

NEWS LETTERS-NUUSBRIEWE

GOUGH

Mei 1973

DIE VIS WORD so 'n bietjie traag om te byt, maar ons trek darem nog genoeg snoek vir eie gebruik en as Johan in die regte bui is, dan rook hy ook vir ons so een of twee. Wat die kreef betref, het ons nog oorvloed.

Bykans al wat lewende dier is, het weggetrek vir die winter en 'n mens voel maar verlate. Daar is darem een groot troos. Die *Tristania* sal eersdaags sy verskyning op die horizon maak. Dit is nogal interessant om te sien hoeveel keer die ouens hulle oë so oor die see laat dwaal, in die hoop om die verwagte skip te sien. Alhoewel die ding nog vasgemeer is in Kaapstad.

Ou Dudley of Doeddels soos hy alombekend staan, het besluit om sy kamer te verf. Nie 'n sleg idee nie, maar dit moes natuurlik 'n pienk wees. As jy daai rooinek wil rooi sien, moet jy nou sê sy kamer is pienk. Nee, dit is „California Coral”.

June 1973

Good evening listeners, this is Gough Radio Sports Round-up with a mouse by mouse commentary on the Midwinter Handicap. It was run on a forty-yard lino track with a right-angle bend in the middle. The evening was warm, the visibility was good and there was not a cloud in the passage.

While the runners are warming up in an empty Weetbix tin I will give you a run-down on the results taken from a practice run. Longtail who did very well is now rated two to one. Hopper who showed potential on the straight had a bit of difficulty to slow down for the corner but still has a good rating at four to one. Another runner who we hoped would recover for the race was Nonstop who suffered brain injuries when he refused to stop at the finishing post and accidentally got under somebody's shoe.

The mice are off. Longtail is taking the lead with the other twelve hopping, jumping and running behind. With the seconds ticking over and the mice being edged on either by foot or by fright they are at last heading down the last straight. Most of the competitors have completed the race. Hopper won even though he had trouble with his non-grip tackies on the bend. He made the distance in a fantastic time of twenty-six seconds. The mouse was rewarded with a piece of cheese.

Well that is all from sports round-up for tonight and now we will cross to the newsroom where your news will be read to you by Pikke Tross (a cross between a penguin and an albatross).

To start the month, Mike and Dudley on an adventurous trip, found a new cave. It is an estimated ninety feet deep up to where they could crawl, and deeper in it opened up into a chamber which could unfortunately not be reached and will later be explored.

Round about the middle of the month Johan came up with the brilliant idea of building a braai. After some persuasion he and Chris started and finished it in good time for Pat's official birthday. After the braai we made a mass slaughter on the mice and caught 104 in two and a half hours.

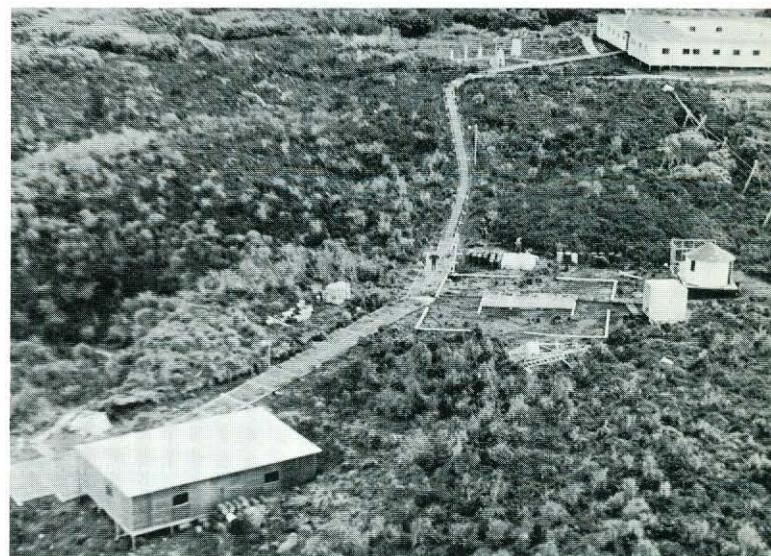
The month ended on a very relieved note with the

arrival of the long-expected *Tristania* which brought most welcome post from home.

