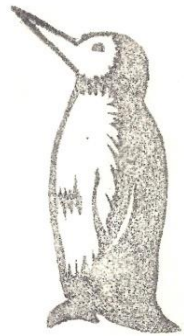


The

MIDWINTER



PENGUINS



AMAZED

..please everybody'

*interest in page after page of  
wit  
and humour.*

NO ONE SHOULD MISS IT

HALLEY BAY

MIDWINTER'S DAY

TUESDAY, JUNE 21st, 1966

TIMETABLE OF EVENTS

<u>WHAT</u>	<u>WHEN</u>	<u>WHERE</u>
BREAKFAST	0800	DINING HALL
COCKTAILS	1100	PHYSIOLOGICAL ROOM
OPENING TIME	1200	BAR
LUNCH	1400	DINING HALL
"PENGWINGE" 'T' PARTY	1615	METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE
MIDWINTER REVUE	1715	LOUNGE
"CALLING ANTARCTICA"	2009	LOUNGE
"A TOWN LIKE ALICE"	2115	LOUNGE
FIBC REQUESTS FROM BASES	2200	LOUNGE

\*\*\*\*\*

A COLD BUFFET WILL BE AVAILABLE IN THE DINING HALL FROM 1900 ONWARDS.

\*\*\*\*\*

AN EXCHANGE OF JOLLY DRUNKEN WITTICISMS  
MAY TAKE PLACE WITH PORT STANLEY SOME  
TIME DURING THE DAY, DEPENDENT ON CONDITIONS

\*\*\*\*\*

THE MIDWINTER REVUE

" Sufficient unto the day is the drivel thereof "

\*\*\*\*\*

THE TWO FIDELIOS  
(JUGGLERS EXTRAORDINAIRE)

\*\*\*\*\*

COSMO CORNERED

\*\*\*\*\*

NATURAL BREAK

\*\*\*\*\*

YOU ARE THE JURY

\*\*\*\*\*

NATURAL BREAK

\*\*\*\*\*

KISTA CORNERED

\*\*\*\*\*

I SAY, I SAY

\*\*\*\*\*

RE-EMPLOYED FIDS

\*\*\*\*\*

DER MAGNETISCHESPIELEN FUR KINDERFIDER

\*\*\*\*\*

WORSE THAN TOAD IN THE HOLE

\*\*\*\*\*

JUKE BOX JURY

\*\*\*\*\*

W. IZZAT; P. BLAKELEY; D. MCKERROW; M. SHAW; S. NOBLE; B. SWIFT

\*\*\*\*\*

PATRONS ARE REQUESTED TO REMAIN IN THEIR PLACES WHILE  
THE NATIONAL ANTHEM IS BEING PLAYED. THIS IS ALLOW  
THE ORGANISERS TO MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE. THANK YOU

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

TAKING A QUOTATION OUT OF ITS ORIGINAL CONTEXT CAN, UNLESS ONE IS EXTREMELY CAREFUL, LEAD TO VERY SERIOUS DISTORTION OF THE WRITER'S INTENDED MEANING. AS AN EXAMPLE OF THIS, LOOK AGAIN AT THE PRAISE ON THE FRONT PAGE; THEN READ WHAT THE CRITIC REALLY WROTE!

AFTER THE DEPLORABLY LOW STANDARD OF THE PENGWINGE DURING THE LAST FEW WEEKS, I WAS AMAZED TO FIND THAT THEY HAD THE NERVE TO ISSUE A "SPECIAL MIDWINTER EDITION". I THINK IT IS FANTASTIC THAT ANYONE COULD WASTE SO MUCH TIME AND ENERGY ON SUCH A POINTLESS ENTERPRISE, WHEN IT COULD HAVE BEEN PUT TO MUCH BETTER USE IN SOME WAY THAT WOULD PLEASE EVERYBODY, INSTEAD OF JUST INFLATING THEIR OWN EGOS. WHEN I READ THE PROOF COPY, I COULD FIND ABSOLUTELY NOTHING OF INTEREST IN PAGE AFTER PAGE OF WITTER, AND HUMOUR WAS ENTIRELY ABSENT. CRITICISM OF THE PENGWINGE HAS BEEN PUBLISHED IN "REFLECTS" IN SUCH A WAY THAT NO-ONE SHOULD MISS IT, BUT OBVIOUSLY THEY HAVE, OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T BE READING THIS!

\*\*\*\*\*

THE PENGWINGE.

HALLEY BAY'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

Dateline : Halley Bay, Tuesday, 21st June, 1966.  
Vol. 1. No. 20.

EDITOR : Christopher J. Gostick, Esq.

STAFF :

News Editor : Anthony B. Wilson, Esq.

Staff Correspondents :

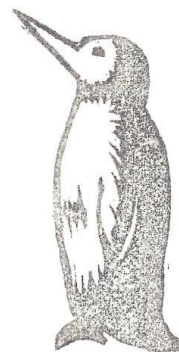
Ronald M. Lloyd, M.D.

"Mac" McKerrow.

Paul I. Whiteman, Esq.

Staff Photographer : Micheal M. Shaw, BSc (Hons), FAPS.

Cartoonist : John E. Skipworth (Bar)



COMMENT

AS THIS IS THE SPECIAL MIDWINTER EDITION I'M NOT GOING TO BORE YOU ALL WITH ONE OF MY USUAL DRAMATIC EDITORIALS. INSTEAD ALL I WANT TO DO IS TO WISH YOU ALL THE BEST FOR A PARTICULARLY SPLENDID MIDWINTER - BAGS OF THE OLD joie de vivre ECT., PLENTY OF THAT GOOD OLD TRADITIONAL ENGLISH SPIRIT - (SCOTCH TOO FOR THAT MATTER) - SO HAVE A JOLLY GOOD TIME, AND LETS ALL PULL TOGETHER AND MAKE THIS THE MOST ENJOYABLE MIDWINTER PARTY EVER HELD THIS SIDE OF THE ANTARCTIC CONVERGENCE. GOOD LUCK TO YOU ALL.

SO ALL THAT REMAINS NOW IS FOR ME TO GET OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT AND LET YOU GET ON AND READ THIS REMARKABLE PIECE OF PENMANSHIP - SO, BEST WISHES FROM ALL THE STAFF - PARTICULARLY MYSELF - AND JUST YOU ALL GO OUT THERE WITH THE INTENTION OF HAVING A REALLY SWELL MIDWINTER WITHOUT A SINGLE WORRY IN YOUR HEADS - (EXCEPT FOR NIGHT MET OF COURSE) - LETS ALL JOIN TOGETHER IN PRAISE FOR ALL THE CHAPS WHO'VE MADE THIS MIDWINTER Bonhomie POSSIBLE - THE COOKS, THE WIRELESS OPERATORS AND WHAT HAVE YOU - SO HERE'S A TOAST TO YOU ALL, HAVE LOTS OF FUN, AND LETS GO BACK TO WORK REFRESHED READY TO SUMOUNT THE ENORMOUS TASKS BEFORE US WITH A LIGHT HEART, A WILLING HAND, A SMILE (OR GRIN) AND COMRADESHIP IN THE FACE OF EVERY ADVERSITY. I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT. WHAT A SPLENDED LOT OF CHAPS YOU ALL ARE. SO HERE'S TO YOU - WELL DONE. SO THAT'S IT, OFF YOU GO - AND DON'T FORGET THE WATCHWORD :-

