



17 April 71

PROPER...yet again.

You Back in print again after another weeks layoff. Disgusting.
reference was made to our noble and helpless feline comrade was
Slush is going great at the moment and must beat all records
from previous years, especially Tcadstool or whatever it was
based on that same unrefined fluid;urine.Or in the vernacular
called. Glad to see the Flying Docter back on his feet again.

The film will be starting in a few minutes which, we hope,
will have the usual supply of birds accompanied by the more
aged fids moaning and groaning trying to remember how to get
a hard on.

To all those who dont contribute. Cut out those negative waves
man, get those positive thoughts going.
To all who continue to contribute. Just keep on being, you
groovy old hookers you.

The truth of the matter is something like this.....

Piece of p*** ;one day long ago a M.B.fid (a first year) was
excavating an enormous pit(for a bog)through solid ice with a
small spade or chisel.He was progressing at the unprecedented rate
of an inch a day and the M. was not pleased.One evening the fid
in desperation emptied his bladder into the hole thus melting
away an orifice of considerable depth and finishing the job in
one. When the M. saw the yawning chasm he cried in amazement;
"Its quite easy",said the fid,"I used steaming hot p***a it just
parted before me"and whenever an impossible task is done with
consummate ease it is quite natural to suppose that the miracle
was wrought b' use of that hot fluid.

P*** up; Have you seen the little boy in Brussels who, though
hardly an advert. for priapism,maintains an enormous stream of p.
Well that's a p*** out or a p***on.A p***up is a wetting after the
alcoholic fashion' than its origins in a curious rite of Andorran
sheperds who,after steeping themselves and their sheeps in pure
claret, go to the top of the highest hill, erect(a pile of wood)
don the scial or(a solid rod of silver', place a ram on the wood
and evacuate their several bladders on the unfortunate beast, thus

PROPER...yet again.

You may remember that last week an infamous and libellous reference was made to our noble and helpless feline comrade was made, waa made; I speak of course of Dillon. Recent researches reveal a veritable gold mine of data on themysterious word forms based on that pure undefiled fluid; urine. Or in the vernacular

PISS

which, according to the greatest authorities in linguistics is synonymous with

PEE PEA

This word is never used on its own; clearly it lacks sufficient substance or guts which is a strange matter. All the other words the explorer uses are exact and succinct e.g. splode, dhooory. Not so this little piss. It lurks (sorry) is found in such phrases as:piece of p***, P*** off, p*** up, p*** in, must have a p***. Now, a certain reliable source defines it this way..... piss; (not decent) Make water; discharge with the urine; wet with one's urine, urine, which makes a statement like: "Its a piece of p***" seem rather odd when a literal translation reads

The truth of the matter is something like this.....

Piece of p***; one day long ago a H.B. Fid (a first year) was excavating an enormous pit (for a bog) through solid ice with a small spade or chisel. He was progressing at the unprecedented rate of an inch a day and the BL was not pleased. One evening the fid in desperation emptied his bladder into the hole thus melting away an orifice of considerable depth and finishing the job in one. When the BL saw the yawning chasm he cried in amazement; "Its quite easy", said the fid, "I used steaming hot p*** & it just parted before me" So whenever an impossible task is done with consummate ease it is quite natural to suppose that the miracle was wrought by use of that hot fluid.

P*** up; Have you seen the little boy in Brussels who, though hardly an advert. for priapism, maintains an enormous stream of p. Well that's a p*** out or a p*** on. A p*** up is a wetting after the alcoholic fashion & has its origins in a curious rite of Andorran sheperds who, after steeping themselves and their sheexp in pure claret, go to the top of the highest hill, erect (a pile of wood) don the scial or (a solid rod of silver), place a ram on the wood and evacuate their several bladders on the unfortunate beast, thus bleeding themselves (but using p***). Strange. It was not until a passing English traveller suggested that they drink the wine that true p*** up was born...and in no time at all fids found out.

Spide to a pee.

I must go down for a pee again,
In the doctor's surgery,
And running down the corridors,
My bladder's killing me.
I reach the entrance to dorm two,
And one thing, Christ, I beg,
Let me reach the surgery,
Before it runs down my leg.
But there's still one thing Bob hasn't done,
And I thank the Lord for it,
He hasn't yet got round to the point,
Of collecting up our

Gordon Bennett.

