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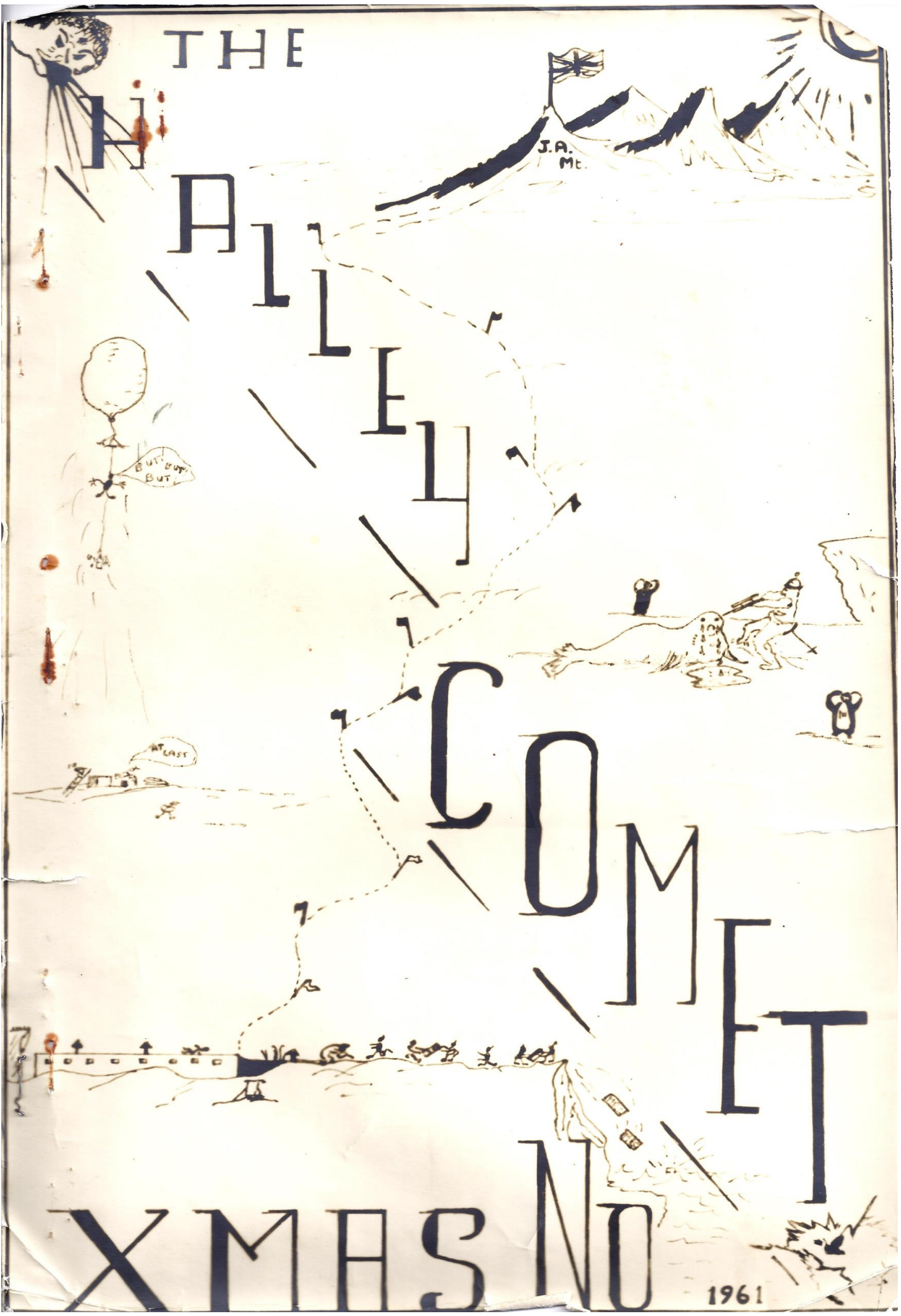
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EDITORIAL

WE WISH OUR READERS THE SEASON'S GREETINGS FOR WHICHEVER SEASON IS IN VOGUE WHEN THEY EVENTUALLY RECEIVE THEIR COPIES OF THIS ISSUE OF THE HALLEY COMET.

THANKS ARE DUE TO TONY MIDDLETON FOR THE COVER DESIGN AND TO COLIN DEAN FOR PRODUCING A LARGE NUMBER OF COPIES OF THAT DESIGN BY A MYSTERIOUS SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

IT SHOULD BE NOTED THAT THE EDITOR DOES NOT NECESSARILY, OR EVEN PROBABLY, AGREE WITH ANY OPINION EXPRESSED HEREIN AND FURTHERMORE HE IS NOT RESPONSIBLE.....

ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ANY PERSON, LIVING, MORIBUND OR FIDLIKE IS HIGHLY PROBABLE.

FINALLY, TO THOSE SAILING HOME THIS YEAR WE RECOMMEND A RE-READING OF SOUTH AND WISH THEM A PLEASANT HOLIDAY BEFORE SIGNING ON AGAIN FOR ANOTHER TOUR, AND TO THOSE STAYING ON WE SAY, "THE BEST OF GOOD HEALTH AND FORTUNE AND TOTT - AN FOR NOW."

THE BASE LEADER'S MESSAGE TO THE CHAPS!!!


As relief time draws near I would like to take this opportunity to make a few comments on the past year.

After four years as a FID on three different bases I can tell you that 1961 at Halley Bay has been an exceptionally "good year". I am sure that the old hands will agree with me when I say this. I think that there are two main reasons for this; first, the agreeable crowd who have wintered here, and, second, the great amount of extra work which has had to be done. I have greatly appreciated the way everyone has co-operated not only in getting this done but also in making it go with a swing. Some of us have jobs where all can appreciate the results, while others just amass figures, so it would be unfair to mention names. However, I must make an exception of our D.B.L., Rubbish. I would like to thank him not only for holding the fort while I enjoyed the pleasures of touring, but also for the invaluable assistance, so eagerly sought and so expertly rendered, that he has given us all.

On behalf of those who hope to return on the Kista Dan I want to wish Mike J. and those staying behind with him "Good Luck" for next season. To those who are leaving for the land of rain and fogs, some admittedly via South America, I wish a pleasant journey and a happy return.

In conclusion I would like to thank you all for your contributions to the first issue of this noble magazine. I hope the same support for the editor is forthcoming for this issue and trust your spoon nibs will not be too worn after your efforts.

