

No 77
May 2017



BAS Club

Magazine



BRITISH ANTARCTIC SURVEY CLUB COMMITTEE

OFFICE

RETIREMENT

| | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|----------|
| President: | <i>Barry Heywood</i> | 2019 |
| Chairman: | <i>Terry Allen</i> | 2017 |
| Secretary: | <i>Tony Wincott</i> | 2017 |
| Treasurer: | <i>Dog Holden</i> | 2019 |
| Magazine Editor: | <i>Keith Gainey</i> | 2019 |
| Membership Secretary: | <i>Alex Gaffikin</i> | 2017 |
| Benevolent Secretary | <i>Allan Wearden</i> | 2017 |
| Member | <i>John Blunn</i> | 2018 |
| General Duties | <i>Anne Todd</i> | co-opted |
| Heritage Secretary: | <i>John Fry</i> | 2018 |
| Media Co-ordinator: | <i>Ellie Stoneley</i> | 2017 |
| Fuchs Medal | <i>Paul Coslett</i> | 2018 |
| Website Management | <i>Beverley Ager</i> | co-opted |
| Recorder: | <i>Beverley Ager</i> | |

All secretarial emails should be directed to Tony Wincott

Tel:- 07702 055601 email info.basclub@gmail.com

All enquiries about Membership and Change of Address should be sent to the Membership Secretary – Alex Gaffikin

email alexgaffikin@yahoo.com

For Benevolent Support matters contact Allan Wearden, 18 East Lancs Road, Blackburn, Lancs BB1 9QZ Tel: 01254 247541

email allan.wearden@btinternet.com

All Financial Correspondance send to the Treasurer Dog Holden, Brindle House, Highmoor, Wigton, Cumbria CA7 9LQ

Tel: 0167 345020 email dog@harter.org.uk

Please send material for the Magazine direct to Keith J Gainey, 6 Chaffinch Way, Shrewsbury SY1 4TR

Tel: 07970597287 email pengwinge@yahoo.co.uk

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LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN



Dear Fids,

From time to time something unexpected turns up, and perhaps we should have been prepared for it. Dick Laws, Past President of this Club, who died three years ago, had immaculately and most-skillfully produced extensive artwork, particularly related to zoological science. Maureen Laws was both generous and helpful with regard to presenting Dick's collection in an exhibition at the Scott Polar Research Institute in March 2017. Many thanks are due to John Croxall, Bruce Pearson and Bob Burton for initiating and organizing the exhibition. The Club is pleased to have helped sponsor this very successful event.

Exhibitions are just one form of communication. BAS Club has continued to communicate by developing its two web sites. Ellie Stoneley continues as Media Co-ordinator, with special reference to the BAS Club Facebook site. Bev Agar, in addition to her role as the Committee Minutes Secretary, has been co-opted onto the Committee as Website manager, particularly addressing the content and ease of access to basclub.org.

The BAS Club AGM and Re-union Dinner at Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire, is only about six weeks away. Spaces are being filled up, so, if you are likely to attend, an early application would be appropriate. Alec Hurley is organizing the AGM and re-union dinner.

At the AGM there will be proposals to make some alterations to the Constitution of BAS Club in order to safeguard the future of the Club and improve its administration. I would encourage members to study the proposals which have been published on the BAS Club website (www.basclub.org) under Members News Posts 'Draft Revision of the Constitution for Ratification at the 2017 AGM', in the previous magazine December 2016 and in this issue of the magazine.

With best wishes.

Terry Allen

EDITORIAL

So what do we have in this issue of the magazine?

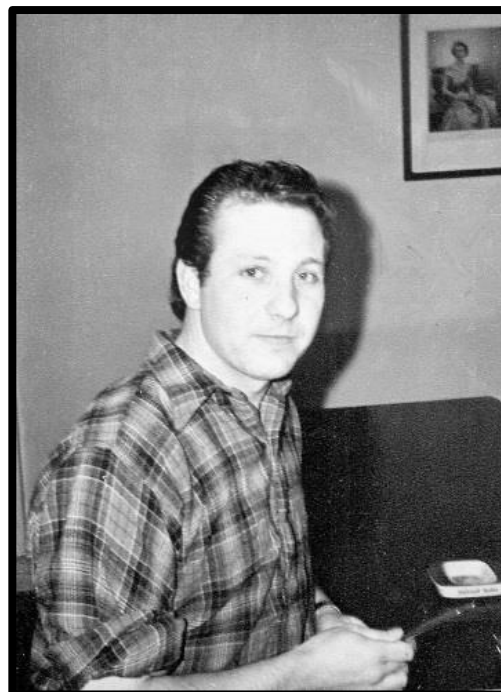
A draft revision of the Constitution is again in the magazine as it is an important issue to be addressed at the 2017 AGM in Gloucester.

Members are requested to review and prepare any comments/proposals at the AGM

The 2016 Accounts - these are presented in a new format and members are requested to ensure that they have read these and raise any questions at the AGM in Gloucester

The front cover of the last magazine resulted in an email from Robin Chambers with further eruption photographs and explanations.

The front cover of this magazine, provided by courtesy of BAS, is, obviously either a 'crack' a 'ridge' or a 'break'. I'm sure everyone will know where it is happening at this moment.



Tom Woodfield has sent some thanks and comments for the book review of his book 'Polar Mariner'.

There is plenty of reading in this magazine for all. I must say I am really pleased with the articles and features that keep coming in. They make excellent reading even for me!!

A handwritten signature in purple ink, which appears to read 'Kevin Crainey'.

BAS Club News

**The British Antarctic Survey Club
The 42nd Annual General Meeting
Saturday 24th June 2017**

Venue; Eastwood Park, Gloucester Start time: 17:30 Sharp!

Club President : Barry Heywood **BH**

Committee Officers:

| | | |
|----------------------|---------------|-----------|
| Chairman: | Terry Allen | TA |
| Secretary: | Tony Wincott | TW |
| Treasurer: | Dog Holden | GH |
| Membership Secretary | Alex Gaffikin | AG |
| Magazine Editor | Keith Gainey | KG |

Committee Members:

Ellie Stoneley **ES**, John Fry **JF**, John Blunn **JB**
Paul Coslett **PC**, Allan Wearden **AW**.

Co-opted Members: Ann Todd **AT**. Bev Ager **BA**

Welcome and H&S Brief

Agenda

- | | | |
|-----|---|----------------|
| 1. | Apologies for absence | TW |
| 2. | Agree, accept and sign the Minutes of 41 st AGM 2016 | TA / TW |
| 3. | Matters arising from the minutes of the 41 st AGM | TA |
| 4. | Chairman's report. | TA |
| 5. | Secretary's report. | TW |
| 6. | Treasurer's report. | GH |
| 7. | Magazine editor's report. | KG |
| 8. | Membership Secretary's report. | AG |
| 9. | Election of Committee Officers. | TA/TW |
| | Chairman: Terry Allen | |
| | Secretary: Tony Wincott | |
| | Membership: Secretary: Alex Gaffikin | |
| | Benevolent Secretary: Allan Wearden | |
| 10. | Ratification of Revised Club Constitution | KG/TA |
| 11. | Heritage Elements Report | JF |
| | a. Report on Memorial Garden | GH/TW |
| | b. Oral History Report | AW |
| 12. | Benevolent Fund Report | AW |
| 13. | Fuchs Medal Report | PC |
| 14. | Web report | ES / TW |
| 15. | Update on future AGM venues | TW |
| 16. | Club asset disposal | TW |
| | a. Disposal of artwork. | |
| 17. | AoB | |
| 18. | Next AGM: June 2018 Cambridge | Note |

Declare the meeting closed.

Please note that the meeting will be recorded to aid accuracy with transposing the minutes

BAS Club News

2016 ACCOUNTS

British Antarctic Survey Club Balance Sheet as at 31 December 2016

| | £ | £ 2016 | £ 2015 |
|--|-----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| ASSETS | | | |
| Bank balances @ 31 December | | | |
| NatWest Current a/c | 6,474.51 | | 306.64 |
| NatWest Bonus a/c | 0.00 | | 2,041.73 |
| NatWest Plus a/c | 0.00 | | 938.41 |
| Oral Heritage Fund | 475.85 | | 1,195.20 |
| Memorial Orchard Fund | 833.14 | | 614.53 |
| PayPal a/c | 492.28 | | 266.84 |
| Total Cash at Bank | 8,275.78 | | 5,363.35 |
| Debtors & Prepayments | | | |
| Mem.Orchard | 270.00 | | |
| Committee exps | 124.60 | | |
| 2017 Reunion exps. | 54.72 | | |
| 2018 Reunion exps. | 250.00 | | 250.00 |
| 2016 Reunion deposit | 0.00 | | 848.00 |
| Total Debtors & Prepayments | 699.32 | | 1,098.00 |
| TOTAL ASSETS | | 8975.10 | 6461.35 |
| LIABILITIES | | | |
| Creditors and Accruals | | | |
| 2017 Subs paid 2016 | 140.00 | | |
| Printing of Magazine | 3408.00 | | |
| Meeting/Admin exps | 523.59 | | |
| Memorial Orchard | 301.55 | | |
| Reunion income received in prior year | 988.00 | | 1,508.00 |
| Total Liabilities | | 5361.14 | 1508.00 |
| Assets less Liabilities | | 3613.96 | 4953.35 |

I report on the Income & Expenditure account, Balance Sheet and Funds Statements. My examination included a review of the accounting records as well as explanations given to me.

In my opinion the Income & Expenditure account, Balance Sheet and Funds Statements give a true and fair view of the financial transactions of the club for the year ended 31 December 2016.

Signed and Dated

Adrian L Apps

26/4/17

Independent Examiner:

Adrian L Apps

BAS Club News

| | | | | | | | | |
|-------------|--|-------------------------------|---|---------|-----------|--|-----------|--------|
| | | British Antarctic Survey Club | | | | | | |
| | Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31 December 2016 | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | |
| | | | . | | 2016 | | 2015 | NOTES: |
| INCOME | | | | | £ | | £ | |
| | Subscriptions | | | | | | | |
| | | Standing Orders/Ch. | | | 11,794.00 | | 12,115.00 | |
| | | PayPal | | | 141.13 | | | |
| | | | | | 11,935.13 | | 12,115.00 | |
| | Reunion | | | | | | | |
| | | Reunion Receipts | | | 4,536.00 | | 4,336.00 | 1 |
| | Other Income | | | | | | | |
| | | Magazine Postage | | | 12.50 | | 16.50 | |
| | | Hope Bay Reunion loan repay. | | | 1,000.00 | | 1,304.40 | 2 |
| | | Bank Interest | | | 0.57 | | 2.21 | |
| | | Sales | | | 370.79 | | 271.34 | |
| | Total Income | | | | 17,854.99 | | 18,045.45 | |
| | | | | | | | | |
| EXPENDITURE | | | | | | | | |
| | Magazine | | | | | | | |
| | | Printing & postage | | | 6,591.16 | | 7,350.20 | 1 |
| | Reunion | | | | | | | |
| | | Venue and Expenses | | | 4,718.39 | | 4,560.00 | 1 |
| | Other expenses | | | | | | | |
| | | Committee/Admin. | | | 2,379.47 | | 2,696.34 | |
| | | Minutes Secretary | | | 280.00 | | 280.00 | |
| | | Donation-Laws Exhib. | | | 500.00 | | - | |
| | | Website. IT Training | | | 1,107.79 | | 3,495.03 | 3 |
| | | Cost of Goods | | | 652.64 | | 858.69 | |
| | | Oral Heritage Fund expenses | | | 719.35 | | 2,094.00 | 5 |
| | | Loan (Hope Bay Reunion) | | | 1,000.00 | | 1,000.00 | 2 |
| | | Memorial Orchard expenses | | | 1,245.58 | | 594.00 | 6 |
| | Total Expenditure | | | | 19,194.38 | | 22,928.26 | |
| | | | | | | | | |
| | Income less Expenditure | | | Deficit | -1,339.39 | | 4,882.81 | 4 |
| | | | | | | | | |
| | Deficit of £1,339.99 represented by movement in Balance Sheet from end 2015 to end 2016 i.e. £4,953.35 minus £3,613.96 = £1,339.39. | | | | | | | |

Notes to the Income and Expenditure Account 2016

1. The accounts for 2016 record the Income and Expenditure "incurred" during the year rather than the payments made and monies received. This involves adjusting certain figures for "accruals" (outstandings at year end) and prepayments (made in advance). E.g. deposits made in 2015 for the 2016 AGM/Reunion have been added to the 2016 costs whereas those made during 2016 for the 2017 event have not been included but will be carried forward to 2017. A similar principle has applied to income received from members in 2015 to book for the 2016 reunion.

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2. An advance to the organisers of the Hope Bay Reunion. Repaid during the year.
3. In 2015 there were a lot of initial website development costs not repeated in 2016.
4. The 2015 figure shown here does not tally with that shown in the 2015 accounts because of the adjustments made to certain income and costs per note 1 above.
5. The Oral Heritage project has been concentrating on transposing interviews rather than conducting them. This is less costly. This activity used to be shown separately in the "Funds Administered by British Antarctic Survey Club" (see table below). It is incorporated into the I & E a/c to facilitate comparison with the previous year.
6. The Memorial Orchard was becoming overgrown as a result in changes in the BAS Estates Management arrangement. The club engaged its own sub-contractor and the Committee member with responsibility had to put in a lot of extra work to keep the garden in good shape. This activity is currently under review by BAS Club and BAS. Similar reporting change made as in 5 above.

| BRITISH ANTARCTIC SURVEY CLUB | | | | | |
|---|----------|----------------------|----------|--|-----------|
| Funds Held and Administered by BAS Club for the Year 2016 | | | | | |
| | £ | | | | £ |
| Benevolent Fund | | | | | |
| Balance @ 01.01.2016 | 6,875.63 | Payments-Expenses | | | 972.40 |
| Bonus Saver a/c @01.01.16 | 4,148.33 | | Donation | | 100.00 |
| Donation from B.A.T | 500.00 | Balance @ 31.12.2016 | | | 15,585.70 |
| Sales-books, paintings, auctions | 4,019.70 | | | | |
| Members' Donations | 1,110.00 | | | | |
| Misc. Income | 4.44 | | | | |
| | 16658.10 | | | | 16658.10 |
| | | | | | |
| Laws Prize | | | | | |
| Balance @ 01.01.2016 | 149.55 | balance @ 31.12.2016 | | | 1,950.23 |
| Bonus Saver@ 01.01.2016 | 1450.16 | | | | |
| Interest earned | 0.52 | | | | |
| Donation from B.A.T | 350.00 | | | | |
| | 1950.23 | | | | 1,950.23 |
| | | | | | |
| Fuchs Medal | | | | | |
| balance @ 01.01.2016 | 1250.82 | Expenses | | | 29.33 |
| Bonus Saver a/c @ 01.01.16 | 180.85 | balance @ 31.12.2016 | | | 1752.43 |
| Interest earned | 0.09 | | | | |
| Donation B.A.T. | 350.00 | | | | |
| | 1781.76 | | | | 1781.76 |
| Oral Heritage and Memorial Garden, shown here in previous years now incorporated | | | | | |
| into main Income and Expenditure a/c. Those above shown independently to clearly | | | | | |
| show donations from B.A.T and how those donations are used. | | | | | |

BAS Club News

DRAFT revision of the Constitution for ratification at the 2017 AGM

CONSTITUTION OF THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC SURVEY CLUB

1. NAME:

- 1.1 The Club shall be named the British Antarctic Survey Club (hereinafter referred to as the BAS Club).

2. MEMBERSHIP:

- 2.1 Membership shall be open to past employees of Operation Tabarin, The Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, past and present employees of the British Antarctic Survey and close family members of the above.
- 2.2 Membership shall also be open to individuals whose work and/or interests in Antarctic matters merit it, particularly in respect of British Antarctic Territory, at the sole and absolute discretion of the BAS Club Committee.
- 2.3 Individuals who attain membership via Section 2.2 will not be eligible to hold Officer status on the BAS Club Committee or be a signatory to BAS Club accounts.
- 2.4 BAS Club Members are required to complete an application form, giving all details requested, including permission for such to be recorded on a computer database, which would not be released to non-Members.

3. SUBSCRIPTION:

- 3.1 BAS Club Members are required to pay an annual subscription, which is due on January 1st of each year.
- 3.2 Variations in subscription rates are to be determined by the BAS Club Committee and agreed at the Annual General Meeting (AGM).
- 3.3 If a subscription is not paid then the membership will lapse.
- 3.4 Members whose subscriptions lapse will be notified by the BAS Club Treasurer. Thereafter, a period of grace will be allowed before the Treasurer issues a final notice.
- 3.5 If, after a final notice, there is no response, then the Treasurer may determine that the membership has lapsed and the Membership Secretary will be informed accordingly.

4. OBJECTIVES:

- 4.1 To ensure that BAS Club Members are kept in touch with Antarctic and Arctic activities via the BAS Club website, via Social Media, via the BAS Club Magazine, and by arranging an Annual BAS Club Reunion.
- 4.2 To encourage, and assist, as appropriate, other members' reunions, meetings, lectures, film shows and memorial projects, at the discretion of the BAS Club Committee.
- 4.3 To assist, where possible, through a Benevolent Fund, any BAS Club Member or dependant who is in temporary financial difficulties, or who needs temporary assistance that is not provided by government or other agencies.
- 4.4 To support projects which document the Antarctic life and the work of BAS Club Members.

5. PRESIDENT AND COMMITTEE:

- 5.1 The President has honorary status and is a senior and valued voting member of BAS Club Committee.
- 5.2 Five Executive Officers undertake duties as Chairman, Secretary, Treasurer, Membership Secretary and Magazine Editor.
- 5.3 Five Ordinary Committee Members fulfil extra and specific roles: Benevolent Secretary, Heritage Secretary, Fuchs Medal Award Secretary, Web and Social Media Co-ordinator, Historical Information Secretary.
- 5.4 Four of the BAS Club Committee Members shall constitute a quorum at Committee Meetings.

BAS Club News

- 5.5 BAS Club Members may receive a contribution towards expenses incurred in relation to BAS Club matters and in relation to attending Committee meetings, after obtaining prior approval from the BAS Club Committee.

6. ELECTION AND TENURE OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

- 6.1 Any BAS Club Member can make nominations for persons to be elected to the BAS Club Committee to fulfil the positions of the five Executive Officers (see 5.2), and the five Ordinary Committee members (see 5.3).
- 6.1.1 The specific roles (see 5.3) for the five Ordinary Committee members will be selected for their positions by the BASC committee.
- 6.2 The name of every candidate, with his or her written consent to nomination, plus the names of the proposer and seconder, must reach the BAS Club Secretary eight weeks before the AGM.
- 6.3 Nominees shall be elected at an AGM and, if appropriate, in order of the number of votes cast.
- 6.4 The President should continue in his/her elected position, with review every five years, until there is a mutual agreement between President and BAS Club Committee, with regard to standing down.
- 6.5 An outgoing President, together with the BAS Club Committee, shall recommend, for approval at an AGM, a person willing to become President for the next five years.
- 6.6 Committee Members and Officers shall be elected for a period of three years, but may be re-elected, subject to 6.7.
- 6.7 After three consecutive terms of a 3-year service, a Committee Member or Officer must stand down from the Committee. That person would then be eligible for further service on the Committee after a break of 3 years.

7. CO-OPTED COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

- 7.1 The Committee shall be empowered to co-opt members of the Club onto the Committee for specific tasks of a temporary nature.
- 7.2 Co-opted Committee Members shall not be entitled to vote at Committee Meetings, unless they have been co-opted in order to fill a Committee member slot that is vacant.
- 7.3 Co-opted members may receive a contribution towards expenses incurred in relation to attending Committee Meetings and/or in relation to other approved expenses on BASC matters.

8. RESIGNATION OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

- 8.1 Committee Members who wish to resign, either immediately or at the next AGM, should do so by written notification to the Chairman.
- 8.2 A replacement may be co-opted immediately, if necessary, with tenure to the next AGM.

9. EXCLUSION OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS:

- 9.1 Committee Members who fail to attend three consecutive Committee Meetings, in person or via electronic means, without acceptable reason, may be excluded from the Committee.

10. COMMITTEE DUTIES:

The collective duties of the Committee shall include:

- 10.1 Managing the general affairs of the BAS Club.
- 10.2 Managing the finances of the BAS Club.
- 10.2.1 The finances of the Club shall be properly administered and independently examined on an annual basis.
- 10.2.2 The Committee shall be empowered to disburse monies in pursuance of the objectives of the Club.

BAS Club News

- 10.2.3 In the event of the BAS Club being disbanded, its financial assets (excepting those relating to the Fuchs Medal and Laws Prize) shall be donated to an appropriate charity. Funds received from the FCO shall be returned to source.
- 10.3 Communicating with Club Members.
- 10.4 Managing the Benevolent Fund.
- 10.5 Supporting arrangements for the Fuchs Medal Award.
- 10.6 Supporting arrangements for the Laws Prize Award.
- 10.7 Maintaining appropriate relations with the Polar section of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO).
- 10.8 Maintaining an appropriate relationship with the officials and staff of The British Antarctic Survey.
- 10.9 Organizing and planning an Annual General Meeting (AGM) for all its members.
- 10.10 Meetings as required between successive BAS Club AGMs.

11. REVIEW AND AMENDMENT OF THE CONSTITUTION

- 11.1 Every five years the Constitution shall be reviewed by the BAS Club Committee.
- 11.2 Proposals for amendment may be initiated by the Committee or by a minimum of twelve Club Members.
- 11.3 Proposed amendments must be notified to the Secretary of the BAS Club at least ten weeks before an AGM, and be placed on its agenda.
- 11.4 Amendments require a two-thirds majority of members attending at an AGM.

THIS CONSTITUTION HAS BEEN REVISED AND RATIFIED BY ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Dated _____

Signed:- _____ BAS Club Chairman

_____ BAS Club Secretary

All members are requested to review the above Constitution. All comments to be forwarded to the General Secretary, Tony Wincott, by email or letter.

The above revised Constitution will be placed before members at the next AGM in 2017 for ratification.

BAS CLUB COMMITTEE NEWS

New Committee Member co-opted

Beverley J Ager

Bev Ager is a member of BAS working in the archive section. She has been the Club committee minutes recorder for a number of years. Recently Bev joined the BAS Club and with her experiences working with BAS archives/computers/website the committee co-opted Bev to act as the Club's website manager responsible for website layout and content changes

BAS CLUB COMMITTEE MEETINGS – 2016/2017

| | | |
|------|-------------|---|
| 2017 | 24 June | AGM & Reunion Dinner – Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire |
| 2017 | 7 September | Committee Meeting I Cambridge |

Further meetings to be decided after AGM vote on the revised Constitution

BAS Club News

BENEVOLENT FUND from Allan Wearden

As usual if you know of any members that BAS Club may be able to help please contact me by email [allan.wearden@btinternet.com] or phone [01254 247541] For several years we have collected a great quantity of polar books donated on the behalf of deceased club members. Many of these have been sold by Tony Wincott helping to keep the Benevolent Fund in credit, but in the end led to Tony having a surplus of these books in his garage! It was remembered that the polar library at South Georgia had been broken up before the new base opened leaving them short of polar books, so the club was able to donate over 50 polar books which they didn't have copies of to the base which will be received shortly. Tony has also sold off several paintings and some other interesting items via the BAS Club website. Plus the various BAS Club merchandise all of which include a donation to the Benevolent Fund!

Many thanks to all those that have donated to the Benevolent Fund the last few months, especially Ian Bury for his very generous donation, and also Mike Skidmore for his generous donations of several paintings, more of that later. At the Salisbury AGM, £72 was raised from donated items via an honesty box for the various items on display.

At the Halley 60th a silent auction plus some left over Halley merchandise raised a total of £451 and then Hwfa Jones and Graham Wright auctioned off the 5 donated Mike Skidmore paintings & prints which raised another £885! So many thanks to all those that bought or donated item's which gives a very healthy £1336 to boost the Benevolent Fund! It is planned to boost the fund yet again at the MB reunion and that will be covered in the report from that event.

Allan Wearden Allan.wearden@btinternet.com or 01254 247541.

BAS CLUB ONLINE

www.BASClub.org

www.facebook.com/BritishAntarcticSurveyClub

by Ellie Stoneley



"The BAS Club facebook page continues to be well used with 1260 followers. Many simply follow the links (news snippets, pages of interest, obituaries and club updates), others comment and respond and we've also had some wonderful photographs contributed.

<http://www.facebook.com/BritishAntarcticSurveyClub>

We have also heard from Pat McGuinness with an update on his research on football in the Antarctic

<https://patmcguinness.blogspot.co.uk/2017/02/football-in-antarctica-potted-history.html> he's still looking to fill a few gaps so do get in touch with him if you have any information.

Jessica Kirsten shared a first day cover from November 1996

<https://www.facebook.com/travelsandevents/photos/o.124581164285442/1527686597242345/>

and Ducky White shared a wonderful photo back in January

<https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=10154907887017265&set=o.124581164285442> with the following message

"Yesterday me and my ship landed at Husvik. Due to us having a issue with one of our boats we had history, especially that special home made chair. We left our names in the log book but I'd like to say more of a personal thank you for the well kept and beautiful place you keep out here. That survey hut would be something I'd happily spend a month in just taking in the views, exploring, and just looking out of the windows at those beautiful birds and mammals.

Thanks

Ducky"

As far as the future goes, I'm pulling back from working with the website (thanks again to Ken Eastwood for all his work) and handing over to Bev Ager who will do a wonderful job with it all... in the meantime I'm continuing with the Club facebook page and as ever welcome any feedback or contribution.

BAS Club News

NEW MEMBERS

Since December 2016 the Club has accepted the following as new or returning BAS Club Members

| | | | | |
|------|-----|-------------|--------------|--|
| 2320 | Ms | Alison | Cook | Geographic Data Analyst in MAGIC (BAS HQ) May 2000 to Aug 2010. 3 summer field seasons: 2002-03 - Rothera (+ brief trip to Halley) 2004-05 - Rothera (access by JCR) 2008-09 - South Georgia (by HMS Endurance) in Nov-Dec 2008; Rothera (by Dash-7) in Jan-Mar 2009 |
| 2321 | Mrs | Moira | Jenkins | Brian Jenkins was at Halley Bay from 1972-1974. He died in October 1999. His membership covers those years. The standing order was paid for a few more years after that until I realised that I was no longer a member in the absence of Brian. I would like to keep in touch with BAS through the BAS Club if it is possible for me as Brian's widow to be member. |
| 2064 | Mr | Andy | Williams | SO in 2009 and wants to rejoin 1966-1968 Halley Bay 1988/89/92 Ellsworth Range |
| 2164 | Mrs | Teresa | Le Feuvre | Teresa wants to continue the membership of her husband Charles who passed away last year |
| 2322 | Mr | David | Bowen | 1969/1999 Signy Island/Adelaide Island winters |
| 2323 | Mr | Keith | Avery | Meteorological Observer Overwintered at South Georgia 1972 Overwintered Adelaide Island 1973 |
| 2324 | Mr | Peter | Stirling | Boatman at Signy Island from December 1987 to March 1990 inclusive. |
| 2325 | Ms | Gemma | Quinn | Programme Assistant (ICE-ARC) |
| 2326 | Mr | Colin | Christiansen | Radio Officer RRS John Biscoe 1972/74 and 1974/75 seasons (also ANARE Mawson 1971 Casey 1975 Davis 1977 and various other summers) |
| 2327 | Ms | Bev | Ager | Works for BAS |
| 2328 | Mr | Mark | Brandon | I worked for the British Antarctic Survey from 1995-2000, and am currently a member of the Antarctic Club.) JCR cruises |
| 2329 | Mr | Christopher | Bienkowski | I worked at Halley Bay from Jan 1973 to Jan 1975 |



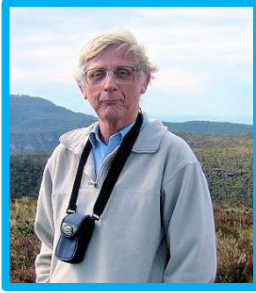
Mark A Brandon

(2011 in Svalbard filming for Frozen Planet)

I joined BAS from the Scott Polar Research Institute in 1995 to work in the Marine Life Sciences Division on the Physical Oceanography around South Georgia. Working at BAS for 5 years I wrote and published many research papers before moving to the Open University to carry on polar research.

In my career I sailed on 17 voyages on the James Clark Ross, 1 on Polarstern and 1 on the Nathaniel Palmer. From 2008-12 I was the lead science adviser on the BBC Frozen Planet series and am currently working on the new BBC Blue Planet II documentary in which South Georgia Features once more.

BAS Club News



Colin Christiansen

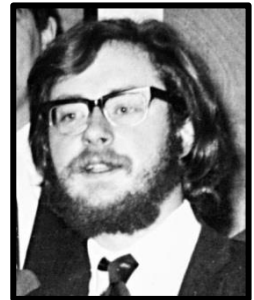
(2011, Mount Banks Blue Mountains Australia)

After my great life adventure on the John Biscoe I returned home to Australia, applied to the Australian Antarctic Division and subsequently wintered at Casey in 1975 and Davis in 1977 (a previous winter at Mawson 1971) A summer on Heard Island in 1985 and most interestingly in 1995 a round trip on the Aurora Australis, to Mawson and Davis, as ANARE Club representative, under a long standing invitation from the AAD, mostly documented on the ANARE Club website www.anareclub.org.au. Another great life adventure in 1976 was as RO on the Thala Dan with the French to Dumont Durville. I retired from my day job with the Australian Communications Authority in 2002 and now live in the Blue Mountains, west of Sydney, with my prime activity being bushwalking, ham radio, and keeping up with Antarctic matters in general, and in particular following the JCR and the ES on the web. Visiting FIDS most welcome to contact me and go bushwalking.

Keith Avery

(Mid winter Adelaide 1973)

Overwintered as Met. Man at South Georgia (1972) and Adelaide Island (1973) in the days before most of the technology that we now take for granted, existed. Returned to live in Kirkcaldy, Fife, and took up a post as a secondary Teacher - 20 years of Biology and 20 years of Computing. Now enjoying retirement. Married to Marion since 1984. Main hobbies are Art and Photography. On the committees of both local societies. I take and process a daily photo that I post to the Blipfoto website under the name of Gen2. Now over 2,000 daily images.



Chris Bienkowski

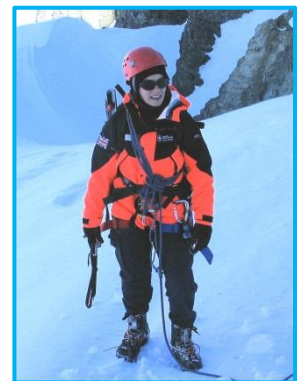
(June 2014 top of Blotchnie Fiold Rousay, Orkney)

I wintered at Halley Bay in 1973 and 1974 as a physicist. After I wrote up my results I became a computer programmer. My last project was programming Optical Character Recognition machines. I then became a tax inspector. I had various roles, income tax and corporation tax specialist, in charge of offices, setting up offices, a major building project, setting up the Contact Centre Directorate, various computer projects, serious fraud investigator and finally lead technical specialist for High Net Worth Unit. My pastimes are skiing, hillwalking and philately. I retired in Nov 2016 and seem to have no spare time! I still have a love of snow which was why I went to the Antarctic. One of my sons is as crazy about snow as I am. My grandson shares my interest in skiing and hillwalking and my granddaughter seems to be heading the same way.

Alison Cook

(February 2009 Mount Edgell, Margeurite Bay)

I'm currently on a Research Fellowship at Durham University, researching glaciers in the Canadian High Arctic. This stems from my interest in Polar glaciers developed during my time at BAS. I worked at BAS between 2000-2010, as a Geographic Data Analyst in MAGIC. This involved a wide range of work, from making published maps, to creating field maps for scientists and mapping changes in glaciers. I went South four times: three summer season trips to Rothera (one of which included a 10 day visit to Halley), plus a field survey on South Georgia in Dec 2008. The fieldwork involved aerial photography missions by Twin Otter, and a number of GPS ground surveys. I became very interested in analysing the patterns of glacier change observed from my mapping work, and working alongside BAS scientists made me keen to pursue a career in science myself. I left to do a PhD at Swansea University, on Antarctic Peninsula glacier changes, graduating in 2014. Since then I've come to Durham to follow similar research interest in the opposite hemisphere and am due to visit Baffin and Ellesmere Islands this summer.



BAS Club News

Memorial Orchard Update

By Jo Rae

A damson tree was planted in the Orchard on a sunny afternoon on the 5 April in memory of Ruth Driver Breen.

Ruth joined BAS on the 18 March 2015 in the Research Development and Support team (ReDS) as EU projects administrator. She worked primarily on two projects: EU-PolarNet, which aims to determine the science community and stakeholders' priorities for future EU funding, and SPACESTORM, looking at the effects of space weather on the satellite industry.

She became unwell on her return flight from an Arctic science meeting in Fairbanks, Alaska, 19 March 2016.

Ruth was a great addition to the ReDS team, always cheerful and enthusiastic. She loved gardening and was particularly fond of damsons so at her husband's request friends and colleagues bought one as a lasting memorial. Paul also works for BAS, in the Polar Data Centre, and they have a son, Milo.

(Ruth's friends and colleagues joined her husband, Paul, in the Orchard, along with Dick Harbour, BAS Club, and gardener Dave Sayward, for the planting.)



STOP GAP FILLERS

Just to fill up the page a couple of photos sent in via the Facebook page – from Daniel White going under the 'handle' of [ducky the sailor](#)



I'm sure I do not need to say where they were taken



42nd BAS CLUB AGM AND REUNION

24th June 2017

Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire

By Alec Hurley

Eastwood Park is a delightful country house, over-looking stunning formal gardens and acres of meadows and woodlands in the beautiful Gloucestershire countryside. The Eastwood Park Estate was originally associated with a seafaring family in Bristol.

Over the years it has been changed and developed by its many different owners

Today it is independently owned and is being restored to its former glory.



This is an excellent opportunity for BAS club member who have not attended a reunion in recent years to make a weekend of it and renew old friendships.

Just a mile from the M5 (J14), one junction north on M5 of the Bristol M4/M5 intersection, Eastwood Park is easily accessible within approximately 1 hour drive from South Wales, Midlands and West Country and 2 hours' drive from the London, North West /Midland and East England. Eastwood Park is located within 200 acres of beautiful Gloucestershire countryside.

The Reunion Weekend

We will have this country mansion to ourselves for the weekend and the picturesque setting of the Eastwood Terrace and Drawing Rooms are allocated for the Saturday night Dinner. Another conference room will be available for the AGM.

There are pleasant grounds to stroll around and complimentary use of the Putting Green, Croquet and Boules courts

This venue has 69 reasonable price rooms available, allowing for the majority of FIDs to be together in one place.

A full Bar (with local beers and ales) will be available for both the Saturday event and the Friday pre-night.

On Friday night the hotel can also arrange a selection of meals for FIDS making a weekend of it.

Accommodation Rates and Booking of Rooms

Please make your own booking for the hotel rooms by calling

Reception [Tel:- +44 \(0\) 1454 260207](tel:+441454260207) or Mary Lonican, Event Manager t: + 44 (0) 1454 262818

Email mary.lonican@eastwoodpark.co.uk.

There are a total of 69 bedrooms available (1 Four Poster, 5 Family Rooms, 34 Doubles, 4 Twins & 25 Singles) The cost will be approximately £50.00 per adult for 1 night or £90.00 per person for 2 nights, includes Full English Breakfast, Service & VAT.

Eastwood Park does not have any elevators; however there are plenty of ground floor rooms with just a few steps access. Please indicate when booked if you require an easy access room.

If you copy me with your room reservations I will keep a second record of bookings – Final room allocation will take place nearer the event date and we will try and make sure all special requirements are met.

If required there are also a number of other hotels and B&B close to M5 Junction 14 and Eastwood Park

BAS Club News

Saturday Night Reunion Dinner £38.00 per person:

3 Course Set Menu followed by Tea/Coffee and a Table Platter of Cheeses served with a glass of Port

| <i>Starter Course</i> |
|--|
| <i>Tomato and Basil Soup (VE)</i> |
| <i>Crumbed, Warm Somerset Brie Wedges with Red Onion Marmalade (V)</i> |
| <i>Trio of Seasonal Melon on Mixed Leaves with Port and Raspberry (VE)</i> |
| <i>Main Course</i> |
| <i>Chicken Breast Stuffed With Asparagus in a Wild Mushroom Sauce</i> |
| <i>Individual Beef Wellington, Dauphinoise Potatoes in a Madeira Jus</i> |
| <i>Grilled Salmon Supreme with Lobster Cream Sauce</i> |
| <i>Individual Roast Vegetable Wellington with Tomato Sauce</i> |
| <i>Main course are served with Potatoes and Seasonal Vegetables (V)</i> |
| <i>Dessert Course</i> |
| <i>Apple Crumble with Custard</i> |
| <i>Brandy Snap Basket Filled with Chantilly Cream and Seasonal Fresh Fruit</i> |
| <i>Fresh Fruits Salad</i> |

LATE COMERS CAN STILL BE BOOKED

As of 24th April 2017 the following have booked the Reunion Dinner

| Name | Name | Name | Name |
|-----------------|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Bob Burton | Liz Gordon | Keith Gainey | Terry Allen |
| Jackie Burton | Tony Wincott | Gladys Lesley Gainey | Julia Allen |
| John Fry | Janet Wincott | Paul Coslett | Jonathan Barker |
| Liz Fry | Allen Wearden | Mary Coslett | Irmgard Barker |
| Michael Fleet | Lewis Jukes | Dave Burkitt | Tony Jackson |
| Carys Torres | Brian Jones | Amy Burkitt | Althea Jackson |
| John Blunn | Alec Hurley | Jim Turton | Graham Chambers |
| Mary Philipsz | Patsy Hurley | Ailie | Victoria |
| Roger Scott | Annellies Schneider | Phil Cotton | Wendy E A Bowra |
| Gill Scott | Dr Murray Roberts | Wendy Cotton | John Thorn |
| Ian Buckler | John Phillip Smith | Jeremy Thoday | Val |
| Ms Wendy Morgan | Mrs Jenny Bonner | Rosalind Thoday | Rod Rhys Jones |
| Petra Searle | Lucy Kirkham | Capt. Tom Woodfield | Sandi Rhys-Jones |
| Andy Smith | Dr Chris Andrews | Petronella Woodfield | Keith Holmes |
| Rosy Smith | Victoria Catherine | Alan Etchells | Martin Pinder |
| Brian Hunt | Dick Harbour | Alan Precious | Maureen Pinder |
| Joyce Hunt | Heidi Harbour | Mr F Preston | Peter Hobbs |
| Ray Berry | Don Mackay | Rosemary Preston | Matthew Fox |
| Linda Berry | Peter Witty | Barry Heywood | Brian Dorsett-Bailey |
| Walter Nurse | David Hill | Josephine Heywood | Sandra Dorsett-Bailey |
| Zofia Maria | Margaret Hill | Julian Taylor | |
| Dog Holden | | | |

BAS Club News

SATURDAY 24th JUNE ACTIVITIES FROM EASTWOOD PARK

Following a number of request we are planning to arrange 3 activities on Saturday during the day. Due to time it is not possible to take part in all activities to do them all so a choice of 1 is required

Activities 1 and 2 --Coach Leaving Eastwood Park at 10 a.m returning a 4pm

The coach party comprises of Trip 1 and Trip 2 and they will leave together at 10 am.

Trip 1:

WWT party will be dropped at Slimbridge at approximately 10:30am and collected at approximately 3:30pm. After the 10.30 a.m drop off the coach then continues to Chalfont for :-

Trip 2:

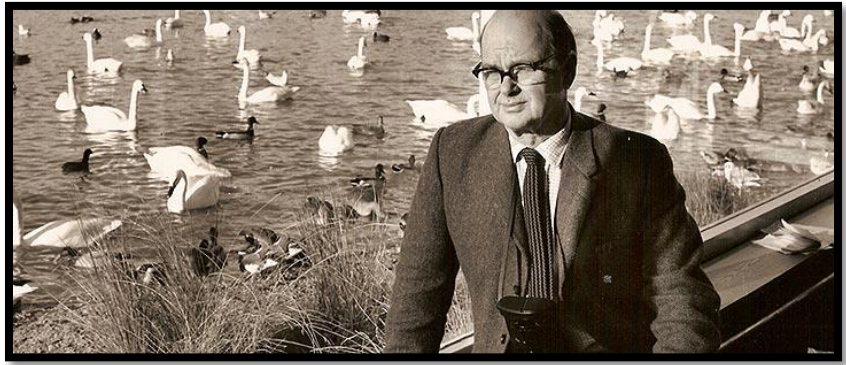
PANGOLIN Foundry, to see the Antarctic Monument, and then to Cheltenham to view the Wilson Statue. The coach returns via Slimbridge to collect Trip No 1 and planned arrival back at Eastwood Park will be approximately 4:00pm.



BAS Club News

Coach Trip Option 1_Wildfowl & Wetlands Trust at Slimbridge.

Peter Scott,
son of Antarctic explorer Captain
Scott, and who, in his dying letter,
urged Peter's mother to "make the
boy interested in natural history.



In 1946 he set up the Wildfowl & Wetlands Trust at Slimbridge as a centre for science and conservation.

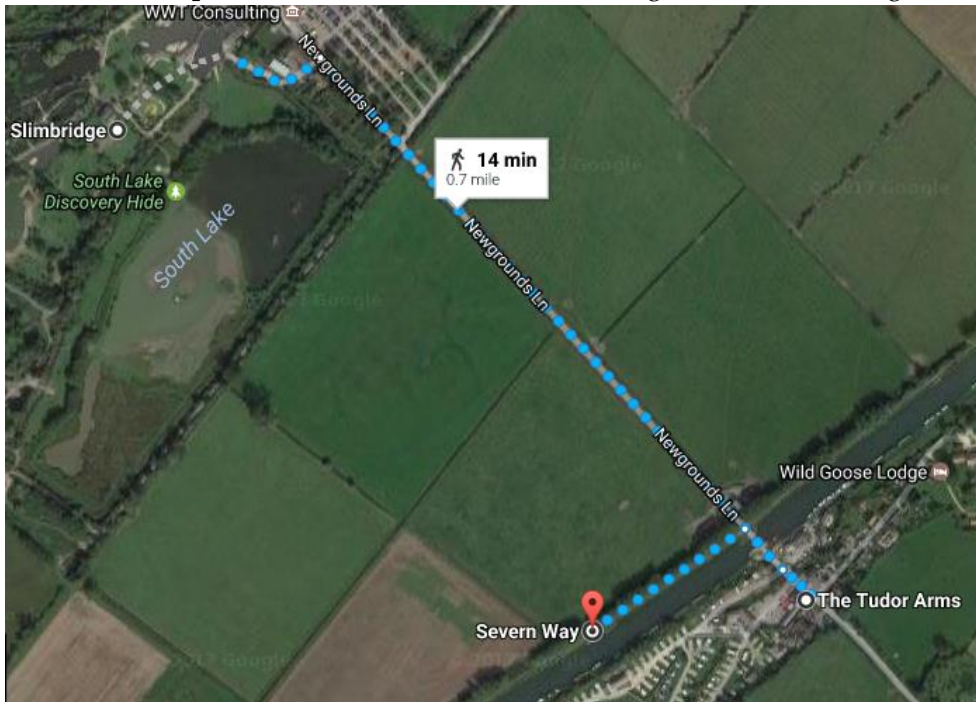
Uniquely at the time, he opened it to the public so that anyone could enjoy getting close to nature.

