

News Letters-Nuus Briewe

MARION ISLAND NEWSLETTERS/MARIONEILAND NUUSBRIEWE

April, 1972

After nearly a week in Cape Town we were all very pleased to be on our way at last. We left at two-thirty p.m. on Saturday, the 8th. Everybody was pleased with the possible exception of Dirk Taljaard, who being very much in love, seem to be walking on air and yet had the sadness of parting weighing him down.

The journey was notable for two things. The first event was Francois Kraynauw's birthday on the second day out. Being rather seasick all he was able to manage in celebration was a glass of champagne and some pudding, but whether he enjoyed it or not . . . The other was the weather. With following winds and seas the journey was completed in the record time of approximately four days and sixteen hours.

We arrived at dawn on Thursday, 13th, only to find conditions unsuitable for docking and visibility very poor. Friday dawned bright and clear and we had our first sight of the base. The swell, however, was still too big to dock - so near yet so far. We were to wait until Tuesday, 18th, before the whole team was on land.

The offloading continued uninterrupted until completed. Liquor was consumed, food was cooked, including occasional steak and eggs at 2 a.m. (was this supposed to be early breakfast?). And between all this, somehow the weather programme was continued.

We had taken over from the old team by Sunday, 23rd and eventually they were able to depart the following Saturday, after a very hectic (or was it just confusing?) eleven days, and life began to settle into a routine.

Henk Tiggelman was able to go back with the *RSA* for a short visit to the Republic, Allen Wood having kindly offered to stay on and hold the fort as senior meteorologist during his absence.

As far as the weather is concerned, nothing unusual occurred. Average temperature was 6,8°C., maximum 12,6°C. and minimum 0,2°C. Total rainfall for the month was 235,6 mm.

June, 1972

We celebrated our first birthday this month with Dirk's 20th birthday. Francois cooked the supper, Leo baked the cake, Johan got out the champagne and John generally got in the way trying to tell everybody what to do. Dirk had some difficulty making his speech in between having his glass filled. Then Elvis sang and the dancing exhibitions started. That was a sight to see, but it did not last too long because Allen Wood completely lost his heart to the official dancing partner, a gorgeous, scented, blue-eyed, Scandinavian blond (the lounge mop sprayed with air freshener), and would not let anyone else dance with her.

A few days before the *RSA* left, a snooker competition was held, PWD vs. 29th Relief. Great fun was had by all

and the island team emerged victors 5-2. The PWD team left on Sunday, 11th. We settled down into the new routine that will take us through to the arrival of the biologists in December.

Leo and Sakkie started hamming this month. They have both been very active so far and it looks as though many hams overseas will be saying "thanks for the new country".

Time passed swiftly, the skuas left for regions unknown, and before long we were celebrating mid-winter. The day passed in feasting, merry making and a darts tournament, which was easily won by Henk.

Although mid-winter has come and gone, there has been no sign of any snow during June. When the average pressure of 1 016,8 mb is compared with last year's 1 007,9 mb, it is understandable. Apart from the high pressure that moved over Marion, the weather did not deviate much from normal.

This month a start has been made on sun photometer observations to determine air pollution. Unfortunately, the weather did not allow much opportunity to make these observations, but we still hope to collect important information that will help combat this ever increasing menace.

August, 1972

This month saw the completion of one third of our stay on Marion. It seems we landed here yesterday and yet at the same time, to be so long since we last saw family, friends and sweethearts.

Many signs of approaching spring are evident. The Gentoo penguins were already incubating their eggs at the beginning of the month and the first Gentoo chick was seen before the tenth. Photographers were constantly out and many interesting shots were taken of the Gentoos on their nests, Peddies attacking their eggs and so on. An occasional giant Petrel has also been seen nesting. The skuas have returned to the island, some King penguins have been seen swimming past Gunners Point and the first bull elephant seal has also arrived. Excitement at the base is rising at the prospect of interesting times ahead for photography in the next few months and expeditions further afield than usual are bound to be undertaken soon.