On your behalf I thank the editor for dragging the articles out of us before censoring them and making them presentable for publication.

  
26/12/61

## THE FIDS

(TO A WELL KNOWN TUNE)

The Fids they had a meeting  
They came from near and far  
And some Fids came by John Biscoe  
And some by Pro - tec - tor  
They filed into the meeting place  
To sign the Book of Fuke  
And each took off his P.M.  
And hung it on a hook.

No sooner were they seated  
Each B.L. and his mob  
Than some damn silly met-man  
Stood up and shouted 'OB'  
The Fids they were inactive  
They knew just what to do  
They'd send them back the records  
For nineteen fifty-two.

The Fids talked of the old days  
And got laughs by the score  
O'er dogs and kegs and oil-drums  
And favourite Monte steaks  
And that's the self-same reason  
A Fid will leave his lass  
To go down South with someone  
And then become a BAS.

(With respectful apologies to the Dogs)

GUESS WHO ?

- 1) Keeper of the secret - Mopper of the bathroom floor, keeper of the pigsty.
- 2) Keeper of the Pums. Turner of the handles. Linguistingtons.
- 3) Gonker extraordinary. Potential economist among other things
- 4) President of the F.S. Club. Maker of coffins to the British Museum.
- 5) Joint proprietor of 'Polyphoto Antarctica' Ltd. Crevasse hopper.
- 6) Crevasse crawler. Whit of the base. Acts as stand-in for Her Ladyship at Sunday afternoon teas.
- 7) Keeper of the Glacier Mints. A notable success with two hits in 'Top Twenty', "And the Trumpets Shall Sound" and
- 8) Clap Hands Here Comes A Charlie".
- 8) Believed to have sat for the classic "Mona Leesir". Hon A.R.P.S. for delicate use of available grain.
- 9) Pseudo-scientist. Favourite tune in the dark months, "Tread Softly Stranger."
- 10) Chairman and joint-proprietor of 'Polyphotos Antarctica' Ltd. The fastest gash alive.
- 11) F.B. and Scar. Has spent life in a Haze 'll the time.
- 12) Keeper of the Thornton. Bitterness the Third. He used to be an oblong but now he's a square.
- 13) Believed to be in hiding while training for a forthcoming bout.
- 14) Met Man very extraordinary. Messer. Fon happy. Ph.A.R.T.
- 15) S.R.N. to Oscar. Tier on of balloons.
- 16) BB but no sex kitten. Conversationist. ~~Germless~~. Gourmet.
- 17) An inoffensive little man who sleeps in his nickname. Tormenter of "I'm not a technician."
- 18) His Bitterness. Twanger of knives.
- 19) Coiner of the phrase, "Your ice axe is your friend but it sometimes drops you in the ----." Equity is his union.
- 20) Definitely not a 'one upman' but how low can a man get. Anyway he certainly gets to the bottom of his problems.
- 21) Maker of succulent dishes, gastronomic delights, tasty morsels, delicacies and monks.
- 22) As above and 'Instant Whip'.
- 23) Registrar of turkeys etc. Monk maker to No. 8
- 24) Red skin. Had a friend in Stanley but he wont disgusset.
- 25) He once pulled a missionaries leg, and it came to pieces in his hand. Favourite song 'Unchained Melody' Counter-song 'Marks around your ankle told a tale on you'

"T'WAS BRILLIG AND THE SLITHY TOVES"

A long road that had little waves on it; ice-top crests that looked bedraggled and limp in the early morning sun. The fuse box was painted matt black with polished wood linings and knobs; but he was quite happy as they didn't need their charts changed until 1800 zebra, and you know hoe long it takes the zebra to equate itself with time. He wandered along in the drifting snow, the road became covered by a soft white layer that looked like soapflakes. As his skis dragged in his footsteps they stirred up memories which rose around him in great glistening bubbles. He languidly kicked one of the bubbles which burst into a cloud of cameras, big and small cameras, cameras that needed low gear on high hills.

"Ah well, there's always indian ink and instant whip to pay with," he sighed.

A dim figure approached along the road, carrying ~~the~~ a sonde can and eating the tale end of a tattered magazine story. The bright blue hat glittered and came nearer. He hitched the fuse box a little higher, to reassure himself.

Swinging the sonde from side to side, the figure hummed to itself in time with the can;

"Crevasses come and snowflakes fall,  
The dozer's blade doth sleep  
'Neath fields where aerial forests tall  
Their endless watch do keep.

Where fleetwing foot and Emp'ror dog  
Guard kilowatts of power,  
For radar rope and beastly fog  
To while away each hour."

The three tone harmony crashed to a halt as the blue hat raised its eyes and saw the negative silhouette of the fuse box against the dark warehouse water of Pier 37.

"What price, how old?" gleamed the fruit salad on the peak of its form.

"A second year, broken mukluk." ventured the ski-laquered reply.

"Too little temperature for the lack of heat." retorted the blue hat. "I cannot charge less than 350 pounds of timned salmon."

The fuse box blanched and stood fixed, every grain of format throbbed with anguish. Silently he paid the sum into the waiting flipper-paw.

"Still too little."

"I have no more."

"Fuse boxes are dear merchandise."

"I'll return for more."

"Sorry, no wait, got to confiscate."

"But, - - -"

A hand shook him. He resisted, it shook again. "8 o'clock," the hand said as the road disappeared in the darkened bunkroom, and the cold sweat abated.

## A PROBLEM

What, one wonders, will the attitude be,  
When the ice disappears out to the sea,  
And the ship comes in full of new kind,  
To freshen the staleness which belabours the mind.

Will it be that of the rugged old timer,  
Who discourses at length, "Last year it was finer,  
Last year it was colder, it was 50 below,"  
While they lap it all up, "What a fine fellow!"

Or perhaps the converse of this may be the one  
To greet the newcomers, each fearful son,  
Who steps off the ship to stumble through snow,  
On to the shelf which he will soon come to know.

"There's nothing to it," may be the line,  
As one stoicly shakes off th'eternal rime,  
And tugs at one's beard to free it of ice,  
Barely blinking as tufts part the surface.

It is a problem hard to perceive,  
To know what to say to those we receive,  
For small talk is at a premium here,  
And one can only converse of the previous year.