<http://www.wwt.org.uk/wetlandcentres/slimbridge/>

Discounted rates apply to groups of 12 or more (this could be investigated - pre-booking essential). -----

Entry is free to WWT members. **First lunch option there is a café on site for lunch.**

Second lunch option ---A Short walk for, and or longer canal walks along the Severn way.



BAS Club News

Coach Trip Option 2 PANGOLIN Foundry and THE WILSON Statue

The coach will continue as we have arranged a short visit to the foundry, Pangolin Editions, and then on to Cheltenham to view the Wilson Statue

PANGOLIN EDITIONS -



This is the foundry where the Antarctic Monument is undergoing renovation. ----- Visitors will view the renovation in progress

Location:- 9 Chalford Industrial Estates,
Gloucestershire,



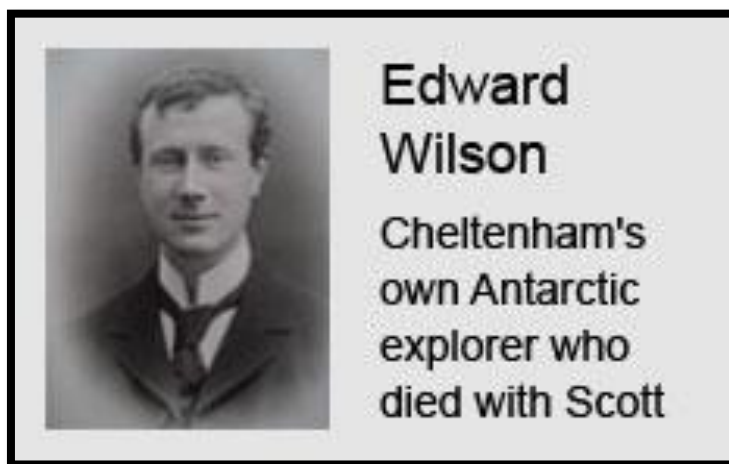
WILSON STATUE



The bronze statue of Dr Edward Wilson (1872-1912, is by Lady Kathleen Scott (1878- 1947)

The Statue is situated on Cheltenham's Promenade.

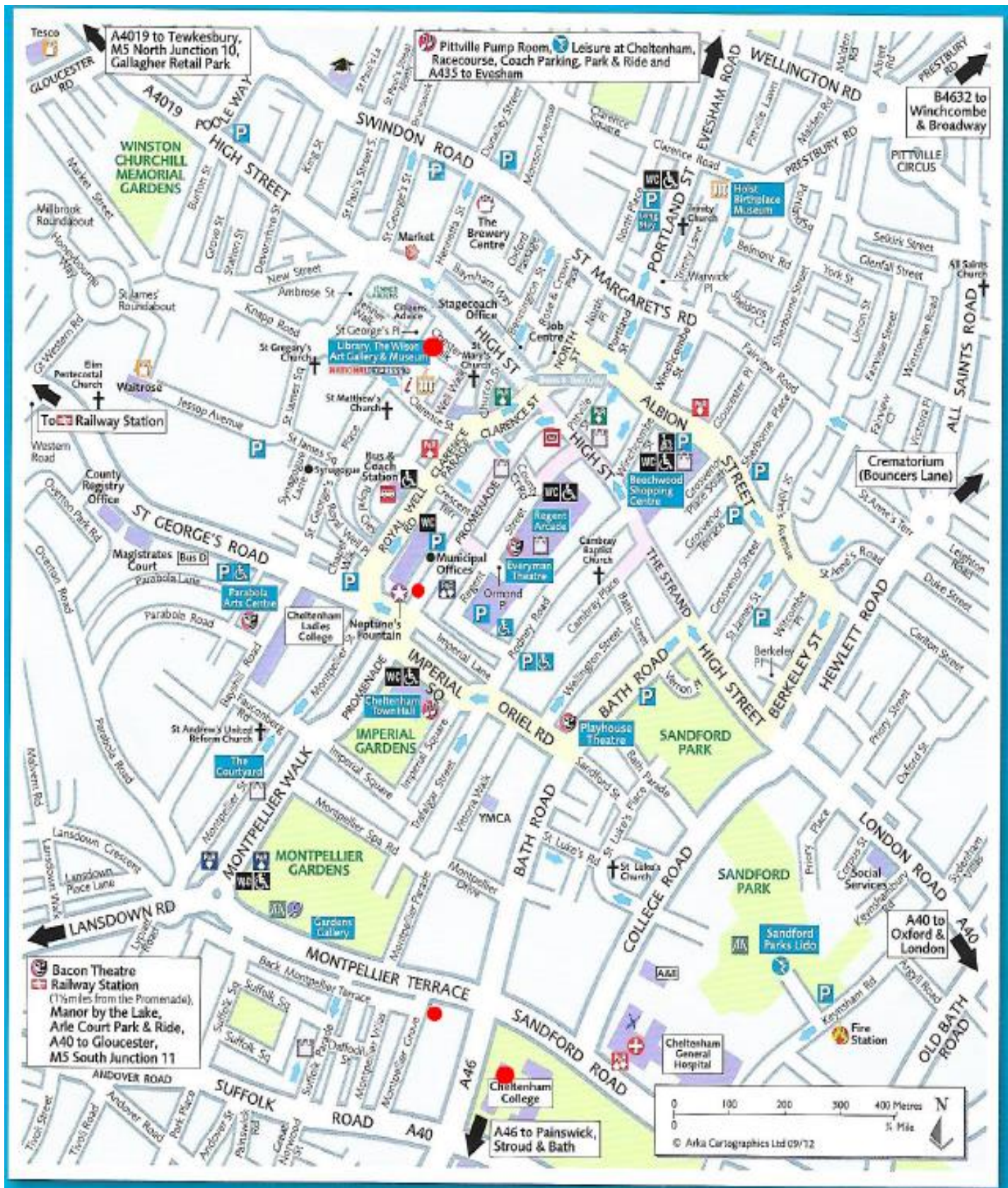
The Edward Wilson Cheltenham Art Gallery & Museum is located in Clarence Street, Cheltenham,



Other places of interest in Cheltenham are marked with red dots on map below , including, his house and stained glass window in the College Chapel.

BAS Club News

Map of Cheltenham Town Centre



Find your own lunch in Cheltenham Town Centre – Plenty of Choice (Coach departure time to be agreed)

BAS Club News

Activity 3 Turton Severn Bank Pub Crawl - About 6 miles walk or similar route

Car share to the start of the walk which is approx. 4 miles from Eastwood Park.



Walk details :

A 5 to-6 mile round trip taking in 2 pubs, lunch and the Severn Estuary with a wealth of local history, bird and wildlife, guided by the famous Severn bore. Terrain virtually flat but may be muddy in places.

Meet at the Anchor Inn, Oldbury-on-Severn about 10:30.

The walk follows the sea wall of the River Severn for about 3 miles towards the Severn bridges, with good views over the estuary to the Forest of Dean and Welsh hills. The Severn has the second highest tidal range in the world. Look out for a large variety of waders,

seabirds and wildfowl. The estuary here is on the flight path to the Slimbridge Wetland Centre. Leave the sea wall at Whalewharf, Littleton-on-Severn, where a Blue whale was stranded in 1885 and a Britannia aircraft crash landed on the mud flats in 1954 (both since removed).

Through country lanes to the White Hart (L-O-S) for lunch in this popular 15 century village pub.

A quick tour of the cider orchard and shed, for the brave, where the locals make 'Littleton Lifesaver' cider.

A stagger back across the fields to the Anchor Inn, Oldbury, or for those who wish, the River frontage again.

Meet at the Anchor for a 'last one' except the drivers of course!

BAS Club News



British Antarctic Survey Club 42nd Reunion Trip

To:- Trip No 1 WWT Slimbridge

Or Trip No 2 Pangolin Foundry and Wilson Statue

Saturday 24th June 2017

Departing Eastwood Park 10 a.m Returning 4pm

BOOKING FORM

Max 30 places on a first come basis – Closing Date 30 May 2017

Please complete the booking form and return to: Alec Hurley Quarryleaze, Lower Morton, Thornbury, Bristol, BS35 1LF, or email a copy to aphurley@btinternet.com

A fare (£8- £10), depending on numbers, for the coach will be collected on the day.

Please complete in **BLOCK LETTERS**

| | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Full Name: | Number of coach seats required |
| Activity 1 - Trip No 1 WWT Slimbridge | Please indicate |
| Activity 2 - Trip No 2 Pangolin and The Wilson Statue | Please indicate |
| Activity 3 – Pub Crawl | Please numbers attending |
| Signature: | Date: |

Please Note – Organisation of Trip 1 and 2 relies on advance commitment by FIDS due to booking of the Coach. The cost of the Coach for the day is £210.00. This means a cost per person ranging from £8 to £10 per person depending on uptake from reunion attendees.

There is an Entry cost to the WWT at Slimbridge and this will be the responsibility of attendees. There is no entrance fee to the Wilson, though they do ask for a donation.

Without economically viable number of advanced bookings we will have to cancel these proposed excursions.

Final booking date for Trip Options 1 and 2 and subsequent viability decision will be 30th May 2017.

If you have any further questions or recommendations please don't hesitate to contact me.

Alec Hurley-- Tel: 01454411877---- Email: alechurley@btinternet.com

The BOOKING FORM is available on the club website for download – in case members are not able to do this then please inform Alec by email or by telephone ASAP

BAS Club News

43rd BAS CLUB AGM AND REUNION

14th July 2018

Churchill College Cambridge

By Ellen Bazeley-White and Dick Harbour

Planning is now underway for the AGM and Reunion in 2018. This time we return to Cambridge having not held a Reunion there since 2012.

VENUE:- Churchill College Cambridge www.chu.cam.ac.uk

ACCOMMODATION:-

We have reserved accommodation and breakfast at Churchill College for both Friday 13th and Saturday 14th July nights. The college is located less than a mile from BAS; it is easy to drive to, has ample parking and is located on one of the city's bus routes. The College will be able to provide a self-service meal Friday evening and on Saturday evening there will be the customary Club Dinner after the AGM that will be held at the College.

There is a choice of double, twin and single rooms, all generously sized, modern, en-suite and very reasonably priced. The double rooms are located in the new Cowan Court building that has a lift, the twin and single rooms are in other buildings close by and ground floor rooms can be reserved if needed.



DOUBLE



TWIN



SINGLE

The college has pleasant grounds and there are places to meet, mingle and have a drink.

If you come and stay on both nights you will be able to enjoy meeting informally old friends Friday evening and then a full day

BAS Club News

of BAS Club Reunion activities on the Saturday, this will leave Sunday to enjoy Cambridge and/or the surrounding area. In addition to the colleges, museums (some open on Sunday), punting, boat trips, there are city bus tours and the botanic gardens all located around the city. Further afield there are National Trust sites at Anglesey Abbey and Wicken Fen, an English Heritage house at Audley End, not to mention Ely, Newmarket and Bury St Edmunds all within easy reach of Cambridge.

We will be visiting the BAS Cambridge site and able to see the significant changes to the building with the new Aurora innovation space, new reception area, new library, new conference facilities and a refurbished canteen. Hopefully the weather will allow us to enjoy the Memorial Orchard too.



Since our last Reunion in Cambridge the museum at the Scott Polar Research Institute (SPRI), www.spri.cam.ac.uk/museum, has undergone a £1.75 million renovation. It reopened in 2010 and in 2011 it was short-listed for Best Museum in the Art Fund Prize.

SPRI is now the site of the Husky Dog statue and also the northern Antarctic Monument.

They have also created a museum exhibition space which offers excellent temporary displays throughout the year. We recommend that members attending the AGM/Reunion take the opportunity to visit the Polar Museum.

As we will be assembling at BAS around lunchtime for the afternoon Open Day on Saturday 14th July, if we fit in a trip to the museum it will have to be on Saturday morning (the museum is closed on Sundays). As many of you know parking is both difficult and expensive in the city and very limited at the Scott Polar, so if there is sufficient interest in visiting the Polar Museum then we would try and arrange a bus to run from Churchill College and back.

We hope everyone has a wonderful time in Gloucester this Summer and look forward to welcoming you back to Cambridge in 2018.

Please feel free to use our E-mail addresses below if you have any queries

Ellen Bazeley-White e.bazeley-white@hotmail.co.uk

Dick Harbour richard.harbour@talk21.com

BAS Club News

FUCHS MEDAL GUIDELINES

Eligibility

The award is intended to recognise outstanding devotion to the Survey's interests, beyond the call of normal duty, by men or women who are or were members of the Survey, or closely connected with its work. The recipients are normally chosen from those who have given sterling service over a long period of time, and/or those who have made an exceptional contribution in a particular season or seasons. More than one medal may be awarded in one year but only in exceptional circumstances.

"The Polar Medal recognizes those who have made notable contributions to the exploration and to the knowledge of polar regions, and there are other honours bestowed by the Queen or by learned societies from time to time, but many who contribute to the work of the Survey cannot appropriately be proposed for these awards. It is for these persons, whether field workers, support personnel at the bases, or office staff, scientists or technicians, that the Fuchs Medal is primarily intended. Thus, it will reflect the concern of Sir Vivian for the well being of all members of the organization, and his interest in their activities, whatever part they play."

Nominations

Nominations may be made by any members of the Survey (past and present), or anyone closely connected with its work, who can speak with personal knowledge of a candidate's contribution.

The proposer should act as a lead person and provide a detailed citation (a few lines are not sufficient). The citation may be supported by written submissions from supporters or by signatures to indicate a measure of broad support.

Bases may also make recommendations as corporate bodies, but they should not normally submit more than one name each year. If a Base does not wish to make a nomination in a given year, this should be reported.

There is no retrospective limit to the award and a running list of unsuccessful nominations is kept. After a lapse of two or three years it is expected that past recommendations will lapse and may only be successful if they are repeated.

Exclusions

Members of the Committee will not themselves nominate candidates but may, if they wish, stimulate others to submit particular recommendations. Members of the Committee are disqualified from being candidates for the Fuchs Medal. The medal will not normally be awarded posthumously.

Timing of nominations

Nominations may be made at any time of the year, but must be submitted by 28th February to be considered for that year.

Inscription

The Fuchs Medal Awards Committee appreciates suggestions for the medal inscription in the nominations.

Please address any queries in confidence to Paul Coslett (BAS Club Fuchs Medal Secretary) at British Antarctic Survey, High Cross, Madingley Road, Cambridge, CB3 0ET, or preferably by e-mail to: phcoslett@yahoo.co.uk

THE FUCHS MEDAL FOR THE YEAR 2017 WAS AWARDED TO JAMES MILLER,

He was nominated by Richard Munday, and supported by twelve others. The Medal will be presented to him at the same time as the BAS Long Service awards are presented, in June.

Citation by Richard Munday

Head of Corporate Services

British Antarctic Survey

1st March 2017



BAS Club News

Background:

James William Kennedy Miller first applied to BAS for an administrative role within the personnel section in 1996, at the youthful age of 24. Although he passed the board, he was not successful with that application, although the board report described James as a *'pleasant young man in a green jacket. The type of young blood that would be good to get into BAS and worth considering if a vacancy came up'*.

Thankfully, James was not deterred and the following year when a vacancy arose he applied again and he joined BAS in July 1997 as an Administrative Officer in the Personnel section. His records do not indicate his choice of attire on this occasion.

For the next four years, James provided administrative support to various aspects of Personnel and Operations.

In April 2001, James was offered a temporary promotion to Personnel and Training Officer. This included responsibilities for the development and implementation of new systems for organising and evaluating training systems. James also took responsibility for recruitment and became the key link between BAS, personnel (both Summer Visitors and BAS staff) in the Antarctic and their UK contacts. It was a role in which he excelled, and when he first had the opportunity to really demonstrate his unique ability to provide a warm and steadying approach to often dynamic and complex personnel issues. Following the subsequent creation of the Operations Department, roles within the Personnel functions were redefined and in Sept 2001 the role became substantive as part of a central HR function.

James is currently employed as an HR Business Partner (Band 5), leading the recruitment team at BAS and providing advice and support to line managers and senior management in the Operations & Engineering directorate.

James has also undertaken a number of trips south in the subsequent 19 years:

- 03/04 – James spent one month deployed, including a visit through the Falkland Islands
- 04/05 – James spent six weeks deployed and visited Rothera and Halley and returned north on the RRS Ernest Shackleton
- 14/15 – James deployed for one week to Rothera
- 16/17 – James flew to the Falkland Islands to support a local recruitment

Nomination & Justification:

I have worked at BAS as Head of Corporate Services since July 2014, and my remit includes oversight of the HR function. James Miller immediately stood out for me as someone I could rely on due to his personal warmth and common sense advice. James has been a steadying influence for BAS HR over many years, and has served under seven or so Heads of HR.

James has demonstrated outstanding commitment to BAS since I have known him, providing pragmatic and common sense advice and support to both senior management and staff, and has dealt with a range of very complex HR issues in an unusually sensitive and professional way. I would like to highlight a few recent examples of where James has provided an exceptional service or achieved a very positive outcome for BAS.

- Halley 2017: The decision not to over-winter had a major personal impact on sixteen AEP wintering staff team, whose life plans were disrupted by this decision. James responded quickly and effectively to resolve this by identifying redeployment opportunities at other stations or in Cambridge, and negotiated with management to secure necessary funding. By doing so, not only did he bring some stability to each of those staff members in a very uncertain situation, he also ensured that the next recruitment round for AEP staff would be less onerous, and that a significant reputational risk was avoided.
- 2016 AEP Recruitment: James led the HR team through the most challenging AEP recruitment round in memory. Not only did the HR team have to recruit and train the normal complement of AEP staff (a significant exercise in itself), but they also had to recruit Halley relocation staff, additional Cambridge staff to support the new polar research vessel and an extensive backfilling exercise as many of these new roles were taken by existing staff. This was an exceptional achievement with a small and inexperienced team that James had in place for less than 12 months. James' team achieved this during a period when BAS had an interim Head of HR.
- Injured staff member (historic): a number of year ago, a BAS staff member on a short contract was very seriously injured while deployed in Antarctica. Sadly, this led to long-term disability with significant consequences for the injured staff member. James ensured that he and his family felt

BAS Club News

supported in the short-and-medium term by keeping the staff member on payroll with NERC's agreement, until the full outcome of the case was known. James' exceptionally sensitive approach undoubtedly minimised any potential conflict between BAS/NERC and the injured staff member and his family, and no personal injury claim was made against NERC.

- BASMU Medical contract: since the previous Head of HR departed in 2015, James has been the key relationship holder with BASMU. He has built an extremely effective working relationships with key personnel within BASMU, which has allowed BAS to extend the scope of services received without bearing any additional costs. When tasked with tendering the medical service contract, James has had to strike a fine balance between maintaining one of key organisational relationships, and ensuring that BAS/NERC achieves overall value for money. James has worked hard with our shared service centre to explore all possible options, and has identified that a long-term relationship model is an option, which would allow us to engage BASMU outside of tender process on a partnership basis. This will undoubtedly be a beneficial outcome for both parties.
- Review of pilot salary framework: Government policy was to remove pay progression and James struck a delicate balance by ensuring that pilots could progress based on qualifications & experience, rather than length of service. He worked very closely with the Head of the Air Unit and the BAS Chief Pilot and his business case was approved. This maximised our opportunity to retain skilled and experienced pilots.
- Injured staff member (current): James is the HR lead for a significant HR case involving a seriously injured staff member. Although the case is still in the very early stages, James has carried out a home visit and established a very effective relationship with the injured staff member and his family. He is striking a very fine balance between protecting BAS/NERC's interests and providing as much support to the injured staff member as Government policy allows. During a recent email exchange, the staff member's mother wrote: *"I feel glad that you are there as you have a rare 'human' quality that you bring to your work and interactions, that is always a joy to experience."* It is impossible to overstate how important James' interventions have been, and continue to, provide reassurance to a mother desperately worried for her son's future.

James' value can only really be measured when I consider what BAS would be without him. James' is the first voice that station leaders want to hear when they pick up the phone in a crisis. Staff members and management appreciate his balanced, fair and pragmatic approach. His unique ability to diffuse challenging situations by applying objectivity and common sense and his very strong interpersonal and communication skills has allowed him to maintain and strengthen relationships with challenging stakeholders. He has provided stability and continuity during an extended period of constant change for HR. NERC has recently delegated additional responsibilities to BAS to manage employment tribunal and personal injury cases, which includes liaising with legal advisers. James has taken on these additional responsibilities with grace and good humour, despite the obvious complexities and the time commitment required.

Despite these complexities and the emotional subject matter that James deals with on a day-to-day basis, he always tackles issues with a positive approach and warm manner. He has chaired thousands of interview panels and is adept at putting nervous applicants at ease.

He has done all of this at some personal cost. Until last year, James hadn't taken his full annual leave entitlement for several years, due to the ever-increasing pressures being placed on HR and his commitment to supporting both staff and management.

I most strongly commend James to the panel as a very deserving recipient of the Fuchs Medal. He has demonstrated outstanding devotion to the Survey's interests, beyond the call of normal duty. He has both given sterling service to BAS over a long period of time, and has made exceptional contributions in a number of seasons. I think the award of the Fuchs Medal in his 20th year of service would be a fitting acknowledgement of his dedication and service.

UPDATE ON THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC ORAL HISTORY PROJECT (BAOHP) April 2017 By Allan Wearden

I am happy to report that the upload of more interviews on the BAS Club website is now imminent, after one or two minor delays and hopefully this will be happening by the time this magazine is being sent out. At the time of going to press 163 [68%] interviews have been transcribed, with 22 [9%] pending, which leaves 56 [23%] yet to be started. Which is magnificent effort by our great team of volunteers ably led by Andy Smith, and thanks also to him for the up to date figures and as you see very much on the home stretch now! Actually Andy reports he gave a Power point presentation to his local historical society about the project, which was very well received.

I had hoped to report we had recorded Jimmy Smith [from the 40s and then BAS Ships up to the 70s] in the Falklands, but he has been in hospital recently so that is on hold at the moment. Still time to have a go at a transcript if anyone wishes? Just contact andy@zfids.org.uk or more general information from allan.wearden@btinternet.com or 01254 247541. And of course many thanks to all the volunteers who are or have been involved in the project.

Some interesting clips from recent transcripts:

"The interesting story of the Stonington piano of how it arrived and the chap who bought it, ending up wintering at Halley!"

"Rushing late into a reception for Prince Phillip via his red carpet in Stanley?"

"The following day, seeing Prince Phillip ride a winner at the Stanley Races and Prince Phillip's answer, to the question if he was going keep his beard, once he returned home?"

Sending cable from ship to the Daily Sketch on the premier of My Fair Lady, saying 'no fair ladies here after 2 years in the Antarctic!' The Daily Sketch organising trip to see show with 3 blondes for 3 Fids and going backstage to meet Julie Andrews afterwards!"

"Captain Turnbull [Frosty] welcoming Lord Chalfont to the Falklands by playing 'Land of Hope and Glory' at full volume from the Shackleton!"

"A Fids father gate crashing Buckingham Palace for his son's Polar Medal Presentation!"

Note: Before any of the interviews go online, they are checked for any sensitive material to be removed for data protection. If anyone who has been interviewed and feel they need to retract any statement they made please get in touch with Allan Wearden or BAS Archives.

SPECIAL EVENT AT BAS CLUB COMMITTEE MEETING April 2017

By Terry Allen

A rather special event occurred at this year's April meeting of the BAS Club Committee. There was a mini-celebration for Anne Todd, who was originally Sir Vivian Fuchs personal assistant.

Anne regularly attends meetings, currently on a co-opted basis, and is valued for her perception, her knowledge of Antarctica, the history of BAS from the beginning, and Club matters through to the present.

It is fast approaching Anne's 90th Birthday, and the Committee wished to demonstrate their affection and gratitude for what she has done and is still doing for the Club, ranging from advice through to hands-on help with regard to organising Cambridge reunions.

Ellie Stonely presented Anne with some well-chosen tokens of our esteem and friendship, and Allan Wearden brought in a splendid cake that he had made, decorated, and partially helped to demolish.



Happy Birthday Anne!

GEOFIDS REUNION EDINBURGH 2017

22nd – 23rd March 2017

By Bruce F Mair

A second GEOFIDS reunion was held in Edinburgh on Wednesday 22nd and Thursday 23rd March 2017 with 16 attendees ranging in vintage from those who first went south in 1965 to those who went south in 1974. They were admirably supported by 7 wives/partners/lovers at various activities over the two days. Manuel Suarez (ex-Birmingham University, 1969) travelled from Andres Bello National University in Santiago, Chile to be with us.

GEOFIDS are an informal group of British Antarctic Survey (BAS) geologists, geophysicists, geographers, surveyors and their GAs (general assistants). They are predominantly from the pre-1976 Birmingham era (where they were led by the redoubtable Dr. R. J. Adie), but not exclusively so. Perhaps “FIDS” passed into history once BAS Cambridge was established but that’s life – things change. Some scientists worked and overwintered on the Antarctic Peninsula with dogs and sledges (“doggie men”), while others spent Austral summer seasons on the South Shetlands, the South Orkneys, and South Georgia (the banana belt) and were labelled “summer jolly merchants”. Thankfully the rivalry and banter is overbridged by their common bond of Earth Science in the field and not just time spent on a specific ship or a base.

As the last GEOFIDS reunion was held in Derbyshire in October 2014 an excuse to hold another one was needed. So the 2017 reunion was planned to coincide with the award of the Clough Medal by the Edinburgh Geological Society (EGS) to GEOFID Dr. Phil Stone, who undertook three summer seasons on South Georgia.



The Clough Medal is presented annually, and commemorates Charles Thomas Clough (1852-1916), a prominent British geologist and mapmaker. He was president of the EGS from 1908-10. Sadly he died after being struck by a train while studying rocks in a narrow railway cutting.

It was first awarded for the year 1935-36, just over a century after the EGS was founded. Phil is the fourth Antarctic geologist to receive the medal and notably they all have a South Georgia connection. The others are Dr. P. W. Geoff Tanner (2007-08), Dr. Ian W. D. Dalziel (2003-04) and Dr. G. W. Tyrell (1951-52).

(Phil Stone with his Clough Medal)

On the evening of Wednesday 22nd March Stuart Monro, EGS President, presented the medal to Phil for his exceptional contribution to the understanding of the geology of the Lower Palaeozoic Southern Uplands Terrane and the Ballantrae Ophiolite Complex of Scotland, and many other achievements including his research on South Georgia and the Falkland Islands while with BAS and the British Geological Survey (BGS).

About 14 GeoFIDS swelled the audience to hear Phil’s lecture which was entitled

“Scottish perspectives (old and new) on greywacke, graptolites and Gondwana”.

Yes, three topics that we all could vaguely remember but were never quite sure of their significance!

We enjoyed the institutional post-lecture tea and Jaffa cakes with the other EGS members who were slightly in awe of Phil’s mature groupies! The level of banter increased as Tim Pettigrew (infamous for almost overwintering on Annenkov Island, South Georgia in 1973) fiddled with his sophisticated camera and a wobbly stool to record the event. We then transferred to Leslie’s Bar, a short walk away, to continue the reminiscing and catching up, which for some meant a gap of nearly 40 years! It’s interesting to note that most GeoFIDS were either at Stonington or on South Georgia.



BAS Club News



GeoFIDS from 1965 to 1974

Rear (left to right): Lew Willey (1966); Bob Wyeth (1970); Eric Lawther (1971); Graham Smith (1966); Dog Holden (1973); Phil Stone (1970); John Smellie (1974); Ali Skinner (1968); Roger Clayton (1972); Manual Suarez (1969); Rory Mortimore (1973)

Front (left to right): Tim Pettigrew (1972); Bruce Mair (1974)

Absent: Liz Fleming, now Gordon (1973, DOS); Rob Davies (1974); David Sugden (1965)

On Thursday 23rd March Paula Williams, Curator of Map, Mountaineering and Polar Collections of the National Library of Scotland (NLS) kindly hosted a meeting at Causewayside in Edinburgh. Phil Stone and I have worked with Paula in support of the Endurance Centenary events, the South Georgia Association Penguin City Weekend (October 2015) and recent presentations about James Mann Wordie (Shackleton's geologist). She brought out just a few of the collection of Antarctic maps including some signed by W. S. Bruce, leader of the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition (1902-04), and others from the archive of Edinburgh-based map-making firm John Bartholomew & Son Ltd. Do contact Paula if you have any maps hidden away in a dusty attic or drawer than you wish to donate to the NLS. Email: P.Williams@nls.uk



FIDS at the NLS

Rear (left to right): Dog Holden, Graham Smith, Bruce Mair, Paula Williams (NLS), Liz Fleming (DOS), Ali Skinner, Manual Suarez, Lew Willey

Front (left to right): Roger Clayton, Eric Lawther, Phil Stone, Tim Pettigrew

BAS Club News

We all enjoyed a brief lunch at the Salisbury Arms which is conveniently located midway between the NLS building on Causewayside and our afternoon objective – the ascent of Arthur's Seat. Phil became our tour guide by default as "there's no such thing as a free medal".

The first stop was to observe the hexagonal basalt columns known as Samson's Ribs (a wee Scottish version of the Giant's Causeway) which formed as the magma cooled within an intrusive sill that cuts through the Carboniferous sedimentary and volcanoclastic sequences. Now Arthur's Seat and the adjoining Salisbury Crags helped formulate the ideas of modern geology. In the late 18th century James Hutton observed that the deposition of the sedimentary rocks (sandstone) and formation of the igneous rock (basalt) must have occurred at different times and in different ways than the established views of the time. The outcrop known as Hutton's Section below Salisbury Crags shows where the magma forced its way through the sedimentary rocks and disrupted to form the teschenite sills.

(Hutton's Section with a quizzical Bob Wyeth for scale)



By this time we'd had enough mental exercise and all that remained was the physical exercise required for the western assault on the 822ft (250.5m) of Arthur's Seat. Despite an assortment of new knees and dodgy hips, and a cold biting wind we reached the summit without undue hardship and posed for the inevitable photo. We descended by the eastern flank to Dunsapie Loch before walking round to the south above Duddingston Loch and back to our starting point.



GEOFIDS on Arthur's Seat

Rear (left to right): Phil Stone, Eric Lawther, Roger Clayton, Gill Clayton, Bruce Mair, Bob Wyeth

Front (left to right): Dog Holden, Liz Fleming, Tim Pettigrew, Manuel Suarez

There were 21 GEOFIDS and their long-suffering supporters at the dinner held at the Magnum Restaurant located in Edinburgh's New Town in the evening. We were joined by Emeritus Professor David Sugden of the School of Geosciences,

Edinburgh University who undertook research on South Georgia and Antarctica with BAS support from 1965 onwards. His expertise includes glacial and polar geomorphology, Antarctic ice sheet stability and the dynamics of the Patagonian ice cap. In addition geologist John Lamont-Black was accepted as an honorary GeoFID given his PhD. supervisor was Rory Mortimore.

Dinner Attendees: Gill & Roger Clayton, Rob Davies, Liz Fleming, Dog Holden,
Simone & John Lamont-Black, Eric Lawther, Carina and Bruce Mair,
Mary & Ali Skinner, John Smellie, Pat & Graham Smith, Phil Stone,
Manuel Suarez, Britta and David Sugden, Lew Willey, Bob Wyeth.

Many thanks are due to everyone who attended Phil's medal award and the associated GeoFID activities, notably Manuel from Chile, plus Rory and Tim who travelled from London, and Rob from Glasgow, for just one night.

MARGUERITE BAY REUNION 27th – 30th October 2017

By Jenny Dean and Allan Wearden

We are again at the Windermere Hydro, which despite the odd complaint/question of maybe moving to another venue we both feel it is still very good value for the money, and where else would they have given us the £5 offer on G&T's over the full w/e!? This will be our 7th reunion we have organised and certainly at the start our plan was do it for 10 years, before standing down, but we wouldn't object to new volunteers taking over earlier if a change of venue is preferred sooner. We can however report that a lot of the hotel rooms have now been refurbished over the winter and Al will be having a look round at the end of April, having been invited up to a cocktail party which of course raises the possibility there may be an increase the cost again this year.

We seem to be sorted as to this year's film show, one of which is a presentation on the progress of the refurbishing of Horseshoe Base by UKAHT last season and their plans for work on Stonington next season, but volunteers are always welcome for the future if you let Al know. It is possible we may have a visit from the Canadian Eskimo Dogs again, if so details later with the invites. As per usual there will be the normal Saturday walk, although a volunteer would be most welcome for this without too much arm twisting!? And for those not doing the walk sure another local pub can be found to visit? No Carlisle races this year on the Sunday, which for some of those that went last year will be a bonus! There will be the usual dinner/silent auction for the Benevolent Fund and any items are most welcome to include in this please? Also any memorabilia, diaries, photos, clothing from Horseshoe or Stonington that you wished to donate to UKAHT would be welcomed by them.

If anyone has travel problems in wishing to attend please contact Al, as we may be able to help in arranging a lift. As per usual Jenny will send out the booking forms about August when all prices will be confirmed, along with any other details, but we hope to have the usual discounts for the full w/e and the Sunday evening. As per usual please share rooms if possible due to the shortage of singles.

If anyone wishes to be added or removed from the database please contact Jenny at jenny.dean@cantab.net or any added info from allan.wearden@btinternet.com Tel 01254 247541

71st SIGNY REUNION – FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT

Cambridge, 7-9 September 2018

By Cynan Ellis-Evans (cynan.toft@gmail.com) and Bill Block (block.bill2@gmail.com)

The 60th Signy Base Reunion was held in Cambridge in 2007 so it really is about time to hold another get together. There have been suggestions on the BAS Club website for a reunion in 2017 as it is the 70th anniversary year, but other postings have indicated that it is now too late to organise one for 2017.

We are therefore proposing a Reunion for 7-9 September 2018 in Cambridge. The timing allows us to use a Cambridge college and having investigated several options we have decided that Fitzwilliam College will be the venue. It has plenty of accommodation, good meeting rooms and car parking, and is conveniently close to BAS but also within walking distance of the city centre.

For initial planning we are assuming a similar timetable and programme to that used in 2007 with guests arriving Friday afternoon and departing around lunchtime on the Sunday. Additional accommodation before and after the weekend may be available at the College (details will be posted later).

The programme is yet to be finalised, but it will likely include an exhibition of Signy material, talks, films, publications and a Reunion dinner.

However, we would welcome suggestions for the programme by email. There will be a further announcement with final details in the December Club newsletter.

Dates for your diary – September 7-9, 2018

Members Websites

I HAVE HAD A GOOD RESPONSE FOR MEMBERS WEBSITES AND A FEW HAVE BEEN ADDED INTO THE MAGAZINE. I'M SURE THAT THERE ARE MANY MORE THAT COULD BE ADDED SO ANY MEMBER WHO HAS A WEBSITE PLEASE SEND ME NAME; WEBSITE DOMAIN NAME AND THREE OR FOUR LINES OF BRIEF DESCRIPTION PLUS PHOTO AND CAPTION. THIS WILL BE A PERMANENT ENTRY IN THE MAGAZINE



Keith J Gainey Halley Bay 1967 and 1968

www.pengwinge.com

The website is in the form of a journey from Southampton departing October 1966, to Halley Bay and return in January 1969. Contains the journey as slideshows, Includes some history of Halley

Folk Club Saudi Arabia 1974



Michael Warr -Deception Island 1964 and Adelaide Island 1966

www.antarcticmemoriespublishing.com

Contains history of Michael and a Book of his experiences down South "South of Sixty" - Will soon be adding another book (fictional) "Murder in the Antarctic"

Yalour Island and I – Dec 2007

Graham Hart

Halley Bay 1994 and 1995

www.ilikecider.com/antarctica

Graham has posted a few pictures taken from his time there, which are available for viewing as a photo gallery (There is one picture from Signy - experts will be able to spot it). In time, he will post even more pictures & text.



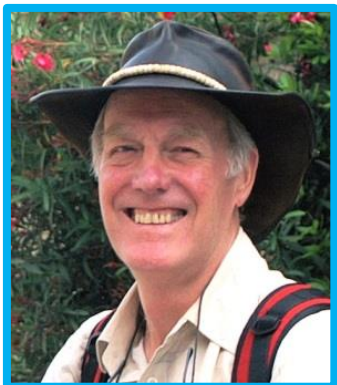
Andy Smith

Halley Bay 1971

www.zfids.org.uk

Andy Smith provides a website ----Z-fids: Halley Bay, 1956-present. It contains a mass of information about the base, though more contributions are always welcome. There are pictures of and stories about Halley over the nearly 60 years since it was established by the Royal Society International Geophysical Year Expedition in 1956. Each year's wintering party is listed and a group photo provided, together with events that happened then, and links to any relevant websites or blogs.

BAS HQ ID picture 2001



Peter Noble

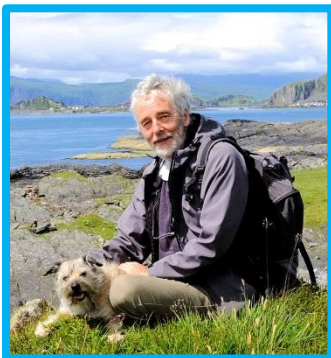
Halley Bay 1967 and 1968

www.peternobletalks.co.uk

is a pot-pouri of writings that perhaps sum up Peter better than a CV. There are pages dedicated to his book "Dog Days on Ice", includes photos; his Antarctic poems and some observations on faith & religion. He also lists a number of illustrated lectures he presents in aid of charity.

Venice 2010

Members Websites



James Fenton

Sygný 1976

www.james-hc-fenton.eu This is a repository of various things I have done over the years: a *pot-pourri* of essays, stories, books, music and pictures. I do run a small environmental consultancy in Scotland, so the website also tells people about this. If you know where to look, there are also various cartoon pages of penguins hidden about the site. See <http://www.james-hc-fenton.eu/index.html> I have recently added a blog, which gives my take on various nature conservation issues in Scotland. See <http://www.james-hc-fenton.eu/blog.html>
June 2012



Sue and Mark Hamilton The Fan Hitch

www.thefanhitch.org The focus of *The Fan Hitch*, launched in 1998, is on the aboriginal landrace Inuit Sled Dog. It has since evolved from a stand-alone quarterly (December, March, June, September) online publication to become the foundation of a comprehensive, broadly informational website.

Out on the Ice in the Canadian high Arctic

Topics revealed by visiting the [Index of Articles by Subject](#) include: Inuit culture and traditions, health and behavior; scientific research;

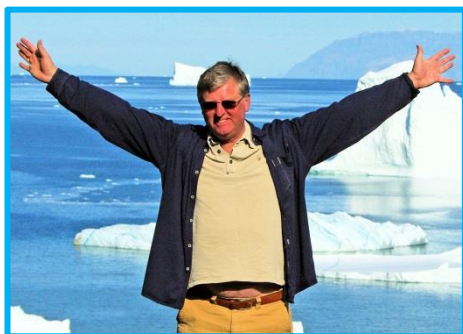
exploration, adventure and history; film, book and product reviews; tips, poetry and recipes. Many of the over 300 contributors have been FIDS/BAS Doggy Men. Your submissions, to be shared with our worldwide readership, are eagerly sought and encouraged. Writing guidelines are "come as you are" relaxed and informal. Metric measurements and words ending in "_ _ _our" are most welcome!-- Talk to us! mail@thefanhitch.org or gimmig@snet.net



Ashley Perrin

Boating Officer KEP and Rothera

www.antarcticicepilot.com is a website for Ashley Perrin's (ex boating officer at KEP and Rothera) business taking large private vessels on expeditions in the Patagonia Canals, Falklands, South Georgia and Antarctic Peninsula. Eventually her blog from time with BAS will be integrated into this site.



Paul Ward

Signý 1985-86

www.coolantarctica.com with pictures, information, history, travel, contacts. It is and will always be a work in progress. 17 years ago when I started it, I thought I would be "finished" after 3-4 years of spare time work.. About a year ago I started a section I called the "Antarcticans database project"

<http://www.coolantarctica.com/Community/Antarcticans-database-project.php> after I was sent pictures and stories from other ex FIDs and OAEs (the American version of a Fid) and started to ask for

more. So if you get those slides out from the back of the cupboard, loft etc. and send them (preferably electronically as computer files), I'll put them up for the world to see and read.

Also if you have anything FID or Antarctic related to sell, I've started up the "Emporium of Antarctic Delights" <http://www.coolantarctica.com/Community/emporium-of-antarctic-delights.php> which is a bit sparse at the moment, but will hopefully get bigger.

BRITISH ANTARCTIC SURVEY NEWS

NEW YEARS HONOURS FOR BAS DIRECTORS

Two members of the BAS Directorate have been awarded significant recognition in the Queen's New Year's Honours List.

BAS Director, Professor Jane Francis, is appointed Dame Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George (DCMG) in recognition of services to UK polar science and diplomacy.

Jane is the first woman to have chaired the Antarctic Treaty Consultative Meeting Working Group on Science and Operations and the fourth woman in history to receive the Polar Medal. As Director of BAS she has a dual role of ensuring UK scientific polar excellence and promoting British sovereign interests in Antarctica.

As well as spending many years researching geology in the polar regions, Jane has been deeply involved with the Antarctic Treaty and undertaken a wide range of international roles to promote the UK's polar interests.



Professor David Vaughan, Director of Science at BAS, is made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE) in recognition of his services to science. This is worthy recognition of their outstanding contribution to UK science over a very long period. David chairs the BAS Science Strategy Team and is a member of NERC Science Board. He is the foremost UK expert on understanding the response of ice sheets in the polar regions to climate change. He served as co-ordinating lead author in two rounds of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change assessment reports and was responsible for identifying the policy-relevant issues and negotiating the acceptance of key findings by high-level policymakers. In 2003, David was awarded the Polar Medal by HM the Queen.

DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS UPDATES by Tim Stockings

Nov-Dec 2016

A Happy New Year to everyone, it certainly started on a busy note with field teams, ships, aircraft and stations hard at work. Halley is on the move – several modules have been successfully relocated and we hope to be able to make good progress with the remaining works. It is a truly remarkable undertaking, the scale and complexity of which take a while to sink in. It is testament to the quality of our people, their dedication, years of experience and training that we are able to contemplate such a significant project, let alone deliver it in under two years from a standing start. Well done to all involved in the planning, support and delivery of this significant milestone.

We have a number of other significant projects in the pipeline, including improving our island infrastructure, upgrading logistic capabilities and refurbishing Rothera. All of which represents major change that we recognise we must lead effectively. We shall be launching our operational strategy shortly, in which we shall show how, as a team, we will face the challenges ahead. As expected in a complex operation involving many moving parts, things sometimes go wrong. We recognise that may happen, so try to provide the right equipment, training and systems that help us cope with the unexpected.

We want to keep everyone fit and healthy; 'getting home safely' is more than just a phrase, we need it to mean something. Striving for constant improvement and learning lessons are key elements of that process.

BAS STAFF AWARDED POLAR MEDALS

By Professor Jane Francis

Congratulations to several BAS staff who were awarded Polar Medals in the New Year's Honours List.



ANDY SMITH

Andy Smith (polar glaciologist) receives a second clasp. Since first receiving his medal in 1994 Andy has spent the equivalent of another three years of his life in the polar regions. Andy's ability to lead and deliver complex, efficient and safe fieldwork, such as the iSTAR programme, is well-known in Antarctic science and logistics communities.



ISSY GERRARD

Isabelle (Issy) Gerrard has been a chef with BAS for more than five years, with many winter seasons in her record

Not only is Issy an excellent chef but she has also been a mentor, friend and counsellor to many staff in times of need.



STEVE KING

Steve King has been working as a pilot with BAS for 10 years and prior to that for Ken Borek. He has a considerable Arctic (6,670 hours) and Antarctic (6,376 hours) flying record, not only on the continent but also on Arctic sea ice. His extensive experience, positive attitude and relaxed manner has helped make challenging science support projects exceptionally successful.

