

WHO HAD THE AUDACITY TO CALL THIS LUMP OF SLOSH AN ISLAND? A CHAP CALLED DU FRESNE', WELL I ADMIRE HIS IMAGINATIVE SENSE OF HUMOUR.

THE LOCAL INHABITANTS ARE ALMOST ALL BACK NOW, THE MACARONIS AND THE ROCKIES ARE RETURNING FROM THEIR WINTER AT SEA. GIANT PETREL CHICKS ARE SHOWING A FACE NOW AS THE SKUAS START SETTLING DOWN TO DOMESTIC LIFE.

SHIP'S COVE IS ALIVE WITH MOULTING KINGS, RAGING BULL ELEPHANT SEALS, WATCHFULL MOTHER SEALS AND LAZY CRAZY PUP SEALS. WHILE GENTOO CHICKS RUN AROUND LOOKING LIKE ANIMATED BALLS OF FLUFF. ALSO ON SHIP'S COVE ARE THE REMAINS OF A SMALL KILLER WHALE WHICH, DISCOVERED BY GRANT, WAS CHOPPED UP BY MARTHAN, EXPERTLY LEADING HIS TEAMS OF 'BIOLOGISTS'. ANYWAY AFTER A DAY'S WORTH OF FUN AND GAMES EVERYONE TURNED OUT TO CARRY THE 220 KILOS OF MEAT BACK, EVEN SOME 100 KILOS WERE LEFT BEHIND.

WHILE THE LOCAL INHABITANTS WERE DOING THEIR THING THE WILD-LIFE WAS ALSO BUSY. OUR 'HALF-YEAR FESTIVAL' WAS HELD OVER THE SECOND WEEKEND. THE PROGRAMME WAS A BOUFETE SUPPER FOLLOWED BY A VARIETY SHOW.

THE SUPPER, VERY WELL PREPARED BY JOHANN AND BEN WAS AS SCHEDULED ABOUT AN HOUR LATE, AS FOR THE SHOW, IT WAS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT AND THOROUGHLY ENJOYED BY ALL. ALAN, THE NATURAL COMPERE, TOOK THE WHOLE SHOW ALONG AT A COMFORTABLE SUPERSONIC SPEED. THE AUDIENCE LOVING HIS JOKES. TONY SANG SOME FOLK SONGS (4-21). THE JOHNNY CADAL SHOW ARRIVED HERE AND THE DRUMMER WAS GIVEN A STANDING OVATION. THE MARION CATS CHOIR SANG THE 'WHITE HUNTER BALLAD' WHICH ENRAPPED THE CROWD FROM THE START AND A ONE-MAN STAGE RUSH BY HIPPIE WAS SHOUTED DOWN. A RECORDING OF THE SHOW IS AVAILABLE AND ONE CAN SOMETIMES HEAR THE SINGERS THROUGH THE APPLAUSE OF AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.

THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE EVENING WAS A RECONSTRUCTION OF DENSE ALTO-CUMULUS MOVING OUT FROM THE CENTRE OF ACTION TO ALL NOOKS AND CRANIES. THE CLOUD THEN PRECIPITATED INTO STRATUS FRACTUS OF BAD WEATHER, BEFORE FORMING A LAYER OF FOG AND FINALLY SETTLING AS A LAYER OF FINE FOOT POWDER THROUGHOUT THE LIVING ROOM. ON SUNDAY (10TH) THE PHONE CALLS WERE PAMPERED BY A 'STORM' IN THE VICINITY OF BASE.

THERE ARE SOME STRANGE HAPPENINGS HERE ON MARION, PROBABLY CAUSED BY THE EXTREME STATE OF ISOLATION.

KLIPIES (JOHN STONE) SPENDS MANY HOURS IN THE POWER SHACK, TALKING TO RUSTON. HIPPIE (CHRIS) IS USUALLY CLEANING SOMETHING FOR SOMEONE FOR SOMETHING. BIG JOHN (RILEY) USUALLY SEEKS REFUGE IN THE GEOMAG HUT, DREADING THE DAY THE RACAL BLOWS ITS LAST VALVE. GOLDILOCKS (DUDLEY) DISSAPPEARS UP THE MAST SCORCHING THE HORIZON VAINLY IN SEARCH FOR SOMETHING OR SOMEONE KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF IN HIS TIME OF REMORSE, OCCASSIONLY HE SLIPS TO HIS ROOM TO MEDITATE. BOOTLACE (ROY) IS TO BE HEARD LAUGHING. MATRASKOP NO.1 (MARTHAN) WHILE TRYING TO FINISH HIS WORK HERE, SITS ON GUNNERS POINT LOOKING FOR MORE KILLER WHALES. SLAE (GRANT) USUALLY SPENDS HIS TIME THINKING OF A NEW VARIATION FOR HIS CURRY. MATRASKOP NO.2 (YS) RUNS AROUND WORKING OUT WHAT HE IS GOING TO COOK NEXT WEEK. BARCARDI (JOHANN) AND BLACK LABEL (BEN) ARE TRYING TO FIND OUT WHICH OF THEM IS THE BETTER PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER, UNFORTUNATLY THEY RAN OUT OF RAW MATERIAL. TOECAP (ALAN) IS MAKING HOUSES FOR HIS PADDYS TO LIVE IN. WE DONT SEE MUCH OF RIP VAN WINKEL (TONY) NOWADAYS, BUT HE SEEMS TO BE ALIVE WHEN HE COMES BACK OVER THE WEEKENDS.

AND SO AS LIVE AROUND US GOES ONWE GREET YOU TILL NEXT MONTH.