But bitterness, surely, is the worst side of all,  
To show the aspirants as they follow their call, (ugh)  
And silence again is no improvement,  
For they're anxious to hear to what they've been sent.

And so it seems that it is a difficult task,  
To choose the right facade, a suitable mask,  
So that, later on, as the months quickly pass,  
The fresh Fid will not remark, "That silly ass."

## ALL SHIP-SHAPE AND BRISTOL FASHION

Bristol, like any other city, is intimately bound up with its past. Not its own past, like the ageing sportsman who views the cups and trophies of his youth through empty eyes over an empty middle age, nor indeed like the bereaved mother who keeps her dead son's bedroom just as he left it, but with the past, the glorious past, which its great men helped to create. (Puke here, then forever hold your peace). Men like Sebastian Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland and was rewarded with a rather graceful tower thing, since adorned with turnstiles and frequently mistaken for a ladies' lavatory. Men like William Friese-Greene, perpetually a pauper because he spent all his money on experiments in cinematography - he only made the grade for a brass plate on a house which it is unlikely that he ever lived in. Charles Wesley did slightly better. His brass plate is outside the right house and even his landlady's name is known and well authenticated. His brother John achieved a bronze horse in the cobbled precincts of the place now known to Methodists the world over as John Wesley's Chapel. The Chapel, incidentally, was built in the very earliest days of Methodism on the proceeds of a one penny a week levy from every worshipper in the local class who could afford to pay it. And it was as modern in the 18th Century as a multi-storey car park nowadays - it even had a stable for the preacher's horse. Wesley's horse, however, is notable in the unflattering accuracy of its execution. Wesley himself is reading a book, and the horse, symbolically perhaps, is trotting on a slack rein.

But Bristol has never been a great city for useless monuments. There is next to nothing, apart from the ubiquitous, artificially emaciated Queen Victoria, an equestrian of Edward VII and a Neptune or two, enough drinking fountains to quench the Fire of London, and enough public urinals to absorb the lot; but useless monuments definitely not. The outcry when Bristol's citizens discovered that their rates had been squandered on two lovable golden unicorns to add the finishing touch to a grand new civic building had not been paralleled since Munich. A plan to celebrate the death of King George VI with a goitred version of Cleopatra's Needle was killed like a hedgehog beneath a steamroller in the correspondence columns of the local press before it had even been leaked to the reporters. However, these are but the artificial aids to the memory of the past, and more interesting by far are the permanent ideas, names and structures which our forefathers left for our benefit. Road names, for instance. Mariner's Way is the name of a footpath which once led from the Avon to the country north of Bristol. Now it is only fragmentary, and leads through fashionable residential quarters, but then it was a smugglers' escape route. It adjoins Pitch and ~~Pay~~ Lane where the smugglers used to play that self-explanatory game.



There and Back Again Lane - what more charming and more English way could there be of describing it? Cul-de-sac - ugh! Ellbroad Street was indeed once one ell in breadth (it is little more now) and Back of Bridge Street is, indeed, the street at the back of the bridge. Mendip View, however, commands an excellent view of two gasholders and a marshalling yard. As to Cock and Bottle Lane, and Air Balloon Road, your guess is as good as mine. Christmas Steps is a street which was stepped in the seventeenth century, (there is a seventeenth century inscription cut in a wall to prove it) after being cut through the interior of a church. The misericord seats are still there, in the wall at the foot of the longest flight of steps.

The original city wall still stands in but few places, and where it does it usually creates a traffic block. One such place is where the wall crosses a river. Houses used to form the parapet of the bridge, until the traffic constipation caused by carriages and horses parked on the bridge caused some difficulties. Another remnant of the wall, about half a mile away, is an archway, itself a one way street, surmounted by a church of some antiquity known as St. John-on-the-Wall. Not far from here, in Corn Street, thousands walk the pavements of Old Bristol paying not the least attention to several rather Victorian-looking brass coffee-table things on the pavement outside a building which they probably do not know to be the Corn Exchange. In fact, all but one of these are of considerably earlier vintage and are "nails" or money tables on which traders would put their money when buying corn. In the unlikely event of your ever having paid for anything "on the nail", you might care to visit the Bristol Corn Exchange and see exactly what you have been paying on. There is no shortage of 17th Century inns. Outside the **Hatchet Inn** you can press into service an eighteenth century mounting block, should you have difficulty in mounting your horse. The **Landogger Trow Inn** is said to be the "Admiral Benbow" of Stevenson's "Treasure Island". The Bristol "Old Vic" dates from roughly the same period and is the oldest theatre in continuous use in England. "Salad Days" was born there, more or less by accident, and Moira Shearer played there immediately after leaving the world of ballet, to name two of its more recent achievements. Still in old Bristol, you can, if you are so inclined, see the site of its old castle, now put to more peaceful uses by the Central Health Clinic and sundry car parks, bomb-sites and factories, at least one of which uses the old castle moat, which is still connected to the River Frome, its private drain. You can see the Church of St Mary Redcliffe, 14th Century, of which Queen Elizabeth I said, (I, too, read Whitaker's) "It is the fairest, goodliest and most famous parish church in England." You can visit the 14th Century Cathedral, with its Norman Chapter House (and its lousy acoustics). That must have been a very pious century, for it left Bristol no less than three other

churches which still stand, though German bombs have converted most of one of them into a seagull roost.

Bristol's greatest expansion came in the 19th Century. Tens of thousands of local-stone, mausoleum-type living boxes, 3, 4 and 5 storeys high, complete with fungus-manufactory cellars for the servants, bear testimony to that. Victorian prosperity did not, however, pass by the fair city of Bristol. The "Gateway to the West" excelled itself in the field of transport. The Kennet and Avon Canal became a floral showpiece of Britain's lymphatic system, while Temple Meads railway station was a blood vessel par excellence in the country's arterial system. Even up to World War II it kept its reputation as the best and most modernised station on the Great Western; and, on the subject of stations, Clifton Down has one of the most nearly perfect examples of Victorian fireplace/mantlepiecetry still remaining to British Railways. If you ever want to leave Bristol do it by Brunel's 702 ft Clifton Suspension Bridge. It is worth a history to itself. 280 ft above the tidal Avon, it has presided over a century of history's ever rolling turmoil, it has linked Somerset with Gloucestershire, and it has provided the wherewithal for several suicides per average year. All of which seems to bring us to a suitable place to end this potty history of a great and noble city, and may some of you have the unimaginable pleasure of discovering it for yourselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ONE THOUGHT

It isn't summer madness,  
It isn't even Spring  
That makes me want to whistle,  
To dance, to shout, to sing.

