

Gough Bunting

October 2006



The day we arrived at Gough

Welcome to the first newsletter of the Gough 52nd Team. Certainly time does fly when you are having fun. We have been “home” for over a month now. Read the tales of the team as we experienced this adventure together. We when left Cape Town, for many it was their first trip at sea which added excitement and for some the dreaded sea sickness. We have been making good use of the cooking training we received during team training, and I must say the smell of fish frying in the kitchen is almost a daily occurrence. Within two days of take over finishing we were greeted with some snow at the base. The team has also been venturing further and further away from the base, seeing the various amazing sights the island has to offer. It is a privilege for all of us to be living in such a unique and beautiful environment. Just being able to look out of my window and see a Sootie Albatross flying near the cliffs is incredible. Enjoy our newsletter.

Ed.

The return of the Mac.....

When Mr Valentine said “guys go out there and work”, I new that I am now my way to Gough Island, this time with 5 different team members. My team this time around is also composed of only six members. The journey from Cape Town to Gough Island in a ship for me was like taking a taxi from Pretoria to Jo`burg. Even though there were some of the team members who were suffering from the well known “sea sickness”, It was still a normal 7 day trip. We arrived at Tristan da Cunha and the weather played along well with us and at the end we got the opportunity get off the ship and visited the Island.

When we arrived at “our home” for the next 13 month (Gough Base), it was work as usual. The offloading of was very successful and it very nice to see everyone joining to help. The ship left us for the “usual” buoy run at the sea. It gave the new team an opportunity to get out of the base and explore the Island. Obviously I would be expected to move people around because I know this Island. My first companion out of the base was Jonathan (Senior Met). We went to the famous seal beach where he had the opportunity to watch the seals and the rock hoppers (He had only seen these things on TV).

When the ship came back (after six days), it was back to work again (fuel pumping and back loading of cargo (which was also done very quickly, the weather was very good). Take-over function was also very successful (even though we did not finish the games due tobad weather on the

day). My main problem was when I injured my ankle during take-over party (I can't remember what happened). This injury kept in the base for some few dayz when some team members were going out of the base (I'm fine now).

That was it for our first month at Gough; expect to read a lot in the next article of GOUGH BUNTING.

*Tshifhiwa-wa-Vho-Nthaduleni.
(Bigfish)*



Fish's sprained ankle

Guys, everything is set, no second thoughts of staying behind, all the relevant people were greeted and now it's just the last goodbyes. Its time to board the ship now, take the all personal luggage to your cabins, we're leaving Mzantsi. We all psyched for the journey ahead. Wait, there's a kink to this story, it is with great regret that Voyage 131 is delayed by one day, departure is set for 18h00B 2006-09-07. These words

awoke so much emotions as well as confusion. What's going on? Aren't we leaving? What can we do with the extra time, where can we go? As soon as the realization that the voyage was delayed sank in, arrangements to utilize the time were made. As if this was not enough surprise, the departure was delayed by two more days. The delay turned out to be very fruitful in many instances. Finally Saturday, 09 2006 at 08h00B we said goodbye to SA. The voyage is on, seasickness, rough seas, we're going.

The first day everything was fine, calm seas and no signs of seasickness. The calm before the storm, then the inevitable set in. Staying in bed seemed to be the best bet. The indigestive system wasn't all there and it became a mission to visit the dining room. Depending on the state of affairs it would be a brief visit or no visit or to order take-aways. Cabin 27 became a place of rest and gathering of colleagues and new acquaintances. There was the odd occasion visiting the bar just to hang out, but this wasn't greatly entertained. With stomach complaints, working at night wasn't all that pleasant. After five days at sea seeing solid ground, that be Tristan da Cunha, lifted the level of our social life.

Being able to visit the Island, seeing the lifestyle of the inhabitants and getting a five star tour by the Island doctor, whom our medic just happened to know, made the time we spent there unforgettable. This was marked as one of the best days of my life.

After our stay at Tristan our last night at sea turned out to be treacherous as the sea was in a bad state. I was more awake than asleep. On Sunday morning news spread that we reached our destination, Gough Island, home sweet home for G52. It was a bit sad to leave the ship as we made some friends along the journey. Then it was time for all the pleasantries and introductions as we invaded Gough Island. Then came the mad rush of take-over, working, offloading, unpacking, and stepping on other people's toes, back loading and finally official take-over where G51 made way for G52.

With the ships departure we could finally start our life on Gough Island and what a great year it's going to be. 'Moving forward, together'

JK Senior Met



Jonty catches G52's first snoek

Our journey to Gough Island

It was really a nice experience to me, my very first time travelling with a ship. I never suffered from sea sick, there were so many questions that I used to ask myself about travelling with a ship, like how will they know the direction of where we are going? I use to think that it will only move when the wind is blowing, now I got all the answers.

Our arrival at Tristan da Cunha

I was so happy to see it coz last time when I heard about it, I was doing STD 5. It never crossed my mind that one day I'll be there. It's amazing how people can survive in such a small island being happy and healthy.

Our arrival at Gough Island

I was so excited and nerves at the same time, I can't find the exact word to explain how I felt but it was a very nice feeling. About initiation, I never wanted to do it 'coz I heard that is not a nice experience, I just told myself



The First Lady (Centre in yellow with black jacket) of Gough Island arriving

that it didn't harm them (G51) obviously it wont harm me, It was cool and very funny.

Our first month being here

I feel like am at home already, by the look of things this year will be very fast. I enjoy every moment I spend with my team, we make a very good team, we laugh and make jokes, and the good part of it is that we are all talkative, and I hope it will be like this till the end of our expedition.

