

Gough Bunting

January 2007



We often joke about it on the island, but time really is flying. Time is a bit of a strange concept on the island. Days often flow into each other, weeks are only noted by the weekly cleaning we do on Friday mornings and before we know it 4 weeks have passed again and it is end of month reports and Bunting articles to write again.

Having said that January has been fairly busy by island standards. The main focus of the month was the arrival of visiting biologists at the end of the month, here to remove alien plants and to setup various bird counts on the Albatrosses. We spent a number of days cleaning the base and cutting back the vegetation around the base in anticipation of the visit. We knew with the arrival of the Edinburgh (fishing vessel) our old medic, Cyril "Thom" Thomas would be replaced by Petrus Kritzinger. It was with a heavy heart that we said goodbye, but we look forward to the next 9 months as the new look G52 team.

Enjoy the stories as told by the team and one of the visitors,

To quote Thom, "Time is flying, I don't lie to you"

Ed.



Goodbye Thom

Return of an Islander:

He who does not travel will not know the value of men.

(African proverb)



De Hong Tug by the oil rig near Tristan da Cunha

Of ek gaan terugkeer na Gough eiland het my slegs 'n paar sekondes geneem om te besluit. Twee dae is wat ek gegun is om al my reelings te tref en my medies af te handel.

Going to Gough on the MV Edinburgh was another experience on its own. The vessel Edinburgh is a slower vessel than the Agulhas, spending more time at sea! Tristan was a very welcoming site. There is only so much that one can do at sea. As usual, work comes first, downloading material and refueling of the tug De Hong that's the working platform for the divers trying to get the stranded oil rig off the spot it was stranded on.

Die Edinburgh moes ook hulle kwota kreef vang dus moes ons vir 'n week

op Tristan da Cunha bly. Ons verblyf was in die William Glass gastehuis. Die vriendelike mense wat die Tistianians is, het ons altyd 'n goeie voorraad artappels gehad. (Hulle kweek hulle eie artappels al vir 'n paar honderd jaar.)

Being back on Gough gave me the sensation that I was never away for 3 years. A few new faces otherwise it seems that nothing changes. It's good to be back.

Petrus



William Glass guest house on Tristan da Cunha



The islander on his way up to Tafelkoppie

Camping in Goney Dale



2nd Day in Goney Dale

I was so tired with the hiking up to Goney Dale and I couldn't close my tent. It took us 5 hours and I was hungry. I'm sure I am little bit unfit because I had lots of cramps. The views up there are unbelievable and I hope when I get back to Mzantsi I'll be super fit.



The Man has a thirst drive!



The weather was not good at all because it was raining and windy. I always say to the guys '**Kukufa kufunjiwe kule Island**'. When you walk in Goney Dale there is a change in vegetation and the ground is very soft. We always wear rain suits and gumboots because it rains a lot.

This time I decided to go back to the base because the weather was not good and I missed a hot shower & warm food. I enjoyed being out of my Country for a while. You don't have to worry about thugs, lock your house etc. The nice part with Islands is we breathe fresh air which is not polluted and we don't get infections. It is a healthy environment.

Hasta la vista, Cyril Thomas.....

The news that the fishing vessel (Edinburgh) would be coming down to Gough again were good because it is always a great pleasure to have visitors. Earlier on in the month we kept ourselves in the base by cleaning and cutting grass. Even though we did not have enough fuel for the weed-eating machines, it did not stop us from keeping our base clean.

On a sad note though, we knew that the arrival of the ship will be meaning that we are losing one of our team members. Cyril Thomas, who was our medic orderly, has decided that he is going back home citing personal problems. For me personally, I would have liked him to stay with us until the end of our expedition as we have already made a close bond together as a team. But somehow we had to

respect each other's decisions and move on with our lives.

We planned a big "go-home-well" party where we invited lots of "honourable" guests which among others included Mr Henry V and our minister Mr Martinus. We wanted it to be a memorable one for Cyril. It was nice as most of invited people graced us with their presence.