Oh no! The reason's obvious,  
Of that there is no doubt.  
The boat's arriving shortly,  
The boat that takes me out.

#### AND ANOTHER

It isn't that the year's nigh done  
Oh no! That's not the reason.  
The reason isn't even  
That we're in the festive season.

This feeling stems from more than that  
Its easy to explain.  
It won't be long until I see  
A broad, a skirt, a dame.

## IT'S A BLANK

The year's nearly past, the end is getting near.  
With all the thigs we've done  
It would appear a simple feat  
To write some words upon this sheet.  
Not a great deal, just a simple solution  
For the Halley Bay Mag, as my contribution.

Shouls it be topical, serious, funny ?  
Something quite "stirring" would do.  
There must be a fund ~~of~~ stories to tell.  
Can you recall one ? Can you ? Like h-ll.  
Just two or three lines are all I require  
For that well known mag "The Bi-annual Liar"

It seemed so much easier in June  
To write with a feeling of interest  
Some verses of rhyme or even of prose.  
It was easier then, but now goodness knows!  
The brain is a blank, a complete lack of thought  
For - what is its name ? I swear I've forgot.

When I'm at home it'll be easy.  
With the many things we do or did  
There'll be all sorts of tales to tell  
So easy to start, "I remember well - - -"  
But that's in the future, what of the present ?  
For this magazine its supposed to be pleasant.

All this puzzling and thought isn't hard.  
Not a bit! It's only the lack of ideas.  
Is it too much to ask of a head  
To do other than separate ears?  
Is it too much to separate from it  
One single thought, a line for the Comet.

## CONTRACT BRIDGE

Bridge, a game which according to "Hoyle" -"derives from the great game of whist, which dominated the fashionable card clubs throughout the nineteenth century," has become the game which dominates the fashionable card clubs of the mid-twentieth century. It is said that there have been more books written about bridge since its beginning in the early thirties than all other card games put together.

This game of bridge, which rates with golf as a "U" game, is played by people with a very wide range of card playing ability; ~~Ranging~~ from the man and wife who play their neighbours once a week for 1/2d per hundred to the professional who teaches people to play the game, and probably plays for nothing less than ten shillings per hundred. Probably the worst player of all is the business man who passes his fifty minutes of so rail journey between London and Brighton or Southport and Manchester by playing the most atrocious bridge to be seen anywhere.

In between this "train bridge" and the professional we have the "bridge fiends" who play at their local club perhaps two or three times a week. These are the people who go to bridge congresses which are held from time to time in various parts of the country, such as Harrogate, Leicester, Bournemouth, and of course Blackpool. The cream of these fiends are the people who eventually become professionals.

A peculiar thing about bridge in Britain is the way in which most of the best players seem to be centred about London, although recently some of the major trophies have been won by Manchester players. In 1959 a team from Manchester, which included two gentlemen called Lazarus and Franks, won the Gold Cup; the premier trophy in Britain for teams of four. The following year another pair from Manchester, Brock and Higson, won the National Pairs Championship.

Since their part in the winning of the Gold Cup Lazarus and Franks have represented Britain in the European championship, and in doing so became the first pair from the provinces to represent Britain in a major international event. Unfortunately the partnership broke up soon after this as Lazarus decided to give up competitive bridge in order to open the new "Northern School of Bridge" in Manchester.

Of the other notables from Manchester, Brock and Higson, Brock, who is only twenty-four, has recently been chosen to represent England in the Camrose Trophy, which is a minor international competition between Scotland, Wales, Ireland and England.

In international bridge the United States dominated the scene from the mid-thirties, when the great Ely and Josephine Culbertson were the world's leading players, until just after the war. In the early 1950's Britain came to the fore for a while but in recent years Italy have been the world champions.

In 1960 Bridge Olympics were introduced, the competition being open to all the bridge playing countries of the world. The competition took place in Naples between three American teams, two Swedish teams and one team from each of various other countries throughout the world. The teams were divided into three sections, with the top two teams from each section going on to a six team final. This turned out to be a very exciting final between the three American teams, Italy, France and Great Britain.

With only two matches each to play Britain seemed almost certain to win the competition as she had only to beat an American team, which she had trounced in an earlier round, or draw with France, the only team which could catch up with her. On top of this France had to beat the world champions, Italy, in order to catch up with Britain. France however beat Britain in the penultimate match and Britain could only manage to draw with her American opponents. France, inspired by her defeat of the favourites, Britain, went on to beat Italy and thus won the first Olympic Bridge Championship by a hairsbreadth.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Nonsense I

Home of the seal and the scraggy meal,  
Where the summer won't set,  
Where penguins scream, or hoot, or die,  
Depending upon the treatment they get,  
Where B.L.'s fall from lofty heights,  
And only sprain their necks,  
And FIDS are turned, when going home,  
To shivering, twittering wrecks.

## SOUTH, AND THE DEEP SOUTH.

I will try to put down on paper some of the differences between a Grahamland base and Base Z, Halley Bay. Many Fids who find themselves posted to Base Z, the most southerly on FIDS, expect to find conditions and life generally tougher than in Grahamland. As a Fid who has wintered two seasons up there, one at a static base, the other at a sledging base, and two down here, I feel qualified to put the whole matter in the right perspective; then you may judge for yourselves which is the most "rugged".

Our situation here is unique in that we live below the surface, almost, on an ice shelf. In Grahamland all huts are on rock and, with the exception of the old Base E hut, all are above the surface. They are surrounded by splendid scenery and are situated within yards of the sea which can afford many a pleasant afternoon's boating in the summer. Both bird and animal life are abundant and travel, whether walks around the base or sledging, can be undertaken throughout the year without undue hardships. Ski-ing at Halley Bay is disappointing after coming from another base as all the others have excellent slopes. Rock climbing, fishing, bird ringing, rookery visiting, sealing, a larger field for photography, and even external hut painting, which can be a pleasant job when the sun is shining, are just a few of the varied activities. Most of the Grahamland bases do not have large building programmes as we do here, but there, summer survey programmes are perhaps their equivalent, though certainly a more enjoyable occupation. I will now set down a few of the advantages Halley Bay has over the Grahamland bases.