For the full list of Polar Medal awards visit: www.thegazette.co.uk/London/issue/61825/supplement/1174/data.pdf

Congratulations to all three for such exceptional contributions to BAS and to polar science.

A NEW LOOK FOR BAS: AURORA OPENING

By: Beatrix Schlarb-Ridley

After a year of building work, the long-awaited day had come: on 6th February, the new reception and the AURORA spaces were opened. We celebrated with a ribbon cutting ceremony and a delicious AURORA-shaped cake. Thank you to all who made the build project a success! I trust you are enjoying the new facilities – it has been great to see the buzz in all the spaces.

What next?

The official opening will be in June. In the meantime, we will work on the exhibition spaces to showcase the breadth and significance of BAS activity to visitors – thank you for all your suggestions of how to represent your work, please keep them coming!

The rooms are now being used for an extended spectrum of innovation activities – such as ODA-focused entrepreneurship training with Cambridge University, partnership building with the World Bank's African Climate Innovation Centres and the Centre for Global Equality, collaborations with artists around polar data, and networking with companies from Cambridge Cleantech and beyond. We have many expressions of interest in the meeting/collaboration spaces from external users. We can be proud there is such an appetite for interacting with us!

I look forward to continued conversation about how we can best enrich and support your work, and how the new spaces can make life additionally fruitful for all of us.



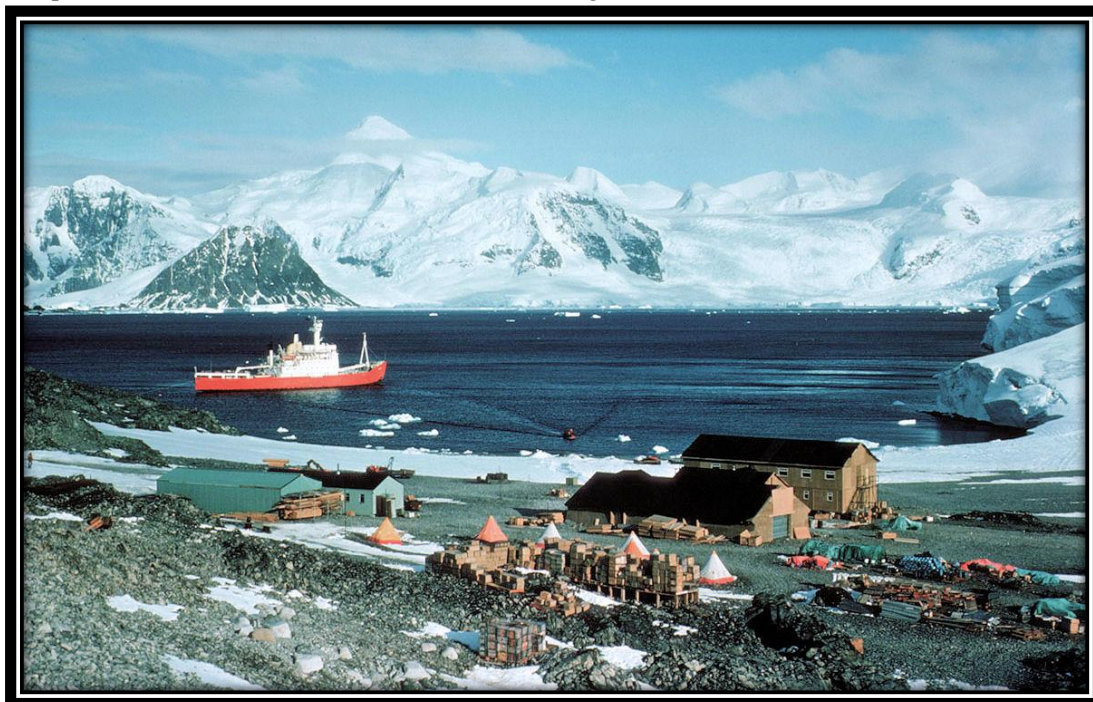
(The new building is open and ready for business)

PICTURES FROM BAS ARCHIVES #61 by Jo Rae

Do you recognise Rothera? This is what the station looked like in 1976/77.

The first building (on the far left) was built in February 1976. The following season the main accommodation block, power house and tractor shed were erected. An old storage shed from Adelaide Station was transported across country and set up close to the first hut.

Rothera has changed enormously since then and the redevelopment will complete that transformation. Ieuan Hopkins, Archive Manager, is carrying out a heritage survey of the station this season to identify structures and artefacts key to our history on the site and work with the development team to find ways to incorporate the essence of these in the new buildings.



(Rothera Station 1976/77 BAS Archive Ad6/19/3/C/R7)

PICTURES FROM BAS ARCHIVES #62 By Ieuan Hopkins

Fifty years ago, in January 1967, BAS's new Pilatus Porter aircraft, VP-FAN, arrived at Deception Island. Transported crated aboard the *Perla Dan*, it had to be brought ashore using the pontoon method shown. Despite some issues during its reconstruction – in the absence of a tension meter the elevator cables were adjusted by the 'piano tuner method' – the first flight test was successful and VP-FAN operated out of Adelaide Island for the next 12 months.

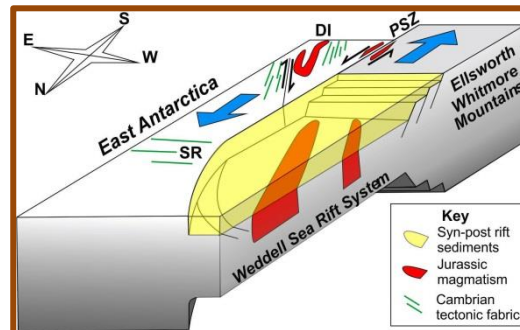
Unfortunately, in February 1968, the aircraft was grounded at a depot at the junction of the Millett and Meiklejohn Glaciers when the port ski, suffering metal fatigue, failed on take-off. A second attempt was made using wheels, but resulted in irreparable damage when the starboard wheel broke through the surface, the nose tipped into the ice and 'a somewhat sickening, expensive crunching noise from the rear fuselage' was produced. The Air Unit have been using archive material in case studies used for pilot training, to learn from the past to benefit current and future operations.



SPOTLIGHT ON SCIENCE – OCT 2016 by Tom Jordan

New geophysical compilations link crustal block motion to Jurassic extension and strike-slip faulting in the Weddell Sea Rift System of West Antarctica

Gondwana break-up changed the global continental configuration, leading to the opening of major oceanic gateways, shifts in the climate system and significant impacts on the biosphere, hydrosphere and cryosphere. Although of global importance, the earliest stages of the supercontinental fragmentation are poorly understood. Reconstructing the processes driving Gondwana break-up within the ice-covered Weddell Sea Rift System (WSRS) has proven particularly challenging. Here we present new compilations of airborne magnetic and airborne gravity data, together with digital enhancements and 2D models, enabling us to re-evaluate the crustal architecture of the WSRS and its tectonic and kinematic evolution. Although geophysically favoured, our new model cannot easily be reconciled with geological and palaeomagnetic interpretations, however, our model provides a simpler view of the WSRS as a broad Jurassic extensional/ transtensional province within a distributed plate boundary between East and West Antarctica.



SPOTLIGHT ON SCIENCE - SEPT 2016 by Max Holloway

Antarctic last interglacial isotope peak in response to sea ice retreat not ice-sheet collapse

A team of British climate scientists comparing today's environment with the warm period before the last ice age has discovered a 65% reduction of Antarctic sea ice around 128,000 years ago. The finding is an important contribution towards the challenge of making robust predictions about the Earth's future climate.

Reporting in the journal *Nature Communications*, scientists describe how, by reconstructing the Earth's climate history through analysis of Antarctic ice cores, they can determine what environmental conditions were like during ice ages and past warm periods. This study focussed on sea-ice conditions during the most recent warm period – the last interglacial – when global temperatures were similar to today. Current climate models forecast a reduction in Antarctic sea ice of up to about 60% by the end of the next century. Finding a 65% reduction in the climate record during a time when global climate conditions were similar to the present day is especially relevant.

The research team from BAS and from the Universities of Bristol, Reading, Leeds and Cambridge studied data from ice cores drilled on the East Antarctic Ice Sheet. A climate model was then used in the analysis of these data. The ice core data and climate model simulations were combined using advanced statistical techniques to determine the state of Antarctic sea ice 128,000 years ago.

SPOTLIGHT ON SCIENCE – NOVEMBER 2016 by Dave Barnes

Iceberg killing fields limit huge potential for benthic blue carbon in Antarctic shallows

A grid of 225 markers on the seabed started one of the longest marine disturbance experiments anywhere in the world. Surveyed and replaced annually, they show that nearly a third of the shallows are hit every year by icebergs and only 7% were not hit in the 13 years it has been running. The study found that the frequency and intensity of iceberg hits grind up benthos to put immobilised carbon back into the water column. Scaled-up WAP ice-scouring may be recycling 80,000 tonnes of carbon per year. Without scouring the shallows could become a key global sink of carbon storage.

SPOTLIGHT ON SCIENCE – DECEMBER 2016 by James Smith

Sub-ice-shelf sediments record history of twentieth-century retreat of Pine Island Glacier

Present-day thinning and retreat of Pine Island Glacier was underway as early as the mid-1940s and satellite observations show it has been thinning and retreating at an alarming rate since 1992. This area is one of the biggest single unknowns in future sea-level change projections. Until now, it was not known when the retreat started, or its cause. In this study, seabed sediment cores have revealed that a cavity started to form beneath the shelf prior to the 1940s. This allowed warm sea water to flow under the shelf, suggesting that current retreat was initiated by warming associated with El Niño.

WITH RV METEOR TO SOUTH GEORGIA

By Katrin Linse

Oli Hogg and I recently spent four-and-a-bit weeks onboard German blue water research vessel *METEOR* in the midst of geophysicists and biogeochemists under PSO Prof Gerhard Bohrmann from MARUM (Centre for Marine Environmental Sciences in Bremen).

The main objective of the expedition was to investigate in detail the methane gas emissions we had discovered in South Georgia's northern shelf troughs in 2013. Specific questions examined: the presence, distribution, quantification and sources of the gas ebullitions; if the gas is reaching the atmosphere; the diversity of the micro- and macrobiological gas seepage site communities; and if gas hydrates can be found. Our main tasks were to work in the scientific ROV team during the dive to assess the visible megafauna and to state if the animals seen are typical South Georgians or potential seepage site specifics. An opportunistic task became the sampling of the multicorer (MUC). I learned that biogeochemists require less numbers of the 12 MUC tubes than biologists usually ask for so after a 'full house' recovery Oli and I had seven-to-eight tubes to sample, sieve and fix.



(The ROV being launched from RV Meteor)

We are coming home with a unique sample set for macro- and meiofauna as well as microplastics from iron-enriched, methane-enriched and methane-seepage sites and hope to answer how methane in the sediments influence the faunal biodiversity and abundance. Oli will use the video footage from the MARUM ROV to ground truth his habitat mapping models for the MPA of South Georgia and write up the amazing hard rock communities we encountered.

During this expedition a total of 31 CTD stations, 21 gravity cores, 12 bottom-water samples, eight GoFlos, 14 MUC, 10 ROV dives and two deployments of the autoclaved corer were done. The bathymetric survey mapped a total of 2,690 nautical miles with over three million pings of the hydroacoustic systems. We collected the data that will answer the outset questions and open new ones that ask for a further expedition to the gas flare sites.

BIRD ISLAND'S RECORD PEAT QUEST

By Angela Gallego-Sala

It's probably one of the few times that scientists have come to Bird Island to study something other than its wildlife. But here we are and we are interested in neither penguins, albatrosses, nor seals; we just love peat. We have explored Bird Island's boggy areas to find the best coring locations on the west coast, where the winds are strongest and bring salty sea spray onto the land. We are part of larger project, involving scientists from the University of Exeter, BAS and international partners on the ACE Expedition, working on reconstructing strength/ position of the Westerly Winds over the Southern Ocean using peatlands as archives of past changes.

This information will help determine whether changes in the winds influence the capacity of the Southern Ocean to absorb CO₂ from the atmosphere. Bird Island is ideally positioned in the strongest belt of the Westerly Winds. Alex will look under the microscope to study how the communities of testate amoebae, shelled microorganisms, have changed with salinity (a proxy for wind strength) in the past.

We have walked all over Bird Island falling in love with it along the way: up tussocky hills, along scree slopes covered in brightly-coloured moss, down the meadows where the albatrosses are king. We expected to find a good peat coring location with depths of a couple of metres but were pleased to find that the corer just kept on going deeper and deeper into the sediment. We hit gold! We found 6m of peat below our feet.

This is the deepest ever found on South Georgia, and as deep as any other peat record found in the sub-Antarctic (another 6m record was found on Marion Island in 1985).

It's hard to estimate without radiocarbon dating how old this peat might be, but it could be anything from 6,000 to 15,000 years old. We cannot wait to have it dated back in Cambridge! We are very grateful to our Bird Island family for all the support and their warm welcome.



TECH'ING IT SOLO ON BIRD ISLAND by Ian Storey

Unlike the other BAS stations, the technical support position on BI is a solo gig. Keeping everything running throughout the winter months as well as getting involved in the bio work when assistance is needed, all keeps you eternally busy and requires a lot of self discipline. With limited technical assistance from the ZFA team, and not having another like-minded person to talk out problems or discuss tractors or motorbikes, it can at times be a tough position. "So what's the upside?" I hear you ask.



During my time here, I have: cuddled fur seal pups; watched wandering albatross chicks take to the skies for the first time; I've seen orca, minke, southern right and humpback whales; I've watched leopard seals hunting; skuas eating everything; pintail ducks flocking; penguins feeding their chicks, big fur seal males fighting for territory; and once, I even saw the Sun! The list could literally go on and on.

(A wandering albatross chick waits on its nest for its next meal)

Bird Island for some people just doesn't appeal. This is mainly due to misconceptions of what it's really like to live and work here. Sure, there are only four people during winter and it's far from being a tropical island, but with the beauty of the wildlife and landscape all around, you can simply go out for a walk and see once-in-a-lifetime events almost every day. After living here for over a year now, I'll be sad to leave, but it's time to hand over to someone else and let them experience this magical place too. Goodbye Bird Island, it has been a blast.

LEOPARD SEALS BREAK RECORDS by James Robbins

Leopard seals at Bird Island have broken several records this season. We've had the second busiest season since records began in 1993, with 506 sightings. This began with the earliest sighting ever, on 19th February, and ended with the joint-latest sighting on 21st November.

The longest residency period ever recorded for an individual was also observed, seen over 228 days, although he was not always present around the island. The last few sightings provided great views of two seals killing macaroni penguins, on more than 21 occasions, which has provided invaluable data on the impact of predation.

ANTARCTIC NEWS

The diet has been varied over the season, with skuas, giant and diving petrels, elephant seal and fur seals all being consumed. We've also had the most individuals seen in a year, with 87 photo-identified, 76 of which are new to the catalogue of individuals identified since 1993. This now contains 601 individuals.

As in previous years, the majority of leopard seals were juveniles, who migrate from the pack ice in high numbers when the sea ice is extensive and cold conditions prevail on Bird Island. During this busy season, we managed to deploy a geolocator attached to a flipper tag on a male that has frequented the island for several seasons, so hopefully that will be retrieved next year (2017) – providing important data on where leopard seals go after wintering here.

Overall, it has been a great year (2016) for leopard seal science, and one that all involved have enjoyed immensely.



('Caitlin' on a BI beach with other Leopard seals

HAVING A WHALE OF A TIME ON BI by Ian Storey

With the summer season underway at Bird Island, life is blooming in abundance here on our little rock. The penguins, albatrosses and seals are all getting into the mood with eggs aplenty and some very cute seal pups. Life is also becoming more apparent in the surrounding waters, and over the last month or so we've been very lucky to see some of our bigger friends – the whales. Southern right, humpback, the elusive orca and even minke whales have now been spotted.

It's great to see these magnificent creatures in this environment, especially when we consider how close they were to total extirpation from this area at the hands of us humans. A great lesson in what can be done when science and common sense prevail.

(Four species of whale have all been seen at Bird Island this season)



BBC FILMING AT HALLEY STATION by Athena Dinar



BBC film-maker Nat Hewit is filming at Halley Research Station this season for a special *Horizon* documentary for BBC TWO. Nat, who joined the Halley team in November, is capturing the relocation of the Halley modules and buildings through the eyes of the people who are making the move possible.

The *Horizon* special is due for broadcast in late spring and will highlight the complexity of our science and operations in an extreme environment

This visit forms part of the BAS Media Visits Programme, which aims to facilitate up to two media visits per year. In September, a media visit to Bird Island highlighted BAS research on albatrosses for the next BBC Natural History Unit blockbuster 'Ocean'

due for release later this year and a series 'Our Planet' due for release on Netflix in 2018.

HALLEY VI RESEARCH STATION RELOCATION UPDATE by Adam Bradley

Nov-Dec 2016

These are exciting times at Halley VI, with the work to relocate the station progressing at an unrelenting pace. At the time of writing, the four southern-most modules (H1, H2, E2 and E1) have been successfully towed to the new site. This follows two months of intense preparation to get the station ready for the move.

The season started with the construction of two temporary camps, one at each site. These were built around converted shipping containers, prefabricated in the UK and shipped down to Halley last season. Both camps were completed and occupied by mid-December.

(On the move! The H1 module is the first to start the journey)

In parallel with this, the extensive Halley science infrastructure was de-coupled from the modules and independently powered. Those experiments that were previously running within the station, including the Dobson Spectrophotometer, were moved out into another converted container, to continue operating throughout the summer. With the modules emptied of people and equipment, the decommissioning team moved in, turning off the power, draining down all of the tanks and disconnecting the services between the modules.

This work continued alongside first-call ship relief, which was managed on good-quality sea-ice at the Creek 7 relief site. Unfortunately the emergence of the Halloween crack, a significant new development within the Brunt Ice Shelf, has cut both Halley sites off from the low shelf-ice at N9 which has been the preferred relief option over recent years. All of this work brings us to mid-January, and the relocation of the modules to the new site.

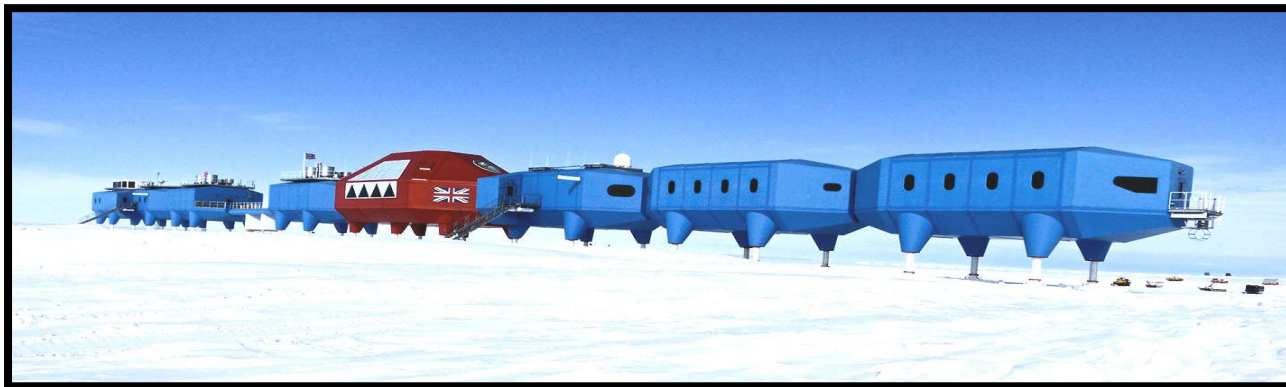
Meticulous preparation by the Vehicles and Estates teams ensured that the first four modules and link-bridge were moved with no significant issues. However, big-red, the heaviest module, is next up, followed by the complex recommissioning process – there are undoubtedly further challenges to come. My heartfelt thanks go to the entire team at Halley this summer. They have endured the difficult living and working conditions with stoicism and good humour, and have tackled numerous challenges along the way. We couldn't have asked for a better team!



MOVING HALLEY – CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL

By Professor Jane Francis

While the station now sits closed for winter, Halley folk are on their way home, justifiably proud that they have successfully completed the most unusual and challenging task of moving a research station across an ice shelf.



(The modules are all in position at the new site – Halley Via)

It was only in 2015 that it was decided that Halley had to be moved to a safer site to avoid being stranded on the wrong side of the expanding Chasm crack. In two short summer seasons heavy equipment was shipped south, two temporary camps erected, expert crews contracted, a special roadway groomed across the ice and finally the whole station moved to its new home. If you have not seen the video of the big red module being moved you should take a look – it's quite amazing (www.bas.ac.uk/mediapost/halley-vi-research-stationrelocation-success).

The design of modules on skis was a triumph, and the robust and detailed project planning was superb. Media handling was a great success and people around the world were watching. A whole generation of young school children now know about Antarctic stations and ice shelves.

Congratulations to everyone involved in this unique challenge – there couldn't have been a better team to tackle it. Tim and I visited Halley in February and we could feel the drive and commitment to finish a job well done. We will celebrate later this year.

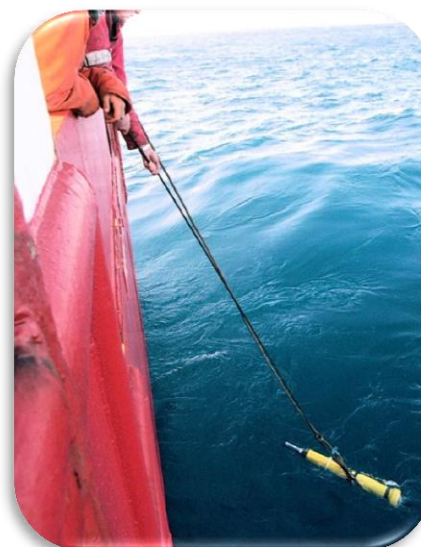
Now that Halley has been successfully relocated, and BAS has taken the decision not to overwinter during 2017, operational and science teams are taking a detailed look at operational planning options for next season.

ARGO FLOATS NINTH BIRTHDAY by Hugh Venables

Two Argo floats deployed from RRS *James Clark Ross* in the Drake Passage on 12th December 2007 are still going strong nine years and 330 profiles later (about twice the design life). Drifting at the standard 1,000m parking depth, the more northerly float has detrained from the circumpolar current and is now south of Madagascar, while the more southerly float has made rapid progress eastwards and is now near the Campbell Plateau south of New Zealand, 220 degrees of longitude from where it was released.

There are currently a record 3,739 Argo floats globally, each taking a profile every ten days. They measure temperature and salinity in the top 2,000m, with some now also measuring a suite of biogeochemical parameters and others profiling to 6,000m or the sea bed. The year-round and widely distributed sampling from the floats has transformed our knowledge of the top 2,000m of the ocean since the programme reached global coverage in 2006. Hopefully the new technology and sensors will see similar gains in the next decade.

All data is available freely online about 24 hours after each profile.



ANTARCTIC NEWS

ANTARCTIC HERITAGE TRUST NEWS



Save the Date!

On the afternoon of Wednesday 21st June we are going to be hosting an exciting members' annual reception at the Royal Geographical Society. More details to follow. Save the date!

Polar Family Fun Day Library of Birmingham

On Saturday 8 April the UK Antarctic Heritage Trust hosted a Polar Family Fun Day at the Library of Birmingham. There was a range of fun activities from storytelling to Antarctic dress up as well as child-friendly tours of the exhibition. We had hundreds of children and their families turn up to take part.

We are very grateful to all of the volunteers who joined us on the day and made it such a great success. You can read about our past events on [our website](#)
Name the BAS Club Committee member!!



The Port Lockroy Satchel



This time last year we began a joint endeavour with the Cambridge Satchel Company to produce a new product which was unique to both Cambridge and Port Lockroy.

Together, we created the Port Lockroy Satchel! The Port Lockroy Satchel has been sold exclusively in Antarctica, but now, for the first time ever, it is available to order on our website. Interested? **Visit [our website to purchase](#)**

Home At Last

In March 2017 the Port Lockroy team made it home safely following a highly successful season.

Adele, Lucy, Laura and Hannelore have had an amazing four months. They have documented everything in their Port Lockroy blog posts which are available on our website.

As well as managing the Museum, Post Office and Gift Shop they also undertook various maintenance tasks on the historic sites at Port Lockroy as well as Damoy Hut. Towards the end of the season they were joined by Tim Burton, our new Operations Officer who also contributed to making the season a success.

Port Lockroy is now closed for the winter which means that here in Cambridge work is beginning to prepare for the next season! Don't forget that you can catch up on everything that happened on their [blog posts](#).



BRITISH ANTARCTIC MONUMENT TRUST

Film Premiere Of An 'Antarctic Voyage To Remember'

Bookings are going well for the premiere of the film about the work of the British Antarctic Monument Trust at the Royal Geographical Society on Wednesday 14 June 2017 at 19.00. Bar open from 18.00.

Felicity Aston MBE and Paul Rose are scheduled to join John Killingbeck to introduce this moving film, entitled *South 2015: an Antarctic Voyage to Remember*. The film describes the work of the Trust in creating the Antarctic Memorial in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral and the Antarctic Monument in Cambridge and the Falklands. It gives a detailed account of the 2015 voyage of *mv Ushuaia* to the Falklands, South Georgia, Signy and the Antarctic Peninsula with 85 Fids, relatives, friends and supporters aboard.

Graham Morris will be flying in from New Zealand for the Premiere. There will be opportunities to talk to him and others involved with the film and the Trust.



(Paul Leek 1958 - 60, revisits the Beastie at Port Lockroy - photo Rod Rhys Jones)

(Brian Dorsett-Bailey talks to Ali Massey about the quilt created in memory of Kirsty Brown by her mother. - photo Rod Rhys Jones)



The photographs are stills from the film and you can see a trailer for the film here

<http://www.antarctic-monument.org/index.php?page=home-2>

Tickets are £14 with all surplus going to the Trust. They can be bought over the web at Eventbrite

www.south-2015.eventbrite.co.uk.

Recasting the Southern Monument

A major step in replacing the Antarctic Monument on Dockyard Point, Stanley was taken at the Gloucestershire-based foundry, Pangolin Editions on Tuesday 14 February with the pouring of a new stainless steel needle.

A team of nine wearing high-temperature protective clothing and face masks led by department managers Wesley and Helen Jacobs poured stainless steel at temperatures in excess of 1600° C into three special ceramic moulds to create the elements of the sculpture that will be subsequently welded together. To avoid the corrosion marks that have marred the original Antarctic Monument, Pangolin used a super austenitic stainless steel with a high level of molybdenum and nitrogen, commonly referred to as 6 Mo.

This composition not only provides a high resistance to pitting and crevice corrosion but also high strength compared with the previously used 316L. The foundry used an adaptation of the eight-thousand-year old lost-wax process. The ceramic mould is porous to gases, but not molten metal, and is under a vacuum to encourage the molten metal to completely fill the mould smoothly, thereby reducing the likelihood of fissures or pits.

ANTARCTIC NEWS

Helen Jacobs said that the pour had gone particularly well and she was looking forward to opening the castings to see the result.

In addition to the monument a number of small panels have been cast to be placed in marine environments in order to gauge how the 6 Mo stainless steel might perform in the harsh environment of Dockyard Point, Stanley.



(Stainless steel casting of the Antarctic Monument at temperatures in excess of 1600° C – photo Rod Rhys Jones)

The pour was observed by several experts including Terry King of Sweetmore Engineering and Paul Gentil, of L B Bentley, as well as Rod Rhys Jones and Ken Gibson of the British Antarctic Monument Trust. In addition the Trust has been advised by international engineers Arup.

The bronze plinth that supports the stainless steel needle has already been cast and it is expected that the sculpture will be completed in time to be shipped out to the Falklands by BAS ship in September 2017. Fids attending the 2017 Annual Meeting in Gloucestershire will be able to visit Pangolin and view the monument on Saturday 24 June on their way to Cheltenham to visit the Wilson Museum

Maintaining the Northern Monument

The Northern part of the Antarctic Monument was removed from Scott Polar Research Institute for maintenance at the end of April. It will be sanded down and new coats of epoxy resin applied. At the same time the steel base is to be modified. In order to prevent water pooling on the surface the manufacturers are to create a convex surface. It is intended that the monument will be replaced in Cambridge in early June.



(The Antarctic Monument is removed from the Scott Polar Research Institute for renovation – photo Rod Rhys Jones)

Snippets and Letters

BAT Flags

I note from p.28 of the December 2016 BAS Club Magazine the “the Union Jack is still widely in use”.

I'm sure you are right, but I hope not at any of our land bases; the Union Jack is only flown from the jackstaff of HM vessels alongside in port or at anchor. On land the Union Flag is flown

Allan Woods --- Base F 1969-70

ARTHUR MARTIN'S QUERY ABOUT THE CAT 'TIDDLES' IN BASCM 76, P105: THE ANSWER.

Tiddles was an 8-week-old neutered kitten that arrived at Port Lockroy, brought from Stanley by Ralph Lenton on 3 April 1952.

The cat remained at the Base until its accidental death, which occurred in early April 1956. Being the 'Communications Control Base,' the main 800-Watt ET4336H transmitter was kept on stand-by, leaving the valve heaters on 24 hours a day.

Tiddles would spend quite a lot of time curled up on his favourite resting place on top of the warm transmitter and on 1 April 1956 he jumped down, dislodging the plug-in crystal oscillator which fell on him as he landed on the floor. He shot out of the hut and disappeared under the building, among the floor bearers – where he spent much time in the summer, often staying there overnight. Next day we could see him and, although he appeared to be fairly mobile, he could not be coaxed out.

After about 24 hours we were becoming concerned and Len Fox (the smallest Base Member that year) crawled underneath the hut and found the cat was dead. When we examined him it seemed that he had broken ribs and possibly a punctured lung. I built a little cairn for his body, which was certainly not there when I last returned in 2006...



(Photo by Alan Carroll)

Apart from Tiddles, there were two other cats at Port Lockroy – 'Tubby' who arrived in 1945 and who only received two journal entries – the first stated 'He was neutered on his third day on Base' – and 'Bridget' (briefly renamed Dizzy) who arrived on 14 January 1958. She was repatriated to Stanley when the Base closed in early 1962 – the only known survivor.

Alan Carroll 22/12/2016

Snippets and Letters

"ON SHORE RE AT BASE B, DECEPTION, DECEMBER 2015"

Whilst strolling close to the Old Magistrates Hut wreckage I noticed a piece of bright green fibreglass showing through the debris. Without shifting anything I could see that it was part of the front door of 'Plastic Deception' in which I lived from December 1966 till Eruption Day in December 1967.

So those who 'borrowed' plastic Base B left not only the front steps but also the kitchen stove and our front door.

I thought there might be some veteran

Deceptives out there who would be interested.

Cheers

Shaun Norman"



SHELF ICES

With all this talk about ice shelves, I am reminded that they used to be known as shelf-ices (see "Southern Lights" – the history of the British Graham Land Expedition (BGLE) 1934-37, et al). When I started work at the Directorate of Colonial Surveys (later D.O.S.) in 1953, they were thus known and shown on maps of that time.

Part of my job there was to take each new F.I.D.S. map in production (and for political reasons we produced a lot in those days) to the Research Department of the Foreign Office (RDFO) where Dr Brian Roberts (Head of the Research Department and previously of BGLE) and his assistant, Ena Thomas, would cast their eagle eyes over it. As far as I remember, they never spotted a name spelt incorrectly but frequently wanted names positioned slightly differently to avoid all possible ambiguity – and their wish was my command.

At one visit I protested about the awkwardness of the plural of "shelf-ice" – and why not "ice-shelves"? Discussions with Brian and Ena were always vigorous: traditionally they were shelf-ices, so why change? I conceded that the stuff within them was shelf ice (as with glacier ice or pack ice) but surely they themselves were "ice shelves"?

The rest is history, although as I left D.O.S. in 1960 I am unaware when the change came, nor whether other nations had a similar hoop to jump through.

Petra Searle.

Snippets and Letters

In reference to the front cover of Magazine 76 December 2016 the editor has received the following email:-

From Robin Chambers 23 Jan 2017

Hi Keith,

The photos of the eruptions on Deception must surely been taken Thurs. 07 Dec. 1967 when I was on board Shackleton.

To clarify, the original eruption occurred on Mon. 04 Dec, a large fissure opened right at the Chilean base PAC. It sent ash to over 10,000ft and as far as Livingstone Isl. We at Base B were smothered in about a foot of, fine, coarse sand and black hail, with the smell of sulphur in the air.



Volcanic Ash Eruptions 04 December 1967 Deception Island - photos Robin Chambers

Our base was not harmed in any way, on that occasion. All the Chileans survived the 4 mile hike to B. The ocean was acting crazy, it came way over our jetty then ebbed about 2 feet from where it should have been. The 2 helicopters off 'Piloto Pardo' rescued us all, after a long 12 hour wait.

(Helicopter lift off - photo Robin Chambers)

Forward 14 months to 21 Feb. 1969, I was on board the 'Shack' again, on my way to Base F for a year, Deception blew again. This time heating the ice-slope behind Hampton House, the torrent from that taking out 20ft. of the back wall and the slurry filled most of the base.

Five FIDS were there salvaging from the first eruption. They had a tale to tell. Though I have never seen that in print! Dick Stocks was the only one to witness both eruptions.

I hope you can publish these photos of 04 Dec '67.

Cheers, Robin Chambers.



Features

THE FIRST MANHAULING EXPEDITION OF PENGUIN RIVER.

John 'Golly' Galsworthy

Over the years I have read reports of expeditions of various derring-do, so I thought it time to report on the first manhauling expedition of the Penguin River.

This expedition was conceived (probably over a gin or three) as an idea to tear Dad Etchells away from his beloved generators for a couple of days. Inigo Everson was recruited to make up the party -- well there may have been Krill in the river. We are not sure how Ricky (Chinn) allowed the trip but probably Dad making him head mechanic whilst we were away may have tipped the balance.

The transport was to be the fibre glass dinghy driven by the all powerful Seagull Outboard motor. Crossing the bay was a pleasure in itself enjoying the South Georgia scenery.

Entering the river it soon became apparent that the river was too shallow in places for the outboard and so manhauling took over.



(Dad Etchells and Inigo Everson anhauling the dinghy --- photo John Galsworthy)

I seem to recall the twists and turns of the river, and pulling against the current , made the manhaul quite a challenge.

However, in true explorer style, and being British , we made it to our camp site by the lake.

Then in true F.I.D. and English style we erected out tents and made tea.

(photo John Galsworthy)



Later we had a pleasant time cruising around the lake also studying the glacier front and generally exploring the area. SG weather did not let us down and it blew a hoolie during the night which did not make for a peaceful dreaming night.

(Dad Etchells and Inigo Everson 'fishing' in the river --- photo John Galsworthy)



The wind eased in the morning and we enjoyed cruising back down the river and so back to K.E.P. Dad rushed to his engines to be told all was well and so ended another S.G. epic

Features

A COURTROOM DRAMA IN STANLEY

Peter Kennett

There is always a risk that one person's reminiscences in the BAS Club Magazine can trigger a chain reaction, so I must apologise for following up Bob Burton's sequel in the last issue (No: 76) to my previous Eliason story. Bob referred to "SecFIDS" Johnny Green's propensity for testing new mechanical contrivances rather too enthusiastically, so that they ended up as a heap of scrap metal, but, on one memorable occasion, Johnny displayed a talent which nobody suspected he possessed – namely that of an advocate in a court of law! It happened thus:

RRS Shackleton was moored up in Stanley for 10 days or so over the Christmas period in 1961. Fids found plenty to do, including carol singing at Government House, (in competition with some officers from HMS Protector!), parties, small boat jaunts, going to the races, church services etc. Some of the crew enjoyed a rather more liquid celebration, which resulted in two of them being arrested on Boxing Day and thrown into the cells at the Police Station. To save embarrassment we shall refer to them as **E and L**.



(RRS Shackleton at the Public Jetty, Stanley (RMS Darwin and HMS Protector also in view ---- photo Peter Kennett)

A day or so later, a court was convened. **E** was charged with being drunk and disorderly and was fined £5 – about 3 days' pay at that time. He looked a sorry sight, although we only found out later what had happened to him on his arrest.

L's case was very different. He was accused of having moved two cars onto Victory Green, assaulting the Police Chief, breaking out of his cell, and causing structural damage at the Police Station. It transpired that he had been found sitting in one of the cars and was escorted back towards the ship by First Mate, Ken Archibald, who told us later what had happened.

As they reached the jetty, the Police Chief drove up, jumped out and kicked **L** in the crutch. **L**, naturally fought back, until Ken restrained him verbally, whereupon the policeman had another go. **L** was eventually overpowered and carted off to the cells. Apparently, once he had come to, he used his bed timbers to make a hole in the roof of the cell, climbed out and wandered about until he found the armoury, whereupon he grabbed two rifles, broke a hole in the roof of **E's** cell and dropped one down to him. Only then was he recaptured and locked in a more secure cell! ¹

By all accounts, the Police Chief had been a mere Sergeant back home in the U.K., who was unpopular in the Falklands and was evidently not enjoying his two or three year appointment. In court, he acted as chief witness and prosecutor and presented a rather different story of the night's events, and would not let anyone speak on behalf of **L**, the accused seaman. Although the evidence was slender, **L** was fined £5 for each of the two cars which had been moved. **L** admitted damage to Police property and was fined a further £10 + £7 costs, but the charge about assaulting the policeman was more serious. At this point there was an adjournment, during which Ken Archibald told the Police Chief that he wished to give evidence on **L's** behalf, since he was actually there at the time. The response was that if Ken testified, then charges would be

Features

brought against him for failing to assist the police in the course of their duty. This was outrageous and several Fids overheard the conversation, little knowing that it would come in handy later.

The following day, we were astounded to see the Police Chief drive up to the ship and deliver a summons to Ken to appear in court a day later. Ken went, without delay, to ask Johnny Green if he would act as Counsel for the Defence and those of us who had overheard the policeman's threat to Ken offered to become witnesses.



(Ken Archibald (with shotgun) and Second Mate, Jim Martin in sporting mode in the Falklands – photo Peter Kennett)

When the court convened, we were faced with a long boring lecture by the Police Chief to decide whether there was a case to be heard, interrupted on occasions by the united shuffling of feet by the assembled Fids. Whilst the court adjourned, I amused myself by reading the policeman's book on Police Law which he had left lying around, and got caught in the process when he returned!

As the court reassembled, Alan Cameron, Jim Shirtcliffe and I slipped out, since we were later to testify about the policeman's threat to Ken.

By all accounts Johnny Green squeezed more favourable evidence from the prosecution witnesses than the Police Chief who was already becoming a laughing stock, especially among the audience of Fids.

When my turn came, I took the oath and then repeated the words which I had overheard the Police Chief use to Ken at the previous hearing. At this, he exploded in a fit of temper and declared that he had never even seen me before and that I was lying. By now the magistrates had begun to see through the plot and told the Police Chief to quieten down. I stood down and then Alan Cameron came in and gave the same testimony.

Then Jim Shirtcliffe ambled in, gabbled off the oath in one breath, and settled down to enjoy himself. Since he offered the same evidence as Alan and me, the Police Chief accused us of collusion, with the immortal words, "Do these men work together, eat together, sleep together...?" at which the Fids' bench erupted in cat calls and laughter.

In answer to one question from Johnny Green, Jim said, "I don't remember, John", at which the Police Chief jumped up and said, "What was that last word you used?"

"I said, John", replied Jim, with heavy sarcasm, "J-O-H-N - John".

Although the Magistrate told Jim to say, "Mr Green", he had already made his point and the Police Chief slumped back into his chair, defeated. Johnny Green gave a brilliant summing up, in answer to a very poor one presented by the Police Chief, and the court was adjourned for two days.



*(John Green and John Cunningham (?) on summit of Mount Barre, Adelaide Island, 1961. John Green is in the red hat
Reproduced courtesy of the British Antarctic Survey Archives Service.
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I missed the final fun through going off on HMS Protector to do some seismic work, but I am quite sure that the case against Ken Archibald was dismissed.

In the meantime, however, E had been medically examined, and was found to have suffered a broken arm and bruising to the ribs, almost certainly as a result of undue force having been used on this normally gentle man.

The Governor ordered an enquiry into the actions of the police and it was not long before the Police Chief was homeward bound to the UK. It was rumoured that he was unhappy in the post, but that if he resigned before his full term, he would have to pay his passage home, whereas if he was dismissed, it would be paid by the Falklands government, but I never knew for sure.

Now, if only Gilbert and Sullivan had been present –what an opportunity for a comic opera they would have had!

¹ Footnote. My recollection of the Police Station is that it was very small, so I don't know where the cells were located, but the story related above is as we heard it, and as recorded in my diary at the time.

DIARY OF A NON-EVENT

Ron Lewis-Smith

As the Millennium drew to a close I was scheduled to make what would probably be my final trip south with BAS, to conclude my botanical research prior to retirement two years hence.

It began in Stanley, after a delayed flight from Brize Norton on 5th November 1999. We were due to fly out of the Falklands the following day but a spell of bad weather along the Antarctic Peninsula had grounded the Dash 7 at Rothera, so we had an enforced but welcome stay in the capital. The delay lasted four days.

Meanwhile, RRS *James Clark Ross* had arrived in port on the 7th and was due to depart for Rothera on the 10th. An edict from HQ informed the 17 air travellers that we should travel south on the *JCR*, with Chris Eliot at the helm, as the plane's arrival may be delayed further. That suited me as I always enjoyed the leisurely scenic route, and particularly as I was allocated the luxurious Chief Scientist's cabin and lounge (with personal bar). These I shared with Andy Alsop, former chief pilot of the BAS Air Force, and whom I had known a long time. Andy had flown a damaged Twin Otter from Rothera to Stanley for repairs, and was now stuck there. He was a renowned stickler for punctuality and was desperate to return to Rothera for his field flights.

My first encounter with Andy was in 1970, when he was flying twin-engined Islanders for Loganair in the Orkney Islands (North), and he left me stranded in the middle of a field of cows when he was supposed to fly my wife of a few hours and myself from her small island of Stronsay to Kirkwall. As he bundled Elinor into the co-pilot's seat he announced to me "Sorry, only one seat available!", and took off. After disembarking passengers on other islands he did return some time later, after all the well-wishers had gone home, and after I had re-scattered the cattle to make the grass landing possible, finally our honeymoon commenced!

After a delay of four days, *JCR* headed on her southerly course, across a calm Drake Passage and Bransfield Strait. On 14th November we made a brief call at Port Lockroy, which I hadn't visited since accompanying Sir Vivian Fuchs in 1967 during a survey of old FIDS Bases. From there we sailed through the stunning Lemaire Channel, its towering ice-clad cliffs resplendent in sunshine and perfectly reflected in the liquid mirror. I enjoyed the view, in awe and utter silence, from the conning tower. As we steamed southwards, the radio operator noted from a satellite image that there was dense pack ice from a short distance ahead to northern Alexander Island, over 400 km away, and we would have to penetrate it to reach northern Marguerite Bay and Rothera. On the 15th November, from open water well to the west, we headed towards 10/10 pack off the mid-west side of Adelaide Island, clearly visible as ice blink in the distance. Once into the ice progress was minimal and *JCR* ground to a halt during the night, but that day the Dash-7, on which we should have been travelling, managed to complete its round trip back to R!

Then the fun, or rather frustration, began. To make any progress involved backing-and-ramming; that is, steaming forwards at full pelt to cut a channel, then reversing slowly for a short distance, then charging ahead at full speed through the newly created brash-filled channel into the solid pack in an attempt to make some forward progress. However, the ship usually came to a sudden shuddering halt, and the

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process was repeated - over several hours. Nothing complicated in that; something to which the BAS Fleet is very accustomed.