Julie 1973

Julie is gekenmerk deur koue en reën. Mooiweerde was weereens baie skaars en vir die valpense in ons midde is die „ontydige” winter iets wat hulle nie gou weer wil beleef nie. As gevolg van die ongure weerstoestande kon min uitstappies onderneem word. 'n Paar van die krels het wel gaan sneeumanne bou bo-op „South Peak”.

Op die 26ste het ons Gideon se verjaardag gevier. Ja, 22 jaar terug het hy vir die eerste keer lig gesien. Ons het toe besluit om die aand uit te eet (uit die blikkies).



Aerial view of the base, with store building at the lower left corner and the improved helipad in the centre. The nearby box-like structure housed the chicken battery and the rondavel held building maintenance. The line of tripods supported the sewage pipe.

October 1973

The RSA left Cape Town on the 6th and arrived at Gough on the evening of the 12th. Unfortunately the light easterly winds built up the swell in Transvaal Bay and off-loading only commenced on the morning of the 16th, when to the disappointment of the new team only the PWD and Biologists went ashore. Two days later the sea calmed and the off-loading came in to full swing with everyone then ashore.

February 1974

Ham radio, which by now has become the most popular hobby, has had a great boost when towards the end of the month Pottie's tri-band beam antenna was completed. The building of the mast started during the first week of the month, and with favourable weather conditions work continued at a steady pace. It was in the twilight hours of the 26th that a tired but excited Pottie heard the following report from Germany: ZDOG D, DK3MID Rodger Pottie, you are 5/9 plus 10 dB, very strong signal indeed.

One evening after supper we decided on catching mice. Standard traps were used and after two and a half hours 133 were counted. The following afternoon we started

feeding the skuas. Piet, the skua brought up by the previous team, surprised us all as we watched him swallowing seven mice. Trotting clumsily around, he still had two tails and a pair of legs hanging out of his beak.

Maart 1974

Die maand se weerkundige program is met katastrofes begin en afgesluit. Die waterstof-ontwikkelaar het besluit dat 'n leeftyd van drie en 'n half jaar lank genoeg is. „Het toe maar 'n koronêr geskiet”, het iemand met misnoë opgemerk, nadat ons agtergekom het dat daar 'n gat in die binneste wand van die ontwikkelaarskamer is. Die ontwikkelaar word nou met die grootste versigtigheid bejeën. Klein Sakkie het weer in die vroeëoggendure van die 31ste amper 'n aanval van koronêre trombose gehad toe die enigste werkende optelmasjien op die eiland skielik „die gees gaf”.

MARION

April 1973

DIE NUWE SPAN se aankoms op die 12de was gekroon deur 'n lieflike dag en 'n hartlike verwelkoming deur die ou span, wat ons gou laat huis voel het.

Nadat die DOW span begin besig raak het, het die nuwe deel van die basis soos 'n paddastoel opgeskiet en is nou nie meer ver van voltooiing af nie. Ons sien uit daarna om die nuwe deel in gebruik te neem, veral die nuwe stoof, daar die ou stoof die gees gegee het net na ons aankoms. Nou word daar vir 40 persone op twee primusse gekook en wonders word verrig.

May 1973

The extension to the living quarters is now complete, including a spacious kitchen, dining room, hospital room and darkroom. The second building to be completed was the new laboratory for the ionospheric and geomagnetic programs dubbed "Thompson Manor" which was erected on the site of the old radio shack ZS2M1.

July 1973

Ons het die maand ingegaan met bevore waterpype en ongerief is deur alle eilanders ondervind.

Governors- sowel as Tristanhuis met hulle lang geschiedenis is vroeg in die maand afgebrand. Alhoewel ons geen persoonlike herinneringe omtrent die huise gehad het nie, was dit 'n treurige gesig om sulke geskiedkundige geboue te sien gaan.

November 1973

Die eerste motorvoertuig op Marion is aan wal gebring en getoets. Almal was baie gretig om bietjie sitvlakte te skuur en die amphicat het 'n harde tydjie gehad.

Die RSA het die 30ste weer vertrek en tensien ons uit na die Franse skip wat ongeveer Kersfees sal arriveer.

December 1973

The new hydrogen generator was installed early in the month, much to the disgust of the metkassies. After a few early teething troubles and a bit of running in, it went into full production, though apparently still a bit slow in producing gas.

During the first half of the month we had some beautiful weather, but since Christmas it's been rain and wind most of the time. It seems that we don't have a climate here, just weather.