I would also like to take this opportunity to say welcome to our new medic- Mr Petrus Kritzinger, who has just arrived with a John Cooper-led team of scientists. I hope you will enjoy our company as much as we will enjoy yours.
Till next time.....

Tshifhiwa-wa-Vho-Nthaduleni



Fish giving Thom his present

The incoming and the outgoing of our medic



This is the pic of me giving him his present.

Everything was so well till this moment here, we've been with Cyril (medic) for the past 5 months, and now that he left us due to his personal reasons, I feel so sad. He was like a brother to me. He's got his way of saying and doing things, we used to watch Nigerian movies together and we both enjoyed it, we would laugh, cry and become emotional while we are watching the movie and the next day we would have something to talk about, it felt so good and I'll miss all those things. Now that he's gone I have to recruit one of the guys amongst

them, and to convince someone to watch what he doesn't like. It takes a whole lot of energy; they like to watch an action movie than a thriller one. I like watching a movie with someone so that at the end we'll have to comment on it. A week before his departure we had a farewell party, we were talking about things he would like to say, we give him some presents. We have Petrus as our new medic, he's been here before and I strongly believe that he will be happy to be here with us for the next coming few months.

Talking to you again next time, Hope you all have recovered from over spending during December time.

*Dineo
Gough Island*



This is the pic of Cyril leaving the island

Vroeg slaap

How not to go to bed early.

Ek voel ñ bietjie moeg van al die min slaap, vanaand gaan ek vroeg slaap. ñ Besluit wat vroeër die dag geneem word.

Deur die dag word al die nodige take verrig. Half-ag in die aand en tyd vir aandete, afhangende van die dag se skedule vat ek ñ lekker stort voor of na ete. Dit word gevolg met ñ gesprek rondom die tafel, waar dit genoem word dat ek wel vroeg gaan slaap.

Andere noem hul planne vir die aand... Gaan maak ñ draai in die kantoor om te sien of als vlot verloop, gaan e-mails na en doen bietjie surfing. Dis nege-uur en tien-uur blyk na slapenstyd te wees. Wandel deur die gang tot by die sitkamer, daars ñ flied wat speel, dit lyk interessant en ek gooi myself neer op die settee na ñ uitnodiging van Dineo. Nie lank nie en die sitkamer word vol, ons word gejoin deur die res van die familie. Dit was nou ñ lekker flied, kom ons kyk nog een, een waar iemand gebliksem word sê Thuls. Die tyd nou net na tien. Ek moet gaan slaap, maar ag dit sal nie skade doen om vir nog so ñ uur of wat wakker te bly nie. Uieindelik is die tweede flied verby met die opsie vir ñ derde een, maar nou moet ek regtig gaan slaap. Die tog deur die kroeg word vergesel met die woorde: “kom ons speel een game pool”. Dit lei tot beste van drie en daarna word daar gesels oor ditjies en datjies. Amper een-uur en die honger pyne word al sterker. Gou word ñ plan beraam en ñ laatnag happie word voorberei. Dis na een en die moegheid vat oor, maar die vibe is lekker en geniet die tyd saam met die manne. Net voor twee en slapenstyd is reeds oorskry. Tyd in die bed net na twee. Dis wel vroeg, maar vroeg in die oggend.

Miskien môre aand.



JK

Tater familias

*Potato patches to have and to hold;
Inheritance passed but never sold:
The Tristanian way.*

*Muddy tubers under the ground,
Forked into daylight and platterwards
bound;
Sacrifice is the way.*

*Pasta and Rice cannot compete.
Even Bread takes a back seat,
Cannot hold sway.*

*Tater familias is Cock of the Rock,
And to the starchy Head of the Vegetable
Flock
Our homage we pay.*

*Marianne de Villiers
Visiting Biologist*



*Andre, John, Justin and Petrus toast the Tristan
Tater*

Island Rambling

With Cyril leaving us it got me thinking about the island. The realization that I came to was that I'm not ready to leave the island yet. Gough really is an amazing island. The last time I lived next to the sea I was 6 years old. Now at my tender age of 27, I can open my window and stare at a spotless sea. No ships on the horizon, no housing development starting on the next hill. More bird species than names I can remember flying in the sky.