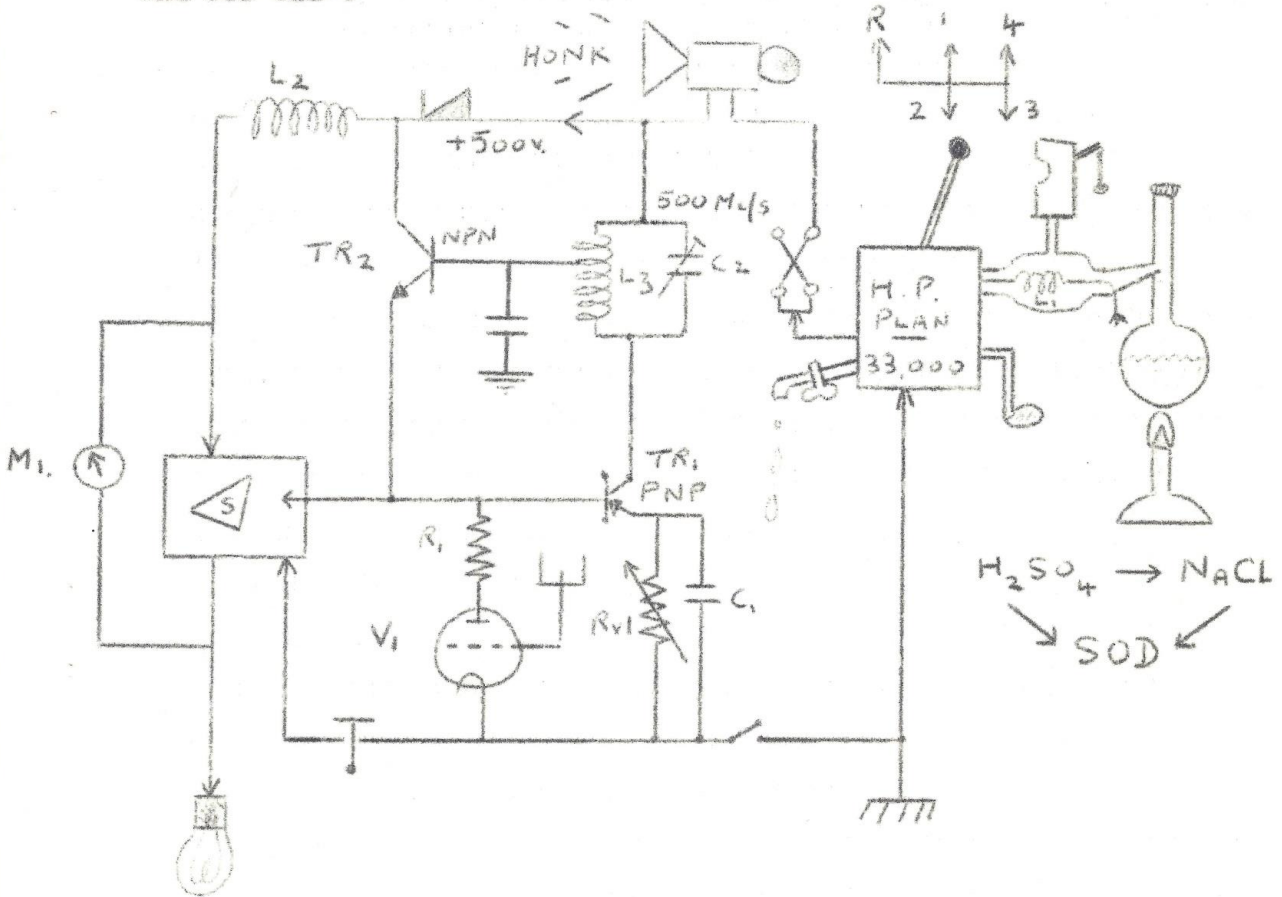
- "JOIE DE VIVRE" -

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The following letter was dropped into our postbox earlier this week, and we have great pleasure in enclosing it verbatim :-

Dear Sir,

Further to the recent controversy regarding 'Shocks in Antarctica' I would suggest the following portable circuit detector to settle the argument, ad nauseam, once and for all :



Operation is quite simple :

H<sub>2</sub>O is raised to a temperature of 1000°C. and super tri-heated steam is passed through a condenser into a centrifugal turbine fitted with double de-clutch and synchromesh operated by latisimus dorsii. Output is then fed via a gold banded diode to the webbulator circuit and push-pull transducer for maximum WOW and negative feedback. Should too much QRM occur VR1 will provide the necessary QTR. Need I remind readers that the negative bias grid volts is given by the formula :-

$$NBG = \int \frac{N_A - N_D}{[(\alpha - \alpha')_A - (\alpha - \alpha')_B]_{\mu}} - \frac{m \cdot (\beta - \beta')}{\mu(\alpha - \alpha')} \text{ m. V. / } \mu$$

Yours truly G3QED.

(The absolute answer, first class work G3QED, I'm sure readers will be eternally grateful - Editor - G3RIP)

\*\*\*\*\*

And yet another LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

With reference to the recent film premier "The Purple Plain" starring Gregory Peck.

An excellent production I thought was marred by the appearance of a D.H. Mosquito Mark 7 CAL. 14BFD3, which was, in fact, not in production by April 1944 - appearing only in September of that year. Also I noticed that the style of battledress was slightly outdated - the rear button-up pocket being abandoned in 1914. Similarly with criss-cross shoe laces which were replaced by parallel laces in June 1920. Finally, to crown all, I observe by the CO's medals that he had served a total of 186 years in the RAF - surly a fine record that should not go unrewarded! Apart from this I regard "The Purple Plain" as an epic film which should be enjoyed by all.

Yours etc.,

(Signed)

G.I.J. Wutherby-Smythe.

(Our thanks Mr Wutherby-Smythe, we also have done a little research since we received your letter and find you are absolutely right - also our technical correspondent (G3QSD) informs us that the radio equipment in use in the aircraft was a Baird C/63Z/91C-63-B (Mk 2F) Transceiver which didn't come into combat service until July 1946. We have informed Hollywood who have apologised very sincerely. However, we do agree that the "Purple Plain" is, apart from the occasional technical error, a singularly enjoyable motion picture -ED)

---

A LITTLE POEM

Little Chris Gostick  
Sat in some caustic,  
Helping the net men one day;  
When he's in the shack  
He won't turn his back  
His trousers are rotting away!

\*\*\*\*\*

NOTICE IN THE DARKROOM :-

"Drying Box. Keep closed at all Times"  
Question : "Please, how do we put things in ?"

\*\*\*\*\*

ANOTHER POEM IS;

Mik and Bill went up the hill,  
To fill the tanks with water;  
Mik fell down and broke his crown,  
And Bill came tumbling after.

---

BASE LIFE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A.N. OTHER.

Every morning I do three hundred press-ups, two hundred knee bends and go for a run down to the Bay! Then there comes the thump, thump, THUMP and turning over I see a horrible effigy, gradually the blurriness vanishes, and a great light hits me as someone turns on the light and disappears out of the doorway. Sleep once more returns with natural ease, only to be disturbed again half an hour later by the B.L. as he pays his morning visit; relaxing once more I try to grasp the entrails of the dream that I was having.

I am woken up once more by B.L. and this time it is for breakfast, eleven O'clock, trying not to be eager, I get out of bed and make my way carefully to the dining room, usually just as breakfast has been cleared away. Whilst looking for a cigarette I find myself once more in my bunk room. The bed seems to be like a beautiful woman and I find it irresistible to leave her lying there by herself, so, setting the alarm and leaving my clothes on, I jump on her, the bed that is, and very soon I am once again in the land of nod.

"FIRE", I shout as my alarm bell rings in my ear, through the darkness it is possible to make out the luminous hands of the devil that aroused me out of my sobering slumber. The time is one fifteen, a respectable time to adjourn to the lounge and prepare to complain at the gash for not having the meal ready on time! Lunch is eaten with great relish, but the work of lifting the spoon to my mouth is almost too much for me to endure. Being extremely cautious in my over-tired state I can usually make it back to my bunk room unobserved; as the B.L. may become suspicious if I do not put in an appearance for smoke I arrange during the course of lunch, to have my bunk mate to give me a gentle shake at four thirty, he forgot once and came into the bunkroom as he was about to go to bed at four thirty a.m. he woke me up, it took night net a full half hour trying to convince me that it wasn't smoke.

After smoke which for me is just a quick bite, a cup of tea and back to bed, making sure to set the alarm. Sleep finds me an easy prey, and without any struggle I am soon engulfed in a deep sleep.

With great distaste I arise for dinner and allow myself to go with the flow of bodies into the dining room and after the exhausting meal will exert my last ounce of energy in getting into a chair before falling asleep. On such nights as there are films, I am rudely awakened by people trying to move my chair, so as they can get a better look at the film; once I watched the film all the way through! Names of people were shown over the top of a picture, and that seemed to be it, I don't know why people get so excited over films.

If by some chance I am not carried to my bunk room, I have to make my own way there, to catch up on the sleep I badly need.

\*\*\*\*\*



POP PAGE

BRITISH TOP TWENTY ===== FRIDAY, JUNE 17th.

- |     |                           |                        |
|-----|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1)  | Strangers in the Night.   | Frank Sinatra.         |
| 2)  | Paint it Black.           | Rolling Stones.        |
| 3)  | Monday, Monday.           | Mommas and the Poppas. |
| 4)  | Wildthing.                | The Troggs.            |
| 5)  | Herlemese Sargo (?)       | ****?****              |
| 6)  | When a Man Loves a Woman. | Percy Slade.           |
| 7)  | Promises.                 | Ken Dodd.              |
| 8)  | Don't bring me down.      | The Animals.           |
| 9)  | Sweet John B.             | The Beachboys.         |
| 10) | Rainy Day Woman.          | Bob Dylan.             |
| 11) | Hey Girl.                 | Small Faces.           |
| 12) | Flamingo.                 | Manfred Mann.          |
| 13) | Shot Gun Wedding.         | Roy C.                 |
| 14) | ?***?***?                 | Sandie Shaw.           |
| 15) | Over Under Sideways Down. | Yardbirds.             |
| 16) | Come On Home.             | Wayne Fontana.         |
| 17) | Don't Answer Me.          | Gilla Black.           |
| 18) | I Love Her.               | Paul and Barry Ryan.   |
| 19) | Not Responsible.          | Tom Jones.             |
| 20) | Daydream.                 | ****?****              |

TIP FOR THE TOP:- " Sunny Afternoon " -- The Kinks (No. 25)

\*\*\*\*\*

Decrepit bobbysoxer crooner Frank Sinatra, after 14 years of desperate trying, has at last by cribbing Ken Dodd's new refreshing style, made the big time again. Believe it or not, this ancient has been has made the number one slot - not only made it, but knocked the Rolling Stones' latest Voodoo warcry into second place in the process! Thankfully, we've got the Beatles' new single ready for release next week, so things shouldn't be long in getting back to normal - Frank Sinatra indeed !

It's impossible to comment on the Rolling Stones' "Paint It Black", as it is completely obliterated by Charlie Watts' sledgehammer piledriving.

The Stateside warble of the Mommas and the Poppas has managed to crawl into 3rd place - the result of impulse buying no doubt, while the Troggs (Good heavens!) remain at No.4. Who or what 'Herlemese Sargo' is I daren't think, let alone comment. Another U.S. Blues - type singer, Percy Slade, makes the No.6 spot while the irrepressible Ken Dodd jumps a position to No.7. The Animals have leap-frogged to No.8 with "Don't Bring Me Down"- what a song for a gang of young thugs trying to make the 'TOP'- that's just what we ought to do. The pseudo-fabulous Beachboys just creep into the top ten at No.9, Bob Dylan with his "Rainy Day Woman" makes up the ten - banned in the States, this record seems to be destined

BRITISH TOP TWENTY -Continued.

for fame in Britain where we are apparently too broad-minded - or dense - to contemplate the result of this type of drug-induced hysteria on our already semi-paralytic teenagers.

