

Five minutes left of Tuesday, and perhaps time to sum up.

One might say the day started a little disappointing as the latter days prospective good bad weather seemed to have improved and thus worsened campaignwise (this is not easy to get right). Anyhow, our brave campaign leaders decided not to fly today.

I guess the pilots and engineers of DLR sort of liked that decision, as it gave them some time to settle and take proper care of their white beauty. For a beauty she is, slim and shining. Well, let's not get carried away at this late hour.

In the operation room planning continued with high intensity, and there are some nice plans for Wednesday. If they will last through the night, remains to be seen.

Idar and Øyvind were introduced to the noble sport of dropping sondes. The Falcon is so filled with hi-tech equipment that no one is allowed to come along on the flights unless they can contribute practically. With their new skills the boys can earn frequent flyer miles with the DLR for at least three weeks. Let's hope they have insurance that covers liability if they drop sondes in the head of the sysselmann.

Jón Egill had two major setbacks today. First it turned out that he was not on the list of those allowed to enter the air base, and as a citizen of a country we have almost been at cod war with several times, this looked critical. Modesty refrains me from mentioning whose close friendship with several important air force officers (established over the last few days) solved this crisis. Well, he is sort of accepted now. Next emotional pithole originated at our return to the rocket range, where they now had managed to fill the flag poles with the national colours of all present nations - except that of a small island in the west whose name I barely can remember. Can this problem also be solved? Don't miss upcoming episodes of this nightly newsletter.

A bunch of our guys had to get rid of some adrenaline, and went to the local gym. It is always a little weird to see grown-ups running and biking desperately indoors. Therefore cudos to Ivan (arriving today) who at least ran to and from the gym in stead of bothering yours truly with transportation claims.

While they were sweating, the rest of us enjoyed a surprise serving of the famous Rocket Range Waffles - as well as a brief exposure to the northern lights.

Mel and Vanda also arrived today. They even brought their baggage along, although they had used five flights to come here. This might very well turn out as the most amazing achivement during this campaign.

Gunnar left us after one heavy day of on-the-spot guidance in Diana and forecasting. We will surely be frequent telephone users of his skills as well as those of his Tromsø colleagues.

Tomorrow, as said, surely our first flight - and extensive planning for the upcoming weekend. Christian is bringing in our first journalist - from local paper Vesterålen. Arriving is Birgitte. Leaving are Christian (coming back in 10 days), Øystein and Arne.

Enclosed a couple of pics, mostly of the white beauty. Christian has uploaded some of his pictures at our web page:

[http://www.ipy-thorpex.no/ThorpeX/Feltarbeid/Andoya\\_2008/?module=Articles;action=Article.publicShow;ID=429](http://www.ipy-thorpex.no/ThorpeX/Feltarbeid/Andoya_2008/?module=Articles;action=Article.publicShow;ID=429)

Time for bed,  
gudmund--  
at 00:30 local time

27 February 2008

# The Master and his Plane



# A true beauty



# The night shift (at 11:50 pm)

