

Ntk, pl mail the to DSS 41's to Don Cocks,

DSS 41's LAST CHRISTMAS

1. Christmas is here, the grass is ris
I wonder where Station 41 is?
41's gone but not forgotten
For us the future is verbotten.

No more countdowns, no more tracks
No more trackchiefs and long playbacks
But as each year passes by
Our thoughts back here will surely fly.

Of happy times and good companions
Rewarding work (all for the taxman)
So fare thee well, and this we prithee
A merry Christmas, and wish we were withee!

2. A Christmas wish from us to you -
A wish that's full of festive cheer.
And, with the wish, we say farewell -
We shall be gone this time next year.

3. Father Christmas' Last Visit

As dashing Don Cocks hung us his socks
A tear trickled down past his ear,
He looked all aghast, for this was the last -
No more visits from Santa next year.

His Island Lagoon will close very soon
And not see a Christmas again.
"No more ECO's" he said, "I suppose
Only the Station's good name will remain".

4. DSS 41's Farewell

Alas, we are nearing the end of our task
As well as the end of the year,
And so with mixed feelings we bid you goodbye
As well as the season's good cheer.
For our station is closing and as we withdraw
From the teams that take part in the race
We recall with some pride the part we have played
In the exploration of space.
And as we prepare for the last of our tracks
We send our last wishes to you.
From Don Cocks, John Heath and the rest of the staff
Who made up the Forty-One crew.

*Don, John
Well earned by you
and predecessors. A sound
accomplishment of work,
dedication, good ability
and spirit.
Bob Stevens
since 1972*

RECVD. DIV. 33
R. STEVENS

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