However, despite the challenge, progress was negligible over the next few days, on some of which no more than a nautical mile was covered. On the sixth day in the ice two Rothera Twin Otters heading for the Falklands buzzed us. On Day 9 we had an excellent view of a Ross seal with pup within about 50 m of the ship. A Twin Otter recce revealed no open leads near us. Later that day a northerly gale and blizzard reduced visibility to zero and, while out on deck counting snowflakes to pass the time I noticed, out of the corner of my eye, what at first I took to be a mouse scurrying through the snow. Admittedly I was clutching a gin and tonic, but then the apparition stopped beside one of the ventilation ducts emitting warm air. The little brown bird fluttered onto the railing beside me, then across the deck, and disappeared before I could return with my camera. It was still hopping about next day, but was not seen after that. I identified it as an austral negrito, a native of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. It was the farthest south occurrence of a passerine, and probably the highlight of my entire trip. [Several black-necked swans have been recorded near the Argentine San Martin base in Marguerite Bay, but they do drink a lot of wine there].

By Day 10 in the ice life was becoming tedious, yet never boring, with the daily routine of meal times, intermittent naps, strolls on deck, reading, writing, socializing, playing card and board games, etc. occupying the day. Over the next few days a couple more Ross seals and a leopard seal with pup were spotted and, on a

rare occasion when the ship reached a narrow lead, we were entertained by a group of orcas patrolling ahead of us. On one occasion, while in static mode, some emperor penguins strolled past the ship, ignoring our presence and predicament.

(Slow progress through the pack-ice – photo Ron Lewis-Smith)



On the 15th day we broke out into open water, in an attempt to find a new access point to Marguerite Bay. At one point the ice edge was littered with several plastic fishing net buoys and some drift wood. After heading some distance south

JCR then retreated into the pack to maintain her track towards the south of Adelaide Island, and Rothera beyond.

The Dash-7 made an over-flight en route to the Falklands on Day 16, and two days later Andy's repaired Twin Otter flew past, heading for R. On Day 19 a meeting was held to discuss the options under the present circumstances. I also learnt that the ice surface on Utopia Glacier on Alexander Island, where some of us were to set up camp for our terrestrial studies at Mars Oasis, was now glare ice and crevassed, and a plane would not be able to land.

Next day Captain Eliot telephoned BAS HQ, which had been remarkably silent during the past two weeks, to notify the Director that we were still nowhere near Rothera. The delayed response was that as soon as he could extricate the ship from the ice, JCR should sail for King George Island in the South Shetland Islands for the Dash to pick us up at the Chilean Marsh Station, return to Stanley to pick up some more personnel, then fly to Rothera! On Days 22 and 23 a Twin Otter made a recce, but no leads were spotted.

Cambridge remained uncommunicative, much to the captain's frustration. On the 24th day stuck in the ice a decision was taken to head north to Marsh. It took six hours of determined backing-and-ramming to turn around and steam towards looser ice, during which time the fire alarm sounded causing much consternation! A gasket on one of the two engines had blown and we were reduced to half power. After a brief period of pandemonium on board, HQ decided to try Plan B (or was it C, or D?) and we were to head for the U.S. Palmer Station for a mass Twin Otter airlift to Rothera. At last we would be liberated from the monotonous icescape. That evening I, and several others, enjoyed a convivial evening with the captain sampling the ship's ample stock of malt whiskies.

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On Day 25 of this saga, after ploughing through 10/10 loose pack, we limped into Arthur Harbour, at the southern end of Anvers Island. As the cove was filled with pack ice the *JCR* launch couldn't be used to ferry us ashore at Palmer Station, so she tied up alongside the U.S. icebreaker *Laurence Gould* that occupied the small jetty. Making landfall involved personnel and belongings being unceremoniously hoisted from one deck to the other in rope slings.

(undignified transfer from JCR to Laurence Gould -- photo Ron Lewis-Smith)

We were quickly whisked by skidoo up the ice ramp to the Marr Ice Piedmont where the four BAS Twin Otters were waiting to take the 17 of us on to Rothera.



(Otter Squadron to the rescue! – photo Ron Lewis-Smith)



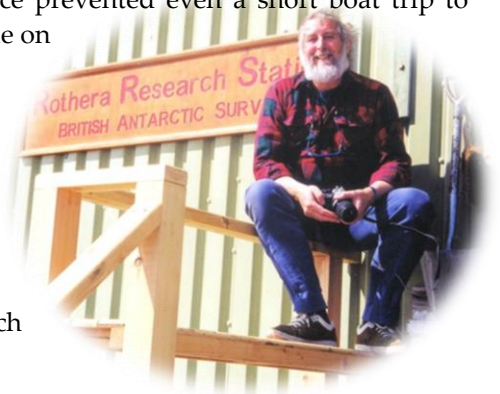
One by one the planes took off and fell into formation. The flight was memorable as we took the scenic coastal route in brilliant sunshine, alternating between soaring high above the islands and glaciers then swooping down to ice berg level and air-saloming through The Gullet,

finally making a low level circuit over Rothera Point before landing in close linear formation. A spectacular finale to an otherwise unspectacular three and a half weeks.

At least, during my enforced imprisonment on *JCR*, I was not entirely idle. I had succeeded in writing two research papers, a story for a class of school children back home, an article about our predicament for *Lloyds Shipping News*, editing a book, and read most of the ship's scientific library.

By now my planned six-week research spell at Rothera and on Alexander Island had been curtailed to a long weekend's sojourn. I was restricted to Base as dense pack ice prevented even a short boat trip to Léonie Island where I had a research site. Furthermore, I could do little on the Point as it was deeply covered by recent snow, the bane of all terrestrial biologists' field work.

A few days later I was back in Stanley. Governor Donald Lamont had invited me to Government House for afternoon tea, and to discuss the state of the plants in his conservatory, and to get a scientific opinion on the controversial subject of introducing South Georgia reindeer to the Falklands. Also, as he was my old school Former Pupils' Club Falklands Consul, we had much nostalgia on which to catch up!



(author confined to barracks!!!! - photo Ron Lewis-Smith)

Three weeks later I was en route to Signy, to finalise my research there, having celebrated Christmas, the Millennium and my parents' 60th wedding anniversary at home.

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THE COROMANDEL JOURNEY

Tim Christie

Introduction

In spite of the fact that I had accidentally dropped my tellurometer over a five hundred foot cliff at Carse Point and that my fellow surveyor, Paul Gurling, had lost all his survey equipment (worth probably at least £30,000 at today's prices) when it was blown away by a ferocious katabatic on the Harriet Glacier, by Christmas 1971 we had completed the survey task assigned to us by BAS which was to provide an accurate survey link between Stonington and Fossil Bluff, thus linking Graham Land and Palmer Land.

It involved, amongst many other things, measuring three 50 mile long tellurometer lines across the Wordie Ice Shelf to an accuracy of a few inches and measuring a theodolite angle from Mount Edgell to a cairn which we had built on the summit of Butson Peak, near Stonington, the previous winter, which was 105 miles away!

Although forging the Stonington to Fossil Bluff link meant that our official survey programme for the year was complete and definitive maps of West Palmer Land could now be plotted, we had become increasingly aware that there was another, almost equally important, survey problem that needed to be solved - that was to extend our existing survey framework over the central Palmer Land ice cap and into the un-surveyed mountains of East Palmer Land. In the previous year's official survey report it said that it would not be possible to do this, because the surface of the ice cap was so high that the mountains of the east could not be seen over the top of it from the survey stations on the west, and that in these latitudes there were no inter-visible rock exposures on which intermediate survey stations could be established.

During the following winter I had begun to question this last statement, as a number of old records (including a distant oblique aerial photo taken from over Alexander Island by Finne Ronne some thirty years before) suggested that there might be a small isolated exposure of rock way out in the middle of the ice-cap which could be visible from both sides of the plateau. We called this hypothetical rock outcrop "Coromandel*", but as the evidence for its existence was not very convincing, we decided in early December that while we were waiting for the other survey party to return across the Wordie Ice Shelf, we should sledge up to Samarkand, a 6000 feet high nunatak on the very edge of the plateau, from where we were certain we would be able to see Coromandel if it existed.

When we got there however, and looked across the plateau to where we thought Coromandel would be, there was absolutely nothing there. The weather was clear and we could see across to Mount Andrew Jackson nearly one hundred miles away, but of Coromandel, there was not a sign. So, we were confronted with a paradox - three independent pieces of "historical" evidence suggesting that Coromandel might exist somewhere out near the middle of the plateau, and the evidence of our own eyes which said that it didn't exist at all!

But, human nature being what it is, and in defiance of all common sense, shortly after Christmas we said good bye to our fellow surveyors (Sledge Charlie) in the Batterbee mountains and set off across the plateau to look for a chunk of rock which almost certainly wasn't there!

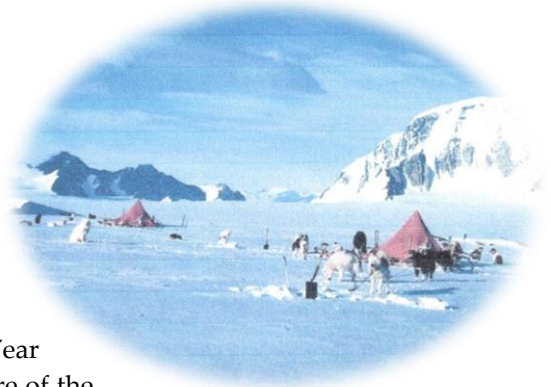
There were three of us in the party: Drummy Small with the Huns; Miles Moseley with the Gaels; and me with the survey gear! What follows is an account of that journey based on my day-by-day

** In John Masters novel called "Coromandel", the hero learns of a strange place in the east called Coromandel from an ancient map of dubious validity. We called our hypothetical nunatak "Coromandel" because it seemed to be a strange place in the east whose existence was based on equally dubious evidence.*

THE COROMANDEL JOURNEY

On New Year's Eve we replenished our supplies from the Depot at Castle Rock, turned our backs on the Batterbee Mountains and headed out at last across the plateau in search of the hypothetical Coromandel.

(Castle Rock depot – photo Tim Christie)



The good weather was coming to an end with the Old Year and we saw 1972 in lying-up in a white-out below the last feature of the

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western mountains, a small outlying rock on the extreme south east of the Throne complex. When we were able to travel again, we found we had turned the last corner and were able to set course direct for Coromandel. Visibility 'was still nil, but then on the plateau there was nothing much to see anyway, but we felt distinctly uneasy heading off into the white "bundoo" on a course which all our instincts told us must stretch on and on for over a hundred featureless miles. If Coromandel did not exist - and all our recent evidence pointed to this - then our next landfall' would be the Eternity Range (if we were lucky). If Coromandel did exist then it was probably a rock barely breaking the surface of the ice which would slip past unseen, for how else could it have remained hidden from such elevated view points as Samarkand and Scotch Corner.

Jan 3rd 1972

Still misty. Travelled on a bearing of 10 degrees magnetic - one gentle rise, then dead flat, straightforward going in white-out. The fascination of the featureless plateau wears off in about ten minutes! One distant view of a white rockless peak (part of the Throne) away to the left. Nasr went lame. Allegedly I had harnessed him wrongly. Camped after only nine miles.

The next day, Jan 4th, it was just the same except that the visibility was rather better and the surfaces, rather worse. The dogs were clearly bored with nothing to see anywhere and progress was tedious. Ahead of us the mists seemed to be thinning, and occasionally they parted enough to reveal a bank of dark cloud sprawled rather ominously across the plateau ten or twenty miles ahead of us. I was as bored as the dogs were so I wasn't really concentrating very much and it wasn't until about the third mist clearance that I noticed that the dark cloud hadn't changed shape at all since we had first seen it. Ever so slowly it dawned on my disbelieving consciousness that this was no cloud but a very substantial mountain rising in our path. Almost at the same moment Miles, who was leading, stopped his dogs and called back:

"What the Hell's that?"

"I was just wondering myself actually"

"Surely you must know what it is. It's a ruddy great 5000 foot mountain"

As the party's surveyor and map maker I was supposed to know what everything was whether I had been in the area before or not. This, mountain, if mountain it was, appeared to rise in an area marked on all maps (even those of our immediate predecessors) as "undulating featureless plateau". Our own map bore a single pencilled annotation. It said "Possible location of Coromandel".

I said:

"Either its Coromandel or it doesn't exist"

"But you said that Coromandel would only be a small rock outcrop"

"If we'd known what Coromandel was we wouldn't have had to come to look for it, would we?" I said somewhat irritably for I must admit that I was considerably put out by the appearance of such a large uncharted feature in the middle of the ice cap, and had it not lain on the precise course that we had set for it, I would have been looking for another explanation myself.

We camped that morning a mile or two south of Coromandel, and the following night sledged up onto the eastern shoulder of the peak. The all-pervading plateau mist had once again set in but we couldn't but help being impressed, there on this isolated outpost on the polar plateau. We camped on the shoulder and after supper, (it being nearly midday) the sun began to re-assert itself and the mist once again began to give up its secrets.

"I think I had better go up to the summit while there's a chance of seeing something" I said to Drummy, "If this mist really sets in we could be here for weeks".

We were fairly confident that the mountains on both sides of the plateau would be visible from the summit, but we couldn't leave until we had made sure. I clambered out into the glare of the sun and bidding Drummy to keep an eye on me in case I disappeared into any unexpected crevasse, I set off up the snow field. I had come to enjoy these solo excursions up untrodden nunataks a great deal. For all too much of the time in the Antarctic, safety demanded that we never travelled alone, but I felt that at Coromandel in particular the isolation of the place and the vastness of the surrounding landscape could only be fully savoured on one's own.

I was not sorry that I had come, for as I climbed the sun strengthened and soon I could see across the plateau to Mount Andrew Jackson and the distant range later to be called the Admiral Welsh Mountains. We

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were shortly to calculate the height of Mount Andrew Jackson as 3184m (10,446ft) - the highest mountain on the Antarctic Peninsula.

I climbed on snow for most of the way and then crossed for safety onto rock as I passed behind the lower peak of Coromandel and out of view of Drummy's watchful eye, after which I joined the summit ridge that lead to a surprising sharp little rocky peak. Only now did I begin to understand the great enigma of Coromandel and why it had appeared to us so dramatically out of the mist when it had remained hidden from all other viewpoints. When Miles had called it a ruddy great 5,000 foot mountain he was technically correct (the actual height is 5,654 ft) and this was rather as it had looked from the south. Had we approached from the north we might have been less impressed because on that side the surface of the ice cap is much higher, and only a few hundred feet or so of the mountain project above it.

In fact, to the north the ice continued to rise very gently, and as far as I could tell it came to a rounded crest some ten miles away. The scale was so vast though, that it was surprisingly difficult to tell which way it sloped, and I really deduced, rather than saw, that the crest was there, because I knew that Samarkand lay not 40 miles away, yet in that direction I could see nothing until the plateau met the sky in a smooth unbroken line. From a survey point of view this was not a problem because there were plenty of peaks in the western mountains that I could see, and indeed our newly established survey station at St Valentine's depot was just visible as a grazing ray.

What did concern me initially was the fact that I couldn't see Fandango Rock, the outermost nunatak of the eastern mountains which we had identified from a distant oblique aerial photograph and plotted on the rough sketch map which we had made of the eastern plateau just before leaving Stonington. As it appeared to be only about seventeen miles from Coromandel we had rather been relying on this as a "stepping stone" between Coromandel and the eastern mountains. Presumably though, the "ice crest" that hid Samarkand also hid fandango Rock.

Fortunately, while I was still searching for Fandango Rock the last patch of mist across the plateau dissolved and a low rounded feature we had just called "Snow Mound" on our map, appeared. This also seemed to be about seventeen miles from Coromandel, but as it had not appeared to sport any rock we had rejected it as a possible survey station. Now though, using binoculars, I could see there was a band of rock running up the northern crest of the hill right to the summit, and it was therefore as ideally suited for our first cross- plateau survey station as Fandango Rock.

I took a compass bearing on it, and when I had built a cairn I retraced my tracks carefully back to camp. It was 4pm. I was very tired now and although my eyes were watering from peering too long through binoculars without goggles, I was well pleased with the day's findings. The first cross-plateau line was assured, and tomorrow we could go and establish a survey station on "Snow Mound", which for reasons that will become apparent in the following pages, we were soon to re-christen "the elusive Pimpernel"

Drummy was lying head to the door, one eye open faithfully covering my retreat, the other one trying to doze.

"Haven't you had any sleep?" I asked

"Oh yes. When I saw you on the summit I knew you would be there for a couple of hours at least on a day like this. How did it go?"

"Not bad, but we're not going to Fandango Rock tomorrow, we're going to 'Snow Mound'",

"Oh aye - good-oh !" said Drummy, but I think he would have said "good-oh" even if I'd said we were going to the Gulf of Tongchin!

Jan 6th 1972 At Coromandel

After only three hours sleep start to pack up but weather windy and snowing. Deposited survey gear (except the theodolite) as we gather Sledge Chartie haven't moved since we fast saw them and there's no point in lugging the tellurometer and batteries etc across the plateau. Decided first to lie up.

Jan 7th In a way it was perhaps unfortunate that we had found Coromandel within a mile of its predicted position, because it had given us a false impression of the accuracy of our sketch map, and although I tried to explain to Drummy and Miles that the map of the eastern side of the plateau was only supposed to show what features were there rather than where they were, I myself had now come to the mistaken belief that Fandango Rock and Pimpernel were more or less exactly where we had plotted them.

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"17 miles at 70 degrees magnetic" I said to Miles who was leading, as we pulled out of camp, "probably mainly downhill".

18 cold, tedious, mainly uphill, misty miles later we stopped. --- "OK then. Where is it?"

We held a council of war. We could not believe that we had overshot the hill in mist for it was a sizeable feature and Miles had been leading a good course. On the other hand the visibility was at least half a mile – possibly much more - and there was no sign of Pimpernel Hill anywhere.

"Your map wouldn't be that far out would it?" Miles asked.

We travelled one more mile and then, with much grumbling, camped. At 8 am Drummy went out to feed the dogs as the morning sun began to steal through the mist.

Suddenly he called: - "There's your hill! We've overshot it".

Miles and I stuck our heads out of the snow-sleeve entrance of the tent and although my eyes were streaming from snow-blindness again, I could clearly see the hill gleaming in the sunshine about two miles away to the southwest. Drummy took a compass bearing on it and not only set both sledge compasses to the course but actually turned the sledges on their pickets to point in the right direction. Now, whatever the weather, all we had to do was to sledge straight ahead whether we could see the nunatak or not.

Jan 8th And this is exactly what we did do. It was blowing quite hard and drifting, but it was a following wind and we had such a short distance to go that we opted to travel none- the-less. After three miles without sighting anything the veil of mist around us rolled back unexpectedly allowing us to see Coromandel in one direction and the Admiral Welsh Mountains in the other.

But of Pimpernel there was not a sign. We just could not believe it. Even accepting that the snow peak that we had seen last night was probably a mirage of one of the western mountains, we could not explain how we could not see our destination when we could see across the plateau to the mountains beyond it.

Miles suggested that as the peak which all three of us had seen yesterday did not exist, could it not be possible that the peak which I alone had seen from Coromandel did not exist either. I tried to explain that I had studied the peak through binoculars, but I don't think I convinced anyone, perhaps not even myself! The wind was still blowing strongly, and as there was no question of turning and travelling back into it, We camped again.

Jan 9th It was an hour before midnight when the wind dropped and we set off once more towards the east side of the plateau. Again it was misty and the midnight sun wasn't even visible. Nor did we realise how steeply we were climbing. We just knew that it seemed to be surprisingly hard work. After nine miles there was still no sign of the elusive Pimpernel and we camped again in disgust. The whole thing was a complete mystery.

To ensure that we didn't miss a single chance of a sighting on our nunatak I had my meal outside that morning, sitting on Drummy's sledge and peering through the mist that was again thinning with the strengthening sun. By this time visibility seemed to be at least a mile in every direction, but then again it might just as easily have been three miles. On the featureless landscape it was impossible to tell. I had never found sleeping in the glare of the day very easy, even when tired, and today I was determined not to turn in until the sun had gained some strength.

To occupy the time I thought I would take a short walk (without my skis which were helping to guy the tent), partly to gauge how good the visibility really was and partly to make sure that Pimpernel wasn't lurking over the brow of the next little ice rise ahead of us. After twenty minutes walking, the tent was as clear as if there was no mist at all and I was convinced that if Pimpernel was within a five miles radius I should see it. But the top of the ice rise showed nothing but the plateau rolling on. It didn't seem to be very sensible to go any further alone, although weather-wise and crevasse-wise there was no danger here. So I turned and started retracing my footprints to the tent.

I had only just started down the slope when I looked back for a moment and stopped in my tracks. There, exactly where I had been looking five minutes before was an enormous snow cone rising out of its shroud of mist into the powder blue sky. I waited only long enough to take a compass bearing on it before literally running back to the tent to wake the others. They both came out to confirm the sighting. It appeared to be four or five miles further on, and this time we knew it was no mirage.

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Jan 10th Now that we were nearly at 7,000 feet, it was really rather debatable whether there was any advantage in continuing to travel by night as it was so cold and misty from midnight onwards, and at this altitude the midday sun had its work cut out to dispose of the mist before it got round to making the surface of the snow sticky. However we set off that evening as usual.

Jan 10th Plateau(3) - Pimpernel - Phantom Rocks

Pimpernel Hill just visible as we set off with low sunlight filtering through the mist. Both drivers find the dogs going very badly but later discover that this is because we are climbing deceptively steeply. A long haul before reaching the elusive nunatak at last. ...

It was four days and thirty two miles since I had told Miles as we left Coromandel that it looked like an easy 17 mile downhill run - and now we were over 7,000 feet!

.... Picketed the dogs and climbed to the summit by the northwest ridge which is comprised of bright red rock . .

"Scarlet Pimpernel" Miles observes.

We have crossed the plateau if nothing else.

Although the main mountain ranges of the eastern plateau were scarcely visible through the mist, it was apparent to us from the summit that, in spite of our bewildering search, we were in fact on one of the highest points of the plateau and Pimpernel was an eminently suitable position for a survey station. We therefore lost little time in concreting a brass cartridge into the bedrock of the summit (to mark the exact trig location) and building a large cairn above it as was our custom on all new trig points. In the official log of our journey Drummy wrote:

" Having at last cornered the elusive Pimpernel we put a bullet in its head and buried it under a huge pile of stones to make certain the bastard didn't get away again!"

Flushed with the success of having completed a task which a year ago had been considered to be impossible - that is establishing a line of inter-visible rock-based survey stations across the central Palmer land plateau -- we were now eager to embark on our second objective which was to locate a peak which we had seen as a tiny speck of rock overlooking the eastern horizon when we were on Samarkand looking for Coromandel.

The reason we wanted to find this peak was that if it was accessible as a survey station, then it should be possible to use it to measure a second tellurometer line back across the plateau to Samarkand, giving a really robust survey connection between the eastern and western side of Palmer Land. We thought that the peak was probably on a feature which we had labelled "Boomerang Ridge" on our preliminary sketch map (because of its shape), but as we could see nothing through the mist in that direction, and as the problems we had had finding Pimpernel had shown how inaccurate our sketch map was, we didn't really know where Boomerang was, and for that matter we didn't really know where we were either! For want of anything better, when we got back down to the dogs, we decided to go due north.

Drummy led off at a cracking pace showing clearly that it was the gradient rather than the dogs that had caused our slow approach march to Pimpernel. Now we seemed to drop away in a series of steep steps with Drummy instinctively choosing a line between major crevasse banks which we couldn't see until we had passed them. We were bombing down one of these steps when two nunataks loomed out of the mist on our left proving that we had indeed crossed the plateau. We were still in sight of these phantom rocks when the surface flattened out and we decided to call it a day and camp.

Jan 12th Two days after leaving Phantom Rocks we sensed the presence of the Boomerang peaks ahead of us. The thick mist had returned and we had seen no more rock. We camped early that morning about 4 a.m. not wishing to repeat the Pimpernel debacle, and not really knowing where we needed to go.

"Is there any point in pressing on tonight if the weather's like this?" Miles asked.

Travelling in the mist, at night at that altitude had become an unrewarding, chilly experience and we had been on the verge of reverting to daytime travel since leaving Coromandel.

"Well let's postpone alarm to 1 a.m. anyway. That should give us some midday hours on the peak if we get there".

Features

There was certainly no point in going on in the prevailing visibility. So, for the first time for many weeks we enjoyed a long deep sleep in the subdued light and cool temperatures of the night hours.

Jan 13th

1 a.m. The alarm rang. I peered out through the snow sleeve. It was misty cold and hostile. Miles stirred to ask what it was like and I told him he could go back to sleep.

3 a.m. I stirred uneasily and wondered why. Something had disturbed me, but the wind was still and there wasn't a whimper from the dog spans. I lay for a while pondering the strange effect of the shadow of a guy rope on the tent door. Then it clicked. That's what it was - the shadow! For the last ten days we had scarcely seen one except for the hazy blur of a distant rock through the mist. I sat bolt upright and stuck my head outside the tent. The bleak grey scenes of two hours ago had disappeared and there above was a clear blue sky and around were the high snow peaks of Boomerang Ridge - all the more beautiful because they had unveiled themselves so reluctantly and, in the end, so suddenly.

I broke the ice on the top of the porridge and started pumping up the primus. Miles heard the clatter and said dozily:

"What's happening then?"

"It's baby blue." (Fid-speak for a cloudless sky).

Drummy poked his head out of the door in disbelief with the words "go back to sleep" already forming on his lips, and said instead:

"Good Heavens! The man's right!"

There was still not a cloud to be seen as the two teams pulled out of camp and ahead of us the sky was almost indigo down to the horizon. After travelling for over a hundred miles in almost perpetual white-out it was a godsend to get a clearance like this at the precise moment we needed it, and the blue skies were as welcome as the return of the sun after the polar night.

We had during the last few days' travelling dropped off the plateau and for the first hour and a half we were working hard regaining height. Boomerang Ridge like Coromandel and many of the peaks that flanked the plateau acted as a buttress to the ice so that the surface of the ice on the north and west was several hundred feet higher than that on the south and east and by the time we had regained the plateau proper, the first peak of Boomerang was only a short way above us.

The reason we had come all this way to Boomerang was to confirm that this was the peak we had seen from Samarkand poking its head above the horizon. Now that we were here we were besieged with doubts, for out to the west the ice stretched relentlessly to the blue horizon in a way that was uncomfortably familiar. There wasn't even a hint of a distant peak. Miles said he thought that we were out of luck. Secretly so did I, but I reminded him how from Samarkand we had seen nothing until we were almost on top.

"Yes" said Miles "but we can't even see the high peaks beyond Samarkand".

We picketed the dogs and started up the little peak on the west end of the ridge somewhat apprehensively, wondering what on earth we had seen from Samarkand. But hardly had we climbed a hundred feet than suddenly all the western mountain tops sprang into view. Although they were fifty miles away, we were able to identify many of them, but we just could not pick out little Samarkand which should have been somewhere in front of them.

"What do you think?" Drummy asked.

I wasn't really happy about the place as a trig station, because as we had travelled all that way to confirm that Samarkand was visible from Boomerang, I did not want to leave without positive evidence one way or the other. Also it was becoming apparent that if we did establish a survey station in the area, it would become the pivot point of the east coast survey next year and therefore needed a three hundred and sixty degree field of view.

"I think we'd better go and climb the big fellow" I said pointing to the highest peak in the range.

"Don't you think it interesting" Miles said to Drummy "that when Tim sites a survey station that he has got to occupy himself he locates the cairn within five minutes of the sledges, yet as soon as he sites one he knows someone else will have to carry the tellurometer and batteries up to, he puts it on top of an 8,000 foot mountain!"

Features

At the foot of the little peak which we had just climbed there was a snow pass leading through the ridges and down a steep ramp into the "crook" of the Boomerang which, after a short reconnaissance, Drummy and Miles thought was sledgeable. Drummy said it would be fast going and offered me a ride on his sledge.

"The last time I rode on your sledge was down Miles's death slide onto the Sound" I said, "I hope it's not going to be like that".

This was a reference to a suicidal and near- vertical gully which Miles's dogs had taken him down, some months before, and which Drummy and I had had to follow.

It was not like that I am glad to say, but it was a good steep sledging slope and we reached the bottom with nothing more dramatic than a double roll. We had planned to sledge from here up to a second pass below the highest peak, but as the weather was set fair and the day was still young we decided we could avoid the arduous uphill haul with the sledges by picketing them a mile or so on, and climbing the peak from there by its long south ridge. It looked an entertaining and not too serious mountaineering expedition.

When we got to the foot of the ridge we donned crampons and leaving the dogs sprawled out in the unaccustomed sunshine, we set off up towards our peak. It was not a particularly exacting climb, but it was a fine alpine ridge and there one or two uncomfortable sections where we were forced to cut steps up an ice-glazed face through which little chunks of scree projected like a giant cheese-grater.

"You'd rip yourself to pieces if you fell of here" Drummy said, but it was a little further on that we nearly lost Miles when he fell through a well disguised cornice on the summit ridge and found himself with his upper half buried in snow and his lower half dangling a thousand feet above the glacier below. He managed to jam his elbows into what was left of the cornice and his whole weight was now supported on these. As, at that time Drummy and I were still negotiating the Cheese-Grater, Miles realised there was no immediate help forthcoming and gingerly extracted himself. When we arrived he was standing nonchalantly by the cornice that had so nearly precipitated his demise, warning us of its dangers.

Although Drummy and I gave it a wide berth, we could clearly see right through the hole that Miles had made, and down to the bottom of the ridge far below. It had, I think, been an unpleasantly close shave, but it was such a beautiful day that we dismissed the whole incident with a shrug of our shoulders and only realised later how serious it could have been. It was our third warning that the Antarctic lies in wait, even, perhaps especially, in the most benign of weathers.

The summit was all that we hoped it would be - a solid rock peak with good blocks for cairn building and tremendous views in all directions. It was the highest peak that any of us reached during our two years in Antarctica. For my sins I had humped the theodolite up the ridge on my back, and as soon as I had set this up we were able to identify Samarkand. The reason that we had failed to do this before was that we had thought that we were looking for a small rocky knoll on a background of distant mountain peaks, whereas in fact, Samarkand, though small in size, rose out of the plateau at considerable altitude and took its place on the skyline among the giants of the western mountains like Mount Courtauld and the Orlon Massif.

What a glorious day it was, and what a delight to see all the un-named peaks of the east paraded below us after so many days groping our way on the plateau. It was like being in a new country. We were amazed to see Pimpernel sticking out of one of the highest points on the plateau nearly forty miles away. In actual altitude it wasn't much lower than we were, and we realised why it had been such hard work to reach. Mount Andrew Jackson to the south and the Eternity range to the north were both higher than us but it seemed to us that we had the pre-eminent position that day with low rocky peaks and nunataks spaced randomly around to the south and east. Dominating the view was the incredible escarpment of the Eland Range - twenty miles long and four thousand feet high. That day it wore a purple hue and its buttresses shimmered in the midday sun. We hadn't enjoyed ourselves so much all summer, and the day justified the whole journey.

With inter-visible rock-based trig stations now established on Coromandel, Pimpernel, Boomerang and Samarkand, the way was now open for the west coast survey to be extended right across Palmer Land to the east coast, and our reconnaissance was complete. We would have liked to have explored the uncharted mountains and nunataks which we could see from the peak of Boomerang, but as we had heard that the

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Bransfield was on her way down on her maiden voyage, and as we had only six days food left, it was time to head back across the plateau to the depot we had laid on the Atlantis nunatak a month before.

We could, I suppose, have left the actual measurement of both the cross-plateau lines to next year's survey team to do, but as I had been signatory to the report that had said it was not possible to measure any lines across the plateau, I felt the most honourable way of retracting the statement was to measure one of the lines myself!

(Miles on the summit ridge of Boomerang Peak- photo Tim Christie)



So ten days later we were sledging back up to Coromandel while sledge Charlie (now mobile again after spending nearly a fortnight lying up in bad weather) were heading hell-bent for Pimpernel.

They reached this twenty four hours after we reached Coromandel, and forty five minutes later we measured the tellurometer line between the two stations - the highest and coldest line we had measured. The distance turned out to be over twenty seven miles - ten miles greater than my original estimate!

Next day we travelled down to our St Valentines trig station while the two Pauls managed to sledge from Pimpernel to Coromandel in only 6 hours. We then measured our final line; the line between Coromandel and St Valentines. These last two tellurometer lines, together with the associated angles, allowed the exact latitude and longitude of Coromandel and Pimpernel (and indeed all the mountains of East Palmer Land) to be calculated. As it was to achieve this that we had originally set off on the "Coromandel Journey", it was, for me, a satisfying way to end my whole sledging and surveying experience in Antarctica.

But Drummy and Miles had another year to do!

I was still measuring angles on the St Valentines survey station when Miles called from the tent to say that a plane was on the way to fly us back to Stonington. And I was still putting the last stones on the survey cairn when the Twin Otter landed at our camp. Suddenly the "myth" days were: over and we were winging our way homewards over the open blue waters of Marguerite Bay.

FIVE FABULOUS FINNISH DAYS

John Edwards

As a Signy Fid I was extremely fortunate to be one of the few who was able to enjoy a sledging & camping trip on Coronation Island, something no longer possible in these Health and Safety conscious days when people only spend summers there without boats. However, in spite of the 3 week man-hauling expedition 4 of us enjoyed, I felt I'd missed out on the doggy-experience enjoyed by Fids at Halley or Peninsula bases, something that applies to any post-1994 Fid, as well as most of those serving on "Banana Belt" bases.

This was something I was determined to rectify if I could and for a long time it looked like a company called Arctic Odysseys that would be the likely providers. I got an annual email and the occasional catalogue of their trips up in the Canadian Arctic where sledging on sea ice and building igloos sounded great but something - family or the expense - always seemed to get in the way.

Then by chance in 2015 I watched an episode of "The Dog Rescuers" on BBC1 and saw how a Husky called "Tala", who had been roaming free in Sweden for weeks, ended up being taken in by a Husky Farm in Finland. The RSPCA inspector who featured was clearly impressed with the farm set-up and I made a note of the name 'Hetta Huskies' so I could find out more. As in the TV programme, it shines out of their website that they really love and care about their dogs and that clinched it for me. Blow the sea ice (it might never form properly anyway!) I was going to go dog sledging for 5 days in Arctic Finland.

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So 50 years on from first going South with BAS I got off the bus at 3.20pm on Saturday 25th Feb at Enontekio (N 68°23' E 23° 33') whose tourism slogan "remote but reachable" was certainly true in my case - I'd left Birmingham 36 hours earlier to fly from Heathrow to Kittila via Helsinki and spent a night sleeping under the stars near the airport (my choice) to catch the 1.45pm bus the following day. Also getting off the bus were Karl & Sabine, a couple in their late 40's from Alsace, Tessa, a 33 year old from Zurich and Lydia, a 53 year old Italian from Sardinia. The following day we were joined by Francesco, a 27 year old Italian from Ancona. Throughout our sledging safari we conversed in English and French as Lydia spoke no English and Francesco no French.

Straight away we were ushered into the veterinary store where, surrounded by 4 recuperating huskies, we were given a hot drink and some cake. We then had any gear we had brought with us checked for suitability and were issued with any arctic clothing we needed. I had brought my Buffalo salopettes & Big Face shirt, which keep me warm on the Scottish hills in winter, but decided to opt for their Snowmobile gear as I would be standing still much of the time on the sledge, not moving to keep myself warm, plus the IXS "Action in Snow" jacket and Snowpeople trousers had more zipped pockets that were easily accessible. I decided to stick with my Scarpa Manta boots & Yeti gaiters, however, as Hetta's fleecy wellington boots tended to make my socks ruck downwards. I was pleased to find my hands stayed nice & warm in the Buffalo mitts (on elastic wrist loops) and Russian overmitts (on a Fids-type harness) that I'd brought but the Swedish 'ejendals' fingered gloves we were issued with were excellent for wet work and feeding /clipping/unclipping dogs and the Rab 'Expedition' sleeping bags they provided were superb.

We then had a quick tour of the farm as it got dark and, after dumping our gear in the farm's comfortable Kota, we were off outside again with head torches helping to give the 170 dogs on their farm their evening meal and water. It was almost 10pm when we returned to the Kota - a cosy traditional building with a central fireplace, electric power and underfloor heating, where guide Laura from Utrecht cooked us a meal of Salmon pasta.

We chatted and got to know a bit about our fellow sledgers and I was delighted to learn that we were each going to be driving a team of our own, as I had thought from reading the website that I'd be taking turns at driving and riding on the sledge with another person, but this happens more on the trips which last only a few hours or with children.

At around 11pm, two huskies were brought in to spend the night with us. This helps to socialise them and prepare them for possible adoption once their sledging days are over. We then saw our first short aurora display and tried out the earth closet WC (lovely warm expanded polystyrene seat!) before getting to bed just after midnight.

The Sunday dawned sunny and crisp, around -30C, and, after breakfast we were given the opportunity to take some of the older or recuperating dogs on a 2km exercise circuit. Then it was time to learn how to collect the dogs chosen to run that day from their pens or spans and put on their harnesses. Clipping the dogs onto their traces and creating the teams was a task where the knowledge and experience of the guides was vital. They knew each dog by name, which size harness it required and which other dogs it could run with or had to avoid.

The farm maintains a very detailed mileage spreadsheet which is updated daily, so that dogs that could do with a rest and those that need more action can be picked out easily. This is one of the ways that the dogs chosen to go out on the 5-day Safari are selected, although their age, strength, and thickness of coat are also taken into the equation for this premium tours. Once the selection is made, their personalities and preferences with respect to other dogs, are taken into consideration.

Our first day was a fairly straightforward 30 km circuit out to a cabin at the edge of the large frozen lake to the south of Enontekio. This gave us our first experience of the adrenalin surge that both we and the dogs experienced as we set off on the trail, leaving the unlucky dogs behind on the farm. It also gave us a chance to try out our gear and practice our sledging technique, safe in the knowledge that we would be back at the Kota on the farm later that evening with a chance to rectify things before heading out into the remote Tarvantovaara wilderness area and high tundra near the border with Norway.

Some of the sledges had the crucial instruction "Don't Let Go" written on the handlebars and, embarrassingly, on that first day I was the only person who failed to heed the warning. My glasses had started to mist up and as I was trying to clear them at one of the halts my team suddenly lurched forward. Even though I had both feet on the brake, without my hands on the handlebar I was thrown off, ending up

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face down into the snow! My team were stopped before they went too far but it brought home how serious something like this could be out in the wilds.

So that was Lesson 1 learned and I decided not to bother wearing my bifocals that I didn't really need for distance vision.

Most of the trails we used were ones that had been compacted by snowmobiles. Repeatedly using these trails prolongs the sledging season as these consolidated tracks remain long after the deep powder snow alongside has melted; plus of course it's easier for the dogs.

(On the homeward run – photo Tiina Vuontisjarvi)



There were some sharp turns for us to practice cornering on but the dogs knew this route well and we hadn't yet been taught any commands. We had to 'scoot' a little with one leg to help the dogs on the few short uphill sections but the main task we had to master was braking to maintain a safe distance from the sledge in front and to prevent the cowcatcher from running in to our hindmost dog/s when we hit steep downhill.

On Monday I got the chance to help prepare the dog's food, something not many people seem to want to do. Admittedly it was a bit repetitive, cutting up each of 7 semi frozen slabs of offal & meat into 40 chunks for us to take on our trip but it was interesting to chat to Carl from NZ about life as a guide on the farm and the dogs, plus, I also got to take a Bearded Pointing Griffon for a toilet walk!

Then it was time to take some of the larger puppies on the fun obstacle training circuit, or rather they dragged us round pulling on our restraining waist harnesses, while we valiantly tried to help them learn the commands HAW (left) and GEE (right).

Once these were back in their cages it was time to make up the sledges again, load our sleeping bag sac and our minimally-packed rucksacks onto them and psych ourselves up for another 20 mph take-off. The dogs seemed to know they were going off on a special trip and were looking forward to new trails and smells.

There were to be a line of 7 toboggan-type sledges, each pulled by 5 dogs hitched to a centre trace. In the lead would be Josh, a guide from Lancaster whose team included the best lead dogs, and bringing up the rear or sometimes appearing ahead of us would be Charlotte from France driving a snowmobile & pulk sledge.

The speedy snowmobile plays a useful role pulling supplies, helping at road crossings and, being on hand to sort out problems, is a valuable safety feature for the safaris. I did wonder if it might be intrusive but this was not the case. We just got the odd wiff of exhaust now & again as we most often encountered it waiting a couple of kilometres ahead as Charlotte was in radio contact with Josh and helped when required. It could also take photos of us driving the sledges and see if the teams needed adjusting to maintain even gaps between the sledges.

We set off at noon in lovely weather with temperatures around -13C and because we were heading out into the uninhabited far north it felt much more exciting than the previous day. My sledge was 4th in line, officially "#4", but I decided an 'unofficial' BAS-style name was more appropriate. So it was that "Sledge Scouser" was pulled 197 km across the Arctic whiteness by "The Fids", a team of 5 dogs that I got to know and love over the next few days.

My lead dogs were Nomad: a quietly mannered Alaskan husky who ran with his ears horizontal & a straight-out-behind tail and Buddah: the 'looker' of the team with lovely white & gold fur and a vulpine face. He ran with his tail vertically straight but had a tendency to turn and snarl at the dogs behind. In fact he caused the one fight I had in my team. Fittingly it was he who ended up with a bleeding ear and a wound that needed Josh & Charlotte's first aid skills in the hut a few days later.

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My 'swing' dogs were 2 year old brothers, Samson & Shadow, running their first full season in the field. They were black and white Eurohounds (Alaskan husky x pointer cross) bred for speed at the expense of a slight loss in stamina. Shadow tended to run obliquely and always turned his nose up at the doggy treats I brought from the UK



(Sledge Sscouser'! – photo John Edwards)

Samson had a lovely easy trotting gait and was super strong. Much more vocal than Shadow, he would be barking energetically to try and get going within 2 seconds of the sledge in front leaving. It was always 2 barks to the front, then he'd turn his head and give 2 loud barks right in his neighbours face! Yet once taken off his span at the farm he would timidly shy away from his

neighbours; perhaps he guessed that they'd be fed up with his noise! With large whites to his eyes and great affection he was probably my team favourite, especially as he made me laugh every day. He was one of the dogs who hadn't mastered the knack of pooing-on-the-move, so within 30 minutes of setting off each morning there'd be a sudden drop in speed and there would be Sampson, turning his head with a look of panic in his eyes imploring me to put the brake on so he could squat properly!

I only had one dog in the 'wheel' position, a Nenet Laika called Aknil, who jumped from one side of the centre trace to the other as soon as we stopped, settling on the one that had the deepest powder snow. He'd then bury his head under the snow to cool down & maybe have an iced mouthful. The first day he trotted happily along but I never saw a taut trace so, with his long hair making him look a really big dog, I quickly nicknamed him "Fat Bastard". At night he had to be put on the single span, a safe distance from any other dog for his and their safety so he was always a bit of a 'loner'.

On the big trip I came to appreciate that he was really a valuable team member, especially on the uphill and, the more we sat, talked & stroked the more I came to realise what a lovely dog he was, so when the time came for us to finally part he was Aknil again, my second favourite in the team.

Whether by luck or design, the "Fids" were a really strong, fast team and I rarely had to encourage them to start with a "Let's Go!" and was forever having to try and gently slow them down with the mat break, something I preferred to bringing them to a periodic standstill with a "Whoah!".