Cilla Black's latest "Don't Answer Me" hits the charts for the first time at No.17, and next week no doubt she'll be knocking spots off that ridiculous Sandie Shaw - at present in 14th place. The Yardbirds (Good lord!) with "Over Under Sideways Down" (Good heavens again!) shoot in to 15 from 27th last week. Tom Jones's "Not Responsible" (very apt title) has unfortunately edged in to 19, while some undecipherable individual stumbles on the brink at No.20 with "Daydream".

The Kinks and 'Sunny Afternoon' make 25th position and are sure to be in the spotlight next week. A disc after the style of "Well Respected Man" and "Dedicated Follower of Fashion"- "Sunny Afternoon" will no doubt go down well with the demi-god-worshipping schoolgirls just approaching puberty, anywhere from Wallasey to Bermondsey.

Thank Goodness that's all for this week; this disc jockey game's really a bit tough for a poor bloke like me. So Long.

---

---

To CJ and Dave:

When I walk by myself alone  
It doth me good my songs to render.  
(William Wager - 1550)  
We prefer it that way too!

\*\*\*\*\*

To Sam:

There was a young lady called Ransom  
Who was ravished ten times in a hansom:  
When she cried out for more  
Came a groan from the floor,  
"My name, Ma'am, is Samuel, not Samson."

\*\*\*\*\*

To Doug:

Doug dug, and in digging damaged himself dastardly:  
Now Doug reclines, parallel to the floor,  
Doug's digging days are now no more.

\*\*\*\*\*

To Dick ( 'ang abaht, boy) Keyte:

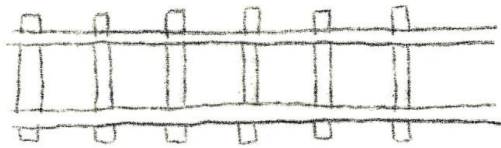
My string it broke,  
And I sailed away.  
I came to ground  
In Halley Bay.

\*\*\*\*\*

McCRUTCH'S DOODLES.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z.

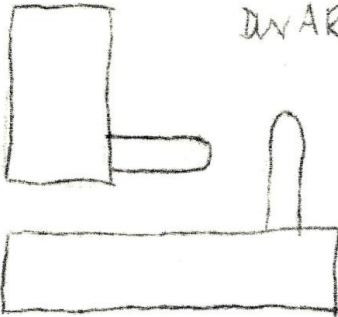
TRACK LEFT BY BOOKWORM



TRACK LEFT BY TRAIN



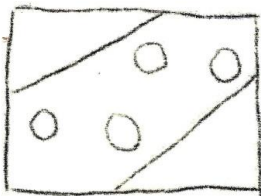
MAN PLAYING TROMBONE IN TELEPHONE BOOTH



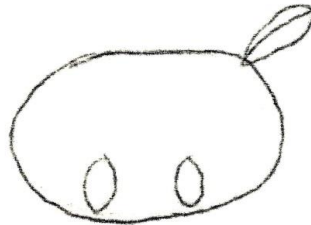
DWARF PLAYING TROMBONE IN TELEPHONE BOOTH



DEAD MAN PLAYING TROMBONE



GIRAFFE PASSING WINDOW



CHAR CLEANING STEP



BACK VIEW OF ELEPHANT



WORM CLIMBING OVER SCALPEL

GOLDENBERG AND THE THREE BEHRS. A fairy tale for grown-ups.

Once upon a time there were three Behrs - Edward Behr, Keith Behr, and Wesley Behr. They were brothers, and they lived in adjoining houses in a small town in Surrey. One morning, an hour after they had all left on the 8.03 for Waterloo, a brush salesman named Goldenberg called at Edward's house.

When Edward's beautiful wife opened the door Goldenberg forgot all about his brushes and started to make love to her. But she was too cold. Feeling insecure because of her seeming indifference toward him, Goldenberg seized his sample case and fled to the house next door.

There he met Keith's wife, who was also very lovely, so he began to make love to her, too. But she was too hot. Possessed by a deep-seated fear that he would not be able to satisfy her, Goldenberg grabbed his sample case and went to the next house.

Seeing Wesley's comely wife, Goldenberg made love to her, too, and to his delight found that she was neither too cold nor too hot, but just right. So he spent the day with her.

That afternoon the three brothers returned from work a little earlier than usual. When Edward saw that his wife's lipstick was smeared, he ran next door to Keith's house, and said to his brother,

"Somebody's been making love to my wife!"

Keith then noticed that his wife's lipstick was also smeared. So he and Edward ran next door to Wesley's house.

"Somebody's been making love to my wife!" cried Keith to Wesley. The three of them started searching through the house for Wesley's wife, and finally they found her in the master bedroom. She was in what they refer to in non-fairy tales as a compromising position with Goldenberg.

"Somebody's been making love to my wife," said Wesley, "and there he is!"

Instead of panicking, Goldenberg calmly got out of the bed and began to dress, and said,

"Did I have a day today! First I tried making love to Edward's wife, but she was too cold, and I felt insecure with her. (at this Edward snickered knowingly) Then I tried making love to Keith's wife, but she was too hot, and I felt that I couldn't satisfy her. (at this Keith smiled inwardly) And then I made love to Wesley's wife, and I found her to be neither too cold nor too hot but just right. And very obliging and co-operative, too, I might add. Now she is planning to divorce Wesley and leave with me for Australia, where I'll open up a little brush shop."

So Edward and Keith killed him.

\*\*\*\*\*

MIK'S MEGA MIDWINTER QUIZ.

- 1) How was Midwinter originally celebrated ?
- 2) What is BUMFIT ?
- 3) Which poet wrote the following verse, and to what was he referring ?  
" Mark but this flea, and mark in this  
How little which thou deny'st me is.  
It sucked me first, it now sucks thee,  
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be."
- 4) Where is Paradise ?
- 5) Which is the highest pub in England ?
- 6) A baker has ten automatic ovens baking 1 lb. loaves of bread. One oven consistently turns out loaves loz. overweight. He has a pair of scales and a set of weights; in one weighing he determines which oven is faulty. How does he do it ?
- 7) Which climber was killed with George Leigh Mallory on the North face of Everest ?
- 8) Which is the fastest flowing river in Britain ?
- 9) Upon which climb did Joe Brown reputedly drop his peg hammer on his second's head, and then climb down unprotected to render first aid ?
- 10) Who were the First World War poets ?
- 11) Place eight Bishops on a Chess board, such that there is one Bishop on each row and each column, and yet no one Bishop can take another.
- 12) Who said of whom....." The honourable member is overcome by the exuberance of his own verbosity."?
- 13) How to make a magic number.... Sum the following series:-  
 $1/1^2 + 1/2^2 + 1/3^2 + 1/4^2 + \text{etc.}$  until you get fed up; 10 places is sufficient. Multiply by 6 and take the square root of your answer.
- 14) What does Aurora Australis literally mean ?
- 15) A keg and a dog team are 36 miles apart; the dogs travel at 3 miles per hour, the keg at 6 miles per hour. The B/L in the keg sends a fid out to ask the dogs their position. When he gets to the dogs he is immediately sent back to fetch bars of nutty for the doggie man before they will answer the question. He returns to the keg, grabs the nutty, and dashes back to the dogs. When he arrives at the dogs the doggie men grab the nutty and tell the fid to go and get lost. Instead he sets off again for the kegs. The B/L sends him back to the dogs again, and the poor sod spends the rest of the time oscillating between the keg and the dogs until they meet.

Given that the fid was Skip and naturally travels at 10 m.p.h.  
How far did he travel before the keg and dogs met up ?

### THE CRITICS.

All of us, I feel sure, look forward with eager anticipation to the opening of the 'Modern Art Exhibition' to be held in the IGY Gallery - former home of that well-known recluse and man of few words, Baron Skipworth. The Exhibition opens on June 21st 1966 and will close in January 1968, so get your tickets now!

Home-made wine, cigarettes, hookahs and spittoons are provided at no extra cost. The building is situated next to the De Havilland Aircraft factory and displays some of the finest examples of mediocrity to be seen this side of the Antarctic circle.

I was fortunate enough to have a sneak preview, and here are a few examples which I now draw to your special attention.

For the main part, the Exhibition is a study of feline curvature, a subject which occupies a great deal of the Baron's interest. A rather typical example is a picture of a Miss June Ritchie, who by her expression, has apparently wandered by accident onto the studio couch, dressed only in her lavender 'shortie nightie' and knickers, and is now completely bewildered by the sudden appearance of floodlighting and cameras; poor child! Further down and to the right is a young who obviously has no illusions as to why she is there - yes, you have guessed it, dear reader - she is auditioning for " Hercules Unchained ". Who said women couldn't do a man's job?! Furthermore, I hope she gets the part. As our eyes and hands wander over the remainder of the collection we become aware that the photographer has spared no effort to present a fair representation of women in all walks of life. There is the agricultural worker, the horse groom, the billiards addict, and the dress designer, who I cannot help feeling has a corset which is a trifle small.

Finally, there is Miss Kitty Randall, who is quoted as saying that her pet hates are " hard boiled eggs, single beds, and narrow-minded men ". One would have to be very broad-minded, however, not to guess her source of income.

Well, there we are, art lovers; I hope you will make a note in your diary not to miss this exciting and stimulating show which I thoroughly recommend. Season tickets are available to those who feel that they have not had enough in one sitting.

---

Humpty Dumpty sat in a Keg;  
Humpty Dumpty looked like an egg;  
All the Queen's huskies,  
And all the Queen's fids,  
Couldn't get Humpty to join them at Bridge!

---

"AGONY COLUMN"

Following the popular "Uncle Paul" series by our staff correspondent Paul I. Whiteman we have re-established the "Agony Column". Here are a few of our prize winning enteries this week:-

Dear Pengwinge,

When I was asked to give details of my assets and liabilities, I had to list the former as: "One budgeigar of indeterminate sex and 6s. and 9d. in 3d. pieces."