It has been rumoured that Mark has on record a photograph of the world's largest halo (atleast as he informed the net office). Perhaps our own little angel was deceived by the close proximity of the halo.

Rastus, Knocking on the bog door :
"Are you shitting, honey ?"

Lisa, from inside ;

"No I'se shittin' shit, what do you think I is,
a fuckin' bumblebee ?"

IT HAS GIVEN ME GREAT PLEASURE TO RUIN SEVERAL ARTICLES THIS WEEK
BUT IT WORKS SO UP YER NOSE .

H.

SLI.....

It seems that Toby-knocking-time is here again. His each and every utterance adds more fuel to the fire. We don't know what his present answer is but under the affluence last night within less than 5 minutes he had argued that a current flowing down a wire was a chemical function and a physical one hotly ~~xxxxxx~~ pcc-peeing whichever didn't suit his standpoint. Perhaps he'd forgotten we were actually discussing the properties of carrots.

"Full emergency procedure was carried out with adequate response" (a quote from the fortport) but "various changes have been made" Shocking. Why?

Also in section D max temp -33.8 C min temp -3.1 C - oops.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Well done Rick. He out 999 doggy dinners unobserved. They're all yours chum.

Will everybody tick their name off when they've finished playing wig-wags in the diningroom.

The answer to Bruce's dilemma is surely X a 96kW battery with one years life.

Mr K. Stewardson was admitted to King Edward VII hospital with an acutely swollen forearm - called in the trade tin-openers arm.

Did you hear the fire-alarm the other day? If you had been very quiet you would have heard a grating noise as the alan-key was turned to open the the glass cover. However this was only an experiment. If it was the real thing we ~~a~~ are asured that the breaking of the glass would reverbarate round the base.

SNOWBRIDGE HITS BACK

Beware the ancient doggie man
His splodes all soaked in shit.
He conjured up a sland'rous tale
And stooped to publi shit.

There are few depths, let it be said,
To which he will not sink.
He farteth here, he farteth there
And awful is the stink.

Out in the field, as all do know
(I'll hammer home the wedge)
He shagged the cat - the dirty rat -
That pissed upon the sledge.

He hath a lean and hungry look.
And rubs his hands with glee.
He finds it bliss to take the piss
From folks like you and me.

That doggie man has scant regard
For scientific learning.
'Tis all because he cannot grasp
The matters it's concerning.

He took offence at what was writ
But not by me 'twas penned.
Another poet signed me name -
Now let this nonsense end.

TOP TWENTY

- | | | |
|------|--|----------------------------|
| (1) | 1 Hot Love | T. Rex |
| (2) | 2 Bridget the Midget | Ray Stevens |
| (3) | 3 Rose Garden | Lynn Anderson |
| (17) | 4 Double Barrelled | Dave and Atholl Collins |
| (4) | 5 Jack in the Box | Clodagh Rogers |
| (13) | 6 Love Story (Where do I Begin) | Andy Williams |
| (6) | 7 There Goes My Everything | Elvis Presley |
| (12) | 8 If Not For You | Olivia Newton-John |
| (7) | 9 Walkin' | C.C.S. |
| (8) | 10 Power to the People | John Lennon and the P.O.B. |
| (5) | 11 Another Day | Paul McCartney |
| (9) | 12 It's Impossible | Perry Como |
| (10) | 13 Baby Jump | Mungo Jerry |
| (*) | 14 Excerpt from Mozart--Symphony
no.40 in D Minor | Waldos Deos Reos |
| (20) | 15 Funny Funny | The Sweet |
| (*) | 16 I Will Drink the Wine | Frank Sinatra |
| (11) | 17 Strange Kind of Woman | Deep Purple |
| (*) | 18 Remember Me | Diana Ross |
| (16) | 19 Pushbike Song | The Mixtures |
| (*) | 20 Knock Three Times | Dawn |

The new no.14 this week is exactly what it says-- a cover version of the original by the original rocker himself, Wolfgang Amadeos Mozart. It is in fact slightly embellished by the addition of acoustic guitars but otherwise remains as written.

Other news from the outside is that The Rolling Stones have a new record out next week which will undoubtedly feature in the charts in future weeks. It is typical up-tempo Stones, with slurred blurred Jagger lyrics.

DOGGYFRONT

I made a very stupid mistake over Jock. By and large when a dog's duffed up there's plenty of blood but on closer examination you only find small puncture holes. That's what I thought I'd found with Jock but it transpired that his blood-matted coat was hiding a much bigger wound. I've learnt my lesson. If in doubt get a bowl of water and clean up the whole area. Very sorry Jock.