After 32 km we arrived at Galdotieva at 5pm just as it was getting dusk and I suddenly realised that my mobile was missing. I had been taking a few pictures of the huts just before we pulled off the frozen lake so I knew it wouldn't be far away and, luckily, I spotted a dark corner sticking up out of the powder snow when I retraced our tracks on foot. I was then able to join in the unclipping & un-harnessing of the dogs, clipping them onto the chains that were already spanned out and feeding them with pellets and water. Once they'd slaked their hunger & thirst they were given their 'treat', a chunk of the frozen meat that I helped to cut up earlier in the day. When all were fed we went round putting some straw for them to trample into a bed and put on ill-fitting (for many) sleeping jackets. All of this took around 90 minutes so it was dark by the time we got into the hut.

What a surprise that was! So palatial: electricity, shower, sauna, TV, radiators, eiderdown-type duvets! This was really roughing it!! I got an even bigger surprise when I learned we were going up to the garage on the nearby road to eat in their restaurant. After a 3-course meal comprising mushroom soup, steak, pickled cabbage & chips, chocolate cake, lingon berries & cream and coffee we went back to the hut just as an aurora display started. I decided to get in a quick sauna followed by a powder snow rub followed by a hot shower before turning in.

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Josh warned me about choosing a bottom bunk as Samson, Sméagol, Sisu & Herbie were all going to spend the night in the hut with us to “help them socialise”. So started one of the weirdest nights I’ve ever spent; at one time there were 3 dogs lying with me / on me, at others there was a loud panting in my ear. Then I’d sleepily put my hand up to stroke a dog’s head, although one time I did end up stroking 2 small round things! But the dog didn’t seem to mind! I wouldn’t have missed that night for the world – but I decided that one disturbed night was enough and that I’d make sure I had a top bunk the next time.

At 6am next morning the early-rise volunteers were up to feed and water the dogs, after which we all headed back up to the garage for a help yourself from bacon, egg, dried reindeer, salmon, yoghurt & rye bread breakfast. We then packed up the sledges, picked up as much straw (to reuse) and poop (to compost) as possible and then started harnessing up the teams. It was a minus 15C morning with lots of fresh snow so some of the dogs needed to have booties put on their feet. Some accepted this but some resisted.



(feeding 35 dogs with 10 bowls out at a wilderness cabin – photo John Edwards)

It was 10am before we finally set off to tackle the first of 7 hills we’d have to climb on this 40km day. I didn’t really notice the first couple as the gradients were so gentle but the 4th was a long one up out of the silver birch scrub onto the treeless tundra and soon there was white-out up ahead, although there were views to the right of the border fence with Norway. After another slope down we finally reached the highest point on the route, a cairn at 1,750ft, where we stopped for oxtail soup, a ryebread roll with cheese & salami plus tea and some biscuits.

Dropping down from this height we passed through large herds of reindeer being tended by the Sami, who herded us along with their snowmobiles to make sure the dogs didn’t veer off and go for their animals. We finally arrived at the state-owned cabins by the lake Syvajarvi in the Tarvantovaara Wilderness Area, around 40km from the nearest road at 4.30pm after around 7 hours standing on the runners and helping on the uphill.

This was a primitive hut in comparison with our previous night’s stay but still more palatial than the field huts on Signy! It had a proper stove and a side hut which served as a sauna and water-melting facility. That night we dined on Elk and I learned a modern way to splice rope, much faster and simpler than the way I learned on the Biscoe.

Our 4th day with the dogs, St David’s Day, was to be our longest, for we had to retrace our route across the hills and then carry on some more before the steepest climb of the trip and an adrenalin-inducing descent to the huts at Nakkala – a total of 52km which was take us 9 hours. I awoke at 4.30am to the best doggy “dawn chorus” of the trip. As I wrote in my diary, “around a minute of howling in unison: triggered by what? Not first light surely? And then they all packed up at exactly the same time! Amazing sound – the joy of being a pack animal and surviving the cold night or the equivalent of a deep yawn? I’d love to know.”

Anyway we were up at 6am to sort out the water and to feed the dogs, struggling to separate the frozen meat blocks, before heading inside again for our porridge. We were soon out again picking up straw and poo and harnessing the teams so we could be away by 9am. It was an eventful morning as we hadn’t gone far when a fight started in my team with all 5 dogs getting involved. But, before I could anchor the sledge and try to separate them they packed up and started pulling! I think it was Aknil who must have bitten Buddah’s ear that did the trick! A bit later on my sledge capsized in soft snow but I managed to hang on, as I did when I missed my footing on the runner after a spell of ‘scooting’.

Features

It was an overcast -15C day but the gentle breeze at the start strengthened to around 20 knots from the north so we all needed most of our layers and took fewer photos! The last 15km were quite tough into the wind with driving snow, although the surroundings were very attractive, and we found a stray dog around 12 km from its home!

We arrived just as it was starting to get dark and then had to spend around 90 minutes dealing with the dogs, floundering around in deep snow and sinking up to thighs at times. I felt shattered when I was finally able to go up to the hut and grateful that our guide Charlotte had been busy preparing a wonderful salmon, rice & Hollandaise sauce meal. Later she and Josh spent an hour or so cleaning up Buddah's ear and stapling the edges of the wound together. I had intended to go outside and sit with my dogs but I was too knackered!

Our final day dawned clear and sunny and we had a lovely 40km run south through birch into pine and then across the frozen lake back to the Hetta Huskies farm. At one point my dogs turned left under a young tree sapling which stuck out diagonally over the track. There was no way I could avoid it so I just held on tight and hoped it would snap. It didn't! The next thing I knew I was being catapulted through the air and hitting the compacted track. Fortunately the next bit was a short uphill and my team stopped, allowing me to get back on the runners.

All too soon we were putting the dogs back on their spans or into their cages and being taxed to the family-run Hotel Majatalon nearby. There we had 10 minutes for a quick shower and shave before it was time for dinner, accompanied by the wife's home-brewed beer.

I decided to go for a stroll through the village of Enontekiö later that night and it coincided with the best aurora display of the trip with silently shifting green curtains directly overhead. I also managed to nip into the hotel sauna before it closed and spent an hour or so writing postcards and watching Finnish TV before turning off the lights.

My last couple of days were those of a tourist. I visited the local Sami Culture museum, paid for a 90 minute guided snowmobile safari and, after a short siesta, went with the others on a sleigh ride to view the ice castle.

This is a 3 room structure built every November for Canturbury and other holiday companies who fly folk out from the UK for a 'day in Lapland with Santa Claus', in which they visit one of the many (primarily British) santas, in cabins dotted around the woods. I suppose the kids like it but not many adults seem to from what I've read on Trip Advisor, although the Hetta Huskies guides, who supply the dogs for some of the products, assured me that it could actually be really magical and that they had seen many, lifelong memories created. Apparently around 3,000 people visit Enontekiö each year to visit the venue and one of the several

Santas, holed up in isolated cabins. After 25th December it's given over to locals to show it lit by mood lighting to small groups like us and it was a very attractive place to have a drink of mulled wine in.

(Anna & Pasi with my 'BAS Sledging with Dogs' gifts – photo John Edwards)



There was just me and 2 'girls' left on the Saturday and they had to leave at noon, so we hired snowshoes and had a quick 2

hours trying them out and climbing the local hill which was a superb viewpoint. I spent the afternoon walking (without snowshoes) over to the start of a trail on the far shore of the lake before scrounging a lift back to Hetta for a final 12 hours at the farm. I wanted to try sleeping under the stars again; properly this time wearing my decent winter gear, so after helping to give the dogs their evening feed, I went off to the 'Elf

Features

Den' – a bed of conifer branches with a sloping wall of the same at one side which the guides had made one summer as a place to hang out in.

I slept much better than on my first night near the airport and didn't feel the need to rise until 7.30am, by which time it had been light for some time. Time enough for a final farewell to 'my dogs' and take some photos in the sunshine before catching the 2nd and last bus of the day just after noon to take me back to the airport. The journey home was a much faster affair and, thanks partly to the 2 hour time difference, I was slipping into bed at home in Solihull just 13 hours after leaving Enontekio.

It was such a great holiday I've plans to go back in 3 to 5 years time for another trip. This time I fancy going near midwinter for just a 2 day safari which would have to be totally by head torch and moonlight. Anyone fancy joining me?

Postscript:

Hetta Huskies is run by Pasi Ikonen, a ski wilderness guide & ex-Commando Border Guard, and Anna McCormack from the UK, a BSES & Raleigh International leader, who met each other in Tibet on the start line of the 827km Raid Gauloises 2000, an international Adventure Race which Pasi's team won.

They kept meeting on these types of events over the next few years swapping podium positions and married in January 2003, moving to Hetta 2 years later. They started the Dog Farm and safari business in 2008, a task which fell on largely on Anna's shoulders when Pasi grabbed the opportunity to join Poppis Suomela on a two-man trip to Antarctica that November. On Christmas Day they became the first Finns to complete an unsupported expedition to the South Pole.

Their son Eliel was born in 2010 and at 5 years of age he participated in his first solo dog-sled race, so Huskies run in the family! Knowing this I took them a copy of "Of Dogs & Men" and made a copy of my "The Book that Wasn't" as I was sure they'd be interested to learn the history and stories of the British dogs in the Antarctic. Pasi kindly ordered an English copy of the book about their South Pole adventure for me.

There is a wealth of information on boards around the Farm, which is run on very 'green' principles. Hetta Huskies is a partner of the "Leave No Trace centre for Outdoor Ethics" and has been graded as "Certification-plus", the highest possible grading within the sleddog industry by the "Mush with Pride" kennel inspectors. They were also awarded "Gold" in the Animal Welfare Category at the 2015 World Responsible Tourism Awards. The farm takes in local rescue dogs and has a policy of never euthanising a healthy dog. Retired dogs are often walked by guests and there are also sponsorship & adoption programmes. Part of the Cape Lapland business group, they maintain one of the best websites I have come across <http://www.hettahuskies.com>

JIM FRANKS DIARY- Part III – Base 'G' South Georgia 1957-1958 Summer Season **by Jim Franks**

1957 -'58

Season Base 'G' - Admiralty Bay, King George Island, South Shetlands. --62° 05' S 58° 24' W



Features

Personnel

| | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|--------------|-----------------------------------|
| Alan Precious | Base Leader | 1957 | (out 11 th April 1958) |
| Robin Stephens | Met | 1957 | |
| Peter Bunch | Radio Op | 1957 | (out 7 th Jan 1958) |
| Hugh Noble | Glaciologist | 1957 | (out 11 th April 1958) |
| Graham Davey (Gray) | Surveyor | 1957 | |
| Geoff Monk | Radio Op | 1957 | |
| Adrian Wenslet-Walker | Diesel Mech | 1957 | (out 21 st March 1958) |
| J. L. Franks | Met. } | arrived | |
| Allan Gill | Met. } | 19th Dec. | |
| Dennis 'Tink' Bell * | Met. } | 1957 | * (died 26/7/59, crevasse) |
| Ted Ross * | Radio OP. } | arrived | |
| Chris Souter | Diesel Mech. } | 5th Jan 1958 | *(out 18th Feb. sick) |
| Russell Thompson | Relief Senior Met. } | arrived | |
| Barry Williamson | " Radio Op. } | 3rd Dec. | |
| Evan Williams | " Diesel Mech. } | 1958 | |
| Alan Sharman* | Met. (ex Signy Island) } | | * (died 23/4/59, fall) |

Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey Periodical report No 66

1st October to 31st December 1957

1st to 31st December ,57

A visit was made to Ice Cap Pit to the flag position and to drill holes for temperature reading. Also a visit to Stenhouse Glacier to check the security of the movement flags. Noble made a plane table survey of the ice cliff edge. Survey angles were taken from Flagstaff by Davey and he and Wensley-Walker made a day trip to Port Hennequin to survey from there and to Ezcurra Inlet to rebuild a snow beacon. An emergency depot was placed at Cape Crepin.

Some short sealing trips were made and a total of five Crabeaters and Weddells were caught. Spring cleaning the hut was in progress with exterior doors painted, the outside creosoted and roofing felt renewed where necessary.

H.M. ship arrived on the 19th December and disembarked the following personnel :

J. Franks, met. assistant, new recruit.

A. Gill, met. assistant, new recruit.

D. Bell, wireless operator mechanic, new recruit.

R. Hillson, met. assistant was embarked to proceed to Stanley.

The R.R.S. 'John Biscoe' arrived on the 25th December and left on the 26th December.

1957

Thursday 19th December

HMS Protector dropped anchor in the bay opposite the base hut early this morning before we were up. After breakfast we assembled our kit, loaded it in the motor boat and brought it ashore.

As the beach is very shallow we had to transfer to a small fibreglass dinghy to land, and when Tink followed me into the boat I felt rather alarmed and with due cause as he immediately capsized us into about three feet of ice cold water. Luckily we had nothing else in the boat and I managed to keep my cameras out although my accessory box got slightly wet doing no damage though, thank goodness. All this necessitated our going straight up to the hut to dry off and when the others brought our kit we found some dry gear and changed. By this time the boat had gone back with all but two of the base members and when it returned shortly after, they too went on board, but we felt we could hardly leave the two John Biscoe lads, we had brought from Stanley, on their own so we stayed on hoping some of the others would come back after lunch and we could get back on board to make our farewells.

After lunch cooked by the two chaps we explored a bit whilst keeping an eye open for the boat. Just outside the east door there is the Square Box, which is just a spare store room and has a small greenhouse attached, then there is a nissen hut with emergency supplies, a couple of hundred yards further is the hydrogen shed and balloon hut and then Sparrow House which is the old base hut built (1947) by HMS

Features

Sparrow. This hut is now abandoned and practically stripped, but is still in reasonable repair though sagging slightly. Just up the hill inshore from the base is the dog span with eleven dogs on, namely Kista, Dot, Tex, Ace, Pluto, Colin, Venus, Nokton, Zenon, Mop and Spud.

The dog span, 'Sparrow House' & Pt. Hennequin

The last is a wily old devil who cannot be kept tethered and just roams around at will, coming in to the hut to cadge a bar of Nutrican or whatever he can get and if there is no one about he just helps himself. He can often be seen returning from the beach with a penguin which he presents to his girlfriend of the moment, Kita.



Just above the hut are two crosses, memorials to Eric Platt, base leader 1948, who lost his life on a glacier, and Ron Napier, base leader 1956 who was drowned when the boat they were leaving the old Biscoe in, capsized.

The two crosses

During the afternoon the helicopter was flying around quite near but we could not prevail upon it to land or at least could not make them understand. When eventually the

boat did return it was about half an hour before Protector was due to sail, so we did not get back on board, and she sailed at 1800 hours without our having said goodbye to anyone board. We did send a letter of thanks to the wardroom but its a pity we could not see the boys before they left. The boat had brought back the lads from base, about six crates of tinned Bass and a turkey for Christmas.

Later in the evening Allan Gill went out with Wensley to try some skiing, I just went along to watch but decided I must try this tomorrow. and so we came to our first night in our new home.

We had sorted all the mail, about six sacks, during the morning and as soon as the boys got back they all fell upon their pile and soon the living room was knee deep in parcel wrappings and contents and all was silent except for an odd excerpt read out by someone for general interest.

E. across bay to Ullman Range & Ternyk Needle



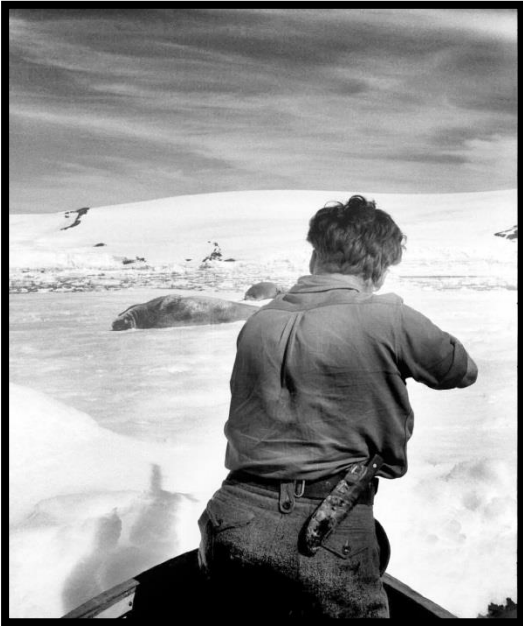
W. & E. Stenhouse Glaciers

Features

Friday 20th December

Hugh, Alan P. and Robin set off after breakfast for the top of W. Stenhouse Glacier, they intend studying a large ice cliff there. Halfway through the morning Wens came in to say he had sighted a seal and would we like to go with him to get it. As Robin and Alan P were out, one of us had to do the job and as Allan G had been round with Robin in the previous one he stayed behind.

Wens, Tink and I set off in the dinghy with the outbound for where the seal lay basking on an ice floe. They are very easy to get as they lie basking for hours and only lift their head to look at you when you approach. As long as you come around the front where they can see you they make no attempt to move and so they can be shot from point blank range. Providing the floe is safe enough you then climb on to it and gut the seal straightaway as it is easier and warmer to the hands, sometimes however if the flow is not firm enough the seal must be towed back to be gutted.



Me shooting Crabeater seal.



Me gutting Weddell seal

If more than one seal is sighted they can be left for collection when all have been shot, this time however we only got one which Wens gutted while I watched and Tink remained in the boat, as one person must always be left in the boat just in case. I found the gutting process most interesting and not at all stomach turning as some people find it at first. This seal was a Crabeater which seem to be the most common here.

Shot seals on the ice-floe



Allan G and I went out skiing after lunch, made quite good progress, and actually made two runs without falling over. When we came in we found that Tink had his camera in pieces as he had found it to be full of water from our amphibious arrival. After supper went out skiing again with Allan G and Tink.

Saturday 21st December

Got up in time for elevenses and after lunch Robin came out skiing with me to teach me how to turn. He is quite a proficient skier about the best here so with his help and some study of one of the skiing books in the library, I now understand how to turn, all I have got to do now is put it into practice. Allan G. was going to come with us, but as Wens was going off for a seal he went with him instead. They came back with just one, a Crabeater. We need to get in a large stack of seal during the summer to feed eleven dogs as well as provide ourselves with fresh meat, so we must kill every seal we can get at the moment.

Features

Wens was busy this evening on a job that must be done when the Biscoe comes in, so I chopped the pups meat and fed them. They have a pound of seal meat each twice a day, mixed with castor oil, this lot they saw off in fifteens seconds flat, its quite amazing how it all goes down. there are four pups all bitches, and quite identical, the father is either Pluto or Nokton and the mother Venus, they are ten weeks old and really growing apace and although they are named Tina, Wendy, Pam and Fay, no one knows which is which.

Mother with pups

We now hear that the Biscoe is stuck in the ice off Coronation Island , hope she doesn't follow in Shackleton's footsteps.

Sunday 22nd December



View South to the Gates

Allan G started obs. today. Under the present routine of four obs. a day one person does a complete week on met. duty but if we go over to eight obs. a day which we are almost certain to do now there are three extra met. men we shall have to devise a new duty roster.



Another late arising, just in time for lunch. Wens and Gray have gone over to the Hennequin Point to depot some supplies, they should be back tonight but they may possibly camp out. Whenever you go across the bay you have to take a tent, sleeping bag and food as the weather can easily clamp down and strand you.

Hennequin Point from Mt. Flagstaff, -view S.



For the time being until we can manage on our own, a sparks is getting up to send off the night ob. for us but we must learn to do this ourselves as we will soon be doing three hourly obs.

The Radio Shack

wet varnish, there are about six seals in sight as though they know we cannot reach them. The Biscoe is still sitting tight in the ice; perhaps she'll be here before Christmas perhaps she won't.

Features

More skiing this afternoon with Allan G, went to a higher slope this time and found the surface much better. Finished up with one long run right down past Sparrow House to the beach and along back to the hut in time for supper to find Wens and Gray had returned after a successful trip.

Monday 23rd December

Got up a bit earlier this morning as we have some work to do. All day digging coal out of a frozen pile of sacks by the barge and hauling it on the man-haul sledge to the hut, to put in the bunker. Biscoe still stuck !

The Barge



Tuesday 24th December

Christmas Eve !! Hauled more coal all the forenoon, two extra hands today and we brought up more than we did all day yesterday.



Tink, Allan G and I pottered around this afternoon excavating a melt stream to drain off a pool and rather boggy area behind the hut. It works so well we are thinking of starting the Admiralty Bay Hydroelectric Scheme !

The Living Room

Since it looked like being a quiet sober evening I retired to my pit to read only to hear loud sounds of revelry later on but I was so comfortable that I just couldn't get up to join in, so went

to sleep instead. -- Biscoe is due to arrive tomorrow morning about 10:00hrs.

Tuesday 25th December

Christmas Day, though this is not a big event here, Midwinter's day (Jun.21st.) taking priority. We have a small imitation tree with decorations and balloons and paper chains in the living room and kitchen to give some semblance of the festive season.

The Biscoe was in half an hour ahead of schedule and in a short while sent off a boat bringing some of our friends off the Shackleton, Derek Blundell, Keith Hoskins, Fergus O'Gorman, Robin Perry and one Peter off the Biscoe, Norman Leppard also came over to say hello but went back on board again when the boat left with all the old base members, except for Pete and Geoff who felt poorly and Neil and Jerry, the two chaps.

Tink, Allan G and I stayed behind to chat with the visitors and to show them around.

Alas the same thing happened again as when we first arrived. The boat having made one trip just didn't come back although they were supposed to be bringing a cooked turkey for our dinner. There was nothing for it but to have dinner in the base with our guests so Tink set to and produced a fine meal of tinned chicken, partridges produced by Hugh who had somehow got left behind, complete with roast spuds, peas, brussel sprouts and gravy, with Christmas pud for afters.

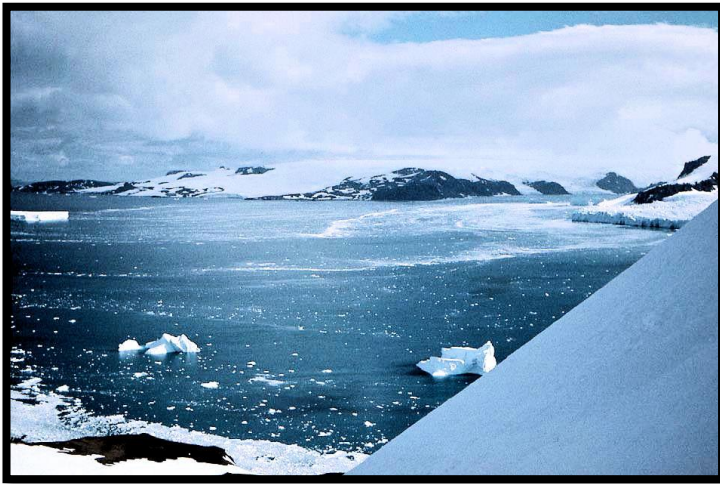
After this banquet had digested some, Derek, Keith, Allan G and myself went up Flagstaff to help collect some rock specimens. Whilst we were doing this we saw a boat coming in so immediately headed for

Features

the beach and went straight on board the Biscoe where we were welcomed by more old friends off the Shackleton with drinks and a grand tea of cold turkey and ham, sausage rolls and mince pies. After some more drinks we were invited to the wardroom for a film and some punch, the film being Ronald Shiner in 'Reluctant Heroes' and the punch some unknown and apparently innocuous concoction. After the film about 20:30hrs we were returned on shore with some stores and a present of our turkey and a sack of spuds. After continuing the festivities for a short while back in base we turned in and that was the end of Christmas day, quiet but a pleasant change. Just realised forgot to see the Signy dogs on board. Peter and Geoff in bed with colds.

Thursday 26th December

Boxing Day. Another lay in this morning. Biscoe has already gone. A really beautiful day, clear skies and warm sunshine, so Allan G and I went out with cameras to make the most of it. Having taken several shots around base and the dogs and old hut, decided to go up to the ice ob. point. From there we went on to the top of Flagstaff. The view from here is really magnificent, from the open sea right round both sides of the bay to the plateau and the length of the Kellar Range in the middle.



Ezcurre Inlet

While up on the mountain we occasionally saw the boat with Wens and Tink in, they have gone out with a fishing line and home made spinner in high hopes.

When we got down just in time to meet the boat coming in, they had lost their line, obviously cue for a good fishing yarn, but had shot a shag, two leopard seals and a crabeater. After supper we went down to the beach to haul them all up and gut them,

which was done under Alan P's guidance as he wished to cut out and preserve the genital organs, there were two males and a female to be sent to England for study. I cut off for myself a small piece of skin from one of the leopards as an experiment in tannery and if it turns out all right I want to make a sheath for my other knife. While I cleaned this in the workshop Alan G was plucking the shag for dinner tomorrow.

Friday 27th December

Opening up the stores Biscoe dropped, two cases of dried bananas, a crate of Guinness for Robin, and McEwans for Peter also a Christmas box from Biscoe of wines & beers. Various other odds and ends.

Allan G and I then finished off the shag, found the best way is to skin them, its really a fine bird and Alan P who is cook this week cooked it for supper, delicious ! Must get more.

During afternoon Allan G and I collected all the packing from the stores we had been opening and took them down to the beach by the barge where we have a huge pile of old rotten sacks and made a fine bonfire. Took advantage of this to collect all gash bits of seal blubber lying around beach and burn them too. This created a fine smoke screen in which we had to work when Wens and Tink came in with two more seals one leopard which apparently gave plenty of trouble by refusing to die. Tink has now collected a piece of seal skin from this leopard and is busy making a frame to clean and dry it on. Further anatomical dissection, this time two males.

Saturday 28th December

No one awoke until about 11:00hrs due to breakdown of alarm clock. Tink, Allan G and I cleaned up span, and gave dogs fresh snow, by then dinner was ready. Geoff is busy making a hell of a noise cutting a ventilation panel in the dormitory.

In the afternoon I went round to the other side of Kellar Range with Wens and Gray in the boat to collect four man ration boxes from a depot there. Got one crabeater on the way back. Before we shot these we chased them to the waters edge for convenience. With the boxes on board and three seal alongside Wens could not get the boat in close enough for us to get aboard without wet feet, so we walked along to some rocks where we could get out to deeper water and on the way I found the tail end of a fish of about

Features

four or five pounds. We kept this to take back as proof that there are fish worth catching. A most peculiar thing about it is that instead of scales it has a thin skin. There was also a piece quite near which might have been from its jaws or even perhaps gills but I didn't keep that piece.



Allan & Wens. in Dinghy



Sunday 29th December

Wens takes over cook today and Allan G is gash hand. We let the pups out today to run free, they are really amusing, rushing about together investigating things and eating everything.

Got up in time for lunch as usual, which was the turkey left by the 'Protector'. Tink built another bonfire on the beach and got rid of the rest of the old blubber. During the afternoon I made a sheath for my knife out of my sealskin. Very good result but I must find out how to make it soft and pliable.

Tink starts his week on obs. today and when he went to bring in the sunshine card this evening he took 'Pluto' for a walk or vice versa!

Purely by chance we found a photo of a headless fish identical to the one I found, in a report on the Ross Barrier. Apparently this was the only one ever captured and all dead fish have been found to be headless so we are going to bottle our specimen. Pity I didn't keep the other piece.

Monday 30th December

Wens, Robin and Tink have gone to Crépin Pt. for the day to bury a depot.

It was a beautiful clear sunny day so Hugh went to take some photographs of the Stenhouse glaciers, to compare with some taken several years ago. Allan G and I accompanied him for the walk, also equipped with cameras. Really wonderful scope for colour photography, from the top of Kellar Range we could see Grahamland which is eighty miles away.

We decided to come back down the west side of the ridge and round the beach looking for the piece of the fish I left behind. No luck on this but we had a grand experience on the way down. Whenever you go up on the ridge several antarctic terns circle round screaming at you, but this time as we got to a certain point on the way down about thirty attacked us, swooping right close to our heads and all screaming in fury. We then found two youngsters on the ground, but despite searching could find no more. Perhaps the skuas have had them, as one came around when we were there but got well and truly beaten off. The young terns are quite as big as the parents but are a mottled brown and very hard to see hidden in the rocks.

On carrying on down to the beach two S. Atlantic skuas started circling us and crying a hoarse sort of screech and after a short search we found two chicks on the ground quite out in the open. When we went close up to these to photograph them the mother? came down and sat next to them while the father? swooped down on us so close that we had to beat him off with our ice axes. I went in really close for a picture and was so viciously attacked I was forced to lie flat on the ground, in fact once or twice I thought he would settle on me. This of course produced fine pictures for the others as in fact both these incidents did for all of us; what a pity I didn't take black and white though, so we would have some prints, still Hugh had black and white in his camera.

Features

Brown Skuas (Chataracta skua) on Nest

When the others came back in the boat they reported similar incidents with terns.

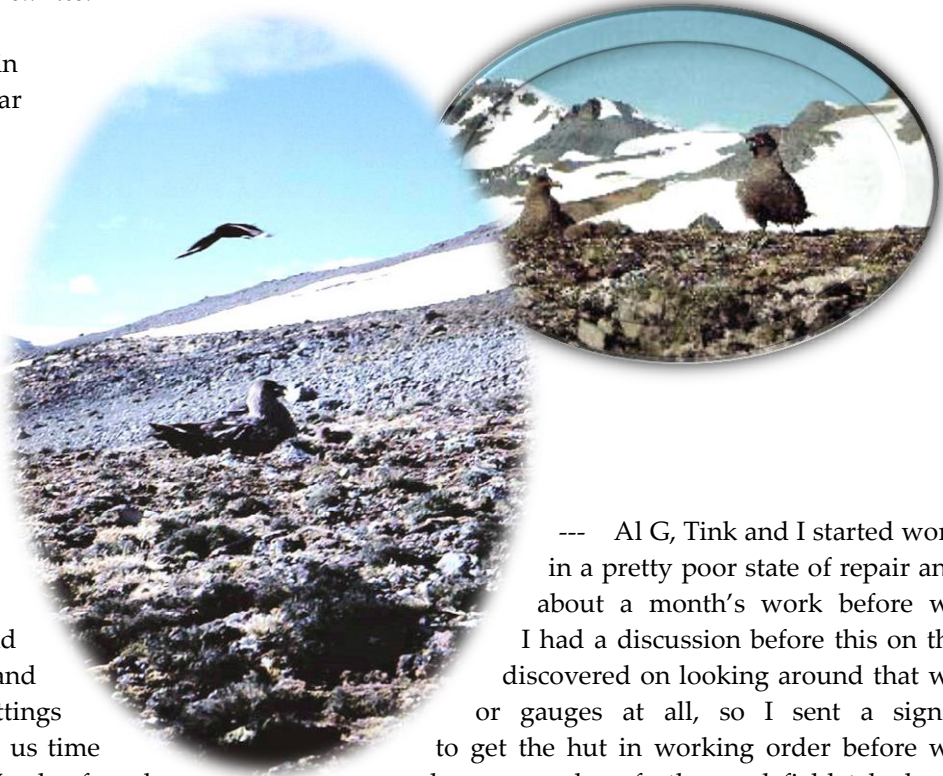
During the evening Spud was discovered giving a conducted tour of the hut to the pups, whom he seems to think its his duty to teach to be as wicked and artful as himself.

Tuesday 31st December

New Year's Eve !!
on the balloon shed, this is half full of ice, so we have can start balloons. Alan P and future met. programme and have no hydrogen bottle fittings requesting some. This gives us time can possibly do balloons. We also found sets to rig between the balloon shed and base hut so that one person can stay behind in the warm to take down readings during an ascent. The shed is fitted with a hatch and a theodolite pillar so that the observer can work inside, however this needs a new lid making. Robin is completing this month's and year's stats and Hugh is drawing up some alterations for the bathroom.

One of the pups looks a bit sick, probably a stone or something she ate, anyway we have made a medicinal sched to the Doc at Hope Bay and he suggests Cascara milk and cod liver oil.

Sat up to see the New Year in, spirits (in bottles) rather low, but Tink and Wens have concocted a home made Drambuie out of whisky and honey, and Robin has come up with a bottle of Cointreau. Did have the BBC on expecting to hear jollifications and festivities, turned it off though, such utter rubbish, would think they could do better than that on a festive occasion. ---
- Mean month.
temp 31.0 °F



Sunset across Ezcurra

Features

1958

Wednesday January 1st 1958

Robin finished off stats this morning, then we received a signal instructing us to start three-hourly obs. Held a conference in the office and settled on twenty-four hour routine although this will require amendments when people are out sledging and one of us is cook. The people most upset by this are the sparkers as only Tink is capable of sending his own obs. Wens doesn't seem to mind if the extra running of his diesels blows them up, or not, still he's going out in March.

Snowed all day and all last night, have now got several inches all over, where a lot had thawed out. This has held up work on the balloon shed, so I spent the day tidying up and cleaning out the office, have made book ends to fit on the shelves, thus emptying the cupboard for new supplies of graphs and stat forms. The pup seems much better today, couldn't have been serious thank goodness. Opened the back door to find Spud curled up in the porch, when he got up he was limping badly on the left leg. Took him into the living room but we couldn't find much wrong with it, anyway we kept him in the workshop all day, as it is nice and warm there with the 'Bonfire' going, and gave him some milk. Probably rheumatism, perhaps he's putting it on, it's snowed on and off all day and he probably wanted to come into the warm, although his eye is bad today, he can't spruce about that.

My celebration for New Year's day is that its my bath night. The only drawback to having a real bath and hot water is that you have to fetch a large quantity of ice to top it up next day for the next bather.



The Bathroom

Robin & Tink are stocktaking on the food supplies this morning. Tink has been made 'Minister of Food' and Allan G 'canteen damager', can't think which is worse giving Allan access to the booze or Tink the food.

Weather still not suitable for putting windows in balloon shed so continued pottering around met office, made pencil rack and frame for perspex ice chart. Put a lot of unwanted gear in a crate to take up to the loft out of the way. Allan G and I worked together on the hoist fetching up ice in a sack, got in quite a supply this way.

Wrung out my dhobiing and hung it in the loft to dry, it was quite clean despite the fact that all you do is put it in the bath, with some soap powder, after you've bathed.

A signal has just come in saying that the Shackleton has left Stanley and that Mike Stansbury, John Bibby and Tony Richardson are getting off for a month or so as well as Ted and Chris. Will be great to see the lads

again and to have some stay with us for a while. Gray is checking over his gear to be ready when the Shackleton arrives on the way down to Deception. She is taking Gray, Robin and Geoff to Greenwich I., for an eight week survey trip. It will be quite a hard trip as they can't take the dogs, it's too steep, and will have to man haul.

Friday 3rd January

The usual start to the day, arose for lunch. Due to the length of the day at the moment (nineteen and a half hours sunshine and as it never gets darker than twilight during the night), we never think of going to bed till at least midnight or much later, consequently our working day is somewhat displaced. Worked with Allan G all afternoon on the balloon shed. Making good progress now, have cleaned the hydrogen store completely and fitted all the new windows, though I'm waiting for putty on the Shackleton to finish them off. Have started on the small observing room and Allan has put up roofing felt and battened it well on to one wall of the shed outside. Signal this evening to say Shackleton will arrive tomorrow, can't see that if she only left yesterday. Robin did my met duty so that he gets one in before they leave for Greenwich Is.

Features

Saturday 4th January

I am on met today so can't very well continue on balloon shed, anyway it has been snowing nearly all day and I don't fancy working outside in that, unless I have to. Spent most of my time in the office, on more general organisation, just about got things to my liking now, with my library installed on the shelves with the met books. All I want now are some curtains and perhaps a rug or something on the deck; a sealskin should be ideal, must try it.

Having squared off and ditched the gash I scrubbed out and all looked shipshape for the Shackleton's arrival; of course she didn't arrive, the place will probably look like a scrap heap when she gets in tomorrow.

Sunday 5th January

Woken by Tony, the Shackleton having arrived. After lunch went down on to the beach and unloaded stores, Peter Nunn brought the tractor which helped no end in hauling heavy stuff up to the hut, particularly the fuel oil.

Went on board to dinner, the chef must have made a special effort as it was really good (carcasses !). A film from Lecy followed, he needn't have bothered, a thing called 'The Prodigal' with Edmond Purdom and Lana Turner.

Had quite a session after with Don, Ralph and chief chef and when two or three people came to tell me that the boat was leaving, they stayed for a drink and no one bothered any more about the boat so I slept on board in an empty cabin. In the afternoon an Argie ship 'Chiraguano' came in and several hours later the San Martin followed, the bay now looks like Pompey Harbour; they had both gone by morning however.

Monday 6th January

Woken by Denis terribly early in the morning and had to get up to help load the scow. All day unloading stores, Peter put in more valuable work. Were thinking of going on board this evening but after dinner the lads came back and between us we humped up most of the food supplies to the hut. Johnny Green drove the tractor until quite late finishing off the oil fuel and heaviest of the crates and also took the sledging equipment down to the beach.

The Beach

Spud has been on board and Doc Allan operated on his eye, it looks a good deal better now. Turned in fairly early as I'm on met tomorrow, didn't set the alarm as they said we were all getting up about four thirty to finish hauling up the stores before Shackleton sails.



Tuesday 7th January

Woke up about 10:00 to find the Shackleton gone and all the stores brought up. As quite a few of the chaps had not turned in at all last night and the rest, not for long, nearly everyone went back to bed till lunch.

A quiet afternoon now all the rush is over, the new comers settling in and plenty of experiences to swap and old times to recall. The Greenwich Is. party have left and Pete is on his way this trip. Snowing during the afternoon with quite a strong wind, good job it wasn't like this yesterday. Went down to the beach to pull the boat right up and secure it as this hadn't been done since it last came back from the Shackleton, found that they had left an ice boat. All returned to the hut with a piece of ice so augmenting the stocks nicely.

Ted put some bread on to toast just before the midnight ob., when he'd sent the ob, he had some wonderful charcoal.

Wind direction meter stopped reading again this afternoon, it keeps doing this and someone has to

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traipse up the hill to find the break in the wire and mend it. Will be glad when we get the new armoured cable to the anemo-tower rigged.

The Shackleton has taken away Pluto and Mop with her, as they are to go to Deception. Nobody really minds losing Mop as he's quite useless, being a long haired dog and is considered to be mad into the bargain but everyone is sorry to see old Pluto go.

One of the things Shackleton brought in was a 'Dot' 250cc. motorcycle for Geoff.

*Geoff and his
motorbike*



Wednesday 8th January

Slept until lunch while the lads were getting the food stores up into the loft, Continued on this during the afternoon and managed to finish before dinner.



The Loft

Allan has been making his first bread bake today, he was not at all confident of success but the results are really amazingly good. Hope I can do as well first time when it comes to me.

Social entertainment is

looking up now as Ted has brought a tape recorder and a record player, so we can now play Tink's records which wouldn't go on our old record player. Ted has some very fine songs on tape too. Fed dogs this evening with Chris and Mike Stansbury; while Robin is away. I am taking over the dogs, a job I like very much. Spud came down to fetch us just as we were going to cut up the meat, and he brought the pups over to show them how it was done.

Thursday 9th January

Opening up my boxes of stores today. Plenty of spares but the only things we really need are ordinary thermometers and a humidity slide rule. Several of the thermometers have broken threads and one, I just can't put right.

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Wens, Alan P, John and Tony went over to Hennequin Pt. this afternoon to collect rock specimens and Tink accompanied Mike up on to one of the corrie glaciers on the Kellar Range. Apparently Mike fell down a crevasse, good job Tink's got plenty of weight, anyone else would never have held Mike.

My bath night tonight, had to top it up myself and look after the fire, Wen's being away.

Saw the Protector coming in and rushed to tell everybody, when I got back outside it had vanished; and I've only been here 3 weeks. Perhaps she was looking around to see if the Argies were still about.

Friday 10th January

On met today. I must be getting them already, I did the 00:001 obs an hour early then wrote everything in the wrong place in the register. Tink and Mike out again this afternoon, no incidents this time though. Alan P has asked me to do cook next week in place of Tink so that he can be free to assist Mike. This of course means I shan't be on met but I'm not sure which is the lesser evil of the two.

Tony and John set off for Ezcurra where they will be camping for about four weeks, Alan P and Wens accompanied them in the other boat.

About an hour later they had all returned as it was blowing a bit round the point and they were getting soaked which is no way to start a trip down here.

They kept a watch on the weather hoping to get away but it was no go, hope tomorrow is calmer.

During the night I excavated our drainage system where the tractor had been running across it, at least this helped pass the time and keeps me awake between obs.



The Kithcen

Saturday 11th January

Tony was up at 06:00 before I turned in, having a look to see if they could make an early start. When I arose for lunch they had gone, and Alan P and Wens were still away but they got back, having deposited John and Tony, about 4o'clock.

We have an arrangement that if they require assistance they are to light a fire either at 10:00 or 22:00hrs and duty met must go up to the old hut to look for them at these times. They have taken a couple of smoke floats to help with such a signal.

Went up to the first corrie glacier with Mike this afternoon to inspect Hugh's pit, which is actually what Mike fell into on Thursday. The weather turned rough when we were up there but it was getting on for dinner time anyway so we came straight down.

This is my first experience of travelling over a glacier. When I went out with Hugh we didn't actually go on one though of course we carried ice axes and wore snow goggles which are absolutely essential.

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This time however we roped up and carefully made our way prodding through the snow feeling for crevasses, all the time keeping the rope tight between us.

If one goes down the other must quickly ram his ice axe deep into the snow to hold the weight and stop them both going in. Then it's up to the other one to climb out while you haul in the slack, as you can't hope to haul him up on your own.

Opened up some more crates this evening, one had another load of met balloons in, we now must have getting on for a couple of thousand, and some glacier cream, nine dozen tubes. How ridiculous, a dozen per man.

Sunday 12th January

A day of rest today, after the work of the last few days and before the task of hauling up the rest of the coal.

My first day on cook, managed very well, baked gingerbread in the afternoon and had a soufflé for sweet in the evening.

After dinner we had a film show by courtesy of Alan P. a pleasing variety of coloured and black and white slides of England, Georgia, Cape Verde Islands and Hope Bay.

Monday 13th January

All the boys hauling coal all morning, about two hundred odd sacks to fetch up from the barge, on the shoulders this time as there is not enough snow for the sledge. I'm not actually sorry I'm cook. First bread bake today, have turned out six superb looking loaves, only hope they eat as well as they look.



Venus and Pups

Tink and Mike up on one of the corrie glaciers again this afternoon, came back late for dinner.

The pups are really becoming part of the family now, we have just about mastered their names and every time anybody goes outside they mob round him and follow, wherever he goes. They followed Tink and Mike today for quite a long way.

They also keep coming inside if the door is left open, a thing we must discourage. Tina is definitely the leader, and is really a crafty, cheeky little perisher.

Tuesday 14th January

Getting on fine with the cooking, made a two-tier sponge cake with coffee cream filling; I'm afraid that dried eggs don't work the same as real ones, though the cream tasted OK but didn't look right.

Tink and Mike up on one of the glaciers again since just before lunch.

Just before we sat down to dinner Alan P came in to say there was a ship coming in, of course we all rushed out to see the Chilean Naval ship 'Lautaro' come to anchor. By the time we had finished dinner a party had come ashore consisting of the British Naval Attache, Santiago, the ship's captain and two officers. After a few drinks in the lounge and a conducted tour of the base they invited three of us on board, Alan P asked Wens and myself if we would like to go, of course we both accepted with great alacrity. As we approached the ship we were piped alongside, then each of us was piped on board and welcomed by the

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officer of the watch.

After a few Martinis in the captain's cabin dinner was served in the wardroom, a most excellent meal, not too large portions, with white and red wine during the courses, and a liqueur with the coffee to round off. The party then retired to the captain's cabin again for a few drinks and a general yarn until just after 00:30hrs (23:30 their time) when we had to leave as they were sailing at 01:00hrs.