This brought the following reply from the firm I was dealing with: "We must have more definite account of your assets and, in order to assist, we enclose a postal order for 3s. 9d. which, when added to your collection of 3d. pieces should settle a vet's fee for determining the sex of one budgerigar."

P.C. Birmingham.

"Lucky old you!"

Dear Pengwinge,

Just for a giggle I proposed to a boy at a club I go to. I play table-tennis with him and he's good fun, but I've never thought of him romantically. You can imagine my surprise when this boy turned round and accepted my proposal. I was so covered in blushes that I ran home and haven't been to the club since. I'm sure he took it seriously because he kept a poker face when he said, "Yes".

Rita, Port Stanley.

"Tough!"

Dear Pengwinge,

I have an ex-boyfriend who is worrying the life out of me. Every night he comes round and talks about how fab it was when we were together. I tell him to go and get lost, But he won't go. He says he is still in love with me and won't believe I can't stand the sight of him. Don't ask me why, but I just don't care for him any more. I try to get home later so as to miss him, but this rarely works.

Katty, New Brighton.

"Tougher!"

Dear Pengwinge,

My boyfriend never shows his feelings, although I feel sure he is very fond of me. He never calls me "Darling" or "Love or anything like that - in fact, he usually addresses me as "Skinny Ribs". When he goes away for his job, he writes regularly, but very formally. "Dear Margaret", "Yours sincerely", is how he opens and ends his letters.

Do you think he loves me?

Margaret, Grimsby.

"No..... Toughest of all!"

\*\*\*\*\*

CLIMBS IN THE AVON GORGE.

(The first of a series of indeterminate length)

Travelling West along the A.46 as it bypasses Bristol the first of a series of spectacular sights to greet the casual observer as he enters the Avon Gorge is the Clifton Suspension Bridge, standing on the city side atop a 200 foot vertical butress of crumbling limestone and spanning the muddy waters of the Avon to the wooded slopes of the North Somerset border. For the next mile or so the Bristol side of the gorge is dominated by three major cliffs, yielding some of the longest and hardest rock climbing in Britain outside the mountains. In the following articles I will attempt to describe something of the cliffs and a few of the routes in the medium grades - Medium Grade, firstly, because they provide a good introduction to the cliffs, and secondly, because I can't climb anything harder !).

"Piton Route" is probably the finest and most sustained severe grade climb in the gorge, spoilt only by the fact that its upper pitches can be avoided by easy traverses to the left. The route follows a series of grooves to the left of the clean ~~XXXXX~~ sweep of Central Buttress; further left Central Gully separates it from the broad expanse of Morning Slab and beyond that the stark verticality of the Main Wall. The climb starts at the foot of the Buttress above a short slab containing several very hard practice climbs up which the late Mike Harvsey is reputed to have ridden a bicycle (when one hears of the same climber, whilst leading the first ascent of an extremely exposed route high on the main wall, pausing to turn somersaults on an iron spike left from the quarrying days of old, all things become possible!). From the belay a traverse leads left to the foot of a corner, climbed easy to a piton where the difficulties begin. The way ahead is barred by a row of overhangs, so the route continues left, a steep move on polished holds and a traverse ending in a delicate step to the first stance, a small slab beneath an overhang - this is a bad stance as it is very awkward to get at ones cigarettes without falling off. The overhang above is taken by a weakness to the right followed by a narrow slab, climbed at first by its right hand edge, then a long step across to the left edge which leads to 30 feet of easier rocks and the next belay, an ash tree, below a short bulging wall. This is strenuous, but can be avoided by a short traverse right and then zig-zagging on upwards for a 100 feet of the climb. A few hard moves but mostly pleasant rock in a good situation. The second man on the rope now unsuspectingly allows the leader to take in the slack, finds he has not enough rope to complete the traverse, and being out of sight and sound of the leader is forced to take the final pitch direct - and always arrives at the top saying : "It wasn't all that bad anyway !"

\*\*\*\*\*

QUOTABLE QUOTE.

"You can't afford to be particular in the Antarctic - it's rough - you've gotta live it rough !" - (Dick - the - Radio)

=====



IS IT A BIRD? IS IT A FID?

# SUPERFID



NO IT'S

IN NEW MONOCOLOR

SOMEWHERE IN THE DREADED ANTARCTIC.....

Sob... There's not going to be enough beer for the MIDWINTER Party.....

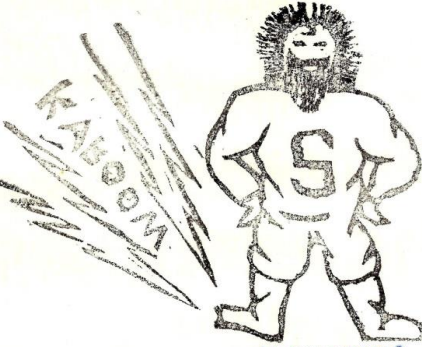


The magic words Bullshit And Strength, changes Weed into.....



... --- ... Guinness tanker wrecked somewhere between Dublin and Liverpool.....

Hmm... Sounds like a job for SUPERFID!

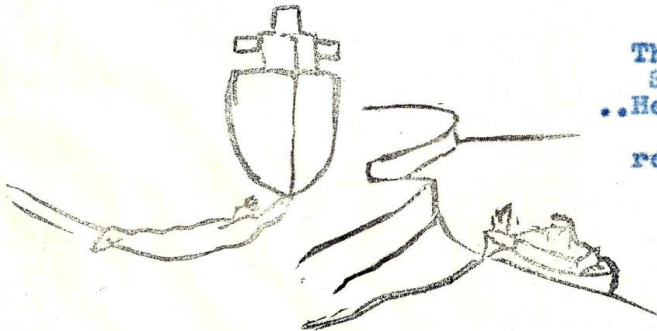


Thinks... Can't let all that beer go to waste, can we?

It's to and fro, and away we go!



Thanks SUPERFID.....  
..Hey, leave some for the rest of us!



I'll anchor it in the Bay, and run a pipe line up to Base!



FIZZYLOGY PHEATURE.....R. McCrutch, M.D.

I was approached last week by the Duchess of Leafing-Spottiswold on the subject of sledging diets. It seemed that her son, Cyril, had

signed on to go down to the Antarctic and she had read, with concern, the accounts of diets on sledging journeys (Are you getting confused? I am.) "Do you really think that I'm going to allow my Darling boy Cyril to eat that horrible, peasant food?", she asked. "Cyril has a very delicate stomach and couldn't possibly eat that sort of thing" (Funnily enough Cyril was a Geologist). Well, being of the Aristocracy myself, notwithstanding the hundred pound note she slipped into my hand, I agreed that I would do what I could to design a diet that would agree with Cyril. Here it is.....

ITEM	WEIGHT	CALS	PRO	FAT	CHO
Champagne	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Caviare	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Oysters	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Tournedo steak	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Truffles	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Trout	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Venison	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Partridge	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Grouse	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Ostrich Eggs	20 oz	60	0	0	20
Napoleon Brandy 1809	20 oz	60	0	0	20

Plus, of, course , a chef, a wine waiter, and a butler to accompany him.

\*\*\*\*\* GOD SAVE THE QUEEN \*\*\*\*\*

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating his Christmas pie;  
He put in thumb  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said, "I know this is a rather unsatisfactory  
way of doing it, but what else can you  
expect with today's gash?"

\*\*\*\*\*

To P.I.W. :- "ALL MEN ARE AS GOD MADE - AND VERY OFTEN WORSE".  
(SANCHO PANZA).

\*\*\*\*\*

Now read on (in a Norfolk Accent) :-

Tis' always in the autumn they come. Ours is a quiet little village at most times, with the Post Office, church, public house and a few holiday camps, so that for the greater part of the year there is seldom any happenings, except ..... except in the autumn. Every year for a number of years now they have come - usually four, but sometimes more, and it is the time which seems to us to be a sort of .... climax to the year. You see, we in our village get a strange feeling of disquiet - the sort of feeling you would get if the village were about to be, say, flooded or ... or besieged. You feel you must get in stores and check doors and shutters - just as though you were preparing for something you didn't quite understand.

And when they come, they don't arrive in the same way as the holiday peoples, they just appear, and the first sight that you get through parted curtains is of fair, outwardly upright citizens, walking steadily and with quiet determination through the village to the small field beyond, where a few buildings and a radar stand, (I think it's called that, but I heard one of them call it, rather sheepishly, "The Dreaded G.L.").

But are they the upright citizens that they would appear to everyone except those in our own village who have seen (mainly through parted curtains) and experienced similar small groups each autumn for the past few years. Nay, we have only to look at the faces bearing those inscrutable grins and hear the two words that dominate our thoughts for the next two months - "Antarctic Met" - to know that this is not so.

But, you may say, they are only here for two months, surely you can tolerate living in uncertainty and unrest for so short a time. But it's not like that, for even now we are all living with a feeling of doubt and suspicion that it was these subtle, outwardly placid men that were the culprits. Is it pure coincidence that two days before they sailed for the remotest place on earth, our little Post Office was viciously raided and many pounds worth of goodies taken? If this was one isolated prank then one might be tempted to pass it off as such, but when watchful eyes like mine - and those of the rest of the village - have been looking on (with apprehension) at their deeds during the two months, then you would realise that this deed was the climax of many smaller deeds that these scheming rogues performed, and you would then know for certain the true characters of these four. Let me see if I can convince you.

/Continued Overleaf.

/Continued.