On the weather side, nothing very abnormal occurred except for the pressure which was the highest in more than 20 years as far as we can trace. Pottie had the honour of reading this pressure of 1 044,7 mb on the morning of the 12th at 8.00 o'clock. Weather statistics for the month are the following:

Mean surface pressure . . .	1 014,1 mb
Mean relative humidity . . .	85 per cent
Total sunshine duration . . .	69,1 hours
Total rainfall . . .	192,4 mm in 20 days
Absolute maximum temp. . .	8,8°C on 13th
Absolute minimum temp. . .	5,2°C on 25th



The old biological laboratory on Marion Island.

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The fellows took advantage of the fine weather brought by the high pressure to do some fishing. Henk and Sakkie brought in about twelve fish one day and Henk established a new Marion record with one weighing 3 lb 14½ oz.

For the second time this year we had a heavy snowfall and everybody joined in after lunch one day for a glorious snow fight. Everybody, that is, except Leo who was busy giving a snowball by snowball commentary to some Americans on the ham bands. We all had a great time and some good cine shots should be seen when we get back.

Towards the month end all except Sakkie and Dirk made a trip one afternoon to Juniors Kop. Leo and Johan could not make it to the top, but Henk, Frans, Pottie and John all exceeded Marion speed limits, sliding down the hard-packed snow on oil skins. No fines were issued for this reckless driving but photographs were taken and can be used as evidence if necessary.

September, 1972

The month started off with another tremendous storm with waves washing right over Gunners Point with such force that they completely smashed and washed away our garbage chute.

Interest in wild life activities was high and more expeditions than usual were undertaken. Pottie and Sakkie reached Kildalkey in three hours. We are claiming this as a record as our veteran islander, Henk, cannot remember anybody doing the trip faster. The King penguins have started returning in large numbers and Red Footed shags also seem to be more numerous. Giant petrels are sitting on their eggs and Killer Whales have been seen regularly since they were first sighted on the 13th. Elephant seal cows started arriving during the last ten days and the first baby was seen on Trypot Beach. The sooty albatross have also returned and their mournful

cries continually ring out, as, gracefully soaring, they patrol the cliffs along Ships Cove and Macaroni Bay.

One day Frans gave everybody notice that on his next cooking day he would not cook if his jeans were not returned to his room. Everybody laughed because it was common knowledge that they had mysteriously disappeared about three months previously. However, when they did not re-appear, Frans was as good as his word and we all had to help ourselves. It was all taken in a good spirit. Two conclusions were reached: (a) that Guiseppe, our mythical midnight chain rattler, was the culprit who absconded with the jeans and (b) Frans had really managed to come up with a very original excuse for not cooking when he did not feel like it.

The 30th was a great day – Johan's birthday. The party started at about 6.00 p.m. and was a real swinger. The quarters had been beautifully decorated with toilet paper streamers of different colours and for a moment we thought we had come to the wrong address. Also, everybody had dressed up in suits, etc., which added to the confusion, for we had trouble recognising each other. Eventually, however, the birthday boy was found behind his camouflage and congratulations and a champagne toast was followed by a dinner by candlelight.

Oktober 1972

Die eerste paar dae van die maand was onverwags koud. Met die koudste day 'n gemiddelde temperatuur van minus 0,3 grade Celsius op die sesde. Dit het die hoop op warmer somerweer weer laat kwyn. Johan was gereed om weereens die waterpype te herstel maar met die koms van warmer weer lyk dit of sy deel van waterpype herstel vir die res van hierdie aflos iets van die verlede is.

Die gemiddelde temperatuur van 4,5 grade Celsius wat 'n halwe graad warmer is as verlede maand, toon tog dat die somer stadig die winter wegdruk. 'n Laagste persentasie vogtigheid van 26 persent wat op die 25ste

bereken is word, na ons kan vasstel uit gegewens sedert daar begin is met waarnemings, as nog 'n rekord aanvaar.