Generally it was an enjoyable month, progress with biological aspects has been good and the meteorological, geomagnetic and ionospheric programmes carried on as smoothly as usual. With a team now almost double in size to what we have been used to for the past five months, the happy and pleasant atmosphere has remained the same and we look forward to another four months of pleasant life on this planet of ours.

Januarie 1974

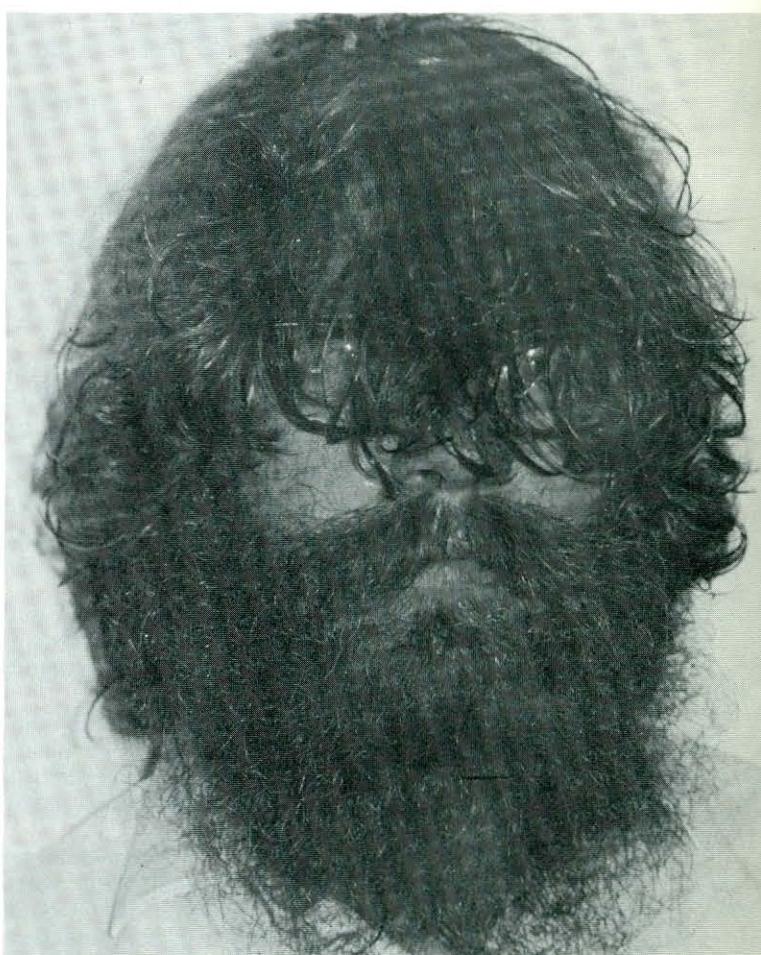
Die Franse het ons op die 3de besoek en ook vier nuwe spanlede saamgebring, onder andere twee voël-kundiges ("bird stalkers") en twee plantkundiges. Aflaaiery is gedoen per helikopter in geweldige sterk wind met stote van 45 knope. Alles het egter goed afgeloop en hulle het na sowat drie uur op die eiland weer vertrek.

February 1974

Tony, Doug and Alan decided that Wally and Albert were completely incorrect in saying there was little to see on the far side of the island. They completed a census of birds and seals on the west coast and with a few days of excellent weather found the trip around the island well worth the effort. High wind and rain and later thick mist made the trip slightly longer but no one complained.

Maart 1974

Gekom aan die einde van ons eiland-jaar, word daar baie bespiegel oor die terugkeer na die beskawing en



Which twin

16 paar oë begin alreeds die see fynkam om die RSA vinniger aan te help.

