

After a week with almost no competition at all, suddenly it seems to be raining bad imitations of this news extravaganza. Loaded with sportsmanship as we are, we still welcome the information and the illustrative pictures from the gang with the small so-called airplane. Keep up the good work. Here at Andøya Ivan and Emma have been appointed editors of our daily log. It will be published at the Thorpex web site as soon as some technicalities have been solved. I presume it will be a lot of boring stuff about fronts and vortexes and whatever, and hardly any gossip at all. So even if you choose to take a detour to these newbies, don't forget to return to the original.

OK. We had a flight today. More about that on the weblog eventually. But it went fine. Fifteen dropsondes and terabytes of data. Plenty of plans for the upcoming days.

Still the main event of the day was when our beloved film crew almost got arrested in the military area. Who knows, they might have ended on Guantanamo. (Nice thought. Would it be possible for us law-abiding people holidaying on Cuba to toss peanuts over the fence to them? I believe not.) The reason was a slight misunderstanding about where they are authorized to film without being accompanied by military personnel. We'll sort that out tomorrow.

Another highlight was possibly that Birgitte managed to get part of the bunch to the local pub. Well done. No broken legs and no black eyes at their return as far as I could see.

Tomorrow we will have a day off. We will have a bus tour around the area and eat elk soup and watch local art. Unfortunately there is some trouble with the lidar, leading to the tragic fact that a great part of our German friends have to work on this day off. Bad karma.

As an action of solidarity with the close-to-censorship of our journalists' I enclose no pictures today. Didn't take any either.

Tired greetings,
gudmund-