Alhoewel die dae langer word, word daar 'n skaarste aan tyd ondervind om al die besienswaardighede aangaande die terugkerende diere te besigtig. Macaroni en Rockhopper Pikkeyne keer terug in hul duisende met Koningspikkewyne wat ook die strande en baaie begin volpak. Met die see-olifante en hul kalfies ook in die gedrang, is dit voorwaar 'n gesig om te aanskou. Die albatros kuikens het ook nou hul donsies afgegooi en dit is 'n aangename en lagwekkende gesig om te sien hoe hulle, al bokspringend, die basiese vliegpassies deurmaak.

John het hierdie maand verjaar en daar was weer oudergewoonte fees gevier met sjampanje en 'n groot doodoet. Om die voorbereidings en dekorasies van die

geleentheid as 'n verrassingsmoment te behou was arme John tot 6-uur die aand na sy kamer verban. Frikkie het gesorg vir die mooi verjaardagkoek met die lighoofdigste Francois as spysenier.

Hierdie maand het ons ook oor die helfte van die tydperk op die eiland gesien. Almal sien uit na die koms van die Franse skip met die bioloë en ook natuurlik die briewe en pakkies van bekendes en geliefdes aan boord. Met die aanvullings van die nuwe gesigte in ons geledere sal die laaste skof van ons verblyf nog korter en aangenameer wees.

Ons dra ook ons groete oor aan ons nuwe kollegas op Gougheiland en wens hulle 'n aangename en suksesvolle jaar toe. Aan die ou hande op Sanae sê ons net, geniet die kort rukkie wat oor is.

GOUGH ISLAND NEWSLETTERS/GOUGHEILAND NUUSBRIEWE

December, 1971

During the past month life at the base continued very much in the normal quiet way in spite of two birthdays, Christmas and Old Year's Eve.

On the morning of the fifth we woke up to find that Gough had turned into a dry and arid desert wasteland. Not a drop of water to be found. Donning our sun-helmets we strolled across the sand dunes up to the dam, only to find that it was a dam no more. It looked like a little pool of slimy green liquid, half filled with dead nightbirds and rotten leaves – which is exactly what it was. "Behold!" cried someone, "instant meat and vegetable soup". We advised this lunatic to undertake a journey to a very hot place, then most of us developed this craving for cool, clear water. A temporary solution presented itself in the form of twenty gallons of old distilled water. Lying underneath the brownstone, this was to be used only for cooking and brushing our teeth. Our joy and misery was equally unlimited when upper-air as well as photographic programmes had to be suspended. This left us with a fair amount of time to consider the situation. A conference was held at which we discussed the problem of "how to produce water". Several possibilities were presented, the most practical was to pay the water and electricity bill (for understandable reasons I shall not bother you with details of the other six ideas).

So, to pass the time while we were slowly turning into seven pieces of biltong, we dug out a twenty-yard length of old discarded waterpipe which was covered by about six feet of Gough undergrowth. This, with several other pieces of very weighty tools and equipment was hauled up to the river. The number of smoko's taken during this little trip was absolutely unbelievable. After reaching the river we proceeded to lengthen the water pipe to another pool about twenty yards upstream where we also installed the new filter. Late that afternoon the supply of water was back to normal – until about two hours afterwards when the new pool was emptied by the drain of water to the house. Because of better natural surroundings the new pool was gradually refilled by the small trickle of water

– once a river – and we had a regular, if limited, supply of water. This saw us through until good rains brought relief.

Being in the southern hemisphere it is our misfortune not to be able to sing the song "June is busting out all over". Even so, the spirit is the same because "Chicks are hatching out all over". To the great delight of photographers, all kinds of chicks (well, almost all kinds of chicks) were looking their best in soft and woolly feathers, and doing the cutest things one could imagine.

That wraps it up for this month. Happy New Year to you all.