It didn't occur to me at the time that there should be anything base in their swimming activities in the sea, the weather being quite warm for the first few weeks of their stay, but when the frost and fog came and they still swam at regular intervals I began to wonder whether it was not some form of perversion, and I was even more certain of this fact when they ran in bare feet over the sharp and spikey grass that covers the dunes, shouting in ecstasy. (It is also rumoured that they ran along the roofs of the beach chalets as well - AND swam in the nude with no clothes on, but although this would be in keeping I never saw it for myself). I wondered too if there was another motive in addition to perversion that made them do this - like planning to sabatarge the nets of the inshore herring fishers who fish some two hundred yards offshore at this time of year, but they didn't do this. The fact that not one herring was caught in three weeks has no bearing on the matter .....

Violence always appeared to be a predominant part of their make-up. In their daily walks along our lanes they invariably fought, always amongst themselves however, but it is unfortunate that it was mangle gathering time which meant that during the time it took them to walk the length of a mangle field volleys of mangles (7lb. each !) would be hurled back and forth with great vigour. Looking back I feel that this may have been a sport of game that they played with each other because there were shrieks of genuine laughter, although at the time I was convinced that it was just another display of their hatred for each other. The main thing that convinced me of this dislike of fellow humans was towards the end of their stay, when there was a general feeling of strain in the village. Again it was on one of their walks and they had obviously been building up to this sudden outburst for some time (probably the reaction to weeks of mental strain in planning for the "Big Job"). It all happened very suddenly, the big black one pushed the other big one into a bed of nettles for no apparent reason, and the other showed no tolerance at all, but leapt upon black and beat him with a log. A photograph of this is shown overleaf and you can plainly see the venom and hatred in the beaters eyes and the cowardly fear in blacks face. Have I convinced you now ?

Well, just to make sure, one more item which showed them capable of the final mis-deed, and which illustrates that besides being perverted & prone to violence they are, well ..... thieves. Here is the final expose. They all went into the Post Office (yes, the self-same Post Office), and duly paid for the goodies that they bought - except for one (who sometimes wears glasses) who carefully took a handfull of postcards and walked out WITHOUT PAYING FOR THEM.

/Continued Overleaf.

/Continued.

And outside they were actually LAUGHING about it, and mocking the offender (perhaps because it was so petty in their eyes), and calling him "Cotterill the Phantom Postcard Stealer".

So, my friends, now you will understand my certainty of their real dismal characters, and perhaps it wasn't just coincidence that they sailed away after the robbery (the main one I mean).

I realise that I should have given all this evidence to their employers, in case they are under a misapprehension, but by the time I had correlated it all, alas, they had sailed.

But what of the others who may share an Antarctic Base with them? Are they of similar character? I feel that it would lead to a more united and happy base if they were all of similar temperament, but if they are not, but are genuinely placid, tolerant and GOOD men, then they have my sympathy, and I leave them with this warning and that is to remember at all times that whatever your majority, intelligence or physical strength may be, you will be dominated by the subtlety, treachery and general baseness of the temperaments of the "Antarctic Net".



It's easy to see the "venom and hatred in the beater's eyes, and the cowardly fear in black's face".

Photograph by the author,  
"Rose Cottage",  
Hensby,  
Gt. Yarmouth,  
Norfolk.

-----  
NURSERY RHYME.

"Little Fid Bloggs has lost his dogs,  
And doesn't know where to find them.  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
Dragging their sledge behind them".

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AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

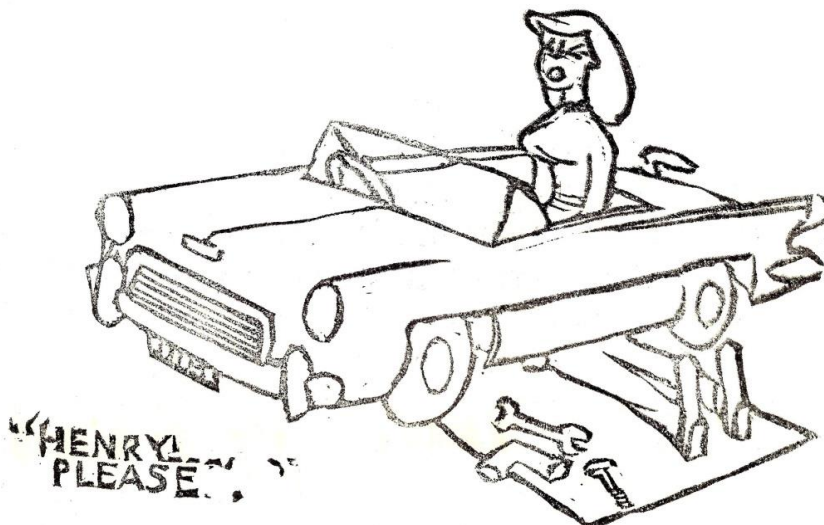
The early part of 1966 saw the introduction of Halley Bay's own news sheet, " The Pengwinge ". This name, we assume, was derived from the forepart of the word PENGUIN, which is, to quote Everyman's English Dictionary, " Slang for a member of the Women's Royal Air Force "unquote. This probably accounts for the general opinion that the staff of the Pengwinge should have worn skirts when they first went to press ! (It has been noted that of late the above-mentioned news sheet has taken on a more male outlook.) The latter part of the name, it seems, was cribbed from the "Halley Comet 1965" viz. "Winje. -- State that one is aggrieved, or dissatisfied, protest against treatment, complain, emit mournful sound." Alas, it was misspelt, having a 'G' in place of a 'J'.

Much verbal and literary abuse was slung in the editor's direction because of his first few editorials, and it was thought that the name of the sheet should be changed to "The CJ Clarion" or "The Gostick Bugle". However, with an increase in staff, (during the absence of the editor) the paper took on a new lease of life. It became interesting, amusing, and informative.

Although (due to production costs ?) it is at the moment only being produced once a fortnight, it seems well established, and with luck and help will run for at least the rest of the year. With the arrival of new base members off the next little red ship, we can hope to see the Pengwinge each Saturday once again.

One very pleasing factor of its run up to date is the number of editions that have been published without censorship by the authorities.

\*\*\*\*\*



THE PAUL WHITEMEN COLUMN.

Halley Bay's, nay, The British Antarctic Survey's Chief  
Vehicle Engineer exposes the Second Hand Car Racket.

---

"Points to Remember when Buying or Selling Second Hand Cars".

OR

"How to cover up signs of the Moth with Nylon Stockings and  
Underseal!"

---

Good Runner : That means when you push it to start.

Body Rough : Needs attention - they tell you that before hand  
so you don't faint at the sight.

One Lady Owner : Usually a budding Pat Moss.

One Owner from New : He's thrashed it until it's knacked and now  
wants to get it off his hands.

In Amazing Condition for it's Age : It's taken a long time for  
the moth to get there, but now its arrived boy is it having  
~~XXXXXX~~ a feast.

Reclining Seats : Retaining Bolts have rusted through.

Never Raced or Rallied : Bloody Liar.

Very Clean Vehicle : Mechanically unsound - but very clean all  
the same.

Can be heard Running : From half a mile away.

---

'Twas smoko, and the sleepy fids  
Did winge and witter in their pits;  
All fumbly were the fizzists,  
The gash were having fits.

"Beware the Tractorpuff, my son,  
The tracks that churn, the lamps that flash!  
Beware the Bee-el Bird, and shun  
The ubiquitous Macscradge!"

They took their box of tools in hand;  
Long time the manky keg they sought  
So rested they, for many a day,  
Then came back, one more short!

'Twas smoko, and the sleepy fids  
Did winge and witter in their pits;  
All fumbly were the fizzists,  
The gash were having fits.

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

---

QUOTABLE

"Cold enough for fur - lined boot laces"

Tony Haynes.

BEWARE....

if on his return home, FID finds that all his friends are married, and he finds that the home life is now somehow missing; his girl friend will realise that the one thing that FID is lacking is of course his home life!

Nothing is more heartwarming than the atmosphere that prevails in the bosom of a happy family. The mutual trust and admiration, the gaiety, the good humoured chaffing, the solidarity, the insularity - all combine to make an Enchanted Circle, an exclusive club that every FID longs to join.

The girl friend will persuade, encourage and even bribe her family into being, not only on their best behaviour, but also give the impression that all is well as long as they are all together! The FID is being lulled into a state where he feels that he is an outsider, will under normal circumstances try his hardest to be accepted as a member of the family. He will meet all the Aunts and Uncles, and on Sundays after dinner, with all the family present, baby is put to bed, and then it is off to the local Booser for a quiet beer and a friendly chat; granny will stay behind and baby sit until the family return. As a special treat FID is allowed to go home with the girl friend and relieve granny early; at times such as these FID is allowed a five minute snogging session, and then she must hurry off to prepare supper.

Perhaps Saturday afternoons are free during the summer, as FID does not play cricket, and like a good little dog, he will trot along into town to do his week-end shopping, and to help his girlfriend's mother carry her shopping home! Birthdays are the worst in the "Happy Home" girls lure, it is at such times as these that FID will meet all the relations that even the girlfriend didn't know that she had.

Eventually FID will long for the only part of this family life which doesn't include him, FID has to go home at night, back to an empty house, in the pouring rain. And before very long FID finds himself proposing marriage!



When FID starts being introduced to the distant relatives a warning bell should ring! And the best way out of this one is to...

APPLY TO FIDS AGAIN!.....

\*\*\*\*\*



## ENNUI

Yesterday, as I was dozing over some stats, in swept schizophrenic Chris Gostick. " Write an article for the ~~M~~Midwinter Pengwinge !" he said. " It can be as bitter, twisted and vituperative as you like, it's all unofficial. You are our last hope."

To be blunt, I couldn't care two hoots, if it's unofficial it's also pointless; why bother to get all airyated and vindictive if it's not going to achieve any result ? Fids are totally absorbent, you can say anything at them and it leaves no impression; almost 'dead-beat' emotional damping exists. As to being the 'last hope' he meant 'dead end', but from investigations following Ron's fascinating lecture I can discount this accusation.