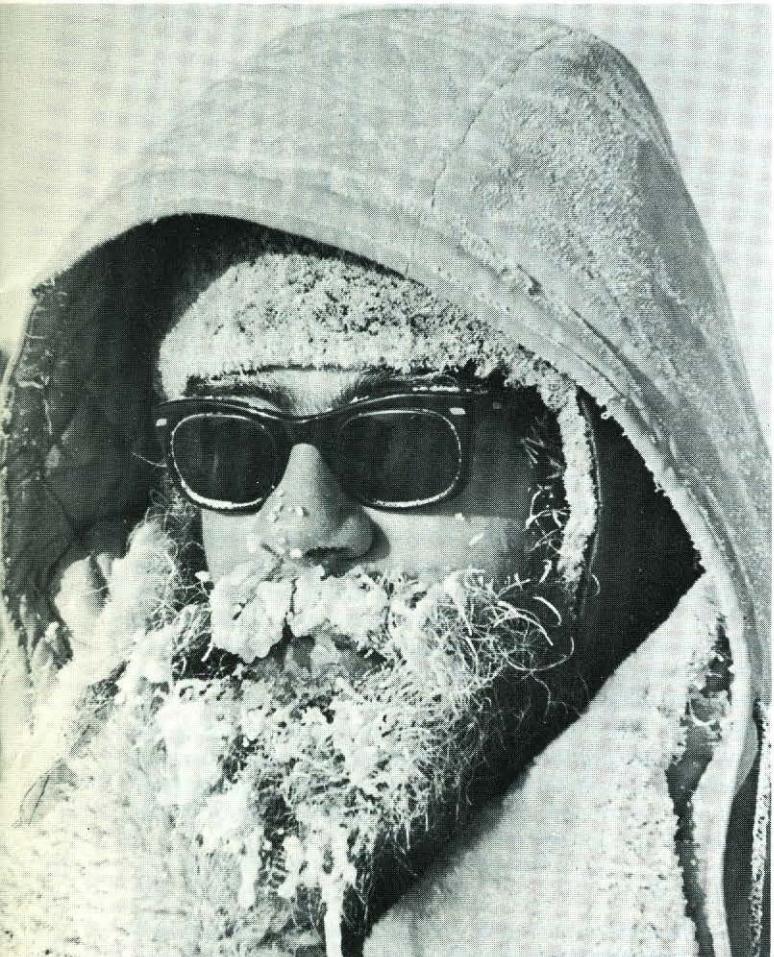
In ons hoë verwagtinge van die eiland is ons nie teleurgesteld nie, en ons sal terugkeer met 'n langer geduld, korter geheue, 'n smaak vir avontuur en 'n ryke ondervinding.

SANAE

April 1973

ERIC AND WILLIE KUPERUS built a snow yacht. For weeks without end they stitched and sewed and worked meticulously to finish the sail of roughly a hundred square feet. And then one afternoon they built the yacht and fastened the sail. And there was a beautiful sunset in the north and not a breath of wind. The yacht did not sail that day. Neither did it sail in the storm that followed. Now I just wonder whether it is going to be a case of the yacht that never sailed or something. In any case, it provided subject matter for some extremely beautiful slides that day.

Greetings to all our readers, and a little bouquet of the most beautiful Antarctic flowers for Jubero Malherbe, who presents our radio programme.



... has the Toni?

May 1973

Dit was 'n fout.

Ons sal nooit weer hiernatoe kom nie, hier waar selfs ouvadertjie Ra sy rug op jou draai, En dit nogal in die winter. Dis nag . . . ons wil nou vir die ousbaas 'n kort briefie Heliopolis toe stuur en vir hom sê ons is jammer vir al die dae waarop ons hom nie waardeer het nie. Dit sal nie meer gebeur nie . . .

Maar daar is darem een stukkie hemel ook hier: 'n hemelbad. Ou Harry en Willem Smith is een dag daar na die ou basis toe en bring toe 'n bad daarvandaan saam. Ja, 'n groot bad waarin jy jou kan bad. Ons het altyd voorheen gestort en al so begin uitsien na 'n lekker bad. In elk geval, ou Harry bou toe 'n stellasie in die een hoek van die kragkamer en sit die bad daar bo-op. Die wasmasjien staan nou onder hom. Ag dis nou te heerlik om so in die bad te lê en Schubert se Forelle uit volle bors te la-la, of net rond te spring en te tjirp, soos in ou Dave se geval (sy bynaam is mos ou voël), of om 'n hele boek klaar te lees soos in Harry se geval, of om 'n dik sny brood te eet soos in ou Hennie se geval, en daarna tap jy die water uit in die wasmasjien en jy was jou klere. Ekonomies, né?

August 1973

One day I visited Dan in his room – with a cup of tea of course, politely – to dispute with him on existentialist, essentialist and nihilistic ideas, when I faintly distinguished the twittering of birds. This man's got a twittering machine somewhere, I thought to myself. (Fortunately not the kind of Paul Klee's imagination . . .) Horrible Dan, I thought. He had this tape for almost eight months before I came to know about it . . . I was immediately displaced in place and time to some remote lake area abounding in birdlife.