Fin managed to anticipate Lassie's heat before me and did the dirty last Sunday, that's why she was having a shot of abort drug. Now we wait and see if it was successful.

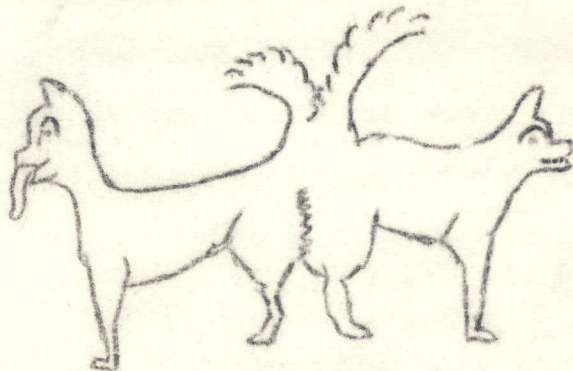
I have my doubts about the effectiveness of wiping ~~ixgg~~ different gunges into Arkid's eye. To coin a phrase, it's all been done before. ~~It~~ It'll probable mean sharp needles and a steady hand.

Otherwise it's been peaceful on the doggyfront. Inga's proudly holding court behind the met office, April's still keeping BooBoo et al well exercised, Jock prefers Michelle's ~~xxxx~~ nursing, and Pippin has appointed himself the vigilante spotting lur'ers in the wafts and singing for the hell of it.

2 days with the saw should see us through for the winter. The dog-tunnel shafts require a bit of attention, the subsidiary ones nearly full, the main one was cleared on Thursday and is ammassing fast. A little bit more graft and the tunnel should be in good nick. Any volunteers?

We've no idea ^{what} ~~was~~ Stonington's feet problem is but they ~~sound~~ sound worried.

X I'm glad to see the "pack" have succeeded in keeping an emergency exit open at the top of the Armco where (to quote last year's Dog report) so many "mechanical white elephants" have failed.



They must have a lot of fun inside if it's all a pain in the ass.

ENGAGEMENTS.

NORMAN _ DOOR

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED BETWEEN NORMAN THE ONLY WORKER
IN GEOPHYSICS AND A NEW BOG DOORM MANUFACTURED FROM EX 6"x 1"
TONGUED AND GROOVED REDWOOD.

WHEN INTERVIEWED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDANT, NORMAN,
WITH A YOUNG LOVERS GLINT IN HIS EYE SAID, "SHE MAY BE UGLY
BUT SHE'S MINE ALL MINE".

There are many ills
That are cured by pills
Made of vitamins A, B and C
The best way to take em
Is not stirred nor shaken
But mixed in a cup of tea.

There once was a case
Of a man with a face
What a terrible ghastly disease,
On top of his neck
Was this huge ghastly wreck
That dangled down to his knees.

Its sad to relate
That this horrible fate
Occured whilst asleep in some place,
Out of his neck
Grew this Anthropodeck
Which is commenly known as a face.

Said the Doc.
Take your vitamin pills
That cures all ills
They're made of vitamins A, B and C,
It cured this case
But instead of a face
He's now got a cup of tea,
And a saucer,

M r s. Beans Diary.

What is this romour about Toby Inventing a new
revoutionally type tracked machine resembling nothing
seen here ever before,

But he'd better watch his equipment carefully the
Sno - cat tires just happen to be 5 20 by 13 s which
just happens to be the same size that Ian's car takes?

6

What a hive of activity the dark room is
this week what with doggyan and garageman trying there
utmost to outdo one another with base type lurk a photies
and producing the most wierd sets of er hum photograp
hs

seen in a long time .

What is all this critisism about Ian's still
building caperbilities . I beleave all the latest precisio
n
equipment was on base last year and no one even
thort about building one.

Declaration

Any complaints about the food this week are
referable to the radio department who insisted on
trying ttheir hands at the never ending uncomplimentary
most unconsiderationably job of seradge makeing.

Advertisement.

Do you want to be a Gay Handsome Debonsire
Seradge mechanic for a day , Apply in persone to -----
SCRADGEMACKS Ltd , GRILLAGE VILLAGE , BONDO LAND

No previous experiance required.

The call to go to no. 10 had come out of the blue and Trudy was as surprised as anyone. Now she sat outside the private room, in complete control as usual but wondering what was in store for her this time.