I suppose I could try to raise up a whine against the mess-makers among us - they that leave dirty water in the wash bowls, and on seeing a flowing drip can pass by on the other side of the road. But most of them are pleasant fellows, just innocent victims of their home environment; they are obviously used to having servants clear up after them. Do we really want to change them ? If we do, what will the masochists and sick pseudo-saints have to uncomplainingly clear up ?

The truth is we are all pleasantly suffering from 'winter lassitude'. Why be bitter when you can slumber by the fire or fester in your office ? There are enough little jobs around if you want to work off residual tensions - masticate a few more figures into the statistical jungle, plot another useless map, saw some seal, paint the kitchen. These things done, relax into happy fantastical chatter, drift into a book, make a brew and so to bed.

The days fade into each other, rum night and film nights have little intrinsic value but serve to mark the unnoticed passage of another seven days, like a puff of smoke without trace. So the year wears on, nothing useful achieved but it's all vaguely interesting and undemanding. We came down with some sense of venture, but that's all gone now and we're still getting paid, so why not all be as happy as sandboys as we quietly rot away.

---

Twinkle, Twinkle, little Fid,  
How I wonder what you did.  
Halley Bay's so far away  
You won't get caught for many a day.

---

"I'M CRACKING UP".

The sun has gone down for the winter it seems,  
The hut is vibrating to the cracking of beams,  
The lights they are fading as the gennys run dry  
And I don't know whether to laugh or to cry,  
But still I flog on for the sake of the chaps  
Out there who are struggling on intrepid ice - caps.

The plop of the drips as they fall from the roof  
The howl of the wind as it blows up aloof;  
The call of the gash as the victuals run out.  
And the bitter reply - you needn't shout !  
I I'm doing my best, if thats not enough  
In the words of the prophet, I reckon thats rough!

The monotonous drawl of the record machine,  
The tenth time they've issued the same magazine,  
The drying rooms damp as the mildew it grows  
On shirts and on blankets, neatly lined up in rows.  
But remember the saying - there's lots worse than you,  
But the trouble I find is, I cannot think who.

.....



+=====+

MORE ODD POEMS.

Mary, Mary, Black and Hairy, Where does your garden grow ?  
With lettuce seeds and other weeds, In the iggy hut down below.

-OR-

Hey diddle diddle, Doug, round the middle,  
Looks just like a Met balloon;  
All the fids laughed to see such fun,  
And Alan ran off with the spoon.

AND OF COURSE :

Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper;  
What shall we give him ?  
Seradge of course - same as everybody else !

—————

## A ROUTINE FISHING VOYAGE PLUS.

I remember, back in 61, a stirring story of courage and endurance on the high seas. There are many strange tales of the sea and though I was young and but a very new sailor, this story is etched on my heart until the very grave itself will have difficulty in parting us.

Imagine if you can a dark and menacing sea, the howl of the northern winds, the raw loom of icebergs luminous in the stark polar night. Yes, you've guessed - there we were at Cape Farewell. The ice was thick around us, the wind shrieked unscored symphonies in the frozen rigging. Giant waves broke freezing over the ships side as we lay wallowing in the trough of an almighty wave - and then, for a moment, the spume cleared and we had a single shattering unreal glimpse of a lone grey shape, its very intensity filled us with terror, but then the crest of the wave broke over us - the very ocean seemed to tear itself apart, for a long lonely minute the ship foundered on her beam ends. The Skipper and Mate were flung in an inanimate heap on the bridge bottom. Still on her beam ends the ship struggled against the sea only to be engulfed by an even mightier wave. With a crash the bridge windows collapsed and the raging sea swept in with a thunderous roar. A muffled subteranean explosion registered vaguely sometime later that the funnel had dipped flooding the engine room, blowing boilers and furnaces alike. Still clinging to the wheel with all my strength I heaved downwards and inch by inch forced the helm over. Slowly the stricken ship responded, shaking herself like an angry dog she slowly forced her way to the surface, she reared up on end the wheel kicked itself from my exhausted grasp and with a shuddering crash that seemed to break her very back she drove herself against a solid mass. Suddenly all was peace, my mind whirled and I was engulfed in darkness as my unconscious body pitched headlong to the deck.

Recovering consciousness with an effort I picked myself up from under the shattered radar set where I had been flung. A terrible sight greeted me - all the starboard side of the bridge was stove in, underneath the wreckage sprawled the mangled bodies of the 'Old Man' and the mate, even as I watched a thick stain of blood slowly spread amongst the ankle-deep water sloshing around. With a crash a drunken echo sounder joined the debris in the corner. With a nauseated retch I tore myself away. All the starboard side of the ship was transformed into a tangled mess of rusty, twisted scrap iron. The boat deck was a complete shambles - everything had gone - lifeboats, davits, liferafts - even the after mast. All that remained were a few tangled strips of railing - the sea had even stripped these of paint. A thin column of steam drifted from the collapsed funnel reminding me of that scream of protesting metal as ice cold sea water poured onto white-hot boilers .....

/Continued.

/Continued.

Around me the world was still, the wind silent, the sea as placid as an acquiescent whore - a few thin feathers of mist flew in billowing streamers, softening the brutal scene - and there IT was - floating sedately, with our shattered starboard side gently clawing its immaculate grey paint, lay the terrifying effigy that we'd glimpsed through the swirling fog. Towering above us was the enormous bulk of a battleship - spotless in every detail - the gun turrets all exactly fore and aft - not a degree out of true - a brand new ensign ruffled quietly as the fog stirred, commission pennants winked through the mist from the signal halyards, the jet black of her anchor cables - all as if she'd left the dockyard only that very morning. And yet, apart from the flags and an occasional tug at her anchors, there wasn't a movement, not a sound stirred the air, just a terrible ghostly still. The damage we'd sustained in our wild collision with her had scarcely marked her paint.

Blind terror seized me. I jumped from the bridge, plunging down the remains of the companion ladder to the main deck flat. The cook's body slowly cremated itself in the embers of the shattered stove. The engine room was a chaos of tormented metal. Nothing could have survived that private holocaust as the furnaces blew back and the boilers exploded.

Out on the main deck the hatches had been stove in, descending into the fish hold below I found the body of the leading decky - working in the fish room when she struck his sea boots had slipped on the icy 'tween decks gangway, and he'd plunged to the bottom of the hold, breaking his neck on its concrete base. Though the starboard side plates were badly buckled the bulkheads had held and the hull didn't seem to be taking any water. Slightly relieved I climbed back out into the open, and still the ghostly battleship dwarfed us. In desperation I climbed into the maelstrom that was once the foc's'le. I COULD'T be the only one left alive. Inside I found the stirring forms of two unconscious deckys, Lofty and Pete. Almost weeping with relief I helped them to their feet. These two off-watch A.B.'s were all that remained alive in this once gloomy box, now flooded with daylight through gaping holes in deckhead and plating. Water sloshed around on the deck, slowly trickling down the hatch to the lower foc's'le.

"What happened?" I asked, futilely.

"The foc's'le 'ead stove in when she took that first big sea", replied Lofty, "water came in like 'igh water in the Firth. Poured down the fore 'old like a bloody waterfall it did". He paused, "I jumps out of me bunk and then she 'it summat bloody 'ard and I went out like a light".

"Anyone down the fore hold", I demanded.

"Yeah. The third 'and, Mac and Yorky, and the D.L. was playin' poker".

"Jesus H !"

/Continued Overleaf.

CONTINUED.

I jumped to the ladder, but water sucked at me before I was more than two rungs down.

"Christ", I said, "poor bastards, only a bloody fish could live down there, it's up to the bloody gunwales - that's why she's so far down by the head. The bulkhead to the fishrooms held though. We'd better get this lot bailed out quick. Anyhow, there's a bloody great battlewagon alongside - that's what we hit, come and take a look". And with that we all trooped outside where we were joined by the watch below Second Engineer.

"Hell, am I glad to see you", he exclaimed, "I thought I was the only bastard left alive on this floating whore-wagon".

"No one left down below aft, Bill?" I asked.

"Yeah - just. The galley boys still in the land of the living, thrown right out of his bunk and looks as though he hit the deckhead by the amount of blood plastered on it. Looks as though he's broken every bone in his bleedin' body", he paused, looking slightly sick, then - "One of the stokers is still in his bunk with his guts all over the deck. A bulkhead shattered and a steel splinter opened him up like a tin. And, and the Sparks was in the shower - smashed his head open on the spouting - brains all over the place ...", he trailed off, and was horribly sick over my second best pair of sea-boots. "That's the lot then", I said, "there were four deckies on the foredeck when she took that first sea - they went the easy way, poor sods ..... Christ, he should never have been steaming in weather like that ...", I pulled myself together with an effort. "Let's take a decce at this battleheap then, looks like bloody Scarpa Flow all over again".

From the wreckage of the whaleback we managed to climb onto the deck of the battleship. Here all was peace. Not a thing stirred. I was reminded with a sinking heart of the "Mary Celeste". Opening a storm door we made our way through deserted mess after deserted mess. Everything was clewed up, and lashed properly, opening a cupboard we found inside a full set of matelots gear, all squared away as if for inspection. The decks and bulkheads were shining. The tables freshly swabbed down. The deckheads scrubbed. Up flight after flight of stairs the same silence met us. Along deck after deck the same order and cleanliness prevailed. Officers cabins were tidy, yet had a strange 'Lived in' atmosphere. The wardroom was the same, except for three untouched glasses of pink gin on the bar.

"I could use a dram", said the second, reaching behind the bar for a Rum bottle. After a couple of large shots each we all felt pounds better, and moving on up another couple of decks we finally emerged on the bridge. Everything was in spotless order. Instruments stood at the ready, equipment was warmed up, the steady ticking of a gyro compass brought welcome relief from the oppressive silence:

/Continued overleaf.

