



EDITORIAL.

There is an old Swahili proverb, not, incidentally, invented for the occasion by old Swahili Jack, to the effect that if you have in mind to abuse the crocodile's mother, you should be sure to cross the river first. With this in mind, I am not in the least tempted to make any wild promises as to the quality of the material in this or any other issue of this here periodical, because (plug) this doesn't depend on me, Thank God. It depends on you, the contributors, and also to a large extent, on one Trev T., on whom be blessings, may his shadow never grow shorter, may Allah bless his wife with many sons etc. His is the guiding hand behind this issue, as the real editor has seen fit to leave the country before it can fall into the hands of the Great Antarctic Public.

One of the burning issues of our time, the problem that is rocking the Chancelleries of Europe, the White House, Mao Tse Tung, and Egbert Sylied, Dock Street, British West Hartlepool, is that of what this year's Halley Bay Magazine is going to be called. Suggestions are invited, and should be left, with a case of ale, in the Bondu Box. The best effort will be rewarded by a week in the dog tunnel alone with Michaline. It's a man's life I tell 'em!

Are you ready, Magazine? Up Magazine! Haul away, and I hope you enjoy it.

## STATISTICAL ALCOHOL ANALYSIS

### BEER

Total beer held on base just after relief = 750 cases.

Breakdown:-

Private stocks = 628 cases

Base Issue = 122 cases.

Average cases per person = 34 cases.

Allowing 24 cans to the case; pint bottles usually  
12/case = 24 cans.

Number of cans = 18,000 cans

Average per person = 816 cans.

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### BASE WINE

BASE STOCK started at 78, 10 litre bottles which is equivalent  
to 858 bottles (40 fl.oz.)

Daily average = 2½ botts.

\* \* \* \* \*

### BASE SPIRITS

Total bottles (Gin, Whisky etc.) = 252 botts.

Allowing 22 tots (gentle fid size) per bottle = 5544 tots.

Which is 15 tots per day for all base.

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### PRIVATE WINES AND SPIRITS

Total stock all kinds == 637 bottles.

Same again 22 tots per bottle == 14,014 tots.

Which is 38½ tots per day for all base.

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### TOTAL WINES AND SPIRITS ON BASE

Total on base wines and spirits == 1,747 bottles.

or == 38,434 tots.

or == 105 tots/day.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Average per person

Average per person per day == 2½ cans of beer

plus == 4½ tots of wine or  
spirits.

\* \* \* \* \*

The above figs are slightly inaccurate as some peoples stocks  
had to be estimated and base sherry and and liquers have not  
been taken in to account, the total is only three cases

or == 36 bottles

or == etc etc etc etc etc

From the boss

As this is the first edition of this years magazine it seems an appropriate to put pen to paper. Now that the turmoil of relief has passed the base seems to be settling down to its normal routine and it is amazing how things have changed and yet remained so much the same. The weeks seem to flying past and I suppose Midwinter will soon be upon us once again. Anyway before that let me take this opportunity to say that this year seems to have got off to a pretty good start thanks to all those people too numerous to mention who have extracted their digits - as the saying goes. Remember that <sup>that</sup>will most likely be the last year of the old style Halley Bay; shall we try to make it the best? Thanks to everybody who has taken on various jobs for the year thereby helping the base to run more efficiently, safely and enjoyably we hope. If anyone has any good ideas for improving the system or if you have any lurking problems or worries about anything please don't hesitate to come and have a word with me about it if you think I might be able to do anything about it. As long as I am reasonably sober of course. May I wish you all a successful and enjoyable year and just remember the old Halley Bay saying:

"Keep gobbing it in and you've cracked it!"

