

At last, virginity lost. Today the White Beauty of the Northern Skies had her first thorpxian flight. Wandering over the Finnmark fjords, crossing to Spitsbergen and quietly returning to base.

For a more serious talk on this, see <http://www.ipy-thorpex.no/>.

Back at base prognoses kept changing, and with them the decisions of our beloved investigators. One might wonder why they can't make up their mind like other people, but the salomonic and self-righteous answer is of course that we have this project because prognosis aren't good enough. This logic will eventually add up to the assumption that when we all agree and have the same plan for three consecutive model terms, then all's well and we can go home. (Sorry, my mind seem to wander along mysterious ways at this time of night.)

Anyhow, tomorrow's flight will be Lofoten and Jan Mayen. Today we had a problem with positioning data or something like that of the drop sondes. As we speak there is hectic activity in the German camp to solve this, since tomorrow will be a heavy dropping day.

We had our first press visit today, from local paper Vesterålen. Jón Egill by the way has been on all three northern NRK local radios the last days. So some might notice us outside of the readers of this magnificent newsletter.

Press officer Christian and r&d director Øystein left us today. Short weeping at keyboard. Christian will return later, hopefully with a planeload of gentlemen of the press. Computer geek Arne also left after some heavy days and excellent service. Applause from the operation room as he parted.

Incoming today was Birgitte, immideately searching for great fun, high cigars and bright balloons, only to find a load of boring scientist eager to go to bed at 10. Will she manage to turn the mood? Future readers of this crap might be informed. (By the way, the Icelandic flag was flying outside today. Now we miss the Croatian.)

Yours truly was supposed to leave the site tomorrow, but being aware of his central position in the project hub, he has been talked (mostly by himself) into staying for some more days.

So look forward to more goodhumored slander from the Rocket Range.

Snapshots enclosed.

Love and butter,
gudmund-

The Falcon leaving the hangar



Drinking time



The Texas Chain Camera Massacre



Christian, the skier



Airborne, hurrah!



Off to the north ...



The freezing director



My low, my low, where art thou?



Legendary Mel



I could tell you where the polar lows are,
but then I would have to kill you ...



Chasing positionless dropsondes, makes a bad hair day