/Continued.

In the chart room pencils and rulers lay at hand, a North Atlantic chart lay on the table. A neat cross adorned a ~~point~~ point just north west of Cape Farewell, and a penciled anchor marked the spot where they'd dropped the hook. Across the room under the rosy glow of a bulkhead light the Deck Log lay open at the last entry. It read :-

"30th DECEMBER. 0537 ANCHORED MONTEVIDEO ROADS. MAIN ENGINES AT STAND BY. PILOT JACK ALOFT. PILOT BOAT APROACHING FROM SHORE. ALL DAY DUTY MEN CLOSED UP. WIND NNE 2 SEA SLIGHT VIS 15 SUNRISE 0456. LOG 217.35 REPEATER 218.03. CAPTAIN HAS THE WATCH."

"But ...", the Second exclaimed, his voice trailed off as a gentle subdued roar reached our ears. Flying to the bridge wing we saw a puff of smoke errupt from our battered funnel.

"Christ, the bloody engines started again ....", and with that we tore down ladder after ladder, deck after deck, companion way after companion way, until gaining our own foc's'le head we were just in time to feel the ship make gradual stern way, then a pause as the helm went over, and with a steady surge of power she filled away and the remote battleship slowly faded into the mist.

"But.....but, that's impossible .....", began Bill, but his words were ~~lost~~ lost as a gradual unconsciousness settled over me.

Hours later I came round. I was lying in the lee of the fore-deck winch. Around me Bill, Pete and Lofty were stirring too. The battered ship lay rolling slattenly in the slight swell. Half a mile to windward lay a deep fiord with mountains rising to snow-capped summits beyond. Clustered around the watersedge sheltered a little town. "That's .....that's Isafjordur", I exclaimed incredulously. A small pilot boat was rapidly overhauling us when yet again, unaccountably I fell unconcious.

I woke in a cool hospital bed, with the gentle hands of a pretty nurse on my brow.

"Steady now", she said, "you've been through a terrible time but its all over now, just sleep a little more".

And once more I sank into comfortable darkness.

In a few days we were returned to England, but what can you say to people ? They just smile knowingly and murmur about concussion .... But, in retrospect, how COULD there have been a BATTLESHIP ? HOW did we travel the hndreds of miles from Greenland to Iceland ? Yet, I know it Was there, but .....

===== \*\*\*\*\* =====  
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QUOTABLE QUOTE.

"But I'm not organising anything - I'm only getting things sort of moving !"

- Geoff Lovegrove -

\*\*\*\*\*

CENSORED!

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the operating theatre the other day - a little, old man approached me out of the swirling crowds of the rush hour tube station and pushed a brown-paper parcel, string wrapped, into my surprized hands and muttered, "Big Clock, 3.15 pm Victoria Station, on Monday," and as quickly as he had come vanished into the crowd.

Filled with curiosity I hailed a passing Taxi and stuffed the parcel into my briefcase. "St. Quentin's Hospital, please," I said to the driver and leaned back into the deep recess of the back seat. I was too tired at that moment to start opening the parcel and instead had a few winks before being jerked to a stop outside the hospital.

Mounting the steps to the hospital two at a time I acknowledged a greeting from a passing medical student and entered the main corridor making my way to the Surgeons' room. Once inside I immediately began opening my briefcase and took out the package. What could it be, I wondered, as I was about to untie the string but my satisfaction had to be postponed for at that moment my assistant came in dressed in his operating whites and showed me the operating list. My attention was, of course, directed solely onto the work in hand and I thought and acted surgically for the rest of the morning.

Thinking that I might be left alone for the lunch hour, at least, I promised myself that during it I would finally satisfy my curiosity. Again, however, I was thwarted in that I had to attend a lunch arranged by the University during which we discussed some proposed changes in the clinical curriculum.

Straight after lunch I had to go to the wards where I was due to take my students on a Ward Round. Throughout the afternoon I'm afraid that I did not give the students my full attention engrossed as I was in the contents of that blasted paper parcel. They probably took advantage of the fact - I don't know - in any case the pretty ward Sister commented on the fact and even enquired solicitously whether I was feeling my normal self.

Five o'clock came and I threw myself again into the mass suicide attempt made twice a day and known euphemistically as the Rush Hour. Impatiently I put up with the privations of the Tube, the bus journey (car travel is quite impracticable nowadays) and eventually arrived home. Absent-mindedly kissing my wife I entered my study in haste and rubbing my hands I sat at the bureau with the brown paper parcel in front of me savouring the pleasure the opening of it was going to give me. Feverishly I cut the string and tore open the wrappings. Inside was a cardboard box which I quickly opened. It contained an ear. "What's this 'ere," I exclaimed! . . . .



## THE CHANGING FACE OF ANTARCTICA.

Antarctica is now known as "The Great White Continent", but it was not always so. Many eons ago, there lived in Antarctica a race of people, who, for want of a better word, perished when the great ice age came: one man however, survived, and just hibernated whilst the rest of his people died. He awoke when the Antarctic was being explored at the turn of the century; he visited with both Scott and Shackleton, and learned of all the modern wonders of the world. After spending some considerable time with his hosts he once more hibernated.

On his next awakening, he found that there were hundreds of men around him, and all day long these men just flew around in a large metal bird: being terribly frightened he went away towards the interior of the Antarctic ice cap.

Having followed a trail of goody wrappers and dogs' excreta he arrived at Halley Bay. He was first surprised by the fact that there were a lot of wires everywhere: he pondered over this for some time, before he remembered what he ~~was~~ had been told about how Bell had made a telephone and marconi a crystal listening device; this was the only possible explanation that he could think of. On coming to a hole in the ice with a ladder descending, warily he climbed down the ladder, and saw for the first time an electric light. He considered this and came to the conclusion that it couldn't be an oil lamp but could be one of Edison's experiments that was actually working.

He carefully made his way along the passage into the link piece; he heard the sound of snoring, this sound was interrupted by a bell ringing and a shout of "smoko". Immediately there was a rush of bodies from the direction that the snoring had come from, and these chaps vanished into what could be described as a dining room. Following the rush he soon found himself in this dining room where the chaps were scoffing handfuls of buns, and making almost incoherent shouts that the gash and the cooks should shoot themselves! The next noise that he heard came from an adjoining room "Little Old Lady from Pasadena....." Going into the next room to discover the source of the sound, he found it to be coming from a large square box, which bore a slight resemblance to the phonograph he had seen when with his earlier hosts. While inspecting this phonograph, his rectum was poked by a chap who was writing on the wall. Another man came in and said, "Shut your noise, there's work to do you know," so following this new man, he found himself in a new building, (it only looked new as the roof hadn't collapsed) the ~~new~~ man walked into a room, climbed some stairs, and was soon heard to be gently snoring!

There seemed little to help him in his search for sanity and as he opened the first door he was convinced that there was indeed no sanity in this modern world. There was a chap sitting in front of a metal box saying to it, "C.Q... C.Q.. Come in you mucking clot", well those weren't the exact words he used.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page.)

As he was leaving to find a place where he could go once more into hibernation, he heard someone saying to himself, "Roll on that little red ship!" Going through the tunnel and down to the link piece again, he noticed another door which he had not seen previously. He went through, along the passage outside it, and came to a flight of steps descending to a lower building. After searching around in this building for some time, he discovered a ladder up into the loft, where at last he was able to find himself a warm, quiet corner.

He is not completely settled down yet, from time to time he gets up for a stroll round, and although he has never actually been seen, his footsteps are often heard during the night. No-one knows his name, so he has been christened.....GILBERT !

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ANSWERS TO MIK'S MEGA MIDWINTER QUIZ.

- 1) By a fire; the custom is still continued with the Yule log.
- 2) 15 in sheep language - Ask Dick-the-met, he can count up to twenty in the thing.
- 3) John Donne, referring to sexual intercourse. The bird won't let him have it, so he points out the flea, who seems to be getting it OK.
- 4) It is a village in Cornwall.
- 5) The Cat and the Fiddle, at Woodhead.
- 6) Keep thinking.
- 7) Irvine.
- 8) The river Spey, Scotland.
- 9) Cenotaph Corner (Ex.S), Dinas-y-Croalech, Llanberis.
- 10) Brook, Blunden, Sasson, Graves,
- 11) I can't do it, either.
- 12) Disraeli, of Gladstone.
- 13) Answers in triplicate, to at least ten places of decimals, to the S/L. It really is magic, try it to 5 places and see if you know it.
- 14) Southern Dawn, not Southern Lights.
- 15) It's not the answer that counts, it's how you work it out. For the record, though, it's 40 miles.

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In case of fire: Take bucket of solid ice, stand it by the fire until melted, then extinguish fire with water thus produced. If this method should prove a little long, tip bucket upside down, shake out ice block, and bludgeon out flames with empty bucket!