TO : The Editor

Dear Sir,

May I take this opportunity to put forward a plea to all your readers. Around us, everywhere we look, we find ourselves assailed by sex and what is worse, sexual symbolism. No matter where we turn we have it poked up our noses, crammed down our throats and stuffed in our ears. There's far too much of it, I say, and I am certain that you all agree with me. Now last year we had the ultimate in degredation in this very magazine when four letter words were actually printed in full, not just alluded to, but PRINTED in all their filthy forms. It's just not fucking good enough. Let us all unite to wipe out this vileness from the pages of our lives. Let us turn our heads the other way as we walk quickly past the Bondi Bar; let us close our ears to the oaths and obscenities that fill the very air around us; let us remove the blatant phallicism we meet about us. The Met. tower must be destroyed, the flag pole burned to the ground. Cover all sauce bottles, smite all those over six feet tall, for the Lord said 'Thou shalt not' and by God I wont. Do you all understand? I wont. It is up to us to find our real strength and drive out the demons leading us on to fresh filth. We must march to the B.L.'S office and ask, nay demand, that all 'Playboys' be burned, yes including his own the dirty sod; that all dirty photographs be utterly destroyed, removed from existence or better still given to me so that I may treat them as they deserve to be treated. Please place them in a box clearly labelled

Disgusted

Halley Bay

Thank you.

3 - 1	Telegram Sam	T. Rex
1 - 2	I'D Like to Teach the World to Sing	New Seekers
2 - 3	Mother of Mine	Neil Reid
4 - 4	Horse with no Name	America
5 - 5	Brand new Key	Melanie
7 - 6	Stay with me	The Faces
17 - 7	Have you Seen Her?	The Shy Lites
8 - 8	Where did our Love go	Donny Elbert
10 - 9	Let's you and I Stay Together	Al Green
6 -10	I Just Can't Help Believing	Elvis Presley
30 -11	Son of my Father	Chickory Tip
15 -12	Moon River	Greyhound
9 -13	Morning has Broken	Cat Stevens
20 -14	Baby and I Want You	Bread
* -15	Family Affair	Sly and the Family Stone
* -16	All I ever Need is You	Sandy Shaw
22 -17	American Pie	Don Warner
11 -18	Soleil Soleil	Middle of the Road
12 -19	Sleepy Shores	Johnny Pearson Orc.
17 -20	'Persuaders' Theme	John Barry

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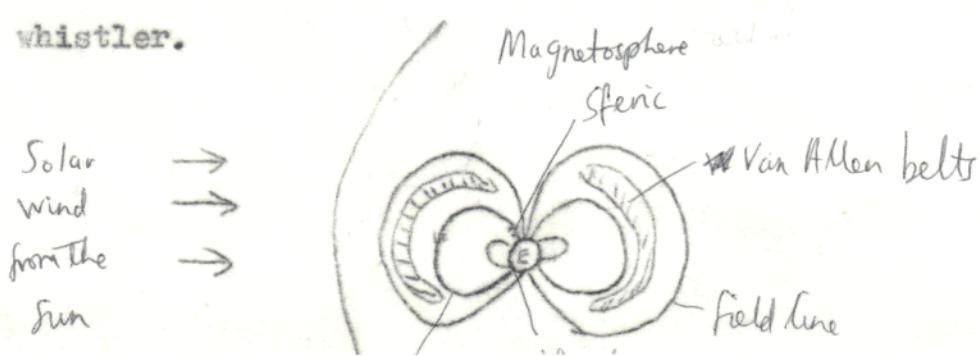
He's done it again. Who has? Old pixie faced Marc Bolan, leader of T. Rex, principal fairy of the Underground, once again takes over no.1, while the New Seekers, who are trying to teach the world how to sin, sorry sing, drop from top. At no.3 , the first big boke of 1972, 12 year old Neil Reid squeaks triumphantly on. Three Americans, called surprisingly enough 'America', but resident in Britain hold 4. The Faeces growl at 6, their first big hit for a while, and the half spoken 'Have you seen Her' moves up fast to 7. It's exciting stuff this week. Best of the rest- Cat Stevens rearranges an old hymn but falls to 13, Sly and the Family Stone follow a huge hit in America with what could be a big one in Britain.

Now after that light interlude let us get on with the real issue, The war in Vietnam. Last week in the White House the President of

This brief article is dedicated to those who are baffled by or perhaps have not yet even begun to suspect the existence of the VLF (very low frequencies) programme here. In a nutshell we monitor and record radio noise and transmissions in the VLF band - strictly speaking this is between 3000 and 30000 Hertz (this is this newfangled word for cycle per second and has got nothing to do with car hire) but in practice our activities overlap into the LF band above and the ELF band below.

