

If I had not been such a dead serious guy, I would surely have given you a stop the press service earlier today, as we realized that The white beauty was riding the northern skies with no brakes at all. Would she ever come down alive? OK, the truth is more like there is a small problem with the brakes, I think, so tomorrow we will have to have a no-fly-day (as the Chinese said on Saturday) due to maintenance.

The news about this reached the operation room as the scientists had started the sixhundredandfourteenth reconsideration on whether there was any reason at all to fly tomorrow. Now we will never know.

The most quoted person today was the Reverend Dr Martin Luther King Jr, as every other statement started with "I have a dream" (<http://www.americanrhetoric.com/speeches/mlkihaveadream.htm>). People are really getting the hots for Monday and Tuesday when the most wonderful prospects keep popping up on the screens. Some even have suggested night shifts to be sure that not a single model run is missed looked upon while fresh.

Today's flight was in the Spitsbergen area, but due to late incoming plane, we still have not had the debriefing. But surely it could be nothing less than a success with The white beauty involved.

Brakes were not only an issue in the Falcon. The operation room had its well deserved brakes (fully functioning) today. Some had a walk up on the nearby mountains. Others took a stroll downtown. Mel made photographic artwork. Others took a leak behind the corner. And we saw for some seconds a seal.

Birgitte did her penal time and had an interesting presentation on SAR (not Saturday Accidental Raveparties, as one might have believed, but Synthetic Aperture Radar). She seemed to like doing this so much, that all others chose to take extra good care of their sweaters the rest of the day. Vanda even locked hers in her room together with her key card as extra protection. This led to what may be looked upon as indecent proposals as bedtime approached, but yours truly found a more appropriate solution.

Having almost lost her sweater and almost been arrested, Astrid threw her cards and prepared to go home tomorrow. Today we in the media as well as the others had the pleasure of wishing Trude (Astrid's replacement) welcome. Astrid will be back in a week; I guess that's about how long it takes for a mother nowadays to get tired of her eighteen months old kid.

Quite an experience tonight: After dinner most of the people actually managed to sit down in the living room with icecream and beer. They had to be pushed though, and the topics of conversation didn't change that much. Still it was interesting to observe that deep within there are some social skills left from the time these creatures developed from humans into scientists.

As it is Sunday tomorrow and as said no flight, oberpfaffenführer Kristjansson has decided that the official program will not start until 10. This will of course only lead to more confusion as people will have studied even more models before they start chatting. But it was a nice thought.

Enclosed are some snapshots.

Ready go,
gudmund-

A polar low memorial?

30 fishermen died at sea 6 Feb 1821



Ready for a Hitchcock movie?



Ready for a Virginia Woolf novel?



Ready for a Birgitte Furevik lecture?



Baking only tall cakes



People



More people



Even more people



And at last some people



Bye bye ...