Often times we play Finlandia and get that very same sense of space, see in our minds' eyes those frozen lakes and forests of birch and pines. And we know anew what we miss most here: something green to break this white monotony. That is also why Service grows and nourishes one single radish plant in his room under his bed lamp. Every day. All day long . . .

September 1973

Die warmer dae het toe uiteindelik aangebreek, en die moraal van die span is nou eers hoog noudat ons weet ons sal nooit weer 'n Augustus hier hoof te beleef nie.

Maar daar is darem baie gewerk ook. 'n Heel paar keer is Bukta toe gegaan en diesel aangery. En op sulke uitvluggies het die kameras natuurlik meer gekliek as in die hele jaar hier by die basis. En sommige ouens het eintlik mooi bruin gebrand.

December 1973

An eternity later we arrived at Gruna-Hogna, and of course by saying so, I do not refer to any specific earlier experience, since Antarctica is timeless – and we were welcomed not too warmly as befits well-educated people. Then we got slightly high on aged red wine in the way the upper middle-brow does, with not too much noise, and afterwards went back to bed. The morrow we departed for Borga – endless days further south.

I shall not attempt to describe the scenery. Even the best chosen words cannot do justice to it, and can only create a wrong image. Only those who stood at Borga and looked down onto the Borg Massif and on Ryvingen, will apprehend my lack of enthusiasm for description.

After too short a time there, we came back all the way, over the rises and sastroogi, and stopped over at pyramiden, Gruna-Hogna, and the Lichen-covered Marsteinen. We even climbed Pyramiden to find a bottle with a list of names in it, left there by the 1950 Norwegian-British-Swedish expedition. Marsteinen was wet. The ice was melting, and water was running down the mountain in streams, collecting in the bottom of the windscoop.

From there onwards it was further and further north until at last a mast appeared on the white disc in the binoculars. A few hours later we were home, but do not let this word mislead you.

February 1974

After a somewhat prolonged and chaotic takeover period that lasted three weeks with fifty-eight people moving around in the base (it was worse than Adderley Street on a Saturday morning), the old team then decided



that they had had enough and we were feeling as if we could do without them so they finally left for the ship on the 10th. It was a very pushed and informal departure due to bad weather. They could not even take two of the vehicles which were supposed to return to South Africa.

Well after all that the Borga team thought they had better push off as they were getting in the way. On the twelfth the six chaps of the Borga team with three of our chaps left. When they were all ready to leave it was quite amusing as they did not know which way to go. By 6.30 p.m. they were on their way.

Everybody has finally settled down to his programme, or should I say headache, as there has been many a disappointment with equipment. John's "Beast" equipment did not arrive, Guy's television tube was broken so he had to cancel an aurora project which was a great disappointment, and the poor weather men were given party balloons instead of met balloons and sea temperature charts. The sea is 20 km away.

Stop press: Borga chaps progressing well. One cat fell in a crevasse at Muskeg Depot; no one injured. Johan stuck an ice pick in his leg. It is improving fast. Team has not reached Grunahogna.

Maart 1974

Ons het net so 'n paar probleempies hier gehad. Eerstens met ons drinkwater. Die sneeu smelter het besluit om sommer net te begin lek en die uitlaatgas van die dieselenjins tesame met rooi-bruin roes het in die water gekom. Ou Chris, een van ons motorwerkendes, het toe vir ons 'n nuwe smelter gebou.

Probleem nommer twee was om die sneeu smelter gedurende storms vol te kry as jy nie kan uitgaan om sneeu in te gooi nie. Chris het twee dromme aanmekaar gesweis en dit skuins teen die sneeu smelter gelê wat dan die jagsneeu opskep en deur die gat in die drom binne in die sneeu smelter waai. En groot was ons verbassing toe dat die smelter vol bly en daar moes net kort kort gekeer word of die ding loop oor. Gelukkig nou vir die arme skiwie wie se eer dit is om water te voorsien gedurende sulke storms.

Verder verlang almal net na die lekker dinge daar in die Republiek soos vars groente en slaai ens., wat ons nie hier het nie behalwe ou Terry se radyplantjies in sy kantoor wat onder 'n neonlig moet groei teen wil en dank. Of ons nog daarvan sal eet sal die tyd nog leer maar ons hoop darem om so 'n ietsie te kry om aan te knaag... as die radyse saamspeel natuurlik.