February, 1972

During the month of February we saw the first appearance of a regular Sunday newspaper on Gough. This is a local effort, but, unfortunately, the name cannot be printed. Not because it is a four-letter word, but because it is a symbol – that of a question mark. This question mark is indicative of the contents and regularity of appearance of our newspaper and, most important, the identity of the editor. This is well for him, because after publishing a most revealing series entitled "Meet the Team" we have prepared a very nice torture chamber. Yes, this man can expect to have a very interesting time if we ever catch him.

For the first time in many months we have the whole island as well as several square miles of South Atlantic ocean all to ourselves. The fishing boats which have become a familiar sight, set course for Tristan last weekend. The departure call of the ships was answered by shooting some flares from the Island.

Most seals and penguins left the Island some two weeks ago. This might indicate an early or bad winter. Although there seems to be a slight chill in the air lately, the weather during the past month has been very pleasant. Several excursions were undertaken to surrounding hills. We even saw the rare occurrence of an absolutely cloudless sky. This day was promptly declared a public

holiday and we spent our time fishing and swimming. The cook decided upon a barbeque for our evening meal. Steak, chops and boerewors was grilled to suit our personal tastes. He also made pap to the horror and disgust of all Capetonians. A suggestion that crayfish should also be roasted over the fire was received with suspicion and doubt, and finally rejected. The final and very important task of making coffee was left to the great Skull – champion of coffee makers. Skull earned this honourable title not only because of the taste and texture of his coffee, but also for making the grooviest scene one can imagine whilst preparing his mixture. Before starting his coffee making ritual, Skull will meditate awhile. Then with great determination he will invade the kitchen, select a teaspoon and present an ear shattering, window pane rattling drum roll on the coffee can. With echoes resounding through mountains and valleys of Gough Island, the great Skull will mix his brew with a flourish. We can only watch in silent respect for a master at work. Then, at last, the champ will serve his coffee – grinning like only a skull can grin.

Maart 1972

Een van die Eiland se inheemse voëls, die Gough Rail, het nog altyd ons belangstelling geprikkel. Miskien omdat die voël net op Gough aangetref word, en omdat die mens byna niks weet van sy gewoontes en leefwyse nie. Verlede jaar het twee ouens op 'n Railnes afgekom en baie akkurate opmetings gemaak van die eiers. Hulle het gemeen dat navorsers baie sou belangstel. Maar die twee het besluit om die waarnemings te laat vaar toe hulle agterkom dat dit nie 'n Rail se nes is nie, maar die ou bruin hoenderhen s'n.

Nou na 'n paar maande se geduld, is daar 'n familie Rails wat heeltemal mak is en geen vrees vir mense het nie. Die pa met sy mank been, en die twee kinders kom gereeld kuier, maar die ou tante is nie baie vriendelik nie. Miskien is sy bang dat ons haar dogters sal verlei.

As 'n mens vir 'n tydjie stilsit buite sal hulle nader kom, oor jou loop, en aan alles pik wat eetbaar lyk soos knope, verfkolle, ore, fingers en die lekker spekkies wat

hulle deur die gate in mens se hemp kan sien. Een het self aan Les se tone gepik, maar dit nooit weer probeer nie. Daardie tipe fout word net eenkeer gemaak.

Ons het gevind dat Rails baie lief is vir koffie (met twee suiker), kaas, lemmetjiesap, salticrax, wortels en verkies Benson & Hedges bo Lucky Strike. Die ou man het selfs 'n stywe dop van Johan se Jamaica rum weggeslaan, by die huis uitgehardloop en eers weer 'n week later teruggekom. Miskien het die rum te sterk herinner aan Les se tone.

So af en toe sal 'n Rail by die sitkamer ingestap kom, sy strydkreet gee, en begin om die mat skoon te maak. Elke ou krummeltjie word opgepik en ingesluk. Dan verwerk die voël dié tot 'n spesiale semi-vloeibare vorm, wat op 'n baie opsigtelike plek (op die eetkamer tafel) gelos word sodat die skivvy dit kan verwyder.