\*\*\*\*\*

YOUR DESTINY IN THE STARS.

by Olv. Geerov

ARIES. March 21 - April 20

Don't allow routine to get you down, the end of the week will bring relief for some when spirits soar to 50mb level.  
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TAURUS. April 21 - May 20

A trying time for those with noble blood, and communications will provide a disturbing time for some. If you work at night, don't allow distractions of a Bacchanal nature to interfere with your labours. If you feel like relaxing for a week, do so in private, and keep clear of geminis.  
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GEMINI. May 21 - June 20

Small geminis have suffered setbacks recently, and things are likely to deteriorate even further for at least the next two years. Give up all thoughts of flight. This week's lucky number in love is 58.  
\*\*\*\*\*



CANCER. June 21 - July 21

You're too set in your ways; go out and have a shampoo or a perm. Give up smoking, it stunts your growth.  
\*\*\*\*\*



LEO. August 22 - Sept. 23

A period of intense activity is about to commence, remember procrastination makes time.  
\*\*\*\*\*



VIRGO. August 22 - Sept. 23

An unhappy time is in store for virgians which will be made worse by curried turkey and onion trifle. Dumplings and syrup should alleviate the situation.  
\*\*\*\*\*



LIBRA. Sept. 23 - Oct. 22

A welcome break from routine will not arrive for some months yet, instead new commitments will sap your ebbing energy. Keep a stiff upper lip.  
\*\*\*\*\*



SCORPIO. Oct. 23 - Nov. 22

Forgetfulness brings disaster in love, so throw all your energy into organisation, where you will meet with certain failure as usual. A carefree week for most scorpions.  
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SAGITTARIUS. Nov. 23 - Dec. 20

You will soon hear a surprising piece of information; it could bring a hope nearer fulfilment.  
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CAPRICORN. Dec. 21 - Jan. 19

A disaster is likely to occur earlier in the week, and several attempts at redeeming yourself will cause you and your colleagues to miss a festive occasion.  
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AQUARIUS. Jan. 20 - Feb. 18

Aquariums are likely to be dogged by ill luck, some by an incapacitating oral disease, some by family(ar) problems, some by a form of sleeping sickness; others will just be dogged.  
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PISCES. Feb. 19 - March 20

Bright lights will shine in your life; profanity will lead to certain disaster. Reminiscence will lead to heart trouble.  
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As the little red ship came into Halley Bay,  
one shepherd Fid said to the other shepherd Fid

" Let's get the flock out of here!"

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THE PENGWINGE HISTORY -- A summary of how it all started.

The Pengwinge, which has become a familiar part of our base routine, began, if you remember, in a very small way. One Sunday early in February, just after the boat had left, CJ handed out a three-page summary of the latest World News. This was in response to many requests for news by people who hadn't easy access to a receiver themselves, and was greatly appreciated. Two days later, a single page sufficed for the news, and to it was added some general base news and odd comments. Next day, another page of news and another page of witter, including an "Editorial". Later it was decided that once a week was often enough, and the first of the regular weekly editions came out on Saturday, February 26th.

It was not, however, until the following week that our present name made its appearance: previously it had been called whatever had come to mind at the time of writing. Early names included "The Halley Bay Sunday Express", "CJ's News-sheet", and "The Halley Bay Spasmodic Times and Newsweek"! Serial numbers were first appended to the third issue; three weeks later a mistake was made in the numbering, resulting in two issues being numbered 5. Correction of this has not been considered necessary, so all editions since then have actually been numbered one less than they really are! Our eponymous mascot was first shown in issue number 9, and has remained with us ever since, as has the new look of number 15, a separate front cover carrying the main news headlines below a specially printed nameplate.

The contents have been extremely variable, both in quantity and quality. They have included World News, news about Britain, Sports News and results most weeks, ionospheric conditions permitting. Usually these are recorded on tape in the radio shack and typed out later elsewhere. This has enabled us to make out items which were almost unreadable on first hearing, thus giving a more complete coverage of world events. Unfortunately, some weeks reception has been too bad to receive anything at all; on one of these occasions a "pseudo - news bulletin" was published instead. Obviously, this cannot be repeated!

Early editions carried notes, letters and comments from many people on base, but gradually things settled down and regular feature articles started to appear. "The Art of Coarse Sledging", "The Stuff of Heroes", "OGG'S Top Ten Record Review", "Beware" and "Superfid" are some of the items which have been included and have run for some time.

At first all the work was done by CJ, but when he was preparing to set out on the Autumn Keg trip some of us decided that we might as well try to keep things running for him until his return. We succeeded, with a struggle, and since he came back we have all worked together as a team.

Unfortunately, the usual "winter lethargy" is upon most of us now, and recent editions have been rather low in standard. Our fate is in the balance; will we survive the long winter night, or will we fade away before spring through lack of momentum like so many other ideas have?

Time alone will tell.

TOMORROW.....when everyone is suffering from indigestion as a result of their over - indulgence in food and drink today, who will spare a thought for two of the people who made it all possible ?

We mean, of course, the cooks.

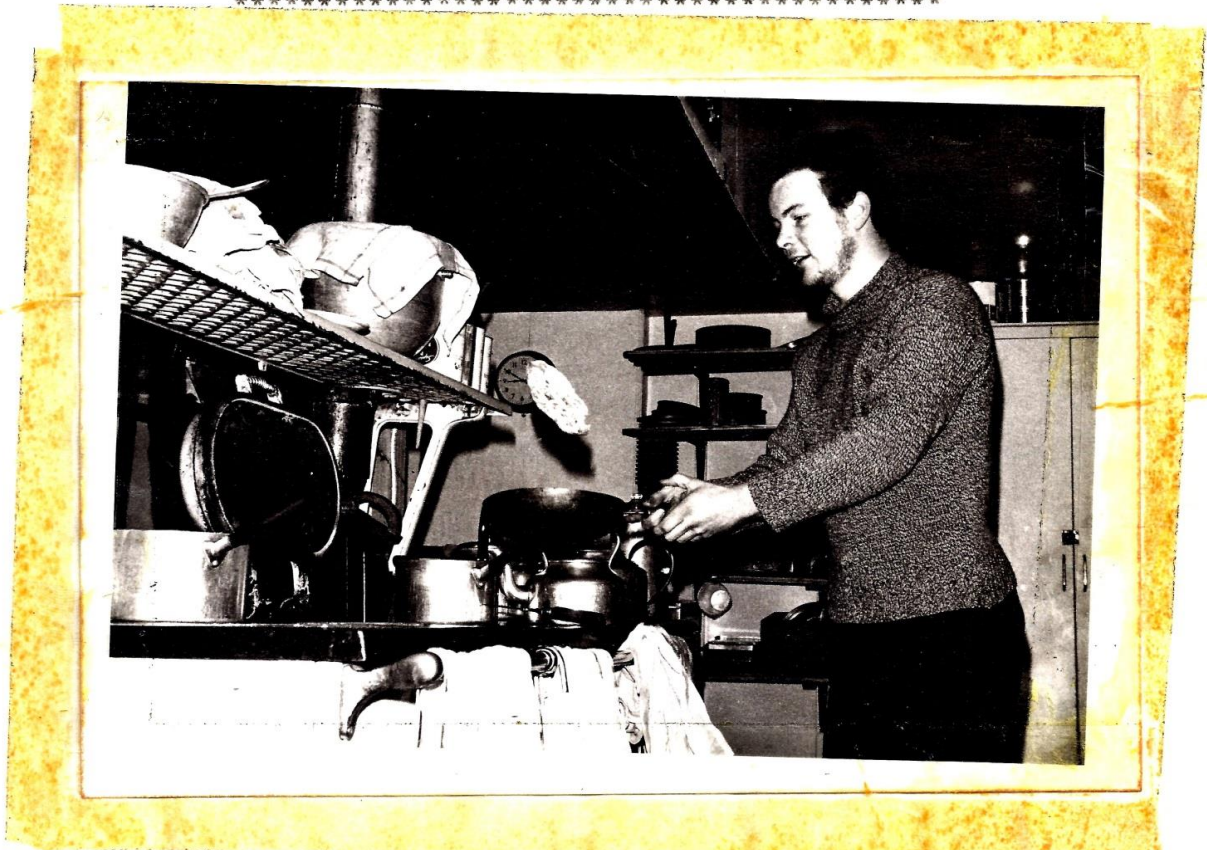
Mac and Chas have spent hours making all sorts of goodies for today; imagine their feelings when they see all their work ruined by a hungry horde of drunken fids ! All that work, and all anyone does to it is eat it !

We of the 'Pengwinge' would like to express our appreciation of the fruits of their labours, but of course, we had to write this page yesterday, before we had a chance of seeing any of it, so I suppose we can't honestly do so.

However, to show that we do think about them occasionally, we include this fotty of one of them at work, just before he dropped the gooey mess all over the kitchen stove. The other one was in hiding, just in case the next one was aimed at him !

(It also means that we can make this paper up to 40 pages, instead of only 39 !)

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SERIOUSLY THOUGH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MAC AND CHARLIE.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The Staff of "Pengwinge" would like to sincerely thank all who have so willingly helped us with their able assistance. Without them this edition would have been impossible. We offer our apologies to those few who have not been persecuted in our quest for material - mainly because of their prior commitments in other spheres. We offer our grateful thanks

to

Alan Johnston,  
Bill Izatt  
Stu Noble,  
Dick Stokes  
Colin Wornham  
Colin Read,  
Geoff Lovegrove,  
Doug Beebe  
Phil Cotterill  
Jeff McWilliam  
Ron Lloyd  
"Mac"  
Paul Whiteman  
and  
Mik Shaw.

Our special thanks also go again to Dick Stokes who has been kind enough to let us use the Met Office for "The Pengwinge" 'T' Party, which will be held at 4.15 pm on Tuesday, and we look forward to seeing you all there. We were hoping to have a Garden Party in the Field, but with the weather as it is I'm afraid we've had to call it off.

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Finally, the Editor would personally like to thank all the ex-officio members of staff for their tremendous efforts, especially Tony Wilson and Skip for their mammoth contribution. Much midnight oil has been burnt.

I hope you think it was worth it.

-----  
THANK YOU ALL

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LAST PAGE  
WE MADE IT!

ALMOST FINISHED

PLEASE TURN OVER....

ERRATA

THE COCKTAIL PARTY AT 1100  
WILL BE HELD IN RONS  
SURGERY.

\*\*\*\*\*

HAVE YOU SPOTTED OUR  
DELIBERATE MISTAKE ?

.....NEVO NEUT MIAIN