

THE PENGWINGE.

HALLEY BAY'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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EDITORIAL.

ON SUNDAY, MARCH 20th, 1966, IN A 30 KNOT WIND, THE PROUDLY FLUTTERING BANNER OF OUR HOMELAND WAS UNSEATED FROM ITS FLAGSTAFF TO BECOME ENTANGLED AMONGST THE FEEDERS TO THE UK RHOMBIC - WITH ALMOST DISASTEROUS EFFECTS INCIDENTALY. DICK KEYTE WAS ABLE TO ~~SEE~~ COMPLETE THE EXTREAMLY DIFFICULT TASK OF UNRAVELLING THIS CATS CRADLE, AND THE TATTERED FLAG SLOWLY SCOURGED ITSELF TO DEATH AMONGST THE SNOW. THIS FLAG HAS NOT BEEN REPLACED. AFTER TWO MONTHS WE STILL DISPLAY NO SIGN OF OUR NATIONALITY, NO SYMBOL OF OUR HERITAGE. YOU COULD SAY THAT AS THERE IS NO-ONE TO SEE IT WHY BOTHER ? THIS IS UNFORGIVABLE. SHIPS OF THE LINE, EVEN RUSTY TRAMPS AND DECREPET TRAWLERS, DISPLAY A FURIOUSLY OVERWELMING TRADITION OF FLAG ETIQUETTE AS THEY FORGE THE TRACKLES WASTES - YET WE HERE ARE ~~SADELY~~ SADLY LACKING IN THIS, ALBEIT OUTDATED, TRADITION PROFOUNDED BY THE TRIUMPHANT EAGLES OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. THIS IN ITSELF IS A SAD THING, BUT TUESDAY, MAY 24th, WAS COMMONWEALTH DAY, AND WE - PROBABLY THE FURTHEST OUTPOST OF A ONCE PROUD EMPIRE - LEFT OUR NAKED FLAGSTAFF TO POINT ITS ACCUSING FINGER AT A THUNDERY SKY, WHILST IN THE METROPOLIS AND SUBERBIA OF OUR HOMELAND ENSIGNS DESCRIBED COLOURED RAINBOWS, KALAEIDESCOPING THE PAGENTRY OF ENGLAND. WE PRAY BEFOR GOD THAT THIS SITUATION IS NOT ALLOWED TO LAST - IN THREE WEEKS WE HAVE MID-WINTER AND LET US SEE THE DARK HORIZON SEGMENTED WITH THE GLORIOUS FLAGS OF NATIONS.

ROUND AND ABOUT -- News of the Antarctic and Antarctic Bases.

This week we have to start with our usual stock phrase and admit that we have none. This week has seen a ~~xxx~~ tremendous increase in communication with Stanley - to the detriment of communications with other places. We have again failed to contact Sanae, so looks like we've really upset them. Rumour has it that the last thing that was said was "Here's Big Black Col to have a word with you", and after that they disappeared like rabbits down a hole. On the brighter side we had an excellent sked with Argentine Islands on Sunday night when Sam and Dick (the radio) worked them. Much useful information and irrelevant chit chat was bandied back and forth - together with numerous quotations from the Pengwinge believe it or not, but on the whole it was extremely successful and hope for one as good tomorrow night.

We are also hoping to arrange trial skeds with Stonnington and Adalaide Island sometime next week. We don't hold ~~any~~ out much hope yet, but should have some pretty good skeds as soon as the ionosphere has settled down in a week or so.

Talking of communications it is a bit difficult ~~to~~ "pipe" stuff through to the lounge some times, and also there are times when we do and the loudspeaker is switched off, so if you want to listen to the BBC or anyone just give us a ring and we'll bang it through to you if it's possible.

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COURT AND SOCIAL : The Halley Bay ~~xxxxx~~ Gossip Column.

The party spirt seems to have died down somewhat this week - though not to any great extent. Wednesday saw another exhibition in the annals of how to organise a spontaneous part by Ron. Thursday - I'm sur lots of you will be surprised to hear - was the seat of yet another party. This time a private one that was held in the Survey Office with Gef in charge. Those in attendance (as one would expect) were The Editor, Col W., Phil, Brian A. and ALAN. And an extremely enjoyable time was had by all as Mr Lovegrove's beer flowed freely and ALAN gave us a very vivid and highly colourful description of life in the ~~six~~ outbacks of Iceland and the hazards that a surveyer can expect to find there. Most unfortunatelt the party was forced to break up rather sooner than was hoped as the B.L. was trying to sleep right above us. Peter also came in later on so that was the end of ~~xxxx~~ that.