One's introduction to FIDS proper, after that tiresome and boring journey from Southampton, is unloading. Unless you have unloaded general stores at a Grahamland base, you can never realise how lucky you are to have only the unloading at Base Z to do. The hard work of carrying food boxes, general stores and sacks of coal up to base huts over slippery slopes, uneven rock and through deep, soft snow, is replaced by observations of ships derricks and speeding Muskegs. In fact this time of year may be considered to be the Halley Bay photographic season !

It is easier to settle down here than at most Grahamland bases as the ship calls just once and you know you will not see another for twelve months. This is not so in Grahamland, where thoughts of ships that are to call before the last one sails north are very unsettling. You are wondering whether late orders from local traders will arrive, whether any fresh mail is coming, whether it will require an answer if it is and then there are all those letters to be written before the last ship calls. These often don't get written. Your predecessor is sleeping in the bunk you will sleep in as soon as that ship picks him up. The poor old cook is cursing because he has to cook for twice as many

as usual, and base leaders are frantically going through new stores and checking indents for the last orders which will go out on the last ship. It is a most unsettling time for all, lasting probably until the middle of April for some bases.

I have mentioned the annual building programme at Halley Bay. I think everyone who helps with these buildings, cursing, blinding and sweating as he does so, may inwardly get quite a kick out of seeing them go up. Maybe it's that creative instinct ?

This new living hut, for instance, makes us wonder however we managed in the old hut. Most will agree that it was worthwhile doing the extra work for the comfort we live in now. Another consideration is the flying start it gives to the year. The sun had set before most people had time to turn round.

The scenery here, I agree, is not so awe inspiring as it is in Grahamland, but one can soon get accustomed to it, and appreciate it. It is like comparing the Swiss Alps to the Rhine Valley, or the Lake District to the Wiltshire Downs. They each have their own beauty.

Among the greatest differences between Halley Bay and other bases are the living huts; both of ours are larger than any other base's, and are buried. (The upper one, almost). This tends to make their inmates oblivious of the weather outside. In fact, one has to look at the met. instruments to see if it is cold or blowing. In Grahamland if it is cold the hut is usually very cold. If it is blowing you can hear the wind roaring around the hut. Drift snow finds its way in through cracks around doors and windows. Chimneys and vents rattle and roar to a far greater extent than they do here. Here one asks, "Is it still blowing ?" or, "Is it sunny outside today?" Tasks such as gash duties at Halley Bay are very much easier than in Grahamland. There, all tins, waste food, urine and W.C. buckets must be emptied daily. These are carried out and thrown into the sea, or onto the sea-ice. At most bases even washing-up water, bathwater and laundry water must be carried outside in buckets and thrown away from the base hut. Tank filling is not as easy as it is here, as all snow must be carried in through the hut in blocks, sometimes from quite a distance from the hut. Not a very pleasant job when it is blowing, and often messy. It is not possible in Grahamland to stay in for weeks on end without ever going outside as you can here in our self-contained hothouse.

It is only Halley Bay that has an annual issue of films. Personally I feel that the men the organisation is trying to attract do not need entertaining or want entertaining, even during the dark period.

One is less "boxed in" at Halley Bay than on any other base, especially during blows. This is due, of course, to the two large huts connected by tunnels. In Grahamland the weather affects one's life to a far greater extent than it does here.

Only the darkness seems to affect us. This keeps us indoors when we would be out. Is it surprising that Halley Bay members are issued with an extra pair of carpet slippers and one less pair of boots? Even I can feed the dogs in winter with slippers on. Some have to go outside but it is usually only from one warm hut to another. Things do go wrong. Everyone has their 4 B.A. minus 40 odd, Muskeg starting, and other High Barnet station type stories, but they are no more rugged than the odd happenings that go on in Grahamland. Many a Grahamland gashman can tell you a good story.

As for the cold at Halley Bay, an ex-Grahamland man will tell you that it is commonly known that Base F is the base which has the best weather. By best I, and most Fids, mean the lack of wind compared with other bases. Now if you ask a Base F man who has wintered here his opinion I feel sure he will honestly say Halley Bay has the better weather, i.e. less wind. It is commonly known that temperatures below zero Fahrenheit in no wind are far more bearable than a temperature of, say, 15°F with a wind blowing. Just look at the Cooling Factor Chart. Then how is one to judge "ruggedness"? We must eliminate the Marsden method\* on the grounds of unnecessary complexity, while temperatures alone would put Halley Bay at the top of the list. Surely common opinion must disagree, and wind would have to be included.

The two together, along with the fact that our living huts are buried, must be considered.

Where do we stand now? Perhaps the list is reversed!

\* See "This "Rugs" Business" Halley Comet, Mid-Winter 1961.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Nonsense 2

On night met. in early morn  
At 4.56 and a half  
If one is quiet and not too worn  
At 4.56 and a half  
The tools on base can be heard to walk,  
I'm afraid to who knows where  
But they certainly do and that's quite true  
So would their legs take care?



IT'S HELL AT HALLEY BAY

Records broken at Halley Bay during the year 1961.

	<u>Previous Record</u>	<u>New Record</u>
Minimum Temp.	-50.6°C July 1957	-51°C June
Mean Monthly Temp.	-32.3°C August 1957	-32.9°C July
Min. Pressure	947.1mb October 1958	938.9mb October
Monthly Mean Wind Speed	19.4kts May 1959	21.3kts October
Days of Gale in Month	11 August 1960	12 October
Continuous Sunshine	134.2 hrs November 1960	140.8 November
Days With Drift Snow	28 days May 1959	29 days October

?????????????????IS THIS A RECORD?????????????????  
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??

- 574 prints turned out in one session by Marsden & Docchar Inc.
- 376 unsuccessful Sonde flights this year (at the time of going to press)
- 0.07 feet per sec average speed of manhaul party over a period of twelve days.
- 249 days on which 'fresh garden peas' have been enjoyed.
- 11 kittens born to one pums in Antarctica.
- 579 bottoms bodged in one year with one needle.
- 15 minutes continuous turning of 119 Set generator (Modulated Coffin Model)
- 50 days in one pair of underpants (green of course).

?????????????????IS THIS A RECORD?????????????????  
??  
??

