

Last campaign day. Spooky. Today was supposedly going to be the great day of flux measurements. Strange then that the early morning meeting seemed to be completely lacking of any flux of energy between the participants. Scientists and pilots were sitting around the table saying hey-hi-ho, but seemingly getting nowhere. But eventually they must have agreed on something as most of them had left the room when I came back after breakfast - a priority of mine long afore endless discussions on whether sonds should be dropped upstream or downstream of the lidar beam or whatever.

Idar, Emma and Miguel were our first group of quitters today. There had been some snow during the night, so for the first time in three weeks I had to sweep the windshield before heading off. Jón Egill had gone for a walk, so Emma did not get to say goodbye, but your regards have been delivered.

Back from the airport I ended up in the midst of a snow ball war between different groups of Germanitts. How shall it ever be peace on earth if people cannot see a smooth white field without going to combat? One may wonder. Well, after having emptied their arsenals they took off to the airfield. Some problems in logistics today, but that might have been the first slip of that kind. Yours truly had to solve a minor transportation crisis, which I didn't mind, as it gave me a moment together with The white beauty in the hangar.

Snowing continued showerly, and this fact suddenly led to a decision by our brave pilots not to fly today. So in stead of going for a polar low, we went for a polar no. As today's weather was not very much different from a regular (though nasty) winter day in the north, and as commercial traffic was running quite normal, it is said (but not observed by this observer) that some heat fluxes could be measured between a couple of campaign members. The film crew might have been near this eruption, so their production might be worth seeing after all.

In defense of the no-fly-decision may be noted the possibility that the airport could have been closed later on, leaving The beauty with no other increased during the day, at times making even driving along the local roads a pain, so the decision was slowly more accepted in all camps.

As our Icelandic field marshal sat staring at the picture of an extremely beautiful polar low (one might even call it polar love), the air crew came to his relief with an offer to fly a short flight tomorrow morning. So it will be, if snowing stops. Plans were made and filed, and we all smiled.

Next Berit, Beathe, Harold and Matthias left us, leaving the operation room rather empty. I started packing computers, Øyvind backed up terabytes of data, Jón Egill visited the gym, and Astrid and Fode made their last filmtakes of snowflakes. The film crew then left for the airport. At last everybody can behave normally (or should we say with their standard abnormalities), except for the still existing danger of meeting a stray paparazzi. (Astrid could not find Christian to bid him farewell, but I gave him a hug or to for her, which he had the courage to mean that she would have presented better herself. Ridiculous.)

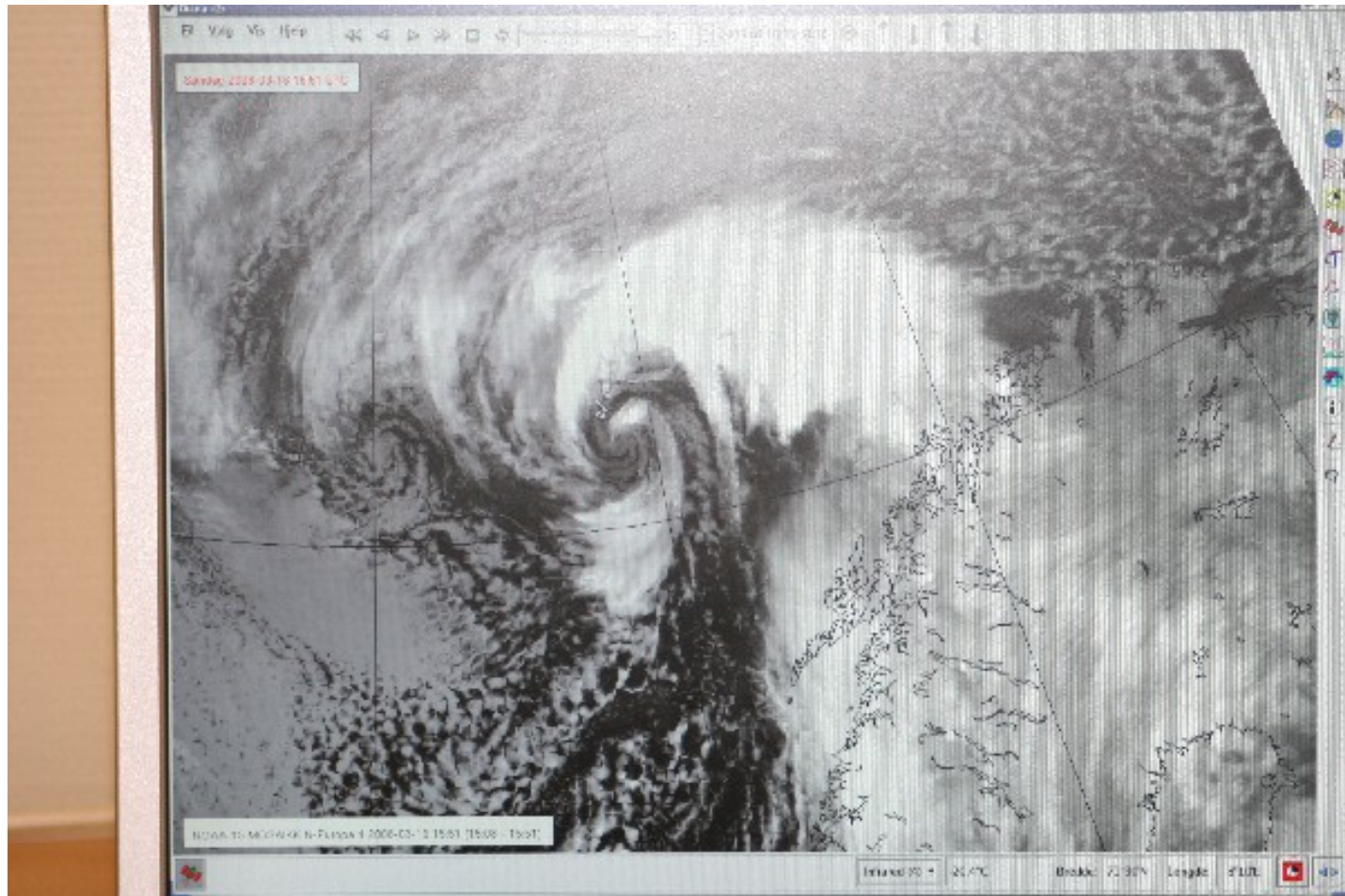
Our German friends later on invited us to a pleasant dinner prepared by the masterchef Wolfie Messer. Very nice indeed and danke schön.

That's about it. Enough said about a day when nothing really happened. Tomorrow of course will be the delayed flight, then packing. If all goes as planned, the fourteen that bravely has stayed to the end will have left this island by 4:20 p.m. We will have left the island, and the island will have left everlasting marks on our souls. Will we ever be the same? The answer my friend, is blowing around the eye of the most beautiful polar low.

Some snapshots enclosed, although there was not much to see today. Also - for those with a short memory - I have hastily set up a gallery of most of the people who have been around. You might notice the lack of DLR members, but I hope Frank will help me out here by sending me a copy of the nice group picture with the beauty, so that I can spread that tomorrow.

Oki doki and good night
g-

A most beautiful polar low coming up



What are the pilots zinking?



Lighthouse almost gone



Fishermen's memorial almost gone



A most useful object



Paparazzi 1: Astrid undressing at airport!!



Paparazzi 2: Jón Egill leaving a place where people undress and sweat