Behalwe die Rails het ons geen ander kuiermense gehad nie. Vroeër dié maand is hier wel twee skepe verby, maar hulle wou nie gesels nie.

Pikkie het op die 28ste verjaar. Sover ons kan uitmaak is hy nou tussen twee en drie eeue oud. Ons het almal noodgedwonge die aand "Stil tuis deurgebring".

Verder hoor ons gereeld elke aand aan tafel die vraag: Pikkie wat is nuus? En gereeld elke aand aan tafel kom die antwoord: Nee man, niks besonders eintlik nie. En as hy so sê wie is ons om te stry?

Mei 1972

Mei mand word bestelling ingedien vir alles wat die volgende span sal nodig kry. Volgens die oorwoë mening van meeste ouens op die eiland is hier net een groot tekortkoming. Soos die welbekende liedjie dit uitdruk –

"What aint we got?
We aint got dames".

So het elkeen dan sy eie private keuse op die bestellingslys ingevul. Daar was 'n beskeie versoek vir 'n tikster. 'n Minder beskeie versoek dat 'n verpleegster gestuur word, want die Departement van Gesondheid se verteen-



Baby seal on Marion Island.

woordiger op die eiland is nie juis 'n streëling vir die oog nie. Vra maar vir Pikkie. Iemand wou 'n meermin gehad het om te help met kreef vang. Daar was 'n aanvraag vir 'n meisie met 'n skatryk pa, een met 'n donkerpers veertwaalf Ferrari, met ses twee-keel vergassers en . . . toemaar. En les bes, die verstandige keuse van 'n vet swarte met 'n skropborsel; wel, Gough 18, ons het probeer . . .

Tesame met die bestellings word ook verslag gelewer oor die toestand van die geboue op die eiland. Nog 'n liedjie kom tot ons redding, en sonder om te blik of te bloos sing ons dat:

“Die dak die lek, en die vloere die kraak
Maar ons is te lui om dit reg te maak.”

Verder het die lewe op die eiland min of meer sy normale gang gegaan. Heelwat minder skepe, walvisse, duikbote en ander see monsters is opgemerk. Maar dit is te begrype want iemand het die badkamer venster gewas.

Net een keer was die gewone roetine lelik omgekrap. Dit was toe 'n donderstorm losgebars het. Ons beste Kapenaar het eers twee dae later onder die tafel uitgekruip.

June, 1972

Most of us spent most of our time indoors to escape unpleasant weather and a great number of Gough house mice had the same idea. This resulted in a relentless battle for supremacy which was not easy for us. These mice have been on the island much longer than any of us and they know all the tricks of the trade.

Several patent mousetraps saw the light. These were good but not good enough because for every twenty mice that got caught one still got away with the cheese and the secret which made the trap useless.

The Skull preferred to lie on ambush, ready to stomp on any mouse coming his way. It was great fun to see these stomps. The mouse always seemed to be at three or four places at once and Skull always did his best to cover them all. Unfortunately all this did not do the floor boards any good.

Piet and Pikkie produced a device which sent a three thousand volt shock through the mouse. General opinion forced them to reduce the voltage to 1 500 volts because we wanted the mice to know that we had nothing personal against them.

Before this electrical trap was perfected we celebrated midwinter and Piet's birthday with a party that could not be beaten.

Soon afterwards Les became ill, so ill that at least two of us had to be at his side 24 hours a day. It took all our time and effort to nurse him and cope with everyday work. All normal routine had to be abandoned. We could not go on like this and help was sent by means of the *SAS President Steyn*.

The weather was pretty grim when she arrived. Gale force winds prevented the use of the helicopter and the Gemini was used. (We did think they knew about those two whales playing not very far away.)