OH WIGGLY LINE

Oh wiggly line, I give my all to worship thee,  
Oh fount of wisdom, root of knowledge tree.  
Be thou bar or temp, wind or sunshine fair,  
I worship thee - - - - - because thou art there.

Oh wiggly line thou lead'st me by the nose  
Through hills of science fragrant like the rose  
With untold wealth of scientific riddle  
Edged with sweetness, bitter in the middle.

Oh wiggly line, I would cut off thy head;  
No more thy wiggles would I dream and dread;  
Fat would'st thou grow and blob in mortal pain;  
Then would I worship thee not once again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nonsense 3

Have you seen the Yettlingtons that gangles up the slope,  
From Halley Bules to Emplingtons with anyone he'll tope,  
But should you see the Yettlingtons upon a party numpt  
Beware my friend, for a monk he'll have, a dæadlingtonful sumpt,  
He thinks that in this Winter hard more parties should have been,  
But who would know this tale to tell, or Yettlington hath seen.

! ! ! ! ! ! !

Good Queen Ness, why gonkest thou so oft ?  
Hast thou a monk on, retreating so from life ?  
Art thou bejilted? Art thou acting soft ?  
Hast thou upon thy lover entered strife?

Do spirits trouble thee this splendid day?  
In body, mind or untold places yet?  
Do little men besmirch thy haughty way?  
Or hast thou filled thy guts and overeat?

## TO THE SCIENTISTS

Who's that little figure lying in the quiet lounge,  
When other men of science are out upon the scrounge,  
Searching here and searching there in never ending hunt  
For little unimportant facts on the ice shelf of dear old Brunt.

He's there again this afternoon, flat out upon his back.  
He does look tired, as though he rose ~~just~~ at the little crack  
Of dawn, but we don't get a dawn, alack for little Duples  
This makes science ~~even~~ harder 'neath McDonalds icy rumples.

But all the other scientists I've seen in desert white  
Seem to run around in circles all day and half the night.  
Yet this quiet fellow still lies here gonking on his seat  
What can the secret be that lets him snooze on Caird's ice sheet.

I'll ask him now, "Excuse me Sir, no please don't rise I beg,  
How come you lie here instead of rushing round on pipe bruised leg"  
"Well my lad it won't take long, there's not much I can say,  
But I try to be efficient in my work at Halley Bay!"

ACROSS THE D-L      PART II

As our crossing had been accomplished in such good time it was decided to investigate the region further up the coast before returning. The journey was made easier by the loan of a snow vehicle from the friendly folk at Halley Bay. This made it possible to travel far and wide indeed in the untrod and fascinating land. At first it seemed that the trip would be just a series of quick jaunts from one warm tent to another but all was not as it seemed. The area was at first rough, as had been expected, but it gradually smoothed out into a rolling terrain which reminded us of the hilly parts of England ( a land so far away). Occasionally however, when drivers became inattentive, sledges fell into little cracks and had to be heaved out, These were however very minor troubles indeed. Suddenly the whole scene changed and before us spread a large expanse at sea level. Had we taken a wrong turning ? Everyone was sure that we had read the signposts correctly and after careful study of our maps we were still sure we were where no sea should be. This would now be easy going. We could even have used our dogs but on the other side a land was found so wild that dogs (even) would have had the greatest difficulty in crossing. Reluctantly we turned our willing vehicle round and retraced our steps (sorry, tracks). Even our liesurely return to the subterranean town of Halley Bay was occasionally disturbed by holes, big and small. These could not hold back vehicles or men now keen to see again the horrors of civilisation. A few short weeks in the sun to build up the explorers tan was all that was necessary to complete the tale.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION.      As a bonus for the previous article being short here is:-

EXCERPTS FROM HINTS TO TRAVELLERS

(Published by the Halley Bay Tourists Society)

First: Don't go unless you have to.

Modes of travel available, in order of preference, are 1) Muskeg  
2) Dog Sledge 3) Manhaul.

Notes on transport - Muskeg - Petrol stations are few and far between. Make sure you take enough. Have the vehicle thoroughly checked at your local dealers before departure (and look over it yourself). See that there is a big heater giving lots of heat.

- Dogs - So long as there are enough to go on each piece of rope in front of the sledge and they have four legs each - - - - -.

- Manhauling - Ugh! Signposting is very poor so don't plan on going to any special place. Hotels are very hard to find and a tent is useful. There are lots of good camping sites with good water supplies. Finally there are not many natives but most of them are friendly.

## CLIMBING GUIDE TO MOPS RUMPLE

### FOREWORD

The following has been compiled with a view to lowering the population of the Brunt Ice Shelf. The rumple is situated 40 miles south-east of Halley Bay on the main ring road. Snow is to be found all year round, even in the hottest of summers, and crampons or nails are a necessity for the majority of climbs. Weather is very temperamental and everyone should carry a packet of Grape Nuts.

Some climbs in the chasm below the Rumples have been done, but not classified. The bottom of the chasm is filled with ogg and boating is a pleasant relaxation after a hard days climb.

My thanks for assistance rendered go to Mr Herman B. Bethell, on whose rope I have dangled many times.

### HISTORICAL

Unfortunately Mr Trevelyan has not visited the Rumples so little has been recorded, but it is thought that the name originated from a Mr T. Handley.

### GEOLOGY

Not a rock in sight.

### ACCESS

Take a No. 43 bus to Halley Bay and hire a pony from Mr Shanks (the usual price is ten bars of nutty). Follow the the flagged route until it peters out, when the Rumples can be plainly seen. Food should be taken as most of the restaurants are closed during the season.

### ROUTES

(a) Rumples Ridge. 250' v.diff.

A start is made up the N.W. corner along a narrow ridge, 50' high, to a platform where a good stance is afforded. A short traverse right for 10' brings one to the ridge proper, which may be continued to the top on substantial holds.

(b) Dave's Delight. 200' sev.

This climb is noted for the abundance of crevasses. Parties moving together should be very experienced in rescue techniques. The start is an obvious gulley 30' to the left of the Rumples. The grading is due to the number of crevasses.

(c) Girdle Traverse. 500' v.sev.

A 25' pitch six feet from the S.W. extremity of the Rumples is climbed on good holds to a rather awkward belay (a piton is handy here). Upwards and to the left a series of small ledges affords moderate climbing for 70' to an exposed ledge where a good spike belay is to hand. The traverse now begins to the right for 200' horizontally; crampons are advisable. Runners may be fixed at various points for psychological assistance. If further progress is to be made an insurance policy is suggested. A 20' ~~pitch~~ slide down and across an avalanche gulley is made to reach a small ledge.