Mei 1974

Die volgende dag hoor ons dit toe. Die Engelse op Halley Bay en die klompie op Scott Base (Suidpool stasie) het „gestreak”. Ja nee, heeltemal reg gelees. Helder en duidelik vertel die ouens dat hulle by -18° Celsius gestreak het. Tien koue tree om om die aardas te kom. En dis toe wat boer se kind ook besluit. As die ander manne so kan maak, hoekom nie ons ook nie? En daar in die Republiek gaan dit ook lekker met die streakers.

Daardie selfde aand nog... agt van ons – met 'n wind van tien knope en 'n temperatuur van minus $31,2^{\circ}\text{C}$ het ons die rekord vir Antarktika opgestel. Tussen die twee verste luike sou ons hardloop. Poedelnakend – net soos ons die dag deur die ooievaar afgelewer is – is daar gehardloop. Gelukkig windaf. Effens koudvoetig maar met 'n filmsterhouding het ons weer aangetrek. Ek sê filmsterhouding omdat al die kameras oortyd gewerk het.

Wat die weer van die maand betref was Mei 'n goor en dooie maand. Ons het nie eers die laaste sonsondergang beleef nie maar 'n sterk Suid-ooste wind en jagsneeu. Gedurende die begin van Mei het die druk redelik konstant gebly maar toe op 11 Mei begin die druk mos val en val en val en die 12de bereik dit sy laagste punt.

Ook met die druk wat na benede getuumel het, het ons ou liewe Suid-ooster weer die hoogtes ingeskiet. Op 12 Mei het ons Munro oortyd gewerk en 'n spoed van 84 knope in die gemiddeld aangeteken. 'n Windstoot van 108 knope (200 km/h) het die arme instrument amper sy laaste dae gekos.

Van 11 Mei het ons soos rotte in die basis gesit. Uitsaam was onmoontlik. 18 dae van frustrasie, irritasie en selfs meditasie het gevolg. Net ons arme „metkassies” moes die woedende elemente van moeder natuur beveg om die ballon los te laat.

Junie 1974

Na die mid-winter merk verby gesteek is, wat gepaard gegaan het met feestelikhede uit die boonste rakke, sien ons al hoe meer uit na die eerste verskyning van die son in Augustus.

Voor die vertrek in Augustus moet die byna ten volle sneeu bedekte slees (as gevolg van sneeuakkumulasie), installasies waarop die proviaan gestoor word, sneuetrekker en diesel dromme uitgegrawe word. Die diesel-dromme is ons grootste kopseer. Sommige is toegevawai tot meer 'n meter onder die oppervlak.

Einde Mei het Chris en John (die werktuigkundiges) 'n onder-ys garage gebou aan die einde van „Mitchells Pas“ om die voertuie in 'n beskutte plek te kan nagaan vir die veld ekspedisies. Mitchells Pas is 'n gang wat die ysgang met die oppervlak verbind.

Arnie en Lammie (twee radio-operateurs) het onlangs met 'n kring skedule begin. (Dit is met ons span in die veld by Grunehogna.) En met Halley Bay, die Britse stasie hier op die ysvelde. Gedurende een van hierdie skedules het Halley Bay ook kontak gemaak met Adelaide en Argentine-eilande en het die ouens sommer baie lekker gesels. Die hoogtepunt van ou Lammie is egter met die 0620 skedule na Mawson (Aussies). As hy dieoggend op kantoor kom en hy roep die Aussies en hulle antwoord hom nie, probeer hy homself opbeur deur die troumars op die morsekode sleutel vir hulle te speel.

Behalwe die radio verpligte moet Lammie en Arnie optree as plaaslike broodbakkers. Vanweë hulle ongeelde tye doen hulle nie kookbeurte nie maar moet hulle die brood voorsien.

DIT IS 'N AVONTUURVOLLE DAG BY GRUNEHOGNA

Volume I

Wreed word die stilte vroegoggend 10:00uur versteur deur die kekse skel van 'n Westclock tieker. Kinderlik ongelukkig word sy geluid gesmoor en 'n doodse stilte van 'n verdere vyf minute volg.