Halley Bay is the main ground station for Sheffield University's VLF work and data obtained here is very important for interpreting the results obtained from the receivers on board the Ariel 4 satellite which was launched on 12 Dec last year. This is the fourth all British scientific satellite - launched by the US. VLF studies are a very interesting branch of space physics as they provide information about the magnetosphere; this is the space around the earth which is occupied by the earth's magnetic field and it extends out to many times the radius of the earth and it contains the Van Allen radiation belts which were first discovered by Explorer I satellite back in 1958.

VLF waves tend to follow round the lines of force of the earth's magnetic field which is the reason we can hear whistlers here which originate in the northern hemisphere. The actual source of a whistler is a pulse of radio energy called a sferic which is produced by a lightning flash; the higher frequencies travel faster along the whistler path so we hear a signal of descending pitch which is the whistler.



Apart from whistlers another sort of VLF activity is known as chorus; this is generated in the magnetosphere itself and does in fact sound rather like a dawn chorus of birdsong. There are all sorts of other VLF emissions e.g. tweeks, hiss, hooks, risers etc. I should have said that to listen to these you do not need a radio receiver of the normal type; since most of the VLF waves have frequencies within the audio range and all that is required is an aerial, audio amplifier and earphone or ~~Speaker~~<sup>Speaker</sup> In fact it is interesting to remember that whistlers were first discovered accidentally because they were being picked up on field telephone lines during the first world war.

We also monitor VLF transmissions from GBR Rugby and NAA (Maine USA) on 16.0 and 17.8kHz respectively. These are navy transmitters used mainly for communications with submarines which cannot be contacted by radio in the normal frequency bands. Bruce's mains frequency controller uses the received signals as a standard for keeping the average mains frequency at exactly 50Hz.

Well if you have managed to get this far I have probably bored you enough on the subject of VLF especially for a Saturday night but in case you think I am hogging the show I might add that the beastie department is also in on the whistler scene with their xx rival programme resplendent with flashing digital counters. Well so long for now folks, this is your friendly VLF man signing off for this week.

S L I.....

Well folks, new management for the base, and new editors for  
Sh you know what.

The dynamic duo, fatman and Dobbin, have assumed the mantle of responsibility, it seems to fit as well. No cock-ups as yet. Two remarkable incidents at relief, but they are old hat now. A beastie man who leaves gear on the ship, and a tractor mech who tries to send gear back.

The year's gash was started off brilliantly, didn't anyone remind chippy that his presence was required at breakfast. The dorms have quietened down quite a bit, just the odd opera singer, and a phantom whistler or two.

Some people still seem to be having difficulty in closing doors, perhaps it's the cold.

A certain gin-sodden geophysicist seems to have prepared himself too well for the winter, but at least there'll be no need to hide your booze while the "nose" from the kitchen is sniffing around, not for a couple of weeks anyway.

There's a rumour going round that Bruce tried to fish out the yellow peril from the eg. Good on you Bruce, but did you have to use the Maudheim ?

No disasters on Saturday gash, Damage must be settling in, or maybe he's just lurking.

Well we seem to be very short of news, so just for continuity, "Anybody seen a "Little Shit" about the base?"

## THE ADVENTURES OF SHOVELMAN.

The met office door swung open, broke off its hinges and crashed to the floor. An ape-like figure, with ginger hair, beard and face, wearing the tattered remnants of a sweater, rushed in.

"For Christ's sake go to the gubbins and gob on some goo, the doobrie's sploded," he yelled, contorting his face hideously in his attempts to articulate.

"I dinna ken wha' ye's sploding aboot, speak English mon," came back the answer in a Glaswegian lilt.

The ginger face contorted further, the arms, sticking out from almost non-existent sleeves, flailed wildly in the air. Kicking over the wind-plot table he advanced menacingly on the big Jock.

"No time, the splode's doobried," he screamed wildly. A big grey cat, who had been quietly pissing on the met records, fled for shelter.

"Dinna fess yerself mon, gi' it ta me agin," came back the reply, in perfect Oxford accents.

The arms rotated faster and faster around the ginger mop, bits of wool flying off in all directions.