Friday saw a splended party in the proper ~~sixxxx~~ old fashioned tradition. Gef showed a collection of his excellent ~~sixxxx~~ slides which were much appreciated by the whole base, and much later the BARON brought up his last bottle of PORT which was soon demolished by the remaining stalwarts. Doc Ron kept the ball rolling by distributing a case of BEER (though everyone walked out to start with as a gesture of censure - then returned to drink the BEER). After this as only the hardened were left a further case of BEER was produced ~~xxxxxx~~ by a benevolent well wisher. The party continued on a sedate and stimulating course broken by the stacarte rattle of a typewriter from the B.L.'s office. With a subtle change from Traditional Jazz to deeply moving Classical enacted by Tony W. the Ruger types dispersed slowly leaving the intellagensia to exchange nostalgic whittitisms (?) above the echoing chords. At 4 O'clock Mik Tony and Myself sat down to early morning tea in the lounge as Tchaickoskie blended into Beethoven before drifting contentedly off to bed. A wonderful evening.

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QUOTABLE QUOTES :

Overheard in the Survey Office :- "THIS DEPARTMENT IS INFALLIBLE WITHIN THE LIMITS OF FALLABILITY" (A.J. of course)

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SCRAPBOOK. A weekly round up of the doings (and mis-doings) of  
Halleyites, by the Editor.

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Monday saw yet another glaciological expedition launched. Pete and Bob zoomed off in No 1 to do some position fixing towards the Gin Bottle, while Alan flapped around base and played about with Aldis lamps and things to try and keep in contact with them. It didn't seem to be particularly successful as Alan apparently lost sight of them after an hour or so, but Pete and Bob seem to have had a pretty good time.

A picture has appeared in the Survey Office over Alan's desk showing a very pretty, very young girl in a bright yellow dress. I'm seething with curiosity about this pretty young thing and anyone with any further information (Alan refuses to say a word) will be very welcome in the Radio room. The same goes for anyone with any information about ~~Maik~~ Deidre - another girl (not quite so pretty this time) who mysteriously appeared and has just as mysteriously disappeared from above Geof Lovegroves desk.

Tuesday we had another edition of that well known serial "Calling the Antarctic". Reception was very bad indeed and I don't think Tony could have received his message very clearly. However it appears that "Scoooooop" - you All remember Roger Hill surely? - has at last got some work done and has contributed an outspoken article on the courage of BAS's young explorers - I suppose he means Sam - still I'm sure somebody's mum will be very proud. Next week we have a bumper Halley Bay edition with three personal messages - Dik the radios, Alan's and Bill Izatt's.

Much exploration has been going on down at the Bay this week with Bill and his gang setting up vast electrodes through the sea ice to measure tides and currents and things. With him have been Andy, Gef, and Bob. Sea ice reported to be over seven feet thick in parts and an average of two to two and a half feet where the electrodes are. Apparently all installed and working two little recording machines in the geophysics office now - I popped in yesterday to find one of the traces zooming across the paper and half way across the wall, this Bill assured me was due to aurora, though what aurora has to do with tides and things I haven't yet worked out! Still judging by the large quantities of red ink spilt around the office the machines should have enough to last until the next IQSY!

Tony H. has been hiding away in the dog tunnel most of the week so there must be some pretty important things going on ~~there~~ there as yet I haven't been able to buttonhole him about it so can't give you any shaggy dog stories.

Monday work started again in the ice tunnel - its good to see that the paper has enough influence to get things moving - **ON THE FIRST WORKING DAY AFTER LAST WEEKS ISSUE!** However ~~there's~~ there's still a fair amount of work to be done on it before Tunnel Cash takes over the running of it.

Friday was livened by bursts of ~~SEKS~~ HCJB Radio in the shack broadcasting Morning Kn the Mountains from Equador - goode it was HCJB stands for Heralding Christ Jesus's Blessing by the way - and Monday is world christian prayer day and, according to HCJB, you should pray for your relations friends and LOCAL RADIO STATION (that's us here) - so just you remember that on Monday morning. The programme was piped through to the lounge but noone seemed to be particularly interested in it so I eventually switched it off - Beautiful Music though.

See you next week - apologises to anyone whos been missed,  
TARAH,

Editor.

OGG'S TOP TEN RECORD REVUE.

- 1.The Pirates of Penzance. Gilbert and Sullivan.
  - 2.My Favourite Guitars. Chet Atkins.
  - 3.Count Basie and his Orchestra.
  - 4.Ella Fitzgerald at the Opera House.
  - 5.The Rolling Stones, Vol. 2.
  - 6.Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. Film Sound-track.
  - 7.European Concert. Modern Jazz Quartet.
  - 8.Water Music. Handel.
  - 9.Inside Shelley Berman.
  - 10.Shenandoah. Film Sound-track.
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Hi there, Guys and Pals, etc, etc, and all that grotty introduction jazz - Small community and big change this week - Wiped clean is "Salad Days" (now roaming loosely around the middle forties) and straight in from a high run comes a gushing mad craze from the suburbs of Putney, - "The Doyly shake 'n cart" - through the music of the Penzance Pirates by those well-known satirical composers Gilbert and Sullivan. Eternal favourites Basie and Ella sweeten their way into higher positions together with Atkins, while the MJQ, 7 Brides, Berman and James Stewart take up the rear positions to ensure a US majority in this week's top ten. However, together with his sponsor Miklemas Hazy, (representing Loxene Shampoo) Handel has made a great comeback with his classic number Water Music - a real hum-dinger of a ballad. Well, that's it for now, but watch out next week for Elite Syncopations which is racing up yet again through the efforts of its sponsor and stirrer Manuel Speedo of Sounds Incorporated.