The weedy little man who was eyeing her up and down jumped at the sound of the buzzer. "You can go in now," he said.

Trudy opened the door and went in. She had been expecting somebody important but what she saw before her made her draw in her breath. The leaders of the four main parties all round one table. Wow. This had to be a big one. Teddy Teeth, Harry Wislon and Jeremiah Slurp looked at her with hope in their eyes.

"Ah. Come in my girl," beamed Teddy looking her straight in the knees.

"Yes, make yourself at home," puffed Harry from behind a pall of smoke.

Jeremiah said nothing.

Trudy flashed her eyes at each in turn. Right, now she had them.

"What's up," she asked.

"It is amatter of some delicacy," said Teddy. "I do not know quite how to ask you."

"Yes, Yes, never mind all that crap," said Harry. Jeremiah winced.

"Tell the lass what's trouble," came from somewhere in the smoke cloud.

"It is Eunoch," Teddy said resignedly. "He has locked himself in the toilet and he threatens he will not come out till we promise to look into the immigrant problem."

"Doesn't effect my lot," cut in Harry. "You're in power." Trudy could have sworn he added "damn you" under his breath.

"He's been on about this before."

"The Scots Irish and Welsh?"

"Oh, I see."

"You want to have him put down," Harry growled. "Couldn't handle this one yourself, so you called us in. You're right up to your knackers in it this time." Jeremiah nodded in agreement.

"Well then," Teddy went on sulkily, "can you do something about it?" He looked serious. "If it reaches the papers we have had it."

"You've had it mate. You're lot not mine," Teddy smirked.

"And besides," Teddy continued, "I am wanting to use the toilet."

"Gawd help us. I thought your piles were playing you up again.

Jumping about there like you wet your trousers. You haven't, have you?" Harry asked in sudden suspicion.

"Yes gentlemen," Trudy cut in. "I know how to get him out."

Jeremiah raised an eyelid.

"Follow me," she said, then as an afterthought asked, "where is the bog."

"I'll show you love," Harry said springing to his feet

"He is in there," Teddy whispered, as they stood before a large plain door. "Are you there Eunoch," he shouted, "we have a visitor for you."

His only answer was an obscene sounding latin phrase.

"Off you all go," Trudy said. "I'll deal with this."

Somebody pinched her as she turned round. She had a good idea who it was.

The three great leaders returned to the room and sat in silence.

Several minutes elapsed and then the door opened to admit a very sheepish looking Eunoch Bowel followed by Trudy.

"Off you go Eunoch," she said. To their surprise he left without a word.

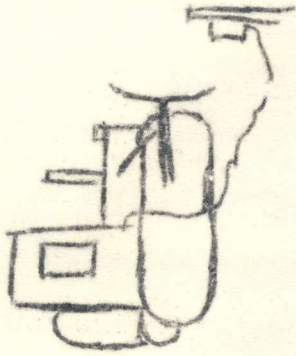
"Well thank you for inviting me," said Trudy. "I'd like to come again some time. Nice pad you have here."

"Well I'll be," gasped Teddy, for once lost of his control of good English. How did you do it?"

"Easy," said Trudy starting to leave. "I told him if he didn't stop his nonsense I'd break his bloody neck."

Jeremiah stared after her in silent admiration.

Too flimsy for a picket Old Boy
Probably a flow of electrons



Strange that they need feeding
all the time, when we're
only fed 6i-daily

BooBoo.

Certain aspects of the Halley Bay language require clarification.

Let us take a number of situations and examine each in detail :

Take dinner time for instance: all seated round the table

A voice says: "Could you pass the sugar bowl please?"

Besides the obvious 'could you', 'may I have' distinction there is another far more serious mistake. Since all sugar bowls are in fact generalised spodes then this is the correct word to use in these circumstances i.e.

"May I have the splode please?"

This is perfectly clear and should lead to no confusion. It should not of course be mixed up with: "May I have the dhobry, please?" which refers to the milk jug, condensed milk or butter, the exact meaning being dependent on the different shades of pronunciation. This is a rather subtle point and needs further analysis. So

dhobry	(oo as in good)	- milk
dhobry	(oo as in mow)	- condensed milk (Sometimes tinned milk in general)

Lastly dhobry (long ry as in today) which we all know is synonymous with butter.