Failure to attain this will result in the use of the aforementioned policy. The ledge is continued along for 170' to the finish where an easy and speedy descent, sitting down, is made down a gully to the sanctuary of the ground.

(d) Thrutch's Chimney. 75' v.diff to f.n.i.

The grading depends upon the amount of adipose tissue present. The chimney is the only one on the north side and is 120' from Rumples Ridge. It is recommended that the elbows and knees be sharpened before starting.

(e) Josephine's Folly. 170' f.n.i.

So far this has not been climbed but no doubt some bright lad will conquer her. The sheer face to the right of the chimney is climbed straight up, and good luck.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE We regret (lies) to announce that Mr E. Thornton-Brown was killed last month on Mop's Rumples. He is believed to have choked on a sardine bone whilst having lunch.

## CLIMBING GUIDE TO THE GIN BOTTLE AND SURROUNDING OUTCROPS

### AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

For sometime now the need has been felt by climbers, and others, for a sorting out and collectivisation of the many routes known to exist in the GIN BOTTLE OUTCROPS; and it was in an attempt to fill this need that the compilation of this Climbing Guide was attempted.

Previous to its publication those who sought the delights and satisfactions, or otherwise, of making ascents of the many fine walls, towers and slabs found in this area had, perforce, been guided by doubtful and often misleading accounts passed down year to year by word of mouth, or at very best follow the directions of very crude sketches. It is, therefore, to assist future enthusiasts that I have catalogued most of the known routes and classified them according to their standard of difficulty. I have no doubt however that there are still several routes unknown to us that have been put up in the last year and I can only hope that the publication of this guide may bring such climbs to light.

In this considerable undertaking I have been most grateful for the constant ~~help~~ and enthusiastic help of E. Thornton-Brown, who has accompanied me as a climbing partner and knowledgeable adviser on the many occasions when we were at the Gin Bottle finding and **assessing** the many routes previously unrecorded.

My thanks are also due to M. Heinemann-Brit who first suggested a guide and who has since spent many hours burning the midnight oil on the proofs.

The classifications decided upon for each route (mod., diff., v.diff., sev., v.sev., and f.n.i.) have been based on overall technical difficulty and exposure facing a climber of average ability. The directions given to the right or to the left in the descriptions of the routes assume the climber to be facing the Gin Bottle.

### HISTORICAL

The locality of the Gin Bottle and its accompanying outcrops first came to the interest of climbers in pre-Fiddean times, when a party of British scientists and explorers came to inhabit Halley Bay.

One fine Spring morning one of the meteorological staff had climbed to the top of the met. tower to repair a malfunctioning anemometer when, on looking away from base, he saw what looked to be a series of crags on the eastern horizon. Being a climber himself, and consequently in a greatly excited state at the prospect of a nearby climbing ground, he momentarily forgot his immediate location and ran straight back to the main hut to tell of his discovery.

It was not until some hours later that he was found in a crumpled heap at the foot of the met. tower; and so the Gin Bottle claimed its first and only victim.

This early unfortunate incident, naturally enough, dissuaded further exploration and so the area, remaining in its virgin state, came to be known as the "Killer Krags".

Time passed and the Gin Bottle remained almost unnoticed until the year 19 oatcakes, when a young penguinherd, Charlie Bellbottom, accompanied by his father, William Bellbottom, were searching for some chicks and, using the Gin Bottle as a high vantage point from which they might see the last chicks, made the first ascent by what is believed to be the present Old Ordinary Route.

When this became known at Halley Bay the climbers there flocked to the area in their two's and three's and many methods of ascent were worked out, both on the Gin Bottle itself and on the surrounding crags.

It was in this time of its climbing heyday that the great Dingle Limbert first leapt across the gap from the Gin Bottle to its neighbour, the Gin Tapp, a feat that has never been repeated. Just after this the classic routes of Jonners Jughandle, Ardules Apex, and Ferguson's Folly were put up.

In such a golden era as this the old stigma of the "Killer Krags" became forgotten and drifted quietly away into the mists of history, and so the area was opened up and became one of the most popular resorts of the region, and has remained so ever since.

#### GEOLOGICAL

This very compact area, of only a few square miles extent, is of great interest to the student of geology owing to the many varied types of rock formation that are not to be found there.

Its basis consists of the remnants of a great ice sheet that covers the present day continent, giving rise to prolific crevasse formation that is to be seen mainly on all sides of the Gin Bottle.

The upper substrate itself is not of volcanic agglomerate of the Upper Mesozoic thus forming a caldera of engulfment. On its western side are symposed a series of quartz phyllites in a false cleavage arrangement.

Most interesting are the stratification layers of andesytic ~~basalt~~ and trachytic lavas, ashes and sandstones that have been laid down far from the area.

From time to time several large spittules have been found embedded among the sillyceous oozes far below on the sea bed beneath the main crevasse system. Descents into some of these crevasses have been quite rewarding when a complete absence of



basaltic dykes cutting into the above mentioned Plasticene sandstone was found.

The extensive caves and grottoes that adorn the southern extremity of the outcrops consist mainly of porphyritic structures and rodented Carboniferous bedding planes as are to be found in the great thrust planes of the North-West Highlands.

### ACCESS

#### i) From Halley Bay.

A number 75S or 26W bus can be caught at the stop by the post office and a 1s/6d ticket taken as far as Promontary Park. From here the visitor must go the remainder of the way on foot, along either of two well marked pathways.

The first, the Cliff Walk, starts some two hundred yards west of the Park's east gate and follows an uninteresting but safe route to the Gin Bottle. This route is preferable in bad weather as one or two marker stakes may be found along the way.

The alternative path goes below the cliffs and over extensive stretches of white sand which are a well known feature of this coast. Here are found much more interesting diversions, especially during Mid-Summer, when a trip out to sea may be enjoyed. When ~~travelling~~ travelling by this route the keen observer may be fortunate enough to see some of the several species of Halley Bay's wild life, such as the Emperor Penguins, and occasional seals basking in the hot sun by the sides of stretches of blue water. The aesthete may be particularly delighted at hearing the musical cries coming from the penguin rookeries or the lilting song of a mother seal calling her young.