Off loading the necessary cargo took place under very difficult conditions. The last load went in total darkness. The only light was being provided by the continuous firing of flares from the cliff top. The wind was about

thirty knots and six foot swells were running under the arch way. (Just the kind of thing news reporters would enjoy.)

Pieter, our new radio operator, joined us and we saw Les go after being on the island for nearly two years.

Julie 1972

Vir die afgelope paar maande het Johann, ons beste skaakspeler, elke Donderdagaan 'n wedstryd teen Tristan Da Cunha se beste skaakspeler, die Dominee. Daar is gewoonlik twee of drie ouens by die ontvanger wat die spel dophou en hul bes doen om raad te gee. Terwyl Johann sy bes doen om hulle raad te ignoreer. Om onverklaarbare redes is daar altyd 'n versletting in radio toestande, of 'n lugdraad wat afwaai, of iets dergeliks, sodra die spel begin moeilik word. Maar een van die dae sal die twee spelers se verskonings opraak, dan sal ons weet wie die skaakkampioen van die Suid-Atlantiese osean is.

Hierdie entoesiaste het die spel van Fischer en Spassky met groot belangstelling gevolg. Ander was meer geïnteresseerd in hul manewales. Een ou hier was baie verontwaardig omdat party mense „Pop speel op die geruite vlag”. Dit het baie mooipraak gekos om hom te oortuig dat daar geen verband is tussen 'n skaakbord en die vlag wat by motorwedrenne gebruik word nie.

Party spanlede het 'n groot lus vir snoek ontwikkel, en as die weer toelaat het hulle afgestaan see toe om 'n paar te vang. Hul pogings was nogal suksesvol. Die werklike groot hengelaars het natuurlik hul tyd voor die stoof deurgebring waar hulle mekaar vermaak het met groot stories.

Meeste van ons is al vir byna twee jaar op die eiland, en almal begin al dink aan die huistoe gaan wat hopelik binne 'n paar maande sal plaasvind. Vroeër in die jaar was daar allerhande planne oor hoe om hier weg te kom (nie noodwendig terug S.A. toe nie). Ons wou onder andere 'n vlot bou van leë diesel dromme, en 'n boot van aluminium dakplate. Twee energieke ou ooms het beplan om 'n tunnel deur die aarde te grawe, maar van plan verander toe ons hulle daarop wys dat hulle iewers tussen Japan en die V.S.A. te lande sou kom. Nou het ons besluit dat daar net een manier is en dit is om te wag totdat die ou roesemmer hier aangelok kom. Intussen begin ons so stadigaan werk doen ter voorbereiding van die oorname.

August, 1972

The events of two months ago, when a warship was sent to Gough to replace a team member due to illness, was still fresh in memory when Shorts woke up one morning and found himself suffering from the symptoms of an appendicitis attack. “Here we go again”, we thought, silently hoping that the weather would be a bit better this time (for photographic purposes, of course). Radio contact was made with medical doctors on Tristan and in Pretoria, but it turned out to be a false alarm, and a few long sighs of relief were sounded along the line. (Not one of us had the courage to work out who was cook during the days preceding Shorts' illness.)

Earlier this month we had a few warm and sunny days. Some even tried to catch a bit of sun tan. It was in this period when the cook discovered a lengthy piece of

sausage, which had been buried in the frozen depths of our deep freeze. We all immediately and unanimously voted for a barbecue. "Pap en wors" was (once again) served to the horror of our Capetonian, and the "Cape versus Transvaal" battle is still raging.

During the last weeks of August we saw the graceful Molly and Sooty albatrosses re-appearing all over the island. It looked like the beginning of summer. But then came the coldest days of the year. Light snow showers occurred and mountain tops were covered with snow for days.