In all, a most pleasant and unexpected evening. I sat next to the Attache (Capt. RN.) and the second officer during dinner and found that the second's name was also Jim, quite a coincidence.

Wednesday 15th January

Chris and Wens gone to visit Tony and John and collect their mail. Everyone is still unpacking stores and Tink and Alan G burnt up a load of packing and old crates. Most of the stores are still wet, despite the work done at Georgia, and needs a lot of cleaning up, although most of it is still serviceable.

Baked some mince pies and a treacle tart today, also started on my bread, it really is good stuff, hope its not beginner's luck. One of the new base records has become a great craze, it's Audrey Hepburn singing 'How long has this been going on?' from the film 'Funny Face', real sexy, not at all good for us.

Thursday 16th January

Mike, Alan P and Tink went up to W. Stenhouse glacier today arriving back just after dinner, had a good day with no incidents.

Practically finished on the stores now, which is a good thing as Alan P wants everything tidy when the Shackleton comes on Saturday or Sunday.

Allan G who is looking after the dogs for me while I'm cook, cleaned up the span and gave the dogs fresh snow this afternoon. Made some excellent oggies for dinner, really fine flaky pastry.

Snowing this evening, the first for several days. Although we keep getting fresh coverings of snow it soon thaws out and last winter's snow is receding fast now. All around us what was plain expanses of snow is now showing bare ice and rock.

Friday 17th January

Snowing and high winds all day today. got up late to find the fire in the stove had gone out, hence a rather rush job on the dinner. Got the stove really hot by the afternoon though due to the wind, so I decided to do another bake, the other has nearly gone anyway. I shall be putting it in the oven shortly, looks all right up to now.

Alan P resurrected the Christmas crackers at tea time and we had fun wearing paper hats and reading the mottoes. Alan P got a pearl necklace?, Wens a packet of needles, Tink a comb, Allan G a horseshoe brooch, Chris a nailbrush, Mike a diamond ring?, Ted a pink elephant and I got a game of skittles.

Saturday 18th January

My last day on cook and also my bath night. The bread has turned out really excellent, it seems this bread baking is a lot easier than generally considered.

A beautiful sunny day today after yesterday's snow and wind, the two or three inches of snow that had fallen soon disappeared again.

Everyone busy all day scrubbing out, in fact a real spring clean. We received a coded confidential signal last night about the possible visit of an Argentinian tourist ship the 'Les Eclaireurs', so everything must really be in ship shape order.

The Shackleton now says she will arrive Tuesday, ease off on the letter writing.

Sunday 19th January

Tink starts his week of cook. Wens on gash hand. A quiet English type Sunday. Mike and I had a big developing and printing session lasting till gone midnight. I am getting on quite well now with this photography game. The nights are drawing in somewhat now as there are less sunshine hours per day and the snow is going.

Shackleton's ETA 22:00hrs tomorrow, another spurt on the letters.

Monday 20th January

On met today. Moved some of the stores remaining outside into the Square Box and the rest up to the old hut; that just about completes the tidying up outside. -- Continued with Mike's printing and then went on to mine. Very pleased with the results.

Shackleton not here ETA now 03:00 tomorrow.

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Tuesday 21st January

Tink did the 03:00 ob for me as he was staying up cooking and when I got up for the 06:00 ob the Shackleton was in, though no sign of life on board and Alan P was still up squaring off his paper work.

The boat came ashore quite early with a few more stores, three dogs, Spot, Tony, and Tristan and a bitch pup Nadia who is one month older than ours. We put them all on the span including the pup, causing quite an amount of excitement.

There was also mail for everyone, that the Protector had collected in Monte, I had seven Christmas cards and nine letters from home. Two of the cards were identical and also the very same one I had already received two of.

The Shackleton also made us a present of a crate of oranges and a case of beer. I went on board with the last boat to collect a preserving jar from Lamps for our fish specimen, and came back, as she weighed anchor, with Wens and Tink who had gone out in the dinghy, this was about three in the afternoon. Mike has now left us to return to Georgia leaving some of his work here for us to continue.

Later on went up to the old hut and fetched some curtains and curtain rod I had spotted in there, for the office, Allan G later dhobied them in his bath.

Did some full plate enlargements, with Allan G, off four of my negs, excellent results. Brought Nadia down and chained her outside the Square Box but the others are just ignoring her at the moment. When she arrived they all came to the beach and voiced their disapproval.

Nadia



Wednesday 22nd January

Fetches up the few crates on the beach but there are still ten oil drums to come up yet. In the afternoon laid out the armoured cable for the wind direction indicator, it was supposed to be for the anemo. tower out by the old hut but it is no where near long enough, in fact it only just reached the post on the hill behind the hut. Connected to the top end and Chris and Wens are trying to find the right wires to connect this end.

Bottled up the fish OK now we've got to find someone who wants it. Let Nadia off today as the others seem to be accepting her a bit now. There were two Christmas cards for the base, one from the Admiral and officers of RY Britannia and one from the Duke's two secretaries who came here with him last year.

Thursday 23rd January

On met today. Finished off the wind direction indicator only to find it was working in reverse and had to go up the hill and reverse the terminals. OK now but it needs a slight adjustment at the wind vane. Rigged up the curtains and tied them back with some nylon rope which I had made up with a tassel on the end; really looks flashy.

Was going to work on the balloon hut but Alan P wanted the oil drums rolled up, so we all turned to on that.

Apparently my bath night again, it has come round rather quickly this time due to the cook not bathing as he can't afford time to fetch ice and look after the fire.

Friday 24th January

Worked all day with Allan G on the balloon hut, should be able to start balloons next week if we can open the cylinders successfully.

Was a fine day to start off but in the afternoon a gale blew up bringing driving rain with it, blowing 35 to 40 knots until midnight. Due to these vile conditions Allan G and I fed the dogs with pemmican.

Wens and Chris rigged up the telephone handsets in the office and the balloon hut, so that only one person need go out in cold weather.

Allan P gave me some bumff today on observation of aurora so we have commenced an observing

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routine for this. Hope we shall see some, although last year they only saw one here, as this is a special effort for IGY and should prove very interesting.

An attempt has been made to chain Spud up on the span, I wonder how long he'll put up with that?

Saturday 25th January

All day again on balloon hut, apart from the hatch cover and a few odds and ends we are finished and ready to start balloons, once we've rigged up the hydrogen gear.

Nadia has had her leg bitten by some of the other pups so we've got her inside today. Serve her right really she has been bossing it over them all ever since she arrived, except of course for Tina and there seems to be a state of cold war between these two.

Sunday 26th January

On met today, Chris on cook, Ted gash hand. A quiet Sunday again, made a couple of frames for two of my full plate enlargements, and hung them in the office.

We always seem to be having one of the dogs in trouble, today it was Tristan with a slight cut on his forefoot and a bruise or perhaps a sprain.

We have altered the met watch slightly, duty man now starts on the 05:00 ob and finishes on the 02:00 ob. This seems a lot easier to manage without sleep, and also you've had a good sleep by the time everyone is starting work in the morning, and can be up with the rest. Actually the 05:00 ob which is zone time, is 06:00 kitchen time, which is the time we work to, but is the 09:00GMT ob. All rather complex. Spud hasn't got off or apparently made much effort to, most amazing.



Met Office

Monday 27th January

Worked on balloon hut again with Allan G and apart from finishing touches we are ready to open the cylinders and move in tomorrow.

Alan P suggested we line the inside with an old roll of felt that we were going to burn. I think this would really make a good job and help keep the hut warmer, also we could later cover this with hardboard and paint.

Fetches Spud down for his eyedrops this evening, or rather he fetches me, finally getting away, then just as I caught up with him outside the hut he turned and walked all the way back to the span, carefully keeping just out of my reach. Then followed a game of catch as catch can revolving round Kita who

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tried to trip me up. When I finally caught him I had to drag him down, just as a change from him dragging me.

Tuesday 28th January

Wens and Alan P getting ready to leave for a week or ten days bird ringing across the bay and building beacons on the plateau for Gray. Just before they were ready to go Ted had a medical sched with Hope Bay, as he has either strained something or caught something in Monte, and Alan P has now got to stay behind and administer doses of pills. Tink is now going with Wens instead and after a hurried preparation they left after lunch. Allan G and I were up at the balloon hut when they left and saw them go out across to Ezcurra where they are first visiting Tony and John before setting up their base near them. This is a lucky break for Tink but rather hard on Alan P as this is about his last chance of a trip out before he goes home in March.

Gave the dogs fresh snow this evening when we fed them but they didn't seem all that thirsty.

Wednesday 29th January

Opened up five hydrogen cylinders and moved them into the balloon hut, with the help of both the Alans, this morning.



Me and Spud

In the afternoon prepared to send up the first balloon, only to find the theodolite out of focus and it proved impossible to follow the balloon successfully. Spent the rest of the afternoon tinkering with it and carried on fairly late in the evening with only moderate success.

Saw a very fine lump calve off of W. Stenhouse Glacier whilst up at the balloon hut. This is a very impressive sight, and due to the distance, about 3 miles, is usually only heard after it has happened and can only be seen by sheer luck.

Thursday 30th January

On met and bath night. Successfully completed work on the theodolite this morning and went up to the hut with Allan G and did a very successful pilot balloon which we had to abandon at 10,000ft for lunch. Sent off the results with the next ob but at dinner time we got a note to say we were using the wrong code, as a special one is being used for IGY.

This afternoon did a tail balloon which Allan G followed this time but due to lack of practice or something there was some confusion with the readings and the results weren't very satisfactory so we

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didn't send them off. A pity but still it was a good experience and there's time enough to become quite expert, we hope ! Max temp today of 48°F, quite a heatwave.

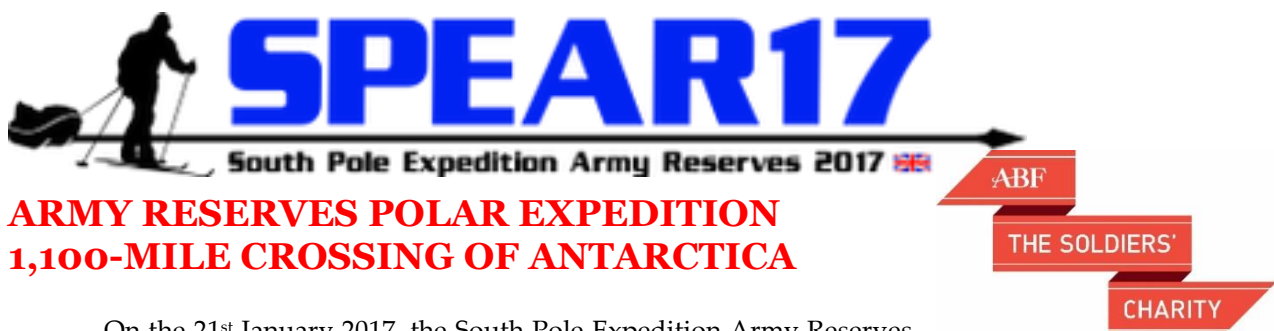
Friday 31st January

The two Alans did a balloon this morning while I caught up with my sleep. We seem to have settled into a fairly good balloon programme now, of at least one a day when cloud height allows.

A big surprise at tea time this afternoon, Wens and Tink walked in. They had come back for a sledge, as the going even on skis up on the plateau was very hard in the melting snow. Also they had to ditch some of their rations which despite prior examination proved to be soaked from the Shackleton affair. They brought good news of John and Tony, who also required more rations. They left again after about an hour.

Alan P started on the stats. ----- Mean temp 35.3°F -----Max 48° -----Min 29°F

.....to be continued



ARMY RESERVES POLAR EXPEDITION 1,100-MILE CROSSING OF ANTARCTICA

On the 21st January 2017, the South Pole Expedition Army Reserves (SPEAR) 17 team completed their full, unsupported traverse of Antarctica, becoming the first British (and military) expedition in history to do so – a feat only completed by six people before them.

Leaving the UK in October 2016, and spending 67 days living on the freezing wastes of Antarctica, the expedition was planned down to the last detail, from how many calories each member will need to consume daily, to the application of the latest innovations in equipment and technology.

South Pole Expedition Army Reserves (SPEAR17), was a team of six led by Lou Rudd, who reached the South Pole on a previous expedition with Henry Worsley in 2012. The SPEAR17 team reached the South Pole on Christmas Day, and then continued across the Polar plateau and down the Shackleton Glacier, completing Henry's route.

The first leg of the expedition was an unsupported trek to the South Pole, with a team of six soldiers from 1 Intelligence Surveillance Reconnaissance (ISR) Brigade.

The team arrived at the South Pole on Christmas Day 2016. having completed this part of the journey in just 40 days.

The team started at Hercules Inlet, and set out on a 730-mile unsupported trek to the South Pole. At the Pole, they took on a resupply, and sadly said goodbye to Alun George, who was deemed medically unfit to continue.

The second leg was to honour the memory of Henry Worsley, who sadly lost his life in January 2016 attempting a solo unsupported traverse of Antarctica. Henry was a close friend of Expedition Leader, Lou Rudd, so the team's initial mission of simply completing the trek to the Pole was extended to include the final leg of Henry's journey. The five remaining team members continued a further 400 miles across the desolate Titan's Dome, and down onto the Ross Ice Shelf, where they had to build their own runway in order to be recovered by the Twin Otter plane. They, arrived at the Ross Ice Shelf on 21 January 2017, bringing the total distance travelled to 1,130 miles in 66 days.

Lou Rudd said:

"We've all been challenged physically and mentally, but the team has been as strong as it was possible to be. With this team, it's been possible to attempt the distance, face the weather, the crevasses, the terrain and the isolation. We have also paid tribute to my friend and fellow adventurer Henry Worsley. It's been a successful mission, which we couldn't have achieved without the support of the Army and our many sponsors. What remains is to continue to fundraise for ABF The Soldiers' Charity."

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(Charity Flag at the South Pole)

THE CHALLENGES -- the team had to overcome to complete their epic adventure:

Cold

The Antarctic is the coldest place on Earth. Temperatures of -93°C have been recorded on the continent. The team routinely faced temperatures of -40°C to -50°C during the expedition.

Wind

The Antarctic is the windiest place on Earth, with wind speeds of 199mph being recorded. The team had to cope with the constant katabatic wind blowing Northwards, away from the Polar plateau, skiing into the wind for a large part of their journey.

Crevasses

The team had to negotiate numerous crevasses on their journey to the Pole and across the continent. These cracks in the ice can be hundreds of feet deep and presented a very real danger to the team.

Altitude

Apart from the temperature and the sheer distance that needed to be covered, the team had to deal with the effects of altitude during the expedition. The average altitude of the Polar Plateau is over 3,000m (9,800ft). Starting from sea level, the team faced a constant uphill struggle towards the Pole, where the percentage of oxygen in the air is reduced from 21% at sea level to just 14%.

Physical Endurance

SPEAR17 was an unsupported expedition, thereby the team had to physically man-haul all their kit and equipment on *pulks* weighing 160kg, without the use of dogs or mechanised equipment.

No Support

The team had to strictly limit their kit and equipment to the bare essentials, as there was only one resupply during the entire expedition (at the South Pole before they embarked on the final leg). Therefore, the contents of their pulks comprised only the essential supplies such as food, fuel, tents and warm clothing (see Team Bios for a fun fact about what one of the expedition team brought along as extra cargo!).

Isolation & mental endurance

The team had to endure extreme isolation as they were effectively cut off from the rest of the world for the duration of the expedition. During this time they had no way of communicating with their friends and family back home. The team also had to manage the mental challenge of hauling their pulks for 10-12 hours a day, without being able to speak to each other for encouragement. This daily monotony made for another extremely taxing challenge, one that presented all the team members with an alien environment and relentless daily routine.

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THE CAUSE

As a consequence of the expedition, the team hope to raise £100,000 for ABF The Soldiers' Charity – the National Charity of the British Army (originally established at the 'Army Benevolent Fund' in 1944)– in order to provide support to serving soldiers and veterans in their times of need..

The Soldiers' Charity's mission is "that all soldiers, veterans and their immediate families should have the opportunity to avoid hardship and enjoy independence and dignity".

Their work touches the lives of around 80,000 people each year, spanning 55 countries worldwide. Significantly, last year The Soldiers' Charity was chosen by the Government to administer the new 'Afghanistan Fund' , an £8.3m chunk of the LIBOR fines on banks, which will support the families of those affected by that campaign for many years to come. It continues to act in a highly responsible and trustworthy manner, mirroring the values of loyalty, integrity and courage espoused by the Army itself.

It's motto is a simple one: 'For Soldiers – For Life'.



TEAM MEMBERS

| Name | From | Lives in | Day job | |
|--------------------|------------------------|-------------|-----------|---|
| Lou Rudd | Holbeach, Lincolnshire | Birmingham | Army | Team mate of Henry Worsley |
| Ollie Stoten | | Bournemouth | Doctor | |
| Alex Brazier | Canterbury, Kent | London | Doctor | Son of Julian Brazier MP |
| Alun George | Anglesey | Anglesey | IT | Free Diver, left at the South Pole and returned to UK |
| Jamie Facer-Childs | Maidenhead, Berkshire | Birmingham | Doctor | First set of IVF twins |
| Chris Brooke | Crewe, Cheshire | Birmingham | Paramedic | Aspergillosis – had 40% of right lung removed |

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The team members are all current serving Reservists, with some having had previous full careers in the Regular Army:



The team

Lou Rudd:

Lou served a full career in the Regular Forces and is currently serving with the Army Reserves, completing many tours in extreme cold weather environments, some inside the Arctic Circle. In 2012, alongside close friend Henry Worsley, Lou completed an 800-mile unsupported journey from the Bay of Whales to the Geographic South Pole as part of the Scott Amundsen Centenary Race

Ollie Stoten:

Ollie is a doctor, Army Reservist and ultramarathon runner, whose interest in human endurance led him to apply for the SPEAR 17 expedition. He can often be found exploring the limits of athletic ability through his own experiences, and continues to find new ways to combine his passion for sport and wilderness with his science background.

Alex Brazier:

Another doctor on the team, Alex has always had a passion for the great outdoors and is currently pursuing a career in expedition medicine. He originally joined the Reserves in 2008, going via the OTC into the Infantry, and is a keen endurance athlete and fell-runner, never happier than when pushing himself to the limit.

Alun George:

Al joined the Reserves in 2006 and dedicates much of his spare time to his service, gaining experience both on exercise and on operational tour. A competitive trail and ultramarathon runner in his spare time, he has also been involved in the sport of free-diving for many years.

Jamie Facer-Childs:

Jamie has already achieved a number of firsts in his life: he was the first live birth from a frozen embryo in the UK and, in 2009, he was part of the youngest ever pairs team to row across the Indian Ocean, which to this day remains a feat successfully completed by just four other pairs. Jamie now works as a doctor and has a particular interest in emergency and wilderness medicine.

Chris Brooke:

The 'Man Mountain' of the team, Chris joined the Army at 16 and served with the Cheshire Regiment. He is now a Reservist and works as an experienced Paramedic for West Midlands Ambulance Service.

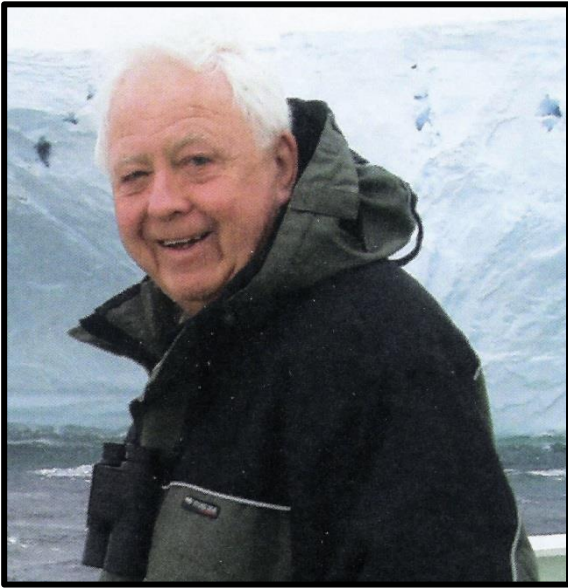
Fun fact: despite rigorous measures being put in place pre-expedition to ensure their pulls weighed as little as possible, Chris hauled six Christmas puddings with him to the South Pole for the team to enjoy on Christmas Day!

*For more information on the SPEAR17 expedition, visit www.spear17.org
For more information on The Soldiers' Charity, visit www.soldierscharity.org*

Obituaries "In Memoriam" Tributes

It is always the intention of the magazine to produce some form of remembrance of any deceased member. It can be a full-length obituary, an "in memoriam" letter, or a tribute from a close friend or colleague, with their thoughts and anecdotes. Members may submit letters and tributes at any time – even after a formal obituary has been published

D (Derek) GIPPS 1929 - 2016 BAS HQ and Stanley



Much respected and long-standing HQ based Fid Derek Gipps died recently. After Magazine no 76 issue, which included memories from colleagues, Derek's wife Sandra has sent a letter stating that Derek had dictated his life's story with BAS whilst he was ill with Alzheimer's.

"Dear Keith

Please find enclosed rough draft of Derek's career with FID's and later with BAS.

Derek dictated the account to me on long winter afternoons about six years ago, before he became ill with alzheimers. Although he knew he had the disease at that time he was still able to communicate

*Yours sincerely
Sandra Gipps"*

DEREK GIPPS -- ASSOCIATION WITH FID's and BAS

In the late 1950's Derek bought drugs and pharmaceutical supplies for the Falkland Island Dependancies Survey, working for the Crown Agents for the Colonies and Overseas

Administrations. When the Colonial Office disbanded, FID's came under the control of the National Environment Research Council, with later a new name of British Antarctic Survey – BAS.

Eventually Derek did more and more work for FID's, buying everything they needed, helped by the expertise of other departments in the Crown Agents.

In the early 60's ten bases and 250 men were maintained in the Antarctic all year round.

Life at the bases, then, was basic! The huts were wooden, as in Scott's and Shackleton's time, and the same design – usually one large main room with a stove in the middle fuelled with imported anthracite, and bunks all around the walls.. Food was basic (depending on the talents of the cook of the day), but ample. There was a ration of beer, rum, cigarettes and sweets. Clothing had departed from the Burberrys of former times and warm adequate army surplus supplies substituted. Sledging parties had to consume 4000 calories per man per day:- meat bars, butter and dark chocolate figured quite largely in sledging rations along with porridge oats and cocoa.

In the early 60's all the men on the bases were paid the same i.e £450 per year plus all living expenses. There was nothing to spend on, apart from, perhaps, on expensive cameras from the last port of call – Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands.

There was a Base Leader on each base, but everyone had to take their turn doing the chores, fitting them around one's special area of responsibility.

Communications with the outside world were slight. Mail arrived once or twice a year depending on the ship's visits. Each man was allowed to send a message, no more than 100 words, home monthly. The message was transmitted by the radio officer on the base, to Port Stanley, then to the UK.

In the early days, before the ships were fitted with refrigeration, everything was tinned, including meat, butter and bacon etc. Freeze

Obituaries “In Memoriam” Tributes

dried vegetables, meat and fruit came on the scene later. The only fresh food available until the mid-60's was seal or penguin meat and penguin eggs.

Life must have been reasonably agreeable judging by the number of men who returned time and time again to the Antarctic.

The Americans were the first to have women on their bases, sometime in the 70's.

Derek first trip to the Antarctic was in October 1961, and he was hooked for life! When he returned the Secretary to the Crown Agents asked him to rationalise the organisation and planning of the supply chain to the Antarctic.

This was impossible without taking over the complete ordering of everything from one central organisation, and to do this Derek moved into the FID's office, which was next door to the Crown Agents in Gayfere St. London

At the time the FID's offices consisted of one recruiting officer (Bill Sloman), Logistics Officer (Derek), Scientific Publishing (Anne Todd), a small clerical staff and their iconic boss, Sir Vivian Fuchs.

Up to the early 60's travelling around the bases had been by dog sledge.

After Charles Swithinbank's (a glaciologist) innovation with motorised toboggans with the Americans, they began to be used in the British Sector. Rubber tracked Snowcats were introduced and used widely. As tractors became increasingly sophisticated and able to handle the temperatures, they were also used extensively.

Air transport in the 60's, was in its infancy in the Antarctic. It consisted of 2 single engine piston aeroplanes, a Beaver and an Otter. Gradually twin engine turboprops were used, namely Otters from Canada.

Another major improvement was in communications with the bases. Bill Sloman negotiated with Cable and Wireless a quarter-speed teleprinter, which enabled the introduction of teleprinters to all the bases – a vast improvement on Morse Code and provided a direct link via Cable and Wireless in the Falkland islands with the London Office.

Clothes innovations included the introduction of 'ventile', a thin strong windproof material. A cotton waffle-weave material replaced woollen vests and layers of light weight clothing replaced traditional single heavy items.

Long Johns, flannel pyjama trousers and army issue trousers on top provided warmth.

Footgear was multi-national – double skinned waterproof boots came from Norway; mukluks came from Japan and army surplus rubber bottomed, leather topped boots came from the UK.

Gloves consisted of 3 types; silk gloves next to the skin, woollen gloves next and lastly pony-skinned mittens tied around the neck with cord so they could not be mislaid.

Headbands of wool balaclavas and hats of every kind figured in a variety of headgear.

The ships played a vital role, as they still do in Antarctica, and their annual visits in their summer (October to March) were the highlight of the bases' years, bringing mail and stores. Three ships, RRS John Biscoe, RRS Shackleton and a chartered ship Kista Dan from Denmark, provided the transport, up until 1967. The new ship, RRS Bransfield was a 5000 ton ice strengthened ship as opposed to RRS John Biscoe's 1500 tons and the Shackleton's 900 tons.

Derek had a lot of input into the design of the new ship and indeed it was a proud day when RRS Bransfield was launched at Leith in Edinburgh in 1970. Tom Woodfield was her first captain.

Another innovation during Derek's time at BAS was the idea of a building inside a tube of steel.

At Halley Bay the buildings were on the ice shelf rather than on rock. This presented a major problem with the effect of ice and pressure, causing wooden buildings to sink over time. This, together with the metre of snow which accumulated annually on the top of the buildings, meant that every 3 or 4 years the huts needed to be replaced.

Inflatable huge pillow-like containers, called 'flubbers', were already used to store oil, and these were protected by covering them with ARMCO, a corrugated steel sheeting. Because this proved successful, an immense tube-like structure of ARMCO was completely wrapped around the new built light weight wooden base buildings, which prolonged its life to almost 10 years.

The BAS office, meanwhile, still at Gayfere St., had expanded to include more personnel, as the workload increased. Mostly men who had actually worked in Antarctica,

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including Maurice Sumner (personnel), Paul Whiteman (engineering), Barry Peters (radio and communications), Ricki Chinn (equipment) and, later, Eric Salmon (finance), when he retired from the Falklands.

In 1968, while Derek was living with his family in Port Stanley for six months, the volcano at Deception Island erupted and all hell broke loose. There were frantic telegrams between Deception – Stanley and London.

Fortunately all the men from the base were safe and only one hut of the two, was damaged. After the eruption a new island appeared in the middle of Deception Bay. All the men from the base were waiting at the Bellows – the entrance to the Bay- as there was less danger from airborne debris there, for the relief ship to appear, and when the RRS John Biscoe appeared an almighty cheer went up.

At the same time, as all this was taking place, a rescue mission was also in progress for an injured doctor at Halley Bay.

Dr John Brotherhood had fallen down an ice-cliff and sustained serious facial injuries. It was vital that his injuries were treated quickly.

The ships were nowhere near Halley Bay and it was unlikely with the winter ice closing in, that they would have been able to get anywhere near enough to effect a rescue, even if they had been in the area.

A phone call, however, from Sir Vivian Fuchs, to the Americans did the trick. They arranged for 2 C130's to fly across the sub-continent from their base at McMurdo Sound, via the South Pole, to Halley Bay – some 1500 miles. The men at Halley Bay laid out an airstrip landing area using cocoa for demarcation. While one aircraft stayed airborne the other landed successfully and rescued the injured man. The aircraft then flew back to McMurdo Sound, refuelled then back to America via New Zealand. --- Only the USA had the resources and the willingness to do that!

Predictably enough the entire 3 year reserve of cocoa had been used up – but guess what?? – the next day the Americans returned and dropped new cocoa supplies for the base!

By 1973 changes were afoot at BAS Office. Sir Vivian Fuchs was to retire in January 1974. A new Director, Dr Dick Laws, was appointed and plans were afoot to move the whole office, eventually, to Cambridge.

About this time a vacancy occurred at NERC for a disposal officer and I applied for the post.

I had worked for BAS for roughly 16 years and felt ready for a new challenge.

I left BAS at the same time as Sir Vivian, with mixed feelings. I had enjoyed every aspect of my work there and made some life long friends. So I was sad to go but at the same time, a new chapter was beginning at BAS and, likewise, a new chapter was beginning in my career at NERC.

“Looking back over my life, and I am dictating this to my wife Sandra in 2011, I can honestly say that my time at BAS were the happiest and most rewarding of my 40 years in the Civil Service. I felt deeply honoured when an Ice Rise in the Larsen Ice Shelf was named after me. Likewise, I was amazed and again deeply honoured when, in July 1990, I received the Fuchs Silver Medal from Sir Vivian himself”

COLLEEN LEAVEY 1935-2017

FIDs Office Port Stanley; London Crown Agents doing admin work on the International Geophysical Year (I.G.Y.) Royal Society Antarctic Expedition to Halley Bay.

An Obituary by Dog Holden

Colleen Leavey was born Colleen Rowlands in Port Stanley, Falkland Islands on 23rd May 1935 and died in Whitehaven, Cumbria on 1st March 2017.

Colleen's paternal great-grandfather, a Swedish seaman called Frank Rylander pitched up in the Falklands sometime in the second half of the 19th Century. Rylander became Rowlands at some stage. Colleen's father was Billy Rowlands and her mother's name was Alice Mills.

After primary school in Port Stanley, in 1948 Colleen won a scholarship to The British School in Montevideo, Uruguay and was of course boarding there.

Her father Billy was a member of the crew of “RMS Fitzroy” the mail ship that Colleen sailed on to and from school and which had previously been chartered by Operation Tabarin in 1944 and later FIDS for their Antarctic operations. (Fittingly, Fitzroy, (previously S.S. Lafonia) had been built at Leith by W. Beardmore & Co. of Coatbridge).

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In the early to mid -1950s Colleen worked for the Stanley office of FIDS. She carried out general admin. duties and helped with requests received by radio from the Antarctic bases.

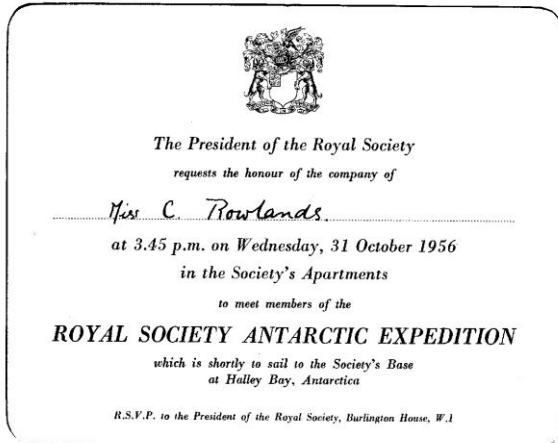
She was indeed an announcer on The Falkland's Radio broadcasts.

I was told recently how helpful Colleen had been in that respect by one of the Fids who remembered her from that time.

This was at a time when Frank Elliott was SECFIDS in Stanley and Colleen often spoke of him.

Colleen was a very bonny girl and was very popular with the young Fids passing through the Stanley office and there were lots of old photos in Colleen's collection that had been taken at such bases as Hope Bay or Admiralty Bay and sent to her with "love" by her Fid admirers!

Colleen had also kept a lot of embossed invitation cards from this time inviting her to cocktail and reception parties at Government House or on the various Royal Navy ships



visiting the Falklands.

There was amongst them even an invitation to the wedding of the late Arthur Martin (ex- Port Lockroy), who married Beryl Butcher in the Falklands. Colleen kept in touch with Arthur until his death last year.

Another good and regular Fid contact for many years was the late "Lofty" Tyson (ex-Signy Island), who died in 2013.

In 1956 Colleen emigrated to the U.K. Initially she worked in London for Crown Agents doing admin work on the International

Geophysical Year (I.G.Y.) Royal Society Antarctic Expedition to Halley Bay.

This was followed by a string of varied posts in the south of England, notably as an Air Hostess (as they were then known) for British Overseas Airways Corporation (B.O.A.C.), a state-owned forerunner of British Airways.

She worked as a Beauty Consultant with Helena Rubenstein and other cosmetic firms, an interest which lasted throughout her life. Other posts included sales in pharmaceuticals, holiday companies, hotel groups and catering equipment manufacturers amongst others.

In 1960 Colleen married in UK but was divorced in 1973.

By the early 1980's Colleen was living near Southampton and running Boarding Kennels and a Canine Beautician centre. She then moved north to Cumbria. As well as boarding dogs and cats, she bred and showed beautiful Red Setters and Field Spaniels and was well-known in the doggy world, judging at many dog shows.

Moving to West Cumbria in the early 1990s, Colleen managed an Abbeyfield Residential Home and counselled for Age U.K. and Allerdale Borough Council and was a major force in establishing Cruse Bereavement Care in West Cumbria.

In early 2010, she suffered a stroke which caused considerable impairment of the left-side of her body and life suddenly became much more difficult. As I lived nearby, I was asked to visit her by the then Benevolent Fund officer with BAS Club, Petra Searle. Her closest family was a half-sister in Australia so Colleen was out on a limb a bit. Her circumstances were improved by a move to a new and very suitable bungalow.

She had a good support team there of various friends and helpers and I was privileged to be able to visit and help and talk to her of FIDS and the Falklands and keep her in touch with some colleagues from long-ago times.

Colleen benefitted enormously from the presence of her sweet-natured Whippet, Jasmine, an ideal companion who was well-suited to the rather housebound life. Unfortunately, Colleen's mental health deteriorated over a couple of years and eventually she was unable to cope at home, moving to a Care Home in Workington in April 2016. A great bonus was that she was permitted to have her dog with her and it was there that

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Colleen spent the remainder of her days until the final week or two when she was moved to West Cumberland Hospital, Whitehaven, where she died.

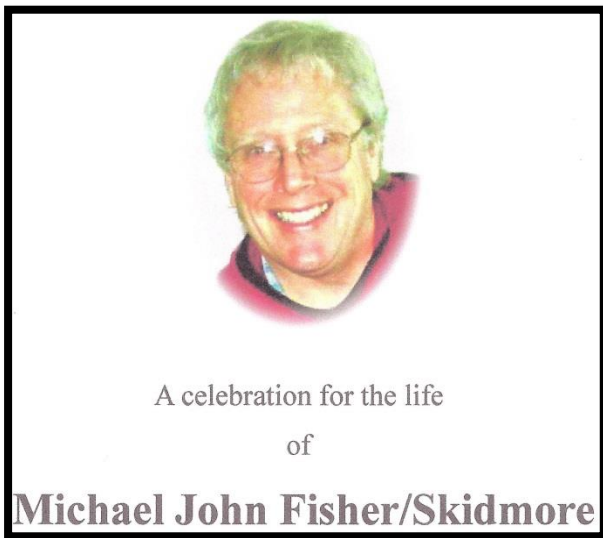
Colleen was a real character with a strong personality, and how could she fail to be so after such a varied and interesting life? She spoke her mind and did not suffer fools very well and was not averse to using robust language at times. These are not uncommon traits in Falkland Islanders where forthrightness and independence of character seem to be the norm.

Colleen was very perceptive and could always weigh up people and situations quickly. She empathised well, as evidenced by her counselling work but was not dewy-eyed. She had a good sense of humour and ready laugh which helped her get on well with people.

We will all miss Colleen as a unique human being who, throughout her colourful life, left her mark on many people.

MICHAEL JOHN SKIDMORE 1944-2017

Geologist Halley Bay 1966-1968



Memories of Mike Skidmore

Fid, Geologist, and Antarctic artist

by Peter Clarkson

The following is based on contributions from Paul Coslett, John Gallsworthy, Peter Clarkson, and Allan Wearden who also took material from Mike's oral history recording

Mike first became aware of the Antarctic in the late 1950s listening on the radio to the daily progress bulletins of Vivian Fuchs Trans-

Antarctic Expedition and that sparked a lifelong interest.

He went to Sheffield University in 1963 to read for an engineering degree but decided to switch to geology as it was more interesting.

During his final year he was asked what he was going to do. He replied that he would like to go to the South Pole! So when Bill Sloman from the British Antarctic Survey (BAS) was doing the usual trawl of the universities looking for talented graduates to join the organisation it was a no-brainer that he would apply.

After a successful interview he was sent to Birmingham University where he joined the BAS Geological Section under the guidance of Dr Ray Adie in the Department of Geology. He spent a couple of months there, learning about Antarctic history and the geology of the region that he would be exploring.

The Survey's annual briefing conference for new recruits was held in Cambridge and he attended the party Sir Vivian, BAS Director, always held at his home. Then in October 1966 he sailed south on RRS *Shackleton*.

After calls at Montevideo, Uruguay, and Stanley in the Falkland Islands where he was issued with his Antarctic clothing, he went to South Georgia. He spent a couple of months geologizing around Prince Olaf Harbour, working from the old abandoned Norwegian whaling station.

Then he boarded MV *Perla Dan* to continue southward into the Weddell Sea and Halley Bay base on the Brunt Ice Shelf. This would be his Antarctic home for the next 2 years. In one respect it was a strange posting for a geologist because the nearest rock outcrop was 200 miles away!

On arriving at Halley Bay his first job during the relief of the base was as a volunteer cook, supplementing the professional cooks during the 24-hour working routine.

His first field trip was with the glaciologists doing local work on the ice shelf and using motor toboggans for transport. During his first winter, having no rocks to work on (his South Georgia collection had been sent back to Birmingham), the Base Commander assigned him to work as an assistant carpenter, painter and decorator.

Mike's geological instructions were to complete the mapping of the Theron Mountains,

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continuing from where David Brook had reached, and then go south to the Shackleton Range.

However, when David returned from the field he said that he would complete the mapping of the Therons next season and return to base in time to catch the ship home.

In the spring, Mike and Peter Noble, with the Hairybreeks dog team, sledged south past the Therons and attempted to reach the Shackleton Range. Slessor Glacier was a major obstacle to southward progress and they were forced to make a long traverse to the east before they could turn south around what appeared to be the head of the glacier.

They were successful in that and turned westward towards the easternmost outcrops of the range. Unfortunately they ran out of food and had to be content to gaze frustratingly through binoculars just 50 miles short of their goal. Nevertheless, what they had done was to prove the overland route that would be invaluable for the following season.

I arrived at Halley Bay in January 1968 with instructions to continue the geological reconnaissance mapping of the Shackleton Range. During the relief informed opinion, including reports from Peter Noble and Mike, still in the field, suggested that, due to the necessity of having to circumnavigate Slessor Glacier, the Shackleton Range was just too far away to transport sufficient supplies to support dog teams in the mountains for a full season. The decision was taken to go east to Vestfjella and an autumn depot-laying trip was made in preparation for the next season.

During his second winter Mike began to experiment with his painting, using a palette-knife and acrylic paints that later became his favoured medium. He produced a very good likeness of 'Dad' Etchells that was prominently displayed in the garage.

He also built and painted a model Auster aeroplane in his spare time and he flew this successfully in the base lounge. He did not know it at the time, but this proved to be a good omen for the following field season!

At this time further complications arose but eventually the Americans offered to fly a survey party into the Shackleton Range to provide ground control for trimetrogon air

photographs so that a detailed map of the range could be made.

Chris Sykes, Base Commander, said that the geologists should have priority as we were already on base and the two surveyors would have to be flown in with the aircraft. Sir Vivian Fuchs agreed but said that the 'deal' was for a survey party although maybe the geologists could be included within the weight limit. So we went on the flight, effectively as excess baggage!

The survey was successful and Mike and I were able to sledge together to extend the known geology farther east from the work of Jon Stephenson on the Trans-Antarctic Expedition some 10 years earlier.

The season was not without its problems which started by being landed not 8 miles from Mount Greenfield on the south side of the range but 30 miles south on Recovery Glacier.

After a couple of weeks Nick Mathys broke his leg and the survey plans had to be seriously adjusted. Then Mike had a fall on Mount Absalom on New Years Eve and spent five days recovering before we continued with the geology.

We were all back at base in time for relief as was the tractor party which had made the longest tractor traverse by FIDS / BAS and had left a substantial depot at the eastern end of the Shackleton Range for use in subsequent seasons. Mike left base on MV *Perla Dan* for the voyage home but he was able to do some fieldwork on South Georgia to supplement the relatively meagre amount of geology he had been able to do from Halley Bay.

Mike and I shared a tent for about 3 months, all told, and we got along fairly well together. Two geologists working together is not ideal and we achieved little more than half of what we might have done if we had been working separately.

On the other hand, the geological discussions we had in the evenings boosted the confidence of two raw graduates pitched into the field for the first time. There were amusing incidents, such as the evening when Mike heated an unopened tin of sardines on the primus stove; it exploded and sprayed sardine shrapnel all round the inside of the tent!

He was quite adventurous and imaginative when it was his turn to cook so that we enjoyed a variety of evening meals as far as

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that was possible within the limited constraints of meat bar.

He could be irritating when using his cine camera as I had to be 'directed' to walk here, walk there, turn round, and so on, to obtain some pleasing footage.

He was good company and a good teacher of Antarctic field craft so that my later field companions were able to benefit indirectly from Mike's guidance.

Mike is commemorated by Mount Skidmore in the Shackleton Range at 80°19'S, 28°57'W.

Back home he returned to Birmingham to write up his South Georgia work which he successfully submitted as a thesis for an MSc degree in 1971.

After BAS he worked for the National Coal Board but was later made redundant. This meant that he was able to spend more time painting and that developed into a second career.

Many of the people here today will have one or more of Mike's Antarctic paintings on their walls and these are a lasting legacy of his talent. Many Fids commissioned Mike to paint pictures from their photographs.

He produced prints from some of his paintings and also Christmas cards. Perhaps his greatest accolade was being invited to design postage stamps for the British Antarctic Territory!

In 2000 Mike returned to the Antarctic as part of the Marguerite Bay reunion cruise. This gave him a chance to visit the Antarctic Peninsula that he had never seen before although he had painted many scenes for others!

Mike was unable to attend the Halley 60th Anniversary reunion last October but he generously donated the last of his Antarctic canvasses to be sold for the BAS Club Benevolent Fund at an auction that raised about £1,000.

One of Mike's colleagues said that on base he was one of the lads who never stood out, but was always 'there' when something needed to be done! Sadly he is now no longer here in person but he will always be 'there' in our memories.

For interest, here is a list of all the Fids present at the celebration of Mike's life ceremony.

Barry and Jo Heywood, Keith and Lesley Gainey, Alan Wearden, Colin Street, John Fry, Murray Roberts, Mike Burgin, Mike Beddells, Tony Wincott, Alan

Etchells, John Galsworthy, Paul Burton, Paul Coslett, Peter Clarkson.

Memory from John 'Golly' Galsworthy

I think I could call Skid one of my Pals on base. On the attempt to get to the Shackleton Mountains I sledged with Nick Mathys and Skid with Pete "Neon" Noble. As a team we got on very well so making the trip an enjoyable experience.

After returning to the U.K. Mike's artistic skill had become apparent. He agreed to paint a picture for me but, as I was still working abroad, we never really agreed on what I wanted.

However, at a reunion he said, "I have your picture,"

It is just fantastic and hangs on my lounge wall so it is a constant reminder of my time at Halley Bay and, of course, Skid.