"For fuck's sake, the splode, you heathen Scottish git," he wailed in desperation.

Through the wreckage of the door strode a masterful figure, smartly dressed in army trousers, unwashed vest and bushman's hat. From his mouth dangled a piece of brown bog paper, which dribbled a trail of tobacco wherever he went. His belt was festooned with knives, a shotgun slung over his shoulder and a Smith and Weston 45 magnum bulged imperceptibly in the specially tailored pocket in his vest. An ex-boy scout, "be prepared" was his motto. It was rumoured that he slept with a loaded 25 pounder under his pillow, which accounted for the bags under his eyes.

"Hey Gord, did you know that the gubbins is sploding and there's no-one about to gob on any goo," the gaunt figure annunciated, spitting tobacco around the room.

"That's what I've been trying to tell this Scottish git, you stupid bastard," came back the civil reply.

"Fine, fine," Guns Bury replied coolly, but his eyes had taken on a steely glint, as he weighed up Shovelman's insulting words. "AH don't rightly cotton to them thar insults, where I come from a man's not a man unless he puts his fists where his mouth is," came from his tightly clenched lips.

"No wonder none of you stupid bastards can understand each other, if you talk with your fists in your mouths," came back the sneering reply.

Guns stepped back a few paces, putting a foot in Dillon's shit box. His arms dangled loosely at his sides, the finger tips quivering slightly. "Guns or knives," he drawled.

"Shovels," replied the ape-like figure.....

Don't miss next weeks exciting instalment folks.

ON THE ROAD TO HALLEY BAY.

There's a little Yellow Peril, to the North of Halley Bay,  
But there's one point that we'd all like bringing forth.  
That due to certain damage,  
Arising from young Ramage,  
It's a little fucking too far to the North.

On the road to Halley Bay,  
Where the flying skidoos play,  
And the Bransfield's hull they hit,  
Just as proverbial shit,  
From the shovel of another Gord at Halley Bay.

Her outer coat was yeller, and her little seat was black,  
Fast and pretty, Yellow Peril was her name.  
But if our new mech should loose,  
Any more of our skidoos,  
He'll never see his darlin' wife again.

Ruddy'ard Kipping  
(with all the fucking noise in the dorms)

THIS IS HALLEY BAY

THERE WAS ABOUT A DOZEN OF THEM ? STRUNG ALONG  
THE BAR MEAN LOOKING HARD BITTEN CHARICTURES  
QUIETLY DOWNING THEIR ROT GUT WHISKY,  
THE WIND WAS HOWLING IT WAS A DARK AND A  
STORMY NIGHT ,  
SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURST OPEN A DOZEN FACES  
SWUNG ROUND AS ONE ALL EYES ON THE EMPTY SPACE  
SOME SHOWING A HINT OF FEAR .

THE ROOM WAS COMPLEATLY SILENT AND A WHIF  
OF NERVEOUSNESS WAS IN THE AIR,  
THEN SLOWLY AND CAUTIOUSLY A WEATHER BEATEN  
FIGURE ENTERED THE ROOM HIS RIGHT HAND  
HOVERING AT WAIST HEIGHT AS THOUGH EXPECTING  
TROUBLE HE KICKED THE DOOR SHUT WITH HIS  
BOOT HEEL NOT TAKEING HIS EYES OFF THE  
GATHERING AT THE BAR, WHOME BY THIS TIME  
HAD RESUMED THEIR SOLOM DRINKING ,  
THE STRANGER AT FINDING NO IMIDIADE  
HOSTILITY RELAXED A LITTLE , SWAGGERED UP  
TO THE BAR .  
YOU COULD TELL HE WAS A PROFESSIONAL AT  
A GLANCE THOSE WELL OILED LOW  
SLUNG TIED DOWN WIND PROOFS SPELT IT  
OUT

WHISKY HE ORDERED THE BAR  
TENDER LEPT TO OBEY, AND POORED HIM FOUR  
FINGERES  
HE DOWND IT IN ONE  
HE THREW A SCORNFUL LOOK OVER THE GATHERING  
A IM DONALDSON HE GRUNTED  
AND SLAMED HIS GLASS DOWN FOR ANOTHER DRINK