It was during this cold spell that Pikkie had one of his dreams fulfilled. After walking around an obstacle in the passage at least six times a day for nearly two years, he suddenly discovered that this obstacle was an ancient radio transmitter. Pikkie did a back somersault for joy and dragged his new found baby to the radio room to bring it back to life. We were all a bit sceptical about his efforts for the transmitter seemed to date from an uncertain pre-Marconi era. General opinion was that it should be quietly pushed over the cliff when the Department isn't looking. Pikkie didn't share that opinion and spent days and nights tracing and repairing one fault after the other, until the transmitter was in working condition again. A good thing really, because there is no telling what harm would have been done to crayfish-catching with that old transmitter polluting the southern oceans.

September 1972

Die afgelope maand het die weer gewissel tussen lieflike somersdae en stormagtige wintersnagte. Dit was gedurende een van hierdie watersnagte dat 'n stormwind die verlepte ou hoenderstoortjie platgewaai het. Niemand

was juis baie jammer oor die verlies van die stoortjie nie, maar een van Pikkie se geliefde luggrade is ook daarmee heen. (Hy word nou nog hartseer as hy daaraan dink.) Die ou bruin hen het ook eers gereeld elke dag 'n eier in die stoor gelê, maar niemand kon nou uitvind waar haar nuwe lêplek is nie. Die oorblyfsels van die stoor is sorgvuldig bymekaar gemaak, ewe sorgvuldig teen die krans afgegooi, en 'n voorspoedige reis na Australië toegewens.

Nie lank daarna nie het 'n elektriese motor op die hyskraan uitgebrand. Daar staan die ding toe met sy arm in die lug en verseg om 'n duim te beweeg. Al wat ons toe nodig gehad het was nog 'n stormwind en die hyskraan sou kort op die hakke van die hoenderstoortjie gevolg het. Hierdie keer het Pikkie nie 'n woord gesê nie. (Sy opinie omtrent hyskraan motors wat uitbrand sal net in Sweedse tydskrifte gepubliseer kan word.) Eers die volgende middag kon ons 'n plan bewerkstellig om seker te maak dat die hyskraan by ons sal bly.

Die koms van die Gaggins waarna almal so uitgesien het, het nog nie plaasgevind nie. Behalwe dat ons nou nog wag vir pakkies van die huis af, beteken dit ook dat die bolug program tot 'n einde gekom het. Hier was nie genoeg radiosonde batterye vir die jaar nie en 'n aanvullende voorraad is met die Gaggins gestuur. Lyk nie of dit veel gehelp het nie.

Hoewel ons uitsien na die koms van die *RSA*, is niemand op hierdie tydstip baie opgewonde daaroor nie. Oeuns raak wel entoesiasies as daar oor nuwe motorkarre gesels word. Opgewondenheid was ook baie groot toe daar ontdek word dat 'n blik wat die afgelope ses maande as deurstop in die snoekerkamer gebruik word, nie growwe meel bevat nie, maar ses bottles wyn. Die nodige respek is aan die wyn betoon op Shorts se verjaardag, 'n paar dae gelede.

SANAE NEWSLETTERS/SANAE NUUSBRIEWE

Mei 1972

Die maand was gekenmerk deur die ysreën wat op die 10de voorgekom het. Dit het 'n geweldige helderys akumulasie op luggrade en ander voorwerpe gevorm. Die ysreënbui is gevolg deur 'n storm waartydens maksimum windstote by tye 60 knope bereik het. Dit was egter genoeg om al die radioluggrade om te waai as ook Natal Universiteit se „Whistler antenna”. Radiokommunikasie was gevolglik vir drie dae totaal ontwrig. En vir nog 'n week was kommunikasie baie beperk. Die einde van die storm was dit egter nie, net 'n dag van redelike weer was ons gegun om die aanvanklike skade te besigtig toe die storm se tweede fase ingetree het. Hierdie fase het vir vyf dae gewoed waartydens 'n windstoot van 91 knope aangeteken is. Tydens hierdie fase het die ionosfeer radiomas se luggrade ook los geruk en moes ook die mas afgetaken word om herstel werk te doen.

In die weerkantoor was die gevolg 'n swart maand vir die bolug waartydens tien opstygings nie gedoen kon word nie.