That's it for now, Top of the Pops to one and all,

OGG.

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Beware.....

....of the woman who happens to take a great interest in the sport that you have taken up whether it is tennis, golf, sailing or even mountaineering. An occasional meeting at a dance in which you mention the sport in which you indulge, and the next time that you pop in to the club for a quick beer and a chat with the lads, you find that she has just joined.....



How nice it is for the golfer to have a caddie, but it is only another of womans tricks to get her FID. Many FIDs indulge in the strenuous sport of climbing, and it takes a lot of ruthless planning for a woman to be asked along for the pleasure of her company. She will be helping you with the packing, and remembering the little odds and ends that are needed for your trip: they usually purchase an advanced book on climbing, and keep giving you hints on what to take and what not to take. Eventually the group decides that she ought to come along too, if only to make the meals and keep her quite.

After she has given you her invaluable help in the preparations and found the route that you should take, (married women never know where they are, but single women are never lost), she will watch over the group and tell them exactly what they are doing wrong and how to correct the fault. She will take the attitude that what ever the poor FID can do, she can do better! Even to the point of climbing the mountain: this she will inform you in an occasional conversation, at first the FID will scoff at her, and then it will dawn on the FID that she is serious; and of course she will attempt the climb and will need the poor FIDs help! This will continue as long as she can possibly keep the pretence of being terribly enthusiastic, and eventually the FID will come to expect her to be around helping with the initial stages of every trip, and also he expects to have to help her during the actual climb. This "interdependence" will grow the more the "young couple" see of each other! Eventually the poor FID finds himself hooked into Marriage!

Join another club, give up your sport, and hope that she will not, or.....

APPLY TO FIDS AGAIN.

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THE PAUL WHITEMAN COLUMN.

U.P.'s page "Hints for the Chaps" - continued from last week.

Moving from a moist to a dry climate is likely to produce nervous energy, excitability, and sleeplessness until he is thoroughly acclimated. In a large body of men, temperamentally unsuited for the climatic stress, and not wanting to be there at all in most cases, this leads to loss of temper, quarrelling, and general inefficiency. At 40 deg F below, half a man's energy is spent in keeping himself alive. On trips, men will undoubtedly be driven to the limit. It can truly be said that in these conditions a man lives, day and night, without an instant's slackening of the pressure, in peril of his life considerably greater than that of being stalked by a leopard on a jungle trail. Continuous living in a white world is depressing, an unbroken monotony of white is relieved only when the sun makes goggles necessary. The effect becomes and remains hateful after two or three months of it. Falling snow, wind which flays by itself and is worse when it flings frozen snow at the skin; silence so complete it is almost frightening; weeks at a time without sun, or with very little daylight; a dirty and almost squalid existence for vehicle crews, and, over all, no foreseeable end to it.

THESE ARE NO CONDITIONS FOR THE UNWILLING OR THE WEAK...

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FROM OUR MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT HALLEY BAY

"Ready?", enquired the surgeon as he put down his cup of tea and smiled grimly. "I hope we can pull off this case-it will certainly be a feather in our cap if we do."

"Yes, Sir," I replied a little hesitantly thinking of the responsibility that was shortly to be mine. We were sitting in the Surgeons' room dressed in our operating whites - white boots, white socks, white trousers, and white short-sleeved Aertex shirt. I had been up most of the night on casualty duty and rather reluctantly levered myself out of my chair.

From then on not a word was spoken. We walked out of the Surgeons' room into the main corridor which was bustling with activity - maids, porters, nurses, radiographers, technicians going about their respective jobs. We entered the annexe to the theatre suite and donned caps and masks which we fished out of sterilized drums with the tongs provided. The next thing was to check the patient's name, age, and operation to be performed. The surgeon then read through the case sheet to refresh his memory about the clinical details. Knowing that my chief liked to use the left hand wash basin I quickly checked that his favorite brush and brand of soap <sup>were</sup> there ready for him. He had rather a sensitive skin and invariably used a very bland soap. Established Surgeons have their own little quirks and the whole theatre team like to see that they are respected - particularly in regard to the type of instruments, needles and catgut that is laid out.

We both began scrubbing at the same time, carefully noting by the clock that we did it for ten minutes. Each finger and the hands and fore-arms had to be methodically scrubbed and rinsed to a long established tradition. We then rinsed in alcohol and quietly and efficiently two nurses appeared and helped us into our gowns making sure that they did not touch us for that would ruin the sterility and necessitate scrubbing again. We then donned gloves and moved into the theatre to await the patient. There was an air of suppressed excitement mixed with apprehension - nay, fear - as the patient was wheeled in and lifted onto the table. Calmly and quickly the anaesthetist gave the Pentothal injection and applied the anaesthetic mask. After about five minutes the anaesthetist nodded to the surgeon. The operation for an ingrowing toenail was about to begin!