For the independent spirit there is the much used Sastrugi Way which has a delightful downhill run beyond Caird's Corner, followed by an exhilarating climb up to the Gin Bottle Massif.

Arriving at the Gin Bottle by any of these routes the visitor may amuse himself before starting the sterner task of climbing by spending a few hours in the cunningly constructed Crevasse Maze near by; the keys to which may be obtained by writing to D.L. Edwards, Forlin Farm, Much Dangling, Halley Bay.

#### ii) From Nowhere Else.

## LIST OF ROUTES

Climbs are described from right to left.

### The Gin Bottle

#### Jonners Jughandle

130' sev.

- a) 25' The climb takes the easiest route up the ridge on the far left hand side of G.B. to the top of a steep slab - belay round ice nodule.
- b) 20' A wide stretch over a wider crevasse to the left brings one to disaster, along this, up the delicate wall behind and into a pulpit at its top.
- c) 85' Traverse to the right along a brittle cornice, when a bold step upwards to gain the ridge crest once more reveals an airy situation. A - cheval up the ridge until a large crevasse bars further progress. Move into ~~this~~ for a few feet when a large and comfortable hold (the Jughandle) is found on the far lip. Gripping this between thumb and forefinger, let go of the sheltering wall and move quickly across the gap, when a strenuous mantleshelf brings one onto the easy ground of the summit slope. Care needed over the final loose blocks.

#### New Ordinary Route

100' v.diff. (Crampons needed)

- a) 30' Over an icy gendarme and up a steepening wall to beneath the centre of a corniced overhang. Piton belay.
- b) 50' Using artificial methods, move out across the ceiling to the outermost point of the overhang when a long-armed climber can just reach an icy crack above the lip. Jamming a fist into this and swinging out of the last loop or etrier, a strenuous arm pull brings the climber into a superb position. (Difficult for a short man). Follow the crack across the confronting slab and belay at its top.
- c) 20' A delicate but interesting wall is climbed on sloping holds to the U-bend exit cave, (Arduous for a tall person) bringing one onto the summit.

#### Old Ordinary Route

40' mod. (100' rope occ needed.)

- a) 20' Easily up the short wall and traverse right to the bottom of the triangular-shaped slab. Up this on large holds to a horizontal crack; belay.
- b) 20' Move diagonally upwards on polished holds until the summit platform is reached; photograph.

'Oraces 'Orrible Obverse 140' (Of climbing) v.sev.

The route lies up the series of overhanging flakes of the Limbergs Heap side of the G.B.

- a) 50' Start a few feet to the right of the previous climb, when a 30' abseil is made to the bottom of Limbergs Heap. Move delicately over poised blocks to the foot of the wall; belay.
- b) 30' Ascend the central scoop by a series of interesting moves to attain a dirty horizontal crack behind a shattered flake; belay round flake.
- c) 55' A sinuous crawl to the right brings one to a breathtaking position beneath an upward slanting, partially detached flake. Mount this by an unusual hand traverse, little or no extra purchase is gained by foot scrabbling, and then transfer into a semi-layback position. A cascade of doubtful looking overhangs is then climbed by a series of sensational moves to gain the shelter of a smooth vertical groove; belay.
- d) 5' The bulging wall topped by a tenuous cornice necessitates the use of comined tactics, when it is recommended that a hard-headed second man is taken; hence the term, "A head for heights." To surmount the cornice without the use of knees will be found somewhat baffling.



E. Thornton-Brown on the second pitch.

## The Gin Trap

### 5. Ardules Apex

40' mild, easy.

This climb is ideal for beginners or one of those "off" days, also recommended for the taking of sensational photographs.

a) 15' Starts immediately away from all the hard stuff. Move diagonally up the boiler-plate glacis, when a stout belay spike by the edge of a filled crevasse is found. Delicate footwork ~~glacis~~ necessary.

b) 5' Cross the crevasse; belay.

c) 27' Swimming motions up a gentle soft snow slope bring one to the summit.

### 6. Fergusons Folly 60'

diff. (v.sev. in wellys)

This climb starts a long way from the previous one.

a) 25' Ascend the crevasse that splits the pinnacle by bridging until a cave above a chockstone is reached; thread belay.

b) 10' Squeeze behind a large icicle in the cave roof and down over loose rubble at the bottom of a blocked oven. Ascend oven to beneath chockstone jamb when a tunnel leading out onto the surface again is seen. Through this and emerge onto a sloping ledge at the side of a huge flake detached from the overhanging wall above. In order to gain the top from this superb position there are two possibilities.

c)i Thorntons Thrutch. 25' Ascend the flake by jaming between it and the wall until its top is reached. From here to its finish the climb is an amusing struggle up through a narrow exit chimney. Protection for knees and elbows is heartily recommended.

c)ii Flypaper Finish. f.n.i.

From the base of the flake a delicate traverse to the right is made along a feint line of ice rugosities until a minute crack is reached. Ascend this for a few feet on jammed fingers until slight relief is obtained on gaining an icicle. For the next move, the crux, a foot loop has to be ~~fashioned~~ tied around the icicle and, using this, a bold upwards motion over an awkward bulge brings good handholds within reach. A delicate movement up a sharp arete leads to the summit - collapse.

### 7. Napes Notches

These are a series of gigantic tottering ice towers and crumbling seracs and due to the unsound nature

of their structure have no definite climbing routes but are ideal for beginners and ladies.

8. The Girdle Traverse 5300' (Of climbing) v.sev.

This is the most interesting route in the entire area. It is so exciting, and the positions so fine, that the climber, once committed, is so overcome by the effort of discovering the diverse and complicated techniques required to overcome its countless challenges that he finds great difficulty in getting away from it.

It is not recommended for a party of less than twenty-seven.

ACCIDENTS AND RESCUE FACILITIES

A comprehensive Mountain Rescue First Aid Bag is available to all fallen climbers, situated on a dexion framework to the south of the Gin Bottle.

Nearest medical aid may be had from:

Dr D.L. Southey, B.S.C. Semp. Sangu.

Bolt Folley

Halley Bay.

Tel. Vamp 2121

All climbing accidents in this area should be reported; giving full details, photos, and names of addresses of all onlookers present, to

Mr. Burk N. Hare (Hon. Sec.)

Gin Bottle Rescue Committee,

Halley Bay Morgue.