'Splode', being rather less pliable, is not open to the same degree of interpretation but it is generally accepted in most quarters as meaning teapot, tea, perhaps coffee and sometimes other beverages. Notice the interesting metonymy situation in the phrase

" Boiling the dhobry/splode "

where the reference is to the contents of the dhobry/splode rather than the dhobry/splode itself and the word here is used in its general sense when memory failure has occurred.

Other words to look out for are -

drudge	;	what a -----	;	I'm -----ed
yag (pl. yages)	;	Any unpleasant noise e.g. Mark at 9a.m.		
blob	;	He's a ----	;	---- a few shovelfulls into the tank
nox	;	not nice	e.g. ---y scradge.	

Gin Bottle Caboose.

Last week, as most people know, 'Burton's Palace' was set up near the Gin Bottle. You may not know, however, the reason for this. Read on.

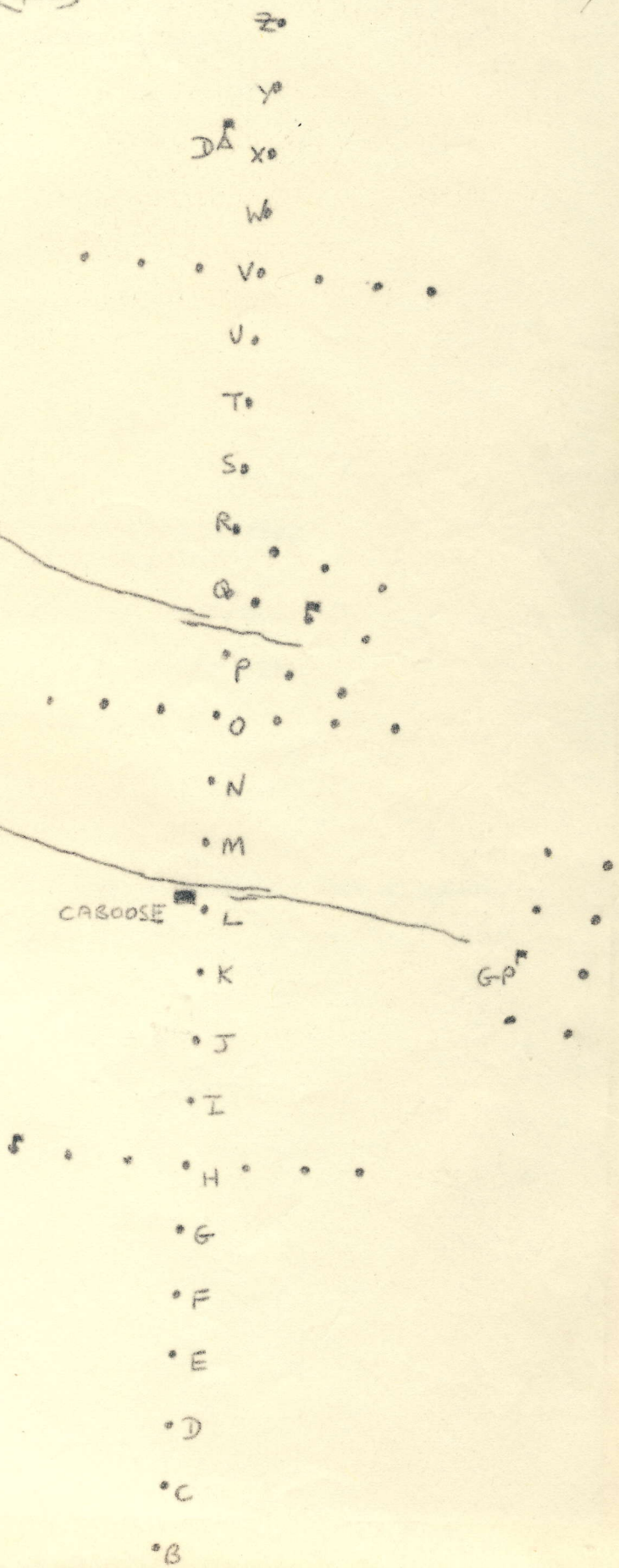
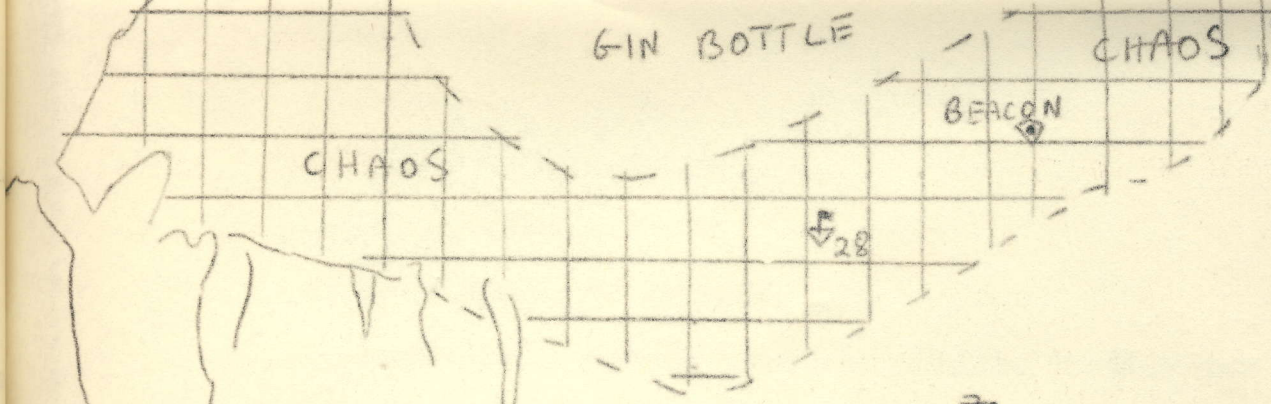
Bob Thomas, a past Halley Glaciologist who now works at S.P.R.I., is still extremely interested in any glacio. information that can be obtained by us. Last year he suggested that a line of stakes be set up from Flag 57 (6 miles from base) into yhe Gin Bottle to measure the rate of shear of the ice flowing past it. This was done and has now become the alphabet line (see diag).