Johan ruk sy ritssluter oop en tas blindelings in die donker rond vir sy klere met 'n onsamehangende gemompel terwyl die ander siele onderlangs mor. Bibberend en met 'n dowwe vloek stompel hy na Dave om hom ru aan sy dagtaak te herinner en verdwyn met 'n flits in sy hand in die donker ysgang om weerkundige lesings te doen. Dave beaam Johan se verwensinge, steun sy misnoë uit, rol om en trek sy kop toe. Na nadenke begeef ook Dave hom bewend na die enjinkamer om lewe in die lige enjin te probeer kry. Dave se poging werp vrugte af en volgende op die straflys is die skiuwwe vir die dag Starkie (Joachim).

In hoog Duits prewel Starkie sy wense vir die dag terwyl hy nukkerig die warmte van sy slaapsak verlaat, en die ander manne hom onverstaanbaar aangluur. Na 'n desperaat eindpoging met vele vuurhoutjies ploff die verwarmter in aksie en verskrik Hennie in die rigting van sy radio.

Johan keer verys terug en skel op Starkie omdat die koffie nog nie reg is nie, en met uitermatige supersoniese konwulsies val hy terug in sy slaapsak. Die twee orige tot nou toe stagmante slaapsakke wat Roger en Lennis huisves toon skielik lewe en twee koppe verskyn in die slaapsak openinge en kyk afgawtgend in die rigting van die kombuis vir koffie.

'N AVONTUURLIKE WINTERSDAG BY GRUNEHOGNA

Volume II

'n Geringe foutjie het by Starkie se strategiese volgorde van koffiebekers ingesluip, met die gevolg dat die half-deur-die-slaap Lennis na twee slukke waarvan die

eerste hom lelik gebrand het (geoordeel aan sy kru uitlatings) ontdek sy koffie is swart en bitter. Nadat hy tot sy sinne gebrand is begin hy nou naastigtelik rondvra na die ander ongelukkige wat in besit is van 'n beker met drie lepels suiker en twee teelepels gekonden seer melk. Onmiddellik word die skiuwwe van ondermynde bedrywighede en degenerasie beskuldig en na 'n heftige stryery en gepaardgaande beker omruilery slurp almal hoogstevreden voort.

Uit 'n bewende hand gly Dave se beker en 'n goeie helfte van sy koffie deponeer hy in sy onitsuka stewels. 'n Opregte mau-mau opstand breek los in 'n poging om sy skoene te red terwyl 'n genotvolle gelag van die ander manne sy pogings aanwakker.

Met 'n moedeloze gebaar trek Hennie sy skouers op, skakel sy radio af, en blameer swak weersomstandighede vir briewe wat al twee weke by Sanae lê. Teleurstelling slaan soos varkmasels op vyf gesigte uit.

July 1974

After a very full June, July seemed a little devoid of happenings, but was a month of planning for the summer field trips down south into the mountains. The first trip leaves early September.

Early on in the month the old cinema screen gave in and wrinkled up under the ceaseless gaze of Sanae's ardent picture pervs. So John and Scott and Steve set to and rigged up a brand new screen, with the result that all the old films seen for the umpteenth time took on a bright new lease of life.

One day a strange yellow brew appeared in the kitchen and the masses eyed it most suspiciously, but let well alone. The mystery was solved one evening when Terry produced some excellent sosaties which he had marinated in the yellow stuff.

John Riley and Gerrie have begun the compilation of the Sanae 15 magazine/journal and most of us have submitted articles. The date of publication is keenly awaited.

With hair, beards and moustaches getting out of hand many of us have made headbands of leather. Jasper's first effort was a bit of old string knotted around his forehead, but this was only temporary and has been replaced by a smart, sheepskin affair. Prof is the one who needs a headband the most but he has so far stoutly resisted the fashion and continues to be a tremendous fire hazard every time he lights up a cigarette with that mop dangling in the flame.

August 1974

We started off August spending all available good weather time restocking the base with diesel which had dwindled to almost nothing. The 100 litre drums were covered by three foot of snow but fortunately we had the use of a bulldozer and this was used to lift them out of the snow with the drum slung from the blade on a chain. About 230 drums were brought in through the Mitchells Pass or down the hatch.

The five chaps going on the first field trip to Grunehogna have been busy preparing. Those going are Terry, Lammie, Gerrie, John Scott and Guy. They have been very busy fixing tents, loading sledges, sorting food for the trip and making rusks, sweets, biscuits and biltong. They are to leave very early in September.

On the 3rd Jasper prepared a braaivleis supper which erupted into a spontaneous rip-roaring party. The chaps got so hot from dancing that most were stripped to the waist. It was the best party this year.