At various reunions we would have a beer or two and I know I will miss him, as will many others.



(Mike Skidmore – photo Peter Noble)

Mike Skidmore By Peter Noble

Mike's introduction to Antarctica wasn't the Peninsula 'cruise' that most of us Fids enjoyed, he was straight into action geologising the area around Stromness and then transferred direct to Halley for the 67-68 tour of duty.

We became good friends when, as GA, I was assigned to assist Mike on the first Shackleton's Reconnaissance from Halley. It was a tractor and dog expedition but eventually the tractors had to return to base leaving two dog

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teams 500 miles out in the bundoo at the head of the Slessor glacier.

It was then that Mike and I teamed up and I got to know him much better.

Unfortunately by this time we were still some hundred and sixty miles from any rock with limited possibility of reaching it.

(Mike fox-trotting with Luqa – photo Peter Noble)

Nevertheless, he and I pressed on leaving the other team with Nick Mathys and John Gallsworthy to explore northwards.

Instead of being angry or frustrated at being unable to pursue his geology I found Mike to be a quiet, phlegmatic, reflective and attentive colleague. He learned quickly about, and thoroughly enjoyed dog driving and he was a very easy and companionable tent-mate.



(Point Touche Mike and Peter - photo Peter Noble)

Conversations could be wide ranging from learned discourses on geology (where I learned much) to less learned discourses on the universe and everything, including much imaginative nonsense.

He also tolerated my poetry and

songs with an air of positive critical interest.

However, I do recall one serious occasion when he started to suffer from a very painful and debilitating boil in the bum and he also complained of gum and toothache and minor joint ache. I mused that it sounded rather like scurvy but couldn't be as we had the ascorbic acid tablets. He snatched open the food box and swallowed a handful of the little pills, admitting he hadn't taken any since leaving base... The boil burst beautifully and all the pain ceased.

Sadly we didn't make it to the mountains but did enjoy exciting views of a range never seen before (now the Pioneer Escarpment) and then returned on a wonderful 600 miles sledge journey back to Halley.

Sir Vivian in his wisdom didn't want to run the risk of missing rock on a second attempt, so persuaded the Americans to fly the geologists, including Mike, and the surveyors to the Shacks the next year where much good work was done.

On leaving Halley, he was offered the chance to geologise a remote area of South Georgia and he invited me to assist him; perhaps the work was compensation for his missing the first season in the Shacks. We spent a glorious two months camped at Prinz Olaf Harbour before being picked up by the old Biscoe.

Mike was a budding artist and while at Halley he experimented with palate-knife work and acrylics which became his favoured medium and can be seen in all his now well-known works; and I treasure the originals that he gave me as a wedding present and to mark other celebratory occasions.

His greetings when we met back in England (which were all too few) were always warm, cheerful and concerned for one's own welfare, even when later he himself was suffering his cancer. He also tried to adopt a pseudo-hippy carefree attitude with his psychedelic VW minibus and his flowery shirts but he never quite made it, he was always the steady, thoughtful, caring "Skid" of old.

A good Fid. Yes we had some terrific times together...

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Michael “Mike” Skidmore or “Skid”

By Nick Mathys

Mike served as a geologist based at Halley Bay, at a difficult time. The old IGY base, built in 1955/56, was being crushed beneath the snow and had to be replaced.

The primary work, for all those who could be spared under the guidance of professional builders, was to get the new base up.

Mike, like the rest of us working under the professional builders, had to become a useful builder’s assistant, and did so effectively.

Once the huts were up, and mid-winter celebrated, work began on sledge preparation in the temporary vacant office block. Meanwhile the tractor mechanics made their vital preparations so they could lay depots for the advance dog teams.

The previous season had seen a thorough survey, both topographical and geological, of the Therons. The target for this season, 1967/68, was the Shackletons. These had been briefly visited by the IGY team, who had made an excellent outline map. Now they were to be given the full survey and geological treatment.

However, an obstacle existed in the shape of the Slessor Glacier. First, optimistically, this was assumed to be quite small. It proved to be, not only uncrossable, but also too long to get round the head.

Mike was one of four which included Peter Noble, John Galsworthy and myself, who worked from depots laid by the tractors. Mike and Peter got within a frustratingly short distance from the head of the Slessor, but could not make it. A long return journey was all we had to show for a season’s work and, of course, no geology.

Much debate continued about the next season but Vivian Fuchs skilfully negotiated with the Americans to fly a party from Halley Bay to the “Shacks” as they had inevitably become known.

After much communication, a Hercules aircraft, with a spare one in the sky out of sight, landed at Halley and picked up Mike Skidmore and Peter Clarkson (geologists), and Harry Wiggans and myself (GAs), and flew us to the “Shacks”.

Survey and geology was successful and Mike had something useful to show for his work down south.

On returning to the UK, and after leaving the survey, Mike made his own way. To other people’s pleasure, he trained himself as a painter. He made a significant number of pictures of the Antarctic. There is one on my wall as I write.

Skill and practice improved his style and he had reason to be proud of his work

He was a regular attendee at reunions and we had the enjoyment of his company on many occasions.

I need to say no more to those many of us who knew him and our thoughts are with his family at this sad time

3 March 2017

From John Edwards

And many Signy Fids remember him for his lovely painting of the Bransfield sailing into the Normanna Strait to relieve the old ‘plastic palace’ with the Coronation Island peaks set off by an ice-filled Factory Cove – a print of which adorns my dining room wall.

I remember Mike telling me at the meet-up in April 2013 to scatter Humph Smith’s ashes in his Herefordshire nature reserve that he’d been having cancer treatment and that he hoped that it “had wound his clock up for a few more years”.

Well he didn’t do too badly, although of course one always hopes for full remission.

Very sad.

From Jonathan Barker

I was very sad to hear of Mike’s passing in BAS Club News yesterday. He also spent time at South G (where I was 72-74) as a Geologist but, as far as I’m aware we didn’t meet at that time –

I think he was there a few years before. I love Mike’s paintings as so many of us do – and for me his South G ones are very special. I’m lucky enough to have his picture of Cave Cove where Shackleton and his boat crew landed first on the West Coast of the island. I often talked to Mike at our reunions and it was a real pleasure to have known him.

My thoughts go out to his wife, Sylvia and his family. RIP Mike

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WILLIAM MUNRO SIEVWRIGHT 1941-2017

Geologist Halley Bay 1964-1965

By Phil Cotton



*(Munro Sievwright in the Himalayas
photo by permission of Stella Sievwright)*

Ed note:-the photograph and the extracts from the family's funeral address are included by kind permission of Stella Sievwright.

Munro Sievwright, who died peacefully on 18th February 2017 after a long illness, spent his entire working life with the British Antarctic Survey. He joined the Survey in 1963 as a geophysicist after graduating from Edinburgh University.

Munro was assigned to Base Z, Halley Bay, for two years and became part of the large science team based there in the mid-sixties to carry out the Survey's role in the programme known as the International Quiet Sun Years (IQSY).

I first met Munro in Port Stanley in November 1963. He was one of the southbound new Fids who arrived on the John Biscoe (I had come south on the first ship of the season, the Shackleton, a month earlier and was working in Stanley). We met again in January 1964, when the Fids destined for Halley Bay departed from South Georgia on the Kista Dan. We sailed a long way east and south-east, passing within sight of two of the South Sandwich Islands, and headed south along the meridian of 9 degrees west. Captain Petersen was using information from the

Magga Dan and the south African vessel, RSA, which were south-east of us, to help him plot a possible route through the pack ice. We made good progress south and south west for several days reaching about 71 South and 9 West before we came up to ice that was not deemed worth attacking. We retreated north and looked for better leads.

On 25th January, Harry Rogers, Munro and I volunteered to act as porters for the equipment which Colin Dean needed to land on an ice floe for his project to study the damping out of wave motion by pack ice. (Colin had wintered at Halley in 1961 and was on a Summer Charlie back to his old haunts). While Harry and I bored through the ice with an auger to measure its thickness and Colin set up his time-lapse photography system, Munro skied off across the floe to estimate its extent. He was plainly very proficient at skiing and must have brought his own skis with him, as we were not issued with BAS skis until the wintering party was settled in at base. In no time at all and in less time than it took us to drill a hole in the ice, Munro reported back to Colin that the floe was 1350 ski-walking paces or about one mile across.

Two days later we reached Halley Bay along a shore lead under the cliffs of the Brunt Ice Shelf, spent a frantic week unloading the ship, waved goodbye to it and to links with the outside world for a year or so and settled down to our new life.

In the winters of 1964 and 1965, the base personnel at Halley Bay included 5 geophysicists and an ionospherics team of 4 in overall wintering parties of 30 (in 1964) and 32 (in 1965). Munro's particular role was that of Aurora Observer. This meant that in spring and autumn his work was almost entirely done on the night shift. In the new “office block” (which Tony Baker and his unskilled but willing team built in autumn 1964) Munro's “office space” was a small darkened corner of the met office, from which he would pop out of a hatch with his eyes tuned to night vision and make recordings of what was visible. He did a lot of manual photography and there was also a system of recording the presence or *absence* (it being the “Quiet Years” for emission of particles from the Sun) of aurora using the All-Sky Camera.

Before the winter came around, it emerged that Munro had not only brought his

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own skis to Halley but he had also come equipped with golf clubs and a set of red balls. Efforts at setting up a usable “course” were not entirely successful but it was a different form of recreation for a while. At that time I didn't know just how good a golfer Munro was. I learnt at his funeral that he had in 1962, while a student at Edinburgh, won an amateur golfers' competition at Carnoustie, which goes by the splendid name of the Craw's Nest Tassie (a tassie is a silver drinking cup). The competition, held on a course which hosts the Open Championship, attracts entries from all over Scotland. Then as now, you had to be very good even to qualify and extremely good to win it.

In our second year at Halley Bay, Munro was the Deputy Base Leader. During March and April, the BL (me) skived off on an extended Autumn tractor journey – my excuse being that I was the only person on base with recent knowledge of the Bob Pi Crossing, our route through the crevassed “hinge zone” between the Ice Shelf and the inland ice. The trip brought back men and equipment from an out-station 200 miles south of Halley and did depot-laying work on our route east towards the Heimefrontfjella. Munro took charge of the base, which had to operate on depleted manpower with 12 people out in the field. He also carried out his own work on the night shift and led the team which successfully built a new balloon-launching shed, for which the assembly drawings had got no further than Port Stanley.

Towards the end of 1965 another of Munro's previously unknown skills came to the fore, when he carved a wooden memorial plaque for Jeremy Bailey, John Wilson and David (Dai) Wild, who were killed in October, when their Muskeg tractor went down a crevasse to the north of the Tottanfjella some 350 miles out from base. Munro and other base members repaired the Neville Mann memorial cairn, added our plaque to it and mounted the cairn on a small metal sledge.

[Neville Mann was lost with his dog team on a training run in August 1963, when a storm swept away sea ice from Halley Bay].

In 2011, I was delighted to learn on Andy Smith's excellent Zfids web site that the Halley wintering party of that year had found the time, materials and enthusiasm to repair the memorial

and re-site it on a mound near the base. The photographs they took and their comments indicate that the original carved plaques were re-used. Munro's 1965 work for his colleagues had lasted a long time.

When we returned from the Antarctic to the UK in 1966, I kept in touch with Munro. He joined Joe Farman's BAS Geophysics team in Edinburgh. There he met Stella – at the wedding of another Halley Bay geophysicist, James Westwood, to Shelagh, who was a friend of Stella. In the late 60's and early 70's I was working in the north-west of England and occasionally spent happy weekends in Edinburgh with Stella, Munro and their two young sons, Malcolm and Graeme - I remember lots of visits to the Botanic Gardens.

In 1976, BAS was greatly re-organised. The administration and science divisions were all brought together from various parts of the UK into new buildings at Cambridge. Munro, Stella and their sons moved from Edinburgh to Cambridge in April of that year. Munro moved from Science to the Finance section of BAS in April 1978 and transferred to the Establishments Section as Head of Personnel in July 1987.

In the years when Munro and Stella lived at Cambridge, Wendy and I were always pleased to welcome them to our house in Northumberland, as an overnight stopping point on their epic journeys between East Anglia and the north of Scotland, where they would visit Munro's parents and brothers in Arbroath. We also spent a number of happy times in Cambridge with them, either to attend BAS Club reunions or just when passing to visit relatives in the south-east of England. I remember on one occasion being shown a newly built soft fruit protection cage in the back garden at Porson Road. Memory suggests that it was about as big as a tennis court. Memory has a tendency to exaggerate these things but it was an impressive piece of design and construction.

Munro did not lose his taste for adventurous ski journeys. He made high level traverses in the Alps on a number of occasions and went on treks in the Himalayas.

Munro made a large number of summer trips to the Antarctic, starting in 1974 when he was away for four months. There were about 7 other trips in the 1980's and 1990's. On one of them, it would have been either 1983 or 1984, he

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met my nephew David Cotton, who was a geophysicist at Faraday on the Argentine Islands. David reported that Munro was one of the few BAS UK staff he had met who knew what life was really like on the bases.

In 1995 Munro agreed to become only the third Honorary Secretary of the Antarctic Club since its foundation in 1927 and held the position from 1996 until 1999. He took over from Professor Alfred Stephenson who had taught BAS surveyors astro surveying at Ascot in the 1960s. Peter Clarkson acted on Munro's behalf as Honorary Secretary during his illness.

Munro was taken ill suddenly in 1997, when he was recruiting for BAS at universities in South Wales. His illness proved difficult to diagnose and his condition deteriorated rapidly. Munro retired from BAS in May 1998 and after some years of being looked after at home by Stella, there came a point where he needed full-time nursing care. Stella found an excellent nursing home at Meadow House in Swaffham, Norfolk where Munro was looked after for the rest of his life with dignity and compassion.

In recent times, the BAS Club benevolent fund provided Munro with framed photographs of the 1964 and 1965 Halley wintering parties. The staff at Meadow House said that the photographs brought a smile to Munro's face.

Munro's funeral was at Park Grove Crematorium near Arbroath on 8th March 2017. The service was non-religious, in accordance with his own wishes, and included readings by Stella's nephew and by members of the Sievwright family. The family tribute, put together by Stella, Malcolm and Graeme was read by Graeme. The large gathering at the service included three of Munro's BAS colleagues from his years at Halley Bay.

As Graeme said in his address, “let the last years of his life fade in your memories and I am sure that in the days, weeks and months to come yet another memory of Dad will put a smile on your face and in your heart”. Yes, Graeme, you're right, it will.

From John Davies

Munro was “a good bloke”. He was very kind to me & Brian Cornuck as we trained as base geophysicists in Edinburgh in 1969 prior to going South. He, together with Jim Jamieson, acted as a foil to Joe Farman who, at times, was

not very impressed with our work or attitude! I'm glad Munro is at peace at last.

My sincere condolences to Stella and her sons.

From John Bawden

If memory serves me right, Munro Sievwright transferred from part of Atmospheric Sciences Division in Edinburgh to Administration Division in Cambridge during the 1970s. He was Deputy Establishment Officer, later becoming Establishment Officer (now known as Head of Human Resources) on the retirement of Eric Salmon.

Munro's experience of wintering at Halley was always most welcome during my time as Head of Administration, Logistics and Operations. His unstinting efforts and dedicated hard work made a significant contribution towards the well being of BAS staff.

He was, among other things, a single figure handicap golfer and a very experienced off-piste skier.

He retired early on medical grounds and, sadly, spent most of the following 20 years in a care home.

BEN HODGES 1936 – 2017

Builder, Deception 1960-62: GA Stonington 1962-4

Polar Medal and Fuchs Medal



By Peter Kennett

Ben died suddenly in Sheffield on 19th January 2017, although his health had been declining steadily for some years because of that cruel affliction, Alzheimer's Disease.

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Sheffield was very much Ben's home city, he having been born and brought up in a coal mining family on the east side of the city. His early career included National Service in the Army, where he was posted to the Suez Canal Zone, and learned essential survival skills. He continued to live somewhat dangerously as a scaffolder, and then as a steel erector in Sheffield's steel industry. As this declined, he went even higher and became a steeplejack for 18 months or so – just reading his account of climbing factory chimneys on a scaling ladder (in the transcript of his BAS Club Oral History interview¹) is enough to induce vertigo in the uninitiated!

Seeing an advert for steel erectors for FIDS, Ben was appointed for an eight month contract and set sail on the Shackleton in September 1960, to erect the steelwork for the hangar at Deception Island. Four years later, his mother was heard to say on the FIDS programme, “Eh, Ben, lad; when are you coming home?!”

the winter, whilst his colleague, Pete Secker, returned home.

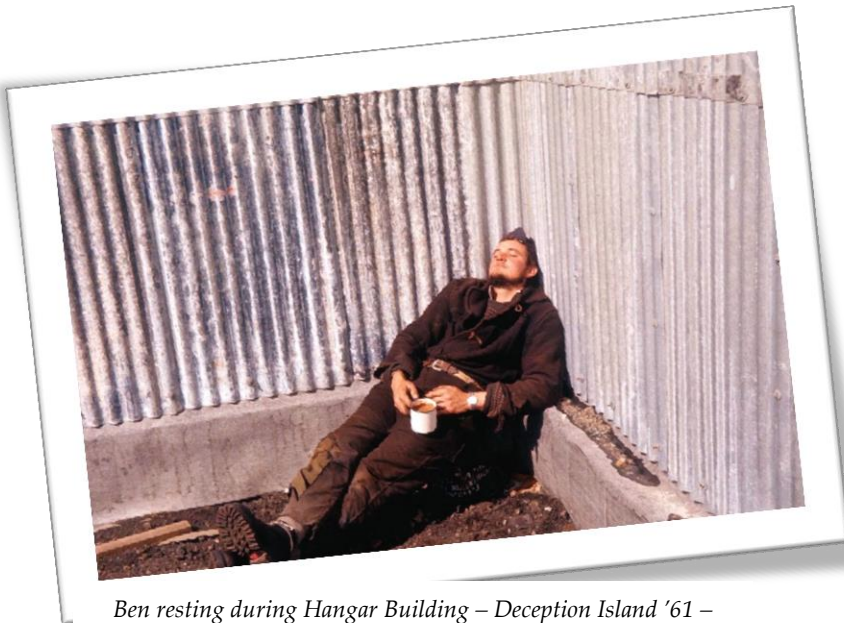
Deception always had a few retired sledge dogs on base and Ben soon acquired a liking for running them and visiting the Chilean and Argentinian bases with them.

This led him to sign on for another spell at a sledging base, and he was posted to Stonington. Here he ran his own team, the Moomins, and in 1963/4 was “dog man” with ultimate responsibility, together with their drivers, for the four other teams, too - Trops, Giants, Spartans and Vikings, a task which he undertook with enthusiasm and common sense.

Ben claimed that he had never taken a photo before FIDS, and that he wasn't a cook: yet it was Ben who turned out some superb prints, which have been used to illustrate other people's books; processed Ektachrome, with its need for very precise temperature control; and made some excellent goodies, including birthday cakes on the appropriate occasions, if he happened to be on cook.

Both on base and in the field, everybody extended their range of reading matter, whether that be the well-known books of polar exploration or the classics of literature, and for Ben in particular this was probably an eye-opener. When sledging, weight is important, so the six of us on the four month Larsen Ice Shelf trip chose as wide a range as possible, then swapped round the library once we had finished. Several memorable sessions resulted, sitting 6 people in one tent on a lie-up day discussing the finer points of the plot of *Anna Karenina* – an activity which Ben would probably not have enjoyed at school (nor the rest of us, if truth be told!).

The main function of the dog drivers at base was, of course, to enable the scientists to carry out their field work safely, and in some cases to conduct their own programme. In this, Ben and his beloved Moomins, usually led by Dot, performed impeccably as part of the Larsen Project in 1963/4. The first phase was for two dog teams to carry out an autumn reconnaissance of the notorious route up the North-East Glacier, across the plateau, and down the badly crevassed



*Ben resting during Hangar Building – Deception Island '61 –
photo Mike Cousins*

Ben was always a tower of strength, both physically and in his encouragement for his team mates, but even he overdid it at Deception when he slipped a disc using a heavy petrol- driven drill to break up the permafrost. This resulted in a stay in the King Edward VII Hospital in Stanley, flat on his back, but he was declared fit in time to return to Deception before the end of the season, to carry on with the steelwork over

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Bill’s Gulch to the shelf ice. Meanwhile, the depot group, consisting of Ben and George McLeod with their teams, Mike Fleet, Tony Marsh and myself with two Eliasons, hauled 1½ tons of stores up and over, following the flagged route, returning in early May, as the days shortened and the cold intensified.



(Ben with Moomins Northeast Glacier - photo Ivor Morgen)

In the spring, the Larsen party set out from Stonington again, this time using the longer but arguably safer route up the Snowshoe Glacier. The party mostly travelled in two groups of three men, separated by tens or hundreds of miles across the shelf, and of course the usual sort of thrills, near-misses and successes experienced by any sledge party in the 1960s happened to us too. On one memorable occasion, the Eliason group arrived at Three Slice Nunatak after the dog men (nothing unusual there!), to find Ben nursing a swollen lip, and feeling a bit sorry for himself. He explained that in his usual affectionate rough play with the Moomins, he had inadvertently bitten one of the dogs in the ear. Understandably, the dog bit him back. Ron Tindal had stitched it with his usual dexterity, and as Ben said, “I can’t blame Gino – I bit him first!”

Although all the dog drivers loved their dogs to bits, Ben was perhaps an exception in that he never swore at the Moomins (“well, hardly ever”, to quote HMS Pinafore!). Instead, he would suddenly break out into a warble in a high falsetto, upon which the whole team would

turn round, grin, as only a husky can, and redouble their efforts!

Taken together, the party ranged as far north as Exasperation Inlet and covered nearly a thousand miles in the four months. The aircraft were unable to lift us out from the Larsen, so we sledged out, using the old route up Bills Gulch.

Almost within sight of base, however, disaster struck. Coming off the plateau there was a convex slope, which meant that the leading sledge could not be seen by those behind. To avoid possibly running in to each other on the very steep slope, therefore, teams set off at 5 minute intervals, Ben and Mike with the Moomins leading. Ron and Tony Marsh followed, and then Ian McMorris and myself. As we descended, we could see that there was trouble ahead, with everybody stopped and only one dog team visible on the snow. The Moomins, on a centre trace, had inadvertently followed along the line of an unseen crevasse, and the whole team had gone down like a zip fastener. Ben and Mike had been able to capsize the sledge, to save it from going down as well, and the four men were busy rigging up a rope so that Ben could go down and rescue his dogs, when Ian and I arrived to give what help we could.



(Ben combing Eccles on the Larsen Ice Shelf – photo Peter Kennett)

Most of the dogs were swinging in their harnesses, and we hauled them up one by one, but two of them had had a fight and had dropped further down the crevasse, so Ben thought they had perished, until he spotted them waiting quietly on a ledge, waiting for their loyal driver to come and get them! Ben had gone down without self-rescue Jumar cleats, so we had to haul him bodily out of the hole, before we could

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lash up and get under way again. After that, it was a non-stop run down to Stonington, where we arrived at 4 a.m and woke the occupants to put the kettle on!

Years later, the Antarctic Place Names Committee named a prominent headland on the Foyn Coast *Hodges Point*, so Ben’s name lives on in the area which he so enjoyed exploring.



(Ben stitching dog harness – photo Peter Kennett)

After all this excitement, Ben was still in no hurry to get home and spent some time in the Falklands rebuilding Bodie Creek Bridge.

Once back in the UK, Ben qualified with an HNC and worked as a lab technician for Shirecliffe College, followed by a variety of jobs, including fibre glass moulding and assisting with seismic surveys in the North Sea at the height of the hydrocarbon boom. Apparently, his job was to send explosive charges whizzing off the back of the vessel down an insulated cable, to explode once the charge reached the bare wires at the end – hoping that the insulation had not frayed in the meantime! On return to port from one of these ventures in 1967, he received a brown envelope, OHMS, informing him that he had been awarded the Polar Medal, and would he please come to collect it from her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Like other FIDS recipients of the medal, Ben had no idea why he had been selected, but he was chuffed nonetheless, although bemused at the inscription round the rim which named him *Benjamin Hodges*. “The engraver could have saved himself a bit of time – I was christened *Ben!*”

Ben’s back problem broke out again, but this turned out to be a blessing in disguise, since it led to his meeting and later marrying Cathy, one of his physiotherapists, and in due course, bringing up Helen. In later years, Ben assisted Helen in setting up her hairdressing business and in doing her accounts.

Still wishing to have active physical employment, Ben set up in his own business in partnership with another practical man, Peter Harrison, and they ran “H & H Architectural Antiques” whereby they stripped out the saleable bits of old Sheffield buildings and displayed them in a depot in the city centre. Some items found their way to Ben and Cathy’s Georgian house, and at one time, the hall boasted a large (working) juke box and some stained glass with a Latin inscription. Ben couldn’t translate it, and neither could those of us visitors who had been forced to take O Level Latin! Ben must have used his old car to transport materials around, since he had taken out the front seat, so any passenger had to sit on an old wooden box (before the days of seat belts!).

Eventually, the lure of the polar regions called again, and Ben returned for many summer seasons with BAS, building and repairing huts, and jacking up the structures at Halley, before the introduction of the current moveable buildings. Ben revisited Stonington with an American restoration party (with Dave Routledge) to represent the British interest, reported in the March 1993 National Geographic Magazine. The article does, of course feature the American Base, and our old base only appears in a small aerial view of the island.

He also worked for the Antarctic Heritage Trust, renovating Port Lockroy, as the tourist trade was being initiated, and ensuring that the whalers’ church at Grytviken on South Georgia was weatherproof.

The value of this work, and the period of time for which Ben had worked for BAS was rewarded with the Fuchs Medal in 1996. It seems that the medal itself had not been minted in time for the surprise award at a BAS reunion, so he was presented with a bent beer can lid *pro tem* (remember the jokes about a chocolate Polar Medal!). The proper medal was awarded to Ben later by Sir Vivian Fuchs in Cambridge, not long before our former Director died.

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At home, Ben would do anything for anyone, and Jon and Sue Clennell have always been grateful for Ben’s great physical capabilities in digging out, by hand, 30m or so of trench at their cottage in the Peak District, so that the old hydraulic ram, which was their only water supply, could be made to work again.



(Ben at Port Lockroy – photo BAS Archives AD9-0036)

As Ben’s dementia gathered pace, he and Cathy moved to a more convenient bungalow in the Sheffield suburbs, in 2015/16, where he still cheerfully welcomed visitors over a coffee, and got out the photo albums to reminisce about the good old days. He was always a dependable, encouraging friend and will be sadly missed by many. Our deepest sympathy goes out to Cathy and Helen and to the wider family as they adjust to Ben’s absence from the planet, but there will be many happy memories, well worth treasuring and re-telling.

¹ http://basclub.org/wp-content/uploads/baohp-transcripts/ad6_24_1_44_2.pdf

² A photo of Ben, with Ron Tindal, “playing” snowshoes, appeared in the obituary for Ron in BAS Club Magazine 76. This was in fact Mike Fleet’s print and not Peter Kennett’s, whose similar photo was not so clear. Apologies to Mike!

Ben Hodges From Allan Wearden

I first really met Ben when he came down to Halley early in 1990 to help close down the site, but the following season we sailed south together on the Bransfield is when I really got to know him well.

This being my first season as King Fid and certainly Ben was somebody you could always go to when needing volunteers for

moving gear between decks, something the Chief Steward always seemed to need!

That was a very interesting season at Halley due to the Bransfield only having the use of one engine south of Stanley, and each morning the rumour mill always had a different story?

Turning back to Montevideo, heading to Cape Town, carrying on to Halley? Which in fact is what happened, not sure if Ben and the Captain put some of these stories together each morning?

It proved to be a very short season of just 6 weeks on the ice due to the ship problems, so Ben did lots of different jobs and finally helping to removed all the kitchen equipment through the roof on the Weatherhaven via a crane.

He also ended up being involved in the infamous K16 incident en-route back to the ship, involving our last case of beer although that was really my fault and I think the end comment was that we should both know better!! He elected to stay on the Bransfield all the way back to UK as it limped back for repairs, and remember him being involved in the casting off of the ship from Montevideo as it had been delayed leaving for an overdue crew member!

He did one more season at Halley, which included a stop off at SG and he did quick hike over to Stromness after we had unloaded at Husvik on our way south.

Before he was overjoyed to be offered a Base GA job at Rothera for the following season and certainly met him in Stanley again while he was trying out the sauna on the James Clark Ross, which was a bit of a shock as I showed some ladies over the new ship!

That season we dropped him off with a group at Damoy and being stuck there for a couple of days waiting for the flight to Rothera, he was very pleased to be able to explore a route down to Port Lockroy and look over the old base.

Later that season I think he wangled a trip with Americans to inspect the old Stonington base, which he was disappointed to find is very much just a shell these days!

I think he was also involved in starting the first Rothera half marathon around the runway. We met up again in Stanley in 1994 both waiting for a flight down to Rothera, which ended up being delayed due to the loss of a visiting aircraft down there giving us the

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opportunity to visit a couple of the nearby Camp stations.

At base he was was very proud of the waste unit which he ran, with everything now having to be packed to be taken out of the Antarctic.

I ended up at Fossil Bluff for a break with Ben, who put me to work wheeling barrow loads of scree as he filled up 45 gallon drums to stop the hut slipping into the sound!

This proved to Ben's last trip with BAS as he was now 60 which he was very disappointed about, but it didn't stop him going south due to working with UKAHT in doing up Port Lockroy and then the whalers church on South Georgia and finally taking an America millionaire around looking at the scrap metal, with a view to recycling it!

In 1996 Ben was awarded the Fuchs medal at the club reunion in North Yorkshire, but as the medals were being recast he was given a substitute! And was then very proud of the fact that he then went down to Cambridge and was the last person to have one presented by Sir Vivian himself!

We always kept in touch and he used to enjoy coming on the *infamous canal pub crawl* each June in Blackburn as well as attending birthday parties and in September 2001 my early Christmas Party.

In which he managed to lock his car key in the car, followed by the gem of a phone call to the AA saying, 'I've locked my keys in the car, when coming look for the house with Christmas tree and lights up, and I've got a big white beard'!! Fair play to the AA they did attend and sort him out!

He kept a promise to come to the first MBR which myself and Jenny Dean organised and then one more after that, but not getting the enjoyment out of them that he used to due to the ongoing dementia

Had visited last spring for a lunch at the local pub, but his dementia was sadly getting worse all the time and he was so lucky that he had Cathy to look after him. But I will certainly look back on some great times we spent together, and with the amount of people attending his thanksgiving service it brings home how well he was thought of in the FIDS community!

Ben Hodges

Memories from Dave Burkitt,

Here's a few memories I have of Ben which you may like to include in the next magazine..

In the early 90's Ben went south again, having got a job as a base GA at Rothera. He was very much respected and looked upon as a father figure by the younger base members.

In 1993 I organised a half marathon around the base. 'The Great South Run'. There was loads of enthusiasm for the event, even a radio interview with the Beeb.

Two base members, the doctor, Charlie Siderfin and Ben actually completed a full marathon. Contrary to what some of the cruise ship operators claim (the marathon on King George Island) The Rothera event was the first marathon in Antarctica, completed by Ben and Charlie.

I next worked with Ben on the renovation of Port Lockroy in 1996. We went south on board HMS Endurance, calling in at Deception on route. We went for a walk up the ridge above Neptunes Window. From that viewpoint Ben gave a vivid account of the layout of the whaling station, where Sir Hubert Wilkins first Antarctic runway had been and of course his description of the building of the hangar.

At Lockroy we were soon busy making good the damage caused by the elements over 35 years since the base was last occupied. All gash had to be shipped out and Ben enthusiastically took on the task of sorting through everything, filling empty oil drums and sealing them for shipping out as landfill. Barrowing everything down to the waters edge. When the weather was foul the rest of us would be busying away at an inside task, while Ben was in his element quietly getting on with the job in hand.

I remember him chipping away at several foot thick ice with a pick axe under the old genny shed. Retrieving and re cycling sheets of corrugated iron, he came across an old cast iron stove 'Slow But Sure' with a tortoise embossed on the lid. As a part time project Ben resurected the stove, crafting a coiled wire handle for the lid and repairing the main body, then blacking it. That same stove is still standing, pride of place in the lounge at Lockroy.

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Ben had a great sense of humour. One day we were all invited on board one of the visiting cruise ships for a wash and brush up.

This was how Ben described it in the base diary that evening...

"The ship is the Bremen with 150 passengers on board, mainly Germans. The captain invites us on board and says we can have a shower. He is waiting to welcome us on board when the zodiac goes alongside and we strip off our boots and heavy weather clothing and he immediately takes us up to the bar and buys drinks all round. After a couple of rounds we all go off for a shower and change of clothes and then back to the bar for more drinks and a meal. A three-piece band is playing on a stage beneath a large glass chandelier - one piece of the band is a grand piano! A very friendly fraulein who looks like an aged Marlene Dietrich with a dash of character from 'Allo Allo', grabs hold of Simon and whisks him onto the polished dance floor. This is doubly embarrassing because he's got a touch of lumbago and his socks are wet through. It was a good job it was only a waltz and not a tango"

So thanks Ben for your good companionship and all those fond memories.

Ben Hodges

From Tim Elvin

I have just heard about the passing of Ben Hodges & I know there will be a lot written by all his friends in the BAS club around the world but wanted to add my recollections of Ben

I sailed down on the JCR in September 1993 a green as grass FID with no real idea or expectation of what awaited me there. Ben was employed as a base GA at Rothera & joined the ship at Fypass for the trip across the Drake to Damoy & then an otter into Rothera.

On first meeting he went out of his way to get to know the new team & share his vast experience of life down south. In those first weeks on base he was always ready to help out in anyway & share his Antarctic lore.

I was deployed out into the field early in the season & did not see much of him apart from a few co-pilot flights on resupply until I returned to base at the end of my field season,

Memorable events during that time of waiting for last call of the JCR (the Branny had caught fire & for a time it looked like our winter

orders would not make it!) were his sadness but delight in being there for the last of the Huskies

He spoke at great length & enthusiasm about his beloved Moomins, Fitzcoraldo as his Foxhat Choice, & his 4 day fasting & running diet (only drink water or black tea for 4 days & run a lap of the runway for every day fasting!).

On my way out of Halley in 1996 I was lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time to join Ben, Rick Atkinson & Dave Burkitt (3 Antarctic luminaries) for the 3 week project to dismantle & catalogue the Portal point hut for its travel to Stanley. During those 3 weeks I had the amazing privilege to listen to some amazing Antarctic history & share laughs & jokes & one of the most amazing experiences of my Antarctic career.

When I left the Branny in Stanley in April I never saw Ben again but will never forget meeting him or the fun & friendship I shared with him."

From Stuart Lawrence

Death is always sad and frequently a surprise to all those closely related to the person, but it all the more tragic when someone so full of life and the enjoyment of life passes away very suddenly, Ben was a true exemplar of the latter. Hence his passing will have been a great shock to Cathy and I know, only too well, that she will be left with a huge gap in her life. She has all my very best wishes and deepest condolences with the hope that she has lots of friends around to support her at this most difficult of times. Ben was larger than life and epitomised the "true Fid".

Stuart (A great friend)

From Terry Tallis

That is very sad news and quite unexpected as I see Ben when we worked together -- The journey on the Shackleton in 1961 and building the aircraft hangar on Deception Island. Always full of life and smiling despite any hardship and never a cross word.

Willing to turn his hand to any job on Base and help other team members. We also passed at Stonington as I was arriving and Ben was leaving. I met Ben in Sheffield on returning home to purchase from his reclamation business. He was liked by everybody and will be sadly

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missed. My sincere condolences to Cathy and family.

From John Sweeny

Our condolences to Cathy and Helen. Ben was an inspiration and example to a generation of fids in the nineties. He travelled south on the maiden voyage of the James Clark Ross in 1992 and for the new recruits to BAS was a friend, an inspiration and a fine example. I am privileged to have worked with him, and to have travelled with him, most especially on the last trip with the huskies on Alexander island in 1994.

God bless him and may he rest in peace.

From Ian Gemmell

What a true gentleman Ben was. When I overwintered at Rothera in 1994 Ben was down as a base GA for each summer as we undertook the erection of a directional hyperbolic radio mast and other such building activities. He was typically the hardest working of all the GA's and those of us roped in as GA's from our other activities.

He was supremely fit given his advanced years even then (he was over 60) and ran the Rothera half marathon in a respectable time. I recall he introduced me to the delights of a knob of butter in our morning porridge whilst we spent 10 days together at Fossil Bluff in early 1995 – porridge reminds me of him still. His recollection of the more heroic days was always a joy to listen to. I am honoured to have met him.

From Charles Howie

In early 1966 I shared a cabin with Ben on the Kista Dan, returning to the UK. Ben had injured his back and was pretty bunk bound, though not in the best of conditions he was very cheerful. I wish I'd had the privilege of overwintering with him, he had a broad and good natured view of life, a pleasure to be with. In the deck cabin we also had a dog, not a husky, which was coming back from Stanley to Southampton, and needed looking after.

The dog wasn't too worried about where he did his business, once it was at the captains door. I think Ben made the apologies for that.

We also had some plants coming back for Dr Stanley Greene, Birmingham University. They were much less trouble. I was grateful to see both

the plant and the dog met and escorted off the boat, and someone met Ben.

Our only meeting, but still a happy memory, 51 years later. What more can one ask of another human?

**CAPTAIN EDMUND MALCOLM
STUART PHELPS -----2017**

– Polar Medallist & OBE



By Chris Elliott (*eulogy spoken at the funeral*).

Malcolm joined BAS in 1964. It is generally believed that he applied as an AB, a qualified seaman rating, but on recognising that Malcolm held a Foreign Going Master's Certificate he was taken on to serve as 2/0 on the John Biscoe. Thus his career with BAS commenced at the age of 36 until he retired in 1991.

I can speak little of his life before BAS, which in itself, tells us something of his character, he rarely spoke about himself.

I, myself, joined BAS in 1967, I completed three Antarctic seasons serving under Malcolm who was C/0. Malcolm was promoted to Master in 1972 and I served as his C/0 for the 73/74 season. From 1975 until 1991 Malcolm and I were co- Masters serving on John Biscoe.

What sort of person was Malcolm? Malcolm had an open friendly and generous

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nature but behind this one felt that there remained quite a degree of privacy and/or mystery. He was a consummate professional seaman also a lover of small craft and sailing. He was modest to an almost impossible degree which probably explains why his initial application to BAS was for an AB's position. He always appeared laid back, he was unflappable, but he could when necessary be very firm and stubborn. He had a great sense of humour and was always excellent company. All who knew him can never forget is mischievous, some might say wicked, smile. He certainly attracted much attention from the fair sex. He was also generous to a fault.

Let me now recall some reminiscences that further illustrate the man Malcolm was.

My first recollection of Malcolm on joining the John Biscoe is that I was made welcome and put at ease, as opposed to the still prevalent attitude in that era of being 'tested to see what you are made of'. Malcolm abhorred any form of bullying and would not tolerate it. His abhorrence of bullying was very much part of his character.

When Malcolm first joined BAS the John Biscoe spent six to eight weeks each season carrying out hydrographic survey with a team of RN hydrographers onboard. This work was intense and required extreme vigilance. The results led to the first accurate charts of the Antarctic Peninsula, greatly enhancing safe navigation in the region, where the bases were situated. In recognition of Malcolm's input to this work over several seasons an islet rising 10m above sea level SW of Hugo Is was named after him --- "Phelps Rock".

Returning to my own recollections it was during my first voyage that Malcolm's unflappability and seamanship saved a situation that could have led to disaster.

The John Biscoe had arrived at South Georgia at the beginning of the 67/68 Antarctic season. The ship was tasked to land a party ashore within the Bay of Isles on Salisbury plain, a long expanse of steep to beach made up of course dark grey sand. With ship anchored the motor launch, a heavily built towing boat, was dispatched to land the party.

On arrival at the beach the launch nosed bow onto the beach to disembark the shore party but within moment a swell came in swinging the

launch beam onto the beach. No amount of effort by the launch crew working waist to chest deep in the sea could free the launch from this predicament.

The situation was relayed to the ship by radio. The Captain, Tom Woodfield, instructed Malcolm to take the motor lifeboat to rescue the launch crew. Malcolm successfully lifted everyone from the beach despite the weather having further deteriorated.

As he made his way back to the ship the lifeboat with its low powered engine could barely make headway in the now gale force wind. The Captain having anticipated this had weighed anchor and moved the ship towards the lifeboat, gave a lee and the boat was recovered onboard.

A number of those rescued were in the early staging of hypothermia but for Malcolm's skill the situation could have ended tragically. It was an early lesson to me on how the weather can change suddenly and how easily a situation can quickly become dangerous.

Another incident during my early years that is more amusing than anything else occurred at Deception Is. It was from Deception Is, at that time, that the aircraft operated.

John Biscoe delivered all the fuel for the aircraft consisting of approximately 250 45gallon drums of avgas. Discharge of these drums using the scow, an engineless barge, and the launch to tow it, was nearing completion. The Captain impatient for the work to be completed to sail onward demanded of the C/O, Malcolm, why the discharge was taking so long and in his exasperation suggested the drums could get themselves ashore faster if cast over the side of the ship.

Malcolm in his calm layback fashion proceeded to the aft deck where the drums were stowed and relayed to the Bosun that the Captain felt that the operation was taking too long and further casually mentioned the Captain's suggestion. Whereupon, the Bosun cast what would have been the final load of drums over the side.

However, as is the way of things in Antarctica the wind changed direction and instead of the drums making for the shore they headed seaward to the immediate consternation and concern of the Base personnel.

All the ship's small craft had to be immediately launched to hold the drums escape;

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until the scow and launch had circled round to recover each drum. Luckily, no drums were lost but the ship was delayed for at least an hour longer than it would have been had the normal system of discharge been maintained. The net result was one angry and furious but silent Captain and one smiling whistling to himself C/O Malcolm. A time for a junior 3/0 to maintain a low profile.

Although I have relayed one account of Malcolm's seamanship I would like to elaborate a little further. Above all those who sailed under Malcolm were in safe hands. He was a cautious professional who took careful account of all actions and likely consequences. If he considered a particular task, ill-conceived or too risky he would not proceed and would quietly resist all pressure that might be brought to bear. He could be firm and some might say stubborn in such circumstances. Over confidence mixed by too much ego can be a dangerous trait in a Ship's Master, Malcolm never ever was guilty of that being always modest and working as a team with his officers.

It is worth mentioning that during the fifteen years that I co-mastered with Malcolm; the John Biscoe spent quite a portion of each Antarctic season supporting science. This took two basic forms one was the undertaking of near shore and offshore biological research. And I see that there are a number here today who sailed as scientists on these programmes

The other category involved putting parties ashore in small craft for various research projects. The areas to be visited were generally off the normal routes that the ship would take during logistic operations and therefore it frequently meant navigating in areas very poorly if at all surveyed.

A considerable portion this work took place off the exposed SW facing coast of the South Georgia an area relatively unknown except to whale catcher Captains who tended not to record any of their findings. In order that information was not lost the BAS ships with the aid of the hydrographic office in Taunton had devised a collector chart system. Over the years this led to a comprehensive set of usable charts off the SW facing coast of South Georgia much of which was carried out on Malcolm's watch.

I don't think it unfair to say that Malcolm could be a little eccentric. Shortly following his

retirement I had managed to persuade Malcolm to visit myself and Francoise for a couple of nights, an achievement in itself.

After the first night I rose at a Christian hour to find Malcolm in the kitchen having been up for some time. Malcolm asked if I had listened to the morning Shipping forecast that is broadcast at about 0530 in the morning.