Our first time out of the base

I was with Brain, we went to Seal Beach and we took pictures, even if it was scary at first, I ended up down there, I never saw a fur seal before, and that animal looks quite and calm but to tell the truth I am scared of it. I

also saw so many different kinds of birds. I like the yellow nose albatross, that bird is so cute calm and innocent.

Chat to you next month

*Dineo
The only
"lady" of the
team*



Initiation, this is before we got dirty



Fish and Dineo trying out the Tristan Taxi Service, is that to the potato patches or into town?



Jonty taking his Code 14 license test



There will be dancing tonight, irrespective whether there are girls or not



The crane operator in position

Thulani the islander

I enjoy being at Gough Island. It's becoming home now. It is a different environment. I must complement DEAT HR personnel to select a good team for me. I know it's not an easy task but keep it up the good work. Our motto for **GOUGH 52 Team** is to: **“Move Forward Together as a Team”** up until the end of our contract.

Tools



Entertainment centre – Tools “Hot lips” Armstrong

Hiert Daar. This is my first experience so far from home, since I was born. Weather down here is very, very, very cool, because you'll be pale when you leave Gough Island next year. There is no safer place on earth like this island. No locking of doors, because there is no crime, but just lekkkkee, lekkkkee at Gough Island. Jy no, dit is n holiday resort waar ons now is. Last but not least darling. What must a man do? A man must believe in himself, at what times, at all times.



Cyril at the foot of the Golden Highway to Tafelkoppie

It was my first experience with Brain to Tafelkoppie, and I was very tired, but a nice experience for both of us. Our plan was to kampf there for a few hours, but it was all in vain, because the weather changed and we have to rush down to the base. Our next outing will be to Gony Dale in a few days time. We must keep fit and healthy for the year. Jop, Jop my story ends. Bye, Bye and keep well.

Regards to all,

Cyril, Ithuba Thomas

Bushwackers

Take a look out of your window. Get off your comfortable designer office chair that was molded to your exact height and weight and has more features than kicks in a Chuck Norris movie. Roll open the blinds and admire the view. If you perchance have a view of a hill, study the shape of the hill. Take special care to make mental notes of any significant landmarks or visual references. Let your eyes follow the ridges up to the crest of the hill. If you were to climb that hill, which route would you take? Now imagine you were on Gough Island (A stretch I know). Every morning you wake up and eat your rise crispes and coffee on the steps of the base and stare at such a hill called Richmond Hill.

Richmond Hill lies to the south of the base. It is by no means the most impressive hill in view from the base.

The slopes leading up to Tafelkoppie and South Peak are far more impressive. But there it was, in my view. Between a mouthful of coffee and rice crispes, my eyes were studying its contours, and a decision was made.

A few days later a party of three, The Good (Cyril), the Bad (Jonty) and the Ugly (Brian) set out to the tune of some rather bad western music. There is no set path to Richmond Hill. One can follow the path to Gony Dale to be heading in the general direction, but eventually one has to divert off the path. From here forth it involved a rather agricultural bushwack through vegetation just to get to the foot of the hill. We headed towards the ridge

leading up to avoid the rather dense phylica trees. Walking on Gough involves loosing ones foot in a hole, getting stuck in mud, a bush etc. We forged on, often rather elegantly falling down, hoping no one saw us topple over. When we stopped to have a breather, the skuas must have sensed something, they circled to check for signs of life.

Once at the foot of the hill, it was a scramble to get onto the ridge. On the ridge we discovered the famous Gough winds we had heard about. Cyril almost lost his hat, but we kept on walking (Rather slowly) up. The summit was

very soon in sight and before we knew it we were radioing the base of our success. From the base the rest of the team could see us standing proud. After a lunch of sardines, cheese, cashew nuts, provitas, some juice, and a chat on life and the universe we decided to head home.

Us being the brave

explorers and conquerors of Richmond Hill (Which by the way stands 690 feet tall), we decided to head straight down the hill towards home.

After sliding down slopes on our bums, dodging skua nests, following a stream, getting caught in the phylica trees, scrambling up a ridge and down another, then up another, we eventually found the path home.

So the moral of the story, maybe one of these days while you are enjoying your Espresso and 70% Lint chocolate, have look out your window, and an adventure might just be in view.

Brain



Richmond Hill as seen from the base

We would like to thank the following sponsors:

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- Uniross (Rechargeable Batteries, Peak Caps, Lanyards)
- World Space Radio (Satellite Radio, Peak Caps, T-shirts)
- YUM (KFC Chicken, KFC chips, KFC sauces)

Sponsors of the Month



*Fish and Dineo modeling their **Uniross** Rechargeable battery packs outside Gough House.*



*Cyril as our Medic ensuring that our stomachs are happy thanks to the fish and chips he prepared with the help of **Ina Paarman** spices*

From the Weather Office

CLIMATE STATS: October 2006

Ave. Max Pressure	1016.5 hPa
Ave. Min Pressure	1007.2 hPa
Ave. Pressure	1011.4 hPa
Max Pressure	1029.2 hPa
Min Pressure	986.6 hPa
Ave. Max Temp	13.8 °C
Ave. Min Temp	8.0 °C
Ave. Temp	10.9 °C
Max Temp	19.4 °C
Min Temp	0.8 °C
Ave Humidity	77 %
Max Humidity	95 %
Min Humidity	31 %
Max Wind Gust	30.6 m/s or 110.16 km/h
Total Rainfall	246.7 mm
Highest in 24 Hours	80.9 mm
Total days with rain	21 days
Total days > 1mm	16 days
Total Sunshine	148.6 hours

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