The effects of shear along the line are already quite marked. It's no longer straight but has two 'bends' in it, one between L and M and one around U. Between L and M there is an active crack about 4 ft. wide where it crosses the line. The caboose has been sited on the base side of this crack. There seemed to be no surface evidence of a crack around U.

Bob Thomas then sent a letter down suggesting more work that could be done. Firstly, to set up lines of stakes across the alphabet line to measure the strain rate across it. This was done last week at four different stakes, A, H, O and V. Secondly, to find the most recently forming rift near the Gin Bottle and set up an array of stakes at its head so that the rift will grow into it. The purpose again is to measure strain rate across a crevasse as it forms. The crack at L was an obvious choice and a 2 by 4 array has been set up at its head. This array was then to be extended along to where the 'next rift is expected to come in'. By chance another crack showed ~~it~~ itself near P whilst we were there. This is smaller and seems to be the 'next expected one' ,a ~~2~~ 3 by 3 array was placed at its head.

Azimuths along the alpha. line and distances between the stakes across it will be taken when the light returns. Measurements of the arrays will be done, we hope, through the winter and the progress of the cracks plotted. Any takers ?

Both cracks showed a definite pattern. A wider rift which petered out quickly with a shear crack, closed at both ends, extending much further. Whether the shear crack has taken the strain off the main crack and 'killed' it or whether this is normal progress remains to be seen. A file has been started with all the relevant measurements, letter from Bob Thomas etc. This lives in Andy's pad along with past survey, glacio reports etc. Trev.



YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL THEM.....

BEING LESS THAN ONE YEAR AT HALLEY BAY IS-

- 1 Loathing Salad Days.
- 2 Feeling awful the following morning.
- 3 Still having a girl-friend.
- 4 Thinking you have no chance of being B.L.
- 5 Still getting looks of surprise when you produce that groovy shirt you've been keeping hidden for party night.
- 6 Hating cats.
- 7 Loving cats.
- 8 Photographing sunsets.
- 9 Showing slides of Britain.
- 10 Looking forward to the new bog.
- 11 Farting privately.

BEING MORE THAN ONE YEAR AT HALLEY BAY IS}-

- 1 Liking Salad Days.
- 2 Not having a hangover the following morning.
- 3 Believing Harold Wilson is still Prime Minister.
- 4 Thinking you would'nt mind being B.L. after all.
- 5 Not having one decent bit of clothing left.
- 6 Loving cats.
- 7 Hating cats.
- 8 Photographing dogs, tractors, sledges - anything but sunsets.
- 9 Showing slides of Halley Bay.
- 10 Looking forward to going home.
- 11 Farting publicly.