Puzzled I replied no Malcolm I had not listened.

Well he said it's giving fog soon for Wight, Portland and Plymouth and if I leave shortly I should avoid it on my way home.

No amount of pressure brought to bear by us could persuade him otherwise, you will recognise this. I have yet to meet anybody else who listens to the shipping forecast to determine driving conditions.

That there are so many friends and colleagues here today to pay their final respects speaks far more than my words can convey of the deep affection and respect that we all had for Malcolm.

I also know that there are quite a number of other colleagues that would be here today if it weren't for ill health or their distance from here.

There are many in the Falkland Is who remember Malcolm and would be with us today but for the distance.

Another memory of Malcolm I recall is that on the rare occasions when the ship was in Stanley FI on a Sunday he would round up the Catholics onboard to go to Mass at St Mary's. Following Mass we were always invited into the presbytery for coffee or tea. Happy days!

Following Malcolm's retirement in 1991 he met Lynda via mutual friends in Brixham.

Their friendship developed into love and prior to Malcolm becoming ill they shared an active and happy life within the Brixham community.

On behalf of all Malcolm's friends and colleagues I wish to acknowledge the love and caring devotion shown by Lynda to Malcolm especially during his ill-health in his final years.

EDS Note:- members can read Malcolm Phelps obituary in The Times dated 25 April 2017.

This is the link:-

<https://www.thetimes.co.uk/article/malcolm-phelps-w8vtn7q3z>

Obituaries "In Memoriam" Tributes

Captain Malcolm Phelps
British Antarctic Survey 1964 – 1991
Master, RRS John Biscoe 1972 – 1991

From Barry Heywood

Malcolm died on 8th April this year, aged 88. His memorial service was held in the Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart and St Therese, Paignton on Tuesday 25th April

The congregation of approximately 70 included 17 ex-BAS personnel, of which five were fellow Captains, several other senior ship' officers and 4 scientists who had worked from the John Biscoe on the BAS Offshore Biological Programme.

In his Eulogy, Captain Chris Elliot spoke of Malcolm's excellent seamanship, his modesty, quiet sense of humour and constant care for the safety of the ship, the crew and supernumeries.

Marty Shakesby spoke of Malcolm's ever-present interest in the training of the junior officers under his command. The service seemed a very fitting farewell to a great friend and colleague.

Afterwards a wake was held at the Livermead Cliff Hotel, hosted by his long-standing friend Linda Clavert, her son Anton and Malcolm's brother Neil. Many memories of Malcolm were shared by the BAS contingent before the occasion was concluded, with a toast in Rum, to his memory.

Letter of Thanks to Club Members

Captain Malcolm Phelps

16/11/1928 to 08/04/2017

Dear All,

I write on behalf of Lynda Calvert, Malcolm's Partner and Companion of seventeen years, to convey from her a heartfelt 'Thank You' to all of you who were able to attend the Funeral and Wake for Captain Malcolm Phelps, and also to all of you who were unable to attend on the day but who knew Malcolm as friends and colleagues.

The funeral was exactly as Malcolm would have wished, a bright and celebratory service. Captain Chris Elliott delivered a most fitting Eulogy that described accurately the qualities of Malcolm himself and his considerable achievements in life. Marty Shakesby delivered a Tribute to Malcolm of a more personal note.

From each different sphere of Malcolm's life, all who knew him would easily identify with the sentiments expressed. Thank you, Chris and Marty.

It was obvious that Malcolm was viewed with affection and deep respect, and it was greatly comforting for Lynda, and for Malcolm's brother, Neil, to see so many friends, and colleagues, both Mariners and Scientists, gather together at the wake to celebrate and share many memories and stories of our relationships with Malcolm, whether ashore or at sea, and of moments and voyages enjoyed with him throughout the years.

Malcolm would have been humbled by even the smallest part of this attention to or about him, but it was an affectionate and bright occasion that Malcolm himself, one of Life's True Gentlemen, would have enjoyed and greatly appreciated.

Thank you for making this a special send-off for Malcolm.

With Very Many Thanks to You All,

Jerry Burgan

By request and on behalf of Lynda Calvert 28th

April 2017

OWEN SUMMERS ---2017

King Edward Point 1970

A message from Brian Summers:

'Grateful you notify members of the following:

Owen Summers, Met, King Edward Point winter of 1970, died very suddenly in Santiago Chile in the early hours of Sunday 19th following a stroke at his home in Stanley on Friday 17th. If any members wish to pass messages to the family they can do via brian.summers@horizon.co.fk Further to this we received the following message:

'I received an e-mail from Brian Summers, Stanley to effect that Owen Summers (his cousin) had died. He was alone in his garden & collapsed, he was found later & airlifted to Santiago with his son Colin but died later in hospital.

Both Brian & Owen wintered at Sth Georgia in 1970 when BAS took over from Falkland Gov., Brian as Radio Op & Owen as Met Man, at the time BAS was short of recruits.

Obituaries "In Memoriam" Tributes

Owen also looked after the chickens & was able to provide the base with fresh eggs every Weds!

He also acted as Butcher on the Reindeer hunts & we provided fresh meet to all the bases.

He was a very hardworking welcome base member & will be remembered by many ex SG fids.

Although not a BAS club member he stepped in to help BAS together with his cousin. He will be sadly missed.

Rest in peace, Dad

From Ron Lewis-Smith

I was fortunate to have spent two summers with the Summers cousins, Owen and Brian, when the small BAS team took over the Falkland Islands Government settlement at King Edward Point in 1969.

Owen was probably the youngest member of our group but, being a typical Falkland Islander, he was a tower of strength, ever-cheery and helpful, versatile, practical and capable.

Besides being the Base met. man he could turn his hand to almost anything and was always willing to help others. One of his much appreciated skills was when it came to reindeer hunting and, more specifically, gralloching and butchering the beasts for the larder, something in which the rest of us had no prior experience, but were quick to learn from Owen's tuition.

My sincere condolences to Owen's family.

DAVID CANSFIELD --2017

IGY, wintered 1957 & 58

Editor:- members are requested to send any memories etc of any colleague/friend mentioned above

STEVE NORRIS ---2017

Captain Stuart Lawrence wished to let BAS Club members know that it was his sad duty to confirm that club member Steve Norris (bases M, Z and BAS ships) passed away in the Queen Alexandra Hospital, Portsmouth at approximately 2000 hours April 8th 2017. Stuart had been to see him the previous afternoon.

Steve's funeral service will be on Friday 5th May at: Portchester Crematorium, Upper Cornaway Lane, Portchester, Hampshire. PO168NE at 3.30pm

Book Reviews

The intention of the book reviews is to review any books written by Ex-Fids and any books that maybe of interest to Club members. All books must be relate to the Antarctic. Members are requested to contact the magazine editor prior to carrying out any book review for confirmation as to whether the book has been reviewed in any earlier editions. Any BAS Club member who has a book written by themselves can advertise the sale of the book for free

POLAR MARINER by Tom Woodfield

From Jo Rae

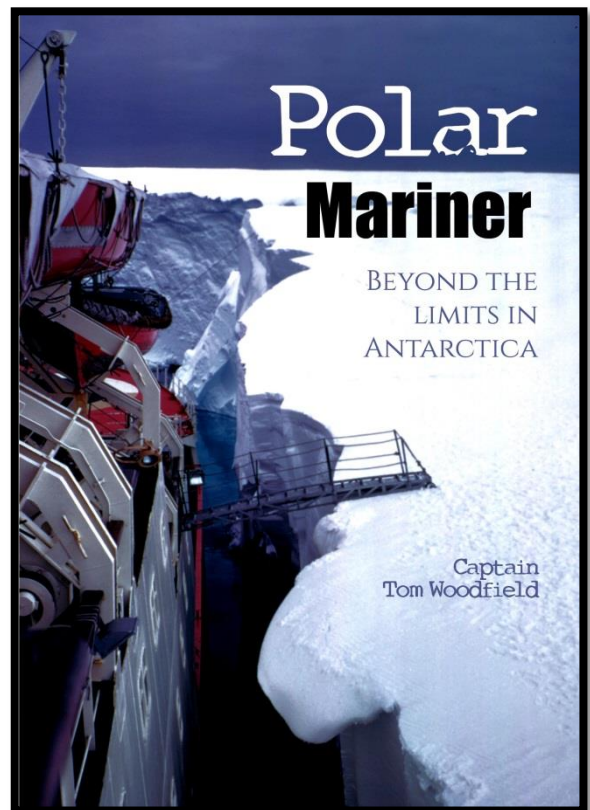
Having recently finished Tom Woodfield's book, 'Polar Mariner', I wanted to say how much I enjoyed it. I found it a fascinating insight into an aspect of BAS's activities that, whilst I don't think I had taken for granted,

I had clearly not fully appreciated at all. What really made it special for me was the detail Tom has included about the challenges of sailing in uncharted and ice-strewn waters, and the methods for doing so successfully.

Favourite landmarks used in the approach to a particular base, using an iceberg for shelter in stormy seas, generally pass a berg on the windward side... there are hundreds of examples of years of experience navigating in the Antarctic.

Stories of successes getting to Halley or struggles as when the *Shackleton* was holed in 1957 are told from the seafarer's perspective and I learnt a lot that I had not been aware of before.

Tom was interviewed by Jack Tolson as part of the British Antarctic Oral History Project and the film and book complement each other well, one adding detail or emotion that is skated over in the other. The book is a very valuable historical record and a tribute to all who have served FIDS and BAS in our ships.



From Rorke Bryan

Base T, Adelaide Island, 1961-64

Since I joined FIDS in 1961 I have read hundreds of books covering every conceivable aspect of life in Antarctica without feeling any urge to write a review. This book, which reached me less than a month ago, is an exception. It certainly belongs amongst the best examples of Antarctic literature. Essentially an account of Tom Woodfield's 19-year career as a deck officer then master on the *RRS Shackleton*, the *RRS John Biscoe* and finally the *RRS Bransfield*, it actually deals with a much wider range of Antarctic issues. What could easily have become a dry, monotonous factual catalogue of voyages has been turned into a fascinating page-turner which will add new dimensions to the memories of any Fids from the same period. As an experienced professional sailor and one of the most experienced ice captains in the world Tom Woodfield provides a unique, detailed perspective into the exceptional challenges of Antarctic navigation. His observations on navigating in pack ice and the subtleties of ice recognition should be mandatory reading for anyone bringing a ship into Antarctic waters (and particularly any group who aspires to run cruise ship tours there). He was also closely involved in the design of the *Bransfield* and has important insights on appropriate ship design for ice navigation.

During his career Tom Woodfield repeatedly visited every FIDS/BAS base. The book is full of fascinating observations about the particular challenges at each base, such as the tortuous entry passage through the Bellows (which finished the whalecatcher *Southern Hunter*) to Deception and the poor holding

Book Reviews

ground in Port Foster, the difficulties of unloading onto actively calving ice cliffs at Halley Bay, or the problems of trying to reach and unload at Adelaide Island while continually threatened by large icebergs moving in from the Bellingshausen Sea. The technical descriptions of the measures needed to meet problems like dragging anchors in poor holding ground during Hope Bay storms or the desperate fight to keep the holed *Shackleton* afloat are precise and detailed, but also recounted with an immediacy which brings each incident dramatically alive. In retrospect it is daunting to reflect on the difficulty of transporting Bombardier Muskeg tractors and large diesel generators ashore balanced on top of the *Biscoe's* scow, garnished with a supercargo of Fids on top and unloading them by Fid muscle-power on to steep ice-glazed rocky shores— as Tom Woodfield writes “health and safety were unheard of”. It is an impressive testament to the practical professional ability of all the sailors involved that so few accidents occurred.

The book contains much to excite any marine enthusiast, but it also has a much broader appeal. When Tom Woodfield joined FIDS as third mate on the *Shackleton* in 1955 the primary objective of the survey was still political occupation to counter Chilean and Argentinian territorial claims by establishing bases and completing marine and terrestrial surveys. He successfully evokes FIDS slightly unique anarchic early character when it was still mostly populated by amateur adventurers, climbers and ex- servicemen and limited communications allowed a huge degree of independence to base personnel. When the Antarctic Treaty came into force in 1961 and as budgets increased, communications and the global importance of Antarctic science became more apparent, this unique character started to change and BAS evolved into the large government professional scientific organization which it is today. Tom Woodfield's career spanned this complete transition and while he clearly appreciates the necessity for change and the importance of the scientific work being carried out, there is still an undertone of nostalgia for the simplicity and challenges of earlier days. He writes passionately about the beauty of the landscape and the abundance of wildlife and is clearly still the adventurer who brought the *Bransfield* through the Gullet to Rothera Point in Laubeuf Fiord which he accurately describes as “one of the most glorious Antarctic panoramas”. For me this was particularly poignant; the pristine wilderness which visited there in 1962 with Graham Dewar and Fred Gibbs on my first sledge trip in 1962 now houses a major base with a permanent gravel landing strip, a control tower, a proper quay for ships and houses more than one hundred personnel each summer.

There are many high points in the book, but one is certainly Woodfield's description of his last encounter with Antarctica, bringing the *Bransfield* safely across the Drake Passage through a whole series of savage storms which kept him on the bridge for more than three days, and could easily have destroyed the ship. This is one of the finest passages of maritime writing I have encountered, worthy of Herman Melville or Joseph Conrad at their very best.

Reply from Tom Woodfield

Various reviews and comments have been made and sent to Tom concerning his book. Tom has provided the following as a reply to all concerned

*“Good day Keith, --- I should like the following to go in the BAS magazine, if you would please:-
To all who have read my book.*

I have enjoyed reading and found interesting the many reviews of *Polar Mariner*; few have been critical, but it has been pointed out that better maps and for those unexpectedly wanting to promote the book as a nautical-polar textbook, which was never intended, an index., would have been beneficial. Thanks to Dick Harbour and John Edwards for their very kind remarks in their reviews in the BAS magazine. Likewise thanks to Keith Holmes for his review although I must comment or take issue with him on a couple of points:-

A conundrum exists for me regarding Bill Johnstone's death, for I possess a cable from Bill Sloman, kept, because it advises me of my permanent appointment as Master, and sent to me because he advises that Bill had died, dated December 1964. Unfortunately only last year did I lose touch with his family to verify this or otherwise.

Keith writes that I go to some length to describe 'from my point of view' the 1957 holing of the *Shackleton*, as if there is another version. This is why I went to that trouble; to correct other versions; so much

Book Reviews

nonsense was said about the incident. In addition to my own immediate surroundings and resultant knowledge, I drew upon Tom Flack's detailed contemporaneous report written for any subsequent enquiry, and my notes taken at the Southampton enquiry at which Tom's report was tabled. Acknowledgement for this material was removed from my original m/s when, for cost purposes, I was asked to reduce it by 30,000 words. Mine is not a biased account to defend the mariners aboard but as near factual as I am able to produce from the sources mentioned.

Keith also picks up on misspelt place-names, etc. These were all corrected but somehow found their way back into the final print, but fortunately dealt with in the first re-print.

Keith reprimands me for the use of the term 'tidal wave' to describe the wash created by an ice fall into the sea, suggesting Tsunami 'would be better.--- What nonsense from a landlubber! A Tsunami is primarily caused by a subsea disturbance, a relatively modern term, and of a much higher degree. Tidal surge was used in this context by mariners of the XVII & XVIIIth Century. Ninety-five percent of mariners contacted would use the term tidal wave. The other five percent tidal surge.

It has been a delight and interesting, after the publication, to have received letters and e-mails from far and wide putting me in touch with many from those early years.

A letter from John Killingbeck points out that Paddy English was piloting the Beaver which sank at the Argentine Islands, not Ron Lord, (Page 110). That is interesting for me because I had it right in my original draft, but on checking a doggy episode, which I was not a witness to, in Fuch's "Of Ice and Men", I came across the aircraft story and changed my version to agree with that of Fuchs, who according to John (and now seen in the flying archives), got it wrong.

An e-mail from Dr. Malcolm Evans in Australia tells me that he did not get reprimanded over the appendectomy (Page 32), but had a spat with Dr Slessor over another incident involving F.B. Ryan's broken leg. So I got that one wrong. Malcolm also sent me two priceless, although somewhat damaged, photos of himself operating, with Adam and myself assisting and the Queen watching over the proceedings from her portrait on the Wardroom bulkhead.

Bryan Holmes reminisced at length from British Columbia and sent some photos of Fids precariously aloft in bosun's chairs painting the Biscoe's foremast. Who ever heard of Health & Safety?

Ken Archibald, Mate of the Shackleton with 'Frosty' Turnbull, and Dudley Jehan, and many others, Fids and mariners, have also contacted me with great reminiscences. I should be so pleased to hear from more. It is certainly one of the pleasures of having written the book.

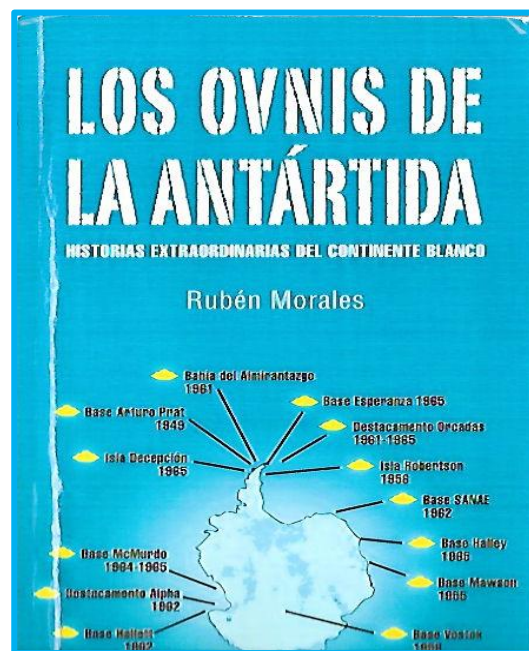
LOS OVNIS DE LA ANTARTIDA by Ruben Morales

ANOTHER LOOK AT UFO SIGHTINGS IN ANTARCTICA – Peter Bird

I received a gift in the post a few months ago. It was a book by Rubén Morales entitled OVNIS de la Antártida (Antarctic UFOs). I had been providing him with material from British sources about the UFO sightings at Deception island, South Shetlands in 1965. The book was so interesting that I thought I would pick some bits out of it to share with you. Unfortunately the book is in Spanish and, as it is 350 pages long, too extensive to translate more than a few lines.

This piece doesn't pretend to be a book review but the cover tells you what it is about in an instant; 13 outlines of flying saucers next to place names on an outline of Antarctica.

Unfortunate choice of image in that flying saucers are not the only class of UFO and little green men were not



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observed in any of the accounts covered in the book. We do get pretty close, though, if you read to the end...

Let's start with the British sighting as it is of particular relevance to me personally:

"When I went to read the cloud cover the clarity of the sky and the sharpness of the shining stars surprised me. I immediately observed a round object with a dazzling bottle green colour, a little towards the north. At that point it was stationary and high in the night sky. I didn't give it much thought, assuming it was some Antarctic phenomenon, and bearing in mind both that ice crystals, when suspended in the air, can distort light; and also the fact that the closer planets can appear coloured.

However, while walking behind the thermometer screen, I saw the green light shoot towards the south at a phenomenal speed, describing an arc in the sky and getting smaller until it disappeared. Then I thought perhaps it was a plane but this light was too bright and the speed at which it was travelling meant it couldn't have been a plane. Anyway, there wouldn't have been any planes around at that time of year.

I stood there puzzled a bit, just as the object came back again with its phenomenal speed. It hung around for some time before disappearing towards the north, again at high speed but at an angle of 90 degrees to its former course towards the Pacific Ocean."

With these words, Bernie Chappel, met man on Base B, Deception Island on 2nd July 1965, wrote his name into the history books.

Deception Island has received close attention from the UFO community because, although only a small island, it hosted bases from UK, Argentina and Chile. Each nation observed sightings within days of each other in July 1965, and the Argentinian met man, Stanich, had sightings in the June as well.

These incidents occurred over fifty years ago and yet books are still being published about them, and others like them, from the icy continent. I must declare a personal interest as I was on Base B during the austral winter of 1965 and thus an unwitting participant to events of which I am sorry to say I have absolutely no recollection.

A word of advice to present and future Fids: KEEP A DIARY! You never know what you will need to recall in fifty years' time.

One of the things I realised quite early on while reading the book is that UFOs are taken much more seriously in Argentina than they are in the UK. There are even UFO cafés in Buenos Aires where like minded people can gather to talk about the latest incidents that interest them. It will not surprise readers to be told that Rubén frequents one, called RIO54. It might surprise them a little more to know that Rubén is a protégé of the late Cmdr Daniel Perissé who was commandant of the Argentinian Naval Base on Deception during the winter of 1965 and who had himself written a book called *Fenómeno OVNI: Reflexiones, Investigaciones y Estudios* (In English "The UFO Phenomenon - thoughts, researches and studies") to which Rubén wrote the prologue.

Regular readers of *BAS Club Magazine* might recall an article in the December 2013 edition, No 70 called *UFO sightings in Antarctica in 1965* by Vicente-Juan Ballester Olmos

So we have at least three regurgitations of the same series of events - Perissé, Ballester Olmos, and now Morales. To a sceptic, the minute examinations of tenuous and transitory physical evidence might appear wearisome, but Rubén Morales brings something new to the party because, besides being a UFOlogist, he is a social psychologist and a reader in Political Communication at a Buenos Aires university. Thus he is ideally placed to guide readers through the intricacies of the politics of an event that assumed international significance, and how the dissemination of news is hostage to the beliefs and motivations of the messenger. This insight, together with the fairness with which he presents different versions of the same event, makes his an important contribution to the UFO literature.

One of the things that strikes me as curious when I read any of the accounts of the UFO sightings on Deception Island is that the initial announcement of the British sighting came from the Chilean base PAC to Santiago, which stated:

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"In a communication the same day (Saturday 3rd July) at 20.30 hours local time with the English Base, they informed us that the day before (Friday 2nd) at 19.45 hours five members of the base saw an object in the sky towards the north of the island, moving about with a zigzag course and then stopping for five or ten minutes, disappearing upwards. It was yellowish red in colour turning green. The elevation was estimated at 20 degrees, and the size that of a first magnitude star."

I have checked with our radio operator, Bill Geddes (he of appendix fame - see BAS Club Magazine no 71 of May 2014) and he is adamant that he did not contact the Chilean base at that time, or any other come to that, as the Chileans were in the habit of boating round or walking over the glacier to visit our base frequently and had a poor command of English. Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that Bill had recently had the operation on his appendix the week previously. Maybe he was still at the Argentine Base where the operation was performed, or maybe the Chilean wireless operator that they kindly lent us in his absence, Luis Moya, was still on our base. This, I think, is the most likely answer.

There appears to be some doubt as to when and on which date the sighting occurred and this has been used to undermine the veracity of the whole account. Happily, help is at hand, as for the first time, another base member Jeff McDermott (Black Mac) has unearthed his diary from 1965 and has kindly allowed me to quote from it *verbatim*.

This is his entry for the 3rd July 1965:

"Last night while Bernie was doing the nine o'clock observation, he noticed a bright star over Ronald Hill which was moving very fast at an elevation of about 20 degrees. After completing a zig-zag course of about 15 degrees, it came to a stop, retraced part of its course & came to a final stop. Several of the lads observed it in its final position & some time later, it vanished. This evening at about nine, both the Argentinian & the Chilean base saw a similar object. Angelo at PAC saw a moving light coming from the south, circled over our base & returned to the south. The Argentinians saw one in the south but lost it. They have sent the information to BA...."

Solid gold. Jeff, in a subsequent email to me, says:

"I'm sure this all occurred on 3rd as I never did a back entry unless I was visiting one of the other bases and didn't take my diary with me, in which case I would have said so."

I don't want to fall into the trap of teasing out motivations, and a sequence of events, from single sentences written fifty years ago but still the question hangs in the air: how did the foreign bases get to hear of our sighting so quickly? Readers will note in disparity in the Chilean account and Black Mac's: the Chileans say the five members of the base saw a moving object, Black Mac says we only saw a stationary object. Quite a difference.

Anyway, to return to Rubén's book: in his measured consideration of whether the event really occurred he notes the British tendency to play jokes; our sense of humour tending towards an ironic view of the world; our arrogance which grated on our neighbours. All of which could have rendered the sighting "untrustworthy".

I have to confess that his interpretation of British actions and motivations does not present us in the best of lights. In my own case he is undoubtedly correct as I have managed to find, among my mother's belongings after her death, a letter I had written to her from Deception dated November 1965 - i.e. the first one out after the austral winter - which I shared with him. To my shame I had made fun of Daniel Perissé the Argentinian base commander for his, as I saw them, comical views on UFOs (and also his attempts at psychic communications with naval vessels) as only a 23 year old know-it-all could. My belated apologies to the shade of Commander Perissé, who died in 2008.

In outlining BAS's reticence to say more than absolutely necessary, Rubén fails to take into account the situation in the UK in the '60s. BAS, particularly, was in a delicate position: its very existence was in doubt

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until it formally came under the aegis of the National Environmental Research Council (NERC) in 1967. It would not have been well received to have gushing reports of observations of phenomena of which the established scientific community were highly sceptical, by BAS personnel at a critical point in negotiations. Sir Vivian Fuchs's *Of Ice and Men*, p.159 provides some of this context. In addition, the populist writers on Earth visitations by extra-terrestrials of that era such as Charroux and von Däniken had presented their evidence in such sensationalist terms as to immediately discredit them to the extent that Carl Sagan could not rescue UFOlogy from the pit into which these writers had cast it.

Although a believer, Rubén Morales takes a sober systematic look over the evidence, of not only the Deception incidents, but also of a number of other quite striking episodes.

And there are some remarkable ones: I particularly like the one from 8th January 1956 on Robertson Island, South Shetlands. Two Chilean scientists, a GA and a naval sergeant nurse were helicoptered in to Robertson for a month as part of IGY. Apparently, one of the scientists, Dr Tagle, used to get up in the middle of the night to look at the sky as a hobby. His superior, the professor Dr Barros, didn't like this and forbade him to wake him up even though the *Aurora Australis* would float spectacularly in the atmosphere above Robertson. Anyway, on the 8th January Dr Tagle defied the prohibition and interrupted Dr Barros's sleep.

The sun was shining brightly, the sky was completely clear, and the ice was still. Tagle pointed to the north above his head and the ill tempered Barros could see two metal objects, pure cylinders, in a vertical position, perfectly still, which reflected the rays of the sun. The scientists decided not to wake the others but moved about 100m from the base so that they could observe how the others reacted.

At 7am the sergeant nurse appeared in his Tee shirt to do his exercises. Almost immediately he shouted "professor, professor. Flying Saucers!" Anyway, the account goes on in graphic detail, getting even more extraordinary. It is such a remarkable account that Rubén thought it was an invention and dismisses it as such in his book. However, a reader of this book in Chile who knew one of the protagonists confirmed that he had heard it from him personally.

Neither is the book without its humour. On Deception, Perissé is so busy giving interviews to the Press that the admiral in charge of Naval Operations can't get through to him for days. On Orcadas base, the commandant gets so incensed that his No 2 I/C doesn't believe the UFO sighting that he chases him round the base with a sabre so that the poor man has to barricade himself in his cabin while the commandant bangs on the door. As the no 2 I/C had a .45 revolver it could have been nasty.

But where Morales excels is in his reconstruction of the conversations that took place between base members and with the outside world. If you read the account of Bill Geddes's Appendix in No 71 which Rubén Morales wrote, you will know what I mean, and this style of writing makes everything seem so real and gives a sense of immediacy as though the event happened yesterday and not 50 years ago. Maybe the words are not dead accurate but they make the past come alive.

Rubén tells me that this book has been well received in Latin America; it deserves a wider audience than it will receive in this country as it is a most readable account of mysterious events, not just at Deception but from all over the Antarctic. It is also a primer on the politics of managing media coverage to one's own advantage.

Advertisements



ANTARCTICA: LIFE IN A HOSTILE LAND

OPEN 5 JUNE - 17 SEPTEMBER

A MUST SEE exhibition about our relationship with the most hostile land on Earth!

An Antarctic experience is coming soon at Shrewsbury Museum & Art Gallery

On Monday 5 June, Antarctica: Life in a hostile land, is coming to Shrewsbury Museum & Art Gallery. This new exhibition promises to offer an exciting insight into our relationship with the most hostile continent on Earth.

Antarctica: Life in a hostile land, offers a thrillingly interactive experience with a combination of prized historic exhibits and modern day technology that will allow you to become immersed in the wonders of the Antarctic continent.

The exhibition gives you the opportunity to explore the changes in human relationships with Antarctica and its inhabitants from the early 1900's, right up to the important scientific research conducted there today.

Features in the exhibition include

- a 360° virtual reality experience of Halley VI - the UK's second largest research facility in Antarctica,
- original film footage, equipment from Antarctic expeditions including a tent and sledge,
- an outfit worn by a member of Sir Ernest Shackleton's epic 1914-17 expedition

*and photos from celebrated
wildlife photographer Ben
Osborne.*



Advertisements

This exciting exhibition has been developed in partnership with the British Antarctic Survey, Scott Polar Research Institute, National Museum of Wales, The Severn Partnership Ltd, and Orangeleaf Systems Ltd.

Mary Mckenzie, Shropshire Museums & Archives Manager, said:

"This exhibition offers a great insight into our relationship with Antarctica and how it has changed over the last 100 years.

"Following Rhyme Around the World, Antarctica: Life in a hostile land, demonstrates the great variety of exhibitions hosted by Shrewsbury Museum & Art Gallery. We look forward to seeing lots of visitors enjoying their taste of the cold in Shropshire's summer."

Athena Dinar, spokesperson for the British Antarctic Survey said:

"We're delighted to be involved in the new Antarctic exhibition at Shrewsbury Museum & Art Gallery and to have an opportunity to explain the science and operations we undertake in Antarctica to new audiences.

"Whilst the history of polar exploration never fails to enthuse the public, it's a great opportunity to also explain what British Antarctic Survey is doing in Antarctic today."

Tickets for Antarctica can purchased on arrival at Shrewsbury Museum & Art Gallery from the Visitor Information Centre or by calling 01743 258885.

Visit the [Shrewsbury Museum & Art Gallery website](#) for further information.



Jonathan Walton, Shropshire resident who has worked in Antarctica for 44 years, said:

"It's really exciting that Antarctica is coming to Shrewsbury this Summer. The exhibition about many aspects of that amazing continent will last from early June to early September - do not miss it. It is only 120 years since humans first stayed for any length of time on that continent - over 100 years of that time span will be represented directly at the exhibition, including a full size "Nansen" Sledge and Pyramid tent, so familiar to all those like myself and my Dad who have spent considerable time depending on these 2 items on and off for the last 70 years.

"I am really pleased to be involved with the exhibition and look forward to sharing my 44 year old love affair with Antarctica with many others."

It is less than 200 years since man first set foot on this continent – in that time our species has more than quadrupled in number and had a massive impact on our planet – yet somehow the Antarctic has remained aloof and in many ways is as pristine now as it always has been.

Working mainly with the [British Antarctic Survey](#) (BAS) and people from Shropshire who have visited the Earth's most southern continent, Antarctica: Life in a hostile land, looks at how this land has been opened up by intrepid explorers, how life can be lived in extremely adverse conditions and how scientific research conducted there is of profound importance for the whole planet.

The Antarctica exhibition will officially open to the public on Monday 5 June 2017 and run until Sunday 17 September 2017.

BAS Club Items For Sale

FOR SALE ITEMS BAS CLUB MEMBERS

All items are offered at little more than cost price. Please place all orders or enquires via the Club Secretary Tony Wincott e-mail tony.wincott@btinternet.com or Tel:- 01327 341767

To save postage costs you can purchase by a BACS payment. Cheque payments made out to BAS Club send to 20 Lancers Way, Weedon, Northants UK NN7 4PH ----- Overseas postage on application please

PAYPAL - the club can accept payment for any item using PAYPAL
- Contact Tony Wincott and he will send an E-Invoice

BAS CLUB CUFFLINKS

These depict the BAT crest in superb miniature detail.

They come in a presentation case at
£5 only per set!
UK P&P is £2.50.



BAS CLUB LAPEL/BROOCH

The "must have" for every BAS Club member
Proving very popular we have reordered
another batch!

These are a pin fitting so suitable as a collar
badge or brooch as well! These superb
quality enamel badges are available only to
Club members now at the ridiculous low
price of £2 each, yes only 2 quid. What a
bargain! At this price why not buy 2 or 3?
UK P&P is £1.50.



BAS CLUB TIES AND BADGES

Club ties are now available in
three colours Navy Blue, Light Blue and
Maroon
at £9.50p each + £1.50p UK p&p

BAS Club Items For Sale

NOW AVAILABLE THE BAS CLUB BLAZER BADGE

These badges depict the BAT crest underlined with the BAS Club insignia
They are from a new supplier and they have interpreted the design with some interesting new colours and guilt thread!



These are now available from the Club Secretary for the reasonable price of £9 which includes UK post and packing



HALLEY 5

90 mm DIAMETER CLOTH EMBROIDED BADGES - 100 For Sale

Given to the club by BAS for disposal

£3 incl p&p to UK address Overseas by application

AVAILABLE VIA A WEBSITE NEW FOR BAS CLUB MEMBERS

The Committee are pleased to announce to the membership that you can now purchase a reasonably priced range of BAS Club clothing --- which can be personalised in several ways to suit the individual.

ACORN PRINTING OF COVENTRY provides a service which allows the buyer to have individual embroidered script placed onto various garments. These are then posted directly to the purchaser. ACORN PRINTING of Coventry is owned and run by a mother and son team, Rachel and Duncan Horlor. They have been more than helpful with the web based set up and did not charge BAS Club for any embroidery or set up fees .

THERE IS NO MINIMUM ORDER REQUIREMENT FROM PURCHASERS!

For each item purchased the BAS Club Benevolent fund will receive a donation of £1.

Orders are also accepted from overseas customers.

Postage and packing for these customers will be quoted individually upon request

If you do not have access to email or the internet you can still view the range and make a purchase. For members requiring this service please contact the Secretary, Tony Wincott, at 20 Lancers Way, Weedon. Northants. UK NN& 4PH and he will arrange to send a catalogue for your consideration.

This link will take you directly to the web site and click on British Antarctic Survey Club at the head of the list.

<http://www.tshirtuk.com/index.php?route=product/category&path=83>

Happy shopping! Winkers.....

BAS Club Items For Sale



BASC BEANIE
HAT £7.50



BASC SCARF
£7.50



BASC BADGE £5.40



FLEECE £28.86



BASIC T-SHIRT £11.40.



SWEATSHIRT £19.14



HOODIE £24.00



POLO SHIRT
£17.77

BAS Club Items For Sale

NEW
BAS CLUB MUGS
£7.50 direct from the web
based supplier



HUSKY MUGS



Each mug comes complete with a text slip regarding the subject
They are available from our Club supplier direct via the www.tshirtuk.com. Link

PRICE £7.50p each

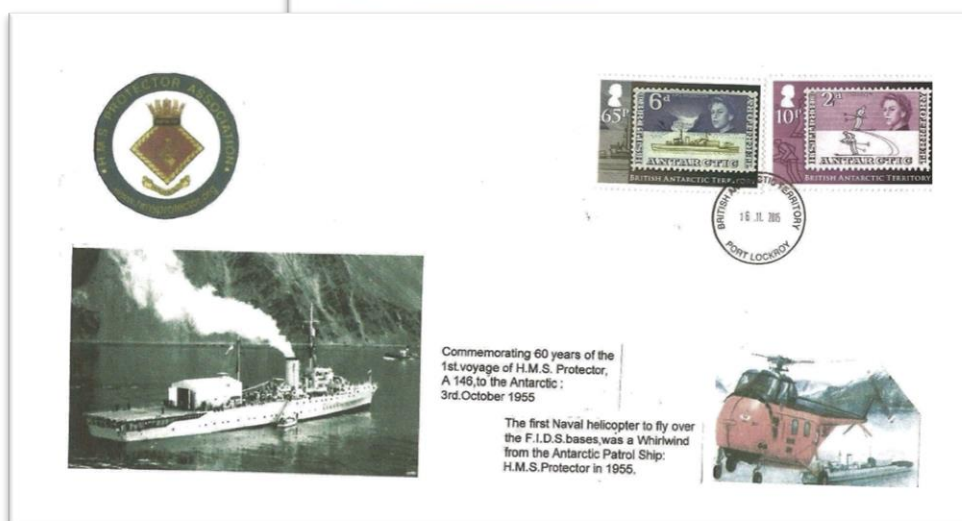


NEW BAS CLUB PENS
ONLY £1.75
including UK p&p

The ink colour is black and the logo shown is on both side of the pen..
Bulk order discounts available (£5.50 for five pens) please [get in touch](mailto:info.basclub@gmail.com) with Tony Wincott
info.basclub@gmail.com to place a quantity order.

OVERSEAS postage, please use the [form](http://www.basclub.org) on the website www.basclub.org to request a bespoke quote.

BAS Club Items For Sale



STAMPS ON ENVELOPES FOR SALE

Looking for offers in excess of £10 per lot

Auction will close end of July 2017

Bids to info.basclub@gmail.com or text to 07702 055601

All proceeds to Benevolent Fund

BAS Club Items For Sale

The Following List of Books are for Sale They have been donated to BAS Club with all proceeds going to the Club Benevolent Fund

Looking for Reasonable offers Bids to the secretary by e-mail info.basclub@gmail.com or text to 07702 055601

**Payment can be by Cheque or PAYPAL or Credit Card
Bidder pays postage at cost**

| Title | Author | Edition | Description/Comments | Dust Jacket + Status |
|--|---|----------------|--|-------------------------------------|
| Great White South | Herbert Ponting | 5th Impression | Pointings view of Scott | No and Fair |
| The Lonely South | Andret Migot | 3rd Imp | 1952 Expedition Account | Yes and Good |
| Edward Wilson of the Antarctic | George Seaver | 1959 | More insights into Wilson | Yes and Good |
| Edward Wilson of the Antarctic | George Seaver | 1934 | | No and Good |
| Across the top of the world | James P Delgado | 1999 | Lots of pics | Yes and V Good |
| Two Years In the Antarctic | Kevin Walton | 2nd Ed | Signed by author | Yes and V Good |
| The White Desert | Noel Barber | 1 | 1950,s account of life in Antarctica | Fair |
| Off Ice and men | V E Fuchs | 2nd Ed | Fids from 40s to 70s | Yes and Good |
| Ancient Men of the Arctic | J Louis Giddings | 1st | Artic history | Yes and Good |
| Southern Lights | John Rymill | | | Yes and Good |
| Southern Lights | John Rymill | | | No and Fair |
| A Concise Account of Signy Island BASE H | Edited by David Rootes BAS Publication | 1 | The title says it all ! | Good 4 Copies all same condition |
| South with Endurance | | 1 | Lots of Frank Hurley's pics in a big book! | Yes and V Good |
| Cry Argentina | Ian Sykes | 1st | Cracking read about Sth G. and the Falklands conflict. Donated by author and £5 for signed copy | Mint 3 copies all same condition |
| The Doggy Men | Hwfa Jones | 1st | The doggies of Halley Bay | Mint |
| Murder in the Antarctic | Michael Warr | 1st | A novel by an ex Fid | Mint |

BAS Club Items For Sale

| | | | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|-----|--|-------------|
| IGY Expedition Report 1955-59 | Sir David Brunt | 1st | The report of the IGY in 4 volumes. All the details of the Expedition with photos as well1 | No and Good |
|----------------------------------|--------------------|-----|--|-------------|

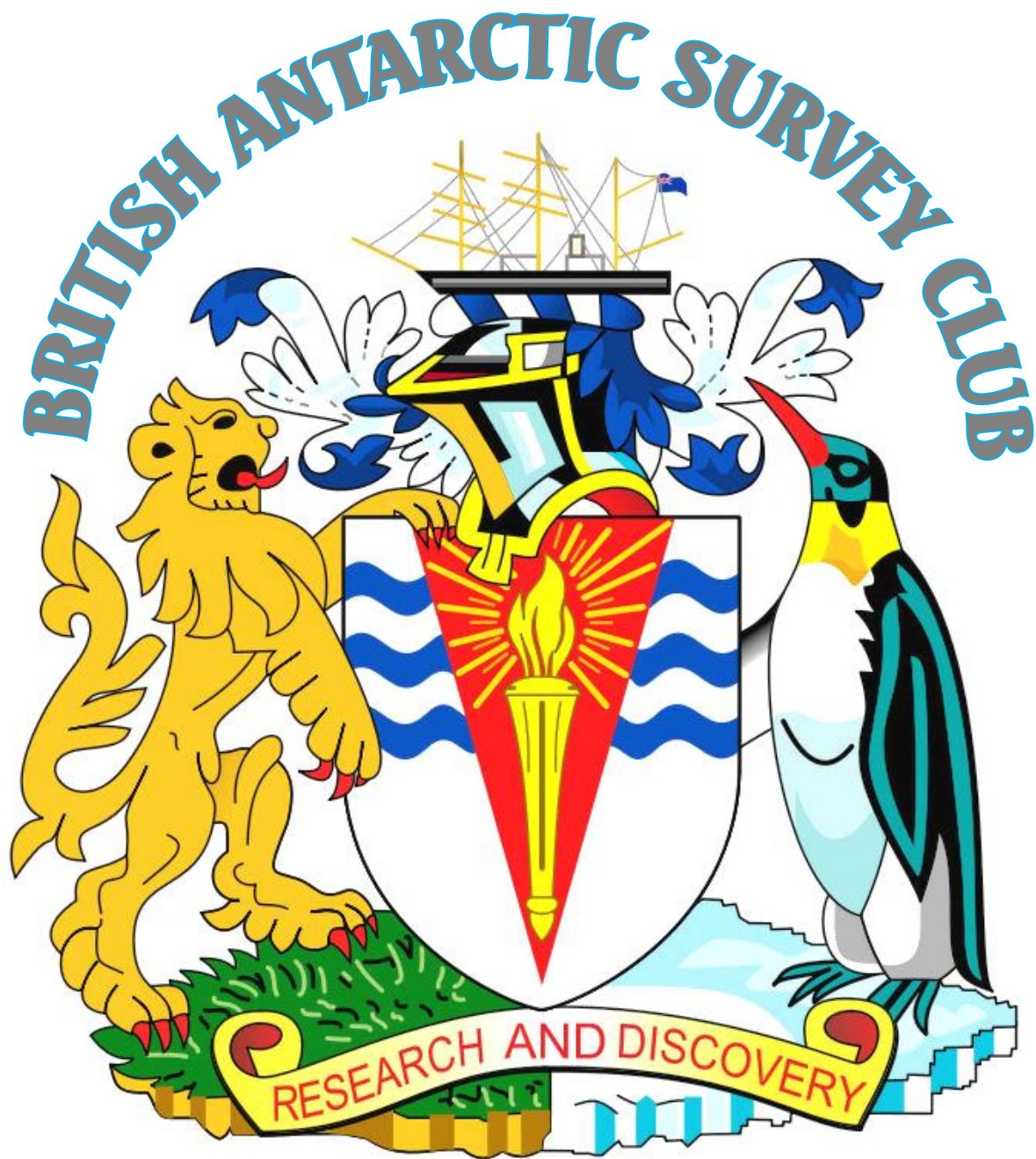
FOR SALE

Rubber boots size 10
Offers over £20
Closing date for bids end July 2017



RRS JOHN BISCOE Pennant
Offers required

Proceeds go to the Benevolent Fund



British Antarctic Survey Club
c/o British Antarctic Survey High Cross, Madingley Road
Cambridge CB3 0ET England

www.basclub.org



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