Die laaste paar dae van die maand was gekenmerk deur lae temperature en mooiweertoestande, waartydens herstelwerk buite gedoen is. In die basis self is die meeste van die tyd bestee aan die midwinterblad en die beplanning van die fees as sulks.

Elsa het egter die meeste van ons verras toe sy die plaaslike huskiebevolking met vier vermeerder het op die 10e.

Julie 1972

Die maand was gekenmerk deur kalm wind en besondere lae temperature. Minimum temperature van -49 grade C. is op drie afsonderlike dae aangeteken met 'n absolute minimum van $-49,3$ grade C. 'n Gemiddelde maandelikse temperatuur van $-36,0$ grade C. het werk buite die basis tot 'n minimum beperk.

In die basis is skaakspel nou aan die orde van die dag en die spel teen die Russiese basis vorder goed. Die posisie is nog redelik gelykop.



The Caterpillar in crevasse trouble.

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Oorweging word geskenk aan 'n veerpyltjie wedstryd teen Signy Eiland.

Net om Antarktika, Antarktika te hou, het 'n storm op die 30e en 31e ons kom herinner dat luike te alle tye in 'n goeie werkende toestand moet wees. Nie soos die een naaste aan die met. gebou waar sneeu tydens die storm tot teen die dak ingewaai het nie.

August, 1972

After experiencing a record monthly mean temperature of -36°C . during July, August's warm weather ($-22,4^{\circ}\text{C}$.) was enjoyed by everyone.

On the whole, the month's weather was calm and only two storms occurred. On the morning of the 12th a sudden wind storm came up reaching its peak only six hours later, with a mean hourly wind of 78 knots and a maximum gust of 100 knots. To everyone's surprise the wind became almost calm only fifteen hours later.

On the 13th a party of eight members left in Vallie and the FM, two of our muskegs, on a visit to the Buktas, only to be caught in yet another storm. It was eight very relieved faces which returned to the base after being cramped in the back of Vallie for three days.

On the following day the rest of the team left for a visit to the Buktas, not seen by the previous party, this included all surrounding buktas. The last party, however, experienced sunny days and had much to tell on their return.

Shortly after this, dog and four team members left for Marsteinen on a supply trip. After the first few days of poor visibility and minor mechanical delay, they made good progress and were last reported to be in the hinge area where the route is reported to be rather indistinct, since the last party passed through it in late March.

(Die Nuusbriewe is goedgegunstelik deur Die Departement van Vervoer aan die Bulletin voorsien.)

NEW PROGRAMMES ON MARION ISLAND

During the I.G.Y. (1957/58) the National Institute for Telecommunications Research of the C.S.I.R. operated an ionospheric station on Marion Island. The equipment used for this purpose was transferred to Sanae in 1962.

In recent years it has become clear that additional ionospheric information in the area between South Africa and Antarctica – South America and Australia was highly desirable for improving predictions for radio communications networks.

The possibility of re-opening the station on Marion Island was therefore examined and it was decided to re-establish the ionospheric station on the island during 1972.

In addition to the need for more data to improve communications predictions mentioned above the decision was strongly influenced by the potential value of the station for scientific research.

Marion Island is very nearly conjugate to an ionospheric station operated by the Max Planck Institute in Germany, i.e. these areas lie on nearly the same magnetic field lines and phenomena occurring in one hemisphere can influence ionospheric conditions in the other. Marion Island should also prove of tremendous value in studying the effects of the South Atlantic Radiation Anomaly, where electrons trapped in the outer Van Allen belt penetrate deep into the atmosphere. Analysis of some of the 1957/58 Marion Island data has shown that anomalous conditions exist there during the winter.

In addition to the gathering of ionospheric data the station will also concern itself with gathering magnetic data for the Hermanus Geomagnetic Observatory. Suitable equipment for this purpose is being installed at the same time as the ionospheric equipment.