Gough isn't a very big island, but there always seems to be new places to see and explore. Even when I go to areas that I have been to before, I never tire of their views.

The visiting biologists arrived on the 29th. John Cooper decided that he wanted to spend his 60th birthday on the top of the highest peak on the island, Edinburgh Peak. So a number of us set out on the 31st with full packs planning to camp at the foot of Edinburgh Peak at Waterfall Camp for a number of days. I have walked over a ridge called the Rowetts twice before this trip. Both times I walked the Rowetts before it had been in rather strong winds and with virtually no visibility, one of those times during a snow storm.

The going was slow for everyone and the walk with full packs to Waterfall Camp was a bit of a slog and it took about 9 hours. But the views. Finally I got good visibility over the Rowetts.

The view from South Rowett was breathtaking. As I surveyed the scene, I was able to see more possible walks in the future. Walk to the Glen, walk around the back of Edinburgh Peak, and explore the north of the island. Life is good.



The view of us walking along the Rowetts

Unfortunately as we set up camp, no-one was keen to walk up to Edinburgh peak, but John did get to celebrate his birthday at the foot of Edinburgh Peak. In true Gough style the next day was miserable and we all spent the day stuck inside out two man tents. For those who forgot to bring books along, reading of labels on clothing and playing cards was the order of the day.

I guess when September rolls around and we have to leave the island, there will still be a number of places I never got to see, but I guess that is why the island keep attracting people to come back..

Brain

Sponsors of the Month

We would like to thank the following sponsors:

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



*Bigfish taking a break from cutting the grass around the base with an ice cold **Coca-Cola***



*Petrus and Brian relaxing while reading books sponsored by **Exclusive Books***

From the Weather Office

CLIMATE STATS: January 2007

Ave. Max Pressure	1010.2 hPa
Ave. Min Pressure	1002.1 hPa
Ave. Pressure	1006.0 hPa
Max Pressure	1020.0 hPa
Min Pressure	987.1 hPa
Ave. Max Temp	19.1 °C
Ave. Min Temp	12.9 °C
Ave. Temp	16.0 °C
Max Temp	23.8 °C
Min Temp	9.1 °C
Ave Humidity	76 %
Max Humidity	95 %
Min Humidity	32 %
Max Wind Gust	35.8 m/s or 128.9 km/h
Total Rainfall	225.4 mm
Highest in 24 Hours	58.3 mm
Total days with rain	25 days
Total days >1mm	18 days
Total Sunshine	212.2 hours

This Space For Rent

Email gough@sanap.org.za for details

Gough 52 Film Crew

Director

Brian Bowie

Producer

Thulani Jakalashé

Special Effects Supervisor

Jonathan Kotzé

Lead Actress

Dineo Matsana

Lead Actor

Bigfish Mashau

Health and Safety Officer

Petrus Kritzinger

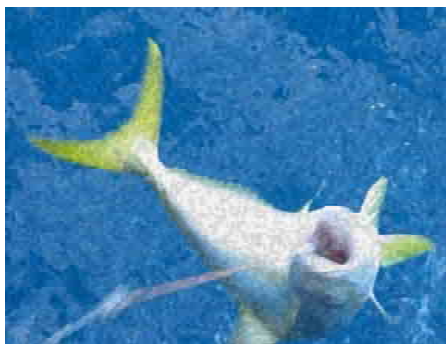
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Marion Island
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If You Could Choose Your Ending...

*Would you rather be
A Phylicia tree,
Sliding submissively into the sea,*

*Or a Yellowtail,
With a thrash and flail,
Fighting the tip of a curved nail?
Marianne de Villiers*

