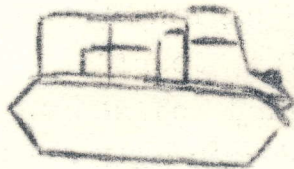
THE BARE BONES

CASE A



7½ tons
apx 10-12 ft long

CASE B



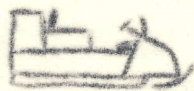
2½ tons
apx 10-12 ft long

CASE C



150 lb per pair
(excludes leader)
pairs 8-10 ft
apart

CASE D




4 cut without driver
apx 8 ft long


PROBLEM

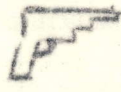




READ ON

CHEERS MATE - I HATE WEDDINGS.

CASES A AND B =  (MINIMUM)
p'haps 2

CASE C =  

CASE D =   

Now if the obstacle were increased to say 15 ft there would still only be a maximum of 4 dogs on the bridge (and these only at the sides of the bridge) but it's lurking dangerously near double skidoo length. Ha Ha Ha.

I dont know about stress and strain on the bridge but think of it on the driver. Anyway no coffins this year, we're too short of ply.

SLI.....

Well Dillon and BooBee we (the Eds.) sympathise with you.
Take the nerve centre away from Base for a few days and
what happens.....

Some cowboy tries to re-align the armco with a sledge - failure
A sheperd tries it forwards...YOU did need some welding practise.
We get given sludge instead of fruitjuice.
A met man (it's incredible) showed a Mechanic how a fart ticks.....
or rather how to clear its bowels.

The Bondu Bar got into a shocking state.

The raising of the Beastie ariels was deffered.

Balloons were launched at odd moments, unannounced of course.

Someone pissed in the gennie sump.

They had a pyjama party fire practice.

Sli was censored - it was written last week.

Still you did take Hoof and Jay for a walk. They needed the
exercise.

M Smet needed a rest. He must be shit hot at forecasting.

Toby's turned to politics. VOTE TOBY. VOTE CONTRACEPTIVE.

Have you McDug your kennel today. Then stay in it.

Where was Andy during the fuel run today?

ONLY FILL THE TANKS ONCE A DAY..... to the brim.

Mark has a very cintagus disseez.

Take a tip and transfer as soon as possible.....home.

(with nuts).

In 9 days our little party managed to doggy through the hinge zone onto the inland ice and back through by a different route. What we found on the trip was very interesting but not necessarily good news. In one season the condition of the Bob-Pi crossing has changed dramatically. The Big danger zone and tractor stopper is the bridge at Rosette, Drum Valley. This has now become most critical, and in my opinion a Keg couldn't cross this. So if a tractor route is to be kept through the hinge zone BIG thinks are needed.

a possibility for anew tractor route is the WRIGHT LINE. A most promising area, with what looks like a nice sound approach route. The crunch of the route is further in the hinge zone than the crunch of the Bob-Pi. In fact it is only 4 to 5 miles away from the safety of the plateau. The exit slope itself is abit tricky with plenty of obvious crevasses running across the route. If these crevasses necessitate the use of crevasse bridges it would take near on a week to climb the slope. With the problem of this slope and a few lurking holes alittle earlier on, it appears more work is needed to be done in this region before tractors venture to far. Another factor to be taken into consideration is that this region is by far more faster moving than the Bob+Pi. This could mean that the route is more liable to sudden changes but thats a mayter for debate.

All in all the trip has proven a great success, in giving one Tractor Mech a different although colder look at the Hinge Zone.

just a tip, a good crevasse probe is a man without ski,

an even better one is a man without ski pulling dogs

ask muff.

and the best is a man without ski and a 2½ ton weight tied

around his neck.

STEVE.

The report writing season may be some way off yet but here are some useful little phrases which may come in handy.

Phrase	Meaning
It can be proved that...	I hope it can be proved that...
It is generally acknowledged that...	I heard someone say that...
It can be shown that...	You figure it out; I can't be bothered.
It is clear that...	It is not clear, xxxx but I'm shaming you into taking it for granted.
Did not operate as well as had been predicted...	The equipment burst into flames.
After considerable experimentation a solution was found...	We fiddled about until it came right
A typical sample...	The only sample which did what we wanted.
If instability results, appropriate remedial action will suggest itself...	If instability results, you will have to think of something Jack.
It is technically feasible but there are practical problems...	It cost ten times as much as we estimated.
Transient tests were carried out	The fuses blew every time we switched on.
The equation was solved numerically...	We averaged eight different answers.
This value is a first approximation...	This value is flagrant guesswork.
It should be possible to improve the method...	Nothing worked.
Various methods have been used to palliate these deleterious factors...	We cooked the figures wholesale.
The fundamental principles will now be described in detail...	We mugged the following from a textbook.
It is of interest to compare...	It isn't, but I'm going to all the same.
There are certain practical difficulties in realising the gain figure...	All the transistors burn out simultaneously.
Some reservations must be placed on these figures...	These figures are quite useless.
The most promising approach is...	We couldn't think of another way to do it.

("lifted" out of Wireless World)